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Franz Schubert's Die Schöne Müllerin

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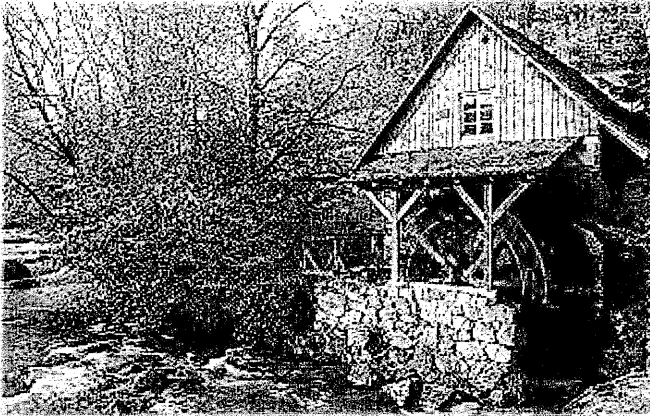
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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY
School of Music

presents



Franz Schubert's
Die Schöne Müllerin

with singers
from the studio of

Patrick Goeser
and
Louise Thomas, piano

December 5, 2006 • 8:00P.M.
Salmon Recital Hall

Program

Die Schöne Müllerin (1824)
(The Miller's Fair Daughter)

Music by Franz Schubert
Text by Wilhelm Müller

1. Das Wandern (Roving)
2. Wohin? (Whither?)
Marshall Johnson
3. Halt!
Renato Castaneda
4. Danksagung an den Bach (Thanks to the brook)
5. Am Feierabend (Evening Rest)
Ben Bliss
6. Der Neugierige (Curiosity)
7. Ungeduld (Impatience)
Daniel Curran
8. Morgengruss (Morning greeting)
9. Des Müllers Blumen (The miller's flowers)
Renato Castaneda
10. Tränenregen (Rain of Tears)
11. Mein! (Mine!)
Brett Sprague
12. Pause
13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande (The lute's green ribbon)
Marshall Johnson
14. Der Jäger (The huntsman)
15. Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and pride)
16. Die liebe Farbe (The beloved color)
17. Die böse Farbe (The hateful color)
Ben Bliss
18. Trockne Blumen (Withered flowers)
19. Der Müller und der Bach (The miller and the brook)
20. Des Baches Wiegenlied (The brook's cradle-song)
Daniel Curran

Translations



Franz Schubert, age 16.

1. Das Wandern (Roving)

Roving is a miller's delight, roving!
He'd be a bad miller who never
thought of roving, roving.

We learnt it from the water, the water!
It never rests by day or night, is
always rushing on its way, the water!

We learn it too from the mill-wheels,
the mill-wheels! They never can be
still; all day they never tire of turning,
the mill-wheels!

Even mill-stones, heavy as they are, are mill-stones - they join in the merry dance and would go still faster, the mill-stones!

O roving, roving, my delight, roving – O master and mistress mine,
just let me go my way, roving!

2. Wohin? (Whither?)

I heard a little brook rushing from out of a rocky spring, rushing down
into the valley, cool and wondrously clear.

I do not know what compelled me, who put it into my head; I had to go
down there too, my staff in my hand.

Down and ever further, ever following the brook; and ever cooler and
clearer the brook was rushing on.

Is this then my path? O little brook – tell me, where does it lead? With
your babbling you have quite bewitched my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling? That it cannot be; it must be the water-
nymphs who sing and dance there far below.

Let them sing, let the brook babble, and follow merrily, my friend –
for mill-wheels surely turn in every clear brook!

3. Halt!

I see a mill gleaming through the elders; the roaring of mill-wheels breaks through the babbling and singing.

Oh welcome, welcome, sweet song of the mill! How friendly the house looks! How sparkling the windows!

And how brightly the sun shines in the sky! Why, little brook, little brook – is this what was meant?

4. Danksagung an den Bach (Thanks to the brook)

Is this what was meant, my rushing friend? Your singing, your babbling – is this what was meant?

To the maid of the mill! That is what it means. Is that it, have I grasped it? To the maid of the mill!

Was it she who sent you? Or have you caught me in a spell? I should so like to know – was it she who sent you?

Well, however it may be, I'll give in to it. I've found what I sought, whatever that might be.

I asked to find work, and now I have enough; for my hands, and my heart more than enough!

5. Am Feierabend (Evening rest)

If I had but a thousand arms to move, and could make the mill-wheels roar! And blow like the wind through the woods, and make the mill-stones turn, so the miller's fair maiden could know my true mind!

Alas, my arm is so weak! What I can lift, and carry, and chop, and fell, so can every other miller's boy.

There I sit in the big family circle, in the still, cool hour when work is done. And the master says to us all, 'Your work has pleased me', and the sweet maid bids us all good-night.

6. Der Neugierige (Curiosity)

I do not ask the flowers, I do not ask the stars; none of them can tell me what I so long to know.

I am indeed no gardener, and the stars are too high; I will ask my little brook if my heart deceives me.

O little brook of my love, how silent you are today! I only want to hear one thing, one little word all around.

That one little word is 'yes' – the other is 'no'. These two little words enclose my whole world.

O little brook of my love, how strange you are! I will tell no one else - but say, little brook, does she love me?

7. Ungeduld (Impatience)

I'd like to carve it on every tree, on every stone! I'd like to sow it in cress-seeds on every bed, on white scraps of paper that would all reveal: my heart is yours, and will be so for evermore!

I'd like to train a young starling to say like me in words pure and clear, and all my heart's passion. And then at her window to brightly sing: My heart is yours, and will be so for evermore!

I'd like to whisper it into the morning breeze, and murmur it in every stirring wood. O if it but shone from every starry flower, whose fragrance could bear it to her from near and far! You ripples, can you move nothing but mill-wheels? My heart is yours, and will be so for evermore!

I thought it must be shining in my eyes, be seen on my burning cheeks. I thought it must be read on my silent lips, that each breath must betray it. Yet she saw nothing of all this anxious stirring: My heart is yours, and will be so for evermore!

8. Morgengruss (Morning greeting)

Good morning, lovely maid of the mill! Why do you turn your face away, as if you were troubled? Does my greeting so vex you, my glances so trouble you? Then I must go away.

O let me but stand and gaze from afar at your dear window, just from afar! Fair little head, come forth! Blue morning star, in your rounded gateway come forth!

You slumber-filled eyes, dew-laden flowers, why do you shrink from the sun? Was the night so good that you close, bow down, and weep for her silent ecstasy?

Shake off the veil of dreams, and fresh and free, lift up your heads to God's bright morning! A lark trills high in the air, and from the depths of my heart, love declares its pain and grief.

9. Des Müllers Blumen (The miller's flowers)

By the brook are little flowers that look up from clear blue eyes. The brook is the miller's friend, and my sweetheart's eyes are bright blue—so they are my flowers.

Close beneath her window I will plant the little flowers. And when all is silent, and her head nods off to sleep, you can call to her then, for you know what I would say.

And when her eyes are closed, and she sleeps in sweet repose, then whisper into her dreams: 'Forget, forget me not!' For that is what I would say.

And early when she opens the shutters, gaze up with looks of love, for the dew in your blue eyes will be the tears I weep on you.

10. Tränenregen (Rain of tears)

We sat so close under the alder-roof; and together we looked down at the rippling brook.

The moon had appeared, and then stars, and they too looked into the silvery mirror.

I looked at no moon, nor shining stars, but only at her image, at her eyes alone.

I saw them twinkling from the joyful brook; on the bank the blue flowers nodded, as they glanced up at her.

The whole sky appeared to be deep in the brook, and seemed to draw me down into its depths.

Above the clouds and stars the brook rippled merrily, calling in its singing, 'Brother, brother, follow me!'

Then the tears in my eyes overflowed, and the mirror was blurred. 'It's beginning to rain,' she said, 'Goodbye, I'm going home!'

11. Mein (Mine!)

Little brook, stop your rushing!

Mill-wheels, cease your roaring!

Merry birds in the woods, great and small, hush your songs!

Today in the wood, let one refrain alone sound far and wide: the miller's beloved daughter is mine!

Spring, have you no more little flowers? Sun, have you no brighter rays? Alas, I alone, in the breadth of unheeding creation proclaim this blessed word: mine!

12. Pause

I have hung my lute on the wall, and twined a green ribbon round it – I can no longer sing, my heart is too full. I no longer know how to make it rhyme.

I wanted to ease the burning pain of my longing in light-hearted song, yet in my sweet and gentle lament, I felt my suffering far from small.

Oh, how great is the burden of my joy, that no sound on earth can contain it? Dear lute, now rest here on this nail! But when a gentle breeze stirs you, or a bee's wings brush over you, I am uneasy, and a shiver runs through me.

Why did I let the ribbon hang so long? Often it touches the strings with a sighing sound. Is it the echo of love's pain? Can it be the prelude to new songs?

13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande (The lute's green ribbon)

'A pity about the fine green ribbon, fading here on the wall. I'm so fond of green!' That is what you said to me today, my dear. At once I unbind it, and send it to you – now enjoy the green!

Even if your sweetheart is white and pale, green still has its price, and I like it too. Our love is forever green, and distance enhances the green of hope – and that is why we are so fond of green.

Now twine the green ribbon around your locks, for you are so fond of green. Then shall I know where hope is dwelling, then shall I know where love is enthroned- only then shall I really love green.

14. Der Jäger (The huntsman)

What does the huntsman seek here by the mill-stream? Bold huntsman, stay in your own preserve! There's no game to hunt, but a small, tame doe, that's for me. If you would see her, then leave your gun in the wood, and your yelping hounds at home. And shave off your shaggy beard- or my doe in her garden will take fright.

Better still, just stay in the woods, and leave mills and millers alone. What use would fishes be in green branches, or squirrels in blue pools? Just stay in the woods, bold huntsman, and leave me alone with my three wheels. If you want to please my sweetheart, you should know, my friend, what troubles her heart: wild boars from the woods at night break into her cabbage patch, and root up her field- so just shoot those wild boars, you hunting hero!

15. Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and pride)

Whither so fast, so ruffled and wild, little brook? Are you hurrying so angrily after that impudent brother huntsman? Turn back, and first scold your miller's daughter for her light, wanton fickleness.

Did you see her last night as she stood at the gate, craning her neck to see down the road? When the huntsman goes merrily home from the kill, no modest girl pokes her head out of the window!

Go, little brook, and tell her this; but no word, do you hear, of my melancholy face! Tell her, he made for himself a pipe out of reeds, and plays for the children pretty dances and songs.

16. Die liebe Farbe (The beloved color)

I will dress in green, in green weeping-willow: my love is so fond of green. I will seek a cypress grove, a heath full of rosemary: my love is so fond of green.

Away to the merry hunt, away through heath and meadow! My love is so fond of a hunt. The game I hunt is death, the heath I call 'love's-grief': my love is so fond of a hunt.

Dig me a grave in the sward, and cover me with green turf; my love is so fond of green. No black cross, no gay flowers – let all around be green, green. My love is so fond of green.

17. Die böse Farbe (The hateful color)

I'd like to go out into the world, out into the wide world. If only it were not so green, so green out there in forest and field!

I'd like to pluck all the green leaves from every bough; I'd like to weep on all the green grass, till it was pale as death.

Ah, green, you hateful color! Why do you always look at me, so proud, so impudent, so gloating – at me, a poor, pale man?

I'd like to lie at her door in storm, and rain, and snow, and sing so softly, day and night, the one little word, 'farewell!'

Hark, when a hunting-horn sounds in the forest, you can hear her little window! And it is not for me she looks out, I can look in at her.

O unwind that green, green ribbon from your brow. Farewell, farewell! And as I part, give me your hand.

18. Trockne Blumen (Withered flowers)

All you flowers that she gave me shall be laid in my grave. How sadly you look at me- do you know what has happened? All you flowers, how withered you are, how pale, and why are you so wet?

Tears, alas, cannot bring the green of May, nor make dead love blossom again. Spring will come, winter will go, and flowers will grow in the grass; and little flowers will lie in my grave, all those that she gave to me.

And when she wanders by on the hill, and thinks in her heart, 'His love was true', then, all you flowers, come forth, come forth! For Spring has come forth, and winter is ended!

19. Der Müller und der Bach (The miller and the brook)

(The miller)

When a faithful heart dies of love, in every flower-bed the lilies fade; the full moon must hide behind clouds, that men should not see her tears; then angels cover their eyes, and with sobs song the soul to rest.

(The brook)

And when love struggles free from its sorrow, a new star shines in the sky; three red and white roses spring from a thorny twig. And angels clip their wings, and descend each day to the earth.

(The miller)

Little brook, dear little brook, you mean, oh, so well – but do you know what love does? Ah, there below, is cool peace! So, little brook, dear little brook, just sing on!