

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

National Gallery of Art

1320th Concert



WILLIAM PARKER, *Baritone*

WILLIAM HUCKABY, *Pianist*

Sunday Evening, October 14, 1973 at Seven in the East Garden Court

FRANZ SCHUBERT "Die Schöne Müllerin," Opus 25
(1797 - 1828) (1823)

A cycle of 25 poems by Wilhelm Müller, of which 20 were set by Schubert

- *Der Dichter, als Prolog
- 1. Das Wandern
- 2. Wohin?
- 3. Halt!
- 4. Danksagung an den Bach
- 5. Am Feierabend
- 6. Der Neugierige
- *Das Mühlenleben
- 7. Ungeduld
- 8. Morgengruss
- 9. Des Müllers Blumen
- 10. Tränenregen
- 11. Mein!

INTERMISSION

- 12. Pause
- 13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbände
- 14. Der Jäger
- 15. Eifersucht und Stolz
- *Erster Schmerz, letzter Scherz
- 16. Die liebe Farbe
- 17. Die böse Farbe
- *Blümlein Vergissmeine
- 18. Trockne Blumen
- 19. Der Müller und der Bach
- 20. Des Baches Wiegenlied
- *Der Dichter, als Epilog
- *Poems in the cycle not set by Schubert*

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM.

17. Die böse Farbe (The evil color)

I would go out into the wide world if the fields weren't so green! I wish I could rip every green leaf from every branch. I wish my tears could blanch all the green grass. O green, you evil color, why do you mock this white man so? How I would like to lie before her door and softly sing: "good-bye." I would look into her window and see my green ribbon in her hair. Untie it from your forehead and give me your hand in parting.

Blümlein vergissmein (Forget-me-not)

What drives me each morning into the forest. The forget-me-nots bloom everywhere. If I try to tread on them, my foot recoils as I see her face surrounding them. No, they are not for girls to wear. Black, black is its color; it wouldn't do for a bouquet. It has no leaves or fragrance and, if you try to pick the flower, the abyss will draw you down. This is the right garden, a black, black field. There you may make your bed . . . lock the garden gate!

18. Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers)

All you flowers that she gave me will lie buried with me in the grave. You are so faded and withered, but what makes you so moist? Ah, tears do not make May green nor cause a withered love to bloom again. The seasons will come and go and if she should pass my grave and think in her heart: "He was faithful to me," Then spring up, all you flowers. May is here! Winter is past!

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

The miller: Where a faithful heart dies of love, there wither the lilies in every flower bed. There the moon must hide his tears. There the angels close their eyes and sob and sing the soul to rest.

The brook: When love is released from sorrow a star, a new one, twinkles in the heavens. Roses spring up and the angels cut off their wings and come down to earth each morning.

The miller: Dear brook, you mean so well. But how could you know what it is to be in love? Just sing me to sleep.

20. Des Baches Wiegenlied (The brook's lullaby)

Close your eyes, weary wanderer. You shall lie with me until the sea drinks every brook dry. Come, everyone who can, rock and lull the boy to sleep. If a hunting horn sounds from the green forest, I will swirl around you and protect you. Away from the mill-bridge, wicked maid, so your shadow doesn't waken him! Good-night, good night. The full moon is rising and the mists are retreating. The heavens above are so wide and spacious!

Der Dichter, als Epilog (The Poet as Epilogue)

I really have nothing clever to say. The brook has said it all. I have nothing better to do than bid you a good night. If you would dream tonight, dream of the millwheels and water spray. He who escorts a young lady home and, when parting, asks a pledge of love; if she gives today what she often denied before, then think of our faithful miller with each handclasp and each kiss. May love give him, in return for his sufferings, lasting blessedness in your hearts.

Transliterations by William Parker

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

(The Beautiful Maid of the Mill)

Der Dichter, als Prolog (The Poet as Prologue)

I invite all who appreciate good things to a brand new play in a completely new style; simply put together without artiness . . . a bit cocky and yet somewhat pious too. The action takes place in the open air, far from a town. Much of that which can only be seen within four walls, you shall peek at through the open window; so art and you are well enough served. There is only one real character in the story; the young blond miller's apprentice. The brook may speak to us, but this does not make the brook a person. The setting is very rich: flowers . . . green, velvety grass, hunting horns and the clattering of the wheels and millstones. If some of the songs sound a little crude, the setting is responsible. My monodramatist, the miller's apprentice, will tell you all about it. Farewell and enjoy yourselves!

1. Das Wandern (Roving)

It must be a poor miller who never felt the urge to roam. We have learned it from the water. It never rests . . . the wheels never want to stop . . . the stones want to dance ever faster. O master and mistress, let me go my way in peace!

2. Wohin (Where to?)

I heard a brooklet gushing down into the valley, so fresh and wonderfully clear. I just couldn't resist following it right down; farther, always farther. Is this the way I should go? Tell me, brooklet, where to? Your gushing has enchanted me completely. Gushing? That couldn't be gushing. It is the water sprites' singing. They sing that there are millwheels churning in every clear stream.

3. Halt

Through the alders I gaze at a mill. The clattering, noisy song of the mill are so welcome. The house looks so comfortable and the windows, how they glitter! O brooklet, dear brook, was this what was intended?

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

Was this what was intended, my rippling friend? To the maid of the mill! Isn't that it? Did she send you, little brook, or have you beguiled me yourself? I have asked for work and I have more than enough work for my hands and for my heart.

5. Am Feierabend (After work)

If I had a thousand arms to work! If I could keep the millwheels roaring myself! If I could turn all the millstones! So that the maid of the mill might notice me! I am so discouraged because every lad can work as well as I. As we sit quietly after work at the master's feet, he says: "our work has pleased me." Then the sweet girl says: "To all a good-night."

6. Der Neugierige (The question)

No flower nor star could tell me what I want so much to know. I will ask the the brook if my heart is deceiving me. I want to know only one thing; one word over and over. Does she love me?

Das Mühlenleben (Life in the mill)

When I see her sewing, gathering flowers or picking berries, the mill seems narrow and the walls press in on me. Then I want to be a fisherman, a hunter or a gardener. When she comes up to one of us lads to chat or to be helpful, no one feels that he is the target and yet she never misses her target. No one wants her to go and her image is always with us. Life at the mill is like a song or a dance. God bless my work and the house of my good master!

7. Ungeduld (Impatience)

I would carve it on every tree; I would chisel it in every stone; I would sow it in every flower bed: my heart is yours forever! I would teach a young starling to speak these words with the sound of my own voice, then it would sing clearly through her window: my heart is yours forever!

8. Morgengruss (Morning greeting)

Good morning, lovely maid of the mill. Does my greeting embarrass and frighten you so? Then I would leave. Let me look into your window from a distance and see your blond hair and your blue eyes. O sleepy eyes, throw off the veil of dreams and look up, fresh and free, in God's bright morning! The lark warbles in the air and love calls grief and suffering.

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

There are many flowers growing along the brook and the brook is my friend. My sweetheart's eyes are blue, therefore *they* are my flowers. I'll plant flowers right under her window. When she is asleep and dreaming, call up to her: forget, forget me not! That's what I mean. When she wakes in the morning, look upward and the dew in your eyes will be the tears I will weep upon you.

10. Tränenregen (Rain of tears)

We sat so intimately together in the cool shade of the alders gazing into the brook. The moon and stars had risen and were mirrored in the silver stream. She looked into the water and I saw only her eyes. I saw her look up and I saw the flowers on the bank look up after her. The light of heaven was sunken in the brook and it wanted to draw me down into its depths. The brook called out after me: "Comrade, comrade!" My eyes filled with tears and they disturbed the mirror of the stream. She said: "It is beginning to rain; good-bye, I must go home."

11. Mein! (Mine!)

Brooklet, stop rippling! Millwheels, stop roaring! Forest birds, stop singing! The beloved maid of the mill is mine! Spring, have you no more flowers? Sun, can't you shine brighter? Ah well, then I must go alone and be understood by no one in all creation.

12. Pause

I have hung my lute on the wall and have wound a green ribbon around it. I can sing no more, my heart is too full. I don't know how to force my feelings into rhymes. I tried to express my most intense pangs of longing in my little songs. Rest here on the wall, my lute. If a soft breeze or the wings of a bee should touch your strings, how I will shiver! Why have I left the ribbon hanging there? Perhaps the sighing sound it makes as it slips over the strings is the echo of my love pangs . . . or can it be the prelude to new songs?

13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbände (With the green lute-ribbon)

"What a shame this green ribbon fades here on the wall. I love green so." You spoke these words today, so I untie it and send it to you. Now enjoy this bit of green. I like green too. Wind this green ribbon in your hair, since you are so fond of green. Green is my favorite color!

14. Der Jäger (The hunter)

What does this hunter want by the millstream? Stay in your own country, impudent hunter! There is no wild game for you here; only one tame doe and she is mine. If you must see her, leave your guns and your noisy dogs at home lest you frighten her. Better yet stay away completely and leave us in peace. What troubles my sweetheart most are the wild boars which tear up her gardens. If you want to be such a big hero, go shoot the boars. Shoot *them!*

15. Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and Pride)

Where are you rushing, my beloved brook? Are you rushing after that insolent hunter? Come back and first scold the maid of the mill for her fickle, trifling inconstancy. Did you see her last evening craning her neck out the gate after that hunter? No proper young lady behaves like that! Go tell her so, my brooklet. But wait, don't tell her how upset I really am. Just tell her that I cut a whistle from a reed near by and pipe pretty dances and songs for the children. Tell her, tell her.

Erster Schmerz, letzter Scherz (First sorrow, last jest)

Sit beside the brook with your bright reed-whistle and play lovely songs for the children! Happiness is gone and there is always time for sorrow. Sing your songs of past happiness. The old flowers are still around. The old brook is still gurgling. Her windows shine brightly and behind those windows the green-clad hunter lies in her arms! I will pick a bouquet of bright clover, my dear, and you can put it in the window so that I won't see your hunter. I will strew the mill-bridge with rose petals and if the hunter steps on them, I hope it collapses. Whisk him away on your back, dear brook, into the sea . . . away to a distant island. Dear miller maid, it won't be too hard to forget him. Don't you want your miller back? He will never forget you.

16. Die liebe Farbe (The favorite color)

I will dress myself in green, the green of the weeping willow; my sweetheart is so fond of green. Yes, go off to the merry hunt, but the only game I hunt is death. My sweetheart is now so fond of hunting. Dig me a grave in the turf and surround me with green. My sweetheart is so fond of green.