

The Firm



the firm 2009

concert four

"Make the familiar strange,
and the strange familiar"

Novalis

Pilgrim Church provides wheelchair access via the rear
(northern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed through the door on the left of the
performance area.

The Firm

presents

Robert Macfarlane, tenor

and

Leigh Harrold, piano

Die schöne Müllerin

ein
Cyclus von Liedern
gedichtet von
Wilhelm Müller
in Musik gesetzt
für eine Singstimme mit Pianoforte
Begleitung
dem
Carl Freyherrn von Schönstein
gewidmet
von

Franz Schubert
25 Werk

The Fair Miller-Maid

a
Cycle of Songs
poems by
Wilhelm Müller
set to Music
for One Voice with Pianoforte
Accompaniment
dedicated to
Karl, Baron of Schönstein
by

Franz Schubert
Op. 25

Also known as Müllerlieder (Müller/Miller Songs), Franz Peter Schubert, D.795, composed in 1823, published in five volumes in 1824 by Sauer & Leidesdorf, Vienna as Op. 25.

"The time of this song cycle is that of Romantic landscape: not the successive events of narrative but a succession of images, of lyrical reflections which recall the traces of past and future within the present."

"The song cycle is the most original musical form created in the first half of the nineteenth century. It most clearly embodies the Romantic conception of experience as a gradual unfolding and illumination of reality in place of the Classical insistence on an initial clarity."

Charles Rosen

From Switzerland, Goethe wrote to Schiller:

After all this ... I must tell you that *en route* I have hit upon a poetic genre which we must make more of in the future, and which perhaps will do well for the next *Almanach*. It is dialogue in the form of *lieder*. In a certain past period of German history we have greatly pleasing cases of this kind, and much can be said by means of this form—only one must first penetrate it and extract from this type what is peculiar to it. In this vein I have begun a dialogue between the millstream and a lad who is in love with a miller's daughter, and hope to send it soon. The poetic-tropic-allegoric mode will come alive through this kind of change ...

The song is full of serene moods and full of Nature. It strikes me that this genre is necessarily very favorable for the poet, throwing aside as it does all burdensome appendages, introductions, transitions, descriptions, etc., and allowing him to skim off with a light hand only what is rich and significant in his subject-matter. Thus, here again would be the point of departure of a new array of poems, the beginning of an 'infinite series,' for this poem, like any good poetry, has a whole generation of poems within itself, through the state of mind it gives, and the form it establishes.

Müller was delighted by the numerous musical settings of his poems, since he viewed himself primarily as a poet of *lieder*. As early as 1815 he noted in his diary, "I can neither play an instrument nor sing, yet I sing, and play too. If I were able to provide the melodies, my *lieder* would be more pleasing than they are now. But hopefully, a like-minded soul can be found who can espy the melodies in the words and give them back to me."



WILHELM MÜLLER



FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander.
Wandering!

We've learned this from the water,
From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey,
The water.

We see this also with the wheels,
With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And turn all day without tiring.
With the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy though they are,
The stones!
They join in the cheerful dance,
And want to go yet faster.
The stones!

Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,
Oh, wandering!
Oh, Master and Mistress,
Let me continue in peace,
And wander!

2. Where to?

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright..

I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.

Down and always farther,
And always the brook follows after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.

Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.

But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps the water-nymphs
are singing rounds down there in the deep.

Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn
In each clear brook.

3. Halt!

I see a mill looking
Out from the alders;
Through the roaring and singing
Bursts the clatter of wheels.

Hey, welcome, welcome!
Sweet mill-song!
And the house, so comfortable!
And the windows, how clean!

And the sun, how brightly
it shines from Heaven!
Hey, brooklet, dear brook,
Was this, then, what you meant?

4. Giving Thanks to the Brook

Was this, then, what you meant,
My rushing friend?
Your singing and your ringing?
Was this what you meant?

To the Millermaid!
it seems to say...
Have I understood?
To the Millermaid!

Has she sent you?
Or am I deluding myself?
I would like to know,
Whether she has sent you.

Now, however it may be,
I commit myself!
What I sought, I have found.
However it may be.

After work I ask,
Now have I enough
for my hands and my heart?
Completely enough!

5. On the restful evening

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
I could loudly
drive the wheels!
I could blow
Through all the groves!
I could turn
All the stones!
If only the beautiful Millermaid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I do.
And there I sit in the great gathering,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
Your work has pleased me;
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night" to everyone.

6. Curiosity

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me,
What I so eagerly want to know.

I am surely not a gardener,
The stars stand too high;
My brooklet will I ask,
Whether my heart has lied to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so quiet today?
I want to know just one thing -
One little word again and again.

The one little word is "Yes";
The other is "No",
Both these little words
Make up the entire world to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so strange?
I'll surely not repeat it;
Tell me, o brooklet, does she love me?

7. Impatience

I would carve it fondly in the bark of trees,
I would chisel it eagerly into each pebble,
I would like to sow it upon each fresh flower-bed
With water-cress seeds, which it would quickly disclose;

Upon each white piece of paper would I write:
Yours is my heart and so shall it remain forever.

I would like to raise a young starling,
Until he speaks to me in words pure and clear,
Until he speaks to me with my mouth's sound,
With my heart's full, warm urge;
Then he would sing brightly through her windowpanes:
Yours is my heart and so shall it remain forever!

I would like to breath it into the morning breezes,
I would like to whisper it through the active grove;
Oh, if only it would shine from each flower-star!
Would it only carry the scent to her from near and far!
You waves, could you nothing but wheels drive?
Yours is my heart, and so shall it remain forever.

I thought, it must be visible in my eyes,
On my cheeks it must be seen that it burns;
It must be readable on my mute lips,
Every breath would make it loudly known to her,
And yet she notices nothing of all my yearning feelings.
Yours is my heart, and so shall it remain forever.

8. Morning Greetings

Good morning, beautiful millermaid!
Why do you so promptly turn your little head,
As if something has happened to you?
Do you dislike my greetings so profoundly?
Does my glance disturb you so much?
Then I must go on again.

O let me only stand from afar,
Watching your dear window,
From afar, from quite far away!
Your blonde little head, come out!
Come out from your round gate,
You blue morning stars!

You slumber-drunk little eyes,
You flowers, troubled with dew,
Why do you shy from the sun?
Has night been so good to you
That you close and bow and weep
for her quiet joy?

Now shake off the gauze of dreams
And rise, fresh and free
in God's bright morning!
The lark warbles in the sky;
And from the heart's depths,
Love calls away suffering and worries.

9. The miller's flowers

By the brook, many small flowers stand;
Out of bright blue eyes they look;
The brook - it is the miller's friend, -
And light blue shine my darling's eyes;
therefor, these are my flowers.

Right under her little window,
There will I plant these flowers,
There will you call to her when everything is quiet,
When her head leans to slumber,

You know what I intend you to say!

And when she closes her little eyes,
And sleeps in sweet sweet rest,
Then whisper, like a dreamy vision:
Forget, forget me not!
That is what I mean.

And early in the morning, when she opens the shutters
up,
then look up with a loving gaze:
The dew in your little eyes
shall be my tears,
which I will shed upon you.

10. Rain of Tears

We sat so comfortably together
Under the cool roof of alders,
We gazed so quietly together
Down into the murmuring brook.

The moon was already out,
The stars after her,
And we gazed so quietly together
In the silver mirror there.

I sought to see no moon,
Nor the star's shine;
I looked only at her image,
At her eyes alone.

And I saw her reflection nod and gaze
Up from the blissful brook,

The flowerlets on the bank, the blue ones,
They nodded and gazed right back.

And into the brook seemed sunken
The entire heavens;
And seemed to want to pull me under
Into its depths as well.

And over the clouds and stars,
There murmured the brook
And called with singing and ringing:
Fellow, follow me!

Then my eyes filled with tears,
And made the mirror ripple:
She spoke: "The rain comes,
Farewell, I am going home."

11. Mine!

Little brook, let your gushing be!
Wheels, cease your roaring!
All you merry woodbirds,
Large and small,
End your melodies!
Through the grove,
Out and in,
Let only one song be heard today:
The beloved millermaid is mine!
Mine!
Spring, are all of those your flowers?
Sun, have you no brighter shine?
Ah, so I must be all alone
With my blissful word,

incomprehensible to all of Creation!

12. Pause

My lute I've hung upon the wall,
I've tied it there with a green band;
I can sing no more, my heart is too full.
I know not how to compel the rhymes,
The hot pain of my yearning
I once could exhale in jesting songs;
And when I complained, so sweet and fine,
It seemed to me my sorrows weren't small.
Ah, but how great is my joy's weight,
That no sound on earth can hold it?

Now, dear lute, rest on this nail here!
And if a breeze flutters over your strings,
And if a bee grazes you with its wings,
It makes me anxious and I shudder through and
through.
Oh, why have I left that ribbon hanging there so long?
Often it stirs the strings with a sighing sound.
Is it the echo of my lovelorn pining?
Shall it be the prologue to new songs?

13. With the Green Lute-ribbon

"It's a pity for that pretty green ribbon,
That it fades here on the wall;
I like Green so very much!"
So you said, sweetheart, today to me;
I shall untie it and send it to you:

Now be fond of Green!

Even though your lover is white with flour,
Green shall still have its praise;
And I also like green.
Because our love is evergreen,
Because Hope's far reaches bloom green,
We are both fond of green.

Now pleasantly entwine in your locks
This green ribbon;
You are so fond of green.
Then I will know where Hope dwells,
Then I will know where Love is enthroned,
Then I will be really fond of green.

14. The Hunter

What, then, does the hunter seek at the mill-brook here?
Remain, presumptuous hunter, in your own hunting-
grounds!
Here there is no game for you to hunt;
Here dwells only a little doe, a tame one, for me.
And if you wish to see the tender doe,
Then leave your guns in the woods,
And leave your barking dogs at home,
And stop the horn from blowing and hooting,
And clip from your chin your shaggy hair;
Otherwise the doe will hide itself away in the garden.

Or better yet, remain in the forest
And leave the mills and the miller in peace!
What use are fishes in green branches?

What would the squirrel want in a blue pond?
Therefore stay, presumptuous hunter, in the meadow,
And leave me with my three wheels alone!
And if you would like to make yourself liked by my
sweetheart,
Then know, friend, what troubles her heart:
The boars, they come at night from the grove
And break into her cabbage-garden
And tread and wallow around in the field.
The boars - shoot them, you hunter-hero.

15. Jealousy and Pride

To where are you going so quickly, so ruffled and wild,
my dear brook?
Do you hurry full of anger for the arrogant hunter?
Turn around and scold first your millermaid,
For her light, loose, little flirtatious mind,

Didn't you see her standing at the gate last night,
Craning her neck toward the large street?
When the hunter returns gaily home from the catch,
No decent girl sticks her head out the window.

Go, brooklet, and tell her that; but tell her not,
do you hear? - tell her no word of my sad face.
Tell her: he is carving a pipe of cane
And plays pretty dances and songs for the children.

16. The favorite color

In green will I dress,
In green weeping willows;
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
I'll look for a thicket of cypresses,
A hedge of green rosemary;
My sweetheart is so fond of green.

Away to the joyous hunt!
Away through heath and hedge!
My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.
The beast that I hunt is Death;
The heath is what I call the grief of love.
My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the turf,
Cover me with green grass:
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
No black cross, no colorful flowers,
Green, everything green all around!
My sweetheart is so fond of green.

17. The Hateful Color

I'd like to go out into the world,
Out into the wide world;
If only it weren't so green, so green,
Out there in the forest and field!

I would like to pluck all the green leaves

From every branch,
I would like to weep on all the grass
Until it is deathly pale.

Ah, Green, you hateful color, you,
Why do you always look at me,
So proud, so bold, so gloating,
And me only a poor, flour-covered man?

I would like to lay in front of her door,
In storm and rain and snow.
And sing so softly by day and by night
One little word: farewell!

Hark, when in the forest a hunter's horn sounds -
Her window clicks!
And she looks out, but not for me;
Yet I can certainly look in.

O do unwind from your brow
That green, green ribbon;
Farewell, farewell! And give me
Your hand in parting!

18. Dry flowers

All you little flowers,
That she gave me,
You shall lie
With me in my grave.

Why do you all look
At me so sadly,
As if you had known

What would happen to me?

You little flowers all,
How wilted, how pale!
You little flowers all,
Why so moist?

Ah, tears will not make
the green of May,
Will not make dead love
bloom again.

And Spring will come,
And Winter will go,
And flowers will
grow in the grass.

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

And when she wanders
Past the hill
And thinks in her heart:
His feelings were true!

Then, all you little flowers,
Come out, come out,
May has come,
Winter is over.

19. The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:

Where a true heart
Wastes away in love,
There wilt the lilies
In every bed;

Then into the clouds must
The full moon go,
So that her tears
Men do not see;

Then angels
shut their eyes
And sob and sing
to rest the soul.

The Brook:

And when Love
conquers pain,
a little star, a new one,
shines in Heaven;

three roses,
half red and half white,
which never wilt,
spring up on thorny stalks.

And the angels cut
their wings right off
and go every morning
down to Earth.

The Miller:

Ah, brooklet, dear brook,
You mean it so well,
Ah, brooklet, but do you know,
What love does?

Ah, under, yes under,
is cool rest!
Ah, brooklet, dear brook,
please just sing on.

20. The Brook's Lullaby

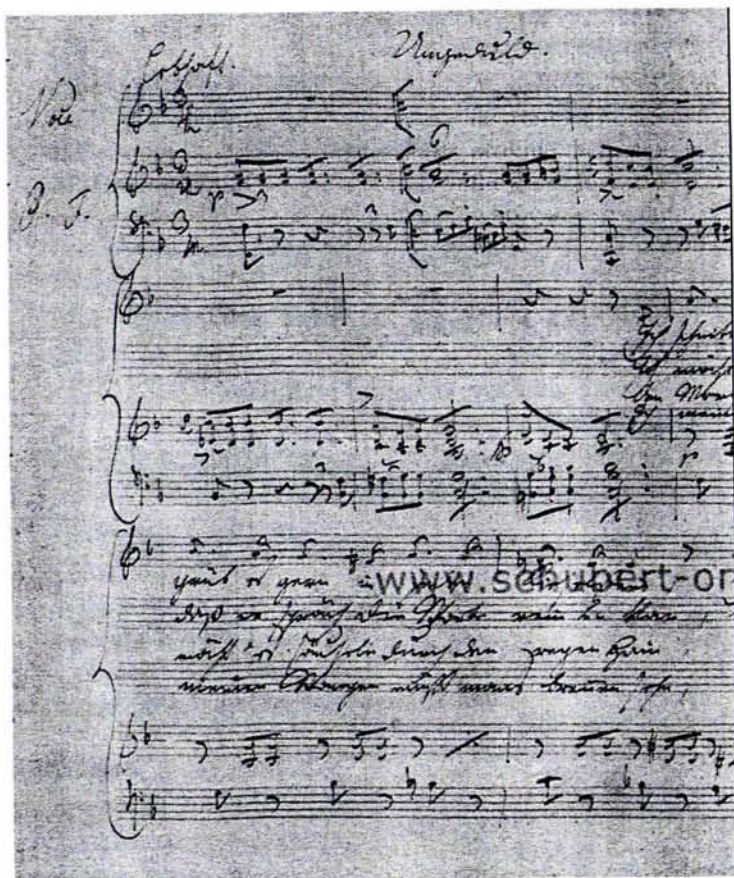
Good rest, good rest,
Close your eyes!
Wanderer, tired one, you are home.
Fidelity is here,
You shall lie by me,
Until the sea drinks the brooklet dry.

I will bed you cool
On a soft pillow,
In the blue crystal room,
Come, come,
Whatever can lull,
rock and lap my boy to sleep!

When a hunting-horn sounds
From the green forest,
I will roar and rush around you.
Don't look in,
Blue flowerets!
You make my sleeper's dreams so troubled!

Away, away
From the mill-path,
Away, away,
hateful girl!
That your shadow might not wake him.
Throw in to me
Your fine handkerchief,
That I may cover his eyes with it!

Good night, good night,
Until all awake,
Sleep out your joy, sleep out your pain!
The full moon climbs,
The mist fades away,
and the heavens above, how wide they are!



Text: *Die schöne Müllerin (Im Winter zu Lesen)* (The Fair Miller-Maid, for reading in winter) by Wilhelm Müller, written 1816-1820, published in *Sieben und Siebzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten* (Seventy-Seven Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Travelling Horn Player), published by Christian Georg Ackermann in Dessau in 1821 (volume 2 followed in 1824).

You are warmly invited to join us after the concert for complimentary drinks and a selection of Tortes by Gabriele.

Next concert:
Monday November 2nd

Kristian Chong piano

PETER SCULTHORPE	<i>Night Pieces</i>
RAYMOND CHAPMAN SMITH	<i>Intermezzi</i>
LUKE ALTMANN	<i>new work</i>
LUKE HARRALD	<i>new work</i>
ROBERT SCHUMANN	<i>Fantasie Op.17</i>

Please refer to our web site for further information on upcoming concerts

www.firmmusic.com.au

the firm

and

Dani Raymond,

Neil Ward Publicity

acknowledge the support of

Arts SA

Australia Council

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra

Jeanette Sandford – Morgan

ABC Classic FM

5MBS

Radio Adelaide

The Pilgrim Church

John Kingsmill, Tabloid Press

All the Firm musicians

Passing Out

