

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC UPCOMING EVENTS

FEBRUARY 2023

- 9 Guest Recital *, 7:30 p.m. - Biggs Schmidt-Swartz Duo
- 10 Faculty Recital *, 7:30 p.m. - Nathan Krueger, voice and Drew Whiting, saxophone. Solo works featuring electronics.
- 24 Guest Recital, 5:00 p.m. - Natural Satellite, saxophone and cello
(*This event is free and will be held in Titan Underground, Reeve Union*)

MARCH 2023

- 2 UW Oshkosh Jazz Ensemble and Jazz Lab Band *, 7:30 p.m. - Marty Robinson and Marc Sackman, directors
- 7 Faculty Recital *, 7:30 p.m. - Eli Kalman and Kirstin Ihde, pianos
- 8 UW Oshkosh Symphony Orchestra and Recording Concert *, 7:30 p.m. - Dylan Chmura-Moore, orchestra director; Nathan Edwards, audio director
- 12 UW Oshkosh Bands *, 3:00 p.m. - Devin Otto, director
- 12 UW Oshkosh Choirs *, 7:00 p.m. - Shannon Gravelle, director
- 17 Fox Valley Concert Band, 7:30 p.m. - Marc Sackman, director
(*This event is free and held on the UWO Fox Cities campus, Perry Hall*)

APRIL 2023

- 8 Guest Recital *, 5:00 p.m. - Arno Bornkamp, saxophone and Casey Dierlam Tse, piano
- 14 UW Oshkosh Opera Theatre *, 7:30 p.m. - Nathan Krueger, director
- 16 UW Oshkosh Opera Theatre *, 7:30 p.m. - Nathan Krueger, director
- 26 Piano Studio Recital, 7:00 p.m. - Students from the studio of Eli Kalman
- 30 UW Oshkosh Titan Steel *, 3:00 p.m. - Marisol Kuborn, director
- 30 UW Oshkosh Chamber Ensembles, 5:00 p.m. - Students studying with Eli Kalman

* Admission charged

For additional events, visit the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh Music Department website at:

<https://uwosh.edu/music/community/calendar>



Department of Music

Presents a Guest Recital

Matthew Beecher

tenor

Kayoko Miyazawa

piano

Friday, February 3, 2023
Arts & Communication Center

7:30 PM
Music Hall

Program

Winterreise Op. 89 D. 911

1. Gute Nacht
2. Die Wetterfahne
3. Gefrorene Tränen
4. Erstarrung
5. Der Lindenbaum
6. Wasserflut
7. Auf dem Flusse
8. Rückblick
9. Irrlicht
10. Rast
11. Frühlingstraum
12. Einsamkeit

pause

13. Die Post
14. Der greise Kopf
15. Die Krähe
16. Letzte Hoffnung
17. Im Dorfe
18. Der stürmische Morgen
19. Täuschung
20. Der Wegweiser
21. Das Wirtshaus
22. Mut
23. Die Nebensonnen
24. Der Leiermann

Note

I am thrilled to come back to UW Oshkosh and perform this monumental work with Kayoko Miyazawa. This recital has been years in the making, and I am grateful to Dr. Nathan Krueger for helping facilitate it and all of his support through the years. Gratitude also to Kayoko for her incomparable collaboration, my friends and family for their moral support, and all of you for coming to see this recital.

-Matthew

*As a courtesy to the artists and to those in attendance,
please silence all electronic devices.*

*Proceeds from this concert are used to provide student scholarships
through the Endowment for Musical Excellence.*

Performer Biographies

Matthew Beecher is a tenor based in Milwaukee WI. He holds a MM in vocal performance from UW Milwaukee, a BM of the same emphasis and BA in acting from UW Oshkosh. He has coached with Colleen Brooks, Janna Ernst, and Nathan Krueger. Matthew has worked with conductors Jun Kim, Dylan Chmura-Moore, and Eric Barnum. He is also a frequent collaborator with pianist Kayoko Miyazawa. Matthew has been performing on the stage for over a decade in the Fox Valley and Southern WI: ranging from opera, musical theatre, and straight plays. In 2021, he received first place at the NATS competition as an advanced graduate, preceded by second place in 2019. In 2018, Matthew was a winner of UW Oshkosh's Honors recital, Concerto competition, and Finlandia Foundation scholarship competition. In 2017, he received an Irene Ryan nomination from the KCACTF for his performance of Matt in UW Oshkosh's production of The Fantasticks.

Matthew's operatic appearances have included Laurie (Little Women) and Don Basilio/Don Curzio (Le nozze di Figaro) at UW Milwaukee, Martin (The Tender Land) and The Sorcerer (Dido & Aeneas) at UW Oshkosh. His musical appearances have included Toby (Sweeney Todd), and Matt (The Fantasticks) at UW Oshkosh. His other theatrical appearances have included Egeon (The Comedy of Errors), Thomas Gray (Nat Turner in Jerusalem), and Stephano (The Tempest) at UW Oshkosh. He has also worked with Madison Savoyards, Hysterical Productions, UW Fox Theatre, Kaukauna Community Players, and Oshkosh Community Players.

Pianist **Kayoko Miyazawa**, born in Tokyo, Japan, is a frequent collaborator with many notable artists of our time, members of the Cleveland Orchestra, and faculty of various schools around the country. In the past few years Mrs. Miyazawa has performed in faculty recitals at the Cleveland Institute of Music, the Brevard Music Festival, fundraising events for the Mainly Mozart Festival in San Diego, and was also featured in a live recital on the WCLV Radio Station. During the orchestral season, she can also be seen performing as a substitute musician in the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra and also the Sheboygan Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Miyazawa spends her summers working as a staff pianist and coach at the Encore Music Festival in Cleveland and collaborative pianist at the Bright Music Summer Festival in Oklahoma City.

After Mrs. Miyazawa completed her pre-college studies at the Beijing Central Conservatory where she studied with YaMeng Huang, she came to the United States in 2011 to study at the Cleveland Institute of Music. She gained her Bachelor of Music degree studying with Paul Schenly and Daniel Shapiro and Master of Music degree in Collaborative Piano studying with Anita Pontremoli and Joela Jones. During her time at CIM, she was enrolled in both the Intensive Duo program and the Advanced Piano Trio chamber music program where she was coached by Sharon Robinson, Jaime Laredo, the Cavani Quartet, and the second violinist of the Cleveland Quartet Peter Salaff. In 019, Kayoko has finished her specialist degree in collaborative piano studies at the University of Michigan, School of Music, Theater and Dance under the guidance of Martin Katz.

PROGRAMNOTES

FRANZ SCHUBERT

b. January 31, 1797; Vienna, Austria

d. November 19, 1828; Vienna

***Winterreise*, Op. 89, D. 911**

Composed

1827–28

Performance Time

1 hr 15 mins

Franz Schubert is known in part for his contribution to the German art song tradition, this includes – outside of hundreds of songs – two song cycles: *Die schöne Müllerin* (“The Fair Maid of the Mill”), and *Winterreise* (“Winter Journey”). Both works set music to the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, and were set within four years of each other, yet they are vastly different cycles. In the former, Schubert came upon Müller’s poetry, which was an ironic take on the *Wanderlieder* (“songs of wandering”) genre prevalent in the Biedermeier era, and removed all traces of Müller’s cynical commentary, as well as focused the point of view on the protagonist. What remained was a narrative of a young journeyman miller who wanders out looking for work, comes upon a mill that houses a beautiful miller girl, he falls madly in love for her but is too inept to express himself. Eventually a big burly hunter enters the picture to win her heart, and utterly distraught the journeyman drowns himself in the river.

With *Winterreise*, Schubert had discovered twelve songs of Müllers called *Die Winterreise*, this time Schubert left in all of the bleak gallows humor and sardonic wit, but removed the definite article to create a dark but more universal cycle. He showed these songs to his friends – songs which he described as ‘Schauerliche Lieder’ (“songs that make you shudder”), and there was a lukewarm reception to the gloomy music. One of Schubert’s friends, Franz von Schober, said that he only liked the fifth song “Der Lindenbaum” (“The Linden Tree”). Schubert replied: “I like these songs more than all the others, and in the end, you will like them as well.”

One year later in 1828, Schubert would discover the same twelve poems within the context of twenty-four, all in a new order. Rather than recompose and rearrange, Schubert had left his original twelve intact, and simply composed the remaining songs as they came, with only minor switching for tempo variance. As a result, any attempt at narrative structure was lost, and the effect became very modern and plotless. Nothing happens. A wanderer leaves the home of a love gone wrong, and sets out on a journey of unrequited love, isolation from society, and pondering man's place in the universe. He meets no one until the final song *Der Leiermann* ("The Hurdy-Gurdy Man"), which closes the piece with an ambiguous open question, which artists and audiences can reinterpret for centuries to come.

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

Poetry from *Die Winterreise* by Wilhelm Müller

English translation by Ian Bostridge

1. Gute Nacht

*Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh'—
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.*

*Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit:
Muß selbst den Weg mir weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten
Als mein Gefährte mit,
Und auf den weißen Matten
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.*

*Was soll ich länger weilen,
Daß man mich trieb' hinaus?
Laß irre Hunde heulen
Vor ihres Herren Haus!*

1. Good Night

I came a stranger,
I depart a stranger.
May was good to me
With many a garland of flowers.
The girl, she talked of love,
The mother even of marriage—
Now the world is so gloomy,
The way is shrouded in snow.

I cannot choose the time
Of my journey:
Must find my own way
In this darkness.
A moon shadow goes along
As my companion,
And on the white meadows
I look for tracks of deer.

Why should I hang around any longer
Waiting for someone to throw me out?
Let stray dogs howl
In front of their master's house!

*Die Liebe liebt das Wandern,—
Gott hat sie so gemacht—
Von einem zu dem andern,
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!*

*Will dich im Traum nicht stören,
Wär' schad' um deine Ruh',
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören—
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!
Schreib' im Vorübergehen
An's Tor dir gute Nacht
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.*

2. Die Wetterfahne

*Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie piff' den armen Flüchtling aus.*

*Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.*

*Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen,
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?*

Love loves to wander—
God made it that way—
From one to another—
Sweetest love, good night!

I won't disturb you in your dream,
It would be a shame to disturb your rest,
You oughtn't to hear my footstep—
Softly, softly the door closes!
I'll write on the gate
As I go by it—good night—
So you can see
I've thought of you.

2. The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
On my beautiful sweetheart's house.
I thought already in my madness
It's piping out the poor fugitive.

He ought to have noticed before
The sign of the house, stuck up there,
Then he'd never have wanted to look
In that house for the faithful image of a woman.

The wind plays inside with hearts
Just as it does on the roof, only not so loud.
Why do they ask about my sorrows?

Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

Their child is a rich bride.

3. Gefrorene Tränen

3. Frozen Tears

*Gefrorene Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab;
Ob es mir den engangen
Daß ich geweinet hab'?*

Frozen drops fall
From my cheeks.
Has it escaped me, then,
That I have cried?

*Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,
Und seid ihr gar so lau
Daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise,
Wie kühler Morgentau.*

Oh tears, my tears,
And are you so lukewarm
That you turn to ice
Like the cool morning dew?

*Und dringt doch aus der Quelle
Der Brust so glühend heiß,
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen
Des ganzen Winters Eis.*

And yet you burst out of the source,
My breast, so glowing hot,
As if you would melt
All of winter's ice.

4. Erstarrung

4. Frozen Stiff

*Ich such' im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Wo sie an meinem Arme
Durchstrich die grüne Flur,*

In vain I search for traces of her footprints in the
snow, where she walked through the
green fields on my arm.

*Ich will den Boden küssen
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,*

I want to kiss the ground, piercing through the ice
and snow with my hot tears, until I see
earth.

Bis ich die Erde seh'.

*Wo find' ich eine Blüte,
Wo find' ich grünes Gras?
Die Blumen sind erstorben,
Der Rasen sieht so blaß.*

*Soll den kein Angedenken
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?*

*Mein Herz ist wie erfroren,
Kalt steht ihr Bild darin:
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin.*

5. Der Lindenbaum

*Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum:
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.*

*Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.*

Where can I find one flower, where can I find
green grass, the flowers are dead, the
grass looks so white.

Shall I then take no keepsake from this place?
When my griefs are silent, who else will
say anything about her to me?

My heart is as if frozen, the picture of her is frozen
stiff inside me.
If my heart ever melts again her image will flow
away as well.

5. The Linden Tree

At the well outside the gate
There stands a linden tree;
I dreamt in its shade
So many a sweet dream.

I cut into its bark
So many a word of love;
In happiness and sadness it drew
Me back to it again and again

*Ich mußst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.*

*Und seine Zweige raschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm' her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!*

*Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' ins Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.*

*Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fondest Ruhe dort!*

Today I had to wander too
Past it in the depths of night,
Even in the dark
I had to close my eyes.

And its branches rustled
As if they were calling out to me:
Come here to me, old chap,
Here you find your rest.

The cold winds blew
Straight in my face;
My hat flew from my head,
I didn't turn back.

Now I am many hours
Distant from that spot,
And always I hear that rustling:
You would find rest there.

6. Wasserflut

*Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen
Ist gefallen in den Schnee;
Seine kalten Flocken saugen
Durstig ein das heiße Weh.*

*Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen,
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen,
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.*

*Schnee, du weißt von meinem Sehnen:
Sag', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
Nimmst dich bald das Bächlein auf.*

*Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,
Muntre Straßen ein und aus:
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.*

7. Auf dem Flusse

*Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluß,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Gibst keinen Scheidergruß.
Mit harter, starrer Rinde*

6. Flood

Many a tear from my eyes
Has fallen in the snow;
Its cold flakes suck in
Thirstily the hot grief.

When the grass is about to sprout,
A mild wind blows around,
And the ice breaks into pieces
And the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know my longing:
Say, where does your path lead?
Only follow my tears
And the stream will soon swallow you up.

You'll go through the town with it,
In and out of the lively streets;
When you feel my tears are glowing hot,
There's where my beloved's house is.

7. On the River

You who rushed along so heartily,
You gleaming, wild river,
How still you've become,
You don't say goodbye.
With a hard, stiff crust

*Hast du dich überdeckt,
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich
Im Sande ausgestreckt.*

You have covered yourself,
You lie cold and unmoving
Stretched out in the sand.

*In deine Decke grab' ich
Mit einem spitzen Stein
Den Namen meiner Liebsten
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:*

Into your surface I engrave
With a sharp stone
The name of my beloved,
The hour and the day.

*Den Tag des ersten Grußes,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging,
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.*

The day of our first greeting,
The day I left,
Around name and numbers
Winds a broken ring.

*Mein Herz, in diesem Bache
Erkennst du nin dein Bild?
Ob's unter seiner Rinde
Wohl auch so reißend schwillt?*

My heart, in this river
Do you now recognize your image?
Under its crust does it
Swell to bursting in the same way?

8. Rückblick

8. Backwards Glance

*Es brennt mir unter beiden Sohlen,
Tret' ich auch schon auf Eis und Schnee.
Ich möcht' nicht wieder Atem holen,
Bis ich nicht mehr die Türme seh'.*

It burns under both the soles of my feet,
Even though I walk on ice and snow,
I don't want to draw breath again,
Until I can no longer see the towers.

*Hab' mich an jeden Stein gestoßen,
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schloßen*

I have stumbled on every stone
In my hurry to leave town;
The crows threw snowballs and hailstones

Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

At my hat from every house.

*Wie anders hast du mich empfangen,
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!
An deinen blanken Fenstern sangen
Die Lerch' und Nachtigall im Streit.*

How differently you welcomed me,
You town of inconstancy!
At your gleaming windows sang
The lark and nightingale in contest.

*Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten!
Da war's geschehn um dich, Gesell!*

The round linden trees blossomed,
The clear fountains splashed sparkling,
And, oh, a girl's two eyes glowed!
Then you were done for, my friend.

*Kömmt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts sehn,
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille stehn.*

If I think of that day,
I want to look back once again,
I want to stagger back again,
Stand still in front of her house.

9. Irrlicht

9. Will-o'-the-Wisp

*In die tiefsten Felsengründe
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde,
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.*

Into the deepest rocky ravines
A will-o'-the-wisp lured me:
How I'll find my way out,
Doesn't lie heavily on my mind.

*Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
'S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, Unsre Wehen,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!*

I'm used to losing my way,
Every path leads to the goal:
Our joys, our woes:
They're all a will-o'-the-wisp game.

*Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab—
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.*

10. Rast

*Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich bin,
Da ich zur Ruh' mich lege;
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin
Auf unwirtbarem Wege.*

*Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,
Es war zu kalt zum stehen,
Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,
Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.*

*In eines Köhlers engem Haus
Hab' Obdach ich gefunden;
Doch meine Glieder ruhn nicht aus:
So Brennen ihre Wunden.*

*Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und Sturm
So wild und so verwegen,
Fühlst in der Still' erst deinen Wurm
Mit heißem Stich sich regen!*

Along the mountain stream's dry bed
I wander peacefully down—
Every stream will reach the sea,
So every suffering will find its grave.

10. Rest

Only now that I lie down for a rest
Do I notice for the first time how tired I am.
Wandering kept me merry
On the inhospitable path.

My feet didn't ask for a rest,
It was too cold to stand still;
My back felt no burden
The storm helped to blow me on.

In the cramped house of a charcoal burner
I found refuge.
But my limbs won't rest,
Their wounds burn so much

You too, my heart, in battle and storm
So wild and so daring,
You feel in the stillness for the first time your
worm
Stirring with hot pang.

11. Frühlingstraum

*Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.*

*Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schriegen die Raben vom Dach.*

*Doch an den Fensterscheiben
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah?*

*Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.*

*Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.*

*Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.*

11. Dream of Spring

I dreamt of colorful flowers
That blossom in May,
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of joyful bird calls.

And when the cocks crowed,
My eyes woke up;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens shrieked from the roof.

But there on the windowpane
Who painted those leaves?
You're surely laughing at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of love returned,
Of a beautiful maiden,
Of cuddles and kisses,
Of joy and bliss.

And when the cocks crowed
My heart woke up;
Now I sit here alone
And think about my dream.

I close my eyes again,
My heart still beats so warmly.

*Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?*

12. Einsamkeit

*Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüfchen weht:*

*So zieh' ich meine Straße
Dahin mit tragem Fuß,
Durch helles, frohes Leben,
Einsam und ohne Gruß.*

*Ach, daß die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, daß die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.*

13. Die Post

*Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?*

*Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich:
Was drängst du den so wunderbarlich,
Mein Herz?*

When will you turn green, leaves on the window?
When shall I hold my beloved in my arms?

12. Lonliness

Just as a sombre cloud
Drifts through clear skies,
When in the tops of the fir trees
A feeble little wind blows—

Just so do I take my path
With dragging foot
Through bright, cheerful life
Along and without any greeting.

Oh, that the air is so still!
Oh, that the world is so full of light!
When the storms were still raging
I wasn't half so wretched.

13. The Post

A posthorn sounds from the road.
What makes you leap up so high,
My heart?

The post doesn't bring any letter for you,
Why do you throb so strangely,
My heart?

*Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',
Mein Herz!*

*Willst wohl einmal hinübersehn,
Und fragen, wie es dort mag gehn,
Mein Herz?*

14. Der greise Kopf

*Der Reif hatt' einen weißen Schein
Mir über's Haar gestreuet.
Da glaubt' ich schon ein Greis zu sein,
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.*

*Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,
Hab' wieder schwarze Haare,
Daß mir's vor meiner Jugend graut—
Wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!*

*Vom Abendrot zum Morgenlicht
Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.
Wer glaubt's? Und meiner ward es nicht
Auf dieser ganzen Reise!*

Now, yes, the post comes from the town,
Where I had a beloved love,
My heart!

Do you really want just once to have a look,
And ask, how things are going there,
My heart?

14. The Old Man's Head

The frost had scattered a seeming whiteness
Over my hair.
So I believed I'd become an old man
And I rejoiced greatly.

But soon it melted away,
And I had black hair again,
Such that I shuddered at my youth.
How far still till I reach the funeral bier!

From red of dusk to light of dawn
Many a head has become old.
Who'd believe it? And mine hasn't achieved that
On this whole journey!

15. Die Krähe

*Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.*

*Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?*

*Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!*

16. Letzte Hoffnung

*Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Ofimals in Gedanken stehn.*

*Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,
Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;
Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
Zittr' ich, was ich zittern kann.*

15. The Crow

A crow came with me
Out of the town
And till today steadily
It has flown over my head.

Crow, strange beast,
Won't you leave me?
Do you really mean to take
My body here as carrion, soon?

Now it's not much further to go
With my walking stick.
Crow, let me see at last
Fidelity to the grave.

16. Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
There is many a colorful leaf to be seen,
And I stay before the trees
Often, deep in thought, standing.

I look at one leaf,
I hang my hopes on it;
If the wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble, as much as I can.

*Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab,
Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,
Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.*

17. Im Dorfe

*Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten.
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
Träumen sich Manches was sie nicht haben,
Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben:*

*Und morgen früh is Alles zerflossen.
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen,
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.*

*Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,
Laßt mich nicht ruhn in der Schlummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen—
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?*

18. Der stürmische Morgen

*Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
Des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
Umher in mattem Streit.*

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground,
Hope falls with it,
I fall too,
Cry on the grave of my hope.

17. In the Village

The dogs bark, the chains rattle.
People sleep in their beds,
Dreaming of many things that they don't have,
Refreshing themselves with good things and bad
things:

And early in the morning, it's all vanished.
So what, they've enjoyed their share,
And hope what is still remaining
Still to find on their pillows.

Bark me away, you watchful dogs,
Don't let me rest in the hour of sleeping!
I'm at an end with all dreams—
Why should I linger among the sleepers?

18. The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn
The grey garment of the sky!
Cloud-shreds dance about
In dull dispute

*Und rote Feuerflammen
Ziehn zwischen ihnen hin.
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn!*

And red fire-flames
Go among them.
That's what I call a morning,
Just how I like it.

*Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eignes Bild—
Es is nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild!*

My heart sees in the sky
Its own image painted—
It's nothing but winter,
Winter cold and wild.

19. Täuschung

19. Delusion

*Ein Licht tanzt Freundlich vor mir her;
Ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;
Ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,
Daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.
Ach, wer wie ich so elend ist,
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus,
Und eine liebe Seele drin—
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!*

A light dances in a friendly fashion before me,
I follow it this way and that.
I follow it gladly, well aware
That it lures the wanderer from his path.
Ah, anyone as wretched as I
Willingly gives himself up to colorful wiles
That behind ice and night and horror
Show him a bright, warm house,
And a beloved soul within.
Only delusion is the prize for me!

20. Der Wegweiser

20. The Signpost

*Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die ander'n Wand'rer gehn,
Suche mir versteckte Stege
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?*

Why do I avoid the ways
Other wanderers go by?
Seeking out hidden paths
Through snowed-up rocky heights?

*Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheun—
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
Treibt mich in die Wüstenein?*

*Weiser stehen auf den Straßen,
Weisen auf die Städte zu,
Und ich wander sonder Maßen,
Ohne Ruh', und suche Ruh'.*

*Einen Weiser she' ich stehen
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
Eine Straße muß ich gehen,
Die noch Keiner ging zurück.*

21. Das Wirtshaus

*Auf einen Totenacker
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.
Allhier will ich einkehren:
Hab' ich bei mir gedacht.*

*Ihr grünen Totenkränze
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
Die müde Wanderer laden
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.*

Sind denn in diesem Hause

After all, I've done nothing
That forces me to shun other people—
What sort of a foolish longing
Drives me into the wastelands?

Singposts stand on the roads
Pointing to towns,
And I wander without measure,
Without peace, and seeking peace.

I see a signpost standing
Fixed before my gaze;
I must go a road
From which none has returned.

21. The Inn

To a graveyard
My journey has brought me.
I'll turn in here,
I thought to myself.

You green funeral wreaths
Could well be the signs
That invite tired wanderers
Into the cool inn.

Are in this house, then,

*Die Kammern all' besetzt?
Bin matt zum Niedersinken,
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.*

The rooms all taken?
I'm tired enough to collapse,
I am wounded even unto death.

*O unbarmherz'ge Schenke,
Doch weisest du mich ab?
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,
Mein treuer Wanderstab!*

O unmerciful inn,
You nonetheless turn me away?
On then now, only onwards,
My trusty wandering staff.

22. Mut

22. Courage

*Fliegt der Schnee mir in's Gesicht,
Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,
Sing' ich hell und munter.*

If the snow flies into my face
I shake it off.
If my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing bright and lively.

*Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,
Habe keine Ohren,
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,
Klagen ist für Toren.*

I don't hear what it says to me,
I have no ears;
I don't feel its moaning,
That's just for idiots.

*Lustig in die Welt hinein
Gegen Wind und Wetter!
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,
Sind wir selber Götter!*

Cheerfully out into the world
Against the wind and the weather!
If there's no God on earth,
We're gods ourselves!

23. Die Nebensonnen

*Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel stehn,
Hab' lang und fest sie angesehen;
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.
Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut Andern doch in's Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei:
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.
Ging' nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.*

24. Der Leiermann

*Drüben hinter'm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.*

*Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her;
Und sein Kleiner Teller
Belibt ihm immer leer.*

*Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an;
Und die Hunde knurren
Um ben alten Mann.*

23. The Mock Suns

I saw three suns standing in the sky,
I stared at them long and hard;
And they stood there, too, so fixed,
As if they didn't want to leave me.
Oh, you're not my suns!
Look into others' faces!
Indeed I did have three, just a while ago:
But now the best two have gone down.
If only the third would go too!
I'd be better off in the dark.

24. The Hurdy - Gurdy Man

Over there behind the village
Stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
And with numb fingers
He grinds away, as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He sways back and forth,
And his little plate
Remains always empty.

No-one wants to hear him,
No-one looks at him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.

Und er läßt es gehen

Alles, wie es will,

Dreht, und seine Leier

Steht ihm nimmer still.

And he lets it go on,

Everything, just as it will;

Turns the wheel, and his hurdy-gurdy

Never stays still for a moment.

Wunderlicher Alter,

Soll ich mit dir gehn?

Wills tzu meinen Liedern

Deine Leier drehn?

Strange old man,

Should I go with you?

Will you to my songs

Play your hurdy-gurdy?