

REINBERGER CHAMBER HALL
SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 2022
CLEVELAND

BEETHOVEN SCHUBERT



MARK PADMORE TENOR &
MITSUKO UCHIDA PIANO
IN RECITAL

THE
CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

PRESENTS

Mark Padmore, *tenor* **Mitsuko Uchida**, *piano*

Reinberger Chamber Hall, Severance Music Center
Sunday afternoon, March 6, 2022, at 3:00 p.m.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
(1770–1827)

An die Hoffnung (*To hope*), Opus 94

Resignation, WoO 149

Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel
(*Evening hymn under a starry sky*), WoO 150

An die ferne Geliebte
(*To the distant beloved*), Opus 98

1. Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend
(*On the hill sit I, peering*)
2. Wo die Berge so blau
(*Where the mountains so blue*)
3. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
(*Light veils in the heights*)
4. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
(*These clouds in the heights*)
5. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
(*May returns, the meadow blooms*)
6. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder
(*Take, then, these songs*)

INTERMISSION

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1770–1827)

Schwanengesang (*Swan Song*), D. 957

1. Liebesbotschaft (*Love's Message*)
2. Kriegers Ahnung (*Warrior's Foreboding*)
3. Frühlingssehnsucht (*Spring Longing*)
4. Ständchen (*Serenade*)
5. Aufenthalt (*Resting Place*)
6. In der Ferne (*Far Away*)
7. Abschied (*Farewell*)
8. Der Atlas (*Atlas*)
9. Ihr Bild (*Her Portrait*)
10. Das Fischermädchen (*The Fishermaiden*)
11. Die Stadt (*The Town*)
12. Am Meer (*By the Sea*)
13. Der Doppelgänger (*The Wraith*)
14. Die Taubenpost (*The Pigeon Post*)

This program is approximately 1 hour and 40 minutes in length.

Mark Padmore's performance is generously sponsored by Tony and Diane Wynshaw-Boris.

Mitsuko Uchida's performance is generously sponsored by Dr. and Mrs. Hiroyuki Fujita.

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When Poetry Sings, and Composer Becomes Poet

By Michael Cirigliano II

IT'S OFTEN SAID THAT instrumental music holds the capacity to express the inexpressible. The truth of that maxim is undeniable — works like Mahler's Ninth Symphony, Bach's Chaconne for solo violin, and Barber's *Adagio for Strings* move listeners because they connect us to untold feelings of the sublime, the universal. But does this logic also imply that words lessen music's emotional potency?

That was the debate brewing in Vienna at the dawn of the 19th century. Critics like Ludwig Tieck and E. T. A. Hoffmann mused that while instrumental music lifts listeners to a cosmic plane of being, music for voice — since it's inherently subordinate to its text — leaves us earthbound, tethered to the mundane experience of human emotions.

That musical hierarchy was about to undergo a massive change, however, thanks to two developments: the rapid proliferation of German poetry and the rise of domestic music making at the end of the 18th century. With composers running in the same social circles as poets, and the fire of artistic inspiration and collaboration heating the cafes and salons of Vienna, a new vision for German song emerged — one that saw the form's distinctive ability to speak from the heart as its superpower.

And so the tradition of the folk song, or *Volkslied* — settings of simple strophic poetry in an unadorned musical style — was transformed into the German art song, or *deutsches Kunstlied* — an equal marriage of music and poetry that would ultimately attain pride of place alongside the symphony, sonata, and string quartet.



Beethoven

The program Mark Padmore and Mitsuko Uchida present this afternoon shows just how quick that transformation was. Only twelve years separate Beethoven composing one of the first German song cycles, *An die ferne Geliebte*, and Schubert writing what would become the *Schwanengesang*, his final statement in the artform he brought to maturity.

Although Beethoven isn't often thought of as a composer of song, he did leave his revolutionary mark on the lied. Many of those efforts are early songs that weren't blessed with an opus number, but there's no denying the elegant beauty of "An die Hoffnung" or "Abendlied unterm gestirnten

Himmel,” which quietly explore the same ideas of Fate and struggle he addressed in his instrumental works.

But in 1816, Beethoven changed course. Instead of working with individual songs, he assembled a set of poems centered around a single narrative he could weave throughout a larger work. Thus was born *An die ferne Geliebte*, the first notable *Liederkreis* (song cycle) in German music: six songs so interwoven in musical form and poetic setting as to make it impossible to extract any one of them from their brethren. Beethoven’s conduit for that integration was the piano, whose part he made far more complex than the simple accompaniment it usually provided in a folk song. It’s those periods of connection between songs where the piano, alone, offers poignant moments of reflection.



In keeping with the poetic style of the *Volkslied*, *An die ferne Geliebte* doesn’t showcase the work of Goethe or Schiller — the towering literary figures of the day, whose poems were regularly used for lieder settings (including Schubert’s legendary “Erlkönig” and “Gretchen am Spinnrade”). Beethoven instead chose to set the humble poetry of Alois Jeitteles, a Viennese physician who dabbled in writing. The words are simple and unadorned, centered on the early Romantic themes of distant longing and spiritual communion with nature.

An die ferne Geliebte was a testament to the possibilities of the song cycle, and it inspired Schubert immensely. Over the next decade, he would compose two cycles on the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*, before embarking on the lieder that would form the *Schwanengesang*. Assembled by Schubert’s brother and publisher after his death in 1828, *Schwanengesang* isn’t one song cycle per se, but two: the first, a setting of seven poems by Ludwig Rellstab; and the second, featuring six by Heinrich Heine. One additional song with a text by Johann Gabriel Seidl, “Die Taubenpost,” was tacked on at the end to provide musical symmetry. Together they form the Frankenstein’s monster of German lieder.

Like Beethoven, Schubert didn’t limit himself to the titans of German poetry. Among those lesser-known writers Schubert explored was Rellstab, whose poems Beethoven had also once considered setting. In both character and

story, Schubert's seven Rellstab songs occupy the same world of distant lovers as Beethoven's quintessentially Romantic cycle.

The six poems of Heine are far more turbulent, filled with the feverish obsession with loss, isolation, and love bitterly denied that would make Heine one of the most significant writers of his time. The psychological torment that runs through these poems triggered radical new musical ideas for Schubert — especially in his piano writing, in which he evokes everything from the hollow creep of a phantom figure in “Der Doppelgänger” to the heaven-storming wails of woe in “Der Atlas.”

It's in these Heine songs that we get a glimpse of where Schubert wanted to go next — paths ultimately left to future generations to travel. They look ahead to the amorphous, serpentine tonalities that would become the hallmark of late-German Romanticism at the beginning of the 20th century, a through line formed between the primal screams in “Der Atlas” and “Der Doppelgänger” and the expressionist nightmares endured by the title characters in Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*, composed nearly 100 years later.

Though we'll never know what innovations Schubert would have brought to his songs had he not died so young, we can be eternally grateful for all Schubert did to advance the German lied — merging poetry and music to manifest an altogether new art form. One that, in the words of the famed lieder singer Lotte Lehmann, “[welds] words and music with equal feeling into one whole, so that the poet sings and the composer becomes poet, and two arts are born anew as one.”

And when those two arts act as one, as will happen this afternoon in Reinberger Chamber Hall, German lieder brings us closer to understanding the universal emotions of our shared human experience — not by reaching out towards the cosmos, but by looking within, to the workings of our own hearts.

Michael Cirigliano II is a freelance arts journalist and copywriter. He has written for Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, the Oregon Symphony, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Works by Beethoven

An die Hoffnung (*To hope*)

By Christoph August Tiedge

Ob ein Gott sei? Ob er einst erfülle,
Was die Sehnsucht weinend sich verspricht?
Ob, vor irgend einem Weltgericht,
Sich dies rätselhafte Sein enthülle?
Hoffen soll der Mensch! Er frage nicht!

Die du so gern in heil'gen Nächten feierst
Und sanft und weich den Gram verschleierst,
Der eine zarte Seele quält,
O Hoffnung! Lass, durch dich emporgehoben,
Den Dulder ahnen, dass dort oben
Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!

Wenn, längst verhallt, geliebte Stimmen schweigen;
Wenn unter ausgestorbnen Zweigen
Verödet die Erinnerung sitzt:
Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlassner trauert,
Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert,
Sich auf versunkne Urnen stützt.

Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal anzuklagen,
Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen
Die letzten Strahlen untergehn:
Dann lass ihn, um den Rand des Erdentraumes,
Das Leuchten eines Wolkensaumes
Von einer nahen Sonne sehn!

*Is there a God? Will he ever fulfill
The longing expressed in tears?
Will this mysterious being reveal himself
Before the final day of reckoning?
Mankind must hope! Do not ask!*

*Blessed companion of the holy night
Whose kind and gentle touch dispels
The suffering of sensitive souls,
Oh hope! That by your almighty strength
The grieving soul may find
An angel who acknowledges his tears!*

*When the sound of beloved voices fades away;
When beneath dead branches
Memory sits in isolation:
Approach the bereaved one,
Who, encircled by the shivering moonlight,
Stands over sunken urns.*

*And as he lifts his gaze, accusing fate,
As the last rays of sunshine
Set on his life:
Let him witness, through earthly dreams,
A cloud's silver lining
Illuminated by the sun!*

Resignation

By Paul von Haugwitz

Lisch aus, mein Licht!
Was dir gebracht,
Das ist nun fort,
An diesem Ort
Kannst du's nicht wieder finden!
Du mußt nun los dich binden.

*Out, my light!
What you have lost
Has gone
and you will never find it
in this place again.
The ties that hold you, you must sever.*

Sonst hast du lustig aufgebrannt,
Nun hat man dir die Luft entwandt;
Wenn diese fort geweht,
Die Flamme irregehet,
Sucht, findet nicht;
Lisch aus, mein Licht!

*Once your flame was bright and fair,
Now your air has turned elsewhere.
Without air,
flame flickers, goes awry,
Searches in vain;
so die, my light, die.*

Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel (*Evening hymn under a starry sky*)

By Heinrich Goeble

Wenn die Sonne niedersinket,
Und der Tag zur Ruh sich neigt,
Luna freundlich leise winket,
Und die Nacht herniedersteigt;
Wenn die Sterne prächtig schimmern,
Tausend Sonnenstrassen flimmern:
Fühlt die Seele sich so gross,
Windet sich vom Staube los.
Schaut so gern nach jenen Sternen,
Wie zurück ins Vaterland,
Hin nach jenen lichten Fernen,
Und vergisst der Erde Tand;
Will nur ringen, will nur streben,
Ihre Hülle zu entschweben:
Erde ist ihr eng und klein,
Auf den Sternen möcht sie sein.
Ob der Erde Stürme toben,
Falsches Glück den Bösen lohnt:
Hoffend blicket sie nach oben,
Wo der Sternenrichter thront.
Keine Furcht kann sie mehr quälen,
Keine Macht kann ihr befehlen;
Mit verklärtem Angesicht,
Schwingt sie sich zum Himmelslicht.
Eine leise Ahnung schauert
Mich aus jenen Welten an;
Lange, lange nicht mehr dauert
Meine Erdenpilgerbahn,
Bald hab ich das Ziel errungen,
Bald zu euch mich aufgeschwungen,
Ernte bald an Gottes Thron
Meiner Leiden schönen Lohn.

*When the sun goes down
and the day draws to its peaceful close,
when Luna beckons gently, kindly
and night falls.
When the stars shine gloriously
and a thousand sunbeams shimmer,
how great the soul then feels,
shaking itself free from the dust.
How the soul loves to gaze at those stars,
as if back to its native land,
to gaze at those distant lights,
forgetting earth's trivial show.
It seeks only to struggle, to strive
to float free of its earthly husk.
Earth is too small and confining,
it longs to be upon the stars.
Whether earth's storms rage
or false fortune rewards the evil,
in hope it gazes upwards
to where the Starry Judge sits enthroned.
Fear can no longer torment it,
no power can command it;
with transfigured countenance
it soars to the light of heaven.
A faint presentiment from those worlds
makes me shudder.
My earthly pilgrimage
will not last much longer.
Soon I shall have reached the goal,
soon I shall have soared to you,
soon I shall reap at God's throne
the glorious reward for my sorrows.*

English translation © Richard Wigmore

An die ferne Geliebte (*To the distant beloved*)

By Alois Jeitteles

1. Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend

Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liedesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

2. Wo die Berge so blau

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,

On the hill sit I, peering

*On the hill sit I, peering
Into the blue, hazy land
Toward the faraway pastures
Where I you, beloved, found.*

*Far am I from you parted;
Separating us are hill and valley,
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our sorrow.*

*Ah! The look can you not see,
That to you so ardently rushes,
And the sighs, they blow away
In the space that separates us.*

*Will then nothing more be able to reach you,
Nothing be messenger of love?
I will sing, sing songs,
That to you speak of my pain!*

*For before the sound of love escapes
every space and every time,
And a loving heart reaches,
What a loving heart has consecrated!*

Where the mountains so blue

*Where the mountains so blue
Out of the foggy grey
Look down,
Where the sun dies,
Where the cloud encircles,
I wish I were there!*

*There is the restful valley
Stilled are suffering and sorrow
Where in the rock
Quietly the primrose meditates,
Blows so lightly the wind,
I wish I were there!*

*There to the thoughtful wood
The power of love pushes me,*

Innere Pein.

Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

3. Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüsst sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Lasst mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual!

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Lass sie, Bächlein, klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

4. Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt' ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

*Inward sorrow,
Ah! This moves me not from here,
Could I, dear, by you
Eternally be!*

Light veils in the heights

*Light veils in the heights,
And you, little brook, small and narrow,
Should my love spot you,
Greet her, from me, many thousand times.*

*See you, clouds, her go then,
Meditating in the quiet valley,
Let my image stand before her
In the airy heavenly hall.*

*If she near the bushes stands,
Now that autumn is faded and leafless,
Lament to her, what has happened to me,
Lament to her, little birds, my suffering!*

*Quiet west, bring in the wind
To my heart's chosen one
My sighs, that pass
As the last ray of the sun.*

*Whisper to her of my love's imploring,
Let her, little brook, small and narrow,
Truly, in your waves see
My tears without number!*

These clouds in the heights

*These clouds in the heights,
These birds gaily passing,
Will see you, my beloved.
Take me with you on your light flight!*

*These west winds will play
Joking with you about your cheek and breast,
In the silky curls will dig.
I share with you this pleasure!*

*There to you from this hill
Busily, the little brook hurries.
If your image is reflected in it,
Flow back without delay!*

5. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz und von quer
Manch weicherer Stück zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiss er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

6. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglüheth
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg' erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewusst:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

May returns, the meadow blooms

*May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so mildly,
Chattering, the brooks now run.*

*The swallow, that returns to her hospitable roof,
She builds, so busily, her bridal chamber,
Love must dwell there.*

*She brings, so busily, from all directions,
Many soft pieces for the bridal bed,
Many warm pieces for the little ones.*

*Now live the couple together so faithfully,
What winter has separated is united by May,
What loves, that he knows how to unite.*

*May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so mildly,
Only I cannot go away from here.*

*When all that loves, the spring unites,
Only to our love no spring appears,
And tears are our only consolation.*

Take, then, these songs

*Take, then, these songs,
That I to you, beloved, sang,
Sing them again in the evenings
To the sweet sounds of the lute!*

*When the red twilight then moves
toward the calm, blue lake,
And the last ray dies
behind that hilltop;*

*And you sing, what I have sung,
What I, from my full heart,
Artlessly have sounded,
Only aware of its longings.*

*For before these songs yields,
What separates us so far,
And a loving heart reaches
For what a loving heart has consecrated.*

Schubert's Schwanengesang

Liebesbotschaft (*Love's Message*)

By Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei Du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend,
Das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süße
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süße Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.

*Murmuring brooklet,
So silver and bright,
Do you hasten,
So lively and swift, to my beloved?
Ah, sweet brooklet,
Be my messenger.
Bring her greetings
From her distant lover.*

*All the flowers,
Tended in her garden,
Which she wears
So charmingly on her breast,
And her roses
With their crimson glow:
Refresh them, brooklet,
With your cooling waters.*

*When on your banks
She inclines her head
Lost in dreams,
Thinking of me,
Comfort my sweetheart
With a kindly glance,
For her beloved
Will soon return.*

*When the sun sinks
In a red flush,
Lull my sweetheart
To sleep.
With soft murmurings
Bring her sweet repose,
And whisper
Dreams of love.*

Kriegers Ahnung (*Warrior's Foreboding*)

By Ludwig Rellstab

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiß,
Wie hab' ich oft so süß geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!
Hier, wo der Flammen düstrer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.
Herz! Daß der Trost Dich nicht verläßt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
Bald ruh' ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste—Gute Nacht!

*In deep repose my comrades in arms
Lie in a circle around me;
My heart is so anxious and heavy,
So ardent with longing.
How often I have dreamt sweetly
Upon her warm breast!
How cheerful the fireside glow seemed
When she lay in my arms.
Here, where the sombre glimmer of the flames,
Alas, plays only on weapons,
Here the heart feels utterly alone,
A tear of sadness wells up.
Heart, may comfort not forsake you!
Many a battle still calls.
Soon I shall rest well and sleep deeply,
Sweetest love—goodnight!*

Frühlingssehnsucht (*Spring Longing*)

By Ludwig Rellstab

Säuselnde Lüfte
Wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte
Atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte Euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn!
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter
Rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter
Silbern ins Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.
Was ziehst Du mich, sehndend verlangender Sinn,
Hinab?

Grüßender Sonne
Spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne
Bringest Du hold.

*Whispering breezes,
Blowing so gently,
Filled with the fragrant
Breath of flowers,
How blissful to me is your welcoming breath!
What have you done to my beating heart?
It yearns to follow you on your airy path!
Where to?*

*Silver brooklets,
Babbling so merrily,
Cascade down
To the valley below.
Their ripples glide swiftly by!
The fields and the sky are deeply mirrored there.
Why yearning, craving senses, do you draw me
Downwards?*

*Sparkling gold
Of the welcoming sun,
You bring
The fair joy of hope.*

Wie labt mich Dein selig begrüßendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt!
Warum?

Grünend umkränzet
Wälder und Höh'!
Schimmernd erglänzet
Blütenschnee!
So dränget sich Alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden was ihnen gebricht:
Und Du?

Rastloses Sehnen!
Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen,
Klage und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewußt!
Wer stilltet mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur Du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur Du!

*How your welcoming image refreshes me!
It smiles so benignly in the deep blue sky
And yet has filled my eyes with tears!
Why?*

*The woods and hills
Are wreathed in green!
Snowy blossom
Shimmers and gleams!
All things strain towards the bridal light;
Seeds swell, buds burst;
They have found what they lacked:
And you?*

*Restless longing,
Yearning heart,
Are there always only tears,
Complaints and pain?
I too am aware of swelling impulses!
Who at last will still my urgent desire?
Only you can free the spring in my heart,
Only you!*

Ständchen (*Serenade*)

By Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

*Softly my songs plead
Through the night to you;
Down into the silent grove,
Beloved, come to me!*

*Slender treetops whisper and rustle
In the moonlight;
My darling, do not fear
That the hostile betrayer will overhear us.*

*Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah! they are imploring you;
With their sweet, plaintive songs
They are imploring for me.*

*They understand the heart's yearning,
They know the pain of love;
With their silvery notes
They touch every tender heart.*

Laß auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

*Let your heart, too, be moved,
Beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!*

Aufenthalt (*Resting Place*)

By Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschender Strom,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.

*Surging river,
Roaring forest,
Immovable rock,
My resting place.*

Wie sich die Welle
An Welle reiht,
Fließen die Tränen
Mir ewig erneut.

*As wave
Follows wave,
So my tears flow,
Ever renewed.*

Hoch in den Kronen
Wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich
Mein Herze schlägt.

*As the high treetops
Stir and heave,
So my heart
Beats incessantly.*

Und wie des Felsen
Uraltes Erz
Ewig derselbe
Bleibet mein Schmerz.

*Like the rock's
Age-old ore
My sorrow remains
Forever the same.*

In der Ferne (*Far Away*)

By Ludwig Rellstab

Wehe dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden!—
Fremde durchmessenden,
Heimat vergessenden,
Mutterhaus hassenden,
Freunde verlassenden
Folget kein Segen, ach!
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

*Woe to those who flee,
Who journey forth into the world!—
Who travel through strange lands,
Forgetting their native land,
Spurning their mother's home,
Forsaking their friends:
Alas, no blessing follows them
On their way!*

Herze, das sehrende,
Auge, das tränende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!

*The yearning heart,
The tearful eye,
Endless longing
Turning homewards!*

Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

*The surging breast,
The dying lament,
The evening star, twinkling
And sinking without hope!*

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Schmerzen, ach!
Dies treue Herze brach,—
Grüßt von dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden!

*Whispering breezes,
Gently ruffled waves,
Darting sunbeams,
Lingering nowhere:
Send her, who broke
My faithful heart with pain—
Greetings from one who is fleeing
And journeying forth into the world!*

Abschied (*Farewell*)

By Ludwig Rellstab

Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigem Fuß;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den scheidenden Gruß.
Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehen,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied geschehn.
Ade ...

*Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell!
Already my horse is happily pawing the ground.
Take now my final, parting greeting.
I know you have never seen me sad;
Nor will you now as I depart.
Farewell ...*

Ade, ihr Bäume, ihr Gärten so grün, Ade!
Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang,
Weit schallend ertönt mein Abschiedsgesang;
Nie habt ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
So wird euch auch keines beim Scheiden beschert.
Ade ...

*Farewell, trees and gardens so green, farewell!
Now I ride along the silver stream;
My song of farewell echoes far and wide.
You have never heard a sad song;
Nor shall you do so at parting.
Farewell ...*

Ade, ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, Ade!
Was schaut ihr aus blumentumduftetem Haus
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?
Wie sonst, so grüß' ich und schaue mich um,
Doch nimmer wend' ich mein Rösslein um.
Ade ...

*Farewell, charming maidens, farewell!
Why do you look out with roguish, enticing eyes
From houses fragrant with flowers?
I greet you as before, and look back;
But never will I turn my horse back.
Farewell ...*

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur Ruh', Ade!
Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold;
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.
Ade ...

*Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest, farewell!
Now the stars twinkle with shimmering gold.
How fond I am of you, little stars in the sky;
Though we travel the whole world, far and wide,
Everywhere you faithfully escort us.
Farewell ...*

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, Ade!
Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches Mal
Und wär' es denn heute zum letzten Mal?
Ade ...

*Farewell, little window gleaming brightly, farewell!
You shine so cosily with your soft light,
And invite us so kindly into the cottage.
Ah, I have ridden past you so often,
And yet today might be the last time.
Farewell ...*

Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!
Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;
Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muß hier vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir noch so treu!
Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!

*Farewell, stars, veil yourselves in grey! Farewell!
You numberless stars cannot replace for us
The little window's dim, fading light;
If I cannot linger here, if I must ride on,
How can you help me, if you follow me faithfully?
Farewell, stars, veil yourselves in grey! Farewell!*

Der Atlas (*Atlas*)

By Heinrich Heine

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muß ich tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

*I, unhappy Atlas, must bear a world,
The whole world of sorrows,
I bear the unbearable, and my heart
Would break within my body.*

Du stolzes Herz! du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

*Proud heart! you wished it so!
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy,
Or endlessly wretched, proud heart!
And now you are wretched!*

Ihr Bild (*Her Portrait*)

By Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

*I stood in dark dreams,
Gazing at her picture,
And that beloved face
Began mysteriously to come alive.*

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

*Around her lips played
A wondrous smile,
And her eyes glistened,
As though with melancholy tears.*

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab—
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab'!

*My tears, too,
Flowed down my cheeks—
And oh, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!*

Das Fischermädchen (*The Fishermaid*)

By Heinrich Heine

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Triebe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg' an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

*Lovely fisher maiden,
Guide your boat to the shore;
Come and sit beside me,
And hand in hand we shall talk of love.*

*Lay your little head on my heart
And do not be too afraid;
For each day you trust yourself
Without fear to the turbulent sea.*

*My heart is just like the sea,
It has its storms, its ebbs and its flows;
And many a lovely pearl
Rests in its depths.*

Die Stadt (*The Town*)

By Heinrich Heine

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

*On the distant horizon
Appears, like a misty vision,
The town with its turrets,
Shrouded in dusk.*

*A damp wind ruffles
The grey stretch of water;
With mournful strokes
The boatman rows my boat.*

*Radiant, the sun rises once more
From the earth,
And shows me that place
Where I lost my beloved.*

Am Meer (*By the Sea*)

By Heinrich Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir saßen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weißen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;—
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

*The sea glittered far and wide
In the sun's dying rays;
We sat by the fisherman's lonely house;
We sat silent and alone.*

*The mist rose, the waters swelled,
A seagull flew to and fro.
From your loving eyes
The tears fell.*

*I saw them fall on your hand.
I sank upon my knee;
From your white hand
I drank away the tears.*

*Since that hour my body is consumed
And my soul dies of longing.
That unhappy woman
Has poisoned me with her tears.*

Der Doppelgänger (*The Wraith*)

By Heinrich Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzengewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe—
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

*The night is still, the streets are at rest;
In this house lived my sweetheart.
She has long since left the town,
But the house still stands on the selfsame spot.*

*A man stands there too, staring up,
And wringing his hands in anguish;
I shudder when I see his face—
The moon shows me my own form!*

*You wraith! You pallid companion!
Why do you ape the pain of my love
Which tormented me on this very spot,
So many a night, in days long past?*

Die Taubenpost (*The Pigeon Post*)

By Johann Gabriel Seidl

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

*I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
devoted and true;
she never stops short of her goal
and never flies too far.*

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

*Each day I send her out
a thousand times on reconnaissance,
past many a beloved spot,
to my sweetheart's house.*

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

*There she peeps furtively in at the window,
observing her every look and step,
conveys my greeting breezily,
and brings hers back to me.*

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

*I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
she will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
so eagerly does she serve me.*

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

*Day or night, awake or dreaming,
it is all the same to her;
as long as she can roam
she is richly contented.*

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

*She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
she needs no enticement or reward,
so true is this pigeon to me.*

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst - die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

*I cherish her as truly in my heart,
certain of the fairest prize;
her name is - Longing! Do you know her?
The messenger of constancy.*

English translations for Schwanengesang © Richard Wigmore

Mark Padmore

Tenor

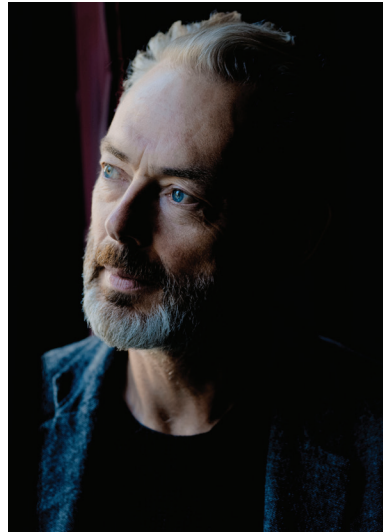
Mark Padmore was born in London and studied at King's College, Cambridge. He has established an international career in opera, concert, and recital. His appearances in Bach's Passions have gained particular notice, especially his renowned performances as Evangelist in Peter Sellars's stagings of the *St. Matthew* and *St. John Passions* with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and Simon Rattle.

Highlights of Mr. Padmore's 2021–22 season include a residency at Wigmore Hall where he celebrates his relationships with pianists Till Fellner, Imogen Cooper, Mitsuko Uchida, and Paul Lewis, as well as a staged production of Britten's *War Requiem* at the Liceu Opera Barcelona. He also appears in recital in Brussels with Simon Lepper, in London with Jonathan Biss, and in New York with Ethan Iverson.

Mr. Padmore recently appeared in a new Royal Opera House production of Britten's *Death in Venice*, where his performance was described as a "tour de force." Other opera roles have included the leading roles in Harrison Birtwistle's *The Corridor* and *The Cure* at the Aldeburgh Festival, Captain Vere in Britten's *Billy Budd*, Evangelist in a staging of *St. Matthew Passion* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and the Man in a world premiere of Tansy Davies's *Cave* with the London Sinfonietta.

Mr. Padmore has performed with the world's leading orchestras. He was artist-in-residence for the 2017–18 season with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and held a similar position with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra in 2016–17. In addition, his work with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment has involved projects exploring both Bach's *St. John* and *St. Matthew Passions*.

Musical America's 2016 Vocalist of the Year, he was awarded an honorary doctorate by University of Kent (U.K.) in 2014. He was appointed CBE in the 2019 Queen's birthday honors list. Mr. Padmore serves as artistic director of the St Endellion Summer Music Festival in Cornwall.



Mitsuko Uchida

Piano

Mitsuko Uchida is a performer who brings deep insight into the music she plays through her own search for truth and beauty. She is particularly noted for her peerless interpretations of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert, both in the concert hall and on recordings, and has also illuminated the music of Alban Berg, Arnold Schoenberg, Anton Webern, and György Kurtág for new generations of listeners.

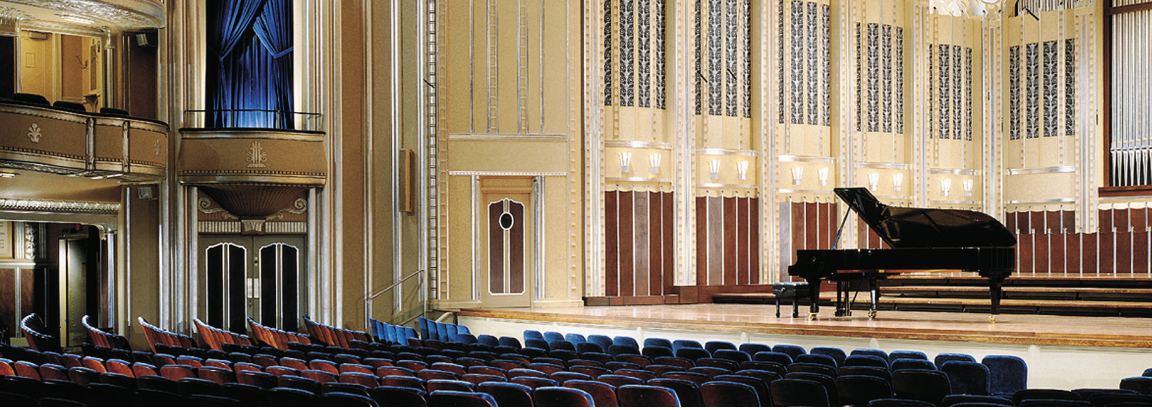
Ms. Uchida made her Cleveland Orchestra debut in February 1990, and since that time, she has performed frequently with the Orchestra at Severance, Blossom, and on tour in Europe and Japan. She made her Cleveland Orchestra conducting debut in 1998 and subsequently led performances from the keyboard of all of Mozart's piano concertos as artist-in-residence for five seasons (2002–07). She celebrated her 100th performance with the Orchestra in 2019.

She also has enjoyed close relationships with many other renowned orchestras across the world, including the Berlin Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bavarian Radio Symphony, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Chicago Symphony. In 2016, she was appointed an artistic partner to the Mahler Chamber Orchestra and began a five-year series of concerts directing Mozart concertos from the keyboard with the ensemble, which included tours of major venues in Europe and Japan.

Mitsuko Uchida records exclusively for Decca, and her extensive discography includes the complete Mozart and Schubert piano sonatas. Her recording of Schoenberg's Piano Concerto with Pierre Boulez and The Cleveland Orchestra won four awards, including one from Gramophone for best concerto recording. She is the recipient of two Grammy® Awards — for her recording of Mozart's Piano Concertos No. 23 & 24 with The Cleveland Orchestra and for an album of lieder with Dorothea Röschmann.

Mitsuko Uchida has demonstrated a long-standing commitment to aiding the development of young musicians and is a trustee of the Borletti-Buitoni Trust. She is also artistic director of the Marlboro Music Festival in Vermont. In June 2009, she was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.





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As a courtesy to the audience members and musicians in the hall, late-arriving patrons are asked to wait quietly until the first convenient break in the program, when ushers will help you to your seats. These seating breaks are at the discretion of the House Manager in consultation with the performing artists.

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Please silence any alarms or ringers on pagers, cell phones, or wristwatches prior to the start of the concert.

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For the comfort of those around you, please reduce the volume on hearing aids and other devices that may produce a noise that would detract from the program. Infrared Assistive-Listening Devices are available. Please see the House Manager or Head Usher for more details.

AGE RESTRICTIONS

Regardless of age, each person must have a ticket and be able to sit quietly in a seat throughout the performance. Classical season subscription concerts are not recommended for children under the age of 8. However, there are several age-appropriate series designed specifically for children and youth, including Music Explorers (recommended for children 3 to 6 years old) and Family Concerts (for ages 7 and older).

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