



SCHUBERT: A SATURDAY SERENADE

Rolston String Quartet
Cameron Crozman, *cello*
The Elora Singers
Mark Vuorinen, *conductor*

July 23rd, 2022
4:00 PM

Presented by Festival of the Sound

Schubert: A Saturday Serenade

JULY 8TH 2022

from *Die schöne Müllerin*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

arr. Carlo Marengo

Wohin?

Danksagung an den Bach

Am Feirerabend

Eifersucht und Stolz

Die bose Farbe

Cello Quintet in C major, D. 956

Franz Schubert

- I. Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Adagio
- III. Scherzo. Presto – Trio. Andante sostenuto
- IV. Allegretto

Texts & Translations

Texts by Wilhelm Müller
(1794-1827)

Wohin?

*Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
wohl auf dem Felsenquell,
hinab zum Tale rauschen
so Frisch und wunderhell.*

*Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
ich mußte auch hinunter
mit meinem Wanderstab.*

*Hinunter und immer weiter,
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.*

*Ist das den meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.*

*Was sag ich denn von Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
tief unten ihren Reihn.*

*Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,
und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
in jedem klaren Bach!*

Whither?

A brook I heard babbling
from its rocky source,
and heading for the valley,
so live and wondrous clear.

What seized me, I know not,
nor who put it in my mind:
I, too, made for the valley,
with my wanderer's staff.

Downward, ever downward,
keeping always to the brook,
and ever livelier babbled
and ever clearer, the brook.

Is this, then, my path?
O brooklet, say to where.
You have, with your babbling,
quite bemused my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?
No babbling can that be:
the water nymphs it is,
who sing and dance below.

Let nymphs sing, brook babble,
and follow cheerfully!
For mill-wheels there are
in every crystal stream!

Danksagung an den Bach

*War es also gemeint,
mein rauschender Freund?
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?*

*Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin.*

*Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möchte ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.*

*Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such, hab ich funden,
wie's immer mag sein.*

*Nach Arbeit ich frug,
nun hab ich genug,
für die Hände, fürs Herze
voll auf genug.*

Am Feierabend

*Hätt ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt ich brausend
die Räder führen!
Könnt ich drehen
durch alle Haine!
Könnt ich drehen
alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!*

Thanksgiving to the Brook

*Is this what was meant,
my babbling friend?
By your song, your noise,
Is this what was meant?*

*To the miller's daughter!
That's the sense.
I've understood, haven't I?
To the miller's daughter.*

*Was it she who sent you?
Or have you entranced me?
That, too, I'd like to know:
if she it was who sent you.*

*Well, be that as it may,
I am content:
what I've sought, I've found,
be it as it may.*

*For work I asked,
now I have enough,
for hands, for heart,
more than enough.*

When Work Is Over

*Would I'd a thousand
arms to keep busy!
Would I could drive
the wheels with a roar,
could blow
through every wood,
could turn
every mill-stone,
so the fair miller's daughter
might see my true worth!*

*Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz ich in der großem Runde,
in der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
und das liebe Mädchen sagt
allen eine gute Nacht.*

Eifersucht und Stolz

*Wohin so schnell, so Kraus und wild,
mein Lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder
Jäger nach?
Kehr um, kehr um, und schilt erst deine
Müllerin
für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen
Flattersinn, kehr um!*

*Sahst du sie gestern Abend nicht am
Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der großen
Straße sehn?
Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig
zieht nach Haus,
da steckt dein sittsam Kind dem Kopf
zum Fenster 'aus.*

*Geh, Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das;
doch sag ihr nicht,
horst du, kein Wort, von meinem
traurigen Gesicht;
sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine
Pfeif aus Rohr
und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänze
und Lieder vor!*

*Ah, so feeble is my arm!
What I heave, what I carry,
what I cut, what I hammer –
any lad can do as much.
And then I sit with the others,
when work is over, in cool and quiet,
and the master says to all:
'I am pleased with what you've done.'
And that sweet maiden says:
'A good night to everyone.'*

Jealousy and Pride

*Where, so fast, furrowed and wild,
dear brook,
do you dash? After bold brother hunter,
in anger?
Turn back, turn back, first scold your
milleress
for fast, wanton, petty
fickleness – turn back!*

*Did you see her last night by the
gate,
craning her neck towards the
road?
When a hunter comes back merry
from the kill,
so nice girl pokes head over
window-sill.*

*Go, brook, tell her that,
but say not
one word, do you hear, about me
looking sad;
say, he's with me, he's cutting reed
pipes,
and piping to children pretty dances
and songs!*

Die böse Farbe

*Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
hinaus in die weite Welt;
wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär
da draußen in Wald und Feld!*

*Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all
weinen ganz totenbleich.*

*Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
was siehst mich immer an
so stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
mich armen, weißen Mann?*

*Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
und singen ganz leise bei Tag und
Nacht
das eine Wörtchen ade.*

*Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn
schallt,
so klingt ihr Fensterlein,
und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht
aus,
darf ich doch schauen hinein.*

*O binde von der Stirn dir ab
das grüne, grüne Band;
Ade, ade! und reiche mir
zum Abschied deine Hand!*

The Evil Colour

*Into the world I'd gladly go,
into the wide world;
if only it were not so green
out there in wood and field!*

*All green leaves I would like
to pluck from every twig,
all green grass I would like
to weep a deathly white.*

*Ah, green, you evil colour,
why always do you stare
so proud, so bold, so gloating
at me, poor white miller?*

*At her door I'd like to lie
in storm and rain and snow,
and day and night softly sing
the single word farewell.*

*When a horn sounds in the
wood,
hark – her window clicks,
and though not for me she looks
out,
yet I can still look in.*

*O from your brow unbind
that green, green ribbon;
farewell, farewell! And give me,
as we part, your hand!*

*Translation: George Bird and Richard
Stokes*

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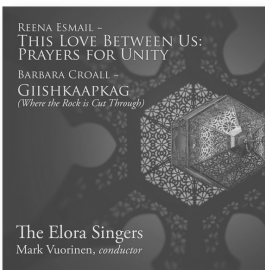


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