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Nom/Name: *Nathaniel Ben-Horin*

Classe de/Class of: *Stephen Hargreaves*

These program notes are written by the student performing, and are presented by the student in partial fulfillment of the requirements of their course. Ces notes de programme sont écrites par l'étudiant-interprète et sont présentées en tant que réalisation partielle des critères de leur cours.

From the onset of his public career, Schubert was regarded as a composer of vocal music, yet he failed to make a substantive impression with early operatic efforts. Certain critics dismissed him as a peddler of charming melodies and parlor songs whose style was unsuited to large-scale dramatic expression. But with *Die schöne Müllerin* (written in 1823, when he was only twenty-six), he managed to reconcile these seemingly contradictory approaches.

A setting of a poetic cycle by Schubert's contemporary Wilhelm Müller, *Die schöne Müllerin* diverges from its precedents (most notably Beethoven's trailblazing 1816 composition *An die ferne Geliebte*) both in its scope, with a runtime of over an hour, and in its plot-driven narrative; rather than being a collection of juxtaposed moods or character pieces, it follows a truly linear story. While some of the music is through-composed, Schubert relies heavily on strophic treatment of the copious poetic material, with up to five stanzas set as verses of a given song. These two factors pose considerable challenges to the performers in terms of stamina and ingenuity.

A listener cannot absorb the full impact of the work without understanding the meaning of the text, but a word-for-word translation of the poetry would fill many pages. Bearing this in mind, I have included a paraphrase or snapshot of each song, always in the voice of the protagonist.

1. **Das Wandern** (Wandering): Wandering is the miller's joy! Like the restless stream, the ever-turning mill wheels, and even the heavy mill stone, I go and wander.
2. **Wohin?** (Whither?): I heard a little brook rushing and had to follow it. Oh brook, is this my path?
3. **Halt!** (Stop!) I see a mill among the elder trees! Oh dear brook, is this my destiny?
4. **Danksagung an den Bach** (Gratitude to the Brook): Did you lead me here to meet the miller's daughter? I wanted work; now I have more than enough for my hands and for my heart.
5. **Am Feierabend** (By the Evening's Fire): The master is equally pleased with everyone's work and miller's daughter wishes all a good night. If only I had the strength of a thousand men; then she would notice me!

6. **Der Neugierige** (The Questioner): I won't ask the flowers or the stars, but my little brook: does she love me?
7. **Ungeduld** (Impatience): I'd like to carve it into every tree, I'd like to teach a starling to sing it, I'd like to breathe it on the wind—anyone could see it, but she doesn't even notice—*my heart is yours forever!*
8. **Morgengruss** (Morning Greeting): Good morning, miller's daughter! Why do you hide your head behind your window? Shake off the veil of dreams; the lark circles overhead singing of love's sorrows and cares.
9. **Des Müllers Blumen** (The Miller's Flowers): I'd like to plant forget-me-nots outside her window to gaze upon her lovingly, and the morning dew will be my tears.
10. **Tränenregen** (Rain of Tears): We sat together cozily by the brook. The sky, darkly reflected in the water, called out to me. My eyes overflowed, and she said, "Rain is coming, farewell, I'm going home."
11. **Mein!** (Mine!): Brook, stop murmuring! Mill wheels, stop thundering! Birds, stop singing! Only one phrase deserves to be heard: "The beloved miller's daughter is mine!"
12. **Pause** (Interlude): My heart is too full to sing anymore. I've hung my lute on the wall, and tied it with a green ribbon that brushes over the strings, filling me with anxiety. Are these sighing sounds echoes of old songs or preludes to new ones?
13. **Mit dem grünen Lautenbände** (With the Green Lute-Ribbon): Since you like green so much, my darling, I'll give you the ribbon to tie in your hair! I like green too, because our love is evergreen!
14. **Der Jäger** (The Hunter): What is this green-clad hunter doing at the mill? Stay in the forest! There's nothing here for you to hunt, just a tame doe for me.
15. **Eifersucht und Stolz** (Jealousy and Pride): Where are you headed, wild and raging brook? Go scold the miller's daughter for her frivolous and fickle ways! But don't say a word about my sadness.
16. **Die liebe Farbe** (The Beloved Color): I'd like to clothe myself in the green of weeping willows—my dear likes green so much. Good luck with the hunt; I myself hunt for death—my dear likes hunting so much. Dig me a grave in the meadow and cover it with green grass—my dear likes green so much.
17. **Die böse Farbe** (The Hated Color): I'd like to journey out into the wide world, if only it weren't so green! When the hunting horn calls, her window opens. Oh give me back my green ribbon, and give me your hand in farewell!
18. **Trockne Blumen** (Withered Flowers): All the flowers she gave me lie withered in my grave. One day she will walk past it, thinking, "He was true to me;" then spring will come, winter will go, and flowers will bloom in the grass again.
19. **Der Müller und der Bach** (The Miller and the Brook): When a true heart dies of love, the angels close their eyes and sob and sing his soul to rest. And when love frees itself from pain, a new star twinkles in the sky. Oh brook, dear brook, just sing to me.
20. **Das Baches Wiegenlied** (The Brook's Lullaby): Rest well, weary wanderer, you are home. Sleep away your joy and pain. The full moon rises, the mist departs, how vast is the sky above!