



NEW MEXICO PERFORMING ARTS SOCIETY

RECITAL SERIES I CONCERT



Franz Schubert
WINTERREISSE

TIM WILLSON, *bass*
FRANZ VOTE, *piano*

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2020 ~ 7:00 pm

Immaculate Heart of Mary Chapel

50 Mount Carmel Road

Santa Fe, New Mexico

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RECITAL SERIES I CONCERT
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2020 ~ 7:00 pm

Franz SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Winterreise, D. 911 (*Winter Journey*)

Text by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Part One

1. Gute Nacht (*Good Night*)
2. Die Wetterfahne (*The Weathervane*)
3. Gefrorene Tränen (*Frozen Tears*)
4. Erstarrung (*Numbness*)
5. Der Lindenbaum (*The Linden Tree*)
6. Wasserflut (*Flood*)
7. Auf dem Flusse (*By the Stream*)
8. Rückblick (*Looking Back*)
9. Irrlicht (*Will-o'-the-Wisp*)
10. Rast (*Rest*)
11. Frühlingstraum (*Dreaming of Spring*)
12. Einsamkeit (*Loneliness*)

Part Two

13. Die Post (*The Mail*)
14. Der greise Kopf (*An Old Man's Head*)
15. Die Krähe (*The Crow*)
16. Letzte Hoffnung (*Last Hope*)
17. Im Dorfe (*In the Village*)
18. Der stürmische Morgen (*The Stormy Morning*)
19. Täuschung (*Deception*)
20. Der Wegweiser (*The Signpost*)
21. Das Wirtshaus (*The Inn*)
22. Mut (*Courage*)
23. Die Nebensonnen (*Phantom Suns*)
24. Der Leiermann (*The Hurdy-Gurdy Man*)

TIM WILLSON, *bass*

FRANZ VOTE, *piano*

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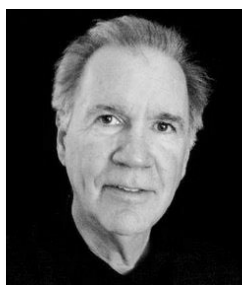


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Franz Vote, Artistic Director



During my long conducting career, including a decade in Germany and another at the Metropolitan Opera, I often dreamed that one day both Bach and New Mexico would be part of my life again. My DNA goes all the way back to my grandfather who was a forest ranger in the Pecos Mountains in 1902.

When Linda and I decided to retire to New Mexico in 2009, little did we expect that our lives would be so personally enriched by singers and instrumentalists keen to sing and play Bach, opera, and music reflecting our

Hispanic and Latino heritage. What we soon learned is that our state has many top-notch musicians who make their homes here. And so in 2012 New Mexico Performing Arts Society was created. In its short span, NMPAS has given concerts in Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Taos, Las Vegas, Los Alamos, Carrizozo, and collaborated with musicians in Las Cruces, Portales, and a growing number of cities around New Mexico. We are enormously gratified that our efforts are paying off.

This publication describes how we plan to continue to serve our talented artists and our growing statewide audiences in the coming decade. We also plan to expand our education and mentorship programs for committed younger musicians. NMPAS depends on the financial and volunteer support of all those who care about the musical life of our state and who love Bach, opera, the music of Spain, Mexico and the Southwest! We hope you will take time to read about our plans for the future.

Our thanks go out to the many generous New Mexicans who support NMPAS and share in its vision. In communities everywhere there are people like you who make good things happen. We ask you to help us grow.

Linda joins me in appreciation to all of you for your commitment to NMPAS.

Franz Vote, *Artistic Director* NMPAS

We make great music for New Mexicans by New Mexicans



Keith K. Anderson

Registered
Investment Adviser

505-984-2563

keithkanderson@comcast.net
www.keithkanderson.com

2227 Calle Cacique
Santa Fe, NM 87505



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2020 WORKSHOPS

- Daily Warmups
- Performance Skills and Mock Auditions
- Baroque Sonatas by Bach and Handel
- Mozart, Concerto in G Major and Andante in C
- Romantic Sonatas and Suites by Godard, Reinecke and Widor
- French Conservatory Pieces by Chaminade, Enesco, Fauré and Gaubert
- 20th-Century Sonatas by Copland, Martinů, Poulenc and Prokofiev
- Participants will choose a movement from the Repertoire List to perform in the Closing Concert

Contact us for more information/applications at
505.474.4513 or info@nmpas.org

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Artist Bio



A native of Greeley, Colorado, Tim Willson has lived in Santa Fe for nearly 20 years. He has performed extensively with New Mexico Performing Arts Society as a soloist and member of the New Mexico Bach Society since 2012. Prior to that, he sang the role of Triquet in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* with the Santa Fe Opera (2002). He was the tenor soloist in Dvorak's *Stabat Mater* with the Santa Fe Symphony and Chorus; he also sang the baritone role of Aeneas in Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, and the baritone solos in Faure's *Requiem* with the Symphony.

With Santa Fe Pro Musica, Tim sang the bass role of Pontius Pilate in Bach's *St. John Passion* and a similar role, Satan, in Jerry Fried's *Rock of Angels*. Tim was a charter member of Canticum Novum, an excellent community chorus founded and directed by Kenneth Knight. He also performed often with Theaterwork, notably, in *Luisa Fernanda*, *Amadeus*, *The Sound of Music*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Prior to living in Santa Fe, Tim Willson was at the Metropolitan Opera in New York for 17 years. He was a first tenor in the MET Chorus for 13 years. During his last four years at the MET, however, he played or covered around 14 comprimario roles. Most noteworthy were Spalanzani in Jacques Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman*, and Wagner in Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele*. Tim has appeared in Metropolitan Opera productions on television, including the Innkeeper in Verdi's *Falstaff*, and as "il Messo" on a Sony CD recording of *Il Trovatore*.

In addition to the Metropolitan Opera, Tim Willson has sung operatic roles with Tulsa Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Opera Grand Rapids, Sacramento Opera, Opera North Carolina, and Amato Opera (New York).

Tim is also a volunteer at New Mexico's premier Living History Museum, El Rancho De Las Golondrinas, where he demonstrates hide tanning and rope making.



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!*

*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 Thor dir: Gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.*

1. Good Night

I came here a stranger,
As a stranger I depart.
May favored me
With many a bouquet of flowers.

The girl spoke of love,
Her mother e'en of marriage—
Now the world is so gloomy,
The path is covered in snow.

I cannot choose the time
For my journey,
Must find my own way
In this darkness.

The moon casts a shadow,
My traveling companion,
And upon the white fields
I seek the deer's track.

Why should I tarry here,
Only to be driven away?
Let stray dogs howl
In front of their master's house;

Love delights in wandering—
God made it that way—
From one to the other,
My dearest, good night!

I don't want to intrude upon your dreams,
Would be a shame to disturb your rest.
You shall not hear my steps,
Softly, softly the door closes!

In passing by
I write "Good night" on your gate,
So you may see
That you were in my thoughts.

2. Die Wetterfahne

*Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht ich schon in meinem Wahne,
sie pfiß 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?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.*

3. Gefror'ne Tränen

*Gefror'ne Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab:
Ob es mir denn entgangen,
Dass ich geweinet hab'?*

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

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

4. Erstarrung

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

*Ich will den Boden küssen,
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heissen Tränen,
Bis ich die Erde seh'.*

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

2. The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
On my fair loved one's house.
And I thought, in my delirium,
That it derided this poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner
The sign posted on the house.
For then he would never have sought,
A faithful woman within its walls.

Indoors, the wind plays with hearts,
As on the roof, but not as loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

3. Frozen Tears

Frozen droplets cascade,
Down my cheeks.
How then did it escape me,
That I had been crying?

Ah tears, my tears,
Are you so tepid,
That you turned to ice,
Like cool morning dew?

Yet you burst from the source,
In my breast, so fiery hot,
As if to melt,
An entire winter's ice!

4. Numbness

I search the snow in vain
For traces of her steps,
Where she, arm in arm with me,
Crossed the green meadow.

I want to kiss the ground,
Pierce through the ice and snow,
With my hot tears,
Until I see the ground.

Where will I find a blossom,
Where will I find green grass?
The flowers have all died,
The grass looks so pale.

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

*Mein Herz ist wie erstorben,
Kalt starrt 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.*

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

*Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier find'st 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 fändest Ruhe dort!*

*So shall I no keepsake,
Take with me from here?
When my sorrows cease,
Who will tell me of her then?*

*It is as though my heart has died,
Her image stares coldly within it.
If my heart should ever thaw again,
Her image, too, will pass quietly by!*

5. The Linden Tree

*By the well at the gate
There stands a linden tree;
In its shadow I've dreamed
Many a sweet dream.*

*In its bark I've carved
Many a loving word.
In joy and sorrow,
It drew me to it again and again.*

*Today I had to wander
By it in the dead of night.
And even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.*

*And its branches rustled,
As if it were calling to me.
"Come here to me, dear fellow,
For here you'll find rest!"*

*The cold wind blew
Straight into my face,
My hat flew off my head,
But I did not turn back.*

*Now I am many hours
Away from that place,
Yet I still hear it murmuring,
"There you would have found rest!"*

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 Scheidegruss.*

*Mit harter, starrer Rinde
Hast du dich überdeckt,
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich
Im Sande ausgestreckt*

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

*Den Tag des ersten Grusses,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging;
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbroch'ner Ring.*

*Mein Herz, in diesem Bache
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?
Ob's unter seiner Rinder
Wohl auch so reissend schwillt?*

6. Flood

Many a tear has fallen
From my eyes into the snow.
Its cold flakes absorb
Thirstily the hot sorrow.

When the grass is ready to sprout,
A warm breeze will blow,
And the ice will break apart in flocs,
And the snow will melt away.

Snow, you know of my yearning,
Tell me, in what direction will you flow?
If you just follow my tears,
The little stream will soon receive you.

It will take you with it through the town,
In and out of lively streets.
When you feel my ardent tears,
That will be my sweetheart's house.

7. On the River

You who rushed along so merrily,
You clear, wild river,
How still you have become,
You did not bid me farewell.

With a hard, rigid crust,
You have covered yourself,
Lie cold and motionless,
Stretched out in the sand.

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

The day we first met,
The day I left.
Round name and figures
Winds a broken ring.

In this stream, my heart,
Do you recognize your image?
And beneath its crust,
Is there also a raging torrent?

8. Rückblick

*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'.*

*Hab' mich an jedem Stein gestossen,
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schlössen
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.*

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

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

*Kommt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts seh'n.
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille steh'n.*

9. Irrlicht

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

*Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
's führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel;
Uns're Freuden, uns're Wehen,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!*

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

8. Looking Back

The soles of my feet are burning,
Although I tread on ice and snow.
I don't want to take a breath,
Until I no longer see the towers.

I tripped on every stone,
As I hurried out of town.
Crows threw balls of snow and ice
Onto my hat from every house.

How differently you received me,
You fickle town!
In your bright windows sang
The lark and nightingale in rivalry.

Thickly growing linden trees blossomed,
Clear streams bubbled brightly,
And, alas, two maiden's eyes were glowing—
Your fate was sealed, my boy!

When that day comes to mind,
I'd like to look back on it once more,
I'd like to stumble back again,
And stand silently before her house.

9. Will o- the Wisp

Into the deepest bedrock
A will o'the wisp lured me.
How I'll find a way out
Does not weigh heavily on my mind.

I am used to going astray,
And every path leads to its destination.
Our joys, our sorrows,
Are all the will o'the wisp's game!

Along the mountain stream's dry channel
I calmly wind my way downward.
Every river goes to the sea,
Every tribulation is buried.

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 ruh'n 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!*

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 schrien 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 Herz wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.*

*Die Augen schliess' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?*

10. Rest

*I only notice now, how tired I am,
As I lay myself down to rest.
Walking kept me going strong
On the inhospitable road.*

*My feet did not ask for rest,
It was too cold to stand still;
My back felt no burden,
The storm helped to blow me onward.*

*In a charcoal-burner's tiny house
I have found shelter.
But my limbs won't relax,
Their hurts burn so much.*

*You too, my heart, in strife and storm,
So wild and so bold;
Feel first in the silence your serpent
Stir with burning sting!*

11. Dreaming of Spring

*I dreamed of colorful flowers,
Like those that bloom in May.
I dreamed of green meadows
And merry bird calls.*

*And when the roosters crowed,
My eye opened.
It was cold and dark,
The ravens cried out on the roof.*

*But who painted the leaves
On the window panes?
You may well laugh at the dreamer,
Who saw flowers in winter.*

*I dreamed of love, for love
Of a fair maiden,
Of hearts and kisses,
Of joy and bliss.*

*And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awakened.
Now I sit here alone
And ponder my dream.*

*I close my eyes again:
My heart still beats so warmly.
When will the leaves at the window turn green?
When will I hold my love in my arms?*

12. Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch hei' re Lüfte geht
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh ich meine Strasse
Dahin mit tragem Fuss,
Durch helles, frohes Leben
Einsam und ohne Grüss.

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 denn so wunderbarlich,
Mein Herz?

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

Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
Mein Herz?

14. Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hatt' einen weissen Schein
Mir übers 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!

12. Loneliness

Like a dull cloud
Passing through clear skies,
When a faint breeze
Blows through the top of a fir tree,

I move slowly on my way
With sluggish feet,
Through bright, happy life,
Lonely and ungreeted.

Alas, the air is so calm!
Alas, the world is so bright!
When the storms still raged,
I was not so wretched.

13. The Mail

From the street a posthorn sounds.
What is it that makes you beat so fast,
My heart?

There is no letter for you in the post.
What then makes it so urgent,
My heart?

Well, the mail comes from the town,
Where I had a dear beloved,
My heart!

Do you want to take a look
And ask how things are going there,
My heart?

14. An Old Man's Head

Shiny white frost
Is strewn over my hair.
I believed I was already old
And was very glad.

But it soon melted away,
And my hair is black again.
My youthfulness terrifies me —
How far it is to the grave!

From dusk to dawn
Many a head has turned white.
Who believes it? And mine has not
On this entire 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 geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, lass mich endlich seh'n
Treue bis zum Grabe!*

16. Letzte Hoffnung

*Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches bunte Blatt zu seh'n,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken steh'n.*

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

*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 ist 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 ruh'n in der Schlummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen –
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?*

15. The Crow

*A crow went with me
As I left town.
To this day, it has continually
Flown about my head.*

*Crow, whimsical creature,
Will you not leave me?
Do you mean to take
My body for prey ere long?*

*Now my walking stick and I
Don't have far to go.
Crow, let me see at last,
Faithfulness unto the grave!*

16. Last Hope

*Here and there, on the trees
A colorful leaf can be seen.
And I stand in front of the trees,
Often lost in thought.*

*I look at a single leaf,
Hang my hopes on it.
If the wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble in the extreme.*

*Alas, if the leaf falls to the ground,
My hope recedes with it.
I fall to the ground, as well,
Weep at my hope, now dead.*

17. In the Village

*Dogs are barking, their chains are rattling,
People are asleep in their beds.
They dream of much that they don't have,
Taking pleasure in the good and the bad.*

*And it has all evaporated the next morning.
But they have enjoyed their portion
And hope whatever was left over
Will be found on their pillows again.*

*Bark me away, you watchful dogs,
Don't let me rest in the slumbering hours!
I am done with all dreaming —
Why would I tarry among the sleeping ones?*

18. Der stürmische Morgen

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

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

*Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eig'nes Bild –
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild!*

19. Täuschung

*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!*

20. Der Wegweiser

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

*Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
Dass ich Menschen sollte scheu'n –
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
Treibt mich in die Wüstenei'n?*

*Weiser stehen auf den Strassen,
Weisen auf die Städte zu,
Und ich wandre sonder Massen,
Ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.*

*Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
Eine Strasse muss ich gehen,
Die noch Keiner ging zurück.*

18. The Stormy Morning

The storm has torn apart
Heaven's gray veil!
The shredded clouds flutter
About in weary quarrels.

And fiery red flames
Dart in between them.
I call this a morning
That matches my thoughts!

My heart sees in the sky,
Its own image pictured.
It is nothing but winter,
Winter, cold and frenzied!

19. Deception

A friendly light dances in front of me;
I follow it every which way.
I follow it gladly and watch,
As it lures the wanderer.

Ah, someone as wretched as I,
Gladly falls for this colorful ruse,
Which, after ice and night and horror,
Shows him a bright, warm house.
And within it a dear soul—
Only illusion is to my advantage!

20. The Signpost

Why do I avoid highways,
That other wanderers take;
To seek out hidden pathways,
Through snowy, rocky heights?

For I have done nothing,
That I should shy away from people.
What foolish yearning
Drives me into the wilderness?

There are signs along the roads
That point towards the cities.
And I wander extra miles,
Without the rest I seek.

I see a signpost standing
Firmly in my line of sight.
I must take a road,
From which no one has returned.

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 Wand'rer laden
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.*

*Sind denn in diesem Hause
Die Kammern all' besetzt?
Bin matt zum Niedersinken
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.*

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

22. Mut

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

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

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

21. The Inn

My path has led me
To a graveyard.
I'd like to stop off here,
I thought to myself.

Your green funeral wreaths,
Could well be signs
That invite the weary wanderer
Into the cool inn.

But in this house are
All the rooms occupied?
I am dead tired,
Deeply and mortally wounded.

Oh merciless tavern,
Do you turn me away?
Then onward, merely onward,
My trusty walking stick!

22. Courage

If snow flies in my face,
I brush it off.
When my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing brightly and cheerfully.

I don't hear what it says to me,
Have no ears.
Do not sense its laments—
Lamenting is for fools.

Merrily into the world,
In wind and weather!
If no god wills earthly being,
Then we ourselves are gods!

23. Die Nebensonnen

*Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,
Hab' lang' und fest sie angesehen'n;
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.*

*Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut ander'n doch in's Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei:
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.*

*Ging' nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkel wird mir wohler sein.*

24. Der Leiermann

*Drüben hinterm 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
Bleibt ihm immer leer.*

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

*Und er lässt es gehen,
Alles wie es will,
Dreht, und seiner Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.*

*Wunderlicher Alter!
Soll ich mit dir geh'n?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Dener Leier dreh'n?*

23. Phantom Suns

I saw three suns in the sky,
Stared at them for a long time.
And they stood there so blankly,
As if they couldn't get away from me.

Oh, you are not my suns!
Look someone else in the face!
Yes, I also had three of late,
But the best two have already gone down.

If only the third one would follow suit!
I'd feel better in the dark.

24. The Hurdy-Gurdy Player

There, on the far side of town,
Stands a hurdy-gurdy man.
And with frozen fingers,
He plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,
He staggers back and forth.
And his little plate
Stays ever empty.

No one listens to him,
No one looks at him.
And dogs growl,
Around the old man.

And he lets it all happen,
As it will.
Grinds his hurdy-gurdy,
Which is never still.

Curious old man,
Shall I go with you?
Would you like to accompany my songs
On your hurdy-gurdy?

English translation: Linda Marianiello

During his short life Schubert wrote over 600 lieder, 20 sonatas for piano, six major works for violin and piano, nine symphonies, and an impressive amount of chamber music. His lieder output comprises two main cycles with texts by the poet Johann Ludwig Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)—*Die Schöne Müllerin* (*The Beautiful Miller's Daughter*) and *Winterreise*. In October 1828, a month before he died, Schubert completed 14 songs that he began composing in August of that year: seven texts by Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860) and six by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), copied in a single sitting on consecutive pages of the autograph manuscript. He wrote one last song with text by Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875), considered to be the composer's last lied. Schubert apparently intended the Rellstab and Heine songs as separate publications; in fact, he offered the Heine to a Leipzig publisher but he was turned down. In 1829, the publisher Tobias Haslinger issued the Heine, Rellstab, and Seidl as a collection which he titled *Schwanengesang* (*Swan Song*), the title of a single poem by Johann Senn (1795-1857) that Schubert had set earlier in his career.

Born three years before Schubert, Müller interrupted his studies in philology and history at the University of Berlin in 1813 to volunteer in the Prussian army, and he fought in four battles against Napoleon. In 1819 he taught classics at his hometown of Dessau (north of Leipzig), where he died of a heart attack eight years later at age 32—just as Schubert was beginning *Winterreise*. Dubbed “the German Byron” because he was instrumental in popularizing Lord Byron's works in Germany, he made his livelihood as a translator and a reviewer of Italian travelogues. A pencil sketch of Müller dated December 1822 by Wilhelm Hensel (soon to become the husband of Fanny Mendelssohn) shows a slender, refined young man, typical of the early 19th-century view of artists as an introvert, “his arms folded as if to ward off any encroachment by the philistine world.” On his twenty-first birthday, the poet wrote in his diary:

I can neither play nor sing, yet when I write verses, I sing
and play after all. If I could produce the melodies, my songs
would be more pleasing than they are now. But courage!
Perhaps there is a kindred spirit somewhere who will hear
the tunes behind the words and give them back to me.

There is no record of a meeting between Müller and Schubert, or of any correspondence to show if the poet knew, or much less, heard the composer's *Die Schöne Müllerin*. Copyright law was not introduced in Prussia until 1837, but apparently authors and publishers only needed to go to another state to circumvent the law. Even so, there is no indication that a composer needed the poet's permission to set the latter's poems. Had Müller heard Schubert's setting, would he have been elated to discover his “kindred spirit”?

Towards the end of 1826, in the literary periodical *Urania*, Schubert discovered a cycle of twelve poems by Müller titled *Die Winterreise* (*The Winter Journey*). Omitting the article “Die” for a starker, stronger effect, he began setting the poems to music. At the end of the twelfth song he wrote “Fine” (The

End). A few months later he discovered a second volume of *Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Traveling Horn Player* (the first volume contained *Die Schöne Müllerin*) which included an expanded *Die Winterreise* with 24 poems, their sequence revised—some of the new songs moved up, and some of the former songs moved down. Since the original 12 songs had already been composed, with tonal relationships established between songs, Schubert set the additional poems sequentially—skipping ones he had already set—as a “continuation” of the first twelve.

The first performance of Part One of *Winterreise* took place in a private performance for Schubert’s close circle of friends. Among them was Joseph von Spaun, who thirty years after the composer’s death, recalled:

For some time, Schubert appeared very upset and melancholy. When I asked him what was troubling him, he would say only, “Soon you will hear and understand.” One day he said to me, “Come over to Schober’s [another close friend] today and I will sing you a cycle of awe-inspiring songs. I am anxious to know what you will say about them. They have cost me more effort than any of my other songs.” So in a voice full of emotion, he sang the entire *Winterreise* [i.e., Part One] to us, accompanying himself on the piano. We were utterly dumbfounded by the mournful, gloomy tone of these songs, and Schober said that only one of them, “Der Lindenbaum,” had appealed to him. To this Schubert replied, “I like these songs more than all the rest, and you will come to like them as well.”

Conceivably, his friends were put off by Schubert’s reported “composer’s singing voice.” In January the following year, Spaun adds, they were received more favorably when performed by Johann Michael Vogl, a professional singer and the composer’s favored interpreter.

Müller’s protagonist in *Die Winterreise* is a typical Romantic persona—an alienated wanderer on a spiritual journey in search of a higher reality. Until the final song, he is the only character. We know little of him: he has no name, no physical description (except that by implication he has dark hair), and no history. In the first song, *Gute Nacht*, we learn that in May a young man arrives in a village and is welcomed into the home of a family with one daughter. He and the daughter fall in love; her mother even talks of marriage. But the daughter chooses to wed a wealthy suitor instead, presumably with her parents’ consent. Winter has arrived; devastated, he leaves the village, but not before writing “Good night” on the gate of her house to let her know that he is thinking of her.

Set against an actual and metaphorical winter, the wanderer begins his journey, and he sees a raven hovering above him. He reaches a village where everyone is asleep, no one to greet him except the barking dogs. He arrives at a graveyard but all the rooms in this “inn” are occupied. He sees three suns in

the sky (the atmospheric illusion known as parhelia: two phantom suns on either side of the real sun, the effect of light refracted by ice crystals in the clouds). He imagines the false suns as the eyes of his sweetheart that shone on him briefly and then vanished. Outside the village he sees a lone beggar playing a hurdy-gurdy. No one is listening, but the beggar keeps cranking his instrument, playing the same tune over and over again.

The figure of the hurdy-gurdy player has given rise to various interpretations. Is he Death Itself, suggesting that in death the wanderer finally reaches the end of his journey? Or is the ending left ambiguous? As Susan Youens (*Retracing a Winter's Journey: Franz Schubert's "Winterreise"*) observes, the cycle ends with a question, to which no answer is given: "Shall I go with you? Would you like to accompany my songs on your hurdy-gurdy?" There is no catharsis, no redemption, no resolution. In the final song, the piano is reduced to the most minimal dimensions: no more onomatopoeic passages of treading the snow, a whistling weathervane, the rustling leaf, or impressions of mental states. There is only the hypnotic drone of the hurdy-gurdy. As one writer puts it, "the cycle is about one solitary, unhappy person not so much fighting as submitting to fate—with only the feeblest glimmerings of hope during the course of his wintry trudge."

Did Schubert see himself as the wanderer? At the time he was setting Müller's poem, he was in the terminal stages of syphilis. He knew that his affliction could lead to dementia and paralysis, a kind of living death, his creativity dimmed and his music, as it were, frozen. In 1824 he wrote his friend, Leopold Kupelweiser,

Imagine a man whose health will never be right again, and who in sheer despair over this ever makes things worse and worse, instead of better; imagine a man, I say, whose most brilliant hopes have perished, to whom the felicity of love and friendship had nothing to offer but pain at best, whose enthusiasm (at least of the stimulating kind) for all things beautiful threatens to forsake, and I ask you, is he not a miserable unhappy being?

But clearly, the creative spark in Schubert was not diminished. After completing *Winterreise*, he lived for almost another year, creating some of his most sublime music, notably the String Quintet and the late Piano Sonatas.

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Artistic Director and Conductor



Franz Vote, NMPAS Artistic Director and conductor, a native of Los Angeles, studied at California State University Northridge and served on the faculties of the Aspen Music Festival and the Eastman School of Music. His first post as opera conductor was at the Musiktheater im Revier in Gelsenkirchen, Germany. He also conducted in Aachen, at the Gaertnerplatz Theater in Munich and the Theater des Westens in Berlin. These experiences in German opera houses led to an engagement as Assistant Conductor to Daniel Barenboim and James Levine at the Bayreuth Festival. James Levine then

invited him to join the Metropolitan Opera conducting staff for many performances including the 1996 New Year's Eve Gala. Plácido Domingo invited him to lead Tokyo's Kanagawa Orchestra for the *Operalia* Vocal Competition.

Maestro Vote's international prominence, especially in German music, led to his appointment as musical director of Wagner's *Ring der Nibelungen* in Seattle in 2001, which performances were lauded by the New York Times and many other important media outlets. He has guest conducted at Opera Memphis, Orlando Opera, Sarasota Opera, and Opera Naples. Franz Vote now lives in Santa Fe, where he is Artistic Director and Conductor of the New Mexico Performing Arts Society.

Executive Director and Artist



Linda Marianiello flutist, a native of Delaware, pursued her music education at Northwestern University and Yale University, where she received her BA. She holds an MA from the City University of New York – Brooklyn College. Her solo career includes concerto appearances with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, the Orchester Concerto Armonico in Oberammergau, the New American Chamber Orchestra, and the Mercury Ensemble (among others). She has played recitals in Bayreuth, Salzburg, Potsdam-Sans Souci, Elba, and Graz. She has appeared in live television broadcasts in Berlin, Spanish

National Television, Austrian National Television, and on radio for WNYC-New York and many PBS stations.

Linda is featured on numerous CDs for the Bavarian Radio Studios and the MSR record label, including a commissioned CD for the American Music Research Center at the University of Colorado. She has also founded chamber music groups in Munich (the Con Brio Chamber Ensemble), Chicago (The Chicago Fine Arts Chamber Players), and the New England Trio. She has taught and performed at many universities (Yale, Cornell, Wisconsin, Illinois, and the Xinghai Conservatory of Music in Guangzhou, China, among others) as a guest-artist in residence. Linda is Executive Director of the New Mexico Performing Arts Society, the umbrella organization of Santa Fe Flute Immersion, the New Mexico Bach Society, and the Chapel Series at Immaculate Heart.

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Why Your Support of NMPAS Matters So Much

We provide great programs of live music that take listeners to a hopeful space and lighten the load in our increasingly hectic world. Our performers sense when listeners are moved, entertained and inspired, and this matters to them greatly.

Furthermore:

1. NMPAS plays a unique and important role among music and performing arts organizations in New Mexico. We present only New Mexico-based professional musicians and feature New Mexican fine artists at our events. NMPAS will also incorporate dance and theater into future programs.
2. Our Bach Society is the only one in New Mexico, and we maintain a relationship with the original Bach Society in Leipzig, Germany.
3. Without additional support from organizations such as ours, the enormous need for music education at the pre-college level cannot be met.
4. Our vocal and instrumental programs provide mentoring for young musicians and offer valuable professional experience that furthers their careers.

What will your donations and sponsorships support?

1. **Artist Fees:** At least 45% of the NMPAS budget is devoted to artist fees.
2. **Marketing:** Our expanded advertising and marketing for 2020-2021 include website enhancements, an increased social media presence, and new media partnerships.

NMPAS offers the following donor and sponsorship opportunities in 2020-2021:

1. Sponsorships for 2020-2021 concerts are available beginning July 1, 2020. If you are interested in sponsoring an upcoming season concert, please contact the NMPAS office at 505-474-4513 or email us at info@nmpas.org.
2. A NMPAS representative will provide you with information about sponsorship benefits from Season Sponsorships to Diamond through Emerald Levels and will meet with you to discuss sponsorship opportunities.

Please call our office at 505-474-4513 if you have questions or would like additional information.

NMPAS 2020-2021 SEASON*

NMPAS Winter Solstice Concert

Tentatively rescheduled to Sat., Feb. 6, 2021 at 7 p.m. Please watch the website for updates.

Sponsored by Richard and Sophia Skolnik

NMPAS Recital Series Concert 1

Tim Willson, *bass-baritone* with Franz Vote, *piano*

Schubert's *Winterreise*

Saturday, December 19, 2020 at 7:00 pm

Sponsored by David and Megan Van Winkle

NMPAS Recital Series Concert 2

André García-Nuthmann, *tenor* with Franz Vote, *piano*

Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*

Saturday, February 20, 2021 at 7:00 pm

Sponsored by George and Marcia deGarmo

NMPAS Annual New Mexico Bach Society Concert

J. S. Bach's Cantata "Christ lag in Todes Banden," BWV 4

Music by Caldara, Palestrina, and Quantz

Sunday, March 28, 2021 at 5:30 pm

NMPAS Recital Series Concert 3

Esther Moses Bergh, *soprano* with Franz Vote, *piano*

Richard Strauss, *Four Last Songs* and other German art songs

Saturday, April 17, 2021 at 7:00 pm

Santa Fe Flute Immersion 2021 ~ May 24-29, 2021

NMPAS Recital Series Concert 4

Faculty Recital ~ Monday, May 24, 2021 at 7:00 pm

with Linda Marianiello, Valerie Potter, Tracy Doyle and Melissa Colgin-Abeln, *flutes*
and Nate Salazar, *piano*

Closing Concert featuring participants

Saturday, May 29, 2021 at 6:00 pm

Immaculate Heart of Mary Retreat Center, Santa Fe

2021 Season Finale Opera Concert

Sunday, June 27, 2021 at 5:30 pm

* All 2020-2021 Season events will be live streamed via our YouTube channel
from the Immaculate Heart of Mary Chapel in Santa Fe.



Like us on Facebook.

Just type in #NMPERARTS and share with your Facebook friends!



The New Mexico Bach Chorale with Maestro Franz Vote.

Photo by John Sadd

New Mexico Performing Arts Society

3201 Zafarano Dr, Suite C #236, Santa Fe, NM 87507

Phone: 505-474-4513

Email: info@nmpas.org

Website: www.nmpas.org



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NMPAS

New Mexico Performing Arts Society

Porta patet, cor magis - the door stands open - more so the heart.