

Gettysburg
COLLEGE

Sunderman Conservatory
of Music

A Faculty Recital
WINTERREISE

MUSIC BY *Franz Schubert*
POETRY BY *Wilhelm Mueller*



SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16 · 7:00PM
PAUL RECITAL HALL
SCHMUCKER MEMORIAL HALL

Cameras and recording devices often cause major distractions for musicians and audience members alike. Moreover, there are copyright issues to be considered. We ask that you not take pictures or record any concerts. An exception is made for family members of students performing a senior recital.

Always turn off your cell phone and refrain from talking during a performance. Food and drink are not permitted in Paul Recital Hall.

*Thank you for attending a Sunderman Conservatory of Music event.
We hope you return again and again to support Gettysburg College students,
Conservatory faculty, and visiting professional artists.*

PROGRAM

Gute Nacht
Die Wetterfahne
Gefrorne Tränen
Erstarrung
Der Lindenbaum
Wasserflut
Auf dem Flusse
Rückblick
Irrlicht
Rast
Frühlingstraum
Einsamkeit
Die Post
Der greise Kopf
Die Krähe
Letzte Hoffnung
Im Dorfe
Der stürmische Morgen
Täuschung
Der Wegweiser
Das Wirtshaus
Mut
Die Nebensonnen
Der Leiermann

Franz Schubert
1797-1828

Jeffrey Fahnstock, tenor
Naomi Niskala, pianist

Translations
By Ian Bostridge

Gute Nacht / Good Night

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

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

Why should I hang around any longer / Waiting for someone to throw
me out?
Let stray dogs howl / In front of their master's house!
Love loves to wander – / God made it that way –
From one to another – / Sweetest love, good night!

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

Die Wetterfahne / The Weathervane

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

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

The wind plays inside with hearts / Just as it does on the roof, only not so
loud.
Why do they ask about my sorrows? / Their child is a rich bride.

Gefrorne Tränen / Frozen Tears

Frozen drops fall / From my cheeks.

Has it escaped me, then, / That I have cried?

Oh tears, my tears, / And are you so lukewarm

That you turn to ice / Like the cool morning dew?

And yet you burst out of the source, / Your breast, so glowing hot,

As if you would melt / All of winter's ice.

Erstarrung / Frozen Stiff

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

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

Where can I find one flower, where can I find / green grass, the flowers
are dead, the grass / looks so washed-out.

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

My heart is as if frozen, the picture of her is / frozen stiff inside me.

If my heart ever melts again her image will flow / away as well.

Der Lindenbaum / The Linden Tree

At the well before the gate / There stands a linden tree;

I dreamt in its shade / So many a sweet dream.

I cut into its bark / So many a word of love;

In happiness and sadness it drew / Me back to it again and again.

Today I had to wander too / Past it in the depths of night,

Even in the dark / I had to close my eyes.

And its branches rustled / As if calling out to me:

Come here to me, old chap, / Here you find your rest.

The cold winds blew / Straight in my face;

My hat flew from my head, / I didn't turn back.

Now I am many hours / Distant from that spot,

And always I hear that rustling: / You would find rest there.

Wasserflut / Flood

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

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

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

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

Auf dem Flusse / On the River

You who rushed along so heartily, / You gleaming, wild river,
How still you've become, / You don't say goodbye.

With a hard, stiff crust / You have covered yourself,
You lie cold and unmoving / Stretched out in the sand.

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

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

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

Rückblick / Backwards Glance

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

I have stumbled on every stone / In my hurry to leave town;
The crows threw snowballs and hailstones / At my hat from every house.

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

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

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

Irrlicht / Will-o'-the-Wisp

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

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

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

Rast / Rest

Only now that I lie down for a rest / Do I notice for the first time how
tired I am.

Wandering kept me merry / On the inhospitable path.

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

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

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

Frühlingstraum / Dream of Spring

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

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

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

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

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

I close my eyes again, / My heart still beats so warmly.
When will you turn green, leaves on the window?
When shall I hold my beloved in my arms?

Einsamkeit / Loneliness

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

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

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

Die Post / Post

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

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

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

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

Der greise Kopf / The Old Man's Head

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

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

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

Die Krähe / The Crow

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

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

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

Letzte Hoffnung / Last Hope

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

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

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

Im Dorfe / In the Village

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

And early in the morning, it's all vanished. / Even so, they've enjoyed
their share,

And hope what is still remaining / Still to find on their pillows.

Bark me away, you watchful dogs, / Don't let me rest in the hour of
sleeping!

I'm at an end with all dreams – / Why should I linger among the sleepers?

Stürmische Morgen / The Stormy Morning

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

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

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

Täuschung / Delusion

A light dances in a friendly fashion before me,
I follow it this way and that.
I follow it gladly, well aware
That it lures the wanderer from his path.

Ah, anyone as wretched as I
Willingly gives himself up to colorful wiles
That behind ice and night and horror
Show him a bright, warm house,
And a beloved soul within.
Only delusion is the prize for me!

Der Wegweiser / The Signposts

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

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

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

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

Das Wirtshaus / The Inn

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

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

Are in this house, then, / The rooms all taken?
I'm tired enough to collapse, / I am wounded even unto death.

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

Mut / Courage

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

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

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

Die Nebensonnen / The Mock Suns

I saw three suns standing in the sky, / I stared at them long and hard;
And they stood there, too, so fixed, / As if they didn't want to leave me.

Oh, you're not my suns! / Look into others' faces!
Indeed I did have three, just a while ago: / But now the best two have
gone down.

If only the third would go too! / I'd be better off in the dark.

Der Leiermann / The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

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

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

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

And he lets it go on, / Everything, just as it will;
Turns the wheel, and his hurdy-gurdy / Never stays still for a moment.

Strange old man, / Should I go with you?
Will you to my songs / Play your hurdy-gurdy?

UPCOMING SUNDERMAN CONSERVATORY EVENTS

- February 21 • 8pm *Jazz Ensemble* Majestic Theater
- February 22 • 8pm *Gettysburg College Choir Home Concert* Paul Recital Hall
- February 28 • 8pm *Symphony Orchestra* Majestic Theater
- March 1 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Vivian Davenport, soprano* Paul Recital Hall
- March 1 • 8:30pm *Sr. Recital: Orazio Thomas, saxophone* Paul Recital Hall
- March 20 • 6pm *Clarinet Alone: Studio Recital* Schmucker Art Gallery
- March 21 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Rock Braten, flute* Paul Recital Hall
- March 21 • 8:30pm *Sr. Recital: Kelsey Hull, flute* Paul Recital Hall
- March 22 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Ana Griffin Morimoto, soprano* Paul Recital Hall
- March 23 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Vivian Fritz, harp* Paul Recital Hall
- March 29 • 7pm *Sr. Recital: Greer Garver, piano* Paul Recital Hall
- March 29 • 8:30pm *Sr. Recital: Ethan Hankins, tuba* Paul Recital Hall
- March 30 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Isaac Masters, cello* Paul Recital Hall
- April 4 • 8pm *Wind Symphony Concert* Majestic Theater
- April 5 • 8pm *Choir Concert* Christ Chapel
- April 6 • 2:30pm *Sr. Recital: Libby Carpenter, voice* Paul Recital Hall
- April 11 • 8pm *Sunderman Sings Voice Area Recital* Paul Recital Hall
- April 13 • 3pm *Symphony Band* Majestic Theater
- April 18 • 8pm *Symphony Orchestra* Majestic Theater
- April 19 • 8pm *Jazz Ensemble* Majestic Theater
- April 25 • 7:30pm *Opera Workshop Performance* Majestic Theater
- April 26 • 7:30pm *Opera Workshop Performance* Majestic Theater
- April 27 • 7pm *Jazz Combo* Paul Recital Hall
- April 28 • 6:30pm *Wind Symphony Student Conductor Concert* Majestic Theater
- May 1 • 6:30pm *Piano Citizens Recital* Paul Recital Hall



For Information 717.337.6815
www.gettysburg.edu/sunderman or www.gettysburgmajestic.org