

**CONWAY
HALL** *Sunday Concerts*

Sunday 19 Oct 2025 • 6.30pm

SCHUBERT'S *WINTERREISE*

tenor • Mark Padmore

piano • Noam Greenberg

Followed by a talk led by
Dr Rula Hardal & Dr Adam Fagan

The Sunday Concerts are part of the events programme of Conway Hall Ethical Society, a registered charity

Please turn off all mobile phones and electronic devices • No recording or photography allowed at any time

PROGRAMME

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

WINTERREISE (1827) [70']

Please turn the page for song texts and translations



INTERVAL

Refreshments will be available



A conversation with Dr Rula Hardal and Dr Adam Fagan,
presenting some of the key ideas of **A Land for All**.

NEXT AT CONWAY HALL

SUNDAY 26 OCT, 6.30pm

Regency Quartet

Mozart | Quartet in C 'Dissonance' K465

Tippett | Quartet No.2

Ravel | Quartet in F

SUNDAY 2 NOV, 6.30pm

The Clements Prize for Composers

Please visit our website and social media
pages for the full programme.

PROGRAMME NOTES • BY ROBERT HUGILL

Having set Wilhelm Müller's poems for the cycle *Die schöne Müllerin* in 1823, Schubert came across further poems by Müller in an almanak published in Leipzig in 1823. These seemed to be a complete cycle of 12 poems under the title *Wanderlieder von Wilhelm Müller*: *Die Winterreise* and were to become the first songs in what we now know as *Winterreise*, completed in February 1827. It was only after this that Schubert discovered Müller's complete book from 1824, with the full sequence of 24 poems. Schubert kept his own order; he did not interweave the new poems with the old; he published his first 12 songs in October 1827 and was preparing for the publication of the subsequent 12 at his death.

Schubert's first half is the sequence from the leaving of the beloved's house, and the second half explores the wanderer's state of mind. Müller's order interleaves these and creates something more balanced and, arguably, less intense, a crisis surmounted and overcome. Müller's penultimate poem is *Mut!* (have courage) which seems to cast a more positive glow on the ending. Schubert's revised ordering allows his music to tell a different, more haunting and intense story than Müller.

Schubert wrote *Winterreise* after he learned he had syphilis and realised he was dying; his physical and mental health were affected. "My usual headaches are assailing me again" he wrote, whilst his friend, the poet Johann Mayrhofer remembered that "life had shed its rosy colour" and "winter had come for him", which suggests he associated Schubert's darkly intense song cycle with Schubert's overall mood.

Schubert performed the complete *Winterreise* privately for his friends; they were puzzled, shocked even. Normally their Schubertiades were lively affairs, but this time only *Der Lindenbaum* pleased the listeners, whilst Schubert insisted, "These songs please me more than all the rest, and in time they will please you as well."

Whilst *Die schöne Müllerin* was an intensification of the *Liederspiel* (a play with songs), *Winterreise* was something else again. The song cycle as a genre was still in its infancy; in 1816, Beethoven wrote *An die ferne Geliebte* and Weber wrote *Die Temperamente beim Verluste der Geliebten*. *Die schöne Müllerin* is youthful in tone and there is drama as we follow the young miller falling in and out of love. *Winterreise* begins with the poet losing his love and then explores the wanderer's deeper emotions. There are no love songs, little happens, we follow the dejected wanderer as he sees echoes of his grief in the world around him. Schubert's ending is most mysterious, meeting the broken-down beggar hurdy-gurdy player and asking him to play his broken instrument to the wanderer's broken songs, and the cycle seems to end with the image of the two of them wandering off.

The songs, *Der Lindenbaum* apart, lack the charm of many Schubert's songs that pleased his friends, and the textures are rather sparse. Schubert elevates the piano to a companion to the voice rather than an accompanist and the emotional trajectory of the cycle is depicted by voice and piano together.

Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* became central to the repertoire of Johann Michael Vogl, a baritone whom Schubert admired; the two became friends and Vogl performed Schubert's music extensively. Schubert wrote many songs with Vogl in mind, and he would perform *Winterreise* complete, in Schubert's presence, when it was better received by Schubert's friends than that first performance.

One of Schubert's last tasks as he lay dying was correcting the proofs of the second part of *Winterreise*. Vogl with pianist Emanuel Mikschik would give a complete performance of the cycle on the 12th anniversary of Schubert's death.

Winterreise (Winter Journey)

i. Gute Nacht

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
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 Tor dir gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

ii. Die Wetterfahne

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie pfliff' 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.

i. Goodnight

I arrived a stranger, a stranger I depart.
May blessed me
with many a bouquet of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
her mother even of marriage;
now the world is so desolate,
the path concealed beneath snow.

I cannot choose the time
for my journey;
I must find my own way
in this darkness.
A shadow thrown by the moon
is my companion;
and on the white meadows
I seek the tracks of deer.

Why should I tarry longer
and be driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
before their master's house.
Love delights in wandering –
God made it so –
from one to another.
Beloved, good night!

I will not disturb you as you dream,
it would be a shame to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps;
softly, softly the door is closed.
As I pass I write
'Good night' on your gate,
so that you might see
that I thought of you.

ii. The Weathervane

The wind is playing with the weathervane
on my fair sweetheart's house.
In my delusion I thought
it was whistling to mock the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed it sooner,
this sign fixed upon the house;
then he would never have sought
a faithful woman within that house.

Inside the wind is playing with hearts,
as on the roof, only less loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

iii. Gefrorne Tränen

Gefrorne 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.

iv. 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.

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 startt ihr Bild darin:
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fliesst auch ihr Bild dahin.

iii. Frozen Tears

Frozen drops fall
from my cheeks;
have I, then, not noticed
that I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,
are you so tepid
that you turn to ice,
like the cold morning dew?

And yet you well up, so scaldingly hot,
from your source within my heart,
as if you would melt
all the ice of winter.

iv. Numbness

In vain I seek
her footprints in the snow,
where she walked on my arm
through the green meadows.

I will kiss the ground
and pierce ice and snow
with my burning tears,
until I see the earth.

Where shall I find a flower?
Where shall I find green grass?
The flowers have died,
the grass looks so pale.

Shall I, then, take
no memento from here?
When my sorrows are stilled
who will speak to me of her?

My heart is as dead,
her image coldly rigid within it;
if my heart ever melts again
her image, too, will flow away.

v. 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 Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's 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!

vi. 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,
Nimmt 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.

v. The Linden Tree

By the well, before the gate,
stands a linden tree;
in its shade I dreamt
many a sweet dream.

In its bark I carved
many a word of love;
in joy and sorrow
I was ever drawn to it.

Today, too, I had to walk
past it at dead of night;
even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling to me:
'Come to me, friend,
here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
straight into my face,
my hat flew from my head;
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours' journey
from that place;
yet I still hear the rustling:
'There you would find rest.'

vi. Flood

Many a tear has fallen
from my eyes into the snow;
its cold flakes eagerly suck in
my burning grief.

When the grass is about to shoot forth,
a mild breeze blows;
the ice breaks up into pieces
and the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know of my longing;
tell me, where does your path lead?
If you but follow my tears
the brook will soon absorb you.

With it you will flow through the town,
in and out of bustling streets;
when you feel my tears glow,
there will be my sweetheart's house.

vii. 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 zerbrochener Ring.

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

viii. Ruckblick

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 jeden Stein gestossen,
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schlossen
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

Wie anders hast du mich empfangen,
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!
An 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 geschehn um dich, Gesell!

Kommt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts sehn,
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille stehen.

vii. On the River

You who rippled so merrily,
clear, boisterous river,
how still you have become;
you give no parting greeting.

With a hard, rigid crust
you have covered yourself;
you lie cold and motionless,
stretched out in the sand.

On your surface I carve
with a sharp stone
the name of my beloved,
the hour and the day.

The day of our first greeting,
the date I departed.
Around name and figures
a broken ring is entwined.

My heart, do you now recognise
your image in this brook?
Is there not beneath its crust
likewise a seething torrent?

vii. Backward Glance

The soles of my feet are burning,
though I walk on ice and snow;
I do not wish to draw breath again
until I can no longer see the towers.

I tripped on every stone,
such was my hurry to leave the town;
the crows threw snowballs and hailstones
on to my hat from every house.

How differently you received me,
town of inconstancy!
At your shining windows
lark and nightingale sang in rivalry.

The round linden trees blossomed,
the clear fountains plashed brightly,
and, ah, a maiden's eyes glowed; then,
friend, your fate was sealed.

When that day comes to my mind
I should like to look back once more,
and stumble back
to stand before her house.

ix. 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:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
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.

x. 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 ruhn 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!

ix. Will-o'-the-wisp

A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me
into the deepest rocky chasms;
how I shall find a way out
does not trouble my mind.

I am used to straying;
every path leads to one goal.
Our joys, our sorrows -
all are a will-o'-the wisp's game.

Down the dry gullies of the mountain stream
I calmly wend my way;
every river will reach the sea;
every sorrow, too, will reach its grave.

x. Rest

Only now, as I lie down to rest,
do I notice how tired I am.
Walking kept me cheerful
on the inhospitable road.

My feet did not seek rest;
it was too cold to stand still.
My back felt no burden;
the storm helped to blow me onwards.

In a charcoal-burner's cramped cottage I found shelter.
But my limbs cannot rest,
their wounds burn so.

You too, my heart, so wild and daring
in battle and tempest;
in this calm you now feel the stirring of your serpent,
with its fierce sting.

xi. 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 schrieen 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 Herze 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?

xii. Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre 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 Gruss.

Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.

xi. Dream of Spring

I dreamt of bright flowers
that blossom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows
and merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed
my eyes awoke:
it was cold and dark,
ravens cawed from the roof.

But there, on the window panes,
who had painted the leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of mutual love,
of a lovely maiden,
of embracing and kissing,
of joy and rapture.

And when the cocks crowed
my heart awoke;
now I sit here alone
and reflect upon my dream.

I close my eyes again,
my heart still beats so warmly.
Leaves on my window, when will you turn green?
When shall I hold my love in my arms?

xii. Loneliness

As a dark cloud
drifts through clear skies,
when a faint breeze blows
in the fir-tops;

Thus I go on my way
with weary steps, through
bright, joyful life,
alone, greeted by no one.

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

xiii. 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 hatt',
Mein Herz!

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

xiii. The Post

A posthorn sounds from the road.
Why is it that you leap so high,
my heart?

The post brings no letter for you.
Why, then, do you surge so strangely,
my heart?

But yes, the post comes from the town
where I once had a beloved sweetheart,
my heart!

Do you want to peep out
and ask how things are there,
my heart?

xiv. Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hat einen weissen Schein
Mir über's 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!

xiv. The Grey Head

The frost has sprinkled a white sheen
upon my hair:
I thought I was already an old man,
and I rejoiced.

But soon it melted away;
once again I have black hair,
so that I shudder at my youth.
How far it is still to the grave!

Between sunset and the light of morning
many a head has turned grey.
Who will believe it? Mine has not done so
throughout this whole journey.

xv. 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 gehen
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

xv. The Crow

A crow has come with me
from the town,
and to this day
has been flying ceaselessly about my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
to seize my body as prey?

Well, I do not have much further to walk
with my staff.
Crow, let me at last see
faithfulness unto the grave.

xvi. Letzte Hoffnung

Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.

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.

xvii. 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 ruhn in der Schlummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen –
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

xviii. 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 eignes Bild –
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild.

xvi. Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
many a coloured leaf can still be seen.
I often stand, lost in thought,
before those trees.

I look at one such leaf
and hang my hopes upon it;
if the wind plays with my leaf
I tremble to the depths of my being.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground
my hopes fall with it;
I, too, fall to the ground
and weep on the grave of my hopes.

xvii. In the Village

Dogs bark, chains rattle;
people sleep in their beds,
dreaming of many a thing they do not possess,
consoling themselves with the good and the bad;

And tomorrow morning all will have vanished.
Well, they have enjoyed their share,
and hope to find on their pillows
what they still have left to savour.

Drive me away with your barking, watchful dogs;
allow me no rest in this hour of sleep!
I am finished with all dreams.
Why should I linger among slumberers?

xviii. The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn apart
the grey mantle of the sky!
Tattered clouds fly about
in weary conflict.

And red flames
dart between them.
This is what I call
a morning after my own heart.

My heart sees its own image
painted in the sky.
It is nothing but winter –
winter, cold and savage.

xix. 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!

xx. Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege
Wo die anderen Wanderer geh'n,
Suche mir versteckte Stege
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?

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.

xxi. 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 Wanderer 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!

xix. Illusion

A light dances cheerfully before me,
I follow it this way and that;
I follow it gladly, knowing
that it lures the wanderer.

Ah, a man as wretched as I
gladly yields to the beguiling gleam
that reveals to him, beyond ice, night and terror,
a bright, warm house,
and a beloved soul within.
Even mere delusion is a boon to me!

xx. The Signpost

Why do I avoid the roads
that other travellers take,
and seek hidden paths
over the rocky, snow-clad heights?

Yet I have done no wrong,
that I should shun mankind.
What foolish yearning
drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the roads,
pointing towards the towns;
and I wander on, relentlessly,
restless, and yet seeking rest.

I see a signpost standing
immovable before my eyes;
I must travel a road
from which no man has ever returned.

xxi. The Inn

My journey has brought me
to a graveyard.
Here, I thought to myself,
I will rest for the night.

Green funeral wreaths,
you must be the signs
inviting tired travellers
into the cool inn.

Are all the rooms
in this house taken, then?
I am weary to the point of collapse,
I am fatally wounded.

Pitiless tavern,
do you nonetheless turn me away?
On, then, press onwards,
my trusty staff!

xxii. 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.

xxiii. Die Nebensonnen

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

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

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

xxiv. Der Leiermann

Drüben hinter'm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.

Barfuss auf dem Eise
Schwankt 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 seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir geh'n?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier dreh'n?

xxii. Courage!

When the snow flies in my face
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks in my breast
I sing loudly and merrily.

I do not hear what it tells me,
I have no ears;
I do not feel what it laments.
Lamenting is for fools.

Cheerfully out into the world,
against wind and storm!
If there is no God on earth,
then we ourselves are gods!

xxii. Courage!

I saw three suns in the sky;
I gazed at them long and intently.
And they, too, stood there so fixedly,
as if unwilling to leave me.

Alas, you are not my suns!
Gaze into other people's faces!
Yes, not long ago I, too, had three suns;
now the two best have set.

If only the third would follow,
I should feel happier in the dark.

xxiv. The Hurdy-Gurdy Player

There, beyond the village,
stands a hurdy-gurdy player;
with numb fingers
he plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
he totters to and fro,
and his little plate
remains forever empty.

No one wants to listen,
no one looks at him,
and the dogs growl
around the old man.

And he lets everything go on
as it will;
he plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
never stops.

Strange old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy
to my songs?

BIOGRAPHIES

Mark Padmore was born in London and studied at King's College, Cambridge. He is one of the most highly respected performers of his generation and has established an international career in opera, concert and recital. His appearances in Bach Passions have gained particular notice, especially his acclaimed performances as the Evangelist in the staged productions of the St Matthew and St John Passions with the Berlin Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle directed by Peter Sellars.

In concert Mark performs with the world's leading orchestras. He was Artist in Residence for the 2017/18 season with the Berlin Philharmonic and held a similar position with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra in 2016/17. His work with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment has involved projects exploring both the Bach St John and St Matthew Passion without conductor which attracted worldwide acclaim.

He has made numerous award-winning recordings including Schumann Dichterliebe with Kristian Bezuidenhout and Schubert song cycles with Paul Lewis, both for Harmonia Mundi. Described by the New York Times as "Schubert Masters" Mark Padmore and Mitsuko Uchida recently embarked on a series of highly acclaimed, worldwide recitals and this partnership has culminated in a recording on Decca Classics of Schubert Schwanengesang and Beethoven An die ferne Geliebte.

Mark was Artistic Director of the St. Endellion Summer Music Festival in Cornwall from 2012-2022, voted 2016 Vocalist of the Year by Musical America and appointed CBE in the 2019 Queens' Birthday Honours List.

He lives in London with his family.

Pianist **Noam Greenberg** enjoys a varied career as recitalist, soloist and chamber musician in both the traditional repertoire and new music.

After completing his MMus degree at Yale University he continued his piano studies in London with Maria Curcio and in Budapest with Ferenc Rados.

Noam participates often in many international festivals among them Lucerne, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Orlando, Banff, Schleswig-Holstein, Stage-Barcelona, and IMS Prussia Cove.

An avid performer of contemporary music, Noam has given many premieres including the first Israeli performance of Ligeti's Piano Concerto, in a concert broadcast live to numerous European countries. He was also a founding member of the Ulysses Ensemble.

Noam is an enthusiastic chamber music player and chamber music forms the centre of his musical activities. He was a member of the Waldstein Ensemble, and in recent years has joined CAERUS, an ensemble with violinists Jonian Ilias Kadesha, Pablo Hernan Benedi, violist Lily Francis and cellist Vashti Hunter. He has collaborated with many other wonderful musicians, including violinists Pekka Kuusisto and Ilya Gringolts, cellists Steven Isserlis and Pieter Wispelwey, clarinetist Chen Halevi, oboist Nicholas Daniel, the Gringolts Quartet, the Ardeo Quartet, the Doric Quartet, and members of the Kuss Quartet. He also loves working with singers, among them tenor Mark Padmore and sopranos Ailish Tynan and Ruby Hughes.

Noam is Artistic Director of the Music at Tresanton festival, which he founded in 2006. The festival, which takes place in Cornwall every November, has attracted many internationally renowned musicians over the years and is regularly recorded and broadcast by BBC Radio 3.

Dr. Rula Hardal is the Palestinian Co-Executive Director of "A Land for All – Two States, One Homeland. And a research fellow at the Kogod Center for the Study of Jewish and Contemporary Thought at the Shalom Hartman Institute in Jerusalem.

She received her doctorate in political science from the University of Hanover in Germany, after winning a scholarship from the academic organization of the German Catholic Church. She worked as a lecturer at the same university in the Department of Political Science and International Relations and in the program for Advanced Studies in Gender for several years.

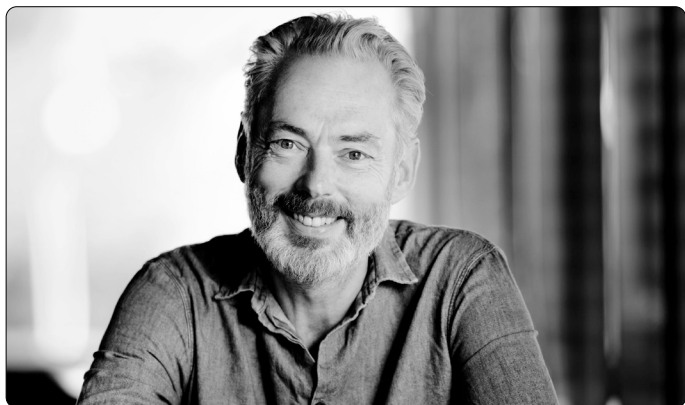
In 2015, she returned to Israel and joined Al-Quds University in Abu Dis, East Jerusalem, as an associate professor of political science until the summer of 2021. For some of her years there, she headed the Social Work Department. She was also during the last years a visiting professor of political science at The Arab American University in Ramallah, The University of Osaka in Japan and University of Lisbon in Portugal.

Professor Adam Fagan joined the Department of Political Economy at King's College London in 2019 as Professor of European Politics, as well as Vice-Dean (Education) for the Faculty of Social Science and Public Policy. From August 2021 he took on the role of Interim Vice President (Education). Prior to joining King's, Adam held a Chair at Queen Mary University of London, where he was also Head of the School of Politics and International Relations.

Adam is a political scientist. His research primarily focuses on the Europeanisation of South-East Europe and the Western Balkans, with particular reference to judicial reform, civil society development and environmental governance in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbia and Kosovo. In addition, Adam has recently started to work on populism and the far-right in post-communist Europe, focusing in particular on the interaction between far-right parties and civil society networks. In collaboration with Stijn van Kessel (QMUL), he is also conducting research on pro-EU activism in the UK.

Adam is also Senior Editor of East European Politics.

ABOUT TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE



Mark Padmore



Noam Greenberg

Through over a decade of direct talks between Palestinian and Israeli activists, A Land for All developed a unique vision for a peaceful future in Israel-Palestine based on equality and freedom for all people. Their vision of co-operation, instead of separation, respects the mutual desire of both Palestinians and Israelis for national self-determination while recognising the attachment of both peoples to the entire homeland. A Land for All is a member of Alliance for Middle East Peace, and won the Outstanding Peace Support Award Luxembourg Peace Prize in 2021.

For further information please visit www.2slh.org/en or email alandforalluk@gmail.com.

Mark Padmore and Noam Greenberg are offering tonight's concert to help raise the profile of A Land for All. Any profits from tonight's concert will be donated to Clean Shelter, a charity providing sanitary needs, clean water, and shelter solutions in Gaza. Please consider making a further donation through their website www.cleanshelter.org.



A Land for All
Two States One Homeland



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