

IAN BOSTRIDGE TENOR

BRAD MEHLDAU PIANO

BRAD MEHLDAU

(b. 1970)

The Folly of Desire

The Sick Rose—William Blake
Leda and the Swan—William Butler Yeats
Sonnet 147—William Shakespeare
Sonnet 75—William Shakespeare
Über die Verführung von Engeln—Bertold Brecht
Ganymed—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Ganymede—W.H. Auden
the boys i mean are not refined—e.e. cummings
Excerpt from Sailing to Byzantium—William Butler Yeats
Night II, from *The Four Zoas* ("The Wail of Enion")—William Blake
Lullaby—W.H. Auden

INTERMISSION

ROBERT SCHUMANN

(1810–1856)

Dein Angesicht, Op. 127, No. 2
Lehn' deine Wang', Op. 142, No. 2
Es leuchtet meine Liebe, Op. 127, No. 3
Mein Wagen rollet langsam, Op. 142, No. 4

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

About the Program

After seeing each other perform in Schloss Elmau, Germany, in 2015, the American pianist/composer Brad Mehldau and British tenor Ian Bostridge met and quickly professed their admiration for each other's body of work. That chance run-in resulted in an initial friendly correspondence where the two musicians discussed everything from their shared love of Lieder to Bach and jazz. This correspondence materialized into a creative spark resulting in a few pieces that Mehldau wrote specifically with Bostridge in mind. After sharing these pieces, the two musicians began to discuss building out this original repertoire into a song cycle revolving around text and themes they both wanted to explore. At the onset of their discussions Mehldau brought up his interest in investigating the themes of the modern sinuous nature of human desire as it exists in love and adoration. With this agreed central theme in mind, Mehldau began composing a set of music with lyrics drawn from the poetry of Blake, Yeats, Shakespeare, Goethe, and others. In 2019, Bostridge and Mehldau premiere this new song cycle, *The Folly of Desire*, fittingly paired in a program with Robert Schumann's *Dichterliebe* ("The Poet's Love").

BRAD MEHLDAU (b. 1970)

The Folly of Desire

TACIT CONSENT

By Brad Mehldau ©2019

Lovers give themselves in a moment of trust—or they dare to take without asking. The fact that this giving and taking is without an established contract—there is risk—is what gives desire its wings, and also makes it potentially transgressive. Consent exists ideally, but it is unspoken. This tacit quality of consent makes it downright holy for poets, artists, and musicians—quiet, untouched by all the prosaic discourse. Desire—unrequited or consecrated in ecstasy—is a strong trope in music, wrapped into the game of tonality itself: tension and resolution, tension again, and resolution. In its unspoken abstraction, music can trace lucidly an intimate exchange.

In the initial idea for this song cycle, the order of the songs was to reflect a spiritual climb from pure lust all the way to lust-free love. That ascension, though, would import a moral message into the music: that carnal desire itself was base and ignoble, and love free of desire was the highest achievement. It was too simple. Music should provoke more questions, not answer them with prescriptive finality.

The next thought was to address lust only and thus confront it directly and

unapologetically. Too unapologetically, though—might that serve to celebrate what one would condemn? Finally, the goal was to neither condemn nor sanction, yet still probe the subject without dodging “should” and “shouldn’t” questions.

A discourse about what may and may not take place, and an attempt to find a provisional consensus, is valuable. It might focus on just how one defines consent. There should remain, though, a private space where one can just love someone and take without asking.

This privacy has been a cherished freedom of liberal societies but is under question now. When sex enters the public forum, it becomes political, and we speak of a citizen’s right to privacy. Closely related is freedom of speech. Sexual expression, like speech, often takes place in a relatively anarchic locus in which there are no fixed rules and no policing presence nearby. If someone is asocial—forcing an unwelcome sexual advance, or inciting violence through speech—the governing body is compelled to paternalistically step in, halting the expression. Some children are misbehaving, so the whole classroom will suffer.

This point in history is unique because leaders are doing the opposite: they are goading the anti-social expression onward. A vote, as an expression of speech, has become a raised middle-finger, a malevolent gesture. The free-roaming, playful kind of anarchy is threatened from the inside.

Romantic Irony as Self-Censure

Heinrich Heine’s title for the collection of poems that Schumann drew from was *Buch der Lieder—Book of Songs*—proclaiming the quality of song already in the poems. When Schumann titled his song cycle *Dichterliebe*—the “poet’s love”—he effectively returned the authority to the first-person protagonist of the poems. Authority over *himself* is the struggle of this passionate figure, who is always in danger of drowning in his rapture for a young woman, losing his common sense. Schumann conveyed masterfully that unhinged mental state in his musical expression: at turns violent, euphoric, dreamy, and unreal.

Heine’s Romantic irony, as it came to be known, involved an act of self-censure from the poet, in which he would assess the folly of his own ardent feeling within the same poem. It might be a painfully jarring corrective yet is less destructive than the folly of losing his wits completely, obsessively pining for someone he will never possess. Heine’s caustic reawakening to reality is particularly effective in Schumann’s musical dramaturgy when it is deferred until the end of the poem, as in IV, “Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’” and VII, “Ich grolle nicht.”

In those two settings, Schumann’s gambit is not to change the musical fabric at all—making the abrupt mood change of the text even more tragically apparent by understating it. It’s a real German Romantic move—wearing the emotion on your sleeve and holding it in at the same

time, *verklemmt*. That kind of narrative dissonance also foreshadowed modern cinematic intentional incongruity—like when Scorsese sets a violent scene to cheerful doo-wop music.

The perpetrators in the #MeToo accounts and the Catholic church sanctioned their actions through willful fantasy, essentially lying to themselves, not unlike the 19th-century personage in *Dichterliebe*. A measure of Heine-like self-critical distance might have helped them avoid a destructive path. Romantic irony introduced a potential freedom for writers. They could momentarily escape the imposed frame of their narrative. Likewise in real life, one might escape the fictive story he repeatedly tells himself about the object of his desire. And who knows—if we censure ourselves now and then in the *polis*, we might retain our right to privacy and free speech.

The new songs here for male voice and piano are an inquiry into the limits of post-#MeToo Romantic irony. The variables are still the same: The subject is in danger of valorizing his desire precisely when he should sublimate it. He does not see clearly and commits folly. Yet, some of this folly he welcomes—he does not want to see clearly. At what cost though?

A few words about the individual poems: The suitor in Shakespeare's two sonnets is perpetually self-aware, a trait Harold Bloom identified in the Bard's most famous characters. In Sonnet 147, the subject reasons about how he has lost

his reason: "My reason, the physician to my love,/Angry that his prescriptions are not kept/Hath left me, and I desperate now approve." Even as he sees the folly of his desire, he chooses ruin. Here, self-ironizing doesn't help, and leads to inertia: he perpetually diagnoses the problem yet never takes the bitter medicine.

If tacit, genuine consent is the holy grail, then its most extreme, violent opposite is rape. Yeats' mythological "Leda and the Swan" is unsettling because it locates a dark Sublime in Zeus' brute overpowering of the girl, who, being so close the god, might have "put on his knowledge with his power." In Brecht's "Über die Verführung von Engeln" the dark humor from this master of satire has a purpose: Brecht describes the duplicity and self-sanctioning of the rapist-protagonist, who mockingly instructs the reader how to say or do whatever necessary to get what he wants. Here, the roles are reversed—whereas Zeus was the perpetrator, the angel here is the one perpetrated, a sublime figure whom one may not gaze at directly, even as he takes him by force—"*Doch schau ihm nicht beim Ficken ins Gesicht.*"

Goethe's Ganymed craves the Father: "*Aufwärts an deinen Busen, Allliebender Vater.*" Zeus is less perpetrator and more pantheistic ideal—the divine expressed in eternal nature, into which Ganymed is received, ecstatically. This spiritualized Zeus is perhaps less Greek, but otherwise it was always difficult to believe that the

youth would be so enchanted as he is lifted away—wouldn't he be terrified, like Leda? Ganymed's *Liebeswonne* (bliss of love) is intertwined with his *heilig Gefühl* (holy feeling). They are both *unendliche Schöne*—eternally beautiful. The poem suggests that spiritual striving and earthly desire both seek the same thing: to cool our "burning thirst"—"*Du kühlst den brennenden Durst meines Busens.*"

What is the nature of that thirst—could lust then be a kind of holy impulse? Not if we understand the Holy to be benevolent. Desire in itself is blind by nature, never giving and always seeking to possess. We would hope that the Godhead would give us eyes to see our own folly. Yet such a sharp division between holy and carnal can itself become spiritual blindness. It becomes another strategy of denial and hidden complicity, of believing what you want to believe. What else were all those priests doing?

The unsettling suggestion in Auden's "Ganymede" is that perpetration begets violence on the one perpetrated—which in turn might continue a cycle. For William Blake, lust and violence are destructive forces beyond our control, omnipresent elements that "shake the mountains," as e.e. cummings proclaims in his raucous poem here, which yokes the two together more viscerally. The prelapsarian innocence is gone; Blake's Rose is sick. Yeats calls on the holy sages to guide him in *Sailing to Byzantium*, for his heart is "sick with desire/And fastened to a dying animal/It knows not what it is." Blake answers him

from the past in *Night II*: Self-wisdom may be had, but "it is bought with the price/Of all that a man hath—his house, his wife, his children." Both poets write of "Artifice"—be it deceitful in the case of Blake or a property of eternity itself for Yeats. The burning thirst is unquenchable, be it of flesh or spirit, or finally, both.

Auden returns once more for "Lullaby," which forms a postlude for the cycle. "Let the living creature lie," he writes, of someone who consents to him, and finally, one who is loved and loves without censure: "Mortal, guilty, but to me / The entirely beautiful."

'The Folly of Desire' was co-commissioned by *Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, Wigmore Hall, Stanford Live at Stanford University, and Carnegie Hall.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840)

By Peter Laki ©2018

"From my great sorrows I make small songs"—the great German poet Heinrich Heine (1797–1856) wrote in one of his lyrical poems. Composers seized upon those "small songs" while the ink was still wet on them. Both form and content seemed to cry out for musical settings: Heine used simple four-line stanzas with regular rhyme patterns that had been used in music for a long time. Yet underneath this structural simplicity, the feelings are complex and multi-layered, inviting melody and harmony to amplify

the bittersweet duality of “great sorrows” and “small songs.”

In 1828, Schubert had already written six great Heine songs, included in the collection known as *Schwanengesang* (“Swan Song”). Yet there is no doubt that it was Robert Schumann who gave Heine his musical voice with a total of 38 settings, 16 of which were published as the cycle *Dichterliebe* in 1844. This cycle, like many of Schumann’s greatest songs, was written in the “year of songs,” 1840, when the composer concentrated on Lieder almost exclusively, producing more than seventy in the course of a single year.

Schumann selected the poems of *Dichterliebe* from Heine’s collection *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, a volume that contained 66 poems and was first published in 1823. (Four additional songs, originally intended to be part of the cycle, were published separately some years after Op. 48.) Schumann made a special effort to insure the coherence of the cycle. This can be seen from the selection of the poems and the careful musical planning. The individual songs traverse many keys, but the succession of tonalities is always smooth and seamless. In addition, subtle motivic reminiscences establish links between songs whose subjects and moods are related.

One thing all the poems emphasize is that the joys and sorrows of love are always inseparable. Even the very first song, which tells of the awakening of

love “in the wondrous month of May,” is tinged with sadness, as we can tell from the minor-mode harmonies that open and close the song. (The song ends, amazingly, on an unresolved dissonance left hanging in the air.) After two very brief numbers—one idyllic, the other exuberant—his very happiness causes the poet to burst into tears in No. 4. Here and elsewhere in the cycle, the piano postludes take over to express what cannot be put into words. Meditating on the preceding poem and elaborating on its musical material, the postludes add a new dimension to Schumann’s reading of Heine’s poetry.

The erotic mystery of song No. 5 is followed by sacred imagery in No. 6. The solemn octaves in the piano allude to the style of Baroque organ music, with a chorale melody in the pedal register. And just as joy can turn into sorrow at any point, the face of the Virgin Mary in the church blends with the countenance of the poet’s beloved—a magical transformation accompanied by an ever-so-slight slowing down of the music, as if the uncanny resemblance put the poet-singer in a pensive mood.

No. 7 is the most dramatic song in the cycle. “I bear no grudge,” the poet sings, but the massive chords and powerful accents in the music suggest otherwise. The almost operatic high notes at the end, expressing deepest despair, were an afterthought on Schumann’s part, not found in the manuscript: they were probably inserted only during the

proofreading process. Immediately following, the lovely flowers of No. 8 bring momentary solace to the poet's grief, but by the end of the song, his heart is once again "torn asunder" by the cruelty of the lady.

Images of betrayal and abandonment are now multiplying. The rustic wedding dance in No. 9 is distorted in an almost Mahleresque way as the poet watches his beloved marry another man. He flees into the wilderness in his grief (No. 10); words fail him, and the piano has to finish the song alone. No. 11 tries to turn the situation into a joke: leaving one lover for another is an "old story," one that we can make light of. But once more, everything changes at the end: if that "old story" happens to you, it will break your heart. A series of dark modulations and a slower tempo mark this sudden intrusion of tragedy, after which the folksy rhythms and clichéd harmonies of the piano postlude express a forced and exaggerated "happiness." We dance and laugh, but our heart is broken. The flowers, which have comforted the poet once before in No. 8, now speak to him directly through the incredibly subtle harmonies of song No. 12, a portrait of a "sad, pale man" on a "bright summer morning."

Songs Nos. 13–15 constitute the cycle's "dream sequence." In each, the world of dreams is contrasted with reality in a different way. In No. 13, the tragic dreams (death and abandonment) almost make the music freeze: the vocal line is

narrow and the accompanying harmonies extremely sparse. At the end of the song, the thought of being loved causes the poet to shed more tears; as earlier in No. 4, these must be tears of happiness. But the happiness is not to last. In song 14, the dreams are rosy but flee when the poet awakens. Heine was famous for his ironic touch, perfectly matched here by Schumann's music: the magic word has been forgotten, and the musical phrase comes to an unexpected, abrupt ending. Song 15 is an extended happy dream but it, too, falls apart at the very end.

The last song finally lays all dreams to rest, happy and unhappy ones alike. The solemn burial of the songs proceeds through three stages, in each of which the same melody is repeated a step higher. As the poet's love and pains are lowered into the grave, the voice falls silent, making way for the longest and most expressive of the cycle's many piano postludes—almost an independent piano piece in its own right, with exquisite harmonies and a quasi-improvisatory mood that lingers in our ears long after the last chord has faded away.

About the Artists



IAN BOSTRIDGE Tenor

Ian Bostridge's international recital career has taken him to the Salzburg, Edinburgh, Munich, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Aldeburgh, and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade Festivals, and to the main stages of Carnegie Hall and the Teatro alla Scala, Milan. He has held artistic residencies at the Vienna Konzerthaus and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade (2003/04), a CarteBlanche series with Thomas Quasthoff at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw (2004/05), a Perspectives series at Carnegie Hall (2005/06), the Barbican, London (2008), the Luxembourg Philharmonie (2010/11), the Wigmore Hall (2011/12) and Hamburg Laeiszhalle (2012/13). In 2018 Ian began an Artistic Residency with the Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra, the first of its kind for the ensemble.

His recordings have won all the major international record prizes and been nominated for 15 Grammys. They include Schubert *Die schöne Müllerin* with Graham Johnson (Gramophone Award 1996); Tom Rakewell (*The Rake's Progress*) with Sir John Eliot Gardiner (Grammy Award 1999); and Belmonte with William Christie. Under his exclusive contract with Warner Classics, recordings included Schubert Lieder and Schumann Lieder (Gramophone Award 1998), English song and Henze Lieder with Julius Drake, Britten *Our Hunting Fathers* with Daniel Harding, Mozart

Idomeneo with Sir Charles Mackerras, Janacek *The Diary of One who Disappeared* with Thomas Adès, Schubert with Leif Ove Andsnes, Mitsuko Uchida, and Antonio Pappano, Noel Coward with Jeffrey Tate, Britten orchestral cycles with the Berlin Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle, and many others.

He has worked with the Berlin Philharmonic, Vienna Philharmonic, Chicago, Boston, London, and BBC symphony orchestras, the London, New York, and Los Angeles philharmonic orchestras and the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra and Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam under Sir Simon Rattle, Sir Colin Davis, Sir Andrew Davis, Seiji Ozawa, Antonio Pappano, Riccardo Muti, Mstislav Rostropovich, Daniel Barenboim, Daniel Harding, and Donald Runnicles. He sang the world premiere of Henze *Opfergang* with the Accademia Santa Cecilia in Rome under Antonio Pappano.

His operatic appearances have included Lysander (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) for Opera Australia and at the Edinburgh Festival, Handel *Jeptha* at the Opéra National de Paris, Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Jupiter (*Semele*) for English National Opera and Peter Quint (*The Turn of the Screw*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) and Caliban (Thomas Adès *The Tempest*) for the Royal Opera.

Recent engagements include his operatic debut at La Scala, Milan as Peter Quint, an American recital tour of *Winterreise* with Thomas Adès, performances of Hans Zender's orchestrated version of Schubert's *Winterreise* in Taipei, Perth, for Musikkollegium Winterthur and at New York's Lincoln Center, Berlioz *Les nuits d'été* with the Seattle Symphony and Ludovic Morlot, recital tours to both the East and West coasts of America, the title role in Handel *Jeptha* at the Opéra National de Paris, a residency with the Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra, and Britten War Requiem with the Staatskapelle Berlin and Antonio Pappano.

Highlights of this season include the United States recital tour with jazz pianist Brad Mehldau, a world premiere of a new commission by Olli Mustonen at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Wigmore Hall, Debussy's *Livre de Baudelaire* orchestrated and conducted by John Adams with the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Aschenbach / *Death in Venice* at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, and Madwoman / *Curlw River* on tour with the Britten Sinfonia.

He was a fellow in history at Corpus Christi College, Oxford (1992–95) and in 2001 was elected an honorary fellow of the college. In 2003 he was made an Honorary Doctor of Music by the University of St. Andrews and in 2010 he was made an honorary fellow of St John's College, Oxford. He was made a CBE in the 2004 New Year's Honors. In 2014 he was Humanitas Professor of Classical Music at the University of Oxford.



BRAD MEHLDAU Piano

Jazz pianist Brad Mehldau has recorded and performed extensively since the early 1990s. Mehldau's most consistent output over the years has taken place in the trio format. Starting in 1996, his group released a series of five records on Warner Bros. entitled *The Art of the Trio* (recently re-packaged and re-released as a 5-Disc box set by Nonesuch in late 2011). During that same period, Mehldau also released a solo piano recording entitled *Elegiac Cycle* and a record called *Places* that included both solo piano and trio songs. *Elegiac Cycle* and *Places* might be called "concept" albums made up exclusively of original material with central themes that hover over the compositions. Other Mehldau recordings include *Largo*, a collaborative effort with the innovative musician and producer Jon Brion, and *Anything Goes*—a trio outing with bassist Larry Grenadier and drummer Jorge Rossy.

His first record for Nonesuch, *Brad Mehldau Live in Tokyo*, was released in September 2004. After ten rewarding years with Rossy playing in Mehldau's regular trio, drummer Jeff Ballard joined the band in 2005.

The label released its first album from the Brad Mehldau Trio—*Day is Done*—on September 27, 2005. In 2012 Nonesuch released an album of original songs from the Brad Mehldau Trio—*Ode*—the first from the trio since 2008’s live Village Vanguard disc and the first studio trio recording since 2005’s *Day is Done*. *Ode* went on to garner a Grammy nomination. Nonesuch released the Brad Mehldau Trio’s *Where Do You Start*, a companion disc to the critically acclaimed *Ode*, in the fall of 2012. Whereas *Ode* featured 11 songs composed by Mehldau, *Where Do You Start* was comprised of interpretations of 10 tunes by other composers, along with one Mehldau original. In 2013, Mehldau produced and performed on *Walking Shadows*, the acclaimed Nonesuch release from Joshua Redman. 2013 also saw a number of collaborative tours including a duo tour with mandolin virtuoso Chris Thile, piano duets with Kevin Hays and a new electric project with prodigious drummer Mark Guiliana entitled “Mehliana.” *Mehliana: Taming the Dragon*, the debut release by *Mehliana*, was released in early 2014. Mehldau’s monumental and ambitious *10 Years Solo Live* eight-LP vinyl box set was released to unanimous critical acclaim on October 16th, 2015 (with CD and digital versions released in November). The set was culled from 19 live recordings made over a decade of the pianist’s European solo concerts. In 2016, Nonesuch Records released the Brad Mehldau Trio’s *Blues and Ballads*—the ensemble’s first new release since 2012’s *Where Do You Start*—and the celebrated debut album of the Joshua Redman/Brad Mehldau Duo, *Nearness*, featuring recordings from their 2011 European tour.

After several years of performing live, labelmates mandolinist/singer Chris Thile and Mehldau released their debut: *Chris Thile & Brad Mehldau*. 2019 saw the release of the critically and commercially acclaimed conceptual recording *Finding Gabriel*—an album of harmonically rich vocal layers paired with strings, synthesizers, rock drums, and improvisation—featuring a number of high profile guests including trumpeter Ambrose Akinmusire, singer Kurt Elling, singer Becca Stevens, vocalist/composer Gabriel Kahane, and drummer Mark Guiliana among others.

Mehldau’s musical personality forms a dichotomy. He is first and foremost an improviser and greatly cherishes the surprise and wonder that can occur from a spontaneous musical idea that is expressed directly, in real time. But he also has a deep fascination for the formal architecture of music, and it informs everything he plays. In his most inspired playing, the actual structure of his musical thought serves as an expressive device. As he plays, he listens to how ideas unwind, and the order in which they reveal themselves. Each tune has a strongly felt narrative arch, whether it expresses itself in a beginning, an end, or something left intentionally open-ended. The two sides of Mehldau’s personality—the improviser and the formalist—play off each other, and the effect is often something like controlled chaos.

Mehldau has performed around the world at a steady pace since the mid-1990s, with his trio and as a solo pianist. His performances convey a wide range of expression. There is often an intellectual rigor to the continuous process of abstraction that may take place on a given tune, and a certain density of information. That could be followed by a stripped down, emotionally direct ballad. Mehldau favors juxtaposing extremes.

In addition to his trio and solo projects, Mehldau has worked with a number of great jazz musicians, including with saxophonist Joshua Redman's band for two years, recordings and concerts with Pat Metheny, Charlie Haden and Lee Konitz, and recording as a sideman with the likes of Michael Brecker, Wayne Shorter, John Scofield, and Charles Lloyd. For more than a decade, he has collaborated with several musicians and peers whom he respects greatly, including the guitarists Peter Bernstein and Kurt Rosenwinkel and tenor saxophonist Mark Turner. His music has appeared in several movies, including Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut* and Wim Wender's *Million Dollar Hotel*. He also composed an original soundtrack for the French film, *Ma femme est une actrice*. Mehldau composed two new works commissioned by Carnegie Hall for voice and piano, *The Blue Estuaries* and *The Book of Hours: Love Poems to God*, which were performed in the spring of 2005 with the acclaimed classical soprano, Renée Fleming. These songs were recorded with Fleming and released in 2006 on the *Love Sublime* record. A 2008 Carnegie Hall commission for a cycle of seven love songs for Swedish mezzo-soprano Anne Sofie von Otter premiered in 2010. *Love Songs*, a double album that paired the newly commissioned song cycle, with a selection of French, American, English, and Swedish songs that Mehldau and von Otter performed together, was released in late 2010 on the Naïve label. In 2013, Mehldau premiered and performed *Variations on a Melancholy Theme* a large format orchestral piece which was performed with both Orpheus Chamber Orchestra and Britten Sinfonia. Commissioned by Carnegie Hall, The Royal Conservatory of Music, The National Concert Hall, and Wigmore Hall with the support of André Hoffmann (president of the Fondation Hoffmann) in 2015, Mehldau's *Three Pieces After Bach* were inspired by selections from Johann Sebastian Bach's seminal work, *The Well-Tempered Clavier*.

Mehldau was appointed as curator of an annual four-concert jazz series at London's prestigious Wigmore Hall during its 2009-10 and 2010-11 seasons, with Mehldau appearing in at least two of the four annual concerts. In late January 2010 Carnegie Hall announced the 2010-11 season-long residency by Mehldau as holder of the Richard and Barbara Debs Composer's Chair at Carnegie Hall—the first jazz artist to hold this position since it was established in 1995.

This concert marks Brad Mehldau's Princeton University Concerts debut.

Texts & Translations

BRAD MEHLDAU (b. 1970)

The Folly of Desire

The Sick Rose—William Blake

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Leda and the Swan—William Butler Yeats

A sudden blow: the great wings
beating still
Above the staggering girl, her
thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught
in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon
his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her
loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating
where it lies?

PLEASE NOTE: The texts
contain explicit, adult language.

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof
and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with
his power
Before the indifferent beak could
let her drop?

Sonnet 147—William Shakespeare

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse
as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd.
For I have sworn thee fair and
thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark
as night.

(please turn the page quietly)

Sonnet 75—William Shakespeare

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure,
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Über die Verführung von Engeln—Bertold Brecht

Engel verführt man gar nicht oder schnell.
Verzieh ihn einfach in den Hauseingang
Steck ihm die Zunge in den Mund und lang
Ihm untern Rock, bis er sich naß macht, stell
Ihm das Gesicht zur Wand, heb ihm den Rock
Und fick ihn. Stöhnt er irgendwie beklommen
Dann halt ihn fest und laß ihn zweimal kommen
Sonst hat er dir am Ende einen Schock.

Ermahn ihn, dass er gut den Hintern schwenkt
Heiß ihn dir ruhig an die Hoden fassen
Sag ihm, er darf sich furchtlos fallen lassen
Dieweil er zwischen Erd und Himmel hängt –

Doch schau ihm nicht beim Ficken ins Gesicht
Und seine Flügel, Mensch, zerdrück sie nicht.

Ganymed—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wie im Morgenglanze
 Du rings mich anglühst
 Frühling, Geliebter!
 Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
 Sich an mein Herz drängt
 Deiner ewigen Wärme
 Heilig Gefühl,
 Unendliche Schöne!
 Daß ich dich fassen möchte'
 In diesen Arm!
 Ach, an deinem Busen
 Lieg' ich, schmachte,
 Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
 Drängen sich an mein Herz.
 Du kühlst den brennenden
 Durst meines Busens,
 Lieblicher Morgenwind!
 Ruft drein die Nachtigall
 Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.
 Ich komm', ich komme!
 Wohin? Ach, wohin?
 Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
 Es schweben die Wolken
 Abwärts, die Wolken
 Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
 Mir! Mir!
 In eurem Schosse
 Aufwärts!
 Umfangend umfängen!
 Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
 Allliebender Vater!

Ganymede - W.H. Auden

He looked in all His wisdom from the throne
 Down on that humble boy who kept the sheep,
 And sent a dove; the dove returned alone:
 Youth liked the music, but soon fell asleep.

But He had planned such future for the youth:
 Surely, His duty now was to compel.
 For later he would come to love the truth,
 And own his gratitude. His eagle fell.

Ganymed — Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Translation by Brad Mehldau

How in the morning's radiance
 You, surrounding me, glowing,
 Springtime, lover!
 With thousandfold bliss of love
 Pressing itself onto my heart,
 Your eternal warmth
 Divine feeling,
 Endless beauty!
 Oh that I could grasp you
 In this arm!
 Oh, on your chest
 I lie, pining,
 And your flowers, your grass
 Press themselves on my heart.
 You cool the burning
 Thirst in my chest,
 Lovely morning wind!
 There calls the nightingale
 Lovingly to me from the misty valley.
 I'm coming, I'm coming!
 To where? oh to where?
 Up! Upwards it strives.
 The clouds are drifting
 Downwards, the clouds
 Incline themselves to my craving love.
 Me! Me!
 In your lap
 Upwards!
 Embracing, embraced!
 upwards on your bosom,
 All-loving father!

It did not work. His conversation bored
 The boy who yawned and whistled and
 made faces,
 And wriggled free from fatherly embraces;

But with the eagle he was always willing
 To go where it suggested, and adored
 And learnt from it so many ways of killing.

(please turn the page quietly)

the boys I mean are not refined—e.e. cummings

the boys i mean are not refined
they go with girls who buck and bite
they do not give a fuck for luck
they hump them thirteen times a night

they come with girls who bite and buck
who cannot read and cannot write
who laugh like they would fall apart
and masturbate with dynamite

one hangs a hat upon her tit
one carves a cross on her behind
they do not give a shit for wit
the boys i mean are not refined

the boys i mean are not refined
they cannot chat of that and this
they do not give a fart for art
they kill like you would take a piss

they speak whatever's on their mind
they do whatever's in their pants
the boys i mean are not refined
they shake the mountains when they dance

Excerpt from Sailing to Byzantium—W.B. Yeats

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

Night II, from The Four Zoas ("The Wail of Enion")—William Blake

I am made to sow the thistle for wheat; the nettle for a nourishing dainty
I have planted a false oath in the earth, it has brought forth a Poison Tree
I have chosen the serpent for a counsellor and the dog
For a schoolmaster to my children
I have blotted out from light and living the dove and nightingale
And I have caused the earthworm to beg from door to door
I have taught the thief a secret path into the house of the just
I have taught pale Artifice to spread his nets upon the morning
My heavens are brass, my earth is iron, my moon a clod of clay
My sun a pestilence burning at noon, and a vapour of death in night.

What is the price of Experience? Do men buy it for a song
Or Wisdom for a dance in the street? No—it is bought with the price
Of all that a man hath—his house, his wife, his children.
Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy
And in the wither'd field where the farmer ploughs for bread in vain.

Lullaby—W.H. Auden

Lay your sleeping head, my love,
 Human on my faithless arm:
 Time and fevers burn away
 Individual beauty from
 Thoughtful children, and the grave
 Proves the child ephemeral:
 But in my arms till break of day
 Let the living creature lie,
 Mortal, guilty, but to me
 The entirely beautiful.

Certainty, fidelity
 On the stroke of midnight pass
 Like vibrations of a bell
 And fashionable madmen raise
 Their pedantic boring cry:
 Every farthing of the cost.
 All the dreaded cards foretell.
 Shall be paid, but from this night
 Not a whisper, not a thought.
 Not a kiss nor look be lost.

Soul and body have no bounds:
 To lovers as they lie upon
 Her tolerant enchanted slope
 In their ordinary swoon,
 Grave the vision Venus sends
 Of supernatural sympathy,
 Universal love and hope
 While an abstract insight wakes
 Among the glaciers and the rocks
 The hermit's carnal ecstasy.

Beauty, midnight, vision dies:
 Let the winds of dawn that blow
 Softly round your dreaming head
 Such a day of welcome show
 Eye and knocking heart may bless,
 Find our mortal world enough;
 Noons of dryness find you fed
 By the involuntary powers,
 Nights of insult let you pass
 Watched by every human love.

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ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

Dein Angesicht

Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön,
Das hab ich jüngst im Traum gesehen,
Es ist so mild und engelgleich,
Und doch so bleich, so schmerzereich.
Und nur die Lippen, die sind rot;
Bald aber küsst sie bleich der Tod.
Erlöschen wird das Himmelslicht,
Das aus den frommen Augen bricht.

Lehn' deine Wang'

Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang',
Dann fließen die Tränen zusammen;
Und an mein Herz drück fest dein Herz,
Dann schlagen zusammen die Flammen!
Und wenn in die große Flamme fließt
Der Strom von unsern Tränen,
Und wenn dich mein Arm gewaltig umschließt
Sterb ich vor Liebesehnen!

Es leuchtet meine Liebe

Es leuchtet meine Liebe,
In ihrer dunkeln Pracht,
Wie'n Märchen traurig und trübe,
Erzählt in der Sommernacht.
»Im Zaubergarten wallen
Zwei Buhlen, stumm und allein;
Es singen die Nachtigallen,
Es flimmert der Mondenschein.
Die Jungfrau steht still wie ein Bildnis,
Der Ritter vor ihr kniet.
Da kommt der Riese der Wildnis,
Die bange Jungfrau flieht.
Der Ritter sinkt blutend zur Erde,
Es stolpert der Riese nach Haus.«
Wenn ich begraben werde,
Dann ist das Märchen aus.

Your face

Your face so lovely and fair
Appeared to me in a recent dream,
So mild, it looks, and angel-like,
And yet so pale, so full of pain.
And your lips alone are red;
But death shall soon kiss them pale.
The heavenly light will be extinguished
That gleams from your innocent eyes.

Rest your cheek against my cheek

Rest your cheek against my cheek,
Together our tears shall flow;
And against my heart press firm your heart,
Together the flames shall leap!
And when into that great flame
Our river of tears shall flow,
And when I clasp you wildly in my arms—
I shall die of love's desire!

The gleam of my love

The gleam of my love
In its dark splendor
Is like a tale, sad and gloomy,
Told on a summer night.
In the magic garden wander
Two lovers, silent and alone;
The nightingales are singing,
The moon is shimmering.
The maiden stands as silent as a picture,
The knight kneels down before her.
Suddenly the wild giant appears,
The frightened maiden flees.
The knight sinks bleeding to the ground,
The giant stumbles home;
And when I'm dead and buried,
This story shall be done.

Mein Wagen rollet langsam

Mein Wagen rollet langsam
Durch lustiges Waldesgrün,
Durch blumige Täler, die zaubrisch
Im Sonnenglanze blühn.
Ich sitze und sinne und träume,
Und denk an die Liebste mein;
Da grüßen drei Schattengestalten
Kopfnickend zum Wagen herein.
Sie hüpfen und schneiden Gesichter,
So spöttisch und doch so scheu,
Und quirlen wie Nebel zusammen,
Und kichern und huschen vorbei.

My carriage rolls slowly

My carriage rolls slowly
Through the cheerful green woodlands,
Through flowery valleys
Magically blooming in sun.
I sit and muse and dream,
And think of my dear love;
Three shadowy forms nod at me
Through the carriage window.
They hop and pull faces,
So mocking yet so shy,
And whirl together like mist
And flit chuckling by.

(please turn the page quietly)

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840)

Texts by Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

A Poet's Love

In the wondrously beautiful month of May

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
As all of the buds burst into bloom,
It was then that in my heart
Love started to blossom.

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
It was then that I confessed
My desire and longing to her.

From my tears will spring

From my tears will spring
Many blooming flowers.
And my sighs will become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I will give you all of the flowers,
And outside your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.

The Rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

The Rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in the spell of love.
I now longer love them, I only love
The small, the fine, the pure, the rare;
She herself, the most life giving of all loves,
Is the rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and despair vanishes;
But when I kiss your lips,
I then completely healed.

When I place my head on your breast,
Heavenly bliss comes over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitterly.

I want to bathe my soul

I want to bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall ring out
With a song of my love.

The song shall tremble and pulse
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave to me
In a wondrous, sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
There, reflected in the waves,
With its great cathedral,
The great, holy city of Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and angels hover
Around our beloved Mother;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the same image as my love's.

(please turn the page quietly)

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das
Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines
Herzens Nacht.

Das weiß ich längst.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines
Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schläng', die dir am
Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Und wüßten's die Blumen

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, even though my
heart is breaking,
O eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
How you gleam in diamond splendor,
No ray falls in the night of
your heart.

I've known that for a long time.
I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night in your
heart's cavity,
And saw the serpent that devours
your heart,
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew, the little ones,
How deeply my heart is wounded,
They would weep with me,
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
How sad and sick I am,
They would sing merrily,
A refreshing song.

And if they knew of my pain,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from on high,
And comfort me with their words.

All of them cannot know,
Only one knows my pain;
She is the one who tore,
Tore my heart in two.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

There is fluting and fiddling

There is fluting and fiddling,
Trumpets blare;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.

There's ringing and roaring,
Drumming and piping;
Interspersed with sobbing and moaning
Are lovely little angels.

I hear the little song playing

I hear the little song playing,
My beloved once sang,
My heart bursts
With the pressure of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Up to the wooded heights,
There dissolved in tears
Is my overwhelming grief.

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
Who instead chooses another;
The other, in turn loves still another,
And has married her.

The first girl, out of resentment,
Takes the first man
Who crosses her path;
The boy is sick with pain.

It's an old story,
But it remains eternally new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

(please turn the page quietly)

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
„Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann.“

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

Allnächtlich im Traume

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und 's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

On a bright summer morning

On a bright summer morning
I venture into the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I move about silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me with pity;
"Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man."

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke up, and tears
Still flowed over my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you were betrayed.
I woke, and I wept
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you were still good to me.
I woke, and still always
Flows my flood of tears.

Every night in my dreams

Every night in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And loudly weeping, I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully,
Shaking your blond head;
From your eyes trickle
Teardrops like pearls.

You whisper secretly to me a soft word
And give me a wreath of cypress.
I wake up and the wreath is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

Aus alten Märcen winkt es

Aus alten Märcen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

From old fairy-tales it beckons

From old fairy-tales it beckons
To me with a white hand,
There it sings and sounds
Of a magic land;

Where bright flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And lovingly, fragrantly glow
With a bride-like face;

And green trees sing
Primeval melodies,
Breezes secretly sound,
And birds tweet in them;

And misty images rise up
From the very earth,
And dance airy dances
In a fantastic chorus;

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires glow
In eerie, hazy rings;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
The reflection shines on.

Ah, if I could reach that pace,
And there ease my heart,
And relieve all of my pain,
And be free and blessed!

Ah! That land of bliss,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun appears,
It melts like mere foam.

(please turn the page quietly)

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume böse und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The old, angry songs

The old, angry songs,
The angry and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them,
Bring me a large coffin.

I have a great deal to put inside it,
Though what I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the Heidelberg Wine Barrel.

And bring me a death-bier
Made of boards firm and thick;
It must be even longer
Than the bridge in Mainz.

And bring me twelve giants,
They must be even stronger
Than the mighty Saint Christopher.
In the Cathedral in Cologne on the Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin away,
And sink it into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I buried my love
And my pain inside.

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Subscription Manager

Kerry Heimann
Operations & Patron Services Manager

Dasha Koltunyyuk
Marketing & Outreach Manager

Bryan Logan
Production Manager

Alexander Moravcsik '23
Student Outreach Assistant

Deborah Rhoades
Accounts Manager

Tom Uhlein
Graphic Designer

Brendan Zelikman
Student Intern

2019–2020 Princeton University
Concerts Committee

Michael Gehret Chair

Scott Burnham

Alexandra Holt Day

Christine Gage

Brandon Gaines

Wendy Heller

Gail E. Kohn

Dorothea von Moltke

Alexander Moravcsik '23

Reba Orszag

Marcia Snowden

William Stowe

Marue Walizer

2019–2020 Student Ambassadors
of Princeton University Concerts

Sérgio Martins De Iudicibus '20
Co-Chair

Alexander Moravcsik '23
Co-Chair

Campus Venue Services

Nick Robinson
Director

Kathleen Coughlin Assistant Director,
Performing Arts Services

James Allington
Audio Engineer

Anne Cutrona
Theater Operations Technician

Matthew Halbert
Theater Operations Technician

Lindsay Hanson
Artist Services Manager

Mary Kemler
Assistant Director, Client Resources

Sharon Maselli
Audience Services Manager

Bill Pierce
Theater Operations Technician

James Taylor
Systems and Support Manager