




Toronto
Mendelssohn
Choir

March 16, 2024
7:30pm
Jeanne Lamont Hall
Trinity-St. Paul's Centre



SCHUBERT
WINTERREISE



**Toronto
Mendelssohn
Choir**

Jean-Sébastien Vallée
Artistic Director

Winterreise

Jean-Sébastien Vallée, conductor
Toronto Mendelssohn Singers

Brett Polegato, baritone
Philip Chiu, pianist

This performance will run approximately 100 minutes, with a 15-minute intermission.

This concert is made possible through the generosity of our donors.

For the enjoyment of your fellow patrons and the artists on stage, please



No video
recording



No flash
photography



No noisy
candy wrappers



Mute your
cell phones

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PROGRAM

Ich stand in dunkle Träumen Op.13 No. 1
I stood in gloomy daydreams

Clara Schumann (1819 – 1896)
arr. James McCullough

Liebst du um Schönheit Op. 12 No. 2
If you love for beauty

Clara Schumann
arr. James McCullough

Winterreise D. 911 Op. 89 (part 1)

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)
arr. Gregor Meyer

1. Gute Nacht
 2. Die Wetterfahne
 3. Gefror'ne Tränen
 4. Erstarrung
 5. Der Lindenbaum
 6. Wasserflut
 7. Auf dem Flusse
 8. Rückblick
 9. Irrlicht
 10. Rast
 11. Frühlingstraum
 12. Einsamkeit
-

INTERMISSION

Lockung Op. 3 No. 1
Temptation

Fanny Hensel (1805 – 1847)

Schöne Fremde Op. 3 No. 2
Beautiful Foreign Land

Fanny Hensel

Winterreise D. 911 Op. 89 (part 2)

Franz Schubert
arr. Gregor Meyer

13. Die Post
14. Der greise Kopf
15. Die Krähe
16. Letzte Hoffnung
17. Im Dorfe
18. Der stürmische Morgen
19. Täuschung
20. Der Wegweiser
21. Das Wirtshaus
22. Mut
23. Die Nebensonnen
24. Der Leiermann



Toronto Mendelssohn Choir

The TMChoir acknowledges that the land on which we perform is the traditional territory of many nations including the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishnabeg, the Chippewa, the Haudenosaunee and the Wendat peoples, and is now home to many diverse First Nations, Inuit, and Métis peoples. We also acknowledge that Toronto is covered by Treaty 13 with the Mississaugas of the Credit.

We are honoured to share our music across these lands.

PROGRAM NOTES

From the mid-eighteenth-century through to the end of the nineteenth, numerous German-speaking writers (the most famous among them including Goethe and Heine) contributed unprecedented amounts of poetry to German literature. In the same time period, multiple German and Austrian composers were reading and setting those texts to music for solo singer with piano, creating an expansive repertory of Lieder (songs). While most Austro-German composers—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, for select examples—experimented with and wrote in this genre, no composer contributed more to it or wielded greater influence over the Lied than Austrian-born Franz Schubert (1797–1828). His 600+ Lieder span the work of numerous poets, styles, and forms of musical experimentation, and are especially renowned for their musical and psychological complexity and emotional nuance. Like other contemporary composers, Schubert often joined multiple Lieder with texts by the same poet or about the same theme into a song cycle, songs that were published together and meant to be performed as one piece. Though Schubert wrote two additional cycles, entitled *Die schöne Müllerin* (1823) and *Schwanengesang* (1828, published posthumously), *Winterreise* (1827) is his most widely-performed and well-known cycle.

Winterreise was, in many ways, an unlikely candidate for such enduring fame and popularity. Indeed, when Schubert first performed the initial 12 songs for an audience of his friends, they responded with dismay to the music and his setting of the words. The composer, however, was unfazed. He noted both that the new composition “had cost him more than all his other songs,” but that he liked them “more than all the rest” he had written. The song cycle sets to music a collection of 24 poems by Wilhelm Müller, which on the surface tell a narrative common to German literary Romanticism: a jilted lover undertakes a literal and/or psychological journey, which commonly ends in madness or death. The first 12 songs focus on grief over lost love, while the final 12 become increasingly death-driven. At the time of composition, the 30-year old Schubert was terminally ill, and aware that his own death was likely imminent: the song cycle, in many ways, was likely his reckoning with his own death.

As Lieder scholar Susan Youens has stressed, *Winterreise*'s success is likely in no small part due to Schubert's willingness to fearlessly and unblinkingly engage with such painful emotions through his music.* The Wanderer, after all, undergoes “a wintry inner voyage of discovery through the uncharted regions of the soul.” While Schubert's piano writing is an outstanding display of wintry landscape (depicting, at different points, a storm, tears melting snow, and water raging underneath a layer of ice), it is equally a depiction of the Wanderer's inner landscape as he searches his soul “for answers to the mystery of his inner being.” Yet while Müller's words and Schubert's music tell us in great detail about the Wanderer's shifts of feeling and thought as he questions grief, alienation, solitude, and death, there is no real introduction to the character: we know nothing of his background, his age, and nothing about his life beyond his lost love. In that sense, the piece opens outwards: free of extensive descriptions of a specific protagonist, we as listeners are left free to consider how this wintry wandering maps onto our own souls. The greatest gift of Schubert's music, perhaps, is that unlike his Wanderer, we are not left alone when we undertake this journey.

Readers who are more familiar with Lieder are probably, by this point, noticing I've evaded one glaring point: *Winterreise* is typically sung by a single soloist. Gregor Meyer, who arranged the song cycle in 2017 for pianist, baritone soloist, and SATB choir, did so both with the goal of making the songs available to a broader audience and range of musicians—but also for expressive goals. Drawing on the tradition of the Greek chorus, Meyer hoped to “convey the emotional world” of *Winterreise*'s Wanderer to reflect and expand on the Wanderer's thoughts. Yet one could also hear his SATB arrangement differently (as, admittedly, I do), hearing it not as an independent, objective chorus, but rather as the Wanderer's increasingly troubled mind in dialogue with and questioning itself.

Quite regrettably, in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Europe it was widely considered unfeminine and unacceptable for women to compose music; therefore, while many women participated in musical life as performers, select few were encouraged to work as composers, and even fewer could consider publishing their works. Lieder and part-songs, however, were among the few genres to which women could contribute and publish without fear of major social and patriarchal repercussions. Tonight's concert showcases four of these compositions, which echo *Winterreise*'s meditations on love, loss, and nature. Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel's a cappella part songs, “Schöne Fremde” and “Lockung” celebrate the magic of the night and springtime (and provide us Torontonians with a brief respite from winter!). Choral settings of two of Clara Schumann's Lieder reflect either on lost love (“Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen”)—arguably recalling the narrative trajectory of *Winterreise*—while her setting of “Liebst du um Schönheit” shows a sunnier side of Lieder repertoire, stressing the speaker's desire to be loved for love alone, rather than for beauty, youth, or riches.

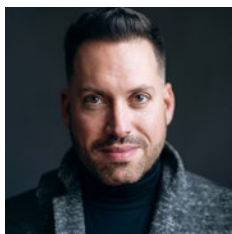
—Rena Roussin, Musicologist-in-Residence

*These program notes draw on and quote from Susan Youens's essay “A Wintry Geography of the Soul: Schubert's *Winterreise*,” in Schubert's *Winterreise: A Winter Journey in Poetry, Image, & Song*, by Katrin Talbot et. al (Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 2003), xi–xxii

The Toronto Mendelssohn Choir

World-renowned Toronto Mendelssohn Choir is proud to be one of Canada's oldest, largest, and most celebrated choral organizations. The Choir presented its first concert on January 15, 1895, as part of Massey Hall's inaugural season, and has been a leader in choral music in Canada ever since, commissioning works by Canadian composers, and presenting world and Canadian premieres. It has also made frequent appearances in the United States and has performed at such European festivals as the Edinburgh Festival, the Lucerne International Festival, the Festival Estival in Paris, the Flanders Festival and the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts (the Proms) at London's Royal Albert Hall. The Choir also regularly performs and records with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. In May 2021, Jean-Sébastien Vallée was named as Artistic Director, only the eighth conductor in TMChoir's 129-year history.

Through its performances, educational programs, and community engagement, TMChoir aspires to introduce its audiences to choral masterworks from the past and present — making both renowned and lesser-known pieces available, accessible, and inspirational to all. The TMChoir includes 24 professional singers and over 130 auditioned and experienced volunteer choristers. Our smaller professional ensemble, the Toronto Mendelssohn Singers (TMSingers) is one of Canada's leading professional chamber choirs and was created to deliver more intimate, nimble repertoire pieces in a variety of venues, traversing the line between concert and experience and showcasing the individual expression of professional vocalists.



Jean-Sébastien Vallée, Artistic Director

Jean-Sébastien Vallée is an acclaimed Canadian-American conductor, scholar, and pedagogue known for his expertise in vocal, choral, and orchestral repertoires. With a career spanning over several decades, Vallée has conducted numerous ensembles across North America, Europe, and Asia, and has conducted and prepared choruses for some of the world's most prestigious orchestras including the Chicago and Toronto Symphony Orchestras, l'Orchestre symphonique de Montréal, l'Orchestre symphonique de Québec, and the National Arts Center Orchestra in Ottawa.

Named as Toronto Mendelssohn Choir's 8th Artistic Director in June 2021 following an international search, Jean-Sébastien is also Professor of Music and Director of Choral Studies at the Schulich School of Music of McGill University. Vallée's recordings have been broadcast internationally and include *Lux* (ATMA, 2017), *Requiem* (ATMA, 2018 – requiems by Fauré and Duruflé), and *Distance* (ATMA, 2021). Recent and upcoming engagements include concerts at the Liszt Ferenc Academy of Music in Budapest, a tour with the National Youth Choir of Canada, and concerts with l'Orchestre Symphonique de Québec.

Featured Performers



Brett Polegato, Baritone

Brett Polegato's artistic sensibility has earned him the highest praise from audiences and critics: "his is a serious and seductive voice" says *The Globe and Mail*, and *The New York Times* has praised him for his "burnished, well-focused voice" which he uses with "considerable intelligence and nuance." The Italian-Canadian baritone appears regularly on the world's most distinguished stages, including those of Lincoln Center, the Metropolitan Opera, La Scala, the Concertgebouw, the Opéra National de Paris, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, the Lyric Opera of Chicago, Houston Grand Opera, the Teatro Real, Roy Thomson Hall, the Kennedy Center, Carnegie Hall and Wigmore Hall, and has collaborated with conductors such as Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Daniele Gatti, Andris Nelsons, Bernard Haitink, Seiji Ozawa, Jeffrey Tate, Marc Minkowski, and Martyn Brabbins. He can be heard as soloist in the Grammy Awards' Best Classical Recording of 2003 - Vaughan Williams' *A Sea Symphony* (Telarc) with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Robert Spano.



Philip Chiu, Pianist

"A pianist-painter who transforms each musical idea into a beautiful array of colours" (*La Presse*), Philip Chiu is acclaimed for his brilliant pianism, sensitive listening, and a stage presence that favours openness, authenticity and dialogue with audiences. Winner of the 2023 JUNO for Best Classical Solo Album, and inaugural winner of the *Mécénat Musica Prix Goyer*, Philip has become one of Canada's leading musicians through his infectious love of music and his passion for creation and communication.

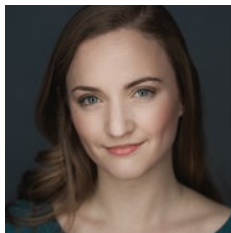
Philip concertizes extensively as soloist and chamber musician and has performed solo recitals, concerti and chamber music concerts in most major venues across Canada, as well as in France, Japan and the United States. Chamber music partners have included James Ehnes, Emmanuel Pahud, Regis Pasquier, Noah Bendix-Balgley, Bomsori Kim, Johannes Moser, and the New Orford String Quartet; he also has a long-standing violin-piano duo with Jonathan Crow. Philip is a veteran touring artist of Prairie Debut, Jeunesses Musicales Canada, and Debut Atlantic, having toured the country 14 times with their generous support.

His most recent solo album *Fables*, awarded a 2023 JUNO award, is part of an in-progress triptych (ATMA), presenting original commissions from distinguished composers such as Barbara Assiginaak, Anishinaabekwe composer and recipient of the Order of Ontario (2019) and Order of Canada (2023), alongside the music of Ravel and Debussy.

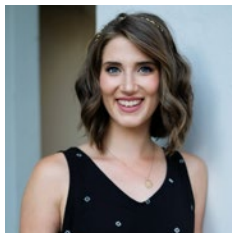
TMSingers



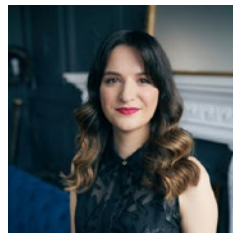
Lesley Emma Bouza
Soprano



Rebecca Genge
Soprano



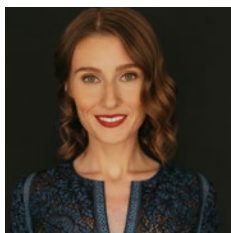
Rebecca McKay
Soprano



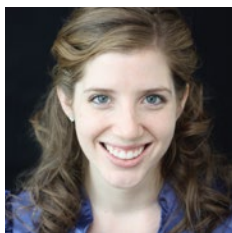
Lindsay McIntyre
Soprano



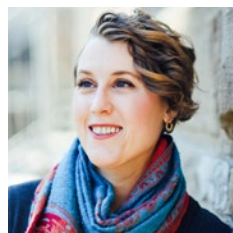
Emily Parker
Soprano



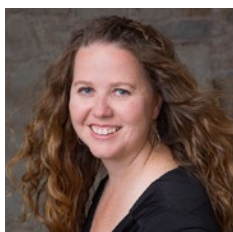
Sinéad White
Soprano



Julia Barber
Alto



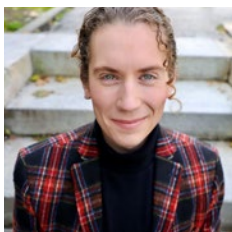
Rebecca Claborn
Alto



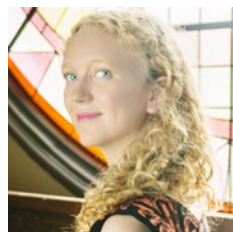
Kirsten Fielding
Alto



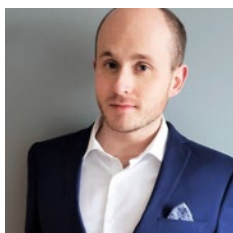
Simon Honeyman
Alto



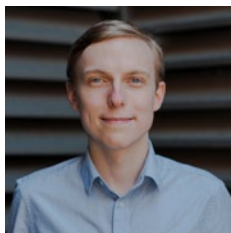
Ryan McDonald
Alto



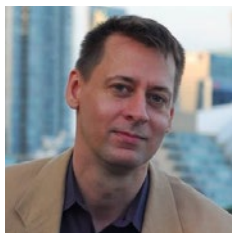
Jessica Wright
Alto



Mitch Aldrich
Tenor



Nathan Gritter
Tenor



Robert Kinar
Tenor



Allen Mahabir
Tenor

TMSingers



Nicholas Nicolaidis
Tenor



Sharang Sharma
Tenor



Neil Aronoff
Bass



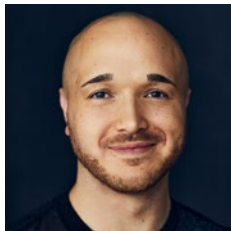
Paul Genyk-Berezowsky
Bass



Kieran Kane
Bass



Graham Robinson
Bass



Jordan Scholl
Bass



David Yung
Bass

Other Musicians



Joy Lee
Rehearsal Pianist

Text & Translations

ICH STAND IN DUNKLE TRÄUMEN OP.13 NO. 1 – Clara Schumann

Poetry by Heinrich Heine, English translation by Emily Ezust

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildniss an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab --
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich Dich verloren hab'!

*I stood in gloomy daydreams
and gazed at her portrait,
and that well-beloved countenance
began furtively to come to life.*

*About her lips there seemed to glide
a wondrous smile,
and, as if they were about to fill with
nostalgic tears,
her eyes glistened.*

*And my tears flowed
down my cheeks -
and ah, I cannot believe
that I have lost you!*

LIEBST DU UM SCHÖNHEIT OP. 12 NO. 2 – Clara Schumann

Poetry by Friedrich Rückert, English translation by Emily Ezust

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

*If you love for beauty,
Oh do not love me!
Love the sun,
It has gold hair!*

*If you love for youth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the spring-time
That is young each year!*

*If you love for wealth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many limpid pearls!*

*If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me forever;
I will love you forevermore!*

WINTERREISE D. 911 OP. 89 (part 1) – Franz Schubert

Poetry by Wilhelm Müller, translation by Arthur Rishi

1. Gute Nacht

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauss.
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh', –
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit,
Muss selbst den Weg mir weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.
Es zieht ein Mondschatten
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!
Ich schreibe nur im Gehen
An's Tor noch gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

2. Die Wetterfahne

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

1. Good Night

*As a stranger I arrived,
As a stranger again I leave.
May was kind to me
With many bunches of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage, –
Now the world is bleak,
The path covered by snow.*

*I cannot choose the time
Of my departure;
I must find my own way
In this darkness.
With a shadow cast by the moonlight
As my traveling companion
I'll search for animal tracks
On the white fields.*

*Why should I linger, waiting
Until I am driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
Outside their master's house;
Love loves to wander
God has made her so
From one to the other.
Dear love, good night!*

*I will not disturb you in your dreaming,
It would be a pity to disturb your rest;
You shall not hear my footsteps
Softly, softly shut the door!
On my way out I'll write
"Good Night" on the gate,
So that you may see
That I have thought of you.*

2. The Weathervane

*The wind plays with the weathervane
Atop my beautiful beloved's house.
In my delusion I thought
It was whistling at the poor fugitive.*

*If he had seen it before,
The crest above the house,
Then he never would have looked for
A woman's fidelity in that house.*

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen,
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

3. Gefror'ne Tränen

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.

4. Erstarrung

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

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

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

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.

*The wind plays with hearts within
As on the roof, but not so loudly.
What is my suffering to them?
Their child is a rich bride.*

3. Frozen Tears

*Frozen tear drops
fall from my cheeks:
Can it be that, without knowing it,
I have been weeping?*

*O tears, my tears,
are you so lukewarm,
That you turn to ice
like cold morning dew?*

*Yet you spring from a source,
my breast, so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
all of the ice of winter!*

4. Numbness

*I search in the snow in vain
For a trace of her footsteps
When she, on my arm,
Wandered about the green field.*

*I want to kiss the ground,
Piercing the ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the earth below.*

*Where will I find a blossom?
Where will I find green grass?
The flowers are dead,
The turf is so pale.*

*Is there then no souvenir
To carry with me from here?
When my pain is stilled,
What will speak to me of her?*

*My heart is as if frozen,
Her image is cold within,
If my heart should one day thaw,
So too would her image melt away!*

5. Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Thore
Da steht ein Lindenbaum:
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

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

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier 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!

6. Wasserflut

Manche Thrän' 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 Thränen,
Nimmt dich bald das Bächlein auf.

Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,
Muntre Strassen ein und aus:
Fühlst du meine Thränen glühen,
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

5. The Linden Tree

*By the fountain, near the gate,
There stands a linden tree;
I have dreamt in its shadows
So many sweet dreams.*

*I carved on its bark
So many loving words;
I was always drawn to it,
Whether in joy or in sorrow.*

*Today, too, I had to pass it
In the dead of night.
And even in the darkness
I had to close my eyes.*

*And its branches rustled
As if calling to me:
"Come here, to me, friend,
Here you will find your peace!"*

*The frigid wind blew
Straight in my face,
My hat flew from my head,
I did not turn back.*

*Now I am many hours
Away from that spot,
And still I hear the rustling:
There you would have found peace!*

6. Torrent

*Many tears from my eyes
Have fallen into the snow;
Whose icy flakes thirstily drink
My burning grief.*

*When the grass begins to sprout,
A mild wind will blow there,
And the ice will break up
And the snow will melt.*

*Snow, you know my longing,
Tell me, to where will you run?
Just follow my tears
And then before long the brook
will take you in.*

*It will take you through the town,
In and out of the lively streets.
When you feel my tears glow,
That will be my beloved's house.*

7. Auf dem Flusse

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluss,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Giebst 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?

8. Rückblick

Es brennt mir unter beiden Sohlen,
Tret' ich auch schon auf Eis und Schnee.
Ich möcht' nicht wieder Athem holen,
Bis ich nicht mehr die Thürme 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!

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

7. On the Stream

*You who rushed along so merrily,
You clear, wild stream,
How quiet you have become,
You offer no parting words.*

*With a hard, solid crust
You have clothed 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
And the hour and the day:*

*The day of our first meeting,
The day I went away:
Name and numbers entwined
By a broken ring.*

*My heart, in this brook
Do you recognize your own image?
Is there, under your surface, too,
A surging torrent?*

8. Backward Glance

*A fire burns under the soles of my feet,
Though I walk on ice and snow;
Yet I'll not pause for a breath
Until the towers are out of sight.*

*I have stumbled on every stone,
So hastily did I leave the town;
The crows threw snowballs and hailstones
At my hat from every house.*

*How differently did you welcome me,
You town of infidelity!
At your bright windows sang
The lark and the nightingale in competition.*

*The round linden trees were blooming,
The clear streams rushed by,
And, ah, two maiden eyes were glowing,
Then you were done for, my friend.*

*When that day comes into my thoughts
I wish to glance back once more,
I wish I could stumble back
And stand in silence before her house.*

9. Irrlicht

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

Bin gewohnt das irre Gehen,
'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.

10. Rast

Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich bin,
Da ich zur Ruh' mich lege;
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin
Auf unwirthbarem 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!

11. Frühlingstraum

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrieten die Raben vom Dach.

9. Will-o'-the-Wisp

*Into the deepest chasms
A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me;
How I will discover a path
Does not concern me much.*

*I am used to going astray;
Every path leads to one goal;
Our joys, our woes,
Are all a will-o'-the-wisp game!*

*Down the mountain stream's dry course
I will calmly wend my way.
Every stream finds the sea,
Every sorrow finds its grave.*

10. Rest

*Now I first notice how weary I am
As I lie down to rest;
Wandering had sustained me
As I walked a desolate road.*

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

*In a coal-burner's narrow hut
I have found shelter.
Still, my limbs cannot rest,
So fiercely my wounds burn.*

*You too, my heart, in struggles and storm
So wild and so bold,
Only now in the quiet do you feel
the sharp sting
of the worm that lives within you!*

11. A Dream of Springtime

*I dreamt of colourful flowers
Such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of merry bird songs.*

*And when the roosters crowed,
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens were shrieking on the roof.*

Doch an den Fensterscheiben,
Wer mahlte 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 Wonn' 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 dich, Liebchen, im Arm?

12. Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tannen Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh' ich meine Strasse
Dahin mit trægem 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.

*But there on the window panes,
Who painted those leaves?
Do you laugh at the dreamer,
Who saw flowers in winter?*

*I dreamt of requited love,
Of a beautiful girl,
Of hearts and of kisses,
Of bliss and happiness.*

*And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awoke.
Now I sit here alone,
And think about my dream.*

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

12. Loneliness

*As a dark cloud
Passes through clear skies,
When a faint breeze wafts
Through the tops of the pine trees:*

*So I make my way
With heavy steps,
Through bright, joyful life,
Alone and ungreeted.*

*Ah, the air is so calm,
Ah, the world is so bright!
When the tempests were raging,
I was not so miserable.*

LOCKUNG OP. 3 NO. 1 – Fanny Hensel

Poetry by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, translation by Jakob Kellner

Hörst du nicht die Bäume rauschen
Draussen durch die stille Rund?
Lockts dich nicht, hinabzulauschen
Von dem Söller in den Grund,
Wo die vielen Bäche gehen
Wunderbar im Mondenschein
Wo die stillen Schlösser sehen
In den Fluss vom hohen Stein?

Kennst du noch die irren Lieder
Aus der alten, schönen Zeit?
Sie erwachen alle wieder
Nachts in Waldeseinsamkeit,
Wenn die Bäume träumend lauschen
Und der Flieder duftet schwül
Und im Fluss die Nixen rauschen –
Komm herab, hier ist's so kühl.

*Can't you hear the forest rustle
outside through the quiet round?
Aren't you tempted to listen
down from the balcony to the ground
where the many brooks flow
wondrously in moonlight –
where the silent castles look
into the river from the high rock?*

*Do you remember the mad songs
from former, beautiful times?
They all awake again at night,
in the loneliness of the forest,
when the dreaming trees are listening
and the lilac has a sultry scent
and in the river the mermaids murmur:
come down, here it is so cool.*

SCHÖNE FREMDE OP. 3 NO. 2 – Fanny Hensel

Poetry by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, translation by Emily Ezust

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie vom künftigem, grossem Glück!

*The treetops rustle and shiver
as if at this hour
about the half-sunken walls
the old gods are making their rounds.*

*Here, behind the myrtle trees,
in secretly darkening splendor,
what do you say so murmuringly,
as if in a dream, to me, fantastic night?*

*The stars glitter down on me
with glowing, loving gazes,
and the distance speaks tipsily,
it seems, of great future happiness.*

WINTERREISE D. 911 OP. 89 (part 2) – Franz Schubert

Poetry by Wilhelm Müller, English translations by Arthur Rishi

13. Die Post

Von der Strasse her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, dass es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich:
Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,
Mein Herz?

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

Willst wohl einmal hinüber sehn,
Und fragen, wie es dort mag gehn,
Mein Herz?

14. 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 hinweggethaut,
Hab' wieder schwarze Haare,
Dass mir's vor meiner Jugend graut –
Wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!

Vom Abendroth zum Morgenlicht
Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.
Wer glaubt's? Und meiner ward es nicht
Auf dieser ganzen Reise!

15. Die Krähe

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

Krähe, wunderliches Thier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

13. The Post

*A post horn sounds from the street.
What is it that makes you leap so,
My heart?*

*The post brings no letter for you.
Why do you surge, then, so wonderfully,
My heart?*

*And now the post comes from the town
Where once I had a true beloved,
My heart!*

*Do you want to look out
And ask how things are back there,
My heart?*

14. The Grey Head

*The frost sprinkled a white coating
All through my hair;
It made me think I was already grey-haired,
And that made me very happy.*

*But soon it thawed,
Again my hair is black,
And so I grieve to have my youth –
How far still to the funeral bier!*

*From dusk to dawn
Many a head has turned grey.
Who would believe it? And mine has not
In the whole course of this journey!*

15. The Crow

*A crow was with me
From out of the town,
Even up to this moment
It circles above my head.*

*Crow, strange creature,
Will you not forsake me?
Do you intend, very soon,
To take my corpse as food?*

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

16. Letzte Hoffnung

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

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

Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab,
Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,
Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

17. Im Dorfe

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten.
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
Träumen sich Manches, was sie nicht
haben,
Thun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben:
Und Morgen früh ist Alles zerflossen. –
Je nun, sie haben ihr Theil 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?

18. Der stürmische Morgen

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

*Well, it is not much farther
That I wander with my staff in hand.
Crow, let me see at last
A fidelity that lasts to the grave!*

16. Last Hope

*Here and there may a coloured leaf
Be seen on the trees.
And often I stand before the trees
Lost in thought.*

*I look for a single leaf
On which to hang my hope;
If the wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble all over.*

*Ah! if the leaf falls to ground,
My hope falls with it;
And I, too, sink to the ground,
Weeping at my hope's grave.*

17. In the Village

*The hounds are barking, their chains
are rattling;
Men are asleep in their beds,
They dream of the things they do not have,
Find refreshment in good and bad things.
And tomorrow morning everything is
vanished.
Yet still, they have enjoyed their share,
And hope that what remains to them,
Might still be found on their pillows.*

*Bark me away, you waking dogs!
Let me not find rest in the hours of
slumber!
I am finished with all dreaming
Why should I linger among sleepers?*

18. The Stormy Morning

*See how the storm has torn apart
Heaven's grey cloak!
Shreds of clouds flit about
In weary strife.*

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.

19. Täuschung

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her;
Ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;
Ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,
Dass es verlockt den Wandersmann.

Ach, wer wie ich so elend ist,
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus,
Und eine liebe Seele drin –
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

20. Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege
Wo die anderen Wandrer 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.

*And fiery red flames
Burst forth among them:
This is what I call a morning
Exactly to my liking!*

*My heart sees its own image
Painted in the sky
It is nothing but winter,
Winter, cold and savage.*

19. Deception

*A friendly light dances before me,
I followed it this way and that;
I follow it eagerly and watch its course
As it lures the wanderer onward.*

*Ah! one that is wretched as I
Yields himself gladly to such cunning,
That portrays, beyond ice, night, and horror,
A bright warm house.
And inside, a loving soul –
Ah, my only victory is in delusion!*

20. The Signpost

*Why do I avoid the routes
Which the other travelers take,
To search out hidden paths
Through snowy cliff tops?*

*I have truly done no wrong
That I should shun mankind.
What foolish desire
Drives me into the wastelands?*

*Signposts stand along the roads,
Signposts leading to the towns;
And I wander on and on,
Restlessly in search of rest.*

*One signpost stands before me,
Remains fixed before my gaze.
One road I must take,
From which no one has ever returned.*

21. Das Wirtshaus

Auf einen Totenacker
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.
Allhier will ich einkehren:
Hab' ich bei mir gedacht.

Ihr grünen Totenkränze
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
Die müde 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!

22. Mut

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

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

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

23. Die Nebensonnen

Drei Sonnen sah' ich am Himmel stehn,
Hab' lang' und fest sie angesehn;
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!
Ach, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei:
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.
Ging' nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

21. The Inn

*My path has brought me
to a graveyard.
Here would I lodge,
I thought to myself.*

*You green death-wreaths
might well be the signs,
That invite the weary traveler
into the cool inn.*

*But in this house
are all the rooms taken?
I am weak enough to drop,
fatally wounded.*

*O unmerciful innkeeper,
do you turn me away?
Then further on, further on,
my faithful walking stick.*

22. Courage

*The snow flies in my face,
I shake it off.
When my heart cries out in my breast,
I sing brightly and cheerfully.*

*I do not hear what it says,
I have no ears,
I do not feel what it laments,
Lamenting is for fools.*

*Merrily stride into the world
Against all wind and weather!
If there is no God on earth,
We are gods ourselves!*

23. The Phantom Suns

*I saw three suns in the sky,
I stared at them long and hard;
And they, too, stood staring
As if unwilling to leave me.
Ah, but you are not my suns!
Stare at others in the face, then:
Until recently I, too, had three;
Now the best two are gone.
But let the third one go, too!
In the darkness I will fare better.*

24. Der Leiermann

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

Baarfuss auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her;
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

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

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

Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

24. The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

*There, behind the village,
stands a hurdy-gurdy-man,
And with numb fingers
he plays the best he can.*

*Barefoot on the ice,
he staggers back and forth,
And his little plate
remains ever empty.*

*No one wants to hear him,
no one looks at him,
And the hounds snarl
at the old man.*

*And he lets it all go by,
everything as it will,
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
is never still.*

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

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We are grateful to the following individuals who have chosen to support the future of choral music with a legacy gift to the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir.

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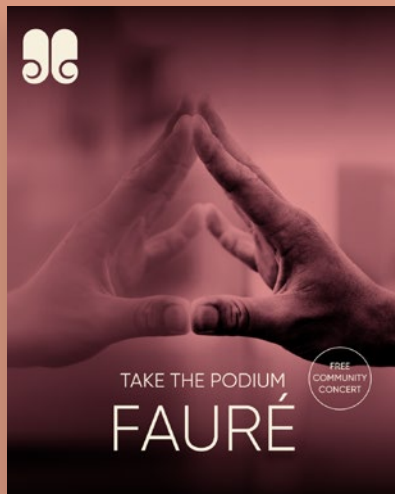
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23
24



April 27, 2024
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and **April 30, 2024**
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A large poster for the Mahler Symphony No. 3 performance. It features a wide shot of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the TMChoir performing on stage. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra logo is in the top left corner. The text "The TMChoir is proud to be collaborating with the TSO on this performance." is in the top right. The title "MAHLER SYMPHONY NO. 3" is centered, followed by the dates "Jun 12–Jun 15, 2024" and the venue "Roy Thomson Hall".

TSO Toronto Symphony Orchestra

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MAHLER
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Roy Thomson Hall

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