



**Schubert
Club**

ACCORDO

Monday, April 20, 2026

Westminster Hall

Reflections On My Tenure

Barry Kempton *Artistic & Executive Director, 2012-2026*



At the beginning of the season, I announced that 2026–27 would be my final one as Director of the Schubert Club. Back in September, the end of this season seemed a long way off, but it is fast approaching. I am beginning to reflect on the extraordinary privilege I have enjoyed of leading Schubert Club for the past fourteen-plus years.

With our collective passion for music channeled into concert presenting, music education, scholarship awards, and a Museum, Schubert Club is quite unusual—if not unique. We’re no longer a club with membership (that structure was abandoned some 100 years ago), but we value the concept of belonging; we focus on music performed on a smaller scale—recitals and chamber music where a musician’s voice and virtuosity are on full display; and throughout the organization—staff, board members, donors and ticket buyers - we are blessed with people who care about music, music education and the Schubert Club.

So, what have been the highlights? It’s hard to choose favorites, of course! But knowing that I am excluding many extraordinary performances and experiences, I will offer the following five “forever memories.”



1. The Danish String Quartet’s Beethoven Quartet cycle

Originally scheduled in May 2020 as a Beethoven anniversary project, the event was postponed twice due to COVID-19. We succeeded on our third attempt in November 2021. Live concerts had just returned, and we still had COVID protocols in place. Despite that, some 240 Beethoven fans attended the whole cycle—six performances in seven days. Hundreds more single ticket buyers joined for one or more concerts. Most importantly, we got to hear one of today’s great string quartets share unforgettable interpretations of the fifteen quartets. These were performances of an extraordinary musical and technical standard. *(As an aside, the Shostakovich quartet cycle by the Jerusalem Quartet last season was similarly revelatory.)*



2. The Schubert Club Music Museum Reopening

Our Museum Committee, Kate Cooper, Gweni Caine, and I spent a long time imagining a Museum that invited visitors to interact with exhibits and featured more musical instruments from around the world. The pandemic slowed us down, but it didn’t ultimately affect the major transformation that led to today’s Music Museum at Landmark Center. Instruments to play, buttons to push, keyboards to learn on—I really believe there is something there for every music lover.



3. The 140th Anniversary Celebration

There was quite a buzz when we announced the 2019-20 season. Royal wedding cellist Sheku Kanneh-Mason would play a recital with his sister Isata. A year or so later, as we thought about a Gala event to celebrate Schubert Club's 140th anniversary, I wondered whether there was any chance at all of inviting Sheku and Isata back to perform with their five sisters and brother - equally talented siblings. It seemed unlikely, but somehow we found a date that worked for those seven amazing young musicians, Schubert Club, and the Ordway. Our friends at Minnesota Opera even built their set so they could withdraw sections between performances, allowing us, Schubert Club, to squeeze a concert in on an Opera rest day. (That is the Arts Partnership at its best!) Hearing the extraordinary family of Kanneh-Masons playing together was the best way I can imagine to celebrate Schubert Club's most recent milestone!



4. The Hamburg Steinway Piano Selection

A small Schubert Club delegation, including me, visited Hamburg, Germany to go shopping. Just one item on the shopping list: a Steinway concert grand piano! These hand-crafted instruments are so much in demand that we had to wait nine months from paying our deposit to getting an appointment at the piano showroom. The icing on the cake was the coincidence that Leif Ove Andsnes had a recital in Hamburg right after our appointment day and agreed to travel to Hamburg a day early to select a piano for us. We had a choice of eight magnificent Steinway Model Ds. And we got to hear one of the world's great pianists put all eight through their paces. Of course, the eight pianos were remarkable instruments, but for Leif Ove, one had a special character. And that piano now lives backstage at the Ordway. I'm filled with joy every time we hear it.



5. The Human Voice

Am I cheating by including multiple unforgettable vocal recitals over the past 14-plus years? Maybe just a little, but so what? Joyce DiDonato, Dmitri Hvorostovsky, Jessye Norman, Bryn Terfel, Susan Graham, Renée Fleming, Golda Schultz and many others graced our stage during my tenure and I get a chill just thinking about them. I also have special memories of sitting alone in the Ordway Concert Hall, listening to recitals by Jamie Barton and Lawrence Brownlee that we live-streamed during the pandemic. The circumstance might have been unwelcome, but experiencing artistry of that quality alone in our world-class concert hall is something I'll never forget.

Gary Kuyper

As the Brits would say in cricketing parlance, I've had a good innings. I also know how lucky I've been. Even though most of you already know this, it doesn't hurt to reiterate that Schubert Club is a truly special organization with an incredible history and a bright future. Please cherish it and support it, so that Schubert Club continues to create musical memories we—and future generations of audiences—will never forget.

Monday, April 20, 2026 • 7:30 PM

Westminster Hall at Westminster Presbyterian Church

ACCORDO

Susie Park, violin • Robin Scott, violin
Maiya Papach, viola • Julie Albers, cello
Roderick Williams, baritone

String Quartet in G major, Op. 76, Erdödy, No. 1, Hob.III:75 (1796–97)

Allegro con spirito

Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

Adagio sostenuto

Minuet. Presto - Trio

Finale. Allegro ma non troppo

Scott, Park, Papach, Albers

Intermission

Die schöne Müllerin, D.795 (1823)

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Das Wandern (To Wander)

Arr. Williams for voice and string quartet

Wohin? (Whither)

Halt! (Stay!)

Danksagung an den Bach (Thanks to the Brook)

Am Feierabend (The Hour of Rest)

Der Neugierige (The Eager Questioner)

Ungeduld (Impatience)

Morgengruss (Good Morning)

Des Müllers Blumen (The Miller's Flowers)

Tränenregen (Shower of Tears)

Mein! (Mine)

Pause (Interlude)

Mit dem grünen Lautenbande (With the Green Lute-Ribbon)

Der Jäger (The Hunter)

Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and Pride)

Die liebe Farbe (The Favorite Color)

Die böse Farbe (The Hated Color)

Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers)

Der Müller und der Bach (The Miller and the Brook)

Des Baches Wiegenlied (The Brook's Lullaby)

Park, Scott, Papach, Albers, Williams

PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC DEVICES



Detail of a popular oil on canvas painting depicting Franz Joseph Haydn observing a string quartet.

**String Quartet in G major, Op. 76,
Erdödy, No. 1, Hob.III:75 (1796–97)**

Joseph Haydn

(b. Rohrau, Austria, 1732; d. Vienna, Austria, 1809)

According to all who knew him, Haydn was a kind, fatherly figure who was known during his lifetime by the nickname “Papa.” Although he never had children of his own, various paternity charges have been made against him over the years, as the “father” of the two most popular forms of chamber music that are around today: the string quartet and the piano trio. While he didn’t actually invent them, he was the first to demonstrate their possibilities in ways that had never been imagined. Haydn wrote almost 70 string quartets and over 20 piano trios, creating the models that directly inspired Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven. Additionally, Haydn was instrumental in the development of the classical-era structure known as sonata form, he advanced the keyboard sonata, was the first to write symphonies of real substance, and helped to establish the tradition of modern orchestral playing. Haydn was *the* musician of stature in Europe for well over 30 years.

Haydn’s creativity did not evolve in a vacuum however and can be partly explained by the fertile situation of his near 30-year employment by the wealthy and music-loving Esterhazy family, who lived in a palatial estate in the Hungarian countryside. Haydn’s employment conditions required him to compose vast amounts of music needed for the daily concerts, holiday events and festivals held at the Esterhazy castle. For example, every day

at noon, Haydn met with Prince Esterhazy to confer on that day’s music. His contract required that “he behave himself excellently, resolve any problems between the musicians, teach the singers, compose music, rehearse the orchestra of 22 musicians and maintain the prince’s collection of instruments.” To show off his castle and great orchestra the prince would hold magnificent festivals, personally directed by Haydn, dressed in a bright blue coat decorated with silver braid and buttons, white collar and cuffs, shining pumps and signature powdered wig. Under Haydn’s direction, Esterhazy Palace became famous all over Europe as a leading music center. It was in this musical Petri dish that the modern string quartet was born. Haydn transformed the genre from light “divertimenti” entertainment pieces into a mature, four-part conversation.

By the time he composed the six quartets of Op. 76, Haydn, at the age of 64, was enjoying a rather luxurious retirement from his decades-long service to the Esterhazy family. He had just returned from his second tour of England (where he was quite the celebrity), universally admired as the greatest living composer in Europe. Haydn was still at the height of his compositional powers and the Op. 76 quartets display his undiminished capacity for invention and innovation in a genre in which he had no living peer, following Mozart’s death five years earlier. Haydn composed the Op. 76 quartets to fulfill a commission from the Hungarian aristocrat Count Joseph Erdödy, a music-loving fan and (generous) patron of the arts.

Sidebar: Count Erdödy would later commission Beethoven as well, resulting in the two cello sonatas Op. 102, dedicated to Erdödy’s wife, the Countess Anne Marie Erdödy, said to be an excellent pianist.

Many of Haydn’s quartets have earned nicknames, and Op. 76, No. 1 is no exception. It is sometimes called the “Jack-in-the-box” quartet, after the humorously surprising coda of its finale. (More on that later.) The first movement begins with three bold decisive chords that grab our attention before the cello introduces the main theme, one that sounds like it could be the start of an impertinent fugue. The tune passes next to the viola, then second violin and lastly to the first violin, in succession. This is a highly unusual way to begin, one that would have certainly captured the audience’s attention, if only for the rapid four-way conversational banter. Although there is a brief second theme, the main theme dominates the entire movement.

Structurally speaking, Haydn follows the obligatory template for Sonata Form, during which the themes are subjected to all kinds of interesting changes, complemented by Haydn's typically brilliant counterpoint. The movement ends decisively on a firm, unison chord.

Sidebar: In simplest terms, Sonata Form is a three-part structure, consisting of Exposition, Development, and Recapitulation. The Exposition is usually repeated verbatim. Sonata Form became the default template for composers as a way to organize their material. It is predicated on the composer's ability to manipulate the thematic material he presents in the Exposition. These thematic "manipulations" subject the tunes to all manner of changes in the Development section, often by veering off into contrasting keys and harmonies, before returning to the home key. Sonata Form appears not only in the first movement of instrumental sonatas, but in the opening movement of multi-movement symphonies as well. Sonata Form's use continued well into the 20th century, as late as the symphonies of Gustav Mahler.

The second movement, Adagio sostenuto, has been called the emotional linchpin of the quartet. Beginning with a poignant theme set as a choral hymn, the music unwinds slowly—*sostenuto*—without haste, to great emotional effect.

The Minuet is marked presto and sounds more like the 'modern' Scherzo that would replace it. (It would soon become Beethoven's signature move.) The Minuet opens with a light and lissome touch, turning darker and more dramatic in the second phrase. The contrasting Trio section casts the first violin as soloist in a charming Austrian ländler, to the pizzicato accompaniment of his/her colleagues.

The finale starts boldly and solemnly, stated in unison in the darker key of G minor. Rather quickly, the music returns to a major key as virtuosic passagework is passed around equally, giving everyone a chance to shine. A word about the Finale's structure, which is a bit irregular. It is not set in rondo form that one would typically expect in a last movement. Haydn indicates that the opening section be repeated, a practice usually reserved for sonata form, as in the opening movement. Harmonically, Haydn keeps us guessing throughout, as he toggles back and forth between the major and minor sonority to unsettling effect. We

get a last-minute surprise in the coda, following a unison chord that seems as if it is headed for a final cadence. Instead, Haydn inserts a jaunty, carefree tune in the violin, accompanied by a bouncy pizzicato. At one point, the first violin part springs upward rapidly to the highest ranges. This cheerful "Jack-in-the-box" gesture appears twice before the music ends in a typical Haydn flourish with bold chords.

Die schöne Müllerin, D.795 (1823)

Franz Schubert

(b. Vienna, Austria, 1797; d. Vienna, 1828)

While Franz Joseph Haydn was lucky enough to live to the ripe age of 77, Franz Peter Schubert was not so lucky. He died tragically young, at 31, perhaps the best example of the proverbial artist who was nearly ignored during his lifetime but posthumously recognized a genius. There might be no other composer who was more unappreciated and unknown during his life than Schubert. For example, as of his 20th birthday, Schubert's music had not been published, mentioned in a newspaper, or performed publicly in Vienna a single time, even though he had already composed some 300 songs and a large body of orchestral and chamber music. He may have been primarily to blame, as he was pathetic at self-promotion – it just didn't interest him – and as a result, little of his music was published or performed before he died. That mattered little to Schubert, who seemed happy enough to pour out page after page of music, whether it got performed or not. He felt it was his life's mission. He even confided to a friend that the state should support him, for "I have come into the world for no purpose but to compose."

The details of his personal life are scant, because he left very few letters or diary entries that would give us insight into Schubert the man. He never married, and it has been rumored that he was gay, although there isn't any evidence. He was known to have affairs with women, but he kept the particulars to himself. Not even his friends knew the details. When Schubert died, he left nothing behind, no books, no money, no furniture, no estate at all. The only thing he left us were manuscripts, scattered all

Recital in the Round

Roderick Williams OBE, baritone

Christopher Glynn, piano

Friday, April 24 • 7:30 PM

Westminster Hall, Minneapolis



This year's Featured Artist, baritone Roderick Williams OBE, will perform a unique recital in the round at Westminster Hall. For his program, entitled *An English Song Winterreise*, Williams has chosen English songs which reflect each of the 24 individual songs that make up Franz Schubert's *Winterreise* to craft a unique musical journey. This curated song cycle will include works by Ralph Vaughan Williams, Benjamin Britten, and Gerald Finzi, as well as more modern works by Judith Weir and Errollyn Wallen.

PROGRAM

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–1958)
The Vagabond
Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

ROGER QUILTER (1877–1953)
Blow, blow, thou winter wind
Text by William Shakespeare

MADLINE DRING (1923–1977)
Weep You No More
(Text by Anonymous)

GERALD FINZI (1901–1956)
At Middle-field Gate in February
Text by Thomas Hardy

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
Linden Lea
Text by William Barnes

FRANK BRIDGE (1879–1941)
Tears, Idle Tears
Text by Alfred Lloyd Tennyson

HUBERT PARRY (1848–1918)
Nightfall in Winter
Text by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell

IVOR GURNEY (1890–1937)
On the Downs
Text by John Masefield

FINZI
In the Mind's Eye
Text by Thomas Hardy

GURNEY
Lights Out
Text by Edward Thomas

INA BOYLE (1889–1967)
A Song of Enchantment
Text by Walter de la Mare

GURNEY
The Folly of Being Comforted
Text by William Butler Yeats

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)
Midnight on the Great Western
Text by Thomas Hardy

--- INTERMISSION ---

RODERICK WILLIAMS (b. 1965)
The Angel
Text by William Blake

JUDITH WEIR (b. 1954)
Written on Terrestrial Things
Text by Thomas Hardy

GERALD FINZI (1901–1956)
The Too Short Time
Text by Thomas Hardy

MICHAEL TIPPETT (1905–1998)
Come Unto These Yellow Sands
Text by William Shakespeare

ELIZABETH MACONCHY (1907–1994)
The Wind and the Rain
Text by William Shakespeare

DOREEN CARWITHEN (1922–2003)
Echo
Text by Walter de la Mare

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
Whither Must I Wander?
Text by Robert Louis Stevenson

FINZI
In a Churchyard
Text by Thomas Hardy

HUMPHRY PROCTOR-GREGG
The Stormy Evening
Robert Louis Stevenson

FINZI
Waiting Both
Text by Thomas Hardy

ERROLLYN WALLEN (b. 1958)
Peace on Earth
Text by Errollyn Wallen

over Vienna. Thanks to his brother, who collected as many as he could find, most of his manuscripts survived. However, the only serious effort to gather information about Schubert's life came nearly 40 years after his death, when the world finally realized that Schubert was one of the colossal creative figures of music. By then, there was scant little reliable first-hand information to go on, so his biography is thin. We are left to judge him purely by his music.

The music critic and author Harold C. Schonberg called Schubert “the first lyric poet of music” for his extraordinary ability to set words to music. Schubert was the first of the great composers to leave such a large body of art songs that have remained part of the repertory. He devoured the work of contemporary poets; setting more than 70 songs to texts by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and at least 44 to texts by Wilhelm Müller, the German lyric poet who was a favorite of Schubert's.

Die schöne Müllerin (“*The Fair Maid of the Mill*”), is a song cycle from 1823 based on 20 poems by Müller. (Müller's poems were also the subject of Schubert's other major song cycle, *Winterreise*.) Originally composed for voice and piano, this arrangement for string quartet and voice emphasizes the piano's significant expressive role, which is beyond mere accompaniment. In Schubert's original, much of the emotional weight is in fact carried by the piano part.

The cycle comprises twenty songs—a tragic tale of unrequited love—that charts a progression from initial optimism to subsequent despair and heartbreak. It begins with a young journeyman Miller cheerfully traveling the countryside. He comes upon a brook, which he follows to a mill where he becomes enamored with the Miller's daughter. However, due to his lot in life as a simple journeyman, she remains unattainable. He tries to win her over, but her response is tentative. Before long, a hunter dressed in green – matching the ribbon the Miller once gave her – captures her attention instead. Consumed by grief, the young man becomes fixated on the color green and imagines an elaborate death where flowers bloom from his grave as a symbol of his everlasting love. Overcome by despair, he presumably drowns himself in the brook. The final piece is a lullaby sung by the brook itself.



The title page of the first edition of *Die schöne Müllerin*

Das Wandern (To Wander):

A journeyman Miller travels cheerfully through the countryside, singing of the restless water, millstones, and millwheels of his trade.

Wohin? (Whither):

The Miller comes across the Brook and is captivated into following it. The accompaniment figures imitate the babbling Brook with rippling patterns.

Halt! (Stay!):

The Brook leads the Miller to a mill in a beautiful forest grove. The accompaniment imitates the dynamic forces that turn the mill wheel.

Danksagung an den Bach (Thanks to the Brook):

The grateful Miller thanks the Brook for providing work for his hands and his heart – the latter in the form of the beautiful maid of the mill, the Müllerin of the title, who makes her first appearance.

Am Feierabend (The Hour of Rest):

The Miller is distressed when the Maiden bids good night to all the men of the mill without giving him any special notice. He is determined to set himself apart from the others.

Der Neugierige (The Eager Questioner):

The Miller asks the inscrutable brook whether the Maiden loves him – yes or no – and between these two words lies his entire world. (“Tell me, little Brook, does she love me?”)

Ungeduld (Impatience):

The Miller wants his love to be marked on every tree, sung by every bird, and carried by the wind. A busy, restless repeated chord pattern in the accompaniment reflects the Miller's agitated state. ("My heart is yours, and it will be forever!")

Morgengruß (Good Morning):

The Miller is troubled by the Maiden's impersonal reaction to his morning greeting, yet his optimism remains intact. His infatuation swelling, he resolves to wait patiently outside her window. (This would be considered stalking today!).

Des Müllers Blumen (The Miller's Flowers):

The Miller draws a poetic comparison between the blue flowers along the brook and the Maiden's striking blue eyes. ("The flowers will whisper to her as in a dream: forget me not!")

Tränenregen (Shower of Tears):

The Miller and Maiden share a tender moment by the Brook, the three principal characters in one place. The Miller is unable to meet her gaze and instead stares into the Brook, observing both the moon and her reflection. As his tears ripple in the water, she departs abruptly.

Mein! (Mine!):

The overjoyed Miller believes he has won over the Maiden, despite little encouragement on her part.

Pause (Interlude):

His heart too full to sing, the Miller hangs his lute on the wall with a green ribbon and muses on the heavy burden of happiness. He anxiously ponders on whether the stirrings of his lute are a bad omen.

Mit dem grünen Lautenbande***(With the Green Lute-Ribbon):***

The Maiden mentions she likes green and the Miller is happy to oblige, giving her the ribbon as a symbol of their everlasting love. He convinces himself that he too likes green, though he is covered in white flour.

Der Jäger (The Hunter):

A dashing Hunter clad in matching green arrives at the mill. The Miller is immediately alarmed by this romantic rival and descends into a jealous tirade.

Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and Pride):

The Miller desperately pleads with the Brook to scold the fickle Maiden, who has been flirting with the Hunter.

Die liebe Farbe (The Favorite Color):

The lovesick Miller obsesses miserably over green, the color of his love and his pain. He imagines his elaborate death, including a grave plot covered with green turf, the color his sweetheart loves so much.

Die böse Farbe (The Hated Color):

The Miller bitterly and defiantly renounces the color green. He wishes to take the Maiden's hand one last time to say farewell. ("Oh green, you hateful color you! So proud, so mocking, so pleased with my pain!")

Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers):

In an elaborate death fantasy scene, the Miller longs to be buried with the now-withered flowers the Maiden had given him. When she sees this, she will know his heart was faithful and the flowers will bloom again. ("And when she passes my grave, she will think 'He was true to me!'")

Der Müller und der Bach (The Miller and the Brook):

In despair, the Miller seeks comfort from the Brook, who reassures him with comforting words that love conquers pain. Resigned and exhausted, the Miller submits himself to the Brook's "cool rest". In the instrumental outro at the end, the music descends peacefully to a final major chord as the Miller meets his fate.

Des Baches Wiegenlied (The Brook's Lullaby):

By far the longest entry in the cycle, the Brook's final lullaby sings the Miller to (eternal) sleep. ("Rest well, close your eyes. Wanderer, you weary one, you are at home.") The Brook warns the Maiden not to disturb him. ("Away, away from the mill-path, wicked girl, lest your shadow should wake him! Throw me your fine shawl, that I may keep his eyes covered!!") The Brook's final words conjure an eternal rest for the Miller under a timeless sky. ("The full moon rises, the mist vanishes, and the sky above, how vast it is.")



© Theo Williams

Roderick Williams

Roderick Williams is one of the UK's most sought-after baritones and is constantly in demand on the concert platform and

in recital, encompassing repertoire from the baroque to world premieres.

Opera engagements have included major roles at leading opera houses worldwide including the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, English National Opera, Dutch National Opera, Dallas Opera, the Bregenz Festival and Oper Köln. He has been involved in many world premieres including Alexander Knaifel's *Alice in Wonderland*, several operas by Michel van der Aa, the title role in Robert Saxton's *The Wandering Jew*, and the UK premiere of Sally Beamish's *Judas Passion* with the Orchestra of the Age of the Enlightenment.

Notable operatic engagements have included Oronte in Charpentier's *Medée*, Toby Kramer in van der Aa's *Sunken Garden*, Don Alfonso / *Così fan Tutte* and Sharpless / *Madam Butterfly* and baritone in a staging of Britten's *War Requiem* for English National Opera, the title role in *Eugene Onegin* for Garsington Opera, the title role in *Billy Budd* for Opera North, van der Aa's *After Life* at Melbourne State Theatre and at Opera de Lyon, and van de Aa's *Uppload* for Dutch National Opera, the Bregenz Festival, Oper Köln and at the Park Avenue Armory in New York. He has also appeared as Papageno and as Ulysse / *Il Ritorno di Ulisse* in *Patria* for the Royal Opera House, Toby Kramer for Dallas Opera, and Christus / *St John Passion* in staged performances with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, both under Sir Simon Rattle. In 2023 he sang Germont in *La Traviata* at the St Endellion Festival and recorded the role for a new film by Opera Glassworks which was released on Sky Arts in January 2025. Future engagements include Yeletsky / *Pique Dame* for Garsington Opera.

Recent and future concert engagements include performances with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, BBC National Orchestra of Wales, BBC

Philharmonic, BBC Symphony, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, the Hallé, Britten Sinfonia, City of London Sinfonia, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Gabrieli Consort, The Sixteen, The King's Consort, Le Concert Spirituel, Ensemble Orchestral de Paris, Berlin Philharmonic, RIAS Kammerchor, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, St Paul Chamber Orchestra, Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Bayerische Rundfunk, San Francisco Symphony, Music of the Baroque Chicago, New York Philharmonic, Utah Symphony, Cincinnati Symphony, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Sao Paulo Symphony, Bach Collegium Japan, and Singapore Symphony. He is a regular performer at the BBC Proms, featuring as the soloist in the Last Night in 2014, and most recently appearing in the *St Matthew Passion* in 2021, and the world premiere of Matthew Kaner's 'Pearl' in 2022. Other recent engagements included tours of Japan with the BBC SO, of Europe with the RIAS Kammerchor, and of North America with Bach Collegium Japan.

He is an accomplished recital artist who can be heard regularly at venues and festivals including Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, LSO St Luke's, the Perth Concert Hall, Ludlow Song Festival, Oxford Lieder Festival, Howard Assembly Room in Leeds, Bath International Festival, Three Choirs Festival, Aldeburgh Festival, Edinburgh International Festival, the Concertgebouw and the Musikverein. In 2019 he performed all three Schubert cycles at Wigmore Hall. His recital programmes often feature repertoire by British composers, including many new works. He appears frequently on BBC Radio 3 and Radio 4 as both performer and presenter.

His numerous recordings include Vaughan Williams, Berkeley and Britten operas for Chandos, and an extensive repertoire of English song with pianist Iain Burnside for Naxos. Other recent recordings include an award-winning disc of French song with Roger Vignoles for Champs Hill Records, the three Schubert Cycles with Iain Burnside for Chandos, and recordings of Stanford and Somervell with Susie Allan for Somm. He has also recorded Schubert's *Winter Journey* in a new translation by Jeremy Samms with Christopher Glynn for Signum. He sang Captain Balstrode / *Peter Grimes* with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra for Chandos (*Gramophone* Recording of the Year 2021). He has also recorded his own arrangement of Butterworth's *A Shropshire Lad* and other English repertoire with the Hallé and Sir Mark Elder, also for Chandos.

He is an established composer and has recently taken up the role of Composer in Association of the BBC Singers. Commissions include a major work, *World without End*, for the RIAS Kammerchor and BBC Singers, as well as a commission to celebrate the centenary of the RAF. He was Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder + in April 2016 and Artist in Residence with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra 2020-2022. Currently he is 'singer-in-residence' for Music in the Round in Sheffield, presenting concerts and leading on dynamic and innovative learning and participation projects that introduce amateur singers, young and old, to performing classical song repertoire. In 2023 he was Artistic Director of the St Endellion Summer Festival, and Artist in Residence at the Aldeburgh Festival.

In 2016 he won the Royal Philharmonic Society's Singer of the Year award, and in June 2017 was awarded an OBE for services to music. He also performed at the Coronation of King Charles III in 2023.

Susie Park

Sydney native Susie Park first picked up a violin at age three, made her solo debut at five, and, by 16, had performed with every major orchestra in her country. Susie has grown into a musician distinguished by unusual passion and versatility, and today performs internationally as an orchestral, chamber, and solo artist. Park's international career was launched at age 16, when she took first place in the Yehudi Menuhin International Competition in France. This led to performances and reengagements throughout the US, Europe, and her native Australia, where highlights included performances for crowds of over 120,000. Susie went on to receive additional top honors at the International Violin Competition of Indianapolis and the Wieniawski Competition in Poland.

Park has since concertized around the world, soloing and touring with European orchestras including the Vienna Symphony, Orchestre National de Lille, and the Royal Philharmonic; American orchestras including the Pittsburgh Symphony and San Francisco Symphony; Korea's KBS Orchestra; Orchestra Wellington in New Zealand; and all major symphony orchestras in Australia. Working with conductors including Simon Rattle, Hans Vonk, Alan Gilbert, Fabio Luisi and Yehudi Menuhin, Susie has been heard in venues ranging from New York's Carnegie and Alice Tully Halls, Boston's Symphony Hall, Chicago's Millennium Park, Philadelphia's Kimmel Center, Washington's Smithsonian Institute, Vienna's Musikverein,

Cologne's Philharmonie, Düsseldorf's Tonhalle, and Sydney's Opera House.

Park was recently appointed first associate concertmaster of the Minnesota Orchestra, and can be seen this season both leading and soloing with the ensemble. Susie will also tour with the conductorless East Coast Chamber Orchestra, of which she is a founding member. She joins the Enso String Quartet as first violinist for their final season. Susie performed with the Twin Cities own Accordo as guest violinist this fall. Other recent highlights include judging the Michael Hill international violin competition in New Zealand; serving on the faculty of the Bowdoin International Music Festival; touring her home country as guest first violinist of the Australian String Quartet, which prompted *The Australian* to publish a review headlined "Australian String Quartet proof Susie Park's one we let get away;" and touring India with the Australian World Orchestra under the baton of Zubin Mehta.

Park holds degrees from the Curtis Institute and the New England Conservatory; her principal teachers include Jaime Laredo, Ida Kavafian, Donald Weilerstein, Miriam Fried, Shi-Xiang (Peter) Zhang, and Christopher Kimber.

Robin Scott

Robin Scott, an award-winning musician described as one of America's rising stars on the classical music stage, has built a varied career as a soloist, chamber musician, and concertmaster. He has competed internationally, winning first prizes in the California International Young Artists Competition and the WAMSO Young Artist Competition in Minnesota, and second prizes in the Yehudi Menuhin International Violin Competition, the Irving M. Klein International String Competition, and the Stulberg International String Competition.

Scott has appeared as a soloist with the Minnesota Orchestra, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Indianapolis Symphony, Fort Wayne Philharmonic, Montgomery Symphony, Orchestre National de Lille in France, and many others. He has given numerous recitals and performances throughout the United States and abroad, in such venues as Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall and the Schubert Club in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Scott is also the newest member of Eastman's string quartet-in-residence, the Ying Quartet, as the Grammy-winning ensemble's first violinist. As an avid and passionate chamber musician, Scott has performed at the Kennedy

Center, the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, Boston's Jordan Hall, the Morgan Library, Town Hall in New York City, and other venues. His festival appearances include the Marlboro Music Festival, Ravinia's Steans Institute for Young Artists, Yellow Barn, Kneisel Hall, and the Saratoga and Chesapeake Chamber Music Festivals, MusicC in Iowa City, and others. He has participated in the acclaimed Music From Marlboro tours, as well as tours under the auspices of the Ravinia Festival, and was a member of the Gesualdo String Quartet, the quartet-in-residence at the University of Notre Dame.

Scott is also an accomplished and in-demand orchestral leader and has served as concertmaster of the New York Classical Players. He was guest concertmaster with the Fort Wayne Philharmonic and has performed with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra as guest principal second violin.

From 2011 to 2013, Scott was the Montgomery Symphony's artist-in-residence. In that position, he was the concertmaster of the symphony, and also performed with the orchestra and throughout the community as a soloist, recitalist, and chamber musician.

A native of Indiana, Scott began studying the violin at age five and also took piano lessons. He received his Bachelor of Music Degree at the New England Conservatory and his Artist Diploma at Indiana University, where he was a student of Miriam Fried. He pursued additional studies at NEC with Donald Weilerstein, the founding first violinist of the Cleveland Quartet, and violist Kim Kashkashian. Previously, he was a student of Mimi Zweig at Indiana University's preparatory program.

Maiya Papach

Maiya Papach is the principal violist of The Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra. A member of the orchestra since 2008, she has made solo appearances with the SPCO in Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante with concertmaster Steven Copes, solo directed Benjamin Britten's Lachrymae and as soloist in Woolrich's Ulysses Awakes.

Papach has made frequent national and international appearances as a chamber musician, with a versatile profile in her performances of both traditional and contemporary repertoire. She is a founding member of the International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE), with whom she has performed frequently at Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, New York's Le Poisson Rouge, Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art and dozens of

experimental venues. She has toured extensively in the former Soviet Union with the Da Capo Chamber Players, across North America with Musicians from Marlboro, and has made appearances at Prussia Cove (UK), the Boston Chamber Music Society, the Chesapeake Chamber Music Festival, the Chattanooga Chamber Music Festival and Chamber Music Quad Cities. She is also currently a member of Accordo, a Twin Cities-based chamber music group.

Papach is a 2013 recipient of the McKnight Fellowship for Performing Musicians administered by the MacPhail Center for Music. Through this fellowship and in collaboration with ICE, she co-commissioned a viola concerto by Anthony Cheung, performed at the Mostly Mozart Festival to critical acclaim by the New York Times. She is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory and the Juilliard School, and her principal teachers include Roland Vamos, Karen Tuttle, Benny Kim and Hsin-Yun Huang. She performs on a 19th century Turinese viola by Annibale Fagnola.

Julie Albers

Cellist Julie Albers is recognized for her superlative artistry, her charismatic and radiant performing style, and her intense musicianship. Born into a musical family in Longmont, Colorado, she began violin studies at the age of two with her mother, switching to cello at four. She moved to Cleveland during her junior year of high school to pursue studies through the Young Artist Program at the Cleveland Institute of Music, where she studied with Richard Aaron. Ms. Albers soon was awarded the Grand Prize at the XIII International Competition for Young Musicians in Douai, France, and as a result toured France as soloist with Orchestre Symphonique de Douai.

Ms. Albers made her major orchestral debut with the Cleveland Orchestra at the age of 17 and thereafter has performed in recital and with orchestras throughout North America, Europe, Korea, Taiwan, Australia, and New Zealand. Past seasons have included performances with the symphony orchestras of Colorado, Grant Park Music Festival, Indianapolis, Munchener Kammerorchester, Rochester, San Diego, Seattle, Vancouver, and St. Paul Chamber Orchestra among others. In 2001, she won Second Prize in Munich's Internationalen Musikwettbewerb der ARD, and was also awarded the Wilhelm-Weichsler-Musikpreis der Stadt Osnabruch. While in Germany, she recorded solo and chamber music of Kodaly for the Bavarian Radio, performances that have been heard throughout Europe.

Ms. Albers was named principal cellist of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in 2015, a position she currently holds. In addition, she regularly participates in chamber music festivals including ChamberFest Cleveland, La Jolla SummerFest, Rome Chamber Music Festival, Seattle Chamber Music Society, and Toronto Summer Music. 2009 marked the end of a three year residency with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center Two. Teaching has also held a very important place in Ms. Albers' musical life from the age of 12 when she started teaching her first students. She held the position of Assistant Professor at the Robert McDuffie Center for Strings at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia from 2009–2022.

Ms. Albers' debut album with Orion Weiss includes works by Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, Schumann, Massenet, and Piatigorsky and is available on the Artek Label. Julie Albers performs on a N.F. Vuillaume cello made in 1872

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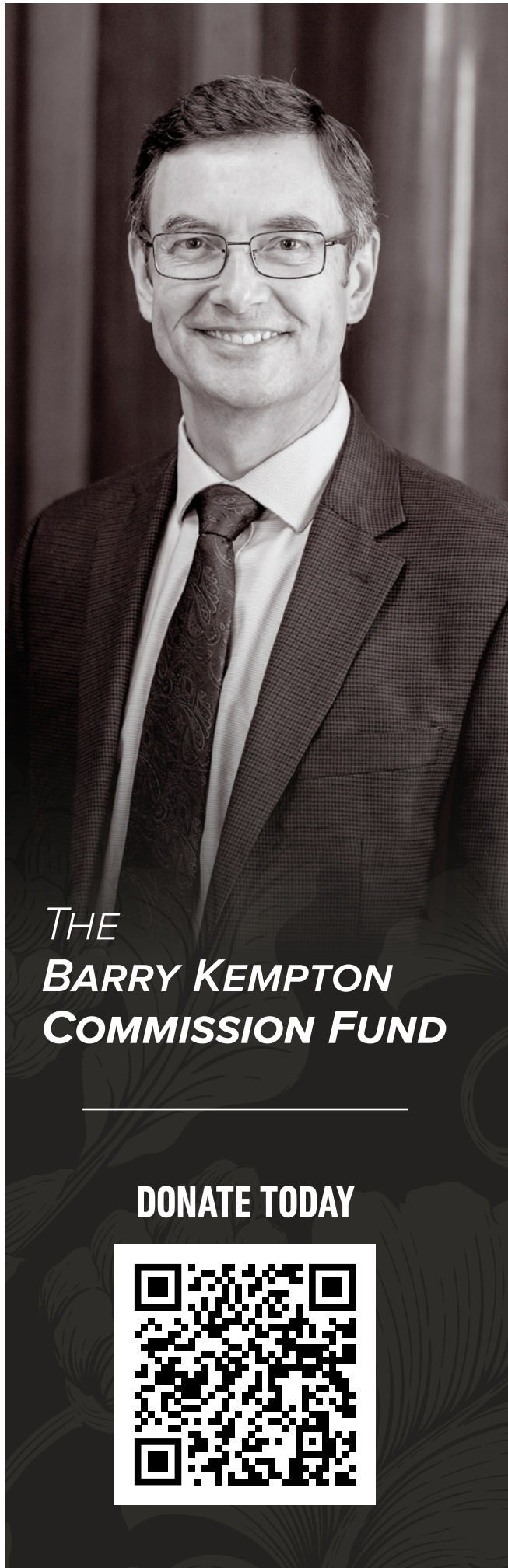
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THE
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Help Schubert Club champion new music:

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As we prepare for Barry Kempton's departure from Schubert Club in June, we have an ambitious idea to thank him, and we would like you to join us.

Under Barry's tenure, Schubert Club has commissioned or co-commissioned more than 50 new works. To make sure Barry's passion for championing new music lives on into the future, and in recognition of his remarkable leadership, Schubert Club is establishing a special commission fund.

We invite you to contribute before June 30, 2026 to be a founding supporter of the Barry Kempton Commission Fund. Gifts of any amount are welcomed and appreciated! The total amount raised will be announced on July 1, 2027.

We hope you will join us in being a part of this new and exciting chapter at Schubert Club.

To make a donation, please contact **Amy Marret** at amarret@schubert.org or 651.292.3270, or scan the QR code to the left to donate online.

Die schöne Müllerin, D. 795

(The Miller's Beautiful Daughter)

Music by Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Poems by Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

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Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.
Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.
Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde gehn,
Die Räder.
Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.
O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn
Und wandern.

Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander.
Wandering!
We've learned this from the water,
From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey,
The water.
We see this also with the wheels,
With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And go all day without tiring.
The wheels.
The stones themselves, heavy though they are,
The stones!
They join in the cheerful dance,
And want to go yet faster.
The stones!
Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,
Oh, wandering!
Oh, Master and Mistress,
Let me continue in peace,
And wander!

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.
Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.
Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.
Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.
Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.
Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

Where to?

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright.
I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.
Down and always farther,
And always the brook follows after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.
Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! Where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.
But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps the water-nymphs
are singing rounds down there in the deep.
Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn
In each clear brook.

Halt!

I see a mill gleaming
Out from the alders;
Through the roaring and singing
Bursts the clatter of wheels.

Hey, welcome, welcome!
Sweet mill-song!
And the house, so comfortable!
And the windows, how clean!

And the sun, how brightly
it shines from Heaven!
Hey, brooklet, dear brook,
Was this, then, what you meant?

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund?
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möchte ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab ich genug
Für die Hände, fürs Herze
Vollauf genug!

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Giving Thanks to the Brook

Was this, then, what you meant,
My rushing friend?
Your singing and your ringing?
Was this what you meant?

"To the Millermaid!"
it seems to say...
Right? Have I understood?
"To the Millermaid!"

Has she sent you?
Or am I deluding myself?
I would like to know,
Whether she has sent you.

Now, however it may be,
I commit myself!
What I sought, I have found.
However it may be.

After work I ask,
Now have I enough
for my hands and my heart?
Completely enough!

On the Restful Evening

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
If I could loudly
drive the wheels!
If I could blow
Through all the groves!
If I could turn
All the stones!
So that the beautiful Millermaid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I do.
And there I sit in the great gathering,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
"Your work has pleased me;"
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night to everyone."

Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfürh so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm?
Will ja nur eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

Ungeduld

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grub' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
Bis daß er sprach' die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie sprach' mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißem Drang;
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;
Oh, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!
Ihr Wogen, könnt' ihr nichts als Räder treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müßt' in meinen Augen stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müßt' man's brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund,
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben!

Curiosity

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me,
What I so eagerly want to know.

I am surely not a gardener,
The stars stand too high;
My brooklet will I ask,
Whether my heart has lied to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so quiet today?
I want to know just one thing -
One little word again and again.

The one little word is "Yes";
The other is "No",
Both these little words
Make up the entire world to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so strange?
I'll surely not repeat it;
Tell me, o brooklet, does she love me?

Impatience

I would carve it fondly in the bark of trees,
I would chisel it eagerly into each pebble,
I would like to sow it upon each fresh flower-bed
With water-cress seeds, which it would quickly disclose;
Upon each white piece of paper would I write:
Yours is my heart and so shall it remain forever.

I would like to raise a young starling,
Until he speaks to me in words pure and clear,
Until he speaks to me with my mouth's sound,
With my heart's full, warm urge;
Then he would sing brightly through her windowpanes:
Yours is my heart and so shall it remain forever!

I would like to breathe it into the morning breezes,
I would like to whisper it through the active grove;
Oh, if only it would shine from each flower-star!
Would it only carry the scent to her from near and far!
You waves, could you nothing but wheels drive?
Yours is my heart, and so shall it remain forever.

I thought, it must be visible in my eyes,
On my cheeks it must be seen that it burns;
It must be readable on my mute lips,
Every breath would make it loudly known to her,
And yet she notices nothing of all my yearning feelings.
Yours is my heart, and so shall it remain forever.

Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
Als wär' dir was geschehen?
Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
So muß ich wieder gehen.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunkenen Äugelein,
Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
In Gottes hellen Morgen!
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Des Müllers Blumen

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach, der ist des Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein,
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh',
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

Morning Greetings

Good morning, beautiful millermaid!
Why do you so promptly turn your little head,
As if something has happened to you?
Do you dislike my greetings so profoundly?
Does my glance disturb you so much?
Then I must go on again.

O let me only stand from afar,
Watching your dear window,
From afar, from quite far away!
Your blonde little head, come out!
Come out from your round gate,
You blue morning stars!

You slumber-drunk little eyes,
You flowers, troubled with dew,
Why do you shy from the sun?
Has night been so good to you
That you close and bow and weep
for her quiet joy?

Now shake off the gauze of dreams
And rise, fresh and free
in God's bright morning!
The lark warbles in the sky;
And from the heart's depths,
Love calls away suffering and worries.

The Miller's Flowers

By the brook, many small flowers stand;
Out of bright blue eyes they look;
The brook - it is the miller's friend, -
And light blue shine my darling's eyes;
therefore, these are my flowers.

Right under her little window,
There will I plant these flowers,
There will you call to her when everything is quiet,
When her head leans to slumber,
You know what I intend you to say!

And when she closes her little eyes,
And sleeps in sweet sweet rest,
Then whisper, like a dreamy vision:
"Forget, forget me not!"
That is what I mean.

And early in the morning, when she opens the shutters up,
then look up with a loving gaze:
The dew in your little eyes
shall be my tears,
which I will shed upon you.

Tränenregen

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.
Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen,
Da rieselte munter der Bach
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh' nach Haus.

Mein!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt euer Brausen ein!
All' ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut' ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein
Mit dem seligen Worte mein
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

Rain of Tears

We sat so comfortably together
Under the cool roof of alders,
We gazed so quietly together
Down into the murmuring brook.

The moon was already out,
The stars after her,
And we gazed so quietly together
In the silver mirror there.
I sought to see no moon,
Nor the star's shine;
I looked only at her image,
At her eyes alone.

And I saw her reflection nod and gaze
Up from the blissful brook,
The flowerlets on the bank, the blue ones,
They nodded and gazed right back.

And into the brook seemed sunken
The entire heavens;
And seemed to want to pull me under
Into its depths as well.

And over the clouds and stars,
There murmured the brook
And called with singing and ringing:
Fellow, follow me!

Then my eyes filled with tears,
And made the mirror ripple:
She spoke: "The rain comes,
Farewell, I am going home."

Mine!

Little brook, let your gushing be!
Wheels, cease your roaring!
All you merry woodbirds,
Large and small,
End your melodies!
Through the grove,
Out and in,
Let only one song be heard today:
The beloved millermaid is mine!
Mine!
Spring, are these all the little flowers you have?
Sun, have you no brighter shine?
Ah, so I must be all alone
With my blissful word,
misunderstood by all of Creation!

Pause

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band -
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz
Durfte ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange, und es durchschauert mich.
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

“Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,
Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
Ich hab' das Grün so gern!”
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut zu mir;
Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab' es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immergrün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühen,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja's Grün so gern.
Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern.

Pause

My lute I've hung upon the wall,
I've tied it there with a green band;
I can sing no more, my heart is too full.
I know not how to compel the rhymes,
The hot pain of my yearning
I once could exhale in jesting songs;
And when I complained, so sweet and fine,
I believed my sorrows weren't small.
Ah, but how great is my joy's weight,
That no sound on earth can hold it?

Now, dear lute, rest on this nail here!
And if a breeze flutters over your strings,
And if a bee grazes you with its wings,
It makes me anxious and I shudder through and through.
Oh, why have I left that ribbon hanging there so long?
Often it stirs the strings with a sighing sound.
Is it the echo of my lovelorn pining?
Shall it be the prologue to new songs?

With the Green Lute-ribbon

“It's a pity for that pretty green ribbon,
That it fades here on the wall;
I like Green so very much!”
So you said, sweetheart, today to me;
I shall untie it and send it to you:
Now be fond of Green!

Even though your lover is white (with flour),
Green shall still have its praise;
And I also like green.
Because our love is evergreen,
Because Hope's far reaches bloom green,
We are both fond of green.

Now pleasantly entwine in your locks
This green ribbon;
You are so fond of green.
Then I will know where Hope dwells,
Then I will know where Love is enthroned,
Then I will be really fond of green.

Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich,
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und laß deine kläffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
Was will den das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt,
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber, die schieß, du Jägerheld!

Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild,
mein lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der großen Straße sehn?
Wenn vom den Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum Fenster 'naus.
Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das; doch sag ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort von meinem traurigen Gesicht.
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif' aus Rohr
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

The Hunter

What, then, does the hunter seek at the mill-brook here?
Remain, presumptuous hunter, in your own hunting-grounds!
Here there is no game for you to hunt;
Here dwells only a little doe, a tame one, for me.
And if you wish to see the tender doe,
Then leave your guns in the woods,
And leave your barking dogs at home,
And stop the horn from blowing and hooting,
And clip from your chin your shaggy hair;
Otherwise the doe will hide itself away in the garden.

Or better yet, remain in the forest
And leave the mills and the miller in peace!
What use are fishes in green branches?
What would the squirrel want in a blue pond?
Therefore stay, presumptuous hunter, in the meadow,
And leave me with my three wheels alone!
And if you would like to make yourself liked by my sweetheart,
Then know, friend, what troubles her heart:
The boars, they come at night from the grove
And break into her cabbage-garden
And tread and wallow around in the field.
The boars - shoot them, you hunter-hero.

Jealousy and Pride

To where are you going so quickly, so ruffled and wild,
my dear brook?
Do you hurry full of anger for the arrogant hunter?
Turn around and scold first your millermaid,
For her light, loose, little flirtatious mind,
Didn't you see her standing at the gate last night,
Craning her neck toward the large street?
When from the catch, the hunter returns gaily home,
Then no decent girl sticks her head out the window.
Go, brooklet, and tell her that; but tell her not,
Do you hear? Tell her no word of my sad face.
Tell her: he is carving a pipe out of a reed
And is playing pretty dances and songs for the children.

Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
In grüne Tränenweiden:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod;
Die Heide, die heiß' ich die Liebesnot:
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
Grün, Alles grün so rings und rund!
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

The Favorite Color

In green will I dress myself,
In green weeping willows;
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
I'll look for a thicket of cypresses,
A hedge of green rosemary;
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
Away to the joyous hunt!
Away through heath and hedge!
My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.
The beast that I hunt is Death;
The heath is what I call the grief of love.
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
Dig me a grave in the turf,
Cover me with green grass:
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
No black cross, no colorful flowers,
Green, everything green all around!
My sweetheart is so fond of green.

Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt;
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!
Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all
Weinen ganz totenbleich.
Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an,
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?
Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür
Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee.
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen: Ade!
Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.
O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band;
Ade, ade! Und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

The Hateful Color

I'd like to go out into the world,
Out into the wide world;
If only it weren't so green, so green,
Out there in the forest and field!
I would like to pluck all the green leaves
From every branch,
I would like to weep on all the grass
Until it is deathly pale.
Ah, Green, you hateful color, you,
Why do you always look at me,
So proud, so bold, so gloating,
And me only a poor, flour-covered man?
I would like to lay in front of her door,
In the storm and rain and snow.
And sing so softly by day and by night
One little word: farewell!
Hark, when in the forest a hunter's horn sounds -
Her window clicks!
And she looks out, but not for me;
Yet I can certainly look in.
O do unwind from your brow
That green, green ribbon;
Farewell, farewell! And give me
Your hand in parting!

Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir in's Grab.
Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh'?
Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wovon so naß?
Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.
Und Lenz wird kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.
Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.
Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei
Und denkt im Herzen:
Der meint' es treu!
Dann, Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

Dry flowers

All you little flowers,
That she gave me,
You shall lie
With me in my grave.
Why do you all look
At me so sadly,
As if you had known
What would happen to me?
You little flowers all,
How wilted, how pale!
You little flowers all,
Why so moist?
Ah, tears will not make
the green of May,
Will not make dead love
bloom again.
And Spring will come,
And Winter will go,
And flowers will
grow in the grass.
And flowers will lie
in my grave,
all the flowers
That she gave me.
And when she wanders
Past the hill
And thinks in her heart:
His feelings were true!
Then, all you little flowers,
Come out, come out,
May has come,
Winter is over.

Der Müller und der Bach

Der Müller:

Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet;
Da muß in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn;
Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zur Ruh'.

Der Bach:

Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
Am Himmel erblinkt;
Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
Aus Dornenreis.
Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab.

Der Müller:

Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach Bächlein, aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe tut?
Ach unten, da unten
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:

Where a true heart
Wastes away in love,
There wilt the lilies
In every bed;
Then into the clouds must
The full moon go,
So that her tears
Men do not see;
Then angels
shut their eyes
And sob and sing
the soul to its rest.

The Brook:

And when Love
conquers pain,
a little star, a new one,
shines in Heaven;
then spring up three roses,
half red and half white,
which never wilt,
on thorny stalks.
And the angels cut
their wings right off
and go every morning
down to Earth.

The Miller:

Ah, brooklet, dear brook,
You mean it so well,
Ah, brooklet, but do you know,
What love does?
Ah, under, yes under,
is cool rest!
Ah, brooklet, dear brook,
please just sing on.

Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!
Tu' die Augen zu!
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
Die Treu' ist hier,
Sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.
Will betten dich kühl
Auf weichen Pfühl
In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,
Was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!
Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
Aus dem grünen Wald,
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
Blickt nicht herein,
Blaue Blümelein!
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.
Hinweg, hinweg
Von dem Mühlensteg,
Böses Mägdelein, daß ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!
Wirf mir herein
Dein Tüchlein fein,
Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!
Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
Bis alles wacht,
Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf' aus dein Leid!
Der Vollmond steigt,
Der Nebel weicht,
Und der Himmel da droben, wie ist er so weit!

The Brook's Lullaby

Good rest, good rest,
Close your eyes!
Wanderer, tired one, you are home.
Fidelity is here,
You shall lie by me,
Until the sea drinks the brooklet dry.
I will bed you cool
On a soft pillow,
In the blue crystal room,
Come, come,
Whatever can lull,
rock and lap my boy to sleep!
When a hunting-horn sounds
From the green forest,
I will roar and rush around you.
Don't look in,
Blue flowerets!
You make my sleeper's dreams so troubled!
Away, away
From the mill-path,
hateful girl, that your shadow might not wake him.
Throw in to me
Your fine handkerchief,
That I may cover his eyes with it!
Good night, good night,
Until all awake,
Sleep out your joy, sleep out your pain!
The full moon climbs,
The mist fades away,
and the heavens above, how wide they are!

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