

Mitsuko Uchida

Piano



A black and white portrait of tenor Mark Padmore. He has light-colored hair and a full, grey beard. He is wearing a dark, high-collared jacket. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a stage or concert setting.

**Mark
Padmore**
Tenor

2022 Spring Season



Dear Friends,

Welcome to Princeton University Concerts!

We have been awaiting this shared moment with you for a long time and are grateful to have the magic of live music finally pierce through the heavy silence of the past few years. I have always been in awe of music's inimitable ability to provide solace, to heal, and to make us feel connected to one another. I am sure that you join my sentiment of cherishing this capacity all the more after the trauma that we have all experienced, and I hope that tonight's program will help propel us forward.

I am keenly aware that we all sit in Richardson Auditorium tonight as changed people. While it has always been Princeton University Concerts' intention to help serve as a bridge between the world of music and the perpetually changing times in which we live—to help us experience and consider music within the context of our personal and communal histories—I am now approaching this mission with a renewed sense of urgency. With every offering, live or digital, Princeton University Concerts will strive to refine this essential and intricate relationship. And I am sincere in my invitation to you to be a part of this process as together we rebuild our community and look towards the future.

Thank you for your presence, your support, and your devotion to music.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "marna seltzer".

Marna Seltzer

Director of Princeton University Concerts

Welcome back to Princeton University Concerts!
We've missed you!

Thursday, March 10, 2022 at 7:30PM • Richardson Auditorium, Alexander Hall

PADEREWSKI MEMORIAL CONCERT

MARK PADMORE Tenor
IMITSUO UCHIDA Piano

**LUDWIG
VAN
BEETHOVEN**
(1770–1827)

An die Hoffnung, Op. 94 (1815)
Resignation, WoO 149 (1817)
Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel, WoO 150 (1820)
An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98 (1816)

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
Wo die Berge so blau
Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Diese Wolken in den Höhen
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

INTERMISSION

**FRANZ
SCHUBERT**
(1797–1828)

Schwanengesang, D. 957 (1828)

Liebesbotschaft
Kriegers Ahnung
Frühlingssehnsucht
Ständchen
Aufenthalt
In der Ferne
Abschied
Der Atlas
Ihr Bild
Das Fischermädchen
Die Stadt
Am Meer
Der Doppelgänger
Die Taubenpost

PLEASE NOTE: Wearing a mask over your mouth and nose is required while inside the venue. Thank you for keeping our community safe.



About the Program

By Lucy Caplan © 2022 • Program Annotator

Lucy Caplan is a Lecturer on History and Literature at Harvard University. In 2016 she received the Rubin Prize for Music Criticism.

“Every Romantic Lied Ever,” a video making the rounds on social media lately, pokes gentle fun at the predictabilities of a beloved musical genre. It features a composition by “Franz Hugo Robert van Schuwolfbertmannven” which offers a nerdy rundown of the Romantic lied’s key ingredients—suspensions, repeated motifs, tone-painting, and the like—while incorporating quotations from well-known examples. Just as entertaining is its characterization of the lied’s typical characters and scenes: the rejected lover, the scary thunderstorm, the angsty heart. Like many parodies, this one is as illuminating as it is amusing. It speaks to a persistent fascination with a genre that is thought to stand as the pinnacle of a tradition: one in which music and words are seamlessly united and, so joined, can comment upon individuals’ interiority and the human condition writ large.

“ The lied’s imagined protagonist—German, white, male—is assumed to stand in for all people. Innumerable musicians and listeners have spoken back to that assumption by claiming space for themselves within this musical tradition.

But which individuals? Whose condition? In line with its Germanic origins, the Romantic lied purports to convey universal feelings and ideas. Yet even as this music claims to transcend human divides, it also draws narrow parameters around who gets to imagine, compose, and perform it. As the historian and musicologist Kira Thurman puts it, “If music is a universal language, it has a strong German accent.” Equating German art music with universal experience necessarily excludes perspectives which originate elsewhere, thus implying that the music of other nations or peoples is somehow less broadly accessible. The lied’s imagined protagonist—German, white, male—is assumed to stand in for all people.

Innumerable musicians and listeners have spoken back to that assumption by claiming space for themselves within this musical tradition. In addition to the performers of diverse backgrounds who have performed this music beautifully—of whom there are far too many to name—we might point to a figure like the African American intellectual and activist James Weldon Johnson, whose poem “O Black and Unknown Bards” (1922) compared spirituals to lieder: “Not that great German master in his dream / Of harmonies that thundered amongst the stars / At the creation, ever heard a theme / Nobler than ‘Go down, Moses.’” As Johnson’s words suggest, the beauty and emotional depth of German music in general, and lieder in particular, need not crowd out other possibilities. The search for music that tells us something about ourselves is one that encompasses and, indeed, requires infinite richness and variety.

Ludwig van Beethoven, *An die Hoffnung*, Op. 94 (1815)

The first moments of *An die Hoffnung* plunge straight into the existential depths: “Is there a God?” The voice enters haltingly over a wandering piano line, evoking an operatic recitative, before a cluster of transitional phrases ushers in a more songlike aria. Soaring gestures melt into pensive asides, and the piano introduces sudden changes of mood before joining the singer in long melodic phrases. This composition involved a return to a familiar text for Beethoven: An earlier song of the same name, Op. 32, sets a shorter excerpt from the same work, poet Christoph August Tiedge’s *Urania*. If the former was optimistic in mood and structurally uncomplicated, the latter is far more complex. Op. 94 might even be described as, well, un-Beethoven-like: In lieu of large-scale architectural complexity and abstract musical gesture, there is a notable flexibility of tempo and ample tone-painting to match the emotional shifts of the text. Seeking to portray that most intangible of concepts—hope—Beethoven turns to a musical language of intimacy and detail.

Beethoven, *Resignation*, WoO 149 (1817)

Resignation holds its cards close to the vest. The text is opaque, a narrative of loss which declines to name its subject or reveal any details of the narrator’s yearning. Adding to this sense of mystery are the lengthy instructions that Beethoven offers to the performer: “With feeling, yet resolutely, well accented, and sung as though spoken.” The paradoxes of Romanticism are

fully on display here: a surfeit of emotion, wrapped up in so many layers of artistic beauty that its root cause becomes unrecognizable. After a mournful start, singer and pianist search together for glimpses of brightness, only to be pulled back into the minor-key depths. The song's gentle conclusion belies its lack of emotional resolution: By the work's end, we still know next to nothing about what prompted this beautiful outpouring of feeling.

Beethoven, *Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel*, WoO 150 (1820)

The transcendent aspirations of lieder are epitomized in *Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel*. This song, one of Beethoven's final works in the genre, stands out for its unadorned majesty and declamatory elegance. Harmonically and structurally straightforward, it builds inexorably toward a sky-high zenith within each verse, then comes to rest with a peaceful final phrase from the piano. Like *Resignation*, it floats in an abstract realm; its text, by a little-known poet, is full of references to the heavens, the sun, and the stars. Back on earth, *Abendlied* held special meaning for Schubert, who transcribed it in his own hand.

Beethoven, *An die ferne Geliebte*, Op. 98 (1816)

Beethoven seems to have been undecided about how best to characterize this set of songs: He initially called it simply "six songs," but later revised that description to the more cohesive-sounding "song cycle," or Liederkreis. Set to a text by the physician and amateur poet Alois Jeitteles, it was to be Beethoven's first and only such work, setting a precedent for the work of composers like Schubert and Schumann. Yet it is also atypical in that its six songs, while clearly related, do not form a single chronological narrative. Instead, the piece moves cyclically, ending where it began. After the piano's first notes, the singer leaps in almost immediately to sing of his faraway beloved, as if his emotions are simply irrepressible. The second song overlaps with the first, like links on a bracelet. It is more pensive than its predecessor, almost devotional in tone. The third song, whose text evokes birds, clouds, and other natural wonders, introduces a new lightness before turning to a sadder minor key. As the second half of the cycle begins, images of nature continue to suffuse the scene; it is not until the final song that we return to the emotional intensity of the first. As the singer imagines a yearned-for reunion, he returns to the melodic content with which he began, completing the circle to poignant effect.

Franz Schubert, Schwanengesang, D. 957 (1828)

If *An die ferne Geliebte* can be likened to a sonic love letter, in which a narrator sings to and about his beloved, then *Schwanengesang* is akin to a scrapbook: a collection of fragments loosely organized around a theme. Before his death in 1828, Schubert had composed seven songs on texts by the poet and critic Ludwig Rellstab, as well as six on texts by poet Heinrich Heine. Posthumously, his publisher assembled these songs and threw in one final addition (with words by an Austrian bureaucrat, Johann Gabriel Seidl) for good measure. The resulting compilation—marketed under the somewhat obtuse moniker “Schubert’s farewell to song”—takes listeners on a varied, meandering journey. The first half of the compilation teems with such material as may have inspired “Every Romantic Lied Ever:” a singer entranced by love, a piano evoking a rippling stream. Yet there are also moments of inimitable beauty. *Ständchen* features one of the composer’s best-loved melodies, presented as a delicately intertwined conversation between piano and voice. In the six songs on texts by Heine, the emotional temperature rises. The once-lovesick narrator turns lonelier, traversing eerie landscapes—the spare beauty of *Die Stadt*, the sorrowful intimacy of *Am meer*—before arriving at *Der Doppelganger*, a portrayal of a man standing before his lover’s home and coming to terms with his past. Anchored by the piano’s unrelenting chords, the song is darkly gorgeous. The familiar falls away, and only the singer’s innermost feelings remain.

Ways of Hearing Reflections on Music in 26 Pieces

Edited by
SCOTT BURNHAM,
MARNA SELTZER &
DOROTHEA VON MOLTKE

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About the Artists

MARK PADMORE

Mark Padmore was born in London and studied at King's College, Cambridge. He has established an international career in opera, concert, and recital. His appearances in Bach Passions have gained particular notice, especially his renowned performances as Evangelist in *St. Matthew* and *St. John Passions* with the Berlin Philharmonic and Simon Rattle, staged by Peter Sellars.

A highlight of Mr. Padmore's 2021-22 season is a residency at Wigmore Hall, where he celebrates his relationship with pianists Till Fellner, Imogen Cooper, Mitsuko Uchida, and Paul Lewis. He will also appear in recital in Brussels with Simon Lepper, Madrid with Kristian Bezuidenhout, and in a six-concert U.S. tour with Mitsuko Uchida.

Other appearances in this busy season include a staged Britten *War Requiem* at the Liceu Barcelona, the role of Evangelist in *St. Matthew Passion* at the Bayerische Rundfunk conducted by Simon Rattle, and directing performances of *St. John Passion* with the Orchestra of the Age of the Enlightenment.

Mr. Padmore recently appeared in a new Royal Opera House, Covent Garden production of Britten's *Death in Venice*. Other recent opera roles

have included the leading roles in Harrison Birtwistle's *The Corridor* and *The Cure* at the Aldeburgh Festival; Captain Vere in Britten's *Billy Budd*, and as Evangelist in a staging of *St. Matthew Passion* both for Glyndebourne Festival Opera and the world premiere of Tansy Davies' *Cave* with the London Sinfonietta.

EXTEND THE LISTENING!

We asked Mark Padmore to share a musical playlist with you. Point your smartphone camera to this code to hear it.



In concert Mr. Padmore performs with the world's leading orchestras. He was Artist-in-Residence for the 2017-18 Season with the Berlin Philharmonic and held a similar position with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra for 2016-17. His work with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment has involved projects exploring both Bach's *St. John* and *St. Matthew Passions* and has attracted worldwide acclaim.

Mr. Padmore was voted 2016 Vocalist of the Year by *Musical America* and was awarded an Honorary Doctorate by Kent University in 2014. He was appointed Commander of the Order of the British Empire in the 2019 Queens' Birthday Honors List. He is Artistic Director of the St. Endellion Summer Music Festival in Cornwall. This concert marks his Princeton University Concerts debut.

MITSUKO UCHIDA

One of the most revered artists of our time, Mitsuko Uchida is a performer who brings a deep insight into the music she plays through her own search for truth and beauty. She is renowned for her interpretations of Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven, both in the concert hall and on CD, but she has also illuminated the piano music of Alban Berg, Arnold Schoenberg, Anton Webern, and György Kurtág.

Ms. Uchida performs with the world's finest orchestras and musicians. She has enjoyed close relationships over many years with the world's

most renowned orchestras, including the Berlin Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bavarian Radio Symphony, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, and—in the U.S.—the Chicago Symphony and The Cleveland Orchestra, with whom she recently celebrated her 100th performance at Severance Hall. Conductors with whom she has worked closely have included Bernard Haitink, Sir Simon Rattle, Riccardo Muti, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Vladimir Jurowski, Andris Nelsons, Gustavo Dudamel, and Mariss Jansons.

Since 2016, Ms. Uchida has been an Artistic Partner of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra, with whom she is currently engaged on a multi-season touring project in Europe, Japan, and North America. She also appears regularly in recital in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, London, New York, and Tokyo, and is a frequent guest at the Salzburg Mozartwoche and Salzburg Festival.

She has also been the focus of a Carnegie Hall Perspectives Series entitled *Mitsuko Uchida: Vienna Revisited*. She has been featured in the Concertgebouw's *Carte Blanche Series* where she collaborated with tenor Ian Bostridge, the Hagen String Quartet, Chamber Orchestra of Europe, and Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, as well as directing from the piano a performance of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. Ms. Uchida has also been Artist-in-Residence at the Vienna Konzerthaus, Salzburg Mozartwoche, Lucerne Festival, and with the Berlin Philharmonic, where she performed a series of chamber music concerts and a Beethoven Piano Concerto cycle with Sir Simon Rattle.

A founding member of the Borletti-Buitoni Trust and Co-Director of the Marlboro Music Festival (with pianist Jonathan Biss), Ms. Uchida is a recipient of the Golden Mozart Medal from the Salzburg Mozarteum, and the Praemium Imperiale from the Japan Art Association. She has also been awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society and the Wigmore Hall Medal and holds Honorary Degrees from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 2009 Ms. Uchida was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire. This concert marks her Princeton University Concerts debut. We are thrilled to be welcoming her back for a second appearance this season with the Mahler Chamber Orchestra on March 24, 2022.

Texts & Translations

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

An die Hoffnung (“To Hope”), Op. 94

Original text by Christoph August Tiedge (1752–1841) | Translation by Richard Stokes

Ob ein Gott sei? Ob er einst erfülle,
Was die Sehnsucht weinend sich verspricht?
Ob, vor irgend einem Weltgericht,
Sich dies rätselhafte Sein enthüllt?
Hoffen soll der Mensch! Er frage nicht!

Die du so gern in heil’gen Nächten feierst
Und sanft und weich den Gram verschleierst,
Der eine zarte Seele quält,
O Hoffnung! Lass, durch dich emporgehoben,
Den Dulder ahnen, dass dort oben
Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!

Wenn, längst verhallt, geliebte Stimmen
schweigen;
Wenn unter ausgestorbnen Zweigen
Verödet die Erinnerung sitzt:
Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlassner
trauert,
Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert,
Sich auf versunkne Urnen stützt.

Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal anzuklagen,
Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen
Die letzten Strahlen untergehn:
Dann lass ihn, um den Rand des Erdentraumes,
Das Leuchten eines Wolkensaumes
Von einer nahen Sonne sehn!

**Does a God exist? Will He one day grant
what tearful longing promises?
Will, at some Last Judgment,
this mysterious being reveal itself?
Man should hope! Not question!**

**You who so gladly celebrate on sacred nights,
and softly and gently veil the grief
which torments a tender soul,
O Hope! Uplifted by you,
let the sufferer sense that there on high
an angel is counting his tears!**

**When, long since hushed, beloved voices
are silent;
when, beneath dead branches,
memory sits in desolation -
then draw near to where your forsaken
one mourns,
and, enveloped in eerie midnight,
leans against sunken urns.**

**And should he look up to accuse fate,
when the last departing rays
set on his days:
then, around the rim of this earthly dream,
let him see the hem of a cloud
glowing in the light of a nearby sun!**

Please turn pages quietly during the brief pause between songs.

Resignation (“Resignation”), WoO 149

Original text by Paul von Haugwitz (1791–1856) | Translation by Richard Stokes

Lisch aus, mein Licht!
Was dir gebreicht,
Das ist nun fort,
An diesem Ort
Kannst du's nicht wieder finden!
Du mußt nun los dich binden.

Sonst hast du lustig aufgebrannt,
Nun hat man dir die Luft entwandt;
Wenn diese fort geweht,
Die Flamme irgehet,
Sucht, findet nicht;
Lisch aus, mein Licht!

Go out, my light!
What you lack
Is now departed,
In this place
You shall never find it again!
You must now break free.

Once you burned brightly,
Now you've been deprived of air;
When that has blown away,
The flame splutters—
Seeks—fails to find—
Go out, my light!

About the Paderewski Memorial Concert

The Paderewski Memorial Concert is funded in part by an endowment from The Paderewski Foundation, Edward and Jeannette Witkowski, founders. It honors the memory of Ignacy Jan Paderewski: Polish pianist, composer, and statesman. Born in Poland in 1860, Paderewski was a student of Leschetizky, and rapidly rose to international fame — indeed, his name is still synonymous with virtuosity.

Following World War I, he laid aside his concert career, holding the offices of Prime Minister

and Minister of Foreign Affairs of Poland. As such, he was a signer of the Treaty of Versailles, becoming friendly with President Woodrow Wilson whose support had been influential in the establishment of Poland as an independent state. On Tuesday, November 10, 1925, Paderewski performed here in Alexander Hall in tribute to Wilson, who had died the previous year.

Princeton University Concerts thanks The Paderewski Foundation for its generous support of tonight's concert.

Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel (“Evening hymn beneath the starry sky”), WoO 150

Original text by Heinrich Goeble (1786–1825) | Translation by Richard Wigmore

Wenn die Sonne niedersinket,
 Und der Tag zur Ruh sich neigt,
 Luna freundlich leise winket,
 Und die Nacht herniedersteigt;
 Wenn die Sterne prächtig schimmern,
 Tausend Sonnenstrassen flimmern:
 Fühlt die Seele sich so gross,
 Windet sich vom Staube los.

Schaut so gern nach jenen Sternen,
 Wie zurück ins Vaterland,
 Hin nach jenen lichten Fernen,
 Und vergisst der Erde Tand
 Will nur ringen, will nur streben,
 Ihre Hülle zu entschweben:
 Erde ist ihr eng und klein,
 Auf den Sternen möcht sie sein.

Ob der Erde Stürme toben,
 Falsches Glück den Bösen lohnt:
 Hoffend blicket sie nach oben,
 Wo der Sternenrichter thront.
 Keine Furcht kann sie mehr quälen,
 Keine Macht kann ihr befehlen;
 Mit verklärtem Angesicht,
 Schwingt sie sich zum Himmelslicht.

Eine leise Ahnung schauert
 Mich aus jenen Welten an;
 Lange, lange nicht mehr dauert
 Meine Erdenpilgerbahn,
 Bald hab ich das Ziel errungen,
 Bald zu euch mich aufgeschwungen,
 Ernte bald an Gottes Thron
 Meiner Leiden schönen Lohn.

**When the sun goes down
 and the day draws to its peaceful close,
 when Luna beckons gently, kindly
 and night falls.**

**When the stars shine gloriously
 and a thousand sunbeams shimmer,
 how great the soul then feels,
 shaking itself free from the dust.**

**How the soul loves to gaze at those stars,
 as if back to its native land,
 to gaze at those distant lights,
 forgetting earth's trivial show.
 It seeks only to struggle, to strive
 to float free of its earthly husk.
 Earth is too small and confining,
 it longs to be upon the stars.**

**Whether earth's storms rage
 or false fortune rewards the evil,
 in hope it gazes upwards
 to where the Starry Judge sits enthroned.
 Fear can no longer torment it,
 no power can command it;
 with transfigured countenance
 it soars to the light of heaven.**

**A faint presentiment from those worlds
 makes me shudder.
 My earthly pilgrimage
 will not last much longer.
 Soon I shall have reached the goal,
 soon I shall have soared to you,
 soon I shall reap at God's throne
 the glorious reward for my sorrows.**

Please turn pages quietly during the brief pause between songs.

An die ferne Geliebte (“To the distant Beloved”), Op. 98

Original text by Alois Jeitteles (1794–1858) | Translation by Richard Stokes

1.

Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und uns'rer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichtet
Was ein liebend Herz geweih't!

2.

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue countryside,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my distress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds scud by –
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.

Wo im Gestein
 Still die Primel dort sinnt,
 Weht so leise der Wind,
 Möchte ich sein!
 Hin zum sinnigen Wald
 Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
 Innere Pein.
 Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
 Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
 Ewiglich sein!

3.

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
 Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
 Könnst mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
 Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
 Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
 Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
 Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
 In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
 Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
 Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
 Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
 Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
 Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
 Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
 Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
 Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
 Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
 Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
 Treu in deinen Wogen sehn
 Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly –
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

Please turn pages quietly during the brief pause between songs.

4.

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

**These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flows directly back to me!**

5.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au',
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach.
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig von Kreuz und
von Quer,
Manch' weicheres Stück zu dem Brautbett
hieher,
Manch' wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiss er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au',
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinten.
Wenn Alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

**May returns, the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow so gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow returns to its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings from every
direction
Many soft scraps for the bridal
bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives faithfully together,
What winter parted, May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns, the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow so gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites all lovers,
Our love alone knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.**

6.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang.
Singe sie dann Abends wieder
Zu der Laute süssem Klang!
Wenn das Dämm'rungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh',
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräng' erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewusst,
Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet,
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichtet,
Was ein liebend Herz geweihet.

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing:
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

INTERMISSION

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Schwanengesang (“Swan Song”), D. 957

Original texts by Ludwig Rellstab, Heinrich Heine, and Johann Seidl

Translations by Richard Wigmore

Liebesbotschaft (“Love’s Message”)

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter
und schnell?

Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüsse des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen, im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

Murmuring brook, so silver and bright,
do you hasten, so lively and swift,
to my beloved?

Ah, sweet brook, be my messenger.
Bring her greetings from her distant lover.

All the flowers, tended in her garden,
which she wears so charmingly on her breast,
and her roses with their crimson glow:
refresh them, brooklet, with your
cooling waters.

When on your banks she inclines her head
lost in dreams, thinking of me,
comfort my sweetheart with a kindly glance,
for her beloved will soon return.

When the sun sinks in a red flush,
lull my sweetheart to sleep.
With soft murmurings bring her sweet repose,
and whisper dreams of love.

Kriegers Ahnung (“Warrior’s Foreboding”)

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
 Der Waff enbrüder Kreis;
 Mir ist das Herz so bang, so schwer,
 Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

Wie hab ich oft so süß geträumt
 An ihrem Busen warm!
 Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
 Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen
 düstrer Schein
 Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
 Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
 Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Dass der Trost dich nicht verlässt!
 Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
 Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,
 Herzliebste – gute Nacht!

**In deep repose my comrades in arms
 lie in a circle around me;
 my heart is so anxious and heavy,
 so ardent with longing.**

**How often I have dreamt sweetly
 upon her warm breast!
 How cheerful the fireside glow seemed
 when she lay in my arms.**

**Here, where the sombre glimmer
 of the flames,
 alas, plays only on weapons,
 here the heart feels utterly alone;
 a tear of sadness wells up.**

**Heart, may comfort not forsake you;
 many a battle still calls.
 Soon I shall rest well and sleep deeply.
 Beloved, goodnight!**

Please turn pages quietly during the brief pause between songs.

Frühlingssehnsucht (“Spring Longing”)

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüssend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte euch folgen auf lüftiger Bahn!
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter silbern ins Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und
Himmel darin.
Was ziehst du mich, sehnd verlangender Sinn,
Hinab?

Grüssender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold!
Wie labt mich dein selig
begrüssendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt!
Warum?

Grünend umkränzet Wälder und Höh’!
Schimmernd erglänzet Blütenschnee!
So dränget sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebreicht;
Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage
und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewusst!
Wer stillet mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du!

**Whispering breezes, blowing so gently,
exuding the fragrance of flowers,
how blissful to me is your welcoming breath!
What have you done to my beating heart?
It yearns to follow you on your airy path.
Where to?**

**Silver brooklets, babbling so merrily,
seek the valley below.
Their ripples glide swiftly by!
The fields and the sky are deeply
mirrored there.
Why yearning, craving senses, do you draw me
downwards?**

**Sparkling gold of the welcoming sun,
you bring the fair joy of hope.
How your happy, welcoming
countenance refreshes me!
It smiles so benignly in the deep blue sky
and yet has filled my eyes with tears.
Why?**

**The woods and hills are wreathed in green.
Snowy blossom shimmers and gleams.
All things strain towards the bridal light;
seeds swell, buds burst;
they have found what they lacked:
and you?**

**Restless longing, yearning heart,
are there always only tears, complaints
and pain?
I too am aware of swelling impulses!
Who at last will still my urgent desire?
Only you can free the spring in my heart,
only you!**

Ständchen (“Serenade”)

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Röhren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

Aufenthalt (“Resting Place”)

Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels mein Aufenthalt.
Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,
Fliessen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.
Und wie des Felsen uraltes Erz
Ewig deselbe bleibt mein Schmerz.

**Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!**

**Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.**

**Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.**

**They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.**

**Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!**

**Surging river, roaring forest,
immovable rock, my resting place.
As wave follows wave,
so my tears flow, ever renewed.**

**As the high treetops stir and heave,
so my heart beats incessantly.
Like the rock's age-old ore
my sorrow remains forever the same.**

Please turn pages quietly during the brief pause between songs.

In der Ferne (“Far Away”)

Wehe dem Fliehenden,
Welt hinaus ziehenden! –
Fremde durchmessenden,
Heimat vergessenden,
Mutterhaus hassenden,
Freunde verlassenden
Folget kein Segen, ach!
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das sehnende,
Auge, das tränende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!
Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Schmerze, ach!
Dies treue Herze brach –
Grüßt von dem Fliehenden,
Welt hinaus ziehenden!

Abschied (“Farewell”)

Ade! du muntre, du fröhliche Stadt, ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigen Fuss;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten,
den scheidenden Gruss.
Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehn,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim
Abschied geschehn.

**Woe to those who flee,
who journey forth into the world,
who travel through strange lands,
forgetting their native land,
spurning their mother's home,
forsaking their friends:
alas, no blessing follows them
on their way!**

**The yearning heart,
the tearful eye,
endless longing
turning homewards!
The surging breast,
the dying lament,
the evening star, twinkling
and sinking without hope!**

**Whispering breezes,
gently ruffled waves,
darting sunbeams,
lingering nowhere:
send her, who broke
my faithful heart with pain,
greetings from one who is fleeing
and journeying forth into the world!**

**Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell!
Already my horse is happily pawing the ground.
Take now my final,
parting greeting.
I know you have never seen me sad;
nor will you now
as I depart.**

Ade, ihr Bäume, ihr Gärten so grün, ade!
 Nun reit ich am silbernen Strome entlang.
 Weit schallend ertönet mein Abschiedsgesang;
 Nie habt ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
 So wird euch auch keines beim Scheiden
 beschert!

Ade, ihr freundlichen Mägdelein dort, ade!
 Was schaut ihr aus blumenumduftetem Haus
 Mit schelmischen,
 lockenden Blicken heraus?
 Wie sonst, so grüssich und schaue mich um,
 Doch nimmer wend ich mein Rösslein um.

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst du zur Ruh, ade!
 Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.
 Wie bin ich euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold;
 Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
 Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.

Ade! du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell,
 ade!
 Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein
 Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.
 Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches mal,
 Und wär es denn heute zum letzten mal?

Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllt euch grau, Ade!
 Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
 Ersetzt ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht,
 Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muss hier vorbei,
 Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir noch
 so treu!

Farewell, trees and gardens so green, farewell!
Now I ride along the silver stream;
my song of farewell echoes far and wide.
You have never heard a sad song;
nor shall you do so at
parting.

Farewell, charming maidens, farewell!
Why do you look out with roguish,
enticing eyes
from houses fragrant with flowers?
I greet you as before, and look back;
but never will I turn my horse back.

Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest, farewell!
Now the stars twinkle with shimmering gold.
How fond I am of you, little stars in the sky;
though we travel the whole world, far and wide,
everywhere you faithfully escort us.

Farewell, little window gleaming brightly,
farewell!
You shine so cosily with your soft light,
and invite us so kindly into the cottage.
Ah, I have ridden past you so often,
and yet today might be the last time.

Farewell, stars, veil yourselves in grey! Farewell!
You numberless stars cannot replace for us
the little window's dim, fading light;
if I cannot linger here, if I must ride on,
how can you help me, though you follow me
so faithfully?

Please turn pages quietly during the brief pause between songs.

Der Atlas (“Atlas”)

Ich unglücksel’ger Atlas! Eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

Ihr Bild (“Her Portrait”)

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

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erlänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann’s nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

**I, unhappy Atlas, must bear a world,
the whole world of sorrows.**

**I bear the unbearable, and my heart
would break within my body.**

**Proud heart, you wished it so!
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy,
or endlessly wretched, proud heart!
And now you are wretched!**

**I stood in dark dreams,
gazing at her picture,
and that beloved face
began mysteriously to come alive.**

**Around her lips played
a wondrous smile,
and her eyes glistened,
as though with melancholy tears.**

**My tears, too, flowed
down my cheeks.
And oh—I cannot believe
that I have lost you!**

Das Fischermädchen (“The Fishermaiden”)

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Die Stadt (“The Town”)

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen,
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

Lovely fisher maiden,
guide your boat to the shore;
come and sit beside me,
and hand in hand we shall talk of love.

Lay your little head on my heart
and do not be too afraid;
for each day you trust yourself
without fear to the turbulent sea.

My heart is just like the sea.
It has its storms, its ebbs and its flows;
and many a lovely pearl
rests in its depths.

On the distant horizon
appears, like a misty vision,
the town with its turrets,
shrouded in dusk.

A damp wind ruffles
the grey stretch of water.
With mournful strokes
the boatman rows my boat.

Radiant, the sun rises once more
from the earth,
and shows me that place
where I lost my beloved.

Please turn pages quietly during the brief pause between songs.

Am Meer (“By the Sea”)

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebenvoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab von deiner weissen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen

Der Doppelgänger (“The Wraith”)

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe—
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

**The sea glittered far and wide
in the sun's dying rays;
we sat by the fisherman's lonely house;
we sat silent and alone.**

**The mist rose, the waters swelled,
a seagull flew to and fro.
from your loving eyes
the tears fell.**

**I saw them fall on your hand.
I sank upon my knee;
from your white hand
I drank away the tears.**

**Since that hour my body is consumed
and my soul dies of longing.
That unhappy woman
has poisoned me with her tears.**

**The night is still, the streets are at rest;
in this house lived my sweetheart.
She has long since left the town,
but the house still stands on the selfsame spot.**

**A man stands there too, staring up,
and wringing his hands in anguish;
I shudder when I see his face –
the moon shows me my own form!**

**You wraith, pallid companion,
why do you ape the pain of my love
which tormented me on this very spot,
so many a night, in days long past?**

Die Taubenpost (“The Pigeon Post”)

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinn's.

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
devoted and true;
she never stops short of her goal
and never flies too far.

Each day I send her out
a thousand times on reconnaissance,
past many a beloved spot,
to my sweetheart's house.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,
observing her every look and step,
conveys my greeting breezily,
and brings hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
she will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
so eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
it is all the same to her;
as long as she can roam
she is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
she needs no enticement or reward,
so true is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
certain of the fairest prize;
her name is – Longing! Do you know her?
The messenger of constancy.

Thanks to Oxford Lieder Festival for their assistance with these translations.

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2022

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All events take place at 7:30PM at Richardson Auditorium, Alexander Hall

Wednesday, March 16

Benjamin Beilman Violin

Roman Rabinovich Piano

Thursday, March 24

Mahler Chamber Orchestra

Mitsuko Uchida Piano

Mark Steinberg Violin/Concertmaster

Thursday, March 31

Ébène String Quartet

Thursday, April 7

Dover String Quartet

Thursday, April 21

Tetzlaff String Quartet

Wednesday, April 27

Sheku Kanneh-Mason Cello

Isata Kanneh-Mason Piano

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