

Rückblick

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

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

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

Frülingstraum

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Junior Voice Recital of **Mason Aldredge**

Guilherme Lopes-Correa, pianist

Sunday, November 2nd, 2025

Alumni Chapel

6:30pm

Studio of Brianne Kollmorgen

Program

Winterreise

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

1. Gute Nacht
4. Erstarrung
7. Auf dem Flusse
8. Rückblick
11. Frölingstrum

Gute Nacht

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

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

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

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

Erstarrung

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

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

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

Auf dem Flusse

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

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

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

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

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

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

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