



The Junior Vocal Recital of
Willow Neron

Accompanied by Guilherme Lopes-Correa

Sunday, November 23rd
Alumni Chapel
6:30pm

Studio of Brianne Kollmorgen

Program

Die Winterreise

- 17. Im Dorfe
- 18. Der Stürmische Morgen
- 20. Der Wegweiser
- 22. Mut!
- 24. Der Leiermann

Translations

In the Village

The dogs bark, the chains rattle.
People sleep in their beds,
Dreaming of many things that they don't have
Consoling themselves with good things and bad things:
And early in the morning, it's all vanished.
Even so, they've enjoyed their share,
And hope what is still remaining.
Still to find on their pillows.
Bark me away, you watchful dogs,

Don't let me rest in the hour of sleeping!
I'm at an end with all dreams-
Why should I linger among the sleepers?

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn
The grey garment of the sky!
Cloud-shreds dance about
In dull dispute.

And red -fire flames
Go among them.
That's what I call a morning
Just how I like it.

My heart sees in the sky
Its own image painted-
It's nothing but winter,
Winter cold and wild.

The Signpost

Why do I avoid the ways
Other wanderers go by?
Seeking out hidden paths
Through snowed-up rocky heights?

After all, I've done nothing
That forces me to shun other people-
What sort of foolish longing
Drives me into the wastelands?

Signposts stand on the roads
Pointing to towns,
And I wander without measure,
Without peace, and seeking peace.

I see a signpost standing
Fixed before my gaze;
I must go a road
From which none has returned

Courage!

If the snow flies into my face
I shake it off.
If my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing bright and lively.

I don't hear what it says to me,
I have no ears;
I don't feel its moaning
That's just for idiots

Cheerfully out into the world
Against the wind and the weather!
If there's no God on earth,
We're gods ourselves!

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

Over there behind the village
Stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
And with numb fingers
He grinds away, as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He sways back and forth
And his little plate
Remains always empty.

No-one wants to hear him,
No-one looks at him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.

And he lets it go on,
Everything just as it will;
Turns the wheel, and his hurdy-gurdy
Never stays still for a moment.

Strange old man,
Should I go with you?
Will you to my songs
Play your hurdy-gurdy?