

Die schöne Müllerin

Sunday 16 March, 2:30pm

UKARIA Cultural Centre

Duration: 1 hour 10 mins, no interval

MATTHIAS GOERNE baritone

DANIIL TRIFONOV piano

German baritone Matthias Goerne and Russian pianist Daniil Trifonov are regarded as the pinnacles of their respective worlds. Any chance to see them perform individually is a gem. To see them together is unmissable.

The second concert of their 2025 Adelaide Festival residency in the intimacy of UKARIA is an extraordinary opportunity to hear this partnership in a small hall and brilliant acoustic.

Together they perform Schubert's song cycle *Die schöne Müllerin* (The Fair Maid of the Mill), a beautiful "Lieder" based on the poems of Wilhelm Müller. A predecessor to *Winterreise*, this is a lyrical and emotional odyssey of love and heartbreak, with music just as gorgeous and captivating as its well-known successor.

In the hands of these two superlative artists and in the stunning setting of UKARIA, this will be an unforgettable musical experience.

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828) *Die Schöne Müllerin*, D795 (*The Fair Maid of the Mill*) 60'

Words by Wilhelm Müller 1794–1827

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|--------|--|--------|--|
| No. 1 | Das Wandern (Rambling) | No. 11 | Mein! (Mine!) |
| No. 2 | Wohin? (Where To?) | No. 12 | Pause (Pause) |
| No. 3 | Halt! (Stop!) | No. 13 | Mit dem grünen Lautenbande (The Lute's Green Ribbon) |
| No. 4 | Danksagung an den Bach (Thanksgiving to the Brook) | No. 14 | Der Jäger (The Hunter) |
| No. 5 | Am Feierabend (After Work) | No. 15 | Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and Pride) |
| No. 6 | Der Neugierige (The Inquisitive One) | No. 16 | Die liebe Farbe (The Beloved Colour) |
| No. 7 | Ungeduld (Impatience) | No. 17 | Die böse Farbe (The Hateful Colour) |
| No. 8 | Morgengruss (Morning Greeting) | No. 18 | Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers) |
| No. 9 | Des Müllers Blumen (The Miller's Flowers) | No. 19 | Der Müller und der Bach (The Miller and the Brook) |
| No. 10 | Tränenregen (Shower of Tears) | No. 20 | Des Baches Wiegenlied (The Brook's Lullaby) |

The poet Wilhelm Müller was part of that generation of young men who fought as volunteers against Napoleon in the Wars of Liberation (1813–1814). As one of Schubert's closest childhood friends, Johann Senn, reminisced: 'The German struggles for liberation [...] had left in their wake a significant spiritual upheaval in Austria too.' These young men returned home with ideals of freedom and liberty, and hoped to take part in a native democratic movement predicated on social improvement and liberal attitudes. Instead they found a police state.

With little regard for human rights, authorities had ramped up censorship and illegal imprisonments and there were severe limitations on freedom of movement and free speech. An atmosphere of paranoia and fear arose as people were encouraged to inform on others who did not support the rigid apparatus of an authoritarian state. Johann Senn was arrested in 1819 for 'stubborn and insulting behaviour'. Senn decried the injustice of the arrest; Schubert came to his defence and 'chimed in against the authorized official in the same tone, inveighing against him with insulting and opprobrious language,' according to the official police report. Possibly because of his rising status as a composer of merit, Schubert was let off without punishment. But Senn was imprisoned for fourteen months and then expelled permanently from Vienna. He never saw Schubert again and spent forty years in exile, dying a broken man. This was the Vienna and Berlin that Schubert and Müller inhabited in the 1810s.

Both men found refuge in literary groups that discussed political change and art. Schubert was part of the Linz 'Bildung circle'. A letter from Anton von Spaun to Schober outlines the core aesthetics of the group's activities:

We must study humanity, and all ages, and what the best people of the past did and thought, and how one thing leads to another, and how one thing follows out of another, so that we can understand clearly and have a positive influence on the people we love [...]

Schubert and Müller never met, but they both shared these liberal attitudes. Müller dressed himself in traditional German costume and sought for a return to the values of an earlier generation. His greatest success, the *Lieder der Griechen* (Songs of the Greeks), made an impact all over Europe and did much for generating German sympathy for the Greek cause. *Lieder der Griechen* attracted attention to the fight against oppression and tyranny that was taking place in what Müller recognised as the birthplace of European civilization.

Müller wrote in a traditional folk style for immediacy of effect, and Heine would write: 'How pure, how clear your songs are – and all of them folksongs!' Heine admired how in Müller's work 'new forms can be created based on the old, traditional folksong; forms that have lost nothing of the simplicity of the original, but without its clumsiness and awkward use of language.' Müller was seen to have rejuvenated and refreshed for a contemporary audience a style of poetry that not only had its roots in the language and sentiment of the people, but was also engaging, open-hearted and honest.

Müller's journal in 1815 annotates some of his thinking in this regard: 'Composing poetry by heart [i.e. improvising], so that the poem goes straight back to the heart, is a very good way to compose. [...] I can neither play nor sing, but whenever I compose poetry, I am also singing and playing. [...] I hope they may find a sympathetic soul who will hear the tunes in the words and give them back to me.'

The origin of *Die schöne Müllerin* lies in extemporisation. In Berlin in 1816 Müller improvised a kind of 'mill-drama' as part of a literary party game, or *Liederspiel*. Paisiello's *La bella Molinara* (1788), an opera with the same theme as *Die schöne Müllerin* (and which indeed was given this exact title in German translation), had been given repeated performances in Berlin in the 1790s and 1800s and so the theme was a popular one. Each of his literary friends enacted a role and Müller was to play the part of a young miller boy in a fatal love attraction to the miller's daughter, who ignores him. Everyone improvised in verse. Müller later compiled the results of this impromptu party game and published them in 1821 under the title *Sieben und siebenzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten* (Seventy-Seven Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Travelling Horn-Player).

We are not sure how Schubert came across Müller's poetry. Schubert's first biographer recounts a far-fetched story in which the composer came across the Müller in the library of a friend and was so taken with it that he promptly stole the volume. When the friend visited Schubert the next day to retrieve his book, he discovered the composer had already miraculously composed the first songs. Musicologist Susan Youens more plausibly speculates that Schubert might have been introduced to Müller's work by Weber, who was the dedicatee of Müller's second *Waldhornisten* anthology.

In 1823 and 1824 the symptoms of Schubert's syphilis first appeared. According to Spaun and Schober, Schubert wrote some of the first songs of *Die schöne Müllerin* while in hospital in 1823. The work was published in Vienna in 1824 as Schubert's Op. 25 and was subtitled 'Ein Zyklus von Liedern' (A Song Cycle). Youens notes how in Müller's cycle the sexual passion of the protagonist leads to his death by suicide; she has explored the connections between sexuality and death in *Die schöne Müllerin* and draws parallels between this cycle and Schubert's own life, threatened by a sexually transmitted disease.

In *Winterreise* and *Die schöne Müllerin*, Schubert achieved the large-scale narrative that had eluded him in the genres of opera and oratorio. The immediacy of Müller's prose must have struck a chord with the composer. Folksong arrangements and publications were very popular in the 1820s, and Müller's artful irony and political undertones, hidden somewhat in his popular strains, may have appealed to Schubert. Similarly, many of the songs in *Die schöne Müllerin* have a kind of popular tunefulness on their surfaces; a lyrical sheen. But Schubert is able to phase in and out of this lyricism in order to paint the mental distress of his

protagonist, the hapless miller boy. Schubert's skill in adding psychological depth to the cycle is masterly: not only can he switch between lyrical outbursts and shorter, more declamatory phrases to draw out in even finer ways the emotional state of the miller boy, but the piano is also able to stand in for the third character in the cycle: the brook.

The central imagery of the brook in *Die schöne Müllerin* seems to invoke Heraclitus and his notion of a world in a constant state of change: 'You cannot step twice into the same river.' Similarly, we may look into the rippling and reflective waters of a river that we have always known, just as the two central characters do in 'Tränenregen', but the water flowing beneath us will never be the same waters that flowed even a moment before. By turns overwhelmed, intoxicated and fascinated by this sense of eternal flux, the miller boy is ultimately consumed by the river, which promises to cover and protect him 'until the sea drinks all the brooks dry'. The brook also acts as a kind of alter-ego to the miller boy, reflecting back and amplifying his anxieties, hopes and dreams.

In setting the poems to music, Schubert very carefully and thoughtfully pruned Müller's cycle, cutting three poems as well as the prologue and epilogue. Müller's prologue is all tongue-in-cheek and self-consciousness: 'I summon you, fair ladies and clever gentlemen, who love the sight and sound of good things, to a brand-new play in a brand-new style.' This sense of ironic detachment is even greater in the epilogue, where the 'horn-player' disentangles himself from any discussion about the meaning of the brook's final 'funeral oration': 'I give up and withdraw from the argument: controversy is not my business.'

The other three discarded poems fleshed out both the character of the miller girl and the despair of the boy. In cutting them, Schubert focussed his psychological attention on the miller boy and also strengthened the dramatic flow. The miller girl is a shadowy figure in Schubert's cycle but less so in Müller's. The effect of this, as Graham Johnson notes, is that Müller's prologue and epilogue barely suppresses a chuckle, but Schubert's revised work brings forth tears.

One of the major themes of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* is obsession. The cycle opens with a strophic, folk-like hiking song, 'Das Wandern', where the miller boy sings of the pleasures of rambling. The repetitive structure of the verses creates a kind of counting song, enumerating items to pass time on a walk (water, wheels, stones). As innocent as this is, it gives us the first hint of the obsession that will follow. In 'Wohin?', the miller boy comes across the brook: its rushing sparkling flow (as depicted in the piano) pulls him in and leads him on, siren-like. Like 'Das Wandern', this song also begins with a folksong-like character. But at the words 'Is this, then, the road for me?' the song changes – gone is the effusive lyricism and in its place is halting recitative and a sudden key change, as if the character feels faint: 'Thanks to your rushing babble, my thoughts are in a drunken whirl.' In No. 3, 'Halt!', the boy reaches the mill itself and the babbling has become a roar (which is portrayed in the piano). The mill looks neat and homely – could it be that the miller boy has found his place in the world? 'Dear little brook, is this what you meant?'

These compulsive and imaginative musings continue in the fourth song, 'Danksagung an den Bach', with the boy trying to divine meaning in the brook's hypnotic eternal flux. 'Have I understood you right?' he asks the brook. 'To the maid of the mill?' No. 5, 'Am Feierabend', has the miller boy labouring hard in his new place of work: if he outdoes himself, the miller girl will notice his 'true heart'. But his arms are weak. Everyone else works just as hard as he does. Obsession returns in the following two songs, 'Der Neugierige' and 'Ungeduld'. He seeks insight from the brook but nothing comes. 'How silent you are today! [...] Tell me, little brook, does she love me?' He is impatient to be noticed, and again we have the obsessive list of things: he wants to carve his love into the bark of every tree, engrave it in every pebble, sow it in newly planted gardens, write it on every scrap of paper...

Obsessed with the miller girl, he watches her from afar and thinks over and over about the objects near her, that interact with her, that she touches... No. 11, 'Mein!', has the miller boy imagining that she is his. Müller's poem is almost neurotic: over and over he repeats phrases that rhyme endlessly with 'ein', until everything has almost lost its meaning in repetition. A hunter arrives at the mill (No. 14, 'Der Jäger'), and the miller boy is consumed with jealousy and pride in No. 15, 'Eifersucht und Stolz'.

The miller girl mentions in passing that she loves the colour green. He begins to fixate on everything green and his mood swings wildly from happiness to sorrow in Nos 16 and 17, 'Die liebe Farbe' and 'Die böse Farbe'. Finally, it becomes clear that she is not interested. Heart-broken and devastated, his imaginary dialogue with the brook (No. 19, 'Der Müller und der Bach') presages his death in the watery grave of the stream itself, which claims him for eternity, singing him to sleep with a lullaby.

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828) *Die Schöne Müllerin (The Fair Maid of the Mill)*

Text: Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

1. 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.

2. 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 heller 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.

1. Rambling

Millers love to go out rambling,
rambling!
It would be a poor miller
who never thought to go out rambling,
rambling!

We learned that from the water,
from the water!
It never rests, day or night,
it's always on the move,
the water.

We picked it up from the millwheels, too,
the millwheels!
They have absolutely no desire to stand still,
they go all day without growing tired,
the millwheels.

Even the millstones, heavy as they are,
the millstones!
They dance along cheerfully
and want to go even faster,
the millstones.

Oh, rambling, rambling is what I love,
rambling!
Master and mistress,
leave me in peace to keep travelling on,
rambling.

2. Where To?

I heard a little brook burbling
as it sprang up between the rocks,
rushing down into the valley,
so fresh, so amazingly bright.

I don't know how it came to me,
or who gave me this advice:
I also had to go down
with my hiking staff.

Down, always further,
always following the stream,
and the stream bubbled ever fresher,
ever more brightly.

Is this, then the road for me?
Tell me, little brook, where does it lead?
Thanks to your rushing babble,
my thoughts are in a drunken whirl.

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.

3. 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?

4. 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, für's Herze,
Vollauf genug.

What am I saying – babbling?
That's surely no babbling:
it must be the mermaids
singing their rounds down in the deeps.

Let them sing, traveller, let it babble
and follow happily after!
There are millwheels turning
in every clear stream.

3. Stop!

I saw a mill peeping out
from between the alders.
The sound of the wheels burst through
The rushing and singing of the water.

Ah, welcome, welcome,
sweet mill's song!
And the house, how cosy it is!
And the windows, how they gleam!

And the sun, how brightly
it shines down from the sky!
Ah, little brook, dear little brook,
is this what you meant?

4. Thanksgiving to the Brook

Is this what you meant,
my noisy friend,
with your singing and your bell-like tones
is this what you meant?

To the maid of the mill!
That's the sense of it.
Tell me, have I understood you right?
To the maid of the mill!

Did she send you?
Or have you enchanted me?
That's what I'd still like to know:
did she send you?

Whatever the answer,
I surrender myself to it:
I have found what I was looking for,
whatever it may be.

I asked for work;
now I have enough
for hands and heart,
well and truly enough.

5. 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 sagt zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

6. Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfähr 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?

7. 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,

5. After Work

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
If only I could drive
the roaring millwheels!
If only I could blow like the wind
through every woodland grove!
If only I could turn
all the millstones,
so that the fair maid of the mill
might notice that I am true of heart!

Ah, my arm is so weak!
What I lift and carry,
what I hew, what I strike –
any apprentice could do as much.
And there I sit, as we all gather together
in the quiet cool hour at the end of the working day,
and the master says to us all:
I am happy with your work.
And the lovely maiden
wishes everyone a good night.

6. The Inquisitive One

I don't ask any flowers,
I don't ask any stars.
None of them can tell me
what I so long to know.

And anyway, I am no gardener,
and the stars are too high.
I will ask my little brook
if my heart has lied to me.

O little brook of my love,
how silent you are today!
I just want to know one thing,
one little word, over and over.

'Yes' is one of the words,
the other is 'No'.
These two words encompass
my whole world.

O little brook of my love,
how strange you are!
I won't tell anyone else:
tell me, little brook, does she love me?

7. Impatience

I would gladly carve it into the bark of every tree,
I would gladly engrave it on every pebble,
I would sow it into every fresh garden bed,
with cress seeds, that would quickly reveal it,

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 spräch die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie spräch mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißen 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;
O 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!

8. 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 schlummertrunknen 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.

I would write it on every scrap of white paper:
My heart is yours, and ever shall remain so.

I would like to train a young starling
until he could speak the words, pure and clear,
until he spoke them in my voice,
with the full, burning passion of my heart;
Then he would sing brightly at her window:
My heart is yours, and ever shall remain so.

I would like to breathe it to the morning breeze,
and whisper it through the rustling grove;
Oh, let it shine forth from every star blossom!
From near and far, let it be carried to her on the breeze!
You waves, can you drive nothing but millwheels?
My heart is yours, and ever shall remain so.

I thought it would surely show in my eyes,
could surely be seen burning in my cheeks,
could be read on my silent lips,
surely every breath would proclaim it to her –
and she notices none of these anxious signs.
My heart is yours, and ever shall remain so.

8. Morning Greeting

Good morning, fair maid of the mill!
Why do you quickly turn your little head away
as if something had happened to you?
Does my greeting annoy you that much?
Does it disturb you so badly to have me look at you?
Then I must travel on.

Oh, let me stand far off
and gaze on your dear window,
from far, far away!
Little blond head, come out!
Come out from your round gate,
you blue morning stars!

Little eyes, drunk with sleep,
little flowers, weighed down with dew,
why do you shy away from the sun?
Has the night been so good to you
that you close and droop and weep
for his silent bliss?

Shake off the veil of dreams now,
and lift yourself up, fresh and free,
in God's bright morning!
The lark trills in the air,
and from the depths of the heart,
love proclaims its pain and grief.

9. 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.

10. 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 ihrem Auge 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!

9. The Miller's Flowers

There are many little flowers around the stream,
looking out from their bright blue eyes.
The stream is the miller's friend,
and my darling's eyes shine bright blue,
so they are my flowers.

Right under her little window
I will plant flowers.
You can call to her when all is still,
when her head nods with sleep:
you know what I want to say.

And when she closes her little eyes
and sleeps in sweet, sweet peace,
Then, like a dream vision, whisper
to her: Forget me not, forget me not!
That is what I want to say.

And when she opens the shutters, early in the
morning, then gaze up lovingly:
the dew in your little eyes
will be the tears
that I would let fall upon you.

10. Shower of Tears

We were so comfortable sitting together
beneath the cool canopy of alder-trees,
it was so cosy, gazing down together
into the rippling brook.

The moon came out, too,
and then the little stars,
and they were so lovely, gazing together
into the silvery mirror.

I looked at neither moon
nor starlight;
I gazed at her image,
at her eyes alone.

And I saw them nodding and
glancing up from the joyful brook:
the little blue flowers on the bank
nodded and looked up at her.

And it seemed as if the whole sky
had sunk into the stream
and wanted to pull me down too,
into its depths.

And above the clouds and stars,
the brook rippled merrily,
its singing and its bell-like tones calling out:
Traveller, follow me!

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

11. Mein!

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stell eu'r 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.

12. 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?

13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

"Schad um das schöne grüne Band,
Daww 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!

Then my eyes filled with tears,
and the mirror was blurred.
She said, 'It's going to rain,
goodbye, I'm going home.'

11. Mine!

Little brook, stop your burbling!
Mill-wheels, leave off roaring!
All you merry birds of the woods,
great and small,
let your songs fall silent!
Throughout the forest,
from one end to the other,
let one song alone be heard:
the beloved maid of the mill is mine!
Mine!
Springtime, is that all the flowers you have?
Sun, can't you shine brighter than that?
Ah, then I must remain quite alone
with that blissful word 'Mine',
with nothing in all creation that can understand.

12. Pause

I have hung my lute on the wall,
with a green ribbon tied around it –
I can sing no more, my heart is too full.
I don't know how it can be forced into rhyme.
The most burning agony of my longing –
that, I had to let out in songs full of pain,
and as I lamented so sweetly and delicately,
I believed that my sorrows were more than trifles.
Ah, how great must be the burden of my joy,
since no song on earth can contain it!

Now, dear lute, rest here hanging on this nail!
And if a breath of air should play across your strings,
if a bee should brush you with her wings,
a shiver of foreboding will run through me:
why did I leave the ribbon hanging there so long?
Often it flutters over the strings like a sigh:
is that the echo of my love's pain?
Might it be the prelude to new songs?

13. The Lute's Green Ribbon

'What a pity that the lovely green ribbon
should be left to fade here on the wall.
I am so fond of green!
That's what you said to me today, my darling.
I untie it straight away and send it to you:
Now you have the green to enjoy!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb ist immer grün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
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 grünt,
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
Dann hab ich's Grün erst gern.

14. 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 klaffenden 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 liebest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh.
Was taugen die Fischlein im
grünen Gezweig?
Was will denn 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 zu Nacht aus dem Hain,
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber, die schieß, du Jägerheld!

15. 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 von dem 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;

Your lover may be all covered in white,
but green is still worthy,
and I am fond of it too,
because our love is evergreen,
and because far-off hope blooms green:
that's why we are fond of it.

Would you like to weave the green ribbon
into your hair,
since you're so fond of green?
Then I will know where hope dwells,
then I will know where love is enthroned,
only then will I take delight in green.

14. The Huntsman

What does the huntsman seek, here by
the millstream?
Bold huntsman, keep to your own territory!
There is no game for you hunt here;
here dwells only a little deer, a tame one, for me.
And if you want to see the tender little deer,
leave your rifles in the forest.
Leave your baying hounds at home,
silence the hue and cry of the horns,
and shave the straggly hair from your chin,
or the little deer will surely take fright in the garden.
But it would be better if you stayed in the forest
and left the miller and his mill in peace.
What use would little fish be among the
green branches?
What would a squirrel do in blue ponds?
Bold huntsman, stay in the woods
and leave me alone with my three millwheels.
And if you want to gain my sweetheart's affection,
then I'll tell you, friend, what troubles her little heart:
the wild boars that come out of the forest at night
and break into her cabbage-beds,
rooting about and trampling the fields.
Shoot the boars, you hunting hero!

15. Jealousy and Pride

Where are you going so fast, so ruffled and wild,
my dear brook?
Are you full of anger, hurrying after our insolent
brother huntsman?
Turn back, turn back and first scold your maid
of the mill
for her easy, wanton, petty fickleness.
Did you see her last night, standing at the gate,
craning her long neck to watch the highway?
When the huntsman returns merrily home
from the kill,
no nice girl puts her head out the window.
Little brook, go and tell her so; but say nothing,
do you hear, not a word, about my sad face;

Sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif
aus Rohr
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz und
Lieder vor.

tell her: He has cut a reed from my banks and made
himself a flute,
and is piping pretty dances and songs for
the children.

16. 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.

16. The Beloved Colour

I will dress myself in green,
in the green of weeping willows –
my dearest is so fond of green.
I will look for a cypress grove,
a heath of green rosemary –
my dearest is so fond of green.

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.

Away to the merry hunt!
Away over heath and meadow –
my dearest is so fond of hunting.
The prey that I hunt is Death.
The heath, I call Love's Torment –
my dearest is so fond of hunting.

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.

Dig me a grave in the grass,
cover me with green turf –
my dearest is so fond of green.
No little black cross, no gaily-coloured flowers:
green, all green, all around –
my dearest is so fond of green.

17. 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!

17. The Hateful Colour

I would like to go out into the world,
out into the wide world,
if only it were not so green
out there in forest and field!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

I would like to pluck all the green leaves
from every branch;
I would like to make all the green grass
as pale as death with my weeping.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an,
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ah, green, you hateful colour,
why are you always looking at me,
so proud, so impudent, so gloating,
at me, a poor pale man?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
In Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

I would like to lie before her door
in storm and rain and snow
and sing, just softly, day and night,
one little word: Farewell.

Horch, wenn im Walde ein Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

Do you hear? When a hunting horn sounds
in the wood, it makes her little window ring too.
And though she doesn't look out at me,
yet I may still look in.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band,

Oh, untie the green, green ribbon
from your brow!

Ade, ade! und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

18. Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins 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.

19. 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.

Farewell, farewell! And reach out
your hand to me, as we part.

18. Withered Flowers

All you little flowers
that she gave me:
you should be laid with me
in my grave.

How sorrowfully
you all look at me,
as if you knew
what was happening to me.

All you little flowers,
how pale and wilted you are.
All you little flowers,
why are you so wet?

Alas, tears will not
bring the green of May,
nor will they make dead love
bloom again.

And Spring will come
and Winter will pass,
and there will be little flowers
in the grass.

And little flowers will lie
in my grave,
all the little flowers
she gave me.

And when she should chance to walk
past that mound,
thinking in her heart,
'His love was true!'

Then, all you little flowers,
come forth, come forth!
May is come,
Winter is gone.

19. The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:

When a true heart
dies of love,
in that moment, the lilies wilt
in their beds.

The full moon
must go behind the clouds,
to hide its tears
from humankind.

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.

20. 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 krystallinen 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 hinein,
Blaue Blümelein!
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

The little angels
cover their eyes
and sob as they sing
the soul to rest.

The Brook:

And when Love
struggles free from grief,
a little star, a new one,
twinkles in the sky.

Then three roses,
half red, half white,
roses that will never again wither
spring from the thorny stem.

And the little angels
cut off their wings
and every morning
descend to earth.

The Miller:

Ah, little brook, little brook,
you mean so well,
but ah, little brook, do you know
what Love does?

Ah, below, there below
in the cool, peace!
Ah, little brook, dear little brook,
sing on then.

20. The Brook's Lullaby

*Rest well, rest well!
Close your eyes!
Weary wanderer, you have come home.
Here there is fidelity.
You will lie with me
until the sea drinks the brooks dry.*

*I will make a bed for you,
cool on soft pillows
in the little chamber of blue crystal.
Come, come,
let any who can
gently rock the lad and lull him asleep for me.*

*If a hunting-horn rings out
from the green woods,
I will surge and roar around you.
Do not peep in,
you little blue flowers!
You will give my dreamer such nightmares.*

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!

*Away, away
from the mill-path,
wicked girl, lest your shadow
wake him!
Cast your fine shawl
into my depths,
that I may keep his eyes covered.*

*Good night, good night,
until all shall wake again.
Sleep away your joy, sleep away your grief.
The full moon is rising,
the mist is clearing,
and the sky above, how vast it is!*

English translations by Natalie Shea © 2020

Matthias Goerne baritone

The German baritone Matthias Goerne is one of the most versatile and sought-after singers in his vocal range worldwide. He is a regular guest in internationally renowned concert halls and opera houses as well as at major festivals and has worked with almost all well-known conductors and orchestras in Europe, America and Asia.

Matthias Goerne sings on the world's major opera stages, including the Vienna State Opera, the Bavarian State Opera, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden in London, the Opéra National de Paris, the Teatro Real in Madrid, the Zurich Opera House, the Metropolitan Opera in New York and La Scala in Milan. The spectrum of his carefully selected opera roles ranges from Pizarro (*Fidelio*), Wolfram (*Tannhäuser*), Amfortas (*Parsifal*), Marke, Kurwenal (*Tristan and Isolde*), Wotan (*Die Walküre*, *Das Rheingold*), Wanderer (*Siegfried*), Orest (*Elektra*) and Jochanaan (*Salome*) to the title roles in Béla Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*, Paul Hindemith's *Mathis the Painter* and Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*.

In the 2018/19 season, Matthias Goerne was invited as "Artist-in-Residence" to ten concerts with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and in the previous season he was artist in residence at the Elbphilharmonie Hamburg.

The highlights of the 2019/20 season include concerts with the Vienna Philharmonic, the Staatskapelle Dresden, the Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Orchestre National de France and the St. Petersburg Philharmonic. At the Berlin Staatsoper Unter den Linden, Goerne sings the title role in Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*. Recitals with the pianists Leif Ove Andsnes, Seong-Jin Cho, Jan Lisiecki and Víkingur Ólafsson take him to Munich, Hamburg, Leipzig, Vienna, Milan, Paris, London, New York and Seoul, among others.

Goerne's artistic activity is documented in numerous recordings, some of which have won multiple awards (including the Grammy Award, the German Record Critics' Award, the ICMA Award 2014, the Diapason d'or, the Gramophone Award and the BBC Music Magazine Award). Most recently, recordings of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* (role of Wotan) with Jaap van Zweden, Schubert songs with the Quatuor Ebène, Mahler songs with the BBC Symphony, Bach cantatas with the Freiburg Baroque Orchestra and two solo albums with songs by Brahms and Schumann as well as a large Schubert edition of 12 CDs on harmonia mundi with famous partners such as Christoph Eschenbach and Leif Ove Andsnes on the piano were released.

In 2017, Matthias Goerne was awarded the "ECHO Klassik" as "Singer of the Year".

Matthias Goerne, a native of Weimar, studied with Prof. Hans-Joachim Beyer in Leipzig as well as with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. He is an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Music in London and has been an ambassador for the Weimar Art Festival since 2019.

Daniil Trifonov piano

Grammy Award-winning pianist Daniil Trifonov (dan-EEL TREE-fon-ov) has made a spectacular ascent of the classical music world, as a solo artist, champion of the concerto repertoire, chamber and vocal collaborator, and composer. Combining consummate technique with rare sensitivity and depth, his performances are a perpetual source of awe. "He has everything and more, ... tenderness and also the demonic element. I never heard anything like that," marveled pianist Martha Argerich. With *Transcendental*, the Liszt collection that marked his third title as an exclusive Deutsche Grammophon artist, Trifonov won the Grammy Award for Best Instrumental Solo Album of 2018. Named *Gramophone's* 2016 Artist of the Year and *Musical America's* 2019 Artist of the Year, he was made a "Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres" by the French government in 2021. As *The Times* of London notes, he is "without question the most astounding pianist of our age."

Trifonov undertakes season-long artistic residencies with both the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Czech Philharmonic in 2024-25. A highlight of his Chicago residency is Brahms's Second Piano Concerto with Klaus Mäkelä, and his Czech tenure features Dvořák's Piano Concerto with Semyon Bychkov, first at season-opening concerts in Prague and then on tour in Toronto and at New York's Carnegie Hall. Trifonov also opens the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra's season with Mozart's 25th Piano Concerto under Andris Nelsons; performs Prokofiev's Second with the San Francisco Symphony and Esa-Pekka Salonen; reprises Dvořák's concerto for a European tour with Jakub Hrůša and the Bamberg Symphony; plays Ravel's G-major Concerto with Hamburg's NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra and Alan Gilbert; and joins Rafael Payare and the Montreal Symphony for concertos by Schumann and Beethoven on a major European tour of London, Amsterdam, Luxembourg, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, and Vienna. In recital, Trifonov appears twice more at Carnegie Hall, first on a solo tour that also takes in Chicago and Philadelphia, and then with violinist Leonidas Kavakos, with whom he also appears in Chicago, Boston, Kansas City, and Washington, DC. Fall 2024 brings the release of *My American Story*, the pianist's new Deutsche Grammophon double album, which pairs solo pieces with concertos by Gershwin and Mason Bates. Bates's concerto is dedicated to Trifonov and both orchestral works were captured live with Yannick Nézet-Séguin and the Philadelphia Orchestra, who previously partnered with the pianist on his award-winning *Destination Rachmaninov* series.

Last season, Trifonov performed Brahms concertos with the Cleveland Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Atlanta Symphony, and Toronto Symphony; Schumann's with the New York Philharmonic; Mozart's "Jeunehomme" at Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center, and other U.S. venues with the Rotterdam Philharmonic; Chopin with the Orchestre de Paris; Bates's Concerto with the

Chicago Symphony, Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, and Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin; and Gershwin and Rachmaninov with the Philadelphia Orchestra, at home and on a European tour. In recital, he joined cellist Gautier Capuçon for dates in Europe and toured a new solo program to such musical hotspots as Vienna, Munich, Barcelona, Madrid, Venice, Milan, Boston, San Francisco, Dallas, and New York, at Carnegie Hall.

In fall 2022, Trifonov headlined the season-opening galas of Washington's National Symphony Orchestra and New York's Carnegie Hall, where his Opening Night concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra marked the first of his four appearances at the venue in 2022-23. Other recent highlights include a multi-faceted, season-long tenure as 2019-20 Artist-in-Residence of the New York Philharmonic, featuring the New York premiere of his own Piano Quintet; a season-long Carnegie Hall "Perspectives" series; the world premiere performances of Bates's Piano Concerto with ensembles including the co-commissioning Philadelphia Orchestra and San Francisco Symphony; playing Tchaikovsky's First under Riccardo Muti in the historic gala finale of the Chicago Symphony's 125th-anniversary celebrations; launching the New York Philharmonic's 2018-19 season; headlining complete Rachmaninov concerto cycles at the New York Philharmonic's Rachmaninov Festival and with London's Philharmonia Orchestra and the Munich Philharmonic; undertaking season-long residencies with the Berlin Philharmonic, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Radio France, and at Vienna's Musikverein, where he appeared with the Vienna Philharmonic and gave the Austrian premiere of his own Piano Concerto; and headlining the Berlin Philharmonic's famous New Year's Eve concert under Sir Simon Rattle.

Since making solo recital debuts at Carnegie Hall, London's Wigmore Hall, Vienna's Musikverein, Japan's Suntory Hall, and Paris's Salle Pleyel in 2012-13, Trifonov has given solo recitals at venues including the Kennedy Center in Washington DC; Boston's Celebrity Series; London's Barbican, Royal Festival, and Queen Elizabeth Halls; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw (Master Piano Series); Berlin's Philharmonie; Munich's Herkulessaal; Bavaria's Schloss Elmau; Zurich's Tonhalle; the Lucerne Piano Festival; the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels; the Théâtre des Champs Élysées and Auditorium du Louvre in Paris; Barcelona's Palau de la Música; Tokyo's Opera City; the Seoul Arts Center; and Melbourne's Recital Centre.

Last season, Deutsche Grammophon released a deluxe CD & Blu-Ray edition of the pianist's best-selling 2021 album *Bach: The Art of Life*. Featuring Bach's masterpiece *The Art of Fugue*, as completed by Trifonov himself, the recording scored the pianist his sixth Grammy nomination, while an accompanying music video was recognized with the 2022 Opus Klassik Public Award. Trifonov also received Opus Klassik's 2021 Instrumentalist of the Year/Piano award for *Silver Age*, his album of Russian solo and orchestral piano music by Scriabin, Prokofiev, and Stravinsky. Released in fall 2020, this followed 2019's *Destination Rachmaninov: Arrival*, for which the pianist received a 2021 Grammy nomination. Presenting the composer's First and Third Concertos, *Arrival* represents the third volume of the DG series Trifonov recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Nézet-Séguin, following *Destination Rachmaninov: Departure*, named *BBC Music's* 2019 Concerto Recording of the Year, and *Rachmaninov: Variations*, a 2015 Grammy nominee. DG has also issued *Chopin Evocations*, which pairs the composer's works with those by the 20th-century composers he influenced, and *Trifonov: The Carnegie Recital*, the pianist's first recording as an exclusive DG artist, which captured his sold-out 2013 Carnegie Hall recital debut live and secured him his first Grammy nomination.

It was during the 2010-11 season that Trifonov won medals at three of the music world's most prestigious competitions, taking Third Prize in Warsaw's Chopin Competition, First Prize in Tel Aviv's Rubinstein Competition, and both First Prize and Grand Prix – an additional honor bestowed on the best overall competitor in any category – in Moscow's Tchaikovsky Competition. In 2013 he was awarded the prestigious Franco Abbiati Prize for Best Instrumental Soloist by Italy's foremost music critics.

Born in Nizhny Novgorod in 1991, Trifonov began his musical training at the age of five, and went on to attend Moscow's Gnessin School of Music as a student of Tatiana Zelikman, before pursuing his piano studies with Sergei Babayan at the Cleveland Institute of Music. He has also studied composition, and continues to write for piano, chamber ensemble, and orchestra. When he premiered his own Piano Concerto, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* marveled: "Even having seen it, one cannot quite believe it. Such is the artistry of pianist-composer Daniil Trifonov."