



University of Victoria

School of
Music

Degree Recital

Kyron Basu, baritone and piano

March 9th, 2020, 20:00

Phillip T. Young Recital Hall, MacLaurin Building
Free admission

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Program

Selections from *Winterreise*, D. 911 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

- I. "Gute Nacht"
- V. "Der Lindenbaum"
- XI. "Frühlingstraum"
- XVI. "Letzte Hoffnung"
- XXIV. "Der Leiermann"

German Texts: Wilhelm Müller
Printed Translations: Kyron Basu

Gute Nacht / Good Night

German

Poetic English

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
 Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.
 Der Mai war mir gewogen
 Mit manchem Blumenstrauss.
 Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
 Die Mutter gar von Eh' –
 Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
 Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

A stranger I came,
 A stranger I depart again.
 May was kind to me
 With many bunches of flowers.
 The maiden spoke of love,
 Her mother even of marriage,
 Now the world is bleak,
 The path covered in snow.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
 Nicht wählen mit der Zeit:
 Muss selbst den Weg mir weisen
 In dieser Dunkelheit.
 Es zieht ein Mondenschatten
 Als mein Gefährte mit,
 Und auf den weissen Matten
 Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.

I cannot choose the time
 of my journey:
 I must find my own path
 in this darkness.
 A moon-cast shadow goes
 with me as my companion.
 And on the white meadows,
 I search for deer tracks.

Was soll ich länger weilen,
 Dass man mich trieb' hinaus?
 Lass irre Hunde heulen
 Vor ihres Herren Haus!
 Die Liebe liebt das Wandern,
 Gott hat sie so gemacht –
 Von einem zu dem andern –
 Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht.

Why should I stay any longer,
 Until I am driven out?
 Let stray dogs howl
 outside their master's house!
 Love likes to wander,
 God has made it so –
 From one to another
 Beloved, good night.

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,
 Wär' Schad' um deine Ruh',
 Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören –
 Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!
 Schreib' im Vorübergehen
 An's Tor dir gute Nacht,
 Damit du mögest sehen,
 An dich hab' ich gedacht.

I will not disturb your dreaming,
 It would be a pity to spoil your rest.
 You will not hear my footsteps –
 Softly, softly the doors shut!
 As I leave I will write
 Upon your gate: "Good Night,"
 So that you may see,
 That I have thought of you.

Der Lindenbaum / The Linden Tree

German

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Enfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Poetic English

By the well near the gate,
There stands a linden tree;
I dreamed in its shadow
So many a sweet dream.

I carved into its bark
So many words of love;
In joy and sorrow
It always drew me to it.

This night, too, I passed it
In the dead of night,
Even in the darkness,
I had to close my eyes.

And its branches rustles,
As though calling to me:
Come here to me, friend,
Here you will find your rest!

The cold wind blew
Straight into my face
My hat flew from my head,
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours
Distant from that place,
And always I hear the rustling:
You would have found rest there!

Frühlingstraum / Spring Dream

German

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schriegen die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.

Die Augen schliess' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?

Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen, im
Arm?

Poetic English

I dreamed of colorful flowers,
As they bloom in May,
I dreamed of green meadows,
Of merry birdsong.

And when the cocks crowed,
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
Ravens shrieked from the roof.

But there on the window panes,
Who painted the leaves?
Do you laugh at the dreamer,
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of love for love,
Of a beautiful maiden,
Of caresses and kisses,
Of joy and bliss.

And when the cocks crowed,
My heart awoke;
Now I sit here alone
And reflect on the dream.

I close my eyes again,
Yet my heart beats so warmly.
When will the leaves on the
window turn green?

When will I hold my love in my
arms?

Frühlingstraum / Spring Dream

Singable English

I dreamed of flow'rs in spring-time,
Of painted birds on the wing,
I dreamed of fields and meadows,
So cheerful and pleasant in spring.

But then the cock was crowing,
I started at the sound,
But all was cold and darkness,
And ravens shrieked all around.

But on the frosted windows,
My flowers still linger on.
You'd laugh, I know, at my dreaming,
For spring-time has come and gone.

I dreamed of a loving maiden,
She filled my days with light.
Embracing and caressing,
In wonder, my heart took flight.

But then the cock was crowing,
My heart cried out in pain,
My thoughts were cold and empty,
And I was alone again.

I lie here now in silence,
And try to dream in vain.
My flow'rs of ice on the window,
Will I ever hold her again?

Letzte Hoffnung / Last Hope

German

Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
 Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,
 Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
 Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.

Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,
 Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;
 Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
 Zitr' ich, was ich zittern kann.

Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
 Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab,
 Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,
 Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

Poetic English

Here and there on the trees
 Many colored leaves are seen,
 And I stay before the trees
 Often lost in thought.

I look at one particular leaf,
 And hang my hopes on it.
 The wind plays with my leaf,
 I tremble to my very core.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the
 ground,
 My hopes fall with it,
 I myself fall to the ground,
 Weeping upon my hope's grave.

Letzte Hoffnung / Last Hope

Singable English

Here and there, amongst the branches,
many autumn leaves remain,
And I stop, beneath those branches,
Often lost in thought again.

Swiftly flies a single leaflet,
Which I hang my hopes upon,
But the wind strikes down my leaflet,
And I shake, I can't go on.

As it falls, the ground draws nearer,
And my heart is filled with dread,
Then I follow, falling, falling,
Crying, for all my hopes are dead.

Der Leiermann / The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

German

Drüben hinterm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.

Barfuss auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her;
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an;
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann.

Und er lässt es gehen
Alles, wie es will,
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir gehen?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

Poetic English

Outside the village
Stands a hurdy-gurdy player,
And with numb fingers
Plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He totters to and fro;
And his little plate
Stays ever empty.

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

And he lets it all happen
As it will,
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Never stands still.

Strange old man,
Shall I go with you?
Will you play your hurdy-gurdy
To my songs?

Der Leiermann / The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

Singable English

By the village stands
A hurdy-gurdy man,
Who, with frozen fingers,
Plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,
He staggers to and fro,
And his little plate
Lies empty on the snow.

No one wants to hear him,
No one seems to care,
No one stops to listen
In the frigid air.

Howling dogs surround him,
People young and old,
Still he plays his music,
Shiv'ring in the cold.

Strange and curious fellow,
Shall I come along?
Will you play your music
To my lonely song?

Kyron Basu is from the class of Prof. Benjamin Butterfield

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Master of Arts (Musicology with Performance) program.*

Reception to follow in the Lounge.