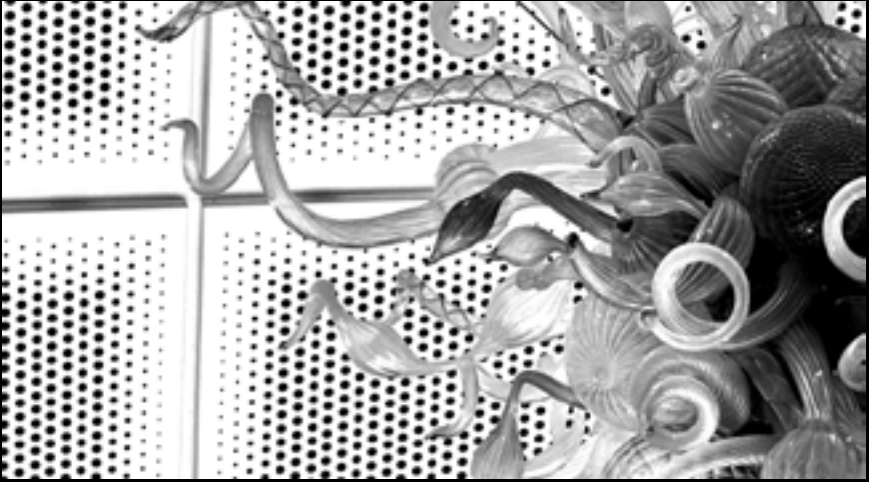


**IOWA**

School of Music



# **FACULTY AND GUEST RECITAL**

**ETHAN ELSBERND, *BARITONE***

Minji Kwon, *piano*

Nichole Colsch, *reader*

*SCHUBERT SONG CYCLE:*

*"Die Schöne Müllerin"*

Tuesday, May 12, 2026, 7:30 p.m.

Recital Hall, Voxman Music Building

# PROGRAM

## DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

### OP. 25 (D 795)

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1829)

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Das Wandern (Wandering)

Wohin? (Whereto?)

Halt! (Stop!)

Danksagung an den Bach (Thanks giving to the Brook)

Am Feierabend (After Work)

Der Neugierige (The Curious One)

Das Mühlenleben (Life at the Mill)

Unset

Ungeduld (Impatience)

Morgengruss (Morning Greeting)

Des Müllers Blumen (The Miller's Flowers)

Tränenregen (Shower of Tears)

Mein! (Mine!)

Pause (Pause)

Mit dem grünen Lautenbande (To  
Accompany the Lute's Green  
Ribbon)

Der Jäger (The Huntsman)

Eifersucht und Stolz (Jealousy and  
Pride)

Erster Schmerz, Letzter Scherz (First  
Pain, Last Joy) - Unset

Die liebe Farbe (The Beloved Color)

Die böse Farbe (The Loathsome  
Color)

Blümlein Vergissmeinnicht (The  
Forget-me Flower) - Unset

Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers)

Der Müller und der Bach (The Miller  
and the Brook)

Des Baches Wiegenlied (The Brook's  
Lullaby)

# PROGRAM NOTES

I have been deeply motivated by the three song cycles of Franz Schubert since March of 2020. For me, this was the tail end of my junior year of high school. For the world, this was right in the thick of the Covid-19 pandemic. A few months prior, my voice teacher, Dr. Beth Deutmeyer had assigned me Schubert's *Ständchen* (Serenade). This was the first I'd heard of Schubert's music, and it made a strong impression on me. That piece, like many of Schubert's others, possesses an earnest kind of melancholy, which is equally as satisfying to hear as it is to sing. During the pandemic's extended period of isolation, I took a closer look at the origins of this song and its composer. I discovered a film titled "The Greatest Love and the Greatest Sorrow". The title, I came to discover, came from a July 3rd 1822 story written by Schubert himself titled: "Mein Traum" (My Dream). The relevant section: "For long, long years I sang my songs. When I wished to sing of love, it turned to sorrow. And again, when I wished to sing of sorrow, it turned to love"). This story is much longer and at points highlights Schubert's strained relations with his own father, Franz

Theodor, who never fully supported his son's ambitions to make his living as a composer. I feel it is necessary at this point to add that I am extremely fortunate to have had clear and unwavering support from both of my parents and can not empathize with Schubert in this specific context. There is, however, a constant sense that Schubert felt a great need to seek out validation for his gargantuan musical efforts. He was a pallbearer at Beethoven's funeral, and from that point, even until today, his legacy lives in the shadow of Beethoven. This dogged pursuit of validation is somewhat to blame for my self-imposed challenge to learn all three of these cycles early in my career. I've performed Schwanengesang, and now Die Schöne Müllerin. Very soon, I will get to Winterreise, and what a great adventure that will be!

- Ethan Elsbernd

### **Das Wandern (Wandering)**

The cheerful journeyman sings of the joy of traveling, inspired by the restless motion of water, millwheels, and millstones.

## **Wohin? (Whereto?)**

He encounters a brook and decides to follow its path, wondering where its flowing waters will lead him.

## **Halt! (Stop!)**

Seeing a mill nestled among the trees, he stops, sensing that this is the destination the brook intended for him.

## **Danksagung an den Bach**

### **(Thanksgiving to the Brook)**

He thanks the brook for leading him to both a job and the beautiful miller's daughter.

## **Am Feierabend (After Work)**

At the end of the day, he wishes he were strong enough to impress the girl with his labor.

## **Der Neugierige (The Curious One)**

Uncertain of the girl's feelings, he asks the silent brook the single question of whether she loves him.

## **Ungeduld (Impatience)**

In a manic burst of energy, he expresses a desperate desire to carve her name into every

tree. To even train the stars and the winds to shout his love to the world.

### **Morgengruß (Morning Greeting)**

He greets her at her window in the morning, but his shy advances and her cool response leave him feeling uneasy. He settles on watching her from a distance.

### **Des Müllers Blumen (The Miller's Flowers)**

He plants blue flowers under her window (the same color as his beloved's eyes), hoping they will speak of his devotion while she sleeps.

### **Tränenregen (Shower of Tears)**

He manages to sit by the brook with her, and his silent tears fall into the water as he gazes at her reflection. She abruptly leaves, sensing the coming rain.

### **Mein! (Mine!)**

In a sudden, delusional shift, he joyously proclaims that the girl is finally his and calls for all of nature to celebrate.

### **Pause (Pause)**

Overwhelmed by his new "happiness," he hangs his lute on the wall with a green ribbon, unable to find music for his intense feelings.

## **Mit dem grünen Lautenbände (To Accompany the Lute's Green Ribbon)**

After hearing of the girl's love for all things green (light foreshadowing), he proudly gives her the green ribbon from his lute.

## **Der Jäger (The Huntsman)**

A hunter clad in green arrives, triggering the miller's intense jealousy as he realizes he has a rival for her affection.

## **Eifersucht Und Stolz (Jealousy And Pride)**

He angrily tells the brook to go back and tell the girl that her "friend" is busy and doesn't care.

## **Die liebe Farbe (The Beloved Color)**

Heartbroken, he obsesses over the color green, wishing to be buried in it because it is the color his beloved loves.

## **Die böse Farbe (The Loathsome Color)**

His sadness turns to bitterness as he now hates the green of the forest and the ribbon, wishing the world were deathly pale (totenbleich) instead.

### **Trockne Blumen (Withered Flowers)**

He asks that the withered flowers she gave him be buried with him, hoping they will bloom again when she realizes he was faithful.

### **Der Müller und der Bach (The Miller and the Brook)**

In a final dialogue, the miller seeks comfort in the water, and the brook promises him peace and rest beneath its surface

### **Des Baches Wiegenlied (The Brook's Lullaby)**

The brook sings a gentle, eternal lullaby to the miller as he drowns himself, and vows to protect him from all that tormented him

# TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

## WANDERING

To wander is the miller's delight; to wander!  
A poor miller he must be who never thought of  
wandering, of wandering.

We have learned it from the water, from the  
water!

It never rests, by day or night, but is always  
intent on wandering, the water.

We can see it in the wheels too, the wheels!  
They never care to stand still but turn tirelessly  
the whole day long, the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy as they are, the  
stones!

They join in the merry dance and seek to move  
still faster, the stones.

O wandering, my delight, O wandering!  
Master and mistress, let me go my way in  
peace, and wander.

## WHERE TO?

I heard a little brook babbling from its rocky  
source, babbling down to the valley, so bright,  
so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me, nor who  
prompted me, but I, too, had to go down with  
my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards, always following the brook as it babbled ever brighter and ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path? O brook, say where it leads. With your babbling, you have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling? That is no babbling. It is the water nymphs singing as they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend; let the brook babble and follow it cheerfully. For mill-wheels turn in every clear brook.

## **STOP!**

I see a mill gleaming amid the alders; the roar of mill-wheels cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome, sweet song of the mill!  
How inviting the house looks, how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun shines from the sky.  
Now, dear little brook, is this what you meant?

## **THANKSGIVING TO THE BROOK**

Is this what you meant, my babbling friend?  
Your singing, your murmuring – is this what you meant?

'To the maid of the mill!'

This is your meaning; have I understood you?  
'To the maid of the mill!'

Did she send you, or have you entranced me?  
I should like to know this, too: did she send  
you?

However it may be, I yield to my fate: what I  
sought I have found, however it may be.

I asked for work; now I have enough for hands  
and heart; enough, and more besides.

## **AFTER WORK**

If only I had a thousand arms to wield!

If only I could drive the rushing wheels!

If only I could blow like the wind through every  
wood and turn every millstone so that the fair  
maid of the mill would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!

What I lift and carry, what I cut and hammer –  
any apprentice could do the same.

And there I sit with them, in a circle, in the quiet,  
cool hour after work, and the master says  
to us all: 'I am pleased with your work.'

And the sweet maid bids us all goodnight.

## **THE INQUISITIVE ONE**

I ask no flower, I ask no star; none of them can  
tell me what I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener, and the stars are too

high; I will ask my little brook if my heart has  
lied to me.

O brook, my love, how silent you are today!  
I wish to know just one thing, one small word,  
over and over again.

One word is 'yes', the other is 'no';  
these two words contain for me the whole  
world.

O brook, my love, how strange you are.  
I will tell no one else: say, brook, does she love  
me?

## **IMPATIENCE**

I should like to carve it in the bark of every  
tree,

I should like to inscribe it on every pebble,  
sow it in every fresh plot with cress seed that  
would quickly reveal it;

I should like to write it on every scrap of white  
paper:

my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

I should like to train a young starling until it  
spoke the words, pure and clear;  
until it spoke with the sound of my voice, with  
my heart's full, ardent yearning.

then it would sing brightly at her window:

my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

I should like to breathe it to the morning winds

and whisper it through the rustling grove.  
If only it shone from every flower; if only fragrant scents could bear it to her from near and far.

Waves, can you drive only mill-wheels?  
My heart is yours and shall ever remain so.  
I should have thought it would show in my eyes,  
could be seen burning on my cheeks,  
could be read on my silent lips;  
I should have thought my every breath would proclaim it to her;  
but she notices none of these anxious signs:  
my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

## **MORNING GREETING**

Good morning, fair maid of the mill!  
Why do you quickly turn your head away as if something was wrong?  
Does my greeting annoy you so deeply?  
Does my glance upset you so much?  
If so, I must go away again.  
O just let me stand far off and gaze at your beloved window from a far distance!  
Little blonde head, come out!  
Come forth from your round gates, blue morning stars.  
Little eyes, drunk with slumber, little flowers,

saddened by the dew, why do you fear the sun?

Has night been so good to you that you close and droop and weep for its silent bliss?

Shake off now the veil of dreams and rise up, refreshed and free, to God's bright morning!

The lark is trilling in the sky, and from the depths of the heart love draws grief and care.

## **THE MILLER'S FLOWERS**

Many small flowers grow by the brook, gazing from bright blue eyes.

The brook is the miller's friend, and my sweetheart's eyes are bright blue. Therefore, they are my flowers.

Right under her window I will plant the flowers.

There you shall call to her when all is silent, when she lays down her head to sleep, for you know what I wish to say.

And when she closes her eyes and sleeps in sweet repose, then whisper to her as a dream: 'Forget me not!'

That is what I wish to say.

And when, early in the morning, she opens the shutters, then gaze up lovingly; the dew in your eyes shall be the tears that I will weep upon you.

## **SHOWER OF TEARS**

We sat together in such harmony beneath the cool canopy of alders and, in harmony gazed down into the rippling brook.

The moon had appeared too, and then the stars.

They gazed down in harmony into the silvery mirror.

I did not look at the moon; I did not look at the stars.

I gazed only at her reflection and her eyes.

I saw them nod and gaze up from the happy brook; the little blue flowers on the bank nodded and glanced at her.

The whole sky seemed immersed in the brook and sought to drag me down into its depths. Above the clouds and stars the brook rippled merrily and called me with its singing and ringing:

'Friend, follow me!'

Then my eyes filled with tears and the mirror became blurred.

She said: 'It's about to rain. Goodbye. I'm going home.'

## **MINE!**

Brook, cease your babbling!

Wheels, stop your roaring!

All you merry wood-birds great and small, end  
your warbling!

Throughout the wood, within it and beyond,  
let one rhyme alone ring out today:

my beloved, the maid of the mill, is mine!

Mine!

Spring, are these all of your flowers?

Sun, do you have no brighter light?

Ah, then I must remain all alone with that  
blissful word of mine, understood nowhere in  
the whole of creation.

## **PAUSE**

I have hung my lute on the wall and tied a  
green ribbon around it.

I can sing no more, my heart is too full;

I do not know how to force it into rhyme.

The most ardent pangs of my longing I could  
express in playful song, and as I lamented, so  
sweetly and tenderly, I believed my sorrows  
were not trifling.

Ah, how great can my burden of joy be that no  
song on earth will contain it?

Rest now, dear lute, here on this nail, and if a  
breath of air wafts over your strings, or a bee  
touches you with its wings, I shall feel afraid  
and shudder.

Why have I let this ribbon hang down so far?  
Often it flutters across the strings with a sigh-  
ing sound.

Is this the echo of my love's sorrow, or could it  
be the prelude to new songs?

## **TO ACCOMPANY THE LUTE'S GREEN RIBBON**

'What a pity that the lovely green ribbon  
should fade on the wall here; I am so fond of  
green!'

That is what you said to me today, my love.  
I untied it at once and sent it to you: now de-  
light in green!

Though your sweetheart is all in white, green  
shall have its reward, and I, too, am fond of it.  
For our love is evergreen, for distant hope  
blossoms green.

That is why we are fond of it.

Now plait the green ribbon prettily into your  
hair, for you are so fond of green.

Then I shall know where hope dwells, then I  
shall know where love reigns, then I shall truly  
delight in green.

## **THE HUNTSMAN**

What does the huntsman seek here by the  
millstream?

Stay in your own territory, defiant hunter!  
Here is no game for you to hunt; here dwells  
only a tame fawn for me.

And should you wish to see that gentle fawn,  
leave your guns in the forest, leave your baying  
hounds at home, stop that pealing din on your  
horn and shave that unkempt beard from your  
chin, or the fawn will take fright in the garden.  
But it would be better if you stayed in the for-  
est and left mills and millers in peace.

How can fish thrive among green branches?  
What can the squirrel want in the blue pond?  
Stay in the wood, then, defiant hunter, and  
leave me alone with my three mill-wheels, and  
if you wish to make yourself popular with my  
sweetheart, then, my friend, you should know  
what distresses her heart: wild boars come  
out of the wood at night, and break into her  
cabbage patch, rooting about and trampling  
over the field. Shoot the wild boars, hunting  
hero!

## **JEALOUSY AND PRIDE**

Whither so fast, so ruffled and fierce, my be-  
loved brook?

Do you hurry full of anger after our insolent  
hunter's friend?

Turn back, and first reproach your maid of the

mill for her frivolous, wanton inconstancy.

Did you not see her standing by the gate last night, craning her neck as she looked towards the high road?

When the huntsman returns home merrily after the kill a nice girl does not put her head out of the window.

Go, brook, and tell her this; but breathe not a word – do you hear? – about my unhappy face; tell her: he has cut himself a reed pipe on my banks and is piping pretty songs and dances for the children.

## **THE BELOVED COLOR**

I shall dress in green, in green weeping willows: my love is so fond of green.

I shall seek out a cypress grove, a heath full of green rosemary: my love is so fond of green.

Up, away to the merry hunt!

Away over heath and hedge!

My love is so fond of hunting.

The game I hunt is death.

The heath I call Love's Torment:

My love is so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the grass.

Cover me with green turf.

My love is so fond of green.

No black cross, no colorful flowers, green, ev-

everything green, all around.  
My love is so fond of green.

## **THE LOATHSOME COLOR**

I should like to go out into the world, into the  
wide world.

If only it were not so green out there in field  
and forest!

I should like to pluck the green leaves from  
every branch;

I should like to make the green grass deathly  
pale with my weeping.

O green, you loathsome color, why do you look  
at me, so proud, so insolent, so gloating – at  
me, a poor pale man?

I should like to lie at her door in storm and rain  
and snow, and sing softly, day and night, one  
single word, 'Farewell!'

Hark! When a hunting horn sounds in the  
wood, I can hear her window.

And though she does not look, yet I can look  
in.

O untie the green ribbon from your brow.  
Farewell! And in parting give me your hand.

## **WITHERED FLOWERS**

All you flowers that she gave to me, you shall  
be laid with me in the grave.

How sorrowfully you all look at me, as though  
you knew what was happening to me!

All you flowers, how faded and pale you are!

All you flowers, why are you so moist?

Alas, tears will not create the green of May,  
nor make dead love bloom anew.

Spring will come, and winter will pass, and  
flowers will grow in the grass.

And flowers will lie on my grave – all the flow-  
ers that she gave me.

And when she walks past that mound and  
ponders in her heart, 'His love was true.'

Then, all you flowers, come forth, come forth!  
May is here. Winter is over!

## **THE MILLER AND THE BROOK**

\_THE MILLER:\_

Where a true heart dies of love, the lilies wilt in  
their beds.

There the full moon must disappear behind  
clouds so that mankind does not see its tears.

There angels cover their eyes and sobbing,  
sing the soul to rest.

\_THE BROOK:\_

And when love struggles free of sorrow, a new  
star shines in the sky.

Three roses, half-red, half-white, spring from  
thorny stems and will never wither.

And the angels cut off their wings, and every

morning descend to earth.

\_THE MILLER:\_

Ah, brook, beloved brook, you mean so well:

ah, brook, but do you know what love can do?

Ah, below, down below is cool rest!

Brook, beloved brook, sing on.

## **THE BROOK'S LULLABY**

Rest well, rest well!

Close your eyes!

Weary wanderer, this is your home.

Here is constancy; you shall lie with me until  
the sea drinks up all brooks.

I shall make you a cool bed on a soft pillow in  
this blue crystal chamber.

Come, come, all you who can lull, rock and lull  
this boy for me!

When a hunting horn echoes from the green  
forest, I shall surge and roar about you.

Do not peep in, little blue flowers!

You will give my slumberer such bad dreams.

Away, away from the mill-path, wicked girl, lest  
your shadow should wake him!

Throw me your fine shawl, that I may keep his  
eyes covered!

Good night, good night, until all awaken; sleep  
away your joy, sleep away your sorrow!

The full moon rises, the mist vanishes, and the  
sky above, how vast it is

# ABOUT THE ARTISTS

## ETHAN ELSBERND

Ethan Elsbernd is a promising young baritone who recently graduated with a Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance from the University of Iowa and will begin his Master of Music degree at the famed Curtis Institute of Music this fall. While at the U of I, Elsbernd studied with Stephen Swanson and Dr. Rachel Joselson. He currently studies with Julia Faulkner and will begin studying with Amanda Majeski, both of the Curtis Institute. He is a 1st prize winner in collegiate voice of the Thursday Musical Competition, a finalist of the Schubert Club Competition, a winner of the UI Concerto Competition, and, most recently, an Encouragement Award winner at the district level of the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition. Elsbernd has performed principal and supporting roles while also being featured as a recital and concert soloist with the following Iowa Companies: Cedar Rapids Opera, American Gothic Performing Arts Festival, and Opera Quad Cities. This summer, Opera QC will feature him as a soloist for their 25th anniversary concerts singing Wolfram's Aria from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. Finally, as an

active church musician, Elsbernd performs regularly at St. Andrew Presbyterian Church in Iowa City. Recent credits: Fantasia on Christmas Carols (Soloist) Considering Matthew Shepard (Soloist), *Così fan Tutte* (Guglielmo), Gianni Schicchi (Marco/Amantio di Nicolao), *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Soloist), *Tosca* (Sacristan), and *L'amico Fritz* (David).

# UPCOMING EVENTS

For the most current listing of concerts, recitals, and other School of Music events, visit the events calendar.

**EVENTS CALENDAR** 