

RTG PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S

SCHWANENGE SANG

LIVE FROM MERKIN HALL NYC

RAGUEL GABRIEL, TENOR (TRINIDAD)
JEFFREY MIDDLETON, PIANO (USA)



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FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

SCHWANENGESANG, D957 (SWAN SONG)

LIEBESBOTSCHAFT
MESSAGE OF LOVE

KRIEGER'S AHNUNG
WARRIOR'S FOREBODING

FRÜHLINGSSEHNSUCHT
SPRING LONGING

STÄNDCHEN
SERENADE

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IN DER FERNE
FAR AWAY

ABSCHIED
FAREWELL

DER ATLAS
ATLAS

IHR BILD
HER PORTRAIT

DAS FISCHERMÄDCHEN
THE FISHERMAIDEN

DIE STADT
THE TOWN

AM MEER
BY THE SEA

DER DOPPELGÄNGER
THE GHOSTLY DOUBLE

DIE TAUBENPOST
THE PIGEON POST

THE ARTISTS

RAGUEL GABRIEL TENOR

Raguel Gabriel is a Trinidadian classically trained singer and actor. He studied for many years in his homeland at The Key Academy of Music and Alfred Wallace's School of Music. His desire for further training in acting took him to LAMDA (London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art) and then the Stella Adler Studio of Acting (NYC) where he graduated from the three year professional conservatory. Operatic roles performed on stage include Tamino in Die Zauberflöte (Mozart), Hoffmann in Les contes d'Hoffmann (Offenbach), Alfred in Die Fledermaus (Strauss II) and Aeneas in Dido and Aeneas (Purcell). He also interpreted musical theatre roles including Tony in West Side Story and Marius in Les Misérables. NYC acting credits include Antonio in The Merchant of Venice (Shakespeare), Sorin in The Seagull (Chekov) and the title role in Othello (Shakespeare). He continues to forge a very unique path expressing himself passionately in the areas of both drama and music, as actor and singer. Raguel is currently based in the United States. raguelgabriel.com

JEFFREY MIDDLETON PIANO

Dr. Jeffrey Middleton is an American pianist and musician based in New York City. A graduate of The Juilliard School and Yale School of Music, his varied career includes solo and chamber music performances, vocal coaching, accompanying and teaching. Middleton's debut recital in 1995 was at the Weill Hall at the prestigious Carnegie Hall where he was presented by Artists International Inc. Career highlights include his critically acclaimed recordings of Book II of Bach's Well Tempered Clavier (One Soul Records) and 'Cathay' a recording of solo piano pieces composed by Joseph Fennimore for Albany Records. Further collaborations with Fennimore include 23 Romances for Piano (2015) and From My Window (2018) also on Albany Records. He has toured Taiwan, Switzerland and South Africa among other countries. In June 2021 Middleton received the Mae L. Wien Faculty Award for distinguished service from the School of American Ballet, from where he is about to retire after thirty six years on the Music Faculty.

A close-up portrait of Franz Schubert, showing his curly hair, round spectacles, and a dark coat over a turtleneck. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face against a dark background.

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND THE HEART OF HIS FINAL SONGS

In his short lifetime Franz Schubert wrote over six hundred songs and one has to look no further than his final works for evidence of both his state of mind and the direction his music was about to take. *Schwanengesang*, his final set of songs written just before he died in 1828, remains a shining example of the genius and depth with which the beloved composer wrote his music. Schubert set poems by Rellstab, Heine and Seidl to music for this last collection, often called the 'third song cycle' alongside his previous *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*. Though there is debate as to whether Schubert intended this last set to stand as a true song cycle like the others, with a closer look one can find a lingering theme that connects the pieces, even though the poems are by different writers. For the character journeying through the pieces, 'Love, far away' is ever present. Whether it is 'love, far away' that is yet attainable, missed, regretted, longed for, imagined, despised or a source of pain, the theme runs throughout the pieces with Schubert's music adding an extremely touching, emotional and often deep element of longing. Among the gems of *Schwanengesang* are the evergreen *Standchen*, the turbulent *Aufenthalt* and the bone-chilling *Der Doppelgänger*, considered by many to be a masterpiece and crowning achievement in all of *Lieder*.

THE SONGS

LIEBESBOTSCHAFT (LUDWIG RELLSTAB)

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

MESSAGE OF LOVE

Rushing brook, so pretty and clear,
Will you hurry to my sweetheart so cheerful and quick?
Ah, dear little brook, be my messenger;
Bring greetings to her from afar.

All of her flowers, tended in the garden,
That she wears so sweetly on her breast,
And her roses, in crimson radiance,
Brook, refresh them with your cooling stream.

When on the stream bank, lost in dreams
Thinking of me, she bows her head
Comfort my dearest with your friendly glance,
For her beloved is coming back soon.

When the sun is setting with its red glow,
Lull my beloved off to sleep. Murmuring,
Rock her to her sweet rest,
And whisper dreams of love to her.

KRIEGER'S AHNUNG
(LUDWIG RELLSTAB)

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiß.

Wie hab ich oft so süß geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düster Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Daß der Trost dich nicht verläßt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste - gute Nacht!

WARRIOR'S FOREBODING

Around me in deep silence
Lie my soldier comrades;
My heart is so anxious and heavy,
So aflame with longing.

How often have I dreamed sweetly
On her warm breast!
How friendly was the fireglow's warmth
When she lay in my arms!

Here, where the brooding glow of flames,
Alas, only shines on weapons,
Here my heart feels totally alone,
And tears of sadness flow.

Heart! Don't let solace abandon you!
Many a battle is ahead.
Soon I'll rest and sleep soundly,
My beloved—good night!

FRÜHLINGSSEHNSUCHT
LUDWIG RELSTAB

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn,
Wohin? Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter silbern in's Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.
Was ziehst du mich, sehndend verlangender Sinn,
Hinab? Hinab?

Grüssender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold.
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!

Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt! –
Warum? Warum?

Grünend umkränzet Wälder und Höh'!
Schimmernd erglänzet Blütenschnee.
So drängt sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:
Und du? Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewusst!
Wer stilltet mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du! Nur du!

SPRING LONGING

Murmuring breezes flutter so gently
Fill me sighing with the scent of flowers!
How you greet me with a blissful sigh!
What have you done to my pounding heart?
It wants to follow your airy trail!
Where to?

Brooks, so cheerfully bubbling as well,
Flow sparkling silver down to the glen.
The billowing wave hastens downhill!
The meadows and sky are reflected deep within.
Why do you draw me, urgent, yearning feeling,
Down there?

Sparkling gold of the greeting sun,
You bring me hopeful bliss so sweet!
How your joyfully greeting image refreshes me.

It smiles so gently in the dark blue sky
And has filled my eye with tears!
Why?

The forests and hills are wreathed in green,
A snowfall of blossoms sparkles and gleams.
Everything surges to the nuptial light;
The seeds are burgeoning, the buds are opening,
They've found what they need to blossom:
And you?

Restless longing, yearning heart,
Nothing but tears, complaints, and pain?
I too am aware of a growing urge!
Who'll finally quiet my urgent desire?
Only you can release the spring in my soul,
Only you!

STÄNDCHEN
LUDWIG RELLSTAB

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.
Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,

Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.
Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

SERENADE

Softly my songs implore you
Through the night;
Down into the quiet grove,
Beloved, come to me!
Slender treetops rustle, murmur
In the moon's radiance;
Don't fear the hidden listener's
malice, my dearest.
Do you hear the nightingales singing?
Ah, they appeal to you,

With their sweet plaintive tones
They're pleading for me.
They understand the heart's yearning,
They know the pain of love,
Touch with their silvery tones
Every feeling heart.
Let them move you, too,
My darling, listen to me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, dearest, enrapture me.

AUFENTHALT
(LUDWIG RELLSTAB)

Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels mein Aufenthalt.
Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,
Fliesen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.
Und wie des Felsen uraltes Erz
Ewig deselbe bleibet mein Schmerz

DWELLING PLACE

Thundering torrent, roaring forest,
Stony crag, my dwelling place.
Just as the waves roll one after one,
My tears are flowing eternally new.

As high in the treetops it billows and seethes,
Just as unceasingly beats my heart.
And like the mountain's ancient core,
Ever the same remains my pain.

I N D E R F E R N E
(L U D W I G R E L L S T A B)

Wehe dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden! –
Fremde durchmessenden,
Heimat vergessenden,
Mutterhaus hassenden,
Freunde verlassenden
Folget kein Segen, ach!
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das seh nende,
Auge, das trä nende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!

Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Sch merze, ach!
Dies treue Herze brach –
Grüsst von dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden!

F A R A W A Y

Woe to the fugitive,
Fleeing the world!
Roaming foreign places,
Forgetting his homeland,
Hating his mother's house,
Leaving his friends
Alas, no blessing follows
Along their ways.

Heart that is yearning,
Eye that is weeping
Longing that never ends,
Turning toward home.

Breast that is stirring,
Lament that is fading,
Evening star twinkling,
Hopelessly sinking!

Breezes, you rippling,
Waves gently ruffling,
Sunbeam hastening
Nowhere remaining:
She who with agony
Broke my loyal heart—
Greetings from the fugitive,
Fleeing the world!

A B S C H I E D (L U D W I G R E L L S T A B)

Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigem Fuss;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den scheidenden
Gruss.

Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehen,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied
geschehn.

Ade, Ihr Bäume, Ihr Gärten so grün, Ade!
Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang,
Weit schallend ertönet mein Abschiedsgesang,
Nie habt Ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
So wird Euch auch keines beim Scheiden beschert.

Ade, Ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, Ade!
Was schaut Ihr aus blumenumduftetem Haus
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?
Wie sonst, so grüss' ich und schaue mich um,

Doch nimmer wend' ich mein Rösslein um.
Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur Ruh', Ade!
Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich Euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold,
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, Ade!
Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches mal
Und wär' es denn heute zum letzten mal?

Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!
Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt Ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;
Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muss hier vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt Ihr mir noch so treu!
Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau!

F A R E W E L L

Goodbye! You jolly, you cheerful town, goodbye!
My horse paws the ground now with
light-hearted hoof,
Now receive my final, my parting salute
You've never seen me downcast before,
And it can't happen now at my farewell.

Goodbye, you trees, you gardens so green,
goodbye!
Now I'm riding along the silvery stream,
My farewell song echoes far and wide,
You never heard a sorrowful song from me,
And you won't hear one now at my departure.

Goodbye, you friendly lasses there, goodbye!
Why do you look out of your flower-perfumed
house
With such a flirtatious and alluring glance?
As always I greet you and look around
But I never turn my horse back.

Goodbye, dear sun, now go to your rest, goodbye!
Now the gold of the twinkling stars shimmers.
How much do I love you stars in the sky;
We travel the world both far and wide,
And everywhere you are my loyal guide.

Goodbye, you shimmering bright window,
goodbye!
You sparkle so homelike in the twilight glow
And invite us so trustfully into your cottage.
Alas, I've ridden by here so many times,
And is today to be the final time?

Goodbye, you stars, hide yourself in grayness,
goodbye!
The dark, fading light of the window
Can't be replaced by you countless stars,
I can't linger here, I have to go on,
What does it matter if you follow me so
faithfully!

DER ATLAS
(HEINRICH HEINE)

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich tragen.
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

ATLAS

I, wretched Atlas, a world
The whole world of pain I must carry,
I bear the unbearable, and my heart
Is breaking in my body.

You proud heart, you wanted it so!
You wanted to be happy, eternally happy,
Or eternally miserable, proud heart,
And now you are in misery.

I H R B I L D
(H E I N R I C H H E I N E)

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

H E R P O R T R A I T

I stood in dark dreams
And stared at her image,
And the beloved visage
Quietly came to life.

Upon her lips appeared
A smile so wonderful,
And as if from tears of sadness
Her eyes sparkled.

And my tears flowed as well
Down from my cheeks—
And oh, I just can't believe,
That I have lost you!

D A S F I S C H E R M Ä D C H E N
(H E I N R I C H H E I N E)

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Triebe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

T H E F I S H E R M A I D E N

You lovely fisher girl,
Row your boat to shore;
Come to me and sit down,
We'll cuddle hand in hand.

Lay your head on my breast
And don't be so afraid;
You trust yourself without care
Daily to the untamed sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
Has storm and ebb and flood,
And many a lovely pearl
Rests in its depths.

D I E S T A D T
(H E I N R I C H H E I N E)

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

T H E T O W N

On the distant horizon
Appears like a cloud-image
The town with its spires
Shrouded in the gloom of evening.

A damp breeze ruffles
The green surface of the water;
In a mournful rhythm rows
The boatman in my craft.

The sun rises once again
Glowing above the earth
And shows me that spot
Where I lost my beloved.

A M M E E R
(H E I N R I C H H E I N E)

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; –
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

B Y T H E S E A

The sea sparkled far and wide
In the last glow of evening;
We sat at the lonely fisherman's hut,
We sat silent and alone.

The fog rose, the water surged.
The gull flew back and forth;
From your lovely eyes
The tears dropped.

I saw them fall upon your hand
And fell on my knees;
And from your white hand
I drank away the tears.

Since that time my body pines
My soul is dying with yearning;
The wretched woman
Poisoned me with her tears.

DER DOPPELGÄNGER
(HEINRICH HEINE)

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzens Gewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

THE GHOSTLY DOUBLE

The night is quiet, the streets are silent,
My beloved lived in this house;
She left the town a long time ago,
But the house still stands in the same place.

A man stands there, too, and stares upward
And wrings his hands with the force of his pain;
I'm horrified when I see his face—
The moon shows me my own likeness.

You ghostly double, you pallid fellow!
Why do you ape my lovesickness,
That tormented me here
So many nights long ago?

DIE TAUBENPOST
(JOHANN GABRIEL SEIDL)

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,

Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht
Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der
Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinn's.

THE PIGEON POST

I have a courier pigeon in my employ,
It's very devoted and true.
It never stops short of my goal
And never flies too far.

I send it out many thousand times
With messages every day,
Away past many a pretty place,
Right to my dearest's house.

It peeks through the window secretly there
And watches for her step and glance,
Gives her my greetings playfully
And brings hers back to me.

I don't need to write notes anymore
I send my tears with it instead,

I'm sure they will never go astray,
It serves me so eagerly.

By night, by day, awake, in dreams,
It's all the same to it,
If it can only rove and roam,
That is repayment enough.

It never tires, it never flags,
The way is ever new,
It needs no lure, it needs no pay,
The dove is so loyal to me!

And so I keep it close to my heart
Assured of the sweetest reward;
Its name is—longing! Do you know it?
Enduring love's messenger.

T H A N K S

Mummy, for always supporting me and believing in my every dream no matter how big or crazy it seems. Jen, you're a pillar of strength. Rory, for your advice and brotherly embrace.

Jeff-what a journey its been! I think it was fate that you had to walk to your music collection that day and handpick Aufenthalt as a suggestion for my repertoire. I loved it the minute I heard it and fell head over heels for the entire song set when I listened to the entire thing for the first time.The text, the music, the character...his journey. It all instantly affected me and spoke to my heart.You know my soul too well haha. From that moment I knew I had to perform it for an audience. Thank you so much for helping me get there after more than a year. It was truly a collaboration and journey I will never forget.
Till we meet again.

Beth-It was so nice to meet you! Thank you for your insight, time, passion, patience and shared love for this piece. Thank you for taking me further, beyond the music and underneath the text to find the character that speaks these words. It's all about the truth-I'll never forget that.

David Bridges, Kaufman Music Center, Merkin Hall Staff, Westbeth NYC, Andres Hernandez, Karen Gomez, Anna Posokhina, Nicolas Spencer, Janine Charles-Farray,
Black Collar Creative Ltd.

Emilotte Persson, Bobby Buffaloboy, Damien Boykin, Imogen Roux, Ryan Parr, Alexander Pecanac...you have to know that you all contributed in your own way to my interpretation of this music: thank you ALL.

My new Olustee friends, Jeff, Sunny, Helen, Rachel...my time with you in Oklahoma was definitely not planned but, where the wind blows, I go. You will be forever in my memory. Surrounded by nature, animals, the silence, space and the whistling winds of night, this music just began to sink deeper and deeper into me. I was suddenly surrounded by the exact imagery and real life visions of the text of Schwanengesang. Four months later I was ready to return to New York to rehearse the music and now here we are! Thank you all so much, see you one fine day!

Dear guests, thank you for tuning in and sharing the journey of Schwanengesang with Jeff and I. Your support means the world to me. We've all been through quite a lot in life recently and it is my hope that this performance adds some beauty to your world in the moment. Music has the power to change you, uplift you, touch you. I know for me, journeying with this music for more than a year, it became my saviour and refuge during a very tough 2020. Thank you for allowing me to share it now with you. Till we 'meet' again.

L O V E , R A G U E L .