

Lincoln Center presents

2011/2012 Great Performers Season

Monday Evening, February 27, 2012, at 7:30

Art of the Song

Gerald Finley, *Bass-baritone*

Julius Drake, *Piano*

LOEWE **Erlkönig**
Tom der Reimer
Die wandelnde Glocke
Edward

SCHUBERT **Grenzen der Menschheit**
Der Zwerg
Der Schiffer
Der Kreuzzug
Der Einsame
Erlkönig

Intermission

HUW WATKINS ***Look Down, Fair Moon*** (North American premiere)

Look Down, Fair Moon
I Looked Up from My Writing
Clown in the Moon
Insomnia
Full Moon and Little Frieda
Sad Steps

BRITTEN **Lemady**
Greensleeves
I wonder as I wander
The Crocodile

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Steinway Piano
Alice Tully Hall, Starr Theater

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Upcoming Art of the Song Events in Alice Tully Hall:

Sunday Afternoon, March 25, at 5:00

Michael Schade, Tenor

Luca Pisaroni, Bass-baritone

Justus Zeyen, Piano

MEDELSSOHN: Six duets

MOZART: Four songs

SCHUBERT: Selections from *Schwanengesang*

SCHUMANN: Nine songs

BRAHMS: Five songs

arr. GREER: Wiener Lieder-Medley

Sunday Afternoon, April 8, at 5:00

Anna Caterina Antonacci, Soprano (New York recital debut)

Donald Sulzen, Piano

FAURÉ: Cinq mélodies "de Venise"; L'horizon chimérique

HAHN: Selections from *Venezia*

TOSTI: Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta

CILEA: Three songs

MASCAGNI: Two songs

RESPIGHI: Selections from *Cinque canti all'antica*; Two songs

REFICE: Ombra di nube

Sunday Afternoon, May 13, at 5:00

Christine Brewer, Soprano

Craig Rutenberg, Piano

BARBER: Five songs

SMITH: Vignettes: Letters from George to Evelyn; For the Color of My Mother

THOMSON: Five portraits for solo piano; My Long Life

IVES: Three songs

CHARLES: When I have sung my songs

KRAMER: Now like a lantern

ARLEN: Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe

LA MONTAINE: Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

YOUMANS: Through the Years

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We would like to remind you that the sound of coughing and rustling paper might distract the performers and your fellow audience members.

In consideration of the performing artists and members of the audience, those who must leave before the end of the performance are asked to do so between pieces, not during the performance. The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not allowed in the building.

Program Summary

by Kenneth LaFave

Tell a story, or create a mood? This program begins with the ballads of Carl Loewe, whose career depended on his unique ability to set a story to a memorable melody. For Loewe, the tale is everything, while the atmosphere is generally monochromatic. “Edward,” a grisly tale of patricide, barely lightens its minor-mode oppression long enough to suggest emotional layering.

It was Schubert’s genius that he saw no real difference between story and atmosphere. The cheerful but repetitive chirping of the cricket (in the piano) during “Der Einsame” relates the literal picture of the poem, but also immediately conveys the feeling of loneliness: story and mood are one. Emotions in Schubert’s setting of “Erlkönig” shift quickly between those of the three characters in the drama, while Loewe’s setting of the poem maintains one emotional pitch.

Huw Watkins unifies the varied prosody of the poems in his cycle with the image of the moon, while Benjamin Britten diversifies the simple moods of his folk song arrangements with emotionally telling piano parts. Like all great song composers, they create musical moods that do as much to tell a story as any words.

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Notes on the Program

by Kenneth LaFave

Erkönig, Op. 1 (1818); Tom der Reimer, Op. 135a (c. 1860); Die wandelnde Glocke, Op. 20 (1832); Edward, Op. 1 (1818)

CARL LOEWE

Born November 30, 1796, in Löbejün, Germany

Died April 20, 1869, in Kiel, Germany

Approximate length: 17 minutes

Carl Loewe was in that rarest class of classical musicians: a composer who was also a professional singer. Throughout a life that began when Beethoven was on the ascendancy and ended when Wagner was at full height, Loewe enjoyed acclaim throughout Europe, touring extensively as the era's best known singer-songwriter.

Loewe composed in many genres, including orchestral works and opera, but it is as a song composer that he is best regarded today. His specialty was the ballad—a song that tells a story—and to the texts he chose he brought dramatic intensity as well as a sense of warm lyricism. His fame as a song composer won him the label “the Schubert of North Germany,” so it's no surprise that he, like the Schubert of the South, was drawn to the poems of Goethe. Loewe wrote his setting of “Erkönig” in 1818, unaware that Schubert had done the same three years previous. Both men's songs would become well known in due course: Schubert's through decades of performances by a variety of singers, and Loewe's by his own advocacy on tour.

Loewe's “Erkönig” is direct and unrelenting in its pitch of high drama. Instead of Schubert's eighth-note triplets in common time, Loewe deploys driving sixteenth notes over measures of 9/8. Loewe also employs the dramatic technique of having the piano slip into tremolo whenever the Erkönig (“alder king”) sings. “Erkönig” shares Loewe's Op. 1 with three other ballads, including the grisly “Edward,” based on a Scottish folk ballad. The harmonic language for “Edward” is dipped in full-diminished seventh chords, a sound now associated with high melodrama. “Die wandelnde Glocke,” again by Goethe, finds the composer in a more sanguine and less sanguinary mood. Decades later, Loewe returned to Scottish balladry for another song, “Tom der Reimer,” its text adapted from a medieval tale by Theodor Fontane. By this time (around 1860), Loewe's writing had greatly clarified; the harmonies are cleaner and the piano writing has gone from roiling thickness to natural brilliance.

Erkönig

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Erl King

Trans.: Walter Meyer

Who's riding so late through night, so wild?
It is the father who's holding his child;
he's tucked the boy secure in his arm,
he holds him tight and keeps him warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein
Gesicht?”

“Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?”

“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.”

*Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.*

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du
nicht,

Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?”

“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.”

*Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen
Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich
ein.*

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du
nicht dort

Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?”

“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.”

*Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne
Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich
Gewalt.*

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich
an!

Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!”

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

“My son, why do you hide your face in
fear?”

“See you not, father, the Erl King near?
The Erl King in his crown and train?”

“My son, 'tis but a foggy strain.”

*Sweet lovely child, come, go with me!
What wonderful games I'll play with thee;
flowers, most colorful, yours to behold.
My mother for you has garments of gold.*

“My father, my father, and can you not
hear

what Erl King is promising into my ear?”

“Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine;
the wind through dried leaves is rustling
so fine.”

*Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me?
My daughters should royally wait upon thee;
my daughters conduct each night their
song fest
to swing and to dance and to sing thee to
rest.*

“My Father, my father, and can you not
see

Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?”

“My son, my son, I see it clear;
the ancient willows so gray do appear.”

*I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful
form;
and be thou not willing, I'll take thee by
storm.*

“My father, my father, he's clutching my
arm!

Erl King has done me a painful harm!”

The father shudders and onward presses;
the gasping child in his arms he caresses;
he reaches the courtyard, and barely inside,
he holds in his arms the child who has died.

Tom der Reimer

Text: Theodor Fontane

Der Reimer Thomas lag am Bach,
Am Kieselbach bei Huntly Schloß.
Da sah er eine blonde Frau,
Die saß auf einem weißen Roß.

Sie saß auf einem weißen Roß,
Die Mähne war geflochten fein,
Und hell an jeder Flechte hing
Ein silberblankes Glöcklein.

Und Tom der Reimer zog den Hut
Und fiel aufs Knie, er grüßt und spricht:
"Du bist die Himmelskönigin!
Du bist von dieser Erde nicht!"

Die blonde Frau hält an ihr Ross:
"Ich will dir sagen, wer ich bin;
Ich bin die Himmelsjungfrau nicht,
Ich bin die Elfenkönigin!

Nimm deine Harf und spiel und sing
Und laß dein bestes Lied erschallen!
Doch wenn du meine Lippe küßt,
Bist du mir sieben Jahr verfalln!"

"Wohl! sieben Jahr, o Königin,
Zu dienen dir, es schreckt mich kaum!"
Er küßte sie, sie küßte ihn,
Ein Vogel sang im Eschenbaum.

"Nun bist du mein, nun zieh mit mir,
Nun bist du mein auf sieben Jahr."
Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald,
Wie glücklich da der Reimer war!

Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald
Bei Vogelsang und Sonnenschein,
Und wenn sie leicht am Zügel zog,
So klangen hell die Glöcklein.

Tom the Rhymer

Trans.: Emily Ezurst

The Rhymer Thomas lay by the brook,
the pebbly brook by Huntly Castle.
There he spied a fair-haired lady,
who sat upon a white horse.

She sat upon a white horse
with a finely braided mane,
and brightly on each plait there hung
a bright silver bell.

And Tom the Rhymer took off his hat
and fell to his knees, greeting her:
"You are the Queen of Heaven!
You are not of this world!"

The fair-haired lady stopped her horse:
"I will tell you who I am:
I am not the Maid of Heaven—
I am the Queen of Elves!

Take your harp and play and sing,
and let your best songs resound!
But if you kiss my lips,
you will be mine for seven years!"

"So be it! Seven years, o Queen,
to serve you—that hardly daunts me!"
He kissed her, she kissed him,
and a bird sang in the ash tree.

"Now you are mine; now come with me—
now you are mine for seven years."
They rode off through the green woods—
how happy the Rhymer was!

They rode off through the green woods
as birds sang and the sun shone;
and whenever she pulled lightly on her reins
the little bells rang brightly.

Die wandelnde Glocke

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Es war ein Kind, das wollte nie
Zur Kirche sich bequemen,
Und sonntags fand es stets ein Wie,
Den Weg ins Feld zu nehmen.

Die Mutter sprach: die Glocke tönt,
Und so ist dir's befohlen,
Und hast du dich nicht hingewöhnt,
Sie kommt und wird dich holen.

Das Kind, es denkt: die Glocke hängt
Da droben auf dem Stuhle.
Schon hat's den Weg ins Feld gelenkt,
Als lief es aus der Schule.

Die Glocke, Glocke tönt nicht mehr,
Die Mutter hat gefackelt.
Doch welch ein Schrecken hinterher!
Die Glocke kommt gewackelt.

Sie wackelt schnell, man glaubt es kaum;

Das arme Kind im Schrecken,
Es läuft, es kommt als wie im Traum;
Die Glocke wird es decken.

Doch nimmt es richtig seinen Husch
Und mit gewandter Schnelle,
Eilt es durch Anger, Feld und Busch
Zur Kirche, zur Kapelle.

Und jeden Sonn- und Feiertag
Gedenkt es an den Schaden,
Läßt durch den ersten Glockenschlag
Nicht in Person sich laden.

The Wandering Bell

Trans.: Emily Ezurst

There was a boy who never wanted
to go to church;
and Sundays he always found a way
to go out into the field.

His mother said: the bell is tolling
and so you are ordered,
and if you won't make it your habit,
it will come and fetch you.

The child, he thought: the bell hangs
high up there in the belfry.
And already he was off to the field,
as if he had just been let out of school.

The bell, the bell chimed no longer,
Mother was just stalling him.
But what a horror behind him!
The bell was coming waddling after him.

It waddled quickly, one could hardly
believe it;
the poor child was in terror.
He ran and ran as if in a nightmare;
the bell was going to swallow him whole.

But he made a good dart for it,
and with agile speed,
hurried through meadow, field, and bush
to the church, to the chapel.

And every Sunday and holiday
he thinks about his misdeed,
and at the first toll of the bell,
he does not allow it to summon him in
person.

Edward

Trans.: Johann Gottfried Herder

Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot?
Edward, Edward!

Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot?
Und gehst so traurig da? O!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier tot,
Mutter, Mutter!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier tot,
Und das, das geht mir nah. O!

Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot,
Edward, Edward!

Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot,
Mein Sohn, bekenn mir frei. O!

Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotroß tot,
Mutter, Mutter!

Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotroß tot,
Und's war so stolz und treu. O!

Dein Roß war alt und hast's nicht not,
Edward, Edward!

Dein Roß war alt und hast's nicht not,
Dich drückt ein andrer Schmerz. O!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot!
Mutter, Mutter!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot,
Und das, das quält mein Herz! O!

Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,
Edward, Edward?

Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,
Mein Sohn, bekenn' mir mehr! O!

Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!
Mutter, Mutter!

Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!
Will wandern übers Meer! O!

Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall,

Edward, Edward?

Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall,

So herrlich sonst, so schön? O!

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Edward

Text.: Scottish ballad

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
and why sae sad gang ye, O?

O, I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, Mither;

O, I have kill'd my hawk sae gude,
and I had nae mair but he, O!

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward?

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
my dear son I tell thee, O!

O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, Mither;

O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
that erst wa sae fair and free, O!

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward?

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
some other dole ye dree, O!

O, I hae slain my father dear,
Mither, Mither;

O, I hae slain my father dear,
alas, and wae is me, O!

And whatten pennance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?

Whatten pennance will ye dree for that
my dear son, now tell me, O!

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, Mither;

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
and I'll gang over the sea, O.

And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and
your ha',

Edward, Edward?

And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and
your ha',

that were sae fair to see? O!

Ach immer steh's und sink und fall!
Mutter, Mutter!
Ach immer steh's und sink und fall,
Ich werd es nimmer sehn! O!

I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, Mither;
I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
for here never mair maun I be, O.

Und was soll werden aus Weib und Kind,
Edward, Edward?
Und was soll werden aus Weib und Kind,
Wann du gehst übers Meer? O!

And what will ye leave to your bairns and
your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and
your wife,
when ye gang owre the sea, O?

Die Welt ist groß, laß sie betteln drin,
Mutter, Mutter!
Die Welt ist groß, laß sie betteln drin,
Ich seh sie nimmermehr! O!

The world's room, let them beg through
life,
Mither, Mither;
the world's room, let them beg through
life;
for them never mair will I see, O.

Und was soll deine Mutter tun,
Edward, Edward?
Und was soll deine Mutter tun,
Mein Sohn, das sage mir? O!

And what will ye leave to your ain mither
dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither
dear,
my dear son, now tell me? O!

Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,
Mutter, Mutter!
Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,
Denn ihr, ihr rietet's mir! O!

The curse of hell from me sall ye bear,
Mither, Mither;
the curse of hell from me sall ye bear,
sic counsels ye gave to me, O!

Grenzen der Menschheit, D.716 (1821); Der Zwerg, D.771 (c. 1822); Der Schiffer, D.536 (1817); Der Kreuzzug, D.932 (1827); Der Einsame, D.800 (1825); Erlkönig, D.328 (1815)

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Born January 31, 1797, in Vienna

Died November 19, 1828, in Vienna

Approximate length: 29 minutes

Composed in 1821 and published posthumously, "Grenzen der Menschheit" finds Schubert engaged in intellectual tone painting. The surface of Goethe's poem voices faith in the gods and surrender to man's inevitable fate. But beneath the surface lies the fear of straying from the gods' purpose. Schubert's music conveys, at once, the steady framework of a two-beat, chorale-like melody that insists on diatonic fidelity, and harmonies that shift so radically as to confound all but the most acute ear.

Matthäus von Collin's insistently dark poem "Der Zwerg," about a gnome's murder of a queen who has left him for the king, was published in 1813 and set by Schubert approximately nine years later. Karl Pinterics premiered it at a reception near the end of 1822, and the song was published the following year as the composer's Op. 22, No. 1. The right-hand sixteenth notes that run incessantly through the piano accompaniment are no less dramatic than the better known triplet eighth notes of Schubert's "Erkönig." But it's the left hand that presents the song's most striking rhythmic device: the repetition of three eighth notes followed by a quarter note—the same rhythmic cell as the opening movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Schubert composed two songs called "Der Schiffer" ("The Boatman"), and they are polar opposites. The later one sets to music Friedrich von Schlegel's sketch (written in 1800) of indolence briefly interrupted by desire. Schubert's first "Der Schiffer," which is the song we hear this evening, incorporates a poem by Johann Baptist Mayrhofer and offers a boldly assertive picture of boatman vs. storm.

Schubert first noticed the poems of Karl Gottfried von Leitner during a visit to Graz in September of 1827, and subsequently set nine of his poems to music. "Der Kreuzzug" is a hushed meditation on the journey of life from the viewpoint of a monk watching a knight depart for the Crusades. Marked *Ruhig und fromm* ("Restful and holy"), it maintains a stoically calm aura. In songs such as these, the importance of atmosphere is made clear. In the words of the great Schubert singer Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau: "In Romanticism, the main determinant is the mood, the atmosphere. And in that regard, you could also describe Schubert as a Romantic."

From Schubert's "happy year" of 1825 comes "Der Einsame," a meditation on the positives and negatives of being alone. The hermit in it has mixed feelings about his solitude. In the poem itself, he would seem content to have only a cricket for a friend, but Schubert's music—with growling piano eighth notes sitting in for the cricket's fiddling—makes this ambiguous. The singer is pulled back and forth between a jolly feeling of being on one's own and the altogether different feeling of loneliness.

Various minor composers crafted songs from Goethe's poem "Erkönig" prior to 1815, when the 18-year-old Schubert composed his version, a setting eventually to eclipse all others. He revised it three times before its public premiere on March 7, 1821, in Vienna, and published it later that year in his Op. 1. Schubert's friend Josef von Spaun later recalled in a memoir witnessing the teenage composer at work on the song. Quoted in Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's study of Schubert, von Spaun describes how he and Josef Mayrhofer "found Schubert all aglow reading the 'Erkönig' aloud from a book. He walked to and fro several times with the book in his hand; suddenly he sat down, and in no time at all the wonderful ballad was on paper." The various characters in the poem are given different parts of the singer's range to distinguish them: the boy the high range, the narrator the middle, and the father the low, while the title character traverses the entire compass.

Grenzen der Menschheit

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wenn der uralte
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Über die Erde sät,
Küss' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Treu in der Brust.

Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.

Steht er mit festen
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten
Dauernden Erde,
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.

Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Daß viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.

Ein kleiner Ring
Begrenzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.

Border of Humanity

Trans.: Emily Ezurst

When the ancient
holy father
with calm hand
from the rolling clouds
sends blessed lightning
over the earth,
I kiss the last
seam of his cloak
with a childlike awe
deep in my breast.

For gods
shall never compete
with mortal man.
If he lifts himself up
and disturbs
the stars with his head,
then nowhere are anchored
his uncertain feet,
and with him sport
the clouds and the wind.

If instead he stands with firm,
vigorous bones,
upon the well-founded
and enduring earth,
he does not reach up
even to the oak tree,
or the vine
to compare.

What distinguishes
gods from men?
That many a wave broke
before the one came wandering—
an eternal stream:
the wave lifts us;
yet gulp in the water,
and we drown.

A small ring
limits our life,
and many generations
string past constantly,
their existences forming
an endless chain.

(Please do not turn the page until the completion of the song.)

Der Zwerg

Text: Matthäus von Collin

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die
Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten
Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten
Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne;
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blau
durchzogen.

“Nie, nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr
Sterne,“
So ruft sie aus, “bald werd ich nun
entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb ich wahrlich
gerne.”

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter Seide,
Und weint, als wollt er schnell vor Gram
erblinden.

Er spricht: “Du selbst bist schuld an
diesem Leide
Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen,
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch
Freude.

Zwar werd ich ewiglich mich selber hassen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben,

Doch mußt zum frühen Grab du nun
erblassen.”

Sie legt die Hand aufs Herz voll jungem
Leben,
Und aus dem Aug die schweren Tränen
rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

The Gnome

Trans.: Emily Ezurst

Into the gloomy light, the mountains are
already disappearing
on flat sea waves floats a boat:
on board are the queen and her gnome.

She gazes up into the high-arched vault,
into the blue, light-woven distance
that with the milk of the sky is streaked
blue.

“Never, never have you lied to me yet,
you stars,“
so she cries, “and soon I will vanish,
you tell me; but in truth, I will die gladly.”

Then the gnome steps up to the queen
to bind a red silk cord around her neck,
and he weeps as if he wanted to blind
himself with grief.

He speaks: “You yourself are to blame for
this suffering
because you have forsaken me for the king.
Now only your death will awaken joy in
me.

It is true I will hate myself forever
for having bestowed death on you with
my own hand;
but now, pale, you must go to your early
grave.”

She lays her hand on her heart full of
youthful life,
and heavy tears run from her eyes
that she would lift imploringly to the heavens.

“Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen
Tod gewinnen!”
Sie sagt’s; da küßt der Zwerg die bleichen
Wangen,
Drauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau, von Tod
befangen,
Er senkt sie tief ins Meer mit eignen
Händen,
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll Verlangen,
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

Der Schiffer

Text: Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

Im Winde, im Sturme befahr ich den Fluß,
Die Kleider durchweicht der Regen im
Guß;
Ich peitsche die Wellen mit mächtigem
Schlag,
Erhoffend, erhoffend mir heiteren Tag.

Die Wellen, sie jagen das ächzende Schiff,
Es drohet der Strudel, es drohet das Riff.
Gesteine entkollern den felsigen Höh’n,
Und Tannen erseufzen wie
Geistergestöhn.

So mußte es kommen, ich hab es gewollt,
Ich hasse ein Leben behaglich entrollt;
Und schlängen die Wellen den ächzenden
Kahn,
Ich priese doch immer die eigene Bahn.

Drum tose des Wassers ohnmächtiger Zorn,
Dem Herzen entquillet ein seliger Born,
Die Nerven erfrischend—o himmlische Lust,
Dem Sturme zu trotzen mit männlicher
Brust.

“May you suffer no pain through my
death!”
she says; the gnome kisses her pale
cheeks
and in that moment her senses leave her.

The gnome gazes at the lady, overcome
with death,
and sinks her deep into the sea with his
own hands.
His heart burns with desire for her;
upon no coast will he ever land again.

The Boatman

Trans.: Emily Ezurst

In wind and storm I traverse the river,
my clothes soaked through with the
downpour;
I lash the waves with powerful blows,
hoping, hoping for a fine day.

The waves, they drive the creaking ship,
the whirlpool threatens, as does the reef.
Rocks roll furiously down from the craggy
heights, and fir trees sigh like lamenting
ghosts.

So it must be, and so have I willed it:
I hate a life that unrolls comfortably;
even were the waves to swallow this
creaking boat,
I would still ever praise the path I have
chosen!

So let the water roar with impotent rage;
from my heart springs forth a blissful fountain,
refreshing the nerves—o heavenly joy,
I stand against the tempest with a defiant
chest.

(Please do not turn the page until the completion of the song.)

Der Kreuzzug

Text: Karl Gottfried von Leitner

Ein Mönch steht in seiner Zelle
Am Fenstergitter grau,
Viel Rittersleut in Waffen hell,
Die reiten durch die Au.

Sie singen Lieder frommer Art
In schönem, ernstem Chor,
Inmitten fliegt, von Seide zart,
Die Kreuzesfahn' empor.

Sie steigen an dem Seegestad
Das hohe Schiff hinan.
Es läuft hinweg auf grünem Pfad,
Ist bald nur wie ein Schwan.

Der Mönch steht am Fenster noch,
Schaut ihnen nach hinaus:
"Ich bin, wie ihr, ein Pilger doch,
Und bleib ich gleich zu Haus.

Des Lebens Fahrt durch Wellentrug
Und heißen Wüstensand,
Es ist ja auch ein Kreuzeszug
In das gelobte Land."

Der Einsame

Text: Karl Gottlieb Lappe

Wenn meine Grillen schwirren,
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz ich mit vergnügtem Sinn
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,
So leicht, so unbeschwert.

Ein trautes, stilles Stündchen
Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach,
Man schürt, wenn sich die Lohe senkt,
Die Funken auf und sinnt und denkt:
Nun abermal ein Tag!

The Crusade

Trans.: Emily Ezurst

A monk stands in his cell
by the gray window grille;
several knights in bright armor
are riding through the meadow.

They sing songs of a holy sort
in a beautiful, earnest chorus;
in their midst, of delicate silk,
flies the banner of the cross.

At the seashore they climb
on board their tall ship.
It sails away on the green path,
and soon it seems nothing more than a
swan.

The monk stands at the window still,
gazing out after them:
"I am, like you, a pilgrim as well,
yet I remain at home all the same.

Life's journey through deceitful waves
and hot wastelands—
it is also a crusade
to the promised land."

The Lone One

Trans.: Emily Ezurst

When my crickets sing
at night by my late-burning hearth,
then I sit with pleasure,
cozily by the fire,
so lighthearted and untroubled.

For one dear, quiet little hour
one enjoys remaining alert by the fire:
one stokes it when it sinks to embers,
making sparks fly; and one feels and thinks:
another day has passed!

Was Liebes oder Leides
Sein Lauf für uns dahergebracht,
Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn;
Allein das Böse wirft man hin,
Es störe nicht die Nacht.

What love or sorrow
has brought to us in the course of the day—
this passes through our mind;
one discards the bad alone,
so that it will not disturb the night.

Zu einem frohen Traume
Bereitet man gemacht sich zu,
Wenn sorgelos ein holdes Bild
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,
Ergibt man sich der Ruh.

For pleasant dreams
one prepares oneself,
and when, carefree, a sweet image
fills one's soul with gentle pleasure,
one submits to sleep.

Oh, wie ich mir gefalle
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt
Das irre Herz gefesselt hält,
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

Oh, how I love
my quiet rusticity!
In the tumult of the loud world
the restless heart would be held captive
and never find contentment.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen
In meiner Klause eng und klein.
Ich duld euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht
Wenn euer Lied das Schweigen bricht,
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

Chirp on and on, dear cricket,
in my narrow and small hermitage.
I tolerate you gladly: you do not disturb me
when your song breaks the silence,
for then I am no longer so entirely alone.

Please see page 22 for the "Erlkönig" text and translation.

Look Down, Fair Moon (2010–11)

HUW WATKINS

Born July 13, 1976, in South Wales

Approximate length: 21 minutes

Welsh-born Huw Watkins studied piano with Peter Lawson at Chetham's School of Music and composition with Robin Holloway, Alexander Goehr, and Julian Anderson at Cambridge and the Royal College of Music, where Watkins is currently on the faculty. *Look Down, Fair Moon* was composed for Gerald Finley and Julius Drake and premiered at London's Wigmore Hall in September of 2011. Writing in the *Guardian* following the premiere, Andrew Clements described the piece thusly:

Look Down, Fair Moon...takes its title from a poem by Walt Whitman, the first of six works with lunar associations that Watkins sets. But the starting point for the sequence was the text with which the cycle ends, Philip Larkin's lament for lost youth, "Sad Steps," which Watkins had already used as the title for a chamber work. Between these are settings of Thomas Hardy, Dylan Thomas, Elizabeth Bishop, and Ted Hughes, all poems of nocturnal introspection and quietly luminous imagery. In its unshowy way it is a wonderfully effective cycle. Watkins ensures the beauty of the words is never obscured, but gives enough buoyancy and shape to the vocal lines to make them rise above declamation into authentic song.

Look Down, Fair Moon

Text: Walt Whitman

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene;
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods, on faces ghastly, swollen, purple;
On the dead, on their backs, with their arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

I Looked Up from My Writing

Text: Thomas Hardy

I looked up from my writing,
And gave a start to see,
As if rapt in my inditing,
The moon's full gaze on me.

Her meditative misty head
Was spectral in its air,
And I involuntarily said,
'What are you doing there?'

'Oh, I've been scanning pond and hole
And water hereabout
For the body of one with a sunken soul
Who has put his life-light out.

'Did you hear his frenzied tattle?
It was sorrow for his son
Who is slain in brutish battle,
Though he has injured none.

'And now I am curious to look
Into the blinkered mind
Of one who wants to write a book
In a world of such a kind.'

Her temper overwrought me,
And I edged to shun her view,
For I felt assured she thought me
One who should drown him too.

Clown in the Moon

Text: Dylan Thomas

My tears are like the quiet drift
Of petals from some magic rose;
And all my grief flows from the rift
Of unremembered skies and snows.

I think, that if I touched the earth,
It would crumble;
It is so sad and beautiful,
So tremulously like a dream.

—By Dylan Thomas, from *The Poems of Dylan Thomas*, copyright © 1946 by New Directions Publishing Corp. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

Insomnia

Text: Elizabeth Bishop

The moon in the bureau mirror
looks out a million miles
(and perhaps with pride, at herself,
but she never, never smiles)
far and away beyond sleep, or
perhaps she's a daytimer sleeper.

By the universe deserted,
she'd tell it to go to hell,
and she'd find a body of water,
or a mirror, on which to dwell.
So wrap up care in a cobweb
and drop it down the well

into that world inverted
where left is always right,
where the shadows are really the body,
where we stay awake all night,
where the heavens are shallow as the sea
is now deep, and you love me.

Full Moon and Little Frieda

Text: Ted Hughes

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank of a bucket—

And you listening.
A spider's web, tense for the dew's touch.
A pail lifted, still and brimming—mirror
To tempt a first star to a tremor.

Cows are going home in the lane there, looping the hedges with their warm wreaths of
breath—

A dark river of blood, many boulders,
Balancing unspilled milk.

'Moon!' you cry suddenly, 'Moon! Moon!'

The moon has stepped back like an artist gazing amazed at a work
That points at him amazed.

(Please do not turn the page until the completion of the song.)

Sad Steps

Text: Philip Larkin

Groping back to bed after a piss
I part thick curtains, and am startled by
The rapid clouds, the moon's cleanliness.

Four o'clock: wedge-shadowed gardens lie
Under a cavernous, a wind-picked sky.
There's something laughable about this,

The way the moon dashes through clouds that blow
Loosely as cannon-smoke to stand apart
(Stone-coloured light sharpening the roofs below)

High and preposterous and separate—
Lozenge of love! Medallion of art!
O wolves of memory! Immensements! No,

One shivers slightly, looking up there.
The hardness and the brightness and the plain
Far-reaching singleness of that wide stare

Is a reminder of the strength and pain
Of being young; that it can't come again,
But is for others undiminished somewhere.

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Lemady (1976); Greensleeves (c. 1941); I wonder as I wander (c. 1940–41); The Crocodile (c. 1941)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Born November 22, 1913, in Lowestoft, England

Died December 4, 1976, in Aldeburgh, England

Approximate length: 13 minutes

Benjamin Britten was perhaps the most important composer of English-language vocal works in the 20th century. In art song, opera, and choral music, Britten exhibited again and again how to set the consonant-laden, rhyme-poor language of English to music that underlined its beauty. He claimed he learned this skill from his famous predecessor, Henry Purcell, but given Britten's lifelong advocacy of folk songs, it would seem he also gleaned something of what he called their "quiet, uneventful charm" and applied that quality to his own works.

Britten embraced folk song throughout his life as a source of inspiration and refreshment, setting dozens of examples from countries around the globe over a span of decades. The

four on this program range in character from the sense of awe in “I wonder as I wander” to the yearning famously captured in the Renaissance *romanesca* “Greensleeves”; from the gentle *aubade* that is “Lemady” to the broad, childlike humor of “The Crocodile.” In each, Britten evinces a bit of originality that marks the arrangement as uniquely his. Unlike a composer such as fellow Englishman Ralph Vaughan Williams, Britten did not imbue his serious concert works with folk song–like melodies. Instead, the spirit of folk song was like a spark to his imagination in the form of clever and engaging piano accompaniments.

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Lemady

Text: Traditional

One midsummer’s morn as I were a-walking
The fields and the meadows were covered with green,
The birds a-sweetly singing so pleasant and so charming,
So early in the morning by the break of the day.

Arise, arise, go pluck your love a posy
Of the prettiest flowers that grows yonder green,
O yes I’ll arise and pluck lilies, pinks and roses
All for my dearest Lemady, the girl I adore.

O Lemady, O Lemady what a lovely lass thou art,
Thou art the fairest creature that ever my eye did see!
I’ll play you a tune all on the pipes of ivory
So early in the morning by the break of the day.

Greensleeves

Text: Walter de la Mare

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Rejoicing in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you did crave;
And I have waged both life and land,
Your love and good-will for to gain.

(Please do not turn the page until the completion of the song.)

I wonder as I wander

Text: Traditional, collected by John Jacob Niles

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die.
For poor or'n'ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall,
With wise men and shepherds and farmers and all.
On high from God's heaven the star's light did fall,
And the promise of the ages it did then recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing;
Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,
He surely could've had it for he was the King!

The Crocodile

Text: Walter de la Mare

Now listen you landsmen unto me,
To tell you the truth I'm bound,
What happened to me by going to sea,
And the wonders that I found;
Shipwrecked I was once off Perouse,
And cast upon the shore,
So then I did resolve to roam,
The country to explore.

*To my rit fal lal li bollem tit! To my rit fal lal li dee!
To my rit fal lal li bollem tit! To my rit fal lal li dee!*

'Twas far I had not scouted out
When close alongside the ocean
I saw something move which at first I thought
Was all the world in motion;
But steering up close alongside
I found 'twas a crocodile;
And from his nose to the tip of his tail
He measured five hundred mile.

'Twas a crocodile, I plainly could see
He was not of a common race,
For I was obliged to climb a high tree
Before I could see his face;
And when he lifted up his jaw

Though perhaps you may think 'tis a lie,
He reached above the clouds for miles three score,
And almost touched the sky.

While up aloft the wind was high,
It blew a gale from the south.
I lost my hold and away did fly
Right into the crocodile's mouth.
He quickly closed his jaws on me,
And thought he'd got a victim,
But I ran down his throat, d'ye see?
And that's the way I tricked him.

I traveled on for a month or two,
Till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum kegs not a few,
And a thousand fat bullocks in store.
Of life I banished all my care,
For of food I was not stinted,
And in this crocodile I lived ten years
And very well contented.

This crocodile being very old,
One day, alas he died.
He was ten long years a-getting cold,
He was so long and wide.
His skin was eight miles thick, I'm sure,
Or very near about,
For I was full ten years or more
A-cutting my way out.

And now I am once more got on earth
I've vowed no more to roam,
In a ship that passed I got a berth,
And now I'm safe at home.
And if my story you should doubt,
Should you ever travel the Nile,
It's ten to one you'll find the shell
Of the wonderful crocodile.

Meet the Artists



SAVI CANETTY-CLARKE

Gerald Finley

Canadian bass-baritone Gerald Finley has become one of the leading singers and dramatic interpreters of his generation, with award-winning performances and recordings on CD and DVD. He has performed at the world's major opera and concert venues with a wide variety of repertoire.

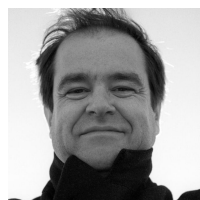
In opera, Mr. Finley has sung all the major baritone roles of Mozart. His Don Giovanni has been seen in New York, London, Paris, Salzburg, Munich, Rome, Vienna, Prague, Tel Aviv, Budapest, and Glyndebourne, and was recently released on DVD. As Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*, his appearances include the Royal Opera House-Covent Garden (Opus Arte DVD), Salzburg Festival, Paris, and Amsterdam. At the Metropolitan Opera his roles include Don Giovanni, Golaud, and Marcello.

Mr. Finley's major success in 2011 was his debut performance as Hans Sachs at the Glyndebourne Festival. Critical successes also include Eugene Onegin and Golaud at Covent Garden, Iago in *Otello* with Colin Davis and the London Symphony Orchestra, and the title role in *Guillaume Tell* with Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia and Antonio Pappano. In contemporary opera, Mr. Finley has excelled in creating leading roles, most notably Howard K. Stern in Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Anna Nicole*, J. Robert Oppenheimer in John Adams's *Doctor Atomic*, Harry Heegan in Turnage's *The Silver Tassie*, and Jaufre Rudel in Kaija Saariaho's *L'amour de loin* for

much-acclaimed premieres in Santa Fe, Paris, and Helsinki.

His concert appearances this season include works by Sibelius and Walton with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Janáček with the Berlin Philharmonic, Harbison's Fifth Symphony with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mozart's Requiem and *Missa solennis* with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra. As a recitalist, he works regularly with Julius Drake. This year they perform at Wigmore Hall, Schubertiade, Vienna's Musikverein, and Madrid's Teatro de la Zarzuela.

Mr. Finley's recent CD releases include discs devoted to songs of Barber and Ives, *Dichterliebe and Other Heine Settings* by Schumann, and *Songs by Ravel*, all in continuing partnership with Julius Drake on the Hyperion label. Mr. Finley was awarded the 2011 Gramophone Award in the solo vocal category for *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake* by Benjamin Britten.



Julius Drake

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and specializes in the field of chamber music, working with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc. Recent seasons have taken him to Lincoln Center, Carnegie Hall, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, Cologne's Philharmonie, Paris's Châtelet and Musée de Louvre, Vienna's Musikverein and Konzerthaus, London's Wigmore Hall and the BBC Proms, and the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Salzburg, Schubertiade, and Tanglewood music festivals.

Mr. Drake's recordings include releases for BIS, Chandos, Eloquentia, EMI, Etcetera, Hyperion, Naxos, Onyx, and Virgin. He has released Sibelius and Grieg songs with Katarina Karnéus (Hyperion), French sonatas with Nicholas Daniel (Virgin), Spanish songs with Joyce DiDonato (Eloquentia), Mahler and Tchaikovsky songs with Christianne Stotijn (Onyx), and Schumann *lieder* with Alice Coote (EMI).

Live recordings from recitals at Wigmore Hall have included concerts with Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Joyce DiDonato, Christopher Maltman, Gerald Finley, and Matthew Polenzani. He has made an award-winning series of recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI, including discs of Schumann, Schubert, Henze, Fauré, Britten, and the English songbook. His recent series of recordings with Gerald Finley for Hyperion—including Ives, Barber, Schumann, Ravel, and Britten—has been widely acclaimed, winning three Gramophone Awards.

Recent and coming highlights in Mr. Drake's schedule include recitals in Madrid and Brussels with Gerald Finley; in Moscow, Oslo, and at the Schwetzingen Festival with Dorothea Röschmann; and at La Fenice in Venice, La Scala in Milan, and the Schubertiade Festival with Ian Bostridge. New recording projects include Liszt with Angelika Kirchschrager, Shostakovich with Christianne Stotijn, and Schumann with Gerald Finley. He will perform Janáček's *Zápisník zmizelého* ("The Diary of One Who Disappeared") in London, Stuttgart, and Vienna with Stotijn and Mark Padmore, and present four concerts of the complete Mörike and Goethe songbooks of Hugo Wolf at Wigmore Hall.

Lincoln Center's Great Performers

Initiated in 1965, Lincoln Center's Great Performers series offers approximately

100 classical and contemporary music performances annually. One of the largest music presentation series in the world, Great Performers runs from October through June with offerings in Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Walter Reade Theater, Clark Studio Theater, Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, and other various performance spaces throughout New York City, including the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola and Gerald W. Lynch Theater at John Jay College. In 2005, Great Performers expanded to include presentations in the Rose Theater and The Allen Room at the Time Warner Center at Columbus Circle. The world's outstanding symphony orchestras, vocalists, chamber ensembles, and recitalists are featured in Great Performers, as well as special repertoire-focused festivals, themed series, and educational activities. During the 1998–99 season, Great Performers added a new dimension to the classical music experience through its New Visions series. In productions specially commissioned by Lincoln Center, New Visions offers innovative stage presentations and groundbreaking collaborations among the world's leading directors, choreographers, and classical performers.

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc.

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts (LCPA) serves three primary roles: presenter of artistic programming, national leader in arts and education and community relations, and manager of the Lincoln Center campus. As a presenter of more than 400 events annually, LCPA's series include American Songbook, Great Performers, Lincoln Center Festival, Lincoln Center Out of Doors, Midsummer Night Swing, and the White Light and Mostly Mozart Festivals. The Emmy Award-winning *Live From Lincoln Center* extends Lincoln Center's reach to millions of

Americans nationwide. As a leader in arts and education and community relations, LCPA takes a wide range of activities beyond its halls through the Lincoln Center Institute, as well as offering arts-related symposia,

family programming, and accessibility. And as manager of the Lincoln Center campus, LCPA provides support and services for the Lincoln Center complex and its other resident organizations.

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