

vol
1

MÖRIKE LIEDER
part 1

HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

SOPHIE DANEMAN
ANNA GREVELIUS
JAMES GILCHRIST
STEPHAN LOGES
SHOLTO KYNOCH



SOPHIE DANEMAN
ANNA GREVELIUS

JAMES GILCHRIST
STEPHAN LOGES
SHOLTO KYNOCH



HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

vol
1

MÖRIKE LIEDER
part 1

SOPHIE DANEMAN
ANNA GREVELIUS
JAMES GILCHRIST
STEPHAN LOGES
SHOLTO KYNOCH

Recorded live at the Holywell Music Room

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

the complete songs

vol
1 MÖRIKE LIEDER
part 1

1	Der Genesene an die Hoffnung ^d	4.15
2	Der Knabe und das Immlein ^a	3.16
3	Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag ^a	2.04
4	Jägerlied ^c	0.56
5	Der Tambour ^c	2.39
6	Er ists ^a	1.19
7	Das verlassene Mägdlein ^a	3.18
8	Begegnung ^b	1.28
9	Nimmersatte Liebe ^b	2.29
10	Fussreise ^d	2.31
11	An eine Äolsharfe ^b	6.14
12	Verborgeneit ^d	2.45
13	Im Frühling ^d	4.45

14	Agnes ^b	3.00
15	Auf einer Wanderung ^c	3.46
16	Elfenlied ^b	1.42
17	Der Gärtner ^a	1.29
18	Zitronenfalter im April ^a	1.51
19	Um Mitternacht ^d	3.51
20	Auf eine Christblume I ^c	5.37
21	Auf eine Christblume II ^c	1.56
22	Seufzer ^b	2.22
23	Auf ein altes Bild ^a	2.23
24	In der Frühe ^d	2.21
25	Schlafendes Jesuskind ^c	3.15
26	Karwoche ^c	3.59

78.23

Sophie Daneman *soprano* ^a
 Anna Grevelius *mezzo-soprano* ^b
 James Gilchrist *tenor* ^c
 Stephan Loges *baritone* ^d
 Sholto Kynoch *piano*

HUGO WOLF

Hugo Filipp Jakob Wolf was born on 13 March 1860, the fourth of six surviving children, in Windischgraz, Styria, then part of the Austrian Empire. He was taught the piano and violin by his father at an early age and continued to study piano at the local primary school. His secondary education was unsuccessful, leaving his school in Graz after one term and then the Benedictine abbey school in St Paul after two years for failing Latin. When, in 1875, his disinterest in all subjects other than music led to him leaving his next school in Marburg after another two years, it was decided that he should live with his aunt in Vienna and study at the conservatoire.

In Vienna he attended the opera with his new circle of friends, which included the young Gustav Mahler, and became a devotee of Wagner. However, after only two years he was unfairly dismissed from the conservatoire for a breach of discipline, after a fellow student sent the director a threatening letter, signing it Hugo Wolf.

He continued to compose and returned to Vienna in 1877 to earn a living as a music teacher, but he did not have the necessary temperament for this vocation and would, throughout his life, rely on the generosity of friends and patrons to support him. The composer Goldschmidt took him under his wing and introduced him to influential acquaintances, as well as lending him books, music and money. It was, however, under Goldschmidt's guidance that he paid a visit to a brothel in 1878, resulting in him contracting syphilis, which later led to his insanity and early death. This sexual initiation coincided with his first major burst of songwriting.

His mood swings and sporadic creativity were now quite pronounced, and he stayed with friends who could offer him the tranquility and independence he needed to work. In 1881, Goldschmidt found him a post as second conductor in Salzburg, where his musical talents were greatly appreciated, but his violent quarrelling with the director led to his return to Vienna early the following year. For a while his mood brightened, but by 1883, the year of Wagner's death, he had stopped writing music.

At this point, his future seemed uncertain. His work had been declined by publishers Schott and Breitkopf, he had writer's block, and he quarrelled with friends. He had been teaching Melanie Köchert since 1881, and with the influence of her husband he was appointed music critic of the Sunday journal *Wiener Salonblatt*, for which he spent three years writing pro-Wagnerian, anti-Brahmsian pieces. Although this was useful, it did get in the way of his

composition, and attempts to have his own works played were thwarted by musicians who had fallen foul of his sharp criticism.

He began to write music again in 1886, finally confident in his talents. In May 1887, his father died, and although Wolf wrote little for the rest of the year, a publisher did produce two volumes of his songs, one dedicated to his mother, the other to the memory of his father.

Again taking refuge with friends, Wolf now began a sudden, spontaneous burst of songwriting, emerging from years as a music critic and coinciding with the start of his love affair with Melanie Köchert. By March, after 43 Mörike settings, he took a break with friends and then began another spate of songwriting in September resulting in thirteen Eichendorff and more Mörike songs. He returned to Vienna and in February 1889 had finished all but one of the 51 songs of his Goethe songbook. After another summer break, he returned to writing and April 1890 saw him complete his 44 Spanish songs. By June 1890, this creative period of two and a half years had produced a total of 174 songs.

Wolf's fame had now spread beyond Austria, with articles being written in German publications. His exhaustion and bouts of depression and insomnia meant that he wrote very little for most of 1891, but at the end of December wrote another 15 Italian songs. For the next three years, he barely wrote a note.

In April 1895, spurred on by Humperdinck's operatic success of *Hänsel und Gretel*, he again began composing from dawn till dusk. By early July the piano score of his four-act opera *Der Corregidor* was complete, with the orchestration taking the rest of the year. It was turned down by Vienna, Berlin and Prague but finally staged in Mannheim to great success. He completed his Italian songbook with 24 songs written in the period from 25 March to 30 April 1896.

In March 1897, he wrote his last songs: settings of German translations of Michelangelo sonnets. He was, by now, clearly a sick man, but nevertheless in September he embarked on a new opera, feverishly completing sixty pages in three weeks. It was at this point that he succumbed to madness, claiming to have been appointed the director of the Vienna Opera. Under restraint, he was taken back to an asylum, and although he returned home to Vienna briefly in 1898, he was returned to an institution later that year after trying to drown himself. His devoted Melanie visited him regularly until his death on 22 February 1903. He is buried in the Vienna Central Cemetery beside Schubert and Beethoven.

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung was placed by Wolf at the head of the Mörike volume, thus suggesting that he had conquered his self-doubt and unlocked the creative block that had haunted him since the death of his father in the Spring of 1887. He could now look triumphantly (fanfare clusters of chords at ‘Bis der Sieg gewonnen hieß’) to the future. But there was, perhaps, another reason why Wolf gave pride of place to this song: its musical language represented something new in his Lieder, and this conflation of declamation and melody, although deriving from Schubert and his hero Wagner, is a hallmark of Wolf’s own style, of which he was justifiably proud.

Der Knabe und das Immelein describes an imagined dialogue between a boy and a bee. The boy tells the insect that his sweetheart keeps bees, and wonders whether she has sent the bee with a message to him. No, he is told, young girls know nothing of love! Wolf begins his song with a wistful melody, which closely resembles that of *Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag*. The wistfulness, however, is blended with humour, especially when the piano begins its buzzing trills as the bee appears. And there is a moment of unalloyed happiness, when the boy informs the bee that kissing is better than mere honey – at ‘nichts Lieblichers auf Erden’ the melody soars as the boy dreams of her kisses; but the elation fades, the harmony changes, and the accompaniment (marked ‘with passion’ at the end of the last verse) drifts away into a sort of shy reverie. No other song captures so completely the shyness and vulnerability of young love.

Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag explores the theme of infidelity that we meet repeatedly in Mörike’s poetry – caused by his traumatic relationship with Maria Meyer (see the commentary on *Peregrina I* in Volume 2 of this series). Wolf cleverly suggests the girl’s mounting torment by beginning each verse a semitone higher. **Jägerlied** is the only song Wolf ever wrote in 5/4 time, and he was delighted with it, as we see in the exultant letter he wrote to his friend Edmund Lang:

No sooner had I sent you my letter [containing *Der Knabe und das Immelein*] than I found myself, Mörike in hand, composing a second song, in 5/4 time, and I think I can safely say that seldom can 5/4 time have been so aptly used as in this composition.

The little piano prelude, marked *Rather lively*, conveys perfectly the movement of the bird across the snow, and the two stanzas which compare the girl’s dainty handwriting with the imprint of a bird’s footprint, and a soaring heron with the thoughts of true love, express a whole world of emotion in the most lapidary manner. Mörike actually wrote a third, inferior, verse at the request of a contemporary composer, but wisely refrained from including it in the *Collected Poems*.

Der Tambour (16 February 1888), the first of the *Mörrike-Liederbuch* to be composed, was the poem that released within Wolf a period of heightened creativity that can only be compared to Schubert's in 1815 and Schumann's in 1840. As he put it in a letter to Lang, dated 22 February 1888:

My cheeks glow with excitement like molten iron, and this state of happiness is more like rapturous torture than unadulterated happiness.

Er ists, one of the most exultant nature poems in the entire repertoire, was written by Mörrike on 9 March 1829 during a walk at Pflummern, an example of the somnambulistic manner of composition that he shared with Wolf. He included the poem in his novel *Maler Nolten*, where Nolten, recovering from an illness, hears it sung by the watchman's daughter. The poet's rapture at the approach of spring is expressed through sight ('blaues Band'), smell and touch ('Düfte streifen') and hearing ('Harfenton'), and Wolf responds with a tremulous song that charges along, repeating phrases from the poem seemingly at random.

Das verlassene Mägdlein also comes from *Maler Nolten*, where it is sung by a woman's voice that resembles that of Agnes, to whom Nolten has been unfaithful. Hearing the song, he is moved to tears. Wolf's extraordinary setting intensifies the torment of the poem: the bleak opening melody limps along in A minor, and the succession of cold sevenths and cheerless chords of augmented fifths combine to make this one of the saddest of all Wolf's songs.

Begegnung describes the meeting of two young lovers after a night of passion, and Wolf rises to the occasion with a syncopated accompaniment that seems to sigh and gasp in every bar. It was composed on 22 March 1888, and on the next day Wolf wrote a letter to his brother-in-law Josef Strasser that speaks volumes about his own opinion of these wonderful songs, which he hoped posterity would share:

I am working with a thousand horsepower, from early morning into the night without interruption. What I now write, dear friend, I write for posterity also. They are masterpieces. For the moment they are admittedly only songs, but when I tell you that in spite of many interruptions due to the necessity of my being in Vienna twice weekly because of Countess Harrach [the music lessons he gave her provided him with much needed income], I have nonetheless since 22 February composed twenty-five songs, of which each one surpasses the others, and about which there is only one opinion among those of musical discernment – namely that there has been nothing like them since Schubert and Schumann, etc. etc. etc. etc. – you may imagine what sort of songs they are.

Despite all the sexual innuendo – ‘Was doch heut nacht ein Sturm gewesen’ refers obliquely to their lovemaking; ‘Besen’ in the nineteenth century also meant ‘prick’, ‘cock’ (‘Unter den Besen getraut sein’ = ‘to live in sin’); ‘fegen’ meant ‘to screw’; ‘Gasse’ meant vagina (Mörrike would have known Goethe’s lubricious Venetian Epigram ‘In dem engsten der Gässchen’); ‘Im offenen Stübchen’ corresponds to the old-fashioned English description of the vagina as a chamber – there is, as in *Nimmersatte Liebe*, an exquisite delicacy about Mörrike’s poem.

Nimmersatte Liebe is a song about the insatiability of young passion and the delight in giving, and receiving, love-bites. The risqué theme is handled with delicacy and humour, and Wolf was delighted with his song, as he explained to his friend Edmund Lang, in a letter dated 24 February 1888:

It is now precisely seven in the evening, and I am as happy as a king. Yet another new song has been successfully completed. My dear fellow, when you hear it, the Devil will take you with pleasure. The end breaks out in a regular student’s song – nothing could be more jolly. It just occurs to me that you may as well save yourself the purchase of Mörrike’s poems, since I, in the grip of my strange creative urge, might sooner or later be in the happy position of acquainting you with the entire poetical works of my favourite.

When Ernest Newman was championing Wolf’s songs in England – The Hugo Wolf Society dates from 1931 – it was songs like **Fussreise** that first became popular. It seemed to have much in common with traditional German song and was prized by many performers and concert-goers who still felt that other Wolf Lieder were difficult. For some music-lovers they still, unaccountably, are too refined, have too much attention to text and too little melodic flair – criticisms frequently levelled at his songs. It is difficult to understand why. He shares with Schubert an astonishing ability to find tonal equivalents for verbal images; and like all great song-writers, he is blessed with a melodic gift that leaps from the pages of every one of these songs. *Fussreise* sings the glories of creation, and Wolf was clearly delighted with it: having finished the composition, he dashed off a letter to his friend Edmund Lang:

I take back my claim that *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens* is my finest song, for what I wrote this morning, *Fussreise* (Ed. Mörrike) is a million times better. When you have heard this song, you will have but one more wish: to die.

In the summer of 1824, Mörrike attended a performance of *Don Giovanni* in Stuttgart’s Hoftheater, with his younger brother August, sister Luise and several friends. A few days later, his passionately loved brother was dead. Mörrike was devastated. **An eine Äolsharfe**, written thirteen years later, might be indirectly inspired by the Horace ode addressed to Valgius Rufus on the death of Mystes,

but the actual subject is the loss of his brother who lies beneath the 'frisch grünendem Hügel'. Mörike's grief at August's death was deep and enduring, and he kept referring to it years later in letters and conversations. Wolf's setting is fittingly elegiac in mood, with pianissimo arpeggios in the accompaniment that depict the wind playing through the Aeolian harp.

Mörike's **Verborgenheit**, written in the wake of his failed relationship with Maria Meyer, is a plea to be spared the destructive eruptions of passion that bring nothing but pain: the insistent assonance, alliteration, sibilants and repetitions of the opening two lines, eloquently state Mörike's resolve to steer clear of further emotional entanglements. Because of its simplicity and melodic immediacy, this was one of the first Wolf songs to become popular and has, for that reason, been belittled by some commentators, who consider it too sentimental. Unjustly so. Any sentimental performance of *Verborgenheit* has more to do with the singer's own lachrymose approach than the song itself, which treats the text with admirable control, particularly in the gradually deepening harmonic colour of the verse beginning 'Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst', which mirrors perfectly the heightening emotion of the poem.

Im Frühling is a song in Wolf's most symphonic vein, dominated by a yearning figure that ideally reflects the ache of Mörike's poem (the 'Alte, unnennbare Tage' of the final line refers obliquely to the Maria Meyer episode) which was written in the early morning of 13 May 1828 at a single sitting. Mörike sent a copy to his friend Johannes Mährlen with a letter, which opens:

Here I sit and write in the sunny garden of the local Catholic priest. The arbour, with my desk and writing things, allows the sun to filter through the young honeysuckle and play upon my paper. The garden is situated rather high; over a low wall, on which one can sit like on a ledge, you have an unimpeded view onto the meadow...

Agnes appears in *Maler Nolten* and is sung by Agnes herself, who expresses her fears that Nolten might desert her. Mörike tells us that her voice was stronger in the lower than the upper register and that, having finished the song, she threw herself on Nolten's breast and cried, with quivering body and flooding tears: 'Treu! Treu!' ('Fidelity! Fidelity!'). We are also told that the prelude expressed 'the most profound and moving lament', and that the melody at the refrain 'took a turn impossible to describe, and seemed to express all the sadness and grief that could possibly lie concealed in the bosom of an unhappy creature'. Although Wolf's setting is more stylized than Brahms' version, it retains the folksong-like flavour and, from the heavy minor ninths of the prelude on, expresses a wistfulness that can be overwhelming in a not-too-arty performance.

Mörike's **Auf einer Wanderung** exists in two versions, the first of which – 'Auf zwei Sängern' (12 August 1841) – introduces two travellers who wax lyrical about the beautiful voice of Marie Mörike, wife of his cousin Karl Mörike. The first verse of the second version, set by Wolf, dates

from 1845 and repeats a purple passage from the earlier poem: Marie's voice is referred to in line six – 'Und *eine* Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor'. The second stanza is new and describes how Mörike was affected by the intoxicating beauty of nature and music. Wolf took a fortnight to compose his song – a rarity with a composer who would often compose several songs a day; as in *Im Frühling*, he abandons the strophic form and lets the voice declaim the poem with a new-found freedom. The 6/8 rhythm of the piano's opening bar dominates the entire song in a series of miraculous transformations, while the vocal line weaves its way in and out of this texture, highlighting some phrases, musing on others.

Elfenlied is a delightful piece of escapism that Mörike introduced into his novel *Maler Nolten*. The poem, written in 1831, tells how a sleepy elf misinterprets the nightwatchman's cry of 'Elfe': instead of thinking that the watchman was calling out the time (eleven o'clock), the elf believes he has been summoned ('Elfe' = elf); and drunk with sleep he totters away, mistakes glow-worms for lamp-lit windows, and bumps his head on the window, as he tries to look in. It's interesting to note that the octave drop on 'Elfe' at the beginning of the song becomes the smaller interval of the cuckoo's call in the final line.

Though Wolf's setting of **Der Gärtner** is one of his most delicate Lieder – the exquisite depiction of the princess' curveting horse dominates the entire song – Mörike's poem bristles with sexual innuendo, especially in the final verse where the gardener offers the princess a thousand flowers in return for *eine*, where the italicised indefinite article quite clearly symbolizes the flower of her maidenhead. Wolf, the most meticulous of Lieder composers, could, contrary to received opinion, be guilty of false accentuation, as *Der Gärtner* illustrates in the opening line, which should be stressed: 'Auf ihrem *Leibrösslein*', and not, as Wolf sets it, 'Auf ihrem *Leibrösslein*'. But what matter? This is a delicious song with a most angular melody to illustrate the delicately prancing horse. The intensity of the gardener's devotion is subtly pointed by Wolf in two crucial *ritenutos*, at 'Blüte' and 'alle', that must be observed for the song to make its full emotional impact.

In **Zitronenfalter im April**, composed on the same day as *Jägerlied*, the brimstone butterfly laments its fate in being born too soon to enjoy the full fruits of life, a feeling magically caught by Wolf in the groping piano prelude which also returns at the end of the song. **Um Mitternacht** recalls Schubert's *Nacht und Träume* in the way the voice floats over a low-lying accompaniment, most of which lies beneath middle C. Mörike's poem, like *Verborgenheit* and *Gebet*, speaks of balance, of equipoise – here the moment of ecstatic equipoise between night and memories of the past day. **Auf eine Christblume I** was the last of the Mörike songs to be completed (26 November 1888), and Frank Walker in his biography of the composer aptly calls it 'an elegy, a

nature picture, a religious meditation, a vision of elfland and a hymn to beauty all in one'. This variety of theme is almost too great to be contained in a single song, and Wolf's setting, though it contains passages of great beauty, does not quite coalesce. **Auf eine Christblume II**, however, is bound together by a figure in the accompaniment that represents the hovering butterfly of the poem and is repeated some twenty times in the course of the song.

Mörike's own unhappiness in love is mirrored in many of his poems, and his guilt (as a priest) is expressed with harrowing force in **Seufzer**, a poem he based on the Passion Hymn of Fortunatus that he had found in an eighteenth century hymnal. Wolf responds with a setting of profound torment, packed with dissonances and tolling bells in the accompaniment. In **Auf ein altes Bild**, Mörike contemplates an old painting and describes the Virgin and Child resting in an idyllic landscape. Wolf was so pleased with his setting that he wrote to Edmund Lang, as soon as it was finished, describing how he was still spellbound by the enchanting mood of the song, and surrounded by a green summery haze. The idyllic mood is disrupted at 'Kreuzes Stamm' by means of a minor ninth, as the poet ponders that in the forest the tree is already growing that will provide the wood for Christ's cross. The dissonance is of brief duration, and though the little postlude repeats the stab of pain in a telling sforzando, the final two chords resolve the tension in a magical return to the major. The theme of **In der Frühe** is insomnia – an affliction from which both Wolf and Mörike suffered throughout their lives. The poem expresses the mental anguish experienced during a sleepless night, without revealing the cause of such malaise. Wolf conveys the passage from darkness to light by using ever-brighter major tonalities, until day finally dawns.

Schlafendes Jesuskind, based on a painting by the Renaissance artist Francesco Albani, is one of Mörike's most tender religious poems, and it inspired Wolf to compose a serene song in which he instructs singer and pianist to perform *sehr getragen und wehevoll* – in a very sustained and solemn manner. *Schlafendes Jesuskind*, *Karwoche* and *Zum neuen Jahr* were composed in rapid succession during early October 1888, and are mentioned in a touching letter to Eckstein, dated October 8, which reveals how wholly reliant Wolf was on his friend's generosity:

Dear Friend! In the greatest haste. Send me at once 20 florins. The enclosed letter from my sister justifies, I hope, my impetuous demand. [...] Yes, dear Ecksteinderl, I have in recent days once again industriously *Möriked* [*gemörikel*], and what is more, nothing but poems that you especially adore: *An den Schlaf*, *Neue Liebe* (both on October 4), *Zum neuen Jahr* (October 5), *Schlafendes Jesuskind*, *Wo find' ich Trost?* (both on October 6). Just now I am working on **Karwoche**, which will be magnificent beyond all bounds. All the songs are truly shatteringly composed. Often enough the tears rolled down my cheeks as I wrote. They surpass in depth of conception all the other settings of Mörike.

HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

vol
1 MÖRIKE LIEDER part 1

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

1 **Der Genesene an die Hoffnung**

*Tödlich graute mir der Morgen:
Doch schon lag mein Haupt, wie süß!
Hoffnung, dir im Schoss verborgen,
Bis der Sieg gewonnen hiess.
Opfer bracht ich allen Göttern,
Doch vergessen warest du;
Seitwärts von den ewigen Rettern
Sahest du dem Feste zu.*

*O vergib, du Vielgetreue!
Tritt aus deinem Dämmerlicht,
Dass ich dir ins ewig neue,
Mondenhelle Angesicht
Einmal schaue, recht von Herzen,
Wie ein Kind und sonder Harm;
Ach, nur einmal ohne Schmerzen
Schliesse mich in deinen Arm!*

2 **Der Knabe und das Immlin**

*Im Weinberg auf der Höhe
Ein Häuslein steht so windebang,
Hat weder Tür noch Fenster,
Die Weile wird ihm lang.*

*Und ist der Tag so schwüle,
Sind all verstummt die Vögelein,
Summt an der Sonnenblume
Ein Immlin ganz allein.*

*Mein Lieb hat einen Garten,
Da steht ein hübsches Immenhaus:
Kommst du daher geflogen?
Schickt sie dich nach mir aus?*

*„O nein, du feiner Knabe,
Es hiess mich niemand Boten gehn;
Dies Kind weiss nichts von Lieben,
Hat dich noch kaum gesehn.*

He who has recovered addresses Hope

*Day dawned deathly grey:
Yet my head lay, how sweetly!
O Hope, hidden in your lap,
Till victory was reckoned won.
I had made sacrifices to all the gods,
But you I had forgotten;
Aside from the eternal saviours
You gazed on at the feast.*

*Oh forgive, most true one!
Step forth from your twilight
That I, just once, might gaze
From my very heart
At your eternally new and moonbright face,
Like a child and without sorrow;
Ah, just once, without pain,
Enfold me in your arms!*

The boy and the bee

*On the hill-top vineyard
There stands a hut so timidly,
It has neither door nor window
And feels time dragging by.*

*And when the day's so sultry
And every little bird is silent,
A solitary bee
Buzzes round the sunflower.*

*My sweetheart has a garden
With a pretty beehive in it:
Is that where you've flown from?
Did she send you to me?*

*"Oh no, you handsome boy,
No one bade me bear messages;
This child knows nothing of love,
Has scarcely even noticed you.*

Was wüssten auch die Mädchen,
Wenn sie kaum aus der Schule sind!
Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen
Ist noch ein Mutterkind.

Ich bring ihm Wachs und Honig;
Ade! – ich hab ein ganzes Pfund;
Wie wird das Schätzchen lachen,
Ihm wässert schon der Mund.“

Ach, wolltest du ihr sagen,
Ich wüsste, was viel süsser ist:
Nichts Lieblicheres auf Erden
Als wenn man herzt und küsst!

What can girls know
When hardly out of school!
Your beloved sweetheart
Is still her mother's child.

I bring her wax and honey;
Farewell! – I've gathered a whole pound;
How your beloved will laugh!
Her mouth's already watering.”

Ah, if only you would tell her,
I know of something much sweeter:
There's nothing lovelier on earth
Than when one hugs and kisses!

3 Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag

Derweil ich schlafend lag,
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag,
Sang vor dem Fenster auf dem Baum
Ein Schwälblein mir, ich hört es kaum,
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag:

„Hör an, was ich dir sag,
Dein Schätzlein ich verklag:
Derweil ich dieses singen tu,
Herzt er ein Lieb in guter Ruh,
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag.“

O weh! nicht weiter sag!
O still! nichts hören mag!
Flieg ab! flieg ab von meinem Baum!
– Ach, Lieb und Treu ist wie ein Traum
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag.

An hour before day

As I lay sleeping,
An hour before day,
A swallow sang to me – I could hardly hear it –
From a tree by my window,
An hour before day:

“Listen well to what I say,
It's your lover I accuse:
While I'm singing this,
He's cuddling a girl in sweet repose,
An hour before day.”

Oh! don't say another word!
Oh quiet! I don't wish to hear!
Fly away! fly away from off my tree!
– Ah, love and loyalty are like a dream
An hour before day.

4 Jägerlied

Zierlich ist des Vogels Tritt im Schnee,
Wenn er wandelt auf des Berges Höh:
Zierlicher schreibt Liebchens liebe Hand,
Schreibt ein Brieflein mir in ferne Land“.

In die Lüfte hoch ein Reiher steigt,
Dahin weder Pfeil noch Kugel fliegt:
Tausendmal so hoch und so geschwind
Die Gedanken treuer Liebe sind.

Huntsman's song

A bird steps daintily in the snow
On the mountain heights:
Daintier still is my sweetheart's hand,
When she writes to me in far-off lands.

A heron soars high into the air,
Beyond the reach of shot or shaft:
The thoughts of faithful love
Are a thousand times as swift and high.

5 **Der Tambour**

*Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt,
Da müsst sie mit dem Regiment,
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,
Und wär die Marketenderin.
Im Lager, wohl um Mitternacht
Wenn niemand auf ist als die Wacht,
Und alles schnarchet, Ross und Mann,
Vor meiner Trommel säss ich dann:
Die Trommel müsst eine Schüssel sein,
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein,
Die Schlegel Messer und Gabel,
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel;
Mein Tschako wär ein Humpen gut,
Den füll ich mit Burgunderblut.
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt;
Scheint er auch auf französ'ch herein,
Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:
Ach weh! Jetzt hat der Spass ein End!
– Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen könnt!*

6 **Er ist**

*Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
– Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist!
Dich hab ich vernommen!*

7 **Das verlassene Mägdelein**

*Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.*

The drummer-boy

*If my mother could work magic
She'd have to go with the regiment
To France and everywhere,
And be the vivandière.
In camp, at midnight,
When no one's up save the guard,
And everybody – man and horse – is snoring,
Then I'd sit by my drum:
My drum would be a bowl,
With warm sauerkraut in it,
The sticks would be a knife and fork,
My sabre – a long sausage;
My shako would be a tankard
Filled with red Burgundy.
And because I lack light,
The moon shines into my tent;
And though it shines in French,
It still reminds me of my beloved:
Oh dear! There's an end to my fun!
– If only my mother could work magic!*

Spring is here

*Spring sends its blue banner
Fluttering on the breeze again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift propitiously across the land.
Violets dream already,
Will soon begin to bloom.
– Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!*

The forsaken servant-girl

*Early, when the cocks crow,
Before the tiny stars recede,
I must be at the hearth,
I must light the fire.*

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran –
O ging er wieder!

The flames are beautiful,
The sparks fly;
I gaze at them,
Sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I realise,
Faithless boy,
That in the night
I dreamt of you.

Tear after tear
Then tumbles down;
So the day dawns –
O would it were gone again!

8

Begegnung

Was doch heut nacht ein Sturm gewesen,
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!

Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Strassen,
Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,
So unstet ihr Gesichtchen glüht.

Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,
Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:
Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!

Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,
Die heute nacht im offenen Stübchen
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.

Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küssen,
Die ihm das süsse Kind getauscht,
Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,
Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

Encounter

What a storm there was last night,
It raged until this morning dawned!
How that uninvited broom
Swept the streets and chimneys clean!

Here comes a girl along the street,
Glancing half bashfully about her;
Like roses the wind has scattered,
Her pretty face keeps changing colour.

A handsome lad steps up to meet her,
Approaches her full of bliss,
How joyfully and awkwardly
Those novice rascals exchange looks!

He seems to ask if his sweetheart
Has tidied up her plaited locks,
That last night a storm dishevelled
In her gaping wide room.

The lad's still dreaming of the kisses
The sweet child exchanged with him,
He stands enraptured by her charm,
As she whisks round the corner.

9 **Nimmersatte Liebe**

*So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr,
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.*

*Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund
Neu wunderbar Gelüsten;
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küssten.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer zu!
Je weher, desto besser!“*

*So ist die Lieb! und war auch so,
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.*

10 **Fussreise**

*Am frischgeschnitten Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:
Dann, wie's Vög'lein im Laube
Singet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:
So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst – und Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.*

Insatiable love

*Such is love! Such is love!
Not to be quieted with kisses:
What fool would wish to fill a sieve
With nothing else but water?
And were you to draw water for some thousand years,
And were you to kiss for ever and ever,
You'd never satisfy love.*

*Love, love, has every hour
New and strange desires;
We bit until our lips were sore,
When we kissed today.
The girl kept nicely quiet and still,
Like a lamb beneath the knife;
Her eyes pleaded: "Go on, go on!
The more it hurts the better!"*

*Such is love, and has been so
As long as love's existed,
And wise old Solomon himself
Was no differently in love.*

A journey on foot

*When, with a freshly cut stick,
I set off early like this
Through the woods
And over the hills:
Then, as the bird in the branches
Sings and stirs,
Or as the golden cluster of grapes
Feels the rapture
Of the early morning sun:
So too my dear old Adam
Feels autumn and spring fever,
The God-inspired,
Never forfeited
Primal bliss of Paradise.*

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisest immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschwisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

So you are not as bad, old
Adam, as strict teachers say;
You still love and extol,
Still sing and praise,
As if Creation were forever new,
Your dear Maker and Preserver.

If only He would grant it,
My whole life
Would be, gently perspiring,
Just such a morning journey!

11 An eine Äolsharfe

Angelehnt an die Efeuwand
Dieser alten Terrasse,
Du, einer luftgebornen Muse
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,
Fang an,
Fange wieder an
Deine melodische Klage!

Ihr kommet, Winde, fern herüber,
Ach! von des Knaben,
Der mir so lieb war,
Frisch grünendem Hügel.
Und Frühlingsblüten unterwegs streifend,
Übersättigt mit Wohlgerüchen,
Wie süß bedrängt ihr dies Herz!
Und säuselt her in die Saiten,
Angezogen von wohl lautender Wehmut,
Wachsend im Zug meiner Sehnsucht,
Und hinsterbend wieder.

Aber auf einmal,
Wie der Wind heftiger herbstöst,
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe
Wiederholt, mir zu süßem Erschrecken
Meiner Seele plötzliche Regung,
Und hier – die volle Rose streut, geschüttelt,
All ihre Blätter vor meine Füße!

To an Aeolian harp

Leaning against the ivy-clad wall
Of this old terrace,
O mysterious lyre
Of a zephyr-born Muse,
Begin,
Begin again
Your melodious lament!

Winds, you come from afar,
Ah! From the fresh green mound
Of the boy
Who was so dear to me,
And brushing spring flowers along the way,
Saturated with fragrance,
How sweetly you afflict this heart!
And you murmur into these strings,
Drawn by their sweet-sounding sorrow,
Waxing with my heart's desire,
Then dying away once more.

But all at once,
As the wind gusts more strongly,
The harp's gentle cry
Echoes, to my sweet alarm,
The sudden commotion of my soul;
And here – the full-blown rose, shaken,
Strews all its petals at my feet!

12 **Verborgeneheit**

*Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!*

*Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.*

*Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.*

*Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!*

13 **Im Frühling**

*Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.*

*Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Lieben und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wann werd ich gestillt?*

*Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluss,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene lauschet.
Ich denke dies und denke das,*

Seclusion

*Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!*

*I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.*

*Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.*

*Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!*

In Spring

*Here I lie on the springtime hill:
The clouds become my wings,
A bird flies on ahead of me.
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,
Where you are, that I might be with you!
But you and the breezes, you have no home.*

*Like a sunflower my soul has opened,
Yearning,
Expanding
In love and hope.
Spring, what is it you want?
When shall I be stilled?*

*I see the clouds drift by, the river too,
The sun kisses its golden glow
Deep into my veins;
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,
Close, as if in sleep,
Only my ears still harken to the humming bee.
I muse on this, I muse on that,*

*Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht nach was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;
Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?
– Alte unnenbare Tage!*

*I yearn, and yet for what I cannot say:
It is half joy, half lament;
Tell me, O heart,
What memories you weave
Into the twilight green and golden leaves?
– Past, unmentionable days!*

14 **Agnes**

*Rosenzeit! Wie schnell vorbei,
Schnell vorbei
Bist du doch gegangen!
Wär mein Lieb nur blieben treu,
Blieben treu,
Sollte mir nicht bangen.
Um die Ernte wohlgemut,
Wohlgemut,
Schnitterinnen singen.
Aber ach! mir kranken Blut,
Mir kranken Blut
Will nichts mehr gelingen.
Schleiche so durchs Wiesental,
So durchs Tal,
Als im Traum verloren,
Nach dem Berg, da tausendmal,
Tausendmal
Er mir Treu geschworen.
Oben auf des Hügels Rand,
Abgewandt,
Wein ich bei der Linde;
An dem Hut mein Rosenband,
Von seiner Hand,
Spielet in dem Winde.*

Agnes

*Time of roses! How swiftly by,
Swiftly by
You have sped!
Had my love but stayed true,
Stayed true,
I should feel no fear.
Joyously at harvest-time,
Joyously,
Reaping women sing.
But ah! I'm sick,
Sick at heart
I fail at everything.
So I steal through the meadow vale,
Meadow vale,
As if lost in dreams,
Up to the hill where a thousand times,
Thousand times,
He promised to be true.
Up there on the hillside,
Turning away,
I weep by the lime-tree;
On my hat the rosy ribbon,
A gift from him,
Flutters in the wind.*

15 **Auf einer Wanderung**

*In einer freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,*

On a walk

*I arrive in a friendly little town,
The streets glow in red evening light.
From an open window,
Across the richest array of flowers
And beyond, golden bell-chimes come floating,*

*Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Dass die Blüten beben,
Dass die Lüfte leben,
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.
Lang hielt ich stauend, lustbeklommen.
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht im Grund
die Mühle!
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt –
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!*

*And one voice seems a choir of nightingales,
Causing blossoms to quiver,
Bringing breezes to life,
Making roses glow a brighter red.
Long I halted marvelling, oppressed by joy.
How I came out through the gate,
I cannot in truth remember.
Ah, how bright the world is here!
The sky billous in a crimson whirl,
The town lies behind in a golden haze;
How the alder brook chatters, and the mill
below!
I am as if drunk, led astray –
O Muse, you have touched my heart
With a breath of love!*

16 **Elfenlied**

*Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
„Elfe!“
Ein ganz kleines Elfenchen im Walde schlief –
Wohl um die Elfe –
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Stilpelt hält ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also tippe tapp
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
„Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treibens in dem Saale;
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!“
– Pfu!, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!*

Elf-song

*The village watch cried out at night:
“Eleven!”
An elfin elf was asleep in the wood –
Just at eleven –
And thinks the nightingale was calling
Him by name from the valley,
Or Silpelt had sent for him.
The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps from his snail-shell home,
Looking like a drunken man,
Not having slept his fill,
And hobbles down, tippety tap,
Through the hazels to the valley,
Slips right up against the wall,
Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
“What bright windows are these?
There must be a wedding inside:
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And skipping round the ballroom;
I'll take a little peek inside!”
Shame! he hits his head on hard stone!
Elf, don't you think you've had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*

17 **Der Gärtner**

*Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,
So weiss wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit't durch die Allee.*

*Der Weg, den das Rösslein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold.*

*Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder
Verstohlen herab!*

*Und willst du dagegen
Eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine,
Nimm alle dafür!*

18 **Zitronenfalter im April**

*Grausame Frühlingssonne,
Du weckst mich vor der Zeit,
Dem nur im Maienwonne
Die zarte Kost gedeiht!
Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen hier,
Das auf der Rosenlippe mir
Ein Tröpfchen Honig beut,
So muss ich jämmerlich vergehn
Und wird der Mai mich nimmer sehn
In meinem gelben Kleid.*

19 **Um Mitternacht**

*Gelassen stieg die Nacht ans Land,
Lehnt träumend an der Berge Wand,
Ihr Auge sieht die goldne Waage nun
Der Zeit in gleichen Schalen stille ruhn;
Und kecker rauschen die Quellen hervor,
Sie singen der Mutter, der Nacht, ins Ohr
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewordenen Tage.*

The gardener

*On her favourite mount,
As white as snow,
The loveliest princess
Rides down the avenue.*

*On the path her horse
Prances so sweetly along,
The sand I scattered
Glitters like gold.*

*You rose-coloured bonnet,
Bobbing up and down,
O throw me a feather
Discreetly down!*

*And if you in exchange
Want a flower from me,
Take a thousand for one,
Take all in return!*

Brimstone butterfly in April

*Merciless spring sun,
You wake me before my time,
For only in blissful May
Can my delicate food grow!
If there's no dear girl here
To offer me a drop of honey
From her rosy lips,
Then I must perish miserably
And May shall never see me
In my yellow dress.*

At midnight

*Night has serenely stepped ashore,
Leans dreaming against the mountain wall,
Watches now the golden scales of time
Quietly at rest in equipoise;
And the springs babble more boldly,
They sing in the ear of their mother, the night,
Of the day,
Of the day that has been today.*

*Das uralt alte Schlummerlied,
Sie achtets nicht, sie ist es müd;
Ihr klinget des Himmels Bläue süßer noch,
Der flüchtigen Stunden gleichgeschwungnes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die Quellen das Wort,
Es singen die Wasser im Schlafe noch fort
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenem Tage.*

*That old, that age-old lullaby,
She disregards, she is tired of it;
The blue of the sky sounds sweeter to her,
The evenly curved yoke of the fleeting hours.
But still the streams murmur on,
They babble in sleep as their waters run
Of the day,
Of the day that has been today.*

20 **Auf eine Christblume I**

*Tochter des Walds, du Lilienverwande,
So lang von mir gesuchte, unbekannte,
Im fremden Kirchhof, öd und winterlich,
Zum erstenmal, o schöne, find ich dich!
Von welcher Hand gepflegt du hier erblütest,
Ich weiss es nicht, noch wessen Grab du hütest;
Ist es ein Jüngling, so geschah ihm Heil,
Ists eine Jungfrau, lieblich fiel ihr Teil.
Im nächtigen Hain, von Schneelicht überbreitet,
Wo fromm das Reh an dir vorüberweidet,
Bei der Kapelle, am kristallinen Teich,
Dort suchst ich deiner Heimat Zauberreich.
Schön bist du, Kind des Mondes, nicht der Sonne;
Dir wäre tödlich ander Blumen Wonne,
Dich nährt, den keuschen Leib voll Reif und Duft,
Himmlicher Kälte balsamsüße Luft.
In deines Busens goldner Fülle gründet
Ein Wohlgeruch, der sich nur kaum verkündet;
So duftete, berührt von Engelhand,
Der benedeiten Mutter Brautgewand.
Dich würden, mahnend an das heilige Leiden,
Fünf Purpurtropfen schön und einzig kleiden:
Doch kindlich zierst du, um die Weihnachtszeit,
Lichtgrün mit einem Hauch dein weisses Kleid.
Der Elfe, der in mitternächtger Stunde
Zum Tanze geht im lichterhellen Grunde,
Vor deiner mystischen Glorie steht er scheu
Neugierig still von fern und huscht vorbei.*

On a Christmas rose I

*Daughter of the forest, close kin to the lily,
You whom I sought so long and never knew,
Now in a strange churchyard, desolate and wintry,
For the first time, O lovely one, I find you!
Whose hand helped you to blossom here,
I do not know, nor whose grave you guard;
If a young man lies here, he has found salvation,
If a maiden, a fair lot befell her.
In the darkling grove, overspread with snowy light,
Where the gentle deer moves past you grazing,
By the chapel, beside the crystal pond,
There I sought your enchanted realm.
How fair you are, child of the moon, not of the sun;
Fatal to you would be the bliss of other flowers,
Your pure body, all rime and scent, feeds
On heavenly cold and balsam-scented air.
There dwells within the golden fullness of your heart
A perfume so faint it can scarcely be perceived;
Such was the scent, touched by angelic hands,
Of the Blessed Mother's bridal robe.
Five crimson drops, a reminder of the sacred Passion,
Would suffice as your sole and lovely ornament:
Yet child-like at Christmas-time you adorn
Your white dress with a hint of palest green.
The elf, who at the midnight hour
Goes to dance in the glistening glade,
Stands awestruck from afar by your mystic halo,
Looks on in inquiring silence and scurries by.*

21 **Auf eine Christblume II**

*Im Winterboden schläft, ein Blumenkeim,
Der Schmetterling, der einst um Busch und Hügel
In Frühlingsnächten wiegt den samtigen Flügel;
Nie soll er kosten deinen Honigseim.*

*Wer aber weiss, ob nicht sein zarter Geist,
Wenn jede Zier des Sommers hingsunken,
Dereinst, von deinem leisen Dufte trunken,
Mir unsichtbar, dich blühende umkreist?*

22 **Seufzer**

*Dein Liebesfeuer,
Ach Herr! wie teuer
Wollt ich es hegen,
Wollt ich es pflegen!
Habs nicht geheget
Und nicht gepfleget,
Bin tot im Herzen –
O Höllenschmerzen!*

23 **Auf ein altes Bild**

*In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knäblein Sündelohs
Frei spielet auf der Jungfrau Schoss!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!*

24 **In der Frühe**

*Kein Schlaf noch kühlt das Auge mir,
Dort gehet schon der Tag herfür
An meinem Kammerfenster.
Es wühlet mein zerstörter Sinn
Noch zwischen Zweifeln her und hin
Und schaffet Nachtgespenster.
– Ängste, quäle
Dich nicht länger, meine Seele!
Freu dich! schon sind da und dorten
Morgenglocken wach geworden.*

On a Christmas Rose II

*There sleeps within the wintry ground, itself a flower-seed,
The butterfly that one day over hill and dale
Will flutter its velvet wings in spring nights.
Never shall it taste your liquid honey.*

*But who knows if perhaps its gentle ghost,
When summer's loveliness has faded,
Might some day, dizzy with your faint fragrance,
Unseen by me, circle you as you flower?*

Sighs

*The fire of your love,
O Lord!
How I longed to tend it,
How I longed to cherish it,
Have failed to tend it
Have failed to cherish it,
Am dead at heart –
O hellish pain!*

On an old painting

*In the summer haze of a green landscape,
By cool water, rushes and reeds,
See how the Child, born without sin,
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,
Already the tree of the cross is turning green!*

Early morning

*Still no sleep cools my eyes,
The day's already dawning there
At my bedroom window.
My troubled mind still races on,
Torn by doubts, to and fro,
Creating night phantoms.
– Frighten, torment
Yourself no more, my soul!
Rejoice! Already here and there
Morning bells have woken.*

25 **Schlafendes Jesuskind**

*Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden,
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmern
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!
O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!*

26 **Karwoche**

*O Woche, Zeugin heiliger Beschwerde!
Du stimmst so ernst zu dieser Frühlingswonne,
Du breitest im verjüngten Strahl der Sonne
Des Kreuzes Schatten auf die lichte Erde
Und senkest schweigend deine Flöre nieder;
Der Frühling darf indessen immer keimen,
Das Veilchen duftet unter Blütenbäumen,
Und alle Vöglein singen Jubellieder.
O schweigt, ihr Vöglein auf den grünen Auen!
Es hallen rings die dumpfen Glockenklänge,
Die Engel singen leise Grabesänge;
O still, ihr Vöglein hoch im Himmelblauen!
Ihr Veilchen, kränzt heut keine Lockenhaare!
Euch pflückt mein frommes Kind zum dunkeln Strausse,
Ihr wandert mit zum Muttergotteshaue,
Da sollt ihr welken auf des Herrn Altare.
Ach dort, von Trauermelodien trunken,
Und süß betäubt von schweren Weihrauchdüften,
Sucht sie den Bräutigam in Todesgrüften,
Und Lieb und Frühling, alles ist versunken.*

The sleeping Christ-child

*Son of the Virgin, Heavenly Child!
Asleep on the ground, on the wood of suffering,
Which the pious painter, in meaningful play,
Has laid beneath Thy gentle dreams;
O flower, still the Glory of God the Father!
Though still hidden in the dark bud!
Ah, if one could see what pictures,
Behind this brow and these dark
Lashes, are reflected in gentle succession!*

Holy Week

*O week, witness of sacred sorrow!
Your gravity does not become this spring-time rapture,
In the fresh sunlight you spread
The cross's shadow on the bright earth
And silently you lower your veils;
Spring meanwhile continues to bloom,
Violets smell sweet beneath blossoming trees,
And all the birds sing songs of praise.
Oh hush, you birds on the green meadows!
Muffled bells are tolling all around,
Angels are singing their soft dirges;
Oh hush, you birds in the blue skies above!
You violets, adorn no maiden's hair today!
My pious child has picked you for the dark bouquet,
You shall go with her to the church of the Virgin,
There you shall wither on the altar of our Lord.
Ah, there, drunk with mourning melodies
And dazed by sweet and heavy incense,
She seeks the Bridegroom in the tomb,
And love and spring – all is lost forever.*

Stone Records and Oxford Lieder are very grateful to the following for their generous support of this recording:

Dr J.H. Alexander, Ian & Julie Bayman, Susanna Blackshaw, Dr Jose Catalan, Penny Clark, Chris Clifford & Janita Good, Alan Cook, Sarah & Adrian Dixon, Dr James Dooley, John & Jenny Dring, Anne-Marie & Nick Edgell, John & Pia Eekelaar, David Gladstone, Michael Glendinning, Ray & Pauline Hartman, Alan Hedges, Barry and Trish Hedges, Ursula Howard, Michael Humphries, Nicola Keane, Edward Knighton, Robert Kynoch, David Lester, Marc Londo, Claire & Tony Marshall, Brian Midgley, Helen Millard, Christopher Mott, Anne Ozorio, Ian Partridge, David Pendrill, Katie Richardson, Rhian Samuel, Jonathan Réé, Andrew Reekie, Richard Smail, Ted Spiller, Christine Stone, Sonya & Tom Ulrich, David Weston, Katy Weston and Ulrika Wilson.

Produced by Mark Brown.

Engineered and edited by Julian Millard.

Recorded 22-23 October 2010 at Holywell Music Room, Oxford, U.K., by kind permission of Wadham College, Oxford.

The Steinway concert piano chosen and hired by the Oxford Lieder Festival for this performance was supplied and maintained by Steinway & Sons, London.

Publisher: Hugo Wolf Complete Edition, Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Vienna.

Composer biography © 2011 Mark Stone.

Song notes © 2010 Richard Stokes.

English translations © 2005 Richard Stokes, from *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber and Faber.

Inside front cover: photograph of Sophie Daneman © 2007 Sandra Lousada, photograph of Anna Grevelius © 2007 Sussie Ahlburg, photograph of James Gilchrist © 2004 Jim Four, photograph of Stephan Loges © 2005 Andres Landino, and photograph of Sholto Kynoch © 2008 Benjamin Harte.

Reverse inlay: portrait of Eduard Mörike.

Graphic design: Colour Blind Design.

Printed in the E.U.

5060192780086

STONE
records



Oxford Lieder
Celebrating Song