

vol
4

KELLER, FALLERSLEBEN,
IBSEN & OTHER POETS

HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

MARY BEVAN
QUIRIJN DE LANG
SHOLTO KYNOCH





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Recorded live at the Holywell Music Room

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

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72'18

Mary Bevan *soprano*^a
 Quirijn de Lang *baritone*^b
 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 lack of interest 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 tranquillity 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 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.

Philipp and Katharina Wolf were assiduous parents, keen to give their son a thorough grounding in music. When Hugo was four years old, his father arranged for him to have piano and violin lessons, and music-making was encouraged in the family home throughout Wolf's childhood. On 12 May 1878 he wrote a letter home that speaks volumes about his determination to succeed as a composer:

'I have just finished another 5 Lieder, each one allegedly better than the last. Yet I am not content, I feel a relentless urge to outdo my mediocre talent, to widen my horizon, to develop my thoughts, my actions and my sensitivity to their full maturity. From time to time I see my efforts crowned with a measure of success, but I am still not satisfied, and it only spurs me on to make even further demands on myself. People have great hopes of me, and I feel I have the strength to rise above mediocrity.'

Wolf composed some eighty songs before the eruption of the Mörike songs in 1888 – and as with the forty or so early Lieder of Richard Strauss, there are some gems to be savoured. Others give a tantalising glimpse of the mature Wolf and, despite Wolf's own self-deprecating remarks, none of them is insignificant. **Auf der Wanderschaft**, to a poem by Adelbert von Chamisso, was composed on 20 March 1878, when Wolf had just turned 18. He was clearly dissatisfied with the song, for at the foot of the page he wrote 'Schlecht!' ('Bad!'). Three days later, he composed a second version, only to write 'Noch schlechter!' ('Even worse') on the manuscript. Neither song is as bad as he professed, but it was probably his inability to respond to the humour of the poem that resulted in his pejorative remarks. One of the five songs mentioned above in the letter to his parents must have been **Der goldene Morgen**, Wolf's setting of an anonymous poem that can be found in a sketch-book in the Music Collection of the Austrian National Library. The poem contrasts the radiance of nature with the poet's own unhappiness, and Wolf responds with a gently undulating motif in 6/8 that continues in the ten-bar postlude. **So wahr die Sonne scheint**, dated 8 February 1878, sets a famous text from Rückert's *Liebesfrühling* (1844), a collection of over 400 love poems that chronicle the poet's courtship of Luise Wiethaus, whom he married in 1821. Wolf almost certainly knew Schumann's setting for soprano and tenor or baritone from Opus 37. Whereas Schumann

composed a chorale-like setting with close harmonies, Wolf marked his song *etwas lebhaft* and the piece is altogether more euphoric than Schumann's duet that breathes devotion in every bar. **Wanderlied**, composed between 14-15 June 1877 in Windischgraz, illustrates the efforts Wolf made to get his songs published. Although only seventeen, he sent *Wanderung* and three other songs to Johann André of Offenbach in February 1878 in the hope that they would be published 'in vier oder acht Wochen' ('in four or eight weeks'). He also sent the same songs to Friedrich von Hausegger in Graz, who described them as 'an Mendelssohn erinnernd' ('reminiscent of Mendelssohn') – to Wolf's intense displeasure. Undaunted, Wolf now offered the same songs (with the addition of *Nächtliche Wanderung*) to no less a publishing house than Breitkopf & Härtel, who also declined to publish them.

The four Hoffmann von Fallersleben songs were all composed in 1878, 'My Lodi in Song' as Wolf later called it (a reference to Napoleon's victory at Lodi in Northern Italy, that brought him recognition and a boost in self-confidence): 'in those days', he wrote to Edmund Lang, 'I composed almost every day *one* good song, and sometimes *two*'. Hyperbole, perhaps, but already Wolf was composing settings *en masse* of one particular poet in a heightened state of creativity that was to be characteristic of him for the rest of his artistic life. He now turned to Hoffmann von Fallersleben, whose works he had recently bought. The poet was christened August Heinrich Hoffmann, but added the Fallersleben (his birthplace) to lend distinction to his name. He expressed his support of German unity in his *Unpolitische Lieder* (1840) which led to dismissal from his post as Professor of German Language and Literature at Breslau University. His *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles* dates from 1841 and was often sung as a patriotic hymn before it became the official national anthem. Wolf planned a cycle based on his poems to be called *Dichterleben*, which was to contain fourteen songs, but after *Nach dem Abschiede* he lost interest in the project. The opening of **Nach dem Abschiede** recalls Schubert's *Der Doppelgänger*, and the middle section of the accompaniment anticipates the rhythm of *Verborgeneheit*. **Liebesfrühling** was composed on August 9; **Auf der Wanderung**, which is really a Viennese dance for piano with voice obbligato, followed on August 10; **Ja, die Schönst! ich sagt es offen** on August 11 and *Nach dem Abschiede* at the end of the same month.

Midway through 1877 Wolf had been compelled to leave the Vienna Conservatoire, having fallen foul of the director Josef Hellmesberger. He now depended on the generosity of those benefactors who always stood by him in times of need, and he further eked out a living by giving piano lessons. **Der Schwalben Heimkehr**, composed in August and December 1877, sets the first and last verse of a poem by Karl Herlossohn that laments the end of summer and the departure of the swallows, and ends conventionally with the phrase 'Scheiden tut weh' ('Parting is painful'). Marked *Ruhig, doch nicht schleppend*, Wolf writes a tender, languorous song in 6/8 time in which the vanishing nightingales can be heard in two right hand trills. **Ständchen**, to a poem by Theodor Körner, was composed earlier in the year, a promising serenade that Wolf was to better six years later in 1883 when he composed his delectable setting of Reinick's *Ständchen*. The earlier serenade shows the influence of Schumann, particularly in the use of declamation, interludes and postludes. **Bescheidene Liebe**, probably composed in late 1877 or early 1888, is one of Wolf's early successes – so much so that Bote & Bock published a French version of it, *Amour modeste*, in March 1910. Wolf's habit of dating precisely his songs often enables us to pinpoint not only the day and place of each composition, but sometimes even the hour. **Perlenfischer** sets a poem by Otto Roquette, and was composed, we read on the manuscript, on Wednesday, 3 May 1876, in the Prater. **Andenken** (Windischgraz between 23 and 25 April 1877) sets a poem on which Beethoven had conferred immortality in 1809. The 17-year-old Wolf could not match that wonderful setting, but his version has many things to admire, including an insistent quaver accompaniment, marked *etwas bewegt*, and a rapturous postlude. Paul Peitl, a friend of Wolf's who published under the pseudonym of Paul Günther and Paul Mannsberg, supplied him with the libretto for *König Alboin*, the romantic opera for which Wolf sketched only a few scenes, and also with a churchyard poem, **Ein Grab**, that Wolf began on 8 December 1876 and finished two days later. Wolf thought highly enough of this song to transcribe it, along with *Ständchen*, *Andenken*, *An**, *Wanderlied* and *Morgentau* into a slender book of manuscript paper on whose cover he inscribed portentously: 'Lieder und Gesänge. Erstes Heft. In Musik gesetzt von Hugo Wolf.'

Abendglöcklein belongs to the six Lieder of Opus 9, a group of songs which juxtaposes poets of real pedigree – such as Goethe (*Erster Verlust*, *Mai*) and Lenau (*Meeresstille*) – with Vincenz

Zusner (1803-1874), a once celebrated chemist and nature poet, whose name has since sunk without trace. The text contrasts the serenity of the church-bell-pealing valley with the poet's loneliness, and inspired Wolf to write an attractive song in which the bright bells, first heard in the right hand quavers of the prelude, ring out more plaintively in the postlude, anticipating the time when they will toll at the poet's funeral.

Wolf's career as a Lieder composer is characterized by months or sometimes years of creative paralysis followed by periods of frenetic composing, such as occurred in May 1878, a decade before the outpouring of the Mörike Song Book. Two Hebbel songs, *Das Kind am Brunnen* and *Knabentod*, were composed in the last week of April and the first week of May. In the second half of the month Wolf again turned his attention to Heine, the first time since December 1876. *Sie haben heut' Abend Gesellschaft* (18 May) was followed by two little piano pieces (*Schlummerlied* and *Scherz und Spiel*) on 20 May, and *Über Nacht* on the 23rd and 24th. He then returned to Heine, setting another nine *Buch der Lieder* songs between 25 May and 24 June. **Über Nacht** (1878), to a poem by Julius Sturm, is a beautifully crafted song in which Wolf uses for almost the first time those broken rhythms that depict the anguish of a soul that cannot sleep. He suffered frequently from insomnia, and many of the poems he chose for his Lieder deal with wakefulness at night, which he often depicts by using repeated octaves in the right hand, pitted against a wandering motif in the left. **Nacht und Grab** is one of the earliest Wolf songs that have come down to us. Composed before September 1875, when he was 15, this apostrophe to night is an attractive song of gentle melancholy. It seems strange that the three publishing houses which issued posthumous editions of Wolf songs – Lauterbach & Kuhn (1903), Tischler & Jagenberg (1927) and the Wiener Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag (1936) – should have overlooked this song. In Wolf's settings of **Das Kind am Brunnen** and **Knabentod**, two famous ballads by Friedrich Hebbel, we get a tantalizing foretaste of Wolf's genius for setting such eerie ballads as *Nixe Binsefuss* and *Die Geister am Mummelsee* from the Mörike Song Book.

The six *Alte Weisen: Sechs Gedichte von Keller* were composed by Wolf in May-June 1890 as a tribute to the Swiss poet Gottfried Keller on his seventieth birthday. Wolf had an especial affection for Keller's great novel *Der grüne Heinrich*, but by the time the songs were finished,

the Swiss poet and novelist had already died. Wolf wrote to his friend Oskar Grohe on 28 June 1890:

‘I have just completed six settings of poems by Keller. They are unique of their kind, and so are the poems.’

Keller was of even smaller physical stature than Wolf (1.50m to Wolf’s 1.54m) and throughout his life had difficulties sustaining a relationship with women. He was pathologically shy and often unable to confess his love (the theme of *Lebendig begraben*, later set to music by Othmar Schoeck). In 1846, the same year as *Lebendig begraben* was published, Hebbel wrote another set of poems, to which he gave the title: *Von Weibern – alte Lieder*, which translates something like *Ancient songs about wenches*. The pejorative title reminds us of another misogynist, Heinrich Heine, who in 1831 published a similarly scornful cycle about women, which he called *Verschiedene*. Wolf chose six of Keller’s 18 poems, all of which are about dominant women. The first he composed was **Tretet ein, hoher Krieger**, which Keller subtitled ‘Helene’, a poem in which the woman conquers a soldier with her charms, and uses all the appurtenances of war as domestic tools. Unlike Pfitzner’s setting, which maintains the march-like momentum throughout (suggesting that the woman is as military as the man), Wolf’s march collapses and develops into a dance. It is interesting to compare the second song of Wolf’s collection, **Singt mein Schatz wie ein Fink** with Brahms’s version, composed in 1877. Keller’s subtitle, ‘Salome’ implies that this country girl is a potential monster, a man-eater. But such an interpretation hardly suited Brahms in these *Mädchenlieder* of Opus 69, composed with Elisabeth von Herzogenburg in mind. He therefore substituted ‘stolzen’ (‘proud’) with ‘teuren’ (‘dear’) in the final verse, and turned the poem into a genuine love song. Wolf detested Brahms’s interpretation, especially at ‘O ihr Jungfrau im Land von dem Berg und über See’, for which he branded Brahms ‘a master of the bagpipes and accordion’ (letter to Melanie Köchert of 20 August 1890). Instead of Brahms’s simple melodic approach, Wolf gives us a song that develops from a light-hearted beginning to a vicious conclusion, with a postlude that breathes fortissimo fire. In **Du milchjunger Knabe**, despite its subtitle ‘Therese’ (Greek: ‘Hunter’), Wolf depicts woman as a harmonically adventurous and teasing flirt. His A major setting of **Wandl’ ich in dem Morgentau** is the most lyrical of the set, in which the woman, seeing all nature in love,

laments her own loneliness; yet compared with Pfitzner's melancholy setting, Wolf makes her sound merely gently resigned. **Das Köhlerweib ist trunken** is a violent contrast, with the piano providing a vivid description of shrill, demonic laughter, as the once rich and beautiful charcoal-burner's wife lurches drunk through the forest. The set ends with **Wie glänzt der volle Mond**, a poem that laments the passing of beauty, as an old peasant woman depicts herself squatting in front of the gates of heaven. Keller, the atheist, avoids all sentimentality and ends his lapidary poem with the snapping of a harp string. Wolf seems to misinterpret (or re-interpret?) the text, and writes one of his most beautiful songs, with *pianissimo* repeated chords high above the staff, suggesting the night sky, and a sweet and harmonious close that illustrates the old woman's touching faith.

Posterity has not been kind to Ibsen's *The Feast at Solhaug*, nor to Wolf's incidental music which he was commissioned to write for a German translation of the play by Emma Klingensfeld, first performed at the Burgtheater in November 1891. Wolf, who never enjoyed any financial independence, needed the money, especially after the costs he had incurred through publishing the *Spanisches Liederbuch*. He eventually managed to produce five choruses, two instrumental preludes and three songs, all scored for large orchestra – for which he received a meagre two hundred guilders. One is reminded of another Viennese, Franz Schubert, who, seventy years before Wolf, struggled to make a name for himself as a composer of theatrical works by grinding out a succession of Singspiele, all of which failed. **Gesang Margits**, the first song of *Drei Gesänge aus Ibsens „Das Fest auf Solhaug“*, opens with two bars of a funeral march, indicative of her frustration at being locked into a loveless marriage; she longs for the freedom of the birds and flowers, but the persistent rhythm of the dirge, which runs through the whole song, tells us that her fantasies will never be fulfilled. In the two **Gudmunds Gesänge**, Gudmund sings of his love for his childhood sweetheart Signe, whom he eventually weds, despite the opposition of her sister Margit, referred to in the second song as the *Elfenfrau*. The songs have not fared well in the concert hall, but Wolf had a high opinion of his music, writing to Emil Kauffmann (22 December 1890) that he considered it to be 'echteste Theatermusik voll Leben und Anschaulichkeit' – 'real theatre music, vivid and full of life'.

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1 **Auf der Wanderschaft II**

Adelbert Chamisso (1781-1838)

*Wohl wandert' ich aus in trauriger Stund,
Es weinte die Liebe so sehr,
Der Fuss ist mir lahm, die Schulter mir wund,
Das Herz, das ist mir so schwer.*

*Was singt ihr, ihr Vögel, im Morgentlicht?
Ihr wisst nicht, wie scheiden tut!
Es drücken euch Sorgen und Schuhe nicht;
Ihr Vögel, ihr habt es gut!*

2 **Der Schwalben Heimkehr**

Karl Herlossohn (1804-1849)

*Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn,
Wenn die Rosen nicht mehr blühn,
Wenn der Nachtigall Gesang
Mit der Nachtigall verklang,
Fragt das Herz in bangem Schmerz,
Ob ich euch wiederseh'?
Scheiden, ach scheiden tut weh.*

3 **Der goldene Morgen**

Anonymous

*Golden lacht und glüht der Morgen
Über maiengrünen Höh'n.
Und die Seele bricht voll Sorgen,
Und die Welt ist doch so schön.
Vöglein singen, Glocken schlagen,
Blütenduft durchzieht das Land.
Wirf dein Klagen und dein Zagen
Ganz in diesen Freudenbrand!*

On the road II

*I set out in an unhappy hour,
Love was weeping so much,
My foot was sore, my shoulder hurt,
My heart was weighing me down.
Birds, why are you singing in the dawn?
You don't know the pain of parting!
Worries don't depress you, shoes don't pinch you;
How fortunate, birds, you are!*

The swallows' home-coming

*When the swallows fly homeward,
When the roses no longer bloom,
When the song of the nightingale
Fades away with the nightingale –
My heart enquires with anxious pain
Whether I shall see you again?
Parting, ah, parting causes distress.*

The golden morning

*The morning glows golden and laughs
Above the may-green hills,
And the heart breaks with sorrow
And yet the world is so fair.
Little birds sing, bells ring out,
A scent of blossom pervades the land.
Cast your grievances and fear
Into this great blaze of joy!*

4 **So wahr die Sonne scheint**

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

*So wahr die Sonne scheint,
So wahr die Wolke weinet,
So wahr die Flamme sprüht,
So wahr der Frühling blüht;
So wahr hab' ich empfunden,
Wie ich dich halt' umwunden:
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb' ich, wie du mich.*

*Die Sonne mag verscheinen,
Die Wolke nicht mehr weinen,
Die Flamme mag versprühn,
Der Frühling nicht mehr blühn!
Wir wollen uns umwinden
Und immer so empfinden;
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb' ich, wie du mich.*

5 **Ständchen**

Theodor Körner (1791-1813)

*Alles wiegt die stille Nacht
Tief in süßen Schlummer;
Nur der Liebe Sehnsucht wacht
Und der Liebe Kummer.
Mich umschleichen bandenfrei
Nächtliche Gespenster;
Doch ich harre still und treu
Unter deinem Fenster.*

*Holdes Mädchen, hörst du mich?
Willst du länger säumen?
Oder wiegt der Schlummer dich
Schon in süßen Träumen?
Nein, du bist gewiss noch wach;
Hinter Fensters Gittern
Seh' ich ja im Schlafgemach
Noch das Lämpchen zittern.*

Truly as the sun shines

*Truly as the sun shines,
Truly as the cloud weeps,
Truly as the flame flashes,
Truly as spring blossoms;
As truly did I feel
Holding you in my embrace:
You love me, as I love you,
I love you as you love me.*

*The sun may cease to shine,
The cloud may weep no more,
The flame may flash and fade,
The spring may blossom no more!
We shall both embrace
And always feel:
You love me, as I love you;
I love you, as you love me.*

Serenade

*Silent night lulls all the world
Deeply into sweet slumber;
Only love's longing is awake
And love's sorrow.
Unfettered nocturnal ghosts
Prowl around me;
But I wait silently and faithfully
Beneath your window.*

*Beautiful girl, do you hear me?
Will you tarry for much longer?
Or does sleep already rock you
In sweet dreams?
No, you are surely still awake;
Behind the lattice window
I can still see the little lamp
Flickering in your bedroom.*

Ach, so blicke, süßes Kind,
Aus dem Fenster nieder,
Leise wie der Abendwind
Flüstern meine Lieder;
Doch verständlich sollen sie
Meine Sehnsucht klagen
Und mit sanfter Harmonie
Dir: „Ich liebe“ sagen.

Was die treue Liebe spricht,
Wird die Liebe hören.
Aber länger darf ich nicht
Deine Ruhe stören.
Schlummre, bis der Tag erwacht,
In dem warmen Stübchen;
Drum, feins Liebchen, gute Nacht,
Gute Nacht, feins Liebchen!

Ah – look down, then,
Sweet child, from your window,
My songs whisper
As softly as the evening breeze;
They shall clearly lament
To you my longing,
And with gentle harmony
Say: “I love you”.

What true love utters,
Love will hear.
But I must no longer
Disturb your rest.
Sleep on in your little room
Till morning dawns;
Therefore, sweet love, good night,
Good night, sweet love!

6 Bescheidene Liebe

Anonymous

Ich bin wie and're Mädchen nicht,
Die, wenn sie lieben, schweigen
Und ihr Geheimnis hütend stumm,
Das kranke Köpfchen neigen.
Ja, meine Liebe ist nicht stumm,
Mein Plaudern geb' ich nicht darum;
Ich liebe doch ganz eigen.

Ich bin wie and're Mädchen nicht,
Die, wenn sie lieben, hoffen;
Ich trage meine Lieb' zur Schau
Vor aller Welt ganz offen.
Oft hat mich schon lieb Mütterlein
Mit dem Herzallerliebste mein
Beim Kosen angetroffen.

Ich bin wie and're Mädchen nicht,
Doch glücklich, wie ich glaube,
Denn meine Liebe richtet sich
Auf Trauring nicht und Haube.
Er bleibt mein trauer Bräutigam,
Er girrt so süß, er ist so zahm
Mein Lieb ist meine Taube.

Modest love

I am not like other girls,
Who, when they love, are silent
And guard their secret silently,
Bowing their little lovesick head.
Yes, my love is not silent,
I shall not refrain from chatting;
I love in a most individual way.

I am not like other girls,
Who, when they love, harbour hope;
I wear my love on my sleeve,
Clear for all to see.
My dear mother
Has often caught me
Embracing my dearest love.

I am not like other girls,
But am happy when I believe
That my love is not fixed on
Marriage and wedding ring.
He shall remain my dear fiancé,
He coos so sweetly, he is so tame,
My love is my dove.

7 **Perlenfischer**

Otto Roquette (1824-1896)

*Du liebes Auge, willst dich tauchen,
In meines Aug's geheimster Tiefe,
Zu spä'h'n, wo in blauen Gründen
Verborgen eine Perle schlief?*

*Du liebes Auge, tauche nieder,
Und in die klare Tiefe dringe
Und lächle, wenn ich dir dies Bild
Als schönste Perle wiederbringe.*

Pearl fisher

*Dear eyes, will you dive
Into my own eyes' most secret depths,
To see where on a blue bed
A hidden pearl be sleeping.
Dear eyes, dive down,
Invade the clear depths
And smile, when I bring you this image
As the most lovely pearl.*

8 **Andenken**

Friedrich Matthisson (1761-1831)

*Ich denke dein,
Wenn durch den Hain
Der Nachtigallen
Akkorde schallen!
Wann denkst du mein?*

*Ich denke dein
Im Dämmerchein
Der Abendhelle
Am Schattenquelle!
Wo denkst du mein?*

*Ich denke dein
Mit süßser Pein
Mit bangem Sehnen
Und heißen Tränen!
Wie denkst du mein?*

*O denke mein,
Bis zum Verein
Auf besserm Sterne!
In jeder Ferne
Denk ich nur dein!*

Remembrance

*I think of you
When through the grove
The nightingales'
Songs resound!
When do you think of me?*

*I think of you
In the twilight
Of evening
By the shadowed sping!
Where do you think of me?*

*I think of you
In sweet agony,
With fearful longing
And passionate tears!
How do you think of me?*

*O think of me
Until we are united
On a better star!
However far away,
I think only of you!*

9 **Wanderlied**

Anonymous

*Es segeln die Wolken,
Weiss niemand wohin?
Die Lüfte, sie rauschen,
Wohin wohl, wohin?*

*Sie wandern zusammen,
Sie kommen und flieh'n,
Mag keiner mir künden,
Wohin wohl, wohin?*

*So zieh' ich ins Leben
Mit fröhlichem Sinn,
Doch frage mich niemand,
Wohin wohl, wohin?*

*Noch duften die Blüten,
Noch locket das Grün,
Glück auf zu dem Wandern,
Weiss selbst nicht wohin.*

10 **Auf der Wanderschaft I**

Adelbert Chamisso

*Wohl wandert' ich aus in trauriger Stund,
Es weinte die Liebe so sehr,
Der Fuss ist mir lahm, die Schulter mir wund,
Das Herz, das ist mir so schwer.*

*Was singt ihr, ihr Vögel, im Morgenlicht?
Ihr wisst nicht, wie scheiden tut!
Es drücken euch Sorgen und Schuhe nicht;
Ihr Vögel, ihr habt es gut!*

Wanderer's song

*The clouds scud by,
Does no one know where?
The breezes murmur,
Where to, where to?*

*They journey together,
They come and they flee,
Can no one tell me,
Where to, where to?*

*And I set out into life,
Happy in mind,
But let no one ask me,
Where to, where to?*

*The blossom's still fragrant,
Green still entices,
Good luck with wandering,
Though I know not where.*

On the road I

*I set out in an unhappy hour,
Love was weeping so much,
My foot was sore, my shoulder hurt,
My heart was weighing me down.
Birds, why are you singing in the dawn?
You don't know the pain of parting!
Worries don't depress you, shoes don't pinch you;
How fortunate, birds, you are!*

Auf der Wanderung

August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

*(1798-1874)**Über die Hügel**Und über die Berge hin**Sing' ich und ruf' ich,**Wie glücklich ich bin.**Sonniges Wetter,**Rauschende Blätter,**Vogelgeschmetter,**Wonnige Lust!**Dörfer und Mühlen,**Wälder und grüne Au'n,**Schlösser und Burgen,**Lieblich zu schaun,**Freundliche Städtchen,**Niedliche Mädchen:**Gretchen und Kätzchen,**Kennst du mich noch?**Warum nicht kennen?**Willkommen in unsrem Land!**Bist mir willkommen,**Und reich mir die Hand!**Lasst uns dann singen,**Tanzen und springen,**Lustig uns schwingen,**Kirmes ist heut!**Lustig das Leben**Zu Fuss mit dem Wanderstab**Über die Berge,**Hinauf und herab!**Sonniges Wetter,**Rauschende Blätter,**Vogelgeschmetter,**Wonnige Lust!***On a walk***Over the hills**And over the mountains**I sing and cry out**How happy I am.**Sunny weather,**Rustling leaves,**Carolling birds,**Rapturous delight!**Villages and mills,**Woods and green meadows,**Castles and palaces,**Fair to the eye,**Friendly small towns,**Pretty girls:**Gretel and Katy,**Do you remember me?**Why not?**Welcome to our land!**You are welcome,**So give me your hand!**Then let us sing,**Dance and leap,**Let us make merry,**Today is the fair!**Life is fun,**To hike with a staff**Over the mountains,**Up hill and down dale!**Sunny weather,**Rustling leaves,**Carolling birds,**Rapturous delight!*

12 **Liebesfrühling**
August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

*Wie oft schon ward es Frühling wieder
Für die erstorbne öde Welt!
Wie oft schon schollen frohe Lieder
Ihm überall durch Wald und Feld!
Wie oft schon ward es Frühling wieder!
Doch Frühling ward es nicht für mich:
Es schweigen meines Herzens Lieder,
Denn Frühling wird es nur durch dich.*

The springtime of love

*How often has spring returned
For the dead and desolate world!
How often was spring greeted on all sides
By happy songs in wood and field!
How often has spring returned!
But no spring burgeoned for me:
The songs of my heart are silent,
For spring can only be brought by you.*

13 **Ja, die Schönst! ich sagt es offen**
August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

*Ja, die Schönst! ich sagt' es offen,
Und ich war's mir frisch bewusst.
Kühnes Wagen, süßes Hoffen,
Frischer Mut und Wandlust!
Und nun möcht' ich schier verzagen
Und im Herzeleid vergehn,
Denn nach diesen kurzen Tagen
Ist's um alles schon geschehn.
Lass sie sinken, lass sie fallen,
Lass sie alle stürzen ein,
All die Zinnen, Türm' und Hallen!
Ist die Schönste darum mein?
Sind nicht Riegel, Schlösser, Tore,
Ist nicht alles aufgetan?
Nur dein Herz, o Leonore,
Bleibt verschlossen mir fortan.*

Yes, the fairest! I've said it openly

*Yes, the fairest! I've said it openly,
And have always been aware of it.
Dauntless adventure, sweet hope,
A bold spirit and a thirst for travel!
And now I am near to despair
And overwhelmed with sorrow,
For after these short-lived days
Everything has come to naught.
Let them crumble, let them fall,
Let them all come tumbling down:
Pinnacles, towers and halls!
Would the fairest thereby be mine?
Have not bolts, locks, gates
All been opened up?
Only your heart, Leonora,
Continues to be closed to me.*

14 **Nach dem Abschiede**

August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

*Dunkel sind nun alle Gassen,
Und die Stadt ist öd' und leer;
Denn mein' Lieb' hat mich verlassen.
Meine Sonne scheint nicht mehr.*

*Büsch' und Wälder, Flüß' und Hügel
Liegen zwischen ihr und mir:
Liebe, Liebe, gib mir Flügel,
Dass ich fliegen kann zu ihr!*

*Liebe, lass ihr Bild erscheinen!
O so blick' ich sie doch an,
Dass, wenn meine Augen weinen,
Sich mein Herz erfreuen kann.*

After parting

*The streets are now all dark,
And the town is desolate and empty;
For my love has left me.
My sun no longer shines.*

*Bushes and forests, rivers and hills
Intervene between us:
Love, Love, give me wings,
That I might fly to her!*

*Love, let her image appear!
For me to gaze on her,
So that, when I weep,
My heart may delight.*

15 **Ein Grab**

Johann Günther (1695-1723)

*Wenn des Mondes bleiches Licht
Auf das dunkle Grab hier fällt,
Dann aus meinem Auge bricht
Die Trän', die keine Macht mehr hält.*

*Keine Blum' am Grabe blüht,
Keine Seele denkt daran;
Kalter Wind vorüberzieht –
Was deckt das kühle Grab, sag an?*

*Was des Grabes Hülle deckt,
Kannst du dann nur ahnen,
Wenn dich gleicher Schmerz bewegt,
Der mag dich daran mahnen.*

A grave

*When the moon's pale light
Falls on the dark grave here,
A tear trickles from my eyes,
That nothing can restrain.*

*No flower blossoms by the grave,
Not a soul is aware of it;
Cold winds blow by –
Tell me what the cool grave shrouds.*

*What lies beneath the grave's shroud,
You can only divine
When you too are moved by such grief –
That grief may then forewarn you.*

16 **Abendglöcklein**

Vincenz Zusner (1803-1874)

*Des Glöckchens Schall durchtönt das Tal,
Mir Ruhe zu verkünden;*

*Nur ich allein mit meiner Pein
Vermag sie nicht zu finden.*

*Wann läutest du denn mir zur Ruh'
Von deinem Kirchlein droben?*

*Sei ruhig, Herz! Ein jeder Schmerz
Hört einmal auf zu toben.*

*Einst wird dich schon des Glöckchens Ton
Mit deiner Qual versöhnen.*

*Und schweigt der Klang auch noch so lang,
Er muss doch endlich tönen!*

The little evening bell

*The little bell rings through the valley,
Announcing peace to me;*

*Only I, alone with my torment,
Am unable to find such peace.*

*When will you ring me to rest
From your little church up there?*

*Be calm, O heart! Every pain
Finally ceases to throb.*

*The little bell will one day
Finally appease your pain.*

*And though the bell has long been silent,
It will sound in the end!*

17 **Über Nacht**

Christoph Sturm (1740-1786)

*Über Nacht, über Nacht
Kommt still das Leid,*

*Und bist du erwacht,
O traurige Zeit!*

*Du grüssest den dämmernden Morgen
Mit Weinen und mit Sorgen.*

*Über Nacht, über Nacht
Kommt still das Glück*

*Und bist du erwacht,
O selig Glück!*

*Der düstre Traum ist zerronnen,
Und Freude ist gewonnen.*

*Über Nacht, über Nacht
Kommt Freud' und Leid,*

*Und eh du's gedacht,
Verlassen dich beid',*

*Und gehen dem Herrn zu sagen,
Wie du sie getragen.*

By night

*By night, by night
Grief comes silently,*

*And once you awake –
O mournful time!*

*You greet the dawn
With tears and sorrow.*

*By night, by night
Happiness comes silently,*

*And once you awake –
O blessed fate,*

*The sombre dream has vanished
And joy is to hand.*

*By night, by night
Come joy and grief,*

*And before you're aware,
Both leave you*

*And go to tell the Lord
How you have borne them.*

18 **Nacht und Grab**

Heinrich Zschokke (1771-1848)

*Sei mir gegrüsst, o schöne Nacht
In deiner hehren Sternenpracht;
Mit weichen Händen bietest du
Des Staubes Kindern deine Ruh'.
O Brüder, schlummert sanft den süssen Schlummer,
Ein neuer Tag weckt euch zu neuem Kummer.*

*Auch in den stummen Gräbern ihr
Ruht sanft von eurer Arbeit hier;
Vergessenheit ist euer Los,
Und euer Obdach dieses Moos.
O Brüder, schlummert sanft des Todes Schlummer,
Kein neuer Tag weckt euch zu neuem Kummer.*

19 **Das Kind am Brunnen**

Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863)

*Frau Amme, Frau Amme, das Kind ist erwacht!
Doch die liegt ruhig im Schlafe.
Vöglein zwitschern, die Sonne lacht,
Am Hügel weiden die Schafe.*

*Frau Amme, Frau Amme, das Kind steht auf,
Es wagt sich weiter und weiter!
Hinab zum Brunnen nimmt es den Lauf,
Da stehen Blumen und Kräuter.*

*Frau Amme, Frau Amme, der Brunnen ist tief!
Sie schläft, als läge sie drinnen.
Das Kind lief schnell, wie es noch nie lief,
Die Blumen locken's von hinnen.*

*Nun steht es am Brunnen, nun ist es am Ziel,
Nun pflückt es die Blumen munter,
Doch bald ermüdet das reizende Spiel,
Da schaut's in die Tiefe hinunter.*

Night and grave

*Welcome, o beautiful night,
In your sublime and star-studded splendour;
With tender hands you offer
Repose to the children of dust.
O brothers, sleep this gentle sleep,
A new day wakens you to new sorrow.*

*And in your silent graves,
You also rest from your toil on earth;
Oblivion is your destiny,
And this moss your shelter.
O brothers, sleep this gentle sleep of death,
No new day will waken you to new sorrow.*

The child at the well

*Nurse, nurse, the child has awoken!
But she is still fast asleep.
The birds twitter, the sun is laughing,
The sheep on the hillside are grazing.*

*Nurse, nurse, the child's getting up,
Further and further he ventures!
Down to the well he now goes running,
Where flowers and herbs are growing.*

*Nurse, nurse, the well is deep!
She sleeps, as though she were in it!
The child runs faster than ever before,
The flowers entice him away.*

*He's now by the well, he has reached his goal,
And is happily picking the flowers,
But the enchanting game begins to pall,
And he looks down into the depths.*

*Und unten erblickt es ein holdes Gesicht
Mit Augen so hell und so süsse;
Es ist sein eigenes, das weiss es noch nicht,
Viel stumme, freundliche Grüsse!*

*Das Kindlein winkt, der Schatten geschwind
Winkt aus der Tiefe ihm wieder.
Herauf, herauf! So meint es das Kind,
Der Schatten: hernieder, hernieder!*

*Schon beugt es sich über den Brunnenrand.
Frau Amme, du schläfst noch immer!
Da fallen die Blumen ihm aus der Hand
Und trüben den lockenden Schimmer.*

*Verschwunden ist sie, die süsse Gestalt,
Verschluckt von der hüpfenden Welle,
Das Kind durchschauert's fremd und kalt,
Und schnell enteilt es der Stelle.*

*And there he discovers a lovely face,
With eyes so bright and so sweet,
It is his own, he is not yet aware –
Such friendly and silent greetings!*

*The little child waves, the shadow at once
Returns the wave from the depths.
Come up! Come up! the child would say;
The shadow: Come down! Come down!*

*Already he's bending over the well,
Nurse, still you are sleeping!
The flowers then fall from his hand
And cloud the enticing glitter.*

*The sweet figure has vanished from view,
Swallowed up by the rippling wave,
A strange cold shiver runs through the child,
And swiftly he's gone from the scene.*

20

Knabentod

Friedrich Hebbel

*Vom Berg der Knab, der zieht hinab
In heissen Sommertagen;
Im Tannenwald, da macht er halt,
Er kann sich kaum noch tragen.*

*Den wilden Bach, er sieht, ihn jach
Ins Tal herunterschäumen;
Ihn dürstet sehr, nun noch viel mehr:
Nur hin! wer würde säumen!*

*Da ist die Flut! O in die Glut,
Was kann so köstlich blinken!
Er schöpft und trinkt, er stürzt und sinkt
Und trinkt noch im Versinken!*

A boy's death

*From the mountain the boy comes down,
During the scorching days of summer,
In the pinewood he stops to rest,
Scarcely able to drag himself further.*

*He suddenly sees the brook in spate,
Foaming into the valley,
His burning thirst grows ever greater:
Keep moving on! Who would delay?*

*There is the water! Oh in that heat
What else could glitter so wonderfully!
He scoops water and drinks, he falls and sinks,
And drinks still as he drowns.*

Alte Weisen: Sechs Gedichte von Keller

Gottfried Keller (1819-1890)

Old melodies: Six Keller poems

21 i Tretet ein, hoher Krieger

*Tretet ein, hoher Krieger,
Der sein Herz mir ergab!
Legt den purpurnen Mantel
Und die Goldsporen ab!
Spannt das Ross in den Pflug,
Meinem Vater zum Gruss!
Die Schabrack mit dem Wappen
Gibt 'nen Teppich meinem Fuss!
Euer Schwertgriff muss lassen
Für mich Gold und Stein,
Und die blitzende Klinge
Wird ein Schüreisen sein.
Und die schneeweisse Feder
Auf dem blutroten Hut
Ist zu 'nem kühlenden Wedel
In der Sommerzeit gut.
Und der Marschalk muss lernen,
Wie man Weizenbrot backt,
Wie man Wurst und Gefüllsel
Um die Weihnachtszeit hackt!
Nun befiehlt eure Seele
Dem heiligen Christ!
Euer Leib ist verkauft,
Wo kein Erlösen mehr ist!*

Enter, lofty warrior

*Enter, lofty warrior,
You who gave your heart to me!
Lay that crimson cloak aside
And those golden spurs.
Yoke your charger to the plough,
As a greeting for my father!
The crested saddle-cloth
Provides a carpet for my feet.
Your sword-hilt must yield to me
Its jewels and its gold,
And its flashing blade
Shall serve as a poker.
And the snow-white feather
On your blood-red hat
Shall make a useful cooling fan
In summertime.
And the Marshall must learn
How to bake wheaten bread,
How sausages and stuffing
Are chopped at Christmastide!
Commend now your soul
To Christ our Lord!
Your body is sold
When redemption no longer exists!*

22 ii **Singt mein Schatz wie ein Fink**

*Singt mein Schatz wie ein Fink,
Singt ich Nachtigallensang;
Ist mein Liebster ein Luchs,
O so bin ich eine Schlang!*

*O ihr Jungfrau im Land,
Vom Gebirg und über See,
Überlasst mir den Schönsten,
Sonst tut ihr mir weh!*

*Er soll sich unterwerfen
Zum Ruhm uns und Preis!
Und er soll sich nicht rühren,
Nicht laut und nicht leis!*

*O ihr teuren Gespielen,
Überlasst mir den stolzen Mann!
Er soll sehn, wie die Liebe
Ein feurig Schwert werden kann!*

23 iii **Du milchjunger Knabe**

*Du milchjunger Knabe,
Wie siehst du mich an?
Was haben deine Augen
Für eine Frage getan!
Alle Ratsherrn in der Stadt
Und alle Weisen der Welt
Bleiben stumm auf die Frage,
Die deine Augen gestellt!
Ein leeres Schneckhäusel,
Schau, liegt dort im Gras:
Da halte dein Ohr dran,
Drin brümmelt dir was!*

If my love sings like a finch

*If my love sings like a finch,
I'll sing like a nightingale
If my sweetheart is a lynx,
Then I shall be a snake!*

*O you maidens on land,
From the mountains and across the sea,
Leave the most handsome one to me,
Or else you'll do me harm!*

*He shall have to submit
To our glory and our praise!
And he shall not move an inch
Either noisily or softly!*

*O my dear playmates,
Leave the proud fellow to me!
He shall see how Love
Can become a fiery sword!*

You beardless boy

*You beardless boy,
Why do you look at me so?
What kind of question
Have your eyes been asking!
All the councillors in the city
And all the wise men in the world
Are dumbfounded by the question
Your eyes have put!
Look, there's an empty snail-shell,
Lying there in the grass;
Just put it to your ear,
And you'll hear something hum inside!*

24 iv **Wandl' ich in dem Morgentau**

*Wandl' ich in dem Morgentau
Durch die dufterfüllte Au,
Muss ich schämen mich so sehr
Vor den Blümlein ringsumher!
Täublein auf dem Kirchendach,
Fischlein in dem Mühlenbach
Und das Schlanglein still im Kraut,
Alles fühlt und nennt sich Braut.
Apfelblüt im lichten Schein
Dünkt sich stolz ein Mütterlein;
Freudig stirbt so früh im Jahr
Schon das Papillonpaar.
Gott, was hab ich denn getan,
Dass ich ohne Lenzgespan,
Ohne einen süssen Kuss
Ungeliebet sterben muss?*

25 v **Das Köhlerweib ist trunken**

*Das Köhlerweib ist trunken
Und singt im Wald;
Hört, wie die Stimme gellend
Im Grünen hallt!
Sie war die schönste Blume,
Berühmt im Land;
Es warben Reich' und Arme
Um ihre Hand.
Sie trat in Gürtelketten
So stolz einher;
Den Bräutigam zu wählen,
Fiel ihr zu schwer.
Da hat sie überlistet
Der rote Wein –
Wie müssen alle Dinge
Vergänglich sein!
Das Köhlerweib ist trunken
Und singt im Wald;
Wie durch die Dämmerung gellend
Ihr Lied erschallt!*

When I walk in the morning dew

*When I walk in the morning dew
Through the scent-filled meadow,
I'm forced to feel so ashamed
In front of all the flowers!
The doves on the church roof,
The little fish in the millstream,
And the still snake in the heather,
All know what it is to wed.
Apple-blossom in the sunlight
Proudly deems itself a mother;
Butterfly and mate are glad
To die so early in the year.
God, what then have I done
That, with no springtime mate,
And not a single sweet kiss,
I must die unloved?*

The charcoal-burner's wife is drunk

*The charcoal-burner's wife is drunk
And singing in the wood,
Listen how her screeching voice
Echoes through the countryside!
She was once the fairest flower,
Celebrated far and wide,
Rich and poor came wooing
To win her hand.
She wore a chatelaine
And walked with haughty pride;
To choose a bridegroom
Proved too hard a task.
Then red wine
Got the better of her –
How transitory
Must all things be!
The charcoal-burner's wife is drunk
And singing in the wood,
How her screeching song resounds
In the gathering dusk!*

*Wie glänzt der helle Mond so kalt und fern,
Doch ferner schimmert meiner Schönheit Stern!*

*Wohl rauschet weit von mir des Meeres Strand,
Doch weiterhin liegt meiner Jugend Land!*

*Ohn Rad und Deichsel gibt's ein Wägelein,
Drin fahr ich bald zum Paradies hinein.*

*Dort sitzt die Mutter Gottes auf dem Thron,
Auf ihren Knien schläft ihr selger Sohn.*

*Dort sitzt Gott Vater, der den Heiligen Geist
Aus seiner Hand mit Himmelskörnern speist.*

*In einem Silberschleier sitz ich dann
Und schaue meine weissen Finger an.*

*Sankt Petrus aber gönnt sich keine Ruh,
Hockt vor der Tür und flickt die alten Schuh.*

How cold and distant the bright moon shines

*How cold and distant the bright moon shines,
But my beauty's star gleams more distant still!*

*The sea pounds the shore far away from me,
Farther still lies the land of my youth!*

*There is a wagon without wheels or shafts,
I'll soon drive in it to Paradise.*

*The Mother of God sits there on her throne,
With her blessed Son asleep on her lap.*

*There sits God the Father, with the Holy Ghost
Whom He feeds from His hand with manna.*

*Then I'll sit in a silver veil
And gaze at my white fingers.*

*But Saint Peter will not take a rest,
He squats at the Gate and cobbles old shoes.*

Drei Gesänge aus Ibsens „Das Fest auf Solhaug“ **Three songs from Ibsen's "The feast at Solhaug"**

Emma Klingenberg (1846-1935) after

Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906)

27 i **Gesang Margits**

*Bergkönig ritt durch die Lande weit,
So traurig vergeh'n mir die Tage,
Er wollte sich frei'n die schönste Maid,
Ach, enden wird nie meine Klage!*

*Bergkönig ritt vor Herrn Hakons Tor,
Klein Kirsten strahlte ihr Haar davor,
Bergkönig freite das schlanke Weib,
Umringt ihr mit silbernem Gürtel den Leib.*

*Bergkönig führte sie heim alsdann,
Zehn goldene Ringe steckt er ihr an.
Es kam und schwand wohl Jahr um Jahr,
Im Berg sass Kirsten auf immerdar.*

*Das Tal hat Vögel und Blumenpracht,
So traurig vergeh'n mir die Tage,
Im Berg ist Gold und ewige Nacht.
Ach, enden wird nie meine Klage!*

28 ii **Gudmunds erster Gesang**

*Ich wandelte sinnend allein auf der Halde
Da zwitscherten ringsum die Vöglein im Walde.
So hell erscholl ihr listiges Lied.
Hör' an, hör' an, wie die Liebe im Herzen erblüht!
Sie wächst wie die Eiche wohl Jahre lang,
Sie nährt sich von Sorgen, von Traum und Gesang,
Sie keimet geschwind, in der flüchtigsten Stund'
Fasset sie Wurzel im Herzensgrund!*

Margit's song

*Mountain-king rode through all his lands,
How sadly my days pass by,
He wished to woo the fairest maid,
Ah! my lamenting will never end!*

*Mountain-king rode up to Lord Hakon's gate,
There stood little Kirsten, combing her hair.
Mountain-king courted the slender girl,
Encircled her waist with a golden belt.*

*Mountain-king then led her home,
With ten gold rings he adorned her hands.
Many a year came and went,
Kirsten stayed in the mountain all that time.*

*The valley's resplendent with birds and flowers,
How sadly my days pass by,
In the mountains lie gold and endless night –
Ah! my lamenting will never end!*

Gudmund's first song

*Pensively I wandered alone on the hillside,
The birds all around warbled in the wood,
So clearly their cunning song resounded:
Listen how love blossoms in the heart!
It grows like the oak for many a year,
It feeds off sorrow and dreams and song,
It flowers swiftly, in the most fleeting hour
It takes root deep within the heart!*

29 **iii Gudmunds zweiter Gesang**

*Ich fuhr wohl über Wasser
Und in die Ferne weit –
Als ich zurück zur Heimat kam,
Freit' ich die schönste Maid.

Es war die Elfenfraue,
Die tät's mit Zürnen seh'n;
Und nimmer soll sein feines Lieb
Mit ihm zur Kirche geh'n.

Hör' an, du Elfenfraue,
Lass fahren die Beschwer!
Zwei Herzen, die sich lieben,
Die trennst du nimmermehr!*

Gudmund's second song

*I sailed across the water
And far away –
When I returned to my homeland,
I wooed the loveliest maiden.

But the elf-woman
Looked angrily on;
Never, she said, would his love
Go to church with him.

Listen, you elf-woman,
And complain no more!
If two hearts are in love,
You will never part them!*

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