

vol
5

HEINE, REINICK,
SHAKESPEARE & BYRON

HUGO WOLF

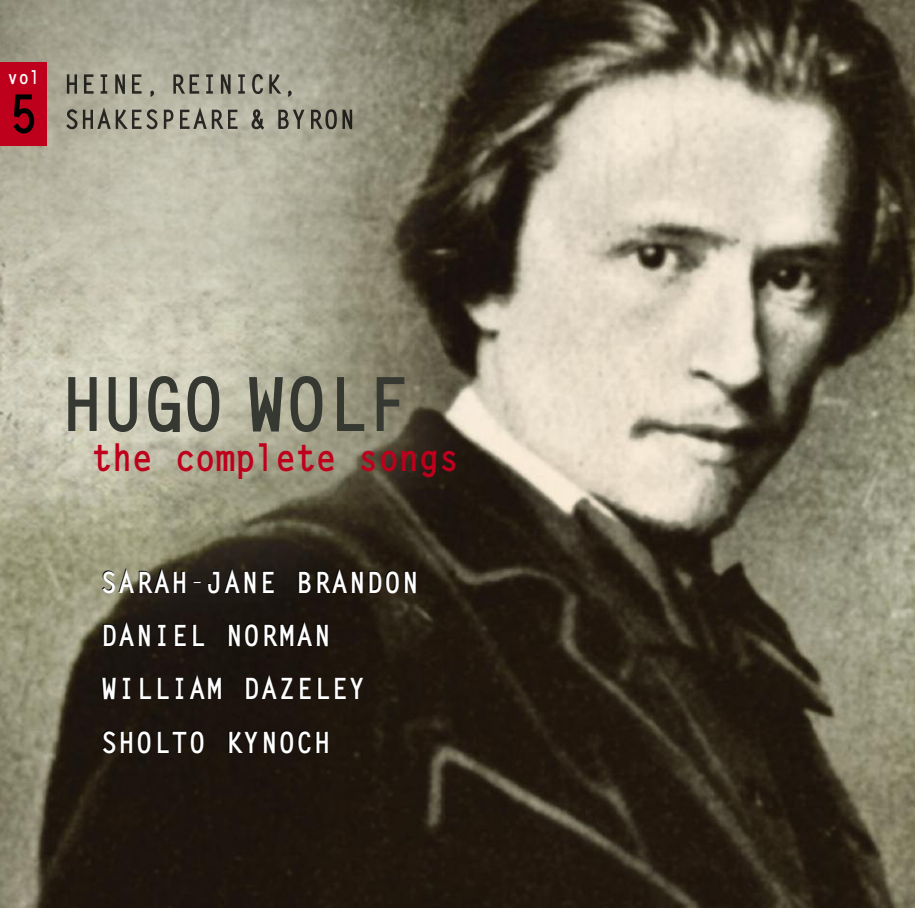
the complete songs

SARAH-JANE BRANDON

DANIEL NORMAN

WILLIAM DAZELEY

SHOLTO KYNOCH





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Recorded live at the Holywell Music Room

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

the complete songs

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5

HEINE, REINICK, SHAKESPEARE & BYRON

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71'40

Sarah-Jane Brandon *soprano*^a

Daniel Norman *tenor*^b

William Dazeley *baritone*^c

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.

HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

vol 5 HEINE, REINICK,
SHAKESPEARE & BYRON

Heinrich Heine, whose name alongside Goethe's is almost synonymous with German art song, has been prodigiously set by Lieder composers. Schumann composed 41 songs to his poetry, and there are wonderful settings by Brahms, Franz, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Pfitzner, Schubert and Strauss that are known to countless lovers of Lieder across the globe. He has also attracted composers from an astonishing array of non-German-speaking countries, such as Norway (Grieg), Russia (Balakirev, Borodin, Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky), France (Meyerbeer), America (Ives, Macdowell, Griffes) and England (Maude Valérie White) among many others. Almost all these songs were based on poems from Heine's *Buch der Lieder* (1827), a collection which in a variety of guises expresses the tortured feelings of a jilted lover. Hugo Wolf set Heine more frequently than any of the above composers, with the exception of Schumann and Franz, and yet these fine songs are rarely programmed by singers, and never before have all eighteen been recorded on the same CD.

The seven Heine poems we hear first were composed in quick succession in the spring and early summer of 1878, and gathered together by Wolf to form a *Liederstraus*, the title-page of which reads: 'Seven poems from the *Buch der Lieder* of Heinrich Heine, for voice and pianoforte, composed by Hugo Wolf, Volume I. Summer 1878'. We are still a decade from the Mörike songs, but in this early *Liederstraus* there are signs of the mature composer, and the songs are of genuine interest. As Wolf himself put it in a letter to his friend Edmund Lang, dated February 1888:

'My Lodi in song is known to have been the year 1878; in those days I composed almost every day one good song, sometimes two.'

'My Lodi in song' is a reference to Napoleon's victory at Lodi in Northern Italy that brought him recognition and a boost in self-confidence. Wolf was already 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.

The bouquet of songs, which, unlike Schumann's cycles, is not bound together either musically or thematically, opens with **Sie haben heut' abend Gesellschaft**, an astonishing achievement for an eighteen year-old, every bit as good as Pfitzner's fine setting of 1888. The waltz-tune of the dance, at which the tormented and jilted poet looks on, is heard in the prelude. The dotted

rhythmic figures and the horn-call motive lend it a jaunty character, and at the outset the singer seems to sing in harmony with it. But during the course of the song, Wolf changes the rhythm, melody and harmony to convey the singer's bleak inner world – unloved and unnoticed by the woman. The postlude takes up a quarter of the entire song, and clearly represents an attempt on Wolf's part to emulate those Schumann postludes, such as *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*, that rewrite the poem. Here, Wolf repeats the first four bars of the waltz in its original guise, before allowing the 'merry' tune to disintegrate into a statement of enormous emotional upheaval and fury, abounding in *sforzandi*, and eight bars from the end he instructs the pianist to play 'wildly'.

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen was, of course, immortalised by Schubert in his posthumously published *Schwanengesang*. Wolf's setting, marked 'Innig, ziemlich langsam', betrays his debt to Schumann, and the way in which he develops the chromatic motive reminds us of songs such as *Zwielicht* from the *Eichendorff Liederkreis*. **Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen** begins and ends with wild octaves and violent syncopations to depict the storm in nature and the despair in the heart of the lover, who cannot find his sweetheart. Wolf's setting of **Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen**, though little known, is more than a match for Franz's celebrated version of the same poem – a delicious miniature for piano solo, a sort of *moto perpetuo*, to which the singer contributes his neutral vocal line of limited range. Wolf always had the ability to create a song with two distinct voices – here, the small songs that warble their way sweetly and ineffectually from start to finish, and the poet's tortured utterances, characterized, with the exception of one indignant phrase ('Und klagen, und wollen nicht sagen'), by a uniform neutrality. Dream sequences, as we know from *Dichterliebe*, are commonplace in the *Buch der Lieder*, and the beginning of Wolf's setting of **Mir träumte von einem Königskind** bears a striking resemblance to Schumann's *Ich hab' im Traum geweinet*: both dispense with a piano introduction, both share the same 6/8 metre, and both declaim the first four notes on a single repeated pitch. Wolf's general dislike of Brahms is well-known, and it's interesting to compare their versions of **Mein Liebchen, wir sassen beisammen**. Brahms called his song *Meerfahrt*, and perhaps its most striking feature is the succession of anguished *forte* dissonances which depict the lovers' failure to reach the beautiful island. In Wolf there is no such anguish: the exquisite accompaniment suggests the murmuring sea and plashing oars, recalling a prelude by Chopin, a composer he greatly admired.

The final song of the *Liederstraus*, **Es blasen die blauen Husaren**, needs some explanation. The poem is the second of a pair from Heine's *Die Heimkehr*. 'An deine schneeweisse Schulter' is the opening line of the first poem (not set by Wolf), and against that snowy shoulder the poet rests his head. But his happiness is short-lived, for as he hears the bugles ring out, he realises that her feelings are elsewhere. They nonetheless spend the night together, before she goes off to join her soldier. The second song begins with a military march (a forerunner of *Sie blasen zum Abmarsch* from the *Spanisches Liederbuch* and *Ihr jungen Leute* from the *Italienisches Liederbuch*), which announces the return of the soldiers. Despite her infidelity, the poet goes out to meet his sweetheart, until in the second stanza his disgust gets the better of him, as he realizes – Heine's phrase is typically lubricious – that many soldiers have enjoyed her. Wolf originally intended to place **Wo ich bin, mich rings umdunkelt** as the fifth song of his *Liederstraus*, but eventually replaced it with *Mir träumte von einem Königskind*.

The seven songs of the *Liederstraus* were composed in just over a month – from May 18 (*Sie haben heut' abend Gesellschaft*) to June 22 (*Es blasen die blauen Husaren*) – and not published in Wolf's lifetime. Wolf spent much of the summer with Dr. Breuer and his family in Waidhofen on the Ybbs – much against the wishes of his parents who wanted him to spend the summer with them in Windischgraz. Soon after returning to Vienna in the autumn, he set about composing a second *Liederstraus* that was never completed. The facsimile of the first page lists seven Lieder but indicates only five titles. All the poems are taken from Heine's *Neue Gedichte*, whose ironic title implies that these poems, far from being 'new', treat the same old theme of unhappy love. These were the last poems that Heine wrote before emigrating to Paris in 1831, and many of them are characterized by a sentimentality that is unalleviated by cynicism or wit. **Es war ein alter König** (No. VIII) dates from October 4 and provides an interesting alternative to Grieg's celebrated setting of the same poem. **Mit schwarzen Segeln** (No. IX) followed on October 6, chosen perhaps to mirror the anguish he felt at the break-up of his own relationship with Vally Franck, the daughter of a French professor. The Schubertian **Spätherbstnebel** (No. VIII, like *Es war ein alter König*) followed the next day, while **Ernst ist der Frühling** (No. X), a delightful song of gentle melancholy, was composed between October 13 and 17. *Manch' Bild vergessener Zeiten* (No. XI) remains a sketch of 30 bars, and was not eventually included in the new *Liederstraus*, presumably because the poem was taken from the *Buch der Lieder* and not the *Neue Gedichte*. The same number XI is given to **Sterne mit den goldenen Füßchen** (26

November 1880), a wonderful song with a gossamer accompaniment that anticipates *O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas* from the *Italienisches Liederbuch*. Number XII was to have been **Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert**, composed on 13 February 1880. Number XIII is given no title and merely has a key-signature of five sharps; and the fourteenth song is listed as *Das gelbe Laub zittert*, a sketch of eight bars in E flat minor.

Ernst Challier's *Grosser Lieder-Katalog* tells us that there had already been over 50 settings of Heine's **Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'**, 45 of **Mädchen mit dem roten Mündchen** and over 160 of **Du bist wie eine Blume**, by the time Wolf fell under the poet's spell in 1876, the year in which he set all three of these Heine poems, within the space of five days – another early example of Wolf's obsessional way with poets. Although all three songs betray the influence of Schumann, there are also adumbrations of Wolf's mature style: the meticulous rendering of the poem's rhythm, the use of daring harmony and the conscious avoidance of all repetitions.

The *Vier Gedichte nach Heine, Shakespeare und Lord Byron* were published in 1897 by Heckel in Mannheim. **Wo wird einst** is Wolf's eighteenth and final setting of Heine. Very few of the poems Heine wrote on what he wryly called his 'Matrazengruft' ('mattress grave'), where he lay paralysed with syphilis for the last eight years of his life, have attracted composers. *Wo wird einst* is an exception, and it's interesting to speculate whether Wolf was drawn to the poem by a prescient fear of his own syphilitic condition. Whatever – it is a melancholy song and, with its many false stresses, strangely heavy-handed for Wolf. **Lied des transferierten Zettel** (11 May 1889) is Wolf's only setting of Shakespeare, a free translation by August Wilhelm von Schlegel of the second verse of Bottom's Act III song from *A midsummer night's dream*. The end of the poem in Schlegel's very free translation runs:

*The cuckoo, that loves to breed
In the warbler's nest,
And laughs at his malicious trick,
And mocks at married men.*

and is the cue for Wolf to write a plethora of hee-haws (begun in the piano prelude) and cuckoo-calls for both the piano part and the voice.

Wolf's two settings of Lord Byron date from 1896, and are among the last Lieder he composed, before syphilis took hold in late September 1897 and he was confined to Dr. Svetlin's asylum in Vienna. The songs were written during the final three days of 1896 in his flat in the Schwindgasse – the first home he had ever owned – where he spent much of the year as a recluse, revising his opera *Der Corregidor*. **Sonne der Schlummerlosen**, with its sparse texture and slow, tranquil tempo, reeks of withdrawal and introspection, as though the composer sensed that he was soon to be confined in an asylum. The theme of sleeplessness is one that surfaces again and again in Wolf's songs (most memorably, perhaps in Mörike's *In der Frühe*), thus mirroring the composer's lifelong insomnia. **Keine gleicht von allen Schönen** could not be more different: the voice floats above a rich accompaniment and comes to rest, in B major, on a cadence of striking beauty. Wolf used the translations of Otto Gildemeister in these settings of Byron, unlike Mendelssohn, Loewe and Schumann, each of whom used different translators.

Robert Reinick (1805-52) was a painter who specialized in historical and romantic pictures, and a minor poet who, like the contemporary William Blake, often illustrated his own texts. His light verse usually brought out the more genial side in Wolf, who thought highly enough of the poet not only to include two of his poems (*Wiegenlied im Sommer* and *Wiegenlied im Winter*) in his first publication (*Sechs Lieder für eine Frauenstimme*) but to turn to him again as late as 1896. The *Drei Gedichte von Robert Reinick* were published by Heckel in 1897 and dedicated to Ferdinand Jäger, the Wagnerian tenor who, having excelled in the roles of Parsifal and Siegfried, retired from the stage and dedicated himself to the dissemination of Wolf's Lieder, performing them in all his concerts as a recitalist – in the same way that some 70 years earlier another opera singer, Johann Michael Vogl, began to champion the Lieder of Franz Schubert. **Gesellenlied** dates from January 1888, and pronounces that no man is born master of his craft. Wolf knew only too well the validity of such a statement, and he liked the poem for the way it enabled him to refer to the apprentice David from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* and to weave into the accompaniment the basic rhythm of Wagner's overture. **Skolie**, a rollicking drinking-song, was composed on 1 August 1889; marked *Lebhaft und feurig*, it bristles with *fortissimi*, *marcati* and *crescendi* to convey the intoxicating text. **Morgenstimmung** was one of the last songs Wolf composed, before syphilis robbed him of his sanity. He began it on 8 September 1896, but found it difficult to complete until he altered Reinick's title of *Morgenlied*

to *Morgenstimmung*. It was finally finished on 23 October, and later arranged by Wolf for chorus and orchestra between 12 and 17 December 1897 during his stay in Doctor Svetlin's asylum – the last time he set pen to paper. One wonders whether he was attracted to Reinick's poem, which describes how in nature dark gives way to light, because he knew that his incipient syphilis of the brain would soon bring about in him a reverse progression from light into dark: there is something desperate about his setting of the word 'siegen' ('to conquer') on a high G sharp held over three and a half bars, and swelling from *piano* to *fortissimo*.

The eight Reinick Lieder that close this recital, written after a fallow period of twenty months in which he had composed but two songs of any significance, were not published in Wolf's lifetime. The earliest, **Wohin mit der Freud?** which dates from 31 December 1882, is one of Wolf's most melodious songs. In each verse of **Nachtgruss** (24 January 1883) the lover wishes his sweetheart 'goodnight', a call that Wolf echoes and expands in the accompaniment. The same device occurs in **Liebchen, wo bist du?** (12 April 1883) when in each verse the magician calls out to his fairy beloved. **Frühlingsglocken** (19 February 1883) imitates Loewe's *Kleiner Haushalt* manner, the contemplative **Ständchen** (19 January 1883) is probably the most popular of these early Reinick songs, and **Liebesbotschaft** (18 March 1883) reminds us of Schumann. **Frohe Botschaft** was composed over seven years later on 25 June 1890. Just over a month earlier, on 12 May 1890, Wolf had set Reinick's **Dem Vaterland** as a song for tenor and piano which so delighted him that he wrote to Melanie Köchert:

'Yesterday I was boundlessly happy! I managed to compose a new song. But heavens above! What a song!! If the German Kaiser were to hear it, he would immediately appoint me Reichskanzler. [...] How I manage to convey this patriotic and utterly fearless tone remains a mystery. I'm beginning to believe I'm capable of anything.'

– another splendid example of Wolf's use of hyperbole: he would often dash off a flurry of euphoric letters when he had composed a good song, even on occasions claiming immortality. He later arranged *Dem Vaterland* for male voices and orchestra and attempted, without success, to dedicate it to Kaiser Wilhelm III!

HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

vol 5 HEINE, REINICK,
SHAKESPEARE & BYRON

Liederstrauss

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Song bouquet

They have company tonight

*They have company tonight,
And the house is full of light.
Up there at the bright window
A shadowy figure moves.*

*You do not see me, in the dark
I stand alone down here below;
Even less can you see
Into my dark heart.*

*My dark heart loves you,
It loves you and it breaks,
It breaks and quivers and bleeds to death,
But you see none of this.*

I stood in dark dreams

*I stood in dark dreams
And gazed at her likeness,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.*

*A smile played wondrously
About her lips,
And her eyes glistened
As though with sad tears.*

1 i **Sie haben heut' abend Gesellschaft**

*Sie haben heut' abend Gesellschaft,
Und das Haus ist lichterfüllt.
Dort oben am hellen Fenster
Bewegt sich ein Schattenbild.*

*Du schaust mich nicht, im Dunkeln
Steh' ich hier unten allein;
Noch wenger kannst du schauen
In mein dunkles Herz hinein.*

*Mein dunkles Herz liebt dich,
Es liebt dich und es bricht,
Und bricht und zuckt und verblutet,
Du aber siehst es nicht.*

2 ii **Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen**

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

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

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

*My tears too
Streamed down my cheeks –
And ah, I cannot believe
I have lost you!*

3 **iii Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen**

*Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen,
Herbstnacht und Regen und Wind;
Wo mag wohl jetzo weilen
Mein armes, banges Kind?*

*Ich seh' sie am Fenster lehnen
Im einsamen Kämmerlein;
Das Auge gefüllt mit Tränen,
Starrt sie in die Nacht hinein.*

How the weather roars and howls

*How the weather roars and howls,
Autumn night and rain and wind;
Where can she now be
My poor, frightened child?*

*I see her leaning by the window
In her lonely little room;
With her eyes filled with tears,
She stares out into the night.*

4 **iv Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen**

*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder;
Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.*

*Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,
Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen,
Und klagen, und wollen nicht sagen,
Was sie im Herzen schauten.*

Out of my great sorrows

*Out of my great sorrows
I make little songs;
They raise their resonant wings
And flutter to her heart.*

*They found their way to my dear one,
But they come back and lament,
Lament, and will not tell me
What they saw in her heart.*

5 v **Mir träumte von einem Königskind**

*Mir träumte von einem Königskind
Mit nassen, blassen Wangen;
Wir sassen unter der grünen Lind',
Und hielten uns liebeumfangen.*

*„Ich will nicht deines Vaters Thron,
Ich will nicht sein Szepter aus Golde,
Ich will nicht seine demantene Kron',
Ich will dich selber, du Holde!“*

*Das kann nicht sein, sprach sie zu mir,
Ich liege ja im Grabe,
Und nur des Nachts komm' ich zu dir,
Weil ich so lieb dich habe.*

6 vi **Mein Liebchen, wir sassen beisammen**

*Mein Liebchen, wir sassen beisammen,
Traulich im leichten Kahn.
Die Nacht war still, und wir schwammen
Auf weiter Wasserbahn.*

*Die Geisterinsel, die schöne,
Lag dämmrig im Mondenglanz;
Dort klangen liebe Töne,
Und wogte der Nebeltanz.*

*Dort klang es lieb und lieber,
Und wogt es hin und her;
Wir aber schwammen vorüber,
Trostlos auf weitem Meer.*

I dreamt of a royal child

*I dreamt of a royal child
With pale and wet cheeks;
We sat beneath the green lime,
And clasped each other full of love.*

*“I do not want your father's throne,
Nor his sceptre of gold,
I do not want his diamond crown,
It's you I want, you lovely one!”*

*That cannot be, she said to me,
For I lie already in the grave,
And only at night do I come to you,
Because I love you so much.*

My sweetest, we sat together

*My sweetest, we sat together,
Lovingly in our light boat.
The night was still, and we drifted
Along a wide waterway.*

*The beautiful haunted island
Glimmered in the moon's dim light;
Sweet music was sounding there,
And dancing mists were swirling.*

*The sounds grew sweeter and sweeter,
The mists swirled this way and that;
We, however, drifted past,
Desolate on the wide sea.*

7 **vii Es blasen die blauen Husaren**

*Es blasen die blauen Husaren
Und reiten zum Tor hinaus;
Da komm' ich, Geliebte, und bringe
Dir einen Rosenstrauss.*

*Das war eine wilde Wirtschafft!
Kriegsvolk und Landesplag!
Sogar in deinem Herzen
Viel Einquartierung lag.*

8 **Wo ich bin, mich rings umdunkelt**

Heinrich Heine

*Wo ich bin, mich rings umdunkelt
Finsternis so dumpf und dicht,
Seit mir nicht mehr leuchtend funkelt,
Liebste, deiner Augen Licht.*

*Mir erloschen ist der süßen
Liebessterne goldne Pracht,
Abgrund gähnt zu meinen Füßen –
Nimm mich auf, uralte Nacht!*

9 **Es war ein alter König**

Heinrich Heine

*Es war ein alter König,
Sein Herz war schwer, sein Haupt war grau;
Der arme alte König,
Er nahm eine junge Frau.*

The blue hussars are blowing their horns

*The blue hussars are blowing their horns
And ride out through the gate;
I come to you, beloved,
Bringing a bouquet of roses.*

*That was wild company!
Men of war and plague!
Even your heart
Provided billets for many.*

Darkness gathers about me

*Darkness gathers about me
So heavy and close,
Now that your sparkling eyes,
Beloved, no longer shine on me.*

*The golden splendour of love's sweet firmament
Is now extinguished for me,
The abyss gapes beneath my feet –
Receive me, O primeval night!*

There was an aged monarch

*There was an aged monarch,
His heart was sore, his head was grey;
The poor and aged monarch,
He took a youthful wife.*

*Es war ein schöner Page,
Blond war sein Haupt, leicht war sein Sinn;
Er trug die seidne Schleppe
Der jungen Königin.*

*Kennst du das alte Liedchen?
Es klingt so süß, es klingt so trüb!
Sie mussten beide sterben,
Sie hatten sich viel zu lieb.*

10 **Ernst ist der Frühling**

Heinrich Heine

*Ernst ist der Frühling, seine Träume
Sind traurig, jede Blume schaut
Von Schmerz bewegt, es bebt geheime
Wehmut im Nachtgallenlaut.*

*O lächle nicht, geliebte Schöne,
So freundlich heiter, lächle nicht!
O weine lieber! eine Träne
Küss' ich so gern dir vom Gesicht.*

11 **Mädchen mit dem roten Mündchen**

Heinrich Heine

*Mädchen mit dem roten Mündchen,
Mit den Äuglein süß und klar,
Du mein liebes, kleines Mädchen,
Deiner denk' ich immerdar.*

*Lang ist heut der Winterabend,
Und ich möchte bei dir sein,
Bei dir sitzen, bei dir schwatzen,
Im vertrauten Kämmerlein.*

*There was a handsome page-boy,
His head was blond, his heart was light;
He carried the silken train
Behind the youthful queen.*

*Do you know the age-old story?
It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad!
Both of them had to die,
They loved each other too much.*

Solemn is the spring

*Solemn is the spring, its dreams
Are sad, every flower seems
To tremble with pain, the song of the nightingale
Quivers with sadness.*

*O do not smile, my fair beloved,
Do not smile so cheerfully!
O rather weep! I would love so dearly
To kiss from your face a tear.*

Maiden with the red lips

*Maiden with the red lips,
With the sweet clear eyes,
You, my dearest little maiden,
I think of you incessantly.*

*The winter evening is long tonight,
And I wish I could be with you,
To sit with you and talk with you
In your cosy little room.*

*An die Lippen wollt' ich pressen
Deine kleine, weisse Hand,
Und bei Tränen sie benetzen,
Deine kleine, weisse Hand.*

*I would press to my lips
Your little white hand,
And wet it with tears,
Your little white hand.*

12 **Du bist wie eine Blume**

Heinrich Heine

*Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.*

*Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein, so schön und hold.*

You are like a flower

*You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.*

*I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that god preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.*

13 **Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'**

Heinrich Heine

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.*

*Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
Dann muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

When I look into your eyes

*When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.*

*When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.*

14 **Spätherbstnebel**

Heinrich Heine

*Spätherbstnebel, kalte Träume,
Überflore[n] Berg und Tal,
Sturm entblättert schon die Bäume,
Und sie schau[n] gespenstig kahl.*

*Nur ein einz'ger, traurig schweigsam
Einz'ger Baum steht unentlaubt,
Feucht von Wehmutstränen gleichsam,
Schüttelt er sein grünes Haupt.*

*Ach, mein Herz gleicht dieser Wildnis,
Und der Baum, den ich dort schau'
Sommergrün, das ist dein Bildnis,
Vielgeliebte schöne Frau!*

15 **Mit schwarzen Segeln**

Heinrich Heine

*Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff
Wohl über das wilde Meer;
Du weißt, wie sehr ich traurig bin,
Und kränkst mich noch so schwer.*

*Dein Herz ist treulos wie der Wind
Und flattert hin und fro;
Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff
Wohl über das wilde Meer.*

Late autumn mists

*Late autumn mists, cold dreams,
Drape mountain and valley,
Storms already denude the trees,
And they appear spectrally bare.*

*Only one tree, standing in sad silence,
One lone tree still shows its leaves,
Wet, as with the tears of sadness,
It shakes its verdant crown.*

*Ah, my heart is like this wilderness,
And the tree I see there
Summer-green, that is the image of you,
Fair lady much loved!*

With black sails

*With black sails my ship sets forth
Out over the stormy sea;
Though you know how sad I am,
Still you wound me so cruelly.*

*Your heart is fickle like the wind
And flutters to and fro;
With black sails my ship sets forth
Out over the stormy sea.*

16 **Sterne mit den goldnen Füsschen**

Heinrich Heine

*Sterne mit den goldnen Füsschen
Wandeln droben bang und sacht,
Dass sie nicht die Erde wecken,
Die da schläft im Schoss der Nacht.*

*Horchend steh'n die stummen Wälder,
Jedes Blatt ein grünes Ohr!
Und der Berg, wie träumend streckt er
Seinen Schattenarm hervor.*

*Doch was rief es? In mein Herze
Dringt der Töne Widerhall.
War es der Geliebten Stimme,
Oder nur die Nachtigall?*

17 **Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert**

Heinrich Heine

*Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert
In den wilden Meereswogen,
Und er selber still und sicher
Wandelt an dem Himmelsbogen:*

*Also wandelst du, Geliebte,
Still und sicher, und es zittert
Nur dein Abbild mir im Herzen,
Weil mein eignes Herz erschütteret.*

Stars with tiny golden feet

*Stars with tiny golden feet
Move, anxiously and gently, across the skies,
So as not to wake the earth,
Sleeping in the lap of night.*

*The silent forests hearken –
Each leaf a verdant ear!
And the mountain, as though dreaming,
Stretches out his shady arm.*

*But what cried there? My heart
Is pierced by the echo of a sound.
Was it my beloved's voice,
Or just a nightingale?*

How the moon's reflection trembles

*How the moon's reflection trembles
In the sea's wild heaving waves,
While the moon itself, calmly and surely,
Moves through the vault of heaven:*

*Thus you move, beloved,
Calmly and surely, and only
Your reflection trembles in my heart,
For my heart itself is devastated.*

**Vier Gedichte nach Heine,
Shakespeare und Lord Byron**

18 i **Wo wird einst**

Heinrich Heine

*Wo wird einst des Wandermüden
Letzte Ruhestätte sein?
Unter Palmen in dem Süden?
Unter Linden an dem Rhein?*

*Werd' ich wo in einer Wüste
Eingeschart von fremder Hand?
Oder ruh' ich an der Küste
Eines Meeres in dem Sand?*

*Immerhin! Mich wird umgeben
Gottes Himmel, dort wie hier,
Und als Totenlampen schweben
Nachts die Sterne über mir.*

19 ii **Lied des transferierten Zettel**
August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767-1845)

*Die Schwalbe, die den Sommer bringt,
Der Spatz, der Zeisig fein,
Die Lerche, die sich lustig schwingt
Bis in den Himmel 'nein; – Ya Ya!*

*Der Kuckuck, der der Grasemück',
So gern ins Nestchen heckt,
Und lacht darob mit arger Tück,
Und manchen Ehmann neckt. Ya Ya!*

**Four poems of Heine,
Shakespeare and Lord Byron**

Where shall the weary traveller

*Where shall the weary traveller
Find his final resting place?
Under palm trees in the south?
Under lime trees by the Rhine?*

*Will I, somewhere in a desert,
Be buried by a stranger's hand?
Or shall I find rest on the shore
Of some ocean in the sand?*

*No matter! I shall be surrounded
By God's heaven, there as here,
And, as funeral lamps, the stars
Shall float above me every night.*

Song of the ousel cock
William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

*The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.*

*The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.*

20 iii **Sonne der Schlummerlosen**

Otto Gildemeister (1823-1902)

*Sonne der Schlummerlosen, bleicher Stern!
Wie Tränen zittern, schimmerst du von fern;
Du zeigst die Nacht, doch scheuchst sie nicht
zurück,
Wie ähnlich bist du dem entschwundenen Glück,
Dem Licht vergangner Tage, das fortan
Nur leuchten, aber nimmer wärmen
kann!
Die Trauer wacht, wie es durchs Dunkel wallt,
Deutlich doch fern, hell, aber o wie kalt!*

21 iv **Keine gleicht von allen Schönen**

Otto Gildemeister

*Keine gleicht von allen Schönen,
Zauberhafte, dir!
Wie Musik auf Wassern tönen
Deine Worte mir;
Wenn das Meer vergisst zu rauschen,
Um entzückt zu lauschen,
Lichte Wellen leise schäumen,
Eingelullte Winde träumen:*

*Wann der Mond die Silberkette
Über Fluten spinn,
Deren Brust im stillen Bette
Atmet, wie ein Kind:
Also liegt mein Herz versunken,
Lauschend, wonnetrunken,
Sanft gewiegt und voll sich labend,
Wie des Meeres Sommerabend.*

Sun of the sleepless

George Gordon Lord Byron (1788-1824)

*Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not
dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its
powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant – clear – but, oh how cold!*

There be none of Beauty's daughters

George Gordon Lord Byron

*There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:*

*And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.*

Drei Gedichte von Reinick

Robert Reinick (1805-1852)

22 i Gesellenlied

„Kein Meister fällt vom Himmel!“
Und das ist auch ein grosses Glück!
Der Meister sind schon viel zuviel;
Wenn noch ein Schock vom Himmel fiel,
Wie würden uns Gesellen
Die vielen Meister prellen
Trotz unserm Meisterstück!

„Kein Meister fällt vom Himmel!“
Gottlob, auch keine Meisterin!
Ach, lieber Himmel, sei so gut,
Wenn droben eine brummen tut,
Behalte sie in Gnaden,
Dass sie zu unserm Schaden
Nicht fall' zur Erden hin!

„Kein Meister fällt vom Himmel!“
Auch keines Meisters Töchterlein!
Zwar hab' ich das schon lang' gewusst,
Und doch, was wär' das eine Lust,
Wenn jung und hübsch und munter
Solch Mäd'el fiel' herunter
Und wollt' mein Herzlieb sein!

„Kein Meister fällt vom Himmel!“
Das ist mein Trost auf dieser Welt;
Drum mach' ich, dass ich Meister werd',
Und wird mir dann ein Weib beschert,
Dann soll aus dieser Erden
Mir schon ein Himmel werden,
Aus dem kein Meister fällt.

Three poems of Reinick

Traveller's song

“Masters don't fall from Heaven!”
And it's a very good thing they don't!
There are far too many masters already;
If another batch were to fall from Heaven,
How all those masters
Would cheat us journeymen,
Despite our Masterpieces!

“Masters don't fall from Heaven!”
Nor masters' wives either, thank God!
Ah, dear Lord above, be so kind,
And if one's bleating away up there,
Keep her, I beg you, where she is,
That she won't, to our detriment,
Fall to earth as well!

“Masters don't fall from Heaven!”
Nor masters' daughters either!
I've long been aware of that,
And yet what a pleasure that would be,
If such a maid, young and pretty
And lively, were to fall from Heaven
And fall for me as well!

“Masters don't fall from Heaven!”
That's my comfort here on earth;
So I'm set on becoming one,
And if I'm also granted a wife,
Then my life on earth
Shall become a Heaven
From which no master falls.

23 ii **Morgenstimmung**

*Bald ist der Nacht
Ein End' gemacht,
Schonühl' ich Morgenlüfte wehen.
Der Herr, der spricht:
„Es werde Licht!“
Da muss, was dunkel ist, vergehen. –*

*Vom Himmelszelt
Durch alle Welt
Die Engel freudejauchzend fliegen;
Der Sonne Strahl.
Durchflammt das All. –
Herr, lass uns kämpfen, lass uns siegen!*

24 iii **Skolie**

*Reich den Pokal mir schäumenden Weines voll,
Reich mir die Lippen zum Kusse, die blühenden,
Rühre die Saiten, die seelenberauschenden! –*

*Feuer des Mutes brennt im Pokale mir,
Gluten der Liebe glühn auf der Lippe dir,
Flammen des Lebens rauschen die Saiten mir. –*

*Woge des Kampfes, reiss in die Brandung mich!
Wogen der Liebe, hebt zu den Wolken mich!
Schäumendes Leben, jubelnd begrüss ich dich!*

Morning mood

*Night will soon
Be over,
Already I feel morning breezes stir.
The Lord says:
“Let there be light!”
Then all that's dark must vanish. –*

*Angels flying
Across the world
Come down from the skies, singing with joy;
Sunlight blazes.
Across the universe. –
Lord, let us fight, let us conquer!*

Skolie

*Give me the goblet brimming with sparkling wine,
Give me your rosy lips to kiss,
Play the lyre that can ravish the soul! –*

*The goblet's wine inflames me,
The ardour of love glows on your lips,
The lyre kindles on me the flame of life. –*

*Wave of battle, bear me into the breakers!
Waves of love, raise me to the clouds!
Surging life, I greet you with exultation!*

Wohin mit der Freud?

Robert Reinick

*Ach du klarblauer Himmel,
 Und wie schön bist du heut!
 Möcht' ans Herz gleich dich drücken
 Voll Jubel und Freud'.
 Aber 's geht doch nicht an,
 Denn du bist mir zu weit,
 Und mit all' meiner Freud',
 Was fang' ich doch an?*

*Ach du lichtgrüne Welt,
 Und wie strahlst du voll Lust!
 Und ich möcht' gleich mich werfen dir
 Voll Lieb' an die Brust;
 Aber 's geht doch nicht an,
 Und das ist ja mein Leid,
 Und mit all' meiner Freud',
 Was fang' ich doch an?*

*Und da sah ich mein Lieb
 Am Kastanienbaum stehn,
 War so klar wie der Himmel,
 Wie die Erde so schön!
 Und wir küssten uns beid',
 Und wir sangen voll Lust,
 Und da hab' ich gewusst,
 Wohin mit der Freud'!*

How to express joy?

*Ah, clear blue heavens,
 How lovely you are today!
 I'd like to press you straight to my heart,
 Full of joy and happiness.
 Yet it cannot be,
 For you are too far from me,
 And what can I do
 With all my joy?*

*Ah, you bright green world,
 How you shine with pleasure!
 I'd like to throw myself, full of love,
 Straight into your arms;
 Yet it cannot be,
 And that is what tortures me,
 And what can I do
 With all my joy?*

*And then I saw my love
 By the chestnut tree,
 As bright as the sky,
 As fair as the earth!
 And we kissed each other,
 And we sang full of joy,
 And it was then I knew
 How to express my joy!*

Liebchen, wo bist du?

Robert Reinick

*Zaubrer bin ich, doch was frommt es?
Denn mein Lieb ist eine Fei,
Höhnt mich mit noch ärgerm Zauber,
Ruf' ich freundlich sie herbei:
Liebchen, wo bist du?*

*Heute noch in Feld und Garten
Ging ich, sie zu suchen, aus;
Plötzlich lacht' aus einer Rose
Glühend rot ihr Mund heraus:
Liebster, da bin ich!*

*Ich nun ward ein schneller Zephyr,
Küsst im Flug die Rose schon.
Ach! nur eine Rose küsst' ich,
Liebchen war daraus entflohn.
Liebchen, wo bist du?*

*Horch, da sang am Waldes-ufer
Plötzlich eine Nachtigall;
Wohlbekannt war mir die Stimme,
Und sie sang mit süßem Schall:
Liebster, da bin ich!*

*Schnell zum Abendstern verwandelt,
Blickt' ich durch die grüne Nacht;
Ach! den leeren Busch erblickt' ich,
Liebchen hat sich fortgemacht.
Liebchen, wo bist du?*

Sweetest, where are you?

*I am a magician, but to what purpose?
For my love is a fairy,
And she mocks me with more potent magic
When I tenderly call to her:
Sweetest, where are you?*

*Today I looked for her again
In field and garden;
Suddenly, from a rose
Her glowing red lips laughed:
Beloved, here I am!*

*Then I turned into a swift breeze,
And kissed the rose as I blew by.
Alas, it was only a rose I kissed,
My sweetest had fled from it.
Sweetest, where are you?*

*Hark! Suddenly, at the edge of a wood,
A nightingale sang;
The voice was well-known to me
And she sang in sweet tones:
Beloved, here I am!*

*Quickly becoming the evening star,
I gazed through the green night;
Ah! I saw the empty bush,
My sweetest had flitted away.
Sweetest, where are you?*

*Und so treibt sie's alle Tage,
Lässt mir eben jetzt nicht Ruh',
Während dieses Lied ich singe,
Ruft sie unsichtbar mir zu:
Liebster, da bin ich!*

*Liebchen, mach' dem Spiel ein Ende,
Komm nun endlich selbst herbei,
Glaub', ein einz'ger Kuss ist schöner,
Als die ganze Zauberei!
Liebchen, wo bist du?*

27 **Nachtgruss**

Robert Reinick

*In dem Himmel ruht die Erde,
Mond und Sterne halten Wacht,
Auf der Erd' ein kleiner Garten
Schlummert in der Blumen Pracht.
Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!*

*In dem Garten steht ein Häuschen,
Still von Linden überdacht;
Draussen vor dem Erkerfenster
Hält ein Vogel singend Wacht.
Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!*

*In dem Erker schläft ein Mädchen,
Träumt von der Blumenpracht;
Ihr im Herzen ruht der Himmel,
Drin die Engel halten Wacht.
Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!*

*And so she carries on, day after day,
Leaving me no peace at all,
While I am singing this song,
Invisibly she calls to me:
Beloved, here I am!*

*Sweetest, put an end to this game,
Once and for all appear in person:
Believe me – a single kiss
Is sweeter than this sorcery!
Sweetest, where are you?*

Goodnight greeting

*Earth slumbers beneath the heavens,
Moon and stars are keeping watch,
On earth a little garden
Lies dormant among the glittering flowers.
Good night, good night!*

*In the garden there's a cottage
That lime-trees quietly shelter;
Before the oriel outside,
A bird keeps melodious watch.
Good night, good night!*

*In the oriel a girl is sleeping,
Dreaming of the glittering flowers;
Heaven dwells within her heart,
Where the angels are keeping watch.
Good night, good night!*

Robert Reinick

*Schneeglöckchen tut läuten:
Was hat das zu bedeuten? –
Ei, gar ein lustig Ding!*

*Der Frühling heut' geboren ward,
Ein Kind der allerschönsten Art;
Zwar liegt es noch im weissen Bett,
Doch spielt es schon so wundernetz,
Drum kommt, ihr Vögel, aus dem Süd'
Und bringet neue Lieder mit!
Ihr Quellen all,
Erwacht im Tal!
Was soll das lange Zaudern?
Sollt mit dem Kinde plaudern!*

*Maiglöckchen tut läuten!
Was hat das zu bedeuten? –
Frühling ist Bräutigam:*

*Macht Hochzeit mit der Erde heut'
Mit grosser Pracht und Festlichkeit.
Wohlauf denn, Nelk' und Tulipan,
Und schwenkt die bunte Hochzeitfahn'!
Du Ros' und Lilie, schmücket euch fein,
Braubjungfern sollt ihr heute sein!
Ihr Schmetterling'
Sollt bunt und flink
Den Hochzeitreigen führen,
Die Vögel musizieren!*

Spring bells

*Snowdrop bells are ringing!
What does this mean?
Ah! such happy tidings!*

*Spring was born today,
A child of matchless beauty;
Though he still lies in his white bed,
He already plays so prettily.
So come, you birds, from the South
And bring new songs with you!
And all you streams,
Wake up in the valley!
Why this long delay?
You must chatter with this child!*

*The lily-of-the-valley rings!
What does this mean?
Spring is a bridegroom:*

*Today he's marrying the earth
With great pomp and ceremony.
Come, then, carnations and tulips,
And wave your bright wedding banners!
Roses and lilies, adorn yourselves,
Today you are to be bridesmaids!
You butterflies,
Nimble and many-coloured,
Shall lead the wedding dance,
The birds shall provide the music!*

*Blauglückchen tut läuten!
Was hat das zu bedeuten? –
Ach, das ist gar zu schlimm!*

*Heut' nacht der Frühling scheiden muss,
Drum bringt man ihm den Abschiedsgruss:
Glühwürmchen ziehn mit Lichtern hell,
Es rauscht der Wald, es klagt der Quell,
Dazwischen singt mit süßem Schall
Aus jedem Busch die Nachtigall,
Und wird ihr Lied so bald nicht müd',
Ist auch der Frühling schon ferne –
Sie hatten ihn alle so gerne!*

29 **Ständchen**

Robert Reinick

*Komm in die stille Nacht! –
Liebchen, wasögerst du?
Sonne ging längst zur Ruh',
Welt schloss die Augen zu,
Rings nur einzig die Liebe wacht!*

*Liebchen, wasögerst du?
Schon sind die Sterne hell,
Schon ist der Mond zur Stell',
Eilen so schnell, so schnell!
Liebchen, ach Liebchen, drum eil' auch du!*

*Sonne ging längst zur Ruh'! –
Traust wohl dem Schimmer nicht,
Der durch die Blüten bricht?
Treu ist des Mondes Licht.
Liebchen, mein Liebchen, was fürchtest du?*

*Bluebells are ringing!
What does this mean?
Ah, that's truly too bad!*

*Spring must depart tonight,
So all have come to say goodbye:
Glow-worms appear with bright lights,
The forest rustles, the stream laments,
And all the while from every bush
The nightingale sings sweetly,
And does not quickly tire of singing,
Though Spring's already far away –
Each one of them loved him so!*

Serenade

*Come into the silent night!
Why delay, my dearest?
The sun has set long ago,
The world has closed its eyes,
Love alone keeps watch around us!*

*Why delay, my dearest?
Already the stars are bright,
Already the moon's at her post,
They make such haste, such haste!
Dearest, my dearest, so make haste too!*

*The sun has set long ago!
Do you not trust the shimmer
That breaks through the blossom?
The moonlight is faithful.
Dearest, my dearest, what frightens you?*

*Welt schloss die Augen zu!
Blumen und Blütenbaum
Schlummern in süßem Traum,
Erde, sie atmet kaum,
Liebe, nur schaut dem Liebenden zu! –*

*Einzig die Liebe wacht,
Ruft dich allüberall.
Höre die Nachtigall,
Hör' meiner Stimme Schall,
Liebchen, o komm in die stille Nacht!*

30 **Liebesbotschaft**

Robert Reinick

*Wolken, die ihr nach Osten eilt,
Wo die eine, die Meine weilt,
All meine Wünsche, mein Hoffen und Singen
Sollen auf eure Flügel sich schwingen,
Sollen euch Flüchtige
Zu ihr lenken,
Dass die Züchtige
Meiner in Treuen mag gedenken!*

*Und am Abend, in stiller Ruh'
Breitet der sinkenden Sonne euch zu!
Mögt mit Gold und Purpur euch malen,
Mögt in dem Meere von Glut und Strahlen
Leicht sich schwingende
Schifflein fahren,
Dass sie singende
Engel glaubet auf euch zu gewahren.*

*The world has closed its eyes!
The flowers and blossoming trees
Slumber in a sweet dream,
The earth is barely breathing,
Only love is watching your lover!*

*Love alone keeps watch,
Calling for you everywhere.
Listen to the nightingale,
Listen to my voice ring out,
Dearest, O come into the silent night!*

Love's message

*You clouds that hasten eastwards
To where my own love lives,
All my wishes, hopes and songs
Shall go flying on your wings,
Shall lead you,
Fleeting messengers, to her,
That the chaste child
Shall faithfully think of me!*

*And at evening, in calm and silence,
Sail away to the setting sun!
Paint yourselves in gold and purple,
Immersed in the sea of bright fire,
Lightly swinging
Like little ships,
That she might think
You are singing angels.*

*Ja, wohl möchten es Engel sein,
Wäre mein Herz gleich ibrem rein;
All' meine Wünsche, mein Hoffen und Singen
Zieht ja dahin auf euren Schwingen,
Euch, ihr Flüchtigen,
Hinzulenken
Zu der Züchtigen,
Der ich einzig nur mag gedenken!*

31 **Frohe Botschaft**

Robert Reinick

*Hielt die allerschönste Herrin
Einst mein Herz so eng gefesselt,
Dass kein Wort es konnte sprechen
Aus den engen Fesseln.*

*Sandt' es ab als flinke Diener
Feurig schnelle Liebesblicke,
Zu besprechen sich im stillen
Mit der Herrin Blicken.*

*Sandt' es Pagen, fein und listig;
Heimlich schlichen hin die Finger,
Schmiegen leise sich und bittend
An die schönsten Finger.*

*Sandt' es ab zwei kühne Boten;
Sind die Lippen gar verwogen
An der Herrin Mund geflogen,
Botschaft sich zu holen.*

*And well might my thoughts be angels,
If my heart were as pure as hers;
All my wishes, hopes and songs
Shall go flying on your wings,
Shall lead you,
Fleeting messengers, to her,
The chaste child,
I think of all the time!*

Glad tidings

*My fairest lady once held
My heart so closely fettered,
That it could utter no word
In those tight chains.*

*So it despatched as nimble servants
Swift and fiery loving glances
To converse in silence
With my lady's glances.*

*It despatched pages, elegant and artful;
Fingers slipped furtively
And pleadingly
Between my fair one's fingers.*

*It despatched two bold messengers;
And lips were brazen enough
To fly to my lady's lips,
To return with messages.*

„Nun, ihr Boten, Pagen, Diener!
Welche Botschaft bringt ihr wieder,
Haben Augen, Finger, Lippen
Nichts mir zu verkünden?“

Und voll Freuden rufen Alle:
Juble, Herz! und lass das Zagen,
Deine Herrin sendet Gnade,
Deine Bande fallen!

32 Dem Vaterland

Robert Reinick

Dem Vaterland!
Das ist ein hohes helles Wort,
Das hallt durch unsre Herzen fort
Wie Waldesrauschen, Glockenklang,
Drommetenschmettern, Lerchensang,
Das fällt ein Blitz in unsre Brust,
Zu heil'ger Flamme wird die Lust!
Dem Vaterland!

Dem Vaterland!
Das Wort gibt Flügel dir, o Herz!
Flieg auf, flieg auf, schau niederwärts
Die Wälder, Ströme, Tal und Höh'n:
O deutsches Land, wie bist du schön!
Und überall klingt Liederschall
Und überall ein Widerhall:
Dem Vaterland!

“Now, you messengers, pages and servants,
What tidings do you bring back?
Have eyes, fingers, lips
Nothing to report to me?”

And all of them cry with joy:
Rejoice, heart, and fear no more,
Your lady pardons you,
And unties your chains!

Fatherland!

Fatherland!
A bright and lofty word,
That echoes through our hearts
Like rustling woods and ringing bells,
Blaring trumpets and lark song,
That flashes like lightning in our breast,
Changing joy into sacred flame!
Fatherland!

Fatherland!
The word gives you wings, O heart!
Fly up, fly up, look down
On forests, rivers, valleys and hills:
O German land, how fair you are!
And everywhere songs resound
And echo everywhere:
Fatherland!

Dem Vaterland!

*Das seinen Töchtern hat beschert
Der keuschen Liebe stillen Herd,
Das seinen Söhnen gab als Hort
Die freie Tat, das treue Wort,
Das seiner Ehren blanken Schild
Zu wahren allzeit sei gewillt,
Dem Vaterland!*

Dem Vaterland!

*O hohes Wort, o helles Wort,
Du tön' für alle Zeiten fort
Wie Waldesrauschen, Glockenklang,
Drommetenschmetter'n, Lerchensang!
Zu heil'ger Flamme weih' die Lust,
So lange schlägt die deutsche Brust
Dem Vaterland!*

Heil dir! Heil dir du deutsches Land!

Fatherland!

*That gave its daughters
The silent hearth of chaste love,
That gave its sons as sanctuary
Free deeds and loyal words,
That they might always strive to hold aloft
The fatherland's shining shield of honour,
Fatherland!*

Fatherland!

*O bright and lofty word,
Sound forth for evermore
Like rustling woods and ringing bells,
Blaring trumpets and lark song!
Dedicate all joy to this sacred flame,
As long as German hearts beat
For the fatherland!*

Hail to thee! Hail, O German land!

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