

vol
7

SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH
(WELTLICHE LIEDER)

HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

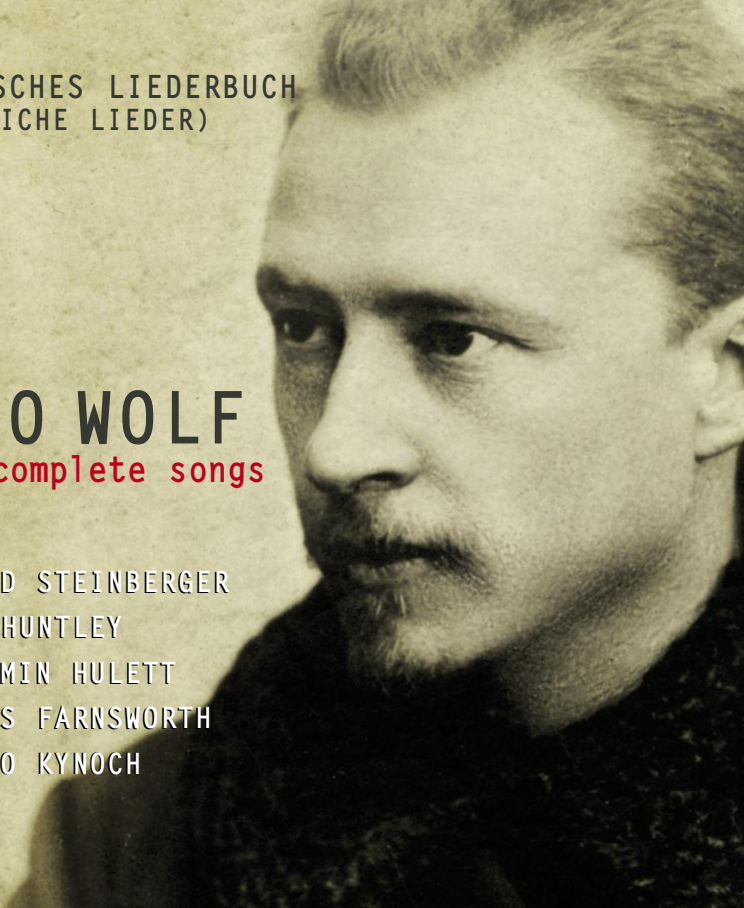
BIRGID STEINBERGER

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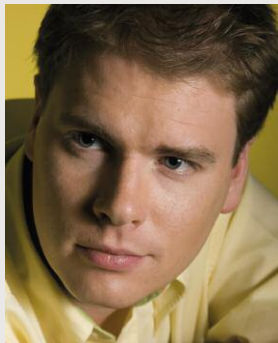




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Recorded live at the Holywell Music Room

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

the complete songs

vo1
7 SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH
(WELTLICHE LIEDER)

- | | | |
|----|--|------|
| 1 | Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero
<i>(Emanuel Geibel after Alvaro Fernández de Almeida)</i> ^a | 1'55 |
| 2 | In dem Schatten meiner Locken <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^b | 1'56 |
| 3 | Seltsam ist Juanas Weise <i>(Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous)</i> ^d | 2'15 |
| 4 | Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^d | 1'14 |
| 5 | Auf dem grünen Balkon <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^d | 2'47 |
| 6 | Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^c | 2'23 |
| 7 | Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren <i>(Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous)</i> ^d | 2'00 |
| 8 | Ich fuhr über Meer <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^b | 1'32 |
| 9 | Blindes Schauen, dunkle Leuchte
<i>(Paul Heyse after Rodrigo Cota de Maguaque)</i> ^c | 0'56 |
| 10 | Eide, so die Liebe schwur <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^a | 2'34 |
| 11 | Herz, verzage nicht geschwind <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^d | 1'59 |
| 12 | Sagt, seid Ihr es, feiner Herr <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^a | 1'55 |
| 13 | Mögen alle bösen Zungen <i>(Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous)</i> ^a | 1'39 |
| 14 | Köpfchen, Köpfchen, nicht gewimmert
<i>(Paul Heyse after Miguel de Cervantes)</i> ^a | 1'38 |
| 15 | Sagt ihm, dass er zu mir komme <i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^a | 2'20 |
| 16 | Bit' ihn, o Mutter, bitte den Knaben
<i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^b | 1'32 |
| 17 | Liebe mir im Busen zündet' einen Brand
<i>(Paul Heyse after Anonymous)</i> ^b | 1'05 |
| 18 | Schmerzliche Wonnen und wonnige Schmerzen
<i>(Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous)</i> ^a | 1'40 |

19	Trau nicht der Liebe (<i>Paul Heyse after Anonymous</i>) ^a	2'59
20	Ach, im Maien war's (<i>Paul Heyse after Anonymous</i>) ^d	2'02
21	Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh (<i>Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous</i>) ^b	1'43
22	Dereinst, dereinst, Gedanke mein (<i>Emanuel Geibel after Cristobal de Castillejo</i>) ^a	2'33
23	Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein (<i>Emanuel Geibel after Luiz Vaz de Camões</i>) ^d	2'07
24	Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben (<i>Emanuel Geibel after Comendador Escrive</i>) ^b	2'40
25	Ob auch finstre Blicke glitten (<i>Paul Heyse after Anonymous</i>) ^b	2'01
26	Bedeckt mich mit Blumen (<i>Emanuel Geibel after Maria Doceo</i>) ^a	2'59
27	Und schläfst du, mein Mädchen (<i>Paul Heyse after Gil Vicente</i>) ^c	1'05
28	Sie blasen zum Abmarsch (<i>Paul Heyse after Anonymous</i>) ^a	2'40
29	Weint nicht, ihr Äuglein! (<i>Paul Heyse after Lope de Vega</i>) ^b	1'01
30	Wer tat deinem Füsslein weh? (<i>Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous</i>) ^b	2'18
31	Deine Mutter, süßes Kind (<i>Paul Heyse</i>) ^d	1'06
32	Da nur Leid und Leidenschaft (<i>Paul Heyse after Anonymous</i>) ^c	2'40
33	Wehe der, die mir verstrickte (<i>Paul Heyse after Gil Vicente</i>) ^a	1'41
34	Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt! (<i>Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous</i>) ^b	4'01

71'09

Birgid Steinberger *soprano* ^a
 Anna Huntley *mezzo-soprano* ^b
 Benjamin Hulett *tenor* ^c
 Marcus Farnsworth *baritone* ^d
 Sholto Kynoch *piano*

HUGO WOLF

Hugo Filipp Jakob Wolf was born on 13 March 1860, the fourth of six surviving children, in Windischgraz, Styria, then part of the Austrian Empire. He was taught the piano and violin by his father at an early age and continued to study piano at the local primary school. His secondary education was unsuccessful, leaving his school in Graz after one term and then the Benedictine abbey school in St Paul after two years for failing Latin. When, in 1875, his 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 was the only great Lieder composer to select verse written almost exclusively by the finest poets of the past. Unlike Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Strauss he virtually ignored contemporary poetry altogether; and if we exclude the juvenilia, composed before he turned twenty, unpublished during his life time, and featuring such ephemera as Zshokke, Kind, von Zusner, Roquette, Herlosssohn and Steinebach, we find that from February 1888 – with the exception of three poems by Reinick – he set only German poets of indisputable pedigree: 53 by Mörike, 20 by Eichendorff and 51 by Goethe. Having composed his final Goethe setting, however, in January 1889, he performed the most extraordinary volte-face, ignored the vast untapped wealth of German poetry and turned to translations.

Why? Not, as is frequently claimed, because he felt he had exhausted German verse of the necessary quality and quantity. The immediate reason is far less extravagant – namely his life-long interest in Spain and the South. One of his closest friends, Friedrich Eckstein, tells us in *Alte unennbare Tage – Erinnerungen aus siebzig Lehr- und Wanderjahren* (Vienna, 1936) that Wolf not only read Calderón and the Spanish mystics with enthusiasm, but possessed a great love of the literature of the Golden Age. And Eckstein's own passion for the music of Luis de Victoria and the Jewish mystical poets of medieval Spain must also have inspired the composer. Another friend, Gustav Schur, the treasurer of the Vienna Wagner Society, who during Wolf's penury had set up a consortium of wealthy friends to support him with a yearly allowance, writes in a letter published in *Erinnerungen an Hugo Wolf* (Regensburg, 1992) that *Don Quijote* was one of his favourite books, while Wolf himself confided to friends during one of his many bouts of depression that reading *Don Quijote* provided him with his sole comfort. Comendador Escrivá's *Ven muerte tan escondida* is quoted in Cervantes's novel, and set by Wolf as **Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben**.

Wolf's passion for Spain was boundless. He was probably first introduced to Spanish culture in the broadest sense through the operas he saw in Vienna in the mid-1870s, when he was a student at the Conservatoire. He mentions *Fidelio*, for example, which is set in a fortress near Seville; and *Das Nachtlager von Granada* by Conradin Kreutzer; he also saw *Don Giovanni* many times. In the winter of 1882 the young Wolf drafted part of a libretto for a 'Spanish' opera of his own, set in Seville at Carnival time. The action centred on a noble Spanish family, and there were disguises. Although the scheme was abandoned, it provides evidence of Wolf's early interest in the picturesque and picaresque aspects of Spain.

Six years later, in 1888, Wolf read a German translation of Pedro de Alarcón's novel *El sombrero de tres picos* (1874) and considered it as a text on which to base an opera: the story had vivid local colour in abundance, and sharp and witty portrayal of character. Alarcón's ironic and somewhat acid style appealed to Wolf, whose own letters bristle with sardonic wit, and he worked hard to fashion a libretto from the novel. When he ran into difficulties, he had the good fortune, when collecting information about Spain and Spanish music, to come across Geibel and Heyse's *Spanisches Liederbuch*. The introduction came through the writer Franz Zweybrück, and the occasion was recorded in one of Zweybrück's letters to Ernst Decsey:

One afternoon Friedrich Eckstein, a close friend of Wolf, came up to me. Wolf was with him. Eckstein asked me if I knew of a collection of really good lyrics which had not yet been set to music, because Wolf was able to find so little that suited him. I thought for a short while, and then asked whether he knew Geibel and Heyse's translations from Spanish and Heyse's from Italian. I recommended the first little book in particular. On the following day, I brought my copy of the Spanish translations for Wolf, and he kept the book for several months, if not even longer.

It's not difficult to see why these translations should have interested Wolf so much. They are full of the local colour he so admired in Alarcón's novel (which was later to become, by the way, Wolf's opera *Der Corregidor*) and he was equally attracted by the religious poems. Decsey, his first biographer, noted that the 'profound feelings' expressed in the translations appealed to Wolf, 'especially as they corresponded so closely to the interests of Wolf and his friends who were deeply involved at that time with mysticism.'

Wolf's enthusiasm for Spain continued unabated. His Serbian friend, Prince Bozidar Karadjordjevic, would often sing him habaneras, cubanitas and madrilenas to guitar accompaniment. His correspondence is peppered with references to Spain; to Melanie Köchert, for example, he wrote on 10 July 1896, that he had greatly enjoyed a translation of Tirso de Molina's *Marta la piadosa*, and relished its wit and humour. And in the same letter he informs her that Tirso de Molina's famous play, *El burlador de Sevilla*, was the source of Da Ponte's libretto for *Don Giovanni*. And so it goes on. It was entirely logical that such an aficionado should wish to write 'Spanish' music – not just the *Spanisches Liederbuch*, but the opera *Der Corregidor*, into which he incorporated two songs from the *Liederbuch*: **In dem Schatten meiner Locken** and **Herz, verzage nicht geschwind**. He also started work on another Spanish opera, *Manuel de*

Vanegas, based on the novel by Alarcon y Ariza, *El niño de la bola* (1880), which Wolf in a letter to Oskar Grohe described in most glowing terms, praising its wonderful plot, characterization, local colour and tragic outcome, and describing it as ‘genuinely Spanish and also truly human – a glorious picture painted on the dark purple ground of deepest religious feeling.’

The secular songs of the *Spanisches Liederbuch* are free from the morbidity that had characterized the sacred Lieder, and concentrate instead on the pain and rapture of erotic love. The *Weltliche Lieder* open with **Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero**, a song in which a girl attempts to drown her sorrows in a tambourine-accompanied dance. Many of these vignettes of couples at peace and war are given a faintly Spanish flavour by Wolf’s simulations of guitars, mandolines, tambourines and dances, as in **Deine Mutter, süßes Kind, Auf dem grünen Balkon, Seltsam ist Juanas Weise, Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott, and Ach, im Maien war’s**. Wolf often, however, makes no attempt at Spanish authenticity, and gems such as **Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst** could well have appeared in the *Italienisches Liederbuch* or the Mörike volume. It is the only one of the 34 secular songs to speak of unalloyed happiness; doubt, humiliation, scorn, despair, torment and the pain of parting and rejection are the principle themes of these secular songs, and it is the men who suffer most. There are only eight outright women’s songs, though several are suitable for either sex. Perhaps the most beautiful are the deeply felt songs that recall in their intensity the tortured, introspective outpouring of the sacred section; *Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben*, for example, shares a similar chromaticism and uncertain tonality. Songs such as **Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh, Dereinst, dereinst, Gedanke mein, Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben and Bedeckt mich mit Blumen** are all masterpieces of economy, and compress into sometimes no more than twenty bars a whole world of suffering and sorrow. A case in point is *Dereinst, dereinst, Gedanke mein*. The poem might be no more than run-of-the-mill sentimentality, but Wolf transforms these maudlin verses into a song of overwhelming sorrow. The slow accompaniment gives the impression of immense weariness, but what really makes this song one of the saddest in the repertoire (as sad as Schubert’s *Harfenspielerlieder*, whose theme is almost identical) is the way the vocal line and piano line fall continually throughout the song in tones and semitones. It’s as though the whole song were being crushed by incurable depression – a condition with which Wolf was all too familiar.

Wolf composed his *Spanisches Liederbuch* in the typical bouts of frenetic inspiration that had characterized the Eichendorff, Mörike and Goethe volumes. Once again – as with the Mörike songbook – it was in the house of the Werner family at Perchtoldsdorf that the creative urge was unleashed; in a mere eight weeks, from 28 October to 21 December 1889, he composed no fewer than 26 songs. He spent Christmas with the Köcherts in Vienna, and on his return to

Perchtoldsdorf in January composed a further two songs (*Mühevoll komm' ich und beladen* and *Nun bin ich dein*), before the influenza epidemic that was raging throughout Europe laid him low. For two and a half months he was silent, apart from orchestrating a few Mörike and Goethe songs; but with the onset of spring, inspiration returned and he finished the remaining sixteen songs within a month. As usual, he was thrilled by what he had achieved and promised that the songbook would show him 'von einer ganz anderen Seite'. It is difficult to see what 'new aspect' of his art he meant, but equally clear that the *Spanisches Liederbuch* initiated a change of style. There is none of the variety in mood and theme of the earlier volumes, no ballads, no Weltanschauungslyrik, no nature songs and only a few comic songs, such as **Sagt, seid Ihr es, feiner Herr** and **Mögen alle bösen Zungen**. He seemed now to be less inspired by the poem itself than the mood and ideas expressed in it. The vocal line tends to be less declamatory, less intent on responding in detail to verbal magic, while the accompaniment approximates more to a piano solo. Not all the songs in the secular part are of equal merit, and Wolf was advised by his publishers, Schott, to pare down the collection and prepare only the best songs for publication. He, of course, refused, and lavished all his love and care on preparing the volume that he concluded with **Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt!** – a song of enormous sweep and huge personal significance for the composer. Geibel's translation of the anonymous poem deals with clandestine and illicit love, and the remarkable intensity of Wolf's music can be partly explained by his passionate and adulterous attachment to Melanie Köchert, to whom all his songs are dedicated.

Wolf set approximately one third of the ninety-nine secular poems that he found in Geibel and Heyses' *Spanisches Liederbuch*. Seven of the love songs he composed had already been set by Schumann: *Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero!* (Op. 69/1), *Blindes Schauen* (as *Dunkler Sichtglanz* in Op. 138/10), *Mögen alle bösen Zungen* (Op. 74/9), *Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh* (Op. 74/4), *Dereinst, dereinst, Gedanke mein* (Op. 74/3), *Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein* (Op. 138/2) and *Bedeckt mich mit Blumen* (Op. 138/4). Schumann had also set another seven of the poems that Wolf chose to omit – his influence, therefore, in the dissemination of Spanish culture must not be underestimated, especially as he had been among the first to put Spain on the Lieder map with the composition of *Der Hidalgo* in 1840. His father had published a sixteen-volume edition of Cervantes between 1825 and 1829, and Schumann himself had in 1849 composed his own *Spanisches Liederspiel*, Op. 74 and *Spanische Liebeslieder*, Op. 138. Despite all this, Wolf's contribution to Spanish culture in the realms of opera and Lieder remains unsurpassed in German-speaking lands.

1 **Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero**

Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884) after Alvaro Fernandez de Almeida (16th century)

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero,
Doch an andres denkt mein Herz.

Wenn du, muntres Ding, verständest
Meine Qual und sie empfändest,
Jeder Ton, den du entsendest,
Würde klagen meinen Schmerz.

Bei des Tanzes Drehn und Neigen
Schlag' ich wild den Takt zum Reigen,
Dass nur die Gedanken schweigen,
Die mich mahnen an den Schmerz.

Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im Schwingen
Ofmals mir die Brust zerspringen,
Und zum Angstschrei wird mein Singen,
Denn an andres denkt mein Herz.

2 **In dem Schatten meiner Locken**

Paul Heyse (1830-1914) after Anonymous

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlieff mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Sorglich strählt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zersausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Ring out, ring out, my tambourine

*Ring out, ring out, my tambourine,
Though my heart thinks of other things.*

*If you, blithe instrument, could understand
And feel my torment,
Each one of your sounds
Would bewail my grief.*

*As the dance whirls and turns,
I beat out wildly the dance's rhythm,
Simply in order to silence the thoughts
That remind me of my grief.*

*Ah, good sirs, while I whirl around,
My heart often feels like breaking,
And my song becomes a cry of anguish,
For my heart thinks of other things.*

In the shadow of my tresses

*In the shadow of my tresses
My lover has fallen asleep.
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!*

*Carefully, I combed my curly
Tresses early each morning,
But my efforts are in vain,
For the winds touse them.
Shade-giving tresses, sighing breezes
Have lulled my lover to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!*

Hören muss ich, wie ihn gräme,
Dass er schmachtet schon so lange,
Dass ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange.
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

3 **Seltsam ist Juanas Weise**

Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous

Seltsam ist Juanas Weise.
Wenn ich steh' in Traurigkeit,
Wenn ich seufz' und sage: heut,
„Morgen“ spricht sie leise.

Trüb' ist sie, wenn ich mich freue;
Lustig singt sie, wenn ich weine;
Sag' ich, dass sie hold mir scheine,
Spricht sie, dass sie stets mich scheue.
Solcher Grausamkeit Beweise
Brechen mir das Herz in Leid –
Wenn ich seufz' und sage: heut,
„Morgen“ spricht sie leise.

Heb' ich meine Augenlider,
Weiss sie stets den Blick zu senken;
Um ihn gleich emporzulenken,
Schlag' ich auch den meinen nieder.
Wenn ich sie als Heil'ge preise,
Nennt sie Dämon mich im Streit –
Wenn ich seufz' und sage: heut,
„Morgen“ spricht sie leise.

*I shall have to hear how he grieves,
How he has languished so long,
How his whole life depends
On these my dusky cheeks.
And he calls me his serpent,
And yet he fell asleep at my side.
Shall I wake him now? – Ah no!*

Juana's ways are strange

*Juana's ways are strange.
When I am sad,
When I sigh and say "today",
She murmurs "tomorrow".*

*She is gloomy when I am glad;
She sings merrily when I weep;
When I say I find her beautiful,
She says I always fill her with dread.
Such tokens of cruelty
Crush my heart in grief –
When I sigh and say "today",
She murmurs "tomorrow".*

*Whenever I raise my gaze,
She always contrives to lower hers;
Only to look up at me
As soon as I look down.
When I call her a saint,
She, to be contrary, calls me a devil –
When I sigh and say "today",
She murmurs "tomorrow".*

Sieglos heiss' ich auf der Stelle,
Rühm' ich meinen Sieg bescheiden;
Hoff' ich auf des Himmels Freuden,
Prophezeit sie mir die Hölle.
Ja, so ist ihr Herz von Eise,
Säh' sie sterben mich vor Leid,
Hörte mich noch seufzen: heut,
„Morgen“ spräch' sie leise.

4 **Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott,
Geliebte mein;
Spottet doch der Liebesgott
Dereinst auch dein!

Magst an Spotten nach Gefallen
Du dich weiden;
Von dem Weibe kommt uns Allen
Lust und Leiden.
Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott,
Geliebte mein;
Spottet doch der Liebesgott
Dereinst auch dein!

Bist auch jetzt zu stolz zum Minnen,
Glaub', o glaube:
Liebe wird dich doch gewinnen
Sich zum Raube,
Wenn du spottest meiner Not,
Geliebte mein;
Spottet doch der Liebesgott
Dereinst auch dein!

*She calls me a failure on the spot,
If modestly I claim a victory;
If I hope for heaven's joy,
She prophesies me hell.
Yes, so icy is her heart,
That if she saw me dying of grief
And heard me sigh "today",
She would murmur "tomorrow".*

Just keep on mocking love

*Just keep on mocking love,
My beloved;
But the god of love will mock
You some day too!*

*You can mock away
To your heart's content;
From women we all derive
Pleasure and pain.
Just keep on mocking love,
My beloved;
But the god of love will mock
You some day too!*

*Though you are now too proud to love,
You may rest assured:
Love will yet seize you
As its prey,
If you mock at my distress,
My beloved;
The god of love will mock
You some day too!*

Wer da lebt im Fleisch, erwäge
Alle Stunden:
Amor schläft und plötzlich rege
Schlägt er Wunden.
Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott,
Geliebte mein;
Spottet doch der Liebesgott
Dereinst auch dein!

5 **Auf dem grünen Balkon**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Auf dem grünen Balkon mein Mädchen
Schaut nach mir durchs Gitterlein.
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

Glück, das nimmer ohne Wanken
Junger Liebe folgt hienieden,
Hat mir Eine Lust beschieden,
Und auch da noch muss ich schwanken.
Schmeicheln hör' ich oder Zanken,
Komm' ich an ihr Fensterlädchen.
Immer nach dem Brauch der Mädchen
Träuft ins Glück ein bisschen Pein:
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

Wie sich nur in ihr vertragen
Ihre Kälte, meine Glut?
Weil in ihr mein Himmel ruht,
Seh' ich Trüb und Hell sich jagen.
In den Wind gehn meine Klagen,
Dass noch nie die süsse Kleine
Ihre Arme schlang um meine;
Doch sie hält mich hin so fein –
Mit den Augen blinzelt sie freundlich,
Mit dem Finger sagt sie mir: Nein!

*Let him who lives in flesh
Always ponder this:
Cupid sleeps and will suddenly wake
And wound you.
Just keep on mocking love,
My beloved;
But the god of love will mock
You some day too!*

From her green balcony

*From her green balcony my love
Peeps at me through the trellis.
With her eyes she leads me on,
But her finger tells me: No!*

*Fortune, that never here on earth
Lets the course of young love run smooth,
Has granted me joy,
But even so I am still in doubt.
Sometimes I hear flattery, sometimes petulance,
When I come to her shuttered window.
That is always the way with women,
Mixing a drop of sadness into pleasure:
With her eyes she leads me on,
But her finger tells me: No!*

*How can both endure in her,
Her coldness, my fire?
Since she is my heaven,
I see darkness vie with light.
The wind bears away my lament
That my little sweet
Has never yet embraced me,
Yet she puts me off so gently –
With her eyes she leads me on,
But her finger tells me: No!*

6 **Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
Pflücke die schönsten, dich zu schmücken.
Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein stehst,
Müsstest du dich selber pflücken.

Alle Blumen wissen ja,
Dass du hold bist ohne gleichen.
Und die Blume, die dich sah –
Farb' und Schmuck muss ihr erleichen.
Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
Pflücke die schönsten, dich zu schmücken.
Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein stehst,
Müsstest du dich selber pflücken.

Lieblicher als Rosen sind
Die Küsse, die dein Mund verschwendet,
Weil der Reiz der Blumen endet,
Wo dein Liebreiz erst beginnt.
Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst,
Pflücke die schönsten, dich zu schmücken.
Ach, wenn du in dem Gärtlein stehst,
Müsstest du dich selber pflücken.

7 **Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren**

Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous

Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren,
Weil er Liebe nicht versteht,
Besser wär' er nie geboren.

When you go to the flowers

*When you go to the flowers,
Pick the loveliest to adorn yourself.
Ah, if you were in the garden,
You would have to pick yourself.*

*All the flowers know well
That you are lovely beyond compare.
And the flower that saw you –
Would fade in colour and splendour.
When you go to the flowers,
Pick the loveliest to adorn yourself.
Ah, if you were in the garden,
You would have to pick yourself.*

*Lovelier than roses are
The kisses your lips lavishly bestow,
For the charm of flowers ceases
Where your fair charms begin.
When you go to the flowers,
Pick the loveliest to adorn yourself.
Ah, if you were in the garden,
You would have to pick yourself.*

Whoever has lost his loved one

*Whoever has lost his loved one
Through not understanding love,
Would have done better not to be born.*

Ich verlor sie dort im Garten,
Da sie Rosen brach und Blüten.
Hell auf ihren Wangen glühten
Scham und Lust in holder Zier.
Und von Liebe sprach sie mir;
Doch ich grösster aller Toren
Wusste keine Antwort ihr –
Wär' ich nimmermehr geboren.

Ich verlor sie dort im Garten,
Da sie sprach von Liebesplagen,
Denn ich wagte nicht zu sagen,
Wie ich ganz ihr eigen bin.
In die Blumen sank sie hin,
Doch ich grösster aller Toren
Zog auch davon nicht Gewinn –
Wär' ich nimmermehr geboren!

8 **Ich fuhr über Meer**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Ich fuhr über Meer,
Ich zog über Land,
Das Glück das fand
Ich nimmermehr.
Die Andern umher
Wie jubelten sie! –
Ich jubelte nie!

Nach Glück ich jagte,
An Leiden krankt' ich;
Als Recht verlangt' ich
Was Liebe versagte.
Ich hofft' und wagte –
Kein Glück mir gedieh,
Und so schaut' ich es nie!

*I lost her in the garden there,
As she was picking roses and blossoms.
Her cheeks were glowing brightly,
Graced by modesty and joy.
And she spoke to me of love;
But I, the greatest of fools,
Knew not how to answer her –
Had I never been born.*

*I lost her in the garden there,
As she spoke of the pangs of love,
For I dared not tell her
How utterly I was hers.
She sank down among the flowers,
But I, the greatest of fools,
Gained nothing from that either –
Had I never been born!*

I sailed across seas

*I sailed across seas,
I marched across land,
Without ever
Finding happiness.
How the others
Rejoiced all around! –
I never rejoiced!*

*I hunted fortune,
I fell ill with grief;
I demanded as a right
What love denied.
I hoped and dared –
No fortune favoured me,
And I never glimpsed it!*

Trug ohne Klage
Die Leiden, die bösen,
Und dacht', es lösen
Sich ab die Tage.
Die fröhlichen Tage
Wie eilen sie! –
Ich ereilte sie nie!

*I bore uncomplaining
The terrible pain,
And thought these
Days would pass.
How happy days
Speed past! –
I never caught them up!*

9 **Blindes Schauen, dunkle Leuchte**

Paul Heyse after Rodrigo Cota de Maguaque (d. c.1498)

Blindes Schauen, dunkle Leuchte,
Ruhm voll Weh, erstorbnes Leben,
Unheil, das ein Heil mir däuchte,
Freud'ges Weinen, Lust voll Beben,
Süsse Galle, durst'ge Feuchte,
Krieg in Frieden allerwegen,
Liebe, falsch versprachst du Segen,
Da dein Fluch den Schlaf mir scheuchte.

Seeing yet blind, shining yet dark

*Seeing yet blind, shining yet dark,
Glory full of sorrow, life that has died,
Disaster that seemed salvation,
Joyful yet weeping, pleasure full of trembling,
Sweet yet bitter, parched yet moist,
War in peace, everywhere, always,
False, O Love, was your promise of bliss,
Since your curse has deprived me of sleep.*

10 **Eide, so die Liebe schwur**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Eide, so die Liebe schwur,
Schwache Bürgen sind sie nur.

Sitzt die Liebe zu Gericht,
Dann, Señor, vergesst nicht,
Dass sie nie nach Recht und Pflicht,
Immer nur nach Gunst verfuhr.
Eide, so die Liebe schwur,
Schwache Bürgen sind sie nur.

Werdet dort Betrübte finden,
Die mit Schwüren sich verbinden,
Die verschwinden mit den Winden,
Wie die Blumen auf der Flur.
Eide, so die Liebe schwur,
Schwache Bürgen sind sie nur.

Oaths which love has sworn

*Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.*

*When Love sits in judgement,
Then, señor, do not forget,
That she proceeds not by right or duty,
But always by favour.
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.*

*There you will find the distressed,
Binding themselves with vows,
Which vanish with the wind
Like flowers in the field.
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.*

Und als Schreiber an den Schranken
Seht ihr nichtige Gedanken.
Weil die leichten Händlein schwanken,
Schreibt euch keiner nach der Schnur.
Eide, so die Liebe schwur,
Schwache Bürgen sind sie nur.

Sind die Bürgen gegenwärtig,
Allesamt des Spruchs gewärtig,
Machen sie das Urteil fertig; –
Vom Vollziehen keine Spur!
Eide, so die Liebe schwur,
Schwache Bürgen sind sie nur.

11 **Herz, verzage nicht geschwind**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Herz, verzage nicht geschwind,
Weil die Weiber Weiber sind.

Argwohn lehre sie dich kennen,
Die sich lichte Sterne nennen
Und wie Feuerfunken brennen.
Drum verzage nicht geschwind,
Weil die Weiber Weiber sind.

Lass dir nicht den Sinn verwirren,
Wenn sie süsse Weisen girren;
Möchten dich mit Listen kirren,
Machen dich mit Ränken blind;
Weil die Weiber Weiber sind.

Sind einander stets im Bunde,
Fechten tapfer mit dem Munde,
Wünschen, was versagt die Stunde,
Bauen Schlösser in den Wind;
Weil die Weiber Weiber sind.

*And as clerks of the court
You'll find vain thoughts.
Because their feeble hands tremble,
They will not record you accurately.
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.*

*And when the sureties are assembled
And all await a verdict,
They will prepare the judgement; –
But never execute it!
Oaths which love has sworn
Are but feeble sureties.*

Heart, do not despair too soon

*Heart, do not despair too soon,
Because women are women.*

*Teach them to know mistrust,
They who call themselves bright stars
And burn like sparks of fire.
Do not, therefore, despair too soon,
Because women are women.*

*Do not let your wits be confused
When they coo their wheedling words;
They would tame you with their cunning,
Blind you with their wiles;
Because women are women.*

*They are always in league with each other,
Fighting boldly with their tongues,
Wanting what time does not allow,
Building castles in the air;
Because women are women.*

Und so ist ihr Sinn verschroben,
Dass sie, lobst du, was zu loben,
Mit dem Mund dagegen toben,
Ob ihr Herz auch Gleiches sinnt;
Weil die Weiber Weiber sind.

12 **Sagt, seid Ihr es, feiner Herr**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Sagt, seid Ihr es, feiner Herr,
Der da jüngst so hübsch gesprungen
Und gesprungen und gesungen?

Seid Ihr der, vor dessen Kehle
Keiner mehr zu Wort gekommen?
Habt die Backen voll genommen,
Sangt gar artig, ohne Fehle?
Ja, Ihr seid's, bei meiner Seele,
Der so mit uns umgesprungen
Und gesprungen und gesungen.

Seid Ihr's, der auf Castagnetten
Und Gesang sich nicht verstand,
Der die Liebe nie gekannt,
Der da floh vor Weiberketten?
Ja Ihr seid's; doch möcht' ich wetten,
Manch ein Lieb habt Ihr umschlungen
Und gesprungen und gesungen.

Seid Ihr der, der Tanz und Lieder
So herausstrich ohne Mass?
Seid Ihr's, der im Winkel sass
Und nicht regte seine Glieder?
Ja Ihr seid's, ich kenn' Euch wieder,
Der zum Gähnen uns gezwungen
Und gesprungen und gesungen!

*And their minds are so perverse
That if you praise what merits praise,
They will rant against it,
Though in their hearts they think the same;
Because women are women.*

Say, was it you, dear sir

*Say, was it you, dear sir,
Who recently danced so nicely,
And danced and sang?*

*Was it you, whose voice
Stopped all from getting a word in?
Who talked so big,
Who sang so well, without a slip?
Yes, upon my soul, it was you
Who capered with us like this,
And danced and sang.*

*Was it you who knew nothing
Of castanets and song,
Who had never known love
And fled from female fetters?
Yes, it was you; but I'll wager
That you've embraced many a sweetheart
And danced and sung.*

*Was it you who praised
Dancing and singing to the skies?
Was it you who sat in the corner
And wouldn't stir a limb?
Yes, it was you, I recognize you now,
Who made us yawn
And danced and sang!*

13 **Mögen alle bösen Zungen**

Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous

Mögen alle bösen Zungen
Immer sprechen, was beliebt;
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich lieb' und bin geliebt.

Schlimme, schlimme Reden flüster
Eure Zungen schonungslos;
Doch ich weiss es, sie sind lüstern
Nach unschuld'gem Blute bloss.
Nimmer soll es mich bekümmern,
Schwätzt so viel es euch beliebt;
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich lieb' und bin geliebt.

Zur Verleumdung sich verstehet
Nur, wem Lieb' und Gunst gebrach,
Weil's ihm selber elend gehet,
Und ihn niemand minnt und mag.
Darum denk' ich, dass die Liebe
Drum sie schmähn, mir Ehre gibt;
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich lieb' und bin geliebt.

Wenn ich wär' aus Stein und Eisen,
Möchtet ihr darauf bestehn,
Dass ich sollte von mir weisen
Liebesgruss und Liebesflehn.
Doch mein Herzlein ist nun leider
Weich, wie's Gott uns Mädchen gibt;
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich lieb' und bin geliebt.

Let all the spiteful tongues

*Let all the spiteful tongues
Keep on saying what they please;
He who loves me, I love in return,
And I love and am loved.*

*Your tongues whisper relentlessly
Wicked, wicked slanders;
But I know, they merely thirst
For innocent blood.
It will never bother me,
You may gossip to your heart's content;
He who loves me, I love in return,
And I love and am loved.*

*Only those enjoy slander
Who lack affection and kindness,
Because they fare so wretchedly,
And no one loves or wants them.
Therefore I think that the love
They revile is to my honour;
He who loves me, I love in return,
And I love and am loved.*

*If I were made of stone and iron,
You might well insist
That I should reject
Love's greetings, love's entreaties.
But my little heart is, I fear, soft,
As God fashions it for us girls;
He who loves me, I love in return,
And I love and am loved.*

14 **Köpfchen, Köpfchen, nicht gewimmert**

Paul Heyse after Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616)

Köpfchen, Köpfchen, nicht gewimmert,
Halt dich wacker, halt dich munter,
Stütz' zwei gute Säulchen unter,
Heilsam aus Geduld gezimmert!
Hoffnung schimmert,
Wie sich's auch verschlimmert
Und dich kümmert.
Musst mit Grämen
Dir nichts zu Herzen nehmen,
Ja kein Märchen,
Dass zu Berg dir stehn die Härchen;
Da sei Gott davor
Und der Riese Christophor!

Don't whimper, hold your little head up high

*Don't whimper, hold your little head up high,
Be brave, be of good cheer,
Prop yourself up on two pillars,
Fashioned wholesomely of patience!
Hope now glimmers,
However bad things get,
However you are vexed.
You must take nothing
Grievously to heart,
Especially stories
That make your hair stand on end;
To avoid that, pray to God
And the giant Christopher!*

15 **Sagt ihm, dass er zu mir komme**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Sagt ihm, dass er zu mir komme,
Denn je mehr sie mich drum schelten,
Ach, je mehr wächst meine Glut!

O zum Wanken
Bringt die Liebe nichts auf Erden;
Durch ihr Zanken
Wird sie nur gedoppelt werden.
Sie gefährden
Mag nicht ihrer Neider Wut;
Denn je mehr sie mich drum schelten,
Ach, je mehr wächst meine Glut!

Eingeschlossen
Haben sie mich lange Tage,
Unverdrossen
Mich gestraft mit schlimmer Plage.
Doch ich trage
Jede Pein mit Liebesmut,
Denn je mehr sie mich drum schelten,
Ach, je mehr wächst meine Glut!

Meine Peiniger
Sagen oft, ich soll dich lassen,
Doch nur einiger
Wolln wir uns ins Herze fassen.
Muss ich drum erblassen,
Tod um Liebe lieblich tut,
Und je mehr sie mich drum schelten,
Ach, je mehr wächst meine Glut!

Tell him to come to me

*Tell him to come to me,
For the more they scold me for it,
Ah, the greater my passion grows!*

*Oh, Love can be shaken
By nothing on earth;
Their chiding
Will only double its power.
Not all the fury of the envious
Can imperil it;
For the more they scold me for it,
Ah, the greater my passion grows!*

*They've locked me in
For days on end,
Have persistently
Punished me severely.
But I bear every pain
With the fortitude of love,
For the more they scold me for it,
Ah, the greater my passion grows!*

*My tormentors
Often say I should leave you,
But this only makes us
Cleave to each other more.
And if I must fade away and die,
To die for love will be sweet,
And the more they scold me for it,
Ah, the greater my passion grows!*

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Bitt' ihn, o Mutter,
 Bitte den Knaben,
 Nicht mehr zu zielen,
 Weil er mich tötet.

Mutter, o Mutter,
 Die launische Liebe
 Höhnt und versöhnt mich,
 Flicht mich und zieht mich.
 Ich sah zwei Augen
 Am letzten Sonntag,
 Wunder des Himmels,
 Unheil der Erde.
 Was man sagt, o Mutter,
 Von Basilisken,
 Erfuhr mein Herze,
 Da ich sie sah.
 Bitt' ihn, o Mutter,
 Bitte den Knaben,
 Nicht mehr zu zielen,
 Weil er mich tötet.

*Tell him, O mother,
 Tell Cupid
 Not to aim at me any more,
 For he's killing me.*

*Mother, O mother,
 Capricious love
 Mocks and soothes me,
 Shuns me and entices me.
 I saw two eyes
 Last Sunday,
 The wonder of Heaven,
 The bane of the world.
 What is said, O mother,
 Of basilisks,
 My heart discovered
 When I saw them.
 Tell him, O mother,
 Tell Cupid
 Not to aim at me any more,
 For he's killing me.*

17 **Liebe mir im Busen zündet' einen Brand**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Liebe mir im Busen
 Zündet' einen Brand.
 Wasser, liebe Mutter,
 Eh das Herz verbrannt!

Nicht das blinde Kind
 Straft für meine Fehle;
 Hat zuerst die Seele
 Mir gekühlt so lind.
 Dann entflammt's geschwind
 Ach, mein Unverstand;
 Wasser, liebe Mutter,
 Eh das Herz verbrannt!

Ach, wo ist die Flut,
 Die dem Feuer wehre?
 Für so grosse Glut
 Sind zu arm die Meere.
 Weil es wohl mir tut
 Wein' ich unverwandt;
 Wasser, liebe Mutter,
 Eh das Herz verbrannt!

Love in my breast has kindled a fire

*Love in my breast
 Has kindled a fire.
 Water, dear mother,
 Before my heart's consumed!*

*Do not blame blind Cupid
 For my faults;
 He cooled my soul
 So gently at first.
 Then, alas, he swiftly
 Inflamed my folly;
 Water, dear mother,
 Before my heart's consumed!*

*Ah, where is the flood
 That might quench this fire?
 For so great a flame
 The seas are too small.
 Since it does me good,
 I weep without restraint;
 Water, dear mother,
 Before my heart's consumed!*

18 **Schmerzliche Wonnen und
wonnige Schmerzen**

Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous

Schmerzliche Wonnen und wonnige Schmerzen,
Wasser im Auge und Feuer im Herzen,
Stolz auf den Lippen und Seufzer im Sinne,
Honig und Galle zugleich ist die Minne.

Oft, wenn ein Seelchen vom Leibe geschieden,
Möcht' es Sankt Michael tragen in Frieden;
Aber der Dämon auch möcht' es verschlingen;
Keiner will weichen, da geht es ans Ringen.

Seelchen, gequältes, in ängstlichem Wogen
Fühlst du dich hierhin und dorthin gezogen,
Aufwärts und abwärts. In solches Getriebe
Stürzt zwischen Himmel und Höll' uns
die Liebe.

Mütterchen, ach, und mit siebenzehn Jahren
Hab' ich dies Hängen und Bängen erfahren,
Hab's dann verschworen mit Tränen der Reue;
Ach, und schon lieb' ich, schon lieb' ich
aufs neue!

19 **Trau nicht der Liebe**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Trau nicht der Liebe,
Mein Liebster, gib Acht!
Sie macht dich noch weinen,
Wo heut du gelacht.

Painful bliss and blissful pain

*Painful bliss and blissful pain,
Tears in the eyes, and fire in the heart,
Pride on the lips and sighs in the mind,
Love is a mixture of honey and gall.*

*Often, when a soul has departed the body,
St Michael would like to bear it to rest;
But the devil too would like to devour it;
Neither will yield, so a tussle ensues.*

*Tormented soul, you feel yourself
Tugged back and forth, up and down
In anguished distress. Such is the commotion
Love hurls us into between heaven
and hell.*

*Ab, mother, I at seventeen
Have already felt this great anxiety,
And then forswore it with tears of remorse;
And ah, already I'm in love, in
love again!*

Put no trust in love

*Put no trust in love,
My beloved, take care!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.*

Und siehst du nicht schwinden
Des Mondes Gestalt?
Das Glück hat nicht minder
Nur wankenden Halt.
Dann rächt es sich bald;
Und Liebe, gib Acht!
Sie macht dich noch weinen,
Wo heut du gelacht.

Drum hüte dich fein
Vor törigem Stolz!
Wohl singen im Mai'n
Die Grillchen im Holze;
Dann schlafen sie ein,
Und Liebe, gib Acht!
Sie macht dich noch weinen,
Wo heut du gelacht.

Wo schweifst du nur hin?
Lass Rat dir erteilen:
Das Kind mit den Pfeilen
Hat Possen im Sinn.
Die Tage, die eilen,
Und Liebe, gib Acht!
Sie macht dich noch weinen,
Wo heut du gelacht.

Nicht immer ist's helle,
Nicht immer ist's dunkel;
Der Freude Gefunkel
Erbleichet so schnelle.
Ein falscher Geselle
Ist Amor, gib Acht!
Er macht dich noch weinen,
Wo heut du gelacht.

*Do you not see the moon
Waning?
Happiness is no less
Inconstant.
It soon avenges itself;
And love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.*

*So be on your guard
Against foolish pride!
Though crickets in May
Chirp in the trees;
They then fall asleep,
And love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.*

*Where are you roaming?
Be well advised:
Cupid with his arrows
Has tricks up his sleeve.
The days hasten by,
And love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.*

*It is not always light,
It is not always dark;
The spark of joy
Quickly fades.
A false companion
Is Love, beware!
It will make you weep,
Though you laughed today.*

20

Ach, im Maien war's

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Ach, im Maien war's, im Maien,
 Wo die warmen Lüfte wehen,
 Wo verliebte Leute pflegen
 Ihren Liebchen nachzugehn.

Ich allein, ich armer Trauriger,
 Lieg' im Kerker so verschmachtet,
 Und ich seh nicht, wann es taget,
 Und ich weiss nicht, wann es nachtet.

Nur an einem Vöglein merkt' ich's,
 Das dadrauss im Maien sang;
 Das hat mir ein Schütz getötet –
 Geb' ihm Gott den schlimmsten Dank!

21

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh

Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,
 Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.

Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer
 Scheucht von deinem Bett den Schlummer,
 Und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer
 Sorge seiner Liebe zu.

Ah, in May it was

*Ah, in May it was, in Maytime,
 When warm breezes blow,
 When those in love are wont
 To seek their loves.*

*I alone, sad wretch,
 Languish in a dungeon cell,
 And cannot tell when day dawns,
 And cannot tell when night falls.*

*Only one little bird could tell me,
 That sang out there in May;
 A hunter killed it –
 May God give him the worst of rewards!*

All have gone to rest, O heart

*All have gone to rest, O heart,
 All are sleeping, all but you.*

*For hopeless grief
 Banishes slumber from your bed,
 And your thoughts fly in speechless
 Sorrow to their love.*

- 22 **Dereinst, dereinst, Gedanke mein** **One day, one day, my thoughts**
Emanuel Geibel after Cristobal de Castillejo (c.1490-1550)

Dereinst, dereinst
Gedanke mein,
Wirst ruhig sein.
Lässt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden
Wird dir's gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

*One day, one day
My thoughts,
You shall be at rest.
Though love's ardour
Gives you no peace,
You shall sleep well
In cool earth;
There without love
And without pain
You shall be at rest.*

*What you did not
Find in life
Will be granted you
When life is ended.
Then, free from torment
And free from pain,
You shall be at rest.*

- 23 **Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein** **Deep in my heart I bear my grief**
Emanuel Geibel after Luiz Vaz de Camoens (c.1525-1580)

Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein,
Muss nach aussen stille sein.

Den geliebten Schmerz verhehle
Tief ich vor der Welt Gesicht;
Und es fühlt ihn nur die Seele,
Denn der Leib verdient ihn nicht.
Wie der Funke frei und licht
Sich verbirgt im Kieselstein,
Trag' ich innen tief die Pein.

*Deep in my heart I bear my grief,
Outwardly I must be calm.*

*I conceal this sweet agony
Far from the world's gaze;
It is felt only by my soul,
For the body does not deserve it.
As sparks, free and bright,
Lie hidden in flint,
So I bear my grief deep within.*

24 **Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben**

Emanuel Geibel after Comendador Escrava (c.1450-c.1520)

Komm, o Tod, von Nacht umgeben,
Leise komm zu mir gegangen,
Dass die Lust, dich zu umfängen,
Nicht zurück mich ruf' ins Leben.

Komm, so wie der Blitz uns rühret,
Den der Donner nicht verkündet,
Bis er plötzlich sich entzündet
Und den Schlag gedoppelt führet.
Also seist du mir gegeben,
Plötzlich stillend mein Verlangen,
Dass die Lust, dich zu umfängen,
Nicht zurück mich ruf' ins Leben.

25 **Ob auch finstre Blicke glitten**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Ob auch finstre Blicke glitten,
Schöner Augensterne, aus dir,
Wird mir doch nicht abgestritten,
Dass du hast geblickt nach mir.

Wie sich auch der Strahl bemühte,
Zu verwunden meine Brust,
Gibrt's ein Leiden, das die Lust,
Dich zu schau'n, nicht reich vergüte?
Und so tödlich mein Gemüte
Unter deinem Zorn gelitten,
Wird mir doch nicht abgestritten,
Dass du hast geblickt nach mir.

Come, O Death, shrouded in night

*Come, O Death, shrouded in night,
Come quietly to me,
So that my joy in embracing you
Does not recall me to life.*

*Come, as the lightning strikes,
Unheralded by thunder,
Until it suddenly flashes,
Striking a double blow.
Thus may you be granted me,
Suddenly stilling my longing,
So that my joy in embracing you
Does not recall me to life.*

Even though black looks

*Even though black looks
Flashed from your beautiful eyes,
It cannot be denied
That you looked at me.*

*Even though their rays
Sought to wound my breast,
Is there any suffering which is not requited
By the joy of seeing you?
However mortally my feelings
Have suffered from your anger,
It cannot be denied
That you looked at me.*

26 **Bedeckt mich mit Blumen**

Emanuel Geibel possibly after Maria Doceo

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen,
Ich sterbe vor Liebe.

Dass die Luft mit leisem Wehen
Nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe,
Bedeckt mich!

Ist ja alles doch dasselbe,
Liebesodem oder Döfte
Von Blumen.

Von Jasmin und weissen Lilien
Sollt ihr hier mein Grab bereiten,
Ich sterbe.

Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
Sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen
Vor Liebe.

27 **Und schläfst du, mein Mädchen**

Paul Heyse after Gil Vicente (*c.1465-c.1537*)

Und schläfst du, mein Mädchen,
Auf, öffne du mir;
Denn die Stund' ist gekommen,
Da wir wandern von hier.

Und bist ohne Sohlen,
Leg' keine dir an;
Durch reissende Wasser
Geht unsere Bahn.

Durch die tief tiefen Wasser
Des Guadalquivir;
Denn die Stund' ist gekommen,
Da wir wandern von hier.

Cover me with flowers

*Cover me with flowers,
I am dying of love.*

*Let the soft breezes
Rob me of their sweet scent,
Cover me!*

*For the breath of love
And the scent of flowers
Is all one.*

*With jasmine and white lilies
You shall here prepare my grave,
I am dying.*

*And if you ask me: Of what?
I'll say: in sweet torment
Of love.*

And if you're sleeping, my girl

*And if you're sleeping, my girl,
Get up and let me in;
Because the time has come
For us to leave.*

*And if you have no shoes,
Put none on;
For our way lies
Through raging waters.*

*Through the deep deep waters
Of the Guadalquivir;
Because the time has come
For us to leave.*

Sie blasen zum Abmarsch

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Sie blasen zum Abmarsch,
 Lieb Mütterlein.
 Mein Liebster muss scheiden
 Und lässt mich allein!

Am Himmel die Sterne
 Sind kaum noch geflohn,
 Da feuert von ferne
 Das Fussvolk schon.
 Kaum hört er den Ton,
 Sein Ränzelein schnürt er,
 Von hinnen marschiert er,
 Mein Herz hinterdrein.
 Mein Liebster muss scheiden
 Und lässt mich allein!

Mir ist wie dem Tag,
 Dem die Sonne geschwunden.
 Mein Trauern nicht mag
 So balde gesunden.
 Nach nichts ich frag',
 Keine Lust mehr heg' ich,
 Nur Zwiesprach pfleg' ich
 Mit meiner Pein –
 Mein Liebster muss scheiden
 Und lässt mich allein!

Bugles sound for the march-off

*Bugles sound for the march-off;
 Dear mother.
 My beloved must part
 And leaves me alone!*

*The stars in the sky
 Have hardly yet faded,
 And the infantry already
 Fire from afar.
 As soon as he heard the sound,
 He fastened his pack,
 And marched away from here,
 Taking my heart with him.
 My beloved must part
 And leaves me alone!*

*It is like the day
 With no sun.
 My sorrow cannot
 Be so quickly healed.
 I ask for nothing,
 I have no more joy,
 I commune only
 With my agony –
 My beloved must part
 And leaves me alone!*

- 29 **Weint nicht, ihr Äuglein!**
Paul Heyse after Lope de Vega (1562-1635)

Weint nicht, ihr Äuglein!
Wie kann so trübe
Weinen vor Eifersucht,
Wer tötet durch Liebe?

Wer selbst Tod bringt,
Der sollt' ihn ersehen?
Sein Lächeln bezwingt
Was trotz seinen Tränen.
Weint nicht, ihr Äuglein!
Wie kann so trübe
Weinen vor Eifersucht,
Wer tötet durch Liebe?

- 30 **Wer tat deinem Füßlein weh?**
Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous

„Wer tat deinem Füßlein weh?
La Marioneta,
Deiner Ferse weiss wie Schnee?
La Marion.“

Sag' Euch an, was krank mich macht,
Will kein Wörtlein Euch verschweigen:
Ging zum Rosenbusch zur Nacht,
Brach ein Röslein von den Zweigen;
Trat auf einen Dorn im Gang,
La Marioneta,
Der mir bis ins Herze drang,
La Marion.

- Weep not, dear eyes!**

*Weep not, dear eyes!
How can one who kills through love
Weep so bitterly
From jealousy?*

*Should he who deals death himself
Crave it?
Whoever resists his tears
Will be won over by his smiles.
Weep not, dear eyes!
How can one who kills through love
Weep so bitterly
From jealousy?*

- Who hurt your little foot?**

*“Who hurt your little foot?
La Marioneta,
Your heel as white as snow?
La Marion.”*

*I'll tell you what afflicts me,
I'll not withhold a single word:
Last night I went to the rose-bush,
And plucked a rose;
I trod on a thorn as I went,
La Marioneta,
Which pierced me to the heart,
La Marion.*

Sag' Euch alle meine Pein,
Freund, und will Euch nicht berücken:
Ging in einen Wald allein,
Eine Lilie mir zu pflücken;
Traf ein Stachel scharf mich dort,
La Marioneta,
War ein süßes Liebeswort,
La Marion.

Sag' Euch mit Aufrichtigkeit
Meine Krankheit, meine Wunde:
In den Garten ging ich heut,
Wo die schönste Nelke stunde;
Hat ein Span mich dort verletzt,
La Marioneta,
Blutet fort und fort bis jetzt,
La Marion.

„Schöne Dame, wenn Ihr wollt,
Bin ein Wundarzt guter Weise,
Will die Wund' Euch stillen leise,
Dass Ihr's kaum gewahren sollt.
Bald sollt Ihr genesen sein,
La Marioneta,
Bald geheilt von aller Pein,
La Marion.“

*I'll tell you all my woes,
My friend, and not deceive you:
I went into a wood alone
To pick myself a lily;
A sharp thorn pricked me there,
La Marioneta,
It was a sweet word of love,
La Marion.*

*I'll tell you frankly
Of my sickness, my wounds:
I went into the garden today,
Where the loveliest carnation grew;
A splinter hurt me there,
La Marioneta,
It bled and still bleeds now,
La Marion.*

*“Beauteous lady, if you will,
I'm a surgeon of good repute,
I'll heal your wound so gently
That you'll scarcely notice it.
You'll soon be well again,
La Marioneta,
Soon be free of all your pain,
La Marion.”*

31 **Deine Mutter, süßes Kind**

Paul Heyse

Deine Mutter, süßes Kind,
Da sie in den Weh'n gelegen,
Brausen hörte sie den Wind.

Und so hat sie dich geboren
Mit dem falschen wind'gen Sinn.
Hast du heut ein Herz erkoren,
Wirfst es morgen treulos hin.
Doch den zähl' ich zu den Toren,
Der dich schmäht der Untreu wegen:
Dein Geschick war dir entgegen;
Denn die Mutter, süßes Kind,
Da sie in den Weh'n gelegen,
Brausen hörte sie den Wind.

32 **Da nur Leid und Leidenschaft**

Paul Heyse after Anonymous

Da nur Leid und Leidenschaft
Mich bestürmt in deiner Haft,
Biet' ich nun mein Herz zu Kauf.
Sagt, hat einer Lust darauf?

Soll ich sagen, wie ich's schätze,
Sind drei Batzen nicht zuviel.
Nimmer war's des Windes Spiel,
Eigensinnig blieb's im Netze.
Aber weil mich drängt die Not
Biet' ich nun mein Herz zu Kauf,
Schlag' es los zum Meistgebot –
Sagt, hat einer Lust darauf?

Your mother, sweet child,

*Your mother, sweet child,
When she lay in labour,
Could hear the roaring wind.*

*And so you were born
As false and fickle as the wind.
If you choose a lover today,
You'll discard him faithlessly tomorrow.
Yet I count him a fool
Who chides you for your infidelity:
Your destiny was against you;
For your mother, sweet child,
When she lay in labour,
Could hear the roaring wind.*

Since only pain and passion

*Since only pain and passion
Have assailed me in your custody,
I now offer my heart for sale.
Speak, does no one want it?*

*If I'm to value it,
Then three farthings isn't too much.
It was never the wind's plaything,
It stayed obstinately in your toils.
But because I'm hard pressed,
I now offer my heart for sale,
Shall knock it down to the highest bidder –
Speak, does no one want it?*

Täglich kränkt es mich im Stillen
Und erfreut mich nimmermehr.
Nun wer bietet? – wer gibt mehr?
Fort mit ihm und seinen Grillen!
Dass sie schlimm sind, leuchtet ein,
Biet' ich doch mein Herz zu Kauf.
Wär' es froh, behielt's ich's fein –
Sagt, hat einer Lust darauf?

Kauft ihr's, leb' ich ohne Grämen.
Mag es haben, wem's beliebt!
Nun wer kauft? Wer will es nehmen?
Sag' ein Jeder, was er gibt.
Noch einmal vorm Hammerschlag
Biet' ich jetzt mein Herz zu Kauf,
Dass man sich entscheiden mag –
Sagt, hat einer Lust darauf?

Nun zum ersten – und zum zweiten –
Und beim dritten schlag' ich's zu!
Gut denn! Mag dir's Glück bereiten;
Nimm es, meine Liebste du!
Brenn' ihm mit dem glüh'nden Erz
Gleich das Sklavenzeichen auf;
Denn ich schenke dir mein Herz,
Hast du auch nicht Lust zum Kauf.

*Each day it silently grieves me
And delights me no more.
So, who'll bid? – who'll give more?
Away with it and all its whims!
It's obvious they are bad,
That's why I offer my heart for sale.
If it were happy, I'd gladly keep it –
Speak, does no one want it?*

*Buy it, and I'll live free of grief.
Let it go to him who wants it!
So who'll buy? Who'll take it?
Let everyone say what they'll give.
Once again, under the hammer,
I offer my heart for sale,
So make up your minds –
Speak, does no one want it?*

*Going for the first time – and the second –
Going, going, gone!
Well done! May you have joy of it;
Take it, my sweetheart!
Brand the slave mark into it
Swiftly with a red-hot iron;
For I'll make you a gift of my heart
Though you do not wish to buy it.*

Wehe der, die mir verstrickte

Paul Heyse after Gil Vicente

Wehe der, die mir verstrickte
 Meinen Geliebten!
 Wehe der, die ihn verstrickte!

Ach, der Erste, den ich liebte,
 Ward gefangen in Sevilla.
 Mein Vielgeliebter,
 Wehe der, die ihn verstrickte!

Ward gefangen in Sevilla
 Mit der Fessel meiner Locken.
 Mein Vielgeliebter,
 Wehe der, die ihn verstrickte!

Woe to the woman

*Woe to the woman
 Who ensnared my beloved!
 Woe to the woman who ensnared him!*

*Ah, the first man I loved
 Was caught in Seville.
 My best-beloved,
 Woe to the woman who ensnared him!*

*He was caught in Seville
 By the fetters of my tresses.
 My best-beloved,
 Woe to the woman who ensnared him!*

Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt!

Emanuel Geibel after Anonymous

Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.

Leute gehn schon durch die Gasse,
Und der Markt wird so belebt,
Dass der Morgen wohl, der blasse,
Schon die weissen Flügel hebt.
Und vor unsern Nachbarn bin ich
Bange, dass du Anstoss gibst;
Denn sie wissen nicht, wie innig
Ich dich lieb' und du mich liebst.
Drum, Geliebter, geh jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.

Wenn die Sonn' am Himmel scheinend
Scheucht vom Feld die Perlen klar,
Muss auch ich die Perle weinend
Lassen, die mein Reichthum war.
Was als Tag den andern funkelt,
Meinen Augen dünkt es Nacht,
Da die Trennung bang mir dunkelt,
Wenn das Morgenrot erwacht.
Geh, Geliebter, geh jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.

Fliehe denn aus meinen Armen!
Denn versäumest du die Zeit,
Möchten für ein kurz Erwarment
Wir ertauschen langes Leid.
Ist in Fegefeuersqualen
Doch ein Tag schon auszustehn,
Wenn die Hoffnung fern in Strahlen
Lässt des Himmels Glorie sehn.
Drum, Geliebter, geh jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.

Go, beloved, go now!

*Go, beloved, go now!
Look, the day is dawning.*

*Already people are in the streets,
And the market's so busy
That pale morning
Must be spreading its white wings.
And I'm fearful of our neighbours,
That you will offend them;
For they do not know how fervently
I love you and you love me.
Therefore, beloved, go now!
Look, the day is dawning.*

*When the sun, shining in the sky,
Chases the bright pearls of dew from the fields,
I must also weep and leave the pearl
That was once my treasure.
What to others shines as day,
My eyes see as night,
For parting darkens my mind,
When the red of morning dawns.
Go, beloved, go now!
Look, the day is dawning.*

*Fly then from my arms!
For if you let time slip by,
We shall pay with long sorrow
For our brief embrace.
One day in Purgatory
Can after all be borne,
When Hope, radiant from afar,
Reveals the glory of heaven.
Therefore, beloved, go now!
Look, the day is dawning.*

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