

vol  
8

EICHENDORFF  
LIEDER

# HUGO WOLF

the complete songs

KATHERINE BRODERICK  
NICKY SPENCE  
DAVID STOUT  
SHOLTO KYNOCH





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Recorded live at St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road, Oxford

# HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

the complete songs

vo1  
**8** EICHENDORFF  
LIEDER

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Katherine Broderick *soprano* <sup>a</sup>  
 Nicky Spence *tenor* <sup>b</sup>  
 David Stout *baritone* <sup>c</sup>  
 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.

Wolf's Eichendorff songs have never enjoyed the popularity of his more substantial collections: the *Mörrike-Lieder*, the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, the *Goethe-Lieder* and the *Spanisches Liederbuch*. Critics have complained erroneously that the *Eichendorff-Lieder* lack the emotional and musical weight of his other volumes, that there is only one acknowledged masterpiece (*Das Ständchen*), that the songs represent the lighter side of Wolf's work, and that they were not composed in the state of feverish creativity which characterized his other collections. Even more damning was the opinion of the chief editor of Breitkopf & Härtel, to whom Wolf had originally sent the songs:

Wolf's lieder are amongst the most absurd things so far produced by the extreme left wing of the New German School [the followers of Wagner], and have nothing in common with what I understand by 'music' except for the basic elements of sound and rhythm.

Eichendorff had always been one of Wolf's favourite poets. There is a title-page in the Vienna City Library, probably dating from 1878, when Wolf was 18, that lists three *Romanzen von J. von Eichendorff* (*Der Kehraus*, *Das zerbrochene Ringlein* and *Der traurige Jäger*), none of which have survived. Other early settings of his verse include a sketch for *Verschwiegene Liebe*, dating from 1879, whose vocal line bears no resemblance to that of the celebrated second version; and, from 1880, three songs **Erwartung**, **Die Nacht** and **Nachruf**, the first two of which were included in the original *Eichendorff-Lieder*, but omitted from the second edition. The former, marked *einfach und herzlich*, is perhaps the most attractive of Wolf's juvenilia; the falling thirds, which accompany the voice, accord well with the poem's mood of gentle expectation, and though the harmonic texture is unmistakably Brahmsian, especially in the exultant postlude, there is something typically Wolfian about the inflections in the vocal line. *Die Nacht*, too, with its hypnotic accompaniment, anticipates Wolf's later mastery in songs such as *Nachtzauber*, but his obvious debt to Schumann, most noticeably in the Zwielicht-like prelude, perhaps explains why he decided to omit the song from the second edition of the *Eichendorff-Liederbuch* – he had, after all, scribbled over the unfinished score of an early Chamisso song of 1878: 'too much like Schumann'!



Wolf next turned to Eichendorff's poetry in April 1881 when, in the throes of breaking off his relationship with Vally Franck, he composed the six beautiful *Geistliche Lieder* for unaccompanied mixed chorus to poems which deal with death, farewell and resignation to God's will, among them *Resignation* ('Komm, Trost der Welt, du stille Nacht') that Schumann had set so wonderfully as *Der Einsiedler*. And in the summer of the same year, he wrote **In der Fremde I** ('Da fahr' ich still im Wagen'), the first of three songs with the same title, and the only one which he, as a struggling Kapellmeister in Salzburg, composed in that gloomy year, described in *Daten aus meinem Leben* as 'Break-up. Misery. Distress'. Once again, the influence of Schumann is evident.

**In der Fremde II** was begun in February 1882 and finished in 1883, a year that saw the composition of five Lieder, including **In der Fremde VI** and **Rückkehr**. The theme of all these songs is the one familiar to us from Schumann's celebrated Eichendorff *Liederkreis*, Op.39: the isolation and loneliness of a traveller returning home, unrecognized and unknown. At this early stage in his career, Wolf was still tempted to select the type of Eichendorff poem that Schumann had set with such astonishing insight – the result, however, is hardly satisfactory, for though all these three poems have lines almost identical with those in Schumann's two *In der Fremde* songs, Wolf's music, despite much beautiful detail, fails to crystallize and convince. Small wonder, then, that when in 1888 he decided to compose a complete Eichendorff cycle, he turned his back on the themes of nostalgia and loneliness, and concentrated instead on the picaresque gallery of soldiers, students, sailors and minstrels that had, until then, been ignored by all song composers of Eichendorff's poetry.

But 1888 was still four years hence. After the end of January 1883, there followed a fallow period of almost four and a half years, which began with the death of his idol Wagner in February 1883, and the rejection by Breitkopf & Härtel of a proposed volume of Lieder. He was deeply depressed, and compelled to eke out a living as a music-critic, which left little time for composition. In these four bleak years, only three songs were written, including **Der Soldat II** (14 December 1886), a theatrical tour-de-force that counsels a *carpe diem* attitude to life and depicts the onset of death in a succession of repeated phrases, whispered sepulchrally, as the song – one of Wolf's shortest in duration – pants to an ominous close.

Nibelung's anvils can be heard in the prelude, and the whole atmosphere of the song reminds us of Wagner. Yet it is also wholly Wolfian in feel, and a wonderful example of what great Lieder can accomplish – here, the reducing of an operatic idea to its essence: a hint of the astonishing things to come.

The five songs, which he composed to Eichendorff texts between March and May 1887, are of the same high artistic order. In **Der Soldat I**, composed on March 7, Wolf is clearly captivated by the prancing of the little horse that takes him to his beloved's castle and, when she becomes too possessive and demanding, away into the open countryside and freedom – Eichendorff puns on the word 'Freien', which means both 'wooing' and 'out in the open'. Exactly one year later, on 7 March 1888, Wolf was to create another unforgettable prancing motif in Mörike's *Der Gärtner*. It is remarkable how in the Eichendorff song the little motif undergoes subtle changes: staccato and self-confident at the outset, lilting and tender at 'die mir besser gefällt', and then robust and arrogant in the final verse, as he abandons his fawning sweetheart. There is a striking resemblance between this music and Wolf's Italian Serenade for string quartet, composed two months later, which also owes its conception to Eichendorff, whose Novelle *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts* not only contains an Italian serenade, but also a poem (*Wer in die Fremde will wandern*) that Wolf was to set in 1888 as *Heimweh*.

Having completed *Der Soldat I*, Wolf set three Eichendorff poems, **Die Kleine** (March 8), **Die Zigeunerin** (March 19) and **Waldmädchen** (April 20), all of which depict women as independent beings, in charge of their own destiny. *Die Zigeunerin*, with its deliciously flirtatious melismatic triplets, was included in the first edition of the *Eichendorff-Lieder*, which Wolf chose to end with *Waldmädchen*, whose virtuosic postlude, marked *sehr schnell* and, in the final bars, *diminuendo* (*pp* to *pppp* within four bars) he presumably regarded as a brilliant climax to his volume. *Die Zigeunerin* was retained in the second edition of 1898, while *Waldmädchen* was omitted by the composer, who by that time had written, in the Mörike volume, fairy music of incomparable delicacy. *Die Kleine* was not published during Wolf's lifetime, perhaps because he felt that the lubricious text might offend. The other Eichendorff setting of 1887 is **Nachzauber**; marked *sanft fließend* and steeped in the sort of romantic enchantment that had so appealed to Schumann, the whole song flows along hypnotically, with a swaying accompaniment that almost seems to anticipate Debussy.

*Nachtzauber*, written on May 24, was virtually the last work composed by Wolf that year. His father had died a fortnight before, and he now fell prey to a creative paralysis that was broken only the following year by the astonishing eruption of the Mörike songs that flowed from his pen between February 22 and May 18. He then decided to postpone the completion of the *Mörike-Lieder*, and finish instead the Eichendorff volume that he had begun, as we have seen, in 1880 with the composition of *Erwartung* and *Die Nacht*. The rate of composition was, once again, remarkable: in quick succession, he wrote thirteen new songs between 31 August and 29 September, and no fewer than ten in the week from September 22-29. In a letter to Engelbert Humperdinck, dated 12 March 1891, he made it clear that, following the current trend of realism, he wished to abandon the romantic element in Eichendorff's poetry, and turn instead to the comparatively unknown, the saucily humorous and robustly sensual side of the poet. And a glance at Challier's *Grosser Lieder-Katalog* tells us that he was the first Lieder composer to have attended to this side of Eichendorff's poetry.

The songs are a delight. At the head of the published volume he placed **Der Freund**, a tribute to his friends who had helped defray the cost of publication (Friedrich Eckstein) and had encouraged him through his depression (Edmund Lang and others, like Joseph and Friedrich Schalk, to whom the volume was dedicated.) To make even clearer his indebtedness to such friends, he followed the opening song with **Der Musikant**, a sort of humorous self-portrait, with lute arpeggios in the accompaniment, and a delicious modulation to a remote key at 'Weiss nicht, wo ich abends ruh', which conveys the minstrel's fear of spending the night without a roof over his head.

Next comes **Verschwiegene Liebe** which, despite Wolf's resolve to espouse realism, is the most romantic and Schumannesque song of the volume. The poem dates from 1855, and Eichendorff later incorporated it into his verse narrative, *Robert und Guiscard*, where it is sung by Guiscard who, standing at his open window in the moonlight, breathes in the scent of lilac, senses his sweetheart Marie nearby, and sings the song 'from the depths of his heart'. 'Errät' es nur Eine,/Wer an sie gedacht' clearly refers to Marie, but Wolf was probably thinking of Melanie Köchert, with whom he was already emotionally, and clandestinely, involved. The song, according to Wolf's first biographer Ernst Decsey, was composed in one single flash of inspiration: Wolf, with a book of Eichendorff poems in his hand, was walking

up and down Friedrich Eckstein's garden, immersing himself in the mood of the poem. Unable to bear the noise of the nearby factory, and disturbed by whistling in the courtyard and the persistent sound of carpet-beating from another house, he turned about, entered the house, went up to Eckstein's room, sat down at the piano, put the book of poems aside, and wrote out the complete song with hardly a pause for breath.

**Das Ständchen** is a serenade quite unlike any other. The title refers to the song sung by a young student outside his sweetheart's door, but we only hear his serenade as a lute accompaniment in the piano part, as it plays snatches of melody and pizzicato notes in the right hand. *Dolce* is the crucial marking, for the young student is happy and in love. This contrasts with the sad utterances in the vocal line of the old man, who looks on distraught, as he is reminded of the happiness that he used to enjoy, before his sweetheart died. He sings a sort of recitative, often on repeated notes, that never really coalesces into song, so that the contrast with the blithe serenader is made even more poignant; never, that is, until at 'So in meinen jungen Tagen', when the vocal line heartbreakingly echoes the lute-like accompaniment, reminding the old man of his own past happiness – an unforgettable moment that strikes to the heart.

This masterpiece is followed by *Der Soldat I*, *Der Soldat II*, *Die Zigeunerin* and *Nachtzauber* that have already been discussed. Two swashbuckling songs, composed within three days of each other, come next: **Der Schreckenberger** and **Der Glücksritter**, characterized by rhythmic energy and enormous panache. Wolf obviously conceived them as a pair, since the processional theme at the end of the first setting, marked *pompös* and *fff*, is repeated in the postlude of the second. *Der Schreckenberger*, which appeared in Eichendorff's Novelle *Der Glücksritter*, was inspired by the wildness of the Rettenbach region around Ischl, and *Der Glücksritter* was actually committed to manuscript paper as Wolf rode in a mail coach to Rinnbach.

Wolf's heightened mood of creativity is also evident in the next two songs that were composed on the same day, September 29. **Lieber alles** reviews the possibility of becoming a soldier, a student or a poet. Each profession is rejected in turn, for he wants to combine elements of all three – hence the title, which states that he'd 'rather have them all'. And so he sets out on his horse, with a sturdy sword at his side, a lute in his right hand, and a student's heart within his breast. Wolf illustrates the quixotic nature of the young man in

the quick succession of different motives in the prelude, and conveys his distaste for each profession by clever musical means: the mention of soldiery is punctuated by a rest; the singer is instructed to slow down when he describes study; and to depict the prissiness of writing poetry, the pianist is given a succession of chirping semitones that twitter away ineffectually.

**Heimweh**, with its walking rhythm, tuneful melody, and wonderful setting of the word 'weit' (on a tied melisma over one and half bars to show just how distant his sweetheart and homeland are) has always been one of Wolf's most popular Eichendorff setting, but not always for the right reasons. At one of the first performances of the *Eichendorff-Lieder*, on 7 February 1889, Wolf was accompanying Ferdinand Jäger in a performance of *Heimweh* in the Wagner-Verein when, after the phrase 'Grüss dich, Deutschland, aus Herzensgrund!', a roar of applause broke out among the Grossdeutschen in the audience, drowning the postlude. Wolf was furious. He slammed down the piano lid and shouted vitriolically at the offending audience: 'And in the Wagner-Verein of all places!'. The concert was interrupted and the Grossdeutschen walked out. The same offending line ('Grüss dich, Deutschland, aus Herzensgrund!') occasioned another amusing anecdote, as Hermann Prey recalls in *Premierenfieber*. During the interval of a Lieder recital with Alfred Brendel in Wiesbaden, Brendel, who had not warmed to the rather conservative audience, offered Prey 50 Marks if he dared change the last line of 'Heimweh' to 'Grüss dich, *Sarah*, aus Herzensgrund'. Prey did not accept the challenge.

The next two songs are sung by a student – content in **Der Scholar**, despairing in **Der verzweifelte Liebhaber**. The former is one of Wolf's most delightful Lieder. The student in question is content whatever he does: listening to the birds or the pattering rain or the flashing lightning. Nothing, he says, could deter him from wandering. Free from Mammon, he'll roam the field of knowledge, think deeply and, occasionally drink a glass or two of wine. And when he tires of such study he will serenade his sweetheart. While this sybaritic existence is conveyed by Wolf's memorable melody for voice and right hand, the left hand is busy interpreting the text in other ways. The quavers are played staccato throughout the first verse, inspired no doubt by the mention of rain-drops, and then legato in verse two to convey the idea of a 'zufriedenes Gemüt', a contented heart. They return again at the exciting idea of alcohol, but at 'Rebensaft', in other words when the wine has been quaffed, the pianist is instructed to play *nicht stacc* – the mellowing effect of wine has

already been felt! The final verse, which starts by describing the fatigue of work, has no need of staccato quavers either – until he decides to serenade his sweetheart and pluck the strings. The poem appears in Eichendorff's *Novelle Dichter und ihre Gesellen*, where in Chapter VI the hero Fortunat hears the first two verses sung by a troupe of minstrels who have been surprised by a thunderstorm; verses three and four are sung as they find shelter in a town.

The student in *Der verzweifelte Liebhaber* expresses his despair in a succession of recitative phrases, interrupted by harsh chords: study earns him nothing, his coat's unstitched, his zither's broken and his sweetheart doesn't love him. He then starts to fantasize, the quavers begin to flow, and he imagines himself walking through a meadow on the arm of the most beautiful lady. The music continues in tongue-in-cheek self-parody: disguised as a dragon (octave quavers), he carries her off and, equipped with armour and lance, puts all the philistines to rout and finally lies down contentedly (dotted minims played *piano*) beneath the sky.

**Unfall**, a burlesque, perhaps, of Mozart's *Dans un bois solitaire*, tells how the narrator, while going for a walk across country, meets a little boy with a gun in his hand. When he confronts the fellow, the little imp (Cupid in disguise) fires at him so that he falls flat on his face. Discovering the identity of his assailant, the narrator grows thoroughly indignant and cross. The little poem is an ideal vehicle for Wolfian wit, which the composer lavishes on us. The dead-pan narration starts in 'tragic' D minor with square-cut phrases, until the narrator starts to run (quavers turn to triplet semiquavers) towards his attacker who fires his gun to the accompaniment of a *sforzando* dissonant seventh chord. As he falls to the ground, the vocal line becomes fragmented and Cupid laughs at him in a flurry of triplet semiquavers.

**Liebesglück** (the poem is called *Der Glückliche* in Eichendorff) describes the rapture that fills a lover's heart, when his sweetheart gazes on him. It's an exuberant and rhythmically vigorous song which needs a singer with considerable breath-control and stamina to perform, and a pianist who does not wilt under the pressure of hammering out the dactylic rhythm in both hands. The collection ends with a farewell, **Seemanns Abschied**, yet another song that allows Wolf to display his gift for pictorial touches, such as the pounding waves (bass octaves), the snapping of shark jaws, the scream of seagulls, and also his remarkable ability to conjure up atmosphere, here a seascape reeking of tang and spray, and redolent of lashing winds, as we hear in the very first bar of the boisterous prelude, which caused Bruckner, when Wolf showed him the song, to cry out in amazement: 'Where the devil did you get that chord from?'

1 **Nachruf**

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Du liebe, treue Laute,  
Wie manche Sommernacht,  
Bis dass der Morgen graute,  
Hab' ich mit dir durchwacht!

Die Täler, wieder nachten,  
Schon sinkt das Abendrot,  
Doch die sonst mit uns wachten,  
Die liegen lange tot.

Was wollen wir nun singen  
Hier in der Einsamkeit,  
Wenn alle von uns gingen,  
Die unser Lied erfreut?

Wir wollen dennoch singen!  
So still ist's auf der Welt;  
Wer weiss, die Lieder dringen  
Vielleicht zum Sternenzelt.

Wer weiss, die da gestorben,  
Sie hören droben mich,  
Und öffnen leis die Pforten  
Und nehmen uns zu sich.

**In memoriam**

*Dear faithful lute,  
How many a summer night  
Till day-break  
Have I watched you!*

*Again the valleys darken,  
The sun is already setting,  
But they who once watched with us  
Perished long ago.*

*Why should we want to sing  
Here in solitude,  
When all have gone  
Who delighted in our song?*

*Nonetheless, we shall sing!  
The world is so still;  
Who knows, songs may reach  
As far as the stars.*

*Who knows, those who died  
May hear me up there,  
And quietly open the gates,  
And take us to them.*

**In der Fremde I**

Joseph von Eichendorff

Da fahr' ich still im Wagen,  
 Du bist so weit von mir,  
 Wohin er mich mag tragen,  
 Ich bleibe doch bei dir.

Da fliegen Wälder, Klüfte  
 Und schöne Täler tief,  
 Und Lerchen hoch in Lüften,  
 Als ob dein' Stimme rief.

Die Sonne lustig scheint  
 Weit über das Revier,  
 Ich bin so froh verweinet  
 Und singe still in mir.

Vom Berge geht's hinunter,  
 Das Posthorn schallt im Grund,  
 Mein' Seel wird mir so munter,  
 Grüss dich aus Herzensgrund.

**In a foreign land I**

*Silent I ride in the coach,  
 You are so far from me,  
 Wherever it may bear me,  
 I shall remain with you.*

*Woods, gorges fly by,  
 And valleys lovely and deep,  
 And larks high in the air,  
 As if your voice were calling.*

*The sun shines brightly  
 Across the countryside,  
 I weep such tears of joy,  
 And my heart sings within me.*

*Down from the mountain I go,  
 The posthorn rings out below,  
 My soul becomes so joyful,  
 I greet you from my heart.*



**In der Fremde II, 2nd setting**

Joseph von Eichendorff

Ich geh durch die dunklen Gassen  
 Und wandre von Haus zu Haus,  
 Ich kann mich noch immer nicht fassen,  
 Sieht alles so trübe aus.

Da gehen viel Männer und Frauen,  
 Die alle so lustig sehn,  
 Die fahren und lachen und bauen,  
 Dass mir die Sinne vergehn.

Oft, wenn ich bläuliche Streifen  
 Seh über die Dächer fliehn,  
 Sonnenschein draussen schweifen,  
 Wolken am Himmel ziehn:

Da treten mitten im Scherze  
 Die Tränen ins Auge mir,  
 Denn die mich lieben von Herzen,  
 Sind alle so weit von hier.

**In a foreign land II**

*I go through the dark streets  
 And wander from house to house:  
 I still cannot contain myself;  
 All looks so cheerless round about.*

*Many men and women pass by,  
 Who look so happy, every one,  
 They travel and laugh and farm the land,  
 That I quite lose my senses.*

*Often I see bluish streaks  
 Drift by over roof-tops,  
 And sunshine all around outside,  
 And scudding clouds in the sky –*

*Then, amid all the gaiety,  
 Tears well into my eyes,  
 For they who loved me ardently  
 Are all so far from here.*

**In der Fremde VI**

Joseph von Eichendorff

Wolken, wälderwärts gegangen,  
 Wolken, fliegend übers Haus,  
 Könnte ich an euch mich hängen,  
 Mit euch fliegen weit hinaus!

Taglang durch die Wälder schweif ich,  
 Voll Gedanken sitz ich still,  
 In die Saiten flüchtig greif ich,  
 Wieder dann auf einmal still.

Schöne, rührende Geschichten  
 Fallen ein mir, wo ich steh,  
 Lustig muss ich schreiben, dichten,  
 Ist mir selber gleich so weh.

Manches Lied, das ich geschrieben  
 Wohl vor manchem langen Jahr,  
 Da die Welt vom treuen Lieben  
 Schön mir überglänzt war,

Find ich's wieder jetzt voll Bangen:  
 Werd ich wunderbar gerührt,  
 Denn so lange ist vergangen,  
 Was mich zu dem Lied verführt.

Diese Wolken ziehen weiter,  
 Alle Vögel sind erweckt,  
 Und die Gegend glänzt heiter,  
 Weit und fröhlich aufgedeckt.

Regen flüchtig abwärts gehen,  
 Scheint die Sonne zwischendrein,  
 Und dein Haus, dein Garten stehen  
 Überm Wald im stillen Schein.

Doch du harrst nicht mehr mit Schmerzen,  
 Wo so lang dein Liebster sei –  
 Und mich tötet noch im Herzen  
 Dieser Schmerzen Zauberei.

**In a foreign land VI**

*Clouds that drift towards the woods,  
 Clouds that flee above the house,  
 Could I but cling to you  
 And with you fly far away!*

*I roam the forest throughout the day,  
 Sit quietly, deep in thought,  
 My fingers brush the lute's strings,  
 Then I fall silent once more.*

*Beautiful and moving tales  
 I think of, standing there,  
 Happily I must write and rhyme,  
 Though I myself am full of woe.*

*Many a song that I once wrote,  
 Many a long year ago,  
 When the world shone fair for me  
 Radiantly from true love,*

*I find now fills me with disquiet:  
 I am wondrously affected,  
 For those times have long since gone  
 Which inspired the song.*

*The clouds drift past,  
 All the birds have woken,  
 And the countryside shines brightly,  
 Revealed in all its beauteous breadth.*

*The rain swiftly passes by,  
 The sun shines in its stead,  
 And your house and your garden  
 Quietly glow above the wood.*

*But no more do you wait in grief,  
 Wondering where your love delays so long –  
 And still my heart breaks  
 From the spell the grief casts.*

**Rückkehr**

Joseph von Eichendorff

Mit meinem Saitenspiele,  
 Das schön geklungen hat,  
 Komm ich durch Länder viele  
 Zurück in diese Stadt.

Ich ziehe durch die Gassen,  
 So finster ist die Nacht  
 Und alles so verlassen,  
 Hatt's anders mir gedacht.

Am Brunnen steh ich lange,  
 Der rauscht fort wie vorher,  
 Kommt mancher wohl gegangen,  
 Es kennt mich keiner mehr.

Da hört ich geigen, pfeifen,  
 Die Fenster glänzten weit,  
 Dazwischen drehn und schleifen  
 Viel fremde, fröhliche Leut.

Und Herz und Sinne mir brannten,  
 Mich trieb's in die weite Welt,  
 Es spielten die Musikanten,  
 Da fiel ich hin im Feld.

**Homecoming**

*Playing my lute  
 That has made such lovely music,  
 I pass through many lands,  
 Returning to this town.*

*I make my way through its streets,  
 The night is so dark  
 And all is so deserted,  
 Different to what I expected.*

*Long I stand by the fountain  
 That murmurs away, as in the past,  
 Many people drift by me,  
 No one knows me any more.*

*Then I heard fiddling, piping,  
 Wide windows were gleaming,  
 Many happy strangers  
 Whirl and twirl.*

*My heart and mind burned within me,  
 Out into the wide world I went,  
 The fiddlers played their music,  
 I fell to the ground in the field.*

**Die Kleine**

Joseph von Eichendorff

Zwischen Bergen, liebe Mutter,  
 Weit den Wald entlang,  
 Reiten da drei junge Jäger  
 Auf drei Rösslein blank,  
 Lieb' Mutter,  
 Auf drei Rösslein blank.

Ihr könnt fröhlich sein, lieb' Mutter:  
 Wird es draussen still,  
 Kommt der Vater heim vom Walde,  
 Küsst Euch, wie er will,  
 Lieb' Mutter,  
 Küsst Euch, wie er will.

Und ich werfe mich im Bettchen  
 Nachts ohn' Unterlass,  
 Kehr' mich links und kehr' mich rechts hin,  
 Nirgends hab' ich was,  
 Lieb' Mutter,  
 Nirgends hab' ich was.

Bin ich eine Frau erst einmal,  
 In der Nacht dann still,  
 Wend' ich mich nach allen Seiten,  
 Küsst', so viel ich will,  
 Lieb' Mutter,  
 Küsst, so viel ich will.

**The little girl**

*Between mountains, dear mother,  
 By the woodland ways,  
 Three young hunters come riding by  
 On three young gleaming steeds,  
 Dear mother,  
 On three young gleaming steeds.*

*You, dear mother, can be happy:  
 When outside all falls quiet,  
 When father comes home from the forest,  
 He'll kiss you to his heart's content,  
 Dear mother,  
 He'll kiss you to his heart's content.*

*And I toss and turn in bed  
 All night long without respite,  
 Roll to the left and roll to the right,  
 Finding nothing anywhere,  
 Dear mother,  
 Finding nothing anywhere.*

*When I've once become a woman,  
 In the night I'll quietly turn  
 Whichever way I wish,  
 Kiss to my heart's content,  
 Dear mother,  
 Kiss to my heart's content.*

## Gedichte von Joseph von Eichendorff

Joseph von Eichendorff

### 7 i Der Freund

Wer auf den Wogen schliefe  
Ein sanft gewiegenes Kind,  
Kennt nicht des Lebens Tiefe,  
Vor süßem Träumen blind.

Doch wen die Stürme fassen  
Zu wildem Tanz und Fest,  
Wen hoch auf dunklen Strassen  
Die falsche Welt verlässt:

Der lernt sich wacker rühren,  
Durch Nacht und Klippen hin  
Lernt der das Steuer führen  
Mit sichrem, ernstem Sinn.

Der ist von echtem Kerne,  
Erprobt zu Lust und Pein,  
Der glaubt an Gott und Sterne,  
Der soll mein Schiffmann sein!

## Poems of Joseph von Eichendorff

### The friend

*Whoever would sleep on the waves,  
A gently cradled child,  
Knows not the depths of life,  
Blinded by sweet dreams.*

*But he whom the storms seize  
For wild dances and feasts,  
Whom, high on dark paths,  
The false world abandons:*

*He learns to bear himself bravely,  
Through night and past cliffs,  
He learns to steer a course  
With sure and serious mind.*

*He is a man of true worth,  
Proven in joy and pain,  
He believes in God and the stars,  
He shall be my helmsman!*

8 ii **Der Musikant**

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,  
 Lebe eben wie ich kann,  
 Wollt' ich mir auch Mühe geben,  
 Passt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder weiss ich,  
 In der Kälte, ohne Schuh'  
 Draussen in die Saiten reiss' ich,  
 Weiss nicht, wo ich abends ruh'.

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,  
 Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,  
 Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,  
 So ein armer Lump nicht wär'. –

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,  
 Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!  
 Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,  
 Möcht' mein Singen mir vergehn.

9 iii **Verschwiegene Liebe**

Über Wipfel und Saaten  
 In den Glanz hinein –  
 Wer mag sie erraten,  
 Wer holte sie ein?  
 Gedanken sich wiegen,  
 Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,  
 Gedanken sind frei.

Errät' es nur eine,  
 Wer an sie gedacht  
 Beim Rauschen der Haine,  
 Wenn niemand mehr wacht  
 Als die Wolken, die fliegen –  
 Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen  
 Und schön wie die Nacht.

**The minstrel**

*I simply love to wander,  
 And live as best I can,  
 And were I to exert myself,  
 It wouldn't suit at all.*

*Beautiful old songs I know,  
 Barefoot out in the cold  
 I pluck my strings,  
 Not knowing where I'll rest at night.*

*Many a beauty gives me looks,  
 Says she'd fancy me,  
 If I'd make something of myself,  
 Were not such a beggar wretch. –*

*May God give you a husband,  
 Well provided with house and home!  
 If we two were together,  
 My singing might fade away.*

**Silent love**

*Over treetops and cornfields  
 Into the gleaming light –  
 Who may guess them,  
 Who catch them up?  
 Thoughts go floating,  
 The night is silent,  
 Thoughts are free.*

*If only she could guess  
 Who has thought of her  
 In the rustling groves,  
 When no one else is awake  
 But the scudding clouds –  
 My love is silent  
 And lovely as night.*

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen  
 Wolken schaut der Mond herfür,  
 Ein Student dort auf der Gassen  
 Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder  
 Durch die stille Einsamkeit,  
 Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,  
 Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen  
 Hab' ich manche Sommernacht  
 Auch die Laute hier geschlagen  
 Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle  
 Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh' –  
 Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,  
 Singe, sing' nur immer zu!

**The serenade**

*The moon from pallid clouds  
 Gazes out across the roofs,  
 There in the street a student sings  
 Before his sweetheart's door.*

*And again the fountains murmur  
 In the silent loneliness,  
 And the woods on the mountain  
 Murmur, as in the good old days.*

*Likewise in my young days,  
 Often on a summer's night  
 I too plucked my lute here,  
 And composed some merry songs.*

*But from that silent threshold  
 My love's been taken to rest –  
 And you, my blithe friend,  
 Sing on, just sing on!*

11 v **Der Soldat I**

Ist auch schmuck nicht mein Rösslein,  
So ist's doch recht klug,  
Trägt im Finstern zu 'nem Schlösslein  
Mich rasch noch genug.

Ist das Schloss auch nicht prächtig:  
Zum Garten aus der Tür  
Tritt ein Mädchen doch allmächtig  
Dort freundlich herfür.

Und ist auch die Kleine  
Nicht die Schönst' auf der Welt,  
So gibt's doch just keine,  
Die mir besser gefällt.

Und spricht sie vom Freien:  
So schwing' ich mich auf mein Ross –  
Ich bleibe im Freien,  
Und sie auf dem Schloss.

12 vi **Der Soldat II**

Wagen musst du und flüchtig erbeuten,  
Hinters uns schon durch die Nacht hör' ich's  
schreiten,  
Schwing' auf mein Ross dich nur schnell  
Und küß' noch im Flug mich,  
wilschönes Kind,  
Geschwind,  
Denn der Tod ist ein rascher Gesell.

13 vii **Die Zigeunerin**

Am Kreuzweg da lausche ich, wenn die Stern'  
Und die Feuer im Walde verglommen,  
Und wo der erste Hund bellt von fern,  
Da wird mein Bräut'gam herkommen.  
La, la, la –

**The soldier I**

*Though my little horse isn't handsome,  
He's really rather clever,  
He carries me to a little castle  
Quickly enough in the dark.*

*Though the castle's not palatial:  
From the gate into the garden  
A girl steps every night  
In friendly fashion.*

*And though the little creature  
Isn't the prettiest in the world,  
There's simply no one else  
I like better.*

*But if she speaks of marriage,  
I leap onto my horse –  
I'll stay outside and be free,  
And she can stay in the castle.*

**The soldier II**

*You must be bold and swift to seize your prey,  
Already I hear footsteps behind us in  
the night,  
Quickly leap up onto my horse  
And kiss me as we flee, wild and  
lovely child,  
Make haste,  
For Death is fleet of foot.*

**The gypsy girl**

*At the crossroads I listen, when the stars  
And fires in the wood have faded,  
And where, afar, the first dog barks,  
From there my bridegroom will come.  
La, la, la –*



„Und als der Tag graut', durch das Gehölz  
Sah ich eine Katze sich schlingen,  
Ich schoss ihr auf den nussbraunen Pelz,  
Wie tat die weitüber springen! –  
Ha, ha, ha!“

Schad' nur ums Pelzlein, du kriegst mich nit!  
Mein Schatz muss sein wie die andern:  
Braun und ein Stutzbart auf ungr'ischen Schnitt  
Und ein fröhliches Herz zu Wandern.  
La, la, la ...

*“And at dawn, through the copse,  
I saw a cat slinking,  
I fired a shot at her nut-brown coat,  
How that made her jump –  
Ha, ha, ha!”*

*A shame about the coat, you won't catch me!  
My sweetheart must be like the others:  
Swarthy, with a beard of Hungarian trim,  
And a happy heart for wandering.  
La, la, la ...*

14 viii **Nachtzauber**

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen  
Zwischen Stein und Blumen weit  
Nach den stillen Waldeseen,  
Wo die Marmorbilder stehen  
In der schönen Einsamkeit?  
Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,  
Weckend die uralten Lieder,  
Steigt die wunderbare Nacht,  
Und die Gründe glänzen wieder,  
Wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.

Kennt die Blume du, entsprossen  
In dem mondbeglänzten Grund?  
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,  
Junge Glieder blühend sprossen,  
Weisse Arme, roter Mund,  
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen,  
Und rings hebt es an zu klagen,  
Ach, vor Liebe todeswund,  
Von versunk'nen schönen Tagen –  
Komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!

**Night magic**

*Can you not hear the brooks running  
Amongst the stones and flowers  
To the silent woodland lakes  
Where the marble statues stand  
In the lovely solitude?  
Softly from the mountains,  
Awakening age-old songs,  
Wondrous night descends,  
And the valleys gleam again,  
As you often dreamed.*

*Do you know the flower that blossomed  
In the moonlit valley?  
From its half-open bud  
Young limbs have flowered forth,  
White arms, red lips,  
And the nightingales are singing,  
And all around a lament is raised,  
Ah, wounded to death with love,  
For the lovely days now lost –  
Come, ah come to the silent valley!*

Aufs Wohlsein meiner Dame,  
 Eine Windfahn' ist ihr Panier,  
 Fortuna ist ihr Name,  
 Das Lager ihr Quartier!

Und wendet sie sich weiter,  
 Ich kümmer mich nicht drum,  
 Da draussen ohne Reiter,  
 Da geht die Welt so dumm.

Statt Pulverblitz und Knattern  
 Aus jedem wüsten Haus  
 Gevattern sehn und schnattern  
 Alle Lust zum Land hinaus.

Fortuna weint vor Ärger,  
 Es rinnet Perl' auf Perl'.  
 „Wo ist der Schreckenberger?  
 Das war ein anderer Kerl.“

Sie tut den Arm mir reichen,  
 Fama bläst das Geleit,  
 So zu dem Tempel steigen  
 Wir der Unsterblichkeit.

**The swashbuckler**

*Let's drink to my lady!  
 A weather van's her banner,  
 Fortune's her name,  
 The camp's her billet!*

*And if she goes on her way,  
 It won't bother me,  
 For life in the outside world  
 Is dull without a rider.*

*Instead of gunpowder and rattling muskets,  
 Old gossips peer from drab houses  
 And prattle  
 All pleasure from life.*

*Fortune sheds tears of anger,  
 Trickling pearl on pearl:  
 "Where's my swashbuckling fellow?  
 He was a real man."*

*She offers me her arm,  
 Fame sounds the advance,  
 Thus do we ascend  
 To the Temple of Immortality.*

Wenn Fortuna spröde tut,  
Lass ich sie in Ruh,  
Singe recht und trinke gut,  
Und Fortuna kriegt auch Mut,  
Setzt sich mit dazu.

Doch ich geb' mir keine Müh':  
„He, noch eine her!“  
Kehr' den Rücken gegen sie,  
Lass hoch leben die und die –  
Das verdriest sie sehr.

Und bald rückt sie sacht zu mir:  
„Hast du deren mehr?“  
„Wie Sie sehn – drei Kannen schier,  
Und das lauter Klebebie! –  
'S wird mir gar nicht schwer.“

Drauf sie zu mir lächelt fein:  
„Bist ein ganzer Kerl!“  
Ruft den Kellner, schreit nach Wein,  
Trinkt mir zu und schenkt mir ein,  
Echte Blum' und Perl'.

Sie bezahlet Wein und Bier,  
Und ich, wieder gut,  
Führe sie am Arm mit mir  
Aus dem Haus wie 'n Kavalier,  
Alles zieht den Hut.

**The soldier of fortune**

*When Fortune acts coyly,  
I leave her in peace,  
Sing out and drink my fill,  
And Fortune too takes heart  
And sits down beside me.*

*But I don't exert myself:  
"Hey, another beer!"  
I turn my back on her,  
Drink to the health of other girls –  
Which makes her very cross.*

*And soon she nestles beside me:  
"Any more of them?"  
"As you see, almost three tankards  
Of pure malt beer! –  
That's not too much for me!"*

*Then she smiles at me slyly:  
"You're a real man!"  
She summons the waiter, shouts for wine,  
Drinks my health and fills my glass,  
Real bouquet and sparkle.*

*She pays for both wine and beer,  
And I, good-humoured once more,  
Lead her out of the inn  
On my arm, like a cavalier,  
Everyone doffs his hat.*

17 xi **Lieber alles**

Soldat sein ist gefährlich,  
 Studieren sehr beschwerlich,  
 Das Dichten süß und zierlich,  
 Der Dichter gar possierlich  
 In diesen wilden Zeiten.  
 Ich möcht' am liebsten reiten,  
 Ein gutes Schwert zur Seiten,  
 Die Laute in der Rechten,  
 Studentenerz zum Fechten.  
 Ein wildes Ross ist's Leben,  
 Die Hufe Funken geben,  
 Wer's ehrlich wagt, bezwingt es,  
 Und wo es tritt, da klingt es!

18 xii **Heimweh**

Wer in die Fremde will wandern,  
 Der muss mit der Liebsten gehn,  
 Es jubeln und lassen die andern  
 Den Fremden alleine stehn.

Was wisset ihr, dunkle Wipfel,  
 Von der alten, schönen Zeit?  
 Ach, die Heimat hinter den Gipfeln,  
 Wie liegt sie von hier so weit?

Am liebsten betracht' ich die Sterne,  
 Die schienen, wie ich ging zu ihr,  
 Die Nachtigall hör' ich so gerne,  
 Sie sang vor der Liebsten Tür.

Der Morgen, das ist meine Freude!  
 Da steig' ich in stiller Stund'  
 Auf den höchsten Berg in die Weite,  
 Grüss dich, Deutschland,  
 aus Herzensgrund!

**Sooner all three**

*Soldiering's dangerous,  
 Studying's most arduous,  
 Poetry's sweet and graceful,  
 The poet's a figure of fun  
 In these barbarous times.  
 Most of all I'd like to ride,  
 A good sword at my side,  
 A lute in my right hand,  
 With a student's heart for the fight.  
 Life's an untamed steed,  
 Its hooves strike sparks,  
 The truly bold man will tame it,  
 And where it treads it resounds!*

**Homesickness**

*He who would journey abroad  
 Must go with his beloved,  
 Others, in their joy, leave  
 The stranger all alone.*

*What do you know, dark summits,  
 Of these happy days now past?  
 Ah, my homeland beyond the mountains,  
 How far it lies from here.*

*I love best to watch the stars  
 That shone as I went to her,  
 I love to hear the nightingale  
 That sang at my loved one's door.*

*The morning is my delight!  
 At that peaceful hour I climb  
 The highest mountain far and wide,  
 And greet you, Germany, from the  
 depth of my heart!*

Bei dem angenehmsten Wetter  
Singen alle Vögelein,  
Klatscht der Regen auf die Blätter,  
Sing ich so für mich allein.

Denn mein Aug' kann nichts entdecken,  
Wenn der Blitz auch grausam glüht,  
Was im Wandern könnt' erschrecken  
Ein zufriedenes Gemüt.

Frei vom Mammon will ich schreiten  
Auf dem Feld der Wissenschaft,  
Sinne ernst und nehm' zuzeiten  
Einen Mund voll Rebensaft.

Bin ich müde vom Studieren,  
Wann der Mond tritt sanft herfür,  
Pfleg' ich dann zu musizieren  
Vor der Allerschönsten Tür.

**The scholar**

*In the most pleasant of weathers  
All the little birds are singing,  
When rain rattles on the leaves,  
I sing to myself alone.*

*For my eyes see nothing,  
However cruelly lightning flashes,  
That could alarm a contented soul  
In its wanderings.*

*Free from Mammon I'll roam  
The field of knowledge,  
Think deeply, and at times  
Quaff the juice of the grape.*

*When I'm tired of studying,  
When gently the moon climbs the sky,  
I'm wont to make music  
Before my sweetheart's door.*

20 xiv **Der verzweifelte Liebhaber**

Studieren will nichts bringen,  
 Mein Rock hält keinen Stuch,  
 Meine Zither will nicht klingen,  
 Mein Schatz, der mag mich nicht.

Ich wollt', im Grün spazierte  
 Die allerschönste Frau,  
 Ich wär' ein Drach' und führte  
 Sie mit mir fort durchs Blau.

Ich wollt', ich jagt' gerüstet  
 Und legt' die Lanze aus,  
 Und jagte alle Philister  
 Zur schönen Welt hinaus.

Ich wollt', ich läg' jetztunder  
 Im Himmel still und weit,  
 Und fragr' nach all' dem Plunder  
 Nichts vor Zufriedenheit.

21 xv **Unfall**

Ich ging bei Nacht einst über Land,  
 Ein Bürschlein traf ich draussen,  
 Das hat 'nen Stutzen in der Hand  
 Und zielt auf mich voll Grausen.  
 Ich renne, da ich mich erbos',  
 Auf ihn in vollem Rasen,  
 Da drückt das kecke Bürschlein los  
 Und ich stürzt' auf die Nasen.  
 Er aber lacht mir ins Gesicht,  
 Dass er mich angeschossen,  
 Cupido war der kleine Wicht –  
 Das hat mich sehr verdrossen.

**The despairing lover**

*Studying's unprofitable,  
 My coat's all unstitched,  
 My zither won't sound  
 My sweetheart doesn't love me.*

*I wish the fairest of women  
 Were walking in the fields,  
 And I were a kite to bear  
 Her off into the blue.*

*I wish I were armed for the hunt  
 To chase with couched lance  
 Every Philistine  
 Out of sight.*

*I wish I were now lying  
 In Heaven's silent spaces,  
 Enquiring nothing of such rubbish,  
 Filled with content.*

**Mishap**

*Once, when travelling by night over land,  
 I met a little boy  
 With a gun in his hand  
 Which he aimed at me most frighteningly.  
 Provoked, I rush at him  
 In a mighty rage,  
 The impish boy fires,  
 I fall flat on my nose.  
 But he laughs in my face  
 For having shot at me.  
 Cupid was the wretch's name –  
 I was sorely vexed.*

22 xvi **Liebesglück**

Ich hab' ein Liebchen lieb recht von Herzen,  
 Hellfrische Augen hat's wie zwei Kerzen,  
 Und wo sie spielend streifen das Feld,  
 Ach, wie so lustig glänzet die Welt!

Wie in der Waldnacht zwischen den Schlüften  
 Plötzlich die Täler sonnig sich klüften,  
 Funkeln die Ströme, rauscht himmelwärts  
 Blühende Wildnis – so ist mein Herz!

Wie vom Gebirge ins Meer zu schauen,  
 Wie wenn der Seefalk, hangend im Blauen,  
 Zuruft der dämmernden Erd', wo sie blieb –  
 So unermesslich ist rechte Lieb'!

23 xvii **Seemanns Abschied**

Ade, mein Schatz, du mocht'st mich nicht,  
 Ich war dir zu geringe.  
 Einst wandelst du bei Mondenlicht  
 Und hörst ein süßes Klingen,  
 Ein Meerweib singt, die Nacht ist lau,  
 Die stillen Wolken wandern.  
 Da denk' an mich, 's ist meine Frau,  
 Nun such' dir einen Andern!

Ade, ihr Landsknecht', Muskettier'!  
 Wir zieh'n auf wildem Rosse,  
 Das bäumt und überschlägt sich schier  
 Vor manchem Felsenschlosse,  
 Der Wassermann bei Blitzesschein  
 Taucht auf in dunklen Nächten,  
 Der Haifisch schnappt, die Möwen schrein –  
 Das ist ein lustig Fechten!

**Love's happiness**

*I've a sweetheart I love with all my heart,  
 Her bright eyes sparkle like two candles,  
 And when they playfully gaze on the field,  
 Ah, how joyously the world shines!*

*Just as in dark forests between ravines  
 The valleys suddenly divide into sunlight,  
 The streams sparkle, and the blossoming  
 Wilderness rustles heavenward – so does my heart!*

*Like gazing from summits into the sea,  
 Like a sea-falcon, hovering in the blue sky,  
 Asks the twilight earth where she's been –  
 So immeasurable is true love!*

**Sailor's farewell**

*Farewell, my sweet, you never loved me,  
 I was too lowly for you.  
 One night you'll wander by moonlight  
 And hear sweet music.  
 A mermaid's singing, the night is mild,  
 The silent clouds drift by.  
 Then think of me, it's my mermaid wife,  
 Now find yourself another!*

*Farewell, you troopers, musketeers!  
 We ride on a wild horse  
 That rears and almost somersaults  
 Before many a mountain castle.  
 The merman, lit by lightning,  
 Looms up on dark nights,  
 The shark snaps, the gull shrieks –  
 What a merry skirmish!*

Streckt nur auf eurer Bärenhaut  
Daheim die faulen Glieder,  
Gott Vater aus dem Fenster schaut,  
Schickt seine Stündflut wieder,  
Feldwebel, Reiter, Musketier,  
Sie müssen all' ersaufen,  
Derweil mit frischem Winde wir  
Im Paradies einlaufen.

*Just stretch out your lazy limbs  
On your bearskin rug at home,  
God the Father looks out of His window  
And sends a second flood,  
Sergeants, horsemen, musketeers,  
All will have to drown,  
While we, before a brisk wind,  
Sail into Paradise.*

24 xviii **Erwartung**

Grüss' euch aus Herzensgrund:  
Zwei Augen hell und rein,  
Zwei Röslein auf dem Mund,  
Kleid blank aus Sonnenschein!

**Anticipation**

*I greet you from the depths of my heart:  
Two eyes bright and clear,  
Two small roses on your lips,  
A gleaming dress of sunlight!*

Nachtigall klagt und weint,  
Wollüstig rauscht der Hain,  
Alles die Liebste meint:  
Wo weilt sie so allein?

*The nightingale laments and weeps,  
The grove rustles voluptuously,  
Everything speaks of my sweetheart:  
Where does she tarry, so alone?*

Weil's draussen finster war,  
Sah ich viel hellern Schein,  
Jetzt ist es licht und klar,  
Ich muss im Dunkeln sein.

*Because it was dark outside,  
I saw many a brighter glow,  
Now it is light and clear,  
I must dwell in darkness.*

Sonne nicht steigen mag,  
Sieht so verschlafen drein,  
Wünschet den ganzen Tag,  
Dass wieder Nacht möcht' sein.

*The sun, reluctant to rise,  
Looks down so sleepy-eyed,  
Wishing all day long  
Night could come again.*

Liebe geht durch die Luft,  
Holt fern die Liebste ein;  
Fort über Berg und Kluff!  
Und sie wird doch noch mein!

*Love moves through the air,  
Catches up my distant love;  
Quickly away, over mountain and chasm!  
And she will yet be mine!*



Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer,  
Lust und Leid und Liebesklagen  
Kommen so verworren her  
In den linden Wellenschlagen.

Wünsche wie die Wolken sind,  
Schiffen durch die stillen Räume,  
Wer erkennt im lauen Wind,  
Ob's Gedanken oder Träume? –

Schliess' ich nun auch Herz und Mund,  
Die so gern den Sternen klagen:  
Leise doch im Herzensgrund  
Bleibt das linde Wellenschlagen.

**Night**

*Night is like a silent sea,  
Joy and pain and lovers' laments  
Mingle in such confusion  
In the gently lapping waves.*

*Wishes are like clouds,  
Sailing through the silent space,  
Who can tell in the warm breeze  
If they be thoughts or dreams?*

*Though I now close my heart and lips  
That love lamenting to the stars:  
Still in the depths of my heart,  
The waves pulse gently on.*

Bin ein Feuer hell, das lodert  
 Von dem grünen Felsenkranz,  
 Seewind ist mein Buhl' und fordert  
 Mich zum lust'gen Wirbeltanz,  
 Kommt und wechselt unbeständig,  
 Steigend wild,  
 Neigend mild,  
 Meine schlanken Lohen wend' ich:  
 Komm nicht nah' mir, ich verbrenn' dich!

Wo die wilden Bäche rauschen  
 Und die hohen Palmen stehn,  
 Wenn die Jäger heimlich lauschen,  
 Viele Rehe einsam gehn.  
 Bin ein Reh, flieg' durch die Trümmer,  
 Über die Höh',  
 Wo im Schnee  
 Still die letzten Gipfel schimmern,  
 Folg' mir nicht, erjagst mich nimmer!

Bin ein Vöglein in den Lüften,  
 Schwing mich übers blaue Meer,  
 Durch die Wolken von den Klüften  
 Fliegt kein Pfeil mehr bis hierher.  
 Und die Aun, die Felsenbogen,  
 Waldeseinsamkeit  
 Weit, wie weit,  
 Sind versunken in die Wogen –  
 Ach, ich habe mich verflogen!

**Forest-nymph**

*I'm a bright fire that blazes  
 From the green-garlanded cliff,  
 The sea-wind's my lover,  
 Who, asking me to pirouette,  
 Comes in his innocent way.  
 Madly rushing,  
 Gently falling,  
 I turn on him my slender fires:  
 Don't come near me, or I'll burn you!*

*Where the wild streams roar,  
 And the palm trees soar up,  
 When the hidden hunters listen,  
 Many a lonely deer goes by.  
 I'm a deer, leaping over rubble,  
 Over the mountains,  
 Where in the snow  
 The last peaks shimmer quietly,  
 Don't follow, you'll never catch me!*

*I'm a little bird in the air,  
 Winging over the blue sea,  
 Here no arrow, shot from the chasms,  
 Can reach me through the clouds,  
 And the meadows and rocks,  
 Lonely woods  
 Left far, far behind,  
 Have vanished beneath the waves –  
 Ah, I've lost my way!*

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

Dr J. Catalan, Alan Cook, Sarah Dixon, Hilary Forsyth, Anne Ozorio, Anthony Phelan, A.J. & K.S. Pinching, Jonathan Reé, Michael Sommer and Sonya & Tom Ulrich.

Produced and edited by Matthew Bennett.  
Engineered and mastered by Julian Millard.  
Recorded 11 May 2013 at St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road, Oxford.  
Steinway technician: Joseph Taylor.

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

Composer biography © 2011 Mark Stone.

Song notes © 2013 Richard Stokes.

English translations © 2013 Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber and Faber.

Inside front cover: photograph of Katherine Broderick © 2010 Paul Foster-Williams, photograph of Nicky Spence © 2011 Raphaëlle Photography, photograph of David Stout © 2012 Karl Forster, photograph of Sholto Kynoch © 2010 Hayley Madden.

Front cover: photograph of Hugo Wolf; reproduced by permission of Lebrecht Music and Arts.

Reverse inlay: portrait of Joseph von Eichendorff.

Graphic design: Colour Blind Design.

Printed in the E.U.

5 0 6 0 1 9 2 7 8 0 4 2 0

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