

vol  
10

GOETHE LIEDER  
part 1

HUGO WOLF  
the complete songs

LOUISE ALDER  
FFLUR WYN  
KATARINA KARNÉUS  
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Recorded live at Holywell Music Room

# HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

the complete songs

vol  
**10** GOETHE LIEDER  
part 1

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		<b>65'24</b>

Louise Alder *soprano*<sup>a</sup>  
 Fflur Wyn *soprano*<sup>b</sup>  
 Katarina Karnéus *mezzo-soprano*<sup>c</sup>  
 Rowan Hellier *mezzo-soprano*<sup>d</sup>  
 Adrian Thompson *tenor*<sup>e</sup>  
 Roderick Williams *baritone*<sup>f</sup>  
 Neal Davies *bass-baritone*<sup>g</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.

When Hugo Wolf embarked on his *Gedichte von J. W. v. Goethe*, he was well aware of the gargantuan task confronting him. How could he do justice to the depth and range of Germany's greatest poet? And how dare he invite comparisons with the greatest Goethe Lieder by Reichardt, Zelter, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Loewe, Liszt and others? Although he did not shirk this challenge (viz. the ten *Wilhelm Meister* settings), he cleverly cast his net wide for poems that had not previously attracted composers. Thus it was that he was drawn to 17 poems from the *West-östlicher Divan* (recorded in Volume 11), none of which, according to Ernst Challier's *Großer Lieder-Katalog* of 1885, had ever been set to music before, apart from *Als ich auf dem Euphrat schiffte*, which already existed in long-since forgotten settings by K. Heubner and J. Mathieux, *Phänomen* (Brahms) and *Erschaffen und Beleben* (Zelter).

This penultimate volume of Wolf's Lieder opens with the three Harper songs from *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*. The Harper, of noble Italian birth, had been destined by his father for the Church; having spent some time in a monastery, he returned home after his father's death and struck up a friendship with Sperata. The friendship developed into an illicit affair: she turned out to be his sister, and the child of their incestuous union was Mignon. He fled to Germany where he was devoured by guilt and despair (he refers obliquely to his incest in the final line of **Harfenspieler III**). Wolf's three Harper songs from the novel are all masterpieces of introspection and melancholy. Chapter 13 of Book 2 begins:

In the morose restlessness of his present mood he [Wilhelm] decided to visit the old man whose harp, he hoped, would banish the evil spirits. On enquiring about the man, he was directed to a seedy inn in a remote corner of the little town, and then up the stairs to the garret, where the harp's sweet tones reached his ear from a little room. They were moving, plaintive tones accompanied by sad, timid singing. Wilhelm crept to the door, and as the good old man was performing a sort of improvisation and kept on repeating the few stanzas partly as chant and partly as recitative, the listener, after paying attention for a little while, could make out something like this ...

Having listened to this song, *Harfenspieler III*, Wilhelm enters. They talk of solitude, whereupon the Harper improvises **Harfenspieler I**, a bleak expression of loneliness through



which the throbbing 'ei' assonance tolls 23 times in 16 lines. The next song, **Harfenspieler II**, occurs much later in the novel: in Chapter 14 of Book 5, Wilhelm overhears the Harper singing the song, and the narrative runs:

The song, which he could understand very clearly, expressed the consolation of a wretch who feels that madness is nigh ...

Plenty of stage-directions, then, for composers here: harp, chant, recitative, repetition, solitude, madness, guilt ... The pathological nature of the Harper's character is portrayed by Wolf through intense chromaticism, tortuous melody, daring dissonances and a seeming absence of tonality; and all three are linked by a descending figure, used as a sort of *leitmotiv* for grief and despair. **Spottlied**, with its witty writing for the piano, refers to the Baron, a patron who has artistic pretensions; he is unpopular among the troupe because of his invidious treatment of the actors who, to gain their revenge, circulate anonymously a malicious poem about him – much to Wilhelm's displeasure.

**Mignon I** appears at the close of Chapter 16, Book 5, as a song that 'Mignon had several times recited with great expression'. **Mignon II** was sung, we are told in the revised version of the novel, by the Harper and Mignon 'as an irregular duet with the most heartfelt expression'. Schubert alone set the poem as a duet (D 877, No. 1), and all other composers, including Beethoven, Schumann and Tchaikovsky, chose to write a solo song. **Mignon III** is the most cryptic of her songs. Taking part in a children's charade, she dresses up as an angel so convincingly that the younger children take her for a real angel. As the party draws to a close, Mignon is asked to change out of her costume – the cue for this song, to a zither accompaniment, which Wolf indicates in the piano's left hand. Some commentators claim that Wolf's **Mignon** ('Kennst du das Land?') is impossibly sophisticated for a thirteen year-old girl to sing – which was basically Goethe's criticism of Beethoven's setting. But the poem is sophisticated too: the progression from general to specific longing; the use of Fremdwörter to convey Mignon's longing for her 'foreign' homeland; the subtle assonance of 'stehn und sehn'; the impassioned enjambements of the refrain; the insistent sibilants of the final phrase ('laß uns ziehn') and, most wonderful of all, the sudden open-vowelled pleading of 'Vater' that contrasts with the closed vowels of 'Beschützer' and 'Geliebter'. Wolf matches all this. The beautiful plangent melody gradually grows more exalted until in the final verse G flat shifts to F sharp minor, *tremolandi* thunder out in both hands, and the music, ineffably

overwrought, mirrors Mignon's ecstatic, unattainable vision of her homeland beyond the Alps.

**Philine** deals with one of the strolling company of actors whom Wilhelm Meister meets and joins in the novel. She is a light-hearted soubrette, and in the novel impatiently interrupts the company's discussion of their production of *Hamlet*. Not for her their restrained and calculated performances; she wants something more extrovert and impulsive. To make her point she sings this ditty 'to a very delicate and pleasing melody' – which is precisely what Wolf gives us. Goethe's **Der Sanger**, which is sung by the Harper on his first appearance in *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, was written in 1783, a year after Goethe had accepted the high office of Kammerprasident from the Duke of Weimar. The poem expresses an inner revolt against those political, social and administrative duties which interfered with his art. It was highly prized by Goethe, who placed it at the head of his *Balladen und Romanzen* in the 1800 edition of his Complete Works. The ballad has attracted many Lieder composers, including Reichardt, Zelter, Schubert, Schumann and Loewe. Wolf's version is full of attractive music, especially the harp-like accompaniment of the prelude, the falling fifths of the king's commands and the scurrying semiquavers associated with the page.

**Der Rattenfanger** is set to a breath-taking tarantella rhythm that introduces us to a more lascivious and swaggering Piper than Browning's hero. The prelude, marked *sehr lebhaft*, is a remarkable piece of bravura writing: it begins *ff* and is played high above the stave, but by the time the voice enters it has descended in volume and pitch, transformed into a lute-like, lilting accompaniment with arpeggiated chords in the left hand that simulate the twanging of lute strings. The same music reappears between the verses and again at the end of the song, as the postlude vanishes into thin air – a Wolfian trade-mark familiar to us from *Begegnung*, *Nixe Binsefu* and *Lied vom Winde*.

Goethe's **Ritter Kurts Brautfahrt** was published in 1804 under the heading of 'Der Geselligkeit gewidmeten Lieder' – poems dedicated to sociability – and Wolf's setting of this rollicking poem is full of fun. Ernst Decsey, his first biographer, identified a musical borrowing at the end of the penultimate verse: at the mention of Jews, Wolf quotes from Karl Goldmark's *Die Konigin von Saba*. **Gutmann und Gutweib** is Goethe's adaptation of a Scottish ballad that had already been set with great success by Carl Loewe. Wolf was a great admirer of Loewe's ballads, and one wishes that he had emulated the older composer's

simplicity in his own setting of the song – Wolf, despite the brilliance of his version, almost tries too hard for his effects. The two **Coptische Lieder** are from a play *Der Gross-Cophta* (1791), a comedy in five acts that is in fact a rather pedestrian affair about the Queen of France's necklace. Yet these two poems (interpolated into the drama, when Goethe had the idea of treating the subject as an opera) lend themselves to musical setting. Both give wise counsel on how to conduct one's life. In 'Lasset Gelehrte sich zanken und streiten', Wolf repeats the refrain (on how to deal with fools) each time at a lower pitch – a comically ironic touch, especially apt in verse three, when Goethe tells us that the oracle speaks 'From the depths of Egyptian tombs'. *Carpe diem* forms the theme of the second Coptic Song, in which Goethe also advises us to be philosophical about our fate: we must either be successes or failures, a notion that Wolf, with his pictorial sense, conveys in the piano accompaniment which suggests the slow tipping of the scales in the piano interlude before 'Du mußt steigen oder sinken' ('You must climb or fall').

The first of the two **Frech und Froh** poems occurs in Goethe's Singspiel *Claudine von Villa Bella*, where it is sung by the robber Rugantino, whose three verses are interspersed by exclamations from his cronies. The poem advocates a happy-go-lucky approach to life: consort with girls, live off credit rather than cash, let no one stand in your way. This is the golden rule – and Wolf wittily sets 'Dies goldne ABC' to the equivalent musical notes (B in German = B flat), accompanied by piano octaves in both hands. The second poem enjoins the girl to give the poet nothing but pleasure, and nothing of pain. The song begins with sighs and groans (descending dotted crotchets and a telling *sforzando*), but by the end all has turned to pleasure, with an extended melisma on 'alle' (lasting three bars) in the final phrase 'alle Lust' – all is pleasure. **Beherzigung** sets Goethe's punchy sermon, based on *1 Corinthians 10*, to aptly dry and discordant music. **Epiphania**s was originally written for performance at the Weimar Court in 1781, when the actress Corona Schröter (she composed the first version of 'Erlkönig') played the part of 'Der erste', disguised as a man. Wolf wrote the song as a birthday present for his married mistress, Melanie Köchert, and it was performed by her three children, Hilde, Ilse and Irmina, all dressed up as the Three Kings, with Wolf providing the accompaniment from behind a screen. In the extensive postlude each king in turn, to his own characteristic accompaniment, takes a bow.

**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)**

1 **Harfenspieler I**

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,  
Ach, der ist bald allein;  
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,  
Und lässt ihn seiner Pein.  
Ja! lässt mich meiner Qual!  
Und kann ich nur einmal  
Recht einsam sein,  
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,  
Ob seine Freundin allein?  
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht  
Mich Einsamen die Pein,  
Mich Einsamen die Qual.  
Ach, werd ich erst einmal  
Einsam im Grabe sein,  
Da lässt sie mich allein!

2 **Harfenspieler II**

An die Türen will ich schleichen,  
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;  
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,  
Und ich werde weitergehn.  
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,  
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;  
Eine Träne wird er weinen,  
Und ich weiss nicht, was er weint.

**The Harper I**

*Who gives himself to loneliness,  
Ah, he is soon alone;  
Others live, others love,  
And leave him to his pain.  
Yes! leave me to my torment!  
And if I can but once  
Be truly lonely,  
Then I'll not be alone.*

*A lover steals up listening  
To learn if his love's alone.  
So in my solitude  
Do pain and torment  
Steal over me by day and night.  
Ah, when once I lie  
Lonely in my grave,  
Loneliness will leave me alone!*

**The Harper II**

*I'll steal from door to door,  
Quietly and humbly I'll stand;  
A kindly hand will offer food,  
And I'll go on my way.  
Men will think themselves happy,  
When they see me standing there;  
They will shed a tear,  
And I'll not know why they weep.*

3 **Harfenspieler III**

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr  
himmlischen Mächte!

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,  
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,  
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:  
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

4 **Spotlied**

Ich armer Teufel, Herr Baron,  
Beneide Sie um Ihren Stand,  
Um Ihren Platz so nah dem Thron,  
Und um manch schön Stück Ackerland,  
Um Ihres Vaters festes Schloss,  
Um seine Wildbahn und Geschoss.

Mich armen Teufel, Herr Baron,  
Beneiden Sie, so wie es scheint,  
Weil die Natur vom Knaben schon  
Mit mir es mütterlich gemeint.  
Ich ward mit leichtem Mut und Kopf,  
Zwar arm, doch nicht ein armer Tropf.

Nun dächt' ich, lieber Herr Baron,  
Wir liessen's bleiben wie wir sind:  
Sie blieben des Herrn Vaters Sohn,  
Und ich blieb' meiner Mutter Kind.  
Wir leben ohne Neid und Hass,  
Begehren nicht des andern Titel,  
Sie keinen Platz auf dem Parnass,  
Und keinen ich in dem Kapitel.

**The Harper III**

*Who never ate his bread with tears,  
Who never through the anxious nights  
Sat weeping on his bed,  
He knows you not, you  
heavenly powers!*

*You bring us into life,  
You let the poor incur guilt,  
Then abandon him to pain:  
For all guilt is avenged on earth.*

**Lampoon**

*Poor devil that I am,  
I envy you, my Lord Baron, your rank,  
Your position so near the throne,  
Your many stretches of fine fertile land,  
Your father's fortified castle,  
His hunting grounds and firearms.*

*Poor devil that I am, it seems to me,  
My Lord Baron, that you envy me  
Because Nature, from boyhood on,  
Treated me like a mother.  
With a light heart and free of care,  
I grew up to be poor but not a poor wretch.*

*Well now, my dear Lord Baron, I rather think  
We should remain as we are:  
You your noble father's son,  
And I my mother's child.  
Let us live without hate or envy,  
Let us not covet each other's title,  
No place on Parnassus for you,  
And none in the Peerage for me.*

5 **Mignon I**

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss  
mich schweigen,  
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;  
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,  
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf  
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss  
sich erhellen;  
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,  
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die  
tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,  
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen  
sich ergiessen;  
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,  
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie  
aufzuschliessen.

6 **Mignon II**

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,  
Weiss, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh' ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,  
Weiss, was ich leide!

**Mignon I**

*Bid me not speak, bid me  
be silent,  
For I am bound to secrecy;  
I should love to bare you my soul,  
But Fate has willed it otherwise.*

*At the appointed time the sun dispels  
The dark, and night must turn  
to day;  
The hard rock opens up its bosom,  
Does not begrudge earth its deeply  
hidden springs.*

*All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,  
There the heart can pour out  
its sorrow;  
But my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow,  
And only a god can  
open them.*

**Mignon II**

*Only those who know longing  
Know what I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From every joy,  
I search the sky  
In that direction.  
Ah! he who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
My head reels,  
My body blazes.  
Only those who know longing,  
Know what I suffer!*

7 **Mignon III**

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,  
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!  
Ich eile von der schönen Erde  
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh ich eine kleine Stille,  
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick,  
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,  
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,  
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,  
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten  
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und Mühe,  
Doch fühlt ich tiefen Schmerz genung.  
Vor Kummer altert ich zu frühe;  
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

8 **Philine**

Singet nicht in Trauertönen  
Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht;  
Nein, sie ist, o holde Schönen,  
Zur Geselligkeit gemacht.

Wie das Weib dem Mann gegeben  
Als die schönste Hälfte war,  
Ist die Nacht das halbe Leben,  
Und die schönste Hälfte zwar.

Könnt ihr euch des Tages freuen,  
Der nur Freuden unterbricht?  
Er ist gut, sich zu zerstreuen;  
Zu was anderm taugt er nicht.

**Mignon III**

*Let me appear an angel till I become one;  
Do not take my white dress from me!  
I hasten from the beautiful earth  
Down to that impregnable house.*

*There in brief repose I'll rest,  
Then my eyes will open, renewed;  
My pure raiment then I'll leave,  
With girdle and rosary, behind.*

*And those heavenly beings,  
They do not ask who is man or woman,  
And no garments, no folds  
Cover the transfigured body.*

*Though I lived without trouble and toil,  
I have felt deep pain enough.  
I grew old with grief before my time;  
O make me forever young again!*

**Philine**

*Do not sing in mournful tones  
Of the solitude of night;  
No, fair ladies, night is made,  
For conviviality.*

*Woman was given to man  
As his better half;  
Night is likewise half of life,  
And the better half by far.*

*Can you take delight in day,  
Which only curtails pleasure?  
It may serve as a distraction;  
But is good for nothing else.*

Aber wenn in nächt'ger Stunde  
Süsser Lampe Dämmerung fliesst  
Und vom Mund zum nahen Munde  
Scherz und Liebe sich ergiesst,

Wenn der rasche lose Knabe,  
Der sonst wild und feurig eilt,  
Oft bei einer kleinen Gabe  
Unter leichten Spielen weilt,

Wenn die Nachtigall Verliebten  
Liebevoll ein Liedchen singt,  
Das Gefangnen und Betrübten  
Nur wie Ach und Wehe klingt:

Mit wie leichtem Herzensregen  
Horchet ihr der Glocke nicht,  
Die mit zwölf bedächt'gen Schlägen  
Ruh und Sicherheit verspricht!

Darum an dem langen Tage  
Merke dir es, liebe Brust:  
Jeder Tag hat seine Plage,  
Und die Nacht hat ihre Lust.

9 **Mignon**

Kenntst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühn,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,  
Kenntst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

*But when in hours of darkness  
The sweet lamp's twilight flows,  
And love as well as laughter  
Streams from almost touching lips,*

*When impulsive, roguish Cupid,  
Used to wild and fiery haste,  
In return for some small gift,  
Often lingers, dallying,*

*When, full of love, the nightingale  
Sings a little song for lovers,  
Which to the imprisoned and sad  
Seems only to tell of grief and pain:*

*With what lightly pounding heart  
Do you then listen to the bell,  
That with twelve solemn strokes  
Pledges security and rest!*

*And so remember this, dear heart,  
Throughout the livelong day:  
Every day has its troubles,  
And every night its joys.*

**Mignon**

*Do you know the land where lemons blossom,  
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,  
A gentle wind drifts across blue skies,  
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,  
Do you know it?  
It's there, it's there  
I long to go with you, my love.*



Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht  
sein Dach,  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und  
seinen Wolkensteg?  
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;  
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;  
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut,  
Kennst du ihn wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass uns ziehn!

#### 10 **Der Sänger**

„Was hör ich draussen vor dem Tor,  
Was auf der Brücke schallen?  
Lass den Gesang vor unserm Ohr  
Im Saale widerhallen!  
Der König sprach's, der Page lief;  
Der Knabe kam, der König rief:  
Lasst mir herein den Alten!“

„Gegrüset seid mir, edle Herrn,  
Gegrüsst ihr' schöne Damen!  
Welch reicher Himmel! Stern bei Stern!  
Wer kenne ihre Namen?  
Im Saal voll Pracht und Herrlichkeit  
Schliesst, Augen, euch: hier ist nicht Zeit,  
Sich staunend zu ergötzen.“

*Do you know the house? Columns support  
its roof;  
Its hall gleams, its apartment shimmers,  
And marble statues stand and stare at me:  
What have they done to you, poor child?  
Do you know it?  
It's there, it's there  
I long to go with you, my protector.*

*Do you know the mountain and its  
cloudy path?  
The mule seeks its way through the mist,  
In caverns dwell the dragons' ancient brood;  
The cliff falls sheer, the torrent over it,  
Do you know it?  
It's there, it's there  
Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!*

#### **The minstrel**

*“What do I hear outside the gate,  
What sounds from the bridge?  
Let that song resound for us  
Here inside this hall!  
So spake the king, the page ran,  
The boy returned, the king exclaimed:  
Let the old man enter!”*

*“Hail to you, O noble lords,  
Hail to you, fair ladies!  
How rich a heaven! Star on star!  
Who can tell their names?  
In this hall of pomp and splendour,  
Close, O eyes; here is no time  
For amazement and delight.”*

Der Sanger druckt' die Augen ein,  
Und schlug in vollen Tonen;  
Die Ritter schauten mutig drein  
Und in den Schoss die Schonen.  
Der Konig, dem das Lied gefiel,  
Liess, ihn zu ehren fur sein Spiel,  
Eine goldne Kette reichen.

„Die goldne Kette gib mir nicht,  
Die Kette gib den Rittern,  
Vor deren kuhnem Angesicht  
Der Feinde Lanzen splittern;  
Gib sie dem Kanzler, den du hast,  
Und lass ihn noch die goldne Last  
Zu andern Lasten tragen.

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,  
Der in den Zweigen wohnt;  
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,  
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.  
Doch darf ich bitten, bitt ich eins:  
Lass mir den besten Becher Weins  
In purem Golde reichen.“

Er setzt' ihn an, er trank ihn aus:  
„O Trank voll susser Labe!  
O wohl dem hochbegluckten Haus,  
Wo das ist kleine Gabe!  
Ergeht's euch wohl, so denkt an mich  
Und danket Gott so warm, als ich  
Fur diesen Trunk euch danke.“

*The minstrel shut tight his eyes  
And struck up with full voice;  
The knights looked on gallantly,  
The ladies gazed into their laps.  
The king, enchanted with the song,  
Sent for a golden chain  
To reward him for his playing.*

*“Give not the golden chain to me,  
Give it to your knights,  
Before whose bold countenance  
The enemy lances shatter;  
Give it to your chancellor  
And let him add its golden weight  
To his other burdens.*

*I sing as the bird sings  
In the branches;  
The song that bursts from the throat  
Is its own abundant reward.  
But if I may, I'll ask one boon:  
Let the best wine be brought me  
In a beaker of pure gold.*”

*He put it to his lips, he drank it dry:  
“O draught full of sweet refreshment!  
O happy that highly-favoured house,  
Where that is a trifling gift!  
If you prosper, then think of me,  
And thank God as warmly,  
As I thank you for this draught.”*

11 **Der Rattenfänger**

Ich bin der wohlbekannte Sänger,  
Der vielgereiste Rattenfänger,  
Den diese altberühmte Stadt  
Gewiss besonders nötig hat.  
Und wären's Ratten noch so viele,  
Und wären Wiesel mit im Spiele,  
Von allen säub' ich diesen Ort,  
Sie müssen miteinander fort.

Dann ist der gutgelaunte Sänger  
Mitunter auch ein Kinderfänger,  
Der selbst die wildesten bezwingt,  
Wenn er die goldnen Märchen singt.  
Und wären Knaben noch so trutzig,  
Und wären Mädchen noch so stutzig,  
In meine Saiten greif ich ein,  
Sie müssen alle hinterdrein.

Dann ist der vielgewandte Sänger  
Gelegentlich ein Mädchenfänger;  
In keinem Städtchen langt er an,  
Wo er's nicht mancher angetan.  
Und wären Mädchen noch so blöde,  
Und wären Weiber noch so spröde,  
Doch allen wird so liebe bang  
Bei Zaubersaiten und Gesang.

**The ratcatcher**

*I am that celebrated singer,  
The much-travelled ratcatcher,  
Of whom this famous old city  
Assuredly has special need.  
And however many rats there are,  
And even if there were weasels too;  
I'll rid the place of every one,  
One and all, they must away.*

*Then this good-humoured singer  
Is a child-catcher too from time to time.  
Who can tame even the wildest,  
When he sings his golden tales.  
And however defiant the boys might be,  
And however rebellious the girls,  
I only have to pluck my strings,  
For them all to follow me.*

*And then this many-sided singer  
Is occasionally a girl-catcher;  
He's never arrived in any town,  
Without captivating many.  
And however bashful the girls might be,  
And however prudish the women,  
All of them grow weak with love  
At the sound of magic lute and song.*

**Ritter Kurts Brautfahrt**

Mit des Bräutigams Behagen  
Schwingt sich Ritter Kurt aufs Ross;  
Zu der Trauung solls ihn tragen,  
Auf der edlen Liebsten Schloss;  
Als am öden Felsenorte  
Drohend sich ein Gegner naht;  
Ohne Zögern, ohne Worte  
Schreiten sie zu rascher Tat.

Lange schwankt des Kampfes Welle,  
Bis sich Kurt im Siege freut;  
Er entfernt sich von der Stelle,  
Überwinder und geblut.  
Aber was er bald gewahrt  
In des Busches Zitterschein!  
Mit dem Säugling still gepaaret,  
Schleicht ein Liebchen durch den Hain.

Und sie winkt ihm auf das Plätzchen:  
Lieber Herr, nicht so geschwind!  
Habt ihr nichts an Euer Schätzchen,  
Habt ihr nichts für Euer Kind?  
Ihn durchglühet süsse Flamme,  
Dass er nicht vorbei begehrt,  
Und er findet nun die Ämme,  
Wie die Jungfrau, liebenswert.

Doch er hört die  
Diener blasen,  
Denket nun der hohen Braut;  
Und nun wird auf seinen Strassen  
Jahresfest und Markt so laut,  
Und er wählet in den Buden  
Manches Pfand zu Lieb und Huld;  
Aber ach! da kommen Juden  
Mit dem Schein vertagter Schuld.

**Sir Kurt's wedding-ride**

*With a bridegroom's relish  
Sir Kurt vaults onto his horse,  
That is to carry him to his wedding,  
At his noble beloved's castle:  
When in a rocky desert place  
A threatening foe appears;  
Without hesitation, without a word  
They swiftly join battle.*

*For long the combat ebbs and flows,  
Until Kurt rejoices in victory;  
He now withdraws from that place,  
Aching but victorious,  
But what does he soon descry  
Among the thicket's flickering leaves?  
With a baby quietly at her breast  
A young girl is stealing through the wood.*

*And she beckons him towards her:  
"Not so fast, dear sir!  
Have you nothing for your sweetheart,  
Have you nothing for your child?"  
A sweet flame pervades his being,  
So that he does not wish to ride on past,  
And he finds the wet-nurse  
As enticing as the maiden.*

*But he hears his servants sound  
their trumpets,  
And thinks now of his noble bride,  
And as he goes on his way,  
The noise of fair and market grows loud,  
And he chooses in the booths  
Many a pledge of love and devotion.  
But alas! along come the Jews  
With bills for debts now expired.*

Und nun halten die Gerichte  
Den behenden Ritter auf.  
O verteufelte Geschichte!  
Heldenhafter Lebenslauf!  
Soll ich heute mich gedulden?  
Die Verlegenheit ist gross.  
Widersacher, Weiber, Schulden,  
Ach! Kein Ritter wird sie los.

13 **Gutmann und Gutweib**

Und morgen fällt St. Martins Fest,  
Gutweib liebt ihren Mann;  
Da knetet sie ihm Puddings ein  
Und bäckt sie in der Pfann.

Im Bette liegen beide nun,  
Da saust ein wilder West;  
Und Gutmann spricht zur guten Frau:  
„Du riegle die Türe fest.“

„Bin kaum erholt und halb erwarmt,  
Wie käm' ich da zur Ruh;  
Und klapperte sie einhundert Jahr,  
Ich riegelte sie nicht zu.“

Drauf eine Wette schlossen sie  
Ganz leise sich ins Ohr:  
So wer das erste Wörtlein sprach',  
Der schöne den Riegel vor.

Zwei Wanderer kommen um Mitternacht  
Und wissen nicht, wo sie stehn,  
Die Lampe losch, der Herd verglomm,  
Zu hören ist nichts, zu sehn.

*And now the courts of law  
Detain the agile knight.  
O fiendish story!  
What a fate for a hero!  
Can I now contain myself?  
The discomfort is considerable:  
Adversaries, women, debts –  
Ah! No knight is ever free of them.*

**Goodman and goodwife**

*It is Saint Martinmas Eve,  
Goodwife loves her husband;  
She's been preparing him puddings  
And now cooks them in the pan.*

*Both of them now lie in bed,  
A furious west wind starts to blow;  
And Goodman says to his good wife:  
"Get up and bar the door."*

*"I've hardly had time to warm myself,  
How would I ever get to sleep;  
And though it banged for a hundred years,  
I would never bar that door."*

*Whereupon they whispered a bet  
Into each other's ear:  
Let him who speaks the first word  
Get up and bar the door.*

*Two travellers arrive as midnight strikes,  
Without knowing where they were,  
The lamp went out, the coals burned low,  
There was neither light nor sound.*

„Was ist das für ein Hexenort?  
Da bricht uns die Geduld!“  
Doch hörten sie kein Sterbenswort,  
Des war die Türe schuld.

Den weissen Pudding speisten sie,  
Den schwarzen ganz vertraut;  
Und Gutweib sagt sich selber viel,  
Doch keine Silbe laut.

Zu diesem sprach der eine dann:  
„Wie trocken ist mir der Hals!  
Der Schrank, der klafft, und geistig riecht’s,  
Da findet sich’s allenfalls.

Ein Fläschchen Schnaps ergreif’ ich da,  
Das trifft sich doch geschickt!  
Ich bring’ es dir, du bringst es mir,  
Und bald sind wir erquickt.“

Doch Gutmann sprang so heftig auf  
Und fuhr sie drohend an:  
„Bezahlen soll mit teurem Geld,  
Wer mir den Schnaps vertan!“

Und Gutweib sprang auch froh heran,  
Drei Sprüngen, als wär’ sie reich:  
„Du Gutmann sprachst das erste Wort,  
Nun riegle die Türe gleich!“

*“What kind of haunted place is this?  
Our patience is at an end!”  
But there was not a word in reply,  
For that the door was to blame.*

*And first they ate the white pudding,  
And then they ate the black;  
And Goodwife says much to herself,  
But not a word out loud.*

*One traveller now said to the other:  
‘My throat’s so parched and dry!  
The cupboard’s wide open, it smells of spirits,  
That’ll be where they keep it.*

*I’ll grab a bottle of Schapps,  
Just what the doctor ordered!  
I’ll serve you and you’ll serve me,  
And soon we’ll be refreshed.’*

*But Goodman leapt wildly to his feet,  
And bellowed in their face:  
‘Whoever’s wasted my own Schnapps  
Shall pay for it in cash!’*

*At which our Goodwife started up  
And skipped about with glee:  
‘Goodman, you’ve spoken first,  
Get up and bar the door!’*

14 **Coptisches Lied I**

Lasset Gelehrte sich zanken und streiten,  
Streng und bedächtig die Lehrer auch sein!  
Alle die Weisesten aller der Zeiten  
Lächeln und winken und stimmen mit ein:  
„Töricht, auf Bessrung der Toren zu harren!  
Kinder der Klugheit, o habet die Narren  
Eben zum Narren auch, wie sich's gehört!“

Merlin der Alte, im leuchtenden Grabe,  
Wo ich als Jüngling gesprochen ihn habe,  
Hat mich mit ähnlicher Antwort belehrt:  
„Töricht, auf Bessrung der Toren zu harren!  
Kinder der Klugheit, o habet die Narren  
Eben zum Narren auch, wie sich's gehört!“

Und auf den Höhen der indischen Lüfte  
Und in den Tiefen ägyptischer Grüfte  
Hab ich das heilige Wort nur gehört:  
„Töricht, auf Bessrung der Toren zu harren!  
Kinder der Klugheit, o habet die Narren  
Eben zum Narren auch, wie sich's gehört!“

15 **Coptisches Lied II**

Geh! Gehorche meinen Winken,  
Nutze deine jungen Tage,  
Lerne zeitig klüger sein:  
Auf des Glückes grosser Waage  
Steht die Zunge selten ein.  
Du musst steigen oder sinken,  
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen  
Oder dienen und verlieren,  
Leiden oder triumphieren,  
Amboss oder Hammer sein.

**Coptic song I**

*Let scholars quarrel and squabble,  
Let teachers too be prudent and strict!  
All the wisest men in all the ages  
Nod and smile in agreement with me:  
“Foolish to wait till fools grow wiser!  
Children of wisdom, simply make fools  
Of the fools, as is fit!”*

*Old Merlin from his shining grave,  
Where I consulted him in my youth,  
Gave me a similar answer too:  
“Foolish to wait till fools grow wiser!  
Children of wisdom, simply make fools  
Of the fools, as is fit!”*

*And on India's airy heights,  
And in the depths of Egyptian tombs,  
I have only heard those sacred words:  
“Foolish to wait till fools grow wiser!  
Children of wisdom, simply make fools  
Of the fools, as is fit!”*

**Coptic song II**

*Go! do what I suggest,  
Make use of your young days,  
Learn in good time to be wiser:  
On the mighty scales of Fortune  
The pointer is seldom at rest:  
You must rise or you must fall,  
You must win and be a master  
Or you must lose and be a slave,  
You must suffer or triumph,  
Be the anvil or the hammer.*

16 **Frech und Froh I**

Mit Mädchen sich vertragen,  
Mit Männern rumgeschlagen,  
Und mehr Kredit als Geld:  
So kommt man durch die Welt.

Mit vielem lässt sich schmausen,  
Mit wenig lässt sich hausen;  
Dass wenig vieles sei,  
Schafft nur die Lust herbei.

Will sie sich nicht bequemen,  
So müsst ihr's eben nehmen.  
Will einer nicht vom Ort,  
So jagt ihn grade fort.

Lasst alle nur missgönnen,  
Was sie nicht nehmen können,  
Und seid von Herzen froh;  
Das ist das A und O.

So fahret fort zu dichten,  
Euch nach der Welt zu richten.  
Bedenkt in Wohl und Weh  
Dies goldne ABC.

17 **Frech und Froh II**

Liebesqual verschmäht mein Herz,  
Sanften Jammer, süssen Schmerz;  
Nur vom Tücht'gen will ich wissen,  
Heissem Äugeln, derben Küssen.  
Sei ein armer Hund erfrischt  
Von der Lust, mit Pein gemischt!  
Mädchen, gib der frischen Brust  
Nichts von Pein und alle Lust.

**Cheerful impudence I**

*Getting on well with girls,  
Knocking about with men,  
And with more credit than cash:  
That's how to get through life.*

*You can feast with a lot;  
Find a roof with a little;  
Only pleasure can succeed  
In making a lot out of little.*

*If she won't consent,  
Simply take what you want.  
If someone won't leave,  
Then chase them away.*

*Let them all begrudge  
What they're unable to have,  
And be heartily happy;  
That's the alpha and omega.*

*Continue writing,  
Continue conforming.  
Always remember in good times and bad  
This golden ABC.*

**Cheerful impudence II**

*My heart scorns the torments of love,  
The gentle moan, the sweet distress;  
I'm only interested in someone proficient,  
Passionate ogling, rough kisses.  
Only poor devils could be refreshed  
By pleasure mingled with pain!  
Give this lively heart, my girl,  
No pain at all and lots of pleasure.*



18 **Beherrigung**

Ach, was soll der Mensch verlangen?  
Ist es besser, ruhig bleiben?  
Klammernd fest sich anzuhängen?  
Ist es besser, sich zu treiben?  
Soll er sich ein Häuschen bauen?  
Soll er unter Zelten leben?  
Soll er auf die Felsen trauen?  
Selbst die festen Felsen beben.

Eines schickt sich nicht für alle!  
Sehe jeder, wie er's treibe,  
Sehe jeder, wo er bleibe,  
Und wer steht, dass er nicht falle!

19 **Ephania's**

Die heiligen drei König' mit ihrem Stern,  
Sie essen, sie trinken, und bezahlen  
nicht gern;  
Sie essen gern, sie trinken gern,  
Sie essen, trinken und bezahlen nicht gern.

Die heiligen drei König sind  
kommen allhier,  
Es sind ihrer drei und sind nicht ihrer vier;  
Und wenn zu dreien der vierte wär,  
So wär ein heil'ger drei König mehr.

Ich erster bin der weiss' und auch der schön',  
Bei Tage solltet ihr erst mich sehn!  
Doch ach, mit allen Spezereien  
Werd ich sein Tag kein Mädchen mir erfreuen.

**Take this to heart**

*Ah, what should a man desire?  
Is it better to remain quiet?  
Or hang on, holding tight?  
Is it better to press on?  
Should he build himself a house?  
Should he live in tents?  
Should he trust the rocks?  
Even solid rocks can quake.*

*There is no answer fit for all!  
Let each man look to himself,  
Let each man decide where to dwell,  
And he who stands, let him not fall!*

**Ephany**

*The Three Kings of Orient with their star,  
They eat, they drink, and don't like to pay;  
They like eating, they  
like drinking,  
They eat, drink and don't like to pay.*

*The Three Kings of Orient have come to  
this place,  
They are three in number and not four;  
And if to the three a fourth were added,  
There'd be one Three Kings of Orient more.*

*I, the first, am the handsome white one,  
Just wait till you see me by day!  
But ah! despite all my spices,  
I'll never win a girl again.*

Ich aber bin der braun' und bin der lang',  
Bekannt bei Weibern wohl und bei Gesang.  
Ich bringe Gold statt Spezerein,  
Da werd ich überall willkommen sein.

Ich endlich bin der schwarz' und bin  
der klein',  
Und mag auch wohl einmal recht lustig sein.  
Ich esse gern, ich trinke gern,  
Ich esse, trinke und bedanke mich gern.

Die heiligen drei König' sind wohlgesinnt,  
Sie suchen die Mutter und das Kind;  
Der Joseph fromm sitzt auch dabei,  
Der Ochs und Esel liegen auf der Streu.

Wir bringen Myrrhen, wir bringen Gold,  
Dem Weihrauch sind die Damen hold;  
Und haben wir Wein von gutem Gewächs,  
So trinken wir drei so gut als ihrer sechs.

Da wir nun hier schöne Herrn und Frau,  
Aber keine Ochsen und Esel schau,  
So sind wir nicht am rechten Ort  
Und ziehen unseres Weges weiter fort.

*But I'm the brown one, I'm the tall one,  
Well known to women and to song.  
I bring gold instead of spices,  
So I'll be welcome everywhere.*

*I, lastly, am the little  
black one,  
And would like a good time too for once.  
I like eating, I like drinking,  
I like eating, drinking and saying thank you.*

*The Three Kings of Orient are well-disposed,  
They seek the Mother and the Child;  
Pious Joseph is sitting there too,  
The ox and ass lie in the straw.*

*We're bringing myrrh, we're bringing gold,  
The ladies will like our frankincense;  
And if we've wine from a fine year,  
We drink enough, we three, for six.*

*But since we see fine squires and ladies,  
But no oxen or asses here,  
We cannot be in the right place,  
And so must proceed on our way.*

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