



Träume

Soprano arias and songs by Richard Wagner

JENUFA GLEICH

BBC NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES

FABRICE BOLLON

BBC
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RICHARD WAGNER (1813-1883)

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59'15

JENUFA GLEICH *soprano*
BBC NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES
FABRICE BOLLON *conductor*



Wagner is a controversial figure. As the granddaughter of holocaust survivors, some may struggle with my collaboration.

I believe that Wagner's compositions transcend borders, governments, religions and ideologies, time and space. Wagner the man had his flaws and his darkness within the environment in which he lived, but he was also capable of channelling something ethereal and heavenly through his art. His music brings us through the darkness and into the light, a light which we hope to share with you in this recording.

I trained in the Italian tradition of Bel Canto, an era that influenced Wagner greatly. This is strongly reflected in his early compositions, especially in *Die Feen*, where you can hear his admiration for the florid, flexible style of singing. There are also distinct moments of it in Brünnhilde's intimate passages in *Siegfried*, as well as in *Tannhäuser* and other later works. For me, that is an element of Wagner that is often overlooked today and something we endeavoured to explore.

My introduction to Wagner came in the *Ring Cycle*, singing Helmwig in *Die Walküre* and later the Third Norn in *Götterdämmerung*, which I had the privilege of recording with conductor Jaap Van Zweden and the Hong Kong Philharmonic (Naxos). This is my second recording of Wagner, and it was a great pleasure to collaborate with conductor Fabrice Bollon, whose sensitivity and depth guided us through this lyrical exploration of Wagner's work. Thank you, Maestro.

I would like to include a special note of thanks to the wonderful BBC National Orchestra of Wales who brought their joy and talents every day, and to Phil Rowlands and his production team for their expert ears, knowledge and good energy.

Thanks also to my coaches David Aronson, Thomas Schmieger and Aldert Vermeulen for always guiding me to be the best that I can be. Martine Straesser, your encouragement every second of every recording day kept me healthy, nurtured and happy.

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Special thanks to my parents and my husband who have supported me through the trials and tribulations of being an opera singer.

I'm grateful to my departed beloved teacher, Maria Farnworth, who taught me how to sing and how to live. This recording is dedicated to her.

Jenufa Gleich

Wagner's Singing Style

These extracts from stage works by Richard Wagner (1813-83), along with a group of songs, serve to show how diverse were the elements that made up his handling of the female voice. Each extract, indeed, reveals a distinct challenge:

'Weh mir! So nah die fürchterliche Stunde'

Ada's aria from Act Two of Wagner's first opera, the three-act *Die Feen* (1834), is the second of her two solo numbers. Whereas her first-act lament had a single, unbroken character, this scena and aria falls into many sections that put the singer to the test in many (conventional) ways. Ada is an immortal drawn to a mortal, who, alas, fails every test she sets him. So she is torn. There is high pathos in the exclamatory opening with meticulously placed peaks as she agonizes over whether to commit; tender lyricism in the slower music that relishes its stretched notes as she thinks of the safety of her fairy world; and unsettled alternations of fast and slow tempi as she spurns her weakness, with a rapid conclusion that has something of the virtuosity of an Italian cabaletta as she promises transfiguring love for her man. If a magic castle, a fairy garden and even a forbidden question anticipate Wagner's later preoccupation with the Grail legend in *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal*, the close startles us with a pre-echo of Act Two of *Tannhäuser*.

'Allmächt'ge Jungfrau!'

Elisabeth's aria from Act Three of *Tannhäuser* (1845) follows a massive disappointment. She has waited in some agitation for Tannhäuser to return from Rome, hopefully absolved from the sin of consorting with Venus, yet he is not among the pilgrims. Consistent with her bipolar personality, she takes extreme action by praying to the Virgin Mary. Each of her three verses is marked by a distinct tempo: slow as she bids the Virgin to grant her prayer and admit her to heaven as an angel; moving forward as she insists she has fought against any transgression; and slow again as she begs to be assumed even as she is, so that she can intercede for the soul of Tannhäuser (which she will do). Her aria is thus closer to a Lied, a more suitable background for Wagner than anything rooted in the Franco-Italian tradition: the predominantly four-bar phrases have a classical cut, and are set in an extreme, flat-side key with a religious accompaniment. Remarkable, though is the pervasive accentual and dynamic shading of her vocal line, which is ever mindful of its dramatic context: her opening plea begins forcefully but ends submissively as she sinks to her knees. After she finishes her prayer, she will vanish from sight.

'Dich, teure Halle'

Elisabeth's other soliloquy-aria opens Act Two of *Tannhäuser*, and marks her first appearance in the work. It follows on directly from the act's exuberant overture: her first words are to be sung strictly in time and positively 'not as recitative', and the exuberance, a kind of manic energy, will indeed round off the aria. By embracing extremes her music lays bare her psychopathology. First, she joyfully greets the Wartburg Hall. Then the music freezes and there is a hush as she remembers how dismal the place was when Tannhäuser had first left. This is not a contrasting central verse but an interpolation: the singer is instructed not to drop tempo and to avoid using portamento. We gain some

idea of the depth of her recent depression. Then, when she returns to the joyful greeting music, she presses ahead in a blaze of excitement as at last Tannhäuser arrives.

'Johohoe! Traft ihr das Schiff'

Senta's ballad from the second act of *Der fliegende Holländer* (1843) is neither aria nor Lied, but a quasi-popular 'strophic' song in 6/8 metre: each of the three verses is sung to essentially the same music, though gathering in concentration and culminating in a reworked third verse. The psychologist D.W. Winnicott might have described it as a 'transitional story'. Previously it had been sung by one of the spinning women, Mary, as a work-song. But on this occasion she leaves it to the group's dark horse, Senta, to repeat; and by investing it with personal feeling, Senta transports it from the everyday to the imaginary: it is no longer Mary's ballad but hers. It is also a proleptic song, one that looks into the future of the action. Each verse is antithetical: the first part, in minor mode, describes the elemental restlessness of a ship's cursed captain (alias the Flying Dutchman), the second slower part, in major mode, tells how through self-sacrifice a woman might redeem him: at the end of the ballad Senta vehemently 'outs' herself as that woman, thereby setting off the core drama. The ballad was originally composed, unrealistically, a tone higher (in A rather than G minor).

'Ewig war ich, ewig bin ich'

Brünnhilde's song comes from the third act of *Siegfried*, the third evening of Wagner's four-part *Ring cycle*. The act was composed between 1869 and 1871, and the song's musical ideas, which stand proud of the cycle's orchestral 'symphonic web', also come in a work Wagner wrote for his wife Cosima, the *Siegfried Idyll* of 1870. Brünnhilde has been woken by Siegfried following the long, deep punitive sleep into which Wotan has cast her for disregarding his outer command in favour of his inner wish. At first she is thrilled at what she now sees. But then her vulnerability as a mere human strikes home – Wotan has stripped her of divine protection. The prapic Siegfried bears down upon her. Suddenly a 'pleasing image' flashes into her mind. She turns to him and sings the sly song of a virgin whose back is right against the wall. A tender introduction in the major leads to the same music in the minor as she asserts her eternal commitment to his welfare: only at the end will she sing it in the major as she urges him to recognize himself in the image of her virginity. Between these statements are two relatively robust sections in which she begs him to back off. The song's unique dramatic slyness lies in its musical progression. Siegfried's importunate reply, of course, will overwhelm her, and her defensive song will have been to no avail: she yields.

Wesendonck-Lieder

Wagner composed his group of five Lieder to texts by Mathilde Wesendonck in 1857-58. They are just for a woman's voice, and are the best known of his small canon of songs. Not only were they contemporaneous with the composition of Wagner's music drama *Tristan und Isolde* in 1857-59, but the third and fifth songs are also clearly marked as 'studies' for *Tristan*. The musical textures are orchestral more than elegantly pianistic, especially in the third song, which is drenched in the sonorities that open Act Three of *Tristan*, and the topics of the texts are essentially Wagnerian – unsurprisingly so, given the close association of composer and poet: an angel who bears a suffering mortal soul

heavenward ('Der Engel'); a soul that bids Time to embrace nature and the rhythm of eternity ('Stehe still!'); heavily dew-dropped plants in a greenhouse that yearn for death ('Im Treibhaus'); a soul that asks, if the sun sets but rises again why should it not do likewise? ('Schmerzen'); dreams that are like sunlight in spring kissing flowers bedecked in snow and perishing on the loved one's breast as they sink into death ('Träume').

The last of these, 'Träume', is the most striking. The voice now behaves as in music drama rather than in Romantic Opera. The opening accompaniment may invoke the love duet from Act Two of *Tristan*, 'O sink' hernieder, Nacht der Liebe', yet the solo vocal line goes its own way over a similar accompaniment. It may be heard from three perspectives. At the start, it moves in drawn-out classical phrases (a musical 'sentence'). Then it deploys a set of three units, each beginning with the keyword 'Träume' ('dreams'), set as an invocation that guides yearning from love to death (the Wagnerian 'long appoggiatura'): these units then continue with the Germanically natural speech-song raised over rising and falling vocal contours that Wagner devised especially to counter the Italian way of singing. Finally it extends the 'Träume' invocation into an instrumental postlude that no longer sounds as a memory of song, but recasts the accompaniment as some deep chorus from which the singer has magically stepped out (Wagner would address this dichotomy in his essay on 'Actors and Singers' in 1872).

In all the songs, the singer's line is carefully characterized, as in the relatively classical 'Der Engel', where it is marked *sehr zart und weich, mit Enthusiasmus, gesteigert, aber zart, and sanft*; and the overall momentum is strictly defined – Wagner was a master of *Steigerung* (intensification). Yet within tempi that are predominantly steady or slow, the delivery, for all its particularity, tends to the expansive. Indeed, these Lieder form an excellent introduction to Wagner's singing style as a whole.

1 Weh' mir, so nah' die fürchterliche Stunde

from *Die Feen* (Ada)

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Weh' mir, so nah' die fürchterliche Stunde,
Die all' mein Glück und all mein Elend kennt!
O! warum weckt ihr noch in meiner Seele
Den Zweifel jener herben Wahl!
Unglückliche, wohin soll ich mich wenden?
Wie so gewiss ist nur mein Untergang,
Und ach, wie ungewiss mein Sieg!
Ich häufe selbst die Schrecken an,
Die Qualen leit' ich auf ihn hin!
Ich wecke Zweifel in ihm auf,
Die nie ein Sterblicher erträgt!
Von überall stürmt Unglück ein,
Sein letzter Stern, die Liebe, sinkt
Nacht wird's um seine Sinne her,
Er rächt sich und verflucht sein Weib!
Weh' mir! Und dieser Fluch trennt mich von ihm,
Und Ewigkeiten treten zwischen uns!
Verzweiflung, Wahnsinn, Tod ist dann sein Los,
Und meines fürchterlich: auf hundert Jahr'
Verwandelung in Stein!
Ich könnte Allem mich entziehen,
Steht mir's nicht frei! In ew'ger Schöne
Unsterblich, unverwelklich blühen?
Es huldigt mir die Feenenwelt,
Ich bin ihr Glanz und ihre Zier!
Es ehrt ein unvergänglich Reich
Mich, seine hohe Königin!
Ich könnte Allem mich entziehen,
In Feenpracht unsterblich blühen!
Betrogne! Unglücksel'ge!
Was, o was ist die Unsterblichkeit?
Ein grenzenloser, ew'ger Tod!
Doch jeder Tag bei ihm

*Woe is me, so near the dreadful hour,
That will know all my happiness and all my misery!
Oh! Why do you awaken in my soul
Doubts about that bitter choice!
Unhappy, where should I go?
Only my downfall seems certain,
And ah, how uncertain my victory!
I amass fear myself,
I lead pain towards him!
I awaken doubts in him,
That no mortal can bear!
Misfortune rages from everywhere,
His last star, love, is setting
It will be night in his mind,
He avenges and curses his wife!
Woe is me! And this curse separates me from him,
And eternities come between us!
Despair, madness, death is his lot,
And mine is terrible: for a hundred years
Turned to stone!
I could avoid everything,
Am I not free! In eternal beauty
Immortal, unfading bloom?
The fairy world pays homage to me,
I am their splendour and their adornment!
The imperishable realm honours
Me, its high queen!
I could avoid everything,
Blossom in the fairies' splendour!
Betrayed! Unhappy one!
What, oh what is immortality?
A boundless, eternal death!
Yet every day with him*

Ein neues, ewiges Leben!
So sei es denn! Geschlossen ist die Wahl,
Für jenes Leben opfr' ich Alles hin!
Mein Arindal! Mein Arindal!
Begeistern wird auch ihn die Liebe
Und Mut zum Kampfe ihm verleihn!
Den Zweifel wird er kühn besiegen,
Aus meinen Banden mich befrei'n!
Die falsche Tücke sei vernichtet,
Die mich von ihm zu trennen strebt!
All' eur' Bemühen sei vergebens,
Das meine Liebe töten will!
Denn sollte er auch unterliegen,
Und mich der Felsen in sich schliessen,
So soll die Liebe selbst den Stein
Der Sehnsucht Tränen weinen lassen!
Und diese Tränen fühlt mein Gatte,
Und dieser Seufzer dringt zu ihm,
Der Klageruf wird ihn durchbeben,
Lässt ihn nicht rasten, treibt ihn her!
Begeistern wird auch ihn die Liebe
Und Mut zum Kampfe ihm verleihn!
Den Zweifel wird er kühn besiegen,
Aus meinen Banden mich befrei'n!

*Is a new, eternal life!
So be it! The choice is made,
I sacrifice everything for that life!
My Arindal! My Arindal!
Love will also inspire him
And give him courage to fight!
He will boldly defeat doubts,
Free me from my bonds!
The false malice will be destroyed,
That seeks to separate me from him!
All your efforts will be in vain,
That want to kill my love!
For if he should also be defeated
And the rock encloses me,
Then love itself shall make the stone
Cry tears of longing!
And my husband would feel these tears,
And that sigh would reach him,
The lamenting call would shake him,
Not let him rest, drive him here!
Love will inspire him too
And give him courage to fight!
He will boldly defeat doubts,
Free me from my bonds!*

2 Allmächt'ge Jungfrau!
from *Tannhäuser* (Elisabeth)
Richard Wagner

Allmächt'ge Jungfrau, hör mein Flehen!
Zu dir, Gepriesne, rufe ich!
Lass mich in Staub vor dir vergehen,
O nimm von dieser Erde mich!
Mach dass ich rein und engelgleich
Eingehe in dein selig Reich!
Wenn je, in tör'gem Wahn befangen,
Mein Herz sich abgewandt von dir,
Wenn je ein sündiges Verlangen,
Ein weltlich Sehnen keimt' in mir,
So rang ich unter tausend Schmerzen,
Dass ich es töt in meinem Herzen.
Doch, konnt ich jeden Fehl nicht büßen,
So nimm dich gnädig meiner an!
Dass ich mit demutvollem Grüßen
Als würd'ge Magd dir nahen kann,
Um deiner Gnaden reichste Huld
Nur anzuflehn für seine Schuld!

*Almighty virgin, hear my prayer!
I call to you, praised one!
Let me die in the dust before you,
Oh, take me from this earth!
Make me, pure and angelic,
Enter your blessed realm!
If ever, engrossed in foolish fancies
My heart turned away from you,
If ever a sinful longing,
An earthly desire arose in me,
Then I strove through a thousandfold pain
That I should kill it in my heart.
But, if I could not atone for every failing,
Then gracefully receive me!
So that I, with humble greeting,
May approach you as a worthy maid,
Only for your mercy's richest grace
To plead for his sin!*

3 **Dich, teure Halle**
from *Tannhäuser* (Elisabeth)
Richard Wagner

Dich, teure Halle, grüß ich wieder,
Froh grüß ich dich, geliebter Raum!
In dir erwachen seine Lieder
Und wecken mich aus düstrem Traum.
Da er aus dir geschieden,
Wie öd erschienst du mir!
Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,
Die Freude zog aus dir!
Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,
So scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr,
Der mich und dich so neu belebet,
Nicht weilt er ferne mehr!
Sei mir gegrüßt!
Du, teure Halle,
Sei mir gegrüßt!

*I greet you, dear hall, again,
Glady I greet you, beloved place!
His songs awaken in you
And wake me from a gloomy dream.
Since he left you,
How dull you seemed to me!
Peace left me,
Joy vanished from you!
How my heart now leaps high,
As now you seem to me proud and stately,
He that revives you and me,
No longer tarries far away!
I greet you!
You, dear hall,
I greet you!*

Traft ihr, das Schiff

from *Der fliegende Holländer* (Senta)

Richard Wagner

Johohoe! Hohohoe!

Traft ihr das Schiff im Meere an,
Blutrot die Segel, schwarz der Mast?

Auf hohem Bord der bleiche Mann,
Des Schiffes Herr, wacht ohne Rast.

Hui! Wie saust der Wind! Johohe!

Hui! Wie pfeift's im Tau! Johohe!

Hui! Wie ein Pfeil fliegt er hin,
Ohne Ziel, ohne Rast, ohne Ruh'!

Doch kann dem bleichen Manne Erlösung einstens
noch werden,

Fänd' er ein Weib, das bis in den Tod getreu ihm auf
Erden! –

Ach! wann wirst du, bleicher Seemann, sie finden?

Betet zum Himmel, dass bald

Ein Weib Treue ihm halt'!

Bei bösem Wind und Sturmeswut

Umsegeln wollt' er einst ein Kap;

Er flucht' und schwur mit tollem Mut:

„In Ewigkeit lass' ich nicht ab!“ –

Hui! Und Satan hört's! Johohe!

Hui! Nahm ihm bei'm Wort! Johohe!

Hui! Und verdammt zieht er nun

Durch das Meer ohne Rast, ohne Ruh'! –

Doch, dass der arme Mann noch Erlösung fände auf
Erden,

Zeigt Gottes Engel an, wie sein Heil ihm einst könnte
werden:

Johohoe! Hohohoe!

*Have you encountered the ship in the sea
With blood-red sails, and black mast?*

*On the high deck the pale man,
The ship's master, watches without rest.*

Hui! How the wind roars! Johohe!

Hui! How it whistles in the rigging! Johohe!

*Hui! He flies like an arrow,
Aimless, without rest, without peace!*

*But salvation can one day reach this
pale man,*

*If he were to find a woman on earth faithful till
death! –*

Ah! when will you find her, pale sailor?

Pray to heaven that soon

A woman will stay true to him!

In angry wind and storm's rage

Once he wanted to sail around a cape;

He cursed and swore with great spirit:

"I will never give up!" –

Hui! And Satan heard it! Johohe!

Hui! Took him at his word! Johohe!

Hui! And now damned he wanders

Through the sea without rest, without peace! –

*But, so that the poor man could still be saved on
earth,*

*God's angel showed how his salvation could one day
reach him:*

Ach, könntest du, bleicher Seemann, es finden!
Betet zum Himmel, dass bald
Ein Weib Treue ihm halt!
Vor Anker alle sieben Jahr,
Ein Weib zu frei'n, geht er an's Land; –
Er freite alle sieben Jahr',
Noch nie ein treues Weib er fand.
Hui! „Die Segel auf!“ Johohe!
Hui! „Den Anker los!“ Johohe!
Hui! „Falsche Lieb', falsche Treu'!
Auf, in See, ohne Rast, ohne Ruh!“
Ich sei's, die dich durch ihre Treu' erlöse!
Mög' Gottes Engel mich dir zeigen!
Durch mich sollst du das Heil erreichen!

*Ah, could you but find it, pale sailor!
Pray to heaven that soon
A woman will stay true to him!
Anchoring every seven years,
He goes ashore to woo a wife; –
He courted every seven years,
Yet he never found a true wife.
Hui! "Hoist the sails!" Johohe!
Hui! "Weigh anchor!" Johohe!
Hui! "False love, false loyalty!"
Back to sea without rest, without peace!
I am the one, who will save you with my loyalty!
May God's angel direct me to you!
Through me you shall attain salvation!*

5 **Ewig war ich, ewig bin ich**
from *Siegfried* (Brünnhilde)
Richard Wagner

Ewig war ich, ewig bin ich,
Ewig in süß sehrender Wonne,
Doch ewig zu deinem Heil!
O Siegfried! Herrlicher! Hort der Welt!
Leben der Erde, lachender Held!
Lass, ach lass! Lasse von mir!
Nahe mir nicht mit der wütenden Nähe,
Zwinge mich nicht mit dem brechenden Zwang,
Zertrümmre die Traute dir nicht!
Sahst du dein Bild im klaren Bach?
Hat es dich Frohen erfreut?
Rührtest zur Woge das Wasser du auf,
Zerflösse die klare Fläche des Bachs:
Dein Bild sähst du nicht mehr,
Nur der Welle schwankend Gewog!
So berühre mich nicht, trübe mich nicht!
Ewig licht, lachst du selig dann aus mir dir entgegen,
Froh und heiter, ein Held!
O Siegfried! Leuchtender Sproß!
Liebe dich, und lasse von mir:
Vernichte dein Eigen nicht!

*I was eternal, I am eternal,
Eternal in sweet yearning bliss,
But eternal only for your sake!
Oh Siegfried! Dearest one! Treasure of the world!
Life of the world, laughing hero!
Leave, ah leave! Leave me alone!
Don't approach me with your passionate proximity,
Don't force me with your violating power,
Don't destroy your beloved!
Did you see your image in the clear stream?
Did you like it, carefree man?
If you were to stir up the water into a wave,
The stream's clear surface would dissolve:
You would no longer see your image,
Only the waves swaying surge!
So do not touch me, do not trouble me!
Eternally light, see yourself in me, laughing to greet you,
A happy and cheerful hero!
Oh Siegfried! Luminous shoot!
Love yourself, and leave me alone:
Don't destroy what is yours!*

Wesendonck Lieder

Mathilde Wesendonck (1828-1902)

6 i Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,

Dass, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Dass, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Dass, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts

The angel

*In early days of childhood
I often heard tell of angels
Who exchanged heaven's sublime joy
For the earth's sun,*

*That, where in sorrow a heart
Pines, hidden from the world,
That, where it wants silently to bleed,
And pass away in a flood of tears,*

*That, where fervently its prayer
Begs only for salvation,
There the angel floats down,
And lifts it tenderly to heaven.*

*Yes, an angel descended to me too,
And on gleaming plumage
He led, far from every grief,
My spirit heavenwards!*

ii Stehe still

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
 Messer du der Ewigkeit;
 Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
 Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
 Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
 Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
 Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
 Hemmet den Atem, stilltet den Drang,
 Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
 Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
 Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!
 Dass in selig süßern Vergessen
 Ich mög alle Wonnen ermessen!

Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,
 Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
 Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
 Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündigt,
 Die Lippe verstummt in stauendem Schweigen,
 Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Inn're zeugen:
 Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
 Und löst dein Rätsel, hell'ge Natur!

Stand still

*Blustering, roaring wheel of time,
 Measurer of eternity;
 Luminous spheres in the wide universe,
 That encircle the globe;
 Ancient creation, stop,
 Enough evolution, let me be!*

*Hold back, creative power,
 Ancient thought that eternally creates!
 Curb your breath, calm your urge
 Be silent for just a second!
 Swelling pulses, restrain your beat;
 End the eternal day of desiring!
 So that in blissfully sweet oblivion
 I might measure all my bliss!*

*When eyes blissfully drink eyes,
 Souls completely submerge in souls;
 Beings in beings find themselves again,
 And the end of all hope is revealed,
 The lip falls silent in astonished silence,
 The inner self shows no more desires:
 Then man perceives the Eternal's trace,
 And solves your riddle, holy nature!*

8 iii Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßser Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze;
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum

In the greenhouse

*High-arched leafy crowns,
Emerald canopies,
You children from distant lands
Tell me, do why you lament?*

*Silently you bow your branches,
Painting signs in the air,
And in silent witness of your sorrow
A sweet fragrance rises upwards.*

*Wide in longing desire
You spread your arms,
And, gripped by delusion, embrace
The empty horror of desolate void.*

*Well I know, poor plant,
We share one fate,
Though lit by light and splendour
Our home is not here!*

*And as the sun happily leaves
The day's empty shine,
So he who truly suffers wraps
Himself in the darkness of silence.*

*It becomes quiet, a whispering weaving
Uneasily fills the dark room:
I see heavy drops hover
On the edge of the green leaves.*

9 iv Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
Muss die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muss die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:
O wie dank ich, dass gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

Sorrows

*Sun, you weep each evening
Making your beautiful eyes red,
When, bathing in the sea's mirror,
You suffer an early death;*

*Yet you arise in your old splendour,
The glory of a dark world,
Newly awakened in the morning,
Like a proud, victorious hero.*

*Ah, why should I then lament,
Why, my heart, is it so heavy to see you,
Must the sun herself despair,
Must the sun go down?*

*And if death only bears life,
If pains only give delight;
Oh how thankful I am, that nature gives
Me such pains!*

v Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfassen,
Dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühen,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Dass zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,

Dass sie wachsen, dass sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühn,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Dreams

*Tell me, what wonderful dreams
Enfold my mind,
So that they are not like empty bubbles
Lost in the bleak void?*

*Dreams, that each hour,
Each day blossom more beautiful,
And with their heaven's tidings
Blissfully move through my soul!*

*Dreams, that like sacred rays
Sink in my soul,
Painting an eternal image there:
A forgotten memory!*

*Dreams, that like the spring's sun
Kissing the blossoms out of the snow,
With unexpected delight
The new day greets them,*

*That they grow, that they blossom,
Dreaming they spread their fragrance,
Gently fading in your breast,
And then sinking in the grave.*

BBC National Orchestra of Wales:

Violin 1 – Nick Whiting, Martin Gwilym-Jones, André Swanepoel, Terry Porteus, Suzanne Casey, Richard Newington, Robert Bird, Carmel Barber, Emilie Godden, Kerry Gordon-Smith, Anna Cleworth, Barbara Zdziarska, Gary George-Veale, Abigail Askew;
Violin 2 – Róisín Walters, Jane Sinclair, Ros Butler, Sheila Smith, Vickie Ringguth, Joseph Williams, Michael Topping, Beverley Wescott, Katherine Miller, Sellena Leony, Patrycja Mynarska, Elizabeth Whittam;
Violas – Alex Thorndike, Sara Roberts, Peter Taylor, David McKelvey, James Drummond, Ania Leadbeater, Robert Gibbons, Catherine Palmer, Laura Sinnerton, Dáire Roberts;
Cellos – Alice Neary, Keith Hewitt, Jessica Feaver, Sandy Bartai, Carolyn Hewitt, Alistair Howes, Kathryn Graham, Corinna Boylan;
Basses – Lynda Houghton, Alice Durrant, Christopher Wescott, Richard Gibbons, Charlotte Kerbegian, Albert Dennis, Elen Roberts;
Flutes – Fiona Kelly, John Hall, Elizabeth May;
Piccolo – Elizabeth May;
Oboes – Catriona Mackinnon, Sarah-Jayne Porsmoguer;
Clarinets – Peter Sparks, William Knight, Lenny Sayers;
Bass Clarinet – Lenny Sayers;
Bassoons – Jarosław Augustyniak, Martin Bowen, Jo Shewan;
Contra Bassoon – Jo Shewan;
Horns – Tim Thorpe, Meilyr Hughes, Michael Gibbs, William Haskins, Tom Taffinder;
Trumpets – Philippe Schartz, Robert Samuel;
Trombones – Donal Bannister, Dafydd Thomas, Darren Smith;
Bass Trombone – Darren Smith;
Tuba – Daniel Trodden;
Timpani – Phil Hughes.

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