

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)



**NOCTURNES AND FANTASIES**

- |   |  |      |
|---|--|------|
| 1 | <i>Waldseligkeit</i> , Op.49 No.1 (1900-1901)        | 2'48 |
| 2 | <i>Die Nacht</i> , Op.10 No.3 (1885)                 | 2'59 |
| 3 | <i>Ständchen</i> , Op.17 No.2 (1886)                 | 2'31 |
| 4 | <i>Leises Lied</i> , Op.39 No.1 (1898)               | 2'27 |
| 5 | <i>Schlechtes Wetter</i> , Op.69 No.5 (1918)         | 2'30 |
| 6 | <i>Des Dichters Abendgang</i> ,<br>Op.47 No.2 (1900) | 5'20 |
| 7 | <i>Der Stern</i> , Op.69 No.1 (1918)                 | 1'53 |

**FLOWERS**

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 8  | <i>Die Verschwiegenen</i> , Op.10 No.6 (1885)                 | 1'20 |
| 9  | <i>Die Zeitlose</i> , Op.10 No.7 (1885)                       | 1'42 |
| 10 | <i>Blauer Sommer</i> , Op.31 No.1 (1895-1896)                 | 2'22 |
| 11 | <i>Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden</i> ,<br>Op.68 No.2 (1918) | 2'58 |

**VALEDICTIONS AND LULLABIES**

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 12 | <i>Ruhe, meine Seele!</i> Op.27 No.1 (1894) | 3'43 |
| 13 | <i>Allerseelen</i> , Op.10 No.8 (1885)      | 3'32 |
| 14 | <i>Einerlei</i> , Op.69 No.3 (1918)         | 2'48 |
| 15 | <i>Meinem Kinde</i> , Op.37 No.3 (1897)     | 2'27 |
| 16 | <i>Wiegenlied</i> , Op.41 No.1 (1899)       | 4'34 |
| 17 | <i>Muttertändelei</i> , Op.43 No.2 (1899)   | 2'20 |
| 18 | <i>Zueignung</i> , Op.10 No.1 (1885)        | 1'55 |

**GIRLS IN AND OUT OF LOVE**

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 19 | <i>Winterweihe</i> , Op.48 No.4 (1900)                            | 2'52 |
| 20 | <i>Das Rosenband</i> , Op.36 No.1 (1897)                          | 3'21 |
| 21 | <i>Cäcilie</i> , Op.27 No.2 (1894)                                | 2'22 |
| 22 | <i>Ach! was Kummer, Qual und Schmerzen</i> ,<br>Op.49 No.8 (1901) | 2'05 |

**DREI LIEDER DER OPHELIA, OP. 67 (1918)**

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 23 | <i>No.1: Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb vor<br/>andern nun</i> | 2'27 |
| 24 | <i>No.2: Guten Morgen,<br/>'s ist Sankt Valentinstag</i>      | 1'25 |
| 25 | <i>No.3: Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss</i>               | 3'54 |

- |    |                                  |      |
|----|----------------------------------|------|
| 26 | <b>MORGEN! OP.27 NO.2 (1894)</b> | 4'05 |
|----|----------------------------------|------|

72'42

# RICHARD STRAUSS: SONGS

FELICITY LOTT  
soprano

GRAHAM JOHNSON  
piano

## I A GARLAND OF STRAUSS SONGS

All but seven of the Lieder by Richard Strauss included on this disc were composed between 1885 and 1901, the years of the richest flowering of his genius in this field. In the last seven years of this period he was married to the soprano Pauline de Ahna, who had been his pupil since 1887. Until her retirement in 1906 they gave many recitals together at which she sang most of the songs here sung by Dame Felicity Lott. For this CD Graham Johnson has divided them into four categories.

### Nocturnes and Fantasies

Strauss went to contemporary poets for many of his texts. He set eleven poems by Richard Dehmel (1863–1920). *Waldseligkeit* (Woodland Bliss) is the first of the eight songs of Op.49, composed in 1901, and taken from a collection called *Redemptions*. It is dedicated to Pauline and its concluding words are 'I am completely my own yet entirely yours'. The music, in Strauss's favourite key for rapture, F sharp, describes a nocturnal wanderer in the rustling forest. Its floating cantilena looks far ahead to the serenity of the *Four Last Songs*. Strauss's flair for romantic nocturnal tone-painting had been demonstrated as early as 1885, when he was 21, in *Die Nacht* (The Night), the third of his eight Op.10 settings of Hermann von Gilm (1812–1864). Its opening phrase is already an echt-Strauss melody. But the song which made Strauss famous was composed over a year later, in December 1886. *Ständchen* (Serenade), with its filigree accompaniment to a haunting melody, is the second of six settings, Op.17, of Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815–1894). Strauss came to deplore the song's popularity, but he couldn't avoid it. *Leises Lied* (Gentle Song) is another Dehmel setting, Op.39 No.1 of 1898. It is a meditation in a garden at night near a fountain, as the lover longs for his absent beloved in music of delicate impressionism – Strauss's only use in song of the whole-tone scale. With *Schlechtes Wetter* (Terrible Weather), Op.69 No.5, composed in 1918 to a poem by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856), we encounter Strauss in his wittiest light mood. It is

raining and snowing, as the piano tells us, but the mother goes shopping to buy the ingredients for the cake she wants to bake for her golden-haired daughter. And it ends as a waltz. We are back to the music of eventide in *Des Dichters Abendgang* (The Poet's Evening Walk), the second of the five Lieder, Op.47, all settings of Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862) composed in 1900 and the only one of the set which Strauss later (June 1918) orchestrated. It was originally written for a tenor, but the orchestral version was for soprano. Both published versions are in the key of D flat. The opening describes the sunset ('very quiet and solemn'). The poet gazes into a temple 'where heavenly fantasies abound' and its magic spell will stay with him to light him on his gloomy path. Achim von Arnim (1781–1831) wrote *Der Stern* (The Star) to mark the appearance in 1811 of a great comet. Strauss set the poem on 21 June 1918 on the spur of the moment as Op.69 No.1. It is almost like a folk song in its gentle style.

### Flowers

*Die Verschwiegenen* (The Discreet Ones) and *Die Zeitlose* (The Meadow Saffron) are Nos.6 and 7 of the Op.10 Gilm set of 1885. Both are short, almost epigrammatic, the former written in a declamatory mode as the lover proclaims that he has told all the flowers of 'the wrong you did me' but not to worry because those who knew of it are now dead. The saffron, says the second song, has poison in the calyx, like love. Strauss set three poems by Carl Busse (1872–1918) in 1895–6 as part of his Op.31, a wedding gift to his sister Johanna. *Blauer Sommer* (Blue Summer) describes the heat of summer through the device of a five-bar theme repeated identically five times in the accompaniment but transposed down a minor third each time, while the voice, after the first statement, goes its own way.

Strauss composed no songs between 1906 and 1918, partly because Pauline retired and partly because of a copyright dispute. When he resumed, he wrote the six masterly Op.68 settings of Clemens Brentano (1778–1842) for Elizabeth Schumann,

who never sang them all. But she did sing the enchanting *Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden* (I would have made you a bouquet), half-wistful, half-tragic with chromatic harmonies underlining the pathos.

### Valedictions and Lullabies

This group contains some of Strauss's best and best-known songs. *Ruhe, meine Seele!* (Rest, my soul!) is the first of the four Op.27 songs which he gave to Pauline on their wedding day in 1894. The words are by Karl Henckell (1864–1929) and are an imprecation to rest by one whose troubles lie behind him. It is a dark, sombre, wonderful song. *Allerseelen* (All Souls Day) is the eighth of the Op.10 Gilm set and could have been included in the *Flowers* group. It is one of Strauss's most lyrical songs, a love-song in E flat set against the background of the flower-decked graves of the dead. *Einerlei* (Singular One), No.3 of the Op.69 Arnim settings is an ingenious, catchy little song, its melody anticipated in the piano prelude. Of the three lullabies, *Meinem Kinde* (To my Child), Op.37 No.3, poem by Gustav Falke (1853–1916), was composed in 1897 during Pauline's pregnancy. *Wiegenlied* (Cradle Song), words by Dehmel, Op.41 No.1, composed 1899, is sheer enchantment; and *Muttertändelei* (Mother-Chat) Op.43 No.2, with words by Gottfried Bürger (1747–1794) is an ecstatic expression of a mother's belief that her child is the best ever. The first song in Op.10, *Zueignung* (Dedication) is an ecstatic outpouring but also a valediction – 'Habe Dank' ('accept my thanks') is the refrain throughout from one who 'far from you', torments himself.

### Girls in and out of love

*Winterweihe* (Winter Consecration) is a Henckell setting, Op.48 No.4, composed in 1900. It is an intense and devout expression of love, its mood achieved by

repetition three times of a modulation a minor third higher until arriving at the key with which it began. *Das Rosenband* (The Rose Garland), a poem by Friedrich Klopstock (1724–1803), which Schubert set, was composed in 1897 – as Op.36 No.1 – with orchestral accompaniment, the piano version following later and omitting some of the detailed decoration. *Cäcilie* (Cecily) was composed in 1894 on the eve of Strauss's wedding as No.2 of Op.27. The poem is by Heinrich Hart (1855–1906) and inspired in Strauss music as ardent and impulsive as his tone poem *Don Juan*. Curt Mündel (1852–1906) was the poet of *Ach! Was Kummer, Qual und Schmerzen* (Oh! What sorrows, anguish and pain), the eighth of the Op.49 set, composed in 1901. It is like a relaxed folk song, with a refrain of 'Hm, hm, hm' as the girl tells of her woes (not too seriously).

The three *Ophelia* songs from Op.67 of 1918 are set to Simrock's translation of Shakespeare. They are among Strauss's most difficult songs but he was a master of depicting degrees of madness, as we know from *Don Quixote* and *Salome*. In the first, Ophelia's mind wanders aimlessly and wanly, in the second she is even more distracted and manic, and in the last, the longest, despite its diversions into waltz tempo and its richer content, the mood-swings are alarming. In all Strauss's songs the piano part (no mere accompaniment) is on an equal footing with the voice. Not only is it always illustrative, but in several songs there is either a prologue or epilogue which in itself is a miniature tone-poem or commentary. Their difficulty, incidentally, is an indication of Strauss's own ability as a pianist. In no song has the pianist so integral a part as in the famous and beloved *Morgen!* (Tomorrow!), the last of the four Op.27 wedding-gift songs for Pauline (the poem is by J. H. Mackay, 1864–1933). It is breathless rapture turned into music, one of the great songs of the world.

## I DAME FELICITY LOTT - SOPRANO

Felicity Lott was born and educated in Cheltenham, read French at Royal Holloway College, of which she is now an Honorary Fellow, and singing at the Royal Academy of Music, of which she is a Fellow and a Visiting Professor. Her operatic repertoire ranges from Handel to Stravinsky, but she has above all built up her formidable international reputation as an interpreter of the great roles of Mozart and Strauss. At the Royal Opera House she has sung Anne Trulove, Blanche, Ellen Orford, Eva, Countess Almaviva and under Mackerras, Tate, Davis and Haitink, the Marschallin. At the Glyndebourne Festival her roles include Anne Trulove, Pamina, Donna Elvira, Oktavian, Christine (*Intermezzo*), Countess Madeleine (*Capriccio*) and the title role in *Arabella*. Her roles at the Bavarian State Opera, Munich include Christine, Countess Almaviva, Countess Madeleine and the Marschallin. For the Vienna State Opera her roles include the Marschallin under Kleiber which she has sung both in Vienna and Japan. In Paris, at the Opéra Bastille, Opéra Comique, Châtelet and Palais Garnier she has sung Cleopatra, Fiordiligi, Countess Madeleine, the Marschallin and the title roles in *La Belle Héléne* and *La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein*. At the Metropolitan Opera, New York, she sang the Marschallin under Carlos Kleiber and Countess Almaviva under James Levine. She recently sang Poulenc's heroine in staged performances of *La Voix Humaine* at the Teatro de La Zarzuela, Madrid, the Maison de la Culture de Grenoble and the Opéra National de Lyon.

She has sung with the Vienna Philharmonic and Chicago Symphony orchestras under Solti, the Munich Philharmonic under Mehta, the London Philharmonic under Haitink, Welser-Moest and Masur, the Concertgebouworkest under Masur, the Suisse Romande and Tonhalle orchestras under Armin Jordan, the Boston Symphony under Previn, the New York Philharmonic under Previn and Masur, the BBC Symphony Orchestra with Sir Andrew Davis in London, Sydney and New York, and the Cleveland Orchestra under Welser-Moest in Cleveland and Carnegie Hall. In Berlin she has sung with the Berlin Philharmonic under Solti and Rattle and the Deutsche Staatskapelle under Philippe Jordan.



A founder member of The Songmakers' Almanac, Felicity has appeared on the major recital platforms of the world, including the Salzburg, Prague, Bergen, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh and Munich Festivals, the Musikverein and Konzerthaus in Vienna and the Salle Gaveau, Musée d'Orsay, Opéra Comique, Châtelet and Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris. She has a particularly close association with the Wigmore Hall and received the Wigmore Hall Medal in February 2010 for her significant contribution to the hall.

Her many awards include honorary doctorates at the Universities of Oxford, Loughborough, Leicester, London and Sussex and the Royal Academy of Music and Drama in Glasgow. She was made a CBE in the 1990 New Year Honours and in 1996 was created a Dame Commander of the British Empire. In February 2003 she was awarded the title of Bayerische Kammersängerin. She has also been awarded the titles Officier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres and Chevalier de l'Ordre National de la Légion d'Honneur by the French Government.

## I GRAHAM JOHNSON - PIANO

Graham Johnson is recognised as one of the world's leading vocal accompanists. Born in Rhodesia, he came to London to study in 1967. After leaving the Royal Academy of Music his teachers included Gerald Moore and Geoffrey Parsons. In 1972 he was the official pianist at Peter Pears' first masterclasses at The Maltings, Snape, which brought him into contact with Benjamin Britten – a link which strengthened his determination to accompany. In 1976 he formed the Songmakers' Almanac to explore neglected areas of piano-accompanied vocal music; the founder singers were Dame Felicity Lott, Ann Murray DBE, Anthony Rolfe Johnson and Richard Jackson – artists with whom he has established long and fruitful collaborations both on the concert platform and the recording studio. Some 250 Songmakers' programmes were presented over the years. Graham Johnson has accompanied such distinguished singers as Sir Thomas Allen, Victoria de los Angeles, Elly Ameling, Arleen Auger, Ian Bostridge, Brigitte Fassbaender, Matthias Goerne, Thomas Hampson, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschräger, Philip Langridge, Serge Leiferkus, Christopher Maltman, Edith Mathis, Lucia Popp, Christoph Prégardien, Dame Margaret Price, Thomas Quastoff, Dorothea Röschmann, Kate Royal, Christine Schaefer, Peter Schreier, Dame Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Sarah Walker.

His relationship with the Wigmore Hall is a special one. He devised and accompanied concerts in the hall's re-opening series in 1992, and in its centenary celebrations in 2001. He has been Chairman of the jury for the Wigmore Hall Song Competition since its inception. He is Senior Professor of Accompaniment at the Guildhall School of Music and has led a biennial scheme for Young Songmakers since 1985. He has had a long and fruitful link with Hyperion Records, with both Ted Pery and Simon Pery, for whom he has devised and accompanied a set of complete Schubert Lieder on 37 discs, a milestone in the history of recording, and a complete Schumann series. There is an ongoing French Song series where the complete songs of such composers as Chausson,



Chabrier and Fauré are either already available, or in preparation. All these discs are issued with Graham Johnson's own programme notes which set new standards for CD annotations. He has also recorded for Sony, BMG, Harmonia Mundi, Forlane, EMI and DGG. Awards include the *Gramophone* solo vocal award in 1989 (with Dame Janet Baker), 1996 (*Die schöne Müllerin* with Ian Bostridge), 1997 (for the inauguration of the Schumann series with Christine Schäfer) and 2001 (with Magdalena Kozena). He was The Royal Philharmonic Society's Instrumentalist of the Year in 1998; in June 2000 he was elected a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music. He is author of

*The Songmakers' Almanac*; *Twenty years of recitals in London*, *The French Song Companion* for OUP (2000), *The Vocal Music of Benjamin Britten* (Guildhall 2003) and *Gabriel Fauré – the Songs and their Poets* (2009).

He was made an OBE in the 1994 Queen's Birthday Honours list and in 2002 he was created Chevalier in the Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the French Government. He was also made an Honorary Member of the Royal Philharmonic Society in February 2010.

**WALDSELIGKEIT (WOODLAND BLISS)**

RICHARD FEDOR LEOPOLD DEHMEL (1863-1920)  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen,  
 den Bäumen naht die Nacht;  
 als ob sie selig lauschen,  
 berühren sie sich sacht.

*The woods begin to rustle,  
 and Night approaches the trees;  
 as if they were listening raptly,  
 they gently touch each other.*

Und unter ihren Zweigen,  
 da bin ich ganz allein,  
 da bin ich ganz dein eigen  
 ganz nur Dein!

*And under their branches,  
 I am entirely alone,  
 I am entirely yours:  
 entirely yours.*

**DIE NACHT (THE NIGHT)**

HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG (1812-1864), FROM LETZTE BLÄTTER  
*Translated by Rebecca Plack and Lawrence Snyder*

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
 Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
 Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
 Nun gib Acht!

*Night steps out of the woods,  
 And slips softly out of the trees,  
 Looks about in a wide circle,  
 Now beware!*

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
 Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
 Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
 Weg vom Feld.

*All the lights of this earth,  
 All flowers, all colours  
 It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves  
 From the field.*

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
 Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,  
 Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
 Weg das Gold.

*It takes everything that is clear,  
 Takes the silver from the stream,  
 Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,  
 The gold.*

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:  
 Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
 O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
 Dich mir auch.

*The shrubs stand plundered,  
 Draw nearer, soul to soul;  
 Oh, I fear the night will also steal  
 You from me.*

**STÄNDCHEN (SERENADE)**

ADOLF FRIEDRICH, GRAF VON SCHACK (1815-1894)  
*Translated by Rebecca Plack and Lawrence Snyder*

Mach auf, mach auf! Doch leise mein Kind,  
 Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!  
 Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind  
 Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;  
 Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,  
 Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

*Open up, open, but softly my dear,  
 So as to wake no one from sleep.  
 The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes  
 A leaf on bush or hedge.  
 So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,  
 Just lay your hand softly on the doorlatch.*

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
 Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
 Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
 Zu mir in den Garten zu Schlüpfen!  
 Rings schlummern die Blüten am riselnden Bach  
 Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

*With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,  
 Soft enough to hop over the flowers,  
 Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,  
 To steal to me in the garden.  
 The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,  
 Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.*

Sitz nieder, hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll  
 Unter den Lindenbäumen,  
 Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
 Von unseren Küssen träumen,  
 Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
 Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

*Sit, here it darkens mysteriously  
 Beneath the lindens,  
 The nightingale over our heads  
 Shall dream of our kisses,  
 And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,  
 Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.*

### LEISES LIED (GENTLE SONG)

RICHARD FEDOR LEOPOLD DEHMEL (1863-1920)  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

In einem stillen Garten  
an eines Brunnens Schacht,  
wie wollt' ich gerne warten  
die lange graue Nacht!

Viel helle Lilien blühen  
um des Brunnens Schlund;  
drin schwimmen golden di Sterne,  
drin badet sich der Mond.

Und wie in den Brunnen schimmern  
Die lieben Sterne hinein,  
glänzt mir im Herzen immer  
deiner lieben Augen schein

Die Sterne doch am Himmel,  
die stehen all' so fern;  
in deinem stillen Garten  
stünd' ich jetzt so gern.

### SCHLECHTES WETTER (TERRIBLE WEATHER)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,  
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;  
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue  
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.

Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,  
Das wandelt langsam fort;  
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternechen  
Wankt über die Straße dort.

*In a quiet garden  
Beside a well  
How I yearned to wait  
The grey night through!*

*Many fair lilies  
Round the well's edge bloom  
Down in it the stars swim so golden  
Down in it bathes the moon.*

*And just as into the well  
The dear stars shimmer  
So always into my heart shines  
The light of your dear eyes.*

*But the stars in the sky  
They stand so distant;  
In your quiet garden  
Would I now willingly stand.*

*It is terrible weather:  
It's raining and storming and snowing;  
I sit at the window and gaze  
Out into the darkness.*

*There, a lonely light is gleaming,  
And it moves slowly onward;  
A little old woman with a lantern  
Totters across the street there.*

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier  
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;  
Sie will einen Kuchen backen  
Für's große Töchterlein.

Die liegt zu Hause im Lehnstuhl,  
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;  
Die goldnen Locken wallen  
Über das süße Gesicht.

### DES DICHTERS ABENDGANG (THE POET'S EVENING WALK)

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND (1787-1862)  
*Translated by Richard Stokes*

Ergehst du dich im Abendlicht  
(Das ist die Zeit der Dichterwonne):  
So wende stets dein Angesicht  
Um Glanze der gesunkenen Sonne!  
In hoher Feier schwebt dein Geist,  
Du schauest in des Tempels Hallen,  
Wo alles Heilige sich erschleußt  
Und himmlische Gebilde wallen.

Wann aber im das Heiligthum  
Die dunkeln Wolken niederrollen:  
Dann ists vollbracht, du kehrest um,  
Beseligt von dem Wundervollen.  
In stiller Rührung wirst du gehn,  
Du trägst in dir des Liedes Segen;  
Das Lichte, das du dort gesehn,  
Umglänzt dich mild auf finstern Wegen.

*Flour and eggs, I think,  
And butter – she has bought;  
She plans to bake a cake  
For her grown-up darling daughter.*

*She is lying at home in an armchair  
And she blinks sleepily in the light;  
Her golden curls straying  
Over her sweet face.*

*If you stroll in the evening light  
(That is the time for a poet's rapture):  
Always turn your face  
To the glory of the now departed sun!  
Your spirit will soar in noble solemnity,  
You will gaze into the halls of the temple,  
Where all that is holy is disclosed  
And heavenly forms move to and fro.*

*But when the dark clouds  
Roll down around the sanctuary,  
Then all is accomplished, you will turn back,  
Enraptured by the wonders you've seen,  
You will go with quiet emotion,  
You will bear in you the blessing of a song:  
The brightness that you have seen there  
Will shine round you softly on sombre paths.*

### DER STERN (THE STAR)

KARL JOACHIM ("ACHIM") FRIEDRICH VON ARNIM (1781-1831)

*Translated by Richard Stokes*

Ich seh ihn wieder  
Den lieblichen Stern;  
Er winket hernieder,  
Er nahte mir gern;  
Er wärmet und funkelt,  
Je näher er kömmt,  
Die andern verdunkelt,  
Die Herzen beklemmt.

*I see it again,  
The beautiful star;  
It beckons from on high,  
And would gladly draw near;  
It warms and sparkles,  
The closer it comes,  
It dims all the others,  
Oppresses all hearts.*

Die Haare im Fliegen  
Er eilet mir zu,  
Das Volk träumt von Siegen,  
Ich träume von Ruh',  
Die andern sich deuten  
Die Zunkunft daraus,  
Vergangene Zeiten  
Mir leuchten ins Haus.

*With its streaming mane  
It hurries towards me,  
Nations dream of victory,  
I dream of peace!  
It predicts for others  
The future,  
For me it lights up  
The past.*

### DIE VERSCHWIEGENEN (THE DISCREET ONES)

HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG, FROM LETZTE BLÄTTER

*Translated by Judith Kellock*

Ich habe wohl, es sei hier laut  
Vor aller Welt verkündigt,  
Gar vielen Heimlich anvertraut,  
Was du an mir gesündigt;

*I am happy, it is announced out loud here  
To the whole world,  
What was confided to many in private,  
What you have done to me;*

Ich sagt's dem ganzen Blumenheer,  
Dem Veilchen sagt' ich's stille,  
Der Rose laut und lauter der  
Großäugigen Kamille.

*I've said it to the whole army of the flowers,  
To the violet, I said it softly,  
To the rose, loudly.  
Even louder to the great-eyed camomile.*

Doch hat's dabei noch keine Noth,  
Bleib' munter nur und heiter;  
Die es gewußt, sind alle todt  
Und sagen's nicht mehr weiter.

*And so, I have no more distress,  
I remain only bright and cheerful,  
For those who knew it are all dead,  
And will say nothing further.*

### DIE ZEITLOSE (THE MEADOW SAFFRON)

HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG FROM LETZTE BLÄTTER

*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Auf Frisch gemähem Weideplatz  
Steht einsam die Zeitlose,  
Den Leib von einer Lilie,  
Die Farb' von einer Rose;

*Upon a freshly mown pasture  
Stands a solitary meadow saffron,  
Its body that of a lily,  
Its colour that of a rose.*

Doch ist es Gift, was aus dem Kelch,  
Dem reinen, blinkt, so rötlich –  
Die letzte Blum', die letzte Lieb'  
Sind beide schön, doch tödtlich.

*Yet it is poison that glints from the pure chalice,  
So red –  
The last flower, the last love  
Are both fair, yet deadly.*

### BLAUER SOMMER (BLUE SUMMER)

CARL BUSSE (1872-1918)

*Translated by Richard Stokes*

Ein blauer Sommer glanz – und glutenschwer  
Geht über Wiessen, Felder, Gärten her.  
Die Sonnenkrone glüht auf seinen Locken,  
Sein warmer Atem läutet Blütenglocken.  
Ein goldnes Band umzieht die blaue Stirne,  
Schwer aus den Zweigen fällt die reife Frucht  
Und Sens' und Sichel blitzt auf Flur und Feld,  
Und rot von Rosen ist die ganze Welt.

*A blue summer, heavy with light and heat,  
Moves over meadows, fields and gardens.  
The sun gleams on its locks,  
Its warm breath sets each calyx ringing.  
A golden garland encircles its blue brow,  
The ripe fruit falls heavily from the boughs,  
And scythe and sickle flash on plain and field  
And the whole world is red with roses.*



**ICH WOLLT EIN STRÄUßLEIN BINDEN (I WOULD HAVE MADE A BOUQUET)**

CLEMENS MARIA WENZESLAUS VON BRENTANO (1778-1842)

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

Ich wolt ein Sträußlein binden,  
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,  
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,  
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen  
Mir Thränen in den Klee,  
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen  
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das Wollte ich dir brechen  
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,  
Da fing es an zu sprechen:  
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!"

"Sei freundlich im Herzen,  
Betracht dein eigen Leid,  
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen  
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"

Und hätts nicht so gesprochen,  
Im Garten ganz allein,  
So hätt ich dir's gebrochen,  
Nun aber darfs nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,  
Ich bin so ganz allein.  
Im Lieben wohnt Bertrüben,  
Und kann nicht anders sein.

*I would have made a bouquet  
But dark night arrived  
And there was no little flower to be found,  
Or I would have brought it.*

*Then down my cheeks flowed  
Tears onto the clover –  
I saw that one small flower had sprouted up  
In the garden*

*I wanted to pick it for you  
Deep in the dark clover,  
But it began to speak:  
"Ah, do not harm me!"*

*"Be kind hearted,  
Consider your own grief,  
And do not let me  
Die in agony before my time!"*

*And if it had not spoken so,  
In the garden all alone,  
I would have plucked it for you,  
But now that cannot be.*

*My sweetheart has not come,  
I am so entirely alone.  
In love dwells tribulation,  
And it can never be otherwise.*

**RUHE, MEINE SEELE! (REST, MY SOUL!)**

KARL FRIEDRICH HENCKELL (1864-1929)

*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Nicht ein Lüftchen,  
Regt sich leise,  
Sanft entschlummert  
Ruht der Hain;  
Durch der Blätter  
Dunkle Hülle  
Stiehlt sich lichter  
Sonnenschein.  
Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Deine Stürme  
Gingen wild,  
Hast getobt und  
Hast gezittert,  
Wie die Brandung,  
Wenn sie schwillt!  
Diese Zeiten  
Sind gewaltig,  
Bringen Herz und  
Hirn in Noth–  
Ruhe, ruhe,  
Meine Seele,  
Und vergiß,  
Was dich bedroht!

*Not a breeze  
Is stirring lightly,  
The wood lies  
Slumbering gently;  
Through the dark  
Cover of leaves  
Steals bright  
Sunshine.  
Rest, rest,  
My soul,  
Your storms  
Have gone wild,  
Have raged and  
Trembled  
Like the surf  
When it breaks!  
These times  
Are powerful,  
Bringing torment  
To heart and mind:  
Rest, rest,  
My soul,  
And forget  
What threatens you!*

**ALLERSEELN (ALL SOULS DAY)**

HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Resenden,  
 Die letzten rotten A stern trag' herbei  
 Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden  
 Wie einst im Mai

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie Heimlich drücke  
 Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
 Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
 Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
 Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Todten frei,  
 Komm' an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  
 Wie einst im Mai

**EINERLEI (SINGULAR ONE)**

KARL JOACHIM ("ACHIM") FRIEDRICH VON ARNIM  
*Translated by Rebecca Plack and Lawrence Snyder*

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,  
 Sein Kuß mir immer neu,  
 Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,  
 Sein freier Blick mir treu;

O du liebes Einerlei,  
 Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

*Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
 Bring inside the last red asters,  
 And let us speak again of love,  
 As once we did in May.*

*Give me your hand, that I may press it secretly;  
 And if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.  
 Just offer me your sweet gaze.  
 As once you did in May.*

*Flowers adorn each grave today, giving off their  
 fragrances;  
 One day each year is devoted to the dead.  
 Come close to my heart, that I can have you again,  
 As once I did in May.*

*Her mouth remains the same,  
 Its kiss is ever new,  
 Her eyes yet unchanged,  
 Their boundless gaze true to me.*

*Oh you dear singular one,  
 What wondrous variety comes from you!*

**MEINEM KINDE (TO MY CHILD)**

GUSTAV FALKE (1853-1916)

Du schläfst und sachte neig' ich mich  
 Über dein Bettchen und segne dich.  
 Jeder behutsame Atemzug  
 Ist ein schweifender Himmelsflug,  
 Ist ein Suchen weit umher,  
 Ob nicht doch ein Sterlein wär',  
 Wo aus eitel Glanz und Licht  
 Liebe sich ein Glückskraut bricht,  
 Das sie geflügelt herniederträgt  
 Und dir auf's weiße Deckchen legt.

**WIEGENLIED (CRADLE SONG)**

RICHARD FEDOR LEOPOLD DEHMEL  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,  
 von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.  
 Blüten schimmern da, die beben  
 von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,  
 von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß;  
 von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,  
 da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.  
 Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,  
 von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht.  
 da die Blume seiner Liebe  
 diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

*You sleep and softly I bend down  
 Over your bed and bless you.  
 Every cautious breath I breathe  
 Is a winged flight to heaven,  
 Is a quest far and wide  
 To see if there is not a star,  
 From whose radiance and light  
 Love could pluck a herb of grace,  
 That she might carry down on her wing  
 And lay upon your white coverlet.*

*Dream, dream, my sweet life,  
 of the heaven that brings flowers.  
 Shimmering there are blossoms that shiver  
 to the song that your mother is singing.*

*Dream, dream, bud of my cares,  
 of the day the flower bloomed;  
 of the bright morning blossoming,  
 when your little soul opened up to the world.  
 Dream, dream, blossom of my love,  
 of the quiet, of the holy night  
 when the flower of his love  
 made this world a heaven for me.*

### MUTTERTÄNDELEI (MOTHER-CHATTER)

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER (1747-1794)  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Seht mir doch mein schönes Kind!  
Mit den gold'nen Zottellöckchen,  
Blauen Augen, rotten Bäckchen!  
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins? –  
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir dich mein süßes Kind!  
Fetter als ein fettes Schneckchen,  
Süßer als ein Zuckerweckchen!  
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins? –  
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir dich mein holdes Kind!  
Nicht zu mürrisch, nicht zu wählig  
Immer freundlich, immer fröhlich!  
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins? –  
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein frommes Kind!  
Keine bitterböse Sieben  
Würd' ihr Mütterchen so lieben.  
Leutchen, möchtet ihr so eins? –  
O, ihr kriegt gewiß nicht meins!

Komm' einmal ein Kaufmann her!  
Hunderttausend blanke Thaler,  
Alles Gold der Erde zahl' er!  
O, er kriegt gewiß nicht meins! –  
Kauf' er sich woanders eins!

*But just look at my fair child,  
With such golden curly locks,  
Blue eyes, red cheeks!  
My friends, have you such a one? –  
My friends, no, you have not!*

*But just look at my sweet child,  
Fatter than a fat snail,  
Sweeter than a sugar roll!  
My friends, have you such a one? –  
My friends, no, you have not!*

*But just look at my lovely child,  
Not too grumpy, not too particular!  
Always friendly, always merry!  
My friends, have you such a one? –  
My friends, no, you have not!*

*But just look at my pious child!  
No bitter shrew  
Could be so loved by its mother.  
My friends, would you like to have such a one? –  
O, you certainly won't get mine!*

*Just let a buyer come here once!  
A hundred thousand shiny thalers,  
All the gold in the world he would pay!  
But he certainly won't get mine! –  
Let him buy somewhere else.*

### ZUEIGNUNG (DEDICATION)

HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG, "HABE DANK", FROM LETZTE BLÄTTER  
*Translated by Rebecca Plack and Lawrence Snyder*

Ja du weißt es, theure Seele,  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnetest den Trank,  
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,  
Habe Dank.

### WINTERWEIHE (WINTER CONSECRATION)

KARL FRIEDRICH HENCKELL  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

In diesen Wintertagen,  
Nun sich das Licht verhüllt,  
Laß uns im Herzen tragen,  
Einander traulich sagen,  
Was uns mit innerm Licht erfüllt.

Was milde Glut entzündet,  
Soll brennen fort und fort,  
Was Seelen zart verbündet,  
Und Geisterbrücken gründet,  
Sei unser leises Losungswort.

*Yes, you know it, dearest soul,  
How I suffer far from you,  
Love makes the heart sick,  
Have thanks.*

*Once I, drinker of freedom,  
Held high the amethyst beaker,  
And you blessed the drink,  
Have thanks.*

*And you exorcised the evils in it,  
Until I, as I had never been before,  
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,  
Have thanks.*

*In these winter days,  
Now the light disguises itself,  
Let us bear in our hearts  
And confide in one another  
What fills us with inner light.*

*That which inflames ardour,  
Should burn on and on;  
That which tenderly binds souls  
And builds ghostly bridges  
Should be our soft password.*

Das Rad der Zeit mag rollen,  
Wir greifen kaum hinein,  
Dem Schein der Welt verschollen,  
Auf unserm Eiland wollen  
Wir Tag und Nacht der sel'gen Liebe weih'n.

#### **DAS ROSENBAND (THE ROSE GARLAND)**

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK (1724-1803)  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich Sie,  
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:  
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah Sie an; mein Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick' an Ihrem Leben:  
Ich fühlt' es wohl und wußt' es nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich Ihr sprachlos zu,  
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern.  
Da wachte Sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; Ihr Leben hing  
Mit diesem Blick' an meinem Leben,  
Und um uns ward's Elysium.

*The wheel of time may roll,  
But we hardly grasp it,  
Forgotten in the glow of the world.  
On our island we would  
Dedicate day and night to blissful Love.*

*In spring shade I found her,  
And bound her with rosy ribbons:  
She did not feel it, and slumbered on.*

*I looked at her; my life hung  
With that gaze on her life:  
I felt it well, but knew it not.*

*But I whispered wordlessly to her  
And rustled the rosy ribbons.  
Then she awoke from her slumber.*

*She looked at me; her life hung  
With this gaze on my life:  
And around us it became Elysium.*

#### **CÄCILIE (CECILY)**

HEINRICH HART (1855-1906)  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt  
Von brennenden Küssen,  
Com Wandern und Ruhen  
Mit der Geliebten,  
Aug' in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest Dein Herz.

Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt  
In einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm,  
Da Niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes  
Die kampfmüde Seele –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt  
Umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Athem

Zu schweben empor,  
Lichtgetragen  
Zu seligen Höhen –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du lebstest mit mir.

*If you only knew  
What it's like to dream  
Of burning kisses,  
Of wandering and resting  
With one's beloved,  
Eye turned to eye,  
And caressing and talking –  
If you only knew,  
You would incline your heart.*

*If you only knew  
What it's like to despair  
On lonely nights,  
Surrounded by the storm,  
While no one comforts  
With their mild voice  
Your weary soul –  
If you only knew,  
You would come to me.  
If you only knew  
What it's like to live,  
Surrounded by God's  
World-creating breath,*

*To float,  
Carried by light,  
To blessed heights –  
If you only knew,  
You would live with me.*

**ACH, WAS KUMMER, QUAL UND SCHMERZEN (OH, WHAT SORROWS, ANGUISH AND PAIN)**

VOLKSLIED, FROM ELSÄSSISCHE VOLKSLIEDER  
 Collected by Curt Mündel

Ach, was Kummer, Qual und Schmerzen,  
 Hm, hm, hm, hm.

Es liegt mir was auf meinem Herzen,  
 Hm, hm.

Und ich traue es nicht zu sagen,  
 Mich bei Jemand zu beklagen,  
 Da ich doch, hm, hm, hm, hm.

Stille muß ich; in mich schliessen,  
 Hm, hm.

Darf kein Wörtchen lassen fließen,  
 Hm, hm.

Muß mich stellen vor den Leuten,  
 Als wär ich in allen Freuden,  
 Da ich doch, hm, hm, hm, hm.

Meine Freude wär zu leben,  
 Hm, hm.

Mich der Freundschaft zu ergeben,  
 Hm, hm.

Mein Herz wüßte sich zu verschenken,  
 Um ein and'res Herz zu lenken,  
 Das empfindsam hm, hm, hm.

*Oh, what sorrows, anguish and pain,  
 Hm, hm, hm, hm.*

*How it weighs on my heart,  
 Hm, hm.*

*And I do not trust it to speak,  
 For me to complain to anyone,  
 Such I am, hm, hm, hm, hm.*

*Quietly I must enclose it within myself,  
 Hm, hm.*

*Let no little word fly out,  
 Hm, hm.*

*I must appear before people,  
 As if I were fully joyous,  
 Such I am, hm, hm, hm, hm.*

*My joy would be to live,  
 Hm, hm.*

*To abandon myself to joy,  
 Hm, hm.*

*My heart wants to yield,  
 To guide another heart,  
 A sentimental one, hm, hm, hm.*

**ERSTES LIED DER OPHELIA (FIRST SONG OF OPHELIA)**

KARL JOSEPH SIMROCK (1802-1876),  
 Shakespeare (1564-1616), from Hamlet, Act IV, scene 5

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulich  
 Vor andern nun?  
 An dem Muschelhut und Stab  
 Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist todt und lange hin,  
 Todt und hin, Fräulein.  
 Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,  
 Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. – O, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,  
 Viel liebe Blumen trauern:  
 Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh,  
 Vor Liebesschauern.

**ZWEITES LIED DER OPHELIA (SECOND SONG OF OPHELIA)**

KARL JOSEPH SIMROCK,  
 Shakespeare (1564-1616), from Hamlet, Act IV, scene 5

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag  
 So früh vor Sonnenschein.  
 Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag  
 Will euer Valentin sein.

Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,  
 Tüt auf die Kammerthür,  
 Ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid  
 Ging nimmermehr herfür.

*How should I your true love know  
 From one another?  
 By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.*

*He is dead and gone, lady,  
 He is dead and gone,  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone. – O, ho!*

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
 Larded all with sweet flowers,  
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,  
 With true-love showers.*

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
 All in the morning betime,  
 And I a maid at your window,  
 To be your Valentine.*

*Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
 And dupp'd the chamber-door;  
 Let in the maid, that out a maid  
 Never departed more.*

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas,  
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!  
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,  
Fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.

Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mir mir,  
Verspracht Ihr mich zu frein.  
Ich brächt's auch nicht beim Sonnenlicht!  
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

### **DRITTES LIED DER OPHELIA (THIRD SONG OF OPHELIA)**

KARL JOSEPH SIMROCK,  
*Shakespeare (1564-1616), from Hamlet, Act IV, scene 5*

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,  
Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!  
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß:  
Fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's, der mir gefällt,  
Und kommt er nimmermehr?  
Er ist tot, o weh!  
In dein Todbett geh,  
Er kommt dir nimmermehr.

Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,  
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu:  
Er ist hin, er ist hin,  
Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:  
Mit seiner Seele Ruh!

Und mit allen Christenseelen!  
darum bet ich!  
Gott sei mit euch.

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't, if they come to't;  
By cock, they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed.  
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

*They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear: -  
Fare you well, my dove!*

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead:  
Go to thy death-bed:  
He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan:  
God ha' mercy on his soul!*

*And of all Christian souls,  
I pray God,  
God be wi' ye.*

### **MORGEN! (TOMORROW!)**

JOHN HENRY MACKAY (1864-1933)  
*Translated by Emily Ezust*

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen...

*And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
And on the path I will take,  
It will unite us again, we happy ones,  
Upon this sun-breathing earth...*

*And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,  
We will descend quietly and slowly;  
We will look mutely into each other's eyes  
And upon us will settle the silence of bliss...*

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