Johannes Brahms
Robert Schumann

ANN MURRAY MEZZO-SOPRANO · MALCOLM MARTINEAU PIANO
Lieder

Johannes Brahms
Robert Schumann

ANN MURRAY
MEZZO-SOPRANO
MALCOLM MARTINEAU
PIANO

WITH
BENJAMIN APPL BARITONE
JOHN MARK AINSLEY TENOR
JOHNNY LANGRIDGE TENOR
HESTER DICKSON PIANO
Recorded at
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ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

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JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)

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Total Running Time: 64 minutes
In September 1853, the young Johannes Brahms, encouraged by friends with whom he was visiting, went to Düsseldorf at the end of September to meet Robert Schumann. ‘Visit from Brahms, a genius,’ we read in Schumann’s diary for that day, and a wonderful month for the younger man followed, in which he saw Robert and his wife Clara almost every day. Schumann’s article ‘Neue Bahnen’ (‘New paths’) followed in the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik on 28 October: in it he announced to the world the appearance of a new and great musician. A few months later, in February 1854, tragedy struck when Schumann was taken to the sanatorium at Endenich near Bonn, never to leave; he died there in July 1856. From the time of that first meeting, Brahms’s fate was to be intertwined with the Schumanns; in a complex and profound fashion, Brahms and Clara would love and care about each other for the remaining 40 years of their lives. Given this background, it seems only fitting that Schumann’s and Brahms’s songs should share this recording.

With only two exceptions, the Schumann songs and duets featured here are in his ‘late style’ of the late 1840s and early 1850s, not the famous ‘miracle year’ of 1840 in which he composed Dichterliebe and
so many other masterpieces of song. By this time, Schumann had met Richard Wagner and, under his influence, began to experiment with the subversion of clear-cut cadences, declamatory vocal writing, considerable chromaticism and flexible, irregular phrasing. The Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart is Schumann’s last set of songs for solo voice, and it treats a subject ‘in the air’ at the time, for example, in Sir Walter Scott’s novel The Abbot (1820), set at Loch Leven Castle, where Mary was imprisoned in 1567–8. Clara was fond of royal tragedies and sentimental verse; she entered the poems, which she and Robert probably found in the Kölnische Zeitung for 11 and 17 November 1852, into their shared ‘Copies of Poems for Setting’, and Robert’s cycle was a gift to her, and very much tailored to her taste. The poems Gisbert Freiherr von Vincke translated into German were not all by the tragic queen, but the Schumanns thought they were. The result is a true song cycle, tonally unified and with similar ‘head motives’ at the beginning of songs 2–5. The poems trace the following episodes of Mary I of Scotland’s life:

1. ‘Abschied von Frankreich’: in 1561, Mary left France after 13 years spent there in the wake of her husband François II’s death in December 1560.

2. ‘Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes’: 1566 saw the birth of her son James (James VI of Scotland from 1567, after an uprising against Mary, and James I of England and Ireland from 1603 until his death in 1625), fruit of her unhappy marriage to her first cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, who was found murdered in his garden in 1567.
3. ‘An die Königin Elisabeth’: it is now perhaps c.1568, and there have been momentous events. Mary’s marriage to James Hepburn, Fourth Earl of Bothwell, who was tried and acquitted of murdering Darnley; Mary’s imprisonment at Loch Leven; Bothwell’s exile; Mary’s escape from Loch Leven and flight south, where she was recaptured. She wanted her first cousin once removed, Queen Elizabeth I of England, to help her regain her throne, but because Mary had previously claimed Elizabeth’s throne and was considered the rightful heir by English Catholics, Elizabeth refused to release her from confinement.

4. ‘Abschied von der Welt’: in 1586 Mary was put on trial for treason, after Elizabeth’s secretary Sir Francis Walsingham read in Mary’s private letters of her sanctioning the attempted assassination of Elizabeth.

5. ‘Gebet’: the evening of 7 February 1587, and Mary has been told she is to be beheaded the next morning at Fotheringhay Castle.

In the first song, ‘Abschied von Frankreich’, waves rise and fall in the piano, joined to a vocal line poised between lyric song and prose-like declamation. In the last ‘Ade’, we hear sad finality but the tiny postlude seems to portray the queen still looking back at a country she did not want to leave. ‘Nach der Geburt’ is akin to a chorale, a prayer infused with muted intensity (for example, the rising chromatic contour and octave drop at the words ‘die Geburt des hier Geboren’, repeated at ‘was geschieht in seinem Namen’). When Schumann sets Mary’s wish
that her son’s race should long rule in this kingdom, the word ‘noch’ is sustained over the barline as the harmony shifts to an unstable chord, her uncertainty about the future thus underscored. Vincke, a Shakespeare translator, converted ‘An die Königin Elisabeth’ into Shakespearean iambic pentameters and sonnet form, and Schumann in his turn fashions dramatic declamation to minimal accompaniment. ‘Abschied von der Welt’ is also a sonnet in iambic pentameters, one that Schumann turns into a stylized funeral march-cum-lied, the accompaniment minimal and shot through with repetitions of the initial ‘falling figure’ in the first measure. The last song, ‘Gebet’, is another prayer in chorale texture, its quiet intensity remarkable; we hear the vocal register ascend by degrees throughout the first half of the song in increasing tension. As she prays to Christ, ‘Nun rette Du mich’ (‘and save me’) at the end, it is the piano that must complete the cadence to a sorrowful E minor, the tragedy forecast from the beginning of the cycle.

Schumann had set only a few poems by Goethe before 1849, the centenary of the poet’s birth and the inspiration for Op. 98a; the composer attended a series of conferences about a Goethe celebration in Dresden in July and August of that year. The texts he chose here come from Goethe’s novel Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre (‘Wilhelm Meister’s apprenticeship’), a Bildungsroman in which a young man grows to maturity and outgrows his illusions at considerable cost to those around him. The novel is punctuated by inset-songs, lyric poems sung by its characters, and was thus an open invitation to a long list of composers. The characters include the mysterious Harper, whose tragic history we learn only at the end, and the child Mignon. The Harper, son of the
eccentric Marquis Cipriani in Italy, was raised apart from his younger sister Sperata (her name derived from ‘speranza’, or ‘hope’); ignorant of her existence, he meets her as a young man, they fall in love, and she bears him a child: Mignon. On the discovery that they are brother and sister, Sperata dies, and the Harper wanders hither and yon, singing of his sorrow and guilt.

His songs make manifest both art’s power over death and its futility in the face of death, its conversion of the world into ordered language and its creator’s inability to cope with tragic reality. His daughter (neither one knows they are related) was kidnapped when very young, then rescued from her harsh life in an acrobatic troupe by Wilhelm Meister, with whom she falls in love. She does not know her age (‘Nobody has counted’, she says in her broken German), she dresses in boy’s clothes, and she speaks of herself in the third person except in her songs. She symbolizes humanity’s two natures, earthly and spiritual, male and female, and she has prophetic powers. Her life is governed by ‘Sehnsucht’ (‘longing’), a form of Romantic desire that manifests itself as affliction; in song, she reaches out for the lost and irretrievable ideal. In ‘Kennst du das Land’, from the start of Book III of the novel, she remembers the marble villa of her childhood, the citrus groves and sunny skies of Italy, and the mist-wreathed mountain paths. Schumann had earlier placed this song at the end of his Liederalbum für die Jugend – Mignon is, after all, a child in early adolescence – and then again in Op. 98a, but in both contexts, her music is no longer childish. This is Wagner-inflected passion but with familiar Schumann fingerprints, such as the continuous melody provided by the piano’s filling in every interstice between stanzas.
Schubert’s Harper is a tenor, but Schumann and Hugo Wolf both imagined him as a baritone or bass. The ‘Ballade des Harfners’ is simultaneously a ballad about a minstrel performing for a king and his royal court and a performance by the Harper for Wilhelm Meister and his acting company. From the sweeping, harp-like chords to the ‘freely declamatory’ and demanding vocal part, this is a fusion of dramatic scena and song. The king, pleased by the performance, attempts to give the minstrel a gold chain (here Schumann creates linked figures in the piano, quite chain-like). The minstrel rejects material wealth and asks for wine instead, declaring that ‘I sing as the bird sings’ – the occasion for a moment of pure song. (Schumann was using a corrupt 1840 Paris edition of Goethe’s novel, so we find the words ‘in reinem Glase’ instead of the correct ‘in purem Golde’.)

In Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre, ‘Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt’ is presented as Wilhelm’s incomplete transcription of a duet sung by the Harper and Mignon; in music, there are both duet versions, Schubert’s being the most famous, and solo versions for Mignon alone, as here. Reflecting Mignon’s obsession with longing, Schumann ends every phrase of the vocal line with appoggiaturas, long a device by which to express desire in music. While the composer repeats most of the short poem, the cry ‘My head reels, my body blazes’ (the language of ‘Eingeweide’ or ‘bowels’ is Old Testament in flavour) appears only once, to a massive Neapolitan chord.

‘Wer nie sein Brot’ is the Harper’s searing indictment of the gods who lead us into transgression and then abandon us to our guilt. In Schumann’s version, we twice hear bitter prolongation and emphasis
of the word ‘wer’ – those more fortunate mortals who have never wept all night in their beds – and then mammoth sweeping chords (he is a harpist, after all) to accompany his furious characterization of the gods. For the final assertion that all sin is punished on earth, the arpeggiations grow hushed, and the last two words are separated and sunk deep in the bass. ‘On earth’, in life: this is the ultimate horror. The final forte chord in the piano is the last flare-up of anger.

‘Heiß mich nicht reden’ is introduced in offhand manner in Goethe’s Book V Chapter 6 as ‘a poem Mignon had recited once or twice with great expressiveness’. The vow of which she sings is one she made to the Virgin Mary, who promised her protection as she was being kidnapped: she would never tell her story and would live and die in expectation of divine intervention. This is Schumann at his most dramatic: when Mignon first sings of the ‘appointed time’ at which the darkness of her existence will be replaced by light, we hear in the right hand the foreshadowing of the massive chimes rung in the piano to herald ‘nur ein Gott’ (‘only a god’) to release her from her vow.

The late eighteenth century made a distinction between ‘Einsamkeit’ (‘solitude’, which could be positive or negative) and being ‘allein’ (‘alone’), the latter usually a sad or even pathological state. In ‘Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt’, the Harper declares that such as he who surrender to solitude are soon left alone by others; he then laments that only in the grave will a quasi-anthropomorphized Torment finally leave him. We hear the Harper’s madness in the radical tonal instability of this song, which begins in minor-mode torment and ends with the piano’s final cadence in A flat major, as if in hope of future peace.
‘Singet nicht in Trauertönen’ belongs in the novel to Philine, a lively, flirtatious actress in Wilhelm’s troupe who advises Wilhelm and his assistant Serlo to quit theorizing about their performance of Hamlet and get on with it, then sings this song. Her staccato vivacity and frank celebration of sensual love add a welcome lighter touch in the midst of the Harper’s and Mignon’s darker, deeper destinies.

In stark contrast to Philine’s vitality is the Harper’s ‘An die Türen will ich schleichen’, his prophecy of a future in which he will beg for his bread. In a state of alienation beyond remedy, he will wonder why people weep a single tear (they will not spare more for such as he) at the sight of him. All expansiveness gone, this song is the epitome of terse tragedy that barely knows itself to be tragic, the repeated semiquaver figures in the piano no longer a sweeping harp gesture but a listless shuffle. The Picardy 3rd cadence (a major chord at the close of a work in minor mode) at the end – an antique, Baroque device – closes off the bleak vision with a distinctive, quiet dignity.

‘So laßt mich scheinen’ comes from Book VIII Chapter 2, when Wilhelm’s eventual bride Natalie tells him about a birthday party at which Mignon played the part of an angel. Refusing to take off her costume, she sings this song foretelling her transcendence after death. For the ‘brief repose’ in the sure and strong house of the grave, Schumann has the voice and bass line duet with one another in close embrace of an unmoving inner ostinato, followed by a twofold explosion of revelation and transfiguration: an electric moment in this final song of the set. Here, finally, the G minor tragic moods of ‘Kennst du das Land’ and ‘Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt’ become apotheosis in G major.
‘Ich denke Dein’ also belongs to Schumann’s musical celebration of Goethe at the mid-century mark. The composer, who knew Schubert’s immortal 1815 setting ‘Nähe des Geliebten’, D. 162, chose duet texture rather than solo song, gave his work a different title, and abjured any piano introduction at all (Schubert’s setting begins with one of his most beautiful introductions), surely in part to minimize the inevitable comparisons. The two lovers sing as if glued together in perfect passion while the piano accompaniment spins a continuous melody throughout. In a duet that alternates between minor mode and its relative major, Schumann creates moments of particular beauty: when the lovers listen to the quiet meadow, rapt attention rendered in harmony, and at the end, when the sun sinks and the stars begin to shine.

The historical links between Spanish and German literature from the Middle Ages onward meant that German Romantics often favoured Spain as a destination for exotic-erotic journeys of the imagination, a practice exemplified in the popular poet Emanuel Geibel’s Volkslieder und Romanzen der Spanier (1843). In his Spanisches Liebespiel, Op. 74, and his Spanische Liebeslieder, Op. 138, both to texts drawn from Geibel, Schumann does something new by creating multi-number works in which the soprano, alto, tenor and bass singers are deployed in varying combinations (solos, duets, quartets, even piano duets). ‘Hoch, hoch sind die Berge’ (originally part of Op. 74, but discarded after a disappointing first performance and then included in Op. 138) is a wistful specimen of the folk-like art song, a work that evokes folkloric style but is actually the product of consummate artistry. The plangent details of this sad song sung to her mother by a daughter whose lover has gone away into
the mountains (abandonment? death?) include the horn-call figure at the beginning; the overlapping gestures in the piano for the girl’s ‘five fingers’ beckoning her lover back as he departs; and, most heart-rending of all, the echo of the first vocal phrase as the piano’s last word. We can almost see her still looking upwards.

Count Anton Alexander von Auersperg, better known by his pen-name Anastasius Grün, was a poet and politician in Carniola, and famous in his day for his versified attacks on the Metternich regime in Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten (1831). Schumann, despite his leftist political tendencies, chose not the political verse but the tender depiction of generational love in ‘Familien-Gemälde’. In mirrored sweetness, a young couple and their loving grandparents contemplate one another. In 1840, Robert’s hopes for a loving family life were high indeed; the ticking clock and Time’s passage, recorded in the staccato beats of the ‘leisen Schritt des die Zeit’, were meant to lead to a future such as this one. It is an epitome of sadness that Robert and Clara were denied this vision (the hope of all lovers) by disease and death.

Schumann was fond of the verse of Friedrich Rückert, well known for his patriotic poems in the War of Liberation against Napoleon’s armies and as an Orientalist and prolific poet. Robert and Clara chose 12 poems from the volume Liebesfrühling to set to music in a shared opus that ends with the duet ‘So wahr die Sonne scheinet’. As in ‘Ich denke Dein’, loving unanimity is expressed here by the perfect rhythmic accord of the two singers. None of the other Liebesfrühling songs are in this manner, the Innigkeit (‘intimacy’, ‘inwardness’) here the perfect conclusion to the work.
The duet ‘Ich bin dein Baum’ comes from the *Minnespiel*, Op. 101, a group of eight Rückert settings composed after the failed May 1849 revolution in Dresden, where the Schumanns were living at the time. For this hymn to married love, Schumann demonstrates yet again the impact of Bach-influenced free counterpoint on his music.

Johannes Brahms began his compositional life with songs and works for piano, and he would never abandon songwriting, whatever his ambitions in large instrumental forms. ‘Dein blaues Auge’ is one of his many settings of poetry by Klaus Groth, whose family had ties to Brahms’s father’s family and who was famous in his time for verse in *plattdeutsch* dialect. This poem from *Quickborn – Volksleben in plattdeutschen Gedichten Ditmarscher Mundart* (1852) is in the voice of a man we might colloquially describe as ‘on the rebound’; burned by one pair of eyes whose scorn/rejection/passion still pains him, he gazes into the limpid, healing eyes of another woman. It is no wonder that Brahms’s persona places the ‘Nachgefühl’, the painful aftermath, briefly in a darker tonal realm or that touches of that darkness are evident elsewhere in the song (including the beginning and end), even as he asserts a new-found peace.

The poet of Brahms’s ‘Junge Lieder I’ was Felix Schumann, Schumann’s youngest child, conceived not long before Robert’s descent into insanity, and Brahms’s godson. Felix, who would die of tuberculosis at the age of 25, turned to poetry when bad health made a musical career impossible. Brahms’s setting was a Christmas Eve gift to Clara; in the letter accompanying his gift, Brahms told Clara that he had recalled her husband’s ‘Schöne Fremde’ (the sixth song of the Eichendorff *Liederkreis*,
Op. 39) when he read Felix’s verses, and he quotes it at the beginning of his own masterpiece. Here, an ardent swain proclaims that his love is as green as the lilac bush and as fair as the sun shining upon it.

A girl sings of her pride in her blacksmith-lover in ‘Der Schmied’; it is one of Brahms’s most popular songs, and with reason. The vocal line swings back and forth in imitation of the man’s swinging hammer, while the rhythmic pattern in the accompaniment gives us both the initial blow and the immediate rebound. In two short strophes, Brahms conveys enormous energy and rustic vitality.

The late masterpiece ‘Ständchen’ catches folkloric-Germanic nostalgia in a nutshell: moonlight over the mountains, a fountain plashing in the gardens, and three blond students serenading a beloved who whispers ‘Remember me’ in her dreams. Brahms responds by roving lightly between various transient tonalities, as if from one beautiful place to another; appropriately enough for a song about student life and loves, the song is related in some of its procedures to the Academic Festival Overture.

‘Wir wandelten’ is the last of Brahms’s 19 solo songs on texts by Georg Friedrich Daumer, whose mildly erotic verse in the collection Polydora, ein weltpoetisches Liederbuch (1855) offended some of the composer’s more prudish friends. Here, the persona muses on what he and his beloved are thinking when they walk silently together, and Brahms, taking his cue from the persona’s assertion in the second and third verses of beautiful thoughts, shifts to a beautifully removed tonal realm (the flat submediant, enharmonically notated in sharps as a further index of distance) and then rings treble chimes in the piano.
In ‘Wie Melodien’, the poet Klaus Groth fashions a poem about the power of poetry, asserting that evanescent melodies in the mind retain something of their power to move the heart when turned into verse. Brahms then comes along and demonstrates that when music is allied to those words, their emotional intensity is heightened still further. Each of the three stanzas begins in the same way, with an expansive melody against harp-like arpeggations in the piano and the beautifully expressive touch of darkness near the end of the first phrase when the Neapolitan (flatted 2nd) harmony sounds, but ends differently (in the dominant for verse 1, melancholy relative minor for the feelings that disappear like mist and wind in mere words in verse 2, and the tonic key at the close of the song). The plagal or ‘Amen’ cadence that concludes the piano postlude – a Brahmsian fingerprint – tells us how reverentially Brahms viewed the merger of poetry, music and feeling in song.

Brahms first met the pretty young singer Bertha Porubszky in 1859 in Hamburg, where he was conducting the women’s chorus. Her performance of a Ländler-Lied, ‘Du moanst wohl, du glabst wohl’, by Alexander Baumann (a friend of Brahms’s) so impressed the composer that its melody sounds in the piano accompaniment to the famous ‘Wiegenlied’. Bertha had married an industrialist named Arthur Faber, and this song was composed for the birth of their second child in 1868. ‘While she is singing Hans to sleep, a love song is being sung to her’, Brahms wrote to her husband, adding that ‘My song is suitable for either boys or girls, so you need not order a new one each time’.

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Abschied von Frankreich

Ich zieh dahin!
Ade, mein fröhlich Frankenland,
Wo ich die liebste Heimat fand,
Du meiner Kindheit Pflegerin!
Ade, du Land, du schöne Zeit –
Mich trennt das Boot vom Glück so weit!
Doch trägt’s die Hälfte nur von mir;
Ein Teil für immer bleibt dein,
Mein fröhlich Land, der sage dir,
Des andern eingedenk zu sein!
Ade!

Farewell to France

I am going away!
Farewell, my happy France,
where I found the dearest homeland,
you the guardian of my childhood!
Farewell, O land, O happy time –
the ship bears me far away from joy!
Yet it takes but half of me;
one part will be forever yours,
my happy land, and it asks you
always to remember me!
Farewell!
Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes

Herr Jesu Christ, den sie gekrönt mit Dornen,
Beschütze die Geburt des hier Gebornen.
Und sei's dein Will', laß sein Geschlecht zugleich
Lang herrschen noch in diesem Königreich.
Und Alles, was geschieht in seinem Namen,
Sei dir zu Ruhm und Preis und Ehre, Amen.

An die Königin Elisabeth

Nur ein Gedanke, der mich freut und quält,
Hält ewig mir den Sinn gefangen,
So daß der Furcht und Hoffnung Stimmen
[klangen,
Als ich die Stunden ruhelos gezählt.

Und wenn mein Herz dies Blatt zum Boten wählt,
Und kündet, Euch zu sehen, mein Verlangen,
Dann, teurer Schwester, faßt mich neues
[Bangen,
Weil ihm die Macht, es zu beweisen, fehlt.

Ich seh', den Kahn im Hafen fast geborgen,
Vom Sturm und Kampf der Wogen
[festgehalten,
Des Himmels heit'res Antlitz nachtumgraunt.
So bin auch ich bewegt von Furcht und Sorgen,
Vor Euch nicht, Schwester! Doch des Schicksals
[Walten
Zerreißt das Segel oft, dem wir vertraut.

After the birth of her son

Lord Jesus Christ, whom they crowned with thorns,
protect this new-born boy,
and, if it be thy will, let his race
long rule in this realm.
And let all that is done in his name
be to thy glory, praise and honour, Amen.

To Queen Elizabeth

One thought alone gladdens and grieves me
and always dominates my mind,
so that the voices of fear and hope resounded,
when sleepless I counted the hours.

And when my heart chooses this letter as messenger,
revealing how I long to see you,
then, dear sister, a new anguish seizes me,
because the letter lacks the power to prove it.

I see the boat half hidden in the harbour,
held back by the storm and warring waves,
and heaven's serene face blackened by night.
So am I likewise beset by cares and fear,
not of you, my sister. But the force of fate
often lacerates the sail in which we trust.
Abschied von der Welt
Was nützt die mir noch zugemess'ne Zeit?
   Mein Herz erstarb für irdisches Begehren,
       Nur Leiden soll mein Schatten nicht entbehren,
Mir blieb allein die Todesfreudigkeit.

Ihr Feinde, laßt von eurem Neid:
   Mein Herz ist abgewandt der Hoheit Ehren,
       Des Schmerzes Übermaß wird mich verzeihen;
Bald geht mit mir zu Grabe Haß und Streit.

Ihr Freunde, die ihr mein gedenkt in Liebe,
   Erwägt und glaubt, daß ohne Kraft und Glück
Kein gutes Werk mir zu vollenden bliebe.
   So wünscht mir bess're Tage nicht zurück,
Und weil ich schwer gestrafet werd' hienieden,
Erfleht mir meinen Teil am ew'gen Frieden!

Gebet
O Gott, mein Gebieter,
   Ich hoffe auf Dich!
O Jesu, Geliebter,
   Nun rette Du mich!
Im harten Gefängnis,
in schlimmer Bedrängnis
   Ersehne ich Dich;
In Klagen, dir klagend,
Im Staube verzagend,
Erhör, ich beschwöre,
   Und rette Du mich!

Farewell to the world
What use is the time still allotted me?
   My heart is dead to earthly desires,
       my spirit is severed from all but sorrow,
the joy of death alone remains.

Cease envying me, O enemies:
   my heart abjures all honour and nobility,
       excess of anguish will devour me,
hatred and schism will soon be buried with me.

O friends, who will remember me with love,
   consider and believe that without power or fortune
there is nothing good I can achieve.
   So do not wish for the return of happier days,
and because I’ve been sorely punished here on earth,
pray that a share of eternal peace might be mine!

Prayer
O Lord God,
   I put my trust in thee!
O beloved Jesus,
   rescue me!
In my harsh prison,
in dire affliction
   I long for thee;
Lamenting I cry to thee,
desperating in the dust,
   hearken, I implore thee,
And rescue me!
LIEDER UND GESÄNGE AUS
‘WILHELM MEISTER’, OP. 98A
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

© Mignon (Kennst du das Land)

Kennst 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,
Kennst du es wohl?
   Dahin! Dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und seh'n 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!

LIEDER AND SONGS FROM
‘WILHELM MEISTER’, OP. 98A

Mignon (Do you know the land)

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.

Do you know the house? Columns support its roof,
its hall gleans, 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!
Ballade des Harfners

„Was hör ich draußen vor dem Tor,
Was auf der Brücke schallen?
Laß den Gesang zu unserem Ohr
Im Saale wiederhallen!
Der König sprach’s, der Page lief;
Der Knabe kam, der König rief:
Bring ihn herein den Alten!“

„Gegrüßet seid ihr hohen Herrn
Gegrüßt ihr schönen Damen!
Welch reicher Himmel! Stern bei Stern!
Wer kennet ihre Namen?
Im Saal voll Pracht und Herrlichkeit
Schließt, Augen, euch; hier ist nicht Zeit,
Sich staunend zu ergötzen.“

Der Sänger drückt’ die Augen ein
Und schlug die vollen Töne;
Die Ritter schauten mutig drein,
Und in den Schoß die Schöne.
Der König, dem das Lied gefiel,
Ließ, ihm zu Lohne für sein Spiel,
Eine goldne Kette holen.

„Die goldne Kette gib mir nicht,
Die Kette gib den Rittern,
Vor deren kühnem Angesicht
Der Feinde Lanzen splittern;
Gib sie dem Kanzler, den du hast,
Und laß ihn noch die goldne Last
Zu andern Lasten tragen.

The Harper’s ballad

‘What do I hear outside the gate,
what sounds on 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 be admitted!’

‘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; now is no time
for amazement and delight.’

The minstrel shut tight his eyes
and struck up with full sound;
the knights looked on gallantly,
and the beautiful lady looked down.
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.”
Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,
   Der in den Zweigen wohnet;
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,
   Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.
Doch darf ich bitten, bitt ich eins:
Laß einen Trunk des bisten Weins
   In reinem Glase bringen." 

Er setzt' es an, er trank es aus:
   „O Trank der süßen Labe!
O driemal hochbeglücktes Haus,
   Wo das ist kleine Gabe!
Ergelt's euch wohl, so denkt an mich,
   Und danket Gott so warm, als ich
Für diesen Trunk euch danke."

"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 beg one boon:
   let the best wine be brought to me
   in a clear glass."

He put it to his lips, he drank it dry:
   'O draught full of sweet refreshment!
O thrice 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.'

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 knows and loves me
   is far away.
My head reels,
   my body blazes.
Only those who know longing
   know what I suffer!
Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß
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 uns hinein,
Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlaßt ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

Heiß mich nicht reden
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 erheilen;
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.

Who never ate his bread with tears
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.

Bid me not speak
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 the earth its deeply hidden
springs.

All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,
there the heart can pour its sorrow;
but my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow,
and only a god can open them.
Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
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!

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

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

Who gives himself to loneliness
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!

Do not sing in mournful tones
Do not sing in mournful tones
of the solitude of night;
no, fair ladies, night is made
for conviviality.

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 Dämmrung 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,
Merce dir es, liebe Brust;
Jeder Tag hat seine Plage,
Und die Nacht hat ihre Lust.

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,
which 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.
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.

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!

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.

Let me appear an angel  
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;  
oh make me forever young again!
4 DUETS, OP. 78

No. 3 Ich denke Dein
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ich denke Dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Haine, geh’ ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärst du da!

4 DUETS, OP. 78

No. 3 I think of you

I think of you, when the shimmering sun
streams from the sea;
I think of you, when the glittering moon
is mirrored in springs.

I see you, when on distant paths
the dust rises;
in deep night, when on the narrow bridge,
the traveller trembles.

I hear you where, with muffled roar
the wave rears up.
In the silent wood I often hearken
when all is silent.

I am with you, however far away you be,
you are by my side!
The sun sets, soon the stars will shine on me.
Oh that you were here!
SPANISCHE LIEBESLIEDER, OP. 138

© No. 8 Hoch, hoch sind die Berge
Emanuel Geibel (1815–1884)
after Pedro de Padilla (fl.1585–99)

Hoch, hoch sind die Berge,
Und steil ist ihr Pfad;
Die Brunnen sprühn Wasser
Und rieseln ins Kraut.
O Mutter, o Mutter,
Lieb Mütterlein du;
Dort, dort in die Berge
Mit den Gipfeln so stolz,
Da ging eines Morgens
Mein süßester Freund.
Wohl rief ich zurück ihn
Mit Zeichen und Wort,
Wohl winkt’ ich mit allen
Fünf Fingern zurück –
Die Brunnen sprühn Wasser
Und rieseln ins Karut.

SPANISH LOVE SONGS, OP. 138

No. 8 The mountains are high

The mountains are high,
their paths are sheer;
the fountains spray water
which flows into the heather.
O mother, O mother,
O dearest mother;
up into those mountains
with their proud peaks
my sweetest friend
went one morning.
I called him back
with gestures and words,
I waved him back
with every finger of my hand –
the fountains spray water
which flows into the heather.

4 DUETS, OP. 34

© No. 4 Familien-Gemälde
Anastasius Grün (1806–1876)

Grossvater und Grossmutter,
Die sassen im Gartenhag,
Es lächelte still ihr Antlitz

4 DUETS, OP. 34

No. 4 Family painting

Grandpapa and grandmama,
they sat out in the garden,
quietly smiling,
Wie‘n sonn’ger Wintertag.
Die Arme verschlungen, ruhten
Ich und die Geliebte dabei,
Uns blühten und klangen die Herzen
Wie Blumenhaine im Mai.

Ein Bächlein rauschte vorüber
Mit plätscherndem Wanderlied;
Stumm zog das Gewölk am Himmel
Bis unsern Blicken es schied.

Es rasselte von den Bäumen
Das Laub, verwelkt und zerstreut,
Und schweigend an uns vorüber
Zog leisen Schrittes die Zeit.

Stumm blickte aufs junge Pärchen
Das alte stille Paar;
Des Lebens Doppelspiegel
Stand vor uns licht und wahr:

Sie sahn uns an und dachten
Der schönen Vergangenheit;
Wir sahn sie an und träumten
Von ferner, künftiger Zeit.

like a sunny winter’s day.
By their side my love and I
embraced each other tightly,
our hearts burgeoned and rang
like flowery groves in May.

A brooklet flowed murmuring by,
babbling as it went;
the clouds gathered silently above
until they scudded out of sight.

The leaves rustled loudly, as they scattered
falling and withered from the trees,
and Time passed by us
with silent tread.

The old couple watched the young pair
without a single word.
There before us, clear and true,
stood life’s double reflection.

They looked at us and thought
of their happy past.
We looked at them and thought
of distant days to come.
GEDICHTE AUS
‘LIEBESFRÜHLING’, OP. 37

No. 12 So wahr die Sonne scheinet
Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

So wahr die Sonne scheinet,
So wahr die Wolke weinet,
So wahr die Flamme sprüht,
So wahr der Frühling blüht;
So wahr hab ich empfunden,
Wie ich dich halt umwunden:
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb’ ich, wie du mich.

Die Sonne mag verscheinen,
Die Wolke nicht mehr weinen,
Die Flamme mag versprühen,
Der Frühling nicht mehr blühen!
Wir wollen uns umwinden
Und immer so empfinden:
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,
Dich lieb’ ich, wie du mich.

POEMS FROM
‘LOVE’S SPRINGTIME’, OP. 37

No. 12 Truly as the sun shines

Truly as the sun shines,
truly as the cloud weeps,
truly as the flame flashes,
truly as spring blossoms;
as truly did I feel
holding you in my embrace:
you love me, as I love you,
I love you, as you love me.

The sun may cease to shine,
the cloud may weep no more,
the flame may flash and fade,
the spring may blossom no more!
But we shall embrace
and always feel:
you love me, as I love you,
I love you, as you love me.
MINNESPIEL, OP. 101

© No. 3 Ich bin dein Baum
Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin dein Baum, o Gärtner, dessen Treue
Mich hält in Liebespfleg’ und süßer Zucht,
Komm, daß ich in den Schoß dir dankbar
[streue
Die reife, dir allein gewachs’ne Frucht.
Ich bin dein Gärtner, o du Baum der Treue!
Auf and’res Glück fühl ich’ nicht Eifersucht,
Die holden Äste find’ ich stets aufs neue
Geschmückt mit Frucht, wo ich gepflückt
[die Frucht.

MINNESPIEL, OP. 101

No. 3 I am your tree

I am your tree: O gardener, whose loyalty
treats me affectionately and tenderly,
come, let me with thanks shower into your lap
the ripe fruit I grew for you alone.
I am your gardener, O tree of loyalty!
I am not jealous of others’ happiness:
I always find your dear branches decked anew
with fruit, where I once picked the fruit.
Johannes Brahms

8 LIEDER UND GESÄNGE, OP. 59

No. 8 Dein blaues Auge hält so still
Klaus Groth (1819–1899)

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

9 LIEDER UND GESÄNGE, OP. 63

No. 5 Junge Liebe I
Felix Schumann (1854–1879)

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

8 LIEDER AND SONGS, OP. 59

No. 8 Your blue eyes stay so still

Your blue eyes stay so still,
I look into their depths.
You ask me what I seek to see?
Myself restored to health.

A pair of ardent eyes have burnt me,
the pain of it still throbs:
your eyes are limpid as a lake,
and like a lake as cool.

9 LIEDER AND SONGS, OP. 63

No. 5 Young love I

My love’s as green as the lilac bush,
and my sweetheart’s as fair as the sun;
the sun shines down on the lilac bush,
fills it with delight and fragrance.

My soul has a nightingale’s wings
and sways in the blossoming lilac,
and, drunk with fragrance, exults and sings
many a love-drunk song.
5 GEDICHTE, OP. 19

No. 4 Der Schmied
Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862)

Ich hör meinen Schatz,
Den Hammer er schwinget,
Das rauschet, das klinget,
Das dringt in die Weite
Wie Glockengeläute,
Durch Gassen und Platz.

Am schwarzen Kamin,
Da sitzet mein Lieber,
Doch, geh ich vorüber,
Die Bälge dann sausen,
Die Flammen aufbrausen
Und lodern um ihn.

5 LIEDER, OP. 106

No. 1 Ständchen
Franz Kugler (1808–1858)

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

5 POEMS, OP. 19

No. 4 The blacksmith

I hear my sweetheart,
swinging his hammer,
it sounds, it resounds,
it peals out afar
like ringing bells
through alleys and square.

At the black forge
my love is sitting,
but if I go past,
the bellows start blowing,
the flames flare up
and blaze all around him.

The moon shines over the mountain,
just right for people in love;
a fountain purls in the garden –
otherwise silence far and wide.
Neben der Mauer, im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt’ und Geig’ und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein."

4 Lieder, Op. 96

No. 2 Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen
Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen;
Ich war so still und du so stille;
Ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
Was du gedacht in jenem Fall.

Was ich gedacht – unausgesprochen
Verbleibe das! Nur Eines sag’ ich:
So schön war Alles, was ich dachte,
So himmlisch heiter war es all.

In meinem Haupte die Gedanken
Sie läuteten, wie goldne Glöckchen;
So wundersüß, so wunderlieblich
Ist in der Welt kein ander Hall.

By the wall in the shadows,
three students stand
with flute and fiddle and zither,
and sing and play.

The sounds steal softly into the dreams
of the loveliest of girls,
she sees her fair-headed lover
and whispers, ‘Remember me’.

4 Lieder, Op. 96

No. 2 We were walking, we two together

We were walking, we two together;
I so silent and you so silent;
I would give much to know
what you were thinking then.

What I was thinking – let it remain
unspoken! One thing only I shall say:
all my thoughts were so beautiful,
so heavenly and serene.

The thoughts in my mind
chimed like golden bells:
so wondrously sweet and lovely
is no other sound on earth.
No. 1 Wie Melodien
Klaus Groth

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

No. 1 Like melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,
steal softly through my mind,
like spring flowers they blossom
and drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
and bring them before my eyes,
they turn pale like grey mist
and vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
a fragrance lies hidden,
summoned by moist eyes
from the silent seed.
**5 LIEDER, OP. 49**

© No. 4 Wiegenlied
*First verse anon., second by Georg Scherer (1828–1909)*

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
Mit Rosen bedacht,  
Mit Näglein besteckt,  
Schlupf' unter die Deck':  
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,  
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
Von Englein bewacht!  
Die zeigen im Traum  
Dir Christkindleins Baum:  
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,  
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

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**5 LIEDER, OP. 49**

No. 4 Lullaby

Good evening, good night,  
canopied with roses,  
bedecked with carnations,  
slip beneath the coverlet.  
Tomorrow morning, if God wills,  
you shall be woken again.

Good evening, good night,  
watched over by angels!  
In your dreams they'll show you  
the Christmas tree:  
sleep sweetly now and blissfully,  
behold Paradise in your dreams.
ANN MURRAY mezzo-soprano

Ann Murray was born in Dublin. She has close links both with the English National Opera, for whom she has sung the title roles in Handel’s *Xerxes* and *Ariodante* and Donizetti’s *Maria Stuarda*, and with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where her roles have included Cherubino, Dorabella, Donna Elvira, Rosina and Octavian and she has appeared in new productions of *L’Enfant et les sortilèges*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Idomeneo*, *Mitridate*, *Re di Ponto*, *Così fan tutte*, *Mosé in Egitto*, *Alcina* and *Giulio Cesare*. Her international operatic engagements have taken her to Hamburg, Dresden, Cologne, Berlin, Munich, Paris, Zurich, Brussels, Amsterdam, Milan, Vienna, Salzburg, the Chicago Lyric Opera, Los Angeles Opera and the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

In concert she has appeared with the world’s great orchestras: her recital appearances have taken her to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Geneva, Dresden, Zurich, Frankfurt, Madrid, London and Dublin, the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich and Salzburg Festivals, and both the Konzerthaus and Musikverein in Vienna. Her discography reflects not only her broad concert and recital repertoire but also many of her great operatic roles.

In 1997 Murray was made an honorary doctor of music by the National University of Ireland; the following year she was appointed a Kammersängerin of the Bavarian State Opera, and in 1999 she was elected an honorary fellow of the Royal Academy of Music. In the 2002 Golden Jubilee Queen’s Birthday Honours, she was appointed an honorary Dame Commander of the British Empire. In 2004 Murray was awarded the Bavarian Order of Merit.
Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh and went on to read music at St Catharine’s College, Cambridge, and to study at the Royal College of Music. Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world’s greatest singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschlager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Bryn Terfel and Sarah Walker.

Martineau has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall and the Edinburgh Festival and appeared throughout Europe: at the Barbican; La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet in Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin’s Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw; and Vienna’s Konzerthaus and Musikverein. North American appearances have taken in both New York’s Alice Tully and Carnegie Halls, while Australia has included the Sydney Opera House. He has played at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg Festivals.

Recording projects have included Beethoven’s complete folksong arrangements; Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel; Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside; recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kožená, Della Jones, Susan Bullock, Solveig Kringelborn, Amanda Roocroft and Christiane Karg; the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten folksongs and song cycles; and all Poulenc’s songs as well as Schubert’s Winterreise with Florian Boesch.

Martineau received an honorary doctorate from the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and was appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. He was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival.
ALSO AVAILABLE

Karen Cargill
Alma & Gustav Mahler: Lieder

William Berger,
Nicholas McGegan & Scottish Chamber Orchestra
Mozart, Haydn & Cimarosa: Hommage à Trois

Emma Bell,
Richard Egarr & Scottish Chamber Orchestra
Handel: Operatic Arias

Classical Opera
Mozart: Apollo et Hyacinth

James Gilchrist
Vaughan Williams, Gurney & Britten: The English Song Collection

The Prince Consort
Hough & Brahms: Other Love Songs

Robin Ticciati
& Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra & Choir
Berlioz: L’enfance du Christ

Peter Harvey
Schubert: Winterreise