



MAHLER

DDD

8.554164

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen
Rückert-Lieder • Kindertotenlieder

Hidenori Komatsu, Baritone
Radio-Philharmonie Hannover • Cord Garben



Gustav Mahler (1860-1911):

Kindertotenlieder • Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen • Rückert-Lieder

The great Viennese symphonic tradition found worthy successors in two composers of very different temperament and background, Anton Bruckner, the son of a village schoolmaster, and Gustav Mahler. The latter, indeed, extended the form in an extraordinary way that has had a far-reaching effect on the course of Western music. Mahler was heir to two great traditions, the tradition of the symphony and the tradition of German song, combining the second with the first in a remarkable synthesis. His music, in its all-encompassing variety, has exercised a growing fascination over the musical consciousness of the twentieth century, with all its doubts, troubles and divisions.

Mahler was to express succinctly enough his own position in the world. He saw himself as three times homeless, a Bohemian in Austria, an Austrian among Germans and a Jew throughout the whole world. The second child in his family, the first of fourteen to survive, he was born at Kalištie in Bohemia. Soon after his birth the family moved to Jihlava, where his father, by his own very considerable efforts, had raised himself from being little more than a pedlar, with a desire for intellectual self-improvement, to the running of a tavern and distillery. Mahler's musical abilities were developed first in Jihlava, before a brief and unhappy period of schooling in Prague, followed by a later course of study at the Conservatory in Vienna, where he turned from the piano to composition, and, as a necessary corollary, to conducting.

It was as a conductor that Mahler made his career, at first at a series of provincial opera-houses, and later in Prague, Budapest and Hamburg, before reaching the highest position of all when, in 1897, he became *Kapellmeister* of the Vienna Court Opera, two months

after his baptism as a Catholic, a necessary and perhaps not unwelcome preliminary. In Vienna he instituted significant reforms in the Court Opera but made enough enemies, particularly represented in the anti-semitic press, to lead to his resignation in 1907, followed by a final period conducting in America and elsewhere, in a vain attempt to secure his family's future before his own imminent death, which took place shortly after his return to Vienna, on 18th May, 1911.

Although his career as a conductor involved him most closely with opera, Mahler attempted little composition in this field. His work as a composer consists chiefly of his songs and of his ten symphonies, the last left unfinished at his death, and his monumental setting of poems from the Chinese in *Das Lied von der Erde* (The Song of the Earth). His first songs date from the early 1880s and include various settings of verse of his own and of other poets. He later turned his attention to *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy's Magic Horn), the influential collection of German folk-songs assembled in the first decade of the nineteenth century by Achim von Arnim and Clemens von Brentano, the spirit of which influenced Mahler, as it had influenced the whole course of German Romanticism.

Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer), with verses of his own composition, were written between the end of 1883 and the beginning of 1885. They were orchestrated in the 1890s and first performed in this version in Berlin on 16th March 1896 with the Dutch bass-baritone Anton Sistermans as soloist. The orchestra was the Berlin Philharmonic and the programme included Mahler's *First Symphony*, without its *Andante*, the so-called *Blumine* movement, and *Todtenfeier* (Funeral Ceremony), the first movement of the *Second Symphony*. The cycle of songs opens with

'Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht' (When my love has her wedding-day), its poignant mood created at the outset by the opening clarinet motif, leading to an episode of deeper sorrow and the gentle lilt of the following section, before the mood of the opening returns. The second song, 'Ging heut' morgens übers Feld' (I went this morning over the field) is familiar in its opening happiness from its use in the first movement of the *First Symphony*. It ends in predictable wistful sorrow. This is followed by the more turbulent 'Ich hab' ein glühend Messer' (I have a glowing dagger), its pain the pain of the world. The last song, part of which is used in the third movement of the *First Symphony*, is 'Die zwei blauen Augen' (The two blue eyes).

The early 1890s brought a set of twelve songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, some of which find a place in the *Third* and *Fourth Symphonies*. Between 1901 and 1904 Mahler wrote his settings of the moving *Kindertotenlieder* (Songs on the Death of Children) by Friedrich Rückert, posthumously published poems that reflect the poet's own experience and sorrow. However deeply he may have felt these verses from his own unhappy family experiences or as a more general expression of *Weltschmerz*, by the time Mahler came to complete the set of five songs he had married Alma Schindler and was the father of two daughters. The elder of the two died of scarlet fever and diphtheria in 1907, allowing Alma Mahler, at least with hindsight, to reproach her husband for tempting Fate in these songs. The cycle was first performed in Vienna on 29th January 1905, together with the first six of a group of songs under the title *Sieben Lieder aus letzter Zeit*

(Seven Songs of Latter Days). These last include settings of five other Rückert poems, the last of which was not orchestrated by Mahler and was not performed with the others in 1905. The soloist at the first Vienna performance of both groups of songs was the baritone Friedrich Weidemann.

The *Kindertotenlieder* open with 'Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n' (Now will the sun rise as brightly). This is followed by 'Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen' (Now I see clearly why such dark flames), the more ingenuous 'Wenn dein Mütterlein' (When your little mother) and 'Oft denk' ich sie sind nur ausgegangen' (Often I think they have only gone out).

The other collection of songs, written in the same period, offers a different aspect, one of the songs, at least, more exactly the obverse. The group itself starts with two songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* not here included, 'Revelge' (Reveille) and 'Der Tambour'sell' (The Drummer Boy). The Rückert songs are 'Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!' (Do not look at my songs), with its running accompaniment, 'Ich atmet' einen linden Duft' (I breathed a gentle scent), the most beautiful of all, 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen' (I am lost to the world), words that seem to some to epitomize Mahler's own feelings, 'Um Mitternacht' (At midnight), with its characteristic opening motifs and air of nocturnal sadness, and 'Liebst du um Schönheit' (Do you love beauty), dedicated to Alma Mahler (not recorded here). These songs, imbued with a tender lyrical quality, are at variance with the turbulence of the new symphonies on which Mahler was now embarking.

Hidenori Komatsu

Hidenori Komatsu studied at the Tokyo University of Arts and at the Lübeck Musikhochschule with Edith Lang, embarking on a career as a *Lieder* singer and a performer in opera-houses and concert-halls. He has enjoyed a notable collaboration with the conductor Seiji Ozawa, involving, in the 1990s, productions of *Salome* and *Manon Lescaut*, in the rôles of Jochanaan and Lescaut respectively, and appearances as a soloist in performances of Gounod's *La damnation de Faust*, Beethoven's *Choral Symphony* and Bach's *St Matthew Passion*.

Radio-Philharmonie Hannover

The Radio-Philharmonie Hannover des NDR was founded in 1950. For the first 25 years of its existence Willy Steiner served as principal conductor, followed by Bernhard Klee, Zdenek Macal, and Aldo Ceccato. In 1998 Eiji Oue was appointed to the post. The orchestra has a broad repertoire, ranging from the baroque via Mozart to George Gershwin and Scott Joplin. In addition to concerts in Hanover, at major German music festivals and abroad, the orchestra regularly takes part in radio broadcasts and studio recordings for the Norddeutsche Rundfunk and has made a number of commercial recordings.

Cord Garben

Cord Garben studied the piano and conducting at the Musikhochschule in Hanover, thereafter working as an assistant at the Staatsoper there and then as a pianist and accompanist in collaboration with many of the leading singers of our time, in recital and in the recording and broadcasting studio. His career as a conductor was encouraged by Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, who invited him to direct a series of concerts with the NDR Symphony Orchestra, some of which were recorded. He has since appeared with a variety of orchestras, notably in Germany and Japan. His recordings include the *Sieben Todsünden* of Kurt Weill, a composer whose operas he has been engaged to conduct at the Royal Danish Opera.

Kindertotenlieder

- 1 **Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n**
*Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n,
als sei kein Unglück die Nacht gescheh'n.
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein,
die Sonne, sie scheint allgemein.
Du mußt nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,
mußt sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken.
Ein Lämplein verlösch in meinem Zelt!
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!*
- 2 **Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen**
*Nun seh' ich wohl warum so dunkle Flammen
ihr sprühet mir in manchem Augenblicke,
O Augen!
Gleichsam um voll in einem Blicke
zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen.
Doch ahn' ich nicht, weil Nebel mich umschwammen,
gewoben von verblendendem Geschehe,
daß sich der Strahl bereits zur Heimkehr schicke,
dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen stammen.*

*Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne,
doch ist uns das vom Schicksal abgeschlagen.
Sieh uns nur an, denn bald sind wir dir ferne!
Was dir nur Augen sind in diesen Tagen,
in künft'gen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.*

- 3 **Wenn dein Mütterlein**
*Wenn dein Mütterlein
tritt zur Tür herein
und den Kopf ich drehe,
ihr entgegensehe,
fällt auf ihr Gesicht
erst der Blick mir nicht,
sondern auf die Stelle
näher nach der Schwelle,
dort wo würde dein
lieb Gesichtchen sein,
wenn du freudenhelle
trätest mit herein
wie sonst mein Töchterlein.*

Songs on the death of children

Now will the sun as brightly shine
Now will the sun as brightly shine
as if the night had brought no misfortune.
The misfortune fell alone on me,
the sun shines on all.
You must not clasp the night within you,
it must sink away into everlasting light.
A little lamp has gone out in my house!
Hail to the joyful light of the world!

Now I see very well why such dark flames
Now I see very well why such dark flames
you flashed at me now and then,
O eyes!
As if in one glance
you would gather your whole strength together.
Yet I did not guess, while mist swam about me,
woven by deluding fate,
that the beam was already turned homewards,
there, whence all beams of light stem.

You wanted with your light to say to me:
We should like to stay with you,
but fate has forbidden it.
Only look at us, since soon we shall be far from you!
What to you are only eyes in these days,
in future nights will be for you only stars.

When your little mother
When your little mother
comes in at the door
and I turn my head
to look at her,
on her face
my first glance does not fall,
but in the place
just by the threshold,
there would be
your dear little face,
when bright with joy you
came in with her,
as usual, my little daughter.

*Wenn dein Mütterlein
tritt zur Tür herein
mit der Kerze Schimmer,
ist es mir, als immer
kämst du mit herein,
huschtest hinterdrein
als wie sonst ins Zimmer.*

*O du, des Vaters Zelle,
ach zu schnell
erloschner Freudenschein!*

- 4** *Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen!
Der Tag ist schön! O sei nicht bang!
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang!*

*Jawohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen
und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen!
O sei nicht bang, der Tag ist schön!
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen Höh'n!*

*Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen
und werden nicht wieder nach Haus verlangen!
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höh'n im Sonnenschein!
Der Tag ist schön auf jenen Höh'n!*

- 5** *In diesem Wetter
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
nie häüt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
man hat sie getragen hinaus,
ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.*

*In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
nie häüt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,
ich fürchtete, sie erkrankten,
das sind nun eitle Gedanken.*

When your little mother
comes in at the door
with candle-light,
it is to me as if always
you came in with her,
slipping in behind her
as usual into the room.

O you, your father's issue,
ah too quickly
my light of joy put out!

**I often think they have only gone out
I often think they have only gone out!
Soon they will come back home again!
The day is beautiful! Do not be anxious!
They are only taking a long walk.**

Yes, they have only gone out
and will now come home.
O do not be anxious, the day is beautiful!
They are only taking a walk to those heights!

They have only gone ahead of us
and will not come home again!
We will catch them up on those heights in the sunshine!
The day is beautiful on those heights!

**In this weather
In this weather, in this storm,
I would never have sent the children out;
someone took them out,
I could have no say in it.**

In this weather, in this turmoil,
I would never have let the children go out;
I would have been afraid they might be ill,
now these are idle thoughts.

*In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
nie häßt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,
ich sorgte sie stürben morgen,
das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.*

*In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
nie häßt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
man hat sie getragen hinaus,
ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.*

*In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus, in diesem Braus,
sie ruh'n als wie in der Mutter Haus,
von keinem Sturme erschreckt,
von Gottes Hand bedeckt.*

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

- ⑥ **Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht**
*Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!*

*Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! Wein! Um meinen Schatz,
um meinen lieben Schatz!*

*Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht, verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
'Ach! Wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!'*

*Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends wenn ich schlafen geh',
denk' ich an mein Leid',
an mein Leide!*

*In this weather, in this horror,
I would never have let the children go out,
I was worried they might die the next day,
that is now not a thing to worry about.*

*In this weather, in this storm,
I would never have sent the children out;
someone took them out,
I could have no say in it.*

*In this weather, in this turmoil, in this storm,
they rest as if in their mother's house,
not frightened by any storm,
protected by the hand of God.*

Songs of a Wayfarer

When my love has her wedding-day
*When my love has her wedding-day,
her happy wedding-day,
that is a sad day for me!*

*I go into my little room,
my dark little room!
Weep! Weep! For my love,
for my dear love!*

*Floweret blue! Floweret blue!
Do not wither! Do not wither!
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!
You sing on the green heath!
'Ah! How beautiful the world is!
Ti-coo! Ti-coo!'*

*Do not sing! Do not flower!
Spring is past!
All singing is now over!
In the evening when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow,
of my sorrow!*

7 **Ging heut' morgens übers Feld**
*Ging heut' morgens übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
'Ei, du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei gelt?
Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink!
Schön und stink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!'*

*Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
hat mir lustig, guter Ding'
mit den Glöckchen klinge, kling,
ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
'Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
schöne Welt?
Kling, kling!
Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!
Heia!'*

*Und da fing im Sonnenschein
gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann
im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, Groß und Klein!
'Guten Tag, guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt? Ei, du! Gelt?
Schöne Welt!'*

8 **Ich hab' ein glühend Messer**
*Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
ein Messer in meiner Brust,
o weh! O weh!
Das schneid' so tief
in jede Freud' und jede Lust,
so tief, so tief!*

I went this morning over the field
I went this morning over the field,
dew still hung on the grass;
there spoke to me the happy finch:
'Ah, you! Isn't it?
Good morning! Ah isn't it?
You! Won't it be a beautiful world?
Beautiful world?
Sing! Sing!
Beautiful and lively!
Yet how the world pleases me!'

The bluebells too in the field
played to me of happy good things,
sounding with their bells,
ringing their morning greeting:
'Won't it be a beautiful world?
Beautiful world?
Sound, sound!
A beautiful thing!
Yet how the world pleases me!
Heigh-ho!'

And then in sunshine began
the world, as it were, to sparkle;
all, all, sound and colour took
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
'Good day, good day!
Isn't it a beautiful world?
Ah, you! Isn't it? Ah, you! Isn't it?
A beautiful world!'

I have a glowing dagger
I have a glowing dagger,
a dagger in my breast,
alas, alas!
It cut so deep
in every joy and pleasure,
so deep, so deep!

*Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
nimmer hält er Rast.
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht
wenn ich schlief!
O weh! O weh! – O weh!*

*Wenn ich in den Himmel seh',
seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!
O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
im Winde weh'en!
O weh! O weh!*

*Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
o weh! O weh!
Ich wollt' ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr',
könnt' nimmer nimmer die Augen aufmachen!*

9 Die zwei blauen Augen

*Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt
Da mußst' ich Abschied nehmen vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen, blau! Warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid, und Grämen!*

*Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
in stiller Nacht wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, ade! Ade! Ade!
Mein Gesell war Lieb' und Leide!*

*Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter den Lindenbaum, der hat
seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
da wußt ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
war alles, alles wieder gut,
ach alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles! Lieb' und Leid!
Und Welt und Traum!*

Ah, what kind of evil guest is this!
Never at peace,
never at rest.
Not by day, nor by night
when I slept!
Alas! Alas! – Alas!

When I look into the heaven,
I see two blue eyes there!
Alas! Alas!
When I go in the yellow field
I see from far fair hair
waving in the wind!
Alas! Alas!

When I wake from dreaming
and hear her silver laughter sound,
Alas! Alas!
I would that I lay on my dark bier,
and could never, never open my eyes!

The two blue eyes

The two blue eyes of my love
have sent me out into the wide world.
Then must I take my leave of the most beloved place!
Oh blue eyes! Why did you look at me?
Now I have for ever sorrow and grieving.

I went out in the still of night,
in the still of night over the dark heath.
No-one bade me farewell, farewell, farewell!
My companion was love and sorrow!

On the road there stood a lime-tree,
there for the first time I rested in sleep!
Under the lime-tree
that snowed down on me its blossoms,
then I knew not what life held,
all, all was good again,
ah, all good again!
All! All! Love and sorrow!
And world and dreaming!

Rückert-Lieder

- 10 **Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!**
*Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht vertrauen,
ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen,
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!*

*Deine Neugier ist Verrat!
Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
dann vor allen nasche du!
Nasche du!*

- 11 **Ich atmet' einen linden Duft**
*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.
im Zimmer stand ein Zweig der Linde,
ein Angebinde von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft.
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft,
das Lindenreis brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis im Duft der Linde
der liebe linden Duft.*

- 12 **Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen**
*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verlorben;
sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!*

*Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.*

*Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel
und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
in meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.*

Rückert Songs

Do not look at my songs
Do not look at my songs!
I cast my eyes down,
as if caught out in an ill-deed.
Myself I must not dare
to see them grow.
Do not look at my songs!

Your curiosity is betrayal!
Bees, when they build their cells,
also work unseen,
do not look themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
are brought to light,
then taste first of all!
Taste!

I breathed a gentle scent
I breathed a gentle scent.
In the room stood a linden bough,
a present from a dear hand.
How lovely was the scent of linden.
How beautiful is the scent of linden,
the linden sprig you gently brought!
I breathe lightly in the linden scent,
the dear gentle scent.

I am lost to the world
I am lost to the world
with which I once spent so much time;
for so long it has heard nothing of me,
it may well believe that I am dead!

It is no matter to me
if it takes me for dead.
I can also say nothing against it,
for really I am dead to the world.

I am dead to the turmoil of the world
and rest in a quiet region.
I live alone in my heaven.
in my love, in my song.

13 **Um Mitternacht**
*Um Mitternacht
hab' ich gewacht
und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
hat mir gelacht
um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
hab' ich gedacht
hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Um Mitternacht.*

*Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
mir Trost gebracht
um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
nahm ich in acht
die Schläge meines Herzens;
ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
war angefacht
um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
kämpf' ich die Schlacht,
o Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
nicht kommt' ich sie entscheiden
mit meiner Macht
um Mitternacht.*

*Um Mitternacht
hab' ich die Macht
in Deine Hand gegeben;
Herr! Herr über Tod und Leben,
du hältst die Wacht
um Mitternacht.*

At midnight
At midnight
I woke
and looked up at the heaven;
no star from the throng of stars
laughed at me
at midnight.

At midnight
I took thought
in dark limits.
At midnight.

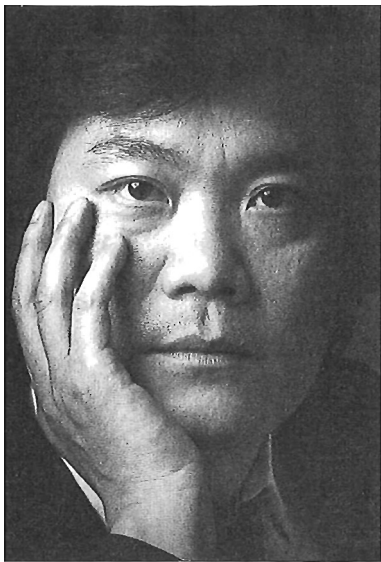
No thoughts of light
brought me comfort
at midnight.

At midnight
I was careful for
the beating of my heart;
a single pulse of pain
was aroused
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
O mankind, of your sorrows;
I could not decide it
by my strength
at midnight.

At midnight
I gave my strength
into your hands;
Lord! Lord over death and life,
you hold watch
at midnight.

Horst Kretschbrink



Hidenori Komatsu

COMPACT
disc
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STEREO

DDD



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Gustav
MAHLER

(1860-1911)

Orchestral Lieder

Hidenori Komatsu, Baritone

Radio-Philharmonie Hannover • Cord Garben

Playing
Time
59:04**Kindertotenlieder**

- | | | |
|-------|---|-------|
| 25:31 | | |
| 1 | Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n | 25:31 |
| 2 | Nun seh' ich wohl,
warum so dunkle Flammen | 6:12 |
| 3 | Wenn dein Mütterlein | 4:52 |
| 4 | Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen! | 4:45 |
| 5 | In diesem Wetter | 2:48 |
| | | 6:40 |

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

- | | | |
|-------|---------------------------------|-------|
| 16:09 | | |
| 6 | Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht | 16:09 |
| 7 | Ging heut' morgens übers Feld | 3:56 |
| 8 | Ich hab' ein glühend Messer | 4:00 |
| 9 | Die zwei blauen Augen | 3:15 |
| | | 4:49 |

Rückert-Lieder

- | | | |
|-------|------------------------------------|-------|
| 17:18 | | |
| 10 | Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder! | 17:18 |
| 11 | Ich atmet' einen linden Duft | 1:27 |
| 12 | Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen | 2:48 |
| 13 | Um Mitternacht | 6:56 |
| | | 5:58 |

The Music

Far more intimate than his symphonies, Mahler's songs capture in their beauty and frequent poignancy the world of romantic folk-poetry, as in the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer). His settings of poems by Rückert include the intensely moving *Kindertotenlieder* (Songs on the death of children), ironically foreshadowing his own loss.

The Artist

The renowned baritone Hidenori Komatsu studied at the Tokyo University of Arts and at the Lübeck Musikhochschule with Edith Lang. He has enjoyed a notable collaboration with the conductor Seiji Ozawa, involving, in the 1990s, productions of *Salome* and *Manon Lescaut*, and appearances as a soloist in performances of Gounod's *La damnation de Faust*, Beethoven's *Choral Symphony* and Bach's *St Matthew Passion*.

A co-production with Norddeutscher Rundfunk, Hanover

Sponsored by Mrs. Akiko Kawaguchi

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