Gesänge des Orients

Simon Wallfisch baritone    Edward Rushton piano
Viktor Ullmann   Gottfried von Einem   Pavel Haas   Egon Wellesz
Richard Strauss   Hans Gál

Edward Rushton & Simon Wallfisch

http://www.simonwallfisch.com/
http://organza.ch/edward-rushton.html
Gesänge des Orients

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Viktor Ullmann (1898-1944)
Liederbuch des Hafis Op. 30 (1940) 8.16
Hafiz Song-book (Hafiz, trans. Hans Bethge)
1  Vorausbestimmung (Preordination)
2  Betrunken (Drunk)
3  Unwiderstehliche Schönheit (Irresistible Beauty)
4  Lob des Weines (In Praise of Wine)

Gottfried von Einem (1918-1986)
Acht Hafis-Lieder Op. 5 (1947) 4.56
Eight Hafiz-songs (Hafiz, trans. Bethge)
2  1  Wahrlich, du bist ein kecker Dieb (In Truth, you are a Bold Thief)
2    2  Wenn mein heisses Herz (When my Hot Heart)
3    3  Ich Unglückseliger (I am Luckless)
4    4  Fort ist die Sonne (The Sun has Gone)
3  5  Nichtswürdig bist du (You are Worthless) 3.52
6  6  Jawohl, man nahe andachtsvoll (Indeed, one Approaches Devoutly)
7  7  Das sind die Kostbarkeiten dieser Erde (These are Earth’s Delights)
8  8  Die Tulpen heben ihre Kelche (The Tulips Lift their Chalices)

cosmopolitan musical idiom that owes a great deal to his teacher Boris Blacher as well as to Stravinsky and Hindemith, but also as a result of his courageous protection of a Jewish musician colleague in wartime Berlin. The two cycles of Hafis and Chinese Songs, composed around the period when his first opera Dantons Tod was successfully premiered at the Salzburg Festival, are terse, often dissonant and spare in expression, perhaps indicative of the climate of austerity that characterised the period. What marks them out as exceptional achievements are the brilliant and wide-ranging characterisation of the vocal writing, as well as von Einem’s uncanny capacity to invent strongly distinctive thematic material perfectly matching the contrasting moods of the poems.

Erik Levi, 2018

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Production and engineering by Adrian Farmer
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longing to return home. This latter sentiment, reflected in the haunting and claustrophobic four-note ostinato pattern in the piano of the opening song 'I heard the cry of the Wild Geese' is intensified through accelerating rhythmic patterns in the piano that move from quavers and semiquavers to increasingly desperate whirling demisemiquavers. In contrast, 'In a Bamboo Grove' appears, at least on the surface, to encompass a brighter mood, particularly when the piano takes up a seemingly chirpy melodic line that presumably imitates the carefree whistling mentioned in the poem. Whether or not, Haas is being deliberately ironic, here, there is little doubt that in the ensuing song ‘Far Away the Mood is from Home’, the message becomes far more sombre. The menacing four-note pattern from the opening of the cycle permeates the musical argument building up to a shattering climax at the words ‘How empty you are to express all of it’ which introduces a direct quotation from Haas’s opera The Charlatan. Mirroring the second song in the cycle, ‘Sleepless Night’ is emotionally equivocal. The slithering chromatic thirds in the piano that dominate the first part vividly convey the sensation of someone drifting in and out of sleep. But despair unexpectedly gives way to a much more upbeat and bold affirmation of joy with a recall of the chirpy dance melody from the second song.

Viktor Ullmann was an almost exact contemporary of Pavel Haas. Like his colleague, he became a victim of Nazi anti-Semitism after the German occupation of Czechoslovakia. In 1942 he was interned in Terezín, and killed two years later in the Auschwitz gas chambers. A prolific composer of songs, he completed the Liederbuch des Hafis in Prague in 1940 at a time of personal crisis and uncertainty. Yet these songs about the intoxicating experience of love, punctuated by allusions to popular dance idioms of the 1920s, appear to project an almost devil-may-care attitude. The mask of exuberance slips, however, in the final song ‘Lob des Weines’ with its obsessive reiteration of a Bolero-like rhythm in the piano. A very different emotional orbit is encompassed in the Zwei chinesische Lieder composed in Terezín in 1943. As with Pavel Haas’s settings, the chromatic vocal line and despairing dissonances in the piano encapsulate a sense of resignation and world-weariness that is deeply affecting.

The most recent music featured here was composed by the Austrian Gottfried von Einem in the aftermath of the horrors of World War Two and temporary arrest and imprisonment by the Gestapo. Already in his first published works from the early 1940s, von Einem pursued an independent path of resistance against Nazi oppression, not only through adopting a

Viktor Ullmann

4  Zwei Chinesische Lieder (1943) 4.25
Two Chinese Songs (paraphrased by Klabund)
  1  Wanderer erwacht in der Herberge (The Wanderer Awakens in an Inn)
  2  Der müde Soldat (The Tired Soldier)

Pavel Haas (1899-1944)

Čtyři písně na slova čínské poezie (1944) 4.47
4 Songs on Old Chinese Poems
  1  Zaslech jsem divoké husy (I Heard the Cry of the Wild Geese) (Wei Ying-wu)
  2  V bambusovém Háji (In the Bamboo Grove) (Wang Wei)
  3  Daleko měsíc je od domova (Far is my Home, O Moon) (Zhang Jiuling)
  4  Probděná noc (A Sleepless Night) (Chan I)

Gottfried von Einem

7  Fünf Lieder aus dem Chinesischen Op. 8 (1948) 7.20
Five Songs from the Chinese (trans. Bethge)
  1  Die geheimnisvolle Flöte (The Mysterious Flute) (Li Bai)
  2  In der Fremde (In a Strange Land) (Li Bai)
  3  Die Einsame (The Lonely Woman) (Wang Seng-yu)
  4  Ein junger Dichter denkt an die Geliebte
   (A Young Poet Thinks about his Lover) (Sao Han)
  5  Abend (Evening) (Sang Si-Po)
**Pavel Haas**

8 Čínské písně Op. 4 (1919)  8.16
Chinese Songs
1 Smutek (Sadness) (Gao Shi)
2 Na řece Jo-Yeh (On the Jo-Yeh River) (Chui Hao)
3 Jarní déšť (Spring Rain) (Tu Fu)

**Egon Wellesz** (1885-1974)

9 Lieder aus der Fremde Op. 15 (1913)  3.32
Songs from Far-off Places (trans. Bethge)
1 Die geheimnisvolle Flöte (The Mysterious Flute) (Li Bai)
2 Einsam (Alone) (Wang Seng-yu)

**Richard Strauss** (1864-1949)

10 From: Gesänge des Orients Op. 77 (1928)  7.27
Songs of the Orient (Hafiz, trans. Bethge)
1 Ihre Augen (Her Eyes)
2 Schwung (Elan)
3 Huldigung (Adoration)

**Hans Gál** (1890-1987)

1 Drei Prinzessinnen (Three Princesses) op. 33 Nr. 4 (La Ksu Feng)
2 Abend auf dem Fluss (Evening on the River) op. 33 Nr. 5 (Zhang Ruoxu)

**ägyptische Helena**, and after a period of ten years when he stopped composing Lieder altogether, the Gesänge des Orients reflects Strauss’s long-standing experience as an opera composer given that the vocal line encompasses a huge melodic range with frequent use of melisma and ornate decorative lines set against a formidably challenging piano part of quasi-orchestral dimensions. The three songs featured here and constituting numbers one, two and five of the set, provide admirable contrasts in mood, from the dream-like ‘Ihre Augen’ with its impressionistic splashes of pianistic colour to the raucous drinking song ‘Schwung’ with its frequent tonally restless piano chords. ‘Huldigung’, an ecstatic love song, is the most extended and virtuosic in the set. It is remarkable for the surprisingly daring chromatic harmonies which underpin the dramatic vocal line which in true operatic fashion rises to the highest register at the end on the words ‘I would like to announce thy beauty to the world.’

The two cycles of Chinese poetry set by Czech composer Pavel Haas derive from the earliest and final period of his all-too brief life. In fact the three songs that make up the Čínské písně Op. 4 (1919) were written at the time when Haas was finishing his studies in composition with Leoš Janáček at the Brno Conservatory. In ‘Smutek’ (Sadness), a slow ostinato pattern punctuated by hypnotic gong-like sonorities in the bass evokes the imagery of an ancient Chinese palace that lies in ruins. Haas’s austere musical language powerfully reflects the passing of time. ‘Na řece Jo-Yeh’ (On the River Jo-Yeh) describes the landscape that comes into view as a result of a river journey. It opens with another striking ostinato figuration in the piano depicting the splashing of waves against the side of a boat. To match the few moments of reflection and repose in Cui-hao’s poem, Haas utilises unaccompanied recitative most effectively. ‘Jarní déšť’ (Spring Rain) opens with a continual sequence of staccato semiquavers in the piano vaguely reminiscent of Debussy’s Jardins sous la pluie which is the predominant material in the song, though Haas employs slower music to reflect the poem’s transition from the dark clouds of the evening to the refreshing and brilliant sonorities that usher in the bright and sunny morning.

A similar juxtaposition between darkness and light runs through the Čtyři písně na slova čínské poezie which were composed in the unbelievably harrowing circumstances of his incarceration in Terezín just months before he was murdered in Auschwitz. Haas selected four poems from The New Songs of Ancient China by the Czech writer Bohumil Mathesius that explore themes that profoundly resonated with his current plight, in particular loneliness, personal loss and a
upon seven poems in Die chinesische Flöte, was a major factor and inspiration. Not only did this masterpiece encourage others, from Schoenberg and Webern to Zemlinsky and Szymanowski, to explore an ever widening range of subject matters and interpretative associations, but also as musicologist Zoltán Roman explains, Bethge’s ‘irregular and unpolished lines’ of Oriental poetry proved to be far more pliable from a composer’s point of view than earlier more perfectly structured but relatively inflexible translations of such material.

Schoenberg pupil Egon Wellesz was amongst the first Austrian composers to be profoundly influenced by Das Lied von der Erde. Already in 1912, he had drawn upon Bethge’s Japanese inspired collection for his beautifully perfumed Kirschblütenlieder for voice and piano, a cycle which reflects a interest in and keen awareness of the music of Debussy and Ravel. Such influences are far less apparent in the epigrammatic Lieder aus der Fremde, setting two poems from Bethge’s Die chinesische Flöte, which seem closer in idiom to the freely atonal and expressionist style of Schoenberg and counts amongst the composer’s most harmonically daring works. Remarkably this expressive and highly evocative collection remained unknown until the mid-1960s when it was only saved from oblivion thanks to the efforts of Austrian composer Robert Schollum who visited Wellesz in his Oxford home and persuaded him to submit it to his Viennese publisher, Doblinger.

In stark contrast to Wellesz’s Lieder aus der Fremde Hans Gál’s Die chinesische Flöte, which seem closer in idiom to the freely atonal and expressionist style of Schoenberg and counts amongst the composer’s most harmonically daring works. Remarkably this expressive and highly evocative collection remained unknown until the mid-1960s when it was only saved from oblivion thanks to the efforts of Austrian composer Robert Schollum who visited Wellesz in his Oxford home and persuaded him to submit it to his Viennese publisher, Doblinger.

Whereas composers as diverse in stylistic outlook as Wellesz, Gál, Szymanowski, Eisler, Webern, Wilhelm Grosz, Julius Röntgen and Walter Braunfels composed songs to texts by Bethge during the second decade of the twentieth century, Richard Strauss’s Gesänge des Orients Op. 77, neatly combining Bethge settings of Persian and Chinese poems within one group, is a much later composition dating from 1944. Written in the wake of his opera Die Geburt der乞丐女中女 from Bethge’s ‘irregular and unpolished lines’ of Oriental poetry proved to be far more pliable from a composer’s point of view than earlier more perfectly structured but relatively inflexible translations of such material.

Both Egon Wellesz and Hans Gál escaped Austria after the Nazi Anschluss of 1938 and found refuge in Great Britain. They spent some of the war years interned as ‘enemy aliens’ on the Isle of Man, and later became leading figures in British music.

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Suppressed music (or 'Entartete Musik' or 'Verfemte Musik'), music and musicians smeared by the Nazis' dark, ideologically-motivated hatred, has developed into an artificial genre of its own, throwing together composers of completely different musical backgrounds and, it must be said, varying degrees of quality, into the same bucket. This must change. We risk missing the true qualities, nuances and pedigree of individual composers’ voices, as well as the cultural preoccupations that united them (as in the case of this CD, the common fascination in the early twentieth century with translations of Chinese and Persian poetry). The deliberate inclusion of Richard Strauss (whose political allegiances are questionable), is because I wish the listener to hear beyond the names, beyond the painful historical facts and savour the incredible sound world created by these musical cousins.

It is my wish that, by presenting all of these neglected composers as equals, we can begin to restore them to their rightful place, where they belonged all along, in our collective musical consciousness.

Simon Wallfisch


Given the febrile artistic climate in the turn- of-the-century Vienna, it is hardly surprising that composers living and working there also succumbed to the fashion for Orientalism. One major conduit for this development was the free translations of ancient Oriental poetry (primarily from Persia, Japan and China) by Hans Bethge which achieved astonishing popularity during the first decades of the twentieth century. Indeed, two of Bethge’s collections, Die chinesische Flöte (1907) and Hafis Nachdichtungen (1910), form the basis for much of the repertory featured in the present recital.

There are several plausible explanations why Bethge’s settings attracted so many composers, and continue to do so, as evidenced in the recent premiere of Penderecki’s Sixth Symphony. Undoubtedly, the first performance in 1912 of Mahler’s Das Lied von der Erde, which draws...
Adoration (Hafiz, trans. Bethge)
The pearls of my soul have no other purpose, sweet one, than for me to cast them in front of your little coquettish feet. As long as my pulse beats, I am yours. When I am dead and buried, I will whirl up as dust out of my grave and kiss the hem of your dress, filled with love. You think your words offend me. You’re wrong. Their bitter poison passes over lips so juicy, that nothing but love-filled sweet-talk reaches my ears. We will never ever get together, you and I; what ever I do for you in the name of love, you spurn. I simply cast off the pain that you inflict on me. When I decorate you with so many precious things, you are angry with me. As for your words of ire, I accept them as if they were a merciful greeting. I would like to weave an endless braid out of your hair, to swing myself from star to star, exultantly proclaiming your beauty to all the circling worlds.

Hans Gál. from: Fünf Lieder
Three Princesses (La Ksu Feng trans. Bethge)
Three princesses in the Land of Sym were standing at the edge of the white sea looking out for the nimble boat that would take them a long way away to the shores where freedom lives. Three princesses in the Land of Sym lifted their hands up to the gods and beseeched them to fulfil their longing — but no gods paid heed to the burning fearful pleading. Three princesses in the Land of Sym lamented through the days and nights, but no one heard their moaning, and their beauty faded like flowers, and their voices were extinguished like a lamp. Three princesses in the Land of Sym are sitting, old and grey, at the edge of the sea; their lips speak mad words, their hands play with the sand, and they sprinkle the grains in their hair, believing that they are summer’s flowers…

Evening on the River (Zhang Ruoxu trans. Bethge)
Just one single cloud floats by in the evening sky; just one single boat floats on the river — I am alone in it. Now the young moon rises, a round shield of silver; in the river, moving like a ghost, I see its magical image. Then the cloud brightens and hovers in sweet peace, And I feel all pain fall away — o moon, that was your doing!

Kollegen seine Dokumente lieh. So konnte dieser unter falschem Namen als Korrepetitor beim Ballett arbeiten, eine Stelle, die ihm ebenfalls Gottfried von Einem besorgt hatte. Mehr noch, er organisierte seinem Freund sogar einen Mitgliedsausweis für die Reichsmusikkammer (die zwischen 1933 und 1936 von Richard Strauss geleitet wurde).

Aus diesen Gründen löste der Name Gottfried von Einem schon immer eine große Bewunderung und Dankbarkeit in mir aus, und es ist mir eine Ehre, seine Werke, die zwischen 1944 und 1948 entstanden, vorzustellen.


Wir verpassen es sonst, die wahren Qualitäten, die Feinheiten, die musikalischen Ahnenreihen dieser Künstlerindividuen wahrzunehmen, und uns entgeht, welche übergeordneten kulturellen Einflüsse ihre Arbeit vereint. Im Falle der vorliegenden CD ist dies die am Anfang des 20 Jahrhunderts allgegenwärtige Faszination, die von den Übersetzungen chinesischer und persischer Poesie ausgeht.

Die Entscheidung, hier auch Richard Strauss mitaufzunehmen (dessen politische Loyalitäten durchaus fragwürdig sind), ist insofern wohlüberlegt, als ich hoffe, dass der Hörer weit mehr als die Namen und die schmerzvollen historischen Fakten wahrnimmt, sondern vielmehr in die unglaublichen Klangwelten dieser musikalischen Cousins einzutauchen vermag.

Es ist mein großer Wunsch, dass wir die vergessenen und gering geachteten Komponisten – die hier bewusst gleichrangig vorgestellt werden – an den Ort zurückholen können, der ihnen zusteht: an einen Stammplatz in unserem kollektiven musikalischen Bewusstsein.

Simon Wallfisch

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On the River Jo-Yeh River
How smoothly our light boat travels! We are already in the land of magical mist. As we travel we rest amidst the birds and clouds. Meanwhile the trembling image of mountains is following the movements of our boat. Soon an echo responds from the deep rocks, soon a peaceful valley invites us with its silence. Please, lay your oars down for a moment, so that I can enjoy myself in this welcoming landscape, whose beauties, until now, I have hardly glimpsed.

Spring Rain
Oh! Good little rain who always knows well when it is most needed, which always comes to help in Spring, so that new life can again unfurl itself! It used the cover of night to quietly sneak in from afar with favourable wind and moistened everything so gently and painstakingly. Like a dark cloud, it hung yesterday above a little path leading in spirals to our home. Only the lights of the boats were visible in the darkness. This morning fresh colours glow wide and far; beautiful blossoms on bending stems embellish the imperial gardens like embroidery.

Egon Wellesz. Lieder aus der Fremde
The Mysterious Flute (Li Tai Po trans. Bethge)
One evening, when the flowers and all the leaves on the trees were smelling beautiful, the wind carried the song of a distant flute to me. I cut a willow branch from the bush and my song flew in answer through the blossoming night. Ever since that evening, when the earth sleeps, the birds hear a conversation in their own language.

The Lonely Woman (Wang Seng Yu trans. Bethge)
The moon stands in the dark blue sky. I have extinguished my lamp, and my lonely heart is heavy with thoughts. I weep: my poor tears pour so hotly and bitterly from my cheeks because you are so far from my great longing, because you will never understand how much it hurts me when I am not with you.

Richard Strauss. From: Gesänge des Orients
Her Eyes (Hafiz, trans. Bethge)
Your arched brows, o beloved, are arbours of paradise, under which, smiling, the lovely angels of your eyes dwell. The glow that spreads throughout the world exudes from these angels, who brought the lustre with them from the meadows of paradise.

Elan (Hafiz, trans. Bethge)
Give me my goblet! See how it shines brighter than reason’s pale lamp, as the sun outshines the stars! Give me my goblet! I will forget all the prayers in my breviary, I will drown all the verses of the Koran in wine! Give me my goblet! And song will ring out and swing mightily upwards, right up to the dancing spheres! I rule the world!
One evening, when the flowers and all the leaves on the trees were smelling beautiful, the wind carried the song of a distant flute to me. I cut a willow branch from the bush and my song flew in answer through the blossoming night. Ever since that evening, when the earth sleeps, the birds hear a conversation in their own language.

I lay in a strange land. The moon was painting a white gloss in front of my camp. I raised my head; at first I thought it was the early morning frost that I saw shimmering, but then I knew: the moon, the moon, leaning its face down to the earth.

The moon stands in the dark blue sky. I have extinguished my lamp, and my lonely heart is heavy with thoughts. I weep, weep; my poor tears pour so hotly and bitterly from my cheeks, because you are so far from my great longing, because you will never understand how much it hurts me when I am not with you.

A thousand years have passed, perhaps even more; a single tower is left standing amidst the ruins, like a sad trace of distant grandeur. Silence reigns around, plants grow wild. A breath of sadness spreads for a thousand miles.

The wind carried the song of a distant flute to me. I cut a willow branch from the bush and my song flew in answer through the blossoming night. Ever since that evening, when the earth sleeps, the birds hear a conversation in their own language.

The moon, the moon, leaning its face down to the earth.

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A thousand years have passed, perhaps even more; a single tower is left standing amidst the ruins, like a sad trace of distant grandeur. Silence reigns around, plants grow wild. A breath of sadness spreads for a thousand miles.
you will see, my beloved,
that each of those thousand pieces
loves as much as a thousand undamaged hearts.

Poor me!
Who will bring me news of my beloved?
Although the East Wind came and whispered
a hasty message in my ear,
his whispers were so confused and unintelligible
that I could not understand him!
I know what it is!
He himself is to be pitied most,
intoxicated and addleheaded as he is
by my beloved’s beauty.

The sun has gone, all pleasure has gone;
Fate has won, night envelops us.
The mild scent of the East Wind has flown away,
the air is heavy with the plague, my heart
beats fearfully.
The nightingale sits in the branches and whimpers,
the roses have lost their petals, everything is gone.
Love has been driven away. Hate awakes,
our warm earth has become a wasteland of graves.
Black ravens swarm through the land.
Fate has won! Night envelops us.

You are worthless, if mean-spiritedness
and coarseness
are your leaders in sinfulness.
But if you sin with a pure heart,
than sin becomes a thing of shining beauty,
and you, while sinning heartily, will become a god.

A Sleepless Night
Bamboo is swaying in the wind,
the moon is perched on the stone.
Across the flickering of the Milky Way
the shadow of the wild goose has flown.
I am thinking of our meeting,
of our meeting, I keep thinking.
Sleep, my eyelids by. Meanwhile, as I sing for joy,
the clamouring chatter of the magpies
already awakens the new day.
La, la, la, la…

And I watch the rising crescent of the moon
through the bamboo!

Far is my home, O moon
From the dark sea the moon is emerging.
In the dark, far away land
it is also blossoming now.
Love is mourning
its futile dream.
It is waiting, waiting
for that far-off evening.
The moon, ever brighter,
sheds light into my grief.
I put on my night-shirt
the hoarfrost is so chilling.
My hands, my hands,
how empty you are to express it all!
Sleep, give me a dream about my return home!
Sleep, you can’t even give me a dream:
my yearning keeps me awake.

The Tired Soldier
A bald girl, Hedgerows pale and leafless.
She stands by the wayside. I walk past, on and on.
So they all stand, row on row,
head to head.
What do I know about sacred waters,
what of the red evening sunshine of the village.
I am pricked by a thousand knives
and tired… tired of so much death.
The children’s eyes are like golden rain,
the bowl of wine glows in their hands.
I want to lie down and sleep under trees
and not be a soldier any more.

Pavel Haas. Čtyři písně na slova čínské poezie
I Heard the Cry of the Wild Geese
Home is there, far away, there,
you should go home,
lost wandering heart!
Far away there, my home, my home.
In the foreign night,
in the autumn rain,
when at its most chilling
was the cold gust of the grief,
in my tall house I heard
the cry of wild geese:
they’ve just flown back in.
Home is far away, there.

In the Bamboo Grove
In the bamboo grove, there are no people,
amidst the bamboos I sit alone,
sometimes I play my lute softly,
sometimes I whistle to myself.
Who knows, people, who knows
that I am sitting in the bamboos all alone!

Viktor Ullmann. Zwei chinesische Lieder
The Wanderer Awakens in an Inn
(Li Bai, trans. Klabund)
I awaken, the light in my eyes, disoriented, in an foreign camp.
Is it frost that has covered the ground over night?
I lift my head and look up to the shining moon,
I lower my head and think about my journey’s end.

The Tired Soldier (anon, trans. Klabund)
A bald girl, Hedgerows pale and leafless.
She stands by the wayside. I walk past, on and on.
So they all stand, row on row,
head to head.
What do I know about sacred waters,
what of the red evening sunshine of the village.
I am pricked by a thousand knives
and tired… tired of so much death.
The children’s eyes are like golden rain,
the bowl of wine glows in their hands.
I want to lie down and sleep under trees
and not be a soldier any more.

A Sleepless Night
Bamboo is swaying in the wind,
the moon is perched on the stone.
Across the flickering of the Milky Way
the shadow of the wild goose has flown.
I am thinking of our meeting,
of our meeting, I keep thinking.
Sleep, my eyelids by. Meanwhile, as I sing for joy,
the clamouring chatter of the magpies
already awakens the new day.
La, la, la, la…
# Gesänge des Orientis

**Simon Wallfisch, baritone**  
**Edward Rushton, piano**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Work Description</th>
<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Viktor Ullmann (1898-1944)</td>
<td>Liederbuch des Hafis Op. 30 (1940)</td>
<td>8.16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Viktor Ullmann</td>
<td>Zwei chinesische Lieder (1943)</td>
<td>4.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>5-6</td>
<td>Pavel Haas (1899-1944)</td>
<td>Čtyři písně na slova čínské poezie (1944)</td>
<td>13.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Gottfried von Einem</td>
<td>Fünf Lieder aus dem Chinesischen Op. 8 (1948)</td>
<td>7.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Pavel Haas</td>
<td>Čínské písně Op. 4 (1919)</td>
<td>8.16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Egon Wellesz (1885-1974)</td>
<td>Lieder aus der Fremde Op. 15 (1913)</td>
<td>3.32</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*Song texts in English  
Total playing time 67.19*