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CLASSICS

SONG'S FIRST CYCLE
ROBIN TRITSCHLER
MALCOLM MARTINEAU

SONG'S FIRST CYCLE

CD1

3 Songs from *Sophiens Reise*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

- | | | |
|---|---|--------|
| 1 | <i>Verdankt sei es dem Glanz der Großen</i> K.392 / K ⁶ 340a | [3.17] |
| 2 | <i>An die Einsamkeit</i> K.391 / K ⁶ 340b | [3.33] |
| 3 | <i>Ich würd' auf meinem Pfad</i> K.390 / K ⁶ 340c | [3.15] |

Lieder aus der 'Selam'

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|--------|
| 4 | <i>Labetränk der Liebe</i> D.302 | [2.56] |
| 5 | <i>An die Geliebte</i> D.303 | [1.54] |
| 6 | <i>Wiegenlied</i> D.304 | [6.54] |
| 7 | <i>Mein Gruss an den Mai</i> D.305 | [5.39] |
| 8 | <i>Skolie</i> D.306 | [0.53] |
| 9 | <i>Die Sternwelten</i> D.307 | [3.57] |
| 10 | <i>Die Macht der Liebe</i> D.308 | [1.50] |

CD2

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

- | | | |
|---|---|--------|
| 1 | <i>Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend</i> | [3.04] |
| 2 | <i>Wo die Berge so blau</i> | [1.59] |
| 3 | <i>Leichter Segler in den Höhen</i> | [1.54] |
| 4 | <i>Diese Wolken in den Höhen</i> | [0.58] |
| 5 | <i>Es kehret der Maien</i> | [2.49] |
| 6 | <i>Nimm die hin denn, diese Lieder</i> | [3.59] |

Die vier Temperamente bei dem

Verlust der Geliebten Op. 46

Carl Maria von Weber (1786–1826)

- | | | |
|----|---|---------|
| 7 | <i>Der Leichtmüthige</i> J.200 | [3.57] |
| 8 | <i>Der Schwermüthige</i> J.201 | [3.10] |
| 9 | <i>Der Liebewüthige</i> J.202 | [3.24] |
| 10 | <i>Der Gleichmüthige</i> J.203 | [2.58] |
| 11 | Einsamkeit D.620
Franz Schubert | [20.09] |

Total timings: [82.31]

ROBIN TRITSCHLER TENOR
MALCOLM MARTINEAU PIANO

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SONG'S FIRST CYCLE

The creation of the Song Cycle as a new art form in the early 19th Century was paved with musical experiments and innovations. On this disc we illustrate the progress made by the great Lied composers of the day toward the cyclical perfection finally achieved by Beethoven and Schubert, and since emulated by Schumann, Loewe, Wolf, Fauré, Britten, Shostakovich and so many others.

A Song Cycle is distinguishable from a collection of songs or a *Liederspiel* by some type of interior cohesion: a unifying theme, text from a single source, a narrative. It could be a musical connection: recurring devices and motifs, key relationships between songs, or perhaps a fixed performance order. Usually, a combination of these criteria is necessary to bestow on any song collection the title of Song Cycle.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

3 Songs from *Sophiens Reise* (1781–2)

Poetry by Johann Timotheus Hermes

Verdankt sei es dem Glanz der Großen

K.392 / K⁶340a

An die Einsamkeit K.391 / K⁶340b

Ich würd auf meinem Pfad K.390 / K⁶340c

Mozart composed these three songs between August 1781 and May 1782. The texts are all interpolations from the popular sentimental novel *Sophiens Reise von Memel nach Sachsen* by Johann Timotheus Hermes. In *Verdankt sei es dem Glanz der Großen* the relationship between heavenly and earthly beings, between modesty and self awareness, is treated with complete assurance; there is no shame in being small and insignificant in the Universe. *An die Einsamkeit* exhibits an exquisite opening, a gentle slide towards B flat that effectively represents the hidden sorrow of the poet as he seeks a place of comfortable isolation where he can nurse his wounded heart to the grave. For *Ich würd auf meinem Pfad*, the most substantial song in the group, Mozart delved deep into the text to conceive an emotional and personal conflict; musically illustrating the struggle against fate, and creating this minor masterpiece.

The original Köchel catalogue assigned the K numbers 390–392 to the songs. By the catalogue's 6th edition, new research had discovered the true order of the songs and catalogued them under the number K⁶340 a/b/c, the order presented here. As a result of this reshuffling the evidence of a song cycle becomes more pronounced; the sense of contented

insignificance in the first song grows through the others until it becomes a self imposed isolation. But in musical style and invention each song still stands alone, and while the keys are related (F major – B flat major – d minor) they do not quite make a full revolution. It is not a cycle, but Mozart firmly placed our feet on the pedals.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Lieder aus der ‘Selam’ (1815)

Labetrank der Liebe D.302 (Stoll)

An die Geliebte D.303 (Stoll)

Wiegenlied D.304 (Körner)

Mein Gruss an den Mai D.305 (Kumpf)

Skolie D.306 (Deinhard-Deinhardstein)

Die Sternenwelten D.307 (Fellinger)

Die Macht der Liebe D.308

(Nepomuk von Kalchberg)

In 1989 the editor of the Neuen Schubert-Ausgabe, Walther Dürr, wrote the article ‘Lieder aus den “Selam”. Ein Schubertsches Liederheft’ in which he suggested that seven songs composed to texts found in the almanac *Selam* can be thought of as a mini song cycle.

The first two songs both tell of the poet’s desire for an intimate moment between himself and his beloved. Tears of sweet suffering would be relieved by the *Labetrank der Liebe*; the refreshing tonic of love is her reviving kiss. In *An die Geliebte* the poet serenely kisses the salty tears directly from the cheek of his beloved.

Then follows the exquisite *Wiegenlied* in which the sight of a mother cradling her child leads the male narrator to reminisce on his own life and think of his future in a short commentary on the Three Ages of Man. *Mein Gruss an den Mai* is a charming song rooted in classical form. The poem of nine verses compares the delights of southern fruits to the noble northern roses plucked by the poet’s wife Silli. Schubert only set the first verse, indicating at the end of the page to repeat the remaining eight. However because Schubert unintentionally added two words to the text, the musical underlay does not fit the remaining verses without slight alteration. Graham Johnson suggests that Schubert may have misread the small text of the almanac when he added three extra syllables. In this recording we have included seven of the nine verses using the underlay solutions suggested by Walther Dürr in the NSA.

Skolie is a drinking song sung as the cup is passed around by bawdy men. This bouncy masculine song is driven by semiquavers in the left hand and includes the interruption of a drunken hiccup. *Die Sternenwelten* is perhaps the most significant song of the group. It lays new astronomical discoveries and the praising of God side by side as compatible ideas. To marry the two Schubert uses a baroque style of writing resulting in a successful mix of joy and desolation. *Die Macht der Liebe* is a positive song and a wonderful ending to the *Selam* group; Love reigns across nature infecting everything and everyone.

Schubert wrote these songs into one book, dating each song individually despite all being written on one miraculous day: 15 October 1815. Perhaps he wanted them to be more than just a collection. If Schubert had conferred the title of *Liederkreis* on this group I have no doubt it would regularly appear on recital programmes as it exhibits such beautiful music. But can it be called a cycle? Despite the mixture of poets there is a unifying thread through the songs; the experience of heavenly gifts enjoyed in earthly life, but it lacks common musical gestures and the keys make no real journey, basically oscillating between F and

B flat. If Schubert had published these songs as a cycle he may have been disappointed a year later when Beethoven published the first true cycle, *An die ferne Geliebte*.

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)
An die ferne Geliebte Op. 98 (April 1816)
Poetry by Alois Jeitteles

Auf dem Hügel sitz’ ich, spähend

Wo die Berge so blau

Leichter Segler in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Es kehret der Maien

Nimm die hin denn, diese Lieder

An die ferne Geliebte is the first musically linked song cycle. Unlike the later Schubert cycles where each song is a stand alone masterpiece, the songs in *An die ferne Geliebte* are made greater by being adjoined.

Beethoven had already composed a song collection on a single theme but the invention of musically linked songs was new. His setting of six religious poems by Gellert (Op. 48) in 1802 may have claim to be a song cycle. I believe it should be discounted due to the uncertainty over the performance order of the songs. For

both its two contemporary publications either Beethoven or the publishers altered the order of the songs from the original manuscript. Perhaps by musically linking the poems of *An die ferne Geliebte* Beethoven could be assured of their performance as intended. We will never know for certain.

While studying *An die ferne Geliebte* the line *'..aus der vollen Brust Ohne Kunstgepräg'* *erklungen..'* (from the full heart artlessly sounded)

struck me as the reason for Beethoven's peculiar setting. This directive alludes to the folksong nature of the cycle. The overflowing heart offers simple songs to sing, while the piano accompaniment provides the interest and variety. It must also be remembered that this cycle starts in a fundamentally happy state; the lovers may be separated by time and distance, but they are not divorced from each other.

From the introduction Beethoven's simple folksong intentions are made clear. A single chord launches the vocal line, a line which offers (on the whole) one note per syllable. Then, while the vocal line remains strophic, the piano offers variations. As the poet realises

that the solution to his pain is to sing sweetly, Beethoven decorates *'Lieder'* with a triplet. In a barren melodic field this sudden embellishment is particularly effective. The second song begins as a true folksong; the vocal line is restricted to the narrow range of a fifth. Perhaps because of this it is extremely satisfying to sing. This comfortable folksong morphs into a meditation in the second stanza as the poet's thoughts turn away from the mountains to the valleys where he would like to be. The final repeat of *'möchte ich sein!'* opens a very intricate memory, bringing more immediacy to the distance between the two lovers. This realisation causes him to pause and contemplate his *'innere Pein'* which drives him to breach the divide.

The anguish in the third song is disguised by Beethoven's jaunty rhythm. To prevent the song becoming too cheerful, he used the minor key to highlight the darker emotion. The major key returns later with new optimism, *'meine Seufzer, die vergehen..'* (*my sighs pass*). The poet begs the clouds, bushes and wind to be natural conduits of his messages until finally the memory of separation turns to present despair and a stream is created by his own countless tears.

The third and fourth songs are linked by a held note in the voice, and the theme of natural elements continues. Now however the poet wishes he could accompany the messages across the divide to his beloved. Beethoven returns to a strophic vocal part while the piano once again provides the variety. The tempo increases towards the end of the song and rushes to the next *'unverweilt'* (*without delay*). Throughout the cycle the composer manages to portray the sometimes wild mood swings in the poetry through many changes of tempo. This swinging yet unpredictable tempo accurately symbolises that hope and despair live alongside each other.

With the arrival of the swallows in the fifth song, Nature seems to take pity on the poet; bringing an end to dark days with a possible early summer and the hope of assured fidelity despite the lovers separation. Beethoven again uses a folk-like melody but this time the piano shows little variation except in the interludes where the birds tweet of their happiness while building their nest together. Unfortunately this place of contentment does not suit the poet as there can be no Spring until he is reunited with his beloved and able to renew their love. Their separation is

destined to continue. To regain his peace the poet can only hope she will accept his songs and sing them in unison with him, their loving hearts bridging the physical gap between them. Beethoven transforms the poet's desperate call for reunification into a duet in thirds which leads to a triumphant cadence.

Carl Maria von Weber (1786–1826)
Die vier Temperamente bei dem Verlust der Geliebten Op. 46
(November 1816)
Poetry by Friedrich Wilhelm Gubitz

Der Leichtmüthige J.200
Der Schwermüthige J.201
Der Liebewüthige J.202
Der Gleichmüthige J.203

Weber was the superstar composer of his time. His style of composition, rooted in German folksong, filled with humour and declamation, was incredibly popular. As well as the piano, he composed many songs with guitar accompaniment; making his music even more accessible to the public. Such was Weber's fame, Wilhelm Müller, the creator of *Die Schöne Müllerin*, dedicated a volume of poetry to him; perhaps in the hope the composer might

set a text. Weber's song style is often called improvisational, but his music does truly capture the popular style of the time. Conceivably because of this very style, his songs, like so many others of the period, are now largely forgotten.

But did Weber write a song cycle? *Die vier Temperamente bei dem Verlust der Geliebten* is as close as he got.

In *Der Leichtmüthige*, the Sanguine cheerily says farewell to a lover while singing a bouncy melody. This bravado highlights the sense a Sanguine feels; he is the cheery guest on all occasions, everyone's friend. After the break up he immediately seeks out other girls and is undeterred when they refuse to kiss him. His idea of friendship might not extend beyond knowing someone's name, but that will not stop him being chatty and open to any new person he meets.

In *Der Schwermüthige* (The Melancholic) the outburst of intense sorrow is indicative of the thinking of a melancholic – a perfectionist who is emotionally sensitive and stubborn. The delicate melody, accompanied by an alternating flowing then brittle piano, slowly soars towards heaven where everything is perfect. Only there will the Melancholic find comfort.

The mini ballad *Der Liebewüthige* (The Choleric) opens with a Beethovenian ire. Don Marco, a choleric, is furious as he barks orders at the servants. He has been dumped by his lover Clara. To control the situation he must respond with action, so he storms to her tower. Weber artfully turns the opening ire into an amusing dismissal when Clara, using a rather sarcastic tone, tells Don Marco that his jealousy has destroyed their love and he should leave. Don Marco, to show he is still a proud alpha male, grabs his gun and rushes out to hunt. Weber makes it clear that a poor hare gets both barrels.

In another change of form Weber sets *Der Gleichmüthige* (The Phlegmatic) as a strophic song. On the page it appears the least expansive or expressive of the Op. 46 songs, but this is why it is so successful at presenting the phlegmatic man. He is newly single and content to be without a wife. If breaking up was what she wanted, then he allows it. He would rather escape from a conflict than seek a victory, and probably moved out when she first voiced the idea. He is relieved that he no longer must make decisions or be responsible for anything: *'Das ist Höllenlast, küssen müssen!'* (*it is a hellish burden to have to kiss*). Weber's sparse accompaniment and simple

repeating vocal line brilliantly evoke the meekness and introverted nature of this man who barely expresses emotion; the listener is left to feel almost nothing for him.

Weber shows a different type of cohesion in this collection. Certainly he composed four wonderful character songs, but there are no musical links between the songs either in motif or key relationships. Even the form of the songs themselves vary; through-composed, a ballad, and strophic. There is no particular reason to perform the songs in a certain order, indeed each song could be performed individually. So this opus does not meet the criteria to be called a cycle, but the songs are linked. Their link is to be found in the title, the Four Temperaments; the ancient idea that there are four fundamental personality types. In these four songs Weber and Gubitz merge the whole of humanity by comparing how each personality responds to the same event: the break up of a relationship.

Ironically Weber wrote these songs during upheaval in his own relationship. He and his fiancé, Caroline Brandt, agreed to separate after Caroline became jealous of the composer's association with the actress Christine Böhler.

A disconsolate Weber left Prague for Munich. Their relationship was soon rekindled via mail, and they conducted a long distance and stormy relationship until being reunited once Weber had secured a position in Dresden.

Franz Schubert

Einsamkeit D.620 (1818)

Poetry by Johann Mayrhofer

In many ways *An die ferne Geliebte* could be seen as the model for *Einsamkeit*. Schubert may have even asked his friend Mayrhofer to compose a large scale poem for the purpose of creating a similar work, but in any case he certainly chose the poem for its length and form. Schubert was so delighted with the finished song, he wrote in a letter of 1818 that it was the best he had ever written and he felt like a composing god.

Like *An die ferne Geliebte*, *Einsamkeit* is in six sections, although here each are subdivided. A recurring declaration opens each section. In these Schubert uses a similar recitative; a type of noble herald, calling and summarising the emotional need of the moment.

The poem is vastly complex but Schubert is more than capable of rising to the challenge. As a youth Mayrhofer had been a novice, he had first hand experience of sitting and praying alone in a cell. Perhaps he discussed with Schubert the solitude and loneliness he felt. Certainly the composer captures both those meanings of the ambiguous title in the opening verse. After three years Mayrhofer left the Abbey to study law, just as in the second strophe the lure of the city proved too strong for the young oblate. Schubert matches this move with a total shift of style, and the song begins to pulse and twinkle.

The second section is almost certainly related to the third song of *An die ferne Geliebte*; a moving triplet figure which makes the city feel like a hallow place. The liveliness of city life is slowed as the music moves to a minor and silence. However the lightness returns in the following strophe as Nature's idyllic life is lost. After this, to open the next strophe, the regular declamation is faster. A party begins as friends crowd around, and Schubert's folksong music makes it seem as if they are singing. This is as good as life gets, but the communal song quickly becomes fragmented and the young man's despair and worries return as his peace disappears.

The new strophe opens with the most grand declamation; full of ecstasy it rises to the highest note of the song. Comfort is to be found in Nature if only the young man can follow its lead to happiness. But that hope of peace is torn away by war. This strophe is perhaps the most difficult section of the poem. Suddenly the poem is detached from the poet's autobiographical story to a tale of ancestors and immortality. Schubert creates a short but fantastically heroic interlude. Perhaps even he thought these lines of text would require brevity. As the depths of *düsterheit* (gloom) are plunged in the subsequent section, the gloom created in the music is astonishing. The dotted rhythm highlights the march of the warriors and the downtrodden spirit of the greeting families. After setting this verse so successfully no wonder Schubert felt like a god!

The fifth verse is the most political. Mayrhofer's pacifist views may be the reason why publication of the song was delayed until 1840. Schubert sets this verse in a metered recitative. The slowly rising chromatics are the realisation that the approaching victorious army is actually a rabble of murderers.

The final verse opens with the ultimate request '*Gib mir die weihe Einsamkeit*' (Give to me the blessed solitude). There is no ambiguity in Schubert's setting now. He finds perhaps the most beautiful music of the entire song for the final conferring of the Holy Blessing. The Youth's emotional and turbulent journey has led him to a contented old age.

Einsamkeit is a miracle of song writing. Schubert transformed his usual methods and adapted them to a massive poem. He was deservedly delighted by his work but claiming it as a *Liederkreis* was probably never his intention. It ticks many of the cycle boxes; singular source, storyline, recurring motifs, but unlike Beethoven's cycle, *Einsamkeit* begins and ends in different keys. This is not really a concern for me as, just like *Winterreise*, the song makes a dramatic journey, if not in actual distance then in consciousness. A whole life is lived in contemplation in that tiny cell. Perhaps only by emulating *An die ferne Geliebte* Schubert discovered that his preferred cycle text should be a narrative one. In Schubert's personal journey too we see in this song the growing confidence of a young composer; he was still only 21 years old. After enjoying this personal success, the intervening years between *Einsamkeit* and *Die*

Schöne Müllerin gave Schubert the emotional experience as well as the technical mastery to extend this model and knit 20 Müller poems into one phenomenal song cycle.

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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

CD1

1 Verdankt sei es dem Glanz der Großen

Verdankt sei es dem Glanz der Großen,
Daß er mein Nichts mir deutlich zeigt.
Mich hat er nie zurückgestoßen,
Denn mich hat niemals er erreicht.
Ich sah viel Kleine näher geh'n
Und blieb in meinem Zirkel steh'n.

Soll mir des Größern Unmut zeigen,
Ich sei nur eine Kleinigkeit:
O Unschuld! dann lehr' du mich schweigen
Und gib mir Unerschrockenheit
Und präge mir sanfttröstend ein,
Es sei nicht Schande, klein zu sein.

Doch liebe sich zu meinem Kreise
Ein Großer ohne Falsch herab:
Erfahrung! dann mach' du mich weise
Und zeichne meine Grenzen ab
Und lehre mich, niemals zu klein,
Doch auch nicht kühn und eitel sein.

Text: Johann Timotheus Hermes

I am indebted to the splendour of the great

*I am indebted to the splendour of the great
For showing me clearly my insignificance.
It has never repelled me
Because it has never affected me.
I have seen many little people draw near to the great
But I have remained in my own sphere.*

*If the displeasure of the great should tell me
I am a thing of little account,
O innocence! Teach me to stay silent,
Let me be not afraid,
Console me and impress upon me
That there is no shame in being small.*

*But if a great man should deign,
Without insincerity, to mix with my class:
Experience! Make me wise,
Show me my limitations,
And teach me never to be too humble,
But also to avoid audacity and vanity.*

2 An die Einsamkeit

Sei du mein Trost, verschwieg'ne Traurigkeit!
Ich flieh' zu dir mit so viel Wunden,
Nie klag' ich Glücklichen mein Leid:
So schweigt ein Kranker bei Gesunden.

O Einsamkeit! Wie sanft erquickst du mich,
Wenn meine Kräfte früh ermatten!
Mit heißer Sehnsucht such' ich dich,
So sucht ein Wand'rer, matt, den Schatten.

O daß dein Reiz, geliebte Einsamkeit,
Mir oft das Bild des Grabes brächte!
So lockt des Abends Dunkelheit
Zur tiefen Ruhe schöner Nächte.

Text: Johann Timotheus Hermes

3 Ich würd' auf meinem Pfad

Ich würd' auf meinem Pfad mit Tränen
Oft hin zum fernen Ende seh'n,
Säh ich nicht Kenner meiner Leiden
So mitleidvoll am Wege steh'n.

Den Sonnenbrand, der mich entkräftet,
Den Blitz, der meinem Scheitel droht,
Den sieht mein Freund und tritt mir näher
Und ruft: 'Ich kenne deine Not!'

Be thou my comfort, silent Melancholy!

*Be thou my comfort, silent Melancholy!
I fly to you with so many wounds,
I'll never complain to those who are happy:
Just as a sick man is silent among the healthy.*

*O solitude! How gently you refresh me,
When my strength fails too soon!
I seek you with passionate longing,
Just as a tired traveller seeks the shade.*

*If only your charms, beloved solitude,
Could often bring to me the image of the grave!
Just as the dark of evening
Draws us to the deep sleep of fair nights.*

I would often on my path

*I would often on my path be tempted
To look tearfully ahead to its distant end,
Did I not see those who know my suffering
Standing with such compassion along the way.*

*The burning sun that saps my strength,
The lightning that threatens my head –
These are seen by my friend, who approaches me
And calls out: 'I know of your distress!'*

Dann brech' ich mutig durch die Dornen –
'Er sieht mich bluten!', sprech' ich dann;
Und wenn ich einst, verblutet, falle,
Dann sag' er: 'Der stieg felsenan!'

Text: Johann Timotheus Hermes

4 Labetränk der Liebe

Wenn im Spiele leiser Töne
Meine kranke Seele schwebt,
Und der Wehmut süße Träne
Deinem warmen Blick entschwebt:

Sink' ich dir bei sanftem Wallen
Deines Busens sprachlos hin;
Engelmelodien schallen,
Und der Erde Schatten fliehn.

So in Eden hingesunken,
Lieb' mit Liebe umgetauscht,
Küsse lispelnd wonnetrunken,
Wie von Seraphim umrauscht:

Reichst du mir im Engelbilde
Liebewarmen Labetränk,
Wenn im schnöden Staubgefilde
Schmachtend meine Seele trank.

Text: Joseph Ludwig Stoll

*I then break courageously through the thorns –
'He sees me bleeding!' I say;
And if one day I should, bleeding fall,
He will say: 'He struggled upwards and won!'*

Love's refreshing draught

*When to the strains of soft music
My sick soul hovers,
And sweet tears of sadness
Float from your ardent gaze:*

*I sink down wordlessly
Onto your gentle heaving breast;
Angelic melodies sound
And earth's shadows take flight.*

*Thus, immersed in Paradise,
Exchanging love with love,
Whispering kisses, drunk with bliss,
As if seraphim rustled around us –*

*Thus you gave me, in an angel's form,
A refreshing draught of warm love,
As my languishing soul
Sank in a morass of vile dust.*

5 An die Geliebte

O daß ich dir vom stillen Auge
In seinem liebevollen Schein
Die Tränen von der Wange sauge,
Eh sie die Erde trinket ein!

Wohl hält sie zögernd auf der Wange
Und will sie heiß der Treue weihn.
Nun ich sie so im Kuß empfangе,
Nun sind auch deine Schmerzen mein!

Text: Joseph Ludwig Stoll

6 Wiegenlied

Schlummre sanft! – Noch an dem Mutterherzen
Fühlst du nicht des Lebens Qual und Lust;
Deine Träume kennen keine Schmerzen,
Deine Welt ist deiner Mutter Brust.

Ach! wie süß träumt man die frühen Stunden,
Wo man von der Mutterliebe lebt;
Die Erinnerung ist mir verschwunden,
Ahndung bleibt es nur, die mich durchbebt.

Dreimal darf der Mensch so süß erwarmen,
Dreimal ist's dem Glücklichen erlaubt,
Daß er in der Liebe Götterarmen
An des Lebens höh're Deutung glaubt.

To the beloved

*Ah, that from your tranquil eyes
With their loving light,
And from your cheeks I might drink the tears,
Before the earth consumes them.*

*They linger trembling on your cheek,
An ardent witness to true love;
Now when I capture them in a kiss,
Your sorrows too are mine!*

Lullaby

*Slumber softly! While at your mother's breast
You do not feel life's torment and joy;
Your dreams know no sorrows,
Your world is your mother's breast.*

*Ah! how sweet are the dreams of those early months
When we live off our mother's love;
My memory of them has vanished –
Now a mere impression that thrills me through.*

*Three times we are granted such sweet warmth,
Three times in our happiness we are permitted,
Embraced by the divine arms of love,
To believe in the higher meaning of life.*

Liebe gibt ihm ihren ersten Segen,
Und der Säugling blüht in Freud' und Lust,
Alles lacht dem frischen Blick entgegen;
Liebe hält ihn an der Mutterbrust.

Wenn sich dann der schöne Himmel trübte,
Und es wölkt sich nun des Jünglings Lauf:
Da, zum zweiten Mal, nimmt als Geliebte
Ihn die Lieb' in ihre Arme auf.

Doch im Sturme bricht der Blütenstengel,
Und im Sturme bricht des Menschen Herz:
Da erscheint die Lieb' als Todesengel,
Und sie trägt ihn jubelnd himmelwärts.

Text: Theodor Körner

7 Mein Gruß an den Mai

Sei mir gegrüßt, o Mai! mit deinem Blütenhimmel,
Mit deinem Lenz, mit deinem Freudenmeer;
Sei mir gegrüßt, du fröhliches Gewimmel
Der neubelebten Wesen um mich her.

Die Schwalbe kömmt, die Lerche wirbelt süße Lieder,
Der Waldstrom rauscht aus grüner Nacht hervor;
Und jeder Ton und jeder Klang kehrt wieder
Zum Jubellaut im Harmonienchor.

*Love gives us our first blessing,
And the infant blooms in joy and happiness,
All smile at his fresh gaze;
Love holds him to his mother's breast.*

*Then, when the beautiful skies darken,
And the youth's path becomes clouded –
Love, as his beloved, takes him
For the second time in her arms.*

*But the flower's stem snaps in the storm,
And a man's heart breaks in the storm;
Love then appears as the angel of death,
And bears him rejoicing up to heaven.*

My greeting to the month of May

*Welcome, O May! with your canopy of blossom,
With your Spring, with your sea of rapture;
Welcome, with your happy throng
Of newly awakened creatures about me.*

*The swallow comes, the lark warbles sweet songs,
The forest stream rises murmuring from its green night;
And every note and every sound joins once more
In the jubilant harmonious chorus.*

Ach, lange war ich fern vom stillen Heimatstale,
Wo sich so schön dein üpp'ger Strom ergießt;
Doch schöpfen will ich jetzt die volle Schale,
Vom Borne, der in seinem Schoße fließt.

Zwar blüht der Ölbaum dort, die Mandel,
Pomeranze,
Die Traube schmeckt so süß am Meeresstrand;
Das Leben gleitet sanft im leichten Tanze,
Und freier schlägt das Herz im wärmern Land.

Doch lieblich blüht auch nun die zarte Aprikose,
Und warme Herzen zeugt mein Vaterland,
Und hoch entzückt mich unsre spät're Rose,
Gepflückt von Sillis treuer Lilienhand.

An deine Brust, Natur! laß mich vertrauend sinken,
Erfrische mir den reinen Lebensmut;
In vollen Zügen will ich Frohsinn trinken,
Und neu durchströme mir der Freude Glut.

Sei mir gegrüßt, o Mai! mit deinem Freudenmeere,
Mit deiner Lust, mit deiner Blumenpracht;
Du schöner Jüngling, trockne jede Zähre,
Erhelle jede dunkle Schicksalsnacht!

Text: Johann Gottfried Kumpf

*For long, alas, I've been far from my silent native
valley,
Where your abundant river cascades so beautifully;
But I shall now draw full measures of water
From the fountain that flows from your bosom.*

*Though olives, almonds, oranges blossom there,
And grapes taste so sweet on the sea-shore,
And life glides gently by in a light dance,
And the heart beats more freely in a warmer land –*

*The tender apricot is also now in sweet bloom here
And my fatherland produces warm hearts,
And our later rose sends me into raptures,
Plucked by Silli's faithful lily hand.*

*Let me sink confidently, O nature, on your breast,
Refresh for me life's pure exhilaration;
I wish now to drink happiness in deep draughts,
And let the glow of joy stream through me.*

*Welcome, O May, with your sea of rapture,
With your joy, with your blossoming splendour;
You beautiful youth, dry every tear,
Brighten every dark and fateful night!*

8 Skolie

Mädchen entsiegelten,
Brüder, die Flaschen;
Auf! die geflügelten
Freuden zu haschen,
Locken und Becher von Rosen umglüht.

Auf! eh' die moosigen
Hügel uns winken,
Wonne von rosigen
Lippen zu trinken;
Huldigung allem, was jugendlich blüht!

Text: Friedrich von Matthisson

9 Die Sternenwelten

Oben drehen sich die grossen
Unbekannten Welten dort,
Und dem Sonnenlicht umflossen,
Kreisen sie die Bahnen fort;
Traulich reihet sich der Sterne
Zahlenloses Heer ringsum,
Sieht sich lächelnd durch die Ferne,
Und verbreitet Gottes Ruhm.

Skolion

*Girls have unsealed
The bottles, O brothers;
Come! Let us snatch
Winged joys,
Curls and cups ringed with glowing roses.*

*Come! Before the mossy
Hills beckon us,
Let us drink bliss
From rosy lips,
And pay homage to the bloom of youth!*

The Starry Worlds

*High above, the great
unknown worlds revolve;
bathed in the sun's light
they circle in their course.
Around them, in harmonious array,
spreads the numberless host of stars;
smiling, they gaze at each other from afar
and proclaim widely the glory of God.*

Eine lichte Strasse gleitet
Durch das weite Blau herauf,
Und die Macht der Gottheit leitet
Schwebend hier den Sternenlauf;
Alles hat sich zugeründet,
Alles wogt in Glanz und Brand,
Und dies grosse All verkündet
Eine hohe Bildnerhand.

Johann Georg Fellinger

10 Die Macht der Liebe

Überall wohin mein Auge blicket,
Herrschet Liebe, find' ich ihre Spur;
Jedem Strauch und Blümchen auf der Flur
Hat sie tief ihr Siegel eingedrückt.

Sie erfüllt, durchglüht, verjüngt und schmückt
Alles Lebende in der Natur:
Erd' und Himmel, jede Kreatur,
Leben nur durch sie, von ihr beglückt.

Text: Johann von Kalchberg

*A path of light glides up
through the vast blue firmament,
and the power of God gently guides
the course of the stars;
everything has attained perfection,
everything swirls in light and fire,
and this great universe proclaims
the hand of the sublime Architect.*

The power of love

*Wherever my eyes turn,
Love reigns, everywhere I find its trace;
On every bush and little meadow flower
It has deeply imprinted its seal.*

*It pervades, warms, rejuvenates and adorns
All that lives in Nature.
Heaven and earth, every creature –
All live through love, made happy through its might.*

CD2

An die ferne Geliebte/To the distant beloved

1

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liedesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweint!

2

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,

*I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that divides us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my distress.
For sounds of singing can put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed.*

*Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,*

Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

3

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl,
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen

*Where the clouds scud by –
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly –
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!*

*Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Conjure up my image before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
That autumn has turned yellow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs*

Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

4

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntre Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

5

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret

*To her my heart has chosen –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!*

*These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses.
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flow directly back to me!*

*May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild.
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow returns*

Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von Kreuz und von Quer
Manch weicheres Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau –
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

6

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder

*To its roof- top home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings
From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild.
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
All lovers,
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.*

*Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening*

Zu der Laute süßem Klang!
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweint!

Text: Aloys Jeitteles

Die vier Temperamente beim Verlust der Geliebten

7 Der Leichtmütige

Lust entfloh und hin ist hin!
Blanda will mich nicht mehr lieben!
Ich wär ihr (so wahr ich bin!)
Noch acht Tage treu geblieben,
Kam ihr' Hochzeit nicht zu Sinn;
Dafür hat mich Gott bewahrt!
Lebe wohl, mein Kind, ich wandre
Schon zu frischer Liebesfahrt!
Heute die und dann die andre:
Das ist so die rechte Art!

*To the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
Toward the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing;
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!*

The four humours at the loss of the beloved

The lighthearted lover

*Joy has fled, what's gone is gone!
Blanda loves me no more!
I would have stayed faithful
(Honestly!) for another week,
If she hadn't mentioned marriage;
God saved me from that!
Farewell, my child, I'm on my way
In search of new love experiences!
One girl today, and one tomorrow:
That's the way to do it!*

Scheiden macht mein Herz nicht schwer,
Weinen kann ich nicht noch fluchen.
Doch da kommt ein Mädchen her,
Schnell muß ich mein Glück versuchen;
Ohne Lieb' ist alles leer!
Sprödes Kind, wirf ab dein Joch,
Laß' von Himmelskost mich nippen;
Eh' wir bleichen, lebe noch!
Mädchen, reiche mir die Lippen,
Denn geküßt wirst du ja doch!

Sieh, man darf sich in Genuß
Für versehnte Träume rächen.
Laß der Seelen Genius
Aus dem Schlag der Herzen sprechen;
Doppelsprache ist der Kuß!
Ah, du magst mich nicht? Nun gut!
Mag ich's auch nicht gern ertragen,
Halt' ich doch mir frischen Mut;
Morgen will ich wieder fragen,
Hast vielleicht dann wärmer Blut.

Wer wie ich, mein Lieb', gesinnt,
Kann nur liebend selig werden!
Fahr' ich einst zum Himmel, Kind,
Frag' ich gleich den Herrn der Erden,
Ob die Engel weiblich sind!
Wenn er etwa „Nein!“ nun spricht,
Sag' ich keck und voll Vertrauen:

*Parting doesn't pain my heart,
I can neither weep nor curse.
But as soon as a girl appears,
I must try my luck at once;
Without love the world's empty!
Bashful child, away with restraint,
Let me sip the heavenly nectar;
Let us live before we die!
Offer me your lips, my girl,
For kiss you I certainly shall!*

*Pleasures, you see, can make up
For dreams we craved in vain.
Let the spirit of the soul
Speak in the beating of the heart;
A kiss has a double meaning!
Ah, you don't like me? Very well, then!
Even though it's hard to bear,
It doesn't dampen my exuberance;
I'll ask again tomorrow,
When you might have hotter blood.*

*Whoever thinks as I do, my love,
Can only be happy in loving!
If I get to Heaven, my child,
I'll ask the Lord immediately
If the angels there are women!
If he happens to answer 'No',
I'll say boldly and with confidence:*

„Herr, dein Reich gefällt mir nicht;
Denn ein Himmel ohne Frauen
Ist die Sonne ohne Licht.“

Hebt die Treue hoch empor,
Quälend Glück will ich euch schenken.
Schwätzt nur mir Moral nicht vor;
Bei der Liebe will ich denken,
Wenn ich den Verstand verlor.
Alle Wesen huld'gen ihr;
Liebe ist das Herz vom Leben,
Nur durch Liebe sind wir hier;
Liebe will ich wieder geben,
Mädchen alle, kommt zu mir!

8 Der Schwermüte

Sel'ge Zeiten sah ich prangen,
Und den Erdball glaubt' ich mein
Als mich Lauras Blick befangen,
Unschuldklar wie Heil'genschein.

Als der Lippen Siegel sprangen,
Herrschte Gott nicht mehr allein,
Denn der Liebe Klänge schwangen
Siegend mich zum Himmel ein.

Ach, die Wonnen all' verklangen!
Ewig kann nicht Frühling sein!

*'Lord, your kingdom's not to my taste,
For a heaven without women
Is like the sun without light.'*

*Raise faithfulness aloft –
I can do without agonized joy.
But don't talk to me of morals;
I shall be thinking of love
Even when I've lost my reason.
All creatures pay homage to love;
Love is the heart of life,
It's only through love that we are here,
Come to me, all you girls!*

The melancholy lover

*I saw the splendour of blissful days
And I believed the earth was mine
When Laura bewitched me with her eyes,
Innocent like a halo.*

*When the seal of her lips was broken,
God no longer reigned alone,
For the sounds of love made me soar
Victoriously up to heaven.*

*Alas! the rapture has died away!
Spring cannot last forever!*

Traum und Treue sind vergangen,
Ausgelöscht der Heil'genschein!

Fern von ihr muß ich verbangen,
Von der Welt ist nichts mehr mein;
Glühend faßet all' Verlangen
Nur der Hoffnung Leichenstein.

Doch zum Todesengel drangen
Meines Herzens Öd' und Pein,
Liebend bald von Erd' umfangen
Wird der Himmel wieder mein.

9 Der Liebewütige

„Verraten! Verschmähet!
Wer drängte mich aus?
Auf, Diener, umspähet
Heut' Abend ihr Haus;
Und wagt zur Megäre
Ein Einz'ger den Blick,
So fragt: wer er wäre?
Und brecht ihm's Genick!“

Don Marco trieb Alle
Recht wachsam zu sein,
Dann stürmt' ihn die Galle
Bergauf und talein.
Er fluchte nun trabend

*Dream and faithfulness have vanished,
The halo has been extinguished!*

*Far from her I must die of anguish,
Nothing more in the world is mine;
All that I passionately desire
Is the tombstone of hope.*

*Yet news of my bleak heart's anguish
Has reached the angel of death,
Soon, lovingly embraced by earth,
Heaven will be mine again.*

The raging lover

*Betrayed! Disdained!
Who has usurped me?
Servants, keep watch tonight
Round her house;
And if any man
Dares look at the harpy,
Ask him his name
And break his neck!*

*Don Marco urged everyone
To be on their guard,
The bitterness drove him
Up hill and down dale.
He uttered curses*

Hinein in die Luft
Und passte am Abend
Noch selbst auf den Schuft.

Mit Hast spioniert
Das Dienervolk stumm;
Don Marco begieret
Die Türen rings um.
Wie schleichend und sinnig
Im Dämmern er wallt,
Gebieten recht innig
Sechs Fäuste ihm: „Halt!“

„Wer sind Sie?“ nach Regel
Klingt dies zum Gezerr.
„Ihr Lümmel, ihr Flegel!
Ich bin euer Herr!“
Und wie ihn am Toben
Die Diener erkannt,
Spricht Clara von oben:
„Das ist ja charmant!“

„Die Eifersucht hordet
Schon Söldner heran –
Der Argwohn ermordet,
Was Liebe gewann!
Drum hab' ich vernünftig
Den Leichtsinn bereut!
Nun quälen Sie künftighin
Sich selber gescheut!“

*In full career,
And in the evening
Kept watch for the villain himself.*

*Silently the servants
Scurry round the house,
Zealously Don Marco
Keeps an eye on the doors.
As he pensively, stealthily
Creeps on his way,
Six fists command him
With passion: 'Halt!'*

*'Who are you?' they scream,
According to orders.
'You louts, you idiots!
It's me, your master!
And now as his servants
Recognize his roar,
Clara says from above:
'How charming!*

*Your jealousy's caused you
To call in hirelings –
Suspicion has killed
What was gained through love!
So now I'm more prudent
And regret my folly!
You must try hard in future
To be sensible yourself!'*

Nichts halfen Sonette
Von Gram und von Grab.
Da riß er vom Brette
Die Flinte herab;
Er jagte mit Rasen
Zum Walde hinaus,
Und schoß einen Hasen
Zum lärmenden Schmaus.

10 Der Gleichmütige

Nun, ich bin befreit!
Wie behäglich!
Mir ist Zärtlichkeit
Unerträglich;
Treibt sie Keine lau,
Werd' ich ohne Frau
Ruhig alt und grau.

Hätt' sie wohl gemocht
So bei Festen;
Plumperpuddings kocht
Sie am besten.
Doch die Lust ward matt,
Denn am Ende hatt'
Ich die Puddings satt.

Sie gefiel mir gut
So beim Wandern;

*In vain he wrote sonnets
On grief and the grave,
So he went to the shelf
And snatched up his gun;
He stormed out raging
Into the forest,
And shot a hare
For a riotous feast.*

The apathetic lover

*Now I'm free!
How very pleasant!
I cannot abide
Tenderness;
If women can't be moderate,
I'll gladly grow old
And grey unweid.*

*I liked her well enough
On festival days.
No one can cook
Plum pudding like her.
But my passion waned,
Because her puddings
Finally palled.*

*When I was on my travels
She pleased me well enough;*

Und weil man gern tut,
Wie die Andern,
Bot ich mich zum Mann,
Und sie nahm es an,
Eh' ich mich besann.

Doch das gab ein Joch
Und ein Laufen!
Was nach Ausland roch,
Mußt' ich kaufen,
Und tagaus, tagein,
Und bei Mondenschein,
Auch noch zärtlich sein!

Ohne Ruh und Rast
Mußt' ich küssen.
Das ist Höllenlast,
Küssen müssen!
Drum recht eisig hart
Hab' ich sie genarrt,
Bis mein Wunsch mir ward.

Aus dem Hause warf
Sie mich gestern,
Und beliebte scharf
Noch zu lästern;
„Hätt' ich nicht viel Geld,
Wär ich Schüßelheld
Gar nichts nutz der Welt!“

*And since one likes
To do as others do,
I offered my hand in marriage
And she accepted
Before I could change my mind.*

*O what a burden!
And how I had to run after her!
I had to buy
Anything foreign,
And day in, day out,
Even in the moonlight,
I had to be loving and tender as well.*

*I had to kiss her
Incessantly.
How hellish it is
To have to kiss!
So I pretended
To act very cold,
Until I had my way.*

*Yesterday she threw me
Out of the house,
And even took the liberty
Of abusing me;
'If I, the great trencherman
Had no money,
I'd be totally useless!'*

Doch mich macht der Hieb
Nimmer grämlich,
Denn die Liebe lieb'
Ich bequemlich;
Treibt sie Keine lau,
Werd' ich ohne Frau
Ruhig alt und grau!

Text: Friedrich Wilhelm Gubitz

11 Einsamkeit

„Gib mir die Fülle der Einsamkeit!“
Im Tal, von Blüten überschneit,
Da ragt ein Dom, und nebenbei
In hohem Stile die Abtei:
Wie ihr Begründer, fromm und still,
Der müden Hafn und Asyl,
Hier kühlt mit heiliger Betauung,
Die nieversiegende Bschauung.
Doch den frischen Jüngling quälen
Selbst in gottgeweihten Zellen
Bilder, feuriger verjüngt;
Und ein wilder Strom entspringt
Aus der Brust, die er umdämmt,
Und in einem Augenblick
Ist der Ruhe zartes Glück
Von den Wellen weggeschwemmt.

*But that affront
No longer upsets me,
For I like love
To be easy-going;
If women can't be moderate,
I'll gladly grow old
And grey unwed.*

Solitude

*'Give me my fill of solitude.'
In the valley covered with snowy blossom
A cathedral soars up, and nearby
The abbey in gothic style:
Like its founder, devout and calm,
The haven and refuge of the weary.
Unending contemplation here
Brings the dew of sacred refreshment to the spirit.
Yet the young man is tormented,
Even in his God-consecrated cell,
By images of ever more ardent longing;
A wild torrent bursts
From the breast, which he seeks to stem –
And in a single instant
The joy of fragile peace
Is swept away by the waves.*

„Gir mir die Fülle der Tätigkeit.“
Menschen wimmeln weit und breit,
Wagen kreuzen sich und stäuben,
Käufer sich um Läden treiben,
Rotes Gold und heller Stein
Lockt die Zögernden hinein,
Und Ersatz für Landesgrüne
Bieten Maskenball und Bühne.
Doch in prangenden Palästen,
Bei der Freude lauten Festen,
Sprießt empor der Schwermut Blume,
Senkt ihr Haupt zum Heiligtume
Seiner Jugend Unschuldust,
Zu dem blauen Hirtenland
Und der Lichten Quelle Rand,
Ach, daß er hinweggemußt!

„Gib mir das Glück der Geselligkeit.“
Gefährten, freundlich angereicht
Der Tafel, stimmen Chorus an
Und ebenen die Felsenbahn!
So geht's zum schönen Hügelkranz
Und abwärts zu des Stromes Tanz,
Und immer mehr befestiget sich Neigung
Mit treuer, kräftiger Verzweigung.
Doch, wenn ihm die Freunde schieden,
Ist's getan um seinen Frieden.
Ihn bewegt der Sehnsucht Schmerz,
Und er schauet himmelwärts:

'Give me my fill of activity.'
People throng far and wide,
Coaches pass each other, raising dust,
Customers crowd round shops,
Red gold and glistening stones
Lure the hesitant inside,
Masked balls and plays
Take the place of green countryside.
But in magnificent palaces,
Amid the clamour of joyous feasts
Melancholy's flower springs up,
Inclines its head to the sanctuary
Of his happy, innocent youth,
To the blue land of shepherds
And the edge of the bright stream.
Alas that he had to depart!

'Give me my fill of good company.'
Companions, cheerfully seated
At table, strike up in chorus
To smooth the rocky path!
Thus they continue up to the fair hills
And down to the dancing river,
And affections grow ever stronger
By true and powerful attachments.
But when friends have departed
His peace is shattered.
Moved by the pain of longing,
He gazes heavenward;

Das Gestirn der Liebe strahlt.
Liebe, Liebe ruft die laue Luft,
Liebe, Liebe atmet Blumenduft,
Und sein Inn'res Liebe hallt.

„Gib mir die Fülle der Seligkeit“
Nun wandelt er in Trunkenheit
An ihrer Hand in schweigenden Gesprächen,
Im Buchengang, an weißen Bächen,
Und muß er auch durch Wüstenein,
Ihm leuchtet süßer Augen Schein;
Und in der feindlichsten Verwirrung
Vertrauet er der holden Führung.
Doch die Särge großer Ahnen,
Siegerkronen, Sturmesfahnen
Lassen ihn nicht fürder ruh'n:
Und er muß ein Gleiches tun,
Und wie sie unsterblich sein.
Sieh, er steigt aufs hohe Pferd,
Schwingt und prüft das blanke Schwert,
Reitet in die Schlacht hinein.

„Gib mir die Fülle der Dürsterkeit.“
Da liegen sie im Blute hingestret,
Die Lippe starr, das Auge wild gebrochen,
Die erst dem Schrecken Trotz gesprochen.
Kein Vater kehrt den Seinen mehr,
Und heimwärts kehrt ein ander Heer,
Und denen Krieg das Teuerste genommen,

Love's constellation shines.
Love calls in the balmy air,
Love blows from the flowers' fragrance,
And his innermost being quivers with love.

'Give me my fill of rapture.'
Now he walks, intoxicated,
Holding her hand in silent communion,
Along the beech-tree avenue, by the clear brook,
And though he must traverse desert places,
Her sweet eyes will shine on him;
And amid the most hostile confusion
He trusts his sweet guide.
But the tombs of his great ancestors,
Victors' crowns, ensigns of war,
Allow him no further peace.
He must do as they do,
And like them be immortal.
See, he mounts his noble steed,
Brandishes and tests his shining sword,
And rides into battle.

'Give me my fill of melancholy.'
There they lie, stretched out in their own blood,
They who first defied terror,
With rigid lips and eyes wild with death.
No father returns now to his family,
Homeward marches a different army,
And those who have lost their dearest in war

Begrüssen nun mit schmerzlichem Willkommen!
So deucht ihm des Vaterlandes Wächter
Ein ergrimmt Bruderschlächter,
Der der Freiheit edel Gut
Düngt mit rotem Menschenblut.
Und er flucht dem tollen Ruhm
Und tauschet lärmendes Gewühl
Mit dem Forste, grün und kühl,
Mit dem Waldesleben um.

„Gib mir die Weihe der Einsamkeit.“
Durch dichte Tannendunkelheit
Dringt Sonnenblick nur halb und halb,
Und färbet Nadelschichten falb.
Der Kuckuck ruft aus Zweiggeflecht,
An grauer Rinde pickt der Specht,
Und donnernd über Klippenhemmung
Ergeht des Gießbachs kühne Strömung.
Was er wünschte, was er liebte,
Ihn erfreute, ihn betrübte,
Schwebt mit sanfter Schwärmerei
Wie um Abendrot vorbei.
Jünglings Sehnsucht, Einsamkeit,
Wird dem Greisen nun zuteil,
Und ein Leben rau und steil
Führte doch zur Seligkeit.

Text: Johann Mayrhofer

*Now bid the army a painful welcome!
Thus do his fatherland's guardians
Appear to him as grim murderers,
Nurturing noble freedom
With the red of human blood.
And he curses insane glory,
And exchanges noisy tumult
For the cool, green woodland,
For the life of the forest.*

*'Give me the solemnity of solitude.'
Through the darkness of dense pines
The sun can only penetrate partially
And paints the bed of needles with a dusky hue.
The cuckoo calls from the thicket,
The woodpecker drums on the grey bark,
And the dashing torrent
Thunders over the obstructing cliffs.
Whatever he wished for, whatever he loved,
Whatever brought him joy or sorrow,
Floats past in gentle rapture,
As if in the glow of evening.
The young man's solitude and yearning
Becomes now the old man's lot,
And a harsh and arduous life
Has finally led to rapture.*

*Translations © by Richard Stokes,
author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)*

ROBIN TRITSCHLER

Robin Tritschler grew up in Ireland, studied music in Dublin and London, and has established a flourishing career in recital, concert and opera.

He gives recitals in Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, San Diego, Washington DC, and Hong Kong, and appears frequently at Wigmore Hall, London, where he held an Artistic Residency in 2018/19. As well as his regular collaborators Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Simon Lepper, Robin works with internationally renowned chamber musicians including Inon Barnatan and Jonathan Biss.

In the opera house, work has included *Così fan tutte*, *Don Giovanni*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* at WNO, *Wozzeck* at ROH, as well as the modern operas *Europera* by Cage at Ruhrtriennale, *Harvey's Wagner Dream*, *De Materie* by Andriessen at Teatro Colon, and the world premiere of Larcher's *Das Jagdgewehr* at Bergen Festival.

In concert, Robin has performed with Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Sir Mark Elder, Sir Charles MacKerras, Kent Nagano, Markus Stenz, Bernard Labadie, in Het Concertgebouw, Berlin



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Philharmonie, Elbphilharmonie, Carnegie Hall, Suntory Hall, Sala São Paulo, St Petersburg Philharmonie, Inchoen Arts Centre Korea. Robin also often appears in International Festivals such as Salzburg, Aldeburgh, and Mostly Mozart at the Lincoln Center NYC, and the BBC Proms at the Royal Albert Hall.

Robin has made many recordings including the *Johannes Passion* with Herreweghe, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* with Manze, and numerous song discs including *No Exceptions No Exemptions*, *Great War Songs* (Signum), and an album of songs by Robert Franz (Hyperion).

MALCOLM MARTINEAU

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised 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, Anna Netrebko, Barbara Bonney, Dame Sarah Connolly, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Dame Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker and Bryn Terfel.



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He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall and the Edinburgh Festival. He has appeared throughout Europe including London's Wigmore Hall and the Barbican; La Scala, Milan; the Chatelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein; North America including both New York's Alice Tully and Carnegie Halls; Australia including the Sydney Opera House and at the Aix

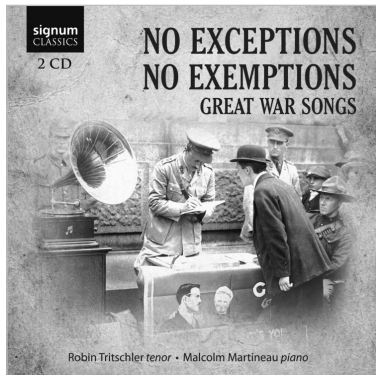
en Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg Festivals.

Recording projects have included the complete Beethoven Folk Songs and Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel; Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside plus the Grammy Award-winning Songs of War; recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kozena,

Della Jones, Susan Bullock, Solveig Kringelborn, Anne Schwanewilms, Dorothea Röschmann and Christiane Karg; the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten Folk Songs; the complete Poulenc songs and Britten Song Cycles as well as Schubert with Florian Boesch, Reger with Sophie Bevan and the complete Mendelssohn songs.

He was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. Malcolm was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival. He was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours.

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The Daily Telegraph

Recorded in St Silas the Martyr from 12th to 14th January 2017.

Producer, Engineer and Editor – Andrew Mellor

Cover Image – © Keith Tritschler

Design and Artwork – Woven Design www.wovendesign.co.uk

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1 - 3	3 Songs from <i>Sophiens Reise</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)	[10.04]
4 - 10	Lieder aus der 'Selam' D.302-308	F. Schubert (1797-1828)	[24.03]

CD2

1 - 6	An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98	L. V. Beethoven (1770-1827)	[14.41]
7 - 10	Die vier Temperamente bei dem Verlust der Geliebten Op. 46	C. M. V. Weber (1786-1826)	[13.29]
11	Einsamkeit D.620	F. Schubert	[20.09]

Total timings: [82.31]

ROBIN TRITSCHLER TENOR
MALCOLM MARTINEAU PIANO

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