

WIGMORE



HALL

LIVE

Miah Persson
Roger Vignoles

songs by
SCHUBERT
SIBELIUS
and **GRIEG**



MAIA PERSSON SINGS SCHUBERT, GRIEG AND SIBELIUS

I love poems and in Lieder I love understanding and working with the text. Normally you do recitals in smaller halls and that means you can use your voice in a completely different way. A song is itself a mini-opera with a beginning, a middle and an end which you need to express and act out, but with Lieder, although you can use your operatic side, you can whisper and convey something through the tiniest details.

Miah Persson

Schubert's relationship with the poetry of Goethe (1749–1832) first flared up in October 1814 with his earliest masterpiece, 'Gretchen am Spinnrade'. By the summer of 1817 the 20-year-old composer had produced nearly 50 settings of Goethe, many among the world's best-loved songs. Another 25 followed between 1819 and 1826. What excited the composer about this poetry was its spontaneity of feeling, its direct, sensuous imagery and its ecstatic eagerness – unprecedented in European verse – to seize and glorify the moment. Then there was the uniquely musical quality of Goethe's verses, with many of his poems, including 'Gretchen', written to be sung rather than spoken. While Schubert set many of Goethe's poems for all time, the Weimar sage, notoriously conservative in his musical tastes, showed barely a flicker of interest in Schubert's songs until the very end of his life. By then the composer was already dead.

'The loveliest song that has ever been written', was Johannes Brahms's verdict on the first 'Suleika' song, chosen by Miah Persson to open

her Schubert group. The delicately erotic poem is in fact not strictly by Goethe at all, but a (minimal) adaptation by him of verses by Marianne von Willemer, with whom the elderly poet exchanged a long and passionate correspondence, dubbing her 'Suleika' and himself 'Hatem', after characters created by the fourteenth-century Persian poet Hafiz. With Marianne's connivance, Goethe published two of her poems in his *West-östlicher Divan* ('East-West Collection'), fooling his readers, Schubert included, into believing they were his own. With fresh, gleaming tone, Miah Persson catches both the mingled sensuousness and agitated excitement of the opening section, where the east wind whispers and caresses above a pulsing bass rhythm that foreshadows the 'Unfinished' Symphony, and the quiet rapture of the closing verse, where the music warms from B minor to B major in a dream (and for Goethe and Marianne it remained a dream) of bliss fulfilled.

'Ganymed', with its favourite theme of the beauty and all-embracing goodness of nature, was one of the most exalted Goethe poems set by Schubert. With kaleidoscopic shifts of key, the 20-year-old composer illuminates each phase of the poet's pantheistic vision, from the serenity of the spring morning (perfectly embodied in Persson's pure, pellucid timbre), through the youth's awakening ardour and anticipation, to his final heavenly transfiguration, in a key remote from the earthly longing of the opening.

As enigmatic outsiders, the figures of the young dancer Mignon and the blind Harper in

Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* ('Wilhelm Meister's Years of Apprenticeship') haunted the Romantic imagination. The Harper is tormented by a secret guilt: his incestuous love for his half-demented sister, of which Mignon is the fruit – though neither father nor daughter knows it. Throughout the novel Mignon remains a slightly unreal figure, yearning for her native Italy, oppressed by her past (she had been kidnapped and beaten by a travelling circus troupe), and mysteriously aware that she is destined to die young. The plangent melody of 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt', somewhere between a folksong and an Italianate aria, and broken by the anguished cry of 'Es schwindelt mir', touchingly expresses the innocent waif's longing for her homeland and her unnamed distant beloved.

Like so many of Goethe's poems, 'Rastlose Liebe' is directly autobiographical, prompted by his falling in love with Charlotte von Stein in Weimar and written two days after a heavy snowstorm. Schubert's setting of 1815 (which he himself sang to acclaim at a musical party the following year) is one of his driving *moto perpetuo* songs, sweeping impetuously from the turbulent opening, through the more reflective central section, to the exultant close.

Miah Persson follows this impulsive outpouring with a hypnotically sustained performance of 'Du bist die Ruh'. With its sublimely simple melody, varied with a glowing, remote modulation in the final verse, this setting of Friedrich Rückert is the composer's most profound expression of an ideal, transcendent love. It is also arguably more



FRANZ SCHUBERT

truly religious in feeling than any music that Schubert, the unconvinced Catholic, composed for the church. Persson's exquisite poise and free, luminous top register make the twofold crescendo towards the climactic high Gs and A flats on 'erhellt' a true moment of revelation. In tandem with the ever-sensitive Roger Vignoles, she brings a wistful grace to the barcarolle 'Auf dem Wasser

zu singen', to verses by the unsnappily titled Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg. Here the cascading piano figuration, with quintessentially Schubertian oscillations between minor and major, suggests both the iridescent play of evening sunlight on the waves and the poet's restless yearning.

The story of Gretchen's seduction and abandonment by Faust in Part One of Goethe's dramatic epic, and her subsequent execution for killing her child, was prompted by real-life cases of infanticide in an age when unmarried mothers were routinely treated as pariahs. 'Gretchen am Spinnrade', sung before her seduction, is an impassioned *scena* that rises from numb pathos to almost hysterical erotic longing. The accompaniment that unifies the song simultaneously evokes the rotation of the spinning wheel, with the click of the bobbin in the left hand, and mirrors every fluctuating shade of Gretchen's emotions (Vignoles and Persson are acutely responsive to harmonic flux here). The momentary suspension of the wheel's motion at 'und ach sein Kuss!' is a dramatic stroke of ineffable poignancy.

To end their Schubert group, Persson and Vignoles are joined by clarinetist Richard Hosford for a performance of 'Der Hirt auf dem Felsen' that catches the melancholy of the opening and the joyous anticipation of the fast section while suggesting a crucial quality of innocence. Schubert wrote this Italianate *scena* – albeit one spiced with Tyrolean yodels – in October 1828, only weeks before his death, for the famous Berlin soprano Anna Milder. Milder had requested a

piece in contrasting sections, 'so that several emotions can be expressed ... and with a brilliant ending'. Persson and her accomplices short-change neither the emotional contrasts nor the brilliance.

Belying Debussy's celebrated sideswipe ('a pink bonbon stuffed with snow'), Edvard Grieg's music is always likely to surprise the unwary with its range and depth. In the fine Op. 48 songs written in 1884 ('Gruß' and 'Dereinst, Gedanke mein') and 1889 (the remaining four), the composer temporarily abandons his native Norwegian for the German language he had often set as a student in Leipzig. While most of his songs were intended for his wife Nina, the 'more cosmopolitan' (Grieg's words) Op. 48 set was dedicated for the Swedish-born Wagnerian soprano Ellen Gulbranson, who had helped to popularise his Norwegian songs internationally. There are half-echoes of Schumann, the German romantic most congenial to Grieg, in 'Gruß', and in the unquiet syncopations and falling sevenths of the powerful Goethe setting 'Zur Rosenzeit'. Finding veiled, autumnal tints within her vernal soprano, Persson catches all of the song's surging, troubled romanticism. 'Die verschwiegene Nachtigall', with its warbling 'Tandaradei' refrain (prefigured in the brief piano introduction), sounds like a Brahmsian folksong refracted through a Norwegian prism. Persson sings it with a captivating lightness of touch, lingering on the line 'Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot' as the girl voluptuously relives her lover's kisses.

Yet for all their occasional Germanic overtones, these songs are utterly characteristic of Grieg in their melodic and harmonic pungency. 'Dereinst, Gedanke mein' (set a few years later by Hugo Wolf in his *Spanisches Liederbuch*) exudes a stark death-longing in its bare, declamatory melodic lines, somewhere between song and recitative, and acerbic chromaticisms. 'Lauf der Welt', sung by Persson with a roguish twinkle, is a blithe folk-dance, while the most famous of the Op. 48 songs, 'Ein Traum', contrasts ecstatic lyricism with little piano flourishes suggestive of (Norwegian) birdsong. 'Liquid velvet' was an approving verdict overheard in Wigmore Hall after Persson had ridden the song's vaulting climax with thrilling, shining tone.

For her final group Persson turned to her native Swedish with five of Sibelius's most popular songs, all composed between 1890 and 1902. Like other Finns of his class, Sibelius learnt Swedish as his first language; and he was always happier setting Swedish rather than Finnish, especially the love poetry and nature lyrics of Johan Ludwig Runeberg. The first of Persson's three chosen Runeberg settings, 'Våren flyktar hastigt', contrasts the girl's sad reverie, in E flat minor, with the boy's cheerful, *carpe diem* philosophy as the music settles in E flat major. Persson, skittishly abetted by Vignoles, plays

teasingly, insinuatingly, with the phrases here. The emotional narrative of 'Den första kyssten' moves in the opposite direction, from questioning hope, via a luminous shift from D flat to E major at the line 'Och himlens blyga dotter', to the *memento mori* of the close, underpinned by ominous, post-Wagnerian chromatic harmonies.

Draining her tone of its natural brightness, Persson catches the bleakness of this ending as movingly as she does the soaring, Tchaikovskian ardour of 'Var det en dröm', pronounced by Sibelius 'My most beautiful song' when he presented the manuscript to his favourite soprano, Ida Ekman. The last two songs in Persson's Sibelius group are ballads that demand characterisation of flair and imagination. She does not disappoint, whether in the mournful 'Säv, säv, susa', where she chillingly dramatises the climactic lines beginning 'de stucko en ögensten med tagg' ('with thorns they bereft her of her sight'), or in the varied colouring she brings to the successive verses of 'Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte' (aka 'The tryst'), culminating in the numb desolation of the final lines.

Persson's single encore – Grieg's exquisite 'Jeg elsker Dig' ('I love you') – set the seal on a delectable, touching recital, in which the soprano's vocal radiance and innate charm were invariably at the service of emotional truth.

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FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

01 Suleika I D720 (1821)

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrüben.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

(Marianne von Willemer, 1784–1860) /
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)

02 Ganymed D544 (1817)

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herze drängt

Suleika I

What does this stirring mean?
Does the East Wind bring good tidings?
The fresh motion of its wings
cools the deep wound in my heart.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
whipping it into puffs of cloud,
driving the happy insects
to the vine-leaves' safe retreat.

It gently soothes the heat of the sun,
and also cools my burning cheeks,
flitting by, it kisses the grapes
that deck the hillsides and the fields.

And its soft murmur brings me
a thousand greetings from my friend;
even before these hills darken,
I'll be greeted by a thousand kisses.

You may then go on your way!
Serving friends and those afflicted.
There, where lofty walls are glowing,
I'll soon find my dear beloved.

Ah, the heart's true message,
the breath of love and life's renewal,
will come to me only from his lips,
can be given me only by his breath.

Ganymede

How in the morning radiance
you glow at me from all sides,
spring, beloved!
With thousandfold delights of love
the sacred feeling

Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Ach, wohin, wohin?

Hinauf strebt's, hinauf!
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schoße Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfangen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)

03 **Lied der Mignon** D877 No. 4 (1826)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiß, was ich leide!

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)

of your eternal warmth
presses against my heart,
beauty without end!
To clasp you
in these arms!

Ah, on your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers, your grass
press against my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
sweet morning breeze!
The nightingale calls out to me
longingly from the misty valley.
I come, I come!
Where? Ah where?

Upwards! upwards I'm driven!
The clouds float
down, the clouds
bow to yearning love.
To me! To me!
Enveloped by you upwards!
embraced and embracing!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving Father!

Mignon's song

Only those who know longing
know what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
from every joy,
I search the sky
in that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
is far away.
My head reels,
my body blazes.
Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!

04 **Rastlose Liebe** D138 (1815)

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt'ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du.

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)

05 **Du bist die Ruh** D776 (1823)

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Restless love

Into snow, into rain,
into wind,
through steaming ravines,
through mist and haze,
on and on!
Without respite!

I'd rather fight
my way through affliction
than endure so many
of life's joys.
All this attraction
of heart to heart,
ah, what special
anguish it brings!

How shall I flee?
Fly to the forest?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
joy without rest –
this, Love, is you.

You are repose

You are repose
and gentle peace,
you are longing
and what stills it.

I pledge to you
full of joy and pain
as a dwelling here
my eyes and heart.

Come in to me,
and softly close
the gate
behind you.

Drive other pain
from this breast!
Let my heart be filled
with your joy.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz.

(Friedrich Rückert, 1788–1866)

This temple of my eyes
is lit
by your radiance alone,
O fill it utterly.

06 Auf dem Wasser zu singen D774 (1823)

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzt das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Calmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Ach es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwindet mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlenden Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

(Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg, 1750–1819)

To be sung on the water

Amid the shimmer of mirroring waves
the swaying boat glides, like a swan;
ah, on joy's gently gleaming waves
the soul glides onward like the boat;
For the sunset glow from heaven
dances on the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove,
the reddish light beckons us;
beneath the branches of the easterly grove
the sweet-flag rustles in the reddish light;
The soul breathes in the joy of heaven,
the peace of the grove in the reddening glow.

For me, alas, time vanishes
with dewy wings on the rocking waves.
Time vanishes tomorrow with shimmering wings,
as it did yesterday and today,
till I on loftier, radiant wings,
myself escape the flux of time.

07 Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
life's like the grave;
the whole world
is turned to gall.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor mind
shattered.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)

08 **Der Hirt auf dem Felsen** D965 (1828)

with RICHARD HOSFORD, clarinet

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,
Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
der Klüfte.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
it's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing,
his noble form,
the smile on his lips,
the power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
of his words,
the touch of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

My bosom
yearns for him.
Ah! If I could clasp
and hold him,
and kiss him
to my heart's content,
and in his kisses
perish!

The shepherd on the rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
look down into the deep valley
and sing,
from far away in the deep dark valley
the echo from the ravines
rises up.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum seh'n' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehndend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehndend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

(Wilhelm Müller, 1794–1827; stanzas 5–6 by Karl August Varnhagen von Ense, 1785–1858)

EDVARD GRIEG (1843–1907)

Six Songs Op. 48 (1884–8)

09 **Gruß**

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.
Klänge, kleines Frühlied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.

Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag, ich laß' sie grüßen.

(Heinrich Heine, 1797–1856)

10 **Dereinst, Gedanke mein**

Dereinst,
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
from below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
therefore I long so to be with her
over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
my joy has fled,
all earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the wood,
rang out so longingly through the night,
that it draws hearts to heaven
with wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready
to journey.

Greeting

A sweet sound of bells
peals gently through my soul.
Ring out, little song of spring,
ring out far and wide.

Ring out till you reach the house
where violets are blooming.
And if you should see a rose,
send to her my greeting.

One day, my thoughts

One day,
my thoughts,
you shall be at rest.

Läßt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

(Emanuel von Geibel, 1815–1884)

Though love's ardour
gives you no peace,
you shall sleep well
in cool earth;
there without love
and without pain
you shall be at rest.

What you did not
find in life
will be granted you
when life is ended.
Then, free from torment
and free from pain,
you shall be at rest.

11 **Lauf der Welt**

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es steht hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küsst' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Tauge kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

(Johann Ludwig Uhland, 1787–1862)

The way of the world

Every evening I go out,
up the meadow path.
She looks out from her summer house
which stands close by the road.
We've never planned a rendezvous,
it's just the way of the world.

I don't know how it came about,
for a long time I've been kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes!
But neither does she ever say no!
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,
we don't prevent it, it just seems good.

The little breeze plays with the rose,
it doesn't ask: do you love me?
The rose cools itself with dew,
it doesn't dream of saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
but neither says: I love you!

12 Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Unter den Linden,
An der Haide,
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,
Da mögt ihr finden,
Wie wir beide
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Wald
Mit süßem Schall,
Tandaradei!
Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen
Zu der Aue,
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
Ich ward empfangen
Als hehre Frau,
Daß ich noch immer selig bin.
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,
Wüßt' es einer,
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.
Wie mich der Gute herzte, keiner
Erfahre das, als er und ich –
Und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

(Walther von der Vogelweide, c.1170–c.1230)

13 Zur Rosenzeit

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk'ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

The secretive nightingale

Under the lime trees
by the heath
where I sat with my beloved,
there you may find
how both of us
crushed the flowers and grass.
Outside the wood,
with a sweet sound,
Tandaradei!
The nightingale sang in the valley.

I came walking
to the meadow,
my beloved arrived before me.
I was received
as a noble lady,
which still fills me with bliss.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew
how I lay there,
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.
How my darling hugged me,
no one shall know but he and I –
and a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who certainly won't say a word.

Time of roses

You fade, sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
when I, my angel, set my heart on you,
and waiting for the first little bud,
went early to my garden;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)

14 Ein Traum

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut –
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit –
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut' erscholl vom Dorfe her –
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit –
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

(Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt, 1819-1892)

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
at your very feet,
with hope beating in my heart
when you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
whose soul now breaks with grief!

A dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
a blond maiden loved me,
it was in the green woodland glade,
it was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
from the distant village came the sound of bells –
we were so full of bliss,
so lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,
it happened in reality,
it was in the green woodland glade
it was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
from the village came the sound of bells –
I held you fast, I held you long,
and now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore –
There reality became a dream,
there dream became reality!

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865–1957)

15 Våren flyktar hastigt Op. 13 No. 4 (1891)

Våren flyktar hastigt,
Hastigare sommarn,
Hösten dröjer länge,
Vintern ännu längre.
Snart, I sköna kinder,
Skolen I förvissna
Och ej knoppas mera.
Gossen svarte åter:

Ån i höstens dagar gläda
vårens minnen,
Ån i vinterns dagar räck
sommarns skördar.
Fritt må våren flykta,
Fritt må kinden vissna,
Låt oss nu blott älska.
Låt oss nu blott kyssas.

(Johan Ludvig Runeberg, 1804–1877)

16 Den första kyssen Op. 37 No. 1 (1900)

På silvermolnets kant satt aftonstjärnan,
Från lundens skymning frågte henne tårnan:
Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes,
När första kyssen åt en älskling skänkes?
Och himlens blyga dotter hördes svara:
På jorden blickar ljusets änglaskara,
Och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter;
Blott döden vänder ögat bort och gråter.

(Johan Ludvig Runeberg, 1804–1877)

17 Var det en dröm? Op. 37 No. 4 (1902)

Var det en dröm att ljult en gång
Jag var ditt hjärtas vän? –
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
Då strängen darrar än.
Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
En blick så blyg och öm;
Jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt –
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

Spring is swiftly flying

Spring is swiftly flying,
swifter still flies summer,
autumn is delaying
winter drags more slowly.
Soon the flower of girlhood
will forever wither,
ne'er again to blossom.
Then the boy replied:

Yet through autumn live glad
memories of springtime,
through the winter stretch the
harvestings of summer.
Spring may go a flying,
cheeks for me may wither,
now's the time for loving,
now's the time for kissing.

The first kiss

The evening star sat on the edge of a silver cloud.
From the dusk of the grove a maiden asked her:
tell me, evening star, what is thought in heaven
when the first kiss is given to a lover?
And heaven's shy daughter was heard to reply:
the angelic host of light looks down onto the earth
and it sees its own joy reflected;
only death turns its eyes aside and weeps.

Did I just dream?

Did I just dream that once upon a time
I was the friend of your heart? –
I remember it like a bygone song,
although its string still vibrates.
I remember a rose, a gift from you,
a glance so timid and tender;
I remember a glistening parting tear –
was all this, all this just a dream?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
Uti en vårgrün ängd,
Vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort
För nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
Vid bittra tårars ström:
Göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
Det var din bästa dröm!

(Josef Julius Wecksell, 1838-1907)

18 **Säv, säv, susa** Op. 36 No. 4 (1890)

Säv, säv, susa, våg, våg, slå,
I sägen mig hvar Ingallil
Den unga mande gå?
Hon skrek som en vingskjuten and,
När hon sjönk i sjön,
Det var när sista vår stod grön.
De voro henne gramse vid Östanålid,
Det tog hon sig så illa vid.
De voro henne gramse för gods och gull
Och för hennes unga kärleks skull.
De stucko en ögonsten med tagg,
De kastade smuts i en liljas dagg.
Så sjungen, sjungen sorgång,
I sorgsna vagor små,
Säv, säv, susa,
Våg, våg, slå!

(Gustaf Fröding, 1860–1911)

19 **Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte**

Op. 37 No. 5 (1902)
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda händer –
Modern sade:
Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?
Flickan sade: jag har plockat rosor,
Och på tören stungit mina händer.

A dream as short as an anemone's life
out in a green spring meadow,
whose beauty rapidly fades away before
a multitude of new flowers.

But often at night I hear a voice
over a stream of bitter tears:
hide this memory deep within your breast,
it was your finest dream!

Sigh, rushes, sigh

Sigh, sedges, sigh, dash, dash, spray!
Oh, tell me where sweet Ingallil
now takes her lonely way.
She screamed like a wing-broken bird
when she sank from sight,
last spring when all was green and bright.
They spent their wrath upon her at Ostanålid,
ah, ill the day that saw the deed!
They coveted her lands and her wealth in store,
to capture her tender love they swore.
With thorns they bereft her of her sight,
the dew of the lily was sullied with blight.
So sing now, sing her death song,
ye waves in mournful lay,
sigh, sedges, sigh,
dash, dash, spray!

The girl came from her lover's tryst

The girl came from her lover's tryst.
She came with red hands –
Her mother said:
Why are your hands red, O daughter?
The girl said: I have been picking roses,
and I pricked my hands on the thorns.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda läppar –
Modern sade:
Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?
Flickan sade: jag har ätit hallon,
Och med saften målat mina läppar.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med bleka kinder –
Modern sade:
Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?
Flickan sade: red en grav, o Moder!
Göm mig där, och ställ ett kors däröver,
Och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
Ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar;
Ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder;
Ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.

(Johan Ludvig Runeberg, 1804–1877)

encore

EDVARD GRIEG (1843–1907)

- 20 **Jeg elsker Dig** Op. 5 No. 3 (1864–5)
Min Tankes Tanke ene du er vorden,
Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed.
Jeg elsker Dig, som Ingen her på Jorden,
Jeg elsker Dig i Tid og Evighed!
(Hans Christian Andersen, 1805–1875)

Again she returned from her lover's tryst.
She came with red lips –
Her mother said:
Why are your lips red, O daughter?
The girl said: I have been eating raspberries,
and coloured my lips with their juice.

Again she returned from her lover's tryst.
She came with pale cheeks –
Her mother said:
Why are your cheeks pale, O daughter?
The girl said: Prepare a grave, O mother!
Hide me there, and place a cross above it,
and, on the cross, carve what I tell you:

Once she came home with red hands,
for they had reddened between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips,
for they had reddened from her lover's lips.
Finally she came home with pale cheeks,
for they had paled through her lover's infidelity.

I love you

You have become the single thought of my thoughts,
you are the first love of my heart.
I love you as no one else here on Earth,
I love you for time and eternity!

Translations of Schubert songs and Grieg's Six Songs,
Op. 48 by Richard Stokes, from *The Book of Lieder*
published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird,
co-author of the *Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder*
published by Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1976. Translation
of Grieg's 'Jeg elsker Dig' by Nils Lid Hjort.

MAIA PERSSON



Swedish soprano Miah Persson is in great demand with the major opera houses, orchestras and recital halls of the world. She has appeared at

the Metropolitan Opera, Salzburg Festival, Royal Opera House, Theater an der Wien, Bayerische Staatsoper, Wiener Staatsoper and Glyndebourne Festival Opera, to name a few.

She has performed with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Bayerisches Rundfunk Munich, Budapest Festival Orchestra, Rotterdam Philharmonic and Deutsche Symphonie Orchester Berlin, and given recitals at Carnegie Hall, Frankfurt Opera, Tonhalle Zurich, Wigmore Hall and Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam. She was appointed a court singer by the King of Sweden in January 2011.

Conductors with whom she has worked include Daniel Barenboim, Pierre Boulez, Ivàn Fischer, Bernard Haitink, Sir Colin Davis, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, René Jacobs, Sir Antonio Pappano, Mariss Jansons, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Vladimir Jurowski, Sir Charles Mackerras and Gustavo Dudamel.

Miah Persson's recordings including Handel's *Rinaldo* under René Jacobs (Harmonia Mundi), with Bryn Terfel in 'Tutto Mozart!' (Deutsche Grammophon), and solo discs 'Soul & Landscape' with Roger Vignoles (Hyperion), 'Mozart: Un moto di gioia' (BIS) with the Swedish Chamber Orchestra, and 'Portraits – songs by Clara and Robert Schumann' (BIS) with pianist Joseph Breinl.

ROGER VIGNOLES



Roger Vignoles is internationally recognised as one of the world's most distinguished piano accompanists and musicians of today. He regularly partners the finest singers in major venues around the world and is regarded as a leading authority on the song repertoire. Originally inspired to pursue a career as a piano accompanist by the playing of Gerald Moore, he read Music at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and later joined the Royal Opera House as a répétiteur. He then completed his training with the renowned Viennese-born teacher Paul Hamburger.

In the course of his distinguished career he has collaborated with many leading singers, including Elisabeth Söderström, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Sir Thomas Allen, Barbara Bonney, Kathleen Battle, Christine Brewer, Brigitte Fassbaender, Bernarda Fink, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Dame Felicity Lott, Mark Padmore, John Mark Ainsley, Roderick Williams, Joan Rodgers, Sarah Walker and Kate Royal. He performs extensively at major venues across the world and is a prolific recording artist. He has recorded widely for Hyperion and Harmonia Mundi, and has recorded Strauss and Wolf with Angelika Kirchsclager for Wigmore Hall Live (WHLive0040).

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FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

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|----|--------------------------------------|-------|
| 01 | Suleika I, D720 | 05.15 |
| 02 | Ganymed, D544 | 04.13 |
| 03 | Lied der Mignon, D877 No. 4 | 03.02 |
| 04 | Rastlose Liebe, D138 | 01.19 |
| 05 | Du bist die Ruh, D776 | 04.27 |
| 06 | Auf dem Wasser zu singen, D774 | 03.42 |
| 07 | Gretchen am Spinnrade, D118 | 04.19 |
| 08 | Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D965 | 11.45 |
| | with <i>Richard Fosford</i> clarinet | |

EDVARD GRIEG (1843–1907)

Six Songs, Op. 48

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------|-------|
| 09 | Gruß | 01.01 |
| 10 | Dereinst, Gedanke mein | 02.49 |
| 11 | Lauf der Welt | 01.37 |
| 12 | Die verschwiegene Nachtigall | 03.30 |
| 13 | Zur Rosenzeit | 02.18 |
| 14 | Ein Traum | 02.46 |

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865–1957)

- | | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 15 | Vären flyktar hastigt, Op. 13 No. 4 | 01.35 |
| 16 | Den första kysssen, Op. 37 No. 1 | 01.45 |
| 17 | Var det en dröm?, Op. 37 No. 4 | 01.40 |
| 18 | Säv, säv, susa, Op. 36 No. 4 | 02.15 |
| 19 | Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte, Op. 37 No. 5 | 03.50 |

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|----|---|-------|
| 20 | EDVARD GRIEG Jeg elsker Dig, Op. 5 No. 3 | 03.32 |
|----|---|-------|