

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 26 January 2023
7.30pm

Rozanna Madylus mezzo-soprano

Counterpoise

Fenella Humphreys violin

Sam Ewens trumpet

Kyle Horch saxophone

Anna Tilbrook piano

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

Laue Sommernacht (pub. 1910) *arranged by David Matthews*

Licht in der Nacht (1915) *arranged by David Matthews*

Erntelied (1915) *arranged by David Matthews*

Einsamer Gang (1899)

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Romance in B flat Op. 22 No. 3 (1853)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Liebst du um Schönheit from *Rückert Lieder* (1901-2) *arranged by David Matthews*

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1892-99, rev. 1901) *arranged by David Matthews*

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Nocturne (1911)

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Träume from *Wesendonck Lieder* (1857-8) *arranged by David Matthews*

Interval

Various

Brünnhilde's Dream – A sequence of words and music:

Richard Wagner

Wotan's Farewell and Magic Sleep music from *Die Walküre*

Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847)

Fichtenbaum und Palme

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh

Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937)

Lullaby Op. 52

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Nichts ist gekommen from *Altenberg Lieder* Op. 4

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

So lasst mich scheinen from *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister* D877 (1826)

Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957)

Verbogen und zerkniffen from *Gaselen* Op. 38

Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

Als ihr Geliebter schied Op. 13 No. 4 (1910-3)

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

Midsummer Moon

Vilma von Webenau (1875-1953)

Erinnerungen

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Du Ring an meinem Finger from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42 (1840)

Johanna Müller-Hermann (1878-1941) Willst du mit mir wandern Op. 2 No. 1 (pub. 1907)

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Though forbidden by her first husband, Gustav Mahler, to compose during their marriage, **Alma Schindler-Mahler** nevertheless managed to generate a considerable oeuvre, mostly in her earlier years. Her diaries (1898-1902) reveal that she composed prolifically: some 46 songs are mentioned by name and a further 27 without title, though there may well have been others. She also wrote piano music (including an uncompleted sonata) and chamber music (including a violin sonata and a fragmentary piano trio). Three volumes of her songs were published in her lifetime.

'Laue Sommernacht' (text by Otto Julius Bierbaum) evokes a mild, starless summer night. 'We found one another in the deep wood and amazed, we embraced in the dark night. Into its darkness, O love, fell your light.' 'Licht in der Nacht' (Bierbaum) describes the 'dark night all around, enveloping me in black'. A star flickers timidly from afar but goes out. The night turns heavy. In 'Erntelied' (Gustav Falke) the whole sky glows in bright morning roses. Day itself arrives, filled with old love, and helps to overcome the grief of night. The gardens begin to sing, the sea roars and there are golden clouds aloft. 'Hush, my soul, have you not had your fill? See, a wealthy king has granted you this day. Arise! May your works sing his praise!'

Alma's 'Einsamer Gang' was written in September 1899, shortly before she began composition lessons with Zemlinsky. The choice and setting of the text, by Leo Greiner, about a lonely walk through the fields, reflect Alma's intense loneliness and unhappiness at this period. The autograph manuscript of the song, which is in the Kislak Center at the University of Pennsylvania, was discovered by the present writer and Deborah Calland in 2017 and was given its UK première the following year by Rozanna Madylus and Counterpoise. We believe this is its London première.

Clara Schumann's *3 Romanzen* date from 1853. The third is marked *Leidenschaftlich schnell* ('passionately fast'). 'Liebst du um Schönheit' is from **Gustav Mahler's** *Rückert Lieder* cycle. 'If you love for beauty, O love not me! But if you love for love, ah yes, love me! Love me always; I shall love you ever more!' 'Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen' ('Where the splendid trumpets sound') is from the *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* collection. A soldier visits his lover on the eve of battle, knowing he will not return. 'There where the splendid trumpets sound, there is my home of green turf.' The French composer **Lili Boulanger**, who died at the tragically early age of 24, wrote her Nocturne in 1911. Melodic charm and impassioned agitation are fused in this short but touching piece. 'Träume' is the last of **Wagner's** *Wesendonck Lieder*. Dreams that paint an unfading picture of forgetting and remembering, that give forth their scent and cool upon your breast as they sink into the grave...

Brünnhilde's Dream

Text by Barry Millington

Brünnhilde's Dream is a musical sequence imagining the state of mind of Wotan's favourite Valkyrie daughter as she lies on the rock, surrounded by fire, after the end of *Die Walküre*. Her mind wanders in a dreamlike state through a range of emotions: confusion, bewilderment, anger with her father, fear of what the future may hold. Coming to

terms with fate via her memories, Brünnhilde finally looks forward calmly to the hope of a loving relationship.

I have long been struck by the degree of insight demonstrated by Richard Wagner into the mind of his female characters and his ability to see that the world could be so much better if its affairs were conducted with a more feminine sensibility. Our Brünnhilde also speaks, to some extent, for Everywoman: we go beyond the confines of *Die Walküre* to contemplate the injustices done to women through the ages. That experience is refracted through a carefully chosen sequence of post-Wagnerian repertoire, including several female composers only just receiving the attention they deserve.

I have translated the texts of the songs, the better to highlight the specificity of the themes and imagery they incorporate. The latter includes mountain peaks, snow, fir trees, dreams, a ring representing love, and a woodbird who has strayed in from Wagner's *Ring*, where he tells the hero, Siegfried, where to find Brünnhilde.

Following 'Wotan's Farewell' from the end of *Die Walküre*, the sequence begins with two beautiful songs by Fanny Mendelssohn, the first about a palm tree on a rock of burning fire, the second featuring another tree with a woodbird on the branches. In Szymanowski's 'Slumber Song', 'softly falls the snow on the land, softly falls the snow on the heart'. Next comes Berg's atmospheric setting of a text by Peter Altenberg about love and longing. Then, in Schubert's exquisite song about the waif Mignon who yearns to be with the angels, we have an astonishing leap forward from Goethe in 1795 to our own nonbinary age: Mignon longs for the time when people won't ask whether she's a man or a woman. Wagnerians will also recognise this as a 'Das ist kein Mann' moment. A song transcribed for ensemble only from the superb *Gaselen* cycle of the grossly neglected Swiss composer Othmar Schoeck is followed by a premonition of death in Zemlinsky's 'Als ihr Geliebter schied' (When her beloved left). Then come Rebecca Clarke's evocative *Midsummer Moon* for violin and piano and a song by Vilma von Webenau, a talented but forgotten female pupil of Schoenberg. The ring treasured in Schumann's song symbolises here a marriage of equals, while the closing song by Johanna Müller-Hermann, an accomplished but marginalised pupil of Zemlinsky, looks forward to the bliss of a relationship based on love. Here the poet speaks of the lover's radiant pair of eyes ('dein leuchtend Augenpaar'), surely a subconscious quotation of what Wotan sings as he puts Brünnhilde to sleep and kisses her radiant pair of eyes ('Der Augen leuchtendes Paar').

Which brings us neatly back to the beginning, as we open the sequence with that very music, Wotan's 'Farewell' to Brünnhilde. Believing we'd have the greatest Wotan of my lifetime, Sir John Tomlinson, with us to sing John Casken's *The Shackled King*, it was too great a temptation not to ask him to open *Brünnhilde's Dream* for us with this passage. In his regrettable but unavoidable absence, we are pleased nevertheless to have his presence in aural form.

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Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

Laue Sommernacht

(pub. 1910)

arranged by David
Matthews

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Laue Sommernacht: am
Himmel
Steht kein Stern, im weiten
Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im
Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten
Walde
In der Nacht, der
sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im
Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

Licht in der Nacht (1915)

arranged by David
Matthews

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Ringsum dunkle Nacht
Hüllt in Schwarz mich ein.
Zage flimmert gelb
Ferneher ein Schein.

Ist als wie ein Trost,
Eine Stimme still,
Die dein Herz aufruft,
Das verzagen will.

Kleines, gelbes Licht,
Bist mir wie der Stern
Überm Hause
einst
Jesuchrists des Herrn.

Und da löscht es aus.
Und die Nacht wird schwer.
Schlafe, Herz, du
hörst
Keine Stimme mehr.

Mild summer night

Mild summer night: in the
sky
not a star, in the deep
forest
we sought each other in
the dark
and found one another.

Found one another in the
deep wood
in the night, the starless
night,
and amazed, we
embraced
in the dark night.

Our entire life – was it not
but a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

A nocturnal light

Dark night all around
envelops me in black.
A hesitant yellow glow
shimmers from afar.

As though bringing solace,
like a tranquil voice
summoning your heart,
when in despair.

Little yellow light,
you are like the star to me
that once shone above
the house
of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And now it is extinguished.
And the night grows heavy.
Sleep, O heart, you shall
not hear
a voice again.

Erntelied (1915)

arranged by David
Matthews

Gustav Falke

Der ganze Himmel glüht
In hellen Morgenrosen;
Mit einem letzten, losen
Traum noch im Gemüt,
Trinken meine Augen diesen
Schein.
Wach und wacher, wie
Genesungswein.

Und nun kommt von jenen
Rosenhügeln
Glanz des Tags und Wehn
von seinen Flügeln,
Kommt er selbst. Und alter
Liebe voll,
Dass ich ganz an ihm
genesen soll,
Gram der Nacht und was
sich sonst verlor,
Ruft er mich an seine Brust
empor.
Und die Wälder und die
Felder klingen,
Und die Gärten heben an zu
singen.

Fern und dumpf rauscht
das erwachte
Meer.
Segel seh' ich in die
Sonnenweiten,
Weisse Segel, frischen
Windes, gleiten,
Stille, goldne Wolken
obenher.
Und im Blauen, sind es
Wanderflüge?
Schweig o Seele! Hast du
kein Genüge?
Sieh, ein Königreich hat dir
der Tag verliehn.
Auf! Dein Wirken preise
ihn!

Harvest song

The whole sky glows
in the rosy morning light;
with a last fleeting
dream still in my soul,
my eyes drink in this
radiance.
Ever more awake like
convalescent wine.

And now from those hills
of roses comes
the splendour of day and
the travail of its wings,
he comes himself, full of
old love;
and that I should quite
recover with him
the sorrow of night and all
that was lost,
he summons me to his
breast!
And the forests and the
fields ring
and the gardens begin to
sing.

The awakened sea
murmurs muffled from
afar,
I see sails on the distant
horizon,
white sails of fresh wind
glide by,
silent golden clouds
above,
and are there wanderer's
wings in the blue?
Hush, my soul, have you
not had your fill?
See, a wealthy king has
granted you this day.
Arise! May your works
sing his praise!

Einsamer Gang (1899)*Leo Greiner*

Felder im Wind. Die hohen
Ähren wiegen
Den Abend ein. O, schliess'
die Augen, du –
Rauh ist das Licht, die Töne
sind verschwiegen.
Genoss'nes trägt der Wind
zur Abendruh,
Erlitt'nes schlummert ein in
deinen Zügen
Und unser Schweigen deckt
uns beide zu.

Deute die Sterne nicht! Sie
reden irr.
Deute die Mächte nicht! Sie
schweigen.
Deute nicht all der
Laute dunkelndes
Gewirr!
Trink' aus das stille,
rätsellose Heute,
Dann schlafen alle Wünsche
tief in dir,
Wie überm Feld
verklungenes Geläute.

Lonely walk

Fields in the wind, the high
ears are rocking to sleep
in the evening. O, close
your eyes -
Raw is the light, the
sounds are stilled.
The wind bears enjoyed
things to evening's rest.
Suffered things go to
sleep in your features
and our silence covers us
both.

Don't interpret the stars,
they speak wrongly.
Don't interpret the
powers, they are silent.
Don't interpret the
darkening babble of all
the sounds.
Drink up the quiet un-
enigmatic today.
Then all wishes deep
inside you sleep
like faded bell chimes
over the field.

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)**Romance in B flat Op. 22 No. 3 (1853)****Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)****Liebst du um Schönheit If you love for
from Rückert Lieder beauty**

(1901-2)

**arranged by David
Matthews***Friedrich Rückert*

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
which is young each year.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen
klar.

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
who has many shining
pearls.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for love,
ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

**Wo die schönen
Trompeten blasen from
Des Knaben****Wunderhorn (1892-99,
rev. 1901)****arranged by David
Matthews***Achim von Arnim and
Clemens Brentano*

Wer ist denn draussen und
wer klopft an,
Der mich so leise wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste
dein,
Steh auf und lass mich zu dir
ein.

**Where the splendid
trumpets sound**

Who stands outside and
knocks at my door,
waking me so gently?
It is your own true dearest
love,
arise, and let me
in.

Was soll ich hier nun länger
stehn?

Why leave me longer
waiting here?

Ich seh die Morgenröt
aufgehn,

I see the rosy dawn
appear,

Die Morgenröt, zwei helle
Stern,

the rosy dawn and two
bright stars.

Bei meinem Schatz da wär
ich gern,

I long to be beside my
love,

Bei meinem Herzallerlieble.

beside my dearest love.

Das Mädchen stand auf, und
liess ihn ein,

The girl arose and let him
in,

Sie heisst ihn auch
willkommen sein.

she bids him welcome
too.

Willkommen, lieber Knabe
mein,

O welcome, dearest love
of mine,

So lang hast du
gestanden.

too long have you been
waiting.

Sie reicht ihm auch die
schneeweisse Hand.

She gives to him her
snow-white hand,

Von Ferne sang die
Nachtigall,

from far off sang the
nightingale,

Das Mädchen fing zu weinen
an.

the girl began to
weep.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste
mein,

Ah, do not weep, my
dearest love,

Aufs Jahr sollst du mein
eigen sein;

within a year you shall be
mine,

Mein eigen sollst du werden
gewiss,

you shall be mine most
certainly,

Wies keine sonst auf Erden ist.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

as no one else on earth.
O love upon the green earth.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ich zieh' in Krieg auf grüne Haid', | I'm going to war, to the green heath, |
| Die grüne Haide, die ist so weit. | the green heath so far away. |
| Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen, | There where the splendid trumpets sound, |
| Da ist mein Haus von grünem Rasen. | there is my home of green turf. |

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Nocturne (1911)

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

**Träume from
Wesendonck Lieder**
(1857-8)
arranged by David
Matthews
Mathilde Wesendonck

Dreams

| | |
|---|--|
| Sag, welch wunderbare Träume | Say, what wondrous dreams are these |
| Halten meinen Sinn umfassen, Dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume | embracing all my senses, that they have not, like bubbles, |
| Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen? | vanished to a barren void? |

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Träume, die in jeder Stunde, | Dreams, that with every hour |
| Jedem Tage schooner blühen, | bloom more lovely every day, |
| Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde | and with their heavenly tidings |
| Selig durchs Gemüte zieh'n! | float blissfully through the mind! |

| | |
|---|--|
| Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen | Dreams, that with glorious rays |
| In die Seele sich versenken, Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen: | penetrate the soul, there to paint an eternal picture: |
| Allvergessen, Eingedenken! | forgetting all, remembering one! |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne | Dreams, as when the Spring sun |
| Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küsst, | kisses blossoms from the snow, |
| Dass zu nie geahnter Wonne | so the new day might welcome them |
| Sie der neue Tag begrüsst, | in unimagined bliss, |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Dass sie wachsen, dass sie blühen, | So that they grow and flower, |
| Träumend spenden ihren Duft, | bestow their scent as in a dream, |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen, | fade softly away on your breast |
| Und dann sinken in die Gruft. | and sink into their grave. |

Interval

Brünnhilde's Dream: A sequence of words and music

Richard Wagner

**Wotan's Farewell and Magic Sleep music from
Die Walküre**

| | |
|---|---|
| Der Augen leuchtendes Paar, Das oft ich lächelnd gekos't, | That radiant pair of eyes which I often caressed with a smile |
| Wenn Kampfeslust Ein Kuss dir lohnte, | when a kiss requited your battle lust |
| Wenn kindisch lallend Der Helden Lob | and, childishly lilted, the praise of heroes |
| Von holden Lippen dir floss: | flowed from your lovely lips: – |
| Dieser Augen strahlendes Paar, | this glittering pair of eyes |
| Das oft im Sturm mir geglänzt, | which often glistened on me in the storm |
| Wenn Hoffnungssehnen | when the yearning for hope |
| Das Herz mir sengte, Nach Weltenwonne | would sear my heart and I wished for |
| Mein Wunsch verlangte, aus wild webendem Bangen: | worldly delights amidst wildly weaving fears: – |
| Zum letzten Mal Letz' es mich heut' | for one last time let them joy me today |
| Mit des Lebewohles Letztem Kuss! | with this valediction's final kiss! |
| Dem glücklichen Manne Glänze sein Stern: | On a happier man their stars shall shine: |
| Dem unseligen Ew'gen Muss es scheidend sich schliessen. | on the hapless immortal they must close in parting! |

Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847)

Fichtenbaum und Palme

A fir tree stands alone
On a northern mountain bare.
It's drowsy; with white it's covered,
A blanket of ice and snow.
And now it dreams of a palm tree
So far away in the east.
Lonely and silent, grieving,
On a rock of burning fire.

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh

Over the mountain top
Peace all around.
In all the trees
There's scarcely a rustle or a breeze.
The woodbird's quiet on the branches.
Wait now, wait now, wait now.
Soon you will find peace.

Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937)

Slumber Song Op. 52

Softly falls the snow on the land.
Softly falls the snow on the heart.
We'll soon be snowed in.
And you so beautiful,
You too shall rest!

The red sun dreams in the white mist,
A fiery heart in the sky,
It gleamed until it tired,
And it has loved till tired.
Now it will rest and sleep.
And you so beautiful,
You too shall sleep!

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Nichts ist gekommn from *Altenberg Lieder* Op. 4

Nothing has come,
Nothing will come for my soul.
I've waited, I've waited, oh waited!
The days creep by unnoticed,
And in vain my ashblond silken hair
Flutters around my pallid face.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

So lasst mich scheinen from *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister D877*

Until I join the heavenly throng,
Don't take from me my angel's robes.
I hasten from this lovely place,
Soon down below on earth I'll dwell.

I'll rest here in the peaceful stillness.
My eyes shall open to a glorious sight.
I'll leave behind the radiant garments,
My breastplate and my helmet bright.

That heavenly being should not question
Is this a man or woman here?
And neither clothes nor armour shining
Will cover my transfigured form.

The weary grind of toil I knew not,
Yet suffered grievous pain too soon.
I aged with sorrow still too early,
Give back my youth, I'd be forever young.

Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957)

Verbogen und zerkniffen from *Gaselen* Op. 38

(ensemble only)

Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

Als ihr Geliebter schied Op. 13 No. 4

When her beloved left,
(I heard the door close),
When her beloved left,
I saw her there weeping and lonely.

But when he then returned,
(I heard the lamp flare),
But when he then returned,
He was like another man.

And then I saw Death,
(Its breath brushed my cheek),
And then I saw Death,
It awaited him too.

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

Midsummer Moon for violin and piano

Vilma von Webenau (1875-1953)

Der Nachtwind hat in den Bäumen

The nightwind ceases its murmur,
The trees are quiet and still.
The woodbird there on the branches.
He sits and dreams and sings.

The distant gurgling spring
While there is peace all round,
It gathers now, wave upon wave,
O hear its dulcet sound.

But when those noises subside
What comes to grieve me so?
Those memories that still abide
Cause pain – and tears will flow.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Du Ring an meinem Finger from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42

The ring will gleam on my finger,
This little ring of gold.
To my lips I shall press it lovingly,
To my lips I shall press it
And then to my heart.
You'll wake from a sweet dream,
A dream of peaceful childhood days.
No more alone, enduring
A world of fear and lies.

The ring once on my finger
Will open my eyes at last.
As side by side
We'll try to make
A better world than in the past.

Together striving
To live in love,
Yes, hand in hand we'll go.
And each will change
As in love we grow.
Free and equal we'll be.
It shall be so.

The ring will gleam on my finger,
This little ring of gold.
To my lips I shall press it lovingly,
To my lips I shall press it
And then to my heart.

Johanna Müller-Hermann (1878-1941)

Willst du mit mir wandern Op. 2 No. 1

Will you wander with me
As the dusk falls o'er the land?
The woodbird isn't sleeping,
It circles in the air.

Now lies the world aglow in twilight,
And gleaming back I see your radiant eyes,
Your lovely shining eyes.

Soon comes the night,
The cooling night,
When o'er the land
The lights are all extinguished
And every creature sleeps,
Soon, ah soon!

Then walk with me beside you,
And listen to my songs,
Which speak of our love.

Let our melodies take wing,
As our hearts begin to sing,
A wondrous bridge to build
On which through darkest night
Blessed, blessed we wander,
Our souls are bathed in morning light!

Translations of Alma Mahler except 'Einsamer Gang' by Richard Stokes. 'Einsamer Gang' by Barry Millington. Gustav Mahler and Wagner 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. All translations in 'Brünnhilde's Dream' except 'Wotan's Farewell' by Barry Millington. 'Wotan's Farewell' by Stewart Spencer. Kindly provided by the artists.