

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 3 June 2022 7.00pm

Henk Neven baritone

James Baillieu piano

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Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

4 Chansons de Don Quichotte (1932)

Chanson du départ • Chanson à Dulcinée • Chanson du duc • Chanson de la mort

Maurice Thiriet (1906-1972)

Démons et merveilles from *2 ballades médiévales* (1942)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mandoline from *5 mélodies 'de Venise'* Op. 58 (1891)

Prison Op. 83 No. 1 (1894)

Clair de lune Op. 46 No. 2 (1887)

Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877)

Spleen Op. 51 No. 3 (1888)

Barbara (1930-1997)

Nantes (1964)

Joseph Kosma (1905-1969)

Paris at night (pub. 1946)

Les feuilles mortes (pub. 1947)

Interval

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

From *Myrthen* Op. 25 (1840)

Freisinn • Talismane

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Phänomen from *Goethe Lieder* (1889)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Geheimes D719 (1821)

Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957)

Nachklang Op. 19b No. 1 (1915)

Hugo Wolf

So lang man nüchtern ist from *Goethe Lieder* (1889)

Robert Schumann

From *Myrthen* Op. 25

Sitz ich allein • Setze mir nicht

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Botschaft Op. 47 No. 1 (by 1868)

Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst Op. 57 No. 2 (c.1871)

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen Op. 32 No. 2 (1864)

Bitteres zu sagen denkst du Op. 32 No. 7 (1864)

Wie bist du, meine Königin Op. 32 No. 9 (1864)

Viktor Ullmann (1898-1944)

Liederbuch des Hafis Op. 30 (pub. 1940)

Vorausbestimmung • Betrunken • Unwiderstehliche Schönheit •

Lob des Weines

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France and the movies dominate the first half of tonight's programme, beginning with the *Chansons de Don Quichotte* by **Jacques Ibert**. The young man who played piano for silent movies grew up to write film scores and these songs for Feodor Chaliapin, who starred in the first movie adaptation (1933) of Cervantes's *Don Quixote*. The Renaissance poet Pierre de Ronsard died before Cervantes wrote his world-altering novel, so the text of 'Chanson du départ' has nothing to do with the gaunt knight, but we can imagine Quixote singing these words about a beautiful castle that only the heroic can rightfully enter. Ibert's wonderful way with delicate dissonances is on display, along with faux-medieval sonorities and a tinge of Spanish rhythms. The 'Chanson à Dulcinée' is a leisurely serenade to the beloved whose visage Quixote sees everywhere in Nature - but she does not exist; he has made her up. In the 'Chanson du duc', the elderly knight errant sings energetically, but with intervening moments of tenderness, of his lady's perfections. For the 'Chanson de la mort', the dying knight tells his faithful Sancho Panza that even though all the chivalric romances that gave birth to his fantasies have been burned by his friends, one book - Cervantes's masterpiece - makes him live forever.

Maurice Thiriet composed some 70 film scores, including the music for *Les visiteurs du soir* ('The Devil's Envoys') of 1942. In 'Démon et merveilles', a lover watches the beloved's half-open eyes and finds, left there from the oceanic elements, two little waves - enough to drown him. Elemental, root-position chords produce moving effects in this deceptively simple song.

Fauré set 17 poems by Verlaine, in whose verse subtle suggestion takes the place of rhetoric, and mood is evoked by verbal music. 'Mandoline', with its piano-cum-plucked lute to accompany a serenade, evokes the world of courtiers playing at love in the midst of silken formality and aristocratic restraint. Verlaine wrote 'Prison' while awaiting trial; after his disastrous marriage to Mathilde Mauté failed, he fled with his new lover, the great Arthur Rimbaud, but when tensions between the two exploded in 1873, Verlaine wounded Rimbaud with a revolver and was arrested. The outburst of musical passion at the words 'My God, my God, life is there, simple and serene' - outside the prison walls - is shattering. In 'Clair de lune', fantasy-courtiers dance in the moonlight to an unceasing courtly dance in the piano. Romain Bussine's words for 'Après un rêve' are adapted from an anonymous Italian poem, *Levati sol che la luna è levata*, in which the persona longs to return to a rapturous dream of passion, despite knowing that the dream is a lie. The melancholy of gently falling raindrops - 'crying' (*pleurer*) and 'raining' (*pleut, pleuvoir*) sound similar - is masterfully evoked in 'Spleen'.

To close out the first half, we have three great Parisian torch songs. **Barbara** was a famous French cabaret singer in the late 1950s, her melancholy songs born of wartime trauma and childhood abuse. 'Nantes' is her heart-rending song of farewell to her dead father (her abuser). **Joseph Kosma** emigrated to Paris from his native Hungary in 1933; his mellifluous 'Paris at night' can make devotees of the City of Light. The classical jazz piece 'Les feuilles mortes' was derived from music for Marcel Carné's film *Les Portes de la Nuit* (1948), with French words by Prévert and, later, English lyrics ('Autumn Leaves') by Johnny Mercer.

For the second half, we turn to the German world's translations of poetry by the 14th-century Persian master Hafez. **Schumann's** cycle *Myrthen*, an alphabet of love in song, includes five songs on texts from

Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan* of 1819. In 'Freisinn', the freethinking man rides off to do heroic deeds under the stars. 'Talisman' is a proclamation that God rules both the Orient and the Occident, with emphatic chords to ensure that we believe it.

When **Hugo Wolf** turned to Goethe for his second song anthology, he chose mostly poems overlooked by his predecessors. A rainbow of different harmonic and tonal colors sound in 'Phänomen', in which the sight of Phoebus Apollo's rainbow assures elderly men (like Goethe at the time) that they might still love.

The text of 'Geheimes' ('Secret') is the penultimate poem in Goethe's *Book of Love*, and epitomises the delights of exclusivity in erotic love, with **Schubert's** piano accompaniment evoking happy sighs of longing or - more daring - erotic panting. Chiming bell tones sound through much of Swiss composer **Othmar Schoeck's** 'Nachklang', whose singer begs the beloved Suleika not to abandon him in the darkness, to be his light, his torch, his sun.

In 'So lang man nüchtern ist', Goethe tries, with Hafez's help, to find the middle ground between love and drink - of equal importance in Persian and Germanic worlds. Wolf's irresistibly snappy rhythms in the piano tell us of vitality in both realms.

Returning to Schumann's *Myrthen* and Goethe's *Inkeeper's Book*, 'Sitz' 'ich allein' begins with delightfully inebriated octave hiccups, repeated from time to time. 'Setze mir nicht' merges two poems: a reproach to a clumsy waiter whose antics threaten the expensive 1811 vintage and praise for a handsome youth called to be the singer's cupbearer.

One of **Brahms's** favourite poets was Georg Friederich Daumer, who published paraphrases of Hafez in 1856. In Persian poetry, images of east and west winds as message-bearers between lovers are a familiar trope, as in Brahms's sweetly ebullient lovers' message in 'Botschaft'. We hear doubt and pain struggle with yearning in 'Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst', whose singer begs for any sign that the beloved might return his love some day. 'Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen' was described by Brahms's first biographer Max Kalbeck as having a drop of blood hanging from each syllable. Above an inexorable passacaglia-like bass, the persona again begs for a single word of acknowledgement from the beloved. 'Bitteres zu sagen denkst du' is a lyrical declaration that the sweetheart who says cruel things is too beautiful to cause him sorrow, but awareness of pain is contained in the very disavowal of it. Brahms tinges the song's major mode with chromatic hints of darkness to tell of unsuccessful denial. 'Wie bist du, meine Königin' is one of Brahms's most famous songs, despite mangled word accents in the first phrase ('Wie bist du, MEI - ne Köni-GIN' - a melody Brahms concocted as a perfect fit for the last verse, 'Lass mich vergehn in deinem Arm.')

Viktor Ullmann studied with Schönberg and Alexander Zemlinsky, but world war cut a promising life short. On 8 September 1942, he was deported to Theresienstadt, where he organized concerts and accompanied other Jewish musicians imprisoned there. On 16 October 1944, he was transferred to Auschwitz and killed in the gas chambers two days later. We know the poet Hans Bethge best from his versions of Chinese poetry immortalized in Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, but he also created these four paraphrases of Hafez that Ullmann set to music.

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Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

4 Chansons de Don Quichotte (1932)

Chanson du départ

Pierre de Ronsard

Ce Chateau-neuf, ce nouvel
edifice
Tout enrichy de marbre et de
porphire,
Qu'Amour bastit chateau de
son empire,
Où tout le Ciel a mis son
artifice,
Est un rempart, un fort contre le
vice,
Où la Vertu maïstresse se
retire,
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit
admire,
Forçant les cœurs à luy faire
service.
C'est un Chateau fait de telle
sorte,
Que nul ne peut approcher de la
porte,
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé
sa race,
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul Chevalier, tant soit aventureux,
Sans estre tel, ne peut gagner
la place.

Song of parting

This new castle, this new
edifice,
enriched with marble and
porphyry
that Love built to guard his
empire,
to which all heaven has lent its
skill,
Is a rampart, a stronghold
against evil,
where Mistress Virtue can take
refuge,
whom the eye observes and the
spirit admires,
compelling hearts to pay her
homage.
This castle is fashioned in such
a way
that no one can approach its
gate,
unless he is descended from
great kings,
with victory, valour, and love.
No knight, however bold,
without such merit, can enter
here.

Chanson à Dulcinée

Alexandre Arnoux

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque
fleur.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Toujours proche et toujours
lointaine,
Etoile de mes longs chemins.
Le vent m'apporte son
haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Song to Dulcinea

A day seems like a year
if I do not see my Dulcinea.

But to sweeten my languishing,
Love has painted her face
in fountains and clouds,
in every dawn and every
flower.

A day seems like a year
if I do not see my Dulcinea.

Ever near and ever
far,
star of my weary journeying,
her breath is brought me on the
breeze,
as it passes over jasmine flowers.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

A day seems like a year
if I do not see my Dulcinea.

Chanson du duc

Alexandre Arnoux

Je veux chanter ici la dame de
mes songes
Qui m'exalte au-dessus de ce
siècle de boue.
Son cœur de diamant est vierge
de mensonges,
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de
sa joue.
Pour elle j'ai tenté les hautes
aventures:
Mon bras a délivré la princesse
en servage,
J'ai vaincu l'enchanteur,
confundé les parjures
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre
l'hommage.
Dame par qui je vais, seul
dessus cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la
fausse apparence,
Je soutiens contre tout
chevalier téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre
précellence.

The Duke's song

I wish now to praise the lady of
my dreams,
who lifts me above this squalid
age.
Her diamond heart is devoid of
deceit,
the rose grows dim beside her
cheeks.
For her I've embarked on great
adventures:
princesses in thrall I've freed
with my arm,
I've vanquished sorcerers,
confounded perjurers,
and compelled the universe to
pay her homage.
Lady, for whom I travel this
earth alone,
who is not deceived by false
pretences,
against any rash knight I shall
uphold
your peerless beauty and
perfection.

Chanson de la mort

Alexandre Arnoux

Ne pleure pas, Sancho,
Ne pleure pas, mon bon,
Ton maître n'est pas mort,
Il n'est pas loin de toi,
Il vit dans une île heureuse
Où tout est pur et sans mensonge,
Dans l'île enfin trouvée
Où tu viendras un jour,
Dans l'île désirée,
O mon ami Sancho.

Song of death

Weep not, Sancho,
weep not, good fellow,
your master is not dead,
he is not far from you,
he lives on a happy isle,
where all is pure and truthful,
on this isle that he has finally found,
where you shall also come one day,
on this longed-for isle,
O Sancho, my friend.

Les livres sont brûlés
Et font un tas ce cendres,
Si tous les livres m'ont
tué,
Il suffit d'un pour que je vive;
Fantôme dans la vie
Et réel dans la mort –
Tel est l'étrange sort
Du pauvre Don Quichotte.
Ah!

Books have been burnt
to a heap of ashes.
If all those books have caused
my death,
it will take but one to make me live;
a phantom in life
and real in death.
Such is the strange fate
of poor Don Quixote.
Ah!

Maurice Thiriet (1906-1972)

Démons et merveilles from *2 ballades*

médiévales (1942)

Jacques Prévert

Démons et merveilles
Vents et marées ...

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unable to reproduce the text for the
above song*

Demons and wonders

Demons and wonders
winds and tides
the sea has already retreated
into the distance...
and you like seaweed
softly caressed by the wind
in the sands of your bed you stir
dreaming
demons and wonders
winds and tides
the sea has already retreated
into the distance...
but in your half-lidded eyes
two small waves have remained
demons and wonders
winds and tides
two small waves to drown
me!

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mandoline from *5 mélodies 'de Venise'*

Op. 58 (1891)

Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour
mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis, who for many a
cruel maid
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

Prison Op. 83 No. 1 (1894)

Paul Verlaine

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Douxement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

– Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

Clair de lune

Op. 46 No. 2 (1887)

Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et
quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à
leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair
de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans
les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets
d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

Prison

The sky above the roof –
so blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,
gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,
simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,
weeping without end,
say, what have you done
with your young life?

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and
bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and
almost
sad beneath their fanciful
disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor
key
of conquering love and life's
favours,
they do not seem to believe in
their fortune
and their song mingles with the
light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad
and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in
the trees
and the fountains sobbing in
their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble
statues.

Après un rêve

Op. 7 No. 1 (1877)

Anon. trans. Romain Bussine

Dans un sommeil que charmaient
ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent
mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta
voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel
éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la
terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la
lumière,
Les cieux pour nous
entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs
divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des
songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi
tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Spleen Op. 51 No. 3

(1888)

Paul Verlaine

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans mon cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Mon deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien le pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

After a dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision
of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent
illusion,
your eyes were softer, your
voice pure and ringing,
you shone like a sky that was lit
by the dawn;

You called me and I departed
the earth
to flee with you toward the
light,
the heavens parted their clouds
for us,
we glimpsed unknown
splendours, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from
dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me
back your delusions;
return, return in radiance,
return, O mysterious night!

Spleen

Tears fall in my heart
as rain falls on the town;
what is this torpor
pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
ah, the song of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
in this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief is without reason.

And the worst pain of all
must be not to know why
without love and without hate
my heart feels such pain.

Barbara (1930-1997)

Nantes (1964)

Barbara

Il pleut sur Nantes
Donne moi la main ...

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unable to reproduce the text for the
above song*

Nantes

It is raining on Nantes
give me your hand
the sky over Nantes
makes my heart desolate

A morning like this one
only a year ago
the town had this pale cast
when I left the station
Nantes was yet unknown to me
I had never come here
it took this message
for me to make the journey

Madame, be at the meeting-place
twenty-five, Rue de la Grange
aux Loups
come quick, there is little hope
he has asked to see you

At his final hour
after many years of wandering
he came back and struck at my
heart
his call tore apart the silence
he had left in his wake
for a long time I had hoped for it
this vagabond, this vanished
and now he came back to me

Twenty-five, Rue de la Grange
aux Loups
I remember the meeting-place
but I have engraved in my
memory
this room at the end of a
corridor

Sat beside a fireplace
I saw four men stand up
the light was cold and white
they wore their Sunday best
I didn't ask any questions
of these strange fellows
I said nothing, but from their
expression
I understood it was too late

Though I was at the meeting-place
twenty-five, Rue de la Grange
aux Loups
he never saw me again
he was already gone

Now you know the story
he came back one evening
and it was his final voyage
and it was his final shore
before dying he wanted
to warm himself with my smile
but he died the same night
without a goodbye, without an I
love you

On the path along the sea
buried in the garden of stones
I want him to rest quiet
I buried him beneath the roses
my father, my father

It is raining on Nantes
and I remember
the sky over Nantes
makes my heart desolate

Joseph Kosma (1905-1969)

Paris at night (pub. 1946)

Jacques Prévert

Trois allumettes une à une
allumées dans la nuit, ...

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above song*

Three matches one by one lit in
the night,
the first to see your face
completely,
the second to see your eyes,
the last to see your mouth
and total darkness to bring
back
all these things when I hold you
in my arms.

Les feuilles mortes (pub. 1947)

Jacques Prévert

Oh! je voudrais tant que tu te
souviennes ...

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above song*

Autumn leaves

Oh! how I would like you to
remember
the happy days when we were
friends.

Back then, life was more
beautiful,
and the sun blazed hotter than
today.

Autumn leaves collect by the
handful,
see, I haven't forgotten...
Autumn leaves collect by the
handful,
memories and regrets, too.

And the north wind carries them
away
into the cold night of oblivion.
See, I haven't forgotten
the song you sang to me.

It's a song that resembles
us,
you, you loved me and I loved you.
And we lived
together,
you who loved me, I who loved
you.
But life separates those who
love one another
softly, without making a
sound.
And the sea erases on the sand
the footprints of parted lovers.

Autumn leaves collect by the
handful,
memories and regrets, too.
But my love, silent and
faithful,
is always smiling and gives
thanks to life.
I loved you so much, you were
so lovely,
how do you expect me to forget
you?
Back then, life was more
beautiful,
and the sun blazed hotter than
today.
You were my sweetest friend
but I have no interest in regrets.
And the song you sang
always, always I shall hear!

Interval

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

From *Myrthen* Op. 25 (1840)

Freisinn (1840)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Lasst mich nur auf meinem
Sattel gelten!
Bleibt in euren Hütten, euren
Zelten!
Und ich reite froh in alle Ferne,
Über meiner Mütze nur die Sterne.

Free spirit

Let me hold sway in the
saddle!
Stay in your huts and your
tents!
And I'll ride happily far away,
with only the stars above me.

Er hat euch die Gestirne gesetzt
Als Leiter zu Land und See;
Damit ihr euch daran ergötzt,
Stets blickend in die Höh'.

He has set the constellations
to guide you over land and sea,
that you may delight in them,
as you gaze forever aloft.

Talismane (1840)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Gottes ist der Orient!
Gottes ist der Occident!
Nord- und südliches Gelände
Ruht im Frieden seiner Hände.

Talismans

God's is the East!
God's is the West!
Northern and southern lands
repose in the peace of his hands.

Er, der einzige Gerechte,
Will für jedermann das Rechte.
Sei, von seinen hundert Namen,
Dieser hochgelobet!
Amen.

He, who alone is just,
wills what is right for each.
Of his hundred names,
let this one be highly praised!
Amen.

Mich verwirren will das Irren;
Doch du weisst mich zu entwirren.
Wenn ich handle, wenn ich dichte,
Gib du meinem Weg die Richte!

Error may lead me astray;
but you can disentangle me.
When I act, when I write,
may you guide me on my way!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Phänomen from *Goethe Lieder* (1889)

Wenn zu der Regenwand
Phöbus sich gattet,
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand
Farbig beschattet.

Phenomenon

When Phoebus couples
with a curtain of rain,
up springs a curved rim,
shaded in colour.

Im Nebel gleichen Kreis
Seh ich gezogen,
Zwar ist der Bogen weiss,
Doch Himmelsbogen.

I see the same arc
described in mist,
though the bow be white,
it is a bow of heaven.

So sollst du, muntre Greis,
Dich nicht betrüben,
Sind gleich die Haare weiss,
Doch wirst du lieben.

So, spry old man,
do not lose heart;
your hair may be white,
yet you will love.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Geheimes D719 (1821)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle Leute;
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
Weiss recht gut was das
bedeute.

A secret

The way my beloved makes eyes
causes everyone to wonder;
but I, the knowing one,
am well aware of what she
means.

Denn es heisst: ich liebe diesen,
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur ihr guten
Leute
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!

For she's saying: It's him I love,
and not, for instance, him or him.
So no more wondering, good
people,
and no more longing either!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süsse Stunde.

Though she looks about her
with infinite fervour,
she only seeks to tell him
of their next sweet hour together.

Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957)

Nachklang Op. 19b No. 1 Echo

(1915)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Es klingt so prächtig, wenn der
Dichter
Der Sonne bald dem Kaiser sich
vergleicht;
Doch er verbirgt die traurigen
Gesichter,
Wenn er in düstern Nächten
schleicht.

It sounds so splendid when the
poet
compares himself now to the
sun, now to the Emperor;
but he conceals the sad
faces
when he slips through murky
nights.

Von Wolken streifenhaft befangen,
Versank zu Nacht des Himmels
reinstes Blau;
Vermagert bleich sind meine
Wangen
Und meine Herzenstränen grau.

Caught in streaks of cloud,
the sky's purest blue sank into
night;
my cheeks are gaunt and
pale
and the tears of my heart are grey.

Lass mich nicht so der Nacht,
dem Schmerze,
Du Allerliebste, du mein
Mondgesicht!
O du mein Phosphor, meine Kerze,
Du meine Sonne, du mein Licht!

Do not abandon me like this to
night and pain,
O you, my best beloved, my
moon-like face!
O you my phosphor, my candle,
you my sun, you my light!

Hugo Wolf

So lang man nüchtern ist **As long as one is sober** from *Goethe Lieder* (1889)

So lang man nüchtern ist,
Gefällt das Schlechte;
Wie man getrunken hat,
Weiss man das Rechte;
Nur ist das Übermass
Auch gleich zuhanden;
Hafis, o lehre mich,
Wie du's verstanden!

As long as one is sober
the bad things please;
when one has drunk,
one knows what is right.
But then excess
is ever at hand:
oh, teach me, Hafez,
how you see it!

Denn meine Meinung ist
Nicht übertrieben:
Wenn man nicht trinken kann,
Soll man nicht lieben;
Doch sollt ihr Trinker euch
Nicht besser
dünken:
Wenn man nicht lieben kann,
Soll man nicht trinken.

For my view is,
with no exaggeration,
that if one cannot drink,
one should not love;
but you toppers
should not think yourselves
superior:
if one cannot love,
one should not drink.

Robert Schumann

From *Myrthen* Op. 25

Sitz ich allein (1840)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Sitz ich allein,
Wo kann ich besser sein?
Meinen Wein
Trink' ich allein;
Niemand setzt mir Schranken,
Ich hab' so meine eignen
Gedanken.

If I sit alone

(Songs from the Book of the Cupbearer I)

If I sit alone,
where could I be better off?
I drink my wine
all by myself,
nobody hampers me,
and I can think my own
thoughts.

Setze mir nicht (1840)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Setze mir nicht, du
Grobian,
Mir den Krug so derb vor die Nase!
Wer mir Wein bringt sehe mich
freundlich an.
Sonst trübt sich der Eilfer im
Glase.

Don't bang down the jug (Songs from the Book of the Cupbearer II)

You oaf, don't bang down the
jug like that
beneath my nose!
Whoever serves me wine, must
smile at me,
or the 1811 will cloud in the
glass.

Du lieblicher Knabe, du komm
herein,
Was stehst du denn da auf der
Schwelle?
Du sollst mir künftig der
Schenke sein,
Jeder Wein ist schmackhaft und
helle.

You lovely boy, come on
in,
why stand there on the
threshold?
You shall in future bring my
wine,
each wine shall taste delicious
and bright.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Botschaft Op. 47 No. 1

(1868)

*Georg Friedrich Daumer, after
Hafiz*

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!

A message

Blow, breeze, gently and sweetly
about the cheek of my beloved,
play softly with her tresses,
make no haste to fly away!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein
Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Then if she should chance to ask
how things are with wretched me,
say: 'His sorrow's been
unending,
his condition most grave;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn.“

But now he can hope
to revel in life once more,
for you, fair one,
think of him.'

Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst Op. 57 No. 2

(c.1871)

*Georg Friedrich Daumer, after
Hafiz*

Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst,
Nur zuweilen Kühle fächelst
Dieser ungemessnen Glut—
In Geduld will ich mich fassen
Und dich alles treiben lassen,
Was der Liebe wehe tut.

If you only sometimes smile

If you only sometimes smile,
only sometimes fan coolness
on this infinite ardour,
I shall compose myself in patience
and let you do all those things
that inflict pain on love.

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen Op. 32 No. 2 (1864)

*Traditional trans. Georg Friedrich
Daumer*

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen,
Beschloss ich und beschwor ich,
Und gehe jeden Abend,
Denn jede Kraft und jeden Halt
verlor ich.

Never to go to you again

Never to go to you again,
so I decided and so I vowed,
and go each evening,
for I've lost all strength and all
resolve.

Ich möchte nicht mehr leben,
Möcht augenblicks verderben,
Und möchte doch auch leben
Für dich, mit dir, und nimmer,
nimmer sterben.

I wish to live no more,
would sooner die at once,
and yet would sooner live
for you, with you, and never,
never die.

Ach rede, sprich ein Wort nur,
Ein einziges, ein klares;
Gib Leben oder Tod mir,
Nur dein Gefühl enthülle mir,
dein wahres!

Ah! speak, say but a word,
a single one, a clear one;
give me life or death,
but show me how you really
feel!

**Bitteres zu sagen denkst
du Op. 32 No. 7** (1864)

*Georg Friedrich Daumer, after
Hafiz*

Bitteres zu sagen denkst du;
Aber nun und nimmer kränkst
du,
Ob du noch so böse bist.
Deine herben Redetaten
Scheitern an korallner Klippe,
Werden all zu reinen Gnaden,
Denn sie müssen, um zu schaden,
Schiffen über eine Lippe,
Die die Süsse selber ist.

**You mean to say bitter
things**

You mean to say bitter things,
but neither now nor ever do you
hurt me,
however angry you may be.
Your bitter recriminations
founder on a coral reef,
become pure graciousness,
for, in order to inflict damage,
they must sail over lips
that are sweetness itself.

**Wie bist du, meine
Königin Op. 32 No. 9**

(1864)
*Georg Friedrich Daumer, after
Hafiz*

Wie bist du, meine Königin,
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!
Du lächle nur – Lenzdüfte
wehn
Durch mein Gemüte wonnevoll!

**How blissful, my queen,
you are**

How blissful, my queen, you are
by reason of your gentle kindness!
You merely smile, and
springtime fragrance
wafts through my soul blissfully!

Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinigen?
Ach, über alles was da
blüht,
Ist deine Blüte, wonnevoll!

Shall I compare the radiance
of freshly blown roses to yours?
Ah! more blissful than all that
blooms
is your blissful bloom!

Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grüne Schatten breiten
sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn Ende brüte, wonnevoll.

Roam through desert wastes,
and green shade will spring
up –
though fearful sultriness broods
endlessly there – blissfully.

Lass mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist in ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durchwüte, wonnevoll.

Let me perish in your arms!
Death in your embrace will be –
though bitterest mortal agony rage
through my breast – blissful.

Viktor Ullmann (1898-1944)

Liederbuch des Hafis

Op. 30 (pub. 1940)

Hans Bethge

Vorausbestimmung

Alles ist vorausbestimmt
Durch die grosse Güte Allahs,
Ach, was soll ich tun?

Predestination

All things are predestined
through Allah's great goodness,
alas, what shall I do?

Ich bin längst vorausbestimmt
Für den Wein und für die Schenke.
Ach, was soll ich tun?

I have long been predestined
for wine and the tavern.
Alas, what shall I do?

Wie die Vögel ihre Büsche,
Wie die Rehe ihre Wälder
Lieben durch Vorausbestimmung,
Also liebe ich alleine
Wein und Schenke und die
Schenkin -

As the birds love their bushes,
as the deer love their woods
by predestination,
so do I only love
wine, tavern and
hostess -

Alles ist vorausbestimmt
Durch die grosse Güte Allahs,
Ach, was soll ich tun?

All things are predestined
through Allah's great goodness,
alas, what shall I do?

Betrunken

Hafis, du bist betrunken,
Ich sehs an deinem Schatten,
An diesem Taumelschatten,
Der sich so toll gebärdet,
Als käm er aus dem Tollhaus!

Drunk

Hafiz, you are drunk,
I can see it from your shadow,
from this reeling shadow
that gestures so madly,
as if it came from the madhouse!

Ei, welch verrückter Schatten
Im allzu hellen Mondschein!
Das fuchtel und das biegt sich
Und stolpert hin und reckt sich
Aufwärts und nach den Seiten, -
Ei, welch grotesker Schatten,
Welch indiskreter Mondschein!

Ah, what a crazy shadow
in the all too bright moonlight!
It waves and bends
and stumbles and fumbles
upwards and sideways –
ah, what a grotesque shadow,
what indiscreet moonlight!

Nie hab ichs glauben wollen,
Wenn scheltend mich Suleima
Beschwor, ich sei betrunken, -
Jetzt muss ichs wahrlich glauben:
Ich bin ein würdeloser,
Ein aller Anmut barer,
Ein ganz betrunken Trinker
Mit einem Taumelschatten
Im indiskreten Mondschein!

I never wanted to believe it
when Suleima, scolding me,
swore that I was drunk.
Now I really must believe it:
I am an undignified,
entirely charmless
utterly drunk toper
with a reeling shadow
in the indiscreet moonlight!

Unwiderstehliche Schönheit

Durch deine schönen Locken
werden
Die Heiden und die
Glaubensstarken
In gleicher Weise sinnverwirrt.

Die schwachen Seelen stürzen
taumelnd
In deiner Wangen holde
Grübchen,
Die starken Seelen stürzen nach.

Dein Aug, das von der
schwarzen Kunst
Geschaffen ward, lenkt aus den
Wolken
Des Adlers Flug zu sich zurück.

Die zarte Nachtigall, die nicht
Aufsteigen kann in Wolkenfernen,
Ist ganz und gar in deinem Bann.

Hafis vergass um deinetwillen
Die Morgen- und die
Nachtgebete,
Klar ist sein Seelenuntergang!

Lob des Weines

Gebt meinen Becher! Seht, er
überstrahlt
Die blasse Lampe der Vernunft,
so wie
Die Sonne die Gestirne überstrahlt!

Gebt meinen Becher! Sämtliche
Gebete
Meines Breviers will ich
vergessen, alle
Suren des Korans stürz ich in
den Wein!

Gebt meinen Becher! Und
Gesang erschalle
Und dringe zu den tanzenden
Sphären auf
Mit mächtigem Schwung! Ich
bin der Herr der Welt!

Irresistible beauty

Your beautiful curls
cause
pagans and the deeply religious
alike
to be bedazzled.

Weak souls tumble
giddily
into your cheeks' charming
dimples,
strong souls tumble after them.

Your eyes – that black
magic
created – recall from the
clouds
the flight of the eagle.

The tender nightingale, who cannot
soar into the cloudy distance,
is utterly under your spell.

Because of you, Hafiz has forgotten
his morning and evening
prayers,
the downfall of his soul is clear!

In praise of wine

Pass me my beaker! See, it
outshines
the pale lamp of reason, just
as
the sun outshines the stars!

Pass me my beaker! All the
prayers
in my breviary I shall forget, all
the
Suras of the Koran I shall
immerse in wine!

Pass me my beaker! And let
song ring out
and soar to the dancing
spheres
mightily. I am master of the
world!

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