

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 10 July 2022 7.30pm

Ailish Tynan soprano

James Baillieu piano

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Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Gruss Op. 48 No. 1 (1884-8)
Dereinst, Gedanke mein Op. 48 No. 2 (1884-8)
Lauf der Welt Op. 48 No. 3 (1884-8)
Die verschwiegene Nachtigall Op. 48 No. 4 (1884-8)
Zur Rosenzeit Op. 48 No. 5 (1884-8)
Ein Traum Op. 48 No. 6 (1884-8)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Dass sie hier gewesen D775 (?1823)
Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)
Amalia D195 (1815)
Die junge Nonne D828 (1825)
Ellens Gesang III D839 (1825)

Interval

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Venezia (1901)
*Sopra l'acqua indormenzada • La barcheta • L'avvertimento •
La biondina in gondoleta • Che pecà! • La primavera*

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 (1885)
Befreit Op. 39 No. 4 (1898)
Ruhe, meine Seele Op. 27 No. 1 (1894)
Cäcilie Op. 27 No. 2 (1894)
Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
Morgen Op. 27 No. 4 (1894)

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Love both secular and sacred is the sole subject of this recital. **Edvard Grieg** mostly set to music the poetry of his native Norway, but on occasion, he turned to German verse. Heinrich Heine's poetry was a magnet for musical composition (8,000-plus works to his words), and his greeting to spring, *Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt*, was particularly popular. Grieg sets bells chiming in the piano throughout 'Gruss', the sound wafted upwards on gentle breezes in the piano.

The *Spanisches Liederbuch* (1852) compiled by Paul Heyse and Emanuel Geibel was another poetic repertory popular with composers. Geibel's translation of the 16th-century poet Cristóbal de Castillejo's *Alguna vez as Dereinst, Gedanke mein* - about existential loneliness and lack of love - was set to music by Schumann as a duet and by Hugo Wolf as a solo song in a complex post-Wagnerian musical language. Grieg's version is a poignant meditation accompanied by rich, slow-moving chords in the piano.

Ludwig Uhland's 'Lauf der Welt' is a folk-like song in which words praise love that needs no words: kissing is sufficient unto the day. The rich harmony 'when lips gladly rest on lips' - a 'home key' chord for the lad's mouth, a borrowed chord for the maiden's mouth, the two alternating with one another in reciprocal pleasure - is a witty touch.

One of the gems of Op. 48 is 'Die verschwiegene Nachtigall' to a famous poem ('Under the linden tree') by the 13th-century poet Walther von der Vogelweide. This is a song of '*nidere minne*', or 'natural love', not a tale of lords and ladies; here, a girl sings sweetly of her lover. Grieg's beautifully blurry 'Nature chord' at the start and the piping calls of the nightingale are among the wonderful details of this song.

One could hardly enlist the German poets for one's music without calling upon Goethe, and 'Zur Rosenzeit' is an intense song of lost love. The explorer Friedrich von Bodenstedt provided the words for 'Ein Traum', in which an arch-Teutonic fantasy of a blond maiden in the forest becomes reality and reality a dream.

The poems for **Schubert's** six songs on texts by the Orientalist poet Friedrich Rückert all came from the anthology *Östliche Rosen* ('Oriental Roses', 1822). In 'Dass sie hier gewesen', Schubert contrasts shifting, chromatic harmonies that tell of desire's disorientation with firmly-grounded phrases that confirm the one surety: 'that you were here'.

That passion reduces peace of mind to rubble is something anyone in the grip of desire can recognize. In Part I of Goethe's *Faust*, Gretchen is the archetypal village girl who is seduced by Faust with Mephistopheles's help, abandoned by him, and then executed after she murders her baby. In the scene 'Gretchen's Room', she sits at her spinning wheel and sings of peace of mind lost to waves of desire in 'Gretchen am Spinnrade'. Here, the primal power of female sexuality is unleashed in a floodtide of music; that a 17-year-old youth wrote it is forever astonishing. The text of 'Amalia', meanwhile, which Schubert set the following year, came originally from Friedrich Schiller's play *Die Räuber* ('The Robbers') and speaks of a rapturous love, now lost.

On 3 March 1825, the great soprano Sophie Müller wrote in her diary, 'After lunch Schubert came and brought a new song, "Die junge Nonne"; later Vogl came, and I sang it to him; it is splendidly composed.' While the poem is a creaky compound of Gothic clichés, but Schubert turns Craigher's cardboard nun into a three-dimensional human being.

'Ellens Gesang III' comes from Sir Walter Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*, when Roderick Dhu summons the chieftains to warfare and Ellen prays to the Virgin for her father's safety. Above the rising-and-falling cosmic wheel in the piano, Ellen sings a long-breathed cantilena of unparalleled warmth and purity.

For his *Venezia* cycle, the Caracas-born **Reynaldo Hahn** set barcarolle songs of love in Venetian dialect. The seductive 'Sopra l'acqua indormenzada' is a setting of a poem by one of George Sand's lovers, Pietro Pagello, while 'La barcheta' is even more erotic and alluring, with rhapsodic sighing, 'Ah!', at the end of each stanza. 'L'Avertimento' is a warning to enamored lads to beware of the beautiful but tiger-hearted Nana, while the lover in 'La biondina in gondoleta' finally awakens his sleeping beloved for something friskier than slumber. 'Che pecà!' is a patter song in which the singer dismisses the Nina on whom he wasted so much anguish; the cheeky piano interludes are irresistible. 'La Primavera', dedicated to Paolo Tosti, is a lilting, enchanting song to celebrate the end of winter snows and the advent of spring. All who live in northern climes may be tempted to join in.

'Zueignung' is the first song in **Strauss's** first published Lied opus - what a boffo initial offering. Its persona invokes, first, the sufferings of love, then the freedom of his former single state, and finally the bliss of reciprocated love, each stanza concluding with the same fervent thanks to the beloved. The poet Richard Dehmel was not pleased with Strauss's setting of 'Befreit'; it was, he thought, 'a little too soft for the poem.' A lover releases his beloved to the death they both know is coming; Strauss devises a song that begins softly but builds to climaxes sufficient to thrill *us*, if not the picky poet.

When Strauss sent Karl Henckel a dedicatory copy of 'Ruhe, meine Seele', Henckel responded, 'It seems to me that you have transcribed the verse, or absorbed it, or whatever the correct expression is, quite magnificently'. The darkly ambiguous harmonies of the beginning only lighten at the end. Of the three Op. 27 songs on texts by John Henry Mackay, Strauss dedicated 'Heimliche Aufforderung' to his bride Pauline de Ahna; in it, we hear the alternation of music that bubbles like champagne with quieter moments in which this composer's signature harmonic shifts should seduce any and all listeners. 'Cäcilie' was composed the day before their wedding, and 'Morgen' - a blissful vision of union on the 'sun-breathing earth' - was his wedding day gift. The touch of reverential darkness at the end, as the silence of love's communion enfolds singer and listener alike, is heart-stopping.

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Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Gruss Op. 48 No. 1

(1884-8)

Heinrich Heine

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.
Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen spriessen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag, ich lass' sie grüssen.

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.

Dereinst, Gedanke mein Op. 48 No. 2 (1884-8)

Emanuel Geibel

Dereinst, dereinst
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Lässt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

One day, my thoughts

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

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

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.

Lauf der Welt Op. 48 No. 3 (1884-8)

Ludwig Uhland

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

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.

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.

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!

Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe
ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt
es gut.

When lips are pleased to rest on
lips.
we don't prevent it, it just
seems good.

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!

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!

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall Op. 48 No. 4

(1884-8)

Walther von der Vogelweide

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.

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.

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

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!

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.

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.

Zur Rosenzeit Op. 48

No. 5 (1884-8)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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;

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!

Ein Traum Op. 48 No. 6

(1884-8)

Friedrich von Bodenstedt

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 –

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;

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;

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!

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Dass sie hier gewesen

D775 (?1823)

Friedrich Rückert

Dass der Ostwind Däfte
Hauchet in die Lüfte,
Dadurch tut er kund,
Dass du hier gewesen.

Dass hier Tränen rinnen,
Dadurch wirst du innen,
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,
Dass ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?
Däfte tun es und
Tränen kund,
Dass sie hier gewesen.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

D118 (1814)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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.

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

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!

That she was here

By breathing fragrance
into the air,
the East Wind makes known
that you were here.

Because tears fall here
you will know,
though you were not told,
that I have been here.

Beauty or love:
can they remain concealed?
Fragrance and tears
will make known
that she was here.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

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

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

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

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

My bosom
yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
and hold him,

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

and kiss him
to my heart's content,
and in his kisses
perish!

Amalia D195 (1815)
Friedrich Schiller

Amalia

Schön wie Engel voll Walhallas
Wonne,
Schön vor allen Jünglingen war
er,
Himmlich mild sein Blick, wie
Maiensonne,
Rückgestrahlt vom blauen
Spiegelmeer.

Fair as angels filled with the
bliss of Valhalla,
he was fair above all other
youths;
his gaze had the gentleness of
heaven, like the May
sun reflected in the blue mirror
of the sea.

Seine Küsse – Paradiesisch
Fühlen!
Wie zwei Flammen sich
ergreifen, wie
Harfentöne in einander spielen
Zu der himmelvollen Harmonie –

His kisses were the touch of
paradise!
As two flames engulf each
other,
as the sounds of the harp mingle
in celestial harmony,

Stürzten, flogen, schmolzen
Geist in Geist zusammen,
Lippen, Wangen brannten,
zitterten,
Seele rann in Seele – Erd' und
Himmel schwammen
Wie zerronnen um die
Liebenden!

So our spirits rushed, flew and
fused together;
lips and cheeks burned,
trembled,
soul melted into soul, earth and
heaven
swam, as though dissolved,
around the lovers!

Er ist hin – vergebens, ach
vergebens
Stöhnet ihm der bange Seufzer
nach!
Er ist hin, und alle Lust des Lebens
Rinnet hin in ein verlor'nes Ach!

He is gone – in vain, ah in
vain
my anxious sighs echo after
him!
He is gone, and all life's joy
ebbs away in one forlorn cry!

Die junge Nonne D828
(1825)

*Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de
Jachelutta*

The young nun

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der
heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken – es zittert
das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner – es
leuchtet der Blitz! –
Und finster die Nacht, wie das
Grab! –
Immerhin, immerhin!

How the raging storm howls
through the treetops!
The rafters groan – the house
shudders!
The thunder rolls – the lightning
flashes! –
And the night is dark as the
tomb! –
So be it, so be it!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch in
mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo
der Sturm!
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo
das Haus!
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo
der Blitz! –
Und finster die Brust, wie das
Grab! –

Not long ago a storm still raged
in me!
My life raged like the storm
now!
My limbs quaked like the
house now!
Love flashed like the lightning
now! –
And my heart was as dark as
the tomb! –

Nun tobe du wilder, gewaltiger
Sturm!
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen
ist Ruh! –
Des Bräutigams harret die
liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut –
Der ewigen Liebe getraut. –

Rage on, you wild and mighty
storm!
In my heart is peace, in my
heart is calm! –
The loving bride awaits the
bridegroom,
purified by testing fire –
wedded to eternal love. –

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit
sehndem Blick;
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam!
hole die Braut!
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer
Haft! –
Horch! friedlich ertönet das
Glöcklein vom Turm;
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn –
„Alleluja!“

I wait, my Saviour, with longing
gaze;
come, heavenly bridegroom!
claim your bride!
Deliver her soul from earthly
bonds! –
Hark! the bell tolls peacefully
from the tower;
the sweet sound lures me
all-powerfully to eternal heights –
'Halleluja!'

Ellens Gesang III D839

(1825)

Sir Walter Scott trans. Adam

Storck

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir
hinwehen.
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum
Morgen,
Ob Menschen noch so grausam
sind.
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau
Sorgen,
O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels hinsinken
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein
Schutz bedeckt
Wird weich der harte Fels uns
dünken.
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte
wehen
In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,
O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!
Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,
Von deines Auges Huld verjagt,
Sie können hier nicht bei uns
wohnen.
Wir woll'n uns still dem
Schicksal beugen,
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost
anweht;
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich
neigen,
Dem Kind, das für den Vater
fleht.
Ave Maria!

Ellen's song III

Ave Maria! Virgin mild,
listen to a virgin's pleading,
from this wild, unyielding rock
my prayer shall be wafted to
you.
We shall sleep safely till
morning dawns,
however cruel men may
be.
O Virgin, behold a virgin's
cares,
O Mother, hear a pleading child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unfiled!
When, beneath your protection,
we sink down on this rock to
sleep,
the hard rock shall seem soft to
us.
You smile, and the fragrance of
roses
wafts through this gloomy cavern,
O Mother, hear a child's entreaty,
O Virgin, a virgin cries out to you!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Pure Maiden!
Demons of the earth and air,
banished by the grace of your gaze,
cannot dwell with us
here.
We shall silently submit to
fate,
since your holy comfort
breathes on us;
bow down, I pray, to this
virgin,
this child who prays for her
father.
Ave Maria!

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Venezia (1901)

Sopra l'acqua indormenzada

Coi pensieri malinconici
No te star a tormentar:
Vien con mi, montemo in
gondola,
Andaremo fora in mar.
Passaremo i porti e
l'isole
Che circonda la città:
El sol more senza
nuvole
E la luna spuntarà.

Oh! che festa, oh! che spettacolo,
Che presenta sta laguna,
Quando tuto xe silenzio,
Quando sluse in ciel la luna;
E spandendo i cavei morbidi
Sopra l'acqua indormenzada,
La se specie, la se cocola,
Come dona innamorada!

Tira zo quel velo e scòndite,
Che la vedo comparir!
Se l'arriva a discoverzarte,
La se pol ingelosir!
Sta baveta, che te zogola
Fra i cavelli imbovolai,
No xe turbia de la polvere
De le rode e dei cavai. Vien!

Se in conchigli ai Greci Venere
Se sognava un altro
di,
Forse visto i aveva in
gondola
Una zogia come ti,
Ti xe bela, ti xe zovene,
Ti xe fresca come un fior;
Vien per tuti le so lagrime;
Ridiadesso e fa
l'amor!

La barcheta

Pietro Buratti

La note è bela,
Fa presto, o Nineta,
Andemo in barcheta
I freschi a ciapar!
A Toni g'ho dito

Over the tranquil waters

Let not melancholy thoughts
distress you:
come with me, let us climb into
our gondola
and make for the open sea.
We will go past harbours and
islands
which surround the city,
and the sun will sink in a
cloudless sky
and the moon will rise.

Oh what fun, oh what a sight
is the lagoon
when all is silent
and the moon climbs in the sky;
and spreading its soft hair
over the tranquil waters,
it admires its own reflection
like a woman in love.

Draw your veil about you and hide
for I see the moon appearing
and if it catches a glimpse of you
it will grow jealous!
This light breeze, playing
gently with your ruffled tresses,
bears no trace of the dust raised
by cartwheels and horses.

If in other days Venus
seemed to the Greeks to have
risen from a shell,
perhaps it was because they
had seen
a beauty like you in a gondola.
You are lovely, young
and fresh as a flower.
Tears will come soon enough,
so now is the time for laughter
and for love!

The little boat

The night is beautiful.
Make haste, Nineta,
let us take to our boat
and enjoy the evening breeze.
I have asked Toni

Interval

Ch'el felze el ne cave
Per goder sta bava
Che supia dal mar. Ah!

Che gusto contarsela
Soleti in laguna,
E al chiaro de luna
Sentirse a vogar!
Ti pol de la ventola
Far senza, o mia
cara,
Chè zefiri a
gara
Te vol sventolar. Ah!

Se gh'è tra de lori
Chi tropo indiscreto
Volessè dal pèto
El velo strapar,
No bada a ste frotole,
Soleti za semo
E Toni el so' remo
Lè a tento a menar. Ah!

L'avvertimento

Pietro Buratti

No corè, puti, smaniosi tanto
Drio quel incanto
Che Nana g'ha
Xe tuto amabile
Ve acordo, in ela,
Le xe una stela
Cascada qua
Ma ... ma ... La Nana cocola
G'ha el cuor tigrà.

L'ocio xe vivo
Color del cielo,
Oro e cavelo
Balsamo el fià;
Ghe sponta in viso
Do' rose intate.
Invidia al late
Quel sen ghe fa
Ma ... ma ... La Nana cocola
G'ha el cuor tigrà.

to remove the canopy
so that we can feel the zephyr
blowing in from the sea. Ah!

What bliss it is to exchange
sweet nothings
alone on the lagoon
and by moonlight,
to be borne along in our boat!
You can lay aside your fan, my
dear,
for the breezes will vie with
each other
to refresh you. Ah!

If among them
there should be one so indiscreet
as to try to lift the veil
shielding your breast,
pay no heed to its nonsense,
for we are all alone
and Toni is much too intent
on plying his oar. Ah!

The warning

Do not rush so eagerly, lads,
after the charms
of the lovely Nana.
All is enchantment
in her, I grant you;
she is like a star
fallen to earth,
but ... but ... that lovely Nana
has the heart of a tiger!

Her eye is lively
and heavenly blue;
her hair is spun gold
and her breath a balm;
roses glow
in her cheeks,
her breasts are whiter
than milk,
but ... but ... that lovely Nana
has the heart of a tiger.

Ogni ochiadin
Che la ve daga,
Da qualche piaga
Voda no va!
Co so' granelo
De furbaria
La cortesia
Missiar la sa ...

Ma ... ma ... La Nana cocola
G'ha el cuor tigrà.

La biondina in gondoleta

Antonio Lamberti

La biondina in gondoleta
L'altra sera g'ho menà:
Dal piacer la povereta,
La s'ha in bota indormenzà.
La dormiva su sto braccio,
Mi ogni tanto la svegiava,
Ma la barca che ninava
La tornava a indormenzar.

Gera in cielo mezza sconta
Fra le nuvole la luna,
Gera in calma la laguna,
Gera il vento benazzà.
Un sola bavesela
Sventola va i so' caveli,
E faceva che dai veli
Sconto el sento fusse più.

M'ho stufà po', finalmente,
De sto tanto so' dormir,
E g'ho fato da insolente,
No m'ho avuto da pentir;
Perchè, oh Dio, che bele cosse
Che g'ho dito, e che g'ho fato!
No, mai più tanto beato
Ai mii zorni no son stà.

Every glance
she darts at you
carries its own
sweet poison!
Nor is guile
ever absent
from her
gentle manner ...

but ... but ... that lovely Nana
has the heart of a tiger.

The blonde in the gondola

The other night I took
my blonde out in the gondola:
her pleasure was such
that she instantly fell asleep.
She slept in my arms
and I woke her from time to time,
but the rocking of the boat
soon lulled her to sleep again.

The moon peeped out
from behind the clouds;
the lagoon lay becalmed,
the wind was drowsy.
Just the suspicion of a breeze
gently played with her hair
and lifted the veils
which shrouded her breast.

But at last I had enough
of her long slumbers
and so I acted cheekily,
nor did I have to repent it;
for, God what wonderful things
I said, what lovely things I did!
Never again was I to be so happy
in all my life!

Che pecà!

Francesco Dall'Ongaro

Te recordistu, Nina, quei
ani
Che ti geri el mio solo
pensier?
Che tormento, che rabie, che
afani!
Mai un'ora de vero piacer!
Per fortuna quel tempo xe andà.
Che pecà!

Ne vedeva che per i to' oci,
No g'aveva altro ben che el to'
ben ...
Che schempiezzi! che gusti
batoci,
Oh, ma adesso so tor quel che
vien;
No me scaldo po' tanto el figà.
Che pecà!

Ti xe bela, me pur ti xe
dona,
Qualche neo lo conosco anca in ti;
Co ti ridi co un'altra
persona,
Me diverto co un'altra anca mi.
Benedeta la so' libertà.
Che pecà!

Te voi ben, ma no filo
caligo,
Me ne indormo de tanta virtù.
Magno a bevo, so star co'
l'amigo
E me ingrasse ogni zorno de più.
Son un omo che sa quel che'l
fa ...
Che pecà!

Care gondole de la laguna
Voghè pur, che ve lasso vogar!
Quando in cielo vien fora la
luna,
Vago in leto a me meto a ronfar.
Senza granca pensargh' al passà!
Che pecà!

La primavera

Alvise Cicogna

Giacinti e violete
Fa in tera Baosète
Che gusto! che giubilo!
L'inverno è scampà!

What a shame!

Do you remember those years,
Nina,
when you were my one and only
thought?
What torment, what rage, what
anguish!
Never an hour of untroubled joy!
Luckyly that time is gone.
But what a shame!

I saw only through your eyes;
I knew no happiness but in
you ...
What foolishness, what silly
behaviour;
oh, but now I take all as it
comes
and no longer get agitated.
But what a shame!

You are lovely, and yet you are
woman,
no longer perfection incarnate;
when your smile is bestowed on
another,
I too can find solace elsewhere.
Blessed be one's own freedom!
But what a shame!

I still love you, but without all
that torment,
and am weary of all that virtue.
I eat, drink, and enjoy my
friends,
and grow fatter with every day.
I am a man who knows what
he's about
But what a shame!

Lovely gondolas on the lagoon
row past. I'll hold you back!
When the moon appears in the
sky
I'll take to my bed and snore
without a thought for the past!
But what a shame!

Spring

Hyacinths and violets
deck the earth.
What pleasure, what bliss;
winter has fled.

La Neve è svania,
La brina è finia,
Xe tepida l'aria,
El sol chiapa fià.

Amici, fa ciera!
Xe qua primavera!
Me'l dise quel nuvolo ...
Senti! senti el ton!
Ohimé! che sta idea
El cuor me ricrea,
E tuto desmentego
Quel fredo baron!

Ancora un meseto,
E el rusignoleto,
Col canto, ne sgiozzolo,
Sul' anima el miel.
Stagion deliziosa!
Ti vien cola rosa,
Ti parti col giglio,
Fior degno del ciel!

The snow has melted,
the frost is over,
the air is warm
and the sun is gaining strength.

Friends, be of good cheer.
Spring is here!
I know it by that cloud ...
Hark, hark to the thunder!
Oh, how the thought
delights my heart,
the dreary cold
is now forgotten!

Just one more month
and the nightingale's song
will pour its honey
on my soul.
Oh delightful season,
you arrive bearing roses
and depart with the lilies,
flowers worthy of heaven!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Ja du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit
Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die
Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know
that I'm in torment far from you,
love makes hearts sick,
be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom, I
held
the amethyst cup aloft
and you blessed that draught,
be thanked.

And you banished the evil
spirits,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
be thanked.

Befreit Op. 39 No. 4

(1898)

Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise,
leise
Wirst du lächeln; und wie zur
Reise
Geb ich dir Blick und Kuss
zurück.

Released

You will not weep. Gently,
gently
you will smile; and as before a
journey
I shall return your gaze and
kiss.

Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du
hast sie bereitet,
Ich habe sie die zur Welt
geweitet –
O Glück!

Our dear four walls! You
prepared them,
I have widened them into a
world for you –
O happiness!

Dann wirst du heiss meine
Hände fassen
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
Lässt unsern Kindern mich
zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes
Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wiedergeben –
O Glück!

Then ardently you will seize my
hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leave me to care for our
children.
You gave your whole life to
me,
I shall give it back to them –
O happiness!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir
wissen's Beide,
Wir haben einander befreit vom
Leide,
So gab ich dich der Welt zurück.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im
Traum erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit mir
weinen –
O Glück!

It will be very soon, we both
know it,
we have released each other
from suffering,
so I returned you to the world.
Then you'll appear to me only in
dreams,
and you will bless me and weep
with me –
O happiness!

Ruhe, meine Seele

Op. 27 No. 1 (1894)

Karl Friedrich Henckell

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not –
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiss,
Was dich bedroht!

Not even
a soft breeze stirs,
in gentle sleep
the wood rests;
through the leaves'
dark veil
bright sunshine
steals.
Rest, rest,
my soul,
your storms
were wild,
you raged and
you quivered,
like breakers,
when they surge!
These times
are violent,
cause heart and
mind distress –
rest, rest,
my soul,
and forget
what threatens you!

Cäcilie Op. 27 No. 2

(1894)

Heinrich Hart

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was träumen heisst
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz.

Cecily

If you knew
what it is to dream
of burning kisses,
of walking and resting
with one's love,
gazing at each other
and caressing and talking –
if you knew,
your heart would turn to me.

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was bangen heisst
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du kämest zu mir.

If you knew
what it is to worry
on lonely nights,
in the frightening storm,
with no soft voice
to comfort
the struggle-weary soul –
if you knew,
you would come to me.

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was leben heisst
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du lebtest mit mir.

If you knew
what it is to live
enveloped in God's
world-creating breath,
to soar upwards,
borne on light
to blessed heights –
if you knew,
you would live with me.

Heimliche Aufforderung

Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke
ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl
genossen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den
Garten zum Rosenstrauch, –
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken,
eh du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare der
Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

Morgen Op. 27 No. 4

(1894)

John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne
wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich
gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie
wieder einen,
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden
Erde ...

Secret invitation

Come, raise to your lips the
sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful feast
your heart to health.

And when you raise it, give me
a secret sign,
then I shall smile and drink as
quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look around
at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do not
despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering goblet,
filled with wine,
and let them be happy at the
noisy feast.

But once you have savoured the
meal, quenched your thirst,
leave the loud company of
happy revellers,

And come out into the garden to
the rose-bush, –
there I shall wait for you as I've
always done,

And I shall sink on your breast,
before you could hope,
and drink your kisses, as often
before,

And twine in your hair the
glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous, longed-
for night

Tomorrow! ...

And tomorrow the sun will
shine again
and on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones,
again,
amid this same sun-breathing
earth ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem
weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die
Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweigen ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-
waved,
we shall quietly and slowly
descend,
speechless we shall gaze into
each other's eyes,
and the speechless silence of
bliss shall fall on us ...

Translations of Grieg, Strauss and all Schubert except 'Amalia' 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. 'Amalia' by Richard Wigmore from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Hahn by Laura Sarti.