

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 10 October 2021 3.00pm

**Christina Gansch** soprano

**Malcolm Martineau** piano

**Alexander Zemlinsky** (1871-1942)

Walzer-Gesänge nach toskanischen Volksliedern Op. 6 (1898)

*Liebe Schwalbe • Klagen ist der Mond gekommen •  
Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu • Ich gehe des Nachts •  
Blaues Sternlein • Briefchen schrieb ich*

**Alban Berg** (1885-1935)

7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

*Nacht • Schilflied • Die Nachtigall • Traumgekrönt •  
Im Zimmer • Liebesode • Sommertage*

**Gustav Mahler** (1860-1911)

Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1892-99, rev. 1901)

*Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? • Das irdische Leben •  
Ablösung im Sommer • Scheiden und Meiden •  
Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen • Rheinlegendchen •  
Das himmlische Leben*

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This afternoon's concert brings together the music of three men who were close colleagues in fin-de-siècle Vienna: Gustav Mahler, Alexander Zemlinsky (who taught – and had an affair with – Mahler's wife-to-be, Alma Schindler, as well as instructing Arnold Schoenberg) and Alban Berg (taught by Schoenberg). And for all three of them, song was a hugely important medium – even if we now remember them for works in grander, more public genres.

**Zemlinsky** completed the *Walzer-Gesänge* Op. 6 in 1898, when he was 27. Modelled on the *Liebeslieder-Walzer* of Brahms, Zemlinsky's *Gesänge* are richly Romantic miniatures in dance rhythm – although the extent to which the impassioned nature of the texts demands a flexible tempo would make them rather hard to dance! The poems are drawn from the writings of historian Ferdinand Gregorovius, who travelled extensively around Italy and collected a number of folk texts which he translated and published under the title *Toscanische Melodien*. We hear the trilling swallow in the piano in 'Liebe Schwalbe', and the impassioned love-songs of 'Klagen ist der Mond gekommen' and 'Briefchen schreib ich'. The fourth song, 'Ich gehe des Nachts', is the darkest of the set: a lover met by Death, who reveals that her beloved is no more. Zemlinsky's lush, virtuosic accompaniments and swooping, plunging vocal lines sit right on the cusp of a change in his compositional approach, that was to lead to the more extreme chromatic writing of works such as his later Maeterlinck settings (1913) and the brilliant fairy-tale opera *Der Zwerg* (1921).

We then move to the music of Zemlinsky's grand-pupil, **Alban Berg**. From his earliest compositions as an untrained teenager to the score of *Lulu* left incomplete at his death, Berg was a man fascinated by song. From 1901-1908, he wrote over 80 Lieder – and it was on the strength of a selection of these pieces that Schoenberg agreed to take Berg on as a pupil in 1904. Six years later, Schoenberg confided to a colleague that when Berg first began his studies, 'his imagination apparently could not work on anything but Lieder. Even the piano accompaniments to them were song-like in style.'

Of these youthful efforts, Berg later selected a group of seven songs for performance and publication. The variety of poets represented in this group attest to his broad literary interests, from the work of contemporaries such as Paul Hohenberg and Rainer Maria Rilke, to the Romantic Nikolaus Lenau, and the north German Theodor Storm, who had been one of Brahms's favourite poets. Indeed, Brahms is not just present through poetical association – the musical language of Berg's songs seems to conjure a host of Austro-German models, from Schumann to Wolf and Mahler.

The result is a soundworld at once richly, romantically familiar, yet offering glimpses of new and uncharted musical territory. Berg leads us in and out of major and minor keys, through the misty, impressionistic whole-tone clouds of 'Nacht' to the Wagnerian chromaticism of 'Schilflied' and the interwoven motives of

'Traumgekrönt'. It is not for nothing that every poem is concerned in some way with enchanted places, evening, night, and stars – everything looks different by moonlight, after all.

From Berg, we move to **Gustav Mahler**. *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ('The Youth's Magic Horn'), collected and edited by Achim von Arnim and Clemens von Brentano, was first printed in 1805; and these poems came to define an authentically German national voice, full of folksong and 'natural' writing. Countless descriptions of the texts – and their musical settings – describe them as being fresh, unspoiled, artless and pure. And from the 1880s, Mahler's *Wunderhorn* settings allowed him to create his own 'artless' (if subtly shaded) idiom.

We begin today's selection with 'Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?', a witty merry-go-round of a song, the piano dancing along and the singer drawn into long, almost instrumental melismas at the end of the first and third verses. 'Das irdische Leben' tells a very different story, of a starving child whose mother's calls for patience are ultimately fatal for her offspring. The accompaniment worries away in semitone shifts and nervous twitching... until the twitching ceases and the child is no more. 'Ablösung im Sommer' pits the cuckoo against the nightingale as the perfect songbird to sing throughout the summer (notice that this is a cheery nightingale, rather than the heartbroken, sobbing bird present in so many other Lieder!). The 'farewell and parting' of 'Scheiden und Meiden' are by turns bouncily cheery – a hobbyhorse trot in the piano – and somewhat darker. What is to become of the newly fatherless child? And who has taken the girl's lover from her: since three men, not one, left the house, perhaps he is under escort or arrest?

'Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen' is one of a number of *Wunderhorn* songs in which Mahler reveals himself sympathetic to the fate of young soldiers. Ghostly fanfares sound in the piano as a young man (or his spirit?) visits his beloved to describe his fate – whether already met or yet to come is left uncertain. 'Rheinlegendchen' conjures a very different life for a young man: a mower who dreams (most charmingly, as the piano twinkles, twirls and bows along with him) of throwing his ring into the river and this leading, through a series of fabulous coincidences, to his sweetheart returning it happily to him.

We close with 'Das himmlische Leben', which Mahler first set as a piano-accompanied song in 1892 before working it into the finale of his Fourth Symphony. It is a joyful (and rather cheeky) depiction of life in heaven – from the happiness, dancing and singing that one might expect, to a comic proliferation of saints willing to butcher their representative animals for the benefit of providing excellent dinners.

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# Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

## Walzer-Gesänge nach toskanischen Volksliedern Op. 6 (1898)

*Ferdinand Gregorovius*

### Liebe Schwalbe

Liebe Schwalbe, kleine Schwalbe,  
Du fliegst auf und singst so früh,  
Streuest durch die Himmelsbläue  
Deine süsse Melodie.

Die da schlafen noch am  
Morgen,  
Alle Liebenden in Ruh',  
Mit dem zwitschernden Gesange  
Die Versunk'nen weckest  
du.

Auf! nun auf! ihr Liebesschläfer,  
Weil die Morgenschwalbe rief:  
Denn die Nacht wird den betrügen,  
Der den hellen Tag  
verschlief.

### Klagen ist der Mond gekommen

Klagen ist der Mond gekommen,  
Vor der Sonne Angesicht,  
Soll ihm noch der Himmel  
frommen,  
Da du Glanz ihm nahmst und  
Licht.

Seine Sterne ging er zählen,  
Und er will vor Leid vergehn:  
Zwei der schönsten Sterne  
fehlen,  
Die in deinem Antlitz stehn.

### Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu

Fensterlein, nachts bist du  
zu,  
Tust auf dich am Tag mir zu  
Leide;  
Mit Nelken umringelt bist du:  
O öffne dich,  
Augenweide!

## Waltz Songs after Tuscan folksongs

### Dear swallow

Dear swallow, little swallow,  
you soar up and sing so early,  
spreading through the azure sky  
your sweet melody.

Those who are still sleeping in  
the morning,  
all lovers at rest,  
with your twittering song  
you awaken them from their  
slumbers.

Up, now up, you sleeping lovers,  
the morning swallow is calling:  
as the night will cheat those  
who slumber through the bright  
day.

### The moon has come complaining

The moon has come complaining  
before the sun's gaze,  
of what use to her are the  
heavens  
if you have taken away her  
radiance and light.

She went to count her stars  
and she will die of sorrow:  
two of the fairest stars are  
missing,  
those that belong to your face.

### Little window, by night you are shut

Little window, by night you are  
shut,  
by day, to my sorrow, you are  
open;  
you are encircled with carnations:  
O were you to open, it would be  
a feast for the eyes.

Fenster aus köstlichem Stein,  
Drinnen die Sonne, die Sterne  
da draussen,  
O Fensterlein heimlich und  
klein,  
Sonne da drinnen und  
Rosen da draussen.

### Ich gehe des Nachts

Ich gehe des Nachts, wie der  
Mond tut gehn,  
Ich suche, wo den Geliebten sie  
haben.  
Da hab' ich den Tod, den  
finstern, gesehn.  
Er sprach: such' nicht, ich hab'  
ihn begraben.

Ich gehe des Nachts, wie der  
Mond tut gehn,  
Ich suche, wo den Geliebten sie  
haben.

### Blaues Sternlein

Blaues Sternlein, du sollst  
schweigen,  
Das Geheimnis gib nicht kund.  
Sollst nicht allen Leuten zeigen  
Unsern stillen Herzensbund.  
Mögen andre stehn in Schmerzen,  
Jeder sage, was er will.  
Sind zufrieden unsre Herzen,  
Sind wir beide gerne still.

### Briefchen schrieb ich

Briefchen schrieb und warf in  
den Wind ich,  
Sie fielen ins Meer, und sie  
fielen auf Sand.  
Ketten von Schnee und von  
Eise, die bind' ich,  
Die Sonne zerschmilzt sie in  
meiner Hand.

Maria, Maria, du sollst es Maria,  
dir merken:  
Am Ende gewinnt, wer dauert  
im Streit,

Window of precious stone  
inside the sun, the stars  
outside,  
O little window, secret and  
small,  
sun within and  
roses without.

### I go at night

I go at night, following the  
moon's path,  
I seek where they have taken  
my beloved.  
Then I saw Death, the dark  
one.  
He spoke: seek not, I have  
buried him.

I go at night, following the  
moon's path,  
I seek where they have taken  
my beloved.

### Little blue star

Little blue star, you must be  
silent,  
do not reveal the secret.  
Do not show everyone  
the silent bond of our hearts.  
Others may stand in sorrow,  
each will say what he desires.  
Our hearts are content,  
we are both happily silent.

### I wrote little letters

I wrote little letters and cast  
them to the wind,  
they fell into the sea and they  
fell onto the sand.  
Into chains of snow and ice I  
bind them,  
the sun melts them in my  
hand.

Maria, Maria, you should, Maria,  
take heed:  
he wins in the end, who endures  
struggles;

Maria, Maria, das sollst du  
Maria, bedenken:  
Es siegt, wer dauert in  
Ewigkeit.

Maria, Maria, you should, Maria,  
reflect:  
he is victorious who endures in  
eternity.

## Alban Berg (1885-1935)

### 7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

### 7 Early Songs

#### Nacht

#### Night

*Carl Hauptmann*

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht  
und Tal.  
Nebel schweben. Wasser  
rauschen sacht.  
Nun entschleiert sich's mit  
einem Mal.  
O gib acht! gib acht!

Clouds loom over night and  
valley.  
Mists hover, waters softly  
murmur.  
Now at once all is  
unveiled.  
O take heed! take heed!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,  
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft  
gross,  
Stille Pfade silberlicht  
talan  
Aus verborg'nem Schoss.

A vast wonderland opens up,  
silvery mountains soar  
dreamlike tall,  
silent paths climb silver-bright  
valleywards  
from a hidden womb.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft  
rein.  
Stummer Buchenbaum am  
Wege steht  
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch  
vom fernen Hain  
Einsam leise weht.

And the glorious world so  
dreamlike pure.  
A silent beech-tree stands by  
the wayside  
shadow-black – a breath from  
the distant grove  
blows solitary soft.

Und aus tiefen Grundes  
Düsterheit  
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer  
Nacht.  
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gib acht! gib acht!

And from the deep valley's  
gloom  
lights twinkle in the silent  
night.  
Drink soul! drink solitude!  
O take heed! take heed!

#### Schilflied

#### Reed song

*Nikolaus Lenau*

Auf geheimem Waldespfade  
Schleich' ich gern im  
Abendschein  
An das öde Schilfgestade,  
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Along a secret forest path  
I love to steal in the evening  
light  
to the desolate reedy shore  
and think, my girl, of you!

Wenn sich dann der Busch  
verdüstert,  
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,

When the bushes then grow  
dark,  
the reeds pipe mysteriously,

Und es klaget und es flüstert,  
Dass ich weinen, weinen soll.

lamenting and whispering,  
that I must weep, must weep.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,  
Und im Weiher untergehen  
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

And I seem to hear  
the soft sound of your voice,  
and your lovely singing  
drowning in the pond.

#### Die Nachtigall

#### The nightingale

*Theodor Storm*

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the nightingale  
has sung throughout the night,  
that from the sweet sound  
of her echoing song  
the roses have sprung up.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,  
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen;  
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut  
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut  
Und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

She was once a wild creature,  
now she wanders deep in thought;  
in her hand a summer hat,  
bearing in silence the sun's heat,  
not knowing what to do.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the nightingale  
has sung throughout the night,  
that from the sweet sound  
of her echoing song  
the roses have sprung up.

#### Traumgekrönt

#### Crowned with dreams

*Rainer Maria Rilke*

Das war der Tag der weissen  
Chrysanthenen, –  
Mir bangte fast vor seiner  
Pracht...  
Und dann, dann kamst du mir  
die Seele nehmen  
Tief in der Nacht.

That was the day of the white  
chrysanthemums –  
its brilliance almost frightened  
me...  
And then, then you came to take  
my soul  
at the dead of night.

Mir war so bang, und du kamst  
lieb und leise, –  
Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich  
gedacht.  
Du kamst, und leis wie eine  
Märchenweise  
Erklang die Nacht...

I was so frightened, and you  
came sweetly and gently,  
I had been thinking of you in my  
dreams.  
You came, and soft as a fairy  
tune  
the night rang out...

#### Im Zimmer

#### In the room

*Johannes Schlaf*

Herbstsonnenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still  
herein.

Autumn sunshine.  
The lovely evening looks in so  
silently.

Ein Feuerlein rot  
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.

A little red fire  
crackles and blazes in the hearth.

So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen  
Knie'n. –  
So ist mir gut;  
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem  
ruht.

Like this! – with my head on  
your knees. –  
Like this I am content;  
when my eyes rest in yours like  
this.

Wie leise die Minuten ziehn!...

How gently the minutes pass!...

## Liebesode

*Otto Erich Hartleben*

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir  
selig ein.  
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der  
Sommerwind,  
Und unsrer Atemzüge  
Frieden  
Trug er hinaus in die helle  
Mondnacht. –

## Ode to love

In love's arms we fell blissfully  
asleep.  
The summer wind listened at  
the open window,  
and carried the peace of our  
breathing  
out into the moon-bright  
night. –

Und aus dem Garten tastete  
zagend sich  
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe  
Bett  
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,  
Träume des Rausches – so  
reich an Sehnsucht!

And from the garden a scent of  
roses  
came timidly to our bed of  
love  
and gave us wonderful dreams,  
ecstatic dreams – so rich in  
longing!

## Sommertage

*Paul Hohenberg*

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,  
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,  
Im Sommerwind verweht die  
Zeit.  
Nun windet nächtens der Herr  
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand  
Über Wander- und  
Wunderland.

Days, sent from blue eternity,  
journey now across the world,  
time drifts away in the summer  
wind.  
The Lord at night now garlands  
star-chains with his blessed hand  
across lands of wandering and  
wonder.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen  
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn  
sagen  
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:  
Im Wiesensang verstummt die  
Brust,  
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild  
um Bild  
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz  
erfüllt.

In these days, O heart, what can  
your brightest travel-song  
say  
of your deep, deep joy?  
The heart falls silent in the  
meadows' song,  
words now cease when image  
after image  
comes to you and fills you  
utterly.

## Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

### Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1892-99, rev. 1901)

*Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano*

#### Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben am Berg in dem  
hohen Haus  
Da gucket ein fein's, lieb's Mädel  
heraus,  
Es ist nicht dort daheime,  
Es ist des Wirts sein  
Töchterlein,  
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

#### Who made up this little song?

High in the mountain stands a  
house,  
from it a sweet pretty maid  
looks out.  
But that is not her home,  
she's the innkeeper's young  
daughter.  
She lives on the green moor.

Mein Herzle ist wund,  
Komm, Schätzle, mach's g'sund.  
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,  
Die hab'n mich verwund't.  
Dein rosiger Mund  
Macht Herzen gesund,  
Macht Jugend verständig,  
Macht Tote lebendig,  
Macht Kranke gesund.

My heart is sick.  
Come, my love, and cure it.  
Your dark brown eyes  
have wounded me.  
Your rosy lips  
can cure sick hearts,  
make young men wise,  
make dead men live,  
can cure the sick.

Wer hat denn das schöne  
Liedlein erdacht?  
Es haben's drei Gäns' übers  
Wasser gebracht,  
Zwei graue und eine weisse;  
Und wer das Liedlein nicht  
singen kann,  
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen. Ja!

Who made up this pretty little  
song?  
Three geese brought it across  
the water,  
two grey ones and a white one;  
and for those who can't sing  
this song,  
they will pipe it to them. They will!

#### Das irdische Leben

Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert  
mich,  
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.  
Warte nur mein liebes Kind!  
Morgen wollen wir ernten  
geschwind.

#### Life on earth

Mother, ah mother, I am  
starving,  
give me bread or I shall die.  
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!  
Tomorrow the reaping will be  
swiftly done.

Und als das Korn geerntet  
war,  
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:  
Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert  
mich,  
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.  
Warte nur mein liebes Kind!  
Morgen wollen wir dreschen  
geschwind.

And when at last the corn was  
reaped,  
still the child kept on crying:  
Mother, ah mother, I am  
starving,  
give me bread or I shall die.  
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!  
Tomorrow the threshing will be  
swiftly done.

Und als das Korn gedroschen  
war,  
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:  
Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert  
mich,  
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.  
Warte nur mein liebes Kind!  
Morgen wollen wir backen  
geschwind.  
Und als das Brot gebacken  
war,  
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahr.

And when at last the corn was  
threshed,  
still the child kept on crying:  
Mother, ah mother, I am  
starving,  
give me bread or I shall die.  
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!  
Tomorrow the baking will be  
swiftly done.  
And when at last the bread was  
baked,  
the child lay dead upon the bier.

### **Ablösung im Sommer**

### **The changing of the summer guard**

Kukuk hat sich zu Tode gefallen,  
An einer grünen Weiden,  
Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod  
gefallen!  
Wer soll uns denn den Sommer  
lang  
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

The cuckoo's sung himself to death  
on a green willow.  
Cuckoo is dead, has sung  
himself to death!  
Who shall now all summer  
long  
while away the time for us?

Ei das soll tun Frau Nachtigall,  
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;  
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,  
Die liebe, süsse Nachtigall.  
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit  
froh,  
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.

Ah! Mrs Nightingale shall do that,  
she sits on the green branch,  
that small and graceful nightingale,  
that sweet and lovely nightingale.  
She hops and sings, is always  
joyous,  
when other birds are silent.

Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall;  
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,  
Und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende  
ist,  
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen.

We'll wait for Mrs Nightingale;  
she lives in the green grove,  
and when the cuckoo's time is  
up,  
she will start to sing.

### **Scheiden und Meiden**

### **Farewell and parting**

Es ritten drei Reiter zum Tore  
hinaus!  
Ade!  
Fein's Liebchen, das schaute  
zum Fenster hinaus,  
Ade!  
Und wenn es denn soll  
geschieden sein,  
So reich mir dein goldenes  
Ringelein.  
Ade! Ade!  
Ja, Scheiden und Meiden tut  
weh, tut weh!

Three horsemen rode out  
through the gate!  
Farewell!  
The beloved looked out of the  
window,  
farewell!  
And if it's time for us to  
part,  
then give me your little gold  
ring.  
Farewell! Farewell!  
Yes, farewell and parting bring  
pain!

Es scheidet das Kind schon in  
der Wieg!  
Ade!  
Wann werd ich mein Schätzel  
wohl kriegen?  
Ade!  
Und ist es nicht morgen, ach,  
wär es doch heut,  
Es machte uns Beiden wohl  
grosse Freud,  
Ade! Ade! Ade!  
Ja, Scheiden und Meiden tut  
weh.

The child departs in the cradle  
even!  
Farewell!  
When shall my loved one at last  
be mine?  
Farewell!  
And if it be not tomorrow, ah,  
were it today,  
that would give us both such  
joy!  
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!  
Yes, farewell and parting bring  
pain.

### **Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen**

### **Where the splendid trumpets sound**

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

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?  
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,  
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle  
Stern,  
Bei meinem Schatz da wär ich  
gern,  
Bei meinem Herzallerlieble.

Why leave me longer waiting  
here?  
I see the rosy dawn appear,  
the rosy dawn and two bright  
stars.  
I long to be beside my  
love,  
beside my dearest love.

Das Mädchen stand auf, und  
liess ihn ein,  
Sie heisst ihn auch willkommen  
sein.  
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,  
So lang hast du gestanden.

The girl arose and let him  
in,  
she bids him welcome  
too.  
O welcome, dearest love of mine,  
too long have you been waiting.

Sie reicht ihm auch die  
schneeweisse Hand.  
Von Ferne sang die Nachtigall,  
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

She gives to him her snow-  
white hand,  
from far off sang the nightingale,  
the girl began to weep.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste  
mein,  
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen  
sein;  
Mein eigen sollst du werden  
gewiss,  
Wies keine sonst auf Erden ist.  
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ah, do not weep, my dearest  
love,  
within a year you shall be  
mine,  
you shall be mine most  
certainly,  
as no one else on earth.  
O love upon the green earth.

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

Bald gras ich am Neckar,  
Bald gras ich am Rhein,  
Bald hab ich ein Schätzlein,  
Bald bin ich allein.

Was hilft mir das Grasen,  
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneidt,  
Was hilft mir ein Schätzlein,  
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.

So soll ich denn grasen  
Am Neckar, am Rhein,  
So werf ich mein goldenes  
Ringlein hinein.

Es fließet im Neckar  
Und fließet im Rhein,  
Soll schwimmen hinunter  
Ins Meer tief hinein.

Und schwimmt es das Ringlein,  
So frisst es ein Fisch,  
Das Fischlein soll kommen  
Aufs Königs sein Tisch.

Der König tät fragen,  
Wems Ringlein sollt sein?  
Da tät mein Schatz sagen,  
Das Ringlein g'hört mein.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen,  
Berg auf und Berg ein,  
Tät mir wiederum bringen  
Das Goldringlein fein.

Kannst grasen am Neckar,  
Kannst grasen am Rhein,  
Wirf du mir nur immer  
Dein Ringlein hinein.

### Das himmlische Leben

Wir geniessen die himmlischen  
Freuden,  
Drum tun wir das Irdische meiden.

### Little Rhine legend

I mow by the Neckar,  
I mow by the Rhine;  
at times I've a sweetheart,  
at times I'm alone.

What use is mowing,  
if the sickle won't cut,  
what use is a sweetheart,  
if she'll not stay.

So if I'm to mow  
by the Neckar, and Rhine,  
I'll throw in their waters  
my little gold ring.

It'll flow in the Neckar  
and flow in the Rhine,  
and float right away  
to the depths of the sea.

And floating, the ring  
will be gulped by a fish,  
the fish will be served  
at the King's own table.

The King will enquire  
whose ring it might be;  
my sweetheart will say  
the ring belongs to me.

My sweetheart will bound  
over hill, over dale,  
and bring back to me  
my little gold ring.

You can mow by the Neckar,  
and mow by the Rhine,  
if you'll always keep throwing  
your ring in for me.

### Heavenly life

We enjoy the delights of  
Heaven,  
so we do shun what is earthly.

Kein weltlich' Getümmel Hört man nicht im Himmel! Lebt Alles in sanftester Ruh'!	No worldly hubbub is heard in Heaven! All live in gentlest repose!
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Wir führen ein englisches Leben! Sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben! Wir tanzen und springen, Wir hüpfen und singen! Sankt Peter im Himmel sieht zu!	We lead an angelic life but are quite gay besides! We dance and jump, we hop and sing! St Peter in Heaven looks on!
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Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset, Der Metzger Herodes drauf passet! Wir führen ein geduldig's, Unschuldig's, geduldig's, Ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod!	John lets the lamb go, and butcher Herod looks out for it! We lead a patient, blameless, patient, a dear lamb to death!
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Sankt Lukas den Ochsen tät schlachten Ohn' einig's Bedenken und Trachten! Der Wein kost' kein Heller Im himmlischen Keller; Die Englein, die backen das Brot!	St Luke does slaughter the ox without any care or attention. Wine costs not a penny in the heavenly cellar; the angels, they bake the bread!
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Gut Kräuter von allerhand Arten, Die wachsen im himmlischen Garten. Gut' Spargel, Fisolen, Und was wir nur wollen, Ganze Schüsseln voll sind uns bereit!	Good greens of all sorts, they grow in the garden of Heaven! Good asparagus, herbs and whatever we wish for, whole dishes full are ready for us!
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Gut' Äpfel, gut' Birn und gut' Trauben, Die Gärtner, die alles erlauben! Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen? Auf offner Strassen Sie laufen herbei!	Good apples, good pears and good grapes, the gardeners allow everything! D'you want venison, d'you want rabbits? On the open streets they run about!
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Sollt ein Festtag etwa kommen, Alle Fische gleich mit Freuden angeschwommen! Dort läuft schon Sankt Peter Mit Netz und mit Köder Zum himmlischen Weiher hinein! Sankt Martha die Köchin muss sein!	When a feast day approaches all the fishes swim up gladly! Off runs St Peter with net and with bait to the heavenly pond! St Martha has to be the cook.
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Kein Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden, Die unsrer verglichen kann werden. Elftausend Jungfrauen Zu tanzen sich trauen! Sankt Ursula selbst dazu lacht!	No music is anywhere on earth that can be compared with ours. Eleven thousand virgins are bold enough to dance! Even St Ursula laughs!
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<b>Cäcilia mit ihren Verwandten</b>	<b>Cecilia and her relations</b>
<b>Sind treffliche Hofmusikanten!</b>	<b>are excellent court-musicians.</b>
<b>Die englischen Stimmen</b>	<b>The angelic voices</b>
<b>Ermuntern die Sinnen!</b>	<b>delight the senses!</b>
<b>Dass Alles für Freuden erwacht!</b>	<b>So that for joy all things awake!</b>

*Translation of 7 frühe Lieder & Des Knaben Wunderhorn (except Das himmlische Leben)  
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