

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 11 January 2023
7.30pm

Mother Clara *A Liederspiel* by Graham Johnson

Janet Suzman Clara
Alexandra Gilbreath Eugenie
Sophie Rennert mezzo-soprano
Roderick Williams baritone
Graham Johnson piano

Mother Clara will include the following songs and extracts:

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)	Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer Op. 105 No. 2 (1886) In stiller Nacht WoO. 33 No. 42 (by 1893-4) Blinde Kuh Op. 58 No. 1 (1871) Nachtigallen schwingen lustig Op. 6 No. 6 (1853) Wir wandelten Op. 96 No. 2 (1884) In Waldeseinsamkeit Op. 85 No. 6 (1878) Bei dir sind meine Gedanken Op. 95 No. 2 (by 1884)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Der Abendstern from <i>Lieder-Album für die Jugend</i> Op. 79 (1849)
Johannes Brahms	Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil Op. 48 No. 6 (by 1859-60) Beim Abschied Op. 95 No. 3 (?1883-4)
Robert Schumann	Der Dichter spricht from <i>Kinderszenen</i> Op. 15 (1838) <i>Interval</i>
Robert Schumann	Sommerruh (1849)
Johannes Brahms	Dornröschen WoO. 31 No. 1 (1857) Sandmännchen WoO. 31 No. 4 (1857) Meine Liebe ist grün Op. 63 No. 5 (1873) Edward Op. 75 No. 1 (1877-8)
Robert Schumann	Du bist wie eine Blume from <i>Myrthen</i> Op. 25 (1840) Extract from Romance in F sharp Op. 28 No. 2 (1839)
Johannes Brahms	O Tod from <i>Vier ernste Gesänge</i> Op. 121 (1896)

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Aimez-vous Brahms? is the title of a French novel written in the 1950s, but 'Aimez-vous Clara?' is a far more recent question. A negative answer still seems unthinkable for most music lovers. The beautiful and noble Clara Wieck had inspired the composing of masterpiece after masterpiece, and Robert Schumann's reverence for his bride-to-be has been gratefully echoed by music lovers through the ages. In older age Clara became a legendary matriarch of unimpeachable seriousness and dignity, a pioneer who made playing the piano in public a respectable profession for younger women, even for those with affluent parents. In the closing quarter of the 20th Century her talents as a composer came to the fore, adding to the lustre of her name.

There have always been a few dissenting voices: if she and her supporters found Liszt unbearably flashy and insincere, his acolytes found Clara prim and limited in imagination and virtuosity, particularly later in her career when photographs often show her stony-faced and burdened with the cares of the world. She and Cosima Wagner were living proof that being a great composer's widow was no laughing matter. Both were enthroned at different ends of a musical spectrum as far apart, say, as Baker Street and South Kensington: the Wagner-inebriated Royal Academy of Music was unofficially at war for years with the Brahms-besotted Royal College. Over the years there have been several brickbats aimed in Clara's direction: in the 1920s a privately published polemic accused Brahms of the fatherhood of Felix Schumann, the youngest Schumann child, something easily disproved by the fact that Robert Schumann in his diary marked the days of sexual congress with Clara with an asterisk (it was his taking a different kind of risk in 1828 that eventually killed him in 1856). More recently (2010) the psychiatrist Uwe Henrik Peters in his *Gefangen im Irrenhaus* ('Imprisoned in the asylum') makes a painstakingly documented case for Robert having been well enough to return from Endenich to be cared for in his own home; Peters believes that it was Clara's deliberate decision to keep him institutionalised until his death so she could get on at last with her playing career which had been on ice for 13 child-bearing years (apart from a visit to Russia in 1844).

It seems clear to me that Clara, for all her famed *Innigkeit* as a pianist, was a tough cookie, self-centred in that self-protective way not uncommon among great performing artists. She was unsurprisingly challenged by the demands of motherhood and (especially in her case, with seven children and nine grandchildren) its formidable obligations.

These younger Schumanns are the invisible participants (apart from the very present Eugenie) in *Mother Clara*.

Marie Schumann (1841-1929) was her mother's lifelong secretary and selfless carer.

Elise Schumann (1843 -1928) married and went to America for a number of years. The most unbiddable

of the clan, she was the only one of the children who largely escaped her mother's influence as an adult.

Julie Schumann (1845-1872) was perhaps the most beautiful of the Schumann children; she died of consumption leaving two young Italian-speaking children in Clara's care.

Emil Schumann (1846-1847) died at the age of 16 months.

Ludwig Schumann (1848-1899) was an inmate of Colditz mental hospital for 30 years; he was placed there by his mother when he was 20.

Ferdinand Schumann (1849-1891) became addicted to narcotics after serving as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian war; this led to Clara taking over the custody and support of his seven children.

Eugenie Schumann (1851-1938) was a piano teacher who lived for 20 years in England with her partner, the mezzo-soprano Marie Fillunger, an interpreter and friend of Brahms.

Felix Schumann (1854-1879) was a gifted young poet; he died of tuberculosis in his mother's home in Frankfurt, aged 25.

Each of them had a variously constrained, curtailed, exiled or unfulfilled life; they seem to have delighted their erratically solicitous father, but were lifelong disappointments to Clara who perhaps expected genius to manifest itself in children of such parentage. In terms of veracity *Mother Clara* is probably *The Crown* of my work: there is a regal figure at the heart of it, but in the absence of knowing everything that truly happened, invention and conjecture stand side-by-side with research. I have worked on the premise that Eugenie Schumann had returned to Frankfurt from England to spend time with her ailing mother who died on 20 May 1896. There had been an estrangement between them after Clara, a few years earlier, had ejected Eugenie's lover Marie Fillunger from the house in Frankfurt, accusing her of theft, clearly a trumped-up charge. There is no evidence that a reconciliation or meeting of this kind between mother and daughter took place, but also no evidence that it did not. Many of the details are taken from Eugenie's own informative but anodyne book about life in the Schumann family, something of a whitewash, and written only after her mother's death. The tone of the book leaves posterity with no hint of a rift.

I am most grateful to Janet Suzman who has contributed to this project both sage advice and multiple revisions – the stilted English of books translated from the German more than a hundred years ago had to be loosened and reworked, and total faithfulness to the sources would have made for a lifeless theatrical experience. The mixing of songs with the spoken word has been my lifelong preoccupation, but the creation of stage dialogue has been a learning experience of another order.

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Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer Op. 105 No. 2 **My sleep grows ever quieter**

(1886-8)

Hermann Lingg

*My sleep grows ever quieter,
only my grief, like a veil, lies
trembling over me.
I often hear you in my dreams
calling outside my door,
no one keeps watch and lets you in,
I awake and weep bitterly.*

*Yes, I shall have to die,
you will kiss another
when I am pale and cold.
Before May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the wood;
if you would see me once again,
come soon, come soon!*

In stiller Nacht WoO. 33 No. 42 **In silent night**

(by 1893-4)

Traditional

In stiller Nacht, zur ersten
Wacht,
Ein Stimm' beginnt zu klagen,
Der nächt'ge Wind hat süß
und lind
Zu mir den Klang getragen.
Von herben Leid und
Traurigkeit
Ist mir das Herz zerflossen,
Die Blümelein, mit Tränen
rein
Hab' ich sie all' begossen.

In silent night, at first
watch,
a voice begins to lament.
The night wind has
sweetly and gently
carried the sound to me.
With bitter pain and
sorrow
my heart is melted.
With simple tears I have
watered
all the little flowers.

Der schöne Mond will
untergahn,
Für Leid nicht mehr mag
scheinen,
Die Sterne lan ihr Glitzen
stahn,
Mit mir sie wollen weinen.
Kein Vogelsang noch
Freudenklang
Man höret in den Lüften,
Die wilden Tier' trauern auch
mit mir
In Steinen und in Klüften.

The lovely moon will now
set,
for sorrow it no longer
wants to shine,
the stars stop their
gleaming,
they want to weep with me.
No birdsong nor joyous
sounds
can be heard in the air.
Even the wild beasts
grieve with me
in rocks and ravines.

Blinde Kuh Op. 58 No. 1 **Blind man's buff**

Anonymous trans. August

Kopisch

Im Finstern geh' ich suchen,
Mein Kind, wo steckst du
wohl?

I'm searching in the dark,
where are you hiding, my
child?

Ach, sie versteckt sich immer,
Dass ich verschmachten soll!

Alas, she always hides –
to make me pine for her!

Im Finstern geh' ich suchen,
Mein Kind, wo steckst du
wohl?

I'm searching in the dark,
where are you hiding, my
child?

Ich, der den Ort nicht finde,
Ich irr' im Kreis umher!

I can't find the place,
I'm running round in circles!

Wer um dich stirbt,
Der hat keine Ruh!
Kindchen, erbarm dich,
Und komm herzu!
Ja, komm herzu,
Herzu, herzu!

He who's dying for you
can find no peace!
Child, take pity,
and come out here!
Yes, come out here,
out here, out here!

**Nachtigallen
schwingen lustig Op. 6
No. 6**

*August Heinrich Hoffmann
von Fallersleben*

Nachtigallen schwingen
Lustig ihr Gefieder,
Nachtigallen singen
Ihre alten Lieder,
Und die Blumen alle,
Sie erwachen wieder
Bei dem Klang und Schalle
Aller dieser Lieder.

**Nightingales joyfully
flutter**

Nightingales joyfully
flutter their feathers,
nightingales sing
their old songs,
and the flowers
wake again
at the tones and sounds
of all these songs.

Und meine Sehnsucht wird
zur Nachtigall
Und fliegt in die blühende
Welt hinein,
Und fragt bei den Blumen
überall,
Wo mag doch mein, mein
Blümchen sein?

And my longing becomes
a nightingale
and flies out into the
blossoming world,
and asks everywhere of
every flower,
where might my own
floweret be?

Und die Nachtigallen
Schwingen ihren Reigen
Unter Laubeshallen
Zwischen Blütenzweigen,
Von den Blumen allen
Aber ich muss schweigen.
Unter ihnen steh ich
Traurig sinnend still:
Eine Blume seh ich,
Die nicht blühen will.

And the nightingales
flutter their dances
beneath leafy arbours
among blossoming boughs,
but I must keep silent
about all the flowers.
I stand among them
sadly lost in silent thought;
I see a flower
that does not wish to bloom.

**Wir wandelten Op. 96
No. 2 (1884)**

*Georg Friedrich Daumer,
after Sándor Petőfi*

Wir wandelten, wir zwei
zusammen,
Ich war so still und du so
stille;
Ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,

Was du gedacht in jenem
Fall.

Was ich gedacht –
unausgesprochen
Verbleibe das! Nur Eines sag'
ich:
So schön war Alles, was ich
dachte,
So himmlisch heiter war es all!

In meinem Haupte die
Gedanken
Sie läuteten, wie goldne
Glöckchen;
So wunderschön, so
wunderlich
Ist in der Welt kein anderer
Hall.

**In Waldeseinsamkeit
Op. 85 No. 6 (1878-82)**
Karl Lemcke

Ich sass zu deinen Füßen
In Waldeseinsamkeit;
Windesatmen, Sehnen
Ging durch die Wipfel
breit.

In stummen Ringen senkt'
ich
Das Haupt in deinen Schoss
Und meine bebenden
Hände
Um deine Knie ich schloss.

Die Sonne ging hinunter,
Der Tag verglühte all,
Ferne, ferne, ferne
Sang eine Nachtigall.

We were walking

We were walking, we two
together;
I so silent and you so
silent;
I would give much to
know
what you were thinking
then.

What I was thinking – let
it remain
unspoken! One thing only
I shall say:
all my thoughts were so
beautiful,
so heavenly and serene!

The thoughts in my
mind
chimed like golden
bells:
so wondrously sweet and
lovely
is no other sound on
earth.

In woodland solitude

I sat at your feet
in woodland solitude;
a breath of wind, a yearning,
moved through the broad
tree-tops.

I lowered in silent
struggle
my head into your lap,
and clasped my
trembling hands
around your knees.

The sun went down,
all daylight faded,
far, far, far away
a nightingale sang.

**Bei dir sind meine
Gedanken Op. 95 No. 2**
Friedrich Halm

Bei dir sind meine Gedanken
Und flattern um dich her;
Sie sagen, sie hätten
Heimweh,
Hier litt' es sie nicht
mehr.

Bei dir sind meine Gedanken
Und wollen von dir nicht
fort;
Sie sagen, das wär' auf
Erden
Der allerschönste Ort.

Sie sagen, unlösbar hielte
Dein Zauber sie
festgebannt;
Sie hätten an deinen
Blicken
Die Flügel sich verbrannt.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

**Der Abendstern from
Lieder-Album für die
Jugend Op. 79 (1849)**
*August Heinrich Hoffmann
von Fallersleben*

Du lieblicher Stern,
Du leuchtest so fern.
Doch hab' ich dich dennoch
Von Herzen so gern.

Wie lieb' ich doch dich
So herzlich!
Dein funkelndes Äuglein
Blickt immer auf mich.

Johannes Brahms

**Vergangen ist mir
Glück und Heil Op. 48
No. 6 (1853-68)**
Traditional

Vergangen ist mir Glück und
Heil
Und alle Freud' auf Erden;
Elend bin ich verloren gar,
Mir mag nit besser werden.
Bis in den Tod
Leid' ich gross Not,

**My thoughts are
with you**

My thoughts are with you
and flutter around you;
they say they are
homesick,
they are no longer
wanted here.

My thoughts are with you
and do not wish to leave
you;
they say that this is the
loveliest
place on earth.

They say that your magic
holds them inescapably
in thrall;
that they have scorched
their
wings on your glances.

The evening star

You lovely star,
you shine from afar.
Yet I love you dearly
with all my heart.

How fervently
I love you!
Your twinkling eye
watches over me always.

**My happiness and
health are gone**

My happiness and health
are gone
and all terrestrial joy;
I am wretched, utterly lost,
I shall never recover.
Until death
I shall suffer great hardship,

So ich dich, Lieb, muss meiden,	if I must lose you, my love,
Geschieht mir, ach, O weh der Sach'!	I shall be in torment - O woeful fate!
Muss ich mich dein verjehen, Gross Leid wird mir geschehen.	If I must do without you, great sorrow shall befall me.

Um Hilf' ich ruf', mein höchster Hort,	I cry for help, my most lofty refuge,
Erhör mein sehnlich Klagen!	hear my passionate lament!
Schaff mir, Herzlieb, dein' Botschaft schier,	Send me, my dearest, your message at once,
Ich muss sonst vor Leid verzagen!	else I shall despair in sorrow.
Mein traurig's Herz, Leid't grossen Schmerz,	My sad heart suffers great pain,
Wie soll ich's überwinden?	how shall I surmount it?
Ich sorg', dass schier Der Tod mit mir	I fear that death will suddenly
Will ringen um das Leben,	dispute with me my life,
Tu mir dein Tröste geben.	grant me your comfort.

Beim Abschied Op. 95 No. 3

Friedrich Halm

Ich müh' mich ab und kann's nicht verschmerzen	For all my efforts, I cannot overcome it,
Und kann's nicht verwinden in meinem Herzen,	cannot bear it in my heart
Dass ich den und jenen soll sehen,	that I should see people
Im Kreis um mich herum sich drehen,	I know surrounding me
Der mich nicht machte froh noch trübe,	who were unable to make me happy or sad,
Ob er nun ging' oder bliebe,	whether they left or stayed,
Und nur die Eine soll von mir wandern,	while only <i>she</i> should walk away
Für die ich ertragen all die andern.	for whose sake I endured all the others.

Robert Schumann

Der Dichter spricht from Kinderszenen Op. 15 (1838)

Interval

Robert Schumann

Sommerruh (1849)

Christian Schad

Summer peace

Sommerruh, wie schön bist du!	Summer peace, how lovely you are!
Nachtigallenseelen tragen	The souls of nightingales send each other
Ihre weichen, süssen Klagen	from dark bowers
Sich aus dunkeln Lauben zu,	their sweet and soft laments.
Sommerruh, wie schön bist du!	Summer peace, how lovely you are!
Sommerruh, wie schön bist du!	Summer peace, how lovely you are!
Klare Glockenklänge klingen	The clear sound of bells rings out
Auf der Lüfte lauen Schwingen	on the breezes' warm wings
Von der mondumblitzten Fluh,	from the moon-bespangled precipice.
Sommerruh, wie schön bist du!	Summer peace, how lovely you are!
Sommerruh, wie schön bist du!	Summer peace, how lovely you are!
Welch' ein Leben, himmlisch Weben!	What vitality, what celestial weaving!
Engel durch die Lüfte schweben	Angels hover through the air
Ihrer blauen Heimat zu.	towards their blue homeland.
Sommerruh, wie schön bist du!	Summer peace, how lovely you are!

Texts continue overleaf

Johannes Brahms

Dornröschen WoO. 31 No. 1

Traditional

Im tiefen Wald im
Dornenhag,
Da schläft die Jungfrau
hundert Jahr,
Es schläft die Flieg' an der
Wand,
In dem Schloss
Hund und Ross,
Es schläft wohl auf dem Herd
der Brand.

In the thorny thicket deep
in the forest
a maiden sleeps for a
hundred years,
the fly on the wall is
sleeping,
in the castle too
hound and horse sleep,
even the fire sleeps in the
hearth.

Der Ritter zog sein Schwert
da frisch
Und hieb sich ab das
Dorngebüsch,
Und ging hinein ins Königshaus,
Ins Kämmerlein
Zum Bettelein,
Küsst auf den Mund die
schlafende Braut.

The knight then drew his
keen sword,
and hacked through the
thorny undergrowth
and went into the palace
to the little bed
in the little room
and kissed the sleeping
bride on her lips.

Da wacht das schöne
Mägdelein,
Schenkt ihm ihr feines
Ringelein ...

The beautiful maiden
awoke
and gave him her fine
little ring ...

Sandmännchen WoO. 31 No. 4

Traditional

Die Blümelein sie
schlafen
Schon längst im
Mondenschein,
Sie nicken mit den Köpfen
Auf ihren Stengelein.
Es rüttelt sich der
Blütenbaum,
Es säuselt wie im
Traum:
Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du,
meine Kindelein!

The little flowers have
long been
sleeping in the moonlight,
they nod their heads
on their little stems.
The blossom quivers on
the tree,
rustling as though in a
dream:
sleep now, sleep, my little
child!

Meine Liebe ist grün Op. 63 No. 5 (1873-4)

Felix Schumann

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der
Fliederbusch
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie
die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf
den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit
Wonne.

My love's as green

My love's as green as the
lilac bush,
and my sweetheart's as
fair as the sun;
the sun shines down on
the lilac bush,
fills it with delight and
fragrance.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen
der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem
Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom
Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My soul has a
nightingale's wings
and sways in the
blossoming lilac,
and, drunk with fragrance,
exults and sings
many a love-drunk song.

Edward Op. 75 No. 1

*Traditional trans. Johann
Gottfried Herder*

Edward

Dein Schwert, wie ists von
Blut so rot?
Edward, Edward!
Dein Schwert, wie ists von
Blut so rot,
Und gehst so traurig her? -
O!
O, ich hab geschlagen
meinen Geier tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
O, ich hab geschlagen
meinen Geier tot,
Und keinen hab ich wie er. O!

Why is your sword so red
with blood?
Edward, Edward!
Why is your sword so red
with blood,
and why do you approach
so sadly? - O!
O, I have struck my falcon
dead,
mother, mother!
O, I have struck my falcon
dead,
and I had none like it. O!

Deins Geiers Blut ist nicht so
rot,
Edward, Edward!
Deins Geiers Blut ist nicht so
rot,
Mein Sohn, bekenn mir frei!
O!
O, ich hab geschlagen mein
Rotross tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
O, ich hab geschlagen mein
Rotross tot.
Und 's war so stolz und treu.
O!

Your falcon's blood is not
so red,
Edward, Edward!
Your falcon's blood is not
so red,
my son, confess the truth!
O!
O, I have struck my red
roan dead,
mother, mother!
O, I have struck my red
roan dead,
and it was so proud and
true. O!

Dein Ross war alt und hasts
nicht not,
Edward, Edward!
Dein Ross war alt und hasts
nicht not,

Your steed was old and
you need it not,
Edward, Edward!
Your steed was old and
you need it not,

Dich drückt ein anderer Schmerz. O!	some other grief afflicts you. O!
O, ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot, Mutter, Mutter!	O, I have struck my father dead, mother, mother!
O, ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot, Und weh, weh ist mein Herz! O!	O, I have struck my father dead, and woeful, woeful is my heart! O!

Und was für Busse willst du nun tun? Edward, Edward!	And what penance will you now do? Edward, Edward!
Und was für Busse willst du nun tun? Mein Sohn, bekenne mir mehr! O!	And what penance will you now do? Tell me that, my son! O!
Auf Erden soll mein Fuss nicht ruhn, Mutter, Mutter!	My feet will never rest on earth, mother, mother!
Auf Erden soll mein Fuss nicht ruhn, Will gehn fern übers Meer. O!	My feet will never rest on earth, I'll go far across the sea. O!

Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall? Edward, Edward!	And what shall become of your house and home? Edward, Edward!
Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall? So herrlich sonst und schön? O!	And what shall become of your house and home? Till now so lordly and fair? O!
Ich lass es stehn, bis es sink und fall, Mutter, Mutter!	I'll let them stand till down they fall, mother, mother!
Ich lass es stehn, bis es sink und fall, Mag nie es wiedersehn. O!	I'll let them stand till down they fall, may I see them nevermore. O!

Und was soll werden dein Weib und Kind? Edward, Edward!	And what shall become of your wife and child? Edward, Edward!
Und was soll werden dein Weib und Kind, Wann du gehst über Meer? O!	And what shall become of your wife and child, when you go across the sea? O!
Die Welt ist gross, lass sie betteln drin, Mutter! Mutter!	The world is wide, let them beg through life, mother, mother!
Die Welt ist gross, lass sie betteln drin, Ich seh sie nimmermehr! O!	The world is wide, let them beg through life, I shall see them nevermore. O!

Und was willst du lassen deiner Mutter teuer? Edward, Edward!	And what will you leave your mother dear, Edward, Edward?
Und was willst du lassen deiner Mutter teuer? Mein Sohn, das sage mir! O!	And what will you leave your mother dear, tell me that, my son! O!
Fluch will ich euch lassen und höllisch Feuer, Mutter, Mutter!	I'll leave you a curse and the fires of hell, mother, mother!

Fluch will ich euch lassen und höllisch Feuer, Denn ihr, ihr rietets mir! O!	I'll leave you a curse and the fires of hell, for it was you who counselled me! O!
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Robert Schumann

Du bist wie eine Blume You are like a flower from *Myrthen* Op. 25

(1840)
Heinrich Heine

Du bist wie eine Blume, So hold und schön und rein; Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut Schleicht mir in's Herz hinein.	You are like a flower, so sweet and fair and pure; I look at you, and sadness steals into my heart.
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Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände Auf's Haupt dir legen sollt', Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte So rein und schön und hold.	I feel as if I should lay my hands upon your head, praying that God preserve you so pure and fair and sweet.
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Extract from *Romance in F sharp* Op. 28 No. 2

Johannes Brahms

O Tod from 4 *Serious* *Songs* Op. 121 (1896)

Liturgical text

O Tod, wie bitter bist du, wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch, der gute Tage und genug hat und ohne Sorge lebet; und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen und noch wohl essen mag! O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen, der da schwach und alt ist, der in allen Sorgen steckt, und nichts Bessers zu hoffen, noch zu Erwarten hat!	O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things; yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat! O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience!
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Translations of 'Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer', 'Nachtigallen schwingen lustig', 'Wir wandelten', 'In Waldeseinsamkeit', 'Der Abendstern', 'Meine Liebe ist grün', 'Edward', 'Du bist wie eine Blume' and 'O Tod' 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. 'In stiller Nacht', 'Blinde Kuh', 'Bei dir sind meine Gedanken', 'Vergangen ist mir Glück und Heil', 'Beim Abschied', 'Sommerruh', 'Dornröschen' and 'Sandmännchen' by Richard Stokes.