

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 11 October 2024
1.00pm

Anne Sofie von Otter mezzo-soprano
Kristian Bezuidenhout piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

From *Schwanengesang* D957 (1828)

*Liebesbotschaft • Am Meer • Kriegers Ahnung •
Ständchen • Aufenthalt*

Allegretto in C minor D915 (1827)

From *Schwanengesang* D957

Die Stadt • Frühlingssehnsucht • In der Ferne

Adagio in G D178 (1815)

From *Schwanengesang* D957

*Das Fischermädchen • Ihr Bild • Der Atlas • Abschied •
Der Doppelgänger • Die Taubenpost*



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Schwanengesang, the title invented by Tobias Haslinger when he published a selection of Schubert's late songs in the spring of 1829, comprises 14 songs, all of which deal with unrequited or unattainable love – a scarcely veiled homage to Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*. 'Liebesbotschaft' begins, like 'Wohin', in G major, and then passes through E minor, C major, A minor, F major and B, as though Schubert wished to illustrate the distance between the lovers by the multiplicity of keys: the rippling semiquavers might provide a formal unity to the song, but the lovers remain apart. 'Kriegers Ahnung' opens with nine bars of muffled drums, as we are introduced to the soldier who, billeted with his comrades on a battlefield, dreams of his beloved in the knowledge that his imminent death will prevent them ever meeting again – the conclusion we must draw from the five times repeated 'Herzliebste, gute Nacht!'

'Frühlingssehnsucht' ends with a passionate question and answer: 'Who shall finally quell my longing?/Only you can set free the spring in my heart,/Only you!' Though the poet's 'Nur du!' is repeated four times, the last two to a *fortissimo* dynamic, there is no final flourish; instead, the broken B flat major chords limp to a close with a suggestion of E flat minor, as we realize that the poet is alone.

A similar melancholy informs 'Ständchen', the most celebrated serenade in all music. The song might begin brightly enough with staccato quavers that suggest a plectrum-plucked guitar, the key, however, is minor and all four verses are touched with a sense of vulnerability. Though 'Aufenthalt' is the only one of the Rellstab settings in which there is no mention of love, the distant beloved seems present in every bar of this anguished outpouring in which the outcast and fugitive expresses his torment in E minor, Schubert's key of sadness and depression. 'In der Ferne' presents us with an emotional wreck whose distressed mental state is wonderfully conveyed by Schubert at the end of the first verse where the vocal line plunges a fifth on the repeated 'Wegen nach' ('No blessing follows him on his way'). The song ends in a *fortissimo* crescendo, and the final *forzando* tells us that there can be no solace or cure. In 'Abschied', the lover has recovered sufficiently to control his grief. The song is marked *mässig geschwind*, which means that he does not leave the town at breakneck speed, as some singers and pianists insist. Nor is this a merry farewell. The last verse, in particular, is full of foreboding – the stars are commanded to 'veil themselves in grey', and the jilted lover tells us that he has been forced to leave the town: 'Darf ich *hier* nicht weilen, muss *hier* vorbei' – the italics are Rellstab's.

The Heine songs from the *Schwanengesang* manuscript follow on from the Rellstab settings. 'Der Atlas' calls for a dynamic range from *pp* to *fff* to express the suffering of Atlas, who fought for the Titans against

Zeus, was defeated and condemned to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. The bleakness of 'Ihr Bild' is achieved in a mere 36 bars – a distillation of despair conveyed by bare octaves and a modulation at 'ihre Lippen' from B minor to G flat major that provides an illusory solace which is immediately dashed as minor reasserts itself. 'Das Fischermädchen' is not the blithe barcarolle it is sometimes claimed to be; the abrupt shift from C flat to B flat in stanza two and the repetition of the final word of each verse as a slurred seventh successfully convey the irony of Heine's verse. The short prelude of 'Die Stadt' repeats in the bass the bare octaves of 'Ihr Bild', while the scurrying diminished sevenths of the right hand 17 times convey the gusting wind – without resolution. A lonely low C on the piano brings the chilling song to a close. The serene diatonic opening of 'Am Meer' is followed by a tormented, chromatic stanza whose tremolando chords depict the rising tide, the mist and the grief. Heine's bitter last line is caught to perfection by Schubert's slow ironic turn on 'Tränen'.

The same device closes 'Der Doppelgänger', the bleakest song – or rather declamation – in Schubert's canon. As in 'Der Atlas', the dynamic range required is from *pp* to *fff*. The resemblance between the four-note theme of the opening bars to the *Agnus Dei* of Schubert's E flat Mass, composed in June of the same year, tells us which way Schubert's thoughts were turning. His art, with this intensely dramatic declamation, was turning prophetically towards Wagner and Wolf. 'Die Taubenpost' is marked *ziemlich langsam*, a directive that is often ignored by singers who perform it too fast. This is a song about unattainable longing, and there's an ache about the music that reminds us that the second syllable of 'Sehnsucht' means 'addiction'. No song of Schubert's demonstrates better the bitter-sweet magic of his melodies. It was composed in October 1828 – a month later he was dead, aged 31.

The *Allegretto in C minor* was composed on 26 April 1827 and written into the album of a friend, the civil servant Ferdinand Walcher von Uysdael, a fine singer who was about to be posted to Venice. This wonderful music was almost certainly composed as a farewell gift, just as Schubert had written 'Abschied von einem Freunde' for Franz von Schober who had left Vienna for France in August 1817. The constant fluctuation between major and minor and those little sighing phrases in the trio section express Schubert's affection for Walcher. The unfinished *Adagio in G*, though an early piece (1815), displays in its middle section the sort of adventurous harmonies that can be heard in the much later G major String Quartet.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

From *Schwanengesang* D957 (1828)

Liebesbotschaft

Love's message

Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei Du;
Bringe die Grüsse
Des Fernen ihr zu.

Murmuring brooklet,
so silver and bright,
is it to my love
you rush with such glee?
Ah, be my messenger,
beloved brooklet;
bring her greetings
from her distant love.

All' ihre Blumen
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so
lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquickte
Mit kühlender Flut.

All the flowers
she tends in her garden,
and wears with such
grace
on her breast,
and her roses
in their crimson glow –
brooklet, refresh them
with your cooling waves.

Wenn sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend
Das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süsse
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Keht bald zurück.

When on your bank,
lost in dreams,
she inclines her head
as she thinks of me –
comfort my sweetest
with a kindly look,
for her lover
will soon return.

Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.

And when the sun sets
in a reddish glow,
rock my sweetheart
into slumber.
Murmur her
into sweet repose,
whisper her
dreams of love.

Am Meer

By the sea

Heinrich Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit
hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen
Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und
alleine.

The sea gleamed far and
wide
in the last evening light;
we sat by the fisherman's
lonely hut,
we sat in silence and
alone.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser
schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und
wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll

The mist lifted, the water
rose,
the gull flew to and
fro;
from your loving eyes

Fielen die Tränen nieder.

the tears began to fall.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine
Hand,
Und bin aufs Knie
gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weissen
Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

I watched them fall on
your hand,
and sank upon to my
knee;
from your white
hand
I drank away the tears.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt
sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor
Sehnen; –
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge
Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren
Tränen.

Since that hour my body
wastes,
my soul expires with
longing;
that unhappy
woman
has poisoned me with her
tears.

Kriegers Ahnung

Warrior's foreboding

Ludwig Rellstab

In tiefer Ruh liegt um
mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und
schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

In deep repose my
brothers-in-arms
lie round me in a circle;
my heart's so heavy and
afraid,
so afire with longing.

Wie hab' ich oft so
süss geträumt
An ihrem Busen
warm!
Wie freundlich schien des
Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

How often have I dreamt
sweet dreams,
resting on her warm
breast!
How welcoming the fire's
glow seemed,
when she lay in my arms!

Hier, wo der Flammen
düstrer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen
spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz
allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Here, where the flames'
sombre glow
plays merely, alas, on
weapons,
here the heart feels quite
alone,
a tear of sadness wells.

Herz! Dass der Trost Dich
nicht verlässt!
Es ruft noch manche
Schlacht.
Bald ruh' ich wohl und
schlafe fest,
Herzliebste – Gute
Nacht!

O heart, may comfort not
abandon you!
Many a battle
still calls.
I shall soon be at rest and
fast asleep,
sweetest love – good
night!

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Ständchen

Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine
Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain
hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel
rauschen
In des Mondes
Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich
Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde,
nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen
schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen
Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen
Klagen
Flehen sie für
mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens
Sehnen,
Kennen
Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den
Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch *Dir* die Brust
bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir
entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Aufenthalt

Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschender Storm,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.

Wie sich die Welle
An Welle reiht,
Fließen die Tränen
Mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen
Wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich
Mein Herze schlägt.

Serenade

Softly my songs implore
you
through the night;
come down to me, my
love,
into the silent grove!

Slender tree-tops
whisper
and murmur in the
moonlight;
do not fear, my sweetest,
any eavesdropping
enemy.

Can you hear the
nightingales call?
Ah! they are imploring
you,
with their sweet and
plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the
heart's longing,
they know the pain of
love,
they touch with their
silver notes
every tender heart.

Let *your* heart too be
moved,
listen to me, my love!
Quivering, I wait for
you!
Come – make me happy!

Resting place

Thundering river,
raging forest,
unyielding rock,
my resting place.

As wave
follows wave,
so my tears
flow on and on.

As the high tree-tops
stir and bend,
so my heart pounds
without respite.

Und wie des Felsen
Uraltes Erz,
Ewig derselbe
Bleibet mein Schmerz.

Rauschender Storm,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.

Like the rock's
age-old ore,
my grief remains
forever the same.

Thundering river,
raging forest,
unyielding rock,
my resting place.

Allegretto in C minor D915 (1827)

From *Schwanengesang* D957

Die Stadt

Heinrich Heine

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug
kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte
rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem
Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch
einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden
empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste
verlor.

The town

On the distant horizon
the town with its turrets
looms like a misty vision,
veiled in evening light.

A dank breeze
ruffles
the gloomy waterway;
with sad and measured
strokes
the boatman rows my
boat.

The sun rises once
again,
gleaming from the
earth,
and shows me that place
where I lost what I loved
most.

Frühlingssehnsucht

Ludwig Rellstab

Säuselnde Lüfte
Wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte
Atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig
begrüssend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden
Herzen getan?
Es möchte Euch folgen auf
luftiger Bahn!
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter
Rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter

Spring longing

Whispering breezes
blowing so gently,
filled with the fragrant
breath of flowers!
How blissfully you greet
me and breathe on me!
What have you done to
my pounding heart?
It yearns to follow your
airy path!
But where?

Silvery brooklets,
murmuring so bright,
cascade down

Silbern ins Tal.	to the valley below!
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!	The ripples glide swiftly that way,
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.	reflecting earth and sky in their depths.
Was ziehst Du mich, sehrend verlangender Sinn,	Why, longing desire, do you draw
Hinab?	me down?

Grüssender Sonne Spielendes Gold, Hoffende Wonne Bringest Du hold.	The welcoming sun's glittering gold, the bliss of hope, all this you sweetly bring.
Wie labt mich Dein selig begrüssendes Bild!	How your rapturous greeting refreshes me!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild	It smiles so gently in the deep blue sky
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt!	and has filled my eyes with tears!
Warum?	But why?

Grünend umkränzt Wälder und Höh'!	The woods and hills are wreathed in green!
Schimmernd erglänzt Blütenschnee!	The snowy blossom shimmers and gleams!
So dränget sich Alles zum bräutlichen Licht;	All things reach out to the bridal light;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;	seeds are swelling, buds are bursting;
Sie haben gefunden was ihnen gebricht:	they have found what they once lacked:
Und Du?	and you?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz, Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?	Restless longing! Yearning heart, nothing but tears, complaints and pain?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewusst!	I too am aware of rising passion!
Wer stillt mir endlich die drängende Lust?	Who shall finally quell my longing?
Nur Du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,	Only you can set free the spring in my heart,
Nur Du!	only you!

In der Ferne

Ludwig Rellstab

Wehe dem Fliehenden Welt hinaus ziehenden! –	Woe to the fugitive, who sets out into the world! –
Fremde durchmessenden, Heimat vergessenden,	Who roams foreign parts, who forgets his fatherland,
Mutterhaus hassenden,	who hates his family home,
Freunde verlassenden	who forsakes his friends –

Folget kein Segen, ach!	alas, no blessing follows him
Auf ihren Wegen nach!	on his way!

Herze, das sehrende, Auge, das tränende, Sehnsucht, nie endende, Heimwärts sich wendende!	The yearning heart, the weeping eyes, the endless longing, the turning for home!
Busen, der wallende, Klage, verhallende, Abendstern, blinkender,	The swelling breast, the fading lament, the glittering evening star,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!	sinking without hope!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden, Wellen sanft kräuselnden, Sonnenstrahl, eilender, Nirgend verweilender:	You whispering breezes, you gently ruffled waves, you fleeting sunbeams, you who never linger:
Die mir mit Schmerz, ach!	ah! send greetings to her who broke
Dies treue Herze brach, –	this faithful heart with pain –
Grüsst von dem Fliehenden Welt hinaus ziehenden!	from the fugitive, from one who sets out into the world!

Adagio in G D178 (1815)

From *Schwanengesang* D957

Das Fischermädchen

Heinrich Heine

Du schönes
Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich
nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg' an mein Herz dein
Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu
sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch
sorglos
Täglich dem wilden
Meer.

The fisher maiden

You lovely
fisher maiden,
row your boat ashore;
come and sit down by my
side,
hand in hand we'll cuddle.

Lay your little head on my
heart
and don't be too
afraid;
each day, after all, you
trust yourself
fearlessly to the raging
sea.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere, Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut, Und manche schöne Perle In seiner Tiefe ruht.	My heart's just like the sea, it storms and ebbs and floods, and many lovely pearls are resting in its depths.
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Ihr Bild

Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen, Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an, Und das geliebte Antlitz Heimlich zu leben began.	I stood in dark dreams, and gazed at her likeness, and that beloved face sprang mysteriously to life.
---	--

Um ihre Lippen zog sich Ein Lächeln wunderbar, Und wie von Wehmutstränen Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.	A wonderful smile played about her lips, and her eyes glistened, as though with sad tears.
--	---

Auch meine Tränen flossen Mir von den Wangen herab – Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben, Dass ich dich verloren hab'!	My tears too streamed down my cheeks – and ah, I cannot believe I have lost you!
--	---

Der Atlas

Heinrich Heine

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt, Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen, muss ich tragen, Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen Will mir das Herz im Leibe.	I, unfortunate Atlas! a world, the whole world of sorrow I must bear, I bear what cannot be borne, and my heart would break in my body.
--	--

Du stolzes Herz! du hast es ja gewollt! Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich, Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz, Und jetzo bist du elend.	You proud heart! you willed it so! You wished to be happy, endlessly happy, or endlessly wretched, proud heart, and now you are wretched.
--	--

Abschied

Ludwig Rellstab

Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade! Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigem Fuss;	Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell! My horse is happily pawing the ground;
---	---

Her likeness

I stood in dark dreams, and gazed at her likeness, and that beloved face sprang mysteriously to life.
--

A wonderful smile played about her lips, and her eyes glistened, as though with sad tears.

My tears too streamed down my cheeks – and ah, I cannot believe I have lost you!

Atlas

I, unfortunate Atlas! a world, the whole world of sorrow I must bear, I bear what cannot be borne, and my heart would break in my body.
--

You proud heart! you willed it so! You wished to be happy, endlessly happy, or endlessly wretched, proud heart, and now you are wretched.
--

Farewell

Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell! My horse is happily pawing the ground;

Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den scheidenden Gruss. Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehn, So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied geschehn. Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade!	accept now my final farewell. Never yet have you seen me sad, nor shall you now at parting. Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell!
--	---

Ade, ihr Bäume, ihr Gärten so grün, Ade! Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang, Weit schallend ertönet mein Abschiedsgesang; Nie habt ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört, So wird euch auch keines beim Scheiden beschert. Ade ...	Farewell, trees and gardens so green, farewell! Now I ride by the silvery stream, my farewell song echoes far and wide; you've never heard a sad song yet, nor shall you now I'm leaving. Farewell ...
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Ade, ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, Ade! Was schaut ihr aus blumenumduftetem Haus Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus? Wie sonst, so grüss' ich und schaue mich um, Doch nimmer wend' ich mein Rösslein um. Ade ...	Farewell, you friendly maidens there, farewell! Why do you gaze from flower-fragrant houses with such roguish and enticing eyes? I greet you as always and turn my head, but never again shall I turn back my horse. Farewell ...
--	---

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur Ruh', Ade! Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold. Wie bin ich euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold; Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit, Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit. Ade ...	Farewell, dear sun, as you sink to rest, farewell! The stars now glitter in shimmering gold. How I love you, little stars in the sky; though we travel the whole world far and wide, you always serve us as faithful guides. Farewell ...
---	--

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, Ade! Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein. Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches Mal Und wär' es denn heute zum letzten Mal? Ade ...	Farewell, gleaming little window so bright, farewell! Your faint light has such a homely gleam, which kindly invites us into the cottage. Ah, I've ridden past so many a time, and might it today then be the last? Farewell ...
---	---

Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!	Farewell, stars, veil yourself in grey! Farewell!
Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht	You countless stars cannot replace
Ersetzt ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;	the little window's fading light;
Darf ich <i>hier</i> nicht weilen, muss <i>hier</i> vorbei,	if I can't linger <i>here</i> , if I have to ride on,
Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir noch so treu!	what use are you, however faithfully you follow!
Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!	Farewell, stars, veil yourself in grey! Farewell!

Der Doppelgänger

Heinrich Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen, In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz; Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen, Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.	The night is still, the streets are at rest, this is the house where my loved-one lived; she left the town long ago, but the house still stands in the same place.
--	---

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe, Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzensgewalt; Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe, – Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigene Gestalt.	A man stands there too, and stares up, wracked with pain, he wings his hands; I shudder when I see his face – the moon shows me my own form.
--	---

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle! Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid, Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle, So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?	You wraith! You pale companion! Why do you ape the pain of love that tormented me on this same spot, so many nights in times gone by?
---	--

Die Taubenpost

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold, Die ist gar ergeben und treu, Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz, Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.	I've a carrier-pigeon in my pay, she's so devoted and true, she never stops short of her goal, and never flies too far.
---	---

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal	I send her many thousands of times
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Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus, Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort, Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.	each day to spy out the land, past many a beloved spot, till she reaches my sweetheart's house.
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Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein, Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt, Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab Und nimmt die ihren mit.	There she peeps in at the window, observing every look and step, delivers my greeting cheerfully and brings hers back to me.
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Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr, Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr; O, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht, Gar eifrig dient sie mir.	I no longer need to write a letter, I can entrust to her my very tears; she'll certainly not mistake the address, for she serves me so fervently.
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Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum, Ihr gilt das alles gleich: Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann, Dann ist sie überreich!	Day or night, awake or dreaming, it's all the same to her: as long as she can range and roam, she's richly satisfied!
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Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt, Der Weg ist stets ihr neu; Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn, Die Taub' ist so mir treu!	She does not tire, she does not flag, to her the route seems always new; she needs no enticement, no reward, that pigeon is so loyal!
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Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust, Versichert des schönsten Gewinns; Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie? – Die Botin treuen Sinns.	That's why I cherish her in my heart, certain of the fairest prize; her name is – Longing! Do you know her? The messenger of faithfulness.
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