

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 12 February 2023
7.30pm

Christian Gerhaher baritone
Gerold Huber piano

Heinz Holliger (b.1939) Elis (1961, rev. 1966)
*Verkündigung des Todes • Todesangst und Gnade •
Himmelfahrt*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) Abendbilder (1877)

Heinz Holliger Lunea (2009-10)
*Wirf, o Thor • Die Jahre flogen • Die Himmelschlange •
Ich will • Weit • Dein Blick • Transsubstantiatio • Der Mensch •
Ich habe • Serenum • Der Eisenhammer • Ein Tropfen •
Verächtlich • Man grüsst • Der Schwimmer • Mein Widerhall •
Der Frühling • Der schwarze Schleier • Der Zweifel •
Der Himmel • Der Mond • Die Wüstenwanderer •
Einklang (Nachwort)*

Interval

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) 4 Husarenlieder Op. 117 (1851)
*Der Husar, trara! • Der leidige Frieden •
Den grünen Zeigern • Da liegt der Feinde gestreckte Schar*

Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957) Elegie Op. 36 (1915-22)
*An den Wind • Herbstgefühl • Verlorenes Glück •
Das Mondlicht • Herbstentschluss • Welche Rose*

Robert Schumann 6 Gedichte von N Lenau und Requiem Op. 90 (1850)
*Lied eines Schmiedes • Meine Rose • Kommen und Scheiden •
Die Sennin • Einsamkeit • Der schwere Abend • Requiem*

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Lieder to texts by Nikolaus Lenau

This evening's recital centres on insanity. Georg Trakl, whose poems inspired the three piano nocturnes of *Elis* by Heinz Holliger, treated scores of wounded soldiers at the battle of Gródek in Galicia (now Horodok in Ukraine); distraught, he was transported to a hospital in Kraków, where he died of an overdose of cocaine; Robert Schumann was removed to the mental asylum at Enderich in 1854 and died there two years later; and **Hugo Wolf**, having contracted syphilis as a young man, spent the last seven years of his life in two psychiatric hospitals near Vienna; *Abendbilder*, his setting of three Nikolaus Lenau odes, dates from 1877.

It is Lenau, Nikolaus Franz Niembsch, Edler von Strehlenau (the pseudonym Lenau is derived from the final two syllables), who dominates this recital, during which we shall hear 20 of his poems. Heinz Holliger's *Lunea* consists of 22 assemblages of Lenau's epigrammatic, enigmatic words, culled mostly from letters and jottings made in his syphilitic madness in the asylum at Winnenden where he ended his days, and one short poem, *Einklang*, written in memory of Johann Baptist Mayrhofer, a close friend of Schubert who committed suicide in 1836. Holliger, who had already composed his *Scardanelli-Zyklus* (1975-1991) based on the utterances of the insane Friedrich Hölderlin, embarked on his new study of insanity over two decades later. Fragmentary these texts may be but, like Kurtág's *Kafka-Fragmente*, they pack a huge emotional punch with their expressive microtones – intervals smaller than a semitone. The title *Lunea* contains an anagram of Lenau's name and also hints at his madness ('lunatic'). Holliger's cycle for baritone and piano or instrumental ensemble was dedicated to Christian Gerhaher and premièred in Zurich during 2013.

Schumann's *4 Husarenlieder*, composed in March 1851 to Lenau's poetry, are the most sinewy and macho songs he ever wrote. It is not clear why in 1838 Lenau wrote these hectic poems. He allegedly enjoyed dressing up as a hussar and it is tempting to read into these verses signs of incipient insanity. 'Der Husar, trara!' is marked *with wild and fiery expression*, and its 6/8 rhythm, *sforzandi* and short, vocal outbursts all help to depict the hussar who relishes the violence of war. 'Der leidige Frieden' laments the tedium of peace, using the same martial rhythm of the previous song; the music mellows to the major at the mention of wine, only to revert to the *marcato* accompaniment of brutal octaves. The soldier in 'Den grünen Zeigern' tells us how in peacetime he used to enjoy the green wine-bushes of the title, the red cheeks of the girls and the sound of the fiddle – all of which he has now jubilantly abandoned for the plume of his shako, the slashes he inflicts on enemy cheeks and the roar of cannon. 'Da liegt der Feinde gestreckte Schar' brings this tiny but savage cycle to a close, with the hussar wallowing in the blood of the battlefield and then setting out in search of more carnage, to an accompaniment of bugle calls and rolling *tremolando* drums.

Othmar Schoeck's *Elegie*, originally for bass and chamber ensemble, was composed between 1915 and 1922. Schoeck's affair with a pianist from Geneva had ended in 1920 and many of the poems in the cycle – 18 by Lenau and six by Eichendorff – reflect the composer's unhappiness. The themes are predominantly autumnal: the struggle between hope and despair, the precariousness of life and a stoical acceptance of death. The music is tonal and the voice, often doubled by the instruments, is seldom allowed to blossom into extended melody. We hear six of the Lenau settings this evening: 'An den Wind', 'Herbstgefühl', 'Verlorenes Glück', 'Das Mondlicht', 'Herbstentschluss' and 'Welke Rose'.

Schumann's Lenau settings from Op. 90 are among the most lugubrious in the repertoire. In the opening 'Lied eines Schmiedes' from *Faust*, the smith hammers away at the forge (on the beat accented chords in the right hand, off the beat accented chords in the left), as he prepares Faust's horse for his imminent journey. The words of 'Meine Rose' express the poet's wish silently to pour out his soul to succour his sweetheart – Sophie von Loewenthal – in the same way that poured water can revive the rose. The drooping melodies in the voice and piano suggest, however, that his efforts will be in vain. Lenau sent Sophie the poem in a letter during August 1836. Despite his subsequent love affairs (all tormented), Sophie visited him once a fortnight in the asylum, gazing at him through the door of his cell. 'Die Sennin', despite a succession of bright F sharps suggestive of cow-bells and yodelling, ends on a melancholy note – one day, we are told, death or marriage will snatch the cowgirl away. The chromatic, introspective style of 'Kommen und Scheiden', 'Einsamkeit' and 'Der schwere Abend' suggests that Schumann had a deep understanding of the poet who by 1850 had spent 5 years in mental asylums, suffering like Schumann and Wolf from syphilis and a debilitating melancholia. There is a frightening congruity of mood between poet and composer in 'Der schwere Abend', where the sultry, luring key of E flat minor and the figure in the accompaniment recall 'Ich hab' im Traum geweinet' from *Dichterliebe*. 'Einsamkeit' also lours in E flat minor, with three pages of descending quavers which distil the essence of Lenau's obsessively melancholic poem. Schumann was convinced, when composing these songs, that Lenau had already died, and 'Requiem' was appended to the work as a tribute to the 'dead' poet. Leberecht Blücher Dreves's *Requiem* is a translation of the Latin poem in which Héloïse, now an abbess, looks back on her love for Peter Abelard, which resulted in an illegitimate child, their secret marriage and Abelard's castration. News of Lenau's actual death reached Schumann during the first performance of Op. 90 at the house of Eduard Bendemann in Dresden, where Robert and Clara were being fêted before their departure to Düsseldorf.

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Heinz Holliger (b.1939)

Elis (1961, rev. 1966)

*Verkündigung des Todes
Todesangst und Gnade
Himmelfahrt*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Abendbilder (1877)

Nikolaus Lenau

Images of evening

1 Friedlicher Abend senkt
sich aufs Gefilde;
Sanft umschlummert Natur,
um ihre Züge
Schwebt der Dämmerung
zarte Verhüllung, und sie
Lächelt, die holde;

A peaceful evening
descends on the fields;
nature gently falls asleep,
around her features
floats the soft veil of
twilight, and she,
the gracious one, smiles;

Lächelt, ein schlummernd
Kind in Vaters Armen,
Der voll Liebe zu ihr sich
neigt; sein göttlich
Auge weilt auf ihr, und es
weht sein Odem
Über ihr Antlitz.

Smiles, a slumbering child in
the arms of her father,
who bends lovingly over
her; his divine
eye dwells on her, and his
breath passes
over her countenance.

2 Schon zerfließt das ferne
Gebirg mit Wolken
In ein Meer; den
Wogen entsteigt der
Mond, er
Grüsst die Flur,
entgegen ihm grüsst das
schönste
Lied Philomelens

Now the distant mountains
dissolve with the clouds
into a sea; the moon
emerges from the
waves, and
greets the meadow, and
Philomel's most
beautiful song returns
its greeting

Aus dem Blütenstrauche, der
um das Plätzchen
Zarter Liebe heimlichend
sich verschlinget:
Mirzi horchet am Busen des
Jünglings ihrem
Zaubergeföte.

From the flowering shrub
that secretly garlands
this place of tender
love:
Mirzi, in her lover's arms,
listens to the
magical fluting.

Dort am Hügel weiden die
Schafe beider
Traulichen Gemenges in e i n
e r Herde,
Ihre Glöcklein stimmen so
lieblich ein zu
Frohen Akkorden.

There on the hillside both
their herds graze
close together in one
single pasture,
their little bells ringing in
charming
harmony.

3 Stille wird's im Walde; die
lieben kleinen
Sänger prüfen schaukelnd
den Ast, der durch die

Silence falls on the forest;
the dear little
singers, shaking the
branch that

Nacht dem neuen Fluge sie
trägt, den neuen
Liedern entgegen.

bore them during the night,
test it for their new flights,
and new songs.

Bald versinkt die Sonne; des
Waldes Riesen
Heben höher sich in die
Lüfte, um noch
Mit des Abends flüchtigen
Rosen sich ihr
Haupt zu bekränzen.

Soon the sun sinks, the
forest giants
reach higher into the air,
to garland
their heads awhile yet
with evening's
fleeting roses.

Schon verstummt die Matte;
den satten Rindern
Selten nur enthält das
Geglock am Halse,
Und es pflückt der wählende
Zahn nur lässig
Dunklere Gräser.

The meadow now falls silent;
the sated bullocks
only rarely tinkle the bells
round their necks,
and only casually do they
munch
darker grasses.

Und dort blickt der
schuldlose Hirt der Sonne
Sinnend nach; dem
Sinnenden jetzt entfallen
Flöt' und Stab, es falten die
Hände sich zum
Stillen Gebete.

And there the innocent
shepherd looks pensively
at the sun; meditatively
he lets fall
his flute and staff and
folds his hands
in silent prayer.

Heinz Holliger

Lunea (2009-10)

Wirf, o Thor, den
Hoffnungsanker ...

O fool, hurl immortality –
that anchor of hope –
into the raging waves of
transience!

*Due to copyright reasons we are
unable to print the full original
text online*

The years flew by over my
head, like horses above
a wounded man on the
ground – the years,
weary of my
lamentations, finally
slithered away.

Lightning, the snake of Heaven, has bitten him to death.

I shall silently bury our friendship in sadness's deeper
shadow.

His shadow stretched far out on the ground.

Your gaze – a silent, deep ocean – looked on me, and in it
I drowned all my happiness.

The bees' transubstantiation of flowers into wax, which
burns bright as a candle on the altar.

Man is a beachcomber on the shores of eternity.

I have washed my eyes with distress and my gaze is now
sharper.

The serene spirit of dying is a serene twilight.

The steam hammer in the bleak autumnal field pounds louder and with growing fear, like a human heart in the autumn of its days.

Ahasver's soul is a drop of water, locked in stone, unable to evaporate.

Time disdainfully brushes your dust from its feet.

The old are greeted like people soon to die.

The swimmer, striking out with his arms, is forever fending off death.

I am my own echo – eternally rigid, captive. An echo nailed to the rock.

Spring departs, killed by summer's burning arrow; the falling rose-petals are its heart's shed blood.

The black veil of night has set fire to itself.

Enchained doubt is unable to sleep and clanks.

Heaven spreads its wings – the storm.

The moon is a gleaming, floating grave.

The nomads hold out their beakers of fantasy to the mirage's water.

Interval

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

4 Husarenlieder Op. 117 (1851)

Nikolaus Lenau

Der Husar, trara!

Hurrah for the hussars!

Der Husar,
Trara!
Was ist die Gefahr?
Sein herzlichster Schatz!
Sie winkt, mit einem Satz
Ist er da, trara!

Hurrah
for the hussar!
What's danger to him?
His dearest sweetheart!
She beckons, with a bound
he's at her side, trara!

Der Husar,
Trara!
Was ist die Gefahr?
Sein Wein; flink! flink!
Säbel blink! Säbel
trink!
Trink Blut! trara!

Hurrah
for the hussar!
What's danger to him?
His wine; let it swiftly flow!
His flashing sabre! Let it
drink!
Drink blood! Trara!

Der Husar,
Trara!
Was ist die Gefahr?
Sein herzlichster Klang,
Sein Leibgesang,
Schlafgesang, trara!

Hurrah
for the hussar!
What's danger to him?
The sound he loves best,
his favourite song,
his lullaby, trara!

Der leidige Frieden

The tedious peace

Der leidige Frieden
Hat lange gewährt,
Wir waren geschieden,
Mein gutes Schwert!

The tedious peace
lasted too long,
we had parted company,
my trusty sword and I!

Derweil ich gekostet
Im Keller den Wein,
Hingst du verrostet
An der Wand allein.

While in the cellar
I sampled the wines,
you were hanging rusty
on the wall.

Von Sorte zu Sorte
Probiert' ich den Wein,
Indessen dorrt
Das Blut dir ein.

Each grape variety
I tasted in turn,
the blood meanwhile
dried on you.

Ist endlich entglommen
Der heisse Streit,
Mein Schwert, und
gekommen
Ist deine Zeit.

Hot strife at last
flared up,
O my sword, and your
moment
had come.

Ich geb' deiner Klingen
Den blanken Schliff,
Ich lasse dich singen
Den Todespfiff,

I scour once more
your bright blade,
I let you whistle
your deadly song,

Im Pulvernebel
Die Arbeit rauscht,
Wir haben, o Säbel,
Die Freuden getauscht.

In gunpowder's haze
you clash as you work,
we have, O sabre,
exchanged our joys.

Im brausenden Moste,
Mein durstiges Erz,
Betrinke dich, koste
Von Herz zu Herz;

In the foaming new wine,
my thirsty blade,
drink deep, and taste
from heart to heart;

Derweil du gekostet
Das rote Blut,
Ist mir eingerostet
Der Hals vor Glut.

While you've been tasting
crimson blood,
my throat grew dry
with ardour.

Den grünen Zeigern

Green wine-bushes

Den grünen Zeigern,
Den roten Wangen,
Den lustigen Geigern
Bin ich nachgegangen
Von Schenk' zu Schenk',

Green wine-bushes,
red cheeks,
happy fiddlers—
these have I followed
from inn to inn,

Solang' ich denk'.	for as long as I can remember.
Am Tschako jetzt trag' ich Die grünen Äste, Rote Wangen, die schlag' ich Den Feinden aufs beste, Kanonengebrumm Musiziert herum.	In my shako now I wear the green branches, I treat the foe to red cheeks with a will, the roar of the cannon makes music all around.

**Da liegt der Feinde
gestreckte Schar**

**There lies the foe
stretched out**

Da liegt der Feinde gestreckte Schar, Sie liegt in ihrem blutroten Blut. Wie haut er so scharf, wie haut er so gut, Der flinke Husar!	There lies the foe stretched out, lying in its blood-red blood. How sharply he strikes, how well he strikes, the nimble hussar!
Da liegen sie, ha! so bleich und rot, Es zittern und wanken noch, husch! husch! Ihre Seelen auf seinem Federbusch; Da liegen sie tot.	There they lie, aha! so pale and red, hush, their souls are still trembling and reeling on his helmet's plume; there they lie all dead.
Und weiter ruft der Trompetenruf, Er wischt an die Mähne sein nasses Schwert, Und weiter springt sein lustiges Pferd Mit rotem Huf.	And again the trumpet calls, he wipes his wet sword on the horse's mane, and his frisky steed gallops on with red hooves.

Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957)

Elegie Op. 36 (1915-22)

An den Wind

Nikolaus Lenau

To the wind

Dass ich mein Glück verlassen muss, Doch hört' ich nicht den liebsten Klang, Du rauher, kalter Windeshauch, Entreissest ihren letzten Gruss? Ich wandre fort ins ferne Land; Ist's nicht genug, dass du mir auch Mir nach auf meinem trüben Gang, Noch einmal blickt' ich um, bewegt,	I must leave my happiness behind, I did not hear that loveliest of sounds, you cold, raw breath of wind – deny me her last greeting? I travel to a distant land; Is that not enough? Must you also to me on my sad journey, once more I looked back in alarm,
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Und sah, wie sie den Mund geregt Und wie gewinket ihre Hand. Weil ihn der Wind getragen fort. Wohl rief sie noch ein freundlich Wort	and saw how her mouth quivered, and how she waved her hand. because the wind bore it away. Though she uttered a friendly word
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Herbstgefühl

Nikolaus Lenau

Autumnal feeling

Mürrisch braust der Eichenwald, Aller Himmel ist umzogen, Und dem Wanderer, rauh und kalt, Kommt der Herbstwind nachgeflogen.	Sullenly the oak wood roars, all the sky is overcast, and the cold and raw autumn wind comes hurtling after the wanderer.
Wie der Wind zu Herbsteszeit Mordend hinsaust in den Wäldern, Weht mir die Vergangenheit Von des Glückes Stoppelfeldern.	Just as the wind in autumn soughs murderously through the woods, so does my past gust at me from the stubble-fields of joy.
An den Bäumen, welk und matt, Schwebt des Laubes letzte Neige, Niedertaumelt Blatt auf Blatt Und verhüllt die Waldessteige;	The last of the leaves, withered, tarnished, hang from the trees, down they flutter one by one, veiling the woodland paths.
Immer dichter fällt es, will Mir den Reisepfad verderben, Dass ich lieber halte still, Gleich am Orte hier zu sterben.	The leaves fall ever more thickly and almost obscure my way, so that I'd sooner halt in silence and die on this very spot.

Text continues overleaf

Verlorenes Glück

Nikolaus Lenau

Die Bäume rauschen hier
noch immer,
Doch sind's dieselben Blätter
nimmer,
Wie einst in jener
Sommernacht.
Wohin, du rauhes Erdenwetter,
Hast du die damals grünen
Blätter,
Wohin hast du mein Glück
gebracht?

Sie schritt mit mir durch
diese Bäume,
Ihr gleicht kein Bild
beglückter Träume,
So schön und doch so treu
und klar;
Das Mondlicht ruht' auf ihren
Wangen,

Und ihre süßen Worte klangen:
„Dich werd' ich lieben
immerdar!“

Je tiefer mit den
Räuberkrallen
Der Tod ins Leben mir gefallen,
Je tiefer schloss ins Herz ich
ein
Den Schatz der Lieb', dem
Tode wehrend;
Doch bricht der Räuber,
allbegehend,
Zuletzt nicht auch den
letzten Schrein?

Das Mondlicht

Dein gedenkend irr' ich
einsam
Diesen Strom entlang;
Könnten lauschen wir
gemeinsam
Seinem Wellenklang!

Könnten wir
zusammenschauen
In den Mond empor,
Der da drüben aus den
Auen
Leise taucht hervor.

Freundlich streut er meinem
Blicke
Aus dem Silberschein

Lost happiness

The trees still rustle
here,
but the leaves are no
longer the same
as they were that summer
night.
What, O stormy weather,
have you done with the
once green leaves,
what have you done with
my happiness?

She walked with me
beneath these trees,
she surpasses any blissful
dream,
so fair she is, and yet so
loyal and serene;
moonlight shone on her
cheeks,

and sweetly she said:
'I shall love you ever
more!'

The deeper thievish
death
clawed at my life,
the deeper I enclosed my
beloved in my arms,
warding off
death;
but does not the all-
desiring thief
in the end break open the
last shrine?

Moonlight

Thinking of you, I wander
lonely
along this river-bank;
if only we could listen
together
to the sound of its waves!

If only we could look up
together
at the moon,
that looms up softly over
there
from the meadows.

Its kindly rays create for
me
with its silver glow

Stromhinüber eine Brücke
Bis zum stillen Hain.

Wo des Stromes frohe
Wellen
Durch den Schimmer ziehn,
Seh' ich, wie hinab die schnellen
Unaufhaltsam fliehn.

Aber wo im schimmerlosen
Dunkel geht die Flut,
Ist sie nur ein dumpfes
Tosen,
Das dem Auge ruht. -

Dass doch mein Geschick
mir brächte
Einen Blick von dir!
Süßes Mondlicht meiner
Nächte,
Mädchen, bist du
mir!

Wenn nach dir ich oft
vergebens
In die Nacht gesehn,
Scheint der dunkle Strom
des Lebens
Trauernd still zu
stehn;

Wenn du über seinen
Wogen
Strahlest zauberhell,
Seh' ich sie dahingezogen,
Ach! nur allzuschnell!

Herbstentschluss

Trübe Wolken,
Herbstesluft,
Einsam wandl' ich meine
Strassen,
Welkes Laub, kein Vogel
ruft -
Ach, wie stille! wie verlassen!

Todeskühl der Winter
naht;
Wo sind, Wälder, eure
Wonnen?
Fluren, eurer vollen Saat
Goldne Wellen sind
verronnen!

Es ist worden kühl und spät,
Nebel auf der Wiese
weidet,
Durch die öden Haine
weht

a bridge that leads
to the silent grove.

Where the river's merry
waves
flow through the shimmer,
I see how the swift waves
tumble headlong down.

But there
in the lustreless darkness
the water makes a
muffled sound –
restful to the eye. –

But if only my
fate
could let me glimpse you!
Sweet moonlight of my
nights
is what you are to me, my
girl!

When I have often
gazed
into the night for you in vain,
the dark river of
life
seemed to stand still in
mourning;

When you shed your
magic brightness
over its waters,
I see her departing
with ah! too great a haste!

Autumnal resolution

Sad clouds, autumnal
breezes –
I journey lonely on my
way,
leaves are withered, no
birds sing –
ah! how silent and desolate!

Winter draws near, cold
as death;
where, O forests, are your
delights?
Fields, the golden waves
of your abundant corn
have vanished.

Now it is late and cool,
mists graze upon the
meadow,
nostalgia wafts through
desolate

Heimweh; - alles flieht und scheidet.	groves – all things flee and part.
Herz, vernimmst du diesen Klang Von den felsentstürzten Bächen? Zeit gewesen wär' es lang, Dass wir ernsthaft uns besprächen!	Heart, can you hear this sound of streams cascading down the rocks? You and I should long ago have spoken in earnest to each other!
Herz, du hast dir selber oft Wehgethan, und hast es ändern, Weil du hast geliebt, gehofft; Nun ist's aus, wir müssen wandern!	Heart, you have often hurt yourself and others too, because you have loved and hoped; all now is over, we must go!
Auf die Reise will ich fest Ein dich schliessen und verwahren, Draussen mag ein linder West, Oder Sturm vorüberfahren;	On the journey I shall enfold you and keep you safe in my arms, though a gentle west wind or storm rage outside;
Dass wir unsern letzten Gang Schweigsam wandeln und alleine, Dass auf unsern Grabeshang Niemand als der Regen weine!	So that we might make our final journey in silence and in solitude, so that by our graveside the rain alone will weep!

Welke Rose
Nikolaus Lenau

In einem Buche blätternd,
fand
Ich eine Rose, welk,
zerdrückt,
Und weiss auch nicht mehr,
wessen Hand
Sie einst für mich gepflückt.

Ach, mehr und mehr im
Abendhauch
Verweht Erinnerung; bald
zerstiebt
Mein Erdenlos, dann weiss
ich auch
Nicht mehr, wer mich geliebt.

Withered rose

Leafing through a book, I
found
a rose, withered and
crushed,
and can no longer
remember whose hand
once plucked it for me.

Memory dissipates more
and more
in the evening breeze; my
life on earth
will soon turn to dust –
when I shall no longer
know who loved me.

Robert Schumann

6 Gedichte von N Lenau und Requiem Op. 90
(1850)

Lied eines Schmiedes Blacksmith's song

Fein Rösslein, ich
Beschlage dich,
Sei frisch und fromm,
Und wieder komm!

Fine little steed,
you'll soon be shod,
be frisky and good,
and come back again!

Trag deinen Herrn
Stets treu dem Stern,
Der seiner Bahn
Hell glänzt voran!

Carry your master
ever true to the star
that shines brightly
on his path!

Trag auf dem Ritt
Mit jedem Tritt
Den Reiter du
Dem Himmel zu!

With each step
as you go,
carry your rider
nearer heaven!

Nun, Rösslein, ich
Beschlagen dich,
Sei frisch und fromm,
Und wieder komm!

There, little steed,
now you're shod,
be frisky and good,
and come back again!

Meine Rose

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und
blasser
Vom heissen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich' ich den Becher Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

My rose

To spring's fair jewel,
to the rose, my delight,
already drooping and
pale
from the heat of the sun,
I bring a beaker of water
from the deep, dark well.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des
Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele
giessen!
Könnst' ich dann auch nicht
sehen
Dich freudig auferstehen.

Rose of my heart!
You droop and
pale
from the silent shaft of pain;
I would silently pour out
my soul at your feet,
as I pour water for this
flower!
Even though I might not
then
see you happily revive.

Kommen und Scheiden Meeting and parting

So oft sie kam, erschien mir
die Gestalt
So lieblich, wie das erste
Grün im Wald.

Each time we met, the
sight of her
seemed as dear as the
first green in the wood.

Und was sie sprach, drang
mir zum Herzen ein
Süss wie des Frühlings
erstes Lied.

And what she said,
pierced my heart
as sweetly as the spring's
first song.

Und als Lebwohl sie winkte
mit der Hand,
War's, ob der letzte
Jugendtraum mir schwand.

And when she waved to
me in parting,
youth's last dream
seemed to vanish.

Die Sennin The cowgirl

Schöne Sennin, noch
einmal
Singe deinen Ruf ins Tal,
Dass die frohe
Felsensprache
Deinem hellen Ruf erwache.

Lovely cowgirl, sing once
more
your song into the valley,
that the cliffs wake with
joyful speech
at your clear summons.

Horch, o Sennin, wie dein
Sang
In die Brust den Bergen
drang,
Wie dein Wort die
Felsenseelen
Freudig fort und fort
erzählen!

Listen, girl, how your
song
has pierced the heart of
the mountains,
how the souls of the
craggs joyfully
keep echoing your words!

Aber einst, wie Alles
flieht,
Scheidest du mit deinem
Lied,
Wenn dich Liebe
fortbewogen,
Oder dich der Tod entzogen.

But all things pass, and
one day
you will depart with your
song,
when love has drawn you
away
or death has claimed you.

Und verlassen werden
stehn,
Traurig stumm herübersehn
Dort die grauen
Felsenzinnen
Und auf deine Lieder sinnen.

And the towering grey
craggs
will then stand deserted,
sadly looking down in
silence,
remembering your songs.

Einsamkeit Solitude

Wild verwachs'ne dunkle
Fichten,
Leise klagt die Quelle
fort;
Herz, das ist der rechte Ort

A wild tangle of dark
spruce,
the fountain's soft and
ceaseless lament;
heart, this is a fitting place

Für dein schmerzliches
Verzichten!

for your painful
renunciation!

Grauer Vogel in den
Zweigen,
Einsam deine Klage singt,
Und auf deine Frage bringt
Antwort nicht des Waldes
Schweigen.

A grey bird alone in the
branches
sings of your sorrow,
and to your questioning
the silent forest brings no
reply.

Wenn's auch immer
Schweigen bliebe,
Klage, klage fort; es
weht,
Der dich höret und
verstehet,
Stille hier der Geist der Liebe.

Even if silence reigned
forever,
continue, continue your
lament;
the spirit of love blows
silently here,
it hears and understands
you.

Nicht verloren hier im
Moose,
Herz, dein heimlich Weinen
geht,
Deine Liebe Gott versteht,
Deine tiefe,
hoffnungslose!

Heart, your secret
weeping
is not lost here amongst
the moss,
God understands your love,
your deep and hopeless
love!

Der schwere Abend The oppressive evening

Die dunklen Wolken hingen
Herab so bang und schwer,
Wir beide traurig
gingen
Im Garten hin und her.

The dark clouds hung
so anxiously and heavy,
we both walked up and
down
sadly in the garden.

So heiss und stumm, so
trübe
Und sternlos war die Nacht,
So ganz wie unsre Liebe
Zu Tränen nur gemacht.

The night was so sultry
and silent,
so gloomy and starless,
just like our love,
fit only for tears.

Und als ich musste scheiden,
Und gute Nacht dir bot,
Wünscht' ich bekümmert
beiden
Im Herzen uns den Tod.

And when I had to leave
and bade you good night,
I wished us both
dead
in the anguish of my heart.

Requiem Requiem

*Anonymous trans.
Leberecht Blücher Dreves*

Ruh' von schmerzreichen
Mühen
Aus und heissem
Liebesglühen;
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug Verlangen,

Rest from pain-wracked
toil
and love's passionate
ardour;
he who desired
blessed reunion in Heaven

Ist gegangen Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.	has entered the Saviour's dwelling.
Dem Gerechten leuchten helle Sterne in des Grabes Zelle, Ihm, der selbst als Stern der Nacht Wird erscheinen, Wenn er seinen Herrn erschaut in Himmelspracht.	For the righteous, bright stars shine within the tomb, for him, who will himself appear as a night star, when he beholds his Lord in Heavenly glory.
Seid Fürsprecher, heil'ge Seelen, Heil'ger Geist, lass Trost nicht fehlen; Hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt, Feiertöne, Darein die schöne Engelsharfe singt:	Intercede for him, holy souls, Holy spirit, let comfort not be lacking. Do you hear? Songs of joy resound, solemn tones, among them the lovely song of the angels' harp:
Ruh' von schmerzreichen Mühen Aus und heissem Liebesglühen; Der nach seligem Verein Trug Verlangen, Ist gegangen Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.	Rest from pain-wracked toil and love's passionate ardour; he who desired blessed reunion in Heaven has entered the Saviour's dwelling.

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