

WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 12 October 2021 7.30pm

Diana Damrau soprano

Maciej Pikulski piano

COCKAYNE The London
Community
Foundation

Supported by Cockayne Grants for the Arts, a donor advised fund at the London Community Foundation



In partnership with and supported by the Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany in London

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'invitation au voyage (1870) • Extase (1874)

Le manoir de Rosemonde (1879) • Soupir (1869)

Chanson triste (1868)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Frauenliebe und -leben Op. 42 (1840)

Seit ich ihn gesehen • Er, der Herrlichste von allen • Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben • Du Ring an meinem Finger • Helft mir, ihr Schwestern • Süßer Freund, du blickest • An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust • Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Interval

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

No lloréis ojelos from *7 Canciones amatorias* (1914-5)

Joaquin Turina (1882-1949)

Tu pupila es azul Op. 81 No. 2 (1933)

Fernando J Obradors (1897-1945)

Al Amor (pub. 1921) • Del cabello más sutil (pub. 1921)

Chiquitita la novia (pub. 1921)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Einerlei Op. 69 No. 3 (1918) • Das Rosenband Op. 36 No. 1 (1897)

Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2 (1886) • Freundliche Vision Op. 48 No. 1 (1900)

Wiegenlied Op. 41 No. 1 (1899) • Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8 (1885)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 (1885)

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management.

In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141.

Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • Wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG

Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**



17 songs and a duet by **Henri Duparc** survive, and on them rests his reputation as one of the greatest composers in the history of the *mélodie*. 'L'invitation au voyage' was later orchestrated by Duparc, but this version lacks the bright quality of the piano accompaniment, which exploits to perfection the sonorities of the instrument, especially in the vibrant oscillation of the open fifths and the way they contrast with the utter stillness of the refrain. 'Extase' was composed according to Pierre de Bréville in the style of *Tristan und Isolde* as a retort to the anti-Wagner lobby in Paris; 'Le manoir de Rosemonde' is a fine example of Duparc's mature declamatory style; 'Soupir' was written by Duparc while he was wooing his wife-to-be, as he explained in a letter to Jean Cras. The rippling arpeggios of 'Chanson triste' recall Fauré, and they intensify the melancholy of the song as they progress from the tonic E flat major, through G flat, A major, D major, D minor and back again to E flat.

Chamisso's *Frauenliebe und -leben* poems voice a young woman's love for a man of higher birth. The opening 'Seit ich ihn gesehen' describes her obsessive love for the man she has just met; **Schumann's** marking of 'Er, der Herrlichste von allen' is *fervently, lively* and the pianist is instructed to play *piano* – there is not yet any indication that her love is requited or even that the man has noticed her. By the opening of 'Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben' all this has changed. Marked *Mit Leidenschaft*, this passionate song relives the moment when the man declared his love for her. Her response is a mixture of ecstasy, tenderness and erotic desire. 'Du Ring an meinem Finger' celebrates their engagement and contrasts her present rapture with the desolation of the life she led as a single woman. In 'Helft mir, ihr Schwestern' she asks her bridesmaids to dress her for the wedding day, remembers her fiancé's impatient desire for a consummated relationship and hopes that she will receive him without shyness or trepidation on the wedding night. The scene of 'Süsser Freund' is the bridal bed, and before the start of this wonderful music the man, noticing her tears, asks her, without much understanding of the opposite sex, what is amiss. At the end of the second verse she whispers into his ear the reason for her tears of joy: she is carrying his child. 'An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust' sees her holding their child to her breast, dandling him on her knee and lifting him above her head. The final song, 'Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan', introduces a new note: the initial *sforzando* and *marcato* chord is in D minor, which immediately dispels the joyous D major of the previous song. The reason is the death of her husband and her feeling of bereavement. Hysteria yields to

anger and then, at 'Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt', to numbed grief and love. The accompaniment grows rhythmically smoother, the dynamic softer, the tempo (at 'Da hab' ich dich und mein verlorne Glück') slower – until the pianist recapitulates in the postlude the music of 'Seit ich ihn gesehen'. There is nothing in the notation to suggest that this postlude should be played differently to the prelude – but what seemed energized and vibrant in the opening song is now played with greater sadness, poignancy and tenderness, as the bereaved woman turns to the future and feeds off fond memories.

Granados composed two important sets of songs: the *Collección de tonadillas, escritas en estilo antiguo* and the later, more personal *Canciones amatorias* – a collection of seven passionate love songs, from which we hear the fifth (originally the last), 'No lloréis ojos', whose surging accompaniment reminds us that Granados was a distinguished pianist. **Turina's** 'Tu pupila es azul', the second of the *3 Poemas*, was originally entitled 'Imitación de Byron', inspired as it was by Byron's *I saw thee weep*. **Fernando Obradors** composed several *zarzuelas* and symphonic works, but it is as a composer of songs, in particular the four volumes of *Canciones clásicas españolas*, of which we hear three this evening, that he is best known. These charming songs dig deep into the rich treasure of Spain's vocal music of earlier centuries, and refurbish melodies and poetic themes in what sounds like an authentic manner.

Richard Strauss ends this recital with seven of his most popular songs. Achim von Arnim's 'Einerlei' ponders his beloved's constant diversity; 'Das Rosenband' is a tender hymn to the poet Klopstock's wife, originally conceived for large orchestra; 'Ständchen', with which Strauss expressed some dissatisfaction in later life, remains one of the finest examples in the Lieder repertoire of an erotic love song. 'Freundliche Vision' describes a walk through a peaceful landscape at the side of the beloved and repeats the dreamy opening bar 38 times within a total of 40 bars, creating a wonderfully hypnotic effect. 'Wiegenlied' was one of several songs Strauss composed to celebrate the birth of his first child; 'Allerseelen' depicts the poet by the grave of his beloved as he attempts to relive their life together; and 'Zueignung', masquerading as a passionate love song, is also a fervent patriotic plea for liberty.

© Richard Stokes 2021

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'invitation au voyage

(1870)

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du
monde.
– Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

Extase (1874)

Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la
mort:
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée:
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur
dort ...

Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,
think how sweet
to journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
to love and die
in the land that is like you!
The watery suns
of those hazy skies
hold for my spirit
the same mysterious charms
as your treacherous eyes
shining through their tears.

There – nothing but order and
beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and sensuous
delight.

See on those canals
those vessels sleeping,
vessels with a restless soul;
to satisfy
your slightest desire
they come from the ends of the
earth.
The setting suns
clothe the fields,
canals and all the town
with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep
in a warm light.

There – nothing but order and
beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and sensuous
delight.

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
a sleep as sweet as
death:
exquisite death, death perfumed
by the breath of the beloved:
on your pale breast my heart is
sleeping ...

Le manoir de Rosemonde

(1879)

Robert de Bonnières

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a
mordu ...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Vas, tu pourras suivre ma
trace ...

Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin
ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et
blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.

Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans
découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

Soupir (1869)

Sully Prudhomme

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras et, las
d'attendre,
Sur le néant les refermer,
Mais encor toujours les lui
tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les
répandre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus
tendre
Toujours l'aimer.

The manor of Rosamonde

With sudden and ravenous tooth,
love like a dog has bitten
me ...
By following the blood I've shed –
come, you'll be able to follow
my trail ...

Take a horse of fine breeding,
set out, and follow my arduous
course
by quagmire or by hidden path,
if the chase does not weary you!

Passing by where I have passed,
you will see that, solitary and
wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,

And that thus I went off to die
far, far away, without ever
finding
the blue manor of Rosamonde.

Sigh

Never to see or hear her,
never to utter her name aloud,
but faithful, always to wait for her,
always to love her.

To open my arms and, weary of
waiting,
to close them again on a void,
yet always to hold them out
again,
always to love her.

Ah, able only to hold them out
and to waste away in tears,
yet always to shed those
tears,
always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,
never to utter her name aloud,
but with a love always more
tender
always to love her.

Chanson triste (1868)*Jean Lahor*

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Song of sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
a gentle summer moonlight,
and to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
my sweet, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
ah! sometimes on your lap,
and recite to it a ballad
that will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
from your eyes I shall then drink
so many kisses and so much love
that perhaps I shall be healed.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)**Frauenliebe und -leben Op. 42** (1840)*Adelbert von Chamisso***Seit ich ihn gesehen**

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Since first seeing him

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind;
wherever I look,
I see only him;
as in a waking dream
his image hovers before me,
rising out of deepest darkness
ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
around me,
my sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
quietly in my little room;
since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer
Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener
Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und
fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht
kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt
daran?

**Ich kann's nicht fassen,
nicht glauben**

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht
glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und
beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein“ –
Mir war's – ich träume noch
immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

He, the most wonderful of all

He, the most wonderful of all,
how gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
a clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue
distance
that star gleams bright and
brilliant,
so does he shine in my sky,
bright and brilliant, distant and
sublime.

Wander, wander on your way;
just to gaze on your radiance,
just to gaze on in humility,
to be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
uttered for your happiness alone;
you shall never know my lowly
self,
you noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
may your choice bless,
and I shall bless that exalted one
many thousands of times.

I shall then rejoice and weep,
blissful, blissful I shall be;
even if my heart should break,
break, O heart, what does it
matter?

**I cannot grasp it, believe
it**

I cannot grasp it, believe
it,
a dream has beguiled me;
how, from all women, could he
have exalted and favoured poor
me?

He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever,'
I was, I thought, still
dreaming,
after all, it can never be.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

O let me, dreaming, die,
cradled on his breast;
let me savour blissful death
in tears of endless joy.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

You ring on my finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die
Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger,
my golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my
lips,
to my heart.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen
Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden unendlichen Raum.

I had finished dreaming
childhood's peaceful
dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
in boundless desolation.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen
Wert.

You ring on my finger,
you first taught me,
opened my eyes
to life's deep eternal
worth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

I shall serve him, live for him,
belong to him wholly,
yield to him and find
myself transfigured in his light.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die
Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger,
my golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my
lips,
to my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, O sisters

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Help me, O sisters,
with my bridal attire,
serve me today in my joy,
busily braid
about my brow
the wreath of blossoming myrtle.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

When with contentment
and joy in my heart
lay in my beloved's arms,
he still called,
with longing heart,
impatiently for this day.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Help me, my sisters,
help me banish
a foolish fearfulness;
so that I with bright eyes
may receive him,
the source of my joy.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen
Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem
Herren mein.

Have you, my love,
really entered my life,
do you, O sun, give me your
glow?
Let me in reverence,
let me in humility
bow before my
lord.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss' ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer
Schar.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
scatter flowers before him,
bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
as I joyfully take leave of
you.

Süsser Freund, du blickest

Sweet friend, you look

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Sweet friend, you look
at me in wonder,
you cannot understand
how I can weep;
let the unfamiliar beauty
of these moist pearls
tremble joyfully bright
in my eyes!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst' ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

How anxious my heart is,
how full of bliss!
If only I knew
how to say it in words;
come and hide your face
here against my breast,
for me to whisper you
all my joy.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Do you now understand the tears
that I can weep,
should you not see them,
beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
feel how it beats,
that I may press you
closer and closer.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Here by my bed
there is room for the cradle,
silently hiding
my blissful dream;
the morning shall come
when the dream awakens,
and your likeness
laughs up at me.

**An meinem Herzen, an
meiner Brust** **On my heart, at my
breast**

An meinem Herzen, an meiner
Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my
breast,
you my delight, my joy!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb'
ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's
nicht zurück.

Happiness is love, love is
happiness,
I've always said and say so
still.

Hab' überschwenglich mich
geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

I thought myself
rapturous,
but now am delirious with joy.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da
liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung
gibt;

Only she who suckles, only she
who loves
the child that she
nourishes;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich
sein.

Only a mother knows
what it means to love and be
happy.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen
kann!

Ah, how I pity the man
who cannot feel a mother's
bliss!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du,
Du schauest mich an und
lächelst dazu!

You dear, dear angel, you,
you look at me and you
smile!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner
Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my
breast,
you my delight, my joy!

**Nun hast du mir den
ersten Schmerz getan** **Now you have caused
me my first pain**

Nun hast du mir den ersten
Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.

Now you have caused me my
first pain,
but it struck hard.

Du schläfst, du harter,
unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

You sleep, you harsh and
pitiless man,
the sleep of death.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich
hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich
bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

The deserted one stares
ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and I have
lived,
and now my life is done.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres
still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab' ich dich und mein
verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Silently I withdraw into
myself,
the veil falls,
there I have you and my lost
happiness,
you, my world!

Interval

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

7 Canciones amorosas (1914-5)

No lloréis ojuelos **Don't cry, little eyes**

Lope de Vega

No lloréis, ojuelos,
Porque no es razón
Que llore de celos
Quien mata de amor.

Don't cry, little eyes,
for it is not right
to cry with jealousy
if you kill with love.

Quien puede matar
No intente morir,
Si hace con reir
Más que con llorar.

She who can kill
should not seek to die,
if she can do more with laughter
than with tears.

No lloréis, ojuelos,
Porque no es razón
Que llore de celos
Quien mata de amor.

Don't cry, little eyes,
for it is not right
to cry with jealousy
if you kill with love.

Joaquin Turina (1882-1949)

Tu pupila es azul Op. 81 **Your eyes are blue!**
No. 2 (1933)

*Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer after
Lord Byron*

Tu pupila es azul y cuando
ríez
Su claridad suave me recuerda

Your eyes are blue and when
you laugh
their gentle radiance reminds me

El trémulo fulgor de la mañana
Que en el mar se refleja.

of the trembling glow of dawn
reflected in the sea.

Tu pupila es azul y cuando
lloras
Las transparentes lágrimas en
ella
Se me figuran gotas de rocío
Sobre una violeta.

Your eyes are blue and when
you weep
their transparent tears
seem to me like dew-drops
on a violet.

Tu pupila es azul y si en su
fondo
Como un punto de luz radia una
idea
Me parece en el cielo de la
tarde
Una perdida estrella.

Your eyes are blue and if in
their depths
like a point of light a thought
gleams
they seem to me in the evening
sky
like stars adrift.

Fernando J Obradors (1897-1945)

Al Amor (pub. 1921)
Cristóbal de Castillejo

To Love

Dame, Amor, besos sin
cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después ...
De muchos millares,
tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y ... contemos al revés.

Give me, Love, kisses without
number,
your hands seizing my hair,
give me eleven hundred of them,
and eleven hundred more,
and then ...
many more thousands, and
three more!
And so that no one may know,
let's forget the tally
and ... count backwards.

Del cabello más sutil
(pub. 1921)
Traditional

From the finest hair

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber. ¡Ay!

In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to drink! Ah!

Chiquitita la novia

(pub. 1921)

Anonymous

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala
Y er dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y er mosquitero.

A tiny bride

A tiny bride,
a tiny groom,
a tiny room
and a bedroom,
that's why I want
a tiny bed
and a mosquito net.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Einerlei Op. 69 No. 3

(1918)

Achim von Arnim

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuss mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;
O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Sameness

Her mouth is always the same,
its kiss is ever new,
her eyes remain the same,
their frank gaze true to me;
O you dear sameness,
the diversity that comes of you!

Das Rosenband Op. 36 No. 1 (1897)

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock

Im Frühlingsgarten fand ich sie;
Da band ich sie mit
Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und
schlummerte.

The rose garland

I found her in the spring garden;
I bound her fast with a rose
garland:
oblivious, she slumbered
on.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem
Leben:
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wusst' es
nicht.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
my life became entwined with
hers:
this I sensed, and did not
know.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr leise zu,
Und rauschte mit den
Rosenbändern:
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer
auf.

I murmured softly to her
and rustled the garland of
roses:
then she woke from
slumber.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an meinem
Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
her life became entwined with
mine,
and Paradise bloomed about us.

Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2

(1886)

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise,
mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu
wecken!
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum
zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und
Hecken;
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass
nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke
gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen
so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu
hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu
schlüpfen!
Rings schlummern die Blüten
am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die
Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts
geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen
Und die Rose, wenn sie am
Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den
Wonneschauern der Nacht.

Freundliche Vision

Op. 48 No. 1 (1900)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Nicht im Schlafe hab ich das
geträumt,
Hell am Tage sah ich's schön
vor mir:
Eine Wiese voller Margeritten;
Tief ein weisses Haus in grünen
Büschchen;
Götterbilder leuchten aus dem
Laube.
Und ich geh' mit Einer, die mich
lieb hat

Serenade

Open up, open up! but softly, my
child,
so that no one's roused from
slumber!
The brook hardly murmurs, the
breeze hardly moves
a leaf on the bushes and
hedges;
gently, my love, so nothing shall
stir,
gently with your hand as you lift
the latch!

With steps as light as the steps
of elves,
as they hop their way over
flowers,
flit out into the moonlit
night,
slip out to me in the
garden!
The flowers are fragrant in
sleep
by the rippling brook, only love
is awake.

Sit down! Dusk falls
mysteriously here
beneath the linden trees.
The nightingale above us
shall dream of our kisses
and the rose, when it wakes at
dawn,
shall glow from our night's
rapture.

A pleasant vision

I did not dream it in my
sleep,
in broad daylight I saw it fair
before me:
a meadow full of daisies;
a white house deep in green
bushes;
statues of gods gleaming from
the foliage.
And I walk with one who loves
me,

Ruhigen Gemütes in die
Kühle
Dieses weissen Hauses, in den
Frieden,
Der voll Schönheit wartet, dass
wir kommen.

Wiegenlied Op. 41 No. 1

(1899)

Richard Dehmel

Träume, träume, du mein
süßes Leben,
Von dem Himmel, der die
Blumen bringt;
Blüten schimmern da, die
beben
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter
singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner
Sorgen,
Von dem Tage, da die Blume
spross;
Von dem hellen
Blütenmorgen,
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt
erschloss.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner
Liebe,
Von der stillen, von der heiligen
Nacht,
Da die Blume Seiner Liebe
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir
gemacht.

Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Stell' auf den Tisch die
duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag'
herbei
Und lass uns wieder von der
Liebe reden
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie
heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist
es einerlei,

my heart at peace, into the
coolness
of this white house, into the
peace,
brimming with beauty, that
awaits our coming.

Cradle song

Dream, dream, my sweet, my
life,
of heaven that brings the
flowers;
blossoms shimmer there, they
quiver
from the song your mother
sings.

Dream, dream, bud born of my
anxiety,
of the day the flower
unfolded;
of that morning bright with
blossom,
when your little soul opened to
the world.

Dream, dream, blossom of my
love,
of the silent, of the sacred
night,
when the flower of His love
made this world my
heaven.

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
bring in the last red
asters,
and let us talk of love
again
as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in
secret,
and if people see, I do not
care,

Gib mir nur einen deiner süssen give me but one of your sweet
Blicke glances
Wie einst im Mai. as once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf Each grave today has flowers
jedem Grabe, and is fragrant,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten one day each year is devoted to
frei; the dead;
Komm' an mein Herz, dass ich come to my heart and so be
dich wieder habe, mine again,
Wie einst im Mai. as once in May.

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 Dedication

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Ja du weisst es, teure Seele, Yes, dear soul, you know
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle, that I'm in torment far from you,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank, love makes hearts sick,
Habe Dank. be thanked.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Once, revelling in freedom, I
Zecher, held
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher the amethyst cup aloft
Und du segnetest den Trank, and you blessed that draught,
Habe Dank. be thanked.

Und beschworst darin die And you banished the evil
Bösen, spirits,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, till I, as never before,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, holy, sank holy upon your heart,
Habe Dank. be thanked.

*Translations of Duparc by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion
(Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Schumann and Strauss 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. Granados,
Turina and Obradors by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes from The Spanish
Song Companion published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.*