

# WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 14 January 2025  
7.30pm

Lucy Crowe soprano  
Karim Sulayman tenor  
Julius Drake piano

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Abendlied Op. 8 No. 9  
Erntelied Op. 8 No. 4 (1824)  
Keine von der Erde Schönen WoO. 4 No. 1  
Schlafloser Augen Leuchte WoO. 4 No. 2  
Pilgerspruch Op. 8 No. 5  
Frühlingslied Op. 8 No. 6  
Das Waldschloss WoO. 17 No. 1  
Pagenlied WoO. 17 No. 2  
Romanze Op. 8 No. 10  
Hexenlied Op. 8 No. 8 (pub. 1827)  
Todeslied der Bojaren WoO. 18 No. 2  
Ich hör' ein Vöglein WoO. 18 No. 1

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

3 sonetti di Petrarca S270/2 (1864-82)  
*Pace non trovo (Sonnet No. 104)*  
*Benedetto sia' il giorno (Sonnet No. 47)*  
*I' vidi in terra angelici costumi (Sonnet No. 123)*

*Interval*

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Freudvoll und Leidvoll S280/2 (?1848)  
Wieder möcht ich dir begegnen S322  
Lasst mich ruhen S317 (1858)  
Ihr Glocken von Marling S328  
Verlassen S336  
Blume und Duft S324 (c. 1860)  
Freudvoll und leidvoll II S280bis (?1848)  
Angiolin dal biondo crin S269/2  
Go not, happy day S335

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Volkslied Op. 63 No. 5  
Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein Op. 63 No. 6



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In temperament and artistic outlook **Felix Mendelssohn** and **Franz Liszt** could hardly be more contrasted: one a fastidious Romantic Classicist, the other the archetypal keyboard showman who roved Europe to frenzied adulation. From childhood Mendelssohn was steeped in the music of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Not for nothing did his friend Robert Schumann dub him 'the Mozart of the nineteenth century'. True to his Classical instincts, Mendelssohn's prime concern in song was a smoothly rounded vocal line, apt to the general mood of a poem, with the piano in more-or-less discreet support. Many of Mendelssohn's Lieder are strophic, with the same music repeated for each verse. Yet if they tend to avoid emotional extremes, his songs, whether serene, elegiac or agitated, are rich in beguiling melody and imaginative detail.

Opening this Mendelssohn group are six songs from the Op 8 set published in 1827. (Op 8 also contained three songs by his sister Fanny, published under Felix's name. Early purchasers couldn't tell the difference!) The first three songs are reflective in mood, with a suggestion of folksong: the dreamy 'Abendlied', 'Erntelied', whose severe, faintly archaic style matches its folk text, and the hymnlike 'Pilgerspruch', to a 17th-century sacred poem. The Mozartian 'Frühlingslied', complete with bouts of avian twittering, makes a delightful, lilting contrast. After the plaintive 'Romanze', with its charming ornamental flourishes (a nod, perhaps, to the poem's Spanish origin), 'Hexenlied' graphically portrays the frenzied goings-on, half-comical, half-menacing, of the witches' sabbath on the Brocken.

Dating from the 1830s and early 1840s, the other Mendelssohn songs here were published without an opus number. The two Byron songs, the mellifluous 'Keine von der Erde Schönen' and 'Schlafloser Augen Leuchte, conceived as a melancholy dialogue between voice and piano, appeared with both English and German words. 'Das Waldschloss', with its vivid portrayal of the huntsman's fleeting triumph before the grimly ironic ending, is a woodland variation on the Lorelei tale, while 'Pagenlied' is a delicious nocturnal serenade-on-tiptoe, with the piano evoking the page's strummed mandolin.

A real Mendelssohn rarity, 'Todeslied der Bojaren' sets lines from the drama *Die Bojaren* by Karl Leberecht Immermann, who had fought with the Prussians at Waterloo. The imminent death of the Boyars, convicted of treason against Tsar Peter the Great, inspires a song of stark nobility. Finally in this Mendelssohn group, the bridal song 'Ich hör' ein Vöglein' belies its innocent opening with an anxious sequence of modulations over a syncopated bass line at the words 'Ich hör' ein leises Klagen'.

Whereas Mendelssohn's Lieder often suggest folksong stylised for the salon, Franz Liszt's earlier songs, mostly written for professional singers, typically evoke the opera house. The most obvious example is the set of three Petrarch sonnets, written in the mid-1840s and revised in the 1860s. In London in 1840 Liszt encountered the Italian

tenor Giovanni Battista Rubini, renowned for his beauty of tone and phenomenal range. It was almost certainly with Rubini's voice in mind that he composed his Petrarch sonnets.

All three songs trade on *bel canto* lyricism, by turns fiery, exalted and delicate, and showy piano writing. Liszt is not averse to inserting miniature vocal cadenzas at strategic points, particularly in the tumultuous 'Pace non trovo', fashioned as an operatic recitative-aria. In 'Benedetto sia il giorno', the pangs of love are evoked in fluid, side-slipping modulations, most poetically at the song's glowing climax. The final song matches the sentiments of Dante's poem with a melodic line of Bellinian sweetness – perfect for Rubini's famed liquid legato – over gently rippling arpeggios.

Liszt was a compulsive reviser of his songs. And with him later almost always means tauter and less flamboyant. A case in point is 'Freudvoll und leidvoll', sung by Klärchen, the hero's mistress in Goethe's drama *Egmont*. Liszt made three settings of the poem, of which we hear the first two: the expansive first version of 1844, with its strange, remote modulations, and in the turbulent, epigrammatic setting of 1848, even more audacious in its harmonic shifts.

'Wieder möcht' ich dir begegnen' (1860), to a poem by Liszt's disciple and colleague, Peter Cornelius, begins almost austerely (a foretaste here of Liszt's late style) before growing to a fulsome climax. 'Lasst mich ruhen' (c1858) is a twilit reverie, with the piano delicately painting the moonlight, the nightingale's song and the southing breezes. No less subtle is the late 'Ihr Glocken von Marling' (1874), where the town's bell chimes dissolve into iridescent sequences of pulsing chords.

An even later song is 'Verlassen' (1880), with its lamenting tritones and almost minimalist spareness of texture. The exquisite, shimmering 'Blume und Duft' shows that on occasion Liszt could rival Schumann and Wolf in economy and power of suggestion.

Liszt composed his first song, 'Angiolin dal biondo crin', to words by his friend the Marchese Césare Boccella, in 1839 for his three-year-old daughter, Blandine-Rachel. We hear this tenderly lulling music – Italianate *bel canto* for the drawing-room – in its revised version from the 1850s. Finally, Liszt's sole song in English: the laconic 'Go not, happy day' (1879), to lines from Tennyson's troubled love poem *Maud*. Ending inconclusively, this music typifies the ascetic yet haunting sound-world cultivated by the ageing Abbé, as if in atonement for the excesses of youth.

As a digestif Lucy Crowe and Karim Sulayman offer two Mendelssohn duets from the set of six published in 1844. 'Volkslied', to a German translation of Robbie Burns's *The Ploughman's Poet*, mines a characteristic vein of unsentimental sweetness, while the airy 'Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein' evokes the world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

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## Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

### Abendlied Op. 8 No. 9 Evening song

*Johann Heinrich Voss*

Das Tagewerk ist abgethan.  
Gib, Vater, deinen  
Segen!  
Nun dürfen wir der Ruhe  
nahn;  
Wir thaten nach  
Vermögen.  
Die holde Nacht umhüllt die  
Welt,  
Und Stille herrscht in Dorf  
und Feld.

The day's work is done,  
Give us, Father, your  
blessing!  
Permit us now to go to  
rest;  
We have done what we  
were able.  
Gracious night enshrouds  
the world,  
And peace reigns in  
village and field.

Wenn du getreu  
vollendet hast,  
Wozu dich Gott  
bestellte;  
Behaglich fühlst du dann  
die Rast,  
Vom Thun in Hitz und  
Kälte.  
Am Himmel glänzt der  
Abendstern,  
Und zeigt noch beßre Rast  
von fern.

When you have faithfully  
completed  
What God has chosen  
you to do,  
You will then feel content  
and rest  
From toiling in heat and  
cold.  
The evening star gleams  
in heaven,  
Promising yet greater  
rest from afar.

### Erntelied Op. 8 No. 4 Harvest song

(1824)

*Traditional*

Es ist ein Schnitter, der  
heisst Tod,  
Hat Gewalt vom höchsten  
Gott,  
Heut wetzt er das Messer,  
Es schneid't schon viel  
besser,  
Bald wird er drein schneiden,  
Wir müssen nur  
leiden.  
Hüte dich, schön's  
Blümelein!

There is a reaper, whose  
name is Death,  
his power comes from  
God on high,  
today he whets his knife,  
it now cuts much  
better;  
soon he'll start reaping –  
we shall just have to  
suffer.  
Beware, beautiful little  
flower!

Was heut noch grün und  
frisch da steht,  
Wird morgen schon  
hinweggemäht:  
Die edlen Narzissen,  
Die Zierden der  
Wiesen,  
Viel schön' Hyazinthen,  
Die türkischen Binden.  
Hüte dich, schön's  
Blümelein!

That which stands today  
still fresh and green  
will be reaped  
tomorrow  
The noble narcissi,  
the beauties of the  
meadows,  
many lovely hyacinths,  
Turkish flowers,  
Beware, beautiful little  
flower!

Viel hundert tausend  
ungezählt,

Countless hundreds of  
thousands

Das nur unter die Sichel fällt,  
Ihr Rosen, ihr Lilien,  
Euch wird er austilgen,  
Auch die Kaiser-Kronen,  
Wird er nicht verschonen.  
Hüte dich  
schöns Blümelein!

Have fallen to the sickle.  
You roses and lilies,  
You too will be destroyed,  
And the crown imperials  
Will not be spared –  
Take heed, pretty little  
flower, take heed!

Trotz! Tod, komm her, ich  
fürcht dich nicht,  
Trotz, eil daher in einem  
Schritt.  
Werd' ich nur verletzt,  
So werd ich versetzt  
In den himmlischen  
Garten,  
Auf den alle wir warten.  
Freu' dich, schönes  
Blümelein.

Defiance! Death, come  
hither, I do not fear you.  
Defiance! Hasten to me in  
one fell swoop!  
If I am wounded,  
I shall be transported  
into the garden of  
Heaven,  
which all of us await.  
Rejoice, beautiful little  
flower!

### Keine von der Erde Schönen

WoO. 4 No. 1

*Anon*

Keine von der Erde  
Schönen  
Waltet zaubernd gleich dir;  
Auf der Fluth ein  
Silbertönen  
Düнкt deine Stimme mir.

### None of earth's beauties

*George Gordon, Lord  
Byron*

There be none of  
Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the  
waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:

Leiser wird des  
Meeres Rauschen,  
Entzückt dir zu  
lauschen,  
Legt sich der Wogen  
Schäumen,  
Alle die Winde  
träumen.

When, as if its sound were  
causing  
The charmed ocean's  
pausing,  
The waves lie still and  
gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem  
dreaming:

Golden webt der Mond auf  
Wellen  
Sein Netz, sanft scheint die  
Fluth,  
Die volle Brust zu  
schwellen,  
Wie ein Kind schlummernd  
ruht:

And the midnight moon is  
weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the  
deep,  
Whose breast is gently  
heaving  
As an infant's  
asleep:

So sink' ich zu deinen  
Füssen,  
Anbetend dich zu grüssen;  
Wie die See von West  
beweget,  
Voll und sanft in mir sich's  
reget.

So the spirit bows before  
thee  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft  
emotion,  
Like the swell of  
summer's ocean.

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

## Schlafloser Augen

### Leuchte

#### WoO. 4 No. 2

*Anonymous*

Schlafloser Augen Leuchte,  
trüber Stern,  
Dess' tränengleicher Schein,  
unendlich fern,  
Das Dunkel nicht erhellt, nur  
mehr es zeigt,  
O wie dir ganz des Glück's  
Erinnerung gleicht!  
So leuchtet längst  
vergangner Tage Licht:  
Es scheint, doch wärmt  
sein matter Schimmer  
nicht,  
Dem wachen Gram erglänzt  
die Luftgestalt,  
Hell, aber fern, klar,  
aber ach, wie  
kalt!

## Pilgerspruch Op. 8 No. 5

*Paul Fleming*

Laß dich nur nichts nicht  
dauern,  
Mit Trauern sei stille!  
Wie Gott es fügt,  
So sei vergnügt mein  
Wille.

Was willst du viel dich sorgen  
Auf morgen? Der Eine  
Steht allem für,  
Der gibt auch dir das  
Deine.

Sei nur in allem Handel  
Ohne Wandel, steh feste!  
Was Gott beschleußt,  
Das ist und heißt das Beste.

## Frühlingslied

### Op. 8 No. 6

*Friedrich Rückert*

Jetzt kommt der Frühling,  
der Himmel isch blau,  
Die Wegle sin trucken, die  
Lüfte geh'n lau.

Jetzt kommt der Frühling,  
die Vögle im Wald

## Sun of the

### Sleepless

*George Gordon, Lord*

*Byron*

Sun of the Sleepless!  
melancholy star!  
Whose tearful beam  
glows tremulously far,  
that show'st the darkness  
thou canst not dispel,  
how like art thou to Joy  
remembered well!  
So gleams the past, the  
light of other days,  
which shines but warms  
not with its powerless  
rays:  
a night-beam Sorrow  
watcheth to behold,  
distinct, but distant –  
clear – but, oh, how  
cold!

## Pilgrim's prayer

Do not ever cease  
repenting,  
Let your grieving perish!  
As God ordains,  
Thus shall my will be glad.

Why do you worry so  
About the morrow? God  
Looks after everyone,  
He will give you what is  
yours.

In all your deeds  
Stand firm and resolute!  
What God wills,  
That is truly for the best.

## Spring song

Spring now comes, the  
sky is blue,  
The paths are dry, the air  
is mild.

Spring now comes, the  
birds in the wood

Zwitschern und locka ihre  
Weible wohl bald.

Jetzt kommt der Frühling,  
die Bähm schlage aus,  
Un i bring mei Schätzle ein  
Veigelestrauss.

## Das Waldschloss WoO. 17 No. 1

*Joseph von Eichendorff*

Wo noch kein Wand'rer  
gegangen,  
Hoch über Jäger und  
Ross  
Die Felsen abendrot hangen,  
Als wie ein Wolkenschloss.

Dort, zwischen Zinnen  
und Spitzen,  
Von wilden Nelken  
umblüht,  
Die schönen Waldfrauen  
sitzen  
Und singen im Wind ihr  
Lied.

Der Jäger schaut nach dem  
Schlosse:  
„Die droben, das ist mein  
Lieb!“  
Er sprang vom  
schäumenden Rosse,  
Weiss keiner, wo er  
blieb.

## Pagenlied WoO. 17 No. 2

*Joseph von Eichendorff*

Wenn die Sonne lieblich  
schiene  
Wie in Welschland lau  
und blau,  
Ging' ich mit der  
Mandoline  
Durch die überglänzte  
Au'.

In der Nacht das Liebchen  
lauschte  
An dem Fenster süß  
verwacht,  
Wünschte mir und ihr, uns  
beiden,  
Heimlich eine schöne Nacht.

Twitter and will soon woo  
their wives.

Spring now comes, the  
tree are budding,  
And I shall bring a posy of  
violets to my love.

## The forest castle

Where no wanderer has  
ever been,  
High above huntsman  
and horse,  
Where the cliffs at sunset  
Look like a castle of cloud

There, between  
battlements and spires,  
Surrounded by  
carnations in bloom,  
The lovely forest women  
sit,  
Singing their songs in the  
wind.

The hunter looks at the  
castle:  
That's my sweetheart up  
there! -  
He leapt from his foaming  
horse,  
No one knows where he  
went.

## Page's Song

If the sun were to shine  
gently  
As in Italy, from warm,  
blue skies,  
I would go with my  
mandoline  
Through the sun-  
drenched meadow.

In the night my love  
would listen  
From her window,  
sweetly awake,  
And she would wish both  
of us,  
In secret, a lovely night.

Wenn die Sonne lieblich schiene	If the sun were to shine gently
Wie in Welschland lau und blau,	As in Italy, from warm, blue skies,
Ging' ich mit der Mandoline	I would go with my mandoline
Durch die überglänzte Au'.	Through the sun- drenched meadow.

### Romanze Op. 8 No. 10 Romance

*Anonymous*

Einmal aus seinen Blicken,	Only once from his glances,
Von seinem süßen Mund,	And from his sweet lips
Soll Gruß und Kuß erquickern	Shall his greeting and kiss brighten
Des Herzens trüben Grund,	The troubled depths of my heart.

Ich kann ihn nicht vergessen,	I cannot forget him,
Ich kann es nicht bereu'n,	I cannot regret;
Ich sünd'ge nicht vermessen,	I do not sin audaciously –
Der Himmel wird verzeih'n!	Heaven will forgive!

### Hexenlied Op. 8 No. 8 Witches' song

(pub. 1827)

*Ludwig Hölty*

Die Schwalbe fliegt, Der Frühling siegt, Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!	Swallows are flying, spring's triumphant, dispensing flowers for wreaths!
Bald huschen wir Leis' aus der Tür, Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!	Soon we'll flit quietly outside, and fly to the splendid dance!

Ein schwarzer Bock, Ein Besenstock, Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,	A black goat, a broomstick, the furnace rake, the distaff
Reißt uns geschwind, Wie Blitz und Wind, Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!	whisk us on our way, like lightning and wind, through whistling gales to the Brocken!

Um Beelzebub Tanzt unser Trupp, Und küsst ihm die kralligen Hände!	Our coven dances round Beelzebub and kisses his claw-like hands!
Ein Geisterschwarm Fasst uns beim Arm, Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!	A ghostly throng seizes our arms, waving firebrands as they dance!

Und Beelzebub Verheißt dem Trupp	And Beelzebub pledges the throng
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Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:	of dancers gift after gift:
Sie sollen schön In Seide gehn	they shall be dressed in beautiful silk
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!	and dig themselves pots full of gold!

Ein Feuerdrach' Umflieget das Dach Und bringet uns Butter und Eier:	A fiery dragon flies round the roof and brings us butter and eggs:
Die Nachbarn dann sehn	the neighbours catch sight
Die Funken wehn, Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.	of the flying sparks, and cross themselves for fear of the fire.

Die Schwalbe fliegt, Der Frühling siegt, Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.	Swallows are flying, spring's triumphant, flowers are blooming for wreaths.
Bald huschen wir Leis' aus der Tür, Juchheisa! zum prächtigen Tanze!	Soon we'll flit quietly outside – tally-ho to the splendid dance!

### Todeslied der Bojaren WoO. 18 No. 2

*Karl Immermann*

Leg' in den Sarg mir mein grünes Gewand, Trubor! Trubor!	Place my green raiment in the coffin for me, Trubor! Trubor!
Sporen zu Füßen, den Jagdspieß zur Hand,	My spurs at my feet, my hunting spear by my hand,
Trubor! Trubor!	Trubor! Trubor!
Fütt're die Rüden, ich hab' sie geliebt,	Feed my hounds, I have loved them,
Streichle mein Rößlein, es steht so trüb!	Caress my horse, it stands there so sadly!

Mach' mir die Grube acht Fuß in dem Grund, Trubor! Trubor!	Dig the pit eight feet in the ground, Trubor! Trubor!
Streich' auseinander das Erdreich rund, Trubor! Trubor!	Spread the soil all around, Trubor! Trubor!
Primeln entblühen dem Rasen im Mai,	Primroses shall bloom from the Maytime grass,
Achtlos jaget der Tartar vorbei. --	The Tartar shall speed heedlessly by!

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

**Ich hör' ein Vöglein  
WoO. 18 No. 1**

*Adolf Böttger*

Ich hör' ein Vöglein  
locken,  
Das wirbt so süß, das wirbt  
so laut,  
Beim Duft der  
Blumenglocken  
Um die geliebte  
Braut.

Und aus dem blauen Flieder  
singt  
Ohne Rast und Ruh'  
Millionen Liebeslieder  
Die holde Braut  
ihm zu.

Ich hör' ein leises Klagen,  
So liebesbang, so  
seelenvoll.  
Was mag die Stimme  
fragen,  
Die in dem Wind  
verscholl?

**Franz Liszt (1811-1886)**

**3 sonetti di Petrarca  
S270/2 (1864-82)**

**Pace non trovo (Sonnet  
No. 104)**

Pace non trovo, e non ho da  
far guerra,  
E temo, e spero, ed ardo,  
e son un  
ghiaccio:  
E volo sopra 'l cielo e giaccio  
in terra;  
E nulla stringo, e  
tutto 'l mondo  
abbraccio.

Tal m'ha in prigion, che non  
m'apre, né  
serra,  
Né per suo mi ritien,  
né scioglie  
il laccio,  
E non m'accide Amor, e non  
mi sferra;  
Né mi vuol vivo, né mi  
trahe  
d'impaccio.

**I hear a little bird  
beckoning**

I hear a little bird  
beckoning,  
It woos so sweetly, it  
woos so loudly  
The beloved  
bride  
In the fragrance of flower-  
bells.

And from the blue  
lilac,  
Without pause or rest,  
The lovely bride sings  
Millions of love songs to  
him.

I hear a quiet lamenting,  
So full of anxious love, so  
full of soul.,  
What might the voice be  
asking,  
That died away in the  
wind?

**3 Petrarch Sonnets**

**I find no peace**

I find no peace, and am  
not inclined for war;  
and I fear, and I hope, and  
burn, and am turned to  
ice,  
and I soar in the air, and  
lie upon the ground;  
and I hold nothing,  
though I embrace the  
world.

Love has me in a prison,  
which he neither opens  
nor locks;  
he neither claims me for  
his own, nor loosens my  
halter;  
and Love neither slays  
me, nor unshackles me;  
he would not have me  
live, yet he torments  
me.

Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho  
lingua e grido;  
E bramo di perir, e  
cheggio aita;  
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed  
amo altrui:

Pascomi di dolor; piangendo  
rido;  
Egualmente mi spiace morte  
e vita.  
In questo stato son, Donna,  
per Voi.

**Benedetto sia'l giorno  
(Sonnet No. 47)**

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l  
mese, e l'anno,  
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e  
l'ora, e 'l punto,  
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco  
ov'io fui  
giunto  
Da' duo begli  
occhi che legato  
m'anno.

E benedetto il primo  
dolce affanno  
Ch'ì ebbi ed esser con Amor  
congiunto,  
E l'arco e le saette ond'  
i' fui punto,  
E le piaghe ch'infino al  
cor mi vanno.

Benedette  
le voci tante,  
ch'io  
Chiamando il nome di mia  
Donna ho sparte,  
E i sospiri e le lagrime  
e 'l desio;

E benedette sian tutte le  
carte  
Ov'io fama le acquisto,  
e il pensier  
mio,  
Ch'è sol di lei, si ch'altra non  
v'ha parte.

**I' vidi in terra angelici  
costumi  
(Sonnet No. 123)**

I' vidi in terra angelici  
costumi,

I see without eyes; and  
cry without a tongue;  
I long to perish, and plead  
for help;  
I hate myself, and love  
another:

I feed on grief; weeping I  
laugh;  
death, like life, repels  
me.  
You have reduced me,  
my lady, to this state.

**Blessed be the day**

Blessed be the day, the  
month, the year,  
and the season, and the  
time, and the moment,  
and the lovely landscape,  
and the spot where I  
was  
enthralled by two lovely  
eyes that have  
enslaved me.

And blessed be the first  
sweet pang I suffered,  
when Love overwhelmed  
me,  
the bows and arrows  
which stung me,  
and the wounds which  
penetrate my heart.

Blessed be the many  
voices that have  
echoed  
when I have called my  
lady's name,  
and the sighs and tears,  
and the longing;

and blessed be all those  
writings  
in which I have spread her  
fame, and my thoughts,  
which stem from her  
alone.

**I beheld on earth  
angelic grace**

I beheld on earth angelic  
grace,

E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;	and heavenly beauty unmatched in this world,
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:	such as rejoice and pain my memory,
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.	which is so clouded with dreams, shadows, mists.
E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,	And I beheld tears spring from those lovely eyes,
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole,	which many a time have put the sun to shame,
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole	and I heard words uttered with such sighs
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.	that mountains would be moved and rivers halted.
Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia	Love, wisdom, valour, pity and grief
Facean piangendo un più dolce concerto	created in that lament a sweeter concert
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.	than any other to be heard on earth.
Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento	And heaven was so intent on that harmony
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.	that not a leaf was seen to move on the bough;
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.	such sweetness had filled the air and wind.

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## Interval

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### Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

#### Freudvoll und Leidvoll Full of Joy

S280/2 (?1848)

Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe

Freudvoll	Full of joy,
Und leidvoll,	And full of sorrow,
Gedankenvoll sein;	Full of thoughts;
Hangen	Yearning
Und bangen	And trembling
In schwebender Pein;	In uncertain anguish;
Himmelhoch jauchzend,	Exulting to heaven,
Zum Tode betrübt -	Cast down unto death -
Glücklich allein	Happy alone
Ist die Seele, die liebt.	Is the soul that loves.

#### Wieder möcht ich dir begegnen S322

Peter Cornelius

Wieder möcht' ich Dir  
begegnen,  
Wieder schauen Deinen  
Blick;  
Aber was auch mein  
Geschick,  
Deine liebe Seele will ich  
segnen.

Leben möcht' ich Dir zu  
Fußen,  
Blumen streuen vor  
Dich hin,  
Aber, ob ich ferne  
bin,  
Deine liebe Seele will ich  
grüßen.

Bleib ich ewig  
auch vertrieben,  
Meinem reinsten Glücke  
fern,  
Deine Seele ist mein Stern,  
Deine liebe Seele will ich  
lieben.

#### Once more I would like to greet you

Once more I would like to  
greet you,  
look into your eyes  
again;  
but whatever happens to  
me  
I will bless your beloved  
soul.

I would like to live at your  
feet,  
strew flowers in front of  
you,  
but, even though I am far  
away,  
I will greet your beloved  
soul.

Even if I am always  
separated from you,  
distant from my purest  
bliss,  
your soul is my star  
I will love your beloved  
soul.

#### Lasst mich ruhen S317 (1858)

August Heinrich Hoffmann  
von Fallersleben

Lasst mich ruhen, lasst mich  
träumen,  
Wo die Abendwinde  
linde  
Säuseln in den  
Blütenbäumen,  
Wo der Nachtigallen  
Lieder  
Wieder in der Zweige  
Dämmerung schallen!

#### Let me rest

Let me rest, let me  
dream,  
where the gentle evening  
winds  
rustle in blossoming  
trees,  
where the nightingale's  
songs  
pour forth in the leafy  
twilight!

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

Wie des Mondes Silberhelle	As the moon's silver light
Auf des Baches dunkler	plays on the brook's dark
Welle	water,
Spielt in dieser lichten	so in this light
Stunde	hour
Auf des Lebens dunklem	do the dying day's joys
Grunde	and sorrows
Der vergangnen Tage Freud'	play upon life's dark
und Klage.	ground.
Der Erinnerung Lust und	Memory's pleasures and
Schmerzen	griefs
Flimmern auf in meinem	flicker in my
Herzen –	heart –
Lasst mich ruhen, lasst mich	Let me rest, let me
träumen	dream
Bei der Nachtigallen Sange	under the blossom-laden
	trees,
Unter vollen Blütenbäumen	as the nightingale sings
Lange -- lange!	on - and on!

### Ihr Glocken von Marling S328

*Emil Kuh*

Ihr Glocken von Marling,  
Wie brauset ihr so hell;  
Ein wohliges Läuten,  
Als sänge der Quell.

Ihr Glocken von Marling,  
Ein heil'ger Gesang  
Umwallet wie schützend  
Den weltlichen Klang.

Nehmt mich in die Mitte  
Der tönenden Flut,  
Ihr Glocken von Marling,  
Behütet mich gut!

### Verlassen S336

*Gustav Michel*

Mir ist die Welt so  
freudenleer,  
So kalt als sollte  
nimmermehr  
Die Sonne wieder scheinen;  
Seit ich sein Auge nicht mehr  
seh',  
Ist mir im Herzen gar zu weh,  
Ich weine, ach, muß weinen.

Weiß nicht, was ihn zum  
Wandern trieb,  
Weiß nur, daß ich verlassen  
blieb

### Bells of Marling

Bells of Marling,  
How brightly you chime;  
A pleasing sound  
Like a babbling spring.

Bells of Marling,  
A sacred song  
Embraces and protects  
The sounds of the earth.

Take me to your heart  
Of your resounding flood,  
Bells of Marling,  
Watch over me well!

### Abandoned

My world is so devoid of  
joy,  
So cold that it seems the  
sun  
Will never shine again;  
Since I no longer behold  
his eyes,  
My heart is full of grief,  
I weep, ah! have to weep.

I do not know what drove  
him away,  
I only know that I am  
abandoned

Zum Trauern und zum  
Leiden;  
Weiß nur, daß ich bis an das  
Grab  
Ihn ewig lieb im Herzen  
hab',  
Ich weine, ach, muß weinen.

Und wenn die Sonn' im  
Morgen steigt,  
Und wenn der Tag zum  
Schlummer neigt,  
Zum Himmel will ich  
weinen,  
Daß er mir einst ihn  
wiedergibt,  
Der mir das Herz so schwer  
betrübt,  
Ich weine, ach, muß weinen.

### Blume und Duft S324

(c. 1860)

*Friedrich Hebbel*

In Frühlings  
Heiligtume,  
Wenn dir ein Duft ans Tiefste  
rührt,  
Da suche nicht die Blume,  
Der ihn ein Hauch  
entführt.

Der Duft läßt Ew'ges ahnen,  
Von unbegrenztem  
Leben voll;  
Die Blume kann nur mahnen,  
Wie schnell sie welken soll.

### Freudvoll und leidvoll II S280bis (?1848)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Freudvoll  
Und leidvoll,  
Gedankenvoll sein;  
Langen  
Und bangen  
In schwebender Pein;  
Himmelhoch jauchzend,  
Zum Tode betrübt –  
Glücklich allein  
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

To mourning and  
sorrow;  
Only know that, until I  
die,  
I shall love him always in  
my heart,  
I weep, ah! have to weep.  
  
And when the sun climbs  
the morning sky  
And when day prepares  
to sleep,  
I shall weep and ask  
heaven  
To give him one day back  
to me,  
The man who makes my  
heart so sad,  
I weep, ah! have to weep.

### Flower and fragrance

In the sanctuary of spring,  
  
when some fragrance  
moves you deeply,  
do not seek the flower  
from which some breeze  
has born it.

Fragrance is a foretaste  
of the eternal, full of  
infinite life;  
the flower can but remind  
how quickly it shall fade.

### Full of joy and full of sorrow

Full of joy,  
and full of sorrow,  
full of thoughts;  
yearning  
and trembling  
in uncertain anguish;  
exulting to heaven,  
cast down unto death –  
happy alone  
is the soul that loves.



**Angiolin dal biondo  
crin S269/2**

*Marchese Césare Boccella*

Angiolin dal biondo  
crin,  
Che due verni ai visti appena,

Sia tua vita ognor  
seren,

Angiolin dal biondo  
crin,

Bella imagine d'un fior.

Che del sol t'indori un  
raggio,

Che benign'aura  
del Cielo

Ti carrezzi in sullo stel,

Angiolin dal biondo  
crin,

Bella imagine d'un fior.

Quando dormi il tuo  
respiro

È qual soffio  
dell'amor

Che ignorar poss'il dolore,

Angiolin dal biondo  
crin,

Bella imagine d'un fior.

Che felice ognor  
ti bei

Di tua madre al  
dolce riso,

Tu l'annunzi  
il paradiso,

Angiolin dal biondo  
crin,

Bella imagine d'un fior.

Tu da lei crescendo  
impara

Quant'han bell'arte e  
natura,

Non impara la  
sventura,

Angiolin dal biondo  
crin,

Bella imagine d'un fior.

**Angel fair with  
golden hair**

Angel fair with golden  
hair,

Just two springs have  
smiled upon thee;

May life's way be free  
from care,

Angel fair with golden  
hair,

Lovely image of a flow'r.

May soft breezes gently  
fan thee,

While the sun's bright  
beams caress thee;

May the stars shed  
radiance rare,

Angel fair with golden  
hair,

Lovely image of a flow'r.

When thou sleepest thy  
peaceful breathing

With sweetness scents  
the air;

May'st thou ne'er suffer  
love's despair!

Angel fair with golden  
hair,

Thou art lovely as a flow'r.

From thy mother's smiles  
of love

Happy dreams to thee be  
given;

In thine eyes she finds her  
heav'n.

Angel fair with golden  
hair,

Lovely image of a flow'r.

Learn from her the magic  
power

All art and nature  
indwelling;

Ne'er a thought of  
sadness telling.

Angel fair with golden  
hair,

Lovely image of a flow'r

E s'avvien che il nome  
mio

Nell'udir ti rest'in  
mente

Deh! il ridici a lei  
sovente.

Angiolin dal biondo  
crin,

Bella imagine d'un fior.

Should my name e'er  
meet thine ear,

Sweetly lisp it to thy  
mother,

That her heart may hold it  
dear.

Angel fair with golden  
hair,

Thou art lovely as a flow'r.

**Go not, happy day S335**

*(Alfred, Lord Tennyson from 'Maud')*

Go not, happy day,  
From the shining fields,

Go not, happy day,  
Till the maiden yields.

Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,

Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes  
Falters from her lips,

Pass and blush the news  
Over glowing ships;

Over blowing seas,  
Over seas at rest,

Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the West;

Till the red man dance  
By his red cedar-tree,

And the red man's babe  
Leap, beyond the sea.

Blush from West to East,  
Blush from East to West,

Till the West is East,  
Blush it thro' the West.

Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,

Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.

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

## Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

### Volkslied Op. 63 No. 5

*Ferdinand Freiligrath*

O, sah ich auf der Heide  
dort  
Im Sturme dich, im Sturme  
dich!  
Mit meinem Mantel vor dem  
Sturm  
Beschützt' ich dich,  
beschützt' ich dich!  
O, kommt mit seinen  
Stürmen je  
Dir Unglück nah, dir Unglück  
nah,  
Dann ist dies Herz dein  
Zufluchtsort,  
Gern teilt' ich's ja, gern teilt'  
ich's ja!

O, wär ich in der Wüste,  
die  
So öd und dürr, so öd  
und dürr,  
Zum Paradiese  
würde sie,  
Wärst du bei mir, wärst du  
bei mir.  
Und wär ein König ich, und  
wär  
Die Erde mein, die Erde  
mein,  
Du wärst in meiner Krone  
doch  
Der schönste Stein, der  
schönste Stein.

### Folksong

*Trans. Robert Burns*

O wert thou in the cauld  
blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder  
lea,  
My plaidie to the angry  
airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter  
thee;  
Or did Misfortune's bitter  
storms  
Around thee blow, around  
thee blow  
Thy bield should be thy  
bosom,  
To share it a', to share  
it a'.

O were I in the wildest  
waste  
Sae black and bare, sae  
black and bare,  
The desert were a  
Paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou  
wert there.  
Or were I Monarch o' the  
globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee  
to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my  
Crown  
Wad be my Queen, wad  
be my Queen.

### Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein Op. 63 No. 6

*August Heinrich Hoffmann  
von Fallersleben*

Maiglöckchen läutet  
in dem Tal,  
Das klingt so hell und  
fein:  
So kommt zum Reigen  
allzumal,  
Ihr lieben  
Blümelein!  
Die Blümchen blau und gelb  
und weiss,  
Die kommen all' herbei,  
Vergissmeinnicht und  
Ehrenpreis  
Und Veilchen sind dabei.

### Lily-of-the-valley and the little flowers

The lily-of-the-valley  
rings out in the valley,  
Resounding bright and  
clear:  
Gather round and  
dance,  
All you darling little  
flowers!  
Blue and yellow and white  
little flowers,  
All gather now around,  
Forget-me-nots and  
speedwells  
And violets all are there.

Maiglöckchen spielt zum  
Tanz im Nu  
Und alle tanzen  
dann,  
Der Mond sieht ihnen  
freundlich zu,  
Hat seine Freude d'ran.  
Den Junker Reif verdross das  
sehr,  
Er kommt in's Tal hinein:  
Maiglöckchen spielt zum  
Tanz nicht mehr,  
Fort sind die Blümelein.

Doch kaum der Reif das Tal  
verlässt,  
Da ruft wieder  
schnell  
Maiglöckchen zu dem  
Frühlingsfest  
Und läutet doppelt  
hell.  
Nun hält's auch mich nicht  
mehr zu Haus,  
Maiglöckchen ruft  
auch mich:  
Die Blümchen geh'n zum  
Tanz hinaus,  
Zum Tanze geh' auch ich!

The lily-of-the-valley  
plays at once,  
And all now start to  
dance,  
The moon looks on  
happily,  
And shares in the fun.  
Master hoar-frost sulks  
and sulks,  
He comes into the valley:  
The lily-of-the valley  
stops its dance-music,  
Away go the little flowers.

But as soon as the hoar-  
frost has left the valley,  
Lily-of-the-valley swiftly  
summons  
All to the spring festivities  
And rings out twice as  
brightly.  
Now I can no longer stay  
inside,  
The lily-of-the-valley calls  
me too:  
The little flowers go out to  
the dance,  
And to the dance go !!

*Translations by Richard Stokes © 2025 of 'Abendlied', 'Erntelied' (verse 3), 'Pilgerspruch', 'Das Waldschloss', 'Romanze', 'Todeslied der Bojaren' 'Ich hör' ein Vöglein' and 'Lasst mich ruhen'. Translations by Richard Stokes of 'Frühlingslied', 'Pagenlied', 'Hexenlied', 'Freudvoll und Leidvoll', 'Ihr Glocken von Marling', 'Verlassen', 'Blume und Duft', 'Freudvoll und leidvoll', 'Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein' 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. Translation of 'Angiolin dal biondo crin' by Charles Fonteyn Manney.*