WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 14 September 2023 7.30pm

Benjamin Appl baritone David Fray piano

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) She never told her love (1794-5)

> The Mermaid's Song (1794) The Spirit's Song (?c.1795)

Fischerweise D881 (1826) Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

> Auf der Donau D553 (1817) Nachtstück D672 (1819)

An die Apfelbäume, wo ich Julien erblickte D197 (1815)

Schäfers Klagelied D121 (1814)

An Silvia D891 (1826)

Der Musensohn D764 (1822)

Totengräbers Heimweh D842 (1825)

Der Zwerg D771 (1822-3)

Interval

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947) A Chloris (1916)

L'énamourée (?1891)

L'heure exquise from *Chansons grises* (1892)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

> In der Fremde • Intermezzo • Waldesgespräch • Die Stille • Mondnacht • Schöne Fremde • Auf einer Burg • In der Fremde • Wehmut • Zwielicht • Im Walde • Frühlingsnacht

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Haydn met the poet Anne Hunter during his first visit to London in 1791. As prominent members of London society, she and her husband, the eminent surgeon Sir John Hunter, would have attended concerts given by the celebrated composer, and Haydn attended Anne's salons at their house in Leicester Square, close by his lodgings in Great Pulteney Street. She was a member of the 'Blue Stockings', a literary society for women (though men were also invited to their meetings) founded around 1750. John died in 1793, leaving Anne a widow by the time of Haydn's second visit to London in 1794-5. The precise nature of their relationship at that time is unclear, but it involved them collaborating to write a series of canzonettas in English. Anne provided the texts for the first set, which includes 'The Mermaid's Song', and she selected the texts for the second set, which includes 'She never told her love', taken from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. 'The Spirit's Song' is one of three separately published canzonettas. John Hunter's collection of anatomical specimens is now the Hunterian Museum in London, which claims to be England's largest public collection of human anatomy.

The nine **Schubert** songs in this programme cover a period of 12 years; the earliest, 'Schäfers Klagelied', was written in 1814 when Schubert was 17, and the latest, 'An Silvia', in July 1826. The opening two songs are set on water, the first untroubled, the second greatly troubled. Both poems are by friends of Schubert: Franz von Schlechta ('Fischerweise') was a civil servant and amateur tenor who took part in many Schubertiades, and Johann Baptist Mayrhofer ('Auf der Donau') was possibly also Schubert's lover. Next come two songs featuring rustling trees; in the first, 'Nachtstück', they comfort a dying man, and in the second, 'An die Apfelbäume', the tree witnesses the awakening of love. The words of this song are by Ludwig Hölty, the only poet in this group who was not a contemporary of Schubert, having died 21 years before Schubert was born. The next three songs continue the love theme; 'An Silvia' is a serenade from Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona, translated into German by Schubert's friend Eduard von Bauernfeld. 'Schäfers Klagelied' is thought to be the first Schubert song to be sung at a public concert, by the tenor Franz Jäger, on 28 February 1819 transposed up a third. The poems of this song and 'Der Musensohn' are by Goethe; a contemporary of Schubert, but he cannot be counted as a friend as he famously disapproved of Schubert (or any other composer) setting his poetry to music. The final two songs centre on death; 'Totengräbers Heimweh' is one of three poems by Craigher that he gave Schubert to set in 1825, and 'Der Zwerg' sets a poem by Matthäus von Collin, a professor of philosophy at the universities of Cracow and Vienna.

Reynaldo Hahn was born in Caracas to a Venezuelan mother and a German father. The family moved to Paris when he was age three. He was a child prodigy who entered the Paris Conservatoire at the age of 10; Alfred Cortot and Ravel were among his fellow students in the piano class, and his composition teacher was Gounod. As a conductor, he worked at the Salzburg Festival when it was revived after the First World War, and was described by Maggie Teyte as 'the greatest of all Mozartians'. Most of Hahn's songs date from before 1914, though he lived until 1947. The poem of 'A Chloris' (1916) is by the 17th-century poet and playwright Théophile de Viau, who fell foul of the Jesuits and was charged with heresy (for questioning the immortality of the soul) and immorality (for writing licentious poetry and being bisexual). His plays include Pyrame et Thisbé, used by Shakespeare in A Midsummer Night's Dream. The other two songs date from Hahn's teens. 'L'énamourée' was probably composed in 1891 when he was 16 and sets a text by Théodore de Banville, whose bicentenary falls in 2023. Though he achieved success as a poet, Banville had his detractors - one of his obituaries stated that if he had the voice of a nightingale, he also had the brains of one. 'L'heure exquise' was written a year later, one of seven Verlaine settings that make up Chansons grises. Verlaine is said to have wept (with joy) on hearing Hahn's settings of his poems.

1840 was Robert Schumann's Liederjahr ('year of song'), during which he composed 138 songs, written in the frenzy of his love for, and eventual marriage to, Clara Wieck. The *Liederkreis* Op. 39 was written against the background of their long and traumatic struggle to overcome her father's opposition to their relationship. Liederkreis was written in May 1840, when their marriage was still uncertain (it would finally take place on 12 September) and the Eichendorff poems that Robert - and probably Clara, too - selected mirror their situation at that time. There are recurring images of a song, or the soul of the poet, flying to the beloved like a bird ('Intermezzo', 'Die Stille', 'Mondnacht'). In 'Wehmut' the nightingale sings of the poet's yearning, and several of the poems speak of the sorrow of solitude and loneliness ('In der Fremde', 'Waldesgespräch'). 'Auf einer Burg' and 'Im Walde' both mention weddings: in both cases clouded by fear and doubt, weeping and shuddering. 'Zwielicht' also reflects uncertainty. However, 'Schöne Fremde' speaks of the certainty of future happiness and Liederkreis ends with the triumphant optimism of 'Frühlingsnacht' - a declaration from Clara and Robert that their love will surely overcome every obstacle placed in its path.

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Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

She never told her love (1794-5)

William Shakespeare

She never told her love. But let concealment, like a worm in the bud, Feed on her damask cheek...; She sat, like Patience on a monument, Smiling at grief.

The Mermaid's Song (1794)

Anne Hunter

Now the dancing sunbeams play On the green and glassy sea, Come, and I will lead the way Where the pearly treasures be.

Come with me, and we will go Where the rocks of coral grow. Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie Far below the rolling waves, Riches, hid from human eye, Dimly shine in ocean's caves. Ebbing tides bear no delay. Stormy winds are far away.

Come with me, and we will go Where the rocks of coral grow. Follow, follow, follow me.

The Spirit's Song (?c.1795)

Anne Hunter

Hark! Hark, what I tell to thee, Nor sorrow o'er the tomb: My spirit wanders free, And waits till thine shall come.

All pensive and alone, I see thee sit and weep, Thy head upon the stone Where my cold ashes sleep.

I watch thy speaking eyes, And mark each falling tear; I catch thy passing sighs, Ere they are lost in air.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Fischerweise D881

(1826)

Franz Xaver von Schlechta

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen Und Gram und Leid nicht an, Er löst am frühen Morgen Mit leichtem Sinn den

Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede Auf Wald und Flur und Bach, Er ruft mit seinem Liede Die gold'ne Sonne wach.

Er singt zu seinem Werke Aus voller frischer Brust, Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke, Die Stärke Lebenslust!

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel In allen Tiefen laut, Und plätschert durch den Himmel

Der sich im Wasser baut -

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen

Braucht Augen klar und Muss heiter gleich den Wellen

Und frei sein wie die Flut;

Dort angelt auf der Brücke Die Hirtin - schlauer Wicht, Gib auf nur deine Tücke, Den Fisch betrügst du nicht!

Fisherman's song

The fisherman's not bothered by cares or grief or sorrow, with a light heart he unties his boat in the early morning.

Peace still lies all around over forest, field and stream, his singing causes the golden sun to wake.

He sings while he's working with a lusty, cheerful voice, his work gives him vigour, his vigour – a love of life!

Soon a colourful throng can be heard deep down below, splashing through the sky

reflected in the water.

Yet he who wants to cast needs a pair of good clear he must be as cheerful as the waves

and as free as the tide.

Up there on the bridge the shepherdess fishes – sly minx, give up your tricks, this is a fish you'll never catch!

Auf der Donau D553

(1817) Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

Auf der Wellen Spiegel Schwimmt der Kahn. Alte Burgen ragen Himmelan; Tannenwälder rauschen Geistergleich – Und das Herz im Busen Wird uns weich.

Denn der Menschen Werke Sinken all'; Wo ist Turm, wo Pforte, Wo der Wall, Wo sie selbst, die Starken? Erzgeschirmt, Die in Krieg und Jagden Hingestürmt.

Trauriges Gestrüppe Wuchert fort, Während frommer Sage Kraft verdorrt. Und im kleinen Kahne Wird uns bang – Wellen droh'n, wie Zeiten, Untergang.

Nachtstück D672 (1819) Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet, Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft, So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet, Und singt waldeinwärts

"Du heil'ge Nacht! Bald ist's vollbracht. Bald schlaf' ich ihn Den langen Schlummer, Der mich erlöst Von allem Kummer."

gedämpft:

Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann, Schlaf süss, du guter alter Mann; Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort, Wir decken seinen Ruheort:

On the Danube

The boat glides on the waves' surface. Old castles soar heavenward; pine-forests stir like ghosts – and our hearts grow faint within us.

For the works of man all perish; where are towers, where gates, where ramparts, where are the mighty themselves? Who, clad in bronze armour, stormed into wars and hunts.

Melancholy briars grow rank and rampant, while the power of pious myth withers. And in our small boat we grow afraid – waves, like time, threaten destruction.

Nocturne

When mist spreads over the mountains, and Luna battles with the clouds, the old man takes up his harp, and steps into the forest, singing softly:

'O holy night!
Soon it shall be done.
Soon I shall sleep
the long sleep,
that shall free me
from all affliction.'

Then the green trees will rustle:
sleep well, good old man;
the swaying grass will whisper:
we will cover his restingplace;

Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft,

O lass ihn ruh'n in Rasengruft!" –

Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt – Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt. and many a sweet bird will call: O let him rest in his grassy grave! –

The old man listens, the old man is silent – death has inclined towards him.

An die Apfelbäume, wo ich Julien erblickte D197 (1815)

Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty

Ein heilig Säuseln,
Und ein Gesangeston
Durchzittre deine
Wipfel,
O Schattengang, wo bang
und wild
Der ersten Liebe selige
Taumel
Mein Herz berauschten.

Die Abendsonne
Bebte wie lichtes Gold
Durch Purpurblüten,
Bebte wie lichtes Gold
Um ihres Busens
Silberschleier;
Und ich zerfloss in
Entzückungsschauer.

Nach langer Trennung Küsse mit Engelkuss Ein treuer Jüngling hier Das geliebte Weib, Und schwör in diesem Blütendunkel Ew'ge Treue der Auserkornen.

Ein Blümchen sprosse,
Wann wir gestorben sind,
Aus jedem Rasen,
Welchen ihr Fuss berührt,
Und trag' auf jedem seiner
Blätter
Meines verherrlichten
Mädchens Namen.

To the apple trees where I caught sight of Julia

Let solemn murmuring and the sound of singing vibrate through the treetops above you,
O shaded walk, where, fearful and impassioned, the blissful frenzy of first love seized my heart.

The evening sun shimmered like brilliant gold through purple blossoms, shimmered like brilliant gold around the silver veil on her breast.

And I dissolved in a shudder of ecstasy.

After long separation
let a faithful youth
kiss with an angel's kiss
his beloved wife,
and in the darkness of
this blossom
pledge eternal constancy
to his chosen one.

May a flower bloom, when we are dead, from every lawn touched by her foot. And may each of its leaves bear the name of my exalted love.

Schäfers Klagelied D121 (1814)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Da droben auf jenem Berge Da steh' ich tausendmal An meinem Stabe hingebogen Und sehe hinab in das Tal.

Dann folg' ich der weidenden Herde. Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie. Ich bin herunter gekommen Und weissdoch selber nicht wie.

Da steht von schönen Blumen Die ganze Wiese so voll. Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen, Wem ich sie geben soll.

Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter Verpass ich unter dem Baum. Die Türe dort bleibet verschlossen; Und alles ist leider ein Traum.

Es stehet ein Regenbogen Wohl über jenem Haus! Sie aber ist fortgezogen, Gar weit in das Land hinaus.

Hinaus in das Land und weiter, Vielleicht gar über die See. Vorüber, ihr Schafe, nur vorüber! Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.

Shepherd's lament

On that mountain over there I've stood a thousand times, leaning on my shepherd's staff gazing into the valley below.

I follow then the grazing my sheepdog guards for I've come down to the valley and do not myself know how.

The whole meadow is blooming, thronged with beautiful flowers. I pick them without knowing who to give them to.

In rain and storm and tempest I shelter beneath the tree. The door over there stays locked; and all, alas, is a dream.

A rainbow arches over the house! But she has gone away, far away to distant parts.

To distant parts and further, perhaps even over the sea. Move on, O sheep, move Your shepherd feels so sad.

An Silvia D891 (1826)

William Shakespeare, trans. Eduard von Bauernfeld

Was ist Silvia, saget an, What is Sylvia, tell me, Dass sie die weite Flur preist? her? Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,

Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,

Dass ihr Alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu? Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit: Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu, Dort heilt er seine Blindheit, Und verweilt in süsser Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang, Der holden Silvia Ehren; Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang, Den Erde kann gewähren: Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

that the wide fields praise I see her draw near, delicate and fair, it is a mark of heaven's favour that all are subject to her.

To Sylvia

Is she fair and kind as well? Her gentle child-like charm refreshes; Cupid hastens to her eyes, is cured of blindness there, and lingers in sweet peace.

To Sylvia, then, let our song resound, in sweetest Sylvia's honour; she's long excelled every grace that this earth can bestow: bring her garlands and the sound of strings!

Der Musensohn D764 (1822)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

The son of the muses

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen, Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen, So gehts von Ort zu Ort! Und nach dem Takte

Und nach dem Mass beweget Sich alles an mir fort.

reget,

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten Die erste Blum' im Garten, Die erste Blüt' am Baum. Sie grüssen meine Lieder, Und kommt der Winter wieder, Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter
schön!
Auch diese Blüte
schwindet
Und neue Freude
findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde Das junge Völkchen finde, Sogleich erreg' ich sie. Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich, Das steife Mädchen dreht sich Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt, durch Tal und
Hügel
Den Liebling weit von
Haus.
Ihr lieben holden Musen,
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Roaming through fields and woods, whistling out my song, is how I go from place to place!

And the whole world keeps time and moves in rhythm with me.

I can scarcely wait for them, the first flower in the garden, the first blossom on the tree. My songs greet them, and when winter returns, I still sing of my dream.

I sing it far and wide, throughout the icy realm, then winter blossoms in beauty! This blossoming also passes and new joys are discovered on the villages on the hills.

For as soon as I see young folk by the lime tree, I rouse them in a trice. The bumpkin puffs his chest out, the prim girl pirouettes in time to my melody.

You lend my feet wings and drive over hill and dale your favourite far from home. Dear, gracious Muses, when shall I at last find rest in my beloved's embrace?

Totengräbers Heimweh D842 (1825)

Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta

O Menschheit – o Leben! –
Was soll's – o was
soll's?!
Grabe aus – scharre zu!
Tag und Nacht keine Ruh! –
Das Treiben, das Drängen –
Wohin! – o
wohin?! – –
"Ins Grab – tief
hinab!" –

O Schicksal – o traurige
Pflicht –

Ich trag's länger nicht! – –

Wann wirst du mir schlagen,
O Stunde der Ruh?! –

O Tod! komm und drücke
Die Augen mir zu! – –

Im Leben da ist's ach! so
schwül! –

Im Grabe – so friedlich, so
kühl!

Doch ach, wer legt mich
hinein? –

Ich stehe allein! – so ganz
allein!! –

Von allen verlassen
Dem Tod nur verwandt,
Verweil' ich am Rande –
Das Kreuz in der Hand,
Und starre mit sehnendem
Blick,
Hinab – ins tiefe
Grab! –

O Heimat des Friedens,
Der Seligen Land!
An dich knüpft die Seele
Ein magisches Band. –
Du winkst mir von Ferne,
Du ewiges Licht: –
Es schwinden die Sterne –
Das Auge schon bricht! – –
Ich sinke – ich sinke! – Ihr
Lieben –
Ich komme! – –

Gravedigger's longing

O mankind – O life! –
To what end – oh what end?!
Digging out – filling in!
Day and night no rest! –
The urgency, the haste –
where does it lead! – ah where?! – –
'Deep down – into the grave!' –

O fate – O sad
duty –
I can bear it no more! – –
When will you toll for me,
O hour of peace?! –
O death! come
and close my eyes! – –
Life, alas, is so
oppressive! –
The grave so peaceful, so
cool!
But ah! who wil lay me
there? –
I stand alone! – so uterly
alone!! –

Abandoned by all, with death my only kin, I linger on the edge – cross in hand, and stare longingly down – into the deep grave! –

O homeland of peace, land of the blessed!

A magic bond binds my soul to you. –

Eternal light you beckon me from afar: – the stars vanish – my eyes close in death! – – I am sinking – I am sinking! – Loved ones – I come! – –

Der Zwerg D771 (1822-3) The dwarf

Matthäus von Collin

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die Berge, Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten Meereswogen,

Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten Bogen, Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne.

Die mit der Milch des Himmels blass durchzogen.

"Nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr Sterne," So ruft sie aus, "bald werd' ich nun entschwinden. Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb' ich wahrlich gerne."

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter Seide. Und weint, als wollt er schnell vor Gram erblinden.

Er spricht: "Du selbst bist schuld an diesem Leide. Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen. Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch Freude.

"Zwar werd ich ewiglich mich selber hassen. Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben, Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod nun erblassen."

Sie legt die Hand auf's Herz voll jungem Leben, Und aus dem Aug' die schweren Tränen rinnen, Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

"Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen Tod gewinnen!" Sie sagt's, da küsst der Zwerg die bleichen Wangen, Drauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau vom Tod befangen,

The mountains already fade in the gloom, the ship drifts on the sea's smooth swell, with the queen and her dwarf on board.

She gazes up at the high arching vault, at the distant blue woven with light. streaked by the pale Milky Way.

'Never, stars, have you lied to me yet,' she cries, 'Soon I shall be no more. you tell me so, yet truly l shall gladly die.'

The dwarf then steps up to the queen. to tie the red silk cord about her neck. and weeps, as though he'd go blind with grief.

He speaks: You yourself are to blame for this torment. because you for sook me for the king, your death alone can gladden me.

'Though I shall always hate myself for killing you with this hand, you must now perish, go early to your grave.'

She lays her hand on her young heart, and heavy tears stream from her eyes, she now raises to heaven in prayer.

'May you suffer no anguish through my death!' she says; the dwarf then kisses her pale cheeks, and forthwith she falls unconscious.

The dwarf looks down at his dying lady,

Er senkt sie tief in's Meer mit eignen Handen.

Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll Verlangen.

An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

lowers her with his hands deep into the sea. His heart burns for her with such desire. He will never again set

foot on shore.

Interval

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

A Chloris (1916) Théophile de Viau

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,

Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,

Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes

Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

Que la mort serait importune

A venir changer ma fortune Pour la félicité des cieux!

Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambroisie

Ne touche point ma fantaisie

Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me, (and I'm told you love me dearly), I do not believe that even kinas can match the happiness I know. Even death would be

powerless to alter my fortune with the promise of heavenly bliss! All that they say of ambrosia does not stir my

imagination like the favour of your eyes!

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

L'énamourée (?1891)

Théodore de Banville

Ils se disent, ma colombe, Que tu rêves, morte encore,

Sous la pierre d'une tombe:

Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore

Tu t'éveilles ranimée, Ô pensive bien-aimée!

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles, Dans la brise qui murmure, Je caresse tes longs voiles, Ta mouvante chevelure, Et tes ailes demi-closes

Qui voltigent sur les roses!

Ô délices! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes!
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les
ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

L'heure exquise from Chansons grises (1892)

Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche Luit dans les bois; De chaque branche Part une voix Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète, Profond miroir, La silhouette Du saule noir Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre Apaisement Semble descendre Du firmament Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

The loved one

They say, my dove, that, though dead, you dream beneath the headstone of a grave: but for the soul that adores you, you waken, restored to life, O pensive beloved!

During sleepless, starlit nights, in the murmuring breeze, I caress your long veils, your billowing hair, and your half-folded wings that flutter over roses!

O delight! I inhale your divine blonde tresses! Your pure voice, this lyre, follows the waves across the water, and softly ripples them, like a lamenting swan!

The exquisite hour

The white moon gleams in the woods; from every branch there comes a voice beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects, deep mirror, the silhouette of the black willow where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender consolation seems to fall from the sky the moon illumes...

Exquisite hour.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840) Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot Da kommen die Wolken her, Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,

Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit, Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit, Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

In a foreign land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning, the clouds come drifting in, but father and mother have long been dead, now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time when I too shall rest beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods, forgotten here as well.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig Hab' ich im Herzensgrund, Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet Ein altes, schönes Lied, Das in die Luft sich schwinget Und zu dir eilig zieht.

Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness deep within my heart, it gazes at me every hour so freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself an old and beautiful song that soars into the sky and swiftly wings its way to you.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt.

Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?

Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein.

Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

"Gross ist der Männer Trug und List.

Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist.

Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin.

O flieh! Du weisst nicht, wer ich bin."

So reich geschmückt ist Ross und Weib,

So wunderschön der junge

Jetzt kenn ich dich – Gott steh mir bei!

Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

"Du kennst mich wohl – von hohem Stein

Schaut still mein Schloss tief in den Rhein.

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt

Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!"

A forest dialogue

It is already late, already cold.

why ride lonely through the forest?

The forest is long, you are alone.

you lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,

my heart is broken with arief.

the hunting horn echoes here and there,

O flee! You do not know who I am.'

So richly adorned are steed and lady,

so wondrous fair her youthful form,

now I know you - may God protect me!

You are the enchantress Lorelei.

'You know me well - from its towering rock

my castle looks deep and silent down into the Rhine.

It is already late, already cold.

you shall never leave this forest again!'

Die Stille

Es weiss und rät es doch Keiner.

Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl! Ach, wüsst' es nur Einer, nur Einer.

Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draussen im Schnee,

So stumm und verschwiegen sind

Die Sterne nicht in der Höh', Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein

Und zöge über das Meer, Wohl über das Meer und weiter.

Silence

No one knows and no one can quess

how happy I am, how happy! If only one, just one man knew,

no one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,

nor are the stars on high

so still and silent as my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird, and could fly across the sea, across the sea and further.

Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel Die Erde still geküsst, Dass sie im Blütenschimmer

Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder, Die Ähren wogten sacht. Es rauschten leis die Wälder, So sternklar war die

Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte Weit ihre Flügel aus, Flog durch die stillen Lande, Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Moonlit night

until I were in heaven!

It was as though Heaven had softly kissed the Earth, so that she in a gleam of blossom had now to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields, the corn swayed gently to and fro. the forests murmured softly, the night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread its wings out wide, flew across the silent land, as though flying home.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern.

Als machten zu dieser Stund' Um die halb versunkenen Mauern

Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen In heimlich dämmernder Pracht.

Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,

Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne Mit glühendem Liebesblick, Es redet trunken die

Ferne Wie von künftigem grossen Glück!

A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder as if at this very hour the ancient gods were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees in secret twilit splendour, what are you telling me, fantastic night, obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze down on me, fierily and full of love, the distant horizon speaks with rapture of some great happiness to come!

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

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer Oben ist der alte Ritter; Drüber gehen Regenschauer, Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare, Und versteinert Brust und Krause, Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draussen ist es still und friedlich, Alle sind in's Tal gezogen, Waldesvögel einsam singen In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine, Musikanten spielen munter, Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen Im Walde her und hin, Im Walde, in dem Rauschen Ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen Hier in der Einsamkeit, Als wollten sie was sagen Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondesschimmer fliege Als säh' ich unter mir Das Schloss im Tale liegen, Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müsste in dem Garten Voll Rosen weiss und rot, Meine Liebste auf mich warten,

In a castle

Up there at his look-out the old knight has fallen asleep; rain-storms pass overhead, and the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together, ruff and breast turned to stone, for centuries he's sat up there in his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful, all have gone down to the valley, forest birds sing lonely songs in the empty windowarches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine a wedding-party's sailing by, musicians strike up merrily, and the lovely bride – weeps.

In a foreign land

I hear the brooklets murmuring through the forest, here and there, in the forest, in the murmuring I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing here in the solitude, as though they wished to tell of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers, as though I saw below me the castle in the valley, yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden, full of roses, white and red, my love were waiting for me, Und ist doch so lange tot.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen, Als ob ich fröhlich sei, Doch heimlich Tränen dringen, Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen, Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft, Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen, Und alles ist erfreut, Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen, Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Sadness

True, I can sometimes sing as though I were content; but secretly tears well up, and my heart is set free.

yet she died so long ago.

Nightingales, when spring breezes play outside, sing their song of longing from their dungeon cell.

Then all hearts listen and everyone rejoices, yet no one feels the pain, the deep sorrow in the song.

Zwielicht

bedeuten?

Dämmrung will die Flügel spreiten, Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume, Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume – Was will dieses Graun

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern, Lass es nicht alleine grasen, Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,

Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden.

Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,

Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,

Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter.

Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.

Manches geht in Nacht verloren –

Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

Twilight

Dusk is about to spread its wings, the trees now shudder and stir, clouds drift by like oppressive dreams – what can this dusk and dread imply?

If you have a fawn you favour, do not let her graze alone, hunters sound their horns through the forest, voices wander to and fro.

If here on earth you have a friend,

do not trust him at this hour,

though his eyes and lips be smiling,

in treacherous peace he's scheming war.

That which wearily sets today,

will rise tomorrow, newly born.

Much can go lost in the night –

be wary, watchful, on your guard!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,

Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen, Da blitzten viel Reiter, das

Waldhorn klang,

Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,

Die Nacht bedecket die Runde; Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald Und mich schauert's im

In the forest

A wedding procession wound across the mountain,

I heard the warbling of birds, riders flashed by, hunting horns blared,

that was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had faded.

darkness covers the land; only the forest still sighs from the mountain, and deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

Frühlingsnacht

Herzensgrunde.

Spring night

Überm Garten durch die Lüfte

Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,

Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,

Unten fängt's schon an zu blühn.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte

weinen.

Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!

Alte Wunder wieder scheinen

Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,

Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain

Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:

Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

Over the garden, through

the air

I heard birds of passage

a sign that spring is in the

flowers already bloom

below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,

for it seems to me it cannot be!

All the old wonders come flooding back,

gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,

and the dreaming forest whispers it,

and the nightingales sing

She is yours, is yours!

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