

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 16 June 2024
3.00pm

Stuart Jackson tenor
Julius Drake piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An den Mond D259 (1815)

Wandrer's Nachtlid I D224 (1815)

An Schwager Kronos D369 (1816)

Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren D360 (1816)

Meeres Stille D216 (1815)

Auf dem See D543 (1817)

Der Fischer D225 (1815)

An Silvia D891 (1826)

Der Einsame D800 (1825)

An die Laute D905 (1827)

Rastlose Liebe D138 (1815)

Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen D698 (1820)

Jägers Abendlied D368 (1816)

Abendstern D806 (1824)

An Mignon D161 (1815)

Der Musensohn D764 (1822)

Nähe des Geliebten D162 (1815)

Wandrer's Nachtlid II D768 (1824)

An den Mond D296 (c.1816)

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This afternoon's recital features 19 of Schubert's greatest Lieder, 13 of which set poems by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. On 17 April 1816 Schubert sent a volume of 16 Goethe-Lieder, including 'Rastlose Liebe', 'An Mignon', 'Nähe des Geliebten', 'Meeres Stille', 'Wandrer's Nachtlied I' and 'Jägers Abendlied' from this concert, to the grand old man of German letters in Weimar, enclosed a rather cloying letter of introduction from Josef von Spaun, and waited impatiently for a reply. None came. The songs were returned, and the projected second volume was never sent. And yet without Schubert's Lieder, Goethe would for thousands and thousands of people across the globe be nothing but a name.

This recital is bookended by Schubert's two settings of *An den Mond*. The first version (D259), with its sad E flat major melody, captures perfectly the melancholy of the poem, although the shape of Schubert's tune, which stretches over two stanzas, necessitated the omission of one of Goethe's verses. The second version (D296) sets the poem complete and pierces the heart with the dotted rhythm of its A flat major opening. Schubert set both Goethe's *Wandrer's Nachtlieder*. D224 ('Der du von dem Himmel bist') begins as a prayer, before the beat quickens in bars 5 and 6, where the semiquaver right-hand chords suggest the commotion of the world-weary wanderer; the song ends with an invocation to peace which Schubert marks *etwas geschwinder*, as though by quickening the pace he could attain more quickly the serenity for which the poet so yearned. In the poem of D296 ('Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh') the notion of impending death is suggested by the progression from large open spaces ('Gipfeln'), via tree-tops ('Wipfeln'), to the enclosed forest and coffin.

An Schwager Kronos was penned in a post-chaise as Goethe returned from a visit to Klopstock, the doyen of German poetry. The meeting greatly disappointed Goethe who had seen a poet in decline. The poem is a magnificent revolt against stagnation, and this is one of Schubert's finest Goethe Lieder, whose thrilling rhythmic drive recalls 'Erlkönig', composed the previous year. *Meeres Stille* was written by Goethe in 1787 after the boat in which he was sailing from Sicily to Naples was becalmed – a frightening experience conveyed by the insistent trochaic rhythm and, in Schubert's great song, 32 semibreve and arpeggiated chords.

The Dioscuri, apostrophised in 'Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren', were traditionally the protectors of sailors, and in Mayrhofer's poem the sailor promises to make an offering to them at the end of his voyage, if he reaches home unscathed. The song begins with a series of arpeggiated chords that suggest wind ruffling the sea's surface, and ends with a three bar postlude describing the sailor rowing his boat ashore. Schubert never saw the sea but he was familiar with Austrian lakes – the scene of Goethe's *Auf dem See*, however, is Lake Zurich. The iambic rhythm of verse one depicts the poet rowing; the trochees of verse two show him resting on his oars, as he ponders life; and in verse three, to a quicker rhythm, he rows ashore – wonderfully expressed by

Schubert in the new 2/4 time – and glimpses the ripening fruit in the morning light. Had Goethe listened to Schubert's 'Der Fischer' in April 1816, he would almost certainly have appreciated its strophic form (he disapproved of through-composed songs and felt that the accompaniment should be subservient to the poem) and the way that Schubert's song did not explode the folksong-like qualities of his poem.

'An Silvia' from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which sets a translation by Eduard von Bauernfeld, was not written on manuscript paper but inscribed in a small pocket book with the staves ruled by Schubert himself. In Carl Lappe's *Der Einsame* the poet reflects on the day he has just spent, and we hear the chirp of the nocturnal crickets in the little semiquaver figure that surfaces intermittently throughout Schubert's song. 'An die Laute' is punctuated with lute-like arpeggios in almost every bar, as the lover serenades his sweetheart, *pianissimo*, so that the neighbours won't hear.

'Rastlose Liebe' was one of Schubert's first songs to win public approval, as we learn from an entry in his diary, dated 13 June 1816, in which he describes a concert at which he sang [sic.] the song to unreserved applause. Goethe's poetry, he modestly remarked, contributed greatly to the success. 'Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen' parades many of Schubert's most familiar hallmarks, including flowing quavers and a four-bar echo phrase in the accompaniment that has an hypnotic effect on the listener. Goethe's *Jägers Abendlied*, more love poem than huntman's song, is set by Schubert to a beautiful strophic melody of sliding sixths and thirds. 'Abendstern' voices the poet's loneliness; he longs to find fidelity in love, but is condemned to live alone. The poem takes the form of a dialogue: one voice urges the poet to immerse himself in the world, the other suggests that this is impossible. The key keeps veering between A minor and A major, and for one moment the warmth of the major key is attained – but the ecstasy is ephemeral, minor reasserts itself and the poet is left to reflect with resignation on his loneliness.

Goethe's *An Mignon* is a sort of apostrophe to pain: the 'Schmerzen/Herzen' rhyme appears in each stanza, and Schubert responds in plaintive G minor with a circular melody that depicts admirably the emotional impasse of Mignon's feelings. 'Der Musensohn', too often performed too fast, is tinged with melancholy – an image of the lonely Schubert springs to mind playing his music at the Schubertiaden while his friends dance and flirt the evening away. There's a sadness in the final bars, suggested by the *pianissimo* and an exquisite *ritardando* on 'Busen'. 'Nähe des Geliebten' depicts a woman who attempts to conjure up the presence of her departed lover. In verse 1 she thinks of him; in verse 2 she sees him; in verse 3 she hears him. In the final verse, having worked herself up into a frenzy of expectation, she convinces herself that she is actually by her lover's side – a hope that is dashed by the final line's despairing conditional tense – 'O wärest du da!'

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An den Mond D259

(1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Füllest wieder Busch
und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz;

Breitest über mein
Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge mild
Über mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein
Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud' und
Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.

Fliesse, fliesse, lieber
Fluss!
Nimmer werd' ich froh,
So verrauschte Scherz und
Kuss,
Und die Treue
so.

Ich besass es doch einmal,
Was so köstlich ist!
Dass man doch zu seiner
Qual
Nimmer es vergisst!

Rausche, Fluss, das Tal
entlang,
Ohne Rast und ohne
Ruh,
Rausche, flüstere
meinem Sang
Melodien zu,

Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend
überschwillst,
Oder um die
Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen
quillst.

Selig, wer sich vor der
Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen
hält

To the moon

Once more you fill wood
and vale
silently with radiant mist,
and at last
set my soul quite free;

Soothingly you spread
your gaze
over my domain,
like a gentle friend
watching over my fate.

My heart feels every
echo
of happy times and sad,
I drift between joy and
pain
in my loneliness.

Flow, flow on, beloved
river!
Never shall I be happy,
this was how they
streamed away,
kisses, laughter,
faithfulness.

Yet I once possessed
what is so precious!
Ah, the
torment
of never forgetting it!

Murmur, river, along the
valley,
ever onward without
cease,
murmur, whisper for my
songs
your melodies,

As when on winter nights
you rage and break your
banks,
or when you bathe the
springtime splendour
of burgeoning young
buds.

Happy are they who,
without hate,
withdraw from the world,
holding to their heart one
friend

Und mit dem genießt,

and with him enjoy.

Was von Menschen nicht
gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der
Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

What, unknown to human
kind,
or not even pondered,
drifts through the
heart's
labyrinth at night.

Wandrer's Nachtlied I D224 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Der du von dem Himmel bist,

Alles Leid und Schmerzen
stillst,

Den, der doppelt
elend ist,

Doppelt mit Entzückung
füllst,

Ach, ich bin des Treibens
müde!

Was soll all der Schmerz und
Lust?

Süßer Friede!

Komm, ach komm in meine
Brust!

Wanderer's night-song I

You who come from
heaven,

soothing all pain and
sorrow,

filling the doubly
wretched

doubly with
delight,

ah, I am weary of this
restlessness!

What use is all this joy
and pain?

Sweet peace!

Come, ah come into my
breast!

An Schwager Kronos D369 (1816)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Spüte dich, Kronos!

Fort den rasselnden Trott!

Bergab gleitet der Weg;

Ekles Schwindeln
zögert

Mir vor die Stirne dein
Zaudern.

Frisch, holpert es
gleich,

Über Stock und Steine den
Trott

Rasch in's Leben hinein!

To Coachman Chronos

Make haste, Chronos!

Away at a rattling trot!

The road runs downhill;

I grow nauseous and
giddy

at your
dawdling.

Quick, though the road is
rough,

speed past hedge and
ditch

headlong into life!

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

| | |
|---|--|
| Nun schon wieder Den eratmenden Schritt Mühsam Berg hinauf! Auf denn, nicht träge denn, Strebend und hoffend hinan! | Now once more you toil uphill out of breath! Up then, don't be sluggish, upwards, striving, hoping! |
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| Weit, hoch, herrlich rings den Blick Ins Leben hinein; Vom Gebirg' zum Gebirg' Schwebet der ewige Geist, Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll. | Wide, high, glorious the view all around into life; from mountain range to mountain range the eternal spirit soars, presaging eternal life. |
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| Seitwärts des Überdachs Schatten Zieht dich an Und ein Frischung verheissender Blick Auf der Schwelle des Mädchens da. Labe dich – Mir auch, Mädchen, Diesen schäumenden Trank, Diesen frischen Gesundheitsblick! | A shade-giving roof draws you aside and the girl's gaze promises refreshment on the step. Take comfort – give me too, lass, this foaming draught, this fresh, health-giving look! |
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| Ab denn, rascher hinab! Sieh, die Sonne sinkt! Eh' sie sinkt, eh' mich Greisen Ergreift im Moore Nebelduft, Entzähnte Kiefern schnattern Und das schlotternde Gebein – | Downhill, then, faster down! See, the sun is sinking! Before it sinks and I, an old man, am trapped on the misty moor, with toothless jaws chattering and limbs shaking – |
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| Trunken vom letzten Strahl Reiss mich, ein Feuermeer Mir im schäumenden Aug', Mich geblendeten Taumelnden In der Hölle nächtliches Tor. | Snatch me, still drunk with its last rays, a fiery sea glinting in my eyes, dazzled and reeling into Hell's night gate. |
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| Töne, Schwager, ins Horn, Rasse den schallenden Trab, Dass der Orkus vernehme: wir kommen, Dass gleich an der Tür Der Wirt uns freundlich empfange. | Coachman, sound your horn, clatter resoundingly on, let Orcus know: we're coming, so mine host will be there to greet us at the gate. |
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Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren D360 (1816)

Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

Dioskuren, Zwillingsterne,
Die ihr leuchtet meinem
Nachen,
Mich beruhigt auf dem
Meere
Eure Milde, euer Wachen.

Wer auch, fest in sich
begründet,
Unverzagt dem Sturm
begegnet;
Fühlt sich doch in euren
Strahlen
Doppelt mutig und
gesegnet.

Dieses Ruder, das ich
schwinge,
Meeresfluten zu
zerteilen;
Hänge ich, so ich
geborgen,
Auf an eures Tempels
Säulen.

Meeres Stille D216 (1815)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Tiefe Stille herrscht im
Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der
Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings
umher.
Keine Luft von keiner
Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuern Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.

Auf dem See D543 (1817)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Und frische Nahrung,
neues Blut
Saug' ich aus freier
Welt;

Seafarer's song to the Dioscuri

Dioscuri, twin stars,
you who light my vessel's
way,
your gentle
vigilance
consoles me on the seas.

Though a man, full of
confidence,
stands intrepid against
the storm,
he feels doubly valiant
and blessed
when you shine
on him.

This oar that I
ply
to part the ocean's waves,

I shall hang on your
temple's pillar,
once I am safely
ashore.

Calm sea

Deep silence weighs on
the water,
motionless the sea rests,
and the fearful boatman
sees
a glassy surface all
around.
No breeze from any
quarter!
Fearful, deadly silence!
In all that vast expanse
not a single ripple stirs.

On the lake

And fresh nourishment,
new blood
I suck from these open
spaces;

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| Wie ist Natur so hold and gut, Die mich am Busen hält! Die Welle wieget unsern Kahn Im Rudertakt hinauf, Und Berge, wolkig himmelan, Begegnet unserm Lauf. | how sweet and kindly Nature is, who holds me to her breast! The waves cradle our boat to the rhythm of the oars, and mountains, soaring skywards in cloud, meet us in our path. |
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| Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder? Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder? Weg, du Traum! so gold du bist; Hier auch Lieb' und Leben ist. | Why, my eyes, do you look down? Golden dreams, will you return? Away, O dream, however golden; here too is love and life. |
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| Auf der Welle blinken Tausend schwebende Sterne, Weiche Nebel trinken Rings die türmende Ferne; Morgenwind umflügelt Die beschattete Bucht, Und im See bespiegelt Sich die reifende Frucht. | Stars in their thousands drift and glitter on the waves, gentle mists drink in the towering skyline; morning breezes flutter round the shaded bay, and the ripening fruit is reflected in the lake. |
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Der Fischer D225 (1815)
*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

The Fisherman

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| Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll, Ein Fischer sass daran, Sah nach dem Angel ruhevoll, Kühl bis ans Herz hinan. Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht, Teilt sich die Flut empor: Aus dem bewegten Wasser rauscht Ein feuchtes Weib hervor. | The waters rushed, the waters surged, a fisherman sat on the bank, gazed calmly at his line, cool to his very heart. And as he sits, and as he listens, the waters swell and part; and from their turbulence a water-nymph arose. |
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| Sie sang zu ihm, sie sprach zu ihm: „Was lockst du meine Brut Mit Menschenwitz und Menschenlist Hinauf in Todesglut? Ach wüsstest du, wie's Fischlein ist So wohligh auf dem Grund, | She sang to him, she spoke to him: 'Why do you lure my brood with human wit and human guile up into the fatal heat? Ah, if you knew how contented the fish are deep below, |
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| Du stiegst herunter, wie du bist, Und würdest erst gesund. | you'd plunge in, just as you are, and only then be healed. |
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| Labt sich die liebe Sonne nicht, Der Mond sich nicht im Meer? Kehrt wellenatmend ihr Gesicht Nicht doppelt schöner her? Lockt dich der tiefe Himmel nicht, Das feuchtverklärte Blau? Lockt dich dein eigen Angesicht Nicht her in ew'gen Tau?" | Do not the dear sun and the moon refresh themselves in the sea? Do not their faces, breathing waves, emerge doubly fair? Are you not drawn by the heavenly deep, by the moisture- transfigured blue? Are you not drawn by your own face into this eternal dew?" |
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| Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll, Netz' ihm den nackten Fuss; Sein Herz wuchs ihm so sehnsuchtsvoll Wie bei der Liebsten Gruss. Sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm; Da war's um ihn geschehn; Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin Und ward nicht mehr gesehn. | The waters rushed, the waters surged, lapping his naked foot; his heart heaved with such yearning, as if his love were greeting him. She spoke to him, and sang to him; and from that moment he was lost: half pulled, half sinking, he slipped from view and was never seen again. |
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An Silvia D891 (1826)
*William Shakespeare, trans.
Eduard von Bauernfeld*

To Sylvia

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| Was ist Silvia, saget an, Dass sie die weite Flur preist? Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n, Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist, Dass ihr Alles untertan. | What is Sylvia, tell me, that the wide fields praise her? I see her draw near, delicate and fair, it is a mark of heaven's favour that all are subject to her. |
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Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

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| Ist sie schön und gut dazu? | Is she fair and kind as well? |
| Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit; | Her gentle child-like charm refreshes; |
| Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu, | Cupid hastens to her eyes, |
| Dort heilt er seine Blindheit, | is cured of blindness there, |
| Und verweilt in süsster Ruh. | and lingers in sweet peace. |

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang, | To Sylvia, then, let our song resound, |
| Der holden Silvia Ehren; | in sweetest Sylvia's honour; |
| Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang, | she's long excelled every grace |
| Den Erde kann gewähren: | that this earth can bestow: |
| Kränze ihr und Saitenklang! | bring her garlands and the sound of strings! |

Der Einsame D800

(1825)

Karl Gottlieb Lappe

The recluse

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| Wenn meine Grillen schwirren, | When my crickets chirrup at night |
| Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd, | by the late-burning hearth, |
| Dann sitz' ich, mit vergnügtem Sinn, | I sit contentedly in my chair, |
| Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin, | confiding to the flame, |
| So leicht, so unbeschwert. | so light-heartedly, so at ease. |

| | |
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| Ein trautes stilles Stündchen | For one more sweet and peaceful hour |
| Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach. | it's good to linger by the fire, |
| Man schürt, wenn sich die Lohe senkt, | stirring the embers when the blaze dies down, |
| Die Funken auf, und sinnt und denkt: | musing and thinking: |
| Nun abermal ein Tag! | Well, that's another day! |

| | |
|--|---|
| Was Liebes oder Leides Sein Lauf für uns daher gebracht, | Whatever joy or sorrow it has brought us, |
| Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn; | runs once more through the mind; |
| Allein das Böse wirft man hin. | but the bad is cast aside, |
| Es störe nicht die Nacht. | so as not to spoil the night. |

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| Zu einem frohen Traume | We gently prepare ourselves |
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| Bereitet man gemach sich zu. | for pleasant dreams. |
| Wenn sorgelos ein holdes Bild | When a lovely image fills the soul |
| Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt, | with carefree, tender joy, |
| Ergibt man sich der Ruh. | we succumb to sleep. |

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| O wie ich mir gefalle In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit! | Oh, how I love my quiet rustic life! |
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| Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt | What holds the wayward heart captive in the bustle |
| Das irre Herz gefesselt hält, | of the noisy world, |
| Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit. | cannot bring contentment. |

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| Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen, | Chirp away, friendly house crickets |
| In meiner Klause, eng und klein. | in my narrow little room. |

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| Ich duld' euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht. | I gladly put up with you: you're no trouble. |
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| Wann euer Lied das Schweigen bricht, | When your song breaks the silence, |
| Bin ich nicht ganz allein. | I'm no longer all alone. |

An die Laute D905

(1827)

Johann Friedrich Rochlitz

To the lute

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| Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute, | Play more softly, little lute, |
| Flüstre, was ich dir vertraute, | whisper what I confided to you |
| Dort zu jenem Fenster hin! | in at that window there! |
| Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte, | Like the ripple of gentle breezes, |
| Mondenglanz und Blumendüfte, | like moonlight and the scent of flowers, |
| Send' es der Gebieterin! | send the message to my mistress! |

| | |
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| Neidisch sind des Nachbars Söhne, | All my neighbour's sons are jealous, |
| Und im Fenster jener Schöne | and in that beauty's window |
| Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht. | a solitary lamp still burns. |
| Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute; | So play more softly, little lute: |
| Dich vernehme die Vertraute, | that you be heard by my love, |
| Nachbarn aber – Nachbarn nicht! | but not – ah, not – the neighbours! |

Rastlose Liebe D138

(1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der
Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt'ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du.

Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen D698

(1820)

Franz von Schlegel

Und singt zu seiner Zither
Und seufzte: „Blüht in Lust!
Und oben zog der
Ritter
Und mein Wachen
webet ein.“
Und fragt sie, wer euch
brachte,
Und die Nacht sei kühl
und traut.
Sich an ihrem Fenster bricht,
Seufz' ein wohlbekannter
Laut,
Sanft für meine
Botschaft aus,
Sagt ihr, wie des
Mondes Welle
Sagt ihr, wie der Wald,
die Quelle
Sagt ihr, dass noch
einer wache,
Sagt ihr, dass im
Blätterdache
Rufet sie mit leisem Klingen
Wohl nicht zu Liebchens Ohr,

Restless love

Into snow, into rain,
into wind,
through steaming
ravines,
through mist and haze,
on and on!
Without respite!

I'd rather fight
my way through affliction
than endure so many
of life's joys.
All this attraction
of heart to heart,
ah, what special
anguish it brings!

How shall I flee?
Fly to the forest?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
joy without rest –
this, Love, is you.

The young lady's serenade

and sings to his zither
sighing: 'Bloom in joy.
And once up there the
knight
into my dreams and my
waking hours.'
And if she asks who
brought you,
and that the night is cool
and intimate.
breaks upon her window;
a familiar voice is
sighing;
and bear my
message;
Tell her how the wave of
moonlight
tell her how the grove and
the fountain
tell her that someone is
still awake,
Tell her that beneath the
canopy of leaves
with soft strains call her
his sweetheart's
ear

Lass ihn leuchten durch die
Bäume,
Hier unten steht ein
Ritter
Heimlich und von Liebe
spricht!
Ein Stimmchen unten lachte:
Ein Lied von süßer Qual:
Ein Kränzchen aus der
Brust;
Doch drang die zarte
Weise
Der Sänger schwang sich
leise
Deines Bildes süßen Schein,
Das sich hold in meine
Träume
Das band er fest am
Gitter
Dann, Blumen, tut ihr kund.“
An dies Fensterlein heraus.
„Lüfte, spannt die blauen
Schwingen
„Dein Ritter Liebesmund.“
Im hellen Mondenstrahl,
Zum Fensterlein empor.

Jägers Abendlied D368 (1816)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Im Felde schleich' ich
still und wild,
Gespannt mein Feuerrohr.
Da schwebt so licht dein
liebes Bild,
Dein süßes Bild
mir vor.

Du wandelst jetzt wohl still
und mild
Durch Feld und
liebes Tal,
Und ach, mein schnell
verrauschend Bild,
Stellt sich dir's nicht einmal?

Let the sweet light of your
image
A knight stands down
below
speak secretly of
love.
A voice below laughed:
a song of sweet suffering:
drew a garland from his
breast
But the tender melody
could not have reached
for the singer swung
himself softly
shine through the trees,
your image which is
gently woven
and bound it fast to the
grille,
then, flowers, tell her.'
to this window.
'Breezes, gently spread
your blue wings
'Your knight, Liebesmund!'
in the bright moonlight,
up to her window.

Huntsman's evening song

I creep through fields,
silent and fierce,
my firearm at the ready.
Your dear image
suddenly looms,
so bright and sweet
before me.

You no doubt walk
gently now
silent through fields and
dear valley,
and ah, does my fast
fading image
not even appear to you?

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

| | |
|--|---|
| Mir ist es, denk' ich nur an dich, Als in den Mond zu seh'n; Ein stiller Friede kommt auf mich, Weiss nicht wie mir geschehn. | If I but only think of you, I seem to gaze into the moon; a silent peace steals over me, but how, I cannot tell. |
|--|---|

Abendstern D806

(1824)

Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

| | |
|--|---|
| Was weilst du einsam an dem Himmel, O schöner Stern? und bist so mild; Warum entfernt das funkelnde Gewimmel Der Brüder sich von deinem Bild? „Ich bin der Liebe treuer Stern, Sie halten sich von Liebe fern.“ | Why do you linger lonely in the sky, O lovely star? and are yet so gentle; why do all your glittering brothers shun your sight? 'I am the faithful star of love, they keep aloof from love.' |
|--|---|

| | |
|--|--|
| So solltest du zu ihnen gehen, Bist du der Liebe, zaudre nicht! Wer möchte denn dir widerstehen? Du süßes eigensinnig Licht. „Ich säe, schaue keinen Keim, Und bleibe trauernd still daheim.“ | If you are love's messenger, you should seek them out, do not delay! For who could resist you, O sweet and wayward light. 'I sow no seed, I see no fruit, and in silent sorrow stay at home.' |
|--|--|

An Mignon D161 (1815)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

| | |
|--|--|
| Über Tal und Fluss getragen Ziehet rein der Sonne Wagen. Ach! sie regt in ihrem Lauf, So wie deine, meine Schmerzen, Tief im Herzen, Immer morgens wieder auf. | Over valley and stream the sun's chariot moves chastely along. Ah! it wakens in its course your agonies and mine, deep in our hearts, each new morning. |
|--|--|

| | |
|---|--|
| Kaum will mir die Nacht noch frommen, Denn die Träume selber kommen Nun in trauriger Gestalt, | Night brings but scant relief, for dreams themselves now come in melancholy guise, |
|---|--|

Evening star

To Mignon

| | |
|--|---|
| Und ich fühle dieser Schmerzen, Still im Herzen, Heimlich bildende Gewalt. | and silently in my heart I feel the secret might of those agonies grow in my heart. |
|--|---|

| | |
|---|---|
| Schon seit manchen schönen Jahren Seh' ich unten Schiffe fahren; Jedes kommt an seinen Ort; Aber ach! die steten Schmerzen, Fest im Herzen, Schwimmen nicht im Strome fort. | For many a long year I have watched the ships sail below; each one reaches its haven; but ah! the constant agonies deep in my heart, are not borne away in the river. |
|---|---|

Der Musensohn D764

(1822)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

| | |
|--|---|
| Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen, Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen, So gehts von Ort zu Ort! Und nach dem Takte reget, Und nach dem Mass beweget Sich alles an mir fort. | 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. |
|--|---|

| | |
|--|---|
| 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. | 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. |
|--|---|

| | |
|---|--|
| 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. | 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. |
|---|--|

| | |
|--|---|
| Denn wie ich bei der Linde Das junge Völkchen finde, Sogleich erreg' ich sie. | For as soon as I see young folk by the lime tree, I rouse them in a trice. |
|--|---|

Der stumpfe Bursche bläht
sich,
Das steife Mädchen
dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

The bumpkin puffs his
chest out,
the prim girl
pirouettes
in time to my melody.

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?

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?

Nähe des Geliebten D162 (1815)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Nearness of the beloved

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der
Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich
des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

I think of you, when the
shimmering sun
streams from the sea;
I think of you, when the
glittering moon
is mirrored in springs.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem
fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem
schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.

I see you, when on
distant paths
the dust rises;
in deep night, when on
the narrow bridge,
the traveller trembles.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit
dampfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Hain, da geh' ich oft
zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.

I hear you, when with
muffled roar
the waves surge.
I often listen in the
quiet grove,
when all is silent.

Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch
noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald
leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärest du da!

I am with you, however far
you be,
you are by my side!
The sun sets, soon the
stars will shine on me.
O that you were here!

Wandrer's Nachtlied II D768 (1824)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Wanderer's nightsong II

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',

Over every mountain-top
lies peace,

In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen
im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

in every tree-top
you scarcely feel
a breath of wind;
the little birds are hushed
in the wood.
Wait, soon you too
will be at peace.

An den Mond D296

(c.1816)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

To the moon

Füllest wieder Busch
und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz;

Once more you fill wood
and vale
silently with radiant mist,
and at last
set my soul quite free;

Breitest über mein
Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge mild
Über mein Geschick.

Soothingly you spread
your gaze
over my domain,
like a gentle friend
watching over my fate.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt
mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud' und
Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.

My heart feels every
echo
of happy times and sad,
I drift between joy and
pain
in my loneliness.

Fliesse, fliesse, lieber
Fluss!

Flow, flow on, beloved
river!

Nimmer werd' ich froh,
So verrauschte Scherz
und Kuss,
Und die Treue
so.

Never shall I be happy,
this was how they
streamed away,
kisses, laughter,
faithfulness.

Ich besass es doch einmal,
Was so köstlich ist!
Dass man doch zu seiner
Qual
Nimmer es vergisst!

Yet I once possessed
what is so precious!
Ah, the
torment
of never forgetting it!

Rausche, Fluss, das Tal
entlang,
Ohne Rast und ohne
Ruh,
Rausche, flüstre meinem
Sang
Melodien zu,

Murmur, river, along the
valley,
ever onward without
cease,
murmur, whisper for my
songs
your melodies,

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

| | |
|--|--|
| Wenn du in der Winternacht Wütend überschwillst, Oder um die Frühlingspracht Junger Knospen quillst. | As when on winter nights you rage and break your banks, or when you bathe the springtime splendour of burgeoning young buds. |
|--|--|

| | |
|---|---|
| Selig, wer sich vor der Welt Ohne Hass verschliesst, Einen Freund am Busen hält Und mit dem genießt, | Happy are they who, without hate, withdraw from the world, holding to their heart one friend and with him enjoy. |
|---|---|

| | |
|---|--|
| Was von Menschen nicht gewusst Oder nicht bedacht, Durch das Labyrinth der Brust Wandelt in der Nacht. | What, unknown to human kind, or not even pondered, drifts through the heart's labyrinth at night. |
|---|--|

All translations except where indicated 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. 'Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen' by Richard Wigmore from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.