

# WIGMORE HALL

Monday 17 February 2025  
7.30pm

Vimbayi Kaziboni conductor  
Barbara Kozelj mezzo-soprano

## Klangforum Wien

Vera Fischer flute

Markus Deuter oboe

Bernhard Zachhuber clarinet

Eduardo Santos bassoon

Christoph Walder horn

Florian Müller harmonium

Johannes Piirto piano

Annette Bik violin

Sophie Schafleitner violin

Paul Beckett viola

Andreas Lindenbaum violoncello

Evan Hulbert double bass

Franz Schreker (1878-1934)

Der Wind (1909)

Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

Divertimento for wind quintet Op. 4

*I. Andante con moto • II. Theme and Variations*

Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924)

Berceuse élégiaque Op. 42 (1909) *arranged by Erwin Stein*

*Interval*

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Pierrot Lunaire Op. 21

*I. Mondestrunken • II. Columbine  
III. Der Dandy • IV. Eine blasse Wäscherin  
V. Valse de Chopin • VI. Madonna  
VII. Der kranke Mond • VIII. Nacht  
IX. Gebet an Pierrot • X. Raub  
XI. Rote Messe • XII Galgenlied  
XIII. Enthauptung • XIV. Die Kreuze  
XV. Heimweh • XVI. Gemeinsam!  
XVII. Parodie • XVIII. Der Mondfleck  
XIX. Serenade • XX. Heimfahrt  
XXI. O alter Duft*



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Three of the four pieces in tonight's programme were composed between 1908 and 1912, a period of febrile activity and intense debate among the young musicians who worked in and around the city of Vienna. The central figure in this musical revolution was **Arnold Schoenberg**, a composer and teacher still in his 30s. Tonight's final piece – *Pierrot Lunaire*, premièred in Berlin in 1912 – is arguably one of the two most influential works of this phase of musical modernism, alongside Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, first performed in Paris the following year.

**Franz Schreker** was a lifelong friend and close colleague of Schoenberg. In 1912, both men were offered teaching positions at the Vienna Conservatory: Schoenberg declined, but Schreker accepted and enjoyed great success in the role. The following year, he conducted the première of his friend's huge orchestral song-cycle, *Gurrelieder*, at the Vienna Musikverein. Schreker's fame as a composer, meanwhile, was sealed by the 1912 première in Frankfurt of *Der ferne Klang* ('The distant sound'), an opera setting his own libretto on which he had been working since 1903.

In 1909, during his work on the opera, Schreker was commissioned by a Viennese theatre group to compose music for an entertainment based on *The Birthday of the Infanta*, an Oscar Wilde fairy tale that 10 years later inspired Alexander Zemlinsky's opera, *Der Zwerg*. The group's legendary leading dancers, the sisters Elsa and Grete Wiesenthal, subsequently commissioned Schreker to compose *Der Wind*, a dance score for the unusual combination of violin, clarinet, cello, horn and piano. The planned performance never took place, and Schreker set the score aside; it was only long after his death that it was rediscovered at Schreker's Viennese publishers, Universal Edition, and it was not performed publicly until 1980. However, Schreker's masterful score reveals both the precision of his aural imagination and some intriguing parallels with Schoenberg. At one point, the pianist is instructed to depress the piano keys without making a sound, an effect also introduced by Schoenberg in 1909 in a song, 'Der Strand'; it is uncertain whether one composer suggested the idea to the other, or whether it occurred to them independently.

**Hanns Eisler** was born in Leipzig, but moved to Vienna when he was three, remaining there until the age of 27, when he accepted a teaching post in Berlin. Eisler enrolled at the Vienna Conservatory, but was disappointed by the lack of rigour in the teaching. In 1919, Schoenberg agreed to accept him as a private pupil without charging a fee, an arrangement that continued for the next four years. Eisler was among the first of Schoenberg's pupils to adopt the master's so-called 'twelve-tone' method; Schoenberg's high opinion of Eisler's work in this manner is indicated by his invitation to compose a series of songs – *Palmström*, described by Eisler as 'studies on 12-note series' – to share a programme with *Pierrot Lunaire*. Eisler's Divertimento was composed in 1923, the final year of his studies with Schoenberg, who was working on his own wind quintet at

the same time. Eisler's piece combines highly chromatic harmony with an elegant and witty use of well-established structures: the arch-like first movement is followed in the second by an inventive set of variations, culminating in a flamboyant horn cadenza.

The exquisite *Berceuse élégiaque* is performed tonight in an arrangement made by another Schoenberg pupil, Erwin Stein, for the Society for Private Musical Performances which Schoenberg founded in 1918, and which gave well over 100 concerts in Vienna over the next three years. **Busoni's** original version (entitled simply 'Berceuse') was composed for solo piano in 1909, a year in which Busoni and Schoenberg exchanged scores and conducted a lively but mutually respectful correspondence about their contrasting musical ideas. Busoni added 'Berceuse' to an existing set of piano works entitled *Elegies*, but later in 1909 – motivated by the desire to commemorate his recently deceased mother – he composed an extended version for orchestra, giving it the title by which it is known today, and the subtitle 'The man's lullaby at his mother's coffin'. Poignantly, the first performance of the orchestral version took place in New York City in 1911, in the last concert conducted by Gustav Mahler before his untimely death.

The impetus for *Pierrot Lunaire* came from the Viennese actress and singer Albertine Zehme, who sent Schoenberg Otto Erich Hartleben's German translations of Albert Giraud's French poems about the Italian *commedia dell'arte* characters, together with a commission for some music to accompany her recitations of them. The result, notwithstanding its reputation for Expressionist excess, is one of Schoenberg's most tightly organised scores: 21 miniatures arranged in three groups of seven, scored for five instrumentalists who between them play eight instruments (flute doubles on piccolo, clarinet on bass clarinet and violin on viola). Each movement uses a different combination of instruments, a feat of ingenuity that no doubt pleased the mathematically obsessed Schoenberg; the concluding number, the gently nostalgic 'O alter Duft', deploys all eight.

Schoenberg devised a unique means of vocal declamation for this sequence of melodramas. While a few of the singer's notes are marked 'gesungen', indicating conventional singing, almost all are printed with an 'x' on the note-stem, indicating that the performer should momentarily touch the notated pitch during the course of the recitation, rather than sustaining it. Interpreters ever since have debated how far Schoenberg expected precise pitches to be hit: sometimes this seems necessary to complete the textures elaborated by the ensemble, sometimes simply observing the relative pitches and overall shape of the vocal line seems sufficient. What is not in dispute, however, is the compellingly dramatic effect that *Pierrot* invariably makes in performance, whether in a theatre or – as tonight – in a concert hall. © Michael Downes 2025  
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**Franz Schreker** (1878-1934)

**Der Wind** (1909)

**Hanns Eisler** (1898-1962)

**Divertimento for wind quintet Op. 4**

**I. Andante con moto**

**II. Theme and Variations**

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**Interval**

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**Arnold Schoenberg** (1874-1951)

**Pierrot Lunaire Op. 21**

*Albert Giraud with German translation by Otto Erich Hartleben*

**I. Mondestrunken**

**Moondrunk**

Den Wein, den man mit  
Augen trinkt,  
Gießt Nachts der Mond in  
Wogen nieder,  
Und eine Springflut  
überschwemmt  
Den stillen Horizont.

The wine which through  
the eyes we drink  
in flows nightly from the  
moon in torrents,  
and as a spring-tide  
overflows  
the far and distant land.

Gelüste, schauerlich und  
süß,  
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl  
die Fluten!  
Den Wein, den man mit  
Augen trinkt,  
Gießt Nachts der Mond in  
Wogen nieder.

Desires terrible and  
sweet  
unnumbered drift in  
floods abounding.  
The wine which through  
the eyes we drink  
in flows nightly from the  
moon in torrents.

Der Dichter, den die  
Andacht treibt,  
Berauscht sich an dem  
heilgen Tranke,  
Gen Himmel wendet er  
verzückt

The poet, in  
an ecstasy,  
drinks deeply from the  
holy chalice,  
to heaven lifts up his  
entranced

Das Haupt und taumelnd  
saugt und schlürft er  
Den Wein, den man mit  
Augen trinkt.

head, and reeling quaffs  
and drains down  
the wine which through  
the eyes we drink.

**II. Columbine**

**Columbine**

Des Mondlichts bleiche  
Blüten,  
Die weißen  
Wunderrosen,  
Blühn in den  
Julinächten –  
O bräch ich eine nur!

The pallid buds of  
moonlight,  
those pale and wondrous  
roses,  
bloom in the nights of  
summer –  
O could I pluck but one!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,  
Such ich am dunklen Strome  
Des Mondlichts bleiche  
Blüten,  
Die weißen  
Wunder-rosen.

My heavy heart to lighten,  
I search in darkling river,  
the pallid buds of  
moonlight,  
those pale white  
wondrous roses.

Gestillt wär all mein  
Sehnen,  
Dürft ich so  
märchenheimlich,  
So selig leis –  
entblättern  
Auf deine braunen  
Haare  
Des Mondlichts bleiche  
Blüten!

Fulfilled would be my  
longing  
if I could softly  
gather,  
with gentle care  
besprinkle  
upon your dark brown  
tresses  
the moonlight's pallid  
blossoms.

**III. Der Dandy**

**The dandy**

Mit einem phantastischen  
Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die  
krystallinen Flacons  
Auf dem schwarzen,  
hochheiligen Waschtisch  
Des schweigenden Dandys  
von Bergamo.

A brilliant fantastical light  
ray  
illumines tonight all the  
crystalline flasks  
on the holy, sacred,  
ebony wash-stand  
of the taciturn dandy of  
Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener  
Schale  
Lacht hell die  
Fontäne, metallischen  
Klangs.  
Mit einem phantastischen  
Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die  
krystallinen Flacons.

In sonorous bronze-  
enwrought chalice  
laughs brightly the  
fountain's metallic  
sound.  
A brilliant fantastical light  
ray  
illumines tonight all the  
crystalline flasks.

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

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Pierrot mit dem wächsernen<br>Antlitz                     | Pierrot with countenance<br>waxen                         |
| Steht sinnend und denkt<br>wie er heute sich<br>schminkt? | stands musing and thinks<br>how he tonight will<br>paint. |
| Fort schiebt er das Rot und<br>des Orients Grün           | Rejecting the red and the<br>green of the east            |
| Und bemalt sein Gesicht in<br>erhabenem Stil              | in he bedaubs all his face<br>in the latest of styles     |
| Mit einem phantastischen<br>Mondstrahl.                   | with a brilliant fantastical<br>moonbeam.                 |

#### IV. Eine blasse Wäscherin

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Eine blasse<br>Wäscherin   | Now a pallid laundry<br>maid  |
| Wäscht zur Nachtzeit<br>bleiche Tücher,<br>Nackte, silberweiße<br>Arme | washes nightly white silk<br>garments;<br>naked, snow-white silvery<br>forearms |
| Streckt sie nieder in<br>die Flut.                                     | stretching downward to<br>the flood.  |

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Durch die Lichtung<br>schleichen Winde,<br>Leis bewegen sie den<br>Strom. | Through the glade steal<br>gentle breezes,<br>softly playing o'er the<br>stream. |
| Eine blasse Wäscherin<br>Wäscht zur Nachtzeit<br>bleiche Tücher.          | See the laundry maid<br>washes nightly white silk<br>garments.                   |

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Und die sanfte Magd des<br>Himmels,<br>Von den Zweigen zart<br>umschmeichelt,<br>Breitet auf die dunklen<br>Wiesen<br>Ihre lichtgewobnen<br>Linnen –<br>Eine blasse Wäscherin. | And the gentle maid of<br>heaven,<br>by the branches softly<br>fondled,<br>spreads on the dusky<br>meadows<br>all her moonlight-<br>bewoven linen –<br>see the laundry maid. |
|--|--|

#### V. Valse de Chopin

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Wie ein blasser Tropfen<br>Bluts<br>Färbt die Lippen einer<br>Kranken<br>Also ruht auf diesen Tönen<br>Ein vernichtungssüchtger<br>Reiz. | As a lingering drop of<br>blood<br>stains the lip of a<br>consumptive<br>so this music is pervaded<br>by a morbid deathly<br>charm. |
|--|---|

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Wilder Luft Accorde stören<br>Der Verzweiflung eisgen<br>Traum –<br>Wie ein blasser Tropfen<br>Bluts<br>Färbt die Lippen einer<br>Kranken. | Wild ecstatic harmonies<br>disguise the icy touch of<br>doom –<br>as a lingering drop of<br>blood<br>stains the lip of a<br>consumptive. |
|--|--|

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Heiß und jauchzend, süß<br>und schmachtend,<br>Melancholisch düsterer<br>Walzer,<br>Kommst mir nimmer aus<br>den Sinnen!<br>Haftest mir an den<br>Gedanken,<br>Wie ein blasser Tropfen<br>Bluts! | Ardent, joyful, sweet and<br>yearning,<br>melancholic sombre<br>waltzes,<br>coursing ever through my<br>senses<br>clinging entwined to my<br>fancies,<br>like a lingering drop of<br>blood! |
|--|---|

#### VI. Madonna

Steig, o Mutter aller  
Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner  
Verse!  
Blut aus deinen magren  
Brüsten  
Hat des Schwertes Wut  
vergossen.

Deine ewig frischen  
Wunden  
Gleichen Augen, rot und  
offen,  
Steig, o Mutter aller  
Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner  
Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen  
Hältst du deines Sohnes  
Leiche,  
Ihn zu zeigen aller  
Menschheit –  
Doch der Blick der  
Menschen meidet  
Dich, o Mutter aller  
Schmerzen!

#### Madonna

Rise, O mother of all  
sorrows,  
from the altar of my  
verses!  
Blood pours forth from  
thy lean bosom  
where the sword of frenzy  
pierced it.

Thy for ever gaping  
gashes  
are like eyelids, red and  
open.  
Rise, O mother of all  
sorrows,  
from the altar of my  
verses!

In the lacerated arms  
holdst thou thy Son's holy  
body,  
manifesting Him to  
mankind –  
yet the eyes of men avert  
themselves,  
O mother of all  
sorrows!

#### VII. Der kranke Mond

Du nächtig todeskranker  
Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels  
schwarzen Pfühl,  
Dein Blick, so fiebernd  
übergroß,  
Bannt mich wie  
fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem  
Liebesleid  
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief  
erstickt,

#### The ailing moon

You ailing, death-awaiting  
moon,  
high upon heaven's dusty  
couch,  
your glance, so feverish  
overlarge,  
lures me, like strange  
enchanted song.

With unrequited pain of  
love  
you die, your longing  
deep concealed,

Du nächtig todeskranker  
Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels  
schwarzen Pfühl.

you ailing, death-awaiting  
moon,  
high upon heaven's dusty  
couch.

Den Liebsten, der im  
Sinnenrausch  
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten  
schleicht,  
Belustigt deiner Strahlen  
Spiel –  
Dein bleiches,  
qualgebornes Blut,  
Du nächtig todeskranker  
Mond.

The lover, stirred by  
sharp desire,  
who reckless seeks for  
love's embrace,  
exults in your bright play  
of light,  
your pale and pain-  
begotten flood,  
you ailing, death-awaiting  
moon.

### VIII. Nacht

### Night

Finstre, schwarze  
Riesenfalter  
Töteten der  
Sonne Glanz.  
Ein geschlossnes  
Zauberbuch,  
Ruht der Horizont –  
verschwiegen.

Heavy, gloomy giant  
black moths  
massacred the sun's  
bright rays;  
like a close-shut magic  
book  
broods the distant sky in  
silence.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen  
Tiefen  
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung  
mordend!  
Finstre, schwarze  
Riesenfalter  
Töteten der  
Sonne Glanz.

From the mists in deep  
recesses  
rise up scents, destroying  
memory.  
Heavy, gloomy giant  
black moths  
massacred the sun's  
bright rays.

Und vom Himmel  
erdenwärts  
Senken sich  
mit schweren  
Schwingen  
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme  
Auf die Menschenherzen  
nieder ...  
Finstre, schwarze  
Riesenfalter.

And from heaven  
earthward bound  
downward sink with  
sombre pinions  
unperceived,  
great hordes of monsters  
on the hearts and souls of  
mankind ...  
heavy, gloomy giant  
black moths.

### IX. Gebet an Pierrot

### Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!  
Das Bild des Glanzes  
Zerfloß – Zerfloß!

Pierrot! My laughter  
have I unlearned!  
The picture's brightness  
dissolves – dissolves!

Schwarz weht die Flagge  
Mir nun vom Mast.  
Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!

Black flies the standard  
now from my mast.  
Pierrot! My laughter  
have I unlearned!

O gieb mir wieder,  
Roßarzt der Seele,  
Schneemann der Lyrik,  
Durchlaucht vom Monde,  
Pierrot – mein Lachen!

O once more give me,  
healer of spirits,  
snowman of lyrics,  
monarch of moonshine,  
Pierrot, my laughter!

### X. Raub

### Loot

Rote, fürstliche  
Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten  
Ruhmes,  
Schlummern in den  
Totenschreinen,  
Drunten in den  
Grabgewölben.

Ancient royalty's red  
rubies,  
bloody drops of antique  
glory,  
slumber in the hollow  
coffins  
buried in the vaulted  
caverns.

Nachts, mit feinen  
Zechkumpanen,  
Steigt Pierrot hinab – zu  
rauben  
Rote, fürstliche  
Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten  
Ruhmes.

Late at night with boon  
companions  
Pierrot descends to  
ravish  
ancient royalty's red  
rubies,  
bloody drops of antique  
glory.

Doch da – sträuben sich die  
Haare,  
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie  
Platze:  
Durch die Finsternis – wie  
Augen!  
Stieren aus den  
Totenschreinen  
Rote, fürstliche  
Rubine.

But there every hair a-  
bristle,  
livid fear turns them to  
statues:  
through the murky  
gloom, like eyes –  
glaring from the hollow  
coffins  
ancient royalty's red  
rubies.

### XI. Rote Messe

### Red Mass

Zu grausem  
Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz des  
Goldes,  
Beim Flackerschein der  
Kerzen,  
Naht dem Altar –  
Pierrot!

To fearsome grim  
communion  
where dazzling rays of  
gold gleam,  
and flickering light of  
candles,  
comes to the altar Pierrot!

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

Die Hand, die  
gottgeweihte,  
Zerreit die  
Priester-kleider  
Zu grausem  
Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz  
des Goldes.

His hand, with grace  
invested,  
rends through the  
priestly garments,  
for fearsome grim  
communion  
where dazzling rays of  
gold gleam.

Mit segnender Geberde  
Zeigt er den bangen  
Seelen  
Die triefend rote  
Hostie:  
Sein Herz – in blutgen  
Fingern –  
Zu grausem  
Abendmahle!

With signs of benediction  
he shows to frightened  
people  
the dripping crimson  
wafer:  
his heart – with bloody  
fingers  
in fearsome grim  
communion.

## XII. Galgenlied                      Song of the gallows

Die drre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse  
Wird seine letzte  
Geliebte sein.

The haggard harlot  
with scraggy gizzard  
will be  
his ultimate paramour.

In seinem Hirne  
Steckt wie ein Nagel  
Die drre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse.

Through all his thoughts  
there sticks like a gimlet  
the haggard harlot  
with scraggy gizzard.

Schlank wie die Pinie,  
Am Hals ein Zpfchen –  
Wollstig wird sie  
Den Schelm umhalsen,  
Die drre Dirne!

Thin as a rake,  
round her neck a pigtail,  
joyfully will she  
embrace the rascal,  
the haggard harlot!

## XIII. Enthauptung                      Decapitation

Der Mond, ein blankes  
Trkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen  
Seidenkissen,  
Gespenstisch gro – drut  
er hinab  
Durch schmerzsdunkle  
Nacht.

The moon, a polished  
scimitar  
upon a black and silken  
cushion,  
so strangely large hangs  
menacing  
through sorrow's gloomy  
night.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast  
umher  
Und starrt empor in  
Todesngsten  
Zum Mond, dem blanken  
Trkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen  
Seidenkissen.

Pierrot wandering  
restlessly  
in stares upon high in  
anguished fear  
of the moon, the polished  
scimitar  
upon a black and silken  
cushion.

Es schlottern unter ihm  
die Knie.  
Ohnmchtig bricht er jah  
zusammen.  
Er whnt: es sause strafend  
schon  
Auf seinen Snderhals  
hernieder  
Der Mond, das blanke  
Trkenschwert.

Like leaves of aspen are  
his knees,  
swooning he falters, then  
collapses.  
He thinks: the hissing  
vengeful steel  
upon his neck will fall in  
judgement,  
the moon, a polished  
scimitar.

## XIV. Die Kreuze

## The crosses

Heilige Kreuze sind die  
Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm  
verbluten,  
Blindgeschlagen von der  
Geier  
Flatterndem Gespenster-  
schwarme!

Holy crosses are the  
verses  
where poets bleed in  
silence,  
blinded by the peck of  
vultures  
flying round in ghostly  
rabble.

In den Leibern schwelgten  
Schwerter,  
Prunkend in des Blutes  
Scharlach!  
Heilige Kreuze sind die  
Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm  
verbluten.

On their bodies swords  
have feasted,  
bathing in the scarlet  
bloodstream.  
Holy crosses are the  
verses  
where the poets bleed in  
silence.

Tot das Haupt – erstarrt die  
Locken –  
Fern, verweht der Lrm des  
Pbels,  
Langsam sinkt die Sonne  
nieder,  
Eine rote  
Knigskrone.  
Heilige Kreuze sind die  
Verse!

Death then comes;  
dispersed the ashes –  
far away the rabble's  
clamour,  
slowly sinks the sun's red  
splendour,  
like a royal crown of  
glory.  
Holy crosses are the  
verses.

## XV. Heimweh

## Nostalgia

Lieulich klagend – ein  
kristallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter  
Pantomime,  
Klingts herber: wie Pierrot  
hlzern,  
So modern sentimental  
geworden.

Sweetly plaintive, like a  
sigh of crystal  
that ascends from Italy's  
old players,  
so sadly mourning that  
Pierrot so modern  
and so sickly sentimental  
is now.

Und es tnt durch seines  
Herzens Wste,  
Tnt gedmpft durch alle  
Sinne wieder,

And it echoes from his  
heart's waste desert,  
muted tones which wind  
through all his senses,

Lieulich klagend – ein  
kristallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter  
Pantomime.

sweetly plaintive, like a  
sigh of crystal  
that ascends from Italy's  
old players.

Da vergißt Pierrot die  
Trauermienen!  
Durch den bleichen  
Feuerschein des Mondes,  
Durch des Lichtmeers  
Fluten – schweift die  
Sehnsucht  
Kühn hinauf, empor zum  
Heimathimmel,  
Lieulich klagend – ein  
kristallnes Seufzen!

Now abjures Pierrot the  
tragic manner.  
Through the pallid fires of  
lunar landscape  
through the foaming  
light-flood mounts the  
longing,  
surging high towards his  
native heaven,  
sweetly plaintive, like a  
sigh of crystal.

## XVI. Gemeinheit!

## Atrocity!

In den blanken Kopf  
Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft  
durchzetert,  
Bohrt Pierrot mit  
Heuchlermienen,  
Zärtlich – einen  
Schädelbohrer!

Through the bald pate of  
Cassander,  
as he rends the air with  
screeches,  
bores Pierrot in feigning  
tender  
fashion with a cranium  
driller.

Darauf stopft er mit dem  
Daumen  
Seinen echten türkschen  
Taback  
In den blanken Kopf  
Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft  
durchzetert!

He then presses with his  
finger  
rare tobacco grown in  
Turkey  
in the bald pate of  
Cassander,  
as he rends the air with  
screeches.

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von  
Wechsel  
Hinten in die glatte Glatze  
Und behäbig schmaucht  
und pafft er  
Seinen echten türkschen  
Taback  
Aus dem blanken Kopf  
Cassanders!

Then screwing a cherry  
pipe stem  
right in through the  
polished surface,  
sits at ease and smokes  
and puffs the  
rare tobacco grown in  
Turkey  
from the bald pate of  
Cassander.

## XVII. Parodie

## Parody

Stricknadeln, blank und  
Knitting blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar,  
Sitzt die Duenna  
murmelnd,  
Im roten Röckchen da.

Knitting needles, bright  
and polished,  
set in her greying hair,  
sits the Duenna,  
mumbling,  
in crimson costume clad.

Sie wartet in der Laube,

She lingers in the arbour,

Sie liebt Pierrot mit  
Schmerzen,  
Stricknadeln, blank und  
blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar.

she loves Pierrot with  
passion,  
knitting needles, bright  
and polished,  
set in her greying hair.

Da plötzlich – horch! – ein  
Wispern!  
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:  
Der Mond, der böse  
Spötter,  
Äfft nach mit seinen  
Strahlen –  
Stricknadeln, blink und  
blank.

But, listen, what a  
whisper,  
a zephyr titters softly;  
the moon, the wicked  
mockers,  
now mimics with light  
rays  
bright needles, spick and  
span.

## XVIII. Der Mondfleck

## The moonfleck

Einen weißen Fleck des  
hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines  
schwarzen Rockes,  
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen  
Abend,  
Aufzusuchen Glück und  
Abenteuer.

With a snowy fleck of  
shining moonlight  
on the shoulder of his  
black silk frock-coat  
so walks out Pierrot this  
languid evening,  
seeking everywhere for  
love's adventure.

Plötzlich stört ihn  
was an seinem  
Anzug,  
Er beschaut sich rings und  
findet richtig –  
Einen weißen Fleck des  
hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines  
schwarzen Rockes.

But what! Something  
wrong with his  
appearance?  
He looks round and then  
he finds it –  
just a snowy fleck of  
shining moonlight  
on the shoulder of his  
black silk frock-coat.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so  
ein Gipsfleck!  
Wischt und wischt, doch –  
bringt ihn nicht herunter!  
Und so geht er,  
giftgeschwollen, weiter,  
Reibt und reibt bis an den  
rubs frühen Morgen –  
Einen weißen Fleck des  
hellen Mondes.

Wait now (thinks he) 'tis a  
piece of plaster,  
wipes and wipes, yet  
cannot make it vanish.  
So he goes on poisoned  
with his fancy,  
and rubs until the early  
morning –  
just a snowy fleck of  
shining moonlight.

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

## XIX. Serenade

## Serenade

Mit groteskem  
Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner  
Bratsche,  
Wie der Storch auf einem  
Beine,  
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

With a giant bow  
grotesquely  
scrapes Pierrot on his  
viola:  
like a stork on one leg  
standing  
sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Plötzlich nach Cassander –  
wütend  
Ob des Nächtgen  
Virtuosen –  
Mit groteskem  
Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner  
Bratsche.

Now here comes  
Cassander fuming  
at this night-time  
virtuoso.  
With a giant bow  
grotesquely  
scrapes Pierrot on his  
viola.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die  
Bratsche:  
Mit der delikaten  
Linken  
Faßt den Kahlkopf er am  
Kragen –  
Träumend spielt er auf der  
Glatze  
Mit groteskem  
Riesenbogen.

Casting then aside the  
viola,  
with his delicate left hand  
he  
grips the bald pate by the  
collar –  
dreamily he plays upon  
him  
with a giant bow  
grotesquely.

## XX. Heimfahrt

## Journey home

Der Mondstrahl ist das  
Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot:  
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen  
Süden  
Mit gutem Reisewind.

The moonbeam is the  
rudder,  
nenuphar serves as boat:  
on which Pierrot goes  
southward,  
the wind behind his sails.

Der Strom summt tiefe  
Skalen  
Und wiegt den leichten  
Kahn.  
Der Mondstrahl ist das  
Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot.

In deep tones hums the  
river  
and rocks the light  
canoe.  
The moonbeam is the  
rudder,  
nenuphar serves as boat.

Nach Bergamo, zur  
Heimat,  
Kehrt nun Pierrot  
zurück,  
Schwach dämmert schon im  
Osten  
Der grüne Horizont.  
Der Mondstrahl ist das  
Ruder.

To Bergamo, his  
homeland,  
Pierrot returns once  
more.  
Faint gleaming to the  
eastward  
the green horizon dawns,  
the moonbeam is the  
rudder.

## XXI. O alter Duft

## O ancient scent

O alter Duft aus  
Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder meine  
Sinne!  
Ein närrisch Heer von  
Schelmerein  
Durchschwirrt die leichte  
Luft.

O ancient scent from far-  
off days,  
intoxicate once more my  
senses!  
A merry swarm of idle  
thoughts  
pervades the gentle  
air.

Ein glückhaft Wünschen  
macht mich froh  
Nach Freuden, die ich lang  
verachtet:  
O alter Duft aus  
Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder mich!

A happy whim makes me  
aspire  
to joys which I too long  
neglected.  
O ancient scent from far-  
off days,  
intoxicate me again.

All meinen Unmut gab ich  
preis;  
Aus meinem  
sonnumrahmten Fenster  
Beschau ich frei die liebe  
Welt  
Und träum hinaus in selge  
Weiten ...  
O alter Duft – aus  
Märchenzeit!

Now all my sorrow is  
dispelled,  
and from my sun-  
encircled casement  
I view again the lovely  
world  
and dream beyond the far  
horizon.  
O ancient scent from far-  
off days!