WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 17 May 2025
11.30am

Secrets and Mysteries

James Baillieu piano
Henk Neven baritone

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Geheimes D719 (1821)
	Nacht und Träume D827 (1822-3)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)	Le secret Op. 23 No. 3 (1881)
	Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877)
	Spleen Op. 51 No. 3 (1888)
François Couperin (1668-1733)	Les Baricades mistérieuses (pub. 1717)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)	Geheimnis Op. 71 No. 3 (1877)
Clara Schumann (1819-1896)	Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen Op. 13 No. 1 (1840-3)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Belsatzar Op. 57 (1840)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)	Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
Robert Schumann	Die Stille from *Liederkreis* Op. 39 (1840)
Franz Schubert	Der blinde Knabe D833 (1825)
	Heiss mich nicht reden from *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister* D877 (1826)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)	Verborgenheit from *Mörike Lieder* (1888)
Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)	If I were but the wind from *Cameos: 5 Greek Love Songs* (pub. 1901)
	Love, if you knew the light
Carl Loewe (1796-1869)	Edward Op. 1 No. 1 (1818-23)

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Secrets, enigmas, mysteries ...

Goethe's *Geheimes* originally bore the title *Liebchen*, which fails to convey the secrecy of the little poem that is closely modelled on a ghasel by Hafis. **Schubert** clearly relished the trochaic rhythm, and created by his liberal use of quaver rests a miracle of complicity, which in a good performance can seem like one of his most tender love songs. The poetry of Matthäus von Collin inspired four Schubert masterpieces: *Der Zwerg*, *Wehmut*, the duet *Licht und Liebe* and *Nacht und Träume* which, with its dark semiquavers, looks like night on the page. The song bears the sole dynamic *pp* and the second verse brings an intensification of rapture: B modulates to G, as the singer cries out with swelling tone for night to remain.

Fauré, like Schubert, had a knack of making the major key sound as melancholy as minor. Silvestre's *Mystère* (which Fauré renamed *Le secret*) breathes adoration in every bar but there's no inkling of reciprocation in the poem. Fauré fittingly ends the song with a wistful melisma on 'pâlie'. Claire Croiza once asked Fauré over dinner about the correct way of performing *Après un rêve* and received the emphatic answer: 'without slowing down, without slowing down' – a piece of advice which she herself heeded in her 1930 recording, which resists any rallentando or sentimentality. *Spleen* sets a celebrated Verlaine poem, 'Il pleure dans mon cœur', which was written in Camden Town, where he and Rimbaud spent several months from September 1872. We hear the rain pattering on the lovers' abode in those staccato and syncopated semiquavers that are shared between left and right hand for the first 14 bars of the song; after which triplets take over, depicting the turbulence of the poets' relationship.

Les Baricades mistérieuses (the original spelling) was composed by **Couperin** for harpsichord in 1717. The meaning of the title has remained an enigma but Debussy was a huge admirer: 'Nothing could ever make us forget the subtly voluptuous perfume, so delicately perverse, that so innocently hovers over the *Baricades mistérieuses*.'

Brahms intensified the dreamlike atmosphere of Candidus's poem about a secret love, *Geheimnis*, by repeating much of the text and setting it to a beguiling lullaby rhythm which caused Theodor Billroth in a letter to Hanslick to describe the song as 'the most exquisite scent of lilies in the moonlight!' The sense of reverie is heightened by the profusion of bass pedals that occur throughout the accompaniment, and also by the virtual absence of any modulation.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen, set by Schubert as 'Ihr Bild' in *Schwanengesang*, was presented by **Clara Schumann** to her husband during their first Christmas as a married couple. Though her setting is more melodic than Schubert's austere masterpiece, though the key is major and not minor, it's an equally memorable and devastating portrayal of a man's anguish at being rejected.

Robert Schumann repeats just one word of Heine's *Belsatzar*: 'heimlich' – secret. And it's this feeling of mystery that permeates both the poetry and music. Heine does not quote the Aramaic words from the *Book of Daniel* ('Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin') but instead writes one of his most perfect couplets ('Und schrieb und schrieb an weisser Wand/Buchstaben von Feuer, und schrieb und schwand') which Schumann sets to four bars marked *poco a poco ritardando* – an invitation to the singer to display all his thespian imagination. 'Die Stille', from Eichendorff's *Ahnung und Gegenwart*, is sung by a young woman, Erwine, disguised as a man in order to serve Count Friedrich as his valet. She's in love with him and the *immer sehr leise* marking reflects her wish to keep her disguise secret.

Strauss's *Heimliche Aufforderung* sets a poem by John Henry Mackay, much of whose work has a homosexual subtext. *Heimliche Aufforderung* is a secret assignation, and the lovers steal out into the garden for their amorous rendezvous, leaving the other guests to carouse indoors.

Der blinde Knabe illustrates Schubert's delight in finding tonal equivalents for a poetic image – here the staccato quavers in the left hand, depicting the tapping of the blind boy's stick. 'Heiss mich nicht reden' is sung by Mignon in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. The vow to which she refers was made by her to the Mother of God who appeared in a vision, as she was being kidnapped and transported to Germany. To be sure of Her protection, Mignon vowed that she would never talk about her past.

Mörike's 'Verborgenheit', written some years after his failed relationship with Maria Meyer, is a plea to be spared the destructive eruptions of passion that bring nothing but pain: the insistent assonance, alliteration, sibilants and repetitions of the opening two lines, eloquently state Mörike's resolve to avoid further emotional entanglements. Due to its melodic immediacy, 'Verborgenheit' quickly became the most popular of Wolf's songs – a fact that used to infuriate the composer.

'If I were but the wind to kiss' forms part of Liza Lehmann's *Cameos: 5 Greek Love Songs*. The poem by Jane Minot Sedgwick is a translation of an anonymous Greek poem which inspired Lehmann to write this light and lyrical song. *Love, if you knew the light* is of a different order. The lines come from Robert Browning's 'A lover's quarrel' published in *Men and Women* in 1855. The poem has 22 stanzas but Lehmann sets only the first five lines of the 15th in which Robert speaks of his love for Elizabeth – expressed by Lehmann in a passionate arioso style, with an exquisite high note on 'soul' before the final heart-easing cadence.

This lunchtime recital ends with **Carl Loewe**'s setting of an old Scottish ballad: 'Edward'. The secret that the narrator attempts, unsuccessfully, to suppress, is patricide, and he expresses his guilt in a succession of visceral screams. Eugen Gura, having sung the ballad to Richard Wagner, observed that the repeated exclamations of 'Oh!' might be wearying for the listener – to which Wagner replied that not a single one could be omitted.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Geheimes D719 (1821)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

A secret

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle Leute;
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
Weiss recht gut was das bedeute.

The way my beloved makes eyes
causes everyone to wonder;
but I, the knowing one,
am well aware of what she means.

Denn es heisst: ich liebe diesen,
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur ihr guten Leute
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!

For she's saying: It's him I love,
and not, for instance, him or him.
So no more wondering, good people,
and no more longing either!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süsse Stunde.

Though she looks about her
with infinite fervour,
she only seeks to tell him
of their next sweet hour together.

Nacht und Träume D827 (1822-3)
Matthäus von Collin

Night and dreams

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Holy night, you float down;
dreams too drift down,
like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

They listen to them with delight,
cry out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Sweet dreams, come back again!

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le secret Op. 23 No. 3 (1881)
Armand Silvestre

The secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,

Would that the morn were unaware
of the name I told to the night,

Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme une larme il s'évapore.

and that in the dawn breeze, silently,
it would vanish like a tear.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Would that the day might proclaim it,
the love I hid from the morn,
and poised above my open heart,
like a grain of incense kindle it.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

Would that the sunset might forget,
the secret I told to the day,
and would carry it and my love away
in the folds of its faded robe!

Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877)
Anonymous translated by Romain Bussine

After a dream

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
you shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

You called me and I departed the earth
to flee with you toward the light,
the heavens parted their clouds for us,
we glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;
return, return in radiance,
return, O mysterious night!

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

Spleen Op. 51 No. 3 (1888)
Paul Verlaine

Spleen

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans mon cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! Nulle trahison?
Mon deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien le pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

Tears fall in my heart
as rain falls on the town;
what is this torpor
pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
ah, the song of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
in this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief is without reason.

And the worst pain of all
must be not to know why
without love and without hate
my heart feels such pain.

François Couperin (1668-1733)

Les Baricades mistérieuses (pub. 1717)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Geheimnis Op. 71 No. 3 (1877)
Karl August Candidus

Secret

O Frühlings-Abenddämmerung!
O laues, lindes Wehn!
Ihr Blütenbäume, sprecht,
Was tut ihr so zusammenstehn?

Vertraut ihr das Geheimnis euch
Von unsrer Liebe süss?
Was flüstert ihr einander zu
Von unsrer Liebe süss?

O springtime dusk!
O mild and gentle breeze!
You trees in blossom, speak,
why stand you so together?

Do you tell the secret
of our sweet love?
What do you whisper together
of our sweet love?

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen Op. 13 No. 1 (1840-3)
Heinrich Heine

I stood in dark dreams

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

I stood in dark dreams,
and gazed at her likeness,
and that beloved face
sprang mysteriously to life.

A wonderful smile played
about her lips,
and her eyes glistened,
as though with sad tears.

My tears too
streamed down my cheeks –
and ah, I cannot believe
I have lost you!

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Belsatzar Op. 57 (1840)
Heinrich Heine

Belshazzar

Die Mitternacht zog näher schon;
In stummer Ruh' lag Babylon.

Nur oben in des Königs Schloss,
Da flackert's, da lärmt des Königs Tross.

Dort oben in dem Königssaal
Belsazar hielt sein Königsmahl.

Die Knechte sassen in schimmernden Reihn,
Und leerten die Becher mit funkelndem Wein.

Es klirrten die Becher, es jauchzten die Knecht';
So klang es dem störrigen Könige recht.

Des Königs Wangen leuchten Glut;
Im Wein erwuchs ihm kecker Mut.

Und blindlings reisst der Mut ihn fort;

The midnight hour was drawing on;
in hushed repose lay Babylon.

But high in the castle of the king,
torches flare, the king's men clamour.

Up there in the royal hall
Belshazzar was holding his royal feast.

The vassals sat in shimmering rows,
and emptied the beakers of glistening wine.

The vassals made merry, the goblets rang;
noise pleasing to that obdurate king.

The king's cheeks glow like coals;
his impudence grew as he quaffed the wine.

And arrogance carries him blindly away;

Und er lästert die Gottheit mit sündigem Wort.

Und er brüstet sich frech, und lästert wild;
Die Knechtenschar ihm Beifall brüllt.

Der König rief mit stolzem Blick;
Der Diener eilt und kehrt zurück.

Er trug viel gülden Gerät auf dem Haupt;
Das war aus dem Tempel Jehovas geraubt.

Und der König ergriff mit frevler Hand
Einen heiligen Becher, gefüllt bis am Rand.

Und er leert' ihn hastig bis auf den Grund
Und rufet laut mit schäumendem Mund:

Jehova! dir künd' ich auf ewig Hohn, –
Ich bin der König von Babylon!

Doch kaum das grause Wort verklang,
Dem König ward's heimlich im Busen bang.

Das gellende Lachen verstummte zumal;
Es wurde leichenstill im Saal.

Und sieh! und sieh! an weisser Wand
Da kam's hervor wie Menschenhand;

Und schrieb und schrieb an weisser Wand
Buchstaben von Feuer, und schrieb und schwand.

Der König stieren Blicks da sass,
Mit schlotternden Knien und totenblass.

Die Knechtenschar sass kalt durchgraut,
Und sass gar still, gab keinen Laut.

Die Magier kamen, doch keiner verstand

and he blasphemes God with sinful words.

And he brags insolently, blasphemes wildly;
the crowd of vassals roar him on.

The king called out with pride in his eyes;
the servant hurries out and then returns.

He bore many vessels of gold on his head;
plundered from Jehovah's temple.

With impious hand the king
grabs a sacred beaker filled to the brim.

And he drains it hastily down to the dregs,
and shouts aloud through foaming lips:

'Jehovah! I offer you eternal scorn -
I am the king of Babylon!'

Those terrible words had hardly faded,
than the king was filled with secret fear.

The shrill laughter was suddenly silent;
it became deathly still in the hall.

And see! and see! on the white wall
a shape appeared like a human hand;

And wrote and wrote on the white wall
letters of fire, and wrote and went.

The king sat there with staring eyes,
with trembling knees and pale as death.

The host of vassals sat stricken with horror,
and sat quite still, and made no sound.

The soothsayers came, not one of them all

Zu deuten die Flammenschrift an der Wand.

Belsazar ward aber in selbiger Nacht
Von seinen Knechten umgebracht.

could interpret the letters of fire on the wall.

Belshazzar however in that same night
was done to death by his own vassals.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer – verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch, -
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

Secret invitation

Come, raise to your lips the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful feast your heart to health.

And when you raise it, give me a secret sign,
then I shall smile and drink as quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look around at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do not despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering goblet, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at the noisy feast.

But once you have savoured the meal, quenched your thirst,
leave the loud company of happy revellers,

And come out into the garden to the rose-bush, -
there I shall wait for you as I've always done,

And I shall sink on your breast, before you could hope,
and drink your kisses, as often before,

And twine in your hair the glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous, longed-for night

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

Robert Schumann

Die Stille from *Liederkreis* Op. 39

(1840)
Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff

Silence

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!

No one knows and no one can guess
how happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one man knew,
no one else ever should!

So still ist's nicht draussen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

The snow outside is not so silent,
nor are the stars on high
so still and silent
as my own thoughts.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

I wish I were a little bird,
and could fly across the sea,
across the sea and further,
until I were in heaven!

Franz Schubert

Der blinde Knabe D833

(1825)
after Colley Cibber, trans. Craigher de Jachelutta

The blind boy

O sagt, ihr Lieben, mir einmal,
Welch Ding ist's, Licht genannt?
Was sind des Sehens Freuden all,
Die niemals ich gekannt?

O tell me, dear friends,
what is that thing called light?
What are all these joys of seeing
I have never known?

Die Sonne, die so hell ihr seht,
Mir Armen scheint sie nie,
Ihr sagt, sie auf und nieder geht,
Ich weiss nicht wann noch wie.

The sun that you see so bright,
it never shines for me, poor boy,
it rises and it sets, you say,
yet I don't know when or how.

Ich mach mir selbst so Tag und Nacht,
Dieweil ich schlaf und spiel;
Mein innres Leben schön mir lacht,
Ich hab der Freuden viel.

I make my own day and night,
while I sleep and play,
my inner life is full of smiles,
and many are my joys.

Zwar kenn ich nicht, was euch erfreut,
Doch drückt mich keine Schuld,
Drum freu ich mich in meinem Leid,
Und trag es mit Geduld.

Though I don't know what gladdens you
no guilt weighs me down,
so I rejoice in my pain
and bear it patiently.

Ich bin so glücklich, bin so reich
Mit dem, was Gott mir gab,
Bin wie ein König froh, obgleich
Ein armer blinder Knab'.

I am so happy and so rich
with what God has given to me,
I am as joyful as a king,
though only a poor blind boy.

Heiss mich nicht reden from *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister* D877

(1826)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Bid me not speak

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,
for I am bound to secrecy;
I should love to bare you my soul,
but Fate has willed it otherwise.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

At the appointed time the sun dispels
the dark, and night must turn to day;
the hard rock opens up its bosom,
does not begrudge earth its deeply hidden springs.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,
there the heart can pour out its sorrow;
but my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow,
and only a god can open them.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Verborgenheit from Mörike Lieder (1888)
Eduard Mörike

Withdrawal

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Why I grieve, I do not know,
It is unknown grief;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's dear light.

Often when I'm lost in thought,
Bright joy will flash
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

If I were but the wind from *Cameos: 5 Greek Love Songs* (pub. 1901)
Jane Minot Sedgwick

If I were but the wind to kiss
Thy soft white throat, no more than this
Were mine to ask, for this were bliss.

If I were but the glowing rose
By thy fair fingers plucked – who knows ? –
I might be in thy breast of snows.

Love, if you knew the light
Robert Browning

Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight,
How I look to you
For the pure and true
And the beauteous and the right,
Love, if you knew the light.

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Edward Op. 1 No. 1 (1818-23)
trans. Johann Gottfried Herder from an 18th-century Scots ballad

Edward

Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot?
Edward, Edward!
Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot,
Edward, Edward!
Und gehst so traurig da? – Oh!
Ich hab' geschlagen meinen Geier tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
Ich hab' geschlagen meinen Geier tot,
Und das, das geht mir nah – Oh!

Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot,
Edward, Edward!
Deines Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot,
Mein Sohn, bekenn mir frei – Oh!
Ich hab' geschlagen mein Rotross tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
Ich hab' geschlagen mein Rotross tot,
Und's war so stolz und treu – Oh!

Dein Ross war alt und hast's nicht not,
Edward, Edward!
Dein Ross war alt und hast's nicht not,
Dich drückt ein andrer Schmerz – Oh!
Ich hab' geschlagen meinen Vater tot,
Mutter, Mutter!
Ich hab' geschlagen meinen Vater tot,
Und das, das quält mein Herz – Oh!
Und was wirst du nun an dir tun?
Edward, Edward!
Und was wirst du nun an dir tun?

Why is your sword so red with blood?
Edward, Edward!
Why is your sword so red with blood,
Edward, Edward?
and why do you walk so sadly? – O!
I have struck my falcon dead,
mother, mother!
I have struck my falcon dead,
and that's what makes me sad – O!

Your falcon's blood is not so red,
Edward, Edward!
Your falcon's blood is not so red,
my son, confess the truth – O!
I have struck my red roan dead,
mother, mother!
I have struck my red roan dead,
and it was so proud and true – O!

Your steed was old and you need it not,
Edward, Edward!
Your steed was old and you need it not,
some other grief afflicts you – O!
I have struck my father dead,
mother, mother!
I have struck my father dead,
and that torments my heart – O!
And what penance will you now do?
Edward, Edward!
And what penance will you now do?

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

Mein Sohn, das sage mir – Oh!	Tell me that, my son – O!
Auf Erden soll mein Fuss nicht ruhn!	My feet will never rest on earth,
Mutter, Mutter!	mother, mother!
Auf Erden soll mein Fuss nicht ruhn!	My feet will never rest on earth,
Will wandern übers Meer – Oh!	I'll fare across the sea – O!
Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall?	And what shall become of your house and home?
Edward, Edward!	Edward, Edward!
Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall?	And what shall become of your house and home?
So herrlich sonst, so schön – Oh!	Till now so lordly and fair – O!
Ach immer steh's und sink und fall!	Let them stand till down they fall,
Mutter, Mutter!	mother, mother!
Ach immer steh's und sink und fall!	Let them stand till down they fall,
Ich werd' es nimmer sehn – Oh!	I shall see them nevermore – O!
Und was soll werden aus Weib und Kind?	And what shall become of your wife and child?
Und was soll werden aus Weib und Kind?	And what shall become of your wife and child?
Wann du gehst übers Meer? – Oh!	When you go across the sea – O!
Die Welt ist gross, lass sie betteln drin,	The world is wide, let them beg through life,
Mutter, Mutter!	mother, mother!
Die Welt ist gross, lass sie betteln drin,	The world is wide, let them beg through life,
Ich seh' sie nimmermehr – Oh!	I shall see them nevermore – O!
Und was soll deine Mutter tun?	And what is your mother now to do?
Edward, Edward!	Edward, Edward?
Und was soll deine Mutter tun?	And what is your mother now to do?
Mein Sohn, das sage mir – Oh!	Tell me that, my son! – O!
Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf Euch ruhn,	The curse of hell shall fall on you,
Mutter, Mutter!	mother, mother!
Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf Euch ruhn,	The curse of hell shall fall on you,
Denn Ihr, Ihr rietet's mir! – Oh!	for it was you who counselled me! – O!

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