

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 17 November 2021 7.30pm

Inner World

Marlis Petersen soprano

Stephan Matthias Lademann piano

Karl Weigl (1881-1949)

Seele Op. 23 No. 4 (1911)

Nacht und Träume

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3 (1885)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Nachtwandler Op. 86 No. 3 (c.1877)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Die Nacht from *Eichendorff-Lieder* (1880)

Hans Sommer (1837-1922)

Seliges Vergessen Op. 9 No. 2 (c.1885)

Bewegung im Innern

Max Reger (1873-1916)

Schmied Schmerz Op. 51 No. 6 (1900)

Richard Strauss

Ruhe, meine Seele Op. 27 No. 1 (1894)

Johannes Brahms

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht Op. 96 No. 1 (1884)

Nachtigall Op. 97 No. 1 (c.1885)

Verzagen Op. 72 No. 4 (1877)

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Lasst mich ruhen S317 (1858)

Interval

Mouvement intérieur

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

A Chloris (1916)

L'énamourée (1892)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Chanson triste (1868)

Gabriel Fauré

Notre amour Op. 23 No. 2 (c.1879)

Erlösung und Heimkehr

Max Reger

Abend Op. 79c No. 1 (1901-3)

Hugo Wolf

Gebet from *Mörrike Lieder* (1888)

Richard Rössler (1880-1962)

Läuterung Op. 18 No. 3 (1908)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Urlicht from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (?1892)

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In an ambitious multi-season series of four recitals, Marlis Petersen and Stephan Matthias Lademann explore in song the different dimensions of existence: 'Welt' - the world around us, our consciousness reaching out to nature; 'Anderswelt' - the supernatural realm of sylphs, elves and mountain spirits (with the pianist Camillo Radicke); 'Innenwelt' - the inner world of visions and dreams. (A fourth recital, 'Neue Welt' or 'New World', celebrates the new states of being we create when we become aware of our inmost selves.) 'Inner World', like the other programmes, is divided into different stages and themes, beginning with a 'motto' song to tell us that we must harken to our souls throughout this experience. In **Karl Weigl's** 'Seele', dusk falls, and the night that reigns throughout the first group of songs approaches. Perhaps the shifting chord colors (C major, C minor, C augmented) that frame this first song on either side can be heard as shifting shades of feeling within the human soul, reminiscences of **Brahms's** 'Nachtwandler' (a lullaby with a difference) two songs later, the first of many subtle links between songs in this recital. The amateur Austrian poet Hermann von Gilm's text for 'Die Nacht', in which night is the thief of all beauty, leads one to expect an element of menace, but the young **Richard Strauss** mutes the fear and brings to sounding life a lover's ecstasy. The Romantic poet Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff, his poems beloved of song composers, wrote of night as a time when emotions ebb and flow in the heart like ocean waves, a time of danger and rapture for poets. **Wolf's** singer in 'Die Nacht' dabbles in Lisztian enharmony for thoughts (flats) and dreams (sharps), both to tell us that they are different and to hint that they just might be the same. In the songs of this first group, including **Hans Sommer's** 'Seliges Vergessen', we succumb blissfully or uneasily to night and dreams.

With the second group, we long for rest but cannot achieve it - not yet. A soul in utter turmoil from grief resounds in **Max Reger's** 'Schmied Schmerz'; one expects sparks to fly from the piano and the singer's throat, so vehement are both. Strauss's 'Ruhe, meine Seele' seeks rest for the soul in the midst of history's violent storms, with dark, troubled harmonies much of the way to tell us how threatened peace is, then and now. In three of Brahms's late Lieder ('Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht', 'Nachtigall' and 'Verzagen'), we are suspended between waking and dreams, life and death; we listen not to love's emblematic bird in the present but in the past; and we give way to utter turbulent despair. Memories of bygone days, the desire to dream, in **Liszt's** 'Lasst mich ruhen' are set to ever-shifting chromatic harmonies, while the moonlit atmosphere in mid-song is a crystalline succession of pure triads.

Fin-de-siècle France could dream and go inward as well as the German-speaking world, with love always at the heart of the fantasy, the dream, the vision. In **Fauré's** 'Après un rêve', a lover dreams of flight from earth toward the light at his beloved's behest - but it is a delusion that ends with day's arrival. **Hahn's** 'A Chloris' edges tentatively towards fulfillment in love ('If it be true that you love me...'), in a song whose elegance and melancholy are distinctive to this composer. Again, past and present mingle: the song is built over the 'walking bass' from Bach's 'Air on the G String', the citation immediately recognizable, while Chloris is one of the nymphs beloved of many shepherds in idylls from classical antiquity and beyond. In 'L'enamourée', we cross the boundaries between life and death in dreams that bring the beloved back to life, the music quasi-hypnotic in its mournful sensuality. The consummately beautiful 'Chanson triste' might induce a lump in the throats of all who think of **Duparc's** fate when they hear this limpid hymn to love's powers of healing...perhaps. It is the touch of doubt that creates tinge of 'tristesse' at the heart of so much beauty. Here, we traverse one key after another in an ambitious design that is also a voyage through love's benefices. All the shades of love are summed up in the last song of the group, Fauré's 'Notre amour', in which love begins as something light and charming and ends up as something marvelously eternal.

For the last group, we begin, as in 'Seele', at evening, with night and peace beckoning. In songs such as 'Abend', Max Reger developed his own distinctive way with harmony to evoke spiritual realms such as this, as one can hear in the lovely piano introduction (and thereafter). But surrendering oneself to the spiritual is not always easy: the singer of Eduard Mörike's 'Gebet' begins by accepting God's will, then thinks better of it and begs to be spared excesses of emotion. In Hugo Wolf's hands, this prayer starts as a Lutheran hymn and then breaks away to exquisite Chopinesque strains in the piano. One of the delights of this recital is the inclusion of composers many in the audience may not know, among them **Richard Rössler**, a Bach-pianist and composition student of Max Bruch for a time; his 'Läuterung' is a vision of purification by inner flames that banish sorrow. Dreams are something we cannot fully fathom: in the bookend verse on either side of this song, the singer wonders whether something old will end, or something new begin. And finally, we end with **Mahler's** 'Urlicht'. The profound determination to return to God, from whence we came, has seldom been more beautifully expressed.

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Karl Weigl (1881-1949)

Seele Op. 23 No. 4 (1911)

Gustav Falke

Dämmerung löscht die letzten
Lichter,
Noch ein irrer Schall und
Schein,
Und die Nacht hüllt dicht und
dichter
Alles Leben ein:

Und die Erde will nun schlafen;
Aber ruhelos bist du,
Steuerst aus dem stillen
Hafen
Deinen Sternen zu.

Soul

Dusk extinguishes the last
lights,
One final wavering gleam and
sound –
And night, ever more
densely,
Envelops all life:

And earth would now sleep;
But you are restless,
Setting out from the quiet
harbour
Towards your stars.

Nacht und Träume

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus dem Bäumen schleicht sie
leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die
Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des
Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des
Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night

Night steps from the woods,
slips softly from the
trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc,
now beware!

All the lights of this world,
all the flowers, all the colours
she extinguishes and steals the
sheaves
from the field.

She takes all that is fair,
takes the silver from the
river,
takes from the cathedral's
copper roof
the gold.

The bush stands plundered:
draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
you too from me.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Nachtwandler Op. 86

No. 3 (c.1877)

Max Kalbeck

Störe nicht den leisen
Schlummer
Dess, den lind ein Traum
umfängen!
Lass ihm seinen süssen Kummer!
Ihm sein schmerzliches
Verlangen!

Sorgen und Gefahren
drohen,
Aber keine wird ihn schrecken,
Kommst du nicht, den
Schlafesfrohen
Durch ein hartes Wort zu
wecken.

Still in seinen Traum versunken
Geht er über Abgrundtiefen
Wie vom Licht des Vollmonds
trunken,
Weh den Lippen, die ihn
riefen!

Sleepwalker

Do not disturb the gentle
slumber
of one whom dreams have
softly embraced!
Leave him to his sweet grief!
To his painful
longing!

Though cares and dangers
threaten,
none of them will frighten him,
unless you with harsh
words
rouse him from his happy
sleep.

Silently immersed in his dream
he passes over deep abysses,
as though drunk with the full
moon's light,
woe to the lips that would call
him!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Eichendorff-Lieder (1880-88)

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

Die Nacht (1880)

Nacht ist wie ein stilles Meer,
Lust und Leid und Liebesklagen
Kommen so verworren her
In den linden Wellenschlagen.

Wünsche wie die Wolken sind,
Schiffen durch die stillen Räume,
Wer erkennt im lauen Wind,
Ob's Gedanken oder Träume? –

Schliess' ich nun auch Herz und
Mund,
Die so gern den Sternen klagen:
Leise doch im Herzensgrund
Bleibt das linde Wellenschlagen.

Night

Night is like a silent sea,
joy and pain and lovers' laments
mingle in such confusion
in the gently lapping waves.

Wishes are like clouds,
sailing through silent space,
who can tell in the warm breeze
if they be thoughts or dreams?

Though I now close my heart
and lips
that love lamenting to the stars:
still in the depths of my heart,
the waves pulse gently on.

Hans Sommer (1837-1922)

Seliges Vergessen Op. 9 Blissful oblivion

No. 2 (c.1885)

*Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff,
based on an anonymous Spanish
text*

Im Winde fächeln,
Mutter, die Blätter,
Und bei dem Säuseln
Schlummre ich ein.

The leaves, mother,
blow gently in the wind,
and as they murmur,
I fall asleep.

Über mir schwanken
Und spielen die Winde,
Wiegen so linde
Das Schiff der Gedanken,
Wie wenn ohne Schranken
Der Himmel mir offen,
Dass still wird mein Hoffen
Und Frieden ich finde,
Und bei dem Säuseln
Schlummre ich ein.

The winds above me
gust and frolic,
rock so gently
the ship of thoughts,
as if, without barriers,
the sky opened up,
so that my hopes fall silent
and I find peace,
and as they murmur,
I fall asleep.

Erwachend dann sehe,
Als ob sie mich kränzen,
Rings Blumen ich glänzen,
Und all meine Wehen
Verschweben, vergehen,
Der Traum hält sie nieder,
Und Leben gibt wieder
Das Flüstern der Blätter,
Und bei dem Säuseln
Schlummre ich ein.

Awakening then, I see
flowers gleam all around,
as though to garland me,
and all my sorrows
float away, fade away,
dreams suppress them,
and the whispering leaves
restore life again,
and as they murmur,
I fall asleep.

Bewegung im Innern

Max Reger (1873-1916)

Schmied Schmerz Op. 51 Blacksmith Pain

No. 6 (1900)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Der Schmerz ist ein Schmied,
Sein Hammer ist hart,
Von fliegenden Flammen
Ist heiss sein Heerd;
Seinen Blasebalg bläht
Ein stossender Sturm
Von wilden Gewalten.
Er hämmert die Herzen
Und schweisst sie mit schweren

Blacksmith Pain,
his hammer is hard,
his furnace is hot
with flying flames;
a blasting storm
of savage might
swells his bellows.
He hammers hearts
and welds them with heavy

Und harten Hieben
Zu festem Gefüge.

and hard blows
firmly together.

Gut, gut schmiedet der Schmerz.

Pain welds well, welds well.

Kein Sturm zerstört,
Kein Frost zerfrisst,
Kein Rost zerreisst,
Was der Schmerz geschmiedet.

No storm destroys,
no frost corrodes,
no rust ruptures
what pain has welded.

Richard Strauss

Ruhe, meine Seele Op.

27 No. 1 (1894)

Karl Friedrich Henckell

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not –
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiss,
Was dich bedroht!

Rest, my soul!

Not even
a soft breeze stirs,
in gentle sleep
the wood rests;
through the leaves'
dark veil
bright sunshine
steals.
Rest, rest,
my soul,
your storms
were wild,
you raged and
you quivered,
like breakers,
when they surge!
These times
are violent,
cause heart and
mind distress –
rest, rest,
my soul,
and forget
what threatens you!

Johannes Brahms

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht Op. 96 No. 1

(1884)

Heinrich Heine

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.

Death is cool night

Death is cool night,
life is sultry day.
Dusk falls now, I feel drowsy,
the day has wearied me.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein
Baum,
Drin singt die junge
Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe,
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Over my bed rises a
tree,
in which the young nightingale
sings;
she sings of nothing but love,
I hear it even in my dreams.

Nachtigall Op. 97 No. 1

(c.1885)

Christian Reinhold Köstlin

O Nachtigall,
Dein süßer Schall,
Er dringet mir durch Mark und
Bein.
Nein, trauter Vogel, nein!
Was in mir schafft so süsse
Pein,
Das ist nicht dein, –
Das ist von andern,
himmelschönen,
Nun längst für mich
verklungenen Tönen,
In deinem Lied ein leiser
Widerhall.

Nightingale

O nightingale,
your sweet voice
pierces me to the
marrow.
No, dear bird, no!
What causes me such sweet
pain
is not your notes, –
but others, of heavenly
beauty,
long since vanished for
me,
a gentle echo in your
song.

Verzagen Op. 72 No. 4

(1877)

Carl von Lemcke

Ich sitz' am Strande der
rauschenden See
Und suche dort nach Ruh',
Ich schaue dem Treiben der
Wogen
Mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.

Despair

I sit by the shore of the raging
sea
searching there for rest,
I gaze at the waves'
motion
in numb resignation.

Die Wogen rauschen zum
Strande hin,
Sie schäumen und vergeh'n,
Die Wolken, die Winde darüber,
Die kommen und verweh'n.

The waves crash on the
shore,
they foam and vanish,
the clouds, the winds above,
they come and go.

Du ungestümes Herz sei still
Und gib dich doch zur Ruh;
Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen
Dich trösten, – was weinst
du?

You, unruly heart, be silent
and surrender yourself to rest;
you should find comfort in winds
and waves, – why are you
weeping?

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Lasst mich ruhen S317

(1858)

*August Heinrich Hoffmann von
Fallersleben*

Let me rest

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

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

Wie des Mondes Silberhelle
Auf des Baches dunkler Welle
Spielt in dieser lichten Stunde
Auf des Lebens dunklem
Grunde
Der vergangnen Tage Freud'
und Klage.
Der Erinnerung Lust und
Schmerzen
Flimmern auf in meinem Herzen
–

As the moon's silver light
plays on the brook's dark water,
so in this light hour
do the dying day's joys and
sorrows
play upon life's dark
ground.
Memory's pleasures and
griefs
flicker in my
heart –

Lasst mich ruhen, lasst mich
träumen
Bei der Nachtigallen Sange
Unter vollen Blütenbäumen
Lange -- lange!

Let me rest, let me
dream
under the blossom-laden trees,
as the nightingale sings
on - and on!

Interval

Mouvement intérieur

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Après un rêve Op. 7

No. 1 (1877)

Anon. trans. Romain Bussine

After a dream

Dans un sommeil que charmaient
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!

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'ambrosie
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 kings
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!

L'énamourée (1892)

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!

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!

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!

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!

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!

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!

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Chanson triste (1868)

Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

Song of sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
a gentle summer moonlight,
and to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

I shall forget past sorrows,
my sweet, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving calm of your arms.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

You will rest my poor head,
ah! sometimes on your lap,
and recite to it a ballad
that will seem to speak of us;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
from your eyes I shall then drink
so many kisses and so much love
that perhaps I shall be healed.

Gabriel Fauré

Notre amour Op. 23

No. 2 (c.1879)

Armand Silvestre

Notre amour est chose légère,
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère.

Our love

Our love is light and gentle,
like fragrance fetched by the breeze
from the tips of ferns
for us to breathe while dreaming.
– Our love is light and gentle.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Commes les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,

Our love is enchanting,
like morning songs,
where no regret is voiced,

Où vibre un espoir incertain.

– Notre amour est chose
charmante.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.

– Notre amour est chose
sacrée.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des
couchants

Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,

S'endort sous les soleils
penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu
vainqueur

A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du
coeur,

Notre amour est chose
éternelle.

quivering with uncertain hopes.

– Our love is
enchanting.

Our love is sacred,
like woodland mysteries,
where an unknown soul throbs
and silences are eloquent.

– Our love is
sacred.

Our love is infinite,
like sunset
paths
where the sea, joined with the
skies,
falls asleep beneath slanting
suns.

Our love is eternal,
like all that a victorious
God
has brushed with his fiery wing,
like all that comes from the
heart,
– Our love is
eternal.

Erlösung und Heimkehr

Max Reger

Abend Op. 79c No. 1

(1901-3)

Theo Schäfer

Es blüht um mich des Abends
Stille,
es klingt noch fern ein letztes
Lied,
das von den weiten Gärten
drüben
im Abendwind herüberzieht.

Das ist des Tages letztes
Klingen,
nun naht die nächtlich dunkle
Ruh
und deckt mit ihren
Friedenschleiern
still alle heisse Sehnsucht zu.

Evening

Evening silence blossoms
around me,
one last song sounds from
afar,
drifting from the distant
gardens
in the evening wind.

The sounds of day are now
silent,
the dark quiet of night now
draws near
and silently cloaks with its
peaceful veils
all ardent longing.

Hugo Wolf

Mörrike Lieder (1888)

Eduard Mörrike

Gebet

Herr! schicke, was du willst,
Ein Liebes oder Leides;
Ich bin vergnügt, dass beides
Aus deinen Händen quillt.

Wollest mit Freuden
Und wollest mit Leiden
Mich nicht überschütten!
Doch in der Mitten
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

Prayer

Lord! send what Thou wilt,
pleasure or pain;
I am content that both
flow from Thy hands.

Do not, I beseech Thee,
overwhelm me
with joy or suffering!
But midway between
lies blessed moderation.

Richard Rössler (1880-1962)

Läuterung Op. 18 No. 3

(1908)

Richard Dehmel

Wie mit zauberischen
Händen
Greifen Träume in mein Leben,
Will ein Altes sich vollenden,
Will ein Neues sich begeben.

Eine Flamme sah ich lodern
Hoch und rein aus goldner
Schale,
Und die Flamme schien zu
fodern:
Wirf dein Leid in diese Schale!

Und anbetend hingezwungen
Fühlt' ich Gluten mich umfängen;
Rauschend küssten ihre Zungen
Mir die Augen, Stirn und
Wangen.

Und ich fühlte hell vergehen
All mein Leid mit einem Male,
Rauschend mich als Flamme
wehen
Selber in der goldnen Schale.

Wie mit zauberischen
Händen
Greifen Träume in mein Leben.
Will ein Altes sich vollenden?
Will ein Neues sich begeben?

Purification

Dreams, as though with magic
hands,
enter my life,
the old is accomplished,
the new will commence.

I saw a flame blaze,
leaping up, pure, from a vessel
of gold,
and the flame seemed to
demand:
Cast your grief into this vessel!

And, compelled and adoring,
I felt the warm glow's embrace;
the murmuring tongues of flame
kissed my eyes, my brow and
my cheeks.

And suddenly and clearly I felt
all my grief vanish,
and felt myself murmur as
flame
in the vessel of gold.

Dreams, as though with magic
hands,
enter my life.
Shall the old be accomplished?
Shall the new commence?

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1892-99, rev. 1901)

Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano

Urlicht (?1892)

Primordial light

O Röschen Rot,	O red rose,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not,	man lies in direst need,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein,	man lies in direst pain,
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein.	I would rather be in heaven.
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg,	I then came upon a broad path,
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt mich abweisen,	an angel came and sought to turn me back,
Ach nein, ich liess mich nicht abweisen!	Ah no! I refused to be turned away.
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,	I am from God and to God I will return,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,	dear God will give me a light,
Wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig Leben.	will light my way to eternal blessed life.

*Translations of Weigl, Reger, Liszt, Rössler and 'Seliges Vergessen' by Richard Stokes.
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