

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 17 November 2023
1.00pm

Schubert Lieder: Love's Lasting Power

Harriet Burns soprano
Ian Tindale piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Lachen und Weinen D777 (?1823)

Suleika I D720 (1821)

Dass sie hier gewesen D775 (?1823)

Die Liebe (Klärchens Lied) D210 (1815)

Amalia D195 (1815)

Erster Verlust D226 (1815)

Die Liebe hat gelogen D751 (1822)

Die Männer sind méchant D866 No. 3 (1828)

Hippolits Lied D890 (1826)

Der Zwerg D771 (1822-3)

Viola D786 (1823)

Geheimnis D491 (1816)

Wiederseh'n D855 (1825)

Seligkeit D433 (1816)



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Extremes of emotion are at the heart of this programme of love and loss. 'Lachen und Weinen' sets the tone: its protagonist is a temperamental young soul, and the song teeters on thresholds between laughter and tears, joy and despair, all cannily navigated through Schubert's characteristic major-minor play. While 'Lachen und Weinen' is striking in its singular, relatively simple musical vision, the next two songs are complex and beguiling. When Schubert selected 'Was bedeutet die Bewegung?' from the Suleika book of Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*, he didn't know the poem was actually written by Goethe's lover, the actress Marianne von Willemer. The resulting 'Suleika I' was declared by Brahms to be one of the 'loveliest songs ever written'. After the tantalising stirring of the 'east wind' at the start, the song brings further eroticised appeals to the senses before ending with a blissful slower episode in B major. Like Willemer and Goethe, Rückert was immersed in the literary fashion for Orientalism that swept through German Romanticism – he was also a prominent translator and academic – and the breeze of the 'east wind' also animates the opening of 'Dass sie hier gewesen'. The syntactic ambiguity of Rückert's poem has been notoriously difficult to capture in translation, and its musical workings are similarly enigmatic: the vocal line is melodious but not really melodic, and fleeting moments of harmonic stability are swiftly dissolved.

Returning to the opening opposites of joy and sorrow, the short duration of 'Die Liebe' belies its expressive depths, and its increasingly restless piano part is replete with dissonance and dynamic contrast. 'Die Liebe' originated in Goethe's *Egmont*, and 'Amalia' is also extracted from a larger work, Schiller's drama *Die Räuber* – where the heroine remembers passionate encounters with her lover and agonises over his loss. The music begins contemplative and steady, but soon sets off a rollercoaster of musical shifts closely attuned to the sensual text: flames, heavenly harps, souls rushing together... The nostalgia of Goethe's 'Erster Verlust' is cloaked by Schubert in a bittersweet major, whereas Platen's 'Die Liebe hat gelogen' is bitter full stop. While they didn't know each other personally, August von Platen was one of the few of Schubert's wider network of contemporaries known to have been gay, and some scholars have suggested that Schubert may have read between the lines of his highly-charged poems of unhappy love and loss, such is the sense of empathy and understanding within his two Platen settings. 'Die Liebe hat gelogen' begins with a dactylic impulse that continues to haunt the song: this 'long-short-short' rhythm occurs often in Schubert's oeuvre, and within his songs often signifies despair. 'Die Männer sind méchant' is upbeat in its aggrieved indignance, but when positioned after a song of such heartbreak, our thoughts may turn to the lasting effects of the betrayal told to the protagonist's mother.

The protagonist of 'Hippolits Lied' has a quiet, sad obsession about him, and a repetitive, disconcerting turn figure in the piano underscores his circular ruminations on doomed love. While 'Hippolits Lied' has its roots in Greek myth, there is no known backstory for the violent scenario of Matthäus von Collin's ballad 'Der Zwerg', which includes one of only a few instances of murder within Schubert's Lieder. The song begins with unsettled semiquavers in the piano's right hand, continuing relentlessly until the end, and (as in 'Suleika I') a Beethovenian 'fate' rhythm in the left. The singer enters to set a scene heavy in Romantic landscape symbolism: fading light, mountains in the background, a boat on gentle waves. Aboard is a Queen and 'her dwarf' – her spurned lover – who will strangle her with a red silk cord, and will not return to shore himself. 'The grotesque resists explication', wrote the musicologist Susan Youens, but this has not stopped her and many others seeking potential socio-political explanations for a song so full of subversion – to accepted social order and to ideals of love. The dramatic momentum of the poem is matched by a gradual acceleration in harmonic change, above which unfold moments of shock and horror, but also glimpses of empathy.

After this we hear the 19 verses of 'Viola', the long flower ballad of 1823 with words by Schubert's great friend Franz von Schober. Schubert completed many major compositions in 1823, but also experienced debilitating early episodes of the syphilis that would eventually kill him (195 years ago, almost to the day). That Schubert was likely aware that his illness would be fatal may lend a biographical hearing to this song about premature flowering and wasted potential. 'Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein', the poem's refrain rings out, tinged with melancholic harmonic touches even in its first iteration. It returns thrice within Schubert's rondo-esque form, each time afforded a new poignancy as the narrative of the seasonal ballad unfolds, its protagonist a lonesome violet.

Like Schober, Johann Mayrhofer was a close friend of Schubert. By 1816, the composer had already set several of his poems to music, and Mayrhofer was moved to write a poem of gratitude. Composing music to a poem about himself must have been an odd task for Schubert, but he conjured up a sincere yet light-hearted song in 'Geheimnis'. Evocations of the classical style of Mozart and Haydn are present from the outset, perhaps as a self-effacing nod to his Viennese forbearers; as the song continues, idiosyncratic Schubertian moves come thick and fast. Next we hear the lyrical 'Wiederseh'n', with the dignified splendour of the music carrying, this time, a message from the 'west wind'. The bouncy, waltz-like 'Seligkeit' balances the appeals of heavenly joy with earthly love – but, after the lovelorn vicissitudes of this recital, it might be difficult not to hear it without a touch of irony.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Lachen und Weinen

D777 (?1823)

Friedrich Rückert

Lachen und Weinen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so
mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor
Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so
mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor
Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit
Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Suleika I D720 (1821)

Marianne von Willemer

Was bedeutet die
Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe
Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische
Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe
Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem
Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten
Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes
Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne
Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen
Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im
Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel
prangen.

Laughter and tears

Laughter and tears at any
hour
arise in love from so
many different causes.
In the morning I laughed
with joy;
and why I now weep
in the evening light,
is unknown even to me.

Tears and laughter at any
hour
arise in love from so
many different causes.
In the evening I wept with
grief;
and why you can wake
in the morning with
laughter,
I must ask you, my heart.

Suleika I

What does this stirring
mean?
Does the East Wind bring
good tidings?
The fresh motion of its
wings
cools the deep wound in
my heart.

It plays caressingly with
the dust,
whipping it into puffs of
cloud,
driving the happy insects
to the vine-leaves' safe
retreat.

It gently soothes the heat
of the sun,
and also cools my
burning cheeks,
flitting by, it kisses the
grapes
that deck the hillsides
and the fields.

Und mir bringt sein leises
Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend
Grüsse;
Eh' noch diese Hügel
düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend
Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter
ziehen!
Diene Freunden und
Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern
glühen,
Dort find ich bald den
Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre
Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes
Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem
Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem
geben.

Dass sie hier gewesen

D775 (?1823)

Friedrich Rückert

Dass der Ostwind Düfte
Hauchet in die Lüfte,
Dadurch tut er
kund,
Dass du hier gewesen.

Dass hier Tränen rinnen,
Dadurch wirst du innen,
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,
Dass ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?
Düfte tun es und
Tränen kund,
Dass sie hier gewesen.

And its soft murmur
brings me
a thousand greetings
from my friend;
even before these hills
darken,
I'll be greeted by a
thousand kisses.

You may then go on your
way!
Serving friends and those
afflicted.
There, where lofty walls
are glowing,
I'll soon find my dear
beloved.

Ah, the heart's true
message,
the breath of love and
life's renewal,
will come to me only from
his lips,
can be given me only by
his breath.

That she was here

By breathing fragrance
into the air,
the East Wind makes
known
that you were here.

Because tears fall here
you will know,
though you were not told,
that I have been here.

Beauty or love:
can they remain concealed?
Fragrance and tears
will make known
that she was here.

Die Liebe (Klärchens Lied) D210 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Freudvoll
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
Langen
Und bangen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

Love (Klärchen's song)

Joyful,
sorrowful,
thoughtful;
yearning
and grieving
in lingering pain;
touching the heavens in joy,
despairing unto death;
happy alone
is the soul that loves.

Amalia D195 (1815)

Friedrich Schiller

Schön wie Engel voll
Walhallas Wonne,
Schön vor allen Jünglingen
war er,
Himmlich mild sein Blick,
wie Maiensonne,
Rückgestrahlt vom blauen
Spiegelmeer.

Amalia

Fair as angels filled with
the bliss of Valhalla,
he was fair above all other
youths;
his gaze had the gentleness
of heaven, like the May
sun reflected in the blue
mirror of the sea.

Seine Küsse – Paradiesisch
Fühlen!
Wie zwei Flammen sich
ergreifen, wie
Harfentöne in einander
spielen
Zu der himmelvollen
Harmonie –

His kisses were the touch
of paradise!
As two flames engulf
each other,
as the sounds of the harp
mingle
in celestial
harmony,

Stürzten, flogen, schmolzen
Geist in Geist zusammen,
Lippen, Wangen brannten,
zitterten,
Seele rann in Seele – Erd'
und Himmel schwammen
Wie zerronnen um die
Liebenden!

So our spirits rushed, flew
and fused together;
lips and cheeks burned,
trembled,
soul melted into soul,
earth and heaven
swam, as though dissolved,
around the lovers!

Er ist hin – vergebens, ach
vergebens
Stöhnet ihm der bange
Seufzer nach!
Er ist hin, und alle Lust des
Lebens
Rinnet hin in ein verlor'nes
Ach!

He is gone – in vain, ah in
vain
my anxious sighs echo
after him!
He is gone, and all life's
joy
ebbs away in one forlorn
cry!

Erster Verlust D226 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ach, wer bringt die schönen
Tage,
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
Ach, wer bringt nur eine
Stunde
Jener holden Zeit zurück!

First loss

Ah, who will bring the fair
days back,
those days of first love,
ah, who will bring but one
hour back
of that radiant time!

Einsam nähr' ich meine
Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter
Klage
Traur' ich um's verlorne
Glück.

In my loneliness I feed my
wound,
and with ever renewed
lament
mourn the happiness I
lost.

Ach, wer bringt die schönen
Tage,
Wer jene holde Zeit zurück!

Ah, who will bring the fair
days back,
who that radiant time!

Die Liebe hat gelogen D751 (1822)

August, Graf von Platen

Die Liebe hat gelogen,
Die Sorge lastet schwer,
Betrogen, ach, betrogen
Hat alles mich umher!

Love has lied

Love has lied,
sorrow oppresses me,
I am betrayed, ah, betrayed
by all around!

Es rinnen heisse Tropfen
Die Wange stets herab,
Lass ab, mein Herz, zu klopfen,
Du armes Herz, lass
ab!

Hot tears keep flowing
down my cheeks,
beat no more, my heart,
wretched heart, beat no
more!

Die Männer sind
méchant D866 No. 3

(1828)

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Men are rogues!

Du sagtest mir es, Mutter:
Er ist ein Springinsfeld!
Ich würd' es dir nicht glauben,
Bis ich mich krank gequält!
Ja, ja, nun ist er's wirklich;
Ich hatt' ihn nur verkannt!
Du sagtest mir's, o Mutter:
„Die Männer sind méchant!“

You told me, mother:
he's a young rogue!
I would not believe you
till I was sick with torment!
Yes, yes, he really is;
I was quite mistaken!
You told me so, mother:
'Men are rogues!'

Vor'm Dorf im Busch, als
gestern
Die stille Dämm'ung
sank,
Da rauscht' es: „Guten
Abend!“
Da rauscht' es: „Schönen
Dank!“
Ich schlich hinzu, ich horchte;
Ich stand wie festgebannt:
Er war's mit einer
Andern –
„Die Männer sind méchant!“

In the bushes near the
village
last night as dusk fell
silently,
I heard a whispered
'Good evening!'
I heard a whispered
'Thank you so much!'
I crept up, I listened;
I stood as if transfixed:
there he was with another
girl –
'Men are rogues!'

O Mutter, welche Qualen!
Es muss heraus, es muss! –
Es blieb nicht bloss beim
Rauschen,
Es blieb nicht bloss beim
Gruss!
Vom Grusse kam's zum
Kusse,
Vom Kuss zum Druck der
Hand,
Vom Druck, ach liebe Mutter!
–
„Die Männer sind méchant!“

O mother, what torture!
I must speak out, I must!
It did not stop at
whisperings,
it did not stop at
greetings!
It went from greetings to
kissing,
from kissing to holding
hands,
from holding hands – ah,
dear mother! –
'Men are rogues!'

Hippolits Lied D890

(1826)

Georg Friedrich von
Gerstenberg

Song of Hippolytus

Lasst mich, ob ich auch still
verglüh',
Lasst mich nur stille geh'n,
Sie seh' ich spät, sie seh' ich
früh',
Und ewig vor mir steh'n.

Let me be, though I waste
silently,
let me go quietly;
I see her in the evening, I
see her in the morning,
forever standing before me.

Was ladet ihr zur Ruh' mich
ein?
Sie nahm die Ruh' mir
fort,
Und wo sie ist, da muss ich
sein,
Hier sei es, oder dort.

Why do you bid me find
repose?
She took away all my
repose,
and wherever she is,
there I must be,
either here, or there.

Zürnt diesem armen Herzen
nicht,
Es hat nur einen Fehl,
Treu muss es schlagen, bis
es bricht,
Und hat dess' nimmer
Hehl.

Do not be angry with this
poor heart,
it has only one failing:
it must beat faithfully until
it breaks,
and has never concealed
that.

Lasst mich, ich denke doch
nur sie,
In ihr nur denke ich;
Ja, ohne sie wär' ich einst
nie
Bei Engeln
ewiglich.

Let me be, I think only of
her,
and in her;
without her I should not
one day hope to be
with the angels for
evermore.

Im Leben denn und auch im
Tod,
Im Himmel, so wie hier,
Im Glück und in der
Trennung Not
Gehör' ich einzig ihr.

In life and in
death,
in heaven, as here below,
in joy and in the grief of
parting,
I belong to her alone.

Der Zwerg D771 (1822-3) The dwarf

Matthäus von Collin

Im trüben Licht verschwinden
schon die Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf
glatten Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem
Zwerg.

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

Sie schaut empor zum
hochgewölbten Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten
blauen Ferne,
Die mit der Milch des Himmels
blass durchzogen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Der Zwerg schaut an die
Frau vom Tod befangen,
Er senkt sie tief in's Meer mit
eigenen Händen.
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz
so voll Verlangen.
An keiner Küste wird er je
mehr landen.

The dwarf looks down at
his dying lady,
lowers her with his hands
deep into the sea.
His heart burns for her
with such desire.
He will never again set
foot on shore.

Viola D786 (1823)

Franz von Schober

Schneeglöcklein, o
Schneeglöcklein,
In den Auen läutest
du,
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,
Läute immer, läute zu, läute
immer zu!

Violet

Snowdrop,
snowdrop,
you ring through the
meadows,
you ring in the silent grove.
Ring on, ring on for
ever!

Denn du kündest frohe Zeit,
Frühling naht, der
Bräutigam,
Kommt mit Sieg vom
Winterstreit,
Dem er seine Eiswehr
nahm.

For you herald a time of joy;
Spring approaches, the
bridegroom,
victorious from his
struggle with winter,
from whom he wrested
his icy weapon.

Darum schwingt der goldne
Stift,
Dass dein Silberhelm
erschallt,
Und dein liebliches
Gedüft
Leis' wie Schmeichelruf
entwallt:

So your golden rod
swings
that your silver bell shall
resound,
and your sweet fragrance
wafts gently away,
like an enticing
call:

Dass die Blumen in der
Erd'
Steigen aus dem düstern
Nest,
Und des Bräutigams sich
wert
Schmücken zu dem
Hochzeitsfest.

So that the flowers in the
earth
rise from their gloomy
nests,
and to prove worthy of
the bridegroom
adorn themselves for the
wedding feast.

Schneeglöcklein, o
Schneeglöcklein,
In den Auen läutest
du,
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,
Läut' die Blumen aus der
Ruh'!

Snowdrop,
snowdrop,
you ring through the
meadows,
you ring in the silent grove,
ring the flowers from their
sleep!

Du Viola, zartes Kind,
Hörst zuerst den
Wonnelaut,
Und sie stehet auf geschwind,
Schmücket sorglich sich als
Braut.

Violet, tender child,
is the first to hear the
joyful sound;
she rises quickly,
and adorns herself
carefully as a bride.

Hüllet sich in's grüne Kleid, Nimmt den Mantel sammetblau, Nimmt das güldene Geschmeid, Und den Brillantentau.	She wraps herself in a green gown, takes a velvety blue mantle, her golden jewels and her dewy diamonds.
Eilt dann fort mit mächt'gem Schritt, Nur den Freund im treuen Sinn, Ganz von Liebesglut durchglüht, Sieht nicht her und sieht nicht hin.	Then she hastens forth with powerful gait, with thoughts only of her beloved in her faithful heart, inflamed with ardent love, looking neither this way nor that.
Doch ein ängstliches Gefühl Ihre kleine Brust durchwallt, Denn es ist noch rings so still, Und die Lüfte weh'n so kalt.	But a feeling of apprehension troubles her tiny breast, for all around it is still so quiet, and the winds blow so cold.
Und sie hemmt den schnellen Lauf, Schon bestrahlt von Sonnenschein, Doch mit Schrecken blickt sie auf, Denn sie stehet ganz allein.	She checks her rapid course. Already the sun shines on her, but she looks up in terror, for she is quite alone.
Schwestern nicht, nicht Bräutigam Zugedrungen! und verschmäht! Da durchschauert sie die Scham, Fliehet wie vom Sturm geweht.	No sisters! No bridegroom! She has been too pressing! She has been rejected! Then she shudders with shame and flees, as if swept away by the storm.
Fliehet an den fernsten Ort, Wo sich Gras und Schatten deckt, Späht und lauschet immerfort, Ob was rauschet und sich regt.	She flees to the remotest spot, where grass and shade conceal her; she constantly peers and listens to see if anything rustles or stirs.
Und gekränket und getäuscht Sitzet sie und schluchzt und weint, Von der tiefsten Angst zerfleischt, Ob kein Nahender erscheint.	Hurt and disappointed she sits sobbing and weeping, tormented by the profound fear that no one will appear.

Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein, In den Auen läutest du, Läutest in dem stillen Hain, Läut die Schwestern ihr herzu!	Snowdrop, snowdrop, you ring through the meadows, you ring in the silent grove; call her sisters to her!
Rose nahet, Lilie schwankt, Tulp' und Hyazinthe schwellt, Windling kommt daher gerankt, Und Narziss' hat sich gesellt.	The rose approaches, the lily sways, the tulip and hyacinth swell; the bindweed trails along, and the narcissus joins them.
Da der Frühling nun erscheint, Und das frohe Fest beginnt, Sieht er alle, die vereint, Und vermisst sein liebstes Kind.	And now, as Spring appears and the happy festival begins, he sees them all united, but misses his dearest child.
Alle schickt er suchend fort, Um die eine, die ihm wert, Und sie kommen an den Ort, Wo sie einsam sich verzehrt.	He sends them all off to search for the one he cherishes, and they come to the place where she languishes alone.
Doch es sitzt das liebe Herz Stumm und bleich, das Haupt gebückt, Ach, der Lieb' und Sehnsucht Schmerz Hat die Zärtliche erdrückt.	But the sweet creature sits there dumb and pale, her head bowed; alas, the pain of love and longing has crushed the tender one.
Schneeglöcklein, o Schneeglöcklein, In den Auen läutest du, Läutest in dem stillen Hain, Läut Viola sanfte Ruh'!	Snowdrop, snowdrop, you ring through the meadows, you ring in the silent grove; ring for Violet's sweet repose!

Geheimnis D491 (1816)*Johann Mayrhofer*

Sag an, wer lehrt dich
Lieder,
So schmeichelnd und so
zart?
Sie rufen einen Himmel
Aus trüber Gegenwart.
Erst lag das Land, verschleiert,
Im Nebel vor uns da –
Du singst – und Sonnen
leuchten,
Und Frühling ist uns nah.

Den schilfbekränzten
Alten,
Der seine Urne
giesst,
Erblickst du nicht, nur
Wasser,
Wie's durch die Wiesen fließt.
So geht es auch dem Sänger,
Er singt, er staunt in
sich;
Was still ein Gott
bereitet,
Befremdet ihn, wie
dich.

Wiedersehn D855

(1825)

August Wilhelm Schlegel

Der Frühlingssonne holdes
Lächeln
Ist meiner Hoffnung Morgenrot;
Mir flüstert in des Westes
Fächeln
Der Freude leises
Aufgebot.
Ich komm', und über Tal und
Hügel,
O süsse Wonnegeberin,
Schweb, auf des Liedes
raschem Flügel,
Der Gruss der Liebe zu dir hin.

A secret

Who teaches you, O say,
to sing
such tender, honeyed
songs?
They conjure up a heaven
out of troubled times.
Before, the land lay veiled
in mist before our eyes –
you sing – and suns
gleam
and spring draws near.

You have no eyes for the
reed-crowned
ancient who empties his
urn,
water flowing through the
meadows
is all you see.
Thus it is with the singer,
he sings, he marvels
inwardly;
that which God quietly
creates
astonishes both him and
you.

Reunion

The sweet smile of the
spring sun
is the dawn of my hope;
in the stirring of the west
wind
I hear joy's softly
whispered call.
I am coming! And over hill
and dale,
sweet bestower of delight,
love sails to greet
you
on swift wings of song.

Du liebst mich, göttlich
hohes Wesen!
Du liebst mich, sanftes,
zartes Weib!
Es genügt. Ich fühle mich
genesen,
Und Lebensfüll' an Seel' und
Leib.
Nein, noch mit dem Geschick
zu hadern,
Das schnell mich wieder von
dir reisst,
Verschmäh't mein Blut, das
durch die Adern
Mit stolzen leichten Wellen
kreisst.

Seligkeit D433 (1816)*Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty*

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühhn im Himmelsaal
Engeln und
Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf' und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und
singt.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Dass ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

You love, me, divine,
exalted creature!
You love me, gentle,
tender woman!
It is enough. I feel myself
cured,
with an abundance of life
in my body and soul.
No, my blood, labouring
through my veins
in proud, slight
waves,
disdains to struggle
further with the fate
that swiftly snatches me
from you again.

Bliss

Joys without number
bloom in the halls of Heaven
for angels and
transfigured souls,
as our fathers taught us.
How I'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

A heavenly bride smiles
sweetly on everyone;
harp and psalter resound,
and there's dancing and
singing.
How I'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

I'd sooner stay here
if Laura smiles on me
with a look that says
I've to grieve no more.
Blissfully then with her
I'd stay forever here!