

WIGMORE HALL 125

Friday 17 October 2025
7.30pm

Concert held in the presence and honour of HRH The Duke of Kent, KG,
who will be presented with the Wigmore Hall Medal by Dame Janet Baker, CH this evening.

Anja Mittermüller mezzo-soprano
Richard Fu piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Wanderer D489c (c.1816)
Drang in die Ferne D770 (1823)
Bei dir allein D866 No. 2 (1828)
Rastlose Liebe D138 (c.1815)
Heimliches Lieben D922 (1827)
Nacht und Träume D827 (1823)

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

6 songs Op. 48 (1884-8)
No. 1 Gruss • No. 2 Dereinst, Gedanke mein •
No. 3 Lauf der Welt • No. 4 Die verschwiegene Nachtigall •
No. 5 Zur Rosenzeit • No. 6 Ein Traum

Interval

To celebrate the awarding of the Wigmore Hall Medal, all audience members are invited to enjoy a complimentary drink during the interval. Please circulate freely once you have collected a drink from the following locations:

- Rows AA to G, please leave the Auditorium via the doors either side of the stage and go downstairs to the Learning Room
- Rows H to N and balcony, please leave via the doors at the back and go to the Foyer
- Rows O to Y, please leave via the doors at the back and go downstairs to the Restaurant

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Shéhérazade (1903)
Asie • La flûte enchantée • L'indifférent

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Sing not to me, beautiful maiden Op. 4 No. 4 (1890-3)
Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

An die Geliebte from *Mörike Lieder* (1888)

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Hat dich die Liebe berührt (1908)

Hugo Wolf

Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen from *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1890-6)



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We begin with the immortal **Schubert** in six different manifestations. In *Der Wanderer*, the moon counsels a wanderer to 'follow the old path', and Schubert accordingly doubles the bass line in the voice to emphasise the inner directive. His wanderer ascends to heights where all seems pure and beautiful – but he is alone. The solitary condition is to be mourned, and one cannot flee that sorrow by ascending to lofty intellectual heights. *Drang in die Ferne* is in the voice of a young man who wishes to leave home and go forth into the world. Schubert, who knew what it was to desire escape from parental constraints, set the Styrian poet Leitner's poem as a waltz song in 9/8 at an urgent tempo: this youth wants to join the 'dance of life'. *Bei dir allein* is a late refrain-song of ardent love; all the freshness of young passion is contained here. Passion is again the subject in Goethe's *Rastlose Liebe*, the kind of *Erlebnisgedicht* (poem of lived experience) by which the poet revolutionised German verse. Schubert turns it into a pianistic whirlwind; for all the singer's talk of despair, it is clear that love is the greatest adventure he could possibly have. The melody that sails above the piano's triplets in *Heimliches Lieben* reminds us that Schubert's early composition teacher was Antonio Salieri, who taught him much about the creation of Italianate cantilena. And we end with one of Schubert's greatest song masterpieces, *Nacht und Träume*, in which those who listen to the music of night long for dreams to come. When they do, Schubert effects a mid-song change of key guaranteed to melt the heart.

Edvard Grieg mostly set to music the poetry of his native Norway, but on occasion, he turned to German verse. Of Heinrich Heine's immensely popular poetry, his greeting to spring, 'Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt/Gruss', was especially favored. Grieg sets bells chiming in the piano throughout, the sound wafted upwards on gentle breezes. Emanuel Geibel's translation of a 16th-century poem about existential loneliness and lack of love, 'Dereinst, Gedanke mein' is set by Grieg as a poignant meditation accompanied by rich, slow-moving chords in the piano. Ludwig Uhland's 'Lauf der Welt' is a folk-like song in which words praise love that needs no words: kissing is sufficient unto the day. The rich harmony 'when lips gladly rest on lips' – a 'home key' chord for the lad's mouth, a borrowed chord for the maiden's mouth, the two alternating with one another in reciprocal pleasure – is a witty touch.

'Die verschwiegene Nachtigall' by a medieval poet of courtly love is a song of 'niedere minne', or 'natural love', in which a lower-class girl sings sweetly of her lover. One could hardly enlist the German poets for one's work without calling upon Goethe, and 'Zur Rosenzeit' is a dark, intense song of lost love. The explorer Friedrich von Bodenstedt provided the words for 'Ein Traum', in which an arch-Teutonic fantasy of a blond

maiden to love in the springtime forest becomes reality and reality a dream.

Orientalism was a European phenomenon throughout the 19th Century, and **Ravel** succumbed to it early, composing a *Shéhérazade* orchestral overture when he was a student. In 1903, he set three poems from a collection of 100, also entitled *Shéhérazade*, by a friend with the Wagnerian pseudonym of Tristan Klingsor. The 14 episodes of 'Asie', each beginning 'Je voudrais' (I should like), send us on an imaginary voyage to the East; the initial threefold invocation 'Asie, Asie, Asie' rises upwards in palpable yearning. In 'La flûte enchantée', the master of the household sleeps while the slave-girl hears her lover playing the flute outside. The flute melody in Phrygian mode symbolises the lover/love itself; when it sounds unaccompanied at the end, we hear separation and loneliness. In 'L'indifférent', the cause of the watcher's emotion is an androgynous boy. The watcher's gender is ambiguous; Ravel, aware of the sexual ambivalence in play, wanted a woman to sing this song in London to ward off the 'morals police'.

Between 1890 and departure from Russia, **Rachmaninov** composed over 80 songs marked by long, broad melodies and rich harmonies. *Sing not to me, beautiful maiden* is framed on either side by an exquisite melody in the piano, its arabesques descending gently over an ostinato bass and infiltrating the singer's part as well. *Spring waters* tells of spring's advent after a long, hard winter; because this is Russia, ice still reigns, but the rising waters of the piano will, we feel sure, banish the last remnants of winter in short order.

Four late-Romantic German songs conclude the recital. In **Strauss's** *Heimliche Afforderung*, the persona invites his beloved to leave the party and join him for a lovers' rendez-vous. Initial exuberance shifts to quieter moods for their garden tryst, but rapture flares again at the thought of erotic bliss. In 1888, **Hugo Wolf** came into his compositional maturity with his volume of *Mörike-Lieder*, including 'An die Geliebte'. At age 19, Mörike fell in love with a beautiful, disturbed Swiss vagrant; poem and music alike reflect the singularity and splendor of the experience. *Hat dich die Liebe berührt* is a hymn to love, with **Marx's** late-Romantic, lush sound-world on ample display.

Over gently pulsating octaves that never move from their fixed point, a lover bids his beloved cover him with flowers on his death and lay him by the wall where they were wont to meet. **Wolf's** *Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen* is consummate lyricism, its materials spare, its tenderness immense, with the right-hand part and the singer's line responding to one another like the most intimate of lovers.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Wanderer D489c

(c.1816)

Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck

The wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge
her;
Es dampft das Tal, es braust
das Meer,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig
froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer
– wo?

From the mountains I
have come,
the valley steams, the
ocean roars,
I walk in silence, with little
joy,
and my sighs keep asking
– Where?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier
so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt;
Und, was sie reden, leerer
Schall –
Ich bin ein Fremdling
überall.

Here the sun seems so
cold,
blossom faded, life old;
what men say – just
empty sound:
I am a stranger
everywhere.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes
Land?
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie
gekannt,
Das Land, das Land, so
hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen
blüh'n,

Where are you, my
beloved land?
Sought for, sensed, and
never known,
the land, the land, so
green with hope,
the land where my roses
bloom;

Wo meine Freunde
wandelnd geh'n,
Wo meine Toten
aufersteh'n,
Das Land, das meine
Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?

Where my friends
roam,
where my dead friends
rise again,
the land that speaks my
tongue,
O land, where are you?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig
froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer
– wo? –
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir
zurück,
"Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort
ist das Glück!"

I walk in silence, with little
joy,
and my sighs keep asking
– Where? –
A ghostly whisper makes
reply,
'There, where you are not,
there fortune lies!'

Drang in die Ferne

D770 (1823)

Karl Gottfried von Leitner

Longing to escape

Vater, du glaubst es nicht,
Wie's mir zum Herzen spricht,
Wenn ich die Wolken seh',
Oder am Strome steh';

Father, you do not believe
that my heart quickens
when I see the clouds,
or stand beside the stream?

Wolkengold, Wellengrün
Ziehen so leicht dahin,
Weilen im Sonnenlicht,
Aber bei Blumen nicht,

Golden clouds, green waves
drift along so effortlessly,
lingering in the sunshine
but not by the flowers.

Zögern und rasten nie,
Eilen, als wüssten sie,
Ferne und ungekannt,
Irgend ein schön'res Land.

They never tarry or rest,
hastening as if they knew
of some fairer land,
distant and undiscovered.

Ach! von Gewölk und
Flut
Hat auch mein wildes Blut
Heimlich geerbt den Drang,
Stürmet die Welt entlang!

Ah, from clouds and
streams
my hot blood, too,
has secretly caught the urge
to storm through the world.

Vaterlands
Felsental
Wird mir zu eng, zu schmal,
Denn meiner Sehnsucht Traum
Findet darin nicht Raum.

The rocky valley of my
native land
is too narrow and confined,
for my yearning dreams
cannot be contained there.

Lasst mich! ich muss, ich muss
Fordern den Scheidekuss.
Vater und Mutter mein,
Müset nicht böse sein!

Let me go! I must
ask for the parting kiss.
Father and mother,
you must not be angry!

Hab euch ja herzlich lieb;
Aber ein wilder Trieb
Jagt mich waldein,
Waldhaus,
Weit von dem Vaterhaus.

I love you dearly,
but a wild urge
drives me to the forest
and beyond,
far from home.

Sorgt nicht, durch welches
Land
Einsam mein Weg sich
wand;
Monden- und Sternenschein
Leuchtet auch dort
hinein.

Do not worry about
where
my lonely, tortuous path
may lead;
there too
the moon and stars will
shine.

Überall wölbt's Gefild
Sich den azurnen Schild,
Den um die ganze Welt
Schirmend der Schöpfer
hält.

Over all the earth
arches the azure shield
which the Creator holds
to protect the whole
world.

Ach! und wenn nimmermehr
Ich zu euch
wiederkehr',
Lieben, so denkt, er
fand
Glücklich das schön're Land.

Ah, and if I never
return to you, my loved
ones,
then you must think that I
have found
happiness in a fairer land.

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

Bei dir allein D866

No. 2 (1828)

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Bei dir allein
Empfind ich, dass ich lebe,
Dass Jugendmut mich
schwellt,
Dass eine heit're Welt
Der Liebe mich durchbebe;
Mich freut mein Sein
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Weht mir die Luft so
labend,
Dünkt mich die Flur so grün,
So mild des Lenzes
Blüh'n,
So balsamreich der Abend,
So kühl der Hain,
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Verliert der Schmerz sein
Herbes,
Gewinnt die Freud' an Lust!
Du sicherst meine Brust
Des angestammten Erbes;
Ich fühl' mich mein
Bei dir allein!

Rastlose Liebe D138

(c.1815)

Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

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

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

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

With you alone

With you alone
I feel I am alive,
that I am fired by youthful
vigour,
that a serene world
of love quivers through me;
I rejoice in being
with you alone!

With you alone
the breeze blows so
bracingly,
the fields seem so green,
the flowering spring so
gentle,
the evening so fragrant,
the grove so cool,
with you alone!

With you alone
pain's bitterness is
lost,
joy gains in sweetness!
You assure my heart
of its natural heritage;
I feel I am myself
with you alone!

Restless love

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

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

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

Heimliches Lieben

D922 (1827)

Caroline Louise von Klencke

O du, wenn deine Lippen
mich berühren,
Dann will die Lust die Seele
mir entführen;
Ich fühle tief ein namenloses
Beben
Den Busen heben.

Mein Auge flammt, Glut
schwebt auf meinen Wangen;
Es schlägt mein Herz ein
unbekannt Verlangen;
Mein Geist, verirrt in
trunkner Lippen
Stammeln,
Kann kaum sich sammeln.

Mein Leben hängt in einer
solchen Stunde
An deinem süßen,
rosenweichen Munde,
Und will, bei deinem trauten
Armumfassen,
Mich fast verlassen.

O! dass es doch nicht ausser
sich kann fliehen,
Die Seele ganz in deiner
Seele glühen!
Dass doch die Lippen, die
voll Sehnsucht brennen,
Sich müssen trennen!

Dass doch im Kuss' mein
Wesen nicht zerfließet,
Wenn es so fest an deinen
Mund sich schliesset,
Und an dein Herz, das
niemals laut darf wagen,
Für mich zu schlagen!

Secret love

When your lips touch
me,
desire all but bears away
my soul;
I feel a nameless
trembling
deep within my breast.

My eyes flame, a glow
tinges my cheeks;
my heart beats with a
strange longing;
my mind, lost in the
stammering of my
drunken lips,
can scarcely compose itself.

At such a time my life
hangs
on your sweet lips, soft as
roses,
and, in your beloved
embrace,
life almost deserts me.

Oh that my life cannot
escape from itself,
with my soul aflame in
yours!
Oh that lips ardent with
longing
must part!

Oh that my being may not
dissolve in kisses
when my lips are pressed
so tightly to yours,
and to your heart, which
may never dare
to beat aloud for me!

Nacht und Träume

D827 (1823)

Matthäus von Collin

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

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

Night and dreams

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

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

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Gruss Op. 48 No. 1

Heinrich Heine

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches
Geläute.
Klinge, Kleines
Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.
Zieh hinaus, bis an das
Haus,
Wo die Veilchen spriessen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag, ich lass' sie grüssen.

Greeting

A sweet sound of bells
peals gently through my
soul.
Ring out, little song of
spring,
ring out far and wide.
Ring out till you reach the
house
where violets are blooming.
And if you should see a rose,
send to her my greeting.

Dereinst, Gedanke mein Op. 48 No. 2

Emanuel Geibel

Dereinst, dereinst
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Lässt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

One day, my thoughts

One day, one day,
my thoughts,
you shall be at rest.
Though love's ardour
gives you no peace,
you shall sleep well
in cool earth;
there without love
and without pain
you shall be at rest.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden,
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

What you did not
find in life,
will be granted you
when life is ended.
Then, free from torment
and free from pain,
you shall be at rest.

Lauf der Welt Op. 48 No. 3

Ludwig Uhland

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem
Gartenhaus
Es stehet hart am
Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie
bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der
Welt.

Ich weiss nicht, wie es so
geschah,
Seit lange küsst' ich
sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht:
ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch
nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe
ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns
dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose
spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich
lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Taue
kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange:
gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe
dich!

The way of the world

Every evening I go out,
up the meadow path.
She looks out from her
summer house
which stands close by the
road.
We've never planned a
rendezvous,
it's just the way of the
world.

I don't know how it came
about,
for a long time I've been
kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't
say yes!
But neither does she ever
say no!
When lips are pleased to
rest on lips.
we don't prevent it, it just
seems good.

The little breeze plays
with the rose,
it doesn't ask: do you love
me?
The rose cools itself with
dew,
it doesn't dream of
saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
but neither says: I love
you!

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

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall Op. 48 No. 4

Walther von der
Vogelweide

Unter den Linden
An der Haide,
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten
sass,
Da mögt ihr finden,
Wie wir beide
Die Blumen brachen und
das Gras.
Vor dem Wald mit süßem
Schall,
Tandaradei!
Sang im Tal die
Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen
Zu der Aue,
Mein Liebster kam vor mir
dahin.
Ich ward empfangen
Als hehre Fraue,
Dass ich noch immer selig
bin
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,
Wusst' es einer
Behüte Gott, ich schämte
mich.
Wie mich der Gute
Herzte, keiner
Erfahre das, als er und ich –
Und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Das wird wohl verschwiegen
sein.

Zur Rosenzeit Op. 48 No. 5

Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem
Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele
bricht!

Jener Tage denk'ich
trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir
hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen
lauernd

The secretive nightingale

Under the lime trees
by the heath
where I sat with my
beloved
there you may find
how both of us
crushed the flowers and
grass.
Outside the wood, with a
sweet sound,
Tandaradei!
The nightingale sang in
the valley.

I came walking
to the meadow,
my beloved arrived
before me.
I was received
as a noble lady,
which still fills me with
bliss.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew
how I lay there,
God forbid, I'd be
ashamed.
How my darling hugged me,
no one shall know
but he and I –
and a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who certainly won't say a
word.

Time of roses

You fade, sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
ah! you bloom! for one
bereft of hope,
whose soul now breaks
with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of
those days,
when I, my angel, set my
heart on you,
and waiting for the first
little bud,

Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

went early to my garden;

Alle Blüten, alle
Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug,
Und vor deinem
Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen
schlug.

Laid all the blossoms, all
the fruits
at your very feet,
with hope beating in my
heart
when you looked on
me.

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem
Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele
bricht!

You fade, sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
ah! you bloom for one
bereft of hope,
whose soul now breaks
with grief!

Ein Traum Op. 48 No. 6 A dream

Friedrich von Bodenstedt

Mir träumte einst ein
schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid,
Es war am grünen
Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen
Frühlingszeit:

I once dreamed a
beautiful dream:
a blond maiden loved me,
it was in the green
woodland glade,
it was in the warm
springtime:

Die Knospe sprang, der
Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl
Geläut –
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

The buds bloomed, the
forest stream swelled,
from the distant village
came the sound of bells –
we were so full of bliss,
so lost in happiness.

Und schöner noch als einst
der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit –
Es war am grünen
Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen
Frühlingszeit:

And more beautiful yet
than the dream,
it happened in reality,
it was in the green
woodland glade
it was in the warm
springtime:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die
Knospe sprang,
Geläut' erscholl vom Dorfe
her –
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt
dich lang
Und lasse dich nun
nimmermehr!

The forest stream swelled,
the buds bloomed,
from the village came the
sound of bells;
I held you fast, I held you
long,
and now shall never let
you go!

O frühlingsgrüner
Waldesraum,
Du lebst in mir durch alle
Zeit –
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit
zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur
Wirklichkeit!

O woodland glade so
green with spring!
You shall live in me for
evermore –
there reality became a
dream,
there dream became
reality!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Shéhérazade (1903)

Tristan Klingsor

Asie	Asia
Asie, Asie, Asie, Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice, Où dort la fantaisie Comme une impératrice En sa forêt tout emplie de mystères, Asie, Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goélette Qui se berce ce soir dans le port, Mystérieuse et solitaire, Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or. Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs En écoutant chanter la mer perverse Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur; Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse Avec les minarets légers dans l'air; Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires; Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour Et des prunelles brillantes de joie En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges; Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours Et des habits à longues franges; Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches Tout entourées de barbe blanche; Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards louches, Et des cadis, et des vizirs Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir. Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine, Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,	Asia, Asia, Asia, ancient wonderland of fairy tales, where fantasy sleeps like an empress in her mystery-filled forest, Asia, I long to set sail with the schooner which rocks this evening in the harbour, mysterious and solitary, and which spreads at last its violet sails like a huge night-bird in the golden sky. I long to set sail for isles of flowers as I listen to the song of the wayward sea with its old bewitching rhythm; I long to see Damascus and the cities of Persia with their airy minarets; I long to see beautiful silken turbans above black faces with white teeth; I long to see eyes dark with love and pupils sparkling with joy sunk in skins as yellow as oranges; I long to see velvet raiments and long-fringed robes; I long to see calumets in mouths fringed about with white beards; I long to see grasping merchants with shift y looks, and cadis and viziers who with a single crook of the finger dispense life or death on a whim. I long to see Persia, and India, and then China, portly mandarins beneath their sunshades,

Et les princesses aux mains fines, Et les lettrés qui se querellent Sur la poésie et sur la beauté; Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté Et comme un voyageur étranger Contempler à loisir des paysages peints Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger; Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient; Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines; Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang; Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine, Et puis, m'en revenir plus tard Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves, En élevant comme Sindbad Ma vieille pipe arabe Du temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres Pour interrompre le conte avec art...	and princesses with delicate hands, and learned men disputing about poetry and beauty; I long to linger in enchanted palaces, and like a foreign traveller gaze at leisure on landscapes painted on fabrics in pinewood frames, with a figure in the midst of an orchard; I long to see assassins smiling, as the executioner cuts off an innocent head with his great curved Oriental scimitar; I long to see beggars and queens; I long to see roses and blood; I long to see death for love or else for hate, and then to return later and recount my adventures to those intrigued by dreams, while raising like Sinbad my old Arabian pipe from time to time to my lips, artfully to interrupt the tale...
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La flûte enchantée	The enchanted flute
L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort, Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie, Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche. Mais moi je suis éveillée encore Et j'écoute au dehors Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie, Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole Que mon amoureux chéri joue, Et quand je m'approche de la croisée, Il me semble que chaque note s'envole De la flûte vers ma joue Comme un mystérieux baiser.	The shade is soft and my master sleeps, a cone-shaped silken cap on his head, and his long yellow nose in his white beard. But I am still awake, listening to the song of a flute outside that pours forth sadness and joy in turn, a tune now languorous now lively, which my dear lover plays, and when I draw near the casement, each note seems to fly from the flute to my cheek like a mysterious kiss.

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

L'indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme
ceux d'une fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet
ombragé
Est plus séduisante encore
de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante
Sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et
charmante
Comme une musique fausse;
Entre! et que mon vin te
réconforte...

Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois
t'écarter
Me faisant un dernier geste
avec grâce
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et
lasse.

The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft like a
girl's,
young stranger,
and the delicate curve
of your handsome down-
shaded face
is still more attractively
shaped.

Your lips sing
at my door
an unknown charming
tongue,
like music off-pitch;
enter! and let my wine
refresh you...

But no, you pass by
and I see you leaving my
threshold,
gracefully waving
farewell,
your hips lightly swaying
in your languid feminine
way.

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Sing not to me, beautiful maiden Op. 4 No. 4 (1890-3)

Alexander Pushkin

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri
mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi:
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizn i bereg
dalnoi.

Uvy, napominayut
mne
Tvoi zhestokiye napevy
I step, i noch, i pri
lune
Cherty dalyokoi, bednoi
devy!...

Ya prizrak milyi, rokovoï,
Tebya uvidev, zabyvayu;
No ty poyosh i predomnoi
Ego ya vnov voobrazhayu.

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri
mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi:
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizn i bereg
dalnoi.

Sing not to me, beautiful
maiden,
your songs of sad Georgia:
they remind me
of another life and distant
shore.

Alas, they bring back
memories,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe at night,
and, in the moonlight,
the features of a poor
maiden far away!...

Seeing you, I forget
that dear, fateful vision;
but when you sing, again
I imagine it before me.

Sing not to me, beautiful
maiden,
your songs of sad Georgia:
they remind me
of another life and distant
shore.

Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

Fyodor Tyutchev

Yeshchyo v polyakh beleyet
sneg,
A vody uzh vesnoi
shumyat,
Begut i budyat sonnyi
breg,
Begut i bleschut, i
glasyat.

Oni glasyat vo vse
kontsy:
'Vesna idyot! Vesna
idyot!
My molodoi vesny
gontsy,
Ona nas vyslala vperyod.

Vesna idyot! Vesna
idyot!
I tikhikh, tyoplykh maisikh
dnei
Rumyanyi, svetyi
khorovod
Tolpitsya veselo za
nei.

The fields are still white
with snow,
but already the waters
are proclaiming spring,
running along and waking
sleepy riverbanks,
running and glittering
and declaring.

They declare in all
directions:
'Spring is coming! Spring
is coming!
We are the heralds of
young spring,
she sent us in advance.

Spring is coming! Spring
is coming!
And the still, warm days
of May
in a rosy, bright circle-
dance,
crowd together and gaily
follow behind.

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.

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.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt, Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild,	But once you have savoured the meal, quenched your thirst, leave the loud company of happy revellers,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch, - Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,	And come out into the garden to the rose- bush, - there I shall wait for you as I've always done,
Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's gehofft, Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,	And I shall sink on your breast, before you could hope, and drink your kisses, as often before,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht – O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!	And twine in your hair the glorious rose – Ah! come, o wondrous, longed-for night

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

An die Geliebte from *Mörike Lieder* (1888)

Eduard Mörike

To the beloved

Wenn ich, von deinem Anschau tief gestillt, Mich stumm an deinem heiligen Wert vergnüge, Dann hör ich recht die leisen Atemzüge Des Engels, welcher sich in dir verhüllt.	When I, deeply calmed at beholding you, take silent delight in your sacred worth, then I truly hear the gentle breathing of that angel concealed within you.
Und ein erstaunt, ein fragend Lächeln quillt Auf meinem Mund, ob mich kein Traum betrüge, Dass nun in dir, zu ewiger Genüge, Mein kühnster Wunsch, mein ein'zger, sich erfüllt?	And an amazed, a questioning smile rises to my lips: does not a dream deceive me, now that in you, to my eternal joy, my boldest, my only wish is being fulfilled?
Von Tiefe dann zu Tiefen stürzt mein Sinn, Ich höre aus der Gottheit nächtger Ferne Die Quellen des Geschicks melodisch rauschen.	My soul then plunges from depth to depths, from the dark distances of Godhead I hear the springs of fate ripple in melody.

Betäubt kehr ich den Blick nach oben hin, Zum Himmel auf – da lächeln alle Sterne; Ich kniee, ihrem Lichtgesang zu lauschen.	Stunned I raise my eyes to heaven – where all the stars are smiling; I kneel to listen to their song of light.
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Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Hat dich die Liebe berührt (1908)

Paul Heyse

If Love has touched you

Hat dich die Liebe berührt, Still unter lärmendem Volke, Gehst du in gold'ner Wolke, Sicher von Gott geführt.	If Love has touched you softly amid noisy mankind, you will walk on a cloud of gold, led safely by God.
Nur wie verloren umher Lässt die Blicke du wandern, Gönnt ihre Freuden den andern, Trägst nur nach einem Begehrt.	You gaze about you as though you are lost, you do not begrudge others their happiness, only one thing do you desire.
Scheu in dich selber verzückt, Möchtest du leugnen vergebens, Dass nun die Krone des Lebens Strahlend die Stirn dir schmückt.	In shy and rapt introspection, you deny in vain that life's gleaming crown now adorns your brow.

Hugo Wolf

Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen from *Italienisches*

Liederbuch (1890-6)

Paul Heyse

If I should die, then shroud my limbs in flowers

Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder; Ich wünsche nicht, dass ihr ein Grab mir grabt. Genüber jenen Mauern legt mich nieder, Wo ihr so manchmal mich gesehen habt. Dort legt mich hin, in Regen oder Wind; Gern sterb' ich, ist's um dich, geliebtes Kind. Dort legt mich hin in Sonnenschein und Regen; Ich sterbe lieblich, sterb' ich deinetwegen.	If I should die, then shroud my limbs in flowers; I do not wish you to dig me a grave. Lay me down to face those walls where you have so often seen me. Lay me down there in wind or rain; I'll gladly die if it's for you, dear child. Lay me down there in sunshine and rain; I'll die happy if I die for your sake.
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