

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 17 September 2026
7.30pm

Ema Nikolovska mezzo-soprano
Jonathan Biss piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Lied aus der Ferne D107 (1814)
Erntelied D434 (1816)
Der Sänger am Felsen D482 (1816)
An den Mond D193 (1815)
Abends unter der Linde D235 (1815)
Die Sommernacht D289 (1815)
Erinnerung D101 (1814)
Klage D436 (1816)
Leichenfantasie D7 (c.1811)

Interval

Das Fischermädchen from *Schwanengesang* D957 (1828)
An die Laute D905 (1827)
Der Morgenkuss D264 (1815)
Blondel zu Marien D626 (1818)
Die Stadt from *Schwanengesang* D957
Die Rose D745 (1822)
Dass sie hier gewesen D775 (?1823)
Ihr Bild from *Schwanengesang* D957
Das Weinen D926 (1827-8)
Der Doppelgänger from *Schwanengesang* D957
Abschied von der Erde D829 (1826)



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Death, with the exception of the joyous **Erntelied**, dominates the first half of this evening's recital. An extraordinary number of Schubert's songs deal with death, not because it was a fashionable Romantic trope, but because much of his life was lived in death's shadow. Nine of his siblings died in infancy or early childhood. The final two lines of each stanza of **Lied aus der Ferne** refer to the lover's spirit, suggesting that he is dead and his beloved alive. The words of **Der Sänger am Felsen** are spoken by the shepherd Alexis in Karoline Pichler's *Idyllen*. He laments that now the shepherdess Delia has rejected his advances, only death can cure his pain. The song is marked 'restlessly and plaintively' and the key is E minor, a tonality that Schubert reserves for some of his finest songs of unhappy love. Höltz's **An den Mond** begins with a theme, deep in the bass, that is somehow suggestive of night, while the undulating F minor arpeggios weave an arabesque of clouds about the moon, which disappear during the two middle stanzas which recall the happy times he spent with his beloved. But the pain is too great to bear, and the cloud-veiling arpeggios return. Kosegarten, the poet of **Abends unter der Linde**, lost two of his children (the Julie and Emilius of verse 3) when they were very young. Klopstock's **Die Sommernacht** was written in July 1766 after his wife had died in childbirth. Schubert captures the poet's grief-stricken state by setting almost the entire poem to recitative, as though his grief somehow prevented the music from coalescing into song. Only in the final three lines does recitative turn to arioso and a legato outpouring of sorrow. Matthiessen's **Erinnerung**, which describes the poet's reaction to the death of Jakob Friedrich Rosenfeld, a much-loved schoolfriend, is likewise a blend of recitative and arioso. Schubert, like Beethoven, set Höltz's **Klage** at the age of 19 – both relatively unknown gems. The boy in verse one is happy, in verse two he is ill and in verse three he has intimations of mortality. Schubert's music mirrors this development: the first verse is simply harmonised, the second is more chromatic to convey the turmoil, while the third switches to the relative minor. Schubert's relationship with his own father was never easy – but in **Leichenfantasie** he seems to seek reconciliation: the bereaved father mourns the death of his son. Schiller's poem, triggered by the death of his friend August von Hoven, was composed by Schubert when he was 14.

After the interval we turn from death to love – in various guises. **An die Laute**, an exquisite little serenade punctuated with lute-like arpeggios in almost every bar, is sung by the lover outside his sweetheart's window, *pianissimo*, so that the neighbours won't hear. The four-bar prelude of **Der Morgenkuss** depicts the approaching dawn, keenly awaited by the woman who yearns to see her beloved again after a night spent alone. Blondel de Nesle was a troubadour friend of Richard the Lionheart and legend has it that he discovered where the king was

imprisoned by singing a song beneath his window, pausing at a certain passage to enable Richard to complete it. The Mary of **Blondel zu Marien** has not been identified and could be either the Virgin Mary or Blondel's sweetheart. Ema Nikolovska has programmed four of the six Heine songs from *Schwanengesang*. **Das Fischermädchen** is a tale of attempted seduction, as the man woos the fisher maiden with his blandishments. The bleakness of **Ihr Bild** is achieved in a mere 36 bars – a distillation of despair conveyed by bare octaves and a modulation at 'ihre Lippen' from B minor to G flat major that provides an illusory solace which is immediately dashed as minor reasserts itself. The short prelude of **Die Stadt** repeats in the bass the bare octaves of 'Ihr Bild', while the scurrying diminished sevenths of the right hand 17 times convey the gusting wind – without resolution. A lonely low C on the piano brings the chilling song to a close. The eponymous town is, of course, Hamburg, where Heine was rebuffed by his cousin Amalie. **Der Doppelgänger** is the bleakest song – or rather declamation – in Schubert. The resemblance between the four-note theme of the opening bars to the *Agnus Dei* of Schubert's E flat Mass, composed in June of the same year, tells us which way Schubert's thoughts were turning. His art, with this intensely dramatic declamation, was turning prophetically towards Wagner and Wolf.

Die Rose is one of Schubert's most delicate songs which, like 'Viola', describes how flowers can perish due to extreme heat or cold. The rose is tempted by Spring warmth to blossom and is, as a result, scorched to death – a metaphor, perhaps, for how lovers can be destroyed through passion. **Dass sie hier gewesen**, apart from one *sforzando*, is a song of hushed adoration. **Das Weinen** talks about the 'healing spring of tears', and Fischer-Dieskau suggests that the poem might reflect Schubert's anguish at a recurrence of his syphilis in the autumn of 1827 when the song was composed. This evening's recital ends with Schubert's sole example of melodrama: spoken verse with musical accompaniment. **Abschied von der Erde** was written by Adolf von Pratobevera, a distinguished lawyer and government official in Vienna, as an epilogue to his dramatic poem, 'Der Falke', where it is spoken by Mechthild while her father-in-law lies dying. The whole song breathes a spirit of resigned tranquillity that connects it with the final piano sonata composed some two years later.

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Richard's new book, *The Carl Loewe Song Companion*, will be launched at 12 noon at Wigmore Hall on Saturday 10 October, when Joseph Middleton will accompany Juliane Banse (soprano), Lizzie Estrada (soprano), Henk Neven (baritone) and Aksel Rykkvin (baritone) in a full-length concert of Loewe Lieder and Balladen which Richard will introduce from the stage.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Lied aus der Ferne D107 (1814)

Friedrich von Matthisson

Wenn, in des Abends letztem Scheine, Dir eine lächelnde Gestalt, Am Rasensitz im Eichenhaine, Mit Wink und Gruss vorüber wallt, Das ist des Freundes treuer Geist, Der Freud' und Frieden dir verheisst.	When in the dying light of evening, as you sit on the sward in the oak grove, a smiling figure passes you, waving a greeting, that is the faithful spirit of your friend, promising you joy and peace.
Wenn in des Mondes Dämmerlichte Sich deiner Liebe Traum verschönt, Durch Cytisus und Weimutsfichte Melodisches Gesäusel tönt, Und Ahnung dir den Busen hebt: Das ist mein Geist, der dich umschwebt.	When in the moon's dusky light your dream of love grows fairer, and a melodious rustling echoes through laburnum and pine, and your breast swells with a presentiment, it is my spirit which hovers about you.
Hörst du, beim Silberglanz der Sterne, Leis' im verschwiegenen Kämmerlein, Gleich Aeolsharfen aus der Ferne, Das Bundeswort: Auf ewig dein! Dann schlummre sanft; es ist mein Geist, Der Freud' und Frieden dir verheisst.	If, by the silver light of the stars, in your secret chamber you hear, like soft, distant aeolian harps, the words of our bond: forever yours! Then sleep sweetly; it is my spirit that promises you joy and peace.

Erntelied D434 (1816)

Ludwig Heinrich Christoph

Hölty

Harvest song

Sicheln schallen; Ähren fallen Unter Sichelschall; Auf den Mädchenhüten Zittern blaue Blüten; Freud' ist überall.	Sickles ring out; ears of corn fall to the sickle's ring; blue flowers quiver on girls' bonnets; joy is everywhere.
Sicheln klingen; Mädchen singen Unter Sichelklang; Bis, vom Mond beschimmert, Rings die Stoppel flimmert, Tönt der Erntesang.	Sickles resound; girls sing to the sickle's sound; till, bathed in moonlight, the stubble shimmers all around, and the harvest song rings out.
Alles springet, Alles singet, Was nur lallen kann. Bei dem Erntemahle Isst aus einer Schale Knecht und Bauersmann.	Everyone's dancing, everyone with a voice sings out. At the harvest feast farmer and labourer eat from the same bowl.
Jeder scherzet, Jeder herzet Dann sein Liebelein. Nach geleerten Kannen Gehen sie von dannen, Singen und juchheinen!	Everyone jests, everyone then hugs his sweetheart. When the tankards are empty they go on their way, singing and shouting with joy!

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

Der Sänger am Felsen D482 (1816)

Karoline Pichler

Klage, meine Flöte, klage
Die entschwundnen
schönen Tage
Und des Frühlings schnelle
Flucht,
Hier auf den verwelkten
Fluren,
Wo mein Geist umsonst die
Spuren
Süss gewohnter Freuden
sucht.

Klage, meine Flöte, klage!
Einsam rufest du dem
Tage,
Der dem Schmerz zu spät
erwacht.
Einsam schallen meine Lieder;
Nur das Echo hallt sie
wieder
Durch die Schatten stiller
Nacht.

An den Mond D193

(1815)

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich
Hölty

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss
deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses
Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und
Traumgestalten immer
Vor mir vorüber fliehn!

Enthülle dich, dass ich die
Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen
sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des
Buchbaums und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt
vergass!

Enthülle dich, dass
ich des Strauchs mich
freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden
Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach
belauscht!

The Singer on the Rock

Mourn, my flute, mourn
the beautiful, vanished
days,
and the swift flight of
spring
here on the faded
meadows,
where in vain my spirit
seeks the traces
of sweet, familiar
pleasures.

Mourn, my flute, mourn!
All alone you cry out to
the day
which too late awakes to
pain.
My lonely songs ring out;
only the echo carries
them back
through the shades of the
silent night.

To the moon

Shed your silver light,
dear moon,
through these green
beeches,
where fancies and
dream-like visions
forever flit by me!

Unveil yourself, that I
might find the place
where my sweetheart
often sat,
and where, to the rustle of
beech and lime,
I often forgot the gilded
town!

Unveil yourself, that I
might enjoy the
murmuring bushes
that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on every
meadow,
where she once listened
to the brook!

Dann, lieber Mond, dann
nimm den Schleier wieder,
Und traur' um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den
Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint.

Then, dear moon, veil
yourself once more
and mourn your friend,
and weep through hazy
clouds,
just like I, forsaken, weep.

Abends unter der Linde

D235 (1815)

Ludwig Gotthard Theobul
Kosegarten

Woher, o namenloses
Sehnen,
Das den beklemmten Busen
presst?
Woher, ihr bittersüssen
Tränen,
Die ihr das Auge dämmernd
nässt?
O Abendrot, o
Mondenblitz,
Flimmt blasser um den
Lindensitz.

Es säuselt in dem Laub der
Linde;
Es flüstert im Akazienstrauch.
Mir schmeichelt süß, mir
schmeichelt linde
Des grauen Abends lauer
Hauch.
Es spricht um mich wie
Geistergruss;
Es geht mich an wie
Engelkuss.

Evening under the Linden tree

Whence this nameless
longing
that oppresses my
troubled heart?
Whence these
bittersweet tears
that veil my eyes in
moisture?
O evening glow, O
glittering moon,
cast a paler light beneath
the linden tree.

The leaves of the linden
tree rustle,
the acacia whispers.
Sweetly, gently, I am
caressed
by the warm evening
breeze.
All around it is as if spirits
greet me,
and I am touched by an
angel's kiss.

Die Sommernacht

D289 (1815)

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock

Wenn der Schimmer von
dem Monde nun herab
In die Wälder sich ergiesst
und Gerüche
Mit den Düften von der Linde
In den Kühlungen wehn;

So umschatten mich
Gedanken an das Grab
Der Geliebten, und ich seh in
dem Walde
Nur es dämmern, und es
weht mir
Von der Blüte nicht her.

The summer night

When the shimmering
moon sheds its light
down into the woods, and
fragrances
and lime tree scents
float through the coolness;

Thoughts of my beloved's
grave cast a shadow
round me, and I merely
see the woods
darken, and no
blossom
blows in my direction.

Ich genoss einst, o ihr Toten, es mit euch! Wie umwehten uns der Duft und die Kühlung, Wie verschönt warst von dem Monde, Du, o schöne Natur!	Once, O dead ones, I enjoyed this with you! How the fragrance and coolness wafted round us, how the moon increased your loveliness, lovely nature!
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Erinnerung D101 (1814)
Friedrich von Matthisson

Kein Rosenschimmer leuchtet dem Tag zur Ruh! Der Abendnebel schwillt am Gestad empor, Wo durch verdorrte Felsengräser Sterbender Lüfte Gesäusel wandelt.	No rosy shimmer lights the day to rest! The evening mist rises on the shore, where, through dried-up grasses on the cliff, dying breezes whisper.
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Nicht schwermutsvoller tönte des Herbstes Weh'n Durch's tote Gras am sinkenden Rasenmal, Wo meines Jugendliebings Asche Unter den trauernden Weiden schlummert.	The breath of autumn was not more melancholy than this, quivering through the dead grass on the sinking sward, a memorial of where the ashes of my youthful lover slumber beneath weeping willows.
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Ihm Tränen opfern werd' ich beim Blätterfall, Ihm, wenn das Mailaub wieder den Hain umrauscht, Bis mir, vom schönern Stern, die Erde Freundlich im Reigen der Welten schimmert.	I shall sacrifice tears to him when leaves fall and when May's leaves again rustle in the grove, until, from a fairer star, the sweet earth shines upon me in the dance of the spheres.
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Klage D436 (1816)
Ludwig Höltz

Dein Silber schien Durch Eichengrün, Das Kühlung gab, Auf mich herab, O Mond, und lachte Ruh' Mir frohem Knaben zu.	Your silver shone down on me through the green oaks that gave cool shade, O moon, and, smiling, shed peace on me, a happy youth.
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Rememberance

No rosy shimmer lights
the day to rest!
The evening mist rises on
the shore,
where, through dried-up
grasses on the cliff,
dying breezes
whisper.

The breath of autumn
was not more
melancholy than
this, quivering through the
dead grass on the sinking
sward, a memorial of where
the ashes of my youthful
lover slumber beneath
weeping willows.

I shall sacrifice tears to
him when leaves fall
and when May's leaves
again rustle in the
grove,
until, from a fairer star,
the sweet earth
shines upon me in the
dance of the spheres.

Lament

Your silver
shone down on me
through the green oaks
that gave cool shade,
O moon, and, smiling,
shed peace
on me, a happy youth.

Wenn jetzt dein Licht
Durch's Fenster bricht,
Lacht's keine Ruh'
Mir Jüngling zu,
Sieht's meine Wange blass,
Mein Auge tränennass.

Bald, lieber Freund,
Ach bald bescheint
Dein Silberschein
Den Leichenstein,
Der meine Asche birgt,
Des Jünglings Asche birgt!

Leichenfantasie D7
(c.1811)
Friedrich von Schiller

Mit erstorb'nem Scheinen
Steht der Mond auf
totenstillen Hainen;
Seufzend streift der Nachtgeist
durch die Luft –
Nebelwolken trauern,
Sterne trauern

Bleich herab, wie Lampen in
der Gruft.
Gleich Gespenstern, stumm
und hohl und hager,
Zieht in schwarzem
Totenpumpe dort
Ein Gewimmel nach dem
Leichenlager
Unterm Schauerflor der
Grabnacht fort.

Zitternd an der Krücke,
Wer mit düstern,
rückgesunknem Blicke,
Ausgegossen in ein heulend
Ach,
Schwer geneckt vom
eisernen Geschicke,
Schwankt dem
stummgetragenen Sarge
nach?
Floss es „Vater“ von des
Jünglings Lippe?
Nasse Schauer schauern
fürchterlich
Durch sein
gramgeschmolzenes
Gerippe,
Seine Silberhaare bäumen
sich.

When now your light
breaks through the window,
no peace smiles on me,
now a young man;
it sees my cheeks pale,
my eyes moist with tears.

Soon, dear friend,
soon your silver light
will shine
on the tombstone
that hides my ashes,
the young man's ashes.

A funereal fantasy

With dim light
the moon shines over the
death-still groves;
sighing, the night spirit
skims through the air –
mist-clouds lament,
pale stars shine down
mournfully

like lamps in a
vault.
Like ghosts, silent, hollow,
gaunt,
in black funeral
pomp
a procession moves
towards the graveyard
beneath the dread veil of
the burial night.

Who is he, who,
trembling on crutches, with
sombre, sunken gaze,
pouring out his misery in
a cry of pain,
and harshly tormented by
an iron fate,
totters behind the
silently borne
coffin?
Did the boy's lips say
'Father'?
Damp, fearful shudders
run through
his frame,
racked with
grief;
his silver hair stands on
end.

Aufgerissen seine Feuerwunde!	His burning wound is torn open
Durch die Seele Höllenschmerz!	by the hellish pain of his soul!
„Vater“ floss es von des Jünglings Munde.	‘Father’, uttered the boy’s lips,
„Sohn“ gelispelt hat das Vaterherz.	‘Son’, whispered the father’s heart.
Eiskalt, eiskalt liegt er hier im Tuche,	Ice-cold, he lies here in his shroud,
Und dein Traum, so golden einst, so süß,	and your dream, once so golden, so sweet,
Süß und golden, Vater, dir zum Fluche!	sweet and golden, now a curse on you, father!
Eiskalt, eiskalt liegt er hier im Tuche,	Ice-cold, he lies here in his shroud,
Deine Wonne und dein Paradies!	your joy and your paradise!
Mild, wie umweht von Elysiumslüften,	Gently, as if stroked by Elysian breezes,
Wie, aus Auroras Umarmung geschlüpft,	as if, slipping from Aurora’s embrace,
Himmlich umgürtet mit rosigten Düften,	wreathed in the heavenly fragrance of roses,
Florens Sohn über das Blumenfeld hüpfte,	it were Flora’s son dancing over the flowery fields,
Flog er einher auf den lachenden Wiesen,	he flew across the smiling meadows,
Nachgespiegelt von silberner Flut,	mirrored by the silver waters;
Wollustflammen entsprühten den Küssen,	flames of desire sprang from his kisses,
Jagten die Mädchen in liebende Glut.	driving maidens to burning passion.
Mutig sprang er im Gewühle der Menschen,	Bravely he leapt amid the swarm of humanity,
Wie ein jugendlich Reh;	like a young deer;
Himmelum flog er in schweifenden Wünschen,	with his restless longings he flew around the heavens.
Hoch wie der Adler in wolkiger Höh’;	As high as an eagle, soaring in the clouds;
Stolz wie die Rosse sich sträuben und schäumen,	proud as the steeds as they rear, foaming,
Werfen im Sturme die Mähnen umher,	tossing their manes in the storm,
Königlich wider den Zügel sich bäumen,	and regally resisting the reins,
Trat er vor Sklaven und Fürsten daher.	did he walk before slaves and princes.
Heiter, wie Frühlingstag schwand ihm das Leben,	His life slipped by, as bright as a spring day,
Flog ihm vorüber in Hesperus’ Glanz,	flying past him in the glow of Hesperus;
Klagen ertränkt’ er im Golde der Reben,	he drowned his sorrows in the golden vine,
Schmerzen verhüpft’ er im wirbelnden Tanz.	he tripped away his grief in the whirling dance.
Welten schliefen im herrlichen Jungen,	Whole worlds lay dormant in the fine youth,
Ha! wenn er einsten zum Manne gereift –	ah! When he matures into a man –

Freue dich, Vater, im herrlichen Jungen,	rejoice, father, in the fine boy,
Wenn einst die schlafenden Keime gereift!	when, one day, the latent seeds are ripened!
Nein doch, Vater – Horch! die Kirchhoftüre brauset,	But no, father – hark! the churchyard gate is rattling,
Und die ehrnen Angel klirren auf –	and the iron hinges are creaking open –
Wie’s hinein ins Grabgewölbe grauset!	how terrifying it is to peer into the grave!
Nein doch, lass den Tränen ihren Lauf!	But no, let the tears flow!
Geh, du Holder, geh im Pfade der Sonne	Go, gracious youth, in the sun’s path,
Freudig weiter der Vollendung zu,	joyfully onwards to perfection,
Lösche nun den edlen Durst nach Wonne,	quench your noble thirst for joy,
Gramentbundner, in Walhallas Ruh!	released from pain, in the peace of Valhalla!
Wiedersehen – himmlischer Gedanke!	To see him again – heavenly thought!
Wiedersehen dort an Edens Tor!	To see him again at the gates of Eden!
Horch! der Sarg versinkt mit dumpfigem Geschwanke,	Hark! the coffin sways and falls with a dull thud,
Wimmernd schnurrt das Totenseil empor!	the ropes whirr upwards with a whine!
Da wir trunken um einander rollten,	When we rolled drunkenly among one another
Lippen schwiegen und das Auge sprach	our lips were silent, but our eyes spoke:
„Haltet! Haltet!“ da wir boshaft grollten –	‘Stop! Stop!’ When we grew angry –
Aber Tränen stürzten wärmer nach.	but afterwards tears fell more warmly.
Mit erstorb’nem Scheinen Steht der Mond auf totenstillen Hainen;	With dim light the moon shines over the death-still groves;
Seufzend streift der Nachtgeist durch die Luft –	sighing, the night spirit skims through the air –
Nebelwolken trauern, Sterne trauern	mist-clouds lament, pale stars shine down mournfully
Bleich herab, wie Lampen in der Gruft.	like lamps in a vault.
Dumpfig schollert’s überm Sarg zum Hügel,	With a thud clods pile over the coffin,
O um Erdballs Schätze nur noch einen Blick!	oh, for just one more glimpse of the earth’s treasure!
Starr und ewig schliesst des Grabes Riegel,	The grave’s bolts close, rigid and eternal,
Dumpfer schollert’s überm Sarg zum Hügel,	the thud of the clods grows duller as they pile over the coffin,
Nimmer gibt das Grab zurück.	the grave will never yield up!

Interval

Das Fischermädchen from *Schwanengesang*

D957 (1828)

Heinrich Heine

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich
nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg' an mein Herz dein
Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch
sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem
Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und
Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

An die Laute D905

(1827)

Johann Friedrich Rochlitz

Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute,
Flüstre, was ich dir
vertraute,
Dort zu jenem Fenster hin!
Wie die Wellen sanfter
Lüfte,
Mondenglanz und
Blumendüfte,
Send' es der
Gebieterin!

Neidisch sind des Nachbars
Söhne,
Und im Fenster jener
Schöne
Flimmert noch ein einsam
Licht.
Drum noch leiser, kleine
Laute;
Dich vernehme die
Vertraute,
Nachbarn aber – Nachbarn
nicht!

The fishermaid from *Swansong*

You lovely fishermaid,
row your boat ashore;
come and sit down by my
side,
hand in hand we'll cuddle.

Lay your little head on my
heart
and don't be too afraid;
each day, after all, you
trust yourself
fearlessly to the raging sea.

My heart's just like the
sea,
it storms and ebbs and
floods,
and many lovely pearls
are resting in its depths.

To the lute

Play more softly, little lute,
whisper what I confided
to you
in that window there!
Like the ripple of gentle
breezes,
like moonlight and the
scent of flowers,
send the message to my
mistress!

All my neighbour's sons
are jealous,
and in that beauty's
window
a solitary lamp still
burns.
So play more softly, little
lute:
that you be heard by my
love,
but not – ah, not – the
neighbours!

Der Morgenkuss D264

(1815)

Gabriele von Baumberg

Durch eine ganze Nacht sich
nah zu sein,
So Hand in Hand, so Arm im
Arme weilen,
So viel empfinden, ohne
mitzuteilen,
Ist eine wonnevolle Pein.

So immer Seelenblick im
Seelenblick
Auch den geheimsten Wunsch
des Herzens sehen,
So wenig sprechen, und sich
doch verstehen –
Ist hohes martervolles
Glück!

Blondel zu Marien

D626 (1818)

Anonymous

In düst'rer Nacht,
Wenn Gram mein fühlend
Herz umziehet,
Des Glückes Sonne mir
entweicht,
Und ihre
Pracht:
Da leuchtet fern
In feurig wonniglichem Glanze,
Wie in der Liebe
Strahlenkranze,
Ein holder
Stern.

Und ewig rein
Lebt unter Wonne, unter
Schmerzen,
Im treuen liebevollen Herzen
Sein Widerschein.

So hold und mild
Wird unter tröstenden
Gestalten
Auch in der Ferne mich
umwallten
Dein Zauberbild.

The Morning Kiss

To be close the whole
night long,
to linger hand in hand,
arm in arm,
to feel so much, without
revealing it in words,
is blissful torment.

To gaze constantly into
each other's soul,
to see into the heart's
most secret desire,
to speak so little, and yet to
understand each other,
is sublime, anguished
happiness.

Blondel to Mary

In the dark night,
when grief envelops my
tender heart,
when the sun of
happiness
and its splendour escape
me,
a fair star
shines in the distance
with a fiery, joyous
lustre,
like a jewel in the radiant
crown of love.

Amid joy and sorrow
its reflection
remains forever pure
within my faithful, loving
heart.

Thus your magic image,
fair and
gentle,
will stay by me and
comfort me
though I am far away.

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

**Die Stadt from
Schwanengesang
D957**

Heinrich Heine

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte
rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem
Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch
einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste
verlor.

**The town from
Swansong**

On the distant horizon
the town with its turrets
looms like a misty vision,
veiled in evening light.

A dank breeze ruffles
the gloomy waterway;
with sad and measured
strokes
the boatman rows my
boat.

The sun rises once
again,
gleaming from the earth,
and shows me that place
where I lost what I loved
most.

Die Rose D745 (1822)

Friedrich von Schlegel

Es lockte schöne Wärme,
Mich an das Licht zu wagen,
Da brannten wilde Gluten;
Das muss ich ewig klagen.
Ich konnte lange
blühen
In milden, heitern Tagen;
Nun muss ich frühe welken,
Dem Leben schon entsagen.

Es kam die Morgenröte,
Da liess ich alles Zagen
Und öffnete die Knospe,
Wo alle Reize lagen.
Ich konnte freundlich
duften
Und meine Krone tragen,
Da ward zu heiss die Sonne,
Die muss ich drum verklagen.

Was soll der milde
Abend?
Muss ich nun traurig fragen.
Er kann mich nicht mehr retten,
Die Schmerzen nicht verjagen.
Die Röte ist verblichen,
Bald wird mich Kälte nagen.
Mein kurzes junges
Leben
Wollt' ich noch sterbend sagen.

The Rose

Lovely warmth tempted me
to venture into the light.
There fires burned furiously;
I must for ever bemoan that.
I could have bloomed for
long
in mild, bright days.
Now I must wither early,
renounce life prematurely.

The red dawn came,
I abandoned all timidity
and opened the bud
in which lay all my charms.
I could have spread sweet
fragrance
and worn my crown ...
then the sun grew too hot –
of this I must accuse it.

Of what avail is the mild
evening?
I must now ask sadly.
It can no longer save me,
or banish my sorrows.
My red colouring is faded,
soon cold will gnaw me.
As I die I wished to tell
once more
of my brief young life.

**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.

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.

**Ihr Bild from
Schwanengesang
D957**

Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' 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'!

**Her likeness from
Swansong**

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!

Das Weinen D926

(1827-8)

Karl Gottfried von Leitner

Gar tröstlich kommt
geronnen
Der Tränen heil'ger Quell,
Recht wie ein Heilungs-
Bronnen,
So bitter, heiss und hell,
Darum du Brust voll
Wunden,
Voll Gram und stiller Pein,
Und willst du bald
gesunden,
So tauche da hinein.

Es wohnt in diesen Wellen
Geheime Wunderkraft,
Die ist für wehe Stellen
Ein linder Balsamsaft.
Die wächst mit deinen
Schmerzen,
Und fasset, hebt und
rollt
Den bösen Stein vom
Herzen,
Der dich zerdrücken wollt'.

Das hab' ich selbst empfunden
Hier in dem Trauerland,
Wenn ich, vom Flor umwunden,
An lieben Gräbern
stand.
Da schalt in irrem Wähnen
Ich selbst auf meinen Gott,
Es hielten mir die Tränen
Der Hoffnung Schiffthen flott.

Drum, hält dich auch
umfängen
Der Schwermut trübste
Nacht,
Vertrau' in allem Bangen
Der Tränen zaubermacht.
Bald, wenn vom heissen
Weinen
Dir rot das Auge glüht,
Wird neu der Tag erscheinen,
Weil schon der Morgen
blüht.

Weeping

The sacred source of
tears
flows comfortingly,
like a healing
spring
so bitter, hot and clear.
Therefore, my heart, full
of wounds,
grief and silent pain,
if you would recover
quickly
immerse yourself there.

A secret, magic power
dwells in these waters
that is gentle balm
to wounds.
It increases with your
suffering,
and seizes, lifts and rolls
away
from your heart the evil
stone
that would crush you.

I have felt this myself
here in this land of sorrow,
when, swathed in crêpe,
I stood at the graves of
dear ones.
There, in demented frenzy,
I cursed my God;
only my tears kept
the ship of hope afloat.

Therefore, when you too
are ensnared
in the darkest night of
sorrow,
in your anguish trust
the magic power of tears.
Soon, when from bitter
weeping
your eyes glow red,
a new day will appear,
for already morning is
radiant.

Der Doppelgänger from *Schwanengesang* D957

Heinrich Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen
die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte
mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die
Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus
auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch
und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor
Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein
Antlitz sehe, –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine
eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du
bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein
Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser
Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter
Zeit?

The wraith from *Swansong*

The night is still, the
streets are at rest,
this is the house where
my loved-one lived;
she left the town long
ago,
but the house still stands
in the same place.

A man stands there too,
and stares up,
wracked with pain, he
wringing his hands;
I shudder when I see his
face –
the moon shows me my
own form.

You wraith! You pale
companion!
Why do you ape the pain
of love
that tormented me on
this same spot,
so many nights in times
gone by?

Abschied von der Erde Farewell to the earth

D829 (1826)

Adolf von Pratobevera

Leb' wohl, du schöne Erde!	Farewell, beautiful earth!
Kann dich erst jetzt	Only now do I understand
verstehn,	you,
Wo Freude und wo Kummer	when joy and sorrow
An uns vorüber wehn.	pass away from us.

Leb' wohl, du Meister Kummer!	Farewell, Master Sorrow!
Dank dir mit nassem Blick!	I thank you with tearful eyes!
Mit mir nehm' ich die Freude,	take joy with me,
Dich lass' ich hier zurück.	you I leave behind.

Sei nur ein milder Lehrer,	Try to be a kindly teacher,
Führ alle hin zu Gott,	lead all men to God,
Zeig' in den trübsten	reveal in the darkest of
Nächten	nights
Ein Streiflein Morgenrot!	a little streak of dawn!

Lasse sie die Liebe ahnen,	Let them sense what love is,
So danken sie dir noch,	and they will thank you for it,
Der früher und der später,	some sooner, some later,
Sie danken weinend doch.	all will thank you with tears.

Dann glänzt das Leben heiter,	Life will then be radiant,
Mild lächelt jeder Schmerz,	all sorrows will gently smile,
Die Freude hält umfassen	joy will hold in its embrace
Das ruh'ge, klare Herz.	the pure and tranquil heart.