

# WIGMORE HALL

Monday 18 April 2022 7.30pm

Stuart Skelton tenor

Richard Peirson piano

CLASSIC *fm* Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

Percy Grainger (1882-1961)

Bold William Taylor (1908)

Willow, Willow (1898-1911)

Hard Hearted Barbara (H)'ellen (1899)

Jón Þorarinsson (1917-2012)

Fuglinn i fjörinni (1939)

Sigvaldi Kaldalóns (1881-1946)

Þu eina Hjartans yndið mitt (pub. 1916)

Sigfús Einarsson (1877- 1939)

Draumalandið (1903)

Sigvaldi Kaldalóns

Ave Maria (pub. 1938)

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Wesendonck Lieder (1857-8)

*Der Engel • Stehe still! • Im Treibhaus • Schmerzen • Träume*

Interval

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Abschiedslieder Op. 14 (1920-1)

*Sterbelied • Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen •  
Mond, so gehst du wieder auf • Gefasster Abschied*

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

Poema en forma de canciones Op. 19 (1923)

*Dedicataria • Nunca olvida... • Cantares •  
Los dos miedos • Las locas por amor*

## Welcome back to Wigmore Hall

We are grateful to our Friends and donors for their generosity as we rebuild a full series of concerts in 2021/22 and reinforce our efforts to reach audiences everywhere through our broadcasts. To help us present inspirational concerts and support our community of artists, please make a donation by visiting our website:

[Wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate](https://www.wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate). Every gift is making a difference. Thank you.

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management.

In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141.

Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838  
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • [Wigmore-hall.org.uk](https://www.wigmore-hall.org.uk) • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG

Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan



It's a daunting thing to write one's own programme notes, to be sure. Writing anything is daunting enough, but to write about music, what moves, what entices, what engages is doubly difficult. But, as they say, write what you know. So here goes.

This programme is, in every respect, a labour of love for both Richard and myself. Simply put, each and every song in this recital is a piece that we both love, and have for some time, and shared with each other when the one had a passion for works that the other did not know about.

For my part, the works of **Sigfús Einarsson** and **Sigvaldi Kaldalóns** were a gift to me from my Icelandic father-in-law, Guðjón Davið, who presented me with three compendia of Icelandic song literature for my birthday some seven years ago. I promised him then that one day, when my Icelandic was up to snuff, I would perform some of them, and I was beyond happy to be able to keep that promise.

All four songs are jewel boxes, simple, beautiful, and a joy to sing.

'Fuglinn í fjörunni' is an almost naïve commentary on birds running across the sand; 'Þú eina Hjartans yndið mitt' ('You, my only heart's desire') a short and sweet love song, again evoking the wild coast line of Iceland; 'Draumalandið' ('Land of my dreams') is, and I have proof, one of the only ways known to man to induce tears in the usually stoic Icelanders. 'Ave Maria', while sounding like one might expect, was actually composed as incidental music for a play which gives the song a much darker and almost sinister context. In the play, it's sung by a church congregation as they watch the adjacent village's church subsumed and carried to Hell by the Devil, because the minister of that ill-fated church allowed his congregants to dance in the church hall. As the wayward worshippers dance, the earth opens and swallows them and the church whole, while the more pious congregants from the next village look on in terror and sing the 'Ave Maria' for the lost souls. It is, in its way, a very Icelandic story to relate to, with Icelandic literature being full of quite scary and depressing warnings about angry gods, the 13 hilariously sinister Christmas Lads (meant to scare children into behaving) and tales of the hardship and suffering of the Icelandic people and the unforgiving environment.

It was with utter delight that I was introduced to the folksong settings of **Percy Grainger**. I was not a little sheepish that I was largely unaware of much of the output of my fellow antipodean, and I am ever grateful to Richard for bringing them into our musical life. They are a joy to sing and play, and the eccentric nature of Grainger's instructions to the performers (*louden*, as opposed to *crescendo*, for example) always brings a smile to both our faces.

His pianistic bravura, on display most fully in 'Hard Hearted Barbara (H)'ellen', really makes the song beyond a treat to perform. His ability to fashion compelling stories from these folksongs is, without exaggeration, genius.

**Wagner's** *Wesendonck Lieder* need little introduction, I think, but my own journey with Wagner over the last 23 years means that for me, this collection is more than the sum of its parts. Certainly 'Im Treibhaus' and 'Träume' are ground-breaking as the first stirrings of what was to become, for many, his towering achievement, *Tristan und Isolde*. 'Im Treibhaus' for its foreshadowing of the *vorspiel* of Act III of *Tristan und Isolde*, its dissonance resolving to a heart-breaking and portentous minor, when I feel, every time I have the privilege of singing the role, Tristan's very life force ebbing away from him and very nearly dripping to the floor with every pulse. 'Träume', on the other hand, for the almost impressionistic clouds of unresolved harmony that so evoke the unfulfilled love between Tristan and Isolde, in their *Liebesnacht* in Act II.

In **Korngold** we hear the baton that Wagner passed on to all who came after him. These four songs are, for me at least, the most wonderfully-wrought works that Korngold ever gave us. The dense, almost post-Romantic harmonies are sumptuous and nearly too rich.

But what a glorious exhortation of love all four are. From Rosetti's 'Sterbelied' in which the poet so gently takes leave of a loved one, to the anguished outpouring of the loved one left behind in 'Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen', to maybe the most perfect song ever written, 'Mond, so gehst du wieder auf' - the poet recognising that, despite his grief and sadness, the moon still shines every night, oblivious to his suffering. And finally 'Gefasster Abschied', the dying lover asking simply of the one he leaves not to mourn or weep, but know that they will find each other again: 'Believe, oh believe that I will find you again, for those who sowed love, smiling, will reap its harvest. Do not weep'.

Finally, 'Poems in the form of songs' by **Joaquín Turina**. A rollicking and sensual ride through Iberia, with a virtuosic solo piano prelude, a deathbed confession, a flamenco-like vocal outpouring, a night of intimate passion and a wild evocation to the goddess of Love, Venus.

It's been a pleasure for us both to bring these works to life for ourselves and to be able to present them to you, with all the love, passion, sadness and joy that they have brought us.

© Stuart Skelton and Richard Peirson 2022

*Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.*

## **Percy Grainger** (1882-1961)

### **Bold William Taylor** (1908)

*Traditional*

I'll sing you a song about two lovers,  
O from Lichfeeddeld town tha came;  
The young man's name was Willyum Taylor,  
The maaden's name was Sally Gray.

No for a soldier Willyum's 'listed,  
For a soldier he 'as gone;  
He's gone and left sweet loveli Sally,  
Foer te sigh adden foer to mourn.

Sally's parents thae controlled 'er,  
Filled 'er 'eart foll of greef and woe;  
And then at last she vowed an' said  
For a soldier she would go.

She dressed herseddelf in man's apparil,  
Man's appariddel she pot on;  
Adden for to seek bold Willyum Taylor,  
And for te seek him she 'as gone.

Won day as she was exercisin',  
Exercisin' amongst the rest,  
With a silver chean hung down her waastcoat,  
And there he spied her lilywhite breast.

And then the capten he stepped up to her,  
Ast her what had brought her there:  
'I've come te seek my own treo lover,  
He has proved to me sovere.'

'If you've come te seek yer own true lover,  
Pray tell to me his name.'  
'His name it is boddeld Willyum Taylor,  
O from Leitchfeeddeld town he came.'

'If his name it is bold Willyum Taylor,  
And he has proved to you sovere,  
He's got married to adden Irish lady,  
He got married the other year.'

'If you rise earli in the mornin',  
Early by the brek of day,  
There you shall spy bold Willyum Taylor  
Walkin' with this lady gay.'

Then she rose earli in the mornin',  
Early by the brek of day,  
And there she spied bold Willyum Taylor,  
A-walking with this lady gay.

And then she called for a brace of pistils,  
A brace of pistils at her comand,

And there she shot Bold Willyum Taylor,  
With his bride at his right 'and.

And then the capten he was well pleezed,  
Was well pleezed what she had done;  
And there he made her a gret comaddender  
Aboard of a ship, over all his men.

### **Willow, Willow** (1898-1911)

*Traditional*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
With his hand in his bosom and his head upon his knee.  
O willow, willow, willow, willow shall be my garland;  
Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow;  
Aye me the green willow must be my garland.

He sighed in his singing, and made a great moan,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love she is gone.  
O willow, willow, willow, willow shall be my garland;  
Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow;  
Aye me the green willow must be my garland.

Take this for my farewell and latest adieu,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
Write this on my tomb, that in love I was true.  
O willow, willow, willow, willow shall be my garland;  
Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow;  
Aye me the green willow must be my garland.

### **Hard Hearted Barbara (H)'ellen** (1899)

*Traditional*

In Scotland I was bred adden born,  
In Scotland was e my dwellin;  
And theere I coorted a pretty mad,  
And her name was Bahbre (H)Ellen.

I coorted her for a month or two,  
Thinkin' I should gan her favor;  
But never to me did she prove kind,  
For all the coort I paid 'er.

Then I sent a servant to 'er house  
The house that she did dwellin;  
Sayhin: 'My master wants te speak with you,  
If your name be Bahbre (H)Ellen.'

Aw slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said, when she came there:  
'Yoong man, I think you're dyin'.'

Then he stretched out his lily-white arms,  
Thinkin' to pull her to him;  
She turned her back and went awaa.  
Then he cried: 'Hard hearted Bahbre (H)Ellen.'

As she was walkin' in the 'igh churchyard  
She heard his death bell tollin';  
And every toll it seemed to sa  
'Hard-hearted Bahbre (H)Ellen.'

As she was walkin' the streets along  
She met his curpse acomin'.  
'La doan, la doan this curpse of cla,  
That I may gaze epun 'im.'

And e when she saw his lily-white face,  
She could not forbeer smilin';  
Then her parents cried, they cried and said:  
'Hard-hearted Bahbre (H)Ellen.'

She cried and said: 'O mother dear,  
make me a bed both soft and shaller;  
For my treeoo love has died tedaa  
And I'll die for him temorrer.'

Her mother dear she made her a bed,  
Both soft and fit for dyin'.  
'For O I reeoo, for O I reeoo,  
I reeoo that I denied him.'

Her mother dear, she made her a bed,  
She made it both soft and shaller.  
She turned her pale white face to the wall  
addend death came creepin' on her.

The won was buried in the 'igh churchyard,  
And the other in the kwier;  
The won sprung up a red rosebud,  
And the other a green brier.

Then they greeoo and greeoo to the high church top  
And could not get any higher.  
And they met and they tied of a treeoo lovers knot  
Fower all the wurruld to admiyer.

## Jón Þorarinsson (1917-2012)

### Fuglinn í fjörunni (1939) Friend of the ocean

*Traditional*

Fuglinn í fjörunni, Hann heitir már. Silkibleik er húfan hans Og gult undir hár. Er sá fuglinn ekki smár, Bæði digur og fótahár, Á bakinu svartur,	Feathers so fine as he struts by the sea. Would I were so sprightly and as quick of step as he. Sleek his coat of black and grey pink and yellow bright array. A strong sturdy fellow
--	---

Á bringunni grár.  
Bróltir hann oft í snörunni,  
Fuglinn í fjörunni.

Fuglinn í fjörunni,  
Hann er bróðir þinn.  
Ekki get ég stigið við þig,  
Stuttfótur minn.  
Ekki get ég stigið við þig,  
Stuttfótur minn.

## Sigvaldi Kaldalóns (1881-1946)

### Pu eina Hjartans yndið mitt (pub. 1916) You, my only heart's desire

*Guðmundur Geirdal*

Þú eina hjartans yndið mitt  
Í örmum villtra stranda,  
þar aðeins bjarta brosið þitt  
Mig ber til draumalanda.  
Í þinni finn ég frjálsa brá  
Svo fagar innri kenndir,  
Er seiða til sín traust og þrá  
í trú, sem hærra bendir.

You, my only heart's desire,  
in arms of wild shores,  
there, your bright beams,  
brings me to the land of dreams.  
Within you I freely find,  
the most beautiful soul,  
who wants trust and devotion  
and faith for a higher power.

## Sigfús Einarsson (1877- 1939)

### Draumalandið (1903) Land of my dreams

*Guðmundur Magnússon*

Ó, leyf mér þig að leiða  
Til landsins fjalla heiða  
Með sælu sumrin löng,  
þar angar blóma breiða,  
Við blíðan fuglasöng.

My heart is ever yearning,  
and to the hills returning,  
to dwell there summer long,  
in flow'ring fields sojourning,  
with birds' eternal song.

Þar aðeins yndi fann ég,  
þar aðeins við mig kann ég,  
þar batt mig tryggðaband;  
því þar er allt sem ann ég,  
það er mitt draumaland.

Whatever here befalls me,  
no sweeter love enthral's me,  
and I can never part,  
for here is all that calls me,  
the landscape of my heart.

## Sigvaldi Kaldalóns

### Ave Maria (pub. 1938)

*Indriði Einarsson*

Þú blíða drottning  
Bjartari' en sólin,  
þú biður fyrir lifendum og dauðum.  
Hríf um eilífd oss frá heljar  
nauðum.  
Ave María, Ave María, Ave  
María!

### Ave Maria

You, sweet queen,  
brighter than the sun,  
pray for living and the departed,  
deliver us from all that is  
evil,  
Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave  
Maria,

Gef þeim himnesk jólin.  
Bið þinn son  
Að vernda oss frá villu.  
Í veröld eru margir stígar  
hálrir.  
Um eilífð vernda allar látnar  
sálrir.  
Ave María, Ave María, Ave  
María!  
Frelsa þær frá illu.

Give them a holy Christmas.  
Pray, your son,  
will protect us from temptation,  
in our world there are many  
slippery roads,  
evermore, protect the fallen  
angels,  
Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave  
Maria,  
free them from evil.

## Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

### Wesendonck Lieder (1857-8)

*Mathilde Wesendonck*

#### Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen  
Hört' ich oft von Engeln sagen,  
Die des Himmels hehre  
Wonne  
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,

Dass, wo bang ein Herz in  
Sorgen  
Schmachtet vor der Welt  
verborgen,  
Dass, wo still es will verbluten,  
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Dass, wo brünstig sein Gebet  
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,  
Da der Engel niederschwebt,  
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel  
nieder,  
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder  
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,  
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

#### Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der  
Zeit,  
Messer du der Ewigkeit;  
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten  
All,  
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;  
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,  
Genug des Werdens, lass mich  
sein!

#### The Angel

In childhood's early days,  
I often heard it said about angels  
who would exchange Heaven's  
sublime bliss  
for the Earth's sun

So that, when an anxious heart  
in dread,  
full of longing, hidden from the  
world;  
wishes silently to bleed  
and melt away in a trickle of tears;

That when its prayer ardently  
pleads only for release,  
then the angel floats down  
and gently lifts it to Heaven.

Yes, an angel has come down to  
me,  
and on glittering wings  
it leads, far away from every pain,  
my soul now heavenward!

#### Stay Still!

Roaring and rushing wheel of  
time,  
you are the measurer of Eternity;  
shining spheres in the wide  
universe,  
you who surround the world globe,  
eternal creation, stop!  
Enough of becoming, let me  
be!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,  
Urgedanke, der ewig  
schafft!  
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den  
Drang,  
Schweigend nur eine Sekunde lang!  
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den  
Schlag;  
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!  
Dass in selig süßem Vergessen  
Ich mög alle Wonne ermessen!

Wenn Auge in Auge wonnig  
trinken,  
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;  
Wesen in Wesen sich  
wiederfindet,  
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich  
kündet,  
Die Lippe verstummt in  
staunendem Schweigen,  
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das  
Innre zeugen:  
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen  
Spur,  
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge  
Natur!

#### Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,  
Baldachine von Smaragd,  
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,  
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die  
Zweige,  
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,  
Und der Leiden stummer  
Zeuge  
Steiget aufwärts, süßter Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen  
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,  
Und umschlinget  
wahnbefangen  
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl, ich weiss es, arme Pflanze;  
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,  
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und  
Glanze,  
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet  
Von des Tages leerem Schein,

Stop, creative powers,  
the primal thoughts which never  
cease!  
Slow your breathing, still your  
urge,  
be silent, for one second!  
Swelling pulses, restrain time's  
constant beat,  
End, o eternal day of wanting!  
That in blessed, sweet forgetfulness  
I may measure all my bliss!

When eye to eye one drinks in  
bliss  
and one soul into another sinks,  
one being finds itself again in  
another,  
and when each hope's  
fulfillment is finished,  
when lips are mute in astounded  
silence,  
and hope can wish for no  
more,  
then mankind recognizes the  
path of Eternity,  
and solves your riddle, holy  
Nature!

#### In the Greenhouse

High-vaulted crowns of leaves,  
canopies of emerald,  
you children of distant climes,  
tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your  
branches,  
tracing symbols in the air,  
and the mute witness to your  
anguish -  
a sweet fragrance - rises.

In desirous longing, wide  
you open your arms,  
and embrace through the prison  
of madness  
the desolate, empty, horrible void.

I know well, poor plants,  
we share a fate,  
though we bathe in light and  
radiance,  
our home is not here!

And how gladly the sun departs  
from the empty gleam of the day,

Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet, Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.	he veils himself, he who suffers truly, in the darkness of silence.
Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben Füllet bang den dunklen Raum: Schwere Tropfen seh ich schweben An der Blätter grünem Saum.	It becomes quiet, a whispered stirring uneasily fills the dark room: heavy drops I see hovering on the green edge of the leaves.

## Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend  
Dir die schönen Augen rot,  
Wenn im Meeresspiegel  
badend  
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,  
Glorie der düstren Welt,  
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,  
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,  
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich  
seh'n,  
Muss die Sonne selbst verzagen,  
Muss die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebieret Tod nur Leben,  
Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:  
O wie dank ich, dass gegeben  
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

## Träume

Sag, welch wunderbare  
Träume  
Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,  
Dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume  
Sind in ödes Nichts  
vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder  
Stunde,  
Jedem Tage schöner blühen,  
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde  
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre  
Strahlen  
In die Seele sich versenken,  
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:  
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

## Anguish

Sun, each evening you weep  
your pretty eyes to red,  
when, bathing in the mirror of  
the sea  
early death reaches to you.

Yet you rise in all your splendor,  
glory of the gloomy world,  
newly awakening in the morning  
like a proud, victorious hero!

Ah, why should I then lament,  
why, my heart, are you so  
heavy,  
if the sun itself must despair,  
if the sun itself must set?

And if Death gives rise only to Life,  
and pain gives way only to bliss,  
O how thankful I am, that  
nature gives me such anguish!

## Dreams

Tell me, what kind of wondrous  
dreams  
imprison my senses,  
that have not, like sea-foam,  
vanished into desolate  
Nothingness?

Dreams, that with each passing  
hour,  
each passing day, bloom fairer,  
and with their heavenly tidings  
roam blissfully through my heart!

Dreams which, like holy rays of  
light  
sink into the soul,  
there to paint an eternal image:  
forgiving all, thinking of only One.

Träume, wie wenn  
Frühlingssonne  
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten  
küsst,  
Dass zu nie geahnter Wonne  
Sie der neue Tag begrüsst,

Dass sie wachsen, dass sie  
blühen,  
Träumend spenden ihren  
Duft,  
Sanft an deiner Brust  
verglühen,  
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Dreams which, when the Spring  
sun  
kisses the blossoms from the  
snow,  
so that into unsuspected bliss  
they greet the new day,

So that they grow, so that they  
bloom,  
and, dreaming, bestow their  
fragrance,  
these dreams gently glow and  
fade on your breast,  
and then sink into the grave.

---

## Interval

---

## Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

### Abschiedslieder Op. 14 Songs of farewell

(1920-1)

*Due to copyright reasons we are unable to reproduce the original texts of songs three and four below.*

### Sterbelied

*Alfred Kerr, after Christina  
Rossetti*

Lass Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,  
Lass du von Klagen ab.  
Statt Rosen und Cypressen  
Wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.

Ich schlafe still im Zwilichtschein  
In schwerer Dämmernis -  
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein  
Und wenn du willst, vergiss.

Ich fühle nicht den Regen,  
Ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,  
Ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,  
Die in den Büschen klagt.

Vom Schlaf erweckt mich  
keiner,  
Die Erdenwelt verblich.  
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,  
Vielleicht vergass ich dich.

### Requiem

When I am dead, my dearest,  
do not lament.  
Instead of roses and cypresses  
grass will cover my grave.

I sleep, silently in half light,  
in the heavy dusk.  
And if you want, remember,  
and if you want, forget.

I do not feel the rain,  
I see not the dawn,  
I hear not the nightingale  
that mourns in the trees.

No one can wake me from this  
sleep,  
all the world has vanished.  
Perhaps I will think of you,  
perhaps I have already forgotten.

**Dies eine kann mein  
Sehnen nimmer fassen**

*Edith Ronsperger*

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen  
nimmer fassen,  
Dass nun von mir zu dir kein  
Weg mehr führe,  
Dass du vorübergehst an meiner  
Türe  
In ferne, stumme, ungekannte  
Gassen.  
Wär' es mein Wunsch, dass mir  
dein Bild erbleiche,  
Wie Sonnenglanz, von Nebeln  
aufgetrunken,  
Wie einer Landschaft frohes  
Bild, versunken  
Im glatten Spiegel abendstillen  
Teiche?

Der Regen fällt. Die müden  
Bäume triefen.  
Wie welches Laub verweht viel  
Sonnenstunden.  
Noch hab' ich in mein Los mich  
nicht gefunden  
Und seines Dunkels uferlose Tiefen.

**Mond, so gehst du  
wieder auf**

*Ernst Lothar*

Mond, so gehst du wieder auf  
Überm dunklen Tal der  
ungeweinten Tränen? ...

**This one thing my  
longing can never grasp**

This one thing my longing can  
never grasp,  
that now there is no path that  
leads me to you.  
That you pass by my  
door  
into distant, silent, unknown  
streets.  
Would it be my wish that your  
image fades,  
like sunshine drowned in  
mists,  
like a happy landscape's  
reflection sunk in the smooth  
mirror of an evening  
pond?

The rain falls. The weary trees  
droop.  
Like withered leaves, so many  
sunfilled hours are blown away.  
But I still have not made my  
peace with my fate  
or its dark, boundless depths.

**Moon, you rise once  
more.**

Moon, you rise once more  
over the dark valley of unwept  
tears?  
Teach, oh teach me how not to  
long for her,  
to make my blood run pale,  
to not suffer this sorrow  
when two souls part.

See, in mists you shroud yourself.  
But still you can't darken the  
shining images  
that every night awaken in me  
wilder and keener pain.  
Oh, in the depths of me I feel this:  
the heart that suffers separation  
will burn eternally.

**Gefasster Abschied**

*Ernst Lothar*

Weine nicht, dass ich jetzt gehe,  
Heiter lass' dich von mir küssen. ...

**Resigned farewell**

Do not weep that I am going,  
kiss me cheerfully.  
If joy does not bloom when we  
are near  
from afar it will greet you more  
chastely.

Take the flowers I picked,  
red china roses and carnations –  
leave the sorrow that oppresses  
you,  
hearts' blossoms can never  
wither.

Do not smile a bitter smile,  
do not push me aside in silence.  
Gentle breezes will soon cool  
you again,  
soon, soon love will escort you.

Give me your hand, without  
trembling,  
let this last kiss have all rapture.  
Do not fear the storm: after the  
tempest  
the sun shines more  
resplendent.

Take one last look at the lovely  
lime tree,  
beneath which no eye ever  
spied us.  
Believe, oh, believe that I will  
find you again,  
for those who sowed love with  
a smile will reap its harvest.  
Weep not!...

**Joaquín Turina** (1882-1949)

**Poema en forma de  
canciones Op. 19** (1923)

*Ramón de Campoamor*

**Dedicatoria**

**Nunca olvida...**

Ya que este mundo abandono,  
Antes de dar cuenta a Dios,  
Aquí para entre los dos  
Mi confesión te diré.  
Con toda el alma perdono

**Poem in the form of  
songs**

**Never forget...**

Now that I abandon this world,  
before rendering account to God,  
I will tell you my confession  
here, face-to-face.  
I pardon with all my soul

Hasta a los que siempre he odiado.

¡A tí, que tanto te he amado,

Nunca te perdonaré!

even those people I have always hated.

As for you, whom I have loved so much,

I will never forgive you!

## Cantares

¡Ay! Más cerca de mí te siento  
Cuando más huyo de tí,  
Pues tu imagen es en mí,  
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Vuélvemelo hoy a decir,  
Pues, embelesado, ayer,

Te escuchaba sin oír  
Y te miraba sin ver.

## Songs

I feel closer to you  
the more I run from you,  
for your image haunts  
the very shadow of my thoughts.

Tell me again,  
for yesterday I was spellbound:

I heard you without listening  
and I looked at you without seeing.

## Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día,  
Ella, lejos de mí,  
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? me decía.  
Tengo miedo de tí.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado,  
Dijo, cerca de mí,  
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?  
Tengo miedo sin tí.

## The two fears

At the beginning of the night  
she said, from a distance,  
why do you come so close to me?  
I am afraid of you.

And after the night that has passed  
she said, close to me:  
why are you so far away from my side?  
I am afraid without you!

## Las locas por amor

'Te amaré, diosa Venus, si prefieres  
Que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura.'

Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:

'Prefiero, como todas las mujeres,  
Que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.'

Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré.

## Mad for love

'I will love you, goddess Venus  
if you prefer I will love you  
forever, calmly.'

And the goddess of Cythera responds:

'I prefer, like all women,  
that you love me for a short  
time but madly.'

I will love you, goddess Venus, I will love you!