

WIGMORE HALL 125

Sunday 18 January 2026
3.00pm

From this day forward

Royal Academy of Music Song Circle

Aksel Rykkvin baritone
Alfred Fardell piano

Madeleine Perring soprano
Benjamin Markovic piano

Woogyeon Kim tenor
Quan Gu piano

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Aksel Rykkvin baritone and Alfred Fardell piano

From *Mörike Lieder* (1888)

An die Geliebte • Jägerlied • Fussreise •
Auf ein altes Bild • Zum neuen Jahr • Lebe wohl •
Nimmersatte Liebe • Bei einer Trauung

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Madeleine Perring soprano and Benjamin Markovic piano

Sérénade (1869)
L'invitation au voyage (1870)
Romance de Mignon (1869)
Le manoir de Rosemonde (1879)
Chanson triste (1868)
Phidylé (1882)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Woogyeon Kim tenor and Quan Gu piano

Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8 (1885)
4 Lieder Op. 27 (1894)



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Wolf

'An die Geliebte' and 'Lebe wohl' both relate to Mörike's relationship with Luise Rau, the vicar's daughter to whom he was engaged for four years. 'An die Geliebte', which describes his devotion, is set by Wolf to a sort of rhythmically and harmonically heightened declamation, until the final two lines and postlude, when, high above the stave, the stars are depicted in a series of softly repeated chords, which shine out ever more brightly, then fade in the decrescendo, before vanishing from view. 'Lebe wohl' marks the end of their affair. The grief of the poem is captured by Wolf's falling semitones in the opening bar, after which every phrase ends in a drooping cadence, none greater in range and effect than in the closing climax, when the voice plummets from top A to D below the stave.

Mörike was a priest and in 'Auf ein altes Bild' he describes a Giovanni Bellini-like painting, in which the Virgin and Child rest in a beautiful landscape. The idyllic mood, however, is disrupted at 'Kreuzes Stamm' by means of a minor ninth, as the poet ponders the fact that in the forest the tree is already growing that will provide the wood for Christ's cross. The dissonance, though, is of brief duration, and though the little postlude repeats the stab of pain in a telling *sforzando*, the final two chords resolve the tension in a magical return to the major. 'Zum neuen Jahr' is subtitled 'Kirchengesang' (Hymn), and Wolf responds in diatonic mode, using a succession of parallel thirds in contrary motion between the two hands to express the harmony of the text. Note how he handles the climax in verse two, by giving such important words as 'Lenke', 'Herr', 'Anfang', 'Ende' and, above all, 'alles', ever longer note values, until the music overflows with joy and praise.

Mörike, like his fellow priest John Donne, had a pronounced erotic side and 'Nimmersatte Liebe' deals with the insatiability of young passion and the delight in giving, and receiving, love-bites. The lubricious theme is handled with exquisite delicacy and humour, and the final bars break out in what Wolf called 'a regular student's song'. 'Fussreise' sings the glories of creation and, because of its melodic immediacy, quickly became one of Wolf's most popular songs. He once said that the Styrian dialect verb 'schlenzen' (to saunter) best described the tempo he had in mind – although his own marking is *ziemlich bewegt* (appropriately fast). The little piano prelude of 'Jägerlied' conveys perfectly the movement of the bird across the snow, and the two stanzas, which compare the girl's dainty handwriting with the imprint of a bird's footprint, and the thoughts of love with a soaring heron, express a whole world of emotion in the most lapidary of ways. 'Bei einer Trauung' reminds us that Wolf wrote some of the finest comic songs in the repertoire. He sets this parody of a loveless wedding as a mock funeral march, punctuated by bathetic augmented chords and rounded off by a long drawn-out postlude.

Duparc

Duparc composed no more than 17 songs, but on them rests his reputation as one of the greatest composers in the history of the *mélodie*. The rising arpeggios of *Sérénade* recall many a romance from Gounod to early Fauré – all in 6/8 time. *L'invitation au voyage* was later

orchestrated by Duparc, but this version lacks the bright quality of the piano accompaniment, which exploits to perfection the sonorities of the instrument, especially in the vibrant oscillation of the open fifths and the way they contrast with the utter stillness of the refrain. *Romance de Mignon* is a free translation by Victor Wilder of two stanzas from Goethe's celebrated poem 'Kennst du das Land'. *Le manoir de Rosemonde* is dominated by the rhythmic opening and that ascending bass figure which ushers in the voice. It is *durchkomponiert* in the manner of *Erlkönig* and recalls the composer's own *La vague et la cloche* and *Lénore*. The briefest of postludes suggests that Duparc was familiar with 'Ich hab im Traum geweinet' from *Dichterliebe*. The rippling arpeggios of *Chanson triste* recall Fauré, and they intensify the melancholy of the song as they progress from the tonic E flat major, through G flat, A major, D major, D minor and back again to E flat. For *Phidylé*, Duparc used only four of Leconte de Lisle's 10 verses – the first three and the last. After a page of nature description, the poet/lover gazes on Phidylé: his pulse quickens, and flowing quavers speak of tenderness and erotic desire. The music gradually gains momentum, undergoes remarkable modulations and reaches a passionate climax in the final verse, where 'Repose, ô Phidylé!' is repeated at a higher pitch. The surging postlude allows the accompanist to sing wordlessly of those passions that the singer has voiced.

Strauss

The four songs of Strauss's Op. 27 were a wedding present for his wife, the soprano Pauline de Ahna. Strauss orchestrated 'Ruhe, meine Seele!' in 1948, two days before his 84th birthday. The song had been composed in 1894 but the world was now a different place, and in his orchestral setting the music becomes an expression of even profounder disquiet. The poet's passionate declaration of love in 'Cäcilie' struck a chord in the soul of the composer who created a euphoric song of adoration, in which the opening phrase 'Wenn du es wüsstest' appears seven times with increasing ardour. 'Heimliche Aufforderung' sets a poem by John Henry Mackay, much of whose work has a homosexual subtext. In this *secret* assignation, the lovers steal out into the garden for their amorous rendezvous, leaving the other guests to carouse indoors. 'Morgen!' looks forward to a time (tomorrow!) when gay men and women can live and love without persecution, a theme that is even more evident in the original title of Mackay's poem – 'Morgen! ...' – where the ellipsis invites the reader to imagine a less homophobic era. The *tranquillo* marking of *Allerseelen* belies the commotion of the text: the man tries throughout to relive the joyous moments he used to spend with his now departed lover, and by a plethora of imperatives (stell, trag, lass, gib, komm) he almost succeeds in convincing himself that she is still alive. The vocal line rises climactically to an *ff* A, but then comes the heart-breaking realisation that she is indeed dead, and he alone. The accompaniment tails away to *piano*, the mask slips, and the final 'Wie einst im Mai' rubs in the unbearable truth.

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Aksel Rykkvin baritone
Alfred Fardell piano

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

From Mörike Lieder
(1888)
Eduard Mörike

An die Geliebte

Wenn ich, von deinem
Anschau tief gestillt,
Mich stumm an deinem
heilgen Wert vergnüge,
Dann hör ich recht die leisen
Atemzüge
Des Engels, welcher sich in
dir verhüllt.

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?

Von Tiefe dann zu Tiefen
stürzt mein Sinn,
Ich höre aus der Gottheit
nächtger Ferne
Die Quellen des Geschicks
melodisch rauschen.

Betäubt kehr ich den Blick
nach oben hin,
Zum Himmel auf – da
lächeln alle Sterne;
Ich kniee, ihrem Lichtgesang
zu lauschen.

Jägerlied

Zierlich ist des Vogels Tritt
im Schnee,
Wenn er wandelt auf des
Berges Höh:
Zierlicher schreibt
Liebchens liebe Hand,
Schreibt ein Brieflein mir in
ferne Land'.

In die Lüfte hoch ein Reiher
steigt,
Dahin weder Pfeil noch
Kugel fliegt:
Tausendmal so hoch und so
geschwind
Die Gedanken treuer Liebe
sind.

From Mörike Songs

To the beloved

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.

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?

My soul then plunges
from depth to depths,
from the dark distances
of Godhead I hear
the springs of fate ripple
in melody.

Stunned I raise my
eyes
to heaven – where all the
stars are smiling;
I kneel to listen to their
song of light.

Huntsman's song

A bird steps daintily in the
snow
On the mountain
heights:
Daintier still is my
sweetheart's hand,
When she writes to me in
far-off lands.

A heron soars high into
the air,
Beyond the reach of shot
or shaft:
The thoughts of faithful
love
Are a thousand times as
swift and high.

Fussreise

Am frischgeschnittenen
Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:
Dann, wie's Vög'lein im
Laube
Singet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne
Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:
So fühlt auch mein alter,
lieber
Adam Herbst- und
Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

Also bist du nicht so
schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen
Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer
doch,
Singst und preisest immer
noch,
Wie an ewig neuen
Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und
Erhalter.

Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten
Wanderschweisse
Eine solche
Morgenreise!

Auf ein altes Bild

In grüner Landschaft
Sommerflor,
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf
und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knäblein
Sündelos
Frei spielt auf der Jungfrau
Schoss!
Und dort im Walde
wonesam,
Ach, grünet schon des
Kreuzes Stamm!

A journey on foot

When, with freshly cut
staff,
I set off early like this
Through the woods
And over the hills:
Then, as the bird in the
branches
Sings and stirs,
Or as the golden cluster
of grapes
Senses the spirits of delight
In the early morning sun –
So too the old Adam in
me
Feels autumn and spring
fever,
The God-inspired,
Never forfeited
Primal bliss of Paradise.

So you are not as bad,
old
Adam, as strict teachers
say;
You still love and
extol,
Always sing and
praise
Your dear Maker and
Preserver,
As if Creation were
forever new.

May He grant it so,
And my whole life
Would be, gently
perspiring,
Just such a morning
journey!

On an old painting

In the summer haze of a
green landscape,
By cool water, rushes and
reeds,
See how the Child, born
without sin,
Plays freely on the
Virgin's lap!
And there blissfully in the
wood
The Cross is already, alas,
in leaf!

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

Zum neuen Jahr

Wie heimlicher Weise
Ein Engelein leise
Mit rosigen Füßen
Die Erde betritt,
So nahte der Morgen.
Jauchzt ihm, ihr
Frommen,
Ein heilig Willkommen!
Ein heilig Willkommen,
Herz, jauchze du mit!

In ihm sei's
begonnen,
Der Monde und Sonnen
An blauen Gezelten
Des Himmels bewegt.
Du, Vater, du rate!
Lenke du und wende!
Herr, dir in die Hände
Sei Anfang und Ende,
Sei alles
gelegt!

Lebe wohl

„Lebewohl!“ – Du fühltest
nicht,
Was es heisst, dies Wort der
Schmerzen;
Mit getrostem Angesicht
Sagtest du's und leichtem
Herzen.

Lebe wohl! – Ach!
tausendmal
Hab ich mir es vorgesprochen,
Und in nimmersatter
Qual
Mir das Herz damit
gebrochen.

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!
Mit Küssen nicht zu
stillen:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die
tausend Jahr,
Und küssest ewig, ewig
gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

A poem for the New Year

Just as a cherub,
Secretly and softly
Alights on earth
With rosy feet,
So the morning dawned.
Rejoice, you gentle souls,
with
A holy welcome!
A holy welcome,
O heart, rejoice as well!

May the New Year begin
in Him,
Who moves
Moons and suns
In the blue firmament.
O Father, counsel us!
Lead us and guide us!
Lord, let all things,
Beginning and End,
Be entrusted into Thy
keeping!

Farewell

“Farewell!” – You do not
feel
What it means, this word
of pain;
With hopeful countenance
You said it, and a light
heart.

Farewell! – Ah, a
thousand times
I have uttered it aloud,
And with never-ending
anguish
Have broken my heart in
doing so.

Insatiable love

Such is love! Such is love!
Not to be quieted with
kisses:
what fool would fill a sieve
with nothing else but water?
And if you drew water for
some thousand years,
and if you kissed for ever
and ever -
you could never satisfy love.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;
Wir bissen uns die Lippen
wund,
Da wir uns heute küssten.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter
Ruh,
Wie's Lämmlein unterm
Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer
zu!
Je weher, desto besser!“

So ist die Lieb! und war auch
so,
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,
Und anders war Herr
Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Bei einer Trauung

Vor lauter hochadligen
Zeugen
Kopuliert man ihrer
Zwei;
Die Orgel hängt voll
Geigen,
Der Himmel nicht, mein'
Treu!
Seht doch! s i e weint ja
greulich,
Er macht ein Gesicht
abscheulich!
Denn leider freilich,
freilich,
Keine Lieb' ist nicht dabei.

Love, love, has every hour
new and strange desires;
we bit our lips
sore,
when we kissed today.
The girl kept quiet and
still,
like a lamb beneath the
knife;
her eyes kept pleading:
Go on, go on!
The more it hurts the better!

Such is love, and has
been so
as long as love's existed,
and wise old Solomon
himself
was no differently in love.

At a wedding

Before exclusively
highborn witnesses,
two exclusive people are
being wed;
the organ pours forth
joyful music,
but there'll be no joy in
heaven, I vow!
Just look, *she's* crying her
eyes out,
he's making a dreadful
face!
For I'm very very sorry to
say,
that love is wholly absent.

Madeleine Perring soprano
Benjamin Markovic piano

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Sérénade (1869)

Gabriel Marc

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse,
La brise au souffle parfumé,
Pour frôler ta bouche
rieuse,
Je viendrais craintif et
charmé.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,
Ou le papillon séducteur,
Tu ne me verrais pas,
frivole,
Te quitter pour une autre
fleur.

Si j'étais la rose charmante
Que ta main place sur ton
cœur,
Si près de toi toute
tremblante
Je me fanerais de bonheur.

Mais en vain je cherche à te
plaître,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.
Je suis homme, et que puis-
je faire?...
T'aimer... Te le dire... Et
pleurer!

L'invitation au voyage

(1870)

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre
ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les
charmes
Si mystérieux

De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs
larmes.

Serenade

If, my beloved, I were
the scented breeze,
I would come, timid and
rapt,
to brush your laughing
lips.

If I were a bee in flight,
or a beguiling butterfly,
you would not see me
skittishly
leave you for another
flower.

If I were the charming rose
your hand placed on your
heart,
I would, quivering so
close to you,
wither with happiness.

But I seek in vain to
please you,
in vain I moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can
I do?
Love you... Confess my
love... And cry!

Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,
think how sweet
to journey there and live
together!
To love as we please,
to love and die
in the land that is like you!
The watery suns
of those hazy skies
hold for my
spirit
the same mysterious
charms
as your treacherous eyes
shining through their
tears.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est
vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du
monde.
– Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

Romance de Mignon

(1869)

*Victor Wilder, after Johann
Wolfgang von Goethe*

Le connais-tu, ce radieux
pays
Où brille dans les branches
d'or des fruits?
Un doux zéphir embaume
l'air
Et le laurier s'unit au myrte
vert.

Le connais-tu, le connais-
tu?
Là-bas, mon bien-aimé,
Courons, porter nos pas ...

Le connais-tu, ce
merveilleux séjour
Où tout me parle encor de
notre amour?
Où chaque objet me dit avec
douleur:
Qui t'a ravi ta joie et ton
bonheur?

Le connais-tu, le connais-
tu?
Là-bas, mon bien-aimé,
Courons porter nos pas ...

There – nothing but order
and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and
sensuous delight.

See on those canals
those vessels sleeping,
vessels with a restless
soul;
to satisfy
your slightest desire
they come from the ends
of the earth.
The setting suns
clothe the fields,
canals and all the town
with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep
in a warm light.

There – nothing but order
and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and
sensuous delight.

Mignon's romance

Do you know it, that
radiant land,
where fruit gleams among
golden branches?
A gentle breeze scents
the air,
laurel and green myrtle
intertwine.

Do you know it? Do you
know it?
There, my beloved,
let us make our way ...

Do you know it, that
wondrous abode,
where everything still
speaks of our love,
and every object asks me
with sorrow:
who has stolen your
delight and joy?

Do you know it? Do you
know it?
There, my beloved,
let us make our way ...

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

**Le manoir de
Rosemonde (1879)**
Robert de Bonnières

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu ...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Vas, tu pourras suivre ma trace ...

Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.

Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

Chanson triste (1868)
Jean Lahor

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

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

**The manor of
Rosamonde**

With sudden and ravenous tooth,
love like a dog has bitten me ...
By following the blood I've shed –
come, you'll be able to follow my trail ...

Take a horse of fine breeding,
set out, and follow my arduous course
by quagmire or by hidden path,
if the chase does not weary you!

Passing by where I have passed,
you will see that, solitary and wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,

And that thus I went off to die
far, far away, without ever finding
the blue manor of Rosamonde.

Song of sadness

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

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

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

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

Phidylé (1882)
Leconte de Lisle

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers;
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline;
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

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

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

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool poplars
on the banks of the mossy springs
that flow in flowering meadows from a thousand sources,
and vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright sunlight,
the fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding paths,
the red flowers of the cornfield droop;
and the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings,
seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
sees its brilliance wane,
let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
reward me for my waiting!

Woogyeom Kim tenor
Quan Gu piano

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Allerseelen Op. 10 All Souls' Day

No. 8 (1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Stell' auf den Tisch die
duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern
trag' herbei
Und lass uns wieder von der
Liebe reden
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich
sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir
ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner
süssen Blicke
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf
jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den
Toten frei;
Komm' an mein Herz, dass
ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Set on the table the
fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red
asters,
and let us talk of love
again
as once in May.

Give me your hand to
press in secret,
and if people see, I do not
care,
give me but one of your
sweet glances
as once in May.

Each grave today has
flowers and is fragrant,
one day each year is
devoted to the dead;
come to my heart and so
be mine again,
as once in May.

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Op. 27 No. 1 (1894)

Karl Friedrich Henckell

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,

Rest, my soul!

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

Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not –
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiss,
Was dich bedroht!

cause heart and
mind distress –
rest, rest,
my soul,
and forget
what threatens you!

Cäcilie Op. 27 No. 2

(1894)

Heinrich Hart

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was träumen heisst
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge
Und kosend und
plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz.

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was bangen heisst
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Was leben heisst
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en –
Wenn Du es wüsstest,
Du lebstest mit mir.

Cecily

If you knew
what it is to dream
of burning kisses,
of walking and resting
with one's love,
gazing at each other
and caressing and
talking –
if you knew,
your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
what it is to worry
on lonely nights,
in the frightening storm,
with no soft voice
to comfort
the struggle-weary soul –
if you knew,
you would come to me.

If you knew
what it is to live
enveloped in God's
world-creating breath,
to soar upwards,
borne on light
to blessed heights –
if you knew,
you would live with me.

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

**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 trunkenen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl
genossen, den Durst
gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den
Garten zum
Rosenstrauch, -
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust
dir sinken, eh du's
gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken,
wie ehemals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

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.

But once you have savoured
the meal, quenched your
thirst,
leave the loud company
of happy revellers,

And come out into the
garden to the rose-
bush, -
there I shall wait for you
as I've always done,

And I shall sink on your
breast, before you
could hope,
and drink your kisses, as
often before,

And twine in your hair the
glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous,
longed-for night.

Morgen! Op. 27 No. 4

(1894)

John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne
wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich
gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen,
sie wieder einen,
Inmitten dieser
sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem
weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und
langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in
die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des
Glückes stummes
Schweigen ...

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun
will shine again
and on the path that I
shall take,
it will unite us, happy
ones, again,
amid this same sun-
breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad,
blue-waved,
we shall quietly and
slowly descend,
speechless we shall gaze
into each other's eyes,
and the speechless
silence of bliss shall fall
on us ...