

# WIGMORE HALL

Monday 18 October 2021 7.30pm

**Konstantin Krimmel** baritone

**Julius Drake** piano

**Robert Schumann** (1810-1856)

5 Lieder Op. 40 (1840)

*Märzveilchen • Muttertraum • Der Soldat •  
Der Spielmann • Verratene Liebe*

**Ralph Vaughan Williams** (1872-1958)

The House of Life (1903)

*Love-sight • Silent Noon • Love's minstrels •  
Heart's haven • Death in love • Love's last gift*

Interval

**Hugo Wolf** (1860-1903)

Goethe Lieder (1888-90)

*Harfenspieler I • Harfenspieler II •  
Harfenspieler III • Anacreons Grab*

**Franz Schubert** (1797-1828)

Der Pilgrim D794 (1823)

Der Kreuzzug D932 (1827)

Gruppe aus dem Tartarus D583 (1817)

Nachtstück D672 (1819)

Am Tage aller Seelen D343 (1816)

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The five songs of Op. 40 are among almost 140 produced by **Robert Schumann** during the miraculous 'Liederjahr' of 1840 – not coincidentally, this was also the year in which he was finally able to marry his beloved Clara. The first four Op. 40 songs set texts by Hans Christian Anderson, which Schumann encountered in translations by Adalbert von Chamisso. 'Märzveilchen' is a charming setting of a story about a young man who sees 'a pair of laughing blue eyes': the lingering melisma on 'Augenpaar' is immediately taken up by the piano, making clear the nature of the attraction. The opening of 'Muttertraum' instantly establishes a much bleaker atmosphere, which the tender description of a mother praying at her child's cradle initially seems to contradict – but the reason for the foreboding introduction becomes clear as a raven predicts the child's unhappy destiny. The piano also contributes to a sense of tragedy in 'Der Soldat', raising the emotional stakes in the dramatic interlude before the third stanza and suggesting the sagging body of the executed soldier in the postlude. 'Der Spielmann' is perhaps the most original song of the set, evoking the fiddler's playing with astonishing vividness. The final song, 'Verratene Liebe', sets a Chamisso translation from a different source: though it is subtitled *Neugriechisch* ('modern Greek'), the text in fact comes from the French writer Claude Fauriel. The song, though slight, rounds off the set perfectly, dissipating the tension built up through the final three Anderson songs and bringing symmetry by mirroring the charm of 'Märzveilchen'.

**Vaughan Williams** composed *The House of Life*, a sequence of six settings of sonnets by the Pre-Raphaelite poet and painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in 1903. Still in his early 30s and not yet well known, Vaughan Williams was about to embark on the two projects that would make his name: the Walt Whitman setting eventually premièred as *A Sea Symphony* in 1910, and *The English Hymnal*, published in collaboration with Percy Dearmer in 1906. *The House of Life* prefigures both these contrasting landmarks: the first song, 'Love Sight', sets phrases such as 'twilight-hidden glimmering visage' and 'Death's imperishable wing' with an expansiveness that anticipates the Whitman symphony, while the last, 'Love's Last Gift', begins with a phrase that unmistakably recalls *Sine Nomine*, the hymn tune to which Vaughan Williams set 'For all the saints, who from their labours rest'. In between comes 'Silent Noon', probably Vaughan Williams's best-loved song: its melodic inspiration matches Rossetti's rapturous evocation of a precious hour shared by two lovers, but there is early evidence too of the composer's harmonic sensitivity, with a memorable modulation for the second quatrain. *The House of Life* was premièred here at Wigmore Hall (then known as Bechstein Hall) on 2 December 1904, by contralto Edith Clegg and pianist Hamilton Harty, at a concert organised by the composer to promote his music and that of his friend Gustav Holst. At least some of the reviewers were impressed: the *Manchester Courier* praised Vaughan Williams's 'unusual gift for inventing beautiful

melody' and identified in him 'the stuff of which great composers are made'.

**Hugo Wolf** published his sequence of 51 Goethe settings in 1890. The three *Harfenspieler* are placed at the head of the collection, showing the importance the composer attached to them. Their lyrics are sung in Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* by the Harper: an elderly man, lost in his own world and weighed down by guilt at an incestuous affair with his sister that (unbeknown to him) produced a daughter, the tragic Mignon. Wolf's settings are unsparing in their exploration of the Harper's psychology: influenced by the innovations of Wagner, they use densely chromatic harmony to obscure the key centres and suggest the protagonist's mental instability. The piano parts play a crucial role in Wolf's portrait: in the second song the rhythmic disjunction between the accompaniment and the vocal line adds a further layer of complexity, while in the third, the piano imitates the protagonist's harp, though with none of the exuberance generally associated with that instrument. The exquisite 'Anakreons Grab', meanwhile, sets Goethe's description of the burial place of the Greek poet known for his songs of nature, love and wine; paradoxically, Wolf's song is a vision of life rather than death, with plants flowering and animals calling.

Five songs from different periods of **Schubert's** short life complete tonight's programme. 'Der Pilgrim' dates from 1823, portraying Schiller's protagonist with a hymn-like melody and a walking accompaniment; a change of pace and tonality for the final stanza underline the pilgrim's realisation that his goal can never be reached. 'Der Kreuzzug', from 1827, also features a masterful change of mood towards the end: the singer drops down to the bass line while the melody continues in the piano, as if receding into the distance – in this way, Schubert suggests the bittersweet emotions of the monk on seeing the crusade depart without him. 'Gruppe aus dem Tartarus', from 1817, is perhaps Schubert's most successful Schiller setting. The accompaniment is atmospheric and the vocal line moves sure-footedly to the magnificent if disturbing final peroration. 'Nachtstück', from 1819, is one of the greatest of Schubert's Mayrhofer songs; following a spacious, polyphonic introduction, the setting traces every nuance of the text, reaching a conclusion both tender and resigned. The last song in the programme is the earliest: 'Am Tage aller Seelen' was composed in 1816 and is one of the teenaged Schubert's most impressive achievements, its radiant melody perfectly complementing Jacobi's pleas for the souls of the departed. This was one of the songs that Schubert presented as an 18th birthday gift to Therese Grob, a gifted amateur soprano with whom he was probably in love.

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## Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

### 5 Lieder Op. 40 (1840)

#### Märzveilchen

*Hans Christian Andersen trans.  
Adelbert von Chamisso*

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und  
blau,  
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur  
Schau.

Am Fenster prangt ein  
flimmernder Flor.  
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn  
betrachtend, davor.

Und hinter den Blumen blühet  
noch gar  
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes  
Augenpaar.

Märzveilchen, wie jener noch  
keine gesehn.  
Der Reif wird, angehaucht,  
zergehn.

Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen  
an,  
Und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen  
Mann.

#### Muttertraum

*Hans Christian Andersen trans.  
Adelbert von Chamisso*

Die Mutter betet herzig und  
schaut  
Entzückt auf den  
schlummernden Kleinen.  
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft  
und traut.  
Ein Engel muss er ihr scheinen.

Sie küsst ihn und herzt ihn; sie  
hält sich kaum.  
Vergessen der irdischen  
Schmerzen,  
Es schweift in der Zukunft ihr  
Hoffnungstraum;  
So träumen Mütter im  
Herzen.

Der Rab' indes mit der  
Sippschaft sein

#### March violets

The sky arches clear and  
blue;  
the hoar-frost fashions  
flowers.

Shimmering blossom gleams on  
the window,  
a young man stands there,  
looking on.

And blossoming behind those  
flowers  
a pair of blue eyes  
smile.

March violets, sweeter than he'd  
ever seen.  
A single breath will melt the  
frost.

Jack Frost's flowers begin to  
thaw –  
may the Lord have mercy on  
that young man.

#### A mother's dream

A mother prays fervently and  
looks  
enraptured at her slumbering  
child;  
he sleeps in the cradle all soft  
and snug,  
to her he must seem like an angel.

She kisses and hugs him; can  
hardly hold back,  
and forgets her earthly  
sorrows;  
her hopes and dreams fly to the  
future –  
the way all mothers dream in  
their hearts.

The raven meanwhile with its  
brood

Kreischt draussen am Fenster  
die Weise:  
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird  
unser sein!  
Der Räuber dient uns zur  
Speise!

#### Der Soldat

*Hans Christian Andersen trans.  
Adelbert von Chamisso*

Es geht bei gedämpfter  
Trommel Klang.  
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der  
Weg wie lang!  
O wär er zur Ruh und alles  
vorbei!  
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das  
Herz entzwei.

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn  
geliebt,  
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod  
doch gibt.  
Bei klingendem Spiele wird  
paradiert;  
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum  
letztenmal  
In Gottes Sonne freudigen  
Strahl, -  
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen  
zu, -  
Dir schenke Gott die ewige  
Ruh'!

Es haben dann Neun wohl  
angelegt;  
Acht Kugeln haben  
vorbeigefegt.  
Sie zittern alle vor Jammer und  
Schmerz -  
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in  
das Herz.

#### Der Spielmann

*Hans Christian Andersen trans.  
Adelbert von Chamisso*

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels  
viel,  
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz  
und mit Spiel,

croaks this tune outside the  
window:  
your angel, your angel shall be  
our prey!  
The thief shall provide us with  
food!

#### The soldier

He walks to the sound of the  
muffled drum.  
How far the place! the way how  
long!  
Ah, were he at rest and all this  
done!  
My heart, I think, will break in  
two.

None but him in the world have  
I loved,  
him, who now they're putting to  
death.  
The firing squad parades with  
full band,  
I too am detailed for the task.

Now he looks up for one last  
time  
at the joyous rays of God's  
sun, -  
now they put his blindfold  
on, -  
may God grant you eternal  
peace!

The nine of us took good  
aim,  
eight bullets whistled wide of  
the mark;  
every man shook with pity and  
grief -  
but I, I shot him clean through  
the heart.

#### The fiddler

In the little town there's much  
rejoicing,  
they're holding a wedding with  
music and dance,

Dem Fröhlichen blinket der  
Wein so rot,  
Die Braut nur gleicht dem  
getünchten Tod.

the happy man quaffs the  
glinting red wine,  
but the bride's as pale as  
death.

Ja tot für den, den nicht sie  
vergisst,  
Der doch beim Fest nicht  
Bräutigam ist;  
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste  
im Krug,  
Und streichet die Geige lustig  
genug!

She's dead for the one she  
cannot forget,  
who's at the feast but not as the  
groom;  
he stands among the guests at  
the inn,  
and plays his fiddle gaily  
enough!

Er streichet die Geige, sein Haar  
ergraut,  
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend  
und laut,  
Er drückt sie ans Herz und  
achtet es nicht,  
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücken  
zerbricht.

He plays his fiddle, his hair  
turns grey,  
the strings resound shrill and  
loud,  
he presses the fiddle close to  
his heart,  
though it breaks into a thousand  
pieces.

Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer  
so stirbt,  
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude  
noch wirbt;  
Ich mag und will nicht länger es  
sehn!  
Das möchte den Kopf mir  
schwindelnd verdrehn. –

It's hideous for a man to die this  
way,  
when his heart's still young and  
striving for joy;  
I cannot and will not watch any  
more!  
My head might reel in a fatal  
whirl. –

Wer heisst euch mit Fingern  
zeigen auf mich?  
O Gott! bewahr' uns gnädiglich,  
Dass Keinen der Wahnsinn  
übermannt;  
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

Who said to point a finger at  
me?  
O God! have mercy,  
let none of us go  
mad;  
I too am just a poor musician.

## Verratene Liebe

*Adelbert von Chamisso*

Da nachts wir uns küssten, o  
Mädchen,  
Hat keiner uns zugeschaut.  
Die Sterne, die standen am  
Himmel,  
Wir haben den Sternen getraut.

That night we kissed each other,  
O maiden,  
no one was observing us.  
The stars, which stood in the  
sky –  
we confided only in those stars.

Es ist ein Stern gefallen,  
Der hat dem Meer uns verklagt,  
Da hat das Meer es dem Ruder,  
Das Ruder dem Schiffer gesagt.

It was one star that fell,  
and accused us to the sea;  
then the sea told it to a rudder,  
and the rudder told it to a sailor.

Da sang der selbige Schiffer  
Es seiner Liebsten vor.

That same sailor sang it  
to his sweetheart.

Nun singen's auf Strassen und  
Märkten  
Die Knaben und Mädchen im  
Chor.

Now, on the streets and in the  
market,  
the boys and girls sing of it in  
chorus.

## Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

### The House of Life (1903)

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

#### Love-sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?  
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes  
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize  
The worship of that Love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)  
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies  
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,  
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love - my love! if I no more should see ThyselF,  
nor on the earth the shadow of thee,  
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,  
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope  
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope  
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

#### Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, –  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky: –  
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companion'd inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

#### Love's minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp-player  
Even where my lady and I lay all alone;  
Saying: 'Behold this minstrel is unknown;  
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:  
Only my songs are to love's dear ones dear.'

Then said I 'Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone  
Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,  
And still she deems the cadence deep and clear.'  
Then said my lady: 'Thou art passion of Love,  
And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.  
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:  
But where wan water trembles in the grove,  
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,  
This harp still makes my name its voluntary.'

## Heart's haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,  
    Cow'ring beneath dark wings that love must chase,  
    With still tears show'ring and averted face,  
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:  
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms  
    I crave the refuge of her deep embrace, -  
    Against all ills the fortified strong place  
And sweet reserve of sov'reign counter-charms.

And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,  
    Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away  
    All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.  
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;  
And as soft waters warble to the moon,  
    Our answ'ring spirits chime one roundelay.

## Death in love

There came an image in Life's retinue  
That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon:  
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,  
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!  
Bewildering sounds, such as Spring wakens to,  
Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power  
Sped trackless as the memorable hour  
When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new  
But a veiled woman followed, and she caught  
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,  
Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing,  
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,  
And said to me, "Behold, there is no breath:  
I and this Love are one, and I am Death."

## Love's last gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,  
and said: "The rose-tree and the apple-tree  
Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;  
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf  
Of the great harvest marshal, the year's chief  
Victorious summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea

Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably  
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef...

All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love  
To thee I gave while spring and summer sang;  
But autumn stops to listen, with some pang  
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.  
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:  
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise."

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## Interval

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### Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

#### Goethe Lieder (1888-90)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

#### Harfenspieler I

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,  
Ach, der ist bald allein;  
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,  
Und lässt ihn seiner Pein.  
Ja! lasst mich meiner Qual!  
Und kann ich nur einmal  
Recht einsam sein,  
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender  
    lauschend sacht,  
Ob seine Freundin allein?  
So überschleicht bei Tag und  
    Nacht  
Mich Einsamen die Pein,  
Mich Einsamen die Qual.  
Ach, werd ich erst einmal  
Einsam im Grabe sein,  
Da lässt sie mich allein!

#### Harfenspieler II

An die Türen will ich schleichen,  
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;  
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung  
    reichen,  
Und ich werde weitergehn.  
Jeder wird sich glücklich  
    scheinen,  
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm  
    erscheint;  
Eine Träne wird er weinen,  
Und ich weiss nicht, was er  
    weint.

#### The harper I

Who gives himself to loneliness,  
ah, he is soon alone;  
others live, others love,  
and leave him to his pain.  
Yes! leave me to my torment!  
And if I can but once  
be truly lonely,  
then I'll not be alone.

A lover steals up  
    listening  
to learn if his love's alone.  
So in my  
    solitude  
do pain and torment  
steal over me by day and night.  
Ah, when once I lie  
lonely in my grave,  
loneliness will leave me alone!

#### The harper II

I'll steal from door to door,  
quietly and humbly I'll stand;  
a kindly hand will offer  
    food,  
and I'll go on my way.  
Men will think themselves  
    happy,  
when they see me standing  
    there;  
they will shed a tear,  
and I'll not know why they  
    weep.

## Harfenspieler III

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen  
ass,  
Wer nie die kummervollen  
Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr  
himmlischen Mächte!

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,  
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig  
werden,  
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:  
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf  
Erden.

## Anakreons Grab

Wo die Rose hier blüht, wo  
Reben um Lorbeer sich  
schlingen,  
Wo das Turtelchen lockt,  
wo sich das Grillchen  
ergötzt,  
Welch ein Grab ist hier, das alle  
Götter mit Leben  
Schön bepflanzt und  
geziert? Es ist Anakreons  
Ruh.  
Frühling, Sommer und Herbst  
genoss der glückliche Dichter;  
Vor dem Winter hat ihn  
endlich der Hügel  
geschützt.

## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

### Der Pilgrim D794 (1823)

*Friedrich von Schiller*

Noch in meines Lebens  
Lenze  
War ich, und ich wandert' aus,  
Und der Jugend frohe  
Tänze  
Liess ich in des Vaters Haus.

All mein Erbteil, all mein  
Habe  
Warf ich fröhlich glaubend hin,  
Und am leichten Pilgerstabe  
Zog ich fort mit  
Kindersinn.

## The harper III

Who never ate his bread with  
tears,  
who never through the anxious  
nights  
sat weeping on his bed,  
he knows you not, you heavenly  
powers!

You bring us into life,  
you let the poor incur  
guilt,  
then abandon him to pain:  
for all guilt is avenged on  
earth.

## Anacreon's grave

Here, where the rose blooms,  
where vine and laurel  
intertwine,  
Where the turtle-dove calls,  
where the cricket  
rejoices,  
Whose grave is this that all the  
gods have adorned  
With beautiful life? It  
is Anacreon's  
resting-place.  
Spring, summer and autumn the  
happy poet enjoyed;  
This mound has at the last  
shielded him from  
winter.

### The pilgrim

I was still in the springtime of  
my life  
when I journeyed forth,  
and left the merry dances of  
youth  
in my father's house.

All my inheritance, all my  
possessions  
I cast away in cheerful faith,  
and with childlike heart  
set off with my light pilgrim's  
staff.

Denn mich trieb ein mächtig  
Hoffen  
Und ein dunkles Glaubenswort,  
„Wandle“, rief's „der Weg ist  
offen,  
Immer nach dem Aufgang fort.

Bis zu einer goldnen Pforten  
Du gelangst, da gehst du ein,  
Denn das Irdische wird dorten  
Himmlisch, unvergänglich sein.“

Abend ward's und wurde Morgen,  
Nimmer, nimmer stand ich still,  
Aber immer blieb's verborgen,  
Was ich suche, was ich will.

Berge lagen mir im Wege,  
Ströme hemmten meinen Fuss,  
Über Schlünde baut ich Stege,  
Brücken durch den wilden Fluss.

Und zu eines Stroms Gestaden  
Kam ich, der nach Morgen floss;  
Froh vertrauend seinem Faden,  
Warf ich mich in seinen Schoss.

Hin zu einem grossen Meere  
Trieb mich seiner Wellen Spiel;  
Vor mir liegt's in weiter  
Leere,  
Näher bin ich nicht dem Ziel.

Ach, kein Steg will dahin führen,  
Ach, der Himmel über mir  
Will die Erde nicht berühren,  
Und das Dort ist niemals hier!

### Der Kreuzzug D932

(1827)

*Karl Gottfried von Leitner*

Ein Mönch steht in seiner Zell'  
Am Fenstergitter grau,  
Viel Rittersleut' in Waffen  
hell  
Die reiten durch die Au'.

Sie singen Lieder frommer Art  
Im schönen, ernsten Chor,  
Inmitten fliegt, von Seide zart,  
Die Kreuzesfahn'  
empor.

Sie steigen an dem Seegestad'  
Das hohe Schiff hinan.

For a mighty hope drove me  
on,  
and a dark word of faith.  
'Journey onwards', came the  
cry, 'the way is open,  
ever onwards toward the east.

Until you reach a golden gate;  
there you will enter,  
for there earthly things  
become celestial, immortal.'

Evening came, and morning,  
never, never did I stop;  
yet what I seek, what I long for,  
always remained hidden.

Mountains loomed in my path,  
rivers checked my step;  
I built bridges over the abyss  
and across the turbulent river.

And I came to the bank of a river  
that flowed eastwards;  
joyfully trusting to its current  
I threw myself upon its bosom.

The play of its waves  
bore me to a great ocean;  
it lies before me in its vast  
emptiness.  
I am no nearer my goal.

Ah, no bridge will take me there,  
ah, the sky above me  
will not touch the earth,  
and the *There* is never here!

### The crusade

A monk is standing in his cell  
at the grey iron-bars,  
many knights in shining armour  
come riding  
through the meadow.

They are singing holy songs  
in a fine and solemn chorus,  
the Crusaders' flag of softest silk  
streams above them in their  
midst.

At the water's edge they step  
aboard the lofty ship.

Es läuft hinweg auf grünem Pfad,  
Ist bald nur wie ein Schwan.

Der Mönch steht am Fenster  
noch,  
Schaut ihnen nach hinaus:  
„Ich bin, wie ihr, ein Pilger doch  
Und bleib' ich gleich zu Haus'.

Des Lebens Fahrt durch  
Wellentrug  
Und heißen Wüstensand,  
Es ist ja auch ein Kreuzeszug  
In das gelobte Land.“

**Gruppe aus dem  
Tartarus D583** (1817)  
*Friedrich Schiller*

Horch – wie Murmeln des  
empörten Meeres,  
Wie durch hohler Felsen Becken  
weint ein Bach,  
Stöhnt dort dumpftief ein  
schweres, leeres,  
Qualerpresstes Ach!

Schmerz verzerrt  
Ihr Gesicht, Verzweiflung sperret  
Ihren Rachen fluchend auf.  
Hohl sind ihre Augen – ihre  
Blicke  
Spähen bang nach des Cocytus  
Brücke,  
Folgen tränend seinem  
Trauerlauf.

Fragen sich einander ängstlich  
leise,  
Ob noch nicht Vollendung sei? –  
Ewigkeit schwingt über ihnen  
Kreise,  
Bricht die Sense des Saturns  
entzwei.

**Nachtstück D672** (1819)  
*Johann Baptist Mayrhofer*

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel  
breitet,  
Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft,  
So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe,  
und schreitet,  
Und singt waldeinwärts gedämpft:

It sails away on its green path,  
and soon looks like a swan.

The monk still stands at the  
bars,  
and gazes after them:  
'I am a pilgrim just like you,  
although I stay at home.

Life's journey through  
treacherous waves  
and burning desert sand,  
is, after all, a crusade too  
into the Promised Land.'

**Scene from Hades**

Hark! – like the angered ocean's  
murmuring,  
like a brook weeping through  
rocky hollows  
there rises up, dank and deep, a  
heavy, empty  
tormented cry!

Pain distorts  
their faces, despair opens  
wide their jaws in imprecation.  
Their eyes are hollow – their  
gaze  
fixes fearfully on Cocytus  
Bridge,  
weeping they follow the river's  
doleful course.

Anxiously, softly, they ask each  
other  
if the end is nigh? –  
Eternity sweeps in circles above  
them,  
breaks Saturn's scythe  
asunder.

**Nocturne**

When mist spreads over the  
mountains,  
and Luna battles with the clouds,  
the old man takes up his harp,  
and steps  
into the forest, singing softly:

„Du heil'ge Nacht!  
Bald ist's vollbracht.  
Bald schlaf' ich ihn  
Den langen Schlummer,  
Der mich erlöst  
Von allem Kummer.“

Die grünen Bäume rauschen  
dann,  
Schlaf süß, du guter alter Mann;  
Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort,  
Wir decken seinen Ruheort;  
Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft,  
O lass ihn ruh'n in  
Rasengruft!“ –

Der Alte horcht, der Alte  
schweigt –  
Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.

**Am Tage aller Seelen  
D343** (1816)  
*Johann Georg Jacobi*

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,  
Die vollbracht ein banges  
Quälen,  
Die vollendet süssen  
Traum,  
Lebenssatt, geboren  
kaum,  
Aus der Welt hinüber schieden:  
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die gern im  
Rosengarten  
Bei dem Freudenbecher harrten,  
Aber dann, zur bösen Zeit,  
Schmeckten seine Bitterkeit:  
Alle die von hinnen schieden,  
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

'O holy night!  
Soon it shall be done.  
Soon I shall sleep  
the long sleep,  
that shall free me  
from all affliction.'

Then the green trees will  
rustle:  
sleep well, good old man;  
the swaying grass will whisper:  
we will cover his resting-place;  
and many a sweet bird will call:  
O let him rest in his grassy  
grave! –

The old man listens, the old man  
is silent –  
death has inclined towards him.

**On the day of All Souls**

May all souls rest in peace,  
those whose fearful agony is  
ended,  
those whose sweet dreams are  
over,  
those who, weary of life,  
scarcely born,  
have departed the world:  
may all souls rest in peace!

And those who loved to linger in  
the rose-garden,  
drinking from the cup of pleasure,  
but then, when disaster struck,  
tasted its bitterness:  
all who have departed hence:  
may all souls rest in peace!

*All translations of Schumann except Verratene Liebe, all Wolf except Anakreons Grab, and Der Kreuzzug, Gruppe aus dem Tartarus and Nachtstück by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Anakreons Grab by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf: Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021). Der Pilgrim by Richard Wigmore from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Verratene Liebe and Am Tage aller Seelen by Richard Stokes.*