

# WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 20 February 2024  
7.30pm

Martin Mitterrutzner tenor  
Gerold Huber piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 24 (1840)

*Morgens steh'ich auf und frage • Es treibt mich hin •  
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen • Lieb' Liebchen •  
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden •  
Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann • Berg' und Burgen •  
Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen • Mit Myrten und Rosen*

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The Red Cockatoo & other songs (1935-62)

*A Poison Tree • When you're feeling like expressing  
your affection • Not even summer yet •  
The red cockatoo • Wild with passion •  
If thou wilt ease thine heart • Cradle Song •  
Birthday Song for Erwin • Um Mitternacht*

Interval

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Auf dem Wasser zu singen D774 (1823)

Nach einem Gewitter D561 (1817)

Abendlied für die Entfernte D856 (1825)

Des Fischers Liebesglück D933 (1827)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ach weh mir unglücklichem Mann Op. 21 No. 4 (1887-8)

Wer wird von der Welt verlangen Op. 67 No. 4 (1918)

Hab' ich euch denn je geraten Op. 67 No. 5 (1918)

Wanderers Gemütsruhe Op. 67 No. 6 (1918)

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



This concert is part of the CAVATINA Chamber Music Trust ticket scheme, offering free tickets to those aged 8-25



Our Audience Fund provides essential unrestricted support for our artistic and learning programmes, connecting thousands of people with music locally, nationally, and internationally. We rely on the generosity of our audience to raise £150,000 each year to support this work. Your gifts are, and continue to be, indispensable.

To donate, please visit <https://wigmore-hall.org.uk/audiencefund>

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](http://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



Though **Schumann** first met Heinrich Heine in 1828 (the 18-year-old composer noted that they had a 'spirited conversation'), it was not until 1840, his so-called 'year of song', that Schumann set any of Heine's poems. All those included in the *Liederkreis* Op. 24 were drawn from Heine's *Buch der Lieder* (1827) which Schumann had admired for several years. His personal life was in turmoil at the time, forced to take out a lawsuit against his future father-in-law, Friedrich Wieck, in order to be able to marry Clara – which he eventually did on 12 September 1840. On 7 February 1840 he teased Clara by telling her: 'You will be astonished at the sort of things I've written ... *no* piano pieces – but I shan't tell you yet.' Later the same month, he admitted that he had been composing 'songs, ballads, big and small things', and that in the space of two days he had written 'something new of which I can tell you nothing more except that it made me laugh and weep for joy ... what bliss it is to write for the voice.' The result of this feverish productivity was the *Liederkreis* Op. 24. Schumann sent the songs to Breitkopf & Härtel at the end of February, telling his publisher that he 'hoped the collection will attract some interest.' The cycle was dedicated – with Clara's encouragement – to their friend Pauline Viardot-Garcia. It is a true cycle, not merely an anthology: all the texts are drawn from the part of Heine's collection subtitled 'young sorrows', and, as Richard Wigmore has observed 'the implicit unity of the poems is strengthened by Schumann's fondness for thematic cross-references: melodic patterns in the first song ... are subtly echoed in No. 2 ('Es treibt mich hin'), No. 3 ('Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen') and No. 6 ('Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann'), and recalled more distinctly in the final song.'

First published in 1994, **Benjamin Britten's** *The Red Cockatoo* is a collection of songs composed between 1935 and 1960, including settings of poets he knew well (WH Auden, Louis MacNeice, Ronald Duncan and Peter Burra). As well as contemporary texts, *The Red Cockatoo* includes a Chinese poem translated by Arthur Waley, Blake's *A Poison Tree* (quite different from Britten's later version in the *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake*), two poems by Thomas Lovell Beddoes and Goethe's *Um Mitternacht*. 'A Poison Tree' was the first to be composed, on a Saturday morning in March 1935; Britten's diary on 2 March noted that it was 'not much good – more an exercise than anything', but in spite of Britten's verdict, it's an interesting setting and one of the few poems Britten set more than once. 'When you're feeling like expressing your affection', on a poem by WH Auden, was almost certainly written for the singer Hedli Anderson during the mid-1930s when Auden and Britten were working for the GPO (Post Office) Film Unit. Britten's setting of Peter Burra's *Not even summer yet* was composed in October 1937 – a

tribute to his and Peter Pears's close friend who had died in a plane crash a few months earlier.

'The red cockatoo' was written in January 1938; Britten's settings of Beddoes were written during a remarkably productive Atlantic crossing in April 1942, during which Britten planned *Peter Grimes*, completed the *Hymn to St Cecilia* and composed *A Ceremony of Carols*. Britten had known Louis MacNeice before World War II, and their friendship resumed on Britten's return from America in 1942. The 'Cradle Song' was probably also written for Hedli Anderson, who married MacNeice in 1942. 'Birthday Song for Erwin' was written to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of Erwin Stein, Britten's editor at Boosey & Hawkes; the setting of Goethe's *Um Mitternacht* was composed for Louis, Prince of Hesse (1908–68). It's an impressive example of Britten's night music, composed around the time of the *Nocturne*.

**Schubert** composed 'Auf dem Wasser zu singen' in 1823. The poem, by Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg, was written as a honeymoon present for his new bride, Agnes. Schubert's accompaniment suggests rippling waves enveloping the unfolding vocal line. It was first published as a supplement in a Viennese magazine in the year of its composition. 'Nach einem Gewitter' dates from May 1817 and sets a poem by Johann Mayrhofer with deceptive simplicity and an alluring melody. 'Abendlied für die Entfernte' is a Schlegel setting from September 1825, a tender pastoral song. 'Des Fischers Liebesglück' was composed in November 1827, just after Schubert finished *Winterreise*. It's a wistful and restrained barcarolle, setting Karl Gottfried von Leitner's poem in which a fisherman and his lover end up wreathed in kisses.

'Ach weh mir unglückhaften Mann' was composed in 1887–8, about the same time as **Strauss** wrote his tone poems *Don Juan* and *Tod und Verklärung* ('Death and transfiguration'). Setting a poem by Felix Dahn, the music is initially despairing ('Ach weh') but becomes more whimsical and pictorial. Roger Vignoles considers it 'one of Strauss's freshest and most endearing character studies.' Strauss's *Lieder* Op. 67 Nos. 4–6 are settings of three poems from the *Buch des Unmuts* ('Book of discontent') in Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*. Composed in 1918, the music is less bitter than the poems might suggest, though there's uncertainty in the restless harmonies of the first song; the second includes brief self-quotations from the *Alpine Symphony* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* to exemplify 'nature' and 'my works' in the poem. The third song sets a poem of cruel disillusionment (the 'peace of mind' of Goethe's title is sarcastic) with music that is fast and jagged.

© Nigel Simeone 2024

*Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.*

## Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

### Liederkreis Op. 24 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

#### Morgens steh'ich auf und frage

Morgens steh' ich auf und  
frage:  
Kommt feins Liebchen  
heut?  
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:  
Ausblieb sie auch  
heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem  
Kummer  
Lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach;  
Träumend, wie im halben  
Schlummer,  
Wandle ich bei Tag.

#### Es treibt mich hin

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt  
mich her!  
Noch wenige Stunden, dann  
soll ich sie schauen,  
Sie selber, die schönste der  
schönen Jungfrauen; –  
Du armes Herz, was pochst  
du schwer?

Die Stunden sind aber ein  
faules Volk!  
Schleppen sich behaglich  
träge,  
Schleichen gähmend ihre  
Wege; –  
Tumme dich, du faules  
Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend  
erfasst!  
Aber wohl niemals liebten  
die Horen; –  
Heimlich im grausamen  
Bunde verschworen,  
Spotten sie tückisch der  
Liebenden Hast.

#### Every morning I wake and ask

Every morning I wake and  
ask:  
will my sweetheart come  
today?  
Every evening I lie down,  
complaining she stayed  
away.

All night long with my  
grief  
I lie sleepless, lie awake;  
dreaming, as if half  
asleep,  
I wander through the day.

#### I'm driven this way

I'm driven this way, driven  
that!  
A few more hours, and I  
shall see her,  
she, the fairest of the  
fair –  
faithful heart, why pound  
so hard?

But the Hours are a lazy  
breed!  
They dawdle along and  
take their time,  
crawl yawningly on their  
way –  
get a move on, you lazy  
breed!

Raging haste drives me  
onward!  
But the Horae can never  
have loved –  
cruelly and secretly in  
league,  
they spitefully mock a  
lover's haste.

#### Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Ich wandelte unter den  
Bäumen  
Mit meinem Gram allein;  
Da kam das alte  
Träumen,  
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein  
gelehret,  
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger  
Höh'?  
Schweigt still! wenn mein  
Herz es höret,  
Dann tut es noch einmal so  
weh.

„Es kam ein Jungfräulein  
gegangen,  
Die sang es immerfort,  
Da haben wir Vöglein  
gefangen  
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.“

Das sollt ihr mir nicht  
erzählen,  
Ihr Vöglein  
wunderschlau;  
Ihr wollt meinen Kummer mir  
stehlen,  
Ich aber niemandem trau'.

#### Lieb' Liebchen

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen  
aufs Herze mein; –  
Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet  
im Kämmerlein?  
Da hauset ein Zimmermann  
schlimm und arg,  
Der zimmert mir einen  
Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei  
Tag und bei Nacht;  
Es hat mich schon längst um  
den Schlaf gebracht.  
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister  
Zimmermann,  
Damit ich balde schlafen  
kann.

#### I wandered among the trees

I wandered among the  
trees,  
alone with my own grief,  
but then the old dreams  
returned  
and stole into my heart.

Who taught you this little  
word,  
you birds up there in the  
breeze?  
Be silent! If my heart  
hears it,  
my pain will return once  
more.

'A young woman once  
passed by,  
she sang it again and again,  
and we birds snatched it  
up,  
that lovely golden word.'

You shouldn't tell me  
such things,  
you wondrously cunning  
birds,  
you thought to steal my  
grief from me,  
but I trust no one.

#### Lay your hand on my heart, my love

Lay your hand on my  
heart, my love; –  
ah, can you not hear it  
throbbing?  
A wicked, evil carpenter's  
there,  
fashioning me my  
coffin.

He bangs and hammers  
day and night;  
the noise has long since  
robbed me of sleep.  
Ah! master carpenter,  
make haste,  
so that I soon might  
sleep.

## Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,  
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh,  
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden, –  
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,  
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;  
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,  
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,  
Schöne Herzenskönigin!  
Nimmer wär es dann geschehen,  
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,  
Liebe hab' ich nie erleht;  
Nur ein stilles Leben führen  
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,  
Bitter Worte spricht dein Mund;  
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,  
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge  
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,  
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege  
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

## Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,  
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;  
Von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich Abschied,  
Von Europa und von Ihr.

## Lovely cradle of my sorrows

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,  
lovely tombstone of my peace,  
lovely city, we must part –  
farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, O sacred threshold,  
where my dear beloved treads,  
farewell! O sacred spot,  
where I first beheld her.

Had I never seen you though,  
fair queen of my heart!  
It would never then have happened  
that I'm now so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,  
I never begged for love;  
to live in peace was all I wished,  
and to breathe the air you breathe.

But you yourself drive me away,  
your lips speak bitter words;  
madness rages in my mind,  
and my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs, weary and feeble,  
I drag along, staff in hand,  
until I lay my tired head down  
in a cool and distant grave.

## Wait, O wait, wild sailor

Wait, O wait, wild sailor,  
soon I'll follow to the harbour;  
I'm taking leave of two maidens,  
of Europe and of her.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,  
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,  
Dass ich mit dem heissen Blute  
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute  
Schaudert dich, mein Blut zu sehn?  
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend  
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen  
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,  
Die durch schlimme Apfeligabe  
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stiess?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!  
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,  
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,  
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

## Berg' und Burgen

Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter  
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,  
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,  
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele  
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;  
Still erwachen die Gefühle,  
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend  
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;  
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleissend,  
Birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,

Stream from my eyes, O blood,  
gush from my body, O blood,  
that with my hot blood  
I may write down my agonies.

Why today of all days, my love,  
do you shudder to see my blood?  
You've seen me pale with bleeding heart  
before you for years on end!

Do you remember the old story  
of the serpent in Paradise,  
who, through the evil gift of an apple,  
plunged our forbears into woe?

The apple's the cause of all our ills!  
Eve brought death with it,  
Eris brought flames to Troy,  
And you – both flames and death.

## Mountains and castles

Mountains and castles look down  
into the mirror-bright Rhine,  
and my boat sails merrily on,  
with sunshine glistening all around.

Calmly I watch the play of golden, ruffled waves;  
quietly the feelings awaken  
I'd nursed deep in my heart.

With friendly greetings and promises  
the river's splendour beckons me;  
but I know how, gleaming above,  
it hides death and night within.

On the surface – pleasure, at heart – malice,

Strom, du bist der Liebsten  
Bild!  
Die kann auch so freundlich  
nicken,  
Lächelt auch so fromm und  
mild.

river, how you resemble  
my love!  
She too can be kind and  
friendly,  
smiles her gentle,  
innocent smile.

### Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen

### At first I almost lost heart

Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen,  
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es  
nie;  
Und ich hab' es doch  
getragen –  
Aber frag mich nur nicht, wie?

At first I almost lost heart,  
and thought I could never  
bear it;  
and yet I have borne  
it –  
only do not ask me how.

### Mit Myrten und Rosen

### With myrtles and roses

Mit Myrten und Rosen,  
lieblich und hold,  
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und  
Flittergold,  
Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch  
wie 'nen Totenschrein,  
Und sargen meine Lieder  
hinein.

With myrtles and roses,  
sweet and fair,  
with fragrant cypress and  
golden tinsel,  
I should like to adorn this  
book like a coffin  
and bury my songs  
within.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen  
hinzu!  
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe  
wächst Blümlein der Ruh',  
Da blüht es hervor, da  
pflückt man es ab, –  
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn  
ich selber im Grab.

Could I but bury my love  
here too!  
On Love's grave grows  
the flower of peace,  
there it blossoms, there is  
plucked,  
but only when I'm buried  
will it bloom for me.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die  
einst so wild,  
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem  
Ätna entquillt,  
Hervorgestürzt aus dem  
tiefsten Gemüt,  
Und rings viel blitzende  
Funken versprüht!

Here now are the songs,  
which once  
streamed like lava from  
Etna,  
wildly from the depths of  
my soul,  
scattering sparks all  
around!

Nun liegen sie stumm und  
totengleich,  
Nun starren sie kalt und  
nebelbleich,  
Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut  
sie belebt,  
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst  
über sie schwebt.

Now they lie mute, as  
though dead,  
now they stare coldly, as  
pale as mist,  
but the old glow shall  
revive them again,  
when one day Love's  
spirit floats over them.

Und es wird mir im Herzen  
viel Ahnung laut:  
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie  
taut;

And a thought speaks  
loudly in my heart:  
that Love's spirit will one  
day thaw them;

Einst kommt dies Buch in  
deine Hand,  
Du süßes Lieb im fernen  
Land.

one day this book will fall  
into your hands,  
my sweetest love, in a  
distant land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes  
Zauberbann,  
Die blassen Buchstaben  
schaun dich an,  
Sie schauen dir flehend ins  
schöne Aug',  
Und flüstern mit Wehmut  
und Liebeshauch.

And on that day the spell  
will break,  
the pale letters will gaze  
at you,  
gaze imploringly into  
your beautiful eyes,  
and whisper with sadness  
and the breath of love.

## Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### The Red Cockatoo & other songs (1935-62)

*Due to copyright reasons, we are not able to reproduce all the texts for this cycle.*

### A Poison Tree

*William Blake*

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

I water'd it in fears,  
Night and morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright.  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole,  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

### When you're feeling like expressing your affection

*WH Auden*

When you're feeling like expressing your affection  
For someone night and day ...

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

## Not even summer yet

Peter Burra

Not even summer yet  
Can make me quite forget  
That still most blessed thing,  
The early spring.

I watch'd the red-tipp'd trees  
Burst into greeneries;  
Saw the blossom come  
Like sea dissolv'd in foam.

But in the lover's ways,  
The summer of his days  
Is come from such a spring  
As Poets cannot sing!

## The red cockatoo

Arthur Waley

Sent as a present from Annam  
A red cockatoo ...

## Wild with passion

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

Wild with passion, sorrow beladen,  
Bend the thought of thy stormy soul  
On its home, on its heaven, the lov'd maiden,  
And peace shall come at her eyes' control.  
Even so, night's starry rest possesses  
With its gentle spirit these tamed waters,  
And bids the wave with weedy tresses  
Embower the ocean's pavement stilly  
Where the seagirls lie, the mermaid-daughters,  
Whose eyes, not born to weep,  
More palely-lidded sleep  
Than in our fields the lily;  
And sighing in their rest  
More sweet than is their breath;  
And quiet as its death  
Upon a lady's breast.

## If thou wilt ease thine heart

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep;  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the seawave washes  
The rim o' th' sun tomorrow,  
In eastern sky.  
But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,

Then die, dear, die;  
'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
In eastern sky.

## Cradle Song

Louis MacNiece

Sleep, sleep,  
Sleep, my darling, sleep ...

## Birthday Song for Erwin

Ronald Duncan

See how the sun  
Strikes the bronze gong of earth ...

## Um Mitternacht

Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe

Um Mitternacht ging ich,  
nicht eben gerne,  
Klein kleiner Knabe, jenen  
Kirchhof hin  
Zu Vaters Haus, des Pfarrers;  
Stern am Sterne,  
Sie leuchteten doch alle gar  
zu schön;  
Um Mitternacht.

Wenn ich dann ferner in des  
Lebens Weite  
Zur Liebsten musste,  
musste, weil sie zog,  
Gestirn und Nordschein über  
mir im Streite,  
Ich gehend, kommend  
Seligkeiten sog;  
Um Mitternacht.

Bis dann zuletzt des vollen  
Mondes Helle  
So klar und deutlich mir ins  
Finstere drang,  
Auch der Gedanke,  
willig, sinnig,  
schnelle  
Sich ums Vergangne wie  
ums Künftige schlang;  
Um Mitternacht.

## At Midnight

At midnight, as a very  
little boy, I would walk,  
far from willingly, past  
that churchyard  
to father's vicarage; star  
on star,  
how beautifully they all  
shone;  
at midnight.

When further on in life I  
had to go  
to my beloved, had to  
because she drew me on,  
I saw the stars and Northern  
Lights compete;  
I came, I went, drinking in  
her bliss;  
at midnight.

Until at last the moon's  
full radiance  
pierced my darkness so  
clearly and brightly,  
that also my thoughts,  
willingly, meaningfully,  
swiftly  
embraced the past and  
the future;  
at midnight.

---

## Interval

---

## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**Auf dem Wasser zu  
singen D774 (1823)**  
*Friedrich Leopold Graf zu  
Stolberg-Stolberg*

Mitten im Schimmer  
derspiegelnden Wellen  
Gleitet, wie Schwäne,  
derwankende Kahn;  
Ach, auf der Freude sanft  
schimmernden Wellen  
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie  
der Kahn;  
Denn von dem Himmel  
herab auf die Wellen  
Tanzet das Abendrot rund  
um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des  
westlichen Haines,  
Winket uns freundlich der  
rötliche Schein;  
Unter den Zweigen des  
östlichen Haines  
Säuselt der Calmus im  
rötlichen Schein;  
Freude des Himmels und  
Ruhe des Haines  
Atmet die Seel' im  
errötenden Schein.

**Nach einem Gewitter  
D561 (1817)**  
*Johann Mayrhofer*

Auf den Blumen flimmern  
Perlen,  
Philomelens Klagen  
fliessen;  
Mutiger nun dunkle  
Erlen  
In die reinen Lüfte spriessen.

Und dem Tale, so  
erblichen,  
Kehret holde Röte wieder,  
In der Blüten  
Wohlgerüchen  
Baden Vögel ihr Gefieder.

**To be sung on the  
water**

Amid the shimmer of  
mirroring waves  
the swaying boat glides  
like a swan;  
ah, on joy's gently  
gleaming waves  
the soul glides onward  
like the boat;  
for the sunset glow from  
heaven  
dances on the waves  
around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of  
the western grove,  
the reddish light  
beckons us;  
beneath the branches of  
the easterly grove,  
the sweet-flag rustles in  
the reddish light;  
the soul breathes in the  
joy of heaven,  
the peace of the grove in  
the reddening glow.

**After a  
thunderstorm**

Pearls glisten on the  
flowers;  
Philomel's lament pours  
forth.  
More boldly now, dark  
alders  
shoot up into the pure air.

And to the valley, grown  
so pale,  
a fair flush returns.  
In the fragrance of the  
flowers  
birds bathe their plumage.

**Abendlied für die  
Entfernte D856 (1825)**  
*August Wilhelm von  
Schlegel*

Hinaus mein Blick! hinaus ins  
Tal!  
Da wohnt noch  
Lebensfülle;  
Da labe dich im  
Mondenstrahl  
Und an der heil'gen Stille.  
Da horch nun ungestört,  
mein Herz,  
Da horch den leisen Klängen,  
Die, wie von fern, zu Wonn'  
und Schmerz  
Sich dir entgegen drängen.

Sie drängen sich so  
wunderbar,  
Sie regen all mein Sehnen.  
O sag mir Ahnung, bist du  
wahr?  
Bist du ein eitles Wähnen?  
Wird einst mein Aug' in heller  
Lust,  
Wie jetzt in Tränen, lächeln?  
Wird einst die oft empörte  
Brust  
Mir sel'ge Ruh  
umfächeln?

Wenn Ahnung und  
Erinnerung  
Vor unserm Blick sich gatten,  
Dann mildert sich zur  
Dämmerung  
Der Seele tiefster  
Schatten.  
Ach, dürft'n wir mit Träumen  
nicht  
Die Wirklichkeit verweben,  
Wie arm an Farbe, Glanz und  
Licht  
Wärest du, o Menschenleben!

So hoffet treulich und  
beharrt  
Das Herz bis hin zum  
Grabe;  
Mit Lieb' umfasst's die  
Gegenwart,  
Und dünkt sich reich an  
Habe,

**Evening song for the  
distant beloved**

Gaze out, eyes, gaze out  
to the valley!  
There abundant life still  
dwells.  
Refresh yourself there in  
the moonlight,  
and in the sacred peace.  
Listen, heart, now  
undisturbed,  
listen to the soft sounds  
that press upon you, as  
from afar,  
for joy and for sorrow.

They teem so  
wondrously,  
they arouse all my longing.  
This intimation, is it  
real?  
Or is it a vain illusion?  
Will my eyes one day  
smile in pure pleasure,  
as they do now in tears?  
Will blessed peace one  
day  
caress my heart, so often  
incensed?

When presentiment and  
memory  
are joined before our  
eyes,  
then at twilight the  
soul's  
deepest shadows grow  
softer.  
Ah, if we could not  
interweave  
reality with dreams,  
how poor you would be,  
human life,  
in colour, lustre and light!

Thus the heart remains  
constant,  
hoping faithfully unto the  
grave;  
with love it embraces the  
present,  
and deems itself rich in  
possessions,

Die Habe, die es selbst sich schafft,	the possessions that it creates itself
Mag ihm kein Schicksal rauben;	no fate can snatch from it.
Es lebt und webt in Wärm' und Kraft,	It lives and works in warmth and strength,
Durch Zuversicht und Glauben.	through trust and faith.

Und wär in Nacht und Nebeldampf	And if all around lies dead
Auch Alles rings erstorben,	in night and mist,
Dies Herz hat längst für jeden Kampf	this heart has long ago won
Sich einen Schild erworben.	a shield for every battle.
Mit hohem Trotz im Ungemach	In adversity it endures its fate
Trägt es, was ihm beschieden.	with lofty defiance.
So schlummr' ich ein, so werd' ich wach,	And so I fall asleep, so I awake,
In Lust nicht, doch in Frieden.	if not in joy, yet in peace.

### Des Fischers Liebesglück D933

(1827)  
*Karl Gottfried von Leitner*

Dort blinket Durch Weiden, Und winket Ein Schimmer Blasstrahlig Vom Zimmer Der Holden mir zu.	Yonder light gleams through the willows, and a pale glimmer beckons to me from the bedroom of my sweetheart.
---	--

Es gaukelt Wie Irrlicht, Und schaukelt Sich leise Sein Abglanz Im Kreise Des schwankenden Sees.	It flickers like a will-o'-the-wisp, and its reflection sways gently in the circle of the undulating lake.
---	--

Und springe Zum Ruder, Und schwinge Den Nachen Dahin auf Den flachen, Krystallinen Weg.	And spring to the oar, and swing the boat away on its smooth crystal course.
---	--

### The fisherman's luck in love

## Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

### Ach weh mir unglückhaftem Mann

Op. 21 No. 4 (1887-8)  
*Felix Dahn*

Ach weh mir unglückhaftem  
Mann, dass ich Geld und  
Gut nicht habe,  
Sonst spannt' ich gleich vier  
Schimmel an und führ' zu  
Dir im Trabe.

Ich putzte sie mit Schellen  
aus, dass Du mich hör'tst  
von Weitem,

Ich steckt' ein'n grossen  
Rosenstraus an meine  
linke Seiten,

Und käm' ich an Dein kleines  
Haus, tät ich mit der  
Peitsche schlagen,

Da gucktest Du zum Fenster  
'naus: „Was willst Du? tätst  
Du fragen.

Was soll der grosse  
Rosenstraus, die Schimmel  
an dem Wagen?“

„Dich will ich, rief ich, komm  
heraus!“ Da tätst du  
nimmer fragen.

„Nun Vater, Mutter, seht sie  
an und küsst sie rasch zum  
Scheiden,

Weil ich nicht lange warten  
kann, meine Schimmel  
wolln's nicht leiden.“

### Ah, unhappy man that I am

Ah, unhappy man that I  
am to have neither  
property nor money,  
else I'd harness four white  
horses and drive to you  
at a canter.

I'd deck them out with  
little bells for you to  
hear from afar,

I'd place a huge bouquet  
of roses on my left  
side,

and when I reached your  
little house, I'd crack  
my whip,

you'd lean out of the  
window and ask: 'What  
do you want?'

Why the huge bouquet of  
roses, why the carriage  
and the horses?'

'It's you I want,' I'd cry, 'come  
down!' And there would  
be no more questions.

'Take one last look at her,  
mother, father, and kiss  
her quickly goodbye,

for I can't wait long, my  
horses wouldn't allow  
it.'

### Wer wird von der Welt verlangen Op. 67 No. 4

(1918)  
*Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe*

Wer wird von der Welt  
verlangen,  
Was sie selbst vermisst und  
träumet,  
Rückwärts oder seitwärts  
blickend  
Stets den Tag des Tags  
versäumet?

### Who shall demand of the world

Who shall demand of the  
world  
that which the world itself  
lacks and dreams of,  
glancing backwards and  
sideways,  
will always let slip the day  
of days.

Ihr Bemühn, ihr guter  
Wille  
Hinkt nur nach dem raschen  
Leben,  
Und was du vor Jahren  
brauchtest,  
Möchte sie dir heute  
geben.

Their efforts, their good  
intentions  
merely limp after swift  
life,  
and what you needed  
years ago –  
may the world give it you  
today.



**Hab' ich euch denn je  
geraten Op. 67 No. 5**

(1918)

*Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe*

Hab' ich euch denn je geraten,  
Wie ihr Kriege führen solltet?  
Schalt ich euch, nach euren  
Taten,  
Wenn ihr Frieden schließen  
wolltet?

Und so hab' ich auch den  
Fischer  
Ruhig sehen Netze werfen,  
Brauchte dem gewandten  
Tischler  
Winkelmaß nicht  
einzuschärfen.

Aber ihr wollt besser  
wissen,  
Was ich weiss, da ich  
bedachte,  
Was Natur, für mich  
beflissen,  
Schon zu meinem Eigen  
machte.

Fühlt ihr auch dergleichen  
Stärke?  
Nun, so fördert eure  
Sachen!  
Seht ihr aber meine Werke,  
Lernet erst: so wollt' er's  
machen.

**Wanderers  
Gemütsruhe Op. 67  
No. 6 (1918)**

*Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe*

Übers Niederträchtige  
Niemand sich beklage;  
Denn es ist das Mächtige,  
Was man dir auch  
sage.

In dem Schlechten waltet es  
Sich zu Hochgewinne,  
Und mit Rechtem schaltet  
es  
Ganz nach seinem Sinne.

Wandrer! - Gegen solche Not  
Wolltest du dich sträuben?  
Wirbelwind und trocknen Kot,  
Laß sie drehn und stäuben.

**Have I ever advised  
you**

Have I ever advised you  
how to wage your battles?  
Did I scold you after your  
deeds  
when you wanted to  
make peace?

Thus have I also seen the  
fisherman  
peacefully casting his nets,  
never needed to impress  
on the skilled carpenter  
how to use his  
protractor.

But you think you know  
better  
the things I know - having  
pondered  
what nature, eager on my  
behalf,  
has already made my  
own.

Do you feel the same  
strength?  
Well then, look after  
yourself!  
But if you look on my works,  
learn first: that's the way  
he wanted it.

**The traveller's  
peace of mind**

Let nobody complain  
about baseness;  
for it is powerful,  
whatever people might  
tell you.

It propels the scoundrel  
to utmost success,  
and manipulates the  
righteous  
exactly as it pleases.

Traveller - why struggle  
against such an evil?  
Whirlwind and dried mud -  
let them spin and scatter.

*Translations of Schumann, 'Auf dem Wasser zu singen' and 'Ach weh mir unglückhaftem Mann' 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. 'Um Mitternacht' and all other Strauss by Richard Stokes. All Schubert except 'Auf dem Wasser zu singen' by Richard Wigmore from Schubert - The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.*