

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 21 April 2024  
7.30pm

Sabine Devieille soprano  
Mathieu Pordoy piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Dans un bois solitaire K308 (1777-8)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Mädchenblumen Op. 22 (1886-8)

*Kornblumen • Mohnblumen • Epheu •  
Wasserrose*

An einsamer Quelle from *Stimmungsbilder* Op. 9 (1882-4)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Variations on 'Ah vous dirai-je, maman' K265 (1781-2)

Abendempfindung K523 (1787)

Oiseaux, si tous les ans K307 (1777-8)

An Chloe K524 (1787)

*Interval*

Richard Strauss

Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden Op. 68 No. 2 (1918)

Ich schwebe Op. 48 No. 2 (1900)

Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3 (1885)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Rondo in D K485 (1786)

Richard Strauss

Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8 (1885)

Nichts Op. 10 No. 2 (1885)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Nehmt meinen Dank K383 (1782)

Richard Strauss

Kling! Op. 48 No. 3 (1900)

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Few, if any, composers wrote for the soprano voice with such sympathy and understanding as Mozart and Richard Strauss. It is hardly coincidence that both composers married sopranos. Many of Strauss's songs from the 1890s and early 1900s were created for his wife Pauline, of whom he wrote: 'She sang my songs with an expression and a poetry such as I have never heard since'. Pauline remained his ideal interpreter even when her voice grew more fragile and her platform manner – including shameless applause-seeking antics during her husband's piano postludes – increasingly outrageous.

**Strauss** completed his miniature cycle *Mädchenblumen* ('Maidenflowers') early in 1888, shortly after he began giving singing lessons to Pauline (they were married in 1894). Although he dedicated the songs to the tenor Hans Buff-Giessen, he often programmed them in his recitals with Pauline. While the poems, by the jurisprudence professor Felix Dahn, now seem impossibly fey, the songs are delightful: melodically fresh, harmonically inventive, with delicately crafted accompaniments. 'Kornblumen', dubbed by the poet 'gentle girls with blue eyes', are evoked in a calm, Italianate cantilena that barely leaves the home key. In contrast, Poppies ('Mohnblumen') – 'red-blooded, healthy girls...born to tease the cornflowers' – inspire a capricious scherzo full of laughing trills and spicy, side-slipping harmonies.

'Epheu' ('Ivy') suggests girls 'with brown soulful fawnlike eyes, that well up so often with tears'. Strauss's dreamy setting matches the poem's irregular metre by switching constantly from duple to triple time. The cycle's final song, 'Wasserrose', is a limpid barcarolle that moves mysteriously through remote keys. This is Strauss at his most alluring. One French critic, though, found Dahn's poem 'so foolish' that he was amazed that the composer had wasted his talents on it.

As a pendant to the *Mädchenblumen*, Mathieu Pordoy plays *An einsamer Quelle* ('By a lonely spring') from *Stimmungsbilder* ('Mood pictures'), a set of rather Schumannesque piano miniatures the young Strauss composed between 1882 and 1884.

Whereas Strauss's songs were central to his output between the late 1880s and Pauline's retirement in 1906, the songs of his musical idol **Mozart** form a sideshow to his operas and large-scale instrumental works. Yet even in this self-effacing domestic medium Mozart remained a consummate craftsman. All of his songs, however slight, are touched by his feeling for graceful, balanced melody and apt accompaniment.

The two ariettes 'Dans un bois solitaire' and 'Oiseaux, si tous les ans' show the cosmopolitan Salzburger's assimilation of the Gallic style. He wrote them in Mannheim in the winter of 1777-8 for Augusta 'Gustl' Wendling, daughter of the flautist Johann Baptist Wendling. Augusta chose the playful, coyly risqué verses herself; and Mozart responded with music of fragile, Watteauesque charm that could have come out of an opéra comique by Grétry or Philidor. A pianistic counterpart to these two ariettes is Mozart's set of twelve variations on the French nursery song 'Ah, vous dirais-je,

Maman', composed soon after his move to Vienna in 1781. In Britain the song became 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star', or 'Baa, baa, black sheep'.

Of the other two Mozart songs in the first half, both dating from 1787, 'An Chloe' is a small masterpiece of delicate wit. After the erotic climax (the poem's 'sombre cloud'), Mozart discreetly depicts the lover's post-coital lassitude, with repeated sighs on 'ermattet' - 'exhausted'. In 'Abendempfindung', Mozart transcends the mawkish verses in music at once serene and elegiac, intensified by remote, poetic modulations.

A child prodigy in Mozart's league, Strauss composed Lieder modelled on Schubert and Schumann throughout his boyhood, encouraged by his flamboyant aunt Johanna Pschorr. An amateur mezzo-soprano, Aunt Johanna could be quite possessive about her nephew's songs, and she quickly protested when in 1885 Strauss dedicated his Op. 10 set - his coming-of-age as a songwriter - not to her but to the Munich tenor Heinrich Vogl. Pauline would later take several of them into her repertoire.

All the Op. 10 songs are settings of poems by the Tyrolean Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg. 'Die Nacht' is a musing nocturne evoking the lover's anxiety that the night which steals colour and shape will also steal his beloved. Strauss mirrors the lover's explicit fear in the last verse through shadowy tonality, with a plunge to a remote key on the final 'auch'. 'Allerseelen' is a nostalgic recollection of lost love, reminiscent of Schumann in its keyboard textures. In extreme contrast, 'Nichts' is Strauss at his most robustly extrovert, with a leaping piano part marked to be played 'capriciously'.

Composed in 1918, long after Pauline's retirement, 'Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden' comes from a set of songs dedicated to the soprano Elisabeth Schumann, who had delighted Strauss as an ideal Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier*. The song's mingled whimsy and melancholy, and its neo-rococo ornamental flourishes, evoke Strauss's then most recent opera, *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

The remaining two Strauss songs, from the Op. 48 set of 1900, were composed with Pauline's voice in mind. 'Ich schwebte' is an airborne *siciliano*, while in 'Kling!' Strauss matches the poem's mounting exultation with music of irresistible brio that finally sends the soul soaring up to a top C.

Interleaved with the Strauss songs in the second half of this recital are two relative Mozart rarities. Dating from January 1786, when the composer was embroiled in *Le nozze di Figaro*, the *Rondo in D* K485, is not a rondo at all but a lively sonata-form movement, built on a single theme which Mozart gleefully displays in new keys and textures. The 'homage' aria 'Nehmt meinen Dank' was composed in April 1782 for Mozart's first love Aloysia Lange, née Weber (he would marry her younger sister Constanze that summer). While Mozart's other arias for Aloysia display her famed *coloratura*, in 'Nehmt meinen Dank' the soprano expresses her thanks to her patrons in music of serene simplicity.

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## Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

### Dans un bois solitaire      In a lonely wood

K308 (1777-8)

*Antoine Houdar de La Motte*

Dans un bois solitaire et  
sombre  
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,  
Un enfant y dormait à  
l'ombre,  
C'était le redoutable  
Amour.

In a dark and lonely  
wood  
I walked a while ago,  
a child was sleeping in its  
shade –  
it was fearsome Cupid  
himself.

J'approche, sa beauté me  
flatte,  
Mais je devais m'en  
défier;  
J'y vis tous les traits d'une  
ingrate,  
Que j'avais juré  
d'oublier.

I drew near, his beauty  
charmed me,  
but I had to be on my  
guard;  
I saw all the looks of a  
faithless maid  
whom I had sworn to  
forget.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,  
Le teint aussi beau que le  
sien,  
Un soupir m'échappe, il  
s'éveille;  
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

His lips were bright red,  
his complexion as  
beautiful as hers,  
a sigh escapes me, he  
awakes  
Cupid wakes at anything.

Aussitôt déployant ses ailes  
et saisissant  
Son arc vengeur,  
D'une de ses fleches  
cruelles, en partant,  
Il me blesse au  
cœur.

Spreading at once his  
wings and seizing  
his vengeful bow,  
unleashing one of his  
cruel shafts  
he wounds me to the  
heart.

Va! va, dit-il, aux pieds de  
Sylvie,  
De nouveau languir  
et brûler!  
Tu l'aimeras toute  
ta vie,  
Pour avoir osé  
m'éveiller.

'Go!' he said, 'at Sylvie's  
feet  
to languish and to burn  
anew!  
You shall love her all your  
life  
for having dared to wake  
me.'

## Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

### Mädchenblumen Op.      Maidenflowers

22 (1886-8)

*Felix Dahn*

### Kornblumen

### Cornflowers

Kornblumen nenn ich die  
Gestalten,  
Die milden mit den blauen  
Augen,  
Die, anspruchslos in stillem  
Walten,  
Den Tau des Friedens, den  
sie saugen  
Aus ihren eigenen klaren  
Seelen,  
Mitteilen allem, dem sie  
nahen,  
Bewusstlos der  
Gefühlsjuwelen,  
Die sie von Himmelshand  
empfahn.  
Dir wir so wohl in  
ihrer Nähe,  
Als gingst du  
durch ein  
Saatgefilde,  
Durch das der Hauch des  
Abends wehe,  
Voll frommen Friedens und  
voll Milde.

Cornflowers are what I  
call those girls,  
those gentle girls with  
blue eyes,  
who simply and serenely  
impart  
the dew of peace, which  
they draw  
from their own pure  
souls,  
to all those they  
approach,  
unaware of the jewels of  
feeling  
they receive from the  
hand of Heaven.  
You feel so at ease in  
their company,  
as though you were  
walking through a  
cornfield,  
rippled by the breath of  
evening,  
full of devout peace and  
gentleness.

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

## Mohnblumen

Mohnblumen sind die  
runden,  
Rotblutigen,  
gesunden,  
Die  
sommersprossgebraunten  
Die immer  
froh  
gelaunten,  
Kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,  
Tanznimmermüden  
Seelen,  
Die unterm  
Lachen weinen,  
Und nur geboren scheinen,  
Die Kornblumen zu necken,  
Und dennoch oft verstecken  
Die weichsten, besten  
Herzen,  
Im Schlinggewächs von  
Scherzen,  
Die man, weiss Gott, mit  
Küssen  
Ersticken würde  
müssen,  
Wär' man nicht immer  
bange,  
Umarmest du die  
Range,  
Sie springt ein  
voller Brander  
Aufflammend auseinander!

## Epheu

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene  
Mädchen,  
Mit den sanften Worten,  
Mit dem Haar, dem  
schlichten, hellen,  
Um den leis' gewölbten  
Brau'n,  
Mit den braunen  
seelenvollen Rehenaugen,  
Die in Tränen steh'n  
so oft,  
In ihren Tränen gerade sind  
unwiderstehlich;  
Ohne Kraft und  
Selbstgefühl,  
Schmucklos mit verborg'ner  
Blüte,

## Poppies

Poppies are the  
round,  
red-blooded, healthy  
girls,  
the brown and freckled  
ones,  
the always good-  
humoured ones, honest  
and merry  
as the day is long,  
who never tire of dancing,  
who laugh and cry  
simultaneously  
and only seem to be born  
to tease the cornflowers,  
and yet often conceal  
the gentlest and kindest  
hearts  
as they entwine and play  
their pranks,  
those whom, God  
knows,  
you would have to stifle  
with kisses,  
were you not so  
timid,  
for if you embrace the  
minx,  
she will burst, like  
smouldering timber,  
into flames!

## Ivy

But ivy is my name for  
those girls  
with gentle words,  
with sleek fair  
hair  
and slightly arched  
brows,  
with brown soulful fawn-  
like eyes,  
that well up so often with  
tears,  
which are simply  
irresistible;  
without strength and self-  
confidence,  
unadorned with hidden  
flowers,

Doch mit unerschöpflich  
tiefer  
Treuer inniger Empfindung  
Können sie mit eigener  
Triebkraft  
Nie sich heben aus den  
Wurzeln,  
Sind geboren, sich zu  
ranken  
Liebend um ein ander Leben:  
lovingly round another's  
life: –  
An der ersten  
Lieb'umrankung  
Hängt ihr ganzes  
Lebensschicksal,  
Denn sie zählen zu den  
seltnen Blumen,  
Die nur einmal blühen.  
but with inexhaustibly  
deep,  
true and ardent feeling,  
they cannot, through  
their own strength,  
rise from their  
roots;  
but are born to twine  
themselves  
lovingly round another's  
life: –  
their whole life's  
destiny  
depends on their first  
love-entwining,  
for they belong to that  
rare breed of flower  
that blossoms only once.

## Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die  
märchenhafte,  
Sagengefeierte  
Wasserrose?  
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem,  
schlankem Schafte  
Das durchsicht'ge Haupt,  
das farbenlose,  
Sie blüht auf schilfigem  
Teich im Haine,  
Gehütet vom Schwan, der  
umkreiset sie  
einsam,  
Sie erschliesst sich nur dem  
Mondenscheine,  
Mit dem ihr der silberne  
Schimmer gemeinsam:  
So blüht sie, die zaub'rische  
Schwester  
der Sterne,  
Umschwärmt von der  
träumerisch dunklen  
Phaläne,  
Die am Rande des Teichs  
sich sehnet von ferne,  
Und sie nimmer erreicht, wie  
sehr sie sich sehne.  
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die  
schlanke,  
Nachtlock'ge Maid,  
alabastern  
von Wangen,  
In dem Auge der ahnende  
tiefe Gedanke,  
Als sei sie ein Geist und auf  
Erden  
gefangen.  
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie  
silbernes  
Wogenrauschen,

## Water lily

Do you know this flower,  
the fairy-like  
water-lily, celebrated in  
legend?  
On her ethereal, slender  
stem  
she sways her colourless  
transparent head;  
it blossoms on a reedy  
and sylvan pond,  
protected by the solitary  
swan that swims  
round it,  
opening only to the  
moonlight,  
whose silver gleam it  
shares.  
Thus it blossoms, the  
magical sister of the  
stars,  
as the dreamy dark moth,  
fluttering  
round it,  
yearns for it from afar at  
the edge of the pond,  
and never reaches it for  
all its yearning.  
Water-lily is my name for  
the slender  
maiden with night-black  
locks and alabaster  
cheeks,  
with deep foreboding  
thoughts in her eyes,  
as though she were a  
spirit imprisoned on  
earth.  
Her speech resembles  
the silver rippling of  
waves,

Wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende Stille der Mondnacht;	her silence the foreboding stillness of a moonlit night,
Sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,	she seems to exchange glances with the stars,
Deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt macht;	whose language - their natures being the same - she shares.
Du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr zu schau'n,	You can never tire of gazing into her eyes,
Das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat,	framed by her silken long lashes,
Und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von seligem Grau'n,	and you believe, bewitched by their blissful grey,
Was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat.	all that Romantics have ever dreamt about elves.

### An einsamer Quelle from *Stimmungsbilder*

Op. 9 (1882-4)

## Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

### Variations on 'Ah vous dirai-je, maman'

K265 (1781-2)

#### Abendempfindung

K523 (1787)

*Joachim Heinrich Campe*

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,	It is evening, the sun has vanished,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;	and the moon sheds its silver light;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden	so life's sweetest hours speed by,
Flieg'n vorüber wie im Tanz!	flit by as in a dance!
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,	Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.	and the curtain will fall.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne	Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend
Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.	flow already on our grave.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise,	Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
Eine stille Ahnung zu -	a silent presentiment will reach me,
Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,	and I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.	fly to the land of rest.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,	If you then weep by my grave
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,	and gaze mourning on my ashes,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen	then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.	bringing a breath of heaven.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir	May you too shed a tear for me
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;	and pluck a violet for my grave;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke	and let your compassionate gaze
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.	look tenderly down on me.

Weih' mir eine Träne und ach!	Consecrate a tear to me and ah!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,	Be not ashamed to do so;
O sie wird in meinem Diademe	in my diadem it shall become
Dann die schönste Perle sein.	the fairest pearl of all.

### Oiseaux, si tous les ans If yearly, birds

K307 (1777-8)

*Antoine Ferrand*

Oiseaux, si tous les ans Vous changez de climats,	If yearly, birds, you change climate
Dès que le triste hiver Dépouille nos bocages;	the moment sad winter strips bare our woods,
Ce n'est pas seulement Pour changer de feuillages,	it is not solely for change of foliage,
Ni pour éviter nos frimats;	nor to escape our winter;
Mais votre destinée Ne vous permet d'aimer,	it is because your destiny only permits you to love
Qu'à la saison des fleurs.	in the season of flowers.
Et quand elle est passée,	And when that season is past,
Vous la cherchez ailleurs,	you search for it elsewhere,
Afin d'aimer toute l'année.	that you might love throughout the year.

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

**An Chloe K524 (1787)**  
*Johann Georg Jacobi*

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen  
blauen,  
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,  
Und vor Lust,  
hineinzuschauen,  
Mir's im Herzen klopft und  
glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küsse  
Deine Rosenwangen warm,  
Liebes Mädchen, und ich  
schliesse  
Zitternd dich in meinen  
Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich  
drücke  
Dich an meinen Busen fest,  
Der im letzten  
Augenblicke  
Sterbend nur dich von sich  
lässt;

Den berauschten Blick  
umschattet  
Eine düst're Wolke mir;  
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,  
Aber selig neben dir.

**To Chloe**

When love looks out of  
your blue,  
bright and open eyes,  
and the joy of gazing into  
them  
causes my heart to throb  
and glow,

And I hold you and kiss  
your rosy cheeks warm,  
sweet girl, and  
clasp  
you trembling in my  
arms,

Sweet girl, sweet girl, and  
press  
you firmly to my breast,  
where until my dying  
moment  
I shall hold you  
tight –

My ecstatic gaze is  
blurred  
by a sombre cloud;  
and I sit then exhausted,  
but blissful, by your side.

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**Interval**

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**Richard Strauss**

**Ich wollt' ein  
Sträusslein binden Op.  
68 No. 2 (1918)**  
*Clemens Brentano*

Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein  
binden,  
Da kam die dunkle  
Nacht,  
Kein Blümlein war  
zu finden,  
Sonst hätt' ich dir's  
gebracht.

Da flossen von den  
Wangen  
Mir Tränen in den Klee,  
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen

**I meant to make you  
a posy**

I meant to make you a  
posy,  
but dark night then came,  
there were no flowers to  
be found,  
or I'd have brought you  
some.

Tears then flowed from  
my cheeks  
into the clover,  
and now I saw a flower

Ich nun im  
Garten seh.

Das wollte ich dir brechen  
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,  
Da fing es an zu sprechen:  
„Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

Sei freundlich im Herzen,  
Betracht dein  
eigen Leid,  
Und lasse mich in  
Schmerzen  
Nicht sterben vor  
der Zeit!“

Und hätt's nicht so  
gesprochen,  
Im Garten ganz allein,  
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,  
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist  
ausgeblieben,  
Ich bin so ganz allein.  
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüb'n,  
Und kann nicht anders sein.

**Ich schwebe Op. 48  
No. 2 (1900)**  
*Karl Friedrich Henckell*

Ich schwebe wie auf  
Engelsschwingen,  
Die Erde kaum berührt mein  
Fuss,  
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's  
klingen  
Wie der Geliebten  
Scheidegruss.

Das tönt so lieblich,  
mild und leise,  
Das spricht so zage,  
zart und rein,  
Leicht lullt die  
nachgeklung'ne Weise  
In wonneschweren Traum  
mich ein.

Mein schimmernd' Aug' –  
indess mich füllen  
Die süssesten der Melodien,  
–  
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne  
Hüllen  
Mein lächelnd Lieb'  
vorüberziehn.

that had sprung up in the  
garden.

I meant to pick it for you  
there in the dark clover,  
when it started to speak:  
'Ah, do not hurt me!

Be kind in your heart,  
consider your own  
suffering,  
and do not make  
me die  
in torment before my  
time!

And had it not spoken  
these words,  
all alone in the garden,  
I'd have picked it for you,  
but now that cannot be.

My sweetheart stayed  
away,  
I am utterly alone.  
Sadness dwells in loving,  
and cannot be otherwise.

**I float**

I float as if on angels'  
wings,  
my foot hardly touches  
the earth,  
in my ears I hear  
a sound  
like my love's farewell  
greeting.

It sounds so sweetly,  
gently, softly,  
it speaks such tender,  
timid, pure words,  
the tune still sounds and  
lulls me gently  
into bliss-laden  
dreams.

My glistening eyes –  
while I am filled  
by the sweetest of  
melodies –  
see my love, without  
clothes or veil,  
pass smiling  
by.

## Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3

(1885)

*Hermann von Gilm*

## Night

Aus dem Walde tritt die  
Nacht,  
Aus dem Bäumen schleicht  
sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem  
Kreise,  
Nun gib Acht!

Night steps from the  
woods,  
slips softly from  
the trees,  
gazes about her in a wide  
arc,  
now beware!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen,  
alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und  
stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

All the lights of this world,  
all the flowers, all the  
colours  
she extinguishes and  
steals the sheaves  
from the field.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur  
hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des  
Stroms,  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach  
des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

She takes all that is  
fair,  
takes the silver from the  
river,  
takes from the  
cathedral's copper roof  
the gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der  
Strauch:  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie  
stehle  
Dich mir auch.

The bush stands  
plundered:  
draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will  
steal  
you too from me.

## Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Rondo in D K485 (1786)

## Richard Strauss

### Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8

(1885)

*Hermann von Gilm*

### All Souls' Day

Stell' auf den Tisch die  
duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten Astern trag'  
herbei  
Und lass uns wieder von der  
Liebe reden  
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.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich  
sie heimlich drücke,  
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist  
es einerlei,

Give me your hand to  
press in secret,  
and if people see, I do not  
care,

Gib mir nur einen deiner  
süssen Blicke  
Wie einst im Mai.

give me but one of your  
sweet glances  
as once in May.

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.

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.

### Nichts Op. 10 No. 2

(1885)

*Hermann von Gilm*

### Nothing

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr,  
meine  
Königin im  
Liederreich!  
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne  
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

You say I should  
name  
my queen in the realm of  
song!  
Fools that you are, I know  
her least of all of you.

Fragt mich nach der  
Augen Farbe,  
Fragt mich nach  
der Stimme Ton,  
Fragt nach Gang und  
Tanz und  
Haltung,  
Ach, und was weiss ich  
davon.

Ask me the colour of her  
eyes,  
ask me about the sound  
of her voice,  
ask me about her walk,  
her dancing, her  
bearing,  
ah! what do I know of all  
that.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle  
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's  
Und was wissen von  
derselben  
Ich, und ihr, und alle? –  
nichts.

Is not the sun the source  
of all life, of all light,  
and what do we know  
about it,  
I and you and everyone?  
– nothing.

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

## Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

### Nehmt meinen Dank      Accept my thanks, K383 (1782)              kind patrons!

*Anonymous*

Nehmt meinen Dank, ihr holden Gönner!	Accept my thanks, kind patrons!
So feurig, als mein Herz ihn spricht,	Men are able to express this aloud
Euch laut zu sagen, können Männer,	with the ardour that my heart feels –
Ich, nur ein Weib, vermag es nicht.	but I, a mere woman, cannot do so.
Doch glaubt, ich werd' in meinem Leben	Yet believe me, never in my life
Niemals vergessen eure Huld:	shall I forget your gracious favour:
Blieb' ich, so wäre mein Bestreben,	Were I to stay, I should always strive
Sie zu verdienen, doch Geduld!	to merit it. But patience!
Von Anbeginn war stetes Wanderninn	From time immemorial, constant roving
Der Musen und der Künstler Los:	has been the lot of muses and artists:
Mir geht es so, wie allen andern,	I, like all the others,
Fort aus des Vaterlandes Schoss	am led by Fate
Seh' ich mich von dem Schicksal leiten.	from the bosom of my native land.
Doch glaubt es mir, in jedem Reich,	Yet believe me, in whatever country
Wohin ich geh' zu allen Zeiten	I may be – my heart shall always
Bleibt immerdar mein Herz bei euch.	remain with you.

## Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

### Kling! Op. 48 No. 3

(1900)

*Karl Friedrich Henckell*

Kling! ...	Ring out! ...
Meine Seele gibt reinen Ton.	My soul utters a pure note,
Und ich währte die Arme	and I thought my wretched soul
Von dem wütenden Harne	was already snatched away
Wilder Zeiten zerrissen schon.	from the raging sorrow of evil times.
Sing!	Sing!
Meine Seele, den Beichtgesang	Ah, my soul! the confession

Wiedergewonnener Fülle!	of your regained plentitude!
Hebe vom Herzen die Hülle!	Remove the veil from your heart!
Heil dir, geläuterter Innenklang!	All hail, O purified sound of my soul!
Kling!	Ring out!
Meine Seele, dein Leben, Quellendes, frisches Gebild!	Ah, my soul, your life, your fresh burgeoning creation!
Blühendes hat sich begeben Auf dem verdorrten Gefild.	Flowers have blossomed on the withered fields!

*All translations except where indicated 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. Mädchenblumen, 'Ich schwebe', 'Nehmt meinen Dank' and 'Kling!' by Richard Stokes. 'Oiseaux, si tous les ans' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP.*