

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 25 June 2023  
3.00pm

## Deutschland, Österreich und die Heimat

Sarah Gilford soprano  
Ewa Danilewska piano

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1892-99, rev. 1901)

Ablösung im Sommer

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald

Liebst du um Schönheit from *Rückert Lieder* (1901-2)

Lob des hohen Verstandes from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Schlechtes Wetter Op. 69 No. 5 (1918)

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

Das Rosenband Op. 36 No. 1 (1897)

Rote Rosen (1883)

Die erwachte Rose (1880)

Begegnung (1880)

Johanna Müller-Hermann (1868-1941)

Willst du mit mir wandern Op. 2 No. 1 (pub. 1907)

Weisst du noch Op. 2 No. 2 (pub. 1907)

Liebeslied Op. 2 No. 3 (pub. 1907)

Der letzte Abend Op. 2 No. 4 (pub. 1907)

Einen guten Grund hat's Op. 2 No. 5 (pub. 1907)

Percy Grainger (1882-1961)

The Sprig of Thyme (1920)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The last rose of summer (1957)

Charlotte Bray (b.1982)

Farewell from *Yellow Leaves* (2013)

Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)

To Daffodils (1916)

Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

It was a Lover



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From the mid 1880s onwards, **Mahler** was transfixed by *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, a collection of German folk poetry compiled and edited by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, published between 1805 and 1808. This source proved enormously generative for 19th-century composers, and *Wunderhorn* settings make up around half of Mahler's total song output. 'Ablösung im Sommer' and 'Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald' were written in the 1880s and published in 1892, in the second and third *Lieder und Gesänge* volumes, while 'Lob des hohen Verstandes' was written in 1896, and forms part of the better-known collection of orchestral *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* songs, first published in 1899.

Among the inhabitants of the fantastical *Wunderhorn* world are the cuckoo and the nightingale – a pair often pitted against each other in folklore, literature and music, partly because of their contrasting calls and temperaments, and partly because the return of both migratory birds to Europe signals the onset of spring. 'Ablösung im Sommer' – which is familiar from the movement of Mahler's third symphony originally dubbed 'What the animals in the forest tell me' – speaks of a symbolic seasonal changeover as the distinctive cuckoo call gives way to the nightingale song; 'Lob des hohen Verstandes' is a satirical song, perhaps aimed at music critics, about a skewed singing contest between the birds, with a braying donkey unilaterally appointed as judge. 'Frau Nachtigall' also appears in 'Ich ging mit Lust', serenading lovers through the night. Mahler's major source for song poetry in the 1900s was Friedrich Rückert, represented here in 'Liebst du um Schönheit', which introduces the theme of comparison – but before the comical *Wunderhorn* contest, we hear a tender, expressive love song.

'Schlechtes Wetter' and 'Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden' are from **Strauss's** Op. 69 and Op. 68: these were two of three song sets written in quick succession in 1918, following a long hiatus from Lieder composition as he focused on writing operas. The former is a delicious, unnerving and witty Heine setting, while the latter uses an original poem by *Wunderhorn*-editor Brentano, and displays trademarks of Strauss's agile, high-tessitura writing for coloratura soprano. Just as the cuckoo and the nightingale fly high in traditions of ornithological allegory, so the rose stands tall in literary history's abundant garden of floral symbolism. The romantic 'Das Rosenband' is a Klopstock setting of 1897 which Strauss composed and orchestrated in a single day – it brings a magical harmonic and textural shift when the protagonist gazes at his beloved. 'Rote Rosen' and 'Die erwachte Rose', along with 'Begegnung', were given in 1883 to Lotti Speyer, whose brief acquaintance with the 19-year-old composer clearly made quite an impression. This trio of early songs remained unknown until a manuscript rediscovery in the late 1950s led to a modern première by Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Gerald Moore.

**Johanna Müller-Hermann** was born in Vienna in 1868, and grew up in the city's vibrant cultural milieu. She was encouraged by her family to pursue her musical

interests at home, but – surely in part owing to gendered expectations of the time – trained as a teacher rather than following the prestigious educational pathways the city had to offer aspiring composers. She did, however, study with prominent figures including Zemlinsky, and eventually became a music theory professor at the Neues Wiener Konservatorium; she had works published by major houses and performed to critical acclaim. The recent increasing presence of Müller-Hermann's music on concert programmes owes much to the archival and editorial work of a handful of scholars and performers, particularly Carola Darwin. Müller-Hermann's Op. 2 songs were early compositions, eventually published by Doblinger in 1907; they use two of her own poems, and three by Ricarda Huch, a towering historian of German Romanticism. Musically, they display a wide-reaching textural and harmonic palette: the legacies of Schumann and Brahms are audible alongside a lean into *fin-de-siècle* chromaticism.

The concluding set returns to botanical symbolism. 'The Sprig of Thyme' is an old English folksong warning of the dangers of courting 'false' lovers. On a tour of English counties in 1908, **Grainger** used an Edison phonograph to record Joseph Taylor of Saxby All Saints, Lincolnshire singing the song – the recording became part of his pioneering collection of ethnographic wax cylinders. Grainger produced his voice-piano arrangement in 1920, as a 'loving birthday gift to [his] mother'; it is typically quirky and florid, and contains expressive instructions for the performers including 'easygoingly and clingingly', and 'very feelingly'. **Britten**, like Grainger, was also a performing pianist, and he would often include both his own folksong arrangements and those by Grainger in recital programmes with his partner, the tenor Peter Pears. Britten's adaptations of Thomas Moore's Irish melodies were published in 1960. 'The last rose of summer', to which Britten added gentle melodic embellishments and a harp-like accompaniment, speaks of loss and loneliness. Continuing this theme, we skip to 2012 with 'Farewell', the lamenting penultimate song of **Charlotte Bray's** *Yellow Leaves*, which uses a selection of Shakespeare-inspired haikus by Caroline Thomas. There is a sparse simplicity to the piano writing, and a plaintive quality to the vocal contour and expression.

The recital closes with a pair of settings of early modern poems by **Muriel Herbert** and **Madeleine Dring**, both of whom studied at the Royal College of Music and were important – but sadly neglected – voices in English music in the first half of the 20th Century. Written when she was 18, Herbert's 'To daffodils' is a delicate, rich and moving setting of Robert Herrick's melancholic words. Shakespeare's springtime celebration of young love has proved irresistible to many a composer; Dring's setting, each stanza introduced by a bold and catchy piano refrain, is exuberant and optimistic.

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**Gustav Mahler** (1860-1911)

**From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn***

(1892-99, rev. 1901)

*Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano*

**Ablösung im Sommer      The changing of the  
summer guard**

Kukuk hat sich zu Tode gefallen, An einer grünen Weiden, Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod gefallen! Wer soll uns denn den Sommer lang Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?	The cuckoo's sung himself to death on a green willow. Cuckoo is dead, has sung himself to death! Who shall now all summer long while away the time for us?
--	---

Ei das soll tun Frau Nachtigall, Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige; Die kleine, feine Nachtigall, Die liebe, süsse Nachtigall. Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh, Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.	Ah! Mrs Nightingale shall do that, she sits on the green branch, that small and graceful nightingale, that sweet and lovely nightingale. She hops and sings, is always joyous, when other birds are silent.
--	--

Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall; Die wohnt im grünen Hage, Und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende ist, Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen.	We'll wait for Mrs Nightingale; she lives in the green grove, and when the cuckoo's time is up, she will start to sing.
---	--

**Ich ging mit Lust durch  
einen grünen Wald      I walked joyfully  
through a green  
wood**

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald, Ich hört die Vöglein singen. Sie sangen so jung, sie sangen so alt, Die kleinen Waldvögelein im grünen Wald! Wie gern hört ich sie singen, ja singen!	I walked joyfully through a green wood, I heard the little birds sing. They sang so young, they sang so old, those woodland birds in the green wood! How gladly I heard them sing, yes sing!
--	--

Nun sing, nun sing, Frau Nachtigall! Sing du's bei meinem Feinsliebchen: „Komm schier, komm schier, wenns finster ist,	Please sing, please sing, Mrs Nightingale! Sing this at my beloved's house: 'Come quick, come quick, when darkness falls,
---	--

Wenn niemand auf der Gasse ist, Dann komm zu mir, dann komm zu mir! Herein will ich dich lassen, ja lassen!“	when not a soul is in the street, then come to me, then come to me! And I will let you in, yes in!"
---	--

Der Tag verging, die Nacht brach an, Er kam zu Feinsliebchen gegangen; Er klopft so leis' wohl an den Ring, „Ei, schläfst du oder wachst mein Kind? Ich hab so lang gestanden!“	The day departed, night fell, he went to his beloved; he tapped so softly with the knocker; 'Are you asleep or awake, my child? I've been standing here so long!"
--	--

Es schaut der Mond durchs Fensterlein Zum holden, süssen Lieben, Die Nachtigall sang die ganze Nacht. Du schlafselig Mägdelein, nimm dich in Acht! Wo ist dein Herzliebster geblieben?	The moon looks through the window, saw the charming, sweet caresses, the nightingale sang all night long. Sleepy little maid, take care! Where is your sweetheart now?
---	---

**Liebst du um Schönheit      If you love for  
from *Rückert Lieder*      beauty**

(1901-2)

*Friedrich Rückert*

Liebst du um Schönheit, O nicht mich liebe! Liebe die Sonne, Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.	If you love for beauty, O love not me! Love the sun, she has golden hair.
---	--

Liebst du um Jugend, O nicht mich liebe! Liebe den Frühling, Der jung ist jedes Jahr.	If you love for youth, O love not me! Love the spring which is young each year.
--	--

Liebst du um Schätze, O nicht mich liebe! Liebe die Meerfrau, Sie hat viel Perlen klar.	If you love for riches, O love not me! Love the mermaid who has many shining pearls.
---	--

Liebst du um Liebe, O ja mich liebe! Liebe mich immer, Dich lieb' ich immerdar.	If you love for love, ah yes, love me! Love me always, I shall love you ever more.
--	---

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

**Lob des hohen  
Verstandes from Des  
Knaben Wunderhorn**

*Achim von Arnim and  
Clemens Brentano*

**In praise of high  
intellect**

Einstmal in einem tiefen  
Tal  
Kukuk und  
Nachtigall  
Täten ein Wett  
anschlagen,  
Zu singen um das  
Meisterstück:  
„Gewinn es Kunst, gewinn es  
Glück,  
Dank soll er davon tragen.“

Once upon a time in a  
deep valley  
the cuckoo and the  
nightingale  
between them made a  
wager:  
whoever sang the finer  
song,  
whoever won by skill or  
luck  
should carry off the prize.

Der Kukuk sprach: So dir's  
gefällt,  
Hab ich den Richter wählt,  
Und tät gleich den Esel  
ernennen,  
Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren  
gross,  
So kann er hören desto  
bos,  
Und was recht ist, kennen.

The cuckoo said: I have,  
so please you,  
already chosen the judge,  
and named the donkey  
straightaway,  
because with his two  
large ears  
he'll hear much clearer  
what is bad,  
and also know what's good.

Sie flogen vor den Richter  
bald,  
Wie dem die Sache ward  
erzählt,  
Schuf er, sie sollten  
singen.  
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich  
aus,  
Der Esel sprach, du machst  
mir's kraus.  
Du machst mir's kraus. Ija! Ija!  
Ich kanns in Kopf nicht bringen.

So they soon flew before  
the judge,  
when he was told how  
matters stood,  
he commanded them to  
sing.  
The nightingale sang  
beautifully,  
the donkey said, you're  
confusing me.  
You're confusing me.  
Hee-haw! Hee-haw!  
I just can't understand it.

Der Kukuk drauf fing an  
geschwind  
Sein Sang durch Terz und  
Quart und Quint.  
Dem Esel gfiels, er sprach  
nur: Wart,  
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen.

Whereat the cuckoo  
quickly sang  
his song through thirds  
and fourths and fifths.  
The donkey liked it,  
merely said: wait,  
while I give my verdict.

Wohl sungen hast du  
Nachtigall,  
Aber Kukuk singst gut  
Choral,  
Und hältst den Takt fein  
innen;  
Das sprech ich nach mein'  
hohn Verstand,  
Und kost es gleich ein  
ganzes Land,

Nightingale, you sang  
well,  
but you, cuckoo, sing a  
fine hymn  
and keep the strictest  
measure;  
my high intellect  
pronounces this,  
and though it cost a  
whole country,

So lass ichs dich  
gewinnen.  
Kukuk, Kukuk, Ija!

I declare you now the  
winner.  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, hee-haw!

**Richard Strauss (1864-1949)**

**Schlechtes Wetter  
Op. 69 No. 5 (1918)  
Heinrich Heine**

**Dreadful weather**

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,  
Es regnet und stürmt und  
schneit;  
Ich sitze am Fenster und  
schaue  
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.

This is dreadful weather,  
it's raining and blowing  
and snowing;  
I sit at my window and  
stare  
out into the darkness.

Da schimmert ein einsames  
Lichtchen,  
Das wandelt langsam fort;  
Ein Mütterchen mit dem  
Laternchen  
Wankt über die Strasse dort.

One solitary light flickers  
out there,  
moving slowly along;  
a little old woman with a  
lantern  
totters across the street.

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier  
Und Butter kaufte sie  
ein;  
Sie will einen Kuchen backen  
Fürs grosse Töchterlein.

I fancy it's flour and eggs  
and butter she's been  
buying;  
she's going to bake a cake  
for her big little daughter.

Die liegt zu Haus im  
Lehnstuhl,  
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins  
Licht;  
Die goldnen Locken  
wallen  
Über das süsse Gesicht.

She lolls at home in the  
armchair,  
blinking sleepily into the  
light;  
her golden curls tumble  
down  
over her sweet face.

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

**I meant to make you  
a posy**

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

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.

Da flossen von den  
Wangen  
Mir Tränen in den Klee,  
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen  
Ich nun im Garten  
seh.

Tears then flowed from  
my cheeks  
into the clover,  
and now I saw a flower  
that had sprung up in the  
garden.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Das Rosenband Op. 36 No. 1 (1897)

*Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock*

### The rose garland

Im Frühlingsgarten fand ich  
sie;  
Da band ich sie mit  
Rosenbändern:  
Sie fühlt' es nicht und  
schlummerte.

I found her in the spring  
garden;  
I bound her fast with a  
rose garland:  
oblivious, she slumbered  
on.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben  
hing  
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem  
Leben:  
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wusst'  
es nicht.

I gazed on her; with that  
gaze  
my life became entwined  
with hers:  
this I sensed, and did not  
know.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr leise zu,  
Und rauschte mit den  
Rosenbändern:  
Da wachte sie vom  
Schlummer auf.

I murmured softly to her  
and rustled the garland of  
roses:  
then she woke from  
slumber.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben  
hing  
Mit diesem Blick an meinem  
Leben,  
Und um uns ward  
Elysium.

She gazed on me; with  
that gaze  
her life became entwined  
with mine,  
and Paradise bloomed  
about us.

### Rote Rosen (1883)

*Karl Stieler*

### Red roses

Weisst du die Rose, die du  
mir gegeben?  
Der scheuen Veilchen stolze  
heisse Schwester;

Do you recall the rose  
that you gave me?  
The shy violets' proud,  
ardent sister,

Von deiner Brust trug noch  
ihr Duft das Leben,  
Und an dem Duft sog ich fest  
mich und fester.

its fragrance still drew life  
from your bosom,  
and I imbibed that fragrance  
with ever greater glee.

Ich seh' Dich vor mir:  
Stirn und Schläfe  
glühend,  
Den Nacken trotzig, weich  
und weiss die Hände,  
Im Aug' noch Lenz, doch die  
Gestalt erblühend,  
Voll wie das Feld blüht um  
Sonnenwende.

I see you before me,  
forehead and temples  
ablaze,  
your nape defiant, your  
hands soft and white,  
spring still in your eyes,  
but your figure in full  
bloom like the meadow in  
midsummer.

Um mich webt Nacht, die  
kühle, wolkenlose,  
Doch Tag und Nacht, sie sind  
in eins zerronnen.  
Es träumt mein Sinn von  
deiner roten Rose  
Und von dem Garten, drin ich  
sie gewonnen.

Night, cool and cloudless  
weaves itself around me,  
but day and night are  
blended into one.  
I dream of your red  
rose  
and of the garden where I  
won it.

### Die erwachte Rose (1880)

*Friedrich von Sallet*

### The rose awakened

Die Knospe träumte von  
Sonnenschein,  
Vom Rauschen der Blätter  
im grünen Hain,  
Von der Quelle melodischem  
Wogenfall,  
Von süßen Tönen der  
Nachtigall,  
Von den Lüften, die kosen  
und schaukeln,  
Von den Düften, die  
schmeicheln und gaukeln.

The bud dreamed of  
sunshine,  
of rustling leaves in the  
green grove,  
of the melodious splash  
of the fountain,  
of the nightingale's sweet  
songs,  
of caressing and swaying  
breezes,  
of flattering, deceptive and  
caressing fragrance.

Und als die Knospe zur Ros'  
erwacht,  
Da hat sie milde durch  
Tränen gelacht  
Und hat geschaut und hat  
gelauscht,  
Wie's leuchtet und klingt,  
Wie's duftet und rauscht.

And when the bud awoke  
as a rose,  
it smiled gently through  
tears,  
and gazed and  
listened  
to the radiance and sounds,  
the fragrance and murmurs.

Als all ihr Träumen nun  
wurde wahr,  
Da hat sie vor süßem  
Staunen gebebt  
Und leis geflüstert: Ist mir's  
doch gar,  
Als hätt ich dies alles schon  
einmal erlebt.

When all its dreams now  
became true,  
it quivered with sweet  
amazement,  
and whispered softly: 'It  
seems  
as though I've experienced  
all this before.'

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

## Begegnung (1880)

Otto Friedrich Gruppe

Die Treppe hinunter  
gesprungen  
Komm ich in vollem Lauf,  
Die Trepp' empor gesprungen  
Kommt er und fängt mich auf,  
Und wo die Trepp so dunkel  
ist,  
Haben wir vielmals uns  
geküsst,  
Doch niemand hat's geseh'n.

## Meeting

Jumping down the stairs  
I come at full speed;  
running upstairs  
he takes me in his arms.  
And where the stairs are  
darkest,  
we exchanged many  
kisses,  
but not a soul was watching.

Ich komm in den Saal  
gegangen  
Da wimmelt's von Gästen  
bunt,  
Wohl glühten mir die Wangen,  
Wohl glühte mir auch der  
Mund,  
Ich meint es sah mir's jeder  
an,  
Was wir da mit einander  
getan,  
Doch niemand hat's geseh'n.

I come into the  
room  
that thronged and  
teemed with guests;  
my cheeks were burning,  
and my lips were burning  
too.  
I imagined that, looking at  
me, all would know  
what we did there  
together,  
but not a soul was watching.

Ich musste hinaus in den  
Garten  
Und wollte die Blumen  
seh'n,  
Ich konnt' es nicht erwarten  
In den Garten hinaus zu  
geh'n.  
Da blühten die Rosen überall,  
Da sangen die Vögel mit  
lautem Schall,  
Als hätten sie's geseh'n.

I had to go out into the  
garden,  
I wanted to look at the  
flowers,  
I simply could not wait  
To go out into the garden.  
And the roses were  
blooming everywhere,  
the birds were singing  
full-throatedly,  
as if they'd been watching.

## Johanna Müller-Hermann (1868-1941)

### Willst du mit mir wandern Op. 2 No. 1

(pub. 1907)

Johanna Müller-Hermann

Willst du mit mir wandern  
Durch das Tal im  
Abendschein?  
Noch sind die Vöglein  
wach,  
Noch kreisen sie im  
Blau.  
Noch liegt die Welt in Glanz  
und Schimmer,  
Noch strahlet ihn zurück  
Dein leuchtend Augenpaar.  
Bald kommt die kühle Nacht,

### Will you walk with me?

Will you walk with me  
through the valley in the  
gloaming?  
The little birds are still  
awake,  
still circling in the blue  
above.  
The world still shimmers  
and gleams,  
reflected  
in your gleaming eyes.  
Soon cool night will come,

Wo alles Licht und aller Glanz  
vergeht,  
Wo jede Spur verweht.  
extinguishing every light  
and glow,  
concealing everything.

Noch gehst du mir zur Seite,  
Noch hörst du meine Lieder  
Zu uns'rer Liebe Preis.  
Schwellet an, ihr Melodien,  
Möget mächtig aufwärts zieh'n,  
Eine Wunderbrücke bau'n,  
Auf der durch Nacht und  
Grau'n  
Selig wir wandern in den  
Herzen helles Morgenlicht!  
Still you walk by my side,  
still you hear my songs  
that praise our love.  
Swell, O melodies,  
soar mightily aloft,  
build a magic bridge,  
on which, through night  
and dread,  
we might walk with bright  
morning in our hearts!

### Weisst du noch Op. 2 No. 2 (pub. 1907)

Johanna Müller-Hermann

Weisst du noch, wie der  
Himmel so blau  
Über der Lärche Wipfel lag?  
So klar, so weit!  
Wir darunter auf sonniger  
Höh',  
O traute Einsamkeit!

### Do you remember?

Do you remember how  
blue the sky  
appeared above the larch?  
So clear, so far!  
With us below on sun-  
drenched heights –  
O dear solitude!

Denkst du noch die tiefe  
Stille?  
Leise nur ein Vogel des  
Waldes  
Singt im Baum.  
Immer so dir ins Auge zu  
schauen,  
O seligster Traum!

Do you remember the  
deep silence?  
A single forest bird was  
singing  
softly in the tree.  
To gaze forever into your  
eyes –  
O most blessed dream!

### Liebeslied Op. 2 No. 3 (pub. 1907)

Ricarda Huch

Säng' ein Liedchen  
Gern vom Liebchen,  
Ihm zum Preis und aller Welt  
zur Lust;  
Doch kein Reim stimmt,  
Wie sein Herz klingt,  
Wenn es feurig klopft an  
meine Brust!

I'd fain sing a little song  
in joyous praise of my love  
and all the  
world;  
but no rhyme can render  
the sound of his heart  
when it throbs with ardour  
against my breast!

Und kein Wort weiss,  
Wie mein Puls schleicht,  
Wenn die Seele fern von ihm  
sich kränkt;  
Und kein Takt geht,  
Wie mein Herz  
schlägt,  
Wenn es an den teuern  
Freund gedenkt.

And no words can describe  
how weak I feel  
when my soul languishes  
away from him;  
and no beat  
can match the throb of  
my heart,  
when it thinks of my dear  
friend.

## Der letzte Abend Op. 2 The last evening

No. 4 (pub. 1907)

Ricarda Huch

Sprich von der alten Zeit,  
Von Tod und  
Ewigkeit -  
Sprich nur vom  
Abschiednehmen nicht.  
Der Mond kommt und  
verbleicht,  
Die Nacht bricht an und weicht,  
Und aufgehn muss des  
Tages Licht.

Speak of days gone by,  
speak of death and  
eternity -  
but not of  
farewell.  
The moon rises and  
pales,  
night falls and fades  
and dawn must  
break.

Noch halt ich deine Hand,  
Dein Stab lehnt an der  
Wand,  
Bei meinem liegt dein Hut im  
Fach.  
Bald, bald bin ich allein  
Und starr in blinder Pein  
Dem Staub um deinen  
Wagen nach.

Still I hold your hand,  
your cane leans against  
the wall,  
your hat lies by mine on  
the shelf.  
Soon, soon I shall be alone  
and stare in blind pain  
at the dust around your  
receding carriage.

Was soll mir noch dein Kuss,  
Da ich dich lassen muss?  
Ich fühl ihn durch die  
Schmerzen kaum.  
O liebstes Angesicht,  
An meiner Brust so dicht,  
Und morgen bist du nur ein  
Traum!

Of what use is your kiss,  
now that I must leave you?  
I scarce feel it through  
the agony.  
O dearest face,  
so close against my breast -  
and tomorrow you shall  
be but a dream!

Wär es nur erst vorbei!  
Wär meine Seele frei  
Von dieser Angst, die mich  
zerbricht.  
Sieh nicht so traurig aus,  
Sonst schreit's mein Herz  
heraus:  
Verlass mich nicht, verlass  
mich nicht!

If only all were over!  
If only my soul were free  
of this fear that kills  
me.  
Do not look so sad,  
else my heart will  
scream:  
do not leave me, do not  
leave me!

## Einen guten Grund hat's Op. 2 No. 5

(pub. 1907)

Ricarda Huch

Einen guten Grund hat's,  
dass mein Liebchen  
Über Alles schön und  
herrlich ist geraten:  
Denn mit Lenztau ward  
getauft das Bübchen,  
Mond und Sonne waren  
seine Paten.  
Sonne setzt' ins Aug' ihm  
goldne Kerzen:  
Wenn er aufschaut, glühen  
alle Herzen.  
Und der Mond küsst' ihm  
den Mund von ferne:  
Wenn er lächelt, klingen alle  
Sterne.

There's a good reason  
why my little child  
has turned out so  
splendidly handsome:  
for the little boy was  
baptized with spring dew,  
moon and sun were his  
godparents.  
The sun lit golden  
candles in his eyes:  
all hearts glow when he  
looks up.  
And the far off moon  
kisses his lips:  
when he smiles, all the  
stars resound.

## Percy Grainger (1882-1961)

### The Sprig of Thyme (1920)

*Traditional*

Wunst I had a sprig of thyme,  
It prospered by night and by day  
Till a false young man came acourtin' te me,  
And he stole all this thyme away.

The gardiner was standiddn by;  
I bade him che-oose for me:  
He chose me the lily and the violet and the pink,  
But I really did refuse them all three.

Thyme it is the prettiest thing,  
And time it e will grow on,  
And time it'll bring all things to an end  
And so doz my time grow on.

It's very well drinkin' ale  
And it's very well drinkin' wine;  
But it's far better sittin' by a young man's side  
That has won this heart of mine.

## Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### The last rose of summer (1957)

Thomas Moore

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flow'r of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

## Charlotte Bray (b.1982)

### Farewell from *Yellow Leaves* (2013)

Caroline Thomas

Farewell: the equity  
you thought you had in me  
was all illusion.

Your absence makes a  
winter, dark and bare and mute,  
of this lush summer.

And absence in spring:  
all its delights like shadows  
dreamt of in winte

Violets, lilies  
marjoram, roses: their charms  
(and taints) filched from you.

## Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)

### To Daffodils (1916)

Robert Herrick

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

## Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

### It was a Lover

William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
These pretty country folk would lie,  
This carol they began that hour,  
How that a life was but a flower

And therefore take the present time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crownéd with the prime  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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