

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 25 May 2025
7.30pm

In Memory of Eileen Miller

Elīna Garanča mezzo-soprano
Malcolm Martineau piano

Jāzeps Mediņš (1877-1947)

Sapņojums

Alfrēds Kalniņš (1897-1951)

Līst klusi

Sapņu tālumā

Janis Medinš (1890-1966)

Nocturno

Tā ietu

Ak, jūs atmiņas

Jāzeps Vītols (1863-1948)

Sapņu tālumā Op. 34 No. 1

Aizver acis

Man prātā stāv vēl klusā nakts

Berceuse Op. 8 (pub.1892)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 (1885)

Winternacht Op. 15 No. 2 (1886)

Schön sind, doch kalt die Himmelssterne Op. 19 No. 3 (1885-8)

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten Op. 19 No. 4 (1885-8)

Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8 (1885-8)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

Befreit Op. 39 No. 4 (1898)

Interval



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Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Au pays où se fait la guerre (?1869-70)

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Extase (1874)

Romance de Mignon (1869)

Phidylé (1882)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Clair de lune from *Suite bergamasque* (c.1890, rev. 1905)

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Believe me not, friend Op. 14 No. 7 (1896)

Morning Op. 4 No. 2 (1890-3)

The Dream Op. 8 No. 5 (1893)

Oh, do not grieve Op. 14 No. 8 (1896)

They answered Op. 21 No. 4 (1902)

In the silence of the secret night Op. 4 No. 3 (1890-3)

Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

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The four Latvian composers who open this programme were all important figures in the musical life of the first independent Latvian republic (1918-1940). **Janis Mediņš's** operas *Uguns un nakts* (Fire and Night) and *Dievi un cilvēki* (Gods and People) and **Alfrēds Kalniņš's** opera *Banuta* all premièred in 1920-1922, are regarded as the first important Latvian operas. Mediņš was the conductor of the Latvian National Opera from 1920-1928 and also the artistic director of Latvian Radio from 1928-1944. Kalniņš headed the Department of Music at the Latvian Ministry of Education and was chairman of the Music Council from 1919. Both composers wrote many songs, often setting Latvian poets; Mediņš wrote over 200 songs and Kalniņš around 250. From 1921, Mediņš taught at the Latvian State Conservatory, which had been founded in 1919 by **Jāzeps Vītols**, the third Latvian composer in this programme, and has since been re-named the Jāzeps Vītols Latvian Academy of Music. Vītols also conducted the Latvian National Opera from 1918.

The seven **Richard Strauss** songs in this programme were written between 1882 and 1889 when he was aged 18-25. *Zueignung* and *Allerseelen* are settings of Hermann von Gilm, a lawyer and civil servant, who like many in those professions at that time wrote poetry. He worked in the censors' office, against his liberal instincts, and some of his more rebellious poetry was only published after his death in 1864. *Winternacht* and the two songs from Op. 19 have texts by Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack. This cultured aristocrat was, like von Gilm, a civil servant, and also an art-collector, whose extensive collection can be seen at the Schack Gallerie in Munich, one of the cultural highlights of that city. *Heimliche Aufforderung* sets a poem by John Henry Mackay, born in Scotland to a German mother and a Scottish father. His father died when John was two, and mother and child moved to Germany. Mackay became a campaigner for homosexual rights; under the pseudonym 'Sagitta' he wrote *Die Bücher der namenlosen Liebe* (Books of the nameless love), which were issued twice yearly from 1905-1913, available by subscription only. This song describes a secret assignation between two gay lovers. *Befreit* sets a poem from Richard Dehmel's *Weib und Welt* (Woman and World), whose publication in 1896 resulted in him being tried for obscenity and blasphemy; though he was acquitted on technical grounds, the court still condemned his work and ordered it to be burnt.

Both **Duparc** and Rachmaninov stopped composing songs when they were at the peak of their abilities. Duparc stopped composing entirely when he was 37 because of neurasthenia, a condition that causes oversensitivity to sensory stimuli, and he turned to religion for the remaining 48 years of his life, making frequent pilgrimages to Lourdes in the hope of a cure. He destroyed most of his music, leaving fewer than 40

works for us to enjoy. 'Au pays où se fait la guerre' is the only surviving fragment of his opera *Roussalka*, written while he was serving in the military during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. *L'invitation au voyage* was also composed during that conflict, a traumatic time when the longing for 'luxe, calme et volupté' must have been particularly intense. *Extase* was written four years later, when peace had returned and Duparc was married to his Scottish wife Ellen MacSwiney. *Romance de Mignon*, setting a translation of Goethe's *Kennst du das Land*, was one of the songs that Duparc published as his 5 *Méodies* Op. 2 in 1869. *Phidylé* dates from 1882, the year of the earliest of the Richard Strauss songs heard earlier.

It is fitting to include **Debussy's** 'Clair de lune' from his *Suite Bergamasque* in this programme as it is intimately linked with the world of Song, being named after a Verlaine poem that has been set by many composers of *méodies*, and twice by Debussy himself.

Rachmaninov wrote no more songs after he escaped from the 1917 revolution in Russia; living in America, he felt too distant from the great Russian poetry for him to work in the intimately emotional world of Song. We hear three of his Op. 14 songs, written in 1896 specifically to sell to his publisher Gutheil in order to pay off debts resulting from the theft of some money stolen from him on a train. Aleksei Tolstoy's poem *Believe me not* was also set by Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov among others, and as *The Sea and My Heart*, became a popular ballad in both Tsarist and Soviet times. *Morning* is from Op. 4, Rachmaninov's first published set of songs. The identity of this poet is a mystery; 'M Yanov' (or in some editions 'M L Yanov') could be Mariya Yanova (1840-1875), an actress working in St Petersburg, and a 'favourite of the public' according to her obituary. Rachmaninov told Lyudmilla Skalon that he thought *A dream* was 'pretty good' and 'has something worthwhile to say'. It sets a translation of Heine's *Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland*. Aleksei Apukhtin's *Oh do not grieve* was written in memory of his friend the Grand Duchess Alexandra Georgievna, wife of Tsar Alexander II's youngest son Grand Duke Pavel Alexandrovich. *They answered* is a translation of Victor Hugo's *Comment, disaient-ils*, set during the Carlist civil war in Spain in the 1830s; it's a conversation between brigands being pursued by the Spanish police and the women who are helping them escape. Rachmaninov wrote *In the silence of the secret night* when he was 17; he dedicated it to Vera Skalon, his first love, who he called 'the little psychopath'. *Spring Waters* is dedicated to Anna Ornatskaya, Rachmaninov's childhood piano teacher – fittingly as it has one of the most virtuosic piano parts of any of Rachmaninov's songs.

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Jāzeps Mediņš (1877-1947)

Sapņojums

Anonymous

Klusa tāla sapņu jūta
mani sveic un mani
glāsta.
Un ko zvaigznes sveicot
sūta, to man spulgie stari
stāsta,
Un ko zvaigznes sveicot
sūta, to man spulgie stari
stāsta.
Un uz Letes viļņiem maigi
dvēse viegli nesta kļuva.
Manā sirdī kas vēl kvēlo
visas ilgas, visas sāpes
dziesť un mirst.
No kokles stīgām skaņas
maigās tālē kūstot visas ilgas,
visas sāpes dziesť un mirst.
No kokles stīgām skaņas
maigās tālē kūstot viegli
gaist
No zvaigžņu zaigas, no
zvaigžņu zaigas plūst ap
mani skaņas maigas.
No zvaigžņu zaigas, plūst ap
mani skaņas maigas.
Kā sveiciens gaišs no
zvaigžņu zaigas.

A Dream

A silent distant dream
welcomes me and
caresses me.
And what the stars send
in greeting, the rays of
light tell me,
and what the stars send
in greeting, the rays of
light tell me.
And on the waves of Lethe
the soul was gently borne.
In my heart that still glows all
the longings, all the pains
sing and die.
All longings melt in the
distance, all pains sing
and die.
From the strings of the
zither, the sounds melt
gently away
from the starlight, from
the starlight, soft
sounds flow around me.
From the starlight, soft
sounds flow around me.
Like a greeting from the
starlight.

Alfrēds Kalniņš (1897-1951)

Līst klusi

Jānis Poruks

Līst klusi.
Visa debess raud un arī
manim skumji metas,
Kad bālas garu rokas sviež
kā dūsmās logā lāses
retas.
Kam dūsmojies, tu,
bēdugars, par mani?
Vai tu ticēť vari, ka manā
trūdu būdiņā mīt laimības
un prieka gari, prieka
gari?
Es arī raudu klusībā...
Nāc, bēdugars, pie manis
dusi!
Nāc, brālīt manā būdiņā,
te it kā savās mājās
būsi!
Līst klusi.

It rains softly

It rains softly.
The whole sky weeps and
I am sad too,
when pale spirits throw their
hands like rare drops of
anger in the window.
Who art thou angry with,
thou wretch, with me?
Can you believe, in my
rotting hut dwell spirits
of happiness and joy,
spirits of joy?
I also weep in silence...
Come, O sad-eyed one,
come to me!
Come, brother, into my
hut, here you will be as
if at home!
It is raining softly.

Visa debess raud. Man
istaba ar skumjām pildās.
Nāk gars iz tumšas
padebess auksts,
Nosalis, pie krūťs man
sildās.

All the sky is crying. My
room is filled with sorrow.
A spirit comes cold from
the dark sky,
frozen, warms itself at my
breast.

Sapņu tālumā

Aspazija

Sapņu tālumā,
Staru spožumā,
Zvaigzne dziestošā,
Mana laimība.

In the Distance of
Dreams

In the distance of dreams,
in the radiance of rays,
the fading star,
my happiness.

Rokas izstiepju,
Gaužos, pielūdzu,
Atsaukt nespēju
To, ko zaudēju.
Tvaikos vītušas,
Dubļos samīťas
Dvēs `les drebošās,
Baltās lapiņas.

I stretch out my arms,
I whine, I worship,
I cannot return
what I lost.
Withered in the vapours,
trampled in the mud
souls trembling,
white leaves.

Smiekli pārklīdza,
Troksnī izgaisa,
Nav vairs dzirdama
Saldā meldija -
Sapņu tālumā,
Staru spožumā,
Nepielūdzama!
Neatsaucama!

Laughter covered,
vanished in the noise,
no longer heard
sweet melody -
in the distance of dreams,
in the radiance,
imperishable!
Irrevocable!

Janis Medinš (1890-1966)

Nocturno

Alfrēds Andersons

Birst ziedu zari,
Un skumju gari ap dvēseles
stīgām vijas,
Un sēras kāpj,
un vātis klusi
veras:
Sirds sāp.

Kā sāpju ēnas klīst
domas lēnas pēc
pestīšanas,
Kur zvaigznes mirdz.
Bet skumjas tinas spārnos
un klusi sāp sirds.
Viss nogrimst dusā.

Tik mirdza klusa par kaut ko,
Kas sen bijis, strauts
irdz...
Par saldiem un rūgtiem
maldiem
Sāp sirds.

Tā ietu

Kārlis Jēkabsons

Tā ietu līdz pasaules
galam
Tev līdzās, diena vai
nakts,
Uz viņām brīnišķām salām,
Kur izklāta zvaigžnaina
sakts.

Tur sasniegtu burvīgas
kvēles,
Visapkārt viņi kad dzied
Kā saldas mūzikas
mēles,
Un laimības dārzi
zied.

Ai, tur uz tām brīnišķām
salām,
Kur izklāta zvaigžnaina
sakts,
Ļauj iet man līdz pasaules
galam
Tev līdzās, diena vai
nakts.

Nocturno

Branches of blossoms drop,
and spirits of sorrows twine
up the tendrils of the soul,
and the mourning climbs,
and the wounds silently
open:
the heart aches.

Like shadows of pain,
after salvation thoughts
roam slowly,
where the stars shine.
But sorrows grow wings and
the heart aches softly.
Everything sinks in slumber.

But the glimmer stays silent
about something long ago,
the stream laughs...
about sweet and bitter
illusions
the heart aches.

This is how I would
go...

I would go to the end of
the world
by your side, whether day
or night,
to those wonderful islands
where the starry path is
laid out.

There to reach the
enchancing glow,
all around when waves sing
like tongues of sweet
music,
and gardens of happiness
bloom.

Ah, there on those
wonderful islands,
where the starry path is
laid out,
let me go to the end of
the world
by your side, whether day
or night.

Ak, jūs atmiņas

Anonymous

Ak, jūs atmiņas, cik jūs
sāpīgas,
Arī tad, kad jūs visu
skaistākās.
Arī tad, kad jūs tikai laimes
stāsts.
Viss, kas pagājis, sirdi spiež
kā lāsts.
Pagājusi jūsma
tagadnē
Smeldzkā karsta ogve dvēselē.
Nākotne tik tumša, nopļauts
rudzulauks,
Krītot sabirst drupās
izdzerts laimes trauks.
Laimes kausa drupas,
kā tās sirdi
graiza,
Kur vien vēršas acis, priekšā
šaubu aiza.

Oh, you memories

Oh, memories, how
painful you are,
even when you're the
most beautiful.
Even when you're just a
tale of happiness.
All that's gone weighs on
the heart like a curse.
Past joy now melts in the
present,
like a hot coal in the soul.
The future so dark, a
harvested rye field,
falling apart in ruins, the cup
of happiness drained.
The ruins of the cup of
happiness, like they
gnaw at the heart,
wherever the eyes turn,
there is an abyss of doubt.

Jāzeps Vītols (1863-1948)

Sapņu tālumā Op. 34
No. 1

Aspazija

Sapņu tālumā,
Staru spožumā,
Zvaigzne dziestošā,
Mana laimība.

Rokas izstiepu,
Gaužos, pielūdzu,
Atsaukt nespēju
To, ko zaudēju.
Tvaikos vītušas,
Dubļos samītas
Dvēs `les drebošās,
Baltās lapiņas.

Smiekli pārklīdza,
Troksnī izgaista,
Nav vairs dzirdama
Saldā meldija -
Sapņu tālumā,
Staru spožumā,
Nepielūdzama!
Neatsaucama!

In the Distance of
Dreams

In the distance of dreams,
in the radiance of rays,
the fading star,
my happiness.

I stretch out my arms,
I whine, I worship,
I cannot return
what I lost.
Withered in the vapours,
trampled in the mud
souls trembling,
white leaves.

Laughter covered,
vanished in the noise,
no longer heard
sweet melody –
in the distance of dreams,
in the radiance,
imperishable!
Irrevocable!

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

Aizver actiņas
Jānis Poruks

Aizver actiņas un smaidi,
Noliecies pie manas krūts:
Atteikšanās,
vientulībā
Ir jau diezgan ilgi būts.
Aizver actiņas un smaidi,
Sapņi lai mūs projām nes
Turp, kur mīlestības viļņos
Izkustu mums dvēseles.
Aizver actiņas un smaidi,
Noliecies pie manas krūts.

Man prātā stāv vēl
klusā nakts
Valdis

Man prātā stāv vēl klusā
nakts,
Kad bijām krasta malā,
Un skaidro zvaigžņu spožais
stars
Ap mums kad lidināja.
Kad tava mīlā roka,
Tad šo manu karsti spieda,
Un mēness mūsu
laimei
Tur tik laipnus starus deva.
Man prātā vēl tavs siltais
skats,
Kas tad man sirdī krita,
Un viln's pie kājām glaudās
mums,
Kā mīlestības lūdzot.
Man prātā vēl, kā lūpas tu
Pret manām lūpām spiedi,
Un viļņi, zvaigznes un viss,
Aiz laimības šīs zuda.

Berceuse Op. 8 (pub.1892)

Close your eyes and
smile

Close your eyes and smile,
lean against my breast:
in abandonment, in
solitude
it's been long enough.
Close your eyes and smile,
let dreams carry us away
where love's waves
melt our souls.
Close your eyes and smile,
lean against my breast.

I Still Recall That
Quiet Night

I still recall that quiet
night
when we were on the shore,
with the clear bright
starlight
shining all around us.
When your dear hand
ardently pressed mine,
and the moon granted
our happiness
such benevolent rays.
I still recall your warm
look,
it fell into my heart then,
and a wave caressed our
feet
as if asking for love.
I still recall how you pressed
your lips against mine,
and waves, stars and all else
vanished in this ecstasy.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 Dedication
(1885)
Hermann von Gilm

Ja du weisst es, teure Seele, Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe Dank.	Yes, dear soul, you know that I'm in torment far from you, love makes hearts sick, be thanked.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher Und du segnetest den Trank, Habe Dank.	Once, revelling in freedom, I held the amethyst cup aloft and you blessed that draught, be thanked.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, Habe Dank.	And you banished the evil spirits, till I, as never before, holy, sank holy upon your heart, be thanked.

Winternacht Op. 15
No. 2 (1886)
*Adolf Friedrich, Graf von
Schack*

Mit Regen und Sturmgebrause Sei mir willkommen, Dezembermond, Und führ' mich den Weg zum traulichen Hause, Wo meine geliebte Herrin wohnt.	With rain and stormy showers, welcome, December moon, and light my way to the dear house where my beloved mistress dwells.
Nie hab' ich die Blüte des Maien, Den blauenden Himmel, den blitzenden Tau So fröhlich begrüsst, wie heute dein Schneiden, Dein Nebelgebräu und Wolkengrau.	Never was Maytime's blossom, the sky turning blue, the sparkling dew so heartily welcome as today your snows, your mists and clouds of grey.
Denn durch das Flockengetriebe, Schöner als jeder Lenz gelacht, Leuchtet und blüht der Frühling der Liebe Mir heimlich nun in der Winternacht.	For through the drifting flakes, more lovely than any laughing spring, the spring of love gleams and blooms secretly for me in the winter night.

**Schön sind, doch kalt
die Himmelssterne
Op. 19 No. 3**

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Schön sind, doch kalt die
Himmelssterne,
Die Gaben karg, die sie
verleihn;
Für einen deiner Blicke
gerne
Hin geb' ich ihren goldnen
Schein!

Getrennt, so dass wir ewig
darben,
Nur führen sie im
Jahreslauf
Den Herbst mit seinen
Ährenfarben,
Des Frühlings Blütenpracht
herauf.

Doch deine Augen — o, der
Segen
Des ganzen Jahres quillt
überreich
Aus ihnen stets als milder
Regen,
Die Blüte und Frucht
zugleich.

**Wie sollten wir geheim
sie halten Op. 19 No. 4**

(1885-8)

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Wie sollten wir geheim sie
halten,
Die Seligkeit, die uns
erfüllt?
Nein, bis in seine tiefsten
Falten
Sei allen unser Herz
enthüllt!

Wenn zwei in Liebe sich
gefunden,
Geht Jubel hin durch die
Natur,
In längern wonnevollen
Stunden
Legt sich der Tag auf Wald
und Flur.

**Beautiful but cold
are the stars of
heaven**

Beautiful but cold are the
stars of heaven,
meagre the gifts that they
bestow;
for just one of your
glances
I'd gladly forego their
golden gleam!

Apart, so that we suffer
without end,
they only bring
throughout the year
the autumn with its
sheaves of corn
and springtime's splendid
flowering.

But your eyes, ah, a whole
year's blessing
cascades abundantly
from them
on flowers and fruit like
incessant gentle rain,
blossom and fruit
together.

**How could we keep
it secret**

How could we keep it
secret,
this bliss with which we're
filled?
No, into its deepest
recesses
our hearts must be
revealed to all!

When two souls have
fallen in love,
nature's filled with
exultation,
and daylight lingers on
wood and fields
in longer hours of
rapture.

Selbst aus der Eiche
morschem Stamm,
Die ein Jahrtausend
überlebt,
Steigt neu des Wipfels grüne
Flamme
Und rauscht von Jugendlust
durchbebt.

Zu höherm Glanz und Dufte
brechen
Die Knospen auf beim Glück
der Zwei,
Und süsser rauscht es in den
Bächen
Und reicher blüht und
reicher glänzt der Mai.

**Allerseelen Op. 10
No. 8 (1885)**

Hermann von Gilm

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

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

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

Even the oak tree's rotten
trunk,
that has survived a
thousand years,
sends fresh flaming
green to its crown
and rustles with the thrill
of youth.

The buds, seeing the
lovers' bliss,
flower more brightly and
fragrantly,
and the brooks babble
more sweetly,
and May gleams and
blooms more lavishly.

All Souls' Day

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

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

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

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27

No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde
Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim
Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann
trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir
betrachte um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

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

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

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

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

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

Befreit Op. 39 No. 4

(1898)

Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise,
leise
Wirst du lächeln; und wie zur
Reise
Geb ich dir Blick und Kuss
zurück.

Secret invitation

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful
feast your heart to
health.

And when you raise it,
give me a secret sign,
then I shall smile and
drink as quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do not
despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering
goblet, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at
the noisy feast.

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

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

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

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

Released

You will not weep. Gently,
gently
you will smile; and as
before a journey
I shall return your gaze
and kiss.

Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du
hast sie bereitet,
Ich habe sie die zur Welt
geweitet –
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiss meine
Hände fassen
Und wirst mir deine Seele
lassen,
Lässt unsern Kindern mich
zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein
ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen
wiedergeben –
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir
wissen's Beide,
Wir haben einander befreit
vom Leide,
So gab ich dich der Welt
zurück.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch
im Traum erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit
mir weinen –
O Glück!

Our dear four walls! You
prepared them,
I have widened them into
a world for you –
O happiness!

Then ardently you will
seize my hands
and you will leave me
your soul,
leave me to care for our
children.
You gave your whole life
to me,
I shall give it back to
them –
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we
both know it,
we have released each
other from suffering,
so I returned you to the
world.
Then you'll appear to me
only in dreams,
and you will bless me and
weep with me –
O happiness!

Interval

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Au pays où se fait la guerre (?1869-70)

Théophile Gautier

I
Au pays où se fait la
guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est
allé;
Il semble à mon cœur
désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur
terre!
En partant, au baiser
d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma
bouche.
Qui le tient si longtemps,
mon Dieu!
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma
tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

To the land where there is war

I
To the land where there is
war
my handsome lover has
gone;
it seems to my desolate
heart
that I alone am left on
earth!
When we parted with a
farewell kiss,
he took my soul from my
lips.
Who detains him so long,
my God?
See, the sun is setting,
and I, all alone in my
tower,
still await his return.

II
 Les pigeons sur le toit
 roucoulent,
 Roucoulent amoureusement
 Avec un son triste et
 charmant;
 Les eaux sous les grands
 saules coulent.
 Je me sens tout près de pleurer;
 Mon cœur comme un lis
 plein s'épanche,
 Et je n'ose plus espérer.
 Voici briller la lune
 blanche,
 Et moi, toute seule en ma
 tour,
 J'attends encore son retour.

III
 Quelqu'un monte à grands
 pas la rampe:
 Serait ce lui, mon doux
 amant?
 Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
 Mon petit page avec ma
 lampe.
 Vents du soir, volez,
 dites-lui
 Qu'il est ma pensée et mon
 rêve,
 Toute ma joie et mon
 ennui.
 Voici que l'aurore se lève,
 Et moi, toute seule en ma
 tour,
 J'attends encore son retour.

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Charles Baudelaire

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

II
 The pigeons on the roof
 are cooing,
 cooing their songs of love
 with a sad, enchanting
 sound;
 waters flow beneath tall
 willows.
 I feel I am near to tears;
 my heart unfolds like a
 full blown lily
 and I dare no longer hope.
 See, the white moon is
 shining,
 and I, all alone in my
 tower,
 still await his return.

III
 Someone is bounding up
 the stairs:
 could it be he, my sweet
 lover?
 It is not he, but only
 my little page with my
 lamp.
 Take wing, evening
 breezes, and tell him
 that he is my thought and
 my dream,
 and all my joy and my
 sorrow.
 See, the dawn is breaking,
 and I, all alone in my
 tower,
 still await his return.

Invitation to journey

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

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

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

Extase (1874)

Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur
 dort
 D'un sommeil doux comme
 la mort:
 Mort exquise, mort
 parfumée
 Du souffle de la bien-aimée:
 Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur
 dort ...

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

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

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

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is
 sleeping
 a sleep as sweet as
 death:
 exquisite death, death
 perfumed
 by the breath of the beloved:
 on your pale breast my
 heart is sleeping ...

Romance de Mignon

(1869)

Victor Wilder, after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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

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

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

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

Phidylé (1882)

*Charles-Marie-René
Leconte de Lisle*

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

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

Mignon's romance

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

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

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

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

Phidylé

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

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

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

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

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

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

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Clair de lune from *Suite bergamasque*

(c.1890, rev. 1905)

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Believe me not, friend Op. 14 No. 7 (1896)

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Ne ver mne, drug,
kogda v izbytko
gorya
Ya govoryu, shto razlyubil
tebya.
V otliva chas ne ver izmene
morya:
Ono k zemle vorotitsya,
lyubya.

Uzh ya toskuyu, prezhnei
strasti polnyi,
Moyu svobodu vnov tebe
otdam.
I uzhe begut s obratnym
shumom volny
Izdaleka k lyubimym
beregam.

Don't believe me, friend,
when, overwhelmed by
troubles,
I say I do not love you
anymore.
Do not believe the ebbing
sea's inconstancy:
it will return to land,
loving as before.

Full of passion I long for
you again,
again I'm ready to
surrender to you.
And rushing back the
loud waves run
from far away to their
beloved shore.

Morning Op. 4 No. 2 (1890-3)

M Yanov

'Lyublyu tebya!'	'I love you!'
Shepnula dnyu zarya	whispered dawn to the day
I, nebo obkhvativ,	and, embracing the sky,
zardelas ot	blushed from the
priznanya,	confession,
I solntsa luch, prirodu	and a ray of sunlight,
ozarya,	smiling, lit up nature,
S ulybkoi posiyal ey	sending burning kisses to
zhguchiye lobzanya.	the dawn.

A den, kak by yeshchyo	But day, not yet
doveraya	believing
Osushchestvleniyu svoikh	that his cherished
zavetnykh gryoz,	dreams had come true,
Spuskalsya na zemlyu, s	descended to the earth
ulybkoi utiraya	with a smile
Blestevshiye vokrug	that wiped away the rows
ryady almaznikh	of diamond tears
slyoz.	shining all around...

The Dream Op. 8 No. 5 (1893)

Aleksey Pleshcheyev, after Heinrich Heine

I u menya byl krai rodnoi;	I too had a native land;
Prekrasen on!	so beautiful!
Tam yel kachalas nado	A fir tree swayed above
mnoi...	me there ...
No to byl son!	but it was a dream!
Semya družei zhiva byla.	My family were living friends
So vsekh storon	and all around me
Zvuchali mne lyubvi slovo...	words of love were spoken ...
No to byl son!	but it was a dream!

Oh, do not grieve Op. 14 No. 8 (1896)

Aleksey Apukhtin

O, ne grusti po mne!	Oh, do not grieve for me!
Ya tam, gde net	There is no suffering
stradanya.	where I am.
Zabud bylykh skorbei	Forget the painful dreams of
muchitelnye sny...	past sorrows.
Pust budut obo mne tvoi	May all your memories of
vospominanya	me be
Svetlei, chem pervyi den	brighter than the first day
vesny.	of spring.
O, ne toskui po mne!	Oh, do not pine for me!
Mezh nami net	We are not separated
razluki:	from each other.
Ya tak zhe, kak i vstar, dushe	I am as near to you in soul
tvoyei blizka,	as in the past.
Menya po-prezhnemu tvoi	As before, your anguish
volnuyut muki,	troubles me,
Menya gnetiyot tvoya	and your longing brings
toska.	me pain.

Zhivi! ty dolzhen zhit. I yesli	Live! You must live! And if
siloi chuda	by some miracle
Ty zdes naidyosh otradu i	you should find happiness
pokoi,	and peace here,
To znai, chto eto ya	know that it was I who
otkliknulas ottuda	answered from afar
Na zov dushi tvoyei	the call of your wounded
bolnoi.	soul.

They answered Op. 21 No. 4 (1902)

Victor Hugo, trans. Lev Mey

Sprosili oni: 'Kak v letuchikh	The men asked: 'how, in
chelnakh,	swift boats,
Nam beloyu chaikoi skolznut	can we glide over the waves
na volnakh,	like white seagulls,
Chob nas storozha ne	to escape the guards who
dognali?'	pursue us?'
– Grebite! – one	Row! – the women
otvechali.	answered.

Sprosili oni: 'Kak zabyt	They asked: 'how can we
navsegda,	forget for good,
Chto v mire yudolnom	that in this vale of tears
yest bednost,	there's poverty and
beda,	trouble,
Chto yest v nyom vrazhda i	malice and
pechali?'	sorrow?'
– Zasnite! – one otvechali.	Sleep! – they answered.

Sprosili oni: 'Kak krasavits	They asked: 'how can we
privlech	win pretty women
Bez chary: chtob sami, na	without spells: so our
strastnuyu rech,	passionate words alone
One nam v obyatiya	will make them fall into
pali?'	our arms?'
– Lyubite! – one otvechali.	Love! – they answered.

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

In the silence of the secret night Op. 4 No. 3

(1890-3)

Afanasy Fet

O, dolga budu ya, v molchani nochi tainoi, Kovarnyi lepet tvoi, ulybku, vzor, vzor sluchainyi, Perstam poslushnuyu volos, volos tvoikh gustuyu pryad Iz myslei izgonyat i snova prizyvay; Sheptat i popravlyat bylye vyrazheniya Rechei moikh s toboi, ispolnennykh smushchenya, I v opyaneni, naperekor umu, Zavetnym imenem budit nochnuyu tmu. O, dolgo budu ya, v molchani nochi tainoi, Zavetnym imenem budit nochnuyu tmu.	O, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night, your sly chatter, smile, glance, casual glance, hair pliant to my fingers, your thick shock of hair, banish from my thoughts and summon back again, whisper and improve past words I spoke to you, so full of shy confusion, and in rapture against all reason, awake night's darkness with your cherished name. O, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night, awake night's darkness with your cherished name.
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Spring waters Op. 14 No. 11 (1896)

Fyodor Tyutchev

Yeshchyo v polyakh beleyet sneg, A vody uz vesnoi shumyat, Begut i budyat sonnyi breg, Begut i bleshchut, i glasyat.	The fields are still white with snow, but already the waters are proclaiming spring, running along and waking sleepy riverbanks, running and glittering and declaring.
Oni glasyat vo vse kontsy: 'Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot! My molodoi vesny gontsy, Ona nas vyslala vperyod.	They declare in all directions: 'Spring is coming! Spring is coming! We are the heralds of young spring, she sent us in advance.
Vesna idyot! Vesna idyot! I tikhikh, tyoplykh maiskikh dnei Rumyanyi, svetyi khorovod Tolpitsya veselo za nei.	Spring is coming! Spring is coming! And the still, warm days of May in a rosy, bright circle- dance, crowd together and gaily follow behind.

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