


The Journey of Tang Poetry

Shenyang bass-baritone • Simon Lepper piano • Michael Wood narrator

Gottfried von Einem (1918-1996)	In der Fremde from <i>5 Lieder aus dem Chinesischen</i> Op. 8 (1946-8)
Anton Webern (1883-1945)	Die geheimnisvolle Flöte Op. 12 No. 2 (1917)
Julius Röntgen (1855-1932)	Der Pavillon aus Porzellan from <i>Chinesische Lieder</i> Op. 66 (1916)
Krzysztof Penderecki (1933-2020)	Mondnacht from <i>Symphony No. 6 'Chinese Poems'</i> (2008-17)
Hans Gál (1890-1987)	Abend auf dem Fluss Op. 33 No. 5 (1917)
Emil Sjögren (1853-1918)	Wenn nur ein Traum das Dasein ist Op. 54 No. 1 (1911)
Ture Rangström (1884-1947)	Afskedet (1915)
Peter Warlock (1894-1930)	Along the Stream from <i>Saudades</i> (1916-7)
Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920)	The Old Temple among the Mountains from <i>5 Poems of Ancient China and Japan</i> Op. 10 (1916-7)
John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951)	The Odalisque from <i>Water colors: 4 Chinese Tone Poems</i> (1916 rev. 1944)
Constant Lambert (1905-1951)	A summer day from <i>8 Poems of Li-Po</i> (1926-9)
Arthur Bliss (1891-1975)	Spring from <i>The Ballads of the Four Seasons</i> (1923)
Cyril Scott (1879-1970)	A Song of Wine Op. 46 No. 3 (1906)
	<i>Interval</i>
Sigurd von Koch (1879-1919)	Vårnattsregnet from <i>Die wilden Schwäne</i> (1918)
Pavel Haas (1899-1944)	Far is my Home, O Moon from <i>4 Songs on Chinese Poetry</i> (1944)
Albert Roussel (1869-1937)	Des fleurs font une broderie from <i>2 poèmes chinois</i> Op. 35 (1927)
Georgy Sviridov (1915-1998)	Home Coming from <i>Wanderer's Songs</i> (1942)
Niccolo Athens (b.1988)	Mountain Stone (2022)
Alexander Tcherepnin (1899-1977)	West River Moon from <i>7 Chinese Folksongs</i> Op. 95 (1962)
Luo Zhongrong (1924-2021)	Spring on the Southern River Shore (1986)
Ye Xiaogang (b.1955)	Feelings upon Awakening from Drunkenness on a Spring Day from <i>The Song of the Earth</i> Op. 47 (2004)

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Great art often results from miscommunication. Mahler strangely found the Tang dynasty poets in Hans Bethge's *Die chinesische Flöte* (1907) a reflection of his own late-Romantic angst. In reality, Bethge's translations were paraphrased from Hans Hellman's *Chinesische Lyrik* (1905), itself reworking quite divergent versions by the sinologist Le Marquis d'Hervey-Saint-Denys and dilettante Judith Gautier. Though Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* was hardly faithful to ancient China, the philosopher and critic Theodor Adorno actually found its 'inauthenticity' the very source of its eloquence.

Mahler and Bethge cast a long shadow, particularly in songs here utilising Bethge's texts and a century of post-Mahlerian musicality. From **Gottfried von Einem's** 'In der Fremde' (1947), its vocal line limited mostly to a single pitch amidst a lush chromatic backdrop, we turn to the hauntingly atonal melodies of **Anton Webern's** 'Die geheimnisvolle Flöte' (1917). **Julius Röntgen's** 'Der Pavillon aus Porzellan' (1916) not only uses the text Mahler set in the third movement of *Das Lied* but also channels his sprightly musical spirit. **Krzysztof Penderecki** followed Mahler's example even closer, his own song-symphony - from which 'Mondnacht' is excerpted - wafting seamlessly between Neoromantic lushness and post-impressionistic transparency. The playful clarity of **Hans Gál's** 'Abend auf dem Fluss' (1917) fuses diverse influences into a distinctive compositional voice where Brahmsian lyricism extends into pre-serial modernist harmonies.

Closing our Bethge tribute are two Swedish composers, both well-known songwriters in their day. **Emil Sjögren**, longtime organist at St John's Church in Stockholm, arrived at Lieder by way of the keyboard; **Ture Rangström**, a singer and vocal teacher, wrote songs from his early teens. The similarity of Sjögren's 'Wenn nur ein Traum das Dasein ist' to the fifth movement of *Das Lied* must surely be coincidental, as Sjögren's song was published in 1911 before Mahler's piece received its world première that November. Rangström, whose dramatic flair earned him the nickname 'Sturm-und-Drangström', composed his Swedish translation of *Der Abschied* in 1915, a year after finishing his first symphony and concurrent with his first opera.

Composers in England and the United States had a more authentic view of China, if only because prominent translators like Charles Budd and particularly Herbert Giles - whose legacy includes an early Chinese romanisation system - actually lived there. Still, musical perspectives often reflected the beholder more than the source. **Peter Warlock's** 'Along the Stream' (first published in 1916, shortly before Philip Heseltine began using his pseudonym) reveals a young composer emerging from Delius's shadow and finding his own musical voice. **Charles Tomlinson Griffes**, having traded German Romanticism for French Impressionism, was one of the first American composers to find inspiration in Asia; his setting of Budd's 'The Old Temple among the Mountains' (1916), like **John Alden Carpenter's** setting of Giles's 'The Odalisque' (1916), paints an impressionistic (often pentatonic) miniature.

Though famously preoccupied with jazz, **Constant Lambert** was similarly obsessed with Chinese culture. Little of the jazziness of *The Rio Grande* (1927), though, is present

in his concurrent *8 Poems of Li-Po* (where 'A summer day' appears), which Lambert dedicated to the Chinese-American film actress Anna Mae Wong. **Arthur Bliss**, fresh from his *Colour Symphony*, had found inspiration in the same poet (by the same translator, Shigeyoshi Obata). His 1923 *Ballads of the Four Seasons* (from which 'Spring' is taken) are nearly as colourful sonically as his symphony, whose four movements were designated by four different colours. *Das Lied's* fifth-movement source poem turns up again in **Cyril Scott's** 'A Song of Wine' (1906), later incorporated into his *Songs of Old Cathay* (1919), though Giles's English translation ends up sounding less Mahlerian and more like a missing drunken sojourn from Vaughan Williams's *Songs of Travel*.

Multiple layers of translation may risk permanent cultural disorder, but the respective Tang dynasties of **Sigurd von Koch** and **Albert Roussel** seem quite comfortably transplanted in Gallic musical soil. Roussel's 'Des fleurs font une broderie' (1927), translated from Giles, claims a legitimate place in the French songbook, while Koch's 'Vårnattsregnet' (1919), its Swedish translation of Bethge notwithstanding, finds itself floating in the same volume somewhere between Debussy and Fauré.

Primary translations, though, frequently resonate well beyond a poem's original context. Through Czech sinologist Bohumil Mathesius, **Pavel Haas** found themes of loneliness and loss in 'Far is my home, O Moon' akin to his internment at Terezin. The piece was premièred by Czech bass (and Terezin survivor) Karel Berman in 1944, shortly before Haas's murder at Auschwitz. **Georgy Sviridov's** long unpublished 'Home Coming' (1942), written during his brief wartime stint in the Red Army at Novosibirsk, makes its translation by Soviet sinologist Julian Shchutsky inarguably Russian, the poem's returning hero walking through his childhood home unrecognised becoming, in the words of pianist and scholar Anastasia Timofeeva, a 'requiem for lost youth.'

A homecoming of a different sort comes in two generations of non-Chinese composers who set the language first-hand. **Alexander Tcherepnin's** 'West River Moon' (1962), recalling his seminal years in Shanghai in the 1930s, was dedicated to the baritone Yi-Kwei Sze, whose recording of Tcherepnin's Chinese songs won the 1966 Netherlands Edison Award. **Niccolo Athens**, a graduate of Juilliard and now a faculty member of The Tianjin Juilliard School, turns the spiritual quest of 'Mountain Stone' (2022) into a veritable musical travelogue.

Yet a third homecoming comes full circle, as two generations of Chinese composers bring their ancient literary legacy to the modern world. The Sichuan-born composer and educator **Luo Zhongrong's** 'Spring on the Southern River Shore' (1986) seasons his folkloric melodies with modern harmonies and structure. **Ye Xiaogang's** 'Feelings upon Awakening from Drunkenness on a Spring Day' from his *Song of the Earth* (2004) takes that formula to another level entirely, not merely reclaiming Chinese culture but doing so on a truly Mahlerian scale.

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Gottfried von Einem (1918-1996)

In der Fremde from 5 Lieder aus dem Chinesischen Op. 8

(1946-8)

Hans Bethge, after Li Bai

In fremdem Lande lag ich. Weissen Glanz malte der Mond Vor meine Lagerstätte. Ich hob das Haupt, ich meinte erst, Es sei der Reif der Frühe, Was ich schimmern sah, Dann aber wusste ich: Der Mond, der Mond, Und neigte das Gesicht zur Erde hin. Und meine Heimat winkte mir von fern.	In foreign land I lie. The moon shines a painted white above my encampment. I lifted my head, first I thought, it is the glow of the dawn, that I saw glimmering, then however, I knew: the moon, the moon, and its face inclined to the earth. And my home beckoned to me from afar.
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Anton Webern (1883-1945)

Die geheimnisvolle Flöte Op. 12 No. 2 (1917)

Hans Bethge, after Li Bai

An einem Abend, da die Blumen dufteten Und alle Blätter an den Bäumen, trug der Wind mir Das Lied einer entfernten Flöte zu. Da schnitt Ich einen Weidenzweig vom Strauch, und Mein Lied flog, Antwort gebend, durch die blühende Nacht. Seit jenem Abend hören, wann die Erde schläft, Die Vögel ein Gespräch in ihrer Sprache.	One evening, when the flowers shed their fragrance and all the leaves on the trees, the wind carried to me the song of a distant flute. I cut a willow branch from the bush, and my song flew, in answer, through the blossoming night. Since that evening, when the earth sleeps, the birds hear a conversation in their language.
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Julius Röntgen (1855-1932)

Der Pavillon aus Porzellan from Chinesische Lieder Op. 66 (1916)

Hans Bethge, after Judith

Gautier after Li Bai

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem Und aus weissem Porzellan. Wie der Rücken eines Tigers Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade Zu dem Pavillon hinüber. In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde, Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern, Manche schreiben Verse nieder.	In the middle of the little pool stands a pavilion of green and white porcelain. Like a tiger's back the jade bridge arches over to the pavilion. Friends sit in the little house, beautifully dressed, drinking, chatting, - several are writing verses.
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Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.	Their silken sleeves slip back, their silken caps fall cheerfully onto their necks.
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Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller Oberfläche zeigt sich alles Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.	On the little pool's still surface everything is strangely mirrored:
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Wie ein Halbmond scheint der Brücke, Umgekehrter Bogen. Freunde, Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,	The bridge seems like a half-moon, its arch inverted. Friends, beautifully dressed, are drinking, chatting.
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Alle auf dem Kopfe stehend In dem Pavillon aus grünem Und aus weissem Porzellan.	Everything stands on its head in the pavilion of green and white porcelain.
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Krzysztof Penderecki (1933-2020)

Mondnacht from *Symphony No. 6* 'Chinese Poems' (2008-17)

Hans Bethge, after Li Yue

Hinter der schroffen
Felsenkuppe sinkt
Das goldene Gestirn des
Tags zur Ruh,
Aus feuchtem Tale steigt der
Mond herauf.

Moonlit night

Behind the rugged rocky
crest
the golden star of the day
sinks to its rest,
from a damp valley rises
the moon.

Ich schlage meines Wagens
Dach zurück,
Mit unbedecktem Haupte
lenke ich
Mein weisses Pferd durch
schöne kühle Nacht.

I open the roof of my
chaise,
with my head uncovered I
steer
my white horse through
the lovely cool night.

O Welt um mich herum! Ein
feiner Wind
Bringt mir den Duft von
unbekannten Blumen,
Der Tau liegt perlend auf
dem Wiesengras.

O world around me! A
delicate wind
brings me the scent of
unknown flowers,,
The dew lies pearling on
the meadow grass.

Du meine Laute, hätt ich jetzt
dich hier!
Wie wollte ich dich rühren,
um den Stimmen
Der Nacht zu künden, dass
ich sie versteh.

My dear lute, if only I had
you here.
How would I stir you to
announce to the voices
of the night that I
understand them.

Mein Herz ist voll von
unbestimmter
Sehnsucht, Wie wär ich selig,
wenn ich singen dürfte, –
O meine Laute, hätt ich jetzt
dich hier!

My heart is full of
indefinite longing,
how would I be blessed if I
were allowed to sing,
O my lute, if only I had
you here!

Hans Gál (1890-1987)

Abend auf dem Fluss Op. 33 No. 5 (1917)

*Hans Bethge, after Zhang
Ruoxu*

Nur eine einzige Wolke
zieht am Abendhimmel
hin;
Nur eine Barke schwimmt im
Fluss, - ich bin allein darin.

Evening on the river

Just one single cloud
draws across the
evening sky,
one lonely barque floats in
the river – I am in it alone.

Nun kommt der junge Mond
herauf, ein runder
Silberschild;
Im Flusse, geisterhaft
bewegt, seh ich sein
Zauberbild.

Now the young moon
rises, a round silver
shield;
in the river, in ghostly
motion, I see its
enchanted image.

Da wird die dunkle Wolke
hell und schwebt in süsser
Ruh', -
Da fühl' ich weichen allen
Schmerz, - o Mond, das
tatest du!

Then the dark cloud
brightens and floats in
sweet rest, -
then I feel all pain ease, -
O moon, that is your
doing!

Emil Sjögren (1853-1918)

Wenn nur ein Traum das Dasein ist Op. 54 No. 1 (1911)

*Hans Bethge, after Marie-
Jean-Léon, Marquis
d'Hervey de Saint Denys
after Li Bai*

Wenn nur ein Traum das
Dasein ist,
Warum denn Müh und
Plag?
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr
kann,
Den ganzen, lieben Tag!

If existence is but a dream

If existence is but a
dream,
why should there be toil
and torment?
I drink till I can drink no
longer,
the whole day through!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr
trinken kann,
Weil Leib und Kehle voll,
So taum! ich hin vor meiner Tür
Und schlafe wundervoll!

And when I can drink no
longer,
since throat and soul are full,
I stagger to my door
and sleep stupendously!

Was hör ich beim Erwachen?
Horch!
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.
Ich frag ihn, ob schon
Frühling sei,
Mir ist als wie im Traum.

What do I hear when I
wake? Listen!
A bird sings in the tree.
I ask him if spring has
come, -
it all seems like a dream.

Der Vogel zwitschert: 'Ja! Der
Lenz
Sei kommen über Nacht!'
Ich seufzte tief ergriffen
auf
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

The bird twitters: yes,
spring
is here, it came overnight!
And deeply moved I
heave a sigh;
the bird sings and laughs!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu
Und leer ihn bis zum Grund
Und singe, bis der Mond
erglänzt
Am schwarzen Firmament!

I fill my beaker again
and drain it to the dregs
and sing until the moon
shines bright
in the black firmament!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,	And when I can sing no longer,
So schlaf ich wieder ein,	I fall asleep again.
Was geht denn mich der Frühling an!?	For what has spring to do with me!?
Lasst mich betrunken sein!	Let me be drunk!

Ture Rangström (1884-1947)

Afskedet (1915)

*Anonymous, after Hans
Bethge after Marie-Jean-
Léon, Marquis d'Hervey de
Saint Denys after Wang Wei*

O, du min vän, mig var i denna värld, ej lyckan huld!	My friend, fortune was not kind to me on earth.
Hvarthän jag går?	Where am I going?
Jag går och vandrar emot bergen,	I go into the mountains,
Jag söker hvilan, hvilan för ett ensamt hjärta.	I seek peace for my lonely heart.
Jag vandrar emot hemmet, emot lugnet, och aldrig skal jag dväljas i de fjärran rymder!	I am making for home, my resting-place; I shall never roam abroad again!

Tyst är mitt hjärta, väntar tyst sin timma.	My heart is still and awaits its hour!
Den kära jord, hur öfverallt	Everywhere the dear earth
Den blommor upp i vår och grönskar än på nytt!	blossoms in spring and grows green again!
Hur öfverallt och evigt blåna icke fjärran rymder!	Everywhere and forever the distance shines bright and blue!
Evigt, evigt, evigt!	Forever, forever, forever!

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Along the Stream from *Saudades* (1916-7)

Launcelot Alfred Cranmer-Byng, after Li Bai

The rustling nightfall strews my gown with roses,
And wine-flushed petals bring forgetfulness.
I arise with the stars exultantly
And follow the sweep of the moon
Along the hushing stream, where no birds wake.
Only the far-drawn sigh of wary voices
whispering: farewell.

Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920)

The Old Temple among the Mountains from *5 Poems of Ancient China and Japan Op. 10* (1916-7)

Charles Budd, after Zhang Ji

The temple courts with grasses rank around,
And birds throng in the forest trees around!
But pilgrims few, though tablets still remain,
Come to the shrine while revolutions reign.
The mice climb through the curtains full of holes,
And thick dust overspreads the 'broideder stoles;
The temple pool in gloomy blackness lies,
To which the sleeping dragon sometimes hies.

John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951)

The Odalisque from *Water colors: 4 Chinese Tone Poems* (1916 rev. 1944)

Herbert Giles, after Liu Yuxi

A gaily dressed damsel steps forth from her bower,
Bewailing the fate that forbids her to roam;
In the courtyard she counts the buds on each flower,
While a dragon-fly flutters and sits on her comb.

Constant Lambert (1905-1951)

A summer day from *8 Poems of Li-Po* (1926-9)

Li Bai, trans. Shigeyoshi Obata

Naked I lie in the green forest of summer...
Too lazy to wave my white-feathered fan.
I hang my cap on a crag, and bare my head
To the wind that comes blowing through the pine trees.

Arthur Bliss (1891-1975)

Spring from *The Ballads of the Four Seasons* (1923)

Li Bai, trans Shigeyoshi Obata

The lovely Lo-foh of the land of Chin,
Is plucking mulberry leaves by the blue water.
On the green boughs her white arms gleam,
And the bright sun shines upon her scarlet dress.
'My silkworms', says she, 'are hungry; I must go.
Tarry not with your five horses, Prince, I pray.'

Cyril Scott (1879-1970)

A Song of Wine Op. 46 No. 3 (1906)

Herbert Giles, after Li Bai

What is life after all but a dream?
And why should such pother be made?
Better far to be tipsy, I deem,
And doze all day long in the shade.

When I wake and look out on the lawn,
I hear midst the flowers a bird sing;
I ask, 'Is it evening or dawn?'
The mango-bird whistles, 'Tis spring.'

Overpower'd with the beautiful sight,
Another full goblet I pour,
And would sing till the moon rises bright--
But soon I'm as drunk as before.

Interval

Sigurd von Koch (1879-1919)

Vårnattsregnet from Spring night's rain
Die wilden Schwäne

(1918)

*Anonymous, after Hans
Bethge after Du Fu*

Det ljuva milda vårnattsregnet vet	The sweet gentle spring night rain knows
När moderjord dess svalka trångtar. Det nalkas	when mother earth yearns for its coolness. It draws near
Och då spira blommor i dess spår.	and then flowers bloom in its tracks.

När natten faller på det kommer sakta	When night falls, it comes slowly, carried forth
Det bäres fram på vårens ljumma vindar	on the warm winds of spring,
Bestänker allting mildt med pärlors dugg.	sprinkling everything gently with the dew of pearls.

De mörka molnen lågo under kvällen	The dark clouds lay during the evening
Över den väg som mig till hemmet förde.	over the road that took me home.
Den ensamma lyktan speglades i sjön.	The lone lantern was reflected in the lake.

I morgonljuset lysa alla fälten,	In the morning light all the fields shine,
Och himlen ler och ljuva blomster dofter	and the sky smiles and the sweet scents of flowers
Känns strömma från den kejserliga parken.	seem to stream from the imperial gardens.

Pavel Haas (1899-1944)

**Far is my Home, O Moon from 4 Songs on
Chinese Poetry** (1944)

Bohumil Mathesius, after Zhang Jiuling

Z temného moře vyrůstá měsíc,	The moon grows from the gloomy sea.
V daleké, v daleké zemi teď rozkvétá též.	In the distance, the land also blossoms now.

Láska svůj truchlí daremný sen, láska truchlí svůj sen,	Love mourns its futile dream;
Čeká, čeká na vzdálený večer, na vzdálený večer.	it waits for a far-off evening.

Jasněji měsíc svítí v hoře mé.	In my grief, the moon shines more brightly.
Oblékám noční šat, chladné je jíní.	I put on night-clothes; chilly is the hoarfrost.
Ruce mé, ruce, kterak jste prázdné,	My hands, how empty you are
Říci to všechno! - říci to všechno!	to say everything!

Spánku, sen dej mi,	Sleep, give me a dream about returning home,
Spánku, sen dej mi o návratu domů,	about returning home.
O návratu domů, domů,	You cannot give me a dream.
Spánku, sen nemůžeš dát - mě toužení stále budí...	My longing keeps waking me up.

Albert Roussel (1869-1937)

**Des fleurs font une Flowers form an
broderie from 2 embroidery**

poèmes chinois Op. 35

(1927)
*Herbert Giles, after Li He,
trans. Henri-Pierre Roché*

Des fleurs font une broderie sur le gazon.	Flowers form an embroidery on the lawn.
J'ai vingt ans, le doux éclat du vin est dans ma tête,	I am twenty, the gentle haze of wine is in my head,
Les glands d'or brillent au mors de mon coursier blanc,	the tassels of gold shine on my white steed's bit
Et la senteur du saule traîne sur le ruisseau.	and the scent of the willow hovers over the river.

Tant qu'elle n'a pas souri, ces fleurs sont sans rayons,	As long as she has not smiled, these flowers are lustreless,
Quand ses tresses s'écroulent le paysage est gai.	when her tresses unfurl, the landscape is bright,
Ma main est sur sa manche, mes yeux sont sur ses yeux,	my hand is on her sleeve, my eyes are in her eyes ...
Va-t-elle me donner l'épingle de ses cheveux?	...will she give me the pin from her hair?

Georgy Sviridov (1915-1998)

Home Coming from *Wanderer's Songs* (1942)

Julian Shchutsky, after He Zhizhang

Rebyonkom, davno ya pokinul svoi dom	Oh, I return to the hometown
Nazad prikhozhu starikom.	I left while young.
Khot net izmenenii v rodneykh golosakh,	My hair has grown thinner,
No prosed v moikh volosakh.	though I speak the same tongue.
Yuntsy i deti glyadyat na menya –	My children, whom I meet,
I im neponyatno, kto ya.	do not know who I am.
S ulybkoi vopros zadayut mne oni:	'Where are you from, dear sir?'
'Otkuda Vy, strannik, prishkli?'	they ask with beaming eyes.

Niccolo Athens (b.1988)

Mountain Stone (2022)

Han Yu

山石萃确行径微，黄 昏到寺蝙蝠飞。升堂 坐阶	Rough were the mountain- stones, and the path very narrow; and when I reached the temple, bats were in the dusk.
新雨足，芭蕉叶大 子肥。僧言古壁佛画 好，	I climbed to the hall, sat on the steps, and drank the rain- washed air among the round gardenia-pods and huge banana leaves. On the old wall, said the priest, were Buddhas finely painted,
以火来照所见稀。铺 床拂席置羹饭，疏粥 亦足	and he brought a light and showed me, and I called them wonderful. He spread the bed, dusted the mats, and made my supper ready, and, though the food was coarse,
饱我饥。夜深静卧百 虫绝，清月出岭光入 扉。	it satisfied my hunger. At midnight, while I lay there not hearing even an insect, the mountain moon with her pure light entered my door.
天明独去无道路，出 入高下穷烟霏。	At dawn I left the mountain and, alone, lost my way: in and out, up and down, while a heavy mist
山红润碧纷烂漫，时 见松栌皆十围。当流 赤足	made brook and mountain green and purple, brightening everything. I am passing sometimes pines and oaks, which ten men could not girdle,

踏润石，水声激激风
吹衣。

人生如此自可乐，岂
必局束为人鞿？

嗟哉吾党二三子，安
得至老不更归。

I am treading pebbles barefoot
in swift-running water - Its
ripples purify my ear, while a
soft wind blows my garments.

These are the things which, in
themselves, make life happy.
Why should we be hemmed
about and hampered with
people?

O chosen pupils, far behind me
in my own country, what if I
spent my old age here and
never went back home?

Alexander Tcherepnin (1899-1977)

West River Moon from *7 Chinese Folksongs Op. 95* (1962)

Li Bai

其一

A song of pure happiness I

云想衣裳花想容，春
风拂槛露华浓。若非
群玉

Her robe is a cloud, her face a
flower; her balcony,
glimmering with the bright
spring dew,

山头见，会向瑶台月
下逢。

is either the tip of earth's Jade
Mountain or a moon-edged
roof of paradise.

其二

A song of pure happiness II

一枝红艳露凝香，云
雨巫山枉断肠。借问
汉宫

There's a perfume stealing
moist from a shaft of red
blossom, and a mist, through
the heart, from the magical
Hill of Wu -

谁得似？可怜飞燕倚
新妆。其三

the palaces of China have never
known such beauty - not even
Flying Swallow with all her
glittering garments.

其三

A song of pure happiness III

名花倾国两相欢，长
得君王带笑看。解释
春风

Lovely now together, his lady
and his flowers lighten for ever
the Emperor's eye,

无限恨，沉香亭北倚
阑干。

as he listens to the sighing of
the far spring wind where she
leans on a railing in the Aloe
Pavilion.

Texts continue overleaf

Luo Zhongrong (1924-2021)

Spring on the Southern River Shore (1986)

Du Mu

千里莺啼绿映红，水 村山郭酒旗风。南朝 四百	Orioles sing for miles amid red blooms and green trees, four hundred and eighty splendid temples still remain,
八十寺，多少楼台烟 雨中。	of Southern Dynasties in the mist and rain.

Ye Xiaogang (b.1955)

Feelings upon Awakening from Drunkenness on a Spring Day from *The Song of the Earth*

Op. 47 (2004)

Li Bai

处世若大梦，胡为劳 其生？所以终	If life is but a dream, why should there be toil and torment? I drink till I can drink no longer, the whole day through.
日醉，颓然卧前楹。 觉来眊庭前，	And when I can drink no longer, since throat and soul are full, I stagger to my door and sleep stupendously!
一鸟花间鸣。借问此 何时？春风语	What do I hear when I wake? Listen! A bird sings in the tree. I ask him if spring has come - it all seems like a dream.
流莺。感之欲叹息， 对酒还自倾。	The bird twitters: yes, spring is here, it came overnight! And deeply moved I heave a sigh; the bird sings and laughs.
浩歌待明月，曲尽已 忘情。	I fill my beaker again and drain it to the dregs, and sing until the moon shines bright in the black firmament.

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Sjögren, Rangström and Xiaogang 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. Gál by Dr Anthony Fox. Haas by Damien Francoeur-
Krzyszek. All other translations kindly provided by the artists.*