

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 30 January 2022 7.30pm

Günther Groissböck bass

Malcolm Martineau piano

CLASSIC *fm*

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Blondels Lied Op. 53 No. 1 (1840)

Die feindlichen Brüder Op. 49 No. 2 (1840)

Belsazar Op. 57 (1840)

Die beiden Grenadiere Op. 49 No. 1 (1840)

Hans Rott (1858-1884)

Der Sänger (1880)

Geistergruss (c.1876-7)

Wandrer's Nachtlid (1876)

Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)

Im April (1865)

Herbstkummer (1864)

Mein Herz und deine Stimme

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

3 Gedichte von Michelangelo (1897)

Wohl denk ich oft • Alles endet, was entstehet • Fühlt meine Seele

Interval

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

Songs and Dances of Death (1875-7)

Lullaby • Serenade • Trepak • The Field Marshal

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

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

*Revelge • Der Schildwache Nachtlid • Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz •
Der Tamboursg'sell • Urlicht*

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'Blondels Lied' is **Schumann's** only setting of a poem by Johann Gabriel Seidl, who we associate with Schubert ('Die Taubenpost'). Here, the faithful minstrel Blondel finds the captive Richard the Lionheart, English monarch from 1189-99; the tale of a heroic deed done by a musician would naturally appeal to composers. The teenage Schumann was so impressed with Heine's verse that he sought a meeting with the poet in 1828 and was surprised to find not the misanthrope he expected, but a slender, refined man with blonde hair, a high forehead and a gracious manner. 12 years later, Schumann returned to Heine's poetry for his 'miracle year' of song in 1840, including several remarkable ballads. In 'Die beiden Grenadiere', two French soldiers taken prisoner when Napoleon's Great Army came to ruin in Russia's ice and snow in 1812 have been released and are on their way home. When they arrive in Germany, they hear that Napoleon has been taken prisoner. Of the two, the realist declares allegiance only to his family, but his fanatical companion renounces all other loyalties, sings the *Marseillaise*, then dies, swearing fealty beyond the grave. In Schumann's funereal postlude, we hear both the chromatic consequences of defeat and, perhaps, his own mourning for one of his childhood gods. In Heine's 'Die feindlichen Brüder', two brothers kill each other fighting over a woman, and their ghosts continue the enmity through the ages. Schumann returns over and over to the same music, its deliberately elemental minor mode harmonies relieved only by the interlude in relative major to tell of love for the Countess Laura. 'Belsazar' tells of the fall of the neo-Babylonian empire, ruled by Belshazzar, to the Persian emperor Cyrus in 539 BC: this ballad of insurrection against corrupt monarchy was published as a stand-alone opus, three years before European revolutions that everyone could see coming in the mid-1840s. At the end, the singer chants '*umgebracht*' ('done to death'), the dangerous word echoing in the silence that replaces the customary piano postlude.

In his native Vienna, **Hans Rott** studied organ with Anton Bruckner and composition with Franz Krenn (also one of Mahler's teachers). En route to a position in Mülhausen, he suffered a nervous breakdown – he claimed that Brahms, who had mercilessly critiqued his first symphony, had put explosives in the train cabin – and was taken to the Lower Austrian Insane Asylum in 1881, dying three years later of tuberculosis. Of his five songs on poems by Goethe, we hear a lengthy ballad (the long, highly dramatic 'Der Sänger'), a miniature ghost story ('Geistergruss'), and the immortal 'Wandrer's Nachtlid', which Rott set as a solemn melody accompanied by processional octaves in the bass and repeated chords, like a slowly-ticking clock or heartbeats bearing us to rest in death.

In one anecdote, **Bruckner** was once asked by the singer Rosa Papier why he didn't write songs like Brahms. Bruckner supposedly replied, 'I could if I wanted to, but I don't want to.' He wrote no songs during his Vienna years (1868-1896), but eight songs date to his early time in St Florian's and Linz. 'Im April' is a

paean to the arrival of spring, its rolled chords evoking both solemnity and wafting breezes. 'Herbstkummer' begins with Brahmsian-autumnal 'falling leaf' figures in the piano and continues with the hope that a cherished rose will survive the winter to come. 'Mein Herz und deine Stimme' celebrates the magic of the loved one's voice; we hear the singer's inner happiness in the swinging-swaying triplet piano figuration throughout, pausing briefly for an excess of rapture before the motion resumes.

Hugo Wolf's last songs, composed shortly after his 37th birthday, are musical portraits of Michelangelo's poetry Teutonized. 'Wohl denk ich oft' contrasts past neglect with triumphal artistic fame. The second song, 'Alles endet, was entstehet', is one of Wolf's greatest masterpieces – and he knew it. 'A vision of dry bones singing', Frank Walker called it, in its utmost distillation of rising-and-falling semitone figures. 'Fühlt meine Seele' engages similar semitone figures – one appears nakedly in the low bass two-thirds of the way through – but does so to express erotic anguish on earth.

In **Modest Musorgsky's** *Songs and Dances of Death*, Death in different guises cajoles, commands, seduces, dances – and always prevails. Only four songs of a projected longer set were completed: a lullaby to a dying child as its terrified mother protests, a love serenade to a dying girl, a trepak dance-song with a drunken peasant in the snow, and a mighty commander reviewing his troop of corpses during and after a battle. Throughout, we hear Musorgsky's idiosyncratic, powerful, uniquely beautiful musical language.

Born in Bohemian Kaliste, moving to the Moravian town of Iglau, the child **Mahler** was fascinated by the military music he heard in the nearby barracks. The adult composer's favorite source of poetic texts was *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ('The Youth's Magic Horn') of 1806-8, an anthology in three volumes of German folk poems compiled, and occasionally written, by the Romantic poets Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano. Among the 20-plus *Wunderhorn* songs composed at different times between 1892 and 1901 are numerous so-called 'military nocturnes', in which soldiers who die and become skeletons on review ('Revelge'), homesick deserters brought back for execution ('Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz'), sentinels by night ('Der Schildwache Nachtlid'), drummer boys ('Der Tamboursg'sell') and the like parade through poetry and song. But we end with an invocation of the celestial. From its opening conjuration of a red rose to its impassioned repetitions of the name of God, 'Urlicht' is one of Mahler's most beautiful songs. Such is the weight of human misery that the poetic persona would prefer to be in heaven, but he trusts in God to lead him into eternity at the right time.

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Blondels Lied Op. 53

No. 1 (1840)

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Spähend nach dem Eisengitter
Bei des Mondes hellem Schein,
Steht ein Minstrel mit der Zither
Vor dem Schlosse Dürrenstein,
Stimmt sein Spiel zu sanfter Weise
Und beginnt sein Lied dazu,
Denn ein Ahnen sagt ihm leise:
„Suche treu, so findest du!“

König Richard, Held von Osten,
Sankst du wirklich schon hinab?
Muss dein Schwert im Meere
 rosten,
Oder deckt dich fern ein
 Grab?
Suchend dich auf allen Wegen,
Walt dein Minstrel ohne Ruh',
Denn ihm sagt ein leises Regen:
„Suche treu, so findest du!“

Hoffe, Richard, und vertraue,
Treue lenkt und leitet mich.
Und im fernen Heimatgaue
Betet Liebe still für dich.
Blondel folget deinen Bahnen,
Margot winkt dir sehrend zu,
Deinem Minstrel sagt ein Ahnen:
„Suche treu, so findest du!“

Horch, da tönt es leise, leise
Aus dem Burgverliess empor,
Eine wohlbekannte Weise
Klingt an Blondels lauschend Ohr.
Wie ein Freundesruf, ein traurer,
Schallt sein eigen Lied ihm zu,
Und sein Ahnen sagt ihm
 lauter:
„Suche treu, so findest du!“

Was er sang, das singt er wieder,
Wieder tönt es ihm zurück,
Süßes Echo klingt hernieder,
Keine Täuschung, sichres Glück!
Den er sucht auf seinen Bahnen,
Ach, sein König ruft ihm zu,
Nicht vergebens war sein Ahnen:
„Suche treu, so findest du!“

Heimwärts fliegt er mit der Kunde,
Da war Leid und Freude gross,

Blondel's Song

Peering through the iron bars
in the bright moonlight,
a minstrel stands with his zither
before Dürrenstein Castle,
he tunes it for a gentle air
and then begins his song,
for instinct tells him softly:
'Seek in faith, and you shall find!'

King Richard, hero of the East,
have you really perished?
Must your sword rust in the
 sea,
or does a distant grave conceal
 you?
Seeking you on every path,
your minstrel wanders without rest,
for instinct tells him softly:
'Seek in faith, and you shall find!'

Hope, Richard, and have trust,
loyalty leads and guides me,
and in your distant native land,
love in silence prays for you.
Blondel follows your trail,
Margot yearns for your return;
instinct tells your minstrel:
'Seek in faith, and you shall find!'

Hark! The very faintest sound
rises from the castle dungeon,
a familiar melody
reaches Blondel's listening ear.
Like a dear friend's greeting,
his own song echoes back to him,
and instinct now more strongly
 tells him:
'Seek in faith, and you shall find!'

What he sang, he sings again,
and it echoes back once more,
resounding sweetly back again,
no delusion, certain joy!
Him he sought along the trail,
ah, the king now calls to him,
his instinct was not in vain,
'Seek in faith, and you shall find!'

Home he flies with the tidings,
great was the sorrow and joy,

Fliegt zurück mit edler Runde,
Kauft den teuren König los.
Rings umstaunt vom frohen Kreise,
Stürzt der Held dem Sänger zu;
Gut bewährt hat sich die Weise:
„Suche treu, so findest du!“

Die feindlichen Brüder Op. 49 No. 2 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Oben auf des Berges Spitze
Liegt das Schloss in Nacht
 gehüllt;
Doch im Tale leuchten Blitze,
Helle Schwerter klirren wild.

Das sind Brüder, die dort
 fechten
Grimmen Zweikampf,
 wutentbrannt.
Sprich, warum die Brüder
 rechten
Mit dem Schwerte in der Hand?

Gräfin Lauras Augenfunken
Zündeten den Brüderstreit;
Beide glühen liebebrunken
Für die adlig holde Maid.

Welchem aber von den beiden
Wendet sich ihr Herze zu?
Kein Ergrübeln kann's
 entscheiden –
Schwert heraus, entscheide du!

Und sie fechten kühn verwegen,
Hieb auf Hiebe niederkracht's.
Hütet euch, ihr wilden Degen,
Grausig Blendwerk schleicht
 nachts.

Wehe! Wehe! blut'ge Brüder!
Wehe! Wehe! blut'ges Tal!
Beide Kämpfer stürzen nieder,
Einer in des andern Stahl. –

Viel Jahrhunderte verwehen,
Viel Geschlechter deckt das Grab;
Traurig von des Berges Höhen
Schaut das öde Schloss herab.

Aber nachts, im Talesgrunde,
Wandelt's heimlich, wunderbar;

back he flies with a noble escort,
and ransoms his beloved king.
All around stand astonished,
as the hero embraces his minstrel:
his refrain has at last proved true –
'Seek in faith, and you shall find!'

The warring brothers

High on the mountain summit
stands the castle, veiled in
 night;
but in the valley lightning flashes,
bright swords fiercely clash.

Those are brothers fighting
 there,
rage-inflamed, a dreadful
 duel.
Pray, why are those brothers
 fighting,
each of them with sword in hand?

Countess Laura's sparkling eyes
kindled the brothers' quarrel;
both burn with love and passion
for that sweet and noble maid.

But to which of them
does her heart incline?
No pondering can resolve
 it –
out, then, sword, let you decide!

And bold and rash they do battle,
blow on blow crashes down.
Beware, O savage warriors,
night brings cruel
 deception.

Alack, alack now, bloody brothers!
Alack, alack now, bloody vale!
Both fighters are felled,
each by the other's sword.

Many centuries pass by,
many generations die away;
sadly from the mountain heights
the desolate castle looks down.

But at night, deep in the valley,
the scene changes mysteriously;

Wenn da kommt die zwölfte
Stunde,
Kämpfet dort das Brüderpaar.
at the first stroke of
midnight,
still the brothers fight it out.

Belsazar Op. 57 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Die Mitternacht zog näher
schon;
In stummer Ruh' lag Babylon.
The midnight hour was drawing
on;
in hushed repose lay Babylon.

Nur oben in des Königs Schloss,
Da flackert's, da lärmt des
Königs Tross.
But high in the castle of the king,
torches flare, the king's men
clamour.

Dort oben in dem Königssaal
Belsazar hielt sein
Königsmahl.
Up there in the royal hall
Belshazzar was holding his
royal feast.

Die Knechte sassen in
schimmernden Reihn,
Und leerten die Becher mit
funkelndem Wein.
The vassals sat in shimmering
rows,
and emptied the beakers of
glistening wine.

Es klirrten die Becher, es
jauchzten die Knecht';
So klang es dem störrigen
Könige recht.
The vassals made merry, the
goblets rang;
noise pleasing to that obdurate
king.

Des Königs Wangen leuchten
Glut;
Im Wein erwuchs ihm kecker
Mut.
The king's cheeks glow like
coals;
his impudence grew as he
quaffed the wine.

Und blindlings reisst der Mut ihn
fort;
Und er lästert die Gottheit mit
sündigem Wort.
And arrogance carries him
blindly away;
and he blasphemes God with
sinful words.

Und er brüstet sich frech, und
lästert wild;
Die Knechtschar ihm Beifall
brüllt.
And he brags insolently,
blasphemes wildly;
the crowd of vassals roar him
on.

Der König rief mit stolzem
Blick;
Der Diener eilt und kehrt
zurück.
The king called out with pride in
his eyes;
the servant hurries out and then
returns.

Er trug viel gülden Gerät auf
dem Haupt;
Das war aus dem Tempel
Jehovas geraubt.
He bore many vessels of gold on
his head;
plundered from Jehovah's
temple.

Belshazzar

Und der König ergriff mit frevler
Hand
Einen heiligen Becher, gefüllt
bis am Rand.
With impious hand the
king
grabs a sacred beaker filled to
the brim.

Und er leert' ihn hastig bis auf
den Grund
Und ruft laut mit
schäumendem Mund:
And he drains it hastily down to
the dregs,
and shouts aloud through
foaming lips:

Jehova! dir künd' ich auf ewig
Hohn, –
Ich bin der König von Babylon!
'Jehovah! I offer you eternal
scorn –
I am the king of Babylon!'

Doch kaum das grause Wort
verklang,
Dem König ward's heimlich im
Busen bang.
Those terrible words had hardly
faded,
than the king was filled with
secret fear.

Das gellende Lachen
verstummte zumal;
Es wurde leichenstill im Saal.
The shrill laughter was suddenly
silent;
it became deathly still in the hall.

Und sieh! und sieh! an weisser
Wand
Da kam's hervor wie
Menschenhand;
And see! and see! on the white
wall
a shape appeared like a human
hand;

Und schrieb und schrieb an
weisser Wand
Buchstaben von Feuer, und
schrieb und schwand.
And wrote and wrote on the
white wall
letters of fire, and wrote and
went.

Der König stieren Blicks da
sass,
Mit schlotternden Knien und
totenblass.
The king sat there with staring
eyes,
with trembling knees and pale
as death.

Die Knechtschar sass kalt
durchgraut,
Und sass gar still, gab keinen
Laut.
The host of vassals sat stricken
with horror,
and sat quite still, and made no
sound.

Die Magier kamen, doch keiner
verstand
Zu deuten die Flammenschrift
an der Wand.
The soothsayers came, not one
of them all
could interpret the letters of fire
on the wall.

Belsazar ward aber in selbiger
Nacht
Von seinen Knechten
umgebracht.
Belshazzar however in that
same night
was done to death by his own
vassals.

Die beiden Grenadiere

Op. 49 No. 1 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei
Grenadier',
Die waren in Russland gefangen.
Und als sie kamen ins deutsche
Quartier,
Sie liessen die Köpfe hangen.

Da hörten sie beide die traurige
Mär:
Dass Frankreich verloren
gegangen,
Besiegt und geschlagen das
tapfere Heer –
Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser
gefangen.

Da weinten zusammen die
Grenadier'
Wohl ob der kläglichen Kunde.
Der Eine sprach: Wie weh wird mir,
Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!

Der Andre sprach: Das Lied ist
aus
Auch ich möcht mit dir sterben,
Doch hab ich Weib und Kind zu
Haus,
Die ohne mich verderben.

Was schert mich Weib, was
schert mich Kind,
Ich trage weit bess'eres Verlangen;
Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie
hungrig sind, –
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser
gefangen!

Gewähr mir, Bruder, eine Bitt':
Wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
So nimm meine Leiche nach
Frankreich mit,
Begrab' mich in Frankreichs Erde.

Das Ehrenkreuz am roten Band
Sollst du aufs Herz mir
legen;
Die Flinte gib mir in die Hand,
Und gürt' mir um den Degen.

So will ich liegen und horchen still.
Wie eine Schildwach', im Grabe,

The two grenadiers

Two grenadiers, held captive in
Russia,
were marching back to France,
and when they set foot on
German soil,
they hung their heads.

For here they learnt the sorry
tale
that France was lost
forever,
her valiant army beaten and
shattered –
and the Emperor, the Emperor
captured.

The grenadiers then wept
together,
as they heard of these sad tidings.
The first said: Ah, the agony,
how my old wound is burning!

The second said: This is the
end,
if only we could die together,
but I've a wife and child at
home,
who without me would perish.

To hell with wife, to hell with
child,
I strive for far higher things;
let them beg, if they are
hungry –
my Emperor, my Emperor
captured!

Grant me, brother, one request,
if I am now to die,
take my corpse with you to
France,
bury me in French soil.

You shall lay on my heart
the Cross of Valour with its red
ribbon;
and place my musket in my hand
and gird my sword about me.

So shall I lie and listen
like a silent sentry in my grave,

Bis einst ich höre Kanonengebrüll
Und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe.

Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl
über mein Grab,
Viel Schwerter klirren und
blitzen;
Dann steig' ich gewaffnet
hervor aus dem Grab, –
Den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu
schützen.

Hans Rott (1858-1884)

Der Sänger (1880)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

„Was hör ich draussen vor dem
Tor,
Was auf der Brücke schallen?
Lass den Gesang vor unserm Ohr
Im Saale widerhallen!“
Der König sprach's, der Page lief;
Der Knabe kam, der König
rief:
„Lasst mir herein den Alten!“

„Gegrüsset seid mir, edle Herrn,
Gegrüsst ihr, schöne Damen!
Welch' reicher Himmel! Stern
bei Stern!
Wer kennet ihre Namen?
Im Saal voll Pracht und
Herrlichkeit
Schliesst, Augen, euch; hier ist
nicht Zeit,
Sich staunend zu ergetzen.“

Der Sänger drückt' die Augen ein
Und schlug in vollen Tönen;
Die Ritter schauten mutig drein
Und in den Schoss die Schönen.
Der König, dem das Lied gefiel,
Liess, ihn zu ehren für sein Spiel,
Eine goldne Kette holen.

„Die goldne Kette gib mir nicht,
Die Kette gib den Rittern,
Vor deren kühnem Angesicht
Der Feinde Lanzen splitttern;
Gib sie dem Kanzler, den du hast,
Und lass ihn noch die goldne
Last
Zu andern Lasten tragen.

until I hear the cannons' roar
and the horses gallop and neigh.

My Emperor will then ride over
my grave,
swords will be clashing and
flashing;
I shall then rise fully armed
from the grave –
to defend the Emperor, my
Emperor.

The minstrel

'What do I hear outside the
gate,
what sounds from the bridge?
Let that song resound for us
here inside this hall!
So spake the king, the page ran,
the boy returned, the king
exclaimed:
'Let the old man enter!'

'Hail to you, O noble lords,
hail to you, fair ladies!
How rich a heaven! Star on
star!
Who can tell their names?
In this hall of pomp and
splendour,
close, O eyes; here is no
time
for amazement and delight.'

The minstrel shut tight his eyes
and struck up with full voice;
the knights looked on gallantly,
the ladies gazed into their laps.
The king, enchanted with the song,
sent for a golden chain
to reward him for his playing.

'Give not the golden chain to me,
give it to your knights,
before whose bold countenance
the enemy lances shatter;
give it to your chancellor
and let him add its golden
weight
to his other burdens.

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnet;
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle
dringt,
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.
Doch darf ich bitten, bitt ich eins:
Lass mir den besten Becher Weins
In purem Golde reichen.“

I sing as the bird sings
in the branches;
the song that bursts from the
throat
is its own abundant reward.
But if I may, I'll beg one boon:
let the best wine be brought me
in a beaker of pure gold.'

Er setzt' ihn an, er trank ihn
aus:
„Trank voll süsser Labe!
O wohl dem hochbeglückten
Haus,
Wo das ist kleine Gabe!
Ergeht's euch wohl, so denkt an
mich,
Und danket Gott so warm, als ich
Für diesen Trunk euch danke.“

He put it to his lips, he drank it
dry:
'Draught full of sweet refreshment!
O happy that highly-favoured
house,
where that is a trifling gift!
If you prosper, think of
me,
and thank God as warmly
as I thank you for this draught.'

Geistergruss (c.1876-7)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Hoch auf dem alten Turme steht
Des Helden edler Geist,
Der, wie das Schiff vorüber geht,
Es wohl zu fahren heisst.

Ghostly greeting

High on the ancient turret
stands the hero's noble shade,
and bids the passing ship
a safe voyage.

„Sieh, diese Sehne war so stark,
Dies Herz so fest und wild,
Die Knochen voll von
Rittermark,
Der Becher angefüllt;

'See, these sinews were so strong,
this heart so wild and steadfast,
these limbs full of knightly
valour,
this goblet filled to the brim;

Mein halbes Leben stürmt' ich fort,
Verdehnt' die Hälf' in
Ruh,
Und du, du Menschenschifflein dort,
Fahr' immer, immer zu!“

for half my life I ventured forth,
in peace the other half stretched
out,
and you, little ship of mankind,
sail onward, ever onward!'

Wandrer's Nachtlied (1876)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen im
Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Wanderer's nightsong

Over every mountain-top
lies peace,
in every tree-top
you scarcely feel
a breath of wind;
the little birds are hushed in the
wood.
Wait, soon you too
will be at peace.

Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)

Im April (1865)

Emanuel von Geibel

Du feuchter Frühlingsabend,
Wie hab' ich dich so gern!
Der Himmel wolkenverhangen,
Nur hier und da ein Stern.

In April

O moist spring evening,
how I love you so!
The sky is overcast
with only an occasional star.

Wie leiser Himmelsodem
Hauchet so lau die Luft,
Es steigt aus allen Tälern
Ein warmer Veilchenduft.

The air is as mild
as a gentle breath of heaven,
there climbs from every valley
a warm scent of violets.

Ich möcht' ein Lied ersinnen,
Das diesem Abend gleich,
Und kann den Klang nicht finden,
So dunkel, mild und weich.

I should like to compose a song
to resemble such an evening,
but cannot manage to find
such a dark, soft and gentle tone.

Herbstkummer (1864)

Matthias Jacob Schleiden

Die Blumen vergehen, der
Sommer ist hin,
Die Blätter verwehen. Das trübt
mir den Sinn.
Ein Röslein, das bracht' ich im
Sommer ins Haus,
Es hält ihn, so dacht' ich, den
Winter wohl aus.
Die Vögelein sangen, es
lauschte der Hain,
Die Rehlein, sie sprangen im
Mondenschein,
Der Blümlein so viel hier
erblühten im Thal,
Von allen gefiel mir das Röslein
zumal.

Autumn sorrow

The flowers fade, the summer
has gone,
the leaves scatter. That saddens
my soul.
In the summer I brought a little
rose indoors,
it will probably, I thought, last
the winter.
Little birds sang, the grove
listened,
the fawns gambolled in the
moonlight,
to all the flowers blooming here
in the valley,
I preferred my little
rose.

Der Herbst ist gekommen, der
Sturm braust heran,
Die Luft ist verglommen, der
Winter begann.
Gern wollt' ich nicht klagen um
Stürme und Schnee,
Könnt's Röslein ertragen das
eisige Weh!
O schon' mir die Zarte, das
liebliche Kind,
Die Eiche, die harte, umbrause
du, Wind!

Autumn has come, storms are
brewing,
the air has lost its glow, winter
has begun.
I'd willingly not mind the storms
and the snow,
if the little rose could bear the
icy pain!
Spare, O wind, the sweet and
tender child,
roar around the hard oak
instead!

Blüh', Röslein, ohn' Bangen, von
Liebe bewacht,
Bis Winter vergangen und Mai
wieder lacht!

Blossom, little rose, without
fear, watched over by love,
till winter has vanished and May
laughs once more!

Mein Herz und deine Stimme

August von Platen-Hallermünde

Lass tief in dir mich lesen,
Verhehl' mir dies auch nicht,
Was für ein Zauberwesen
Aus deiner Stimme spricht!

My heart and your voice

Let me read deep within you,
and do not conceal from me
what a magic being
speaks from your voice!

So viele Worte dringen
An's Ohr uns ohne Plan,
Und während sie verklingen,
Ist alles abgetan!

So many words reach
our ears to no purpose;
and even as they fade away,
they are forgotten!

Doch drängt sich nur von ferne
Dein Ton zu mir sich her,
Behorch' ich ihn so gerne,
Vergess' ich ihn so schwer.

But your tones can reach
my ears even from afar,
I so love listening to them,
I never forget them at all.

Ich bebe dann, entglimme
Von allzu rascher Glut:
Mein Herz und deine Stimme
Versteh'n sich allzu gut!

Then I quiver, kindled
with a sudden fire;
my heart and your voice
understand each other all too well!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

3 Gedichte von Michelangelo (1897)

Wohl denk ich oft

Wohl denk' ich oft an mein
vergang'nes Leben,
Wie es, vor meiner Liebe für
Dich, war;
Kein Mensch hat damals Acht
auf mich gegeben,
Ein jeder Tag verloren für mich
war.
Ich dachte wohl, ganz dem
Gesang zu leben,
Auch mich zu flüchten aus der
Menschen Schar . . .
Genannt in Lob und Tadel bin
ich heute,
Und, dass ich da bin, wissen alle
Leute!

I often recall

I often recall my past
life,
as it was before I loved
you;
no one then paid heed to
me,
each day for me was a
loss.
I thought to live for song
alone,
and flee the thronging
crowd . . .
Today my name is praised and
censured,
and the entire world knows that
I exist!

Alles endet, was entsteht

Alles endet, was entsteht,
Alles, alles rings vergehet,
Denn die Zeit flieht, und die
Sonne sieht,
Sieht, dass alles rings vergehet,

Denken, Reden, Schmerz und
Wonne;
Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten
Schwanden wie bei Tag die
Schatten,
Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
Menschen waren wir ja auch,
Froh und traurig, so wie
ihr;
Und nun sind wir leblos hier,
Sind nur Erde, wie ihr
sehst;
Alles endet, was entsteht,
Alles, alles rings vergehet!

All must end that has beginning

All must end that has beginning,
all things round us perish,
for time is fleeting, and the
sun
sees that all things round us
perish,
thought, speech, pain and
rapture;
and our children's children
vanished as shadows by
day,
as mists in a breeze.
We were also human beings,
with joys and sorrows like your
own;
and now there is no life in us,
we are but earth, as you can
see;
all must end that has beginning,
all things round us perish!

Fühlt meine Seele

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte
Licht von Gott,
Der sie erschuf? Ist es der
Strahl
Von and'rer Schönheit aus dem
Jammertal,
Der in mein Herz
erinnerungweckend bricht?
Ist es ein Klang, ein Traumgesicht,
Das Aug' und Herz mir füllt mit
einem Mal
In unbegreiflich glüh'nder Qual,
Die mich zu Tränen bringt? Ich
weiss es nicht.
Was ich ersehne, fühle, was
mich lenkt,
Ist nicht in mir: Sag' mir, wie
ich's erwerbe?
Mir zeigt es wohl nur eines
And'ren Huld.
Darein bin ich, seit ich Dich sah,
versenkt;
Mich treibt ein Ja und Nein, ein
Süss und Herbe ...
Daran sind, Herrin, Deine Augen
Schuld!

Does my soul feel

Does my soul feel the longed-
for light
of God who created it? Is it the
ray
of some other beauty from this
vale of tears
that storms my heart,
awakening memories?
Is it a sound, a vision in a dream
that suddenly fills my eyes and
heart
with inconceivable, searing pain,
reducing me to tears? I do not
know.
What I long for, what I feel,
what guides me
is not in me: tell me how to
achieve it!
Only another's favour is likely to
reveal it.
This has absorbed me, since
seeing you;
I am torn between yes and no,
bitterness and sweetness . . .
Your eyes, my lady, are the
cause!

Interval

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

Songs and Dances of Death (1875-7)

Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov

Lullaby

Stonet rebyonok... Svecha,
nagoraya,
Tusklo mertsat krugom.
Tseluyu noch kolybelku
kachaya,
Mat ne zabylyasya snom.
Ranyim-ranyokhonko v dver
ostorozhno
Smert serdobolnaya
stuk!
Vzdrognula ma', oglyanulas
trevozhno...
'Polno pugatsya, moi
drug!
Blednoe utro uzh smotrit v
okoshko...
Placha, toskuya,
lyublya,
Ty utomilas, vzdremni-ka
nemnozhko,
Ya posizhu za tebya.
Ugomonit ty ditya ne sumela.
Slashche tebya ya
spoyu.' –
'Tishe! rebyonok moi
mechetsya, byotsya,
Dushu terzaya moyu!'
'Nu, da so mnoyu on skoro
uimyotsya.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'
'Shchyochki bledneyut, slabeet
dykhanye...
Da zamolchi-zhe, molyu!' –
'Dobroe znamenye, stikhnet
stradanye,
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'
'Proch ty,
proklyataya!
Laskoi svoeyu sgubish ty radost
moyu!'
'Net, mirnyi son ya mladentsu
naveyu.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.' –
'Szhalsya, pozhdi dopevat khot
mgnoven'ye,
Strashnyu pesnyu tvoyu!'

Songs and Dances of Death

Lullaby

A child moans... a candle,
burning low,
casts its dull flicker all around.
All through the night, as she
rocks the cradle,
a mother has not slept.
Early in the morning comes the
gentle knock
of Death, the compassionate
one, at the door!
The mother shudders, anxiously
looking around her...
'There's no need to be afraid,
my friend!
The pale morning is peeping
through the window...
you have worn yourself out with
crying, longing, loving,
so rest a while, my
dear,
and I will take your place at his side.
You couldn't soothe the little child,
but I can sing more sweetly
than you.'
'Shhh! The child is tossing and
turning,
my heart grieves to see him thus!'
'Come now, with me he will
soon calm down,
hushaby, hushaby-hush.'
'His cheeks are so pale, his
breathing so shallow...
please be quiet, I beg you!'
'That's a good sign, his suffering
will soon be over,
hushaby, hushaby-hush.'
'Be away with you, accursed
woman!
You will destroy my joy with
your caresses!'
'No, I will waft the sleep of
peace over the infant,
hushaby, hushaby-hush.'
'Have pity! Cease your singing
for just a moment,
cease your terrible song!'

'Vidish, usnul on pod tikhoe
penye.
Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'

Serenade

Nega volshebnaya, noch
golubaya,
Trepetnyi sumrak vesny.
Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoi,
bolnaya
Shopot nochnoi
tishiny.
Son ne smykaet blestyashchie
ochi,
Zhizn k naslazhdenyu zovyot,
A pod okoshkom v molchani
polnochi
Smert serenadu poyot:
'V mrake nevoli surovoy i
tesnoy
Molodost vyanet tvoya;
Rytsar nevedomyi, siloi chudesnoy
Osvobozhu ya
tebya.
Vstan, posmotri na sebya:
krasotoyu
Lik tvoi prozrachnyi blestit,
Shchyoki rummy, volnistoy
kosoyu
Stan tvoi, kak tuchey obvit.
Pristalnykh glaz goluboy
siyanye,
Yarcho nebes i ognya;
Znoem poludennym veyet
dykhanye...
Ty obolstila menya.
Slukh tvoi plenilsya moey
serenadoy,
Rytsarya shopot tvoi
zval,
Rytsar prishyol za posledney
nagradoy:
Chas upoenya nastal.
Nezhen tvoi stan, upoitelen
trepety...
O, zadushu ya
tebya
V krepkiy obyatyakh: lyubovnyy
moi lepet
Slushai!... molchi!... Ty moyu!'

'See now, my quiet song has
sung him to sleep,
hushaby, hushaby-hush.'

Serenade

Languid enchantment, the blue
of the night,
the quivering half-light of spring.
Ailing, her head hung low, the
young woman
listens to the whisper of night's
stillness.
Sleep cannot close her shining
eyes,
life's pleasures summon her still,
but under her window, in the
silence of midnight,
death sings this soft serenade:
'In the gloom of confinement,
severe and narrow,
your youth is fading;
but I, a mysterious knight,
will free you with my wondrous
power.
Rise and look on yourself: your
countenance
shines with limpid beauty,
your cheeks are flushed, and
your rippling tresses
encircle your waist like clouds.
The radiant blue of your eager
eyes
is brighter than heaven or flame;
your breath is as the midday
heat...
you have bewitched me.
Your hearing is captivated by
my serenade,
your whispering summoned this
knight,
who has come for his final
reward:
the hour of rapture is nigh.
Your form is fair and your
trembling – enchanting...
ah, I shall smother you in my
strong embrace:
listen to my words of
love!
Be silent!... You are mine!'

Trepak

Les da polyany, bezlyudye
krugom.
Vyuga i plachet i stonet,
Chuetsya, budto vo mrake
nochnom,
Zlaya, kogo-to
khoronit;
Glyad, tak i est! V temnote
muzhika
Smert obnimaet, laskaet,
S pyanenkim plyashet vdvoyom
trepaka,
Na ukho pesn napevaet:
'Oi, muzhichok, starichok
ubogoi,
Pyan napilsya, poplyolsya
dorogoi,
A myatel-to, vedma, podnyalas,
vzygrala.
S polya v les dremuchii
nevznachai zagnala.
Gorem, toskoi da nuzhdoi
tomimyi,
Lyag, prikorni, da usni, rodimyi!

Ya tebya, golubchik moi,
snezhkom sogreyu,
Vkrug tebya velikuyu igru
zateyu.
Vzbei-ka postel, ty myatel-
lebyodka!
Gei, nachinai, zapevai pogodka!
Skazku, da takuyu, chtob vsyu
noch tyanulas,
Chtob pyanchuge krepko pod
neyo zasnulos!
Oi, vy lesa, nebesa, da
tuchi,
Tem, veterok, da snezhok
letuchii!
Sveites pelenoyu, snezhnoi,
pukhovoyu;
Eyu, kak mladentsa, starichka
prikroyu...
Spi, moi druzhok, muzhichok
schastlivyi,
Leto prishlo, rastsvelo!
Nad nivoi solnyshko smeyotsya
da serpy glyayut,
Pesenka nesoytsya, golubki
letayut...

Trepak

Forests and glades, not a soul in
sight.
A blizzard wails and howls.
In the darkness of
night,
it is as if someone is being
buried by some evil force:
just look – it is so! in the
darkness,
death tenderly embraces a peasant,
leading the drunken man in a
lively dance,
and singing this song in his ear:
'Oh, poor peasant, pitiful old
man,
drunk and stumbling on your
way,
and the blizzard, like a witch,
rose up and raged,
driving you by chance from the
field into the deep woods.
Oppressed by grief and sadness
and want,
lay down, rest and sleep, my
dear!
I will warm you, my friend, with
a cover of snow,
weaving a great game around
you.
Whip up a bed, oh swan-like
snowstorm!
Hey, you elements, strike up a song,
spin a tale that will last all
night,
so that that old drunk might
sleep soundly to its strains!
Hey, you woods and heavens
and storm clouds,
darkness and winds and driving
snow!
Spin him a shroud of downy
snow,
and I will swathe the old man,
like a new-born child...
Sleep my friend. you fortunate
peasant,
summer has come, all in bloom!
The sun smiles down on the
cornfield and the sickles glimmer,
a song wafts across the air and
the doves are flying...'

The Field Marshal

Grokhochet bitva, bleshut
broni,
Orudya mednye revut,
Begut polki, nesutsya koni
I reki krasnye tekut.
Pylaet polden, lyudi byutsya;
Sklonilos solntse, boi
silnei;
Zakat bledneyet, no
derutsya
Vragi vse yarostnei i
zlei.
I pala noch na pole brani.
Druzhiny v mrake razoshlis...
Vsyo stikhlo, i v nochnom
tumane
Stenanya k nebu podnyalis.
Togda, ozarena lunoyu
Na boevom svoym kone,
Kostei sverkaya beliznoyu,
Yavilas smert; i v tishine,
Vnimaya vopli i molitvy,
Dovolstva gordogo polna,
Kak polkovodets mesto bitvy
Krugom obyekhala ona.
Na kholm podnyavshis,
oglyanulas,
Ostanovilas, ulybnulas...
I nad ravninoi boevoi
Razdalsya golos rokovoii:
'Konchena bitva! ya vsekh
pobedila!
Vse predo mnoi vy smirilis,
boitsy!
Zhizn vas possorila, ya
pomirila!
Druzhno vstavaite na smotr,
mertvetsy!
Marshem torzhestvennym mimo
proidite,
Voisko moyo ya khochu soschitat;
V zemlyu potom svoi kosti
slozhite,
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle
otdykhat!
Gody nezrimo proidut za
godami,
V lyudyakh ischeznet i pamyat o
vas.
Ya ne zabudu i gromko and
vami
Pir budu pravit v polunochnyi
chas!

The Field Marshal

The battle rages, the armour
flashes,
bronze canons roar,
regiments charge, horses gallop by
and red rivers flow.
Midday burns and men still fight;
the sun sinks low, yet the battle
rages ever more;
twilight fades, yet enemies are
locked
more violently, more fiercely in
conflict.
Night falls on the field of battle.
Legions disperse in the darkness...
all is calm, and in the darkness
of night
groans rise up to the sky.
And then, in the moonlight,
on her warhorse,
her white bones shining brightly,
death appears; and in the silence,
listening to the groans and prayers
with pride and pleasure,
she bestrides the field of battle
like a field marshal.
From atop of a mound she looks
around,
stops and smiles...
and across the war-torn plain
rings the sound of her fateful voice:
'The battle is over! I have
vanquished you all!
You have all surrendered before
me, ye warriors!
Life set you at odds, but I have
reconciled you!
Stand to attention for review, ye
dead!
March by in solemn
procession,
I wish to account for my troops;
then lay down your bones in the
earth,
and rest sweetly, rest life's
labours down!
The years will pass by
imperceptibly,
and you will slip from the
memory of the living.
Yet I will not forget you and will
host
a banquet at midnight over your
bones!

Plyaskoi tyazhyoloyu zemlyu
syryyu
Ya pritopchu, chtoby sen
grobovuyu
Kosti pokinut vovek ne mogli,
Chtob nikogda vam ne vstat iz
zemli!

The heavy tread of my dance
will trample down
the moist earth, so that your
bones may never more
escape the fastness of the grave,
so that you may never more rise
from the grave!

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

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

Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano

Revelge

Des Morgens zwischen drein
und vieren,
Da müssen wir Soldaten
marschieren
Das Gässlein auf und ab;
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Mein Schätzel sieht
herab.

Reveille

Between three and four of a
morning,
we soldiers have to
march
up and down the alleyway;
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
my love looks at me from her
window.

„Ach Bruder, jetzt bin ich
geschossen,
Die Kugel hat mich schwer
getroffen,
Trag mich in mein Quartier.
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Es ist nicht weit von hier.“

‘O comrade, I’ve been
shot,
the bullet’s wounded me
badly,
carry me back to the camp,
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
it isn’t far from here.’

„Ach Bruder, ich kann dich nicht
tragen,
Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen,
Helf dir der liebe Gott;
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Ich muss marschieren bis in
Tod.“

‘O comrade, I cannot carry
you,
the enemy have routed us,
may dear God help you;
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
I must march on to meet my
death.’

„Ach Brüder, ihr geht ja mir
vorüber,
Als wärs mit mir vorbei,
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Ihr tretet mir zu nah.“

‘Ah, comrades, you pass me
by,
as though I were done for,
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
you march too close to where I lie.’

„Ich muss wohl meine Trommel
rühren,
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley,
Sonst werd’ ich mich verlieren,
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Die Brüder dick gesät,
Sie liegen wie gemäht.“

‘I must now start to beat my
drum,
tralalee, tralalay, tralalee, tralalay,
or else I’ll be lost forever,
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
my comrades strewn so thick
lie like mown grass on the ground.’

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und
nieder,
Er wecket seine stillen Brüder,
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley,
Sie schlagen ihren Feind,
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Ein Schrecken schlägt den Feind.

Up and down he beats his
drum,
he wakes his silent comrades,
tralalee, tralalay, tralalee, tralalay,
they fall upon their foe,
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
and terror strikes the foe.

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und
nieder,
Da sind sie vor dem
Nachtquartier schon wieder,
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley,
Ins Gässlein hell hinaus,
Sie ziehn vor Schätzeleins
Haus,
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Sie ziehn vor Schätzeleins
Haus.

Up and down he beats his
drum,
soon they’re all back at
camp,
tralalee, tralalay, tralalee, tralalay,
out into the bright street
they pass before his
sweetheart’s house,
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
they pass before his
sweetheart’s house.

Des Morgens stehen da die
Gebeine,
In Reih und Glied, sie stehn wie
Leichensteine,
Die Trommel steht voran,
Dass sie ihn sehen kann,
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Dass sie ihn sehen kann.

There in the morning lie their
bones,
in rank and file like
tombstones,
at their head the drummer-boy
that she may see him there,
tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
that she may see him there.

Der Schildwache Nachtlied

„Ich kann und mag nicht fröhlich
sein,
Wenn alle Leute schlafen,
So muss ich wachen,
Muss traurig sein.“

The sentinel’s night song

‘I can’t and won’t be
cheerful,
when folk are asleep,
I must keep watch,
must be sad.’

„Lieb Knabe, du musst nicht
traurig sein,
Will deiner warten
Im Rosengarten,
Im grünen Klee.“

‘Dear boy, you must not be
sad,
I’ll wait for you
in the rose-garden,
in the green clover.’

„Zum grünen Klee da geh ich nicht,
Zum Waffengarten
Voll Helleparten
Bin ich gestellt.“

‘I cannot go to the green clover,
to the battle-field
where halberds are thick
is where I’m ordered.’

„Stehst du im Feld, so helf dir
Gott!
An Gottes Segen
Ist alles gelegen,
Wers glauben tut.“

‘When you stand in battle, may
God help you!
All depends
on God’s blessing,
for him with faith.’

„Wer's glauben tut, ist weit
davon,
Er ist ein König,
Er ist ein Kaiser,
Er führt den Krieg.“

'He who has faith is far from
here,
he is a king.
He is an emperor.
He wages war.'

Halt! Wer da? Rund! Bleib mir
vom Leib!

Halt! Who goes there? Patrol!
Keep away!

Wer sang es hier? Wer sang zur
Stund?

Who was singing here! Who
sang just now?

Verlorne Feldwacht

A forlorn sentinel

Sang es um Mitternacht!

sang his song at midnight!

Mitternacht! Mitternacht!

Midnight! Midnight!

Feldwacht!

Sentinel!

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz

At Strasbourg on the ramparts

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz,
Da ging mein Trauern an,
Das Alphorn hört ich drüben
wohl anstimmen,
Ins Vaterland musst ich hinüber
schwimmen;
Das ging ja nicht an.

At Strasbourg on the ramparts
my troubles began;
I heard the alpine horn over
there,
I had to swim across to my
fatherland;
and that was not allowed.

Ein' Stund in der Nacht
Sie haben mich gebracht;
Sie führten mich gleich vor des
Hauptmanns Haus,
Ach Gott, sie fischten mich im
Strome aus,
Mit mir ist es aus.

In the middle of the night
they brought me back;
they took me at once to the
captain's house,
they fished me out of the water,
my God!
I'm done for now.

Früh morgens um zehn Uhr
Stellt man mich vor's
Regiment;
Ich soll da bitten um Pardon,
Und ich bekomme doch meinen
Lohn,
Das weiss ich schon.

In the early morning at ten o'clock
they'll stand me before the
regiment;
I'll have to beg for pardon,
yet I will get my due
reward,
that much I know.

Ihr Brüder allzumal,
Heut seht ihr mich zum
letztenmal;
Der Hirtenbub ist nur schuld
daran,
Das Alphorn hat mir's angetan,
Das klag ich an.

You comrades, everywhere,
you'll see me today for the last
time;
the shepherd boy's alone to
blame,
I could not resist the alpine horn,
that's what I accuse.

Der Tambourg'ssell

The drummer-boy

Ich armer Tambourg'ssell.
Man führt mich aus dem G'wölb,

Woe is me, poor drummer-boy.
They lead me from my cell,

Wär ich ein Tambour geblieben,
Dürft ich nicht gefangen liegen.

had I remained a drummer,
I'd not have been in prison.

O Galgen, du hohes Haus,
Du siehst so furchtbar aus,
Ich schau dich nicht mehr an,
Weil i weiss, dass i g'hör dran.

O gallows, you lofty house,
how grim you seem to me,
I'll look at you no more,
for I know you're meant for me.

Wenn Soldaten vorbei-marschiern,
Bei mir nit einquartiern.
Wann sie fragen wer i g'wesen bin:
Tambour von der Leibkompanie.

When the soldiers march past
to quarters other than mine,
and when they ask who I was:
drummer to the King's Bodyguard.

Gute Nacht, ihr Marmelstein,
Ihr Berg und Hügelein,
Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Musketier,

Good night, you stones of marble,
you mountains and you hills,
good night, you officers,
corporals and musketeers.

Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Grenadier,
Ich schrei mit lauter Stimm,
Von euch ich Urlaub nimm,
Gute Nacht.

Good night, you officers,
corporals and grenadiers,
I cry out loud and clear:
I take my leave of you,
good night.

Urlicht

Primordial light

O Röschen Rot,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein,
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel
sein.
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt
mich abweisen,
Ach nein, ich liess mich nicht
abweisen!
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder
zu Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein
Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir bis an das
ewig selig Leben.

O red rose,
man lies in direst need,
man lies in direst pain,
I would rather be in
heaven.
I then came upon a broad path,
an angel came and sought to
turn me back,
Ah no! I refused to be turned
away.
I am from God and to God I will
return,
dear God will give me a
light,
will light my way to eternal
blessed life.

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