

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 30 July 2022 11.00am

Oxford Lieder Mahler Day

Paula Murrihy mezzo-soprano

Sholto Kynoch piano

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

From *Myrthen* Op. 25 (1840)

Widmung • Aus den östlichen Rosen

Schneeglöckchen from *Lieder-Album für die Jugend* Op. 79 (1849)

Jasminenstrauch Op. 27 No. 4 (1840)

Die Blume der Ergebung Op. 83 No. 2 (1850)

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Warum willst du and're fragen Op. 12 No. 3 (1841)

Die gute Nacht (1841)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Hans und Grete (1880)

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

Starke Einbildungskraft • Ablösung im Sommer

Frühlingsmorgen (1880)

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*
(1892-99, rev. 1901)

Rückert Lieder (1901-2)

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft • Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder •

Um Mitternacht • Liebst du um Schönheit •

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

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At the beginning of a day dedicated to Gustav Mahler, his music and his world, it is oddly fitting to open with **Robert Schumann**. Schumann was, after all, a mainstay of Mahler's repertoire as an orchestral conductor – controversially, Mahler reorchestrated Schumann's symphonies and performed these amended versions with the Vienna Philharmonic – though the composer was also no stranger to the Lieder, including playing the piano for a song recital while he was working in Hamburg.

Among the repertoire on that May evening in 1891 was 'Widmung' from *Myrthen* Op. 25. It is, quite rightly, one of Schumann's most famous songs, at first ardent and then hushed, before it resumes its amorous claims. The poet, of this and all the songs in this morning's opening set, is Friedrich Rückert, who would likewise go on to be one of Mahler's favourites.

'Aus den ostlichen Rosen', from the same Schumann opus, reveals another side of Rückert's poetic personality. Like Goethe before him, he was an avid Orientalist, particularly concerning Persian literature and culture. Schumann, however, eschews any exotic clichés in his guileless setting of the text. The plaintive vocal line and chromatic harmonies of 'Schneeglöckchen', taken from the much later *Lieder-Album für die Jugend* Op. 79, bring an unmistakable tinge of sadness to Rückert's more hopeful text, while the lot of the hapless 'Jasminenstrauch' is likewise undermined, with spring not bringing quite what it should.

More rapt is 'Die Blume der Ergebung'. Schumann dated the song April 1850, though it may well have been adapted from earlier material. It certainly feels like it could have been part of one of the collections from the *Liederjahr* of 1840. The themes already presented in 'Schneeglöckchen' and 'Jasminenstrauch' find richer expression here, with a wonderfully symbiotic relationship between the two musicians' intertwining melodies.

Cue **Clara Schumann** and 'Warum willst du and're fragen' from her Op. 12 set of songs, also published in the *12 Gedichte aus Friedrich Rückert's 'Liebesfrühling'* Op. 37 she shared with Robert. Like her husband, Clara was fond of Rückert's verse and, here, her gently mounting phrases demonstrate that the lover's fidelity is assured. Also from June 1841, though not included in Op. 37, is Clara's setting of Rückert's 'Die gute Nacht'. Others may have excused Robert for not including this valedictory setting when he came to edit and compile the collection – the song was only published in 1992 – but given its aching sincerity, his omission is hard to swallow.

Of course, **Mahler** would be even less encouraging when it came to his wife Alma's compositions (heard later today). This morning, instead, we hear a selection of Mahler's own songs, written long before the pair met and largely revolving around Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim's collection of folk poetry, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. The five Rückert settings, on the other hand, were composed in the year the Mahlers embarked on a shared life, with a relationship that soon proved even more fraught than that of the Schumanns.

The music of 'Hans und Grete', with its familiar if somewhat modified characters, is recalled in the *Scherzo* of Mahler's First Symphony, beginning a trend in which many of his early songs provided thematic material for orchestral works. 'Starke Einbildungskraft' features another young pair, with echoing calls, and was published in the second volume of Mahler's *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*. Summertime, a particularly special period, when the composer was free from conducting obligations and able to write, does not, however, bring joy for everyone, as described in 'Ablösung im Sommer'. But perhaps the pilfering cuckoo gets what he deserves. His death certainly allows the nightingale to sing with ease, both here and in the third movement of Mahler's Third Symphony.

'Frühlingsmorgen' was, like 'Hans und Grete', a much earlier song, with a text by Richard Leander, the pseudonym of the prominent German surgeon Richard von Volkmann. The parallels with the Schumanns' song writing are at their clearest, with another contiguous pair of melodies. Finally, 'Ich ging mit Lust', from the same volume as 'Starke Einbildungskraft', juxtaposes a hiker's confident words with the much darker truths he discovers in the forest.

At the turn of the century, several things changed in Mahler's life. He was suddenly a man of means, thanks to his directorship of the Court Opera House in Vienna. And he was also due to marry. At the same time, his literary interests shifted from the poetry of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* to another mainstay of German Romanticism: Friedrich Rückert. From the summer of 1901 to that of 1904, while working on his Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, Mahler set a number of Rückert's poems to music. We hear the five that were first published separately and then as a part of collection entitled *7 Lieder aus letzter Zeit*, though they are now more simply known as the *Rückert Lieder*.

The five songs fall into three types. The simplest of the set is 'Liebst du um Schönheit' – words which Clara Schumann also set to music. Mahler's composition is, much like her song, dedicated to the beloved; in Mahler's case, to Alma during the summer of 1902. From the previous year come two songs which celebrate the natural world: 'Ich atmet' einen linden Duft', with the lime tree's evocative perfume described in the piano's sweeping arpeggios: and 'Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder', where the instrument's niggling motifs suggest a swarm of hard-working bees.

Much more profound are the remaining two songs. 'Um Mitternacht' pictures a searing existential crisis in Lied form, as Mahler confronts his maker. But there are, arguably, even deeper truths to be found in 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen', in which the composer reveals a rare self-portrait: as a hermit, tucked away in his composing hut, working feverishly on his symphonies and songs, entirely 'lost to the world'.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

From *Myrthen* Op. 25 (1840)

Widmung

Friedrich Rückert

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein
Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich
schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir
beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich
mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir
verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über
mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess' res
Ich!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
you my rapture, O you my
pain,
you my world in which I live,
my heaven you, in which I
float,
O you my grave, into which
my grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
you are bestowed on me from
heaven.
Your love for me gives me my
worth,
your eyes transfigure me in
mine,
you raise me lovingly above
myself,
my guardian angel, my better
self!

Aus den östlichen Rosen

Friedrich Rückert

Ich sende einen Gruss wie Duft
der Rosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein
Rosenangesicht.
Ich sende einen Gruss wie
Frühlingskosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Aug' voll
Frühlingslicht.
Aus Schmerzensstürmen, die
mein Herz durchtosen,
Send' ich den Hauch, dich
unsanft rühr' er nicht!
Wenn du gedenkest an den
Freudelosen,
So wird der Himmel meiner
Nächte licht.

From Eastern roses

I send a greeting like the scent
of roses,
I send it to a rose-like
face.
I send a greeting like spring's
caressing,
I send it to eyes brimming with
spring's light.
From anguished storms that
rage through my heart
I send a breath – may it cause
you no harm!
When you think of me in my
sadness,
the sky of my nights will then be
made bright.

Schneeglöckchen from

Lieder-Album für die

Jugend Op. 79 (1849)

Friedrich Rückert

Der Schnee, der gestern noch in
Flöckchen
Vom Himmel fiel,

Snowdrop

The snow that only yesterday
fell in flakes
from the sky,

Hängt nun geronnen heut als
Glöckchen
Am zarten Stiel.

Schneeglöckchen läutet; was
bedeutet's
Im stillen Hain?
O komm geschwind! im Haine
läutet's
Den Frühling ein.

O kommt, ihr Blätter, Blüt und
Blume,
Die ihr noch träumt,
All' zu des Frühlings Heiligtume!
Kommt ungesäumt!

Jasminenstrauch

Op. 27 No. 4 (1840)

Friedrich Rückert

Grün ist der Jasminenstrauch
Abends eingeschlafen.
Als ihn mit des Morgens
Hauch
Sonnenlichter trafen,
Ist er schneeweiss aufgewacht:
„Wie geschah mir in der
Nacht?“
Seht, so geht es Bäumen,
Die im Frühling träumen!

Die Blume der Ergebung

Op. 83 No. 2 (1850)

Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin die Blum' im Garten,
Und muss in Stille warten,
Wann und in welcher Weise
Du trittst in meine Kreise.

Kommst du, ein Strahl der Sonne,
So werd' ich deiner Wonne
Den Busen still entfalten
Und deinen Blick behalten.

Kommst du als Tau und Regen,
So werd' ich deinen Segen
In Liebesschalen fassen,
Ihn nicht versiegen lassen.

Und fährtest du gelinde
Hin über mich im Winde,
So werd' ich dir mich neigen,
Sprechend: Ich bin dein eigen.

hangs now, frozen, as a little
bell
from a delicate stem.

A snowdrop rings; what can it
mean
in the silent grove?
O come quickly! In the grove it's
ringing
springtime in.

Come quickly, leaves, blossom
and flowers,
you who still dream,
into spring's sanctuary!
Come without delay!

The jasmine bush

The jasmine bush was green
as it fell asleep last night.
When woken by the morning
breeze
and sunlight,
it was snowy white:
'What happened to me
overnight?'
That, you see, is the fate of trees
which dream in spring!

The flower of resignation

I am the flower in the garden,
and must wait in silence
to see when and in what guise
you come to me.

If you come as a ray of sunlight
I shall silently open my heart to you
and bask in the
warmth of your gaze.

If you come as dew and rain
then I shall preserve
your blessing
in my chalice for ever.

If you pass gently
over me in the breeze
I shall bow before you,
saying: I am yours alone.

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Warum willst du and're fragen Op. 12 No. 3 (1841)

Friedrich Rückert

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nichts, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier.

Why enquire of others,
who are not loyal to you?
Only believe what these
two eyes here tell you.

Glaube nicht den fremden
Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du
deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Do not believe what strangers
say,
do not believe your own delusions;
nor should you interpret my
deeds,
but instead look at these eyes!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen
Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug' – ich liebe dich.

Are my lips silent to your
questions
or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
look at my eyes – I love you.

Die gute Nacht (1841)

Friedrich Rückert

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörst du;
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage,
Geht ab und zu.
Er bringt sie dir, und hat mir
wieder
Den Gruss gebracht:
Dir sagen auch des Freundes
Lieder
Jetzt gute Nacht.

The good night

Listen, my friend,
to the good night I bid you;
an angel, bearing the message,
flits to and fro.
He brings you it and has
brought the greeting
back to me:
a friend's songs
too
now wish you good night.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Hans und Grete (1880)

Gustav Mahler

Ringel, ringel Reih'n!
Wer fröhlich ist, der schlinge
sich ein!
Wer Sorgen hat, der lass' sie
daheim!
Wer ein liebes Liebchen küsst,
Wie glücklich der ist!
Ei, Hänsel, du hast ja kein's!
So suche dir ein's!
Ein liebes Liebchen, das ist was
Fein's. Juchhe!

Hans and Grete

Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!
Whoever's happy, let him join
in!
Whoever has troubles, let him
leave them behind!
Whoever kisses a sweetheart,
how lucky he is!
Why Hans, you haven't got one!
So look for one!
A loving sweetheart is
wonderful. Hurrah!

Ringel, ringel Reih'n!
Ei, Gretchen, was stehst denn
so allein?
Guckst doch hinüber zum
Hänselein!
Und ist doch der Mai so grün?
Und die Lüfte, sie zieh'n!
Ei, seht doch den dummen Hans!
Wie er rennet zum Tanz!
Er suchte ein Liebchen,
Juchhe!
Er fand's! Juchhe!
Ringel, ringel Reih'n!

Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!
But Grete, why are you all
alone?
Yet you're glancing at Hans
over there!?
And the month of May is so green!
And the breezes are blowing!
Oh just look at foolish Hans!
How he rushes to the dance!
He was looking for a
sweetheart, sing-ho!
He has found one! Sing-hey!
Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!

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

Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano

Starke Einbildungskraft

Mädchen

Hast gesagt, du willst mich nehmen,
Sobald der Sommer kommt!
Der Sommer ist gekommen, ja
kommen,
Du hast mich nicht genommen,
ja nommen!
Geh, Büble, geh nehm mich!
Gelt, ja?
Du nimmst mich noch?

Vivid imagination

Girl

You said you'd take me
as soon as summer comes!
Summer has come, has
come,
you've yet to take me, take
me!
Come, my lad, come take me
now!
Surely you will?

Büble

Wie soll ich dich denn nehmen,
Dieweil ich dich schon hab?
Und wenn ich halt an dich gedenk,
So mein ich alleweile:
Ich wär schon bei dir!

Boy

But how can I take you
when I already have you?
And whenever I think of you,
I feel all the time:
I'm with you already!

Ablösung im Sommer

Kukuk hat sich zu Tode gefallen,
An einer grünen Weiden,
Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod
gefallen!
Wer soll uns denn den Sommer
lang
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

The changing of the summer guard

The cuckoo's sung himself to death
on a green willow.
Cuckoo is dead, has sung
himself to death!
Who shall now all summer
long
while away the time for us?

Ei das soll tun Frau Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,
Die liebe, süsse Nachtigall.
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit
froh,
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.

Ah! Mrs Nightingale shall do that,
she sits on the green branch,
that small and graceful nightingale,
that sweet and lovely nightingale.
She hops and sings, is always
joyous,
when other birds are silent.

Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall;
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,
Und wenn der Kuckuk zu Ende
ist,
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen.

We'll wait for Mrs Nightingale;
she lives in the green grove,
and when the cuckoo's time is
up,
she will start to sing.

Frühlingsmorgen (1880)

Richard Leander

Es klopft an das Fenster der
Lindenbaum
Mit Zweigen, blütenbehangen:
Was liegst du im Traum?
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Die Sonn' ist aufgegangen!

Spring morning

The linden tree taps at the
window
with blossom-laden boughs:
Why do you lie dreaming?
Get up! Get up!
The sun has risen!

Die Lerche ist wach, die Büsche
weh'n,
Die Bienen summen und
Käfer;
Und dein munteres Lieb hab' ich
auch schon geseh'n, –
Steh' auf, Langschläfer,
Langschläfer!

The lark's awake, the bushes
are stirring,
the bees are humming and
beetles too;
and I've already seen your
cheery lover, –
get up, sleepy-head, sleepy-
head!

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald from Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen
grünen Wald,
Ich hört die Vöglein singen.
Sie sangen so jung, sie sangen
so alt,
Die kleinen Waldvögelein im
grünen Wald!
Wie gern hört ich sie singen, ja
singen!

I walked joyfully through a green wood

I walked joyfully through a
green wood,
I heard the little birds sing.
They sang so young, they sang
so old,
those woodland birds in the
green wood!
How gladly I heard them sing,
yes sing!

Nun sing, nun sing, Frau
Nachtigall!
Sing du's bei meinem
Feinsliebchen:
„Komm schier, komm schier,
wenns finster ist,
Wenn niemand auf der Gasse ist,
Dann komm zu mir, dann komm
zu mir!
Herein will ich dich lassen, ja
lassen!“

Please sing, please sing, Mrs
Nightingale!
Sing this at my beloved's
house:
'Come quick, come quick, when
darkness falls,
when not a soul is in the street,
then come to me, then come to
me!
And I will let you in, yes
in!'

Der Tag verging, die Nacht
brach an,
Er kam zu Feinsliebchen gegangen;
Er klopft so leis' wohl an den
Ring,

The day departed, night
fell,
he went to his beloved;
he tapped so softly with the
knocker;

„Ei, schläfst du oder wachst
mein Kind?
Ich hab so lang gestanden!“

'Are you asleep or awake, my
child?
I've been standing here so long!'

Es schaut der Mond durchs
Fensterlein
Zum holden, süßen Lieben,
Die Nachtigall sang die ganze
Nacht.
Du schlafselig Mägdelein, nimm
dich in Acht!
Wo ist dein Herzliebster geblieben?

The moon looks through the
window,
saw the charming, sweet caresses,
the nightingale sang all night
long.
Sleepy little maid, take
care!
Where is your sweetheart now?

Rückert Lieder (1901-2)

Friedrich Rückert

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand;
Wie lieblich war der
Lindenduft!

I breathed a gentle fragrance

I breathed a gentle fragrance.
In the room stood
a spray of lime,
a gift
from a dear hand;
how lovely the fragrance of lime
was!

Wie lieblich ist der
Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

How lovely the fragrance of
lime is!
The spray of lime
was gently plucked by you;
softly I breathe
in the fragrance of lime
the gentle fragrance of love.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat;
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen:
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Do not look into my songs!

Do not look into my songs!
I lower my gaze,
as if caught in the act;
I cannot even dare
to watch them growing:
your curiosity is treason!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag befördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Bees, when they build cells,
let no one watch either,
and do not even watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
have been brought to daylight,
you shall be the first to taste!

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
Hat mir gelacht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht kämpft' ich die
Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben:
Herr über Tod und Leben,
Du hältst die Wacht um Mitternacht.

At midnight

At midnight I kept watch
and looked up to heaven;
not a star in the galaxy
smiled on me at midnight.

At midnight my thoughts went out
to the dark reaches of space;
no shining thought
brought me comfort at midnight.

At midnight I paid heed
to the beating of my heart;
a single pulse of pain
was set alight at midnight.

At midnight I fought the
fight,
O Mankind, of your afflictions;
I could not gain victory
by my own strength at midnight.

At midnight I gave my strength
into Thy hands:
Lord over life and death,
thou keepest watch at midnight.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair.

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
which is young each year.

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
who has many shining pearls.

If you love for love,
ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden
gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit
verdorben.
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir
vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei
gestorben.

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran
gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen
dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben
der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem
Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

I am lost to the world

I am lost to the
world
with which I used to waste
much time;
it has for so long heard nothing
of me,
it may well believe that I am
dead.

Nor am I at all
concerned
if it should think me dead.
Nor can I deny
it,
for truly I am dead to the
world.

I am dead to the world's
tumult
and rest in a quiet realm.
I live alone in my heaven,
in my loving, in my song.

All translations except 'Die Blume der Ergebung' and 'Hans und Grete' 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. 'Die Blume der Ergebung' by Eric Sams. 'Hans und Grete' by Richard Stokes.