

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 30 July 2022 4.00pm

Oxford Lieder Mahler Day

Catriona Morison mezzo-soprano

Julius Drake piano

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Die junge Nonne D828 (1825)

An den Mond D193 (1815)

Nacht und Träume D827 (1823)

Rastlose Liebe D138 (1815)

Frühlingsglaube D686 (1820)

Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Kindertotenlieder (1901-4)

*Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn • Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle
Flammen • Wenn dein Mütterlein • Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur
ausgegangen • In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus*

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Madrigal Op. 15 No. 1 (1886)

Winternacht Op. 15 No. 2 (1886)

Lob des Leidens Op. 15 No. 3 (1886)

Aus den Liedern der Trauer Op. 15 No. 4 (1886)

Heimkehr Op. 15 No. 5 (1886)

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Mahler was a keen Schubertian. Studying in Vienna, he was taught by the pianist Julius Epstein, whose advocacy and editing of **Schubert's** piano works introduced Mahler to the composer's output. Often, the student Mahler performed the 'Wanderer' Fantasy, and in later life he played for Schubert song recitals, as well as frequently programming the 'Unfinished' Symphony.

This afternoon's selection of Schubert songs opens with 'Die junge Nonne', on a poem by Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta. A writer and translator, he met Schubert in 1825 and gave the composer three poems to set to music, including this dark and stormy text about a young nun. Caught in a tempest, she finds consolation when turning her eyes to heaven. Schubert responded to Jachelutta's sense of drama with great flair, albeit staying on the right side of vulgarity.

The night has calmed considerably in Ludwig Höltz's 'An den Mond', set when Schubert was just 18 years old. A wanderer bids the moon unveil herself so that he can find his sweetheart. Not so in the blackened notes on the page of Schubert's ingenious response to Matthäus von Collin's 'Nacht und Träume', a song first published in 1825. With its slowly ululating semiquavers, it features one of the most magical if disturbing harmonic shifts in music.

'Rastlose Liebe' dates from May 1815, marking Schubert's first setting of the text, to which he returned in 1821. Goethe's poem prompts a restive Lied, its whirling motifs evoking the pelting rain. But spring is, hopefully, on the way, as described in 'Frühlingsglaube'. A setting of words by Johann Ludwig Uhland, this 1820 song features a particularly rich piano part, with pulsing cross rhythms and aching inner voicing. Finally, we hear Schubert's breakthrough Goethe setting: 'Gretchen am Spinnrade'. Composed on 19 October 1814, it was not only significant due to Schubert's new interest in the writer's work, but also thanks to the emotional sensitivity he brought to this text from *Faust*.

Friedrich Rückert, who also featured in Schubert's output, suffered a great tragedy during the winter of 1833-4, when both his three-year-old daughter Luise and five-year-old son Ernst died of scarlet fever. Rückert consequently poured his grief into nearly 400 *Kindertotenlieder*, the majority of which were only published in 1872, six years after the poet's death. Rückert's reputation had waned towards the end of his life, but the publication of several revised editions, as well as a new biography, revived his fortunes during the last decade of the 19th Century. It was doubtless due to these books that **Mahler** began to look at Rückert's output in detail.

The autograph score of the first of Mahler's settings of the *Kindertotenlieder* has recently been discovered, showing that, along with the third and fourth songs in the cycle, it was written during the summer of 1901, the year before he married Alma Schindler. In 1904, when she was expecting their second daughter, Anna, Mahler returned to the *Kindertotenlieder*. Perhaps, he had come to realise

just how precious his two children were, as well as remembering the deaths of many of his own siblings.

Certainly, Mahler aligned himself with the grieving Rückert when he wrote the second and fifth songs in the cycle. Little did he know, however, that in 1907 his first daughter, Maria, would die of scarlet fever, the very illness that had claimed Rückert's children. After such tragic events, 'when I really lost my daughter', Mahler confessed to his friend Guido Adler, 'I could not have written these songs anymore'. But, according to another of Mahler's intimates, Natalie Bauer-Lechner, the composer went even further, saying how sorry he felt, both 'for himself that he had to write these songs, and for the world which would one day have to listen to them'.

Possibly prophetic and certainly empathetic, the cycle shows five fragile pictures of grief. Yet however tragic the prevailing tone, Rückert's poetry always holds the promise of light beyond. 'The day is beautiful on those hills', we are told in the fourth song, while in the fifth, despite the raging storms, the children are 'protected by God's hand'. With that hope in mind, the cycle closes with a comforting elegy, transforming the minor mode of the first song into the major.

Mahler's colleague and contemporary **Richard Strauss** composed and published his *5 Lieder* Op. 15 in 1886. At the time, he was working in Meiningen for Hans von Bülow and had begun to establish himself as both a conductor and a composer. Strauss had already started his first tone poem, *Aus Italien*, and had also been taken under the wing of the avid Wagnerian Alexander Ritter. It was a heady time.

In his Op. 15 songs, however, Strauss paid homage to his youth by dedicating two of the set to Johanna Pschorr, the composer's maternal aunt, who had often sung his Lieder at the Strauss family home in Munich. The city is also present in the choice of four poems by Adolf Friedrich von Schack, whose cache of 19th-century paintings now forms part of the Bavarian State Collection. The group opens, however, with Sophie Hasenclever's German translation of Michelangelo, here providing a reserved form of prelude.

Strauss's flair for scene setting is then revealed in 'Winternacht'. But beneath its hurly-burly is the composer's no less rich ability to vary an otherwise strophic setting, thereby giving the impression of an unfolding scene. And an even greater sense of spontaneity is suggested in the guileless 'Lob des Leidens', before the strident, aggressive tones of 'Winternacht' return in the fourth song, one of Strauss's two settings from Schack's *Lieder der Trauer*. Op. 15 closes, however, on the water, with the rocking lines of 'Heimkehr', as the narrator calmly races home to the object of their affection.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Die junge Nonne D828 The young nun

(1825)

*Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de
Jachelutta*

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der
heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken – es zittert
das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner – es
leuchtet der Blitz! –
Und finster die Nacht, wie das
Grab! –
Immerhin, immerhin!

How the raging storm howls
through the treetops!
The rafters groan – the house
shudders!
The thunder rolls – the lightning
flashes! –
And the night is dark as the
tomb! –
So be it, so be it!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch in
mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo
der Sturm!
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo
das Haus!
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo
der Blitz! –
Und finster die Brust, wie das
Grab! –

Not long ago a storm still raged
in me!
My life raged like the storm
now!
My limbs quaked like the
house now!
Love flashed like the lightning
now! –
And my heart was as dark as
the tomb! –

Nun tobe du wilder, gewaltiger
Sturm!
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen
ist Ruh! –
Des Bräutigams harret die
liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut –
Der ewigen Liebe getraut. –

Rage on, you wild and mighty
storm!
In my heart is peace, in my
heart is calm! –
The loving bride awaits the
bridegroom,
purified by testing fire –
wedded to eternal love. –

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit
sehndem Blick;
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam!
hole die Braut!
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer
Haft! –
Horch! friedlich ertönet das
Glöcklein vom Turm;
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn –
„Alleluja!“

I wait, my Saviour, with longing
gaze;
come, heavenly bridegroom!
claim your bride!
Deliver her soul from earthly
bonds! –
Hark! the bell tolls peacefully
from the tower;
the sweet sound lures me
all-powerfully to eternal heights –
'Halleluja!'

An den Mond D193 (1815)

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine
Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und
Traumgestalten immer
Vor mir vorüber fliehn!

Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte
finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des
Buchbaums und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergass!

Enthülle dich, dass ich des
Strauchs mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden
Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach
belauscht!

Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm
den Schleier wieder,
Und traur' um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den
Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint.

Nacht und Träume D827

(1823)

Matthäus von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die
Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille
Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

To the moon

Shed your silver light, dear
moon,
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dream-like
visions
forever flit by me!

Unveil yourself, that I might find
the place
where my sweetheart often sat,
and where, to the rustle of
beech and lime,
I often forgot the gilded town!

Unveil yourself, that I might
enjoy the murmuring bushes
that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on every
meadow,
where she once listened to the
brook!

Then, dear moon, veil yourself
once more
and mourn your friend,
and weep through hazy
clouds,
just like I, forsaken, weep.

Night and dreams

Holy night, you float down;
dreams too drift down,
like your moonlight through
space,
through the silent hearts of
men.

They listen to them with delight,
cry out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Sweet dreams, come back again!

Rastlose Liebe D138

(1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt'ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du.

Restless love

Into snow, into rain,
into wind,
through steaming ravines,
through mist and haze,
on and on!
Without respite!

I'd rather fight
my way through affliction
than endure so many
of life's joys.
All this attraction
of heart to heart,
ah, what special
anguish it brings!

How shall I flee?
Fly to the forest?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
joy without rest –
this, Love, is you.

Frühlingsglaube D686

(1820)

Johann Ludwig Uhland

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und
Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht
bang!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit
jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch
werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste
Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der
Qual!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Faith In Spring

Balmy breezes are awakened;
they stir and whisper day and
night,
everywhere creative.
O fresh scents, O new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be
afraid.
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each
day;
we cannot know what is still to
come;
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley
is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your
torment.
Now all must change.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade
D118**

(1814)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

**Gretchen at the spinning
wheel**

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
life's like the grave;
the whole world
is turned to gall.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor mind
shattered.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
it's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing,
his noble form,
the smile on his lips,
the power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
of his words,
the touch of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

My bosom
yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
and hold him,

and kiss him
to my heart's content,
and in his kisses
perish!

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Kindertotenlieder (1901-4)

Friedrich Rückert

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn,
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht
geschehn.

Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein,
Die Sonne, sie scheint
allgemein.

Du musst nicht die Nacht in dir
verschränken,
Musst sie ins ew'ge Licht
versenken.

Ein Lämplein verlosch in
meinem Zelt,
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der
Welt!

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so
dunkle Flammen
Ihr sprühet mir in manchem
Augenblicke,
O Augen, gleichsam, um voll in
einem Blicke
Zu drängen eure ganze Macht
zusammen.

Dort ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel
mich umschwammen,
Gewoben vom verblendenden
Geschicke,
Dass sich der Strahl bereits zur
Heimkehr schicke
Dorthin, von wannen alle
Strahlen stammen.

Now the sun will rise as bright

Now the sun will rise as bright,
as though no misfortune had
befallen in the night.

The misfortune befell me alone,
the sun, it shines on all
mankind.

You must not enclose the night
within you,
you must immerse it in eternal
light.

A little lamp went out in my
firmament,
hail to the joyful light of the
world!

Now I see clearly why you so often

Now I see clearly why you so
often
flash such dark flames at
me,
O eyes, to compress, as it were,
all your power
into a single
glance.

Yet I could not guess, for mists
surrounded me,
woven by fate to dazzle
me,
that your brightness was
already making for home,
towards that place whence all
light comes.

Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem
Leuchten sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben
gerne,
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal
abgeschlagen.

Sieh' uns nur an, denn bald sind
wir dir ferne.
Was dir nur Augen sind in
diesen Tagen,
In künft'gen Nächten sind es dir
nur Sterne.

Wenn dein Mütterlein

Wenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein,
Und den Kopf ich drehe,
Ihr entgegen sehe,
Fällt auf ihr Gesicht
Erst der Blick mir nicht,
Sondern auf die Stelle,
Näher nach der Schwelle,
Dort, wo würde dein
Lieb Gesichtchen sein,
Wenn du freudenhelle
Trätest mit herein,
Wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.

Wenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein
Mit der Kerze Schimmer,
Ist es mir, als immer
Kämst du mit herein,
Huschtest hinterdrein,
Als wie sonst in's Zimmer.
O du, des Vaters Zelle,
Ach, zu schnelle
Erlosch'ner Freudenschein!

With your shining light you
wished to tell me:
we'd love to stay here by your
side,
but this our destiny denies
us.

Look at us well, for soon we
shall be far away.
What now are merely eyes to
you,
in nights to come shall be
merely stars.

When your dear mother

When your dear mother
comes in through the door
and I turn my head
to look at her,
my gaze falls first,
not on her face,
but on that place
nearer the threshold
where your
dear little face would be,
if you, bright-eyed,
were entering with her,
as you used, my daughter.

When your dear mother
comes in through the door
with the flickering candle,
I always think
you are coming too,
stealing in behind her,
as you used.
O you, the joyful light,
ah, too soon extinguished,
of your father's flesh and blood!

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen,
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen,
Der Tag ist schön, o sei nicht bang,
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang.

Ja wohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen,
Und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen,
O sei nicht bang, der Tag ist schön,
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen Höhn.

Sie sind uns nur voraus gegangen
Und werden nicht wieder nach Haus verlangen.
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höhn
Im Sonnenschein, der Tag ist schön auf jenen Höhn.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
Man hat sie getragen, getragen hinaus,
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,
Ich fürchtete, sie erkrankten,
Das sind nun eitle Gedanken.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus,
Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,
Das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.

I often think they have only gone out

I often think they have only gone out,
they will soon be coming home again,
it is a beautiful day, ah, do not be afraid,
they have only gone for a long walk.

Yes, they have only gone out and will now be coming home again,
do not be afraid, it is a beautiful day,
they are only walking to those hills.

They have merely gone on ahead of us
and will not ask to come home again,
we shall overtake them on those hills
in the sunshine, the day is beautiful on those hills.

In this weather, this raging storm

In this weather, this raging storm,
I'd never have sent the children out;
they were carried, carried from the house,
there was nothing I could say.

In this weather, this howling gale,
I'd never have let the children out;
I feared that they would fall ill,
these are now but idle thoughts.

In this weather, this dreadful blast,
I'd never have let the children out;
I feared they might die next day,
there is no cause for such fears now.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
Man hat sie hinaus getragen;
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus, in diesem Braus,
Sie ruhn, als wie in der Mutter Haus,
Von keinem Sturm erschreckt,
Von Gottes Hand bedeckt,
Sie ruhn wie in der Mutter Haus.

Richard Strauss

(1864-1949)

Madrigal Op. 15 No. 1

(1886)

Michelangelo, trans. Sophie Hasenclever

Ins Joch beug' ich den Nacken demutvoll,
Beug' lächelnd vor dem Missgeschick dies Haupt,
Dies Herz, das liebt und glaubt,
Vor meiner Feindin. Wider diese Qual

Bäum' ich mich nicht mit Groll,
Mir bangt vielmehr, sie lindre sich einmal.
Wenn deines Auges Strahl
Dies Leid verwandelt hat in Lebenssaft,
Welch' Leid hat dann zu töten mich die Kraft?

Winternacht Op. 15 No. 2

(1886)

Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack

Mit Regen und Sturmgebrause
Sei mir willkommen,
Dezembermond,
Und führ' mich den Weg zum traulichen Hause,
Wo meine geliebte Herrin wohnt.

Nie hab' ich die Blüte des Maien,
Den blauenden Himmel, den blitzenden Tau

In this weather, this dreadful blast,
I'd never have sent the children out;
they were carried from the house,
there was nothing I could say.

In this weather, this howling gale, this raging storm,
they rest, as if in their mother's house,
frightened by no storm,
protected by God's hand,
they rest, as if in their mother's house.

Madrigal

Humbly I submit to the yoke,
bow, smiling, this head before misfortune,
and this heart too that loves and has faith,
before my enemy. I do not rise.

Resentfully, against this torment,
I'm more afraid it will one day abate.
When the radiance of your eyes
has translated this pain into vital sap,
what pain will have the power to kill me?

Winter night

With rain and stormy showers,
welcome, December moon,
and light my way to the dear house
where my beloved mistress dwells.

Never was Maytime's blossom,
the sky turning blue, the sparkling dew

So fröhlich begrüsst, wie heute
dein Schneien,
Dein Nebelgebräu und Wolkengrau.

so heartily welcome as today
your snows,
your mists and clouds of grey.

Denn durch das Flockengetriebe,
Schöner als jeder Lenz
gelacht,
Leuchtet und blüht der Frühling
der Liebe
Mir heimlich nun in der
Winternacht.

For through the drifting flakes,
more lovely than any laughing
spring,
the spring of love gleams and
blooms
secretly for me in the winter
night.

Lob des Leidens

In praise of sorrow

Op. 15 No. 3 (1886)

Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack

O, schmäht des Lebens Leiden
nicht!
Seht ihr die Blätter, wenn sie
sterben,
Sich in des Herbstes goldenem
Licht
Nicht reicher, als im Frühling
färben?
Was gleicht der Blüte des
Vergehens
Im Hauche des Oktoberwehens?

O do not revile life's
sorrows!
Do you not see dying
leaves,
in autumn's golden
light,
turn a richer hue than in
spring?
What can compare with blooms
that die
in the sighing October breezes?

Krystallner als die klarste
Flut
Erglänzt des Auges Tränenquelle.
Tief dunkler flammt die
Abendglut,
Als hoch am Tag die Sonnenhelle,
Und keiner kusst so heissen Kuss,
Als wer für ewig scheiden muss.

More crystalline than the
clearest stream
is the glint of tear-welling eyes.
Evening glows deeper and
darker
than the noonday sun overhead,
and no one kisses so ardently
as those who must part forever.

Aus den Liedern der Trauer Op. 15 No. 4

(1886)

Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack

Dem Herzen ähnlich, wenn es lang
Umsonst nach einer Träne rang,
Die seine Qual entbinde,
Sprengt nun die Erde, die
erstarrt
Von Reif und Frost gebunden
ward,
Die eis'ge Winterrinde.

Like the heart, when it has long
struggled in vain to weep a tear
to release its torment,
the earth – that had been
benumbed
and bound by hoar and frost –
now breaks free
of its icy winter crust.

Durch Wald und Feld, um Berg
und See
Spriesst wuchternd auf ihr altes
Weh'

Through wood and field, around
mountain and lake,
its old ache burgeons
abundantly

Und grünt in Zweig und
Ranken
Und dunkelt in dem Himmelsblau
Und zittert in den Tropfen Tau,
Die an den Gräsern schwanken.

and grows green on branches
and tendrils
and dark in the blue sky,
and quivers in drops of dew
that tremble on the grasses.

Nun, Gram um sie, die ich
verlor,
Erstarrter, brich auch du hervor,
Um mit dem Strom zu fluten.
Im Blitz der Wolke sollst du
glüh'n
Und mit den Nachtviolen blüh'n
Und mit den Rosen bluten.

Now let the grief I feel for her I
lost
break out too from its numbness
to join the river's flood.
You shall burn in the clouds'
lightning
and blossom with dames' violets
and bleed with roses.

Heimkehr Op. 15 No. 5

(1886)

Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack

Leiser schwanken die
Äste,
Der Kahn fliegt uferwärts,
Heim kehrt die Taube zum
Neste,
Zu dir kehrt heim mein Herz.

Homecoming

The boughs are swaying more
gently,
the small boat races ashore,
the dove's coming home to its
nest,
my heart's coming home to you.

Genug am schimmernden Tage,
Wenn rings das Leben lärmt,
Mit irrem Flügelschlage
Ist es ins Weite geschwärmt.

Often enough by shimmering day,
amidst the clamour of life,
it has winged its roving way
far into the distance.

Doch nun die Sonne geschieden
Und Stille sich senkt auf den
Hain,
Fühlt es: bei dir ist der Frieden,
Die Ruh' bei dir allein.

But now the sun's departed
and silence descends on the
grove,
it feels: peace is where you are,
repose is with you alone.

Translations of all Schubert except 'Frühlingsglaube', all Mahler, 'Madrigal' and 'Heimkehr' 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. 'Frühlingsglaube' by Richard Wigmore from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. All other Strauss by Richard Stokes.