

WIGMORE HALL 125

Sunday 30 November 2025
3.00pm

Alma Mahler's Circle

Claire Barnett-Jones mezzo-soprano
Rebecca Cohen piano

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)	Die stille Stadt from <i>Five Songs</i> (pub. 1910)
Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)	From <i>Irmelin Rose und andere Gesänge</i> Op. 7 (1898-9) <i>Irmelin Rose • Entbietung</i>
Johanna Müller-Hermann (1868-1941)	Die stille Stadt from <i>4 Lieder</i> Op. 4
Alma Mahler	In meines Vaters Garten from <i>Five Songs</i>
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)	Liebst du um Schönheit from <i>Rückert Lieder</i> (1901-2) Das irdische Leben from <i>Des Knaben Wunderhorn</i> (1892-99, rev. 1901)
Alma Mahler	Laue Sommernacht from <i>Five Songs</i>
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)	Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3 (1885) Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 (1885)
Alma Mahler	Bei dir ist es traut from <i>Five Songs</i>
Alban Berg (1885-1935)	Sommertage from <i>7 frühe Lieder</i> (1905-8)
Alma Mahler	Ich wandle unter Blumen from <i>Five Songs</i>
Alma Mahler	Der Erkennende from <i>Five Songs</i> (pub. 1924) Ansturm from <i>Four Songs</i> (1915)
Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)	Glückwunsch Op. 38 No. 1 (1948) Der Kranke Op. 38 No. 2 Alt-Spanisch Op. 38 No. 3 Old English Song Op. 38 No. 4 My Mistress' Eyes Op. 38 No. 5
Alma Mahler	Ekstase from <i>Five Songs</i>



UNDER 35S

Supported by the AKO Foundation
Media partner Classic FM



Help us raise £125,000
for 125 years of music

To find out more visit wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate



Join & Support
Donations

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions. Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a loop to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • Wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

The published oeuvre of **Alma Mahler-Werfel** comprises only 17 songs. She was an ambitious composer, studying with Alexander Zemlinsky and thriving in the vibrant musical milieu of *fin-de-siècle* Vienna. She was also a socialite with charisma and looks that enchanted those in her midst (her lessons with Zemlinsky led to a relationship). Until recently, interest in Mahler-Werfel's biography had surpassed interest in her music: her romantic liaisons with cultural luminaries, coupled with difficult aspects of her personality, long led to her pervasive – and almost always sexist – characterisation as a 'femme fatale' of 20th-century artistic society.

In late 1901, she met Gustav Mahler, and married him in 1902. At this point came a blunt suppression of Alma's compositional voice, as Gustav laid down an ultimatum: only one creative force could exist within a household, and if she wished to marry him, she must stop composing. This eventually became a source of regret for Gustav, whose belated interest in his wife's music came too late to fully reignite her earlier ambition. It did, however, lead to the publication of five songs, by Universal Edition, in 1910; these are the first five songs woven through today's programme. She went on to publish a further four songs in 1915, from which we hear 'Ansturm', and five in 1924, including 'Ekstase' that closes this concert. Beyond these, three songs uncovered by musicologists have been published in recent years.

In recent decades, several prominent musicians and scholars have championed Mahler-Werfel's songs. Programmes like this one – where the songs are contextualised by those of her near-contemporaries – illuminate her distinctive compositional voice, which is full of harmonic adventure and delicious ambiguity, carefully crafted dramatic tension, and sensitive settings of texts from diverse poetic sources. Mahler-Werfel's interests leaned towards the cutting-edge of *fin-de-siècle* poetry, often turning to contemporary authors including Richard Dehmel and Rainer Maria Rilke; her judicious selection of a poem by Heinrich Heine – which we hear tonight alongside settings of Dehmel, Rilke, Gustav Falke, Otto Erich Hartleben, and Otto Julius Bierbaum – also demonstrates a sophisticated understanding of German literary history. This recital's portrait of Mahler-Werfel's circle illustrates the creative potential of social and musical networks in understanding moments and trajectories of music history.

Zemlinsky was a well-respected teacher, with three of today's featured composers counting among his students; hearing two of his songs grounds the ear in his particular model of late Romantic writing that was so influential in Vienna around the turn of the century. Zemlinsky's collection *Irmelin Rose und andere Gesänge* was published in 1901, with its title page bearing a dedication to Alma Maria Schindler. In knowledge of Mahler-Werfel's open disparagement of Zemlinsky's looks, it is not difficult to read subtexts into the title song – a silky, cheeky musical impression of the 'steely-hearted princess' who 'found some fault' in all her suitors.

The inclusion of a song by **Johanna Müller-Hermann** provides a second – slightly more optimistic – perspective on Dehmel's 'Die stille Stadt'. Müller-Hermann was born in 1868, and, like Mahler-Werfel, grew up in a middle-class family with access to the city's vibrant cultural offerings. She studied with prominent figures including Zemlinsky (to whom she was apparently introduced by Mahler-Werfel), and ultimately trained as a teacher rather than pursuing full-time composition, while still managing to publish works with major houses. The recent meteoric rise in Müller-Hermann's presence on concert programmes over the past decade owes much to the archival and editorial work of a handful of scholars and performers, most prominently Carola Darwin.

The vast majority of songs by **Gustav Mahler** are drawn from one of two poetic sources: the early 19th-century collection of folk poetry *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, which captured the imagination of many a Romantic composer, and the oeuvre of Friedrich Rückert. Today we hear one from each: Rückert's 'Liebst du um Schönheit', a love song that charts an increasingly expressive melodic contour, and 'Das irdische Leben', a snapshot of the domestic tragedy of hunger that begins with a chilling piano figure.

The songs by **Richard Strauss** and **Alban Berg** are celebrated 'early songs', written when they were around the age Mahler-Werfel was when the majority of her songs were composed. The tender 'Die Nacht' and punchy 'Zueignung' come from Strauss's earliest song opus (Op. 10), composed in 1885 when he had just turned 21; Berg's magnificent *7 frühe Lieder*, published in 1908, date from a pivotal time in his composition development, with his youthful Straussian-Wagnerian romanticism starting to jostle with the new aesthetic and technical directions of his studies with Schoenberg. In this context, hearing the early songs of such successful near-contemporaries of Mahler-Werfel highlights the painful counterfactual question that can haunt the history of women in music: *what might have been* if her compositional voice had not been curtailed.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold was a younger pupil of Zemlinsky who wowed Viennese musical society with his prodigious talents as a child, making an impression on the likes of Strauss and the Mahlers. His forced emigration in 1938 led him to California, where Mahler-Werfel also initially emigrated with her Jewish second husband Franz Werfel (after his death, Alma settled in New York). Hollywood was a natural fit for Korngold, who was already recognised as a leading film composer. His Opus 38 songs came together in the 1940s and include exquisite settings of Eichendorff (*Der Kranke*) and Shakespeare (*My Mistress' Eyes*). Some of the songs' melodies are linked with film scores: an English-language version of 'Alt-Spanisch', which Korngold originally wrote in 1911, is featured as a diegetic song in the swashbuckling *The Sea Hawk* (1940), while the beseeching rising and falling lines of 'Glückwunsch' are drawn from the Brontë fictionalisation *Devotion* (1946).

© Frankie Perry 2025

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

Die stille Stadt

(pub. 1910)

Richard Dehmel

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht.
Es wird nicht lange dauern
mehr,
Bis weder Mond noch
Sterne
Nur Nacht am Himmel
steht.

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach, nicht
Hof noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch
heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und
Brücken.

Doch als dem Wanderer
graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im
Grund
Und durch den Rauch und
Nebel
Begann ein leiser
Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

The silent town

A town lies in the valley,
a pale day is fading;
it will not be
long
before neither moon nor
stars
but night alone will deck
the skies.

From every mountain
mists weigh on the town;
no roof, no courtyard, no
house,
no sound can penetrate
the smoke,
scarcely towers and
bridges even.

But as fear seized the
traveller,
a gleam appeared in the
valley;
and through the smoke
and mist
came a faint song of
praise
from a child's lips.

Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

From *Irmelin Rose und andere Gesänge* Op. 7

(1898-9)

Irmelin Rose

Robert Franz Arnold

Seht, es war einmal ein
König,
Dem die Schätze reich
gediehn,
Und der beste, der ihm eigen,
Hiess mit Namen Irmelin.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was schön war!

Schier von jedem
Ritterhelme
Wehte ihrer Farben Schein,
Und mit jedem Reim der
Sprache
Klang ihr Name überein:
Irmelin Rose,

Irmelin Rose

Behold, there was once a
king
who possessed rich
treasures,
and his best possession
bore the name of Irmelin.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, everything beautiful.

From every knight's
helmet
her colours fluttered,
and with every rhyme in
the language
her name chimed:
Irmelin Rose,

Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was schön war!

Freier kamen scharenweise
Herzogen zum Palast,
Und zu zärtlichen Gebärden
Klang ihr Schmeicheln ohne
Rast:
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was schön ist.

Doch Prinzessin Stahlherz
jagte
All die Freier schnippisch
fort,
Fand an jedem was zu
tadeln,
Hier die Haltung, da das
Wort.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sonne,
Irmelin alles, was schön ist.

Entbietung

Richard Dehmel

Schmück dir das Haar mit
wildem Mohn,
Die Nacht ist da,
All ihre Sterne glühen schon.
All ihre Sterne glühn heut
Dir!
Du weisst es ja:
All ihre Sterne glühnun mir!

Dein Haar ist schwarz, dein
Haar ist wild
Und knistert unter meiner
Glut;
Und wenn sie
schwillt,
Jagt sie mit Macht
Die roten Blüten und dein Blut
Hoch in die höchste
Mitternacht.

In deinen Augen glimmt ein
Licht,
So grau in
grün,
Wie dort die Nacht den
Stern umflieht.
Wann kommst du?! – Meine
Fackeln loh'n!
Lass glühn, lass glühn!
Schmück mir dein Haar mit
wildem Mohn!

Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, everything beautiful.

Throngs of suitors came,
drawn to the palace,
and with gentle gestures
their ceaseless flattery
sounded:
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, everything beautiful.

But the steely-hearted
princess chased
all her suitors
impertinently away,
found some fault in all of
them:
here his bearing, there his
language.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin, everything beautiful.

Summons

Deck your hair with wild
poppies,
night is here,
all its stars gleam.
All of them gleam tonight
for you!
You know well:
all its stars gleam inside me!

Your hair is black, your
hair is wild
and crackles beneath my
passion;
and when my passion
surges,
it chases the red blooms
and your blood
high into the highest
midnight.

In your eyes a light
gleams,
a sort of green-encircled
grey,
like night enveloping that
star.
When will you come?! –
My torches blaze!
let them burn, let them burn!
Deck your hair for me
with wild poppies!

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

Johanna Müller-Hermann (1868-1941)

Die stille Stadt

Richard Dehmel

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
Ein blasser Tag vergeht.
Es wird nicht lange dauern
mehr,
Bis weder Mond noch
Sterne
Nur Nacht am Himmel
steht.

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt,
Es dringt kein Dach, nicht
Hof noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch
heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und
Brücken.

Doch als dem Wanderer
graute,
Da ging ein Lichtlein auf im
Grund
Und durch den Rauch und
Nebel
Begann ein leiser
Lobgesang
Aus Kindermund.

The silent town

A town lies in the valley,
a pale day is fading;
it will not be
long
before neither moon nor
stars
but night alone will deck
the skies.

From every mountain
mists weigh on the town;
no roof, no courtyard, no
house
no sound can penetrate
the smoke,
scarcely towers and
bridges even.

But as fear seized the
traveller,
a gleam appeared in the
valley;
and through the smoke
and mist
came a faint song of
praise
from a child's lips.

Alma Mahler

In meines Vaters Garten (pub. 1910)

Otto Erich Hartleben

In meines Vaters Garten –
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
In meines Vaters Garten,
Stand ein schattender
Apfelbaum.
Süßes Traum!
Stand ein schattender
Apfelbaum.

Drei blonde Königstöchter –
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
Drei wunderschöne
Mädchen
Schliefen unter dem
Apfelbaum.
Süßes Traum!
Schliefen unter dem
Apfelbaum.

In my father's garden

In my father's garden –
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
In my father's garden
grew a shady apple
tree.
Sweet dream!
Grew a shady apple
tree.

Three blond princesses –
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
Three wonderfully
beautiful girls
slept beneath the apple
tree.
Sweet dream!
Slept beneath the apple
tree.

Die allerjüngste
Feine –
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
Die allerjüngste
Feine
Blinzelte und erwachte
kaum.
Süßes Traum!
Blinzelte und erwachte
kaum.

Die zweite fuhr sich über das
Haar –
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
Sah den roten
Morgentraum.
Süßes Traum!

Sie sprach:
'Hört ihr die Trommel nicht?'
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
Süßes Traum!
Hell durch den
dämmernden Traum!

'Mein Liebster zieht in den
Kampf –'
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
'Mein Liebster zieht in den
Kampf hinaus,
Küsst mir als Sieger des
Kleides Saum.'
Süßes Traum!
Küsst mir des Kleides Saum!

Die Dritte sprach und sprach
so leis –
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
Die Dritte sprach und sprach
so leis:
'Ich küsse dem Liebsten
Des Kleides Saum.'
Süßes Traum!
Ich küsse dem Liebsten
Des Kleides Saum!

In meines Vaters Garten –
Blühe, mein Herz, blüh'
auf!
In meines Vaters Garten
Steht ein sonniger
Apfelbaum.
Süßes Traum!
Steht ein sonniger
Apfelbaum.

The youngest of the three
beauties –
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
The youngest of the three
beauties
blinked and hardly
awoke.
Sweet dream!
Blinked and hardly
awoke.

The second ran her hand
through her hair –
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
Saw the red morning
dream.
Sweet dream!

She said:
'Don't you hear the drums?'
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
Sweet dream!
Brightly through the
dawn?

'My beloved is going to
war –'
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
'My beloved is going to
war,
kisses as victor the hem
of my dress.'
Sweet dream!
Kisses the hem of my dress!

The third spoke, and
spoke so quietly –
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
The third spoke, and
spoke so quietly:
'I kiss the hem
of my beloved's coat.'
Sweet dream!
I kiss the hem
of my beloved's coat.

In my father's garden –
blossom, O my heart,
blossom!
In my father's garden
stands a sunny apple
tree.
Sweet dream!
Stands a sunny apple
tree.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Liebst du um Schönheit from *Rückert Lieder* (1901-2) Friedrich Rückert

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.

Das irdische Leben from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1892-99, rev. 1901) Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano

Mutter, ach Mutter! es
hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe
ich.
Warte nur mein liebes
Kind!
Morgen wollen wir ernten
geschwind.

Und als das Korn geerntet
war,
Rief das Kind noch
immerdar:
Mutter, ach Mutter! es
hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe
ich.
Warte nur mein liebes
Kind!
Morgen wollen wir dreschen
geschwind.

If you love for beauty from *Songs after Rückert*

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.

Life on earth from *The Boy's Magic Horn*

Mother, ah mother, I am
starving,
give me bread or I shall
die.
Wait, only wait, my
beloved child!
Tomorrow the reaping
will be swiftly done.

And when at last the corn
was reaped,
still the child kept on
crying:
Mother, ah mother, I am
starving,
give me bread or I shall
die.
Wait, only wait, my
beloved child!
Tomorrow the threshing
will be swiftly done.

Und als das Korn
gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch
immerdar:
Mutter, ach Mutter! es
hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe
ich.
Warte nur mein liebes
Kind!
Morgen wollen wir backen
geschwind.
Und als das Brot gebacken
war,
Lag das Kind auf der
Totenbahr.

And when at last the corn
was threshed,
still the child kept on
crying:
Mother, ah mother, I am
starving,
give me bread or I shall
die.
Wait, only wait, my
beloved child!
Tomorrow the baking will
be swiftly done.
And when at last the
bread was baked,
the child lay dead upon
the bier.

Alma Mahler

Laue Sommernacht (pub. 1910) Otto Julius Bierbaum

Laue Sommernacht: am
Himmel
Steht kein Stern, im weiten
Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im
Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten
Walde
In der Nacht, der
sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im
Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

Mild summer night

Mild summer night: in the
sky
not a star, in the deep
forest
we sought each other in
the dark
and found one another.

Found one another in the
deep wood
in the night, the starless
night,
and amazed, we
embraced
in the dark night.

Our entire life – was it not
but a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

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

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3 Night

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus dem Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Night steps from the woods,
slips softly from the trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc,
now beware!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

All the lights of this world,
all the flowers, all the colours
she extinguishes and steals the sheaves
from the field.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

She takes all that is fair,
takes the silver from the river,
takes from the cathedral's copper roof
the gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

The bush stands plundered:
draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
you too from me.

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 Dedication

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Ja du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Yes, dear soul, you know
that I'm in torment far from you,
love makes hearts sick,
be thanked.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Once, revelling in freedom, I held
the amethyst cup aloft
and you blessed that draught,
be thanked.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

And you banished the evil spirits,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
be thanked.

Alma Mahler

Bei dir ist es traut

(pub. 1910)

Rainer Maria Rilke

Bei dir ist es traut,
Zage Uhren schlagen
Wie aus weiten Tagen.
Komm mir ein Liebes sagen –
Aber nur nicht laut!

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
Draussen im Blütentreiben,
Der Abend horcht an den Scheiben.
Lass uns leise bleiben:
Keiner weiss uns so.

I feel at home with you

I feel at home with you,
faintly the hours strike
like in the old days.
Come say something
loving to me –
but not too loud!

A gate moves somewhere
outside in the sea of flowers,
evening listens at the window.
Let us stay quiet:
so no-one knows about us.

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Sommertage from 7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächstens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Summer days from 7 Early Songs

Days, sent from blue eternity,
journey now across the world,
time drifts away in the summer wind.
The Lord at night now garlands
star-chains with his blessed hand
across lands of wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart, what can
your brightest travel-song say
of your deep, deep joy?
The heart falls silent in the meadows' song,
words now cease when image after image
comes to you and fills you utterly.

Alma Mahler

Ich wandle unter Blumen (pub. 1910) *Heinrich Heine*

Ich wandle unter Blumen
Und blühe selber mit.
Ich wandle wie im Traume
Und schwanke bei jedem
Schritt.

Oh halt mich fest, Geliebte!
Vor Liebestrunkenheit
Fall' ich dir sonst zu Füßen,
Und der Garten ist voller
Leut!

I wander among flowers

I wander among flowers
and blossom with them;
I wander as in a dream
and sway with every
step.

O, hold me fast, beloved!
Or drunk with love
I'll fall at your feet –
and the garden is full of
folk.

Der Erkennende (pub. 1924) *Franz Werfel*

Menschen lieben uns, und
unbeglückt
Stehn sie auf vom Tisch, um
uns zu weinen.
Doch wir sitzen übers Tuch
gebückt
Und sind kalt und können
sie verneinen.

Was uns liebt, wie stossen
wir es fort
Und uns Kalte kann kein
Gram erweichen.
Was wir lieben, das entrafte
ein Ort [Wort],
Es wird hart und nicht mehr
zu erreichen.

Und das Wort, das waltet,
heisst: Allein,
Wenn wir machtlos zu
einander brennen.
Eines weiss ich: nie und
nichts wird mein.
Mein Besitz allein, das zu
erkennen.

The recognizer

People love us, and
rise
Discontent from the table
to weep for us.
But we sit bent over the
cloth
And are cold and can
deny them.

What we love, we
reject,
And no sorrow can
temper our coldness.
What we love is snatched
away –
It becomes hard and can
no longer be reached.

And the word that rules
all is: Alone,
When we, powerless, burn
ourselves to ashes.
One thing I know: never
shall anything be mine.
My only possession is to
recognize that fact.

Ansturm (1915) *Richard Dehmel*

O zürne nicht, wenn mein
Begehren
Dunkel aus seinen Grenzen
bricht,
Soll es uns selber nicht
verzehren,
Muss es heraus ans Licht!

Fühlst ja, wie all mein Innres
brandet,
Und wenn herauf der
Aufruhr bricht,
Jäh über deinen Frieden
strandet,
Dann bebst du aber du
zürnst mir nicht.

Storm

O do not be angry if my
desire
Bursts darkly out of its
bounds,
To avoid consuming us
both,
It must break out into light!

You feel how my inner
feelings surge,
And when the tumult
breaks surface
And suddenly washes
over your peace –
You quiver, but do not rail
at me.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Glückwunsch Op. 38 No. 1 (1948) *Richard Dehmel*

Ich wünsche dir Glück.
Ich bring' dir die Sonne in
meinem Blick.
Ich fühle dein Herz in meiner
Brust;
Es wünscht dir mehr als eitel
Lust.
Es fühlt und wünscht: die
Sonne scheint,
Auch wenn dein Blick zu
brechen meint.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so
sehnsuchtslos,
Als trügest du die Welt im
Schoß.
Es wünscht dir Blicke so voll
Begehren,
Als sei die Erde neu zu
gebären.
Es wünscht dir Blicke voll
der Kraft,
Die aus Winter sich Frühling
schafft.
Und täglich leuchte durch
dein Haus
Aller Liebe
Blumenstrauß!

Congratulation

I wish you happiness.
I bring you the sun in my
gaze.
I feel your heart beat in
my breast;
it wishes you more than
mere pleasure.
It feels and hopes: the
sun shines,
even when your eyes
think to close in death.
It wishes your eyes to be
as free of yearning,
as if you carried the world
in your womb.
It wishes your eyes to be
as full of desire,
as if the earth were to be
born again.
It wishes your eyes to be
full of the strength
that fashions spring from
winter.
And may your home be
daily lit
by the gleaming bouquet
of love!

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

Der Kranke Op. 38 No. 2 (1948)

Joseph von Eichendorff

Soll ich dich denn nun
verlassen,
Erde, heit'res
Vaterhaus?
Herzlich Lieben, mutig
Hassen,
Ist denn alles, alles
aus?

Vor dem Fenster durch die
Linden
Spielt es wie ein linder
Gruss.
Lüfte, wollt ihr mir
verkünden,
Dass ich bald hinunter muss?

Liebe ferne blaue Hügel,
Stiller Fluss im
Talesgrün,
Ach, wie oft wünscht ich mir
Flügel,
Über euch hinweg zu zieh'n!

Da sich jetzt die Flügel
dehnen,
Schaur' ich in mich selbst
zurück
Und ein unbeschreiblich
Sehnen
Zieht mich zu der Welt
zurück.

The sick man

Shall I now then leave
you,
O earth, happy home of
my childhood?
Heartfelt love, intrepid
hatred,
Is everything, everything
gone?

Outside the window
through the lime trees
The wind stirs, as though
in gentle greeting.
Breezes, do you wish to
tell me
That I must soon depart?

Dear blue and distant hills,
Quiet river in the green
valley,
Ah, how often have I
wished for wings
To soar away above you!

Now that the wings are
spread,
I recoil into
myself;
And an indescribable
yearning
Draws me back into the
world.

Old Spanish Op. 38 No. 3 (1948)

Howard Koch

A girl stands at her window,
She gazes into the distance.
With pale cheeks and heavy heart
She sings of past happiness:
'My love does not return!'

Evening draws in gently,
A star yearns for night,
And in the wind, gently, a fearful dream music can be
heard.
Like an echo the melody sounds:
'My love does not return!'

Old English Song Op. 38 No. 4 (1948)

Traditional

Now hark, all you gallants!
Your ears I would tease,
With a song of Lord Essex
In the fight of Cadiz!
How he scuppered them Spaniards
And hacked on their spleen,
For the glory of England
And Elizabeth, our queen!

We've rounded the port, boys,
The cannons they roar,
The sea's full of corpses
And Spain is no more.

They bobbed on the tide, boys,
The fat and the lean,
For the glory of England
And Elizabeth, our queen.

My Mistress' Eyes Op. 38 No. 5 (1948)

William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Alma Mahler

Ekstase (pub. 1924)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Ecstasy

Gott, deine Himmel sind mir
aufgetan,
Und deine Wunder liegen
vor mir da
Wie Maienwiesen, drauf die
Sonne scheint.

God, your heavens have
opened up to me,
and your wonders lie
there before me
like May meadows on
which the sun shines.

Du bist die Sonne, Gott, ich
bin bei dir,
Ich seh mich selber in den
Himmel gehn.
Es braust das Licht in mir
wie ein Choral.

You are the sun, O God,
and I am with you,
I see myself entering
heaven,
light resounds in me like
a chorale.

Da breit' ich Wanderer meine
Arme aus,
Und in das Licht verweh ich
wie die Nacht,
Die in die Morgenrötenblust
vergeht.

Then I, the wanderer,
stretch out my arms,
and in the light I fade like
the night
that vanishes in the
radiant flush of dawn.

*Translations of A Mahler 'Die stille Stadt', 'Der Erkennende' & 'Ansturm',
G Mahler 'Liebst du um Schönheit' & 'Das irdische Leben', Strauss 'Die
Nacht' & 'Zueignung', Berg 'Sommertage' and Korngold 'Glückwunsch',
'Der Kranke' & 'Alt-Spanisch' by © Richard Stokes from The Book of
Lieder (Faber & Faber, 2005), with thanks to George Bird, co-author of
The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder (Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977).
Zemlinsky 'Irmelin Rose' & 'Entbietung', Müller-Hermann 'Die stille
Stadt' and A Mahler 'In meines Vaters Garten', 'Laue Sommernacht', 'Ich
wandle unter Blumen' & 'Ekstase' by © Richard Stokes. A Mahler 'Bei dir
ist es traut' by © Jean du Monde.*