

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 31 May 2025
7.30pm

Anna Lucia Richter mezzo-soprano
Nicky Spence tenor
Julius Drake piano

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) Minnelied Op. 47 No. 1 (1839)
Minnelied Op. 34 No. 1 (1837)
Morgengruss Op. 47 No. 2
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges Op. 34 No. 2
Frühlingslied Op. 47 No. 3
Frühlingslied Op. 34 No. 3
Volkslied Op. 47 No. 4
Suleika Op. 34 No. 4
Der Blumenstrauss Op. 47 No. 5
Sonntagslied Op. 34 No. 5
Bei der Wiege Op. 47 No. 6
Reiselied Op. 34 No. 6

Franz Liszt (1811-1886) From *Lieder aus Schillers 'Wilhelm Tell'* S292/2 (c.1860)
Der Alpenjäger • Der Hirt • Der Fischerknabe
Es war ein König in Thule S278/2 (1843, rev. 1856)
Die drei Zigeuner S320/2 (1864)

Interval

Franz Liszt Hohe Liebe S307 (1850)
Gestorben war ich S308 (1843-50)
O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst S298/2 (1843-50)
From *Muttergottes-Sträusslein zum Mai-Monate* S316 (1857)
Das Veilchen • Die Schlüsselblumen
Die tote Nachtigall S291 (1843, rev. 1878)

Felix Mendelssohn 6 schottische National-Lieder (1838-9)
*O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye • Mary's dream • We've a bonnie
wee flower • Saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she • The flowers of
the forest • The yellow-hair'd laddie*
Wie kann ich froh und lustig sein? (1836)
Abendlied (1840)
Wasserfahrt (pub. 1838)



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Close contemporaries, Felix Mendelssohn and Franz Liszt were in most respects polar opposites: one a fastidious Romantic Classicist, steeped from childhood in the music of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven; the other the archetypal keyboard showman who roved Europe to frenzied adulation. Whereas Liszt's songs – many of them written for professionals – can evoke the opera house, Mendelssohn's were intended primarily for the bourgeois salon. His prime concern was a smoothly rounded vocal line, apt to a poem's general mood, with the piano in more-or-less discreet support. Yet while they tend to avoid emotional extremes, his songs are rich in beguiling melody and imaginative detail.

Although composed at various times, the **Mendelssohn** songs in this programme were published in two groups as Op. 34 (1837) and Op. 47 (1839). The title of first two, 'Minnelied', harks back to the medieval courtly love song. Next come two settings of Heinrich Heine: the fresh, unpretentious 'Morgengruss', and the famous 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges', in which Mendelssohn chose to ignore Heine's mockery of romantic fantasy. Instead he created a seductive melody of exquisite poise above a rippling, harp-like accompaniment. The poet was apparently unimpressed.

With their swirling piano accompaniments, the two songs titled 'Frühlingslied' are in Mendelssohn's most exuberant vein, while the solemn 'Volkslied' reminds us that many of his Lieder sound like folksongs refined for the salon. Although published under Goethe's name, the two 'Suleika' poems are by Marianne von Willemer, who became a muse to the ageing poet. In their passionate correspondence Goethe dubbed Marianne 'Suleika' and himself 'Hatem', after characters created by the Persian poet Hafiz. The reflective pathos of Mendelssohn's 'Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen' contrasts strikingly with Schubert's ardent song to the same poem.

Another spring song exuding a sense of well-being is 'Der Blumenstrauss', whose swaying melody broadens attractively at the end of each verse. 'Sonntagslied' tempers its easy lilt with moments of stillness as the lonely girl pines for her absent lover. Mendelssohn composed the lullaby 'Bei der Wiege' in London in 1833 for his infant godson Felix, son of the composer Ignaz Moscheles. Closing this Mendelssohn group, 'Reiselied' is a spectral night scene, with a *moto perpetuo* accompaniment suggestive both of the gusty autumn night and the rider's frenzied delusion.

Whereas Mendelssohn's song aesthetic was rooted in the 18th Century, **Liszt's** songs, many of them written for professional singers, abound in novel piano textures, evocative word painting and audacious harmonies. Denouncing his early songs as 'too sentimentally bloated', Liszt later revised many of them for singers at the Weimar Hofkapelle. He sometimes started virtually from scratch, as with the songs from Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*. In the drama these are sung to an Alpine *ranz des vaches* by a huntsman, a shepherd and a fisherman. In 1845 Liszt had set them in his most flamboyant manner. His settings of c.1860, sung by Nicky Spence, are far more concise and restrained. 'Der Alpenjäger' unfolds as a feverish march,

while 'Der Hirt' is as close as Liszt ever came to stylised folksong. With its siren calls based on the *ranz des vaches* and its seductive shifts of key, 'Der Fischerknabe' – a variation on the Lorelei myth – is dramatic in just the right degree where Liszt's 1845 setting had been melodramatic.

Performed here in its 1856 revision, the pictorial 'Es war ein König in Thule' is a world away from Schubert's plain, bardic setting of Gretchen's song from Goethe's *Faust*. Equally colourful is the Hungarian-flavoured ballad 'Die drei Zigeuner'. After the mysterious opening, the singer's recitative alternates with piano interludes depicting the three options of the Romani life: to smoke, to sleep or to play the fiddle. Liszt conjures the fiddler in a swaggering Czardas melody and magically evokes the dreaming sleeper as the wind brushes his cimbalom strings.

Liszt's lyrical invention is at its most lusciously Italianate in the three songs that open the second half of the programme. Published simultaneously in 1850 in versions for voice and as piano solos titled *Liebesträume* ('Dreams of Love'), all three are in effect *bel canto* arias for soprano or tenor (Liszt left the choice open). In 'Hohe Liebe' and 'Gestorben war ich' the poems' commingling of Eros and Death are a cue for soaring vocal lines and sensuously dissolving harmonies that anticipate Wagner's *Tristan*. The sentiments of the third song, 'O Lieb, so lang du lieben kannst' – love with kindness while life lasts – inspired Liszt to the tune of a lifetime, world-famous in its piano version as 'Liszt's *Liebestraum*'.

Liszt the future Abbé is glimpsed in 'Das Veilchen' and 'Die Schlüsselblumen', a pair of songs composed in 1857 under the title *A Madonna's Posy for the Month of May*. He told his mistress Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein that the songs, to floral poems based on the ancient tradition of the 'Mary Garden', would have 'the simplicity of the rosary', and that 'Das Veilchen' should be sung in a half-voice. The final Liszt song, 'Die tote Nachtigall' (1843, revised in 1878), is one of his most evocative, with its shimmering piano textures, trilling nightingales and almost shockingly bleak ending.

In the late 18th Century the gloomy, mist-shrouded musings of the Gaelic bard 'Ossian' fuelled a Europe-wide craze for Celtic primitivism. Haydn, Beethoven and other composers profited from the insatiable demand for Scottish and Welsh folksong arrangements, duly 'civilised' for the salon. In 1838, nine years after he visited Scotland, Mendelssohn arranged the Scottish folksong 'O dinna ask me' for the English contralto Mary Shaw to sing in a Leipzig Gewandhaus concert. It was an immediate success, prompting the composer to add five more arrangements and publish them as *6 schottische National-Lieder*.

Continuing the folksong theme, Anna Lucia Richter and Nicky Spence end with three Mendelssohn duets in quasi-folk style: the plaintive 'Wie kann ich froh und lustig sein', the wistful 'Abendlied' and, finally, 'Wasserfahrt', in which the broken-hearted lover sails from his homeland in Mendelssohn's characteristic *agitato* vein.

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Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Minnelied Op. 47 No. 1 Love Song

(1839)

Johann Ludwig Tieck

Wie der Quell so lieblich
klinget
Und die zarten Blumen
küsst,,
Wie der Fink im Schatten
singet
Und das nahe Liebchen
grüsst!

Wie die Lichter zitternd
schweifen
Und das Gras sich grün
erfreut,
Wie die Tannen weithin greifen
Und die Linde Blüten
streut!

In der Linde süß
Gedüfte,
In der Tannen Riesellaut,
In dem Spiel der Sommerlüfte
Glänzet sie als
Frühlingsbraut.

Aber Waldton, Vogelsingen,
Duft der Blüten, haltet ein,
Licht, verdunkle, nie
gelingen
Kann es euch, ihr gleich zu sein!

How the fountain so
lovely sounds
and kisses the tender
flowers,
how the finch in the
shade sings
and greets the nearby
sweetheart!

How the lights curve
trembling
and the grass rejoices in
its green,
how the firs reach out far
and the lime tree strews
its blooms!

In the lime tree's sweet
fragrance,
in the firs loud rustling,
in the play of summer air
She appears as a spring
bride.

But forest sounds, birdsong,
fragrance of blooms, cease,
light, die away, you can
never
Be like unto her!

Minnelied Op. 34 No. 1 Love Song

(1837)

Traditional

Leucht't heller als die
Sonne,
Ihr beiden Äugelein!
Bei dir ist Freud' und Wonne,
Du zartes Jungfräulein,
Du bist mein Augenschein,
Wär ich bei dir allein,
Kein Leid sollt mich
anfechten,
Wollt allzeit fröhlich
sein!

Dein Reiz ist aus der
Maasen,
Gleich wie der Blumen Art;
Wenn du gehst auf der
Strassen,
Gar oft ich deiner wart,
Ob ich gleich lang' muss
steh'n

You beamed brighter
than the sun,
both of you darling eyes!
With you is joy and bliss,
You gentle young maiden.
You are the light in my eyes!
If I were alone with you,
no sorrow could trouble
me,
and I would be forever
happy!

Your charm is beyond
measure
just as that of the flower.
When you walk down the
street,
I often wait for you,
no matter how long I
must stand,

Im Regen, Sturm und Schnee,
Kein' Müh' soll mich
verdrissen,
Wenn ich dich Herzbek
seh!

in rain, storm or snow;
no trouble could irritate
me;
if I could only see you, my
sweetheart.

Morgengruss Op. 47 No. 2

Heinrich Heine

Über die Berge steigt schon
die Sonne,
Die Lämmerherde läutet
von fern:
Mein Liebchen, mein Lamm,
Meine Sonne und Wonne,
Noch einmal säh' ich dich
gar zu gern!

Ich schaue hinauf mit
spähender Miene,
Leb' wohl, mein Kind, ich
wandre von hier!
Vergebens! es regt sich
keine Gardine;
Sie liegt noch und
schläft –
Und träumt von mir?

Morning greeting

The sun is rising over the
mountains,
the flock of sheep can be
heard from afar;
my dearest, my lamb,
my son and my joy,
how should I love to see
you again!

I raise my eyes
expectantly –
farewell, my child, I'm
going away!
In vain! The curtain does
not move;
she's still asleep – and
dreaming
of me?

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

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges Op. 34 No. 2

Heinrich Heine

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag' ich dich
fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des
Ganges,
Dort weiss ich den
schönsten Ort.

Dort liegt ein rotblühender
Garten
Im stillen
Mondenschein;
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen
Und schau'n nach den
Sternen empor;
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins
Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei und
lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n;
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heiligen Stromes
Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

Frühlingslied Op. 47 No. 3

Nikolaus Lenau

Durch den Wald, den
dunkeln, geht
Holde
Frühlingsmorgenstunde,
Durch den Wald vom
Himmel weht
Eine leise
Liebeskunde.

Selig lauscht der grüne
Baum,
Und er taucht mit allen Zweigen
In den schönen
Frühlingstraum,
In den vollen Lebensreigen.

On wings of song

On wings of song
I'll bear you, beloved,
away,
away to the fields by the
Ganges
where I know the loveliest
spot.

A red-blossoming garden
lies here
in the quiet light of the
moon;
the lotus flowers await
their dear little sister.

The violets titter and flirt
and gaze up at the
stars;
secretly the roses whisper
fragrant tales to each
other.

The knowing and
innocent gazelles
come leaping up to listen;
and in the distance murmur
the waves of the sacred
stream.

Let us lie down by its banks
underneath the palm,
and drink in love and peace
and dream a blissful dream.

Spring song

Spring's glorious morning
hour
passes through the dark
wood,
a gentle message of
love
blows from heaven
through the wood.

The green tree listens in
rapture
and dips all its boughs
into the beautiful spring
dream,
into the full dance of life.

Blüht ein Blümchen
irgendwo,
Wird's vom hellen Tau
getränkt,
Das versteckte zittert
froh,
Dass der Himmel sein
gedenket.

In geheimer
Laubesnacht
Wird des Vogels Herz getroffen
Von der Liebe Zaubermacht,
Und er singt ein süßes
Hoffen.

All das frohe
Lenzgeschick
Nicht ein Wort des Himmels
kündet,
Nur sein stummer, warmer
Blick
Hat die Seligkeit entzündet;

Also in den Winterharm,
Der die Seele hielt
bezwungen,
Ist dein Blick mir, still und warm,
Frühlingsmächtig
eingedrungen.

Frühlingslied Op. 34 No. 3

Karl Klingemann

Es brechen im schallenden
Reigen
Die Frühlingsstimmen
los,
Sie können's nicht länger
verschweigen,
Die Wonne ist gar zu gross!
Wohin, sie ahnen es selber
kaum,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein
süßer Traum!

Die Knospen schwellen und
glühen
Und drängen sich an das
Licht,
Und warten in sehndem
Blühen,
Dass liebende Hand sie
bricht.
Wohin, sie ahnen es selber
kaum,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein
süßer Traum!

Wherever a small flower
blooms,
it is watered by the bright
dew,
the hidden flower quivers
with joy
that heaven has
remembered it.

In the secret darkness of
the leaves
the bird's heart is struck
by the magic power of love,
and it sings of its sweet
hope.

All these joyful spring
messages
speak not a single word
of heaven;
only its silent and ardent
glance
has kindled happiness.

Thus in this grim winter,
which kept my soul
subdued,
a quiet and ardent glance
has pierced me with the
power of spring.

Spring song

In resounding
roundelays
The voices of spring
break out,
They can no longer be
silent,
Their joy is far too great!
Whither, they scarcely
know themselves,
They're touched by an
old, sweet dream!

The buds swell and
glow
And press towards the
light,
And wait in burgeoning
desire
To be picked by a loving
hand.
Whither, they scarcely
know themselves,
They're touched by an
old, sweet dream!

Und Frühlingsgeister, sie steigen Hinab in der Menschen Brust, Und regen da drinnen den Reigen Der ew'gen Jugendlust. Wohin, wir ahnen es selber kaum, Es rührt uns ein alter, ein süsser Traum!	And spirits of spring descend Into the beasts of men, And stir within it the roundelay Of youth's eternal joy. Whither, we scarcely know ourselves, We're touched by an old, sweet dream!
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Volkslied Op. 47 No. 4

*Ernst Freiherr von
Feuchtersleben*

Folksong

Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath, Dass man vom Liebsten, was man hat, Muss scheiden; Wiewohl doch Nichts im Lauf der Welt Dem Herzen ach! so sauer fällt, Als Scheiden! ja Scheiden!	It is decreed in God's law That we must part From what we hold most dear; Although nothing in the world Is so bitter to the heart As parting! yes, parting!
--	---

So dir geschenkt ein Knösplein was, So thu' es in ein Wasserglas, Doch wisse: Blüht morgen dir ein Röslein auf, Es welkt wohl schon die Nacht darauf; Das wisse! ja wisse!	If you have been given a little bud, Put it in a glass of water, But remember: Though a little rose will bloom by morning, It will wither when night falls, Remember! yes, remember!
--	--

Und hat dir Gott ein Lieb bescheert, Und hältst du sie recht innig werth, Die Deine — Es wird wohl wenig Zeit um sein, Da lässt sie dich so gar allein; Dann weine! ja weine!	And if God has granted you a sweetheart, And if you love your dearest Most tenderly, It might not be long Before she leaves you bereft, Then weep! yes, weep!
--	--

Nur musst du mich auch recht verstehn, Ja, recht verstehn! Wenn Menschen auseinandergehn, So sagen sie: auf Wiedersehn! Auf Wiedersehn!	You must now understand me well, Yes, understand me well! When humans part from each other, They say: farewell, Farewell!
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Suleika Op. 34 No. 4

*Marianne von Willemer with
Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Suleika

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen, West, wie sehr ich dich beneide: Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen Was ich in der Trennung leide!	Ah, West Wind, how I envy you your moist pinions: for you can bring him word of what I suffer away from him!
--	--

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen; Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.	The movement of your wings wakes silent longing in my heart; flowers, meadows, woods and hills, dissolve in tears where you blow.
---	--

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen Kühlt die wunden Augenlider; Ach, für Leid müsst' ich vergehen, Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.	Yet your mild, gentle breeze cools my sore eyelids; ah, I'd surely die of grief, did I not hope to see him again.
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Eile denn zu meinem Lieben, Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen; Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.	Hurry, then, to my beloved, whisper softly to his heart; take care, though, not to sadden him, and hide from him my anguish.
--	--

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden: Seine Liebe sei mein Leben, Freudiges Gefühl von beiden Wird mir seine Nähe geben.	Tell him, but tell him humbly: that his love is my life, his presence here will fill me with happiness in both.
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*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Der Blumenstrauß Op. 47 No. 5

Karl Klingemann

Sie wandelt im
Blumengarten
Und mustert den bunten
Flor,
Und alle die Kleinen warten
Und schauen zu ihr empor.

„Und seid ihr denn
Frühlingsboten,
Verkündend was stets so
neu,
So werdet auch meine
Boten
An ihn, der mich liebt so
treu.“

So überschaut sie die
Habe
Und ordnet den lieblichen
Strauss,
Und reicht dem Freunde die
Gabe,
Und weicht seinem Blicke aus.

Was Blumen und Farben
meinen,
O deutet, o fragt das nicht,
Wenn aus den Augen der
Einen
Der süsseste Frühling
spricht.

Sonntagslied Op. 34 No. 5

Karl Klingemann

Ringsum erschallt in Wald
und Flur
Viel ferns
Glockenklingen,
Die Winde wehen heimlich
nur,
Und leis' die Vöglein
singen.
Und Orgelklang und
Chorgesang
Erbaulich zieht das Tal
entlang.

Wie bin ich so allein im Haus,
In weiten, stillen Räumen!
Zum Feste zogen alle aus,
Hier kann ich heimlich
träumen.
Dort jauchzen sie in Lust
und Scherz,

The posy

She walks in the flower
garden
and gazes at the colourful
blossoms,
and all the little buds wait
and look up at her.

'If you be messengers of
spring,
announcing what is
always so new,
then be my messengers
as well
to him who loves me so
true.'

Thus she surveys all she
owns
and fashions a lovely
posy,
and gives it to her
friend
and averts her gaze.

Do not ask the
meaning
of these colours and flowers,
when from the eyes of the
one you love
speaks the sweetest
spring.

Sunday Song

All around in forest and
meadow rings out
Many a distant chiming of
bells,
The breezes stirring but
softly,
And the little birds
singing quietly.
And organ sound and
choir song
Drifting full of devotion
along the valley.

How alone am I in the house,
In its spacious, silent rooms!
All went out to celebrate,
Here I can dream in
secret.
Yonder they exult in joy
and jest,

Und mir wird weich und weh
um's Herz.

Horch! horch, was ertönt
Schalmeienklang,
Was zieht so froh in's
Weite?
Zur Kirche wallt mit hellem
Sang
Ein selig Brautgeleite.
Und ich, ich bin so gar allein!
Ach, Einer dürfte bei mir
sein!

Bei der Wiege Op. 47 No. 6 (1833)

Karl Klingemann

Schlummre und träume von
kommender Zeit,
Die sich dir bald muss
entfalten
Träume, mein Kind, von
Freud' und Leid,
Träume von lieben
Gestalten!
Mögen, auch viele noch
kommen und gehen.
Müssen dir neue doch
wieder erstehen,
Bleibe nur fein geduldig!

Schlummre und träume von
Frühlingsgewalt
Schau all das Blühen und
Werden,
Horch, wie im Hain der
Vogelsang schallt,
Liebe im Himmel, auf
Erden.
Heut zieht's vorüber und
kann dich nicht kümmern,
Doch wird dein Frühling auch
blühen und schimmern.
Bleibe nur fein geduldig!

While weak and sore
grows my heart.

Hark! Why are the
shawms resounding,
What roams forth so gladly
into the distance?
Drawing towards the
church with bright song
A blissful bridal party.
And I, I am so very alone!
Alas, One might be with
me!

Beside the cradle

Slumber and dream of
times to come
That you'll soon
encounter,
Dream, my child, of joy
and sorrow,
Dream of the people you
love!
However many may
come and go,
There will always be new
ones to follow;
Be patient!

Slumber and dream of
spring's great might,
See how everything
blossoms and grows,
Listen how birdsong
resounds in the grove –
Love in heaven and love
on earth!
Today flits by, concerns
you no longer,
Spring too will bloom and
shine for you.
Be patient!

Reiseliad Op. 34 No. 6

Heinrich Heine

Der Herbstwind rüttelt die
Bäume,
Die Nacht ist feucht und kalt;
Gehüllt im grauen Mantel,
Reite ich einsam im Wald.

Und wie ich reite, so
reiten
Mir die Gedanken voraus;
Sie tragen mich leicht und luftig
Nach meiner Liebsten Haus.

Die Hunde bellen, die
Diener
Erscheinen mit
Kerzengeflirr;
Die Wendeltreppe stürm' ich
Hinauf mit
Sporengeklirr.

Im leuchtenden
Teppichgemache,
Da ist es so duftig und
warm,
Da harret meiner die
Holde –
Ich fliege in ihren Arm.

Es säuselt der Wind in den
Blättern,
Es spricht der Eichenbaum:
'Was willst du, törichter
Reiter,
Mit deinem törichten Traum?'

Song of travel

The autumn wind shakes
the trees,
the night is damp and cold;
wrapped in a grey cloak,
I ride in the forest alone.

And as I ride, so my
thoughts
ride on ahead of me;
they carry me light as air
to my beloved's house.

The dogs bark, the
servants appear
with flickering
candlelight;
I dash up the spiral staircase
to the sound of clattering
spurs.

There in her brightly
tapestried room,
with its fragrance and
warmth,
my loved one is waiting
for me –
I fly into her arms.

The wind rustles in the
leaves,
the oak-tree says:
'foolish rider, what do you
want
with your foolish dream?'

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

From *Lieder aus Schillers 'Wilhelm Tell'*

S292/2 (c.1860)

Friedrich Schiller

Der Alpenjäger

Es donnern die Höh'n, es
zittert der Steg,
Nicht grauet dem Schützen
auf schwindlichem Weg.
Er schreitet verwegen
Auf Feldern von Eis,
Da pranget kein Frühling,
Da grünet kein Reis;

The Alpine hunter

The heights thunder, the
footbridge trembles,
The hunter fears nothing
on his dizzy path.
Intrepid, he strides
Over fields of ice,
Where no spring blooms,
Where no twig burgeons;

Tief unter den Füssen ein
nebeliches Meer,
Erkennt er die Städte der
Menschen nicht mehr;
Durch den Riss nur der
Wolken
Erblickt er die Welt,
Tief unter den Wassern
Das grünende Feld.

Far below his feet a sea of
mist,
No more can he see the
cities of men;
Only through a rift in the
clouds
Can he glimpse the world,
Far below the waters
The fields growing green.

Der Hirt

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muss
scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.

Wir fahren zu Berg,
wir kommen
wieder,
Wenn der Kuckuck ruft,
wenn erwachen die Lieder,
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde
sich kleidet neu,
Wenn die Brunnlein fließen
im lieblichen Mai.

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muss
scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.

The shepherd

Farewell, you meadows,
You sunny pastures!
The herdsman must
leave you,
Summer is over.

We'll return to the
mountains, we'll come
again,
When the cuckoo calls,
when songs awaken,
When the earth is freshly
clothed with flowers,
When the brooklets are
flowing in lovely May.

Farewell, you meadows,
You sunny pastures!
The herdsman must
leave you,
Summer is over.

Der Fischerknabe

Es lächelt der See, er ladet
zum Bade,
Der Knabe schlief ein am
grünen Gestade,
Da hört er ein Klingen,
Wie Flöten so süß,
Wie Stimmen der Engel
Im Paradies.

Und wie er erwachet in
seliger Lust,
Da spülen die Wasser ihm
um die Brust,
Und es ruft aus den
Tiefen:
Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!
Ich locke den Schläfer,
Ich zieh ihn herein.

The fisherboy

The lake smiles, an
enticement to bathe,
the lad fell asleep on the
green shore,
then he hears sounds,
as of sweetest flutes,
like voices of angels
in Paradise.

And as he awakes in
rapturous joy,
the waters rise up to his
breast,
and a voice calls from the
depths:
Dear lad, you are mine!
I lure the slumberer
and drag him down.

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

Es war ein König in Thule S278/2

(1843, rev. 1856)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Es war ein König in Thule
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine
Buhle
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm
über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
Zählt' er seine Städt' im
Reich,
Gönnt' alles seinen Erben,
Den Becher nicht
zugleich.

Er sass beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem
Vätersaale,
Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer.

Dort stand der alte
Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensglut,
Und warf den heil'gen
Becher
Hinunter in die Flut.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
Und sinken tief ins Meer.
Die Augen täten ihm sinken;
Trank nie einen Tropfen
mehr.

Die drei Zigeuner S320/2 (1864)

Nikolaus Lenau

Drei Zigeuner fand ich einmal
Liegen an einer Weide,
Als mein Fuhrwerk mit
müder Qual
Schlich durch sandige
Heide.

There was a king in Thule

There was a king in Thule,
Faithful to the grave,
To whom his mistress, as
she died,
Gave a golden beaker.

He valued nothing higher,
He drained it at every feast,
And each time he drank
from it,
His eyes would fill with tears.

And when he came to die,
He counted the cities of
his realm,
Gave all he had to his heirs,
The beaker though
excepted.

He sat at the royal banquet,
Surrounded by his knights,
There in the lofty
ancestral hall,
In the castle by the sea.

There he stood, that old
toper,
Drank his life's last glow,
And hurled the sacred
beaker
Into the waves below.

He saw it fall and fill
And sink deep into the sea.
His eyes closed;
He never drank another
drop.

The three Gypsies

I once saw three Gypsies
lying against a willow,
as my carriage with weary
groans
crept across a sandy
heath.

Hielt der eine für sich allein
In den Händen die Fiedel,
Spielt, umglüht vom
Abendschein,
Sich ein lustiges
Liedel.

Hielt der zweite die Pfeif' im
Mund,
Blickte nach seinem
Rauche,
Froh, als ob er vom
Erdenrund
Nichts zum Glücke mehr
brauche.

Und der dritte behaglich
schlief,
Und sein Zimbal am
Baumhing,
Über die Saiten der
Windhauch lief,
Über sein Herz ein Traum
ging.

An den Kleidern trugen die
drei
Löcher und bunte Flicker,
Aber sie boten trotzig
frei
Spott den
Erdengeschicken.

Dreifach haben sie mir
gezeigt,
Wenn das Leben uns
nachtet,
Wie man's verschläft,
verraucht, vergeigt
Und es dreimal
verachtet.

Nach den Zigeunern lang
noch schau'n
Musst' ich im
Weiterfahren,
Nach den Gesichtern
dunkelbraun,
Den schwarzlockigen Haaren.

One of them, sitting apart,
held a fiddle in his hands,
and, glowing in the
evening sun,
played himself a merry
song.

The second with a pipe in
his mouth,
gazed contentedly after
the smoke,
as if he needed nothing
more
for happiness on
earth.

And the third slept
peacefully,
his cimbalom hanging
from a tree,
a breeze swept over its
strings,
a dream passed over his
heart.

All three of them had
clothes
of holes and motley patches;
but defiant and free they
scoffed
at what fate might have in
store.

In three ways they
showed me how,
when life for us turns
dark,
to sleep it, smoke it and
fiddle it away,
and three ways of
disdaining it.

As I drove past the
Gypsies
I had to look at them a
long time,
with their dark brown
faces
and their curly black hair.

Interval

Franz Liszt

Hohe Liebe S307 (1850) Exalted love

Johann Ludwig Uhland

In Liebesarmen ruht ihr
trunken,
Des Lebens Früchte winken
euch;
Ein Blick nur ist auf mich
gesunken,
Doch bin ich vor euch allen
reich.

Das Glück der Erde miss ich
gerne
Und blick, ein Märtyrer,
hinan,
Denn über mir in goldner
Ferne
Hat sich der Himmel
aufgetan.

In love's embrace you lie
enraptured
The fruits of life beckon
you;
One glance alone has
fallen on me,
Yet I am richer than all of
you.

I gladly forego the earth's
happiness
And glaze aloft like a
martyr,
For above in the golden
distance
Heaven has opened up to
me.

Gestorben war ich S308 (1843-50)

Johann Ludwig Uhland

Gestorben war ich
Vor Liebeswonne;
Begraben lag ich
In ihren Armen;
Erwecket ward ich
Von ihren Küssen;
Den Himmel sah ich
In ihren Augen.

I lay dead

I lay dead
From love's bliss;
I lay buried
In her arms;
I was wakened
By her kisses;
I saw heaven
In her eyes.

O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst S298/2

(1843-50)

Ferdinand Freiligrath

O lieb, solange du lieben kannst!
O lieb, solange du lieben
magst!
Die Stunde kommt, die
Stunde kommt,
Wo du an Gräbern stehst
und klagst.

O love as long as you can

O love as long as you can!
O love as long as you
may!
The hour will come, the
hour will come
When you stand by
graves and mourn!

Und Sorge, dass dein Herze
glüht
Und Liebe hegt und Liebe
trägt,
So lang ihm noch ein ander
Herz
In Liebe warm
entgegenschlägt.

And be sure that your
heart glows,
And nourishes and
harbours love,
As long as another
heart
Beats lovingly in
reply!

Und wer dir seine Brust
erschliesst,,
O tu ihm, was du kannst,
zulieb!
Und mach ihm jede Stunde
froh,
Und mach ihm keine Stunde
trüb.

And whoever opens his
heart to you,
O do all you can to love
him!
Make him happy at every
moment,
And at no moment make
him sad!

Und hüte deine Zunge
wohl,
Bald ist ein böses Wort
gesagt!
O Gott, es war nicht böse
gemeint,—
Der andre aber geht und
klagt.

And take good care of
what you say,
It's easy to utter an angry
word!
O God, though you meant
no harm—
The other departs and
grieves.

From Muttergottes-Sträusslein zum Mai- Monate S316 (1857)

Joseph Müller

Das Veilchen

Spende, Veilchen, deine
Düfte
Zu Marias Preis und Ruhm,
Statt des Weihrauchs, statt
der Myrrhen
Bring'ich dich in's
Heiligthum.

The violet

Shed your fragrance, O
violet,
To Mary's praise and glory.
Instead of frankincense
and myrrh,
I shall bring you to the
sanctuary.

Eitler Prunk und bunt
Geschmeide
Sind nicht deiner Schönheit
Zier,
In dem einfach blauen Kleide
Prangst du edler als
Saphir.

Vain splendour and
garish jewels
Do not make up your
beauty,
In your simple blue dress
You gleam more nobly
than sapphire.

Stille blühst du und
bescheiden
Deiner Tugend unbewusst,
Einsam willst du gerne wohnen
Aller Menschen Freud und
Lust.

Quietly and modestly you
bloom,
Unaware of your virtue,
You live in willing solitude
To please and delight all
men.

So auch blüthest du,
Maria,
Einsten als des Herren Braut,
Gott hat aller Welten Segen,
Alle Himmel dir
vertraut.

So did thou once bloom,
Mary,
As the bride of our Lord,
God vouchsafed to thee
The infinite heavens, the
world's blessing.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly
as possible.*

Keusche Jungfrau, Himmelspforte, Lass mich wie das Veilchen sein, Ohne Stolz und ohne Hoffart Stets bescheiden, keusch und rein.	Chaste Virgin, gateway to heaven, Let me be the violet, Without pride and without arrogance, Ever modest, chaste and pure.
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Lass mich wie die blauen Blümchen Immer sanft sein, fromm und gut, Dir, Maria, stets zu Ehren Leben unter deiner Hut.	Let me, like these blue flowers, Be ever gentle, devout and good, And live, O Mary, to honour thee, Beneath thy protection.
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Die Schlüsselblumen

Dort am grünen Hügel glänzen Schmucke Blümchen schön wie Gold, Ihnen sind als Frühlingsboten Alle Menschen gut und hold.	There, on the verdant hill, Pretty flowers gleam like gold, As messengers of Spring They are welcomed by everyone.
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Schlüsselblümchen ist ihr Name, Und wie Honig süß ihr Duft, Und mit Veilchen um die Wette Würzen sie die linde Luft.	Cowslips they are called, And their scent is as sweet as honey, And they complete with violets In spicing the gentle air.
--	---

Sie des Lenzes erste Kinder Sind gar frühe schon erwacht, Stiegen aus des Grabes Dunkel Eh' noch Ostermorgen tagt.	As the first children of Spring, They woke up prematurely, Arose from the dark grave Before Easter morning dawned.
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Sie erschlossen froh die Erde Bei des Lenzes erstem Weh'n Und verkünden, dass sich nahe, Aller Blüthen Aufersteh'n.	They blossomed early from the earth, When Spring's first breezes blew, And announce that all flowers Will soon rise up again.
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Diese Blümchen lass ein Zeichen Himmelsköniginn Dir sein, Dass ich freudig Dir die Schlüssel Weih' zu meines Herzens Schrein.	Let these flowers be a sign, O Queen of Heaven for thee, That I joyfully dedicate to thee The keys to my heart's shrine.
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Schliesse früh es auf zur Tugend. Mach' es jung an Schätzen reich, Rein und golden lass' es glänzen, Den bescheid'nen Blümchen gleich.	See that my heart blossoms early to virtue, Make it, when young, rich in treasures, Let it gleam pure and golden, Like these modest little flowers.
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Die tote Nachtigall

S291 (1843, rev. 1878)

Johann Philipp Kaufmann

Du arme, kleine Nachtigall!
Du solltest den Frühling
wecken
mit deinem holden, süßen
Schall,
und nun muss dich die Erde
decken!

Dein Mütterlein sucht bang
sein Kind,
wie fehlst du im Kreis der
Kleinen!
Es weint sich fast die Augen
blind,
wie traurig, ach! Das ist zum
weinen.

Und wenn der Frühling nun
erwacht
mit seiner Nachtigallen
Lieder,
Dann schläfst du still in
Grabes Nacht,
und ach! kein Ruf erweckt
dich wieder.

The dead nightingale

You poor little nightingale!
You should be waking up
spring
With your beautiful, sweet
songs,
And now the earth must
cover you!

Your mother anxiously
looks for her child,
How you are missed
among the young!
She almost weeps her
eyes out,
Alas, how sad! It makes
you weep.

And when spring now
awakes
With the songs of
nightingales,
You will be quietly sleeping
in the dark grave,
And ah! No cry will bring
you to life!

Felix Mendelssohn

6 schottische National-Lieder (1838-9)

O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye

John Dunlop

O dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye:
Troth, I darna tell!
O dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yoursell.

O dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I darna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lasses see;
O dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O I'm sure my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prore fause to me!

Mary's dream

John Lowe

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light o'er tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Say 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So Mary weep no more for me.'

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow e;
'O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.'

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

We've a bonnie wee flower

Robert Gilfillan

We've a bonnie wee flower in a far countrie,
In a bright and sunny bower in a far countrie.

When the sky is ever fair, and the myrtle scents the air,
O! Our lovely blossom's there, in a far countrie.

May the angels watch the flower in a far countrie,
And tent it ev'ry hour in a far countrie.

And the nightingale's soft song the spicy groves among.
Its slumbers shall prolong in a far countrie.

There's gold to win and spare in a far countrie,
And gems and jewels rare in a far countrie.

But the brightest, purest gem, from a fondly cherished
stem,
Is the flow'ret we could name in a far countrie.

We may not cross the main to a far countrie,
Nor traverse hill and plain to a far countrie.

But when the primrose springs, and the lint white sweetly
sings,
O we'll welcome home our flower from a far countrie.

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

Saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she

Anonymus

Saw ye Johnny comin, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin,
Saw ye Johnny comin, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin,
Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,
And his doggie rinnin'.

Fee him, Father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, Father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin',
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Gaes wi' me when I see him.

What wad I do wi' him, hussy
What wad I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.'

I hae twa sarks in my kist neuk,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,
And for a mark o' mair fee.
Dinna stand wi' him, Father,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
O fee him, Father, fee him, quo' she
Fee him, Father, fee him,
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
An' crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
Crack wi' me at e'en.

The flowers of the forest

Alison Cockburn

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling—
I've tasted her pleasures, and felt her decay:
Sweet was her blessing, and kind her caressing—
But now they are fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorn'd the foremost,
Wi' flowers o' the fairest, baith pleasant and gay:
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air
perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and a'wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold hills adorning;
And loud tempests roaring before parting day:
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glitt'ring in the sunny
beams,
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle fortune why this cruel sporting!
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day!
Thy frown cannot fear me; thy smile cannot cheer me,
Since the flowers o' the forest are a'wede away.

The yellow-hair'd laddie

Allan Ramsay

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain.
The yellow-hair'd laddie would often times go
To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
grow.

The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Madie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie is handsome and sweetly can sing,
Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Wie kann ich froh und lustig sein? (1836)

Johann Philipp Kaufmann

Wie kann ich froh und lustig
sein?
Wie kann ich gehn mit Band
und Strauss?
Wenn der herzge Junge, der
mir so lieb,
Ist über die Berge weit
hinaus!

's ist nicht der frostge
Winterwind,
's ist nicht der Schnee und
Sturm und Graus,
Doch immer kommen mir
Traenen ins Aug,
Denk ich an ihn, der weit
hinaus.

Der lange Winter ist vorbei,
Der Frühling putzt die Birken
aus,
Es grünt und blüht und lacht
der Mai,
Dann kehrt er heim, der weit
hinaus!

How can I be gay and merry?

How can I be gay and
merry?
How can I wear ribbons
and flowers?
When the dear lad, whom
I love so truly,
Is over the mountains far
away!

'tis not the frosty winter
wind,
'tis not snow nor storm
nor fear,
Yet tears are ever in my
eyes,
When I think of him, who
is far away.

The long winter is gone,
Spring is dressing up the
birches,
May is greening and
blooming and laughing,
Then he comes home,
who was far away!

Abendlied (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Evening Song

Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege,
In Nacht gehüllt,
So schwebt mir vor ein
süßes
Anmutig liebes Bild,

When I lie in my bed,
enveloped by night,
there hovers before me a
sweet,
sear and charming image.

Wenn mir der stille Schlummer
Geschlossen die Augen
kaum,
So schleicht das Bild sich leise
Hinein in meinen Traum.

When silent slumber
has scarcely closed my
eyes,
the image quietly steals
into my dreams.

Und mit dem Traum des
Morgens
Zerrinnt es nimmer
mehr,
Dann trag ich es im Herzen
Den ganzen Tag
umher.

And with the dream of
morning
it shall never melt away
again,
for I shall carry it in my heart
around with me the whole
day.

Wasserfahrt (pub. 1838)

Heinrich Heine

Sea voyage

Ich stand gelehnet an den
Mast,
Und zählte jede Welle.
Leb wohl, mein schönes
Vaterland!
Mein Schiff, das segelt
schnelle!

I stood leaning against
the mast
and counted every wave.
Farewell, my lovely
fatherland!
My ship speeds swiftly
on!

Ich kam schön Liebchens
Haus vorbei,
Die Fensterscheiben
blinken;
Ich schau mir fast die Augen
aus,
Doch will mir niemand winken.

I passed before my
sweetheart's house,
the windows were shining
bright;
I almost stare my eyes
out,
but no one makes a sign.