

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 3 March 2023
7.30pm

Prague – Vienna: The Two Homelands

Adam Plachetka bass-baritone
Gary Matthewman piano

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904) Biblical Songs Op. 99 (1894)

*Clouds and darkness are round about him •
Thou art my defence and shield • Hear my prayer, O God •
The Lord is my shepherd • Lord! Lord! I will sing a new song •
Hear my crying, O God • By the waters of Babylon •
Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me •
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills •
O sing unto the Lord a new song*

Gypsy Songs Op. 55 (1880)

*My song resounds, a psalm of love •
Hey! How my triangle rings out •
All around the woods are so still and silent •
Songs my mother taught me • Take your bow and strike up! •
In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes • Give a hawk a fine cage*

Interval

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Ständchen D889 (1826)
Die Forelle D550 (1817)
Im Abendrot D799 (1824-5)
Gruppe aus dem Tartarus D583 (1817)
Erkönig D328 (1815)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3 (1885)
Nachtgang Op. 29 No. 3 (1895)
Du meines Herzens Krönelein Op. 21 No. 2 (1887-8)
Traum durch die Dämmerung Op. 29 No. 1 (1895)
Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 (1885)

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The Habsburg Empire had two capitals between 1440 and 1804: Vienna, first city for the greatest period of time and an imperial capital until the First World War; and Prague, also a place of rich history and complex cultural endeavour. This evening's programme celebrates the music of both cities.

Antonín Dvořák composed over 100 songs over the course of his career, many of which were in his native Czech – although some were composed in German with an eye on the international market. Indeed, Dvořák's big break came thanks to Brahms, who recommended the younger man's *Moravian Duets* Op. 20 for printing by his own publisher. This in turn led to the commissioning and wild international success of the *Slavonic Dances* Op.46.

The *Biblical Songs* with which we begin were Dvořák's last collection of songs, their texts taken from the 16th-century Bible of Kralice – the first complete translation of the Bible into Czech. When he began their composition, Dvořák had been working in America for the past two years and was growing increasingly homesick. He had recently lost his father, and friends Hans von Bülow and Pyotr Tchaikovsky had also died within the previous year. This perhaps explains the astonishing intimacy of these fluid, sometimes grandly rhetorical, sometimes pleading songs: there is a sparseness and heartfelt simplicity in such settings as 'Hospodin jest můj pastýř' ('The Lord is my shepherd'), and a floating, Wagnerian richness in 'Slyš, ó Bože, volání mé' ('Hear my crying, O God'). Yet the set ends joyfully with 'Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou' ('O sing unto the Lord a new song'), which also most closely resembles Dvořák's contemporary American instrumental pieces in style and energy.

While the *Biblical Songs* were self-consciously written in Dvořák's first language, the *Zigeunermelodien* were aimed squarely abroad, at that sizeable Austro-German amateur market which had flocked to buy the *Slavonic Dances*. Like his poet Adolf Heyduk, Dvořák spoke both Czech and German – the only way to work internationally whilst living under Austrian control. This is why Dvořák set Heyduk's poetry in German (the translation was by the poet himself); though we hear them tonight in the original Czech as seven *Cigánské melodie*.

The Roma (or 'Cikán') singer of this cycle is by turns proud and wistful, yearning and fierce in his (or her) claim to freedom. Unsurprisingly, music is mentioned in more than one of Heyduk's texts – the emotional fire of our speaker is matched by their love of singing, playing and dancing. This is most famously expressed in the fourth song, so memorably translated into English as 'Songs my mother taught me'. But such wistfulness is only part of the story here: these songs also provide a rich array of breath-taking and toe-tapping melodies, capturing in glorious technicolour the infinite possibility of a wild, musical life on the open road. Even the piano is transformed, to a jangling cimbalom and a twirling violin, or thumping drums and a merry triangle.

As the capital of the Austrian (later Austro-Hungarian) empire, Vienna was a city filled to the brim with artists, writers, musicians and creative individuals of all kinds – although the vast majority of its most famous inhabitants were not born there. One notable exception is **Franz Schubert**, who grew up in Himmelpfortgrund to the north-west of the city centre, and never travelled beyond the borders of modern-day Austria during his short life.

Schubert's 'Ständchen' D889 is a famous Rellstab serenade, our singer audibly plucking his guitar as he calls out in the night to his beloved. This dates from 1826, six years after Schubert saw the much earlier 'Die Forelle' D550 in print. Schubert's near-namesake Schubart provided the poem for this, one of the composer's best-loved songs, with its cheerfully leaping fishy protagonist and the deceitful pianistic mud-churning of the trout's captor. 'Im Abendrot' D799 is a blissful meditation upon the setting sun, hymnlike in its gentle tread and pantheistic sentiments. Schiller's shuddering 'Gruppe aus dem Tartarus' D583 took Schubert several attempts to realise, with a fragmentary first try from 1816 superseded by this completed version of autumn 1817: the inhabitants of Hades weep and groan as they await the end of time. Finally we hear Goethe's desperate and grisly ballad 'Erlkönig', composed in 1815 when the composer was just 18 years old, and proudly published as his opus one in 1821.

Dvořák was not born in Prague but spent many years living in the Bohemian capital; Schubert counted Vienna as his one and only home, despite his numerous different residences within the city limits. Our final composer, **Richard Strauss**, was born in Munich and only moved to the Austrian capital in 1919, when he took over as a co-director of the newly renamed Vienna Staatsoper with Franz Schalk. The Austro-Hungarian empire was no more, and Prague had become the capital of newly-formed Czechoslovakia.

The songs we hear this evening pre-date Strauss's move to Austria, but they clearly conjure the musical world that was to lead him there: opera. 'Heimliche Afforderung' is part of the opus Strauss offered as a wedding gift to his new wife Pauline de Ahna, an operatic soprano whose voice was to inspire much of his later work. Even the earlier 'Die Nacht' (Strauss was 21 when he wrote this) seems to hint at a full orchestra in its delicate piano accompaniment. 'Nachtgang' and 'Traum durch die Dämmerung' of a decade later set texts by Otto Julius Bierbaum, the music less obviously rhapsodic but rich with a sense of that burgeoning modern world that would lead – thanks to Bierbaum's own writings – to the foundation of the first cabaret. Between them we hear the tender 'Du meines Herzens Krönelein'; and we conclude with 'Zueignung'. Schubert and Brahms are close at hand here – two Viennese guiding lights as Strauss gazes ahead to the twentieth century.

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Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Biblical Songs Op. 99 (1894)

Liturgical text

Clouds and darkness are round about him

Oblak a mrákota jest vůkol něho,	Clouds and darkness are round about him,
Spravedlnost a soud základ trůnu jeho.	righteousness and judgement are the habitation of his seat.
Óheň předchází jej a zapaluje	There shall go a fire before him:
Vůkol nepřátele jeho.	and burn up his enemies on every side.
Zasvěcujít' se po okršku světa blýskání jeho;	His lightnings gave shine unto the world:
To vidouc země děsí se.	the earth saw it, and was afraid.
Hory jako vosk rozplývají se před obličejem Hospodina,	The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord:
Panovníka vši země.	at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.
A slávu jeho spatřují všichni národové.	And all the people have seen his glory.

Thou art my defence and shield

Skrýše má a pavezá má Ty jsi,	Thou art my defence and shield:
Na slovo vzaté očekávám.	and my trust is in thy word.
Odstupež ode mne, nešlechetníci,	Away from me, ye wicked:
Abych ostříhal příkázání Boha svého.	I will keep the commandments of my God.
Posiluj mne, bych zachován byl,	Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe:
A patřil ku stanoveným Tvým ustavičně.	yea, my delight shall ever be in thy statutes.
Děsí se strachem před Tebou tělo mé,	My flesh trembleth for fear of thee:
Nebo soudů Tvých bojím se náramně.	and I am afraid of thy judgments.

Hear my prayer, O God

Slyš o Bože! slyš modlitbu mou, Neskrývej se před prosbou mou.	Hear my prayer, O God: and hide not thyself from my petition.
Pozoruj a vyslyš mne;	Take heed unto me, and hear me:
Neboť naříkám v úpění svém,	how I mourn in my prayer,
A kormoutím se.	and am vexed.
Srdce mé tesklí ve mně,	My heart is disquieted in me:
A strachové smrti přišli na mne,	and the fear of death is fallen upon me,
A hrůza přikvačila mne.	and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.
I řekl jsem: Ó bych měl křídla	And I said: Oh, that I had wings
Jako holubice,	like a dove:
Zaletěl bych a poodpočinul.	for then would I flee away, and be at rest.
Aj, daleko bych se vzdálil,	Lo, then would I get me away afar off:
A přebýval bych na poušti.	and remain in the wilderness.
Pospíšil bych ujíti větru	I would make haste to escape:
Prudkému a vichřici.	because of the stormy wind and tempest.

The Lord is my shepherd

Hospodin jest můj pastýř; Nebudu míti nedostatku.	The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
Na pastvách zelených pase mne,	He shall feed me in a green pasture:
K vodám tichým mne přivodí.	and lead me beside the waters of comfort.
Duši mou občerstvuje;	He shall convert my soul
Vodí mne po stezkách	and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness
Spravedlnosti pro jméno své.	for his Name's sake.
Byť se mi dostalo jíti	Yea, though I walk
Přes údolí stínu smrti:	through the valley of the shadow of death,
Nebudut' se báti zlého,	I will fear no evil:
Nebo Ty se mnou jsi;	for thou art with me;
A prut Tvůj a hůl Tvá,	thy rod and thy staff
Tot' mne potěšuje.	comfort me.

Lord! Lord! I will sing a new song

Bože! Bože! Píseň novou Zpívati budu Tobě na loutně, A žalmy Tobě prozpěvovati Na každý den dobrořečiti budu Tobě A chváliti jméno Tvé na věky věků. Hospodin jistě veliký jest A vší chvály hodný, A velikost jeho nemůž vystižena býti. O slávě a kráse a velebnosti Tvé, I o věcech Tvých předivných mluviti budu. A moc přehrozných skutků Tvých Všichni rozhlašovati budou; I já důstojnost Tvou budu vypravovati.	Lord! Lord! I will sing a new song unto thee on a ten- stringed lute, and sing praises unto thee. Every day will I give thanks unto thee: and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and marvellous worthy to be praised: there is no end of his greatness. As for me, I will be talking of thy worship, thy glory, thy praise and wondrous works; so that men may speak of the might of thy marvellous acts: and I will also tell of thy greatness.
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Hear my crying, O God

Slyš, o Bože, volání mé, Pozoruj modlitby mé! Nebo jsi býval útočiště mé A pevná věže před tváří nepřítele. Budu bydleti v stánku Tvém na věky, Schráním se v skrýši křídel Tvých. Bože! Bůh silný můj Ty jsi, Tebe t' hned v jitře hledám, Tebe žízní duše má, Po Tobě touží tělo mé, V zemi žíznivé a vyprahlé, V níž není vody; A tak, abych Tobě dobrořečil A s radostným rtů prozpěvováním Chválila by Tě ústa má.	Hear my crying, O God: give ear unto my prayer. For thou hast been my hope, and a strong tower for me against the enemy. I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever: and my trust shall be under the covering of thy wings. O God, thou art my God: early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee: in a barren and dry land where no water is. I will magnify thee in this manner: when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.
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By the waters of Babylon

Při řekách babylonských, Tam jsme sedávali a plakávali, Rozpomínajíce se na Sion. Na vrby v té zemi	By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept: when we remembered thee, O Sion. As for our harps, we hanged them up:
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Zavěšovali jsme citary své, A když se tam dotazovali nás ti, kteříž nás zajali, Na slova písničky, říkajíce: Zpívejte nám některou píseň Sionskou, Odpovídali jsme: Kterakž bychom mohli zpívati Píseň Hospodinovu v zemi cizozemců? Jestliže se zapomenu na tebe, O Jeruzaléme, O, zapomeniž i pravice má umění svého.	upon the trees that are therein. For they that had led us away captive required of us then a song, saying: Sing us one of the songs of Sion! But we answered: How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.
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Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me

Popatřiž na mne a smiluj se nade mnou; Neboť jsem opuštěný a ztrápený. Soužení srdce mého rozmnožují se, Z úzkostí mých vyved' mne. Smiluj se nade mnou! Viz trápení mé a bídu mou A odpust' všechny hříchy mé. Ostříhej duše mé a vytrhni mne At' nejsem zahanben, Neboť v Tebe doufám.	Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me: for I am desolate and in misery. The sorrows of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my troubles. Have mercy upon me. Look upon my adversity and misery: and forgive me all my sin. O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be confounded, for I have put my trust in thee.
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I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills

Pozdvihuji očí svých k horám, Odkud by mi přišla pomoc. Pomoc má jest od Hospodina, Kterýž učinil nebe i zemi. Nedopustíť, aby se pohnouti měla noha Tvá, Nebo nedřimet' strážný Tvůj. Aj, nedřimet', ovšem nespí ten, Kterýž ostříhá Izraele.	I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh mine help. My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep. Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep
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O sing unto the Lord a new song

Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou, Nebot' jest divné věci učinil; Zvuk vydejte, prozpěvujte A žalmy zpívejte. Zvuč, moře, i to, což v něm jest; Okršlek světa, i ti, což na něm bydlí. Řeky rukama plesejte, Spolu s nimi i hory prozpěvujte. Plesej, pole, a vše, což na něm; Plesej, země, zvuč i moře, i což v něm jest.	O sing unto the Lord a new song: for he hath done marvellous things Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands: sing, rejoice, and give thanks. Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is: the round world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together. Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it. Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.
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Gypsy Songs Op. 55 (1880)

Adolf Heyduk

My song resounds, a psalm of love

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní, Když starý den umírá; A chudý mech kdy na šat svůj Si tajně perle sbírá.	My song resounds, a psalm of love when day begins to fade, and when the moss and withered grass secretly drink in pearls of dew.
Má píseň v kraj tak toužně, zní Když světem noha bloudí; Jen rodné pusty dálnou Zpěv volně z řader proudí.	My song resounds full of wanderlust in the green of lofty forests, only on the puszta's wide plains can I sing out happily.
Má píseň hlučně láskou zní, Když bouře běží plání; Když těším se, že bídy prost Díí bratr v umírání.	My song is also full of love, as storms rage across the heath; when the breast of my friend heaves, as he breathes his last!

Hey! How my triangle rings out

A les je tichý kolem kol, Jen srdce mír ten ruší, A černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol, Mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.	All around the woods are so still and silent, my heart beats so fearfully; the black smoke sinks ever deeper and dries the tears on my cheek.
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Však nemusí jich usušit, Necht' v jiné tváře bije. Kdo v smutku může zazpívat, Ten nezhyne, ten žije, ten žije!	Ah, my tears do not dry, you must seek out other cheeks! He who can praise his pain in song, will not curse death.
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Songs my mother taught me

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala, Podivno, že často, často slzivala. A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím, Když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat, hrát a zpívat učím!	When my old mother taught me songs to sing, tears would well strangely in her eyes. Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears, when I teach the children how to sing and play!
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Take your bow and strike up!

Struna naladěna, hochu, toč se v kole, Dnes, snad dnes převysoko, zejtra, zejtra, zejtra zase dole! Pozejtří u Nilu za posvátným stolem; Struna již, struna naladěna, hochu, toč, hochu, toč se kolem!	Take your bow and strike up! Come and join the round dance, lad! Be happy today! But what of the morrow? Sad tomorrow – it was ever thus! Next day on the banks of the Nile, at the table of our fathers, take your bow and strike up, hasten to the dance and mingle!
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In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes

Široké rukávy a široké gatě Volnější cigánu nežli dolman v zlatě. Dolman a to zlato; bujná prsa svírá Pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá. A kdo raduješ se, tvá, kdy píseň v kvěťě Přej si, aby zašlo zlato v celém světě!	In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes the gypsy feels freer than when dressed in silk and gold! Yes! The golden dolman constricts his breast, smothers the happily wandering strains of his free song. He who feels true joy when these songs resound, wishes that all gold should vanish from the face of the earth.
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Texts continue overleaf

Give a hawk a fine cage

A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:	If, O gypsy, nature has given you something,
Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;	As long as the falcon can fly above the Tatra mountains,
K volnosti ho věčným poutem, k volnosti ho upoutala.	she has given me freedom all my life.
Komoni bujnému, jenž se pustou žene,	If the wild foal can race across the heath,
Nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.	he will never exchange his rocky nest for a cage.
Zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.	he'll find no pleasure in bridle and reins.

Interval

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Ständchen D889 (1826) Serenade

*William Shakespeare, trans.
August Wilhelm von Schlegel*

Horch! horch! die Lerch' im Ätherblau;	Hark, hark! the lark in heaven's blue;
Und Phöbus, neu erweckt,	and Phoebus, newly awakened,
Tränkt seine Rosse mit dem Tau,	waters his steeds with the dew,
Der Blumenkelche deckt;	that lies on chalice flowers;
Der Ringelblume Knospe schleusst	the marigold bud unfolds
Die goldnen Äuglein auf;	its little golden eyes;
Mit allem, was da reizend ist,	with every pretty thing,
Du süsse Maid, steh auf!	sweet maid, arise!
Steh auf, steh auf!	Arise, arise!

Die Forelle D550 (1817) The trout

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart

In einem Bächlein helle,	In a clear stream,
Da schoss in froher Eil'	in lively haste,
Die launische Forelle	the capricious trout
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.	darted by like an arrow.
Ich stand an dem Gestade,	I stood on the bank,
Und sah in süssem Ruh'	contentedly watching
Des muntern Fischleins Bade	the frisky fish
Im klaren Bächlein zu.	in the clear stream.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute	An angler with his rod
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,	stood on the bank,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,	and cold-bloodedly watched
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.	the fish twist and turn.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,	As long as the water,
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,	I thought, stays clear,
So fängt er die Forelle	he'll never catch
Mit seiner Angel nicht.	the trout with his hook.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe	But finally the thief
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht	lost patience. Cunningly
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,	he muddied the stream,
Und eh' ich es gedacht,	and before I realised,
So zuckte seine Rute,	there was a flick of his rod,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,	where the little fish writhed,
Und ich mit regem Blute	and I, my blood boiling,
Sah die Betrogne	looked at the cheated
an.	creature.

Im Abendrot D799

(1824-5)

Karl Gottlieb Lappe

O wie schön ist deine Welt,	Ah, how lovely is your world,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!	Father, when it gleams with gold!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt,	When your radiance descends,
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;	and paints the dust with glitter;
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,	when the red that glows from the clouds
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!	sinks into my quiet window!
Könnst' ich klagen, könnt' ich zagen?	Could I complain, could I lose heart?
Irre sein an dir und mir?	Despair of you and me?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen	No, I shall bear your heaven
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.	here within this breast.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,	And this heart, before it breaks,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.	shall still drink fire and savour light.

Sunset glow

Gruppe aus dem Tartarus D583 (1817)

Friedrich Schiller

Horch – wie Murmeln des empörten Meeres,
Wie durch hohler Felsen Becken weint ein Bach,
Stöhnt dort dumpfigtief ein schweres, leeres,
Qualerpresstes Ach!

Schmerz verzerrt
Ihr Gesicht, Verzweiflung sperret
Ihren Rachen fluchend auf.
Hohl sind ihre Augen – ihre Blicke
Spähen bang nach des Cocytus Brücke,
Folgen tränend seinem Trauerlauf.

Fragen sich einander ängstlich leise,
Ob noch nicht Vollendung sei? –
Ewigkeit schwingt über ihnen Kreise,
Bricht die Sense des Saturns entzwei.

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

Scene from Hades

Hark! – like the angered ocean's murmuring,
like a brook weeping through rocky hollows
there rises up, dank and deep, a heavy, empty
tormented cry!

Pain distorts their faces, despair opens wide their jaws in imprecation.
Their eyes are hollow – their gaze
fixes fearfully on Cocytus Bridge,
weeping they follow the river's doleful course.

Anxiously, softly, they ask each other
if the end is nigh? –
Eternity sweeps in circles above them,
breaks Saturn's scythe asunder.

Erlking

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child;
he has the boy safe in his arms,
he holds him close, he keeps him warm.

'My son, why hide your face in fear?'
'Can't you see the Erlking, father?'
The Erlking with his crown and robe?'
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

'You sweetest child, come go with me!
Wondrous games I'll play with you;
many bright flowers grow on the shore;
my mother has many a garment of gold.'

'Father, O father, can't you hear
the Erlking's whispered promises?'
'Be calm, stay calm, my child,
the wind is rustling in withered leaves.'

'Won't you come with me, fine boy?
My daughters shall take good care of you;
my daughters lead the nightly dance,
and will rock and dance and sing you to sleep.'

'Father, O father, can't you see
the Erlking's daughters there in the gloom?'
'My son, my son, I can see quite clearly:
it's the old willows gleaming so grey.'

'I love you. Your beautiful figure excites me;
and if you're not willing, I'll take you by force.'
'Father, O father, he's seizing me now!
The Erlking's done me harm!'

The father shudders, swiftly he rides,
with the groaning child in his arms,
with a final effort he reaches home;
the child lay dead in his arms.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894) *John Henry Mackay*

Auf, hebe die funkelnde
Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim
Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann
trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl
genossen, den Durst
gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den
Garten zum Rosenstrauch, -
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust
dir sinken, eh du's
gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

Secret invitation

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful
feast your heart to
health.

And when you raise it,
give me a secret sign,
then I shall smile and
drink as quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do not
despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering
goblet, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at
the noisy feast.

But once you have
savoured the meal,
quenched your thirst,
leave the loud company
of happy revellers,

And come out into the
garden to the rose-bush, -
there I shall wait for you
as I've always done,

And I shall sink on your
breast, before you
could hope,
and drink your kisses, as
often before,

And twine in your hair the
glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous,
longed-for night

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!

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

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

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

Nachtgang Op. 29 No. 3 (1895)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Wir gingen durch die stille,
milde Nacht,
Dein Arm in meinem,
Dein Auge in meinem.
Der Mond goss silbernes
Licht
Über dein Angesicht,
Wie auf Goldgrund ruhte
dein schönes Haupt.
Und du erschienst mir wie
eine Heilige,
Mild, mild und gross und
seelenübertoll,
Heilig und rein wie die liebe
Sonne.
Und in die Augen
Schwoll mir ein warmer Drang,
Wie Tränenahnung.
Fester fasst' ich dich
Und küsste -
Küsstest dich ganz leise -
Meine Seele weinte.

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

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

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

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

A walk at night

We walked through the
gentle silent night,
your arm in mine,
your eyes gazing into mine;
the moon shed silver light
over your face;
as though on gold your
fair head lay,
and you seemed to me
like a saint:
gentle, gentle and great,
with a brimming soul,
holy and pure like the
dear sun.
And a pressing warmth
welled into my eyes,
like impending tears.
I held you closer
and kissed you -
kissed you so gently -
my soul wept.

**Du meines Herzens
Krönelein Op. 21 No. 2**

(1887-8)

Felix Dahn

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,
du bist von lautrem Golde,
Wenn Andere daneben sein,
dann bist du noch viel
holde.

Die Andern tun so gern
gescheut, du bist gar sanft
und stille;

Dass jedes Herz sich dein
erfreut, dein Glück ist's,
nicht dein Wille.

Die Andern suchen Lieb' und
Gunst mit tausend
falschen Worten,

Du ohne Mund- und
Augenkunst bist wert an
allen Orten,

Du bist als wie die Ros' im
Wald, sie weiss nichts von
ihrer Blüte,

Doch Jedem, der vorüberwallt,
erfreut sie das Gemüte.

**You, my heart's
coronet**

You, my heart's coronet,
you are of pure gold,
when others stand beside
you, you are more
lovely still.

Others love to appear
clever, you are so
gentle and quiet;
that every heart delights
in you is your fortune,
not your will.

Others seek love and
favours with a thousand
false words,

you, without artifice of mind
or eye, are esteemed in
every place,

you are like the rose in
the forest, knowing
nothing of its flowers,
yet rejoicing the heart of
every passer-by.

**Traum durch die
Dämmerung Op. 29**

No. 1 (1895)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Weite Wiesen im
Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglomm, die
Sterne ziehn;
Nun geh' ich hin zu der
schönsten Frau,
Weit über Wiesen im
Dämmergrau,
Tief in den Busch von
Jasmin.

Durch Dämmergrau in der
Liebe Land;

Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich
eile nicht;

Mich zieht ein weiches,
samntenes Band

Durch Dämmergrau in der
Liebe Land,

In ein blaues, mildes Licht.

Dream into dusk

Broad meadows in grey
dusk;
the sun has set, the stars
come out;
I go now to the loveliest
woman,
far across meadows in
grey dusk,
deep into the jasmine
grove.

Through grey dusk into
the land of love;

I do not go fast, I do not
hurry;

I am drawn by a soft
velvet ribbon

through grey dusk into
the land of love,

into a gentle blue light.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

*Translations of Gypsy Songs by Richard Stokes. Schubert and Strauss
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