

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 4 November 2022
7.30pm

Vienna

Sabine Devieille soprano
Mathieu Pordoy piano

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Schliesse mir die Augen beide (first setting) (1907)
From *Jugendlieder I* (1901-4)
 Spieleute • Vielgeliebte schöne Frau • Sehnsucht II
Menuet in F (1907-8)
Schliesse mir die Augen beide (second setting) (1925)
Die Nachtigall from *7 frühe Lieder* (1905-8)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Komm, liebe Zither K351 (1780-1)
Das Veilchen K476 (1785)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Albumblatt (1880)
Wie glänzt der helle Mond from *Alte Weisen* (1890)
From *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1890-6)
 Auch kleine Dinge • Mir ward gesagt •
 Mein Liebster ist so klein •
 Wenn du, mein Liebster

Interval

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Abendempfindung K523 (1787)
Minuet in F K1d (1761)
Solfeggio in F K393 No. 2 (1782)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Meinem Kinde Op. 37 No. 3 (1897)
Waldseligkeit Op. 49 No. 1 (1901)
Winterweihe Op. 48 No. 4 (1900)
Träumerei from *Stimmungsbilder* Op. 9 (1882-4)
Ihre Augen from *Gesänge des Orients* Op. 77 (1928)
Amor Op. 68 No. 5 (1918)

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Alban Berg is now known largely for his instrumental works and his operas, *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*, but as a young man he was obsessed with song: his teacher Arnold Schoenberg complained in 1910, five years after taking on this 'extraordinarily gifted composer', that 'his imagination apparently could not work on anything but Lieder. Even the piano accompaniments to them were song-like in style. He was absolutely incapable of writing an instrumental movement ... You can hardly imagine the lengths I went to in order to remove this defect.' Schoenberg's efforts included the setting of numerous exercises in counterpoint, of which the Menuet in F, composed in 1907 or 1908, is one.

By his early twenties, Berg had composed over 70 songs, including the *Jugendlieder* from 1901-4 heard tonight. Only nine of his youthful efforts were published in his lifetime: the 1928 set of *7 frühe Lieder*, which included the romantic setting of Theodor Storm's 'Die Nachtigall', and two settings of Storm's 'Schliesse mir die Augen beide' that appeared two years later within a journal article by Willi Reich. Berg dedicated them to Emil Hertzka, noting that his company Universal Edition had throughout its quarter-century of existence been the only publisher to have 'taken care' of 'the enormous distance which music has travelled from tonal composition to composition with "12 notes only related to one another".' Berg's settings of this lovers' lullaby demonstrate his own traversal of this 'distance': the first, composed in 1907, charmingly direct, the piano tracking the voice throughout; the second, from 1925, Berg's first attempt to use strict serial technique, remarkably assured despite his confession to Anton Webern that 'unfortunately I am not yet so far advanced as you'.

Of all the aspects of **Mozart's** prolific output, his 30 or so songs are possibly the least often performed and discussed: few histories of the Lied allot much space to Mozart, even though he composed songs at regular intervals throughout his life, and his best through-composed songs strikingly foreshadow Schubert's elevation of the form from light entertainment to high art. 'Komm, liebe Zither' was composed in 1780-1 with an accompaniment for mandolin, anticipating the serenade that the disguised Don Giovanni sings beneath the window of Donna Elvira's maid. 'Das Veilchen', composed in 1785, is notable not only as Mozart's sole setting of his great contemporary Goethe, but for the freedom with which he approaches the text. After a straightforward first stanza, the song breaks into an unexpectedly intense minor-key section and then into recitative; Mozart returns to the latter style for the telling final line, whose words he himself added to Goethe's text.

'Abendempfindung', from 1787, is one of Mozart's finest songs and perhaps the one that most clearly anticipates Schubert, with its wide-ranging tonal scheme and its through-composed setting of a text contemplating the prospect of death. The 'Solfeggio' heard tonight is one of a set of five wordless melodies

composed in 1782 for 'la mia cara Costanza', the soprano Mozart had married earlier that year: it sounds like a sketch for the 'Christe eleison' movement of Mozart's unfinished C minor Mass, which Constanze would perform when the newlyweds visited the composer's home town of Salzburg the following year. The Minuet in F, meanwhile, is dated 16 December 1761, at which point Wolfgang was five – though it survives only in a copy written out by his father in his sister's music notebook, so it is impossible to know whether Leopold exercised any editorial influence.

By contrast with Berg and Mozart, **Hugo Wolf's** reputation today rests almost entirely on his almost 300 songs, though tonight's Wolf sequence begins with the haunting *Albumblatt* (1880), his penultimate work for solo piano, albeit composed when he was only twenty. 'Wie glänzt der helle Mond', composed a decade later as part of a set of six settings of Gottfried Keller, is one of Wolf's most beautiful songs, tenderly evoking an old woman's anticipations of paradise while repeated chords in the piano's highest register conjure up a moonlit night. 'Auch kleine Dinge' and 'Mir ward gesagt' are the opening numbers of the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, a collection of 46 songs compiled in three bursts of intense creative activity between 1890 and 1896 and described by Wolf as 'the most original and artistically the most perfect of all my things'. The freshness of inspiration is evident even from the piano introduction to 'Auch kleine Dinge', while the daring use of repeated notes in 'Mir ward gesagt' effectively conveys the protagonist's sadness at the lover's departure. The collection contains plenty of humour as well as melancholy, as is evident from 'Mein Liebster ist so klein', a witty portrayal of a vertically challenged lover – an element of self-mockery here, perhaps, since Wolf himself was barely more than five feet tall. 'Wenn du, mein Liebster', by contrast, is a sincere and straightforward expression of romantic love, building to a rousing piano postlude.

Richard Strauss composed Lieder throughout his long life: the earliest work heard tonight ('Träumerei') dates from 1884, the latest ('Ihre Augen') from 1928. Like Mozart, Strauss was married to a soprano, Pauline de Ahna, which stimulated his interest in song. Some of Strauss's songs, such as 'Amor' – conceived, like the rest of the six Brentano songs of 1918, for the light coloratura voice of Elisabeth Schumann, one of his favourite interpreters – are virtuosic and showy. Others are more introspective, such as 'Winterweihe' (1900), which deploys characteristically radiant harmonies to suggest the 'inner light' that sustains lovers through winter weather, and 'Waldseligkeit' (1901), a delicate rendition of Dehmel's woodland scene. But all display a profound understanding of the human voice – which was, Strauss once observed, 'the most beautiful instrument of all, but the most difficult to play'.

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Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Schliesse mir die Augen beide (first setting) (1907)

Theodor Storm

Schliesse mir die Augen beide
Mit den lieben Händen zu!
Geht doch alles, was ich
leide,
Unter deiner Hand zur Ruh.

Und wie leise sich der
Schmerz
Well' um Welle schlafen leget,
Wie der letzte Schlag sich
reget,
Füllest du mein ganzes Herz.

Close both my eyes

Close both my eyes
with your dear hands!
For all my suffering is
soothed
beneath your hands.

While wave after wave of
anguish
gently ebbs away,
and while the last pang
quivers,
you fill my entire heart.

From *Jugendlieder I* (1901-4)

Spielleute

*Ludwig Passarge, after
Henrik Ibsen*

Zu ihr stand all mein
Sehnen,
In der lichten Sommernacht;
Doch der Weg ging vorüber
am Flusse,
Wo heimlich der
Wassermann lacht.

Ja, verstehst du
mit Grau'n und
Singen
Zu umgaukeln der Schönen
Sinn,
So lockst du zu grossen
Kirchen
Und prächtigen Säulen sie hin.

Minstrels

All my longing went out
to her
in the bright summer night;
but I had to pass a
river,
where the water sprite
mysteriously laughed –

Yes, you know how to
charm the beautiful
girl's senses
with your horrific
singing;
that's how you lure her to
great churches
and splendid columns.

Vielgeliebte schöne Frau

Heinrich Heine

Spätherbstnebel, kalte
Träume,
Überfloreten Berg und Tal,
Sturm entblättert schon die
Bäume,
Und sie schau'n gespenstig
kahl.

Fair lady much loved

Late autumn mists, cold
dreams
drape mountain and valley,
storms already denude
the trees,
and they appear
spectrally bare.

Nur ein einz'ger, traurig
schweigsam
Einz'ger Baum steht
unentlaubt,
Feucht von Wehmutstränen
gleichsam,
Schüttelt er sein grünes
Haupt.

Ach, mein Herz gleicht
dieser Wildnis,
Und der Baum, den ich dort
schau'
Sommergrün, das ist dein
Bildnis,
Vielgeliebte schöne Frau!

Only one tree, standing in
sad silence,
one lone tree still shows
its leaves,
wet, as with the tears of
sadness,
it shakes its verdant
crown.

Ah, my heart is like this
wilderness,
and the tree I see
there
summer-green, that is
the image of you,
fair lady much loved!

Sehnsucht II

Heinrich Heine

Mir träumte: traurig schaute
der Mond,
Und traurig schienen die
Sterne;
Es trug mich zur Stadt, wo
Liebchen wohnt,
Viel hundert Meilen
ferne.

Es hat mich zu ihrem Hause
geführt,
Ich küsste die Steine der
Treppe,
Die oft ihr kleiner Fuss
berührt
Und ihres Kleides
Schleppe.

Die Nacht war lang, die
Nacht war kalt,
Es waren so kalt die
Steine;
Es lugt' aus dem Fenster die
blasse Gestalt,
Beleuchtet vom
Mondenscheine!

Longing II

I dreamed: the moon
gazed sadly down,
and sadly the stars did
shine;
it led me to my
sweetheart's town
many hundreds of miles
away.

The moon led me to her
house,
I kissed the stones on the
stairs,
on which her little feet
would step,
and on which her dress
would trail.

The night was long, the
night was cold,
the flagstones too were
cold;
her pale figure leant out
of the window,
lit up by the moon's
light.

Menuet in F (1907-8)

Schliesse mir die Augen beide (second setting) (1925)

Theodor Storm

Schliesse mir die Augen beide
Mit den lieben Händen zu!
Geht doch alles, was ich
leide,
Unter deiner Hand zur Ruh.

Und wie leise sich der
Schmerz
Well' um Welle schlafen leget,
Wie der letzte Schlag sich
reget,
Füllest du mein ganzes Herz.

Die Nachtigall from 7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

Theodor Storm

Das macht, es hat die
Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes
Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in
Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den
Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne
Glut
Und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die
Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Close both my eyes

Close both my eyes
with your dear hands!
For all my suffering is
soothed
beneath your hands.

While wave after wave of
anguish
gently ebbs away,
and while the last pang
quivers,
you fill my entire heart.

The nightingale from 7 Early Songs

It is because the
nightingale
has sung throughout the
night,
that from the sweet
sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild
creature,
now she wanders deep in
thought;
in her hand a summer
hat,
bearing in silence the
sun's heat,
not knowing what to do.

It is because the
nightingale
has sung throughout the
night,
that from the sweet
sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Komm, liebe Zither K351 (1780-1)

Anonymous

Komm, liebe Zither, komm,
Du Freundin stiller Liebe,
Du sollst auch meine
Freundin sein.
Komm, dir vertrau' ich
Die geheimsten meiner Triebe,
Nur dir vertrau' ich meine
Pein.

Sag' ihr an meiner Statt,
Ich darf's ihr noch nicht sagen,
Wie ihr so ganz mein Herz
gehört.
Sag's ihr an meiner Statt,
Ich darf's ihr noch nicht
klagen,
Wie sich für sie mein Herz
verzehrt.

Das Veilchen K476 (1785)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese
stand,
Gebückt in sich und
unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein' junge
Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und
munterm Sinn
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und
sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär'
ich nur
Die schönste Blume der
Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen
abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt
gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen
kam
Und nicht in acht das
Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.

Come, my dear zither

Come, my dear zither, come
you friend of gentle love,
I want you for my friend
as well.
Come, to you will I confide
my innermost desires,
to you alone do I confide
my grief.

Tell her in my place,
for I dare not yet tell her,
that my whole heart is
hers.
Tell her in my place,
since I dare not complain
to her,
how much my heart
yearns for her.

The violet

A violet was growing in
the meadow,
unnoticed and with
bowed head;
it was a dear sweet violet.
Along came a young
shepherdess,
light of step and happy of
heart,
along, along
through the meadow, and
sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I
were only
the loveliest flower in all
Nature,
ah! for only a little while,
till my darling had picked
me
and crushed me against
her bosom!
Ah only, ah only
for a single quarter hour!

But alas, alas, the girl
drew near
and took no heed of the
violet,
trampled the poor violet.

Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:	It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch	and if I die, at least I die
Durch sie, durch sie, Zu ihren Füßen doch.	through her, through her and at her feet.

Das arme Veilchen!	The poor violet!
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!	It was a dear sweet violet!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Albumblatt (1880)

**Wie glänzt der helle
Mond from *Alte
Weisen* (1890)
Gottfried Keller**

Wie glänzt der helle Mond so
kalt und fern,
Doch ferner schimmert
meiner Schönheit Stern!

Wohl rauschet weit von mir
des Meeres Strand,
Doch weiterhin liegt meiner
Jugend Land!

Ohn' Rad und Deichsel gibts
ein Wägelein,
Drin fahr' ich bald zum
Paradies hinein.

Dort sitzt die Mutter Gottes
auf dem Thron,
Auf ihren Knien schläft ihr
sel'ger Sohn.

Dort sitzt Gott Vater, der den
Heil'gen Geist
Aus seiner Hand mit
Himmelskörnern speist.

In einem Silberschleier sitz'
ich dann
Und schaue meine weissen
Finger an.

Sankt Petrus aber gönnt sich
keine Ruh,
Hockt vor der Tür und flickt
die alten Schuh.

**How cold and
distant the bright
moon shines from
*Old Saws***

How cold and distant the
bright moon shines,
But my beauty's star gleams
more distant still!

The sea pounds the shore
far away from me,
But farther still lies the
land of my youth!

There is a wagon without
wheels or shafts,
I'll soon drive in it to
Paradise.

The Mother of God sits
there on her throne,
With her blessed Son
asleep on her lap.

There sits God the Father,
with the Holy Ghost
Whom He feeds from His
hand with manna.

Then I'll sit in a silver
veil
And gaze at my white
fingers.

Only Saint Peter will grant
himself no rest,
He squats at the Gate and
cobble old shoes.

**From *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1890-6)
Paul Heyse after Tommaseo, Tigri, Marcoaldi and
Dalmedico**

Auch kleine Dinge
Paul Heyse

Auch kleine Dinge können
uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können
teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns
mit Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt
und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die
Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch
gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie
klein sie ist
Und duftet doch so lieblich,
wie ihr wisst.

Even small things

Even small things can
delight us,
even small things can be
precious.
Think how gladly we deck
ourselves with pearls -
they fetch a great price
but are only small.
Think how small the olive
is,
and yet is prized for its
goodness.
Think only of the rose,
how small it is,
and yet smells so sweet,
as you know.

Mir ward gesagt
Paul Heyse

Mir ward gesagt, du reisest
in die Ferne.
Ach, wohin gehst du, mein
geliebtes Leben?
Den Tag, an dem du
scheidest, wüsst ich gerne;
Mit Tränen will ich das Geleit
dir geben.
Mit Tränen will ich deinen
Weg befeuchten -
Gedenk an mich, und Hoffnung
wird mir leuchten!
Mit Tränen bin ich bei dir
allerwärts -
Gedenk an mich, vergiss es
nicht, mein Herz!

They told me

They told me you were
going far away.
Ah, whither are you
bound, love of my life?
The day you leave, I
would gladly know;
I shall accompany you
with tears.
I shall bedew your path
with tears;
think of me, and hope will
give me light!
With tears I'm with you,
wherever you be -
think of me, do not forget,
my heart!

Mein Liebster ist so klein

Paul Heyse

Mein Liebster ist so klein,
dass ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit
seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging,
Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke
sehr erschrocken.
Dann setzt er sich ins Haus
um zu verschnaufen,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege über'n
Haufen;
Und als er hintrat an mein
Fensterlein,
Stiess eine Bremse ihm den
Schädel ein.
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen,
Schnaken, Bremsen,
Und wer ein Schätzchen
hat aus den Maremmen!
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen,
Schnaken, Mücken
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst,
so tief muss bücken!

Wenn du, mein Liebster

Paul Heyse

Wenn du, mein Liebster,
steigst zum Himmel auf,
Trag' ich mein Herz dir in der
Hand entgegen.
So liebevoll umarmst du
mich darauf,
Dann woll'n wir uns dem
Herrn zu Füßen legen.
Und sieht der Herrgott uns're
Liebesschmerzen,
Macht er ein Herz aus zwei
verliebten Herzen,
Zu einem Herzen fügt er
zwei zusammen,
Im Paradies, umglänzt von
Himmelsflammen.

My sweetheart's so small

My sweetheart's so small
that without bending
down
he can sweep my room
with his curls.
When he went to the
garden to pick jasmine
he was terrified by a
snail.
Then when he came
indoors to recover,
a fly knocked him head
over heels;
and when he stepped
over to my window,
a horse-fly caved his
head in.
A curse on all flies (crane-
and horse-)
and anyone with a
sweetheart from the
Maremma!
A curse on all flies,
craneflies and midges
and on all who have to
stoop so low to kiss!

When you, my love

When you, my love,
ascend to heaven,
I'll come to you with heart
in hand.
Then you will embrace
me so lovingly
and we shall fall at the
Lord's feet.
And when the Lord sees
our love's anguish,
He'll make *one* heart of
two loving hearts,
He'll fashion two hearts
into *one*,
in Paradise, ringed by
heavenly radiance.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Abendempfindung K523 (1787)

Joachim Heinrich Campe

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist
verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt
Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens
schönste Stunden
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens
bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des
Freundes Träne
Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie
Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung
zu –
Schliess' ich dieses Lebens
Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem
Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,

Dann, o Freunde, will ich
euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch
weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein
Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen
auf mein Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen
Blicke
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich
herab.

Weih' mir eine Träne und
ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie
mir zu weih'n,
O sie wird in meinem
Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Evening thoughts

It is evening, the sun has
vanished,
and the moon sheds its
silver light;
so life's sweetest hours
speed by,
flit by as in a dance!

Soon life's bright pageant
will be over,
and the curtain will fall.
Our play is ended! Tears
wept by a friend
flow already on our grave.

Soon perhaps, like a
gentle zephyr,
a silent presentiment will
reach me,
and I shall end this earthly
pilgrimage,
fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my
grave
and gaze mourning on
my ashes,

then, dear friends, I shall
appear to you
bringing a breath of
heaven.

May you too shed a tear
for me
and pluck a violet for my
grave;
and let your
compassionate gaze
look tenderly down on
me.

Consecrate a tear to me
and ah!
Be not ashamed to do
so;
in my diadem it shall
become
the fairest pearl of all.

Interval

Minuet in F K1d (1761)

Solfeggio in F K393 No. 2 (1782)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Meinem Kinde Op. 37 To my child

No. 3 (1897)

Gustav Falke

Du schläfst und sachte neig' ich mich	You sleep and softly I bend down
Über dein Bettchen und segne dich.	over your cot and bless you.
Jeder behutsame Atemzug Ist ein schweifender Himmelsflug,	Every cautious breath I take soars up towards heaven,
Ist ein Suchen weit umher, Ob nicht doch ein Sternlein wär',	searches far and wide to see if there might not be some star,
Wo aus eitel Glanz und Licht	from whose pure radiance and light
Liebe sich ein Glückskraut bricht,	love may pluck a herb of grace,
Das sie geflügelt herniederträgt	to descend with it on her wings
Und dir aufs weisse Deckchen legt.	and lay it on your white coverlet.

Waldseligkeit Op. 49 Woodland rapture

No. 1 (1901)

Richard Dehmel

Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen, Den Bäumen naht die Nacht; Als ob sie selig lauschen, Berühren sie sich sacht.	The wood begins to stir, night draws near the trees; as if blissfully listening, they gently touch each other.
--	--

Und unter ihren Zweigen, Da bin ich ganz allein, Da bin ich ganz mein eigen: Ganz nur Dein.	And beneath their branches I am utterly alone, utterly my own: utterly and only yours.
--	---

Winterweihe Op. 48

No. 4 (1900)

Karl Friedrich Henckell

In diesen Wintertagen,
Nun sich das Licht verhüllt,
Lass uns im Herzen tragen,
Einander traulich sagen,
Was uns mit innerm Licht
erfüllt.

Was milde Glut
entzündet,
Soll brennen fort und fort,
Was Seelen zart
verbündet,
Und Geisterbrücken
gründet,
Sei unser leises
Losungswort.

Das Rad der Zeit mag
rollen,
Wir greifen kaum
hinein,
Dem Schein der Welt
verschollen,
Auf unserm Eiland wollen
Wir Tag und Nacht der
sel'gen Liebe weih'n.

Winter consecration

In these winter days,
when the light is veiled,
let us bear in our hearts
and confess to one another
what fills us with inner
light.

That which ignites a
gentle flame
must burn on and on,
that which tenderly unites
souls
and creates spiritual
bridges
shall be our whispered
password.

The wheel of time may
roll on,
we can hardly catch hold
of it,
lost to the world's
deceptive light,
we shall on our island
dedicate ourselves day and
night to blessed love.

Träumerei from *Stimmungsbilder* Op. 9 (1882-4)

**Ihre Augen from
Gesänge des Orients
Op. 77** (1928)

Hans Bethge, after Hafez

Deine gewölbten Brauen, O
Geliebte,
Sind Paradieseslauben,
darunter lächelnd
Die holden Engel deiner
Augen wohnen.

Der Glanz, der durch die Welt
gebreytet ist,
Geht aus von diesen
Engeln, die den
Schimmer
Mitbrachten aus der Flur des
Paradieses!

Her eyes

Your arched brows, O
beloved,
are bowers of paradise;
smiling below
them, those sweet angels,
your eyes, abide.

A gleam, spread
throughout the world,
goes forth from these
angels who brought
with them
the lustre from the fields
of Paradise!

Amor Op. 68 No. 5

(1918)

Clemens Brentano

Cupid

An dem Feuer sass das Kind,
Amor, Amor,
Und war blind;
Mit den kleinen Flügeln
fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues
Kind!

By the fireside sat the child,
Cupid, Cupid,
and was blind;
with his little wings he
fans
the flames and smiles,
fans, smiles, the crafty
child!

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem
Kind,
Amor, Amor,
Läuft geschwind!
„O, wie ihn die Glut
durchpeinet!“
Flügelschlagend laut er
weinet,
In der Hirtin Schoss
entrinnt
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue
Kind.

Alas, the child has burnt
its wings,
Cupid, Cupid
runs swiftly!
O how the fire hurts
him!
Beating his wings, he
cries out loud;
escapes to the
shepherdess's lap,
crying for help, the crafty
child.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem
Kind,
Amor, Amor,
Bös und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz
entbrennet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht
gekennet?
Sieh, die Flamme wächst
geschwinde,
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen
Kind,
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

And the shepherdess
helps the child,
Cupid, Cupid,
naughty and blind.
Shepherdess, behold,
your heart's on fire,
you didn't recognise the
rascal?
Behold, how quickly the
flames spread –
beware the crafty
child,
fanning, smiling, crafty child.

Translations of 'Schliesse mir die Augen beide', 'Die Nachtigall', 'Meinem Kinde', 'Waldseligkeit' and all Mozart except 'Komm, liebe Zither' by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. All other Berg, 'Winterweihe' and 'Ihre Augen' by Richard Stokes. Wolf by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021).