

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 6 February 2023
1.00pm

Konstantin Krimmel baritone
Ammiel Bushakevitz piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

*In der Fremde • Intermezzo •
Waldesgespräch • Die Stille •
Mondnacht • Schöne Fremde •
Auf einer Burg • In der Fremde •
Wehmut • Zwielficht •
Im Walde • Frühlingsnacht*

Der Einsiedler Op. 83 No. 3 (1850)

Eusebius Mandyczewski (1857-1929)

From *Căntece romănesci* Op. 7 (pub. 1885)

*Lăcrimioare • Cinel cinel •
Mormântul • Omul singuratic*

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht Op. 96 No. 1 (1884)

Mondenschein Op. 85 No. 2 (1878)

Die Mainacht Op. 43 No. 2 (1866)



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Although the Eichendorff *Liederkreis* is **Schumann's** only cycle to bear no dedication on the title-page, it's clear that Clara was the inspiration behind this outpouring. Schumann's choice of poems, however, instead of solely mirroring his love for his bride-to-be, reflects the complexity of his Eusebius/Florestan polar personality. The melancholy 'In der Fremde' is followed by 'Intermezzo' that the 23-year-old Eichendorff addressed to Luise von Larisch, whom he married three years later. The hunting horns in the prelude of 'Waldesgespräch' return us to the threatening world of danger and the destructive power of the mythical Lorelei. 'Die Stille' (from Eichendorff's novel *Ahnung und Gegenwart*) is a wonderfully tender evocation of a young woman's secret love for a man of higher birth. Schumann's repeated motif of descending fifths in the piano's left hand of 'Mondnacht' reads E-H-E ('marriage') in German notation. Cryptology was dear to Schumann's heart, and his message must have been crystal clear to Clara, who had already received a letter from him, in which he described „Ehe“ as „ein sehr musikalisches Wort“ – 'a very musical word'. The romantic mood, continued in 'Schöne Fremde', is punctured in 'Auf einer Burg', which describes the legendary old knight Barbarossa sitting inside his mountain retreat, ready to protect his country in time of need; but to Schumann, Barbarossa was surely Friedrich Wiek („auf der Lauer“/'on guard'), protecting his daughter whom he compels to marry a man she does not love. The second 'In der Fremde' speaks of the impossibility of recapturing a love that has died, and this is followed by the overwhelmingly sad 'Wehmut', sung in *Ahnung und Gegenwart* by Erwine, who, having saved the life of young Count Friedrich, falls in love with him, and, disguised as Erwin, follows him on his romantic adventures. She sings arcanelly of her love in 'Die Stille', but when finally convinced she will never win him, she decides to commit suicide by drowning herself in the Rhine – before which she sings 'Wehmut' for which Schumann finds one of his loveliest melodies. The eerie 'Zwielicht', with its augmented fourths and diminished fourths in the vocal line, and the diminished seventh chords in the accompaniment, creates a sinister atmosphere of mistrust and fear – a feeling that is echoed in the ensuing 'Im Walde'. In the final 'Frühlingsnacht', however, all negative feelings are banished. Eichendorff's poem, ostensibly a nature poem that celebrates the return of spring, becomes a love poem in the final line, and Schumann responds to this postponing of an anticipated resolution by delaying the only full cadence in the entire song to the end of the final verse.

'Der Einsiedler' is among the finest of all Schumann's late songs. The hermit in the poem sings of night's coming, and the peace that it will bring. The first stanza talks of the present; the second of the past and how night once brought comfort when he was afflicted with sadness; the final verse moves the poem beyond a concern with any one particular night, envisaging a comfort that is linked with an eternal dawn and which is

heard in the literally tremulous rapture of Schumann's final bar. Night, then, is both part of the temporal order of things, and the promise of a world beyond time.

Eusebius Mandyczewski is best known to us today as the meticulous editor of Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos*, the complete works of both Haydn and Brahms, and the *Gesamtausgabe* of Schubert's Lieder. Ammiel Bushakevitz writes: 'The phenomenon of intercultural interference between the German-Austrian musical tradition and the Romanian cultural environment is long-standing. The German-Romanian Konstantin Krimmel pays homage to one of the greatest exponents of this tradition, Eusebius Mandyczewski. Born to an orthodox priest in a town on the border of Romania and Ukraine, Mandyczewski kept the religious tradition of his family, composing no fewer than 12 orthodox Masses. His songs and arrangements of Romanian, German, Ukrainian and Hungarian folksongs amount to well over 200, a small selection of which have been chosen for today's programme.'

Mandyczewski, who lived most of his life in Vienna, was a close friend of **Johannes Brahms** (with a beard to match that of the great composer), and corresponded extensively with him until the older composer's death in 1897. 'Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht' quickly became one of Brahms's most celebrated songs and it is not beyond the realms of possibility that the cryptologist in him meant the C pedal heard in the accompaniment to symbolize his undying love for Clara. 'Sommerabend' and 'Mondenschein', the opening two songs of Op. 85, describe respectively an idyllic moonscape and an anguished heart, and Brahms ingeniously uses substantially the same musical material for both songs. When asked by Felix Otto Dessoff to explain his treatment of the verse, Brahms replied that both poems came together in Heine's volume, that the moon was a central figure in both, and that it was very annoying for a musician to have to use four pretty lines only once, when he might repeat them with suitable and pleasing variations! 'Die Mainacht', a poem set less successfully by Schubert in 1815, dates from 1866, and contrasts the idyllic serenity of nature with the poet's own loneliness and misfortune in love. Höltz's verse inspired Brahms to compose one of his most wonderful melodic curves, underlaid by an accompaniment of gently rocking quavers. The tranquil mood gives way to harsh discords as the poet surrenders to his grief; a new melody soars and falls at „Und die einsame Träne rinnt“, before merging once more into the original sad melody which seems to die away in grief. Höltz's lugubrious line „Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch“ was wittily quoted in the early years of the last century by Ernest Newman when, as music critic of *The Sunday Times*, he was detailed to review two concerts on the same evening in different halls – one featuring Fritz Busch, the other Adolf Busch.

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den
Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind
lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner
mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald
kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne
Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr
hier.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis
wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig
zieht.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist
schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch
den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist
allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ
dich heim!

„Gross ist der Männer Trug
und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz
gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her
und hin,
O flieh! Du weisst nicht, wer
ich bin.“

In a foreign land

From my homeland, beyond
the red lightning,
the clouds come drifting in,
but father and mother
have long been dead,
now no one knows me
there.

How soon, ah! how soon
till that quiet time
when I too shall rest
beneath the sweet murmur
of lonely woods,
forgotten here as
well.

Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful
likeness
deep within my heart,
it gazes at me every hour
so freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself
an old and beautiful song
that soars into the sky
and swiftly wings its way
to you.

A forest dialogue

It is already late, already
cold,
why ride lonely through
the forest?
The forest is long, you are
alone,
you lovely bride! I'll lead
you home!

'Great is the deceit and
cunning of men,
my heart is broken with
grief,
the hunting horn echoes
here and there,
O flee! You do not know
who I am.'

So reich geschmückt ist
Ross und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge
Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich – Gott
steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe
Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl – von
hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloss
tief in den
Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist
schon kalt
Kommst nimmermehr aus
diesem Wald!“

Die Stille

Es weiss und rät es doch
Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüsst' es nur Einer, nur
Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen
soll!

So still ist's nicht draussen im
Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen
sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein
Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und
weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

So richly adorned are
steed and lady,
so wondrous fair her
youthful form,
now I know you – may
God protect me!
You are the enchantress
Lorelei.

'You know me well – from
its towering rock
my castle looks deep and
silent down into the
Rhine.
It is already late, already
cold,
you shall never leave this
forest again!'

Silence

No one knows and no one
can guess
how happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one man
knew,
no one else ever
should!

The snow outside is not
so silent,
nor are the stars on
high
so still and silent
as my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little
bird,
and could fly across the sea,
across the sea and
further,
until I were in heaven!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst,
Dass sie im
Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die
Felder,
Die Ähren wogten
sacht,
Es rauschten leis die
Wälder,
So sternklar war die
Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und
schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen
Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den
Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder
Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in
Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle
Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die
Ferne
Wie von künftigem grossen
Glück!

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte
Ritter;
Drüber gehen
Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch
das Gitter.

Moonlit night

It was as though Heaven
had softly kissed the Earth,
so that she in a gleam of
blossom
had now to dream of him.

The breeze passed
through the fields,
the corn swayed gently to
and fro,
the forests murmured
softly,
the night was so clear
with stars.

And my soul spread
its wings out wide,
flew across the silent land,
as though flying home.

A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and
shudder
as if at this very hour
the ancient gods were
pacing
these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle
trees
in secret twilight
splendour,
what are you telling me,
fantastic night,
obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze
down on me,
fierily and full of love,
the distant horizon
speaks with rapture
of some great happiness
to come!

In a castle

Up there at his look-out
the old knight has fallen
asleep;
rain-storms pass
overhead,
and the wood stirs
through the portcullis.

Eingewachsen Bart und
Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und
Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert
Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draussen ist es still und
friedlich,
Alle sind in's Tal
gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam
singen
In den leeren
Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im
Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,

Und die schöne Braut, die
weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein
rauschen
Im Walde her und
hin,
Im Walde, in dem
Rauschen
Ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was
sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondschimmer fliege
Als säh' ich unter mir
Das Schloss im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müsste in dem Garten
Voll Rosen weiss und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich
warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

Beard and hair matted
together,
ruff and breast turned to
stone,
for centuries he's sat up
there
in his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and
peaceful,
all have gone down to the
valley,
forest birds sing lonely
songs
in the empty window-
arches.

Down there on the sunlit
Rhine
a wedding-party's sailing
by,
musicians strike up
merrily,
and the lovely bride –
weeps.

In a foreign land

I hear the brooklets
murmuring
through the forest, here
and there,
in the forest, in the
murmuring
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing
here in the solitude,
as though they wished to
tell
of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,
as though I saw below me
the castle in the valley,
yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,
full of roses, white and red,
my love were waiting for
me,
yet she died so long ago.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal
singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die
Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die Flügel
spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die
Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere
Träume –
Was will dieses Graun
bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor
ändern,
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und
blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder
wandern.

Hast du einen Freund
hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser
Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und
Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen
Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde
unter,
Hebt sich morgen
neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht
verloren –
Hüte dich, sei wach und
munter!

Sadness

True, I can sometimes
sing
as though I were content;
but secretly tears well up,
and my heart is set free.

Nightingales, when spring
breezes play outside, sing
their song of longing
from their dungeon cell.

Then all hearts listen
and everyone rejoices,
yet no one feels the
pain,
the deep sorrow in the song.

Twilight

Dusk is about to spread
its wings,
the trees now shudder
and stir,
clouds drift by like
oppressive dreams –
what can this dusk and
dread imply?

If you have a fawn you
favour,
do not let her graze alone,
hunters sound their horns
through the forest,
voices wander to and
fro.

If here on earth you have
a friend,
do not trust him at this
hour,
though his eyes and lips
be smiling,
in treacherous peace he's
scheming war.

That which wearily sets
today,
will rise tomorrow, newly
born.
Much can go lost in the
night –
be wary, watchful, on your
guard!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit
den Berg
entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das
Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war
alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedecket die Runde;
Nur von den Bergen noch
rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert's im
Herzensgrunde.

Frühlingsnacht

Überm Garten durch die
Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervogel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet
Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu
blühn.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte
weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's
nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder
scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz
herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne
sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der
Hain
Und die Nachtigallen
schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

In the forest

A wedding procession
wound across the
mountain,
I heard the warbling of birds,
riders flashed by, hunting
horns blared,
that was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had
faded,
darkness covers the land;
only the forest still sighs
from the mountain,
and deep in my heart I
quiver with fear.

Spring night

Over the garden, through
the air
I heard birds of passage
fly,
a sign that spring is in the
air,
flowers already bloom
below.

I could shout for joy,
could weep,
for it seems to me it
cannot be!
All the old wonders come
flooding back,
gleaming in the
moonlight.

And the moon and stars
say it,
and the dreaming forest
whispers it,
and the nightingales sing
it:
She is yours, is yours!

Der Einsiedler Op. 83

No. 3 (1850)

Joseph, Freiherr von
Eichendorff

Komm, Trost der Welt, du
stille Nacht!

Wie steigst du von den
Bergen sacht,

Die Lüfte alle schlafen.

Ein Schiffer nur noch,
wandermüd,

Singt über's Meer sein
Abendlied

Zu Gottes Lob im
Hafen.

The hermit

Come, comfort of the
world, quiet night!

How softly you climb
from the hills,

the breezes all are sleeping.

One sailor still, travel-
worn,

sings over the water his
evening song

in praise of God in the
harbour.

Die Jahre wie die Wolken
gehn,

Und lassen mich hier einsam
stehn,

Die Welt hat mich vergessen,

Da tratst du wunderbar zu
mir,

Wenn ich beim
Waldesrauschen hier

Gedankenvoll
gesessen.

The years, like the clouds,
go by

and leave me here in
solitude,

forgotten by the world,

then wondrously you
came to me,

as I sat here lost in
thought

beside the murmuring
wood.

O Trost der Welt, du stille
Nacht!

Der Tag hat mich so müd
gemacht,

Das weite Meer schon
dunkelt,

Lass ausruhn mich von Lust
und Not,

Bis dass das ew'ge Morgenrot

Den stillen Wald
durchfunkelt.

O comfort of the world,
quiet night!

The day has tired me
so,

the wide sea darkens
now,

let me rest from joy and
pain,

until eternal dawn

flashes through the silent
wood.

Eusebius Mandyczewski (1857-1929)

From Căntece romănesci Op. 7 (pub. 1885)

Lăcrimioare

Vasile Alecsandri

Multe flori lucesc în
lume,

Multe flori
mirositoare!

Dar ca voi, mici
lăcrimioare,

N-are-n lume nicio floare
Miros dulce, dulce nume!

Lilies-of-the-valley

Many flowers blossom on
earth,

charming, beautiful,
fragrant;

sweet, pale lilies-of-the-
valley,

you are without compare
in all the realm of flowers.

Voi sunteți lacrimi de
îngeri

You are the gracious
tears of angels

Pe pământ din cer
picate,

Când prin stele
legănate

A lor suflete curate

Zbor vărsând duioase
plângeri.

that have descended to
earth,
when the angels in the
starry halls of heaven
move tearfully up and down
in a sweet and endless
glow.

Sunteți fragede și
albe

Ca iubita vieții
mele!

Cu voi, scumpe strugurele,
Able

mărgăritărele,

Primăvara-și face salbe.

You are so charming and
so gentle,
as only she is, my little
delicate one;
and when I in the sunshine
glimpse you gleaming in
purity,
I see her in your image.

Dar deodată vântul
rece

Fără vreme vă
cosește!

Astfel soarta crunt răpește

Tot ce-n lume ne
zâmbește...

Floarea piere, viața trece!

Suddenly though a cold
wind
swiftly destroys your
young life!
And so must my heart's
noble striving, the sweet
air I breathe,
soon fade like the flower.

Cinel cinel

Vasile Alecsandri

Păstorul zise:

„Cinel-cinel,

Copilei june de lângă el.

Două stelute cu raze
line

Lasat-au ceriul plin de
lumine

Și pe-a ta frunte ele-au
căzut.

Gâci, draguliță, că le
sărut.“

Nu gâci-
ndată

Gingașa față,

Și pe ochi dulce fu sărutată.

The boy spoke: my sweet
child,
guess, but do so quickly!
Quietly and brightly from
heaven

two lovely, pure and
gleaming stars
fell gently onto your brow;

guess, my darling, what I
thought!

But she, versed in the art
of deception,

did not wish to know:
he had to kiss her eyes.

Păstorul zise încă:

„Cinel,

Copilei blânde de lângă el.

O vezi închisă, rumenă floare,

Cum se deschide, vezi
lăcrimioare,

Și pe-a ta față ea s-au
născut.

Gâci, draguliță, că o
sărut.“

Nu gâci-
ndată

Vesela față,

Și pe guriță fu
sărutată.

The boy spoke: my dear
child,

guess, but do so quickly!
I espy a flower in splendid
bloom,

bedewed with gleaming
pearls,

it awoke on your dear
face;

guess, my darling, what I
thought!

But she, versed in the art
of deception,

did not wish to know:
and he had to kiss her
little mouth.

| | |
|--|--|
| Păstorul zise iară: „Cinel, Copilei mândre de lângă el. Albe, rotunde, două- aripioare Nencetat saltă, la cer să zboare, Și tu-n robie le-ai tot ținut. Gâci, draguliță, că le sărut.“ Nu gâci- ndată Vesela fată, Și pe sân fraged fu sărutată. | The boy spoke: my gracious child, guess, but do so quickly! Two shimmering figures soar heavenward, joyfully spreading their white wings, you have fettered both of them; guess, my darling, what I thought! But she, versed in the art of deception, did not wish to know: I had to kiss her breasts. |
|--|--|

Mormântul

Traditional

| | |
|--|--|
| Fost am pe unde-am iubit, Pe mândruța n-am găsit Și m-am lăsat după vânt Și am dat de un mormânt. Vântu-mprejur suspina, Iarba-ncet se clătina, Sărăcuț, amar de mine! De-aș simți moartea că vine, Aș lăsa cu jurământ Să mă-ngroape-n cel mormânt! | Homeland, I see your gleaming light but did not find my beloved; I turned about, staff in hand, and came upon a grave. Dreamily, the blades of grass fluttered gently in the breeze; but sadness seized my heart. When awesome death comes, I wish to be lowered deep into this grave. |
|--|--|

Omul singuratic

Vasile Alecsandri

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| Nemernic este omul ce n-a- ntilnit pe cale O gingasă păreche in cursul vietii sale! Pe inima lui seacă, ruină părăsită, Păingănul urzeste o pânză incălcită Prin care nu razbate nici o simțire bună, Ca racla ce-i desartă, lăuntru ei rasună! | He, who has never on his journey encountered a pure, noble and loving being, is lonely and forlorn. His heart is crushed like a ruined castle, only the spider there busily weaves its web; a heart that has never exuded high and noble feelings, emits a dull sound, like a cave washed in water. |
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| In groapa ce-l ascunde e mort de două ori Acel ce-i dat uitării de-ai lumei trecatori! In viață a fost singur și singur după viață, | The bleak grave receives him in doubly dark night, no tear is shed for him in final greeting. He walks alone and lonely through his loveless life, |
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| Perdut pe vecinicie in umbra ce-l inghetață. Ah! el va fi, cind mortii iesi- vor din mormint, Străin pe ceea lume, străin ca pe pămint! | surrounded even after death by eternal oblivion. Ah! even when the dead rise from their graves, he shall be alone in that world as he was here on earth. |
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Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht Op. 96

No. 1 (1884)

Heinrich Heine

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| Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht, Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag. Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert, Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht. Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum, Drin singt die junge Nachtigall; Sie singt von lauter Liebe, Ich hör es sogar im Traum. | Death is cool night, life is sultry day. Dusk falls now, I feel drowsy, the day has wearied me. Over my bed rises a tree, in which the young nightingale sings; she sings of nothing but love, I hear it even in my dreams. |
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Mondenschein Op. 85 No. 2 (1878)

Heinrich Heine

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| Nacht liegt auf den fremden Wegen, Krankes Herz und müde Glieder, – Ach, da fließt, wie stiller Segen, Süsser Mond, dein Licht hernieder; Süsser Mond, mit deinen Strahlen Scheuchest du das nächtge Grauen; Es zerrinnen meine Qualen Und die Augen übertauen. | Night lies over unknown pathways, sick heart and tired limbs, – then, sweet moon, like a silent blessing, your radiance streams down; With your beams, sweet moon, you dispel nocturnal terrors; all my torments melt away and my eyes brim over. |
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Texts continue overleaf

Die Mainacht Op. 43

No. 2 (1866)

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich
Hölty

May night

Wann der silberne Mond
durch die Gesträuche
blinkt
Und sein schlummerndes Licht
über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall
flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch
zu Busch.

When the silvery moon
gleams through the
bushes,
and sheds its slumbering
light on the grass,
and the nightingale is
fluting,
I wander sadly from bush
to bush.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret
ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber
ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne
rinnt.

Covered by leaves, a pair
of doves
coo to me their ecstasy;
but I turn away,
seek darker shadows,
and the lonely tear flows
down.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,
welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt,
find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heisser die Wang'
herab.

When, O smiling vision, that
shines through my soul
like the red of dawn, shall I
find you here on earth?
And the lonely tear
quivers more ardently
down my cheek.

Translations of Schumann and Brahms 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. Mandyczewski from the German by Richard Stokes.