

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 6 November 2021 7.30pm

Eva-Maria Westbroek soprano

Thomas Oliemans baritone

Malcolm Martineau piano

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 (1885)

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

From *7 frühe Lieder* (1905-8)

Nacht • Die Nachtigall • Sommertage

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Warnung Op. 3 No. 3 (1899)

Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1 (c.1899-1900)

Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949)

Die stille Stadt Op. 29 No. 4 (1921)

Hussens Kerker Op. 32 No. 1 (1923)

Richard Strauss

Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3 (1885)

Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8 (1885)

Traum durch die Dämmerung Op. 29 No. 1 (1895)

September from *4 Last Songs* (1948)

Interval

Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

Hölderlin-Fragmente (1935-42)

An die Hoffnung • Andenken • Elegie •

Die Heimat • An eine Stadt • Erinnerung

Arnold Schoenberg

Mahnung from *Brettli-Lieder* (1901)

Hanns Eisler

An den kleinen Radioapparat from *Hollywood Songbook* (1943)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

September Song from *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938)

Wie lange noch? (1942)

Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Los pájaros perdidos (1975)

Vuelvo al sur (1988)

Carlos Gardel (1890-1935)

Volver (1934)

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Richard Strauss composed more than 200 songs over the course of his career – and among his most famous are the 4 Lieder Op. 27, written for his wife-to-be Pauline de Ahna in 1894, from which ‘Heimliche Aufforderung’ is taken. This unabashed love song, deeply intimate in its quietest moments, grows to an operatic climax in anticipation of reunion with the beloved. ‘Zueignung’ dates from 1885 and feels rather more Brahmsian in its gently rocking accompaniment and grandiose final verse.

Such rich late-Romantic textures are also detectable in the early works of **Alban Berg**. From the *7 frühe Lieder* we hear ‘Nacht’, ‘Die Nachtigall’ and ‘Sommertage’, bringing together texts from multiple decades of German literature. We sense time-travel in the music as much as the poetry: the soundworld is at once richly, romantically familiar, yet offering glimpses of new and uncharted musical territory. Berg leads us in and out of major and minor keys, through the misty, impressionistic whole-tone clouds of ‘Nacht’, to the Straussian excesses of ‘Die Nachtigall’ and the ambiguous harmonies of ‘Sommertage’.

This curious admixture of old and new makes more sense when we hear two early songs by Berg’s teacher: **Schoenberg’s** ‘Warnung’ and ‘Erwartung’, both written in 1899, and both to texts by Richard Dehmel. ‘Warnung’ growls and snarls with jealousy and possessiveness, whilst the shimmering scene of ‘Erwartung’ paints a night-time meeting in sparkling moon-bright colours. Schoenberg later told Richard Dehmel that ‘Your poems had a decisive influence on my musical development. They made me look for a new note in lyrical poetry for the first time.’

Five years Schoenberg’s junior, the self-described ‘anti-modernist’ **Hans Pfitzner** set Dehmel’s words rather differently in his ‘Die stille Stadt’ of 1921. The soft fog that flattens the town and scares the traveller is rich with the repeated tolling of a single bell, which eventually resolves itself in the last verse into the delicate singing of children’s voices. But ‘Hussens Kerker’, published two years later, feels unmoored in its harmonic foundations, familiar chords juxtaposed in unusual patterns as our prisoner consoles himself with thoughts of eternal rest.

We close the first half with another clutch of Lieder by Strauss. ‘Die Nacht’ and ‘Allerseelen’ date from the mid-1880s, ‘Traum durch die Dämmerung’ a decade later – and all are bathed in a lyrical Wagnerian glow. ‘September’, completed in the summer of 1948, both recalls the rich shapes of Strauss’s earlier music, whilst containing harmonies that would seem as straightforwardly at home in the music of Berg or Schoenberg. This is the work of a Romantic Modernist, if ever there was one.

In 1901, Ernst von Wolzogen established the *Überbrettel* – Berlin’s first cabaret venue – and Schoenberg was an early part of the team. In his *Brettel-Lieder*, the composer’s toolkit is turned to a different use from earlier songs: the arch humour of each risqué

text is beautifully realised in witty music-hall settings, where sliding harmonies and the odd dissonance only serve to emphasise the jokes. Either side of the *Brettel-Lied* we hear music by one of Schoenberg’s pupils, **Hanns Eisler**, a close friend and collaborator of Brecht who fled Germany in the 1930s and eventually reached Hollywood in 1942. There he composed the two very different pieces we hear tonight. The *Hölderlin-Fragmente* of 1943 use the works of an early 19th-century writer which Eisler claimed to have ‘de-plastered’ into small, malleable sections. The result is a series of six brief songs which straddle the chronological divide between poet and composer, the trimmed texts seeming to capture contemporary anxieties of war and displacement. From Eisler’s song diary of 1942-3 (which became the *Hollywood Songbook*), we hear ‘An den kleinen Radioapparat’, in which Brecht’s words are set almost like a Schumann Lied – except for the startling conclusion.

Schoenberg, Eisler and Brecht were among the many musicians, artists, writers and scientists who found themselves heading for the safety of the United States in the 1930s and 1940s. Another was **Kurt Weill** (and his wife Lotte Lenya), who scored several major successes on Broadway. The 1938 show *Knickerbocker Holiday* was not a box office winner, but its Act One number ‘September Song’ became his first major US hit. ‘Wie lange noch?’ dates from 1944, by which time Weill was writing film scores and songs for the US Office of War Information. This anti-war song was broadcast to Europe, and asks simply: ‘when will it all be over? How much longer?’.

Our last three songs are by Argentinian musicians: the famous bandoneón virtuoso and composer **Ástor Piazzolla**, and his older contemporary **Carlos Gardel**. ‘Los pájaros perdidos’ was one of Piazzolla’s biggest hits of 1975, written for Piazzolla’s new (and controversial) ‘Electronic Octet’, which brought synthesizer and electric bass into the mix for the first time; whilst ‘Vuelvo al sur’ was written for the 1988 movie *Sur* (‘South’), directed by Fernando Solanas, which deals with the aftermath of a military coup. ‘I go back to the South’, the singer tells us – ‘I dream the South’.

While Piazzolla’s fame has endured (and we celebrate the centenary of his birth this year), Carlos Gardel had a spectacular but brief career as a singer and composer in the 1920s and 1930s before dying in a plane crash at the age of 45. ‘Volver’ was written for one of several movies he made in New York called *El día que me quieras* (‘The Day you Love Me’). This number was the big hit of the movie, and Gardel performed it with 14-year-old Piazzolla for a party of friends in the same year he died. ‘He was completely different from all the others,’ Piazzolla remembered later. ‘He was not a truly cultivated man, but... he *did* have savoir faire.’

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Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Secret invitation

Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

| | |
|---|---|
| Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund, Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund. | Come, raise to your lips the sparkling goblet, and drink at this joyful feast your heart to health. |
| Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu, Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke ich still wie du... | And when you raise it, give me a secret sign, then I shall smile and drink as quietly as you... |
| Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer Der trunkenen Schwätzer – verachte sie nicht zu sehr. | And quietly like me, look around at the hordes of drunken gossips – do not despise them too much. |
| Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein, Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein. | No, raise the glittering goblet, filled with wine, and let them be happy at the noisy feast. |
| Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt, Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild, | But once you have savoured the meal, quenched your thirst, leave the loud company of happy revellers, |
| Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch, - Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch, | And come out into the garden to the rose-bush, - there I shall wait for you as I've always done, |
| Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's gehofft, Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmals oft, | And I shall sink on your breast, before you could hope, and drink your kisses, as often before, |
| Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht – O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht! | And twine in your hair the glorious rose – Ah! come, o wondrous, longed- for night |

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 Dedication

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

| | |
|---|---|
| Ja du weisst es, teure Seele, Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe Dank. | Yes, dear soul, you know that I'm in torment far from you, love makes hearts sick, be thanked. |
|---|---|

| | |
|---|---|
| Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher Und du segnetest den Trank, Habe Dank. | Once, revelling in freedom, I held the amethyst cup aloft and you blessed that draught, be thanked. |
|---|---|

| | |
|---|--|
| Und beschworst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, Habe Dank. | And you banished the evil spirits, till I, as never before, holy, sank holy upon your heart, be thanked. |
|---|--|

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

From 7 frühe Lieder

(1905-8)

Nacht

Carl Hauptmann

| | |
|--|---|
| Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal. Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht. Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal. O gib acht! gib acht! | Clouds loom over night and valley. Mists hover, waters softly murmur. Now at once all is unveiled. O take heed! take heed! |
| Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan, Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross, Stille Pfade silberlicht talan Aus verborg'nem Schoss. | A vast wonderland opens up, silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall, silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards from a hidden womb. |
| Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein. Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain Einsam leise weht. | And the glorious world so dreamlike pure. A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove blows solitary soft. |
| Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht. Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit! O gib acht! gib acht! | And from the deep valley's gloom lights twinkle in the silent night. Drink soul! drink solitude! O take heed! take heed! |

Die Nachtigall

Theodor Storm

| | |
|---|---|
| Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall Die ganze Nacht gesungen; | It is because the nightingale has sung throughout the night, |
|---|---|

From 7 Early Songs

Night

The nightingale

Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

that from the sweet sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

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.

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.

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.

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

Sommertage (1905-8)

Paul Hohenberg

Summer days

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die
Zeit.

Days, sent from blue eternity,
journey now across the world,
time drifts away in the summer
wind.

Nun windet nächstens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und
Wunderland.

The Lord at night now garlands
star-chains with his blessed hand
across lands of wandering and
wonder.

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

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

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Warnung Op. 3 No. 3

(1899)

Richard Dehmel

Warning

Mein Hund, du, hat dich bloss
beknurrst,
Und ich hab' ihn vergiftet;
Und ich hasse jeden Menschen,
Der Zwietracht stiftet.

My dog merely growled at
you
and I poisoned him:
and I hate everyone
who makes trouble.

Zwei blutrote Nelken schick' ich
dir,

Two blood-red carnations I sent
you,

Mein Blut du, an der einen eine
Knospe;
Den dreien sei gut,
Du, bis ich komme.

my blood for you, on the one a
bud;
those three should please you,
until I come.

Ich komme heute Nacht noch,
Sei allein, du!
Gestern, als ich ankam,
Starrtest du mit jemand ins
Abendrot hinein!
Du: Denk an meinen Hund!

I am coming tonight,
be alone, you!
Yesterday when I arrived
you were staring with
somebody into the twilight!
You: remember my dog!

Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1

(c.1899-1900)

Richard Dehmel

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche
Neben der roten Villa
Unter der toten Eiche
Scheint der Mond.

From the sea-green pond
near the red villa
beneath the dead oak
the moon is shining.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild
Durch das Wasser greift,
Steht ein Mann und streift
Einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Where her dark image
gleams through the water,
a man stands, and draws
a ring from his hand.

Drei Opale blinken;
Durch die bleichen Steine
Schwimmen rot und grüne
Funken und versinken.

Three opals glimmer;
among the pale stones
float red and green sparks
and sink.

Und er küsst sie, und
Seine Augen leuchten
Wie der meergrüne Grund:
Ein Fenster tut sich auf.

And he kisses her,
and his eyes gleam
like the sea-green depths:
a window opens.

Aus der roten Villa
Neben der toten Eiche
Winkt ihm eine bleiche
Frauenhand...

From the red villa
near the dead oak,
a woman's pale hand
waves to him...

Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949)

Die stille Stadt Op. 29 No. 4 (1921)

Richard Dehmel

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

The silent town

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

Von allen Bergen drücken
Nebel auf die Stadt;

From every mountain
mists weigh on the town;

Es dringt kein Dach, nicht Hof
noch Haus,
Kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch
heraus,
Kaum Türme noch und Brücken.

no roof, no courtyard, no
house,
no sound can penetrate the
smoke,
scarcely towers and bridges even.

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

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

Hussens Kerker Op. 32 No. 1 (1923)

Hus's dungeon

Ed geht mit mir zu Ende,
Mein Sach und Spruch ist
schon
Hoch über Menschenhände
gerückt vor Gottes Thron,
Schon schwebt auf einer Wolke,
Umringt von seinem Volke,
Entgegen mir des Menschen Sohn.

My end draws near,
My case and sentence have
passed
Out of human hands to the lofty
throne of God,
Already the Son of Man
Surrounded by his Host,
Draws near on a cloud.

Den Kerker will ich preisen,
Der Kerker, der ist gut!
Das Fensterkreuz von Eisen
Blickt auf die frische Flut,
Und zwischen seinen Stäben
Seh ich ein Segel schweben,
Darob im Blau die Firne
ruht.

I shall praise my dungeon,
My dungeon is good!
My cross-bar window
Looks onto the cool tide,
And between its bars
I see a fluttering sail,
And snow above it against the
blue.

Wie nah die Flut ich fühle,
Als läg ich drein versenkt,
Mit wundersamer Kühle
Wird mir der Leib getränkt -
Auch seh ich eine Traube
Mit einem roten Laube,
Die tief herab ins Fenster hängt.

How close I feel the waters,
As though I lay immersed,
My body is steeped
In its wondrous coolness -
I also see a cluster of grapes
Hanging from their red foliage
Into the window.

Es ist die Zeit zu feiern!
Es kommt die grosse Ruh!
Dort lenkt ein Zug von Reihern
Dem ewigen Lenze zu,
Sie wissen Pfad und Stege,
Sie kennen ihre Wege -
Was, meine Selle, fürchtest du?

It is time to celebrate!
Great peace is now at hand!
A flight of herons up there
Leads to eternal spring,
They know all the paths,
They know their way -
What, O soul, do you fear?

Richard Strauss

Die Nacht Op. 10 No. 3

Night

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8

All Souls' Day

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Stell' auf den Tisch die
duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag'
herbei
Und lass uns wieder von der
Liebe reden
Wie einst im Mai.

Set on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
bring in the last red
asters,
and let us talk of love
again
as once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie
heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist
es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süssen
Blicke
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand to press in
secret,
and if people see, I do not
care,
give me but one of your sweet
glances
as once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf
jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten
frei;

Each grave today has flowers
and is fragrant,
one day each year is devoted to
the dead;

Komm' an mein Herz, dass ich
dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

come to my heart and so be
mine again,
as once in May.

Traum durch die Dämmerung Op. 29 No. 1

(1895)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne
ziehn;

Broad meadows in grey dusk;
the sun has set, the stars come
out;

Nun geh' ich hin zu der
schönsten Frau,
Weit über Wiesen im
Dämmergrau,
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.

I go now to the loveliest
woman,
far across meadows in grey
dusk,
deep into the jasmine grove.

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe
Land;

Through grey dusk into the land
of love;

Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile
nicht;

I do not go fast, I do not
hurry;

Mich zieht ein weiches,
samtenes Band

I am drawn by a soft velvet
ribbon

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe
Land,

through grey dusk into the land
of love,

In ein blaues, mildes Licht.

into a gentle blue light.

From 4 Last Songs (1948)

September

Hermann Hesse

Der Garten trauert,
Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der
Regen.

The garden mourns,
the cool rain sinks into the
flowers.

Der Sommer schauert
Still seinem Ende entgegen.

Summer shudders
quietly to its close.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
Nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und
matt
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Leaf after golden leaf
falls from the tall acacia.
Summer smiles, astonished and
drained,
into the garden's dying dream.

Lange noch bei den Rosen
Bleibt er stehn, sehnt sich nach
Ruh.

For a long time it lingers
by the roses, yearning for
rest.

Langsam tut er die
Müdigwordnen Augen zu.

Slowly it closes
its now wearied eyes.

Interval

Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

Hölderlin-Fragmente (1935-42)

Friedrich Hölderlin

An die Hoffnung

O Hoffnung! holde!
gütiggeschäftige!
Die du das Haus der Trauernden
nicht verschmähst,
Und gerne dienend zwischen
den Sterblichen waltest:

Wo bist du? wenig lebt' ich; doc
atmet kalt
Mein Abend schon. Und stille,
den Schatten gleich,
Bin ich schon hier; und schon
gesanglos
Schlummert das schauernde
Herz.

Andenken

Der Nordst weht,
Der liebste unter den Winden
Dir, weil er gute Fahrt
verheisset.
Geh aber nun, grüsse
Die schöne Garonne,
Und die Gärten von Bordeaux
Dort, wo am scharfen Ufer
Hingehet der Steg und in den
Strom
Tief fällt der Bach, darüber aber
Hinschauet ein edel Paar
Von Eichen und Silberpappeln;

An Feiertagen gehn
Die braunen Frauen daselbst
Auf seidnen Boden,
Zur Märzzeit,
Wenn gleich ist Tag und Nacht,
Und über langsamen Stegen,
Von goldenen Träumen schwer,
Einwiegende Lüfte ziehn.

Elegie

Wie wenn die alten
Wasser
...In andern Zort,

To hope

O Hope! Gracious one! Active
and kind!
Who does not disdain the house
of those who mourn,
And gladly serves among
mortals:

Where are you? Little have I
lived; yet the breath
Of my evening is already cold.
And silent, like shades,
I am already here; and already
without song
My shuddering heart is
sleeping.

Remembrance

The north-easterly blows,
The dearest of all winds
To you, because it promises a
fair voyage.
But go now, greet
The lovely Garonne
And the gardens of Bordeaux,
Where along the rugged bank
The path extends, and the brook
Falls deep into the river, above
which, however,
A noble pair of oaks
And silver poplars gaze;

That is where on holidays
Dusky women walk
On a silken ground,
In March,
When night and day are equal,
And over slow paths,
Heavy with golden dreams,
Gently rocking breezes waft.

Elegie

As though ancient waters,
transformed
...into another,

| | |
|--|---|
| In schrecklichern verwandelt, Wleder kämen, | Fiercer rage returned Once more, |
| So gärt' und wuchs und wogte von Jahr zu Jahr Die unerhörte Schlacht, dass weit hüllt In Dunkel und Blässe das Haupt der Menschen. | Thus billowed and grew and raged from year to year The unheard-of battle, so that far and wide The heads of men were shrouded in darkness and pallor. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Wer brachte den Fluch? von heut Ist er nicht und nicht von gestern, und die zuerst Das Mass verloren, unsre Väter Wussten es nicht. | Who brought this curse? It is not Today's or yesterday's, and they who first Overstepped the bounds, our fathers Knew it not. |
|---|---|

| | |
|---|---|
| Zu lang, zu lang schon treten die Sterblichen Sich gern aufs Haupt, Den Nachbar fürchtend. | Too long, too long have mortals trodden Gleefully on others' heads, Fearing their neighbour. |
|---|---|

| | |
|--|--|
| Und unstet, irren und wirren, dem Chaos gleich, Dem gärenden Geschlecht die Wünsche nach Und wild ist und unverzagt und kalt von Sorgen das Leben. | And chaotically, confused and inconstant, The desires of this turbulent race roam, And life is savage and despairing and cold And fearful. |
|--|--|

Die Heimat

| | |
|--|---|
| Froh kehrt der Schiffer heim an den stillen Strom Von fernen Inseln, wo er geerntet hat; Wohl möcht' auch ich zur Heimat wieder; Aber was hab' ich, wie Leid, geerntet? - | Homeland Happily the sailor comes home to the quiet river From distant isles, where he has harvested; I too should like to come home again; But what have I harvested but suffering? - |
|--|---|

| | |
|---|--|
| Ihr holden Ufer, die ihr mich auferzogen, Stillt ihr der Liebe Leiden? ach! gebt ihr mir, Ihr Wälder meiner Kindheit, wann ich Komme, die Ruhe noch einmal wieder? | Dear river-banks, you that brought me up, Will you soothe the sufferings of love? Ah, will you give me, O forests of my childhood, when I Return, peacefulness once more? |
|---|--|

An eine Stadt

Lange lieb ich dich schon,
möchte dich, mir zur Lust,
Mutter nennen, und dir
schenken ein kunstloses Lied,
Du, der
Vaterlandsstädte,
Ländlichschönste, so viel ich
sah.

Wie der Vogel des Walds über
die Gipfel fliegt,
Schwingt sich über den Strom,
wo er vorbei dir glänzt,
Leicht und kräftig die
Brücke,
Die von Wagen und Menschen
tönt.

Da ich vorüberging, fesselt' der
Zauber auch mich,
Und herein in die Berge
Mir die reizende Ferne schien.

Du hast dem Flüchtigen,
Kühlenden Schatten geschenkt,
und die Gestade
Sahen ihm alle nach, und es
tönte
Aus den Wellen das liebliche
Bild.

Sträucher blühten herab, bis wo
im heiteren Tal,
An den Hügel gelehnt, oder dem
Ufer hold,
Deine fröhlichen Gassen
Unter duftenden Gärten ruhn.

Erinnerung

O heilig Herz der Völker, o
Vaterland!
Allduldend, gleich der
schweigenden Mutter Erd,
Und allverkannt, wenn schon
aus deiner
Tiefe die Fremden ihr Bestes
haben!

Sie ernten den Gedanken, den
Geist von dir,

To a town

Long have I loved you, would
like, for my delight,
To call you mother and give you
an artless song,
You, of the towns in my native
land,
The most rurally fair I ever
saw.

Like a forest bird skimming over
mountains,
The bridge, rumbling with carts
and men,
Lightly and strongly vaults
over the river
That runs gleaming past
you.

As I passed by, I too was
spellbound,
And deep into the mountains
The ravishing distance shone.

You gave the fugitive
Cooling shadows, and your
shores
All watched him as he passed,
and the lovely picture
Resounded from the
waves.

Shrubs ran blossoming down to
where in the cheerful valley,
Leaning against the hillside or
the graceful shore,
Your happy streets
Repose among fragrant
gardens.

Remembrance

O sacred heart of nations, O
Fatherland!
Enduring all, like silent mother
earth,
And wholly misunderstood,
even though from your
Depths strangers have
gleaned what is best!

They harvest thoughts and
spirits from you,

Sie pflücken gern die Traube,
doch höhnen sie
Dich, ungestalte Rebe! dass du
Schwankend den Boden und
wild umirrst.

They are happy to pick
grapes, but they scorn
You, shapeless vine! that you
Sway and trail wildly along
the ground.

Doch magst du manches Schöne
nicht bergen mir;
Oft stand ich überschauend
das sanfte Grün,
Den weiten Garten hoch in
deinen
Lüften auf hellem Gebirg und
sah dich.

But some beautiful things you
cannot conceal from me;
I often stood gazing over the
gentle green,
The extensive garden high
in
Your skies on your bright
mountain, and saw you.

Und an den Ufern sah ich die
Städte blühen,
Die Edlen, wo der Fleiss in
der Werkstatt schweigt,
Die Wissenschaft, wo deine
Sonne
Milde dem Künstler zum
Ernste leuchtet.

And by your shores I saw the
cities bloom,
The noble cities, where industry
keeps silent in the workplace,
Saw knowledge, where your
sun
Gently enlightens the artist to
be earnest.

Arnold Schoenberg

From *Brettli-Lieder* (1901)

Mahnung

Gustav Hochstetter

Mädel, sei kein eitles Ding,
Fang dir keinen Schmetterling,
Such dir einen rechten Mann,
Der dich tüchtig küssen
kann,
Und mit seiner Hände Kraft
Dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.

Warning

Do not be so vain, my girl
do not catch a butterfly,
search for a real man,
who knows how to kiss you
properly,
and whose strong hands
can build you a warm nest.

Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm,
Lauf nicht wie im Traum herum,
Augen auf! ob einer
kommt,
Der dir recht zum Manne
frommt.
Kommt er, dann nicht lang
bedacht!
Klapp! die Falle zugemacht!

Do not be a fool, my girl,
do not live as in a dream,
open your eyes! see if there's a
man
who'll make you a perfect
match.
If one comes, then don't think
twice!
Catch him in the trap!

Liebes Mädel, sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit!
Passe auf und denke dran,
Dass du, wenn du ohne Plan
Ziellos durch das Leben
schwirrst,
Eine alte Jungfer wirst.

Don't be a fool, my girl,
gather rosebuds while you may!
Watch out, and bear in mind
that, without a plan,
you'll flutter through life
aimlessly,
and become an old maid.

*Unfortunately we are unable to provide the texts for the next three songs on
this occasion*

Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

Hollywood Songbook (1943)

An den kleinen Radioapparat

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich
flüchtend trug ... Oh, you little box I carried as I
fled ...

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Knickerbocker Holiday (1938)

September Song

Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December ...

Wie lange noch? (1942)

Ich will's dir gestehen, es war
eine Nacht ... I want to confess it to you: it
was a night ...

Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Los pájaros perdidos (1975)

Mario Trejo

Amo los pájaros perdidos
Que vuelven desde el más allá,
A confundirse con un cielo
Que nunca más podré
recuperar. I love the lost birds
that come back from death
to blend in with a sky
that I will never be able to get
back.

Vuelven de nuevo los recuerdos,
Las horas jóvenes que
di
Y desde el mar llega un fantasma
Hecho de cosas que amé y
perdí. The memories come back,
the hours of my youth that I
gave away,
and a ghost comes from the sea
made out of things I loved and
lost.

Todo fue un sueño, un sueño
que perdimos,
Como perdimos los pájaros y el
mar,
Un sueño breve y antiguo como
el tiempo
Que los espejos no pueden
reflejar. Everything was a dream, a
dream that we lost,
like we lost the birds and the
sea,
a brief dream as old as time
that mirrors can not
reflect.

Después busqué perderte en
tantas otras
Later I tried to lose you in so
many others

Y aquella otra y todas eras
vos;
Por fin logré reconocer cuando
un adiós es un adiós,
La soledad me devoró y fuimos
dos.

and that other one and all of
them were you;
I finally got to recognize when a
goodbye is a goodbye,
loneliness devoured me, and we
were left two.

Vuelven los pájaros nocturnos
Que vuelan ciegos sobre el mar,
La noche entera es un espejo
Que me devuelve tu
soledad.

The night birds come back
they fly, blind, over the sea,
the entire night is a mirror
that reflects your loneliness
back at me.

Soy sólo un pájaro perdido
Que vuelve desde el más allá
A confundirse con un cielo
Que nunca más podré
recuperar.

I am but a lost bird
coming back from death
to blend in with a sky
that I will never be able to get
back.

Vuelvo al sur (1988)

Fernando 'Pino' Solanas

Vuelvo al sur
Como se vuelve siempre al amor
Vuelvo a vos
Con mi deseo, con mi
temor

I am returning to the South,
the way love always returns,
I am returning to you,
with my own wish, with my own
fear.

Llevo el sur
Como un destino del corazón
Soy del sur
Como los aires del bandoneón

I carry the South,
like a destiny of the heart,
I am the South,
like the airs of the bandoneon

Sueño el sur
Inmensa luna, cielo al revés
Busco el sur
El tiempo abierto, y su
después

I dream the South,
immense moon, heaven on earth,
I am searching for the South,
the open time, and everything
after.

Quiero al sur
Su buena gente, su dignidad
Siento el sur
Como tu cuerpo en la
intimidad

I love the South,
its good people, its dignity,
I feel the South,
like your body during intimate
moments.

Te quiero, sur
Sur, te quiero

I love you, South,
South, I love you.

Vuelvo al sur
Como se vuelve siempre al amor
Vuelvo a vos
Con mi deseo, con mi
temor

I am returning to the South,
the way love always returns,
I am returning to you,
with my own wish, with my own
fear.

Quiero al sur
Su buena gente, su dignidad

I love the South,
its good people, its dignity,

Siento el sur
Como tu cuerpo en la
intimidad

I feel the South,
like your body during intimate
moments.

Vuelvo al sur
Llevo el sur
Te quiero, sur
Te quiero, sur

I am returning to the South,
I carry the South,
I love you, South,
I love you, South...

Carlos Gardel (1890-1935)

Volver (1934)

Alfredo Le Pera

Yo adivino el parpadeo de las
lucos que a lo lejos
Van marcando mi retorno
Son las mismas que
alumbraron con sus pálidos
reflejos
Hondas horas de dolor

I can almost see the flicker of
the lights that in the distance
mark the way of my returning...
they're the very ones that lit up,
their reflections pale and
misted,
many hours of deep pain.

Y aunque no quise el regreso
Siempre se vuelve al primer
amor
La vieja calle donde le
cobijo
Tuya es su vida, tuyo es su
querer

Though it was not what I wanted,
first love makes one always
come back again.
The age-old street where once
the echo told me:
her life is yours, her love is
yours to earn,

Bajo el burlón mirar de las
estrellas
Que con indiferencia
Hoy me ven volver

Under the stars that mockingly
look on me,
and in their indifference
now see me return.

Volver
Con la frente marchita
Las nieves del tiempo platearon
mi sien
Sentir
Que es un soplo la vida
Que veinte años no es nada
Que febril la mirada
Errante en las sombras, te
busca y te nombra

Return...
with my forehead all wrinkled,
my temples turned silver by
time's falling snow...
To feel...
that one's life is a twinkle,
twenty years hardly reckon,
and two fevered eyes beckon,
in shadows forestall you and
seek you and call you.

Vivir
Con el alma aferrada
A un dulce recuerdo que lloro
otra vez

To live...
with the soul firmly clinging
to one sweet remembrance that
makes me weep so.

Tengo miedo del encuentro con
el pasado que vuelve
A enfrentarse con mi vida

I am frightened of the meeting
with the past that is returning
to confront my life all over.

Tengo miedo de las noches
que pobladas de
recuerdos
Encadenen mi soñar

I am frightened of the night
times when my dreams are
linked and fleeting
and old memories come to stay.

Pero el viajero que huye
Tarde o temprano detiene su
andar
Y aunque el olvido que todo
destruye
Haya matado mi vieja
ilusión

And yet the traveller who's fleeing
sooner or later must stop on the
way...
and though oblivion, which
destroys all being,
has killed my old hopes, ripping
them apart

Guardo escondida una
esperanza humilde
Que es toda la fortuna de mi
corazón

Yet I keep hidden a humble
hopeful glimmer
that is the only fortune there is
in my heart.

Volver
Con la frente marchita ...

Return...
with my forehead all wrinkled ...

Translations of Strauss, Berg, Pfitzner, 'Erwartung' and Hölderlin-Fragmente 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 Schoenberg except 'Erwartung' by Richard Stokes.

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