WIGMORE HALL 125

Sunday 8 February 2026
3.00pm

Sungho Kim tenor
Llŷr Williams piano

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)	An die ferne Geliebte Op. 98 (1816) *Auf dem Hügel sitz ich, spähend • Wo die Berge so blau • Leichte Segler in den Höhen • Diese Wolken in den Höhen • Es kehret der Maien • Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder*
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Dichterliebe Op. 48 (1840) *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai • Aus meinen Tränen spriessen • Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne • Wenn ich in deine Augen seh • Ich will meine Seele tauchen • Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome • Ich grolle nicht • Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen • Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen • Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen • Ein Jüngling Liebt ein Mädchen • Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen • Ich hab im Traum geweinet • Allnächtlich im Traume • Aus alten Märchen • Die alten, bösen Lieder*
Seong-Tae Kim (1945-2010)	The Grass Of The Same Heart (1945)
Gwi-bok Shin (b.1937)	The Face (1967)
Wonju Lee (b.1979)	Longing (2019)

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Love in its various guises links Beethoven's and Schumann's sublime song cycles, and also the three songs which round off the programme, which provide a rare glimpse into the Korean classical vocal tradition.

Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte* (To the Distant Beloved) is commonly regarded as the first important example of the Romantic song cycle. Its six thematically-linked songs were completed in 1816, and are set to poems (published the previous year) by the Moravian physician Alois Jeitteles while he was still a student. The poems' overriding theme is love experienced through a sense of yearning. A solitary figure sits on a hillside and gazes longingly into the distance, a device reminiscent of the *Rückenfigur* motif found in visual art (where the foregrounded protagonist has their back to the viewer), and exemplified by Caspar David Friedrich's famous painting *The Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog* (1818).

Distance, according to the poet and philosopher Novalis, was crucial to an understanding of Romanticism, allowing for an imaginative transformation of the world. In the poems, the lover's musings encompass the blue mountains (the second song), a little brook (the third), the clouds and the winds (the fourth), and the reawakening of spring (the fifth), treating each idealised view of nature as a songful means of reaching his distant love. Likewise, Beethoven's simplistic accompaniment (which connects each song without a pause) is gradually transformed through ever more imaginative flights. In the final song we come full circle, with material from the opening verse returning and thereby reaffirming the message that the songs themselves, these imaginative echoes across distant landscapes, have reunited the lovers.

Schumann's cycle expands on Beethoven's important precursor (both in length and in its emotional scope), and looks at love from the perspective of deep anguish as well as bliss. Comprising 16 songs (20 originally), the *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love) cycle is set to poems by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), whose early lyric poetry was highly popular among Romantic Lied composers. The songs were completed in about a week in May 1840, Schumann's *annus mirabilis* in which he composed 130 songs, more than half his total output. He had already delved into Heine's *Buch der Lieder* (1827) collection earlier in the year (for the *Liederkreis* Op. 24), and in the spring decided to turn his attention to an as yet untapped section titled the *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, which contained 66 poems, including a prologue. Heine's texts are rife with Romantic symbolism and imagery, and highly personalised. The set extracted by Schumann condenses and intensifies Heine's narrative arc and moves through depictions of impassioned love, subsequent betrayal, and ultimate disillusionment.

Correspondence between Schumann and a prospective publisher in Berlin (which ultimately led nowhere; *Dichterliebe* was eventually published by Peters in Leipzig four years later) confirms the set was conceived as a whole, 'to appear in its entirety'. However, Schumann also notes that because of numerous connecting passages in the piano part it would also be easy to create preludes and arrangements for the songs. On the one hand this is of course indicative of the increased importance that Schumann gave to the piano. But there is also an implicit concession here to the fact that it was not normal for cycles to be performed in their entirety. This practice would only begin to change in 1856 when the baritone Julius Stockhausen (1826-1906) gave a pioneering complete performance of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* (1823). He followed this up with the first complete performance of *Dichterliebe* in 1861, with a young Brahms accompanying.

Schumann's introduction to the opening number 'Im wunderschönen Monat Mai' is a direct quotation from the second movement of Clara Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor (1835). This rather substantiates the notion that Clara (and specifically Robert's attempts at courting her) formed the immediate inspiration for *Dichterliebe*. Depictions of a yearning and blissful love in the first six numbers draw on imagery from nature (especially flowers and birds), recalling Beethoven's cycle. Towards the end (in numbers 13, 14 and 15) we encounter references to dreams and fairytales. The extent to which Schumann imbues his settings with the same sense of ironic detachment evident in Heine's poems has been a matter of debate. The rather portentous manner in which he sets the final number, with its extravagantly-sized coffin and 12 giants, suggests an appreciation of this irony on the composer's part. The final couple of lines, however, where we discover why the coffin needs to be so large (to contain the poet's love and suffering), and the lengthy postlude that follows suggest instead a heartfelt sincerity, even naivety. Likewise, there's no denying the psychological intensity that pervades many of the songs.

From Germany we move to Korea, which may not seem quite so wild a leap given the extent to which the Korean classical vocal tradition has been influenced by Western art music. The programme culminates with pieces by three popular exponents of this tradition. **Seong-Tae Kim**'s *The Grass of the Same Heart* (set to lyrics derived from a poem written by the Tang Dynasty courtesan Xue Tao) adopts a Romantically lyrical and expressive idiom, with the kind of pianistic writing one might find in Schubert. The poetic idea that blades of grass might knit together distant hearts obviously recalls both the Beethoven and Schumann cycles. **Gwi-bok Shin**'s *The Face* (certainly his best-known classical vocal piece) is no less expressive, though perhaps more reminiscent of the ballads and serenades of the Italian song tradition. **Wonju Lee** belongs to a more recent generation of contemporary classical composers. Her *Longing* strikes a more nostalgic tone, and brings us back textually to the idea of distant longing with which the programme began.

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Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

An die ferne Geliebte Op. 98 (1816)

Alois Jeitteles

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich, spähend

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich, spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweichet
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichet
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Wo die Berge so blau

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

To the distant beloved

I sit on the hill, gazing

I sit on the hill, gazing
into the misty blue countryside,
towards the distant meadows
where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
mountain and valley intervene
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
that wings its way towards you,
and my sighs are lost
in the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
that speak to you of my distress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
all space and all time;
and a loving heart is reached
by what a loving heart has hallowed!

Where the blue mountains

Where the blue mountains
from the misty grey
look out towards me,
where the sun's glow fades,
where the clouds scud by –
there would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
the primrose meditates in silence,
and the wind blows so softly –
there would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
by the power of love,
inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
if I were able, my love,
to be with you eternally!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Und du Bächlein, klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüsst sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Lasst mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl,
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Lass sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Light clouds sailing on high

Light clouds sailing on high,
and you, narrow little brook,
if you catch sight of my love,
greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
thoughtful in the silent valley,
let my image loom before her
in the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
autumn has turned fallow and bare,
pour out to her my fate,
pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
to her my heart has chosen –
sighs that fade away
like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
let her, narrow little brook,
truly see in your ripples
my never-ending tears!

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

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fliess zurück dann unverweilt!

These clouds on high

These clouds on high,
this cheerful flight of birds
will see you, O gracious one.
take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
blow about your cheeks and breast,
will ruffle your silken tresses. –
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
to you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
flow directly back to me!

Es kehret der Maien

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weicheres Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiss er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

May returns

May returns,
the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
so gentle, so mild,
the babbling brooks flow again.
The swallow returns
to her rooftop home,
and eagerly builds
her bridal chamber,
where love shall dwell.
She busily brings
from every direction
many soft scraps
for the bridal bed,
many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
faithfully together,
what winter parted,
May has joined,
for May can unite all who love.
May returns,
the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
so gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
all lovers,
our love alone
knows no spring,
and tears are its only gain.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süssem Klang!
Wenn das Dämmrungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräng erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewusst:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichet,
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Accept, then, these songs

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
sing them again at evening
to the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
towards the calm blue lake,
and its last rays fade
behind those mountain heights;
and you sing what I sang
from a full heart
with no display of art,
aware only of longing:
then, at these songs,
the distance that parted us shall recede,
and a loving heart be reached
by what a loving heart has hallowed!

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Dichterliebe Op. 48

(1840)
Heinrich Heine

Poet's love

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
when all buds were bursting into bloom,
then it was that in my heart
love began to blossom.

In the wondrous month of May,
when all the birds were singing,
then it was I confessed to her
my longing and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears will spring

From my tears will spring
many blossoming flowers,
and my sighs will become
a choir of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and at your window shall sound
the nightingale's song.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Rose, lily, dove

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
she who is small, fine, pure, rare;
she, most blissful of all loves,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
all my pain and sorrow vanish;
but when I kiss your lips,
then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
heavenly bliss steals over me;
but when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
in the lily's chalice;
the lily shall resound
with a song of my love.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
like the kiss her lips
once gave me
in a sweet and wondrous hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, the holy river

In the Rhine, the holy river,
there is reflected in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
painted on gilded leather;
into my life's wilderness
it has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
around Our beloved Lady;
her eyes, her lips, her little cheeks
are the image of my love's.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
no ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,
and saw the night within your heart,
and saw the serpent gnawing your heart –
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.

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

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew
how deeply my heart is hurt,
they would weep with me
to heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
how sad I am and sick,
they would joyfully make the air resound
with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
those little golden stars,
they would come down from the sky
and console me with their words.

But none of them can know,
my pain is known to one alone;
for she it was who broke,
broke my heart in two.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

What a fluting and fiddling

What a fluting and fiddling,
what a blaring of trumpets;
that must be my dearest love
dancing at her wedding feast.

What a booming and ringing,
what a drumming and piping;
with lovely little angels
sobbing and groaning between.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh.

When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song
my beloved once sang,
my heart almost bursts
with the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
up to the wooded heights,
where my overwhelming grief
dissolves into tears.

Ein Jüngling Liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
who chooses another;
he in turn loves another
and marries her.

The girl, out of pique,
takes the very first man
to come her way;
the boy is badly hurt.

It's an old story,
yet remains ever new;
and he to whom it happens,
it breaks his heart in half.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schaun mitleidig mich an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.

One bright summer morning

One bright summer morning
I walk round the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
but I move silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
and look at me in pity:
be not angry with our sister,
you sad, pale man.

Ich hab im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
my tears stream.

Allnächtlich im Traume

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich,
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süssen Füssen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Nightly in my dreams

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
and see your friendly greeting,
and weeping loud, I hurl myself
down at your sweet feet.

Wistfully you look at me,
shaking your fair little head;
tiny little pearl-like tears
trickle from your eyes.

You whisper me a soft word
and hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake up and the wreath is gone,
and I cannot remember the word.

Aus alten Märchen

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im goldnen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodein,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein,
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfliesst's wie eitel Schaum.

A white hand beckons

A white hand beckons
from fairy tales of old,
where there are sounds and songs
of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
bloom in golden twilight,
and glow sweet and fragrant
with a bride-like face;

And green trees
sing primeval melodies,
mysterious breezes murmur,
and birds warble;

And misty shapes rise up
from the very ground,
and dance airy dances
in a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze
on every leaf and twig
and red fires race
madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
from wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
the reflection shines on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
and there make glad my heart,
and be relieved of all pain,
and be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
but with the morning sun
it melts like mere foam.

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

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bös und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein,
Als wie der starke Christoph,
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken in's Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
the bad and bitter dreams,
let us now bury them,
fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,
though what I won't yet say;
the coffin must be even larger
than the Vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
made of firm thick timber:
and it must be even longer
than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants,
they must be even stronger
than Saint Christopher the Strong
in Cologne cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,
and sink it deep into the sea;
for such a large coffin
deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
and my sorrow too.

Seong-Tae Kim (1945-2010)

The Grass Of The Same Heart (1945)

Xue Tao

꽃잎은 하염없이 바람에 지고
만날 날은 아득타 기약이
없네 무어라 맘과 맘은 맺지
못하고 한갓되이 풀잎만
맺으라는고 한갓되이
풀잎만 맺으라는고

바람에 꽃이 지니 세월도
덧없어 만날 길은 뜬구름
기약이 없네 무어라 맘과
맘은 맺지 못하고 한갓되이
풀잎만 맺으라는고
한갓되이 풀잎만
맺으라는고

The Grass Of The Same Heart

Petals fall endlessly in the wind,
the day we shall meet is distant, with no promise.
Why is it that heart and heart cannot be bound,
and only the blades of grass are told to be tied in vain,
only the blades of grass are told to be tied in vain.

As flowers fall in the wind, the passing years are empty,
the path to our meeting is drifting clouds, with no promise.
Why is it that heart and heart cannot be bound,
and only the blades of grass are told to be tied in vain,
only the blades of grass are told to be tied in vain.

Gwi-bok Shin (b.1937)

The Face (1967)
Shim Bong-seok

동그라미 그리려다 무심코
그린 얼굴 내 마음 따라
피어나던 하아얀 그 때 꿈을
풀잎에 연 이슬 처럼 빛나던
눈동자 동그랗게 동그랗게
맴돌다 가는 얼굴

동그라미 그리려다 무심코
그린 얼굴 무지개 따라
올라갔던 오색빛 하늘 나래
구름 속에 나비처럼 나르던
지난날 동그랗게 동그랗게
맴돌곤 하는 얼굴

The Face

While trying to draw a
circle,
absent-mindedly, I drew a
face.
That pale moment,
blooming as my heart
led,
eyes that once shone
like dew opened upon
blades of grass in a
dream.
Round and round,
circling, then passing
away –
a face.

While trying to draw a
circle,
absent-mindedly, I drew a
face.
Climbing upward along a
rainbow,
five-colored wings of the
sky,
days that fluttered like a
butterfly within the
clouds.
Round and round,
circling again and again –
a face.

Wonju Lee (b.1979)

Longing (2019)
Wonju Lee

시리게 푸르른 그대 고운
날개 내 맘 가까이 날아오지
않네

이슬된 서러움에 실어 나를
데려가주오 닿을 듯한
그대의 품으로

여리게 남은 듯 그대 고운
향기 내 맘 가까이 돌아오지
않네

그대의 내가 멀지않아 나를
사랑해주오 기억 속에
나라면

아 영원한 그리움

나 차가운 눈물에 지워도

기다리네 기나긴 내 사랑
미련을 버리고 편히 잠들라

그 무엇도 남지 않을 듯 꼭
나를 기억해주오

숨결까지 눈물까지 내 모든
것 그대에게로

Longing

Bitterly blue, your
beautiful wings,
they do not fly close to
my heart.
Carry me, borne on
sorrow turned into dew,
take me to your arms that
seem within reach.

Softly lingering, your
beautiful fragrance,
it does not return close to
my heart.
Be mine, not far from
now,
love me, if I am only
within your memory.

Ah, eternal longing,
even if I erase it with cold
tears,
I wait, my long love.
Abandon your regret and
sleep in peace.

As if nothing will remain
at all,
please remember me.
Even my breath, even my
tears,
all of me, toward you.

Translations of Beethoven and Schumann by © Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder (Faber & Faber, 2005), with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder (Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977).