

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 8 January 2025
7.30pm

Greek Songs

Robin Tritschler tenor
Jonathan Ware piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Fahrt zum Hades D526 (1817)
Der entsühnte Orest D699
Der zürnenden Diana D707
Memnon D541 (1817)
Philoktet D540
Orest auf Tauris D548
Atys D585

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Das Grab zu Ephesus Op. 75 No. 1 (1837)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Anakreons Grab from *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)

Conradin Kreutzer (1780-1849)

Frühlingstraum
Der Lindenbaum
Die Post

Interval

Ludwig Berger (1777-1893)

Des Müllers Wanderlied
Müllers trockne Blumen
Der Müller

Dmitry Shostakovich (1906-1975)

From *Greek Songs*
Zolongo • Hymn of ELAS

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

From *3 Modern Greek Poems* Op. 50
Parga's lament • Koljas

Lennox Berkeley (1903-1989)

3 Greek Songs Op. 38 (1951)
Epitaph of Timas • Spring Song • To Aster

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6)
*Chanson de la mariée • Là-bas, vers l'église •
Quel galant m'est comparable • Chanson des
cueilleuses de lentisques • Tout gai!*



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This programme of 'Greek songs' by non-Greek composers offers snapshots into the changing status of 'Greece' – ancient and modern, artistic and political – in the creative imagination of poets and composers from six European regions over two centuries.

Philhellenism swept through German art, literature, and philosophy in the later decades of the 18th Century, inspired partly by the work of the archaeologist and art historian Johann Winckelmann. By **Franz Schubert's** time, Winckelmann's notion that ancient Greece offered aesthetic ideals of 'noble simplicity and quiet grandeur' manifested in many poets' and composers' engagements with Greek mythology, including such prominent figures as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Christoph Willibald Gluck; at the same time, classical pedagogy was increasingly present in the education of younger generations. Johann Mayrhofer – a slightly older contemporary of Schubert, and the composer's close friend and collaborator – held a lifelong fascination with Greek mythology, which is evident in many of his poems. Mayrhofer was a troubled soul, and many scholars have noted the autobiographical streak within his work: it is suggested that he especially valued mythology for its symbolic potential, as it facilitated the inscription of meanings both universal and deeply personal. In turn, Mayrhofer's poetry sparked a 'radical experimentation' in Schubert, as Susan Youens put it.

The seven Mayrhofer songs heard this evening all use the first person. 'Fahrt zum Hades' (1817) sets the scene with a boat journey through the underworld river – Mayrhofer's words and Schubert's music are 'heavy with death'. Both 'Der entsühnte Orest' and 'Der zürnenden Diana' were written towards the end of 1820. The former ends with Diana's refusal of Orestes's request to end his days triumphant; in the latter, we hear the full force of Diana's fury. Mayrhofer later admitted that he was depicting himself in 'Memnon', and Schubert's song offers a heartwrenching and sympathetic portrait of his friend's pain. 'Memnon', 'Philoktet', 'Orest auf Tauris', and 'Atys' all date from 1817, and each transforms its multifaceted poem into a song full of emotional and narrative complexity.

Next we hear two graveside impressions of the 19th Century's continued interest in Greek art and myth. First, **Carl Loewe's** 1837 'Das Grab zu Ephesus' sets a long poem by Rudolf Binder, and was published in a group of six 'Old Legends'. Goethe's 'Anakreons Grab' is a tender, reverential ode to the poet's memory and rest, its emotional heft amplified in **Hugo Wolf's** magnificent setting of 1888. Back to the 1820s now, and to poems by Wilhelm Müller, whose own interest in Greece was more political than aesthetic: he was greatly inspired by the Greek Revolution of 1821, and the country's struggle for independence from the Ottoman Empire. The titles of the songs by **Conradin Kreutzer** and **Ludwig Berger** – three either side of the interval – may be familiar from much more famous settings within Schubert's two Müller cycles, but these different musical perspectives are refreshing and full of melodic invention. While Kreutzer was an

acquaintance of Schubert in Vienna, Berger was an associate of Müller in Berlin, and present at the origination of *Die schöne Müllerin* in one of the city's artistic salons.

Cultural historian Artemis Ignatidou explains that, in around 1953-4, **Dmitri Shostakovich** encountered a set of Greek songs printed in a Soviet music journal by the folklorist Lev Kulakovsky, who forged a connection between an idealised, unified vision of Greek folk and political song and a similarly idealised, cross-historical spirit of political revolution spanning the 1821 Revolution to mid-20th Century resistance and uprising. Of Shostakovich's four arrangements, tonight we hear two, beginning with 'Zolongo', a mournful perspective on the 'Dance of Zalongo' – the story of the 1803 mass suicide of Souliote women and children, on Mount Zalongo in Epirus following an Ottoman invasion. The 'Hymn to ELAS' was an anthem of the Greek People's Liberation Army during the Second World War, as they fought against Axis occupation; Shostakovich provides an effective, spirited adaptation of the words by Sofia Mavroidi-Papadaki and music by Nikos Tsakonas. **Antonín Dvořák's** 3 Modern Greek Songs of 1878 are passionate, demanding settings of poems translated into Czech by Václav Nebeský. A lot happens in these songs, and the voice's dramatic storytelling is matched to great effect by the fast-changing piano part; Dvořák's characteristic folkloric inflections jostle with echoes of the ballads of Schubert and Loewe and premonitions of Wolf. Tonight we hear the outer two songs only, in an inversion of the cycle's original order that is effective both musically and narratively. First, 'Parga's lament', which foretells and grieves the city's fall; then, the spirited 'Koljas', a powerful ballad in which the title character claims a violent victory over his oppressor.

Berkeley's 3 Greek Songs date from 1951, and comprise delicate settings of translations by F. A. Wright. Sappho's 'Epitaph of Timas' and Plato's 'To Aster' surround the busier 'Spring Song' (Antipater). In his twenties, Berkeley studied in France and was mentored by **Maurice Ravel**, whose music had a clear impact on the young composer's mature style. Ravel's own *5 mélodies populaires grecques* form part of a much wider fin-de-siècle tradition of French composers and musicologists transcribing and arranging Greek folk songs. Ravel's arrangements were made in 1904 at the request of critic and musicologist M. D. Calvocoressi for use in his lectures, and they are indebted to new technological developments in the ethnomusicological collection of folk song. Four of Ravel's *5 mélodies* were collected by Hubert Pernot, who took his phonograph to record music on the island of Chios; the third song has a different origin, from the Epirus region. Ravel's harmonisations are idiosyncratic and give short shrift to contemporaneous tendencies towards aspirational 'authenticity' in the arrangement of foreign traditional songs; instead, he revels in the crunchy chromatic possibilities of the melodies' modes.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Fahrt zum Hades D526 Journey to Hades

(1817)

Johann Mayrhofer

Der Nachen dröhnt,
Cypressen flüstern –
Horch, Geister reden
schaurig drein;
Bald werd' ich am Gestad',
dem düstern,
Weit von der schönen Erde
sein.

The boat creaks,
cypresses whisper
hark, spirits utter their
chilling cries;
soon I shall reach the
gloomy shore,
far from the lovely
world.

Da leuchten Sonne nicht,
noch Sterne,
Da tönt kein Lied, da ist kein
Freund.
Empfang die letzte Träne, o
Ferne!
Die dieses müde Auge weint.

Neither sun nor stars
shine there,
no song is heard, no
friend is found.
O distant earth, accept
this last tear
shed by my weary eyes.

Schon schau' ich die blassen
Danaiden,
Den fluchbeladnen
Tantalus;
Es murmelt
todesschwangern Frieden,
Vergessenheit, dein
alter Fluss.

Already I see the pale
Danaides,
and curse-laden
Tantalus;
your ancient river, O
Oblivion,
murmurs of death-
swollen peace.

Vergessen nenn' ich
zweifach Sterben.
Was ich mit höchster Kraft
gewann,
Verlieren – wieder es
erwerben –
Wann enden diese Qualen?
Wann?

Oblivion to me is a
double death.
To lose that which
needed all my strength
to win, and to strive for it
once more –
when will these torments
cease? When?

Der entsühnte Orest Orestes Purified D699

Johann Mayrhofer

Zu meinen Füßen brichst du
dich,
O heimatliches Meer,
Und murmelst sanft:
„Triumph, Triumph!“
Ich schwinge Schwert und
Speer.

You break at my
feet,
sea of my homeland,
and softly murmur:
‘Triumph! Triumph!’
I wield my sword and
spear.

Mykene ehrt als
König mich,
Beut meinem Wirken
Raum,
Und über meinem Scheitel
saust
Des Lebens goldner Baum.

Mycenae honours me as
King,
offers me freedom for my
actions;
and above my head
rustles
the golden tree of life.

Mit morgendlichen Rosen
schmückt
Der Frühling meine Bahn,
Und auf der Liebe Wellen
schwebt
Dahin mein leichter Kahn.

Spring adorns
my path
with fresh roses,
and my boat glides lightly
along
on waves of love.

Diana naht; o
Retterin,
Erhöre du mein Fleh'n!
Lass mich, das Höchste
wurde mir,
Zu meinen Vätern
geh'n!

Diana approaches; my
saviour,
hear my prayer!
Let me know the highest
joy:
let me return to my
fathers.

Der zürnenden Diana D707

Johann Mayrhofer

Ja, spanne nur den Bogen,
mich zu töten,
Du himmlisch Weib! im
zürnenden Erröten
Noch reizender.
Ich werd' es nie
bereuen,
Dass ich dich sah am
buschigen Gestade
Die Nymphen überragen in
dem Bade,
Der Schönheit Funken in die
Wildnis streuen.

To Diana in her Wrath

Yes, draw your bow to
slay me,
divine lady! In the flush of
wrath
you are still more
enchanting. I shall
never regret
that I saw you on the
flowering bank,
outshining the nymphs as
they bathed,
spreading rays of beauty
through the wilderness.

Den Sterbenden wird noch
dein Bild erfreuen.
Er atmet reiner, er
atmet freier,
Wem du gestrahlet ohne
Schleier.
Dein Pfeil, er traf, doch linde
rinnen
Die warmen Wellen aus der
Wunde;
Noch zittert vor den matten
Sinnen
Des Schauens süsse letzte
Stunde.

Your image will gladden
me even as I die.
He who has beheld your
unveiled radiance
will breathe more purely
and more freely.
Your arrow hit its mark,
yet warm waves
flow gently from the
wound.
My failing senses still
tremble
in contemplation of this
last sweet hour.

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

Memnon D541 (1817)*Johann Mayrhofer*

Den Tag hindurch nur einmal
mag ich sprechen,
Gewohnt zu schweigen
immer und zu trauern:
Wenn durch die
nachtgebor'nen
Nebelmauern
Aurens Purpurstrahlen
liebend brechen.

Für Menschenohren sind es
Harmonien.

Weil ich die Klage selbst
melodisch künde
Und durch der Dichtung
Glut des Rauhe
ründe,
Vermuten sie in mir ein selig
Blühen.

In mir, nach dem des
Todes Arme
langen,
In dessen tiefstem Herzen
Schlangen wühlen;
Genährt von meinen
schmerzlichen Gefühlen
Fast wütend durch ein
ungestillt Verlangen:

Mit dir, des Morgens Göttin,
mich zu einen,
Und weit von diesem
nichtigen Getriebe,
Aus Sphären edler Freiheit,
aus Sphären reiner Liebe,
Ein stiller, bleicher Stern
herab zu scheinen.

Philoktet D540*Johann Mayrhofer*

Da sitz ich ohne Bogen und
starre in den Sand.
Was tat ich dir Ulysses,
dass du sie mir
entsandt?
Die Waffe, die den
Trojern des Todes
Bote war,
Die auf der wüsten Insel mir
Unterhalt gebar.

Es rauschen Vögelschwärme
mir über'm greisen Haupt;
Ich greife nach dem Bogen,
umsonst, er ist geraubt!

Memnon

Constant silence and
grieving are my wont;
the whole day long I may
speak but once:
when Aurora's
tender crimson
rays
break through the night-
begotten walls of mist.

To men's ears this is
music.
Since I proclaim my very
grief in song
and transfigure its
harshness in the fire of
poetry,
they imagine that joy
flowers within me.

Within me, to whom the
arms of death stretch
out,
as serpents writhe deep
in my heart;
I am nourished by my
anguished thoughts,
and almost frenzied with
unquiet longing.

Oh to be united with you,
goddess of morning,
and, far from this vain
bustle,
to shine down as a pale,
silent star
from spheres of noble
freedom and pure love.

Philoctetes

I sit here without my bow,
staring at the sand.
What did I do to you,
Ulysses, that you took
from me
the weapon that was the
harbinger of death to
the Trojans,
that gave me sustenance
on this desolate island?

Flocks of birds sweep
over my grey head;
I reach for my bow: in
vain, it has been stolen.

Aus dichtem Busche raschelt
der braune Hirsch hervor:

Ich strecke leere Arme zur
Nemesis empor.

Du schlauer König,
scheue der Göttin
Rächerblick!
Erbarme dich und stelle den
Bogen mir zurück.

The brown stag rushes
from the dense
thicket;
I stretch bare arms up to
Nemesis.

Cunning king, beware the
vengeful goddess's
gaze!
Take pity and restore to
me my bow.

Orest auf Tauris D548*Johann Mayrhofer*

Ist dies Tauris, wo der
Eumeniden
Wut zu stillen Pythia
versprach?
Weh! die Schwestern mit den
Schlangenhaaren
Folgen mir vom Land der
Griechen nach.

Rauhes Eiland, kündest
keinen Segen:
Nirgends sprosst der Ceres
milde Frucht;
Keine Reben blüh'n, der
Lüfte Sänger,
Wie die Schiffe, meiden diese
Bucht.

Steine fügt die Kunst
nicht zu
Gebäuden,
Zelte spannt des
Skythen Armut
sich;
Unter starren Felsen, rauhen
Wäldern
Ist das Leben einsam,
schauerlich!

„Und hier soll,“ so ist ja doch
ergangen
An den Flehenden der
heilige Spruch,
„Eine hohe Priesterin
Dianens
Lösen meinen und der
Väter Fluch.“

Atys D585*Johann Mayrhofer*

Der Knabe seufzt
über's grüne
Meer,

Orestes on Tauris

Is this Tauris, where
Pythia promised
Alas, the snake-haired
sisters
Alas, the snake-haired
sisters
pursue me from the land
of the Greeks.

Bleak island, you
announce no blessing:
nowhere does Ceres'
tender fruit grow;
no vines bloom; the
singers of the air,
like the ships, shun
this bay.

Art does not fashion
these stones into
buildings;
in their poverty the
Scythians erect only
tents.
Amid harsh rocks and
wild forests
life is lonely and
frightening.

'And here,' according to
the sacred decree
revealed to the
suppliant,
'a high priestess of
Diana
is to lift the curse on me
and my fathers.'

Attis

With a sigh the youth
gazes over the green
sea;

Vom fernenden Ufer kam er her,	he came from a distant shore,
Er wünscht sich mächtige Schwingen,	and longs for mighty wings
Die sollten ihn ins heimische Land,	that would take him in whirring flight
Woran ihn ewige Sehnsucht mahnt,	to the homeland
Im rauschenden Fluge bringen.	for which he yearns eternally.

„O Heimweh! unergründlicher Schmerz,	‘O longing for home, unfathomable pain,
Was folterst du das junge Herz?	why do you torment the young heart?
Kann Liebe dich nicht verdrängen?	Can love not drive you out?
So willst du die Frucht, die herrlich reift,	Will you then scorch with your deadly fire
Die Gold und flüssiger Purpur streift,	the fruit that ripens gloriously,
Mit tödlichem Feuer versengen?	kissed by gold and liquid purple?

„Ich liebe, ich rase, ich hab’ sie gesehn,	‘I live, I rage, I have seen her;
Die Lüfte durchschnitt sie im Sturmeswehn,	like a whirlwind she swept through the air
Auf löwengezogenem Wagen,	in a chariot drawn by lions.
Ich musste flehn: o nimm mich mit!	I had to entreat: Take me with you!
Mein Leben ist düster und abgeblüht;	My life is bleak and barren.
Wirst du meine Bitte versagen?	Will you deny my plea?

„Sie schaute mit gütigem Lächeln mich an;	‘She looked upon me with a kindly smile;
Nach Thrazien zog uns das Löwengespann,	the lions bore us off to Thrace
Da dien’ ich als Priester ihr eigen.	where I serve as her priest.
Den Rasenden kränzt ein seliges Glück,	The madman is filled with blissful happiness;
Der Aufgewachte schaudert zurück:	but when he awakes he recoils in fear:
Kein Gott will sich hülfreich erzeigen.	there is no god to lend his aid.

„Dort, hinter den Bergen im scheidenden Strahl’	‘There beyond the mountain, in the dying rays
Des Abends entschlummert mein väterlich Tal;	of evening, my native valley begins to slumber.
O wär’ ich jenseits der Wellen!“	O that I might cross the waters!’
Seufzet der Knabe. Doch Cymbelgetön	Thus sighs the youth. But the clash of cymbals
Verkündet die Göttin; er stürzt von Höh’n	proclaims the goddess; he plunges from the heights

In Gründe und waldige Stellen.	into the woods deep below.
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Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Das Grab zu Ephesus Op. 75 No. 1 (1837)

Rudolf Binder

The Grave at Ephesus

Es ziehet den Pilgrim rastlos fort:	The pilgrim is drawn restlessly on:
"Doch hier will ich ruhen am lieblichen Ort;	"But here I want to rest in this lovely place;
So heimlich ist's hier und so still und so hell,	It is so secret here and so quiet and so bright,
Wie märchenerzählend plätschert der Quell.	The spring bubbles like a fairy tale.

Frommkindliche Bilder tauchen hervor,	Pious childlike images emerge,
Was will denn das Herz, das schon Alles verlor?	What wants the heart that has already lost everything?
Unstät durchreist' ich die Erde schier;	I have travelled restlessly through the earth;
Nun ist es, als fänd' ich den Frieden hier.	Now it is as if I have found peace here.

Was schließt wohl dort jener Hügel ein?	What does that hill enclose there?
Ein Herz ruht wohl aus von des Lebens Pein,	A heart rests well from the pain of life,
Ein sehndes Herz, das aus Liebe starb,	A yearning heart that died of love,
Im Tod die gesuchte Ruhe erwarb!	In death, it gained the peace it sought!

Drum regt sich auch wieder in meiner Brust	That is why the old madness of love
Der alte Wahn von Liebe und Lust.	and desire stirs again in my breast.
Doch träum' ich? Fürwahr, die Erde lebt,	But am I dreaming? Indeed, the earth is alive,
Der Hügel sich leise senket und hebt.	The hill gently sinks and rises

Allmächtige Liebe, voll Lust und voll Schmerz,	Almighty love, full of desire and full of pain,
Die Erde selbst hat ein liebendes Herz!	The earth itself has a loving heart!
Du Alter dort in dem schneeweißen Haar!	You old man there in the snow-white hair!
Sag', sind denn die grauen Märchen wahr',	Tell me, are the grey fairy tales true?

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Daß ein Herz in der kalten Erde uns schlägt, Daß sie liebend am Mutterbusen uns trägt?" "Wird, Fremdling, dir auch hier heilig zu Mut, Ein Segen auf dieser Stelle ruht;	That a heart beats in the cold earth, That she carries us lovingly on its mother's breast?" "If, stranger, you feel holy here too, A blessing rests on this spot;
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Bestaune das Wunder und beuge das Knie, Da ruhet der Jünger, der stirbet nie! Er, der an der Brust des Heilands lag, Der schläft hier bis auf des Herren Tag.	Marvel at the miracle and bend your knee, There rests the disciple who will never die! He who lay on the Savior's breast, He sleeps here until the Lord's day.
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Nicht tot ist er, nein, er schlummert bloss Und harrt auf den Meister, der Erd' im Schoß. Sich selbst grub er lebensmüde sein Grab Und legte zum Schlummer sich dann hinab.	He is not dead, no, he only slumbers And waits for the Master, the earth in his lap. Weary of life, he dug his own grave And then lay down to sleep,
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Das Atmen der Brust hört das lauschende Ohr, Aus dem Boden quillt heilendes Manna hervor. Drum rede du leise, und weck' ihn nicht; Wohl bald ruft der Herr ihn hervor an's Licht."	The listening ear hears the breathing of the chest, Healing manna springs up from the ground. So speak softly and do not wake him; The Lord will soon call him out into the light."
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Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Anakreons Grab from *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Wo die Rose hier blüht, wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen, Wo das Turtelchen lockt, wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt, Welch ein Grab ist hier, das alle Götter mit Leben Schön bepflanzt und geziert? Es ist Anakreons Ruh. Frühling, Sommer und Herbst genoss der glückliche Dichter;	Here, where the rose blooms, where vine and laurel intertwine, Where the turtle-dove calls, where the cricket rejoices, Whose grave is this that all the gods have adorned With beautiful life? It is Anacreon's resting- place. Spring, summer and autumn the happy poet enjoyed;
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Anacreon's grave

Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich der Hügel geschützt.	This mound has at the last shielded him from winter.
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Conradin Kreutzer (1780-1849)

Frühlingstraum

Wilhelm Müller

Ich träumte von bunten
Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im
Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen
Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Dream of Spring

I dreamt of colorful
flowers
Like those which bloom in
May;
I dreamt of green
meadows,
Of merry bird songs.

Und als die Hähne
krähten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrienen die Raben vom
Dach.

And when the roosters
crowed,
My eyes woke;
It was cold and dark,
It was cold and
dark,

Doch an den
Fensterscheiben,
Wer mahlte die Blätter
da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den
Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter
sah?

But who painted those
leaves
On the window frame
there?
Do you laugh at the
dreamer
Who saw flowers in
winter?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um
Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonn' und Seligkeit.

I dreamt of requited
love,
Of a beautiful girl,
Of hearts and of kisses,
Of bliss and happiness.

Und als die Hähne
krähten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume
nach.

And when the roosters
crowed,
My heart woke.
Now I sit here alone,
And think about my
dream.

Die Augen schließ' ich
wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so
warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am
Fenster?
Wann halt' ich dich,
Liebchen, im Arm?

I shut my eyes
again,
My heart still beats
warmly.
When will the leaves on
the window turn green?
When will I hold my
beloved in my arms?

Der Lindenbaum

Wilhelm Müller

Am Brunnen vor dem
Tore
Da steht ein
Lindenbaum:
Ich träumt' in seinem
Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer
fort.

Ich muß' auch heute
wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir,
Geselle,
Hier findest du deine
Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom
Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's
rauschen
Du fändest Ruhe
dort!

Die Post

Wilhelm Müller

Von der Straße her ein
Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, daß es so hoch
aufspringt,
Mein Herz?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief
für dich:
Was drängst du denn so
wunderlich,
Mein Herz?

Nun ja, die Post kommt aus
der Stadt,

The Linden Tree

By the fountain, near the
gate,
There stands a linden
tree;
I have dreamt in its
shadows
So many sweet dreams.

I carved on its bark
So many loving words;
I was always drawn to it,
Whether in joy or in
sorrow.

Today I had to pass it
In the dead of night.
And even in the darkness
I had to close my eyes.

Yet its branches rustled
As if calling to me:
"Come here, to me, friend,
Here you will find your
peace!"

The cold wind blew
Straight in my face,
My hat flew from my
head,
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours
Away from that spot,
And still I hear the
rustling:
There you would have
found peace!

The Post

A posthorn sounds from
the road.
What is it that makes you
leap so high,
My heart?

The post brings no letter
for you.
Why then do you surge so
oddly,
My heart?

Yes, now the post comes
from the town

Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen
hatt',
Mein Herz!

Willst wohl einmal
hinübersehn,
Und fragen, wie es dort mag
gehn,
Mein Herz?

Where once I had a true
beloved,
My heart!

Do you want to
look out
And ask how things are
back there,
My heart?

Interval

Ludwig Berger (1777-1893)

Des Müllers Wanderlied

Wilhelm Müller

Ich hört' ein Bächlein
rauschen
Wohl aus dem
Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tal es
rauschen
So frisch, so
wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rath
mir gab,
Ich mußte gleich hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich,
wohin?
Du hast mit deinem
Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag ich denn von
Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen
sein:
Es singen wohl die
Nixen
Dort unten ihren
Reihn.

The Miller's Wanderlust

I heard a little brook
rushing
Right out of the rock's
spring,
Down there to the valley it
flows,
So fresh, so wondrously
bright.

I know not how I
felt this,
Nor did I know who gave
me advice;
Yet I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.

Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where
to?
You have, with your
rushing,
Entirely beguiled my
senses.

But why do I talk of
rushing?
That can't really be
rushing:
Perhaps the water-
nymphs
are singing rhymes to me
from underwater.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,	Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!	And wander joyously after!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder	Mill-wheels turn
In jedem klaren Bach.	In each clear brook

Müllers trockne Blumen

Wilhelm Müller

Ihr Blümlein alle, Die sie mir gab, Euch soll man legen Mit mir in's Grab.	All you little flowers, That she gave me, You shall lie With me in my grave.
---	---

Wie seht ihr alle Mich an so weh, Als ob ihr wüßtet, Wie mir gescheh'?	Why do you all look At me so sadly, As if you had known What would happen to me?
--	--

Ihr Blümlein alle, Wie welk, wie blaß? Ihr Blümlein alle, Wovon so naß?	You little flowers all, How wilted, how pale! You little flowers all, Why so damp?
--	---

Ach, Thränen machen Nicht maiengrün, Todte Liebe Nicht wieder blühen.	Ah, tears will not make the green of May, Will not make dead love bloom again.
--	---

Und Lenz wird kommen, Und Winter wird gehn, Und Blümlein werden Im Grase stehn,	And Spring will come, And Winter will go, And flowers will grow in the grass.
--	--

Und Blümlein liegen In meinem Grab, Die Blümlein alle, Die sie mir gab.	And flowers will lie in my grave, all the flowers That she gave me.
--	--

Und wenn sie wandelt Am Hügel vorbei, Und denkt im Herzen: Der meint' es treu!	And when she wanders Past the hill And thinks in her heart: His feelings were true!
---	--

Dann Blümlein alle, Heraus, heraus! Der Mai ist kommen, Der Winter ist aus.	Then, all you little flowers, Come out, come out, May has come, Winter is over.
--	--

Der Müller

Wilhelm Müller

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus, Hinaus in die weite Welt,	I'd like to go out into the world, Out into the wide world;
--	---

Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'	If only it were not so green,
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!	Out there in the forest and field!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'	I would like to pluck all the green leaves
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,	From every branch,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'	I would like to weep on all the grass
Weinen ganz totenbleich.	Until it is deathly pale.

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür, In Sturm und Regen und Schnee, Und singen leise bei Tag und Nacht Das eine Wörtchen Ade!	I would like to lay in front of her door, In storm and rain and snow. And sing so softly by day and by night One little word: farewell!
---	---

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt, Da klingt ihr Fensterlein, Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus, Darf ich doch schauen hinein.	Hark, when in the forest a hunter's horn sounds - Her window clicks! And she looks out, but not for me; Yet I can certainly look in.
--	--

O binde von der Stirn dir ab Das grüne, grüne Band, Ade, Ade! und reiche mir Zum Abschied deine Hand!	O unwind from your brow That green, green ribbon; Farewell, farewell! And give me Your hand in parting!
---	---

Dmitry Shostakovich (1906-1975)

From Greek Songs

Zolongo

Greek folksong text

O mir may chudesniy, o mir may pechal'niy, Gde lak redki radost' i svet! Slishish li ninche ti moy golos dal'niy, Bednoy rabī, skorbnyuyu pesniu i zov proschal'niy, Zhalobu serdtsa, moy posledniy privet? Kray moy skorbniy, kray ti moy gorniy, Gibnet tvoy narod nepokorniye. Gori, lesa i reki, proschayus' s vami naveki!	O my wonderful world, o my sorrowful world, where joy and light are so rare! Do you hear my distant voice, the sad song and final greeting of a poor slave woman, The lament of my heart, my final greeting? My land of grief, my land of mountains, your defiant people are perishing. Mountains, rivers and woods, goodbye forever!
--	--

Tesno řibke na dne bo shoy lodki, Byotsa bedniashka v seti řibaka! Fsio, chto mne shliot sud'ba, snoshu ya krotko, Tol'ko v rabstve zhizni netu dlia Suliotki: Dolia eta serdtsu slishkom gor'ka! Kray moy skorbnïy, kray tï moy gornïy, Gibnet tvoy narod nepokornïy. Gori, lesa i reki, proschayus' s vami naveki!	A poor little fish, small on a big boat's deck, struggles in the fisherman's net! I meekly endure all that destiny brings me, but slavery is not life for a woman of Suliote; This lot is too heavy for my heart! My land of grief, my land of mountains, your defiant people are perishing. Mountains, rivers and woods, goodbye forever!
--	--

Hymn of ELAS

S. Mavroidi-Papadak

S vintovkoy vernoyu shagaya Po derevniám i gorodam, Ya za tebia borius', svoboda, I za tebia ya zhizn' otdam, Fperiod, ELAS, za spravedlivost', Za schastye Gretsii vperiod. Pust' etot klich na boy sviaschennïy Sïnov otechestva zoviot. Kogda idiot na bitvu voin, Zvuchit vezde tvoy veschiy glas, I gori, ehom otzivayas', Gremiat v otvet: ELAS, ELAS!	Marching with my trusty rifle Through villages and towns, I fight for you, Freedom, and for you I'll sacrifice my life. Onward, ELAS, for justice, for Greece's happiness, onward! May this war-cry call my country's sons To the sacred battle... When warriors march to fight, your prophetic voice is heard everywhere, and mountains resound and thunder in reply, "ELAS, ELAS!"
---	--

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

3 Modern Greek Poems Op. 50

Parga's lament

*Greek folk poem translated by Václav Bolemír
Nebeský*

Tré ptáků letí z Prevezy, do Pargy přiletěli;	Three birds flew from Preveze to Parga, one looks to a foreign land, the other to Jannaka.
---	--

i hledí jeden v cizinu a druhý do Jannaky, a třetí - černý jako noc, ten naříká, i praví: Ó Pargo, Turci houfem jdou, již svírají tě Turci, i netáhnou sem do boje, než zradou tebe vezmou; ne vezír tebe pokořil, ne četná jeho vojska; vždy prchali jak zající před paržskou zbraní Turci, i Ljapidové nechtěli se v poli s tebou bítí, neb hrdiny máš jako lvy a ženy bohatýrské, jimž prach je jako omastek a koule denním chlebem.	The third, as black as night, Lamented and said: 'O Parga, the Turks are moving in hoards, the Turks already possess you, nor do they much battle here rather they take you by betrayal, neither did the Vizier humiliate you Nor were his troop numerous, always the Turks fled like hares before the weapons of Parga, not even the Lyapids wanted to fight you on the field for your heroes are like lions, and your women are valiant, for whom gunpowder is like grease and bullets are daily bread.
---	---

Za peníz Kristus prodán byl, za peníz tebe dali. Své dítky, matky, vezměte, vy popi, svoje svaté, zbraň odložte, vy junáci, a zahod'te pušky své a v šíř a hloubi kopejte, své hroby vykopejte, a každou kůstku hrdinskou svých otců vyhrabejte, by Turek po těch nešlapal, jichž nikdy, nikdy nepokořil.	For coins Christ was sold, for coins you they gave, your children, mothers, take your priests, your saints. Lads abandon your weapons and throw away your guns and dig both wide and deep, dig the graves, and dig out every heroic bone of your fathers, so that the Turks never tread upon them which were never humbled.
---	---

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

Koljas

*Greek folk poem translated
by Václav Bolemír Nebesk*

Na vysoké skále
sama sedí matka Koljova
se slunečkem vádu vede,
vádu vede s jasným
měsíčkem:
Slunce moje, zlaté slunce,
poutníčku můj na nebi,
nevidělos někde
Kolja,
mého Kolja z Vytyny?
Tvého Kolja,
toho chytli a budou
ho věšeti.
Tisíc Turků před
ním kráčí,
tisíc Turků pozadu,
dva tisíce s
každě strany
a tvůj Koljas vprostředku,
a byl bledý jako
citron,
jako zvadlé jablíčko.

K Ali pašeti ho vedli,
dostavili k
pašeti.
Zdaleka ho pozdravuje
a pak zblízka
povídá:
Bůh tě pozdrav,
Ali paše!
Bud' mi vítán,
Koljo můj!
A hned obrátil
se k sluhům,
takto sluhům poručil:
Vařte kávu Koljovi
a čibuk mu zapalte,
přineste mu tamburinu,
by nám píseň
zazpíval,
kolik Turků,
bulukbašat,
kolik Turků na tom světě
zavraždil.
Koljas mu odpověděl, takto
pravil pašeti:
Zavraždil jsem tisíc
Turků,
bulukbašat osmero, a tys
přece po tu
dobu rukám mojím
vyváznu.
Tu hned meče
uchopil se,
rázem jemu
hlavu st'al.

Koljas

On a high cliff
Koljas' mother sits alone,
with the sun she speaks,
with the bright
moon:
"Sun, my golden Sun,
my wanderer in the sky.
Have you seen Koljas
anywhere,
my Koljas of Vytyna?"
"Your Koljas,
they captured him and
will hang him.
A thousand Turks march
before him,
a thousand Turks behind,
two thousand on each
side
Your Koljas in the middle,
and he was as pale as a
lemon,
like a withered apple.

To Ali Pasha he was led,
they arrived at Pasha's
palace.
From afar he greeted
and then from near he
spoke
'God be upon you, Ali
Pasha!'
'You are welcome, my
Koljas!'
And at once Pasha turned
to his servants,
and commanded them
'Bring coffee for Koljas,
a pipe for him to smoke,
bring him tambourines
so that he may sing us a
song.
How many Turks, how
many Pashas,
how many Turks in this
world has he slain.'
Koljas answered thus to
Pasha
'I have slain thousands of
Turks,
And eight Pashas, but
you have still
Escaped from these two
hands.'
Then immediately Kolja
grasped his sword,
and with one stroke took
off the Pasha's head."

Lennox Berkeley (1903-1989)

3 Greek Songs Op. 38 (1951)

Epitaph of Timas

Sappho

Behold the dust of Timas dead.
She knew not wedlock's hour
For ere that day her golden head
Passed to the dark maid's bower.

Yea, she has gone, and all her comrades fair
Have shorn with flashing steel the radiance of their
hair.

Spring Song

Antipater

Now swallows build beneath the eaves
And shape anew their rounded homes
Now meadows smile with tender leaves
And know that spring has come.

Now is the time for ships to go
And lightly o'er the billows leap
While winter winds no longer blow
or vex the ocean deep

Come then ye shipmen hoist the sail
And from its next the anchor haul
Coil the wet ropes and take the gale
Lo, I Priapus call.

To Aster

Plato

Thou gazest on the stars;
Would I might be,
O star of mine, the skies
With myriad eyes to gaze on thee!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6)

Traditional, trans. Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,
perdrix mignonne.
Ouvre au matin tes
ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon
cœur en est brûlé.
Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or
que je t'apporte
Pour le nouer autour de tes
cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens
nous marier:
Dans nos deux familles, tous
sont alliés.

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty
partridge,
spread your wings to the
morning.
Three beauty spots – and
my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I
bring you
to tie around your
tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let
us marry!
In our two families all are
related.

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers
l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio
Sidero,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église, Ayio
Constanndino
Se sont réunis, rassemblés
en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô
Vierge sainte!
Du monde tous les plus
braves!

Down there by the church

Down there by the
church,
by the church of Saint
Sideros,
the church, O Holy Virgin,
the church of Saint
Constantine,
are gathered together, in
infinite numbers,
the bravest people, O
Holy Virgin,
the bravest people in the
world!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est
comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit
passer?
Dis, dame
Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus, pendus à ma
ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can
compare with me
among those seen
passing by?
Tell me, Mistress
Vassiliki?
See, hanging at
my belt,
pistols and sharp sword...
and it's you I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur, trésor qui
m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du
cœur.
Toi que j'aime
ardemment,
Tu es plus beau
qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais,
ange si doux,
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas, tous nos pauvres
cœurs soupirent!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart, treasure
so dear to me;
joy of the soul and of the
heart,
you whom I love with
passion,
you are more beautiful
than an angel.
O when you appear, angel
so sweet,
before our eyes,
like a lovely, blond angel
under the bright sun –
alas, all our poor
hearts sigh!

Tout gai!

Tout gai,
Ha, tout gai;
Belle jambe, tireli, qui
danse,
Belle jambe, la vaisselle
danse.
Tra-la-la.

So merry!

So merry,
ah, so merry;
lovely leg, tireli, that
dances,
lovely leg, the crockery
dances,
tra la la.

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