

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 8 June 2024
7.30pm

This concert is supported by Sam and Alexandra Morgan

Ema Nikolovska mezzo-soprano
Sir Andrés Schiff piano, fortepiano

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

She never told her love (1794-5)
Fidelity (1794)
Sailor's Song (1794-5)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Komm, liebe Zither K351 (1780-1)
Als Luise die Briefe K520 (1787)
Abendempfindung K523 (1787)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Leichenfantasie D7 (c.1811)

Interval

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

V národním tónu Op. 73 (1886)
*Dobru noc, má mila • Žalo dievča, žalo trávu •
Ach, není, není tu, co by mě těšilo • Ej, mám já
koňa faku*

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)
*In der Fremde • Intermezzo • Waldesgespräch •
Die Stille • Mondnacht • Schöne Fremde •
Auf einer Burg • In der Fremde • Wehmut •
Zwielicht • Im Walde • Frühlingsnacht*



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It was in London during his first visit in 1791 that **Haydn** met Anne Hunter, the poet of this evening's 'Fidelity'. She was an amateur versifier and the wife of the famous surgeon John Hunter who, with his brother William, founded the first school of anatomy in London. A friendship developed between the composer and Anne, and had it not been for her influence, Haydn might possibly never have tried his hand at putting English texts to music. 'Fidelity', from the first set of six *Original Canzonettas* (1794), boasts a compelling introduction that depicts the might of the storm in right-hand *glissandi*, which then give way to a heart-felt lyricism. 'Sailor's song' from his second set is a rollicking celebration of the glorious British Navy and boasts an onomatopoeic accompaniment that depicts the bugles, cannons and 'rattling ropes!' 'She never told her love', a setting of Viola's lines from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, is Haydn's only song to words by a great poet. The 14-bar introduction is marked *largo assai e con espressione* and the whole song unfolds in one long *legato*. The prelude sets the mood, and the postlude meditates on the moment of grief in three bars that bear a striking resemblance to the prelude of Schubert's 'Nacht und Träume' written a quarter of a century later.

Although **Mozart** cannot be considered to be one of the founders of the Lied – that honour must be shared between Beethoven and Schubert – he was fully aware of the need to create a German genre in both song and opera. In a revealing letter to Professor Anton Klein, dated 21 March 1785, he wrote: 'We Germans should seriously set about thinking in German, playing in German, speaking in German and, even singing in German!!!' Seven of his stage works were composed to German libretti, and he wrote some 50 songs to German texts during every period of his creative life. Far from being 'crumbs from the table of his operas and instrumental works' (Einstein), they are serious works in their own right and reveal in their variety the complexity of Mozart's own character.

'Komm, liebe Zither', for mandolin accompaniment, was probably composed in the winter of 1780-1 in Munich where Mozart was busy with *Idomeneo*. 'Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte' is more operatic *scena* than song, and tells how the abandoned woman, having burned her unfaithful lover's letters, realises painfully that the memory of him will still burn for long in her heart. 'Abendempfindung' was composed in Vienna in June 1787. Campe's poem, which describes the onset of night, the transience of existence and the steadfastness of human love, inspired Mozart to create his greatest song, whose harp-like accompaniment was probably suggested by the image of the gleaming moon, which shimmers throughout in various keys, with a gentle modulation to E flat that takes the breath away.

Schubert's *Leichenfantasie* (c.1811), with its rhapsodic form, pianistic depiction of mood and extensive use of recitative, owes much to the Lieder of Johann Zumsteeg, the close friend of Schiller whose music, according to Josef von Spaun in *Aufzeichnungen über meinen Verkehr mit Franz Schubert* (1858), Schubert revered. Schiller's poem from 1780 was occasioned by the death of a fellow student at the military academy, August von Hoven, and was enclosed by the poet in a letter of condolence to the young man's father.

The four songs of **Dvořák's** *V národním tónu*, settings of Czech and Moravian folk poetry, were composed while he working on his second set of *Slavonic Dances*. The work begins with two Slovácko love songs ('Good night, my darling' and 'A lass went a-mowing'), continues with the wistfully Bohemian 'Nothing here can make me happy' and ends with a lively furiant setting of 'I have a fine horse'. The cycle was completed in September 1886.

Finally, a few brief notes on **Schumann's** *Liederkreis* Op. 39, the most frequently performed work of tonight's programme. Clara was the inspiration behind these 12 masterpieces, as we see from a flurry of letters Schumann wrote to her on 15, 19 and 22 May 1840. And in another letter, referring to 'Mondnacht', he described 'Ehe' ('marriage') as a 'very musical word' – the reason why the left hand of the accompaniment plays a motif of descending fifths: E, B, E, which in German notation reads EHE! 'My song swiftly wings its way to you' runs the final line of Eichendorff's *Intermezzo*, a poem addressed to his fiancée, Luise von Larisch. Schumann repeats Eichendorff's first verse and composes one of his most beautiful love songs to his own bride. And what better way to manifest his love than by ending the *Liederreihe* with 'Frühlingsnacht': ostensibly a nature poem that celebrates the return of spring, it becomes a love poem in the final line.

At times, however, Schumann must have doubted whether he would ever be allowed to marry Clara, such was the bitterness of her litigious father's opposition to their union – the reason, surely, why he included 'Auf einer Burg' which ends with the bride in tears, compelled to marry a man she does not love. Indeed, most of the poems selected by Schumann for this *Liederkreis* are melancholy or threatening in nature – as befits his own Eusebius/Florestan polar personality. Four poems come from Eichendorff's first published novel, *Ahnung und Gegenwart* (1815), and two of them require background knowledge for a full understanding. Erwine, having saved the life of young Count Friedrich, sings arcanelly in 'Die Stille' of her unexpressed love for him. His failure to respond leads to Erwine's suicide by drowning; but before she jumps into the Rhine, she sings 'Wehmut', for which Schumann finds one of his saddest melodies.

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Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

She never told her love (1794-5)

William Shakespeare

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek...;
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Fidelity (1794)

Anne Hunter

While hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the show'r,
This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the checker'd shade,
She draws it to an end.

But whatso'er may be our doom,
The lot is cast for me,
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee.

Sailor's Song (1794-5)

Anonymous

High on the giddy bending mast
The seaman furls the rending sail,
And, fearless of the rushing blast,
He careless whistles to the gale.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas!
Hurly burly, hurly burly!
War nor death can him displease.
Hurly burly, hurly burly.

The hostile foe his vessel seeks,
High bounding o'er the raging main.
The roaring cannon loudly speaks
'Tis Britain's glory we maintain.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas!
Hurly burly, hurly burly!
War nor death can him displease.
Hurly burly, hurly burly.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Komm, liebe Zither K351 (1780-1)

Anonymous

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

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

Come, my dear zither

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

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

Als Luise die Briefe K520 (1787)

Gabriele von Baumberg

Erzeugt von heisser
Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen
Stunde
Zur Welt gebracht! – geht
zu Grunde!
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen
euer Sein:
Ich geb' euch nun den
Flammen wieder,
Und all die schwärmerischen
Lieder;
Denn ach! er sang nicht
mir allein.

Louise's lover's letters

Begotten by ardent
fantasy,
born in an emotional
moment!
Perish, ye
children
of melancholy!

You owe your existence
to flames,
to flames I now
return you
and all those passionate
songs;
for ah! he did not sing for
me alone.

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

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben, Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier: Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben, Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.	Now you are burning, and soon, my dears, not a trace of you will remain: but ah! the man who wrote you, may smoulder long yet in my heart.
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**Abendempfindung
K523 (1787)**

Joachim Heinrich Campe

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden, Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz; So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!	It is evening, the sun has vanished, and the moon sheds its silver light; so life's sweetest hours speed by, flit by as in a dance!
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Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene, Und der Vorhang rollt herab. Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.	Soon life's bright pageant will be over, and the curtain will fall. Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend flow already on our grave.
--	--

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise, Eine stille Ahnung zu – Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise, Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.	Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr, a silent presentiment will reach me, and I shall end this earthly pilgrimage, fly to the land of rest.
---	--

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen, Trauernd meine Asche seh'n, Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.	If you then weep by my grave and gaze mourning on my ashes, then, dear friends, I shall appear to you bringing a breath of heaven.
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Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab; Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.	May you too shed a tear for me and pluck a violet for my grave; and let your compassionate gaze look tenderly down on me.
---	--

Weih' mir eine Träne und ach! Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,	Consecrate a tear to me and ah! Be not ashamed to do so;
--	---

Evening thoughts

O sie wird in meinem Diademe Dann die schönste Perle sein.	in my diadem it shall become the fairest pearl of all.
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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**Leichenfantasie D7
(c.1811)**

Friedrich von Schiller

Mit erstorb'nem Scheinen Steht der Mond auf totenstillen Hainen; Seufzend streift der Nachtgeist durch die Luft - Nebelwolken trauern, Sterne trauern Bleich herab, wie Lampen in der Gruft.	With dim light the moon shines over the death-still groves; sighing, the night spirit skims through the air - mist-clouds lament, pale stars shine down mournfully like lamps in a vault.
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Gleich Gespenstern, stumm und hohl und hager, Zieht in schwarzem Totenpompe dort Ein Gewimmel nach dem Leichenlager Unterm Schauerflor der Grabnacht fort.	Like ghosts, silent, hollow, gaunt, in black funeral pomp a procession moves towards the graveyard beneath the dread veil of the burial night.
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Zitternd an der Krücke, Wer mit düsterm, rückgesunknem Blicke, Ausgegossen in ein heulend Ach, Schwer geneckt vom eisernen Geschicke, Schwankt dem stummgetragenen Sarge nach?	Who is he, who, trembling on crutches, with sombre, sunken gaze, pouring out his misery in a cry of pain, and harshly tormented by an iron fate, totters behind the silently borne coffin?
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Floss es „Vater“ von des Jünglings Lippe? Nasse Schauer schauern fürchterlich Durch sein gramgeschmolzenes Gerippe, Seine Silberhaare bäumen sich.	Did the boy's lips say 'Father'? Damp, fearful shudders run through his frame, racked with grief; his silver hair stands on end.
--	--

Aufgerissen seine Feuerwunde! Durch die Seele Höllenschmerz! „Vater“ floss es von des Jünglings Munde. „Sohn“ gelispelt hat das Vaterherz. Eiskalt, eiskalt liegt er hier im Tuche,	His burning wound is torn open by the hellish pain of his soul! 'Father', uttered the boy's lips, 'Son', whispered the father's heart. Ice-cold, he lies here in his shroud,
--	---

Und dein Traum, so golden einst, so süß, Süß und golden, Vater, dir zum Fluche! Eiskalt, eiskalt liegt er hier im Tuche, Deine Wonne und dein Paradies!	and your dream, once so golden, so sweet, sweet and golden, now a curse on you, father! Ice-cold, he lies here in his shroud, your joy and your paradise!
Mild, wie umweht von Elysiumslüften, Wie, aus Auroras Umarmung geschlüpft, Himmlich umgürtet mit rosigten Düften, Florens Sohn über das Blumenfeld hüpft, Flog er einher auf den lachenden Wiesen, Nachgespiegelt von silberner Flut, Wollustflammen entsprühten den Küssen, Jagten die Mädchen in liebende Glut.	Gently, as if stroked by Elysian breezes, as if, slipping from Aurora's embrace, wreathed in the heavenly fragrance of roses, it were Flora's son dancing over the flowery fields, he flew across the smiling meadows, mirrored by the silver waters; flames of desire sprang from his kisses, driving maidens to burning passion.
Mutig sprang er im Gewühle der Menschen, Wie ein jugendlich Reh; Himmelum flog er in schweifenden Wünschen, Hoch wie der Adler in wolkiger Höh'; Stolz wie die Rosse sich sträuben und schäumen, Werfen im Sturme die Mähnen umher, Königlich wider den Zügel sich bäumen, Trat er vor Sklaven und Fürsten daher.	Bravely he leapt amid the swarm of humanity, like a young deer; with his restless longings he flew around the heavens. As high as an eagle, soaring in the clouds; proud as the steeds as they rear, foaming, tossing their manes in the storm, and regally resisting the reins, did he walk before slaves and princes.
Heiter, wie Frühlingstag schwand ihm das Leben, Flog ihm vorüber in Hesperus' Glanz, Klagen ertränkt' er im Golde der Reben, Schmerzen verhüpft' er im wirbelnden Tanz. Welten schliefen im herrlichen Jungen, Ha! wenn er einsten zum Manne gereift – Freue dich, Vater, im herrlichen Jungen, Wenn einst die schlafenden Keime gereift!	His life slipped by, as bright as a spring day, flying past him in the glow of Hesperus; he drowned his sorrows in the golden vine, he tripped away his grief in the whirling dance. Whole worlds lay dormant in the fine youth, ah! When he matures into a man – rejoice, father, in the fine boy, when, one day, the latent seeds are ripened!

Nein doch, Vater – Horch! die Kirchhofsüre brauset, Und die ehrnen Angel klirren auf – Wie's hinein ins Grabgewölbe grauset! Nein doch, lass den Tränen ihren Lauf! Geh, du Holder, geh im Pfade der Sonne Freudig weiter der Vollendung zu, Lösche nun den edlen Durst nach Wonne, Gamentbundner, in Walhallas Ruh!	But no, father – hark! the churchyard gate is rattling, and the iron hinges are creaking open – how terrifying it is to peer into the grave! But no, let the tears flow! Go, gracious youth, in the sun's path, joyfully onwards to perfection, quench your noble thirst for joy, released from pain, in the peace of Valhalla!
Wiedersehen – himmlischer Gedanke! Wiedersehen dort an Edens Tor! Horch! der Sarg versinkt mit dumpfigem Geschwanke, Wimmernd schnurrt das Totenseil empor! Da wir trunken um einander rollten, Lippen schwiegen und das Auge sprach „Haltet! Haltet!“ da wir boshaft grollten – Aber Tränen stürzten wärmer nach.	To see him again – heavenly thought! To see him again at the gates of Eden! Hark! the coffin sways and falls with a dull thud, the ropes whirr upwards with a whine! When we rolled drunkenly among one another our lips were silent, but our eyes spoke: 'Stop! Stop!' When we grew angry – but afterwards tears fell more warmly.
Mit erstorb'nem Scheinen Steht der Mond auf totenstillen Hainen; Seufzend streift der Nachtgeist durch die Luft - Nebelwolken trauern, Sterne trauern Bleich herab, wie Lampen in der Gruft. Dumpfig schollert's überm Sarg zum Hügel, O um Erdballs Schätze nur noch einen Blick! Starr und ewig schliesst des Grabes Riegel, Dumpfer schollert's überm Sarg zum Hügel, Nimmer gibt das Grab zurück.	With dim light the moon shines over the death-still groves; sighing, the night spirit skims through the air – mist-clouds lament, pale stars shine down mournfully like lamps in a vault. With a thud clods pile over the coffin, oh, for just one more glimpse of the earth's treasure! The grave's bolts close, rigid and eternal, the thud of the clods grows duller as they pile over the coffin, the grave will never yield up!

Interval

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

V národním tónu Op. 73 (1886)
Traditional

Dobrou noc, má milá

Good night, my darling

Dobrou noc, má milá, dobrou noc,
Nech ti je Pán Boh sám na pomoc.
Dobrou noc, dobre spi,
Nech sa ti snívajú milé sny!

Good night, my darling,
may God watch over you,
good night, sleep well,
and may you dream sweet dreams!

Snívaj sa ti sničok, ach snívaj,
Keď vstaneš, sničoku vieru daj,
Že ťa ja milujem,
Srdečko svoje ti darujem.

Dream a little dream,
and when you wake up,
trust the dream:
that I love you
and offer you my heart.

Žalo dievča, žalo trávu

A lass went a-mowing

Žalo dievča, žalo trávu
Neďaleko Temešváru,
Keď našalo,
poviazalo,
Na šuhajka zavolalo:

A lass went a-mowing
not far from Timisoara.
She cut and tied up the hay,
then called to her sweetheart:

‘Šuhaj, šuhaj z druhej strany,
Pod’ mi dvíhať batoh trávy!’
Nech ti dvíha otec, máti,
Nechce-li ťa za mňa dáti.

‘Hey lad, come here
and lift this bundle of hay
for me!’
Let your father and
mother lift it for you,
for they don’t want you to
be mine.

Ešte ťa len kolimbali,
Už ťa za mňa slubovali:
Ešte si len húsky pásala,
Už si v mojom srdci riasla.

When you were still a
babe in arms,
they promised you to me.
When you were still
herding geese,
you had already won a
place in my heart.

Ach, není, není tu, co by mě těšilo

Nothing here can make me happy

Ach, není, není tu, co by mě těšilo,
Ach, není tu, není, co mě těší.
Co mě těšovalo, vodou uplynulo,
Ach, není tu, není, co mě těší!

Ah, nothing here can make me happy,
ah, nothing gives me pleasure.
What used to give me pleasure has now gone,
ah, nothing gives me pleasure!

Vždycky mně dávají, co se mně nelíbí,
Vždycky mně dávají, co já nechci.
Dávají mně vdovce, ten má jen půl srdce,
Ach, není tu, není, co mě těší!

They always give me what I would rather not have,
they always give me what I don’t want.
They are giving me to a widower with only half a heart,
ah, nothing gives me pleasure!

Ach, není, není tu, co by mě těšilo,
Ach, není tu, není, co mě těší.

Ah, nothing here can make me happy,
ah, nothing gives me pleasure.

Ej, mám já koňa faku

I have a fine horse

Ej, mám já koňa faku,
co ma dobre nosí,
Po horách, po dolách,
po studenej rosi.

I have a fine horse
with sturdy legs
that carry me over hill and dale
and through the morning dew.

Ej, mal som sikorenku,
zlámala si nožku:
Podaj mi, má milá,
čerstvej vody trošku.

I had a little bird
whose leg was broken:
my darling, give me
a drop of fresh water.

Ej, mal som frajerečku
ako iskerečku:
Ale ma sklamala,
strela v jej srdečku!

I had a sweetheart
who dazzled me:
but I failed
to win her heart.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

In der Fremde

In a foreign land

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

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

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

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

Intermezzo

Intermezzo

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

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

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

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

Waldesgespräch

A forest dialogue

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Die Stille

Silence

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

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

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

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

Ich wüsch't, ich wär' ein
Vöglein
Und zöge über das
Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und
weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

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

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

Mondnacht

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

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

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

Schöne Fremde

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

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

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

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte
Ritter;

Moonlit night

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

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

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

A beautiful foreign land

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

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

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

In a castle

Up there at his look-out
the old knight has fallen
asleep;

Drüber gehen
Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch
das Gitter.

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

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

Eine Hochzeit fährt
da unten
Auf dem Rhein im
Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen
munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die
weinet.

In der Fremde

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

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

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

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

rain-storms pass
overhead,
and the wood stirs
through the portcullis.

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

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

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

In a foreign land

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

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

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

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

Wehmut

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

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

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

Zwielicht

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

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

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

Was heut gehet müde
unter,
Hebt sich morgen
neugeboren.

Sadness

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

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

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

Twilight

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

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

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

That which wearily sets
today,
will rise tomorrow, newly
born.

Manches geht in Nacht
verloren –
Hüte dich, sei wach und
munter!

Im Walde

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

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

Frühlingsnacht

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

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

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

Much can go lost in the
night –
be wary, watchful, on your
guard!

In the forest

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

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

Spring night

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

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

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

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