

WIGMORE HALL 125

Wednesday 8 October 2025
7.30pm

Barbara Kozelj mezzo-soprano
Toby Spence tenor
Laurens Woudenberg french horn
Philipp von Steinaecker conductor
Camerata RCO

Tijmen Huisingsh violin

Coraline Groen violin

Santa Vižine viola

Johan van Iersel cello

Georgina Poad double bass

Julie Moulin flute

Miriam Pastor Burgos oboe,
English horn

Hein Wiedijk clarinet

Marceau Lefevre bassoon

Fons Verspaandonk French horn

Adriaan Feyaerts percussion

Tom Pritchard percussion

Daan Kortekaas piano

Ellen Zijm accordion

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) Serenade for tenor, horn and strings Op. 31 (1943)
*I. Prologue • II. Pastoral • III. Nocturne • IV. Elegy •
V. Dirge • VI. Hymn • VII. Sonnet • VIII. Épilogue*

Interval

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) Das Lied von der Erde (1908-9) arranged by Arnold Schoenberg
& Rainer Riehn
*Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde • Der Einsame im Herbst •
Von der Jugend • Von der Schönheit • Der Trunkene im
Frühling • Der Abschied*



Help us raise £125,000
for 125 years of music

To find out more visit wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate



Join & Support
Donations

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions. Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a loop to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • [Wigmore-hall.org.uk](https://wigmore-hall.org.uk) • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

Benjamin Britten's habit of composing with specific performers in mind was well established by the 1940s. From that time, many of his works were written for his lifelong partner, the tenor Peter Pears, including the *Serenade for tenor, horn and strings* – equally inspired by a superbly gifted young horn player, Dennis Brain.

Britten first met Brain in the summer of 1942 when, as first horn in the RAF Orchestra, he was playing Britten's incidental music for broadcast-commentaries on war-time England. Brain's exceptional musicianship, combining a warm and luminous tone with fearless technical proficiency, was evident even before he asked Britten about writing a horn concerto. Britten immediately enquired about the horn's capabilities, including its ability to make the pitch fluctuate by the player's hand stopping and unstopping its bell; whether a player could hit a top C directly without a gentle lead up to it; and what natural harmonics it could play. All these specific techniques, and others, feature in the *Serenade*.

With its hunting forebears, the horn has long had an affinity with the outdoors, as well as moonlit enchantment in music by Romantic and late-Romantic era composers such as Weber, Mendelssohn and, not least, Britten's beloved Mahler. Britten tapped into all those associations by making Brain's horn a protagonist in a cycle of songs concerning eventide, which he initially described as 'Nocturnes'.

Serenade opens with a 'Prologue' – effectively a prolonged horn fanfare, given a mysterious and rather enchanted quality by being played entirely on natural harmonics. Much of what follows in Britten's sequence of song settings derives its power from his imaginative selection and juxtaposition of sometimes starkly contrasting poems. The bold and breezy second song – presenting Tennyson's epic landscape in which 'the wild cataract leaps in glory' – becomes a perfect foil to the dense yet softly played string chords that open the next song, through which the horn insinuates its sinister chromatic line, depicting Blake's 'invisible worm'.

With the Blake poem, Britten turns the key on a nightmarish, darker world. We fully enter this with the 'Dirge', an anonymous, 15th-century lament sung to an ever-recurring plaintive melody, as cellos and basses begin a sinister, scurrying theme taken up by the violas, and then violins in a fugue; this builds in crescendo to the horn's ferocious (and highly virtuosic) entrance, conjuring something quite monstrous and terrifying.

After this, Britten's light-hearted setting of Ben Jonson – the tenor's coloratura complemented with neo-Classical fanfares from the horn – offers light relief before the final song, setting Keats, where the protagonist, troubled by waking thoughts, longs for soothing sleep. The offstage horn's elfin fanfares follow as an answer – perhaps reassuring, but now a distant memory rather than an immediate promise.

In 1942, not long before he first met Brain, Britten recalled in print his first encounter with **Mahler's** music, and how he'd been 'startled' by the Fourth Symphony's orchestration: 'It was mainly "soloist" and entirely clean

and transparent. The colouring seemed calculated to the smallest shade, and the result was wonderfully resonant.' Britten's description might be applied equally to the arrangement performed tonight of Mahler's symphonic song cycle *Das Lied von der Erde*, made by fellow Austrian composer Arnold Schoenberg, which brilliantly reduces Mahler's original full orchestral scoring (completed in 1909) to a chamber ensemble of soloists.

Compared to Mahler's upbeat and apparently world-embracing Symphony No. 8 that had preceded it, *Das Lied von der Erde* strikes an altogether darker note, albeit tempered by songs of increasingly brighter outlook, before the final journey presented by the epic final setting, 'Der Abschied' (The Farewell). Mahler took his song texts from Hans Bethge's anthology *Die chinesische Flöte* (The Chinese Flute), published in 1907: the six he chose collectively suggest the transience of life and its pleasures, and the inevitability of death. Yet Mahler ultimately celebrates the beauty of the Earth, even as the poet anticipates leaving it, the mezzo-soprano's repetition of the word 'ewig' (forever) suggesting its endurance compared to man's short life.

Mahler died before he could conduct the work. It may have been partly due to Schoenberg's reservations about the musical acuity of Bruno Walter, responsible for conducting its posthumous première, that he started making this arrangement in around 1920. Schoenberg had originally intended this for the Society for Private Musical Performances in Vienna, an organisation he had founded in 1918 to create what might today be called a 'safe space' for new and unfamiliar music.

Given Mahler's chamber-like style of scoring, a great deal of the original sound world naturally comes through in Schoenberg's arrangement. But what of the opening song, 'Das Trinklied', with its grand, despairing gestures? Of course, there's that magnificent horn call that launches it, but what follows? Schoenberg was a first-rate orchestrator himself – witness his own *Gurrelieder*, and on a far smaller scale his seminal *Pierrot Lunaire* – but still it is striking how he succeeds in this, the only song he actually completed in his arrangement. The piano is used with discretion – an orchestral instrument rather than the main protagonist with supporting instrumentation: while it's there to give a magnificent wallop instead of the original orchestral harps, woodwind and lower strings, it by no means dominates the soundscape.

The remaining songs were completed from Schoenberg's detailed annotations in 1983 by the musicologist Rainer Riehn. His description, however, of Schoenberg's arrangement as a 'woodcut' version of Mahler's original scoring does less than justice to the pellucid and vividly realised soundscapes presented by this chamber version. It not only gives the tenor, in particular, a fighting chance to present the text and its nuances in his designated songs, but also in many ways brings Mahler's original conception closer to the spare and economical style of the Chinese poems they set.

© Daniel Jaffé 2025

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Serenade for tenor, horn and strings Op. 31

(1943)

I. Prologue

II. Pastoral

Charles Cotton

The day's grown old: the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

The shadows now so long do grow
That brambles like tall cedars show;
Molehills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
While the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

And now on benches all are sat,
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phoebus, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

III. Nocturne

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
And long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! How thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

IV. Elegy

William Blake

O Rose, thou art sick;
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark, secret love
Does thy life destroy.

V. Dirge

Anonymous

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and aile,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and aile,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon,
Every nighte and aile,
Sit thee down and put them on
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and aile,
The whinnes sail prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and aile,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and aile,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav'st meat or drink,
Every nighte and aile,
The fire shall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and aile,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and aile,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

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

VI. Hymn

Ben Jonson

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made,
Heav'n to clear the day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay the bow of pearl apart,
And the crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night
Goddess excellently bright.

VII. Sonnet

Joh Keats

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O sooth est Sleep! If so it please thee, close
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,
Or wait the 'Amen', ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious Conscious, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

VIII. Épilogue

Interval

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Das Lied von der Erde
(1908-9)
arranged by Arnold
Schoenberg & Rainer Riehn
Hans Bethge

The song of the
Earth

Drinking song of the
earth's sorrow

Schon winkt der Wein im
goldnen Pokale, -
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst
sing' ich euch ein Lied!
Das Lied vom Kummer
Soll auflachend in die Seele
euch klingen.
Wenn der Kummer naht,
Liegen wüst die Gärten der
Seele,
Welkt hin und stirbt die
Freude, der Gesang.
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der
Tod.

The wine now beckons in
the golden goblet, -
But drink not yet, first I'll
sing you a song!
The song of sorrow
Shall resound through your
soul in gusts of laughter.
When sorrow draws near,
The gardens of the soul
lie wasted,
Joy and singing wither
and die.
Dark is life, is
death.

Herr dieses Hauses!
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle
des goldenen Weins!
Hier, diese Laute nenn' ich
mein!
Die Laute schlagen und die
Gläser leeren,
Das sind die Dinge, die
zusammenpassen!
Ein voller Becher Weins zur
rechten Zeit
Ist mehr wert als alle Reiche
dieser Erde.
Dunkel is das Leben, ist der
Tod.

Master of this house!
Your cellar is filled with
golden wine!
I name this lute here my
own!
Striking the lute and
draining beakers,
These are things that go
well together!
A full beaker of wine at
the right time
Is worth more than all the
kingdoms of this earth.
Dark is life, is
death!

Das Firmament blaut ewig
und die Erde
Wird lange fest stehn und
aufblühn im Lenz.
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang
lebst denn du?
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst
du dich ergötzen
An all dem morschen Tande
dieser Erde!

The firmament is forever
blue, and the earth
Will long stand firm and
blossom in spring.
But you, O man, how long
do you live?
Not even a hundred years
can you delight
In all the brittle trumpery
of this earth.

Seht dort hinab! Im
Mondschein auf den Gräbern
Hockt eine wild-
gespenstische Gestalt.
Ein Aff' ist's! Hört ihr, wie
sein Heulen
Hinausgellt in den süssen
Duft des Lebens!

Look down there! On the
moonlit graves
A wild ghostly form is
squatting.
It is an ape! Hear him
howl
And screech at life's
sweet fragrance!

Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt
ist es Zeit, Genossen!
Leert eure goldnen Becher
zu Grund!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der
Tod!

Now take up the wine! Now,
friends, is the time!
Drain your golden
beakers to the dregs.
Dark is life, is
death.

Der Einsame im Herbst

The lonely one in autumn

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich
über'm See,
Vom Reif bezogen stehen
alle Gräser;
Man meint, ein Künstler
habe Staub vom Jade
Über die feinen Blüten
ausgestreut.

Bluish autumn mists drift
over the lake,
Each blade of grass is
covered with rime,
As though an artist had
strewn jade-dust
Over the delicate
blossoms.

Der süsse Duft der Blumen
is verflogen;
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre
Stengel nieder;
Bald werden die verwelkten,
goldnen Blätter
Der Lotosblüten auf dem
Wasser ziehn.

The sweet fragrance of
the flowers has faded,
A cold wind bends low
their stems;
Soon the withered golden
petals
Of the lotus-flower will
drift on the water.

Mein Herz ist müde. Meine
kleine Lampe
Erlosch mit Knistern, es
gemahnt mich an den Schlaf.
Ich komm' zu dir, traute
Ruhestätte,
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab
Erquickung not!

My heart is weary. My
little lamp
Guttered with a hiss, it
summons me to sleep.
I come to you, beloved
resting-place, -
You, give me rest, I need
to be refreshed!

Ich weine viel in meinen
Einsamkeiten,
Der Herbst in meinem
Herzen währt zu lange;
Sonne der Liebe, willst du
nie mehr scheinen,
Um meine bittern Tränen
mild aufzutrocknen?

I weep much in my
loneliness,
The autumn in my heart
persists too long;
Sun of love, will you never
shine again
And dry up tenderly my
bitter tears?

Von der Jugend

Of youth

Mitten in dem kleinen
Teiche
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weissem Porzellan.

In the middle of the little
pool
Stand a pavilion of green
And white porcelain.

Wie der Rücken eines Tigers
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber.

Like a tiger's back
The jade bridge arches
Over to the pavilion.

In dem Häuschen sitzen
Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken,
plaudern,
Manche schreiben Verse
nieder.

Friends sit in the little
house,
Beautifully dressed,
drinking, chatting,
Several are writing
verses.

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen
Mützen
Hocken lustig tief im
Nacken.

Their silken sleeves slip
Back, their silken
caps
Fall cheerfully onto their
necks.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde,

On the little pool's still
Surface everything is
Strangely mirrored:

Alles auf dem Kopfe
stehend,
In dem Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weissem Porzellan;

Everything stands on its
head
In the pavilion of green
And white porcelain.

Wie ein Halbmond steht die
Brücke,
Umgekehrt der Bogen.
Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken,
plaudern.

The bridge seems like a
half-moon,
Its arch inverted.
Friends,
Beautifully dressed, are
drinking, chatting.

Von der Schönheit

Hans Bethge, after Li Bai

Junge Mädchen pflücken
Blumen,
Pflücken Lotosblumen an
dem Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und
Blättern sitzen sie,
Sammeln Blüten in den
Schoss und rufen
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Goldne Sonne webt um die
Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken
Wasser wider.
Sonne spiegelt ihre
schlanken Glieder,
Ihre süßen Augen wider,
Und der Zephir hebt mit
Schmeichelkosen
Das Gewebe ihrer Ärmel auf,
führt den Zauber
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die
Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für
schöne Knaben
Dort an dem Uferrand auf
mut'gen Rossen?
Weithin glänzend wie die
Sonnenstrahlen;
Schon zwischen dem Geäst
der grünen Weiden
Trabt das jungfrische Volk
einher.
Das Ross des einen wiehert
fröhlich auf
Und scheut, und saust dahin,
Über Blumen, Gräser
wanken hin die Hufe,
Sie zerstampfen jäh im
Sturm die hingesunk'nen
Blüten.
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel
seine Mähnen,
Dampfen heiss die Nüstern!
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die
Gestalten,
Spiegelt sich im blanken
Wasser wider.

Und die schönste von den
Jungfrauen sendet
Lange Blicke ihm der
Sehnsucht nach.
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur
Verstellung:
In dem Funkeln ihrer
grossen Augen,

Of beauty

Young girls are picking
flowers,
lotus flowers by the
river's edge.
They sit among bushes
and leaves,
gather blossoms into
their laps and call
to each other teasingly.

Golden sunlight weaves
round their forms,
mirrors them in the
shining water.
Sunlight mirrors their
slender limbs,
and their sweet eyes,
and the breeze lifts with
its caresses
the fabric of their sleeves,
wafts the magic
of their pleasing fragrance
through the air.

O look, what handsome
boys are these, riding
friskily along the bank on
spirited horses?
Shining afar, like the sun's
rays;
now they canter between
green willow branches
these lads in the flush of
youth.
The horse of one
whinnies happily,
and shies and races off,
its hooves fly over flowers
and grass,
trampling the fallen
blossoms as they storm
past.
Look how its mane
flutters in its frenzy,
look how the nostrils steam!
Golden sunlight weaves
round their forms,
mirrors them in the
shining water.

And the loveliest of the
girls
shoots him long yearning
glances.
Her proud bearing is
mere pretence:
in the flashing of her large
eyes,

In dem Dunkel ihres heissen
Blicks
Schwingt klagend noch die
Erregung ihres Herzens
nach.

Der Trunkene im Frühling

Wenn nur ein Traum das
Leben ist,
Warum denn Müh und
Plag?
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr
kann,
Den ganzen lieben Tag.

Und wenn ich nicht mehr
trinken kann,
Weil Kehle und Seele voll,
So taumle ich bis zu meiner Tür
Und schlafe wundervoll!

Was hör' ich beim
Erwachen? Horch!
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.
Ich frag' ihn, ob schon
Frühling sei,
Mir ist als wie im Traum.

Der Vogel zwitschert: ja, der
Lenz
Ist da, sei kommen über Nacht,
Aus tiefstem Schauen
lauscht' ich auf,
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu
Und leer ihn bis zum Grund
Und singe, bis der Mond
erglänzt
Am schwarzen Firmament.

Und wenn ich nicht mehr
singen kann,
So schlaf ich wieder ein,
Was geht mich denn der
Frühling an!?
Lasst mich betrunken sein!

in the darkness of her
ardent gaze
her agitated heart still
throbs and grieves for
him.

The drunkard in spring

If life is but a
dream,
Why should there be toil
and torment?
I drink till I can drink no
longer,
The whole day through.

And when I can drink no
longer,
Since throat and soul are full,
I stagger to my door
And sleep stupendously!

What do I hear when I
wake? Listen!
A bird sings in the tree.
I ask him if spring has
come,
It all seems like a dream.

The bird twitters: yes,
spring
Is here, it came overnight!
In deepest contemplation
I listened,
The bird sings and laughs.

I fill my beaker again
And drain it to the dregs
And sing until the moon
shines bright
In the black firmament.

And when I can sing no
longer,
I fall asleep again.
For what has spring to do
with me!?
Let me be drunk!

Der Abschied

After Mong-Kao-Jen

Die Sonne scheidet hinter
dem Gebirge.
In alle Täler steigt der Abend
nieder
Mit seinen Schatten, die voll
Kühlung sind.
O sieh! wie eine Silberbarke
schwebt
Der Mond am blauen
Himmelssee herauf.
Ich spüre eines feinen
Windes Wehn
Hinter den dunklen Fichten!

Der Bach singt voller
Wohllaut durch das
Dunkel,
Die Blumen blassen im
Dämmerchein.
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh
und Schlaf.

Alle Sehnsucht will nun
träumen,
Die müden Menschen gehn
heimwärts,
Um im Schlaf vergessnes Glück
Und Jugend neu zu
lernen!
Die Vögel hocken still in
ihren Zweigen,
Die Welt schläft ein!

Es wehet kühl im Schatten
meiner Fichten,
Ich stehe hier und harre
meines Freundes;
Ich harre sein zum letzten
Lebewohl.
Ich sehne mich, O Freund,
an deiner Seite
Die Schönheit dieses
Abends zu genießen.
Wo bleibst du? Du lässt
mich lang allein!

Ich wandle auf und nieder
mit meiner Laute
Auf Wegen, die vom
weichen Grase schwellen.
O Schönheit! O ewigen
Liebens, Lebens trunk'ne
Welt!

The Farewell

After Mong-Kao-Jen

The sun sinking behind
the mountains,
Evening falls in every
valley
With its shadows full of
coolness.
O look! Like a silver
bark
The moon floats up the
sky's blue lake.
I feel a gentle breeze
stir
Behind the dark spruces!

The brook sings
melodiously through
the dark,
The flowers grow pale in
the twilight.
The earth breathes full of
peace and sleep.

All desire now turns to
dreaming,
Weary mortals make for
home,
To recapture in sleep
Forgotten happiness and
youth.
Birds huddle silently on
their branches,
The world falls asleep.

A cool wind blows in the
shadow of my spruces,
I stand here and wait for
my friend;
I wait to bid him a final
farewell.
I long, O friend, to
enjoy
The beauty of this
evening by your side.
Where can you be? You
have left me alone so long!

I wander up and down
with my lute
On pathways rippling with
soft grass.
O beauty! O world drunk
with eternal love and
life!

After Wang-Wei

Er stieg vom Pferd und
reichte ihm den Trunk
Des Abschieds dar. Er fragte
ihn, wohin er führe
Und auch warum es müsste
sein.
Er sprach, seine Stimme war
umflort: Du, mein Freund,
Mir war auf dieser Welt das
Glück nicht hold.

Wohin ich geh? Ich geh, ich
wandre in die Berge.
Ich suche Ruhe für mein
einsam Herz.
Ich wandle nach der Heimat,
meiner Stätte!
Ich werde niemals in die
Ferne schweifen,
Still ist mein Herz und harret
seiner Stunde!

Die liebe Erde allüberall
Blüht auf im Lenz und grünt
aufs neu!
Allüberall und ewig
blauen licht die
Fernen!
Ewig... ewig...

After Wang-Wei

He dismounted and handed
him the stirrup-cup.
He asked him where he
was going
And also why it had to
be.
He spoke, his voice was
veiled: my friend,
Fortune was not kind to
me on earth.

Where am I going? I go
into the mountains,
I seek peace for my lonely
heart.
I am making for home, my
resting-place!
I shall never roam abroad
again –
My heart is still and
awaits its hour!

Everywhere the dear earth
Blossoms in spring and
grows green again!
Everywhere and forever
the distance shines
bright and blue!
Forever... forever...