

# WIGMORE HALL

Friday 9 June 2023  
7.30pm

Supported by the Rick Mather David Scrase Foundation

Simon Bode tenor  
Jonathan Ware piano

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Junger Seeman from *Tristan und Isolde* (1857-9)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Le manoir de Rosemonde (1879)

Sérénade (1869)

Chanson triste (1868)

Phidylé (1882)

Extase (1874)

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Es war ein König in Thule S278/1 (1842)

Freudvoll und leidvoll I S280/1 (1844)

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein S314 (1852)

Kling leise, mein Lied S301/2 (c.1859)

Die Loreley S273/2 (1854-9)

*Interval*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

From *Mörrike Lieder* (1888)

Er ist's • Fussreise • Zitronenfalter im April •

Auf einer Wanderung • An eine Äolsharfe • Gebet •

Lied eines Verliebten • Im Frühling • Der Feuerreiter

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## *Under the sign of Wagner*

**Richard Wagner** wrote mammoth operas, while this programme features songs, brief by nature. But Wagner's monumental reshaping of the language of music left its impress on all three of this evening's composers. We begin with the closest thing to a 'song' in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*: an unnamed sailor sings an unaccompanied melody, 'Westwärts schweift der Blick', to the 'wild, Irish maiden' en route to her marriage - not to Tristan but to the Cornish king Marke.

The long-lived **Henri Duparc** composed only 17 melodies before falling victim to a neurasthenic disorder that prevented him from composing anything at all in his final 48 years. As if in compensation for such a hideous fate, his songs, their quasi-symphonic conception of form influenced by Wagner, are among the greatest in the French language.

Wagner's Valkyries on their steeds and Schubert's 'Erlkönig' lurk in the background of Duparc's upward-charging bass in 'Le manoir de Rosemonde'. The lover who sings 'Sérénade', with its piano-as-harp, wishes he could have the same access to the beloved as the breezes and the rose on her heart. Duparc's signature harmonic shifts tell of passion and temerity.

'Chanson triste' is a hymn to love's powers of healing...perhaps: it is the touch of doubt that puts the *tristesse* in 'Chanson triste'. The half-Creole, half-French poet Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle founded the Parnassian school of poetry; from his *Etudes latines* ('Latin Studies'), Duparc plucked 'Phydilé' for one of his last and loveliest songs. 'Extase' exemplifies French *wagnérisme*, its eroticism - like *Tristan und Isolde* - possessed of a spiritual dimension.

**Liszt** and Wagner did not think much of each other at the start in 1841 - but that would change, and not just because Wagner's second wife was Liszt's daughter Cosima. In Goethe's *Faust, Part I*, the village girl Gretchen sings 'Der König in Thule', a tiny inset-ballad about a king faithful to his beloved beyond her death. We hear the first version (Liszt revisited texts often), with its pianistic fireworks when the chalice is hurled into the sea. The words for 'Freudvoll und leidvoll' come from Goethe's historical tragedy *Egmont* (1788), where it is sung by the title character's mistress Klärchen to express love's mood swings between joy and pain. Liszt's two versions are quite different: the first (the one we hear) more lyrical, the second agitated.

Oskar von Redwitz, famous for his sentimental epic *Amaranth*, provided Liszt with a no less sentimental small poem, 'Es muss ein Wunderbares sein', whose theme of lifelong love appealed to Liszt. One of Liszt's favorite singers, the tenor Franz Götze, particularly pleased the composer with his performances of 'Kling leise, mein Lied', a melodious serenade. A descendant of Homer's sirens, Heine's 'Die Loreley' sits atop a rocky promontory on the Rhine River and lures sailors to shipwreck with her beautiful singing. Liszt was so fascinated by this poem about the fatal power of poetry/song that five different musical versions ensued. We hear the second, in which

Liszt unleashes all the powers of Romantic enharmonic transformation and pianistic power.

In mid-February 1888, transformation happened for **Hugo Wolf**; a sudden arrival at compositional maturity at age 28. In the poetry of Eduard Mörike, he found the perfect outlet for his unique tonal language, influenced by his vehement Wagner-worship; when he attended a performance of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, his friends found him outside weeping when it was over.

Wolf turns Mörike's anticipatory 'spring's blue banner' in 'Er ist's' into a constant flutter of arpeggiated harmonies in accordion-like contrary motion. The ecstatic shout, 'that must be you', at the end is capped off by still more emphatic cries in the piano, and then dying-away strains at the close - typical of Wolf. A contented tramp through the nearby hills in 'Fussreise' leads the poet to conclude that the 'old Adam' (human nature) is not so bad after all because we are inspired by Nature's beauty to praise our Creator. We hear the most delicate treble sobbing in the piano at the beginning and end of 'Zitronenfalter im April'; a yellow butterfly is awakened too early in spring and cannot imbibe the floral nectar it needs for nourishment (a stand-in for a poet lamenting erotic deprivation?). In 'Auf einer Wanderung', the persona strolls into a small town and then into transcendence; through the beauty of a singing voice and glowing flowers, his Muse touches his heart with pure poetry.

'An eine Aeolsharfe' (Mörike's lament for his younger brother August, a suicide at 19) became one of Wolf's greatest songs, its central image that of the Aeolian harp played by the winds. Mörike had a difficult, and ultimately impossible, relationship to his first profession as a Lutheran pastor; in 'Gebet', he tries to espouse abandonment to God's will, but cannot. Wolf makes the matter musical: the hymnody of the beginning disambiguates into Chopin-esque strains, free from all doctrinal taint.

'Lied eines Verliebten' is among the *Rollenlieder* ('role-songs') in Mörike's oeuvre: thumbnail characterisations of old women, hunters, young lovers and more. Here, a young man lies awake before dawn and laments his ungrateful sweetheart. Meanwhile, nature's beauty on a spring day unleashes memories of the past in 'Im Frühling'. 'I muse on this, I muse on that', the poet muses, and multiple strands of musical thought unwind throughout this song. At the end, with the invocation of 'past, unutterable days', voice and piano finally come together, the fusion of Time past and Time present now complete.

'Der Feuerreiter' joins company with Schubert's 'Erlkönig' as one of the most virtuosic songs ever composed. Wolf brings the supernatural 'fire-rider' - Mörike's symbol for anarchy rampaging through the countryside - to tumultuous sounding life and then sings a haunting dirge over his ashes.

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## Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

### Junger Seeman from *Tristan und Isolde* Westward my gaze wanders

(1857-9)

Richard Wagner

Westwärts schweift der Blick:	Westward my gaze wanders,
Ostwärts streicht das Schiff.	eastward roams the ship.
Frisch weht der Wind der Heimat zu:	The wind is fresh that blows me home:
Mein irisch Kind, wo weilest du?	my Irish child, where do you stay?
Sind's deiner Seufzer Wehen,	Is it your drifting sighs
Die mir die Segel blähen?	that billow in my sails?
Wehe, wehe, du Wind!	Blow, blow, wind!
Weh, ach wehe, mein Kind!	Alas, alas, my child!
Irische Maid, du wilde, minnige Maid!	Irish girl, you wild, enchanting maiden!

## Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

### Le manoir de Rosemonde (1879) The manor of Rosamonde

Robert de Bonnières

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,	With sudden and ravenous tooth,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu ...	love like a dog has bitten me ...
En suivant mon sang répandu,	By following the blood I've shed –
Vas, tu pourras suivre ma trace ...	come, you'll be able to follow my trail ...
Prends un cheval de bonne race,	Take a horse of fine breeding,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,	set out, and follow my arduous course
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,	by quagmire or by hidden path,
Si la course ne te harasse!	if the chase does not weary you!
En passant par où j'ai passé,	Passing by where I have passed,
Tu verras que seul et blessé	you will see that, solitary and wounded,
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.	I have traversed this sorry world,

Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir	And that thus I went off to die
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir	far, far away, without ever finding
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.	the blue manor of Rosamonde.

## Sérénade (1869)

Gabriel Marc

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse,	If, my beloved, I were
La brise au souffle parfumé,	the scented breeze,
Pour frôler ta bouche rieuse,	I would come, timid and rapt,
Je viendrais craintif et charmé.	to brush your laughing lips.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,	If I were a bee in flight,
Ou le papillon séducteur,	or a beguiling butterfly,
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,	you would not see me skittishly
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.	leave you for another flower.

Si j'étais la rose charmante	If I were the charming rose
Que ta main place sur ton cœur,	your hand placed on your heart,
Si près de toi toute tremblante	I would, quivering so close to you,
Je me fanerais de bonheur.	wither with happiness.

Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,	But I seek in vain to please you,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.	in vain I moan and sigh.
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire?...	I am a man, and what can I do?
T'aimer... Te le dire... Et pleurer!	Love you... Confess my love... And cry!

## Chanson triste (1868)

*Jean Lahor*

Dans ton cœur dort un clair  
de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie  
importune,  
Je me noierai dans ta  
clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs  
passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu  
berceras  
Mon triste cœur et mes  
pensées  
Dans le calme aimant de tes  
bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,  
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes  
genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade  
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de  
tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alors je  
boirai  
Tant de baisers et de  
tendresses  
Que peut-être je  
guérirai.

## Phidylé (1882)

*Charles-Marie-René  
Leconte de Lisle*

L'herbe est molle au sommeil  
sous les frais peupliers,  
  
Aux pentes des sources  
moussues  
Qui, dans les prés en  
fleur germant par mille  
issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs  
halliers.

## Song of sadness

Moonlight slumbers in  
your heart,  
a gentle summer moonlight,  
and to escape the cares  
of life  
I shall drown myself in  
your light.

I shall forget past  
sorrows,  
my sweet, when you  
cradle  
my sad heart and my  
thoughts  
in the loving calm of your  
arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
ah! sometimes on your  
lap,  
and recite to it a ballad  
that will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of  
sorrow,  
from your eyes I shall  
then drink  
so many kisses and so  
much love  
that perhaps I shall be  
healed.

## Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleep  
beneath the cool  
poplars  
on the banks of the  
mossy springs  
that flow in flowering  
meadows from a  
thousand sources,  
and vanish beneath dark  
thickets.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur  
les feuillages  
Rayonne, et t'invite au  
sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le  
thym, seules, en plein  
soleil,  
Chantent les abeilles  
volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au  
détour des sentiers;  
La rouge fleur des blés  
s'incline;  
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile  
la colline,  
Cherchent l'ombre des  
églantiers.

Mais quand l'Astre, incliné  
sur sa courbe éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et  
ton meilleur baiser  
Me récompensent de  
l'attente!

## Extase (1874)

*Jean Lahor*

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur  
dort  
D'un sommeil doux comme  
la mort:  
Mort exquise, mort parfumée

Du souffle de la  
bien-aimée:  
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur  
dort ...

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on  
the leaves  
is gleaming, inviting you  
to sleep.  
By the clover and thyme,  
alone, in the bright  
sunlight,  
the fickle bees are  
humming.

A warm fragrance floats  
about the winding paths,  
the red flowers of the  
cornfield droop;  
and the birds, skimming the  
hillside with their wings,  
seek the shade of the  
eglantine.

But when the sun, low on  
its dazzling curve,  
sees its brilliance wane,  
let your loveliest smile  
and finest kiss  
reward me for my waiting!

## Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is  
sleeping  
a sleep as sweet as death:  
exquisite death, death  
perfumed  
by the breath of the  
beloved:  
on your pale breast my  
heart is sleeping ...

## Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

### Es war ein König in Thule S278/1 (1842)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Es war ein König in Thule  
Gar treu bis an das Grab,  
Dem sterbend seine  
Buhle  
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,  
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;  
Die Augen gingen ihm  
über,  
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,  
Zählt' er seine Städt' im  
Reich,  
Gönnt' alles seinen Erben,  
Den Becher nicht  
zugleich.

Er sass beim Königsmahle,  
Die Ritter um ihn her,  
Auf hohem  
Vätersaale,  
Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer.

Dort stand der alte  
Zecher,  
Trank letzte Lebensglut,  
Und warf den heil'gen  
Becher  
Hinunter in die Flut.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken  
Und sinken tief ins Meer.  
Die Augen täten ihm sinken;  
Trank nie einen Tropfen  
mehr.

### Freudvoll und leidvoll I S280/1 (1844)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Gedankenvoll sein;  
Glücklich allein  
Himmelhoch jauchzend,  
In schwebender Pein;  
Ist die Seele, die liebt.  
Und leidvoll,  
Zum Tode betrübt -  
Freudvoll  
Langen  
Und bängen

### There was a king in Thule

There was a king in Thule,  
faithful to the grave,  
to whom his mistress, as  
she died,  
gave a golden beaker:

He valued nothing higher,  
he drained it at every feast,  
and every time he drank  
from it,  
his eyes would fill with tears.

And when he came to die,  
he counted the cities of  
his realm,  
gave all he had to his heirs,  
the beaker though  
excepted.

He sat at the royal banquet,  
surrounded by his knights,  
there in the lofty  
ancestral hall,  
in the castle by the sea.

There he stood, that old  
tooper,  
drinking life's last glow,  
and hurled the sacred  
beaker  
into the waves below.

He saw it fall and fill  
and sink deep into the sea.  
Then his eyelids closed;  
he never drank another  
drop.

### Full of joy and full of sorrow

full of thoughts;  
happy alone  
exulting to heaven,  
in uncertain anguish;  
is the soul that loves.  
and full of sorrow,  
cast down unto death -  
Full of joy  
yearning  
and trembling

## Es muss ein Wunderbares sein

### S314 (1852)

*Oskar von Redwitz*

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein  
Ums Lieben zweier  
Seelen,  
Sich schliessen ganz  
einander ein,  
Sich nie ein Wort  
verhehlen,  
Und Freud und Leid und  
Glück und Not  
So mit einander  
tragen;  
Vom ersten Kuss bis in den Tod  
Sich nur von Liebe  
sagen.

### Kling leise, mein Lied S301/2 (c.1859)

*Johannes Nordmann*

Kling leise, mein Lied, durch  
die schweigende Nacht,  
Kling leise, dass nicht die  
Geliebte erwacht!  
Behutsam zu ihren Fenstern  
hinauf,  
Kling leise, mein Lied, und  
wecke sie nicht auf!  
Kling leise, mein Lied, kling  
leise und sacht  
Dass die Geliebte nicht  
erwacht!

Umschlinge sie sanft, wie die  
Ranke den Baum  
In Liebe umschlingt mit dem  
Blütentraum,  
Und singe verzückt, wie die  
Nachtigall singt,  
Die der Rose ein klingendes  
Ständchen bringt.

Erwecke sie nicht mit zu  
stürmischem Gruss,  
Tritt behutsam nur auf, wie  
des Pilgers Fuss,  
Der hin durch den heiligen  
Tempel geht,  
Still klinge dein Gruss, wie  
ein leises Gebet!

## How wondrous it must be

How wondrous it must be  
when two souls love each  
other,  
locking each other wholly  
in,  
never concealing a single  
word,  
and sharing with each  
other  
joy and sorrow, weal and  
woe;  
talking only of love  
from the first kiss unto  
death.

### Sound softly, my song

Sound softly, my song,  
through the silent night,  
sound softly, so that my  
love does not wake!  
Float gently up to her  
windows,  
my song, and do not  
wake her!  
Sound softly, my song,  
sound softly and gently  
so that my love does not  
wake!

Entwine her tenderly, as  
the tendril entwines  
in love the tree with a  
dream of blossom,  
and sing in rapture, as the  
nightingale sings  
as it chants its serenade  
to the rose.

Wake her not with too  
stormy a greeting,  
tread but gently, like the  
pilgrim's foot,  
as he moves through the  
sacred temple,  
let your greeting be soft like  
a murmured prayer!

## Die Loreley S273/2 (1854-9)

## Loreley

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten, Dass ich so traurig bin; Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.	I do not know what it means that I should feel so sad; there is a tale from olden times I cannot get out of my mind.
Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt, Und ruhig fließt der Rhein; Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt Im Abendsonnenschein.	The air is cool, and twilight falls, and the Rhine flows quietly by: the summit of the mountain glitters in the evening sun.
Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt Dort oben wunderbar, Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet, Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.	The fairest maiden is sitting in wondrous beauty up there, her golden jewels are sparkling, she combs her golden hair.
Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme Und singt ein Lied dabei; Das hat eine wundersame, Gewaltige Melodei.	She combs it with a golden comb and sings a song the while; it has an awe-inspiring, powerful melody.
Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe Ergreift es mit wildem Weh; Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe, Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.	It seizes the boatman in his skiff with wildly aching pain; he does not see the rocky reefs, he only looks up to the heights.
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn; Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Loreley getan.	I think at last the waves swallow the boatman and his boat; and that, with her singing, the Loreley has done.

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## Interval

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## Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

### From *Mörike Lieder* (1888)

*Eduard Mörike*

## Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues  
Band  
Wieder flattern durch die  
Lüfte;  
Süsse, wohlbekannte  
Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das  
Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
– Horch, von fern ein leiser  
Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab' ich vernommen!

## Spring is here

Spring lets its blue  
banner  
flutter on the breeze  
again;  
sweet, well-remembered  
scents  
drift portentously across  
the land.  
Violets, already dreaming,  
will soon begin to bloom.  
– Listen, the soft sound of  
a distant harp!  
Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!

## Fussreise

Am frischgeschnittenen  
Wanderstab,  
Wenn ich in der Frühe  
So durch Wälder ziehe,  
Hügel auf und ab:  
Dann, wie's Vög'lein im  
Laube  
Singet und sich rührt,  
Oder wie die goldne  
Traube  
Wonnegeister spürt  
In der ersten Morgensonne:  
So fühlt auch mein alter,  
lieber  
Adam Herbst- und  
Frühlingsfieber,  
Gottbeherzte,  
Nie verscherzte  
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

## A journey on foot

When, with freshly cut  
staff,  
I set off early like this  
Through the woods  
And over the hills:  
Then, as the bird in the  
branches  
Sings and stirs,  
Or as the golden cluster  
of grapes  
Senses the spirits of delight  
In the early morning sun –  
So too the old Adam in  
me  
Feels autumn and spring  
fever,  
The God-inspired,  
Never forfeited  
Primal bliss of Paradise.

Also bist du nicht so  
schlimm, o alter  
Adam, wie die strengen  
Lehrer sagen;  
Liebst und lobst du immer  
doch,  
Singst und preisest immer  
noch,  
Wie an ewig neuen  
Schöpfungstagen,  
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und  
Erhalter.

So you are not as bad,  
old  
Adam, as strict teachers  
say;  
You still love and  
extol,  
Always sing and  
praise  
Your dear Maker and  
Preserver,  
As if Creation were  
forever new.

Möcht es dieser geben,  
Und mein ganzes Leben  
Wär im leichten  
Wanderschweisse  
Eine solche  
Morgenreise!

May He grant it so,  
And my whole life  
Would be, gently  
perspiring,  
Just such a morning  
journey!

### Zitronenfalter im April

### Brimstone butterfly in April

Grausame Frühlingssonne,  
Du weckst mich vor der  
Zeit,  
Dem nur im Maienwonne  
Die zarte Kost  
gedeiht!  
Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen  
hier,  
Das auf der Rosenlippe mir  
Ein Tröpfchen Honig beut,  
So muss ich jämmerlich  
vergehn  
Und wird der Mai mich  
nimmer sehn  
In meinem gelben Kleid.

Merciless spring sun,  
you wake me before my  
time,  
for only in blissful May  
can my delicate food  
flourish!  
If there's no dear girl  
here  
to offer me a drop of honey  
from her rosy lips,  
then I must perish  
miserably  
and May shall never  
see me  
in my yellow dress.

### Auf einer Wanderung

### On a walk

In ein freundliches Städtchen  
tret' ich ein,  
In den Strassen liegt roter  
Abendschein.  
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,  
Über den reichsten  
Blumenflor  
Hinweg, hört man  
Goldglockentöne schweben,  
Und Eine Stimme scheint ein  
Nachtigallenchor,  
Dass die Blüten beben,  
Dass die Lüfte leben,  
Dass in höherem Rot die  
Rosen leuchten vor.

I arrive in a friendly little  
town,  
the streets glow in red  
evening light.  
From an open window,  
across the richest array of  
flowers  
and beyond, golden bell-  
chimes come floating,  
and *one* voice seems a  
choir of nightingales,  
causing blossoms to quiver,  
bringing breezes to life,  
making roses glow a  
richer red.

Lang hielt ich staunend,  
lustbeklommen.  
Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor  
gekommen,  
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber  
nicht.  
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so  
licht!  
Der Himmel wogt in  
purpurnem Gewühle,  
Rückwärts die Stadt in  
goldnem Rauch;  
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach,  
wie rauscht im Grund die  
Mühle!

Long I halted, oppressed  
by joy.  
How I came out through  
the gate,  
I cannot in truth  
remember.  
Ah, how bright the world  
is here!  
The sky billows in a  
crimson whirl,  
the town lies behind in a  
golden haze;  
how the alder brook  
chatters, and the mill  
below!

Ich bin wie trunken,  
irr'geführt –  
O Muse, du hast mein Herz  
berührt  
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

I am as if drunk, led astray  
O muse, you have  
touched my heart  
with a breath of love!

### An eine Äolsharfe

### To an Aeolian harp

Angelehnt an die  
Efeuwand  
Dieser alten Terrasse,  
Du, einer luftgebornen Muse  
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,  
Fang an,  
Fange wieder an  
Deine melodische Klage!

Leaning against the ivy-  
clad wall  
Of this old terrace,  
O mysterious lyre  
Of a zephyr-born Muse,  
Begin,  
Begin again  
Your melodious lament!

Ihr kommet, Winde, fern  
herüber  
Ach! von des  
Knaben,  
Der mir so lieb war,  
Frisch grünendem Hügel.  
Und Frühlingsblüten  
unterweges streifend,  
Übersättigt mit Wohlgerüchen,  
Wie süß bedrängt ihr dies  
Herz!  
Und säuselt her in die  
Saiten,  
Angezogen von  
wohllautender Wehmut,  
Wachsend im Zug meiner  
Sehnsucht,  
Und hinsterbend  
wieder.

You winds have come  
hither from far away,  
Ah! from the freshly  
greening mound  
Of the boy  
Who was so dear to me.  
And caressing spring  
flowers along the way,  
Saturated with fragrance,  
How sweetly you afflict  
this heart!  
And you murmur into  
these strings,  
Drawn by their sweet-  
sounding sorrow,  
Waxing with my heart's  
desire,  
Then dying away once  
more.

Aber auf einmal,  
Wie der Wind heftiger  
herstösst,  
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe  
Wiederholt, mir zu süßem  
Erschrecken,  
Meiner Seele plötzliche  
Regung;  
Und hier – die volle Rose  
streut, geschüttelt,  
All ihre Blätter vor meine  
Füsse!

But all at once,  
As the wind gusts more  
strongly,  
The harp's exquisite cry  
Echoes, to my sweet  
alarm,  
The sudden commotion  
of my soul;  
And here – the full-blown  
rose, shaken,  
Strews all its petals at my  
feet!

## Gebet

Herr! schicke, was du willst,  
Ein Liebes oder Leides;  
Ich bin vergnügt, dass beides  
Aus deinen Händen quillt.

Wollest mit Freuden  
Und wollest mit Leiden  
Mich nicht überschütten!  
Doch in der Mitten  
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

## Lied eines Verliebten

In aller Früh, ach, lang vor  
Tag,  
Weckt mich mein Herz, an  
dich zu denken,  
Da doch gesunde Jugend  
schlafen mag.

Hell ist mein Aug' um  
Mitternacht,  
Heller als frühe  
Morgenglocken:  
Wann hät'tst du je am Tage  
mein gedacht?

Wär' ich ein Fischer, stünd'  
ich auf,  
Trüge mein Netz hinab zum  
Flusse,  
Trüg' herzlich froh die Fische  
zum Verkauf.

In der Mühle, bei Licht, der  
Müllerknecht  
Tummelt sich, alle Gänge  
klappern;  
So rüstig Treiben wär' mir  
eben recht!

Weh, aber ich! o armer Tropf!  
Muss auf dem Lager mich  
müßig grämen,  
Ein ungebärdig Mutterkind  
im Kopf.

## Prayer

Lord! send what Thou wilt,  
pleasure or pain;  
I am content that both  
flow from Thy hands.

Do not, I beseech Thee,  
overwhelm me  
with joy or suffering!  
But midway between  
lies blessed moderation.

## A lover's song

At first dawn, ah! long  
before day,  
my heart wakes me to  
think of you,  
when healthy lads would  
love to sleep.

My eyes are bright at  
midnight,  
brighter than early  
morning bells:  
would you have thought  
of me even by day?

If I were a fisherman, I'd  
get up,  
carry my net down to the  
river,  
carry the fish to market  
with a happy heart.

The miller's lad, at first  
light,  
is hard at work, the  
machinery clatters;  
such hearty activity  
would suit me well!

But I, alas! poor wretch,  
must lie idly grieving on  
my bed,  
obsessed with that unruly  
girl!

## Im Frühling

Hier lieg' ich auf dem  
Frühlingshügel:  
Die Wolke wird mein  
Flügel,  
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.  
Ach, sag' mir, alleinige  
Liebe,  
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei  
dir bliebe!  
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr  
habt kein Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich  
steht mein Gemüte offen,  
Sehnend,  
Sich dehnend  
In Lieben und Hoffen.  
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?  
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh' ich wandeln  
und den Fluss,  
Es dringt der Sonne goldner  
Kuss  
Mir tief bis in's Geblüt hinein;  
Die Augen, wunderbar  
berauschet,  
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,  
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton  
der Biene lauschet.

Ich denke dies und denke  
das,  
Ich sehne mich und weiss  
nicht recht nach was:  
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es  
Klage;  
Mein Herz, o sage,  
Was webst du für Erinnerung  
In golden grüner Zweige  
Dämmerung?  
– Alte unnennbare Tage!

## In Spring

Here I lie on the  
springtime hill:  
the clouds serve as my  
wings,  
a bird flies ahead of me.  
Ah tell me, one-and-only  
love,  
where you are, that I  
might be with you!  
But you and the breezes,  
you have no home.

Like a sunflower my soul  
lies open,  
yearning,  
expanding  
in love and hope.  
Spring, what is your will?  
When shall I be stilled?

I see the clouds drift by,  
the river too,  
the sun kisses its golden  
glow  
deep into my veins;  
my eyes, wondrously  
enraptured,  
close, as if in sleep,  
only my ears still catch  
the hum of the bee.

I muse on this, I muse on  
that,  
I yearn, and yet for what I  
cannot say:  
it is half joy, half  
lament;  
tell me, O heart,  
what memories you weave  
into the twilit green and  
golden leaves?  
– Past, unutterable days!



## Der Feuerreiter

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein  
Dort die rote Mütze wieder?  
Nicht geheuer muss es sein,  
Denn er geht schon auf und  
nieder.

Und auf einmal welch  
Gewühle  
Bei der Brücke, nach dem  
Feld!

Horch! das Feuerglöcklein  
gellt:  
Hinter'm Berg,  
Hinter'm Berg  
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Schaut! da sprengt er  
wütend schier  
Durch das Tor, der  
Feuerreiter,  
Auf dem rippendürren Tier,  
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!  
Querfeldein!

Durch Qualm und  
Schwüle  
Rennt er schon und ist am  
Ort!  
Drüben schallt es fort und  
fort:  
Hinter'm Berg,  
Hinter'm Berg  
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Der so oft den roten  
Hahn  
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,  
Mit des heil'gen Kreuzes  
Span  
Freventlich die Glut  
besprochen –  
Weh! dir grinst vom  
Dachgestühle  
Dort der Feind im  
Höllenschein.  
Gnade Gott der Seele  
dein!  
Hinter'm Berg,  
Hinter'm Berg  
Ras't er in der Mühle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,  
Bis die Mühle barst in  
Trümmer;  
Doch den kecken  
Reitersmann  
Sah man von der Stunde  
nimmer.  
Volk und Wagen im  
Gewühle  
Kehren heim von all' dem  
Graus;

## Fire-rider

See, at the little window  
there, his red cap again?  
Something must be wrong,  
for he's pacing to and  
fro.

And suddenly, what a  
seething throng  
at the bridge, heading for  
the fields!

Hark! how the fire bell  
shrills:  
behind the hill,  
behind the hill,  
the mill's on fire!

Look, there he gallops  
frenziedly  
through the gate, the fire-  
rider,  
straddling his skinny mount  
like a fireman's ladder!  
Across the fields!

Through thick smoke  
and heat-haze  
He rides and has reached  
his goal!  
The distant bell peals on  
and on:  
behind the hill,  
behind the hill,  
the mill's on fire!

You who have so often  
smelt a fire  
from many miles away,  
and blasphemously  
conjured the blaze  
with a splinter of the True  
Cross –  
look out! there, grinning  
at you from the rafters,  
is the Devil amid the  
flames of hell.  
God have mercy on your  
soul!  
Behind the hill,  
behind the hill  
he's raging in the mill!

In less than an hour  
the mill collapsed in  
rubble;  
but from that hour the  
bold rider  
was never seen  
again.  
Thronging crowds and  
carriages  
turn back home from all  
the horror;

Auch das Glöcklein klinget  
aus:  
Hinter'm Berg,  
Hinter'm Berg  
Brennt's! –

Nach der Zeit ein Müller  
fand  
Ein Gerippe samt der Mützen  
Aufrecht an der  
Kellerwand  
Auf der beinern Mähre  
sitzen:  
Feurreiter, wie so kühle  
Reitest du in deinem Grab!  
Husch! da fällt's in Asche ab.  
Ruhe wohl,  
Ruhe wohl  
Drunten in der Mühle!

and the bell stops ringing  
too:  
behind the hill,  
behind the hill  
a fire! –

Some time after a miller  
found  
a skeleton, cap and all,  
upright against the cellar  
wall,  
mounted on the fleshless  
mare:  
fire-rider, how coldly  
you ride in your grave!  
Hush - now it flakes into ash.  
Rest in peace,  
rest in peace  
down there in the mill!

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