

## I Heard You Singing - Impressions from Eichendorff's *Das Ständchen*

Please refrain from applause until after Wolf's 'Liebchen, wo bist du?'

Andrew Hamilton baritone  
Michael Pandya piano

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)  
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)  
Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)  
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)  
Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Innocent Serenades  
Das Ständchen from *Eichendorff-Lieder* (1880-88)  
Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen D698 (1820)  
Encouragements to a Lover  
Mandoline (1882)  
There's Nae Lark

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)  
Hugo Wolf  
Roger Quilter (1877-1953)  
Frederick Delius (1862-1934)  
Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)  
Franz Schubert

Murmurings of Solitude  
Liebesbriefchen Op. 9 No. 4 (1911-3)  
Nachtzauber from *Eichendorff-Lieder*  
Dream Valley from *3 Songs of William Blake* Op. 20 (1917)  
Heimkehr from *7 Songs from the Norwegian* (1889-90)  
Waldsonne Op. 2 No. 4 (c.1899-1900)  
Der Einsame D800 (1825)

Franz Schubert  
Hugo Wolf  
Walter Braunfels (1882-1954)  
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Old Songs Awaken  
Sprache der Liebe D410 (1816)  
Liebchen, wo bist du?  
Der junge Knabe singt Op. 4 No. 4  
Die Sennin from *6 Gedichte von N Lenau und Requiem* Op. 90 (1850)

Hugo Wolf  
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)  
Eric Coates (1886-1957)

Taken to Rest  
An eine Äolsharfe from *Mörike Lieder* (1888)  
The Ash Grove (1941-2)  
I heard you singing

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)  
Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)  
Hermann Zilcher (1881-1948)

Sing on!  
Le souvenir d'avoir chanté from *Rondels* (1898-9)  
Auprès de ma mie  
Glückes genug Op. 12 No. 4



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Eichendorff's poem *Das Ständchen* is at once vivid and blurry, immediate and distant, rapturous and desolate. An old man witnesses a young serenader playing music that he recognises. He is reminded of days gone by - days of youth, innocence and love. He connects with nature and his younger self and reflects on the solitude to which he has now become accustomed. The painful loss of his former lover almost overwhelms him, yet his spirit compels him to urge the student serenader with his lute: 'Sing on, just Sing on!' This afternoon's programme explores this moment of reflection, unpacking the old man's emotional experience. We begin witnessing the young musician cheekily trying to flirt his way to his crush's heart ('Innocent Serenades') and learn about the old man's contemplative and wondrous relationship with nature ('Murmurings of Solitude'). He remembers the music that used to light up his own heart ('Old Songs Awaken') and this inevitably leads to the sadness of knowing that his lover is gone ('Taken to Rest'). The enduring memory of her music lives with him ('Sing on!').

Memory is a complex and powerful human experience, and *Das Ständchen* evokes that wonderful quality music can have; to catapult us back into moments of emotional and spiritual connection, and remind us what it feels like to be alive.

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The Prussian poet Joseph von Eichendorff has come to be seen as the archetypal voice of German Romanticism. His 'day-job' was possibly the least 'romantic' imaginable, working as a civil servant for the Prussian government, and perhaps in reaction to this, his poems are often about music, minstrels and serenaders. This made his poetry a popular source for songwriters; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau estimated that by the end of the 19th Century, over 5,000 songs had been written to Eichendorff's poems.

His poem for **Wolf's** *Das Ständchen* – the centrepiece of today's programme – tells of a young serenader in full flight outside his beloved's door, being watched by an older man, whose memories of serenades, loves and sorrows from his youth, are stirred. **Schubert's** 'Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen' sets a poem by his friend Franz von Schlechta, who was, like Eichendorff, a civil servant, but in Vienna. The poem was inspired by a pair of paintings by another friend of Schubert's, Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld. These are *Des ritterlichen Jägers Liebeslauschen* ('The knightly hunter eavesdropping on love'), which depicts a man up a tree, looking into the girl's room, where she's writing a letter, and 'Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen', in which the man is again up the tree, attaching a wreath to the girl's window, while she's now at the foot of the tree, spying in her turn on him, and mockingly answering his question as to who brought the flowers. Sir John Suckling, the poet of **Madeleine Dring's** 'Encouragements to a Lover',

invented the game of cribbage, at which he is reputed to have once won £20,000, equivalent to £4,000,000 in today's money. In 1639, he was reportedly mocked mercilessly for his designs for Charles I's cavalry officers' uniforms, which featured bright scarlet tunics and extravagantly plumed hats. There are many serenaders in **Debussy's** 'Mandoline', some of whom are wearing equally extravagant costumes. The poem is by Paul Verlaine, who fell for his fellow-poet Arthur Rimbaud's epistolary 'serenade' and abandoned his wife and their infant son to run off with him to Belgium and then London. **Samuel Barber's** 'There's Nae Lark' sets a poem by Swinburne that is an imitation Scots ballad, despite the fact that Swinburne was born in London and had no Scottish ancestry at all.

**Korngold's** 'Liebesbriefchen', written at the age of just 16, followed by **Wolf's** 'Nachtzauber', another song from his Eichendorff-Lieder. **Roger Quilter's** 'Dream Valley' sets a poem by the London-born poet William Blake, a mystic who claimed to have seen angels in a tree in Peckham Rye as a child, and who continued to experience visions throughout his life. In **Delius's** 'The Homeward Journey', a vision of the mountains of the poet's childhood brings him strength, and in **Schoenberg's** 'Waldsonne', the beauty of the woodland conjures up a vision of the beloved. This song sets a poem by Johannes Schlaf, who translated the works of Walt Whitman into German. Schubert's 'Der Einsame' tells of the comfort that the music of the crickets bring to a man who lives alone. The poet here is Karl Lappe, who was a schoolteacher like Schubert's father, and, briefly and unhappily, Schubert himself.

Schubert's 'Sprache der Liebe', sets a poem by August Wilhelm Schlegel, who, like Johannes Schlaf, was also a translator – he translated 17 of Shakespeare's plays into German, in verse. The poet of Wolf's 'Liebchen, wo bist du?', Robert Reinick, was a friend of Eichendorff; they were both members of the Mittwochsgesellschaft literary society in Berlin. Franz Hessel, Braunfels' poet, was, like Schlaf and Schlegel, a translator; he published Proust's *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* in German in the 1920s. As we all know, the memory of music long outlives the live performance: **Schumann's** 'Die Sennin' sets a poem by Nikolaus Lenau, who, like Schumann, spent the last years of his life in an asylum, where he died on the day this song was premièred in Dresden.

Music also brings comfort at the time of death. Wolf's 'An eine Äolsharfe' sets a poem by Eduard Mörike which he wrote as a lament for his dead brother. **Britten's** 'The Ash Grove' is an arrangement of a Welsh folksong - the English words are by Thomas Oliphant, who was Scottish. He translated Wagner's *Lohengrin* into English for a performance at the Hanover Square Rooms in 1855, and he also translated Beethoven's *Fidelio* and many Schubert songs into English. **Eric Coates's** 'I heard you singing' sets a poem by Harry Rodney Bennett, the father of the composer Richard Rodney Bennett.

**Reynaldo Hahn's** 'Le souvenir d'avoir chanté' takes the poetic form of a 14th-century French *rondel*, very appropriately for a poem evoking the memory of a song sung long ago. In **Cécile Chaminade's** 'Auprès de ma mie', the only desire of the poet is to hear the song sung by his beloved. The poet, Octave Pradels, was a writer of vaudevilles and the director of the Théâtre des Capucines in Paris, so was responsible for many songs being sung. Hermann **Zilcher's** 'Glückes genug' tells of

the happiness of love – the promise of every serenade fulfilled. The poet, Detlev von Liliencron was one of the first to recognise the genius of Hugo Wolf's Lieder; like Eichendorff, he was a civil servant, and he too, as we all do, found joy in poetry and in music.

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## Innocent Serenades

### Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

#### Das Ständchen from *Eichendorff-Lieder*

(1880-88)

*Joseph von Eichendorff*

Auf die Dächer zwischen  
blassen  
Wolken schaut der Mond  
herfür,  
Ein Student dort auf  
den Gassen  
Singt vor seiner Liebsten  
Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen  
wieder  
Durch die stille  
Einsamkeit,  
Und der Wald vom  
Berge nieder,  
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen  
Tagen  
Hab' ich manche  
Sommernacht  
Auch die Laute hier  
geschlagen  
Und manch lust'ges Lied  
erdacht.

Aber von der stillen  
Schwelle  
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur  
Ruh' –  
Und du, fröhlicher  
Geselle,  
Singe, sing' nur immer zu!

#### The Serenade

Between pale  
clouds  
The moon peers onto  
rooftops,  
There in the street a  
student sings  
Before his sweetheart's  
door.

And again the fountains  
plash  
Through the silent  
solitude,  
And the forest rustles  
down from the hills  
As in the good old days.

Likewise in my young  
days,  
On many a summer's  
night  
I too plucked my lute  
here,  
And composed many a  
merry song.

But from that silent  
threshold  
My love's been taken to  
rest.  
I beg you, my blithe  
friend,  
Sing on, sing ever on!

### Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

#### Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen D698

(1820)

*Franz von Schlechta*

Hier unten steht ein  
Ritter  
Im hellen Mondenstrahl,  
Und singt zu seiner Zither  
Ein Lied von süsser Qual:

#### The young lady's serenade

A knight stands down  
below  
in the bright moonlight,  
and sings to his zither  
a song of sweet suffering:

„Lüfte, spannt die blauen  
Schwingen  
Sanft für meine Botschaft  
aus,  
Rufet sie mit leisem Klingen  
An dies Fensterlein heraus.

Sagt ihr, dass im  
Blätterdache  
Seufz' ein wohlbekannter  
Laut,  
Sagt ihr, dass noch einer  
wache,  
Und die Nacht sei kühl  
und traut.

Sagt ihr, wie des Mondes  
Welle  
Sich an ihrem Fenster bricht,  
Sagt ihr, wie der Wald, die  
Quelle  
Heimlich und von Liebe  
spricht!

Lass ihn leuchten durch die  
Bäume,  
Deines Bildes süssen  
Schein,  
Das sich hold in meine  
Träume  
Und mein Wachen webet  
ein.“

Doch drang die zarte  
Weise  
Wohl nicht zu Liebchens  
Ohr,  
Der Sänger schwang  
sich leise  
Zum Fensterlein empor.

Und oben zog der  
Ritter  
Ein Kränzchen aus der  
Brust;  
Das band er fest am  
Gitter  
Und seufzte: „Blüht in Lust!

Und fragt sie, wer euch  
brachte,  
Dann, Blumen, tut ihr kund.“  
Ein Stimmchen unten lachte:  
„Dein Ritter Liebemund.“

'Breezes, gently spread  
your blue wings  
and bear my  
message;  
with soft strains call her  
to this window.

Tell her that beneath the  
canopy of leaves  
a familiar voice is  
sighing;  
tell her that someone is  
still awake,  
and that the night is cool  
and intimate.

Tell her how the wave of  
moonlight  
breaks upon her window;  
tell her how the grove and  
the fountain  
speak secretly of  
love.

Let the sweet light of your  
image  
shine through the  
trees,  
your image which is  
gently woven  
into my dreams and my  
waking hours.'

But the tender melody  
could not have reached  
his sweetheart's  
ear  
for the singer swung  
himself softly  
up to her window.

And once up there the  
knight  
drew a garland from his  
breast  
and bound it fast to the  
grille,  
sighing: 'Bloom in joy.

And if she asks who  
brought you,  
then, flowers, tell her.'  
A voice below laughed:  
'Your knight, Liebemund!'

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

## Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

### Encouragements to a Lover

*Sir John Suckling*

Why so pale and wan, fond  
lover?

Prythee, why so pale?  
Will, if looking well can't  
move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute,  
young sinner?  
Prythee, why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well  
can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will  
not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her:  
The Devil take her!

## Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

### Mandoline (1882)

*Paul Verlaine*

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Echangent des propos  
fades  
Sous les ramures  
chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est  
Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel  
Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour  
mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers  
tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de  
soie,  
Leurs longues robes à  
queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres  
bleues

Tourbillonnent dans  
l'extase

### Mandolin

The gallant serenaders  
and their fair listeners  
exchange sweet  
nothings  
beneath singing  
boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is  
there,  
and tedious Clitandre  
too,  
and Damis who for many  
a cruel maid  
writes many a tender  
song.

Their short silken  
doublets,  
their long trailing  
gowns,  
their elegance, their joy,  
and their soft blue  
shadows

Whirl madly in the  
rapture

D'une lune rose et grise, Et la mandoline jase Parmi les frissons de brise.	of a grey and roseate moon, and the mandolin jangles on in the shivering breeze.
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## Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

### There's Nae Lark

*Algernon Charles Swinburne*

There's nae lark loves the  
light, my dear,  
There's nae ship loves the  
sea,  
There's nae bee loves the  
heather hills,  
That loves as I love thee, my  
love,  
That loves as I love thee.

The whin shines fair upon  
the fell  
The blithe broom on the lea:  
The muirside wind is merry  
at heart:  
It's a' for love o' thee, my  
love,  
It's a' for love o' thee.

## Murmurings of Solitude

## Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

### Liebesbriefchen Op. 9 Love note No. 4 (1911-3)

*Elisabeth Honold*

Fern von dir Denk' ich dein, Kindelein,	Far from you I think of you, dear child.
---	--

Einsam bin ich, Doch mir blieb Treue Lieb'.	I am lonely, but my love has stayed true.
---	---

Was ich denk', Bist nur, Herzensruh.	I think only of you, o peace of my heart.
--	---

Sehe stets Hold und licht Dein Gesicht.	I always see, fair and bright, your face.
---	---

Und in mir Immerzu	And you sound within me
-----------------------	----------------------------

Tönest du.

always.

Bist's allein,  
Die Welt  
Mir erhellt.

It is you alone  
who brightens  
for me the world.

Ich bin dein,  
Liebchen fein,  
Denke mein!

I am yours,  
my sweetest,  
think of me!

## Hugo Wolf

### Nachtzauber from *Eichendorff-Lieder* Joseph von Eichendorff

### Night magic

Hörst du nicht die  
Quellen gehen  
Zwischen Stein und  
Blumen weit  
Nach den stillen  
Waldeseen,  
Wo die Marmorbilder  
stehen  
In der schönen Einsamkeit?  
Von den Bergen sacht  
hernieder,  
Weckend die uralten  
Lieder,  
Steigt die wunderbare  
Nacht,  
Und die Gründe glänzen  
wieder,  
Wie du's oft im Traum  
gedacht.

Do you not hear the  
distant springs  
flowing between rocks  
and flowers  
towards the silent  
woodland lakes  
where the marble statues  
stand  
in lovely solitude?  
Softly from the  
mountains,  
awakening age-old  
songs,  
wondrous night  
descends,  
and the valleys gleam  
again,  
as you often imagined in  
dreams.

Kennst die Blume du,  
entsprossen  
In dem mondbeglänzten  
Grund?  
Aus der Knospe, halb  
erschlossen,  
Junge Glieder blühend  
sprossen,  
Weisse Arme, roter Mund,  
Und die Nachtigallen  
schlagen,  
Und rings hebt es an zu  
klagen,  
Ach, vor Liebe  
todeswund,  
Von versunk'nen schönen  
Tagen –  
Komm, o komm zum stillen  
Grund!

Do you know the flower  
that blossomed  
in the moonlit  
valley?  
From its half-open  
bud  
young limbs have  
flowered forth,  
white arms, red lips,  
and the nightingales are  
singing,  
and all around a lament is  
raised,  
ah, wounded to death  
with love,  
for the lovely days now  
lost –  
come, ah come to the  
silent valley!

## Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

### Dream Valley from 3 Songs of William Blake Op. 20 (1917) William Blake

Memory, hither come  
And tune your merry notes;  
And while upon the wind  
Your music floats,

I'll pore upon the stream,  
Where sighing lovers dream,  
And fish for fancies as they  
pass  
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,  
And hear the linnet's song,  
And there I'll lie and dream  
The day along;

And when night comes I'll go  
To places fit for woe,  
Walking along the darkened  
valley,  
With silent melancholy.

## Frederick Delius (1862-1934)

### Heimkehr from 7 Songs from the Norwegian (1889-90) Aasmund Olavsson Vinje

### The Homeward Journey

Nun seh' ich meine Berg'  
und Täler wieder,  
Die einst ich sah in ferner  
Kinderzeit,  
Auf meine Stirn sinkt kühl  
der Abend nieder,  
Und golden glänzt  
der Schnee auf  
Bergen weit.

Now I see my mountains  
and valleys again,  
That I once saw in distant  
childhood,  
On my forehead the cool  
evening sinks,  
And the snow shines  
golden on mountains  
far away.

Ich höre singen längst  
vergeßne Lieder  
Und steh' gedankenvoll  
doch fröhlich da,  
Mir wacht Erinnerung  
auf aus  
Jugendtagen  
Es übermannt mich, daß  
ich's kaum kann sagen.

I hear songs long  
forgotten  
And stand thoughtful yet  
happy,  
Memories from my  
youthful days wake me  
up  
It overwhelms me that I  
can hardly tell.

Und neue Kraft durchdringet meine Glieder,	And new vigour pervades my limbs,
Ich seh' des Bergstroms schäumend wilden Fall,	I see the mountain stream's foaming wild fall,
Ich hör' der Vöglein süß Gezwitscher wieder,	I hear the sweet twittering of the birds again,
Den Aar verfolgt mein Blick im weiten All.	My gaze pursues the Eagle in the wide space.

Ein weicher Windhauch kühlt die müden Lider,	A soft breeze cools my tired eyelids,
Es ruht des Tages Lärm und dumpfer Schall.	The day's noise and muffled sound are at rest.
Gern will ich rasten hier wo alles schweiget,	I want to rest here where everything is silent,
Wenn einst die Sonne mir den Heimweg zeigt.	When once the sun shows me the way home.

## Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

### Waldsonne Op. 2 No. 4 Forest sun

(c.1899-1900)

*Johannes Schlaf*

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte Flittert ein Licht herein, Grüngolden ein Schein.	Into the brown rustling nights there flutters a light, a green-golden gleam.
---	---

Blumen blinken auf und Gräser Und die singenden, springenden Waldwässerlein, Und Erinnerungen.	Glinting flowers gaze up and the singing, leaping forest brooklets, and memories.
---	--

Die längst verklungenen: Golden erwachen sie wieder, All deine fröhlichen Lieder.	The long silent ones: golden, they awaken again, all your joyous songs.
--	--

Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen, Und ich sehe deine goldenen Augen glänzen Aus den grünen, raunenden Nächten.	And I see your golden hair glitter, and I see your golden eyes gleam out of the green murmuring nights.
--	--

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem Rasen Und hörte dich wieder auf der glitzebanken Syrinx	And I feel as though I were lying on the lawn by your side and heard you once more blow on your brightly glinting pipes
--	--

In die blauen Himmelslüfte blasen.	into the blue air of heaven.
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In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte Flittert ein Licht, Ein goldener Schein.	Into the brown, turbulent nights there flutters a light, a golden gleam.
--	---

## Franz Schubert

### Der Einsame D800

(1825)

*Karl Gottlieb Lappe*

Wenn meine Grillen schwirren, Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd, Dann sitz' ich, mit vergnügtem Sinn, Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin, So leicht, so unbeschwert.	When my crickets chirrup at night by the late-burning hearth, I sit contentedly in my chair, confiding to the flame, so light-heartedly, so at ease.
--	---

Ein trautes stilles Stündchen Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach. Man schürt, wenn sich die Lohe senkt, Die Funken auf, und sinnt und denkt: Nun abermal ein Tag!	For one more sweet and peaceful hour it's good to linger by the fire, stirring the embers when the blaze dies down, musing and thinking: Well, that's another day!
---	--

Was Liebes oder Leides Sein Lauf für uns daher gebracht, Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn; Allein das Böse wirft man hin. Es störe nicht die Nacht.	Whatever joy or sorrow it has brought us, runs once more through the mind; but the bad is cast aside, so as not to spoil the night.
---	---

Zu einem frohen Traume Bereitet man gemach sich zu. Wenn sorgelos ein holdes Bild Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt, Ergibt man sich der Ruh.	We gently prepare ourselves for pleasant dreams. When a lovely image fills the soul with carefree, tender joy, we succumb to sleep.
--	---

O wie ich mir gefalle In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!	Oh, how I love my quiet rustic life!
---	--

Was in dem Schwarm  
der lauten  
Welt  
Das irre Herz gefesselt hält,  
Gibt nicht  
Zufriedenheit.

What holds the wayward  
heart captive in the  
bustle  
of the noisy world,  
cannot bring  
contentment.

Zirpt immer, liebe  
Heimchen,  
In meiner Klause, eng und  
klein.  
Ich duld' euch gern: ihr stört  
mich nicht.  
Wann euer Lied das  
Schweigen bricht,  
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

Chirp away, friendly  
house crickets  
in my narrow little  
room.  
I gladly put up with you:  
you're no trouble.  
When your song breaks  
the silence,  
I'm no longer all alone.

## Old Songs Awaken

### Franz Schubert

#### Sprache der Liebe

D410 (1816)

August von Schlegel

#### Language of love

Lass mich mit gelinden  
Schlägen  
Rühren, meine zarte Laute!  
Da die Nacht hernieder  
taute,  
Müssen wir Gelspel pflegen.  
Wie sich deine Töne regen,  
Wie sie atmen, klagen,  
stöhnen,  
Wallt das Herz zu meiner  
Schönen,  
Bringt ihr aus der Seele  
Tiefen  
Alle Schmerzen, welche  
schlafen;  
Liebe denkt in süßen  
Tönen.

Let me touch you with  
gentle strokes,  
my tender lute!  
Now that the dewy night  
has fallen  
we must talk in whispers.  
As your notes vibrate,  
as they breathe, lament,  
moan,  
so my heart flows to my  
beloved,  
and calls forth from her  
soul's depths  
all the sorrows that were  
slumbering.  
Love thinks in sweet  
music.

### Hugo Wolf

#### Liebchen, wo bist du?

Robert Reinick

Zauberer bin ich, doch was  
frommt es?  
Denn mein Lieb ist eine Fee,  
Höhnt mich mit noch ändern  
Zauber,  
Ruf' ich freundlich sie  
herbei:  
Liebchen, wo bist du?

#### Sweetest where are you?

I am a magician, but to  
what purpose?  
For my love is a fairy,  
And she mocks me with  
more potent magic  
When I tenderly call to  
her:  
Sweetest, where are you?

Heute noch in Feld und  
Garten  
Ging ich, sie zu suchen, aus;  
Plötzlich lacht' aus einer  
Rose  
Glühend roth ihr Mund  
heraus:  
Liebster, da bin ich!

Today I looked for her  
again  
In field and garden:  
Suddenly, from a  
rose,  
Her glowing red lips  
laughed:  
Beloved, here I am!

Ich nun ward ein schneller  
Zephyr,  
Küßt im Flug die Rose  
schon.  
Ach! nur eine Rose  
küßt' ich,  
Liebchen war daraus  
entflohn.  
Liebchen, wo bist du?

Then I turned into a swift  
breeze,  
And kissed the rose as I  
blew by –  
Alas, it was only a rose I  
kissed,  
My sweetest had fled  
from it.  
Sweetest, where are you?

Horch, da sang am  
Waldes-Ufer  
Plötzlich eine Nachtigall;  
Wohlbekannt war mir die  
Stimme,  
Und sie sang mit süßem  
Schall:  
Liebster, da bin ich!

Hark! Suddenly, at the  
edge of a wood,  
A nightingale sang;  
The voice was well-  
known to me  
And she sang in sweet  
tones:  
Beloved, here I am!

Schnell zum Abendstern  
verwandelt,  
Blickt' ich durch die grüne  
Nacht;  
Ach! den leeren Busch  
erblickt' ich,  
Liebchen hat sich  
fortgemacht.  
Liebchen, wo bist du?

Quickly becoming the  
evening star,  
I gazed through the green  
night.  
Ah! I saw the empty  
bush,  
My sweetest had flitted  
away.  
Sweetest, where are you?

Und so treibt sie's alle  
Tage,  
Läßt mir eben jetzt nicht  
Ruh',  
Während dieses Lied ich  
singe,  
Ruft sie unsichtbar mir zu:  
Liebster, da bin ich!

And so she carries on,  
day after day,  
Leaving me no peace at  
all,  
While I am singing this  
song,  
Invisibly she calls to me:  
Beloved, here I am!

Liebchen, mach' dem Spiel  
ein Ende,  
Komm nun endlich selbst  
herbei,  
Glaub', ein einz'ger Kuß ist  
schöner,  
Als die ganze  
Zauberei!  
Liebchen, wo bist du?

Sweetest, put an end to  
this game,  
Once and for all appear in  
person:  
Believe me – a single  
kiss  
Is sweeter than this  
sorcery!  
Sweetest, where are you?

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



## Walter Braunfels (1882-1954)

### Der junge Knabe singt    The young boy sings

#### Op. 4 No. 4

Franz Hessel

Noch durft ich nicht Kuß um Küsse tauschen,	I have not yet been allowed to exchange kiss for kiss,
Noch hat sich kein Busen an meinen gedrängt,	No bosom has yet pressed against mine,
Durft nur an Träumen mich berauschen,	Must only intoxicate me with dreams,
An Träumen, wie sie die Sommernacht schenkt.	Dreams like those of the summer night.
Im Takt des gleitenden Liedes rausche	To the beat of the gliding song rushes
Mein Blut, das fast das Leben verdrängt,	My blood, which almost displaces life,
Daß ich wie fremder Seele lausche,	That I listen like a foreign soul,
Wenn meine Seele singt, was sie engt.	When my soul sings what constricts it.

## Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

### Die Sennin from 6    The cowgirl

#### Gedichte von N Lenau und Requiem

#### Op. 90 (1850)

Nikolaus Lenau

Schöne Sennin, noch einmal	Lovely cowgirl, sing once more
Singe deinen Ruf ins Tal, Dass die frohe Felsensprache Deinem hellen Ruf erwache.	your song into the valley, that the cliffs wake with joyful speech at your clear summons.
Horch, o Sennin, wie dein Sang	Listen, girl, how your song
In die Brust den Bergen drang,	has pierced the heart of the mountains,
Wie dein Wort die Felsenseelen	how the souls of the craggs joyfully
Freudig fort und fort erzählen!	keep echoing your words!
Aber einst, wie Alles flieht,	But all things pass, and one day
Scheidest du mit deinem Lied,	you will depart with your song,
Wenn dich Liebe fortbewogen,	when love has drawn you away
Oder dich der Tod entzogen.	or death has claimed you.

Und verlassen werden stehn,	And the towering grey craggs
Traurig stumm herübersehn	will then stand deserted,
Dort die grauen Felsenzinnen	sadly looking down in silence,
Und auf deine Lieder sinnen.	remembering your songs.

## Taken to Rest

## Hugo Wolf

### An eine Äolsharfe from    To an Aeolian harp

#### Mörike Lieder

Eduard Mörike (1888)

Angelehnt an die Efeuwand	Leaning against the ivy- clad wall
Dieser alten Terrasse,	Of this old terrace,
Du, einer luftgebornen Muse	O mysterious lyre
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,	Of a zephyr-born Muse,
Fang an,	Begin,
Fange wieder an	Begin again
Deine melodische Klage!	Your melodious lament!

Ihr kommet, Winde, fern herüber	You winds have come hither from far away,
Ach! von des Knaben,	Ah! from the freshly greening mound
Der mir so lieb war,	Of the boy
Frisch grünendem Hügel.	Who was so dear to me.
Und Frühlingsblüten unterweges streifend,	And caressing spring flowers along the way,
Übersättigt mit Wohngerüchen,	Saturated with fragrance,
Wie süß bedrängt ihr dies Herz!	How sweetly you afflict this heart!
Und säuselt her in die Saiten,	And you murmur into these strings,
Angezogen von wohllautender Wehmut,	Drawn by their sweet- sounding sorrow,
Wachsend im Zug meiner Sehnsucht,	Waxing with my heart's desire,
Und hinsterbend wieder.	Then dying away once more.

Aber auf einmal,	But all at once,
Wie der Wind heftiger herstösst,	As the wind gusts more strongly,
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe	The harp's exquisite cry
Wiederholt, mir zu süßem Erschrecken,	Echoes, to my sweet alarm,
Meiner Seele plötzliche Regung;	The sudden commotion of my soul;
Und hier – die volle Rose streut, geschüttelt,	And here – the full-blown rose, shaken,
All ihre Blätter vor meine Füße!	Strews all its petals at my feet!

## Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### The Ash Grove (1941-2)

Down yonder green valley  
where streamlets  
meander,  
When twilight is fading, I  
pensively rove,  
Or at the bright noontide in  
solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the  
lonely ash grove.  
'Twas there while the  
blackbird was joyfully  
singing,  
I first met my dear one, the  
joy of my heart;  
Around us for gladness the  
bluebells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought I how  
soon we should part.

Still glows the bright  
sunshine o'er valley and  
mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird  
his note from the tree,  
Still trembles the  
moonbeam on streamlet  
and fountain;  
But what are the beauties of  
nature to me?  
With sorrow, deep sorrow,  
my bosom is laden,  
All day I go mourning in  
search of my love.  
Ye echoes, O tell me, where  
is the sweet maiden?  
She sleeps 'neath the green  
turf down by the ash grove.

## Eric Coates (1886-1957)

### I heard you singing

Royden Barrie

I heard you singing when the  
dawn was grey  
And silver dew on ev'ry  
blossom lay;  
Though the rising sun too  
soon drank up the dew,  
I thought I heard you singing  
all the long day through.

I heard you singing in the  
silent hour  
When evening came with  
sleep for bird and flow'r;

A song like happy  
murmuring of woodland  
streams,  
I thought I heard you singing  
down the vale of dreams.

Beloved, when the last call  
echoes clear,  
And I must part from all that  
is so dear,  
I shall not fear the valley that  
before me lies,  
If I may hear you singing as I  
close my eyes.

Sing on!

## Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

### Le souvenir d'avoir chanté from *Rondels*

(1898-9)

*Catulle Mendès*

Le souvenir d'avoir chanté  
Au soleil, sous l'azur  
céleste,  
Est l'infini trésor qui  
reste  
Aux cigales après l'été.

Quel est, vieux gitane  
éreiné,  
Ton recours quand tout te  
moleste?  
Le souvenir d'avoir chanté  
Au soleil sous l'azur  
céleste!

Quand un autre aura ta  
beauté,  
Mésange, et ton  
rire et ton  
geste,  
Mon cœur, en son ombre  
runeste,  
Gardera, comme une  
clarté,  
Le souvenir d'avoir chanté.

### The memory of singing

The memory of singing  
in the sun beneath the  
heavens' blue,  
is the cicada's priceless  
delight  
when summer has ended.

Old, exhausted gypsy,  
what solace  
do you seek, when life  
oppresses you?  
The memory of singing  
in the sun beneath the  
heavens' blue!

When your beauty, O  
Mesange, passes  
to another, and your  
laughter and  
gestures –  
my heart, in its  
gloom,  
shall preserve, like a ray  
of light,  
the memory of singing.

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

## Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

### Auprès de ma mie

Octave Pradels

Si j'étais l'oiseau léger  
Des forêts sauvages,  
Ah! je voudrais voyager  
Sur tous les rivages.

J'irais sous le ciel  
heureux,  
Où Golconde est  
reine  
Tremper mon aile aux flots  
bleus  
De la mer sereine.

Ivre de ciel azuré  
Et de poésie,  
Par les airs j'irais au gré  
De ma fantaisie.

Mais non, je n'ai pas souci  
De lointaine grève,  
Je veux vivre près d'ici  
Mon fol et doux  
rêve,

Car je n'ai qu'un seul désir  
Et ma seule envie  
C'est d'écouter à loisir  
Le chant de ma mie.

### To my beloved

If I were a light bird  
Of the wild forests,  
Ah! I would travel  
To all shores.

I would go under the  
happy sky,  
Where Golconde is  
queen  
To dip my wing in the  
blue waves  
Of the serene sea.

Drunk with azure skies  
And poetry,  
I'll soar through the air  
With my fantasy.

But no, I don't care  
Of distant strikes,  
I want to live near here  
My wild and sweet dream,

For I have only one desire  
And my only desire  
Is to listen at leisure  
The song of my love.

*Translations of 'Liebesbriefchen'; 'Le souvenir d'avoir chanté' by © Richard Stokes. Translation of 'Mandoline' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Translations of 'Das Ständchen'; 'Nachtzauber'; 'An eine Äolsharfe' by © Richard Stokes from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021). Translations of 'Waldsonne'; 'Der Einsame'; 'Liebchen, wo bist du?'; 'Die Sennin' by © Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder (Faber & Faber, 2005), with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder (Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977). Translations of 'Des Fräuleins Liebeslauschen' and 'Sprache der Liebe' by © Richard Wigmore from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.*

## Hermann Zilcher (1881-1948)

### Glückes genug Op. 12 No. 4

Detlev von Liliencron

Wenn sanft du mir im Arme  
schiefst,  
ich deinen Atem hören  
konnte,  
im Traum du meinen  
Namen riefst,  
um deinen Mund ein  
Lächeln sonnte -  
Glückes genug.

When softly in my arms  
you slept,  
I could hear you  
breathing,  
In your dreams you called  
out my name,  
A smile shone on your  
mouth -  
Abundant happiness.

Und wenn nach heißem,  
ernstem Tag  
du mir verscheuchtest  
schwere Sorgen,  
wenn ich an deinem Herzen  
lag  
und nicht mehr dachte an  
ein Morgen -  
Glückes genug.

And when after a hot,  
exhausting day  
You banished my  
grievous cares,  
When I lay on your  
heart  
And thought no more  
about the morrow -  
Abundant happiness.