

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 9 September 2022
7.30pm

The Coleridge-Taylor Series is made possible with support from the Wigmore Hall Endowment Fund.

Elizabeth Llewellyn soprano
Simon Lepper piano

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912) From *Southern Love Songs* Op. 12 (pub. 1896)
Minguillo • If thou art sleeping, maiden • Tears

A Lament (pub. 1909)

A King there lived in Thule (1908)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1892-99, rev. 1901)

Rheinlegendchen • Der Schildwache Nachtlied •

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen •

Das irdische Leben • Lob des hohen Verstandes

Interval

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

Eläanore Op. 37 No. 6 (pub. 1899)

Canoe Song Op. 37 No. 2 (pub. 1899)

You'll love me yet Op. 37 No. 1 (pub. 1899)

As the moon's soft splendour Op. 37 No. 5 (pub. 1899)

From *Songs of Sun and Shade* (1911)

Thou art risen, my beloved •

You lay so still in the sunshine •

Thou hast bewitched me, beloved

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

All' mein Gedanken Op. 21 No. 1 (1887-8)

Du meines Herzens Krönelein Op. 21 No. 2 (1887-8)

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden Op. 21 No. 3 (1887-8)

Leises Lied Op. 39 No. 1 (1898)

Junghexenlied Op. 39 No. 2 (1898)

Befreit Op. 39 No. 4 (1898)

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Elizabeth Llewellyn has undertaken meticulous research to bring the songs of London-born composer **Samuel Coleridge-Taylor** – many of which were out of print – to the wider audience they deserve. The *Southern Love Songs* Op. 12 are dedicated to one of the composer's fellow students at the Royal College of Music: 'To Miss Mamie Fraser / with all best wishes for the New Year / from S. Coleridge Taylor [sic] / Jan 1897'. Many of Coleridge-Taylor's songs in this set exude a distinctly Latin flavour: the playful 'Minguillo'; the intricate flamenco guitar evoked in 'If thou art sleeping'; and the mournful sense of loss in 'Tears'. 'A Lament' is one of many Coleridge-Taylor settings of the poetry of Christina Rossetti, while the atmospheric 'A King there lived in Thule' is dedicated to the West End star Marie Löhr and was sung by her at His Majesty's Theatre in a production of Goethe's *Faust*.

Coleridge-Taylor's six Op. 37 songs conclude with the ardent 'Eléanore'. The 'Canoe Song', Op. 37 No. 2, is a setting of Isabella Valancy Crawford in which the piano is to the fore, its light textures exploring the ambiguities of the text. Coleridge-Taylor's sophistication as a composer of song is particularly evident in 'You'll love me yet', in which he adds new layers of meaning to Robert Browning's declarations with gestures of halting uncertainty. 'As the moon's soft splendour' is a setting of a poem by Shelley, verses of which were later set by Elgar – who wrote of Coleridge-Taylor: '... he is far and away the cleverest fellow going amongst the young men.' Elgar's friend, the publisher August Jaeger, considered Coleridge-Taylor 'a genius'.

Coleridge-Taylor in turn made a point of championing women, especially those who swam against the mainstream. These included the cross-dressing writer Marguerite Radclyffe Hall, who was openly gay at a time when this was still considered scandalous. Her sensual poems inspired Coleridge-Taylor's *Songs of Sun and Shade*, including the yearning 'Thou art risen', intimate 'You lay so still' and breathless 'Thou hast bewitched me'.

This sense of solidarity and the sharing of art with women is a thread that runs through this programme: Richard Strauss dedicated his five Op. 21 songs to 'my dear sister', and in January 1892 **Mahler** confided in his sister Justine about setting texts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ('The Youth's Magic Horn'), a vast collection of German folk verses gathered by poets Achim von Arnim and Clemens von Brentano: 'I have really taken to the "Knaben Wunderhorn", and now have... no fewer than three copies.' He added: 'I'm already terribly happy about spring – it's already settled in all my limbs. – I have *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* to hand. – With the self-awareness so typical of authors, I can say, by the way, that it is really having an effect again.' A month later: 'I have finished three new songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*! – The printed ones will appear before long in all the music shops.'

The waltzing 'Rheinlegendchen' (1893) is among the most charming of Mahler's *Wunderhorn* songs and is in the lilting *Ländler* dance style; it was so successful at its first performance that the audience called for an encore. The piano interludes evoke improvisatory folk fiddle music, and the song's apparent simplicity is belied by some striking key-changes, especially the harmonic descent used to illustrate the ring sinking into the Rhine. In 'Der Schildwache Nachtlied' (1892) a soldier defies the seductive voice of an alluring woman – whose presence nevertheless lingers on in the captivating harmonies of the closing section. 'Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen' (1898) is one of *Wunderhorn*'s dramatic high-points: ominous military figures set the scene for a young woman being visited by her lover – or his apparition – the night before battle. Mahler relished the tension between love and death and here contrasts the tenderness of the lovers with a chilling sense of foreboding. In 'Das irdische Leben' (1892-3) a mother repeatedly comforts her hungry child, whose wide-intervalled cries tug at the heart before the ebbing away of the song tells us all too vividly of the tale's devastating conclusion. In complete contrast, 'Lob des hohen Verstandes' (1896) is one of the most comical of the *Wunderhorn* settings: a cuckoo and a nightingale pompously compete as to which is the superior singer, their proud displays punctured by the braying of a donkey.

Whereas Coleridge-Taylor and Mahler seem to have responded to specific texts when composing their songs, for **Richard Strauss** it was the music that came first. 'Musical ideas have been prepared in me – God knows why – and when, as it were, the barrel is full, a song appears in the twinkling of an eye as soon as I come across a poem more or less corresponding to the subject of the imaginary song'. This topsy-turvy approach is rather difficult to fathom given Strauss's sublimely sensitive treatment of the poetry he set. The three Op. 21 songs mentioned earlier all set German poet Felix Dahn, with themes of love found and lost.

Strauss's 'Leises Lied' Op. 39 No. 1, to words by the expressionist poet Richard Dehmel, is remarkable for its lack of bass; the pianist's left hand matches the voice, while the right plays chords suffused with enigmatic, whole-tone harmonies anticipating Debussy. Another unconventional woman appears in 'Junghexenlied', a song about a young witch, while 'Befreit' is one of Strauss's finest achievements – although Dehmel was, bafflingly, unhappy with the treatment of his ambiguous text. Orchestral sonorities abound in the harmonically rich piano part and there are magnificent, operatic vocal phrases, especially at the song's ecstatic climax.

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Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)
From *Southern Love Songs* Op. 12 (pub. 1896)

Minguillo

John Lockhart

Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling;
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done ought amiss
Let's undo it while we may –
Quickly give me back the kiss
That she may have nought to say.

Do! She keeps so great a pother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;
Give me back the two, my darling,
Give them, for my mother's sake.

If thou art sleeping, maiden

Henry Longfellow

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'Tis the break of day,
And we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass
Through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

Tears

Anonymous

In tremor, ere the morning
With Orient light is grey,
I tarried at the window
And looked for coming day.

Full in the glow of noontide
I shed a bitter tear,
And to my fond heart whispered,
'My love will soon be here.'

The night, the night is o'er me
Who gleams I shun in dread;
The day has now departed –
My dream of joy is fled.

A Lament (pub. 1909)

Christina Rossetti

Why were you born when the snow was falling?
You should have come to the cuckoo's calling
Or when grapes are green in the cluster,
Or, at least, when lithe swallows muster
For their far off flying
From summer dying.

Why did you die when the lambs were cropping?
You should have died at the apples' dropping,
When the grasshopper comes to trouble,
And the wheat-fields are sodden stubble,
And all winds go sighing
For sweet things dying.

A King there lived in Thule (1908)

Stephen Phillips and Joseph Comyns Carr, based on Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

A king there lived in Thule
Was faithful till the grave,
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Before all things he prized it,
He drained it at every bout,
The tears his eyes o'erflowing
Whene'er he drank thereout.

And when he came to dying,
His towns he reckoned up,
All to his heir he left them --
But not the golden cup!

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the proud hall of his fathers,
In his castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser
As he drank life's parting glow,
He hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the surf below.

He watched it filling and sinking;
Deep into the sea it sank;
His eyelids closed and never
Again a draught he drank.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

From *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1892-99, rev. 1901)

Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano

Rheinlegendchen

Little Rhine legend

Bald gras ich am Neckar,
Bald gras ich am Rhein,
Bald hab ich ein Schätzel,
Bald bin ich allein.

I mow by the Neckar,
I mow by the Rhine;
at times I've a sweetheart,
at times I'm alone.

Was hilft mir das Grasen,
Wenn d'Sichel nicht schneidt,
Was hilft mir ein Schätzel,
Wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.

What use is mowing,
if the sickle won't cut,
what use is a sweetheart,
if she'll not stay.

So soll ich denn grasen
Am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein.

So if I'm to mow
by the Neckar, and Rhine,
I'll throw in their waters
my little gold ring.

Es fliesset im Neckar
Und fliesset im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter
Ins Meer tief hinein.

It'll flow in the Neckar
and flow in the Rhine,
and float right away
to the depths of the sea.

Und schwimmt es das Ringlein,
So frisst es ein Fisch,
Das Fischlein soll kommen
Aufs Königs sein Tisch.

And floating, the ring
will be gulped by a fish,
the fish will be served
at the King's own table.

Der König tät fragen,
Wems Ringlein sollt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen,
Das Ringlein g'hört mein.

The King will enquire
whose ring it might be;
my sweetheart will say
the ring belongs to me.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen,
Berg auf und Berg ein,
Tät mir wiederum bringen
Das Goldringlein fein.

My sweetheart will bound
over hill, over dale,
and bring back to me
my little gold ring.

Kannst grasen am Neckar,
Kannst grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer
Dein Ringlein hinein.

You can mow by the Neckar,
and mow by the Rhine,
if you'll always keep throwing
your ring in for me.

Der Schildwache Nachtlied

The sentinel's night song

„Ich kann und mag nicht
fröhlich sein,
Wenn alle Leute schlafen,
So muss ich wachen,
Muss traurig sein.“

'I can't and won't be
cheerful,
when folk are asleep,
I must keep watch,
must be sad.'

„Lieb Knabe, du musst nicht
traurig sein,
Will deiner warten
Im Rosengarten,
Im grünen Klee.“

'Dear boy, you must not be
sad,
I'll wait for you
in the rose-garden,
in the green clover.'

„Zum grünen Klee da geh ich
nicht,
Zum Waffengarten
Voll Helleparten
Bin ich gestellt.“

'I cannot go to the green
clover,
to the battle-field
where halberds are thick
is where I'm ordered.'

„Stehst du im Feld, so helf dir
Gott!
An Gottes Segen
Ist alles gelegen,
Wers glauben tut.“

'When you stand in battle, may
God help you!
All depends
on God's blessing,
for him with faith.'

„Wer's glauben tut, ist weit
davon,
Er ist ein König,
Er ist ein Kaiser,
Er führt den Krieg.“

'He who has faith is far from
here,
he is a king.
He is an emperor.
He wages war.'

Halt! Wer da? Rund! Bleib mir
vom Leib!
Wer sang es hier? Wer sang
zur Stund?
Verlorne Feldwacht
Sang es um Mitternacht!
Mitternacht! Mitternacht!
Feldwacht!

Halt! Who goes there? Patrol!
Keep away!
Who was singing here! Who
sang just now?
A forlorn sentinel
sang his song at midnight!
Midnight! Midnight!
Sentinel!

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

Where the splendid trumpets sound

Wer ist denn draussen und wer
klopft an,
Der mich so leise wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
Steh auf und lass mich zu dir ein.

Who stands outside and
knocks at my door,
waking me so gently?
It is your own true dearest love,
arise, and let me in.

Was soll ich hier nun länger
stehn?
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle
Stern,
Bei meinem Schatz da wär ich
gern,
Bei meinem Herzallerlieble.

Why leave me longer waiting
here?
I see the rosy dawn appear,
the rosy dawn and two bright
stars.
I long to be beside my
love,
beside my dearest love.

Das Mädchen stand auf, und
liess ihn ein,
Sie heisst ihn auch
willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe
mein,
So lang hast du gestanden.

The girl arose and let him
in,
she bids him welcome
too.
O welcome, dearest love of
mine,
too long have you been waiting.

Sie reicht ihm auch die
schneeweisse Hand.
Von Ferne sang die Nachtigall,
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

She gives to him her snow-
white hand,
from far off sang the nightingale,
the girl began to weep.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste
mein,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen
sein;
Mein eigen sollst du werden
gewiss,

Ah, do not weep, my dearest
love,
within a year you shall be
mine,
you shall be mine most
certainly,

Wies keine sonst auf Erden ist.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

as no one else on earth.
O love upon the green earth.

Ich zieh' in Krieg auf grüne
Haid',
Die grüne Haide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen
Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus von grünem
Rasen.

I'm going to war, to the green
heath,
the green heath so far away.
There where the splendid
trumpets sound,
there is my home of green
turf.

Das irdische Leben

Life on earth

Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert
mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.
Warte nur mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir ernten
geschwind.

Mother, ah mother, I am
starving,
give me bread or I shall die.
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
Tomorrow the reaping will be
swiftly done.

Und als das Korn geerntet
war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert
mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.
Warte nur mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir dreschen
geschwind.

And when at last the corn was
reaped,
still the child kept on crying:
Mother, ah mother, I am
starving,
give me bread or I shall die.
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
Tomorrow the threshing will be
swiftly done.

Und als das Korn gedroschen
war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert
mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich.
Warte nur mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir backen
geschwind.
Und als das Brot gebacken
war,
Lag das Kind auf der
Totenbahr.

And when at last the corn was
threshed,
still the child kept on crying:
Mother, ah mother, I am
starving,
give me bread or I shall die.
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
Tomorrow the baking will be
swiftly done.
And when at last the bread was
baked,
the child lay dead upon the
bier.

Lob des hohen Verstandes

In praise of high intellect

Einstmal in einem tiefen Tal
Kukuk und Nachtigall
Täten ein Wett anschlagen,
Zu singen um das Meisterstück:
„Gewinn es Kunst, gewinn es
Glück,
Dank soll er davon tragen.“

Once upon a time in a deep valley
the cuckoo and the nightingale
between them made a wager:
whoever sang the finer song,
whoever won by skill or
luck
should carry off the prize.

Der Kukuk sprach: So dirs
gefällt,
Hab ich den Richter wählt,
Und tät gleich den Esel
ernennen,
Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren gross,
So kann er hören desto
bos,

The cuckoo said: I have, so
please you,
already chosen the judge,
and named the donkey
straightaway,
because with his two large ears
he'll hear much clearer what is
bad,

Und was recht ist, kennen. and also know what's good.

Sie flogen vor den Richter
bald,
Wie dem die Sache ward
erzählt,
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich
aus,
Der Esel sprach, du machst
mirs kraus.
Du machst mir's kraus.
Ija! Ija!
Ich kanns in Kopf nicht bringen.

So they soon flew before the
judge,
when he was told how matters
stood,
he commanded them to sing.
The nightingale sang
beautifully,
the donkey said, you're
confusing me.
You're confusing me. Hee-haw!
Hee-haw!
I just can't understand it.

Der Kukuk drauf fing an
geschwind
Sein Sang durch Terz und
Quart und Quint.
Dem Esel gfiels, er sprach nur:
Wart,
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen.

Whereat the cuckoo quickly
sang
his song through thirds and
fourths and fifths.
The donkey liked it, merely
said: wait,
while I give my verdict.

Wohl sungen hast du Nachtigall,
Aber Kukuk singst gut Choral,
Und hältst den Takt fein innen;
Das sprech ich nach mein'
hohn Verstand,
Und kost es gleich ein ganzes
Land,
So lass ichs dich gewinnen.
Kukuk, Kukuk, Ija!

Nightingale, you sang well,
but you, cuckoo, sing a fine hymn
and keep the strictest measure;
my high intellect pronounces
this,
and though it cost a whole
country,
I declare you now the winner.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, hee-haw!

Interval

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

Elëanore Op. 37 No. 6 (pub. 1899)

Eric Mackay

The forest flowers are faded all,
The winds complain, the snow-flakes fall,
Elëanore!
I turn to thee, as to a bower: -
Thou breathest beauty like a flower,
Thou smilest like a happy hour,
Elëanore!

I turn to thee. I bless afar
Thy name, which is my guiding-star,
Elëanore!
And yet, ah God! when thou art here
I faint, I hold my breath for fear.
Art thou some phantom wandering near,
Elëanore!

Oh, take me to thy bosom fair;
Oh, cover me with thy golden hair,
Elëanore!
There let me lie when I am dead,
Those morning beams about me spread,
The glory of thy face o'erhead,
Elëanore!

Canoe Song Op. 37 No. 2 (pub. 1899)

Isabella Valancy Crawford

O light canoe! Where dost thou glide?
Below thee gleams no silver'd tide
But concave heaven's chiefest pride.

Above thee burns eve's rosy bar;
Below thee throbs her darling star;
Deep 'neath thy keel her round worlds are!

Above, below, O sweet surprise!
To gladden happy lover's eyes;
No earth, no wave, all jewell'd skies!

You'll love me yet Op. 37 No. 1 (pub. 1899)

Robert Browning

You'll love me yet! - and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing:
June rear'd that bunch of flow'rs you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartfelt now: some seed
At least is sure to strike,
And yield - what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, may be, like.

You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet:
Your look? - that pays a thousand pains.
What's death? You'll love me yet!

As the moon's soft splendour Op. 37 No. 5

(pub. 1899)

Percy Bysshe Shelley

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heav'n
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has giv'n
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
Tonight,
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpower's,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music, and moonlight, and feeling
Are one.

From *Songs of Sun and Shade* (1911)

Radclyffe Hall

Thou art risen, my beloved

Thou art risen, my beloved,
And thou callest me to follow,
Follow thro' the chilly twilight
Of this silent virgin morning.

Whither, whither wouldst thou lead me,
To what place of new enchantment?
Can the day that thou art seeking
Give such rapture as the darkness?

Thou art warm with many kisses,
With the hand clasps of thy lover,
Turn again unto my bosom,
I would have it night for ever!

You lay so still in the sunshine

You lay so still in the sunshine,
So still in that hot sweet hour -
That the timid things of the forest land
Came close; a butterfly lit on your hand,
Mistaking it for a flow'r.

You scarcely breath'd in your slumber,
So dreamless it was, so deep -
While the warm air stirr'd in my veins like wine,
The air that had blown thro' a jasmine vine,
But you slept - and I let you sleep.

Thou hast bewitched me, beloved

Thou hast bewitched me, beloved,
Till I am weaker than water,
Water that drips from the fountain,
Through thy white tapering fingers.

Yet as the waters together
Gather and grow to a torrent,
Gathers the flood of my passion,
Bearing thee forth on its bosom!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

All' mein Gedanken

All my thoughts

Op. 21 No. 1 (1887-8)

Felix Dahn

All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn, Da wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin. Geh'n ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor, Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor, Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,	All my thoughts, my heart and my mind, wander to where my beloved is. They go on their way despite wall and gate, no bolt, no ditch can stop them, go high in the air like little birds,
---	---

Brauchen kein' Brücken über
Wasser und Kluft,
Finden das Städtlein und
finden das Haus,
Finden ihr Fenster aus allen
heraus,
Und klopfen und rufen: „mach'
auf, lass uns ein,
Wir kommen vom Liebsten
und grüssen Dich fein“.

needing no bridge over water
or chasm,
they find the town and find the
house,
find her window among all the
others,
and knock and call: 'Open up,
let us in,
we come from your sweetheart
who sends his love'.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein Op. 21 No. 2

(1887-8)
Felix Dahn

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,
du bist von lautrem Golde,
Wenn Andere daneben sein,
dann bist du noch viel holde.
Die Andern tun so gern gescheut,
du bist gar sanft und stille;
Dass jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,
dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

You, my heart's coronet

You, my heart's coronet, you
are of pure gold,
when others stand beside you,
you are more lovely still.
Others love to appear clever,
you are so gentle and quiet;
that every heart delights in you
is your fortune, not your will.

Die Andern suchen Lieb' und
Gunst mit tausend falschen
Worten,
Du ohne Mund- und
Augenkunst bist wert an
allen Orten,
Du bist als wie die Ros' im
Wald, sie weiss nichts von
ihrer Blüte,
Doch Jedem, der vorüberwallt,
erfreut sie das Gemüte.

Others seek love and
favours with a thousand false
words,
you, without artifice of mind or
eye, are esteemed in every
place,
you are like the rose in the
forest, knowing nothing of its
flowers,
yet rejoicing the heart of every
passer-by.

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden Op. 21 No. 3

(1887-8)
Felix Dahn

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden,
gehn über Berg und Tal,
Die Erlen und die Weiden, die
weinen allzumal.
Sie sahn so oft uns wandern
zusammen an Baches Rand,
Das eine ohn' den andern geht
über ihren Verstand.
Die Erlen und die Weiden vor
Schmerz in Tränen stehn,
Nun denket, wie's uns beiden
erst muss zu Herzen gehn!

Ah, my love, I must leave you now

Ah, my love, I must leave you
now, cross hill and vale,
the alders and willows are
weeping.
So often they saw us walk
together by the brook,
seeing you without me passes
their understanding.
The alders and willows weep
with pain,
so think what grief we must
both endure!

Leises Lied Op. 39 No. 1

(1898)
Richard Dehmel

In einem stillen Garten,
An eines Brunnens Schacht,
Wie wollt' ich gerne warten
Die lange graue Nacht!

Gentle song

In a quiet garden,
by the shaft of a well,
how I should have liked to wait
the long, grey night through!

Viel helle Lilien blühen
Um des Brunnens Schlund;
Drin schwimmen golden die
Sterne,
Drin badet sich der Mond.

Many bright lilies blossom
around the well's abyss;
where the stars float,
golden,
and the moon bathes.

Und wie in den Brunnen
schimmern
Die lieben Sterne hinein,
Glänzt mir im Herzen immer
Deiner lieben Augen Schein.

And as the dear
stars
gleam into the well,
so always there glows in my heart
the light of your dear eyes.

Die Sterne doch am Himmel,
Die stehen all' so fern;
In deinem stillen Garten
Stünd' ich jetzt so gern.

But the stars in the heavens,
are all so far distant;
would that I were standing
in your quiet garden now.

Junghexenlied Op. 39 No. 2 (1898)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Als nachts ich überm Gebirge
ritt,
Rack schack, schacke, mein
Pferdchen,
Da ritt ein seltsam Klingeln mit,
Klingling, klingling, klingelalei.

Young witch's song

When at night I rode across the
mountains,
clip-clop, clip-clop, my little
horse,
a strange ringing went with us,
ring-a-ling-ling.

Es war ein schmeichlerisch
bittend Getön,
Es war wie Kinderstimmen schön.

It was an enticing, entreating
sound,
as lovely as children's voices.

Mir war's, ich streichelt' ein
lindes Haar,
Mir war so weh und wunderbar.

I seemed to be stroking soft
hair,
I felt so strange and sad.

Da schwand das Klingeln mit
einemmal,
Ich sah hinunter in's tiefe Tal.

Then suddenly the ringing was
gone,
I looked down into the deep valley.

Da sah ich Licht in meinem Haus,
Rack, schack, schacke mein
Pferdchen,
Mein Bübchen sah nach der
Mutter aus,
Klingling, klingling, klingelalei.

Then I saw a light in my house,
clip-clop, clip-clop, my little
horse,
my little boy was looking out
for his mother,
ring-a-ling-ling.

Befreit Op. 39 No. 4

(1898)

Richard Dehmel

Released

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise	You will not weep. Gently, gently
Wirst du lächeln; und wie zur Reise	you will smile; and as before a journey
Geb ich dir Blick und Kuss zurück.	I shall return your gaze and kiss.
Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du hast sie bereitet,	Our dear four walls! You prepared them,
Ich habe sie die zur Welt geweitet –	I have widened them into a world for you –
O Glück!	O happiness!
Dann wirst du heiss meine Hände fassen	Then ardently you will seize my hands
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,	and you will leave me your soul,
Lässt unsern Kindern mich zurück.	leave me to care for our children.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,	You gave your whole life to me,
Ich will es ihnen wiedergeben – O Glück!	I shall give it back to them – O happiness!
Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's Beide,	It will be very soon, we both know it,
Wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,	we have released each other from suffering,
So gab ich dich der Welt zurück.	so I returned you to the world.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen	Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,
Und mich segnen und mit mir weinen –	and you will bless me and weep with me –
O Glück!	O happiness!

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