

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 6 July 2025
7.30pm

Ian Bostridge tenor
Steven Osborne piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

From *Schwanengesang* D957 (1828)
Liebesbotschaft • *Kriegers Ahnung* •
Frühlingssehnsucht • *Ständchen* •
Aufenthalt • *In der Ferne* • *Abschied*

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Fêtes galantes Book I (1891)
En sourdine • *Fantoches* • *Clair de lune*

Interval

Fêtes galantes Book II (1904)
Les ingénus • *Le faune* • *Colloque sentimental*

Franz Schubert

From *Schwanengesang* D957
Der Atlas • *Ihr Bild* • *Das Fischermädchen*
Die Stadt • *Am Meer* • *Der Doppelgänger* •
Die Taubenpost



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31st January 1829 would have been Schubert's 32nd birthday. That day, the publisher Tobias Haslinger announced in the *Wiener Zeitung* that a collection of his songs would be published later that year under the title *Schwanengesang*. The compilation of seven settings of poems by Ludwig Rellstab, six by Heinrich Heine, and a single poem by Johann Gabriel Seidl was described by Haslinger as 'the last blossoms of [Schubert's] noble spirit'. The title was of Haslinger's creation and has inevitably imbued *Schwanengesang* ('swan song') with a sense of finality, although some of the songs were written at least six months prior to Schubert's death in November 1828. There is a longstanding controversy about whether or not the Rellstab and Heine songs were intended by Schubert to be heard together. We know that Schubert had copied out the 13 songs consecutively, suggesting a degree of intentional unification, but we also know that he had offered the six Heine songs alone to a publisher in October 1828.

The seven Rellstab songs are linked loosely by their nature-filled meditations on love and absence, with an absent lover more-or-less explicitly present throughout. The songs all carry a sense of 'Sehnsucht' – a quintessentially Romantic notion of deep yearning or longing. Together, the Rellstab songs trace a loose emotional narrative, from the opening 'Liebesbotschaft' where a lovers' reunion is anticipated, via the anguish and devastation of 'In der Ferne', to a bittersweet acceptance of separation in 'Abschied'. Nature imagery abounds: breezes whisper, blossoms shimmer, and streams meander in the piano writing, yet Schubert's bucolic vignettes are in danger of dissolving in an instant. Simple musical actions – a switch from major to minor, a harmonic pivot, or a slowing of rhythmic momentum – become mood-changing magic, dramatically recontextualising or subtly undermining the narrative.

The popularity of the fourth song, 'Ständchen', far supersedes that of *Schwanengesang* as a set. Its melancholy vulnerability shines through the song's minor key, the piano's gentle evocation of a guitar, and the wistful rising and falling of the vocal line. 'In der Ferne', with its oppressively repetitive lines, is an emotional tour de force after which the final song of the group, the horse-back 'Abschied', might feel disarmingly perky. However, such score-based comments can be subverted entirely by the performers' interpretive decisions. Bostridge's recordings of *Schwanengesang* with Antonio Pappano (2009) and the late Lars Vogt (recorded in 2021) take very different directions, while reviews of Bostridge and Osborne performing *Schwanengesang* in concert suggest intense shifts of emphasis and perspective.

The 14 songs of *Schwanengesang* typically won't fill a recital alone, and the decision of what to pair it with often carefully steers the recital's overarching vision. That *Schwanengesang* is formed of two very distinct halves also makes it easy to split, leaving performers with the choice to place additional music at the beginning, middle or end. Wigmore Hall's ever-useful

online database tells us that in the past decade, Bostridge has performed *Schwanengesang* here alongside Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, which shares many affinities with the Rellstab songs; Schubert's lesser-known, expansive cyclic form *Einsamkeit* (D620); and a selection of Liszt. The choice of two linked but distinct sets of songs by Debussy casts quite a different spin – moving (just) into the 20th Century, to France, and to the striking symbolism of Paul Verlaine.

Debussy wrote songs throughout his life (though not quite at the rate of Schubert) and was judicious in selecting and combining poems. Verlaine was one of Debussy's favourite poets, and he was long inspired by the distilled scenes and symbols of the *Fêtes galantes* poems – which invoke, in turn, the sub-genre of Rococo painting associated closely with Antoine Watteau. Debussy's *Fêtes galantes* were published in two books in 1904 (FL 86 and FL 114) and premièred close together in June that year. However, the three songs of the first book had a protracted genesis stretching back decades. Versions of 'En sourdine', 'Fantoche', and 'Clair de lune' had been written in 1882 – while Debussy was under the thrall of his first real muse, the (married) amateur soprano Marie Vasnier – and later revised in the 1890s. The vocal lines of many of his early songs suggest Vasnier's voice was high and agile, while the composer penned suitably virtuosic piano parts to play himself. The second book of three songs was composed in 1904, and has as its dedicatee another singer and subject of Debussy's romantic interest: Emma Bardac, who would go on to be his second wife. The musicologist Susan Youens refers to the triptych of songs in the second book as a 'miniature symbolist story in three stages', that infers a loose trajectory of love's rise and fall.

The remaining seven songs of *Schwanengesang* include Schubert's only sustained engagement with Heine, which resulted in some of his darkest, most bitter musical utterances. The physically-demanding 'Der Atlas' opens the set, the impassioned force of which is then juxtaposed with the quiet unsettlement of 'Ihr Bild' – here, a consoling shift to the major is undermined at the end by a despondent postlude. Then comes a sequence of three songs involving the sea, each very different poetic and musical visions that are disturbing in their own ways. At the end of the Heine sequence is one of Schubert's most celebrated songs, 'Der Doppelgänger'. Schubert seems to have relished the challenge of Heine's intensely psychological poem, with the declamatory vocal writing and eerie piano figuration capturing an almost futuristic sense of musical uncanny. The Seidl setting 'Die Taubenpost' was Schubert's final song and contains many 'fingerprints' of his style, with a lilting piano part cushioning a wistful vocal line, sleight-of-hand harmonic shifts, and a breathtaking revelation towards the end.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

From
Schwanengesang
D957 (1828)

Liebesbotschaft
Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei Du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend
Das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süsse
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.

From *Swansong*

Love's message

Murmuring brooklet,
so silver and bright,
is it to my love
you rush with such glee?
Ah, be my messenger,
beloved brooklet;
bring her greetings
from her distant love.

All the flowers
she tends in her garden,
and wears with such grace
on her breast,
and her roses
in their crimson glow -
brooklet, refresh them
with your cooling waves.

When on your bank,
lost in dreams,
she inclines her head
as she thinks of me -
comfort my sweetest
with a kindly look,
for her lover
will soon return.

And when the sun sets
in a reddish glow,
rock my sweetheart
into slumber.
Murmur her
into sweet repose,
whisper her
dreams of love.

Kriegers Ahnung
Ludwig Rellstab

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich
her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und
schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

Wie hab' ich oft so süß
geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schien des
Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen
düstrer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen
spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz
allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Dass der Trost Dich
nicht verlässt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht.
Bald ruh' ich wohl und
schlafe fest,
Herzliebste - Gute Nacht!

Frühlingssehnsucht
Ludwig Rellstab

Säuselnde Lüfte
Wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte
Atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig
begrüssend an!
Wie habt ihr dem
pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte Euch folgen auf
luftiger Bahn!
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter
Rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter
Silbern ins Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort
eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und
Himmel darin.
Was ziehst Du mich, sehnend
verlangender Sinn,
Hinab?

Warrior's foreboding

In deep repose my
brothers-in-arms
lie round me in a circle;
my heart's so heavy and
afraid,
so afire with longing.

How often have I dreamt
sweet dreams,
resting on her warm breast!
How welcoming the fire's
glow seemed,
when she lay in my arms!

Here, where the flames'
sombre glow
plays merely, alas, on
weapons,
here the heart feels quite
alone,
a tear of sadness wells.

O heart, may comfort not
abandon you!
Many a battle still calls.
I shall soon be at rest and
fast asleep,
sweetest love - good night!

Spring longing

Whispering breezes
blowing so gently,
filled with the fragrant
breath of flowers!
How blissfully you greet
me and breathe on me!
What have you done to
my pounding heart?
It yearns to follow your
airy path!
But where?

Silvery brooklets,
murmuring so bright,
cascade down
to the valley below!
The ripples glide swiftly
that way,
reflecting earth and sky in
their depths.
Why, longing desire, do
you draw
me down?

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

Grüssender Sonne
 Spielendes Gold,
 Hoffende Wonne
 Bringest Du hold.
 Wie labt mich Dein selig
 begrüßendes Bild!
 Es lächelt am tiefblauen
 Himmel so mild
 Und hat mir das Auge mit
 Tränen gefüllt!
 Warum?

Grünend umkränzet
 Wälder und Höh'!
 Schimmernd erglänzet
 Blütenschnee!
 So dränget sich Alles zum
 bräutlichen Licht;
 Es schwellen die Keime, die
 Knospe bricht;
 Sie haben gefunden was
 ihnen gebricht:
 Und Du?

Rastloses Sehnen!
 Wünschendes Herz,
 Immer nur Tränen,
 Klage und Schmerz?
 Auch ich bin mir schwellender
 Triebe bewusst!
 Wer stillt mir endlich die
 drängende Lust?
 Nur Du befreist den Lenz in
 der Brust,
 Nur Du!

Ständchen

Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
 Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
 In den stillen Hain hernieder,
 Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel
 rauschen
 In des Mondes
 Licht;
 Des Verräters feindlich
 Lauschen
 Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen
 schlagen?
 Ach! sie flehen Dich,
 Mit der Töne süßen
 Klagen
 Flehen sie für mich.

The welcoming sun's
 glittering gold,
 the bliss of hope,
 all this you sweetly bring.
 How your rapturous
 greeting refreshes me!
 It smiles so gently in the
 deep blue sky
 and has filled my eyes
 with tears!
 But why?

The woods and hills
 are wreathed in green!
 The snowy blossom
 shimmers and gleams!
 All things reach out to the
 bridal light;
 seeds are swelling, buds
 are bursting;
 they have found what
 they once lacked:
 and you?

Restless longing!
 Yearning heart,
 nothing but tears,
 complaints and pain?
 I too am aware of rising
 passion!
 Who shall finally quell my
 longing?
 Only *you* can set free the
 spring in my heart,
 only you!

Serenade

Softly my songs implore you
 through the night;
 come down to me, my love,
 into the silent grove!

Slender tree-tops
 whisper
 and murmur in the
 moonlight;
 do not fear, my
 sweetest,
 any eavesdropping enemy.

Can you hear the
 nightingales call?
 Ah! they are imploring you,
 with their sweet and
 plaintive songs
 they are imploring for me.

Sie verstehn des Busens
 Sehnen,
 Kennen Liebesschmerz,
 Rühren mit den
 Silbertönen
 Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch *Dir* die Brust
 bewegen,
 Liebchen, höre mich!
 Beben harr' ich Dir entgegen!
 Komm', beglücke mich!

Aufenthalt

Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschender Storm,
 Brausender Wald,
 Starrender Fels
 Mein Aufenthalt.

Wie sich die Welle
 An Welle reiht,
 Fliessen die Tränen
 Mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen
 Wogend sich's regt,
 So unaufhörlich
 Mein Herze schlägt.

Und wie des Felsen
 Uraltes Erz,
 Ewig derselbe
 Bleibet mein Schmerz.

Rauschender Storm,
 Brausender Wald,
 Starrender Fels
 Mein Aufenthalt.

In der Ferne

Ludwig Rellstab

Wehe dem Fliehenden
 Welt hinaus
 ziehenden! -
 Fremde durchmessenden,
 Heimat vergessenden,
 Mutterhaus hassenden,
 Freunde verlassenden
 Folget kein Segen, ach!
 Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das sehnnende,
 Auge, das tränende,
 Sehnsucht, nie endende,
 Heimwärts sich wendende!

They understand the
 heart's longing,
 they know the pain of love,
 they touch with their
 silver notes
 every tender heart.

Let *your* heart too be
 moved,
 listen to me, my love!
 Quivering, I wait for you!
 Come - make me happy!

Resting place

Thundering river,
 raging forest,
 unyielding rock,
 my resting place.

As wave
 follows wave,
 so my tears
 flow on and on.

As the high tree-tops
 stir and bend,
 so my heart pounds
 without respite.

Like the rock's
 age-old ore,
 my grief remains
 forever the same.

Thundering river,
 raging forest,
 unyielding rock,
 my resting place.

Far away

Woe to the fugitive,
 who sets out into the
 world! -
 Who roams foreign parts,
 who forgets his fatherland,
 who hates his family home,
 who forsakes his friends -
 alas, no blessing follows him
 on his way!

The yearning heart,
 the weeping eyes,
 the endless longing,
 the turning for home!

Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Schmerzen,
ach!
Dies treue Herze brach, -
Grüsst von dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus
ziehenden!

Abschied

Ludwig Rellstab

Ade, Du muntre, Du
fröhliche Stadt, Ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein
mit lustigem Fuss;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten,
den scheidenden Gruss.
Du hast mich wohl niemals
noch traurig gesehen,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht
beim Abschied geschehn.
Ade, Du muntre, Du
fröhliche Stadt, Ade!

Ade, ihr Bäume, ihr Gärten
so grün, Ade!
Nun reit' ich am silbernen
Strome entlang,
Weit schallend ertönt mein
Abschiedsgesang;
Nie habt ihr ein trauriges
Lied gehört,
So wird euch auch keines
beim Scheiden beschert.
Ade ...

Ade, ihr freundlichen
Mägdlein dort, Ade!
Was schaut ihr aus
blumentumduftetem Haus
Mit schelmischen,
lockenden Blicken heraus?
Wie sonst, so grüss' ich und
schaue mich um,
Doch nimmer wend' ich
mein Rösslein um.
Ade ...

The swelling breast,
the fading lament,
the glittering evening star,
sinking without hope!

You whispering breezes,
you gently ruffled waves,
you fleeting sunbeams,
you who never linger:
ah! send greetings to her
who broke
this faithful heart with pain -
from the fugitive,
from one who sets out
into the world!

Farewell

Farewell, lively, cheerful
town, farewell!
My horse is happily
pawing the ground;
accept now my final
farewell.
Never yet have you seen
me sad,
nor shall you now at
parting.
Farewell, lively, cheerful
town, farewell!
Farewell, trees and gardens
so green, farewell!
Now I ride by the silvery
stream,
my farewell song echoes
far and wide;
you've never heard a sad
song yet,
nor shall you now I'm
leaving.
Farewell ...

Farewell, you friendly
maidens there, farewell!
Why do you gaze from
flower-fragrant houses
with such roguish and
enticing eyes?
I greet you as always and
turn my head,
but never again shall I
turn back my horse.
Farewell ...

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst
Du zur Ruh', Ade!
Nun schimmert der
blinkenden Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich euch Sternlein
am Himmel so hold;
Durchziehn wir die Welt
auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das
treue Geleit.
Ade ...

Ade, Du schimmerndes
Fensterlein hell,
Ade!
Du glänzt so traulich mit
dämmerndem Schein
Und ladest so freundlich ins
Hüttchen uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so
manches Mal
Und wär' es denn heute zum
letzten Mal?
Ade ...

Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet
Euch grau! Ade!
Des Fensterlein trübes,
verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt ihr unzähligen
Sterne mir nicht;
Darf ich *hier* nicht weilen,
muss *hier* vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir
noch so treu!
Ade, ihr Sterne, verhüllet
Euch grau! Ade!

Farewell, dear sun, as you
sink to rest, farewell!
The stars now glitter in
shimmering gold.
How I love you, little stars
in the sky;
though we travel the whole
world far and wide,
you always serve us as
faithful guides.
Farewell ...

Farewell, gleaming little
window so bright,
farewell!
Your faint light has such a
homely gleam,
which kindly invites us
into the cottage.
Ah, I've ridden past so
many a time,
and might it today then
be the last?
Farewell ...

Farewell, stars, veil yourself
in grey! Farewell!
You countless stars
cannot replace
the little window's fading
light;
if I can't linger *here*, if I
have to ride on,
what use are you, however
faithfully you follow!
Farewell, stars, veil yourself
in grey! Farewell!

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Fêtes galantes Book I (1891) *Paul Verlaine*

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos
cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton
sein,
Et de ton cœur
endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et
doux
Qui vient à tes pieds
rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.

Et quand, solennel, le
soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et
Pulcinella
Qu'un mauvais dessein
rassembla
Gesticulent, noirs sous la
lune.

Cependant l'excellent
docteur
Bologna cueille avec
lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe
brune.

Gallant Parties Book I

Muted

Calm in the twilight
cast by lofty boughs,
let us steep our love
in this deep quiet.

Let us blend our souls,
our hearts
and our enraptured senses
with the hazy languor
of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
fold your arms across
your breast,
and from your heart now
lulled to rest
forever banish all desire.

Let us both succumb
to the gentle and lulling
breeze
that comes to ruffle at
your feet
the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly,
evening
falls from the black oaks,
voice of our despair,
the nightingale shall sing.

Marionettes

Scaramouche and
Pulcinella,
drawn together by some
evil scheme,
gesticulate, black
beneath the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent
doctor
from Bologna is leisurely
picking
medicinal herbs in the
brown grass.

Lors sa fille, piquant
minois,
Sous la charmille, en
tapinois,
Se glisse, demi-nue, en
quête

De son beau pirate
espagnol,
Dont un amoureux
rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-
tête.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage
choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et
quasi
Tristes sous leurs
déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le
mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à
leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au
clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste
et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux
dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets
d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

Fêtes galantes Book II (1904) *Paul Verlaine*

Les ingénus

Les hauts talons luttèrent
avec les longues jupes,
En sorte que, selon le terrain
et le vent,
Parfois luisaient des bas
de jambes, trop
souvent
Interceptés! - et nous
aimions ce jeu de dupes.

Then his daughter, pertly
pretty,
beneath the arbour,
stealthily,
glides, half-naked in
quest

Of her handsome Spanish
pirate,
whose grief a lovelorn
nightingale
proclaims as loudly as he
can.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen
landscape
bewitched by masquers
and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and
dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful
disguises.

Singing as they go in a
minor key
of conquering love and
life's favours,
they do not seem to
believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with
the light of the moon,

The calm light of the
moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds
dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in
their rapture,
tall and svelte amid
marble statues.

Gallant Parties Book II

Ingénues

High heels struggled with
long skirts,
so that, depending on
contour and wind,
glimpses of leg would
sometimes gleam, too
often
snatched from view! - and
we loved this foolish play.

Parfois aussi le dard d'un
insecte jaloux
Inquiétait le col des belles
sous les branches,
Et c'étaient des éclairs
soudains de nuques
blanches,
Et ce régal comblait nos
jeunes yeux de fous.

Sometimes too a jealous
insect's sting
bothered pretty necks
beneath the branches,
and there were sudden
flashes of white
napes -
and this feast overwhelmed
our crazed young eyes.

Le soir tombait, un soir
équivoque d'automne:
Les belles, se pendant
rêveuses à nos bras,
Dirent alors des mots si
spécieux, tout bas,
Que notre âme, depuis ce
temps, tremble et
s'étonne.

Evening fell, an equivocal
autumn evening:
the pretty girls, leaning
dreamily on our arms,
then murmured such fair-
seeming words,
that, ever since, our
startled souls have
trembled.

Le faune

The faun

Un vieux faune de terre cuite
Rit au centre des
boulingrins,
Présageant sans doute une
suite
Mauvaise à ces instants
sereins

An ancient terracotta
faun
laughs in the middle of
the lawns,
predicting no doubt an
unhappy
sequel to these moments
of calm

Qui m'ont conduit et t'ont
conduite,
- Mélancoliques pèlerins, -
Jusqu'à cette heure dont la
fuite
Tournoie au son des
tambourins.

that have led both you
and me,
- melancholy pilgrims -
to this hour that flits
away,
twirling to the
tambourines

Colloque sentimental

Lovers' dialogue

Dans le vieux parc solitaire
et glacé,
Deux formes ont tout à
l'heure passé.

In the ancient park,
deserted and frozen,
two shapes have just
passed by.

Leurs yeux sont morts et
leurs lèvres sont molles,
Et l'on entend à peine leurs
paroles.

Their eyes are dead and
their lips are lifeless,
and their words can
hardly be heard.

Dans le vieux parc solitaire
et glacé
Deux spectres ont évoqué le
passé.

In the ancient park,
deserted and frozen
two spectres were
recalling the past.

- Te souvient-il de notre
extase ancienne?
- Pourquoi voulez-vous donc
qu'il m'en souviennne?

- Do you remember our
past rapture?
- Why would you have
me remember?

- Ton cœur bat-il toujours à
mon seul nom?
Toujours vois-tu mon âme
en rêve? - Non.

- Does your heart still surge
at my very name?
Do you still see my soul
when you dream? - No.

- Ah! Les beaux jours de
bonheur indicible
Où nous joignions nos
bouches! - C'est possible.

- Ah, the beautiful days of
inexpressible bliss
when our lips met! - It
may have been so.

- Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et
grand, l'espoir!
- L'espoir a fui, vaincu,
vers le ciel
noir.

- How blue the sky, how
hopes ran high!
- Hope has fled,
vanquished, to the
black sky.

Tels ils marchaient dans les
avoines folles
Et la nuit seule entendit
leurs paroles.

So they walked on through
the wild grasses
and the night alone heard
their words.

Franz Schubert

From
Schwanengesang
D957

From *Swansong*

Der Atlas
Heinrich Heine

Atlas

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas!
eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen,
muss ich tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches,
und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

I, unfortunate Atlas! a
world,
the whole world of sorrow
I must bear,
I bear what cannot be
borne, and my heart
would break in my body.

Du stolzes Herz! du hast es
ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein,
unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend,
stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

You proud heart! you
willed it so!
You wished to be happy,
endlessly happy,
or endlessly wretched,
proud heart,
and now you are wretched.

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

Ihr Bild

Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen
herab -
Und ach, ich kann es nicht
glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

Das Fischermädchen

Heinrich Heine

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich
nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg' an mein Herz dein
Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch
sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem
Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und
Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Die Stadt

Heinrich Heine

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte
rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem
Kahn.

Her likeness

I stood in dark dreams,
and gazed at her likeness,
and that beloved face
sprang mysteriously to life.

A wonderful smile played
about her lips,
and her eyes glistened,
as though with sad tears.

My tears too
streamed down my
cheeks -
and ah, I cannot
believe
I have lost you!

The fishermaid

You lovely fishermaid,
row your boat ashore;
come and sit down by my
side,
hand in hand we'll cuddle.

Lay your little head on my
heart
and don't be too afraid;
each day, after all, you
trust yourself
fearlessly to the raging sea.

My heart's just like the
sea,
it storms and ebbs and
floods,
and many lovely pearls
are resting in its depths.

The town

On the distant horizon
the town with its turrets
looms like a misty vision,
veiled in evening light.

A dank breeze ruffles
the gloomy waterway;
with sad and measured
strokes
the boatman rows my
boat.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch
einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste
verlor.

Am Meer

Heinrich Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit
hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen
Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und
alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser
schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine
Hand,
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weissen
Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt
sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor
Sehnen; -
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge
Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren
Tränen.

Der Doppelgänger

Heinrich Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen
die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte
mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die
Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus
auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch
und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor
Schmerzengewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein
Antlitz sehe, -

The sun rises once
again,
gleaming from the earth,
and shows me that place
where I lost what I loved
most.

By the sea

The sea gleamed far and
wide
in the last evening light;
we sat by the fisherman's
lonely hut,
we sat in silence and
alone.

The mist lifted, the water
rose,
the gull flew to and fro;
from your loving eyes
the tears began to fall.

I watched them fall on
your hand,
and sank upon to my knee;
from your white
hand
I drank away the tears.

Since that hour my body
wastes,
my soul expires with
longing;
that unhappy
woman
has poisoned me with her
tears.

The wraith

The night is still, the
streets are at rest,
this is the house where
my loved-one lived;
she left the town long
ago,
but the house still stands
in the same place.

A man stands there too,
and stares up,
wracked with pain, he
wringing his hands;
I shudder when I see his
face -

Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.	the moon shows me my own form.
Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!	You wraith! You pale companion!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,	Why do you ape the pain of love
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,	that tormented me on this same spot,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?	so many nights in times gone by?

Die Taubenpost
Johann Gabriel Seidl

Pigeon post

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,	I've a carrier-pigeon in my pay,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,	she's so devoted and true,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,	she never stops short of her goal,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.	and never flies too far.
Ich sende sie vieltausendmal	I send her many thousands of times
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,	each day to spy out the land,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,	past many a beloved spot,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.	till she reaches my sweetheart's house.
Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,	There she peeps in at the window,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,	observing every look and step,
Gibt meine Grösse scherzend ab	delivers my greeting cheerfully
Und nimmt die ihren mit.	and brings hers back to me.
Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,	I no longer need to write a letter,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr;	I can entrust to her my very tears;
O, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,	she'll certainly not mistake the address,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.	for she serves me so fervently.
Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,	Day or night, awake or dreaming,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:	it's all the same to her:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,	as long as she can range and roam,
Dann ist sie überreich!	she's richly satisfied!

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,	She does not tire, she does not flag,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;	to her the route seems always new;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,	she needs no enticement, no reward,
<i>Die Taub'</i> ist so mir treu!	<i>that</i> pigeon is so loyal!
Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,	That's why I cherish her in my heart,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;	certain of the fairest prize;
Sie heisst - die Sehnsucht!	her name is - Longing!
Kennt ihr sie? -	Do you know her?
Die Botin treuen Sinns.	The messenger of faithfulness.