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signum CLASSICS BEETHOVEN Lieder und Gesänge John Mark Ainsley • Iain Burnside

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## BEETHOVEN: LIEDER UND GESÄNGE

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JOHN MARK AINSLEY TENOR IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

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Beethoven grumbled about his discomfiture with vocal writing on more than one occasion: he once said, "When sounds stir within me, I always hear the full orchestra: I know what to expect of instrumentalists, who are capable of almost everything, but with vocal compositions I must always be asking myself: can this be sung?" Song was not his native tongue, as it was for his younger contemporary Schubert: given Beethoven's predilection for the infinite over the finite, for universality over the particular, that is not surprising. On the other hand, Beethoven's great biographer Maynard Solomon reminds us that more than forty percent of the works that the young genius composed in Bonn, before moving to Vienna in 1792, are vocal, and roughly half of his 600 works call for the human voice. He began composing songs when he was a student of Christian Gottlob Neefe (with "Schilderung eines Mädchens," perhaps composed in 1783 when he was thirteen years old), and he would continue to do so sporadically thereafter. In this genre, he could experiment with the artful simplicity of pseudo-folksong and with other vocal styles, and above all with the fitting of word-rhythms to vocal melody. Pace those who say that art and life are not enmeshed, song also enabled him to engage with various religious, ethical, erotic, and artistic concerns on a canvas more intimate than his large-scale public works.

A note about our title: in Beethoven's day, there were two large categories of song, and he contributed to both. "Lieder" designated the stylistically simpler, shorter, often strophic songs that continued the 18th-century predilection for such works, while the word "Gesänge" was reserved for longer, richer, more complex songs in forms other than strophic and often with airs and graces borrowed from the operatic realm. Song anthologies, sets, or opuses were frequently emblazoned with the joint title Lieder und Gesänge; if this translates awkwardly into English as "Songs and Songs", the German-speaking world of the late 18th- and 19th-centuries would have understood the distinction. The "simpler" approach to Lieder does not mean "simplistic:" one need only hear the marvelous harmonic subtleties of the Lied "Vom Tode" to realize that artistry was lavished on these works as well, but there is an undeniable difference in scale between "Urians Reise um die Welt" (Lied) and "Adelaïde" (Gesang).

Resignation, WoO 149, composed in 1817 and first published in the Wiener Zeitschrift für Kunst, Literatur, Theater und Mode for 31 March 1818, is the setting of a mysterious poem about extinguished passion - for what or who, the poet does not say—by Count Paul von Haugwitz (1791-1856). Beethoven prefaces his setting with

elaborate instructions for its performance, "With feeling, yet resolutely, well accented, and sung as though spoken," and we gather from this fussiness a hint of the song's importance for its creator. (In a now-vanished notebook, the word "feeling" in the admonition to performers was originally preceded by the word "inniger," or "intimate.") One thing the instructions do is tell us from the start of a musical interpretation with a stiffer spine and greater resolve than the poet would seem to provide in his depressed, defeated words. The repeated root-position triads that erupt in loud-louder-loudest guise from the bare octaves a semitone lower follow just after the crucial words, "Ja, du mußt nun los dich binden" (Yes, vou must now detach yourself) and are the incendiary heart of the song. The grim musical pun by which Beethoven does not "find" the cadence he had prepared or sought ("sucht-sucht") at the words "findet nicht" is another marvelous detail of a haunting song. Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel, WoO 150, presents us with another enigma in the person of the poet "H. Goeble." about whom nothing is known at present. Beethoven set it to music on 4 March 1820, and it appeared first in the Wiener Zeitschrift for 28 March 1820 and again in the Vier deutsche Gedichte of February 1823. Whoever Goeble was, he wrote a poem made to order for this composer.

with its soul that wishes only to strive, to soar, to transcend earthly limits. In this varied strophic song, each stanza begins in hymnlike manner, with the bass sinking downwards like the setting sun, but at the first invocation of the shimmering stars, the musical cosmos is filled with pulsating. full-textured chords traveling in a majestic circle of fifths. This is the music of the spheres, and its pulsations will recur, gloriously, in the last song of An die ferne Geliebte and elsewhere in Beethoven's oeuvre. The third stanza elicited from Beethoven the most far-reaching variation from the pattern, with its earthly storms in measured tremolos, its unjustly happy evildoers, the consolation of looking up at the stars, and the dotted rhythmic triumph over princes and powers.

Andenken, WoO 136, is the setting of a "best-seller" of a poem, "Ich denke dein," by Friedrich von Matthisson (1761-1831), a popular purveyor of stylized melancholy in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Schiller praised Matthisson's ability to point out the inner connection between images of nature so that they become "pictures of the soul," and here, the persona sees the beloved imprinted everywhere on the landscape. Matthisson published this poem, written by 1792, ten years later, that is, seven years after Goethe's parody entitled "Nähe des Geliebten," familiar to many

from Schubert's great setting. Beethoven might have composed this sweetly graceful song as early as 1805 for Josephine von Brunsvik, but did not publish it until 1810 (and again in 1816 and 1818). The way in which the vocal line falls to a lingering half cadence at the end of each verse creates tension across the pattern of strophic repetitions; that the song's most emphatic peak is the revelation of a "distant beloved" seems only to be expected from this composer. Tellingly, there is no piano postlude, only the echo of the final ardent words, "nur dein" (only of you) in the silence beyond the song's end.

The title of **La tiranna**, WoO 125, hints at the source of this English text in an Italian aria, but we do not yet know the source; the song-aria was first published in London on 12 December 1799. The translator was British: a man named William Wennington, who was in Vienna at the end of 1798, when Beethoven probably made his acquaintance and acceded to his request to set this dramatic lament about unrequited love. Beethoven makes the piano part froth and foam in such a way as to display his own pianism; the offbeat heavy accents at the outset of each plunge by the piano into the precipice of despair are echt Beethoven in their dynamism.

The genesis of **An die Hoffnung**, Op. 32, is bound up with Beethoven's frustrated love in 1804-1805 for Countess Josephine von Brunsvik: Josephine wrote her mother on 24 March of that year to say, "The good Beethoven has composed a lovely song for me on a text from *Urania* 'An die Hoffnung' as a gift for me." Urania: Über Gott, Unsterblichkeit und Freiheit . . . in sechs Gesängen (Urania: On God. Immortality, and Freedom in six cantos) by Christoph August Tiedge (1752-1841) refers to the muse of astronomy and astrology, from the Renaissance on, the muse of Christian poets as well ("Urania" means "heavenly"). By the summer of 1805, however, Josephine had rebuffed Beethoven as a suitor and the composer removed her name from the dedication, but the song he wrote for her is indeed lovely. The reverential melody of this strophic song is constantly on the move, appropriate for Hope as a force of forward propulsion in human lives: its major mode optimism is rendered profound by darker touches of minor. The singer's eloquent leap upward and the quiet blaze of a new (major) key for the acclamation to Hope—"O Hoffnung"—are unforgettable.

The librettist, translator, and lepidopterist Georg Friedrich Treitschke (1776-1842) both revised the libretto of *Fidelio* in 1814 at Beethoven's request and provided him with the text for **Ruf vom Berge**.

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WoO 147, first published by Wallishausser in 1817. The poem is an expansion of the folk song "Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär", which appeared both in Johann Gottfried Herder's Stimmen der Völker in Liedern (Voices of the Peoples in Song, where this poem is entitled "Der Flug der Liebe") and Achim von Arnim's and Clemens Brentano's Des Knaben Wunderhorn (The Youth's Magic Horn) of 1806-8. Here. Beethoven gives it an appropriately pareddown, artfully simple folksong-like setting. Klage, WoO 113, to a poem-a lamenting lover's acclamation to the moon-by Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776, dead tragically young) as emended by Johann Heinrich Voss in 1783, was among the songs not published until after Beethoven's death. This lovely lyric by one of the best poets of the "Hainbund" (the Fellowship of the Grove, or a group of young writers who formed this association on the night of 12 September 1772 while out on a moonlit walk), was popular with many composers; Schubert set it as "An den Mond," and Beethoven set it twice, the second version published for the first time in 1888. With an almost fussy precision that indicates his care for this song, he instructs pianists to play in the most polished, sustained, legato fashion possible. Here, the persona remembers past happiness. when the moon smiled down at him in sweetest major mode, but at mid-song, we turn to the sad present, to parallel minor mode, and to an exquisitely expansive vocal line.

In 1822. Beethoven made a list of earlier unpublished compositions that he clearly wanted to bring out in print, including Ein Selbstgespräch. WoO 114, his only setting of a poem by Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim (1719-1803), known as "Father Gleim." Of the songs on the composer's list, only "Der Kuß" was published before his death. Like that delightfully saucy work, this too is an idyll in the groves of Eros, its Anacreontic persona someone who formerly scorned love-but now, to his great surprise, finds himself in love with Doris. In fact, he is so stunned by this novel experience that he repeats his musical bemusement over and over again to deliciously comic effect. The vault of a tenth at the word "glaube" ("I believe I love Doris") will make anyone who remembers the combined exultation and touch of disbelief ("Who. me?") in new love smile. Beethoven milks the playful excess for all it is worth, including a dramatic measure of silence before the final proclamation "that I love."

**Adelaide**, Op. 46, is a setting of a poem in Sapphic meters by Friedrich Matthisson, first published in Voss's *Musen Almanach* for 1790 and again in the third edition of Matthisson's collected poems. The

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autograph manuscript of this "cantata"-it is described thusly on the title page of the first edition, printed by the Viennese firm of Artaria in February 1797-is lost, but sketches indicate the genesis of this masterpiece in late 1794 or early 1795. At this time. Beethoven was making a bid to impress Viennese musical society, so it is no wonder that the piano part is so rich throughout. How sad that Matthisson himself did not approve of this glorious aria/song/cantata (it defies categories), saying that of the settings his poem had already inspired, Beethoven's was the least sensitive. In this love-poem, the persona sees his beloved's image imprinted on everything in Nature, from the hues of a garden in spring to the snowy Alps, from the evening breezes in the arbor to the rustling of the waves and the fluting of nightingales. Beethoven makes of the first syllable of the beloved's name an exhalation of awe and rapture each time: the numerous ecstatic reiterations of her name mark the passage of time and the motion towards love's fulfillment beyond the grave. At the end, just as in an operatic finale. the thematic material is recast in a faster tempo with many repetitions, but the final utterance of the beloved's name brings us back to the intimacy of Lied. Sadly. Beethoven's last public performance as a pianist was on 25 January 1815, when he accompanied the singer Franz Wild in a performance of this song for the Empress of Russia.

The songs of Op. 83-Wonne der Wemuth, Sehnsucht, and Mit einem gemalten Band-are Beethoven's last Goethe songs, composed in 1810 just after his music for "Egmont" and published in 1811 with a dedication to Antonie Brentano. It was perhaps. Solomon speculates, in the autumn of 1811 that mutual reverence flowered into passion, destined for sublimation into exalted friendship. Little more than a year later, she and her husband would return to his native city of Frankfurt, and it seems unlikely that Antonie and Beethoven ever saw one another again. For a poem that never progressed beyond its first line. Michelangelo once wrote, "Du' occhi asciutti, e' mie, fan tristi el mondo" (Two dry eyes, mine, make the world sad), and Goethe several centuries later said much the same thing in Wonne der Wehmut: eves filled with tears see wonders while dry eyes can only contemplate a wasteland. Beethoven's setting of "Wonne der Wehmut," with its repeated "falling tears" motif in the piano, is one of his most important and beautiful songs. One notes in particular the harmonies that underscore the adjectives "öde" and "todt" (desolate, dead), the expressive fragmentation of the vocal melody in places, and the heartfelt emphasis on "unglücklicher [Liebe]" (unhappy love). The ingenuity with which Beethoven spins out the precisely paired rhythms of his first two measures into longer and longer vocal phrases is marvelous; the sense of something uncoiling, releasing itself as the persona sings, is palpable.

Sehnsucht, or "Longing," is a crucial concept in late 18th - / early 19th - century Romantic poetics. and Goethe's initial questions, "Was zieht mir das Herz so? / Was zieht mich hinaus?" (What tugs at my heart so? What draws me outside?), are its classic formulation . . . but here, the longing is for the sweetheart, not for distant Romantic realms. The opening vocal phrase, in an ingenious conception, is drawn upwards by ever-increasing melodic leaps, and the nifty idea recurs four times thereafter: this is a strophic song in which the singer's melody stays the same, the only exception being the turn from the key of B minor in the first four verses (the "schwarze Tonart." Beethoven called this key, traditionally associated with grief and mourning) to a brighter B major for the reunion with the sweetheart in the final stanza Mit einem gemalten Band is a reminder of Goethe's early allegiance to the Anakreontiker. those earlier eighteenth-century German poets who took their cue from the Greek poet Anacreon (6th century B. C.). He, and they, sang of Eros. springtime, wine, crickets, roses, of reveling in all life's beauty despite Time and the ticking clock which bear us to our deaths. Goethe did not

remain long among the neo-Anacreontic poets, but before he left their company, he endowed the repertory with several masterpieces, and this is one of them. Until the final stanza, the sentiments seem conventional sugary compliments to a sweetheart (although one notes the doubled artistry of painted ribbon and written poem . . . one creates art to celebrate love and Nature), but at the end. Goethe shatters the rococo conventions. The sweetheart is bidden to feel what he feels, to give him her hand freely, to know that what links them is an enduring human bond with nothing frivolous about it. Beethoven got the point: the song trips along in an enchantingly mellifluous, pastoral vein until the first statement of the crucial verb in the imperative, "Fühle" (Feel). When that word (indicative of the Goethean revolution in poetry) first appears, it is set apart by rests on either side, while the other crucial verb. "verbindet" (that which binds us) is the occasion for a soaring mini-cadenza.

Gesang aus der Ferne, WoO 137, is a setting of a text from the third edition of Christian Reissig's Blümchen der Einsamkeit; it became "Anxiety of Absence, a favorite Arietta . . . by Lewis van Beethoven" when it was published in London in 1810, the same year as its initial appearances in Leipzig and Vienna. For this long song. Beethoven

like the start of a sonatina, followed by the same strains varied and extended as the persona remembers how ioyous, how dance-like, how full of nightingale song his life was when his sweetheart was with him. But now-and here the music changes key, meter, tempo, and mood-they are apart, and longing drives him into the heights to long for her. The vows that he has never loved anyone as he loves her lead to an ecstatic cadence on the crucial verb "loved;" the final section is a quicker, livelier variation of the initial passage as the lover begs his distant sweetheart to transform his cottage into a temple of contentment, with her as its goddess. The text of Die laute Klage. WoO 135, possibly composed in late 1814 or early 1815, comes from a compilation of Oriental poetic paraphrases in Johann Gottfried Herder's 1792 Zerstreute Blätter. This complaint to the turtle dove who robs the lamenting lover of oblivion in sleep is filled with eloquent harmonic and melodic details: the dark chord that enshrouds the "verschlossene Brust" is one, and so too is the huge outcry against love in mid-song and again near the end, before the song sinks to its mournful end. Unlike the famous and influential Herder, the poet of **Lebensglück**. Op. 88. is unknown. On 22 October 1803, Beethoven's friend Ferdinand Ries wrote the publisher Nicholas Simrock in Bonn to

begins with an extended piano introduction, quite

say that Beethoven had sent him the words of his new song, "Glück der Freundschaft," the title subsequently altered for its publication that same year. The old axiom that "shared joy is doubled, shared sorrow dispelled" is brought to melodious life at the beginning and then flowers into a celebration of love, its joy made evident in the triplet figures in the piano-greater motion to tell of love's vitality-and the trills of delight at song's end.

Der Wachtelschlag, WoO 129, belongs to the antique tradition of bird calls in music, in this instance, a bird whose calls invoke God ("Fear God ... Love God ... Praise God ... Trust in God ... Implore God," it sings). The words were written in 1796 by Samuel Friedrich Sauter (1766-1846), a village schoolmaster whose unpretentious poems were attributed to one "Gottlieb Biedermeier"-a sarcastic appellation-by Ludwig Eichrodt and Adolf Kußmaul in Munich's Fliegende Blätter, thus giving rise to the stylistic term "Biedermeier" for the period between revolutions in the Germanspeaking world (1815-1848). Sauter based his paraphrase, first published in 1798 in Carl Lang's Taschenbuch für häusliche und gesellschaftliche Freuden, on a folk song widely known in the 18th century (Goethe knew it). It is a fascinating exercise to compare Beethoven's setting with Schubert's better-known setting, first printed in

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1822, then revised as Op. 68 in 1827: both men inevitably devised the same dotted rhythmic figure for the quail's calls, "Fürchte Gott! Liebe Gott! Danke Gott! Lobe Gott!," but almost everything else is different. Schubert's artful Lied im Volkston is the voice of Nature, of the merry quail, while Beethoven takes the poem far more seriously and from the perspective of the human being who listens to these worshipful injunctions. Ranging farther afield tonally than his younger contemporary, Beethoven's storms are more tempestuous (the low bass rumble of thunder is a particularly wonderful detail), his acclamations of God's praise grander, and his pleas for God's aid more plangent.

Beethoven met Christoph August Tiedge, the poet whose *Lied* **An die Hoffnung** had inspired Op. 32, in the summer of 1811. In October of that year, the composer wrote to Tiedge with a request for a new copy of *Urania* because he could not locate one; Tiedge obliged with a new edition from 1808, printed three years after the 1805 song, and Beethoven found in it five additional lines with which to begin his second, thoroughly reconceived setting of "An die Hoffnung," published as Op. 94 in April 1816. This introduction puts Hope in a different context from the earlier version because eschatological, beginning with one of the

Enlightenment's foremost questions: "Is there a God?" Tiedge's persona gives Religion's stock reply, "Mankind must hope! Do not ask!", but Beethoven clearly took the quest for answers to such grave existential matters seriously indeed. The introduction has a key signature but is so thoroughly shot through with chromaticism and enharmony that we do not know where we are tonally (or metaphysically)—until the end, when the certainty of Hope brings us to a lighter, sweeter place. In this extended setting, the invocation of midnight and Fate is accompanied by Beethoven's "cosmic," full-textured, throbbing chords in the piano, while the hope for "an angel above who acknowledges our tears" elicits a grand, glorious melodic vault into the empyrean, repeated numerous times. The aria-like song ends with a final soft acclamation to Hope, and the fact that there is no piano postlude reminds us of the touching conclusion of "Andenken".

Beethoven originally subtitled An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98, completed in April 1816, "six songs," but changed the designation to "Liederkreis," or song cycle, for publication. For the second edition, the words "set to music with accompaniment by pianoforte" on the title page were altered to read "for voice and piano," suggesting the unusual degree of parity between

the two musical forces that one finds here. The composition of this work followed both in the wake of multiple crises and in their midst: the loss of the "immortal beloved" in 1812, depression that might have produced a suicide attempt in 1813, a family quarrel over his brother Nikolaus Johann's affair with a housekeeper, the failure of a series of public concerts of his works, the death or departure of almost all of his most loval patrons. the beginning in 1815 of the controversies about his nephew Karl, and a compositional crisis about what path to take after the bombastic pastiches of his "heroic style" in works such as "Wellington's Victory." An die ferne Geliebte-a genuine cycle whose circular shape is emblematic of the eternal-led him out of his musical dilemma and subsequently exerted an enormous influence on later 19th-century composers; one need only think of Schumann's Frauenliebe und -leben, which also comes full circle but to different effect. An amateur poet Alois Jeitteles (1794-1858) with no other claim to fame would seem a mismatch for one of Western music's greatest composers, but the 20-year-old medical student who sent his poems to Beethoven had struck gold with twin themes that mattered hugely to his older contemporary: the sublimation of erotic desire into art and the power of art to dissolve time and space so that reunion with the beloved might be possible.

When she hears his song and sings it back to him, she overcomes all that separates them.

When Beethoven begins the first song, Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich spähend, with only a single chord before the singer enters, he already signals the suddenness with which the persona's thoughts in this first "psychological song cycle" give way to others. The first song seems to end after five statements of its perfectly constructed melody, the piano figuration varied each time, but that "ending" then metamorphoses into another key-this is one of the "magic moments" in this cycle-to initiate the second song, Wo die Berge so blau. Thereafter, each song culminates in a corridor-like passage for the piano leading directly into the next segment of this six-part song: the only truly final cadence is the last one. In another influential compositional decision, Beethoven signals the inwardness of these reflections by having the singer chant the second stanza of song no. 2 on a single pitch while the piano, enveloping the vocal line on either side, takes over the melody established in the first verse. Lest we miss the focus on emotional life rather than narration. Beethoven repeats the words "inner pain" in the third stanza to accents and dissonances that spell out just how bitter such pain is. For the third song, Leichte Segler in den Höhen, the composer wittilv

converts birds flying amidst puffs of cloud into separated syllables of vocal melody-light and airy indeed When the birds descend to the bare autumnal bushes and the persona bids them bear his lamentation to the beloved. Beethoven turns to parallel minor and stays there for the remainder of the song, the separated syllables turning into stylized gasps of pain. Whenever sorrow intrudes, however, the protagonist resolutely converts it into celebrations of Nature, love, shared joy, vitality, and song in no. 4, Diese Wolken in den Höhen, and no. 5. Es kehret der Mai. He even bursts into trilled birdsong in the corridor between those two songs; both Nature and the persona are artificers of song. With its lilting open intervals in the left-hand part, "Es kehret der Mai" is the essence of all things pastoral in the German folk-like art-song . . . until the end, when tears reappear. But this is sorrow's last foray: in the sublime sixth song. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder, the protagonist is finally able to conquer his pain by bidding the distant beloved sing these very songs. The pulsating chords-Beethoven's wonderfully stock gesture for cosmic aspects of Nature-that tell of the last rays of sunset glowing on the surface of the lake and behind the mountains and the erotic tenderness with which the persona dwells on the words "und du singst" (and you will sing) are purest desire transformed by an act of

ultimate metamorphosis into poetry and song. Now he can come full circle and return to the first song, expanded and made joyous. Art's power not only to overcome pain but to exhilarate, to triumph over all in its path, resounds here.

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#### TEXTS

#### Resignation

Count Paul von Haugwitz (1791-1856)

Lisch aus, mein Licht!
Was dir gebricht,
Das ist nun fort,
An diesem Ort
Kannst du's nicht wieder finden!
Du mußt nun los dich binden

Out, my light! What you have lost Has gone and you will never Find it in this place again. The ties that hold you, you must sever.

Sonst hast du lustig aufgebrannt, Nun hat man dir die Luft entwandt; Wenn diese fort geweht, Die Flamme irregehet, Sucht, findet nicht; Lisch aus, mein Licht! Once your flame was bright and fair, Now your air has turned elsewhere. Without air, flame flickers, goes awry, Searches in vain - so die, my light, die.

# 2 Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

**2** Evening song under a starry sky

Wenn die Sonne niedersinket, Und der Tag zur Ruh sich neigt, Luna freundlich leise winket, Und die Nacht herniedersteigt: As the sun goes down and day draws to a close, Luna makes her still appeal and so night falls.

Wenn die Sterne prächtig schimmern, Tausend Sonnenstrahlen flimmern: Under myriad stars and the sunbeams' glow

Fühlt die Seele sich so groß,	my soul seems to grow,	Bald hab ich das Ziel errungen,	Soon I will have reached my goal,
Windet sich vom Staube los.	frees itself from the dust.	Bald zu euch mich aufgeschwungen,	the upward journey of my soul.
		Ernte bald an Gottes Thron	Soon at God's throne I will gain
Schaut so gern nach jenen Sternen,	It likes to gaze up at the stars	Meiner Leiden schönen Lohn.	the rich reward for all my pain.
Wie zurück ins Vaterland,	as if to the land of its birth,		
Hin nach jenen lichten Fernen,	into radiant space,	3 Andenken	3 In my Mind
Und vergißt der Erde Tand;	forgets the troubles of earth.	Friedrich Matthisson (1761-1831)	
Will nur ringen, will nur streben,	It wants to struggle and strive,	Ich denke dein,	I think of thee
Ihre Hülle zu entschweben:	fight free from its skin;	Wenn durch den Hain	When from the trees
Erde ist ihr eng und klein,	Earth restricts - the stars	Der Nachtigallen	Nightingales sing in concert.
Auf den Sternen möcht sie sein.	are the place it wants to be in.	Akkorde schallen!	And thou?
		Wann denkst du mein?	
Ob der Erde Stürme toben,	Whilst earthly storms rage,		
Falsches Glück den Bösen lohnt:	evil reaps rich reward,	Ich denke dein	I think of thee
Hoffend blicket sie nach oben,	my soul gazing on high:	Im Dämmerschein	Where shade begins
Wo der Sternenrichter thront.	sees Justice wield her sword.	Der Abendhelle	In the fading light of evening.
		Am Schattenquelle!	And thou?
Keine Furcht kann sie mehr quälen,	No longer troubled by fear	Wo denkst du mein?	
Keine Macht kann ihr befehlen;	or subjected by force,		
Mit verklärtem Angesicht,	transfigured,	Ich denke dein	I think of thee
Schwingt sie sich zum Himmelslicht.	to heaven's light it follows its course.	Mit süßer Pein	With sweet pain, yearning
		Mit bangem Sehnen	And burning tears.
		Und heißen Tränen!	And thou?
Eine leise Ahnung schauert	A vague feeling of awe	Wie denkst du mein?	
Mich aus jenen Welten an;	reaches me from that sphere		
Lange nicht mehr dauert	as time runs out, the end	O denke mein,	0, think of me
Meine Erdenpilgerbahn,	of my journey draws near.	Bis zum Verein	Till we are one upon some better star.
		Auf besserm Sterne!	However far,
		In jeder Ferne	I do but think of thee.
	- 14 -	Denk ich nur dein!	- 15 -

#### 4 La Tiranna

William Wennington

Ah, grief to think! Ah, woe to name, The doom that fate has destined mine! Forbid to fan my wayward flame, And, slave to silence, hopeless pine!

Imperious fair! In fatal hour I marked the vivid lightning's roll, That gave to know thy ruthless power And gleamed destruction on my soul.

## 5 An die Hoffnung Op. 32 Christoph August Tiedge (1752-1841)

Die du so gern in heil'gen Nächten feierst Und sanft und weich den Gram verschleierst, Der eine zarte Seele quält, O Hoffnung! Laß, durch dich empor gehoben, Den Dulder ahnen, daß dort oben Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!

Wenn, längst verhallt, geliebte Stimmen schweigen; Wenn unter ausgestorb'nen Zweigen Verödet die Erinn'rung sitzt:

Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlaßner trauert

## 5 A call to Hope

You that delight to celebrate on festive nights, Diffusing gently and softly the sorrows That afflict a tender soul, O Hope, may he who suffers, his spirits raised by you,

Sense that on high an angel
Does count his tears

When beloved voices, long departed, are heard no more,  $% \left( \mathbf{r}\right) =\left( \mathbf{r}\right)$ 

When in a desert of dead branches Memory sits in desolation, Then approach the one you have forsaken Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert, Sich auf versunk'ne Urnen stützt.

Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal anzuklagen, Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen Die letzten Strahlen untergehn: Dann laß' ihn um den Rand des Erdentraumes Das Leuchten eines Wolkensaumes Von einer nahen Sonne seh'n!

## 6 Ruf vom Berge

Georg Friedrich Treitschke (1776-1842)

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Flög ich zu dir!
Weils aber nicht kann sein,
Bleib ich allbier

Wenn ich ein Sternlein wär'
Und auch viel Strahlen hätt',
Strahlt' ich dich an.
Und du säh'st freundlich auf,
Grüßtest binan

Wenn ich ein Bächlein wär' Und auch viel Wellen hätt', Rauscht' ich durch's Grün. Nahte dem kleinen Fuß, Küßte wohl ihn Who grieves, engulfed by midnight, Seeking support from sunken urns.

And if he lifts his eyes to rail against his fate
As the last departing light of his days fades away,
Then, on the horizon of this earthly dream
Let him perceive a cloud, its edge agleam,
Lit by a nearby sun.

## 6 A Cry from the Hilltop

Were I a little bird And also had two wings, I'd fly to you. But as that cannot be, I'll stay right here.

Were I a little star, One with a lot of beams, I'd shine on you, And, kindly, you'd look up, Greet me on high.

Were I a little stream, One with a lot of waves, I'd rush through fields, Approach your little foot And kiss it dear.

Würd' ich zur Abendluft. Were I an evening breeze, Nähm' ich mir Blütenduft. I'd take the flowers' scent. Hauchte dir zu Waft it to you. Weilend auf Brust und Mund. Descend on breast and mouth. Fänd' ich dort Ruh'. Where I'd find peace. Geht doch kein' Stund der Nacht. No hour of the night Ohn' daß mein Herz erwacht Goes by without my heart Und an dich denkt Thinking of you Wie du mir tausendmal Giving me your heart Dein Herz geschenkt. A thousand times. Wohl dringen Bach und Stern, So stream, bird, breeze and star,

Lüftlein und Vöglein fern, Come to you where'er you are. Kommen zu dir Lalone am held down fast Ich nur bin festgebannt. Weeping, utterly downcast, Weine allhier.

#### 7 Klage 7 Plaint Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Höltv (1748-1776)

Dein Silber schien Your silver sheen. Durch Eichengrün. Through oak leaves green. Das Kühlung gab. 0 moon, smiled down on me.

Auf mich herab. With peace and joy, O Mond und lachte Ruh' A happy boy. Mir frohem Knaben zu

Wenn ietzt dein Licht

Durch's Fenster bricht.

Now, when your light Comes into sight.

Mir Jüngling zu, Sieht's meine Wange blaß.

Mein Auge tränennaß. Bald. lieber Freund.

Lacht's keine Ruh'

Ach bald bescheint Dein Silberschein Den Leichenstein. Der meine Asche birgt,

8 Ein Selbstgespräch

Des Jünglings Asche birgt!

Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim (1719-1803)

Ich, der mit flatterndem Sinn Bisher ein Feind der Liebe bin Und es so gern beständig bliebe. Ich! Ach! Ich glaube, daß ich liebe.

Der ich sonst Hymen angeschwärzt Und mit der liebe nur gescherzt, Der ich im Wankelmut mich übe. Ich glaube, daß ich Doris liebe.

Denn ach! Seitdem ich sie gesehn.

Ich glaubte gar, daß ich sie liebe.

Ist mir kein'andre Schöne schön Ach, die Tyrannin meiner Triebe,

It brings no joy

To this young boy.

My cheek's so pale

And teardrops trail.

The silver moon

Where ashes lie

Will light the grave

Dear friend, quite soon

Where this boy's ashes lie.

8 A Soliloguy

I, who with my wayward mind. Till now have been love's foe And want to keep the status quo. Find. I think, that I'm in love.

I. who denigrated marriage. Who only ever toyed with love, Past master of staving uncommitted. Think it's Doris that I love

Oh. since first I saw her She's the one that I prefer. Cruel dictator of my feelings,

I do believe I do love her

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#### 9 Adelaide

Friedrich Matthisson (1761-1831)

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Frühlingsgarten, Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen, Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert, Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der Alpen, In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken, Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bildnis, Adelaide!

Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstern, Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase säuseln, Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten: Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem Grabe Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens; Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpurblättchen: Adelaide!

#### 10 Wonne der Wehmuth

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht, Tränen der ewigen Liebe! Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!

#### 9 Adelaide

Alone, your friend walks in the spring garden gently suffused by the sweet magical light that shimmers through the swaying blossom: Adelaide.

Reflected in the waves, in the alpine snows, in the golden clouds of parting day, in the canopy of stars, is your image: Adelaide.

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves, the silver bellflowers of May murmur in the grass, waves roar and nightingales pipe: Adelaide.

One day, a miracle; on my grave a purple flower will bloom out of the ashes of my heart.
Written clearly on every petal: Adelaide.

#### 10 Sweet Melancholy

Don't dry, don't dry Those tears of eternal love! Ah, how barren, how dead the world appears To him who sees through half-dried tears. Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht, Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

Sehnsucht
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Was zieht mir das Herz so?
Was zieht mich hinaus?
Und windet und schraubt mich
Aus Zimmer und Haus?
Wie dort sich die Wolken
Am Felsen verziehn!
Da möcht ich hinüber,
Da möcht ich wohl hin!

Nun wiegt sich der Raben Geselliger Flug; Ich mische mich drunter Und folge dem Zug. Und Berg und Gemäuer Umfittigen wir; Sie weilet da drunten, Ich spähe nach ihr.

Da kommt sie und wandelt; Ich eile sobald, Ein singender Vogel, Im buschigen Wald. Don't dry, don't dry Those tears of unhappy love!

11 Yearning

What's tugging my heart so?
What drags me away,
Wrenching, driving me
From my home in dismay?
See, beyond the crags
Where the cloud-forms change,
That's where I'm drawn to,
Over that range.

Now ravens pass In companiable flight And I fly with them For a day and a night. Over mountains and ruins We fly all around, She's waiting below; I've my eye on the ground.

There she comes walking, I swiftly fly down, Now as a song bird I perch on a bough. Sie weilet und horchet Und lächelt mit sich: "Er singet so lieblich Und singt es an mich." She stops and she listens, Smiles (such a pleasure to see), "He's singing so sweetly, He's singing for me."

And now the setting sun

Turns the hills to gold:

Die scheidende Sonne Vergüldet die Höh'n;

Die sinnende Schöne,

Sie läßt es geschehn.

Sie wandelt am Bache
Die Wiesen entlang,

Und finster und finstrer

My love pays no heed.

With thoughts untold

She follows the stream

Over the field

As the path winds away

Und finster und finstrer Umschlingt sich der Gang;

Auf einmal erschein ich

"Was glänzet da droben,

Ein blinkender Stern.

Suddenly I appear
As a glittering star;
"What's that shining up there,
So near yet so far?"
And as in wonder
You catch sight of its gleam
I'll be there at your feet My perfect dream.

From the last light of day.

So nah und so fern?" Und hast du mit Staunen Das Leuchten erblickt, Ich lieg dir zu Füßen, Da bin ich beglückt!

12 With a Painted Ribbon

12 Mit einem gemahlten Band Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter Streuen mir mit leichter Hand Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter Tändelnd auf ein luftig Band. Little leaves and flowers are being strewn By gods of spring, so young and fair, Playfully, delicately, On a ribbon light as air. Zephir, nimm's auf deine Flügel, Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid; Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel All in ihrer Munterkeit.

Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben, Selbst wie eine Rose jung. Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben! Und ich bin belohnt genug.

Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet, Reiche frei mir deine Hand, Und das Band, das uns verbindet, Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

13 Gesang aus der Ferne Christian Ludwig Reissig (1784-1847)

Als mir noch die Träne der Sehnsucht nicht floß, Und neidisch die Ferne nicht Liebchen verschloß, Wie glich da mein Leben dem blühenden Kranz, Dem Nachtigallwäldchen, voll Spiel und voll Tanz!

Nun treibt mich oft Sehnsucht hinaus auf die Höhn, Den Wunsch meines Herzens wo lächeln zu seh'n! Hier sucht in der Gegend mein Wind it about my dearest's dress. Then she'll step up to her mirror, There in all her sprightliness.

Zephyr, take it on your wings,

And with roses all about her, She'll look young as any rose. Grant me just one glance, my dearest, Reward enough, as Heaven knows!

Feel just what this heart is feeling, Freely offer me your hand, See the bond that binds us More than a ribbon will withstand.

3 Song from Far Away

Before these tears of yearning flowed And jealous distance locked my love away, How like a flowering wreath, a wood of nightingales, Was mine, a life of dance and play.

Now, often, yearning drives me to the hills, Desire to see my darling smile. My longing gaze scans all around schmachtender Blick, Doch kehret es nimmer befriedigt zurück.

Wie klopft es im Busen, als wärst du mir nah, O komm, meine Holde, dein Jüngling ist da! Ich opfre dir alles, was Gott mir verlieh, Denn wie ich dich liebe, so liebt' ich noch nie!

O Teure, komm eilig zum bräutlichen Tanz! Ich pflege schon Rosen und Myrten zum Kranz. Komm, zaubre mein Hüttchen zum Tempel der Ruh, Zum Tempel der Wonne, die Göttin sei du!

## Johann Gottfried von Herder (1744-1803)

Mir den verstummenden Gram!

Turteltaube, du klagest so laut Und raubest dem Armen seinen einzigen Trost, Süßen vergessenden Schlaf. Turteltaub', ich jammre wie du, Und berge den Jammer in's verwundete Herz, In die verschlossene Brust. Ach, die hart verteilende Liebe! Sie gab dir die laute Jammerklage zum Trost. Returning unfulfilled the while.

My heart is beating as though you were near, O come, my beloved, your lover is here.
I'll give you all that God gave me and more,
The way that I love you, I've not loved before!

Come quickly, my dearest, to your bridal dance, I'm tending myrtle and roses well in advance. Come, magic my cottage to a Temple of Peace, Joy's Temple; you, its goddess and I its priest.

#### 14 The Noisy Complaint

O Turtle dove, you complain so loud
As to rob a poor man of his sole comfort;
Sweet, oblivious sleep!
Turtle dove, I am wretched just like you
And conceal my misery within my aching heart,
My tight-locked breast.
How harshly Love disposes!
You, for consolation, were given that noisy
distress-call,
To me. she gave speech-robbing grief!

## 15 Lebensglück

Anon

Der lebt ein Leben wonniglich, Deß Herz ein Herz gewinnt; Geteilte Lust verdoppelt sich, Geteilter Gram zerrinnt.

Beblümte Wege wandelt ab, Wem trauliches Geleit; Den Arm die gold'ne Freundschaft gab In dieser eh'rnen Zeit

Sie weckt die Kraft und spornt den Mut Zu schönen Taten nur, Und nährt in uns die heil'ge Glut Für Wahrheit und Natur.

Erreichet hat des Glückes Ziel, Wer eine Freundin fand, Mit der der Liebe Zartgefühl Ihn inniglich verband.

Entzückt von ihr, ihr beigesellt, Verschönert sich die Bahn; Durch sie allein blüht ihm die Welt Und Alles lacht ihn an.

## 15 The Joy of Friendship

He lives a life of joy untold Who wins another's heart, For pleasure shared is now twofold, Shared pains quickly depart.

On roads of flowers he will pass To whom a good companion Holds out the hand of friendship; gold This day of common brass.

It rouses strength, spurs courage on To honourable deeds And deep within, our sacred flame Of Truth and Nature feeds.

He has achieved good Fortune's aim Who has a woman found To whom in loving tenderness He's intimately bound.

Delighted, with her every hour, She sweetens harsh life's mile, Alone she brings his world to flower And all around him smile.

## 16 Der Wachtelschlag

Samuel Friedrich Sauter (1766-1846)

Ach! mir schallt's dorten so lieblich hervor: Fürchte Gott, fürchte Gott! Ruft mir die Wachtel ins Ohr. Sitzend im Grünen, von Halmen umhüllt, Mahnt sie dem Horcher am Saatengefild: Liebe Gott, liebe Gott! Er ist so gütig, so mild.

Wieder bedeutet ihr hüpfender Schlag: Lobe Gott, lobe Gott! Der dich zu loben vermag. Siehst du die herrlichen Früchte im Feld? Nimm es zu Herzen, Bewohner der Welt: Danke Gott, danke Gott!

Schreckt dich im Wetter der Herz der Natur: Bitte Gott, bitte Gott! Ruft sie, er schonet die Flur. Machen Gefahren der Krieger dir bang: Traue Gott, traue Gott! Sieh', er verziehet nicht lang.

#### 16 The Voice of the Quail

There, far off, the lovely sound I hear, Fear the Lord, Fear the Lord, It is the quail, his voice so clear. Surrounded by grasses, perched in the mead It calls to the farmer, sowing his seed: Love the Lord, Love the Lord, So good and gentle; do, please take heed.

Again the hocketing voice conveys, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Prompting you to give due praise. See, there, all the fruits of the field; Take them to heart, men of the weald. Thank the Lord, Thank the Lord, Your provider and shield.

Do nature's storms cause you to fear? Pray to God, Pray to God, He will protect you; he is near. Are you afraid of the dangers of war? Trust the Lord, Trust the Lord, He will save you for evermore.

## 17 An die Hoffnung Op. 94

Christoph August Tiedge (1752-1841)

Ob ein Gott sei? Ob er einst erfülle, Was die Sehnsucht weinend sich verspricht? Ob, vor irgendeinem Weltgericht, Sich dies rätselhafte Sein enthülle? Hoffen soll der Mensch! Er frage nicht!

Die du so gern in heil'gen Nächten feierst Und sanft und weich den Gram verschleierst, Der eine zarte Seele quält, O Hoffnung! Laß, durch dich empor gehoben, Den Dulder ahnen, daß dort oben Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!

Wenn, längst verhallt, geliebte Stimmen schweigen; Wenn unter ausgestorb'nen Zweigen Verödet die Erinn'rung sitzt: Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlaßner trauert Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert, Sich auf versunk'ne Urnen stützt.

Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal anzuklagen, Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen Die letzten Strahlen untergehn: Dann laß' ihn um den Rand des Erdentraumes Das Leuchten eines Wolkensaumes

## 17 A call to Hope

Is there a God? Will he fulfil, one day, The expectations of our tearful yearning? Will this mysterious being Reveal itself on some Judgement Day? Man must hope - he should not be asking!

You that delight to celebrate on festive nights, Diffusing gently and softly the sorrows That afflict a tender soul, O Hope, may he who suffers, his spirits raised by you, Sense that on high an angel Does count his tears.

When beloved voices, long departed, are heard no more.

When in a desert of dead branches
Memory sits in desolation,
Then approach the one you have forsaken
Who grieves, engulfed by midnight,
Seeking support from sunken urns.

And if he lifts his eyes to rail against his fate
As the last departing light of his days fades away,
Then, on the horizon of this earthly dream
Let him perceive a cloud, its edge agleam,
Lit by a nearby sun.

## 18 An die ferne Geliebte Aloys Jeitteles (1794-1858)

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend In das blaue Nebelland, Nach den fernen Triften sehend, Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden, Trennend liegen Berg und Tal Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden, Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen, Der zu dir so glühend eilt, Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen, Nichts der Liebe Bote sein? Singen will ich, Lieder singen, Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweichet Jeder Raum und jede Zeit, Und ein liebend Herz erreichet Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

## 18 To My Dear Girl, so Far Away

Sitting on the hillside, I look Into the blue, haze-covered land For the distant meadows Where, my beloved, I first saw you.

Now I am far away, Mountains and valleys part us, Lie between us and our peace, Our happiness and the pain we share.

Ah, you cannot see that urgent, glowing look I send to find you,
And my sighs vanish
In the space that holds us apart.

Can nothing reach you, Nothing serve as messenger of love? I will sing, sing to you songs That will express my woe.

For at the sound of song Time and space disappear And a loving heart achieves What it holds most dear Wo die Berge so blau Aus dem nebligen Grau Schauen herein, Wo die Sonne verglüht, Wo die Wolke umzieht, Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual. Wo im Gestein Still die Primel dort sinnt, Weht so leise der Wind, Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald Drängt mich Liebesgewalt, Innere Pein. Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier, Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir Ewiglich sein!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen, Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal, Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen, Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen Sinnend in dem stillen Tal. Where the blue hills peer
Through the misty grey,
The cooling sun marks the end of day
As clouds draw near,
I want to be there.

There in the peaceful vale
No pain or sorrow can survive.
The primrose, in among the shale,
Quietly reflective in the wind, does thrive,
And I want to be there.

The violence of love drives me away
To trees, my heart-ache to allay...
Never would I be drawn to leave this place
Could I but look forever on your face.

If, clouds sailing in the sky, And you, brook so clear and cold, You should come across my dear, Greet her from me a thousand fold

If, clouds, you see her walking In the valley deep in thought, Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen, Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl. Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen, Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl Meine Seufzer, die vergehen Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen, Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal, Treu in deinen Wogen sehen Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug, Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen. Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust, In den seidnen Locken wühlen. Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust! Create an image of me High in heaven's airy vault.

If she stands by autumn bushes Yellowing, now leafless there, Tell her what it is I've suffered, Convey the burden of my care.

Gentle west wind, carry to her On your way All my sighs that vanish Like the setting sun's last ray.

Whisper brook, so cold and clear, Love's entreaties in her ear, And may your current truly show My tears' immeasurable flow.

These clouds on high, These happy birds, all fly, My love, to you. Would I could fly, too.

The winds from the west Caress your cheek and your breast And playfully ruffle your hair. Would I, too, were there. Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt. Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln, Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau, Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen. Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach, Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach, Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz und von quer Manch weicheres Stück zu dem Brautbett hieher, Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen. Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu, Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai, Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au. Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau. Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint, Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint, Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen. The brook in sheer delight Runs to you from yon height; Might it capture your reflection? Bring it to me, change direction?

May is returning, the meadow's in bloom,
The breezes are blowing, gentle and warm,
The bubbling streams are running apace.
The swallow comes home to her usual place
And sets about building her bridal suite
Where Love will find a welcome seat.

From here and from there she busily brings Wool, fluff and grasses, all sorts of things That will keep the youngsters cosy and warm; So the loyal couple settle quite true to form. For what winter has parted May will unite, Bring together all lovers to their delight;

May is returning, the meadow's in bloom, The breezes are blowing, gentle and warm -Only, I cannot move on from here ......

Spring unites all those who love, But no spring to our love appears, Our love is watered alone by our tears.

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Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang, Singe sie dann abends wieder Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmrungsrot dann zieht Nach dem stillen blauen See, Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet Hinter iener Bergeshöh:

Und du singst, was ich gesungen, Was mir aus der vollen Brust ohne Kunstgepräng erklungen, Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet Was geschieden uns so weit, Und ein liebend Herz erreichet Was ein liebend Herz geweiht. Embrace them then, these songs
Which I, my love, have sung for you.
Sing them once more when evening comes
To the lute so sweet and true.

As the glowing red of sunset Is drawn down to the lake's calm blue And the rays behind the mountain Sink finally from view

And as you sing what I have sung, What from a full heart was wrung Without pretension; the entire Spectrum of my heart's desire,

Then, at this sound, all that's made us grieve Will disappear
As loving hearts achieve
What they hold most dear.

Translations © Uri Liebrecht

## BIOGRAPHIES

## JOHN MARK AINSLEY

John Mark Ainsley was born in Cheshire, began his musical training in Oxford and continues to study in London with Diane Forlano.

A highly versatile concert singer, his international engagements include appearances with the London Symphony under Sir Colin Davis, Rostropovich and Previn, the Concert D'Astrée under Haim, the London Philharmonic under Norrington. Les Musiciens du Louvre under Minkowski, the Cleveland Orchestra under Welser-Moest, the Berlin Philharmonic under Haitink and Rattle, the Berlin Staatskapelle under Jordan, the New York Philharmonic under Masur, the Boston Symphony under Ozawa, the San Francisco Symphony under Tate and Norrington, the Vienna Philharmonic under Norrington, Pinnock and Welser-Möst, and both the Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino and the Orchestre de Paris under Giulini

His discography is extensive. For Philips Classics he has recorded Handel's *Saul* with Gardiner, Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Davis.



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Stravinsky's Pulcinella with Haitink and Bach's Mass in B minor and the Evangelist in the St. Matthew Passion' with Ozawa For Decca his recordings include L'Enfance du Christ. Alexander's Feast, Acis and Galatea, the Berlioz Requiem and the title role in Monteverdi's Orfeo. His EMI recordings include the Britten cycles Serenade for tenor, horn and string, Les Illuminations and Nocturne. Charlie in Brigadoon and Don Ottavio in Don Giovanni, For Deutsche Grammophon his releases include Handel's La Resurezzione. Rameau's Dardanus and Handel's Messiah with Minkowski, the Britten Spring Symphony with Gardiner and L'Heure Espagnole with Previn. For Hyperion he has made a series of recital discs of Schubert, Mozart, Purcell, Grainger, Warlock and Quilter and his recent recording of Vaughan Williams On Wenlock Edge with the Nash Ensemble was nominated for a Gramophone Award. For Signum he has recorded Tippett and Purcell with Jain Burnside.

On the operatic stage he has sung Don Ottavio at the Glyndebourne Festival under Sir Simon Rattle, directed by Deborah Warner, the Aix-en-Provence Festival under Claudio Abbado, directed by Peter Brook and for his debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, under Mackerras. John Mark has appeared with the Netherlands Opera as the title role in Handel's Samson and with the San Francisco Opera as Don Ottavio and Jupiter in Semele. His many appearances at the Munich Festival include Bajazet in *Tamerlano*, Jonathan in Saul, the title role in a new production of Idomeneo at the Cuvilliestheater and as Orfeo, for which he received the Munich Festival Prize. He created the role of *Der Daemon* in the world premiere of Hans Werner Henze's L'Upupa at the Salzburg Festival. He returned to Salzburg to sing both Soliman in Zaide and Belfiore in La Finta Giardiniera as part of the 2006 Mozart celebrations. His recent operatic engagements include The Madwoman in Britten's Curlew River in Frankfurt, Skuratov in lanácek's From the House of the Dead at the Amsterdam, Vienna and Aix-en-Provence Festivals. Hippölyt in the world premiere of Henze's *Phaedra* in Berlin and Brussels and his first Captain Vere in Billy Budd in Frankfurt. His future operatic engagements include, Emilio in Partenope for English National Opera. L'Upupa for the Semperoper Dresden, Billy Budd at the Glyndebourne Festival and his debut at La Scala Milan in From the House of the Dead

John Mark won the 2007 Royal Philharmonic Society Singer Award.

#### IAIN BURNSIDE

lain Burnside enjoys a unique reputation as pianist and broadcaster, forged through his commitment to the song repertoire and his collaborations with leading international singers. In recent seasons such artists have included Galina Gorchakova, Ailish Tynan, Lisa Milne, Rebecca Evans, Joan Rodgers, Susan Gritton and Yvonne Kenny; Susan Bickley, Ann Murray and Sarah Connolly; John Mark Ainsley, Mark Padmore and Andrew Kennedy; Roderick Williams, Christopher Maltman and Bryn Terfel.

His recording portfolio reflects lain's passion for British music. For Signum he has recorded Tippett (Ainsley), Judith Weir (Tynan/Bickley/Kennedy), FG Scott (Milne/Williams) and Herbert Hughes (Tynan). Naxos CDs include the complete songs of Gerald Finzi (Ainsley/Williams), together with Vaughan Williams and William Alwyn. Forthcoming Signum releases include Korngold (Connolly/ Dazeley) and Liszt (Evans/Kennedy/Rose). More Vaughan Williams has just been released on the new Albion label. Black Box recordings feature Debussy, Schoenberg and an acclaimed disc of Copland with the late Susan Chilcott.

Acclaimed as a programmer, lain has devised a number of innovative recitals combining music and



poetry, presented with huge success in Brussels and Barcelona with the collaboration of actors such as Fiona Shaw and Simon Russell Beale. His professorial position at London's Guildhall School has been expanded to include a directorial role, staging specially conceived programmes with student singers and pianists. He has given masterclasses throughout Europe, at New York's Juilliard School and the Banff Centre. Canada.

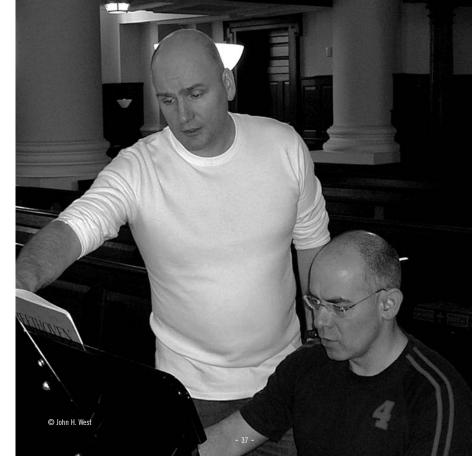
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lain's broadcasting career covers both Radio and TV and has been honoured with a Sony Radio Award. Following BBC Radio3's *Voices*, he now presents his own Sunday morning programme lain Burnside.

#### SUSAN YOUENS

Susan Youens received her doctorate in musicology from Harvard University in 1975 and is currently the J. W. Van Gorkom Professor of Music at the University of Notre Dame. She is the author of numerous scholarly articles and eight books on German song in the 19th century, including Heinrich Heine and the Lied (2007); Schubert's Late Lieder: Beyond the Song Cycles (2002); Hugo Wolf and his Mörike Songs (2000); Schubert, Müller and Die schöne Müllerin (1997); and Schubert's poets and the making of lieder (1996), all from Cambridge University Press. She is currently working on A Social History of the Lied.





Heinz Liebrecht was born in 1908.

On 9 November 1938 he was taken to the
Nazi concentration camp in Dachau,
declared a non-person and stripped of all human dignity,
as were the millions of others.

On 9 November 1998 he arrived at Buckingham Palace
to receive the MBE for Services to Music.
He continued with this work up to his death in 2005.
These recordings are dedicated to those who were killed
and to the survivors who devoted themselves
to enhancing the quality of our lives.

Recorded at St Paul's Church, Deptford, UK, 1 - 3 May 2008

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