



Gillian Keith *bei Strauss*

Gillian Keith, soprano
Simon Lepper, piano



1	Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2 A.F. von Schack	2'32"
2	Leises Lied Op. 39 No. 1 Richard Dehmel	2'59"
3	Wiegenliedchen Op. 49 No. 3 Richard Dehmel	2'23"
LIEDER OHNE OPUS		
4	Rote Rosen Karl Stieler	2'09"
5	Die erwachte Rose Fr. Sallet	3'00"
6	Malven Betty Knobel	2'57"
MÄDCHENBLUMEN OP. 22		
7	No. 1 - Kornblumen Felix Dahn	2'55"
8	No. 2 - Mohnblumen Felix Dahn	2'14"
9	No. 3 - Epheu Felix Dahn	1'13"
10	No. 4 - Wasserrose Felix Dahn	2'24"
FÜNF LIEDER OP. 48		
11	No. 1 - Freundliches Vision Otto Julius Bierbaum	1'53"
12	No. 2 - Ich schwebe Karl Henckell	2'33"
13	No. 3 - Kling! Karl Henckell	1'57"
14	No. 4 - Winterweihe Karl Henckell	2'42"
15	No. 5 - Winterliebe Karl Henckell	2'09"
16	Schlagende Herzen Op. 29 No. 2 Otto Julius Bierbaum	1'34"
17	Muttertändlerlei Op. 43 No. 2 Gottfried August Bürger	2'36"
18	Das Bächlein Op. 88 No. 1 Goethe	1'20"
19	Amor Op. 68 No. 5 Clemens Brentano	3'34"
DREI LIEDER OP. 69		
20	No. 1 - Der Stern A. von Arnim	2'52"
21	No. 2 - Der Pokal A. von Arnim	1'14"
22	No. 3 - Einerlei A. von Arnim	3'26"
DREI LIEDER DER OPHELIA OP. 67		
23	No. 1 - Wie erkenn ich mein Treulich Shakespeare	3'00"
24	No. 2 - Guten Morgen, ist's Sankt Valentins Tag Shakespeare	2'54"
25	No. 3 - Sie trugen ihm auf der Bahre, bloss Shakespeare	1'36"

Total playing time: 60'08"

FOREWORD

"I thank my Almighty Creator for the gift and inspiration of the female voice."

R. Strauss

It is in that same spirit of gratitude that generations of singers have been inspired by Strauss' devotion to the art of song. When I first encountered the wealth of vocal repertoire from a composer who so clearly understood the human voice, I was amazed at the scope of expression contained within each perfect miniature. Recording this programme of specially chosen *Lieder* has long been a dream of mine.

In this collection you will find many songs that have earned their place in the standard repertoire; however my imagination was seized by less-often heard works such as *Mädchenblumen* and *Drei Lieder der Ophelia*, which compliment his more familiar *Lieder* and are, for me, at the heart of this recital.

I have long marvelled at Strauss' consistent ability to bring out the best in a singer. Amongst his contemporaries, his particular reverence for the female voice is unique. We sopranos are blessed to have such an abundance of unparalleled music from which to draw. From the dramatic, to the lyric, to the coloratura, Strauss' songs offer something very special to each voice.



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 Produced by Alexander Van Ingen
 Engineered & mastered by Dave Hinitt
 Edited by Stephen Frost
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RICHARD STRAUSS: SELECTED LIEDER

In song-writing, as in orchestral music, Richard Strauss hit his stride early. Something of his range and confidence is displayed in this group of songs; as the selection shows, he wrote some superb examples in his teens, and by his mid-twenties was already an assured master of the *Lied*. (Success in opera would take rather longer.) His mastery continued to develop into old age.

Ständchen, to a poem by Adolf von Schack, was composed in the summer of 1887, when the composer was 23, and has become possibly the best-known of all Strauss's songs: it became so popular, and circulated in so many arrangements, that it has been said it made its composer a household name all on its own. The lightness of touch in both accompaniment and the shaping of the melody are in fact very unlike the style of most of his other early songs, but the glowing ardour of the climax is utterly characteristic of his best music at any period. *Leises Lied* is one of several songs Strauss wrote to poems by the influential contemporary poet Richard Dehmel (also set by Zemlinsky and Schoenberg). Composed in July 1898, this is a rather enigmatic, almost impressionistic setting, which has been seen as one of Strauss's nearest approaches to the style of his contemporary Debussy. *Wiegenliedchen*, another Dehmel setting from 1901, reveals the often-controversial poet as a masterly writer of children's poetry, to which Strauss responds with a delightful little essay in rocking berceuse rhythms.

The three flower songs without opus number consist of two of Strauss's earliest *Lieder*, and his very last song of all. *Die erwachte Rose*, written in January 1880, was one of a pair of settings of words by the theologian Friedrich von Sallet, and shows the 15-year-old composer was rather in thrall to Mendelssohn. *Rote Rosen*, from September 1883, sets a lyric by the Munich poet Karl Stieler. Strauss liked the poem a great deal, but felt his song had not turned out very well and decided not to publish it. It was not premiered until 1958, when Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sang it before an audience of thousands in Carnegie Hall, New York. *Malven* (The Mallows) also had a posthumous premiere. A setting of a poem by Betty Wehrli-Knobel, this charming song was completed in November 1948 – that is, after the composition of Strauss's famous *Four Last Songs*. Shortly before his death Strauss gave the manuscript to the singer Maria

Jeritz, who kept it until her own demise. The first performance did not take place until 1985.

Flowers are interpreted in a different way in Strauss's op. 22. In 1888 he was drawn to the work of the poet and historian Felix Dahn, whose reputation in Munich (he was a professor at the University) was then at its height. The four songs that constitute *Mädchenblumen* make up a short song-cycle in which the poet finds flower-equivalents for different kinds of girls. Though the poems now inevitably sound dated and sentimental, Strauss's settings – dedicated to his friend, the tenor Hans Giessen – are delightful. He produces tender lyricism for the cornflower, trills and highly-coloured modulations for the red poppy, an easy-going dose of sentiment for the ivy, and rippling figuration for the water-rose.

While op. 22 is minor (though highly enjoyable) Strauss, the five songs of op. 48, composed 12 years later in 1900, contain some of his finest inspirations. Though four of the five songs are to poems by Karl Henckell, the set opens with the celebrated *Freundliche Vision* – a setting of a poem by Otto Julius Bierbaum. *Bierbaum* was a popular satirist who tried to instil a new simplicity into verse (his poetry was the inspiration of the Überbrettel cabaret in Berlin, for which Schoenberg wrote his *Brettli-Lieder*), but he also had his more decadent side, as is clear from the outright dreamy nostalgia of this poem, and he often inspired Strauss to golden flights of melody. The two men had been friends, but this was about to change when Bierbaum criticized Strauss's choral ballad *Taillefer* in print, and as a result *Freundliche Vision* was the last Bierbaum poem that he set. This song is another well-loved gem within Strauss's extensive song-output; it is also one of the most sophisticated in technique in its evocation of Bierbaum's picture of domestic paradise. The idea of living side by side 'with one who loves me ... in beauty and peace' was part of the essence of Strauss's own personal romantic feelings.

Of the Henckell settings, *Ich schwebe* is a swift, bell-like waltz which apparently emanates from ideas Strauss had been considering for a ballet; and the bell-imitations

(this time in the voice) persist in the ebullient following song, *Kling!* The last two songs, both of which Strauss later orchestrated in 1918, are concerned with winter, and indeed form a complementary pair, the melancholy of *Winterweihe* (a poem also set by Schoenberg) giving way to the ardent declaration of love in *Winterliebe*. Both songs seem to look forward to two of his later operas, *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and *Arabella*.

An earlier Bierbaum setting is *Schlagende Herzen*, composed in June 1895 to the kind of raffish poem that made Bierbaum such a natural writer of cabaret songs. Strauss – who had just completed *Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche* – responds with gaiety to the words, and takes up the idea that the lovers' beating hearts are in fact ringing like little bells. *Muttertänderlei*, an effervescent little jewel of a song to a poem by the great ballad-poet Gottfried August Bürger, was composed on 15 August 1899 and orchestrated about six months afterwards as one of a group of three *Mutterlieder* (Mother-songs) which Strauss's wife Pauline, now mother to his son Franz, sang several times in concert.

Das Bachlein is a comparatively late song, to words supposedly by Goethe (though there is some doubt as to whether he was indeed the poet). Composed in December 1933, it has its uncomfortable aspects, for Strauss dedicated it to Dr Joseph Goebbels, apparently as a courtesy for having been appointed President of the Reichsmusikkammer the previous month. The appointment would bring him nothing but disenchantment, but the fact that the poem's last line contains the words 'mein Führer' – to which Strauss gives a three-fold repetition – has provided ammunition for commentators who wish to find Strauss guilty of support for the Nazi régime. In all other respects it is a beautiful song, with a Schubertian, folk-like main melody that Strauss treats with all the gentle sophistication at his command.

Amor is one of a set of six songs from 1918 to words by Clemens Brentano, one of the two authors of the great collection of German folk-poetry, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. The poem does not come from the anthology but furnishes Strauss with the perfect

spur to write a bravura song for a *coloratura* soprano, impersonating the shepherdess who puts herself in danger by sheltering the little blind child-god who has singed his wings. Later in 1918 Strauss turned his attention to Brentano's friend, brother-in-law and fellow-Wunderhorn author Achim von Arnim, in the first three of a set of five *Kleine Lieder*, op. 69. Arnim's poem *Der Stern* celebrates the appearance of a comet in 1811 as an encouraging omen for German liberty but at the same time longs for peace, and Strauss's setting, with its folksong-style simplicity, stresses the second interpretation. The composer told his friend Max Marschalk that this song was a case where the musical inspiration came to him immediately, while reading the poem, and he wrote it down on the spot. *Der Pokal* is a high-spirited drinking-song. *Einerlei* is something more subtle, based on a mere poetic fragment in which von Arnim celebrates 'sameness' as the fount of 'so much diversity'. Strauss set the words to a highly memorable phrase on which he then rings a host of changes and variations both melodic and harmonic.

It was around the same time that he wrote these Arnim and Brentano settings that Strauss composed three 'Songs of Ophelia' from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (in the translation of Karl Simrock). He was currently engaged in a bitter dispute with the publishers Bote und Bock (whom he had satirized outrageously in the song-cycle *Krämerspiegel*, op. 66), but was legally bound to supply them with a certain number of *Lieder*, and so gave vent to his feelings by producing some 'mad songs'. The first song, *Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb?*, vividly depicts the wandering mind of Ophelia as she searches for her dead lover, with its syncopated dissonances and hesitant, roving melody. *Guten Morgen, ist's Sankt Valentins Tag* represents Ophelia's demented babbling to the King and Queen with random alternations of major and minor and a completely fragmentary design. Finally *Sie trugen ihm auf der Bahre*, bloss penetrates to a sense of genuine tragedy with its broader melody and sense of grim finality.

| SIMON LEPPER

Simon Lepper was educated at King's College, Cambridge and the Royal Academy of Music. He is currently professor of piano accompaniment at the Royal College of Music and teaches at the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama.



He performs regularly at venues and festivals including the Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw, Mozarteum, Musée d'Orsay, Cologne Philharmonie, Verbier Festival and BBC Proms.

Simon specializes in vocal accompaniment and has given recitals with singers including Karen Cargill, Malin Christensson, Angelika Kirchschrager, Sally Matthews, Mark Padmore and Felicity Palmer.

Recording highlights include Debussy songs with Gillian Keith (*Deux Elles*); Warlock songs with Andrew Kennedy (*Landor*); contemporary works with violinist Carolin Widmann (*ECM*); and Strauss

with Gillian Keith (Champs Hill Records). He has performed in broadcasts throughout Europe and is often heard on BBC Radio 3. He is an official accompanist for the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

| GILLIAN KEITH - SOPRANO

Gillian Keith has emerged as one of Canada's leading lyric sopranos. Her superb voice and musicianship are at home both on the opera stage and on the concert platform, making her one of the most stylish and versatile artists of her generation.

A past winner of the prestigious Kathleen Ferrier Award, she made her Royal Opera, Covent Garden debut as Zerbinetta in Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* and has gone on to repeat the role with great success, most recently at the Opera de Oviedo. Other operatic appearances include Tytania in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, also at ROH, Nannetta *Falstaff* and Pretty Polly in Birtwhistle's *Punch and Judy*, both for ENO. She has sung Tiny in Britten's *Paul Bunyan* for the Bregenz Festival, Elmira in Opera North's *Croesus*, Ginevra in Handel's *Ariodante in Halle*, The Woodbird in Scottish Opera's *Siegfried* and *Poppea* in Basel and in Boston.

Her concert performances include Mozart's C Minor Mass in Boston's Symphony Hall, Mahler 8 with the RPO, Haydn's Creation with CBSO, B Minor Mass at London's Barbican Hall and Handel's Messiah with The Toronto Symphony, as well as regular appearances at The Edinburgh Festival, under such conductors as Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Daniele Gatti, Sir Richard Armstrong, Peter Schreier, Sir Richard Hickox, Gianandrea Noseda, Harry Christophers and Sir Mark Elder.

Recordings include Handel's *Gloria* with Gardiner for Philips and several Bach Cantatas as part of his *Bach Pilgrimage* on Soli Deo Gloria. She has recorded orchestral songs by Dallapiccola with Gianandrea Noseda with the BBC Philharmonic, and most recently the role of Zerbinetta for an upcoming release of *Ariadne auf Naxos* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra under Sir Richard Armstrong, both for Chandos. Her recital discs include *Debussy: Early Songs* for Deux-Elles and *Schubert Lieder* with fellow Canadian Gerald Finley on Marquis, as well as this all Strauss programme with pianist Simon Lepper.

“Ständchen,” Op. 17, No. 2 A.F. von Schack

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen.
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier, dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Leises Lied Op. 39 No. 1 Richard Dehmel

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

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

Und wie in den Brunnen schimmern
Die lieben Sterne hinein,

Serenade

*Open up, open up, but softly, my child,
so that no one is woken from slumber.
The stream scarcely ripples, in the wind scarcely
a leaf quivers in the bushes and hedges.
So softly, my girl, that nothing stirs,
just put your hand softly to the latch.*

*With steps as light as steps of elves
as they skip over the flowers,
fly lightly out into the moonlit night
and slip towards me in the garden.
Around us the blossom slumbers by the purling stream,
giving fragrance in its sleep; only love is awake.*

*Sit down, there is a mysterious twilight here
beneath the lime trees,
the nightingale overhead shall
dream of our kisses
and the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
shall colour deeply at the ecstasies of the night.*

Quiet song

*In a quiet garden
Beside a well
How I yearned to wait
The grey night through!*

*Many fair lilies
Round the well's edge bloom
Down in it the stars swim so golden
Down in it bathes the moon.*

*And just as into the well
The dear stars shimmer*

Glänzt mir im Herzen immer
Deiner lieben Augen schein.

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

Wiegenliedchen Op. 49 No. 3 Richard Dehmel

Bienchen, Bienchen,
Wiegt sich im Sonnenschein,
Spielt um mein Kindelein,
Summt dich in Schlummer ein,
Süßes Gesicht.

Spinnchen, Spinnchen,
Flimmert im Sonnenschein,
Schlummre mein Kindelein,
Spinnt dich in Träume ein,
Rühre dich nicht!

Tiefedelinchen
Schlüpft aus dem Sonnenschein
Träume mein Kindelein
Haucht dir ein Seelchen ein:
Liebe zum Licht.

LIEDER OHNE OPUS

Rote Rosen Karl Stieler

Weisst du die Rose, die Du mir gegeben?
Der scheuen Veilchen stolze, heisse Schwester;
Von Deiner Brust trug noch ihr Duft das Leben,
Und an dem Duft sog ich fest mich und fester.

Ich seh Dich vor mir, Stirn und Schläfe glühend,
Den Nacken trotzig, weich und weiss die Hände,

*So always into my heart shines
The light of your dear eyes.*

*But the stars in the sky
They stand so distant;
In your quiet garden
Would I now willingly stand.*

Little bee, little bee

*Little bee, little bee,
Swaying in the sunshine,
Playing around my little child,
Humming yonder to sleep,
Sweet face.*

*Little spider, little spider,
Shimmering in the sunshine,
Slumber, my little child,
Spin yourself to sleep
Disturb not yourself.*

*My little Prince,
Slip out of the sunshine
Dream, my little child,
Breathe into yourself a little soul:
Love of the light.*

Red Roses

*You know the rose that you gave me?
Ardent, proud sister to the shy violets;
From your bosom its fragrance was given life,
And I draw in the fragrance evermore deeply.*

*I see you before me with gleaming brow and temples,
Your neck defiant, hands soft and white,*

Im Aug noch Lenz, doch die Gestalt erblühend voll,
Wie das Feld blüht um Sonnenwende.

Um mich webt Nacht, die kühle, wolkenlose,
Doch Tag und Nacht, sie sind in eins zerronnen.
Es träumt mein Sinn von Deiner roten Rose
Und von dem Garten, drin ich sie gewonnen.

Die erwachte Rose Fr. Sallet

Die Knospe träumte von Sonnenschein,
Vom Rauschen der Blätter im grünen Hain,
Von der Quelle melodischem Wogenfall,
Von süßen Tönen der Nachtigall,
Von den Lüften, die kosen und schaukeln,
Von den Düften, die schmeicheln und gaukeln.

Und als die Knospe zur Ros' erwacht,
Da hat sie milde durch Tränen gelacht
Und hat geschaut und hat gelauscht,
Wie's leuchtet und klingt,
Wie's duftet und rauscht.

Als all ihr Träumen nun wurde wahr,
Da hat sie vor süßem Staunen gebebt
Und leis geflüstert: Ist mir's doch gar,
Als hätt ich dies alles schon einmal erlebt.

Malven Betty Knobel

Aus Rosen, Phlox, Zinienflor
Ragen im Garten Malven empor,
Duftlos und ohne des Purpurs Glut,
Wie ein verweintes blasses Gesicht

*The Spring still in your eyes,
Your figure still in full bloom,
Like the countryside in flower at midsummer.*

*Cloudless night weaves its coolness round me,
But day and night have merged into one with ease.
My mind is dreaming of your red rose
And the garden where it became my prize.*

The Rose's Awakening

*The bud was dreaming of sunshine,
Of the rustling leaves in the greenwood,
Of the stream's melodious purling,
Of the nightingale's sweet singing,
Of the breeze's carressing and lulling,
Of the scents beguiling in passing.*

*And when the bud awoke as a rose,
She laughed gently through her tears
And looked about her and listened -
Took in the light and the sounds,
The scents and the bustle.*

*As all her dreams now came to be,
She thrilled in sweet wondrous awe
And whispered quietly, "It seems to me,
As if I'd experienced all this before.*

Translation: Uri Liebrecht C 2011
www.uritext.co.uk

Mallows

*From among roses, phlox, zinnias
All in bloom in the garden, mallows tower,
Without fragrance or crimson fire,
Like a pale, tear-stained face*

Unter dem goldnen himmlischen Licht.
Und dann verwehen leise im Wind
Zärtliche Blüten, Sommers Gesind'

*Under the golden heavenly light.
And they blow away quietly in the wind
Tender blossoms, summer's attendants.*

MÄDCHENBLUMEN OP. 22

No. 1 - Kornblumen Felix Dahn

Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,
die milden mit den blauen Augen,
die, anspruchslos in stillem Walten,
den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen
aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,
mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,
bewußtlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,
die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.
Dir wir so wohl in ihrer Nähe,
als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,
durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,
voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.

No. 2 – Mohnblumen Felix Dahn

Mohnblumen sind die runden,
rotblutigen gesunden,
die sommersproßgebraunten,
die immer froh gelaunten,
kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,
tanznimmermüden Seelen;
die unter'm Lachen weinen
und nur geboren scheinen,
die Kornblumen zu necken,
und dennoch oft verstecken
die weichsten, besten Herzen,
im Schlingengewächs von Scherzen;

Cornflowers

*Cornflowers I call these figures
that gently, with blue eyes,
preside quietly and modestly,
placidly drinking the dew of peace
from their own pure souls,
communicating with everything that is near,
unconscious of the precious sensitivity
that they have received from the hand of God.
We felt so close to you,
as if you were going through a field of crops
through which the breath of evening blew,
full of pious quietude and full of mildness.*

Poppies

*They are poppies, those round,
red-blooming, healthy ones
that bloom and bake in the summer
and are always in a cheery mood,
good and happy as a king,
their souls never tired of dancing;
they weep beneath their smiles
and seem born only
to tease the cornflowers;
yet nevertheless,
the softest, best hearts often hide
among the climbing ivy of jests;*

die man, weiß Gott, mit Küssen
ersticken würde müssen,
wär' man nicht immer bange,
umarmest du die Range,
sie springt ein voller Brander
aufflammend auseinander.

*God knows one would wish to
suffocate them with kisses
were one not so afraid
that, embracing the hoyden,
she would spring up into a full blaze
and go up in flames.*

No. 3 – Epheu Felix Dahn

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene Mädchen
mit den sanften Worten,
mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen
um den leis' gewölbten Brau'n,
mit den braunen seelenvollen Rehenaugen,
die in Tränen steh'n so oft,
in ihren Tränen gerade sind unwiderstehlich;
ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,
schmucklos mit verborg'ner Blüte,
doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer
treuer inniger Empfindung
können sie mit eigner Triebkraft
nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,
sind geboren, sich zu ranken
liebend um ein ander Leben:
an der ersten Lieb'umrankung
hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,
denn sie zählen zu den seltenen Blumen,
die nur einmal blühen.

Ivy

*But ivy is what I call that maiden
with soft words,
with the simple, bright hair,
gently waving brown about her,
with brown, soulful doe's eyes,
who so often stands in tears,
in her tears simply irresistible;
without strength and self-consciousness,
unadorned with secret blossoms,
yet with an inexhaustible, deep
true inner sentience
that under her own power she can
never yank herself up by the roots;
such are born to twine
lovingly about another life:
upon her first love
she rests her entire life's fate,
for she is counted among those rare flowers,
those that only blossom once.*

No. 4 - Wasserrose Felix Dahn

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,
sagengefeierte Wasserrose?
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlankem Schaft
das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das farbenlose,

Waterlily

*Do you know the flower, the fantastic
waterlily, celebrated in myth?
On a slim, ethereal stem bobs
its translucent, colorless head;*

sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,
gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam,
sie erschließt sich nur dem Mondenscheine,
mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam:
so blüht sie, die zaub'rische Schwester der Sterne,
umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen
Phaläne,
die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne,
und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne.
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die schlanke,
nachtlock'ge Maid, alabastern von Wangen,
in dem Auge der ahnende tiefe Gedanke,
als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen.
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie silbernes
Wogenrauschen,
wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende Stille der
Mondnacht;
sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,
deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt
macht;
du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr zu schau'n,
das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat,
und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von seligem
Grau'n,
was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat.

*it blooms by reedy pools in groves,
protected by the swan, who circles it in solitary vigil;
it opens only in the moonlight
with which it shares its silver glimmer:
thus does it bloom, the magical sister of the star,
idolized for its dreamy, dark tendrils
which by the edge of the pool can be seen from afar,
never reaching what it years for.
Waterlily, so do I call the slim
maiden with night-dark locks and alabaster cheeks,
with deep foreboding thoughts showing in her eyes
as if they were ghosts imprisoned on Earth.
When she speaks, it is like the silvery rushing of water;
when she is silent, it is the pregnant silence of the
moonlit night.
She seems to have exchanged radiant expressions with
the stars,
whose language, of the same nature, she has grown
accustomed to.
You can never grow weary of gazing in those eyes
fringed with silky, long lashes,
and you believe, as if blessedly, terrifyingly bewitched,
whatever the Romantics have dreamed about Elves.*

FÜNF LIEDER OP. 48

No. 1 - Freundliches Vision

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Nicht im Schläfe hab' ich das geträumt, Hell am
Tage sah ich's schön vor mir:
Eine Wiese voller Margeritten;
Tief ein weißes Haus in grünen Büschen;
Götterbilder leuchten aus dem Laube.
Und ich geh' mit Einer, die mich lieb hat,

A pleasant vision

*I did not dream this while asleep;
I saw it fair before me in the light of day:
A meadow full of daisies,
a white house deep in green bushes,
images of gods gleaming from the leaves.
And I walk with one who loves me,*

Ruhigen Gemütes in die Kühle
Dieses weißen Hauses, in den Frieden,
Der voll Schönheit wartet, daß wir kommen.

No. 2 - Ich schwebe Karl Henckell

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,
die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
in meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
in wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

Mein schimmernd Aug' indess mich füllen
die süssesten der Melodien
sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüber ziehn.

No. 3 - Kling! Karl Henckell

Meine Seele gibt reinen Ton.
Und ich wähnte die Arme
Von dem wütenden Harme
Wilder Zeiten zerrissen schon.

Sing!... Meine Seele, den Beichtgesang
Wiedergewonnener Fülle!
Hebe vom Herzen die Hülle!
Heil dir, geläuterter Innenklang!

Kling! Kling! [Kling dein Leben]1,
Quellendes, frisches Gebild!
Blühendes hat sich begeben
Auf dem verdorrten Gefild.

*in a peaceful mood in the coolness
of this white house, in which peace
awaits our arrival, full of beauty.*

I float

*I float as if on an angel's wings,
my foot hardly touching the ground,
I hear a lament resounding
As if it were my love's farewell.*

*It resounds, so lovely, gentle and soft,
It speaks to me, so shy, so frail and pure,
The echo of the melody softly lulling
Me into a blissful dream.*

*My gleaming eye, while basking
In the sweetest of melodies
Watches my smiling love go by
Without any fabric's fold, any wraps.*

Ring!

*My soul gives forth a pure sound.
And I imagined the poor thing
Already torn apart
By the furious outrages of frantic times.*

*Sing! my soul the confessional song
Of exuberance reclaimed;
Lift the pall from your heart.
Hail to thee, chiming note within.*

*Ring! Ring! Ring out your life,
Fresh, upwelling image.
Blossoming has taken place
Upon the withered field.*

No. 4 – Winterweihe Karl Henckell

In diesen Wintertagen,
Nun sich das Licht verhüllt,
Laß uns im Herzen tragen,
Einander traulich sagen,
Was uns mit innerm Licht erfüllt.

Was milde Glut entzündet,
Soll brennen fort und fort,
Was Seelen zart verbündet,
Und Geisterbrücken gründet,
Sei unser leises Lösungswort.

Das Rad der Zeit mag rollen,
Wir greifen kaum hinein,
Dem Schein der Welt verschollen,
Auf unserm Eiland wollen
Wir Tag und Nacht der sel'gen Liebe weih'n.

No. 5 - Winterliebe Karl Henckell

Der Sonne entgegen in Liebesgluten wandr' ich...
O Wonne, vermäße dein Maß!
Mit Reif bepudert prangen die Wälder,
Die Berge grüßen das blendende Licht.
Vor Eiseskälte knirschen die Schritte,
Der Hauch des Mundes ballt sich zu Dampf.
Ich trage Feuer in meinem Herzen,
Mich brennt die Liebe, das schlimme Kind.
Sie schürt die Flammen mit hastigen Händen,
Die Kohlen knistern, der Wohlgeruch quillt,
Der Sonne entgegen im Liebesgluten wandr' ich...
O Wonne, wer mäße dein Maß!

In these winter days

*In these winter days,
now the light disguises itself,
let us bear in our hearts
and say confidentially to one another
what fills ourselves with inner light.*

*That which inflames mild ardor,
should burn on and on;
that which tenderly binds souls
and builds ghostly bridges
should be our soft password.*

*The wheel of time may roll,
but we hardly grasp it,
forgotten in the glow of the world.
On our island we would
dedicate day and night to blissful Love.*

Winter Love

*Towards the sun in passionate love I walk,
O rapture, who could measure it!
Sprinkled with hoar frost,
The woods gleam with splendour,
The mountains greet the dazzling light.*

*Footsteps crunch in the icy cold,
The mouth's breath forms a ball of vapour.
I bear fire in my heart,
Love burns me, the wicked child
She fans the flame with hurried hands,
Coals crackle, Fragrance rises..
Towards the sun in passionate love I walk...
O rapture, who could measure it!*

Schlagende Herzen Op. 29 No. 2

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz;
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein Ring.
Kling-klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
"Oh Wiesen, oh Felder,
Wie seid ihr schön!
Oh Berge, oh Täler,
wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
Du gold'ne Sonne in Himmelshöhn!"
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem Schritt,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz;
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit –
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.
"Über Wiesen und Felder
Weht Frühlingswind,
Über Berge und Wälder
Weht Frühlingswind.
Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,
Der treibt zu dir mich leise, lind!"
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mädcl stand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die Hand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.
"Über Wiesen und Felder
Über Berge und Wälder,
Zu mir, zu mir, schnell kommt er her!
Oh, wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon wär!"
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.

Beating hearts

*Over meadows and fields went a boy,
Pit-a-pat beat his heart;
On his finger shines a ring of gold,
Pit-a-pat beat his heart!
O meadows, o fields,
how fair you are!
O hills, o valleys,
how fair!
How good, how lovely you are,
You golden sun in heaven's heights!
Pit-a-pat beat his heart.*

*Swiftly hurried the lad with joyous step,
Pit-a-pat beat his heart;
Taking with him many a smiling flower –
Pit-a-pat beat his heart.
Over meadows and fields
the spring wind blows,
Over hills and woods
the spring wind blows,*

*Deep within my heart the spring wind blows,
Driving me softly, gently to you,
Pit-a-pat beat his heart.*

*Between meadows and fields stood a girl,
Pit-a-pat beat her heart.
Shading her eyes with her hand to gaze,
Pit-a-pat beat her heart.
Over meadows and fields,
over hills and woods,*

*To me, he is hastening here to me.
O, if he were only with me, were already here!
Pit-a-pat beat her heart.*

Muttertändelei Op. 43 No. 2

Gottfried August Bürger

Seht mir doch mein schönes Kind,
Mit den gold'nen Zottellöckchen,
Blauen Augen, roten Bäckchen!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins?
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein süßes Kind,
Fetter als ein fettes Schneckchen,
Süßer als ein Zuckerweckchen!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins?
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein holdes Kind,
Nicht zu mürrisch, nicht zu wählig!
Immer freundlich, immer fröhlich!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins?
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein frommes Kind!
Keine bitterböse Sieben
Würd' ihr Mütterchen so lieben.
Leutchen, möchtet ihr so eins?
O, ihr kriegt gewiß nicht meins!

Komm' einmal ein Kaufmann her!
Hunderttausend blanke Taler,
Alles Gold der Erde zahl' er!
O, er kriegt gewiß nicht meins! –
Kauf' er sich woanders eins!

Das Bächlein Op. 88 No. 1 Goethe

Du Bächlein silberhell und klar,
Du eilst vorüber immerdar.

Mother-chatter

*But just look at my fair child,
with such golden curly locks,
blue eyes, red cheeks!
My friends, have you such a one?
My friends, no, you have not!*

*But just look at my sweet child,
fatter than a fat snail,
sweeter than a sugar roll!
My friends, have you such a one?
My friends, no, you have not!*

*But just look at my lovely child,
not too grumpy, not too particular!
Always friendly, always merry!
My friends, have you such a one?
My friends, no, you have not!*

*But just look at my pious child!
No bitter shrew
could be so loved by its mother.
My friends, would you like to have such a one?
O, you certainly won't get mine!*

*Just let a buyer come here once!
A hundred thousand shiny thalers –
all the gold in the world he would pay!
But he certainly won't get mine!
Let him buy somewhere else.*

The little brook

*You little brook, clear and silver-bright,
You always hurry past,*

Am Ufer steh' ich, sinn' und sinn':
Wo kommst du her, wo gehst du hin!

Ich komm' aus dunkler Felsen Schoß,
Mein Lauf geht über Blum' und Moos.
Auf meinem Spiegel schwebt so mild
Des blauen Himmels freundlich Bild.

Drum hab' ich frohen Kindersinn,
Es treibt mich fort, weiß nicht wohin,
Der mich gerufen aus dem Stein,
Der, denk ich, wird mein Führer sein.

*I stand on the bank, ponder and ponder:
Where do you come from, wither go?*

*I come from a womb of dark rocks,
My course passes over flowers and moss.
My surface gently reflects
The friendly likeness of heaven's blue.*

*This gives me my gay, childlike mood;
It drives me onward, whither I know not.
He who summoned me from the stone
Will, I think, be my guide.*

Amor Op. 68 No. 5 Clemens Brentano

An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor
Und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind.

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor
Läuft geschwind!
"O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!"
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hülfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor, Amor
Bös und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!

Cupid

*By the fire sat the child
Cupid, Cupid
and was blind;
with his little wings he fans
into the flames and smiles;
Fan, smile, wily child!*

*Ah, the child's wing is burning!
Cupid, Cupid
runs quickly.
O how the burning hurts him deeply!
Beating his wings, he weeps loudly;
To the shepherdess's lap runs,
crying for help, the wily child.*

*And the shepherdess helps the child,
Cupid, Cupid,
naughty and blind.
Shepherdess, look, your heart is burning;
You did not recognize the rascal.
See, the flame is growing quickly.
Save yourself, from the wily child!*

DREI LIEDER OP. 69

No. 1 - Der Stern 21 A. von Arnim

Ich sehe ihn wieder den lieblichen Stern;
er winket hernieder, er nahte mir gern;
er wärmet und funkelt, je näher er kömmt,
die andern verdunkelt, die Herzen beklemmt.

Die Haare im Fliegen er eilet mir zu,
das Volk träumt von Siegen, ich träume von Ruh.
Die andern sich deuten die Zukunft daraus,
vergangene Zeiten mir leuchten ins Haus.

The star

*I see it again, the lovely star;
It waves down here, it approached me warmly;
It sends out its heat and twinkles, the nearer it comes,
The others become dim, people's hearts are oppressed.*

*It hastens to me with hair in flight,
The people dream of victories, I dream of peace.
The others predict the future from it,
Times from long ago are illuminated for me in my house.*

No. 2 - Der Pokal A. von Arnim

Freunde, weihet den Pokal jener fremden Menschenwelt,
Die an gleichem Sonnenstrahl sich erhellt,
Gesellt,
Gefällt;

Glück den lieben Unbekannten,
Lichtgesandten,
Herzverwandten,
Deren Augen übergeh'n,
Wenn sie in die Sonne sehn.

The goblet

*Friends, consecrate the goblet to that foreign world of
mankind, Which, by the same ray of sunshine as we are,
is illuminated,
Joined,
Pleased;*

*Drink to the happiness of beloved strangers,
Ambassadors of light,
Relatives of the heart,
Whose eyes also overflow with tears
When they look into the sun.*

No. 3 - Einerlei A. von Arnim

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuß mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;

O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Singular one

*Her mouth remains the same,
Its kiss is ever new,
Her eyes yet unchanged,
Their boundless gaze true to me.*

*Oh you dear singular one,
What wondrous variety comes from you!*

DREI LIEDER DER OPHELIA OP. 67

No. 1 – Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb

Shakespeare

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
Vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein!
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. Oho.

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen trauern.
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß,
O weh! vor Liebesschauern.

No. 2 – Guten Morgen, ist's Sankt Valentins Tag

Shakespeare

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
So früh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
Will Euer Valentin sein.
Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
Tät auf die Kammertür,
Ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,
Fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mir mir,
Verspricht Ihr mich zu frein.
Ich bräch's auch nicht beim Sonnenlicht,
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

How should I know your true love

*How should I know your true love
from another one?
By his cockle hat, and staff
And his sandal shoon.*

*He is dead and long gone,
Dead and gone, lady!
At his head a grass-green turf
At his heels a stone. o-ho!*

*On his bier, white as snow,
Lay many lovely flowers.
He went not to his grave,
Oh dear! with true-love showers.*

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

No. 3 – Sie trugen ihm auf der Bahre, bloss

Shakespeare

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss
Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoss –
Fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's,
Der mir gefällt - Und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Totbett geh,
Er kommt dir nimmermehr.

Sein Bart war weiss wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh
Und mit allen Christenseelen!
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

They bore him barefaced on the bier

*They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:—
Fare you well, my dove!*

*You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it!
It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.*

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!*