



2CD

## JOHANNES BRAHMS: RODERICK WILLIAMS

ROMANZEN AUS  
DIE SCHÖNE MAGELONE

The Romance of  
Magelone the Fair

VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE  
Four Serious Songs

RODERICK WILLIAMS *baritone*  
ROGER VIGNOLES *piano*

with Ludwig Tieck's *Liebesgeschichte der schönen Magelone und des Grafen Peter von Provence*  
*The Romance of Magelone the Fair and Peter Count of Provence*

TRACK LISTING

**15 ROMANZEN AUS DIE SCHÖNE MAGELONE** Op.33 | JOHANNES BRAHMS

Interspersed with readings adapted from Ludwig Tieck's *Liebesgeschichte der schönen Magelone und des Grafen Peter von Provence* (The Romance of Magelone the Fair and Peter Count of Provence)

Narrated by **Roderick Williams**, in a translation by **Roger Vignoles**

1	This is the story of...	01'26
2	<i>i Keinen hat es noch gereut</i>	03'42
3	Peter listened quietly...	01'50
4	<i>ii Traun! Bogen und Pfeil sind gut für den Feind</i>	01'43
5	After travelling for many days...	01'29
6	<i>iii Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden</i>	05'35
7	Peter vowed...	01'47
8	<i>iv Liebe kam aus fernen Landen</i>	04'46
9	Magelone was deeply moved...	01'01
10	<i>v So willst du des Armen dich gnädig erbarmen?</i>	01'39
11	The following morning...	01'13
12	<i>vi Wie soll ich die Freude, die Wonne denn tragen?</i>	06'33
13	At last it was the hour...	01'38
14	<i>vii War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten</i>	03'21
15	Now it so happened...	01'39
16	<i>viii Wir müssen uns trennen, geliebtes Saitenspiel</i>	04'27
17	As soon as night fell...	01'02
18	<i>ix Ruhe, Süßliebchen</i>	05'39
19	Gazing up into the treetops...	02'03
20	<i>x Verzweiflung, "So tonet denn"</i>	02'37
21	Meanwhile back in the forest...	01'56
22	<i>xi Wie schnell verschwindet so Licht als Glanz</i>	03'44
23	Far out at sea...	00'47
24	<i>xii Muss es eine Trennung geben</i>	03'13
25	Now the sultan had a daughter...	01'56
26	<i>xiii Sulima, "Geliebter, wo zaudert"</i>	02'08
27	As Peter heard this song...	00'47
28	<i>xiv Wie froh und Frisch</i>	02'35
29	When day dawned...	03'31
30	<i>xv Treue Liebe dauert lange</i>	04'50

**CD 1 total playing time: 80'37**

CD 2

**VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE** Op.121 | JOHANNES BRAHMS

1	<i>i Denn es gehet dem Menschen</i>	04'15
2	<i>ii Ich wandte mich, und sahe an Alle</i>	03'51
3	<i>iii O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter bist du</i>	03'25
4	<i>iv Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit Engelnungen redete</i>	04'54

**15 ROMANZEN AUS DIE SCHÖNE MAGELONE** Op.33 | JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)

5	<i>i Keinen hat es noch gereut</i>	03'42
6	<i>ii Traun! Bogen und Pfeil sind gut für den Feind</i>	01'43
7	<i>iii Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden</i>	05'35
8	<i>iv Liebe kam aus fernen Landen</i>	04'46
9	<i>v So willst du des Armen dich gnädig erbarmen?</i>	01'39
10	<i>vi Wie soll ich die Freude, die Wonne denn tragen?</i>	06'33
11	<i>vii War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten</i>	03'21
12	<i>viii Wir müssen uns trennen, geliebtes Saitenspiel</i>	04'27
13	<i>ix Ruhe, Süßliebchen</i>	05'39
14	<i>x Verzweiflung, "So tonet denn"</i>	02'37
15	<i>xi Wie schnell verschwindet so Licht als Glanz</i>	03'44
16	<i>xii Muss es eine Trennung geben</i>	03'13
17	<i>xiii Sulima, "Geliebter, wo zaudert"</i>	02'08
18	<i>xiv Wie froh und Frisch</i>	02'35
19	<i>xv Treue Liebe dauert lange</i>	04'50

**CD 2 total playing time: 72'57**

Produced by Nigel Short  
 Engineered and edited by Dave Rowell  
 Recorded from the 10th to 13th November 2014 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK  
 Photographs of Roderick Williams and Roger Vignoles by Benjamin Ealovega  
 Executive Producer for Champs Hill Records: Alexander Van Ingen  
 Label Manager for Champs Hill Records: Matt Buchanan



## I FOREWORD

Either I am a sucker for late-Romantic song or perhaps for histrionic fairytales of derring-do and blushing maidens, but I for one was enthralled by Brahms's 'Die schöne Magelone' on first hearing. It was presented in such a way as to grip the audience from the outset: a narrator set the scene and linked the songs, all of this in an exciting, modern English précis, while the songs themselves were performed in German by a range of young singers and pianists, each one encapsulating the heightened emotion of each piece. I left the recital with the sort of heart-pounding best described by the likes of Berlioz.

When the opportunity came for me to learn these songs, I relished the chance, finding along the way that Brahms's glorious, sweeping vocal lines really suited my voice. I revelled in the ardour of emotion in Tieck's lyrics, channelling my inner Romantic adolescent. Pianist Roger Vignoles enlisted the wonderful Julia Somerville to narrate between the songs using Roger's own reduction of Tieck's story and the three of us, like troubadours of old, presented this epic fairytale in concerts around the country.

It is easy for us sophisticates in the twenty-first century to treat such material with a certain hauteur, or even ridicule. But what I noticed in concert, especially as Julia's narration unfolded, giving me a chance slyly to observe the audience, is that people were very quickly spellbound by the tale. All of us, I observed, love to be told a story.

I am hugely grateful to Champs Hill for allowing me the privilege of recording these songs and the Vier Ernste Gesänge. When the sessions were all but finished, I begged for the indulgence of those present and asked to record Roger's English narration, pretty much on a whim. I hoped it might help persuade some audiences, perhaps unfamiliar with these songs and especially out of their context, that this really is a most terrific and enchanting work. I hoped it might connect with the wide-eyed child in us all, anyone who cannot resist "Once upon a time..."

*Rodley Williams*

## JOHANNES BRAHMS

**15 Romanzen aus Die Schöne Magelone** Op.33**Vier Ernste Gesänge** Op.121

On 7 May 1833, Johannes Brahms was born in a cramped two-room apartment in a squalid block in Hamburg's Gängeviertel – that is Lane Quarter, known by the locals as “Adulterer's Walk”. He was the first son of a modestly successful bandsman who had married a seamstress 17 years his senior. Like many children of such poor background, Brahms dreamed of escaping his circumstances, and often retreated into books. His reading horizons grew when, in the summer of 1847, he took up the invitation of a wealthy paper-mill owner, Adolf Giesemann, to spend some weeks at his country house at Winsen an der Lühe. There Brahms taught piano to Giesemann's 13-year-old daughter, and together they befriended a Jewish boy who obtained books from his mother's lending library for them to read. One of these books was the romance *The Beautiful Magelone and Count Peter of the Silver Keys*, a story which would become the basis of Brahms's only full song cycle.

The story, based upon a 12th-century Provençal tale, exists in several versions. The one Brahms finally set in the 1860s was Ludwig Tieck's novella *Wundersame Liebesgeschichte der schönen Magelone und des Grafen Peter von Provence* (*The Wondrous Love story of the Beautiful Magelone and Count Peter of Provence*), which he possibly discovered in the library of his mentor, Robert Schumann. Tieck's novella tells of a handsome noble warrior, Count Peter of Provence, who travels to Naples and falls in love with the princess Magelone. She too loves him, and on being betrothed to another nobleman offers to elope with Peter. However, they are accidentally parted and Peter, lost at sea, is captured by Moorish pirates. They take him to their sultan and Peter is made to serve in the palace. The sultan's daughter, Sulima, falls in love with the handsome Christian, and he agrees to elope with her. However, Peter recalls Magelone in a dream, and abandons Sulima as he sails away

from her land. After several adventures, including being stranded on an island, Peter is eventually reunited with his beloved.

Writing to his beloved Clara, Robert Schumann's pianist wife, Brahms was apt to draw parallels between their situation and literature: indeed, after Schumann had voluntarily submitted himself to a lunatic asylum, Brahms was bold enough to allude to an erotic tale from the *Arabian Nights* to express his feelings for her. And when attempting to comfort Clara on the occasion of her and Robert's son, Ludwig, also being committed to an asylum, Brahms referred to Ibsen's stage play *Ghosts*. Not surprisingly, several biographers have since suggested that the young composer saw in Tieck's novella several parallels with his own life: not only was there his affair (even if platonic) with Clara Schumann, but even more compellingly there was his subsequent engagement to the lesser-known Agathe von Siebold.

A daughter of a Göttingen University professor, Agathe was intelligent and musical, with an attractive singing voice (“like an Amati violin”, according to Brahms's violinist friend Joseph Joachim). In the summer of 1858 Brahms spent much time with her, accompanying Agathe on the piano as she sang several of his songs. Clara, who had often encouraged her young admirer to find “a nice young wife”, was so shaken by the sight of Johannes and Agathe together that she promptly left Göttingen. Brahms, no doubt, was at least equally shaken by Clara's reaction, and though he went so far as to secretly exchange engagement rings with Agathe, he faltered fatally when her family begged him to end small-town gossip by making their engagement public. According to Agathe, Brahms sent her a letter saying, “I love you! I must see you again! But I cannot wear fetters. Write to me, whether I am to come back...”. Agathe released him from their engagement, but, understandably, refused to see him again.

It was, by any measure, a badly botched affair. Yet Brahms remained haunted by memories of Agathe, and could hardly have failed to see a parallel between their

relationship and Peter's tryst with Sulima. Brahms eventually started composing settings of the songs featured in Tieck's *Wundersame Liebesgeschichte* in the summer of 1861 (around the same time that he began work on what was to become his First Symphony). It is perhaps significant that not long afterwards he composed another vocal work which reflects another and not altogether unrelated childhood obsession: four choruses to poems by Carl Lemcke which offer romanticized views of barrack life, camaraderie and of the do-or-die-glory of a soldier's life. Brahms was a keen collector of tin soldiers even into his young adult life, an enthusiasm he attempted to share with Clara in his early letters to her. The *Magelone* songs, of course, more closely echo Brahms's personal experiences, and in that sense have – perhaps – a greater depth of feeling. But nonetheless, one should not totally forget how much they also reflect Brahms's idealized – indeed child-like – inner world which enchanted him, yet from which he always shied away when there was any danger of his “desires” being fulfilled.

Brahms's cycle underwent a prolonged gestation. He submitted the first six songs to his publisher, Breitkopf & Härtel, in 1864, but they were rejected for having too difficult a piano part. Brahms subsequently found another publisher, Rieter-Biedermann, though no doubt that initial rebuff inhibited his creativity; he did not complete the remaining nine songs (leaving out two of Tieck's original 17 poems) until 1869. Those 15 songs represent the nearest Brahms ever came to writing a song cycle, though unlike Schubert's two great cycles, *Die schöne Müllerin* (which Brahms performed a great deal with the baritone, Julius Stockhausen) and *Winterreise*, Brahms's *Romanzen aus Magelone* does not in itself offer a coherent narrative. Yet he rejected his publisher's suggestion that an explanatory narrative should be printed to accompany his song cycle. Closely associated though his music is to Tieck's words, Brahms perhaps did not want their sentiments limited or linked exclusively to the medieval tale that had originally inspired them. He himself

preferred to hear just two or three of the songs performed at a time, and certainly if the listener is unfamiliar with the story from which they are taken this is perhaps the most digestible way to appreciate them. However, knowing the story, or simply hearing the songs within the context of the tale they were originally intended to adorn gives them a specific resonance and charm.

Listeners to Roderick Williams's performance recorded here have the option of hearing Brahms's cycle either way. Heard complete, one may appreciate all the more not only Brahms's still generally underestimated skill in word setting (most obviously in the songs concerning Peter's falling in love and courtship of Magelone), but the positively operatic quality of such settings as *Sind es Schmerzen* (No.3): here one hears in the piano part the enchantment of a Neapolitan night in which a young man's “inward music resounded above the whispering of the trees and the plashing of the fountains”; then the music changes to minor (a very Schubertian trick) as enchantment turns to despair, Peter doubting his good fortune, before he bestirs himself (horn calls in the piano part), making a vow that he will at least try for Magelone's love. If the quality of the music after the first six songs does not quite maintain this dramatic level, there are still several gems to be found in those subsequent settings, such as the lullaby Peter sings to his beloved Magelone as they stop in a forest (No.9, *Ruhe, Süßliebchen*). Here in this cycle, Brahms surely revealed himself as a true, tender-hearted romantic.

We enter a quite different emotional world with his *Four Serious Songs*. On 26 March 1896 Clara Schumann had suffered a stroke, and Brahms composed these four settings of Biblical texts in the expectation that she was soon to die. He completed these songs, which he titled *Vier ernste Gesänge*, in time for his 63rd birthday; Clara died 13 days later on 20 May. The first three songs, setting texts from the Old Testament book of Ecclesiastes, are meditations on death, on the injustice of life and the fragility of fortune – such was Brahms's pessimistic view of human existence.

(Brahms, in a typical demonstration of his gruff humour, insisted in referring to these songs as “gottlose Schnaderhüpfeln” – “godless harvesters’ revels”.) Yet he counter-balances these lugubrious ruminations with a final song, setting the well-known text from I Corinthians which exalts love even above faith and hope. Typical of Brahms, one might say, especially since the music of that final song derived from several sketches which apparently were originally intended to set at least two different love songs, one by Rückert and the other by Heyse. Brahms clearly had in mind a love far more encompassing than the King James Bible’s translation of the Greek *agape*, “charity”. And certainly, the Lutheran German translations he sets are far more direct in tone – more in tune with his own style – than the stately cadences of the King James Bible familiar to English listeners.

© Daniel Jaffé

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### CD 1

#### THE ROMANCE OF MAGELONE THE FAIR AND PETER COUNT OF PROVENCE

*Translated and adapted by Roger Vignoles  
Read by Roderick Williams*

- 1 This is the story of Count Peter of Provence and the beautiful Magelone.

Once upon a time there ruled in Provence a Count, who had an exceedingly handsome and splendid son. This son, whose name was Peter, grew up to be his parents’ pride and joy. He was tall and strong with shining blond hair that fell to his neck, framing his delicate face; but he was also practised in the use of weapons; no one in his country or elsewhere could wield a lance or the sword as well as he, and he was admired by young and old, high and low, noble and commoner alike.

One day his father gave a tournament to which many knights were invited. It was wonderful to behold the ease with which the tender youth unseated the most experienced warriors. He was hailed by one and all and honoured as the best and strongest in the land.

Among those gathered at the tournament was a singer who had visited many foreign lands. That evening he waited on Peter,

saying: “Knight, let me give you some advice. If you would seek honour and fame, you should travel beyond your homeland and see something of the world and its people”.

So saying, the stranger took his harp, and this is what he sang:

- 2 **KEINEN HAT ES NOCH GEREUT**
- 3 Peter listened quietly to the stranger’s song. When it was finished he remained withdrawn for a while, but at last he spoke: “Your song has revealed to me what it is I long for: I must see the world beyond these forests, these meadows.” Then he went straight to his mother’s apartments, where he also encountered his father the Count. Falling humbly on one knee, he beseeched his parents to allow him to travel in search of adventure. The old Count was alarmed, and even more so his mother.

But Peter insisted: “Beloved parents, I beg you, do not deny me this wish. It is my only desire to travel the wide world!” Then he took up his lute, which he played very beautifully, and sang the song he had just learned from the visiting harpist. When it came to an end, his eyes were shining with tears. Then his parents, and especially his

mother, were much moved. They arose and gave him their blessing.

Soon commands went out to make every preparation for his journey, but meanwhile his mother took him to one side. Opening a casket she took out three rings, and said: "My son, I have treasured these three precious rings since I was a girl. Take them and honour them, and if you find a maiden whom you love and who loves you in return, you may give them to her."

Peter kissed his mother's hand gratefully, and when morning dawned he departed. He was in good spirits and eagerly spurred on his fine steed, which responded with a cheerful gallop. As he rode, an old song came into his head and he sang it at the top of his voice:

#### 4 **TRAUN! BOGEN UND PFEIL**

5 After travelling for many days, Peter arrived in Naples. On his way he had heard much about the King of that lordly city, and about his daughter the Princess Magelone, who was said to be exceedingly beautiful, so that Peter was most eager to meet her face to face. Putting up at an inn, he learnt from the landlord that a splendid tournament was to take place the

following day in honour of a famous knight, Sir Henry of Carpone. It was open to strangers, so the next morning he donned his armour and betook himself to the lists.

To the amazement of all, Peter soon emptied all other saddles, until he had no further opponents. Naturally he drew the attention of the beautiful Magelone, who secretly longed to see the unknown knight again. To her delight a second tournament was announced, and when Peter once more entered the lists she blushed and gazed steadfastly at him. Again he emerged victorious, and this time the King invited him to his table. Seated opposite the Princess, Peter marvelled at her beauty, for he saw her close to for the first time. When the time came to take his leave, she took his hand and invited him to return often.

In a daze, he wandered through the streets, the name of Magelone ringing a thousand times in his thoughts...

#### 6 **SIND ES SCHMERZEN, SIND ES FREUDEN**

7 Peter vowed he would win Magelone's love or perish. It was late at night when he finally came home, to be overcome by a

sweet slumber in which dreams of love and elopement, solitary woods and stormy seas danced on the walls of his chamber like a colourful tapestry.

Meanwhile, Magelone herself was just as disturbed as her knight. She confided her love to her faithful nurse Gertraud, who was deeply troubled. "Dear child, why did you choose to cast your affection upon an unknown man, of whom no one knows where he comes from? Imagine the King your father, when he learns of your love!"

"Then you must seek him out, nurse, find the unknown knight and enquire of him his name and rank, so that I may know whether I must live or die!"

So the next morning the nurse went to church and prayed, and there she saw the unknown knight who was also kneeling and praying devoutly. When he saw her he came over and greeted her politely, for he recognised her from the palace. When he heard the Princess's message Peter was overjoyed, and his heart beat fiercely, for he understood that Magelone loved him. "I beg leave to conceal my name a little longer, but you may assure the Princess of my high nobility. In the meantime, give her this keepsake from me" - and he gave the

nurse one of the three precious rings, together with a parchment on which he had written of his love for her. As soon as Magelone saw the ring she knew that the knight must come from a noble house. As for the song he had written, she read it and re-read it:

#### 8 **LIEBE KAM AUS FERNEN LANDEN**

9 Magelone was deeply moved by Peter's song. It echoed her own feelings exactly. But her nurse was much aggrieved. "My child, he is still a stranger." "A stranger?", cried Magelone, "Oh dear Gertraud, what care I for the whole wide world, if he should remain a stranger to me?" Then she took to her bed, overcome by emotion.

So the nurse again sought Peter out and once more found him in church. She told him how pleased the Princess was with the ring and the song, and how she had dreamt of him in the night. Peter blushed with joy and said: "Give her this second ring and ask her to wear it as a remembrance of me." The nurse hastened back to Magelone, who when she saw the ring jumped out of bed, crying: "I dreamt of this very ring! This means the rest of my dream must also come true."

Then she read the sheet of parchment that had concealed the ring:

#### 10 SO WILLST DU DES ARMEN

11 The following morning Peter went to church a third time, hoping for another message from his heart's desire. And once again the nurse came to him, and this time she said: "Sir Knight, if you assure me that you will love my Lady with due modesty and virtue, I shall tell you where you may meet her". Peter dropped to his knees and raised his hand: "I swear", he said, "that my purest thoughts shall always be with Magelone; I love her with all modesty and virtue, Amen!"

The nurse was satisfied and told him to come to a secret door in the garden wall next afternoon. "You may speak with her in my room; I shall leave the two of you alone, so that you may be undisturbed and can reveal what is in your hearts." She told him the hour at which to come, and then left. Peter watched in intoxicated amazement as the nurse departed. All of a sudden he was alarmed at the thought of speaking to Magelone; yet it was his dearest desire and he could not calm himself: so he took up his lute again and sang:

#### 12 WIE SOLL ICH DIE FREUDE

13 At last it was the hour at which the two were to meet. As instructed, Peter went secretly through the garden to the nurse's chamber, where he found the Princess waiting for him. The nurse left and without speaking Peter fell upon one knee; Magelone extended her lovely hand to him, bade him rise and sit by her side. For a long time their conversation faltered – every attempt at speech was interrupted by the tender glances that they exchanged one with the other, but eventually the young man found his voice. He declared that ever since he first beheld Magelone he had been entirely hers, and that his whole life was dedicated to her. Then he gave her the third ring, the most precious of all.

At this Magelone was deeply moved. She rose and held out a fine golden chain which she placed around his neck and said: "I now acknowledge that you are mine and I am yours. Take this token and wear it always if you love me." Then she took the astonished knight in her arms and kissed him warmly on the lips. With joy Peter returned her kisses, pressing her warmly to his heart, and when the time came to part, he hurried back to his room, happier than he had ever been in his

young life. He took up his lute, kissed it and began to sing with great fervour:

#### 14 WAR ES DIR

15 Now it so happened that the King of Naples wished to marry his daughter to that same knight, Sir Henry of Carpone, in whose honour the tournament had been held at which Peter had first cast eyes on the beautiful Magelone. Another tournament was announced, more splendid than any previously held, and a great number of renowned knights gathered from both France and Italy. Peter, whose identity had still not been revealed, once again defeated them all, but this time the King and his court were displeased, and the foreign knights departed sulkily to their homelands.

Then Magelone, who had continued to receive Peter in secret, said to him: "My father wishes to marry me to Sir Henry of Carpone. If you truly love me, you must fly from here and take me with you. Don't be afraid, I trust you with my life; meet me tomorrow night at the secret door in the garden wall with two strong horses and I shall be yours for ever." Peter was happy and amazed to hear these words. "Yes," he

said, "we shall ride to my father's castle and there the most holy bond shall unite us for ever."

He left immediately to make the necessary preparations for his journey with all speed and secrecy. Magelone did the same, but she said nothing to her nurse, for fear she might betray their secret. Returning to his room, Peter was moved to see his beloved lute lying on the little table. It had been the confidant of all his sweetest secrets. Now he took it up for the last time and sang:

#### 16 WIR MÜSSEN UNS TRENNEN

17 As soon as night fell Magelone slipped out through the garden, carrying with her just a few personal treasures. At the gate stood Peter with the horses. He lifted her into the saddle and in a moment they were galloping away into the darkness. Peter had planned carefully, choosing to ride towards the forests that lay close to the sea, where the paths were the most secluded and there was least danger of meeting other travellers.

On they rode until midday, when Magelone began to feel a great weariness, whereupon they both dismounted in a lovely cool spot, deep in the forest. Peter spread out his cloak and Magelone lay down upon it, with her

head resting in the knight's lap. He smiled to himself, as he saw her beautiful eyes close, their long black lashes casting delicate shadows on her sweet face. Quietly so as not to awaken her he sang to himself:

18 **RUHE, SÜSSLIEBCHEN**

19 Gazing up into the treetops, Peter saw that a flock of birds had gathered in the branches. As he was watching them, it suddenly seemed to him as though Magelone in her sleep caught her breath with fright, so he loosened her gown and her lovely white bosom appeared from beneath the garments that covered it. Entranced by its beauty, Peter felt his senses reeling; just then he noticed a red silken pouch that had been hidden between her breasts. Curious, he unfolded it and found the three precious rings that he had given her. Much moved to discover how lovingly and carefully she had protected them, he wrapped them up again and placed them on the grass by his side.

Suddenly a raven flew down from the tree above him, and before Peter could prevent it, had carried away the pouch, mistaking it for a piece of meat. Peter jumped to his feet and began to pursue the raven as it

flew ahead of him. He began to throw stones at it, hoping either to kill it or to persuade it to drop its booty, but it flew on regardless until they came to the seashore. There it settled on a sharp rock jutting into the sea. Peter threw another stone, and this time it flew off with a loud shriek and dropped the pouch into the water.

All the time keeping his eye on the red silk as it floated not far from the shore, Peter walked up and down in search of a means of retrieving it. At last he found a small, weather-beaten boat. Jumping in, he took hold of a broken branch and rowed with it as best he could towards the little pouch. But all of a sudden a strong wind blew from the shore, the waves piled one upon another and began to buffet the little boat. Peter fought against them with all his might, but the waves carried him further and further out to sea.

In agony he thought of his beloved Magelone whom he had left asleep in the forest glade; flinging himself down in the bottom of the boat, he raged at the foaming waves:

20 **VERZWEIFLUNG**

21 Meanwhile back in the forest, Magelone awoke refreshed from a sweet sleep, thinking

her beloved was still sitting by her side. When she did not find him there, she was frightened and began to walk up and down, calling his name in a loud voice. Receiving no answer, she began to weep and to sob. "Oh faithless knight," she cried, "why have you abandoned your innocent lover? What have I done to you, that you should steal me from my parents and then leave me to die in this wilderness?" But as she wandered mournfully through the wood, she soon came upon the two horses, still tethered as Peter had left them. "Oh forgive me, my beloved, now I see that you are innocent and have not left me deliberately. But what dreadful misfortune can have torn us apart?"

So began Magelone's lonely pilgrimage. Taking just a few provisions she began walking through the dense forest. For fear of being recognised she hid her long golden hair and covered her face with a veil, and for some time she passed undisturbed through towns and villages, until one day she found herself standing in a quiet pleasant meadow on the other side of which was a small hut. For the first time in many days her spirit began to feel calm and serene, and when an old shepherd approached her she begged him

for shelter as someone in great distress.

The old shepherd and his wife received her kindly and in return she willingly undertook all the tasks she could to help them. But she told them nothing of her history. When the old couple went out together she would guard the house, sitting before the door with her spindle and singing sadly of her lost happiness.

22 **WIE SCHNELL VERSCHWINDET**

23 Far out at sea, the sun rose in its majesty over the wide expanse of ocean, waking Peter from the stupor into which he had fallen. Sailing towards him he saw a great ship, manned by Moors and pagans, who took him on board. Delighted with their captive, they decided to take him as a gift to their Sultan. The Sultan was pleased with Peter, whom he set to wait on him at table, as well as putting him in charge of a fine garden. Because of the kindness shown to him by the Sultan he was well liked, but he often walked sadly among the flowers in the garden, lamenting the loss of his beloved Magelone:

24 **MUSS ES EINE TRENNUNG GEBEN**

25 Now the Sultan had a daughter, named Sulima, who was famed throughout the land for her beauty. She had many opportunities to observe the foreigner and without her realising it at first, a passionate love began to find its way into her heart. The knight's sadness appealed to her; she wished she could talk to him and comfort him. And so one day she had a slave bring him to her in a secluded part of the garden. Peter was surprised and embarrassed; though he marvelled at her beauty, in his heart he remained true to Magelone.

Yet the desire to see his homeland again so overcame him that his heart weakened and he began to reflect on a bold stratagem. The pagan maiden had told him she wished to flee with him; so, believing that Magelone must be dead, he agreed to run away with her, and in this way hoped to return to Christendom and to his parents.

The Sultan's garden lay by the seashore, and on the night appointed Peter lay down under the trees to await the pagan maid's arrival. But falling into a slumber he had a dream in which Magelone appeared to him, as lovely as ever, but with a countenance full of reproach. Waking with a start, he was horrified at himself and his intent.

"Oh faithless and ungrateful that I am! How could I look Magelone in the face, were she still alive? And why should she not be, when I have so miraculously survived?" Bravely he climbed into a small boat, and entrusting himself to fortune and the stars he rowed manfully out to sea. As the land dropped away behind him he heard the agreed signal, a zither playing in the garden, and the sound of a heartfelt and beautiful voice:

26 **SULIMA**

27 As Peter heard this song, he was mortified at the thought of his infidelity and fickleness. He rowed faster and faster to get further from the shore, all the time propelled by one love, while drawn back by the other. In his ears the waves accompanied the siren song, as if it was written in their language too. But gradually the song from the shore grew fainter: now it seemed only the quiet blowing of the wind, then the last trace of it died away, and only the waves still rippled. All was silence, save for the splashing of the oars.

As the song died away Peter's courage returned. He hoisted the sail, took the tiller and sang:

28 **WIE FROH UND FRISCH**

29 When day dawned Peter saw that the land was no more than a blue cloud on the horizon, and he was terrified at the vast expanse of sea and sky around him. In the distance a ship was sailing towards him and he was afraid he was about to exchange his old misfortunes for new ones. But as it drew near he saw that the sailors were Christians. They willingly took him on board and he was overjoyed to learn that they were bound for France.

All went well until they came upon a small, uninhabited island, where they landed to take on fresh water. Peter disembarked with the rest of the crew, and walked inland through a pleasant valley where he sat down in a field full of flowers. He began to daydream and fell asleep among the flowers.

Meanwhile the wind had picked up and the sailors hurried back to the ship in order to depart. They called out to Peter but he did not hear them, so they sailed away. When Peter awoke he hurried to the shore, but there was nobody there and the ship was nowhere to be seen. Exhausted and despairing he fell to the ground in a swoon.

Now it so happened that at midnight when the moon rose, some fishermen took a boat to the island in order to tend their nets, and there they found the youth, stretched out on the ground as though dead. Gently they placed him in their little boat and sailed away in the hope of restoring him to life. Once on their way, Peter regained consciousness, and learned that they were taking him to an old shepherd and his wife who would look after him until he recovered from his exhaustion. He rewarded the fishermen for their service and soon, following their directions, found himself approaching a small cottage across a beautiful green meadow, radiant in the morning light.

Before the door there sat a young maiden in a simple dress, who greeted him in a friendly manner and invited him inside to rest. For two days she nursed him until he regained his former strength, when emboldened by her care he took her into his confidence and told her all his misfortunes. Then Magelone – for it was she – suddenly got up and went to her room, put on her former fine garments and thus arrayed revealed herself to Peter's sight. In amazement and happiness he took her in his arms – and so were the lovers reunited.

With great joy Peter and Magelone returned to his parents' castle, where they were married amidst great rejoicing. The King of Naples too was reconciled with his new son and well pleased with the marriage.

Then in the very place where he had rediscovered his Magelone, Peter built a magnificent summer palace, installing the old shepherd as its overseer. In front of the palace he and his young bride planted a lovely tree; and from then on, each year of their lives they would return, and joining their two voices together would sing the song that they sang that day:

### 30 TREUE LIEBE DAUERT LANGE

## CD 2

### VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE

#### 1 DENN ES GEHET DEM MENSCHEN

Ecclesiastes 3.19-22

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh, wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch, und haben alle einerlei Odem; und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das Vieh; denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort; es ist alles von Staub gemacht, und wird wieder zu Staub.

Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen aufwärts fahre, und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter die Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist, denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit; denn das ist sein Teil. Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, daß er sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

#### 2 ICH WANDTE MICH Ecclesiastes 4.1-3

Ich wandte mich, und sahe an alle, die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne; und siehe, da waren Tränen derer, die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster, und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu mächtig, daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben waren, mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das Leben hatten;

*For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; [...] as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity.*

*All go unto one place; all are of dust, and all turn to dust again.*

*Who knoweth the spirit of man [...] goeth upward and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?*

*Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion. For who shall bring him to see what shall happen after him?*

*So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.*

*Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.*

Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser als alle beide, und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter der Sonne geschieht.

*Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.*

3 **O TOD**

Ecclesiasticus 41.1-2

O Tod, wie bitter bist du, wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch, der gute Tage und genug hat und ohne Sorge lebet; und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen und noch wohl essen mag!

*O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things; yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!*

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen, der da schwach und alt ist, der in allen Sorgen steckt, und nichts Bessers zu hoffen, noch zu erwarten hat!

*O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience!*

4 **WENN ICH MIT MENSCHEN**

I Corinthians 13.1-3, 12-13

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelzungen redete, und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wär ich ein tönend Erz, oder eine klingende Schelle.

*Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.*

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und wüßte alle Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis, und hätte allen Glauben, also, daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

*And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.*

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe, und ließe meinen Leib brennen, und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre mirs nichts nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunkeln Worte, dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte. Jetzt erkenne ichs stückweise, dann aber werd ichs erkennen, gleichwie ich erkennet bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, diese drei; aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

5 **15 ROMANZEN AUS DIE SCHÖNE MAGELONE KEINEN HAT ES NOCH GEREUT**

Keinen hat es noch gereut,  
Der das Roß bestiegen,  
Um in frischer Jugendzeit  
Durch die Welt zu fliegen.

Berge und Auen,  
Einsamer Wald,  
Mädchen und Frauen  
Prächtig im Kleide,  
Golden Geschmeide,  
Alles erfreut ihn mit schöner Gestalt.

Wunderlich fliehen  
Gestalten dahin,  
Schwärmerisch glühen  
Wünsche in jugendlich trunkenem Sinn.

*And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, it profiteth me nothing ...*

*For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.*

*And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*

*No man yet has rued  
Mounting his steed  
In the first flush of youth  
To fly through the world.*

*Mountains and meadows,  
Lonely forest,  
Maidens and ladies  
Resplendent in robes,  
Golden jewellery,  
All that is beautiful charms him.*

*Strange visions  
Flit past,  
Passionate desire  
Burns in the heady emotions of youth.*

Ruhm streut ihm Rosen  
Schnell in die Bahn,  
Lieben und Kosen,  
Lorbeer und Rosen  
Führen ihn höher und höher hinan.

Rund um ihn Freuden,  
Feinde beneiden,  
Erliegend, den Held –  
Dann wählt er bescheiden  
Das Fräulein, das ihm nur vor allen gefällt.

Und Berge und Felder  
Und einsame Wälder  
Mißt er zurück.  
Die Eltern in Tränen,  
Ach alle ihr Sehnen –  
Sie alle vereinigt das lieblichste Glück.

Sind Jahre verschwunden,  
Erzählt er dem Sohn  
In traulichen Stunden  
Und zeigt seine Wunden,  
Der Tapferkeit Lohn.  
So bleibt das Alter selbst noch jung,  
Ein Lichtstrahl in der Dämmerung.

*Fame strews roses  
Swiftly in his path,  
Love and caresses,  
Laurel and roses  
Lead him higher and ever higher.*

*Joys surround him,  
Enemies envy the hero,  
Even as they fall,  
Then he modestly chooses  
The maiden who pleases him most.*

*And back he rides,  
Leaving mountains and fields  
And lonely forests behind.  
His parents weep,  
Their longing, ah! now ended,  
Dearest delight unites them all.*

*When years have passed,  
He recounts all to his son  
As they sit close together,  
And shows his scars,  
The reward of valour.  
Thus old age itself stays young,  
A ray of sunshine in the twilight.*

*In truth! bow and arrow  
Are fit for the foe,  
Helplessly  
The wretched will always weep;*

## 6 **TRAUN! BOGEN UND PFEIL**

Traun! Bogen und Pfeil  
Sind gut für den Feind,  
Hüflös alleweil  
Der Elende weint;

Dem Edlen blüht Heil,  
Wo Sonne nur scheint,  
Die Felsen sind steil,  
Doch Glück ist sein Freund.

## 7 **SIND ES SCHMERZEN, SIND ES FREUDEN**

Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden,  
Die durch meinen Busen ziehn?  
Alle alten Wünsche scheiden,  
Tausend neue Blumen blühn.

Durch die Dämmerung der Tränen  
Seh ich ferne Sonnen stehn,  
Welches Schmachten! Welches Sehnen!  
Wag ichs? Soll ich näher gehn?

Ach, und fällt die Träne nieder,  
Ist es dunkel um mich her;  
Dennoch kömmt kein Wunsch mir wieder,  
Zukunft ist von Hoffnung leer.

So schlage denn, strebendes Herz,  
So fließet denn, Tränen, herab,  
Ach, Lust ist nur tieferer Schmerz,  
Leben ist dunkles Grab. –

Ohne Verschulden  
Soll ich erdulden?  
Wie ists, daß mir im Traum  
Alle Gedanken  
Auf und nieder schwanken!  
Ich kenne mich noch kaum.

*A noble soul will flourish  
Wherever the sun shines,  
The cliffs are steep,  
But fortune is his friend.*

*Are these sorrows, are these joys  
That steal through my heart?  
All my old desires depart,  
A thousand new flowers blossom.*

*Through the twilight of my tears  
I can see distant suns,  
What yearning! What longing!  
Dare I? Shall I draw near?*

*Ah! and when my tears fall,  
There is darkness all around me;  
Yet if no desires return,  
The future is void of hope.*

*So beat then, ambitious heart,  
So flow then, tears, down my cheek,  
Ah! pleasure is but deeper pain,  
Life a sombre grave.*

*Must I suffer  
Without deserving?  
How is it that in my dreams  
All my thoughts  
Drift up and down!  
I hardly recognize myself.*

O hört mich, ihr gütigen Sterne,  
O höre mich, grünende Flur,  
Du, Liebe, den heiligen Schwur;  
Bleib ich ihr ferne,  
Sterb ich gerne.  
Ach! nur im Licht von ihrem Blick  
Wohnt Leben und Hoffnung und Glück!

*Oh hear me, kindly stars,  
Oh hear me, greening meadow,  
Hear, O Love, my sacred vow;  
If I remain far from her,  
I shall gladly die.  
Ah! only in the light of her eyes  
Dwell life and hope and happiness!*

#### 8 LIEBE KAM AUS FERNEN LANDEN

Liebe kam aus fernen Landen  
Und kein Wesen folgte ihr,  
Und die Göttin winkte mir,  
Schlang mich ein mit süßen Banden.

*Love came from far-off lands  
And no one followed her,  
And the goddess beckoned me,  
Binding me in sweet bonds.*

Da begann ich Schmerz zu fühlen,  
Tränen dämmerten den Blick:  
Ach! was ist der Liebe Glück,  
Klagt ich, wozu dieses Spielen?

*Then I began to feel pain,  
Tears dimmed my eyes:  
Ah! what is love's happiness,  
I lamented, why this dallying?*

Keinen hab ich weit gefunden,  
Sagte lieblich die Gestalt,  
Fühle du nun die Gewalt,  
Die die Herzen sonst gebunden.

*Far and wide no man I've found,  
Said the vision lovingly,  
Now you shall feel the force  
That once bound heart to heart.*

Alle meine Wünsche flogen  
In der Lüfte blauen Raum,  
Ruhm schien mir ein Morgentraum,  
Nur ein Klang der Meereswogen.

*All my desires flew  
Into the blue realm of breezes,  
Fame seemed but a morning dream,  
The sound of ocean waves.*

Ach! wer löst nun meine Ketten?  
Denn gefesselt ist der Arm,  
Mich umfliegt der Sorgen Schwarm;  
Keiner, keiner will mich retten?

*Ah! who shall now loosen my chains?  
For my arms are fettered,  
Sorrows swarm all around me;  
Will no one, no one rescue me?*

Darf ich in den Spiegel schauen,  
Den die Hoffnung vor mir hält?  
Ach, wie trügend ist die Welt!  
Nein, ich kann ihr nicht vertrauen.

O und dennoch laß nicht wanken,  
Was dir nur noch Stärke gibt,  
Wenn die Einzige dich nicht liebt,  
Bleibt nur bitterer Tod dem Kranken.

*Dare I look into the mirror  
That hope holds up before me?  
Ah! how deceptive is the world!  
No, I cannot trust it.*

*And yet, do not allow  
Your only source of strength to falter,  
If your only love does not love you,  
Only sickness and bitter death remain.*

#### 9 SO WILLST DU DES ARMEN

So willst du des Armen  
Dich gnädig erbarmen?  
So ist es kein Traum?  
Wie rieseln die Quellen,  
Wie tönen die Wellen,  
Wie rauschet der Baum!

*So you'll kindly pity  
A poor man?  
Is it, then, no dream?  
How the streams ripple,  
How the waves resound,  
How the tree rustles!*

Tief lag ich in bängen  
Gemäuern gefangen,  
Nun grüßt mich das Licht;  
Wie spielen die Strahlen!  
Sie blenden und malen  
Mein schüchtern Gesicht.

*I lay imprisoned  
Deep within fearful walls,  
Now daylight greets me;  
How the sunbeams flicker!  
They dazzle and colour  
My timid face.*

Und soll ich es glauben?  
Wird keiner mir rauben  
Den köstlichen Wahn?  
Doch Träume entschweben,  
Nur lieben heißt leben:  
Willkommene Bahn!

*And shall I believe it?  
Will no one rob me  
Of this precious illusion?  
Yet dreams disappear,  
Only loving is living:  
A welcome path!*

Wie frei und wie heiter!  
Nicht eile nun weiter,  
Den Pilgerstab fort!  
Du hast überwunden,  
Du hast ihn gefunden,  
Den seligsten Ort!

*How free, how serene!  
Hasten now no further,  
Discard your pilgrim's staff!  
You have conquered,  
You have found  
The most blissful place of all!*

#### 10 WIE SOLL ICH DIE FREUDE

Wie soll ich die Freude,  
Die Wonne denn tragen?  
Daß unter dem Schlagen  
Des Herzens die Seele nicht scheide?

*How, then, shall I bear the joy  
And how the bliss?  
So that, beneath the pulsing  
Of my heart, my soul will not escape?*

Und wenn nun die Stunden  
Der Liebe verschwunden,  
Wozu das Gelüste,  
In trauriger Wüste  
Noch weiter ein lustleeres Leben zu ziehn,  
Wenn nirgend dem Ufer mehr Blumen  
erblühn?

*And should the hours  
Of love now vanish,  
Why crave  
In a dreary desert  
To prolong a life devoid of pleasure,  
When flowers no longer bloom on the  
shore?*

Wie geht mit bleibehangnen Füßen  
Die Zeit bedächtig Schritt vor Schritt!  
Und wenn ich werde scheiden müssen,  
Wie federleicht fliegt dann ihr Tritt!

*How time passes on leaden feet,  
Step by deliberate step!  
And when I must leave,  
How feather-light its tread then flits!*

Schlage, sehnsüchtige Gewalt,  
In tiefer treuer Brust!  
Wie Lautenton vorüber hallt,  
Entflieht des Lebens schönste Lust.  
Ach, wie bald  
Bin ich der Wonne mir kaum noch bewußt.

*Beat, O powerful longing,  
Deep in my faithful heart!  
Like the lute's dying strains,  
The sweetest pleasures of life fade.  
Ah, how soon  
Till I'm scarcely aware of such bliss.*

Rausche, rausche weiter fort,  
Tiefer Strom der Zeit,  
Wandelst bald aus Morgen Heut,  
Gehst von Ort zu Ort;  
Hast du mich bisher getragen,  
Lustig bald, dann still,  
Will es nun auch weiter wagen,  
Wie es werden will.

Darf mich doch nicht elend achten,  
Da die Einzge winkt,  
Liebe läßt mich nicht verschmachten,  
Bis dies Leben sinkt!  
Nein, der Strom wird immer breiter,  
Himmel bleibt mir immer heiter,  
Fröhlichen Ruderschlags fahr ich hinab,  
Bring Liebe und Leben zugleich an das Grab.

*Flow onward, ever onward,  
Deep river of time,  
You soon turn tomorrow into today,  
You move from place to place;  
Since you have carried me thus far,  
Now cheerful, now silent,  
I shall venture further,  
Come what may.*

*For I must not count myself wretched,  
Since my beloved beckons me,  
Love shall never let me languish,  
Until this life is done!  
No, the stream grows ever broader,  
The sky for me stays ever clear,  
With happy strokes I row on down,  
Bring love and life together to the grave.*

#### 11 WAR ES DIR

War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten,  
Dir der dargebotne süße Kuß?  
Gibt ein irdisch Leben so Genuß?  
Ha! wie Licht und Glanz vor meinen  
Augen schwebten,  
Alle Sinne nach den Lippen strebten!

In den klaren Augen blinkte  
Sehnsucht, die mir zärtlich winkte,  
Alles klang im Herzen wieder,  
Meine Blicke sanken nieder,  
Und die Lüfte tönnten Liebeslieder!

*Was it for you these lips quivered,  
For you, that sweetly proffered kiss?  
Can earthly life give such joy?  
Ah! how light and radiance floated before  
my eyes,  
All my senses yearned for those lips!*

*In those clear eyes gleamed  
A longing that tenderly beckoned me,  
Everything echoed in my heart,  
I lowered my gaze,  
And the breezes resounded with songs of love!*

Wie ein Sternenpaar  
Glänzten die Augen, die Wangen  
Wiegen das goldene Haar,  
Blick und Lächeln schwangen  
Flügel, und die süßen Worte gar  
Weckten das tiefste Verlangen:  
O Kuß! wie war dein Mund so brennend rot!  
Da starb ich, fand ein Leben erst im  
schönsten Tod.

*Like twin stars  
Your eyes shone, your cheeks  
Cradled your golden hair,  
Your looks and smiles took  
Wing, and your sweet words  
Awoke deepest longing:  
O kiss, how your red lips burned!  
There I died, and first found life  
in sweetest death.*

## 12 WIR MÜSSEN UNS TRENNEN

Wir müssen uns trennen,  
Geliebtes Saitenspiel,  
Zeit ist es, zu rennen  
Nach dem fernen erwünschten Ziel.

*We must part,  
Beloved lute,  
It is time to race  
Toward the distant, longed-for goal.*

Ich ziehe zum Streite,  
Zum Raube hinaus,  
Und hab ich die Beute,  
Dann flieg ich nach Haus.

*I set out for battle,  
For spoils,  
And with my booty,  
I'll speed back home.*

Im röttlichen Glanze  
Entflieh ich mit ihr,  
Es schützt uns die Lanze,  
Der Stahlharnisch hier.

*In the reddish glow  
I'll escape with her,  
This lance shall protect us,  
And this steel armour.*

Kommt, liebe Waffenstücke,  
Zum Scherz oft angetan,  
Beschirmet jetzt mein Glück  
Auf dieser neuen Bahn!

*Come, dear weapons,  
Often donned in sport,  
Defend now my happiness  
On this new path!*

Ich werfe mich rasch in die Wogen,  
Ich grüße den herrlichen Lauf,  
Schon mancher ward nieder gezogen,  
Der tapfere Schwimmer bleibt oben auf.

Ha! Lust zu vergeuden  
Das edele Blut!  
Zu schützen die Freude,  
Mein köstliches Gut!  
Nicht Hohn zu erleiden,  
Wem fehlt es an Mut?

Senke die Zügel,  
Glückliche Nacht!  
Spanne die Flügel,  
Daß über ferne Hügel  
Uns schon der Morgen lacht!

*I'll hurl myself into the waves,  
I'll welcome their glorious surge,  
Many have been dragged under,  
The bold swimmer remains on the surface.*

*Ha! What pleasure  
To shed noble blood!  
To protect joy,  
My treasured possession!  
To suffer no scorn,  
Who lacks courage for that?*

*Slacken your reins,  
Happy night!  
Spread your wings,  
So that over distant hills  
Dawn shall soon smile on us!*

## 13 RUHE, SÜSSLIEBCHEN

Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten  
Der grünen, dämmernden Nacht;  
Es säuselt das Gras auf den Matten,  
Es fächelt und kühlt dich der Schatten,  
Und treue Liebe wacht.  
Schlafe, schlaf ein,  
Leiser rauscht der Hain –  
Ewig bin ich dein.

*Rest, my sweetheart, in the shadow  
Of this green, translucent night;  
The grass rustles on the meadows,  
The shadow fans and cools you,  
And faithful love keeps watch.  
Sleep, go to sleep,  
The grove rustles more gently now,  
I am yours for evermore.*

Schweigt, ihr versteckten Gesänge,  
Und stört nicht die süßeste Ruh!  
Es lauscht der Vögel Gedränge,  
Es ruhen die lauten Gesänge,  
Schließ, Liebchen, dein Auge zu.  
Schlafe, schlaf ein,  
Im dämmernden Schein,  
Ich will dein Wächter sein.  
Murmelt fort, ihr Melodien,  
Rausche nur, du stiller Bach,  
Schöne Liebesphantasien  
Sprechen in den Melodien,  
Zarte Träume schwimmen nach.  
Durch den flüsternden Hain  
Schwärmen goldene Bienelein  
Und summen zum Schlummer dich ein.

*Hush, you hidden songsters,  
And do not disturb her sweetest rest!  
The thronging birds listen,  
The noisy songs are stilled,  
Close your eyes, my love.  
Sleep, go to sleep,  
In the fading light  
I shall watch over you.  
Murmur on, you melodies,  
Babble on, quiet brook,  
Fair fantasies of love  
Speak in those melodies,  
Tender dreams float after them.  
Through the whispering grove  
Golden bees are swarming  
And humming you to sleep.*

#### 14 VERZWEIFLUNG

So tönet denn, schäumende Wellen,  
Und windet euch rund um mich her!  
Mag Unglück doch laut um mich bellen,  
Erbost sein das grausame Meer!

Ich lache den stürmenden Wettern,  
Verachte den Zorngrimm der Flut,  
O mögen mich Felsen zerschmettern!  
Denn nimmer wird es gut.

Nicht klag ich, und mag ich nun scheitern,  
In wäßrigen Tiefen vergehn!  
Mein Blick wird sich nie mehr erheitern,  
Den Stern meiner Liebe zu sehn.

*Resound, then, foaming waves,  
And coil yourselves around me!  
Let misfortune snarl around me,  
And let the cruel sea rage!*

*I scoff at the raging gales,  
Scorn the fury of the flood,  
If only rocks would dash me to pieces!  
Since I shall never thrive.*

*I shall not complain, though I now founder,  
And perish in watery depths!  
Nevermore shall my gaze be cheered  
By the sight of my loved-one's star.*

So wälzt euch bergab mit Gewittern,  
Und raset, ihr Stürme, mich an,  
Daß Felsen an Felsen zersplittern!  
Ich bin ein verlorener Mann.

#### 15 WIE SCHNELL VERSCHWINDET

Wie schnell verschwindet  
So Licht als Glanz,  
Der Morgen findet  
Verwelkt den Kranz,

Der gestern glühte  
In aller Pracht,  
Denn er verblühte  
In dunkler Nacht.

Es schwimmt die Welle  
Des Lebens hin,  
Und färbt sich helle,  
Hats nicht Gewinn;

Die Sonne neiget,  
Die Röte flieht,  
Der Schatten steigt  
Und Dunkel zieht:

So schwimmt die Liebe  
Zu Wüsten ab,  
Ach, daß sie bliebe  
Bis an das Grab!

*So thunder down the mountainside,  
And rage at me, you storms,  
So that rock shatters on rock!  
I am a lost man.*

*How soon they vanish,  
Radiance and light,  
Morning finds  
The garland withered*

*That yesterday glowed  
In such splendour,  
For its flowers faded  
In dark night.*

*The wave of life  
Rolls onwards,  
Though bright its hue,  
It profits nothing.*

*The sun sets,  
The red glow departs,  
The shadows rise  
And darkness draws on.*

*So love drifts away  
Into deserts,  
Ah! would it endure  
Until the grave!*

Doch wir erwachen  
Zu tiefer Qual:  
Es bricht der Nachen,  
Es löscht der Strahl,

Vom schönen Lande  
Weit weggebracht  
Zum öden Strande  
Wo um uns Nacht.

*But we awake  
To deep torment:  
The boat is wrecked,  
The light extinguished,  
We are borne far away  
From our beautiful land  
To a desolate shore,  
Surrounded by night.*

16 **MUSS ES EINE TRENNUNG GEBEN**

Muss es eine Trennung geben,  
Die das treue Herz zerbricht?  
Nein, dies nenne ich nicht leben,  
Sterben ist so bitter nicht.

Hör ich eines Schäfers Flöte,  
Härme ich mich inniglich,  
Seh ich in die Abendröte,  
Denk ich brünstiglich an dich.

Gibt es denn kein wahres Lieben?  
Muss denn Schmerz und Trennung sein?  
Wär ich ungeliebt geliebt  
Hätt ich doch noch Hoffnungsschein.

Aber so muss ich nun klagen:  
Wo ist Hoffnung, als das Grab?  
Fern muss ich mein Elend tragen,  
Heimlich bricht das Herz mir ab.

*Must there be a parting  
That breaks the faithful heart?  
No, I cannot call this living,  
Dying is not so bitter.*

*When I hear a shepherd's pipe,  
I suffer endless anguish,  
When I see the setting sun,  
I think ardently of you.*

*Does true love then not exist?  
Must there be pain and parting?  
Had I remained unloved,  
I should still have a gleam of hope.*

*But this must now be my lament:  
Where is hope but in the grave?  
I must bear my grief far away,  
Secretly my heart is breaking.*

17 **SULIMA**

Geliebter, wo zaudert  
Dein irrender Fuss?  
Die Nachtigall plaudert  
Von Sehnsucht und Kuss.

Es flüstern die Bäume  
Im goldenen Schein,  
Es schlüpfen mir Träume  
Zum Fenster herein.

Ach! kennst du das Schmachten  
Der klopfenden Brust?  
Dies Sinnen und Trachten  
Voll Qual und voll Lust?

Beflügle die Eile  
Und rette mich dir,  
Bei nächtlicher Weile  
Entflieh'n wir von hier.

Die Segel, sie schwellen,  
Die Furcht ist nur Tand:  
Dort, jenseit den Wellen  
Ist väterlich Land.

Die Heimat entflieh't,  
So fahre sie hin!  
Die Liebe, sie ziehet  
Gewaltig den Sinn.

Horch! wohlklingend klingen  
Die Wellen im Meer,

*Where, my love, do you tarry  
And stray?  
The nightingale tells  
Of longing and kisses.*

*The trees whisper  
In golden light,  
Dreams steal in  
Through my window.*

*Ah! do you know the yearning  
Of a pounding heart?  
This musing and striving  
Full of torment and joy?*

*Give wings to your haste  
And rescue me,  
Under cover of night  
We'll steal away.*

*The sails are swelling,  
Your fear is but vain:  
There beyond the waves  
Is your fatherland.*

*My homeland recedes,  
So let it go!  
The power of love  
Draws me on.*

*Listen! How seductively  
The waves ring out,*

Sie hüpfen und springen  
Mutwillig einher,  
Und sollten sie klagen?  
Sie rufen nach dir!  
Sie wissen, sie tragen  
Die Liebe von hier.

*They bound and leap  
Playfully around us.  
And why should they grieve?  
They are summoning you!  
They know they are taking  
Love from here.*

#### 18 WIE FROH UND FRISCH

Wie froh und frisch mein Sinn sich hebt,  
Zurückbleibt alles Bangen,  
Die Brust mit neuem Mute strebt,  
Erwacht ein neu Verlangen.

*How briskly and brightly my spirits soar,  
All fear is left behind,  
My heart strives with fresh courage,  
Fresh longing awakes.*

Die Sterne spiegeln sich im Meer,  
Und golden glänzt die Flut. –  
Ich rannte taumelnd hin und her,  
Und war nicht schlimm, nicht gut.

*The stars are mirrored in the sea,  
And the waves gleam with gold.  
I ran reeling this way and that,  
And was neither bad nor good.*

Doch niedergezogen  
Sind Zweifel und wankender Sinn,  
O tragt mich, ihr schaukelnden Wogen,  
Zur längst ersehnten Heimat hin.

*But doubts and misgivings  
Are now laid low;  
Oh, carry me, you pitching waves,  
To the homeland I've long desired.*

In lieber, dämmernder Ferne,  
Dort rufen heimische Lieder,  
Aus jeglichem Sterne  
Blickt sie mit sanftem Auge nieder.

*In the dear, darkening distance  
The songs of home are calling,  
From every star  
She gazes gently down.*

Ebne dich, du treue Welle,  
Führe mich auf fernen Wegen  
Zu der vielgeliebten Schwelle,  
Endlich meinem Glück entgegen!

*Die down, O trusty waves,  
Lead me along distant paths  
To the much-loved threshold,  
To happiness at last!*

#### 19 TREUE LIEBE DAUERT LANGE

Treue Liebe dauert lange,  
Überlebet manche Stund,  
Und kein Zweifel macht sie bange,  
Immer bleibt ihr Mut gesund.

*True love abides,  
Outlives many an hour,  
And no doubts can make it fearful,  
Its courage is always steadfast and sound.*

Drauen gleich in dichten Scharen,  
Fordern gleich zum Wankelmut  
Sturm und Tod, setzt den Gefahren  
Lieb entgegen, treues Blut.

*Though death and disaster threaten,  
Encouraging inconstancy,  
As they throng together – Love pits  
Loyal blood against such perils.*

Und wie Nebel stürzt zurücke,  
Was den Sinn gefangen hält,  
Und dem heitern Frühlingsblicke  
Öffnet sich die weite Welt.

*And whatever held the spirit captive  
Then recedes like mist,  
And the wide world opens its doors  
To the cheerful gaze of spring.*

Errungen,  
Bezwungen  
Von Lieb ist das Glück,  
Verschwunden  
Die Stunden,  
Sie fliehen zurücke:  
Und selige Lust,  
Sie stillet  
Erfüllet  
Die trunkene, wonneklopfende Brust;  
Sie scheidet  
Von Leide  
Auf immer,  
Und nimmer  
Entschwinde die liebliche, selige,  
himmlische Lust!

*Happiness  
Is achieved,  
Is compelled by love,  
Vanished  
Those hours,  
They fly away;  
And blissful delight  
Stills,  
Fulfills  
The ecstatic breast that throbs with delight,  
May it part  
From sorrow  
For ever,  
And never  
Fade – this lovely, blissful,  
heavenly delight!*

## I RODERICK WILLIAMS

Roderick Williams encompasses a wide repertoire, from baroque to contemporary music – on the concert platform, in the opera house, and in recital.

Roderick began his international singing career as a choral scholar in the choir of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he read Music. He trained in opera at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama (which recently appointed him as a Fellow). He has since sung concert repertoire with all the BBC orchestras and with many other orchestras and choirs in the United Kingdom, throughout the continent of Europe and as far afield as San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro, Kuala Lumpur, Melbourne and Tokyo. His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms (most notably the Last Night in 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh – and the Three Choirs Festival, whose Association invited him to become their President in 2016, in succession to Dame Felicity Lott.

He enjoys relationships with the major UK opera houses, and was especially associated with the baritone roles of Mozart – The Count in *The Marriage of Figaro* being his particular favourite. In 2016 he sang the title-rôle in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* and, later in the same year, in Britten's *Billy Budd*. He enjoys the challenge of modern music and has sung world premieres of operas by, among others, Michel van der Aa and Sally Beamish.

He is an accomplished recital artist, popular at venues and festivals including London's Wigmore Hall and Kings Place, and at the Oxford Lieder Festival. His recitals have frequently been broadcast on BBC Radio 3. He is known for his interpretation of English song, which is well represented in an extensive discography now numbering more than seventy entries. In 2016 he was the choice for the Royal Philharmonic Society's Singer Award.

Roderick Williams is also a composer with a growing international reputation in the field of choral writing and song. In 2016 he won the Choral Award of the British Academy of Songwriters, Composers & Authors for his composition, *Ave Verum Corpus Re-imagined*.





## I ROGER VIGNOLES

Over the course of his distinguished career, Roger Vignoles has collaborated with such leading singers as Elisabeth Söderström, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Sir Thomas Allen, Barbara Bonney, Kathleen Battle, Christine Brewer, Brigitte Fassbaender, Bernarda Fink, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Dame Felicity Lott, Mark Padmore, John Mark Ainsley, Roderick Williams, Joan Rodgers, Sarah Walker, Measha Brueggergosman and Kate Royal. He performs extensively at major venues across the world such as the Wigmore Hall, Philharmonie Cologne, Vienna Konzerthaus, Vienna Musikverein, the Royal Concertgebouw, Musée d'Orsay, Carnegie Hall, the Frick Collection in New York, La Scala, Oper Frankfurt, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Schubertiade Schwarzenberg, Bonn Beethovenfest, Baden-Baden Festival and Teatro del Zarzuela in Madrid.

Roger Vignoles is also an outstanding teacher and has given masterclasses in London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Valencia, Copenhagen, Stockholm, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Los Angeles, Montreal and Toronto. He is a regular visitor to the University of Indiana, Bloomington, the Britten-Pears Young Artists' Programme at Snape and the Stimmen Festival Freistadt in Upper Austria. Roger is Prince Consort Professor of Accompaniment at the Royal College of Music in London, Vice President of the Jackdaws Music Education Trust, and has been awarded an Honorary Fellowship of Magdalene College, Cambridge *honoris causa*.

His extensive discography ranges from German Lieder and French Melodies to Spanish Canciones and Cabaret Songs. Vignoles has received much acclaim for his ongoing recording series of *Strauss The Complete Songs* for Hyperion, with current volumes featuring Christine Brewer, Anne Schwanewilms, Andrew Kennedy, Christopher Maltman, Alastair Miles, Kiera Duffy and Elizabeth Watts. Other recent recordings and forthcoming releases include Schubert *Der Wanderer* and Carl Loewe *Songs & Ballads* with Florian Boesch and Tomášek songs with Renata Pokupi, all for Hyperion; Wolf *Italienisches Liederbuch* with Joan Rodgers and Roderick Williams for Champs Hill; Strauss and Wolf with Angelika Kirchschrager on Wigmore Hall Live; Schumann and Brahms with Bernarda Fink, and *Britten Before Life and After* with Mark Padmore, both on Harmonia Mundi (the latter received the prestigious Diapason d'Or and Prix Caecilia awards in 2009).

ALSO AVAILABLE...



CHRC068



CHRC087



CHRC101



CHRC122

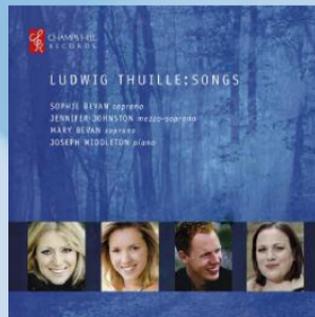
## RÖNTGEN: STRING TRIOS LENDVAI STRING TRIO

The Lendvai String Trio presents the complete string trios (largely unpublished) of Julius Röntgen. A firm friend of Edvard Grieg, Röntgen was influenced by his friend's interest in folk music.

*"The performances are delivered with impeccable musicianship by the wonderful Lendvai Trio, who seem to be going from strength to strength and clearly relish and enjoy these minor masterpieces ... this is a project that consistently delivers on the highest level and I heartily recommend it to all."* Gramophone

*"This is delightfully pithy music, strong on folk inflexions, taking a delight in naturalness of phrasing, avoiding any hint of the didactic or academic. It's al fresco music, too, music for friends. It's been beautifully served once again by the recording team and performers."* Musicweb

*"... The Lendvai trio has a deep well of energy ... persuasive playing, technically of the highest order ... "* The Strad



CHRC063

## LUDWIG THUILLE: SONGS

Featuring rarely-heard songs (including his three winsome trios), some of the finest young voices in the UK – Sophie Bevan, Jennifer Johnston and Mary Bevan – are accompanied by the first-rate Joseph Middleton in this new recording of the songs of Ludwig Thuille.

*"The crème de la crème of young British-based musical talent."*  
The Daily Telegraph



CHRC106

## PURCELL SONGS, REALISED BY BRITTEN

ROBIN BLAZE *counter tenor*  
ALLAN CLAYTON *tenor*  
ANNA GREVELIUS *mezzo soprano*  
RUBY HUGHES *soprano*  
BENEDICT NELSON *baritone*  
MATTHEW ROSE *bass*  
JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*

*"The singers steer a convincing stylistic course, balancing the sometimes contradictory demands of the source material and the arrangement... Middleton's playing is precisely coloured and characterised."*  
BBC Music Magazine