



CHAMPS HILL
RECORDS

LUDWIG THUILLE: SONGS

SOPHIE BEVAN *soprano*

JENNIFER JOHNSTON *mezzo-soprano*

MARY BEVAN *soprano*

JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*



Mary Bevan, Sophie Bevan, Jennifer Johnston & Joseph Middleton at Champs Hill

photo: Alexander Van Ingen



LUDWIG THUILLE (1861-1907)

CD1

DREI LIEDER FÜR DREI FRAUENSTIMMEN SOLO
nach Gedichten von Joseph von Eichendorff Op.31 (1904)

1	Der Schalk	02'50
2	Waldeinsamkeit	02'44
3	Elfen	02'06

DREI GESÄNGE Op.12 (1898)

4	Waldeinsamkeit (Heinrich Leuthold)	05'53
5	Die Nacht (Hermann von Gilm)	03'29
6	Die stille Stadt (Richard Dehmel)	03'28

FÜNF LIEDER Op.19 (1901)

7	Die Kleine (Joseph von Eichendorff)	02'04
8	Sommermittag (Theodor Storm)	02'50
9	Des Narren Regenlied (Otto Julius Bierbaum)	03'08
10	Frau Nachtigall (Des Knaben Wunderhorn)	01'48
11	Spinnerlied (Des Knaben Wunderhorn)	01'25

DREI MÄDCHENLIEDER nach Gedichten von Wilhelm Hertz Op.36 (1906)

12	Mein Engel hüte dein	02'48
13	Letzter Wunsch	03'21
14	Komm, süßer Schlaf	03'20

DREI LIEDER nach Gedichten von Clemens Brentano Op.24 (1902)

15	Wenn die Sonne weggegangen	02'58
16	Der Spinnerin Lied	03'33
17	Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden	02'44

50'32

CD2

DREI LIEDER nach Gedichten von Otto Julius Bierbaum für eine Singstimme
mit Begleitung des Pianoforte Op.15

1	Mädchenlied	01'46
2	Sehnsucht	04'17
3	Lied der jungen Hexe	02'03

DREI LIEDER nach Gedichten von Eichendorff Op.26

4	Zauberblick	04'32
5	Der traurige Jäger	02'32
6	Seliges Vergessen	03'05

FÜNF LIEDER Op.4 (1878-1886)

7	Gruß (Otto Gensichen)	01'35
8	Die Verlassene (Hermann Lingg)	02'13
9	Im Mai (Wilhelm Osterwald)	02'11
10	Allerseelen (Hermann von Gilm)	02'32
11	Ganymed (Robert Hamerling)	04'08

DREI FRAUENLIEDER VON KARL STIELER Op.5 (1889)

12	Klage	02'20
13	Sommernorgen	01'41
14	Es klingt der Lärm der Welt	02'55

37'52SOPHIE BEVAN *soprano tracks CD1 1-3, 7-14; CD2 1-3, 7-14*MARY BEVAN *soprano tracks CD1 1-3*JENNIFER JOHNSTON *mezzo-soprano tracks CD1 1-6, 15-17; CD2 4-6*JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*

A mixture of apprehension and excitement faces the artist who is invited by a record label to record songs unknown to them. An extra frisson can be added if they are to interpret repertoire by a composer of whom they have never heard. Such was the situation facing Sophie, Jennifer, Mary and me when David Bowerman asked me to oversee the recording of a composer dear to his heart. The main hurdle facing me, and this seemed at times a task of herculean proportions, was to get hold of the scores. Thuille's Lieder are not in print and having emailed various luminaries of the song world, both performers and musicologists far more experienced than myself, none of whom could help me, I began a long-distance relationship with various German libraries, eventually resulting in the disc you hear today.

Researching Thuille the man and composer has also been a fascinating journey. Ludwig Thuille was born on 30 November 1861 and died in Munich on 5 February 1907. His musical personality owed much to his family roots, a mixture of Teutonic directness and Latin geniality. Natural enough when one considers that his family traced its origin to Savoy, where, south of Mont Blanc, from the slopes of little St. Bernard, there flows a tiny river – La Thuille. For several generations the Thuille family lived in Tyrol, and it was here that Thuille was born at Bozen, then part of Tyrol, now in Italy, the birthplace of the illustrious German Minnesänger commemorated in Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Die Meistersinger*. Thuille had much in common with this spiritual ancestor and always thought of himself as German Tyrolese, for all his French descent.

Having lost both parents in childhood (his father was a music dealer and his mother possessed a beautiful voice which Thuille inherited), he moved to stay with an uncle in Austria and spent time as a chorister in Kremsmünster (as did Haydn and Schubert) and also received violin and piano lessons. He then studied in Innsbruck (where in 1877 he met the young Richard Strauss, who became a lifelong friend) and then with Josef Rheinberger, among others, in Munich. His apprenticeship as a chorister seems to have informed his set of songs for three female voices, written in 1904 to the

poetry of Eichendorff. A *moto perpetuo* piano part begins *Der Schalk* (*The Rogue*), the left hand darting mischievously above and below the right, setting up a three-chord, three-note pattern to usher in the voices. Exploiting intimate voice-leading and passing dissonances (a tri-tone can even be heard between the two soprano lines towards the end), Thuille clearly envisioned these trios to be tackled chorally as well as soloistically. The use of a piano *ostinato* is continued in *Waldeinsamkeit* (*Woodland Solitude*) which also places importance on the interval of a second. In a piano part reminiscent of Mendelssohn's writing, *Elfen* (*Elves*) is all magic and moonlight, the delighted elves' chorus of 'stay with us' becoming more distant as the song continues.

Posterity has meant that Thuille is known primarily as a founder member of the Munich School and through his correspondence with Richard Strauss, published in two volumes. The Munich School comprised three distinctive musical personalities, bound by friendship despite their contrasting styles: Ludwig Thuille, Richard Strauss and Max Schillings. Thuille was the eldest of the three. His music perhaps lacks the immediate brilliance of Strauss and some of Schillings' stark pathos, but his music does exploit a certain warm tenderness, a romanticism and a roguish charm, traits that distinguished his character (a young friend of his described him as 'a quite introspective lad, often lost in his own dreaming. At the same time he was good at sport and enjoyed taking part in any kind of mischief'). His connection with Strauss extended to making a 2-piano arrangement of the latter's tone poem *Don Juan*, a work Strauss dedicated to Thuille. 'Dearest, best, fairest, most magnificent Ludwig!' Strauss writes in exuberance to his friend, signing himself 'Your most affectionate and ever-faithful friend Richard'. Thuille chose to set some of the same texts as Strauss, including Hermann von Gilm's *Die Nacht*, Bierbaum's *Lied der jungen Hexe* and *Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden* by Clemens Brentano. Placed side by side, the different readings of these poems are quite remarkable.

Munich became Thuille's second home and as a musical centre remained relatively

conservative in its musical preferences, although under Hermann Levi's direction the Court Opera was already dominated by Wagner's music. In his youth, Thuille was more inclined towards the classical and older romantic style than to a Wagnerian ideal, even going as far as professing to be 'far removed from Wagnerism' and its 'charlatanries'. He later became a more enthusiastic advocate of Wagner with Weismann claiming, 'in the Thuille circle there was one supreme god, Richard Wagner and two living gods, Max Schillings and Ludwig Thuille'. His real idol, and this becomes clear in many of Thuille's lieder, is 'the unique, the splendid' Robert Schumann. To one of his enthusiastic letters Strauss replies: 'Misguided Schumann-worshipper! Comparing a Schumann *adagio* with a Beethoven *adagio*! You are really impossible! What can you be thinking of?' Thuille remarked prophetically to a friend, 'I believe Richard will one day become a Wagnerian after all.' Songs such as the hushed and atmospheric *Waldeinsamkeit* Op.12 displays the influence of Wagner and his *Wesendonck Lieder*, while the obsessive accompaniment of *Der Spinnerin Lied* has something in common with the lieder of late Schumann.

Thuille also shared with Schumann a period of intense creative activity during the years of his betrothal and early marriage. It was during this time that he wrote, and dedicated to his wife Emma Dietl, his Sextet for piano and wind instruments (1886-88), the only one of his works to have remained in the repertoire. Thuille's lieder also took a particularly important turn after his wife introduced him to the work of the poet Karl Stieler. Before this time he shared a preference with other composers from his circle for the work of his contemporaries (a favourite being Bierbaum, whom he set in the playful *Mädchenlied*, the throbbing *Sehnsucht* and vivid Mendelssohnian *Lied der jungen Hexe*), but later he turned to the romantics with whom he shared a much deeper sympathy and it was 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn', Eichendorff and Brentano which became his favourites. Even during his lifetime, his songs never achieved the popularity of those by Wolf and Strauss due in part to his dislike of self-advertising.

Thuille also became part of a movement to encourage the composition of modern folklike lieder – for the cultivation of a 'genuinely German' music for the home. The Berlin weekly *Die Woche* offered reasons for the neglect of the folklike lied: composers 'do not understand the difficulties involved in writing simple songs. They are actually afraid of being simple for fear of being accused of triviality.' The public similarly 'has lost its ability to be naive and appreciate the naive.' For 'everywhere one demands large numbers of performers [...] The orchestral lied is receiving most of the attention today,' instead of the folk-like lied. In short, 'the music of our time has become overgrown and overcomplicated. It is now caught in its own decline.' *Die Woche's* competition committee hoped to prove that modern *volkstümlich* songs could be attractive and contemporary, yet simple. Outstanding composers were to provide models for such lieder in a collection to be published by *Die Woche* entitled *Im Volkston: Moderne Preislieder*. Humperdinck, Pfitzner, Schillings, Thuille and Siegfried Wagner were among the contributors. Thuille's early songs such as *Die Kleine*, all sexual longing and youth, the *Knaben Wunderhorn* settings of Frau Nachtigall, complete with witty nightingale trills in the piano and the conversational *Spinnerlied* displays this folksong influence.

Change came to the Munich Conservatory in 1902 when Ludwig Thuille succeeded Rheinberger as director and as such influenced an entire generation of Munich-trained composers (these included Hermann Abendroth, Ernest Bloch, Ernst Boehe, Richard Wetz, Rudi Stephan, Walter Braunfels, and Henry Kimball Hadley). Despite his friendship with Strauss and despite his devotion to music-drama, Thuille remained a fairly conservative composer during his brief life. He composed much chamber music and in 1897 his opera *Theuerdank* gained the first prize and a prestigious staged premiere in an operatic competition sponsored by the Regent of Bavaria, in which Alexander von Zemlinsky was placed second. His second opera *Lobetanz* was premiered the following year in Karlsruhe and was a considerable, if short-lived, success.

Ludwig Thuille died in Munich on 5 February 1907. With Rudolf Louis he was also the co-author of a posthumously published and much-respected harmony treatise *Harmonielehre* which went through many editions and was highly influential. Harmony certainly functioned as a dominant element in the late-romantic lied and under



Richard Stokes & Joseph Middleton discuss Thuille's songs during the recording sessions at Champs Hill
photo: Alexander Van Ingen

Thuille's pen it colours key words and expresses their essence. Along with Thuille, Saint-Saëns and Reger both wrote important textbooks on harmony leading to the enrichment of veiled tonality and harmony which reached its peak in the romantic expansiveness of the *fin de siècle*. Thuille's finest songs are worthy to stand alongside those of a number of betterknown Lieder composers: the fleeting *Seliges Vergessen*, rapturous *Im Mai*, the architectural grandeur of *Ganymed* and the 'innigkeit' of *Es klingt der Lärm der Welt* and *Waldeinsamkeit*.

Joseph Middleton

BIOGRAPHIES

SOPHIE BEVAN *soprano*

Sophie Bevan graduated from the Benjamin Britten International Opera School where she was awarded the Queen Mother Rose Bowl Award.



photo: Sussie Ahlburg

Conductors she works with include Sir Antonio Pappano, Daniel Harding, Harry Christophers, Edward Gardner, Laurence Cummings, Sir Mark Elder, Sir Neville Marriner and Sir Charles Mackerras.

Her operatic roles for English National Opera include *Xenia/Boris Godunov*, *Despina/Così fan tutte*, soprano solos/*Messiah*, *Polissena/Radamisto*, *Yum Yum/Mikado*, *Telair* in Rameau's *Castor and Pollux* and her first *Sophie/Der Rosenkavalier*. For Garsington Opera she has performed *Pamina*, *Donna Elvira* and her first *Susanna* and for Welsh National Opera she has sung the title role in *The Cunning Little Vixen*. For the Royal Opera House,

Covent Garden she has appeared as *Waldvogel/Siegfried* and *Pamina*.

Sophie was the recipient of the 2010 Critics' Circle award for Exceptional Young Talent. She was nominated for the 2012 Royal Philharmonic Society Awards and was the recipient of The Times Breakthrough Award at the 2012 South Bank Sky Arts Awards.

JENNIFER JOHNSTON *mezzo-soprano*

The young dramatic mezzo-soprano is a BBC New Generation Artist, and was named by *BBC Music Magazine* as a Rising Star, and the *Financial Times* as the 'Face to Watch in Opera'. A former Barrister, she is a graduate of Cambridge University and the Royal College of Music, and is the recipient of numerous awards including Second Prize in the Montserrat Caballé International Singing Competition, two Susan Chilcott Scholarships and a Wingate Scholarship.

She has appeared in opera at the Salzburg Festival, the Edinburgh International Festival, the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Opéra de Lille, the Aldeburgh Festival, Scottish Opera and Opera North and her roles include Fricka, Waltraute, Suzuki, Dido, Hänsel, Mrs Herring, Giovanna Seymour, Lucretia and Agrippina.

She has performed with many of the world's greatest orchestras, including BBCSO, RPO, RSNO, Philharmonia, BBCNOW, Hallé, English Concert, Akademie für Alte Musik, Bournemouth Symphony, Dallas Symphony, OSESP and BBCSSO under the batons of conductors including Haitink, Van Zweden, Søndergård, Bicket, Spano, Slatkin, Dausgaard, Fischer, Brabbins and de la Parra. Her repertoire spans the centuries, from Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and Handel's *Messiah* to Verdi's Requiem, Mahler's 2nd and 3rd symphonies, Rückert Lieder and *Das Lied von der Erde*, Beethoven's 9th Symphony and Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*, to Berio's *O King*, Andriessen's *De Staat* and Stravinsky's *Pulcinella*.

A noted recitalist, she has appeared at the Cheltenham, City of London, Perth and Aldeburgh festivals and broadcasts regularly on Radio 3, partnered by Graham Johnson, Malcolm Martineau, Alisdair Hogarth and Joseph Middleton. Her growing discography includes Britten songs with Martineau for Onyx Classics (2011) and Thuille songs with Middleton for Champs Hill Records.

Other engagements include Second Norn/*Götterdämmerung* at the Bayerische Staatsoper and at the Munich Festival, Jocasta/*Oedipus Rex* with the LSO for Sir John Eliot Gardiner's 70th Birthday in London and Paris, a tour of Europe and the USA, including her debut at New York's Carnegie Hall, of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and Symphony No.9 with Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Waltraute/*Die Walküre* in concert with Sir Andrew Davies and the Philharmonia, Vidal Sassoon's Memorial Service at St Paul's Cathedral, Haydn's *Paukenmesse* (BBCSSO/Labadie), Handel's *Messiah*



photo: Richard Ecclestone

(RLPO/Cummings), Britten's Spring Symphony (BBCNOW/Atherton), Beethoven's Symphony No.9 (BSO/Karabits), Bach's B Minor Mass (Northern Sinfonia) and her solo recital debut at the Wigmore Hall with Joseph Middleton broadcast live on BBC Radio 3.

MARY BEVAN *soprano*

Mary Bevan trained at the Royal Academy Opera, and read Anglo-Saxon Norse and Celtic at Trinity College, Cambridge. She received various awards and prizes at the RAM, and was a member of the Royal Academy Song Circle, and the soprano soloist for the Kohn Foundation Bach Cantata Series. She is currently a Harewood Artist at the English National Opera.



photo: Christina Haldane

In demand on the concert platform, Mary Bevan recently made her debuts at the Edinburgh International Festival in Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra under Sir Roger Norrington, and at the BBC Proms as Kate in Gilbert & Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard* with the BBC Concert Orchestra under Jane Glover. She has also sung *Deceit/The Triumph of Time and Truth* with Ludus Bayoque, and recorded Vaughan Williams' Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra under Paul Daniel.

Other recent highlights include Bach *St Matthew Passion*, Handel *Israel in Egypt*, and Haydn *Nelson Mass* with the Hanover Band, *St John Passion* at the Spitalfields Festival, *Messiah* and Britten *Les Illuminations* with the English Chamber Orchestra, *Christmas Oratorio*, Haydn *Theresen Messe* and the premiere of Ireland's *Like as a Hart* at Cadogan Hall, and Rutter Requiem under John

Rutter at the Royal Albert Hall. While at the Academy, she performed Schütz and Purcell under John Eliot Gardiner and Messiaen *La Mort du Nombre* for Southbank Centre's Messiaen Festival.

A dedicated recitalist, Bevan recently sang Zekfa in Janáček's *Diary of One who Disappeared* at Grimeborn Festival, a solo and also a joint recital with Sophie Bevan at the Oxford Lieder Festival, and at the Wigmore Hall with the Royal Academy Song Circle. Her discography includes *Fen and Flood* by Patrick Hadley with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under Paul Daniel for the Vaughan Williams Society and Handel in the Playhouse, a selection of Handel duets and songs with L'Avventura London for Opella Nova Records. She has also recorded Handel *Ode on St Cecilia's Day* with Ludus Baroque.

JOSEPH MIDDLETON *piano*

Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been highly acclaimed within this field. *The Times* described him as "the cream of the new generation" and *The Telegraph* wrote that he "represents the *crème de la crème* of young British-based musical talent". He performs and records with some of the greatest international singers in major music centres across Europe and North America.

Joseph graduated with an MPhil from the University of Birmingham before studying piano at the Royal Academy of Music on an EMI Scholarship. Upon graduation, he was awarded the DipRAM and held Junior Fellowships at both the RCM and RAM, later being made an Associate of the Academy. He took up a residency at Pembroke College, Cambridge in 2006 and was the Samling Foundation's inaugural Pianist Scholar. Joseph's competitive successes include the Accompaniment Prizes of the Wigmore Hall International Song Competition, Kathleen Ferrier Awards, Richard Tauber Prize, Royal Overseas League Competition and Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Award. In Germany he won the Best Lied-Pianist Prize at the International Schubert Competition LiedDuo.

Joseph has enjoyed concerts with internationally established singers of the opera world. Recital partners include Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Felicity Lott, Ann Murray, Sarah Connolly, Christopher Maltman, Lisa Milne, Geraldine McGreevy, Mark Padmore, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson, Toby Spence, Sophie Daneman, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Andrew Kennedy, Jonathan Lemalu, Ailish Tynan, Ruby Hughes, Jennifer Johnston, Benedict Nelson and Roderick Williams. He regularly collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and in 2012 he formed the Myrthen Ensemble to further explore the song repertoire with regular duo partners Sophie Bevan, Clara Mouriz, Allan Clayton and Marcus Farnsworth.

Joseph is increasingly in demand as an imaginative programmer. He has built a strong relationship with the BBC through his work with their New Generation Artist scheme and in 2012 the BBC invited him to curate his own week of Radio 3 lunchtime concerts from the Lammermuir Festival. He has also devised programmes for the Wigmore Hall, Het Concertgebouw and King's Place through Samling's 2012 residency.

In recent seasons he has appeared at major music centres including London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Festival Hall and Royal Opera House, Vienna's Konzerthaus, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and the Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Brighton, Cheltenham, City of London, Edinburgh, Oxford Lieder, Ravinia, Three Choirs, San Francisco, Toronto and Vancouver festivals. Joseph has made numerous live broadcasts for BBC Radio 3, while his discography includes, amongst others, 'Elgar in Sussex' with Dame Felicity Lott, a recital CD with Amanda Roocroft (both Champs Hill Records) and a disc of Spanish Songs with Clara Mouriz.

www.josephmiddleton.com



photo: Sussie Ahlburg

TEXTS / TRANSLATIONS

DER SCHALK JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Läuten kaum die Maienglocken
Leise durch den lauen Wind,
Hebt ein Knabe froh erschrocken
Aus dem Grase sich geschwind,
Schüttelt in den Blütenflocken
Seine feinen blonden Locken,
Schelmisch sinnend wie ein Kind.

Und nun wehen Lerchenlieder
Und es schlägt die Nachtigall,
Rauschend von den Bergen nieder
Kommt der kühle Wasserfall,
Rings im Walde bunt Gefieder: -
Frühling, Frühling ist es wieder
Und ein Jauchzen überall.

Und den Knaben hört man schwirren,
Gold'ne Fäden zart und lind
Durch die Lüfte künstlich wirren -
Und ein süsser Krieg beginnt:
Suchen, Fliehen, schmach tend Irren,
Bis sich alle hold verwirren. -
O beglücktes Labyrinth!

THE ROGUE

*No sooner have lilies-of-the-valley
Rung out gently in the warm wind,
Than a boy quickly appears
Happy and startled from the grass,
Shakes his fine blond locks
In the flakes of blossom,
Musing roguishly like a child.*

*And lark song now wafts through the air,
And the nightingale sings,
Cascading down the mountainside
Comes the cool waterfall,
Coloured plumage throughout the wood -
It's Spring, it's Spring again
And a rejoicing on every side.*

*And the boy can be heard flitting,
Tender and gentle gossamer
Flutters through the air -
And a sweet war begins:
Seeking, fleeing, pining, straying
Till all is blissful confusion.
O happy labyrinth!*

WALDEINSAMKEIT JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Du grünes Revier,
Wie liegt so weit
Die Welt von hier!
Schlaf' nur, wie bald
Kommt der Abend schön,
Durch den stillen Wald
Die Quellen gehn,
Die Mutter Gottes wacht,
Mit ihrem Sternen-Kleid
Bedeckt sie Dich sacht
In der Waldeinsamkeit,
Gute Nacht, gute Nacht! -

ELFEN JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Bleib bei uns! wir haben den Tanzplan im Tal
Bedeckt mit Mondesglanze,
Johanniswürmchen erleuchten den Saal,
Die Heimchen spielen zum Tanze.

Die Freude, das schöne leichtgläubige Kind,
Es wiegt sich in Abendwinden:
Wo Silber auf Zweigen und Büschen rinnt,
Da wirst Du die Schönste finden!

WOODLAND SOLITUDE

*You verdant realm,
How far from here
The world lies!
Sleep on, beautiful evening
Will very soon be here,
Through the silent wood
The streams are running,
The Mother of God keeps watch,
With her starry raiment
She gently shrouds you
In the woodland solitude,
Good night, good night! -*

ELVES

*Stay awhile! we have strewn the dance-floor
In the valley with moonbeams,
Glow-worms illumine the hall,
Crickets accompany the dance.*

*Joy, that beautiful gullible child,
Sways in the evening breeze:
Where silver is shed on twigs and bushes -
There shall you find the fairest one!*

WALDEINSAMKEIT HEINRICH LEUTHOLD

Deine süßen, süßen Schauer,
 O Waldesruh',
 In meine Seele hauche
 Und träufle du!
 Lass mich träumen die Träume
 Der Jugendzeit!
 O Frieden, O Ruh'! komm über mich!
 Wie lieb' ich dich, lieb' ich dich,
 Waldeinsamkeit!

Märzveilchen blühen, es treibt in den Bäumen,
 Der Frühling kam;
 Es zwitschern die Vögel, die Wipfel rauschen
 So wundersam;
 O Schöpfungsosem, der die Brust mir
 Bezaubert und feit!
 O Frieden, o Ruh'! komm über mich!
 Wie lieb' ich dich, lieb' ich dich,
 Waldeinsamkeit!

Feierlich sonntägliche Stille
 Und Frühlingszeit;
 Kein Laut, keine Seele
 Weit und breit!
 Nur ein leiser, leiser Kummer
 Ist mein Geleit; -
 O Frieden, o Ruh'! komm über mich!
 Wie lieb' ich dich, lieb' ich dich,
 Waldeinsamkeit!

WOODLAND SOLITUDE

*Breathe and trickle
 Your sweet, sweet showers,
 O woodland peace,
 Into my soul!
 Let me dream the dreams
 Of childhood!
 O peace, O repose, immerse me!
 How I love you, how I love you,
 Woodland solitude!*

*March violets blossom, the trees bud,
 Spring has arrived;
 Birds twitter, tree-tops rustle
 So wondrously;
 O breath of creation that bewitches
 And protects my heart!
 O peace, O repose, immerse me!
 How I love you, how I love you,
 Woodland solitude!*

*Solemn, Sunday stillness
 And springtime;
 No sound, not a soul
 Far and wide!
 Only a gentle, gentle sorrow
 Walks by my side -
 O peace, O repose, immerse me!
 How I love you, how I love you,
 Woodland solitude!*

DIE NACHT HERMANN VON GILM

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
 Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
 Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
 Nun gib Acht!
 Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
 Alle Blumen, alle Farben
 Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
 Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
 Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes
 Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes
 Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
 Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
 O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
 Dich mir auch.

DIE STILLE STADT RICHARD DEHMEL

Liegt eine Stadt im Tale,
 ein blasser Tag vergeht;
 es wird nicht lange dauern mehr,
 bis weder Mond noch Sterne,
 nur Nacht am Himmel steht.

Von allen Bergen drücken
 Nebel auf die Stadt;
 es dringt kein Dach, nicht Hof noch Haus,
 kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,
 kaum Türme noch und Brücken.

Doch als den Wanderer graute,
 da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund;
 und durch den Rauch und Nebel
 begann ein leiser Lobgesang,
 aus Kindermund.

THE NIGHT

*Night steps from the woods,
 Slips softly from the trees,
 Gazes about her in a wide arc,
 Now beware!*

*All the lights of this world,
 All the flowers, all the colours
 She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
 From the field.*

*She takes all that is fair,
 Takes the silver from the stream,
 Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
 The gold.*

*The bush stands plundered:
 Draw closer, soul to soul,
 Ah the night, I fear, will steal
 You too from me.*

THE SILENT TOWN

*A town lies in the valley,
 a pale day is fading;
 it will not now be long
 before neither moon nor stars
 but night alone will deck the skies.*

*From every mountain
 mists weigh on the town;
 no roof, no courtyard, no house,
 no sound can penetrate the smoke,
 scarcely towers and bridges even.*

*But as fear seized the traveller,
 a gleam appeared in the valley;
 and through the smoke and mist
 came a faint song of praise
 from a child's lips.*

DIE KLEINE JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Zwischen Bergen, liebe Mutter,
 Weit den Wald entlang,
 Reiten da drei junge Jäger
 Auf drei Rößlein blank,
 lieb' Mutter,
 Auf drei Rößlein blank.

Ihr könnt fröhlich sein, lieb Mutter,
 Wird es draußen still:
 Kommt der Vater heim vom Walde,
 Küsst Euch, wie er will,
 lieb' Mutter,
 Küsst Euch, wie er will.

Und ich werfe mich im Bettchen
 Nachts ohn' Unterlaß,
 Kehr' mich links und kehr' mich rechts hin,
 Nirgends hab ich was,
 lieb' Mutter,
 Nirgends hab ich was.

Bin ich eine Frau erst einmal,
 In der Nacht dann still,
 Wend' ich mich nach allen Seiten,
 Küß', so viel ich will,
 lieb' Mutter,
 Küß', so viel ich will.

SOMMERMITTAG THEODOR STORM

Nun ist es still um Hof und Scheuer,
 Und in der Mühle ruht der Stein;
 Der Birnenbaum mit blanken Blättern
 Steht regungslos im Sonnenschein.

THE LITTLE GIRL

*Between mountains, dear mother,
 By the woodland ways,
 Three young hunters come riding by
 On three young gleaming steeds,
 dear mother,
 On three young gleaming steeds.*

*You, dear mother, can be happy,
 When outside all falls quiet:
 When father returns from the forest,
 He'll kiss you to his heart's content,
 dear mother,
 He'll kiss you to his heart's content.*

*And I toss and turn in bed
 All night long without respite,
 Roll to the left and roll to the right,
 Finding nothing anywhere,
 dear mother,
 Finding nothing anywhere.*

*When I once become a woman,
 In the night I'll quietly turn
 Whichever way I wish,
 Kiss to my heart's content,
 dear mother,
 Kiss to my heart's content.*

SUMMER NOON

*Silence now envelops farm and barn,
 And the mill no longer clatters;
 The pear-tree with its shiny leaves
 Stands motionless in the sun.*

Die Bienen summen so verschlafen;
 Und in der offenen Bodenluk',
 Benebelt von dem Duft des Heues,
 Im grauen Röcklein nickt der Puk.

Der Müller schnarcht und das Gesinde,
 Und nur die Tochter wacht im Haus;
 Die lachet still und zieht sich heimlich
 Fürsichtig die Pantoffeln aus.

Sie geht und weckt den Müllersburschen,
 Der kaum den schweren Augen traut:
 'Nun küsse mich, verliebter Junge;
 Doch sauber, sauber! Nicht zu laut.'

DES NARREN REGENLIED
OTTO JULIUS BIERBAUM

Regenöde, regenöde
 Himmel, Land und See;
 Alle Lust ist Last geworden,
 Und das Herz tut weh.

Graugespinstig hält ein Nebel
 Alles Sein in Haft,
 Weher Mut weint in die Weiten,
 Krank ist jede Kraft.

Die Prinzessin sitzt im Turme;
 Ihre Harfe klingt,
 Und ich hör, wie ihre Seele
 Müde Sehnsucht singt.

Regenöde, regenöde
 Himmel, Land und See;
 Alle Lust ist Last geworden,
 Und das Herz tut weh.

*The bees buzz so dozily;
 And in the open skylight window,
 Befuddled from the scent of hay,
 Puck is nodding, dressed in gray.*

*The miller snores, the servants too,
 Only the daughter's awake in the house;
 She laughs to herself and secretly,
 Cautiously takes her slippers off.*

*She goes and wakes the miller boy,
 Who can hardly believe his sleepy eyes:
 'Now kiss me, you besotted boy:
 But neatly, neatly! Not too loud.'*

THE FOOL'S SONG OF THE RAIN

*Rainy and desolate, rainy and desolate –
 Sky, land and sea;
 All joy has become a burden,
 And the heart hurts.*

*Ghostly grey, a mist holds
 All creation in check,
 Grief weeps all around,
 All energy is sick.*

*The princess sits in the tower,
 Her harp rings out,
 And I hear how her soul
 Sings of weary longing.*

*Rainy and desolate, rainy and desolate –
 Sky, land and sea;
 All joy has become a burden,
 And the heart hurts.*

FRAU NACHTIGALL

ANON., FROM DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN

Nachtigall, ich hör dich singen,
Das Herz möcht mir im Leib zerspringen,
Komm doch bald und sag mirs wohl,
Wie ich mich verhalten soll.

Nachtigall, ich seh dich laufen,
An dem Bächlein thust du saufen,
Du tunkst dein klein Schnäblein ein,
Meinst es wär der beste Wein.

Nachtigall, wo ist gut wohnen,
Auf den Linden, in den Kronen,
Bei der schön Frau Nachtigall,
Grüss mein Schätzchen tausendmal.

SPINNERLIED

ANON., FROM DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
Ich kauf dir ein paar Schuh.
Ja, ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Auch Schnallen dazu;
Kann wahrlich nicht spinnen
Von wegen meinem Finger,
Meine Finger thun weh.

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
Ich kauf dir ein paar Strümpf.
Ja, ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Schön Zwicklen darin;
Kann wahrlich nicht spinnen
Von wegen meinem Finger,
Meine Finger thun weh.

MISTRESS NIGHTINGALE

*Nightingale, I hear you sing,
My heart would break in my body,
Come soon, and tell me
How I should behave.*

*Nightingale, I see you hurrying,
At the brooklet you drink your fill,
You dip in your tiny little bill,
Think it's the finest wine.*

*Nightingale, where is it good to live,
High up in the linden tree,
With beautiful mistress Nightingale,
Greet my love a thousand times.*

SPINNING SONG

*Spin, spin, my dear daughter,
I'll buy you a pair of shoes.
Yes, O yes, dear mother,
With buckles on as well;
But I really can't spin
Because of my finger,
My fingers hurt.*

*Spin, spin, dear daughter,
I'll buy you a pair stockings.
Yes, O yes, dear mother,
With a pretty gusset;
But I really can't spin
Because of my finger,
My fingers hurt.*

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
Ich kauf dir einen Mann.
Ja, ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Der steht mir wohl an;
Kann wahrlich gut spinnen,
Von all meinen Fingern,
Thut keiner mir weh.

MEIN ENGEL HÜTE DEIN WILHELM HERTZ

Und willst du von mir scheiden,
Mein herzgeliebter Knab,
Soll alles dich begleiten,
Was ich an Freuden hab!
Mir bleibt, wenn du geschieden,
Mein traurig Herz allein.
Fahr hin, mein Lieb, in Frieden!
Mein Engel hüte dein!

Ihm ward zur Hut gegeben
Mein Glück und meine Ruh.
Ach, Glück und Ruh und Leben,
Herzlieb, das bist ja du!
Und bist mir du geschieden,
Flieht auch der Engel mein.
Fahr hin, mein Lieb, in Frieden!
Mein Engel hüte dein!

O dass er dir verschwiege,
Was dich betrüben mag,
Wie ich verlassen liege
In Sehnsucht Nacht und Tag!
Mein Bild soll mit dir gehen
Im alten Freudenschein.
Fahr hin, fahr hin, auf Wiedersehen!
Mein Engel hüte dein!

*Spin, spin, dear daughter,
I'll buy you a husband.
Yes, O yes, dear mother,
That will become me;
I really can spin well,
Not one of my fingers
Hurts.*

LET MY ANGEL PROTECT YOU

*And if you will part from me,
My dear beloved boy,
May you be escorted
By all the joys I have!
All that's left, when you've gone,
Is my own sad heart.
Go, my love, in peace!
Let my angel protect you!*

*Into his care was given
My joy and my peace.
Ah, joy and peace and life
Is what you are, my love!
And once you've parted from me,
My angel too will flee.
Go, my love, in peace!
Let my angel protect you!*

*O let the angel not tell you
The things that will make you sad,
How I lie abandoned
In longing day and night!
My image shall go with you
Gleaming as it used in joy.
Go, O go, till we meet again!
Let my angel protect you*

LETZTER WUNSCH WILHELM HERTZ

Mein Schatz will Hochzeit halten;
 Ich liege auf den Tod
 Und nehme mit zu Grabe,
 Was ich in Schmerz und Not
 Um ihn gelitten habe.

An meinem Fenster blühen
 Gelbveigel und Rosmarin;
 Wenn ich von Lieb und Jammer
 Hinweggeschieden bin,
 Tragt still sie aus der Kammer!

Zwei Sträusslein sollt ihr binden:
 Eins heftet mir ans Kleid;
 Eins bringet meinem Knaben.
 Es ist für alle Zeit
 Die letzte meiner Gaben.

O dürft' ich ungesehen
 Dem frohen Paare nahn
 Und, wenn die Glocken läuten,
 Ihn segnend noch umfahn
 Und treten still bei Seiten.

LAST WISH

*My sweetheart wishes to marry;
 I am about to die
 And take with me to the grave
 The pain and distress
 I have suffered for him.*

*At my window shall blossom
 Wallflowers and rosemary;
 When I am finally free
 From love and grief,
 Take them silently from my room!*

*You shall make two posies:
 Pin one to my dress;
 Take the other to my boy.
 It shall be the very last
 Of my gifts.*

*Ah, if I could only, unseen,
 Approach the happy pair
 And, when the bells peal,
 Bless and embrace him
 And quietly step aside.*

KOMM, SÜSSER SCHLAF WILHELM HERTZ

Komm, süßer Schlaf, du Trost der Nacht,
 Deck' sanft mein Auge zu!
 Ich hab' vergangner Zeit gedacht:
 Mein Herz verlangt nach Ruh'.

Einst stilltest du nach Kuss und Scherz
 Verborgner Liebe Glück
 Und lehntest an sein warmes Herz
 Mein trunknes Haupt zurück.

Nun ist er längst zu Grab gebracht
 Und Lieb' und Glück dazu.
 Komm, süßer Schlaf, du Trost der Nacht!
 Mein Herz verlangt nach Ruh'.

WENN DIE SONNE WEGGEGANGEN

CLEMENS BRENTANO

Wenn die Sonne weggegangen,
 Kommt die Dunkelheit heran,
 Abendrot hat goldne Wangen,
 Und die Nacht hat Trauer an.

Seit die Liebe weggegangen,
 Bin ich nun ein Mohrenkind,
 Und die roten, frohen Wangen
 Dunkel und verloren sind.

Dunkelheit muss tief verschweigen
 Alles Wehe, alle Lust;
 Aber Mond und Sterne zeigen,
 Was mir wohnt in der Brust.

Wenn die Lippen dir verschweigen
 Meines Herzens stille Glut,
 Müssen Blick und Tränen zeigen,
 Wie die Liebe nimmer ruht.

COME, SWEET SLEEP

*Come, sweet sleep, you comfort of night,
 Gently cover my eyes!
 I have been thinking of the past:
 My heart now longs for rest.*

*Once, after kisses and laughter, you quenched
 The happiness of hidden love
 And placed my enraptured head
 Back against his warm heart.*

*Now he has long since been buried,
 Along with love and happiness.
 Come, sweet sleep, you comfort of night!
 My heart now longs for rest.*

WHEN THE SUN HAS DEPARTED

*When the sun has departed,
 Darkness draws near,
 The sunset has golden cheeks,
 And the night wears mourning.*

*Since love has vanished,
 I am but a little Moor,
 And my ruddy, happy cheeks
 Are dark and have disappeared.*

*Darkness must conceal in its depths
 All sorrow, all joy;
 But moon and stars reveal
 What dwells in my breast.*

*If my lips conceal from you
 My heart's silent glow,
 My eyes and tears reveal
 How love will never rest.*

DER SPINNERIN LIED CLEMENS BRENTANO

Es sang vor langen Jahren
Wohl auch die Nachtigall,
Das war wohl süßer Schall,
Da wir zusammen waren.

Ich sing und kann nicht weinen
Und spinne so allein
Den Faden klar und rein,
Solang der Mond wird scheinen.

Da wir zusammen waren,
Da sang die Nachtigall,
Nun mahnet mich ihr Schall,
Dass du von mir gefahren.

So oft der Mond mag scheinen,
Gedenk ich dein allein,
Mein Herz ist klar und rein,
Gott wolle uns vereinen.

Seit du von mir gefahren
Singet stets die Nachtigall,
Ich denk bei ihrem Schall,
Wie wir zusammen waren.

Gott wolle uns vereinen,
Hier spinn ich so allein,
Der Mond scheint klar und rein,
Ich sing und möchte weinen.

THE SPINSTER'S SONG

*Many a long year ago
The nightingale used to sing,
That was such a sweet sound,
When we were together.*

*I sing and cannot weep
And spin so alone
The pure and clear thread,
As long as the moon shines.*

*When we were together,
The nightingale used to sing,
Her song now reminds me
That you are parted from me.*

*As often as the moon shines,
I think of you alone,
My heart is pure and clear,
May God unite us.*

*Since you are parted from me,
The nightingale always sings,
When I hear its song, I think
Of how we were once together.*

*May God unite us,
Here I spin so alone,
The moon shines pure and clear,
I sing and wish to weep.*

ICH WOLLT' EIN STRÄUSSLEIN BINDEN

CLEMENS BRENTANO

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollt ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
„Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

„Sei freundlich in dem Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!“

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

I MEANT TO MAKE YOU A POSY

*I meant to make you a posy,
But dark night then came,
There were no flowers to be found,
Or I'd have brought you some.*

*Tears then flowed from my cheeks
Into the clover,
And then I saw a flower
That had sprung up in the garden.*

*I meant to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
When it started to speak:
'Ah, do not hurt me!*

*'Be kind in your heart,
Consider your own suffering,
And do not make me die
In torment before my time!'*

*And had it not spoken these words,
All alone in the garden,
I'd have picked it for you,
But now that cannot be.*

*My sweetheart stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
Sadness dwells in loving,
And cannot be otherwise.*

MÄDCHENLIED OTTO JULIUS BIERBAUM

Auf einem jungen Rosenblatt
Mein Liebster mir geblasen hat
Wohl eine Melodei.
Es gab mir viele Dinge kund
Das Rosenblatt am roten Mund
Und war kein Wort dabei.

Und als das Blatt zerblasen war,
Da gab ich meinen Mund ihm dar
Und küsst an ihm mich satt.
Und viel mehr Dinge tat noch kund
Der rote Mund am roten Mund,
Selbst als das Rosenblatt.

SEHNSUCHT OTTO JULIUS BIERBAUM

Wie eine leise Glocke klingt
Die Sehnsucht in mir an;
Weiss nicht, woher, wohin sie singt,
Weil ich nicht lauschen kann.

Es treibt das Leben mich wild um,
Dröhnt um mich mit Gebräus,
Und mählich wird die Glocke stumm,
Und leise klingt sie aus.

Sie ist nur für den Feiertag
Gemacht und viel zu fein,
Als dass ihr bebebanger Schlag
Dräng in die Lärmluft ein.

Sie ist ein Ton von dorten her,
Wo alles Feier ist;
Ich wollte, dass ich dorten wär,
Wo man den Lärm vergisst.

A MAIDEN'S SONG

*On a young rose-petal
My lover blew
Me a melody.
Much was revealed to me
By the rose-petal and red lips,
But not a word was uttered.*

*And when the petal was blown away,
I proffered my lips
And kissed him till I was sated.
And much more was revealed to me
By red lips on red lips
Than by the rose-petal.*

LONGING

*Longing sounds in me
Like a faint bell;
I do not know in which direction she sings,
Because I cannot listen.*

*Life casts me this way and that,
Booms around me with its roar,
And gradually the bell falls silent,
And quietly sounds its last.*

*The bell is merely made
For holidays, and is much too delicate,
With its timid quivering sound,
To be heard in the noisy world.*

*Its sound comes from where
All is celebration;
I wish that I were there,
Where noise can be forgotten.*

LIED DER JUNGEN HEXE OTTO JULIUS BIERBAUM **YOUNG WITCH'S SONG**

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

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

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

Da schwand das Klingeln mit einemmal,
Ich sah hinunter ins tiefe Tal.

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

ZAUBERBLICK JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Die Burg die liegt verfallen
In schöner Einsamkeit,
Dort sass ich vor den Hallen
Bei stiller Mittagszeit.

Es ruhten in der Kühle
Die Rehe auf dem Wall
Und tief in blauer Schwüle
Die sonn'gen Täler all.

Tief unten hört' ich Glocken
In weiter Ferne gehn,
Ich aber musste erschrocken
Zum alten Erker sehn.

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

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

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

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

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

A MAGICAL GAZE

*The castle lies in ruins
In lovely solitude,
I sat there before the halls
In the silence of noon.*

*The roe-deer were resting
In the coolness of the ramparts,
And the sunny valleys rested too
In the blue sultriness.*

*I heard bells deep in the valley
Sound far in the distance,
But I, with alarm, had to look
Up at the bay-window.*

Denn in dem Fensterbogen
Ein' schöne Fraue stand,
Als hütete sie droben
Die Wälder und das Land.

Ihr Haar, wie gold'ner Mantel,
War tief herabgerollt;
Auf einmal sie sich wandte,
Als ob sie sprechen wollt'.

Und als ich schauernd lauschte –
Da war ich aufgewacht
Und unter mir schon rauschte
So wunderbar die Nacht.

Träum' ich im Mondesschimmer?
Ich weiss nicht, was mir graut,
Doch das vergess' ich nimmer,
Wie sie mich angeschaut!

DER TRAUERIGE JÄGER

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Zur ew'gen Ruh sie sangen
Die schöne Müllerin,
Die Sterbeglocken klangen
Noch über'n Waldgrund hin.

Da steht ein Fels so kühle,
Wo keine Wandrer gehn,
Noch einmal nach der Mühle
Wollt' dort der Jäger sehn.

Die Wälder rauschten leise,
Sein Jagen war vorbei,
Der blies so irre Weise,
Als müsst das Herz entzwei.

*For a beautiful woman was standing
In the window arch,
As though she were guarding up there
The forests and the land.*

*Her hair, cascading down,
Resembled a coat of gold;
All of a sudden she turned,
As though she wished to speak.*

*And as I listened, shivering –
I suddenly awoke,
And the night beneath me
Already murmured wondrously.*

*Was this a dream in the gleaming moonlight?
I do not know why I felt afraid,
But never shall I forget
How she gazed at me!*

THE SAD HUNTER

*They sang the beautiful milleress
To eternal rest,
The funeral bells still rang out
Over the wooded valley.*

*A cliff stood there in the coolness,
Where no wanderer goes,
The hunter wished to see the mill there
For one final time.*

*The forests rustled gently,
He would hunt no more,
His horn played such crazed tunes
Enough to break the heart.*

Und still dann in der Runde
Ward's über Tal und Höh'n,
Man hat seit dieser Stunde
Ihn nimmer mehr gesehn.

SELIGES VERGESSEN JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

Im Winde fächeln,
Mutter, die Blätter,
Und bei dem Säuseln
Schlumm're ich ein.

Über mir schwanken
Und spielen die Winde,
Wiegen so linde
Das Schiff der Gedanken,
Wie wenn ohne Schranken
Der Himmel mir offen,
Dass still wird mein Hoffen
Und Frieden ich finde,
Und bei dem Säuseln
Schlumm're ich ein.

Erwachend dann sehe,
Als ob sie mich kränzen,
Rings Blumen ich glänzen,
Und all' meine Wehen
Verschweben, vergehen,
Der Traum hält sie nieder,
Und Leben gibt wieder
Das Flüstern der Blätter,
Und bei dem Säuseln
Schlumm're ich ein.

*Then silence fell all around
Over mountain and valley,
And from that hour
He was never seen again.*

BLISSFUL OBLIVION

*The leaves, O mother,
Blow gently in the wind,
And as they murmur,
I fall asleep.*

*The winds waver above me
And frolic,
Cradle so gently
My ship of thoughts,
As if, without barrier,
Heaven opened for me
Silently to fulfil my hopes,
And I find peace,
And as they murmur,
I fall asleep.*

*Waking, I then see
Flowers gleaming about me,
As though they were garlanding me,
And see all my sorrows
Float away and vanish,
The dream suppresses them,
And life is restored
Through the whispering leaves,
And as they murmur,
I fall asleep.*

GRUSS OTTO GENSICHEN

Unter blühenden Bäumen
 Hab bei schweigender Nacht
 Ich in seligen Träumen
 Dein, Geliebter, gedacht.

Duftend streute die Linde
 Blüten nieder zu mir;
 Schmeichelnd kosten die Winde,
 Wie ein Grüßen von Dir!

Und ein himmlisches Singen
 Schien vom Sternengezelt
 Leis hernieder zu klingen
 Durch die schlafende Welt.

DIE VERLASSENE HERMANN LINGG

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
 Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
 Zitternd über mir.
 Oft im Traume hör ich dich
 Rufen draus vor meiner Tür,
 Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
 Ich erwach und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
 Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
 Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
 Eh die Maienlüfte wehn,
 Eh die Drossel singt im Wald:
 Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
 Komm, o komme bald!

GREETING

*Beneath blossoming trees
 In the silence of night,
 I thought of you, beloved,
 In blissful dreams.*

*Fragrantly the linden-tree
 Showered me with blossom;
 The breezes caressed affectionately,
 Like a greeting from you!*

*And a heavenly singing
 Seemed gently to descend
 From the starry heavens
 Onto the sleeping world.*

THE ABANDONED ONE

*My sleep grows ever quieter,
 Only my grief, like a veil,
 Lies trembling over me.
 I often hear you in my dreams
 Calling outside my door,
 No one keeps watch to let you in,
 I awake and weep bitterly.*

*Yes, I shall have to die,
 You will kiss another
 When I am pale and cold.
 Before May breezes blow,
 Before the thrush sings in the wood:
 If you would see me once again,
 Come soon, come soon!*

IM MAI WILHELM OSTERWALD

Nun grünt der Berg, nun blüht das Tal
 In Maienlust und Duft,
 Und Vogelsang und Sonnenstrahl
 Wogt durch die linde Luft.
 Was Leben hat, das lobt den Mai
 In Blüten und Gesang,
 Komm, süßes Lieb, dass nicht uns zwei
 Der Frühling finde krank.
 Die liebste Ehr', die ihm geschieht
 Zu dieser schönen Zeit
 Ist doch, wenn Aug' in Auge
 Sieht voll stiller Seligkeit!

Vergessen sei des Winters Gram,
 Vergessen alles Weh;
 Ich denk' nur eins: die Wonne kam,
 Dass ich mein Liebchen seh'!
 Nun tritt hinaus in Maienpracht
 Und atme Leben ein;
 Sieh nur wie klar der Frühling lacht
 Zutiefst ins Herz hinein.
 Die liebste Ehr', die ihm geschieht
 Zu dieser schönen Zeit
 Ist doch, wenn Aug' in Auge
 Sieht voll stiller Seligkeit!

IN MAY

*The mountain grows green, the valley blossoms
 In the joy and fragrance of May,
 And birdsong and sunbeams
 Surge through the gentle air.
 All living things praise May
 In blossom and song,
 Come, sweet love, that Spring
 Does not find us both ill.
 The dearest honour Spring can be paid
 At this beautiful time
 Is for eyes to gaze into eyes
 Full of silent bliss!*

*Let winter's grief be forgotten,
 Forgotten all its pain;
 I think of one thing: the bliss
 Of seeing my love!
 Step out now into May's splendour
 And breathe in life;
 See how limpidly Spring laughs
 Into the depths of each heart.
 The dearest honour Spring can be paid
 At this beautiful time
 Is for eyes to gaze into eyes
 Full of silent bliss!*

ALLERSEELEN HERMANN VON GILM

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag' herhei
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßsen Blicke
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei;
Komm' an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

GANYMED ROBERT HAMERLING

Auf schweigendem Bergesgipfel
Der Knabe vom Tale ruht
Und blickt in die ziehenden Wolken
In die sterbende Sonnenglut:

'O schwebt' ich wie Götter im Bronnen
Des Äthers im Sternenraum!
Er entschlummert; olymp'sche Wonnen
Umfangen hold ihn im Traum.

Es steigt sein Busen voll Sehnen
Nach der Uranionen Glück,
Und es öffnet sich trüb' vor Tränen
Noch halb im Traume sein Blick:

'Was hör' ich so lockend klingen?
Was rauscht mir so wunderbar
Um's Haupt mit goldenen Schwingen?
Was willst du kreisender Aar?'

ALL SOULS' DAY

*Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.*

*Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.*

*Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.*

GANYMEDE

*On the silent mountain-top
The boy from the valley rests
And looks into the scudding clouds,
Into the dying light of the sun:*

*'O could I but float like the gods
In the starry ether's fountain!
He falls asleep; Olympic rapture
Embraces him blissfully as he dreams.*

*His heaving breast yearns
For Aphrodite's happiness,
And his eyes, still half-dreaming,
Open, sad with tears.*

*'What enticing sounds do I hear?
What is this strange whirring
Of golden wings about my head?
What is your wish, O circling eagle?'*

Und er fühlt sich auf Fittgen gehoben.
'Ach träum ich noch immer? O Glück!' –
Es reisst ihn, es trägt ihn nach oben;
Tief weichen die Berge zurück:

'O süßsen Sehnen und Hoffen,
Fahr wohl du nächtlich Tal:
In ew'gem Blau steht offen
Der strahlende Göttersaal.'

KLAGE KARL STIELER

Ich lehn' im offenen Gemache,
Es ist die Stunde still und spät;
Wie einsam geht der Tag vorüber,
Der ohne dich vorüber geht!

Es liegt mein Licht in deinen Augen,
Doch deine Augen meiden mich,
Es liegt mein Heil in deinen Händen,
Doch nimmermehr gewinn' ich dich.

Ich lehn' im offenen Gemache,
Und lausche, wie der Lenzwind weht;
Wie einsam geht der Lenz vorüber,
Der ohne dich vorüber geht!

SOMMERMORGEN KARL STIELER

Was ist mir denn geschehen?
Bin ich vom Traum erwacht?
Wie meine Augen sehen,
O wie der Mund mir lacht!

Als hätt's noch nie gegeben
So lichtet Himmelsblau;
Auf meinem ganzen Leben
Liegt es wie Morgentau.

*And he feels himself raised to heaven by wings.
'Ah, is this still a dream? O happiness!' –
He is snatched up, borne aloft;
The mountains draw away from him:*

*'O sweet longing, sweet hope,
Farewell, nocturnal valley:
The gleaming hall of the gods
Stand open in the heavens' eternal blue.'*

LAMENT

*I lean back in the open apartment,
The hour is silent and late;
Day passes in such solitude,
When it passes without you!*

*My light lies in your eyes,
But your eyes avoid me,
My salvation lies in your hands,
But never shall I win you.*

*I lean back in the open apartment
Listening to the spring wind blow;
Spring passes in such solitude,
When it passes without you!*

SUMMER MORNING

*What has happened to me?
Have I awoken from a dream?
How clearly my eyes see,
O how my lips laugh!*

*As if there had never been
Such a bright blue heaven,
Which looks down onto my life
Like morning dew.*

Und in dem tiefsten Innern,
Da rieselt's wie ein Quell
Von Hoffen und Erinnern;
Wie schön ist das, wie hell!

O gold'ne Feierstunde!
O komm, du heisser Mann,
Und küss mir still vom Munde,
Was ich nicht sagen kann!

ES KLINGT DER LÄRM DER WELT

KARL STIELER

Es klingt der Lärm der Welt,
Ich hör' ihn nimmer;
Denn nur was du gesagt,
Das hör' ich immer.

Die Menschen schau'n mich an,
Kaum denk' ich dessen;
Ich hab' sie alle ja
Um dich vergessen.

O, lass mich schweigen doch,
Mein Lieb', mein Eden!
Du hast mich stumm geküsst,
Ich kann nicht reden!

Ich gab ja alles her,
Nichts ist mir geblieben;
Ich kann nur eines mehr:
Dich lieben, dich lieben, lieben.

*And the deepest recess of my soul
Ripples like a fountain
Of hope and memory;
How lovely is that, how bright!*

*O golden, ceremonious hour!
O come, you ardent man,
And silently kiss from my mouth
What my lips cannot say!*

THE WORLD CLAMOURS

*The world clamours,
I no longer hear it;
For only what you said
Is what I always hear.*

*People look at me,
I am hardly aware;
I have forgotten them all
Because of you.*

*O let me keep silent,
My love, my Eden!
You have kissed me into silence,
I cannot speak!*

*I surrendered everything,
Nothing of mine remains;
Only one thing is possible:
Loving, loving, loving you.*

Translations by Richard Stokes

Tracks: (CD1 1-6, 15-17; CD2 4-11)

Produced and Engineered by Alexander Van Ingen

Recorded 10th-13th March 2012 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK

Tracks: (CD1 7-14; CD2 1-3, 12-14)

Produced and Engineered by David Lefeber

Recorded on 4th-5th October 2012 in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, UK

Edited by Dave Rowell

Mixed and Mastered by Alexander Van Ingen

All for SIX Music Productions (www.sixmp.net)

Cover photograph *Sunbeams pouring through trees in a forest* by Poznukhov Yuriy

Executive Producer for Champs Hill Records: Alexander Van Ingen

Label Manager for Champs Hill Records: John Dickinson