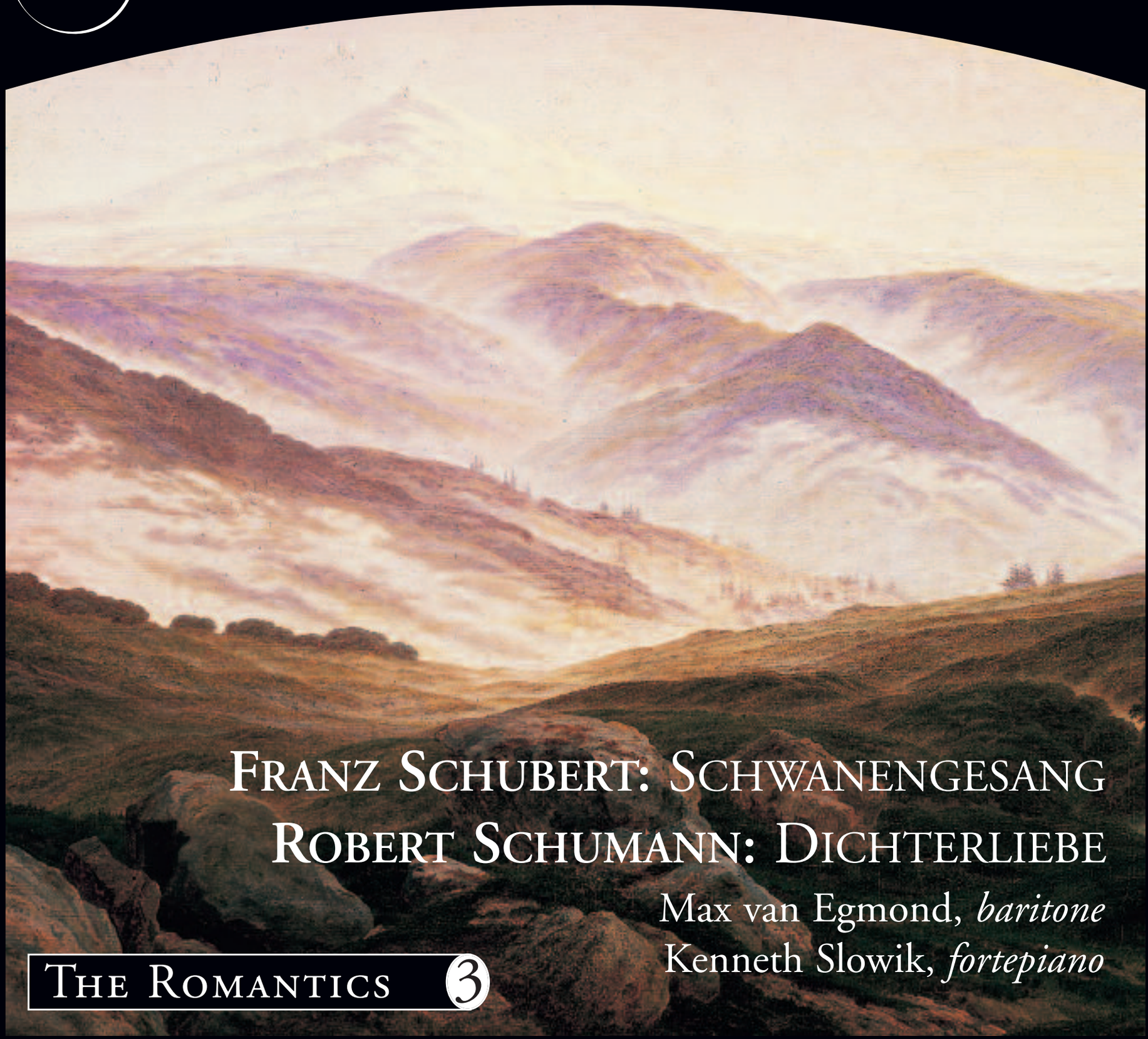
musica omnia



Franz Schubert: Schwanengesang
Robert Schumann: Dichterliebe

Max van Egmond, *baritone*
Kenneth Slowik, *fortepiano*

The Romantics 3

Franz Schubert: Schwanengesang
Robert Schumann: Dichterliebe

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Franz Schubert: Schwanengesang, D. 957

1	Liebesbotschaft	2′43
2	Kriegers Ahnung	4′38
3	Frühlingssehnsucht	3′37
4	Ständchen	3′24
5	Aufenthalt	3′03
6	In der Ferne	4′34
7	Abschied	4′17
8	Der Atlas	2′09
9	Ihr Bild	2′43
10	Das Fischermädchen	2′16
11	Die Stadt	2′25
12	Am Meer	3′54
13	Der Doppelgänger	3′42
14	Die Taubenpost	3′42

Robert Schumann: Dichterliebe, Op. 48

15	Im wunderschönen Monat Mai	1’24
16	Aus meinen Tränen sprießen	0’51
17	Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne	0’35
18	Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’	1’24
19	Ich will meine Seele tauchen	0’49
20	Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome	2’04
21	Ich grolle nicht	1’36
22	Und wüßten’s die Blumen	1’21
23	Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen	1’30
24	Hör’ ich das Liedchen klingen	1’47
25	Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen	1’02
26	Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen	2’27
27	Ich hab’ im Traum geweinet	2’00
28	Allnächtlich im Traume seh’ ich dich	1’30
29	Aus alten Märchen winkt es	2’43
30	Die alten bösen Lieder	4’24

Total time: 74’53

fortepiano: Rodney J. Regier, Freeport, ME, 1985 after Conrad Graf, Vienna c.1828

Text and Translations

Schwanengesang

1 Liebesbotschaft

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süße mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süße Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

2 Kriegers Ahnung

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

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

Hier, wo der Flamme düstrer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,

Swansong

Love's Message

Murmuring brooklet, so silvery and bright,
Do you hurry, so lively and swift, to my beloved?
Ah, dear brook, be my messenger;
Bring her greetings from her distant sweetheart.

All the flowers that she tended in her garden,
That she wears with such charm on her breast,
And her roses with their crimson glow,
Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling waters.

When on the banks, she droops her head,
Sunk in dreams, thinking of me,
Comfort my sweet one with a kind glance,
For her beloved will come back soon.

When the sun sinks in a red haze,
Lull my beloved to sleep.
With your murmuring, bring her sweet repose,
And whisper dreams of love.

Warrior's Foreboding

In deep sleep, my comrades-at-arms
Lie around me;
My heart is so fearful and heavy,
So afire with longing.

How often have I dreamt so sweetly
Upon her warm breast!
How gentle the fire's warmth seemed to me
When she lay in my arms!

Here, where the sombre glow of the fire,
Alas, only plays upon weapons,

Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Daß der Trost Dich nicht verläßt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht—
Bald ruh' ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste—Gute Nacht!

3 Frühlingssehnsucht

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

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

Grüßender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold,
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt,
Warum? Warum?

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

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellende Triebe bewußt!
Wer stillet mir endlich die drängende Lust?

Here the heart feels utterly alone;
A melancholy tear wells up.

Heart! May comfort not forsake you!
Many a battle still calls.
Soon I shall rest well and sleep deeply.
Beloved, good night!

Springtime Longing

Rustling breezes, blowing so gently,
Exuding flowery fragrance!
Your welcoming breath is bliss to me!
What have you done to my beating heart?
It wants to follow you on your airy way,
Where? Where?

Silvery little brooklets, babbling so merrily,
You want to go down below in the valley.
The swelling rivulets hurry on by!
The fields and sky are mirrored deep within there.
Why, you yearning, craving senses, do you draw me
Downward, downward?

Glittering gold of the welcoming sun,
You bring the gentle joy of hope.
How your rapturous, welcoming face refreshes me!
It smiles so gently in the deep blue sky,
And has filled my eyes with tears.
Why? Why?

Forests and hills are garlanded in green.
Gleaming, snowy blossoms shimmer.
All things yearn towards the bridal light;
The seeds swell, the buds burst;
They have found what they lacked:
And you? And you?

Restless longing! Wishful heart!
Are there always only tears, lamentation and pain?
I too am conscious of swelling urges!
Who at last will still my urgent desire?

Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du! Nur du!

Only you can free the springtime in my heart,
Only you! Only you!

4 Ständchen

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

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

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

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

Laß auch Dir die Brust [das Herz] bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Serenade

Softly my songs plead
Through the night to you;
Down below in the quiet grove,
Beloved, come to me!

Whispering, slender treetops rustle
In the moonlight;
That the inimical betrayer will overhear us,
Dear one, do not fear.

Don't you hear the nightingales singing?
Ah, they implore you,
With their sweet, plaintive tones,
They implore you on my behalf.

They understand the heart's yearning,
They know the pain of love;
They touch every tender heart
With their silvery tones.

Let your heart be moved too,
Beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me fortunate!

5 Aufenthalt

Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels, mein Aufenthalt.
Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,
Fließen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.
Und wie des Felsen uraltes Erz,
Ewig derselbe bleibet mein Schmerz.

Resting Place

Surging river, roaring forest,
Unmoving rock, my resting place.
As wave follows wave,
So flow my tears, eternally renewed.

As the tree-tops wave about and stir,
So incessantly my heart beats.
Like the rock's ages-old ore,
My sorrow remains forever the same.

6 In der Ferne

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

Herze, das sehnende,
Auge, das tränende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!
Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

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

Far Away

Woe to those who flee,
Journeying forth into the world,
Travelling through strange lands,
Forgetting their homeland.
Spurning their mother's house,
Forsaking their friends:
Alas, no blessing follows them
On their way!

Heart, the yearning one,
Eye, the tearful one,
Longing, never ending,
Turning homewards!
Breast, the surging one,
Lament, dying away,
Evening star, twinkling,
Sinking without hope!

Breezes, whispering,
Waves, gently curling,
Sunbeams, darting about,
Lingering nowhere:
Send her, who broke
My faithful heart with pain,
Greetings from one fleeing
And journeying forth into the world!

7 Abschied

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

Farewell

Farewell, you merry, you happy town, farewell!
Already my horse happily paws the ground;
Now take my last parting greeting.
You have never seen me be sad,
Nor will you now as I depart.
Farewell . . .

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

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

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

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

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

8 Der Atlas

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muß ich tragen.

Farewell, you trees and gardens so green, farewell!
Now I ride by the silvery stream;
My song of farewell echoes far and wide.
You have never heard a sad song,
Nor shall you at parting,
Farewell . . .

Farewell, charming maidens, farewell!
Why do you look out with flirtatious,
Alluring eyes from flower-fragrant houses?
As before, I greet you and look back,
But I will never turn my horse back.
Farewell . . .

Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest, farewell!
Now the twinkling stars in shimmering gold,
How fond I am of you, little stars in the sky;
Although we traverse the entire world,
Far and wide, you escort us faithfully everywhere,
Farewell . . .

Farewell, little window gleaming brightly, farewell!
You shine so cosily with your dimming light,
And invite us so hospitably into the cottage.
Ah, I have ridden past you so often
And might today be the last time?
Farewell . . .

Farewell, you stars, veil yourselves in gray! Farewell!
You innumerable stars cannot replace for us
The little window's dim, fading light;
If I cannot linger here, if I must ride by,
How can you help me, though you follow so faithfully?
Farewell, you stars, veil yourselves in gray!
Farewell!

Atlas

I, unhappy Atlas! a world,
The entire world of sorrows must I bear.

Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

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

9 Ihr Bild

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

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

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

10 Das Fischermädchen

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

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

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

I bear the unbearable, and my heart
Would break in my body.

You proud heart, you wished it so!
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy,
Or endlessly wretched, proud heart!
And now you are wretched.

Her Picture

I stood in dark dreams
And stared at her picture,
And the beloved countenance
Mysteriously began coming to life.

Around her lips there grew
A wonderful smile,
And as if from tears of sadness
Her eyes glistened.

My tears also flowed
Down my cheeks—
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

The Fisher Maiden

Lovely fisher maid,
Guide your boat to the shore;
Come and sit beside me,
We shall chat of love hand in hand.

Lay your little head on my heart
And don't be too afraid;
Each day you trust yourself without a care
To the wild ocean.

My heart is like the sea,
Has storms and ebbs and flows,
And many beautiful pearls
Rests in its depths.

11 Die Stadt

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

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

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

12 Am Meer

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

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

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

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

The City

On the distant horizon
Appears, like a misty vision,
The town with its turrets,
Shrouded in dusk.

A damp wind ruffles
The gray stretch of water;
With mournful strokes
The boatman rows my boat.

The sun rises once again,
Radiant, from the earth,
And shows me that place
Where I lost my beloved

By the Sea

The sea sparkled far and wide
In the sun's last rays;
We sat by the fisherman's lonely hut,
We sat mute and alone.

The mist rose, the waters swelled,
A seagull flew to and fro;
From your loving eyes,
The tears fell.

I saw them fall on your hand
And sank to my knees;
I, from your white hand,
Drank away the tears.

Since that hour, my body is consumed,
My soul dies from longing;
That unhappy woman
Has poisoned me with her tears.

13 Der Doppelgänger

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

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe—
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

The Ghostly Double

Still is the night, the streets are at rest;
In this house lived my sweetheart.
She has long since left the town,
But the house still stands on the very same place.

There too stands a man, staring up
And wringing his hands in anguish;
I shudder when I see his face—
The moon shows me my own form.

You ghostly double, you pale companion!
Why do you ape the pain of my love
Which tormented me on this very place,
So many a night in days long gone?

14 Die Taubenpost

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich,
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich.

The Carrier Pigeon

I have a carrier pigeon in my employ,
She is utterly devoted and faithful;
She never stops short of her goal
And never flies too far.

Each day I send her out
A thousand times on reconnaissance missions,
Past many a beloved place,
To my sweetheart's house.

There she looks furtively through the window,
Observing her every look and step,
Conveys my greeting lightly
And brings hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very own tears;
She will certainly not deliver them to the wrong place,
So eagerly does she serve me.

By day, by night, waking or dreaming,
It's all the same to her;
As long as she can roam,
She is richly content.

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub ist so mir treu.

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heißt–die Sehnsucht!
Kennt ihr sie? Die Botin treuen Sinns.

She never grows tired, she never grows faint,
The route is always new to her;
She needs no enticement, needs no reward,
So faithful is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
Certain of the loveliest prize;
Her name is—Longing!
Do you know her? The messenger of constancy.

Dichterliebe

15 **Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,**
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

16 **Aus meinen Tränen sprießen**
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all,
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

17 **Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,**
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne;
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie, und Taube und Sonne.

18 **Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',**
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh,

Poet's Love

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the buds were bursting,
Then in my heart
Did love arrive.

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then did I reveal to her
My yearning and longing.

From my tears spring up
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I will give you all the flowers,
And at your window will resound
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
Once I loved them all in love's rapture,
I love them no more, I love only
The small one, the exquisite one, the chaste one,
The unique one; she, all love's rapture itself,
Is rose and lily, and dove and sun.

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and sadness vanish,

Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst, "Ich liebe dich!"
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

19 **Ich will meine Seele tauchen**
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein,
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

20 **Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,**
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hinein gestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsere liebe Frau,
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

21 **Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,**
Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,
Das weiß ich längst. Ich sah' dich ja im Traume,
Und sah' die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah' die Schlang, die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah', mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

And when I kiss your mouth,
I am made wholly and truly well.

When I lean on your bosom,
Joy as if from heaven comes over me,
But when you say "I love you,"
I must weep bitterly.

I want to submerge my soul
Within the lily's calyx;
The lily would sing in whispers
A song of my beloved.

The song would tremble and quiver
Like the kiss from her mouth
That she once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
There in the waves is mirrored
With its mighty cathedral
Mighty, holy Cologne.

In the cathedral there is a picture
Painted on gilded leather;
Into the wilderness of my life,
It has shed its friendly rays.

There hover flowers and angels
Around our beloved Lady,
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are exactly like my beloved's.

I do not complain, even though my heart is breaking,
Love forever lost! I do not complain.
Even though you gleam with the glory of diamonds,
No gleam falls into the night of your heart.
I knew it long ago. I saw you in my dreams,
And saw night in the inner recesses of your heart,
And saw the viper that gnaws at your bosom,
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.

22 **Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen**
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

23 **Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,**
Trompeten schmettern darein,
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmein,
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

24 **Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,**
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh,
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh.

And if only the flowers, the little ones,
Knew how deeply wounded my heart is,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

And if only the nightingales knew
How sad and sick I am,
They would gladly pour out
Their refreshing song.

And if only they knew my woe,
Those little, golden stars,
They would come down from on high
And speak comfort to me.

They can none of them know,
Only one knows my sorrow;
She herself has torn it asunder,
Has rent my heart.

There is fluting and fiddling,
Trumpets blare within,
There in the wedding circle dances
My heart's best-beloved.

There is a din and hubbub,
Drumming and piping,
And in between sob and wail
The dear angels.

When I hear the song resounding
That my beloved once sang,
My heart is near to bursting
With sorrow's savage strain.

A dark longing drives me
Up to the forest heights;
There in tears is released
My overwhelming woe.

25 **Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,**
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

A boy loved a girl;
She chose another,
That other loved another,
And it was that one he married.

The girl took out of anger
The first good man
Who crossed her path;
The boy was laid low.

It is an old story,
But it remains ever new,
And when it has just happened to a man,
His heart breaks in two.

26 **Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen**
Geh ich im Garten herum,
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schauen mitleidig mich an;
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.

On a glittering summer morning,
I pace about the garden;
The flowers whisper and speak
But I wander mute.

The flowers whisper and speak
And look at me with compassion;
"Do not be cross with our sister,
You sorrowful, pale man."

27 **Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,**
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab,
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt, du verließest mich,
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut,
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

I wept in my dreams;
I dreamed you lay in the grave.
I awoke, and the tears
Still ran down my cheeks.

I wept in my dreams;
I dreamed you left me.
I awoke, and I continued weeping
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dreams;
I dreamed you were still kind to me.
I awoke, and
The flood of my tears still flows.

28 **Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich,**
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich,
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen,
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentropfchen.

Du sagt mir heimlich ein leises Wort,
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Cypressen,
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort
Und's Wort hab ich vergessen.

All night long in dreams I see you,
And see you greet me kindly,
And crying aloud I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me sadly
And shake your fair head.
From your eyes teardrops
Steal like pearls.

Secretly you speak a hushed word to me
And give me a sprig of cypress,
I wake up, and the sprig is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

29 **Aus alten Märchen winkt es**
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen,
Im goldnen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodein,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein.

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luftgen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor.

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis.

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein,

From old fairy tales someone waves
With a white hand,
There is singing and sounds
Of a magic land

Where brightly-colored flowers bloom
In golden evening light,
And sweetly smelling, glow
With faces as radiant as brides;

And green trees sing
Ages-old melodies;
The breezes sound softly
And birds twitter therein,

And misty shapes arise
From the ground
And dance in airy circles
In wondrous chorus,

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And crimson lights run
In circles hither and yon,

And noisy springs burst
From the unhewn marble stone,

Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreun,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach, jenes Land der Wonne
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

30 **Die alten bösen Lieder,**
Die Träume bös und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick,
Auch muß sie sein noch länger
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph,
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen
Und senken ins Meer hinab,
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

And strangely in the streams
Glows the reflection.

Ah! if only I could go there,
And there make my heart happy,
And be relieved of all sorrow,
And be free and joyous!

Ah! that land of rapture,
I see it often in my dreams,
But the morning sun comes
And scatters it like empty bubbles.

The old, evil songs,
The dreams evil and wicked,
Let us bury them now—
Fetch an enormous coffin.

In it I'll lay plenty,
But I won't say yet what;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the Heidelberg Cask.

And fetch a funeral bier
And boards thick and strong;
It too must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And then fetch me twelve giants,
They must be even stronger
Than mighty St. Christopher
In the Cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine.

They shall carry off the coffin
And sink it deep in the sea,
For such a large coffin
Demands a huge grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I want to sink my love
And my sorrow in it.

Life after death:
the posthumous creation of the **Schwanengesang**

In antique myth, swans—those most beautiful of birds—sing their only song just before dying, and their last utterance is of unearthly beauty. Two of many who made use of this symbolic lore to hymn the final achievements of great artists were the Viennese publisher Tobias Haslinger and Ferdinand Schubert, Franz Schubert's older brother, in whose cramped apartment in the house dubbed "Zur Stadt Ronsperg" Schubert died on 19 November 1828. (The apartment is now a museum on Kettenbrückenstraße 6, and for those who love Schubert's music, it is a moving experience to see the tiny chamber in which he drew his last breath.) Before his death, Schubert had offered the Heine songs, along with other works, to the Leipzig music publisher Heinrich Probst in a letter dated 2 October 1828, but nothing came of it. On 17 December 1828, Ferdinand sold a manuscript containing seven songs on texts by Ludwig Rellstab and six on texts by Heinrich Heine, as well as the manuscripts of the last three piano sonatas, to Haslinger for some 500 florins; an unrelated song, "Die Taubenpost," dated "October 1828," was sold to the same publisher shortly thereafter. (The manuscript, which Schubert had intended as a "garland"—not a cycle—of songs dedicated to his friends, is now in the collection of *The Pierpont Morgan Library* in New York City, and a facsimile of it and the first edition have been edited by Martin Chusid and published by Yale University Press.) The day following the sale, on 18 December 1828, Haslinger published an announcement in the *Wiener Zeitung* to say that he "had purchased as his legal property Franz Schubert's last compositions for voice and piano from the estate of the recently deceased, incomparable composer," fourteen songs in all. On 31 January 1829, he announced in the same periodical the impending appearance of the *Schwanen-Gesang*: "Under the above title are offered to the numerous friends of [the composer's] classic muse, the last blossoms of his noble spirit. These are the compositions he wrote in August 1828, shortly before he left this world, works which proclaim in the most definitive manner the consummate nature of his mastery." The songs appeared in May 1829 with neither opus number nor dedication.

Mysteries attend many of Schubert's compositions, and the genesis of Schwanengesang is riddled with them. Schubert had a lifelong habit of pouncing on new poetry when the printer's ink was barely dry on the pages; he read voraciously and with great discernment. One of the poets of Schwanengesang is among the German world's greatest literary geniuses: Heinrich, originally "Harry," Heine, who was born—as best we can tell, given his habit of obfuscation about his birthdate—on 13 December 1797 (the same year as Schubert's birth) and died in 1856, after eight years of pain-wracked paralysis on his "Matratzengruft" ('mattress-grave') in Paris. A Jew, he was unable to find employment of the sort a poet would want in his native Germany and therefore went into voluntary exile in France in 1830. The eighty-three poems of his giant cycle *Die Heimkehr* ('The Return Home') were first published in 1826 in the *Reisebilder* ('Travel Pictures') and again in 1827 as part of the *Buch der Lieder* ('Book of Songs'). For the next hundred years and more, composers seized upon Heine's youthful poetry for a total of some 6,500-plus compositions, and Schubert was among the first to recognize the originality and complexity of these seemingly simple poems; certainly many of the composers responsible for the vast roll-call of six thousand and more settings did not under-

stand Heine's enterprise at all, and their lack of comprehension is encoded in their music. Exactly when Schubert found the Heine poems is unknown. The singer Karl von Schönstein, to whom *Die schöne Müllerin* is dedicated, wrote in his memoirs: "When Schubert was still living at Schober's . . . I found he had in his possession Heine's *Buch der Lieder*, which interested me very much; I asked him for it and he let me have it, remarking that in any case he did not need it any more . . . all the above-mentioned Heine songs which appeared in *Schwanengesang* are contained in this book; the places where they are to be found are indicated by dog-eared leaves, probably done by Schubert himself." Schubert was living in rooms at Franz von Schober's comfortable inner city apartment on the Tuchlauben from spring of 1827 until 1 September 1828, when he moved to Ferdinand's house near the present-day Naschmarkt. It is fascinating to realize that Schubert only found six poems he could use and that he thereafter discarded the volume, if Schönstein's memory was correct. Did Heine's savage deconstruction of bourgeois emotional life, his ambivalence about almost everything, his strain of corrosive bitterness, his use of wit as a surgical instrument, his mammoth ego, ultimately turn Schubert away after composing such masterpieces as "Der Doppelgänger" and "Die Stadt"?

If Heine was and is a major poet, Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860) was not. The son of an accomplished pianist and music publisher, he studied piano with the Berlin composers Bernhard Klein and Ludwig Berger and became a journalist famous in his own city for his outspoken views. At least one of his works enjoyed a certain cachet in the mid-nineteenth century: the overblown and lengthy novel *1812* about Napoleon's Russian campaign was popular in English translation both in Britain and America. But present-day readers will be horrified by the anti-Semitism on display in the work (a commonplace at the time, but nauseating nonetheless), and Tolstoy's *War and Peace* on the same subject is in no danger of being unseated from the literary roster by the likes of Rellstab. If we remember his name, it is because of the *Schwanengesang* songs and the beautiful "Auf dem Strom," the latter quite possibly a memorial to Beethoven. Indeed, the Rellstab songs in *Schwanengesang* might have been mediated from beyond the grave by Schubert's great Viennese contemporary, whose death in March of 1827 must have been both a tragedy and a release for the younger man.

At the end of his autobiography, *Aus meinem Leben* ('From my life'), Rellstab recounts his visit with Beethoven in the spring of 1825. That Rellstab considered this incident the capstone of his life is evident in its placement as the culmination of his reminiscences.

> "I had taken with me not only manuscripts of my operatic poems but also—since at that time almost nothing of mine was printed—those of my little lyrical products that I considered the best ones to lay before Beethoven . . . I did not yet send him the copies of the opera texts, but chose some eight or ten of the lyric poems, each neatly written on a separate sheet . . . The poems moved in different moods; perhaps one of theirs might happily coincide with his and inspire him to breathe into eternal tones the transitory emotion of his breast! . . .
>
> So I carefully packed up the sheets of paper, wrote a few lines to Beethoven . . . and then carried both to his dwelling myself, for I would entrust such an important matter to no other hand."

Rellstab adds in a footnote that Anton Schindler, Beethoven's less-than-perfectly-honest *factotum*, had returned the leaves to him with pencil marks in Beethoven's hand to denote the ones he liked best. According to Rellstab, Schindler told him that Beethoven had given the poems to Schubert, but the shifty Schindler gave a different account in his reminiscences of Schubert:

> "I frequently had the pleasure, in the summer of 1827, of seeing [Schubert] at my home . . . during these visits, certain portions of Beethoven's literary estate had engaged his attention most particularly, among them . . . the lyric poems of all kinds which had been sent to the great master. A collection of perhaps twenty items absorbed his attention because I was able to tell him that Beethoven had ear-marked several of them to compose himself. The question as to the poet of this collection—which still exists in its entirety—I could not answer with any certainty; I thought it was Herr L. Rellstab or Varnhagen von Ense. Schubert put these poems in his pocket. Only two days later, he brought me "Liebesbotschaft," "Kriegers Ahnung," and "Aufenthalt" set to music. These, together with four others from that collection, form the major part of the contents of *Schwanengesang*, the name of "Rellstab" being added."

The leaves in question have, regrettably, vanished.

In a final, and similarly tenuous, bit of evidence, the first Schubert biographer, Heinrich Kreissle von Hellborn, printed a letter by Rellstab which the Beethoven friend and biographer Alexander Thayer believed had been sent to Beethoven. The poems Rellstab invokes in this note could indeed be the *Schwanengesang* texts:

> "Most honored Sir
>
> I sent you herewith some songs which I have had copied fairly for you; some others, written in the same vein, will shortly follow. They have perhaps this novelty about them, that they form in themselves a connected series, and refer to happiness, unity, separation, death, and hope on the other side of the grave, without pointing to any definite incidents.
>
> I should wish that these poems might succeed so far in winning your approval as to move you to set them to music.
>
> Day and night, I am thinking of an opera for you.
>
> With the deepest respect,
>
> M. L. Rellstab"

It is possible to speculate that Rellstab may have chosen poems on *An die ferne Geliebte*-like themes to copy out for Beethoven's delectation because of that composer's proven liking for such subjects as lover's parting, distance from the beloved, hopeless longing for the beloved, messages sent to the beloved by Nature's emissaries, and so on. Whether by chance or by design (the latter seems likely), the Heine songs in *Schwanengesang* continue the same obsession with loss of love, separation, and hopeless desire, in blacker, more intense strains than Rellstab was capable of creating. Even the happiest song of the fourteen, "Die Taubenpost," tells of distance and of constantly renewed longing.

Because the likes of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine are rare in any nation's literary history, Schubert often made use of the best products of less Olympian figures, and Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875), the poet of "Die Taubenpost," is among the throng of lesser lights. Seidl was a facile, superficial writer of both prose and poetry (gargantuan amounts of each); he was a pushy person, and we know that he irritated Schubert on at least two occasions with importunities for operatic composition and songs to his poems. He accommodated himself to the Metternich regime's oppression of creative minds, to the censorship bureaucracy's insistence on safe, sunny, unthreatening subjects; that he knew it was wrong became evident in the revolutionary year of 1848, when he recanted his prior activities as a censor. If Schubert found much of Seidl's early verse unusable for song, there were a few poems whose themes of longing, friendship, wandering, and meditations on death found favor with him, and the text of "Die Taubenpost" was one of them. Schubert evidently obtained it in manuscript, as it was not published in Seidl's 1826 two-volume anthology of poems, and set it to music near the end of his life, the autograph manuscript (on paper different from that used for the Rellstab and Heine songs) dated "October 1828." There is a draft of this song, a fascinating document because it is a "working paper," from which we learn that the piano part originally lacked the bewitching syncopated effects in the right hand and was heavier, chunkier, in its block chords. Schubert assuredly did not intend this gemütlich gem to go forth into the world in proximity to the darker, tonally radical Heine songs or the more virtuosic strains of the Rellstab songs, but Haslinger knew what he was doing when he created the conjunction. The Rellstab songs end with the cheerful "Abschied" (Farewell) at the midpoint of the Swan Songs, and "Die Taubenpost" corresponds to it in placement, tone, and temper.

Even before their publication in May of 1829, a fortunate few were privileged to hear certain Schwanengesang songs performed for the first time ever. At a Schubertiade that took place at Josef von Spaun's home on 23 December 1828, the composer's friends gathered to hear the great singer and Schubert proponent Johann Michael Vogl sing"Die Taubenpost" and "Der Doppelgänger;" one imagines that the occasion must have been a poignant, affectionate celebration of their dead friend's life and works. One of those in attendance, Friedrich Ludwig von Hartmann, described "Der Doppelgänger" as "one of the blackest night pieces to be found among Schubert's songs." Another friend of the composer's, Anna Fröhlich, arranged a private concert on 30 January 1829, the eve of the birthday Schubert never saw, in the hall of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in order to raise money for a Schubert monument; both "Die Taubenpost" and "Aufenthalt" were performed on that occasion to such enthusiastic response that they had to be repeated. As far as we know, the first performance of the ever-popular "Ständchen" took place at a "private musical entertainment" organized by the violinist Ignaz Schuppanzigh and held on 1 November 1829, with the tenor Ludwig Tietze singing the Rellstab serenade. Again, the audience called for its repetition.

The Rellstab songs of Schwanengesang begin with one of Schubert's many songs "to be sung on the waters" ("Auf dem Wasser zu singen" is the title of one of his loveliest lieder), and the limpid, liquid piano figuration of "Liebesbotschaft" is among the frothiest, foamiest of all his watery piano parts. The beloved's dreams, lulled by the water's murmuring, in this song give way to the warrior's campfire memories of bygone dreams at his sweetheart's breast in "Kriegers Ahnung," and Schubert draws a stark contrast between the columnar, dark, double-dot-

ted block chords (listeners will hear a relationship between these framing passages and the equally black-blacker-blackest passages in the Heine song "Die Stadt") that tell of the death-haunted present and the warm, fluid passage in major mode that tells of a past beautified by love. The way in which Schubert melts enharmonically from the dream of past love to "Hier, wo der Flammen düstrer Schein" is emblematic of this composer's ability to go between vastly distant tonal worlds with uncanny ease, to slip from one realm to another as if by sleight-of-hand. "Frühlingssehnsucht" is filled with irresistible thrumming motion in the piano, evocative of springtime's newly-resurgent vitality. Rellstab's propensity to write litany-line poems ("Grüßender Sonne, spielendes Gold, hoffende Wonne, bringest du hold," for example) impelled from Schubert vocal lines filled with repetitive duplet rhythmic patterns; when they sound in conjunction with the triplet thrumming in the piano, the entire world seems to rustle, vibrate, and quiver with life redivivus. If one looks only at the words of the famous "Ständchen," it might be possible to dismiss the persona as a heartless seducer, but Schubert—while acknowledging the heart of darkness in this mise-en-scène—fills his song of seduction (we have the obligatory guitar- or lute mimicry in the piano and the equally obligatory trills in the vocal line, like a Neapolitan boatmen imbuing "O sole mio" with an extra dash of fervor) with vulnerability, uncertainty, ambivalence, with all of eroticism's mixed messages. The battle between duplet and triplet rhythmic patterns is once again a feature of "Aufenthalt," and the conflict is endemic of the persona's determination not to be swept away and drowned either by the raging river in flood or his own inner floodtide of grief. "In der Ferne," with its barrage of present participles, its bizarre combination of floridity and clipped utterance, its anti-litany of Byronic darkness, we find massive moments, apt for this suicidal mind which challenges all of Nature and the cosmos on the brink of self-destruction. The jolt of a semitone downwards at the words "Mutterhaus Hassenden" would not become standard practice in music until Wagner post-1850, and the huge chord on the flatted second degree near the end—a signpost of special darkness and intensity—is a hallmark of Schubert's harmonic language. From "Erlkönig" to "Abschied," horses ride through Schubert's songs, and this pianistic steed carries the persona through what seems a paradoxically happy farewell. But the merry tone is, we come to realize, willed. In the E-flat major key of Beethoven's "Les Adieux" piano sonata, Op. 81a (in its original tonality), the persona and his horse bid a protracted farewell—by the end of the song, we understand that he does not really want to leave and hence says "Goodbye" over and over and over again, delaying the actual departure—to a place where love once beckoned, but no longer. The shift to the key of the flatted submediant near the end ("Ade! ihr Sterne, verhüllet euch grau!") is sheer magic and, possibly, another Beethovenian reference as well, since Beethoven was fond of just such tonal shifts. Soon the stars would be veiled in gray not just for Beethoven but for Schubert.

The Heine songs are a quantum leap into the future of music. The boldness of these songs will forever be breathtaking; in the history of tonal music, they are eternally radical. Graham Johnson has written that it is tempting to hear the Rellstab "Abschied" as a farewell to the musical past, followed by the prophetic audacity of "Der Atlas," and the notion is all the more enticing because Beethoven did not know of Heine's verse. Heine, therefore, was Schubert's own to introduce to the world of music, much as Hugo Wolf would later claim Eduard Mörike's marvelous verse for the same privilege. Because the *Schwanengesang* songs are steeped in references to Beethoven, it is not surprising to find that the "Atlas"-motive, with its prominent diminished fourth interval, should have its fons et origo in

Beethoven's last piano sonata, op. 111 in C minor, mm. 20-22, but what Schubert does with this reference to multiple Titans (Beethoven, Heine, Schubert, the mythical Greek giant) is uniquely his own. When Heine's Titan declares that he must bear the unbearable, the "Unerträgliches," Schubert's giant lurches suddenly to a different tonal place, as if consciousness of massive grief had made him stagger. "Ihr Bild" begins with one of the most stark, enigmatic gestures in all of Western music: two octave B-flats (in the original key), which Heinrich Schenker compared to two eyes staring at the image of the lost beloved. This is music of utmost desolation. The diminished fourth outlined in the first vocal phrase suggests a link with "Der Atlas," and the echo of the initial phrase at the bottommost depths of the Schubert-era fortepiano has its own echo in the mysterious low bass trill in the first movement of Schubert's last piano sonata, the Op. posth. Sonata in B-flat. In both the song and sonata, one seems to hear a subterranean beast stir into momentary, rumbling life and then subside into the depths, leaving an uneasy silence in its wake.

Heine's persona in "Das Fischermädchen" is an oily seducer, bent on cozening a fisher-girl into "trusting him," as she trusts the wild ocean waters. As hubristic a creature as Heine's Atlas, he boasts of "pearls within the depths," pearls of poetry, no doubt. Here, one loves Schubert all the more because he could not, or would not, venture as far into ironic-erotic sleaziness as Heine. His seducer is a merrier, healthier creature than the poet's, bobbing happily from key to key as if from wave to wave. But "Die Stadt" is one of the eeriest songs Schubert ever wrote. Here, the music of the waves and the oars is also the music of obsession, of an idée fixe, that which never changes, and the stern, double-dotted, block chords underlying the description of the city tell of a grim place, impenetrable and inhuman, uncaring of the persona's pain. The song "ends" with a single low pitch which leaves the song's repeated diminished seventh harmony unresolved . . . until the equally radical and unorthodox German sixth chord in the same key with which "Am Meer" begins. It is impossible not to hear the songs as connected. "Am Meer" is a song of torment: the persona has been poisoned by the beloved's "tears," and one understands tears as symbolic displacements of sexual fluids. Realizing that Schubert—attuned to literary symbolism as few men have ever been—might well have understood this poem in light of his own venereal poisoning, the song is all the more powerful. And the final Heine song, "Der Doppelgänger," is a fusion sui generis of music's future and its past. The persona who meets his ghostly double aping his younger self—three duplications of one being—invokes "olden times," and Schubert therefore devises a four-bar ground bass, palpably antique (Purcell *redivivus*), whose diminished fourth interval is no surprise by this point. This song is a categorial denial of traditional lyrical lied loveliness, a refusal to write the bewitching melodies of which this composer was supremely capable in order to strike deeper, much deeper. The skeletal ground bass always seems to me the musical embodiment of the ghostly double, the other self . . . and it has been there all along. When the speaker realizes what has haunted him this entire song, he utters the words of someone damned to all eternity, his wail of anguish subsiding into a melisma ("alter Zeit") that is simultaneously formal, Baroque, and drenched in woe.

We hear "Die Taubenpost" in elegiac mode, knowing that its creator died just weeks later, but Schubert was surprised by death, not anticipating it, and this last song is far from funerary. The offbeat placement of the right-hand chords in the first half of many measures of this song, with rhythmic regularity restored in the second

half of the bar, gives the song an irresistible gentle Schwung. The unbroken motion spells vitality: for the duration of this song, we dance onward and outward into life, with sheer happiness the impelling force. It used to be de rigueur to damn "Die Taubenpost" with faint praise because it seemed lower-key than its neighbors, but recent writers are kinder, rightly so. I particularly like Edward Cone's description of *Schwanengesang* as Schubert's *Die Kunst des Liedes* ('The Art of Song')—punning on Johann Sebastian Bach's *Die Kunst der Fuge* ('Art of the Fugue')—and "Die Taubenpost" as "a final summary, a cheerful demonstration of his mastery of the craft" (see Edward Cone, "Repetition and Correspondence" in Martin Chusid, ed., *A Companion to Schubert's Schwanengesang*, Yale University Press, 2000, p. 88). Here, Schubert makes tonal adventurism sound effortless. One of the loveliest details occurs in the fifth stanza, where Seidl declares, "As long as she [Longing] can roam, she is richly content," the word "überreich" impelling a sudden shift to a mediant harmony (in the original key, a shift from G major to B major). Mediant shifts bespeak the marvelous, and they do so in the same way in stanzas 1 and 5. In the first verse, Seidl declares that "Longing never falls short of the mark and never overshoots it," a statement only a self-satisfied person could make and one which Schubert, tongue-in-cheek, contradicts. "Longing does overshoot the mark . . . that is its nature," the composer says, going past—"vorbei"—the expected resolution to land on a dazzlement of brightness from elsewhere. And there are a myriad such details in this song, in which Schubert demonstrates how easily he flies elsewhere tonally and how easily he returns home---one need only invoke the faint pinpricks of dissonance when we hear of eavesdropping voyeurism in the third verse; the right-hand part (the carrier pigeon) kept on a short leash, hopping up and down on its perch, at the beginning and then set free on short flights thereafter; and the double-dotted rhythms which tell of the bird's eagerness to serve. Somehow, one is glad that if Schubert's glorious spate of song had to end, it did so with this blithe and winged farewell, with a demonstration of consummate grace, effortless profundity, and unmatched *joie de vivre*.

—SUSAN YOUENS

Robert Schumann's Dichterliebe, op. 48

In 1827 there appeared a volume of poetry by a young poet named Heinrich Heine. Its title, the *Buch der Lieder* (*Book of Songs*), was fateful, for in the course of the 19th century over two thousand songs were composed on its verses. Franz Schubert took it up almost immediately and set six of its poems, which appeared in the posthumous collection *Schwanengesang*. A stream of composers followed suit: Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn, Robert Franz, Karl Loewe, Robert and Clara Schumann, Franz Liszt, Johannes Brahms, Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss, and scores of less well known, but prolific Heine devotees.

The collection clearly seized the imagination of Robert Schumann, who was inspired to compose two song cycles and a number of individual songs from the *Buch der Lieder* in the course of the late winter and spring of 1840. All in all he wrote about 40 pieces, more than he composed to the poems any other single poet that year, and approximately a sixth of his total *oeuvre* of song. Though his life-long favorite poet was arguably Friedrich Rückert, Schumann is linked foremost with Heine in the literature for the simple reason that some of his best known and treasured *Lieder* are Heine settings.

Schumann had heretofore composed almost exclusively piano music, but in the winter of 1839-40, well before there were any dated manuscripts of *Lieder*, much less publications, he mentioned to Clara in a letter that he had filled several notebooks with songs. In the course of 1840 and early 1841, he composed approximately two-thirds of his some 250 *Lieder*. Popular biography nourishes the romantic notion that this outbreak of song reflects Schumann's love for Clara, which would culminate with their marriage in September after they had finally won their petition to wed without her father's consent. But since Robert had long acknowledged Clara as one of the principal inspirations for his music, it is not logical to infer that his more or less abrupt shift to song was due to his love for her, anymore than to their future marriage (unless we are to attribute to Schumann a measure of clairvoyance). Rather the outbreak of song is seen by some as a natural evolution of a new lyricism in his piano works and by others as a step on his path toward opera and oratorio, word-setting in the small before he took it up on a larger scale.

In any case Schumann had always been a voracious reader with catholic taste in authors and genres of literature. When he began to compose songs, he drew on a wide variety of poets—Rückert, Goethe, Heine, second rank poets like Adelbert von Chamisso, Justinius Kerner, Julius Mosen, Robert Reinick, Emmanuel Geibel, and German translations of Robert Burns, Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, and Hans Christian Andersen. The music poured from his pen. He wrote Clara that vocal melody seemed to come much more freely, that he found himself walking around in his room "singing like a nightingale."

Schumann was intensely involved with Heine's poetry at the outset of his *Liederjahr* ('year of song'). Among his first song compositions was the setting of Heine's *Lieder*, an integral cycle of nine poems that stands near the head of the *Buch der Lieder*. This cycle, which can be heard retroactively as a kind of prefiguring of the later, more famous cycle, was published as Op. 24 in the course of the year. In mid-spring—"in the wonderfully fair month of May"—Schumann composed songs to twenty more poems from the *Buch*, this time chosen from among the sixty-six poems collected in the section called *Lyrisches Intermezzo*. Whittled down, these would become *Dichterliebe* a few years later. There were, as well, three Heine songs in the collection that Schumann drew together late in the summer from among the wealth of songs composed early in the year. He got these up as a wedding bouquet for Clara; hence the title "Myrthen" (Op. 25). And there were about ten other Heine settings this year, including the famous "Die beiden Grenadiere." After the *Liederjahr* Schumann never returned to Heine's verse, but the settings he made that year are so rich and beautiful and satisfying that we hardly regret the abandonment.

Almost all of the sixty-six poems that form the Lyrisches Intermezzo (sixty-five in later and modern editions) deal with unhappy love; this is in fact true of most of the poems in the whole *Buch der Lieder*. Most are short lyrics of one, two or three brief stanzas. The vocabulary and diction is plain. With few exceptions (like "Ich grolle nicht") the poems are in simple, folk-like meters and rhyme schemes. Heine cultivated a simple *façade* for verse that often carries sophisticated, haughty, angry, sarcastic, and sardonic content. Sometimes, for example, the utterly plain, almost hackneyed language may suggest an attitude of derision. A few of the poems are nearly inscrutable, and the overall tone is one of ironic distance. These qualities may appeal to modern readers, or at least strike them as unremarkable, but they did not endear Heine to some of

his contemporaries, who found his verse harsh, puzzling, at odds with their ideas of what poetry should be. Some critics were baffled or hostile to his style.

At first blush it may seem unlikely that Robert Schumann would be drawn to such poetry. But on reflection the improbability is not so strong. In his student travels the 18-year-old Schumann had, with a letter of introduction, met Heine in Munich in 1828 and had spent the better part of a day with him walking the city. Schumann surely felt awed to be in the company of such a well-known poet. He noted in his diary the "ironic smile" that always hung on the poet's lips. So first of all, Schumann had a personal acquaintance, if slight, with Heine and knew that the great man of icy wit was, up close, companionable and not bitter.

Second, and more important, Schumann himself, we should remember, wrote piano music that was not unlike Heine's verse. He composed cycles of very short pieces. Their rhythms were often biting. Their import was ambiguous, even when their outward form was simple. Schumann wrote neither prettified pieces for the young ladies of the salon nor the flashy numbers for the concert hall virtuoso. He scorned the "Philistines" of society in his music and in his critical writings. He was hardly the darling of the critics. Schumann owned a copy of the *Buch der Lieder*, which he apparently acquired within a few months of meeting Heine. In a diary entry not long thereafter he acknowledged Heine's "Bizarrerie," sarcasm, despair, and caricaturing of society, but added that he preferred this to all the pretentiousness of his critics.

* * *

Though scholars have written about the careful and artful ordering of the sixty-six poems of *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, their sequence, except for grand opening and closing gestures, has more to do with small groupings of finely interrelated poems within the larger number than with an overarching design, such as narrative. To be sure there is a context implicit behind Heine's sixty-six poems—unhappy love—but though this may have been the ground (autobiographical or imagined is not the issue) in which these poems grew, Heine's poems are related to this context in myriad ways, and there is no straightforward chronological thread. The poet appears to be more interested in examining his attitudes to the experiences, relishing the extremes of his emotions, using his wit in a forensic discussion of the qualities of the erstwhile beloved. He spirals around, passing again and again through different stages of his emotional experience. His poetry is a prism refracting the experience into many colors. As we shall see, however, it was a narrative that Schumann sought to extract from Heine's poems.

When Schumann started composing songs to the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* in late May, he had no fixed idea of which or how many poems he would set. A list in his sketch manuscript suggests that he was initially interested in many more poems than he eventually set to music. He ended up composing a set of twenty songs for which he drafted the a rather prosaic title "Poems of Heinrich Heine, 20 Lyric Poems and Songs from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* in the *Buch der Lieder*." In this draft Schumann dedicated the songs to Mendelssohn. Then he tucked the manuscript away. He composed so many songs that year that had he published them all immediately he would have flooded the market. As it happened he brought out only about half the songs that year, and released the oth-

ers over the next several years. None of the three big cycles—*Dichterliebe*, *Frauenliebe und -Leben* (Chamisso), or the *Eichendorff Liederkreis*—appeared in 1840. Perhaps Schumann sensed that these three special cycles needed to season a bit longer. Indeed when Schumann did come to publish the big Heine cycle, as Op. 48 in 1844, he had stripped it of four songs and had given it a more programmatic title, "A Poet's Love." He had also removed Mendelssohn's name from the title page, to whom in the meantime he had dedicated his string quartets (Op. 41), and he dedicated this song cycle instead to the operatic soprano Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient. Schumann may have meant his programmatic title to project this cycle as a male counterpart of "A Woman's Life and Love," which had appeared as Op. 42 in 1843. Or it may have been intended to suggest something quite different. Since Dichter can mean not only a poet, but also more generally an artist, the title may be Schumann's way of signaling that these poem-songs show us how an artist takes the sometimes harsh experiences of life and transmutes them into self-expression, thus enabling himself to externalize and exorcise his demons.

Schumann definitely sought to distill a coherent narrative from kaleidoscopic lyrical abundance of *Lyrisches Intermezzo*. Schumann's sixteen carefully chosen poems can be read as a tale that begins with happy love, but is followed by break-up, anger, sorrow, and then a gradual distancing from the experience in dreams, and finally an acceptance. These elements fall into three large segments: love (songs 1-4), crisis (5-11), and reconciliation (12-16).

Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo* opens with a prologue in which an old, decrepit, and solitary knight, sitting alone in his room at midnight, comes passionately to life when he is visited by his long-ago beloved. But he soon discovers his happiness is illusory: she is not his beloved, but a water-nymph whom he embraces ardently, but who then suddenly vanishes, leaving him alone in what is identified as his *Poetenstübchen* ('poet's garrett'). The implication seems to be that, bewitched and then abandoned, the knight takes up his pen.

Heine's prologue imparts to the shorter lyrics that follow a sense that the knight is hearkening back to his youthful experience of his beloved. Schumann did not include the prologue, but there is nevertheless a sense after the first song that what follows is a flashback. This is due to two elements. The poem "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" is in the past tense, while the those that follow are in the present. To this Schumann added the ambiguity of key in the piano music, which hovers around, but never cadences in the implied minor key, giving the tonality of this song a kind of soft focus that sets it apart.

The flashback—the rest of the cycle—is solidly and unambiguously tonally anchored. The next three songs of happy and untroubled love follow one another in rapid succession in closely related major keys. But the end of No. 4, "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'," introduces the first false note: when the beloved says "I love you," the poet weeps bitterly. The next song breaks the smooth flow of keys, beginning in the middle of a harmonic progression. This sets up a sequence of seven songs (Nos. 5-11), that carry us from shock and confusion (No. 5) through a possible attempt to find religious consolation (No. 6), self-pity and spite (No. 7, the famous "Ich grolle nicht", sorrow (No. 8), anger and jealousy (No. 9), and finally to stiff-upper-lipped humour (No. 10). These songs progress through closely entwined keys, mostly minor except for Nos. 7 and 11.

The third segment is set off by another break in harmonic connection. No. 12 “Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen” begins on an augmented sixth chord, a progression *in medias res* as at the start of No. 5. In this final segment the poet gradually pulls away from his devastating experience. He thinks of forgiving his beloved (No. 12), then she recedes into his dreams—at first into a miserable one, (No. 13) and then one in which her memory evaporates (No. 14). In the penultimate song he realizes it is only a delusion to believe he can ever fully be rid of her memory, and in the final song, though he wishes to bury his "old evil songs" in the sea, he actually confirms the impossibility of doing so by naming the extraordinary means such an obliteration would take (perhaps suicide). But the piano postlude, recalling the end of No. 12, suggests that while he may never forget her, he can forgive. These last five songs proceed in smooth connectedness.

Each time one performs or listens to this cycle, new beauties, new expressive nuances manifest themselves, and other features never grow old. Take the piano postludes, for example, for which Schumann's songs are noted. Some of the most wonderful ones occur in *Dichterliebe*: the beloved's song sung by the piano at the end of No. 5; the violent conclusion of No. 8 that prefigures the mood of the wedding dance of No. 9, which in turn has an extended postlude that anticipates the key of No. 10; the rising chromatic line and crescendo in the inner voice of the closing piano music of No. 10; the pensive ending of No. 12, with its echo of the song's salient augmented sixth harmony; the reprise and extension of this postlude after No. 16 to conclude the cycle. In contrast to this, listen to how the abrupt, postlude-less ending of No. 14 mimics the evanescent quality of the dream.

Schumann sent a copy of his *Liederkreis*, Op. 24 to Heine soon after its publication in 1840, but the poet never even acknowledged receipt of it. It is no wonder then that the composer was not disposed to send this larger cycle to Heine four years later. What would the poet have thought? He might reasonably have believed that the primary qualities of his poetry lay in its literariness, in its purely verbal play. In this regard Schumann's music, or any music, might lend too much emotional gravity to the verse, might tend to obscure the poet's cool remove. If this is a risk of a musical setting, then “Ich grolle nicht” (No. 7) might illustrate the problem. On the other hand, some songs hold the music in check and allow the ambiguity of Heine's words to have their own effect. In “Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’” (No. 4) the music sets up the ending by underlining the penultimate line (“Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich”) with a diminished seventh chord, but provides fairly neutral music for the final, surprising line ("So muss ich weinen bitterlich”), thus allowing it to speak for itself. The piano figuration of “Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome” (No. 6) offers both a tone picture of the river's motion and the starched rhythms of a baroque procession, but does not try to interpret the speaker's experience of seeing his beloved's face in the painting of the Madonna; the meaning of this richly textured moment is left to us. To pick one more, different example: in the final song, also Heine's last poem, Schumann's pounding piano music and wide-striding melody match the poet's wonderful verbal hyperbole. Both poem and music could be read as somewhat “over the top.” And notice how deftly Schumann sets the poet's rhetorical question and answer in the closing stanza. One finally concludes that Heine, had he listened sympathetically, would have found much in Schumann's songs to like. Musicians always have.

—RUFUS HALLMARK

Max van Egmond

Born on February 1, 1936 in Semarang, Java, (Indonesia—then the Dutch East Indies),the admired Dutch bass-baritone Max (Rudolf) van Egmond studied principally with Tine van Willingen. He completed his schooling and musical education in Holland after the war, becoming a member of the *Nederlandse Bach Vereniging* ('Dutch Bach Society') at the age of eighteen. In 1959 (three years after his friend and compatriot, Elly Ameling) he became a the prizewinner at the 's-*Hertogenbosch International Vocal Competition*. He was also awarded competition prizes in Brussels (1959) and Munich (1964).

These public successes marked the beginning of a distinguished career in the fields of oratorio, *Lieder* and baroque opera. Max van Egmond has achieved his greatest fame as an interpreter of J. S. Bach's cantatas, masses and passions and, from 1965, participated in complete recordings and performances of these masterpieces with conductors Gustav Leonhardt, Jaap Schröder, Nikolaus Harnoncourt and Frans Brüggen. (*Teldec*, *Deutsche Harmonia Mundi*, *Seon*). One of Holland's most beloved artists, he has received numerous awards and honours including a special decoration from Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands for his decades of service to Dutch musical life. His forty-year career has taken him throughout Europe, Canada, the USA, Israel, Australia and Asia.

For many years a professor at Amsterdam's *Sweelinck Conservatory*, Max van Egmond continues to give master classes throughout the world, and returns every year to Mateus, Portugal, and to the *Baroque Performance Institute* at *Oberlin College Conservatory*, Ohio. His performances with the Belgian-based *Ricercar Consort* have explored the extensive seventeenth-century German cantata repertory, documented in a highly successful series of recordings (*Deutsche Barock Kantaten*) for the *Ricercar* label. Over the last 15 years, Max van Egmond has concentrated on performing *Lieder* and French art songs, and has already produced highly acclaimed recordings (with the Belgian pianist, Jos van Immerseel) of Schubert's *Winterreise* as well as chansons of Gabriel Fauré (*Channel Classics*). For *Musica Omnia*, Max van Egmond has recorded Schubert's *Schwanengesang* and Schumann's *Dichterliebe* (with pianist Kenneth Slowik) as well as the cycles *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise* (with Penelope Crawford). Max van Egmond's concerts, recordings and master classes all provide eloquent testimony not only to his expertise in all areas of the vocal repertoire, but also to his great kindness and humanity in the service of music.

—PETER WATCHORN

Kenneth Slowik

Artistic Director of the *Smithsonian Chamber Music Society*, Kenneth Slowik first established his international reputation as a cellist and viola da gamba player. His work in these capacities with the *Smithsonian Chamber Players*, the *Castle Trio*, the *Smithson String Quartet*, the *Axelrod Quartet*, *Party of Four*, and with Anner Bylsma's *L'Archibudelli* has been widely recognized and praised over many years. Now devoting increasing amounts of time to conducting the orchestral, oratorio and operatic repertoire with both modern instrument and period instrument ensembles, his work in this capacity has also elicited enthusiastic responses from audiences and critics alike. Slowik was conductor of a featured instrumental soloist with the *National Symphony*, the *Baltimore Symphony* and the *Cleveland Orchestra*. Frequently he provides the organ or harpsichord continuo for performances of large-scale baroque works at various festivals in the United States and abroad.

His impressive discography comprises nearly sixty recordings on the *BMG/Deutsche Harmonia Mundi*, *SONY Vivarte*, *Virgin Classics*, *Decca/L'Oiseau-Lyre*, *Harmonia Mundi France*, *EMI* and *Smithsonian Collection of Recordings* labels. Of these, many have won prestigious international awards, featuring him as conductor, cellist, gambist and annotator in repertoire ranging from the Baroque (Marais, Bach) through the Classical (Haydn, Boccherini, Beethoven, Schubert) and Romantic (Mendelssohn, Gade, Spohr) to the early twentieth-century (Schönberg, Mahler, Barber, Richard Strauss).

As an educator, Dr. Slowik has presented lectures at colleges and universities throughout the United States and has organized and contributed to a number of symposia and colloquia at the *Smithsonian*. His articles on music and performance practice have appeared in several scholarly journals; his annotations for recordings and concert programs are frequently cited as models in their field. He serves on the faculty of the *University of Maryland* and was named Artistic Director of the *Baroque Performance Institute* at the *Oberlin College Conservatory* in 1993.

Recording Dates:
10–12 April, 2001

Recording Location:
The Studio, Roslindale, MA

Session Producer:
Peter Watchorn

Recording & Mastering:
Joel Gordon

Editing & Post-Production:
Matthew Packwood, Peter Watchorn,
Joel Gordon and Kenneth Slowik

Piano Preparation:
Rodney Regier

Booklet Design & Editing:
Anne Harley

Front Cover:
Riesengebirge (1835)
by Caspar David Friedrich (1744–1840)
The Hermitage, Saint Petersburg
Bridgeman Art Library

Inside Back Cover
Evening Landscape with Two Men (1830-35)
by Caspar David Friedrich
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Back Cover:
Max van Egmond and Kenneth Slowik
Smithsonian Photo by Hugh Talman

Max van Egmond and Kenneth Slowik

Unlike ***Die schöne Müllerin*** *and* ***Winterreise****, Schubert's* ***Schwanengesang*** *is not a song cycle, but a collection of fourteen songs compiled by his publisher, Tobias Haslinger, with the help of the composer's brother, after his untimely death in 1828. Schumann's* ***Dichterliebe****, composed in 1840, sets sixteen poems from Heinrich Heine's* ***Buch der Lieder*** *(1827). Celebrated Dutch baritone Max van Egmond and fortepianist Kenneth Slowik fully reveal the richness and variety of each of these great song collections.*

Franz Schubert: Schwanengesang
Robert Schumann: Dichterliebe

Max van Egmond *baritone* Kenneth Slowik *fortepiano*

Franz Schubert:
Schwanengesang, D. 957

1	Liebesbotschaft	2'43
2	Kriegers Ahnung	4'38
3	Frühlingssehnsucht	3'37
4	Ständchen	3'24
5	Aufenthalt	3'03
6	In der Ferne	4'34
7	Abschied	4'17
8	Der Atlas	2'09
9	Ihr Bild	2'43
10	Das Fischermädchen	2'16
11	Die Stadt	2'25
12	Am Meer	3'54
13	Der Doppelgänger	3'42
14	Die Taubenpost	3'42

Robert Schumann:
Dichterliebe, Op. 48

15	Im wunderschönen Monat Mai	1'24
16	Aus meinen Tränen sprießen	0'51
17	Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne	0'35
18	Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'	1'24
19	Ich will meine Seele tauchen	0'49
20	Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome	2'04
21	Ich grolle nicht	1'36
22	Und wüßten's die Blumen	1'21
23	Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen	1'30
24	Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen	1'47
25	Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen	1'02
26	Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen	2'27
27	Ich hab' im Traum geweinet	2'00
28	Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich	1'30
29	Aus alten Märchen winkt es	2'43
30	Die alten bösen Lieder	4'24

Total time: **74'53**

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