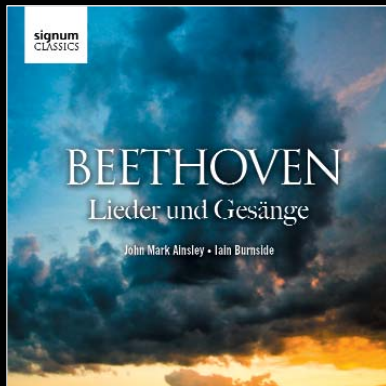


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BEETHOVEN: LIEDER UND GESÄNGE

CD1

6 Lieder Op. 75

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| 1. Neue Liebe, neues Leben | [3.15] |
| 2. An den fernen Geliebten | [3.25] |
| 3. Der Zufriedene | [1.24] |
| 4. Gretels Warnung | [2.05] |
| 5. Aus Goethes Faust | [2.07] |
| 6. Mignon - Kennst du das Land | [4.07] |

6 Lieder von Gellert

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 7. Bitten | [2.35] |
| 8. Gottes Macht und Vorsehung | [1.18] |
| 9. Die Liebe des Nächsten | [1.32] |
| 10. Vom Tode | [2.49] |
| 11. Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur | [1.49] |
| 12. Bußlied | [4.21] |

Vier Arietten und ein Duett Op. 82 (Italian)

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| 13. Hoffnung | [2.13] |
| 14. Liebes-Klage | [3.11] |
| 15. L'amante impaziente | [1.37] |
| 16. L'amante impaziente | [2.42] |
| 17. Lebens-Genuss | [2.57] |

Total Timings [43.33]

CD2

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 1. An die Geliebte/1 | [1.24] |
| 2. Sehnsucht/1 | [1.38] |
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| 4. Sehnsucht/2 | [1.20] |
| 5. Das Geheimnis | [1.53] |
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| 7. Als die Geliebte sich trennen wollte | [3.29] |
| 8. Sehnsucht/4 | [2.00] |
| 9. Der Kuß Op. 128 | [2.09] |
| 10. Sehnsucht (Reissig) | [3.07] |
| 11. Der Mann von Wort Op. 99 | [2.08] |
| 12. Seufzer eines Ungeliebten und Gegenliebe | [6.16] |
| 13. In questa tomba oscura | [3.13] |

8 Lieder Op. 52

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 14. Feuerfarb' | [3.08] |
| 15. Das Liedchen von der Ruhe | [6.39] |
| 16. Mailied | [2.07] |
| 17. Mollys Abschied | [4.00] |
| 18. Die Liebe - Ohne Liebe lebe wer da kann | [1.30] |
| 19. La Marmotte | [1.30] |
| 20. Das Blümchen Wunderhold | [2.00] |
| 21. Urians Reise um die Welt | [6.09] |

Total Timings [43.33]

ANN MURRAY MEZZO-SOPRANO • RODERICK WILLIAMS BARITONE
IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

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

concerns on a canvas more intimate than his large-scale public works.

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

First we have the six songs of Op. 75, published in 1810 but composed at various earlier times, and with the setting of a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), a reigning genius of the age

and someone with whom Beethoven has often been compared. Beethoven was not prone to adulation of others, but in 1825, he would direct a downright adoring letter to Goethe: “The admiration, love, and esteem which I have cherished since my youth for the one and only immortal Goethe have persisted . . . I feel constantly prompted by a strange desire to say all of this to you, seeing that I live in your writings.” The words of **Neue Liebe, neues Leben** were born of Goethe’s brief betrothal for some months in 1775 to Anne Elisabeth Schönmemann (1758-1817), the daughter of a patrician family in Frankfurt. Goethe despised the social circle in which “Lili”, as he called her, moved, and the engagement soon came to shipwreck. In 1830, two years before his death, Goethe said of her, “She was the first woman I truly and deeply loved; I can also say that she was the last.” Beethoven had a long history of engagement with this poem: he sketched it circa 1792, set it to music in 1798/99 (WoO 127), and revised it thoroughly as Op. 75, no. 2. The energy of new passion bubbles throughout this music, in which exultation is at war with the desire to break away from such bonds. (Beethoven too knew the clash between the longing for intimacy and the demands of artistic creativity.) That the persona charges right into the proceedings without any piano introduction is youthful erotic impetuosity

incarnate. Christian Ludwig Reissig’s (1783 - ?) name would probably be unknown to us now if Beethoven had not been drawn to his verse for eight songs, more than any other poet except Goethe. The words for **An den fernen Geliebten** came from the first edition in 1809 of Reissig’s anthology, *Blümchen der Einsamkeit* (Little flower of loneliness). Distant beloveds were a sad obsession of the composer’s; the repetitions in this tiny strophic song convey something essential about the nature of grief, whose sufferers traverse sad ground over and over. In two sources, one an autograph manuscript, one printed, Beethoven provides us with slightly different endings to the strophe, the second with its own built-in echo. As if to console both the persona of “An den fernen Geliebten” and us, the same poet-composer pair defines contentment in another strophic song, **Der Zufriedene**, to a text also taken from Reissig’s *Blümchen*, in which the pianist alternates between unity with the singer and demonstrations of contentment’s merry vitality, the song in accord with the Enlightenment concept of friendship as a prime source of happiness. Yet another strophic song is **Gretels Warnung** to a poem by Gustav Adolph von Halem (1752-1819) that Beethoven found either in the Homer translator Johann Heinrich Voss’s *Musen-Almanach* for 1793 or Halem’s 1789 anthology of poetry and prose. This

little song belongs to a sub-category of 18th- and 19th-century poetry in which a young woman, seduced and abandoned, warns the reader against incurring—or causing—a similar fate. (Goethe's "Die Spinnerin", set to music by Schubert, D. 274, is a particularly poignant example.) Beethoven's song is in major mode and does not exude lamentation, but the rising chromatic tension in mid-strophe to depict Chris's persistence in wooing is an eloquent touch.

Beethoven was neither the first nor the last to be drawn to Mephistopheles's "Song of the Flea" (**Aus Goethes Faust**) from the scene in Auerbach's Keller, already included in *Faust. Ein Fragment* (the earliest stage of this lifelong project on Goethe's part) and later in Part 1 of the great German tragedy. Auerbach's is a real place: Goethe's favourite wine bar, now located below the Mädlerspassage at Grimmaische Straße 2. According to legend, the alchemist Johann Georg Faust—the distant progenitor in real life of Goethe's title character—once rode a wine barrel in this establishment from the cellar to the street, a feat he could only have accomplished with the devil's help. For this satirical song of a king who loved his flea and forbade his court to kill the miniature tormenters, Beethoven intersperses the narrative in the singer's part with biting, grace-noted

pinpricks and figures that plunge downwards in diabolical glee. Those who know the first theme of the first movement of his Symphony no. 1 will hear its twin in the dynamism of this song's introduction. And finally, we end the set with its first song, **Mignon**, or "Kennst du das Land" from Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (Wilhelm Meister's Years of Apprenticeship). Mignon, one of literature's most haunting figures, is a quasi-androgynous creature (Goethe calls her a "Knabenmädchen", or "boy-girl") in her early teens. Kidnapped when very young, she is rescued from her harsh life in an acrobatic troupe by the title character Wilhelm Meister and falls in love with him. She symbolizes humanity's two natures, earthly and spiritual, male and female; she is the spirit of Romantic poetry, and her life is governed by "Sehnsucht" or "longing", a form of desire manifested as affliction. At the beginning of Book 3, Mignon sings **Kennst du das Land** with "a certain solemn grandeur, as if . . . she were imparting something of importance." Beethoven imbues her memories of her native Italy with the solemnity and expressivity Goethe wanted and then ends each stanza with the urgent refrain "Dahin, dahin!" and an appeal to her "Beloved, Protector, Father" (Wilhelm) to take her there. The "moderately slow" portion of each verse is set in duple metre, the "faster" refrain in 6/8, Beethoven thus

emphasizing the surge of sudden passion that animates each of Mignon's appeals to Wilhelm.

When Beethoven realized that he was losing his hearing—"the one sense that ought to be more perfect in me than in others", he lamented in the Heiligenstadt Testament of October 1802—he underwent an immense crisis, personal, musical, and ideological. Sometime before March 1802, the non-doctrinaire Beethoven turned to the 54 *Geistliche Oden und Lieder* (Spiritual Odes and Songs) by the pious Leipzig philosopher Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769); these poems combining religiosity with Enlightenment rationalism were enormously popular with late 18th- century composers. For five of the six miniature sermon-songs first published in August 1803, Beethoven recalls the textures and devices of hymnody, but with nuances indicative of his attentive response to Gellert's words. In **Bitten**, for example, the acclamation of God as "my fortress, my rock, my treasure" and the plea "to hear my supplication" is set as a single persistent, pleading pitch while the piano sinks gradually downward. **Gottes Macht und Vorsehung** begins as a fiery proclamation of God's strength; if the musical strophe is tiny (18 measures), there are fifteen verses of text to which we can hear it repeated, or from which performers can select. In **Die Liebe des Nächsten**, the

composer leaps emphatically to the initial syllable of the word "truth" ("Gottes *Wahr* – heit"); in that one gesture, one realizes how important truth was for this man. For a composer who seems to have contemplated suicide when deafness encroached, one would expect him to respond with particular intensity to the poem **Vom Tode**, and so he did, setting the song in sepulchral minor mode and employing a degree of chromaticism and dissonance not found in the other Gellert songs. This is a *memento mori*, an enjoiner to remember our mortality; hollow sonorities in mid-song and a tolling death-knell in the low bass at the end would make anyone think death-haunted thoughts. **Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur**, like "Gottes Macht und Vorsehung", begins in triumphal-proclamatory mode, but switches suddenly to hushed rapture and pulsing, repeated chromatic chords when the numberless stars of the cosmos are invoked: this is a Beethovenian hallmark and an unforgettable gesture, both here and elsewhere. The set ends with a surprise in the form of **Bußlied**, a much longer, more elaborate concluding Lied in two parts. For what exactly Beethoven might have felt penitent, we cannot know, but the intensity of the song's beginning, the tension-laden ascent in the initial phrase, does not seem as if issuing from abstraction.

Beethoven took seriously the challenge of fitting music and words together, and the Op. 82 *Four Ariettas and a Duet*, first published in London and Leipzig in 1811, are a case-study in cross-cultural song: the original text in Italian goes hand-in-hand with a singer's paraphrase in German. Three of the texts (one is set twice) come from the works of the great librettist Pietro Metastasio (the pseudonym of Pietro Antonio Domenico Trapassi, 1698-1782) whose texts were set to music by Handel, Mozart, and a host of other composers. Both Beethoven and Schubert would study composition for a time with Antonio Salieri, and both would set Metastasio to music under his tutelage. But we do not know who wrote the words for the first song of Op. 82, **Hoffnung** (Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ami); in this lover's plea, Beethoven drapes the reference to the beloved's smile – "Cara, con un sorriso" – in mildly flowery vocal ornament, followed by a change of tonal place that clearly signifies the paradise of reciprocal love ("tu m'apri il paradiso"). **Liebes-Klage**, or **T'intendo, sì, mio cor** comes from Metastasio's cantata, "Amor timido", set to music by Antonio Vivaldi and a score of other composers. Because the lover addresses this plaint to his heart, saying that he can hear its wild beating, Beethoven devises a stylized figure in the right part that is evocative both of a palpitating heart and sobs or

gasps of lamentation. In mid-song, there is a "purple patch" of heightened intensity to harmonies based on the flatted sixth degree of the scale: this is one hallmark of Beethoven's musical language. The third and fourth songs, **Stille Frage** and **Liebes-Ungeduld**, are actually settings of the same text by Metastasio, **L'amante impaziente** or "Che fa il mio bene?" from act 2, scene 6 of the second version of his *dramma per musica*, *Adriano in Siria*. Here, Beethoven engages in a demonstration of how to derive two different emotional contexts from the same words: the first is subtitled "arietta buffa" and the second "arietta assai seria." The German paraphrases (author unknown), however, register the difference in tone: "Will I never be allowed to approach you?", the comic lover complains, while the second—perhaps having been given his walking papers in the interim—laments, "And so I must renounce the hope I nourished so long?" In the buffa air, we can practically see the impatient lover pacing back and forth, tethered to the spot where he waits, while the more serious version alternates between slower and faster tempi, between duple and compound metres, like a fever chart of fresh rejection. Love's utterances, Beethoven tells us, must be interpreted. The set ends with the duet, **Lebens-Genuss**, to Metastasio's words, **Odi l'aura che dolce sospira** from the 1738 "azione teatrale"

La pace fra la virtù e la bellezza. Here, Beethoven devises exquisitely rustling breezes and streams in the piano; against this backdrop, the singers both announce that Nature sings of love and that each hearer will know from experience whether it brings delight or sorrow.

Composers often revisit a text already set, sometimes to tweak details, sometimes to alter the entire conception of the song, and Beethoven too engages in the exercise; one would hardly expect otherwise from this perfectionist composer. The words of **An die Geliebte** are by Josef Ludwig Stoll (1778-1815), a Viennese journalist who also inspired three songs from Schubert's pen. In this poem, appearing first in the almanach *Selam* for 1814 and Johann Erichson's *Musen-Almanach*, a lover pleads that he be allowed to drink the tears from his beloved's cheeks so that her sorrows may become his (tears are poetic transpositions upwards of erotic fluids). The second version (WoO 140) is a refinement of the previous version, not a reconceptualisation: the accompaniment is less busy the second time around, and prosodic matters are corrected ("in seinem liebevollen Schein" no longer begins on a downbeat). With **Sehnsucht**, WoO 134, its four versions spanning a period from before March 1808 to circa 1823, we return to Mignon and *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*

for one of the most famous poems in world literature. In the novel, it appears at the end of Book 4, chapter 12, when Wilhelm hears a "free duet" sung by Mignon and the mysterious, melancholy-mad Harper, whose tragic history we only learn after his suicide near the end of the novel. He was once Augustin, the son of the eccentric Marquis Cipriani in Italy; brought up apart from his younger sister Sperata (her name derived from "Speranza", or hope) and ignorant of her existence, he meets her as a young man, they fall in love, and she bears him a child: Mignon. Fate brings father and daughter together in Germany—but they do not know their close kinship with one another. Because this poem was included among the "Mignon" poems in Goethe's poetic anthologies, it was often set as a solo song, and it drew composers like iron filings to a magnet. Beethoven's first three versions are all tiny, strophic (two verses), devoid of piano introductions, and musically modest, as if Beethoven had tried to match Goethe's own preference for music that respected his poetry by taking a back seat to it. But even in these deliberately modest works, Beethoven was experimenting with different metres for Goethe's rhythmically complex words—duple, triple, compound metres—and minor or major mode as the most appropriate musical garb for this enigmatic character. After two versions in

minor, we hear a third version in major mode, its opening mood of calm abnegation intensified in midstream by the rise to “aller Freude”, those joys now lost. Only in the fourth version, no longer strophic, does Beethoven invest Goethe's Old Testament-like language about burning bowels (“Es brennt mein Eingeweide”) with throbbing pulsations in the piano and make even more of the Neapolitan harmonies (chords on the flatted 2nd degree of the scale) that first appear in the second version. When Schubert came to set the same text, he too would make the gravitational force of this harmony an element of poetic expression for the tragic figures of Mignon and the Harper.

Das Geheimnis. Liebe und Wahrheit, WoO 145, first published in a Viennese almanach in 1816, is a setting of a poem by Ignaz Heinrich Freiherr von Wessenberg (1774-1860), a liberal Catholic churchman who advocated a German national church and incurred papal displeasure for it. Here, the poet asks the Muse for the whereabouts of the flower that never fades and the star that shines forever, and the Muse bids him search within for those enduring treasures. No wonder Beethoven was drawn to this poem: could he have read it personally as signifying the inner treasure of musical creativity? The initial very soft questions — this is a query to the self — rise straight upward,

and Beethoven repeats the answer at song's end in quiet emphasis. The words of **Als die Geliebte sich trennen wollte (Empfindungen bei Lydiens Untreue)**, WoO 132 of 1806 (?), are still ascribed in older editions to Frédéric Soulié as translated by Beethoven's friend Stephan von Breuning, but Soulié was born in 1800 and could not have written an erotic lament at six years of age or even nine years (the song was published in 1809). We now know that it was François Benoît Hoffmann (1760-1828) who wrote the poem “Je te perds, fugitive espérance”, rendered into German by Breuning. Love obsessed with Time, with what “remains eternal” and what is forgotten, is the subject here, and Beethoven knew to intensify the words “bleibt ewig” and “vergessen” harmonically. Rejection in love was, sadly, something the composer knew well by this point, in the wake of futile attractions to Jeanette d'Honrath in Bonn, Eleonore von Breuning, Magdalena Willmann, Giulietta Guicciardi and Giulietta's cousin Josephine von Brunsvik née Deym, and more pain of the same sort would follow after this song was printed.

In the wake of such tragic themes, we turn to a bit of comic relief, a delightfully sexy romp set to Christian Felix Weisse's (1726-1804) pastoral-erotic poem **Der Kuß**, Op. 128 of 1822; the text

comes from the poet's *Scherzhaften Liedern* (Jesting Songs) of 1758, reprinted in the first volume of the same poet's *Kleine lyrische Gedichte* (Little Lyrical Poems) of 1772, the latter probably Beethoven's source. Here, the eponymous Chloe seems to resist the persona's advances but only makes good on her threat to scream at the point of orgasm, when her cries assume an altogether different meaning. Hearing this saucy exercise in mutual seduction, one can and should ascribe lubricious meanings to the rising sequence in the piano introduction and the long-drawn-out conclusion. The **Sehnsucht** (WoO 146, 1815 -1816) of Christian Reissig's poem is not Goethe's indefinable and profound yearning for something beyond our knowledge but a more commonplace matter of nocturnal longing for the sweetheart. In Beethoven's reading, the song quickens as thoughts of love overwhelm the persona; we hear a built-in accelerando as the song wends its way. **Der Mann von Wort**, Op. 99 of 1816, to a text by Friedrich August Kleinschmid (1749-1838), is in another vein altogether; as German nationalism post-Napoleon was in its initial fervent stages, Beethoven, who was prone to the occasional outburst of patriotic sentiment in song, set this poem about German honour, masculine pride, and Teutonic worthiness to stirring strains (“a little military piece”, or “Feldstück”, he called it).

Musical nationalism tends to the absence of subtleties and ambiguities, so one should not look for Beethoven's most radical strains here, but the energy is undeniable.

When Beethoven set Gottfried August Bürger's (1748-1794) **Seufzer eines Ungeliebten—Gegenliebe**, WoO 188, in 1794, he probably knew the simple settings by Johann Abraham Peter Schulz from the *Lieder im Volkston* of 1782, and yet the later composer adopts operatic airs and flourishes for the first poem, complete with dramatic recitative. The first words, “Wüßt' ich”, of “Gegenliebe” become the musical bridge between the two Bürger poems, and no listener could fail to hear that the melody of the pendant song anticipates both the Choral Fantasy and the Ninth Symphony's “Ode to Joy.” If the prosody leaves something to be desired, it is nonetheless fascinating that this melodic idea was brewing in Beethoven's brain literally for decades and that the song's impulse gave rise to the mighty symphony. **In questa tomba oscura**, WoO 133, is the result of a musical challenge issued in 1807-1808, when composers were invited to set this poem by Giuseppe Carpani (1752-1825), an Italian poet resident in Vienna. Sixty-three of them obliged, but Beethoven's setting is the only memorable version of this poem on an antique

theme: the dead lover's reproach to the "ingrata", the faithless woman. The dark, chromatic liquefaction of the texture in mid-song, at the plea to allow "the naked ghosts" their peace in the tomb, is extraordinary.

With the eight songs of Op. 52, composed in the early 1790s, we return to the domain of strophic song and to poetic subjects whose attraction for this composer we can easily discern. **Feuerfarb** is a setting of a poem by the Romantic writer Sophie Friederike Mereau (1770-1806), a gifted woman who died in childbirth three years after her stormy marriage to the great Romantic poet Clemens Brentano. (He was half-brother to Franz Brentano, the husband of Antonie Brentano, née von Birkenstock, who has been tentatively but convincingly identified by Maynard Solomon as Beethoven's "immortal beloved.") Sophie Mereau's unconventionality is on display in this song, in which she extols the fiery hue of truth. Not for her the usual feminine tint of rose petals symbolic of love that fades or the white of innocence, soon besmirched by envy and defamation: she, and Beethoven, preferred truth. The poet Hermann Wilhelm Franz Ueltzen (1759-1808) may have sunk into deserved obscurity after his death, but his meditation in **Das Liedchen von der Ruhe** about whether greater repose is to be found in love or

death, thoughts born of the persona's forced parting from his Elise, elicited a gently lovely song from Beethoven. **Marmotte** comes from Goethe's 1773/1778 (he revised it) comic play, "Das Jahrmarkts-Fest auf Plundersweilern" ("Plunder" is "trash"). Here, a young beggar-lad from the Savoie sings a simple song about travels with his "marmotte", a ground squirrel that sometimes accompanied hurdy-gurdy players and other such itinerant musicians. Another text by Goethe, "Maifest" or **Mailied**, is one of the so-called Sesenheimer Lieder associated with Goethe's brief dalliance in the spring of 1771 with "Mamselle Rikchen", or Friederike Elisabeth Brion (1752-1815), the pastor's daughter in the Alsatian village of Sesenheim near Strasbourg. The affair does Goethe little credit—she was crushed by it—but the poem is wonderful, a variation on the antique genre of the spring song in order to celebrate the immediacy of contact between the feeling heart and the object of its emotion. The "Molly" of **Mollys Abschied** was Bürger's sister-in-law Auguste Leonhart; he married her in 1785, but she died in childbirth a year later. (Bürger led a life as stormy as some of his immense, extended ballads.) At the end of each strophic expression of longing and loss in her voice, we hear a melisma expressive of desire in the postlude. Present-day listeners come to **Lied**, with its sweet plea for a wife and domesticity

penned by the great Enlightenment philosopher and writer Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729-1781) in pained awareness of Beethoven's frustrated longing for those same joys; this song was, of course, composed long before the composer's "marriage project" came to an end. **Das Blümchen Wunderhold** is the epitome of the folk-like Lied (*Lied im Volkston*), its musical modesty appropriate for Bürger's allegory of the wondrously fair flower "Bescheidenheit", or Modesty (only verses 1, 2, 3, and 10 appear in the song); note the unison of voice and piano for the initial phrase establishing the fairy-story atmosphere of it all. And finally, we conclude with a song that is a comic counterpoint to 18th-century Germany's fascination with travel writing and the literature of exploration long before its later ventures into imperialism. Flitting around the world leads to no good, warns Matthias Claudius's (1740-1815) Mr. Urian, who suffers beatings, extreme heat and cold, bizarre sustenance (that pitcher of blubber), and inhospitable landscapes in **Urians Reise um die Welt**, only to discover that people are just the same everywhere. The chorus of listeners, who for thirteen verses have encouraged his serial tales of Mexico, America, China, Africa and elsewhere take exception to his concluding moral and declare the proceedings at an end. Fourteen iterations of the same tiny twelve-bar musical strophe are just

the ticket for Urian's refusal to espy difference in the world.

© Susan Youens

A Note on the English Versions of the Poems

We enjoy songs in languages we don't know in a whole variety of ways, often whilst following a translation as it displays, word for word, the equivalent of the original vocabulary. Mostly the music takes pre-eminence, the text is some sort of bonus.

Several very famous singers have insisted that the listener does not need the words, their artistry is such that the meaning is fully conveyed. However, our appreciation of a song sung in our own language is quite different; the words add a vital dimension which we would not wish to be without.

Also, we realise that in the case of these songs it was the poem which came first. It follows that the poem must have had some quality that 'inspired' the composer, that 'struck a chord' and it is this that underlies the writing of the song. And, of course, this was more than just the words, it was the poetry of the text.

The problem then is to find a way in which the listener can appreciate some of this essential third dimension of a song, the poetry, without a working knowledge of the original language.

In these English versions of the poems I have tried to convey some measure of this poetic sense, the quality that gives the text its life, to help the reader to a fuller appreciation and enjoyment of the song.

Of necessity things have been changed and as a consequence the listener will not be able slavishly to follow the text during the performance. Inevitably, as in any translation, problems of interpretation arise, layers of subtext may have been omitted, elements may have been added in the service of clarity.

But, the many famous settings in translation of, for instance, Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Byron, Sir Walter Scott etc. lose nothing from the fact that the German version frequently bears only very limited comparison to the originals. They are true to the originals, yes, in their fashion; meaning that, despite the words having been changed a bit, or even quite a lot, they do manage to convey that original, characteristic quality. The translators have managed to capture the essence of the

original in the new language and this has been recognised by the composer. I hope that I have to some extent been able to match their achievement.

Uri Liebrecht, 2008

TEXTS

CD 1

1. Neue Liebe, neues Leben

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr!
Weg ist alles, was du liebtest,
Weg, warum du dich betrübtest,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh',
Ach, wie kamst du nur dazu!

Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,
Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,
Führet mich im Augenblick
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.

Und an diesem Zauberkfädchen,
Das sich nicht zerreißen läßt,
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen
Mich so wider Willen fest,
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise

A new Love, a new Life

What, my heart, is going on?
What's distressing you so much?
This is a strange and new existence
And I've totally lost touch.
Gone is all that gave you pleasure,
Gone, what made you shed a tear,
Gone, your hard work and your leisure;
How, oh how did we get here?

Have you been struck down by the beauty
Of this dear person, this young flower
Whose eyes show kindness, loyal duty
And exert an infinite power?
If I try to hold my distance,
Assert myself free from this bane,
In no time the road I've taken
Leads me back to her again.

And it's by this magic thread,
Which it seems just can't be broken,
That my wayward darling holds me
Despite all the words I've spoken!
I live subject to her magic powers,

Leben nun auf ihre Weise.
Die Veränderung, ach wie groß!
Liebe, Liebe, laß mich los!

2. An den fernen Geliebten

Christian Ludwig Reissig (1783-1822)

Einst wohnten süße Ruh' und gold'ner Frieden
In meiner Brust;
Nun mischt sich Wehmut, ach! seit wir geschieden,
In jede Lust.

Der Trennung Stunde hör' ich immer hallen
So dumpf und hohl,
Mir tönt im Abendlied der Nachtigallen
Dein Lebewohl!

Wohin ich wandle, schwebt vor meinen Blicken
Dein holdes Bild,
Das mir mit banger Sehnsucht und Entzücken
Den Busen füllt.

Stets mahn' es flehend deine schöne Seele,
Was Liebe spricht:
„Ach Freund! den ich aus einer Welt erwähle,
Vergiß mein nicht!“

Wenn sanft ein Lüftchen deine Locken kräuselt
Im Mondenlicht;

Do everything she says - just so
My life - what disruption!
Love, O Love, O please let go!

To my Man, Far Away

Once sweet calm and golden peace
Dwelt in my heart,
Now yearning colours every joy
Since we did part.

The hour of your leaving
I hear like a cracked bell,
The evensong of nightingales
I hear as your farewell.

Where'er I go, before my eyes
Your dear face stays in sight,
Which fills my heart
With anxious longing and delight.

Should, by moonlight, some random breeze
Make your hair flow free,
That is my spirit beseeching you:
Remember me.

Your dear soul, Love's words address
Now with this plea:

Das ist mein Geist, der flehend dich umsäuselt:
„Vergiß mein nicht!“

Wirst du im Vollmondschein dich nach mir sehen,
Wie Zephyrs Weh'n
Wird dir's melodisch durch die Lüfte tönen:
„Auf Wiederseh'n!“

3. Der Zufriedene

Christian Ludwig Reissig (1783-1822)

Zwar schuf das Glück hienieden
Mich weder reich noch groß,
Allein ich bin zufrieden,
Wie mit dem schönsten Los.

So ganz nach meinem Herzen
Ward mir ein Freund vergönnt,
Denn Küssen, Trinken, Scherzen
Ist auch sein Element.

Mit ihm wird froh und weise
manch Fläschchen ausgeleert!
Denn auf der Lebensreise
ist Wein das beste Pferd.

Wenn mir bei diesem Lose
Nun auch ein trüb'res fällt,
So denk' ich: keine Rose
Blüht dornlos in der Welt.

My friend, whom I chose on this earth,
Remember me.

Should you, when the moon was full,
Have yearned for me as zephyrs blew,
Their music sure conveyed
My fond Adieu.

The Contented Man

It has not been my birthright
To be either rich or great,
Yet I find that I'm quite content,
Could wish for no better fate.

Fortune has given me a friend,
A man after my own heart,
Where drinking, kissing, fooling around
All play a major part.

We approach our drinking wisely,
Drain each bottle to the dregs,
For it's known that on life's journey
Wine gives a man new legs.

Should my present way of life
Yield to one more forlorn,
Remember, in this world no rose
Flowers without a thorn.

4. Gretels Warnung

Gerhard Anton von Halem (1752-1819)

Mit Liebesblick und Spiel und Sang
Warb Christel jung und schön;
So lieblich war, so frisch und schlank
Kein Jüngling rings zu seh'n.
Nein, keiner war
In ihrer Schaar,
Für den ich das gefühlt!
Das merkt er, ach!
Und ließ nicht nach,
Bis er es all, bis er es all,
Bis er es all erhielt!

Wohl war im Dorfe mancher Mann,
So jung und schön wie er;
Doch sah'n nur ihn die Mädchen an
Und kos'ten um ihn her.
Bald riß ihr Wort
Ihn schmeichelnd fort,
Gewonnen war sein Herz.
Mir ward er kalt,
Dann floh er bald
Und ließ mich hier, und ließ mich hier,
und ließ mich hier im Schmerz.

Sein Liebesblick und Spiel und Sang,
So süß und wonniglich,

Gretel's Cautionary Tale

With twinkling eye, music and song
Handsome young Christel wooed.
No other boy was half as nice
In all the neighbourhood.
No, not one
Was so much fun
Or held me in his sway.
But, all too aware,
He brought pressure to bear
Till he had had his way.

True, there was many another boy
As good-looking as him,
But all the girls wanted to toy,
Make eyes and flirt with him.
Soon, their flattery won the day
And they had wrenched his heart away;
His affection had been turned.
Despite my appeals
He took to his heels
And here he left me - spurned.

His twinkling eye, music and song,
Which had seemed like a dream,
His kiss which lasted all night long,

Sein Kuß, der tief zur Seele drang,
Erfreut nicht fürder mich.
Schaut meinen Fall,
Ihr Schwestern all',
Für die der Folsche glüht,
Und trauet nicht dem, was er spricht.
O seht mich an, mich Arme an,
O seht mich an, und flieht!

5. Aus Goethes Faust

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
"Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!"

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,
Und hatt einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.

Have cost my self-esteem.
Look sisters, at my sorry fate,
And sisters, if of late
Some rat has set his cap at you,
Don't trust his word, whate'er you do;
Just look at me, at wretched me,
Just look at me and flee.

Song of the Flea

There once was a King who had a great flea,
He loved it like one of the family.
He called on his tailor to make it some clothes,
Not forgetting a pair of tight-fitting hose.

Now, got up smartly in velvet and silk
With sashes and medals,
the first of his ilk
As Minister of State,
a Great Star he could sport,
And all his relations held positions at Court.

Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

6. Mignon - Kennst du das Land

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

The Lords and the Ladies were bitten to bits
As the Court played host to this plague of nits.
The Queen and her maid were suffering too;
But there was absolutely nothing anyone could do.
Now we, once bitten,
we wouldn't delay,
We'd pinch, squash and crush'em till they'd
gone away.

Do you know the Country

Do you know the country where lemons grow?
Where through dark-green leaves golden
oranges glow?
Where gentle breezes come from a clear sky
And the myrtle is still and the laurel grows high?
Do you know it, then? It is there, there
I would go, my beloved, with you.

Do you know the house, its roof rests
on colonnades?
Its great hall is a gleam, it has balconnades
And marble figures lean down and say:
'Poor child, what have they done to you, pray?'
Do you know it, then? It is there, there
I would go, my protector, with you.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Sechs Lieder von Gellert

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769)

7. Bitten

Gott, deine Güte reicht so weit,
So weit die Wolken gehen,
Du krönst uns mit Barmherzigkeit
Und eilst, uns beizustehen.
Herr! Meine Burg, mein Fels, mein Hort,
Vernimm mein Flehn, merk auf mein Wort;
Denn ich will vor dir beten!

So bitt ich dich, Herr Zebaoth,
Auch nicht um langes Leben.
Im Glücke Demut, Mut in Not,
Das wolltest du mir geben.
In deiner Hand steht meine Zeit;
Laß du mich nur Barmherzigkeit
Vor dir im Tode finden.

Do you know the mountain, its path in the cloud?
The mule picks his way through the mist, its
head bowed.
In caves there, you'll find antique dragons' kin,
The sheer rock face, the great water-fall's din.
Do you know it then? It is there, there
We must go, Father - O let us go now!

Six Gellert Songs

Supplication

God, your goodness extends
As far as the clouds travel.
You honour us with compassion
And are quick to our support.
Lord, my fortress, rock and refuge,
Hear my petition and heed my words,
For it is in your presence that I desire to pray.

I ask of you, Lord Zebaoth,
Not for a life that's long;
Humility in fortune, in need to be strong;
That that should be my lot.
My days rest in your hand;
When in death before you I stand,
Show me your mercy.

8. Gottes Macht und Vorsehung

Gott ist mein Lied!
Er ist der Gott der Stärke,
Hehr ist sein Nam'
Und groß sind seine Werke,
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet.

Licht ist sein Kleid,
Und seine Wahl das Beste;
Er herrscht als Gott, und seines Thrones Feste
Ist Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit.

Wer kann die Pracht
Von deinen Wundern fassen?
Ein jeder Staub, den du hast werden lassen,
Verkündigt seines Schöpfers Macht.

9. Liebe des Nächsten

So jemand spricht: Ich liebe Gott,
Und haßt doch seine Brüder,
Der treibt mit Gottes Wahrheit Spott
Und reißt sie ganz darnieder.
Gott ist die Lieb, und will, daß ich
Den Nächsten liebe, gleich als mich.

Was ich den Frommen hier getan,
Dem Kleinsten auch von diesen,

God's Might and Providence

The Lord is my song!
The God of strength,
Exalted his name and great his works.
His dominion,
the heavens' length.

He is clothed in light,
Decrees the best that's known.
The reigning Lord defends his throne
With Truth and what is Right.

Who can grasp the glory
Of the miracles You have wrought?
No grain of dust can be ignored;
It proclaims the power of the Lord.

Love of one's Neighbour

A man who says: I love God,
yet hates his brothers,
makes a mockery of God's truth
and demeans it.
God is love and it is his will that I
should love my neighbour as myself.

What I have done for good men on earth,
For the smallest even of these others,

Das sieht Er, mein Erlöser, an,
Als hätt ich's ihm erwiesen.
Und ich, ich sollt ein Mensch noch sein,
Und Gott in Brüdern nicht erfreun?

10. Vom Tode

Meine Lebenszeit verstreicht,
Stündlich eil ich zu dem Grabe,
Und was ist's, das ich vielleicht,
Das ich noch zu leben habe?
Denk, o Mensch, an deinen Tod!
Säume nicht, denn Eins ist Not!

Überwind ihn durch Vertraun,
Sprich: Ich weiß, an wen ich gläube,
Und ich weiß, ich werd ihn schau'n
Einst in diesem meinem Leibe.
Er, der rief: Es ist vollbracht!
Nahm dem Tode seine Macht.

11. Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur

Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre;
Ihr Schall pflanzt seinen Namen fort.
Ihn rühmt der Erdkreis, ihn preisen die Meere;
Vernimm, o Mensch, ihr göttlich Wort!

That my Saviour does regard as living proof
Of my good worth.
Could I a man of God remain
And not delighting in my brothers?

Of Death

My life is ending and with each hour
I move more swiftly to the grave.
What is there left
For me to do in life?
Think, my man, on the nature of your death.
Do not delay, there is one more thing to be done.

Overcome Death through your faith.
Say: I know whom I believe in
And I know that I shall see Him
Manifest in this my body.
He who cried: It has been done!
Ensure's Death's powers now are none.

The Glory of God in Nature

The heavens sing the praises of God
Resoundingly spreading his name.
The earth exalts him, the seas extol him.
Hear their divine word.

Wer trägt der Himmel unzählbare Sterne?
Wer führt die Sonn aus ihrem Zelt?
Sie kommt und leuchtet und lacht uns von ferne
Und läuft den Weg gleich als ein Held.

12. Bußlied

An dir allein, an dir hab ich gesündigt,
Und übel oft vor dir getan.
Du siehst die Schuld, die mir den
Fluch verkündigt;
Sieh, Gott, auch meinen Jammer an.

Dir ist mein Flehn, mein Seufzen nicht verborgen,
Und meine Tränen sind vor dir.
Ach Gott, mein Gott, wie lange soll ich sorgen?
Wie lang entfernst du dich von mir?

Herr, handle nicht mit mir nach meinen Sünden,
Vergilt mir nicht nach meiner Schuld.
Ich suche dich, laß mich dein Antlitz finden,
Du Gott der Langmut und Geduld.

Früh wollst du mich mit deiner Gnade füllen,
Gott, Vater der Barmherzigkeit.
Erfreue mich um deines Namens willen,
Du bist mein Gott, der gern erfreut.

Who sustains heaven's innumerable stars?
Who leads the sun from its resting place
To come and shine and smile on us
And like a hero run its course?

Song of Penitence

Against you alone,
against you have I sinned
And often in your sight done wrong.
You see the sin that justifies your curse,
God, note also my distress.

From you my pleas, my sighs are not concealed,
My tears fall in your sight,
My God, how long am I to sorrow,
For how long will you stay apart?

Lord, do not treat me according to my sins,
Or deal with me according to my guilt.
I search for you, grant that I should find your face.
God of patience and forbearance.

Once you wished to fill me with your grace,
God, father of compassion,
Show mercy now, for your name's sake,
You are my God.

Laß deinen Weg mich wieder freudig wallen
Und lehre mich dein heilig Recht
Mich täglich tun nach deinem Wohlgefallen;
Du bist mein Gott, ich bin dein Knecht.

Herr, eile du, mein Schutz, mir beizustehen,
Und leite mich auf ebner Bahn.
Er hört mein Schrei'n, der Herr erhört mein Flehen
Und nimmt sich meiner Seele an.

Vier Arietten und ein Duo Op. 82

Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

13. Hoffnung

Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ami,
Dimmi che mia tu sei.
E non invidio ai Dei
La lor' divinità!

Con un tuo sguardo solo,
Cara, con un sorriso
Tu m'apri il paradiso
Di mia felicità!

14. Liebes-Klage

T'intendo sì, mio cor;
Con tanto palpitar

Let me once more follow in your path with joy,
Instruct me in your holy law
So that I may daily do your pleasure.
You are my God and I, your servant.

Lord, protector, may you soon be at my side
And lead me along straight pathways.
He hears my call, the Lord listens to my cries
And he accepts my soul.

Hope

Say, my love, you love me,
Say that you are mine
And I will not envy
The gods their power divine.

With one single look from you,
My dear, with just one smile
You will show me paradise,
Blissful content the while.

Expression of Love

I hear you well, my heart,
Beating so very hard,

So che ti vuoi lagnar
Che amante sei.

Ah! Taci il tuo dolor;
Ah! Soffri il tuo martir;
Tacilo, e non tradir
Gli affetti miei.

15 - 16. L'amante impaziente

Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perchè, perchè non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!

Oh come è lento nel corso il sole!
Ogni momento mi sembra un dì,
Ogni momento mi sembra un dì,
Sì, sì, mi sembra un dì!

17. Lebens-Genuß

Odi l'aura che dolce sospira,
mentre fugge scuotendo lo fronde;
se l'intendi, se l'intendi,
ti parla d'amor, sì, ti parla d'amor.

Expressing your complaint, I know,
That you are now in love.

But, still you pain,
Bear your affliction
Silently and please don't betray
My desperate affection.

The Impatient Lover

What is my darling doing?
Perhaps she will not come?
She likes to see me pine away
Like this

How slowly the sun runs its course,
Every second's like a day.
What is my darling doing?
Perhaps she will not come ?
She likes to see me pine away
Like this

Appreciation of Life

Hear the breeze in flight
Sigh sweetly through the stirring fronds;
Know, it speaks to you of love.

Senti l'onda, che rauca s'aggira,
mentre geme radendo le sponde;
se l'intendi, se l'intendi,
sì lagna d'amor, sì, sì lagna d'amor.

Quell'affetto chi sente nel petto,
sa per prova, se nuoce se giova,
se diletto produce o dolor,
se diletto produce o dolor!

CD2

1. An die Geliebte (3)

Josef Ludwig Stoll (1778-1815)

O daß ich dir vom stillen Auge
In seinem liebevollen Schein
Die Träne von der Wange sauge,
Eh sie die Erde trinket ein!

Wohl hält sie zögernd auf der Wange
Und will sich heiß der Treue weihn.
Nun ich sie so im Kuß empfangen,
Nun sind auch deine Schmerzen mein.

Hear the wave caress the shore,
Gruffly moaning as it ebbs;
Know, it complains to you of love.

This sensation in your heart,
Known from what has come before
As bringing hurt or bringing joy,
Makes for pain or sheer delight.

To my beloved girl

O that I might from your eyes,
My beloved, from your cheek
Kiss away that tear
Before it falls to thirsty earth.

See, it hovers, hesitant
In burning promise of faithful love.
If I now catch it in a kiss
Your troubles will be mine, I wis.

2. Sehnsucht

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

3. An die Geliebte (2)

Text as for No.1

4. Sehnsucht

Text as for No.2

Yearning

Only someone sick with yearning
Knows just what it is I feel;
Alone, cut off
From any pleasure
I scan the heavens
In the distance there.

But he who knows and loves me
Is so far from anywhere!
My heart and soul are burning,
And how my head does reel!
Only someone who's been sick with yearning
Knows just what it is I feel.

5. Das Geheimnis. Liebe und Wahrheit

Ignaz Heinrich Freiherr von Wessenberg (1774-1860)

Wo blüht das Blümchen, das nie verblüht?
Wo strahlt das Sternlein, das ewig glüht?
Dein Mund, o Muse! dein heil'ger Mund
Tu' mir das Blümchen und Sternlein kund.

“Verkünden kann es dir nicht mein Mund,
Macht es dein Innerstes dir nicht kund!
Im Innersten glühet und blüht es zart,
Wohl jedem, der es getreu bewahrt!”

6. Sehnsucht

Text as for No 2

7. Als die Geliebte sich trennen wollte (Empfindungen bei Lydiens Untreue)

Der Hoffnung letzter Schimmer sinkt dahin,
Sie brach die Schwüre all' mit flücht'gem Sinn;
So schwinde mir zum Trost auch immerdar
Bewußtsein, Bewußtsein, daß ich zu glücklich war!

Was sprach ich? Nein, von diesen meinen Ketten
Kann kein Entschluß, kann keine Macht mich retten;
Ach! selbst am Rande der Verzweiflung bleibt ewig,
Bleibt ewig süß mir die Erinnerung!

The Secret. Love and Truth

The flower that never fades, where does it grow?
The star that never pales, where does it glow?
From your sacred lips, O Muse, now let me hear
Where I will find them, far or near?

‘You will hear nothing from my lips
If in your heart of hearts you do not know
That deep within, the gentle bloom and glow
Flourish for all who, in faith, maintain it so.’

When my Beloved wanted to leave me (Reactions to Lydia's Inconstancy)

The last rays of hope are fading;
She broke her vows with scarce a thought.
Could I but forget, in consolation,
The happiness that she had brought.

Stop! What did I say? Why from these chains
No resolve or power can save me.
Even on the brink of black despair
That memory will always stay me.

Ha! holde Hoffnung, kehr' zu mir zurücke,
Reg' all mein Feuer auf mit einem Blicke,
Der Liebe Leiden seien noch so groß, wer liebt,
Wer liebt, fühlt ganz unglücklich nie sein Los!

Und du, die treue Lieb' mit Kränkung lohnst,
Fürcht' nicht die Brust, in der dein Bild noch wohnt,
Dich hassen könnte nie dies fühlend' Herz,
Vergessen, vergessen? eh' erliegt es seinem Schmerz.

8. Sehnsucht

Text as for No 2

9. Ariette - Der Kuß

Christian Felix Weisse (1726-1804)

Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein,
Und küssen wollt ich sie:
Jedoch sie sprach,
Sie würde schrein,
Es sei vergebne Müh.

Ich wagt es doch und küßte sie,
Trotz ihrer Gegenwehr.
Und schrie sie nicht?
Jawohl, sie schrie,
Doch lange hinterher.

Ha, dear hope come back to me
And stoke my fires with a single glance.
However great the pangs of love are,
Lovers feel there's still a chance.

And you, who reward loyalty with hurt,
Don't fear the heart you treated with disdain.
This sentient soul could never hate you.
Forget? I'd sooner live with all the pain.

The Kiss

I was all alone with Chloe
Minded to give her a kiss,
She said,
"I'll scream the house down, so ye
'Il best give that a miss!"

I went ahead unbowed, though
She did try to resist.
Did she scream?
Aye, she did scream very loud, though
Long after we had kissed.

10. Sehnsucht

Christian Ludwig Reissig (1783-1822)

Die stille Nacht umdunkelt
Erquickend Tal und Höh',
Der Stern der Liebe funkelt
Sanft wallend in dem See.

Verstummt sind in den Zweigen
Die Sänger der Natur;
Geheimnisvolles Schweigen
Ruht auf der Blumenflur.

Ach, mir nur schließt kein Schlummer
Die müden Augen zu:
Komm, lindre meinen Kummer,
Du stiller Gott der Ruh!

Sanft trockne mir die Tränen
Gib süßer Freude Raum,
Komm, täusche hold mein Sehnen
Mit einem Wonnetraum.

O zaubre meinen Blicken
Die Holde, die mich flieht,
Laß mich ans Herz sie drücken,
Daß edle Lieb' entglüht!

Yearning

Night, silent, deepens,
Refreshing hill and vale.
Love's star glimmers
As waves the lake assail.

Voiceless, nature's singers
Lie hidden in the trees
And silence, full of secrets
Rests o'er the flowery leas.

My weary eyes alone
Sleep does not deign to close.
Come and salve my sorrow,
O god of sweet repose.

Dry my tears so gently,
Make for joy a space,
Boldly deceive my yearning
With dreams of blissful grace.

Conjure up before my eyes
My beloved as she flees,
Let me press her to my heart -
Love brings me to my knees!

Du Holde, die ich meine,
Wie sehn' ich mich nach dir;
Erscheine, ach, erscheine
Und läche Hoffnung mir!

11. Der Mann von Wort

Friedrich August Kleinschmidt (1749-?)

Du sagtest, Freund, an diesen Ort
komm ich zurück, das war dein Wort.
Du kamest nicht; ist das ein Mann,
auf dessen Wort man trauen kann?

Ein Wort, ein Mann, war deutscher Klang,
der von dem Mund zum Herzen drang,
und das der Schlag von deutscher Hand,
gleich heil'gen Eiden, fest verband.

Nun sind wir auch der Deutschen wert,
des Volkes, das die Welt verehrt.
Hier meine Hand; wir schlagen ein,
und wollen deutsche Männer sein.

12. Seufzer eines Ungeliebten und Gegenliebe

Gottfried August Bürger (1747-1794)

Seufzer eines Ungeliebten

Hast du nicht Liebe zugemessen
Dem Leben jeder Kreatur?

Sweet one, who's ever in my mind,
I long so much for you.
O let me see your face again
To keep hope's smile in view.

A Man of his Word

You said, Friend, I shall return.
That was your word.
You did not come. Is this a man
Inspiring trust, when heard?

'The Word, The Man' that had a German ring;
No sooner uttered than taken right to heart
And sealed there like the sacred oath
Made by a German shake of hands on either part.

Come, we're as good as any German,
The people whom all in the world admire.
Here, take my hand, we'll shake on it,
To be German men is our desire.

Plaint of a Loveless Man and Required Love

Plaint of a Loveless Man:

Did you not grant a share of love
To the life of every creature?

Warum bin ich allein vergessen,
Auch meine Mutter du! du Natur?

Wo lebte wohl in Forst und Hürde,
Und wo in Luft und Meer, ein Tier,
Das nimmermehr geliebet würde?
Geliebt wird alles, wird alles ausser mir, ja alles
außer mir!

Wenngleich im Hain, auf Flur und Matten
Sich Baum und Staude, Moos und Kraut
Durch Liebe und Gegenliebe gatten;
Vermählt sich mir doch keine Braut.

Mir wächst vom süßesten der Triebe
Nie Honigfrucht zur Lust heran.
Denn ach! Mir mangelt Gegenliebe,
Die Eine, nur Eine gewähren kann.

Gegenliebe

Wusst' ich, dass du mich
lieb und wert ein bisschen hieltest,
und von dem, was ich für dich,
nur ein Hundertteilchen fühltest;

dass dein Danken meinem Gruß
halben Wegs entgegenkäme,

So why am I alone left out,
I ask of you, my mother, Nature?

Is there in forest or in pen,
In the air or in the sea
An animal that's without love?
All find love except for me.

Granted that in woodland, pasture, mead
Trees, mosses, plants in love,
In mutual love combine.
Yet bride is there none that I call mine.

From that, the sweetest of desires
No honied fruit ensues for me,
For I do lack that mutual love
That only one can grant, 'tis she.

Required Love

If you thought well of me,
Held me in some regard - if I but knew
You felt some fraction
Of what I feel for you,

To know my greeting
Is not taken amiss,

und dein Mund den Wechselkuss
gerne gäb' und wieder nähme:

Dann, o Himmel, außer sich,
würde ganz mein Herz zerlodern!
Leib und Leben könnt' ich dich
nicht vergebens lassen fordern!

Gegengunst erhöht Gunst,
Liebe nährt Gegenliebe
und entflammt zu Feuersbrunst,
was ein Aschenfünkchen bliebe.

13. In Questa Tomba Oscura

Giuseppe Carpani (1752-1825)

In questa tomba oscura
Lasciami riposar;
Quando vivo, ingrata,
Dovevi a me pensar.

Lascia che l'ombre ignude
Godansi pace almen
E non, e non bagnar mie ceneri
D'inutile velen.

That your lips enjoy both
Giving and getting a kiss,

Then, O heavens, my heart,
Would burst with joy;
Your life and soul
You shan't, in vain, destroy!

Kindness shared increases kindness' power,
Mutual loving feeds on love, and so
What would remain a spark in ashes
Becomes a red-hot, fiery glow.

In This Dark Tomb

In this dark tomb
Let me find rest.
When, O cruel one, I was alive,
Then you should have thought of me.

Now, at least,
Leave my denuded shade in peace,
And don't defile my ashes
With futile tears.

14. Feuerfarb'

Sophie Mereau (1770-1806)

Ich weiß eine Farbe, der bin ich so hold,
Die achte ich höher als Silber und Gold;
Die trag' ich so gerne um Stirn und Gewand
Und habe sie „Farbe der Wahrheit“ genannt.

Wohl blühet in lieblicher, sanfter Gestalt
Die glühende Rose, doch bleicht sie bald.
Drum weihte zur Blume der Liebe man sie;
Ihr Reiz ist unendlich, doch welket er früh.

Die Bläue des Himmels strahlt herrlich und mild,
D'rum gab man der Treue dies freundliche Bild.
Doch trübet manch' Wölkchen den Äther so rein!
So schleichen beim Treuen oft Sorgen sich ein.

Die Farbe des Schnees, so strahlend und licht,
Heißt Farbe der Unschuld, doch dauert sie nicht.
Bald ist es verdunkelt, das blendende Kleid,
So trüben auch Unschuld Verläumdung und Neid.

Warum ich, so fragt ihr, der Farbe so hold
Den heiligen Namen der Wahrheit gezollt?
Weil flammender Schimmer von ihr sich ergießt
Und ruhige Dauer sie schützend umschließt.

The Colour of Fire

There is a colour dear to me,
Dearer than silver and gold,
I wear it on my brow and my clothes;
The colour of Truth it is called.

True, the blooms of the dear, gentle rose
Glow, but soon they will fade.
That's been called the colour of love;
An attractive, but unreliable shade.

The blue of the heavens is gentle and mild,
So, represents all that is loyal.
But, small clouds tend to dim a pure sky
As worries steadfastness foil.

The colour of snow, so shiny and white
Represents innocence, but just for a while;
The dazzling white dress is sullied so soon,
As bad feelings innocence defile.

Why, you may ask, did I endow
This colour in sacred Truth's name?
Because it pours forth a fiery glow,
A protective and durable flame.

Ihr schadet der nässende Regenguß nicht,
Noch bleicht sie der Sonne verzehrendes Licht:
D'rum trag' ich so gern sie um Stirn' und Gewand
Und habe sie „Farbe der Wahrheit“ genannt.

15. Das Liedchen von der Ruhe

Hermann Wilhelm Franz Ueltzen (1759-1808)

Im Arm der Liebe ruht sich's wohl,
Wohl auch im Schoß der Erde.
Ob's dort noch, oder hier sein soll,
Wo Ruh' ich finden werde:
Das forscht mein Geist und sinnt und denkt
Und fleht zur Vorsicht, die sie schenkt.

In Arm der Liebe ruht sich's wohl,
Mir winkt sie ach! vergebens.
Bei dir Elise fand ich wohl
Die Ruhe meines Lebens.
Dich wehrt mir harter Menschen Sinn
Und in der Blüte welk' ich hin!

Im Schoß der Erde ruht sich's wohl,
So still und ungestört,
Hier ist das Herz so kummervoll
Dort wird's durch nichts beschweret.
Man schläft so sanft, schläft so süß
Hinüber in das Paradies.

It is not affected by storms of rain,
Or bleached by the light of the sun.
That's why I wear it on my clothes and my brow;
The colour of the Truth we can't shun.

A Reflection on Peace

To rest at peace in loving arms is good,
As is rest deep within the ground.
But, be it here, or be it there
That longed for peace is found
My soul is striving to find out
To quell all future lingering doubt.

To rest at peace in loving arms is good.
Alas, though not for me.
I'd known that peace with you, Elise,
But it was not to be.
Men's prejudice kept me at bay
And youthful prime wasted away.

To rest at peace deep in the ground is good,
So quiet and undisturbed.
Here one's heart's so full of care,
There it stays unperturbed.
Sleep is sweet, gentle, free from vice
As you cross into Paradise.

Ach, wo ich wohl noch ruhen soll
Von jeglicher Beschwerde,
In Arm der Liebe ruht sich's wohl,
Wohl auch im Schoß der Erde!
Bald muß ich ruhen, und wo es sei,
Es ist dem Müden einerlei.

16. Mailed

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur,
Wie glänzt die Sonne, wie lacht die Flur!
Es dringen Blüten aus jedem Zweig
Und tausend Stimmen aus dem Gesträuch,
Und Freud und Wonne aus jeder Brust;
O Erd', o Sonne, o Glück, o Lust!

O Lieb', o Liebe! So golden schön
Wie Morgenwolken auf jenen Höhen!
Du segnest herrlich das frische Feld,
Im Blütendampfe die volle Welt.
O Mädchen, Mädchen, wie lieb ich dich!
Wie blickt dein Auge, wie liebst du mich!

So liebt die Lerche Gesang und Luft,
Und Morgenblumen den Himmelsduft
Wie ich dich liebe mit warmen Blut,
Die du mir Jugend und Freud und Mut
Zu neuen Liedern und Tänzen gibst.
Sei ewig glücklich, wie du mich liebst!

Where then shall I find some rest,
Where free from aggravation's round ...
To rest at peace in loving arms is good,
As is rest deep within the ground.
Now, rest I soon must find - but where?
The man who's truly tired doesn't care.

May Song

To me, so glorious nature seems;
The laughing meadows, the sunshine's beams,
Blossom bursting from every stem,
A thousand voices with their Amen,
Their joy, delight in every breast,
O Earth, O Sun, rebirth expressed.

O Love, O love, such glorious sights
As morning clouds on distant heights.
Gloriously you bless the greening fields,
A cloud of bloom the rich earth yields.
My girl, dear girl how I love thee!
How your eyes show that you love me.

Just as the lark loves song and flight
And morning flowers the heavens' light,
So I love thee wholeheartedly
Who lent me youth and made me free
To sing new songs, and dance again.
Be happy always your love retain.

17. Mollys Abschied

Gottfried August Bürger (1747-1794)

Lebewohl, du Mann der Lust und Schmerzen,
Mann der Liebe, meines Lebens Stab!
Gott mit dir, Geliebter, tief zu Herzen
Halle dir mein Segensruf hinab!

Zum Gedächtnis biet' ich dir statt Goldes,
Was ist Gold und goldeswerter Tand?
Biet' ich lieber was dein Auge Holdes,
Was dein Herz an Molly Liebes fand.

Vom Gesicht, der Waltstatt deiner Küße,
Nimm, so lang' ich ferne von dir bin,
Halb zum Mindesten im Schattenrisse
Für die Phantasie die Abschrift hin!

Nimm, du süßer Schmeichler, von den Locken,
Die du oft zerwühltest und verschobst,
Wann du über Flachs an Pallas Rocken,
Über Gold und Seide sie erhobst!

Meiner Augen Denkmal sei dies blaue
Kränzchen flehender Vergißmeinnicht
Oft beträufelt von der Wehmut Taue,
Der hervor durch sie von Herzen bricht!

Molly's Farewell

Farewell, my man of joy and pain,
Man of love, my life's mainstay.
God be with you and may my blessing
Resonate within your heart while you're away.

As souvenir, instead of gold,
For what is gold but costly folly?
I'd give you what your eye admired,
What your heart found to love in Molly.

From my face, the field of all your kisses,
Take, whilst you're away from me,
This copy of one half in silhouette
To stimulate your fantasy.

Take, flatterer, of the locks of hair
Which you often left in disarray.
Finer than Athene's flax,
Than gold or silk, is what you'd say.

To remind you of my eyes, this blue
Bunch of forget-me-nots beseech,
Besprinkled by the dews of yearning
That through them from my heart do leach.

18. Die Liebe

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729-1781)

Ohne Liebe lebe, wer da kann;
Wenn er auch ein Mensch schon bliebe,
Bleibt er doch kein Mann.

Süße Liebe mach' mein Lebensüß,
Stille ein die regen Triebe
Sonder Hindernis!

Schmachten lassen sei der Schönen Pflicht;
Nur uns ewig schmachten lassen,
Dieses sei sie nicht!

19. La Marmotte

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Ich komme schon durch manches Land,
Avec que la marmotte,
Und immer was zu essen fand,
Avec que la marmotte.

Refrain:
Avec que sí, avec que là,
Avec que la marmotte.

Ich hab gesehn gar manchen Herrn,
Avec que la marmotte,

Song

Live without love, he who can;
He'll be a being,
But never a man.

Sweet love, grant me sweet life:
May yearning never subside,
Put hurdles aside.

To let us languish is every girl's right;
To languish for ever,
Should be no man's plight.

The Marmot

I have travelled far and wide
With my marmot at my side,
Food and drink I'd find nearby
With my

Marmot here, marmot there,
With my marmot everywhere.

Many a gentleman I've seen
Who on the ladies was too keen.

der hat die Jungfrau gar zu gern,
Avec que la marmotte.

Hab' auch gesehn die Jungfer schön,
Avec que la marmotte,
die täte nach mir Kleinem sehn,
Avec que la marmotte.

Nun lasst mich nicht so gehn, ihr Herrn,
Avec que la marmotte,
die Burschen essen und trinken gern,
Avec que la marmotte.

20. Das Blümchen Wunderhold

Gottfried August Bürger (1747-1794)

Es blüht ein Blümchen irgendwo
In einem stillen Tal.
Das schmeichelt Aug' und Herz so froh
Wie Abendsonnenstrahl.
Das ist viel köstlicher als Gold,
Als Perl' und Diamant.
Drum wird es "Blümchen Wunderhold"
Mit gutem Fug genannt.

Wohl sänge sich ein langes Lied
Von meines Blümchens Kraft;
Wie es am Leib' und am Gemüt
So hohe Wunder schafft.

With my etc

And the occasional lady I did see
Who cast a glance at little me.
With my etc

Now you'd not let me go, I think -
We chaps enjoy our food and drink.
With my etc

Wondrousword

In a distant vale a flower grows
Which all the folk acclaim
More valuable than any jewel,
It's wondrousword by name.
I could sing at length of its effect
On body and on mind;
No elixir on earth can match
Its powers you will find.

Someone who bears it in his heart
Reveals an angel's beauty.
It draws the purest souls on earth
In homage, awe and duty.

Was kein geheimes Elixier
Dir sonst gewähren kann,
Das leistet traun! mein Blümchen dir.
Man sah' es ihm nicht an.

Wer Wunderhold im Busen hegt,
Wird wie ein Engel schön.
Das hab' ich, inniglich bewegt,
An Mann und Weib gesehn.
An Mann und Weib, alt oder jung,
Zieht's, wie ein Talisman,
Der schönsten Seelen Huldigung
Unwiderstehlich an.

Ach! hättest du nur die gekannt,
Die einst mein Kleinod war -
Der Tod entriß sie meiner Hand
Hart hinterm Traualtar -
Dann würdest du es ganz verstehn,
Was Wunderhold vermag,
Und in das Licht der Wahrheit sehn,
Wie in den hellen Tag.

21. Urians Reise um die Welt

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

Wenn jemand eine Reise tut,
So kann er was erzählen.
D'rum nahm ich meinen Stock und Hut

Ah, had you only met my love
Whom cruel Death took away,
You would have seen the light of truth
Shine like the light of day.

(In me she caused that flower to bloom,
Made sure it was secure;
Impatience tore it from my breast.
Would it did still endure.

The marvels this flower brought about
Are too many to be told,
Because of its ability -
To enhance more than gold -
I call it wondrousword, you see.
The world calls it - Humility.)

The Travails of a Bore*

A chap who goes a'travellin'
Can tell you many a tale;
I took my stick, put on my hat

Und tät das Reisen wählen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Zuerst ging's an den Nordpol hin;
Da war es kalt bei Ehre!
Da dacht' ich denn in meinem Sinn,
Das es hier beßer wäre.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

In Grönland freuten sie sich sehr,
Mich ihres Ort's zu sehen,
Und setzten mir den Trankrug her:
Ich ließ ihn aber stehen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Die Eskimos sind wild und groß,
Zu allen Guten träge:
Da schalt ich Einen einen Kloß
Und kriegte viele Schlänge.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Nun war ich in Amerika!
Da sagt ich zu mir: Lieber!
Nordwestpassage ist doch da,
Mach' dich einmal darüber.

And so I hit the trail.
There's a thing! Well done, old chum,
Er, what's yer name, go on, go on

First I went north to the pole.
By golly it was cold!
Not long till I had realised,
Best not have left the fold.
There's a thing! etc

In Greenland they were very pleased
To have me pay a visit.
They brought me a great jug of beer.
Not quite my tippie, is it?
There's a thing! etc

The Eskimos are big and wild,
Those from Terra Nova.
I punched one of them on the nose
And got a going over.
There's a thing! etc

Now I was in America,
I said, Well, wha' d'you know,
It's where the Northwest Passage is,
Why, that's the way to go.

Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Flugs ich an Bord und aus in's Meer,
Den Tubus festgebunden,
Und suchte sie die Kreuz und Quer
Und hab' sie nicht gefunden.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Von hier ging ich nach Mexico -
Ist weiter als nach Bremen -
Da, dacht' ich, liegt das Gold wie Stroh;
Du sollst'n Sack voll nehmen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Allein, allein, allein, allein,
Wie kann ein Mensch sich trügen!
Ich fand da nichts als Sand und Stein,
Und ließ den Sack da liegen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

D'rauf kauft' ich etwas kalte Kost
Und Kieler Sprott und Kuchen
Und setzte mich auf Extrapost,
Land Asia zu besuchen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

There's a thing! etc

I jumped aboard, went out to sea,
'Scope clamped to my right eye,
But couldn't find it anywhere,
Though I searched low and high.
There's a thing! etc

From here I went to Mexico -
It's as far as Brum and back -
I'd heard that there was lots of gold
And so I took a sack.
There's a thing! etc

Just how very,very, very, very
Wrong a chap can be!
There was nought but sand and stone.
So, I had a cup of tea.
There's a thing! etc

I bought myself a bit of ham,
Sprats, Dundee cake, a feast!
I took a seat on the express
And made my journey East.
There's a thing! etc

Der Mogul ist ein großer Mann
Und gnädig über Massen
Und klug; er war itzt eben dran,
'n Zahn auszieh'n zu lassen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Hm! dacht' ich, der hat Zähnepein,
Bei aller Größ' und Gaben!
Was hilfts denn auch noch Mogul sein?
Die kann man so wohl haben!
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Ich gab dem Wirt mein Ehrenwort,
Ihn nächstens zu bezahlen;
Und damit reist' ich weiter fort,
Nach China und Bengalen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

Nach Java und nach Otaheit
Und Afrika nicht minder;
Und sah bei der Gelegenheit
Viel Städt' und Menschenkinder.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

The Mogul's an important man,
Kind to his folk, forsooth.
He was with his dentist
Who was pulling out a tooth.
There's a thing! etc

Hmm, I thought, he is in pain,
However high his status.
What point in being a Mogul
With toothache, that's atrocious.
There's a thing! etc

I promised our landlord
That I'd pay for what was due,
Then sallied forth to China
And then to Timbuku.
There's a thing! etc

To the Indies and to Java,
Africa and its nations,
On my travels I explored
Their towns and populations.
There's a thing! etc

Und fand es überall wie hier,
Fand überall 'n Sparren,
Die Menschen grade so wie wir,
Und eben solche Narren.
Da hat er übel, übel dran getan,
Verzähl' er nicht weiter, Herr Urian!

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Everywhere was just like here,
Everywhere a crackpot.
Those people, just like us,
All fools, and that's the upshot.
Say, that won't do at all, old son.
Er, what's yer name, have done, have done.

*Note: Herr Urian = a stranger > unwelcome guest > a bore.

BIOGRAPHIES

ANN MURRAY

Ann Murray was born in Dublin and studied with Frederick Cox at the Royal Manchester College of Music. She has close links with English National Opera, for whom she has sung Handel's *Xerxes* and *Ariodante* and Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*, and the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, where her roles have included Cherubino, Dorabella, Despina, Idamantes, Sifare, the Composer, Octavian, Rosina, Amaltea, Ruggiero and Giulio Cesare.

She has appeared with the world's great orchestras and conductors and in the major concert halls and has been a regular guest at the BBC Promenade Concerts. Her discography reflects both her broad



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concert and recital repertoire and also her great operatic roles.

Her operatic engagements have taken her to Hamburg, Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Cologne, Amsterdam, Chicago, the Metropolitan Opera, New York, the Vienna State Opera, and notably, the Bavarian State Opera.

She is an Honorary Doctor of Music at the National University of Ireland, a Kammersängerin of the Bavarian State Opera and an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music. In the 2002 Golden Jubilee Queen's Birthday Honours she was appointed an honorary Dame Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

RODERICK WILLIAMS

Roderick Williams is active in the opera house, on the concert platform and in recital, encompassing a repertoire from the baroque to world premieres.

He has enjoyed close associations with Opera North and Scottish Opera, and forthcoming engagements take him to English National Opera for Papageno */Die Zauberflöte* and to the Royal Opera House Covent Garden for Schaunard/*La bohème*. For Opera North his roles have included the title role in

Don Giovanni, The Count/*Le nozze di Figaro*, Guglielmo/*Così fan tutte*, Figaro/*Il barbiere di Siviglia* and Ned Keene/*Peter Grimes*. For Scottish Opera roles have included Marcello/*La bohème* and Lord Byron in the world premiere of Sally Beamish's *Monster*. Other notable world premieres have included David Sawer's *From Morning to Midnight* and Martin Butler's *A Better Place* for English National Opera, as well as Alexander Knaifel's *Alice in Wonderland* and Michel van der Aa's *After Life* for Netherlands Opera.

Among Roderick Williams' many performances of opera in concert are recent appearances with the BBC Symphony Orchestra in Tippett's *The Knot Garden* (Barbican) and Birtwistle's *The Second Mrs Kong* (Royal Festival Hall) and with the London Symphony Orchestra and Daniel Harding *Billy Budd*. He has also sung the role of Eddie in Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Greek* for the BBC. He has taken major roles in conductor Richard Hickox's semi-staged performances of opera, including Britten's *Gloriana* (Aldeburgh, 2003), Walton's *Troilus and Cressida* and most of the Vaughan Williams operas. Other concert performances include Henze, Strauss, Stravinsky and Wagner (Donner in *Das Rheingold* for ENO).

Roderick Williams has sung concert repertoire with all the BBC orchestras, and many other ensembles



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including the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Russian National Orchestra, Academy of Ancient Music, and Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Recent successes include Britten's *War Requiem* and Pilgrim in Vaughan Williams's *The Pilgrim's Progress* (semi-staged) with the Philharmonia, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* in Toulouse, Tippett's *The Vision of St*

Augustine with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales at the 2005 BBC Proms, Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* with the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, and the world premiere of Birtwistle's *The Ring Dance of the Nazarene* with VARA Radio (repeated at the BBC Proms).

Future engagements include a return to ENO to sing Papageno and Saariaho *L'amour de loin* for English National Opera, the *La bohème* at the Royal Opera, Van der Aa's *After Life* for Netherlands Opera, as well as concerts with the OAE, RIAS Kammerchor, Britten Sinfonia, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, London Sinfonietta and Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra in San Francisco.

He is also an accomplished recital artist who can be heard at Wigmore Hall, at many festivals, and on Radio 3, where he has appeared on Iain Burnside's *Voices* programme. His numerous recordings include Vaughan Williams, Berkeley and Britten operas for Chandos, Verdi's *Don Carlos* (conducted by Bernard Haitink) for Philips, and two discs of English song with pianist Iain Burnside for Naxos. Roderick Williams is also a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio.

IAIN BURNSIDE

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

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

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



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

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

SUSAN YOUNS

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



Heinz Liebrecht was born in 1908.
 On 9 November 1938 he was taken to the
 Nazi concentration camp in Dachau,
 declared a non-person and stripped of all human dignity,
 as were the millions of others.
 On 9 November 1998 he arrived at Buckingham Palace
 to receive the MBE for Services to Music.
 He continued with this work up to his death in 2005.

These recordings are dedicated to those who were killed
 and to the survivors who devoted themselves
 to enhancing the quality of our lives.

Recorded at The Warehouse, London 18 - 19 February 2008 & 18 - 19 March 2008
 Producer and editor - John H West
 Engineer - Andrew Mellor

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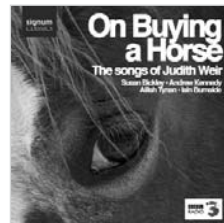
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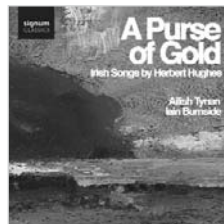
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