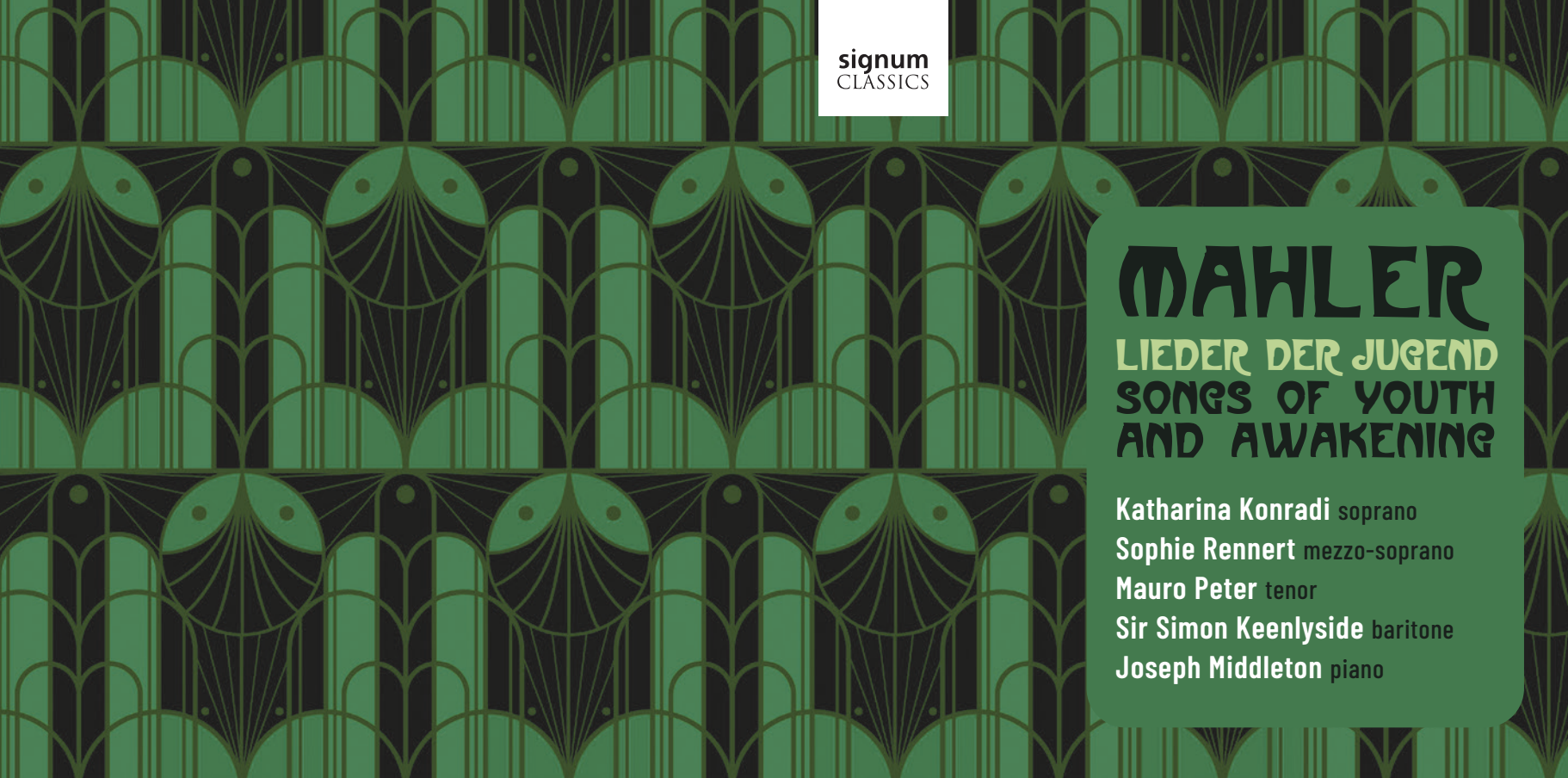


The background of the entire image is a repeating Art Deco pattern. It consists of stylized, symmetrical motifs in shades of green and dark green. The motifs include vertical lines, semi-circles, and fan-like shapes, creating a dense, geometric texture.

signum
CLASSICS

MAHLER

LIEDER DER JUGEND SONGS OF YOUTH AND AWAKENING

Katharina Konradi soprano

Sophie Rennert mezzo-soprano

Mauro Peter tenor

Sir Simon Keenlyside baritone

Joseph Middleton piano

LIEDER DER JUGEND SONGS OF YOUTH AND AWAKENING

**GUSTAV
 MAHLER**
 (1860-1911)

Katharina Konradi (KK)
 soprano

Sophie Rennert (SR)
 mezzo-soprano

Mauro Peter (MP)
 tenor

Sir Simon Keenlyside (SK)
 baritone

Joseph Middleton
 piano

1	Frühlingsmorgen	SR	2.02
2	Ablösung im Sommer	KK	1.49
3	Im Lenz	MP	2.49
4	Winterlied	KK	3.15
5	Scheiden und Meiden	MP	2.19
6	Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz	MP	4.17
7	Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald	SR	5.02
8	Starke Einbildungskraft	KK, MP	1.07
9	Erinnerung	SR	2.50
10	Selbstgefühl	KK	1.56
11	Hans und Grete	SR	2.10
12	Um schlimme Kinder artig zu machen	KK	2.01
13	Aus! Aus!	SR	2.20
14	Serenade aus Don Juan	MP	1.45
15	Phantasie aus Don Juan	KK	2.05
16	Nicht wiedersehen!	SR	5.27

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

		SK	
17	Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht		3.35
18	Ging heut' morgen über's Feld		4.13
19	Ich hab' ein glühend Messer		3.18
20	Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz		5.26

Total 59.52

MAHLER: LIEDER DER JUGEND

Songs of Youth and Awakening

Joseph Middleton

A paradox of Gustav Mahler's artistic life is that, from youth to the height of his creative maturity, he concentrated almost exclusively on two contrasting genres: the Lied, defined by intimacy and formal compression, and the symphony, with its public scale and expansive reach. But, in Mahler's output these territories were never separate. This recording focuses on the formative years of Mahler's song writing and includes his surviving Lieder 1880-85. Already at this early stage, many of the songs stand in close relationship to larger works, forming a web of cross-references and shared ideas that anticipates the integrated musical language of the later symphonies.

Mahler's focus in these two spheres creates a kaleidoscope of interesting

questions for any pianist approaching Mahler's songs. We must grapple with writing that, although conceived for the keyboard, is shaped by a fundamentally orchestral imagination. This is less anomalous than it may seem. The Lied evolved as a piano genre precisely because the instrument is uniquely capable of suggesting a wide range of instrumental colours and textures. From Schubert to Wolf, song composers absorbed lessons from the operatic stage, allowing orchestral thinking to inform even the most intimate keyboard writing. For us song pianists, this habit of what we might call "thinking orchestrally" becomes second nature after much study. In Mahler, an awareness of his symphonic sound-world can guide

the creation of equivalent pianistic colours - whether evoking translucent string textures, distant calls, or muffled sonorities - without literal imitation. Indeed, Mahler inscribes instructions to aid the pianist's imagination and choice of colour, e.g. "wie ein Schalmel" ("like a shawm"), "wie fernes Glockenläuten" ("like the tolling of distant bells"), "In allen diesen Trillern ist mit Hilfe des Pedals der Klang gedämpfter Trommeln nachzuahmen" ("In all these trills, with the help of the pedals, imitate the sound of muffled drums"). Listeners familiar with the orchestral versions of Mahler's song cycles may initially sense the absence of orchestral colour. Yet performance with piano offers compensations of its own: an enhanced intimacy and textual clarity that can bring a particular delicacy and immediacy to the songs, allowing voice and poetry to speak with unmediated directness.

Mahler famously remarked to Jean Sibelius in 1907, "The symphony must be like the world. It must embrace

everything." Song was one of the principal means by which he learned how to construct such a world. Brief passages from Lieder find their way into the symphonies, entire songs are transformed into orchestral movements, and, just as significantly, symphonic ideas often surface first in song. Though Mahler wrote only around fifty songs - modest beside Schubert or Schumann - the porous boundary between Lied and symphony is one of the defining features of Mahler's art, and it is already fully apparent in the early works gathered in this programme.

Lieder der Jugend – Songs of Youth and Awakening reveals a composer discovering his voice: literary, emotionally volatile, ironic yet earnest, and preoccupied with the tension between innocence and experience. The songs presented here span Mahler's *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit* (Songs and Airs of Youth) and culminate in *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer), his first fully

integrated song cycle. Together they trace a psychological arc from youthful awakening and wonder, through desire, irony, and disenchantment, toward the bittersweet self-knowledge of the solitary wanderer. While these songs are rooted in folk poetry - much of it drawn from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (an anthology compiled by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano and published in three volumes between 1805 and 1808) - Mahler transforms these simple texts into complex inner dramas. Even in his earliest works, he is less interested in naïve songfulness than in the instability of feeling, the fragility of joy, and the sudden intrusions of loss or alienation. It's fascinating that Mahler makes no use of existing folk melodies in his songs. Their distinctive character derives instead from the manner in which the texts are presented as immediate and contemporary, while retaining an aura of historical distance. A tension emerges between imagined folk past and present experience, a quality reinforced by

Mahler's acute dramatic sense and his sensitivity to texts that are largely free of literary ornament. The effect is one of apparent simplicity underpinned by considerable compositional sophistication.

Youth, Nature, and Awakening

The album begins in nature and a spirit of awakening with a Schumannesque Lied, to a text by Leander: *Frühlingsmorgen* (Spring Morning). This evergreen song finds Mahler painting the acoustic imagery of Spring - birdsong in piano trills - and the anticipation of new birth. Nature is not merely a pastoral backdrop; it is an active participant in human emotion, often mirroring or intensifying inner states. The freshness of spring, with its birdsong and gentle motion, evokes a world newly alive, suffused with anticipation. Yet even here, Mahler resists pure idyll. The lightness of the music is tinged with restlessness, suggesting that awakening brings not only joy but longing.

In *Ablösung im Sommer* (The Changing of the Summer Guard), Mahler sets a characteristically Wunderhorn image: the cuckoo, harbinger of spring, is replaced by the nightingale. What might seem a whimsical observation becomes, in Mahler's hands, a meditation on transience. Seasonal change implies displacement; beauty is fleeting, and joy is subject to replacement. The music's playful surface conceals an early awareness of impermanence. A few years after its composition this song re-emerges as the basis of the Third Symphony's scherzo, originally entitled "What the animals in the forest tell me." In Mahler's words: "the animal piece is at once the most scurrilous and the most tragic that ever was - in the way that music alone can mystically take us from one extreme to the other in the twinkling of an eye. In this piece it is as if Nature herself were pulling faces and putting out her tongue." The transformation from song to symphonic movement is quite a feat:

67 bars for the song, 590 for the scherzo and its trios.

The reverse process - symphonic thinking condensed into song - is evident in *Im Lenz* (In Spring), which quotes a prominent theme from Mahler's early cantata *Das klagende Lied*. The song's broad sweep, dramatic contrasts, unifying ostinato rhythms, and horn-like evocations all point toward the symphonic horizon. *Im Lenz* and *Winterlied* further sharpen a contrast between seasons as emotional metaphors. Spring, traditionally associated with renewal, is already shadowed by uncertainty, while winter is not merely cold but existentially isolating. *Winterlied* continues Mahlerian themes of isolation and alienation, exploring emotional numbness and distance, using spare textures and restrained lyricism to evoke inner frost. The young composer shows an instinctive grasp of how to align musical economy with psychological stillness.

Love, Separation, and Irony

Love, in Mahler's early songs, is rarely stable. It is experienced as yearning, anticipation, or loss, often infused with irony. *Scheiden und Meiden* (Farewell and Parting) encapsulates this ambivalence: separation is not merely painful but strangely necessary, as though closeness itself carries danger. Mahler's sensitivity to the emotional subtext of simple verse is already striking.

Several songs in this programme draw on narrative or ballad traditions, most notably *Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz* (At Strasbourg on the Ramparts). This dramatic song tells of a soldier condemned to death, separated forever from his beloved. Here Mahler's gift for musical storytelling comes to the fore. The starkness of the fate described is mirrored in the song's grim tread and emotional directness. The voice becomes a conduit for collective tragedy, foreshadowing Mahler's

later ability to universalize individual suffering.

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald (I Walked with Joy Through a Green Wood) begins with apparent innocence, but the joy of wandering through nature gives way to emotional disillusionment. The green wood, a traditional symbol of freedom and renewal, becomes a space of self-realisation rather than escape. Mahler repeatedly uses such reversals to undermine expectation, revealing the instability beneath pastoral imagery.

Inner Life and Self-Reflection

A remarkable group of songs in this programme turns inward, focusing explicitly on memory, imagination, and selfhood. *Starke Einbildungskraft* (Strong Imagination), *Erinnerung* (Memory), and *Selbstgefühl* (Self-assurance) form a loose triptych of introspection. These songs are among Mahler's most psychologically revealing early works. Rather than external narrative, they

explore the mind's capacity to create, distort, and relive experience.

In *Starke Einbildungskraft*, imagination is both creative force and potential burden, blurring the line between reality and inner vision. Mahler's music responds with subtle harmonic shifts that destabilize the tonal centre, suggesting a consciousness in flux.

Erinnerung begins in G minor and ends in A minor. We start in one place and arrive somewhere fundamentally different, as demanded by the text. Elsewhere, Mahler avoids conventional harmonic resolution, favouring ambiguity and displacement as expressive tools. It is a song suffused with nostalgia, yet it avoids sentimentality. Memory is fragile and incomplete, a source of both comfort and pain.

Selbstgefühl, one of his finest comic songs, confronts the question of identity itself. The narrative of a fool, here we have a satirical portrayal of human triviality and absurdity, where Mahler

uses comedy to mock a character that is "too big for his boots".

These songs reveal Mahler's early preoccupation with subjectivity, a theme that would later find monumental expression in his symphonies. Even here, the seeds of his later existential questioning are evident: Who am I? Where do I belong? How does one reconcile inner feeling with the external world?

Childhood, Play, and Cruelty

Mahler's relationship with childhood is complex and deeply ambivalent. On the one hand, he evokes children's worlds of play and innocence; on the other, he exposes the cruelty and arbitrariness that often underlie them. *Hans und Grete* appears, at first glance, to inhabit the realm of fairy tale, complete with yodelling and a performance direction of 'keck' (cheekily). Yet Mahler's musical treatment hints at unease beneath the surface, suggesting that childhood fantasy is

never entirely safe. The following account is from his childhood friend, Fritz Löhr, in the early 1880s and gives a taste of his experiences in Bohemia at the time:

There in the height of summer we would go for walks lasting half the day ... to villages where the peasantry was in part Slav ... to where authentic Bohemian musicians set lads and lasses dancing in the open air ... There was the zest of life, and sorrow too ... all of it veiled by reserve on the faces of girls, their heads bowed towards their partners' breast, their plump, almost naked limbs exposed by the high whirling of their many-layered bright petticoats, in an almost solemn, ritual encircling.

This darker perspective is explicit in *Um schlimme Kinder artig zu machen* (To Make Naughty Children Behave). The song's ostensibly moralistic tone is undercut by a sharp edge of satire. Mahler captures the frightening logic of discipline and punishment, revealing how easily authority becomes

oppressive. Childhood, in Mahler's world, is not an untouched paradise but an early encounter with fear, injustice, and power.

Aus! Aus! continues this theme of abruptness and rejection, its emphatic gestures conveying finality and emotional rupture. The brevity and decisiveness of the song heighten its impact, demonstrating Mahler's instinct for compression and dramatic focus.

Theatre, Seduction, and Disillusionment

Mahler's early career in opera houses left a deep imprint on his song writing, and several songs in this programme reveal his theatrical instincts. *Serenade aus 'Don Juan'* and *Phantasie aus 'Don Juan'* draw on the legendary seducer as a symbol of desire, bravado, and illusion. Rather than glorifying Don Juan, Mahler presents him as a figure of restless compulsion, driven by fantasy rather than fulfilment.

These songs shimmer with irony. The serenade's seductive gestures are

exaggerated to the point of instability, while the *Phantasie* suggests a mind caught in self-generated illusion. Mahler's treatment of Don Juan anticipates his later fascination with masks and roles - how individuals perform desire rather than truly experience it.

Nicht wiedersehen! (Never to Meet Again!) brings this section to a poignant close. The finality of the title is uncompromising, and Mahler's music embraces the pain of irrevocable separation. There is no consolation here, only the stark acknowledgment of loss. The emotional directness of the song foreshadows the intensity of Mahler's later farewells.

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen: The Wayfarer Emerges

The programme culminates in *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer), Mahler's first great song cycle, and one that sets his own words. It is a turning point in his creative life.

The cycle draws on autobiographical experience, particularly Mahler's unrequited love for the soprano Johanna Richter, and was originally conceived as a cycle of six Lieder. The final version is of four songs composed between 1883 and 1885. In a narrative that shows an influence stretching back more than half a century to Schubert's *Winterreise*, the cycle explores a topic of universal appeal: the first two songs proclaim love; the latter two confront its dissolution. The cycle ends with a lyric funeral march and this pessimism permeates the whole piece - not one of the songs frees itself from sorrow.

The wayfarer is a quintessential Mahlerian figure: solitary, wounded, and perpetually in motion. His journey is both literal and emotional, traversing landscapes that reflect his inner turmoil. Nature, once a source of awakening and joy, becomes a mirror of pain and resignation. Yet the cycle is not merely confessional; Mahler universalizes personal grief into a shared human experience.

Musically, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* marks a significant step forward. Motifs recur across songs, binding the cycle together, harmonic vocabulary defies hard and fast classification, and themes later reappear in Mahler's symphonies, most notably the First Symphony. The overall shape of the cycle achieves a result not unlike late Beethoven String Quartets in the ability to place a song of great beauty (Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz) next to a song of real harshness (Ich hab' ein glühend Messer). The beauty is manifest precisely because of the juxtaposition.

Conclusion: Youth Transformed

Lieder der Jugend – Songs of Youth and Awakening presents Mahler not as the monumental symphonist of later years, but as a young artist intensely attuned to emotional nuance and psychological depth. These songs reveal how early Mahler developed the themes that

would define his life's work: the interplay of nature and emotion, the fragility of joy, the omnipresence of loss, and the restless search for meaning.

Far from being mere juvenilia, these songs are essential to understanding Mahler's artistic evolution. They show a composer already wrestling with the contradictions of existence - innocence and experience, irony and sincerity, belonging and isolation. In their immediacy and emotional honesty, they speak directly to listeners, inviting us to recognize our own awakenings, disillusionments, and journeys within Mahler's youthful voice.

© Joseph Middleton

All translations by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

1 Frühlingsmorgen

Es klopft an das Fenster der Lindenbaum.
Mit Zweigen blütenbehangen:
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Was liegst du im Traum?
Die Sonn' ist aufgegangen!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!

Die Lerche ist wach, die Büsche weh'n!
Die Bienen summen und Käfer!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Und dein munteres Lieb' hab ich auch
schon geseh'n.
Steh' auf, Langschläfer!
Langschläfer, steh' auf!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!

Richard Leander

Spring morning

*The linden tree taps at the window
With flower-laden boughs:
Get up! Get up!
Why do you lie dreaming?
The sun has risen!
Get up! Get up!*

*The lark is awake, the bushes are stirring!
The bees hum and beetles too!
Get up! Get up!
And I've already seen your cheery lover
Get up, sleepy-head!
Sleepy-head, get up!
Get up! Get up!*

2 Ablösung im Sommer

Kukuk hat sich zu Tode gefallen
An einer grünen Weiden,
Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod' gefallen!
Wer soll uns denn den Sommer lang

The changing of the summer guard

*The cuckoo has sung himself to death
On a green willow.
Cuckoo is dead, has sung himself to death!
Who shall now all summer long*

Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

Ei das soll tun Frau Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,
Die liebe, süße Nachtigall!
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh,
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.

Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall;
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,
Und wenn der Kuckuk zu Ende ist,
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

3 Im Lenz

Sag' an, du Träumer am lichten Tag,
Was willst du heut' mit dem Bangen?
Du wandelst so stumm durch Lenz
und Hag,
Als wärest du von Blindheit befangen.

„Ich bin nicht blind und sehe doch nicht,
Mir ist nicht dunkel und ist nicht licht,
Könnst' lachen und könnte weinen,
Doch sagen könnt' ich es Keinem.“

O sieht dich die Sonne so freundlich an,

While away the time for us?

*Ah! Mrs Nightingale shall do that,
She sits on the green branch,
That small and graceful nightingale,
That sweet and lovely nightingale!
She hops and sings, is always joyous,
When other birds are silent.*

*We shall wait for Mrs Nightingale,
She lives in the green grove,
And when the cuckoo's time is up,
She will start to sing!*

In springtime

*Tell me, you dreamer in broad daylight,
Why this fear today?
You walk so silently through springtime
and wood,
As though beset by blindness.*

*'I am not blind and yet I cannot see,
It is neither dark nor light.
I could laugh and I could cry,
But no one could I tell.'*

Ah, when the sun shines so gently on you,

Was sollen dir Schmerz und Reue!
Wirf ab deine Last, du trauriger Mann,
Und freu' dich an Sonne und Bläue.

„Mich freut keine Sonne, mich freut kein Blau
Und hab' doch den Frühling so gerne,
Ach, die ich allein nur am liebsten erschau',
Die weilt schon lang in der Ferne.“

Gustav Mahler

4 Winterlied

Über Berg und Tal
Mit lautem Schall
Tönet ein Liedchen.
Durch Schnee und Eis
Dringt es so heiß
Bis zu dem Hüttchen.
Wo das Feuer brummt,
Wo das Rädchen summt
Im traulichen Stübchen.
Um den Tisch herum
Sitzen sie stumm.
Hörst du mich, Liebchen?
Im kalten Schnee,
Sieh! wie ich steh',
Sing' zu Dir, Mädchen!

*Why should you feel pain and remorse?
Cast off your burdens, you sad man,
And delight in the sun and the blue sky.*

*'No sun delights me, no blue sky delights me,
And yet I love springtime so.
Ah, she whom I love to see most
Has stayed away too long.'*

Winter song

*Over hill and dale
Resounding loudly
A little song rings out.
Through snow and ice
It burns its way
To your little hut
Where the fire crackles,
Where the spinning-wheel whirrs
In the cosy parlour.
Around the table
They sit in silence.
Do you hear me, my love?
In the cold snow,
See how I stand
And sing to you, my girl!*

Hat denn mein Lied
So dich erglüht
Oder das Rädchen?
O liebliche Zeit
Wie bist du so weit!
O selige Stunden!
Ach nur ein Blick
War unser Glück.
Ewig verschwunden!

Gustav Mahler

*Is it my song
That colours your cheeks,
Or the spinning-wheel?
O sweet days,
How distant you now are!
O blissful hours!
Ah, a single glance
Was all our happiness.
Gone for ever!*

5 Scheiden und Meiden

Es ritten drei Reiter zum Tore hinaus!
Ade!
Fein's Liebchen, das schaute zum Fenster
hinaus,
Ade!
Und wenn es denn soll geschieden sein,
So reich mir dein goldenes Ringlein.
Ade! Ade!
Ja scheiden und Meiden tut weh, tut weh!

Es scheidet das Kind schon in der Wieg,
Ade!
Wann werd' ich mein Schätzel wohl kriegen?

Farewell and parting

*Three horsemen rode out through
the gate!
Farewell!
The beloved looked out of the window,
Farewell!
And if it's time for us to part,
Then give me your little gold ring!
Farewell! Farewell!
Yes, farewell and parting bring pain.

The child departs in the cradle even,
Farewell!
When shall my loved one at last be mine?*

Ade!
Und ist es nicht morgen, ach, wär es
doch heut,
Es machte uns Beiden wohl große Freud,
Ade! Ade! Ade!
Ja, scheiden und Meiden tut weh.

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

6 Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz,
Da ging mein Trauern an;
Das Alphorn hör' ich drüben wohl anstimmen,
Ins Vaterland muß ich hinüberschwimmen,
Das ging ja nicht an.

Ein' Stund in der Nacht
Sie haben mich gebracht;
Sie führten mich gleich vor des
Hauptmanns Haus,
Ach Gott, sie fischten mich im Strome auf,
Mit mir ist es aus.

Früh morgens um zehn Uhr
Stellt man mich vors Regiment;
Ich soll da bitten um Pardon,
Und ich bekomme doch meinen Lohn,
Das weiß ich schon.

*Farewell!
And if it be not tomorrow, ah, were it
today,
That would give us both such joy!
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
Yes, farewell and parting bring pain.*

At Strasbourg on the ramparts

*At Strasbourg on the ramparts
My troubles began;
I heard the alpine horn over there,
I had to swim across to my fatherland;
And that was not allowed.*

*In the middle of the night
They brought me back;
They took me at once to the captain's
house,
They fished me out of the water, my God!
I'm done for now!*

*In the early morning at ten o'clock
They'll stand me before the regiment;
I'll have to beg for pardon,
Yet I shall get my due reward,
That much I know.*

Ihr Brüder allzumal,
Heut' seht ihr mich zum letztenmal;
Der Hirtenbub ist nur schuld daran,
Das Alphorn hat mir's angetan,
Das klag ich an.

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

*You comrades, everywhere,
You'll see me today for the last time;
The shepherd boy's alone to blame,
I could not resist the alpine horn,
That's what I accuse.*

7 Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald,
Ich hört die Vöglein singen;
Sie sangen so jung, sie sangen so alt,
Die kleinen Waldvögelein im grünen Wald!
Wie gern hört ich sie singen!

Nun sing, nun sing, Frau Nachtigall!
Sing du's bei meinem Feinsliebchen:
'Komm schier, komm schier, wenn's
finster ist,
Wenn niemand auf der Gasse ist,
Dann komm zu mir, dann komm zu mir!
Herein will ich dich lassen, ja lassen!"

Der Tag verging, die Nacht brach an,
Er kam zu Feinsliebchen gegangen.
Er klopft so leis' wohl an den Ring,

I walked joyfully through a green wood

*I walked joyfully through a green wood,
I heard the little birds sing.
They sang so young, they sang so old,
Those woodland birds in the green wood!
How gladly I heard them sing, yes sing!*

*Please sing, please sing, Mrs Nightingale!
Sing this at my beloved's house:
'Come quick, come quick, when
darkness falls,
When not a soul is in the street,
Then come to me, then come to me!
And I will let you in, yes in!"*

*The day departed, night fell,
He went to his beloved;
He tapped so softly with the knocker,*

"Ei, schläfst du oder wachst, mein Kind?
Ich hab so lang gestanden!"

Es schaut der Mond durchs Fensterlein
Zum holden, süßen Lieben,
Die Nachtigall sang die ganze Nacht.
Du schlafselig Mädelein, nimm dich in Acht!
Wo ist dein Herzliebster geblieben?

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

*'Are you asleep or awake, my child?
I've been standing here so long!"*

*The moon looks through the window,
Saw the charming, sweet caresses,
The nightingale sang all night long.
Sleepy little maid, take care!
Where is your sweetheart now?*

8 Starke Einbildungskraft

Mädchen:
Hast gesagt, du willst mich nehmen,
So bald der Sommer kommt!
Der Sommer ist gekommen, ja kommen,
Du hast mich nicht genommen, ja nommen!
Geh, Büble, geh nehm mich! Gelt, ja?
Du nimmst mich noch?

Büble:
Wie soll ich dich denn nehmen,
Dieweil ich doch schon hab?
Und wenn ich halt an dich gedenk,
So mein' ich alle weile:
Ich wär schon bei dir!

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Vivid Imagination

Girl:
*You said you'd take me
As soon as summer comes!
Summer has come, has come,
You've yet to take me, take me!
Come, my lad, come take me now!
Surely you will?*

Boy:
*But how can I take you,
When I already have you?
And whenever I think of you
I feel all the time:
I'm with you already!*

9 Erinnerung

Es wecket meine Liebe
Die Lieder immer wieder;
Es wecken meine Lieder
Die Liebe immer wieder.

Die Lippen, die da träumen
Von deinen heißen Küssen,
In Sang und Liederweisen
Von dir sie tönen müssen.

Und wollen die Gedanken
Der Liebe sich entschlagen,
So kommen meine Lieder
Zu mir mit Liebesklagen!

So halten mich in Banden
Die Beiden immer wieder:
Es weckt das Lied die Liebe,
Die Liebe weckt die Lieder.

Richard Leander

Recollection

*My love inspires songs
Again and again;
My songs inspire love
Again and again.*

*The lips that dream
Of your ardent kisses
Must sing of you
In melody and song.*

*And if my thoughts
Seek to banish love,
My songs return,
Lamenting love!*

*So both hold me captive
Again and again:
Songs inspire love,
Love inspires songs.*

10 Selbstgefühl

Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist,
Ich bin nicht krank und nicht gesund,
Ich bin blessirt und hab kein Wund.

Self-assurance

*I don't know what's wrong with me,
I'm not ill and I'm not well.
I'm wounded and have no wound.*

Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist!
Ich tät gern essen und schmeckt mir nichts,
Ich hab ein Geld und gilt mir nichts,

Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist
Ich hab sogar kein Schnupftabak,
Und hab kein Kreuzer Geld im Sack,

Ich weiss nicht wie mir ist,
Heiraten tät ich auch schon gern,
Kann aber Kinderschrein nicht hörn.

Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist,
Ich hab erst heut den Doktor gefragt,
Der hat mir's ins Gesicht gesagt.

Ich weiss wohl, was dir ist:
Ein Narr bist du gewiß;
Nun weiss ich wie mir ist!

Anonymous

11 Hans und Grete

Ringel, ringel Reih'n!
Wer fröhlich ist, der schlinge sich ein!
Wer Sorgen hat, der lass' sie daheim!
Wer ein liebes Liebchen küßt,
Wie glücklich der ist!
Ei, Hänsel, du hast ja kein's!

*I don't know what's wrong with me,
I'd like to eat but nothing tastes,
I've got money but it's worth nothing.*

*I don't know what's wrong with me,
I haven't even a pinch of snuff
And not a penny in my purse.*

*I don't know what's wrong with me,
I'd really like to get married,
But can't bear the sound of crying kids.*

*I don't know what's wrong with me,
Only today I asked the doctor,
He told me straight to my face.*

*I know what's wrong with you,
You're quite clearly a fool;
Now I know what's wrong with me!*

Hans and Grete

*Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!
Whoever's happy, let him join in!
Whoever has troubles, let him leave
them behind!
Whoever kisses a sweetheart,
How lucky he is!*

So suche dir ein's!
Ein liebes Liebchen, das ist was Fein's.
Juchhe!

Ringel, ringel Reih'n!
 Ei, Gretchen, was stehst denn so allein?
 Guckst doch hinüber zum Hänselein!?
 Und ist doch der Mai so grün?
 Und die Lüfte, sie zieh'n!
 Ei, seht doch den dummen Hans!
 Wie er rennet zum Tanz!
 Er suchte ein Liebchen, Juchhe!
 Er fand's! Juchhe!
 Ringel, ringel Reih'n!

Gustav Mahler

*Why Hans, you haven't got one!
So look for one!
A loving sweetheart is wonderful. Hurrah!*

Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!
But Grete, why are you all alone?
Yet you're glancing at Hans over there!
And the month of May is so green!
And the breezes are blowing!
Oh just look at foolish Hans!
How he rushes to the dance!
He was looking for a sweetheart, sing-ho!
He has found one! Sing-hey!
Ring-a-ring, dance in a ring!

Der Herr auf seinem Rösseli
Sagt zu der Frau im Schlösseli:
Ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk!

"Sinds gute Kind, sinds böse Kind?
Ach, liebe Frau, ach sagt geschwind",
Ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk!

"In meiner Tasch für folgsam Kind,
Da hab' ich manche Angebind",
Ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk!

Die Frau die sagt: "sehr böse Kind!
Sie folgen Muttern nicht geschwind,
Sind böse!"

Da sagt der Herr: "So reit ich heim,
Der gleichen Kinder brauch ich kein!
Ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk!
Und reit auf seinem Rösseli
Weit entweg vom Schlösseli!
Ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk!

Anonymous

13 Ays! Ays!

Heute marschieren wir,
Juchhe, juchhe, im grünen Mai!
Morgen marschieren wir

*The gentleman on his horse
Says to the lady of the castle:
Cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo!*

*'Are the children good or naughty?
Come dear lady, tell me quickly,'
Cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo!*

*'For children who are good
I've many presents in my pocket,'
Cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo!*

*The lady says: 'Very naughty children!
They don't obey their mother promptly,
They are naughty!'*

*The gentleman says: 'Then I'll ride home,
I've no need of children like that!'
Cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo!
And he rides away on his horse,
Far away from the castle!
Cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo!*

Out! Out!

Today we'll march,
Hurrah, hurrah, in the green May!
Tomorrow we'll march

12 Um schlimme Kinder artig zu machen (1887-91)

Es kam ein Herr zum Schlösseli
Auf einem schönen Rösseli,
Ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk, ku-kukuk!
Da lugt die Frau zum Fenster aus
Und sagt: "der Mann ist nicht zu Haus,

Und niemand heim als meine Kind,
Unds Mädchen ist auf der Wäschewind!"

How to make naughty children behave

*A gentleman came to the castle,
Riding on a fine horse,
Cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo, cu-cuckoo!
The lady looked out of the window
And said: 'My husband's out,*

*And no one's home but the children,
And the maid's wringing out the washing!*

Zu dem hohen Tor hinaus! Aus!

Reist du denn schon fort?

Je, je! Mein Liebster!

Kommst niemals wieder heim?

Je, je! Mein Liebster?"

Heute marschieren wir,

Juchhe, juchhe, im grünen Mai!

Ei, du schwarzbrauns Mägdelein,

Unsre Lieb' ist noch nicht aus!

Trink du ein Gläschen Wein

Zur Gesundheit dein und mein!

Siehst du diesen Strauß am Hut?

Jetzo heißt's marschieren gut!

Nimm das Tüchlein aus der Tasch,

Deine Tränlein mit abwasch!

Heute marschieren wir!

Juchhe, juchhe im grünen Mai!

Ich will ins Kloster gehn,

Weil mein Schatz davon geht!

Wo gehts denn hin, mein Schatz?

Gehst du fort, heut schon fort?

Und kommst nimmer wieder?

Ach! Wie wirts traurig sein

Hier in dem Städtchen!

Out through the high gate! Out!

Are you already leaving?

Alas! Alas, my love!

Will you never come back home?

Alas! Alas, my love!

Today we'll march,

Hurrah, hurrah, in the green May!

Hey, my dark-haired girl,

Our love's not yet played out!

Come, drink a glass of wine

To your health and mine!

Do you see the flowers on my hat?

It means: the time has come to march!

Take your kerchief from your pocket

To wipe away your tears!

Today we'll march,

Hurrah, hurrah, in the green May!

'I shall enter a convent,

Since my love's going away!

Where are you going to, my love?

Are you going already today?

And will you never return?

Ah, how sad it will be

Here in the town!

Wie bald vergißt du mein!

Ich! armes Mädchen!

Morgen marschieren wir,

Juchhe, juchhe im grünen Mai!

Tröst dich, mein lieber Schatz,

Im Mai blühn gar viel Blümelein!

Die Lieb ist noch nicht aus! Aus! Aus!

Anonymous

14 Serenade aus Don Juan

Ist's dein Wille, süße Maid,

Meinem heißen Liebesstreben

Erst im Tode Raum zu geben,

O, da wart' ich lange Zeit!

Soll ich deine Gunst genießen

Erst nach meinem Erdengange,

Währt mein Leben allzulange!

Mag es gleich um Nu zerfließen!

Ist's dein Wille, süße Maid,

Meinem heißen Liebesstreben

Erst im Tode Raum zu geben,

O das ist gar lange Zeit!

Ludwig Braunfels

How soon you'll forget me!

Poor girl that I am!

Tomorrow we'll march,

Hurrah, hurrah, in the green May!

Console yourself, my darling love,

Many flowers bloom in May!

Our love's not yet played out! Out! Out!

If it's your will, sweet maiden

If it's your will, sweet maiden,

Only to yield in death

To my passionate pleading,

Ah, I'll have long to wait!

If I'm to enjoy your favours

Only when my life is over,

Then my life is far too long!

Let it melt away at once!

If it's your will, sweet maiden,

Only to yield in death

To my passionate pleading,

Ah, I'll have long to wait!

15 Phantasie aus Don Juan

Das Mägdlein trat aus dem Fischerhaus,
Die Netze warf sie ins Meer hinaus!
Und wenn kein Fisch in das Netz ihr ging,
Die Fischerin doch die Herzen fing!

Die Winde streifen so kühl umher,
Erzählen leis' eine alte Mär!
Die See erglühet im Abendrot,
Die Fischerin fühlt nicht Liebesnot
Im Herzen! Im Herzen!

Ludwig Braunjels

16 Nicht wiedersehen!

Und nun ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz,
Jetzt muß ich wohl scheiden von dir,
Bis auf den andern Sommer,
Dann komm ich wieder zu dir! Ade!

Und als der junge Knab heimkam,
Von seiner Liebsten fing er an:
„Wo ist meine Herzallerliebste,
Die ich verlassen hab?“

„Auf dem Kirchhof liegt sie begraben, Heut
ists der dritte Tag.
Das Trauern und das Weinen

Fantasy

*The girl stepped from the fisherman's hut,
She cast her nets out into the sea!
And even if she caught no fish,
The fishergirl trapped hearts!*

*The breezes blow cool about her,
Whispering an old fairy tale!
The sea glows red in the sunset,
The fishergirl feels no anguish of love
In her heart, in her heart!*

Never to meet again!

*'And now farewell, my dearest love!
Now must I be parted from you,
Till summer comes again,
When I'll return to you! Farewell!*

*And when the young man came home again,
He enquired after his love:
'Where is my dearest love,
She whom I left behind?'*

*'In the churchyard she lies buried,
Today is the third day!
The mourning and the weeping*

Hat sie zum Tod gebracht."

Jetzt will ich auf den Kirchhof gehen,
Will suchen meiner Liebsten Grab,
Will ihr all'weile rufen,
Bis daß sie mir Antwort gab!

Ei du mein allerherzliebster Schatz,
Mach auf dein tiefes Grab!
Du hörst kein Glöcklein läuten,
Du hörst kein Vöglein pfeifen,
Du siehst weder Sonne noch Mond!
Ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz! Ade!

Anonymous

Brought about her death.'

*Then I'll go to the churchyard,
To look for my beloved's grave,
And I'll never cease calling her,
Until she answers me!*

*O you, my dearest love,
Open up your deep grave!
You cannot hear the bells ringing,
You cannot hear the birds singing,
You can see neither sun nor moon!
Farewell, my dearest love! Farewell!*

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

17 Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! wein'! Um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!
Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!

When my love has her wedding-day

*When my love has her wedding-day,
Her joyous wedding-day,
I have my day of mourning!
I go into my little room,
My dark little room!
I weep, weep! For my love,
My dearest love!
Blue little flower! Blue little flower!
Do not wither, do not wither!*

Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
„Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!“

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leid!
An mein Leide!

Gustav Mahler

*Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!
Singing on the green heath!
'Ah, how fair the world is!
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!"*

*Do not sing! Do not bloom!
For spring is over!
All singing now is done!
At night, when I go to rest,
I think of my sorrow!
My sorrow!*

18 Ging heut' morgen über's Feldt

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
„Ei du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!“

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,

I walked across the fields this morning

*I walked across the fields this morning,
Dew still hung on the grass,
The merry finch said to me:
'You there, hey -
Good morning! Hey, you there!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Tweet! Tweet! Bright and sweet!
O how I love the world!"*

*And the harebell at the field's edge,
Merrily and in good spirits,
Ding-ding with its tiny bell*

Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
„Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
„Guten Tag! Guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!“

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

Gustav Mahler

19 Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! O weh!
Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust,
So tief! so tief!
Es schneid't so weh und tief!

*Rang out its morning greeting:
'Isn't it a lovely world?
Ding-ding! Beautiful thing!
O how I love the world!"*

*And then in the gleaming sun
The world at once began to sparkle;
All things gained in tone and colour!
In the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small.
'Good day! Good day!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Hey, you there?! A lovely world!"*

*Will my happiness now begin?
No! No! The happiness I mean
Can never bloom for me!*

I've a gleaming knife

*I've a gleaming knife,
A knife in my breast,
Alas! Alas!
It cuts so deep
Into every joy and every bliss,
So deep, so deep!
It cuts so sharp and deep!*

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
Nimmer hält er Rast!
Nicht bei Tag,
Nicht bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief!
O weh! O weh! O weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!
O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn! O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! O weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

Gustav Mahler

*Ah, what a cruel guest it is!
Never at peace,
Never at rest!
Neither by day
Nor by night, when I'd sleep!
Alas! Alas! Alas!*

*When I look into the sky,
I see two blue eyes!
Alas! Alas!
When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her golden hair
Blowing in the wind! Alas! Alas!
When I wake with a jolt from my dream
And hear her silvery laugh,
Alas! Alas!
I wish I were lying on the black bier,
And might never open my eyes again!*

O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich
angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!

Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles!
Lieb und Leid, und Welt und Traum!

Gustav Mahler

*O blue eyes, why did you look on me?
Grief and sorrow shall now be mine
forever!*

*I set out in the still night,
Across the dark heath.
No one bade me farewell, farewell!
My companions were love and sorrow!*

*A lime tree stood by the roadside,
Where I first found peace in sleep!
Under the lime tree
Which snowed its blossom on me,
I was not aware of how life hurts,
And all, all was well once more!
All! All!
Love and sorrow, and world and dream!*

20 Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da mußst' ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!

The two blue eyes of my love

*The two blue eyes of my love
Have sent me into the wide world.
I had to bid farewell
To the place I loved most!*

Joseph Middleton

Joseph Middleton is widely regarded as one of the most exceptional and creative pianists of his generation, specialising in song accompaniment and chamber music at the highest international level. Hailed by Gramophone as *"the absolute king of programming"*, and by the New York Times as *"the perfect accompanist"*, he collaborates with many of the world's foremost singers, performing at venues and festivals across Europe, North America, and Asia.

A passionate advocate for the power of song, Joseph is the Artistic Director of Leeds Song, praised by The Guardian for its *"world-class"* programming and by The Times as a *"Northern powerhouse of song"*. He also curates series for BBC Radio 3, Wigmore Hall, and the University of Cambridge, where he founded and directs their Lieder Scheme. Joseph

is Musician in Residence at Pembroke College. He is a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, where he is a Professor of Ensemble Piano, and was made a Bye-Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge by Lord Chris Smith. Joseph is the first —and to date, only—accompanist to receive the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist Award, the UK's most prestigious recognition for a classical musician.

He has enjoyed fruitful partnerships alongside Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Marianne Crebassa, Veronique Gens, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Huw Montague Rendall, Christiane Karg, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Elsa Dreisig, Angelika Kirchschlager, Katharina Konradi, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark

Ainsley, Ann Murray DBE, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Konstantin Krimmel, Mauro Peter, Miah Persson, Sophie Rennert, Dorothea Röschmann, Carolyn Sampson, Nicky Spence and Roderick Williams.

His award-winning discography on Warner, Harmonia Mundi, BIS, Chandos and Signum, amongst others, includes multiple honours: the Diapason d'Or, Edison Award, and Prix Caecilia, alongside nominations for Gramophone, Opus Klassik, BBC Music Magazine, and International Classical Music Awards. Committed to expanding the song repertoire, he has commissioned and premiered works by composers including Thomas Adès, Helen Grime, Mark - Anthony Turnage, Hannah Kendall, Errollyn Wallen, Mark Simpson and Nico Muhly.



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Katharina Konradi

Soprano Katharina Konradi was born in Bishkek and is the first soprano from Kyrgyzstan to have an international career as a Lied, concert and opera singer. Her “crystal-clear” voice and “dazzling vocal technique,” (Backtrack) has a “fascinating palette of colour shades,” (*Das Opernglas*) which she employs for roles such as Sophie (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Gilda (*Rigoletto*) and Susanna (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), and on the concert and recital stage. Her love of singing developed in childhood, and her move to Germany with her family at age 15 – and subsequent German citizenship – nurtured her love of classical music. Balancing her time between opera, Liederabend and concert work, recent engagements include performances at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Wiener Staatsoper, and Opernhaus Zürich, recitals at

Wigmore Hall and Konzerthaus Wien, and concerts with the Berlin and Munich Philharmonic. An acclaimed recording artist, she is featured on over a dozen recordings.

Highlights from Konradi’s operatic career include Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*), and Gilda (*Rigoletto*) at the Staatsoper Hamburg, Adele (*Die Fledermaus*) and Sophie (*Der Rosenkavalier*) at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Susanna (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) at the Wiener Staatsoper (in Vienna and on tour in Japan), Staatsoper Hamburg and Bayerische Staatsoper, Nannetta (*Falstaff*) at the Staatsoper Hamburg, Morgana (*Alcina*) at the Hessisches Staatstheater Wiesbaden, Ännchen (*Der Freischütz*) at the Staatsoper Hamburg, Zdenka (*Arabella*) at the Semperoper Dresden, and Oscar (*Un ballo in maschera*) at Opernhaus Zürich.

On the concert stage, she has worked with renowned orchestras, including the Berlin Philharmonic, NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra, the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, the Orchestre de Paris, under conductors such as Thomas Hengelbrock, Gustavo Dudamel, and Kent Nagano. Passionate about performing lieder, Liederabend always forms an important part of her season. She takes an active part in creating her programs, which include art songs in multiple languages, and are often centred around a specific theme.



© Olivia Kahler

Sophie Rennert

Austrian mezzo-soprano Sophie Rennert is among the most distinguished singers of her generation. A true child of a musical family, she began her training at an early age: after violin and piano lessons, she received her first voice instruction at the age of twelve from her mother, soprano Sigrid Rennert. She went on to study at the University of Music and Performing Arts Vienna under Karlheinz Hanser and Charles Spencer, and gained further inspiration from masterclasses with Brigitte Fassbaender, Ann Murray, and Helmut Deutsch. Rennert's extensive operatic repertoire reflects her remarkable versatility, including roles such as Carmen, Dorabella, Donna Elvira, Cherubino, Ruggiero, Nicklausse, Orlofsky, Rosina, Hänsel, Angelina, and Charlotte. She has appeared at the Theater an der

Wien (*Das Paradies und die Peri*), the Nationaltheater Mannheim (*Giulio Cesare, Hippolyte et Aricie*), the Innsbruck Festival of Early Music (*Juditha Triumphans*), and in Utrecht (*Das Paradies und die Peri*).

She enjoys a particularly close relationship with the Schubertiade Schwarzenberg and Hohenems, one of the most prestigious festivals for song and chamber music, where she is a regular guest, captivating audiences with her deeply expressive interpretations of the Lied repertoire. She also performs regularly at the Staatstheater am Gärtnerplatz in Munich.

Sophie Rennert has received numerous awards, including distinctions from the International Mozart Competition Salzburg and both the Second Prize and Audience

Prize at the 7th International Cesti Competition for Baroque Singing (Innsbruck, 2016). In the 2017/18 season, she was selected for the "Great Talents" programme of the Vienna Konzerthaus.



Mauro Peter

Born in Luzern, Mauro studied at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater München. He won first prize and the public award at the International Robert Schumann Competition in Zwickau in 2012. He has recorded for Sony Classical with pianist Helmut Deutsch, including Franz Schubert's Goethe-Lieder and Robert Schumann's Lieder, among other works.

Previous performances include Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte* at the Semperoper Dresden, Opéra National de Paris, and the Salzburg Festival in 2022. He sang his first Wagner role, Loge in *Das Rheingold*, during a tour with Kent Nagano, and also made a recording of this performance. He made his role debut as Eisenstein in *Die Fledermaus* at the Musikverein

in Graz, as well as his debut as Max in *Der Freischütz* at the Bregenzer Festspiele. In addition, he has performed Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* with the Gewandhausorchester under Andris Nelsons.

Mauro frequently gives recitals across Europe, including Schubertiades, KKL Luzern, Wigmore Hall London, Musikverein and Konzerthaus Vienna, Musikverein Graz, Konzerthaus Berlin, Teatro de la Zarzuela Madrid, Festival de Pâques Aix-en-Provence, Laeishalle Hamburg, Kölner Philharmonie, and the Salzburg Festival, among many others.

He has collaborated with conductors such as Christian Thielemann, Vladimir Jurowski, Iván Fischer, Riccardo Minasi, Fabio Luisi, Ivor

Bolton, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Teodor Currentzis, Zubin Mehta, Simone Young, and many others.



© Christian Felber

Sir Simon Keenlyside

Sir Simon Keenlyside is one of the leading baritones of his generation. Since his debut at the Staatsoper Hamburg, where he portrayed Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Keenlyside has appeared on the stages of leading opera houses internationally. His close affiliations include the Metropolitan Opera New York, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, and the Bavarian and Vienna State Operas.

His extensive repertoire encompasses a diverse array of roles, from Prospero in *The Tempest* to Posa in *Don Carlo*, Giorgio Germont in *La Traviata*, and Papageno in *The Magic Flute*. Keenlyside has demonstrated his mastery of characters like Amfortas in *Parsifal*, Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, and Golaud in *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Notable among his portrayals are the title roles in *Don Giovanni*, *Eugene*

Onegin, *Wozzeck*, *Billy Budd*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Rigoletto*.

Simon Keenlyside's discography is a testament to his musical prowess, featuring recordings of Schumann Lieder with Graham Johnson, four recital albums with Malcolm Martineau showcasing Schubert, Strauss, Brahms Lieder, and a collection of English songs titled *Songs of War*, which earned the Solo Vocal Award at the 2012 Gramophone Awards. His vocal-symphonic recordings include Britten's *War Requiem* with the LSO under Gianandrea Noseda, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Paul McCreesh, and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with Sir Simon Rattle, as well as *Carmina Burana* with Christian Thielemann. Opera recordings include *Macbeth* (conducted by Edward Gardner), *Don Giovanni* (Claudio Abbado), and *Billy Budd* (Richard Hickox), as well



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as Marcello in *La Bohème* (Riccardo Chailly), Papageno in *The Magic Flute* (Charles Mackerras), Count Almaviva in the Grammy award-winning *Le Nozze di Figaro* under René Jacobs and Prospero in Adès' *The Tempest*, which won the 2013 Grammy Awards' Best Opera Recording and the Echo Klassik Award 2014 (Music DVD Recording of the Year).

Sir Simon was appointed Commander of the British Empire (CBE) in 2003, and in June 2018, Queen Elizabeth II bestowed a knighthood upon him. In 2017, he received the title of Austrian Kammersänger at the Vienna State Opera; he is also an Olivier Award winner and an ECHO Klassik Award winner.

Producer and engineer Simon Kiln

Tracks 2, 4, 10, 12, 15 (Katharina Konradi):

Recorded 9th June 2025 at All Saints Church, Durham Road, East Finchley, London, N2 9NH

Tracks 1, 7, 9, 11, 13, 16 (Sophie Rennert):

Recorded 9th December 2024 at All Saints Church, Durham Road, East Finchley, London, N2 9NH

Tracks 3, 5, 6, 8, 14 (Mauro Peter):

Recorded 14th December 2024 at All Saints Church, Durham Road, East Finchley, London, N2 9NH

Tracks 17 - 20 (Sir Simon Keenlyside):

Recorded 21st November 2024 at Potton Hall Studios, Blythburgh Road Westleton, Saxmundham, Suffolk, IP17 3EF

Cover Image & Artwork Design Marshall Light Studio

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