

LIEDER FOR THE TURN OF A CENTURY

ACHT GEDICHTE AUS 'LETZTE BLÄTTER' OP.10 (1885) RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

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65'33



CHAMPS HILL
RECORDS

LIEDER FOR THE TURN OF A CENTURY

Strauss
Berg
Schoenberg

Katherine Broderick *soprano*
Malcolm Martineau *piano*

FOREWORD

A recording is a moment of performance captured to endure rather than to be lost 'upon Time's toppling wave'. This performance and this moment belongs to Champs Hill, shaped by its beautiful setting, its gardens filled with sculpture and a friendly and creative ambience.

Written either side of the start of the 20th century, these songs are concerned with a moment of change and new perspective. They also mark a shift from innocence to experience, whether it be personal loss, sexual awakening, falling in love, realising the fragility of life or overcoming the fear of the unknown. They are miniature studies of the human condition in its many and varied colours.

I would like to thank Malcolm for being a wonderful artist and friend – we had so much fun. Thank you also to Steve, Katie and Jenny for taking part in the weird and wonderful world of Überbrettl.

I dedicate this recording to my son Laurence, who quietly accompanied me on this project and was born a few short months later.



Produced by Alexander Van Ingen
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LIEDER FOR THE TURN OF A CENTURY

Hermann von Gilm, the poet of Strauss's Opus 10, was an Austrian civil servant whose verse was greatly admired by Gottfried Benn and is still highly prized in his native country. All the poems of Opus 10, apart from 'Zueignung', were taken from *Letzte Blätter*, a section from his *Collected Poems* that was given to Strauss by his close friend, the composer Ludwig Thuille. It seems likely that the love songs from Opus 10 were inspired by Dora Wihan, whom Strauss had first met in 1883. She was the wife of his father's colleague, the cellist Hanuš Wihan. Four years older than Strauss, she was a talented pianist, gifted enough to play Strauss's Cello Sonata with her husband. Hanuš was renowned for his jealousy, and Johanna Strauss, the composer's sister, wrote later in her memoirs:

Herr Wihan was insanely jealous over his pretty and already rather coquettish wife. I often witnessed scenes. For instance, she often asked me to spend the night with her, when her husband came in late from the opera and sometimes had had a drop to drink, so that she wasn't left alone. When Richard was with us we used to make music.

That Strauss was emotionally involved with Dora is suggested by a letter that his father wrote to him in January 1886: 'Don't forget how people here have talked about you in connection with Dora W'.

The set opens with **Zueignung**, his first published song, although the twenty-year-old composer had already written over 40 Lieder. Gilm's original title had been 'Habe Dank', but Strauss, with his unerring sense for the right formula, renamed the song. There is a whiff of salon music about it and an unmistakable Straussian *Schwung*. Note how the refrain 'Habe Dank' is handled differently in each verse: from A minor we move to F major in stanza two and then, with a lush, more passionate accompaniment, Strauss takes us swiftly through F major, E minor and A minor, before the voice finally resolves the song with an exulting upward leap of a sixth. The original poem, with phrases such as 'der Freiheit Zecher' and 'beschworst darin die Bösen', is more political than amorous, and refers to the struggle for Tyrolean independence. Gilm's love for the Tyrol is reflected in another poem, 'Zueignung', which begins 'Tirol so schön, so überreich gesegnet'. The next song, **Nichts**, is marked *Vivace*, and Strauss instructs the singer to 'sing freely' and the pianist to play

'with humour'. Composed when Strauss had just turned twenty, it is one of his most exuberant and light-hearted songs, and has a conversational feel to it, like so many of his operas. **Die Nacht** conveys the onset of night in an extraordinarily tangible way: the first bar has one staccato note to a beat, the second bar two, the third three, while the fourth ushers in the left hand as well – as though night were darkening before our eyes. **Die Georgine** inhabits a completely different harmonic world, and looks forward to the sort of song that Wolf was to write only five years later. The succinct poem compares the lover to the dahlia, which blooms late: the poet, like the dahlia, has never known 'den Frühling dieses Lebens' ('the spring of life'), and has only experienced the joy and pain of love in his final years. **Geduld** expresses different thoughts: the poet cannot wait for his beloved to surrender to him, for, like the rose-bush, he only has a single spring to love and kiss. This is a predominantly sad song, marked, significantly, *molto mesto, ma non troppo lento* ('very sadly, but not too slow'). The urgency of the lover's plea is reflected in the insistent 6/8 rhythmic pattern, and his anguish is wonderfully conveyed in the final fortissimo bars of the postlude which erupt with a poignancy comparable to the final bars of Schubert's 'Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass'. **Die Verschwiegenen** resembles those bitterly humorous poems that are encountered time and again in Ernst von Wolzogen's Überbrettel, as we shall see in the Schoenberg settings that end this CD. **Die Zeitlose** is a simple little song about the saffron flower which, just like the deceptive beauty of a last love, contains poison. The epigrammatic poem inspired Strauss to write an *arioso*-like song that is perhaps the shortest of all his Lieder. The set ends with **Allerseelen**, composed when Strauss was 18. The *tranquillo* marking of this lovely song, too often sentimentalized by singers and pianists, belies the commotion of the text: the woman tries throughout to relive the joyous moments she used to spend with her now-departed lover, and by a plethora of imperatives ('stell', 'trag', 'laß', 'gib', 'komm') she almost succeeds in convincing herself, despite the refrain ('wie einst im Mai' / 'as once in May') that he is still with her. The vocal line rises climactically to an *ff* A, but then comes the heartbreaking realization that he is indeed dead, and she alone. The accompaniment tails away to *piano*, the mask slips, and the final 'Wie einst im Mai' rubs in the unbearable truth.

When in 1904 an advertisement appeared in the 'Neue musikalische Presse', inviting professional musicians and serious amateurs to take part in a music course given by Arnold Schoenberg and other teachers, Alban Berg submitted a not inconsiderable number of juvenilia to Schoenberg, who immediately recognized Berg's talent and accepted him as a private pupil. We cannot now be sure how many songs Berg composed during those student years, for he destroyed many of them, and all remained unpublished during his lifetime – all, that is, except the **Sieben frühe Lieder** which appeared in 1928. The reason for their publication was the enormous success of his opera *Wozzeck*, and Berg's wish to produce another successful vocal work of more modest proportions, without embarking on an entirely new project. He chose seven of his juvenilia (**Die Nachtigall**, **Im Zimmer** and **Liebesode** date from 1905-6, **Traumgekrönt** from 1907, the remaining three from 1908) and set about preparing two versions for publication, one with orchestra and one with piano accompaniment. They were originally composed at a time when Berg was deeply in love with Helene, his wife-to-be; when he orchestrated these songs in 1928, however, his emotional life was being complicated by his passionate attachment to Hanna Fuchs-Robettin, and Berg's dedication of the set to Helene reflects perhaps his wish for a return to those uncomplicated days of early love. The songs all have love as their theme, and the influence of Schubert, Brahms and Wolf is not difficult to detect. There are anticipations of atonality (**Nacht** uses whole-tone harmony, and *Im Zimmer* delays its tonic chord to the very end), but these seven songs with their expressive melodic lines are typical products of the late romantic style – particularly in the orchestral version, where *Nacht* and **Sommertage** are lushly scored for large orchestra.

Ernst von Wolzogen, the librettist of Strauss's early *Feuersnot*, decided in the early years of the twentieth century to found his own cabaret company in Berlin. Inspired by the success of the Parisian cabaret music of the 1890s (Yvette Guilbert had visited Berlin in 1899), he opened his own 'Buntes Theater' (Variety Theatre) on Alexanderstraße, calling it 'Überbrettel' (literally, 'Super board') – a reference to the theatrical term 'treading the boards' and the superiority of his own establishment. Among the early contributors were Oscar Straus and Otto Julius Bierbaum, the poet

much favoured by Richard Strauss ('Traum durch die Dämmerung', 'Schlagende Herzen', 'Nachtgang', 'Freundliche Vision') who had recently published a volume of poems called 'Deutsche Chansons', that he subtitled 'Brettli-Lieder'. And in the Introduction he stated the aims of the Brettli poets:

[...] We want to write poems that will not just be read amidst the bliss of solitude, but that can bear singing to a crowd hungry for entertainment.

The readers' hunger was such that within a year 30,000 copies of 'Deutsche Chansons' had been sold, and by 1920 the number had risen to 118,000.

Arnold Schoenberg bought a copy around Christmas 1900, and of his eight **Brettli Lieder**, published in 1904, three were to texts by Bierbaum: **Nachtwandler** (April 1901), **Galathea** and **Gigerlette** (date uncertain). **Der Genügsamerliebhaber**, to a text by Hugo Salus, was composed in April 1901, followed by **Mahnung** (Gustav Hochstetter) in July. The poet of the **Arie aus Dem Spiegel von Arcadia** was none other than Emanuel Schikaneder, the librettist of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* – a most appropriate choice, since Schikaneder's poems and plays were at the heart of the Viennese popular culture that Wolzogen was trying to emulate in Berlin. Though Schoenberg was music director of the Überbrettli for a short period, he was not ideally suited to the role, since he was no pianist and could not improvise in the way Oscar Straus had done. His interest in Cabaret songs was partly financial (he was still a young and relatively unknown composer); yet his love of light popular music never left him, and can be detected in later works such as *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912), the *Serenade*, Op. 24 and his *Suite*, Op. 29.

Richard Stokes



Katherine Broderick was the winner of the 2007 Kathleen Ferrier Award. She finished her studies at the National Opera Studio in London in 2008, having previously studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, where she won the Gold Medal, and took the undergraduate course at the Royal Northern College of Music, during which time she spent a year at the Mendelssohn Hochschule in Leipzig. She studies with Susan McCulloch and is currently a member of the ENO Young Singers Programme.

Opera plans this season and beyond include Ortlinde *Die Walküre* for The Royal Opera, Covent Garden; Woglinde *Götterdämmerung* for Opera North; a return to ENO for further performances of Donna Anna *Don Giovanni* as well as Berta *The Barber of Seville* and in concert, Helmwig *Die Walküre* (Act 3) with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Sir Andrew Davis and Miss Jessel in Britten *The Turn of the Screw* with the LSO and Sir Colin Davis.

In concert, Verdi *Requiem* with The Orchestra of Opera North at The Rydale Festival; Dvorak *Te Deum* with The Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and Beethoven Symphony No.9 with the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra and Gerhard Markson. Katherine will also appear in recitals at the Wigmore Hall with Malcolm Martineau and Eugene Asti, with Simon Lepper at the Opéra de Lille, as well being heard on a BBC Radio 3 recital with James Baillieu.

Past opera appearances have included Donna Anna in the new production of *Don Giovanni* for ENO; First Lady *Die Zauberflöte* for Glyndebourne on Tour; Helmwig *Die Walküre* and Mieczyslaw Weinberg *The Portrait* for Opera North; Helmwig for Oper Leipzig and in concert with the Hallé Orchestra and Sir Mark Elder.

Katherine made her Proms debut at the 2007 Proms singing Woglinde *Götterdämmerung* with the BBCSO and Donald Runnicles, returning the following year to sing Young Lover in Puccini *Il Tabarro* with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra and Gianandrea Noseda.

Other recent concert highlights include Mahler Symphony No.2 with the Hallé and Bournemouth Symphony, with whom she has also sung Vaughan Williams *Sea Symphony*; Marguerite in Honegger *Joan of Arc* with the London Symphony Orchestra; Brahms *Requiem* in Cambridge with Sir Roger Norrington; Dvorak *Stabat Mater* and *Requiem* with the BBC Philharmonic and Bruckner *Mass No.3* with the BBC Symphony orchestras; Rossini *Stabat Mater* with the RLPO; Beethoven *Mass in C Minor* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Berlioz *Les nuits d'été* with the Ulster Orchestra.

She has also appeared with the Polish National Radio Symphony Orchestra and Paul McCreesh; National Orchestra of Spain and Simone Young; sung Mahler *Symphony No.4* and Poulenc *Gloria* with The Singapore Symphony Orchestra and Beethoven *Symphony No.9* with Ivor Bolton and the Mozarteum Orchestra.

Katherine was one of the first recipients of the Susan Chilcott Award in 2005 and the following year won the Maggie Teyte Prize. She has also been awarded successive Maidment Scholarships from the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, the Claire Francis award from the Ogden Trust, the Sybill Tutton award, and is a Samling scholar.

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised as one of the leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Magdalena Kozena, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Sarah Walker and Bryn Terfel.

He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall (a Britten and a Poulenc series and *Decade by Decade – 100 years of German Song* broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Wigmore Hall, Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; the Chatelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and the Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North America (including in New York both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall), Australia (including the Sydney Opera House) and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg Festivals.

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel (for Deutsche Grammophon); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside (for EMI); recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu and Barbara Bonney (for Decca), Magdalena Kozena (for DG), Della Jones (for Chandos), Susan Bullock (for Crear Classics), Solveig Kringelborn (for NMA); Amanda Roocroft (for Onyx); the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten Folk Songs for Hyperion; the complete Beethoven Folk Songs for Deutsche Grammophon; the complete Poulenc songs for Signum; and Britten Song Cycles as well as Schubert's *Winterreise* with Florian Boesch for Onyx.

This season's engagements include appearances with Simon Keenlyside, Magdalena Kozena, Dorothea Röschmann, Susan Graham, Michael Schade, Thomas Oliemans, Kate Royal, Christiane Karg, Florian Boesch and Anne Schwanewilms.

He was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004, and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. Malcolm was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder+ Festival.

Acht Gedichte aus 'Letzte Blätter' Op.10 (1885) – Richard Strauss

HERMANN VON GILM ZU ROSENEGG (1812-1864)

1 Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Eisnt hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

2 Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich?
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz
und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon!

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? -- Nichts.

Dedication

*Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.*

*Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.*

*And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
Have thanks.*

(translation: Lawrence Snyder, Rebecca Plack)

Nothing

*I should name, you say, my
queen in the realm of love?
You are fools, for I know
her less than you do.*

*Ask me about the colour of her eyes;
ask me about the sound of her voice;
ask me about her gait and posture, and how
she dances;
ah, what do I know about it?*

*Is not the sun the source
of all life and all light?
And about this, what do
I and you and everyone know? Nothing.*

(translation: Emily Ezust)

3 Die Nacht

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

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms Nimmt vom
Kupferdach des Doms Weg das Gold.
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle Dich
mir auch.

4 Die Georgine

Warum so spät erst, Georgine?
Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt,
Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt.

Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,
Du feuergelbe Träumerin!

Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,
Begöße dich mit Junilicht?
Doch ach, dann wärest du nicht die Letzte,
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.

Wie, Träumerin, lock' ich vergebens?
So reich' mir schwesterlich die Hand,
Ich hab' den Maitag dieses Lebens
wie du den Frühling nicht gekannt.

The Night

*Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle, Now beware.
All the lights of this earth, All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.*

*It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.
The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal you from me.
(translation: Lawrence Snyder, Rebecca Plack)*

The Dahlia

*Why are you so late, dahlia?
The story of roses has already been told,
and sated with honey, the bee
has already chosen a bed in which to slumber.*

*Are these nights not too cold for you?
How do you survive in these times?
If I now brought you the Spring,
you fiery yellow dreamer,*

*if I moistened you with May dew
and watered you with June light...
but then you would not be the last,
and you would not be proud of your uniqueness.*

*How then, dreamer, do I entice you in vain?
Reach me your sisterly hand,
for in this life I have not known May days,
just as you have not known Spring;*

Und spät, wie dir, du Feuergelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe
Entzücken und derselbe Schmerz.

*and, late like you, fiery yellow one,
love stole into my heart.
But whether it is late or early, it is nonetheless
both a delight and an agony.*

(translation: Emily Ezust)

Patience

*"Patience!" you say, and point with a white finger
to my future's firmly closed door.
Is the minute in which I now live less important
than those that are yet to come? Tell me!
If you can delay the Spring with love,
then I will owe you for eternity,
but with the Spring love will also end,
and time pays no debts of the heart.*

*"Patience!" you say and let your dark locks fall,
and petals fall hourly from the flowers,
and funeral bells demand hourly
the last travel-toll of tears for the grave.
Just see how quickly the days run past,
listen how urgently they knock upon the breast!
Open up! open up! what we do not gain today
is tomorrow's irrecoverable loss.*

*"Patience!" you say and droop your eyelids,
denying my question about happiness;
therefore, fare thee well, I will never see you again:
my adamant fate thus wills it.
You believed that, because others must wait –
and can wait – then I too must and can wait;
but for love and kisses I have
only one Springtime, like the rosebush.*

(translation: Emily Ezust)

5 Geduld

Geduld, sagst du, und zeigst mit weißem Finger
Auf meiner Zukunft festgeschloss'ne Tür;
Ist die Minute, die da lebt, geringer
Als jene ungeborenen? Sage mir;
Kannst mit der Liebe du den Lenz verschieben,
Dann borg' ich dir für eine Ewigkeit,
Doch mit dem Frühling endet auch das Lieben,
Und keine Herzens-Schulden zahlt die Zeit.

Geduld, sagst du und senkst die schwarze Locke,
Und stündlich fallen Blumenblätter ab,
Und stündlich fordert eine Totenglocke
Der Träne letztes Fahrgeld für das Grab.
Sieh' nur die Tage schnell vorüberinnen,
Horch, wie sie mahnend klopfen an die Brust:
Mach auf, mach auf, was wir nicht heut' gewinnen,
Ist morgen unersetzlicher Verlust.

Geduld, sagst du und senkst die Augenlider,
Verneint ist meine Frage an das Glück;
So lebe wohl, ich seh' dich nimmer wieder,
So will's mein unerbittliches Geschick.
Du hast geglaubt, weil andre warten müssen
Und warten können, kann und muß ich's auch,
Ich aber hab' zum Lieben und zum Küßen
Nur einen Frühling, wie der Rosenstrauch.

6 Die Verschwiegenen

Ich habe wohl, es sei hier laut
Vor aller Welt verkündigt,
Gar vielen heimlich anvertraut,
Was du an mir gesündigt;

Ich sagt's dem ganzen Blumenheer,
Dem Veilchen sagt' ich's stille,
Der Rose laut und lauter der
Großäugigen Kamille.

Doch hat's dabei noch keine Not,
Bleib' munter nur und heiter,
Die es gewußt, sind alle tot,
Und sagen's nicht mehr weiter.

7 Die Zeitlose

Auf frisch gemähtem Weideplatz
Steht einsam die Zeitlose,
Den Leib von einer Lilie,
Die Farb' von einer Rose;

Doch es ist Gift, was aus dem Kelch,
Dem reinen, blinkt, so rötlich;
Die letzte Blum', die letzte Lieb'
Sind beide schön, doch tödlich.

The Discreet Ones

*I am happy, it is announced out loud here
to the whole world,
what was confided to many in private,
what you have done to me;*

*I've said it to the whole army of the flowers,
To the violet, I said it softly,
To the rose, loudly.
Even louder to the great-eyed camomile.*

*And so, I have no more distress,
I remain only bright and cheerful,
For those who knew it are all dead,
And will say nothing further.*

(translation: Judith Kellock)

Meadow Saffron

*Upon a freshly mown pasture
stands a solitary meadow saffron,
its body that of a lily,
its color that of a rose.*

*Yet it is poison that glints from the chalice,
pure and red –
the last flower – the last love –
both are fair, yet both are deadly.*

(translation: Emily Ezust)

8

Allerseelen

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

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

Es blüht und duftet heut auf
jedem Grabe,

Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich
wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Sieben Frühe Lieder (1905-1908) – Alban Berg

9

Nacht

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,
Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal:
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.
Silbern ragen Berge, traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg' nem Schoß;
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

All Soul's Day

*Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.*

*Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.*

*Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off
their fragrances;*

*one day in the year are the dead free.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have
you again,
as once I did in May.*

(translation: Emily Ezust)

Night

*The clouds embrown the night and valley;
the mists float above, the water rushing gently.
Now all at once they unveil themselves:
o listen! pay heed!
A broad land of wonder has opened up.
Silver mountains rise up, fantastically huge,
quiet paths lit with silver lead toward the valley
from some hidden place;
and the noble world is so dreamily pure.
A mute beech stands by the path,
black with shadows; a breeze from a distant,
lonely grove wafts gently by.*

Und aus tiefen Grundes Dusterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!

CARL FERDINAND MAX HAUPTMANN (1858-1921)

10 **Schilflied**

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)

11 **Die Nachtigall**

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

*And from the deep darkness of the valley
flash lights in the silent night.
Drink, my soul! Drink in this solitude!
O listen! pay heed!*

(translation: Emily Ezust)

Song amid the Reeds

*Along a secret forest path
I like to creep in the evening light;
I go to the desolate, reedy banks,
and think, my maiden, of you!*

*As the bushes grow dark,
the reeds hiss mysteriously,
and lament and whisper,
and thus I have to weep and weep.*

*And I think that I hear wafting
the gentle sound of your voice,
and down into the pond sinks
your lovely song.*

(translation: Emily Ezust)

The Nightingale

*It happened because the nightingale
sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.*

*She was but recently a wild blossom,
and now she walks, deep in thought;
she carries her summer hat in her hand,
enduring quietly the heat of the sun,
knowing not what to begin.*

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
THEODOR STORM (1817-1888)

*It happened because the nightingale
sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.
(translation: Emily Ezust)*

12 Traumgekrönt

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemem,
Mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen
Tief in der Nacht.
Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb
und leise,
Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise
Erklang die Nacht.
RAINER MARIA RILKE (1875-1926)

Dream-Crowned

*That was the day of the white chrysanthemums,
I was almost intimidated by its glory...
And then, then you came to take my soul
deep in the night.
I was so worried, and you came so lovingly
and quietly,
I had just thought of you in a dream.
You came, and softly the night resounded
like a fairy tale song.
(translation: Knut W. Barde)*

13 Im Zimmer

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,
So ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.
JOHANNES SCHLAF (1862-1941)

Indoors

*Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.
A little red fire
crackles in the stove and flares up.
And with my head upon your knee,
I am contented.
When my eyes rest in yours,
how gently do the minutes pass!
(translation: Emily Ezust)*

14 Liebesode

Im Arm der Liebe schiefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
Trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. --

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches -- so reich an Sehnsucht!
OTTO ERICH HARTLEBEN (1864-1905)

15 Sommertage

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.
PAUL HOHENBERG (1885-1956)

Brettli Lieder (1901) – Arnold Schoenberg

16 Galathea

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,
weil sie so entzückend sind.

Ode to Love

*In the arms of love we fell blissfully asleep;
at the open window the summer wind listened
and carried the peacefulness of our breath
out into the bright, moonlit night.*

*And out of the garden, feeling its way randomly,
the scent of roses came to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
dreams of intoxication, rich with yearning.
(translation: Emily Ezust)*

Summer Days

*Now the days drag through the world,
sent forth from blue eternity;
time dissipates in the summer wind.
Now at night the Lord weaves
with blessed hand wreaths of stars
above the wandering wonderland.
In these days, o my heart, what can
your brightest wanderer's song then say
about your deep, deep pleasure?
In meadowsong the heart falls silent;
now there are no words, and image upon image
visits you and fills you entirely.
(translation: Emily Ezust)*

Galathea

*Oh, how I burn with longing,
My child Galatea,
To kiss your darling cheeks –
They are so enticing, my dear.*

Wonne die mir widerfahre,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,
weil sie so verlockend sind.

Nimmer wehr mir, bis ich ende,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,
weil sie so verlockend sind.

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,
weil sie so verlockend sind.

Und was tät ich nicht, du süße
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,
weil sie so verlockend sind.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,
Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle
küssst ihn nur die Phantasie.

FRANK WEDEKIND (1864-1918)

*Oh, the joy that I'd experience,
My child Galatea,
If I kissed your hair –
It is so alluring, my dear.*

*Don't prevent me, as I live,
My child Galatea,
From kissing your two hands –
They are so alluring, my dear.*

*Ah, my unimaginable yearning,
My child Galatea,
To be kissing both your knees –
They are so alluring, my dear.*

*And what would I not do, my sweet,
My child Galatea,
To kiss your lovely feet –
They are so alluring, my dear.*

*But never, my dear girl,
Reveal your mouth unto my kisses,
For the fullness of its charms
To kiss is fancy's aegis.*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht - www.uritext.co.uk)

Gigerlette

*Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.
At her toilette,
She'd decided white would set the key;
So just like Pierrette
She'd dressed accordingly.
Even a monk, I'd bet,
Would look at Gigerlette
Most approvingly.*

War ein rotes Zimmer,
Drin sie mich empfang,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess ich's, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiss war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Fuhren wir zu zweit
In das Land spazieren,
Das heisst Heiterkeit.
Daß wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Saß bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heissen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

OTTO JULIUS BIERBAUM (1865-1910)

18 Der Genügsamerliebhaber

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.

Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.

Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen
Und schauert, wenn ich leise ihr Haar berüh.

*It was in a red room
That she received me,
A room quite without gloom –
With candle-light to see.
And as ever she was bubbling,
Bubbling with esprit.
I'll remember it till the day of doom;
Ruby-red as wine the room,
And white as snow was she.*

*Trotting with a team of four
We took a trip, we two,
To the land called
Joyfulness so's to
admire the view!
In order not to lose
Direction, pace or tack
As we drove that fiery team,
Cupid sat there at the back.*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht)

The Contented Lover

*My lady-friend has a black cat
With soft and velvety fur,
And I am totally bald as a bat,
Shiny, smooth with a silvery blur.*

*My lady-friend strikes a voluptuous note;
Lies on her sofa all year,
Keeps busy stroking her cat's velvety coat;
God, how she loves that soft fur to be near.*

*And when I go round to my friend's of a night
The puss-cat is there in her lap
Nibbling at her cake made with honey, eyes bright;
She shudders gently when I touch her, mayhap.*

17 Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette
Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette
War gestimmt auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette
War sie angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,
Und daß sie mir auch einmal "Eitschi" macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

HUGO SALUS (1866-1929)

*And wishing to show how fond I am of my date,
And that she should make whoopee with me,
I slip the moggy on top of my pate;
My friend strokes it and laughs heartily.*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht)

19 Einfältigeslied

König ist spazieren gängen,
Bloß wie ein Mensch spazieren gängen,
Ohne Szepter und ohne Kron',
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn.

Ist ein starker Wind gekommen,
Ganz gewöhnlicher Wind gekommen,
Ohne Ahnung, wer das wär',
Fällt er über den König her.

Hat ihm den Hut vom Kopf gerissen,
Hat ihn über's Dach geschmissen,
Hat ihn nie mehr wiedergesehn!

Seht ihr's!
Da habt ihr's!
Das sag' ich ja!
Treiben gleich Allotria!

Es kann kein König ohne Kron',
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn
Unter die dummen Leute gehn!

HUGO SALUS (1866-1929)

Silly Song

*The King went for a walk,
The way a man goes for a walk,
Without his sceptre or his crown,
Just the ordinary fellow about town.*

*A strong gust of wind came down,
An ordinary gust of wind came down
Oblivious of who it was there walking,
Came down, assailed the King,*

*Whipped his hat right off his head,
And blew it off for miles ahead,
Never to be seen again!*

*So, you see!
There you have it!
Yes, that's the word:
It is quite absurd!*

*A King cannot without his crown
Make his way around the town,
Mingling with simple men!*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht)

20 Mahnung

Mädel sei kein eitles Ding,
Fang dir keinen Schmetterling,
Such dir einen rechten Mann,
Der dich tüchtig küssen kann
Und mit seiner Hände Kraft,
Dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.

Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm,
Lauf nicht wie im Traum herum,
Augen auf! ob Einer kommt,
Der dir recht zum Manne taugt.
Kommt er, dann nicht lang bedacht!
Klapp! die Falle zugemacht.

Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit!
Passe auf und denke dran,
Daß du, wenn du ohne Plan
Ziellos durch das Leben schwirrst,
Eine alte Jungfer wirst.

Liebes Mädel sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit.
Passe auf und denke dran!
Denk daran.

GUSTAV HOCHSTETTER (1873-1944)

21 Jedem das Seine

Ebenes Paradefeld
Kasper in der Mitte hält
Hoch auf seinem Gaul.
König, Herzog um ihn 'rum,
Gegenüber Publicum,
Regimenter bum bum bum.
Das marschierst nicht faul.

Counsel

*Mind, my girl, don't you be frivolous,
Don't catch yourself a fancy-man,
Find yourself a proper man;
One whose kisses will be tireless,
Who with manual strength and zest
Will build for you a cosy nest.*

*Now, my girl, don't you be silly,
Don't walk round as in a dream.
One might be coming (look around)
Who would just suit you to the ground.
If he comes, act willy-nilly,
Snap him up! Yes, that's the scheme.*

*My Girl, make best use of your time,
Take action now while in your prime,
Take care and know, to wit,
That if without a plan you flit
Aimlessly through life,
You'll be a spinster, not a wife.*

*My Girl, make best use of your time,
Take action now while in your prime,
Take care and know, to wit,
Think on it.*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht)

Each to his own

*Level parade ground,
Kaspar's to be found
Mounted on his steed.
King, Duke in attendance,
Facing is the audience.
Regiments go whomp, whomp, whomp;
Marching at no mean speed.*

Luft sich voller Sonne trinkt,
Helm und Bayonett das blinkt,
Sprüht und gleisst und glänzt.
Schattiger Tribünensitz,
Bravo! Hurrah! Ulk und Witz.
Operngläser Augenblitz.
Hin und her scharwenzt.

Neben mir wer mag das sein,
Reizend nicht so furchtbar fein,
Doch entzückend schick.
Wird man kritisch angeschaut,
Heimlich ist man doch erbaut,
Und die Hüfte sehr vertraut
kuppelt die Musik.

Kaspar nimm was dir gebührt
und die Truppe recht geführt,
schütze dich und uns.
Aber jetzt geliebter Schatz,
schleunig vom Paradeplatz.
Hintern Wall ein Pfätzchen hat's
fern von Kinz und Kunz.

Und da strecken wir uns hin,
ich und meine Nachbarin,
weit her tönt's Trara.
Welche Lust Saldat zu sein,
welche lust es nicht zu sein,
wenn still fein allein zu zwein wir
et cetera.

COLLY

*The air is soaking up the sun,
Flash of helmets and bayonets stun,
Glisten, sparkle, shining in the heat.
A shady grandstand seat;
'Bravo!' 'Hurrah!' Jokes, japes compete,
Binoculars, sparkling eyes,
Repartee, back and forth it flies.*

*Next to me, who might this be?
Charming, not terrifically classy,
But pleurably chic.
Being given an appreciative critique,
Secretly affords a deal of pleasure
And your hips swing to the measure,
Bonding tightly to the music.*

*Kaspar, take what's yours by right
And lead your troops with all their might
To protect yourself and us.
But now, beloved treasure, let's repair
With all speed from this military square.
I know a secluded place just over there,
Far from all this noise and fuss.*

*So that's where we go to get off our feet,
That is, me and the girl who was in the next seat.
In the distance sounds: tara, tara;
To be a soldier, oh what fun -
And oh, what fun not to be one
When we two together can.....
et cetera.*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht)

22 **Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadia –
Langsamer Walzer**

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
Es summt und brummt mir hier und da,
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.
Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
Then it schlägt wie der Hammerstreich
Mein Herzchen immerdar.
Bum, bum, bum.

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,
wenn's recht den Göttern wär;
da tanzt ich wie ein Murmeltier
in's Kreuz und in die Quer.
Das wär ein Leben auf der Welt,
da wollt' ich lustig seyn,
ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's Feld,
und's Herz schlug immerdrein.
Bum, bum, bum.

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiss;
ist weder kalt noch warm,
und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis
in eines Mädchens Arm.
Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,
ich spring' um sie herum;
mein Herz klopf froh an ihrem an
und machet : bum, bum bum.

EMANUEL SCHIKANEDER (1751-1812)

**Aria from the Mirror of Arcady –
Slow Waltz**

*Since I've seen so many women,
My heart beat's been so warm,
It hums and buzzes here and there
Like honey bees that swarm.
And if her fire equals mine,
Her eyes beautiful and clear,
Then it beats like a hammer-blow,
My little heart, d'you hear!
Boom, boom, boom....*

*I'd like a thousand women just for me
If the gods didn't mind,
And I'd dance like a marmot
Every which-way you could find.
That would be the life for me,
Then I'd have some fun,
I'd leap like a hare around the field,
My old heart doing a ton.
Boom, boom, boom.....*

*He who doesn't appreciate women
is neither cold nor hot;
He lies there like a block of ice
in the arms of some girl he's got.
But I am a different sort of man,
I dance attendance around the room;
my heart beating happily against theirs
and going boom, boom, boom.....*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht)

23 **Nachtwandler**

Trommler, laß dein Kalbfell klingen,
Und, Trompeter, blas darein,
Daß sie aus den Betten springen,
Mordio, Michel, Mordio! schrein.
Tuut und trumm, tuut und trumm,
Zipfelmützen ringsherum.

Und so geh' ich durch die hellen,
Mondeshellen Gassen hin,
Fröhlich zwischen zwei Mamsellen,
Wäscherin und Plätterin:
Links Luischen, rechts Marie,
Und voran die Musici.

Aber sind wir bei dem Hause,
Das ich euch bezeichnet hab',
Macht gefälligst eine Pause,
Und seid schweigsam wie das Grab!
Scht und hm, scht und hm,
Sachte um das Haus herum.

Meine heftige Henriette
Wohnt in diesem kleinen Haus,
Lärmt die wir aus dem Bette,
Kratzt sie uns die Augen aus.
Scht und hm, scht und hm,
Sachte um das Haus herum.

The Night-time Walkabout

*Drummer let the drum-head sound,
And trumpeter, blow, blow away
So that out from their cosy beds they bound,
Shouting: Murder! Michel! Murder! Hey!
Toot and brmm, toot and brmm
Nightcaps flying around the room.*

*And so I walk into the night
Where moonlight banishes the shade,
With two Mam'selles for company,
A laundress and an ironing maid:
Louise on the left, Marie on the right,
And, the musicians there ahead, you see.*

*But when the house comes into view,
The one I pointed out to you,
Please, take a break. Behave,
And be as silent as the grave!
Hush, hush! Quiet as a mouse,
Softly find your way around the house.*

*My formidable Henriette,
It's here that she is housed.
Mind the noise does not upset her,
She'll scratch our eyes out if she's roused.
Hush, hush! Quiet as a mouse,
Softly find your way around the house.*

Lustig wieder, Musikanten!
Die Gefahr droht nun nicht mehr;
Trommelt alle alten Tanten
Wieder an die Fenster her!
Tuut und trumm, tuut und trumm,
Zipfelmützen ringsherum.

Ja, so geh' ich durch die hellen,
Mondeshellen Gassen hin,
Fröhlich zwischen zwei Mamsellen,
Wäscherin und Plätterin:
Links Luischen, rechts Marie,
Und voran die Musici.

GUSTAV FALKE (1853-1916)

*Now, play with joy again, musicians!
Danger threatens us no more;
Drum the old aunts, such apparitions,
To their windows as before!
Toot and brmm, toot and brmm
Nightcaps flying around the room.*

*And so I walk into the night
Where moonlight banishes the shade,
With two Mam'selles for company,
A laundress and an ironing maid:
Louise on the left, Marie on the right,
And, the musicians there ahead, you see.*

(translation: Uri Liebrecht)