

Teresa Cahill

(soprano)

sings

R. Strauss



with

Roger Vignoles

(piano)

RICHARD GEORG STRAUSS (1864 - 1949):

1.	Das Rosenband, op.36, no. 1	2.55
2.	Nichts, op. 10, no. 2	1.38
3.	Traum durch die Dämmerung, op. 29, no. 1	2.33
4.	All mein Gedanken, op. 21, no. 1	1.12
5.	Du meines Herzens Krönelein, op. 21, no. 2	2.24
6.	Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden, op. 21, no. 3	2.00
7.	Schlagende Herzen, op. 29, no. 2	2.44
8.	Die Georgine, op. 10, no. 4	3.44
9.	Ich liebe dich, op. 37, no. 2	2.23
10.	Meinem Kinde, op. 37, no. 3	2.39
11.	Muttertändelei, op.43, no. 2	2.25
12.	Schön sind, doch kalt die Himmelssterne, op. 19, no. 3	2.06
13.	Ruhe, meine Seele, op. 27, no. 1	3.38
14.	Schlechtes Wetter, op. 69, no. 5	2.22
15.	Heimkehr, op. 15, no. 5	2.17
16.	Allerseelen, op. 10, no. 8	3.32
17.	Die Nacht, op. 10, no. 3	2.59
18.	Cäcilie, op. 27, no. 2	2.22

total duration: 45.53

TERESA CAHILL soprano

ROGER VIGNOLES piano

LIEDER BY RICHARD STRAUSS

Although song composition occupied Strauss all of his creative life – his first song was written at six years of age, his last at eighty-four – the great majority of his more than two hundred Lieder were composed in the late nineteenth and very early twentieth centuries. All but one of the songs presented in the selection on this recording belong to the period 1885-1903, a time which saw Strauss carve out a place for himself as one of Germany's leading (and certainly most notorious) composers with works such as *Don Juan*, *Tod und Verklärung*, *Also sprach Zarathustra** and *Ein Heldenleben* to his credit. But if Strauss's tone poems exhibit a composer seemingly determined to present himself as an iconoclast, his Lieder by and large offer a composer more than happy to work with rather than against inherited traditions.

The poetry chosen by Strauss, for example, is wholly typical of the nineteenth-century Lied tradition – songs of love, longing, and loss predominate. Familiar romantic imagery of night, stars, forests, meadows, flowers, and the seasons appear in abundance in Strauss's settings. These images also come equipped with their familiar romantic symbolism: night as the veil on forbidden love, the wintry landscape as a metaphor for the desolate heart, and so on. More often than not, Strauss set the work of contemporary poets, a predilection borne out in the songs featured on this recording. Otto Julius Bierbaum, Felix Dahn, Heinrich Hart, Detlev von Liliencron, and Count Adolf Friedrich von Schack may be poets who are largely forgotten nowadays but they were figures of minor renown at the *fin de siècle*. Some were associated with the *Jugendstil* movement in the arts, a movement which in literature emphasised colour, sensuality, symbolism, and eroticism.

In 1887 Strauss made the acquaintance of soprano Pauline de Anna and in 1894, after a brief engagement, they were married. Pauline, with roles such as Elisabeth, Elsa, Eva, Leonore, and Venus to her credit, became a leading interpreter of Strauss's songs and both she and Strauss frequently went 'on the road' promoting his Lieder not only in Germany and Austria but as far afield as England and the United States. It is perhaps not surprising to discover that Pauline's retirement from the concert stage in 1906 was followed by a sharp decline in Strauss's Lied output.

While contemporary accounts of performances by the husband and wife team are certainly fascinating – Eduard Hanslick, for instance, writes glowingly of Pauline's "excellently trained, rich, sweet soprano voice" and praises Strauss for his "incomparable" skills as an accompanist – perhaps even more noteworthy are the concert programmes themselves for they reveal that Strauss felt not in the least bit obliged to perform songs either in the order in which they were published or as complete sets as defined by their opus number. Rather, his concert programmes with Pauline range across his entire output and follow an order that seems to be determined by links of theme or image or mood between adjacent songs (and quite often contrasts between them) rather than chronology or published sequence. This is a performance tradition that is maintained in the selection and order of songs on this recording.

‘Nichts’ and ‘Die Nacht’ are taken from Op. 10, a collection of settings of the work of Austrian poet Hermann von Gilm. Although Strauss composed a good many songs prior to Op. 10, this collection – his first group of published songs – is generally taken to mark the composer’s first maturity as a composer of Lieder. Accomplished though they are, the songs of Op. 10 reveal an indebtedness to conventional structures (most are in strophic form) and in the case of ‘Die Nacht’, quite possibly an indebtedness to a specific, pre-existing Lied (is it a coincidence that the accompaniment appears to echo Schumann’s ‘Mondnacht’, a celebrated ‘night’ song from nearly half a century before?). Nocturnal imagery is maintained in ‘Schön sind, doch kalt die Himmelssterne’, a setting of a richly sentimental poem by Schack.

‘All mein Gedanken’ and ‘Du meines Herzens Krönelein’ are the first two songs of Op. 21, a collection published in 1890 to poems by Dahn. While ‘All mein Gedanken’ is a fine example of Strauss’s mastery of a light idiom, ‘Du meines Herzens Krönelein’ points up the subtlety with which Strauss was able to move between the lyrical and the speech-like in the one song. References to ‘die andern’ (the rest) are marked by a brittle, declamatory style which acts as a foil to the warmly lyrical writing that characterises ‘du’ (you), the object of the subject’s love.

Nature imagery – in particular, nature as a metaphorical mirror of human emotions – features prominently in the next three songs: ‘Schlagende Herzen’, ‘Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden’, and ‘Heimkehr’. Bierbaum’s ‘Schlagende Herzen’ approximates the idiom of folk poetry with its ‘kling klang’ refrain and account of the excited anticipation of a rendezvous between young lovers. The song’s narration is frequently interrupted in order to present the respective subject positions of the boy and the girl. The joyous meadows and fields of this song stand in marked contrast to the weeping willows of ‘Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden’ (another song from Op. 21), a poem which traces the anguish of parting. But the despair of the song’s postlude gives way to the comforting major key, rippling arpeggios, and parallel thirds of ‘Heimkehr’, a song which celebrates in gentle fashion the return of the beloved to the silent grove of the heart.

‘Das Rosenband’ is one of Strauss’s few settings at this time of a poem by a ‘classic’ poet, Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock. It is also one of the few settings by Strauss of a poem previously set by a distinguished composer – Schubert. But Strauss’s richly sonorous interpretation owes little to Schubert; its subtle treatment of form, sophisticated harmonic language, and extended keyboard writing mark it unequivocally as a song of the late nineteenth century. ‘Das Rosenband’ was composed on 10 September 1897, Strauss’s third wedding anniversary. ‘Cäcilie’ belongs to a collection of songs – Op. 27 – presented to Pauline as a wedding gift. Indeed, while the other three songs of Op. 27 were written some months before the marriage, ‘Cäcilie’ was dashed off hurriedly the night before. It makes extensive use of a refrain, “if only you knew”, which, at the song’s conclusion becomes “If only you knew, / you would live with me!” ‘Die Georgine’ takes us back to Op. 10 and familiar nature metaphors while ‘Ich liebe dich’. from Op. 37 celebrates the loyalty and devotion of a committed relationship.

Op. 37 was dedicated to Pauline and written in commemoration of the first birthday of their son Franz. Appropriately,

the third song in the collection is ‘Meinem Kinde’, a setting of a poem by Gustave Falke. Both ‘Meinem Kinde’ and ‘Muttertändelei’ (from Op. 43) belong to a small group of songs which came to be known (unofficially) as Pauline’s ‘Mutterlieder’ such was the frequency and skill with which she performed them. But whereas ‘Meinem Kinde’ is unashamedly sentimental in tone, ‘Muttertändelei’ is an irreverent take on the boastful chatter of doting mothers. It is a song in which Strauss ably demonstrates his talent for the wickedly comical.

‘Ruhe, meine Seele’, on the other hand, presents the composer in a far more serious vein. The opening song of Op. 27, it is a Lied of uncommon profundity, a meditation on the soul’s longing for peace – troubled man in untroubled nature. Strauss reworked the song in 1948 and offered it in an arrangement for voice and orchestra (he also altered it slightly, darkening the tone still further). The song’s final verse presumably resonated with the elderly composer: “These are violent times, / Distressing both to heart and mind - / Rest, rest my soul. / And forget the threat you face!”

‘Schlechtes Wetter’ brings a return to the ‘Eulenspiegel’ side of Strauss’s nature. A setting of a poem by Heine, it is a keen example of the poet’s talent for romantic irony. The first half of the poem plays with romantic clichés of tempest, darkness, and a solitary figure wending its way through the inclement night. The poem’s second half, however, is shockingly prosaic: perhaps the figure is a mother out buying ingredients for a cake to bake for her hefty, golden-locked daughter who is safe and snug ‘in an armchair at home’. Strauss contrasts the ‘inside’ and ‘outside’ realms musically: the severity of the opening melts into a ripely sentimental waltz when we make the transition from the exterior to the interior. But just to remind us of the poem’s ironic tone, the piano postlude bursts the sentimental bubble with an abrupt recapitulation of the stormy opening motif. ‘Schlechtes Wetter’ was composed in 1918 and is the only song featured on this recording to post-date the sequence of works from *Salome* to *Die Frau ohne Schatten*.

‘Traum durch die Dämmerung’ and ‘Allerseelen’ are among the most popular of Strauss’s songs. Indeed, so popular was ‘Traum durch die Dämmerung’ that it is one of the very few small-scale works by Strauss to be granted a citation in the ‘Hero’s works’ section of *Ein Heldenleben*. It is a representative example of the *Stimmungslied*, a sub-genre of the Lied in which the evocation of mood is paramount. Bierbaum’s poem carries the hallmarks of *Jugendstil* with its image of the ‘ribbon of smooth velvet’ that draws the subject into the ‘soft blue light’. Nature imagery also pervades ‘Allerseelen’ which uses the cycle of the seasons as a metaphor for the passing of love from the warmth of spring to the chill of autumn.

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TERESA CAHILL.

Teresa Cahill's celebrated career began at Glyndebourne, where she sang the First Lady in *Die Zauberflöte* and, later, Alice Ford in *Falstaff*. She has sung over 100 performances at Covent Garden including *Der Rosenkavalier* (Sophie) with Carlos Kleiber, *Don Giovanni* (Zerlina and Elvira) and *La Clemenza di Tito* (Servilia), which she also sang at La Scala, Milan.

Concert appearances include Mahler's *Symphony no.8* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Sir Georg Solti, with Riccardo Chailly at the 1987 Berlin Festival and with Michael Gielen at the Vienna Festival, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with Sir Colin Davis and the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Shostakovich's *Symphony no. 14* with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and the WDR Cologne Orchestra conducted by Gary Bertini.

Teresa has also sung the Webem *Cantatas* with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Mahler's *Second Symphony* with Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, Mahler's *Fourth Symphony* with Klaus Tennstedt, Mahler's *Eighth Symphony* with Eliahu Inbal and Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* in Frankfurt, London and Gutersloh, as part of the composer's 60th birthday celebrations. She also took part in Sir Michael Tippett's 80th birthday concert performance of *A Child of our Time* in Houston, gave the world premiere of the orchestrated version of *The Heart's Assurance* at the Barbican Centre and has sung several performances of Tippett's *Third Symphony*, conducted by the composer. As a recitalist she has specialised in the songs of Richard Strauss, Schubert and Elgar. and in the field of contemporary music. Richard Rodney Bennett, John Casken, David Blake and Robert Saxton have all written works for her. Her recording debut was in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* with Klemperer. Other recordings include highlights from *Der Rosenkavalier*, Elgar's *King Olaf* and *The Spirit of England*, Mahler 8, *La Clemenza di Tito* conducted by Pritchard and Mahler's *Das Klagende Lied* with Rozhdestvensky.

Teresa Cahill teaches voices at Trinity College of Music, London and is Artistic Adviser to the National Mozart Competition. She has been on the jury of most of the British singing competitions including the Kathleen Ferrier and the Royal Overseas League and has given masterclasses throughout this country, in the USA and at the S'Hertogenbosch International Concours, Holland, where she was on the jury in 1998 and 2000.

ROGER VIGNOLES

Roger Vignoles is recognised worldwide as an outstanding accompanist and interpreter at the piano of the song repertoire. He has worked with many of the greatest singers of his time, and regularly performs in the musical capitals of the world, from London to New York and from Vienna to Tokyo. Among many distinguished partners, he has accompanied Sir Thomas Allen, Olaf Bar, Kathleen Battle, Barbara Bonney, Brigitte Fassbaender, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Robert Holl, Wolfgang Holzmair, Dame Kiri te Kanawa, Dame Felicity Lott, Elisabeth Soederstroem, Frederika von Stade and Sarah Walker.

His many recordings have been highly praised, especially CDs of Reynaldo Hahn (*La Belle Epoque*) with Susan Graham and of Schumann Lieder (*Frauenliebe- und Leben*) and Spanish Songs (*Canciones Amatorias*) with Bemarda Fink. In 1999 his CD of Beethoven Lieder with Stephan Genz won the Gramophone Award for Best Vocal Recording, while further recordings with Stephan Genz of Hugo Wolf (complete *Moerike-Lieder*, with Joan Rodgers, and *Heine and Lenau settings*) have also been highly-praised. Future releases include Britten, Tippett and Finzi with Mark Padmore and Strauss with Christine Brewer, both on Hyperion.

Roger Vignoles is also in great demand as a teacher, regularly giving masterclasses in the USA and Canada, Europe and Scandinavia. He is the director of “Sommer Lied Weinberg”, an international workshop for singers and pianists in Upper Austria; and he also directs the Postgraduate Accompanists' course at the RCM in London, where since 1996 he has been Prince Consort Professor of Accompaniment.

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Das Rosenband, Op. 36/1

Im Frühlungsschatten fand ich sie,
da hand ich sie mil Rosenbändern;
sie fühl't es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrcm Leben:
Ich fuht' es wohl und wußt'es nicht.

Doch lispelt ich ihr sprachlos zu
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern;
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesen Blick an meinem Leben;
Und um uns ward's Elysium.

Friedrich Gottfried Klopstock

Nichts, Op. 10/2

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.

Hermann von Gilm

The Rose Ribbon

In spring shadow I found her
and bound her with rose ribbons:
she felt nothing and slumbered on.

I looked at her; my life hung
in that look upon her life;
I felt it clearly, but knew it not.

Silently I whispered to her
and toyed with the rustling rose ribbons:
she woke at last from her slumber.

She looked at me; her life hung
in that look upon my life: and we were in Elysium.

Friedrich Gottfried Klopstock

Nothing

I'm to name her, am I,
 in these songs - my queen?
Fools that you are, I know her
 less than all the rest of you.

Ask me about the colour of her eyes.
Ask me about her tone of voice.
Ask how she walks, how she dances and acts.
What do I know about it all?

Is the sun not the source
 of all life, of all light?
And what do we know about that,
You and I and the rest? Nothing.

Hermann von Gilm

Traum durch die Dämmerung, Op. 29/1

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne ziehn,
Nun geh ich hin zu der schönsten Frau,
Weit über Wiesen in Dämmergrau.
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.

Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;
Mich zieht ein weiches, samtenes Band
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,
In ein blaues mildes Licht.
Ich gehe nicht schell, ich eile nicht;
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,
In ein mildes blaues Licht.

Otto Julius Bierhaum

All mein Gedanken, Op. 21/1

All mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,
Da, wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.
Gehn ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,
Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor,
Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,
Brauchen kein Brücken über Wasser und Kluft,
Finden das Stadtlein und finden das Haus
Finden ihr Fenster aus alien heraus.

Und klopfen und rufen:
Mach auf, laß uns ein.
Wir kommen vom Liebsten
Und grüßen dich fein,
Mach auf, mach auf, laß uns ein.

Felix Dahn

Dream at Dusk

In the grey dusk broad meadows lie;
The sun has set; the stars appear,
I go now to the loveliest of women.
Out across the meadows in the grey dusk.
Deep amongst the jasmine.

Through the grey dusk in the country of love;
I do not hasten, I do not rush;
A ribbon of smooth velvet draws me
Through the grey dusk in the country of love.
Into a soft blue light.
I do not hasten, I do not rush;
Through the grey dusk in the country of love,
Into a soft blue light.

Otto Julius Bierhaum

All of my thoughts

All of my thoughts, my heart and my mind
Find their way there, to my dearest love.
Neither wall nor gate can hold them up,
No bars or ditches halt them,
Like birds they fly high through the air,
Needing no bridges over river and gorge,
To find the little town and find the house,
And find her window amongst all the rest

And knock and call out:
Open, let us in,
We're here from your love
With the best of greetings,
Open, open and let us in.

Felix Dahn

Du meines Herzens Krönelein, Op. 21/2

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,
Du bist von lautrem Golde,
Wenn andere daneben sein,
Dann bist du noch viel holde.

Die andern tun so gem gescheut,
Du bist gar sanft und stille,
Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,
Dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

Die andern suchen Lieb und Gunst
Mil tausend falschen Worten.,
Du ohne Mund und Augenkunst
Bist wert an alien Orten.

Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald,
Sie weiß nichts von ihrer Blüte,
Doch jedem, der vorüberwallt,
Erfreut sie das Gemüte.

Felix Dahn

Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden, Op. 21/3

Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden,
Gehn über Berg und Tal,
Die Erlen und die Weiden,
Die weinen allzumal.

Sie sahn so oft uns wandern
Zusammen an Baches Rand,
Das Eine ohn' den Andern
Geht über ihren Verstand.

Die Erlen und die Weiden
Vor Schmerz in Tränen stehn,
Nun denket, Wie's uns beiden
Erst muß zu Herzen gehn.

Felix Dahn

My Heart's Coronet

My heart's coronet,
Wrought of the purest gold,
In comparison with others
Your loveliness shines the brighter.

The rest like to look clever,
While you are all gentleness and repose.
That you rejoice in every heartfelt admiration
Is your fortune, not your wish.

The rest seek love and their advance
With a thousand words of falsehood.
You, without the wiles of speech or eye,
Are valued everywhere.

You are like the woodland rose
That knows nothing of its blooming.
Only of the creatures that flutter by
And awaken its joy.

Felix Dahn

My dear, I must go now

My dear, I must go now,
Set out across hill and dale
Past the alders and the willows
That weep all too much.

So often did they see us walking
Together on the banks of the stream
That one without the other is
More than they can comprehend.

The alders and the willows
Stand weeping at the pain of it,
Imagine then how much more for us
It strikes at the heart.

Felix Dahn

Schlagende Herzen, Op. 29/2

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging.
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz;
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein Ring.
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz;
O Wiesen, o Felder, wie seid ihr schön!
O Berge, o Tale, wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
Du gold'ne Sonne in Himmelshöhn!

Kling klang, kling klang, kling klang, schlug ihm
das Herz.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem Schritt,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit;
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Über Wiesen und Felder weht Frühlingswind,
Über Berge und Walder weht Frühlingswind,
Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,
Der treibt zu dir mich leise, lind,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mädel stand.
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die Hand,
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.
Über Wiesen und Felder, über Berge und Walder,
Zu mir, zu mir, schnell kommt er her,
O wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schön war!

Kling klang, kling klang, kling klang, kling klang
schlug ihr das Herz.

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Beating Hearts

Over meadows and fields there walked a boy.
'Kling klang' his heart resounded.
There gleams on his finger a ring of gold.
'Kling klang' his heart resounded.
Oh meadows, oh fields, how lovely you are!
Oh mountains, oh valleys, how lovely!
How good you are, how lovely you are,
You golden sun in the heavens above!

'Kling klang, kling klang, kling klang' his heart
resounded.

The boy sped on with cheerful step.
'Kling klang' his heart resounded.
Gathered many laughing flowers as he went.
'Kling klang' his heart resounded.
Over meadows and fields a spring breeze blows,
Over mountains and woods a spring breeze blows,
In the depth of my heart a spring wind blows
That carries me to you softly, gently,
'Kling klang' his heart resounded.

Amongst the meadows there stood a girl,
'Kling klang' his heart resounded.
Shading her eyes with her hand to see,
'Kling klang' his heart resounded.
Over meadows and fields, mountains and woods
To me, to me he's speeding.
If only he were with me, already with me now!

'Kling klang, kling klang, kling klang, kling klang'
his heart resounded.

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Die Georgine, Op. 10/4

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,
Begosse dich mit Junilicht
Doch ach, dann wärest du nicht die Letzte,
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.

Wie, Träum'rin, lock' ich vergebens?
So reich' mir schwesterlich die Hand,
Ich hab' den Maitag dieses Lebens,
Wie du den Frühling nicht gekannt;

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

Hermann von Gilm

Ich liebe dich, Op. 37/2

Vier adlige Rosse
Voran unserm Wagen,
Wir wohnen im Schlosse
In stolzem Behagen.

Die Frühlichterwellen
Und nächtens der Blitz,
Was all sie erhellen,
Ist unser Besitz.

Georgine (The Dahlia)

Why so late then, dahlia?
The roses' tale is told
And the bee, already filled with honey,
Has flown away to bed and sleep.

Aren't these nights too cold for you?
How do you spend the days?
If only I could bring you the spring,
My fire-lit dreamer.

If I could only catch you in a May-dewed web,
Bathe you with the light of June,
But then you wouldn't be the last,
No proudly sole beneficiary.

How, dreamer, is it that I woo in vain?
Give me at least a sisterly hand,
I have more in the May-day of this life,
Than you ever made of spring.

And late like you, yellowed by the fire,
Love stole into my heart.
Whether late or early, it is the same
Delight, always the self-same pain.

Hermann von Gilm

I love you

Four noble horses
Pull our carriage,
We live in the castle
Proud in our comfort.

The over-welling dawn
And the lightning by night.
Whatever they illuminate
Is ours.

Und irrst du verlassen,
Verbannt durch die Lande;
Mit dir durch die Gassen
In Armut und Schande!

Es bluten die Hände,
Die Füß sind wund,
Vier trostlose Wunde,
Es kennt uns kein Hund.

Steht silberbeschlagen
Dein Sarg am Altar.
Sie sollen mich tragen
Zu dir auf die Bahr,

Und fern auf der Heide
Und stirbst du in Not,
Den Dolch aus der Scheide,
Dir nach in den Tod!

Detlev von Liliencron

Meinem Kinde, Op. 37/3

Du schläfst, und sachte neig' ich mich
Über dein Bettchen und segne dich.
Jeder behutsame Atemzug
Is ein schweifender Himmelsflug.
Ist ein Suchen weit umher,
Ob nicht doch ein Sternlein wär,
Wo aus eitel Glanz und Licht
Liebe sich ein Glückskraut bricht,
Das sie geflügelt hernieder trägt
Und dir auf's weiße Deckchen legt.

Gustav Falke

But should you wander lost,
An exile throughout the land,
I'll be there in the alleys with you,
Poor and disgraced!

With bleeding hands
And blistered feet,
Four cheerless walls,
No dog to know us.

If your silver-covered
Coffin should stand at the altar,
They should place me
At your side on the bier.

And if on the distant heath
In need you die,
Then out with my dagger
To follow you into death!

Detlev von Liliencron

To my child

You are asleep, and gently I bend down
Over your little bed and bless you.
Every cautious little breath
Ascends uncertainly to heaven,
Searching far and wide to know
If there might be a little star
Which, from love's vainly radiating light
A lucky token is refracted
And is wafted gently down
To fall upon the whiteness of your coverlet.

Gustav Falke

Muttertändelei, Op. 43/2

Seht mir doch mein schönes Kind,
Mit den gold'nen Zottellöckchen,
Blauen Augen, roten Bäckchen!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins?
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein süßes Kind,
Fetter als ein fettes Schneckchen.
Süßer als ein Zuckerweckchen!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins?
Leutchen, nein, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein holdes Kind,
Nicht zu mürrisch. nicht zu wählig!
Immer freundlich, immer fröhlich!
Leutchen, habt ihr auch so eins?
Leutchen, Leutchen, ihr habt keins!

Seht mir doch mein frommes Kind!
Keine bitterböse Sieben
Würd' ihr Mütterchen so lieben,
Leutchen, möchtet ihr so eins?
O, ihr kriegt gewiß nicht meins!

Komm' einmal ein Kaufmann her!
Hunderttausend blanke Taler,
Alles Gold der Erde zahl' er!
O er kriegt gewiss nicht meins!
Kauf' er sich wo anders eins!

Gottfried August Bürger

Schon sind, doch kalt die Himmelssterne Op. 19/3

Schön sind, doch kalt die Himmelssterne,
die Gaben karg, die sie verleih'n;
für einen deiner Blicke gerne
hin geb' ich ihren gold'nen Schein.

Things Mothers Say

But look at my pretty child,
With her tumble of golden curls,
Blue eyes and rosy cheeks!
My dears, do you have anything to match her?
No, my dears, you don't!

But look at my sweet child,
Fatter than a good fat snail and
Sweeter than a sugar plum!
My dears, do you have anything to match her?
No, my dears, you don't!

But look at my lovely child.
Not too sullen, not too fussy!
Always friendly, always cheerful!
My dears, do you have anything to match her?
My dears, my dears, you don't!

But look at my good little child!
No temper-tantrums pouter
Would love her mummy so.
My dears, would you like one of your own?
Well, you'll certainly not get mine!

Should a merchant come along one day
Even with a hundred-thousand Talers bright,
He'd need all the gold in the world!
Oh he'll certainly not get mine,
He can buy one somewhere else!

Gottfried August Bürger

Beautiful but cold are the stars above

Beautiful but cold are the stars above,
Meagre are the gifts they offer.
For just one look from you
I'd gladly forego their golden make-believe.

Getrennt, so daß wir ewig darben.
nur führen sie im Jahreslauf
den Herbst mit seinen Ährengarben,
des Frühlings Blütenpracht herauf:
doch deine Augen, o, der Segen
des ganzen Jahres quillt überreich
aus ihnen stets als milder Regen,
die Blüte und Frucht zugleich.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Ruhe, meine Seele, Op. 27/1

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Deine Stürme gingen wild,
Hast getobt und hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt.

Diese Zeiten sind gewallig,
Bringen Herz und Hrn in Not –
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Und vergiß, was dich bedroht!

Karl Henckell

Schlechtes Wetter, Op. 69/5

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.

Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,
Das wandelt langsam fort;
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen
Wankt über die Straße dort.

One after the other, never satisfying us,
Only with the changing seasons do they bring forth
Autumn with its sheaves of corn,
The blooming richness of the spring;
But your eyes, ah, the blessing flows abundantly.
From them, unceasing like gentle rain
on both blossom and fruit at once.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Rest, my soul

No zephyr" even gently roused,
The woods are lost in peaceful sleep,
Through the leaves' dark lattice
Beams of sunlight steal.

Rest, rest my soul.
Your storms have raged,
You have roared and shivered
Like the breakers as they rise.

These are violent times.
Distressing both to heart and mind –
Rest, rest my soul.
And forget the threat you face!

Karl Henckell

Bad weather

The weather's bad out there.
It rains, it rages and snows;
Seated at the window I look
Out into the darkness.

A solitary lamp gleams,
The convert wends its way;
A mother with a lamp,
Staggers across the street out there.

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;
Sie will einen Kuchen backen
Für's große Töchterlein.

Die liegt zu Haus im Lehnstuhl,
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;
Die goldenen Locken wallen
Über das süße Gesicht.

Heinrich Heine

Heimkehr, Op. 15/5

Leiser schwanken die Äste,
der Kahn fliegt uferwärts,
heim kehrt die Taube zum Neste,
zu dir kehrt heim mein Herz.

Genug am schimmernden Tage,
wenn rings das Leben lärmt,
mit irrem Flügelschlage
ist es ins Weite geschwärmt.

Doch nun die Sonne geschieden
Und Stille sich senkt auf den Hain,
fühlt es; bei dir ist der Frieden,
die Ruh' bei dir allein.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Allerseelen, Op. 10/8

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Asten 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,

I think it's flour and eggs
And butter that she's bought;
She means to bake a cake
For that big daughter of hers

Who's lying in an armchair at home,
Blinking sleepily at the light.
As her golden curls wander
Across her charming face.

Heinrich Heine

Return Home

Gently the branches sway,
the boat floats swiftly to the shore,
homeward turns the nesting dove,
to you my heart comes home.

Enough of glittering days,
when life's turmoil flaps with
madly beating wings and
swarms away into the darkness.

But now the sun has gone
and silence sinks upon the grove,
with you alone is peace, it seems,
with you alone is rest.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

All Souls

Place the scented mignonettes there on the table,
Fetch the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once before in May.

Give me your hand so that I can press it furtively,
But if they see, I do not care,

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.

Hermann von Gilm

Die Nacht, Op. 10/3

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

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

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

Hermann von Gilm

Give me just one of your sweet glances
As once before in May.

They bloom, give out their scent today on every grave.
Just once each year are the dead released,
Come to my heart, that I might again possess you,
As once before in May.

Hermann von Gilm

Night

Out of the forest ventures Night,
Out of the trees she softly edges,
Looks about in all directions,
Take heed now.

All the lights of this world,
All flowers, all colours
Are extinguished by her and the sheaves
Are taken from the field.

She removes it all, whatever's lovely,
Removes the silver from the river,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
Its gold.

The bush stands stripped of its finery,
Come closer, soul to soul;
Oh I fear that Night will also steal
You from me.

Hermann von Gilm

Cäcilie, Op. 27/2

Wenn du es wußtest,
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge und kosend und plaudernd, –
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz.

Wenn du es wüßtest.
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten.
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmude Seele, –
Wenn du es wüßtest.
du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest.
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem, zu schweben empor
Lichtgetragen. zu seligen Höh'n,
Wenn du es wüßtest.
Du lebstest mit mir.

Heinrich Hart

Cäcilie (Cecilia)

If you only knew
What it was like to dream of burning kisses,
Of roaming and sitting with your beloved,
Eye to eye, embracing and talking,
If you only knew,
You would open your heart!

If you only knew,
What it was to be afraid on lonely nights,
Shuddering at the storm, and none to comfort
With kindly voice the battle-weary soul,
If you only knew,
You would come to me.

If you only knew,
What it was to live surrounded by the deity's
world-creating breath.
Floating upwards, light-borne
To blessed heights,
If you only knew,
You would live with me!

Heinrich Hart

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ROGER VIGNOLES