



Diana Damrau & Jonas Kaufmann

Friday 16 February 2018 7.30pm, Hall

Wolf Italienisches Liederbuch

There will be one interval of 20 minutes

Diana Damrau soprano

Jonas Kaufmann tenor

Helmut Deutsch piano

Part of Barbican Presents 2017–18

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Welcome

Tonight we are delighted to welcome two stars of the singing firmament: Diana Damrau and Jonas Kaufmann, who join their regular pianist Helmut Deutsch for an evening devoted to Hugo Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch*, or 'Italian Songbook'.

This extraordinary collection of 46 songs was written by Wolf in two tremendous bursts of creativity in the 1890s and sets translations by Paul Heyse of Italian love songs which range from heartfelt romance to mocking cruelty.

Wolf is alive to their varying moods, and responds with great vividness to the texts,

which are written from both a male and a female perspective, hence the need for two singers.

As the songs were not conceived as a cycle *per se*, Jonas Kaufmann and Diana Damrau have created their own order for maximum dramatic effect.

It promises to be a thrilling evening. And there will be more from Diana Damrau next season, when she returns to the Barbican for an Artistic Residency that focuses on the songs of Richard Strauss.

Huw Humphreys, Head of Music, Barbican

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Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Italienisches Liederbuch (1890–1; 1896)

For texts, please see page 6

Never one to understate a case, Hugo Wolf dubbed his *Italienisches Liederbuch* ('Italian Songbook') 'the most original and artistically perfect of all my works'. While some might award the palm to the *Mörike Lieder*, these masterly Italian vignettes are unrivalled in their luminous grace – intermittently spiced by Wolfian malice – and their power of suggestion within a tiny span.

'I feel ominous signs of composition in me, and await an explosion any minute,' Wolf wrote to his friend Gustav Schur on 24 September 1890. The explosion duly arrived the next day with 'Mir ward gesagt', the earliest of his 46 settings from Paul Heyse's *Italienisches Liederbuch* (placed second in the published collection). Six more songs followed over the next few weeks. By the end of 1891 the tally stood at 22 (which formed Book 1, published in 1892). Then came one of Wolf's recurrent periods of gloomy inertia – what we would call writer's block; and it was only in the spring of 1896, in a feverish burst of energy, that he composed the final 24 songs that make up Book 2 of the *Italienisches Liederbuch*, possibly using sketches he had made a few years earlier.

Virtually all the songs draw on Heyse's fluent and elegant translations, published in 1860, of anonymous love poems from Tuscany (*rispetti*) and Venice (*vilote*). These lyrical verse-forms consist of a single short stanza of six or eight (occasionally 12) end-stopped lines. Typically the verses revolve around a single thought. In consequence, the Italian songs are the most concentrated Wolf ever wrote. Their scale is immediately suggested by the exquisite celebration of smallness (tiny phrases,

small melodic intervals) of 'Auch kleine Dinge', which stands as an epigraph to the collection. Mirroring the texts, most of the songs unfold in balanced two- and four-bar phrases. Many have a limpid delicacy of harmony and texture unique in Wolf's output.

While the songs' clarity and lyrical grace reflect the poems' Italian provenance, there is far less specific local colour than in Wolf's earlier *Spanisches Liederbuch*. Here and there – say, in 'Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen' (No 11 in tonight's ordering) or the parodistic 'Schweig' einmal still' (No 13) – we hear a serenader's lute or guitar. But, as Wolf said, 'A warm heart ... beats in the bodies of my youngest children of the south, who despite everything can't deny their German origin. Yes, their heartbeat is German, even if the sun shines "in Italian".'

Far more than in his fastidiously faithful settings of Mörike and Goethe, these songs are often imbued with shades of meaning that transcend or contradict the verses. (Revealingly, Heyse was unimpressed by Wolf's Italian songs.) The poem 'Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben' (No 35) is an absurdly flowery conceit. Treating the verses without irony, Wolf writes a hypnotic, spiritualised dance, with a radiant turn from minor to major at 'zwei von den schönsten' ('two of the fairest stars'). Likewise, he takes the hyperbolic fancy of 'Wie viele Zeit verlor' ich, dich zu lieben!' (No 39) utterly seriously in a song of mingled anguish and ecstasy. Among the female songs, 'Wer rief dich denn?' (No 15) and 'Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei' (No 44), where the girl haughtily chides her lover for ideas above his station (the message rubbed home by the quasi-

Baroque pomposity of the piano part), contain flickers of tenderness and vulnerability absent from the poems.

Wolf never conceived the vignettes of his *Italienisches Liederbuch* as a unified cycle. The sequence must open with 'Auch kleine Dinge', and end with the sexual bravado of 'Ich hab' in Penna'. In between performers are free to choose. Like others before them, Diana Damrau and Jonas Kaufmann rearrange the composer's order, grouping some of the songs in mini-dramatic narratives – she says to him, he says to her.

While the Italian men portrayed here tend to be incorrigible romantics, voicing their longing and devotion in Wolf's most ecstatic vein of lyricism, the women are, typically, coquettishly skittish, catty, even downright malicious. It is they who run the show: say, in the cruel, deflating ending of 'Du denkst mit einem Fädchen' (No 17) – a reminder that Wolf was renowned for his barbed humour, not least during his early stint as Vienna's most vitriolic music critic; or in 'Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen' (No 38), where the languid boredom of the opening, with its parody of a funeral march, contrasts with the viciously realistic portrayal of the girl's incompetent (and, we might infer, impotent) violinist boyfriend. The boy's hyperbolic compliments in 'Ihr seid die Allerschönste' (No 4) provoke the derisory 'Man sagt mir ...' (No 5) in which the girl obsessively mocks her lover for being a mummy's boy – though we glimpse her true feelings towards the end of the song.

Elsewhere Wolfian sarcasm can be tempered with affection: in the brisk ultimatum of 'Nein, junger Herr' (No 42), where the brief moments

of reflection (signalled by *ritardandos*) hint at more tender feelings behind the girl's pouting reproaches; or in 'Mein Liebster ist so klein' (No 32), where the girl reflects on her undersized boyfriend with mingled sympathy, exasperation and mock-pathos (in the last two lines the piano delightfully suggests the girl stooping down to kiss him). In 'Ihr jungen Leute' (No 27) a girl playfully imagines her boy on the battlefield, in a miniature military parody complete with distant drum taps.

Those instances in the *Italienisches Liederbuch* where the women reveal the depth of emotion shown by their menfolk are mostly songs of separation. The mournful vocal line of 'Mein Liebster singt am Haus' (No 10) seems oblivious of the youth's serenade, with its mazurka-like emphasis on the second beat of the bar. In 'Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen' (No 25) Wolf depicts the lovers' estrangement in the bleak descending octaves of the introduction and in the voice's monotones over sullen, discordant harmonies. Gradually the harmonies grow more conciliatory, the melodic lines more articulate; and the song ends in a mood of seraphic peace, underpinned by a gently tolling motif in the piano. One of the most poignant songs in the whole collection is 'Mir ward gesagt' (No 29), where the lovers' parting is symbolised by the diverging lines in the piano part.

Amid their soulful complaints and yearnings, the men in the *Italienisches Liederbuch* can on occasion adopt a jaunty, bantering tone. In 'Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen' (No 11), the boy indulges in a spot of wish-fulfilment, confronting his girlfriend's father in an ironically swaggering serenade. We can imagine the relish with which Wolf composed 'Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen' (No 18),

a graphic portrayal of lecherous bogus monks that could have come straight out of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. More ambivalent in tone is 'Hoffärtig seid Ihr' (No 43), a half-sarcastic, half-tender riposte to the girl's flouncing 'Nein, junger Herr'.

Most of the male songs, though, are impassioned avowals of love, beginning with 'Gesegnet sie, durch den die Welt entstund' (No 2), a song of elemental awe and grandeur, with a sudden moment of stillness as the man contemplates the face of his beloved. In tonight's sequence it prompts the girl's charmingly vernal 'Gesegnet sei das Grün'. Wolf is at his most Italianate in 'Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder' (No 8), most beguiling of the collection's serenades, and 'Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt' (No 9), a sensuous barcarolle which acquires further shades of meaning in the harmonically questing piano postlude. In 'Dass doch gemalt all deine Reize wären' (No 28), as in 'Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben', Wolf's solemn, incantatory music transcends the ridiculous conceit of the poem.

The men declare their quasi-religious devotion to their lovers in 'Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen' (No 31), another barcarolle, and 'Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter' (No 33), which uniquely in the *Italienisches Liederbuch* is shaped as an A-B-A structure, with benedictory opening music returning after the violent chromaticism of the central section (at the words 'Siehe wie ich beb und stöhne'). Perhaps the greatest of these love songs is 'Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst' (No 22), rising from rapt meditation to an impassioned climax, and built on a rhythmic pattern found in several other songs in the *Italienisches Liederbuch* – perhaps a musical symbol of erotic love.

Wolf himself told a friend that the 24 songs he composed in 1896 to complete the *Italienisches Liederbuch* contained more 'absolute music' than Book 1, adding that many of the accompaniments were conceived in terms of a string quartet. Prime cases of Wolf's 'string thinking' are the rapt 'Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden' (No 24) and, in comic mode, the ironically gawky serenade 'Nicht länger kann ich singen' (No 12). This immediately prompts the girl's merciless put-down in 'Schweig' einmal still'. Occasionally in the 1896 songs the piano aspires to a Wagnerian opulence, as in the over-the-top parody of a woman scorned in 'Verschling' der Abgrund' (No 19), or the melodramatic masochism of 'Was soll der Zorn' (No 40).

Poised between indignation and amusement is 'Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen' (No 36), a popular favourite among the Italian songs. Here the girl's boyfriend has invited her to dinner, but doesn't even possess a cooking pot – a cue for Wolf's most malicious wit. The lascivious monks of 'Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen' have their counterpart in the hypocrite lover of 'Ich liess mir sagen' (No 37), who far from starving to death is gorging himself, his flatulence mercilessly evoked in the piano's trills.

Wolf, though, reserves the most brilliant of the humorous songs for the end: 'Ich hab' in Penna', an operatic *scena* in miniature and a feminine riposte to Leporello's Catalogue Aria in *Don Giovanni*, to which it slyly alludes. The Italian Carmen's triumphant celebration of her 10 lovers in Castiglione, on a high A (not quite the Don's 'mille tre', perhaps, but the spirit is the same), is capped by a glittering piano postlude calculated to bring the house down.

Programme note © Richard Wigmore

Italienisches Liederbuch

The original numbers of the songs are given in brackets

1(1) Auch kleine Dinge

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken,
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.

Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

2(4) Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand

Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand;

Wie trefflich schuf er sie nach allen Seiten!
Er schuf das Meer mit endlos tiefem Grund,
Er schuf die Schiffe, die hinübergleiten,
Er schuf das Paradies mit ew'gem Licht,
Er schuf die Schönheit und dein Angesicht.

3(39) Gesegnet sei das Grün

Gesegnet sei das Grün und wer es trägt!
Ein grünes Kleid will ich mir machen lassen.
Ein grünes Kleid trägt auch die Frühlingsaue.
Grün kleidet sich der Liebling meiner Augen.
In Grün sich kleiden ist der Jäger Brauch,
Ein grünes Kleid trägt mein Geliebter auch;
Das Grün steht allen Dingen lieblich an,
Aus Grün wächst jede schöne Frucht heran.

4(3) Ihr seid die Allerschönste

Ihr seid die Allerschönste weit und breit,
Viel schöner als im Mai der Blumenflor,
Orvieto's Dom steigt so voll Herrlichkeit,

Viterbos grösster Brunnen nicht empor.
So hoher Reiz und Zauber ist dein eigen,
Der Dom von Siena muss sich vor dir neigen.
Ach, du bist so an Reiz und Anmut reich,
Der Dom von Siena selbst ist dir nicht gleich.

Even small things

Even small things can delight us,
Even small things can be precious.
Consider how we love to adorn ourselves with
pearls;
They fetch a high price, and are only small.
Consider how small the olive's fruit is,
Yet it is sought for its goodness.
Just think of the rose, how small it is,
Yet it smells so sweet, as you know.

Blessed be he through whom the world came into being

Blessed be he through whom the world came
into being;
How splendidly he created it on all sides!
He created the sea with its infinite depths,
He created the ships that glide over it,
He created paradise with its eternal light,
He created beauty, and your countenance.

Blessed be green

Blessed be green, and whoever wears it!
I shall have a green dress made.
The meadows, too, wear a green dress in spring,
And the darling of my eyes wears green.
To dress in green is the huntsman's way.
My love, too wears a green dress;
Everything looks charming in green,
From green grows every sweet fruit.

You are the fairest

You are the fairest far and wide,
Far fairer than the blooming flowers in May.
Neither Orvieto's cathedral nor Viterbo's
greatest fountain
Rises up in such glory.
Such noble grace and enchantment is yours
That Siena cathedral must bow before you.
Ah, you are so rich in grace and charm
That not even Siena cathedral is your equal.

5 (21) Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll' es nicht

Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll' es nicht;
 So bleibe weg, mein Schatz, tu' ihr den Willen.
 Ach, Liebster, nein! tu' ihr den Willen nicht,
 Besuch' mich doch, tu's ihr zum Trotz, im Stillen!
 Nein, mein Geliebter, folg' ihr nimmermehr,
 Tu's ihr zum Trotz, komm öfter als bisher!
 Nein, höre nicht auf sie, was sie auch sage;
 Tu's ihr zum Trotz, mein Lieb, komm alle Tage!

6 (41) Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich um Mitternacht

Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich um Mitternacht,
 Da war mein Herz mir heimlich fortgeschlichen.
 Ich frug: Herz, wohin stürmst du so mit Macht?

Es sprach: Nur Euch zu sehn, sei es entwichen.
 Nun sieh, wie muss es um mein Lieben stehn:
 Mein Herz entweicht der Brust, um dich zu sehn.

7 (40) O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas

O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas,
 Mein Holder, wenn ich mich vorüberstehle!
 Dann säh' ich drinnen dich ohn' Unterlass;
 Wie blickt' ich dann nach dir mit ganzer Seele!
 Wie viele Blicke schickte dir mein Herz
 Mehr als da Tropfen hat der Fluss im März!
 Wie viele Blicke schickt' ich dir entgegen,
 Mehr als da Tropfen niedersprühn im Regen!

8 (27) Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder

Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder,
 Da tritt dein Bildnis vor mich hin, du Traute,
 Gleich spring' ich auf, fahr' in die Schuhe
 wieder
 Und wandre durch die Stadt mit meiner Laute.
 Ich sing' und spiele, dass die Strasse schallt;
 So manche lauscht – vorüber bin ich bald.
 So manches Mädchen hat mein Lied gerührt,
 Indes der Wind schon Sang und Klang entführt.

9 (18) Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt

Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt und schlafe nicht,
 Und lass dich ja vom Schlummer nicht betören.
 Ich sage dir vier Worte von Gewicht,
 Von denen darfst du keines überhören.
 Das erste: Dass um dich mein Herze bricht;

They tell me your mother disapproves

They tell me your mother disapproves;
 Then stay away, my love, do as she wishes.
 Oh, dearest, no! don't do as she wishes.
 Defy her, visit me just the same, in secret.
 No, my darling, take no more notice of her,
 Defy her and come more often than before!
 No, don't listen to her, whatever she says.
 Defy her, my love, come every day!

Tonight I rose at midnight

Tonight I rose at midnight
 To find that my heart had secretly slipped away.
 I asked: 'Heart, where are you rushing with such
 force?'
 It said it had escaped only to see you.
 Now you can see how this love of mine is:
 My heart escapes from my breast to see you.

If only your house were as transparent as glass

If only your house were as transparent as glass,
 My darling, when I steal past!
 Then I should always see you within;
 How I would gaze at you with all my soul!
 How many looks my heart would send you,
 More than there are drops in the river in March!
 How many glances would I send across to you,
 More than there are drops in the showering rain.

I was just stretching my tired limbs on the bed

I was just stretching my tired limbs on the bed
 When your image, my love, appeared before me.
 At once I leap up, put my shoes back on,
 And wander through the town with my lute.
 I sing and play so that the streets echo;
 Many a girl listens – but I pass quickly by.
 Many a girl has been touched by my song
 While its strains were already borne away on
 the wind.

Lift up your blond head

Lift up your blond head and do not sleep,
 And do not be lulled by slumber.
 I have four important things to tell you,
 None of which you must miss.
 The first is that my heart is breaking for you,

Das zweite: Dir nur will ich angehören.
Das dritte: Dass ich dir mein Heil befehle:
Das letzte: Dich allein liebt meine Seele.

The second that I wish to belong too you alone;
The third, that I commend my salvation to you;
The last, that my soul loves you alone.

10 (20) Mein Liebster singt am Haus

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine,

Und ich muss lauschend hier im Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett hab' ich geweint,
Weiss nicht vor Tränen, ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint' ich vor Sehnen:

Blind haben mich gemacht die blut'gen Tränen.

My lover is singing

Outside the house my lover is singing in the
moonlight,

And I must lie here listening in bed.
I turn away from my mother and weep
Tears of blood that will not run dry.
A broad stream I have wept by the bed;
I cannot see for tears that morning has come.
That broad stream have I wept by the bed with
longing;

The tears of blood have blinded me.

11 (22) Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen

Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen kam ich her,
Wenn es dem Herrn vom Haus nicht unlegen.
Ihr habt ein schönes Töchterlein. Es wär'
Wohl gut, sie nicht zu streng im Haus zu hegen.
Und liegt sie schon im Bett, so bitt' ich sehr,
Tut es zu wissen ihr von meinerwegen,
Dass ihr Getreuer hier vorbeigekommen,
Der Tag und Nacht sie in den Sinn genommen,
Und dass am Tag, der vierundzwanzig zählt,
Sie fünfundzwanzig Stunden lang mir fehlt.

I come here to serenade you

I come here to serenade you
If the master of the house doesn't object.
You have a lovely daughter. Better
Not to keep her too strictly indoors.
And if she's already in bed, then please
Let her know for my sake
That her true love has called by,
Who day and night has had her on his mind,
And that in every day of twenty-four hours,
I miss her twenty-five.

pause

12 (42) Nicht länger kann ich singen

Nicht länger kann ich singen,
Denn der Wind weht stark und macht
Dem Atem was zu schaffen.
Auch fürcht' ich, dass die Zeit umsonst verrinnt.
Ja wär' ich sicher, ging' ich jetzt nicht schlafen.
Ja wüsst' ich was, würd' ich nicht heim spazieren
Und einsam diese schöne Zeit verlieren.

No longer can I sing

No longer can I sing,
For the wind blows strong
And takes my breath away.
Also I fear that time slips away fruitlessly.
If only I were sure, I would not now go to bed.
If only I knew, I should not be walking home
And wasting this beautiful time in solitude.

13 (43) Schweig' einmal still

Schweig' einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verwünschtes Singen.
Und triebst du es bis morgen früh so fort,
Doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen.
Schweig' einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög' ich vor.

Do be quiet

Do be quiet, you wretched babbler out there!
Your cursed singing makes me sick.
Even if you kept it up till daybreak
You'd never manage a decent song.
Do be quiet and go to bed,
I'd rather hear a donkey's serenade.

14 (44) O wüsstest du, wie viel ich deinetwegen

O wüsstest du, wie viel ich deinetwegen,
Du falsche Renegatin, litt zur Nacht
Indes du im verschloss'nen Haus gelegen

If only you knew, false traitress

If only you knew, false traitress,
How much I've suffered at night for your sake,
While you lay locked in your house

Und ich die Zeit im Freien zugebracht.
 Als Rosenwasser diente mir der Regen,
 Der Blitz hat Liebesbotschaft mir gebracht;
 Ich habe Würfel mit dem Sturm gespielt,
 Als unter deinem Dach ich Wache hielt.
 Mein Bett war unter deinem Dach bereitet,
 Der Himmel lag als Decke drauf gebreitet,
 Die Schwelle deiner Tür, die war mein Kissen,
 Ich Ärmster, ach, was hab' ich ausstehn müssen!

And I spent my time in the open.
 The rain has been my rose water,
 The lightning has brought me messages of love.
 I've played dice with the storm
 While keeping watch beneath your eaves.
 Beneath your eaves my bed was laid,
 The sky draped above it like a blanket;
 The threshold of your door – that was my pillow.
 Poor wretch that I am, how I have suffered!

15 (6) Wer rief dich denn?

Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?
 Wer hiess dich kommen, wenn es dir zur Last?
 Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt,
 Geh dahin wo du die Gedanken hast!
 Geh nur, wohin dein Sinnen steht und Denken!
 Dass du zu mir kommst, will ich gern dir schenken.
 Geh zu dem Liebchen, das dir mehr gefällt.
 Wer rief dich denn? Wer hat dich herbestellt?

Who called you here, then?

Who called you here, then? Who sent for you?
 Who told you to come if it's a burden to you?
 Go to the sweetheart you prefer,
 Go where your thoughts are!
 Just go where your thoughts and dreams are!
 With pleasure I'll let you off coming to me.
 Go the sweetheart you prefer.
 Who called you here then? Who sent for you?

16 (31) Wie soll ich fröhlich sein

Wie soll ich fröhlich sein und lachen gar,
 Da du mir immer zürnest unverhohlen?
 Du kommst nur einmal alle hundert Jahr,
 Und dann, als hätte man dir's anbefohlen.
 Was kommst du, wenn's die Deinen ungerne sehn?
 Gib frei mein Herz, dann magst du weitergehn.
 Daheim mit deinen Leuten leb' in Frieden,
 Denn was der Himmel will, geschieht hienieden.

How shall I be happy

How shall I be happy, let alone laugh,
 When you're always angry with me?
 You come here only once in a hundred years,
 And then it's as if you've been ordered to.
 Why do you come, if your family objects?
 Set my heart free, then you can go on your way.
 Live at home with your family in peace,
 For whatever heaven decrees shall come to pass
 here below.

Halt Frieden mit den Deinigen zu Haus,
 Denn was der Himmel will, das bleibt nicht aus.

Live in peace with your family at home
 For whatever heaven decrees will come to pass.

17 (10) Du denkst mit einem Fädchen

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen
 Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?
 Ich fing' schon andre, die sich höher schwangen;
 Du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n, siehst du mich lachen.
 Schon andre fing ich, glaub es sicherlich.
 Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

You think you can catch me

You think you can catch me with a thread,
 Make me fall in love with just one glance?
 I've already caught others who have flown
 higher than you.
 So don't trust me when you see me laugh.
 I've already caught others, believe you me.
 I'm in love – but not with you!

18 (14) Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen

Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen,

Die Welt dem lassen, den sie mag ergötzen?
 Dann pochen wir an Tür um Tür im Stillen:
 'Gebt einem armen Mönch um Jesu willen.'
 – O lieber Pater, du musst später kommen,
 Wenn aus dem Ofen wir das Brot genommen.
 O lieber Pater, komm nur später wieder,
 Ein Töchterlein von mir liegt krank danieder.

My friend, why don't we wrap ourselves in monk's habits

My friend, why don't we wrap ourselves in
 monk's habits
 And leave the world to those who enjoy it?
 Then, quietly, we'll go knocking at every door:
 'Give alms to a poor monk, for Jesus' sake.'
 'O dear father, you must come later,
 When we've taken the bread out of the oven.
 O dear father, do come back later,
 One of my young daughters is ill in bed.

'Und ist sie krank, so lasst mich zu ihr gehen,
Dass sie nicht etwa sterbe unversehen.
Und ist sie krank, so lasst mich nach ihr schauen
Da sie mir ihre Beichte mag vertrauen.
Schliesst Tür und Fenster, dass uns keiner störe,
Wenn ich des armen Kindes Beichte höre!

19 (45) Verschling' der Abgrund

Verschling' der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte,
An ihrer Stelle schäum' ein See zur Stunde.
Bleikugeln soll der Himmel drüber schütten,
Und eine Schlange hause dort im Grunde.
Drin hause eine Schlange gift'ger Art,
Die ihn vergifte, der mir untreu ward.
Drin hause eine Schlange, giftgeschwollen,
Und bring' ihm Tod, der mich verraten wollen!

20 (8) Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen

Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben,
Zu lang ist's schon, dass wir in Fehde liegen.
Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir ergeben:
Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod bekriegen?
Es schliessen Frieden Könige und Fürsten,
Und sollten Liebende nicht danach dürsten?
Es schliessen Frieden Fürsten und Soldaten,
Und soll' es zwei Verliebten wohl missraten?
Meinst du, dass, was so grossen Herrn gelingt,
Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht vollbringst?

21 (29) Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand

Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand, der nicht gering.

Ihr brauchtet nicht so tief herab zu steigen,
Zu lieben solch ein arm und niedrig Ding
Da sich vor Euch die Allerschönsten neigen.
Die schönsten Männer leicht besieget Ihr,

Drum weiss ich wohl, Ihr treibt nur Spiel mit mir.
Ihr spottet mein, man hat mich warnen wollen,

Doch ach, Ihr seid so schön! Wer kann Euch
grollen?

22 (38) Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst

Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst und lachst,
Sie senkst und neigst das Kinn zum Busen dann,

Bitte ich, dass du mir erst ein Zeichen machst,
Damit ich doch mein Herz auch bänd'gen kann,
Dass ich mein Herz mag bänd'gen, zahm und still,
Wenn es vor grosser Liebe springen will,

'If she's ill, let me go to her
Lest she should die unprepared.
And if she is ill, then let me in to see her
So that she can make her confession to me.
Close door and window so that no one disturbs us
While I'm hearing the poor child's confession!

Let a chasm engulf

Let a chasm engulf my lover's cottage,
And instantly let a lake well up in its place.
Let the heavens rain lead shot upon it;
Let a snake dwell in its depths.
Let a poisonous snake dwell there,
To poison him who was unfaithful to me.
Let a snake dwell there, swollen with venom,
And bring death to him who sought to betray me!

Let us now make peace

Let us now make peace, my dearest love,
Far too long we have quarrelled.
If you will not yield, then I shall;
How could we war unto the death?
If kings and princes make peace,
Should not those who love crave it too?
If princes and soldiers make peace,
Should two lovers really fail to do likewise?
Do you think that what such great lords manage,
Two contented hearts cannot achieve?

I know well your station in life

I know well your station in life, which is no mean
one.

You had no need to descend so low
As to love such a poor, humble creature,
When the fairest ladies bow before you.
You could easily surpass the most handsome
men,

So I well know that you are only trifling with me.
You are mocking me, as people tried to warn
me;

But oh, you are so handsome! Who could be
angry with you?

When your gaze falls on me

When your gaze falls on me, and you laugh,
Then look down and sink your chin on your
breast.

I beg you to give me a sign first
That I may keep my heart in check,
Keep it tame and quiet
When it wants to leap for great love;

Dass ich mein Herz mag halten in der Brust,
Wenn es ausbrechen will vor grosser Lust.

So that I can keep my heart in my breast
When it wants to break out for great joy.

**23 (36) Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst
zum Himmel auf**

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf,
Trag' ich mein Herz dir in der Hand entgegen.
So liebevoll umarmst du mich darauf
Dann woll'n wir uns dem Herrn zu Füssen legen.
Und sieht der Herrgott uns're Liebesschmerzen,
Macht er ein Herz aus zwei verliebten Herzen,
Zu einem Herzen fügt er zwei zusammen,
Im Paradies, umglänzt von Himmelsflammen.

When you go up to heaven, my dearest

When you go up to heaven, my dearest,
I shall come to meet you, my heart in my hand.
Then you will embrace me lovingly
And we shall fall at the Lord's feet.
And when the Lord beholds the anguish of our
love
He will make one heart of our two loving hearts,
He will join two hearts into one,
In paradise, with heavenly fire all around.

interval 20 minutes

**24 (23) Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen
werden**

Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden,
Das deiner würdig sei? Wo find' ich's nur?
Am liebsten grüb' ich es tief aus der Erden,
Gesungen noch von keiner Kreatur.
Ein Lied, das weder Mann noch Weib bis heute
Hört' oder sang, selbst nicht die ält'sten Leute.

What song shall be sung to you

What song shall be sung to you
That would be worthy of you? Where can I find it?
I'd like best to dig it from deep in the earth,
As yet unsung by any creature;
A song that neither man nor woman,
Nor even the oldest, has ever sung until today.

**25 (19) Wir haben beide lange Zeit
geschwiegen**

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache wieder.
Die Engel, die herab vom Himmel fliegen,
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden wieder.
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.
Die Liebesengel kamen über Nacht
Und haben Frieden meiner Brust gebracht.

For a long time we have both been silent

For a long time we have both been silent;
Then all at once speech returned to us.
God's angels have flown down
And brought peace again after war.
God's angels have flown down,
With them peace has entered.
Love's angels came in the night
And brought peace to my breast.

**26 (34) Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf
vom Bette**

Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf vom Bette,
Scheucht Ihr vom Himmel alle Wolken fort,
Die Sonne lockt Ihr auf die Berge dort,
Und Engelein erscheinen um die Wette,
Und bringen Schuh' und Kleider Euch sofort.
Dann, wenn Ihr ausgeht in die heil'ge Mette,
So zieht Ihr alle Menschen mit Euch fort,
Und wenn Ihr naht der benedeiten Stätte,
So zündet Euer Blick die Lampen an.
Weihwasser nehmt Ihr, macht des Kreuzes Zeichen
Und netzet Eure weisse Stirn sodann
Und neiget Euch und beugt die Knie ingleichen –
O wie holdselig steht Euch alles an!

**And when you rise from bed early in the
morning**

And when you rise from bed early in the morning
You chase all the clouds from the sky,
You entice the sun off yonder hills,
And cherubs vie to appear
And at once bring your shoes and clothes.
Then, when you go out to holy mass,
You draw everyone along with you,
And when you near the sanctuary
Your gaze lights the lamps.
You take holy water, make the sign of the cross,
Then moisten your white brow,
Bow down and genuflect –
How sweetly, how blessedly all this becomes you!

Wie hold und selig hat Euch Gott begabt,
Die Ihr der Schönheit Kron' empfangen habt!
Wie hold und selig wandelt Ihr im Leben;
Der Schönheit Palme ward an Euch gegeben.

27 (16) Ihr jungen Leute

Ihr jungen Leute, die ihr zieht ins Feld,
Auf meinen Liebsten sollt ihr Achtung geben.
Sorgt, dass er tapfer sich im Feuer hält;
Er war noch nie im Kriege all sein Leben.
Lasst nie ihn unter freiem Himmel schlafen;
Er ist so zart, es möchte sich bestrafen.
Lasst mir ihn ja nicht schlafen unterm Mond;
Er ging drauf, er ist's ja nicht gewohnt.

28 (9) Dass doch gemalt all' deine Reize wären

Dass doch gemalt all' deine Reize wären
Und dann der Heidenfürst das Bildnis fände.

Er würde dir ein gross' Geschenk verehren,
Und lege seine Kron' in deine Hände.
Zum rechten Glauben müss' sich bekehren
Sein ganzes Reich bis an sein fernstes Ende.
Im ganzen Lande würd' es ausgeschrieben
Christ soll ein jeder werden und dich lieben.
Ein jeder Heide flugs bekehrte sich,
Und würd' ein guter Christ und liebte dich.

29 (2) Mir ward gesagt

Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne.
Ach, wohin gehst du, mein geliebtes Leben?
Den Tag, an dem du scheidest, wüss' ich gerne;

Mit Tränen will ich das Geleit dir geben.
Mit Tränen will ich deinen Weg befeuchten:
Gedenk' an mich, und Hoffnung wird mir
leuchten!
Mit Tränen bin ich bei dir allerwärts –
Gedenk' an mich, vergiss es nicht, mein Herz!

30 (17) Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen

Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen,
So trage nicht dein Haar gelockt, du Holde.
Lass von den Schultern frei sie niederwehen,
Wie Fäden sehn sie aus von purem Golde.
Wie goldne Fäden, die der Wind bewegt,

With what grace and blessedness God has
endowed you,
Who have received beauty's crown!
With such grace and blessedness you walk
through life;
Beauty's palm has been bestowed on you!

You young men

You young men marching off to war,
You must take care of my sweetheart.
See that he bears himself bravely under fire;
He's never been in a war in his life.
Never let him sleep in the open;
He's so delicate, he'd suffer if he did.
No, don't let him sleep under the moon;
He'd bite the dust, he's just not used to it.

If only you had been painted in all your charms

If only you had been painted in all your charms,
And then a heathen prince were to find that
portrait.

He would honour you with a great gift
And place his crown in your hands.
His whole kingdom, to its farthest corner,
Would have to turn to the true faith.
It would be proclaimed throughout the land
That all must become Christians, and love you.
All heathens would be converted on the spot,
And become good Christians, and love you.

They told me

They told me you were going far away;
Ah, where are you going, love of my life?
I should like to know the day on which you are
leaving;

I will escort you with tears.
I will bedew your path with tears.
Think of me, and hope will shine upon me!

With tears I shall be with you everywhere –
Think of me, do not forget, dear heart!

And if you would see your sweetheart die

And if you would see your sweetheart die,
Then do not wear your hair in curls, my fair love.
Let it flow down loose from your shoulders;
It looks like threads of pure gold,
Like golden threads stirred by the wind,

Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie trägt!

Goldfäden, Seidenfäden ungezählt,
Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie strahlt!

How lovely your hair is, how lovely she who wears it!

Golden threads, silk threads, without number –
How lovely your hair is, how lovely she who combs it!

31 (33) Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder

Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder;
Ich wünsche nicht, dass ihr ein Grab mir grabt.
Genüber jenen Mauern legt mich nieder,
Wo ihr so manchmal mich gesehen habt.
Dort legt mich hin in Regen oder Wind;
Gern sterb' ich, ist's um dich, geliebtes Kind.
Dort legt mich hin in Sonnenschein und Regen;
Ich sterbe lieblich, sterb' ich deinetwegen.

If I should die, then shroud my limbs in flowers

If I should die, then shroud my limbs in flowers;
I won't have you dig me a grave,
Lay me down against those walls
Where you have so often seen me.
There lay me down in rain or wind;
I will die gladly if it is for you, beloved child!
There lay me down in sunshine and rain;
Death is sweet if it is for your sake.

pause

32 (15) Mein Liebster ist so klein

Mein Liebster ist so klein, dass ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging, Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.
Dann setzt' er sich ins Haus, um zu verschlaufen,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege über'n Haufen;
Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stiess eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnacken, Bremsen
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den Maremmen!
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnacken, Mücken
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst, so tief muss bücken!

My love is so small

My love is so small that without bending
He can sweep my room with his curls.
When he went into the garden to pick jasmine
He was scared stiff by a snail!
Then when he went indoors to recover
A fly knocked him over;
And when he came to my window
A horsefly knocked in his skull.
A curse on all flies and horseflies,
And whoever has a sweetheart from Maremma!
A curse on all flies, gnats and midges,
And on all who have to stoop so low for a kiss!

33 (35) Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter,
Die so lieblich dich geboren,
So an Schönheit auserkoren,
Meine Sehnsucht fliegt dir zu!
Du, so lieblich von Gebärden,
Du, die holdeste der Erden,
Du mein Kleinod, meine Wonne,
Süsse, benedeit bist du!
Wenn ich aus der Ferne schmachte
Und betrachte deine Schöne,
Siehe wie ich beb' und stöhne,
Dass ich kaum es bergen kann!
Und in meiner Brust gewaltsam
Fühl' ich Flammen sich empören
Die den Frieden mir zerstören
Ach, der Wahnsinn fasst mich an!

Blessed the happy mother

Blessed the happy mother
Who bore you in all your charm
And choice beauty;
My longing flies to you.
You, so charming of gesture,
You the fairest on earth;
You, my jewel, my bliss,
My blessed, my sweet.
When I languish far away
And contemplate your beauty,
See how I tremble and groan –
I can barely conceal it.
And in my heart I feel the surge
Of rebellious flames
Which destroy my peace;
Ah, madness seizes me!

Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter, etc

Blessed the happy mother, etc.

34 (24) Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr

Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr,
Ein Dorn ist mir im Fusse stecken geblieben.
Umsonst nach rechts und links blick' ich umher,
Und keinen find' ich, der mich möchte lieben.
Wenn's doch auch nur ein altes Männlein wäre,
Das mir erzeigt' ein wenig Lieb' und Ehre.
Ich meine nämlich, so ein wohlgestalter,
Ehrbarer Greis, etwa von meinem Alter.
Ich meine, um mich ganz zu offenbaren,
Ein altes Männlein so von vierzehn Jahren.

35 (7) Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben

Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben,
Und vor dem Herrn die Sache kund gemacht:
Er wolle nicht mehr stehn am Himmel droben,
Du habest ihn um seinen Glanz gebracht.
Als er zuletzt das Sternenheer gezählt,
Da hab' es an der vollen Zahl gefehlt;
Zwei von den schönsten habest du entwendet:
Die beiden Augen dort, die mich verblendet.

36 (25) Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,
Und hatte doch kein Haus, mich zu empfangen,
Nicht Holz noch Herd zum Kochen und zum
Braten,
Der Hafan auch war längst entzwei gegangen.
An einem Fässchen Wein gebrach es auch,
Und Gläser hatt' er gar nicht im Gebrauch;
Der Tisch war schmal, das Tafeltuch nicht besser,
Das Brot steinhart und völlig stumpf das Messer.

37 (26) Ich liess mir sagen

Ich liess mir sagen und mir ward erzählt,
Der schöne Toni hung're sich zu Tode;
Seit ihn so überaus die Liebe quält,
Nimmt er auf einen Backzahn sieben Brote.
Nach Tisch, damit er die Verdauung stählt,
Verspeist er eine Wurst und sieben Brote,
Und lindert nicht Tonina seine Pein,
Bricht nächstens Hungersnot und Teurung ein.

38 (II) Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:
Ach, wäre doch ein Musikus mir gut!
Nun liess der Herr mich meinen Wunsch
erlangen

I no longer eat my bread dry

I no longer eat my bread dry;
A thorn has stuck in my foot.
In vain I look around, left and right
And find no one to love me.
If only there were a little old man
To show me a bit of love and respect.
I mean, to wit, a well-formed,
Honourable old man of about my age.
I mean, to be quite candid,
A little old man of about fourteen.

The moon has raised a grave complaint

The moon has raised a grave complaint
And made the matter known to the Lord:
No longer will she stand in the sky above,
For you have robbed her of her radiance.
When she last counted the host of stars
Their number was incomplete.
You had stolen two of the fairest –
Those two eyes that have dazzled me.

My sweetheart invited me to dinner

My sweetheart invited me to dinner,
Yet had no house to receive me,
No wood, no stove for boiling and roasting,
And the pot had long since broken in two.
There wasn't even a little cask of wine,
And he certainly didn't use glasses.
The table was narrow, the tablecloth no better,
The bread was rock-hard and the knife quite blunt.

When I enquired

When I enquired I was told that
Handsome Toni is starving himself to death.
Ever since love has so tormented him
He eats seven loaves per tooth.
After meals, to fortify his digestion,
He devours a sausage and seven more loaves!
If Tonina doesn't ease his pain
There'll soon be famine and starvation.

How long I have yearned

How long I have yearned
For a musician to love me!
Now the Lord has granted my wish

Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,
Und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.

And sent me one, like milk and blood.
And here he comes, with gentle mien,
And bows his head, and plays the violin.

39 (37) Wie viele Zeit verlor ich, dich zu lieben!

Wie viele Zeit verlor ich, dich zu lieben!
Hätt' ich doch Gott geliebt in all der Zeit,
Ein Platz im Paradies wär' mir verschrieben,
Ein Heil'ger säße dann an meiner Seit'.
Und weil ich dich geliebt, schön frisch Gesicht,

Verscherzt' ich mir des Paradieses Licht,
Und weil ich dich geliebt, schön Veigelein,
Komm' ich nun nicht ins Paradies hinein.

How much time have I lost loving you!

How much time have I lost loving you!
If only I had loved God in all that time
I would be sure of a place in paradise,
With a saint sitting at my side.
And because I loved you and your lovely fresh
face

I have forfeited the light of paradise,
And because I have loved you, my lovely violet,
I shall never now enter paradise.

40 (32) Was soll der Zorn

Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz, der dich erhitzt?
Ich bin mir keiner Sünde ja bewusst.
Ach, lieber nimm ein Messer wohlgespitzt,
Und tritt zu mir, durchbohre mir die Brust.
Und taugt ein Messer nicht, so nimm ein Schwert
Dass meines Blutes Quell gen Himmel fährt.
Und taugt ein Schwert nicht, nimm des Dolches
Stahl,
Und wasch' in meinem Blut all meine Qual.

Why this rage

Why this rage, my love, that inflames you so?
I am not aware of any sin.
Oh, rather take a well-sharpened knife
Step towards me and pierce my breast.
And if a knife is no good, then take a sword,
So that my blood gushes heavenwards.
And if a sword is no good, then take a dagger's
steel
And in my blood wash away all my torment.

41 (5) Selig ihr Blinden

Selig ihr Blinden, die ihr nicht zu schauen
Vermögt die Reize, die uns Glut entfachen;
Selig ihr Tauben, die ihr ohne Grauen
Die Klagen der Verliebten könnt verlachen;
Selig ihr Stummen, die ihr nicht den Frauen
Könnt eure Herzensnot verständlich machen;
Selig ihr Toten, die man hat begraben!
Ihr sollt vor Liebesqualen Ruhe haben.

Blessed are you blind

Blessed are you blind, who cannot see
Those charms that kindle or ardour.
Blessed are you deaf, who without recoiling
Can laugh at lovers' plaints.
Blessed are you dumb, who cannot tell women
Of your anguished hart.
Blessed are you dead and buried!
You shall have rest from love's torments!

42 (12) Nein, junger Herr

Nein, junger Herr, so treibt man's nicht, fürwahr;
Man sorgt dafür, sich schicklich zu betragen.
Für alltags bin ich gut genug, nicht wahr?

Doch Bess're suchst du dir an Feiertagen.
Nein, junger Herr, wirst du so weiter sünd'gen,

Wird dir den Dienst dein Alltagsliebchen
künd'gen.

No, young sir

No, young sir, this just won't do!
People should take care to behave properly.
You think me good enough for everyday, don't
you?
But on holidays you look for something better.
No, young sir, if you carry on transgressing like
that
Your daily love will be handing in her notice.

43 (13) Hoffärtig seid Ihr

Hoffärtig seid Ihr, schönes Kind, und geht
Mit Euren Freiern um auf stolzem Fuss.
Spricht man Euch an, kaum dass Ihr Rede steht,

Als kostet' Euch zu viel ein holder Gruss.
Bist keines Alexanders Töchterlein,
Kein Königreich wird deine Mitgift sein,
Und willst du nicht das Gold, so nimm das Zinn;
Willst du nicht Liebe, nimm Verachtung hin.

44 (28) Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei

Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei;
Auch du bist nicht auf Spaniens Thron
entsprossen.
Nein, Bester, stehst du auf bei Hahnenschrei,
Fährst du aufs Feld und nicht in Staatskarossen.

Du spottest mein um meine Niedrigkeit,
Doch Armut tut dem Adel nichts zu Leid.
Du spottest, dass mir Krone fehlt und Wappen,
Und fährst doch selber nur mit Schusters Rappen.

45 (30) Lass sie nur gehn

Lass sie nur gehn die so die Stolze spielt,
Das Wunderkräutlein aus dem Blumenfeld,
Man sieht, wohin ihr blankes Auge zielt,
Da Tag um Tag ein andrer ihr gefällt.
Sie treibt es grade wie Toskana's Fluss,
Dem jedes Berggewässer folgen muss.
Sie treibt es wie der Arno, will mir scheinen:
Bald hat sie viel Bewerber, bald nicht einen.

46 (46) Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremma-Eb'ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Maggione,
Vier in La Fratta ... zehn in Castiglione!

Paul Heyse (1830–1914)

You are haughty

You are haughty, lovely child,
And play high and mighty with your suitors.
If you are spoken to you scarcely deign to
answer,
As if a friendly greeting would cost you too much.
But you are no Alexander's daughter,
No kingdom will be your dowry,
And if you don't want gold, take dross;
If you don't want love, take scorn.

You tell me I'm no princess

You tell me I'm no princess,
But you're not exactly Spanish royalty either.

No, my dear, when you get up at cock crow
You're off to the fields, not to ride in
stagecoaches.
You mock me for my humble station,
But poverty does not harm true nobility.
You mock me for having no crown or crest,
But all you have to ride on is Shanks's pony!

Let her go, then

Let her go, then, if she acts so proud,
As if she were the magic flower in the field.
You can see what her bright eyes are after
As day after day she fancies a different man.
She carries on just like Tuscany's river
That every mountain stream has to follow.
She carries on like the Arno, so it seems to me;
Now she has many followers, now not one.

I have one lover in Penna

I have one lover in Penna,
Another in the plain of Maremma,
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,
For the fourth I have to go to Viterbo.
Another lives over in Casentino,
The next in the same place as I do;
And I have yet another in Maggione,
Four in La Fratta ... and ten in Castiglione!

Translations © Richard Wigmore

About the performers



Jiyang Chen

Diana Damrau

Diana Damrau soprano

Soprano Diana Damrau has been performing on the world's leading opera and concert stages for two decades. Her vast repertoire spans both lyric soprano and coloratura roles including the title-roles in *Lucia di Lammermoor* (La Scala, Bavarian State Opera, Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House), *Manon* (Vienna State Opera, Metropolitan Opera) and *La traviata* (La Scala, Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House, Opéra de Paris and Bavarian State Opera), as well as Queen of the Night in *The Magic Flute* (Metropolitan Opera, Salzburg Festival, Vienna State Opera, Royal Opera House).

Invested as Kammersängerin of the Bavarian State Opera (2007) and holder of the Bavarian Maximilian Order for Science and Art (2010), Diana Damrau has forged close links with the Bavarian State Opera in Munich, where she has been seen in new productions of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Les contes d'Hoffmann* (the four heroines), *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Zerbinetta), *Die schweigsame Frau* (Aminta), *The Magic Flute* (Queen of the Night) and *Rigoletto* (Gilda). Other high profile appearances have included *La traviata* (Violetta) and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (Constanze).

The Metropolitan Opera is a house in which the soprano has performed her signature roles, been broadcast in HD to cinemas globally and made seven role debuts since her own debut there as Zerbinetta in 2005. Highlights

have included new productions of *Rigoletto*, *The Barber of Seville* (Rosina), *Le comte Ory* (Adèle) and *Les pêcheurs des perles* (Leïla).

Diana Damrau has twice participated in the annual inaugural performance at La Scala, Milan: in 2004 in the title-role of Salieri's *Europa riconosciuta* at the house's reopening and in 2013 as Violetta of a new production of *La traviata* to commemorate Verdi's 200th anniversary.

She has also performed contemporary works for the opera stage in roles written especially for her, most notably in the title-role of Iain Bell's operatic adaptation of Hogarth's *A Harlot's Progress* (Theater an der Wien, 2013) and as Drunken Woman/Gym Instructress in Lorin Maazel's *1984* (Royal Opera House, 2005).

Diana Damrau has established herself as one of today's most sought-after interpreters of song, regularly performing at leading venues worldwide. She enjoys a close artistic partnership with pianist Helmut Deutsch and frequently performs in recital with harpist Xavier de Maistre. The latter collaboration can be heard in the CD release *Nuit d'étoiles* and a DVD capturing their performance at the Festspielhaus Baden-Baden. She has an exclusive recording contract with Warner/Erato and her award-winning discography includes Mozart and Salieri arias and songs by Liszt and Richard Strauss. Her most recent disc, *Grand Opera*, is dedicated to the music of Meyerbeer.

In November she toured Asia with bass-baritone Nicolas Testé performing opera galas and recital programmes. The current tour of Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* with Jonas Kaufmann and Helmut Deutsch also takes in Berlin, Paris, Luxembourg and Vienna.

Other highlights this season include a return to the Bavarian State Opera for the title-role in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and as Violetta. She makes her role debut in the title-role of *Maria Stuarda* at the Zurich Opera House and performs the same role at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, where she will also make her role debut

as Marguérite (*Faust*), as well as performing in Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* at the Opéra de Paris.

In September Diana Damrau opened the new concert season of the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam. At the reopening gala of the Berlin State Opera she sang in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony under Daniel Barenboim.

Further ahead, her plans include Violetta at the Metropolitan Opera, Marguérite at the Royal Opera House and a residency here at the Barbican Centre in the 2018–19 season.



Gregor Hohenberg/Sony Classical

Jonas Kaufmann

Jonas Kaufmann tenor

Since his sensational debut at New York's Metropolitan Opera in 2006, Jonas Kaufmann has been acclaimed by press and public alike as one of the top stars on the operatic horizon.

He comes from Munich, where he completed his vocal studies at the local music academy, and attended masterclasses with Hans Hotter, James King and Josef Metternich, later continuing his training with Michael Rhodes.

He joined Zurich Opera in 2001, which launched his international career, with appearances at leading houses in Europe. In 2010 he made his debut at the Bayreuth Festival as Lohengrin.

He is equally in demand in Italian and French repertoire as he is in German opera; he has sung Massenet's *Werther* in Paris and Vienna; Cavaradossi (*Tosca*) in London, and at the Metropolitan Opera and La Scala; and Don José (*Carmen*).

Alongside his vocal and musical qualities, it is his total identification with the roles he performs

that has been received with such enthusiasm by press and public. Notable examples have included Siegmund (*Die Walküre*) at the Metropolitan Opera in 2011 and subsequently the title-role in Gounod's *Faust*, both of which were also shown in cinemas worldwide.

Past highlights include his debut as Bacchus (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) at the 2012 Salzburg Festival, a year which also saw a new production of *Lohengrin* at La Scala under Daniel Barenboim. In 2013 he added two Verdi roles to his repertoire: Manrico (*Il trovatore*) and Alvaro (*La forza del destino*), while the following year he made his debut as Des Grieux (Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*) at the Royal Opera House. Other notable debuts have included the title-role in *Andrea Chénier*, the double-bill of *Cavalleria rusticana* and *Pagliacci* and Walther von Stolzing (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*). He sang at the Last Night of the 2015 Proms and the following year made his South American tour debut. Last year he returned to the Paris Opéra for *Lohengrin* and sang the title-role in *Andrea Chénier* in Munich, while in June he made an acclaimed role debut as Verdi's *Otello* at the Royal Opera House and returned to Sydney Opera House for *Parsifal*. Earlier this season he sang in the French version of Verdi's *Don Carlos* in Paris.

He is also a familiar figure worldwide on the concert and recital platforms, enjoying a partnership with Helmut Deutsch that dates back to his student days. In November he gave his first Lieder recitals in China.

Jonas Kaufmann's versatility is reflected in his wide-ranging discography. This includes CDs and DVDs of works including *Lohengrin*, *Die Walküre*, *Parsifal*, *Königskinder*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Don Carlo*, *Tosca*, *Adriana Lecouvreur*, *Werther* and *Carmen*. His best-selling solo albums are equally varied, ranging from evergreens from the 1920s and 30s (*Du bist die Welt für mich*) to Puccini arias (*Nessun dorma*). His latest recording is of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, in which he sings both vocal parts.

In 2011 he was presented with the *Opera News* Award in New York. He has also been named a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres and has been selected several times as Singer of the Year by music magazines such as *Opernwelt*, *Diapason* and *Musical America*, as well as by the juries of ECHO Klassik and the inaugural International Opera Awards in London 2013.

Shirley Suarez



Helmut Deutsch

Helmut Deutsch piano

Helmut Deutsch ranks among the finest, most successful and in-demand song recital accompanists in the world. He was born in Vienna, where he studied at the Conservatory, the Music Academy and the University. He was awarded the Composition Prize of Vienna in 1965 and appointed professor at the age of 24.

Although he has performed with leading instrumentalists as a chamber musician, he has concentrated primarily on accompanying in song recitals. At the beginning of his career he worked with the soprano Irmgard Seefried, but the most important singer of his early years was Hermann Prey, whom he accompanied as a permanent partner for 12 years. Subsequently he has worked with many of the leading recitalists and played in the world's major music centres. His collaborations with Jonas Kaufmann, Diana Damrau and Michael Volle are currently among his most important.

Helmut Deutsch has recorded more than 100 CDs. In recent years the development of young talent has been especially close to his heart. After his professorship in Vienna he continued his teaching, primarily in Munich at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater, where he worked as a professor of song interpretation for 28 years.

He is also a visiting professor at various other universities and is sought-after for an increasing number of masterclasses in Europe and the Far East. The young Swiss tenor Mauro Peter was one of his last students in Munich and has become one of his favourite recital partners.

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