



Diana Damrau & Helmut Deutsch

Wednesday 16 January 2019 7.30pm, Hall

Liszt

Der Fischerknabe, S292b No 2
Die stille Wasserrose, S321
Es war ein König in Thule, S278 No 2
Ihr Glocken von Marling, S328
Die Loreley, S273 No 2
Wolf Vier Lieder der Mignon

interval 20 minutes

Richard Strauss

Einerlei, Op 69 No 3
Meinem Kinde, Op 37 No 3
Ständchen, Op 17 No 2
Mädchenblumen, Op 22
3 Lieder der Ophelia, Op 67
Das Rosenband, Op 36 No 1
Wiegenlied, Op 41 No 1
Cäcilie, Op 27 No 2

Diana Damrau soprano
Helmut Deutsch piano

Part of Diana Damrau sings Strauss **Part of Barbican Presents 2018–19**

Programme produced by Harriet Smith; printed by Trade Winds Colour Printers Ltd; advertising by Cabbell (tel 020 3603 7930)

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Welcome

A warm welcome to the first concert in Diana Damrau's Barbican residency, Diana Damrau sings Strauss. This evening she is joined by Helmut Deutsch for a programme of Lieder.

Liszt's contributions to the art form are still not as well known as they might be, but she has proved an ardent champion, both on the concert platform and in the recording studio.

Anyone who heard Diana Damrau and Jonas Kaufmann performing Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* here last year will know how attuned she is to the music of Hugo Wolf, who is represented here by his four Mignon Lieder.

The second half of the concert is devoted to the Lieder of Richard Strauss, who had a lifelong love affair with the soprano voice in particular (it's no coincidence that he married a soprano, Pauline de Ahna). In subjects ranging from Shakespeare's Ophelia to simple cradle songs, Strauss unfailingly illuminates his texts to vivid effect.

It promises to be a wonderful evening. Do join us for Diana's remaining concerts: on 26 January she sings Strauss's *Four Last Songs*, while on 31 March she gives the world premiere of Iain Bell's *The Hidden Place* and performs the closing scene from *Capriccio*.

Huw Humphreys, Head of Music, Barbican

Longing, love & loss: The art of Lieder

For texts, see page 8

The well-rehearsed history of 19th-century German song opens with a prolific Schubert breaking new ground in terms of musical form and subject matter and continues thereafter with every one of his musical successors striving to match this achievement. And while it is true that any composer in the German-speaking world who valued his reputation wrote songs, this cannot be the complete history of Lieder from Schubert to Strauss, and beyond.

Shifts within German and Austrian society after the French Revolution and into the post-Napoleonic period played their part. A new and rising middle class now laid claim to music which, certainly in Vienna and in many of the German states, had previously been reserved for the aristocracy and those in power. More than this, the bourgeoisie wanted to make their own music and this ambition coincided with the development of the piano as the principal instrument for domestic music-making. Add the human voice and you have a burgeoning market for songs that could be sung at home which music publishers were keen to exploit and composers were happy to accommodate.

The failed revolutions of 1848–9 dashed the hopes of this new middle class for political reform, so it withdrew from the public sphere, and made peace with its autocratic rulers rather than identifying with the aspirations of the working classes. Its members instead redirected their cultural aspirations towards taking over artistic patronage from the ruling élite. Mendelssohn's concerts at the Leipzig Gewandhaus in the 1830s and Schumann's short time in Düsseldorf 20 years later are examples of ways in which the aristocracy had been displaced by a middle-class audience, one that wanted to experience music in the large public concert halls that were springing up all over Europe.

At the same time it is conceivable that songs sung at home may have fulfilled a political role for this disenfranchised middle class. Not in the direct sense of being calls to action, but rather in establishing what was felt to be a shared German national identity that overrode the patchwork nature of current political arrangements from Prussia to Bavaria.

And that brings us to the most obvious explanation for why German-speaking composers espoused the Lieder tradition with such enthusiasm. German poetry, which provided ready-made texts for so many of these songs, went through something of a sea change from the end of the 18th century onwards. At one level it embraced a new lyric impulse, it spoke about personal feelings and thus about identity. If Goethe helped to forge this new aesthetic then Heinrich Heine was its most consummate practitioner. And Goethe and Heine are the poets of choice for composers in search of texts throughout the 19th century. Where they led, Eichendorff and Mörike followed.

Literary archaeologists were also busy excavating buried German poetic traditions – often with a distinctively folk flavour which suggested a lost German identity that could might be recovered and set against the disappointments of contemporary politics: Romantic Nationalism if you will. Think no further than the collection of poems that obsessed Gustav Mahler, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, edited by Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, and first published between 1805 and 1808.

Franz Liszt wrote songs in six different languages ranging from French to Russian, but his German songs have always held a special interest for singers. Indeed, when the composer was living in Weimar in the 1850s, where he had been appointed Kapellmeister Extraordinaire, he composed more than 20 new Lieder and began to publish his collected songs in what would eventually run to six volumes.

'Der Fischerknabe' is heard here in its second version. (Liszt was a notorious reviser of his music, telling his friend Bettine von Arnim that his 'early songs [were] mostly sentimentally bloated and often excessively choked up in the accompaniments'.) This song is the second of three that open Friedrich Schiller's play *William Tell*, whose eponymous hero's struggle against tyranny would certainly have appealed to Liszt. The rippling, undulating water music which begins the song is Liszt at his most virtuosic and a fitting introduction to that familiar Romantic tragedy of a young man lured to his death by a water spirit.

'Die stille Wasserrose' is a setting of a poem by Emanuel Geibel whose *Spanische Liederbuch* and *Italienische Liederbuch* would inspire Hugo Wolf to write some of his greatest songs. It's also unabashedly erotic, as a swan with its phallic neck sails amid the very feminine lotus flowers. And it's tonally daring too, particularly when the moon illuminates the floating flowers with their pure white calyxes.

Liszt belonged to a generation who revered Goethe and when he moved to Weimar – the city where the poet had made his home – in 1848 it must have seemed a kind of cultural homecoming. Goethe's extraordinary drama *Faust* exerted a powerful hold over Liszt (and many other composers), inspiring his *Faust Symphony*, among other works. In an earlier song Gretchen sings the ballad-like 'Es war ein König in Thule', which in its musical simplicity matches her innocence, just before she discovers the casket of jewels that Faust and Mephistopheles have left to tempt her – a material gift that only heightens the irony of a song which tells of a king who loved beyond the grave.

'Ihr Glocken von Marling' is a late song dating from 1874, nine years after Liszt had taken minor orders in the Roman Catholic Church. The Viennese poet Emil Kuh, who spent his last days in the Southern Tyrolean village of Marling, wrote the text. Church bells toll throughout, creating

a series of unresolved chords that add mystery to the song, as well as reminding us of Liszt's daringly unorthodox handling of tonality.

'Die Loreley', which Diana Damrau performs tonight in its second version, is one of the composer's longer songs. Liszt had met its poet, Heinrich Heine, in Paris, though there was little love lost between the two men. Heine admired the music but not the man and Liszt, when asked on Heine's death if the poet's name should be inscribed in the temple of immortality, famously replied 'Yes, but in mud'. Again song and poem tell that familiar German Romantic story, the water spirit who lures sailors to their death with her seductive singing, in this case the Loreley on her rock in the River Rhine. The piano part sees Liszt at his most accomplished, with a yearning upward theme for the temptress, while below the Rhine seethes and foams.

By the time that Liszt was composing songs in Weimar only the most gifted of non-professional pianists would have been able to master his keyboard writing and amateur singers would have been stretched technically too. The Lied had become professionalised and was now an art song for public rather than private consumption. This is particularly true of the songs composed by Hugo Wolf, who rebalanced the relationship between pianist and singer. Where once the voice had led, now the drama is to be found in the complex piano parts, which exploit the tonal dislocations that Wagner and Liszt had explored in the so called 'Music of the Future', adding a psychological complexity to the songs' narratives.

The story of Mignon told in Goethe's *Bildungsroman Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* ('Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship') had attracted composers from Beethoven and Schubert onwards. Indeed, Schubert spent a decade obsessing about Goethe's 'child-woman'. Wolf, who was captivated as others before him by Mignon's sweet innocence and precocious

wisdom, spent less time in her company, composing his four Mignon songs in 1888. 'Heiss mich nicht reden' has been described as 'an anti-song' that respects Mignon's wish to keep her thoughts to herself. 'Bid me not speak, bid me be silent.' For once the piano part buttons its lip, never tempting the young woman into revealing emotional indiscretion. Though the hint of Wagner's *Tristan* at the beginning is a terrible tease.

'Nun wer die Sehnsucht kennt' is suffused with longing: 'Only those who know yearning / can fathom grief like mine.' And the piano prelude introduces an aching melody that recurs throughout the song but which the singer never manages to articulate as the vocal line drifts away. Eventually the piano accepts the singer's line and the song ends with a brutally short postlude in which nothing is resolved.

In 'So lasst mich scheinen' Mignon initially appears to be in happier mood. Dressed as an angel to distribute gifts at a children's party she refuses to take off her costume. But death awaits her, a death that will come as a relief. 'I grew old with grief before my time / now let me be made for ever young.' In the piano part we hear Mignon playing her zither, somehow slipping into her grave as the piano mimics the instrument's drone and plucked harmonies.

'Kennst du das Land?' is perhaps the best-known of the Mignon songs and it was the first that Wolf set to music in a matter of days in December 1888. It is also the most directly emotional of the four, as Mignon invokes the land where lemons blossom, the sun-filled south. 'There, there', she cries at the end of each verse, as if by describing this paradisaical world she could command it into existence, and each time the piano seems to overthrow her vision. Indeed the piano part swirls chromatically about the vocal line as if looking for some fragment to shore against Mignon's ruin.

Hugo Wolf often wrote at an astonishing rate. Between February 1888 and June 1890 he set cycles of poems by Mörike and Eichendorff and embarked on his *Spanish Songbook*. In the 1890s he was sometimes writing as many as three songs a day. Richard Strauss also composed songs with remarkable ease. There's an anecdote that has him waiting at home for a business associate who was delayed. To fill the time Strauss wrote a new song!

Until comparatively recently there was a critical view that quality was sacrificed for quantity in Strauss; and that the handful of best songs which had won a regular place in the recital repertoire were to be heard as the ripe fruit of late Romanticism. But that is to underestimate the musical variety we hear in Strauss's Lieder. And the subject matter he chooses isn't just about lonely walks through dark woods at twilight and yearnings for the absent beloved. Strauss's songs undoubtedly look back to the German Romantic tradition but they also look forward to Expressionism and to those darker truths about the human psyche that preoccupied early Modernism. If the power of Wolf's song-cycles is cumulative, Strauss can turn a single song into a miniature music drama that stands freely on its own. What he also brings to the Lieder tradition are his own remarkable abilities as a pianist and an ability to set text with great vividness, often using word painting, as well as embracing the emotional content of his dramas.

'Einerlei', composed in 1918, has a simple lyric by Ludwig Achim von Arnim, joint editor of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. In six short lines the poet celebrates the diversity of his lover, who is always the same yet always different. Strauss tailors the song for his favourite voice, the soprano, and roots it in his favoured key of C major. But this is a drama that begins where it ends. The refrain that belongs to the final paradox about sameness and diversity being combined in the beloved is hinted at in the opening prelude to the song.

'Meinem Kinde' was originally written in 1897 for a chamber ensemble of 10 instruments before being recomposed for the piano. It belongs to a group of lullabies that Strauss wrote in the years around the birth of his son Franz. With its rocking rhythms and sleepy harmonies it is every bit as satisfying as the better-known 'Wiegenlied', which is as much about the celebration of the ecstasy in which the child was created as the resultant bundle asleep in its crib.

'Ständchen' is one of Richard Strauss's best-known songs and it haunted the composer in any number of popular arrangements – among them versions for piano duet and for palm court orchestra – tempting Strauss to shrug off what he had written. But the setting of Adolf Friedrich von Schack's poem written in the middle 1880s is magnificently accomplished for a musician who was barely into his twenties, with the drama growing ever more urgent as the song develops through its three verses with a kind of quickening call and response. When 'Dusk falls mysteriously here / beneath the linden trees' you positively hold your breath waiting to learn the outcome.

Mädchenblumen is a set of four songs to texts by Felix Dahn composed in the mid-1880s when the *Jugendstil* seemed the acme of modernity to both Viennese and other German-speaking audiences. Here the translation of women into flowers – cornflowers, poppies, ivy and a water lily – matches that aesthetic with piano parts that seem to send out shoots and tendrils that reflect nature as represented in the Art Nouveau style.

'Kornblumen' is a real challenge for the singer. There is no piano introduction and the opening sentence of the poem is tortuously long and

stuffed with subordinate clauses. Strauss navigates the difficulties with consummate skill. 'Mohnblumen' couldn't be more different, these poppy girls are positively skittish, first cousins you feel of Zerbinetta in *Ariadne auf Naxos*. And the piano part matches that flighty soubrette with trills and razor-sharp chords, yet the harmonies look forward to a more troubled heroine, to the brutal world of *Salome*. 'Efeu' is clinging ivy, and the song clings too with its description of girls who 'are born to twine themselves / lovingly around another's life'. Strauss walks an all too familiar tightrope between sentimentality and genuine inspiration but all can be forgiven when we hear the three chords marked *ppp* that accompany the singer's final phrase. The composer has somehow spun a genuine mystery out of this 'rare breed of flower that blossoms only once'. The longest of these flower girls comes last. 'Wasserrose' opens with an extended *parlando* with the singer somehow talking to herself as the piano ripples across the surface of the water. We are two-thirds of the way through the song before the bass line appears: 'Her speech resembles the silver rippling of waves' and the piano plashes through the water leading the soloist to the kind of soaring duet at the end of the song that Strauss could bring off like no-one else.

The three *Ophelia* Songs were born out of a dispute with a music publisher. Strauss had long championed composers' rights to the music they wrote and founded the Society of German Composers to protect himself and his colleagues. But the composer himself was bound by contract to offer his next set of songs to the publisher Bote and Bock, who had founded a rival society that championed publishers' (rather than composers') rights. Strauss prevaricated

but when threatened with legal action in 1918, he hastily composed the *Drei Lieder der Ophelia* and some Goethe settings. It's ironic that the Ophelia songs so swiftly written to keep him out of court proved to be such a success. Together they form a chilling portrait of a mind reaching the end of its tether, and remind us what a skilled musical dramatist Strauss was in his songs.

In the first song Ophelia's empty, wandering mind is captured in a phrase for the right hand that seems to have lost its way. Death is announced in a pungent dissonance on the line 'Tot und hin' – 'Dead and gone' – and if there is a moment of hope in the final line of this song to Queen Gertrude it is fleeting. In the second song Ophelia parodies a rude old number before King Claudius, 'Tomorrow is St Valentine's Day' – there are mad leaps in the vocal line and the piano part seems to have wandered in from a beer hall. In the final one Ophelia's brother Laertes has returned. In the piano's flowing triplets we sense the stream in which this young woman will shortly drown herself as the sombre beat of a funeral march spells out her fate. In contrast the vocal part blends sanity and madness as it lurches in and out of waltz time.

'Das Rosenband' exists in two closely contemporary forms – for soloist and large orchestra, and soloist with piano. In the latter, there's a richness to the piano part, while the drama is even more focused than in the symphonic version, with the soloist taking the lead role. Klopstock's elegant poem, written in the 18th century, allows Strauss to slip into the world that he would soon create for *Der Rosenkavalier*. But the opera's Rococo pastiche couldn't be further from his mind. The harmonic

shifts in the piano part are unmistakably late 19th century and a lover binding his beloved with a garland of roses is more erotic than charming.

'Cäcilie' was one of four songs that Strauss wrote as a wedding gift for his wife Pauline von Ahna, composed the day before their marriage ceremony on 9 September 1894. Frau Strauss would regularly sing it at recitals with her husband. The three verses of Heinrich Hart's poem are set in contrasting ways as a kind of miniature three-act drama. First there is the unfettered joy of love in the major key, then the more complex aspects of a marriage are explored in the minor key – 'lonely nights, / in the frightening storm' with no 'soft voice / to comfort' – and finally a rapturous celebration of marital togetherness. Strauss creates a final phrase that taxes the art of the singer to the utmost, demanding perfect breath control and immaculate enunciation on the word 'lebtest' in the line 'You would live with me' as the song rises to a crescendo.

This is Strauss at his most accomplished and it's also Strauss celebrating that cornerstone of 19th-century *bürgerlich* life, 'romantic love within marriage'. The bad boy whose operas *Salome* and *Elektra* scandalised his generation was at heart a conformist. Like so many of his German song-writing contemporaries, he is not just composing for himself but is ever mindful of the society for which he is writing, attuned to its values and its beliefs. We perhaps need to retrieve this part of the history of Lieder rather than focusing on the narrative which begins with Schubert setting an artistic benchmark for succeeding generations of German-speaking composers for that is a only a partial history.

Programme note © Christopher Cook

Franz Liszt (1811–86)**Der Fischerknabe, S292b No 2**

Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum Bade,
 Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen Gestade,
 Da hört er ein Klingen,
 Wie Flöten so süß,
 Wie Stimmen der Engel
 Im Paradies.

Und wie er erwacht in seliger Lust,
 Da spülen die Wasser ihm um die Brust,
 Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:
 Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!
 Ich locke den Schläfer,
 Ich zieh ihn herein.

Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)

Die stille Wasserrose, S321

Die stille Wasserrose
 Steigt aus dem blauen See,
 Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
 Der Kelch ist weiss wie Schnee.

Da giesst der Mond vom Himmel
 All' seinen gold'nen Schein,
 Giesst alle seine Strahlen
 In ihren Schoss hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
 Kreiset ein weisser Schwan:
 Er singt so süß, so leise
 Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise
 Und will im Singen vergehn.
 O Blume, weisse Blume,
 Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

Emanuel von Geibel (1815–84)

Es war ein König in Thule, S278 No 2

Es war ein König in Thule
 Gar treu bis an das Grab,
 Dem sterbend seine Buhle
 Einen goldenen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
 Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
 Die Augen gingen ihm über,
 So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
 Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,

The fisher lad

The lake smiles, an enticement to bathe,
 The lad fell asleep on the green shore,
 Then he hears sounds
 As of sweetest flutes,
 Like voices of angels
 In Paradise.

And as he awakes in rapturous joy,
 The waters rise up to his breast,
 And a voice calls from the depths:
 'Dear lad, you are mine!
 I lure the slumberer
 And drag him down.'

The silent lotus flower

The silent lotus flower
 Rises from the blue lake,
 Its leaves glitter and glow,
 Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven
 All its golden light,
 Pours all its rays
 Into its lap.

In the water, round the flower,
 A white swan circles:
 It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
 And gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
 And wishes to die as it sings.
 O flower, white flower,
 Can you fathom the song?

There was a king in Thule

There was a king in Thule,
 Faithful to the grave,
 To whom his mistress, as she died,
 Gave a golden beaker.

He valued nothing higher,
 He drained it at every feast,
 And each time he drank from it,
 His eyes would fill with tears.

And when he came to die,
 He counted the cities of his realm,

Gönnt' alles seinen Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er sass beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Vätersaale,
Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensglut,
Und warf den heil'gen Becher
Hinunter in die Flut.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
Und sinken tief ins Meer.
Die Augen täten ihm sinken;
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Ihr Glocken von Marling, S328

Ihr Glocken von Marling,
Wie brauset ihr so hell;
Ein wohliges Läuten,
Als sänge der Quell.

Ihr Glocken von Marling,
Ein heil'ger Gesang
Umwallet wie schützend
Den weltlichen Klang.

Nehmt mich in die Mitte
Der tönenden Flut,
Ihr Glocken von Marling,
Behütet mich gut!

Emil Kuh (1828–76)

Die Loreley, S273 No 2

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Gave all he had to his heirs,
The beaker though excepted.

He sat at the royal banquet,
Surrounded by his knights,
There in the lofty ancestral hall,
In the castle by the sea.

There he stood, that old toper,
Drank his life's last glow,
And hurled the sacred beaker
Into the waves below.

He saw it fall and fill
And sink deep into the sea.
His eyes closed;
He never drank another drop.

Bells of Marling

Bells of Marling,
How brightly you chime;
A pleasing sound
Like a babbling spring.

Bells of Marling,
A sacred song
Embraces and protects
The sounds of the earth.

Take me to the heart
Of your resounding flood,
Bells of Marling,
Watch over me well!

The Loreley

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenrisse,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn.
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Vier Lieder der Mignon

Mignon I: Heiss mich nicht reden

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen
Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

Mignon II: Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite!
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

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Bid me not speak

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,
for secrecy is my duty.
I should willingly show you all my inmost heart,
but fate has willed it otherwise.

In due time the sun's course
Dispels the dark night, and it must grow bright;
The hard rock opens its bosom,
And does not grudge the earth the deep-hidden
springs.

Everyone seeks peace in the arms of a friend,
There the breast can pour out its laments;
But my lips are closed by a vow,
And only a god can release them.

Only those who know yearning

Only those who know yearning
Can fathom grief like mine.
Alone and Sundered
from all joy
I scan the skies
To the south.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
My senses reel,
My inmost being burns.
Only those who know yearning
Can fathom grief like mine.

Mignon III: So lasst mich scheinen

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Mignon: Kennst du das Land?

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

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

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

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Let me seem to be an angel

Let me seem to be an angel until I become one;
Do not take my white dress from me.
I am hastening away from this fair earth
To that long home.

There I shall rest awhile;
Then my eyes will open, renewed;
Then I shall leave behind this pure raiment,
The girdle and the garland.

And those heavenly forms,
They make no question of man or woman;
And no clothes, no folds,
Trammel the transfigured body.

True, I have lived without trouble and care;
But I felt deep pain enough.
I grew old with grief before my time;
Now let me be made for ever young.

Do you know the land?

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom,
Where oranges glow golden among dark leaves?
A soft wind breathes from the blue sky,
The silent myrtle stands there and the tall laurel.
Do you know it?
There, there
I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars,
The hall shines, the room gleams,
And marble statues stand and look at me –
What have they done to you, you poor child?
Do you know it?
There, there
I long to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy paths,
Where the mule seeks its way in the mist;
In caves the old brood of the dragons dwells,
The rock falls sheer and the torrent over it.
Do you know it?
There, there
Lies our way; oh, father, let us go.

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interval 20 minutes

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)**Einerlei, Op 69 No 3**

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
 Sein Kuss mir immer neu,
 Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
 Sein freier Blick mir treu;
 O du liebes Einerlei,
 Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Ludwig Achim von Arnim (1781–1831)

Meinem Kinde, Op 37 No 3

Du schläfst und sachte neig' ich mich
 Über dein Bettchen und segne dich.
 Jeder behutsame Atemzug
 Ist 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 herniederträgt
 Und dir aufs weisse Deckchen legt.

Gustav Falke (1853–1916)

Ständchen, Op 17 No 2

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,
 Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!
 Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind

Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;
 Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,
 Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
 Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
 Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
 Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!
 Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
 Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll
 Unter den Lindenbäumen.
 Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
 Von unseren Küssen träumen
 Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
 Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815–94)

Sameness

Her mouth is always the same,
 Its kiss is ever new,
 Her eyes remain the same,
 Their frank gaze true to me;
 O you dear sameness,
 The diversity that comes of you!

My child

You sleep and softly I bend down
 Over your cot and bless you.
 Every cautious breath you take
 Soars up towards heaven,
 Searches far and wide to see
 If there might not be some star,
 From whose pure radiance and light
 Love may pluck a herb of grace,
 To descend with it on her wings
 And lay it on your white coverlet.

Serenade

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,
 So that no one's roused from slumber!
 The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly
 moves

A leaf on the bushes and hedges;
 Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,
 Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,
 As they hop their way over flowers,
 Flit out into the moonlit night,
 Slip out to me in the garden!
 The flowers are fragrant in sleep
 By the rippling brook, only love is awake.

Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here
 Beneath the linden trees.
 The nightingale above us
 Shall dream of our kisses
 And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,
 Shall glow from our night's rapture.

Mädchenblumen, Op 22**1 Kornblumen**

Kornblumen nenn' ich die Gestalten,
 Die milden, mit den blauen Augen,
 Die, anspruchslos, in stillem Walten,
 Den Thau des Friedens, den sie saugen
 Aus ihren eignen klaren Seelen,
 Mitteilen allem, dem sie nah'n,
 Bewusstlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,
 Die sie von Himmelsand empfahen:
 Dir wird so wohl in ihrer Nähe,
 Als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,
 Durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe
 Voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.

2 Mohnblumen

Mohnblumen sind die runden,
 Rothblutigen, gesunden,
 Die sommerspross-gebräunten,
 Die immer froh gelaunten,
 Kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,
 Tanz-nimmermüden Seelen,
 Die unterm Lachen weinen,
 Und nur geboren scheinen,
 Die Kornblumen zu necken,
 Und dennoch oft verstecken
 Die weichsten, besten Herzen
 Im Schlinggewächs von Scherzen,
 Die man, weiss Gott! mit Küssen
 Ersticken würde müssen,
 Wär' man nicht immer bange,
 Umarmest du die Range,
 Sie springt ein voller Brander,
 Aufflammend auseinander!

3 Efeu

Aber Efeu nenn' ich jene
 Mädchen, mit den sanften Worten,
 Mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen,
 Um den leis' gewölbten Brauen,
 Mit den braunen, seelenvollen
 Reheaugen, die in Thränen
 Steh'n so oft, in ihren Thränen
 Grade sind unwiderstehlich;
 Ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,
 Schmucklos, mit verborgner Blüthe,
 Doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer,
 Treuer, inniger Empfindung
 Können sie mit eigner Triebkraft
 Nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,
 Sind geboren, sich zu ranken
 Liebend um ein ander Leben: –
 An der ersten Liebumrankung
 Hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,

Cornflowers

Cornflowers are what I call those girls,
 Those gentle girls with blue eyes,
 Who simply and serenely impart
 The dew of peace, which they draw
 From their own pure souls,
 To all those they approach,
 Unaware of the jewels of feeling
 They receive from the hand of Heaven:
 You feel so at ease in their company,
 As though you were walking through a cornfield,
 Rippled by the breath of evening,
 Full of devout peace and gentleness.

Poppies

Poppies are the round,
 Red-blooded, healthy girls,
 The brown and freckled ones,
 The always good-humoured ones,
 Honest and merry as the day is long,
 Who never tire of dancing,
 Who laugh and cry simultaneously
 And only seem to be born
 To tease the cornflowers,
 And yet often conceal
 The gentlest and kindest hearts
 As they entwine and play their pranks,
 Those whom, God knows,
 You would have to stifle with kisses,
 Were you not so timid,
 For if you embrace the minx,
 She will burst, like smouldering timber,
 Into flames!

Ivy

But ivy is my name for those
 Girls with gentle words,
 With sleek fair hair
 And slightly arched brows,
 With brown soulful
 Fawn-like eyes that well up
 So often with tears – which are
 Simply irresistible;
 Without strength and self-confidence,
 Unadorned with hidden flowers,
 But with inexhaustibly deep,
 True and ardent feeling,
 They cannot, through their own strength,
 Rise from their roots,
 But are born to twine themselves
 Lovingly round another's life: –
 Their whole life's destiny
 Depends on their first love-entwining,

Denn sie zählen zu den seltenen
Blumen, die nur einmal blühen.

4 Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,
Sagen-gefeierte Wasserrose?
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlanken Schafte
Das durchsichtige Haupt, das farbenlose,
Sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,
Gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam,
Sie erschliesst sich nur dem Mondenscheine,
Mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam.
So blüht sie, die zaubrische Schwester der Sterne,
Umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen
Phaläne,
Die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne,
Und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne. –
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die schlanke,
Nachtlockige Maid, alabastern von Wangen,

In dem Auge der ahnende, tiefe Gedanke,
Als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen.
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie silbernes
Wogenrauschen,
Wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende Stille der
Mondnacht,
Sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,
Deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt
macht.
Du kannst nie ermüden, ins Aug' ihr zu schauen,
Das die seidene lange Wimper umsäumt hat
Und du glaubst, wie bezaubert von seligem
Grauen,
Was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat.

Felix Ludwig Julius Dahn (1834–1912)

Lied der Ophelia No 1: Wie erkenn' ich mein Trealieb?, Op 67 No 1

Wie erkenn' ich mein Trealieb
Vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot und hin, Fräulein.
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuss ein Stein. – O, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiss wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen trauern:
Sie gehn zu Grabe nass, o weh,
Vor Liebesschauern.

For they belong to that rare breed of flower
That blossoms only once.

Water lily

Do you know this flower, the fairy-like
Water lily, celebrated in legend?
On her ethereal, slender stem
She sways her colourless transparent head;
It blossoms on a reedy and sylvan pond,
Protected by the solitary swan that swims round it,
Opening only to the moonlight,
Whose silver gleam it shares.
Thus it blossoms, the magical sister of the stars,
As the dreamy dark moth, fluttering round it,

Yearns for it from afar at the edge of the pond,
And never reaches it for all its yearning. –
Water lily is my name for the slender
Maiden with night-black locks and alabaster
cheeks,
With deep foreboding thoughts in her eyes,
As though she were a spirit imprisoned on earth.
Her speech resembles the silver rippling of waves,

Her silence the foreboding stillness of a moonlit
night,
She seems to exchange glances with the stars,
Whose language – their natures being the same
– she shares.

You can never tire of gazing into her eyes,
Framed by her silken long lashes,
And you believe, bewitched by their blissful grey,

All that Romantics have ever dreamt about elves.

How shall I know my true love

How shall I know my true love
From others now?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoes.

He is dead and long gone,
Dead and gone, lady!
At his head green grass,
At his feet a stone. O, ho!

On his shroud white as snow
Many sweet flowers mourn.
They'll go wet to the grave, alas,
Wet with love's showers.

**Lied der Ophelia No 2: Guten Morgen,
's ist Sankt Valentinstag, Op 67 No 2**

Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag,
So früh vor Sonnenschein
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
Will euer Valentin sein.

Der junge Mann tut Hosen an,
Tät auf die Kammertür
Liess ein die Maid, die als Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas,
Ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's wenn er kann,
Fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.

Sie sprach: Eh' ihr gescherzt mit mir,
Verspricht ihr mich zu frei'n.
Ich bräch's auch nicht, bei'm Sonnenlicht!
Wär'st du nicht kommen herein.

**Lied der Ophelia No 3: Sie trugen ihn auf der
Bahre bloss, Op 67 No 3**

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss,
Leider ach leider den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoss:
Fahr' wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's der mir gefällt,
Und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Todbett geh,
Er kommt dir nimmermehr.

Sein Bart war weiss wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu:
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh!

Und mit allen Christenseelen! darum bet' ich! –
Gott sei mit euch.

*Karl Joseph Simrock (1802–76)
from Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' IV: 5*

Good morning, it's St Valentine's Day

Good morning, it's St Valentine's Day,
So early before sunrise.
I, young maid at the window,
Shall be your Valentine.

The young man put trousers on,
Opened up the chamber door,
Let in the maid who as a maid
Departed nevermore.

By St Nicholas and Charity,
What a shameless breed!
A young man does it when he can,
Which is, forsooth, not right.

She said: before you trifled with me,
You promised to marry me.
I'd not, by sunlight! have broken my word,
If you had not come in.

They carried him naked on the bier

They carried him naked on the bier,
Alas, alas, the dear one!
Many a tear dropped in the grave –
Farewell, farewell, my dove!

My young fresh Johnnie it is I love –
And will he come never more?
He is dead, ah woe!
To your deathbed go,
He will come to you never more.

His beard was white as snow,
His head was like flax.
He is gone, he is gone,
Nothing comes of mourning:
May his soul rest in peace

With all Christian souls! That is my prayer!
God be with you!

Das Rosenband, Op 36 No 1

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich sie;
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt' 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 diesem Blick' an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724–1803)

Wiegenlied, Op 41 No 1

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
Von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die beben
Von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
Von dem Tage, da die Blume spross;
Von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
Da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloss.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
Von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,
Da die Blume seiner Liebe
Diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

Richard Dehmel (1863–1920)

Cäcilie, Op 27 No 2

Wenn fu es wüsstest,
Was träumen heisst
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom 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

The Rose Garland

I found her in the spring shade,
And bound her fast with a rose garland:
Oblivious, she slumbered on.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
My life became entwined with hers:
This I sensed, yet did not know.

I murmured wordlessly to her
And rustled the garland of roses:
Then she woke from slumber.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
Her life became entwined with mine,
And Paradise bloomed about us.

Cradle Song

Dream, dream, my sweet, my life,
of heaven that brings the flowers;
blossoms shimmer there, they live
from the song your mother sings.

Dream, dream, bud born of my anxiety,
of the day the flower unfolded;
of that morning bright with blossom,
when your soul opened to the world.

Dream, dream, blossom of my love,
of the silent, of the sacred night,
when the flower of his love
made this world my heaven.

Cecily

If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of walking and resting
With one's love,
Gazing at each other
And caressing and talking –
If you knew,
Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights,
In the frightening storm,
With no soft voice
To comfort

Die kampfmüde 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 lebtest mit mir.

Heinrich Hart (1855–1906)

The struggle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.

If you knew
What it is to live
Enveloped in God's
World-creating breath,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.

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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* (Leila).

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 in 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 her 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.

Highlights last season included a return to the Bavarian State Opera for the title-role in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and as Violetta; her role debut in the title-role of *Maria Stuarda* at the Zurich Opera House, which she reprised at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, where she also made her role debut as Marguérite (*Faust*); and Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* at the Opéra de Paris. She also performed Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* on tour with Jonas Kaufmann and Helmut Deutsch at major European venues, including here at the Barbican.

In September 2017 she opened the 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.

Recent and forthcoming highlights include the role of Violetta at the Metropolitan Opera in December 2018, Marguérite at the Royal Opera House in April and a residency here at the Barbican Centre.

www.diana-damrau.com

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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, principally 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.



Helmut Deutsch

Helmut Deutsch piano

Helmut Deutsch ranks among the finest, most successful and most 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

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