

Lise Davidsen & Leif Ove Andsnes

Start time: 7.30pm

Approximate running time: 105 minutes including a 20-minute interval

Please note all timings are approximate and subject to change

Programme

Edvard Grieg Six Songs, Op 48

1. Gruss (Greeting)
2. Dereinst. Gedanke mein (One Day, O Heart of Mine)
3. Lauf der Welt (The Way of the World)
4. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall (The Nightingale's Secret)
5. Zur Rosenzeit (The Time of Roses)
6. Ein Traum (A Dream)

Edvard Grieg *Haugtussa* (The Mountain Maid)

1. Det syng (The Enticement)
2. Veslemøy (Young Maiden)
3. Blåbær-Li (Blueberry Slope)
4. Møte (The Tryst)
5. Elsk (Love)
6. Killingdans (Kidlings' Dance)
7. Vond dag (Hurtful Day)
8. Ved gjaetle-bekken (At the Brook)

Richard Strauss 4 Lieder, Op 27

1. Ruhe, meine Seele! (Rest thee, my Soul)
2. Cäcilie
4. Morgen! (Tomorrow!)

Richard Strauss 5 Lieder, Op 39

4. Befreit (Released)

Richard Wagner *Wesendonck Lieder*

1. Der Engel (The Angel)
2. Stehe still (Be still)
3. Im Treibhaus (In the Greenhouse)
4. Schmerzen (Sorrrows)
5. Träume (Dreams)

How fitting that two of Norway's greatest musicians should be coming together for a programme centred around the country's most celebrated composer, Edvard Grieg, writes Harriet Smith.

But also being celebrated today are female muses, without whom none of the music being performed would exist. In the case of Grieg, it was his first cousin Nina, whom he first met aged 20 in 1863 and married four years later. Today we may be more familiar with Grieg as a composer of orchestral and piano music, but his songs (around 180 of them) are a veritable treasure trove.

Grieg himself wrote: 'I loved a young woman with a marvellous voice and an equally marvellous gift as an interpreter. This woman became my wife and ... has been ... the only true interpreter of my songs.' *Haugtussa* ('The Mountain Maid') is, sadly, Grieg's only narrative song-cycle. It sets a verse-novel published in 1895 by Arne Garborg and, if it follows in a tradition as defined by Schubert and Schumann, the result is quite different. Grieg's excitement when he first encountered Garborg's poems is demonstrated by the speed with which he wrote *Haugtussa*, completing it within the year. The episodes Grieg chose to set follow the eternal story of girl-meets-boy, girl-falls-for-boy, girl-suffers-heartache. Our hapless heroine is the herd-girl Veslemøy and, as she professes her sadness beside a babbling mountain brook in the final song, it's impossible not to be reminded of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*. Above and beyond the apparently simple storyline, though, is the potency with which Grieg evokes both nature and human emotions. From the previous decade come

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Grieg's Six Songs, Op 48. These are settings of leading German writers, including Goethe and Heine, and mark his first return to German poetry since his earliest songs. Common to all the settings are the subjects that preoccupied most 19th-century writers, entwining of love, nature and the seasons.

A year after Grieg met his wife and muse, Richard Strauss was born. And he also married his muse – Pauline de Ahna, a professional soprano for whom he composed a rich seam of songs during their long, if tempestuous marriage. The bouquet Strauss presented to his new wife on their wedding day would prove to have a beauty far more enduring than any posy of flowers. His four songs that form Op 27, of which Lise Davidsen and Leif Ove Andsnes perform three, are among the best known and most beautiful in his entire song output and they represented a new departure for the composer in setting contemporary poets. 'Cäcilie' was actually written just a day before his wedding (which took place on 10 September 1894). And 'Morgen!', with its great sense of optimism, and a subtlety in the way the voice enters almost unobtrusively over the piano accompaniment, needs little introduction. It sets a poem by John Henry Mackay, who as Scottish-born but lived in Germany. The fact that he was homosexual gives a poignancy to the text, which expresses the hope of being reunited once more with his beloved. There's another rapturous expression of love in 'Befreit' from five years later, though there's tragedy too, for it emerges that the poet is addressing his dying wife.

Richard Wagner's *Wesendonck Lieder* (1857–8) were also inspired by a muse, but in his case things were – as so often with this composer – more emotionally entangled than with Strauss and Grieg. Wagner found himself on the wrong side of the law when, after the 1849 Uprising in Dresden, his position became, as they say, untenable. He was forced to flee, initially to Weimar and then onto the safety of Switzerland. Here he found financial support from a successful silk merchant named Otto Wesendonck, who gave him financial assistance, including the use of a cottage in his estate outside Zurich. There Wagner moved with his wife Minna, but unfortunately Otto's wife Mathilde, both gifted and attractive, caught his eye and they embarked on a tumultuous affair. Though things didn't end well, without their relationship we would not have the *Wesendonck Lieder*. Mathilde had shared with Wagner some of her poetry, and his five settings perfectly match the intensity of the texts. Mathilde later recalled in her memoirs the way Wagner's music lent them 'a supreme transfiguration and consecration'. In tone the songs are in the same heightened language as his music drama *Tristan und Isolde*, on which he was working around the same time. What is remarkable too is the way that, even in their original incarnation for voice and piano, the ardent headiness of the writing comes across with great immediacy.

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Performers

Lise Davidsen soprano

Leif Ove Andsnes piano

Produced by the Barbican



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Edvard Grieg Six Songs

1. Gruss

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.
Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag, ich lass' sie grüßen.

2. Dereinst, Gedanke mein

Dereinst,
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Läßt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es verschwunden
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

3. Lauf der Welt

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,
Hinauf den Wiesenweg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küß' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Taue kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

Greeting

A sweet sound of bells
Peals gently through my soul.
Ring out, little song of spring,
Ring out far and wide.
Ring out till you reach the house
Where violets are blooming.
And if you should see a rose,
Send to her my greeting.

One Day, O Heart of Mine

One day,
My thoughts,
You shall be at rest.
Though love's ardour
Gives you no peace,
You shall sleep well
In cool earth;
There without love
And without pain
You shall be at rest.

What you did not
Find in life
Will be granted you
When life is ended.
Then, free from torment
And free from pain,
You shall be at rest.

The Way of the World

Every evening I go out,
Up the meadow path.
She looks out from her summer house,
Which stands close by the road.
We've never planned a rendezvous,
It's just the way of the world.

I don't know how it came about,
For a long time I've been kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes!
But neither does she ever say no!
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,
We don't prevent it, it just seems good.

The little breeze plays with the rose,
It doesn't ask: do you love me?
The rose cools itself with dew,
It doesn't dream of saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
But neither says: I love you!

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4. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Unter den Linden,
An der Haide,
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,
Da mögt ihr finden,
Wie wir beide
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,
Tandaradei!
Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen
Zu der Aue,
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
Ich ward empfangen
Als hehre Fraue,
Daß ich noch immer selig bin.
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,
Wüßst' es einer,
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.
Wie mich der Gute
Herzte, keiner
Erfahre das als er und ich—
Und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

5. Zur Rosenzeit

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

6. Ein Traum

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

The Nightingale's Secret

Under the lime trees
By the heath
Where I sat with my beloved,
There you may find
How both of us
Crushed the flowers and grass.
Outside the wood, with a sweet sound,
Tandaradei!
The nightingale sang in the valley.

I came walking
To the meadow,
My beloved arrived before me.
I was received
As a noble lady,
Which still fills me with bliss.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew
How I lay there,
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.
How my darling hugged me,
No one shall know
But he and I—
And a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who certainly won't say a word.

The Time of Roses

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

A Dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

Edvard Grieg *Haugtussa*

1. Det syng

Å veit du den Draum og veit du den Song,
so vil du Tonarne gøyma;
og gilja det for deg so mang ein Gong,
rett aldri so kan du det gløyma.
Å hildrande du! med meg skal du bu,
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

Du skal ikkje fæla den mjuke Nott,
då Draumen slær ut sine Vengjer,
i linnare Ljos en Dagen hev ått
og Tonar på mjukare Strengjer.
Det voggar um Li, det svævest av Strid,
og Dagen ei kjenner den Sæle-Tid.

Du skal ikkje ræddas den Elskhug vill,
som syndar og græt og gløymer;
hans Famn er heit og hans Hug er mild
og Bjønnen arge han tøymer.
Å hildrande du! med meg skal du bu,
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

2. Veslemøy

Ho er mager og myrk og mjå
med brune og reine Drag
og Augo djupe og grå'
og stilslegt, drøymande Lag.

Det er som det halvt um halvt
låg ein Svevn yver heile ho;
i Rørsle, Tale og alt
ho hev denne døyvde Ro.

Under Panna fager, men låg
lyser Augo som bak ein Eim;
det er som dei stirande såg
langt inn i ein annan heim.

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
From the distant village came the sound of bells—
We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,
It happened in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
From the village came the sound of bells—
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore—
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!

The Mountain Maid

The Enticement

Oh, if you know the dream and the song
You'll want to hide the notes;
And if it bewitches you
Before long you'll never forget it.
O magical you! With me you'll live,
On Blåhaugen you may spin your silver.

You shan't fear the mild night,
When dreams spread out their wings
In a milder light than that of day,
And play notes on softer strings.
The hill is cradled, cares are forgotten
Daylight cannot know this time of bliss.

You shan't fear what love desires
Which sins and weeps and forgets;
Its embrace is hot while its temper is mild
And it can tame the angry bear.
O magical you! With me you'll live
On Blåhaugen you may spin your silver.

Young Maiden

She is thin and dark and slender
With dusky, clear features
And eyes that are deep and grey
And a soft, dreamy nature.

It is as if, half and half,
A sleep lay upon her.
Her bearings, her voice, her everything
Expresses a gentle peace.

Beneath her forehead, lovely but low
Her eyes shine as if through a mist,
As though they saw and gazed
Far beyond into another world.

Berre Barmen gjeng sprengd og tung
og det bivrar um Munnen bleik.
Ho er skjelvande sped og veik,
midt i det ho er ven og ung.

3. Blåbær-Li

Nei sjå, kor det blåner her!
No må me roa oss, Kyra!
Å nei, slike fine Bær,
og dei, som det berre kryr a'!
Nei, Maken eg hev kje set!
Sumt godt her er då tilfjells.
No vil eg eta meg mett;
her vil eg vera til Kvelds!

Men kom no den Bjønner stor!—
Her fekk bli Rom åt oss båe.
Eg torde kje seia eit Ord
til slik ein røsjeleg Våe.
Eg sa berre: ver so god!
No må du kje vera bljug!
Eg lét deg so væl i Ro;
ta for deg etter din Hug.

Men var det den Reven rau,
so skuld' han få smaka Staven;
eg skulde banka han dau,
um so han var Bror til Paven.

Sligt skarve, harmelegt Sleng!
Han stel både Kje og Lam.
Men endå so fin han gjeng,
hev korkje Agg hell Skam.

Men var det den stygge Skrubb,
so arg og so høl som Futen,
eg tok meg ein Bjørkekubb
og gav han ein god på Snuten.
Han reiv sund Sauer og Lamm
for Mor mi so trådt og tidt;
ja sant! um han berre kom,
skuld' han so visst få sitt.

Men var det den snilde Gut
der burte frå Skare-Brôte,
han fekk vel ein på sin Trut,—
men helst på ein annan Måte.
Å Tøv, kva tenkjer eg på!
Det lid nok på Dagen alt ...
Eg må til Buskpen sjå;
ho »Dokka« drøymar um Salt.

4. Møte

Ho sit ein Sunday lengtande i Li;
det strøymar på med desse søte Tankar,
og Hjerta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,
og Draumen vaknar, bivrande og blid.

But her breast is tense and heavy
And her pale mouth quivers.
She is shiveringly thin and delicate
While at the same time so fair and young.

Blueberry Slope

Look how blue it is here!
Now cattle, we shall rest ourselves!
Oh, what fine berries
And so many of them.
No, I've never seen anything like it!
Some things are good in the mountains.
Now, I'll eat my fill;
I could stay here until evening time.

But, what if the big bear appeared?
There would have to be room for both of us!
I wouldn't dare say a word
To such a terrible beast.
I would say: 'berries; please have some!
Don't be shy,
I'll leave you in peace;
Please take whatever you want!'

But, if it were the red fox,
He'd get a taste of my stick;
I would beat him to death,
Even if he was the Pope's brother.

Such a despicable, awful devil,
He takes both lambs and kids.
But still, he walks so proudly
Feeling no regrets or shame at all.

But, if it were the wicked wolf,
As angry and mean as the bailiff,
I would take a birch club
And hit him hard on the jaw.
He's always destroying
My mother's sheep and lambs.
Yes, indeed! If he would only come
He'd get his just reward!

But, if it were that nice lad
Who comes from Skare-Brote.
He'd get one on the mouth
But perhaps in a different way...
How stupid, what am I thinking of?
The day is getting on.
I must go back to the cattle,
For 'Dokka' is dreaming of salt.

The Tryst

On Sunday she sits on the hill –
Her head filled with wonderful thoughts,
Her heart beating noisily in her breast,
And a dream seems to wake shyly within her.

Då gjeng det som ei Hildring yver Nuten;
ho raudner heit; der kjem den vene Guten.

Burt vil ho gøyma seg i Ørska brå,
men stoggar tryllt og Augo mot han vender;
dei tek einannan i dei varme Hender
og stend so der og veit seg inkje Råd.
Då bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:
'Men snille deg då ... at du er så stor!'

Og som det lid til svale Kveldings Stund,
alt meir og meir i Lengt dei saman søkjer,
og brådt um Hals den unge Arm seg krøkjer
og øre skjelv dei saman Munn mot Munn.
Alt svimrar burt. Og der i Kvelden varm
i heite Sæle søv ho i hans Arm.

5. Elsk

Den galne Guten min Hug hev dåra;
eg fangen sit som ein Fugl i Snåra;
den galne Guten, han gjeng so baus;
han veit at Fuglen vil aldri laus.

Å gjev du batt meg med Bast og Bende,
Å gjev du batt meg, so Bandi brende!
Å gjev du drog meg so fast til deg,
at heile Verdi kom burt for meg!

Ja kund' eg trolla og kund' eg hekka,
eg vilde inn i den Guten veksa,
eg vilde veksa meg i deg inn
og vera berre hos Guten min.

Å du som bur meg i Hjarta inne,
du Magti fekk yver alt mit Minne;
kvart vesle Hugsviv som framum dreg,
det berre kviskrar um deg, um deg.

Um Soli lyser på Himlen blanke,
no ser ho deg, det er all min Tanke;
um Dagen dovnar og Skoming fell:
skal tru han tenkjer på meg i Kveld?

6. Killingdans

Å hipp og hoppe og tipp og toppe på denne Dag;
å nipp og nappe og tripp og trappe i slikt eit Lag.
Og det er Kjæl-i-Sol, og det er Spel-i-Sol,
og det er Titr-i-Li, og det er Glitr-i-Li,
og det er Kjæte og Lurvelæte
ein Solskinsdag.

Å nupp i Nakken, og stup i Bakken og tipp på Tå;
å rekk i Ringen og svipp i Svingen og hopp-i-hå.
Og det er Sleik-i-Sol, og det er Leik-i-Sol.
og det er Glim-i-Li, og det er Stim-i-Li,
og det er Kvitter og Bekkje-Glitter
og lognt i Krå.

Suddenly, like an apparition on the mountainside,
She blushes; the handsome boy appears.

She wants to hide in her confusion,
But bewitched, she turns her gaze towards him;
They grasp each other's warm hands
And simply stand, not knowing what to do.
Then, she bursts out in wonder
'But you've grown so tall!'

And as the cool evening approaches,
Ever more longingly they reach for each other,
Their young arms embracing
And trembling, mouth meets mouth.
Everything faints away. And in the warm evening
She sleeps – in pure bliss – in his arms.

Love

The crazy boy has bewitched my mind
I am caught fast like a bird in a snare;
The crazy boy walks so tall –
He knows this bird will never flee.

Oh, if you could only bind me tight with cords
So tight that the cords burnt.
And if you could only draw me so tight to you
That all the world would seem to disappear.

If I knew how to do spells and magic
I would grow within the boy.
I would grow inside you
And be one with my own boy.

Oh you, who bear me within your heart,
You have power over my will;
Every little memory that comes to mind
Simply whispers of you.

When the sun shines in the sky
It looks at you – that's how I feel;
But when the day grows weary and dusk falls:
Will he be thinking of me tonight?

Kidlings' Dance

Oh skip and a hop and a trip and a trop today;
O nip and a nap and a trip and a trap in a way.
And its love in the sun, and it's play in the sun
And it's a song on the hill and a bong on the hill,
And it's a longing and a suchlike
on a sunny day.

Oh nip in the neck and fall down and tiptoe,
And in the ring and in the swing and a hop and a
ho!
And it's fun in the sun, and it's play in the sun,
And it's glimmering and it's stimmering
And it's twittering and it's glittering
on a peaceful day.

Å trapp og tralle og Puff i Skalle, den skal du ha!
Og snipp og snute, og Kyss på Trute, den kan du ta.
Og det er Rull-i-Ring, og det er Sull-i-Sving,
og det er Lett-på-Tå, og det er Sprett-på-Tå,
og det er hei-san og det er hopp-san og tra-la-la!

7. Vond Dag

Ho reknar Dag og Stund og seine Kveld
til Sundag kjem: han hev so trufast lova,
at um det regnde småstein yver Fjell,
so skal dei finnast der i »Gjætarstova«.
Men Sundag kjem og gjeng med Regn og Rusk;
ho eismal sit og græt attunder Busk.

Som Fuglen, sårad under varme Veng,
så Blode tippa, lik den heite Tåre,
ho dreg seg sjuk og skjelvande i Seng,
og vrid seg Notti lang i Gråten såre.
Det slit i Hjarta og det brenn på Kinn.
No må ho døy; ho miste Guten sin.

8. Ved Gjaetle-Bekken

Du surlande Bekk, du kurlande Bekk,
her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klår.
Og sprytar deg rein og glid yver Stein,
og sullar så godt og mullar så smått,
og glitrar i Soli med mjuke Bår'.
Å, her vil eg kvila, kvila.

Du tiklande Bekk, du siklande Bekk,
her gjeng du så glad i den ljose Li.
Med Klunk og med Klukk, med Song og med Sukk,
med Sus og med Dus gjennom lauvbygd Hus,
med underlegt Svall og med Svæving blid.
Å, her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.

Du hullande bekk, du sullande bekk,
her fekk du seng under mosen mjuk.
Her drøymer du kurt og gløymer deg burt
og kviskrar og kved i den store fred,
med svaling for hugsott og lengting sjuk.
Å, her vil eg minnast, minnast.

Du vildrande Bekk, du sildrande Bekk,
kva tenkte du alt på din lange Veg?
Gjennom aude Rom? millom Busk og Blom?
Når i Jord du smatt, når du fann deg att?
Tru nokon du såg so eismal som eg?
Å, her vil eg gløyma, gløyma.

Du tislande Bekk, du rislande Bekk,
du leikar i Lund, du sullar i Ro.
Og smiler mot Sol og lær i dit Skjol
og vandrar so langt og lærer so mangt ...
å syng kje um det, som eg tenkjer no.
Å, lat meg få blunda, blunda!

Oh it's a step and a stop and a bang on the head
for you.
It's a ship and a snap and a kiss on the lips for you.
And it's a roll in the ring and a sing on the swing
And up on your toes and up she goes oh tra la la.

Hurtful Day

She reckons up the days and hours and evenings
Till Sunday comes. He'd promised
that even if it rained pebbles on the mountain
They would still meet in 'Gjætarstova.'
But Sunday comes and goes with rain and storm;
She sits alone and weeps beneath a bush.

Like a bird, wounded beneath its warm wing,
Blood drips, like hot tears.
She creeps to bed, shivering and ill,
And tosses all night, weeping bitter tears.
Her heart is broken and her cheeks are burning.
Now she must die; she's lost her man.

At the Brook

You chattering brook, you gurgling brook
Here you are, lying warm and clear,
You wash yourself clean and you run over stones
You take life easy, softly humming
And shining in the sunlight with gentle ripples.
Oh, here will I rest.

You tickling brook, you trickling brook,
You wander so joyfully on the hillside.
With clunking and clinking, with singing and sighing,
Rustling and murmuring through your leafy house,
With a wondrous surge and a restful sleep.
Oh, here will I dream.

You whispering brook, you humming brook,
Here is your bed, beneath the soft moss.
Here, your dreams are short and so you can forget
And can whisper and sing full of peace –
A balm for heartache and sickly longing.
Oh, here will I remember.

You scurrying brook, you swirling brook
What did you think about on your long journey?
Through barren places? Bushes and blooms?
When you hid below ground? When you appeared?
Has anyone been so alone as me?
Oh, here will I forget.

You wandering brook, you foaming brook,
You play in the meadow, you laze in peace.
And smile at the sun and laugh in your solitude
And wander so far and learn so much.
Oh, do not sing of what I'm thinking now –
Oh, let me shut my eyes.

Text and translation provided courtesy of Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Richard Strauss 4 Lieder, Op 27

1. Ruhe, meine Seele!

Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not—
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiß,
Was dich bedroht!

2. Cäcilie

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhem
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die 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'en,

Rest thee, my soul

Not even
A soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep
The wood rests;
Through the leaves'
Dark veil
Bright sunshine
Steals.
Rest, rest,
My soul,
Your storms
Were wild,
You raged and
You quivered,
Like the breakers,
When they surge!
These times
Are violent,
Cause heart and
Mind distress—
Rest, rest,
My soul,
And forget
What threatens you!

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
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 –

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebtest mit mir.

4. Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

Richard Strauss 5 Lieder, Op 39

4. Befreit

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise
wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise
geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,
ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
ich will es ihnen wieder geben;
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,
so gab' ich dich der Welt zurück!
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen;
O Glück!

Richard Wagner *Wesendonck Lieder*

1. Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erden Sonne,

Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

If you knew,
You would live with me.

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us...

Released

You will not weep. Gently, gently
you will smile; and as before a journey
I shall return your gaze and kiss.
You have cared for the room we love!
I have widened these four walls for you into a world
O happiness!

Then ardently you will seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leave me to care for our children.
You gave your whole life to me,
I shall give it back to them
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it,
we have released each other from suffering,
so I returned you to the world.
Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,
and you will bless me and weep with me
O happiness!

The Angel

In the early days of childhood
I often heard tell of angels
Who exchange heaven's pure bliss
For the sun of earth,

So that, when a sorrowful heart
Hides its yearning from the world
And would silently bleed away
And dissolve in streams of tears,

And when its fervent prayer
Begs only for deliverance,
That angel will fly down
And gently raise the heart to heaven.

And to me too an angel descended,
And now on shining wings
Bear my spirit, free from all pain,
Towards heaven!

2. Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!
Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög' alle Wonne ermessen!

Wenn Auge in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündigt,
Die Lippe verstummt in staundendem Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

3. Im treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl ich weiß es, arme Pflanze:
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat is nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

Be still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
You that measure eternity;
Gleaming spheres in the vast universe,
You that surround our earthly sphere;
Eternaal creation - cease:
Enough of becoming, let me be!

Hold yourselves back, generative powers,
Primal Thought that always creates!
Stop your breath, still your urge,
Be silent for a single moment!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beating;
Eternal day of the Will - end!
That in blessed, sweet oblivion
I might measure all my bliss!

When eye gazes blissfully into eye,
When soul drowns utterly in soul;
When being finds itself in being,
And the goal of every hope is near,
When lips are mute in silent wonder,
When the soul wishes for nothing more:
Then man perceives Eternity's footprint,
And solves your riddle, holy Nature!

In the Greenhouse

High-arching leafy crowns,
Canopies of emerald,
You children who dwell in distant climes,
Tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your branches,
Inscribe your symbols on the air,
And a sweet fragrance rises,
As silent witness to you sorrows.

With longing and desire
You open wide your arms,
And embrace in your delusion
Desolation's awful void.

I am well aware, poor plant;
We both share a single fate,
Though bathed in gleaming light,
Our homeland is not here!

And just as the sun is glad to leave
The empty gleam of day,
The true sufferer veils himself
In the darkness of silence.

It grows quiet, a whirring whisper
Fills the dark room uneasily:
I see heavy droplets hanging
From the green edge of the leaves.