

ECHO Rising Stars: James Newby & Joseph Middleton

Start time: 7.30pm

Approximate end time: 9.30pm, including a 20-minute interval

Please note all timings are approximate and subject to change.

Programme

Benjamin Britten *I Wonder as I Wander*

There's none to soothe

Ludwig Van Beethoven 'Maigesang' from 8 Lieder

Adelaide

An die ferne Geliebte

Gustav Mahler 'Zu Straßburg auf der Schan', 'Revelge' and 'Urlicht' from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Judith Bingham *Casanova in Lockdown* (UK premiere)

Franz Schubert *Der Wanderer*, D493

Auf der Donau

Auf der Brücke

Abendstern

Anon/Benjamin Britten *At the mid hour of night*

The Last Rose of Summer (arr Benjamin Britten)

Jessica Duchon explores how the themes of restlessness, longing and isolation translate into great art.

James Newby and Joseph Middleton's recital journeys through inner worlds that interrogate myriad shades of loneliness, restlessness and longing. Words and music are spread through the centuries, but the human emotions involved are perennial.

First come two songs by Benjamin Britten, who began to forge folksongs into art songs to perform in recital with his partner, the tenor Peter Pears, while the pair were in the US during the Second World War. *I wonder as I wander* is a wistful exchange between piano and voice; unfortunately it turned out that the original was not actually a folksong, but written by John Jacob Niles in 1933, so Britten could not broadcast or record it for copyright reasons. The Scottish *There's none to soothe* is from Britten's third volume of folksongs: the composer's distinctive voice is clear in the hypnotic harmonies of the accompaniment.

Ludwig van Beethoven's vocal writing is often considered ungainly, yet his songs were enormously popular in his own time. 'Maigesang' is a setting of a poem by Goethe; a celebration of joy in nature and love, it contrasts with the lonelier devotion to the beloved in *Adelaide*, which became a perennial favourite in the Viennese salons.

An die ferne Geliebte ('To the Distant Beloved') is the first known song-cycle, a form invented by Beethoven, who termed it a 'Liederkreis' (circle of songs). He wrote it in spring 1816, to a commission from his patron, Prince Lobkowitz, whose wife had recently died. The words are by Alois Jitteles, a Czech Jewish medical student whose poetry, published in local journals, had impressed the composer.

The protagonist longs for his faraway beloved amid the beauties of nature, evoked with lyrical, folksong-like idioms. Music plays a vital role in the narrative. He offers her his songs: 'Take them, then, these songs that I sang to you... and you will sing what I have sung ... the distance which separated us will recede ...' While the identity of Beethoven's mysterious 'Immortal Beloved' is still disputed, the academically approved front-runner, Countess Josephine Brunsvik, has some relevance: the distinctive rhythm that recurs in the cycle seems to trace her name. It is present, in a multitude of variants, in many of Beethoven's other works, especially those associated with her.

Beethoven had some connection, too, to *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ('The Boy's Magic Horn'), a collection of folk tales and poetry assembled by the poets Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim.

barbican

The pair were aided and abetted by Brentano's half-sister, Bettina, who married von Arnim, became a celebrated writer and enjoyed a lively friendship with Beethoven. The several-volume collection, published between 1805 and 1808, was a seminal text in German Romanticism.

Between 1887 and 1901, Gustav Mahler set around two dozen of its poems, his cycle of the same name containing 12 of them. 'Zu Strassburg auf der Schan' (On the battlements at Strasbourg) depicts a soldier condemned to execution; 'Revelge' (Reveille) tells the tale of a young soldier's departure for war and his subsequent tragedy; and 'Urlicht' (Primordial Light) finds the protagonist poised as if between life and death. It became the mezzo-soprano solo in Mahler's Symphony No 2, the 'Resurrection'.

This evening's recital also features a UK premiere, the song-cycle *Casanova in Lockdown* by Judith Bingham, based on the memoirs of Giacomo Casanova himself.

Judith Bingham writes:

'One of the most entertaining parts of the memoirs is Casanova's description of how he escaped from the notorious attic prisons in the Doge's Palace – "I Piombi". This chapter became an entertaining two-hour performance that got him into many of the salons and courts of Europe. Over the years it was doubtless much embellished, but the official records of the Palace show that the damage he did escaping over the roof did actually happen.

This piece imagines such a performance, with Casanova painting himself very much as the victim of a misunderstanding, though it was far from the only time he was to find himself in prison. The music follows an 18th-century pattern of recitative and aria, or arietta, though spontaneity is never far from the surface.'

Franz Schubert's vast output of songs often provided him with a vehicle for contemplating isolation. Although he contracted syphilis in his mid-twenties, this darkness of spirit was not solely a result of that. The yearning *Der Wanderer*, D493, a scena in several sections, was drafted in 1816, when Schubert was only 19; his preoccupations with loneliness were clearly with him for longer than the disease. The Adagio section's theme became the basis of his *Wanderer Fantasy* for piano, written in 1822.

Auf der Donau (On the Danube), D553 sets a poem by Schubert's friend Johann Mayrhofer, in which, as the vessel travels down river, 'And in our little boat we grow afraid/waves, like time, threaten doom'. *Auf der Bruck*, D853 finds its protagonist riding homeward on horseback to his loved one; and *Abendstern*, D806 is another Mayrhofer meditation on nocturnal loneliness, switching poignantly between minor and major.

The recital closes with two more folksong settings by Britten, both originating in Ireland. In *At the mid hour of night* a lover mourns his deceased beloved. Finally, The last rose of summer blooms alone, only to be scattered after her companions by the equally solitary poet.

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Performers

James Newby baritone
Joseph Middleton piano

Produced by the Barbican

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I wonder as I wander

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die.
For poor or'n'ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.
When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall,
With wise men and shepherds and farmers
and all.
On high from God's heaven the star's light did
fall,
And the promise of the ages it did then recall.
If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing;
Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,
He surely could've had it for he was the King!

John Jacob Niles (1892–1980),
possibly after an Appalachian carol

There's none to soothe

There's none to soothe
There's none to soothe my soul to rest,
There's none my load of grief to share,
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
Or light the gloom of dark despair.
The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And closed that eye alone could charm.

Anonymous

Maigesang

Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne! wie lacht die Flur!
Es dringen Blüten aus jedem Zweig
Und tausend Stimmen aus dem Gesträuch,
Und Freud' und Wonne aus jeder Brust;
O Erd', o Sonne, o Glück, o Lust!
O Lieb', o Liebe! So golden schön
Wie Morgenwolken auf jenen Höhn!
Du segnest herrlich das frische Feld,
Im Blütendampfe die volle Welt.
O Mädchen, Mädchen, wie lieb' ich dich!
Wie blickt dein Auge, wie liebst du mich!
So liebt die Lerche Gesang und Luft,
Und Morgenblumen den Himmelsduft
Wie ich dich liebe mit warmen Blut,
Die du mir Jugend und Freud' und Mut
Zu neuen Liedern und Tänzen gibst.
Sei ewig glücklich, wie du mich liebst!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

How marvellously does Nature shine for me!
How the sun gleams! How the meadow laughs!
Blossoms burst forth from every branch
And a thousand voices from the bushes,
And joy and bliss from every heart;
O Earth, O Sun, O Happiness, O Joy!
O love, O beloved! So golden fair,
As morning clouds on yonder heights!
You cast a glorious blessing upon the fresh field,
In a mist of blossoms, the whole world.
O maiden, maiden, how I love you!
O how you gaze at me, O how you love me!
Just as the lark loves song and breezes
And morning flowers, the dew of heaven,
So I love you heart aflame,
You who give me youth and joy and cheer
For new songs and dances.
Be for ever happy in loving me so!

Adelaide

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Frühlingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen,
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert,
Adelaide!
In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bildnis,
Adelaide!
Abendlüftchen im zarten Laube flüstern,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase säuseln,
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten:
Adelaide!
Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem Grabe
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpurblättchen:
Adelaide!

Friedrich von Matthisson (1761–1831)

Alone, your beloved strolls round the garden in springtime
Gently bathed in a beautiful, magical light
That shimmers through the swaying, budding branches,
Adelaide!
Reflected in the high tide, or Alpine snows,
In the golden clouds at sunset,
In starlit meadows, your image shines forth,
Adelaide!
Evening breezes filter through the tender leaves,
Silver bells during Maytime murmur in the grass,
Waves roar and nightingales warble:
Adelaide!
One day, O miracle! Upon my grave will blossom forth
A flower from the ashes of my heart;
Every crimson leaf will carry the clear inscription:
Adelaide!

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An die ferne Geliebte

1. Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend

Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liedesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

2. Wo die Berge so blau

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

1. I sit on the hill peering

I sit on the hill peering
into the blue mist,
gazing towards distant pastures
where I found you, beloved.
I am far away from you;
mountain and valley lie between us,
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our torment.
Ah! You cannot see the gaze
that wings to you so ardently,
and the sighs that are scattered
in the space that divides us.
Will nothing ever reach you again,
will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
that pour out my suffering to you.
For all space and time
dissolves at the sound of love,
and a loving heart attains
what a loving heart has blessed!

2. Where the mountains so blue

Where the mountains so blue
look down
from the grey mists,
where the sun dies,
where the cloud envelops,
there I should like to be!
There in the peaceful valley
sorrows and torment are stilled.
Where in the rock
the primrose silently meditates,
where the wind blows so softly,
there I should like to be!
I am driven to the musing forest
by the power of love,
and inner sorrow.
Ah! Nothing would move me from here
if I could be with you, beloved,
eternally!

3. Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüsst sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Lasst mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual!
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Lass sie, Bächlein, klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

4. Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt' ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

5. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreu und von quer
Manch weiches Stück zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiss er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

6. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

3. Light clouds drifting on high

Light clouds drifting on high,
and you, tiny, narrow stream:
if you catch sight of my beloved,
greet her from me many thousand times.
Clouds, if you see her walking
in the silent valley, sunk in thought,
let my image appear before her
in the airy realms of heaven.
If she stops by the bushes,
now yellowed and bared by autumn,
lament to her what has befallen me,
pour out, birds, my suffering!
Gentle west wind, as you blow,
carry to my heart's chosen one
my sighs, which fade
like the sun's last rays.
Whisper to her my loving entreaties,
tiny, narrow stream, in your ripples
let her see truly reflected
my tears without number!

4. These clouds in the heights

These clouds in the heights,
this cheerful flock of birds
will see you, my beloved.
Take me with you in your easy flight.
These west winds will play
teasingly about your cheek and breast,
will ruffle your silken curls.
If only I could share this pleasure with you winds!
From those hills this stream
rushes eagerly to you.
If her image is reflected in you,
flow back without delay!

5. May returns, the meadow blooms

May returns, the meadow blooms,
the breezes blow so gentle and mild,
the babbling brooks now flow again.
The swallow returns to the hospitable roof,
and builds her bridal chamber so eagerly;
love is to dwell there.
From all directions she busily collects
many a soft scrap for her bridal bed,
many a warm scrap for her little ones.
Now the couple live together so faithfully;
what winter has separated, May has joined;
all who love, May can unite.
May returns, the meadow blooms,
the breezes blow so gentle and mild.
I alone cannot leave here.
When spring unites all that loves,
for our love alone there is no spring,
and tears are its only gain.

6. Take them, then, these songs

Take them, then, these songs
that I sang to you, beloved;
sing them again in the evening
to the sweet sound of the lute.
When the red glow of twilight draws
towards the calm blue lake,
and the last ray dies
behind the far hilltop;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg' erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewusst:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

Alois Jeitteles (1794–1858)

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz

Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz',
Da ging mein Trauern an!
Das Alphorn hört' ich drüben wohl anstimmen,
In's Vaterland musst' ich hinüber schwimmen,
Das ging ja nicht an!

Ein' Stund' in der Nacht
Sie haben mich gebracht;
Sie führten mich gleich vor des Hauptmann's Haus!

Ach Gott! Sie fischten mich im Stromme aus!
Mit mir ist es aus!

Früh morgens um zehn Uhr
Stellt man mich vor's Regiment!
Ich soll da bitten um Pardon, um Pardon!
Und ich bekomm' doch meinen Lohn!
Das weiss ich schon!

Ihr Brüder all' zumal,
Heut' seht ihr mich zum letzten mal!
Der Hirtenbub' ist nur schuld daran!
Das Alphorn hat mir's angethan!
Das klag' ich an.

Revelge

Des Morgens zwischen drein und vieren,
Da müssen wir Soldaten marschieren
Das Gässlein auf und ab;
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Mein Schätzel sieht herab.

'Ach Bruder, jetzt bin ich geschossen,
Die Kugel hat mich schwer getroffen,
Trag mich in mein Quartier.
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Es ist nicht weit von hier.'

'Ach Bruder, ich kann dich nicht tragen,
Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen,
Helf dir der liebe Gott;
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Ich muss marschieren bis in Tod.'

'Ach, Brüder, ihr geht ja mir vorüber,
Als wärs mit mir vorbei,
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Ihr tretet mir zu nah.'

And you will sing what I have sung,
what, from my full heart,
flowed artlessly,
only conscious of its longing:
Then, with these songs,
the distance which separated us will recede,
and a loving heart shall attain
what a loving heart has blessed.

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On the battlements at Strasbourg

On the battlements at Strasbourg
my sorrow began!
I heard the alphorn begin to sing on the other side,
I had to swim over to my homeland –
it would not do!

At one in the night
they fetched me,
they led me straight to the captain's house!

O God! They fished me out of the river!
Everything's over for me!

At ten in the morning
I will be stood before the regiment!
I must plead for mercy, for mercy!
Yet I will receive my reward!
I know that well!

You, brothers all,
today you see me for the last time.
Only the shepherd boy is to blame!
The alphorn bewitched me!
I accuse it.

Revelge

Between three and four of a morning
We soldiers have to march
Up and down the alleyway;
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
My love looks at me from her window.

'O comrade, I've been shot,
The bullet's wounded me badly,
Carry me back to camp.
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
It isn't far from here.'

'O comrade, I cannot carry you,
The enemy have routed us,
May dear God help you;
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
I must march on to meet my death.'

'Ah, comrades, you pass me by,
As though I were done for,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
You march too close to where I lie.

'Ich muss wohl meine Trommel rühren,
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley,
Sonst werd' ich mich verlieren,
Tralali, tralaley, tralala,
Die Brüder dick gesät,
Sie liegen wie gemäht.'

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Er wecket seine stillen Brüder,
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley,
Sie schlagen ihren Feind,
Tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Ein Schrecken schlägt den Feind.

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Da sind sie vor dem Nachtquartier schon
wieder,
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley,
Ins Gässlein hell hinaus,
Sie ziehn vor Schätzleins Haus,
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Sie ziehn vor Schätzleins Haus.

Des Morgens stehen da die Gebeine,
In Reih und Glied, sie stehn wie Leichensteine,
Die Trommel steht voran,
Dass sie ihn sehen kann.
Tralali, tralaley, tralali, tralaley, tralalera,
Dass sie ihn sehen kann.

Urlicht

O Röschen rot,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not,
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein,
Je lieber möcht ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engellein und wollt mich
abweisen,
Ach nein ich liess mich nicht abweisen.
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig Leben.

Anonymous

Casanova in Lockdown

Recitative

It was only a misunderstanding – honestly!
I was wooing the wife of Signor Zorzi –
successfully I might add. How was I to know
I had a rival? And of all the rivals a man
could choose – Condulmer – Condulmer, the
Inquisitor! Of course he knew he'd never get the
lady with me on the scene, not with my charm,
my looks – my skill! So he had me arrested
on trumped-up charges – contraband salt! –
ridiculous! And then they found my Kabbalah.

Arietta

I was an affront, they said, to decency
and religion: probably true! Blasphemer!
Degenerate! For a while I thought they'd burn
me at the stake.

'I must now start to beart my drum,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
Or else I'll be lost for ever,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
My comrades strewn so thick
Lie like mown grass on the ground.'

Up and down he beats his drum,
He wakes his silent comrades,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
They fall upon their foe,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
And terror strikes the foe.

Up and down he beats his drum,
Soon they're all back at camp,

Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
Out into the bright street
They pass before his sweetheart's house,
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
They pass before his sweetheart's house.

There in the morning lie their bones,
In rank and file like tombstones,
At their head the drummer-boy
That she may see him there.
Tralalee, tralalay, tralala,
That she may see him there.

Urlicht

O red rose,
Man lies in direst need,
Man lies in direst pain,
I would rather be in heaven.
I then came upon a broad path,
An angel came and sought to turn me
back,
Ah no! I refused to be turned away.
I am from God and to God I will return,
Dear God will give me a light,
Will light my way to eternal blessed life.

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Recitative

Condulmer had me just where he wanted,
on my knees, begging, pleading. They didn't
even charge me, or tell me my sentence. As
they dragged me out, Condulmer smiled: we
both knew what that meant!

Aria

Across the Ponte dei Sospiri, Bridge of Sighs,
to the Doge's Palace. Under the roof were the
cells called I Piombi. Cells as dark as night,
freezing in winter, an oven in summer. Rats as
big as rabbits. Chimerical hopes give way to
a terrible despair: the midnight bell: madness,
howling, cursing, cursing the world.
Ah pieta, signori miei, ah pieta, pieta di me!
(Ah pity, my lords, have pity on me!)

Recitative

I longed for Hell, just to have some
companionship. I yearned for the company of
a murderer, a maniac, a man with a stinking
disease – a bear! Solitude drives one to
despair; only sleep brings relief. Oh Dei, è
giorno ovver notte? (O God, is it day or night?)

After many months, escape was the only
option. I was swapping books with another
prisoner: Balbi, a Venetian nobleman.
Scurrilous rogue – sleazy! I managed to send
him an iron hook, sharpened to a point. It was
most amusing, how I got the hook to him – ha
ha – gnocchi swimming in butter – ha ha – but
I'll tell you that another time.

Balbi was able to take out some bricks from
the ceiling of his cell and then make a hole
through the wall of my cell. On the 31st of
October 1756, we climbed up into the roof,
peeled back a lead pane, and climbed out.

Oh, the sea air from the lagoon – we were
free! And then the midnight bell from San
Marco rang in All Saints' Day.

Down we went, the descent terrifying – sheets
and napkins served as ropes. We should have
broken our necks, but the saints were with us.
Finally we reached the ground, and ran for a
gondola. As the oars turned, I wept.

Aria

Not for ever is the sea turbulent,
Not for ever is the sky overcast,
In time life will smile again,
In time, all things will change,
The wind will alter, the tide will turn,
Life will get better or worse – who knows?

Text by Judith Bingham, taken from *Histoire de ma Vie*
by Giacomo Casanova © 2020 by Peters Edition
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Der Wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.
Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,
Wo meine Freunde wandeln gehn,
Wo meine Toten auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
'Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!'

Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck (1766–1849)

Auf der Donau

Auf der Wellen Spiegel schwimmt der Kahn,
Alte Burgen ragen himmelan,
Tannenwälder rauschen geistergleich,
Und das Herz im Busen wird uns weich.
Denn der Menschen Werke sinken all',
Wo ist Turm, wo Pforte, wo der Wall,
Wo sie selbst, die Starken, erzgeschirmt,
Die in Krieg und Jagden hingestürmt?
Trauriges Gestrüppe wuchert fort,
Während frommer Sage Kraft verdorrt:
Und im kleinen Kahne wird uns bang,
Wellen drohn wie Zeiten Untergang.

Johann Mayrhofer (1787–1836)

Auf der Bruck

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muss er endlich sich erschliessen,
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüssen.

Wohl könnt' ich über Berg und Feld

Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen.
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mir Frieden, Lieb' und Freude.
Und dennoch eil' ich ohne Ruh
Zurück, zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden,

I come from the mountains;
the valley steams, the ocean roars.
I wander, silent and joyless,
and my sighs forever ask: Where?
Here the sun seems so cold,
the blossom faded, life old,
and men's words mere hollow noise;
I am a stranger everywhere.
Where are you, my beloved land?
Sought, dreamt of, yet never known!
The land so green with hope,
the land where my roses bloom,
Where my friends walk,
where my dead ones rise again,
the land that speaks my tongue,
O land, where are you?
I wander, silent and joyless,
and my sighs forever ask: Where?
In a ghostly whisper the answer comes:
'There, where you are not, is happiness!'

The boat glides on the mirror of the waves;
old castles soar heavenwards,
pine forests stir like ghosts,
and our hearts grow faint within our breasts.
For the works of man all perish;
where now is the tower, the gate, the rampart?
Where are the mighty themselves, in their bronze armour,
who stormed forth to battle and the chase?
Mournful brushwood grows rampant
while the power of pious myth fades.
And in our little boat we grow afraid;
waves, like time, threaten doom.

Trot briskly on, my good horse,
without pause for rest, through night and rain!
Why do you shy at bush and branch
and stumble on the wild paths?
Though the forest stretches deep and dense
it must at last open up,
and a distant light will greet us warmly
from the dark valley.

I could cheerfully speed over mountain and field

on your lithe back,
and enjoy the world's varied delights,
its fair sights.
Many an eye smiles at me affectionately,
offering peace, love and joy.
And yet, restlessly, I hasten
back to my sorrow.

For three days now I have been far
from her to whom I am eternally bound;

Drei Tage waren Sonn' und Stern
Und Erd' und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz

Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen,
Fühl' ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach! die Freude musst' ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See

Zur wärmern Flur den Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

Ernst Schulze (1789–1817)

Abendstern

Was weilst du einsam an dem Himmel,
O schöner Stern? und bist so mild;
Warum entfernt das funkelnde Gewimmel
Der Brüder sich von deinem Bild?
'Ich bin der Liebe treuer Stern,
Sie halten sich von Liebe fern.'

So solltest du zu ihnen gehen,
Bist du der Liebe, zaud're nicht!
Wer möchte denn dir widerstehen?
Du süßes eigensinnig Licht.
'Ich säe, schaue keinen Keim,
Und bleibe trauernd still daheim.'

Johann Mayrhofer

At the hour of night

At the mid hour of night when stars are
weeping, I fly
To the lonely vale we lov'd when life shone
warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the
region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt
come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the
sky.

Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas
rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed
like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad
orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the
kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once
were so dear!

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

for three days sun and stars,
earth and heaven, have vanished for me.
Of the joy and sorrow which, when I was with her,

now healed, now tore my heart,
I have for three days felt only the pain.
Alas, the joy I have had to forgo!

We watch the bird fly far away over land and sea

to warmer pastures.
How, then, should love ever
be deceived in its course?
So trot bravely on through the night!
Though the dark tracks may vanish,
the bright eye of longing is awake,
and sweet presentiment guides me safely onwards.

Why do you linger all alone in the sky,
fair star? For you are so gentle;
why does the host of sparkling brothers
shun your sight?
'I am the faithful star of love;
they keep far away from love.'

If you are love,
you should go to them without delay!
For who could resist you,
sweet, wayward light?
'I sow no seed, I see no shoot,
and remain here, silent and mournful.'

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The last rose of summer

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming
alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and
gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for
sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou, lone one, to pine on
the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou
with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie senseless
and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop
away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones
are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world
alone?

Thomas Moore



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