



LAWQ  
CLASSICS

# MIT VIERZIG JAHREN

SONGS BY JOHANNES BRAHMS  
HÅVARD STENSVOLD – BASS-BARITONE  
TOR ESPEN ASPAAS – PIANO



## MIT VIERZIG JAHREN

SANGER AV JOHANNES BRAHMS

Da jeg sommeren 2010 skulle være med på Drottningholmsteateret utenfor Stockholm, pakket jeg med meg Brahms' fire liederalbum i kofferten. I sommervarmen mellom prøvene på Don Giovanni gikk jeg møysommelig gjennom alle sangene for å finne de aller fineste. Som regel er det jo en grunn til at noen sanger er mer kjent enn andre, men desto artigere er det når man finner sanger som, i alle fall for meg da, var helt ukjente og helt fantastiske. Sånn var det med «Mondnacht», med tekst av Eichendorff.

Robert Schumann hadde satt standarden for tonesetting av dette diktet allerede i 1840 i sin Liederkreis op. 39. I 1850 skal den 17 år gamle Johannes ha sendt Robert noen av sine komposisjoner, men de skal visstnok ha kommet i retur, uåpnet. Brahms skal senere ha uttalt at han knapt hadde kjennskap til Schumann i det hele tatt før på sensommeren 1853. Brahms' «Mondnacht», som mangler opusnummer, er trolig fra samme år. Det er derfor veldig sannsynlig at Brahms ikke hadde kjennskap til Schumanns sang, noe som kan forklare hvorfor han i det hele tatt tonesatte det samme diktet. Schumanns

sang er genial, men jeg synes Brahms' versjon fortjener å komme frem i lyset. Den har lidd uførtjent under å ha en mer berømt halvbror.

Det var selvfølgelig en del sanger som jeg hadde sett meg ut før jeg begynte. Jeg har nok en forkjærlighet for de store fortellende sangene som «Wie rafft' ich mich» og ikke minst «Von ewiger Liebe». De har begge noen «brahmske» linjer som man som sanger bare må elske. Men så fant jeg en sang, litt i samme kategori, stor og fortellende, om mannen som gjemmer seg utenfor sitt eget hus for å få det endelige beviset på konas utroskap, derav tittelen «Verrat». Han hører kona si: «Kom tilbake i morgen, og ikke la meg vente, for min mann er langt borte». Men mannen dreper elskeren, som blir funnet død dagen etter. Jeg fant noen forskjellige innspillinger, bl.a. med den magnifike Fischer-Dieskau, som er kjent for å ha spilt inn alle tenkelige lieder av alle kjente tyske liederkomponister. I det raske og rasende midtpartiet derimot, la jeg merke til at han synger en annen tone enn den disharmonerende som står, og han var ikke alene. Jeg tenkte at det nok var en feil i min note. Jeg rådførte meg

derfor med dr. Michael Struck ved Johannes Brahms Gesamtausgabe i Kiel. Han mente derimot at noten var riktig, og kom med mange gode begrunnelser. Ikke minst det at «dissonansen på ordet 'Kuss' passer bedre som bilde på mannens smerte og skuffelse over konas bedrag». Jeg har derfor prøvd å gjøre maksimalt ut av akkurat den tonen, vel vitende om at jeg i alle fall kan overgå salig Dieskau i noe.

Etter som jeg gravde meg stadig lenger ned i Brahms' lieder, så jeg at omtrent annenhver sang hadde noe om en nattergal. Hva var det med denne fuglen som fascinerte diktere på 1800-tallet? Jo, i romantikken ble nattergalen brukt som symbol på kunsten, både sangerens og dikterens, gjerne som et bilde på ulykkelig kjærlighet, «de hulkende nattergalene». Men faktum er at nattergalen bare synger når den føler seg trygg, så det er absolutt ikke noe klagen- de i dens sang, selv om det kanskje kan høres sånn ut. Jeg bestemte meg å for å styre unna alle nattergalsangene, og tror jeg klarte det. Derimot er det vanskelig å komme unna ulykkelige kjærlighetssanger når man beskjeftiger seg med lieder fra denne perioden. Men jeg har forsøkt å finne tekster som ikke er ensidige, som viser flere aspekter ved denne følelsen vi alle har kjent på. Alt fra den unge jenta i «Treue Liebe» som venter på sin kjære som aldri kommer hjem fra havet, og som til slutt velger å drukne seg for «endelig å finne sin kjære igjen», til bitterheten hos mannen i «Schön war, das ich dir weihte» og den nærmest paralyserte håpløsheten i «Nicht

mehr zu dir zu gehen». Og som kontrast til dette, lekenheten i både «Vergebliches Ständchen», «Spannung» og «In den Beeren».

Helt mot slutten i det fjerde albumet var det en sang som fanget min interesse pga. tittelen, «Mit vierzig Jahren». Både jeg og min glimrende pianist, Tor Espen, var faretruende nær å runde det magiske tallet på dette tidspunktet. Dette er jo midt i blinken, tenkte jeg. Helt til jeg kikket nærmere på teksten, som kan oppsummeres slik:

«Når du er førti år, står du på toppen av fjellet, og før du vet ordet av det, er livet slutt». Jeg syntes det var en merkelig tekst, og var i tvil om det lå en skjult ironi i den. Men det var tydelig at Brahms, som selv var femti da han skrev sangen, hadde tatt teksten på alvor, så etter hvert forsto jeg at det måtte oppfattes seriøst. Man står på toppen av fjellet og innser med resignasjon at man har levd en god del av livet, halvparten hvis man er heldig. Forventet levealder var jo kortere på Brahms' tid, og det tar jo som oftest kortere tid å gå ned fra et fjell enn opp! Så selv om du som leser dette skulle ha passert førti med god margin, ikke fortvil, men nyt nedstigningen som en fantastisk naturopplevelse. Livet er herlig.

God fornøyelse!

HÅVARD STENSVOLD



## MIT VIERZIG JAHREN

SONGS BY JOHANNES BRAHMS

When leaving to perform at Drottningholm Palace Theatre outside of Stockholm in the summer of 2010, I tucked all four albums of Brahms lieder into my luggage. In the warm summer weather, between rehearsals for Don Giovanni, I painstakingly went through all the songs in search of the very best ones. There is usually a reason why certain songs are better known than others, which makes it all the more enjoyable to discover songs that are both unknown — to me at least — and totally fantastic. Such was the case with «Mondnacht», with a text by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff.

Robert Schumann had established the standard in 1840, when he set the poem to music in his Liederkreis op. 39. In 1850 the seventeen-year-old Johannes is said to have sent Robert some of his compositions, which reportedly were returned, unopened. Brahms is known to have declared that he scarcely had any knowledge of Schumann whatsoever until the late summer of 1853. Brahms's «Mondnacht», which lacks an opus number, is probably from the same year. It is thus very likely that Brahms did not have any knowledge of Schumann's song, which may explain

why he would have set the same poem to music. Schumann's rendition is brilliant, but I believe the Brahms version deserves greater attention. It has suffered, unjustifiably so, from having a more famous half brother.

Of course there were some songs I had decided on before I began. I am partial to wonderful narrative songs like «Wie rafft' ich mich» and, especially, «Von ewiger Liebe». Both have a number of Brahmsian lines that a singer cannot help but love. Then I found a song in somewhat the same category, a riveting narrative about a man who conceals himself outside his own house to finally obtain proof of his wife's infidelity — thus the title «Verrat» («Betrayal»). He hears his wife say: «Come back tomorrow, and don't keep me waiting, for my husband is far away». But the man kills his wife's lover, who is found dead the following day. I came across several different recordings, including one by the incomparable Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, known for having recorded every imaginable song by all the well-known German composers of lieder. However, in the fast and furious middle section I noticed that he did not sing the discord-

ant tone that is called for, and he was not alone in this respect. Thinking this must be an error in my notation, I consulted with Dr. Michael Struck of the Research Centre, Johannes Brahms Gesamtausgabe, in Kiel. He gave many good reasons for believing that the notation was correct, observing in particular that «the dissonance on the word 'Kuss' ('kiss') is more suitable as an image of the man's anguish and disappointment over his wife's betrayal». I have thus attempted to make the most of precisely that tone, well aware that I can at least surpass the late, great Herr Dieskau in something.

As I dug deeper into Brahms's lieder, I observed that approximately every other song had something about a nightingale. What was it about this bird that fascinated nineteenth-century poets? In Romanticism, of course, the nightingale was used as a symbol of art, both that of the singer and the poet, usually as an image of unrequited love, «the sobbing nightingales». In truth, however, the nightingale only sings when it feels safe, so there is nothing whatsoever plaintive about its song, even though it may sound that way. I decided to steer clear of all nightingale songs, and I believe I succeeded. It is difficult, on the other hand, to avoid unhappy love songs when you are working with lieder from this period. But I have tried to find texts that are not one-sided and that illustrate various aspects of this feeling that we all have known — everything from the maiden in «Treue Liebe» waiting for her beloved who never returns home from the sea, and who in the end chooses to drown her-

self in order to «be reunited with him», to the bitterness of the man in «Schön war, das ich dir weihte», and the debilitating hopelessness in «Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen». And then, in contrast to this, the playfulness in «Vergebliches Ständchen», «Spannung», and «In den Beeren».

Toward the very end of the fourth album there was a song that caught my attention because of the title, «Mit vierzig Jahren.» My outstanding pianist, Tor Espen, and I were both perilously close to turning forty at the time, and I thought, «This is right on the mark» — until I had a closer look at the text, which can be summarized in this manner: «At age forty you are standing on the mountain top, and, before you know it, your life is over.» It seemed an odd text, and I was uncertain whether there was hidden irony to be found in it. Yet it was clear that Brahms, who was fifty when he composed the song, had taken the text seriously, and so gradually I understood that I must do the same. You stand on top of the mountain and realize with a sense of resignation that you have lived a good portion of your life, one half of it if you are lucky. Of course life expectancy was shorter in Brahms's time, and in most cases walking down a mountain takes less time than walking up! So even though you who read this may have passed forty by a good margin, don't despair. Delight in the descent as a fantastic nature experience. Life is glorious.

Enjoy!

HÅVARD STENSVOLD

**TREUE LIEBE**

B. EDUARD SCHULZ (1813–1842)

Ein Mägdlein saß am Meeresstrand  
 Und blickte voll Sehnsucht ins Weite.  
 »Wo bleibst du, mein Liebster,  
 Wo weilst du so lang?  
 Nicht ruhen lässt mich des Herzens Drang.  
 Ach, kämst du, mein Liebster, doch heute!«

Der Abend nahte, die Sonne sank  
 Am Saum des Himmels darnieder.  
 »So trägt dich die Welle mir nimmer zurück?  
 Vergebens späht in die Ferne mein Blick.  
 Wo find' ich, mein Liebster, dich wieder?«

Die Wasser umspielten ihr schmeichelnd den Fuß,  
 Wie Träume von seligen Stunden;  
 Es zog sie zur Tiefe mit stiller Gewalt:  
 Nie stand mehr am Ufer die holde Gestalt,  
 Sie hat den Geliebten gefunden!

**TRUE LOVE**

B. EDUARD SCHULZ (1813–1842)

A maiden sat beside the sea  
 and gazed in the distance with longing:  
 «Where are you, my lover,  
 what keeps you so long?  
 no peace I find in my heart's unrest.  
 O would that you came now, Beloved!»

At eventide as the sun was met  
 By clouds along the horizon.  
 «Will wind and wave nevermore carry you back?  
 In vain, in vain, in the distance I peer.  
 O where will I find you, Beloved?»

The waters now playfully lapped at her feet,  
 Like dreams of once blissful encounters,  
 And wordlessly she was drawn into the deep;  
 No more on the shore stood the fair silhouette,  
 She was with her lover united!

**VON EWIGER LIEBE**

A. H. HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN (1798–1874)

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!  
 Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.  
 Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,  
 Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,  
 Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,  
 Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,  
 Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

»Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,  
 Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,  
 Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,  
 Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.  
 Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,  
 Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.«

Spricht das Mägdlein, Mägdlein spricht:  
 »Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!  
 Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,  
 Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,  
 Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?  
 Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehen,  
 Unsere Liebe muss ewig bestehn!»

**OF ETERNAL LOVE**

A. H. HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN (1798–1874)

Dark, oh how dark are now forest and field!  
 Evening has fallen, the world now so still.  
 Nowhere a light, nor anywhere smoke,  
 Yes, all is silent now even the lark.

From yonder village draws closer a lad,  
 With his beloved, escorting her home,  
 Past willow bushes his sweetheart he leads,  
 Sundry, intense are the words he utters:

«Are you dishonoured, wounded by grief,  
 Should others spurn you just for my sake,  
 Let love be sundered and ever so fast,  
 Swiftly as love once united our hearts.  
 Gone with the rain and gone with the wind,  
 Swiftly as love once united our hearts.»

Then the maiden speaks:  
 «Our love will never be torn apart!  
 Solid is steel and iron as well,  
 Solid our love, even more solid still.

Iron and steel are forged anew,  
 But who is able to transform our love?  
 Iron and steel, they can melt away,  
 Our love must ever, forever endure!»

**DER GANG ZUM LIEBCHEN**

BÖHMISCHES VOLKSLIED /  
JOSEF WENZIG (1807–1876)

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,  
ich sollte doch wieder  
zu meinem Liebchen, wie mag es ihr geh'n?

Ach weh', sie verzaget  
und klaget, und klaget,  
dass sie mich nimmer im Leben wird seh'n.

Es ging der Mond unter  
ich eilte doch munter,  
und eilte, dass keiner mein Liebchen entführt

Ihr Täubchen, o girret,  
ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,  
dass keiner mein Liebchen entführt.

**THE PATH TO HIS SWEETHEART**

BOHEMIAN FOLK SONG /  
JOSEF WENZIG (1807–1876)

In shimmering moonlight,  
I surely should meet once  
Again my Sweetheart,  
How might she be doing?

O woe, she's despondent,  
Bewails and bewails that  
She ne'er again me in this life will see.

The moon it was setting,  
Yet cheerful I hurried,  
I hurried that none steal  
My Sweetheart away.

O coo, little doves, coo,  
O swirl, nimble breezes,  
That none steal my Sweetheart,  
My Sweetheart away.

**VERGEBLICHES STÄNDCHEN**

NIEDERRHEINISCHES VOLKSLIED /  
A. W. FLORENTIN VON ZUCCALMAGLIO (1803–1869)

ER: Guten Abend, mein Schatz  
Guten Abend, mein Kind  
Ich komm' aus Lieb zu dir,  
Ach, mach mir auf die Tür.  
Mach mir auf die Tür.

SIE: Mein Tür ist verschlossen,  
Ich lass dich nicht ein;  
Mutter, die rät mir klug,  
Wärst du herein mit Fug,  
Wär's mit mir vorbei.

ER: So kalt ist die Nacht,  
so eisig der Wind,  
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,  
Mein Lieb erlöschen wird;  
Öffne mir mein Kind.

SIE: Löschet dein' Lieb,  
Lass sie Löschen nur.  
Löschet sie immerzu,  
Geh heim su Bett zur Ruh',  
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'.

**FUTILE SERENADE**

LOWER RHENISH FOLK SONG /  
A. W. FLORENTIN VON ZUCCALMAGLIO (1803–1869)

HE: Good evening, my dear,  
Good evening, my child!  
I come to you in love,  
Please open I implore,  
Open I implore.

SHE: My door I have locked it,  
I'll not let you in;  
Mother gave sage advice,  
Were I to let you in,  
It would spell my end.

HE: How cold is the night,  
how icy the wind,  
Surely my heart will freeze,  
Soon will my love expire;  
Open now my child!

SHE: If your love dies,  
Simply let it expire!  
If love's extinguished, then  
Go home and find some rest!  
Good night, my boy!

## SPANNUNG

NIEDERRHEINISCHES VOLKSLIED /  
A. W. FLORENTIN VON ZUCCALMAGLIO (1803–1869)

- ER: Gut'n Abend, gut'n Abend, mein tausiger Schatz,  
Ich sag' dir guten Abend;  
Komm du zu mir, ich komme zu dir,  
Du sollst mir Antwort geben, mein Engel!
- SIE: Ich kommen zu dir, du kommen zu mir?  
Das wär' mir gar keine Ehre;  
Du gehst von mir zu andern Jungfrauen,  
Das hab' ich wohl vernommen, mein Engel!
- ER: Ach nein, mein Schatz, und glaub es nur nicht,  
Was falsche Zungen reden,  
Es geben so viele gottlosige Leut',  
Die dir und mir nichts gönnen, mein Engel!
- SIE: Und gibt es so viele gottlosige Leut',  
Die dir und mir nichts gönnen,  
So solltest du selber bewahren die Treu'  
Und machen zu Schanden ihr Reden, mein Engel!
- ER: Leb' wohl, mein Schatz, ich hör' es wohl,  
Du hast einen anderen lieber,  
So will ich meiner Wege geh'n,  
Gott möge dich wohl behüten, mein Engel!
- SIE: Ach nein, ich hab' kein' anderen lieb,  
Ich glaub' nicht gottlosen Leuten,  
Komm du zu mir, ich komme zu dir,  
Wir bleiben uns beide getreue, mein Engel!

## TENSION

LOWER RHENISH FOLK SONG /  
A. W. FLORENTIN VON ZUCCALMAGLIO (1803–1869)

- HE: Good evening, good evening, my most precious dear,  
I bid you good evening;  
Come now to me, I'll come to you,  
You must send your reply, my angel!
- SHE: What, I come to you, and you come to me?  
In that I would never find honour;  
From me you go to other young girls,  
You know that's what they tell me, my angel!
- HE: O no, my dear, no never believe  
What lying tongues may tell you,  
So many there are who are godless and false,  
Who envy us everything, my angel!
- SHE: And are there so many so godless and false,  
Who envy us everything,  
Above all then you must be faithful yourself,  
Discredit their lies and their gossip, my angel!
- HE: Farewell, my dear, it is now clear,  
Another has found your favour,  
So I shall take my leave of you,  
May God forever protect you, my angel!
- SHE: O no, no other do I love,  
I do not believe those vile rumours,  
Come now to me, I'll come to you,  
We'll vow to forever be faithful, my angel!

## NICHT MEHR ZU DIR ZU GEHEN

GEORG FRIEDRICH DAUMER (1800–1875)

- Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen  
Beschloss ich und beschwor ich,  
Und gehe jeden Abend,  
Denn jede Kraft und jeden Halt verlor ich.
- Ich möchte nicht mehr leben,  
Möcht' augenblicks verderben,  
Und möchte doch auch leben  
Für dich, mit dir, und nimmer, nimmer sterben.
- Ach, rede, sprich ein Wort nur,  
Ein einziges, ein klares;  
Gib Leben oder Tod mir,  
Nur dein Gefühl enthülle mir, dein wahres!

## TO GO TO YOU NO LONGER

GEORG FRIEDRICH DAUMER (1800–1875)

- To go to you no longer  
Determined, I did swear this,  
Yet I go to you each evening,  
For all my strength and my resolve are lost.
- I wish to live no longer,  
Expire in this instant,  
Yet still to go on living  
For you, with you, and never, never perish.
- O speak, speak one word only,  
A single word clearly;  
Grant life or death to me now,  
Only reveal your feeling pure, true feeling!

**VERZAGEN**

KARL LEMCKE (1831–1913)

Ich sitz' am Strande der rauschenden See  
 Und suche dort nach Ruh',  
 Ich schaue dem Treiben der Wogen  
 Mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.

Die Wogen rauschen zum Strande hin,  
 Sie schäumen und vergehn,  
 Die Wolken, die Winde darüber,  
 Die kommen und verwehn.

Du ungestümes Herz sei still  
 Und gib dich doch zur Ruh',  
 Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen  
 Dich trösten, - was weinst du?

**DESPAIR**

KARL LEMCKE (1831–1913)

I sit on the shore of the roaring sea  
 I seek tranquility,  
 I watch the movement of the waves  
 In sluggish obedience.

The waves they thunder upon the shore,  
 They froth and disappear,  
 The clouds and the winds above them,  
 They come and blow away.

O, you impetuous heart, be still,  
 And come at last to rest,  
 You should in wind and waves  
 Find comfort, — why do you weep?

**SALAMANDER**

KARL LEMCKE (1831–1913)

Es saß ein Salamander  
 Auf einem kühlen Stein,  
 da warf ein böses Mädchen  
 Ins Feuer ihn hinein.

Sie meint', er soll verbrennen,  
 Ihm ward erst wohl zu Mut,  
 wohl wie mir kühlem Teufel  
 Die heiße Liebe tut.

**SALAMANDER**

KARL LEMCKE (1831–1913)

There sat a salamander  
 Upon a cool stone,  
 An evil-minded maiden  
 Then threw him in the fire.

Her aim it was to burn him,  
 But cheerful he became,  
 Like with me, placid devil,  
 when moved by ardent love.

**IN DEN BEEREN**

HANS SCHMIDT (1856–1923)

DIE MUTTER:

Singe, Mädchen, hell und klar,  
Sing' aus voller Kehle,  
Dass uns nicht die Spatzenschar  
Alle Beeren stehle!

DIE TOCHTER:

Mutter, mag auch weit der Spatz  
Flieh'n vor meinem Singen,  
Fürcht' ich doch, es wird den Schatz  
Um so näher bringen.

DIE MUTTER:

Freilich, für so dreisten Gauch  
Braucht es einer Scheuche,  
Warte nur, ich komme auch  
In die Beerensträuche!

DIE TOCHTER:

Mutter, nein, das hat nicht Not:  
Beeren, schau, sind teuer,  
Doch der Küsse, reif und rot,  
Gibt es viele heuer!

**AMONGST THE BERRIES**

HANS SCHMIDT (1856–1923)

MOTHER:

Sing, my daughter, loud and clear,  
Sing now loud and fully,  
Otherwise the sparrow flock  
Will steal all the berries!

DAUGHTER:

Mother, may the sparrow flee  
Far, far from my singing,  
Still I fear that it will bring  
Closer yet my sweetheart.

MOTHER:

Surely for so bold a dunce  
We must have a scarecrow,  
Wait a moment, I'll come stand  
In the berry bushes!

DAUGHTER:

Mother, no, there is no need:  
Berries, yes, are cherished,  
Whereas kisses, ripe and red,  
Are this year abundant!

**MONDNACHT**

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF (1788–1857)

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,  
Die Erde still geküsst,  
Dass sie im Blütenschimmer  
Von ihm nur träumen müsst.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,  
Die Ähren wogten sacht,  
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,  
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte  
Weit ihre Flügel aus,  
Flog durch die stillen Räume  
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

**MOONLIT NIGHT**

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF (1788–1857)

It was as if the sky had  
In silence kissed the Earth,  
That she in shimmering blossoms  
Should only dream of him.

The breeze blew through the fields,  
Through waving ears of grain,  
The forest rustled softly,  
And starlit was the night.

And then my soul unfolded  
unfolded wide its wings,  
Flew through the quiet landscape  
As if it were flying home.



**WIE RAFFT' ICH MICH**

AUGUST VON PLATEN (1796–1835)

Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
 Und fühlte mich fürder gezogen,  
 Die Gassen verließ ich vom Wächter bewacht,  
 Durchwandelte sacht  
 In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
 Das Tor mit dem gotischen Bogen.

Der Mühlbach rauschte durch felsigen Schacht,  
 Ich lehnte mich über die Brücke,  
 Tief unter mir nahm ich der Wogen in acht,  
 Die wallten so sacht,  
 In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
 Doch wallte nicht eine zurücke.

Es drehte sich oben, unzählig entfacht  
 Melodischer Wandel der Sterne,  
 Mit ihnen der Mond in beruhigter Pracht,  
 Sie funkelten sacht  
 In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
 Durch täuschend entlegene Ferne.

Ich blickte hinauf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
 Und blickte hinunter aufs neue:  
 O wehe, wie hast du die Tage verbracht,  
 Nun stille du sacht  
 In der Nacht, in der Nacht,  
 Im pochenden Herzen die Reue!

**I STIRRED AND AROSE**

AUGUST VON PLATEN (1796–1835)

I stirred and arose in the night, in the night,  
 And felt as if drawn ever onwards,  
 Departed the streets and the watchman's patrol,  
 Strolled softly beneath,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 The gate with its Gothic arch.

The millstream rushed through the steep, rocky gorge,  
 And leaning across the bridge railing,  
 I straightway discerned far below me the waves,  
 They soundlessly rolled,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 With never a wave flowing backwards.

And wheeling above countless light beams ablaze,  
 Melodious pathways of starlight,  
 And with them the moon in its splendour serene,  
 They quietly shone,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 Through space so deceptively distant.

Then upward I gazed, in the night, in the night,  
 Gazed downward anew to the water:  
 Alas, how have you spent the days of your life?  
 Now gently allay,  
 In the night, in the night,  
 Remorse in your heart sharply pounding!

**SCHÖN WAR, DAS ICH DIR WEIHTE**

GEORG FRIEDRICH DAUMER (1800–1875)

Schön war, das ich dir weihte,  
 das goldene Geschmeide,  
 süß war der Laute Ton,  
 die ich dir auserlesen;  
 das Herze, das sie beide  
 darbrachte, wert gewesen  
 wär's, zu empfangen einen bessern Lohn.

**FAIR WERE MY ARDENT OFFERINGS**

GEORG FRIEDRICH DAUMER (1800–1875)

Fair were my ardent offerings,  
 The golden jewelry,  
 Sweet were the lute notes sounding  
 Alone for you were chosen.  
 The heart that both these gifts to  
 You offered, worthy he  
 Should have been of a better reward.

### O KÜHLER WALD

C. M. WENZESLAUS VON BRENTANO (1778–1842)

O kühler Wald,  
Wo rauschest du,  
In dem mein Liebchen geht?  
O Widerhall,  
Wo lauschest du,  
Der gern mein Lied versteht?

Im Herzen tief,  
Da rauscht der Wald,  
In dem mein Liebchen geht,  
In Schmerzen schlief  
Der Widerhall,  
Die Lieder sind verweht.

### O FOREST COOL

C. M. WENZESLAUS VON BRENTANO (1778–1842)

O forest cool,  
Where murmuredst thou,  
Where my beloved walks?  
O echo, where  
Where listeneth thou,  
To understand my song?

Deep in my heart,  
Murmurs the wood,  
Where my beloved walks,  
In sorrow sleeps  
The echo now,  
The songs have blown away.

### DER ÜBERLÄUFER

AUS «DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN»

In den Garten wollen wir gehen  
Wo die schönen Rosen stehen  
Da stehn der Rosen gar zu viel,  
Brech' ich mir eine, wo ich will.

Wir haben gar öfters beisammen gesessen,  
Wie ist mir mein Schatz so treu gewesen?  
Das hätt' ich mir nicht gebildet ein,  
Dass mein Schatz so falsch könnt' sein.

Hört ihr nicht den Jäger blasen  
In dem Wald auf grünem Rasen,  
Den Jäger mit dem grünen Hut,  
Der meinen Schatz verführen tut.

### THE TRAITOR

FROM «THE YOUTH'S MAGIC HORN»

Let us in the garden go,  
Where the lovely roses grow,  
Far too many growing there,  
So I shall pluck them, as I wish.

How often we sat here so happily together,  
How faithful my Sweetheart was to me!  
Never would I ever have imagined,  
That my dear could be so false.

Hear, the hunter's horn is blowing  
From the green grass of the forest,  
The hunter with his green hat,  
Who my Sweetheart did seduce.

## VERRAT

KARL LEMCKE (1831-1913)

Ich stand in einer lauen Nacht  
An einer grünen Linde,  
Der Mond schien hell, der Wind ging sacht,  
Der Gießbach floss geschwinde.

Die Linde stand vor Liebchens Haus,  
Die Türe hört' ich knarren.  
Mein Schatz ließ sacht ein Mannsbild raus:  
»Lass morgen mich nicht harren;

Lass mich nicht harren, süßer Mann,  
Wie hab' ich dich so gerne!  
Ans Fenster klopfe leise an,  
Mein Schatz ist in der Ferne!«

Lass ab vom Druck und Kuss, Feinslieb,  
Du Schöner im Sammetkleide,  
Nun spute dich, du feiner Dieb,  
Ein Mann harrt auf der Heide.

Der Mond scheint hell, der Rasen grün  
Ist gut zu unsrem Begegnen,  
Du trägst ein Schwert und nickst so kühn,  
Dein' Liebschaft will ich segnen! -

Und als erschien der lichte Tag,  
Was fand er auf der Heide?  
Ein Toter in den Blumen lag  
Zu einer Falschen Leide.

## BETRAYAL

KARL LEMCKE (1831-1913)

I stood one mild summer's night  
By a green linden tree,  
In bright moonlight and gentle wind  
The brook was flowing swiftly.

The tree stood by my Sweetheart's house,  
The door I heard it creaking,  
My Sweetheart let a man steal out:  
«Tomorrow don't keep me waiting.

Don't keep me waiting, my sweet man,  
You know how much I love you!  
Tap gently on the window pane,  
My Sweetheart's far away.»

Let be the hugs and kisses, lass,  
You handsome lad in velvet,  
Make haste, you smart and sylish thief,  
A man waits on the heath.

The moon shines brightly, the green grass  
Is fitting for our meeting.  
You bear a sword, so bold your nod,  
Your intrigue needs a blessing. —

And when the dawn broke on the heath,  
What did it there discover?  
Among the flowers a dead man lay  
Mourned by a faithless lover.

## SAPPHISCHE ODE

HANS SCHMIDT (1856-1923)

Rosen brach ich nachts  
mir am dunklen Hage;  
süßer hauchten Duft  
sie, als je am Tage;  
doch verstreuten reich  
die bewegten Äste  
Tau, der mich nässte.

Auch der Küsse Duft  
mich wie nie berückte,  
die ich nachts vom Strauch  
deiner Lippen pflückte:  
doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt  
gleich jenen,  
tauten die Tränen.

## SAPPHIC ODE

HANS SCHMIDT (1856-1923)

In the dark hedge by night  
I gathered roses;  
Sweeter scent they breathed  
Than ever in daytime;  
Dewdrops scattered by  
The disrupted branches  
Showered me amply.

Scent of kisses, too,  
Beguiling as ne'er before,  
From your flowering lips  
By night I gathered:  
Yet, like them, stirred in your heart,  
Your tears are  
Like dewdrops falling.

**SOMMERABEND**

HEINRICH HEINE (1797–1856)

Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend  
Über Wald und grünen Wiesen;  
Goldner Mond im blauen Himmel,  
Strahlt herunter, duftig labend.

An dem Bache zirpt die Grille,  
Und es regt sich in dem Wasser,  
Und der Wanderer hört ein Plätschern,  
Und ein Athmen in der Stille.

Dorten, an dem Bach alleine,  
Badet sich die schöne Elfe;  
Arm und Nacken, weiß und lieblich,  
Schimmern in dem Mondenscheine.

**SUMMER EVENING**

HEINRICH HEINE (1797–1856)

Summer evening spreads the twilight  
Over woodland, o'er green meadow;  
In the blue sky golden moonbeams  
radiate refreshing fragrance.

By the brook the cricket chirping,  
In the water something stirring,  
And the wanderer hears soft splashing,  
Hears soft breathing in the stillness.

Yonder, by the brook, secluded,  
Bathes alone an elf enchanting,  
Arms and shoulders, white and lovely,  
In the moonlight faintly shimmering.

**MUSS ES EINE TRENNUNG GEBEN**

LUDWIG TIECK (1773–1853)

Muss es eine Trennung geben,  
Die das treue Herz zerbricht?  
Nein, dies nenne ich nicht leben,  
Sterben ist so bitter nicht.

Hör' ich eines Schäfers Flöte,  
Härme ich mich inniglich,  
Seh' ich in die Abendröte,  
Denk' ich brünstiglich an dich.

Gibt es denn kein wahres Lieben?  
Muss denn Schmerz und Trennung sein?  
Wär' ich ungeliebt geblieben,  
Hätt' ich doch noch Hoffnungsschein.

Aber so muss ich nun klagen:  
Wo ist Hoffnung, als das Grab?  
Fern muss ich mein Elend tragen,  
Heimlich bricht das Herz mir ab.

**MUST THERE REALLY BE A PARTING**

LUDWIG TIECK (1773–1853)

Must there really be a parting  
That will shatter this true heart?  
No, I do not call this living,  
Nor is death a bitter fate.

When the shepherd's flute I'm hearing,  
How I languish all the while,  
And when gazing at the sunset,  
Ardently I think of you.

Is true love but an illusion?  
Pain and parting, must they be?  
Were I unloved, and remained so,  
I would have a spark of hope.

This lament now I must utter:  
Where is hope, but in the grave?  
Elsewhere I must bear my misery,  
Secretly my heart is crushed.

**MIT VIERZIG JAHREN**

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)

Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg erstiegen,  
Wir stehen still und schau'n zurück;  
Dort sehen wir der Kindheit stilles liegen  
Und dort der Jugend lautes Glück.

Noch einmal schau', und dann gekräftigt weiter  
Erhebe deinen Wanderstab!  
Hindehnt ein Bergesrücken sich, ein breiter,  
Und hier nicht, drüben gehts hinab.

Nicht athmend aufwärts brauchst  
du mehr zu steigen,  
Die Eb'ne zieht von selbst dich fort;  
Dann wird sie sich mit dir unmerklich neigen,  
Und eh du's denkst, bist du im Port.

**AT FORTY YEARS**

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)

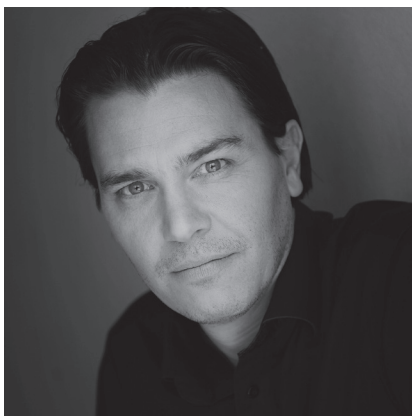
At forty years we've reached the mountain's summit,  
And standing still and looking back  
We now behold the quiet years of childhood,  
We see, too, strident years of youth.

Take one more look, and so invigorated,  
Pick up your staff, be on your way,  
A mountain ridge extends before you broadly,  
Not here, it's there you must descend.

No longer need you climb with laboured  
breathing,  
O'er level plain you're drawn along;  
Then ever gradually with you descending,  
Before you know, you've reached the haven.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS: JIM SKURDALL





## HÅVARD STENSVOLD

BASSBARYTON | BASS-BARITONE

Bassbarytonen Håvard Stensvold er født i Oslo i 1971. Hans sanginteresse startet allerede i barneårene som guttesopran i Sølvguttene.

I 1994 kom han inn ved Det Kongelige Danske Operaakademi i København, hvor han i juni 1998 hadde sin avsluttende eksamen. Etter ytterligere to år ved Det Kongelige Danske Musikonservatorium i København fulgte en vellykket debutkonsert i 2000.

Håvard Stensvold har vært solist med de fleste store symfoniorkestre i Norge og Danmark. I tillegg synger han gjerne lieder, og er en meget

flittig benyttet oratoriesanger. Stensvold er ofte på turné med kjente barokkorkestre som Concerto Copenhagen og Europa Galante, sistnevnte med konserter bl.a. i Mozarteum i Salzburg, og plateutgivelse av Händels «Jephtha».

Håvard Stensvold har vært tilknyttet Rikskonsertenes lanseringsstøtte, samt mottatt Wallenbergstipendet flere ganger.

I august 1997 hadde han sin debut ved Det Kongelige Teater i København, som Masetto i «Don Giovanni». Siden fulgte store oppgaver ved bl.a. Den Fynske Opera, Den Norske Opera og

Opera Vest (Bergen). Ved Den Norske Opera har Stensvold bl.a. gjort roller som Masetto, Guglielmo («Cosi fan tutte»), Zuniga («Carmen»), Malatesta («Don Pasquale») og Papageno («Tryllefløyten»). Sesongen 2010 og 2011 har han vært engasjert ved Drottningholmteateret i Stockholm.

Våren 2010 ga Stensvold ut platen «Vinterreise – en gjendiktning» på LAWO Classics (LWC1013) med Tor Espen Aspaas ved klaveret. Det er Stensvolds egen norske gjendiktning av Schuberts sangsyklus.

Våren 2013 sang Stensvold tittelrollen i «Don Giovanni» i en samproduksjon med Trondheim Symfoniorkester og operaen i Kraków. Han har også hatt flere store oppgaver ved det nye operahuset i Bjørvika hvor han våren 2013 hadde hovedrollen i den nyskrevne operaen «Khairos», og på nyåret 2014 gjorde Schaunard i «La Bohème».



*The bass-baritone Håvard Stensvold was born in Oslo in 1971. His interest in singing began in his childhood years as a member of Sølvguttene — Norwegian Broadcasting Boys' Choir.*

*In 1994 he was accepted at the Royal Opera Academy in Copenhagen, where he completed his studies in 1998. An additional two years at the Royal Danish Academy of Music were followed by a successful debut concert in 2000.*

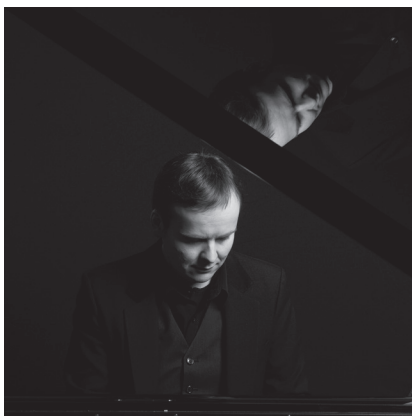
*Håvard Stensvold has been soloist with most of the major symphony orchestras in*

*Norway and Denmark. He also performs lieder and appears often as oratorio singer. Stensvold frequently tours with distinguished baroque orchestras, among them Concerto Copenhagen and Europa Galante. His collaboration with the latter included a concert at the Mozarteum in Salzburg and a recording of Handel's «Jephtha».*

*In August 1997 Stensvold made his stage debut at the Royal Danish Opera House as Masetto in «Don Giovanni». This was followed by major engagements at the Funen Opera (Odense), the Norwegian National Opera, and Opera Vest (Bergen). His roles at the Norwegian Opera have included Masetto, Guglielmo («Cosi fan tutte»), Zuniga («Carmen»), Malatesta («Don Pasquale»), and Papageno («The Magic Flute»). During the 2010 and 2011 seasons he was engaged at Drottningholm Palace Theatre in Stockholm.*

*In the spring of 2010 Stensvold released his recording «Vinterreise — en gjendiktning» («Winter Journey — A Free Adaptation») with pianist Tor Espen Aspaas on the LAWO Classics label. It is his own Norwegian free adaptation of Schubert's song cycle.*

*In the spring of 2013 Stensvold sang the title role in «Don Giovanni» in a co-production of the Trondheim Symphony Orchestra and the Kraków Opera. He has also had major engagements at the new opera house at Bjørvika, where in the spring of 2013 he had the lead role in the newly composed opera «Khairos», and in early 2014 sang Schaunard in «La Bohème».*



## TOR ESPEN ASPAAS

PIANO

Tor Espen Aspaas er en av de mest profilerte pianistene og musikkformidlerne i sin generasjon av norske musikere. Han ble i 2006 professor - en av landets yngste - ved Norges musikkhøgskole hvor han nå ved siden av undervisning og veiledning gjør et forskningsprosjekt på improvisasjonens rolle i Beethovens kreative prosesser og verker.

I 1996 mottok han sitt solistdiplom ved NMH og debuterte i Oslo året etter med strålende kritikker. Han er tildelt en rekke priser og utmerkelser (blant de nyligste kan nevnes

De Unges Lindemanpris, Levinprisen og Nils Larsens legat) og han har vært solist med flere internasjonale symfoniorkestre i tillegg til samtlige norske. Blant dirigentene Aspaas har samarbeidet med som solist, finnes navn som Brüggen, Sinajskij, Plasson, Karpe, Eggen, Engeset, Gupta og Engegård. Med sistnevnte som dirigent for Trondheim Symfoniorkester urfremførte han i 2011 Olav A. Thommessens klaverkonsert nr. 3.

Ved siden av konserter og verdensomspennende turneer er han jevnlig engasjert ved

norske og internasjonale festivaler og serier. Høsten 2010 gjorde Aspaas seg bemerket med en serie fremførelser av Debussys 24 preludier komplett, bl.a. i Den Norske Opera. I mars 2013 fikk han sin USA-debut med en solorecital i Carnegie Hall, NY.

Aspaas har et titalls CD-utgivelser bak seg, blant disse internasjonalt kritikerroste solo-CD-er med verker av Beethoven, Schönberg, Berg og Webern samt Paul Dukas' samlede klaververker.

Han var en av initiativtagerne til og kunstnerisk leder for Vinterfestspill i Bergstaden på Røros i årene 1999-2008 samt for 2014.



*Tor Espen Aspaas is one of the most distinguished pianists and music communicators of his generation in Norway. In 2006 he was appointed professor at the Norwegian Academy of Music — one of the youngest in the country at the time. In addition to his teaching duties, he is presently researching the role of improvisation in the creative processes and works of Beethoven.*

*Aspaas gained his postgraduate soloist's diploma from the Academy in 1996 and gave a critically acclaimed debut recital in Oslo the following year. He has received numerous grants and awards, more recently the Lindeman Prize, the Levin Prize, and the Nils Larsen Grant, and he has appeared as soloist with international*

*orchestras, as well as with all major Norwegian symphony orchestras. Among the many conductors with whom Aspaas has collaborated are Frans Brüggen, Vasily Sinaysky, Michel Plasson, Stefan Karpe, Christian Eggen, Bjarte Engeset, Rolf Gupta and Arvid Engegård. In 2011 Aspaas gave the first performance of O.A. Thommesen's Third Piano Concerto, commissioned by Trondheim Symphony Orchestra.*

*In addition to recitals and world-wide concert tours, Aspaas is regularly invited to festivals and concert series in Norway and abroad. In the autumn of 2010, Aspaas received attention for his performances of the complete collection of Debussy's 24 Preludes in a series that included a concert at the Norwegian National Opera. In March 2013 he made his US debut with a solo recital at Carnegie Hall in New York City.*

*Tor Espen Aspaas has a comprehensive discography, including critically acclaimed solo CDs of works by Beethoven, Schönberg, Berg and Webern, as well as the complete piano works by Paul Dukas.*

*Aspaas was one of the founders of the Røros Winter Chamber Music Festival and served as its first artistic director from 1999-2008.*



1. **TREUE LIEBE** OP. 7, NO. 1 [02:21]  
TEXT: B. EDUARD SCHULZ (1813-1842)

2. **VON EWIGER LIEBE** OP. 43, NO. 1 [04:41]  
TEXT: A. H. HOFFMANN VON FALLERSB. (1798-1874)

3. **DER GANG ZUM LIEBCHEN** OP. 48, NO. 1 [01:24]  
BOHEMIAN FOLK SONG /  
GERMAN TEXT: JOSEF WENZIG (1807-1876)

4. **VERGEBLICHES STÄNDCHEN** OP. 84, NO. 4 [01:40]  
LOWER RHENISH FOLK SONG /  
GERMAN TEXT: A. W. FLORENTIN VON ZUCCALMAGLIO (1803-1869)

5. **SPANNUNG** OP. 84, NO. 5 [02:28]  
LOWER RHENISH FOLK SONG /  
GERMAN TEXT: A. W. FLORENTIN VON ZUCCALMAGLIO (1803-1869)

6. **NICHT MEHR ZU DIR ZU GEHEN** OP. 32, NO. 2 [02:32]  
TEXT: GEORG FRIEDRICH DAUMER (1800-1875)

7. **VERZAGEN** OP. 72, NO. 4 [02:20]  
TEXT: KARL LEMCKE (1831-1913)

8. **SALAMANDER** OP. 107, NO. 2 [00:58]  
TEXT: KARL LEMCKE (1831-1913)

9. **IN DEN BEEREN** OP. 84, NO. 3 [01:28]  
TEXT: HANS SCHMIDT (1856-1923)

10. **MONDNACHT** [02:50]  
TEXT: JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

11. **WIE RAFFT' ICH MICH** OP. 32, NO. 1 [03:58]  
TEXT: AUGUST VON PLATEN (1796-1835)

12. **SCHÖN WAR, DAS ICH DIR WEIHTE** OP. 95, NO. 7 [01:49]  
TEXT: GEORG FRIEDRICH DAUMER (1800-1875)

13. **O KÜHLER WALD** OP. 72, NO. 3 [02:06]  
TEXT: C. M. WENZESLAUS VON BRENTANO (1778-1842)

14. **DER ÜBERLÄUFER** OP. 48, NO. 2 [01:24]  
FROM «DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN»  
«THE YOUTH'S MAGIC HORN»

15. **VERRAT** OP. 105, NO. 5 [03:22]  
TEXT: KARL LEMCKE (1831-1913)

16. **SAPPHISCHE ODE** OP. 94, NO. 4 [02:30]  
TEXT: HANS SCHMIDT (1856-1923)

17. **SOMMERABEND** OP. 85, NO. 1 [02:33]  
TEXT: HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)

18. **MUSS ES EINE TRENNUNG GEBEN** OP. 33, NO. 12 [02:20]  
TEXT: LUDWIG TIECK (1773-1853)

19. **MIT VIERZIG JAHREN** OP. 94, NO. 1 [03:18]  
TEXT: FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)

CREDITS: RECORDED IN SOFIENBERG CHURCH, OSLO, 17-18 SEPTEMBER 2012 | PRODUCER: VEGARD LANDAAS  
BALANCE ENGINEER: THOMAS WOLDEN | EDITING: VEGARD LANDAAS | MASTERING: THOMAS WOLDEN  
PIANO TECHNICIAN: ERIC SCHANDALL | BOOKLET NOTES: HÅVARD STENS VOLD | ENGLISH TRANSLATION:  
JIM SKURDALL | BOOKLET EDITOR: HEGE WOLLENG | COVER DESIGN: ANETTE L'ORANGE / BLUNDERBUSS  
COVER PHOTO: ISTOCK | BOOKLET PHOTOS: ISTOCK & WIKIMEDIA COMMONS | PHOTO EDITING: ANETTE L'ORANGE  
ARTIST PHOTO, HÅVARD STENS VOLD: STUDIO LASSE BERRE | ARTIST PHOTO, TOR ESPEN ASFAAS: TEVJE AKERØ

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CLASSICS  
LWC1079 | TT: 46:13  
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THIS RECORD HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE WITH SUPPORT FROM  
FUND FOR PERFORMING ARTISTS & NORWEGIAN MUSICIANS' UNION