



LAWO
CLASSICS

WHISPERING MOZART

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Vi som kan se tilbake på århundrer med musikk-historie og høre på musikkens utvikling gjennom den samme perioden, ser ikke på Mozart som musikkens urkilde. Han var riktignok et av de største musikalske geniene verden har opplevd, men han var også en del av en rekke musikere og komponister som opp gjennom historien har ført musikken fram til slik den er i dag.

Men når det gjelder utviklingen av sangen som kunstform, må man nok se på Mozart som en av pionerene. Sangen ble gjennom ham løftet fra bruks- og folkemusikken inn i kunstmusikken. Og det er tydelig hos Mozart, for her har vi hele spekteret av hva en sang kan være. Mange er enkle og strofiske – som den aller mest kjente «Im Frühlingsanfang», og kan nær sagt synges av alle. Men så utvikler Mozart sangen til å bli noe større, noe mer avansert, med større tekniske utfordringer og musikalsk progresjon. Toppen av dette hos Mozart nås for eksempel med

«Abendempfindung» og ikke minst «Eine kleine deutsche Kantate».

Å gjøre Mozart sine sanger er en liten utfordring, nettopp fordi de er så enkle. Her passer det ikke å hente fram den store patos og følelsesmessige utbrudd. Selvsagt skal emosjonene være til stede, men de må holdes innenfor de delikate og enklere rammene som Mozart har satt. Derfor har jeg valgt å kalle denne plate «Whispering Mozart». For det føles slik å synges dette stoffet: at du hvisker ordene og melodiene til de få som har samlet seg i stuen din for å lytte...

— *Marianne Beate Kielland*

We who can look back on centuries of music history, and listen to the development of music over the same period of time, do not regard Mozart as the ultimate source of music. He was, to be sure, one of the greatest musical geniuses the world has ever known; yet he was, at the same time, but one of a number of musicians and composers whose impact over the course of history has made music what it is today.

When we consider the development of classical song as an art form, however, Mozart must be seen as one of the pioneers. It was he who elevated the song from domestic and traditional music to the realm of serious music. And with Mozart we have the entire spectrum of what a song can be. Many are in simple verse form – such as the very familiar “Im Frühlingsanfang” – and can be sung by just about anyone. But Mozart developed the song into something larger and more complex, with greater technical

challenges and more innovative musical progression. “Abendempfindung” and, especially, “Eine kleine deutsche Kantate” represent the apex of Mozart’s achievement in this regard.

To do the songs of Mozart is indeed something of a challenge, precisely because they are so simple. Excessive pathos or outpouring of feeling is unsuitable. Emotion is to be expressed, of course, but it must be confined to the delicate and simpler limits that Mozart has established. I have chosen, therefore, to call the album “Whispering Mozart”, for that is how it feels to sing this material: as though you are whispering the words and melodies to the few who have gathered in your living room to listen ...

— *Marianne Beate Kielland*

MED MOZART I WIENS SALONGER

Gjestene satt oppstabelt på stoler i den flotte salongen til geheimeråd (minister) Franz Bernhard von Keess. Det skulle være Concert, og publikumsyndlingen Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart skulle presentere sin nye sang. Selveste fru geheimeråden skulle uroppføre den.

Ingen Mozart kom, og tjenere ble sendt ut på byen for å lete. Til slutt ble komponisten funnet på et vertshus og fikk vite at alle gledet seg til å høre hans nye sang. Da kom Mozart på at han hadde glemt å komponere den. På vertshuset ba han om notepapir, skrev ned en ny sang og ble med tjenerne til selskapet.

Etter noen forsiktige bebreidelser fra vertskapet om hans sene ankomst ble han hjertelig motatt. Endelig satte han seg til klaveret, og vertinnen fikk noten overlevert. Med skjelvende stemme sang hun den splitter nye sangen til entusiastisk applaus. (Fra Adalbert Gyrowetz' erindringer.)

Vi vet ikke hvilken sang det gjaldt. Mozart-ekspertene foreslår bl.a. *Das Traumbild* (K 530) som Mozart hadde komponert tidligere i Prag i 1787.

Episoden forteller at huskonserter og framførelser av vertskapet og andre amatører var en viktig del av musikklivet. Hos geheimeråd von Keess var det *Gesellschafts-Concerte* to ganger i uken, og også kammermusikk og symfonier ble framført.

Etter Mozarts død i 1791 levde mange av hans sanger til husbruk videre og ble trykt. Hans navn ble også satt på flere som han ikke hadde komponert. Noen ganger var det omvendt: andre tok æren for Mozarts sanger, og var det en god venn, protesterte han ikke (som *Als Luise die Briefe ihres Ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* K 520, 1787).

I 1800 samlet hans enke Constanze 30 *Gesänge mit Begleitung des Pianoforte*, og denne samlingen er fortsatt basis for hva som hører til denne delen av det mozartske univers.

Strofisk

De fleste av Mozarts sanger er i strofisk form, med samme melodi til alle versene. Det gjelder den første av de sangene vi kjenner til, *An die Freude* (K 53, 1768). Det er tolvåringens fanfareartede hyllest til gleden etter en sykdom, komponert samme år som *Waisenhaus-Messe*,

operaen *La finta semplice* og syngespillet *Bastien und Bastienne*.

I *Das Traumbild* slår Mozart sammen to og to strofer slik at det blir fire og ikke åtte enheter, og hver enhet blir utsmykket pianistisk med mellomspill.

Denne teknikken bruker han også f.eks. i *Die Zufriedenheit* (K 473, 1785). Teksten er skrevet av Christian Felix Weisse fra Leipzig, en åndelig slektning av vår egen Henrik Wergeland, og som utgav barnebladet *Der Kinderfreund*.

I *Komm, liebe Zither* (K 351, 1781) tenkte Mozart seg naturlig nok at en siter skulle overta akkompagnement. Aller første gang ble denne håndtert av Martin Lang som til daglig var hornist i orkestret i München. Der ble operaen *Idomeneo* uroppført ved Hoftheater i januar 1781. En stolt pappa Leopold og søster Nannerl kom reisende fra Salzburg til begivenheten.

Det var et problem at Wolfgang egentlig hadde tjuvperm i München. Hans permisjon var for lengst utløpt. Kan vi tenke oss et lystig nachspiel med sang og siterpill der Wolfgang har sitt å stri med? Han drømmer om å bli fri den diktatoriske

erkebiskop Colloredo. Dessuten hadde hans elskede Aloysia Weber nettopp giftet seg med en annen. Det er til siteren han *betrør sin lyst og sin pine*. Noen måneder etter sier han opp i Salzburg og flytter til Wien.

Brüder, lasst uns lustig sein er åpningssangen i synge-spillet *Zaide* (K 344, 1780) som foregår hos den tyrkiske sultan Süleyman.

Til de strofiske sangene hører også *Daphne* (K 52), frimurersangen fra Salzburg *An die Freundschaft* (K 148, 1772), *Geheime Liebe* (K 150), *Ich würd' auf meinem Pfad* (K 390, ca. 1780), *An die Einsamkeit* (K 391, ca. 1780), *An die Bescheidenheit* (K 392, ca. 1780), *Der Zauberer* (K 472, 1785), og *Die betrogene Welt* (K 474, 1785).

Mozarts mest kjente sang *Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge/Komm lieber Mai* (K 596, 1791) er blant hans aller siste fra dødsåret 1791. Den naturlige og lystige treklangsmelodikken er i en enkel folketonestil. Ikke rart at mange tror at *Kom mai, du skønne milde* er en folkevis. Klaverets etterspill er et lite refreng i seg selv. Med sin mer ornamenterende stil skaper etterspillet en fin kontrast.

Kom mai er den første i en samling på *drei teutsche Lieder*, datert 14. januar 1791, i begynnelsen av

hans dødsår. Mozart døde 5. desember. Det er vemodig at den neste i denne samlingen på hans tre siste Lieder er *Im Frühlingsanfang* (K 597, 1791). I den wienerske vinter velger komponisten seg en hyllest til våren og til naturen som er vekket til nytt liv.

Tekstforfatteren Christian Adolph Overbeck var borgermester i Lübeck, og *Komm lieber Mai* er fra samlingen *Fritzchens Lieder* fra 1781.

Større former

An Chloë (K 524, 1787) har en mer kompleks form der begynnelsen brukes som et slags rondotema, og der teksten foranlediger understreking i form av gjentakelser og dveling ved viktige ord.

I *Abendempfindung* (K 523, 1787) fra samme år går Mozart enda lenger vekk fra strofisk form. Meditasjonen over solnedgangen i naturen og i menneskelivet gir rom for en melodikk som går på tvers av tekstens strofeinndeling. Klavermelomspillene gir et visst holdepunkt mens sangstemmen tar oss stadig videre i dramaet om liv og død, sorg og erindring.

Das Lied der Trennung (K 519, 1787), en trist f-mollhistorie om engler som gråter over brutt kjær-

lighet. Den er holdt i en blandingsform der en strofisk form etter hvert tar av og pløyer ny mark.

Mozart har ikke mange sanger i helt utspunnet stil, men hans eneste tonesetting av en Goethe-tekst hører til disse. Goethes historie om fiolen og piken *Das Veilchen* (K 476, 1785) har samme bildebruk som *Heidenröslein*, diktet Schubert komponerte musikk til. *Heidenröslein* er skrevet i 1771 og er et kjærlighetsbilde av en mann som plukker en rose. Tre-fire år senere skaper Goethe et omvendt bilde. Nå er blomsten, fiolen, en manns hjerte som blir knust av en gjeterjente.

Mozart dramatiserer teksten som i en liten operarie - han komponerte *Figaros bryllup* som er full av knuste hjerter samme året. Og han lager en ny slutt og dikter til en avrunding om den arme fiolen. (Goethe-Mozart blir her en forløper for den kommende romantikkens lengselsfulle svermeri omkring *den blå blomst* der kjærlighet, død og religiøse følelser smelter sammen i én sjelelig stemning.)

Like operamessig er den melodramatiske monologen *Als Luise die Briefe ihres Ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* (K 520, 1787). Komponisten har selv notert at han satt hjemme hos sin venn Emilian Gottfried von Jacquin (som tok æren for

komposisjonen) den 26. mai 1787 og komponerte. Teksten var året før skrevet av Gabriele von Baumberg, om en skuffet kvinne som brenner kjærlighetsbrevne fra en troløs elsker.

Det Mozart kalte *Eine kleine teutsche Cantate* (K 619, 1791), begynner med *Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfer ehrt*, en hyllest til Gud som har mange navn.

Sommeren 1791 arbeidet Mozart med både *Titus* og *Tryllefloyten*. Fru Constanze var plassert i Baden utenfor Wien, og som takk til byens organist for hjelpen med å finne losji komponerte Mozart *Ave verum corpus* for kirkekoret i Baden. Midt oppe i alt dette kom et oppdrag fra Franz Heinrich Ziegenhagen, en forretningsmann i Hamburg som var mer opptatt av sine religiøse ideer enn av business.

Han var frimurer og skrev bøker om universet, skaperverket og det guddommelige. Det var ideer som Mozarts hode var fullt av i arbeidet med frimurertankene i *Tryllefloyten*. Kantatens oppfordring til å bryte uvitenheten og splittelsens bånd er som en triumf i stil med Schiller-Beethovens budskap om brorskap og *Freude* i 9. symfoni.

— *Torkil Baden*

WITH MOZART IN VIENNA'S SALONS

The guests sat crowded together in the elegant salon of Minister Franz Bernhard von Keess. A *Concert* was about to begin, with everyone's favourite, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, presenting his new song, and the minister's wife herself performing it.

But no Mozart appeared, and servants were sent to town to look for him. When the composer was finally found in an alehouse, he was told that everyone eagerly awaited hearing his new song. It was then Mozart recalled he had forgotten to compose it. He asked for paper, wrote down the song, and returned with the servants to the party.

Mozart was given a warm welcome, after being gently reproached by the host for his late arrival. At last he seated himself at the piano, and the minister's wife was given the music. With trembling voice, she sang the brand-new song to enthusiastic applause. (From the reminiscences of Adalbert Gyrowetz)

We do not know to which song this anecdote refers. Among suggestions by Mozart experts is *Das Traumbild* (K 530), composed in Prague in 1787.

The episode confirms that house concerts and performances at social gatherings by the hosts and other amateurs were an important part of musical life. Minister von Keess hosted his *Gesellschafts-Concerte* twice a week, and chamber music and symphonies were performed as well.

Following Mozart's death in 1791, many of his songs lived on as household music and were printed. His name was also associated with a number of songs he had not composed. Sometimes the opposite was true: others took credit for Mozart's songs, and if it was a friend, he did not object (for example, *Als Luise die Briefe ihres Ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* K 520, 1787).

In 1800 Mozart's widow Constanze published *30 Gesänge mit Begleitung des Pianoforte*, and the collection remains the basis for this part of the Mozartian universe.

In verse form

Most of Mozart's songs are in verse form, with the same melody used for all the verses. This is true for the first of the songs of which we know, *An die Freude* (K 53, 1768). It is the twelve-year-old composer's fanfare-like tribute to the elation felt after recovering from an illness, composed the

same year as *Waisenhaus-Messe*, the opera *La finta semplice* and the Singspiel *Bastien und Bastienne*.

In *Das Traumbild* Mozart combines the verses two by two, creating four rather than eight units, with each unit embellished by a piano interlude.

He uses this technique as well, for example, in *Die Zufriedenheit* (K 473, 1785). The text was written in Leipzig by Christian Felix Weisse, an intellectual kinsman of our own Henrik Wergeland. Weisse also published the children's magazine *Der Kinderfreund*.

In *Komm, liebe Zither* (K 351, 1781) Mozart was indeed thinking of a zither accompaniment. The very first performance was by Martin Lang, who normally played horn in the orchestra in Munich, where Mozart's opera *Idomeneo* was premiered at the Hoftheater in January 1781. Proud papa Leopold and sister Nannerl travelled from Salzburg for the occasion.

As for Wolfgang, he was in Munich on over-extended leave. Might we imagine a lively late-evening soirée of singing and zither playing where Wolfgang has his share of worries? He dreams of freedom from the dictatorial Arch

bishop Colloredo. At the same time, his beloved Aloysia Weber has just married another. Thus it is to his zither that he confides his delight and his anguish. A few months later he resigned his position in Salzburg and moved to Vienna.

Brüder, lasst uns lustig sein is the opening song in the Singspiel *Zaide* (K 344, 1780), which takes place at the court of the Turkish sultan Suleiman.

Among other songs in verse form are *Daphne* (K 52), the Masonic song from Salzburg, *An die Freundschaft* (K 148, 1772), *Geheime Liebe* (K 150), *Ich würd' auf meinem Pfad* (K 390, ca. 1780), *An die Einsamkeit* (K 391, ca. 1780), *An die Bescheidenheit* (K 392, ca. 1780), *Der Zauberer* (K 472, 1785), and *Die betrogene Welt* (K 474, 1785).

Mozart's best-known song, *Sehnsucht nach dem Frühling/Komm lieber Mai* (K 596, 1791), was one of the very last written in 1791, the year he died. The naturally joyful triadic melody is in a simple folk tune style. No wonder the Norwegian version, *Kom mai, du skønne milde*, is thought by many to be a folk song. The piano postlude is itself a short refrain and its more ornamented style creates a lovely contrast.

Komm lieber Mai is the first in a collection of *drei teutsche Lieder*, dated 14 January 1791, at the begin-

ning of the year of Mozart's death. He died on December 5th. There is a touch of melancholy in his selection of *Im Frühlingsanfang* (K 597, 1791) as the second of his three last songs. In the midst of the Viennese winter, the composer chooses a tribute to spring and to nature's rebirth.

Poet Christian Adolph Overbeck was mayor of Lübeck, and *Komm Lieber Mai* is from the collection *Fritzchens Lieder* from 1781.

Larger forms

An Chloë (K 524, 1787) has a more complicated form, in which the beginning is used as a sort of rondo theme and certain parts of the text are emphasized by means of repetition and pauses on important words.

In *Abendempfindung* (K 523, 1787) from the same year, Mozart strays even further from verse form. The meditation on the setting sun in nature and in life leaves room for a melody that strains against a text of measured verses. The piano interludes provide something of a foothold, while the voice leads us steadily along in the drama of life and death, sorrow and remembrance.

Das Lied der Trennung (K 519, 1787) is a sad story in F minor of angels who weep over broken love.

It begins in verse form, then gradually proceeds to break new ground.

Mozart does not have many songs in a fully elaborate style, but this, his only setting of a Goethe text, is one of them. The image used in *Das Veilchen* (K 476, 1785), Goethe's story of the violet and the maiden, is similar to that in *Heidenröslein*, which Schubert set to music. *Heidenröslein* was written in 1771 and portrays a lad who picks a rose. Several years later Goethe created a reverse image. Here the flower, the violet, is a man's heart crushed by the shepherdess.

Mozart dramatizes the text as he would a short opera aria – *The Marriage of Figaro*, which is filled with broken hearts, was composed the same year – and he fashions a new ending to round off the story of the unfortunate violet. (This Goethe-Mozart example is a forerunner of the coming Romanticism's infinite longing for *the Blue Flower*, in which love, death and religious feeling merge into a single spiritual mood.)

Equally operatic is the melodramatic monologue *Als Luise die Briefe ihres Ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* (K 520, 1787). The composer himself noted that on the 26th of May 1787 he was sitting composing at the home of his friend Emilian Gottfried von Jacquin (who took credit

for the composition). The text, written by Gabriele von Baumberg a year earlier, tells of a woman who in her disappointment burns the love letters from a faithless lover.

What Mozart called *Eine kleine teutsche Cantate* (K 619, 1791) begins with *Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfer ehrt* – a homage to God, who has many names.

In the summer of 1791, Mozart was working on both *Titus* and *The Magic Flute*. Constanze was staying in Baden near Vienna, and in gratitude to the city organist for his help in finding lodging for her, Mozart composed *Ave verum corpus* for the church choir in Baden. Amidst all this, a commission arrived from Franz Heinrich Ziegenhagen, a businessman in Hamburg who was more preoccupied with religious ideas than his business. A Freemason, he wrote books about the universe, God's creation and the divine. Mozart's head was filled with such ideas while working with the Masonic ideas in *The Magic Flute*. The cantata's call to overcome ignorance and the bonds of discord evokes the triumphant style of the Schiller-Beethoven message of brotherhood and *Freude* in the Ninth Symphony.

— *Torkil Baden*

DAS TRAUMBILD

Text: Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty (1748–76)

Wo bist du, Bild, das vor mir stand,
Als ich im Garten träumte,
Ins Haar den Rosmarin mir wand,
Der um mein Lager keimte?

Wo bist du, Bild, das vor mir stand,
Mir in die Seele blickte,
Und eine warme Mädchenhand
Mir an die Wangen drückte?

Nun such' ich dich, mit Harm erfüllt,
Bald bei des Dorfes Linden,
Bald in der Stadt, geliebtes Bild,
Und kann dich nirgends finden.

Nach jedem Fenster blick' ich hin,
Wo nur ein Schleier wehet,
Und habe meine Lieblingin
Noch nirgends ausgespähet.

Komm selber, süßes Bild der Nacht,
Komm mit den Engelsmienen,
Und in der leichten Schäfertracht,
Worin du mir erschienen!

Bring' mit die schwanenweiße Hand,
Die mir das Herzgestohlen,
Das purpurrote Busenband,
Das Sträußchen von Violett.

Dein großes blaues Augenpaar,
Woraus ein Engel blickte;
Die Stirne, die so freundlich war,
Und guten Abend nickte;

Den Mund, der Liebe Paradies,
Die kleinen Wangengrübchen,
Wo sich der Himmel offen wies:
Bring' alles mit, mein Liebchen!

Where are you, vision, that stood before me
as I dreamed in the garden,
and about me wound the hair of rosemary,
that sprouted near my bed?

Where are you, vision, that stood before me,
gazed into my soul,
and pressed a warm maiden's hand
to my cheek?

Now I search for you, my doom fulfilled,
right by the town linden tree,
right in the city, beloved vision,
and I can find you nowhere.

Into every window I peer
if even just a veil is blowing;
but my beloved one
I have been unable to find.

Come, sweet vision of night,
come with your angel's face -
and in the same light garb of the shepherd
in which you appeared before!

Bring to me with your swan-white hand
that stole my heart -
bring that purple-red bosom-band,
that little bouquet of violets.

Your large blue eyes,
from which an angel gazes out;
your brow that was so kindly,
and nodded good evening;

Your mouth, that paradise of love,
your little dimpled cheeks
that threw open the gates to heaven -
bring all of it with you, my love!

— Translation: Emily Ezust

SEHNSUCHT NACH DEM FRÜHLINGE

Text: Christian Adolph Overbeck (1755–1821)

Komm, lieber Mai, und mache
Die Bäume wieder grün,
Und laß mir an dem Bache
Die kleinen Veilchen blühn!
Wie möcht ich doch so gerne
Ein Veilchen wieder sehn,
Ach, lieber Mai, wie gerne
Einmal spazieren gehn!

Zwar Wintertage haben
Wohl auch der Freuden viel;
Man kann im Schnee eins traben
Und treibt manch Abendspiel,
Baut Häuserchen von Karten,
Spielt Blindenkuh und Pfand;
Auch gibt's wohl Schlittenfahrten
Aufs liebe freie Land.

Doch wenn die Vöglein singen
Und wir dann froh und flink
Auf grünen Rasen springen,
Das ist ein ander Ding!
Jetzt muß mein Steckenpferdchen
Dort in dem Winkel stehn;
Denn draußen in dem Gärtchen
Kann man vor Kot nicht gehn.

Ach, wenn's doch erst gelinder
Und grüner draußen wär!
Komm, lieber Mai, wir Kinder,
Wir bitten dich gar sehr!
O komm und bring vor allen
Uns viele Veilchen mit,
Bring auch viel Nachtigallen
Und schöne Kuckucks mit!

Come, dear May, and make
the trees green again,
and by the brook, let
the little violets bloom for me!
How I would love
to see a violet again -
ah, dear May, how gladly
I would take a walk!

It is true that winter days have
much joy as well:
one can trot in the snow
and play many games in the evening;
build little houses of cards,
play blind-man's-buff and forfeits;
also go tobogganing
in the lovely open countryside.

But when the birds sing
and we joyously and quickly
jump and bounce on the green turf -
this is another thing!
Now my stick-horse must
stand in the corner there;
for outside in the garden
one cannot walk because of the dung.

Ah, if only it would grow milder
and greener out there!
Come, dear May! we children,
we beg you!
O come and bring for us, before anyone else,
lots of violets!
Bring also lots of nightingales
and pretty cuckoos!

— Translation: Emily Ezust

DAS LIED DER TRENNUNG

Text: Klamer Eberhard Karl Schmidt (1764–1824)

Die Engel Gottes weinen,
wo Liebende sich trennen,
wie werd ich leben können,
o Mädchen, ohne dich?
Ein Fremdling allen Freuden,
leb ich fortan dem Leiden!
Und du? und du?
Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!
Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt sie mich!

Im Wachen und im Traume,
werd ich Luisa nennen;
den Namen zu bekennen,
sei Gottesdienst für mich;
ihn nennen und ihn loben
werd ich vor Gott noch droben.
Und du? und du?
Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!
Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt sie mich!

Ich kann sie nicht vergessen,
an allen, allen Enden
verfolgt von ihren Händen
ein Druck der Liebe mich.
Ich zitter, sie zu fassen,
und finde mich verlassen!
Und du? und du?
Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!
Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt sie mich!

Ich kann sie nicht vergessen;
dies Herz, von ihr geschnitten,
scheint seufzend mich zu bitten:
„O Freund, gedenk an mich!“
Ach dein will ich gedenken,
bis sie ins Grab mich senken.
Und du? und du?

God's angels weep
when lovers part,
how can I go on living,
o maid, without you?
A stranger to all joys
henceforth I live to suffer!
And you, and you?
Possibly forever Luisa will forget me!
Possibly forever she will put me out of her mind!

Awake and in my dreams
I will quote Luisa's name;
professing her name
be a service for me;
I will even profess and praise it
when I am with God.
And you, and you?
Possibly forever Luisa will forget me!
Possibly forever she will put me out of her mind!

I cannot forget her,
here, there, everywhere
the burden of love pursues me
by the squeeze of her hands.
I tremble with longing for her,
and find myself forsaken!
And you, and you?
Possibly forever Luisa will forget me!
Possibly forever she will put me out of her mind!

I cannot forget her;
this heart, separated from her,
seems to beg me with sighs,
“My friend, remember me!”
Alas, I will remember you
until they lay me in the grave.
And you, and you?

Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich!
Vielleicht auf ewig vergißt sie mich!

Vergessen raubt in Stunden,
was Liebe jahrlang spendet.
Wie eine Hand sich wendet,
so wenden Herzen sich.
Wenn neue Huldigungen
mein Bild bei ihr verdrängen,
O Gott! vielleicht auf ewig vergißt Luisa mich.

Ach denk an unser Scheiden!
Dies tränenlose Schweigen,
dies Auf- und Niedersteigen,
des Herzens drücke dich
wie schweres Geist-Erscheinen,
wirst du wen anders meinen,
wirst du mich einst vergessen,
vergessen Gott und dich.

Ach denk an unser Scheiden!
Dies Denkmal, unter Küssen
auf meinen Mund gebissen,
das richte mich und dich!
Dies Denkmal auf dem Munde,
komm ich zur Geisterstunde,
mich warnend anzuzeigen,
vergißt Luisa, Luisa mich,
komm ich mich warnend anzuzeigen,
vergißt Luisa, Luisa mich,
vergißt sie mich!

DIE BETROGENE WELT

Text: Christian Felix Weisse (1726–1804)

Der reiche Tor, mit Gold geschmückt,
Zieht Selimenens Auge an;
Der wackere Mann wird fortgeschicket,
Den Stutzer wählt sie sich zum Mann.
Es wird ein prächtig Fest vollzogen,

Possibly forever Luisa will forget me!
Possibly forever she will put me out of her mind!

Oblivion robs within hours
what love bestows within years.
Like the turn of a hand
such is the turn of a heart.
When new courtships
have supplanted me in her heart,
o God, then Luisa will possibly forget me forever.

Alas, remember our parting!
That tearless silence,
that throbbing of the heart
may weigh you down
like a burdening nightmare;
will you think of someone else,
will you forget me some day,
forget God and yourself?

Alas, remember our parting!
This token, bitten amid kisses
onto my mouth
may judge me and you!
With this memento on my lips
I will come in the witching hour,
to be you a warning,
that Luisa forgets me,
that she puts me out of her mind!

— Translation: Bertram Kottmann

The wealthy fool in gold bejeweled,
Attracts the eye of Selimena;
Has sent away the gallant suitor,
The dandy is the one she'll wed.
A feast is held in all its splendor,

Bald hinkt die Reue hinterdrein,
Die Welt will ja betrogen sein,
Drum werde sie betrogen.

Beate, die vor wenig Tagen
Der Buhlerinnen Krone war,
Fängt an, sich violett zu tragen
Und kleidet Kanzel und Altar.
Dem äusserlichen Schein gewogen,
Hält mancher sie für engelrein.
Die Welt will ja betrogen sein,
Drum werde sie betrogen.

Wenn ich mein Karolínchen küsse,
Schwör' ich zärtlich ew'ge Treu';
Sie stellt sich, als ob sie nicht wisse,
Daß außer mir ein Jüngling sei.
Als einst mich Chloë weggezogen
Nahm meine Stelle Damis ein.
Soll alle Welt betrogen sein,
So werd' auch ich betrogen.

AN CHLOË

Text: Johann Georg Jacobi (1740–1814)

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küße
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

But soon regret comes limping in,
The world it wants to be deceived,
So therefore let it be deceived.

Beate, who was known lately
As queen of all life's wanton pleasures,
Is seen now in her purple garments
Round the pulpit and the altar.
Beguiled by devious appearance,
Some see in her an angel pure.
The world it wants to be deceived,
So therefore let it be deceived.

When kissing Caroline my dearest,
I swear fidelity undying;
She acts as if there were besides me
no other lover whom she knew of.
But once when Chloë had enticed me,
She summoned Damis in my stead.
So if the world must be deceived,
Then I shall be deceived as well.

– Translation: Jim Skardall

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into them
my heart pounds and glows;

and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir,
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

AN DIE FREUNDSCHAFT

Text: Ludwig Friedrich Lenz (1717–1780)

O heiliger Bund, dir weih' ich meine Lieder,
Du höchstes Glück und Edens Wonne gleich!
In deine Kreise zieht mich's immer wieder,
Du machst das Leben schön und wonnereich.

Wie glücklich ist, wer hier auf diesen Welten,
Wo stets das Böse war des Guten Feind,
Und wo man treue Freundschaft findet selten,
Am Herzen ruhn kann einem treuen Freund.

So lang auf diesem Sterne wir hienieden,
Woll'n wir der Freundschaft immerdar uns weih'n.
Und wenn wir eingeh'n in Elysiums Frieden,
Dann woll'n wir dorten unsern Bund erneu'n.

ALS LUISE DIE BRIEFE IHRES UNGETREUEN LIEBHABERS VERBRANNT

Text: Gabriele von Baumberg (1768–1839)

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

– Translation: Emily Ezust

O sacred bond, my songs to you I offer,
You joy supreme and likewise Eden's bliss!
Toward your presence I am ever drawn,
You make life beautiful and a delight.

How happy they who in these worlds abiding,
Where goodness always evil must confront,
And where one seldom ever finds true friendship,
The heart is tranquil with a steadfast friend.

As long as we this earthly world inhabit,
Let us pledge friendship here for evermore.
And when we enter the peace of Elysium,
Then may we there our sacred bond renew.

– Translation: Jim Skardall

Generated by ardent fantasy;
in a rapturous hour
brought into this world - Perish,
you children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,
there will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
may still perhaps burn long in me.

– Translation: Emily Ezust

ABENDEMPFINDUNG

Text: Joachim Heinrich Campe (1746–1818)

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the west wind -
A quiet foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

And You [my beloved], bestow also a little tear on me, and pluck
Me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the fairest pearls!

– Translation: Emily Ezust

EINE KLEINE DEUTSCHE KANTATE

Text: Franz Heinrich Ziegenhagen (1753–1806)

Recitative
Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfer ehrt,
Jehova nennt ihn, oder Gott, nennt Fu ihn, oder Brahma,
Hört! hört Worte aus der Posaune des Allherrschers!
Laut tönt durch Erden, Monde, Sonnen ihr ewger Schall,
Hört Menschen, hört, Menschen, sie auch ihr!

(Andante)

Liebt mich in meinen Werken,
Liebt Ordnung, Ebenmaß und Einklang!
Liebt euch selbst und eure Brüder!
Körperkraft und Schönheit sei eure Zier,
Verstandeshelle euer Adel!
Reicht euch der ewgen Freundschaft Bruderhand,
Die nur ein Wahn, nie Wahrheit euch so lang entzog!

(Allegro)

Zerbrechet dieses Wahnes Bande,
Zerreißt dieses Vorurteiles Schleier,
Enthüllt euch vom Gewand,
Das Menschheit in Sektiererei verkleidet!
Zu Sicheln schmiedet um das Eisen,
Das Menschen-, das Bruderblut bisher vergoß!
Zersprengt Felsen mit dem schwarzen Staube,
Der mordend Blei ins Bruderherz oft schnellte!

(Andante)

Wähnt nicht, daß wahres Unglück sei auf meiner Erde!
Belehrung ist es nur, die wohl tut,
Wenn sie euch zu bessern Taten spornt,
Die Menschen, ihr in Unglück wandelt,
Wenn töricht blind ihr rückwärts in den Stachel schlägt,

Recitative
You that revere the Creator of the immeasurable universe,
That call him Jehovah, God, Fu or Brahma,
Listen and hear the words of the Sovereign of all things.
On the loud trumpet hear them resound in all eternity
Throughout the Earth, the Moon and Sun!
Hear them, People! Hear them, you, as well!

(Andante)

Love me in my works,
Love order, proportion, harmony!
Love yourselves and your brothers!
Strength and beauty shall be your ornament
And clarity of understanding your nobility.
Hold out the brotherly hand of everlasting friendship;
It was delusion, not truth, that withheld it for so long.

(Allegro)

Break the bonds of this delusion,
Tear the veil of prejudice,
Strip off the garment
That clothes mankind in factions!
Forge sickles from the iron that hitherto
Shed the blood of men, of brothers!
Blow up rocks with the black dust that oft would speed
the murderous lead into the hearts of brothers!

(Andante)

Do not imagine it is misfortune that holds sway upon my Earth -
It is enlightenment alone that heals
When it spurs you on to better deeds -
People, you that roam the world in misery,

Der vorwärts, vorwärts euch antreiben sollte.
Seid weise nur, seid kraftvoll und seid Brüder!
Dann ruht auf euch mein ganzes Wohlgefallen,
Dann netzen Freudenzähnen nur die Wangen,
Dann werden eure Klagen Jubeltöne,
Dann schaffet ihr zu Edens Tälern Wüsten,
Dann lachet alles euch in der Natur,

(Allegro)

Dann ist's erreicht, des Lebens wahres Glück!

DAS VEILCHEN

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam eine junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

When, in blind folly, you back onto the thorn
That should have urged you ever onward.
Be wise, be strong in brotherhood!
Then will my contentment rest on you,
Then only tears of joy will wet my cheeks,
Then your cries will be shouts of joy,
Then you will make vales of Eden out of deserts,
Then the whole of Nature will be laughing in your eyes,

(Allegro)

Then it has been achieved; the true felicity of life.

– Translation: Uri Liebrecht

A violet stood upon the lea,
Hunched o'er in anonymity;
So amiable a violet!
Along there came a young shepherdess
Light paced, full of contentedness
Along, along,
The lea, and sang her song.

Ah!" thinks the violet, "were I just
The fairest flower in the dust
For just a little while yet,
Until that darling seizes me
And to her bosom squeezes me!
For just, for just
A quarter hour long!"

Ah! And alas! There came the maid
And no heed to the violet paid,
Crushed the poor little violet.
It sank and died, yet filled with pride:
And though I die, I shall have died
Through her, through her,
And at her feet have died."

– Translation: Walter Meyer

AN DIE FREUDE

Text: Johann Peter Uz (1720–1796)

Freude, Königin der Weisen,
Die, mit Blumen um ihr Haupt,
Dich auf güldner Leier preisen,
Ruhig, wenn die Bosheit schnaubt:
Höre mich von deinem Throne,
Kind der Weisheit, deren Hand
Immer selbst in deine Krone
Ihre schönsten Rosen band.

Göttin, o so sei, ich flehe,
Deinem Dichter immer hold,
Daß er schimmernd Glück verschmähe,
Reich in sich auch ohne Gold;
Daß sein Leben zwar verborgen,
Aber ohne Sklaverei,
Ohne Flecken, ohne Sorgen,
Weisen Freunden theuer sei!

ICH WÜRD' AUF MEINEM PFAD

Text: Johann Timotheus Hermes (1738–1821)

Ich würd' auf meinem Pfad' mit Tränen
Oft hin zum fernem Ende seh'n,
Säh' ich nicht Kenner meiner Leiden
So mitleidsvoll am Wege steh'n.

Den Sonnenbrand, der mich entkräftet,
Den Blitz, der meinem Scheitel droht,
Den sieht mein Freund und tritt mir näher
Und ruft: »Ich kenne deine Not.«

Zwar schmerzt es mich, daß er den Jammer
Mit ansieht und, zur Hälfte schwach,
Nichts weiter kann, als mit mir trauern.
Doch ruft mein Herz: »Er weint dir nach.«

Joy, queen of the wise,
Who with flowers round their heads,
You they praise on golden lyres,
Tranquilly while malice snorts:
Listen to me from your throne,
Child of wisdom, by whose hand
Roses, the most beautiful
In your crown are entwined.

Goddess, fervently I beg you,
To your poet kindness show,
May he spurn all glittering pleasures,
Prosper richly without gold;
Though he may live in seclusion,
Ne'er let bondage be his lot,
Without flaws and free of worry,
Cherished by his prudent friends.

– Translation: Jim Skurdall

Oft on my path would I sadly
Gaze toward the distant end,
Seeing none who knew my suffering
Standing kindly along the way.

The blazing sun that cruelly consumes me,
The lightning flashing o'er my head,
Seeing this, my friend comes closer
And calls out: "I know your distress."

Still I grieve that he sees the misery
And himself reduced to half his strength,
Nothing can do but share my grief.
Yet my heart speaks: "He weeps for you."

Dann brech' ich mutig durch die Dornen:
»Er sieht mich bluten,« sprech' ich dann.
Und wenn ich einst, verblutet, falle,
Dann sag' er: »Der stieg felsenan.«

BRÜDER, LASST UNS LUSTIG SEIN

Text: J. A. Schachtner (1731–95)

Brüder, lasst uns lustig sein,
trotzet wacker den Beschwerden,
denkt, es ist der Fluch der Erden:
Jeder Mensch hat seine Pein.

Lasst uns singen, lasst uns lachen,
kann man's doch nicht anders machen.
Welt und Not ist einerlei,
keiner bleibt von Plagen frei.

DIE ZUFRIEDENHEIT

Text: Christian Felix Weisse (1726–1804)

Wie sanft, wie ruhig fühl' ich hier
Des Lebens Freuden ohne Sorgen!
Und sonder Ahnung leuchtet mir
Willkommen jeder Morgen.

Mein frohes, mein zufried'nes Herz
Tanzt nach der Melodie der Haine,
Und angenehm ist selbst mein Schmerz,
Wenn ich vor Liebe weine.

Wie sehr lach' ich die Großen aus,
Die Blutvergießer, Helden, Prinzen!
Denn mich beglückt ein kleines Haus,
Sie nicht einmal Provinzen.

Then I break boldly through the thorns:
"He sees me bleeding", I declare.
And should one day I fall, depleted,
He'll say then: "He kept pressing on."

— *Translation: Jim Skurdall*

Brothers, let us merry be,
Gallantly defy our hardships,
'Tis the curse of Earth upon us:
Everyone must suffer pain.

Let us sing, be filled with laughter,
For we have no other option.
Life and woes, one and the same,
No one is from trouble spared.

— *Translation: Jim Skurdall*

How peaceful, how tranquil I am here
feeling life's joys free of care!
And - without foreboding - the dawn
welcomes me each day.

My joyous, my contented heart
dances to the groves' melody,
and even that pain is acceptable
when I cry tears of love.

How I laugh at the Great,
the blood-shedders, heroes, princes!
For I am happy with a small house,
whereas they are not even pleased with provinces.

Wie wüten sie nicht wider sich,
Die göttergleichen Herr'n der Erden!
Doch brauchen sie mehr Raum als ich,
Wenn sie begraben werden?

DER ZAUBERER

Text: Christian Felix Weisse (1726–1804)

Ihr Mädchen, flieht Damöten ja!
Als ich zum erstenmal ihn sah,
Da fühl't' ich, so was fühl't' ich nie,
Mir ward, mir ward, ich weiß nicht wie,
Ich seufzte, zitterte, und schien mich doch zu freu'n;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein.

Sah ich ihn an, so ward mir heiß,
Bald ward ich rot, bald ward ich weiß,
Zuletzt nahm er mich bei der Hand;
Wer sagt mir, was ich da empfand?
Ich sah, ich hörte nichts,
Sprach nichts als ja und nein;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein.

Er führte mich in dies Gesträuch,
Ich wollt' ihm flieh'n und folgt' ihm gleich;
Er setzte sich, ich setzte mich;
Er sprach, nur Sylben stammelt' ich;
Die Augen starrten ihm, die meinen wurden klein;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein.

Entbrannt drückt' er mich an sein Herz,
Was fühl't' ich Welch ein süßer Schmerz!
Ich schluchzt', ich atmete sehr schwer,
Da kam zum Glück die Mutter her;
Was würd', o Götter, sonst nach so viel Zauberei'n,
Aus mir zuletzt geworden sein!

How they rage against each other,
the god-like Masters of the Earth!
Will they, however, need more space than I
when they are buried?

— *Translation: Bertram Kottmann*

You lasses, flee Damoetas, flee!
When for the first time him I spied,
A feeling I had never felt,
Came o'er me, o'er me, know not how,
I sobbed, and trembled, and yet seemed it to enjoy;
Beware, a sorcerer he must be.

To look at him, it left me hot,
One moment red, the next one white,
At last, he took me by the hand;
Can anyone know what I felt?
Saw nothing, nothing heard,
Said nought but yes and no;
Beware, a sorcerer he must be.

Into these bushes me he led,
I wished to flee, yet followed him;
He sat himself, then I sat down;
He spoke, I stammered syllables;
His eyes held a fixed gaze, and narrow mine became;
Beware, a sorcerer he must be.

He pressed me passionately to his breast,
My feeling? Goodness, what sweet pain!
I sobbed, so heavy was my breath,
What luck! My mother then appeared;
O gods, now tell me after so much sorcery,
Pray tell, what would have been my fate!

— *Translation: Jim Skurdall*

AN DIE EINSAMKEIT

Text: Johann Timotheus Hermes (1738–1821)

Sei du mein Trost, verschwiegene Traurigkeit!
Ich flieh' zu dir mit so viel Wunden,
Nie klag' ich Glücklichen mein Leid:
So schweigt ein Kranker bei Gesunden.

O Einsamkeit! Wie sanft erquickst du mich,
Wenn meine Kräfte früh ermatten!
Mit heißer Sehnsucht such' ich dich:
So sucht ein Wanderer, matt, den Schatten.

Hier weine ich. Wie schmähend is der Blick,
Mit dem ich oft bedauert werde!
Jetzt, Tränen, hält euch nichts zurück:
So senkt die Nachttau auf die Erde.

O daß dein Reiz, geliebte Einsamkeit!
Mir oft das Bild des Grabes brächte:
So lockt des Abends Dunkelheit
Zur tiefen Ruhe schöner Nächte.

AN DIE BESCHEIDENHEIT

Text: Johann Timotheus Hermes (1738–1821)

Verdankt sei es dem Glanz der Großen,
Daß er mein Nichts mir deutlich zeigt.
Mich hat er nie zurückgestoßen,
Denn mich hat er niemals erreicht.
Ich sah viel Kleine näher geh'n
Und blieb in meinem Zirkel steh'n.

Sie sind mir wert, die engen Grenzen,
Wo ich so unbeträchtlich bin.
Hier seh' ich Stern und Orden glänzen,
Und Band und Stern reit mich nicht hin.
Und auch das gnädigste Gesicht,
Aus meinem Zirkel bringt's mich nicht.

My solace be, this sadness so concealed!
I flee to you with wounds so many,
To happy souls I ne'er complain:
As patients mutely their burdens bear.

O solitude! How gently I'm refreshed,
When all my strength too soon diminished!
With fervent longing you I seek:
Like tired travellers cool shade desire.

I sit and weep. How shameful are the stares,
Which often shower me with pity!
Tears, there is nothing to restrain you:
Descend like dew upon the earth.

May your allure o cherished solitude!
reveal oft an image of the grave:
As evening's darkness so entices
Into the peaceful night so lovely.

– Translation: Jim Skurdall

Hail to the glory of the mighty,
revealing my irrelevance.
Ne'er have I for it felt revulsion,
For ne'er has it confronted me.
Have seen the powerless oft approach it
While in my circle I remained.

I value them, the narrow boundaries,
Where I am insignificant.
I see here stars and medals gleaming
But stars and ribbons inspire me not.
And the most favourable face,
Me from my circle ne'er can lure.

Soll mir des Größern Unmut zeigen,
Ich sei nur eine Kleinigkeit:
O Unschuld! Dann lehr' du mich schweigen
Und gib mir Unerschrockenheit,
Und präge mir sanfttröstend ein,
Es sei nicht Schande, klein zu sein.

Doch ließe sich zu meinem Kreise
Ein Großer ohne Falsch herab:
Erfahrung! Dann mach' du mich weise
Und zeichne meine Grenzen ab,
Und lehre mich, niemals zu klein,
Doch auch nicht kühn und eitel sein.

GEHEIME LIEBE

Text: Johann Christian Günther (1695–1723)

Was ich in Gedanken küsse,
Macht mir Müh' und Leben süße
Und vertreibt so Gram als Zeit.
Niemand soll es auch erfahren,
Niemand will ich's offenbaren,
Als der stummen Einsamkeit.

Ob ich gleich nun, schöne Seele,
Namen, Brand und Schmerz verhehle,
Wüß' es doch mein Glückes sein,
Wenn du selbst errathen solltest
Und nur einmal forschen wolltest,
Wem ich meine Flamme weihn.

Sollte mich mein Wunsch betrügen,
Find' ich dennoch mein Vergnügen
Und die größte Lust daran,
Daß ich nach der Klugen Lehre
Dieses Bild geheim verehere,
Daß ich nicht besitzen kann.

And when the mighty voice displeasure,
Show me how trifling is my life:
O teach me, innocence, to be silent,
Ever undaunted to remain.
And soothingly impress on me,
There is no shame in being small.

But if down to my crowd descended
One of the mighty without guile:
Experience! Then teach me prudence,
Delineate my boundaries,
Instill in me, never to be
Too small, nor ever rash and vain.

– Translation: Jim Skurdall

Whom I'm kissing while I'm dreaming
Life and troubles it does sweeten
And beguiles grief and time.
None must ever come to know it,
To no one will I reveal it,
None but silent solitude.

Though, fair lovely, I refuse to
tell the name of my desire,
It would bring me happiness,
If yourself you guessed correctly,
Or were willing to inquire,
For whom now my flame does burn.

If my wish be but deception,
It affords me satisfaction,
Utmost pleasure endlessly,
That I prudently in secret
Venerate this lovely portrait
That alas I'll ne'er possess.

– Translation: Jim Skurdall

IM FRÜHLINGSANFANG

Text: Christoph Christian Sturm (1740–1786)

Erwacht zum neuen Leben
Steht vor mir die Natur,
Und sanfte Lüfte wehen
Durch die verjüngte Flur.
Empor aus seiner Hülle
Drängt sich der junge Halm,
Der Wälder öde Stille
Belebt der Vögel Psalm.

Die Flur im Blumenkleide
Ist, Schöpfer, dein Altar,
Und Opfer reiner Freude
Weiht dir das junge Jahr;
Es bringt die ersten Düfte
Der blauen Veilchen dir,
Und schwebend durch die Lüfte
Lobsingt die Lerche dir.

Lobsing' ihm, meine Seele,
Dem Gott, der Freuden schafft!
Lobsing' ihm und erzähle
Die Werke seiner Kraft!
Hier von dem Blütenhügel
Bis zu der Sterne Bahn
Steig' auf der Andacht Flügel
Dein Loblied himmeln!

Awakened to renewal
Before me nature lies,
And gentle breezes wafting
O'er fields now refreshed.
Up from its sheath emerging
The fledgling blade of grass,
Bleak stillness of the forests
with birdsong resonant.

The fields bedeckt with flowers,
Creator, your altar,
The new year duly offers
pure joy as sacrifice;
First scents to you is bringing
Of violets in blue,
And soaring in the heavens
The skylark's hymn of praise.

My soul, now intone praises,
To God who creates joy!
His praises sing and tell of
The power of his works!
Here from the hill of flowers
To orbits of the stars
Wings of devotion carry
Your praises heavenward!

– Translation: Jim Skurdall

DAPHNE, DEINE ROSENWANGEN

Text: Anon

Daphne, deine Rosenwangen
soll ich morgen wieder sehn!
Einzig du bist mein Verlangen,
Gold kann ich bei dir verschmäh'n.

Weg mit Hoheit, weg mit Schätzen,
keinen Wunsch erregt ihr mir.
Daphne nur kann mich ergötzen,
glücklich bin ich nur bei ihr.

Fürsten würden mich beneiden,
wüssten sie mein Glück ganz.
Mein Triumph gibt höh're Freuden
als der Helden Lorbeerkrantz.

Ewig, ewig uns zu lieben
bleibet uns're süße Pflicht.
Bei so feur'gen, lautern Trieben
fehlt es uns an Glücke nicht.

KOMM, LIEBE ZITHER

Text: Anon

Komm, liebe Zither, komm, du Freundin stiller Liebe,
Du sollst auch meine Freundin sein.
Komm, dir vertraue ich die geheimsten meiner Triebe,
Nur dir vertrau ich meine Pein.

Sag' ihr an meiner Statt, ich darf's ihr noch nicht sagen,
Wie ihr so ganz mein Herz gehört.
Sag' ihr an meiner Statt, ich darf's ihr noch nicht klagen,
Wie sich für sie mein Herz verzehrt.

Daphne, it is your rosy cheeks
I am to see again tomorrow!
Only you are my desire,
I will even reject gold for you.

Off with titles, off with treasure,
they are of no interest to me.
It is only Daphne who can enthral me,
only with her I am happy.

Princes would envy me,
if they knew about my entire happiness.
My triumph makes me happier
than the heroes' laurel wreath.

Eternal love
is our sweet lot.
With these glowing, pure desires
we are not missing happiness.

– Translation: Bertram Kottmann

Come here, dear zither mine, come, you who appreciates quiet love,
You shall be my confidante as well.
Come here, I trust only you with my most secret yearnings,
To you only I confide my sorrow.

Tell her in my place, as I may not speak up yet,
That my heart is all hers alone.
Tell her in my place, as I may not speak of my sorrows yet,
How my heart yearns for her.

– Translation: Linda Godry



MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND MEZZO- SOPRANO

Magasinet Gramophone skriver om Marianne Beate Kielland: *The mezzo-soprano is quite outstanding: strong, firm, sensitive in modulations, imaginative in her treatment of words, with a voice pure in quality, wide in range and unfalteringly true in intonation.*

Hun har studert ved Norges musikkhøgskole under Svein Bjørkøy, men har også studert med Oren Brown og Barbara Bonney. Hun er i dag etablert som en av Skandinavia's fremste sangere, og opptrer jevnlig på konsertscenene i Europa og Japan under dirigenter som Phillippe Herreweghe, Fabio Biondi, Jordi Savall, Rinaldo Alessandrini, Christophe Rousset, Marc Minkowski, Masaaki Suzuki, Pierre Cao, Arvid Engegård, Thomas Søndergård, Eivind Gullberg Jensen, Thomas Dausgaard, Jos van Immerseel, Joshua Rifkin, Manfred Honeck, Daniel Reuss og Christian Eggen.

Kielland ble i 2012 nominert til Grammy innen kategorien 'Best Classical Vocal Solo' for sin CD-utgivelse *Veslemøy Synsk* av Olav Anton Thommessen, og har med denne og over 40 andre innspillinger samt utstrakt konsertvirksom-

het, befestet seg som en bemerkelsesverdig interpret av repertoar fra barokken helt fram til vår tids musikk. Hun har tidligere gitt ut fem CD-er på LAWO Classics sammen med pianisten Nils Anders Mortensen: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Søle jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072) og *The New Song* (LWC1097). I 2015 ga hun ut *Påsketid* (LWC1077) med Elise Båtnes på fiolin og Kåre Nordstoga på orgel.

The classical music magazine Gramophone wrote of Marianne Beate Kielland: *The mezzo-soprano is quite outstanding: strong, firm, sensitive in modulations, imaginative in her treatment of words, with a voice pure in quality, wide in range, and unfalteringly true in intonation.*

Kielland studied at the Norwegian Academy of Music with Svein Bjørkøy. Her other teachers have included Oren Brown and Barbara Bonney. Considered today one of Scandinavia's leading singers, she performs regularly on major concert stages in Europe and Japan. Among the conductors with whom she has sung are Phil-

lippe Herreweghe, Fabio Biondi, Jordi Savall, Rinaldo Alessandrini, Christophe Rousset, Marc Minkowski, Masaaki Suzuki, Pierre Cao, Arvid Engegård, Thomas Søndergård, Eivind Gullberg Jensen, Thomas Dausgaard, Jos van Immerseel, Joshua Rifkin, Manfred Honeck, Daniel Reuss, and Christian Eggen.

In 2012 she received a Grammy nomination in the category of 'Best Classical Vocal Solo' for her recording of *Veslemøy Synsk* by composer Olav Anton Thommessen. With more than forty other albums in addition to a demanding concert schedule, Marianne Beate Kielland has established herself as an exceptional performer with a wide-ranging repertoire from baroque to contemporary. Together with pianist Nils Anders Mortensen she has released five earlier recordings on the LAWO Classics label: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Søle jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072) and *The New Song* (LWC1097). In 2015 she released *Påsketid* (LWC1077) with violinist Elise Båtnes and organist Kåre Nordstoga.



NILS ANDERS MORTENSEN PIANO

Nils Anders Mortensen er født i Flekkefjord i 1971. Han har spilt piano siden treårsalderen, og vant Ungdommens Pianomesterskap i 1986. Sine studier har han fra Norges musikkhøgskole, École Normale Paris og Hochschule für Musik und Theater Hannover, med Einar Steen-Nøkleberg som lærer. Andre viktige lærere for ham har vært Tatjana Nikolajeva og Hans Leygraf.

I 1996 ble Nils Anders Mortensen kåret til «Årets debutant» av Rikskonsertene. Internasjonalt har Mortensen vunnet priser og stipender. I 1998 vant han Mozarteum-prisen i Salzburg. I 2004 mottok han Robert Levins minnepris.

Mortensen har vært solist med de fleste norske orkestre og deltatt ved flere av de norske kammermusikkfestivalene, bl.a. Stavanger, Oslo, Lofoten og Risør. Med Stavanger Symfoniorkester har han spilt inn plate med klaverkonserter av Geirr Tveitt. Hans første soloplate *Im Freien* (LWC1032), med musikk av Debussy, Grieg og Bartok, kom ut i 2012 til strålende kritikker. Mortensen har også gitt ut fem plater med mezzosopranen Marianne Beate Kielland på

LAWO Classics: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Sale jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), og *The New Song* (LWC1097). *Young Elling* (LWC1072). I 2015 ga han ut soloplaten *In finstret Mitternacht* (LWC1084), med musikk av Brahms, samt *Tundra* (LWC1092), en plate med utelukkende russisk musikk, med kontrabassisten Knut Erik Sundquist. I 2016 kom *Schumann Violin Sonatas Op. 105 & Op. 121* (LWC1110) med fiolinist Arvid Engegård.

Nils Anders Mortensen was born in Flekkefjord in 1971. He began playing piano at age three, and in 1986 he won the Norwegian Young Pianist Competition. He studied at the Norwegian Academy of Music, École Normale in Paris, and Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Hannover with Einar Steen-Nøkleberg. Other important teachers have been Tatjana Nikolajeva and Hans Leygraf.

In 1996 Nils Anders Mortensen was the recipient of the prestigious Concerts Norway "Debutant of the Year" award. He has won international prizes and grants. In 1998 he won

the Mozarteum Prize in Salzburg. In 2004 Mortensen received the Robert Levin Memorial Prize.

Mortensen has appeared as soloist with Norway's leading orchestras. He recorded piano concertos of Geirr Tveitt with Stavanger Symphony Orchestra. His first solo album *Im Freien* (LWC1032), featuring music of Debussy, Grieg, and Bartok, was released in 2012 to glowing reviews. Mortensen has also released five recordings with mezzo-soprano Marianne Beate Kielland on the LAWO Classics label: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Sale jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072) and *The New Song* (LWC1097). In 2015 he released the solo recording *In finstret Mitternacht* (LWC1084), featuring music of Brahms, and *Tundra* (LWC1092), a recording of solely Russian music, with double-bassist Knut Erik Sundquist. In 2016 he released *Schumann Violin Sonatas Op. 105 & Op. 121* (LWC1110) with violinist Arvid Engegård.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756–91)

01. *Das Traumbild* (05:23)

TEXT: LUDWIG CHRISTOPH HEINRICH HÖLTY (1748–76)

02. *Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge* (02:10)

TEXT: CHRISTIAN ADOLPH OVERBECK (1755–1821)

03. *Das Lied der Trennung* (07:09)

TEXT: KLAMER EBERHARD KARL SCHMIDT (1764–1824)

04. *Die betrogene Welt* (03:04)

TEXT: CHRISTIAN FELIX WEISSE (1726–1804)

05. *An Chloë* (02:29)

TEXT: JOHANN GEORG JACOBI (1740–1814)

06. *An die Freundschaft* (03:09)

TEXT: LUDWIG FRIEDRICH LENZ (1717–1780)

**07. *Als Luise die Briefe ihres
Ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* (01:42)**

TEXT: GABRIELE VON BAUMBERG (1768–1839)

08. *Abendempfindung* (04:41)

TEXT: JOACHIM HEINRICH CAMPE (1746–1818)

09. *Eine kleine deutsche Kantate* (07:07)

TEXT: FRANZ HEINRICH ZIEGENHAGEN (1753–1806)

10. *Das Veilchen* (02:18)

TEXT: JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

11. *An die Freude* (02:27)

TEXT: JOHANN PETER UZ (1720–1796)

12. *Ich würd' auf meinem Pfad* (02:17)

TEXT: JOHANN TIMOTHEUS HERMES (1738–1821)

13. *Brüder, lasst uns lustig sein* (01:11)

TEXT: J. A. SCHACHTNER (1731–1795)

14. *Die Zufriedenheit* (02:56)

TEXT: CHRISTIAN FELIX WEISSE (1726–1804)

15. *Der Zauberer* (01:53)

TEXT: CHRISTIAN FELIX WEISSE (1726–1804)

16. *An die Einsamkeit* (03:31)

TEXT: JOHANN TIMOTHEUS HERMES (1738–1821)

17. *An die Bescheidenheit* (02:29)

TEXT: JOHANN TIMOTHEUS HERMES (1738–1821)

18. *Gebeime Liebe* (02:18)

TEXT: JOHANN CHRISTIAN GÜNTHER (1695–1723)

19. *Im Frühlingsanfang* (02:54)

TEXT: CHRISTOPH CHRISTIAN STURM (1740–1786)

20. *Daphne, deine Rosenwangen* (02:16)

TEXT: ANON

21. *Komm, liebe Zither* (01:41)

TEXT: ANON

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