

Robert Schumann

FRAUENLIEBE UND -LEBEN OP. 42

LIEDERKREIS OP. 24

MARIA STUART LIEDER OP. 135

SONGS FROM MYRTHEN OP. 25

MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND

– MEZZO-SOPRANO

JOHANNES WEISSER

– BARITONE

NILS ANDERS MORTENSEN

– PIANO

1840 er kjent som et produktivt år for Schumann som sangkomponist. Fra begynnelsen av komponistkarrieren – de første verkene ble utgitt i 1828 – fokuserte han på én sjanger om gangen, om ikke alltid eksklusivt. Han begynte med 23 verker for soloklaver, skrevet over en periode på ti år. Etter å ha komponert rundt 150 sanger i 1840 rettet han oppmerksomheten mot store orkesterverker året etter. 1842 var først og fremst et kammermusikkår der han skrev sine tre *Strykekvartetter*, opus 41 samt *Klaverkvintetten*, *Klaverkvartetten* og *Fantasistykkene* for klavertrio.

Den forbløffende strømmen av sanger i Schumanns såkalte «Liederjahr» var inspirert av kjærligheten til Clara, som han giftet seg med i september samme år etter langvarig og bitter motstand fra faren hennes. Schumann overlevde prøvelsene i retten da Friedrich Wieck satte alt inn på å ære-renke ham. *Myrthen*, en gruppe på tjueseks sanger basert på tekster av flere diktere, blant andre Rückert, Goethe, Burns, Byron og Thomas Moore, ble utgitt på Schumanns bryllupsdag. Samlingen inneholder flere av de mest populære sangene hans. I *Der Nussbaum* (dikt av Julius Mosen) blir det blomstrende valnøttreet kjærtegnet av milde vinder som hvisker om en drømmende ungjente. Melodien, som fullføres av klaveret hver gang, har en avvæpnende enkelhet, mens de rullende arpeggioene i akkompagnementet skildrer den lett urolige vinden.

Frauenliebe und -leben, opus 42 er en samling på åtte sanger, en ekte sangsyklus med et kontinuerlig hendelsesforløp og tilbakevendende musikalsk materiale. Diktene er skrevet av Adelbert von Chamisso, som var franskfødt, men vokste opp i Tyskland. Disse versene (tidligere tonesatt av Carl Loewe, i 1836) ga Schumann et tema han hadde lett for å identifisere seg med – en ung kvinnes kjærlighet og liv, fra blind tilbedelse av den elskede via ekteskap til erfaringen med å være mor, og til slutt tapet. En sentimental naivitet er typisk for Chamissos tidlige verk, blant dem *Frauenliebe und -leben*, og også for mye tysk poesi fra samme tid, men takket være Schumanns følelsesmessige engasjement har dette blitt en uforglemmelig sangsyklus og kunst med dypere nyanser. Musikken formidler kvinnens skiftende sinnsstemning med stor følsomhet. Det begynner med den lykkelige kjærligheten som uttrykkes (først rolig, så gledesstrålende) i de to første diktene: *Seit ich ihn gesehen* og *Er, der Herrlichste von allen*. Så følger vantroen i *Ich kann's nicht fassen*. Kvinnen er forbløffet: «Jeg drømmer visst ... hvordan kunne han ha valgt å opphøye meg, av alle kvinner, og gjøre meg lykkelig?» Denne tilsynelatende underdanigheten, som virker foreldet i vår moderne tid preget av kvinnefrigjøring, forklares av ulik sosial stilling. Kvinnens be-

skrivelse av seg selv som «Magd» i den andre sangen betyr etter all sannsynlighet tjenestejente og ikke bare ungjente. Dette er en kjærlighet som overskrider klasseskiller. Det bør også bemerkes at Chamisso var kjent som en modig og opplyst støttespiller for kvinnefrigjøring. Han har blitt beskyldt for å ha en nedlatende holdning til kvinner, men akkompagnatøren Graham Johnson, som har lang erfaring med sangene, har påpekt at de fleste kvinnelige sangere «åpent gir seg hen til følelsene» som kommer til uttrykk i denne sangsyklusen. I den fjerde sangen (*Du Ring an meinem Finger*) funderer kvinnen over ringen og hvordan den røper en dypere mening i livet. Gleden på bryllupsdagen, mens søstrene hjelper henne med brudekransen, uttrykkes av *Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*, med frydefulle arpeggiofigurer i klaveret. I etterspillet til denne sangen skaper Schumann en liten bryllupsmarsj med en variasjon over begynnelsen på vokalmelodien. (Wagner må ha kjent til denne passasjen da han skrev *Brudekoret* i *Lohengrin*.) Vi går videre til kvinnens graviditet (*Süsser Freund*), der hun får ektemannen til å forstå at hun gråter av lykke. Sangen uttrykker stille hengivenhet og begynner med en rekke resitativlignende fraser, mens midtseksjonen inneholder et sitat fra et av Schumanns yndlingsverker, Beethovens sangsyklus *An die ferne Geliebte*. Så opplever kvinnen gleden over å være mor i *An meinem Herzen*, med et sprudlende arpeggioakkompagnement. Her blir en ny uttrykksdimensjon introdusert i etterspillet. Den siste sangen er merket *Adagio* og begynner med en bar d-mollakkord. Den uttrykker det tragiske i den elskedes død. Han har påført henne sorg for første gang. Schumanns klaveretterspill er et karakteristisk trekk ved sangene hans, men slutten på denne syklusen er spesielt gripende, siden han vender tilbake til musikken i åpningssangen, men denne gangen uten sangstemmen.

Den rolige *Die Lotosblume* (fra *Myrthen*, med tekst av Heine) har en majestetisk basslinje (takt 2–8) og en vidunderlig overgang til Ass-dur idet månen kaster sitt lys over lotusbloms-ten. Månelysen er en av de store klisjeene blant romantiske bilder, men Schumanns komposisjon framkaller en sjeldent vakker atmosfære.

Schumann komponerte sin *Liederkreis*, opus 24 i løpet av noen februar dager i 1840 med utgangspunkt i ni dikt fra *Junge Leiden* ('Unge sorger'), den første delen i Heines *Buch der Lieder*. Schumann skrev til Clara: «Mens jeg komponerte, tenkte jeg bare på deg.» Her i hans første *Liederkreis* (et annet verk med samme tittel, opus 39, har tekster av Eichendorff) og i mange andre sanger fra samme periode finnes det naturlige paralleller til Schumanns egne skiftende følelser mens han beilet til Clara tross hennes fars

voldsomme motstand. Han tonesatte dikt av Heine mer enn førti ganger (ikke minst i *Dichterliebe*, opus 48), men han hadde en tendens til å ta brodden av den skarpe eller bittert ironiske tonen som preger enkelte av Heines dikt. Heine hadde ikke hell i kjærlighet og ga frustrasjonen og til tider også smerten utløp i diktene sine, mens Schumann hadde fått færre skrammer og lot den dype kjærligheten til Clara seire. Åpningssangen, *Morgens steh' ich auf und frage*, utmerker seg med forsiktig motbevegelse i akkompagnementet og ender med et etterspill i klaveret. I *Es treibt mich hin'* skildrer det livlige akkompagnementet den hvileløse utålmodigheten den elskende føler. Med mismot og lengsel byr *Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen* på en total kontrast før stemningen forandrer seg igjen med *Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen*. Her sammenligner dikteren sitt eget hjerteslag med en tømrers hammerslag når han snekrer en likkiste. Schumann framkaller dette bildet med nådeløse etterslag i klaveret, men det mest overraskende trekket er starten og slutten, der bare stemmen er med. I *Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden* lager Schumann en av sine vakreste melodier til et av Heines bitreste dikt. Tonen blir skarpere ved *Hätt' ich dich doch nie geseh'n* ('Hadde jeg bare aldri sett deg') og så *Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen* ('Men du driver meg bort herfra'), før Schumanns slående fantasifulle behandling av linjen *Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen* ('Galenskapen borer i mitt sinn') med urolig synkopering mellom de to hendene i akkompagnementet. Klaveretterspillet – som så ofte i Schumanns sanger – fungerer ikke bare som en ettertanke, men introduserer nytt materiale og en ny stemning. Sangen *Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann* med tempo-markeringen «sehr rasch» inneholder tekstlinjer av mer ironisk, kynisk karakter, men Schumanns musikk gjenspeiler ikke dette aspektet. Klaverstemmen har mer preg av bravur enn i de fleste av Schumanns sanger, med en rekke oktav-doblinger. Som enda en slående kontrast følger den rolige *Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter* (markert med «ruhig, nicht schnell»). *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen* er bare elleve takter lang og preget av stoisk resignasjon. Den siste sangen, *Mit Myrthen und Rosen*, er utstyrt med det som skulle bli en av Schumanns mest brukte karakterangivelser: «innig» – inderlig og med et preg av varm entusiasme. I det siste verset går tempoet gradvis ned til *Adagio* før klaveret tilføyer et ettertenksomt etterspill. Schumann tilegnet denne første *Liederkreis* til den berømte franske mezzosopranen Pauline Viardot.

Den første sangen i *Myrthen* er en av Schumanns mange tonesettinger av Rückert-dikt – *Widmung* ('Tilegnelse'). Den uttrykker kjærlighet og takknemlighet og gjenspeiler Schumanns beundring for Clara. Melodien er en av hans

nydeligste, mens klaverets stigende og fallende arpeggioer bidrar sterkt til følelsen av jublende glede.

De fleste av Schumanns mest populære sanger (og sangsykluser) skriver seg fra 1840, men hans omfattende og verdifulle arbeid i sjangeren fortsatte helt til 1852. Mot slutten av dette året tonesatte han fem dikt med tvilsom attribusjon til Maria Stuart og oversatt av Gisbert von Vincke – *Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart*, opus 135. Sangene ble komponert i et av Schumanns minst produktive år og skulle bli hans siste. I 1835 hadde Donizetti komponert en opera basert på Schillers skuespill om Maria Stuart, men ellers finnes det svært lite musikk som er inspirert av hennes liv og død. Schumanns tonespråk hadde blitt enklere og mer dempet, og disse kvalitetene gir en ekstra dybde til skildringen av Marias gripende skjebne. Den første sangen, *Abschied von Frankreich*, med sin resitativlignende vokallinje, uttrykker Marias sorg over å forlate Frankrike. I neste sang, *Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes*, uttrykker Schumann Marias utmatelse etter fødselen og bekymringene for den nyfødte sønnens framtid. Den tredje sangen, *An die Königin Elisabeth*, ett av tjue brev Maria skrev til dronning Elizabeth 1, er den mest levende, dramatiske og lidenskapelige i samlingen. Så følger et farvel til verden, *Abschied von der Welt*, preget av en synkende melodisk linje, før den siste *Gebet* tar oss med inn i Marias celle bare timer før hun dør. Det beherskede og sparsomme ved Schumanns sene stil har blitt kritisert som et tegn på manglende inspirasjon, men disse sangene er en ypperlig respons på Marias situasjon.

En annen sang fra *Myrthen*, nummer 24 av de 26 som er gruppert som opus 25, er den sublime *Du bist wie eine Blume*, et av tre Heine-dikt i denne samlingen. På bare tjue takter – med tempoangivelsen *Langsam* – formidler Schumann fortroligheten, sinnsroen og den fullstendige hengivenheten ordene uttrykker. Akkompagnementet kombinerer gjentatte akkorder i høyre hånd med en dyp basslinje i oktavdobling.

– Philip Borg-Wheeler

1840 was a famously productive year for Schumann the song-writer. From the beginning of his composing career – his first works were published in 1828 – he focussed – not always exclusively – on one genre at a time, beginning with twenty-three works for solo piano, written during a ten-year period. After composing about 150 songs in 1840, he turned to large-scale orchestral works the following year. Then 1842 was predominantly a chamber-music year in which he wrote the three *String Quartets*, Opus 41, as well as his *Piano Quintet*, *Piano Quartet* and the *Fantasy Pieces* for piano trio.

Schumann's astonishing outpouring of songs in his so-called "Liederjahr" was inspired by his love for Clara, whom he married in September that year after prolonged and acrimonious opposition from her father. Schumann survived the ordeal of court appearances in which Friedrich Wieck attempted to defame his character. *Myrthen* (Myrtle Wreath), a group of twenty-six songs based on texts by several poets, including Rückert, Goethe, Burns, Byron and Thomas Moore, was published on the day of Schumann's wedding. It contains many of his most popular songs. In *Der Nussbaum* (poem by Julius Mosen) gentle breezes caress the blossoming walnut tree and whisper of a maiden who dreams ... The melody, each time completed by the piano, has a disarming simplicity, while the rolling arpeggios in the accompaniment evoke the gentle disturbance of the wind.

Frauenliebe und -leben, Opus 42 is a sequence of eight songs, a true song-cycle unified by a continuing narrative and recurring musical material. The poems are by Adelbert von Chamisso, who was French-born but grew up in Germany. These verses (previously set in 1836 by Carl Loewe) provided a subject with which Schumann could closely identify – a young woman's love and life.. From dazzled ("blind") adoration of her lover, she progresses to marriage, experience of motherhood, and finally bereavement. A sentimental naivety is typical of Chamisso's earlier work, including *Frauenliebe und -leben*, and indeed of much German poetry of that time, but Schumann's sympathetic emotional engagement produces a memorable song-cycle, art of a deeper hue. His music evokes the woman's fluctuating moods with sensitivity, beginning with the blissful love expressed (quietly then joyfully) in the first two poems: *Seit ich ihn gesehen* and *Er, der Herrlichste von allen*. Disbelief follows in *Ich kann's nicht fassen*. The woman is amazed – "I must be dreaming ... how, from among all women, could he possibly have chosen to honour and bless me?" This apparent servility, which feels outdated in this modern age of women's liberation, is explained by contrasting social posi-

tions. The woman's description of herself as "Magd" in the second song most likely indicates maidservant, rather than simply maiden. This is a love which transcends the class barrier. It should also be noted that Chamisso was recognised in his time as a bold, enlightened and sympathetic supporter of women's emancipation. He has been accused of a patronising attitude towards women, but the accompanist Graham Johnson has observed from his wide experience that the majority of female singers "revel unashamedly in the emotions" expressed in this song-cycle. In the fourth song (*Du Ring an meinem Finger*) the woman contemplates the ring and its significance in revealing a deeper meaning to life. Elation on the wedding-day, as her sisters help with the bridal wreath, is conveyed by *Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*, with joyful arpeggio figuration in the piano. In the postlude to this song Schumann creates a little wedding march by varying the initial vocal melody. (Wagner surely knew this passage when he wrote the *Bridal Chorus* from *Lohengrin*.) We progress to the woman's pregnancy (*Süsser Freund*), as she helps her husband to understand that her weeping comes from happiness. Beginning with a succession of recitative-like phrases, this song expresses quiet devotion, with a middle section including a quotation from a favourite work of Schumann's, Beethoven's song-cycle *An die ferne Geliebte*. Then she experiences the joy of motherhood in *An meinem Herzen*, with a piano part of exuberant arpeggios. Here the postlude introduces a new expressive dimension. The final song, marked *Adagio* and beginning with a bare D minor chord, evokes the tragedy of the beloved's death. He has hurt her for the first time. Schumann's piano postludes are a characteristic feature of his songs, but the end of this cycle is especially poignant as he returns to the music of the opening song, now lacking the vocal part.

The spacious *Die Lotosblume* (from *Myrthen*, with words by Heine) has a quietly majestic bass line (bars 2–8) and a wonderful glide into A flat major as the moon illuminates the lotus-flower. Moonlight is one of the most clichéd of Romantic images, but the atmosphere evoked by Schumann's setting is of a rare beauty.

Schumann completed his *Liederkreis* (literally "song-circle"), Opus 24 in a few days during February 1840, setting a sequence of nine poems from *Junge Leiden* (Youthful Sorrows), the first section of Heine's *Buch der Lieder*. Schumann wrote to Clara "while I was composing, my thoughts were only of you." Here in his first *Liederkreis* (– a second work of this name, Opus 39, has texts by Eichendorff) and in many other Schumann songs from this period, there are natural parallels with his own fluctuating emotions while

courting Clara in spite of her father's violent opposition. Schumann set Heine's words more than forty times (most remarkably in his *Dichterliebe*, Opus 48) but he was inclined to soften the harsh or bitterly ironic tone of some of his poems. Unfortunate in love, Heine took out his frustration and sometimes anguish in his verses, but Schumann was relatively unscarred and his deep affection for Clara prevailed. The opening song, *Morgens steh' ich auf und frage*, is notable for some gentle contrary motion in the accompaniment and ends with a piano postlude. In *Es treibt mich hin'* the lively accompaniment evokes the impatience of the restless lover. *Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen*, with its despondency and eloquent yearning, brings complete contrast, before the mood again changes for *Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen*. Here the poet compares the beating of his heart to a carpenter's hammer blows while making a coffin. Schumann evokes this imagery with relentless off-beats in the piano, but the most surprising feature is the voice-alone beginning and ending. In *Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden* Schumann sets one of Heine's most bitter poems to one of his most beautiful melodies. A harsh tone intrudes at *Hätt' ich dich doch nie geseh'n* (Would that I had never seen thee) and then *Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen* ('Twas thou thyself didst drive me hence), before Schumann's strikingly imaginative treatment of the line *Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen* (Madness clouded all my senses) has unsettling syncopation between the two hands of the accompaniment. The piano postlude – as so often in Schumann's songs – serves not merely as an afterthought, but introduces new material and a change of mood. Marked "*Sehr rasch*", the belligerent song *Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann* includes phrases (i.e. Heine's) of more ironic, cynical character, but Schumann's music does not reflect this aspect. The piano part here has a more bravura character than in most of Schumann's songs, with frequent octave doubling. Again in striking contrast, the following *Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter* (marked "ruhig, nicht schnell") is unruffled. A mere eleven bars in length, *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen* is characterised by stoical resignation. The final song, *Mit Myrthen und Rosen*, has what would become one of Schumann's favourite indications – "innig", usually translated as inward, tender, intimate, but here some additional quality – a warm enthusiasm – is expressed. In the last verse the tempo gradually slackens to an *Adagio* before the piano adds a reflective postlude. Schumann dedicated this first *Liederkreis* to the celebrated French mezzo-soprano Pauline Viardot.

The first song in *Myrthen* is one of many Schumann settings of Rückert poems – *Widmung* (Dedication) – express-

ing love and gratitude, reflecting Schumann's reverence of Clara. The melody is among his loveliest, while the buoyancy of the piano's rising and falling arpeggios greatly contributes to the feeling of elation.

The majority of Schumann's most popular songs (and song-cycles) date from 1840 but his extensive and treasureable work in this genre continued until 1852. At the end of that year he set five poems doubtfully attributed to Mary, Queen of Scots and translated by Gisbert von Vincke – *Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart*, Opus 135. Written in one of Schumann's least productive years, they were his last songs. In 1835 Donizetti had composed an opera based on Schiller's play about Mary Stuart, but otherwise there is very little music inspired by her life and death. Schumann's musical language had become understated and simpler, qualities which effectively deepen the poignancy of Mary's circumstances. The first song, *Abschied von Frankreich*, with its recitative-like vocal line, expresses Mary's sadness at leaving France. In the following song, *Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes*, Schumann conveys Mary's post-natal exhaustion and her anguish over the future of her newly-born son. The third song, *An die Königin Elisabeth*, one of twenty letters which Mary wrote to Queen Elizabeth I, is the most vivid and dramatic of the set, proud and vehement. In the following farewell to the world, *Abschied von der Welt*, a descending melodic shape recurs, before the final *Gebet* takes us into Mary's cell, only hours before her death. The restraint and economy of Schumann's late style have provoked some criticism suggesting a lack of inspiration, but these songs are an admirable and entirely appropriate response to Mary's situation.

Another song from *Myrthen*, the twenty-fourth of the twenty-six grouped as Opus 25, is the sublime *Du bist wie eine Blume*, one of three Heine settings among this collection of poems. In merely twenty bars – tempo marking *Langsam* – Schumann perfectly matches the intimacy, serenity and complete devotion expressed by the words. The accompaniment combines repeated chords in the right hand with a profound, octave-doubled bass-line.

– Philip Borg-Wheeler

Der Nussbaum from Myrthen, Op. 25, No. III

TEXT: JULIUS MOSEN (1803-1867)
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: EMILY EZUST

Es grünet ein Nussbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig,
Luftig
Breitet er blättrig die Äste aus.

Viel liebeliche Blüten stehen dran;
Linde
Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend,
Beugend
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,
Das dächte
die Nächte
und Tagelang, wusste, ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern – wer mag verstehn so gar
Leise
Weis
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend,
Während
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

The Walnut Tree

*A walnut tree stands greenly in front of the house,
fragrantly
and airy
spreading out its leafy branches.*

*Many lovely blossoms does it bear;
gentle
winds
come to caress them.*

*They whisper, paired two by two,
gracefully
inclining
their tender heads to kiss.*

*They whisper of a maiden
who thinks
day and night long
of... but alas! she does not herself know!*

*They whisper – who can understand
such a soft
song? –
they whisper of a bridegroom and of the coming year.*

*The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
yearning,
hoping,
she sinks smiling into sleep and dream.*

Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42

TEXT: ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: DANIEL PLATT

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausend Mal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran.

Since I saw him

*Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.*

*All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.*

He, the most glorious of all

*He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.*

*Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens, bright and
glorious, lofty and distant.*

*Meander, meander thy paths,
but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!*

*Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!*

*Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.*

*I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?*

Ich kann's nicht fassen

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
Ich bin auf ewig dein –
Mir war's – ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Thränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen tiefen Werth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

I can't grasp it

*I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?*

*It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed – I dream on and on,
It could never be so.*

*O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.*

Thou ring on my finger

*Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.*

*I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost
in barren, infinite space.*

*Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.*

*I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.*

*Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.*

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrthe Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Noch dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verschrecken
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir,
Sonne deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demuth,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss' ich mit Wehmuth,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

Süsser Freund, du blickest

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudenhell erzittern
In den Augen mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst' ich nur mit Worten,

Help me, ye sisters

*Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.*

*Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.*

*Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.*

*Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun,
thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.*

*Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst.*

Sweet friend, thou gazest

*Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou canst not grasp it,
why I can weep;
Let the moist pearls'
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
in my eyes.*

*How anxious my bosom,
how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,*

Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Thränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann;
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

An meinem Herzen

An meinem Herzen,
an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe,
die Lieb' ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und
nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab' überschwenglich mich
geschätzt
Bin überg glücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt,
nur die da liebt das Kind,
dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst
und glücklich sein.
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du!
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu.
An meinem Herzen,
an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

*how I should say it;
come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.*

*Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.*

*Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.*

At my heart

*At my heart,
at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!
The joy is the love,
the love is the joy,
I have said it,
and won't take it back.*

*I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that.
Only she that suckles,
only she that loves the child,
to whom she gives nourishment;*

*Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love
and be happy.
O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!*

*Thou dear, dear angel thou,
Thou look'st at me and smiles,
At my heart,
at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!*

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir
den ersten Schmerz gethan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter,
unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlass'ne
vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt,
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in
mein Inn'res still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab' ich dich und mein
verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain

*Now thou hast given me,
for the first time, pain,
how it struck me.
Thou sleepest, thou hard,
Merciless man,
the sleep of death.*

*The abandoned one gazes
straight ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived,
I am no longer living.*

*I withdraw silently
into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee
and my lost happiness,
O thou my world!*

Die Lotosblume from Myrthen, Op. 25, No. VII

TEXT: HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: JAMES THOMSON

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht,

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The Lotus-flower

*The Lotus-flower doth languish
Beneath the sun's fierce light;
With drooping head she waiteth
All dreamily for night.*

*The Moon is her true lover,
He wakes her with his glance:
To him she unveils gladly
Her gentle countenance.*

*She blooms and glows and brightens,
Intent on him above,
Exhaling, weeping, trembling,
With ever-yearning love.*

Liederkreis, Op. 24

TEXT: HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: DANIEL PLATT

Morgens steh' ich auf

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Aus blieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg ich wach;
träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
träumend wandle ich bei Tag.

Es treibt mich hin

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,
sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen; –
du armes Herz, was pochst du so schwer!

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
schleichen gähnend ihre Wege; –
tummle dich, du faules Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfasst!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen; –
heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen,
spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
mit meinem Gram allein;
da kam das alte Träumen
und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es höret,
dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

"Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
die sang es immerfort,
da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
das hübsche, goldne Wort."

Das sollt ihr mir nicht mehr erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
ihr wollt' meinem Kummer mir stehlen,
ich aber niemandem trau'.

Every morning I awake

*Every morning I awake and ask:
Will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I sink down and lament:
She stayed away again today.*

*All night with my grief
I lie sleepless, waking;
dreaming, as if half asleep,
dreaming, I pass the day.*

I'm driven here

*I'm driven here, I'm driven there!
In only a few more hours I will see her,
she herself, the fairest of fair young women; –
you true heart, how heavily you pound!*

*But the hours are lazy people!
They drag themselves comfortably and sluggishly,
creeping with yawns along their paths; –
rouse yourself, you lazy fool!*

*A charging hurry seizes and drives me!
But the Hours have never been in love;
sworn secretly to cruel conspiracy,
they mock treacherously the lover's haste.*

I wandered among the trees

*I wandered among the trees,
alone with my suffering;
along came that old dream
and crept into my heart.*

*Who taught you this little word,
you tiny birds in the airy heights?
Be quiet! if my heart hears it,
then all my pain will return.*

*"It came from a young woman,
who sang it again and again;
that is how we tiny birds captured
this pretty, golden word."*

*You should not explain this to me now,
you tiny, cunning birds;
you wanted to steal my grief from me,
but I trust no one.*

Lieb' Liebchen

Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein; –
Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden, –
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehn,
schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,
dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erlehrt;
nur ein stilles Leben führen
wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
von zwei Jungfrau'n nehm' ich Abschied,
von Europa und von ihr.

Dear sweetheart

*Dear sweetheart, lay your hand on my heart; –
ah, do you hear the hammering inside?
inside there lives a carpenter, wicked and evil:
he's building my coffin.*

*He hammers and pounds by day and by night;
it has been a long time since I could sleep.
Ah, hurry, Mister Carpenter,
finish so that I can sleep.*

Pretty cradle of my sorrows

*Pretty cradle of my sorrows,
pretty tombstone of my rest,
pretty town – we must part, –
farewell! I call to you.*

*Farewell, you holy threshold,
across which my darling would tread;
farewell! you sacred spot
where I first saw her.*

*Would that I had never seen you,
lovely queen of my heart!
Never would it then have happened,
that I would now be so wretched.*

*I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
all I wished was to lead a quiet life
where your breath could stir me.*

*Yet you yourself pushed me away from you,
with bitter words at your lips;
Madness filled my senses,
and my heart is sick and wounded.*

*And my limbs are heavy and sluggish;
I'll drag myself forward, leaning on my staff,
until I can lay my weary head
in a cool and distant grave.*

Wait, wait, wild boatman

*Wait, wait, wild boatman,
soon I'll follow you to the harbor;
from two maidens I am taking my leave,
from Europe and from Her.*

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
dass ich mit dem heissen Blute
meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
schaudert's dich, mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
lange Jahre vor dir steh'n! Oh!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
von der Schlang' im Paradies,
die durch schlimme Apfeligabe
uns'ren Ahn ins Elend stieß.

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
du brachst'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter

Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter
in den spiegelhellen Rhein,
und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
still erwachen die Gefühle,
die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend
lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleissend,
birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
und ich hab' es doch getragen –
aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

*Stream of blood, run from my eyes,
stream of blood, burst from my body,
so that with this hot blood
I can write down my agonies.*

*Ah, my dear, why just today
do you shudder to see my blood?
You've seen me pale, my heart bleeding,
standing before you for many years!*

*Do you know that old song
about the serpent in Paradise
who, by wickedly giving an apple,
threw our ancestors into misery?*

*Apples have caused every ill!
Eve brought death through them,
Eris caused the flames of Troy;
and you brought both, flame and death.*

Mountains and castles gaze down

*Mountains and castles gaze down
into the mirror-bright Rhine,
and my little boat sails merrily,
the sunshine glistening around it.*

*Calmly I watch the play
of golden, ruffled waves surging;
silently feelings awaken in me
that I have kept deep in my heart.*

*With friendly greetings and promises,
the river's splendor beckons;
but I know it – gleaming above
it conceals within itself Death and Night.*

*Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
O river, you are the very image of my beloved!
She can nod with just as much friendliness,
also smiling so devotedly and gently.*

At first I almost despaired

*At first I almost despaired,
and I thought I would never be able to bear it;
yet even so, I have borne it –
but do not ask me how.*

Mit Myrthen und Rosen

Mit Myrthen und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
möcht' ich zieren dies Buch wie 'nen Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Am Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab, –
doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,
nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
doch aufs neu die alte Glut sie belebt,
wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:
der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,
die blassen Buchstaben schau dich an,
sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

Widmung from Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 1

TEXT: FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: EMILY EZUST

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bessres Ich!

With myrtle and roses

*With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty,
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,
I would decorate this book like a coffin
and bury my songs inside it.*

*O if only I could bury my love there as well!
On the grave of Love grows the blossom of peace;
it blooms and then is plucked, –
yet it will bloom for me only when I am myself in the grave.*

*Here now are the songs which, once so wild,
like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna,
burst from the depths of my heart,
and spray glittering sparks everywhere!*

*Now they lie mute and death-like,
now they stare coldly, pale as mist,
but the old glow will revive them afresh,
when the spirit of love someday floats above them.*

*And in my heart the thought grows loud:
the spirit of love will someday thaw them;
someday this book will arrive in your hands,
you, my sweet love in a distant land.*

*Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken,
and the white letters shall gaze at you;
they'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes,
and whisper with sadness and a breath of love.*

Dedication

*You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you the world in which I live;
you my heaven, in which I float,
o you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.*

*You are rest, you are peace,
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me gives me my worth;
your gaze transfigures me;
you raise me lovingly above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!*

Gedichte Der Königin Maria Stuart, Op. 135

GERMAN TRANSLATION: GIBERT FREIHERR VON VINCKE (1813-1892)
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: SHARON KREBS

Abschied von Frankreich

Ich zieh' dahin!
Ade, mein fröhlich Frankenland,
Wo ich die liebste Heimath fand,
Du meiner Kindheit Pflegerin.
Ade, du Land, du schöne Zeit –
Mich trennt das Boot vom Glück so weit!
Doch trägt's die Hälfte nur von mir:
Ein Theil für immer bleibt dein,
Mein fröhlich Land, der sage dir,
Des Andern eingedenk zu sein! –

Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes

Herr Jesu Christ, den sie gekrönt mit Dornen,
Beschütze die Geburt des hier Gebor'nen.
Und sei's dein Will', lass sein Geschlecht zugleich
Lang herrschen noch in diesem Königreich.
Und alles, was geschieht in seinem Namen,
Sei dir zu Ruhm und Preis und Ehre, Amen.

An die Königin Elisabeth

Nur ein Gedanke, der mich freut und quält,
Hält ewig mir den Sinn gefangen,
Sodass der Furcht und Hoffnung Stimmen klangen,
Als ich die Stunden ruhelos gezählt.

Und wenn mein Herz dies Blatt zum Boten wählt,
Und kündet, Euch zu sehen, mein Verlangen,
Dann, theure Schwester, fasst mich neues Bangen,
Weil ihm die Macht, es zu beweisen fehlt.

Ich seh den Kahn, im Hafen fast geborgen,
Vom Sturm und Kampf der Wogen festgehalten,
Des Himmels heit'res Antlitz nachtumgraut.

So bin auch ich bewegt von Furcht und Sorgen,
Vor Euch nicht, Schwester! Doch des Schicksals Walten
Zerreisst das Segel oft, dem wir vertraut.

Farewell to France

*I travel away!
Adieu, my joyful France,
Where I found the dearest home,
Thou, who tended to me in childhood.
Adieu, thou land, thou lovely time –
The boat is carrying me so far away from happiness!
But it bears only half of me:
One part shall ever remain thine,
My joyful land – and may that part urge thee
To remember the other part! –*

After the birth of her son

*Lord Jesus Christ, whom they crowned with thorns,
Guard the birth of the child born here.
And if it be Thy will, let his line
Long reign yet in this kingdom,
And may everything that comes to pass in his name
Be to Thy glory and praise and honour – Amen! –*

To Queen Elisabeth

*One thought alone that gladdens and tortures me
Holds my spirit captive eternally
So that the voices of both dread and hope rang out
While restlessly I counted the hours.*

*And when my heart chooses this leaf of paper as its messenger,
And tells of my longing to see you,
Then, valued sister, I am gripped by new anxiety,
Because [this leaf of paper] lacks the power to give evidence thereof.*

*I see the barque, almost safe in harbour,
Held fast by the storm and the battle of the waves,
The bright visage of the heavens shrouded by night.*

*Thus, I too, am beset by fears and cares,
Not fear of you, sister! But the machinations of fate
Often tear the sail that we trusted.*

Abschied von der Welt

Was nützt die mir noch zugemess'ne Zeit?
Mein Herz erstarb für irdisches Begehren,
Nur Leiden soll mein Schatten nicht entbehren,
Mir blieb allein die Todesfreudigkeit.

Ihr, Feinde, lasst von eurem Neid:
Mein Herz ist abgewandt der Hoheit Ehren,
Des Schmerzes Übermass wird mich verzehren,
Bald geht mit mir zu Grabe Hass und Streit.

Ihr Freunde, die ihr mein gedenkt in Liebe,
Erwägt und glaubt, dass ohne Kraft und Glück
Kein gutes Werk mir zu vollenden bliebe.

So wünscht mir bess're Tage nicht zurück,
Und weil ich schwer gestrafet werd hienieden,
Erfleht mir meinen Theil am ew'gen Frieden.

Gebet

O Gott, mein Gebieter,
ich hoffe auf Dich!
O Jesu, Geliebter,
Nun rette Du mich!
Im harten Gefängnis,
In schlimmer Bedrängnis
Ersehne ich Dich;
In Klagen, Dir klagend,
Im Staube verzagend,
Erhör', ich beschwöre,
Und rette Du mich!

Farewell to the World

*Of what use is the time still allotted to me?
My heart is dead to all earthly desires,
My spirit is replete with suffering,
All that remains to me is looking forward to death.*

*You, my enemies, leave off your envy;
My heart has turned away from the honours of a high station,
An excess of pain shall consume me,
Soon hate and contention shall pass with me into the grave.*

*You friends who remember me lovingly,
Reflect and believe that without strength and good fortune
No good work remains for me to complete.*

*So do not wish for the return of better times for me,
And since I am being sorely tried here on earth,
Beseech [God to grant] me my portion of eternal peace.*

Prayer

*Oh God, my Master,
I always place my trust in Thee!
Oh Jesus, Beloved,
Save me now!
In a cruel prison,
In sore distress
I yearn for Thee;
In lamentations sobbing to Thee,
Despairing in the dust,
Hear my plea, I implore Thee,
And save Thou me!*

Du bist wie eine Blume

from Myrthen, Op. 25, No. XXIV

TEXT: HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: EMMA LAZARUS

Du bist wie eine Blume
so hold und schön und rein;
ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
so rein und schön und hold.

Thou seemest like a flower

*Thou seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;
A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.*

*I fain would lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair,
Imploring God to keep thee,
So bright and pure, and fair.*

Marianne Beate Kielland

Mezzosopran

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 Europas fremste sangere, og opptrer jevnlig på konsertscenene i Europa, Østen og Amerika under dirigenter som Philippe Herreweghe, Fabio Biondi, Jordi Savall, Rinaldo Alessandrini, Christophe Rousset, Marc Minkowski, Masaaki Suzuki, Thomas Dausgaard, Juanjo Mena, Jos van Immerseel, Robert King, Andrew Manze, Daniel Reuss og Rune Bergmann.

Kielland ble i 2012 nominert til Grammy innen kategorien *Best Vocal Classical Album* for sin CD-utgivelse *Veslemøy Synsk* av Olav Anton Thommessen, og har med denne og mer enn 50 andre innspillinger, samt utstrakt konsertvirksomhet, befestet seg som en bemerkelsesverdig interpret av repertoar fra barokken helt fram til vår tids musikk.

Hun har tidligere gitt ut ni CD-er på LAWO Classics sammen med pianisten Nils Anders Mortensen: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Sæle jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072), *The New Song* (LWC1097), *Whispering Mozart* (LWC1111), *Songs: Kielland/Dørumsgaard* (LWC1145), *Ein-samkeit – Songs by Mahler* (LWC1157) og *Eivind Groven Songs* (LWC1178). I 2015 ga hun ut *Påsketid* (LWC1077) med Elise Båtnes på fiolin og Kåre Nordstoga på orgel, og i 2017 kom *Terra Nova* (LWC1125) med komponist og pianist Jan Gunnar Hoff.





Johannes Weisser

Baryton

Den norske barytonen Johannes Weisser har etablert seg som en av Europas mest spennende sangere i sin generasjon.

I nyere tid har han hatt engasjementer ved Salzburg-festivalen, Staatsoper Berlin, Teatro Real Madrid, Théâtre de La Monnaie i Brussel, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Canadian Opera Company, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Komische Oper Berlin, Nasjonaloperaen, Den Kongelige Opera i København og Edinburgh International Festival. Johannes Weisser er også en ettertraktet konsert- og oratoriesanger med et repertoar som spenner fra Monteverdis tidlige 1600-tallsmusikk til verker av Weill, Britten og samtidskomponister. Han har arbeidet med dirigenter som Herbert Blomstedt, Andris Nelsons, Kirill Petrenko, Thomas Dausgaard, Andrew Manze, Adam Fischer, Dmitry Jurowski, Massimo Zanetti, René Jacobs, Ingo Metzmacher, Marc Minkowski, Giovanni Antonini, Fabio Biondi, Ottavio Dantone, Diego Fasolis, Philippe Herreweghe, Vasily Petrenko og Trevor Pinnock.

Johannes er allerede kjent for mange prisvinnende innspillinger, blant annet i tittelrollen i *Don Giovanni* (René Jacobs/harmonia mundi), som Don Pizarro i Beethovens originale *Leonore* og i Haydns *Skapelsen* (René Jacobs/harmonia mundi), Bachs *Matteuspasjon* og *Johannespasjon* (René Jacobs/harmonia mundi) samt i rollen som Achilla i *Giulio Cesare* (Alan Curtis/naive) og Ståle Kleibergs *Mass for a Modern Man* med Trondheim Sinfonietta. I 2013 ble han nominert til en Grammy for rollen som David i Ståle Kleibergs opera *David and Bathsheba*, en innspilling med Trondheim Symfoniorkester under ledelse av Tõnu Kaljuste (beste operainnspilling).

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 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 ni plater med mezzosopranen Marianne Beate Kielland på LAWO Classics: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Søle jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072), *The New Song* (LWC1097), *Whispering Mozart* (LWC1111), *Songs: Kielland/Dørumsgaard* (LWC1145), *Einsamkeit – Songs by Mahler* (LWC1157) og *Eivind Groven Songs* (LWC1178). I 2015 ga han ut soloplaten *In finstrer 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. I 2019 slapp han sin tredje soloplate på LAWO Classics, *Bach: Ouvertüre nach Französischer Art, BWV 831 / Sarabande con Partite, BWV 990 / Englische Suite Nr. 6 d-Moll, BWV 811* (LWC1174), og i 2020 kom *Schumann: Piano Quintet, Op. 44 / Piano Quartet, Op. 47* (LWC1189) med Engegårdkvartetten.



Marianne Beate Kielland

Mezzo-Soprano

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 Europe's leading singers, she performs regularly on major concert stages in Europe, America and The East. Among the conductors with whom she has performed are Philippe Herreweghe, Fabio Biondi, Jordi Savall, Rinaldo Alessandrini, Christophe Rousset, Marc Minkowski, Masaaki Suzuki, Thomas Dausgaard, Juanjo Mena, Jos van Immerseel, Robert King, Andrew Manze, Daniel Reuss and Rune Bergmann.

In 2012 she received a Grammy nomination in the category of 'Best Classical Vocal Solo' for her recording of *Veslemøy Synsk* by the composer Olav Anton Thommessen. With more than fifty other albums in addition to a demanding concert schedule, Marianne Beate Kielland is established as an exceptional performer with a wide-ranging repertoire from baroque to contemporary.

Together with pianist Nils Anders Mortensen she has previously released nine recordings on the LAWO Classics label: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Sæle jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072), *The New Song* (LWC1097), *Whispering Mozart* (LWC1111), *Songs: Kielland/Dørumsgaard* (LWC1145), *Einsamkeit – Songs by Mahler* (LWC1157) and *Eivind Groven Songs* (LWC1178). In 2015 she released *Påsketid* (LWC1077) with violinist Elise Båtnes and organist Kåre Nordstoga, and in 2017 she released *Terra Nova* (LWC1125) with composer and pianist Jan Gunnar Hoff.

Johannes Weisser

Baritone

Norwegian baritone Johannes Weisser has established himself as one of the most exciting European singers of his generation.

Recent engagements have brought him to the Salzburg Festival, Staatsoper Berlin, Teatro Real Madrid, Théâtre de La Monnaie in Brussels, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Canadian Opera Company, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Komische Oper Berlin, Norwegian National Opera, Royal Danish Opera, and the Edinburgh International Festival. Johannes Weisser is also a much sought-after concert and oratorio singer, with repertoire that spans from the early 17th century music of Monteverdi to the works of Weill, Britten and contemporary composers. He has worked with conductors such as Herbert Blomstedt, Andris Nelsons, Kirill Petrenko, Thomas Dausgaard, Andrew Manze, Adam Fischer, Dmitry Jurowski, Massimo Zanetti, René Jacobs, Ingo Metzmacher, Marc Minkowski, Giovanni Antonini, Fabio Biondi, Ottavio Dantone, Diego Fasolis, Philippe Herreweghe, Vasily Petrenko, and Trevor Pinnock.

Widely known for the numerous award-winning recordings that he has already produced, Johannes has appeared on disc in the title role of *Don Giovanni* (René Jacobs/harmonia mundi), Don Pizarro in Beethoven's original *Leonore* and Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* (René Jacobs/harmonia mundi), Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and *St John Passion* (both René Jacobs/harmonia mundi), but also in the role of Achilla in *Giulio Cesare* (Alan Curtis/naive), and Ståle Kleiberg's *Mass for a Modern Man* with Trondheim Sinfonietta. In 2013 he was a GRAMMY nominee for his role as David in Ståle Kleiberg's opera *David and Bathsheba*, a recording with the Trondheim Symphony Orchestra conducted by Tõnu Kaljuste (best opera recording).

Nils Anders Mortensen

Piano

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-Nekleberg. Other important teachers have been Tatjana Nikolajeva and Hans Leygraf.

Mortensen was the recipient of the prestigious Concerts Norway 'Debutant of the Year' award in 1996. He has won international prizes and grants. In 1998 he won the Mozart 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 nine recordings with mezzo-soprano Marianne Beate Kielland on the LAWO Classics label: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Sæle jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072), *The New Song* (LWC1097), *Whispering Mozart* (LWC1111), *Songs: Kielland/Dørumsgaard* (LWC1145), *Einsamkeit – Songs by Mahler* (LWC1157) and *Eivind Groven Songs* (LWC1178). In 2015 he released the solo recording *In finstern 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. In 2019 he released his third solo recording on the LAWO Classics label, *Bach: Ouvertüre nach Französischer Art, BWV 831 / Sarabande con Partite, BWV 990 / Englische Suite Nr. 6 d-Moll, BWV 811* (LWC1174), and in 2020 he released *Schumann: Piano Quintet, Op. 44 / Piano Quartet, Op. 47* (LWC1189) with the Engegård Quartet.

Robert Schumann

(1810 1856)

01 **DER NUSSBAUM** 02:43
FROM MYRTHEN, OP. 25, NO. III

FRAUENLIEBE UND -LEBEN, OP. 42

02 **I. SEIT ICH IHN GESEHEN** 02:21
03 **II. ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN** 02:59
04 **III. ICH KANN'S NICHT FASSEN** 01:43
05 **IV. DU RING AN MEINEM FINGER** 02:27
06 **V. HELFT MIR, IHR SCHWESTERN** 01:50
07 **VI. SÜSSER FREUND, DU BLICKEST** 04:17
08 **VII. AN MEINEM HERZEN** 01:20
09 **VIII. NUN HAST DU MIR DEN ERSTEN SCHMERZ GETAN** 03:46

10 **DIE LOTOSBLUME** 01:23
FROM MYRTHEN, OP. 25, NO. VII

LIEDERKREIS, OP. 24

11 **I. MORGENS STEH' ICH AUF** 01:01
12 **II. ES TREIBT MICH HIN** 01:11
13 **III. ICH WANDELTE UNTER DEN BÄUMEN** 03:38
14 **IV. LIEB' LIEBCHEN** 00:49
15 **V. SCHÖNE WIEGE MEINER LEIDEN** 04:16
16 **VI. WARTE, WARTE, WILDER SCHIFFMANN** 01:49
17 **VII. BERG' UND BURGEN SCHAU'N HERUNTER** 03:53
18 **VIII. ANFANGS WOLLT' ICH FAST VERZAGEN** 00:54
19 **IX. MIT MYRTHEN UND ROSEN** 04:03

20 **WIDMUNG** 02:05
FROM MYRTHEN, OP. 25, NO. I

GEDICHTE DER KÖNIGIN MARIA STUART, OP. 135

21 **I. ABSCHIED VON FRANKREICH** 01:29
22 **II. NACH DER GEBURT IHRES SOHNES** 01:35
23 **III. AN DIE KÖNIGIN ELISABETH** 01:34
24 **IV. ABSCHIED VON DER WELT** 02:45
25 **V. GEBET** 01:56

26 **DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME** 01:44
FROM MYRTHEN, OP. 25, NO. XXIV

RECORDED IN SOFIENBERG CHURCH, OSLO, 24 MAY 2018
AND 15-16 NOVEMBER 2018
PRODUCER: VEGARD LANDAAS, BALANCE ENGINEER: THOMAS WOLDEN,
EDITING: VEGARD LANDAAS, MASTERING: THOMAS WOLDEN,
PIANO TECHNICIAN: THRON IRBY, BOOKLET NOTES: PHILIP BORG-WHEELER,
NORWEGIAN TRANSLATION: TOR TVEITE, BOOKLET EDITOR: HEGE WOLLENG,
COVER DESIGN & ARTIST PHOTO (KIELLAND): ANNA-JULIA GRANBERG /
BLUNDERBUSS, COVER PHOTO: JAN OVE IVERSEN / OVERPARI,
ARTIST PHOTO (WEISSER): FREDRIK ARFF, ARTIST PHOTO (MORTENSEN):
KNUT ÅSERUD

LAWO LWC1197 © 2020 LAWO © 2020
LAWO CLASSICS www.lawo.no