

FRANZ
SCHUBERT
Goethe Songs

MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND
— MEZZO-SOPRANO

NILS ANDERS MORTENSEN
— PIANO

Schubert and I

Throughout my long life as a recording artist “Schubert” has been a regularly recurring theme. But to the question of whether I should record an album of Schubert songs, my answer has been no. His songs are for me so masculine. My ears ring with the sound of fantastic tenors when I think of his lieder. And I have heard fabulous baritones do memorable versions of Schubert’s more robust songs. Nor is a slightly desperate version of Gretchen am Spinnrad performed by a fine soprano something to be sneezed at. Yet I have not managed to see myself as the most natural interpreter of Schubert. And when I HAVE performed some of his lieder, I have recognised that this repertoire places greater demands on the performer than does the music of other composers: clarity, diction, intimacy, rhythm, lyrical expression, perfect intonation ... indeed, it has been good training.

Then came the day when the topic of “Schubert” seemed even more urgent. Should we record an album of his songs? I remained hesitant, but wondered whether there might be among his roughly 600 songs a few texts more feminine than masculine? I am not an adherent of feigning the emotions of a man when I sing, so it would be out of the question for me to perform Die schöne Müllerin, for example, or Winterreise. But if one searches a little, one finds that Schubert did in fact set to music texts that tend to be more feminine than masculine: Goethe’s Mignon-figure is an androgynous child with a complex existential and emotional state of mind, without the texts being either feminine

or masculine. And Suleika — here the feminine comes to the fore, and indeed these two poems were written by a woman, Marianne von Willemer. She saw herself as Suleika and wrote them in the context of her correspondence with Goethe. He included them in his collection of poetry *West-östlicher Divan*, and the poems of Marianne von Willemer perhaps became known in this way.

In any case, the common denominator for the texts on this album is author Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Goethe was a good deal older than Schubert, and the two reportedly never met. But like so many, many others at the time, Schubert was deeply fascinated by Goethe’s texts, and he set to music more poems by him than by any other poet.

I decided that if I were to record an album of Schubert songs, it would include only texts by Goethe. For while the poems of Goethe reveal profound depth and intricate poetic language, a number of them are, in my eyes, “gender-neutral”. They often tell a story without reference to a male or female voice.

So here we have a Schubert recording — with texts by Goethe. The choice of songs is not necessarily the most obvious. I have omitted “Gretchen am Spinnrade” (its strong feminine message notwithstanding!) and “Erlkönig” because there are in my opinion already so many marvelous interpretations of these songs. Nor have I included “Heidenröslein”.

At the core of the collection for me are the five songs to Mignon. They illustrate the intense emotional life of the androgynous, abused child. Here Schubert’s compositions are emotionally intense, and I have tried to recreate what I feel is there from his hand. The remaining selections include a variety of songs, a number of them serious, quiet, motionless, somewhat disturbing ... for many of Goethe’s texts invite us into such a world.

I have chosen to begin with the remarkable and melancholy story of the King of Thule in an attempt to set the mood for the songs that follow. And I end the album with the less familiar “Grenzen der Menschheit”, about the relationship between the human and the divine. The poem concludes that humanity must know its place and not compete with the gods as to who is superior. Humankind must keep its feet on the ground — where it belongs. And I can say in the same breath that I also know my place among the world’s great interpreters of Schubert throughout history. With this release I have tried to find my view of the greatest song composer of them all, and possibly show a slightly different side of him — one marked by uncertainty, melancholy and restlessness. For they also must have been present in Schubert’s life. Kindly lend a friendly ear.

MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND

König in Thule

*Es war ein König in Thule
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine Buhle
Einen goldnen Becher gab.*

*Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.*

*Und als er kam zu sterben,
Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,
Göntt alles seinen Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.*

*Er sass beim Königsmahe,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Vatersaale,
Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer.*

*Dort stand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensglut,
Und warf den heiligen Becher
Hinunter in die Flut.*

*Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
Und sinken tief ins Meer.
Die Augen täten ihm sinken;
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.*

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!*

There was a King of Thule,
faithful to the grave,
to whom his dying beloved
gave a golden goblet.

Nothing was more valuable to him:
he drained it in every feast;
and his eyes would overflow
whenever he drank from it.

And when he neared death,
he counted the cities of his realm
and left everything gladly to his heir -
except for the goblet.

He sat at his kingly feast,
his knights about him,
in the lofty hall of ancestors,
there in the castle by the sea.

There, the old wine-lover stood,
took a last draught of life's fire,
and hurled the sacred goblet
down into the waters.

He watched it plunge, fill up,
and sink deep into the sea.
His eyes then sank closed
and he drank not one drop more.

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Heiss mich nicht reden

*Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.*

*Zu rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die
tiefverborgnen Quellen.*

*Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.*

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent,
for my secret is a [solemn] duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
but Fate does not will it.

At the right time, the sun's course will dispell
the dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
ungrudgingly, the earth will release
deep hidden springs.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
there one can pour out one's heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open them.

So lasst mich scheinen

*So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.*

*Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.*

*Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.*

*Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!*

So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten
down into that solid house.

There I will repose a moment in peace,
until I open my eyes afresh;
then I will leave behind the spotless garment,
the girdle and the wreath.

And those spirits of heaven
do not ask whether one is 'man' or 'woman',
and no clothes, no robes
will cover my transfigured body.

Although I have lived without trouble and toil,
I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Kennst du das Land

*Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
Im dunklen Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?*

*Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.*

*Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?*

*Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.*

*Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut,
Kennst du ihn wohl?*

*Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass uns ziehn!*

Do you know the land where citrons bloom,
Golden oranges glow among dark leaves,
A gentle wind blows from the blue sky,
The myrtle is still, and the laurel stands tall?
Do you know it well?

It is there! – there
That I would go with you, my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars.
Its hall is resplendent, its chambers shine;
And marble statues stand and watch me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it well?

It is there! – there
That I would go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its
cloud-covered ridge?
The mule searches for its path in the mist;
In caverns dwell the ancient spawn of dragons;
Rocks tumble down, and over them,
a rush of water!

Do you know it well?
It is there! – there
That our path leads us! Oh Father, let us depart.

An Mignon

*Über Thal und Fluß getragen,
Ziehet rein der Sonne Wagen.
Ach, sie regt in ihrem Lauf,
So wie deine, meine Schmerzen,
Tief im Herzen,
Immer morgens wieder auf.*

*Kaum will mir die Nacht noch frommen,
Denn die Träume selber kommen
Nun in trauriger Gestalt,
Und ich fühle dieser Schmerzen,
Still im Herzen,
Heimlich bildende Gewalt.*

*Schon seit manchen schönen Jahren
Seh' ich unten Schiffe fahren;
Jedes kommt an seinen Ort;
Aber ach, die steten Schmerzen,
Fest im Herzen,
Schwimmen nicht im Strome fort.*

*Schön in Kleidern muß ich kommen,
Aus dem Schrank sind sie genommen,
Weil es heute Festtag ist;
Niemand ahnet, daß von Schmerzen
Herz im Herzen
Grimmig mir zerrissen ist.*

*Heimlich muß ich immer weinen,
Aber freundlich kann ich scheinen
Und sogar gesund und roth;
Wären tödtlich diese Schmerzen
Meinem Herzen,
Ach, schon lange wär ich todt.*

Crossing over vale and river
the sun chariot passes cleanly.
Ah, it stirs in its course
my agonies, much like yours,
deep in the heart,
always fresh each morning.

Hardly does the night help me,
for my dreams themselves come
now in mournful aspect,
and I feel these pains
quietly in my heart,
a secretly-forming power.

Already, for many fair years
have I seen ships sailing below,
each going to its place,
but ah! the constant agonies,
firm in my heart,
do not float away in the river.

I must appear in fine clothing
taken from the wardrobe
because today is a holiday;
no one suspects the agony
that in my heart of hearts
is tearing grimly at me.

In secret I must weep,
but I can seem cheerful,
even healthy and flushed;
were these agonies fatal
to my heart,
ah, I would long since have died.

Wandrer Nachtlied I

*Der du von den Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillst,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllst,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süßer Friede!
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!*

You who are from heaven,
You quiet all sorrow and pain;
And he who is doubly wretched
You fill with twice as much [comfort] 1.
Ah! I am tired of being driven!
For what is all this pain and joy?
Sweet peace,
Come, ah, come into my heart!

Ganymed

*Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!*

*Dass ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!*

*Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm'; ich komme!
Wohin? Ach wohin?*

*Hinauf! Hinaufstreb's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!*

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth
of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.
I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Wandrer Nachtlied II

*Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.*

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent in the forest...
only wait - soon
you will rest as well.

Suleika I

*Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.*

*Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insecten frohes Völkchen.*

*Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.*

*Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh noch diese Hügel düstern
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.*

*Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.*

*Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Athem geben.*

What does the motion mean?
Does the East wind bring glad tidings?
The refreshing movement of its wings
Chills the heart's deep wound.

It plays gently with the dust,
Chasing it into light clouds.
And drives the happy insect people
to the security of the vine-leaves.

It softly tempers the sun's incandescence,
and chills my hot cheeks,
As it flees it kisses the vines
which are prominent on the fields and hills

And its soft whispering brings me
A thousand greetings from my friend
Before these hills dim,
I will be greeted by a thousand kisses.

So as you go on your way
And serve friends and the saddened.
There where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Oh, the true message of his heart,
Loves-breath, refreshing life
Comes only from his mouth,
Can be given to me only by his breath.

Suleika II

*Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide,
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen,
Was ich in der Trennung leide.*

*Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen,
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.*

*Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider,
Ach für Leid müsst ich vergehen,
Hofft ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.*

*Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen,
Doch vermeid ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.*

*Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden,
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.*

Ah, your damp wings,
West Wind, how much I envy you them;
for you can bring him tidings
of what I suffer in our separation!

The movement of your wings
awakens in my breast a silent longing;
Flowers, meadows, forests and hills
stand in tears from your breath.

Yet your mild, gentle blowing
cools my aching eyelids;
ah, for sorrow I would die
if I could not hope to see him again.

Hurry then to my beloved -
speak softly to his heart;
but don't distress him,
and conceal my pain.

Tell him, but tell him modestly,
that his love is my life,
and that a joyous sense of both
will his presence give me.

Nähe des Geliebten

*Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.*

*Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.*

*Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Hain da geh ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.*

*Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne.
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärest du da!*

I think of you when the sunlight shimmers,
beaming from the sea;
I think of you when the moon's gleam
paints the streams.

I see you when, on distant roads,
the dust rises up;
in deep night, when on the narrow bridge
a traveler quivers.

I hear you when there, with a muffled roar,
the waves rise.
In the still grove I go often to listen,
when everything is silent.

I am with you, even if you are so far away.
You are near me!
The sun sinks, and soon the stars will shine for me.
O, if only you were here!

Willkommen und Abschied

*Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh' gedacht.
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht;
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsterniss aus dem Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen sah.*

*Der Mond von einem Wolkenhügel
Sah kläglich aus dem Duft hervor,
Die Winde schlangen leise Flügel,
Umsausten schauerlich mein Ohr;
Die Nacht schuf tausend Ungeheuer,
Doch frisch und fröhlich war mein Mut:
In meinen Adern welches Feuer!
In meinem Herzen welche Glut!*

*Dich sah ich, und die milde Freude
Floss von dem süßen Blick auf mich;
Ganz war mein Herz an deiner Seite
Und jeder Atemzug für dich.
Ein rosenfarbnes Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Gesicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich – Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es, ich verdient' es nicht!*

*Doch ach, schon mit der Morgensonne
Verengt der Abschied mir das Herz:
In deinen Küssen welche Wonne!
In deinem Auge welcher Schmerz!
Ich ging, du standst und sahst zur Erden,
Und sahst mir nach mit nassem Blick:
Und doch, welch Glück, geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück!*

My heart pounded, quick! to the horse!
It was done before I could think;
evening was already cradling the earth
and night hung upon the mountains:
already the oak stood clothed in mist,
a towering giant there,
where darkness from the bushes
peered with a hundred dark eyes!

The moon from a hill of cloud
looked pitifully down through the haze,
the wind stirred with gentle wings
murmuring eerily into my ear;
night created a thousand horrors;
but fresh and cheery was my mood:
in my veins, what fire!
in my heart, what passion!

You I saw and gentle joy
flowed from your sweet gaze to mine,
my heart was entirely at your side,
and every breath was for you.
Rose-colored spring
surrounded your lovely face,
and tenderness for me - oh you Gods!
I had hoped for this, but I do not deserve it!

But alas, already with the morning sun,
parting strangles my heart:
in your kisses, what bliss!
in your eyes, what pain!
I left, and you stood and looked down at the ground,
and then gazed after me with wet eyes:
and yet, what happiness to be loved!
And to love, Gods, what good fortune!

Erster Verlust

*Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
Jener holden Zeit zurück!
Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter Klage
Traur' ich ums verlorne Glück,
Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene holde Zeit zurück!*

Ah, who will bring back those beautiful days -
those days of first love?
Ah, who will bring back even just one hour
of that lovely time?
Lonely, I nourish my wound
and with constantly renewed laments,
I mourn my lost happiness.
Ah, who will bring back those beautiful days -
that lovely time?

Meeres Stille

*Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuren Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.*

Deep stillness reigns on the water;
motionless, the sea rests,
and the sailor gazes about with alarm
at the smooth flatness all around.
No breeze from any side!
It is fearfully, deathly still!
In the enormous expanse
not one wave stirs.

Translation of *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*
© by Lawrence Snyder, reprinted with permission from
the LiederNet Archive

Translation of *Suleika I*
© by Richard Morris, reprinted with permission
from the LiederNet Archive

Translations of *König in Thule*, *Heiss mich nicht reden*, *So lasst mich scheinen*,
Kennst du das Land, *An Mignon*, *Wandrer's Nachtlied I and II*, *Ganymed*,
Suleika II, *Nähe des Geliebten*, *Willkommen und Abschied*, *Erster Verlust*,
Meeres Stille and *Grenzen der Menschheit*

© by Emily Ezust, reprinted with permission
from the LiederNet Archive

Grenzen der Menschheit

*Wenn der uralte,
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Über die Erde sät,
Küss' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Tief in der Brust.*

When the ancient
Holy father
With calm hand
From the rolling clouds
Sends blessed lightning
Over the earth,
I kiss the last
Seam of his cloak
With a childlike awe
Deep in my breast.

*Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.*

For with gods
Shall never compete
Mortal Man.
If he lifts himself up
And disturbs
The stars with his head,
Then nowhere are anchored
His uncertain feet,
And with him sport
The clouds and the wind.

*Steht er mit festen,
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten
Dauernden Erde;
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.*

If instead he stands with firm,
Vigorous bones,
Upon the well-founded
and enduring earth,
He does not reach up
Even to the oak tree,
Or the vine
To compare.

*Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Dass viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.*

What distinguishes
Gods from Men?
That many a wave broke
Before the one came wandering -
An eternal stream:
The wave lifts us;
Yet gulp in the water,
And we drown.

*Ein kleiner Ring
Begränzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.*

A small ring
Limits our life,
And many generations
String past constantly,
Their existences forming
An endless chain.



THE SINGER

Marianne Beate Kielland

studied at The Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo with Ingrid Bjoner and Svein Bjørkøy and earned a master's degree in contemporary music in 2000. She also studied with Oren Brown and Barbara Bonney. After completing her professional training she sang with the Hanover State Opera during the 2001/02 season before moving to Harstad and later to Svolvær, Norway. She quickly established a solid professional reputation and had frequent engagements with both Norwegian and foreign orchestras and is now regarded as one of Europe's foremost singers. Kielland regularly performs on the concert stages of Europe, Asia and America under such

conductors as René Jacobs, Fabio Biondi, Jordi Savall, Rinaldo Alessandrini, Masaaki Suzuki, Herbert Blomstedt and Andrew Manze. In 2012 she was nominated for a Grammy award in the category «Best Vocal Classical Album» for her CD recording «Veslemøy Synsk» by Norwegian composer Olav Anton Thommessen. With this and over 60 other professional recordings, as well as her many performances on the concert stage, she has established herself as a distinguished interpreter of repertoire from the baroque period to the present day. Ms. Kielland has been designated Artistic Director of the Oslo Chamber Music Festival 2022-2025.

THE PIANIST

Nils Anders Mortensen

is originally from Flekkefjord but has been state musician in Finnmark County since 2002. He received his professional training at the Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo, Ecole Normale in Paris and Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Hanover and has performed on concert stages the world over. The album «Veslemøy synsk», on which he collaborated with mezzo-soprano Marianne Beate Kielland, was nominated for a Grammy Award in the category Classical Vocal Solo. He has also released solo albums of

music by Grieg, Debussy, Bartok and Brahms. Mortensen has been guest soloist at Troidhau-gen on numerous occasions. In 1998 he performed as soloist on Grieg's *Piano Concerto in A Minor* at the gala closing concert of the Bergen International Festival in Grieg Concert Hall.



FRANZ SCHUBERT

(1797-1828)

1. *Der König in Thule*, D.367__3:32
4 Gesänge aus 'Wilhelm Meister', D.877
2. *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*__3:17
3. *Heiss mich nicht reden*__3:42
4. *So lasst mich scheinen*__3:03
5. *Mignons Gesang*, D.321 – *Kennst du das Land?*__4:12
6. *An Mignon*, D.161__3:14
7. *Wandrer's Nachtlied*, D.224__1:40
8. *Ganymed*, D.544__4:26
9. *Wandrer's Nachtlied*, D.768__2:15
10. *Suleika*, D.720__5:07
11. *Suleika*, D.717__4:20
12. *Nähe des Geliebten*, D.162__4:00
13. *Willkommen und Abschied*, D.767__3:28
14. *Erster Verlust*, D.226__2:08
15. *Meeres Stille*, D.216__2:14
16. *Grenzen der Menschheit*, D.716__8:29

RECORDED IN SOFIENBERG CHURCH, OSLO, 7-10 JUNE 2022

PRODUCER: **VEGARD LANDAAS**

BALANCE ENGINEER: **THOMAS WOLDEN**

EDITING: **VEGARD LANDAAS**

MASTERING: **THOMAS WOLDEN**

PIANO TECHNICIAN: **ERIC SCHANDALL**

BOOKLET NOTES: **MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND**

BOOKLET TRANSLATION: **JIM SKURDALL**

SONG TRANSLATIONS: **EMILY EZUST, LAWRENCE SNYDER, RICHARD MORRIS**

BOOKLET EDITOR: **TORGEIR M. LANDAAS**

COVER DESIGN: **ANNA-JULIA GRANBERG / BLUNDERBUSS**

ILLUSTRATION AND ARTIST PHOTO **MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND: DAVID DAWSON**

ARTIST PHOTO **NILS ANDERS MORTENSEN: KNUt ÅSERUD**

THIS RECORDING HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE WITH SUPPORT FROM:

ARTS AND CULTURE NORWAY / THE AUDIO AND VISUAL FUND

TRANSLATION OF THE SONGS IS USED WITH KIND PERMISSION OF THE LIEDERNET ARCHIVE

LAWO LWC1355 © 2024 LAWQ © 2024
LAWO CLASSICS www.lawo.no



Listen Here

