

The WANDERLUST *Series*

Streamed as live from Blackheath Halls

Mark Padmore, tenor
Julius Drake, piano

A Beethoven Celebration

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770 – 1827) Mailed Op. 52, no. 4 (c. 1793, Goethe)
Neue Liebe, neues Leben Op. 75, no. 2 (1809, Goethe)
Aus Goethe's Faust Op. 75, no. 3 (1809, Goethe)
Ein Selbstgespräch WoO114 (1793, Gleim)
Resignation WoO149 (1817, Haugwitz)
Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel WoO150 (1820, Goeble)

An die ferne Geliebte Op. 98 (1816, Jeitteles)
i. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
ii. Wo die Berge so blau
iii. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
iv. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
v. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
vi. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Interval

Schumann Zwölf Gedichte von Kerner Op. 35 (1840, Kerner)

1. Lust der Sturmnacht
2. Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'
3. Wanderlied
4. Erstes Grün
5. Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend
6. Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes
7. Wanderung
8. Stille Liebe
9. Frage
10. Stille Tränen
11. Wer machte dich so krank?
12. Alte Laute

Programme Notes

Beethoven's song repertoire is not often what immediately springs to mind when we reflect on the iconic compositions from this composer. His symphonies, string quartets and sonatas however are etched in many of our minds, valiant and righteous. Despite this, in 1816 Beethoven was the first ever composer to use the term *Liederkreis* (song cycle) and the first composer to give us great examples of simple strophic songs, through-composed Lied and a song cycle: *An die ferne Geliebte*. This genre of the Lied took on life and momentum particularly as a result of Schubert's settings of Wilhelm Müller, and perhaps illustrates that pioneers rarely reap the largest rewards. Beethoven's songs largely reveal a different personality to the one we associate with the complexity of the late string quartets and the dramatic fifth symphony, although we hear some of the musical language of the late piano sonatas in *Resignation* and *Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel*. The songs reveal an artist enraptured by poetry, encouraged to express his deepest fears and longings, and also the humorous manifestation of his nimble intellect.

Whilst one of the poets that inspired Beethoven at this level was Goethe, the two men were far from friends. Openly critical of the other, yet conceding the other's gifts, Goethe wrote of the composer in 1812, two months after first meeting:

His talent astonished me, but he is unfortunately an utterly uncontrolled personality; although he is not wrong to find the world detestable, that does not help to make it a more pleasant place either for himself or others.

(trans. Richard Stokes, The Book of Lieder, Faber 2005)

The poet's ability to capture youthful exuberance so stylistically was a significant bonus for Beethoven. Both *Mailed* and *Neue Liebe, neues Leben* burn with intense passion, and illustrate characteristics of the *Sturm und Drang* movement with keenly free expression and individualism; the word 'mir' ('for me') is distinctly emphasised in *Mailed*.

The text set most widely in other languages - including French and Russian - in this programme is *Aus Goethe's Faust*, or *Lied des Mephistopheles in Auerbach Keller*. With bold wit, the song describes a cherished flea becoming an uncurbed member of the king's court. Political undertones are rife, as are references to corruption and sycophancy. Continuing with an air of the contrived, Beethoven's rococo setting of *Ein Selbgespräch* is packed with ornaments and fancies, brilliantly capturing Gleim's unsensualised monologue.

The final two Lieder in this set hail from later in Beethoven's output, signifying gravitas and the impending passage. *Resignation* captures the despondency of 'sucht - findet nicht' (Seeks - fails to find) with shrewd musical avoidance. *Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel*, with text by Goeble - presumed to be a pseudonym of Ferdinand August Otto Heinrich, Graf von Loeben - concludes the set with the dignity we might expect as Beethoven's contributions to the genre draw to a close.

The widely admired and famously selfless physician Alois Jetteles most likely met Beethoven in Vienna towards the end of his medical studies, and his poems were published in several pamphlets from 1812-1832. Dedicated to aristocrat and musical patron, Fürst Joseph Franz von Lobkowitz, *An die ferne Geliebte* pioneered the way for a new musical genre - that of the song cycle - inspiring composers such as Schubert, Schumann and Loewe.

The structure of this work is through-composed, and it possesses a distinctive cyclic feature: the opening song's melody returns at the end of the cycle. This aspect was intrinsic to Beethoven referring to the set as a *Liederkreis* (literally, a song 'circle'), creating a sense of unity despite the absence of a narrative or literary conclusion. The cycle progresses and develops emotionally, beginning with an

inward sense of longing as the protagonist sits overlooking a valley, and builds through intense inner pain to a noble acceptance of the profound void. *An die ferne Geliebte* is widely regarded as autobiographical for the composer, and some consider it to reference the *Unsterbliche Geliebte* (Immortal Beloved); the addressee of a love letter penned by Beethoven in 1812, and whose identity remains a mystery.

Beginning in E-flat major, the cycle opens simply, setting the scene. Whilst the six poems were written without stanza divisions, each apparent quatrain is illustrated with different musical features, from hunting horns through sighs, a choral and the excitement of echoing songs. Transitioning to G major, *Wo die Berge so blau* captures gentle winds of longing, before the piano part of *Leichte Segler in die Höhen* demonstrates clouds flitting around, in A-flat major, under a detached vocal line. Brilliant ornaments in *Diese Wolken in den Höhen* bring to mind jubilant birdsong, before the penultimate song in C major, *Es kehret der Maien*, references the hope and rapture of spring and young love. As with many literary depictions of the month of May, here too the absence of a loved one overshadows the joy with poignant symbolism. Similar examples of this association include Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and Brahms' *Mainacht*. The setting of the final song is dusk. Restored to the tonic of E-flat major, Beethoven revisits the opening melody of the whole work at the halfway point of this song, before jubilantly accelerating towards a resolved conclusion.

The influence of Clara Wieck upon the Lieder of Robert Schumann cannot be underestimated. She had composed several Lied by the time of their engagement in 1837, and whilst their relationship was initially disapproved of by her father, it undoubtedly provided both Clara and Robert with a deep source of inspiration. Prior to their wedding, Schumann had regarded Lieder as:

‘inferior to instrumental [music] and never considered it great art.’

(letter from Robert Schumann to Hermann Hirschbach, 1839)

However, this new medium for him allowed him to channel the profundity of his fervour for Clara, and 1840 - the year of their marriage - resulted in the composition of around one hundred and forty Lieder, many dedicated to his new bride.

Similarly to *An die ferne Geliebte*, yet differing from Schumann's Eichendorff *Liederkreis* Op 24, the *Kernerlieder* do not outline a progressive narrative or story. Schumann regarded this cycle as a *Liederreihe* (song sequence), choosing twelve contrasting poems from Kerner's output, many of which have a folkish influence.

There is a gradual transition from the passion and earnest of *Lust der Sturmnacht* towards the intransigent, fantastical musical language of *Wer macht dich so krank?*, *Alte Laute*, and indeed the composer's later works. *Stirb', Lied' und Freud'!* possesses a choral-like quality as does *Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes*, which is dedicated to the poet's departed friend and patron, Stierlein von Lorch. In contrast, both *Wanderlied* and *Wanderung* are characteristic of German walking songs with their rustically persistent dotted rhythms. The first of these leads into the most lyrical part of the cycle, with *Erstes Grün* beginning in a minor key, but taking an optimistic turn in the central piano interlude. Whilst this might herald the coming of spring, the following song, *Sehnsucht nach der Walgegend* returns to the darker key of G minor.

The final five songs are remarkably inventive in their content and simplicity. With the exception of the epic *Stille tränen*, short phrases transport us to sparse reflection and dreamlike fantasy. The melody of *Wer macht dich so krank?* repeats undetermined, gently representing expiration in *Alte Laute*, and, as the composer wrote, ‘still more softly and slowly’.

Biographies

Mark Padmore was born in London and studied at King's College, Cambridge. He has established an international career in opera, concert and recital. His appearances in Bach Passions have gained particular notice, especially his renowned performances as Evangelist in the St Matthew and St John Passions with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and Sir Simon Rattle, staged by Peter Sellars.

In opera Mark has worked with directors Peter Brook, Katie Mitchell, Mark Morris and Deborah Warner. Work has included the leading roles in Harrison Birtwistle *The Corridor* and *The Cure* at the Aldeburgh Festival and Linbury Theatre, Covent Garden; *Captain Vere* in Britten *Billy Budd* and *Evangelist* in a staging of *St Matthew Passion* both for Glyndebourne Festival Opera; *Third Angel/John* in George Benjamin *Written on Skin* with the Royal Opera, Covent Garden and the world premiere of Tansy Davies *Cave* with the London Sinfonietta. Most recently, he appeared in a new ROH production of Britten's *Death in Venice*, where his performance was described as a "tour de force" and "exquisite of voice, [presenting] Aschenbach's physical and spiritual breakdown with extraordinary detail and insight".

In concert Mark performs with the world's leading orchestras. He was Artist in Residence for the 2017-18 Season with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and held a similar position with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra for 2016-17. His work with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment has involved projects exploring both Bach *St John* and *St Matthew Passions* and has attracted worldwide acclaim.

Mark gives recitals worldwide. He has performed all three Schubert song cycles in Amsterdam, Barcelona, Birmingham, London, Liverpool, Paris, Tokyo, Vienna and New York. Regular recital partners include Kristian Bezuidenhout, Jonathan Biss, Imogen Cooper, Julius Drake, Till Fellner, Simon Lepper, Paul Lewis, Roger Vignoles and Andrew West. Composers who have written for him include Sally Beamish, Harrison Birtwistle, Jonathan Dove, Thomas Larcher, Nico Muhly, Alec Roth, Mark-Anthony Turnage, Huw Watkins and Ryan Wigglesworth.

His extensive discography includes: Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* and Haydn *Die Schöpfung* with Bernard Haitink and Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra on BR Klassik and lieder by Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart with Kristian Bezuidenhout for Harmonia Mundi. Other Harmonia Mundi recordings; Schubert cycles with Paul Lewis (*Winterreise* won the 2010 Gramophone magazine Vocal Award); Schumann *Dichterliebe* with Kristian Bezuidenhout (2011 Edison Klassiek Award) and Britten *Serenade*, *Nocturne* and *Finzi Dies Natalis* with the Britten Sinfonia (ECHO/Klassik 2013 award).

Mark was voted 2016 Vocalist of the Year by Musical America and was awarded an Honorary Doctorate by Kent University in 2014. He was appointed CBE in the 2019 Queens' Birthday Honours List.

Mark is Artistic Director of the St. Endellion Summer Music Festival in Cornwall.

The pianist **Julius Drake** lives in London and enjoys an international reputation as one of the finest instrumentalists in his field, collaborating with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc. The *New Yorker* recently described him as the “collaborative pianist nonpareil”.

He appears regularly at all the major music centres and festivals: the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade, and Salzburg Music Festivals; Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Centre New York; The Royal Concertgebouw, Amsterdam and Philharmonie, Berlin; the Châtelet and Musée de Louvre Paris; La Scala, Milan and Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid; Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Vienna; and Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms London.

Director of the Perth International Chamber Music Festival in Australia from 2000 – 2003, Julius Drake was also musical director of Deborah Warner's staging of Janáček's *Diary of One Who Vanished*, touring to Munich, London, Dublin, Amsterdam and New York. Since 2009 he has been Artistic Director of the Machynlleth Festival in Wales.

Julius Drake's passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise song series for Wigmore Hall, London, the BBC and The Royal Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. His annual series of song recitals – Julius Drake and Friends – in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, has featured recitals with many outstanding vocal artists including Sir Thomas Allen, Olaf Bär, Iestyn Davies, Veronique Gens, Sergei Leiferkus, Dame Felicity Lott, Simon Keenlyside and Sir Willard White.

Julius Drake is frequently invited to perform at international chamber music festivals – most recently, Lockenhaus in Austria; West Cork in Ireland; Oxford in England; Boswil in Switzerland and Delft in the Netherlands.

Julius Drake's many recordings include a widely acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion, from which the Barber Songs, Schumann Heine Lieder and Britten Songs and Proverbs won the 2007, 2009 and 2011 Gramophone Awards; award winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI; several recitals for the Wigmore Live label, with among others Alice Coote, Joyce DiDonato, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Christopher Maltman and Matthew Polenzani; recordings French Sonatas for Virgin Classics with Nicholas Daniel; of Kodaly and Schoeck sonatas with the cellists Natalie Clein and Christian Poltera for the Hyperion and Bis labels; Tchaikovsky and Mahler with Christianne Stotijn for Onyx; English song with Bejun Mehta for Harmonia Mundi; and Schubert's 'Poetisches Tagebuch' with Christoph Prégardien, which won the *Jahrpreis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik* 2016.

Julius Drake's most recent CD's include a critically acclaimed performance with the Scottish tenor Nicky Spence of Janacek's *Diary of One who Disappeared* (Hyperion), 'The Garden of Eve' (Alpha) with the Austrian soprano Anna Prohaska, Liszt Complete Songs – vol 6 (Hyperion) with the German soprano Julia Kleiter, and Argento's *Diary of Virginia Woolf* (Signum) with the English mezzo, Alice Coote.

Julius Drake holds a Professorship at Graz University for Music and the Performing Arts in Austria, where he has a class for song pianists. He is regularly invited to give master classes worldwide; recently in Aldeburgh, Brussels, Utrecht, Cincinnati, New York, Toronto, Minneapolis, Ann Arbor, Vienna, and at the Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien.

Concerts in the coming seasons include a series to celebrate the Beethoven anniversary at the 92nd St Y in New York and a Mahler series at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, recitals at La Scala, Milan with Aleksandra Kurzak, at Wigmore Hall with Alice Coote, in Barcelona with Sarah Connolly, in Berlin with Angelika Kirchschrager, at the Schubertiade, Austria with Christoph Prégardien, Ian Bostridge and Gerald Finley, , and tours in Europe with Anna Prohaska and Eva-Maria Westbroek.

Translations

Mailed (Goethe)

Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne!
Wie lacht die Flur!

Es dringen Blüten
Aus jedem Zweig
Und tausend Stimmen
Aus dem Gesträuch,

Und Freud und Wonne
Aus jeder Brust.
O Erd, o Sonne!
O Glück, o Lust!

O Lieb, o Liebe!
So golden schön,
Wie Morgenwolken
Auf jenen Höhn!

Du segnest herrlich
Das frische Feld,
Im Blütendampfe
Die volle Welt.

O Mädchen, Mädchen,
Wie lieb ich dich!
Wie blickt dein Auge!
Wie liebst du mich!

So liebt die Lerche
Gesang und Luft,
Und Morgenblumen
Den Himmelsduft,

Wie ich dich liebe
Mit warmen Blut,
Die du mir Jugend
Und Freud und Mut

Zu neuen Liedern
Und Tänzén gibst.
Sei ewig glücklich,
Wie du mich liebst!

May Song

How gloriously
Nature gleams for me!
How the sun sparkles!
How the field laughs!

Blossoms burst
From every bough
And a thousand voices
From every bush

And delight and rapture
From every breast.
O earth, O sun!
O joy, O bliss!

O love, O love!
So golden fair
As morning clouds
On yonder hills!

You bless with glory
The fresh field,
In a mist of blossom
The teeming world.

O maiden, maiden,
How I love you!
How you look at me!
How you love me!

The skylark loves
Song and air,
And morning flowers
The hazy sky,

As I with warm blood
Love you,
Who give me youth
And joy and heart

For new songs
And new dances.
Be happy always
As in your love for me!

Neue Liebe, neues Leben (Goethe)

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes, neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.
Weg ist alles, was du liebtest,
Weg, warum du dich betrübtest,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh –
Ach, wie kamst du nur dazu!

Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,
Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,
Führet mich im Augenblick,
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.

Und an diesem Zauberfädchen,
Das sich nicht zerreißen läßt,
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen
Mich so wider Willen fest;
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise
Leben nun auf ihre Weise.
Die Veränderung, ach wie groß!
Liebe, Liebe, laß mich los!

Aus Goethe's Faust (Goethe)

Es war einmal ein König
Der hatt' einen großen Floh
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Scheider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
"Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!"

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,
Und hatt einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.

New love, new life

Heart, my heart, what can this mean?
What is it that besets you so?
What a strange and new existence!
I do not know you any more.
Fled is all you used to love,
Fled is all that used to grieve you,
Fled your work and peace of mind –
Ah, how can this have come about!

Does the bloom of youth ensnare you,
This dear figure full of charm,
These eyes so kind and faithful
With inexorable power?
When I try to hasten from her,
Control myself, escape her,
In a moment I am led,
Ah, back to her again.

And by this magic little thread
That cannot be severed,
The sweet and playful girl
Holds me fast against my will;
In her enchanted realm
I must now live as she dictates.
Ah, what a monstrous change!
Love! Love! Let me free!

From Goethe's Faust

There once was a king
Who had a large flea
Whom he loved not a little,
Just like his own son.
He summoned his tailor,
The tailor appeared:
'Here - make robes for this knight
And make him breeches too!'

In silk and satin
The flea was now attired,
With ribbons on his coat,
And a medal too,
And became a minister straightaway
And wore an enormous star.
His brothers and his sisters
Became grand at court as well.

Und Herrn and Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht,
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

Ein Selbstgespräch (Gleim)

Ich, der mit flatterndem Sinn
Bisher ein Feind der Liebe bin
Und es so gern beständig bliebe,
Ich! ach! ich glaube, daß ich liebe.

Der ich sonst Hymen angeschwärzt
Und mit der Liebe nur gescherzt,
Der ich im Wankelmut mich übe,
Ich glaube, daß ich Doris liebe.

Denn ach! seitdem ich sie gesehn,
Ist mir kein' andre Schöne schön.
Ach, die Tyrannin meiner Triebe,
Ich glaube gar, daß ich sie liebe.

Resignation (Haugwitz)

Lisch aus, mein Licht!
Was dir gebricht,
Das ist nun fort,
An diesem Ort
Kannst du's nicht wieder finden!
Du mußt nun los dich binden.

Sonst hast du lustig aufgebrannt,
Nun hat man dir die Luft entwandt;
Wenn diese fort geweht,
Die Flamme irregehet,
Sucht, findet nicht;
Lisch aus, mein Licht!

And courtly lords and ladies
Were most grievously plagued,
Queen and maid-in-waiting
Were bitten and stung,
Yet they were not allowed
To squash or scratch them away -
We bow and scrape and suffocate,
As soon as any bite.

Soliloquy

I who, fickle of mind,
Have till now been an enemy of love
And would always like to remain so,
I, alas, I think I'm in love!

I who used to slander Hymen
And merely made fun of love,
I who practise inconstancy,
Believe I'm in love with Doris.

For ah! since seeing her,
I find no other beauty fair.
Ah, that tyrant who rules my desires,
I do indeed think I love her.

Resignation (Haugwitz)

Go out, my light!
What you lack
Is now departed,
In this place
You shall never find it again!
You must now break free.

Once you burned brightly,
Now you've been deprived of air;
When that has blown away,
The flame splutters -
Seeks - fails to find -
Go out, my light!

**Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel
(Goeble)**

Wenn die Sonne niedersinket,
Und der Tag zur Ruh sich neigt,
Luna freundlich leise winket,
Und die Nacht herniedersteigt;
Wenn die Sterne prächtig schimmern,
Tausend Sonnenstraßen flimmern;
Fühlt die Seele sich so groß,
Windet sich vom Staube los.

Schaut so gern nach jenen Sternen,
Wie zurück ins Vaterland,
Hin nach jenen lichten Fernen,
Und vergißt der Erde Tand;
Will nur ringen, will nur streben,
Ihrer Hülle zu entschweben:
Erde ist ihr eng und klein,
Auf den Sternen möchte sie sein.

Ob der Erde Stürme toben,
Falsches Glück den Bösen lohnt:
Hoffend blicket sie nach oben,
Wo der Sternenrichter thront.
Keine Furcht kann sie mehr quälen,
Keine Macht kann ihr befehlen;
Mit verklärtem Angesicht
Schwingt sie sich zum Himmelslicht.

Eine leise Ahnung schauert
Michh aus jene Welten an;
Lange, lange nicht mehr dauert
Meine Erdenpilgerbahn;
Bald hab ich das Ziel errungen,
Bald zu euch mich aufgeschwungen,
Ernte bald an Gottes Thron
Meiner Leiden schönen Lohn.

Evening song beneath a starry sky

When the sun sinks down
And day draws into its peaceful close,
When the moon beckons gently and kindly,
And night descends;
When the stars shine in splendour
And a thousand suns blaze in their path:
The soul feels so immense,
It rises from the dust.

It loves to gaze up at those stars,
As if back to its native land,
To gaze at those distant lights,
Forgetting earth's vain trumpery;
It only seeks to struggle, strive,
To float free of its mortal frame:
Earth's too narrow to contain it,
It longs to be among the stars.

Whether earth's tempests rage
Or false fortune rewards the wicked,
Full of hope it looks aloft
To the judge enthroned among the stars.
Fear can no longer torment it,
No power can command it;
With transfigured countenance
It soars aloft to Heaven's light.

A faint presentiment from those worlds
Instils in me a sense of awe;
My pilgrimage on earth
Will not now last much longer;
Soon I shall have reached the goal,
Soon I shall have risen to you,
Soon I shall reap before God's throne
My suffering's sweet reward.

An die ferne Geliebte

1

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

2

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

To the distant beloved

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue countryside,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my distress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds scud by –
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly –
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

3

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

4

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

5

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flows directly back to me!

May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weiches Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

6

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

She busily brings
From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
All lovers,
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing:
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Zwölf Gedichte von Justinus Kerner

1. Lust der Sturmnacht

Wenn durch Berg und Tale draussen
Regen schauert, Stürme brausen,
Schild und Fenster hell erklirren,
Und in Nacht die Wandrer irren,

Ruht es sich so süß hier innen,
Aufgelöst in selges Minnen;
All der goldne Himmelsschimmer
Flieht herein ins stille Zimmer:

Reiches Leben, hab' Erbarmen!
Halt' mich fest in linden Armen!
Lenzesblumen aufwärts dringen,
Wölklein ziehn und Vöglein singen.

Ende nie, du Sturmnacht, wilde!
Klirrt, ihr Fenster, schwankt, ihr Schilde,
Bäumt euch, Wälder, braus', o Welle,
Mich umfängt des Himmels helle!

2. Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'!

Zu Augsburg steht ein hohes Haus,
Nah' bei dem alten Dom,
Da tritt am hellen Morgen aus
Ein Mägdelein gar fromm;
Gesang erschallt,
Zum Dome wallt
Die liebe Gestalt.

Dort vor Marias heilig' Bild
Sie betend niederkniet,
Der Himmel hat ihr Herz erfüllt,
Und alle Weltlust flieht:
„O Jungfrau rein!
Lass mich allein
Dein eigen sein!“

Als bald der Glocken dumpfer Klang
Die Betenden erweckt,
Das Mägdlein wallt die Hall' entlang,
Es weiss nicht, was es trägt;
Am Haupte ganz
Von Himmelsglanz,
Einen Lilienkranz.

Twelve poems by Justinus Kerner

1. Joy in a stormy night

When, outside, over hill and vale
Rain streams and tempests rage,
House-emblem, window, rattle loud
And in the darkness travellers stray,

Here inside it is so sweet to rest
And give oneself to blissful love;
The whole of Heaven's golden gleam
Flees hither to this quiet room:

Have compassion, O abundant life,
Hold me fast with gentle arm.
The flowers of spring thrust up,
Clouds are scudding and birds sing.

Never end, wild night of storm,
Rattle, house-emblems and windows,
Rear up, forests. Roar, O wave.
Locked am I in Heaven's bright embrace!

2. Die, love and joy!

In Augsburg stands a lofty house
By the old cathedral,
And out into the shining morn
Comes a pious maid.
Hymns ring out,
To the cathedral goes
That lovely one.

By Mary's blessed image
She kneels to pray,
Her heart is filled with Heaven,
All earthly joy flees:
'O Virgin pure,
Grant that I be
Yours alone.'

And as muffled bells
Call the worshippers,
Down the aisle walks the maid,
Not knowing what she wears:
Upon her head,
All Heavenly bright,
A lily crown.

Mit Staunen schauen all' die Leut'
Dies Kränzlein licht im Haar.
Das Mägdlein aber wallt nicht weit,
Tritt vor den Hochaltar:
„Zur Nonne weiht
Mich arme Maid!
Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'!“

Gott, gib, dass dieses Mägdelein
Ihr Kränzlein friedlich trag',
Es ist die Herzallerliebste mein,
Bleibt's bis zum jüngsten Tag.
Sie weiss es nicht,
Mein Herz zerbricht,
Stirb', Lieb' und Licht!

3. Wanderlied

Wohlauf, noch getrunken
Den funkelnden Wein!
Ade nun, ihr Lieben!
Geschieden muss sein.
Ade nun, ihr Berge,
Du väterlich Haus!
Es treibt in die Ferne
Mich mächtig hinaus.

Die Sonne, sie bleibet
Am Himmel nicht stehn,
Es treibt sie, durch Länder
Und Meere zu gehn.
Die Woge nicht haftet
Am einsamen Strand,
Die Stürme, sie brausen
Mit Macht durch das Land.

Mit eilenden Wolken
Der Vogel dort zieht,
Und singt in der Ferne
Ein heimatlich Lied.
So treibt es den Burschen
Durch Wälder und Feld,
Zu gleichen der Mutter,
Der wandernden Welt.

All gaze and marvel
At that bright crown in her hair.
But the maid does not go far,
To the high altar she steps:
‘Make me a nun,
Poor maid that I am!
Die, love and joy!’

God grant that maid
Wear her crown in peace;
My true love she is,
And may she still be till Judgement Day.
She does not know
My heart breaks
Die, love and light!

3. Song of travel

Come, one more draught
Of sparkling wine!
Farewell, loved ones!
It's time to part.
Farewell, mountains,
My father's house!
I've a great urge
To journey afar.

The sun, it does not
Stand still in the sky,
But is urged
To go over land and sea.
The wave does not cling
To the lonely shore,
Storms rage mightily
Over the land.

With the racing clouds,
There the bird flies,
And in a distant land
Sings a homely song.
So is the young man urged
In forest and field
To match his mother,
The journeying earth.

Da grüssen ihn Vögel
Bekannt überm Meer,
Sie flogen von Fluren
Der Heimat hieher;
Da duften die Blumen
Vertraulich um ihn,
Sie trieben vom Lande
Die Lüfte dahin.

Die Vögel, die kennen
Sein väterlich Haus,
Die Blumen, die pflanzt' er
Der Liebe zum Strauss,
Und Liebe, die folgt ihm,
Sie geht ihm zur Hand:
So wird ihm zur Heimat
Das ferneste Land.

4. Erstes Grün

Du junges Grün, du frisches Gras!
Wie manches Herz durch dich genas,
Das von des Winters Schnee erkrankt,
O wie mein Herz nach dir verlangt!

Schon wächst du aus der Erde Nacht,
Wie dir mein Aug' entgegen lacht!
Hier in des Waldes stillem Grund
Drück ich dich, Grün, an Herz und Mund.

Wie treibt's mich von den Menschen fort!
Mein Leid das hebt kein Menschenwort,
Nur junges Grün, ans Herz gelegt
Macht, dass mein Herze stiller schlägt.

5. Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend

Wär' ich nie aus euch gegangen,
Wälder, hehr und wunderbar!
Hieltet liebend mich umfangen
Doch so lange, lange Jahr!

Wo in euren Dämmerungen
Vogelsang und Silberquell,
Ist auch manches Lied entsprungen
Meinem Busen, frisch und hell.

Birds greet him,
Over the sea, as friends,
Flown from the fields
Of his native land;
The scent of flowers
Around him he knows,
Brought from that land they were,
By the winds.

Those birds, they know
His father's house.
Those flowers he grew once
For his love's bouquets,
And love, it follows him,
Is always to hand:
Thus a home to him
Is the most distant land.

4. First green

Young green, fresh grass,
How many a heart you have healed
That fell ill from winter's snow,
How great my heart's desire for you!

Already from earth's night you grow,
How my eye laughs to greet you!
Here, in the forest's silent depths,
You, green, I press to heart, to lips.

How great my urge to quit humankind!
No human word will lift my grief,
Only green grass, put to my heart,
Will make my heart beat calmer.

5. Longing for woodland

Would I had never gone from you,
Majestic, wondrous forest!
You embraced me lovingly
For so many a long, long year!

Where, in your twilight places,
Was birdsong and silver stream,
There sprang also many a song
Fresh and bright from my breast.

Euer Wogen, euer Hallen,
Euer Säuseln nimmer müd',
Eure Melodien alle
Weckten in der Brust das Lied.

Your surging, your echoing,
Your never-tiring murmur,
Your melodies, all of them,
Awoke within me song.

Hier in diesen weiten Triften
Ist mir alles öd' und stumm,
Und ich schau in blauen Lüften
Mich nach Wolkenbildern um.

Here, in these wide pastures,
All is desolate and mute,
And in the blue air I search
For cloudy shapes.

Wenn ihr's in den Busen zwinget,
Regt sich selten nur das Lied:
Wie der Vogel halb nur singet,
Den von Baum und Blatt man schied.

If you force it into your breast,
Song but seldom stirs:
Like the mere half-song of the bird
Parted from tree and leaf.

6. Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes

Du herrlich Glas, nun stehst du leer,
Glas, das er oft mit Lust gehoben;
Die Spinne hat rings um dich her
Indes den düstren Flor gewoben.

6. To the wine glass of a departed friend

Glorious glass, now you are empty,
Glass he raised often with delight;
Around you the spider has spun
Meanwhile his sombre crape.

Jetzt sollst du mir gefüllet sein
Mondhell mit Gold der deutschen Reben!
In deiner Tiefe heil'gen Schein
Schau ich hinab mit frommem Beben.

Now shall you be filled for me
Moonbright with the gold of German vines!
Into the sacred lustre of your depths
I gaze, devoutly trembling.

Was ich erschau' in deinem Grund
Ist nicht Gewöhnlichen zu nennen.
Doch wird mir klar zu dieser Stund',
Wie nichts den Freund vom Freund kann trennen.

What I behold in those depths,
To ordinary mortals cannot be told.
Yet at this hour grows clear to me
How nothing can part friend from friend.

Auf diesen Glauben, Glas so hold!
Trink' ich dich aus mit hohem Mute.
Klar spiegelt sich der Sterne Gold,
Pokal, in deinem teuren Blute!

To that belief, then, glass so fair,
I drain you in exalted mood!
The stars' gold is clear mirrored,
Goblet, in your precious blood!

Still geht der Mond das Tal entlang.
Ernst tönt die mitternächtge Stunde.
Leer steht das Glas! Der heilige Klang
Tönt nach in dem kristall'nen Grunde.

Silent the moon moves through the vale.
Gravely sounds the midnight hour.
Empty is the glass! Those solemn tones
Echo in its crystal depths.

7. Wanderung

Wohlauf und frisch gewandert
Ins unbekante Land!
Zerrissen, ach zerrissen,
Ist manches teure Band.

Ihr heimatlichen Kreuze,
Wo ich oft betend lag,
Ihr Bäume, ach, ihr Hügel,
O blickt mir segnend nach.

Noch schläft die weite Erde,
Kein Vogel weckt den Hain,
Doch bin ich nicht verlassen,
Doch bin ich nicht allein,

Denn, ach, auf meinem Herzen
Trag' ich ihr teures Pfand,
Ich fühl's, und Erd und Himmel
Sind innig mir verwandt.

8. Stille Liebe

Könnt' ich dich in Liedern preisen,
Säng' ich dir das längste Lied.
Ja, ich würd' in allen Weisen,
Dich zu singen nimmer müd'!

Doch was immer mich betrübte,
Ist, dass ich nur immer stumm
Tragen kann dich, Herzgeliebte,
In des Busens Heiligtum.

Dieser Schmerz hat mich bezwungen,
Dass ich sang dies kleine Lied,
Doch von bitterm Leid durchdrungen,
Dass noch kein's auf dich geriet.

9. Frage

Wärst du nicht, heil'ger Abendschein!
Wärst du nicht, sternerhellte Nacht!
Du Blütenschmuck! Du üpp'ger Hain!
Und du, Gebirg' voll ernster Pracht!
Du Vogelsang aus Himmeln hoch!
Du Lied aus voller Menschenbrust,
Wärst du nicht, ach, was füllte noch
In arger Zeit ein Herz mit Lust?

7. Wandering

Come, briskly tramp
To the unknown land!
Severed, ah severed
Is many a true bond.

Homely crucifixes,
Where often I lay in prayer,
You trees, ah, you hills,
Gaze after me and bless me.

Still the wide world sleeps,
No bird wakes the wood,
Yet I am not forsaken,
Yet I am not alone,

For, ah, upon my heart
I wear her precious pledge,
I feel it, and earth and sky
Are kith and kin to me.

8. Silent love

If in song I could extol you,
I'd sing you my longest song.
To all the tunes there are, I'd
Never tire of praising you!

But my trouble's always been,
That always mutely only
Am I able, beloved, to carry you
In the shrine of my heart.

By the agony of this I'm forced
To sing this little song,
Yet am filled with bitter grief
That none to you has yet succeeded.

9. Question

If you, holy evening star, were not,
And you, star-illumined night,
Adorning blossoms, luxuriant wood,
You, mountains, filled with solemn glory,
You, song of birds from heaven on high,
You, song from a full human heart,
If you were not, ah, what still would fill
A heart with joy in adversity?

10. Stille Tränen

Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden
Und wandelst durch die Au',
Da liegt ob allen Landen
Der Himmel wunderblau.

So lang du ohne Sorgen
Geschlummert schmerzenlos,
Der Himmel bis zum Morgen
Viel Tränen niedergoss.

In stillen Nächten weinet
Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,
Und morgens dann ihr meinet,
Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

11. Wer machte dich so krank?

Dass du so krank geworden,
Wer hat es denn gemacht?
Kein kühler Hauch aus Norden
Und keine Sternennacht.

Kein Schatten unter Bäumen,
Nicht Glut des Sonnenstrahls,
Kein Schlummern und kein Träumen
Im Blütenbett des Tals.

Dass ich trag' Todeswunden,
Das ist der Menschen Tun;
Natur liess mich gesunden,
Sie lassen mich nicht ruhn.

12. Alte Laute

Hörst du den Vogel singen?
Siehst du den Blütenbaum?
Herz! kann dich das nicht bringen
Aus deinem bangen Traum?

Was hör' ich? alte Laute
Wehmüt'ger Jünglingsbrust,
Der Zeit, als ich vertraute
Der Welt und ihrer Lust.

Die Tage sind vergangen,
Mich heilt kein Kraut der Flur;
Und aus dem Traum, dem bangen,
Weckt mich ein Engel nur.

10. Silent tears

From sleep you have risen
And walk through the meadow.
Everywhere lies
Heaven's wondrous blue.

As long as, free of care, you have
Been slumbering, free of pain,
Heaven has, till morning,
Poured down many tears.

Often on silent nights
Many a man weeps his grief away,
And in the morning you imagine
His heart is ever happy.

11. Who made you so ill?

That you are so ill,
Who is then the cause?
No cool north wind,
No starry night.

No shade of trees,
No sunbeam's glow,
No slumbering, no dreaming
In the valley's blossom bed.

That I bear mortal wounds,
That is the work of men;
Nature let me recover,
They do not let me rest.

12. Sounds from the past

Do you hear the bird singing?
Do you see the blossoming tree?
Heart, can that not bring you
Out of your fearful dream?

What do I hear? Old sounds
Of a melancholy youthful breast,
From that time when I trusted
The world and its joy.

Those days have gone,
No meadow herb will heal me;
And from the fearful dream,
Only an angel will wake me.

Translations provided with kind permission from Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005). Richard's new book, *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life. Letters. Lieder*, will be published by Faber next autumn and launched at Wigmore Hall on 2 October 2021.



Filling South East London with song

SongEasel was established in 2018 to provide a platform for song and singers in South Easel London. This year *The Wanderlust Series* features Schubert's song cycles in Blackheath Halls, with collaborative Lieder with leading instrumentalists in Catford.

From Russia with Love in 2019 comprised of four recitals in Blackheath Halls and four in Catford, featuring Russian repertoire in programmes that explored the cultural and political links between the former Soviet Union and Europe. www.jocelynfreeman.co.uk/#SongEasel

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Thank you very much for supporting us bringing song to South East London and further afield.

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