

The WANDERLUST Series

Filmed live on 19th September 2020
The Great Hall, Blackheath Halls, SE3 9RQ

Julien Van Mellaerts, baritone
Jocelyn Freeman, piano
Dr Natasha Loges, speaker
Natasha Riordan, speaker

Schubert: Die schöne Müllerin (Müller, 1823)

- i. Das Wandern
- ii. Wohin?
- iii. Halt!
- iv. Danksagung an den Bach
- v. Am Feierabend
- vi. Der Neugierige
- vii. Ungeduld
- viii. Morgengruss
- ix. Des Müllers Blumen
- x. Tränenregen
- xi. Mein!
- xii. Pause
- xiii. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande
- xiv. Der Jäger
- xv. Eifersucht und Stolz
- xvi. Die liebe Farbe
- xvii. Die böse Farbe
- xviii. Trockne Blumen
- xix. Der Müller und der Bach
- xx. Des Baches Wiegenlied

Die schöne Müllerin

Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, when published in 1816, must have made a huge impression on Schubert, who was soon to try his own hand at the cycle form in emulation of his great hero. Beethoven's work had appeared in the Spring, and in September of that same year Schubert wrote his first mini-cycle, the *Harfenspieler-Lieder*, which he later revised and published as op.12 in 1822. By the end of the next year we know that he was already busy with *Die schöne Müllerin*, for there exists in Vienna's Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde a first draft of **Eifersucht und Stolz**, dated October 1823; and in a letter to Schober of 30 November 1823 he makes the lapidary remark: 'Ich habe seit der Oper [*Fierabras*] nichts componiert als ein paar Müllerlieder.' ('Since the opera I've composed nothing but a few Müllerlieder'). *Die schöne Müllerin* was finally published as op. 25 in five books, the first two appearing in February and March 1824, the remainder in August.

A delightful, but rather more fanciful account of the work's genesis is given by Benedikt Randhartinger, a school-friend of Schubert's:

Eines Tages besuchte mich Schubert, der mit mir in freundschaftlichem Verkehr stand, in meinem Büro als Sekretär des Grafen Szechenyi. Kaum hatte er das Zimmer betreten, als ich zum Grafen beschieden wurde. Ich entfernte mich sofort, dem Tondichter bedeutend, daß ich binnen kurzem zurück sein werde. Franz trat an den Schreibtisch, fand da einen Band Gedichte, von denen er das eine und andere durchlas, steckte das Buch zu sich und ging fort, ohne meine Rückkunft abzuwarten. Ich vermisste alsbald nach meiner Zurückkunft die Gedichtsammlung und begab mich des anderen Tages zu Schubert, um das Buch abzuholen. Franz entschuldigte seine eigenmächtige Handlung mit dem Interesse, welches ihm die Gedichte eingeflösst hätten, und zum Beweis, daß er das Buch nicht fruchtlos mit sich genommen habe, präsentierte er zu meinem Erstaunen die Komposition der ersten 'Müllerlieder', die er zum Teil in der Nachtzeit vollendet hatte.

(One day Schubert, with whom I was on friendly terms, called on me in my office where I worked as secretary to Count Szechenyi. No sooner had he entered the room than I was summoned to the Count. I left at once, telling the composer that I would soon return. Franz went up to the desk, found a volume of poems, glanced at a few, pocketed the book and left without awaiting my return. When I did return I could not find the collection of poems, and called on Schubert the following day to fetch the book. Franz apologized for his high-handedness, saying how much the poems had interested him; and as proof that he had not taken the book in vain, he showed me, to my astonishment, the first 'Müllerlieder', some of which he had completed during the night.)

Spaun and Schober both state in their *Memoirs* that Schubert composed some of the songs of *Die schöne Müllerin* in hospital, where he was receiving treatment for what was almost certainly syphilis. His mood at this time is reflected in a harrowing poem, 'Mein Gebet', written in May 1823, which pleads for an immediate release from his physical torment; and in an anguished letter to his friend, the painter Leopold Kupelwieser, he pours out his heart:

‘Mit einem Wort, ich fühle mich als den unglücklichsten,
elendsten Menschen auf der Welt. Denk Dir einen
Menschen, dessen Gesundheit nie mehr richtig werden will
[...]; denke Dir einen Menschen, sage ich, dessen glänzendste
Hoffnungen zu Nichte geworden sind, dem das Glück der
Liebe und Freundschaft nichts biethen als höchstens
Schmerz [...]. “Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich
finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr”, so kann ich wohl jetzt

alle Tage singen, denn jede Nacht, wenn ich schlafen geh,
hoff ich nicht mehr zu erwachen [...]

(‘In a word, I feel myself to be the most unhappy and wretched creature in the world. Imagine a man, whose health will never be right again; imagine a man, I say, whose most brilliant hopes have come to naught, to whom the happiness of love and friendship have nothing to offer but pain, at best. Well might I now sing each day: “My peace is gone, my heart is sore, never shall I find peace again” – for each night, on retiring to bed, I hope never to wake again [...]

It seems certain, then, that the first songs of *Die schöne Müllerin* were composed during one of the bleakest periods of Schubert's life.

It is fruitless to speculate on how this was possible. We know little about the processes of creation and next to nothing about the affairs of Schubert's heart. The miller's suicide might have spoken to his own mood, he might have consciously drowned his sorrow/shame/terror in composition. Indisputable, however, is the inspiration that Wilhelm Müller's verse provided. The poems are not, as has too often been maintained, the work of a poetaster; the genius of *Die schöne Müllerin* derives as much as *Le nozze di Figaro* from the inexplicable congruity of word and music – but while da Ponte has often been praised, Müller has been shoddily treated by posterity.

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827), the son of a master tailor, was the friend of many of the Romantic writers, including Arnim and Brentano. He fought in the Greek Wars of Liberation, and his *Lieder der Griechen* (1821-4) earned him the nickname ‘Griechen-Müller’. He translated Marlowe's *Dr Faustus*, but it is through Schubert's song-cycles and *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* that he is still known to us today. *Die schöne Müllerin* appeared in *Siebenundsiebzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten* (77 poems from the posthumous papers of a travelling hornplayer) which were dedicated to Ludwig Tieck, the poet of Brahms's *Die schöne Magelone*; and to understand the cycle properly, it is necessary to know a little of the circumstances in which the poems were conceived.

In the winter of 1816/17 Privy Councillor Friedrich August von Stägemann and his wife Elisabeth, both of whom were published poets, organized evenings of literary charades in their Berlin home as entertainment for their adolescent children, August and 16 year-old Hedwig, the original ‘schöne Müllerin’. Among their guests were Clemens von Brentano, the 22 year-old Wilhelm Hensel, who was soon to marry Fanny Mendelssohn, his 18 year-old sister Luise Hensel and of course Wilhelm Müller, then aged 23. The charades must have been emotionally fraught, since both Brentano and Müller were in love with the nubile Luise. Brentano actually proposed marriage to her (unsuccessfully, as it turned out), but the younger Müller, shy like *Die schöne Müllerin*'s hero, confided his own passion to his diary, a little known document that sheds fascinating autobiographical light on two poems from Schubert's cycle. **Der Neugierige** echoes the passage in the Diary when he wrote on pieces of paper: ‘Luise, liebst Du mich?’ and the single words ‘Ja’ and ‘Nein’; while **Pause**, with its famous couplet:

Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ichs in Reime zwingen soll,

(I can sing no more, my heart is too full,
I do not know how to force it to rhyme,)

clearly reflects the entry for 8 November 1815 when, having confessed his clandestine love to a fresh page, he re-reads the amorphous effusion and refuses to re-phrase his undisciplined outpouring, since it is too great to shape in artistic form. Müller's obsession with Luise Hensel is apparent throughout the diary from October 1815 to December 1816: he is tortured by the

thought that she might not return his love, he expresses his delight at Luise's gift of a songbook, he shows her his own poetry and favourite pieces by other writers, he worries about her health, and often ends an entry with the words 'Gute Nacht, Luise!' – a phrase that was to provide the title to the opening poem of *Die Winterreise* that Schubert later adapted for his own *Winterreise*.

The theme chosen for the Stägemann soirées was that of a miller maid wooed by a number of suitors, and the literary genre in which they wrote was the *Liederspiel*, a narrative play in verse and song. The theme was already popular in both literature and music: Paisiello's opera *La molinara* (we know the evergreen 'Nel cor più non mi sento') was enjoying great success on the contemporary German stage, and Goethe's mill romances, such as *Der Edelknabe und die Müllerin*, anticipate the Müller cycle in many of its phrases and cadences, especially its first verse ('Wohin? Wohin?/Schöne Müllerin!'); while his *Der Junggesell und der Mühlbach*, with its opening lines

Wo willst du, klares Bächlein, hin
So munter?
Du eilst mit frohem, leichtem Sinn
Hinunter.
Was suchst du eilig in dem Thal?
So höre doch und sprich einmal!

almost certainly gave Müller the idea of creating the brooklet as a confidante. Each player in the Stägemann soirées assumed a different role, wrote their own part in verse and then declaimed it – not without a certain ironic detachment. Hedwig von Stägemann played the eponymous milleress, Wilhelm Hensel the hunter, while his sister Luise played the gardener. Müller collected his own contributions to these soirées, expanded them and published them finally in 1821 as *Die schöne Müllerin*.

The cycle bore the sub-title 'Im Winter zu lesen' ('To be read in Winter') and was framed by a Prologue and Epilogue in rhyming couplets, which gently satirize the fashion of rustic balladry. The Prologue begins:

Ich lad euch, schöne Damen, kluge Herrn,
Und die ihr hört und schaut was Gutes gern,
Zu einem funkelnagelneuen Spiel
Im allerfunkelnagelneusten Stil...

(I invite you, fair ladies and wise gentlemen,
Who like a good theatrical occasion,
To a brand-new play
Written in the brandest-newest way...)

This mocking tone is intensified in the Epilogue, where the poet dissociates himself from the tragic events, jokes with his audience and bids them all go quietly home:

Wir blasen unsere Sonn' und Sternlein aus –
Nun findet euch im Dunkel gut nach Haus.

(We'll blow out our tiny stars and sun –
Home in the dark with you, everyone.)

The *Stimmungsbrechung* with its deflating diminutive is worthy of Heinrich Heine, and it reminds us that the poet of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* not only sent Müller a dedicated copy of his *Lyrisches Intermezzo* and set him above Uhland in his *Romantische Schule*, but also wrote him this glowing letter to accompany a volume of his *Reisebilder*:

[...] aber ich glaube in Ihren Liedern den reinen Klang und die wahre Einfachheit, wonach ich immer strebte, gefunden zu haben. Wie rein, wie klar sind Ihre Lieder, und sämtlich sind es Volkslieder.

([...] but I think that it was in your songs that I first discovered the pure tone and the true simplicity for which I was always striving. How pure and clear your songs are – folksongs every one of them.)

Heine not only admired the simplicity of Müller's writing, his ability to tell a story directly without the archaic trappings of folksong, he also relished the Romantic irony evident in both Prologue and Epilogue and within the cycle itself.

Schubert, however, chose to ignore the irony entirely. He dispensed with both Prologue and Epilogue, omitted three of the longer poems (including the two most self-mocking of the work) and approached the poems with a deadly seriousness. Instead of attempting, for example, to express the bathos of the final stanza of **Tränenregen**, he enriches the harmony with major/minor variations, veers off into the remote key of C major and lingers in the postlude on the miller's despair. It is a magical moment, but hardly what Müller intended. Schubert adapted the poems to his own needs; time and again he elevates Müller's simple narrative text into a statement of profound emotional significance, as Mozart did at the end of *Figaro*, where da Ponte's prosaic 'Contessa, perdono' is transmuted into a poignancy that mere words cannot describe. Schubert works such magic throughout the twenty songs of the cycle. Take, for example, the anguished repetition of 'allen eine gute Nacht' in **Am Feierabend**, which transforms Müller's factual statement into a cry of searing pain, as the miller realizes that the girl's greeting was not for him alone; or verse 4 of **Der Neugierige** where the brook's semiquavers cease, the accompaniment shifts to G major and the miller communes with himself in a reverie of recitative; or the way in which Schubert reduces the varied emotions of Müller's **Die liebe Farbe** to an unremitting threnody, as the F sharp is struck a foreboding 532 times...

Any performance of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* will fail to do justice to the tone and design of Müller's poem, and it is unfair to judge his achievement as a poet by listening to Schubert's settings, though Müller himself never claimed to have written anything substantial. Indeed, shortly before his death he wrote that famous and prophetic disclaimer, which has perhaps also hindered a true appreciation of his poems:

Ich kann weder spielen noch singen, und wenn ich dichte, so singe ich doch und spiele auch. Wenn nur ich die Weisen von mir geben könnte, so würden meine Lieder besser gefallen als jetzt. Aber getrost, es kann sich ja eine gleichgesinnte Seele finden, die die Weisen aus den Worten heraushorcht und sie mir zurückgibt.

(I can neither play nor sing, but when I write poetry, I am also singing and playing. If I could only make up the tunes myself, my songs would give greater pleasure than they now do. But no matter! A like-minded soul might appear who will hear the tunes in the words and give them back to me.)

Like-minded? No. But modest Wilhelm Müller – like the rest of us – would have forgiven Schubert for truncating and freely adapting his poem.

Biographies

Natasha Loges's research interests include German song, concert history, 19th-century practice research, word-music relationships, and the life and music of Johannes Brahms, and Clara & Robert Schumann. She welcomes prospective PhD and DMus candidates in these areas.

Her research has been funded by the Arts and Humanities Research Council and the British Academy. Her books include *Johannes Brahms in Context* (Cambridge University Press, 2019) and *Musical Salon Culture in the Long Nineteenth Century* (Boydell & Brewer, 2019), and *Brahms in the Home and the Concert Hall* (Cambridge University Press, 2014). Her monograph *Brahms and his Poets: A Handbook* (Boydell & Brewer, 2017), received the American Musicological Society's Thomas Hampson Award in 2016. Forthcoming books include *German Song Onstage: Lieder Performance in the Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries* (Indiana University Press, Spring 2020), with Laura Tunbridge.

She has published chapters in the *Cambridge Companion to the Singer-Songwriter*, the *Cambridge History of Musical Performance*, *Music & Literature in German Romanticism* and the forthcoming collections *Branding Western Music* and *Song Beyond the Nation* (funded by the British Academy), as well as the journals *Music & Letters*, *19th-Century Music*, *Göttingen Händel-Beiträge* and *Participations*.

Conference keynotes in 2019 have taken her to the University of California (The Intellectual Worlds of Johannes Brahms), Oxford (Clara Schumann and her World), Maynooth (Society for Musicology in Ireland, annual meeting) and Cornell (Performing Clara Schumann).

Natasha performs regularly as a song accompanist at venues including the Holywell Music Room, Leith Hill Place and St Johns Smith Square. She broadcasts on BBC Radio 3 and reviews for BBC Music Magazine. Natasha is deeply committed to public engagement, and regularly gives talks for festivals and venues including the Southbank Centre, Wigmore Hall, the Oxford Lieder Festival and Leeds Lieder. She is a member of the TORCH-funded Oxford Song Network and a Council member of the Royal Musical Association.

Natasha Riordan is an Event Manager specialising in Classical Music at Southbank Centre in London, and a presenter for BBC Radio 3. She studied music at Bristol University and after a short internship at the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment found herself on the other side of the Thames at the office of the Philharmonia Orchestra. She remained with the Philharmonia for 6 years as Concert Manager, bringing exciting projects to life including the critically-acclaimed series' *Stravinsky: Myths and Rituals* and *Paris: City of Light*.

She now splits her time between working with the world's finest orchestras and soloists at Southbank Centre, chairing talks with performers, or sat in a small nook in a variety of concert halls, microphone in hand, providing commentary for BBC Radio 3. Natasha has presented concerts from Wigmore Hall, Kings Place and The Bridgewater Hall in Manchester, and regularly broadcasts from the iconic Maida Vale studios in London with the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Whilst a junior student of piano at Trinity College of Music Natasha found a dog-eared copy of *Winterreise* languishing in the library. Schubert's masterpiece became a regular place of solace and inspiration and ignited a love of song which continues whenever Natasha is able to find singers who are willing to indulge her.

Winner of the 2017 Wigmore Hall / Kohn Foundation International Song Competition, the 2017 Kathleen Ferrier Awards, awarded a 2016 Kiwi Music Scholarship, a 2016 Countess of Munster Award, Winner of the 2016 Brooks-van der Pump English Song Competition, the 2016 Joan Chissell Schumann Prize and Winner of the 2015 Maureen Lehane Vocal Arts Award, British / New Zealand baritone **Julien Van Mellaerts** studied at the University of Otago, before joining the International Opera School of the Royal College of Music, where he was a Fishmongers Company Scholar, supported by a Thomas Weinberger Award studying with Russell Smythe, being awarded the Tagore Gold Medal on Graduation. He represented New Zealand at Cardiff Singer of the World 2019.

Recital engagements have included touring with James Baillieu for Chamber Music New Zealand; recitals with Julius Drake at the Wigmore Hall, the Enniskillen International Beckett Festival, the Pierre Boulez Saal, Berlin, and the Juan March Foundation, Madrid; LIFE Victoria, Barcelona, with Simon Lepper; the Northern Ireland Opera's Glenarm Festival of Voice with Joseph Middleton; and performances for Leeds Lieder and Oxford Lieder.

Singing under conductors including Avner Biron, Valeri Gergiev, Stanislav Kochanovsky, Fabio Mastrangelo, Tobias Ringborg, Mathieu Romano and Sir Andrés Schiff, recent engagements have included **Silvio Pagliacci** with the Israeli Opera, **Figaro** *Le nozze di Figaro* at Salzburg MozartWoche 2020, **Papageno** *Die Zauberflöte* and **The One-Eyed Brother** *Die Frau ohne Schatten* at the Verbier Festival, **Schaunard** *La bohème* for New Zealand Opera, **Harlequin** *Ariadne auf Naxos* for Longborough Festival Opera, an *Opera Gala* with the Sevastopol Symphony Orchestra, Brahms *German Requiem* with Ensemble Aedes and Les Siècles, Copland *Old American Songs* with the Joensuu City Orchestra and Mahler *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* on tour with the Israel Camerata. With the Royal Ballet, he appeared in *Elizabeth* at the Barbican Hall.

His broadcasts and recordings include Britten *War Requiem* (Siren Media), Songs by Duparc, Richard Strauss and Vaughan Williams (Classic fM), *In Tune* (BBC Radio 3), *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (Rádio Clásica España), *Die Zauberflöte* (Medici TV) and Stanford's *The Travelling Companion* (Somm Recordings).

The award-winning collaborative pianist **Jocelyn Freeman** is founder-director and curator of SongEasel, an initiative established to provide a platform for song in South East London. Her artistry has been described as "... ever-sensitive... exemplary, whether taking the lead or in discreet support." (Richard Wigmore, Gramophone), "terrific control of texture" (Natasha Loges, BBC Music Magazine) and "one to watch" (International Piano Magazine). Engagements have taken her to four continents, broadcasting in the UK and Germany. Recent appearances include Wigmore Hall, Oxford's Sheldonian Theatre, and many return visits to festivals around the UK. A keen communicator to a wide audience, Jocelyn has been interviewed for several industry and lifestyle publications.

Together with standard song repertoire, and concertos by Mozart, Beethoven, Grieg, Liszt, Rachmaninov and Gershwin, Jocelyn's repertoire also champions lesser-known composers including Dilys Elwyn-Edwards and Morfydd Owen, and contemporary composers including John Metcalfe, James MacMillan, Rhian Samuel and Judith Weir. Collaborative highlights include engagements with Fleur Barron, Stuart Jackson, Gareth Brynmor John, Elin Manahan Thomas and Julien Van Mellaerts.

In 2013, Jocelyn released her debut album *Night and Novelties*, followed by *Mae Hiraeth yn y Môr* (2018) with Elin Manahan Thomas for Ty Cerdd, *Song Lied Cân* (2019) for the same label, and the critically-acclaimed *Flax & Fire* (2020) with Stuart Jackson for Orchid Classics. Future projects include Schubert's *Winterreise* and *Schwanengesang* with Francesca Chiejina and Stephan Loges; recitals with Jamal Aliyev, Mark Padmore and Gemma Summerfield; and Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto at Oxford Proms 2021.

Jocelyn is a prize-winning graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, recipient of the Phoebe Benham Fellowship at the Royal College of Music, Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme alumnus and beneficiary of the Viola Tunnard Young Artist Award. Prizes include Gold at the International Marlow Concerto Competition and 2nd Prize at the Internationalen Wettbewerb für Liedkunst in Stuttgart. Jocelyn is grateful for the support of the Carne Trust, McInroy & Wood, the Oleg Prokofiev Trust, the Nicholas Boas Foundation and Arts Council England.

Translations

Die schöne Müllerin (Wilhelm Müller)

1

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn
Und wandern.
(Marschner, Nicolai)

The beautiful maid of the mill

1

Journeying

To journey is the miller's joy,
To journey!
A wretched miller he must be
Who never thought of journeying,
Of journeying.

We've learnt this from the water,
The water!
It never rests by day or night,
But always thinks of journeying,
The water.

We've learn it from the mill-wheels too,
The mill-wheels!
They don't like standing still at all,
And will never, ever tire,
The mill-wheels.

Even the mill-stones, heavy as they are,
The mill-stones!
They join in the merry dance
And long to move even faster,
The mill-stones.

O journeying, journeying, my joy,
O journeying!
Master and mistress,
Let me go my way in peace,
And journey.

2

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte,
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

2

Where to?

I heard a brooklet murmuring
From its rocky source,
Murmuring down into the valley,
So bright and wondrously clear.

I do not know what seized me,
Or who gave me the idea,
I too had to journey down
With my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards,
Always following the stream,
As it murmured ever brighter
And murmured ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path?
O stream, say where it leads?
You have with your murmuring
Quite bemused my mind.

Why do I speak of murmuring?
That's no murmuring I hear:
It must be the water nymphs
Singing and dancing below.

Let them sing, let the stream murmur,
And follow it cheerfully!
For mill-wheels turn
In every clear stream!

3

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

4

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund,
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat s i e dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob s i e dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab' ich genug,
Für die Hände, für's Herze
Vollauf genug!
(*Curschmann*)

3

Halt!

I see a mill gleaming
Among the alder trees;
The roar of mill-wheels is heard
Through the murmuring and singing.

Welcome, O welcome,
Sweet song of the mill!
And how inviting the house looks!
And how the windows gleam!

And the sun, how brightly
It shines from the sky.
O brooklet, dear brooklet,
Is this what you meant?

4

Thanksgiving to the brook

Is this what you meant,
My murmuring friend?
Your singing, your ringing,
Is this what you meant?

To the maid of the mill!
That is what you wished to say.
Have I understood you?
To the maid of the mill!

Was it *she* who sent you?
Or have you bewitched me?
I should dearly like to know,
Whether *she* it was who sent you.

Well, however it may be,
I accept my fate:
What I seek, I have found,
However it came about.

I asked for work,
Now I have enough,
For my hands, for my heart,
More than enough!

5

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu Allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

5

When work is over

If only I'd a thousand
Arms to work with!
If only I could keep
The mill-wheels roaring!
If only I could whirl
Through every wood,
If only I could turn
Every mill-stone!
That the fair maid of the mill
Might see my faithful love!

But my arm, alas, is so weak!
Whatever I lift, whatever I carry,
Whatever I cut, whatever I hammer,
Any apprentice could do as much.
And there I sit with them in a circle,
When work is over, in the cool and quiet,
And the master says to all of us:
'I am pleased with your work.'
And the sweet girl wishes
Us all a good night.

6

Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfür' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
E i n Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderbarlich!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?
(Fanny Hensel)

6

The inquisitive one

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me
What I'd so like to hear.

After all, I'm no gardener,
And the stars are too high;
I shall ask my brooklet
If my heart deceived me.

O brooklet of my love,
How silent you are today!
Just one thing I want to hear,
One word repeatedly.

One little word is 'yes',
The other is 'no',
By these two tiny words
My whole world is bounded.

O brooklet of my love,
How strange you are!
I'll let it go no further –
Tell me, brooklet, does she love me?

Ungeduld

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
 Ich grub' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
 Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
 Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
 Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
 Bis daß er spräch' die Worte rein und klar,
 Bis er sie spräch' mit meines Mundes Klang,
 Mit meines Herzens vollem heißem Drang;
 Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,
 Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;
 O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
 Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!
 Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müßt' in meinen Augen stehn,
 Auf meinen Wangen müßt' man's brennen sehn,
 Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
 Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;
 Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen
 Treiben:
 Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben!
 (*Curschmann, Spohr*)

Impatience

I'd like to carve it on every tree,
 Engrave it on every pebble,
 Sow it on every fresh flower-bed
 With cress-seed that would soon reveal it,
 Write it on every scrap of white paper:
 My heart is yours, and shall be forever.

I'd like to train a young starling
 To say the words pure and plain,
 To say them with my voice's sound,
 With my heart's full urgent passion;
 Then he'd sing brightly through her window:
 My heart is yours, and shall be forever.

I'd like to breathe it to the morning breeze,
 Murmur it through the quivering trees;
 If it could shine from every flower,
 If their scent could bring it her from near and
 far!
 O water – are mill-wheels all you can move?
 My heart is yours, and shall be forever.

I'd have thought it must show in my eyes,
 Could be seen on my burning cheeks,
 Could be read on my silent lips,
 I'd have thought every breath proclaimed it
 loud;
 And she sees nothing of this anxious pleading:
 My heart is yours, and shall be forever!

Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
 Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
 Als wär' dir was geschehen?
 Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?
 Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
 So muß ich wieder gehen.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,
 Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
 Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
 Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
 Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,
 Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
 Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,
 Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
 Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
 Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint
 Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,
 Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
 In Gottes hellen Morgen!
 Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
 Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
 Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.
 (*Marschner*)

Morning greeting

Good morning, beautiful maid of the mill!
 Why do you dart your head back in,
 As though something were troubling you?
 Does my greeting so displease you?
 Does my gaze so disturb you?
 Then I must be on my way.

Oh, just let me stand from afar
 And watch your dear window
 From afar, from afar!
 Little blond head, come out!
 Gaze out from your round gates,
 Blue morning stars!

Little sleep-drunk eyes,
 Dew-afflicted little flowers,
 Why do you fear the sun?
 Was night so good to you
 That you close and bow and weep
 For its silent bliss?

Shake off now the veil of dreams,
 And look up gladly and freely
 At God's bright morning!
 The lark is warbling in the sky;
 And from the heart's depths
 Love draws pain and sorrow.

Des Müllers Blumen

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
 Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
 Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,
 Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
 Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein
 Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
 Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
 Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
 Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu,
 Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh',
 Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
 Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!
 Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,
 Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
 Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
 Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
 Die will ich auf euch weinen.
 (*Fanny Hensel*)

The miller's flowers

Many little flowers grow by the brook,
 Gazing out of bright blue eyes;
 The brooklet is the miller's friend,
 And my sweetheart's eyes are brightest blue,
 Therefore they are my flowers.

Close beneath her little window
 I shall plant my flowers,
 Call up to her when all is silent,
 When she lays down her head to sleep,
 For you know what I mean to say.

And when she closes her eyes,
 And sleeps in sweet, sweet repose,
 Then whisper as a dream:
 'Forget, forget me not!'
 That is what I mean to say.

And when in the morning she opens the
 shutters,
 Gaze up at her with a loving look;
 The dew in your little eyes
 Shall be my tears,
 The tears I'll weep on you.

10

Tränenregen

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien,
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen
Da rieselte munter der Bach,
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh' nach Haus.

10

Rain of tears

We sat so closely together
Beneath the cool alder roof,
We gazed so closely together
Into the rippling brook.

The moon had also appeared,
Followed by the stars,
And they gazed so closely together
Into the silvery mirror.

I did not look at the moon,
I did not look at the stars,
I gazed only at her reflection,
Only at her eyes.

I saw them nodding and gazing
Up from the happy brook,
The little blue flowers on the bank
Were nodding and glancing at her.

And the whole sky seemed
Sunk beneath the brook,
And wanted to draw me down
Into its depths.

And over the clouds and stars
The brook rippled merrily on,
And called with singing and ringing:
'Friend, friend, follow me!'

At that my eyes brimmed over,
The brook's surface blurred;
She said: 'it's about to rain.
Goodbye, I'm going home'

11

Mein!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!
All' ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut' e i n Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist m e i n !
M e i n !
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte m e i n ,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein.
(Curschmann)

12

Pause

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band –
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz
Durft' ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang'?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

11

Mine!

Brooklet, cease your murmuring!
Mill-wheels, stop your roaring!
All you merry woodland birds,
Large and small,
Put an end to your songs!
Throughout the wood,
In and out,
Let *one* rhyme ring out today:
The maid of the mill I love is *mine!*
Mine!
Spring, have you no more flowers?
Sun, can't you shine more brightly?
Ah, then I must be all alone
With that happy word *mine*,
Understood nowhere in all creation.

12

Pause

I've hung my lute on the wall,
Have wound a green ribbon round it –
I can sing no more, my heart's too full,
I don't know how to force it to rhyme.
The most ardent pangs of my longing
I could express in playful song,
And as I lamented, so sweetly and tenderly,
I still thought my sorrows heavy enough.
Ah, how my happiness must weigh on me
That no sound on earth can contain it.

Rest now, dear lute, here on this nail!
And if a breeze move across your strings
Or a bee brush you with its wings,
I feel so afraid and shudder.
Why did I let the ribbon hang so low?
Often it trails across the strings with a sigh.
Is this the echo of my love's torment,
Or the prelude to new songs?

13

Mit dem grünen Lautenbande

„Schad’ um das schöne grüne Band,
Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
Ich hab’ das Grün so gern!“
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut’ zu mir;
Gleich knüpf’ ich’s ab und send’ es dir:
Nun hab’ das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab’ es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb’ ist immergrün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja ’s Grün so gern.
Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
Dann hab’ ich’s Grün erst gern.

14

Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib’, trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich.
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
Und scheere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
Und liebest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh’.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt,
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain,
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber die schieße, du Jägerheld!

13

To accompany the lute’s green ribbon

‘A pity this green ribbon
Should fade here on the wall,
I’m so fond of green!’
So, my love, you told me today;
I untie it at once and send it you:
Now be fond of green!

Though he you love be dressed all in white,
Green too deserves praise,
And I too am fond of it.
Because our love is evergreen,
Because distant hope blossoms green,
That’s why we’re fond of it.

Now twine the green ribbon
Prettily in your hair,
Since you’re so fond of green.
Then I’ll know where hope dwells,
Then I’ll know where love reigns,
Then I’ll be truly fond of green.

14

The hunter

What does the hunter want here by the millstream?
Keep, haughty hunter, to your own preserve!
There’s no game here for you to hunt,
Only one doe, a tame one, lives here for me.
And if you would see that gentle doe,
Then leave your guns in the forest,
And leave your yapping hounds at home,
And leave off blowing your blaring horn,
And shave that scraggy beard from your chin,
Or the doe will take fright in her garden.

But better by far if you stayed in the forest,
And left both mills and millers in peace.
What good are fish among green branches?
What can the squirrel want in the bluish pond?
So, haughty hunter, keep to the wood,
And leave me alone with my three wheels;
And if you want to win my love’s favour,
Then know, my friend, what’s troubling her:
The wild boar that come by night from the
wood
And break into her cabbage patch,
And trample and root about in the field:
Shoot the wild boar, you big bold hunter!

15

Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild, mein lieber
Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der großen Straße sehn?
Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach
Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum Fenster
'naus.
Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das, doch sag' ihr
nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem traurigen
Gesicht;
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif' aus
Rohr,
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder
vor.

16

Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
In grüne Tränenweiden,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,
Die Heide, die heiß ich die Liebesnot,
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
(Fanny Hensel)

15

Jealousy and pride

Where are you bound, dear brook, so fast, so
furrowed, so wild?
Are you dashing angrily after our insolent
huntsman friend?
Turn back, turn back, and scold your maid of
the mill
For her frivolous, wanton and fickle ways.
Didn't you see her last night by the gate,
Craning her neck to watch the wide road?
When a huntsman returns happy from the kill,

Nice girls don't peer from their window.

Go tell her that, my brooklet, but don't say
A word, do you hear, about my unhappy face;
Tell her: he's with me, cutting reed pipes,

And piping pretty dances and songs for the
children.

16

The beloved colour

I'll clothe myself in green,
In green weeping willow:
My love's so fond of green.
I'll seek out a cypress grove,
A field full of green rosemary,
My love's so fond of green.

Up, away to the merry hunt!
Away over thicket and heath!
My love's so fond of hunting.
The game I hunt is called Death,
I call the field Love's Anguish,
My love's so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the turf,
Cover me with green grass,
My love's so fond of green.
No black cross, no bright flowers,
Nothing but green all around!
My love's so fond of green.

Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt,
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an,
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
Im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

Horch, wenn im Walde ein Jagdhorn schallt,
So klingt ihr Fensterlein,
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band,
Ade, Ade! und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

The hateful colour

I'd like to go out into the world,
Into the wide world,
If only it weren't so green
Out there in wood and field!

I'd like to pluck the green leaves
From every single branch,
I'd like to weep the green grass
As pale as death with my tears.

Ah, green, you hateful colour,
Why must you always stare
So proud, so bold, so gloating
At me, a poor white miller?

I'd like to lie outside her door
In storm and rain and snow,
And sing softly all day and night
The single word: Farewell!

When a horn sounds in the wood,
Listen – I hear her window open,
And though it's not for me she looks out,
Yet I can look in at her.

O untie from your forehead
The green green ribbon,
Farewell, farewell! and give me
Your hand in parting!

Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühen.

Und Lenz wird kommen
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn,

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
D e r meint' es treu!

Dann Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

Withered flowers

All you flowers
She gave me,
You shall be laid
With me in my grave.

How sadly
You all gaze at me,
As if you knew
Of my fate!

All you flowers,
Why faded, why pale,
All you flowers,
What makes you so wet?

Ah, tears do not bring back
The green of May,
Nor cause dead love
To bloom again.

And spring will come
And winter will go,
And little flowers
Spring up in the grass.

And little flowers
Will lie in my grave,
All the flowers
She gave me.

And when she wanders
By the mound
And thinks in her heart:
His feelings were true!

Then, all you flowers,
Spring up, spring up!
May has come,
Winter is past.

Der Müller und der Bach*Der Müller*

Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muß in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zur Ruh'.

Der Bach

Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues
Am Himmel erblinkt.

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
Aus Dornenreis.

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde hinab.

Der Müller

Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe tut?

Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

(Nicolai)

The miller and the brook*The Miller*

Where a true heart
Dies of love,
Then lilies wither
In every bed;

Then the full moon
Slips behind clouds,
So that mortals
Don't see its tears;

Then little angels
Cover their eyes
And sob and sing
The soul to rest.

The Brook

And whenever love
Breaks free from sorrow,
A tiny new star
Shines in the sky;

Then three roses spring up,
Half red and half white,
From branches of thorn,
And wither no more.

And the little angels
Clip off their wings,
And every morning
Descend to earth.

Miller

Ah, brooklet, dear brooklet,
You mean so well;
Ah, brooklet, but do you know
What love can do?

Ah, there, down there,
Is cool repose!
Ah, brooklet, dear brooklet,
Sing on, sing on.

Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!
 Tu' die Augen zu!
 Wanderer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
 Die Treu' ist hier,
 Sollst liegen bei mir,
 Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,
 Auf weichen Pfühl,
 In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.
 Heran, heran,
 Was wiegen kann,
 Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
 Aus dem grünen Wald,
 Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
 Blickt nicht herein,
 Blaue Blümelein!
 Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
 Von dem Mühlensteg,
 Böses Mägdelein, daß ihn dein Schatten nicht
 weckt!
 Wirf mir herein
 Dein Tüchlein fein,
 Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
 Bis Alles wacht,
 Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf' aus dein Leid!
 Der Vollmond steigt,
 Der Nebel weicht,
 Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!
 (*Marschner*)

The brook's lullaby

Rest well, rest well!
 Close your eyes!
 Weary wanderer, you are home.
 There is constancy here,
 You shall lie with me
 Till the sea drinks all the brooklets dry.

I shall bed you down
 On a cool soft pillow
 In my little blue crystal chamber.
 Draw near, draw near,
 Whoever can rock,
 Flow about him and rock my boy to sleep!

When a hunting horn brays
 From the green forest,
 I shall surge about you and roar.
 Do not look in,
 Little blue flowers!
 You'll give my sleeper such bad dreams.

Away, away
 From the mill-bridge,
 Wicked maid, lest your shadow wake him!

Throw in to me
 Your fine shawl
 That I may cover his eyes!

Good night, good night,
 Till all the world wakes,
 Rest from your joy, rest from your sorrow!
 The full moon is rising,
 The mists are parting,
 And the heavens up there stretch on and on!

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 East 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

SongEasel would like to extend its deepest gratitude to the Arts Council England, the Nicholas Boas Charitable Trust, the Oleg Prokofiev Trust, and Blackheath Halls.



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Blackheath Halls is a concert venue in South East London with a varied programme of performances and community engagement events, including Blackheath Halls Opera. For further information or to join our mailing list please see blackheathhalls.com.

We cordially invite you to three further recitals in *The Wanderlust Series* in the Global Concert Hall: A recital of Beethoven and Schumann from Mark Padmore and Julius Drake, and the last two Schubert song cycles, *Winterreise* and *Schwanengesang* featuring Francesca Chiejina, Stephan Loges and Jocelyn Freeman, available for viewing from the 6th, 13th and 15th April 2021, respectively.

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

Stay Safe.

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