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The Great Hall, Blackheath Halls, SE3 9RQ

Stephan Loges, bass-baritone
Jocelyn Freeman, piano
Dr Natasha Loges, speaker
Natasha Riordan, speaker

Schubert: Schwanengesang D957 (1828)

Part 1 (Rellstab)
  i. Liebesbotschaft
  ii. Kriegers Ahnung
  iii. Frühlingssehnsucht
  iv. Ständchen
  v. Aufenthalt
  vi. In der Ferne
  vii. Abschied

Part 2 (Heine)
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  xi. Die Stadt
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D965a (Seidl)
  xiv. Die Taubenpost
**Schwanengesang**

*Schwanengesang* was the title invented by Tobias Haslinger when he published fourteen of Schubert’s late songs in the spring of 1829: 7 settings of Ludwig Rellstab, 6 of Heinrich Heine and 1 of Johann Gabriel Seidl. Schubert had already offered the Heine group as a self-contained set to the Leipzig publisher Probst. There is good evidence, however, that he eventually wished the Rellstab and Heine groups to be performed together – the autograph in the Pierpont Morgan Library includes all thirteen songs, and Spaun mentions in his memoir of the composer that these last Lieder were to be dedicated to his friends and published by Haslinger. Though the autograph of Seidl’s ‘Die Taubenpost’ did not form part of either group, the song has proved irresistible since its first performance, and is sorely missed when omitted by *Schwanengesang* purists.

Beethoven’s *An die ferne Geliebte* (*To the Distant Beloved*), published in 1816, made an immediate impression on Schubert, who was soon to try his own hand at the cycle form, in emulation of his great hero, and achieved immortality seven years later with *Die schöne Müllerin*. The seven Rellstab poems from *Schwanengesang*, though there is no detailed story to tell, all have the distant beloved as their central theme; and it seems more than likely that Schubert, when after Beethoven’s death he received the portfolio of Rellstab poems, wished to impose order on the random selection by choosing poems that, though free-standing, were united by this common theme, thus forming a tribute to the composer of *An die ferne Geliebte*. *Liebesbotschaft* begins, like ‘Wohin’, in G major, and then passes through E minor, C major, A minor, F major and B, as though Schubert wished to illustrate the distance between the lovers by the multiplicity of keys: the rippling semiquavers might provide a formal unity to the song, but the lovers remain apart. *Kriegers Ahnung*, on the other hand, has no such formal unity and adopts instead a sectional structure. It begins with nine bars of muffled drums, as we are introduced to the soldier who, billeted with his comrades on a battlefield, dreams of his beloved in the knowledge that his imminent death will prevent them from ever meeting again – the conclusion we must draw from the five times repeated ‘Herzliebste, gute Nacht!’ *In Frühlingssehnsucht* it is the whispering breezes that initially become the medium for the poet’s message to his distant beloved. The difficulty facing Schubert was to find an accompaniment that would also fit the imagery of the four subsequent verses, in which babbling brooks, sunlight, bursting buds, and longing are requested to act as the poet’s messengers – a problem Schubert solved with his ubiquitous triplets. The poem ends with a passionate question and answer: ‘Who shall finally quell my longing?/Only you can set free the spring in my heart/Only you!’ Though the poet’s ‘Nur du!’ is repeated four times, the last two to an *ff* dynamic, there is no final flourish; instead, the broken B flat major chords limp to a close with a suggestion of E flat minor, as we realize that the poet is alone. A similar melancholy informs *Ständchen*, the most celebrated serenade in all music. Schubert’s irresistible tune has led some singers and pianists to perform the song as euphorically as possible – but that is to misunderstand the poem, the music and the theme of these Rellstab songs. The song might begin brightly enough with staccato quavers that suggest a plectrum-plucked guitar (they only appear in the four bar prelude, but the staccato marking should be observed throughout), the key, however, is minor and all four verses are touched with a sense of vulnerability.
Though **Aufenthalt** is the only one of the seven Rellstab settings in which there is no mention of love, the distant beloved seems present in every bar of this anguished outpouring in which the outcast and fugitive expresses his torment in E minor, Schubert’s key of sadness and depression. **In der Ferne** presents us with an emotional wreck, although, because of the poem’s deliberately contorted syntax, it is only in the final stanza that we learn how the poet had been talking of his own plight. His distressed and depressed mental state is wonderfully conveyed by Schubert at the end of the first verse where the vocal line plunges a fifth on the repeated ‘Wegen nach’ (‘No blessing follows him on his way’). Though the song ends in a fortissimo crescendo, the final fff tells us that there can be no solace or cure. In **Abschied**, the lover has recovered sufficiently to control his grief. The song is marked *mäßig geschwind*, which means that he does not leave the town at breakneck speed, as some singers and pianists insist. Nor is this a merry farewell. The last verse, in particular, is full of foreboding – the stars are commanded to ‘veil themselves in grey’, and the jilted lover tells us that he has been forced to leave the town: ‘Darf ich *hier* nicht weilen, muß *hier* vorbei’ – the italics are Rellstab’s.

The Heine songs from the *Schwanengesang* manuscript follow on from the Rellstab settings. **Der Atlas** calls for a dynamic range from *pp* to *fff* to express the suffering of Atlas, who fought for the Titans against Zeus, was defeated and condemned to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. The bleakness of **Ihr Bild** is achieved in a mere thirty-six bars – a distillation of despair conveyed by bare octaves and a modulation at ‘ihre Lippen’ from B minor to G flat major that provides an illusory solace which is immediately dashed as minor reasserts itself. **Das Fischermädchen** is not the blithe barcarolle it is sometimes claimed to be. The abrupt shift from C flat to B flat in stanza two and the repetition of the final word of each verse as a slurred seventh successfully convey the irony of Heine’s verse. The short prelude of **Die Stadt** repeats in the bass the bare octaves of ‘Ihr Bild’, while the scurrying diminished sevenths of the right hand seventeen times convey the gusting wind – without resolution. A lonely low C on the piano brings the chilling song to a close. The serene diatonic opening of **Am Meer** is followed by a tormented, chromatic stanza whose tremolando chords depict the rising tide, the mist and the grief. Heine’s bitter last line is caught to perfection by Schubert’s slow ironic turn on ‘Tränen’. The same device closes **Der Doppelgänger**, the bleakest song – or rather declamation – in Schubert. As in ‘Der Atlas’, the dynamic range required is from *pp* to *fff*. The resemblance between the four-note theme of the opening bars to the *Agnus Dei* of Schubert’s *E flat Mass*, composed in June of the same year, tells us which way Schubert’s thoughts were turning. His art, with this intensely dramatic declamation, was turning prophetically towards Wagner and Wolf.

The final song of *Schwanengesang*, **Die Taubenpost**, must, like many of his Lieder, have been set from manuscript, since it does not appear in the two volume edition of Seidl’s verse that was published in 1826. No song of Schubert’s demonstrates better his delight in life and the bitter-sweet magic of his melodies. The song, Schubert’s last, was composed in October 1828; a month later he was dead.

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**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.

Born in Dresden, **Stephan Loges** was an early winner of the Wigmore Hall International Song Competition. He has given recitals throughout the world, including regular appearances at Wigmore Hall London as well as Carnegie Hall New York, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Vienna Konzerthaus, Klavierfestival Ruhr, Schleswig-Holstein Festival, Santiago de Compostela, BBC Radio 3, Musée d’Orsay Paris and the Vocal Arts Series in Washington with pianists Graham Johnson, Eugene Asti, Roger Vignoles, Iain Burnside, Alexander Schmaltz, Simon Lepper, Joseph Middleton and Sholto Kynoch.

Since his BBC Proms debut singing Bach’s *St Matthew Passion* with Trevor Pinnock in 2002, Stephan has performed the work with many period and modern orchestras, including the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment directed by Mark Padmore, and recorded it with both the Gabrieli Consort under Paul McCreesh (Deutsche Grammophon) and the Monteverdi Choir under Sir John Eliot Gardiner (SDG).
Other concert highlights include Bernstein *Songfest* with MDR Sinfonieorchester Leipzig; Britten *War Requiem* with the Melbourne and Sapporo Symphony Orchestras; Bach *Christmas Oratorio* with London Philharmonic Orchestra and Vladimir Jurowski; Berlioz *L'Enfance du Christ* with Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra and Robin Ticciati; Haydn *Creation* with the Iceland Symphony and Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestras; Haydn *Die Jahreszeiten* with Staatskapelle Dresden; a tour of Telemann *Brockes Passion* with Raphael Pichon and Ensemble Pygmalion; Bach *Cantatas* with Sir John Eliot Gardiner as part of the Bach Cantata Pilgrimage 2000; and *St John Passion* with Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra.

Opera roles include Wolfram *Tannhäuser* and Papageno *Zauberflöte* at La Monnaie Brussels; Begears in Milhaud’s *La mère couvable* and Sprecher *Zauberflöte* at Theater an der Wien; Golaud *Pelléas et Mélisande* with English Touring Opera; Bruno in Macmillan's *Parthenogenesis* for ROH Covent Garden; Moritz in Mernier’s *Frühlings Erwachen* at Opéra National du Rhin; Astrologer in Britten’s *The Burning Fiery Furnace* at Diabelli Musiksommer; roles of Blind Man and Father in the world premiere of Mark Grey’s *Frankenstein* at La Monnaie.

Recent and future highlights include a return to English Touring Opera for his role debut as Don Alfonso *Cosi fan tutte* and a staged production of Bach’s St John Passion, and his role debut as Falke *Die Fledermaus* with Northern Ireland Opera. Current recital appearances include the Wigmore Hall, Oxford Lieder Festival and Lied Festival Victoria de los Ángeles, Barcelona.

Stephan’s most recent CD, *Nature’s Solace* with Iain Burnside, featuring Lieder by Schumann, Kilpinen and Brahms, was released by Signum in November 2018.

The award-winning Welsh collaborative pianist and conductor Jocelyn Freeman is lauded for her artistry, programming and powers of communication. She is an advocate for diversity in a range of artistic endeavours, and a skilled communicator on the concert platform, and in broadcasts, recording and social media; she has also featured in several industry and lifestyle publications. Founder-director and curator of SongEasel, an initiative established to provide a platform for song in South East London, Jocelyn has curated extensive concert and recording projects to wide critical acclaim, including pioneering several recitals live and streamed at Blackheath Halls during the initial 2020 Lockdown.

Jocelyn’s engagements have taken her to four continents including broadcasts in the UK and Germany; performances in the Wigmore Hall, the Royal Albert Hall, Oxford’s Sheldonian Theatre, the Sage Gateshead, and many return invitations to festivals and series in the UK. Notable collaborations feature leading singers, Fleur Barron, Paul Carey Jones, Francesca Chiejina, Katharine Dain, Stuart Jackson, Gareth Brynmor John, Stephan Loges, Elin Manahan Thomas, Gemma Summerfield and Julien Van Mellaerts; instrumentalists Jamal Aliyev and Joseph Shiner; the Broomwood Ensemble and the Lakewood Sinfonia.

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 Elwyn 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.


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 from the Internationale Hugo-Wolf-Academie, Competition and the Viola Tunnard award at Snape Maltings/Britten Pears Arts.

Jocelyn is grateful for the support of the Carne Trust, Victor Wood, the Oleg Prokofiev Trust, the Nicholas Boas Foundation and Arts Council England.

www.jocelynfreeman.com
### Translations

#### (i) Liebesbotschaft (Rellstab)

**Love's message**

Murmuring brooklet, so silver and bright,  
Is it to my love you rush with such glee?  
Ah, be my messenger, beloved brook;  
Bring her greetings from her distant love.

All the flowers she tends in her garden,  
And wears with such grace on her breast,  
And her roses in their crimson glow –  
Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling waves.

When on your bank, lost in dreams,  
She inclines her head as she thinks of me –  
Comfort my sweetest with a kindly look,  
For her lover will soon return.

And when the sun sets in a reddish glow,  
Rock my sweetheart into slumber.  
Murmur her into sweet repose,  
Whisper her dreams of love.

---

Rauschendes Bäcklein, so silbern und hell,  
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?  
Ach, trautes Bäcklein, mein Bote sei du;  
Bringe die Grüsse des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen im Garten gepfligt,  
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,  
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,  
Bäcklein, erquickte mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,  
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt;  
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,  
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,  
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.  
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,  
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

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#### (ii) Kriegers Ahnung (Rellstab)

**Warrior's foreboding**

In deep repose my brothers-in-arms  
Lie round me in a circle;  
My heart's so heavy, so afraid,  
So afire with longing.

How often have I dreamt sweet dreams,  
Resting on her warm breast!  
How welcoming the fire's glow seemed,  
When she lay in my arms!

Here, where the flames' sombre glow  
Plays merely, alas, on weapons,  
Here the heart feels quite alone,  
A tear of sadness wells.

O heart, may comfort not abandon you!  
Many a battle still calls. –  
I may soon be at rest and fast asleep,  
Sweetest love -- good night!

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In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her  
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;  
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,  
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

Wie hab' ich oft so süß geträumt  
An ihrem Busen warm!  
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,  
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düstrer Schein  
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,  
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,  
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Dass der Trost Dich nicht verlässt!  
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht –  
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,  
Herzliebste – Gute Nacht!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(iii) Frühlingssehnsucht (Rellstab)</th>
<th>Spring longing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild,</td>
<td>Whispering breezes blowing so gently,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!</td>
<td>Filled with the fragrant breath of flowers!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wie haucht ihr mir wonnig begrüssend an!</td>
<td>How blissfully you greet me and breathe on me!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?</td>
<td>What have you done to my pounding heart?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn,</td>
<td>It yearns to follow your airy path!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wohin? Wohin?</td>
<td>But where?</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,</td>
<td>Silvery brooklets, murmuring so bright,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wollen hinunter silbern in’s Tal.</td>
<td>Cascade down to the valley below.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!</td>
<td>The ripples glide swiftly that way,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.</td>
<td>Reflecting earth and sky in their depths!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was ziehst du mich, sehnd verlangender Sinn,</td>
<td>Why, longing desire, do you draw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinab? Hinab?</td>
<td>Me down?</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grüssender Sonne spielendes Gold,</td>
<td>The welcoming sun’s glittering gold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold.</td>
<td>Sweetly brings the bliss of hope.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wie labt mich dein selig begrüssendes Bild!</td>
<td>How your rapturous greeting refreshes me!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild</td>
<td>It smiles so gently in the deep blue sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt! –</td>
<td>And has filled my eyes with tears! –</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warum? Warum?</td>
<td>But why?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grüendet umkränzet Wälder und Höh’!</td>
<td>It wreathes in green the woods and hills!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schimmernd erglänzet Blütenschnee.</td>
<td>The snowy blossom shimmers and gleams!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So dränget sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;</td>
<td>All things reach out for the bridal light;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;</td>
<td>Seeds are swelling, buds are bursting;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:</td>
<td>They have found what they once lacked:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und du? Und du?</td>
<td>And you?</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,</td>
<td>Restless longing! Yearning heart,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?</td>
<td>Nothing but tears, complaints and pain?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewusst!</td>
<td>I too am aware of rising passion!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wer stillet mir endlich die drängende Lust?</td>
<td>Who shall finally quell my longing?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,</td>
<td>Only you can set free the spring in my heart,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nur du! Nur du!</td>
<td>Only you!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(iv) Ständchen (Rellstab)</td>
<td>Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Leise flehen meine Lieder**  
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!  
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
In des Mondes Licht;  
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.  
Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?  
Ach! sie flehen Dich,  
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen  
Flehen sie für mich.  
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,  
Rühren mit den Silbertönen  
Jedes weiche Herz.  
Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!  
Komm', beglücke mich! | **Softly my songs plead to you**  
Throughout the night;  
Come down to me, my love,  
Into the silent grove!  
Slender tree-tops whisper  
And murmur in the moonlight;  
Do not fear, my sweetest,  
Any lurking treason.  
Can you hear the nightingales call?  
Ah! they are imploring you,  
With their sweet and plaintive songs  
They are imploring for me.  
They understand the heart's longing,  
They know the pain of love,  
They touch with their silver notes  
Every tender heart.  
Let your heart too me moved,  
Listen to me, my love!  
Quivering, I wait for you!  
Come – make me happy! |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(v) Aufenthalt (Rellstab)</th>
<th>Resting place</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,**  
**Starrender Fels mein Aufenthalt.**  
Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,  
Fliessen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.  
Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,  
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.  
Und wie des Felsen uraltes Erz  
Ewig deselbe bleibet mein Schmerz.** | **Thundering river, raging forest,**  
**Unyielding rock, my resting place.**  
**As wave follows wave,**  
**So my tears flow on and on.**  
**As the high tree-tops stir and bend,**  
**So my heart pounds without respite.**  
**Like the rock's age-old ore,**  
**My grief remains forever the same.** |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>(vi) In der Ferne (Rellstab)</strong></th>
<th><strong>Far away</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wehe dem Fliehenden</td>
<td>Woe to the fugitive,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welt hinaus ziehenden! –</td>
<td>Who forsakes the world!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fremde durchmessenden,</td>
<td>Who roams foreign parts,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heimat vergessenden,</td>
<td>Who forgets his fatherland,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mutterhaus hassenden,</td>
<td>Who hates his family home,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freunde verlassenden</td>
<td>Who forsakes his friends –</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folget kein Segen, ach!</td>
<td>Alas, no blessing follows him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auf ihren Wegen nach!</td>
<td>On his way!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The yearning heart,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herze, das sehnende,</td>
<td>The weeping eyes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auge, das träneende,</td>
<td>The endless longing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sehnsucht, nie endende,</td>
<td>The turning for home!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heimwärts sich wendende!</td>
<td>The seething breast,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Busen, der wallende,</td>
<td>The fading lament,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klage, verhallende,</td>
<td>The glittering evening star,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abendstern, blinkender,</td>
<td>Sinking without hope.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoffnungslos sinkender!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,</td>
<td>You whispering breezes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wellen sanft kräuselnden,</td>
<td>You gently ruffled waves,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnenstrahl, eilender,</td>
<td>You fleeting sunbeams,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nirgend verweilender:</td>
<td>You who never linger:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die mir mit Schmerze, ach!</td>
<td>Ah! send greetings to her who broke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dies treue Herze brach –</td>
<td>This faithful heart with pain –</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grüsst von dem Fliehenden</td>
<td>From the fugitive,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welt hinaus ziehenden!</td>
<td>From one who forsakes the world!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
(vii) Abschied (Rellstab)

Ade, Du munter, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigem Fuss.
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den scheidenden Gruß.
Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehn,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied geschehn.
Ade . . . 

Ade, Ihr Bäume, Ihr Gärten so grün, Ade!
Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang,
Weit schallend ertönet mein Abschiedsgesang,
Nie habt Ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
So wird Euch auch keines beim Scheiden beschert. Ade ...

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur Ruh’, Ade!
Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich Euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold,
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit. Ade ...

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, Ade!
Du glänzt so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches mal
Und wär’ es denn heute zum letzten mal?
Ade ...

Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!
Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt Ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;
Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muss hier vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt Ihr mir noch so treu!
Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau!
Ade!

Farewell**
Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell!
My horse is happily pawing the ground;
Accept now my final farewell.

Never yet have you seen me sad,
Nor shall you now at parting.

Farewell ...

Farewell, trees and gardens so green, farewell!
Now I ride by the silvery stream,
My farewell song echoes far and wide;
You’ve never heard a sad song yet,
Nor shall you now I’m leaving.

Farewell ...

Farewell, dear sun, as you sink to rest, farewell!
The stars now glitter in shimmering gold.
How I love you, little stars in the sky;
Though we travel the whole world far and wide,
You always serve us as faithful guides.

Farewell ...

Farewell, little window gleaming so bright, farewell!
Your faint light has such a homely gleam,
Which kindly invites us into the cottage.
Ah, I’ve ridden past so many a time,
And might today then be the last?
Farewell ...

Farewell, stars, veil yourself in grey! Farewell!
You countless stars cannot replace
The little window’s fading light;
If I can’t linger here, if I have to ride on,
What use are you, however faithfully you follow!
Farewell, stars, veil yourself in grey! Farewell!

(viii) Der Atlas (Heine)

Ich unglücksel’ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich tragen.
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

Atlas
I, unfortunate Atlas! All the world,
The whole world of sorrow I must bear,
I bear what cannot be borne, and my heart
Would break in my body.

You proud heart, you willed it so!
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy,
Or endlessly wretched, proud heart,
And now you are wretched.
(ix) Ihr Bild (Heine)

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

Her likeness

I stood in dark dreams,
And gazed at her likeness,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

A smile played wondrously
About her lips,
And her eyes glistened,
As though with sad tears.

My tears too
Streamed down my cheeks –
And ah, I cannot believe
I have lost you!

(x) Das Fischermädchen (Heine)

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Her fishermaid

You lovely fishermaid,
Row your boat ashore;
Come and sit down by my side,
Hand in hand we'll talk of love.

Lay your little head on my heart
And don't be too afraid;
Each day, after all, you trust yourself
Fearlessly to the raging sea.

My heart's just like the sea,
It storms and ebbs and floods,
And many lovely pearls
Are resting in its depths.

(xi) Die Stadt (Heine)

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

Her town

On the distant horizon
The town with its turrets
Looms like a misty vision,
Veiled in evening light.

A dank breeze blows and ruffles
The gloomy waterway;
With sad and measured strokes
The boatman rows my boat.

The sun rises once again,
Gleaming from the earth,
And shows me that place
Where I lost what I loved most.
(xii) Am Meer (Heine)
Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flög hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab’ von deiner weissen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; –
Mich hat das unglücksel’ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

By the sea
The sea gleamed far and wide
In the last evening light;
We sat by the fisherman’s lonely hut,
We sat in silence and alone.

The mist lifted, the water rose,
The gull flew to and fro;
From your loving eyes
The tears began to fall.

I watched them fall on your hand,
And sank down to my knees;
From your white hand
I drank away the tears.

Since that hour my body wastes,
My soul expires with longing;
That unhappy woman
Has poisoned me with her tears.

(xiii) Der Doppelgänger (Heine)
Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzens Gewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

The wraith
The night is still, the streets are at rest,
This is the house where my loved-one lived;
She left the town long ago,
But the house still stands in the same place.

A man stands there too, staring up,
Wracked with pain, he wrings his hands;
I shudder when I see his face –
The moon shows me my own form.

You wraith! You pale companion!
Why do you ape the pain of love
That tormented me on this same spot,
So many nights in times gone by?
### (xiv) Der Taubenpost (Seidl)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>German</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,  
  Die ist gar ergeben und treu,  
  Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,  
  Und fliesst auch nie vorbei. | I've a carrier-pigeon in my pay,  
  She's so devoted and true,  
  She never stops short of her goal,  
  And never flies too far. |
| Ich sende sie vieltausendmal  
  Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,  
  Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,  
  Bis zu der Liebsten Haus. | I send her many thousands of times  
  Each day to spy out the land,  
  Past many a beloved spot,  
  Till she reaches my sweetheart's house. |
| Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,  
  Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,  
  Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab  
  Und nimmt die ihren mit. | There she peeps in at the window,  
  Observing every look and step,  
  Delivers my greeting cheerfully  
  And brings hers back to me. |
| Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,  
  Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr;  
  O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,  
  Gar eifrig dient sie mir. | I no longer need to write a letter,  
  I can entrust to her my very tears;  
  She'll certainly not mistake the address,  
  For she serves me so fervently. |
| Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,  
  Ihr gilt das alles gleich:  
  Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,  
  Dann ist sie überreich! | Day or night, awake or dreaming,  
  It's all the same to her:  
  As long as she can range and roam,  
  She's richly satisfied! |
| Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,  
  Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;  
  Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,  
  Die Taub' ist so mir treu! | She does not tire, she does not flag,  
  To her the route seems always new;  
  She needs no enticement, no reward,  
  That pigeon is so loyal! |
| Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,  
  Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;  
  Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?  
  Die Botin treuen Sinn's. | That's why I cherish her in my heart,  
  Certain of the fairest prize;  
  Her name is – Longing! Do you know her?  
  The messenger of faithfulness. |

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](http://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.

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 first two Schubert song cycles, *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise* featuring Julien Van Mellaerts, Francesca Chiejina and Jocelyn Freeman, available for viewing from the 6th, 8th and 13th April 2021, respectively.

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

Stay Safe.