



The
Musical-Poetical Club
(The Fortepiano Society)

M875
1990
4-15

A Recital of Lieder for Voice and Fortepiano

Anne Tedards, soprano
George Bozarth, fortepiano
with
William McColl, Romantic clarinet

Sunday, April 15, 1990, 3:00 p.m.

Brechemin Auditorium
School of Music
University of Washington

DAT # 11,628

CASS # 11,629

Program

CASS
11,629A

German and English Songs

Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

From the *Lieder für Clavier* (First Collection, 1781) (10:14)

- Der erste Kuss (J. G. Jacobi)
- Die Verlassene (anon.)
- Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte (C. F. Weiße)

From the 12 *English Carzonettas* (1794-95)

- She Never Told Her Love (Shakespeare) (7:53)
- A Pastoral Song (Anne Hunter)

Four Lieder

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-91)

- An Chloë, K. 524 (J. G. Jacobi)
- Die Zufriedenheit, K. 473 (C. F. Weiße) (12:38)
- Abendempfindung an Laura, K. 523 (anon.)
- Als Luisa die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers
verbrannte, K. 520 (G. von Baumberg)

Pause

CASS 11,629B

- Auf Flügeln des Gesanges, Op. 34 No. 2
(Heinrich Heine) (11:17)
- Ferne (Ludwig Tieck)
- Nachtwanderer, Op. 7 No. 1 (anon.)
- Frühlingslied, Op. 47 No. 3 (Nikolaus Lenau)

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-47)
Fanny Hensel, née Mendelssohn
(1805-47)
Felix Mendelssohn

Four Lieder (11:10)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

- Frühlingsglaube, Op. 20 No. 2, D. 686 (Ludwig Uhland)
- An die Nachtigall, Op. 98 No. 1, D. 487 (Matthias Claudius)
- Seligkeit, Op. posth., D. 433 (Ludwig Höltz)
- Lied der Mignon, Op. 62 No. 4, D. 877/4 (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, Op. 129, D. 965 (12:18)
(Wilhelm Müller; Helmina von Chézy)

Schubert

Assisted by William McColl, Romantic clarinet

ENCORE: (3:30)

The Performers

Anne Tedards, who is a member of the voice faculty at the University of Oregon, has performed as a soloist with the Wiener Symphoniker, the Austrian Radio Orchestra, and the Vienna Boys Choir. Her opera experience includes engagements with the Washington Opera, the Princeton Opera Theater, the Ulm Opera Theater, Theater Heilbronn, and the Stadttheaters in Klagenfurt and Baden bei Wien. As a concert soloist, she has sung with the New York Pro Musica Antiqua, the Amor Artis Orchestra (New York), the Ensemble Moderne (Berlin), the Orpheus Ensemble (Salzburg), the Ensemble Kontrapunkte (Vienna), the Carinthian Summer Festival (Villach, Austria), and the "Viennese Schubertiade." She has presented solo recitals in the United States, West Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, and Bulgaria. A graduate of the Master of Music program at the University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill), Ms. Tedards was the winner of the Southeast NATS Competition and in 1979 received the Mozart Prize at the "Francisco Vinas" International Voice Competition in Barcelona.

George Bozarth, who took his Ph.D. at Princeton University, is a member of the music history faculty and director of the Brahms Archive and Research Center at the University of Washington. Internationally known as a Brahms scholar, he is also interested in the history of the German Lied and in performance of Classical and early Romantic music on period pianos. During the past two years he has appeared in the Seattle area on the concerts of The Musical-Poetical Club, the Gallery Concerts series, and the Seattle Camerata's Schubertiade accompanying songs and duets of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, and playing four-hand music on the fortepiano.

William McColl is Professor of Clarinet at the University of Washington and a founding member of the Soni Ventorum Wind Quintet. He has been a member of the Philharmonia Hungarica in Vienna, the Orquesta Sinfonica de las Americas in Mexico City, the Puerto Rico Symphony, and the Casals Festival Orchestra under Pablo Casals. Mr. McColl has designed and built a basset clarinet upon which he has performed the Mozart Clarinet Concerto, and he is a member of the New World Basset Horn Trio, with whom he has recently recorded and toured.

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The fortepiano used in this concert is a replica of an Anton Walter instrument (Vienna, ca. 1795), built by Rodney Regier of Freeport, Maine, in 1987 and owned by the University of Washington. The Walter/Regier fortepiano was acquired with a grant from the Graduate School Research Fund and matching funds from the School of Music and the College of Arts and Sciences. Mr. McColl's clarinet was made by Mollenhauer of Fulda, Germany, in 1825.

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The Musical-Poetical Club (The Forteplano Society), now in its second year, is a graduate-student organization devoted to fostering the performance of late 18th- and early 19th-century music on period instruments and in authentic styles.

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By the time Anton Walter built the fortepiano on which Rodney Regier modelled the instrument being played in these concerts, Cristofori's invention had undergone nearly a century of modification, much of this in the direction of simplification. The first pianos, made in Florence around 1700, already had a complex system of levers not all that different from the action in the modern piano (although much smaller and lighter-weight). The fortepiano action perfected by the South German builder Johann Andreas Stein in the 1770s, and much admired by Mozart, derives as much from the clavichord as from the harpsichord: the hammer mechanism is mounted directly on the key, creating an action extremely sensitive to variations in touch. After Stein's death in 1792, his daughter Nannette and son Matthäus Andreas moved the family business to Vienna, joining the migration of piano builders to this capital city of the Hapsburg empire, with its ready market among music-loving aristocrats and bourgeoisie. Henceforth Stein's type of instrument became known as the "Viennese" fortepiano, as opposed to the "English" fortepiano of John Broadwood and others, which used an entirely different type of action that was a direct precursor of the action found in the modern grand piano.

Anton Walter probably began making pianos of the "Viennese" type in the late 1770s. When Mozart moved from Salzburg to Vienna in 1781 and began composing and performing piano concertos for the Viennese public, it was a fortepiano by Walter that he purchased. In 1790 Walter was appointed "Imperial Royal Court Organ- and Instrument-maker" to the Hapsburg court. By then, as one contemporary writer noted, "among the many fortepiano makers [in Vienna], it is Herr Walter who has become the most famous artist in this trade and who is more or less the foremost builder of this instrument." The replica fortepiano built by Rodney Regier shows the same mastery of construction—both internally and externally—as do the extant Walter originals.

Of performance on Viennese fortepianos, the pianist and composer Johann Nepomuk Hummel wrote (in 1827), "the [Viennese] piano allows the performer to impart to his execution every possible degree of light and shade, speaks clearly and promptly, has a round fluty tone, . . . and does not impede rapidity of execution by requiring too great an effort." In comparison to a modern Steinway, in fact, the Walter piano needs only about one-fifth the amount of weight to press down its keys. The depth that the key descends is also much shallower than on a modern piano. The range of the Walter/Regier is five octaves; its hammers are quite small and covered with leather (rather than felt), and its strings are very light gauge. The instrument's upper register is bright and clear, its middle range can be rich and viola-like, and it has a full, resonant bass.

Hundreds of pianos of this style were built in Vienna ca. 1780-1800, and these instruments would still have been in use throughout the first decades of the nineteenth century, even though newer models, with larger range and heavier construction, were being built. Thus, for example, a drawing of Schubert's apartment in Vienna around 1820 shows a fortepiano nearly identical in appearance to the Walter/Regier, even though pianos of six and more octaves were available from all makers, and all of Mendelssohn's songs fit within the five-octave range of the Walter/Regier.

M 875
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Joseph Haydn
Three Songs from the *Lieder für das Clavier* (1781)

Der erste Kuß — The First Kiss
(Johann Georg Jacobi)

Leiser nannt' ich deinen Namen;
Und mein Auge warb um dich:
Liebe Chloe! Näher kamen
Unser beider Herzen sich.

Softly I spoke your name,
and my eyes wooed you.
Darling Chloe! Nearer came
our hearts to one another.

Und du nanntest meinen Namen;
Hoffen ließ dein Auge mich:
Liebe Chloe! Näher kamen
Unser beider Lippen sich.

And you said my name,
your eyes gave me hope:
Darling Chloe! Nearer came
our lips together.

O, es war ein süßes Neigen;
Bis wir endlich, Mund an Mund,
Fest uns hielten, ohne Zeugen—
Und geschlossen war der Bund!

Oh, it was a sweet coming together,
until, at last, mouth to mouth
we clasped each other, all unseen—
and the bond was sealed!

Die Verlassene — The Forsaken One
(anonymous)

Hör auf, mein armes Herz, so bang zu schlagen!
Er spottet deiner Leiden, deiner Klagen!
Er schloß durch Leichtsinn sich das Tor
der Reue,
Der Ungetreue!

Cease, my poor heart, your doleful beating;
he laughs at your sorrow, your lamentation!
Unheeding, he thinks not of remorse,
the unfaithful one!

Warum schufst du so weich uns, so gefällig,
So hart die Männer und so ungesellig?
Natur, o lehre dies Geschlecht die Triebe
Der treuen Liebe!

Why, nature, did you make us so soft, so yielding,
and men so hard, so unforthcoming?
Oh, teach their sex the impulses
of true love!

Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte — A Very Ordinary Story
(Christian Felix Weiße)

Philint stand jüngst vor Babetts Tür
Und klopft' und rief: "Ist niemand hier?
Ich bin Philint! Lasst mich hinein!"
Sie kam und sprach: "Nein, nein!"

Philint stood lately at Babett's door,
knocking and calling, "Is nobody here?
This is Philint! Let me in!"
She came and said, "No, no!"

Er seufzt' und bat recht jämmerlich.
"Nein," sagte sie, "ich fürchte dich;
Es ist schon Nacht, ich bein allein:
Philint, es kann nicht sein!"

He sighed and pleaded quite piteously.
"No," she said, "I am afraid of you;
it is already night, I am alone;
Philint, this cannot be!"

Bekümmert will er wieder gehn,
Da hört er schnell den Schlüssel drehn;
Er hört: "Auf einen Augenblick!
Doch geh auch gleich zurück!"

Sadly he makes to go away,
but suddenly hears the key turn;
he hears, "Just for a moment,
but then you must go!"

Die Nachbarn plagt die Neugler sehr;
Sie warteten der Wiederkehr;
Er kam auch, doch erst morgens früh,
Ei, ei! Wie lachten sie!

The neighbors, plagued with curiosity,
awaited his departure.
He did come out, but not till morning.
Oh, oh, how they all did laugh!

Please wait until end of song to turn page

Joseph Haydn
Two Songs from the *12 English Canzonettas*
(1794-95)

She Never Told Her Love
(Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, Act 2 Scene 4)

[Duke.

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention. . . .
Viola (disguised as a page, and in love with the Duke).

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke.

And what's her history?

Viola.

A blank, my lord.]

She never told her love,
but let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
feed on her damask cheek. . . .

[She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy.]

She sat like Patience on a monument,
smiling at grief.

[Was not this love indeed?]

A Pastoral Song
(Anne Hunter)

My mother bids me bind my hair
with bands of rosy hue,
tie up my sleeves with ribands rare,
and lace my bodice blue.

For why she cries, sit still and weep
while others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep
while Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
when those we love were near,
I sit upon this mossy stone
and sigh when none can hear;

And while I spin my flaxen thread
and sing my simple lay,
the village seems asleep or dead:
now Lubin is away.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Four Lieder

An Chloë — To Chloe (Johann Georg Jacobi)

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
Mir's 's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küsse
Deinen Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schliesse
Zitternd dich in meinen Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich lässt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir,
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

When love looks out of your blue,
clear, open eyes,
and the joy of gazing into them
makes my heart dance, and glow,

and I hold you and kiss
your warm, rose-red cheek,
dear maiden, and I enfold
you, trembling, in my arm,

maiden, maiden, and I press
you close to my breast,
where only in my last dying moment
I would let you go,

then my enraptured gaze is o'ershaded
by a dar cloud,
and I sit faint,
but happy beside you.

Die Zufriedenheit — Contentment (Christian Felix Weiße)

Wie sanft, wie ruhig fühl' ich hier
Des Lebens Freuden ohne Sorgen!
Und sonder Ahnung leuchtet mir
Willkommen jeder Morgen.

Mein frohes, mein zufried'nes Herz
Tanzt nach der Melodie der Haine,
Und angenehm ist selbst mein Schmerz,
Wenn ich vor Liebe weine.

Wie sehr lach' ich die Großen aus,
Die Blutvergießer, Helden, Prinzen!
Denn mich beglückt ein kleines Haus,
Sie nicht einmal Provinzen.

Wie wüten sie nicht wider sich,
Die göttergleichen Herr'n der Erden!
Doch brauchen sie mehr Raum als ich,
Wenn sie begraben werden?

How gentle, how peaceful here
is my life, joyful and free from care,
and with no misgivings
I welcome each bright new dawn.

My happy, my contented heart
dances to the music of the groves,
and even my pain is pleasant
when I weep for love.

How much I laugh to scorn the great ones,
shedders of blood, heroes, princes!
For I am content with only a little house,
they not even with provinces.

How they rage among themselves,
these godlike masters of the earth!
But will they need more room than I
when they come to be buried?

Please wait until end of song to turn page

Abendempfindung an Laura — Evening Sentiment to Laura
(Joachim Heinrich Campe)

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! des Freundes Träne
Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht — mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu —
Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werd't ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne und ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,
O sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

It is evening, the sun has gone down
and the moon streams its silver rays;
thus to life's loveliest hours fly away,
flying past as in a dance!

Soon life's colorful stage will fade,
and the curtain will descend.
Our play is ended! our friend's tears
already flow on our grave.

Soon perhaps — like the gentle west wind,
a quiet thought comes to me —
I will end this life's pilgrimage,
and fly to the land of rest.

If you will weep then by my grave,
and look in mourning upon my ashes,
then, O friends, I will appear to you
and breathe the breath of heaven upon you.

Shed a tear also for me,
and pluck a violet for me from my grave;
and with your soulful gaze
look gently down on me.

Dedicate a tear to me, and ah!
Be not ashamed to do so;
O, in my diadem it will become
the fairest pearl of all.

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte —
When Luise burned the Letters of her Unfaithful Admirer
(Gabriele von Baumberg)

Erzeugt von heisser Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Born of fevered imaginings,
brought in an hour of passion
into the world, perish,
you children of melancholy!

You owe your being to passion's flames,
I return you now to the flames,
and all the songs of passion,
for alas! he sang not to me alone.

You burn now, and soon, my loves,
no trace of you will remain.
But alas! the man who wrote you
will perhaps burn within me for a long time.

Felix Mendelssohn and Fanny Hensel, née Mendelssohn,
Four Songs

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges — On Wings of Song
(Heinrich Heine)

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag' ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort;

Da liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen in's Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmbau,
Und Lieb' und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

On wings of song,
beloved, I carry you away,
away to the plains of the Ganges;
there I know the loveliest spot.

There lies a garden in full bloom
in the quiet moonlight;
the lotus flowers await
their dear sister.

The violets titter and flirt
and look up to the stars;
furtively the roses whisper
fragrant tales into each other's ears.

And skipping by and listening
come the gentle, wise gazelles;
and in the distance ripple
the waves of the holy river.

There we will sink down
under the palmtree,
and drink of love and rest,
and dream blissful dreams.

Translation by Philip L. Miller, *The Ring of Words*
(New York: W. W. Norton, 1973)

Ferne — Distance
(Ludwig Tieck)

O alte Heimat süß!
Wo find' ich wieder dich?
Welch eine Qual ist dies!
Warum verfolgst du mich?
Warum ertödest mich?

O ferner Liebesschein,
Glimmst wieder nach mir her,
Soll dies mein Glücke sein?
Mir fällt das Leid zu schwer,
Wer denkt wohl meiner, wer?

Bald such' ich Linderung
Bei dir, o Tränenguß,
Denk' dann es ist genug.
Dann denk' ich ihren Kuß
Und daß ich wandern muß.

O sweet old homeland!
Where can I find you again?
What torment this is!
Why do you haunt me?
Why do you kill me?

O distant ray of love,
glimmering here again,
shall this be my complete happiness?
This sorrow is too much;
is no one thinking of me?

Soon I shall seek comfort
with you, o flowing tears,
and believe that will suffice.
Then I shall remember her kiss,
and that I must wander.

Please wait until end of song to turn page

Nachtwanderer — Night Wanderer
(anonymous)

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht,
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht.
Oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle,
Und hin und her im Tal,
Erwacht die Nachtigall,
Dann wieder alles grau und stille.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang:
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,
Leis Schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen—
Irrst die Gedanken mir,
Mein wirres Singen hier
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.
(Mein Singen ist ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.)

I wander through the quiet night,
the moon sneaks in soft secrecy
through the cloud covering,
and here and there in the valley
a nightingale awakens.
Then again all is sombre and still.

O wonderful night-song:
From far away it flows to me,
a quiet shiver in the dark trees—
My thoughts stray,
my confused song here
cries out, but only out of dreams.
(My singing cries only out of dreams.)

Frühlingslied — Spring Song
(Nikolaus Lenau)

Durch den Wald, den dunkeln,
Geht holde Frühlingmorgenstunde,
Durch den Wald vom Himmel weht
Eine leise Liebeskunde.

Selig lauscht der grüne Baum,
Und er taucht mit allen Zweigen
In den schönen Frühlingstraum,
In den vollen Lebensreigen.

Blüht ein Blümchen irgendwo,
Wird's vom hellen Tau getränkt,
Das versteckte zittert froh,
Daß der Himmel sein gedenket.

In geheimer Laubesnacht
Wird des Vogels Herz getroffen
Von der Liebe Zaubermacht,
Und er singt ein süßes Hoffen

All' das frohe Lenzgeschick nicht
Ein Wort des Himmels kündigt,
Nur sein stummer, warmer Blick
Hat die Seligkeit entzündet.

Also in den Winterharm,
Der die Seele hielt bezwungen,
Ist dein Blick mir, still und warm,
Frühlingsmächtig eingedrungen.

Through the forest, the darkness,
steal the sweet early morning hours,
through the forest there wafts from heaven
a gentle message of love.

Blissfully the green tree listens
and plunges with all its branches
into the fair dream of Spring,
into life's full roundelay.

Wherever a flowerlet may bloom,
it is jewelled with bright dew.
In hiding, it trembles with joy,
giving thanks to heaven.

Secreted in the leafy night,
the bird's heart is ensnared
by love's magic power,
and he sings of a sweet hope.

All the gaiety of Spring
was evoked, not by a word from heaven,
but by his silent, fond glance
which kindled this blissfulness.

Thus in the misery of winter
which holds the soul imprisoned,
your glance to me, still and warm,
pierced me with the might of Spring.

Franz Schubert, Four Lieder

Frühlingsglaube — Faith in Spring
(Ludwig Uhland)

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang,
Nun armes Herze, sei nicht bang,
Nun muß sich alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Da Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal,
Nun armes Herz, vergiß der Qual,
Nun muß sich alles wenden.

Balmy breezes are awakened,
they stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.
O fresh scents, o new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day,
we cannot know what is still to come,
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

An die Nachtigall — To the Nightingale
(Matthias Claudius)

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,
Kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatts mich freun:
Nachtigall, Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!

He lies sleeping upon my heart:
my kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.
And I can be merry and jest,
delight in every flower and leaf.
Nightingale, nightingale, ah!
Do not awaken my love with your singing!

Seligkeit — Bliss
(Ludwig Höltz)

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühen im Himmelssaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O, da möcht ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf' und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und singet.
O da möcht ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der sagt,
Daß ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib ich ewig hier!

Joys beyond number
bloom in heaven's hall
for angels and the transfigured,
as our fathers taught.
Oh, there I should like to be,
forever rejoicing!

Upon each a heavenly bride
smiles tenderly;
harp and psalter sound,
there is dancing and singing.
Oh, there I should like to be,
forever rejoicing!

I would sooner stay here
if Laura smiles on me
with a look that says
I have ceased grieving.
Blissfully then with her
I will remain forever here!

Please wait until end of song to turn page

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Lied der Mignon — Mignon's Song
from the Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister, Op. 62 No. 4
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

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

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Alas! he who loves and knows me
is far away.
My head spins,
my intestines burn.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!

Franz Schubert, Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965
(Wilhelm Müller, with stanzas 5 and 6 by Helmina von Chézy)

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,

When I stand on the highest rock,
look down into the deep valley
and sing,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Wiederhall
Der Klüfte.

The echo from the ravines rises up
from the dark depths
of the distant valley.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

The further my voice carries,
the clearer it echoes back to me
from below.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiss nach ihr
Hinüber.

My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
and thus I long so ardently
for her.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

I am consumed by deep sorrow;
my joy has gone.
My hope on this earth has vanished;
I am so alone here.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

So fervently the song resounded in the forest,
so fervently it resounded through the night;
it drew hearts heavenwards
with its wondrous power.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

Spring will come,
spring, my delight;
now I shall prepare
to go a-wandering.

Translations based on Richard Wigmore, *Schubert: The Complete Song Texts*
(London: Victor Gollancz, 1988)

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