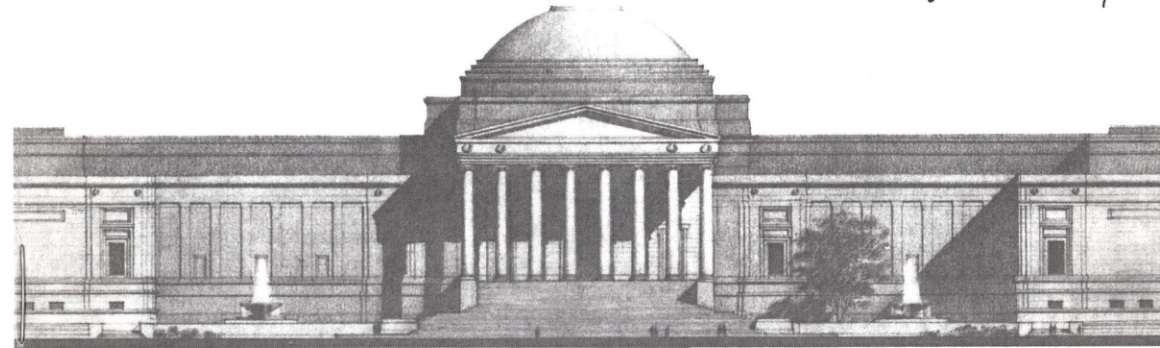


4-23-14

4-30-14

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.



Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

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The Seventy-second Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art

Five Lives in Music

Concerts created and presented in honor of
*Five Lives in Music: Women Performers, Composers,
and Impresarios from the Baroque to the Present*
by Cecelia Hopkins Porter

April 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30, 2014
Wednesdays, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Introduction

The National Gallery of Art music department has dedicated its five Wednesday concerts in April to a musical realization of *Five Lives in Music: Women Performers, Composers, and Impresarios from the Baroque to the Present*. Written by Cecelia Hopkins Porter and published in 2012 by the University of Illinois Press, the book traces the author's discovery of four remarkable women composers whose work is largely unknown, and who were ignored until now because of the chauvinistic attitudes that prevailed in their own and subsequent generations. In addition, Porter writes about one of her contemporaries, pianist Anne Schein, whose career as a performer and teacher exemplifies the emergence of women from the shadows of the musical world in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries. Schein's performance on Wednesday, April 30, will conclude the series.

A graduate of Columbia and Harvard Universities and the University of Maryland, where she served on the faculty, Washington, DC native Cecelia Hopkins Porter has also taught at George Washington University. Her post-graduate musicological studies have included Fulbright and other scholarships in Berlin and Vienna. Earlier publications include *The Rhine as Musical Metaphor: Cultural Identity in German Romantic Music*, and numerous articles in *The American Music Teacher*, *Holocaust and Genocide Studies*, *The Musical Quarterly*, *Nineteenth-Century Music*, and *Opera News*. Washington-area concertgoers will recognize Porter's name from the many concert reviews she has written for the *Washington Post* since the early 1960s. In addition to her skills as a scholar and writer, Porter is a pianist, flutist, and organist.



Judith Leyster, *Self-Portrait*, c. 1630, oil on canvas, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss

2,988th Concert
April 2, 2014, 12:10 pm

Barbara Hollinshead, mezzo-soprano
Linnea Shin, soprano
Dan Swenberg, theorbo
Gwendolyn Toth, harpsichord and organ

Music by Sophie-Elisabeth von Mecklenburg (1613–1676),
Johann Rosenmüller, and Heinrich Schütz

One of a handful of persons of noble birth who had the talent and discipline required to compose worthwhile music, Duchess Sophie-Elisabeth von Mecklenburg (1613–1676) was born in the court of Güstrow, a small but active north German cultural center, and spent part of her youth in exile in Kassel, — her father, Duke John Albert II of Mecklenburg-Güstrow, was deposed from 1621–1624 by Emperor Ferdinand II, who thought he had taken sides with the Swedes in the Thirty Years War — where she had access to even more sophisticated musical training.

Her marriage to a relatively enlightened nobleman — August the Younger, Duke of the nearby duchy of Braunschweig-Lüneberg (1579–1666), allowed her the opportunity to continue her musical pursuits (she played the harpsichord) and even administer the musical life of her husband's court. One of the musicians with whom she had frequent contact, and from whom she received advice and counsel, was the Kappelmeister of the Saxon court in Dresden, Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672). Through Schütz, the duchess came to know and eventually aided composers Johann Jakob Löwe (1629–1703), Julius Johann Weiland (c. 1605–1663). Despite recurring turmoil and shortage of funds caused by the Thirty Years War (1618–1648) and the preoccupation of bearing two children and rearing four more from the previous marriage of her husband, Elisabeth-Sophie created and maintained a musical life at court that drew the attention of musicians and nobles throughout northern Germany.



Adélaïde Labille-Guiard, *A Fashionable Noblewoman Wearing a Plumed Hat*, c. 1789, pastel on blue laid paper, National Gallery of Art, Washington, New Century Fund

2,990th Concert
April 9, 2014, 12:10 pm

Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano

With Arco Voce

Elizabeth Field, Nina Falk, violins

Stephanie Vial, cello

Steven Silverman, harpsichord

Music by Elisabeth-Claude Jacquet de la Guerre (1665–1729)

Born to a respected family of Parisian musicians during the reign of Louis XIV, Elisabeth-Claude Jacquet de la Guerre (1665–1729) lived amid the rich cultural surroundings of Versailles and Paris. Along with a number of professionals in an emerging *petite-bourgeoisie*, she was able to forge a career based on her abilities rather than her birth. Presented at court at age twenty-two, she was the first woman to have an opera staged at the Académie Royale de Musique. Her portrait (now in a private collection in London) painted by François de Troy (1645–1730), depicts her with sheet music in one hand and a writing instrument in the other. She maintained an important salon in her home, at which performers such as harpsichordist Louis Nicolas Clérambault (1676–1749) and gambist Marin Marais (1656–1728) were heard, and frequent guests included Marie de Lorraine, Duchess of Guise (1615–1688), who herself maintained the most famous musical salon outside the royal establishment, headed by Marc Antoine de Charpentier (1643–1704). Widowed at age thirty-nine, Jacquet de la Guerre continued to support herself in a comfortable life style by giving concerts on the harpsichord, teaching, and publishing sonatas and cantatas in the newly popular Italian style. One of her harpsichord pupils, Louis-Claude Daquin (1694–1772), went on to become one of the prime French composers of the mid-eighteenth century.



Käthe Kollwitz, *Praying Girl*, 1892, etching and aquatint, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of Grant and Virginia Green

2,992nd Concert
April 16, 2014, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano
Stan Engebretson, pianist

Music by Josephine Lang (1815–1880)

By the time Josephine Lang was a young adult, a woman making a mark in music was not as rare a phenomenon as it had been in earlier centuries. It should be noted, however, that the two most famous women among her musician contemporaries—Fanny Mendelssohn Henschel (1805–1847) and Clara Wieck Schumann (1819–1896)—entered the scene bearing names already made famous by men. In spite of Lang's considerable accomplishments—she wrote hundreds of songs, dozens of choral works, sonatas for violin and piano, and incidental pieces, which earned published praise from Robert Schumann and other prominent critics—she lived in relative obscurity, conforming to the expectations of European culture of her time for married women, which in her case included raising six children without the aid of full-time servants. One exception was the salon that she maintained in her home in Tübingen, Germany, even after her husband's death in 1856. It attracted the likes of poets Eduard Möricke (1804–1875), Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), and Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862), as well as sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen (1770–1844).



Oskar Kokoschka, *Corona I*, 1918, lithograph, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Rosenwald Collection

2,993rd Concert
 April 23, 2014, 12:10 pm
 West Building, West Garden Court

Alessandra Marc, soprano
David Chapman, pianist

Program

- | | | |
|----|---|-------|
| 2. | Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) Der Tod, das ist die kuehle Nacht, op. 96, no. 1 Text by Heinrich Heine | 2:19 |
| 3. | Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, op 105, no. 2 Text by Herrmann Lingg | 3:48 |
| 4. | Botschaft, op. 47, no. 1 Text after Georg Friedrich Daumer | 2:19 |
| 5. | Richard Strauss (1864–1949) Morgen Allersellen Freundliche Vision Staendchen | 11:10 |
| 6. | Remarks Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) Zitronenfalter im April Auch kleine Dinge Er ist's | 5:36 |

7. Maria Bach (1896–1978)
Bild (1926)
Text by Grete von Urbanitzky (1891–1974)
Dauernde Erinnerung
Text by Kino Aritomo (1868–1965)
Fruehling's Ende
Maria und der Schiffer

9. Remarks

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)

From Marietta's Lied

10. Die tode Stadt, op. 12

7:26

4:20

The Musicians

ALESSANDRA MARC

Writing in *The New Yorker*, music critic Andrew Porter described Alessandra Marc's voice as "an instrument of unsurpassed beauty and impact" and "perhaps the richest, fullest, most beautiful big soprano voice around." Highlights of her operatic career to date include the title role of *Aida* at the Metropolitan Opera, about which the *New York Times* wrote, "She displayed burnished tone and enormous volume, especially in climactic phrases that soar above the orchestra and chorus." Her recordings include *American Diva*, which rose to number thirteen on *Billboard* magazine's classical charts, and *Opera Gala* with Andrew Litton and the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. A frequent guest of the world's leading opera houses and orchestras, Marc collaborated frequently with the late Giuseppe Sinopoli, for whose funeral mass she sang in Rome in 2001.

Not long after her first performance at the White House in 1991, Marc was selected by then National Gallery music director George Manos to substitute for ailing soprano Arleen Auger to sing with the National Gallery Orchestra on the occasion of the Gallery's fiftieth anniversary (and coincidentally its 2,000th concert). The resulting performance of Richard Strauss' *Four Last Songs* was a resounding success with the audience and critics alike. Marc maintains a web site at www.alessandramarc.com.

DAVID CHAPMAN

Making his third appearance at the National Gallery of Art this afternoon, pianist and private voice teacher David Chapman holds degrees and performance diplomas from the Peabody Conservatory and the Eastman School of Music. While in Germany on a Fulbright grant, he continued his studies in Stuttgart and performed in Austria, Denmark, Hungary, Italy, and Switzerland. In addition to making recordings for radio stations in Stuttgart and Cologne, he has appeared on German television and taught master classes at the Moscow Conservatory. In the United States, he has performed at Carnegie Hall, as collaborative pianist with Alessandra Marc and Nancy Peery Marriott; the Kennedy Center Opera House; the British, Chinese, Finnish,

Polish, and Swedish embassies; and the universities of Oklahoma and Nebraska. A member of the National Association of Teachers of Singing and an adjunct teacher at the Landon School for Boys in Bethesda, Maryland, Chapman is music director and pianist at the Paint Branch Unitarian Universalist Church in Adelphi, Maryland, and a member of the Friday Morning Music Club. He was the piano soloist and accompanist for the soundtrack of the motion picture *The Successor* (1996), directed by Rodoh Seji.

Program Note

Born into a wealthy family in Austria's upper middle class, Maria Bach (1896–1978) enjoyed a first-class musical education and frequent contact with many of the renowned composers who made Vienna their home in the first quarter of the twentieth century, among them Erich Korngold, Alma Mahler (1879–1964), and Joseph Marx (1882–1964). During prominent musical soirées hosted by her family, Maria's chamber works were performed by members of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and leading singers from the Vienna Opera included her songs in their recitals. Her rising prominence as a composer, however, was interrupted by momentous movements and events. The revolutionary effect of the "Viennese modern" school, headed by Arnold Schoenberg (1874–1951), pushed conservative composers like Maria Bach into the background. Successive world-shaking events—World War I, the Great Depression, and the rise of Nazism in Austria—removed completely the economic and social support network that might have aided her as a composer. Her career was further impeded by a decades-long legal dispute with her sisters over inheritance of their parents' fortune, which left all of them impoverished. Except for occasional performances by clubs devoted to women composers and performers, Maria Bach and her music were all but forgotten in post-World War II Vienna.



Millicent Krouse, *Young Woman*, 1957, color woodcut on wove paper, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Rosenwald Collection

2,995th Concert
April 30, 2014, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Ann Schein, pianist

Program
Performed without intermission

- 1. *Remarks*
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
- 2. *Sonatine* 12:58
 - Modéré
 - Mouvement de menuet
 - Animé
- 3. Claude Debussy (1862-1918) 7:20
 - L'Isle joyeuse
- Frédéric Chopin (1810-1845)
- 4. *Sonata no. 3 in B Minor, op. 58* 29:22
 - Allegro maestoso
 - Scherzo: Molto vivace
 - Largo
 - Finale: Presto non tanto
- 5. *Chopin Posthumous Etude in A-flat* 2:39

Program Note

Cecelia Porter was drawn to Ann Schein as the subject for the fifth and final chapter of her book due to Schein's consistent excellence as a performer, which Porter had first encountered when both women were students of Mieczysław Munz (1900–1976) at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Porter found Schein to be the perfect culmination for her treatise on women in music, not only because she represents a fulfillment in America of the aspirations for which European musicians and composers laid the groundwork, but also because Schein has proven to be eager to share her thoughts and feelings about her profession.

Born in White Plains, New York, and raised in Evanston, Illinois, and Washington, DC, Schein was a star pupil, performing in a live television broadcast and with a symphony orchestra at age ten, gaining acceptance into the Peabody Conservatory studio of Mieczysław Munz at age thirteen, winning the Merriweather Post Concerto Competition at age sixteen, and playing her professional debut recital (at Washington's Pan American Union) at eighteen. When, in 1960, the world-famous pianist Arthur Rubenstein (1887–1982) heard a recording of Schein's performance of Rachmaninoff's *Third Piano Concerto*, he immediately invited her to New York to audition for him, and later (1962) to Paris and Lucerne, to study with him while he was on vacation. This proved to be not only a breathtaking educational experience for the young pianist, but also led to recordings with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and a managing contract with the powerful Russian-born American impresario Sol Hurok (1888–1974).

After initial successes in New York and Europe, Schein's career as a pianist can be said to have moved to a "back burner." In 1969 she married Earl Carlyss (b. 1939), who was at the time the new second violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet. She gave birth to their two children in the early 1970s, and remained out of the spotlight for the remainder of the decade. In 1980, however, Schein presented a cycle of all-Chopin recitals at Alice Tully Hall that drew sold-out audiences and rave reviews, launching a new chapter

in her career. During the next few years she gave concerts in forty states across the country; was appointed to the faculties of the Peabody Conservatory and the Aspen Summer Festival; formed a chamber ensemble (the American Chamber Players, resident at the Library of Congress, 1981–1986); and toured worldwide with soprano Jessye Norman (b. 1945). In 2009 she was honored with a visiting professorship at the University of Indiana.

Ann Schein's numerous performances at the National Gallery date back to 1956, when, still a student at the Peabody Conservatory, she played Mozart's *Piano Concerto no. 20 in D Minor*, K. 466, with the National Gallery Orchestra. It is truly fitting that a performance by Ann Schein provides the culmination of this five-concert salute to women in music by Cecelia Porter and the Gallery music department.

Texts and Translations

April 23, 2014

**Alessandra Marc, soprano; David Chapman, pianist
Cecelia Porter, lecturer**

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
Drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe -
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Herrmann Lingg (1820–1905)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehen,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du einmal noch mich sehen,
Komm, o komme bald!

Death! It is the Cooling Night

Death! It is the cooling night;
Life! It is the sultry day:
It darkens, and I slumber;
I am wearied with the light.

Over my bed is a tree,
And in it a nightingale sings;
It sings of nought but love --
I can hear it amidst my dreaming.

My Slumber Grows Ever More Peaceful

My slumber grows ever more peaceful;
Only my anxiety lies upon me,
trembling like a thin veil.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep bitterly.

Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the forest:
If you wish to see me once more,
come, o come soon!

Botschaft

Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)
After Hafez

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe;
Sprich: "Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn."

Morgen

John Henry Mackay (1864–1933)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
wird uns, die Seligen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes grosses
Schweigen.

A Message

Blow, Breeze, gently and lovingly
about the cheeks of my beloved;
Play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!

If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor wretched me,
Tell her: "Unending was his woe,
highly dubious was his condition;

However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life again.
For you, lovely one,
are thinking of him!"

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will
shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue
waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each other's eyes

and the great silence of happiness will settle
upon us.

Allerseelen

Herrmann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812–1864)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich
drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,

Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder
habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Freundliche Vision

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865–1910)

Nicht im Schlafe hab' ich das geträumt,
Hell am Tage sah ich's schön vor mir:
Eine Wiese voller Margeritten;
Tief ein weißes Haus in grünen Büschen;
Götterbilder leuchten aus dem Laube.
Und ich geh' mit Einer, die mich lieb hat,
Ruhigen Gemütes in die Kühle
Dieses weißen Hauses, in den Frieden,
Der voll Schönheit wartet, daß wir kommen.

All Souls' Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it
secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to
me.

Just give me your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off
their fragrances;
One day in the year are the dead free.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have
you again,
as once I did in May.

Friendly Vision

I did not dream this while asleep;
I saw it fair before me in the light of day:
A meadow full of daisies,
a white house deep in green bushes,
images of gods gleaming from the leaves.
And I walk with one who loves me,
in a peaceful mood in the coolness
of this white house, in which peace
awaits our arrival, full of beauty.

Ständchen

Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack (1815–1894)

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im
Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich
regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden
Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist
wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen
erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der
Nacht.

Serenade

Open up, open, but softly my dear,
So as to wake no one from sleep.
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly
shakes
A leaf on bush or hedge.
So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,
Just lay your hand softly on the doorlatch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
Soft enough to hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
To steal to me in the garden.
The flowers are sleeping along the rippling
brook,
Fragrant in sleep; only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously
Beneath the lime trees,
The nightingale over our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Shall glow from the wondrous passions of
the night.

Bild

Greta Urbanitzky (1891–1974)

Verschlafene Bauernhäuser seh'n still in
tiefen Träumen
Hervor aus breiten dunklen ruhvollen
Lindenbäumen.

Es reckt sich starr gebietend der Wald zum
Himmelsbogen,
De Berge steh'n schweigend von Wolken
grau umzogen.

Und eine lichte Wolke schwebt leicht auf
roten Flügeln,
Aus abenddunklem Schweigen heim zu den
blauen Hügeln.

Dauernde Erinnerung

Hans Bethge (1876–1946)

Based on a text by Kino Aritomo, published
in *Japanese Spring* (1918)

Ich wünsche ein Gewand mir von der Farbe
Der Kirschenblüten.
Wenn die Blüten dann Schon lang verwelkt
sind, werd ich immer doch
Durch mein Gewand an ihre Lust gemahnt.

Frühlings Ende

Bethge

Based on a text by Okishima (fl. eighth
century), published in *Japanese Spring*
(1918)

Im Bambushaine meines Gartens hör ich
Die Nachtigall mit müder Stimme klagen,

Sie trauert, weil die weissen Pflaumenblüten
In Scharen von den Bäumen niederfallen,

Weil nun der Lenz mit seinen Wundern
flieht.

Image

Sleeping farm houses in deep dreams look
calmly out through the broad boughs of dark
and peaceful line trees.

The forest stretches stiffly toward the arch
of heaven;
The mountains stand mute, embraced by
gray clouds.

And one shining cloud floats weightlessly
on red wings,
Up, out of the dark silence of the evening, to
its home in the blue hills.

Lasting Memory

I long for a gown the color of cherry
blossoms.
When the blossoms have long since faded,
I will be reminded by my gown of the
pleasure they gave me.

The End of Spring

In the bamboo grove in my garden
I hear the nightingale complaining, with a
tired voice;
She mourns because the white plum
blossoms are falling in showers from the
trees,
For the spring, with all its miracles,
is now in flight.

Maria und der Schiffer

German Folk Poem

Maria ging wohl längs das Meer,
Da fand sie einen Schiffman steh'n.
"Schiffer. liebster Schiffer mein,
Willst du mich wohl schiffen über das
Meer?"

"Eh ich euch schiffe über das Meer,
So müßt Ihr mir geben, was mein Herz
begehrt!"
"Eh ich dire gebe was dein Herz begehrt,
Viel lieber will ich wandeln über das Meer."

Maria hob ihr Röcklein auf, sie trat wohl in
das tiefe Meer.
Als sie wohl in die Mitte kam,
Da fingen alle Gottesglöcklein an.
Maria trat auf einem Stein,
Dem Schiffmann sprang sein Herz entzwei.

Zitronenfalter im April

Eduard Mörike (1804–1875)

Grausame Frühlingssonne,
Du weckst mich vor der Zeit,
Dem nur in Maienwonne
Die zarte Kost gedeiht!
Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen hier,
Das auf der Rosenlippe mir
Ein Tröpfchen Honig beut,
So muß ich jämmerlich vegehn
Und wird der Mai mich nimmer sehn
In meinem gelben Kleid.

Maria and the Boatman

As Maria walked along the shore of the lake,
She found a boatman standing there.
"Boatman, my dear boatman, will you take
me across the lake?"

"Before I take you across the lake,
You must give me whatever my heart
desires."
"I'd sooner walk across the lake
Than give you what your heart desires."

Maria raised her skirt and walked into the
deep lake;
When she reached the middle,
All of God's bells began to ring
Maria stumbled on a stone;
The boatman's heart broke in two.

Brimstone Butterflies in April

Cruel spring sun,
you wake me before my time;
my delicate food does not flourish
until the bliss of May!
If there is no dear girl here
to offer me a droplet of honey
from her rosy lips,
then I must perish miserably,
and May will never see me
in my yellow dress.

Auch kleine Dinge

Paul Heise (1830–1914)

From a traditional Italian folk poem

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen
schmücken;

Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur
klein.

Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wißt.

Er ist's

Mörike

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Even Little Things

Even little things can delight us,
Even little things can be precious.
Think how we gladly adorn ourselves with
pearls;
They are heavily paid for, and yet are small.

Think how small is the olive's fruit,
And is nevertheless sought for its virtue.
Think only on the rose, how small she is,
And yet, smells so sweet, as you know .

It is He

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter again in the breeze;
a sweet, familiar scent
sweeps with promise through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
and will soon arrive.
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
It is you that I have heard!

Mariettas Lied

Julius Korngold (1860–1945)

Glück, das mir verblieb,
rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.
Abend sinkt im Hag
bist mir Licht und Tag.
Bange pochet Herz an Herz
Hoffnung schwingt sich himmelwärts.

Wie wahr, ein traurig Lied.
Das Lied vom treuen Lieb,
das sterben muss.
Ich kenne das Lied.
Ich hört es oft in jungen,
in schöneren Tagen.
Es hat noch eine Strophe --
weiß ich sie noch?

Naht auch Sorge trüb,
rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.
Neig dein blaß Gesicht
Sterben trennt uns nicht.
Mußt du einmal von mir gehn,
glaub, es gibt ein Auferstehn.

Marietta's Song

Happiness that has stayed with me,
move up close beside me, my true love.
In the grove evening is waning,
yet you are my light and day.
One heart beats uneasily against the other,
[while] hope soars heavenward.

How true, a mournful song.
The song of the true love
bound to die.
I know this song.
I often heard it sung
in happier days of yore.
There is yet another stanza -
have I still got it in mind?

Though dismal sorrow is drawing nigh,
move up close beside me, my true love.
Turn your wan face to me
death will not part us.
When the hour of death comes one day,
believe that you will rise again.