

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.

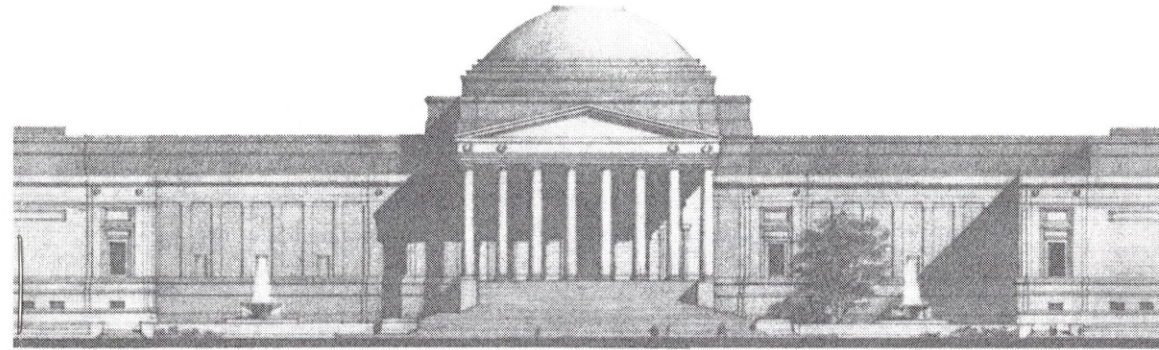
Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

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. Lammot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,978th Concert

Wolfgang Holzmair, baritone
Russell Ryan, pianist

February 2, 2014
Sunday, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

Performed without intermission—the audience is requested to withhold applause until the pause between sections, and again until the end of the cycle.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Schwanengesang (Swan Song), D. 957 (1828)

(Songs with other Deutsch numbers are from other collections)

Die Taubenpost, D. 965a (Pigeon Post) (1828)

Im Freien, D. 880 (Out of Doors) (1826)

Liebesbotschaft (Message of Love)

Kriegers Ahnung (Warrior's Foreboding)

Frühlingssehnsucht (Spring Longing)

Ständchen (Serenade)

Aufenthalt (Resting Place)

Herbst (Autumn)

In der Ferne (In the Distance)

Abschied (Farewell)

BRIEF PAUSE

Der Atlas (Atlas)

Ihr Bild (Her Picture)

Das Fischermädchen (The Fisher Maiden)

Am Meer (By the Sea)

Die Stadt (The City)

Der Doppelgänger (The Double)

Schwanengesang, D. 744 (Swan Song) (1823)

The Musicians

WOLFGANG HOLZMAIR

One of the world's leading baritones, Wolfgang Holzmair was born in Vöcklabruck, Austria, and studied at the Vienna Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts with Hilde Rössel-Majdan (voice) and Erik Werba (*Lied*). A favorite in prestigious concert halls and festivals worldwide, he has given recitals in Lisbon, London, Moscow, New York, Seoul, and Washington, DC. He has been a featured singer at the Bregenz and Carinthian Summer festivals in Austria; Risør Festival in Norway; Menuhin Festival in Switzerland; and Bath, Belfast, and Edinburgh festivals in the United Kingdom.

Active as well on the opera stage, Holzmair has sung Demetrius in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Masino in Haydn's *La vera costanza*, Eduard in Hindemith's *Neues vom Tage*, Father in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, Papageno and Speaker of the Temple in Mozart's *Magic Flute*, Eisenstein in Johann Strauss Jr's *Die Fledermaus*, Faninal in Richard Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, and Wolfram in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

Among the prominent orchestras with which Holzmair has sung are the Berlin Philharmonic, Budapest Festival, Cleveland, Royal Concertgebouw, Dresden Philharmonic, Israel Philharmonic, Leipzig Gewandhaus, and Vienna Symphony orchestras as well as the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. The conductors on those occasions included Herbert Blomstedt, Pierre Boulez, Riccardo Chailly, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, Ivan Fischer, Bernard Haitink, Roger Norrington, and Seiji Ozawa.

Winner of a Grammy Award for his recording of Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem* with Herbert Blomstedt, Holzmair has recorded numerous *Lieder* by Beethoven, Brahms, Haydn, Schubert, and Wolf as well as songs by contemporary composers. His long-standing commitment to works by formerly persecuted composers is evidenced by his CDs of songs by Ernst Krenek (1900–1991), Franz Mittler (1893–1970), Franz Schreker (1878–1934) and Erich Zeisl (1905–1959) as well as his recording of compositions from the Terezin concentration camp.

Since 1998 Holzmaier has taught *Lied* and oratorio at the Mozarteum in Salzburg and given master classes in Europe, Japan, and North America. He is also a visiting professor at the Royal Academy of Music in London and a fellow of the Royal College of Music. He appears at the National Gallery by arrangement with Matthew Sprizzo artists, www.matthewsprizzo.com.

RUSSELL RYAN

Born in North Dakota, Russell Ryan received his first piano lessons at age six. A prize winner and soloist at the San Francisco Junior Bach Festival, he studied piano under Paul Hersh at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, before participating in master classes at the Juilliard School in New York. He subsequently moved to Austria, where he studied piano chamber music under Georg Ebert at Vienna's University for Music and Performing Arts, where he was appointed to the faculty in 1985. Since 1991 he has assisted in the *Lied* class of Edith Mathis. His activity in Vienna has also included accompanying the Wiener Singverein, giving master classes at the Wiener Meisterkurse, and teaching at the Institute for the International Education of Students. Festivals in which Ryan has participated include Gino Bechi Festival in Florence, Grieg Festivals in Oslo and Bergen, Jugendfestival in Bayreuth, Menuhin Festival in Gstaad, Oslo Music Academy Festival, and Schleswig-Holstein Musikfestival in northern Germany.

Ryan performs regularly as a soloist and collaborative artist throughout China, Europe, Israel, Japan, and the United States. He has appeared in many radio and television broadcasts, recorded several CDs, and concertized at the Austrian embassies in New York and Washington, Carnegie Hall, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, the Kennedy Center, Lincoln Center, and the Wiener Konzerthaus. Since 2008 he has been a professor of practice for collaborative piano at Arizona State University and a guest artist at the Fairbanks Summer Arts Festival and the Middlebury (Connecticut) Summer Program.

Program Notes

Historians consider Ludwig van Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte* (To the Distant Beloved), composed in 1816, to be the first example of the song cycle (*Liederkreis*) as a genre. Not long after Beethoven's innovation, Franz Schubert succeeded him as the foremost composer of song cycles with *Die schöne Müllerin* (The Lovely Maid of the Mill) in 1823 and *Winterreise* (Winter Journey) in 1828. Schubert wrote those songs for the vocal range of a tenor or soprano, but he also established a precedent by transposing his songs into a lower key so that they would suit a wider range of singers. The piano parts are intricate, expressive, and replete with musical descriptions of the words being sung as well as expressions of unspoken but implied ideas. Schubert's inspiration for *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise* came from poetry that Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827) had published in 1820 and 1824. The composer selected texts for his settings that would articulate the narrative of a wanderer's journey, passing through stages of love, longing, delusional hope, and despair.

Widely regarded as Schubert's third great song cycle, *Schwanengesang* (Swan Song) came into being under a more mundane set of circumstances. Compiled after Schubert's death by publisher Tobias Haslinger (1787–1842), *Schwanengesang* consists of unpublished manuscripts that Haslinger found among Schubert's belongings. Having enjoyed great success in publishing Schubert's two previous cycles, he released the posthumous collection in 1829, advertising the "cycle" as Schubert's "final musical testament to the world." The idea of a "swan song" and the assignment of that name to the publication were fabrications on Haslinger's part. He did not even attempt to organize the songs, but simply published them in the order in which he found the manuscripts.

Wolfgang Holzmaier has made his own musical and dramatic choices in presenting Schubert's *Schwanengesang*. He places two *Lieder* with texts by Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804–1875)—“Die Taubenpost” and “Im Freien”—at the beginning of the cycle, and finishes with a *Lied* from Schubert's earlier works, for which the text (by Johann Chrysostomos Senn, 1795–1857) is indeed a swan song. The other songs are presented in the order in which Haslinger published them, except for “Am Meer” and “Die Stadt,” which are reversed.

An optimistic song of unrequited longing, “Die Taubenpost” tells of a carrier pigeon that carries a lover's message to his sweetheart's house each day. The lover never receives a response, but he cherishes the constancy and enthusiasm of his longing, symbolized by the pigeon and its flight pattern. In “Im Freien,” Schubert returns to the theme of the wanderer's journey, which in this case occurs at nighttime. The wanderer, remembering how the cottage where his loved one lived looked in the moonlight, finds a bittersweet reminder of that bygone time in the scenes he encounters in his present lonely journey.

Schubert's unpublished manuscripts included musical settings of seven poems by Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)—a tribute to Beethoven, who had considered setting them, but died in 1827 before he could do so. Schubert employs unusual modulations throughout the Rellstab settings, but the journey progresses organically, never defying convention too abruptly and making seamless transitions between contrasting moods. “Liebesbotschaft” features nature imagery, including running right-hand figurations intended to depict a babbling brook. One of the most famous serenades in the world, “Ständchen” unfolds seductively with a lush melody and heartbreaking harmonic motion. Following two identical verses in minor key, the shorter third verse adds a triumphant exclamation to an otherwise brooding song. The powerful banging of the piano in “Aufenthalt” conveys a pessimistic anguish, denying the existence of a true “resting place.” In spite of the fact that its text is a song of farewell, “Abschied” conveys a bright and hopeful disposition.

If the Rellstab settings show Schubert's compositional reserve, his progressive musical sentiments certainly come through in the Heinrich Heine settings that comprise the second part of tonight's recital. In “Am Meer,” shifting tonalities and thirty-second note figures in the piano illustrate the narrator's slow decay and eventual demise.” “Die Stadt” uses a hypnotic drone and diminished flourishes to create a sparse, spectral cityscape. A bare piano dirge in “Der Doppelgänger” adds to the narrator's horror upon reliving his darkest moments, with no hope of changing the past.

Composed five years before Schubert's death, the *Lied* titled “Schwanengesang,” D. 744, replaces “Die Taubenpost,” the cycle's customary closing piece, on this evening's program. Whereas the latter song was likely inserted by Haslinger to provide a more optimistic conclusion to the cycle, “Schwanengesang” fits its spirit more appropriately, serving as a final lament with just a brief glimmer of hope in the phrase “transfiguration's joy.”

Program notes by Michael Jacko, music program specialist, National Gallery of Art

Next week at the National Gallery of Art

Fine Arts Quartet

Music by Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, and Zimbalist

February 9, 2014

Sunday, 6:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court

Texts and Translations
Schubert: *Schwanengesang*
February 2, 2014

Die Taubenpost

(Johann Gabriel Seidl)

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub' in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb ich ihr,
Oh, sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich,
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

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!

Drum heg ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heißt—die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

Pigeon Post

(Translation: Philip Sternberg)

I have a carrier-pigeon in my service
Who is devoted and true.
She never stops short of her goal,
And never flies too far.

I have sent her a thousand times,
Out every day to gather information
Past many a favorite spot
To my beloved's house.

There she peeps in at the window,
Spying on every look and step,
Gives my greetings playfully
And brings my beloved's to me.

I needn't write a note any longer,
My very tears I give her:
She will not misdeliver them,
So earnestly does she serve me.

By day, by night, in waking, in dreaming,
They are all the same to her,
So long as she can wander,
She is more than satisfied!

She never tires, she never grows exhausted,
The route always feels new;
She needs no enticement, needs no reward,
This pigeon is so true to me.

And so I cherish her truly in my heart,
Certain of the fairest prize;
Her name—Longing! Do you know her?
The messenger of constancy.

Im Freien

(Seidl)

Draußen in der weiten Nacht
Steh ich wieder nun,
Ihre helle Sternenpracht
Läßt mein Herz nicht ruhn!

Tausend Arme winken mir
Süß begehrend zu,
Tausend Stimmen rufen hier,
»Gruß dich, Trauter, du!«

O ich weiß auch, was mich zieht,
Weiß auch, was mich ruft,
Was wie Freundes Gruß und Lied
Locket durch die Luft.

Siehst du dort das Hüttchen stehn,
Drauf der Mondschein ruht?
Durch die blanken Scheiben sehn
Augen, die mir gut!

Siehst du dort das Haus am Bach,
Das der Mond bescheint?
Unter seinem trauten Dach
Schläft mein liebster Freund.

Siehst du jenen Baum der voll
Silberflocken flimmt?
O wie oft mein Busen schwoll
Froher dort gestimmt!

Jedes Plätzchen, das mir winkt
Ist ein lieber Platz,
Und wohin ein Strahl nur sinkt,
Locket ein teurer Schatz.

Drum auch winkt mir's überall
So begehrend hier,
Drum auch ruft es, wie der Schall
Trauter Liebe mir.

Out of Doors

(Translation: David Gordon)

Outside in the vast night
Now once more I stand;
Its bright, starry splendor
Grants my heart no peace.

A thousand arms beckon to me
With sweet longing
A thousand voices call to me:
"Greetings, thou dear friend!"

Oh, I know what draws me,
What calls to me,
Like a friend's greeting, a song
Floating enticingly through the air.

Do you see the cottage
On which the moonlight is lingering?
From its sparkling windows
Fond eyes gaze out.

Do you see the house there by the brook,
Lit by the moon?
Beneath its homey roof
My dearest friend sleeps.

Do you see that tree,
Glittering with flakes of silver?
Oh, how often did my heart
Swell there with joy!

Every little place that beckons
Is precious to me
And wherever a moonbeam falls
Cherished treasure entices.

So everything here
Beckons to me with longing
And calls to me
Like the echo of true love.

Liebesbotschaft

(Ludwig Rellstab)

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen,
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
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.

Message of Love

(Translation: Richard Morris)

Murmuring brooklet,
So silvery bright,
Do you hurry to my beloved
So quick and so light?
Oh friendly brooklet,
Be my messenger fair;
Bring her my greetings
From this place so far.

All of the flowers
She tends in her garden,
Which she so sweetly
Wears on her bosom,
And her sweet roses
In purple glow,
Brooklet, refresh them
With cooling flow.

When on the bank,
Immersed in dreams,
Remembering me,
She hangs her head,
Comfort my sweetheart
With a friendly glance,
For her beloved
Will soon come back.

When the sun sets
With reddening glow,
Dandle my loved one
To slumber,
Murmur for her
Sweet sleep,
And whisper dreams
Of love to her.

Kriegers Ahnung
(Rellstab)

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 geruht
An ihrem Busen warm,
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm.

Hier, wo der Flammen düst'rer 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!

Warrior's Foreboding
(Translation: Morris)

In deep sleep my brothers-in-arms
Lie around me in a circle.
My heart is anxious and heavy,
I burn with longing.

How often have I sweetly rested
On her warm bosom!
How friendly was the glowing hearth
When she lay in my arm!

Here, where the gloomy glow of flames
Alas, only on weapons plays,
Here the breast feels all alone,
And melancholy tears well up.

O my heart! May comfort not desert you!
There are many battles still to come.
Soon I shall rest and sleep deeply,
Love of my Heart, Goodnight!

Frühlingssehnsucht

(Rellstab)

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn!
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter silbern ins Tal
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.
Was ziehst du mich, sehnend verlangender Sinn,
Hinab?

Grüßender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold!
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt!
Warum?

Grünend umkränzt Wälder und Höh'!
Schimmernd erglänzt Blütenschnee!
So dränget sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:
Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage, und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewußt!
Wer stillt mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du!

Spring Longing

(Translation: Michael P. Rosewall)

Rustling winds blow so gently,
Their breath overflowing with flowers' perfume!
How lovely is the greeting you breathe to me!
What have you done to my pounding heart?
It wants to follow on the windy path,
Whither?

Little stream, always briskly rushing,
Silver lapping waves want to descend to the valley—
Hurry them along!
Meadows and sky are mirrored deeply within.
Why do you draw me, longing, desirous spirit,
Away?

Playful gold of the beckoning sun,
You tenderly bring hopeful joy!
How the sight of your sacred greeting refreshes me!
It laughs lightly within the deep blue sky
And fills my eyes with tears,
Why?

The forests and hills are crowned with green!
The glint of snowy white blossoms shimmers!
All strain toward the bridal light;
Sprouts swell, buds open;
They have found what they desire:
And you?

Restless desire, longing heart,
Is it always to be only tears, complaint and pain?
I also know the swelling desire!
Who can finally still this burning longing?
Only you can set free the springtime in my breast,
Only you!

Ständchen

(Rellstab)

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!

Aufenthalt

(Rellstab)

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 derselbe bleibt mein Schmerz.

Serenade

(Translation: Rosewall)

My songs entreat softly
through the night to you;
Into the quiet grove below,
Come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers
in the moonlight;
Do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my lovely one.

Do you hear the nightingales' call?
Ah, they entreat you;
With the sweet sound of their singing
they entreat for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
know the pain of love;
They calm with their silver tones
each tender heart.

Let them also stir within your breast,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I wait for you,
Come, make me happy!

Resting Place

(Translation: Rosewall)

Rushing torrent, howling forest,
Awesome crag, my dwelling.

Just as each wave follows upon the last,
My tears flow, eternally renewed.

As the high treetops surge and sway
So beats my heart incessantly.

And, like the ore within the ancient stone,
My pain remains unchanged forever.

Herbst

(Reilstab)

Es rauschen die Winde
So herbstlich und kalt;
Verödet die Fluren,
Entblättert der Wald.
Ihr blumigen Auen!
Du sonniges Grün!
So welken die Blüten
Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken
So finster und grau;
Verschwunden die Sterne
Am himmlischen Blau!
Ach, wie die Gestirne
Am Himmel entflieh'n,
So sinket die Hoffnung
Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
Wo ich den Geliebten
Ans Herze gedrückt!
Kalt über den Hügel
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
So sterben die Rosen
Der Liebe dahin.

Autumn

(Translation: Michael Lee)

Gusting are the winds
So autumnal and cold;
Barren are the fields,
Leafless the woods.
You flowery meadows!
You sunlit green!
Thus wither away
The blossoms of life.

Drifting are the clouds
So gloomy and grey;
Vanished are the stars
From the heavenly blue!
Ah, as the stars
Escape from the sky.
Thus fades away
The hope of life!

You days of spring
With roses adorned,
When my beloved
I pressed to my heart!
Cold over the hill
Rush, winds, there!
Thus pass away
The roses of love!

In der Ferne
(Rellstab)

Wehe dem Fliehenden,
Welt hinaus ziehenden!
Fremde durchmessenden,
Heimat vergessenden,
Mutterhaus hassenden,
Freunde verlassenden
Folget kein Segen, ach!
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das sehrende,
Auge, das tränende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!
Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Scherme, ach!
Dies treue Herze brach,
Grüßt von dem Fliehenden,
Welt hinaus ziehenden!

In the Distance
(Translation: Knut W. Barde)

Woe to the fugitive
Heading out into the wide world!
Traversing foreign lands,
Forgetting his homeland,
Hating his family home,
Abandoning friends;
Ah! No blessing follows
their paths!

You longing heart,
Weeping eye,
Never-ending yearning,
Homeward turning!
Heaving bosom,
Reverberating moan,
Flickering evening star,
Sinking hopelessly!

You sighing breezes,
Softly rippling waves,
Rushing sunbeam,
Never tarrying:
Send to her who, alas, has
Painfully broken this true heart of mine,
Greetings from the fugitive
heading out into the wide world!

Abschied

(Rellstab)

Ade! du muntre, du fröhliche Stadt, ade!
Schon scharret mein Rößlein mit lustigen 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, 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, ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, ade!
Was schaut ihr aus blumenumduftetem Haus
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?
Wie sonst, so grüß ich und schaue mich um,
Doch nimmer wend ich mein Rößlein um.

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! du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, ade!
Du glänzest 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, 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!

Farewell

(Translation: Arthur Bullard)

Farewell! You brave, cheerful, city, farewell!
Already my horse trots, keen of hoof;
Now take my last, parting greeting.
You have never yet seen me sad;
Let it not happen now, on parting.

Farewell! You trees, you gardens so green, farewell!
Now I ride along the silvery stream,
My farewell song echoes far and wide
Never have you heard a sad song,
So I won't give you one on parting.

Farewell! You friendly young maids, farewell!
Why do you look out of your flower-perfumed house
with impish, beckoning glances?
How can I but greet them and look around?
But never will I turn my horse round.

Farewell! Dear sun, as you go to bed, farewell!
The gold of the glittering stars shimmers.
How close I am to you, lovely stars in the heavens,
We travel far and wide through this world,
You are always our faithful guide.

Farewell! You shimmering window bright, farewell!
You glint so invitingly
with a dawning light,
And invite us so graciously
into the hut,
So many times have I ridden past,
And will today be the last?

Farewell, you stars, envelope yourselves in grey!
The cloudy, shimmering window light
Cannot replace you infinite stars for me,
I cannot stay here, I must carry on,
What good does it do, that you follow me so faithfully!

Der Atlas

(Heinrich 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.

Ihr Bild

(Heine)

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen
und starrte 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's nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab!

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.

Atlas

(Translation: Rosewall)

I, ill-fated Atlas!
I carry a world, the entire world of pain,
I bear the unbearable,
And my heart wants to break within me.

Proud heart, you have wanted it thus!
You wanted to be happy, eternally happy,
Or eternally miserable, you proud heart,
And now you are miserable.

Her Picture

(Translation: David Kenneth Smith)

I stood in darkened daydreams
and stared at her portrait long
as that beloved face
was secretly coming to life.

Around her lips there blossomed
a wondrous laughing smile,
and melancholy teardrops
glittered in her fair eyes.

Likewise my tears welled up
and flowed down mournful cheeks
alas, I can't believe it,
That I am deprived of you!

The Fisher-maiden

(Translation: Rosewall)

You beautiful fishermaid,
Pull your boat toward shore;
Come to me and sit down,
We will speak of love, hand in hand.

Lay your little head on my heart,
And do not be too frightened;
After all, you trust yourself fearlessly
Daily to the wild sea!

My heart is just like the sea,
Having storms and ebb and flow,
And many beautiful pearls
Rest in its depths.

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 flog 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.

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.

By the Sea

(Translation: Rosewall)

The sea sparkled out in the distance
By the light of evening's last glow;
We sat near the solitary fisherman's house,
We sat mute and alone.

The fog gathered, the water swelled,
A seagull flew back and forth;
From your eyes full of love
Tears fell down.

I saw them fall on your hand
And sank to one knee;
From out of your white hand
I drank the tears.

Since that hour my body consumes itself,
My soul is dying of longing;
That ill-fated woman
Has poisoned me with her tears.

The City

(Translation: Rosewall)

On the far horizon
Like a picture in the fog,
Appears a city, with its towers
Shrouded in the evening dusk.

A damp gust of wind eddies
The course of the grey water;
With a mournful rhythm
The boatman rows in my boat.

The sun lifts itself once more,
Glowing upwards from below the horizon,
And shows me that place
Where I lost what was dearest to me.

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 Schmerzensgewalt;
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?

Schwanengesang

(Johann Chrysostomos Senn)

"Wie klag' ich's aus, das Sterbegefühl,
Das auflösend durch die Glieder rinnt?
Wie sing' ich's aus, das Werdegefühl,
Das erlösend dich, o Geist, anweht?"

Er klagt', er sang,
Vernichtungsbang,
Verklärungsfroh,
Bis das Leben floh,
Das bedeutet des Schwanen Gesang!

The Double

(Translation: Rosewall)

The night is calm, the avenues are quiet,
My beloved lived in this house;
She has already left the city long ago,
The house nevertheless still stands where it was.

A man stands there, too, staring into space
Wringing his hands in torment.
It horrifies me to see his countenance—
The moon shows me my own form.

You frightful double, pale companion!
Why do you mock the pain of my love
That tortured me in this place
Many a night, in times long ago?

Swan Song

(Translation: Douglas Watt-Carter)

"How shall I complain about it, the feeling of death,
the dissolution that runs through the limbs?
How shall I sing about it, the feeling of becoming,
the salvation, O spirit, that awaits you?"

He lamented, he sang,
Fear of annihilation,
Joy of transfiguration,
Until life left him—
That is the meaning of the swan's song!