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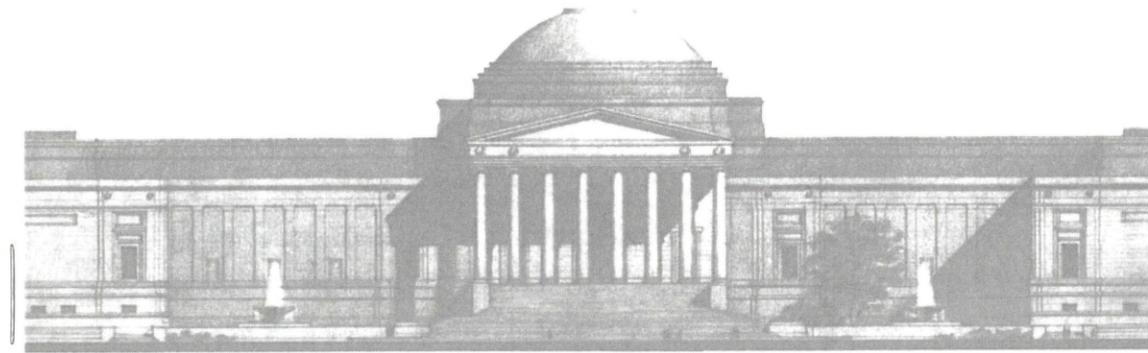
Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

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](http://www.nga.gov)

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The Seventy-first Season of  
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin  
**Concerts**

National Gallery of Art  
2,918th Concert

**Jennifer Lane, mezzo-soprano**  
**Kenneth Slowik, fortepianist**

“Music from the Era of the Fortepiano, 1700–1830”  
Presented in honor of *Masterpieces of American Furniture*  
*from the Kaufman Collection, 1700–1830*

December 23, 2012  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

*Admission free*

Program

Joseph Martin Kraus (1756–1792)

*Nott'e di*

*Si mio ben*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

*Dans un bois solitaire*

Jean Paul Ègide Martini (1741–1816)

*Cruels moments*

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

*Sonata in E Minor*, Hob. XVI: 34

Presto

Adagio

Vivace molto

Haydn

*The Wanderer*

*Spirit Song*

**INTERMISSION**

Kraus

*L'Enfant au berceau*

Le Major Franz Ignaz von Beecke (1733–1803)

*Les Adieux de la Reine à sa prison du Temple*

Haydn

*Sonata in G Major*, Hob. XVI: 40

Allegretto e innocente

Presto

Kraus

*Der Abschied*

Mozart

*Abendempfindung*

## The Musicians

### JENNIFER LANE

Much in demand as an opera singer and oratorio soloist as well as a recitalist, mezzo-soprano Jennifer Lane has performed with many of the most prestigious orchestras in the United States and abroad, including the Atlanta, Jerusalem, Minnesota, National, San Francisco, and Saint Louis symphony orchestras. She has sung with the Metropolitan, New York City, and San Francisco opera companies, Opéra du Caen, and Opéra Monte Carlo as well as with the period instrument ensembles Freiburger Barock, Philharmonia Baroque, Handel & Haydn Society of Boston, Les Arts Florissants, and Les Musiciens du Louvre.

Lane has recorded more than fifty CDs, a number of them Gramophone award winners, and is featured in two films—*Dido and Æneas*, with the Mark Morris Dance Group and Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, and *The Opera Lover*, a romantic comedy. Among her recent recordings are Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, and Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder* and song cycle *Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten*. Early music recordings in which she is featured include Rameau's *Pygmalion* with Concert Royal, *Seventeenth-Century French Airs de Cour* with Ensemble Orinda, and *Villancicos y Cantadas* with El Mundo. She has also recorded the alto solos in J. S. Bach's *St. John Passion* and *St. Matthew Passion* with Kenneth Slowik conducting.

Lane has appeared at the Boston Early Music and Tanglewood festivals, Festival d'Art Lyrique d'Aix en Provence, and Muzyka w Starym Krakowie. She has directed productions of *Dido and Æneas*, *Semele*, and *Acis and Galatea* at the Shakespeare Blackfriars Theatre for the Staunton, Virginia, Music Festival as well as opera productions at Stanford University and the Lake Placid Institute.

Currently an associate professor of voice at the University of North Texas in Denton, Lane has taught master classes at the Baldwin Wallace Bach Festival; Colegio Major Lluís Vives in Valencia, Spain; the Peabody Institute at Johns Hopkins University; the Royal Academy in London; the San Francisco Conservatory; and the University of California at Berkeley, San Diego, and Santa Barbara.

## KENNETH SLOWIK

Artistic director of the chamber music program at the National Museum of American History since 1985, Kenneth Slowik is a founding member of the Smithsonian Chamber Players, the Axelrod and Smithson quartets, and the Castle Trio and conductor of the Smithsonian Chamber Orchestra. He has also appeared frequently in performance and recordings with Anner Bylisma's ensemble l'Archibudelli. As soloist and/or conductor, he has appeared with the Baltimore and National symphony orchestras, the Cleveland Orchestra, Filharmonia Sudecka, l'Orchestre symphonique de Québec, the Pleven Philharmonic, and the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra. His extensive discography, spanning composers from Monteverdi to Richard Strauss, includes more than seventy recordings — many of them international prizewinners — featuring him as cellist, violist da gamba, keyboard player, baryton player, and conductor. A member of the music faculties of the University of Maryland and l'Académie de Musique du Domaine Forget, Slowik was named artistic director of the Oberlin Baroque Performance Institute in 1993 and received the Smithsonian Secretary's Distinguished Research Lecture Award in 2011.

## Program Notes

As it had for the previous four centuries, Europe dominated the world stage between the years 1700 and 1830, with the exception of the startling political upheaval that was the American Revolution. In Europe, radical new ideas in philosophy and politics emerged, significant advances in science and technology were realized, and genius flourished in the fine arts. Although seen by the rest of the world as a backwater during those same years, the American colonies and the young United States proved fertile ground for a number of musicians, artists, and craftsmen who produced decorative art objects that have only recently come to be respected and admired. Many of those artists and craftsmen were self-taught, and some remain anonymous, but their accomplishments speak for themselves.

The unveiling of the Kaufman Collection at the National Gallery of Art is a landmark moment for the nation's capital, which until this time has had no major presentation of early American furniture and related decorative arts on permanent public view. The new installation highlights nearly 100 examples from the distinguished collection of George M. and Linda H. Kaufman, acquired over the course of five decades and promised to the National Gallery. *Masterpieces of American Furniture from the Kaufman Collection, 1700–1830*, remains on view indefinitely on the ground floor of the West Building.

The years 1700–1830 are also commonly understood to be the era during which the fortepiano eclipsed the harpsichord and dominated the world of keyboard music until it was in turn superseded by the modern piano. The earliest reliable record of a fortepiano comes from the inventory of the Medici family, who in 1700 commissioned one from the workshop of the Venetian Bartolomeo Cristofori (1655–1731). Seeking to improve on the harpsichords and clavichords of his time, Cristofori used thicker strings and stretched them under higher tension, using a frame considerably more robust than that of previously built keyboard instruments. Instead of plectra he installed hammers that struck two strings at once. A more aggressive striking of the keys resulted in a louder sound — hence the name for the new instrument (“loud-soft” in Italian).

This evening's concert explores the repertoire for voice and keyboard from a group of composers who were friends as well as colleagues. They professed a clear preference for the fortepiano as the keyboard instrument of choice when accompanying the voice.

Joseph Martin Kraus was one of the most well-traveled and stylistically eclectic composers of his day. He is represented on tonight's program by songs in Italian, French, and German. While in the service of King Gustav III of Sweden, Kraus was sent on an extended grand tour of the courts of Europe, where he met Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714–1787), Haydn, and Martini, and joined the Masonic lodge in Vienna to which Mozart belonged. While in Paris, Kraus was introduced to Queen Marie Antoinette. His song *L'Enfant au berceau* sets a poem by children's author Arnaud Berquin (1747–1791), a favorite text of the queen. As author of both the words and the music for *Der Abschied*, Kraus felt free to omit the final stanza of his poem in its musical setting. The song is evocative of the music Richard Wagner assigned to the three Norns in his opera *Götterdämmerung* (Twilight of the Gods).

Jean Paul Égide Martini, known in his youth as Johann Paul Aegidius Schwartzendorf, played the organ for German monasteries and convents from age ten until he was in his late teens. Determined to live in France, he took on the French version of his forenames, changed his surname to Martini, and served several noble patrons in Nancy and Paris until the time of the French Revolution. His pro-Bourbon sympathies being no secret—he composed, for example, a song titled *Prière pour le Roi* (Prayer for the king) in 1793—his service as professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire was terminated in 1802, but he lived long enough to be reinstated in 1814 by Louis XVIII, who named Martini a superintendent of court music.

Franz Ignaz von Beecke—identified as “Le Major” by his contemporaries, since his career as a military officer was more prestigious than his musical accomplishments—was active in Southern Germany and Austria as an autodidact composer and harpsichordist. His first musical mentor was the Austrian violinist and composer Carl Ditters von Dittersdorf (1739–1799), but in the course of his career he was eventually introduced to Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart—a meeting that became a subject of concern in letters to and from Mozart's father, who fretted that Mozart had made a fool of himself while with von Beecke. Von Beecke's *Les Adieux de la Reine à sa prison du Temple* is a setting of what were believed to be Marie Antoinette's last words.

*Program notes by Jennifer Lane*

Upcoming concerts at the National Gallery of Art

**National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble**

Music by  
Brahms, Haydn, Lehár, Strauss,  
and other Viennese composers

December 30, 2012  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court



**Andreas Sønning, flutist**  
with **Tone Elisabeth Braaten, soprano**  
and members of the  
**National Gallery of Art Orchestra**  
**Per Kristian Skaland, conductor**

Music by  
Bull, Grieg, and Habbestad

Sponsored by the  
Royal Norwegian Embassy

January 6, 2013  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
East Building Auditorium

**Orava String Quartet**

Music by  
Haydn and Mendelssohn

January 13, 2013  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court



**Cyrus Forough, violinist**  
**Katya Janpoladyan, cellist**  
**Sung-Im Kim, pianist**

Music by  
Schubert and Vali

January 20, 2013  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

**“Music from the Age of the Fortepiano”**  
**Jennifer Lane, mezzo-soprano, and Kenneth Slowik, fortepianist**  
**December 23, 2012**  
**Texts and Translations**

**Nott’e dì**

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, aka Molière (1622–1673)  
(From *Le Malade imaginaire*, 1673)

**Nott’e dì**, v’am’e v’adoro,  
cerc’ un sì per mio restoro;  
ma se voi dite di nò,  
bell’ingrata, io morirò.  
Frà la speranza  
s’afflige il cuore,  
in lontananza  
consum’ a l’hore;  
si dolce inganno  
che mi figura  
breve l’affano,  
ahi! troppo dura!

Così per tropp’amar languisco e morrò.

Nott’e dì, v’am’e v’adoro,  
cerc’ un sì per mio restoro;  
ma se voi dite di nò,  
bell’ingrata, io morirò.  
Se non dormite,  
almen pensate  
alle ferite  
ch’ al cuor’ mi fate;  
d’almen fingete,  
per mio conforto,  
se m’uccidete,  
d’aver il torto;  
vostra pietà mi scemerà il martiro.

Nott’e dì, v’am’e v’adoro,  
cerc’ un sì per mio restoro;  
ma se voi dite di nò,  
bell’ingrata, io morirò.

**Night and Day**

(From *The Imaginary Invalid*)

*Night and day I love and adore you.  
I seek a “yes” to restore me;  
but if you say “no,”  
beautiful ingrate, I will die.*

*By hopes  
my heart is afflicted,  
by distance  
the hours are consumed,  
if sweet deceit  
appears in your face,  
shortened is the suffering,  
but ah! it is too intense!*

*Thus from too much bitterness I languish and die.*

*Night and day I love and adore you.  
I seek a “yes” to restore me;  
but if you say “no,”  
beautiful ingrate, I will die.*

*If I don’t sleep  
then I think too much  
about the wounds  
you have given my heart,—  
at least pretend  
to comfort me;  
if you kill me,  
you will wrong me.*

*Your pity mocks my martyrdom.*

*Night and day I love and adore you.  
I seek a “yes” to restore me;  
but if you say “no,”  
beautiful ingrate, I will die.*

### **Si, mio ben**

Si, mio ben, sarò fedele,  
non temer, sarò costante,  
e saprà quest'alma amante,  
per te vivere, per te morir.

Prima il mar vedrà senza onde,  
senza arene, o senza sponde,  
che s'estinguea nel mio seno  
un si nobile pensier.

Resta in pace e pensa, o cara,  
che mi struggo ai lumi tuoi,  
e che sola, oh Dio! tu puoi  
farmi dolce ogni morir.

### **Dans un bois solitaire et sombre**

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre  
je me promenais l'autr' jour,  
un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,  
c'était le redoutable Amour!  
L'approche, sa beauté me flatte,  
mais je devais m'en défier;  
il avait les traits d'une ingrante,  
que j'avais juré d'oublier.  
Il avait la bouche vermeille,  
le teint aussi frais que le sien,  
un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;  
l'Amour se reveille de rien!  
Aussi-tôt déployant ses ailes  
et saisissant son arc vengeur,  
l'une de ses flèches cruelles  
en partant, il me blesse au coeur.  
Va! Dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,  
de nouveau languir et brûler!  
Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie,  
pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

### **Yes, My Love**

*Yes, my love, I will be faithful,  
do not fear, I will be constant,  
and this enamor'd soul  
will live for you, die for you.*

*You will first see the sea without waves,  
without sand, and without banks,  
before you will see extinguished in my breast  
such a noble thought.*

*Rest peacefully and think, my love,  
of my struggle before your eyes;  
and that, oh God! you could  
make me sweetly die.*

### **In a Woods Dark and Lonely**

*In a woods dark and lonely,  
I was walking the other day;  
a child was sleeping in the shadow,  
it was the redoubtable Cupid!  
I approached him, his beauty pleased me,  
but I should have distrusted it;  
he had the traits of an ingrante,  
who I had just sworn to forget.  
He had the vermilion mouth,  
the same fresh color as hers,  
a sigh escaped me, he awakes;  
Cupid, who is awakened by nothing!  
Immediately deploying his arrows,  
and striking his vengeful bow,  
one of his cruel arrows,  
in parting, wounds me in the heart.  
Go! Says he, to the feet of Sylvia,  
to languish and burn anew!  
You will love her all your life,  
for having dared to awaken me!*

### **Cruels Moments**

Cruels moments,  
qui pénétrés mon Âme;  
tardés encor  
instants de nos Adieux.  
Ah! loin de toi,  
cher objet de ma flâme,  
je n'aurai plus  
que des jours malheureux!  
Le désespoir en coupera la trame,  
jamais je n'oublierai ta foi.  
Ton Coeur,  
fait il même serment pour moi?

### **The Wanderer**

Anne Hunter (1742-1821)

To wander alone when the moon, faintly beaming  
With glimmering lustre, darts thro' the dark shade,  
Where owls seek for cover, and nightbirds  
complaining  
Add sound to the horror that darkens the glade.

'Tis not for the happy; come, daughter of sorrow,  
'Tis here thy sad thoughts are embalm'd in thy tears,  
Where, lost in the past, disregarding tomorrow,  
There's nothing for hopes and nothing for fears.

### **The Spirit Song**

Hunter

Hark! Hark, what I tell to thee,  
Nor sorrow o'er the tomb;  
My spirit wanders free,  
And waits 'til thine shall come.

All pensive and alone,  
I see thee sit and weep,  
Thy head upon the stone  
Where my cold ashes sleep.

I watch thy speaking eyes,  
And mark each falling tear;  
I catch thy passing sighs,  
Ere they are lost in air.

Hark! Hark, what I tell to thee...

### **Cruel Moments**

*Cruel moments,  
that penetrate my soul;  
delay again  
the instants of our farewells.  
Ah! far from you,  
dear object of my flame,  
I cannot bear any longer  
the misfortune of my days!  
Despair will cut short their web,  
never will I forget your faith.  
Your heart—  
does it make the same promise to me?*

**L'Enfant au Berceau** (Romance)  
Arnaud Berquin (1747–1791)

Dors, mon enfant, clos ta paupière;  
tes cris me déchirent le Coeur!  
Dors, mon enfant; ta pauvre mère  
a bien assez de sa douleur.

Lorsque, par de douces tendresses,  
ton père sût gagner ma foi,  
il me semblait, dans ses caresses  
naïf, innocent comme toi:  
Je le crus: où sont ses promesses?  
il oublie et son fils et moi!  
Dors mon enfant, clos ta paupière....

À ton réveil, qu'un doux sourire  
me soulage dans mon tourment!  
de ton père, pour me séduire,  
tel fut l'aimable enchantement:  
qu'il connoissait bien son empire,  
et qu'il en use méchamment!

Le cruel, hélas! il me quitte,  
il me laisse sans nul appui.  
Je l'aimais avant sa fuite!  
Oh! je l'aime encore aujourd'hui!  
dans quelques lieux qu'il habite,  
mon amour habite avec lui.  
Dors mon enfant, clos ta paupière....

Où le voilà; c'est son image  
que tu retraces à mes yeux:  
ta bouche aura son doux langage,  
ton front, son air vif et joyeux.  
Ne prends point son humeur volage,  
mais garde ses traits gracieux.  
Dors mon enfant, clos ta paupière....

Tu ne peux concevoir encore  
ce qui m'arrache ces sanglots!  
que le chagrin qui me dévore  
n'attaque jamais ton repos!  
Se plaindre de ceux qu'on adore,  
c'est le plus grand de tous les maux.  
Dors mon enfant, clos ta paupière....

**Lullaby to a Child** (Romance)

*Sleep, my child, close your eyelids,  
your cries break my heart;  
sleep my child, your poor mother  
feels enough of your sorrow.*

*When, with his sweet tendernesses,  
your father would gain my trust,  
he seemed to me, in his caresses,  
naïve, innocent like you.  
I believed him: where are his promises?  
—he forgets both his son and me!  
Sleep, my child, close your eyelids....*

*When you sleep, your sweet smile  
relieves me of my torment;  
thus your father, to seduce me,  
made such lovely enchantment:  
how well he knew his influence,  
and how badly he used me!*

*Cruel one, alas, he has left me,  
left me with no support.  
I loved him so much before his flight,  
oh! I still love him today!  
Yes, wherever he now lives,  
my love lives there with him.  
Sleep, my child, close your eyelids....*

*Yes, there it is, it is his image  
that you retrace before my eyes:  
your mouth with his sweet speech;  
upon your forehead his air, lively and joyous.  
Don't ever take up his fickle temperament,  
but guard closely his graceful traits.  
Sleep, my child, close your eyelids....*

*You cannot yet conceive  
how much your sobs tear my heart;  
let the grief that devours me  
never attack your repose!  
This plaint to the one I adore  
is the most important of all my words.  
Sleep, my child, close your eyelids....*

## Les Adieux de la Reine à sa Prison du Temple

Triste séjour où la Douleur  
m'a fait répandre tant de larmes,  
par quels inconcevables Charmes  
êtes vous si cher à mon Coeur?

De ma cruelle destinée  
comment subir tous les Hazards!  
Quoi, par la Fille de Césars  
une Prison est regretter!  
Ô ma Prison, de mes Malheurs  
tu sais si l'épreuve était forte!  
j'aurais pu graver sur ta Porte,  
nouveaux Jours, nouvelles Douleurs;  
Si néan moins tu m'intéresse,  
C'est que j'ai reçu  
dans ces lieux  
d'un Epoux les derniers Adieux,  
d'un Fils les dernières Caresses.

Hélas! auraient-ils le dessein,  
au Fils, de réunir la Mère?  
dans ma douloureuse Carrière  
aurois je au moins un jour serein?  
Comment, de ce Peuple barbare,  
puis je attendre un Bonheur si doux!  
me réunir à mon Epoux  
est le Plaisir qu'il me prépare.  
Quel Crime puis je avoir commis?

Dans le Malheur qui m'environne,  
est ce d'avoir à sa Couronne  
quelque fois rapellé mon Fils?  
Ah! pour une Mère sensible;  
présenter un Trône sanglant,  
c'est pour la Mère et pour l'Enfant  
remplir un Devoir bien pénible.  
Si de Dieu la suprême Loi.  
ô mon Fils si cher à ta Mère,  
te forçait, comme à dit ton Père,  
au Malheur de devenir Roi,  
Et que dans ton Âme séduite l'orgueil  
répandit son Poison,  
songes qu'à pleurer sa Prison,  
ta pauvre Mère fut réduite.

## Farewells of the Queen to her Prison in the Temple

*Sad sojourn, where sorrow  
makes me shed so many tears;  
By what inconceivable charms  
are you so dear to my heart?*

*By my cruel destiny—  
how to bear all these hazards!  
What! For a daughter of Cæsars,  
a prison is to be regretted!  
Oh my prison, of my misfortunes  
you know you are the extreme proof!  
I have etched upon your door,  
new days, new sorrows;  
If you interest me in nothing else,  
at least I have received  
in this place  
from my husband his last farewells,  
and from my son his last caresses.*

*Alas! Could it be the intention  
of my son to reunite with his mother?  
In my sorrowful career  
might I have at least one tranquil day?  
How, from this barbarous people,  
can I expect a kindness so sweet!  
Rather, to reunite with my husband is  
the pleasure for which they prepare me.  
What crime have I committed?*

*Within the misfortune that surrounds me,  
it is to receive the crown that my son was called.  
Ah! to a mother's sensibility,  
to present a bloody throne,  
is for the mother and for her child  
a doubly painful duty.  
If God's supreme law,  
oh my son, so dear to your mother,  
should compel you, as your father has said,  
to the misfortune of becoming king,  
and should pride seduce your soul  
and spread its poison there,  
you will see in dreams  
that your poor mother's prison  
has reduced her to weeping.*

Fille aimable, qui du Malheur  
fais l'épreuve si jeune encore,  
tendre Rose, qu'avant déclore  
consume un Souffle destructeur.  
Pour quelque roial Hymenée  
j'ai crú cultiver tes Attraits,  
un Cachet voilà ton Palais,  
des Fers voilà ta destinée.  
Quoi! nous séparer sans pitié,  
de mes Maux compagne chérie Elisabeth',  
c'est de ma vie, m'arracher déjà la Moitié.  
Du pesant fardeau de tes Chaines  
je ne te soulagerai plus,  
Ah! je remets à tes Vertus  
le Plaisir d'adoucir tes Peines.

J'entends des mes Persecuteurs  
la vile troupe qui s'avance.  
Mon Coeur imposéz vous silence.  
Soions Reine, cesséz mes Pleurs,  
puissent des destins plus propices  
me rendre à ma Captivité!  
Je croirai de la Liberté  
gouter un Moment les Délices.

*Loving daughter, who by misfortune  
is the proof, still young;  
tender rose that, before blooming,  
was consumed by a sigh so destructive;  
for that royal nuptial I had cultivated  
your attractions.  
A seal is your palace,  
to iron thus your destiny.  
What! We are separated without pity,  
Elisabeth, beloved companion of my ills,  
of my life half is torn out already.  
Of the heavy burden of my chains,  
I will not relieve you any longer.  
Ah! I owe to your virtues  
the pleasure of sweetening my pains.*

*I hear from my persecutors  
that their vile forces advance.  
My heart, I impose upon you silence.  
Be a queen, cease my tears.  
Allow a destiny more propitious  
to render me to my captivity!  
I shall believe that liberty is the enjoyment of  
even one single moment of delight.*

## Der Abschied

Joseph Martin Kraus

Skulda winkt.  
Vergebens wurzelt der Fuss des Weilenden  
vergebens hängt der lechzende Blick  
am Auge des, den ich liebte,  
den ich liebte wie mich selbst,  
Skulda winkt!  
Sie sah die Thräne,  
die bebende Thräne des Abschieds,  
unt fühlte nicht Mitleid.  
Sie sah des unmächtgen Armes letztes Streben.  
Sie sah des Trauernden Kampf,  
und fühlte nicht Mitleid.

Aber sie sah des Angstvollen Drang,  
hörte das bange Klopfen der Brust,  
sah die edlere Flamme  
im Busender sich Liebenden,  
und fühlte Mitleid.  
In das Schauergewebe Walhallas Späherinnen  
hüllte sie das Aug  
von der ersten Thräne des Mitleids nass,  
wand den erweichtem Blick  
von der rührenden Szene hinweg,  
hob den eisernen Finger  
zum letzten Winke empor:  
Skulda winkt.  
Sie entflieht mit den Wogen des Sturmwind;  
seufzend theilt sich der Aether  
dem Rauschen des wehenden Schleiers.  
Sie gebot—ich folgte,  
so folgt mit bleiernem Schritte  
der gebietenden Flamme  
des hohen Obaddon ein Schatten.

## The Departure

*Skulda waves,  
her foot tarrying in vain,  
in vain she fastens her panting glance  
upon the one she adores,  
the one I too adore,  
Skulda waves!  
She saw the throne,  
the trembling Thrane's farewells,  
and felt no pity.  
She saw him unmade,  
the poor one's last stirrings;  
she saw the tragic struggle,  
and felt no pity.*

*But when she saw the yearning of the anxious one,  
when she heard the frightened beating of his heart,  
and saw the noble flame in his breast,  
she loved and felt pity.*

*In the horrid web of Valhalla's lookout,  
in pity, at first she shrouded her moist eyes from  
seeing the Thrane,  
then her pale glance wandered away from the  
touching scene,  
and with her last signal she pointed her jealous finger  
upwards:  
Skulda waved,  
she escaped with the heaving storm winds;  
sighing through the ether, the smoke, the blowing  
haze.  
She commands—I follow;  
thus a shadow follows, with leaden steps,  
the bidding flames of high Obaddon.*

## Abendempfindung

Joachim Heinrich Campe (1746–1818)

Abend ist's, die Sonne is verschwunden,  
und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;  
so entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,  
fliehn 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 sehn,  
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen  
und will Himmel auf euch wehn.

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 weihn,  
o sie wird in meinem Diademe  
dann die schönste Perle sein!

## Evening musings

*It's evening, the sun has sunk,  
and the Moon shines silver rays;  
so flee Life's beautiful hours,  
flying away as if in a dance.*

*Soon will fly away Life's colorful scenes,  
and the curtain comes rolling down.  
Finished is our drama! a friend's tears  
already fall upon our grave.*

*Soon perhaps (like the West Wind, lightly),  
a quiet foreboding thought arrives,  
that I will close this life's pilgrimage,  
and fly toward the land of rest.*

*If you would then weep over my grave  
and gaze mournfully over my ashes,  
then, o friends, I will appear,  
and waft you all heavenward.*

*Bestow upon me a little tear and ah!  
pluck a violet for my grave,  
and with your soulful gaze  
look then gently upon me.*

*Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!  
do not be ashamed to weep;  
oh, those tears, in my diadem,  
will be the fairest pearls!*

Translations by Jennifer Lane