12 Gedichte, Op. 35

1 Lust der Sturmnacht
2 Stirb, Lieb’ und Freud’!
3 Wanderlied
4 Erstes Grün
5 Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend
6 Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes
7 Wanderung
8 Stille Liebe
9 Frage
10 Stille Tränen
11 Wer machte dich so krank?
12 Alte Laute

5 Lieder, Op. 94

18 Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg erstiegen
19 Steig auf, geliebter Schatten
20 Mein Herz ist schwer
21 Sapphische Ode
22 Kein Haus, keine Heimat

Total timings:

53.25

NATURE’S SOLACE

from Liederfolge, Op. 97

13 No. 4: Ich fragte dich
14 No. 5: Allein

from Hochgebirgswinter, Op. 99

15 No. 4: Schlittenfahrt

from Herbst, Op. 98

16 No. 7: Die Kindheit
17 No. 8: Vergänglichkeit

Johannes Brahms

5 Lieder, Op. 94

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INTRODUCTION

I spent much of my youth devouring Hesse’s novels and have often lamented the fact that his poetry has not been set to music more often – until I came across the songs by Yrjö Kilpinen. Schumann’s Kerner-Lieder Op. 35 completely overwhelmed me when I first heard them many years ago – their melodic and harmonic richness, depth and variety of emotion, challenging compass of vocal tessitura and kaleidoscopic representation of Kerner’s poetic universe makes them unique even within an oeuvre as quirky and diverse as Schumann’s. Johannes Brahms has always had a special place in my heart – I sense in his music so much more the solitary, wide-eyed child and deeply emotional human being, than the Germanic musical titan that posterity has made him out to be; and the thought of recording ‘Mit vierzig Jahren’ at the age of forty tickled my own childish mind no end!

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The Brahms-Schumann connection is of course an obvious and well-known one, but something in the sparse simplicity of Kilpinen’s compositional
style seems to echo late Schumann as well as the folksong settings of Brahms, and in turn makes him an unusual but relevant companion to those two giants of the German lied. While the language of the poetry represented here may sound antiquated to some, its themes of childhood, lost youth, transience of life, the comforting presence of nature, love, loss, grief and death are as modern and relevant as ever, and as heart-breaking.

Great singers of the past have always been an inspiration to me, and some have certainly played their part in the birth of this recording. There are sadly no recordings of Brahms’s favourite baritone Julius Stockhausen, but since his consummate artistry and friendship with Brahms lie at the heart of so many of Brahms’s songs and love of lower voices, and Op. 94 was written entirely for low male voice, recording it is a way of paying homage to this fruitful partnership. Gerhard Hüsch was the first singer to champion and regularly perform Kilpinen’s songs and recorded them for HMV in 1935 with the composer’s wife Margaret at the piano. Thomas Hampson’s recording of Schumann’s Op. 35 with Geoffrey Parsons was my introduction to this music and is full of youthful exuberance, awareness of every poetic nuance, and an astonishing variety of vocal colours; and José van Dam’s recording of the same piece is unsurpassed for its sheer vocal beauty.

NATURE’S SOLACE

While 19th-century German song composition is probably best associated with the Viennese composer Franz Schubert (1797–1828), his successor and admirer Robert Schumann (1810–1856) brought his own distinctive gifts to the fusion of word and music. Schumann’s commitment to literature was profound; indeed, his fantastical and eloquent music criticism testifies to his abilities, and literary characters are brilliantly interwoven into his early keyboard music.

However, it was not only artistic sources that inspired Schumann’s song-writing. Urgently needing to prove to his future father-in-law Friedrich Wieck that he was financially capable of supporting a wife, the piano virtuoso Clara Wieck, Schumann turned to writing songs, for which there was a vast domestic market. By the 1830s, every middle-class household would be expected to have a piano, and the ability to play and sing was a fundamental part of education, particularly for girls.

In 1839, the year before his marriage, Schumann and Clara Wieck began a collection of poetry for such settings that they maintained until his death. 1840, his ‘Year of Song’, saw him compose more than 125 songs, and he maintained an impressive rate for the next few years. Not only was this work financially rewarding, but his craft was polished to an extraordinary level through this unstinting practice. Sadly, Schumann regarded song as secondary to large-scale orchestral, choral and stage works, an area in which he strove for success throughout his short life.

The settings of verses by the physician-poet Justinus Kerner are not as well-known as Schumann’s major cycles, but the 12 Gedichte Op. 35, composed in late 1840, presents a richly contrasted succession of moods (euphoria, reflection and pathos) and topics (love, loneliness, nature, walking and drinking). After three songs, Schumann had initially declared ‘a small cycle’ finished, but then kept adding more until he had 14 by January 1841 (two were published in miscellanies later on). The songs were so popular that Schumann’s publisher Klemm had to replace the original engraving plates within three years because the originals had worn out.

Kerner’s folk-inspired poetry offered an irresistible combination of sentiment and spirituality, poetic nuance, and an astonishing variety of vocal colours; and José van Dam’s recording of the same piece is unsurpassed for its sheer vocal beauty.

Every generation of singers will have its own justified reasons for wanting to add their voices to the already existing canon of song recordings. Making a recording is a fascinating process, but at times also a very frustrating one: (almost) alone, without a physically present audience but surrounded by cables and microphones, the resulting obsessive attention to detail and striving for technical perfection can easily culminate in an unhealthy act of navel-gazing. But at best it is a snapshot of one’s love affair with certain pieces of music, one’s personal take on them, an opportunity to take musical and emotional risks, and a chance to connect with an imagined audience, to bare one’s soul in the hope of reaching the unknown ‘other’ somewhere out there.

My heartfelt thanks to Iain Burnside, Steve Long, Mike Hatch, Raphaël Mouterde and everyone at Signum Records, and to my wife Natasha – none of this would have been possible without their help, patience, artistry and kindness.

Stephan Loges
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what has been called a ‘rapture of melancholy’, rooted in the beautiful Swabian landscape of south-west Germany. The cycle can be understood as a narrative, like Schubert’s Winterreise, offering snapshots of a journey following a heartbreak. Or it can be heard as a carefully constructed set of oppositions. Thus, the dramatic opening ‘Lust der Sturmacht’ is, in which the poet seeks refuge from the howling storm in his sweetheart’s arms, contrasts with ‘Erstes Grün’, in which the mild spring landscape brings solace to the melancholy poet; this idea of nature as consolation is varied in ‘Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend’ and ‘Wer machte dich so krank?’. ‘Stirb, Lieb’ und Freud’ is a patriotic drunken-serious drinking song. However, the following a heartbreak. Or it can be heard as a carefully constructed set of oppositions. Thus, the dramatic opening ‘Lust der Sturmacht’, in which the poet seeks refuge from the howling storm in his sweetheart’s arms, contrasts with ‘Erstes Grün’, in which the mild spring landscape brings solace to the melancholy poet; this idea of nature as consolation is varied in ‘Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend’ and ‘Wer machte dich so krank?’. ‘Stirb, Lieb’ und Freud’ is a patriotic drunken-serious drinking song. However, the closing ‘Alte Laute’ concludes distrengingly that the poet can no longer be consoled by nature, but only by an ‘angel’ – symbolic either of death’s release, or of true love. Its ruminations on the transience of youth and the disillusionment of old age is a foretaste of Brahms’s Op. 94.

While the 19th century was a golden age for German-language lyric song, this spirit endured in a handful of figures in the following century. Few composers loved the Lied as much as the ‘Finnish Schubert’ Yrjö Kilpinen (1892–1959), who wrote over 700 songs. He studied initially in Helsinki, then in Vienna with Brahms’s friend Richard Heuberger, finally in Berlin, and thereafter enjoyed a distinguished career in Finland. Kilpinen’s posthumous reputation has been clouded by his association with National Socialism, but since his personal documents are unavailable, we cannot know whether he was an actual sympathiser or – like so many – a passive opportunist. He turned to German poetry from the late 1920s to the end of the Second World War. His songs were greatly admired by singers like Gerhard Hüsch and the record producer Walter Legge. As the ‘Finnish Schubert’ Kilpinen preferred to write cycles dedicated to single poets. The selection here, drawn from three opuses, aims for a Schumann- or Brahms-inspired contrast of moods and textures. ‘Ich fragte dich’ is a bittersweet, Heine-esque love poem. The text of ‘Allein’ is suffused with late-Romantic melancholy. By that point, Schumann had been dead for nearly 30 years, and Brahms was no longer an inexperienced youth, but a famous composer, happily settled in Vienna surrounded by German musical press praised his fusion of the great German Lieder tradition (which was politically misappropriated in those years) with ‘Nordic purity’.

However, Kilpinen’s choice of Hermann Hesse’s texts at least prompts a pause for thought, since Hesse’s work was banned by the Nazis by the end of the 1930s. Hesse, who was steeped in world literature, Indian and Chinese philosophy, psychoanalysis and spirituality, evoked a profound response in Kilpinen. His musical style eschews both the lush late Romanticism of, say, Richard Strauss, and the harmonic experimentation of Arnold Schoenberg and the Second Viennese School. He favours starkly transparent textures like open octaves, fourths and fifths (recalling Schumann), and is truly responsive to the nuanced rhythms and images of German poetry.

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Nearly all the songs of Op. 94 betray Schumann’s influence, starting with the opening setting of a text by Friedrich Rückert, ‘Mit vierzig Jahren’ [19]. Rückert – like Hesse – was a great Orientalist whose reflective, beautifully crafted poetry was adored by both the Schumanns; the song’s bleak opening as the exhausted traveller ascends the mountain is transformed into luxuriant bliss as he finally comes home.

Friedrich Halm, the poet of ‘Steig auf, geliebter Schatten’ [20] and ‘Kein Haus, keine Heimat’ [21] was connected to the Schumanns through their friend, the actress Julie Rettich; Halm’s popular theatrical works treated pressing social questions of the day, such as women’s rights and social class, and were much admired by Schumann. ‘Kein Haus, keine Heimat’, one of Brahms’s briefest and bitterest songs, is sung in its original context by a black slave.

The poetry of the fine lyricist Emanuel Geibel, poet of ‘Mein Herz ist schwer’ [22] was also frequently set by Schumann, but Geibel’s reputation was declining when Brahms set this song of regret; the composer crafts a virtuosic evocation of Geibel’s native wild, windy North German landscape. Like Schumann, Brahms usually sought to offer a variety of moods in his opuses, so it is unsurprising that he included his ‘Sapphische Ode’ [23]. This setting of a text by Hans Schmidt was both a tribute to the young pianist-poet’s skilful handling of the challenging ode form, and a gesture of friendship; it ensured Schmidt’s immortality long after he returned to his native Livonia (today Estonia).

How Kilpinen felt about song performance is unknown, although his greatest champion, Gerhard Hüsch, brought loving, sincere attention to each word and full identification with each lyric character, alongside a fundamentally legato, melody-driven technique. The songs of Schumann and Brahms have also attracted many fine musicians who continue to strive to reconcile the inherent contradiction at the heart of the lied: this music is often eminently singable and playable, written ‘for the people’ – and at the same time, devastatingly, overwhelmingly intimate.

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Joy in a stormy night

When rainstorms gust and rage outside
Over mountains and valleys,
When inn-signs and windows rattle loud
And travellers are lost in the night,

How sweet to be at peace indoors,
To surrender to blissful love,
All the golden glow of heaven
Takes refuge in this quiet room.

Abundant life, have mercy on me!
Let gentle arms hold me tight!
Spring flowers will then stir,
Clouds be dispersed and birds sing.

Never end, O wild night of storm!
Let windows rattle, let inn-signs sway,
Rear up, O forests; roar, O waves,
I’m locked in heaven’s bright embrace!

Die, love and joy!

In Augsburg stands a lofty house
Nearby the old cathedral,
From where, one fine morning,
friends and admirers. Yet in these songs, he indulged his fascination with the themes of transience (the recollection of childhood in old age, and eventual death) and the despair of loneliness, leavened only with a single — great — love song. The songs were grouped from a larger batch which was divided up into Opp. 94–97.

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12 Gedichte, Op. 35 after poems by Justinus Kerner (1786-1862) Robert Schumann

1. Lust der Sturmnacht

Wenn durch Berg und Tale draussen
Regen schauert, Stürme brausen,
Schild und Fenster hell erklirren,
Und in Nacht die Wandrer irren,
Ruht es sich so süß hier innen,
Aufgelöst in selges Minnen;
All der goldne Himmelsschimmer
Flieht herein ins stille Zimmer:

Reiches Leben, hab Erbarmen!
Halt mich fest in linden Armen!
Lenzesblumen aufwärts dringen,
Wölklein ziehn und Vöglein singen.

Ende nie, du Sturmnacht wilde!
Klirrt, ihr Fenster, schwankt, ihr Schilde,
Bäumt euch, Wälder, braus, o Welle,
Mich umfängt des Himmels Helle!

2. Stirb, Lieb’ und Freud’!

Zu Augsburg steht ein hohes Haus,
Nah bei dem alten Dom,
Da tritt an hellen Morgen aus

Joy in a stormy night

When rainstorms gust and rage outside
Over mountains and valleys,
When inn-signs and windows rattle loud
And travellers are lost in the night,

How sweet to be at peace indoors,
To surrender to blissful love,
All the golden glow of heaven
Takes refuge in this quiet room.

Abundant life, have mercy on me!
Let gentle arms hold me tight!
Spring flowers will then stir,
Clouds be dispersed and birds sing.

Never end, O wild night of storm!
Let windows rattle, let inn-signs sway,
Rear up, O forests; roar, O waves,
I’m locked in heaven’s bright embrace!

Die, love and joy!

In Augsburg stands a lofty house
Nearby the old cathedral,
From where, one fine morning,
Es ist die Herzallerliebste mein,
Bleibt's bis zum jüngsten Tag.
Sie weiss es nicht,
Mein Herz zerbricht,
Stirb', Lieb' und Licht!

3. Wanderlied

Wohlauf! noch getrunken
den funkelnden Wein!
Ade nun, ihr Lieben!
Geschieden muß sein.
Ade nun, ihr Berge,
du väterlich Haus!
Es treibt in die Ferne
mächtig hinaus.

Die Sonne, sie bleibet
am Himmel nicht stehn;
Es treibt sie, durch Länder
und Meere zu gehn.

Die Woge nicht haftet
am einsamen Strand,
Die Stürme, sie brausen
mit Macht durch das Land.

Mit eilenden Wolken
der Vogel dort zieht,
Und singt in der Ferne
ein heimatlich Lied.

Ich betend nieder kniet,
Der Himmel hat ihr Herz erfüllt,
Und alle Weltlust flieht:
„O Jungfrau rein!
Lass mich allein
Dein eigen sein!“

Als bald der Glocken dumpfer Klang
Die Betenden erweckt,
Das Mägdlein walzt die Hall' entlang,
Es weiss nicht, was es trägt;
Am Haupte ganz
Vom Himmelsglanz,
Einen Lilienkranz.

Mit Staunen schauen all’ die Leut’
Dies Kränzlein licht im Haar,
Das Mägdlein aber walzt nicht weit,
Tritt vor den Hochaltar:
„Zur Nonne weiht
Mich arme Maid!
Stirb', Lieb' und Freund!“

Gott, gib, dass dieses Mägdlein
Ihr Kränzlein friedlich trag,
A devout young girl steps out;
Hymns resound,
As the lovely figure
Walks to the cathedral.

There before the Virgin Mary
She kneels down in prayer,
Heaven has pervaded her heart
And all worldly pleasures flee:
‘O Virgin pure!
Let me be
Yours alone!’

As soon as the sound of muffled bells
Summons the worshippers,
The young girl walks down the nave,
Not knowing what she wears:
Upon her head
A heavenly bright
Lily crown.

The congregation gaze in wonder
At her halo of bright flowers,
The young girl though only moves
As far as the high altar.
Take me, poor maid,
To be a nun!
Die, love and joy!

God grant that this young girl
Might wear her crown in peace!

Es ist die Herzallerliebste mein,
Bleibt’s bis zum jüngsten Tag.
Sie weiss es nicht,
Mein Herz zerbricht,
Stirb’, Lieb’ und Licht!

3. Wanderlied

Wohlauf! noch getrunken
den funkelnden Wein!
Ade nun, ihr Lieben!
Geschieden muß sein.
Ade nun, ihr Berge,
du väterlich Haus!
Es treibt in die Ferne
mächtig hinaus.

Die Sonne, sie bleibet
am Himmel nicht stehn;
Es treibt sie, durch Länder
und Meere zu gehn.

Die Woge nicht haftet
am einsamen Strand,
Die Stürme, sie brausen
mit Macht durch das Land.

Mit eilenden Wolken
der Vogel dort zieht,
Und singt in der Ferne
ein heimatlich Lied.

So treibt es den Burschen
Gott, gib, dass dieses Mägdlein
Ihr Kränzlein friedlich trag,
A devout young girl steps out;
Hymns resound,
As the lovely figure
Walks to the cathedral.

There before the Virgin Mary
She kneels down in prayer,
Heaven has pervaded her heart
And all worldly pleasures flee:
‘O Virgin pure!
Let me be
Yours alone!’

As soon as the sound of muffled bells
Summons the worshippers,
The young girl walks down the nave,
Not knowing what she wears:
Upon her head
A heavenly bright
Lily crown.

The congregation gaze in wonder
At her halo of bright flowers,
The young girl though only moves
As far as the high altar.
Take me, poor maid,
To be a nun!
Die, love and joy!

God grant that this young girl
Might wear her crown in peace!

She is my own true love
And shall be till Judgment Day.
She does not know –
My heart is breaking –
Die, love and light!

Song of travel

Come! One more draught
Of sparkling wine!
Farewell now, loved ones!
It’s time to part.
Farewell now, you mountains,
You my father’s house!
I’ve a great urge
To journey afar.

The sun does not
Stand still in the sky,
But is urged to go
Over land and sea.
The waves don’t cling
To the lonely shore,
And tempests roar
Mightily over the land.

The bird joins in flight
The scudding clouds,
And in a far-off land
Sings a homely song.
The young man too is urged,
Es ist die Herzallerliebste mein,  
Bleibt's bis zum jüngsten Tag.  
Sie weiss es nicht,  
Mein Herz zerbricht,  
Stirb', Lieb' und Licht!

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Die, love and joy!  
God grant that this young girl  
Might wear her crown in peace!

Ein Mägdelein gar fromm;  
Gesang erschallt,  
Zum Dome waltt  
Die liebe Gestalt.  
Dort vor Maria’s heilig’ Bild  
Sie betend nieder kniet,  
Der Himmel hat ihr Herz erfüllt,  
Und alle Weltlust flieht:  
„O Jungfrau rein!  
Lass mich allein  
Dein eigen sein!“  
Alsbald der Glocken dumpfer Klang  
Die Betenden erweckt,  
Das Mägdelein waltt die Hall’ entlang,  
Es weiss nicht, was es trägt;  
Am Haupte ganz  
Vom Himmelsglanz,  
Einen Lilienkranz.

Mit Staunen schauen all’ die Leut’  
Dies Kränzlein licht im Haar,  
Das Mägdelein aber waltt nicht weit,  
Tritt vor den Hochaltar:  
„Zur Nonne weiht  
Mich arme Maid!  
Stirb’, Lieb’ und Freud’!“  

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Ihr Kränzlein friedlich trag;  
A devout young girl steps out;  
Hymns resound,  
As the lovely figure  
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The bird joins in flight  
The scudding clouds,  
And in a far-off land  
Sings a homely song.  
The young man too is urged,
Hier in des Waldes stillem Grund
drück ich dich, Grün, an Herz und Mund.
Wie treibt’s mich von den Menschen fort!
Mein Leid das hebt kein Menschenwort,
nur junges Grün, ans Herz gelegt
macht, dass mein Herze stiller schlägt.

5  Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend

Wär ich nie aus euch gegangen,
Wälder, hehr und wunderbar!
Hieltet liebend mich umfangen
doch so lange, lange Jahr!
Wo in euren Dämmerungen
Vogelsang und Silberquell,
ist auch manches Lied entsprungen
meinem Busen, frisch und hell.
Eure Wogen, eure Hallen,
euer Säuseln nimmer müd,
eure Melodien alle
weckten in der Brust das Lied.

Hier in diesen weiten Triften
ist mir alles öd und stumm,
und ich schau in blauen Lüften
mich nach Wolkenbildern um.

Erstes Grün

Du junges Grün, du frisches Gras!
Wie manches Herz durch dich genas,
O wie mein Herz nach dir verlangt!
Schon wächst du aus der Erde Nacht,
wie dir mein Aug’ entgegenlacht!

First green

You young green, you fresh grass,
How many hearts have you healed
That fell ill from the winter’s snow,
O how my heart longs for you!
Already you wake from the earth’s night,
How my eyes laugh to behold you!

Hier in the forest’s silent depths
I press you, O green, to my heart and lips.
How I’m driven to shun mankind!
No human word can ease my sorrow,
Only young grass laid on my heart
Can make it beat more calmly.

Longing for woodland

Would that I had never left you,
Majestic, wondrous woods!
You surrounded me lovingly
For many a long year!
Where in your twilit places
Birds and silvery streams were heard,
Many a song also flowed,
Fresh and bright, from my heart.
Your waving, your echoing,
Your unceasing murmur,
All your melodies
Awoke those songs of mine.

Here in these broad plains
All is desolate and silent,
And I search the blue skies
For any sign of cloud.
Hier in des Waldes stillem Grund
drück ich dich, Grün, an Herz und Mund.
Wie treibt’s mich von den Menschen fort!
Mein Leid das hebt kein Menschenwort,
nur junges Grün, ans Herz gelegt
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und ich schau in blauen Lüften
mich nach Wolkenbildern um.

4 Erstes Grün
Du junges Grün, du frisches Gras!
Wie manches Herz durch dich genas,
dass von des Winters Schnee erkrankt
o wie mein Herz nach dir verlangt!

Schon wächst du aus der Erde Nacht,
wir dir mein Aug’ entgegenlacht!

Through forests and fields,
To match his mother,
The journeying earth.

Birds greet him as friends
Over the sea,
They flew from the fields
Of his native land;
He knows the scent
Of the flowers around him,
They were borne on the winds
Of his own country.

Those birds know well
His father’s house,
He once planted those flowers
For his sweetheart’s bouquet,
And love now follows him,
Holding his hand.
Thus he feels at home
In the most distant of lands.

First green
You young green, you fresh grass,
How many hearts have you healed
That fell ill from the winter’s snow,
O how my heart longs for you!

Already you wake from the earth’s night,
How my eyes laugh to behold you!

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Here in these broad plains
All is desolate and silent,
And I search the blue skies
For any sign of cloud.
Leer steht das Glas! Der heilge Klang Tönt nach in dem kristallinen Grunde.

7 Wanderung

Wohlauf und frisch gewandert Ins unbekannte Land! Zerissen, ach zerissen, Ist manches teure Band.

Ihr heimatlichen Kreuze, Wo ich oft betend lag, Ihr Bäume, ach, ihr Hügel, O blickt mir segnend nach.

Noch schläft die weite Erde, Kein Vogel weckt den Hain, Doch bin ich nicht verlassen, Doch bin ich nicht allein,

Denn ach, auf meinem Herzen Trag ich ihr teures Pfand, Ich fühlt’s, und Erd und Himmel Sind innig mir verwandt.

8 Stille Liebe

Könnt’ ich dich in Liedern preisen, Säng’ ich dir das längste Lied, Ja ich würd’ in allen Weisen Dich zu singen nimmer müd’.

The glass stands empty! The sacred sound Still echoes in its crystal depths.

Wandering

Arise and travel briskly Into unknown lands! Severed, ah severed Is many a true bond.

You wayside shrines, Where often at home I prayed, You trees, ah, you hills, Give me your blessing as I go!

The wide world is still asleep, No bird yet wakes the wood, Yet I’m not forsaken, Yet I’m not alone.

For on my heart I wear her precious pledge, I press it, and earth and heaven Are near and dear to me.

Silent love

If I could praise you in songs, I’d sing you my longest song, Yes, I’d never tire of singing Every tune in praise of you!
Leer steht das Glas! Der heilge Klang
Tönt nach in dem kristallinen Grunde.

Wanderung

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Zerissen, ach zerissen,
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Kein Vogel weckt den Hain,
Doch bin ich nicht verlassen,
Doch bin ich nicht allein,
Denn ach, auf meinem Herzen
Trag ich ihr teures Pfand,
Ich fühl's, und Erd und Himmel
Sind innig mir verwandt.

Stille Liebe

Könnt' ich dich in Liedern preisen,
Säng' ich dir das längste Lied,
Ja ich würd' in allen Weisen
Dich zu singen nimmer müd'.
Der Himmel bis zum Morgen
Viel Tränen niedergoß.
In stillen Nächten weinet
Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,
Und morgens dann ihr meinet,
Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

Wer machte dich so krank?
Dass du so krank geworden,
Wer hat es denn gemacht?
Kein kühler Hauch aus Norden
Und keine Sternennacht.
Kein Schatten unter Bäumen,
Nicht Glut des Sonnenstrahls,
Kein Schlummern und kein Träumen
Im Blütenbett des Tals.

Dass ich trag’ Todeswunden,
Das ist der Menschen Tun;
Natur liess mich gesunden,
Sie lassen mich nicht ruhn.

Alte Laute
Hörst du den Vogel singen?
Siehst du den Blütenbaum?
Herz! kann dich das nicht bringen
Aus deinem bangen Traum?

Stille Tränen
Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden
Und wandelst durch die Au’,
Da liegt ob allen Landen
Der Himmel wunderblau.

So lang du ohne Sorgen
Geschlummert schmerzenlos,
But to my eternal sadness
I can only carry you silently,
My love,
In the shrine of my heart.

This anguish has compelled me
To sing you this little song,
Most bitterly regretting
That none has done you justice yet.

Question
If you did not exist, holy light of evening!
If you did not exist, starlit night!
You, flowery bouquets! You, lush groves!
And you, mountain ranges of grave splendour!
You, birdsong from heaven on high!
You, full-throated human song!
If you did not exist — what could delight
The heart in adversity?

Silent Tears
You have arisen from sleep
And wander through the meadow,
Over all the countryside
The sky lies wondrously blue.

While you slumbered free of care
And free of sorrow,

Der Himmel bis zum Morgen
Viel Tränen niedergoß.
In stillen Nächten weinet
Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,
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While you slumbered free of care
And free of sorrow,
No. 5: Allein

Es führen über die Erde
Strassen und Wege viel,
Aber alle haben
Dasselbe Ziel.

Du kannst reiten und fahren
Zu zwein und zu drein,
Den letzten Schritt
Mußt du gehen allein.

Drum ist kein Wissen
Noch Können so gut,
Als daß man alles Schwere
Alleine tut.

from Hochgebirgswinter, Op. 99
after poems by Hermann Hesse
Yrjö Kilpinen

No. 4: Ich fragte dich

Ich fragte dich, warum dein Auge gern
In meinem Auge ruht,
So wie ein reiner Himmelsstern
In einer dunklen Flut.

Du sahest lang mich an,
Wie man ein Kind mit Blicken mißt,
Und sagtest freundlich dann:
Ich bin dir gut, weil du so traurig bist.

What do I hear? Sounds from the past
From the breast of a wistful young man,
From the time when I trusted
The world and its pleasures.

Those days have now passed,
No meadow herb will heal me;
And from my anxious dream
Only an angel will wake me.

from Liederfolge, Op. 97
after poems by Hermann Hesse (1877-1962)
Yrjö Kilpinen

I asked you

I asked you why your eyes
Liked to linger in mine,
Like a pure star from heaven
In a dark flood.

You looked at me long,
As though sizing up a child,
And then uttered these kind words:
I love you, because you look so sad.

What do I hear? Sounds from the past
From the breast of a wistful young man,
From the time when I trusted
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No. 4: Schlittenfahrt

Der Schneewind packt mich jäh von vorn,
Mein Schlitten knirscht im schnellen Lauf,
Genüber streckt sein fahles Horn
Der wolkenschwere Eiger auf.

Ein kühler Siegesmut erfaßt
Mein Herz mit unbekannter Lust,

Sledging

The wind suddenly blows snow at me,
My sledge cracks as it races on,
The Eiger opposite, with its pallid clouds,
Lifts up its pale horn.

Bold, victorious courage seizes
My heart with unknown joy,
No. 5: Allein

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Strassen und Wege viel,
Aber alle haben
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Du kannst reiten und fahren
Zu zwein und zu drein,
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Sledging

The wind suddenly blows snow at me,
My sledge cracks as it races on,
The Eiger opposite, with its pallid clouds,
Lifts up its pale horn.

Bold, victorious courage seizes
My heart with unknown joy,
Alles trug ich eine werte Last
Von Stolz und Glück in meiner Brust.

Was noch von Krankheit in mir schlief,
Ich rief es aus mit fester Hand
Und warf es lachend steil und tief
Hinunter ins verschneite Land.

from Herbst, Op. 98
after poems by Hermann Hesse
Yrjö Kilpinen

No. 7: Die Kindheit
Du bist, mein fernes Tal,
Verzaubert und versunken.
Oft hast du mir in Not und Qual
Empor aus deinem Schattenland gewunken
Und deine Mädchenaugen aufgetan,
Daß ich entzückt in kurzem Wahn
Mich ganz zu dir zurück verlor.

O dunkles Tor,
O dunkle Todesstunde,
Komm du heran, daß ich gesunde
Und daß aus dieses Lebens Leere
Ich heim zu meinen Träumen kehre!

O dark gate,
O dark hour of death,
Come to me, that I might heal
And from this empty life
Return home to my dreams.

Als trug ich eine werte Last
Von Stolz und Glück in meiner Brust.

Was noch von Krankheit in mir schlief,
Ich rief es aus mit fester Hand
Und warf es lachend steil und tief
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Return home to my dreams.

No. 8: Vergänglichkeit
Vom Baum des Lebens fällt
Mir Blatt um Blatt,
O taumelbunte Welt,
Wie machst du satt,
Wie machst du satt und müd,
Wie machst du trunken!
Was heut noch glüht,
Ist bald versunken.
Bald klirrt der Wind
Über mein braunes Grab,
Über das kleine Kind
Beugt sich die Mutter herab.
Ihre Augen will ich wiedersehn,
Ihr Blick ist mein Stern,
Alles andre mag gehn und verwehn,
Alles stirbt, alles stirbt gern.
Nur die ewige Mutter bleibt,
Von der wir kamen,
Ihr spielender Finger schreibt
In die flüchtige Luft unsere Namen.

Childhood
You are, my distant valley,
Enchanted and submerged.
Often, in distress and torment,
You have raised me from your land of shadows
And opened your girl-like eyes,
That I, in ecstasy and brief delusion,
Wholly lost myself back to you.

Transience
From the tree of life
Leaf after leaf falls on me,
O wildly frenzied world,
How you sate,
How you sat and weary,
How you intoxicatingly intoxicatingly! That which still glows today
Will soon vanish.
Soon the wind will clatter
Over my brown grave,
A mother bends over
Her little child.
I’d fain see her eyes again,
Her gaze is my star,
Everything else can go and vanish,
Everything dies, likes to die.
Only the eternal mother remains,
From whom we came,
Her opalescent finger inscribes
Our names in the fleeting air.
No. 8: Vergänglichkeit

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Mir Blatt um Blatt,
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Wie machst du satt und müd,
Wie machst du trunken!
Was heut noch glüht,
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from Herbst, Op. 98
after poems by Hermann Hesse
Yrjö Kilpinen

No. 7: Die Kindheit

Du bist, mein fernes Tal,
Verzaubert und versunken.
Oft hast du mir in Not und Qual
Empor aus deinem Schattenland gewunken
Und deine Mädchenaugen aufgetan,
Daß ich entzückt in kurzem Wahn
Mich ganz zu dir zurück verlor.

O dunkles Tor,
O dunkle Todesstunde,
Komm du heran, daß ich gesunde
Und daß aus dieses Lebens Leere
Ich heim zu meinen Träumen kehre!

As though in my breast I were bearing
A precious burden of pride and happiness.

The sickness that still slept in me,
I ripped it out with a firm hand,
And laughingly hurled it over the sheer cliff,
Down into the snowbound land.

Childhood

You are, my distant valley,
Enchanted and submerged.
Often, in distress and torment,
You have raised me from your land of shadows
And opened your girl-like eyes,
That I, in ecstasy and brief delusion,
Wholly lost myself back to you.

O dark gate,
O dark hour of death,
Come to me, that I might heal
And from this empty life
Return home to my dreams.

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Verzaubert und versunken.
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Empor aus deinem Schattenland gewunken
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That I, in ecstasy and brief delusion,
Wholly lost myself back to you.

O dark gate,
O dark hour of death,
Come to me, that I might heal
And from this empty life
Return home to my dreams.
Sich nicht dem Schmerz ergeben,
War immer dein Gebot.
So komm! Still' meine Tränen,
Gib meiner Seele Schwung,
Und Kraft den welken Sehnen,
Und mach' mich wieder jung.

Mein Herz ist schwer
Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)
Mein Herz ist schwer, mein Auge wacht,
Der Wind fährt seufzend durch die Nacht;
Die Wipfel rauschen weit und breit,
Sie rauschen von vergangner Zeit.
Sie rauschen von vergangner Zeit,
Von großem Glück und Herzeleid,
Vom Schloß und von der Jungfrau drin—
Wo ist das alles, alles hin?
Wo ist das alles, alles hin,
Leid, Lieb und Lust und Jugendsinn?
Der Wind fährt seufzend durch die Nacht,
Mein Herz ist schwer, mein Auge wacht.

Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg erstiegen
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)
Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg erstiegen,
Wir stehen still und schau'n zurück;
Dort sehen wir der Kindheit stilles liegen
Und dort der Jugend lautes Glück.
Noch einmal schau, und dann gekräftigt weiter
Erhebe deinen Wanderstab!
Hindehnt ein Bergesrüchen sich, ein breiter,
Und hier nicht, drüben geht's hinauf.
Nicht atmen aufwärts brauchst du mehr
zu steigen,
Die Ebene zieht von selbst dich fort;
Dann wird sie sich mit dir unmerklich neigen,
Und eh' du's denkst, bist du im Port.

Steig auf, geliebter Schatten
Friedrich Halm (1806-1871)
Steig auf, geliebter Schatten,
Vor mir in toter Nacht
Und lab mich Todesmatten
Mit deiner Nähe Macht!
Du hast's gekonnt im Leben,
Du kannst es auch im Tod.

At forty the mountain has been climbed
At forty the mountain has been climbed,
We stand in silence and look back;
There we see childhood's silent joys
And the strident joys of youth.
Take one more look and then, strengthened,
Take up your walking staff!
A broad mountain ridge stretches far away,
And the descent lies not here but the other side.
You no longer need to gasp your way upwards,
The plain draws you on of its own accord;
Imperceptibly, then, it will descend with you,
And before you know, you will be in port.

Rise up, beloved shade
Rise up before me, beloved shade,
At the dead of night,
And revive me, wearied to death,
By the power of your presence!
You could do it in life,
You can in death as well,
Sich nicht dem Schmerz ergeben,  
War immer dein Gebot.  
So komm! Still’ meine Tränen,  
Gib meiner Seele Schwung,  
Und Kraft den welken Sehnen,  
Und mach’ mich wieder jung.

Mein Herz ist schwer  
Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)  
Mein Herz ist schwer, mein Auge wacht,  
Der Wind fährt seufzend durch die Nacht;  
Die Wipfel rauschen weit und breit,  
Sie rauschen von vergangner Zeit.  
Sie rauschen von vergangner Zeit,  
Von großem Glück und Herzeleid,  
Vom Schloß und von der Jungfrau drin—  
Wo ist das alles, alles hin?

Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg erstiegen  
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)  
Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg erstiegen,  
Wir stehen still und schau’n zurück;  
Dort sehen wir der Kindheit stiltes liegen  
Und dort der Jugend lautes Glück.  
Noch einmal schau, und dann gekräftigt weiter  
Erhebe deinen Wanderstab!  
Hindehnt ein Bergesrüchen sich, ein breiter,  
Und hier nicht, drüben geht’s hinab.  
Nicht atmend aufwärts brauchst du mehr  
zu steigen,  
Die Ebene zieht von selbst dich fort;  
Dann wird’s sich mit dir unmerklich neigen,  
Und eh’ du’s denkst, bist du im Port.

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Friedrich Halm (1806-1871)  
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Und lab mich Todesmatten  
Mit deiner Nähe Macht!  
Du hast’s gekonnt im Leben,  
Du kannst es auch im Tod.

At forty the mountain has been climbed  
There is a broad mountain ridge stretches far away,  
You no longer need to gasp your way  
upwards,  
The plain draws you on of its own accord;  
Imperceptibly, then, it will descend with you,  
And before you know, you will be in port.

Rise up, beloved shade  
Rise up before me, beloved shade,  
At the dead of night,  
And revive me, wearied to death,  
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You could do it in life,  
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STEPHAN LOGES

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

He sings with the leading modern and period orchestras both in the UK and abroad performing works which include Britten’s War Requiem; Handel’s Messiah; Berlioz’s L’enfance du Christ; Haydn’s Seasons and The Creation; Elgar’s The Dream of Gerontius; and Mendelssohn’s Elijah.

His opera roles have included Begearss in Milhaud’s La mère coupable at Theater an der Wien; Golaud in Pélleas et Mélisande with English Touring Opera; Bruno in MacMillan’s Parthenogenesis for the Royal Opera, Covent Garden; Moritz in Mernier’s Frühlings Erwachen at Opéra National du Rhin; Wölfram in Tannhäuser and Papageno in Die Zauberflöte at La Monnaie, Brussels.

Stephan made his Proms debut in 2002 in St Matthew Passion with Trevor Pinnock and his regular Bach performances since then include St John Passion with the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra; Easter Oratorio with the Gabrieli Consort and Paul McCreesh; Christmas Oratorio with the London Philharmonic Orchestra; St Matthew Passion with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment directed by Mark Padmore; and with The Monteverdi Choir and Sir John Eliot Gardiner (also recorded on CD).

He was a member of the Dresden Kreuzchor before studying at the Hochschule der Kunste, Berlin and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London.

[27] Sapphische Ode
Hans Schmidt (1856-1923)

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage,
Süßer hauchten Duft sie, als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner
Lippen pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

[22] Kein Haus, keine Heimat
Friedrich Halm

Kein Haus, keine Heimat,
Kein Weib und kein Kind,
So wirbl’ ich, ein Strohhalm,
In Wetter und Wind!

Well’ auf und Well’ nieder,
Bald dort und bald hier;
Welt, fragst du nach mir nicht,
Was frag’ ich nach dir?

Translations by Richard Stokes ©, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Sapphic ode

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by night,
The fragrance they breathed was sweeter than by day;
But when I moved the branches, they showered Me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses thrilled me as never before,
When I gathered them from your rose-bush lips by night;
But you too, moved in your heart like the roses, Shed the dew of tears!

No house, no homeland

No house, no homeland,
No wife and no child,
Thus I’m whirled, a wisp of straw,
In storm and wind.

You ebb and you flow,
Here one moment, there the next;
If you, world, don’t ask about me,
Why should I ask about you?

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Iain Burnside is a pianist who has appeared in recital with many of the world’s leading singers (“pretty much ideal” BBC Music Magazine). He is also an insightful programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Beethoven and Schubert to the cutting edge, as in the Gramophone Award-winning NMC Songbook. Recent recordings include the complete Rachmaninov songs (Delphian) with seven outstanding Russian artists (“the results are electrifying” Daily Telegraph). Burnside’s passion for English Song is reflected in acclaimed CDs of Britten, Finzi, Ireland, Butterworth and Vaughan Williams, many with baritone Roderick Williams.

Away from the piano Burnside is active as a writer and broadcaster. As presenter of BBC Radio 3’s Voices he won a Sony Radio Award. For Guildhall School of Music & Drama Burnside has devised a number of singular theatre pieces. A Soldier and a Maker, based on the life of Ivor Gurney, was performed at the Barbican Centre and the Cheltenham Festival, and later broadcast by BBC Radio 3 on Armistice Day. His 2018 project Swansong was premiered at the Kilkenny Festival before being performed at Milton Court in November that year.

Future highlights include performances of the three Schubert songcycles with Roderick Williams at Wigmore Hall. A Delphian release of songs by Nikolai Medtner launched a major series of Russian Song in the 2018 Wigmore Hall season. Other forthcoming projects feature Ailish Tynan, Rosa Feola, Andrew Watts, Robin Tritschler and Benjamin Appl.

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A Purse of Gold:
Irish Songs by Herbert Hughes
Ailish Tynan, Iain Burnside
SIGCD106

“The word ‘arrangement’ as Burnside suggests, doesn’t do justice to the inventive piano writing and pacing of so many of these pieces … Soprano Ailish Tynan’s feeling for the musical idiom and, above all, the poetry of her countrymen, matched by Burnside’s delightfully poetic pianism, prove irresistible. Highly recommended.” Classic FM

Liszt Abroad
Rebecca Evans, Andrew Kenney
Matthew Rose, Iain Burnside
SIGCD155

“Burnside is a faultless guide along this journey, exhibiting power when required but never forcing either tone or pace; and his pianissimo playing reminds me of Gerald Moore’s – I can think of no greater compliment. The singing too is exemplary…”

BBC Music Magazine, ★★★★★