CONTENTS

TRACK LISTING ➝ page 3

ENGLISH ➝ page 4

Sung texts and translation ➝ page 9

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THE SONGS OF CLARA SCHUMANN
SUSAN GRITTON soprano  STEPHAN LOGES baritone  EUGENE ASTI piano

from Zwölf Gedichte aus F. Rückerts ‘Liebesfrühling’  Op 12

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Performer</th>
<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'18]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Liebst du um Schönheit</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'00]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Warum willst du and’re fragen</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'11]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Sechs Lieder  Op 13**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Performer</th>
<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Ich stand in dunklen Träumen</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'17]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Sie liebten sich beide</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'09]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Liebeszauber</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'22]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Der Mond kommt still gegangen</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[1'45]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Ich hab’ in deinem Auge</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'00]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Die stille Lotosblume</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'51]</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Sechs Lieder aus ‘Jucunde’  Op 23**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Song Title</th>
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<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Was weinst du, Blümlein</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[1'53]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>An einem lichten Morgen</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'55]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[3'56]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Auf einem grünen Hügel</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'48]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[0'59]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>O Lust, o Lust</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[1'42]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Walzer</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[3'07]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Walzer**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Performer</th>
<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Der Abendstern</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'14]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Am Strande</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'24]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Sie liebten sich beide</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'22]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Volkslied</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[3'02]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Ihr Bildnis</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'38]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Mein Stern</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'00]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Oh weh des Scheidens, das er tat</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'32]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'15]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Lorelei</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[2'07]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Das Veilchen</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[1'45]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Der Wanderer</td>
<td>SUSAN GRITTON</td>
<td>[1'45]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Der Wanderer in der Sägemühle</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[2'14]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Beim Abschied</td>
<td>STEPHAN LOGES</td>
<td>[4'18]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CLARA SCHUMANN’s presence in the history of European music has become firmly fixed in recent years: the many new biographies, editions, recordings and performances of her compositions are testimony to her significance and influence. Her songs, not as well known as her works for piano, are among the treasures of her creative work and can take their place with the best of the German Lieder repertoire.

Clara Wieck Schumann, born in Leipzig in 1819, began performing as a pianist at the age of nine and remained on the concert stage for over sixty years. She gave her last public concert in 1891. Unlike most women of her generation, she did not leave the concert stage when she married. Pianist, composer, teacher, editor, wife of Robert Schumann and mother of eight children, Clara Schumann was a unique phenomenon, honoured and respected during her lifetime. Her triumphs as a musician may have compensated in part for the many personal tragedies she endured: the lengthy mental illness and death of her husband in 1856, the hospitalization of her incurably ill adult son Ludwig in 1870, and the deaths of three adult children: Julie in 1872, Felix in 1879, and Ferdinand in 1891.

The Wunderkind
A child prodigy, Clara Wieck and her father, Friedrich Wieck, her sole piano teacher and manager, toured in northern Germany, Austria and Paris between 1830 and 1838. Since pianists were expected to compose as well as perform, Wieck saw to it that Clara was well prepared for both. She studied composition, theory and harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration with the best teachers of the day in Leipzig, Dresden and Berlin. Vocal studies were an essential part of her musical education.

At six, Clara began attending concerts at the famed Leipzig concert hall, the Gewandhaus. Symphonies, overtures, concertos, arias, Lieder, as well as compositions by the soloists were all presented at the same concert; her own programmes, which began a few years later, followed this pattern. Many of the songs composed during these early years have been lost, but the piano compositions with which she made her early reputation as a composer and performer were published and received favourable reviews. Among these works was her opus 1, four Polonaises, published when she was eleven, and a striking piano concerto, her opus 7, completed when she was sixteen. The young composer also wrote imaginative ‘character-pieces’ in the style of the ‘new romantic school’, a term given to the young composers Robert Schumann, Frederic Chopin and Felix Mendelssohn, with whom she was classed. Even as a child, Clara was well acquainted with Schubert Lieder and the songs of her own contemporaries. The fusion of voice, piano and text was a familiar concept and can be seen even in her earliest songs.

Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann met when she was a child of nine and already performing publicly in Leipzig. Schumann began piano studies with Friedrich Wieck at about the same time and lived in the Wieck home in 1830 for almost a year. Although he was nine-and-a-half years older than Clara, she was a far more skillful pianist, and he began to depend on her to present his works to the public. Because of a finger injury, Schumann abandoned plans to become a pianist and began to concentrate on composing. The adolescent Clara, well on her way to becoming a world-renowned pianist, became the leading performer of his works. Within a few years, the two fell in love, and made plans to marry, despite the violent opposition of Friedrich Wieck. They were wed in September 1840 on the eve of Clara’s twenty-first birthday.

The Songs
Except for Walzer, all Clara Schumann’s songs published during her lifetime were written after her marriage to Robert Schumann and almost every song was intended as a Christmas or birthday gift for her husband. Autographs of her unpublished Lieder remained in archives in Zwickau and Berlin, known only to scholars, and were not made available for performance until the second volume of Breitkopf & Härtel collection edited by Brigitte Höft and Joachim Draheim
appeared in 1992. In the late 1990s, a number of songs—some thought to be lost, others completely unknown—were found. The search for Clara Schumann works continues and it is possible that additional songs will appear.

Robert Schumann had always urged her—even pressed her—to compose, and he undertook the necessary negotiations for publication. After his death, his wife gave up composition and devoted her life to full-time concertizing, editing, arranging and teaching. The question of why she ceased composing may be explained by the necessity to support her family of seven remaining children, by her desire to bring Robert Schumann’s work to the attention of the public, and because she no longer had the encouragement and support of a marriage partner.

Though Clara forged ahead with her performing career after her marriage, she remained, in many ways, a typical nineteenth-century wife, subordinating her needs to those of her husband and accepting the assumption that genius was an attribute of the male gender. On 14 March 1840, for example, she wrote to Robert: ‘And now [you want me to compose] a song—that I cannot do at all; to compose a song, to grasp a text thoroughly, one needs genius for that …’. She inscribed the gifts to her husband with such phrases as ‘Composed and dedicated to her dearly beloved Robert with the deepest modesty’ or wrote in her diary, ‘Whenever Robert went out, I spent my time in attempts to compose a song (which was always his wish), and I finally succeeded in completing three, which I will present to him at Christmas. But if they are of little value, merely a very weak attempt, I am counting on Robert’s forebearance and [hope] that he will understand that it is done with the best will …’.

Despite the self-deprecatory remarks (to be expected in a male-dominated society), Clara was moved to create and was meticulous about her work, as we can see from the working drafts of her songs and the letters to her publisher. A perfectionist, she insisted on seeing proofs again and again until they met with her approval.

When Clara chose to include her own works in her programmes, she usually selected songs rather than piano compositions. Warum willst du and’re fragen, Liebeszauber, Ich stand in dunklen Träumen, Der Mond kommt still gegangen and O Lust, o Lust appeared on many of her programmes, usually sung by a colleague and accompanied by ‘Madame Schumann’.

Although she made little effort to promote them, Clara’s Lieder were admired by those singers and composers who knew them; they were performed by the leading male and female singers of the nineteenth century in the concert halls of Europe as well as in more intimate settings. Fifteen of her songs (Opp 12, 13 and 23) were reissued by Breitkopf & Härtel in the 1870s, in versions for both high and low voice, in a collection titled Lieder und Gesänge für eine Stimme mit Begleitung des Pianoforte von Robert und Clara Schumann. Single editions of many of her songs were also brought out and performed well into the twentieth century. David Bispham, an American baritone, created a sensation in London in 1906 with his Lieder programs which included Madame Schumann’s Ihr Bildnis and Liebst du um Schönheit and songs by Handel, Loewe, Mozart and Schubert.

The Texts

Clara Schumann generally chose to set poems of two to three stanzas, exploring the themes beloved of the German romantics: the beauties of nature, love, yearning, unrest, melancholy, foreboding, separation, mystery and death. She set poems of such contemporaries as Emanuel Geibel, Heinrich Heine, and Friedrich Rückert among others. One of her notable songs, Am Strande, was a translation of a poem by Robert Burns, the Scottish poet much admired by the Germans. Although she was not steeped in literature as Robert was, she was by no means ignorant of the poetry of her day. Beginning in 1839, she and Robert began seeking out poems suitable for setting and copied them into a notebook which was treasured and utilized by both. Like other composers of the ‘new romantic
school’ Clara felt strongly about the importance of the text and commented, in a diary entry, that singers often did not have an intimate understanding of or respect for the text and, she feared, often showed more interest in the vocal effect than in conveying the inherent emotion of the words.

Clara Schumann used unexpected harmonies, irregular rhythmic patterns, and other musical means to underscore her careful reading of the poet’s words. Her writing for piano is impressive but never overpowers the text: Er ist gekommen, Geheimes Flüstern and Am Strande, for example, have the brilliant accompaniments to be expected from a piano virtuoso but they are also integral to the exploration of the poem. In Volkslied, Sie liebten sich beide and Ich stand in dunklen Träumen the piano is used sparingly to convey Heine’s dark emotions. Among her Lieder, most in modified strophic form, are lyrical and joyous melodies, dramatic narratives, and powerful songs of pain and tragedy.

Friedrich Rückert’s cycle of several hundred poems Liebesfrühling celebrated the joys of conjugal love. Robert Schumann read the Rückert cycle a few months after his marriage, and wrote in the joint diary they kept (and in which they communicated): ‘The idea of publishing a volume of songs together with Clara inspired me to go to work … now Clara should also compose some songs from the Liebesfrühling. O, do it, Clärchen!’

At her husband’s urging, Clara set four Rückert poems and presented them to him on his birthday, 8 June 1841. Three were chosen and published together with his settings of nine Rückert poems in time for her twenty-second birthday on 13 September 1841. Liebesfrühling (her Op 12 and Robert’s Op 37), was designated by the publisher as ‘Op 37/12’. Her songs are numbered according to their position within the joint work.

The cycle was conceived by Robert Schumann as a dialogue for two singers. Though the gender of the singers is not specified by the composers (and is still a subject of scholarly discussion), the two duets by Robert in Liebesfrühling are designated ‘for soprano and tenor’, and ‘for soprano and tenor or baritone’, clearly indicating that the cycle was intended for a male and a female singer.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen is one of Clara Schumann’s most impassioned and frequently heard songs. As the melody line ascends, the emotional intensity increases; as the song closes, the voice descends in stepwise motion, the tension is relieved, and the piano postlude reiterates the happiness expressed in the text: he has departed but remains hers.

Rückert’s poem ‘Liebst du um Schönheit’ has attracted many composers. In contrast to the dramatic outpourings of Er ist gekommen, the heartfelt message of Clara’s Liebst du um Schönheit speaks directly and simply to the greater power of true love rather than youth or beauty.

Warum willst du and’re fragen was one of Clara’s favourite songs and appeared on more than ten of her programmes between 1843 and 1882. A simple statement of love, with few embellishments but rich harmonies, it was one of three Clara Schumann songs transcribed for piano by Liszt.

Opus 13, a collection of six songs, was assembled from songs composed between 1840 and 1843. Robert presumably chose the songs and negotiated for their publication in 1844. The collection is dedicated to Queen Caroline Amalie of Denmark with whom Clara became acquainted on her concert tour to Denmark in 1842.

Two versions of Ich stand in dunklen Träumen, the first song, are given on this recording. The first—and earlier—autograph version of Heine’s poem, titled Ihr Bildnis, remained in the Zwickau archive and was not printed until 1992. It differs from the published version in small but telling details; most unexpected is the singer’s unresolved ending which underscores the anguish suffered at the full realization of the loss of the loved one. The piano completes the song in a slow and moving postlude. The second version is more polished and conforming, a few measures shorter, but still a powerful and affecting song.

Two versions of Clara’s setting of Sie liebten sich beide, a tragic and enigmatic Heine poem, are also heard on this
recording. The first (previously unpublished) version has a longer, reflective postlude, the second a more conventional closing as with Ich stand. The two versions permit a glimpse into the workshop of the composer: the first version was almost always bolder, the later version more orthodox.

Ich hab’ in deinem Auge, based on a Rückert text, was a gift to Robert on his thirty-third birthday, a heartfelt setting of a poem on the constancy of love.

Three songs in Op 13 are settings of poems by Emanuel Geibel, another contemporary whose work attracted many musicians both because of the subjects he chose and the innate musicality of his texts. (Clara’s only choral work, Drei gemischte Chöre, published in 1989, was set to verses by Geibel.) The Geibel songs in Op 13 include Liebeszauber, a paean to love and nature, Der Mond kommt still gegangen, a modified strophic setting made memorable by the unusual harmonies in verses 1 and 2, and Die stille Lotosblume, the closing song in the Op 13 collection. This lyrical effusion brings forth romantic archetypes: the lotus flower, water, the moon and moonbeams, a white swan, and death. With its poignant melody, symbolism, and its unresolved question in the closing phrase of the vocal part, Die stille Lotosblume was considered to be the quintessential romantic Lied and was found in many anthologies of nineteenth-century music.

A reviewer described Clara Schumann’s Op 13 as ‘tender, gracious outpourings of a bounteous heart, quiet and unadorned, but conceived as warmly and sincerely as they are expressed: simply, clearly, unpretentiously’.

In June 1853, after a hiatus of seven years, Clara returned to composition. The mother of six children (one had died in infancy and one was not born until 1854), she and Robert had settled in Düsseldorf where her husband, appointed municipal director of music, had his first full-time salaried position. Within a few weeks she composed her Variations on a Theme by Robert Schumann, Op 20, three Romances for piano Op 21, three Romances for violin and piano Op 22, and a set of six songs: Opus 23.

The songs of Op 23 were set to lyrics interspersed in Hermann Rollett’s novel Jucunde. Robert had read them, found them ‘very musical’, and turned them over to his wife. The songs are dedicated to Livia Frege, née Gerhardt, a Leipzig friend of Clara’s who gave up her singing career when she married.

From the first song, the joyful Was weinst du, Blümllein to the last lively O Lust, o Lust, these songs set a new spirited, exhilarating tone for Clara. The author, Rollett, assumed the Schumann settings of his work were by Robert but he was assured that they were by Clara, and Robert added ‘even if they were not written by my wife, I would still be delighted with them’.

Walzer and Der Abendstern are the two songs on this recording composed during Clara Wieck’s girlhood years. With its lilting melody, dancing accompaniment and surprising modulations, Walzer is a remarkable achievement. It appeared in 1833 when Clara was fourteen years old in a collection of settings of poems by Johann Peter Lyser, a novelist, artist, and close friend of Robert Schumann. The less sophisticated Der Abendstern is probably a very early song; text and time of composition are unknown.

Am Strande, a translation by Wilhelm Gerhard of the Robert Burns poem Musing on the Roaring Ocean, was one of the first songs composed after the Schumann marriage and presented to Robert as a Christmas gift in 1840. It was first published in the July 1841 musical supplement to the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, the journal Robert founded and edited. The undulating accompaniment conveys the sense of the billowing waves as the agitated woman stands on the shore awaiting her beloved.

The songs Volkslied, Die gute Nacht, Oh weh des Scheidens, Lorelei, Beim Abschied, Mein Stern and Das Veilchen were not published during the composer’s lifetime and did not appear in print until 1992. Composed by a mature Clara Schumann between 1840 and 1853 they are among the most rewarding of all her works. Why they were not chosen for
publication, and whether they were withheld by Robert or the composer herself, remains a puzzle.

Volkslied, like a number of other poems Clara chose to set, deals with tragedy and death. These are subjects to which she seemed to be drawn. Even when she was a young girl, observers remarked on the sadness and a certain wistfulness in her beautiful eyes. An article attributed to Heine describes thirteen-year-old Clara thus: ‘The child could tell a long story, a story woven out of joy and pain.’ In Volkslied the foreboding chords, throbbing quavers in the bass, and the spare texture express dramatically the haunting mood of Heine’s text.

Die gute Nacht was one of the songs written at the same time as the three from Rückert’s Liebestruhling in Op 12 but not chosen for inclusion. The semi-declaratory text sets forth a feeling of calm and finality which presumably did not fit into Robert’s conception of the cycle.

Oh weh des Scheidens opens daringly with a diminished fifth, the ‘forbidden interval’, followed by disturbing harmonies and a jagged vocal line that describes the singer’s anguish at parting from a loved one. The accompaniment is sparse, the song brief, the emotions powerful.

Clara’s version of Lorelei is an unforgettable miniature drama and can proudly take its place among the many musical settings of Heine’s familiar poem. The repetitive triplets in the piano accompaniment create an atmosphere of intensity and fear that leads to a terrifying climax (reminiscent of Schubert’s Erlkönig); in the virtuoso piano part, we hear the master hand of the concert pianist.

Mein Stern and Beim Abschied use texts by Friederike Serre, who, with her husband Major Friedrich Anton Serre, had known Clara since childhood and were admirers and supporters of both Clara and Robert Schumann. The Serres were a well-to-do, cultivated and hospitable family whose country estate near Dresden was a haven for composers, literary friends and music-lovers. Mein Stern was not published in Germany during Clara Schumann’s lifetime but did appear in an English translation as O thou my star in London in 1848, presumably with the composer’s permission. The original German is sung here.

Das Veilchen, as far as we know the last song Clara wrote, is based on the well-known text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, set by Mozart among others.

Der Wanderer, composed by a twelve-year-old Clara, exhibits some of the characteristics she was to develop further in later songs; most marked are her union of words, melody and accompaniment, and her use of unexpected harmonies. For many years Der Wanderer and Der Wanderer in der Sägemühle were believed to have been the work of her father, Friedrich Wieck. The two songs were included in the 1992 Breitkopf & Härtel collection of Clara Schumann songs because of strong evidence that they were by Clara rather than her father.

NANCY B REICH © 2002
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
He has come in storm and in rain,
Ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Uneasily my heart beat towards him.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen
To my steps would be united.
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.
FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)

Liebst du um Schönheit
If you love for beauty
Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!
If you love for beauty, oh, do not love me!
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!
Love the sun, it has hair of gold!
Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!
If you love for youth, oh, do not love me!
Liebe den Frühling, der jung ist jedes Jahr!
Love the spring, which is young again every year!
Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe!
If you love for treasures, oh, do not love me!
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Love the mermaid, she has many a bright pearl.
Liebst du um Liebe, o ja, mich liebe!
If you love for love, oh yes, do love me!
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb' ich immerdar!
Love me for ever, I love you evermore!
FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)

Warum willst du and're fragen
Why do you ask others,
Warum willst du and're fragen,  
Who are not true to you?
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?  
Give no heed to anything but
Glaube nicht als was dir sagen  
That which these two eyes reveal!
Diese beiden Augen hier!  
Give no heed to strangers,
Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,  
Give no heed to your own fancy;
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;  
Do not judge my deeds either,
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,  
But look into my eyes!
Sondern sieh die Augen an!  
Are lips silent to your questions,
Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,  
Or do they bear witness against me?
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?  
Whatever my lips may say,
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,  
Look into my eyes: I love you!
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich!
FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)
4 Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Ich stand in dunklen 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!
HEINRICH HEINE (1797–1856)

5 Sie liebten sich beide
Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn.
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergeben.
Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum.
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wußten es selber kaum.
HEINRICH HEINE (1797–1856)

6 Liebeszauber
Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wundersüße Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.
Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;
Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.
HEINRICH HEINE (1797–1856)

I stood in dark dreams
I stood in dark dreams
And gazed at her portrait,
And her beloved features
Secretly came to life.
Around her lips crept
A smile, so wonderful,
And as if moist with tears of woe
Her eyes glistened.
My tears flowed too
don down my cheeks,
And oh, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

They loved one another
They loved one another, but neither
Wanted to own it to the other.
They regarded each other with enmity,
And were about to perish from love.
Finally they parted and saw one another
Only now and then in their dreams.
They had long since died
And scarcely even knew it.

Love’s Magic
Love in the guise of a nightingale sat
In a rosebush and sang;
’Twas a wonderful sweet sound that soared
All about the green forest.
And with its echoes rose all around
Perfume from a thousand blossoms,
And every treetop rustled quietly,
And the air moved more gently;
The brooks were silent, they that had only just
Been splashing from the heights,
As in a dream stood the deer
Heeding every sound.
Und hell und immer heller floß  
Der Sonne Glanz herein,  
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß  
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang  
Und hörte auch den Schall.  
Ach! was seit jener Stund’ ich sang,  
War nur sein Widerhall.

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815–1884)

7 Der Mond kommt still gegangen  
Der Mond kommt still gegangen  
Mit seinem gold’nen Schein.  
Da schläft in holdem Prangen  
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken  
Aus manchem treuen Sinn  
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken  
Über die Schläfer hin.

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815–1884)

8 Ich hab’ in deinem Auge  
Ich hab’ in deinem Auge  
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,  
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen  
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug’ erlischt  
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,  
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,  
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815–1884)

Quietly glides the moon  
Quietly glides the moon  
With its golden glow.  
And in beautiful splendour  
Sleep envelops the tired earth.

And upon the breezes waft  
From many a true spirit  
Thoughts of love, thousandfold,  
Over those who sleep.

And down in the valley, there glisten  
The windows of my true love’s house;  
But I in darkness gaze  
Quietly out into the world.

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815–1884)

I have in thine eyes  
I have in thine eyes  
Seen the radiance of everlasting love;  
I saw on thy cheeks  
Once bloom the roses of heaven.

And as the radiance in those eyes fades,  
And as the roses have dispersed,  
Their reflection, ever fresh,  
Has remained in my heart,  
And never will I see those cheeks  
And never look into thine eyes,  
But they will be full of roses to me  
And emit their radiance.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)
9 Die stille Lotosblume
Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.
Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All seinen gold’nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.
Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?
EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815–1884)

The quiet lotus flower
The quiet lotus flower
Ascends from blue waters;
Her leaves shimmer and glisten,
Her chalice is white as snow.
From the sky above the moon
Pours forth its golden glow,
Pours all its radiance
Into her bosom.
In the water around her
A white swan circles,
Sings so sweetly, so softly
Gazing at the flower.
Sings so sweetly, so softly
Near perishing in his singing.
O flower, white flower,
Do you understand this song?

10 Was weinst du, Blümlein
Was weinst du, Blümlein, im Morgenschein?
Das Blümlein lachte: Was fällt dir ein!
Ich bin ja fröhlich, ich weine nicht
Die Freudenträne durch’s Aug’ mir bricht.
Du Morgenhimmel, bist blutig rot,
Als läge deine Sonne im Meere tot?
Da lacht der Himmel und ruft mich an:
Ich streue ja Rosen auf ihre Bahn, ja Rosen!
Und strahlend flammte die Sonn’ hervor,
Die Blumen blühten freudig empor.
Des Baches Wellen jauchzten auf,
Und die Sonne lachte freundlich drauf.
HERMANN ROLLETT (1819–1904)

Little flower, why are you weeping?
Little flower, why are you weeping in the morning light?
The flower laughed: what are you thinking!
I am happy, not weeping,
Tears of joy are bursting from my eyes.
O morning sky, red as blood,
As if your sun lay dead in the sea.
The sky laughs and calls out to me:
But I scatter roses in its path, yea roses!
And gloriously the sun broke forth,
The flowers blossomed full of joy.
The waves of the brook rejoiced,
And the sun gladly smiled upon all.

11 An einem lichten Morgen
An einem lichten Morgen,
Da klingt es hell im Tal:
Wach’ auf, du liebe Blume,
Ich bin der Sonnenstrahl!

Of a sunlit morning
Of a sunlit morning,
The valley brightly resounds:
Wake up, dear flower,
A ray of sunlight am I!
Erschließe mit Vertrauen
Dein Blütenkämmerlein
Und laß die heiße Liebe
In’s Heiligtum hinein.
Ich will ja nichts verlangen
Als liegen dir im Schoß
Und deine Blüte küssen,
Eh’ sie verwelkt im Moos.
Ich will ja nichts begehren
Als ruh’n an deiner Brust
Und dich dafür verklären
Mit sonnenheller Lust.

HERMANN ROLLETT (1819–1904)

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort
Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort,
Verborg’nes Quellenrauschen,
O Wald, o Wald, geweihter Ort,
Laß mich des Lebens reinstes Wort
In Zweig und Blatt belauschen!
Und schreit’ ich in den Wald hinaus,
Da grüßen mich die Bäume,
Du liebes, freies Gotteshaus,
Du schließest mich mit Sturmgebraus
In deine kühlen Räume!
Was leise mich umschwebt, umklingt,
Ich will es treu bewahren,
Und was mir tief zum Herzen dringt,
Will ich, vom Geist der Lieb’ beschwingt,
In Liedern offenbaren!

HERMANN ROLLETT (1819–1904)

Auf einem grünen Hügel
Auf einem grünen Hügel,
Da steht ein Röslein hell,
Und wenn ich rot, rot Röslein seh’,
So rot wie lauter Liebe,
Möcht’ weinen ich zur Stell’!
Auf einem grünen Hügel,
Da stehn zwei Blümlein blau,
Und wenn ich blau, blau Blümlein seh’,

Open then confidingly
The chamber of your blossom
And let ardent love
Enter into your sanctum.
I will ask only
To lie on your bosom
And kiss your blossom,
Before it wilts in the moss.
I will desire only
To repose in your arms
And in return to transfigure you
With sunlit joy.

Secrete whispers here and there
Secretive whispers here and there,
Hidden rustling of springs;
O forest, O forest, holy place,
Let me hearken the purest word of life
In your branches and leaves!
Stepping out into the woods,
I am greeted by the trees;
Oh beloved, free house of God,
With roaring tempests you envelop me
In your cool chambers!
That which softly hovers and sings around me,
I will truly safeguard,
And that which deeply stirs my heart,
When endowed with wings by the spirit of love,
In song I shall reveal!

On a green hill
On a green hill
There stands a pretty rose,
And when I see red roses,
As red as love,
Tears instantly come to me!
On a green hill
There stand two little flowers blue,
And when I see blue flowers,
So blau wie blaue Äuglein,  
Durch Tränen ich sie schau’!

Auf einem grünen Hügel,  
Da singt ein Vögelein;  
Mir ist’s, als säng’s: Wer niemals Leid,  
Recht großes Leid erfahren,  
Wird nie recht glücklich sein.

HERMANN ROLLETT (1819–1904)

Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag
Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag,
Die Wachtel schlägt im Korn,
Die Lerche jauchzt mit Jubelschlag,
Wohl überm hellen, grünen Hag,
Der Jäger bläst in’s Horn.

Frau Nachtigall ruft süßen Schall,
Durch’s Laub ein Flüstern zieht,
Das Echo tönt im Widerhall,
Es klingt und singt allüberall,
Das ist ein Frühlingslied.

HERMANN ROLLETT (1819–1904)

O Lust, o Lust
O Lust, o Lust, vom Berg ein Lied
In’s Land hinab zu singen!
Der kleinste Ton hinunter zieht,
So wie auf Riesenschwingen!

Der stillste Hauch aus lauter Brust,
In Leid und Lust entrungen,
Er wird zum Klange, unbewußt
Für alle Welt gesungen.

Es schwingt sie erd- und himmelwärts
Der Seele klingend Sehnen
Und fällt der ganzen Welt an’s Herz
Ob freudig, ob in Tränen.

Was still sonst nur die Brust durchzieht,
Fliegt aus auf lauten Schwingen,
O Lust, o Lust, vom Berg ein Lied
In’s Land hinab zu singen.

HERMANN ROLLETT (1819–1904)

As blue as blue eyes,
’Tis through tears I behold them!
On a green hill
There sings a little bird:
Methinks ’tis singing: he who never suffered,
Suffered real sorrow,
He shall never be truly happy.

This is a day for resounding
This is a day for resounding:
The quails sing in the fields,
The lark rejoices jubilantly,
Above the bright, green grove,
The hunters blow their horns.
The nightingale calls with such sweet song,
Through the foliage whispers float,
Echoes rebounding,
Ringing and singing all around,
This is a song of spring.

Oh joy, what joy
Oh joy, what joy from the mountains high
To sing into the valleys a song,
The smallest sound downward soars,
As if on giant wings!
The softest sigh, from a full breast
Wrought in pain and in joy,
Becomes sound, unwittingly
Sung to all the world.
Thrown down to earth and up to the skies
By its own resounding longing,
The soul casts itself upon the world’s heart
Whether happily, or in tears.
That which but quietly moves the soul
Soars forth now on resonant wings;
Oh joy, what joy from the mountains high
To sing into the valleys a song.
16 Walzer
Horch! Welch ein süßes harmonisches Klingen,
Flüstern erhebt sich zum jubilierenden Laut.
Laß mich dich, reizendes Mädchen, umschlingen,
Wie ein Geliebter die liebende Braut.
Komm! Laß mit den wogenden Tönen uns schweben,
Die uns wie Stimmen der Liebe umweh'n:
So uns der seligsten Täuschung ergeben,
Glücklich es wähnen, was nie kann gescheh'n.
Auge in Auge mit glühenden Wangen,
Bebende Seufzer verlangender Lust!
Ach! Wenn die Stunden der Freude vergangen,
Füllet nur trauernde Sehnsucht die Brust,
Nimmer erblüht, was einmal verblüht,
Nie wird die rosige Jugend uns neu,
O drum, eh' das Feuer der Herzen verglüht,
Liebe um Liebe, noch lächelt der Mai.
JOHANN PETER LYSER (pseudonym of LUDWIG PETER AUGUST BURMEISTER, 1803–1870)

17 Der Abendstern
Bist du denn wirklich so fern,
Lieblicher, glänzender Stern?
Sehne mich stündlich von hier,
Wandelnder, heimlich zu dir.
Blickest so hell durch die Nacht,
Still, bis die Sorge erwacht,
Schimmerst am Morgen noch spät,
Matt, wenn die Sonne ersteht.
Winket dein freundliches Licht
Frieden und Ruhe mir nicht?
Schau ich dich, blinkenden Stern,
Möcht' ich ja sterben so gern.
ANONYMOUS

18 Am Strande
Traurig schau ich von der Klippe
Auf die Flut, die uns getrennt,
Und mit Inbrunst fleht die Lippe,
Schone seiner, Element!

Waltz
Hark! What sweet harmonious sounds,
Whispering rising to jubilant ringing,
Let me embrace you, O lovely maiden,
As a lover embraces his loving bride.
Come! Let us glide on the billowing sounds,
Enveloping us like voices of love:
Thus delivering us into blissful deception,
Happily imagining what never can be.
Eye in eye with glowing cheeks,
Trembling sighs of yearning desire!
Ah! When the hours of pleasure have passed,
Only mournful longing will fill our breasts;
What once has faded shall never blossom anew,
Rosy youth returns to us no more,
Thus, before the fire in our hearts expires,
For love's sake love, May is yet smiling.

Evening Star
Are you really so distant,
Lovely, shining star?
From hour to hour I long
Secretly for you, O moving sphere.
So brightly you gaze through the night,
Silently, until sorrow awakes,
Late in the morning you shimmer still,
Dimly, as the sun rises.
Does your kind light not bode
Peace and calm to me?
When I behold you, O glistening star,
I simply wish to die.

On the Shore
Sadly I look down from the cliff
Upon the waters that separate us,
And full of fervour beg my lips:
Spare him, O elements!
Furcht ist meiner Seele Meister,  
Ach, und Hoffnung schwindet schier;  
Nur im Traume bringen Geister  
Vom Geliebten Kunde mir.  

Die ihr, fröhliche Genossen  
Gold'ner Tag' in Lust und Schmerz,  
Kummertränen nie vergossen,  
Ach, ihr kennt nicht meinen Schmerz!  

Sei mir mild, o nächt'ge Stunde,  
Auf das Auge senke Ruh,  
Holde Geister, flüstert Kunde  
Vom Geliebten dann mir zu.  

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796), *Musing on the Roaring Ocean*  
translated by WILHELM GERHARD (1780–1858)

Sie liebten sich beide  
see track [5]

**Volkslied**

Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht,  
Er fiel auf die zarten Blaublümelein:  
Sie sind verwelket, verdorrt.  

Ein Jüngling hatte ein Mädchen lieb;  
Sie flohen heimlich von Hause fort,  
Es wußt' weder Vater noch Mutter.  

Sie sind gewandert hin und her,  
Sie haben gehabt weder Glück noch Stern,  
Sie sind gestorben, verdorben.  

HEINRICH HEINE (1797–1856)

**Ihr Bildnis**  
see track [4]

**Mein Stern**

O du mein Stern, schau dich so gern,  
Wenn still im Meere die Sonne sinket,  
Dein goldnes Auge so tröstend winket  
In meiner Nacht!  

O du mein Stern, aus weiter Fern,  
Bist Du ein Bote mit Liebesgrüßen,  
Laß deine Strahlen mich durstig küssen  
In banger Nacht!

**Folksong**

Frost fell of a night in spring,  
Fell onto the little blue flowers so delicate:  
They wilted, they withered.  

A young man loved a maiden;  
Secretly they fled their home,  
Neither father nor mother knew.  

They wandered hither and thither,  
They had neither luck nor guiding star;  
They died, were ruined.

**My Star**

O thou my star, I love to regard thee,  
When quietly the sun sets in the sea,  
Thy golden eye so comforting beckons  
Into my night!  

O thou my star, from far away,  
Thou art a messenger of love's greetings,  
Let me kiss thy rays full of thirst  
Amidst the uneasy night!
O du mein Stern, verweile gern,
Und lächelnd führ' auf des Lichts Gefieder
Der Träume Engel dem Freunde wieder
In seiner Nacht!
FRIEDERIKE SERRE (1800–1872)

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage
Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörest du!
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage,
Geht ab und zu.
Er bringt sie dir und hat mir wieder
Den Gruß gebracht:
Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder
Jetzt gute Nacht.
FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)

Lorelei
Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.
Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr gold’nes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr gold’nes Haar.
FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage
Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörest du!
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage,
Geht ab und zu.
Er bringt sie dir und hat mir wieder
Den Gruß gebracht:
Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder
Jetzt gute Nacht.
FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788–1866)

The Good Night I bid you
The Good Night I bid you,
O friend, can you hear me!
An angel, bearing my message
Wanders to and fro.
He takes it to you, and to me
Returns this greeting:
Your friend’s songs also
Now bid you Good Night.

Loreley
I know not what may be the meaning
Of this sadness I feel;
A fairytale from times long past,
Will not leave my fancy.
Cool is the air; darkness is descending,
And the Rhine flows quietly;
The top of the mountain is aglow
In the light of the evening sun.
A maiden most beautiful sits
Wonderfully there above,
Her golden trinkets sparkle,
She combs her golden hair.
Sie kämmt es mit gold’nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.
Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh’.
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

HEINRICH HEINE (1797–1856)

Das Veilchen
Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam eine junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
Daher, die Wiese her und sang.
Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär’ ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen mattgedrückt!
Ach nur ein Viertelstündchen lang!
Ach! aber ach, das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut sich noch:
Und sterb’ ich denn, so sterb’ ich doch
Durch sie, zu ihren Füßen doch.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

Der Wanderer
Die Straßen, die ich gehe,
So oft ich um mich sehe,
Sie bleiben fremd doch mir.

Der Wanderer
The streets I wander,
Often as I cast my eyes around,
Still they remain foreign to me.

She combs it with a comb of gold
Singing a song awhile;
It has a wondrous,
Most powerful melody.
The sailor in his little boat
Is gripped by savage woe;
He does not regard the rocky cliffs,
But only gazes up on high.
Methinks, the waves in the end
Will devour both sailor and boat;
And this by her singing
The Loreley has done.

The Violet
In a meadow a violet stood,
Bowed and unknown;
’Twas a pretty violet.
A young shepherdess neared
With light step and cheerful spirit
Along the meadow, and sang.
Ah me! thought the violet, if only I were
Nature’s most beautiful flower,
Ah, if only for a little while,
Until my love had picked me
And clasped me to her bosom till I fade!
Ah, if only a quarter of an hour!
But alas, the maiden came
And did not heed the violet,
Crushed the poor violet underfoot.
It drooped and died and yet rejoiced:
Though I die, I die
Through her, at her feet.
Herberg', wo ich möcht weilen,
Ich kann sie nicht ereilen,
Weit, weit ist sie von hier.
So fremd mir anzuschauen
Sind diese Städt' und Auen,
Die Burgen stumm und tot;
Doch fern Gebirge ragen,
Die meine Heimat tragen,
Ein ewig Morgenrot.
JUSTINUS KERNER (1786–1862)

Der Wanderer in der Sägemühle
Dort unten in der Mühle
Saß ich in guter Ruh
Und sah dem Räderspiele
Und sah dem Wasser zu.
Sah zu der blanken Säge,
Es war mir wie ein Traum,
Die bahnte lange Wege
In einen Tannenbaum.
Die Tanne war mir lebend,
In Trauermelodie,
Durch alle Fasern bebend
Sang diese Worte sie:
Du trittst zur rechten Stunde,
O Wanderer, hier ein,
Du bist’s, für den die Wunde
Mir dringt ins Herz hinein.
Du bist’s, für den wird werden,
Wenn kurz gewandert du,
Dies Holz im Schoß der Erden,
Ein Schrein zur langen Ruh.
Vier Bretter sah ich fallen,
Mir ward um’s Herze schwer,
Ein Wörtlein wollt’ ich lallen,
Da ging das Rad nicht mehr.
JUSTINUS KERNER (1786–1862)

Shelter, where I would wish to remain
I cannot reach,
’Tis far, far away from here.
So foreign to the eye
Are these towns and plains,
The castles silent and dead;
But far away mountains rise,
They are my home,
An eternal dawn.

The Wanderer at the Sawmill
Down at the mill
I sat in peaceful calm
And looked upon the calm
And looked upon the water.
I looked upon the shiny saw
And, as if in a dream,
It cut deeply
Into a fir-tree.
The tree seemed alive to me,
And in a mournful tune,
Every fibre trembling,
These words it sang:
You come timely,
O wanderer, thither,
’Tis for you this wound
Is pierced into my heart.
’Tis you for whom
After a short time of travel
This wood will in the earth’s womb
Become a coffin for the longest rest.
I saw four boards tumble;
My heart grew heavy.
I wanted to speak, only a word,
But the wheel turned no more.
Beim Abschied
Purpurgluten leuchten ferne,
Golden sinkt der lichte Tag,
Einzeln werden Silbersterne
An dem Himmelsbogen wach.

Und des Tages Königin
Trägt ihr Haupt zum Schlummer hin;
Noch ein Gruß, auf Wiedersehn,
'S ist kein Abschied, kein Vergehn.

Schatten deckt die weite Erde,
Auf den Fluren lagert Nacht.
Armes Herz, nun stille werde,
Das der Tag so müd gemacht.

O erscheine lieb und mild
Mir im Traume, süßes Bild.
Noch ein Gruß, auf Wiedersehn,
'S ist kein Abschied, kein Vergehn.

Ach, es rinnen heiße Tränen,
Bald ein seliges Gefühl,
Bald ein schmerzlich banges Sehnen
Mir die Brust zerbrechen will.

Nur der Traum führt es zurück,
Das zu schnell entschwundre Glück.
Noch ein Gruß, auf Wiedersehn,
'S ist kein Abschied, kein Vergehn.

Wenn ins Abendrot ich sehe
Und die Sonne sinkt herab,
Denke ich an all das Wehe,
Daß ich schon bestanden hab.

Ach, vielleicht der nächste Morgen
Hebet alle, alle Sorgen
Drum getrost, auf Wiedersehn,
'S ist kein Abschied, kein Vergehn.

FRIEDERIKE SERRE (1800–1872)

On parting
Crimson embers glow from afar,
The bright day sinks full of golden light,
Silvery stars one by one
Awaken on heaven’s arch.

And the queen of the day
Bears her head towards slumber;
One more greeting, and goodbye,
'Tis no parting, no passing.

Shadows cover the earth far and wide,
On the plains night settles.
Poor heart, grow quiet now,
Made tired by the day.

Oh, kindly and gently appear
In my dream, sweet image.
One more greeting, and goodbye,
'Tis no parting, no passing.

Ah, ardent tears are flowing,
Sometimes a feeling of happiness,
Sometimes fearful longing full of pain
Is about to tear my breast asunder.

Only in my dreams will it return,
That happiness which disappeared all too soon.
One more greeting, and goodbye,
'Tis no parting, no passing.

When I gaze onto the sunset
And the sun descends,
Then I think of all the grief.
That already I have vanquished.

Ah, perhaps the next morning
Will lift all and every sorrow,
Therefore be cheerful, and goodbye,
'Tis no parting, no passing.

Song texts translated by BETTINA REINKE-WELSH
Susan Gritton was born in Reigate in the south of England and studied botany at Oxford and London Universities before taking up a singing career.

In 1994 she won the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Prize, made her solo recital debut at London’s Wigmore Hall and has since appeared in concerts, recitals and opera stagings throughout Britain and Europe with British and European orchestras too numerous to mention, working with many renowned conductors including Sir Colin Davis, Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Sir Bernard Haitink, Anthony Pappano, Kent Nagano, and Richard Hickox. Her discography is extensive, and her many recordings for Hyperion include several with The King’s Consort (Purcell songs, Vivaldi sacred music, Handel’s Deborah and Occasional Oratorio). Stage roles include Susanna and Zerlina (Glyndebourne), Governess and Lucia (Snape), Marzelline (Rome), Fulvia in Handel’s Ezio (Paris), Clarine/Thalie in Platée, Tiny in Paul Bunyan (Royal Opera House), Xenia (Boris Godunov), Atalanta in Xerxes, Constance in Poulenc’s Dialogues des Carmélites at English National Opera (of which she is a member) and many others. Susan is married and has two children.

Born in Dresden in 1972, Stephan Loges was a member of the Dresdner Kreuzchor before going on to study at the Hochschule der Künste Berlin. In 1995 he began studies with Rudolf Piernay at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, completing the opera course in June 1999, and winning the Wigmore Hall International Song Competition in the same year.

Stephan Loges made his Carnegie Hall debut in Brahms’s Ein deutsches Requiem and since then has performed many times in America. In Europe he has sung Bach under Sir John Eliot Gardiner as part of his Bach 2000 project, sung the Bach Passions with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and the B minor Mass with both RIAS Kammerchor and Marcus Creed and the Corydon Orchestra and Matthew Best. He has also toured Spain with Philippe Herreweghe and the Orchestre des Champs-Élysées singing Mendelssohn’s Paulus.

Stephan Loges’ extensive Lieder repertory includes Schubert’s Schwanengesang, Schubert’s Winterreise and Brahms’s Die schöne Magelone. He appears regularly with Graham Johnson, most recently at the Klavierfestival Ruhr in Germany, and made his New York debut with Alexander Schmalcz, with whom he recently gave his first full Wigmore Hall recital. He also recently appeared with Iain Burnside as part of his Century Songs project.

Eugene Asti studied with Jeannette Haien at the Mannes College of Music, New York, where he earned his BMus and MA. He has received numerous awards including a Fulbright Scholarship to study piano accompaniment with Graham Johnson at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, the Ferdinand Rauter Memorial Prize (Richard Tauber Competition) and the Megan Foster Prize (Maggie Teyte Competition).

Much in demand as an accompanist, he has performed with many great artists including Dame Felicity Lott, Dame Margaret Price, Nancy Argenta and Elizabeth Connell, in places such as London’s Wigmore Hall, the Rome Opera House, the Musikverein in Vienna, the Aix-en-Provence Festival, Paris, Madrid, Brussels, Düsseldorf, Vancouver, and New York. He has devised recital series for St John’s Smith Square and St George’s Brandon Hill to mark the Brahms and Mendelssohn anniversaries in 1997, and in 1999 planned a series for St John’s Smith Square to mark the Poulenc/Strauss anniversaries. He has done much recording work for the BBC, most recently including several broadcasts for Radio 3’s Voices programme with Sophie Daneman, Sarah Connolly and Stephan Loges.
Recording Engineer TONY FAULKNER  Recording Producer MARK BROWN
Piano STEINWAY & SONS
Executive Producers EDWARD PERRY, SIMON PERRY
Front illustration: The Lorelei on the Lorelei Rock in the Rhine (1889)