

SPRING RECITAL, 31/03/2021

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

SECHS LIEDER, OP 48

GRUß (Heinrich Heine)

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.

Kling hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.
Wenn du eine Rose schaut,
Sag, ich lass' sie grüßen.

DEREINST, GEDANKE MEIN (Cristobal de Castillejo, trs Emanuel Geibel)

Dereinst,
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Läßt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden
Wird dir's gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

LAUF DER WELT (Ludwig Uhland)

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Greeting

A sweet sound of bells
Peals gently through my soul.
Ring out, little song of spring,
Ring out far and wide.

Ring out till you reach the house
Where violets are blooming.
And if you should see a rose,
Send to her my greeting.

ONE DAY, MY THOUGHTS

One day,
My thoughts,
You shall be at rest.

Though love's ardour
Gives you no peace,
You shall sleep well
In cool earth;
There without love
And without pain
You shall be at rest.

What you did not
Find in life
Will be granted you
When life is ended.
Then, free from torment
And free from pain,
You shall be at rest.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Every evening I go out,
Up the meadow path.
She looks out from her summer house,
Which stands close by the road.
We've never planned a rendezvous,
It's just the way of the world.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küß' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

I don't know how it happened,
For a long time I've been kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes,
But neither does she ever say no.
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,
We don't prevent it, it just seems good.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Tause kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

The little breeze plays with the rose,
It doesn't ask: do you love me?
The rose cools itself with dew,
It doesn't dream of saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
But neither says: I love you!

DIE VERSCHWIEGENE NACHTIGALL (Walter von der Vogelweide) THE SECRETIVE NIGHTINGALE

Unter den Linden,
An der Haide,
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,
Da mögt ihr finden,
Wie wir beide
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,
Tandaradei!
Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

Under the lime trees
By the heath
Where I sat with my beloved,
There you may find
How both of us
Picked flowers and grass.
Outside the wood, with a sweet sound,
Tandaradei!
The nightingale sang in the valley.

Ich kam gegangen
Zu der Aue,
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
Ich ward empfangen
Als hehre Fraue,
Daß ich noch immer selig bin.
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

I came walking
To the meadow,
My beloved arrived before me.
I was received
As a noble lady,
So I shall always be happy.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

Wie ich da ruhte,
Wüßt' es einer,
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.
Wie mich der Gute
Herzte, keiner
Erfahre das als er und ich –

If anyone knew
How I lay there,
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.
How my darling hugged me,
No one shall know
But he and I –

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

And a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who certainly won't say a word.

ZUR ROSENZEIT (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühtet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

TIME OF ROSES

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloomed for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief.

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühtet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloomed for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief.

EIN TRAUM (Friedrich von Bodenstedt)

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

A DREAM

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blond maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach
schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl
Geläut –
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

The buds bloomed, the forest stream
swelled,
From the distant village came the sound of
bells –
We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.

Und schöner noch als einst
der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit –

And more beautiful yet than
the dream,
It happened in reality,

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe
sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her –
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit –
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

George Butterworth

(1885-1916)

SIX SONGS FROM A SHROPSHIRE LAD

(A E Housman)

LOVELIEST OF TREES

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies

It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds
bloomed,
From the village came the sound of bells;
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring,
You shall live in me for evermore!
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true..

LOOK NOT IN MY EYES, FOR FEAR

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

THINK NO MORE, LAD

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

THE LADS IN THEIR HUNDREDS

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come
in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge
and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the
liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will
never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field
and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and
many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the
handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their
truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there
were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can
never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly
and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that
they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and
there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and
not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the
mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never
be old.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING?

'Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?'

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

'Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?'

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

'Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Rhian Samuel (b 1944)

200 PIÈCES MOON OVER MAENEFA

(Gerard Manley Hopkins)

I awoke in the Midsummer not-to-call night,
in the white and the walk of the morning:
The moon, dwindled and thinned to the
fringe of a fingernail held to the candle,
Or paring of paradisaical fruit, lovely in
waning but lustreless,
Stepped from the stool, drew back from the
barrow, of dark Maenefa the mountain;
A cusp still clasped him, a fluke yet fanged
him, entangled him, not quit utterly.
This was the prized, the desirable sight,
unsought, presented so easily,
Parted me leaf and leaf, divided me, eyelid
and eyelid of slumber.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

CHANSONS DE BILITIS (Pierre Louÿs)

LA FLÛTE DE PAN

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné
une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis
avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes
lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue
après moi, si doucement que je l'entends
à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous
sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos
chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à
tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles
vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma
mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si
longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

THE FLUTE OF PAN

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx
made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with
white wax which tastes sweet to my lips
like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap;
but I am a little fearful. He plays it after me,
so softly that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we one
to another, but our songs try to answer each
other, and our mouths join in turn on the
flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs
that begins with the night. My mother will
never believe I stayed out so long to look
for my lost sash.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

LA CHEVELURE

Il m'a dit: 'Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta
chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes
cheveux comme un collier autour de ma
nuque et sur ma poitrine.

'Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et
nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la
même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent
qu'une racine.

'Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos
membres étaient confondus, que je
devenais toi-même ou que tu entrais en
moi comme mon songe.'

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses
mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un
regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux
avec un frisson.

LE TOMBEAU DES NAIÏADES

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je
marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche
se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes
sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse
et tassée.

Il me dit: 'Que cherches-tu?' – 'Je suis la
trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus
alternent comme des trous dans un
manteau blanc.' Il me dit: 'Les satyres
sont morts.

'Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis
trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi
terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un
bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.'

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace
de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il

THE TRESSES OF HAIR

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had
your tresses around my neck. I had your
hair like a black necklace all round my nape
and over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we
were united thus forever by the same
tresses, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels
often share one root.

And gradually it seemed to me, so
intertwined were our limbs, that I was
becoming you, or you were entering into
me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his
hands on my shoulders and gazed at me
so tenderly, that I lowered my eyes with
a shiver.

THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my
hair, across my mouth, blossomed with tiny
icicles, and my sandals were heavy with
muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?' 'I follow
the Satyr's track. His little cloven hoof
marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.'
He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty
years there has not been so harsh a winter.
The tracks you see are those of a goat. But
let us stay here, where their tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke
the ice of the spring, where the naiads used

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les
soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait
au travers.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

FRÜHLING ÜBERS JAHR

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Das Beet, schon lockert
Sich's in die Höh,
Da wanken Glöckchen
So weiß wie Schnee;
Safran entfaltet
Gewalt'ge Glut,
Smaragden keimt es
Und keimt wie Blut.
Primeln stolzieren
So naseweis,
Schalkhafte Veilchen,
Versteckt mit Fleiß;
Was auch noch alles
Da regt und webt –
Genug, der Frühling,
Er wirkt und lebt.

Doch was im Garten
Am reichsten blüht,
Das ist des Liebchens
Lieblich Gemüt.
Da glühen Blicke
Mir immerfort,
Erregend Liedchen,
Erheitend Wort;
Ein immer offen,
Ein Blütenherz,
Im Ernste freundlich
Und rein im Scherz.
Wenn Ros' und Lilie
Der Sommer bringt,
Er doch vergebens
Mit Liebchen ringt!

to laugh. He picked up some huge cold
fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky,
gazed through them.

PERENNIAL SPRING

Flowers break free from the earth
And shoot up from their beds,
Little bells sway
White as snow;
Crocuses blaze
With intense colour,
Budding emerald
And budding like blood.
Primroses strut
So saucily,
Roguish violets
Are carefully hidden;
And a great deal else
Stirs and moves,
Enough – it's spring,
Active and alive!

But in all the garden
The most gorgeous flower
Is my sweetheart's
Lovely soul.
She looks at me ardently
All the time,
Inspiring songs,
Provoking words;
An ever-open
Blossoming heart,
Friendly in grave matters,
And pure in jesting.
Summer may bring
The rose and lily,
But it vies in vain
With my darling.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

ZITRONENFALTER IM APRIL

(Eduard Mörike)

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

IM FRÜHLING (Eduard Mörike)

Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, daß ich bei dir bliebe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt
kein Haus.

Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein
Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Liebe und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wann werd ich gestillt?

Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluß,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuß
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein:
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene
lauschet.
Ich denke dies und denke das,
Ich sehne mich und weiß nicht recht nach
was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;
Mein Herz, o sage,

BRIMSTONE BUTTERFLY IN APRIL

Merciless spring sun,
You wake me before my time,
For only in blissful May
Can my dainty food grow!
If there's no dear girl here
To offer me a drop of honey
From her rosy lips,
Then I must perish miserably
And May shall never see me
In my yellow dress.

IN SPRING

Here I lie on the springtime hill:
The clouds become my wings,
A bird flies on ahead of me.
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,
Where you are, that I might be with you!
But you and the breezes, you have
no home.

Like a sunflower my soul has
opened,
Yearning,
Expanding
In love and hope.
Spring, what is it you want?
When shall I be stilled?

I see the clouds drift by, the river too,
The sun kisses its golden glow
Deep into my veins;
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,
Close, as if in sleep,
Only my ears still catch the hum of
the bee.
I muse on this, I muse on that,
I yearn, and yet for what I cannot
say:
It is half joy, half lament;
Tell me, O heart,

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?
– Alte unnennbare Tage!

ACH IM MAIEN WAR'S, IM MAIEN
(Anon, trs Paul Heyse)

Ach im Maien war's, im Maien,
Wo die warmen Lüfte wehen,
Wo verliebte Leute pflegen
Ihren Liebchen nachzugehen.

Ich allein, ich armer Trauriger,
Lieg' im Kerker so verschmachtet,
Und ich seh nicht, wann es taget,
Und ich weiß nicht, wann es nachtet.

Nur an einem Vöglein merkt' ich's,
Das dadrauß im Baume sang;
Das hat mir ein Schütz getötet –
Geb' ihm Gott den schlimmsten Dank!

ER IST'S (Eduard Mörike)

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

What memories you weave
Into the twilit green and golden leaves?
– Past, unmentionable days!

AH, IN MAY IT WAS, IN MAYTIME

Ah, in May it was, in Maytime,
When the warm breezes blow,
When those in love are wont
To seek their loves.

I alone, sad wretch,
Lie languishing in jail,
And cannot tell when day dawns,
And cannot tell when night falls.

But I used to know by a little bird
That sang out there in May;
A hunter killed it for me –
May God give him the worst of rewards!

SPRING IS HERE

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.
Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
– Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!
Spring, that must be you!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

All translations by Richard Stokes