



MEDTNER

Complete Songs

Ekaterina Levental *mezzo-soprano* · Frank Peters *piano*

Nikolai Medtner 1880-1951
Complete Songs

TRACK LISTS

CD1 ЗАКЛИНАНИЕ | INCANTATION

3 Romances Op.3

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|----|------|--|------|
| 1. | No.1 | At the gates of the holy cloister (M. Lermontov) | 3'04 |
| 2. | No.2 | I've lived to see desire vanish (A. Pushkin) | 1'58 |
| 3. | No.3 | On the Lake (J.W. Goethe/A. Fet) | 2'19 |

2 Poems Op.13

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| 4. | No.1 | Winter Evening (A. Pushkin) | 3'19 |
| 5. | No.2 | Epitaph (A. Bely) | 2'39 |

8 Poems Op.24

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| 6. | No.1 | Day and night (F. Tyutchev) | 2'35 |
| 7. | No.2 | Willow, why do you lower (F. Tyutchev) | 1'29 |
| 8. | No.3 | The wave and the thought (F. Tyutchev) | 1'51 |
| 9. | No.4 | Twilight (F. Tyutchev) | 3'33 |
| 10. | No.5 | I am dumbstruck (A. Fet) | 2'46 |
| 11. | No.6 | Should a smile gently brighten your face (A. Fet) | 2'29 |
| 12. | No.7 | Tender whisper, timid breathing (A. Fet) | 1'52 |
| 13. | No.8 | I have come to you, delighted (A. Fet) | 1'46 |

7 Poems Op.28

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| 14. | No.1 | Unexpected rain (A. Fet) | 2'50 |
| 15. | No.2 | I can't listen to this birdsong (A. Fet) | 2'00 |
| 16. | No.3 | Butterfly (A. Fet) | 1'17 |
| 17. | No.4 | Heavy, dark and faded (V. Bryusov) | 3'47 |
| 18. | No.5 | Peace in springtime (F. Tyutchev) | 1'59 |
| 19. | No.6 | I sit deep in thought and alone (F. Tyutchev) | 5'38 |
| 20. | No.7 | Lord, send your comfort (F. Tyutchev) | 2'59 |

7 Poems after Pushkin Op.29

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|-----|------|-------------|------|
| 21. | No.1 | Muse | 3'16 |
| 22. | No.2 | The Singer | 3'10 |
| 23. | No.3 | Night Piece | 2'47 |
| 24. | No.4 | The Horse | 2'25 |
| 25. | No.5 | Elegy | 2'06 |
| 26. | No.6 | The Rose | 2'03 |
| 27. | No.7 | Incantation | 3'32 |

CD2 БЕССОННИЦА | SLEEPLESSNESS

6 Poems Op.32

1.	No.1	The Echo (A. Pushkin)	3'42
2.	No.2	Retrospect (A. Pushkin)	3'33
3.	No.3	Message (A. Pushkin)	4'10
4.	No.4	I Loved You Well (A. Pushkin)	3'05
5.	No.5	Waltz (A. Delwig)	2'45
6.	No.6	To a Dreamer (A. Pushkin)	4'14

6 Poems after Pushkin Op.36

7.	No.1	The Angel	2'30
8.	No.2	The Faded Flower	2'46
9.	No.3	When Roses Fade	2'31
10.	No.4	Spanish Romance	2'13
11.	No.5	Night	2'06
12.	No.6	Arion	4'34

Poems Op.37

13.	No.1	Sleepless (F. Tyutchev)	6'39
14.	No.2	Tears (F. Tyutchev)	2'23
15.	No.3	Impromptu (A. Fet)	2'35
16.	No.4	Waltz (A. Fet)	3'13
17.	No.5	Night Winds (F. Tyutchev)	1'39

4 Poems Op.45

18.	No.1	Elegy (A. Pushkin)	7'23
19.	No.2	The Coach of Life (A. Pushkin)	2'36
20.	No.3	Song of Night (F. Tyutchev)	3'19
21.	No.4	Our Time (F. Tyutchev)	3'41

CD3 АНГЕЛ | ANGEL

1.	The Angel Op.1 bis	4'13
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Suite – Vocalise Op.41 No.2

2.	Introduction & Song of the Nymphs	5'13
3.	Secrets	4'12
4.	Procession of the Graces	3'31
5.	What the Poet Speaks	6'33

7 Songs after Pushkin Op.52

6.	No.1	The Window	5'01
7.	No.2	The Ravens	2'34
8.	No.3	Elegy	4'16
9.	No.4	Visions	1'58
10.	No.5	Spanish Romance	2'37
11.	No.6	Serenade	3'21
12.	No.7	The Prisoner	1'41

Sonata – Idyll Op.56 *for piano solo*

13.	I.	Pastorale: Allegretto cantabile	4'06
14.	II.	Allegro moderato e cantabile	8'54

3 Unpublished Songs

15.	Prayer	2'31
16.	Epitaph Op.13a	2'12
17.	Psalm	1'30

CD4 WANDRERS NACHTLIED | WANDERER'S NIGHTSONG

Neun Lieder von W. Goethe Op.6

1.	Nr.1	Wandrer's Nachtlid II – Wanderer's Nightsong II	2'16
2.	Nr.2	Mailed – Spring Song	1'52
3.	Nr.3	Elfenliedchen – Song of the Elves	1'19
4.	Nr.4	Im Vorübergehn – I roamed the Meadows	1'47
5.	Nr.5	Liebliches Kind (aus 'Claudine von Villa-Bella') – Loveliest Lass	3'08
6.	Nr.6	Inneres Wühlen (aus 'Erwin und Elmire') – Conscience	1'30
7.	Nr.7	Sieh mich, Heil'ger (aus 'Erwin und Elmire') – Hear Me, Lord	2'40
8.	Nr.8	Erster Verlust – First Love	1'50
9.	Nr.9	Gefunden (Epithalamion) – Rooted Firm	1'46

Drei Gedichte von H. Heine Op.12

10.	Nr.1	Lieb Liebchen – The Carpenter	1'01
11.	Nr.2	Lyrisches Intermezzo (Fichtenbaum) – Lyrical Intermezzo	1'49
12.	Nr.3	Bergstimme – The Voice of the Mountain	3'13

Zwölf Lieder von W. Goethe Op.15

13.	Nr.1	Wandrer's Nachtlid I – Wanderer's Nightsong I	2'46
14.	Nr.2	An die Türen will ich schleichen (aus Wilhelm Meister) – The Beggar	1'52
15.	Nr.3	Selbstbetrug – Self-Deceit	1'05
16.	Nr.4	Sie liebt mich! (aus 'Erwin und Elmire') – She Loves Me!	1'16
17.	Nr.5	So tanzet (aus 'Lila') – So dance Ye	1'02
18.	Nr.6	Vor Gericht (Ballade) – Before the Court	3'09
19.	Nr.7	Meeresstille – Sea Calm	3'07
20.	Nr.8	Glückliche Fahrt – Happy Voyage	1'12
21.	Nr.9	Nähe des Geliebten – Near the Beloved	2'36
22.	Nr.10	Der untreue Knabe (Ballade) – The Faithless Lad	3'22
23.	Nr.11	Gleich und Gleich – Like to Like	1'29
24.	Nr.12	Geistergruß – The Spirit's Greeting	2'15

Sechs Gedichte von W. Goethe Op.18

25.	Nr.1	Die Spröde – The Flirt	1'52
26.	Nr.2	Die Bekehrte – Conquered	2'57
27.	Nr.3	Einsamkeit – Solitude	1'32
28.	Nr.4	Mignon – Mignon	1'52
29.	Nr.5	Das Veilchen (Ballade) – The Violet	3'29
30.	Nr.6	Jägers Abendlied – Hunter's Even-Song	1'15

CD5 GEWEIHTER PLATZ | SACRED PLACE

Drei Gedichte von Nietzsche Op.19

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|----|------|------------------------------------|------|
| 1. | No.1 | Gruss – Greeting | 1'51 |
| 2. | No.2 | Alt Mütterlein – Little Old Mother | 2'18 |
| 3. | No.3 | Heimweh – Longing for Home | 2'58 |

Zwei Gedichte von Nietzsche Op.19a

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| 4. | No.1 | Heimkehr – Returning Home | 3'21 |
| 5. | No.2 | Verzweiflung – Despair | 4'25 |

Sonate-Vocalise mit einem Motto "Geweiheter Platz" von Goethe Op.41 No.1

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| 6. | | Geweiheter Platz – Sacred Place | 3'06 |
| 7. | | Sonate-Vocalise | 11'27 |

Sieben Gedichte Op.46

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|-----|------|--|------|
| 8. | No.1 | Praeludium – Praeludium (Goethe) | 1'53 |
| 9. | No.2 | Geweiheter Platz – Sacred Place (Goethe) | 3'28 |
| 10. | No.3 | Serenade – Perspective (Eichendorff) | 1'18 |
| 11. | No.4 | Im Walde – In the Forest (Eichendorff) | 1'40 |
| 12. | No.5 | Winternacht – Winter Night (Eichendorff) | 4'08 |
| 13. | No.6 | Die Quelle – The Water Spring (Chamisso) | 2'06 |
| 14. | No.7 | Frisch gesungen – Vigorously sung (Chamisso) | 2'28 |

Acht Lieder Op.61

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| 15. | No.1 | Reiselied – Song of the wanderer (Eichendorff) | 3'02 |
| 16. | No.2 | Nachtgruss – Accord (Eichendorff) | 3'18 |
| 17. | No.3 | So, what then is my name to you? (Pushkin) | 3'35 |
| 18. | No.4 | If by life you were deceived (Pushkin) | 2'05 |
| 19. | No.5 | Prayer (Lermontov) | 2'19 |
| 20. | No.6 | An uneventful afternoon (Tyutchev) | 2'16 |
| 21. | No.7 | O my prophetic soul! (Tyutchev) | 2'10 |
| 22. | No.8 | When what we proudly ours called –
Pacification (Tyutchev) | 3'00 |

23. **Wie kommt es?** – How does it happen? (Hesse) *Unpublished* 2'29

Ekaterina Levental *mezzo soprano* · Frank Peters *piano*

LINER NOTES

"We create nothing, everything is already there. We only discover."
Nikolai Medtner (1880-1951)

This was Nikolai Medtner's credo. He saw himself as a medium, as an intermediary of the eternal truth waiting to be discovered, as a composer who did not invent or conceive anything himself. He strongly believed in the autonomy of music as a channel to tell this truth. But at the same time Medtner was also a craftsman, dedicated, honest, responsible, grinding and working on his mastery. He never saw his compositions as an end product, but only as an exercise on his journey.

Medtner's lofty ideas were born from a philosophical quest for morality and from his inexhaustible love of life. His music is imbued with knowledge and reverence for Romantic art, and filled with intense imagination and refinement. He combines both seriousness and severity with warmth and naivety; innocence, dreaminess and musing with a zest for life, energy and assertiveness; self-awareness and bliss. In short, everything that lies within the human emotional spectrum.

Medtner felt a sincere desire to touch the soul of the listener. And this is exactly what committed us, the creators of this project, so strongly to share his vocal art with you, the listener.

This integral recording of his songs is proof of that.

We are deeply convinced that these songs reveal completely new worlds of their own. To us, Medtner is an architect who knows how to cut diamonds with sound. Prophetic, honest, stubborn, tranquil, wild and surly, he investigates the essence of his truth and thus creates a new, personal and pure beauty.

The life of Nikolai Medtner can be divided into three periods: The Russian period (1880-1921); the years of wandering, in which he lived in both Germany and France (1921-1935); and the English period (1935-1951).

England would eventually become the country where he received the most recognition after Russia. Critics wrote about him: 'Music of rare beauty, rich imagination and nobility of feeling'; 'A musician more thoroughly skilled in the mere craft of composition could not be imagined'; 'The spirit of his music is that of the great romanticists of the past, strengthened by experience of the modern world'; and they described him as 'by far the most interesting and striking personality in modern Russian music'.

As a pianist on a par with Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Lhevinne and Scriabin, it is not surprising that the piano takes centre stage in all of his compositions. His 3 piano concertos, 14 piano sonatas and dozens of shorter works for piano solo are extremely demanding, technically, and bear witness to an unparalleled insight into the keyboard and its sound possibilities. The piano works nowadays enjoy an increasing popularity on today's concert stages.

The works for voice and piano, on the other hand, still receive less attention. One third of all Medtner's opus numbers consists of vocal works. Most of these songs are set to texts by Russian poets, notably Pushkin, Fet and Tyutchev. Another part consists of German-language lyrics.

Medtner's German roots were kept alive as German was the language of choice in the family in which he grew up. German was as natural to him as Russian, so he did not need translations of his favourite German poets. Various cycles in his oeuvre have therefore been set in German. One exception, however, is the song "Auf dem See", Op.3 No.3, after a poem by Goethe. Medtner used here a translation by Afanasy Fet, whom he admired. The songs featured on this first CD, were all written between 1903 and 1914, and are all in Russian.

Medtner saw melody as one of the most important elements in his music. His melodies are unforgettable. His composing technique testifies to natural power and proves itself through an impeccable sense of structure and form, brilliantly elaborated details and stratification. He is also a skilful master of counterpoint. Medtner has declared himself to be Beethoven's disciple.

His music is very demanding for the performers. He knew the potential of his chosen instruments and was able to fully realise his musical ideas without compromise. He does not spare his performers and challenges them to stretch and expand their expressive and technical boundaries. The piano part requires great virtuosity, the singer's lines are expansive and cover a very high and diverse range. The complexity of writing for voice and piano gives both an equal role and meaning. A search for a refined joint tone and lines is a prerequisite for ensemble playing within this repertoire. There is a reason that the composer himself called his songs duets.

Performing Medtner's music is a liberating experience. It is a liberation from restrictions, rules, standards, and sometimes also as liberation from one's own critical self. His music is able to carry you to new worlds where other values apply, where you can let yourself go, where you can dissolve into more universal matter and thus be able to forget yourself, even for a moment. An experience that everyone is looking for, the listener as well as the performer. The ultimate power of music!

Medtner's musical vocabulary is very rich and expressive. Some songs immediately captivate you, others require a certain effort from the listener. Anyone who takes up the challenge, makes a discovery. Every song is a treasure and an intimate, spiritual confession from the composer to his listener.

Medtner remained true to his noble and lofty ideals throughout his life, and we cannot help but be inspired by his ideas in our search for truthfulness and beauty in music.

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Translation: Jan Tazelaar

Medtner and the secret flower meadow of poetry

We can only be grateful to Ekaterina Levental and Frank Peters for bringing the songs of Nikolai Medtner (all songs, this CD is the second in a series of five) back into the limelight, about a century after its creation. This has to do in the first place, of course, with the beauty of the music. These four cycles make that once again indisputably clear. His songs are compelling and poignant, no one can deny that, and if I am not mistaken, this selection is even more exciting and radical than the first. Talent develops.

But there is another reason for gratitude: the material Medtner used for his songwriting. The composer loved poetry, yes, and good poetry. He had a penchant for the work of Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837), the great Russian poet who shaped the complex of the Romantic soul early in the 19th century with a sense of irony and tragedy. A word to write here with a capital letter. I am convinced that we are all still children of the Romantic era. This goes for Medtner just as well as for us in 2020, and for Pushkin, who was a contemporary of Schubert, to name but one. To put it succinctly: man has been thrown into the world without a handhold, detached from the great stories and their institutions, and from the other, above all; like loose atoms, we swing through a cold and aimless universe; we have nothing to fall back on but our own fluid interior, which we turn endlessly inside out. And oh yes, everything goes by, in futility. So, there we are, with all our poetic sensitivity. It is up to the poet to root in it.

Take the first beautiful Pushkin song of Op.45: Elegy. It is an ode to poetry. Or better: a hymn of praise to the poet, who, like a true high priest, is initiated into the mystery of life and death, for that matter. He is familiar with 'her unknown twilight/and her secret flower meadow' and as such is able to make a gesture across the boundary of life, reaching into the realm of death. My my, that is quite something. The poet is a shaman. Pushkin unfolds the idea that the dead are still present in our lives, if only in our dreams; and vice versa - o comforting image - that we, the still living, are expected in the hereafter, 'as long-awaited guests'. Death is a friend, what a pleasant vision!

In the second strophe it is as if the curtains are drawn away and cold light enters. Questions and doubts beset the poet so proud just before. Ecclesiastes says: everything is air and emptiness. Soon, nothing may be left of all those exalted feelings with which I filled my life, yes, a pile of ashes perhaps. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. No sustainability at all, just the cruel sense of loss. I won't even remember anything about my life, will I? There is a curious ambivalent desire in this last question, a kind of anxious expectation. For what does the poet remember? Lovesickness, pain and regret! Mind you. Not exactly what you would like to cherish for years to come, no, that earthly life is not that cracking. With that the cat is let out of the bag. You hang on to life, but why really? The demasqué has taken place in a handful of lines, with ironic sharpness and a sense of tragedy. Pushkin in a nutshell.

It's interesting to hear what Medtner does with this, how he reads his poet. He leaves the dichotomy intact. The seductive illusion of the first movement is accompanied by a soft and gentle rocking. It is this rocking that lulls you to sleep at the beginning of life, and a similar rocking that should bring comfort at the end. We return to the lap of time from which we have sprung. It sounds open, tender, innocent.

And then it breaks. Fierce emotions flare up in a swirling mood. Stronger than the words, the music speaks of despair and longing, anything but a resigned or bitter tone, but passionate. This is how you put your heart on the table and cry out in desperate longing. Fierce and vital. This is followed by a kind of resignation, soft and accepting, something you don't read at the end of the poem, but do hear in the song.

In this way there are two different discourses that do not exactly fit together. The poet and the composer are soul mates, but they do not speak the exact same language, they are good friends, certainly, and yet there are subtle differences in their attitude to life, in what they say and leave out, in the connotations of the words, but they do not have to explain all that. Close friends understand each other. It's a leeway you keep coming across in this art of song, which makes it all the more intriguing.

In order to be able to follow and play this game, my advice is: first read the poem, and then listen to the song. This is how it was conceived.

First there was the poetry, then there was the music. The composer who wants to write a series of songs dives into the bookcase and browses through his favourite collections of poems, looking for images, inspiration, atmosphere, details, mystery, excitement. And space between words. Because he has to be able to add something to it.

This also makes it such a rich form. It is not for nothing that the pop song has become dominant in the last century. Not only is there the lyrics, the anecdote, the image, but it is all lifted and enriched, burdened, if you like, with the emotional power of the music. The ambiguity of the word is carried by the opulence of a melody, a driving rhythm, the colour of the chords.

And one plus one makes three, we know that. At least, if there is a composer with a sense of poetry. And that is clearly the case with Nikolai Medtner. The poetry is full of beautiful thoughts and images. With a preference for the night, domain of insomnia and fearful existential questions. In *The Echo*, the first song from Op.32, the poet is likened to an echo right away: it "springs from every sound: a roar that penetrates the jungle, a tune that a girl sings, a horn, the thunder". With every phrase - how simple - a world is conjured up in the imagination. And how much resonance do you, little poet, have, Pushkin scornfully writes. Sometimes an object is enough: a forgotten flower put to dry in a book. Time and again the composer adds a dimension, to show you how he reads the poem.

There is something magical about that. Two worlds flow together. On the one hand, the concrete dimension of language, the story that is about people of flesh and blood, with their worries and relativity. On the other hand, the abstract dimension of music, which transcends everything, as an ideal, in a perfect line. What a field of tension! Sensual and essential at the same time.

And every time you come across the same figure: the wandering soul, with its feelings of failure and loss, and its tendency to self-torment, that comes home in the music. A good example is the second song from Op.32: *Memories*. There is something paradoxical about it. For the sleepless, the night does not offer a well-earned rest, but a parade

of missed opportunities, 'the viper in me twists and turns'. There is a powerless rage in it, including the realisation that you no longer change an iota of your life. In the music you hear two outbursts. That passion feels real, sincere, in the now. In those moments and thanks to the music, the great and terrible romantic sense of life is, for a moment, very far away. And at the end the composer covers the sleepless with melancholy. I do not read that with Pushkin. I do hear it with Medtner.

The poet maps out the route. The composer takes you by the hand. Is there a short circuit? Comparable to the way Schumann read Heine? Without much sense for his irony, which often led to a creative misunderstanding. This is a different case, I think. This poet and composer are related. Medtner, of course, is just as much afflicted with a romantic soul, on the understanding that he gives something to believe in with his melodies. The emptiness is filled. The longing is lifted. For a moment.

Between language and music something happens that never closes completely, that you can never put your finger on (nor can the singer and pianist, I think), and that is where the spark of emotion springs from.

© Lex Bohlmeijer

Translator: Jan Tazelaar

Secrets and Signs: Medtner's Vocal Music

Anybody who has entered into the cosmos of Medtner's music, and especially of his songs, will be aware of its introvert, secretive, sometimes even hermetic character. This is not because of a fashionable penchant for mystification, as one might suppose. Instead of that, Medtner was seeking for profound philosophical wisdom in art. It is not by chance that he chose mainly poetry of Goethe and Pushkin for his vocal music, and unlike most of his colleagues he was not interested in traditional moods of love, but in reflections about the 'condition humaine', the passage of life, and the artists' struggle for beauty and truth. His mixture of Russian and German philosophy and art, indebted to the bicultural upbringing in his family, was unique, and it made him stand alone in both homelands even before he refused to acknowledge the dissolution of music tradition in the years around World War I. Yet the outstanding quality of his songs does not lie in their stylistic singularity, but in the astonishing insight into the deeper, symbolic layers of poetry and their transformation into musical equivalents – metaphorical structures and motives explored within an aesthetical attitude which hardly ever trusts surface values, neither in poetry nor in music.

The '*Angel*' *Op.1 (bis)* is a vocal variant of the 'Prolog' of the 'Stimmungsbilder' for piano *Op.1, No.1* written in 1901 and preceded by a motto of Lermontov. There is an early sketch for voice in piano in E major which testifies that Medtner originally had thought of a vocal setting, but then decided for a textless piano piece in the same key to open his first printed composition. Only in 1909 did he publish the vocal setting, now in D flat major. The choice of Lermontov's poem is highly emblematic for Medtner, who right from the beginning confessed his belief in the divine nature of art and the chosenness of the artist.

Goethe's poem 'Geweihter Platz' ('The Sacred Grove') attaches directly to this conviction. It held a special importance for Medtner: he set it to music first in 1922 as a song which served as the introduction to the *Sonate-Vocalise Op.41 No.1*, actually the first piece of music

Medtner had completed after leaving Russia in 1921 and settled in Berlin. This marked as well a return to German poetry which the composer had profoundly explored in his song cycles Op.6, 12, 15, 18 and 19 (Goethe, Heine, Nietzsche), but then chosen exclusively Russian poets in the second decade of the twentieth century. The combination of vocalise – up to then generally written as technical exercises for singers – and sonata form was without precedent, it might have been inspired by ad hoc experiments with Schumann songs when Medtner and his wife Anna stayed in the countryside with the singer Anna Troyanovskaya, and surely Rachmaninoff's famous vocalise was somehow in mind as well. In summer 1924, Medtner composed another, standard lied setting of the same poem and included it in his song cycle Op.46 (No.2). Yet the Suite-Vocalise Op.41 No.2 was written only at the end of 1927, forming a companion piece to the Sonate in style and content. It clearly picks up once again the poetic elements of Goethe's 'Geweiheter Platz' in the headings of its movements. Here as well there is an introduction, now without words and more in the style of an inner reflection, preceding the movements dealing with Goethe's poem on an abstract scale. The melancholic singing of the nymphs and the cheerful procession of the Graces – again in typical Siciliano rhythm as to indicate an arcadian ambient – are separated by the musical representation of 'mysteries', emblematically condensed in an enigmatic downward phrase which frames the movement and returns at the very end of the Suite: no longer a riddle, but rather a fulfilment. In explicit allusion to Schumann, Medtner adds a concluding movement 'Was der Dichter spricht' ('What the Poet Speaks') which brings back the theme of the introduction, thus closing the circle as somber as it had begun. The Suite-Vocalise testifies not only to Medtner's experimental vein, but to his philosophical understanding of Goethe whose poem is treated as an exemplary reflection about the holiness of art and the unspeakable secrets of artistic inspiration. This seems to be the deeper meaning of leaving the voice textless – such divine mysteries cannot be expressed in words. The dedication is to Florestine Fortier, a Canadian mezzo-soprano whom Medtner encountered on his American tournee in 1925

and with whom he gave a concert when returning to Canada in 1929.

The *Pushkin songs Op.52*, finished in summer 1929, are Medtner's last authored song collection (Op.61 is, similar to Schubert's *Schwanengesang*, a compilation of remaining songs published posthumously by his widow). Stylistically, these songs testify to a certain thickening of texture typical for Medtner's works around 1930. As a whole, this collection seems less unified by poetic ideas and compositional strategies than most of the former song cycles. The majority of the chosen poems is about longing, unfulfilled love, or love connected to death and murder. While Medtner's early Goethe poems can plausibly be understood as autobiographical, in the case of Op.52 this assumption is less obvious and maybe even misleading, in any case it remains hypothetical: the composer had since long arranged himself with matters of his private life, even though a sense of guilt towards his brother Emil – who had been married to Anna first – remained until the end. Some of the songs like 'Okno' ('The Window', No.1) and above all the Elegy (No.3) echo not only the style, but the grandeur and depth of the Op.45 songs from 1924. Here Medtner reaches again powerful heights, both in his description of despair and torment and in his peculiar way of finding to hope and joy despite of all tragedy. In its mimicking of croaking, 'Voron' ('The Ravens') is one of the few examples of direct tone-painting in Medtner's music. Artistic self-reflection behind a metaphoric facade of disillusioned love is the subject of 'Primety' ('Visions', No.4): Pushkin here sees artists as isolated and ever longing beings, gifted with clairvoyancy and working with symbols, and Medtner in his émigré nutshell existence and with his philosophical approach to poetry must have felt kindred. The two Spanish songs have a predecessor in the Serenade Op.36 No.4; both treat chivalric love subjects that seem almost fallen out of time as well as Medtner's attempt to evoke Andalusian couleur locale with stylized Guitar idioms, yet the intricate rhythmical shifts and the dramatical intensity of the songs make clear that the composer had not in mind to create escapist trifles. In its unrestricted directness, the last song 'Uznik' ('The Prisoner') seems rather untypical for Medtner (except

for some other dark songs like 'Night Wind' Op.37 No.5) and more in the style of Rachmaninoff; it might have been stimulated by the name of its dedicatee: Alfred La Liberté, the Canadian pupil of Medtner (and Scriabin, by the way).

The *Sonata – Idyll Op.56* is distinct from the composer's other piano sonatas in many ways. Medtner's German music publisher Zimmermann had been reluctant to publish the big-scale and technically very demanding sonatas Op.53 and asked for pieces of smaller dimensions and less virtuosity. Medtner swallowed the bitter pill and composed, quite unwillingly, the 'Romantic Sketches for the Youth' Op.54 (1932), followed by the Variations Op.55 No.1 (1934), both of them technically and stylistically much more accessible to a broad public. In March 1936, Medtner premiered in London a one-movement Sonata in G major, probably to become later the second movement of the Sonata - Idyll and presumably intended originally as Op.55 No.2. After the addition of a first movement, the Sonata was published by Novello in 1938 under its own opus number. Medtner sent a copy to Rachmaninoff, indicating that he was not really successful in avoiding technical difficulties. Yet the sonata stands apart from their predecessors not only because of diminished virtuosity, but in terms of stylistic simplification as well. One might call this Medtner's late style, after he had documented his negation of modern music in his book 'Muza i moda' ('The Muse and the Fashion'), published in Paris in Russian language and pre-revolutionary orthography with the financial help of Rachmaninoff. Some of this late music, and the Sonata - Idyll as well, as it were exemplify those 'eternal laws' depicted in Medtner's treatise, i.e. his creed into tonality and triads as the fundament of all art music. Medtner's music had drifted apart from all surroundings and was floating in his own spiritual and moral universe, convinced of doing his duty for the kingdom come. If we open our minds without reservation to Medtner's world, some glimpses of that kingdom can be grasped.

The remaining songs on this album have not been deemed suitable for publication by Medtner, but their manuscript scores have been preserved in his archive. 'Molitva' ('Prayer') after Lermontov is one of

the earliest surviving compositions of Medtner. It was written in early 1896 and revised in summer of the same year. The main motive will be used again in Medtner's first published song, 'U vrat obiteli svyatoy' ('At the gates of the holy cloister') Op.3 No.1, which has a religious subject as well.

'Epitafiya' after Andrey Bely is a more special case. The famous symbolist poet and the composer had been friends already for some years when Nikolai finally set to music Bely's poetry in September 1907, publishing his composition on the pages of the lavish bilingual arts journal 'Zolotoe runo / La Toison d'Or' where Bely's poem (out of a cycle of four 'Epitaphs') had been printed some months before: 'Zolotomu blesku veril' ('Golden splendor did he pursue') Op.13 No.2. In summer 1910, Medtner wrote another Bely song, once again an 'Epitaph'. The composer's elder brother Emil wrote to Bely enthusiastically about the new song: 're-mark-able!' Though the setting is complete, Medtner's draft is spangled with smaller and bigger alternatives, and in the end the composer discarded it, crossed out the autograph. The reconstructed version is based on the first stratum of the autograph and does not consider the possible changes which Medtner would probably have made, had he finalized his song.

The Psalm setting, a prayer to God for forgiving man's sins, is related to the second movement of Medtner's late piano quintet on which he worked nearly all his lifetime (between 1904 and 1948) and which is based on several texts of the Bible. Presumably this vocal version was written down around 1906, before the music would be transformed into textless chamber music. It is a document to Medtner's Christian belief – and to the deep wounds in his soul.

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The silver age

The Russian emigrants who settled in Berlin in the 1920s, soon formed a close-knit artistic community. Not only were they united by their dislike of the Bolsheviks who had ruled their homeland since October 1917, but they also shared their origins, or rather their cultural background and their language. After all, they were representatives of one of the greatest art movements in Russian history, the epoch of the Silver Age. In literature, it had produced great poets and writers such as Anna Achmatova, Ivan Bunin, Zinaida Hippus, Marina Tsvetaeva, Boris Pasternak, Aleksandr Kuprin, Andrei Bely and Aleksandr Blok. Vladimir Nabokov's *Invitation of a Friend*, his almost fairy-tale reminiscences of his childhood in St Petersburg, and *Invitation of a Friend*, the memoirs of Zinaida Hippus, capture the atmosphere of those times well.

In the music of the Silver Age, the composers Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, Alexander Glazunov, Sergei Taneyev, Sergei Prokofiev, Alexander Scriabin, Sergei Rachmaninov and Nikolai Medtner especially shone. They were widely honoured in Moscow and St Petersburg, but in emigration, it was often as if they had to start all over again and risked sinking into anonymity. For instance, Rachmaninov and Prokofiev, who, in retrospect, were perhaps the best off, had to earn a living as concert pianists in America, because their music was too difficult for the conservative concert audience. It even made Prokofiev, who, as a pianist was inferior to Rachmaninov, return to his homeland in 1937, only to spend the rest of his life on the leash of socialist realism. That he was still able to create so many great compositions despite opposition from the authorities, can rightly be called a miracle.

The emigrants' compositions always reflected loss, the loss of their homeland, of nature with its birch forests and lakes, of the rich cultural life of St Petersburg and Moscow with its many theatres, cultural journals and intellectual debates, its European-oriented aristocracy, its idyllic estates and the magical atmosphere of the Russian Orthodox Church.

The tumultuous Berlin of post-World War I could not live up to that lost world. For most, the city was only a temporary residence, in transit to safer places, especially after Hitler came to power in 1933. But before that happened, Nabokov wrote his first great novels there and Nikolai Medtner completed many a new composition. The latter in itself is exceptional, because for an emigrated composer like Medtner, the original framework of his music had fallen away. He must have greatly missed the concert circuit of St Petersburg and Moscow, where his works had their premieres, where he had gained fame and his notes were 'understood' because the audience shared his language.

It is not surprising that the language of those emigrated composers like Medtner was German in addition to Russian. Ever since Tsarina Catherine II the Great had brought German peasants, doctors and engineers to her country in the late 18th century, because they possessed the necessary knowledge with which the empress hoped to reform her country, German had become a second language in everyday life in Russia. German surnames were common, even in the highest circles, though there they often came from Baltic gentry. German stood for order and cleanliness, for quality, as it still does in today's Russia. The novels and stories of Turgenev, Chekhov and Goncharov regularly feature a German, pitted against Russian disorder like a control freak. But there was also a great influence of German culture on Russian culture. In time, German migrants also provided artists. Think of the great pianist Svyatoslav Richter and his teacher Heinrich Neuhaus. Think of someone like Nikolai Medtner, who had German roots himself. German was even spoken in his parental home, something that was quite common among Moscow's elite at the time. Many a Russian bookcase contained the collected works of the great German poets like Goethe, Schiller and Heine. This was the case even under Communist rule, as a significant proportion of the foreign communists who emigrated to the Soviet Union in the 1930s, were Germans and had been brought up with those poets. My own bookcase still boasts a beautiful illustrated Faust edition, which I received as a gift from my friend Irina Bezrukich, who had attended a German school as a child, of which there are quite a few in Moscow to this day.

Not surprisingly, Medtner was an admirer of the so-called Deutschtum, anything to do with German culture. Composers like Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms were a major influence on his work. He even considered himself a follower of Beethoven. Add to this the poems of Goethe and Heine and you have an ideal recipe for beautiful music. That he must have felt at ease in Berlin exile is therefore not surprising. The German-speaking world was his.

The songs which Ekaterina Levental and Frank Peters bring to life on this CD, are about longing, which you can very easily apply to the vanished world of those Russian emigrants. All the more striking, or rather obvious, is that they were composed between 1904 and 1909, when there was no large-scale Russian emigration at all. Consequently, they deal with eternal themes: a lost love, lost happiness, a dead person, flowers and bees, the yearning for another world, a wronged woman. They are sweet and simple, but for that very reason incredibly beautiful, poignant and even topical.

Mozart, Schubert and Schumann preceded Medtner in using these poems. In itself, this is not surprising, as Goethe's *Das Veilchen* lends itself ideally to song composition. Even Bob Dylan could do something with it. And Heine, in his poems, often deals with death and longing in his own, ironic way. It is longing for where you are not or for the one you are not. You can hardly imagine a better sense of Russian emigration. Especially now that, as a result of the war in Ukraine, hundreds of thousands of Russian artists, musicians, writers and intellectuals have once again left their country for good and are trying to build a new life abroad. Hopefully, it will lead to works of art as beautiful as their predecessors left us.

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SUNG TEXTS

CD1 ЗАКЛИНАНИЕ | INCANTATION

Opus 3 No.1

***At the gates of the holy cloister –
(M. Lermontov/A. Bessalov-R. Stam)***

At the gates of the holy cloister
stood a beggar,
exhausted, pale and destitute
of hunger, thirst and suffering

Just one piece of bread he asked,
and his look reflected the torments of his life
and someone had laid down a stone
in his extended hand

Likewise I begged your kindness
with bitter tears and melancholy heart
Likewise my better feelings
you betrayed forever!

Opus 3 No.2

***I've lived to see desire vanish –
(A. Pushkin)***

I've lived to see desire vanish,
With hope I've slowly come to part,
And I am left with only anguish,
The fruit of emptiness at heart.

Under the storms of merciless fate,
My worn and withered garland lies--
In sadness, lonesome, I await:
How far away is my demise?

Thus, conquered by a tardy frost,
Through gale's whistling and shimmer,
Late, on a naked limb exposed
A lonesome leaf is left to quiver!...

Opus 3 No.3

On the Lake – (J.W. Goethe/A. Fet)

I drink fresh nourishment, new blood
From out this world more free;
The Nature is so kind and good
That to her breast clasps me!

The billows toss our bark on high,
And with our oars keep time,
While cloudy mountains tow'rd the sky
Before our progress climb.

Say, mine eye, why sink'st thou down?
Golden visions, are ye flown?
Hence, thou dream, tho' golden-twin'd;
Here, too, love and life I find.

Over the waters are blinking
Many a thousand fair star;
Gentle mists are drinking
Round the horizon afar.

Round the shady creek lightly
Morning zephyrs awake,
And the ripen'd fruit brightly
Mirrors itself in the lake.

Opus 13 No.1

Winter evening – (A. Pushkin)

The storm wind covers the sky
Whirling the fleecy snow drifts,
Now it howls like a wolf,
Now it is crying, like a lost child,
Now rustling the decayed thatch
On our tumbledown roof,
Now, like a delayed traveller,
Knocking on our window pane.

Our wretched little cottage
Is gloomy and dark.
Why do you sit all silent
Hugging the window, old gran?
Has the howling of the storm
Wearied you, at last, dear friend?
Or are you dozing fitfully
Under the spinning wheel's humming?

Let us drink, dearest friend
To my poor wasted youth.
Let us drink from grief - Where's the glass?
Our hearts at least will be lightened.
Sing me a song of how the bluetit
Quietly lives across the sea.
Sing me a song of how the young girl
Went to fetch water in the morning.

The storm wind covers the sky
Whirling the fleecy snow drifts
Now it howls like a wolf,
Now it is crying, like a lost child.
Let us drink, dearest friend
To my poor wasted youth.
Let us drink from grief - Where's the glass?
Our hearts at least will be lightened.

Opus 13 No.2

Epitaph – (A. Bely/M.Konecny)

Golden splendor did he pursue
And thus he succumbed to the sun's arrows.
He determined the thoughts of his era,
But outlived it he could not.

Do not laugh at the deceased poet:
Bring him a flower.
My wreath of porcelain will
pelt my cross in winter and summer.

Its flowers crushed
The image faded
The bricks heavy
I'm waiting for someone to get rid of them.

I just cherished the ringing bells
And the sunset.
Why all this agony, this agony?
I am not guilty of anything.

Have pity on me, come here:
Towards the wreath I'll hasten.
Oh, love me, give me your love -
Maybe, I may not be dead after all
Maybe, I'll come back.
Wake up....

Opus 24 No.1

Day and night – (F. Tyutchev/F. Jude)

On to the secret world of spirits,
across this nameless chasm,
a cloth of gold has been draped
by the high will of the gods.
This glittering cover is day,
day, which enlivens the earth-born,
heals the suffering soul,
friend of gods and man!

Day will fade. Night has come.
It's here, and from the fated world
it rips the cover of plenty
and tosses it aside,
revealing the abyss
with all its mists and fearsome sights.
No wall divides us from them,
which is why we're afraid of the night!

Opus 24 No.2

Willow, why do you lower – (F. Tyutchev/F. Jude)

Willow, why do you lower
your head to the river,
letting, like hungry mouths,
your leaves a-quiver
try to catch the fleeing stream?
All the longing, all the shuddering
of every leaf above the stream!
Still the river runs and glistens,
basking in the sun and splashing,
flowing by and mocking you.

Opus 24 No.3

The wave and the thought – (F. Tyutchev/F. Jude)

Thoughts and the smooth ebb and flow of the
tides
are simply one element having two sides.
In the cramped heart, in the breadth of the
ocean,
in here they are captives, out there in free
motion..
Always the same flow and ebb of the seas,
always that spectre of empty unease...

Opus 24 No.4

Twilight – (F. Tyutchev/F. Jude)

Blue-grey mingling, Colour darkening-
Silence possesses sound.
Life and movement have drowned
in the rippling unrealness of dusk, in a distant
hum.
Unseen in the night, a moth sings.
Longing seeks words. Anguish comes.
Everything is me. I am everything.
Quiet twilight, sleeping twilight,
pour into my being.
Silent, aromatic languor,
take the world, flowing,
bring peace, bring still.
Oblivion, haze.
Sensation, take me, overfill my soul,
give me void.
In the world's sleep
pour me, fold me,
let me be destroyed!

Opus 24 No.5

I am dumbstruck – (A. Fet/M. Konecny)

I am dumbstruck when around me
Forests rumble, thunder rolls
And in a flash of lightning I look up
As the ocean waves shudder
And crash upon the cliffs
Your silvery robe.

But however enlightened and speechless
I am
Dazed by these unearthly forces
The gravity of the moment doesn't weigh me
down
And at that hour when, as if in a dream,
Your fiery angel whispers
Unpronounceable words.

I light up in ardor,
I endeavour to soar
Languishing in fierce attempt
And in my heart I believe that they are
growing
I will soon take to the heavens
On spread wings.

Opus 24 No.6

Should a smile gently brighten your face – (A. Fet/A. Pokidov)

Should a smile gently brighten your face,
Not to you I am paying my duty,
Not to you my sweet song and my praise
But to your soul-enraving beauty.

So a warbler, exerting his skill
And inspired by the dawn's early radiance,
Glorifies with an amorous trill
Gorgeousness of the rose and her fragrance.

But the garden's young mistress is dumb,
And the minstrel's high note is not heeded –
Ah, a song needs both beauty and charm,
And for beauty no minstrelsy's needed!

Opus 24 No.7

Tender whisper, timid breathing – (A. Fet/A. Pokidov)

Tender whisper, timid breathing,
Trills of nightingale,
Silv'ry brook, its gentle heaving
In a peaceful vale,
Lights' nocturnal fluctuations,
Shadows' flimsy grace,
Many wondrous alterations
Of the dear face,
Purple of rose in distant spheres,
Amber undertone,
Honey'd kisses, sweetest tears,
And the dawn, the dawn!..

Opus 24 No.8

I have come to you, delighted – (A. Fet/Y.Bonver)

I have come to you, delighted,
To tell you that sun has risen,
That its light has warmly started
To fulfil on leaves its dancing;

To tell you that wood's awaken
In its every branch and leafage,
And with every bird is shaken,
Thirsty of the springy image;
To tell you that I've come now,
As before, with former passion,
That my soul again is bound
To serve you and your elation;

That the charming breath of gladness
Came to me from all-all places,
I don't know what I'll sing, else,
But my song's coming to readiness.

Opus 28 No.1

Unexpected Rain – (A. Fet/M. Konecny)

Nothing but clouds all around me
Everything scorched, everything perished.
On the wings of which archangel
Am I carried out to the fields?

The drizzle hung like light smoke,
The steppe idly craving,
And above me,
Only a rainbow dawned.
Humble yourself, troubled poet, –
From the heavens descends the dew of life,
Stop waiting for it to happen,
True blessings are undeserved.

Me, I can't do anything about it;
Only One is mighty enough
To construct the crystalline arc
And send life-giving clouds.

CD2 БЕССОННИЦА | SLEEPLESSNESS

Opus 32 No.1

The Echo - (A. Pushkin)

Tho be it cry of baying hounds,
or hunting horn that ringing sounds,
or maiden's voice that gay resounds
behind the hill,
to each your answer quick rebounds,
and all is still.

You hear the thunder's rolling roar,
the voice of breakers on the shore;
the shepherds calling clear and true,
you answer too.
To you none answers more.
O poet, such are you.

Opus 32 No.2

Retrospect - (A. Pushkin)

When thru the world at last there comes the
close of day,
and streets are still for night's duration,
to man and beast comes sleep, to wait us far
away,
for daily toil the compensation.
To me the silent hours move with feet of lead,
an endless time of weary waiting;
the serpent whispers to me words of doubt
and dread,
that sting with burning unabating.
My fancies boil, illusions fill my saddened
brain,

with dismal thoughts all too abundant;
and memory unrolls its endless scroll again,
with faults and futile deeds redundant.
And as I read of my mistakes, I am aghast,
at dreary life and how to face it;
but this I know full well, that what has passed
it past,
nor can I change it, or erase it.

Opus 32 No.3

Message - (A. Pushkin)

Far from home are you, my brother,
there with God you find another.
Bright the moon had waxed and waned;
To the dregs the cup is drained.

Better thus than from a fever;
Free you lived, and free you died.
Slain your foe, - your son pursued him,
as he fled in wanton pride.

Do not let your heart forget us,
brother dear, beloved and brave.
Give our father all our greetings,
there with you beyond the grave.

Tell him all my wounds are mended,
I am sound in ev'ry limb.
I've a son, his name is Ivan,
so called, tell him, after him.

He will be, I'm sure, delighted,
proud to hear of this my son.
He can wield a sword already,
shoot an arrow or a gun.
Tho my daughter lives in Lisgov,
she is happy with her man.
Tvark's a sailor, dead or living,
You will know if any can.

Far from home are you, my brother,
there with God you find another.
Bright the moon had waxed and waned;
To the dregs the cup is drained.

Opus 32 No.4

I loved You Well - (A. Pushkin)

I loved you well, and still I think I love you,
a latent spark yet smould'ring in my heart.
Let not, however, this be on your conscience,
to mar your peace, or cause you any smart.
My love for you was silent, yes, was hopeless,
With torture racked, now jealous and now shy.
But yet I doubt if God in Heav'n will send you
another love as pure and true as I.

Opus 32 No.5

Waltz - (A. Delvig)

O moment of rapt'rous bliss!
Can I forget it?
I live alone for you, you only, only you!
We two together, madly whirling,
your bold, inviting eyes, that pierced me
through!
Let it not pass, but keep us dancing forever!
We two together, ever faster, whirling on,
my eyes mirrored in yours,
in magic rapture thus,
until oblivion enfold and cover us.

Opus 32 No.6

To a Dreamer - (A. Pushkin)

To surge in passion's mighty throes is your
enjoyment,
with bitter tears to moan your plight,
imagined ecstasy your favorite employment,
to nurse despondency is your supreme
delight.
Believe me, you indeed are but an idle
dreamer,
you who but toy with loving are a mere
blasphemer;
if love itself should ever chance to seize your
soul,
to coil about your heart with pow'r beyond
control,
if once its venom in your blood and veins were
seething,
if you yourself should ever truly feel its might,
and lie and yearn the whole long night,
with sleepless eyes and fevered breathing,
if you should come to know the agony of love,
and from your eyes the scalding tears
were really streaming,
believe me, you would have an end of make-
believe and idle dreaming.
Then, humble, meekly suppliant, and shorn
of all your tinsel armor,
you'd kneel before your haughty charmer,
and pray to all the gods above:
"Ye gods, I pray you give me back my reason,
that I no longer do or say I know not what.
Have mercy on me, pity my unhappy lot."
And yet, though love may be forgotten for a
season,
't will never really be forgot.

Opus 36 No.1

The Angel - (A. Pushkin)

At Heaven's gate there stood an Angel;
about her head a halo glowed.
A demon, filled with wrath and hatred,
flew over the gulf of Hell's abode.

Then he who scoffed at truth and beauty,
looked up and saw the Angel fair,
and in his heart for once was kindled
a Spark of Light that smouldered there.

"Not all in vain have I beheld thee,
and seen the Truth that glorifies!
Not all in Heav'n to me is hateful,
not all on earth do I despise."

Opus 36 No.2

The Faded Flower - (A. Pushkin)

A faded flower, dried and scentless,
forgotten in this book I see,
and lo, already, fancies thronging,
and musings strange come over me.

And when, and where and in what springtime
did you first bloom? beneath what sky?
and who is was that stooped to pluck you?
and whose the hand that placed you there,
and why?

In mem'ry of a tender meeting?
or of a parting, fraught with pain?
or of an afternoon together,
in silent wood, of shady lane?

Are He and She among the living?
and where their little nook or bow'r?
or are they also dust and ashes,
forgotten like this faded flow'r?

Opus 36 No.3

When Roses Fade - (A. Pushkin)
When roses are about to fade,
ambrosia fills the air;
their souls float to Elysium,
in peace forever there.
The drowsy waves roll onward,
far on thru Lethe's gloom,
to find in Paradise
all the roses again in bloom.

Opus 36 No.4

Spanish Romance - (A. Pushkin)

The night is still, a soft breeze blows.
by field and hill the river flows.

Bright the moon, with golden aura.
Silence! Hark! Guitars I hear!
See the lovely young senora
On her balcony appear.

The night is still, a soft breeze blows.
by field and hill the river flows.

Doff your gay mantilla; veiling
Beauty fair as fairest rose;
thru the latticed iron railing
let there peep your little toes.

The night is still, a soft breeze blows.
by field and hill the river flows.

Opus 36 No.5

Night - (A. Pushkin)

For you my voice is filled tonight with love and longing;
the melody I sing disturbs the starry stillness;
alone by dreary candlelight I lie and yearn for you.

My song is all of you, with tender fervor glowing,
a stream of love, to you, devoted flowing.
From out the dark your radiant eyes look down upon me;
they seem to smile at me as here I lie alone.
My dear, my dearest dear, my heart is all your own.

Opus 36 No.6

Arion - (A. Pushkin)

Ah, there were many of us there;
the sailors heaving at the halcyards,
the oarsmen pulling all together, lustily rowing!
Not a sound the helmsman uttered, as with sure hand he steered the heavy boat along,
while, free of care and full of hope, to them I sang.
Swift came the storm, and fierce the tempestblared and bellowed.
They perished, all that motley crew.

But I alone am cast ashore, alone and saved,
mysterious singer.
Care- free I sing my song again.
I dry my clothes beneath the rock,
and lie and sing there in the sunshine.

Opus 37 No.1

Sleepless - (F. Tyutchev)

Monotonous the hours toll,
a weary tale for all who read it:
like conscience, clear to ev'ry soul,
yet strange to them who fail to heed it.

Who is there of us has not heard
its voice, thru endless hours of waiting,
in silence, tense and suffocating,
the moan of Time's prophetic word?

One well might think that orphaned nature
beneath resistless fate were prone,
and we, at war with all creation,
deserted, have been left alone.

And all our life is clear before us,
a ghost upon the brink of space,
and with our age and our companions,
is vanishing, to leave no trace.

A new young tribe, in vigour growing,
has meanwhile blossomed in the sun,
while we, our time, our friends and neighbours,
are swallowed in oblivion.
With weary repetition rolling,
the hours sound their dreary knell,
a melancholy cadence tolling
for us and ours a sad fare-well.

Opus 37 No.2

Tears - (F. Tyutchev)

Tears never ending, forever descending,
fall from the eyes of the mortals who mourn;
of sorrow portending, sad and heartrending,

vast inexhaustible deluge, from eyes forlorn,
fall like the torrents before 'tis light,
late in the autumn, in dead of the night.

Opus 37 No.3

Impromptu - (A. Fet)

He would have me go mad who invented this rose,
with its petals and stem and aroma so fragrant.
He would have me go mad who has woven those braids,
so enchantingly rich, and the little curls vagrant.

So before my old age has descended on me,
and converted me into a hideous spectre,
I have flown over here with a buzz like a bee,
to get drunk on this fragrant and honeysweet nectar.

And the thought of this day, from all worriment free,
in my heart will preserve it perpetually sunny.
What for others is nothing but wax will for me
in my memory ever be sweet-scented honey.

Opus 37 No.4

Waltz - (A. Fet)

So lithe and so dainty and slender,
around with me whirling she flies;
so warm are her hands and so tender,
so warm are the stars in her eyes.

And yesterday noon ah, I saw her,
with her red cheeks all ashen and grey;
asleep and enshrouded in velvet
they took her and bore her away.
Ah! Ah!

High above thru my window,
pale like a ghost looks the moon.
I dream that we two are still dancing;
ah, how could it happen so soon?

Opus 37 No.5

Night Winds - (F. Tyutchev)

And why your moaning, winds of night?
Of what do you complain so madly?
What means your eerie voice of fright?
that cries now harsh and now so sadly?

In words that speak to heart and soul
you tell of suffering unending;
again, with blast beyond control,
you groan and wail with voice heart-rending.

O sing you not such direful songs,
of worlds in ferment at creation!
How hungrily the dark soul longs
to hear these tales of desolation.
It yearns to leave this mortal breast,
with all the Infinite uniting.
Wake not the storms, but let them rest,
beneath is Chaos, dire and blighting!

Opus 45 No.1

Elegy - (A. Pushkin)

I love your secret hidden flowers,
your twilight that so mystic gleams,
O poetry, thou gift of Heaven,
well-beloved child of blessed dreams.
You poets tell us that the shadows,
pellucid band from Lethe's firth,
descend again to seek the places
which were most dear to them on earth.
Unseen they visit haunts beloved,
a sleeping loved one each attends,
and in a vision thus appearing,
they comfort their deserted friends.
They wait, these loved ones in Elysium,
these shades with life immortal blest,
as mortals at a fam'ly banquet
await a tardy, welcome guest.

But yet, mayhap, this, too, is dreaming;
perhaps, when in my burial shroud,
I will forget all earthy feelings,
and all of which I am so proud.
Perhaps, where all is clothed in glory,
in beauty that cannot decay,
the sacred flame that shines eternal
will burn the thought of earth away,
my soul will lose life's transient image,
'mid all the beauty there above,
know not regret, nor joy, nor yearning,
forget the bitter pangs of love.

Opus 45 No.2

The Coach of Life - (A. Pushkin)

Although at times the load is heavy,
ever the coach is on the go;
without a halt it hastens forward,
enmeshed in Time's eternal flow.

At early dawn we urge the driver
to spur the horses, fast and free;
with ardor fired, we scorn to loiter,
and shout: "The whip for them, all three!"

But when 'tis noon, harassed and shaken,
our fiery spirits grow more cool;
we fear the curves and dread the ditches,
and call: "Go easy there, you fool!"

Yet all the while the coach rolls onward,
and when our journey's end is nigh,
we sit and doze, contented waiting,
but faster yet the horses fly!

Opus 45 No.3

Song of Night - (F. Tyutchev)

Around the globe the mighty seas extend,
so thus is life engulfed in seas of dreaming.
The night comes on, imagination teeming,
the flooding tides of life ascend.

Night calls us forth, with voice insistent urging,
the magic bark is waiting at the shore;
on somber waves, with swelling tide up-surfing,
the great unknown our dreams explore.
The vast abyss, the firmament unbounded,
with myriad stars reflected in its face,
looks up to where we float, our bark surrounded
by boundless void of flaming space.

Opus 45 No.4

Our Time - (F. Tyutchev)

'Tis not our flesh that now-a-days is weak;
the soul is soft, man desperately yearning.
He craves the light, and for the light would seek,
but finding it, rejects it undiscerning.

His lack of faith has scorched and dried his soul;
unending woe he bears in desolation.
He senses doom with faith the longed-for goal,
for which he will not pray in supplication.

And never will he say, in prayer and tears,
no matter how he mourns out-side the portal:
"I do believe! O help my faith in Thee
to open wide the gate to life immortal! O let me in!"

CD3 АНГЕЛ | ANGEL

Opus 1 bis

The Angel - (M. Lermontov)

At midnight an Angel flew over the sky,
and softly was singing a song;
the clouds and the moon and the planets on high
were listening all the night long.

He sings of the souls that are free of all the
wrong,
in Paradise blest and secure;
of God in His Heaven he sings, and his song
is noble and simple and pure.

He bears a young soul in his arms thru the skies,
away from this Valley of Tears;
his song, although ended as onward he flies,
the soul that he carries still hears.

And vainly on earth did this young spirit long
for music as lovely as this,
but found it at last in the Angel's sweet song
of heavenly beauty and bliss.

Opus 52 No.1

The Window - (A. Pushkin)

Where is the world that harks to fancy?
The one I know is bleak and bare.
My fate it is to breathe in boredom,
and nothing matters, naught I care.

What matters that the wind, in summer,
delights to play among trees,
to sway the grain and meadows flowers,
where buzz the busy honey-bees?

What matters, that the summer lightning
is flaring high and ever higher?
or that the setting sun is bursting
thru rifts of cloud in stream of fire?

or when, in purple ev'ning shadows,
the sleeping world grows gently dim?
or when the flooding moon-light blanches
the maples at the water's brim.

Last ev'ning, as the twilight faded,
with misty moon-light all about,
I saw a maiden at her window,
in silent waiting, looking out.

Her bosom heaved in secret anguish,
she watched and watched, intent and still,
the little path that passed her doorway
from over yonder down the hill.

"Tis I!" There is a hurried whisper;
I see a figure there, and soon,
it moves! The window softly opens!
A cloud comes by and hides the moon.

"How lucky!" thought I, sadly musing,
"How happy one indeed can be!"
Alas – will ever, some still ev'ning,
a window open thus for me?

Opus 52 No.2

The Ravens - (A. Pushkin)

Ravens high aloft are soaring,
keen-eyed, all below exploring:
"Raven, what good dinner spy you?
tasty food to satisfy you?"

Says the second raven: "Yea,
I know where we dine today.
In the field to which we're flying,
I can see a warrior lying.

How he died and who his foe,
that his hawk alone can know,
and the steed who bore him there,
and the maid he thought so fair.

Swiftly flew the hawk away,
horse and gear were victor's prey;
she who should be faithful to him,
welcomes him who fought and slew him."

Opus 52 No.3

Elegy - (A. Pushkin)

The fire of youth is gone, its madness jaded,
the bloom of life is dull, its brightness faded;
like wine, the sorrows of a bygone day
grow strong with age, in secret hid away.
My path is sad, and offers naught but sorrow,
a sea of doubt, a dreary, bleak tomorrow.

But, O my friends, I do not want to die,
I want to live, to ponder and to sigh.
I know that joys at times will come to bless me
amid the countless worries that distress me.
My soul will thrill with music's sweet delight,
or bathe in tears at fancied lover's plight;
and best of all, as sunset draws yet nearer,
they whom I love will love me dearer.

Opus 52 No.4

Visions - (A. Pushkin)

I ride to you, and happy dreams
in eager throng pursue me lightly;
the moon, with fair and friendly beams,
upon my right is shining brightly.

When I return, -ah, all too soon, -
ill-omened visions rise to taunt me,
while on my left the dreary moon,
portending sorrow, seems to haunt me.

For thus it is the poet's role,
ever pursued by endless dreaming,
sifting the visions, vague and teeming,
to plumb the secrets of the soul.

Opus 52 No.5

Spanish Romance - (A. Pushkin)

To the noble senorita,
came two knights in courtly guise.
Bold and free in turn they greet her;
both look straight into her eyes.

Both are clad in shining armor,
both lean heavy on their swords;
(not that either one would harm her,
both are brave and noble lords.)

She is dear to them as glory,
rather life than her they'd lose;
one she loves, (so runs the story,) which one did the maiden choose?

"Which of us shall be your lover?
which of us shall win the prize?"
And, with knightly optimism,
both look straight into her eyes.

Opus 52 No.6

Serenade - (A. Pushkin)

I come, Inesilla,
my sweetest and best,
in silent Sevilla,
where all are the rest.

My mantle around me,
with sword and guitar,
I fear no opponents,
whoever they are.

What matters the old man
asleep there by you?
If he should awaken,
I'll cut him in two!

Your long silken ladder
will reach to the ground.
Why wait you?
Perhaps there's a rival around?

I come, Inesilla,
my sweetest and best,
in silent Sevilla,
where all are the rest.

Opus 52 No.7

The Prisoner - (A. Pushkin)

Alone by the bars at the window I lay,
Below a young eagle was tearing his prey.
Bold emblem of freedom, he spreads out his wings,
his blood-spattered booty away from him flings,
looks up at the window where shackled I lie,
and seems to be thinking the same thought as I.
He calls to me sadly, as if he would say:
"Come fly with me, brother, come fly far away.
For us who love freedom, 'tis high time to go;
see there where the mountain-tops shimmer with snow!
High over the blue of the sea let us fly,
where free as the winds and the waters am I."

3 Unpublished Songs

Prayer - (M. Lermontov/ Martha G. Dickinson Bianchi)

Faithful before thee, Mother of God, now kneeling,
Image miraculous and merciful - of thee
Not for my soul's health nor battles waged, beseeching,
Nor yet with thanks or penitence o'erwhelming me!
Not for myself, - my heart with guilt o'erflowing -
Who in my home land e'er a stranger has remained,
No, a sinless child upon thy mercy throwing,
That thou protect her innocence unstained!
Worthy the highest bliss, with happiness O bless her!
Grant her a friend to stand unchanging at her side,
A youth of sunshine and an old age tranquil,
A spirit where together peace and hope abide.
Then, when strikes the hour her way from earth for wending,
Let her heart break at dawning or at dead of night —
From out thy highest heaven, thy fairest angel sending
The fairest of all souls sustain in heavenward flight!

Epitaph Op.13a - (A. Bely/M.Konecny)

Frozen in the dying cold
My face.
Around me sadly shrinks
A shadow ring.
It's been long since a young soul
Has rested in the land of shadows.
Weep, torn strings
Of my soul!

Psalm

For the sake of your name,
Lord, forgive my sins, for they are great.
Show me your mercy oh Lord
and grant me your salvation.
Lord forgive me.

English translations by Henry S. Drinker

CD4 WANDRERS NACHTLIED | WANDERER'S NIGHTSONG

Neun Lieder von W. Goethe Op.6

Nr.1 Wanderers Nachtlied II

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh, ist Ruh.
In allen Wipfeln spürest du kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde ruhest du auch.

Nr.2 Mailed

Zwischen Waizen und Korn,
zwischen Hekken und Dorn,
zwischen Bäumen und Gras,
wo geht's Liebchen?

Zwischen Waizen und Korn,
zwischen Hekken und Dorn,
zwischen Bäumen und Gras,
wo geht's Liebchen, sag' mir das!

Fand mein Holdchen nicht daheim;
muß das Goldchen draußen sein,
grünt und blühet schön der Mai,
Liebchen ziehet froh und frei.

An dem Felsen beim Fluß,
wo sie reichte den Kuß
jenen ersten im Gras,
seh ich etwas. Ist sie das?

No.1 Wanderer's Nightsong

On the heights is all still as death, as death.
No air disturbs the tree-tops, not even a breath.
The birds in the forest are silent.
Be patient, peace will soon come to you.

No.2 Spring Song

In the barley and corn,
thru the thicket and thorn,
in the bushes and grass,
O where are you, my sweet lass?

In the barley and corn,
thru the thicket and thorn,
in the bushes and grass,
O where are you, my sweet lass, tell me!

My beloved is not at home;
in the meadow she must roam;
where the flow'rs are green and fair.
I will find my dearest there.

In the spring-time, in May,
Where I kissed her that day,
by the old apple tree,
I see something. Is it she?

Nr.3 Elfenliedchen

Um Mitternacht, wenn die Menschen erst schlafen,
dann scheint uns der Mond,
dann leuchtet uns der Stern,
wir wandeln und singen, und tanzen erst gern.

Um Mitternacht, wenn die Menschen erst schlafen,
auf Wiesen, an den Erden, wir suchen unsern Raum
und wandeln, und singen, und tanzen einen Traum.
Wir wandeln, und singen, und tanzen einen Traum.

Nr.4 Im Vorübergehn

Ich ging im Felde
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen,
Das war mein Sinn.

Da stand ein Blümchen
So gleich so nah,
Daß ich im Leben
Nichts lieber sah.

Ich wollt' es brechen,
Da sagt' es schleunig:
Ich habe Wurzeln,
Die sind gar heimlich.

No.3 Song of the Elves

At twelve o'clock, when the people are sleeping,
when over us floats the moon,
and all the stars are out,
we sing and we dance and go roaming about.

At twelve o'clock, when the people are sleeping,
we gather in the meadows, under the starry gleam,
and play in the moonlight, and dance a fairy dream,
we dance and we sing like the fairies in a dream.

No.4 I roamed the Meadows

I roamed the meadows,
thru wheat and rye,
I knew not whither,
I knew not why.

I found a flower,
so fresh, so blue,
the like I saw not
my whole life thru.

I stooped to pluck it,
but quick it stopped me:
'My roots are buried
deep down below me,

Im tiefen Boden
Bin ich gegründet;
Drum sind die Blüthen
So schön geründet.

Ich kann nicht liebeIn,
Ich kann nicht schranzen,
Mußt mich nicht brechen,
Mußt mich verpflanzen.

Ich ging im Walde
So vor mich hin:
Ich war so heiter,
Wollt' immer weiter -
Das war mein Sinn.

Nr.5 Liebliches Kind
(aus 'Claudine von Villa-Bella')

Liebliches Kind,
kannst du mir sagen, sagen warum
zärtliche Seelen einsam und stumm
immer sich quälen?

Selbst sich betrügen
und ihr Vergnügen
immer nur ahnen da,
wo sie nicht sind?

Kannst du mir's sagen,
liebliches Kind?
Kannst du mir's sagen,
liebliches Kind?

and they are needed
to feed and grow me;
and that's the reason
I stand so neatly,

and ev'ry season
I bloom so sweetly.
O do not pluck me,
but just transplant me.'

I roamed the meadows,
thru wheat and rye;
far on I wandered,
and joyous pondered,
so happy I.

No.5 Loveliest Lass
(from 'Claudine von Villa-Bella')

Loveliest Lass,
can you not tell me,
tell me now why
souls are tormented,

silent and shy,
self-discontented,
ever are grieving,
ever believing?

Lady Luck will be there
where they are not.
Can you not tell me,
loveliest lass?

Nr.6 Inneres Wühlen
(aus 'Erwin und Elmire')

Inneres Wühlen, ewig zu fühlen;
Immer verlangen, nimmer erlangen
Fliehen und streben Sterben und leben
Höllische Qual endet einmal!

Nr.7 Sieh mich Heil'ger
(aus 'Erwin und Elmire')

Sieh mich Heil'ger, wie ich bin,
Eine arme Sünderin.
Angst und Kummer, Reu und Schmerz
Quälen dieses armes Herz.
Sieh mich vor dir unverstellt,
Herr, die Schuldigste der Welt.

Ach, es war ein junges Blut,
War so lieb, er war so gut!
Ach, so Redlich liebt er mich,
Ach, so Heimlich quält er sich!
Sieh mich Heil'ger, wie ich bin,
Eine arme Sünderin.

Ich vernahm sein stummes Flehn
Und ich konnt' ihn zehren sehn,
Hielt ich mein Gefühl zurück,
Gönnt ihm keinen holden Blick,
mich vor dir unverstellt,
Herr, die Schuldigste der Welt.

Ach, so drängt und quält ich ihn,
Und nun ist er Arme hin!
Schwebt im Kummer, Mangel, Not,
Ist verloren, Er ist tot!
Sieh mich Heil'ger, wie ich bin,
Eine arme Sünderin.

No.6 Conscience
(from 'Erwin und Elmire')

Conscience tormenting, never relenting,
striving and straining, never attaining,
fighting and flying, living and dying,
Earth is but Hell; ended 'twere well.

No.7 Hear me, Lord
(from 'Erwin und Elmire')

Hear me, Lord, to Thee I cry,
poor unworthy sinner I;
woe and anguish, grief and care,
fill my heart with dark despair.
Here before Thee, undisguised,
Lord, by all the world despised.

Ah, we were so young and free,
ah, so dear and good was he!
Ah, he loved me faithfully!
Ah, he suffered so for me!
Hear me, Lord, to thee I cry,
poor unworthy sinner !

I had heard his silent plea
knew his faith and hope in me,
how it hurt when I, perchance,
gave him not a tender glance.
Here before Thee, undisguised,
Lord, by all the world despised.

Ah, and how I tortured him!
Now his tender eyes are dim.
Grief and torment, awful dread!
I have lost him! He is dead!
Hear me, Saviour, hear my cry,
poor unworthy sinner !

Nr.8 Erster Verlust

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
Jener holden Zeit zurück!

Einsam nähr ich meine Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter Klage
Traur ich ums verlorne Glück.
Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene holde Zeit zurück!

Nr.9 Gefunden (Epithalamion)

Ich ging im Walde
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen,
Das war mein Sinn.

Im Schatten sah ich
Ein Blümchen stehn,
Wie Sterne leuchtend,
Wie Äuglein schön.

Ich wollt es brechen,
Da sagt' es fein:
Soll ich zum Welken
Gebrochen sein?

Ich grub's mit allen
Den Würzlein aus,
Zum Garten trug ich's
Am hübschen Haus.

Und pflanzte es wieder
Am stillen Ort;
Nun zweigt es immer
Und blüht so fort.

No.8 First Love

Who, ah who can bring me back
the happy days of love's first rapture?
Who, ah who is it can bring
one blessed moment back again?

Lonely mourn I for the hours
that I never can recapture,
mourn them here alone in vain.
Who can bring me back my rapture,
bring it back to me again?

No.9 The Faded Flower (Epithalamion)

I roamed the forest
with naught in mind,
nor was I thinking
what I might find;

And in the shadow,
to my surprise,
I found a flower
with starry eyes.

I almost plucked it,
but heard it say:
'Must I be broken,
and wilt away?'

I took it with me,
its roots and all,
to my pretty house
by the garden wall.

And there I set it
with tender care,
and now it blooms again,
all fresh and fair.

Drei Gedichte von H. Heine Op.12

Nr.1 Lieb Liebchen

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze
mein;—
Ach, hörst du, wie 's pochet im Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf
gebracht.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

**Nr.2 Lyrisches Intermezzo
(Fichtenbaum)**

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh'.
Ihn schläfert; mit weißer Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die, fern im Morgenland,
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

No.1 The Carpenter

O come, put your hand on my heart, my dear;
just feel how it pounds and it thumps in here.
A carpenter lives there, a bad man he;
a coffin there he is making me.

He knocks, and he hammers alle night and al
day,
and drives ev'ry thought of sweet sleep away.
So hasten you, make my coffin strong,
for there I'll sleep for O so long!

**No.2 Lyrical Intermezzo
(Fir-Tree)**

A lonely fir-tree towers
far north on a barren height.
It slumbers beneath its mantle
of snow and ice, cold and white.

It dreams and sees a palm-tree,
far off where hot suns blaze,
facing, alone and silent,
the pitiless scorching rays.

Nr.3 Bergstimme

Ein Reiter durch das Bergtal zieht,
Im traurig stillen Trab:
'Ach! zieh ich jetzt wohl in Liebchens Arm,
Oder zieh ich ins dunkle Grab?'
Die Bergstimm Antwort gab:
'Ins dunkle Grab!'

Und weiter reitet der Reitersmann,
Und seufzet schwer dazu:
'So zieh ich denn hin ins Grab so früh –
Wohlan, im Grab ist Ruh!'
Die Stimme sprach dazu:
'Im Grab ist Ruh!'

Dem Reitersmann eine Träne rollt
Von der Wange kummervoll:
'Und ist nur im Grab die Ruhe für mich –
So ist mir im Grabe wohl.'
Die Stimme erwidert hohl:
'Im Grabe wohl!'

Zwölf Lieder von W. Goethe Op.15

Nr.1 Wandrers Nachtlied I

Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

No.3 The Voice of the Mountain

A knight is riding thru the wood,
absorbed and wrapped in gloom:
'Ah! do I go now to my true love?'
And answer the mountain gave:
'To find your grave.'

As on he rides he heaves a sigh,
his heart is sore distressed:
'Must I so soon in the grave then lie?
Yet in the grave is rest.'
'There' said the voice, 'is peace,
there care will cease.'

Then down the cheek of the gallant knight a
tear of sorrow fell:
'And if in the grave there is peace for my soul,
to be in the grave is well.'
The voice, with hollow knell replied:
"Tis well.'

No.1 Wanderer's Night-Song

Thou from whom all blessings flow,
ev'ry grief and anguish stillest;
him who suffers double woe,
Thou with double comfort fillest.
Tired am I of rush and riot!
Ah, why all this joy and pain?
Peace and quiet,
come, ah come to me again!

Nr.2 An die Türen wil ich schleichen (aus Wilhelm Meister)

An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn:
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,
Und ich werde weiter gehn.

Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint,
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiss nicht, was er weint.

Nr.3 Selbstbetrug

Der Vorhang schwebet hin und her
Bei meiner Nachbarin.
Gewiß sie lauschet überquer,
Ob ich zu Hause bin,

Und ob der eifersücht'ge Groll,
Den ich am Tag gehegt,
Sich, wie er nun auf immer soll,
Im tiefen Herzen regt.

Doch leider hat das schöne Kind
Dergleichen nicht gefühlt.
Ich seh', es ist der Abendwind,
Der mit dem Vorhang spielt.

No.2 The Beggar

As from door to door I wander,
shy and silent I will stand,
asking bread to bear me yonder,
given me by loving hand.

Ev'ry-one will greet me gladly,
when before him I appear;
then, with moistened eyes and sadly,
yet I know not why the tear.

No.3 Self-Deceit

She moves the curtain to and fro,
she whom I hold most dear;
I think she listens, seeks to know
if I am really here,

and wonders if the jealous rage
still rankles in my breast,
that no mere smiling can assuage,
or set my soul at rest.

Alas, alas, my Lady Fair
had no such thoughts as these;
the hand that moved the curtain there
was but the ev'ning breeze!

Nr.4 Sie liebt mich
(aus 'Erwin und El mire')

Sie liebt mich! Sie liebt mich!
Welch schreckliches Beben!
Fühl' ich mich selber?
Bin ich ham Leben?
Sie liebt mich! Sie liebt mich!
Ach! Rings so anders!
Bist du's noch, Sonne?
Bist du's noch, Hütte?
Trage die Wonne, seliges Herz!
Sie liebt mich! Sie liebt mich!

Nr.5 So Tanzet (aus 'Lila')

So tanzet und springet
In Reihen und Kranz
Die liebliche Jugend,
Ihr ziemet der Tanz.

Am Rocken zu sitzen
Und fleißig zu sein,
Das Tagwerk zu enden,
Es schläfert euch ein.

Drum tanzet und springet,
Erfrischt euch das Blut,
Der traurigen Liebe
Gebt Hoffnung und Mut!

No.4 She Loves Me!
(from 'Erwin und El mire')

She loves me, she loves me!
What fantasies teeming!
Am I alive now,
or am I dreaming?
She loves me, she loves me!
Now nothing matters!
Is this the sun-light?
Is that my cottage?
How can you bare it, rapturous heart?
She loves me, she loves me!

No.5 So Dance Ye (from 'Lila')

So skip ye, and dance ye,
you girl and you boy,
for dancing is seemly
for youth to enjoy.

To sit at the distaff,
to work all the day,
makes anyone sleepy,
so up and away!

Our dancing gives faint love
a fresh and new start;
it heightens the courage,
and gladdens the heart.

Nr.6 Vor Gericht (Ballade)

Von wem ich's habe, das sag ich euch nicht,
das Kind in meinem Leib.-
Pfui! - speit ihr aus: die Hure da! -
Bin doch ein ehrlich Weib.

Mit wem ich mich traute, das sag' ich euch nicht.
Mein Schatz ist lieb und gut,
trägt er eine goldne Kett' am Hals,
trägt er einen stroherner Hut.

Soll Spott und Hohn getragen sein,
trag' ich allein den Hohn.
Ich kenn' ihn wohl, er kennt mich wohl,
und Gott weiß auch davon.

Herr Pfarrer und Herr Amtmann ihr,
ich bitte: laßt mich in Ruh!
Es ist mein Kind und bleibt mein Kind,
ihr gebt mir ja nichts dazu.

Nr.7 Meeresstille

Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings umher.

Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuern Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.

No.6 Before the Court (Ballad)

From whom I have it, this child that I bear,
no one shall ever know.
"Fie! Spit her out! The harlot there!"
Nay, for I am not so.

With whom I was wedded I never will tell;
my man is true and good,
be he one who wears a chain of gold,
be he one whose shoes are of wood.

If shame and scorn must needs be borne,
they shall be mine to bear.
I know him well, he knows me well,
and God is everywhere.

I pray ye, Mister Judge and Priest,
I pray ye now let me go!
My child it is, and will remain;
come tell me, is this not so?

No.7 Sea calm

Brooding stillness on the water,
not a ripple, not a sound,
while the anxious sailor wonders
at the quiet all around.

Neither air nor life nor motion,
utter silence, still as death,
over all the mighty ocean,
not a murmur, not a breath.

Nr.8 Glückliche Fahrt

Die Nebel zerreißen,
Der Himmel ist helle,
Und Äolus löset
Das ängstliche Band.
Es säuseln die Winde,
Es rührt sich der Schiffer.
Geschwinde! Geschwinde!
Es teilt sich die Welle,
Es naht sich die Ferne;
Schon seh ich das Land!

Nr.9 Nähe des Geliebten

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem
Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir; du seist auch noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.
O, wärest du da!

No.8 Happy Voyage

The fog-bank has lightened,
the heavens have brightened,
and Aeolus loosens
the reins in his hand.
The tackles are whirring,
the canvas is stirring!
Up anchor! Alive all!
The white-caps are foaming,
we're back from our roaming,
Look! There is the land!

No.9 Near the Beloved

I think of thee when shafts of sunlight
shimmer across the sea;
and when the pool mirrors the moon's bright
glimmer, I think of thee.

I think of thee when in the distance yonder the
dust ascends,
and when at night on alien paths I wander,
afar from friends.

I hear thy voice, there where the clear brooks
glisten, on rocky hill;
and when in silent wood I pause to listen,
where all is still;
far tho I be, of thee alone am thinking,

far thou art near, forever near.
The sun has set, and myriad stars are
blinking.
Would thou wert here!

Nr.10 Der Untreue Knabe (Ballade)

Es war ein Knabe frech genug,
War erst aus Frankreich kommen,
Der hatt' ein armes Mädel jung
Gar oft in Arm genommen;
Und liebgekost und liebeherzt;
Als Bräutigam herum gescherzt;
Und endlich sie verlassen.

Das braune Mädel das erfuhr,
Vergingen ihr die Sinnen,
Sie lacht' und weint' und bet' und schwur:
So fuhr die Seel' von hinnen.
Die Stund da sie verschieden war,
Wird bang dem Buben, graust sein Haar:
Es treibt ihn fort zu Pferde.

Er gab die Sporen kreuz und quer
Und ritt auf alle Seiten,
Herüber, hinüber, hin und her,
Kann keine Ruh erreichen;
Reit' sieben Tag' und sieben Nacht:
Es blitzt und donnert, stürmt und kracht,
Die Fluten reißen über.

Und reit' im Blitz und Wetterschein
Gemäuerwerk entgegen;
Bindt's Pferd haus' an und kriecht hinein,
Und duckt sich vor dem Regen;
Und wie er tappt, und wie er fühlt,
Sich unter ihm die Erd' erwühlt,
Er stürzt wohl hundert Klafter.

Und als er sich ermannt vom Schlag,
Sieht er drei Lichtlein schleichen.
Er rafft sich auf und krabbelt nach;
Die Lichtlein ferne weichen;
Irrführen ihn, die Quer' und Läng',
Trepp' auf, Trepp'ab, durch enge Gäng',
Verfallne wüste Keller.

Auf einmal sitzt er hoch im Saal,
Sieht sitzen hundert Gäste,
Hohläugig grinsen altzumal
Und winken ihm zum Feste;
Er sieht sein Schätzeln untenan
Mit weißen Tüchern angetan,
Die wend't sich.

No.10 The Faithless Lad (Ballad)

A lad there was, a faithless knave,
with valets he consorted.
He wooed a maid with phrases brave,
and her with ardour courted.
She gave her all at his behest;
alas, 'twas but a cruel jest,
for with her he but sported.

And when the lad returned no more,
she well-nigh lost her reason;
and laughed and wept and prayed and swore,
and cursed his shameless treason.
When in her grave the maiden lay,
the lad in terror rode away,
with all that he could seize on.

With whip and spur, in deadly dread,
his aimless way he wended;
uphill and the down he pressed ahead,
his fear would not be ended.
Six days and nights, on, on he dashed;
the thunder roared, the lightning fleshed,
the rain in floods descended.

And as he rode 'mid crash and din,
he found a little shelter;
he tied his horse and crept within,
to come from out the welter;
and as he felt his way around,
a fissure opened in the ground.
He fell in, helter-skelter!

A hundred fathoms down he dropped,
thru endless spaces sinking;
but when at last his fall was stopped,
he saw a faint light blinking.
He followed it for miles and miles,
thru mouldy rooms with bones in piles,
and cellars, foul and stinking!

A banquet-hall at length he spies,
a hundred grinning devils!
They look at him with empty eyes,
and bid him join their revels.
And there among them is the maid,
in winding-sheet of white arrayed.
She scorns him!

Nr.11 Gleich und Gleich

Ein Blumenglöckchen
 Vom Boden hervor
 War früh gesprossset
 In lieblichem Flor;
 Da kam ein Bienchen
 Und naschte fein: --
 Die müssen wohl beide
 Für einander sein.

Nr.12 Geistergruß

Hoch auf dem alten Turme steht
 Des Helden edler Geist,
 Der, wie das Schiff vorübergeht,
 Es wohl zu fahren heißt.

'Sieh, diese Senne war so stark,
 Dies Herz so fest und wild,
 Die Knochen voll von Rittermark,
 Der Becher angefüllt;

'Mein halbes Leben stürmt ich fort,
 Verdehnt' die Hälft in Ruh,
 Und du, du Menschenschifflein dort,
 Fahr immer, immer zu!'

No.11 Like to Like

A little snow-drop,
 quite early in May,
 sprang up and blossomed,
 one lovely spring day.
 A bee came buzzing,
 and sipped its dew.
 You must have been made
 for each other, you two!

No.12 The Spirit's Greeting

High on the ancient turret's tip,
 the Hero's spirit stands.
 He bids God-speed to ev'ry ship
 that sails to foreign lands.

'Lo, for my sinews were so tough,
 my blood so hardly spilled,
 my limbs and bones such sturdy stuff,
 my cup was brimming filled.'

'I spent my life 'mid storm and strife,
 in days now past and gone;
 and thou, O little ship of man,
 sail ever, ever on!'

Sechs Gedichte von W. Goethe Op.18**Nr.1 Die Spröde**

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
 Ging die Schäferin und sang,
 Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
 Daß es durch die Felder klang,
 So la la! le ralla!

Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
 Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
 Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
 Doch sie sang und lachte fort,
 So la la! le ralla!

Und ein andrer bot ihr Bänder,
 Und der dritte bot sein Herz;
 Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
 So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
 Nur la la! le ralla!

Nr.2 Die Bekehrte

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
 Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
 Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
 Daß es von den Felsen klang,
 So la la!

Und er zog mich an sich nieder,
 Küßte mich so hold, und süß.
 Und ich sagte: 'Blase wieder!'
 Und der gute Junge blies,
 So la la!

Meine Ruhe ist nun verloren,
 Meine Freude floh davon,
 Und ich höre vor meinen Ohren
 Immer nur den alten Ton,
 So la la, le ralla!

No.1 The Flirt

Once at dawn in lovely spring-time,
 came a shepherdesses and sang;
 young and fair and so light-hearted,
 sweet and clear her carol rang.

Then said Thyrsis: 'Will you kiss me,
 if I give you lamb-kin's Twain?'
 Coy, she looked at him a moment,
 laughed and sang and laughed again.

And another offers ribbons,
 and a third would give his heart!
 But she laughed at all their offers,
 with a song bade all depart.

No.2 Conquered

In the glow of the ev'ning sun-set
 thru the wood I made my way;
 Damon played his flute so sweetly,
 sweet its echo, clear and gay.

In his arms he took me and kissed me,
 ah, so dear, so tender he!
 And I told him: 'Play forever.'
 And the dear boy played for me!

Peace of mind I can hope for never,
 all my little joys have flown;
 in my ears is the echo ever
 of the flute's pervading tone.

Nr.3 Einsamkeit

Die ihr Felsen und Bäume bewohnt,
o heilsame Nymphen,
Gebet Jeglichem gern, was er im stillen
begehrt!
Schaffet dem Traurigen Trost,
dem Zweifelhafte Belehrung,
Und dem Liebenden gönnt, daß ihm begegne
sein Glück.
Denn euch gaben die Götter,
was sie den Menschen versagten,
Jeglichem, der euch vertraut,
hülfreich und tröstlich zu sein.

Nr.4 Mignon

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude.

No.3 Solitude

Ye who dwell 'mid the rocks and trees,
benign forest maidens,
give ye freely to each what each in secret
desires:
comfort to him who is sad,
to them who waver give courage;
grant to lovers to find the bliss that lovers so
crave.
To you has been given
what gods denied unto mortals:
verily, to help and comfort
all them whose trust is in you.

No.4 Mignon

None but the aching heart
can know my anguish;
alone, from joys apart,
I grieve and languish.
The spacious firmament,
relentless turning,
knows how my days are spent
in hopeless yearning.
My very soul is rent,
my heart is burning.
None but an aching heart
can know my anguish.
alone, from joys apart,
I grieve and languish.

Nr.5 Das Veilchen (Ballade)

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
daher, daher,
die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
die schönste Blume der Natur,
ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
ach nur, 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, durch sie,

zu ihren Füßen doch.

No.5 The Violet (Ballad)

A violet in the meadow grew,
among the leaves, and hid from view;
it was a lonely flower.
A shepherdess fair there came along,
with nimble step and merry song,
to cross the meadow
from beyond the stile.

'Ah, thought the violet, 'were but I
the fairest flow'r beneath the sky,
if only for an hour!
She'd pluck me then, this lass so fair,
and pin me on her heart to wear,
ah me! ah me!
Just for a little while!'

But ah, alas! her careless tread,
unheeding passed the violet-bed,
and crushed the little flower.
It sank and died, but happy said:
'Tho die I must, I gladly die,
I die beneath her feet, by her,
at her dear feet I lie;
tho die I must, I gladly die, by her,
by her, by her and at her feet to lie.'

Nr.6 Jägers Abendlied

Im Felde schleich' ich still und wild,
 Gespannt mein Feuerrohr.
 Da schwebt so licht dein liebes Bild
 Dein süßes Bild mir vor.

Du wandelst jetzt wohl still und mild
 Durch Feld und liebes Tal,
 Und ach mein schnell verbrauchtes Bild
 Stellt sich dir's nicht einmal?

Des Menschen, der die Welt durchstreift
 Voll Unmut und Verdruß,
 Nach Osten und nach Westen schweift,
 Weil er dich lassen muß.

Mir ist es, denk' ich nur an dich,
 Als in den Mond zu sehn;
 Ein stiller Friede kommt auf mich,
 Weiß nicht wie mir gescheh'n.

No.6 Hunter's Even-Song

Afar I wander, still and free,
 any hold my flint-lock tight.
 Your image fair appears to me,
 so tender, sweet and bright.

You walk, I doubt not, fancy-free,
 thru meadows dear to you;
 and ah! do you not sometimes see
 my fleeting image too?

Here am I, who am doomed to roam
 unhappy, sick at heart,
 from East to West, far away from home,
 I, who from you must part.

Your image, cool and calm I see,
 calm as the moon on high;
 and sudden peace comes over me,
 nor can I tell you why.

Translation: Henry S. Drinker

CD5 GEWEIHTER PLATZ | SACRED PLACE**Drei Gedichte von Nietzsche Op.19****No.1 Gruss - (F. Nietzsche)**

Ihr Vöglein in den Lüften,
 Schwingt mit Gesang euch fort
 Und grüßet mir den teuren,
 Den lieben Heimatsort!

Ihr Lerchen, nehmt die Blüten,
 Die zarten mit hinaus!
 Ich schmückte sie zur Zierde
 Für's teure Vaterhaus.

Du Nachtigall, o schwinge
 Dich doch zu mir herab
 Und nimm die Rosenknospe
 Auf meines Vaters Grab!

**No.2 Alt Mütterlein -
(F. Nietzsche)**

In Sonnenglut, in Mittagsruh
 Liegt stumm das Hospital;
 Es sitzt ein altes Mütterlein,
 Am Fenster bleich und fahl.

Ihr Aug' ist trüb, ihr Haar schneeweiß,
 Ihr Mieder rein und schlicht,
 Sie freut sich wohl und lächelt still,
 Im warmen Sonnenlicht.

Am Fenster blüht ein Rosenstock
 Viel Bienlein rings herum,
 Stört denn die stille Alte nicht
 Das emsige Gesumm?

Sie schaut in all' die Sonnenlust
 So selig stumm hinein:
 Noch schöner wird's im Himmel sein,
 Du liebes Mütterlein!

No.1 Greeting - (F. Nietzsche/H. Drinker)

Ye birds, aloft in tree-tops,
 Go sing ye loud and clear,
 To greet my home of childhood,
 My birth-place, - ah, so dear!

Ye larks, come take these blossoms,
 And with them fly away,
 To drop them on my father's house,
 My home of yesterday.

You nightingale, O hear me,
 Where on the branch you wave;
 Come bear for me this rose-bud,
 To my dear father's grave.

**No.2 Little Old Mother -
(F. Nietzsche/H. Drinker)**

The noon-day dun shines down upon
 The alms-house in the square.
 A little mother, frail and wan,
 Is at the window there.

Her eyes are dull, her hair snow-white,
 Her bodice fresh and neat;
 She seems content, and smiles to see
 The sun-shine, warm and sweet.

Beside her window blooms a rose,
 The bees are swarming round;
 Nay, it disturbs her not at all,
 This busy humming sound.

She gazes on the sunny scene,
 So peaceful, bright and clear.
 In Heaven 'twill be fairer still,
 O little mother dear!

**No.3 Heimweh –
(F. Nietzsche)**

Das milde Abendläuten
Hallet über das Feld.
Das will mir recht bedeuten,
Daß doch auf dieser Welt
Heimat und Heimatsglück
Wohl keiner je gefunden:
Der Erde kaum entwunden,
Kehr'n wir zur Erde zurück.

Wenn so die Glocken hallen,
Geht es mir durch den Sinn,
Daß wir noch Alle wallen
Zur ew'gen Heimat hin.
Glücklich, wer allezeit
Der Erde sich entringet
Und Heimatslieder singet
Von jener Seligkeit.

**No.3 Longing for Home –
(F. Nietzsche/H. Drinker)**

The bells of ev'ning pealing,
Echo over the moor.
They say that nothing, ever,
On earth here is secure.
Comforts that we obtain
Are momentary flashes;
We all are sprung from ashes,
Soon turn to ashes again.

And so the bells up yonder
Bid me no longer roam;
The goal to which we wander
Is our eternal home.
Happy indeed is he,
Who, scorning earthly pleasure,
Regards alone the treasures
Of that Eternity.

Zwei Gedichte von Nietzsche Op.19a

**No.1 Heimkehr –
(F. Nietzsche)**

Das war ein Tag der Schmerzen,
Als ich einst Abschied nahm;
Noch bänger war's dem Herzen,
Als ich nun wieder kam.

Der ganzen Wandrung Hoffen
Vernichtet mit einem Schlag!
O, unglücksel'ge Stunde!
O, unheilvoller Tag!

Ich habe viel geweinet
Auf meines Vaters Grab,
Und manche bittre Träne
Fiel auf die Gruft herab.

Mir ward so öd' und traurig
Im teuren Vaterhaus,
So daß ich oft bin gangen
Zum düstern Wald hinaus.

In seinen Schattenräumen
Vergaß ich allen Schmerz;
Es kam in stillen Träumen
Der Friede in mein Herz.

Der Jugend Blütenwonne,
Rosen und Lerchenschlag
Erschien mir, wenn ich schlummernd
Im Schatten der Eichen lag.

**No.1 Returning Home –
(F. Nietzsche/H. Drinker)**

The day of my departure
Was one of bitter pain;
My heart was far, far sadder
When I came back again.

The hopes that I had cherished,
At one blow all dashed away?
O hapless, hapless hour,
O thrice unhappy day!

Before my father's grave-stone
I often stood and wept,
And there in bitter sorrow,
A lonely vigil kept.

With all so dull and cheerless,
So dreary there at home,
I sometimes sought the forest,
Within its shade to roam.

And there, amid the shadows,
My dreariness would cease;
Sweet dreams would come to cheer me,
My heart would be at peace.

The joy of youth, the park's song,
Roses and humming bees,
Appeared to me, as dozing,
O lay there beneath the trees.

No.2 Verzweiflung - (F. Nietzsche)

Von Ferne tönt der Glockenschlag,
Die Nacht, sie rauscht so dumpf daher.
Ich weiß nicht, was ich tun mag;
Mein Freud' ist aus, mein Herz ist schwer.

Die Stunden fliehn gespenstisch still,
Fern tönt der Welt Gewühl, Gebraus.
Ich weiß nicht, was ich tun will:
Mein Herz ist schwer, mein' Freud' ist aus.

So dumpf die Nacht, so schauervoll
Des Mondes bleiches Leichenlicht.
Ich weiß nicht, was ich tun soll...
Wild rast der Sturm, ich hör' ihn nicht.

Ich hab' nicht Rast, ich hab' nicht Ruh,
Ich wandle stumm zum Strand hinaus,
Den Wogen zu, dem Grabe zu...
Mein Herz ist schwer, mein Freud' ist aus.

Sonate-Vocalise mit einem Motto "Geweiheter Platz" von Goethe

Op.41 No.1

Wenn zu den Reihen der Nymphen,
versammelt in heiliger Mondnacht,
Sich die Grazien heimlich herab vom Olympus
gesellen;
Hier belauscht sie die Dichter, und hört die
schönen Gesänge,
Sieht verschwiegener Tänze geheimnisvolle
Bewegung.
Was der Himmel nur herrliches hat, was
glücklich die Erde
Reizendes immer gebär, das erscheint dem
wachenden Träumer.
Alles erzählt er die Musen, und daß die Götter
nicht zürnen,
Lehren die Musen ihn gleich bescheiden
Geheimnisse sprechen.

No.2 Despair - (F. Nietzsche/H. Drinker)

To tolling bells depress me so,
The night, so sultry, hastens on.
What I should do, I do not know,
My heart is sad, my joy is gone.

The hours fly, like ghosts they pass,
Far off the world, its pomp and show;
O know not what to do, alas!
My joy is gone, my heart sinks low.

So thank the night, so death-like too,
The moonlight's ghostly rays appear;
I know not what, indeed, to do?
Wild roars the storm; no sound I hear.

I have no peace, I have no rest,
But wander, silent, sore, depressed,
Among the graves along the shore.
My heart is sad, my joy no more.

A place to mark the Graces, when they come
Down from Olympus, still and secretly,
To join the Oreads in their festival,
Beneath the light of the benignant moon.
There lies the poet, watching them unseen,
The whilst they chant the sweetest songs of
heaven,
Or, floating o'er the sward without a sound,
Lead on the mystic wonder of the dance.
All that is great in heaven, or fair on earth,
Unveils its glories to the dreamer's eye,
And all he tells the Muses. They again,
Knowing that Gods are jealous of their own,
Teach him, through all the passion of his
verse,
To utter these high secrets reverently.

Sieben Gedichte Op.46

No.1 Praeludium - (W. Goethe)

Wenn im Unendlichen dasselbe
Sich wiederholend ewig fließt,
Das tausendfältige Gewölbe
Sich kräftig in einander schließt;
Strömt Lebenslust aus allen Dingen,
Dem kleinsten wie dem größten Stern,
Und alles Drängen, alles Ringen
Ist ewige Ruh' in Gott dem Herrn.

**No.2 Geweihter Platz -
(W. Goethe)**

See Op.41 No.1

**No.3 Serenade -
(J. von Eichendorff)**

Komm zum Garten denn, du Holde!
In den warmen schönen Tagen
Sollst Du Blumenkränze tragen,
Und vom kühl krystall'nen Golde
Mit den frischen, rothen Lippen,
Eh' ich trinke, lächelnd nippen.
Ohne Maß dann, ohne Richter,
Küssend, trinkend singt der Dichter
Lieder, die von selbst entschweben:
Wunderschön ist doch das Leben

**No.4 Im Walde -
(J. von Eichendorff)**

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert im Herzensgrunde.

No.1 Praeludium - (W. Goethe/B.Taylor)

When in the infinite appeareth
The same eternal repetition,
When in harmonious coalition
A mighty dome its structure reareth;
A rapture thrills through all existence
All stars, or great or small, are blessed.
Yet all the strife and all resistance
In God, the Lord's eternal rest.

**No.2 Sacred Ground -
(W. Goethe/W. E. Aytoun)**

See Op.41 No. 1

**No.3 Perspective -
(J. von Eichendorff/E. Ezust)**

Come into the garden then, you lovely one!
In the warm, beautiful days
You should wear wreaths of flowers
And from cool, crystalline gold
With fresh, red lips,
Take a smiling sip before I drink.
Without measure then, without judges,
Kissing, drinking, the poet sings
Songs that float away by themselves:
For Life is wonderfully beautiful!

**No.4 In the Forest -
(J. von Eichendorff/ R. Stokes)**

A wedding procession wound over the mountain,
I heard the warbling of birds,
Riders flashed by, hunting horns peeled,
That was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had faded,
Darkness covers the land,
Only the forest sighs from the mountain,
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

No.5 Winternacht -
(J. von Eichendorff)

Verschneit liegt rings die ganze Welt,
Ich hab' Nichts, was mich freuet,
Verlassen steht der Baum im Feld,
Hat längst sein Laub verstreuet.

Der Wind nur geht bei stiller Nacht
Und rüttelt an den Baume,
Da rührt er seinen Wipfel sacht
Und redet wie im Traume.

Er träumt von künft'ger Frühlingszeit,
Von Grün und Quellenrauschen,
Wo er im neuen Blüten-Kleid
Zu Gottes Lob wird rauschen.

No.6 Die Quelle -
(A. von Chamisso)

Unsre Quelle kommt im Schatten
Duft'ger Linden an das Licht,
Und wie dort die Vögel singen,
Nein, das weiß doch jeder nicht!

Und das Mädchen kam zur Quelle,
Einen Krug in jeder Hand,
Wollte schnell die Krüge füllen,
Als ein Jüngling vor ihr stand.

Mögen wohl geplaudert haben,
Kam das Mädchen spät nach Haus:
Gute Mutter, sollst nicht schelten,
Sandtest selbst ja mich hinaus.

Geht man leicht zur Quelle, trägt man
Doch zu Haus ein schwer Gewicht,
Und wie dort die Vögel singen, -
Mutter, nein, das weißt du nicht

No.5 Winter Night -
(J. von Eichendorff/ E. Ezust)

The whole world lies covered in snow,
Nothing brings me joy;
The tree stands desolate in the field,
Having long since shed its leaves.

Only the wind stirs in the silent night;
And rustling in the tree,
It gently shakes the treetop there
And makes it speak as if in a dream.

The tree is dreaming of the springtime to
come,
Of the colour green, and of hissing springs,
Of a time when, in a new cloak of blossoms,
It will rustle in praise of God.

No.6 The Water Spring -
(A. von Chamisso/ Sh. Krebs)

Our water spring emerges to the light
In the shade of fragrant lime trees.
And no, not everyone knows
How beautifully the birds sing there.

And the maiden came to the spring
With a pitcher in either hand,
She was just about to fill the pitchers quickly,
When a lad suddenly stood before her.

They must have chatted together,
And the maiden was late getting home:
Good mother, you should not chide me,
For you yourself sent me out.

Though one walks lightly to the spring,
On the way home one carries a heavy weight,
And how the birds sing there, -
Mother, nay, that you do not know!

No.7 Frisch gesungen -
(A. von Chamisso)

Hab' oft im Kreise der Lieben
In duftigem Grase geruht,
Und mir ein Liedlein gesungen,
Und alles war hübsch und gut.

Hab' einsam auch mich gehärmet
In bangem, düsterem Muth,
Und habe wieder gesungen,
Und alles war wieder gut.

Und manches, was ich erfahren,
Verkocht' ich in stiller Wuth,
Und kam ich wieder zu singen,
War alles auch wieder gut.

Sollst nicht uns lange klagen,
Was alles dir wehe thut,
Nur frisch, nur frisch gesungen!
Und alles wird wieder gut.

No.7 Vigorously sung -
(A. von Chamisso/ Sh. Krebs)

In the circle of my dear ones, I have often
Rested in the scented grass,
And sung a song to myself,
And everything was lovely and good.

I have grieved in solitary sorrow,
With anxious, sombre spirit,
And then I sang again,
And everything was once more in order.

And much that I have experienced,
I brooded upon in silent wrath,
And when I returned to singing
Everything was once more in order.

You are not to lament to us at length
About everything that hurts you,
Only sing - sing boldly!
And everything will once more be in order.

Acht Lieder Op.61

No.1 Reiselied – (J. von Eichendorff)

So ruhig geh' ich meinen Pfad,
So still ist mir zu Mut;
Es dünkt mir jeder Weg gerad'
Und jedes Wetter gut.

Wohin mein Weg mich führen mag,
Der Himmel ist mein Dach,
Die Sonne kommt mit jedem Tag,
Die Sterne halten Wach'.

Und komm' ich spät und komm' ich früh
Ans Ziel, das mir gestellt:
Verlieren kann ich mich doch nie,
O Gott, aus Deiner Welt!

No.2 Nachtgruss – (J. von Eichendorff)

Weil jetzo alles stille ist
Und alle Menschen schlafen,
Mein' Seel' das ew'ge Licht begrüsst,
Ruht wie ein Schiff in Hafen.

Der falsche Fleiß, die Eitelkeit,
Was keinen mag erlaben,
Darin der Tag das Herz zerstreut,
Liegt alles tief begraben.

Ein andrer König wunderbarlich
Mit königlichen Sinnen,
Zieht herrlich ein im stillen Reich,
Besteigt die ew'gen Zinnen.

No.1 Song of the wanderer – (J. von Eichendorff/ M. Konecny)

So calmly I go on my way
So peaceful is my mind;
Any road is right for me
And any weather's fine.

Wherever the road takes me,
The heavens are my roof,
The sun accompanies each day,
The stars hold watch at night.

And whether late or early I reach
My appointed destination:
I couldn't possibly go astray
O God, from thy world!

No.2 Accord – (J. von Eichendorff/ M. P. Rosewall)

Because all is now so still
And everyone is asleep,
My soul hails the everlasting light,
Resting, like a harbored ship.

False piety and vanity,
Of which none wants a part,
And which waste the heart by day,
Lie deeply buried.

Another King, marvelously endowed
With royal mien,
Enters the silent realm in majesty,
And mounts the eternal battlements.

No.3 Что в имени тебе моём?.. – (А. Пушкин)

Что в имени тебе моём?
Оно умрёт, как шум печальный
Волны, плеснувшей в берег дальный,
Как звук ночной в лесу глухом.

Оно на памятном листке
Оставит мёртвый след, подобный
Узору надписи надгробной
На непонятном языке.

Что в нём? Забытое давно
В волненьях новых и мятежных,
Твоей душе не даст оно
Воспоминаний чистых, нежных.

Но в день печали, в тишине,
Произнеси его тоскуя;
Скажи: есть память обо мне,
Есть в мире сердце, где живу я...

No.4 Если жизнь тебя обманет... – (А. Пушкин)

Если жизнь тебя обманет,
Не печалься, не сердись!
В день уныния смирись:
День веселья, верь, настанет.

Сердце в будущем живет;
Настоящее уныло:
Все мгновенно, все пройдет;
Что пройдет, то будет мило.

No.3 So, what then is my name to you?.. – (A. Pushkin/ R. Moreton)

So, what then is my name to you?
Oh, it will die, like doleful jingle
Of billows on the distant shingle,
Like dark night's sound in forest, too.

Upon the list of those who've gone
Its memory will but scarcely linger –
A tombstone's screed by unknown finger
In an obscure and unknown tongue.

What does it mean? Forgotten long
With fresh rebellion's new excitement,
My name will not produce incitement
Of gentle, pure memento's song.

But when trial comes, I humbly plea
That, grieving, you may memory summon;
That you may say: "Yes, there is someone
Whose heart remains a home for me."

No.4 If by life you were deceived... – (A. Pushkin/ A. Kneller)

If by life you were deceived,
Don't be dismal, don't be wild!
In the day of grief, be mild
Merry days will come, believe.

Heart is living in tomorrow;
Present is dejected here;
In a moment, passes sorrow;
That which passes will be dear.

**No.5 Молитва –
(М. Лермонтов)**

В минуту жизни трудную,
Теснится ль в сердце грусть,
Одну молитву чудную
Твержу я наизусть.

Есть сила благодатная
В созвучье слов живых,
И дышит непонятная,
Святая прелесть в них.

С души как бремя скатится,
Сомненье далеко —
И верится, и плачется,
И так легко, легко...

**No.6 Полдень –
(Ф. Тютчев)**
Лениво дышит полдень мгlistый,
Лениво катится река,
В лазури пламенной и чистой
Лениво тают облака.
И всю природу, как туман,
Дремота жаркая объемлет,
И сам теперь великий Пан
В пещере нимф покойно дремлет.

**No.7 О вещая душа моя! –
(Ф. Тютчев)**
О вещая душа моя!
О, сердце, полное тревоги,
О, как ты бьешься на пороге
Как бы двойного бытия!..

Так, ты — жилица двух миров,
Твой день — болезненный и страстный,
Твой сон — пророчески-неясный,
Как откровение духов...

Пускай страдальческую грудь
Волнуют страсти роковые —
Душа готова, как Мария,
К ногам Христа навек прильнуть.

**No.5 Prayer -
(M. Lermontov/ R. Moreton)**

When troubled spell afflicts my life
And sadness grips my heart:
One pleasing prayer relieves my strife —
To say it then I start.

There is a God-sent blessed strength
With lively words in tune, and
holy charm breathes through their length
Whose source remains unknown.

And from my soul the burden seeps
And doubt is far away —
And faith is stirred and spirit weeps,
And lightness holds new sway.

**No.6 An eventful afternoon -
(F. Tyutchev/ C. Holcombe)**
An uneventful afternoon:
through mists the river idles by,
above in clean and fiery swoon
the clouds melt quietly from the sky.
A misty nature seems to steep
itself in vast, warm, slumbering calms,
and in his cavern Pan to sleep
enfolded in his nymphs' soft arms.

**No.7 O my prophetic soul! -
(F. Tyutchev/ C. Holcombe)**
O my prophetic soul! My heart,
is full of troubles and of fears,
and on the threshold now appears
a being in two worlds apart.

Between existences we find ourselves.
Our day is sharp and passionate,
but in prophetic dreams we wait
for spirits to disclose themselves.

Let our sufferings be complete,
and waves of passions intervene,
the soul is as the Magdalene
who tends forever to Christ's feet.

**No.8 Когда, что звали мы своим –
Успокоение - (Ф. Тютчев)**

Когда, что звали мы своим,
Навек от нас ушло
И, как под камнем гробовым,
Нам станет тяжело, –

Пойдем и бросим беглый взгляд
Туда, по склону вод,
Куда стремглав струи спешат,
Куда поток несет.

Неодолим, неудержим,
И не вернётся вспять...
Но чем мы долее глядим,
Тем легче нам дышать...

И слёзы льются из очей,
И видим мы сквозь слёз,
Как всё быстрее и быстрее
Волненье понеслось...

Душа впадает в забытьё –
И чувствует она,
Что вот помчала и её
Великая волна.

**Wie kommt es? –
(H. Hesse)**
Ich habe keinen Kranz ersiegt
Und keinen weiten Weg gemacht.
Wie kommt es, daß die frühe Nacht
So müd und schläfernd vor mir liegt?
Ein Bündlein Lieder liegt vor mir,
Mein ganzes Tun, mein ganzes Gut.
Sind jugendschlank und gliederzier
Und jeder Vers ist rotes Blut.
Ich habe keinen Kranz ersiegt
Und keinen weiten Weg gemacht.
Wie kommt es, daß die frühe Nacht
So müd und schläfernd vor mir liegt?

**No.8 When what we proudly ours called
-Pacification - (F. Tyutchev/ A. Pokidov)**

When what we proudly ours called
Is now forever gone,
And as though under covers cold
Of burial stones, we groan,

Then look along the riverside
Where down the sloping space
The waves all unimpeded glide
And waters headlong race –

That movement no one can arrest,
But earnestly believe:
The more we look with ardent zest
The lighter can we breathe...

And tears are flowing from the eyes,
And through the tears we see
How swifter now the current flies
And waves play restlessly...

The soul into oblivion falls –
And, though not growing brave,
It ne'ertheless distinctly feels
It's rushed by some great wave.

**How does it happen? –
(H. Hesse/ Sh. Krebs)**
I have not victoriously won a wreath
And made no great journey.
How is it then that the early night
Lies before me so wearily and sleepily?
A bundle of poems lies before me,
My whole labour, my entire property,
They are youthfully slender and delicately
limbed
And every verse is red blood.
I have not victoriously won a wreath
And made no great journey.
How is it then that the early night
Lies before me so wearily and sleepily?



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