# BEETHOVEN EDITION  
*Liner notes and sung texts*

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### Liner notes

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Beethoven Edition liner notes

I. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)
The actual day on which Beethoven was born cannot be established with absolute certainty. His baptismal certificate is dated 17th December 1770 and since it was then the custom to christen a child within twenty four hours of birth it is very likely that he had been born the previous day. However Beethoven himself was never entirely sure of his exact age and believed himself to be at least a year younger than he actually was. When, in later life, he acquired a copy of his baptismal certificate he amended the date to 1772, convinced that the Ludwig van Beethoven who had been born in 1770 was the older brother whose name he shared but who had died in infancy before his own birth. Therefore Beethoven’s own references to his age should be treated with some caution. His father, Johann, was a musician and singer at the court of the Elector of Cologne in Bonn where his grandfather, also called Ludwig had been Kapellmeister since 1761, having come to Bonn from Malines in what is now Belgium in 1733. Beethoven always claimed to remember his grandfather with great fondness (a circumstance in itself enough to contradict a plausible birth date of 1772 as the elder Ludwig died at the end of 1773) and displayed his portrait in each of the many residences he occupied throughout his life. It was perhaps inevitable that when the young Ludwig showed early signs of musical talent he should be groomed for family business. He received his early training from his father who is often depicted as a harsh teacher, bent on fashioning his son into another Mozart whose prodigious talent had been displayed to the admiring courts of Europe only a few years previously. Johann’s attempt to be appointed Kapellmeister in succeSSION to his father had been unsuccessful and although he may have projected his thwarted ambitions onto his talented child, there is little real evidence that Johann’s regime although undoubtedly strict, amounted to sustained and deliberate cruelty. The memories of friends and neighbours, recorded long after the events they describe, which recall a lonely and fearful child forced to practise for hours on end and beaten for his mistakes, may well relate to certain isolated incidents of Beethoven’s childhood but should not be used to construct a picture of his systematic abuse. It is true that Beethoven did not remember his father with any great show of affection, yet all his life he kept Johann’s manuscript copy of a piece by C.P.E. Bach which he had inscribed “written by my dear father”, indicating that he cannot have wished to erase his memory entirely. If his relationship with his father was ambivalent, there is no doubt that he had a much closer bond with his mother of whom he wrote just after her death: “She was such a kind and lovable mother to me, my best friend.” Maria Magdalena van Beethoven was a quiet and pious woman (according to contemporary accounts she was never seen to laugh which does not mean that she never in fact did) and Beethoven’s continual striving towards a good and virtuous existence was her legacy to him. The earnest sentiment attributed to her: “Without suffering there is no struggle, without struggle no victory and without victory no crown” certainly had a profound effect on her son in whose private writings, words such as “suffering” “resignation” and “endurance” constantly recur.

By the age of seven Beethoven had given several private performances at court and was ready to make his public debut. In the late afternoon of March 26th 1778 he performed “various concertos and trios” at a concert in Cologne in the company of the seventeen year old Helene Averdonck to whom Johann taught singing. The advertisements for this concert deduct a year from Beethoven’s age (which may have been the origin of all the subsequent confusion on this subject) and if this was deliberate on Johann’s part he was following the example of Leopold Mozart who had also reduced Wolfgang’s age for the public arena. The Cologne concert was Ludwig’s only recorded public performance as a child, which seems to confirm that Johann was not seriously interested in actively promoting his son as a child prodigy.

By the time Beethoven was nine, he had outstripped his father’s capacity to teach him and after studying for short periods with other local musicians, he began lessons in piano and basic composition techniques with the Court Organist, Christian Gottlob Neefe. He also ceased all formal schooling at this time which was not uncommon for boys of his age and class and so was not the result of any desire on the part of his father to deprive him of educational advantages for the sake of the promoting his musical training. Neefe was a cultured and enlightened man and Beethoven’s association with him may have helped fill the void in his education. He as also a devotee of J. S. Bach, then an almost forgotten figure in Germany and introduced Beethoven to the still unpublished Forty Eight Preludes and Fugues which he owned in manuscript copy. Neefe was undoubtedly the formative influence in Beethoven’s musical life, which Beethoven later acknowledged when he wrote to him: “Should I ever become a great man, you too will have a share of my success”. This promise was not however fulfilled in any tangible form before Neefe’s death in 1798.

Beethoven showed no early signs of a desire to compose (unlike Mozart who had been writing keyboard works from the age of six and symphonies from eight) although he had always loved to extemporise at the keyboard and was often scolded by his father for improvising when he should have been practising. In 1782 with Neefe’s encouragement and perhaps assistance he wrote his first known work – a series of piano variations on a march by Dressler (WoO63) in the prophetic key of C minor - which Neefe arranged to have published. The following year Neefe submitted an essay to a musical periodical in which he extolled the musical talent of his young pupil and speculated that he might become a second Mozart if given the right support. This hint did not however bear fruit for some time to come. More compositions followed the Dressler variations into print including a set of three piano sonatas with an elaborate dedication to the Elector by the young composer:
“...I have now reached my eleventh year [he was actually twelve but by now the missing year seems to have become an established fact] and since then in hours of sacred inspiration my Muse has often whispered to me; Make the attempt, just put down on paper the harmonies of your soul! Eleven years – I thought– and how could I look like a composer? And what would experienced adults in the art say to this? I was almost too shy. But my Muse insisted – I obeyed – and composed.”

These were obviously not the unmeditated sentiments of a twelve year old yet, even if filtered through an adult sensibility, they contain the artistic credo Beethoven was to follow for the rest of his life. He always obeyed the dictates of his Muse and composed what he felt he had to rather than what was expected or indeed on occasion required of him.

In late 1783 he travelled to Holland with his mother, the only occasion he is known to have left Bonn during his childhood. The main object of the journey was to visit relatives but he also gave a number of well-received private performances in Rotterdam and at the Royal Court in the Hague and on his return to Bonn, he followed his father and grandfather into the family business of court musician. In 1784, the new Elector, Maximilian Franz, brother of the emperor Joseph II, instigated a comprehensive review of the court finances and resources including its musical establishment. This brought about a further decline in Johann van Beethoven’s fortunes. He had for some time been drinking heavily (a tendency he may have inherited from his mother, Maria Josepha, who had died in 1775 in the seclusion of a convent where her alcoholism would pass unnoticed) and his voice was deemed to have become “very stale”. His son however was appointed Neefe’s assistant as Court Organist. He had already been deputising for Neefe on an unofficial basis both in the chapel and at rehearsals in the court theatre but now he was formally enrolled as a liveried court servant with a salary of 150 florins a year (which for a period had to be paid out of Neefe’s own wage) representing a significant addition to the household income. This appointment coincides with the writing of his first known orchestral work, a piano concerto, but although this was probably performed at court, composition was a private pursuit and did not form part of his official duties, which were confined to routine and practical music making in the court chapel and the theatre. On one occasion however he enlivened a session at the chapel organ by improvising such complex harmonies that the singer whom he was supposed to be accompanying was unable to find his way back to the right cadence. This trick apparently amused the Elector but Beethoven was warned not to try it again.

By 1787 Beethoven got the opportunity to widen his musical horizons. The exact purpose of his first trip to Vienna, like much else in Beethoven’s early years, is unclear so we have no notion as to whose idea it was, how long the his visit was to have lasted and whether he went alone or in company. Maximilian Franz must have granted him leave of absence and probably subsidised the journey. Possibly it was Maximilian who arranged an introduction to Mozart for whom he had great admiration (Mozart had hopes at one time for the post of Kapellmeister in Bonn, an appointment which, had it taken place, would have changed the course of musical history). Unfortunately there are no reliable records of what happened when the two musicians met in Vienna in April 1787. Tradition has it that Mozart was impressed by Beethoven’s skill at improvisation and is said to have remarked: “Keep your eyes on him; one day he will give the world something to talk about”. However before Beethoven had any chance to establish himself as Mozart’s pupil either in composition or more likely for keyboard tuition, he received a summons from his father to return home immediately as his mother was seriously ill. Magdalena van Beethoven was suffering from consumption (which must surely have been apparent before Beethoven’s departure) and she in fact survived for a few months after his return so it is not clear why his journey took place when it did or why his immediate recall was necessary.

The next few years cannot have been easy for him. His infant sister died a few months after her mother in November 1787, the family was short of money and Johann’s alcoholism was growing steadily worse. Eventually at Beethoven’s request, his father was forcibly retired and half his stipend paid to his son so that he could ensure adequate provision for his two younger brothers. His later paternalistic and often overbearing attitude towards them no doubt stems from the years when he was in effect the head of the household. In addition to his other musical duties he took up a position as viola player in the court theatre orchestra and over the next few years performed in Mozart’s Die Entführung, aus dem Serail, Il Nozze di Figaro and Don Giovanni as well as operas by Gluck, Salieri, Paisiello and Cimarosa. The number of his own compositions perhaps not surprisingly diminished during this period. His personal life was however transformed when he was introduced into the household of Helene van Breuning, widow of a courtier, as music teacher to her younger children. He was soon established as a friend of the family and the von Breuning house became his second home and Helene a surrogate mother to him. He spent many hours and days in its happy, relaxed and cultured atmosphere and the friends from his years in Bonn - Stephan van Breuning, Franz Wegeler, Nikolas Simrock - remained close to him all his life (despite his best efforts to quarrel with them on a regular basis).

The death of the emperor Joseph II in February 1790 provided Beethoven with his first chance to show his talents as a composer in a large scale work. The Bonn Lesegesellschaft (Literary Society) commissioned him to compose a cantata on verses written for the occasion by a young poet Severin Anton Averdonck (who happened to be the brother of the girl with whom Beethoven had performed at his public debut 12 years previously). The choice of Beethoven in preference to more experienced composers in Bonn, Neefe for one, shows the extent to which his potential must have been recognised from his
youthful works. The scheduled date for the performance was 19th March 1790, less than a month after he received the commission but for unspecified reasons it had to be cancelled at short notice. Possibly the work Beethoven produced - the Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II (WoO87) - was too difficult for the available forces to perform successfully or perhaps he simply did not finish it on time. If so, this was not the last occasion on which he was to fail to produce what was required in the time and for the resources available.

Whatever the reason for the cancellation it does not seem to have had an adverse effect on his reputation as later that year he was again commissioned by the Lesegesellschaft to write another cantata, this time celebrating the accession of Leopold II. Once again there was no performance and the Leopold Cantata, like its predecessor was never played in public in Beethoven’s lifetime.

It must be assumed that Beethoven was not considered responsible for the failure of either work to receive a performance and if he was, that this did not count seriously against him since in the following year he was commissioned by Count Waldstein to provide music for a ballet he had devised for the carnival season. Waldstein, a rich and cultured nobleman had arrived in Bonn in 1788 and became the first in a long line of aristocratic patrons who supported Beethoven throughout his life. He was also a leading member of the Lesegesellschaft and may therefore have been influential in the cantata commissions and for dealing with any repercussions of their non-performance. This time there were no difficulties in either the performability or the punctual delivery of the music for Waldstein’s Ritterballet (Knight Ballet). For many years it was thought that Waldstein had composed the music himself as there was no indication on the score of Beethoven’s authorship. It was not unknown for the person commissioning a work to pass himself off as its composer - Mozart was at that very moment working on a Requiem for Count Walsegg-Stuppach on that basis - and Beethoven must have been happy enough with the arrangement (although it is hard to imagine him taking such a relaxed attitude in later years – possibly he felt some debt of gratitude to Waldstein over the cantata affair).

In 1791 Beethoven and the rest of the court orchestra accompanied Maximilian Franz on a journey up the Rhine to Mergentheim to attend meeting of the Teutonic Order (of which Maximilian was the Grand Master) and during this trip he and some of the other musicians took the opportunity to visit Johann Sterkel, one of Germany’s foremost pianists. Sterkel played for the assembled company and invited Beethoven to follow suit which at first he declined to do. Sterkel astutely overcame his reluctance by commenting that Beethoven’s recently published Righini Variations were so difficult that perhaps even their composer might find them hard to perform. Naturally Beethoven rose to this challenge, played the work from memory and then went on to improvise new variations in the style in which he had just heard Sterkel play. This incident shows that his reputation as a composer had by now spread outside Bonn and that he was able to hold his own at the keyboard in distinguished company. He was also already displaying the reluctance to perform on demand which was to become progressively marked as he grew older.

Playing in public was not a problem for him, at least until his deafness took hold, and as a professional musician he obviously performed when required. He would also entertain in private when he chose to do so and when he was in control of the situation. However he reacted strongly against any assumption that he would provide entertainment as a matter of course, an attitude most clearly shown by an incident some years later when he was staying with Prince Lichnowsky, one of most prominent supporters, at his castle in Graz. One evening Lichnowsky asked him to play for his guests and in the face of Beethoven’s repeated refusals, persisted in his request beyond the breaking point of Beethoven’s fragile tolerance. Beethoven stormed from the castle and returned immediately to Vienna, three days journey away, where his anger had not sufficiently cooled to prevent him from smashing a bust of Lichnowsky that he kept in his house. He is supposed to have told Lichnowsky after this incident: “Prince, you are what you are by accident of birth. I am what I am through myself. There have been and will be thousands of princes, there will only be one Beethoven”.

By the time he was twenty-one, Beethoven had been a salaried court servant for seven years and was an established and admired figure in Bonn musical circles. He had composed and published a number of small scale works for voice, piano and chamber forces but apart from the two cantatas, which for unknown reasons had not been performed and Waldstein’s Ritterballet, he had written no major works and his position in the musical establishment of the court was not conducive to their production. He was a growing fish in a modest pool and had he not managed to escape it, he may simply have adapted himself to and been restricted by his surroundings. However a meeting with Haydn who passed through Bonn in June 1792 on his return journey from England was to prove a turning point in Beethoven’s life. They may actually have met the previous year on Haydn’s outward journey as Haydn is reported as having spent an evening in the company of the Bonn musicians, but if so there is no evidence that he took note of Beethoven as an individual of promise. On this occasion however he had an opportunity to examine some of Beethoven’s compositions, including one of the cantatas, and saw in him a talent worth developing. On Haydn’s recommendation, the Elector once again agreed to grant Beethoven leave of absence to travel to Vienna where, in the famous words written by Waldstein in Beethoven’s farewell album, he would receive “Mozart’s spirit from Haydn’s hands”. No doubt the intention was that having studied composition with Haydn, former Kapellmeister to Prince Esterházy, Beethoven would return to Bonn and become Kapellmeister himself in due course. He set out on 2nd November 1792, just as the French invasion of the Rhineland was causing great uncertainty in the region. According to his own account, he only just managed to pass through the lines of the mobilising Hessian army
and had he delayed his departure by even a few days he would probably never have made it to Vienna. As it was he was never to return to his homeland.

Imperial Vienna was a very different place from provincial Bonn whose liberal atmosphere, fostered by the enlightened Maximilian Franz, contrasted with more oppressive environment of censorship and political surveillance prevalent in the Austrian capital. It was a place where one could be locked up for airing one’s opinions too loudly as Beethoven remarked in letter to his friend Simrock, and so presumably he kept his liberal views to himself. In later life he became quite outspoken but although Metternich’s secret police kept a file on him, he was too famous and had too many influential friends to be troubled by the authorities (the only time he was ever arrested was when he was mistaken for a tramp). His most pressing problem on arrival in Vienna was money, which was to be a source of concern all his life. The cost of living there was a great deal higher than in Bonn and a gentleman in Beethoven’s position required between 700 and 800 florins a year (the equivalent of 170 gold ducats) to survive in comfort but not luxury. Shortly after his arrival Beethoven made a list of his requirements which included along with such necessities as furniture, wood and coffee—an overcoat, boots and shoes as well the services of a wig maker and dancing master. He may have felt himself rather provincial, writing to Eleonore von Breunig that he was unable to wear the waistcoat she had given him as it was too unfashionable. However all he had to live on was his court salary of 50 florins per quarter, supplemented by an additional 50 florins still paid to him from his father’s stipend, but this he ran the risk of losing when Johann died only a few weeks after his arrival. His personal feelings on the death of his father are unrecorded and he saw no need to return home (but he did successfully petition the Elector to continue receiving the additional funds). Johann seems to have died un lamented save for the Elector’s rueful comment that revenu from excise duties would henceforth be reduced.

The relationship between Beethoven and Haydn has often been characterised as prickly and unrewarding on both sides, with Haydn lax in his supervision of Beethoven’s studies and his pupil secretly taking instruction from others behind his back. Beethoven may have commented later that he learned nothing from Haydn but not everything he said should be taken at face value and they probably enjoyed a normal pupil/teacher relationship complete with the friction that occasionally arises when youth rubs against experience. At the end of 1793 Haydn sent copies of five of Beethoven’s new compositions back to Bonn as evidence of his pupil’s progress but the response was discouraging. Maximilian claimed that the works he had received were familiar and suggested that, since Beethoven was obviously not developing as hoped and no doubt accumulating debts in Vienna, he should return home to resume his duties immediately. This episode is usually taken as further evidence of Beethoven’s lack of respect for and gratitude to Haydn who had not only requested an increase in Beethoven’s salary but had given him money to subsidise his meagre income. Beethoven, like most composers, occasionally reused material and some of the works from his early years in Vienna are based on music he had composed in Bonn. However extensive sketches for some of the pieces in question survive and the fact that they are written on Viennese paper proves that, if not wholly composed in Vienna, they were are at least extensively revised and rewritten there. It is possible that Maximilian simply failed to examine the works carefully or delegated the task to an advisor not well disposed to Beethoven who tried to make trouble for him (there may have been a few people at court who resented the success of the high flyer currently enjoying a period of leave in Vienna). It is very probable that one of the disputed compositions was the recently published Variations in F major on “Se vuol ballare” from Mozart’s Figaro which Beethoven had indeed begun sketching in Bonn and may have played there in an earlier version. Since sets of variations on any theme, however different from each other, all have to start out from the same point—the original theme—it is easy to imagine a cursory examination of the piece leading to the wrong conclusion. Whatever the explanation of these curious circumstances Haydn certainly did not react as if he had been deceived and when he departed on his second trip to England, he arranged for Johann Georg Albrechtsburger to take over Beethoven’s tuition.

While the Elector had no objection to Beethoven continuing his studies with Albrechtsburger in Haydn’s absence, he decided to cut off his salary until such time as he should be recalled to Bonn (a summons which never came as Maximilian Franz was expelled by the French later that year). Beethoven was therefore liberated from the role played by his father and grandfather as a salaried court functionary but he now had to find a way of supporting himself or of finding someone to support him. He would have arrived in Vienna with introductions from Waldstein and other members of the Bonn nobility to the great houses of the city and sometime in 1794 he came into the orbit of Prince Lichnowsky, a wealthy aristocrat and music lover. Lichnowsky had known Mozart, from whom he had taken piano lessons and had accompanied on one of his European tours (although their relationship at the end of Mozart’s life was complicated by a legal dispute whose origins remain clouded in mystery). He maintained a private string quartet and held regular musical gatherings in his palace, which was one of the focal points of musical activity in Vienna. Beethoven took lodgings in the same building as the Lichnowsky household but although the resources of the establishment were put at his disposal, he preferred to maintain his independence. All his life, in fact, he kept his distance from the noble patrons who supported him financially. He was happy for them to nurture his art but always made it clear that he did not consider himself to be personally indebted to them.

His association with Lichnowsky and the other aristocratic music lovers of Vienna was vital to the advancement of his career as most musical activity in Vienna took place in the salons of its great houses. There
was very little opportunity for public performance and no suitable concert venues other than in a few buildings controlled by the court which were only rarely made available for public concerts. It was therefore in the salons of the rich that Beethoven established his reputation as one of the best keyboard players of his day with an extraordinary talent for extemporization (which he had developed from a young age). There was fierce competition between rival virtuosi who were occasionally pitted against each other in “keyboard duels”. Beethoven is known to have taken part in such entertainments but on one occasion he became involved in a less than good-natured confrontation with another musician Daniel Steibelt. Steibelt decided to perform in Beethoven’s presence a set of obviously prepared “improvisations” on a theme Beethoven had used in his clarinet trio. The theme was not in fact Beethoven’s own and Steibelt’s choice of it as a subject for improvisation implied that he could improve in his treatment of it. When Steibelt had finished playing, Beethoven strode to the piano, picking up on the way one of the parts of Steibelt’s quintet which had been performed earlier that evening. Placing it upside down on the music rack, he proceeded to weave a brilliant series of variations and improvisations on it, which had the effect of exposing the poverty of Steibelt’s inspiration to the growing delight of the audience and humiliation of Steibelt. He left the room before Beethoven was finished and made it known that he never wished to meet him again or indeed be in the same house as him.

Beethoven made his public debut in Vienna on 29th March 1795 in a charity concert at which he performed one of his own piano concertos. There is some doubt as to whether this was the recently composed First Piano concerto in C major (Op.15) or the Second Concerto in B flat (Op.19) written some time previously but the subject of constant revision (it was published after its successor and so has a higher number than it). As the concerto was advertised as “entirely new” it was probably the C major work but whichever work he played, Beethoven finished writing out the orchestral parts of the final movement only two days before the performance, a last minute completion which was to become typical of Beethoven’s practice. He performed twice more in the next few days including a Mozart concerto at a benefit concert organised by Mozart’s widow Constanze. Concerts in Vienna tended to be concentrated in short periods around Easter and Christmas when opera performances were banned and the theatres became available as concert venues. Competition for the small number of concert dates was intense and Beethoven even at the height of his fame had difficulty in obtaining them.

Beethoven had deliberately published almost nothing in his first two years in Vienna wishing first to establish his reputation. In 1795, a few months after his public exposure on the concert platform he issued the first works to which he gave an opus number (signifying that these were pieces that he wished to be considered as major compositions. The “Figaro” Variations which he had rushed into print rather against his better judgement as his Op.1 soon after his arrival in Vienna, were accordingly demoted). The three Piano Trios now established as Op.1 were initially published on a subscription basis under which Beethoven paid for the engraving of the plates and purchased each printed copy from the publisher for one florin before selling them to the subscriber at the advertised price of four ducats. Beethoven therefore ran some financial risk if sales were low as the engraving costs of two hundred and twelve florins were substantial. However he need not have worried. Lichnowsky alone ordered twenty copies and the final list of subscribers contained the cream of Viennese society including Prince Estnerhazy, Prince Lobkowitz, Count Rasumovksy and Baron von Swieten. Two hundred and forty five copies were sold and once his costs were deducted Beethoven made a net profit of over 700 florins, enough to cover his living costs for a year. Other works began to appear in print: the three piano Sonatas Op.2 (dedicated to Haydn), the String Trio Op.3 and the String Quintet Op.4 (which was a thorough reworking of the Wind Octet he had sent to Bonn a few years previously) as well as a large number of songs mainly of a romantic nature and piano variations (one of which, on a theme from Paisiello’s opera La molinara (WoO70) was reputedly written overnight for a lady who had mislaid her copy of another set on the same theme by a different composer). The year ended on a high note with a prestigious commission to supply the music for the annual ball of the Gesellschaft der bildenden Kunstler (the Artists Ball) which in previous years had been provided by Haydn, Kozeluch and Dittersdorf – a sign that Beethoven was now considered part of the Viennese musical establishment.

The increasing number of commissions made his financial position more secure. He received a fee from the commissioner (who would usually specify the type of piece required and the instruments for which it was to be written but leave what was composed up to Beethoven’s discretion). The commissioner had exclusive use of the music for a limited period (normally six months) after which Beethoven was free to offer it for publication. There was a stringent condition that the music should not be given to anyone else during the period of exclusivity since in the absence of copyright protection, mere possession of a copy permitted anyone to perform or publish it without payment to the composer. Beethoven later spent much time and effort in ensuring that his works received simultaneous publication in different markets to prevent piracy. This arrangement suited both sides – the commissioner possessed the autograph score and the kudos of controlling first access to the new piece and Beethoven had a double source of income from a single composition. Occasionally the dedication of a work attracted an additional fee but more often it was intended as a mark of gratitude for past favour or bestowed in the hope of some future benefit. The Opus 1 trios were dedicated to Lichnowsky who had helped Beethoven establish himself in Vienna and who had effectively underwritten their publication by his large order. Beethoven could also hope for his continued patronage some years later Lichnowsky settled an annual sum of 600 florins upon him. Some dedications
took a long time bearing fruit: that of the Op.30 Sonatas of 1802, to Tsar Alexander finally brought its tangible reward in 1814 when he meet Beethoven during the Congress of Vienna. Others fell on stony ground: the dedication of the English edition of “Wellington’s Sieg” (Op.91) to the Prince Regent elicited no display of royal largesse despite Beethoven dropping several heavy hints in that direction about his expectations. The dedication of the Op.2 sonatas to Haydn is unusual as it was one of the only two occasions when he honoured another composer in this way – the other was Salieri probably in thanks for the advice he gave Beethoven on vocal writing techniques. This gesture was partly born out of affection for his old teacher, although Beethoven pointedly did not refer to Haydn as such. Sentiment aside, Beethoven also probably realised that honouring the popular Haydn in this way would do his career no harm at little cost. His first teacher Neefe whom he had once promised a share in his success but who in distant Bonn could do nothing to advance him, never received any such recognition.

Early in 1796 Beethoven undertook a concert tour of Prague, Dresden Leipzig and Berlin accompanied by Lichnowsky for part of the way. This was precisely the route Mozart had travelled (also in Lichnowsky’s company) seven years earlier and Beethoven must have felt that he was now following in Mozart’s footsteps in more than just the literal sense. He enjoyed enormous success especially in Prague, the city which had revered Mozart and at the court of Frederick William II in Berlin where he composed and performed two cello sonatas. These were dedicated to the King, himself a keen cellist, although Beethoven was accompanied on that occasion by the court cellist Jean Louis Duport. Frederick rewarded Beethoven with the gift of a gold snuff box which in a gratifyingly lucrative pun on his name he had filled with louis d’or (Beethoven often styled himself Louis van Beethoven). Later in the year he visited Pressburg (now Bratislava) and Pest (Budapest) where he promoted a piano built by his friend Johann Streicher, which had been specially sent there for him to play. During this period the fortepiano, which had overtaken the harpsichord as the main medium for keyboard performance was still undergoing development and modification to extend its range and alter its tone and throughout his life Beethoven was presented with pianos by various manufacturers who hoped to benefit from his association with them. Although 1796 seems to have been a good year for him, an enigmatic diary entry suggests Beethoven was not complacent or at ease with himself: “Courage. Even with all the frailties of my body, my spirit shall dominate. Twenty five years have come: this year must decide the mature man. Nothing must remain” (the actual date of this entry is uncertain but, given Beethoven’s habitual subtraction of a year from his age, December 1796 seems plausible). The reference to physical frailty may be an oblique reference to a serious problem of which he was just becoming aware.

The following year Beethoven suffered a serious illness, possibly typhus, and had he succumbed to it, he would have been remembered by his contemporaries as a virtuoso keyboard player and promising composer and by posterity as the creator of a number of highly accomplished chamber pieces, the equal of those by Haydn and Mozart, two piano concertos very much in their style but promising more and some works for piano including a small number of sonatas of great originality. He had produced little orchestral music and no symphonies – the field in which Mozart had been and Haydn was still pre-eminent. He had already completed extensive sketches for the first three movements of a C major symphony but was unable to find a satisfactory conclusion for it. He had not as far as is known been commissioned to write a symphony at this time so this work would have been purely speculative and without the guarantee or at least the firm expectation of getting it performed (and then published) he may have been reluctant to invest too much time on it (for a composer derived from commissioned and published work, time was effectively money). However sometime in 1799 he both found a way of completing the work to his satisfaction and was given an opportunity to perform it during the short Spring concert season of 1800. Which came first - the solution of the finale problem or the concert date - is not known; however the previous year Beethoven had dedicated his Op.14 Sonatas to the wife of Baron Peter von Braun who, as court theatre director, controlled access to the main concert venues. So by 1799 he may already have suspected or even been informed by the grateful Baron that his request for a concert the following season would meet with success, which provided the necessary spur to his creativity. The concert at which Beethoven offered his first symphony to the Viennese public took place in the Burgtheater on 2nd April 1800 and included, in addition to one of his piano concertos and the Wind Septet (Op.20), a Mozart symphony and an aria and duet from Haydn’s recently performed Creation (he had still not written enough orchestral works to mount a programme entirely of his own music). Although apparently marred by some sloppy orchestral playing, the concert was favourably reviewed as the “most interesting for a long time”.

At the same time as he was coming to grips with the symphony, Beethoven addressed another musical form which he had long thought shy – the string quartet. This had more or less been invented by Haydn in whose hands it had developed as the pre-eminent medium for the expression of complex musical ideas by small forces. He had plenty of opportunity to immerse himself in the quartet medium. Lichnowsky held regular parties for performances by his private quartet and Beethoven attended similar weekly musical gatherings at the house of the composer Emmanuel Forster. In 1795 he had been asked by Count Apponyi to write a quartet for him but nothing materialised. However in 1798 he had felt ready to rise to the challenge and began work on a set of six quartets which were given their premiere at Lichnowsky’s palace in 1800. They were published the following year as Op.18 with a dedication to Prince Lobkowitz (from whom he received 400 florins). By 1801, in his thirtieth year, Beethoven had every reason to be satisfied with his achievement. He was firmly established in Viennese society and was in demand as performer, composer and teacher; he had now written “everything
except church music and opera”; he had more commissions than he could handle and could sell the publishing rights for the works he produced five times over and without tedious negotiations over money: “I demand, they pay” - is how he described his relations with his publishers at the time. The steady income from these sources had been augmented in 1800 by an annuity of 600 florins from Prince Lichnowsky which guaranteed his financial security. However his prospects for future happiness were clouded in two respects. He was still unmarried – but that situation he could at least try to change. More seriously – and seemingly beyond his control – he was going deaf.

Beethoven’s quest for emotional fulfilment is fertile ground for speculation as to the reasons behind his apparent inability to choose as a potential partner someone who was capable of filling that role. In his youth he enjoyed the usual complement of adolescent flirtations and during the Rhine journey with the Bonn orchestra, his companions persuaded a serving girl to make advances to him which he rebuffed rather brusquely (but this could have been either through shyness or because of his desire not being in control of the situation). A serious rift had occurred between Beethoven and Eleonore von Breuning very shortly before his departure for Vienna, which seems to have been Beethoven’s fault as he described his behaviour to her as despicable and opposed to his true character. The cause is unknown but it is possible that he made a misjudged attempt to transform their longstanding and easy intimacy and friendship into something deeper. He retained enormous affection for Eleonore who married his friend Franz Wegeler, and in a letter to him written a few months before his death Beethoven referred to the fact that he still had her silhouette portrait in his possession. Wegeler who studied medicine in Vienna from 1794 to 1796 and had a chance to observe Beethoven during his early years in city reports that he was continually involved in love affairs which “could have been very difficult indeed if not impossible for many an Adonis”. Beethoven was not conventionally good looking but one can imagine him exerting a satyrine attraction over the female members of his audiences. He certainly wrote a number of his most charming love songs during this period but whether they were composed with particular persons in mind remains a mystery and there is no evidence that any of these love affairs ever amounted to anything and very little is known about Beethoven’s sex life. His later views on adultery make it unlikely that he would have lightly indulged in extra marital liaisons. If he were to achieve a long lasting emotional (as well as sexual) union it would have to be through marriage. In a letter of 1794 to his older friend Nikolaus Simrock in Bonn, he asked: “are your daughters grown up yet? Educate one of them to be my bride”, a joke perhaps, but showing the subject of marriage was in his mind. He may have proposed marriage in 1795 to the singer Magdalena Willman, whom he had known in Bonn (the evidence for a proposal is however unreliable) but if he did, she rejected him (according to the same unreliable evidence) because he was “ugly and half crazy”. Beauty may be in the eye of the beholder but Beethoven although eccentric, had not yet begun to display the unusual if not antisocial behaviour that distinguished him in his later years. In 1801 he certainly contemplated marriage with Countess Guilletta Guicciardi, who was in his words: “a charming fascinating girl who loves me and whom I love” and was one of his piano pupils to whom he dedicated the Sonata Op.27 No.2 (the so called “Moonlight”). She was fourteen years his junior but the main barrier to their marriage was her rank and she eventually married a man of her age and class. Much later in life, Beethoven hinted that, after Guilletta’s marriage, she had made some kind of advance to him which he repulsed showing that however strong his attraction to a woman he drew back from adultery. His next serious emotional involvement was Josephine Brunsvik (who was Guilletta’s cousin) whom he had known since 1799 when he gave her piano lessons which he apparently prolonged for hours beyond their normal length. He dedicated a set of piano variations of his setting of Goethe’s simple love poem “Ich Denke dein” (I think of you) to Josephine and her sister Therese, but no doubt it was Josephine he had in mind. However, before any serious relationship could develop between them she became betrothed to Count Deym and left Vienna soon after her marriage. In 1804 (by now a widow) she reappeared in his life and for a time it seemed that he might have found a woman with whom he could enjoy a relationship of mutual love. Beethoven’s letters to her display a passionate intensity and Josephine, although she was disconcerted by the ardent expression of his feelings towards her, was deeply attached to him. He seems to have asked her to marry him but after much agonising she declined, possibly because by marrying a commoner, as Beethoven was, she ran the risk under Austrian law of losing the guardianship of her children (her short marriage to Deym had produced four). They remained close for several more years but gradually drifted apart and Josephine was eventually remarried to another aristocrat, with unhappy consequences for her (her second husband not only abandoned her but also removed the children that their union had produced). At the height of his involvement with Josephine, Beethoven was working on his opera Fidelio which centres on the unswerving love and loyalty of a wife for her husband and while it is generally dangerous to read autobiographical details into Beethoven’s music, it is difficult not to see this work as a conduit into which he channelled his hopes and desires. In 1810 he seemed to be on the brink of marriage once more, this time with Therese Malfatti to whom he had been introduced by his friend Baron Ignaz von Gleichenstein. He had written to Gleichenstein actively seeking his help in finding a wife and although the tone of the letter is humorous there is no doubt that he was serious in the request for assistance. Beethoven seems to have lacked the confidence to make a direct approach himself which may explain why he kept falling in love with his pupils to whom he had a ready-made introduction and easy social access. Unfortunately they tended to be just the kind of women, young and aristocratic, who by reason of age and class were inaccessible to him. Although Therese was much younger than him – she was eighteen, he was...
thirty-nine – this time there was no social gulf between
them. Beethoven must have thought there was a serious
likelihood of success as he arranged to get a copy of his
baptismal certificate which was necessary to complete
the formalities of marriage (it was on this occasion that
he reduced his age by two years possibly to appear more
youthful in the eyes of his prospective bride). He even
took steps to improve his notoriously slovenly appearance.
Although he wrote to his friend Zmeskall in terms which suggest he was totally in her thrall his only
surviving letter to her in which he addresses her as
“admirable Therese” is rather restrained and his praise
of her piano playing and recommendations of good
books for her to read, hardly imply a deep passion.
However, he was desolated when Gleichenstein broke
the news to him that she (or more probably her parents)
had rejected him (which must have been made all the
more galling by the fact that Gleichenstein his go-
between in the affair, became engaged to her sister).
This romance did however produce one of his most
famous compositions - Für Elise – the manuscript copy
of which remained in Therese’s possession until her death
in 1851 and was only published in 1867.

Beethoven’s most famous emotional attachment was to
the woman known as the Immortal Beloved to whom he
drafted a long and passionate letter, undated but now
firmly established as written in July 1812. Several
candidates for this mysterious woman have been put
forward: Josephine, her sister Therese, Amelie Sebald (a
singer to whom other letters survive from this period)
and Countess Marie Erdödy with whom he had lived in
1809 but in apparently platonic circumstances. However,
its seems most probable that the woman in question was
Antonie Brentano with whom Beethoven had become
acquainted in 1809 when she was in Vienna with her
husband and child. Beethoven and Antonie became
close over the next few years and she was in the right
place at the right time to be the recipient of the letter
(assuming it was ever sent and that the document which
Beethoven kept among his papers until his death was a
copy or draft of an actual missive). He addressed
the woman to whom he is writing with the intimate “du”
which he had never employed in letters to any other
women, even Josephine, and his passionate desire to be
with her is evident. There was however an impediment
to a union (“Can you do anything to alter the fact that
you are not completely mine and I not completely
yours”) that only she could remove (“make it possible
that I can live with you”) suggesting that she was a
married woman. Like virtually all the other women in
Beethoven’s life, the Immortal Beloved, whoever she
may have been, was therefore unattainable and his
apparent predisposition to fall in love with women with
whom he was unlikely to form a permanent relationship
may represent a subconscious desire to avoid the reality
of any actual involvement with his ideal woman.

Exactly when Beethoven realised that he was losing what
he called “the finest part of me, my hearing” is not
known for certain, as he concealed the fact for many
years even from his closest friends. However in the
summer of 1801 he shared his concern in letters to his
friends Franz Wegeler and Karl Amenda. Neither were
resident in Vienna at the time which may have
encouraged him to divulge details of his condition to
them without fear of it becoming generally known there
(although he still took care to enjoins strict secrecy on
both). He had apparently first become aware that there
was a problem with his hearing sometime in 1796. The
cause was and remains unknown. Modern conjectures
are otosclerosis (a growth of bone in the middle ear),
Paget’s disease (a bone deformation which can lead to
deadness if set in the skull) and labyrinthitis (a viral
or bacterial infection which attacks the inner ear).
Beethoven’s medical advisors seemed to think that his
hearing loss was in some way connected with the
chronic bowel problems from which he suffered and all
his life. Beethoven subjected himself to a succession of
baths, courses of mineral waters and patent medicines in
the hope that alleviating the one problem might cure the
other. In his letter to Wegeler, who was himself a doctor,
he gave a full description of his condition: tinnitus (a
constant whistling and roaring sound in the ears), an
inability to hear high pitched tones or notes (unless close
to their source) or low sounds (people speaking softly)
combined with an intolerance to sudden loud noises “I
cannot bear to be yelled at”. His greatest fear was not
that his condition might prevent him from playing or
composing – in fact he says it affected him least in these
activities - but the social isolation that deafness imposes.
He was also concerned that those he termed his enemies
- and his humiliation of Steibelt suggests he may have
made a few on his rise to the top - would be only too
happy to exploit the knowledge of his condition to
undermine his credibility as a musician and composer
upon which his income depended. In 1801 he retained
some hope that the deterioration of his hearing might be
reversed or at least arrested. A year later, with all such
hope gone, he suffered an emotional crisis which led him
to the brink of suicide.

Beethoven spent the summer of 1802 in the village of
Heiligenstadt, a few miles outside Vienna where his
doctor hoped the peace and quiet might afford some
respite for his damaged hearing. Beethoven loved the
countryside and regularly retreated to it during the
summer months. However on this occasion the tranquil
rural surroundings did not bring him peace of mind and
at some point during that summer he confronted the
reality of his situation. All the pent up despair and
frustration of the past few years found its outlet in an
extraordinary document which has become known as
the Heiligenstadt Testament. This was addressed to his
two brothers Carl and Johann and its primary purpose
seems to have been as his last will and testament.
Perhaps fortunately it never actually had to be used for
that purpose as its terms were very imprecise and
Beethoven left a blank space wherever Johann’s name
should appear. Its opening sentence - “O you men who
believe or declare that I am malevolent, stubborn or
misanthropic, how greatly you wrong me” - shows that it
was intended for a wider audience and that its real
purpose was to reveal to the world the personal suffering
that was behind his apparently antisocial
behaviour over the past few years. Whether he seriously
contemplated suicide, as he hints, can never be known but he survived this spiritual crisis through his desire to continue composing and an acceptance that his condition was the will of God to which he had to surrender. The sentiment attributed to his mother: “without suffering there is no struggle, without struggle no victory and without victory no crown” finds a strong echo in the language of the Heiligenstadt Testament. The document however does contain some puzzling inconsistencies. At times Beethoven speaks as if from beyond the grave to those who he feels have misjudged him: “O man when one day you read these words, reflect that you did me wrong”; at others, he seems to be seeking their understanding for his behaviour as if still alive: “Therefore you must forgive me if you see me draw back when I would gladly mingle with you”. At one moment he wishes death to come swiftly, the next for it to be delayed until he has had the chance to exercise his creative powers to the full. While we can never know what Beethoven in his confusion and anguish really wished to achieve in writing this document (which he preserved long after his deafness had become common knowledge and which was discovered after his death) it seems to have served the function of a therapeutic “working out” of his situation through which, having confronted his despair and contemplated the consequences of giving in to it, he was finally able to accept the inevitable. That he successfully achieved some form of catharsis through this process is indicated by the fact that only a few days after his return from Heiligenstadt he was writing enthusiastically and confidently to a publisher about his new works.

Beethoven’s deafness certainly affected him socially and contributed to the volatile and irascible side of his nature. The isolating effects of deafness probably had the effect of curtailing his career as a touring performer, making the task of coping with unfamiliar people and situations even more difficult and he undertook no major concert tours after 1798. In time, he had to give up playing in public altogether at least in ensemble pieces where he had to synchronise his performance with other players but he continued to conduct for many years although his direction became increasingly erratic. Louis Spohr’s description of Beethoven conducting his Seventh Symphony in 1813 describes his bending lower and lower to indicate when he wished the music played more softly and jumping up at the entry of a forte passage, occasionally shouting out to reinforce it. However, although deafness certainly had a negative effect on his practical musicianship, it does not seem to have affected his composing and at the time of its onset he explicitly dismissed it as a source of concern to him. He had always made preparatory sketches for his works and worked out ideas by means of improvisation at the keyboard which he continued to do long after his ability to hear what he was playing was severely compromised.

From 1798 he began to use bound sketch books for the meticulous and often lengthy working and reworking of work in progress. These were later supplemented by small notebooks which he always carried in his pockets to note down musical ideas as they occurred to him, often on the long country walks that seemed particularly conducive to inspiration. Much of the time composition took place in his head and there are several descriptions of Beethoven humming and singing to himself (often rather tunelessly so that listeners tended to describe it in terms of howling and groaning) as the musical ideas took form and substance. This internalisation of the process of composition and his often remarked-upon ability to comprehend at a glance the workings of a score suggests that Beethoven did not have to hear a piece of music to know exactly what it sounded like and there is no evidence that had his hearing remained perfect throughout his life, he would have written a note differently.

His return from Heiligenstadt marks the beginning of what is commonly referred to as his “middle period” in which his music takes on a new direction and in which he embarks on works of a much grander and more “heroic” scale than before. The conventional division of Beethoven works into three periods began soon after his death and although convenient as a means gaining an overview of his musical development, it is possibly more accurate to see is as falling into four or even five distinct periods: the juvenilia of the Bonn years (among which the Joseph Cantata stands out as astonishingly mature); the works from his first ten years in Vienna mainly written for chamber forces or solo piano but ending with the Second Symphony completed just before his departure to Heiligenstadt in 1802; the ten year period to 1812 which sees the composition of the great symphonies and concerti, the Rasumovsky quartets, the Waldstein and Appassionata Piano Sonatas, and Fidelio; a period of relative inactivity from 1812 to 1818 in which his creative powers lay more or less dormant before bursting out once again with the massively constructed masterpieces of the “late period” – the Hammerklavier Sonata, the Ninth Symphony, the Diabelli Variations, the Missa Solemnis and the late quartets. That Beethoven himself felt that his music was taking a significantly new direction after 1802 is shown by a remark to his pupil Czerny around this time: “I am not very well satisfied with the work I have thus far done. From this day on I will take a new way.” His decision to embark on a more ambitious compositional programme is confirmed by a letter written by his brother Carl, now in Vienna and acting as his business manager to a publisher seeking new compositions from Beethoven, in which he remarks rather grandly that his brother “did not trouble himself much with such trifles [sonatas] any longer but now composes only oratorios and operas”.

Beethoven began work on his only oratorio, Christus am Ölberge (Christ on the Mount of Olives) in the autumn of 1802 and unusually, it was not the result of a commission. The choice of subject matter – Christ’s moment of doubt in the Garden of Gethsemane prior to his betrayal and arrest - was Beethoven’s own and he seems to have seen in Christ’s anguished despair and final acceptance of his fate a reflection of his own recent spiritual crisis. The text was commissioned from a minor poet Franz Xavier Huber and the parallels between its language and sentiments and those of the Heiligenstadt
Testament suggest that Beethoven also had considerable input. It was completed just in time for performance at a concert which took place in April 1803 at the Theater an der Wien, one of the few independent places of entertainment in Vienna, where earlier that year Beethoven had been appointed composer-in-residence by the impresario Emanuel Schikaneder with whom Mozart had collaborated on The Magic Flute. As Beethoven had failed to get a concert venue through the official channels, he took the opportunity of having the theatre at his disposal to mount a concert of his own works: the oratorio, the First and Second Symphonies and the Third Piano Concerto with himself taking the solo part. He asked Ignaz Seyfried, also on the music staff of the theatre, to turn the pages for him which proved a nerve-racking experience for Seyfried as these were almost empty apart from a few “Egyptian hieroglyphs” that served as reminders to Beethoven. “Every so often”, Seyfried recalled, “Beethoven would give me a secret glance whenever he was at the end of one of the invisible passages” to indicate when to turn the page. Beethoven who could probably have played the piece very well from memory, was greatly amused by Seyfried’s obvious anxiety and this is probably an example of his heavy-handed sense of humour. The concert was a huge success at least financially and Beethoven’s share of the takings was a massive 1.800 florins.

The following month he composed at very short notice a sonata for the virtuoso violinist George Bridgetower who was visiting Vienna from London where he played in the orchestra of the Prince Regent. As usual, Beethoven cut things extremely fine and by the morning of the concert (which took place at 8.00 pm) the violin part for the second movement had not been copied out so Bridgetower had to sight read it from the piano part over Beethoven’s shoulder. During the performance and without warning, Bridgetower departed from what had been written by repeating on the violin a passage Beethoven had just played. Fortunately Beethoven approved of this manoeuvre and shouted out “Noch einmal, mein lieber Bursch!” - Play it again my dear boy” - holding the appropriate chord to allow Bridetower to do so. Beethoven was delighted with the performance and dedicated the work to Bridetower, writing on the title page: Sonata Mulatrica Composta per il mulatto Brischdauer (sic) gran pazzo e compositore mulatuccio (Mulatto sonata composed for the Mullato Bridgetower, great fool and mulatto composer). Bridgetower’s father was West Indian probably from Barbados and had met his Polish mother while he was in the service of Prince Esteháy. Modern sensibilities have been spared the dilemma of having to use this title as not long afterwards Beethoven and Bridetower quarrelled. The reason is unknown, as is frequently the case in the disputes in which Beethoven was involved, but may have arisen from a remark Bridetower had made about a woman of Beethoven’s acquaintance to which he took exception. Beethoven immediately removed Bridetower’s name for the title page and replaced it with that of the French violinist and composer, Rodolphe Kreutzer. Kreutzer, however, received the honour with indifference and, declaring it to be unplayable, never performed the sonata which now bears his name.

Beethoven spent the summer of 1803 working on a grand symphony in E flat which he had begun to sketch the previous year while attempting to make progress on an opera for Schikaneder. The libretto “Vestas Feuer “ (Vesta’s Flame) did not inspire him and by end of the year he had abandoned it altogether. Early in 1804, however, he finally found an opera subject that fired his imagination - “Leonore ou l’Amour conjugal” by Jean Nicholas Bouilly. The story was supposedly based on a true incident that had taken place in Tours during the Revolution, in which Bouilly claimed to have played a part. The story of a victim of despotism whose life is saved through the constancy and bravery of his faithful wife appealed to Beethoven on several levels. It was a morally edifying story (Beethoven thought opera should have a serious purpose and considered the plots of Mozart’s to be trivial) and it exemplified notions of idealised married love and the triumph of liberty over tyranny that were close to his heart. The French text was translated and adapted by Joseph Sonnleithner and as with his oratorio, Beethoven seems to have had some input into the libretto. However, Schikaneder’s dismissal following the purchase of the theatre by Count von Braun meant that there was now no guarantee of a performance under the new management. Beethoven, as so often under these circumstances lost his creative drive and progress on the work was suspended. The termination of his own contract meant that he was also forced to move from the theatre premises, where he and his brother had been lodging, and he moved in with his childhood friend Stephan von Breuning. They soon quarrelled over a trivial matter and Beethoven stormed out of house. He left Vienna for Baden from where he wrote long letters to his friends justifying his own and criticising von Breuning’s behaviour. In due course he wrote a contrite letter of apology to von Breuning excusing his behaviour and showing genuine remorse and shame for his actions. This cycle of misunderstanding, argument, recrimination and reconciliation was a familiar pattern in Beethoven’s relationships with his longsuffering friends. His volatile temperament, with bouts of deep, occasionally almost suicidal depression, has given rise to speculation that he suffered from a personality disorder possibly of a manic depressive nature. Certainly throughout his life, his private writings show him constantly veering between the poles of elation and defiance in the face of all that life could throw at him - “I will seize Fate by the throat” and abject misery and self-abnegation - “O God, God look down upon this unhappy B, do not let it go on much longer in this way”.

His capacity for sudden and violent reactions when events or circumstances ran contrary to his beliefs and desires is highlighted by the well-known incident of his removal of Napoleon name from the Third Symphony. Beethoven had long admired Napoleon as an example of the heroic individual rising from obscurity to greatness although this admiration was not uncritical and he had reservations at Napoleon’s concordat with the Pope in
1801. His intention had been to associate his new symphony with Napoleon (he may even have contemplated dedicating it to him) and he had written “Buonaparte” at the top of the title page of the autograph score. However, according to his friend Ferdinand Ries (whose recollections are usually reliable), when he learned that Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor, he tore out the page and trampled on it, shouting “so now he will also trample human rights underfoot and only pander to his own ambition; he will place himself above everyone else and become a tyrant”. This manuscript is no longer extant but the copyist’s score survives which also shows similar signs of Beethoven’s wrath. The inscription on its title page reads “Sinfonia grande intitolata Bonaparte del Sigr Louis van Beethoven,” but the word “Bonaparte” has been so violently deleted that there is a hole in the paper. However beneath the deletion, Beethoven has at some point added - “written on Bonaparte”, showing a later desire to restore the original association. His anger against Napoleon seems subsequently to have abated. In 1809 he intimated to Baron de Trémont that were he ever to visit Paris, he would not be averse to meeting Napoleon and in 1824, he is reported as commenting: “once I disliked him, now I think differently”. The symphony was eventually dedicated to Prince Lobkowicz who paid the massive amount of 400 ducats for its exclusive use for six months and a further sum for the dedication. On its publication in 1805, it received the ambiguous title of “Sinfonia Eroica” with the enigmatic addition “composed to celebrate the memory of a great man”. The symphony’s unprecedented length and massive orchestral scale represented a new departure in symphonic writing and critical opinion on it was divided. Some recognised it as a truly original masterpiece, others baffled by what they perceived as its lack of coherence saw only an “untamed striving for singularity”, while others although admitting that it contained many beauties reacted against its inordinate length which “wearies even the cognoscenti and is unendurable to the mere music lover.”

Schikaneder’s restoration as director of the Theater an der Wien in 1805 renewed the possibility of a production of the opera and a first performance was scheduled for 15th October of that year. Initial censorship problems were overcome by discrete alterations to the libretto but the rehearsals dragged on mainly due to Beethoven’s inability to stop tinkering with the music. The first night therefore did not take place until 20th November and the postponement proved critical. By that date Vienna had been occupied (peacefully and unopposed) by the French army and all Beethoven’s aristocratic friends and other music lovers had thought it wise to leave the city. The three performances it achieved were sparsely attended mainly by French officers for whom a work containing long stretches of German dialogue did not appeal. The opera’s failure was not however solely due to external circumstances. There were serious flaws in its structure and dramatic pacing and Beethoven was prevailed upon to make cuts and changes which he implemented with the assistance of Stephan von Breuning to whom he was now fully reconciled. A revised version with a new overture opened in the spring of the following year but with even less success than before. Beethoven blamed what he saw as shortcomings in the performances on musicians and singers - remarking that he would rather give up composing than hear his works performed like that- and he also became involved in a furious row with the management whom he believed was cheating him out of his share of the receipts. After only two performances Beethoven himself withdrew the score and the opera closed.

The next few years saw a succession of major works. He resumed work on a fourth piano concerto which he had begun sketching in 1804 and completed commissions from Count Rasumovksy, Russian ambassador in Vienna, for a set of three string quartets and from Count Oppersdorff for a symphony, his fourth, for which he was paid 500 florins (a large amount but only a fraction of what he had received for the Eroica which shows the true extent of Lobkowitz’s generosity). At the end of the year he composed a violin concerto for a concert by Franz Clement, orchestra leader at the Theater an der Wien, at whose benefit concert the previous year the Eroica had received its first public performance. At the head of the autograph score Beethoven wrote - “Concerto per Clemenza pour Clement - A concerto for Clement out of forgiveness” – possibly indicating that he had exempted Clement from responsibility for the artistic failure of the opera earlier in the year. It was finished only two days before the performance on 23rd December and Clement had to sight read most of it at the concert. The reviews were unfavourable although appreciation of the work could not have been assisted by the fact that it was interrupted by the interval and a display of theatrical tricks by Clement who played a work of his own composition on one string with the violin upside down. It was eventually dedicated to Stephan von Breuning and in a touching act of symmetry he also dedicated the version he made for piano and orchestra to von Breuning’s wife, Julie on the occasion of their marriage in 1808. During this year he seems to have finally overcome the social limitations he had imposed on himself on the onset of deafness. A few words scrawled on the sketches of the final movement of the third Rasumovsky quartet reads: “Even as you are now being drawn back into the vortex of society, so in spite of all the social obstacles in your path, it is possible for you to write. Your deafness is to be a secret no longer, not even in your Art. “He no longer felt shame or anxiety about his condition or feared that it would adversely affect his reputation as a composer. He could now say aloud the words which he thought he would never be able to utter in public: ‘Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf’.”

Early in 1807 the British publication rights to a large number of Beethoven’s works were sold to the London-based composer and piano manufacturer Muzio Clement for £200 (the equivalent of 2,000 florins), which must have eased his perpetual worries about money (his annuity from Lichnowsky had by this time ceased, probably at the time of their quarrel over his refusal to perform for his guests). He received a major commission
from Prince Esterházy to provide a mass for performance on his wife’s name day. This was his first mass setting and knew it would inevitably be compared with those which Haydn had produced for the Princess’ anniversary on several previous occasions. Unfortunately the Mass in C did not meet with Esterházy’s approval. “But my dear Beethoven what is this you have done?” was his only public comment but privately he was said to be angry and mortified, calling the work ridiculous and detestable and expressing doubts that it could ever be performed properly. Perhaps he found Beethoven’s approach which was very different to Haydn’s, was simply not to his taste or inappropriate to the occasion. His doubts about it ever achieving a proper performance suggests not only that its execution on that occasion had been flawed (there had been problems at the rehearsals which not all the singers had attended) but Beethoven may once again have misjudged what the available forces could achieve.

At the end 1807, Beethoven proposed to the Directors of the Imperial Theatres that they offer him a contract under which he would compose one opera each year for an salary of 2,400 florins plus a third of all receipts for performances. This was a very bold request considering that he had only one spectacular operatic failure to his name and although one of the directors was Prince Lobkowitz whom he could expect to be well disposed to him, another was Prince Esterházy with whom relations were now strained. Whatever the Directorate thought of this request, it made no official response to him. Beethoven is always regarded as the one of the first “freelance” composers unfettered by the constraints imposed by association with a patron or institution and therefore able to write according to the dictates of his heart. Yet this was a position from which all his life he sought to escape and he was constantly trying to secure a steady and regular source of income. He does not seem to have been interested in money for its own sake – he was not extravagant, and indeed as he grew older he spent less and less on his personal comfort – and he was always very generous: to his friends, to his brothers and to various charities to which he lent his works free of charge and often copied at his own expense for fund raising performances. He had been able to rely on wealthy connoisseurs like Lichnowsky, Lobkowitz or Oppersdorf effectively to subsidise the writing of larger and more radical works which once successfully performed could proceed to publication. However his recent experience with Esterházy’s Mass showed that what he wished to write might not always find favour with his wealthy backers and the difficulty he had in disposing of the publishing rights in the work gave a warning that he could not always take this source of income for granted.

At the end of 1808 he was finally given permission to hold a benefit concert and his ambitious plans for this event reveals the deeply impractical and unrealistic aspect of his nature. Each half of programme was to open with a new symphony: a Symphony in F entitled “A Recollection of Life in the Country” and a Grand Symphony in C minor (the order in which these works appeared in the programme meant that the symphony now known as the Pastoral was advertised as the Fifth Symphony) followed by a movements from the Mass in C. The Fourth Piano Concerto concluded the first half and a Choral Fantasia the second. Beethoven decided to write the Fantasia only at the last minute in order use all the forces - choir, soloist orchestra and piano - which had been assembled for the rest of the concert. Of all the works in this lengthy programme, only one, the concert aria Ah Perfido written in 1796 had ever been performed in public. Things began to go wrong at an early stage. Relations between Beethoven and the orchestral players which were already strained following a dispute at a previous concert deteriorated to the point that they refused to rehearse if he were present (this was not the first time Beethoven had fallen out with his players – at his 1800 concert, his attempt to replace their usual director with one of his choice caused a similar rebellion). Beethoven was banished to an ante-room from where he had to communicate his instructions concerning the new and previously unheard works via the leader, with whom he was still on speaking terms. He had engaged the soprano Anna Milder, who had sung the role of Leonore in Fidelio to perform the aria, but she walked out after a disagreement with him. Even the weather conspired against him: it was an unusually cold December night and temperatures in the unheated theatre dropped to near freezing point. Accounts of the concert differ but all agree that things did not run smoothly. The replacement soprano suffered a bad attack of stage fright and sang very badly, and the performance of the Choral Fantasia broke down altogether. For some reason which remain unclear, Beethoven who was playing the piano part, found that he was not at the same point in the music as the orchestra, and he was forced to call to a halt and restart the piece. None of those present have left any account of the reception of the two new symphonies or whether the event was well attended – there was another concert on the same evening – and so we do not know if Beethoven reaped any financial reward from the multiple premiere of some of his greatest works.

The following year he seemed at last on the brink of achieving the financial security he craved. At the end of 1807 he had been by Jerome Bonaparte, who had been installed by his brother as King of Westphalia with an offer to become resident Kapellmeister at his court in Kassel where he would oversee musical activity but be free to spend his time in composition. Whether Beethoven ever had any intention of actually taking up this position is unknown but he used the threat of his potential departure (which he had already hinted at in his letter to the Directorate the previous year) as a lever to extract a counter offer from the Viennese musical establishment. After negotiations carried out on his behalf by his friend Countess Erdödy a contract was concluded on 1st March 1809 under which Beethoven agreed to remain in Vienna or another imperial city (with the provision that he could undertake the occasional concert tour) in return for a salary for life of 4,000 florins a year plus the guarantee of an annual benefit concert. The only obligation he had was the not particularly
onerous duty of organising a charity concert each year. In return his sponsors were to have the satisfaction of considering themselves “as having a share in the authorship of his new larger works because they make it possible for him to devote himself to such works and relieve him of the need to attend to other duties”. The signatories of this contract and contributors to the annuity were Prince Lobkowitz (700 florins), Prince Kinsky (1.700 florins), and his Imperial Highness Archduke Rudolph (1.500 florins), Rudolph was a talented pianist and he had received the dedication of the Fourth concerto and had taken the piano part in the first performance of the Triple Concerto. He became Beethoven’s piano pupil and was his only student of composition. Beethoven tempered his outspoken egalitarianism in his dealings with Rudolph but although his letters show appropriate deference to the youngest brother of the emperor, they are without obsequiousness and on one occasion when Rudolph had kept him waiting for his lesson, he took his revenge by making him play a series of difficult and painful exercises. For his regular visits to the royal palace Rudolph eventually had to instruct the imperial servants that the usual protocols should be suspended in Beethoven’s case.

Before Beethoven had time to enjoy his new found financial security, Vienna was under threat of another French invasion which prompted Rudolph and the other sponsors to withdraw from the city. This time the Austrians decided to defend Vienna and on 11th -12th of May it was subject to an intense bombardment from which Beethoven was forced to take refuge in the cellar of his brother’s house, covering his ears with cushions to protect his hearing from the noise. Life under the French occupation was hard with food shortages and steep price increases and Beethoven, who was also prevented from making his annual trip to the countryside, found composition impossible. During this period he was visited by Baron de Trémont who has left the famous description of the dirty and disorderly conditions under which Beethoven was then living, complete with the unempted chamber pot beneath the piano. Beethoven was certainly not over fastidious in his domestic arrangements but this snapshot of life in the midst of war should not be taken as representing his habitual lifestyle.

Rudolph’s departure from Vienna prompted the composition, one of the very few of his works in which the music can be related to specific events in his life. He completed a sonata movement in E flat which he inscribed: “The Departure – on 4th May 1809 written from then heart to His Imperial Highness” and wrote out the syllables “le-be-woh” (farewell) over its first three notes. He later added two other movements entitled Abwesenheit (Absence) and Das Wiedersehn (The Reunion) and insisted that the references and dates be included in the published version to anchor it to the event it commemorated. He was unhappy that the translation of the title into French as “Les adieux”, by which the sonata is now generally known, gave the impression of an impersonal and generalised farewell rather than the specific leave-taking of two individuals that he had in mind. Very few of the descriptive titles which have become attached to his works, were given by Beethoven himself. Two other pieces he completed in 1809, the Fifth Piano Concerto (also dedicated to Rudolph) and the Op.74 string quartet (both in the E flat, a key which he favoured during this period) are known by names applied to them by others. The “Emperor” concerto was christened by Johann Cramer simply because he was struck by the grandeur of its music. The quartet’s name “The Harp” stems from the prominent use of pizzicato in the first movement which at least has the excuse of being obviously descriptive and does not impose damaging associations unintended by the composer. In contrast the “evocative” title given to the Piano Sonata Op.27 No.2 by the poet Rellstab for whom it conjured up an image of moonlight on Lake Lucerne now distorts perception of the sonata as a piece of romantic scene painting.

Any expectation that his annuity would relieve him of financial worries and allow him the freedom to work on large scale works, was a short-lived. Neither Lobkowitz or Kinsky, whose financial affairs were thrown into disarray by the war, were able to make full payment for some time and Kinsky was killed in a riding accident before the issue of his contribution was resolved, leaving Beethoven the delicate task of writing to his widow to try to get her to honour his pledge. The Austrian paper currency in which the annuity was paid became progressively devalued and was finally re-established in 1811 at 20% of its original value. This reduced the original generous allowance of 4.000 florins to 800 florins in real terms on which at the prevailing prices it was impossible for Beethoven to live. Rudolph agreed to adjust his contribution to 1.500 florins at the revised valuation but it took Beethoven some time and effort to get the full value of his annuity restored. So it is perhaps not surprising that during this period Beethoven was unable to turn his mind to “the invention of larger works” which had been intention behind his award. He did manage to produce a number of small scale works including the Op.97 Trio in B flat known by virtue of its dedicatee as the “Archduke”. At this time Beethoven also began his long association with George Thomson of Edinburgh for whom he was to produce eighteen sets of folk song settings over the next ten years. His increasing deafness was making public performance in ensemble works ever more problematic. The composer Louis Spohr witnessed a disastrous rehearsal of the Archduke Trio in which Beethoven, unable to modulate the dynamics of his performance either played so loudly that he drowned out the other instruments or so softly as to be inaudible. When the Fifth Piano Concerto eventually received its first Viennese performance in February 1812 (it had been premiered in Leipzig three months previously ) it was played by Beethoven’s pupil Carl Czerny, the first time that Beethoven had not introduced a new concerto to the public himself. He did not however retire from public performance altogether and later that year appeared in a charity concert to raise funds after fire had partially destroyed the town of Baden, in which he played with the Italian violinist Giovanni Polledro.
Presumably he was able to watch him closely for cues in a way that would have been impossible if playing in a larger ensemble and Beethoven’s ability to read a performance in this way is shown by the fact that when his deafness was at its worst he was still able to correct an errors in the playing of one of his late quartets simply through observation of the players.

In 1811 and 1812 Beethoven sketched and completed two symphonies, his Seventh and Eighth and incidental music for Kotzebue’s one act plays “The Ruins of Athens” and “King Stephen”. He also finally met one of his great heroes, Goethe whose poems he had first set to music as a youth and for whose play “Egmont” he had written an overture and substantial musical interludes in 1810. Beethoven had a lifelong interest in and passion for literature, both the classics of the past - Homer, the Greek tragedians, Shakespeare and Ossian and of more recent times - Schiller, Herder, and Goethe. The point of contact between them was Bettina von Arnheim, the sister of Antonie Brentano with whom both Beethoven and Goethe corresponded. When the two giants of German culture met in Teplitz in the summer of 1812 they found themselves polar opposites in temperament. Goethe made an acute assessment of Beethoven’s inability to accommodate himself to the circumstances of everyday life: “His talent amazed me but unfortunately his is a personality utterly lacking in self-control. He may not be wrong thinking that the world is odious but neither does such an attitude make it any more delectable for himself or others”. Beethoven for his part was frustrated by Goethe’s adherence to the conventions of polite society. They only met on this one occasion and Beethoven ‘s dream of collaborating with Goethe on some great work never materialised.

Wellington’s defeat of the French forces in Spain on 21st June 1813 was seen as the turning point in the war against the Napoleonic Empire and to celebrate this event Johann Maelzel, inventor of the metronome, who had also designed some not very effective ear trumpets for Beethoven, asked him to devise music for his mechanical orchestra, known as the panharmonicon. He wrote a short Victory Symphony for the machine which with Maelzel’s encouragement he then orchestrated and preceded with an introduction depicting the battle itself. The resulting work “Wellington’s Sieg oder die Schlacht bei Vittoria” (Wellington’s Victory or the Battle of Vittoria) was performed, together with the Seventh Symphony in December 1813 at a charity concert for war victims, with several eminent musicians in the orchestra and Beethoven himself conducting. The concert was a huge success and was repeated a few days later. Such was the public’s appetite for the new work that Beethoven was granted two benefit concerts at which he repeated the Seventh and gave the first performance of the Eighth Symphony. This was probably the most concentrated presentation of his music to the public he had ever achieved. However since in Beethoven’s life there was rarely a silver lining that was not accompanied by a cloud, he became involved in a bitter dispute with Maelzel over the rights in Wellington’s Victory which was resolved only after protracted legal action. Public enthusiasm for his music, albeit fuelled by popular acclaim for one of his more eccentric works, led to renewed interest in a revival of Fidelio. Beethoven agreed but on condition that he could make substantial revisions. Georg Treitschke, who had known Beethoven for many years, made many significant changes to the dramatic action and Beethoven thoroughly revised the score, composing yet another overture (the fourth he had written for the piece) which unsurprisingly was not ready in time for the first performance of the revised work on 23rd May 1814. This time the opera achieved the success Beethoven had waited so long to achieve. Yet never one to let well alone, Beethoven took the risk of reintroducing material that he had been persuaded to cut from the 1806 revision, fortunately without adverse effect on its popularity and so after nine years Fidelio, assumed its final form.

During the autumn of 1814 the emperor Franz hosted the Congress of Vienna at which the allied powers convened to redraw the map of post Napoleonic Europe. The city was filled with crowned heads and their entourages and elaborate entertainments were mounted for their amusement and diversion. Beethoven contributed a number of suitably patriotic and celebratory works including “Chor auf die verbündeten Fürsten” (Chorus on the Allied Princes) and the cantata “Der Glorreiche Augenblick” (The Glorious Moment) which caught the triumphalist mood of the times. He was now probably the most famous composer in Europe and basked in popularity in Vienna. He had not however composed a major work since the completion of the Eighth symphony two years previously. There are various explanations for the long period of relative creative inactivity into which Beethoven sank between 1812 and the beginning of 1819 when he embarked on the Missa Solemnis. He did not stop writing altogether, working steadily on the folk song arrangements for Thomson and producing some small scale works - the piano sonatas Op.90 and Op.101, the song cycle “An die Ferne geliebte” (To the Distant Beloved), the cello sonatas Op.101 a few more ambitious ones - the cantata on Goethe’s poems:“Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt” (Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage) and the Namensfeier overture each of which he completed only with difficulty. The sketchbooks show him working on some major compositions - a piano concerto and two symphonies- but he seemed unable to make headway with any of them. His old patrons were disappearing – through death (Lichnowsky in 1814 and Lobkowitz in 1816) or bankruptcy (Rasumovsky but his anuity was supposed to have freed him from the necessity to write to commission or with an eye to publication. Perhaps this was the problem- the freedom to compose what he liked when he liked may have had the effect of removing the external impetus -a concert or commission- he needed to complete works in progress. He also seems to have gone through what would now be termed a mid-life crisis during this period. The Tagebuch (Diary) in which he began to record his thoughts together with other private writings show him suffering bouts of intense depression, torment and self-doubt at this period. He was still frustrated by his solitary and
unmarried existence and certain cryptic references in his diaries and letters have prompted speculation that he may have visited prostitutes and suffered bouts of self‐disgust as a consequence. However the references are ambiguous and it is difficult to disentangle what he might have contemplated doing from what he may actually have done.

In 1815 he took on a challenge that was to occupy him for the next five years to the exclusion of virtually everything else. In November of that year, his brother Carl died after a long illness leaving a widow Johanna and a nine year old son. Johanna has been pregnant at the time of her marriage in 1806 and although Beethoven’s reaction to their relationship is not recorded, his general views on personal morality and sexual irregularity suggests that he would have considered Johanna an unsuitable partner for Carl. His reaction in 1812 to the news that his other brother Johann had formed a liaison with his housekeeper had been extreme. He travelled to Linz where Johann lived and did his best to break up the relationship by all means at his disposal including attempting to have the woman, Therese Obermeyer, arrested by the authorities for immorality. His interference has had the opposite effect to what he intended as Johann promptly married her. Carl had signed a declaration a few years before that Beethoven should be sole guardian of his son Karl in event of his death but on his deathbed, he changed his mind and appointed Beethoven and Johanna in his will as co‐guardians of the boy. This set in motion a bizarre train of events which could have done nothing to ease the dying man’s final hours. When Beethoven found out about this change of circumstances, he persuaded Carl to reinstate him as sole guardian but during his absence from Carl’s bedside, Johanna then prevailed upon her husband to add a codicil to the will restoring her right to at least a share in Karl’s upbringing. When Beethoven learned of its existence, he went off to recover it from the lawyer so it could be revoked before Carl’s rapidly approaching death and may even have been absent on this quest when Carl died. Beethoven immediately embarked on what turned into a protracted legal battle to gain sole guardianship of his nephew. At all times during this unedifying affair Beethoven maintained that he was acting in the best interest of the child, and considered that it was his sacred duty to ensure that he and not Joanna was to have responsibility for the boy’s upbringing. His attitude to Johanna which veers between vicious attacks on her character and expressions of regret at her position and concern for her welfare, shows him to have become almost unbalanced in pursuit of his goal. He even persuaded himself at one point that she had been in some way responsible for her husband’s death. Johanna was cast in the role of “the Queen of the Night”, whose child had been removed (although kidnapped would not be too strong a word) by the wise and enlightened Sarastro (Beethoven of course) to prevent her from being corrupted by her mother’s baser nature. The ambiguities in Mozart’s and Schikaneder’s opera - Pamina is after all in most immediate danger from Monostatos, a member of Sarastro’s entourage - can be explained if necessary (although it is not) by that the fact that it is a fairy tale. The real‐life battle between Beethoven and Johanna over Karl became a long drawn‐out nightmare for all concerned and a source of gossip and scandal in Vienna. Beethoven immediately petitioned the Landsrechte (the court which had jurisdiction in cases involving the nobility) to have Johanna removed as coguardian. His case rested partly on legal arguments: the codicil had been signed under coercion, and had been illegally removed to prevent the possibility of its revocation. But what he was really concerned to establish was that Johanna was unfit to act as guardian to her son and he took steps to unearth details of her involvement some years previously in an embezzlement, which had almost led to her receiving a prison sentence. The court found in his favour in February 1816 and Beethoven lost no time in removing Karl from his mother and placing him in a boarding school where she was permitted see him at regular but infrequent intervals and always at Beethoven’s discretion. Johanna petitioned to have her rights as restored and the arguments between the two rivals descended into personal attacks. Beethoven levelled accusations of dishonesty and immorality against Johanna – he more or less accused her of prostituting herself at the Artist Ball - and Johanna responded that Beethoven’s ill health, deafness and bachelor status disqualified him from being able to provide adequate care for the child. Each insinuated that the other’s treatment of the child was in some way abusive. Karl was moved from one educational establishment to another and when he ran away to his mother was forcibly removed by the police. Eventually the Landsrechte -possibly with some relief- took the opportunity to disengage itself from the case after Beethoven had accidentally let it slip that he was not in fact a member of the nobility. Although Beethoven had never actually claimed he was of noble birth he had never taken the trouble to contradict those who assumed this was the case. Beethoven’s name was of Flemish origin and so the “van” simply indicated the family’s rural origins (in this case probably the “beef field” - beethoven) and had none of the connotations inherent in the German “von”. It was therefore a source of humiliation to him when the case was demoted to a lower court. It was also a blow to his hopes as the Magistrate Court which was now in charge of the matter, was much less inclined to look with sympathy upon his case and revoked his guardianship. His sought a final adjudication from the Court of Appeal and, in the draft memorandum he compiled for it he lists Johanna’s shortcomings as a mother and an individual at some length - she is “as stupid as she is depraved” accuses the Magistrates Court of deluded prejudice against him and hints at an improper association between its members and Johanna. Only as afterthought does he set out the advantages to Karl of being in his care. He took care to mention his close relationship with Archduke Rudolph and nominated Karl Peters, tutor to Prince Lobkowitz’s children to act as his co‐guardian and it was probably these factors that swayed the court into finally confirming Beethoven as Karl’s guardian in 1820. This protracted and bitter dispute shows little of the best and a great deal of the worst of Beethoven character. He
believed that it was his “sacred duty” to care for his nephew and was prepared to fulfil that duty however much pain and suffering it brought him. He also genuinely considered that it was in the best interests of the boy to be removed from his mother’s influence. Yet although Johanna was by no means a moral paragon, his character assassination of her and his total disregard for her rights and feelings as a mother is inexcusable (even when judged by the standards of the day).

Despite most of his time and energy being consumed by family matters, Beethoven managed to complete the Hammerklavier sonata (Op.106) in 1818, the first major work in terms of scope and originality which he had written in six years and which ushered in the great works of his ‘late period’ – the Missa Solemnis, the Diabelli Variations, the Op.111 Sonata and the five quartets. Rudolph’s appointment as Archbishop of Olmutz in 1819 had prompted Beethoven begin work on a mass to be performed at his enthronement ceremony, which was due to take place in March 1820. He had little over a year in which to complete it and Rudolph probably did not seriously expect it to be ready for the ceremony. In the end he received his presentation copy of the score in March 1823, three years after the occasion on which it should have been performed. Beethoven soon realised himself that he had no realistic chance of completing it on time and turned his attention to other works. Karl’s education and support were becoming a considerable drain on his resources and he began the rapid production of smaller pieces for immediate publication. To provide for Karl’s long term future he had invested his savings in bank shares to a total value of 10,000 florins and so his immediate need for money was acute. He began to revise old and previously unpublished works for sale and entered into complicated negotiations with his publishers over rights in the still incomplete mass. His dealings in this matter show him in a not entirely favourable light as he offered the rights in it to a succession of publishers increasing the price on each occasion. To squeeze the last drop of potential income from the work he offered deluxe manuscript copies of the score for fifty ducats and spent a considerable amount of time and effort canvassing subscriptions for and preparing this special edition (all of which took time which might otherwise have been spent composing).

Beethoven’s late works may be among the greatest and most profound works of art but they were brought into existence as much by the need to earn money as to satisfy a desire for creative expression and in November 1822 he received two commissions which were to provide the last masterpieces. In 1817 he had accepted an invitation from the Philharmonic Society of London to produce two new symphonies for performance in his presence or under his direction in London the following year. However he managed to make little headway on them before it was obvious that neither would be completed in time for the 1818 season. Illness and the continuing legal tussle over Karl affair no doubt prevented him from concentrating fully on them but it is possible that the restoration of his annuity to more or less its full value at around the same time may also have played a part in his failure to complete them, by removing the financial necessity for him to do so. Five years later the situation was different and the firm offer of £50 from the Philharmonic Society for a new symphony had the desired effect. The idea of incorporating voices into an orchestral work had been on his mind since the experiment of the Choral Fantasia of 1808 and he incorporated this concept into the new symphony for London, choosing as his text Schiller’s Ode to Joy a poem, which he had first contemplated setting in 1793. Work on the symphony was interrupted by further bouts of illness and the possibility of a collaboration on another opera with the poet Franz Grillparzer, but by February 1824 it was finally ready for performance. Dissatisfied with the recent reception of his music in Vienna, he let it be known that he was considering holding the premiere of his new work in Berlin where he felt it might be better appreciated. This had the effect of galvanising Viennese music lovers into presenting a gratifyingly flattering petition in which they urged him to reconsider. Preparations for the Grand Concert at which the Ninth Symphony was to be performed along with the overture “Die Weihe des Hauses” (The Consecration of the House), and the Missa Solemnis, did not run smoothly. The religious authorities objected to the performance of sacred music in a theatre and eventually only the Kyrie, Credo and Agnus Dei were played under the guise of “Latin hymns”, thus depriving Beethoven of the chance to hear a performance of his great mass in its entirety. Two of the soloists had to be replaced because they were unable to sing their parts and bureaucratic difficulties over the venue and date meant that the concert was in doubt until the last moment. Beethoven as ever suspected a conspiracy against him and his feelings are summed up in a series of curt notes he sent to his friends just before the scheduled date. That to Count Moritz Lichnowsky (brother of his old patron) reads in its entirety: “I despise treacheries. Do not visit me again. Concert not taking place.” Eventually all obstacles were surmounted and on 7th May 1824 the concert was held in the Royal Imperial Court Theatre before a packed house. Beethoven by this stage was too deaf to direct but he took up a position beside the conductor so he could set the tempo for each movement. This meant that he had his back to the audience and gave rise to the famous and moving scene on the reception of the Ninth Symphony in which the soprano, Caroline Unger, tugged gently at his sleeve to attract his attention before turning him round so he could at least see the wildly applauding audience he was unable to hear. This event undoubtedly happened but it is not certain whether it took place at the end of the symphony or after the second movement Scherzo which was also applauded with calls for a repetition. If the latter, it is possible that Beethoven was aware of the audience reaction (his deafness was never total) but did not wish to interrupt the work’s progress by acknowledging it at that point. The concert was a critical and popular success but a financial disaster – the high costs of mounting it had eaten heavily into the profits and Beethoven suspected he had been cheated. He vented his anger on his friends who had been involved in the arrangements and several of them walked out of the dinner which had been organised to celebrate the event.
A repeat performance was put on a few weeks later in a larger venue and with a slightly altered programme but proved even more disastrous in financial terms without the compensatory popular success enjoyed by the previous concert. A combination of high ticket prices and the fact that many people had already left for the country meant that on the last occasion Beethoven's works were played in public during his lifetime it was to a half-empty house.

The other commission he received in November 1822 was from Prince Nikolai Galitzin for a set of up to three string quartets, a medium into which Beethoven had not ventured since the isolated Op.97 “Quartett Serioso” of 1810. Earlier that year, he had offered a quartet to one of his publishers but this suggestion was not taken up and since Beethoven seldom composed simply for the sake of it, he put aside the sketches on which he had been working. But Galitzin’s commission and the fee of fifty ducats per quartet prompted him to return to them (had Galitzin decided to commission a symphony instead then Beethoven’s Tenth may well have replaced the five last quartets as his final masterpiece!). The completion and publication of the Missa Solemnis and Ninth Symphony prevented him from turning his full attention to the quartets until 1824 but once he got into his stride, he found that the facility had returned. In addition to the three quartets for Galitzin, he wrote two others in part to satisfy his publishers with whom as with the Missa Solemnis, he had indulged in some questionable negotiating strategies. Those who believe that the sublimity of the late quartets could only be the product of a consciousness remote from all worldly considerations should read Beethoven’s correspondence with his publishers on the subject. Two of the quartets contain rare allusions to the external world. The slow movement of the Op.132 C minor is entitled “Sacred song of thanks from a Convalescent to the Godhead, in the Lydian Mode” and has obvious connections with his recovery from the serious illness he had suffered in the spring of 1825 during its composition. The references in the Op.135 quartet in F are more enigmatic. The final movement bears the heading “Der schwer gefasste Entschluss” (The Very Difficult Decision) and against the opening musical phrases are written the words “Muss es sein? Es muss sein!” (Must it be? It must be!). This recalls the opening bars of the Lebewohl Sonata but in that case, Beethoven’s intent is clear. Whether it embodied a profound statement on the inexorability of destiny or was simply one of Beethoven’s jokes has been the subject of much speculation. Moritz Schlesinger, who published Op.135 after Beethoven’s death, claimed that Beethoven had confessed enormous difficulty in completing the quartet, with the question and answer reflecting the resolution of his inner struggles. But although this quartet was, in fact, Beethoven’s last completed work, he had no idea of this at the time and Schlesinger’s story seems designed to lend gravity and significance to this fact after the event. An alternative and more down-to-earth explanation is that it relates to an incident in which an official called Ignaz Dembscher wished to arrange a private performance of one of the earlier quartets (Op.130) at his own house but without having paid to attend the official premiere of the work. Beethoven’s response to Dembscher’s reluctance to pay a fee, was to compose a canon on the words “Es muss sein!” on the relevant notes of the quartet. Whether this incident gave him the idea to open the quartet’s finale with a musical question and answer or the canon was derived from music he had already sketched for it, this story suggests that, whatever the interpretation placed on the final movement’s opening bars, his intention was not entirely serious. Beethoven did however experience great emotional trauma during the period of its composition. His relations with Karl who was now nineteen and attending university had become increasingly strained. They argued a great deal over matters that divide all fathers and adolescent sons -the need to work harder, to spend less money, to break off with unsuitable friends, to choose a suitable career- and although Beethoven as always had Karl’s best interests at heart, his approach to these issues was somewhat overbearing. Karl eventually found himself unable to cope and in a melodramatic gesture attempted suicide. In all probability he never intended actually to kill himself – he tried twice to shoot himself in the head but misfired completely with the first shot and received a superficial wound in the temple from the second. Naturally the incident had a devastating effect on Beethoven but it is impossible to guess so from the music of Op.135 and this highlights the extent to which he was able to separate the events of his personal life from his music.

These upheavals in his personal life did not interrupt his work and in addition to the Op.135 quartet, he undertook a four-hand piano version of the final movement of the Op.130 B flat quartet, which had been published at the beginning of the year. Piano arrangements of quartets were becoming popular as a way of making them more accessible to a wider audience, but when his publisher asked Beethoven for an arrangement of the massive fugue with which the Op.130 quartet ends, he declined. He had no objection to this being done by someone else but once he saw the results, he changed his mind and decided to undertake the task himself. This movement had been the subject of controversy since the first performance of the quartet in March 1826. Its massive length -it is as long as many entire quartets- and the density and complexity of the fugal ideas led some to dismiss it as the confused product of a composer no longer able to gauge the effect of what he could not hear. Beethoven was equally dismissive of such views, referring to those who had failed to appreciate his great fugue as asses and cattle. However he seems to have had second thoughts on the effectiveness of this movement as the conclusion to an already extremely long piece and when it was suggested to him that he might replace it with another movement he agreed with surprisingly little argument. Beethoven was always aware of the difficulty of some of his music and the effect it might have on players and audience. He had inserted a note in the published edition of the Eroica Symphony recommending that because of its length it should be played towards the beginning of a concert programme when the audience was fresh and he
sanctioned the publication of the massive Hammerklavier Sonata in various truncated versions to make it more accessible. He often is reported as saying of certain of his works that they would be appreciated only by future ages. This was not to imply that he was wilfully writing beyond the comprehension of his audience – he was simply acknowledging that the originality of his works would be hard to grasp immediately. He would not compromise his artistic principles either by writing "easy" music, unless this was the object of the exercise, or to render a piece more appropriate for its circumstances (as was probably the case with the early cantatas an the Mass in C). But he was concerned that his music should have an audience and his decision to write a new movement for the Op.130 quartet shows that he was aware that this would increase the chance of that happening. The original finale movement took on an independent existence as the Op.133 Grosse Fuge. The modern practice of restoring the Grosse Fuge to its place as the concluding movement of Op.130, although in line with Beethoven original conception does run contrary to his final intentions. Beethoven, unlike for example Bruckner who was all too easily persuaded to make changes to his music against his better judgement, rarely did anything he did not wish to do, so the second last magisterial finale must be taken as his final word on the quartet.

At the end of the summer of 1826 Karl was discharged from hospital and was making plans to join the army, a choice of career about which Beethoven had strong reservations but now felt unable to oppose. In an attempt to assist his recuperation, Beethoven took him to visit his brother Johann and his wife. They lived on a country estate at Gneixendorf some distance from Vienna which Johann had bought with the proceeds of the sale of his pharmacy business in Linz. He had originally purchased the business in 1808, with the help of a loan from his brother but recently the position had been reversed and Beethoven had been in debt to Johann, a source of considerable friction between them. Beethoven found his brother’s pretensions amusing and when Johann signed himself "Johann van Beethoven Landowner", he is supposed to have responded by signing himself “Ludwig van Beethoven Brainowner”.

This family reunion was not without its tensions but this did not prevent Beethoven composing the replacement movement for Op.130 and making a start on a String Quintet. However as winter approached Beethoven felt the need to return to Vienna and rejecting the offer of permanent board and lodging with his brother (not an altruistic gesture on Johann’s part as he proposed charging him 40 florins a month) Beethoven and Karl set out on 1st December. They travelled in an open carriage (it is uncertain as to whether this was all Johann would provide) and spent the night in an unheated inn with the result that Beethoven arrived back in Vienna suffering from a feverish chill. There were critical delays in providing him with medical attention, Karl was slow to realise the seriousness of his uncle’s condition and Beethoven’s usual doctors were unavailable - one refused to attend because Beethoven had been extremely rude to him on his last visit. By the time he was finally seen by a doctor on 5th December he was suffering from pneumonia and although he rallied briefly he soon suffered a relapse. The onset of jaundice and dropsy, both symptomatic of a failing liver, was the beginning of the end. During his last miserable months he showed a calm stoicism and equanimity rarely before displayed in his tempestuous and temeramental life. On four occasions the fluid accumulating in his body had to be drained from an incision in his abdomen, a painful operation without anaesthetic but which seemed to give him some relief. One of his doctors Giovanni Malfatti, uncle of his old love Therese, prescribed iced punch and although alcohol was the last thing he should have been taking in his condition, this eased his pain. Beethoven sent a request to one of his publishers, Schott of Mainz, for some of his favourite Moselle wine which unfortunately arrived just before his death, prompting his last recorded words: “Pity, pity. Too late.” His final weeks were cheered by the a gift of the complete works of Handel, his favourite composer, which he studied while his strength remained. He still made plans for new compositions, including a requiem and a work on Goethe’s Faust, and promised a new symphony "already sketched" to the Philharmonic Society which on learning of his condition had sent him £100. Karl had left to join the army in early January and did not see his uncle again but Stephan von Breuning was a frequent visitor with his thirteen year old son Gerard who has left a touching account of Beethoven’s last days. As the end drew near, he was persuaded to take the last sacraments although this was probably more to please those around him than for his own solace. Beethoven had a strong and enduring faith in a personal God but was never an adherent of organised religious practice. One of his final lucid comments was: “Plaudite amici, comedia finita est” (Applaud, my friends, for the comedy is over). On 24th March he sank into a coma which lasted two days. On the afternoon of 26th March, a violent thunderstorm struck Vienna and at 5.45 pm there was a sudden flash of lightning and peal of thunder. Beethoven opened his eyes (thus proving that even at the end some hearing was left to him) raised his arm with fist clenched and died. It was exactly forty nine years to the day and the hour since he made his public debut as a musician on the concert platform in Cologne.

The autopsy revealed the cause of death to be complications arising from liver and kidney failure. The doctors sawed the temporal bones which contained the inner and outer-ear structures, out of his skull and had these been preserved to modern times they might just have provided a clue as to the cause of his deafness. However these precious relics soon disappeared from view and supposedly ended up in London were in a rather unlikely twist of fate they were destroyed in a German air raid during the Second World War. It was common practice to remove a lock of hair from the departed to keep as memento but Beethoven’’s corpse became the object of overenthusiastic souvenir hunters and was virtually shorn before the coffin was finally closed. Some of the surviving strands of hairs have been subjected to analysis which shows that he definitely did
not suffer from syphilis (a common conjecture as a contributory factor to his deafness). This analysis did, however, reveal there had been high concentration of lead in his system from his early years giving rise to speculation that his violent mood swings throughout his life may have been the result of its progressively toxic effect. At his funeral on 29th March 1827 an estimated twenty thousand people - ten percent of the population of Vienna at the time - watched the coffin (with Schubert as one of the torchbearers) progress from his final lodging, the Schwarzenbergshaus to the Währing cemetery where a funeral oration by Grillparzer was read. While paying tribute to his extraordinary gifts as a creative artist, Grillparzer also reminded his listeners of Beethoven’s humanity, with all its attended foibles, frailties and eccentricities:

“He was an artist but he was also a man a human being in the most perfect sense of the word. Because he withdrew from the world, they called him hostile and because he shunned sentimentality, unfeeling. No! One who knows himself to be firm does not flee. He who is oversensitive avoids the display of feeling. If he fled from the world it was because in the depths of his loving nature he found no weapon against it. If he withdrew from mankind, it was because he had given his all and received nothing in return. He remained alone because he found no second self. Yet until death he preserved a human heart for all humanity; a fatherly affection for his kin and his possessions and lifeblood for the whole world. Thus he was and thus he died and thus will he live for all time.”

II. OPUS NUMBERS

Beethoven was one of the first composers to assign Opus numbers to his works chronologically, beginning in 1795 with the Op.1 Piano Trios.

There are a total of 138 works bearing an opus number, almost all applied by Beethoven himself on publication (apart from the final three which were published posthumously). Occasionally two works were accidentally given the same number, as in the case of the Piano Sonata in E flat (Das Lebewohl) and the Sextet in E flat, both of which were issued at the same time by different publishers as Op.81 and are consequently now referred to as Op.81a and Op.81b respectively. It is not however always possible to place a composition in the chronological sequence of Beethoven’s works simply by its opus number as several were published long after he had written them. There are also many works to which he gave no opus number and Georg Kinsky and Hans Halm provided these with a WoO number (Werke ohne Opuszahl – works without opus number) when they compiled the first complete catalogue of Beethoven’s works which was published in 1955.

III. THE SYMPHONIES

SYMPHONY NO.1 IN C MAJOR OP.21

Beethoven began sketching what was to become his Symphony No.1 in C major, Op.21, in 1795 but although he made extensive sketches of its first three movements, he was unable to find a satisfactory way to conclude it. However some time in 1799, he decided that a simple ascending scale motif, which he had sketched for use in the opening movement, was the ideal starting point for the finale and, although he had to revise the previous movements in the light of this change, he now managed to complete the work quickly. The ascending scale can in fact be heard very softly in the strings at the beginning of symphony, then at the transition from the introduction to the Allegro con brio section and once again at the beginning of the third movement. The second movement Andante is really a minuet in disguise and the third movement, although called a Minuet, is really a scherzo, whose tempo marking Allegro molto e vivace, gives the game away immediately.

The finale, in which the ascending scale now takes on a prominent role, begins with a joke and one 19th century conductor, fearing that the audience might laugh at it, chose to omit the opening bars. After a dramatic chord, as if in preface to some grand statement, the music picks its way with comic hesitancy up the scale, finally making it to the top on the sixth attempt. Once launched, the movement continues with Haydn-esque good humour and ends with martial flourishes among which the ascending scales continue to play. The woodwind’s prominent role throughout the symphony, established in the opening chords of the first movement, did not meet with the approval of an early reviewer who commented, rather dismissively, that it made the piece sound like music for wind band.

SYMPHONY NO.2 IN D MAJOR OP.36

Beethoven had probably completed the Symphony No.2 in D major Op.36 by April 1802, before his departure for Heiligenstadt where he was to confront and overcome a near suicidal depression over his worsening deafness. This work however shows no signs of any inner turmoil and its confident vigour confirms Beethoven’s assertion that his “defect” affected him least when he was playing and composing.

Unlike its predecessor, in Beethoven took his time in establishing the home key, the symphony opens with a unison statement in the “correct” key with trumpets and timpani introducing a martial atmosphere. During the long Adagio introduction, the music slips into D minor in a descending figure, underscored by the timpani, that recurs throughout the movement and is a pre-echo of the opening theme of the Ninth Symphony. The energetic passages of the first section of the Allegro are followed by a more lyrical theme, reminiscent of a revolutionary song. The movement ends with a massive coda, twice as long as the development section, to which fanfares in the brass and surging unison strings provide a heroic conclusion. The Larghetto is characterised by its gentle and sustained melody from which trumpets and
drums are banished although the horns make a restrained appearance. A slight increase in tension at the movement’s midpoint is quickly released by the return of the main melody and it ends on a distinctly pastoral note. The Scherzo, which now admits its identity as such, is built around a three note figure tossed vigorously around the orchestra and is characterised by abrupt and unexpected dynamic contrasts. The Trio section includes another of Beethoven’s jokes, as the strings emphatic statements in the “wrong” key of F sharp are brusquely corrected by the brass and timpani. The Finale however opens with flourishes in F sharp, justifying its intrusion into the Trio, after which the two themes around which the movement is based are quickly introduced. As the movement moves confidently to its conclusion, it is briefly halted by a massive chord in F sharp (again) but ends with the reassertion of the opening flourishes now established firmly in D major.

SYMPHONY NO.3 IN E FLAT MAJOR OP.55 EROICA

The Symphony No.3 in E flat major Op.55 dispenses with the introductory material that prefaced the opening movements of the first two symphonies and gets right to the point. The opening chords, which were introduced at a late stage in the work’s development, introduce an arpeggio figure in the cellos which together with a descending three note figure and repeated violin notes, provide the thematic foundation upon which the movement is constructed. The resemblance of the opening bars to those of the overture to Mozart’s youthful opera “Bastien und Bastienne” has been remarked upon but as Beethoven probably did not know that work, it is possible that both composers drew the theme from a collection of German dance music. During the opening bars, the music strays momentarily and unsettlingly into C sharp major, a long-range preparation for the reappearance of this key at the beginning of the recapitulation. The enormous length of the development section, which is made to seem even longer if the exposition repeat is omitted, and the introduction of what appears to be a new theme in the remote key of E minor, have a cumulatively disorienting effect. Then, just when the hovering violins appear to be paving the way for the restatement of the opening theme at the recapitulation, the second horn makes an apparently premature entry, producing a momentary harmonic clash. Beethoven was suitably scathing when his friend and pupil Ferdinand Ries assumed the horn had made an incorrect entry and how he would have reacted to the adjustments made by 19th century conductors, including Wagner (who should have known better) to smooth out this carefully planned discord is better left unrecorded. In keeping with the massive architecture of this movement, the coda is an almost unprecedented 150 bars long in its build up to the heroic climax.

The Funeral March is characterised by the bold use of orchestral colour with rumbling double basses suggesting muffled drums and triplets on the lower strings the drum beats which set the slow pulse of the funeral march. The dark C minor of the march moves into a brighter section in C major with a plaintiff oboe introducing heroic fanfares. The march is interrupted by a fugato passage at whose conclusion it comes to a halt in a thunderous outburst in full orchestra, before resuming its relentless onward tread. Finally, under an oscillating figure in the strings, it seems to disappear into the distance as the music fragments and finally dies away into nothing. The pianissimo opening of the Scherzo emerges naturally from the closing silences of the Funeral March. The Trio section features an unusual trio of horns whose E flat major hunting calls recall the opening theme of the symphony.

The absence of any sketches for the final movement imply that Beethoven had always intended to build it around a theme taken from his ballet “Die Geschöpfen des Prometheus” (The Creatures of Prometheus) of 1801, which he had also previously used in a set of Contredanses WoO14 and the Op.35 Variations for Piano. After a brief orchestral outburst, recalling the storm music with which the Prometheus ballet opened, the strings and the woodwind pick out the skeletal bass line to the Prometheus theme, punctuated by interjections from the orchestra, forceful and muted in turn. After two sets of variations, the second with triplet accompaniment, the full theme is finally introduced. After a series of treatments including a fugue and a march, it is given in a massively purposeful statement in full orchestra. The music of the Funeral March is briefly recalled but after a few bars of irresolution, the movement’s opening statement returns, this time leading to a suitably triumphant conclusion.

SYMPHONY NO.4 IN B FLAT OP.60

The Symphony No.4 in B flat, Op.60, is often considered slightly lightweight in comparison to its predecessor and successor - Schumann characterised it as a “slender Greek maiden between two Norse giants” - and although the work requires the smallest orchestra of all of the symphonies, it is by no means a small-scale work. The symphony opens with a mysterious minor key passage in which the music unfolds slowly over a long held B flat. The strings and woodwind wander in an apparently uncertain fashion until suddenly and without warning, the movement takes off in vigorous upward scales. The first and second themes are in fact derived from the music of the introduction material where they appeared in slowed-down and disjointed form. Beethoven cleverly manages the transition from the development to the recapitulation by introducing a prolonged roll on one of the timpani, tuned to B flat, which eventually guides the swooping strings back to the home key. The movement ends with a coda which is as short as that of its predecessor was long. The Adagio is a fusion of opposites – a long slow melodic line played over restless and edgy note patterns and surging arpeggios which run like eddies and underecurrents beneath a placid river occasionally breaking through its smooth surface. In the middle section, there is a brief outbreak of turbulence in the forceful minor descending passages after which the music meanders back via the woodwind to the main theme, flowing on without further intrusions to a serene close. Beethoven placed increasing importance on the
third movement of a four movement work, seeing it as something more than a short and light weight prelude to the finale, and in the Allegro vivace of this symphony, he indicated that each section should be repeated (although the third appearance of the scherzo after the repetition of the trio is truncated). The finale is a vigorous exercise in perpetual motion in which strings and woodwind duel over the bustling theme with the bassoon given a particularly exposed passage at the beginning of the recapitulation. The symphony ends, as it has begun, with a slow motion replay of the movement’s opening theme before the bassoon, cellos and basses tumble down the scale to the final chord.

SYMPHONY NO.5 IN C MINOR OP.67
The Symphony No.5 in C minor, Op.67, opens the most recognisable four notes in music. There are differing reports of the origins of the simple motif which dominates the movement and is omnipresent in the symphony. Schindler claimed that it represented “Fate knocking at the door” but Czerny maintains that it derived from the call of the yellowhammer. Whatever its source or inspiration, the motif was present in the first sketches of the Trio which Beethoven made in 1804. From its opening bars, the movement maintains a relentless energy and drive even in the more lyrical second theme, beneath which the four note motif maintains its presence. The tension is broken momentarily by the poigniant introduction of the solo oboe which is soon swept away as the movement ends in obsessive repetitions of the motif. The long melodic opening of the second movement Andante con moto seems to have broken the motif’s domination of the work, but it soon reappears, at half speed, in the clarinets and then in a bolder statement in the brass. The mysterious opening of the Scherzo is related to that Mozart’s Symphony No.40 (K550) which Beethoven had noted down alongside the sketches for this movement. This gives way to a fortissimo statement in the horns of a striding theme which obviously derived from the motif. A contrasting Trio section on a bustling fugato in cello and basses does not however lead back to the expected repetition of the opening themes. Beethoven’s original intention was for each section of this movement to be repeated, as in the Symphony No.4, but he changed his mind during rehearsals for the symphony’s premiere at the massive concert of December 1808. Although his immediate consideration may have been to reduce the running time of an extremely lengthy programme, he later confirmed this decision in his instructions to the publishers and the Trio section is followed by a pared-down version of the second theme in pizzicato. The transition to the finale which continues from the Scherzo without a break is managed in a dramatic fashion. The timpani tap out the motif under a long held note on strings as the violins wander upwards in a slow crescendo until the tension is broken by the emergence of the C major Allegro in which trombones and piccolos are used for the first time in a symphony. The triumphal progress of the movement is interrupted by a reprise of the ominous second theme from the Scherzo, which imports the motif into the last movement as well, but the optimistic mood is restored in the Presto final section in which C major is emphatically and loudly confirmed.

SYMPHONY NO.6 IN F OP.68 “PASTORAL”
The idea of writing a symphony embodying his love of the countryside had been with Beethoven since 1803 but it was only in 1808, with the drama and intensity of the Symphony No.5 behind him, that he turned his attention to a more relaxed work on this theme. His intention had been to write an evocative “Sinfonia Caracteristica” rather than programmatic work and noted that “every kind of painting loses by being carried too far in instrumental music”. However despite the fact that he apparently wanted the listener to be able “to discover the situations for himself”, he supplied generous hints by calling his Symphony No.6 in F, Op.68, “Recollections of Life in the Country” as well as adding descriptive titles to each of the five movements in the programme notes for the first performance. “Awakenings of happy feelings on arriving in the countryside” sets the scene in an expansive lyrical melody over the rustic drone and never strays far from the major keys. “Scene by a Brook” maintains the air of tranquillity in an appropriately flowing melody and the coda introduces various bird calls - the nightingale, cuckoo, and quail, whose identities Beethoven wrote into the score so that there should be no doubt about his intentions.

The last three movements run continuously both musically and programmatically. In the Scherzo, “Merry gathering of country people”, the air of general bustle is interrupted by the tuning-up of a not very competent village band which is the signal for a the outbreak of a wild stamping dance. The final appearance of the scherzo theme is cut short by an ominous distant roll of thunder and the pizzicato patter of approaching rain. Beethoven may have cautioned against expressive instrumental painting but he conjures up a mighty tempest with the orchestra augmented by piccolo and trombones for the purpose. Once the storm has receded, a rising C major scale in the flute introduces the bucolic calls in clarinets and then horn out of which the serene melody embodying “Charitable thoughts combined with thanks to the Deity after the storm” arises.

SYMPHONY NO.7 IN A OP.92
After this “Pastoral Symphony”, Beethoven set aside the symphonic medium to concentrate on keyboard and chamber works, but in 1811 he returned to it once more, and over the next two years composed his seventh and the eighth symphonies in rapid succession and also began sketching another work in D minor which had to wait a further twelve years for completion. The Symphony No.7 in A, Op.92, was first performed in the same programme as the “Battle Symphony” (Op.91) at a concert in aid of wounded soldiers in December 1813 where it enjoyed a tremendous success. The work is dominated by rhythm as Wagner’s famous description of it as “the apotheosis of the dance” suggests. The
introductory section, the longest of all the symphonies, has the slightly vague tempo marking \textit{poco sostenuto}, which is unusual for Beethoven who is usually precise in such instructions. The first theme, introduced across the orchestra between massive chords, is backed by purposeful ascending scales and, after a momentary lull in which for perhaps the only time in the symphony the sense of forward movement is dissipated, a syncopated figure arises in the woodwind whose rhythm supplies the dominant thematic idea for the movement. This initial contrast between light and shade is soon dispelled and the music drives on relentlessly to the end of the movement where the obsessive ostinato of the basses in the coda prompted Weber to speculate on whether Beethoven had gone mad.

The second movement \textit{Allegretto} is based on a theme sketched several years previously for one of the Rasumovsky quartets and retains the A minor key of those sketches. This movement was very well received at the first performances when it was repeated and became so popular with early 19th-century audiences that it was often performed as a separate piece and occasionally inserted into performances of other Beethoven symphonies, notably the Second, as a replacement slow movement. It begins and ends with on a woodwind chord and comprises a simple set of variations on a hypnotic march-like theme which persists below the contrasting major key middle section. The \textit{Presto} is built upon a long/short rhythmic pattern and the Trio section is probably based on an Austrian pilgrim’s hymn. Beethoven indicates only a slightly reduced speed for the \textit{Trio (assai meno presto)} but, in the absence of a genuine slow movement in the symphony, it is often taken at a much slower pace. The final movement \textit{Vivace} has been described as a “triumph of Bacchic fury” and surpasses the first in the relentless energy of its pounding rhythms and swirling figures.

\textbf{SYMPHONY NO.8 IN F OP.93}
Beethoven completed the Symphony No.8 in F major, Op.93, in the autumn of 1812 in Linz while visiting his brother Johann in a misguided attempt to break up his relationship with his housekeeper, Therese Obermeyer (his interference actually had the opposite of its intended effect as it simply prompted Johann to marry her). This unpleasant family dispute and the emotional turmoil Beethoven himself had recently experienced during the episode of the “Immortal Beloved”, has left no mark on the music of this good natured symphony.

The opening declamatory phrase is, unusually, not heard again until the development section, and the halting second theme is introduced after the music has become stalled, leaving the bassoon comically isolated. The ticking rhythm of the second movement \textit{Allegretto} was once thought to have been based on the action of Johann Mälzel’s prototype metronome but this anecdote had been shown to be an invention by Schindler who also fabricated the canon which Beethoven supposedly wrote for Mälzel using this movement’s theme. The \textit{Tempo di Menettut} third moment is the only genuine minuet among the symphonies, the so-called minuets of the first and fourth really being scherzi in disguise, and the \textit{Trio} features a dialogue between horns and clarinet. The \textit{final movement} ends with a long drawn out coda at the end of which Beethoven as if recognising that the three previous movements had ended inconclusively, hammers home the same chord 27 times.

\textbf{SYMPHONY NO.9 IN D MINOR OP.125 “CHORAL”}
The commission from the Royal Philharmonic Society of London for a new symphony in 1822 took Beethoven back to the D minor work which he had first conceived in 1812. He had worked on this symphony and another in which he planned to incorporate a choral movement during 1817 and 1818 after an earlier approach by the Philharmonic Society, and when he returned to the sketches, he decided to transfer the vocal element into the D minor work (although he also sketched a purely instrumental finale, whose main theme was later used in the Op.132 string quartet). Beethoven’s original concept had been to write what he described as an \textit{Adagio Cantique} - "a Pious song... in the old modes – Lord God we praise thee – allelujah" - but he decided instead to set extracts from Schiller’s poem “An die Freude” which had long been a source of inspiration for him. He had first contemplated a setting in 1793 and on at least two subsequent occasions he sketched melodies for various parts of the poem, as well as inserting lines from it into the final chorus of Fidelio. He had already experimented with the combination of instrumental and vocal forces in an ostensibly orchestral work in the Choral Fantasia of 1808 and there is an obvious relationship between that work and the finale of the D minor symphony, both melodic and structural. Beethoven in fact explicitly associated the two works in describing the symphony to his publishers as “A new Grand Symphony in which solo and choral voices enter with the words of Schiller’s immortal song “An die Freude” in the manner of my piano fantasy but on a much larger scale”. The fragmentary descending fifths, which emerge from the mysterious tremolando at the opening of the symphony return twice: at the end of the exposition, where unexpectedly there is no repeat - the only occasion in a the opening movement of a Beethoven symphony where this occurs (although there is a precedent in the Op.59 No.1 quartet) and at the start of the recapitulation, in the form of a massive fanfare in D major.

For the first time in a symphony, Beethoven reverses the expected order of the scherzo and slow movements (although he had already done so in the first Rasumovsky quartet and the Archduke Trio). The shock to the original audience when the orchestra launched into a \textit{Molto vivace} movement would have been heightened by the startling effect when the timpani, tuned in octaves, burst into the third bar (the unusual use of the timpani throughout this movement prompted applause even while the music was in progress). The serenely contemplative \textit{Adagio} is built on two contrasting themes which are treated to increasingly elaborate variations and includes a long passage for the fourth horn which takes advantage of the capacities of
the recently invented the valve horn. The finale has been characterised as a “symphony within a symphony” and can be broken down into four distinct sections which reflect the structure of the work as a whole: an introduction, a theme and variations; a scherzo (the “Turkish March”), an Andante maestoso (“Seid umschlagen Millionen”) and a fugato Allegro con brio finale. After the harsh discords of the opening bars, an assertive recitative in the basses introduces and rejects themes from the previous three movements until finally subdued by the entry of the famous theme. This is stated first in unharmonized fashion in the cellos and basses and then in a series of variations with the progressive addition of the other instruments. Just as it seems to be on the brink of further orchestral development, it is interrupted by the opening discords which introduces the transition from the instrumental to the vocal. In a short recitative for baritone (whose words were written by Beethoven himself, the only occasion he is known to have done so) the preceding orchestral conception of the music is literally dismissed: “O Freunde nicht diese Töne” (Oh friends, not these sounds!) before the soloists and then the choir relaunch the theme, this time with Schiller’s words affirming the sentiments of universal brotherhood that were so dear to Beethoven’s heart.

IV. PIANO CONCERTOS

When the 22-year-old Ludwig van Beethoven left his native city of Bonn for Vienna in late 1792 - for the second time, incidentally, and this time to stay- he initially caused a furor as a virtuoso pianist of exceptional stature in the Austrian capital, regularly outplaying his opponents in promotional competitions. This caused a sensation and was also intimidating: “He isn’t a man, he’s the devil himself!” exclaimed Abbe Gelinek, one of the most celebrated masters of improvisation on the piano of the time, after being defeated by Beethoven at one of these contests. “Satan is in that young man,” said another. “I have never heard anyone play like that.. not even Mozart. He produces music of difficulty and drama on the piano the like of which we have never dared dream.”

The account by Carl Czerny, a pupil of Beethoven’s, has become famous: when Beethoven played the piano, “there was not a dry eye in the audience, while many burst into tears; for there was something wonderful in his expression, quite apart from the beauty and originality of his ideas.” And it was precisely this wonderful expressiveness with which Beethoven’s piano concertos marked the turn of the nineteenth century and heralded a new era of the piano concerto. Some of Beethoven’s contemporaries reacted to these new sounds with consternation, but at the same time were almost beside themselves: they admired the eccentricity and effusiveness of the composer’s playing and were overwhelmed by the as yet unprecedented “violence” in changes of key in his music. This kind of performance, this kind of music no longer found fulfilment merely in terms of beauty and originality; beyond this, it also expressed a message.

Although he was one of the foremost keyboard players of his day, Beethoven wrote surprisingly few concertos for the piano even before his increasing deafness prompted a withdrawal from the concert platform. In addition to his five mature works there is an early concerto dating from around 1783 which survives in a copyist’s score (found among Beethoven’s papers after his death) containing the full piano part and a reduction of the orchestral tuttis with the instrumental forces marked (enabling a speculative reconstruction of the work to be carried out by Hess in 1961). It follows the conventional three movement structure of a sonata-form allegro, slow movement (Larghetto) and Rondo and shows some characteristic features of Beethoven’s later style. The numbering of the first two mature piano concerti, No.1 in C major (Op.15) and No.2 in B flat major (Op.19), reflects the order of their publication rather than their composition. The first version of a B flat concerto dates from around 1790 and although nothing survives of this work beyond a single detached page from a full score, its thematic material shows it to be prototype version of the work as it is known today. Beethoven made substantial revisions to it in 1793 after he had arrived in Vienna and sketches of a cadenza for this version suggest that it was performed at this time. He rewrote it substantially over the following years, revising the Adagio and replacing the Finale with an entirely new movement (the earlier one survives as the Rondo in B flat major WoO6) while at the same time working on a new concerto in C major. It was probably this latter work which he performed at his public debut in Vienna in 1796 since it was advertised as “entirely new”. The surviving autograph orchestral score of the B flat concerto dates from 1798 when Beethoven revised it once again for a concert in Prague and a new score of the C Major work was made in 1800 probably on the occasion of his first public concert (although it is not known for certain which work he played on that occasion). Later that year Beethoven published the C major concerto as Op.15 with the B flat work following it into print in 1801 thus fixing their numbering in the wrong order. Beethoven only wrote out the piano part for the B flat concerto for its publication as he would have played it from memory in performance and he took this opportunity to make further modifications to the first movement (the earliest part to be composed) on the 1798 full score. However as it proved too difficult to transfer these amendments to the already existing individual orchestral parts, the work was published without them and so the B flat concerto as it is known today is a mosaic of the different stages of its development over a ten year period.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.1 IN C OP.15

Beethoven played the C major concerto the first version of this work, to be precise - at his first public performance at the Academy concert given by Vienna’s Society of Musical Artists (Tonkünstler-Societat) on March 26, 1795. According to contemporary reports, the
last movement was completed only two days before the concert, leaving practically no time for rehearsals. Moreover, it transpired immediately before the concert that the piano had been tuned a semitone too low. Beethoven, however, did not allow this to interfere with his performance: instead of C major he played his part a semitone higher, in C sharp major. Researchers assume that Beethoven revised the work several times in the following years. He repeatedly performed the piece at concerts in Berlin, Bratislava and Budapest, and also played it at a charity concert in Vienna in December 1796. He had the composition published as Op.15 in March 1801 - nine months before the B flat concerto; this is why it bears the number one.

The first movement, Allegro con brio, again begins with an extended orchestral introduction featuring a brilliant, march-like theme reminiscent of the "military" concerto, a popular genre of the day. However, while trumpets and horns play an important role in this movement, its cheerful, youthfully fresh mood is entirely in the Mozartian tradition. The energetic, virtuoso writing of the solo part, with its extravert accents, certainly heralds a new world of musical expression.

The slow middle movement, a Largo, is written in the gentle key of A flat major. It is a movement whose intimacy is almost reminiscent of a chamber composition; the wind section has been reduced to two clarinets, two bassoons and two horns; the first clarinet comes to the fore as a solo voice several times. In formal terms, the movement is again divided into two sections, followed by an extended coda whose lugubrious minor harmonies already seem to anticipate the music of Romanticism. The solo piano opens the final movement in a whispering piano, "leggermente", but with amisschievous sense of humour - a sparkling Allegro scherzando, with orchestral tutti full of powerful vitality and bold impetuosity. Three main thematic ideas succeed one another, beginning with a jocular theme featuring thirds, followed by a popular melody; and as a third theme, a minor section featuring "Hungarian" rhythms and jumps in the left hand covering intervals of tenths. This was unusual and caused such confusion among Beethoven’s contemporaries that one reviewer described the work as a "pianoforte concerto occasionally verging on the bizarre."

"Consequently, Beethoven worked on the composition for approximately a decade," concludes the Beethoven researcher Konrad Kuster. "In the compositional process, this is not unproblematic; it presupposes that one recalls the reasons behind compositional decisions taken in the past, reconsiders former judgements, and attempts to find a balance between new ideas and the substance that has already been recorded in writing."

The B flat major concerto lacks neither substance nor new ideas - although Beethoven offered it to his publisher for only ten ducats "because I am not describing it as one of my best." The work is audibly a successor of Mozart’s late piano concertos. The first movement opens with a long, richly developed orchestral introduction featuring cheerfully dotted rhythms. In the very first caesura (bar 40) Beethoven surprises the listener with one of his "violent" modulations by unexpectedly changing to the key of D flat major. It is also interesting that the solo piano, at least in its first entry, does not appear to adopt any elements of this theme. Indeed, the motifs in the solo and orchestral voices are only vaguely related.

Serious sounds predominate in the E flat major Adagio, a movement full of lyrical nobility and meditative calm. It is divided into two sections, of which the second is a varied repetition of the first, featuring rich figurations gallantly intertwined with the thematic lines. Beethoven thought up something really special to conclude the movement: a kind of solo recitative in which the piano expresses itself in an exclusively monovocal, yet highly expressive, "musical speech" - and "con gran espressione" at that. The final rondo strikes an even more high-spirited note, with recalcitrant. syncopated accents and a brilliant tone. These sforzati, which "brush up" the listener "the wrong way", lend the music a humorous impact. And the beginning of the coda really brings a smile to the listener’s lips (after bar 260), featuring the same recalcitrant theme as at the beginning of the movement - this time virtually emphasized and phrased in a mannered fashion.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.3 IN C MINOR OP.37
David Zinman sees Piano Concerto No.3 in C minor, Op.37 -the only one in a minor key- as a kind of "Eroica" for piano and orchestra. Just as Beethoven opened the door to an entirely new symphonic world with his third symphony, the Eroica, he also broke new ground with his third piano concerto. Most of the work was written in the summer of 1800, although there are sketches for the piece that date back to 1797. The premiere performance naturally with Beethoven at the keyboard was given on April 5, 1803 at a charity concert in Vienna’s Burgtheater.

The C minor concerto not only occupies a central position among the five (or seven) piano concertos, but also represents a turning point. This can be deduced
from a letter Beethoven wrote to the publishers Breitkopf & Hartel in which he offered his first two piano concertos for sale with the remark, "not yet my best examples of the genre." New-and "better" aspects of the third piano concerto are the increased importance accorded to the melodic qualities of the solo instrument and the greater, "symphonic" weight lent to the orchestra.

The first movement, Allegro con brio, launches directly into the main theme, whose sharply rhythmical character immediately impresses itself on the memory. The second theme, with its curving, lyrically cantabile line, provides the greatest imaginable contrast. After the orchestral introduction, which extends over 10 bars, the solo instrument enters with a series of vehemence chords: there can be no doubt that a real "star performer" has just entered the stage and must now measure and assert himself in a dialogue with the orchestra. Particular attention should be paid to the solo cadenza: "A pure joke, elementary humour," says Yefim Bronfman. "full of the sheer enjoyment of the unexpected and the astonishing."

The Adagio in E major is a calm movement of meditative simplicity. The solemn theme introduced by the solo instrument develops into a gently rippling piano part whose glittering thirds and arpeggios outshine the accompanying orchestra. The vitality with which the solo piano plunges into the final movement, a Rondo, is all the more thrilling. Thanks to "unruly" accents placed on unaccented beats, the theme is particularly striking. An inserted fugato leads to an episode in E major (a hint at the key used for the Adagio), and the movement ends with a radiantly purposeful presto coda in six-eight time.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.4 IN G OP.58

Beethoven’s fourth piano concerto again takes us to a new world. For Yefim Bronfman, it is the concerto "with the broadest emotional spectrum. and at the same time possibly the most dramatic." The piece was composed in the years 1805-06. It is the period in which the violin concerto and the fourth symphony were written, and the latter was first performed together with the fourth piano concerto at Prince Lobkowitz’s palace in Vienna in March 1807. Again, Beethoven sat at the piano. "A terribly difficult new concerto for pianoforte. Which Beethoven performed with astonishing skill in the fastest tempi," wrote a reviewer of the second performance of the work.

The fourth piano concerto begins with an Allegro moderato, and it begins like no other concerto before it: the piano softly introduces the principal "dolce" theme in five solo bars. What makes this theme interesting are the quavers, which are repeated three times: they are vaguely reminiscent of the throbbing, momentous theme of the first movement of the fifth symphony, and manuscripts prove that the first themes of these works, which are otherwise so different, were indeed composed at the same time. After the introductory piano solo, the orchestra takes up the theme, which swells into an extensive orchestral introduction. In the development section, the dramatic, emotional intensity increases; the harmonic transitions result in the distant key of C sharp minor, which in turn leads to a reprise, introduced by the piano with a triumphant fortissimo.

The second movement, Andante con moto, is just as unconventional as the beginning of the first movement it is unexpectedly brief, consisting of an extremely abrupt, intensely contrasting series of motifs and melodies, performed alternately by the solo piano and the orchestra, which has been reduced to the string section. The orchestra and soloist talk at cross purposes, the strings in hard. dotted. forte rhythms. the solo piano molto cantabile and una corda in a chorale-like movement, a confrontation between a "dismissive" and a "beseeching" voice. Certain theorists and performers saw this as the contrast between the pleading Orpheus and the dismissive Furies, while others referred to Jesus before Pilate. After only five pages of score, the movement is extinguished in a dying pianissimo.

The final movement, a Rondo, also begins pianissimo, but in an elastic, march-like rhythm, soon swelling to an ecstatically uplifting. Brightly liberating concertante performance.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.5 IN E FLAT OP.73

"The excessive length of the composition diminished the total effect that this glorious product of the mind would otherwise certainly have elicited," wrote one reviewer after the first performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No.5 in E flat major, Op.73, which was performed at Vienna’s Kärntner Theatre on Ash Wednesday of the year 1812. In a way he was right: the fifth is Beethoven's most substantial piano concerto, and in the "Eroica" key of E flat major, truly one of the "most glorious products of the mind" ever created. However, it certainly cannot be said that it did not achieve a "total effect." On the contrary, it is the most dramatic of the five piano concertos and one of the most popular in the genre.

This is also acknowledged outside the German-speaking countries, where Beethoven's fifth piano concerto is known as the "Emperor," "L'Empereur" and "Imperatore" - though the sobriquet is not authentic and is attributed to Beethoven's friend, the composer and publisher Johann Baptist Cramer. It is nonetheless accurate: no other piano concerto begins with such majesty and splendour. The full orchestra intones a bright chord three times, followed by three brilliant cadenzas from the solo piano before the principal theme is introduced by the orchestra. At the climax of the exposition, the orchestra and the solo piano "compete" as equal partners in a passage that features firmly dotted rhythms. Not even during the solo cadenza does the orchestra remain completely silent, entering into a wonderfully harmonious dialogue with the piano. In none of his earlier piano concertos did Beethoven succeed so masterfully in merging solo and symphonic passages into a single entity.
A completely different, meditatively introspective atmosphere predominates in the slow movement, which opens with a dreamy melody in the muted strings. The solo piano replies with a series of sustained cantilenas accompanied by triplets. Even at the emotional climax of the movement, the dynamics do not exceed a simple forte, fading away in a mood of quiet rapture. The movement concludes with a single note - a B that is gently "pushed down" a semitone by the horns, followed by the solo piano dreamily intoning the theme of the finale. A mood of mysterious tension prevails until the piano explodes with impetuous effervescence - introducing a hearty, frolicsome waltz in six-eight time that dominates the entire final movement. The high-spirited, virtuoso playing is accentuated by syncopated accents.

V. VIOLIN MUSIC
VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D OP.61

"In those days, Beethoven was merry, jocular, cheerful, full of the joys of life, amusing, and not infrequently satirical. He had not yet been afflicted by any physical ailment, nor had the loss of that sense so utterly indispensable to the musician yet darkened his days." This is how Ignaz von Seyfried remembers the composer in his memoirs of the year 1806, perhaps Beethoven's most prolific year of all, when he wrote the Fourth Piano Concerto, the Violin Concerto and the Fourth Symphony in succession.

Beethoven wrote the Violin Concerto in D major, Op.61 - his only one, unless we include a fragmentary work in C major dating from his Bonn period - for the violinist Franz Clement, a talented musician who played in the first violins of the theatre orchestra and was equally popular with Viennese audiences. If we are to believe a newspaper report dating from 1805, his musicianship was characterized by an "indescribable delicacy, precision and purity" of tone. One could almost believe that this description - and Seyfried's splendid characterization of Beethoven- also referred to the concerto, which is undoubtedly his most cheerful work and abounds with light-hearted melodies. Only at the first performance of the piece, on December 23, 1806, nobody seems to have noticed this. Perhaps the highly unusual circumstances also had something to do with it: Beethoven had completed the piece only two days earlier, so Franz Clement practically had to sight-read the solo part. A contemporary reviewer praised his playing, but Beethoven's work was considered excessively lengthy, encumbered by tedious repetitions: "We fear that, if Beethoven continues along this path, both he and his audience will fare ill." Indeed, it took some time before Beethoven's Violin Concerto established itself primarily thanks. Finally, to the violinist Joseph Joachim, who performed the work in a number of European cities around the middle of the nineteenth century. Since then, it has been considered the epitome of the classical violin concerto, as popular with audiences as with the great violinists. Christian Tetzlaff is one of these, and he has a very special relationship with this work. It strikes him that the melodic idiom of this piece is reminiscent of spoken language. "Accordingly, the two cantabile sections in the first movement must be clearly structured and phrased to correspond with the harmonies. This aspect in particular has been somewhat neglected in the way the work has been performed in recent decades. Performers went to great lengths to broaden these melodies; it reached a point where the individual parts no longer corresponded with each other." Christian Tetzlaff considers this expansive pathos out of place: "On the contrary, Beethoven's violin concerto is a very cheerful, sometimes almost naive work. That doesn't mean to say that the piece doesn't have its dark, lugubrious moments, but the basic mood is naively light-hearted."

Surprisingly, the violin concerto is introduced by four single drumbeats, and the timpani continue to play a dominant role from then on. "This creates a striking duality. On the one hand, there are the beautifully naive melodies, that should - if you please- also be played that way; and on the other hand, there is the unrelenting drum motif, which, with its military associations, represents the absolute opposite. Throughout the first movement, at least, this conflict between two opposing emotional worlds is a recurrent theme. Moreover, the drums make it quite clear that we are playing a piece in four-four time. By contrast, the lines of the melody are written in minims, and that is how you would like to play it; but time and again, the drumbeat forces you to revert to four-four time."

As is generally known, Beethoven later transcribed his violin concerto as a piano concerto, for which he wrote some additional solo cadenzas. For his own particular reasons, Christian Tetzlaff has in turn transcribed these original piano cadenzas for the violin: "In my belief, the solo cadences by Fritz Kreisler that are usually performed are alien - in purely harmonic terms, but also in terms of the concept and the idea behind them." According to Tetzlaff, Beethoven pursues an entirely different approach in his original piano cadenzas. "He has the solo kettledrum play with the piano, but much faster than in the basic tempo. That intensifies the military associations very considerably, and is also a central aspect of the whole of the first movement"

ROMANCES FOR VIOLIN
To this day it has not been ascertained precisely when and for what occasion Beethoven composed the two Romances for Violin and Orchestra. Romance No.1 in G major, Op.40 was published in 1803; Romance No.2 in F major, Op.50 two years later. Contrary to this numbering, the F major Romance was written before the G major piece. Whether they were conceived as individual concertante pieces or as the slow movements of planned, but never completed, violin concertos must remain a subject of conjecture. However, a connection with the early C major concerto written during Beethoven's time in Bonn can definitely be discounted. Beethoven announced the two pieces to his publisher
Johann Andr" as "two adagios far violin with full instrumental accompaniment."

Moreover, in view of their length and substantial musical content, the two Romances, which are particularly popular with audiences, are more likely to have been conceived as self-contained, individual movements. The unconventional opening of the G major Romance is particularly surprising: the solo violin launches into the theme, written in double stops, without any orchestral accompaniment; only later does the orchestra make its entry. The rest of the piece is also characterized by a tense inner dialogue, while the noble melodies and uncomplicated levity of the F major Romance are more reminiscent of the virtuoso pieces typical of the period.

VI. TRIPLE CONCERTO IN C OP.56
The Concerto for Piano, Violin, Violoncello and Orchestra in C major Op.56 is unique in musical literature, and Beethoven was well aware of this: as he proudly wrote to his publisher, the combination of a piano trio with an orchestra was entirely new. And new it was indeed - although parallels can certainly be drawn between Beethoven's Triple Concerto and the baroque tradition of the concerto grosso or the early classical genre of the sinfonia concertante. However, of far greater significance than such historical references are the innovations that Beethoven introduces in his Triple Concerto. As already mentioned, the main innovations are his choice of solo instruments and the importance accorded the orchestra, which -as in the third piano concerto, first performed a year earlier- is elevated to the status of an equal, namely symphonic partner of the three solo instruments.

Beethoven thus leaves all conventional models far behind him. This is also true of his demonstratively individual treatment of the three solo instruments, already apparent in the soloists' first entry in the opening movement: the cello takes up and expands the main theme, followed by the violin in a second entry, and the theme is finally echoed by the piano, here even in three simultaneous octaves. Incidentally, this sequence of the three instruments is maintained for the entire duration of the concerto. Each instrument has the opportunity to alternate individually with the orchestra; two solo instruments can also interact as a "pair"; all three even play together in a threesome. As in a piano trio. This was new, and the audience was indeed perplexed when the work was first performed in Vienna in May 1804. There is no indication that the concerto was performed a second time during Beethoven's lifetime.

For a long period, the piece did not enjoy the best reputation among Beethoven's instrumental concertos. In Paul Bekker's opinion, the Triple Concerto was one of "the group of Beethoven's works that are lost to the present" - as he wrote in his 1911 biography of Beethoven. Even today, the Triple Concerto is still a little overshadowed by the other Beethoven concertos. Compared with the piano concertos, the piano part in the Triple Concerto is considered to be too easy; the two string parts are more demanding, but not really "rewarding". Certain passages are also considered to be excessively protracted.

However, the facts are somewhat different. As the three solo instruments are given more or less equal weight (with a slight preference for the violoncello) and Beethoven is concerned that each instrument should be shown to advantage, one after another, the musical progression is more time-consuming. Critics have complained that this makes the piece excessively lengthy, ignoring the fact that it lends the work more colour. In order to avoid drowning out the lower-sounding cello voice, the piano part is kept light and transparent; Beethoven also writes mainly for the top cello string, which has an intense sound, thus enabling the instrument to alternate with the violin on equal terms, as it were.

The opening movement - incidentally the longest in Beethoven's instrumental concertos - begins pianissimo, gradually swelling to the festive, march-like tutti of the principal theme. The brisk, thematically concise writing is typical of Beethoven. The second movement, a relatively short but exquisitely charming largo, is similar to an intermezzo and depends entirely on the varied and repeated melodic line in the solo parts. The transition to the finale is a novelty. For the first time, Beethoven "links" the second and third movements so that the largo leads into the finale - a polonaise - without a break: a compositional practice that he is also to retain for the fourth and fifth piano concertos.

VII. CHAMBER MUSIC FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS
Beethoven wrote very little music for wind instruments and most of his compositions for them are from relatively early in his career. Many were not published with an opus number, and most of those that were appeared long after the time of their composition and therefore have misleadingly high numbers - for example, the Op.71 Sextet for clarinets, horns and bassoons of 1796, the Op.81b Sextet for two horns and strings, the Trio in C major Op.87, both of 1795, and the Octet Op.103 of 1793 (published posthumously). This was one of the works Beethoven sent back to Bonn after his first year in Vienna to demonstrate the progress of his composition lessons with Haydn (the Elector however was unimpressed claiming that the work was an old one) and was later used as the basis for the String Quintet Op.4.

Certain works such as the Trio for bassoon, flute and piano WoO37 of 1786 and the Trio Op.87 were written for gifted amateurs. The first was composed for the von Westerhold family in Bonn and Count von Westerhold, chief equerry to the Elector, would have taken the bassoon part, his son the flute and his daughter Maria,
with whom the 14-year old Beethoven was in love, the piano part. Op.87, for the unusual combination of two oboes and cor anglais, was written for the brothers Johann, Franz and Philippe Teimer for whom he later composed a set of variations on “La ci darem la mano” for the same instruments.

The Op.17 Sonata of 1800, on the other hand was written for the virtuoso Johann Stich (or Giovanni Punto as he Italianised his name) and in great haste - overnight if one is to believe the testimony of Ferdinand Ries - which may explain why there is no slow movement but only a 17 bar section preceding the finale.

VIII. SEPTET IN E FLAT MAJOR OP.20

Beethoven’s varied range of works for chamber ensemble is in no way artistically inferior to his symphonies or instrumental concertos. On the contrary: throughout his life, Beethoven explored this genre in a wide variety of forms and combinations - duo sonata and trio, quartet and serenade, quintet and octet, sextet and septet. It is interesting that he only employs wind instruments in his early chamber compositions; later, Beethoven was to concentrate entirely on the strings (particularly the string quartet) and the piano. The Septet for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello and Double-Bass in E flat major Op.20 is also one of these early works, and is one of the most important. as its unusual length - six movements with a duration of just over forty minutes - indicates. In stylistic terms it is reminiscent of the divertimenti, serenades and wind ensembles that had already been so popular in Mozart’s day. In other words it is gallant, light music; the difference being that in this work Beethoven succeeds in combining the “gallant” with the “erudite.”

True to the classical tradition of the serenade, the opening movement (in sonata form) is preceded by a slow introduction. The second movement, an adagio cantabile, is strongly melodic, and Beethoven constantly redistributes the roles of soloist and accompanist among the seven instruments. The third movement, an almost old-fashioned-sounding minuet, corresponds with the fifth, a vivacious scherzo, and between the two - the fourth movement - is a series of highly inventive variations. The finale again begins with a slow introduction, this time “alla marcia,” before launching friskily into the spirited presto with a plethora of sixths and triplets.

The work was composed in 1799, parallel to the famous Pathétique piano sonata. It is dedicated to the Austrian Empress Maria Theresia and was first performed at Beethoven’s first own “Akademie” concert staged at Vienna’s Burgtheater on April 2, 1800. Besides the Septet, Beethoven’s first symphony was also performed for the first time; Beethoven played his first piano concerto, and as if that were not enough, some arias from Haydn’s Creation were performed, as well as a Mozart symphony. In terms of Beethoven’s oeuvre as a whole, the Septet can be considered a transitional piece, bridging the gap between the light tone of Haydn and Mozart’s serenades and Beethoven’s first symphony - a last, perfectly formed composition in the phase leading to his symphonic oeuvre.

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IX. PIANO TRIOS

During his first few years in Vienna, Beethoven published almost nothing, wishing to wait until he had amassed a large number of significant works before introducing himself to the Viennese public as a composer. In 1793 he had issued the variations on “Se vuol ballare” from The Marriage of Figaro as his Op.1 but this was simply to forestall his rivals whom he suspected might try to produce something similar. During 1794 and 1795 he worked on several compositions including a set of three piano sonatas, a new piano concerto, a string trio and some extended songs, but it was the set of three trios for piano, violin and cello that he decided to launch his career in the spring of 1795 with. He had already written two works for these forces in 1792, a trio (WoO38) in the traditional three movement format and a set of fourteen variations (Op.44), both in E flat, and may have begun drafting what was to become the Op.1 trios while still in Bonn. Mozart and Haydn had produced several piano trios - indeed by 1794, Haydn had already written thirty eight (and was to produce seven more in the next few years) and Beethoven may have calculated that his original and individual treatment of this popular form would achieve the impact he desired for his debut. In Haydn’s hands, the piano trio had been essentially a vehicle for the virtuoso pianist supported by a less prominent violin part with the cello relegated to a virtual continuo role. Beethoven not only placed the instruments on a more equal and balanced footing, he made the trio format more symphonic in structure with the addition of a fourth movement and invested it with a greater degree of complexity and seriousness than was traditionally expected of it. Haydn was apparently disconcerted when he first heard the Op.1 trios at a private gathering at Prince Lichnowsky’s and is supposed to have advised Beethoven not to publish the third in C minor, the most dramatic of the set, and the one Beethoven considered to be the best. In fact, Haydn could not have been able to judge the works prior to their publication as he was abroad in England at the time of their composition but the story no doubt accurately reflects his immediate reactions to the originality of his former pupil’s conception. Haydn’s misgivings about the public’s capacity to understand these works proved groundless as the published edition attracted a large number of subscribers, including most of the Viennese musical cognoscenti and Beethoven made a substantial profit from the first of his compositions which he considered worthy of an opus number (that honour having been removed from the Figaro variations which now languishes as WoO40).
The two Op.70 Trios were begun in August 1808 immediately after the completion of the Sixth Symphony and the prominent and expressive role given to the cello in both trios is possibly a by-product of the composition of the Op.69 cello sonata earlier in the year. The decision to compose a set of trios rather than the sonatas or another symphony as he had originally suggested to his publisher, seems to have been prompted as much by the commercial consideration that such works were a scarce commodity than by any creative impulse to do so. Op.70 No.1 in D major is in three movements and the mysterious D minor Largo with its atmospheric tremolando and trills has led to it being known as the “Ghost Trio”. Appropriately, one of the musical ideas on which the movement is based appears among sketches for the Witches scene of an unfinished “Macbeth” operatic project. The second trio in E flat returns to the four movement format whose minuet-like Allegretto third movement is full of Schubertian lyricism. Beethoven’s final piano trio, Op.97 in B flat, known as the “Archduke” from its dedication to his pupil and patron Rudolph, was completed in 1811 and is the grandest of the works Beethoven composed for these instrumental forces. Unusually, the Scherzo and Trio are placed before the Andante cantabile slow movement whose theme and variation structure follows the usual pattern of an increasingly elaborate subdivision of the beat in each successive variation. After an extended coda, the music fades away before a jaunty figure leads straight into the Rondo finale. It was a disastrous performance of this piece, in which Beethoven found himself unable to gauge the dynamics and audibility of his playing because of his increasing deafness, that finally prompted him to abandon his career as a public performer (at least in ensemble pieces).

"Bei Männern" (WoO46) from Die Zauberflöte of 1796, 1797 and 1801 respectively, Beethoven did not write for the cello again until 1807 when he began the Op.69 sonata in A major dedicated to his friend Baron Ignaz Gleichenstein. Like the Op.5 sonatas, it has no proper slow movement although there is a short 18 bar Adagio section between the second movement Scherzo and the finale.

Another nine years were to pass before Beethoven returned to the cello, this time at the request of his friend and confidante Countess Marie Erdödy. In 1808, she had played a major part in organising the payment of an annuity to Beethoven by Archduke Rudolph and Princes Kinsky and Lobkowitz, which was designed to relieve him of financial pressures (although in reality it was some years before this was assured). However soon afterwards, Beethoven quarrelled with her (a recurring feature of his tempestuous personal life) and it was only in 1815 that they were reconciled – the olive branch on her part being the gift of thirty four bottles of wine. Beethoven was happy that relations had been re-established with Erdödy and her young family, of which he was very fond, and possibly it was these personal associations that prompted the writing of this deeply-felt work in a period otherwise devoid of creativity.

Beethoven wrote the sonatas with the cellist Joseph Linke in mind. He had recently become part of the Erdödy household as music tutor to the children following the disbanding of Prince Rasumovsky’s private quartet in which he had played after the disastrous fire which destroyed Rasumovsky’s palace. Beethoven was therefore well acquainted with him and his playing style and may have consulted him on matters of technique.

Op.102 No.1 in C major is a two movement work which follows the pattern of the previous sonatas in omitting a slow movement although, as in the Op.5 sonatas, it opens with a slow introduction begun by the unaccompanied cello (like Op.69). On this occasion, the second Allegro is also introduced by an Adagio passage after which the opening bars are recalled in a fashion that looks forward to the Op.101 piano sonata and ultimately the Ninth Symphony.

Op.102 No.2 in D major is a three movement work which, at last, includes a full scale slow movement before a massive fugal finale which points the way towards his fascination with that form in the late period works.

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X. SONATAS FOR VIOLIN AND FOR CELLO

The two Op.5 sonatas (in F and G) were composed during a visit to the court of Frederick II in Berlin and were performed by Beethoven with one of the court cellists, Jean Louis Duport (although Frederick was himself a keen and competent cellist). These sonatas were the first to be composed for this combination of instruments for some time and break new ground in placing both players on an equal footing rather than subordinating the keyboard to a continuo role. Each has only two movements - an Allegro and Rondo- and the absence of a slow movement may have been designed to address the problem of the dynamic imbalance between the two instruments which would have been accentuated in extended adagio passages (although both sonatas open with a substantial slow introduction). Beethoven’s accomplishment as a composer for the cello is underlined by the fact that Duport incorporated many of the techniques found in these sonatas in his instrumental manual for the cello.

Apart from the three sets of variations on “See the Conqu’ring Hero Comes” (WoO45) from Handel’s Judas Maccabaeus, “Ein Mädhchen oder Weibchen” (Op.66) and
Beethoven’s works is a bonafide duo in every sense, and in fact in the Kreutzer Sonata, he directs both protagonists to play in a concerteante style.

The very fact that all but the last two of these sonatas were composed in groups may well explain their wonderfully diverse characterization and stylistic individuality: as a rule, when Beethoven sent a group of works of the same genre to one of his publishers (and, let us admit, sometimes to several at the time to see which offered him the best price!), he usually felt obliged to make each a strongly characterized entity. Thus, in the three sonatas of Op.12 (composed circa 1798), as well as those of Op.30 (vintage 1802), we find each set includes a work of truly grand scale, one of essentially lyric character and one which defies easy classification.

For a pianist, Beethoven had an amazingly thorough background in violin technique. His first teacher was his father, who earned a meagre living as a tenor in the Bonn Electoral chapel: the four-year-old Ludwig was instructed by him on both the clavier and violin. For a brief period he was taught violin and viola by a distant relative, Franz Georg Rovantini, who lived in the same house with Beethoven and died there in 1781, at the age of twenty-four. By this time the young composer was eleven, and his main interests in performing were on the clavier and the organ.

By 1785, Beethoven was serving his second year as assistant organist in the Electoral chapel. His violin studies at the period were with a good friend of the family, Franz Ries. (Beethoven subsequently taught Ries’s son Ferdinand clavier in Vienna). In Vienna, while studying with Albrechtsberger, Beethoven in 1794 began taking violin lessons again, this time with Ignaz Schuppanzigh (1776-1830; he is mostly remembered for being the primarius of the Rasoumovsky Quartet founded in 1808 and giving the first performances of several of the master’s chamber music). Finally, there was Wenzel Krumpholz, pupil of Haydn and a former violinist in the Esterhazy orchestra, who was an indefatigable promoter of Beethoven’s compositions.

Still and all, Beethoven was a pianist, a virtuoso of the highest calibre and an incomparable improviser. As for his abilities to play the violin, even after the many periods of instruction, of contact with professionals and such fine amateurs as Heinrich Eppinger and the banker Häring, and after his own practical four-year experience in the Bonn orchestra, he is supposed never to have been able to perform on it acceptably! Karl Amenda, one of Beethoven’s closest friends, relates that he once persuaded the composer to play the violin for him, and that the result was disastrous.

Ergo, for all the equality of these works, Beethoven tailored his piano parts to his own virtuosity and he himself played in the premieres of nine out of the ten pieces in the cycle until his deafness put a finish to his performing career (his last, unfortunate appearance at the piano had been in 1814, playing the Archduke Trio).

The discussions of the sonatas in this cycle are arranged into three groups for Op.12; Op.22 and 23; and Op.30, with the last two pieces, the Kreutzer Sonata, Op.47 and No.10 in G Major, Op.96 as individual entities.

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THREE SONATAS OP.12

This triptych was composed circa 1798 and sent into the world by the 29-year old Beethoven as big and representative works. It is evident from the diverse range of style and ideas that these early masterpieces display, one in the group is a grandly scaled effort; one is an intentionally more diminutive essay; and one which defies easy classification. All three Sonatas follow the general synopsis of a first movement in sonata form a slow movement and a Rondo. But each is markedly different in mood, emotional appeal and internal structure. The composer dedicated his Op.12 to Antonio Salieri (who was Beethoven's favourite mentor-pace Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and particularly, the bum rap made notorious by the play and film "Amadeus", and the Rimsky-Korsakov opera "Mozart and Salieri").

The proofs were sent for correction to one of Beethoven's publishers, Artaria and were printed between December 1798 and January 1799. In June, a review appeared in the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung and a perplexed critic wrote: "Herr Beethoven goes his own way, and what a bizarre way it is! Learned, learned and always learned-and nothing natural; no song. The sonatas are overloaded with difficulties: Yes, to be accurate, there is only a mass of learning here, without good method, and an obstinacy which fails to interest us. A striving for strange modulations, a heaping of difficulties until one loses patience or enjoyment."

However, several month later, a second review in the same publication (from the same critic perhaps) is more conciliatory: "It is not to be denied that Herr v. B., is a man of genius; possessed of originality ... ". The critic has tried to accustom himself more and more to [Beethoven's] manner and has learned to admire him more than he did at first.

Beethoven was annoyed but certainly not devastated: "Let them talk" said the composer. "They will certainly never make anybody immortal by their twaddle; nor will they rob of immortality those whom Apollo has favoured." In the spring of 1801, he twitted Breitkopf und Härtel, another of his publishers, and incidentally the owner if the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung: "You should recommend to Mssrs, your critics greater care and wisdom."

SONATA NO.1 IN D MAJOR

The first movement Allegro con brio opens with four bars of unison upward and downward arpeggios as a call to order, immediately followed by its first subject, comprised of flicked upward octaves against scalar passages. A running passage in sixteenth notes derived from aforementioned scalar elements and finally, FF upward scales, leads to the gentler second theme stated
first by the piano and then answered by the violin. An immediate repetition of this idea, embellished by triplets, then leads to the subsequent third theme group based on triplets from the piano against the flicked octaves of the opening idea, heard again from the violin. Two antiphonal shashing chords and upward sixteenth note scales conclude the sizable exposition in A major. The development begins in F major, based on the closing chords and the ingredients of the first subject. In its last stage, the working out utilizes a build-up from the movement's opening theme. The recapitulation is without notable incident, and there is no coda.

The Andante con moto second movement is a theme with four variations. Its theme in two parts (strains) is first stated by piano alone and the written out repetition of this first strain is sung by the violin accompanied by the piano. Both strains are repeated in the same manner.

In Variation I, the piano predominates and both strains are repeated verbatim. Variation II belongs to the running violin enlivened by bracing rhythm underpinning from the piano. Again, both strains are repeated in the same manner. Variation III Minore is highly dramatic: its first phrases, marked P and crescendo are suddenly answered by slashing subito FFs from the piano with plunging downward scales in the right hand against stormy 32nd note groups in the left. The written out repetitions of the two strains reverse the roles of the two protagonists. Variation IV, once again in the original A major tonality, is much gentler affair with dolce syncopations and leads to a wistful coda.

The third movement is a rumbustious Rondo whose jolly dancelike theme is characterized by jabbing afterbeat sforzandos. Two fermatas just before the first reappearance of the principal theme are an insidiously provocative invitation for any pianist to insert quasi-cadenzas (taboo in more puritanical "play as written" times).

SONATA NO. 2 IN A MAJOR
This Sonata is a more diminutive contrast to Nos. 1 and 3, more in the playful tradition of Mozart’s lighter works in the same genre. The opening Allegro vivace presents a dancing 6/8 metre constantly in motion: four bars of upward appoggiaturas (and then another four of downward ones) are followed by sixteenth note runs from the piano and then with violin and piano together.

This sixteen measure first subject is reiterated, with the violin’s restatement of the appoggiaturas completed by the piano. The remainder of the short exposition is replete with darting motivic imitations thrown back and forth by the two protagonists. An idea stated by the two players in unison octaves serves as a closing theme. The development commences in C Major (injecting a mild note of drama). Otherwise, working out and recapitulation are pretty pro forma and without incident. The movement ends with a sly restatement of the upward appoggiaturas.

The Andante piu tosto Allegretto consists of a wistful two part melody in two strains, the first stated by the piano alone, repeated with the violin accompanied by the keyboard instrument. The answering second strain in C Major, again by piano alone, is reiterated with violin accompanied by the piano. A central second theme in F Major is followed by a four bar transition back to a reprise of the movement's first part in A minor, and a coda.

The (for Beethoven) mild mannered Rondo, Allegro piacevole, has a few moments of bracing upward arpeggios from the piano, and a D major second episode with a new insistently reiterated motif.

SONATA NO. 3 IN E FLAT MAJOR
The E flat Sonata, as you will see, is the "grand" member of the Op.12 group. Its Allegro con spirito has a piano part of commanding brilliance (although the fiddle is hardly neglected). Its hurling momentum is typical of the audacious Beethoven working within the strictures of classical decorum.

The first theme is stated by both instruments, the contrasted second subject is initially introduced by the violin, then is handed over to the piano. But it is the closing material of this exposition that supplies most of the gist for the development section. Incidentally one passing incident (at measure 50 to 51; again at measure 146-147 in the recapitulation) clearly foreshadows the Rondo of the Third Piano Concerto, Op.37. An amply proportioned coda, based largely on the same material that served for the development brings the movement to a dramatic close.

The Adagio con molte espressione, for all its serene song-form elements, introduces some nerve tingling harmonic turns and also a spacious breadth and profundity that is in arm’s reach of the great slow movements of Op.30 No.2 and Op.96.

The concluding Rondo (Allegro molto) is, as so much else in this Sonata, stylistically reminiscent of Mozart (that composer’s Sonata, K.481 in the same key, particularly). This easy-going, extroverted, busily animated Finale keeps both players busy, either declaiming thematic material, or accompanying by way of tightly wound broken alberti chords.

SONATA NOS. 4 & 5
These two highly contrasted but closely related sonatas bear the same vintage date, 1801. Beethoven had originally planned to have them published together as Op.23 but the immense popularity of the so-called "Spring" Sonata prompted the composer to keep it as a separate entity from the more experimental (and less accessible) A minor work. For all their distinct differences the two masterpieces share the same DNA: Consider the upward acciacaturas in the Presto of Op.23 and also in the second theme of Op.24’s first movement. Also, the thematic similarities between
Op.23’s second movement and the Spring Sonata’s “off beat” Scherzo (both of these movements were later echoed by Robert Schumann in his Soldatenmarsch from his Album for the Young).

**SONATA NO.4 IN A MINOR, OP.23**
The sportive first movement of Sonata No.4, Op.23 Presto, is a fiery affair in 6/8 metre which moves with abrupt, constant stops, starts and jolting surprises. The two main ideas follow in short order and a third comes to the fore in the development section (beginning at bar 136) and is heard from again in the coda. Both halves of the movement are repeated.

The Andante scherzoso, piu Allegretto’s proto-Schumann first theme and its subsequent fugal bridge passage lead to the second subject (bar 51) with its 32nd note twiddle followed by two staccato eighth note. Incidentally, this second movement is likewise in Sonata-form. This movement does double duty as the work’s missing slow movement and Scherzo.

The Allegro molto culmination returns to the work’s opening Presto’s essential mood, sporting a dramatic rondo theme unlike a classic rondo theme in spirit, but, behaving as one, reappearing over and over in same key (A Minor). The movement’s constant motion is broken by slow and reflective episodes (the second is in F Major). Another subordinate idea brings to the fore a motif of two staccato quarter-note chords followed by half-note rests. A fourth statement of the rondo theme introduces a rhapsodic fantasy on the preceding material, calling for considerable virtuosity up to the climactic statement of the first theme.

**SONATA NO.5 IN F MAJOR, OP.24 "SPRING"**
This sonata gave the public everything it had probably missed in its immediate predecessor: for once the nickname, though spurious, is entirely apropos. The first movement, Allegro, spins along with a melodious first subject ten bars in length, first sung by the violin, and then immediately reheard from the piano. A fortissimo bridge passage from the keyboard alone in unison scale passage leads to the second theme with its aforementioned acciacaturas buoyed by rising eighth note chords. When the exposition comes to its end we feel that we have heard all of the movement’s essential ingredients. The ensuing development is undramatic by Beethoven’s usual standards and is mostly devoted to the second subject and activity in triplets. Recapitulation seemingly passes without incident. But this time the piano goes first, with the violin following suit. The coda combines the main theme with the triplets from the development against the sixteenth notes of the opening melody.

The Adagio molto espressivo in B flat major can be considered analogous to the still-to-come Scene by the Brookside of, the Sixth Symphony. The flow is supplied by the almost constant sixteenth-note Ostinato to the effusive melody played by the piano’s right hand with the violin sometimes joining in. An exquisitely benign and florid lyricism pervades, replete with broken thirds (quasi-bird calls). Beethoven’s humour introduces an ironical twist in the miniature Scherzo, Allegro molto: the violin has to work hard at playing out of sync with the piano. And in the whirlwind unison Trio that follows, both protagonists must hang on for dear life lest their ensemble is unwittingly thrown adrift!

The Allegro ma non troppo is remarkably analogous to the counterpart Finale of the Op.22 Sonata for solo piano: not only are the main themes of the two movements almost identical in themselves—but both subsequently are subjected to similar procedure and embellishment in their metamorphoses. A distinction can be made between these sibling Sonata-Rondos: The second episode of Op.22 is a boisterous intrusion while the one in the "Spring" Sonata, with its Ostinato triplets, is more well behaved and less conspicuous.

**THREE SONATAS OP.30**
Beethoven’s three sonatas which make up Op.30 were composed in 1802 (at the same time as his three solo piano sonatas Op.31 and a year before the landmark "Eroica" Symphony) As customary with Op.12, these three are once again intriguingly contrasted in mood and even scale. The pieces are dedicated to Czar Alexander I of Russia.

**SONATA NO.6 IN A OP.30 NO.1**
The Sonata No.1 in A Major is probably the least popular of Beethoven’s ten for this instrumental combination but it is (for perhaps the very reason for its lack of fame) one of the most subtle, and certainly among the most lyrical. As an analysis of its Allegro first movement tellingly reveals, Beethoven’s adventurous use of even his atypically unassertive material is both rigorous and wonderfully dramatic. Note, for instance, how the movement’s development section deploys and combines aspects of all the thematic and motivic events encountered in the foregoing exposition: the “groupetto” of the first subject; the graceful second theme (which is broken apart into canonic fragments); the leaping bridge passage (which is now used to accompany the “groupetto” of the opening theme).

The second movement, Adagio, is analogous to the fourth Symphony’s slow movement in its pervasive dotted note rhythm and flowering lyricism. The D major of its principal part momentarily darkens to B minor but the movement’s real surprise comes with its introduction of the central episode in F flat major. Along with the key change, the dotted note ostinato stops for the nonce. Reprise of the opening theme returns the music to its home tonality of D major- but in place of the dotted notes, the restated melody is now accompanied by flowing triplets (as is also, incidentally, the procedure in the cited counterpart of the Fourth Symphony except that the triplets there supplement rather than supplant the dotted rhythm). But in the sonata, as well, the
dotted note ostinato is reinstated in the movement’s final moments. For whatever reason, Beethoven frequently turned to the Theme with Variations format in his ten piano/violin sonatas—the cycle has no fewer than four instances of such usage (two as slow movements, two as finales) as opposed to only five in the course of the thirty-two piano sonatas! The Tema of Op.30 No.1 is a jolly alla breve affair, propelled by eighth notes and anchored by a sturdy bass line. This theme is in two-part binary form, with each of its parts (strains) repeated but these repeats themselves varied and thus written out. Variation I is cast in triplets, (here, as in most of the subsequent variants, the repeats of the two strains are not varied.) Variation II has the material as flowing, horizontal lines. Syncopes are introduced in the second half. Variation III is again characterized by accompanimental triplets. But its mood is more energetic than that of the first variation with a vigorous dialogue between piano and violin. Variation IV alternates slashing multiple stopped violin chords with more lyric material from the piano.

Variation V, Minore, places the thematic elements in the piano’s bass register while the violin joins in a counter melody on top. The writing becomes increasingly contrapuntal and complex. Incidentally varied repeats are again used in this, the most emotionally charged of the variations thus far). The shadows lift in the Sixth, last Variation and a return to the pervading A Major brings forth a change of meter to 6/8. Its swaggering persona brings the Sonata to a close with an effective (but still relatively low-keyed) coda.

Before leaving discussion of this Sonata, it is fascinating to note that Beethoven had originally intended to end this work with the ultra-brilliant tarentella-like movement that we know as the Finale of the Kreutzer Sonata, Op.47. It is hard to conceive of its placement in the earlier context—a mismatch that seems to me as ill-advised and jarring as the use of the Grosse Fuge as the culmination of the String Quartet, Op.130!

SONATA NO.7 IN C MINOR, OP.30 NO.2
As with Beethoven’s characteristic Sturm und Drang efforts in the key of C Minor (the Piano Trio, Op.1 No.3; The String Trio, Op.9 No.3; the Piano Sonata, Op.10 No.1; the String Quartet, Op.18 No.4; the Third Piano concerto, Op.37; the Coriolan Overture, Op.62; and of course the Fifth Symphony, Op.67), the Piano/Violin Sonata, Op.30 No.2 gives us the familiar dichotomy of emotive, spitfire explosiveness and its counterpart yielding lyricism (usually reserved for the second themes in the relative major). Its first movement allegro con brio commences with a sotto voce opening salvo stated by the piano alone—a half note followed by four sixteenths and a quarter-is immediately repeated a fourth higher, and then followed by an ominous downward chromatic run and three soft chords. The violin then takes up the already heard theme in a more outgoing manner while the piano furnishes a sinister backdrop of rumbling neighbour notes in the bass (sometimes taking the form of a written out trill; at other times as fairly exploding arpeggios). Slashing chords bring us to the second subject, a jaunty alla marcia dotted note affair, introduced by the violin against a running sequence of staccato eighth notes in the right hand of the piano part. An energetic passage follows, alternating upward scales back and forth between the two protagonists. The exposition concludes with a return to the movement’s opening motif in maggiore.

This is the first of Beethoven’s sonata movements to bypass an exposition repeat. The next instances were to come in Op.57 (the Appassionata Sonata) and Op.59 No.1 (the F major Rasoumovsky Quartet). (Beethoven, perhaps guilt-ridden by these departures from text-book decorum, makes amends by repeating both halves of the second of the Op.59 Quartets!). The working out is typically thorough, beginning with the germinal opening motto but giving full attention to both the second subject and the energetic material that permeates the rest of the movement. The grandly proportioned edifice ends with an extended coda, almost a second development.

As in the first movement, the piano states the Adagio cantabile’s first part by itself, and restates it in tandem with the violin accompanied by the piano. The answering second strain is likewise repeated in the same manner. A central episode, built upon sustained chords against arpeggio figurations eventually leads to reprise of the original melody, the arpeggios of B section continuing and evolving into a full scaled active ostinato accompaniment. Twice in the coda, hair-raising upward C major scales jolt the music into an alien F Major. But both times it recover its poised serenity (and rightful A flat major tonality). The movement ends benignly, the violin alternating pizzicato with arco, the piano brushing past with gossamer 32nd note scales.

The C major Scherzo, with its perky nose thumbing aside, is almost symphonic. At one point, the violin lets forth with a series of repeated Es, like sparks from a blow torch. The Trio section’s first part offers a canon between the violin and the piano’s left hand; with the latter’s right hand supplying the rhythmic momentum with rolling triplets. (The second strain of this central episode reverses the roles of the two instruments).

The Finale brings us back to those ominous neighbour notes in the first movement. Out of this restless beginning comes a spacious theme closely related to the second subject of the Op.18 No.4 Quartet’s last movement. Other splendid ideas come to the fore; one of them particularly analogous to the bustling fugato in the second episode likewise encountered in the Rondo of the Third Piano Concerto. The cited Op.37 Piano Concerto ends with an optimistic C major dash to the finish line; but in this Sonata, as in Op.10 No.1 and Op.18 No.4, the aura of C minor tragedy persists to the final bar.
SONATA NO.8 IN G MAJOR, OP.30 NO.3
In decided contrast to the introspective A major Sonata and the explosive C minor, the G major Sonata, Op.30 No.3 is an ebulliently light-hearted work. Although its outer movements (particularly the first, Allegro assai) suggest a scowling, unkempt Beethovenian persona, the musical growling is done in the best of good fun. The opening movement is permeated with a bithle mixture of gruffness and courtly elegance that never loses impetus.

The central movement, like the one in Op.31 No.3, has a geniality that almost borders on languid sentimentality. However, a distinction ought to be made between these two siblings: The Piano/violin Sonata is somewhat more expansive than the Op.31 No.3 Piano Sonata (which conforms more closely to the traditional and conventional Minuet/Trio/Minuet da capo format). The subordinate idea in Op.30 No.3 (call it the trio, if you wish) is joined to the main body of the movement, and characterized by displaced accents in the bass. At the end, violin and piano divvy up the original minuet melody and alternate in restating it (very much foreshadowing the last pages of the Variation movement of the Kreutzer Sonata).

The Finale is a moto perpetuo rondo whose mood -and also its content- share much with the work's opening movement. (In fact, the second part of its exuberant theme is none other than a reincarnation of the Sonata's opening phrase!) Both performers are kept on their toes (fingers?) as the composer puts his romping materials through their paces. Near the end, there is the "surprise" accidental stumbling into the distant key of E flat (Beethoven's counterpart of Alfred Hitchcock's appearances in his own films). The "mistake" is of course righted, and the music comes to a happy, vigorous conclusion.

SONATA NO.9 IN A, OP.47 ("KREUTZER")
Here is a unique, insofar as I can tell, situation of a musical composition that inspired a literarype work that, in turn, brought forth another piece of music: the Kreutzer Sonata's brilliance obviously affected Leo Tolstoy -who thought the work so passionate and incendiary that in his story of the same name, one of its central characters took offense (to put it mildly) at finding his wife playing it with another man. In writing his first string quartet based on Tolstoy (and, obviously, Beethoven as well), Leos Janacek argued on behalf of music's ability to heal the spirit whereas Tolstoy celebrated its capacity to provoke violence.

In any event, musicologists now know that Beethoven's penultimate piano/violin sonata which in its perfected version is dedicated to Rudolf Kreutzer, was originally composed for George Bridgetower, a mulatto violinist whom Beethoven considered a dear friend. The two, alas, quarreled, but whether the sonata was the cause of their falling out is not known (Incidentally, Kreutzer is known to have disliked the work and he never played it). Although the Adagio sostenuto that opens the first movement is indeed, in A major, it soon enough leads to the tonality of A minor. It is unusual even for the excitable Beethoven, to find a work with two of its movements designated "Presto". Beethoven describes this as "a Sonata that is written in a very concertante style" and we can assume that Bridgetower's virtuosity must have been as considerable in its way as Beethoven's, judging from the music's slashing, incisive persona. Beethoven's audacious demands have obviously inspired Schubert's C major Fantasy, D.934, and, together, these two compositions foreshadowed Paganini's diabolical musical exploits. For all its breathless agitation, the opening movement of this sonata is of enormous breadth and scope, as are, indeed, the two which follow.

The central slow movement, Andante con variazione presents a spacious theme with four variants and a coda. Piano and Violin take turn sharing the honours in stating the two-part binary idea (each of its two parts repeated in a varied manner). Variation I primarily belongs to the piano, with the fiddle merely contributing to the dancing triplets of the keyboard part's rhythmic impetus. Variation II, on the other hand, gives pride of place to the violin (who takes up the theme in piecng repeated notes) while the piano part for all its harmonic importance, is essentially an accompaniment.

In the minore Variation III, the contributions of the two instruments melt in perfect equilibrium. The basically dark, solid tonal characteristics of this third variant provides a perfect dichotomy with the delicate, lacy sonorities put forth in Variation IV. In this final treatment, Beethoven returns to his practice (as originally set forth in the Tema itself) of writing out his sectional repeats in varied instrumentation: each half of the two part theme is initially taken by the piano while the violin emboiders with pizzicatos and like thematic fragments, and then the violin (with the piano's accompanying syncopes suggesting elements of hidden counter melody). This leads directly into the serene and expansive coda in which the two protagonists reminisce in dialogue on aspects of the Tema's material. The movement ends with the violin climbing high to the F above the treble staff and the keyboard dropping down to the same note (and an a tenth higher) way down in the bass.

Although the Kreutzer Sonata was one of the two in this cycle not composed as part of a group--the G Major, Op.96 was the other--it should be chronicled that its brilliant third movement (Presto) was originally to have been the Finale of the Sonata in A Major, Op.30 No.1. Beethoven was utterly correct in rejecting this brilliantly assertive Sonata/Rondo in that earlier context (where it would have clashed disastrously with the soft-spoken aesthetics of that work's two earlier movements). On the other hand, pressing it into service at the last moment (Beethoven as was so often his wont, had procrastinated in composing his new sonata, and needed a "quick fix" to meet the impending date of a scheduled first performance!) was fortuitous.
SONATA NO.10 IN G MAJOR, OP.96
The last of Beethoven's ten sonatas for piano and violin (it dates from 1812, the same year as the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies and nine years after the Kreutzer) might well have been dubbed the "Archduke Sonata" since it is dedicated to the composer's loyal friend and patron, Rudolph of Austria, along with the Piano Trio, Op.97 which does have that eponymous nickname. Its first performance took place on December 29th of that year at the home of Prince Lobkowitz, another of Beethoven's patrons: Rudolph was the pianist, and the violinist on that occasion was the celebrated Frenchman, Pierre Rode. It is conjectured that the sonata was begun as early as February but as was frequent with Beethoven, its last movement was not completed until only days before the premiere.

Because of its G major tonality and its lyricism tinged with muscular drama, the Op.96 Sonata is very much a stylistic sibling to the Fourth Piano Concerto (which, incidentally, was also dedicated to Rudolph). Its first movement, Allegro moderato, is a spacious yet cogent sonata structure. The violin's trilling opening phrase is immediately answered in like fashion by the piano, and the intimate music proceeds with an aura of lofty tranquility (like the cited Fourth Concerto, a motif using repeated notes, and an arching legato dialogue between piano and violin, also remind the listener of this concerto). The contrasting second subject comprises a jaunty melody set in tripping dotted notes figurations and set against a backdrop of rolling triplet eighth notes. A bit of rhythmic conflict is created by Beethoven's sometimes pitting those triplets against normal duplets - three-against-two.

He also has a surprise in store for us at measure 59 when a ritarding end to a big cadence leads to B flat major instead of the expected D major (which of course returns four bars later only to repeat the same incident and its solution). The development commences quietly with the haunting phrase of the exposition's closing theme and its most notable facet is that the already flowing triplets of the second theme never cease. And whereas Beethoven's developments are so often densely active, this one appears content to gently reminisce. Then, just before the recapitulation, the triplet activity stops and alternating trills between piano and fiddle bring forth the reprise of the opening theme (but this time the piano rather than the violin going first). The coda is based on the various aspects of the first theme.

The Adagio espressivo, in E flat major, begins with a piano solo—a long lined cantabile in eighth notes set against flowing inner voice sixteenth notes. That same format was used by Beethoven in the second movement of his "Pathetique" Sonata, Op.13. I would also like to suggest that aspects of Op.96's Adagio undoubtedly served as an inspiration (perhaps unconscious) to Brahms in his G Major Piano/Violin Sonata, Op.78.

As with the Serioso Quartet, Op.95, Beethoven's line of thought moves directly onto the third movement, Scherzo (allegro). This jovial G minor movement is characterized by its sforzando accented upbeats. The contrasting Trio, in E flat Major, is flowing and Ländler-like. A varied Da capo of the Scherzo culminates with a Coda in which the movement's main idea is given a bright restatement in G major. (The violin's culminating trill on B, lest you overlook it, recalls the opening of the first movement!) There is a high preponderance of the theme and variation form in Beethoven's Piano/Violin Sonatas: he uses it four times in the course of these works (as opposed to only five times in the 32 for piano). In Op.12 No.1 and Op.47, this highly civilized form serves as the slow movement; in Op.30 No.1 and the more innovative Op.96, however, the self-same structure is pressed into action to comprise the work's Finale. The Thema (Poco allegretto) is another simple dance tune in binary form. Seven variants follow and because each flows into the next continuously, a listener can be pardoned for initially failing to grasp the theme with variation structure here. The first four variations are, by Beethovenian standards, relatively pro forma and uneventful—all proceed in the same tempo as the tema, and all but the first are double variations (e.g., with both halves of the theme varied instead of merely repeated—this holds true of the theme itself). In Variation V, however, the tempo changes to Adagio espressivo and the emotional content deepens considerably. The original faster tempo is reinstated, and a seeming restatement of the original theme in something close to its unadorned first incarnation suddenly goes away harmonically, and -truncated- leads to a vigorous coda in the correct G Major (the false truncated restatement, as it turns out, was in the "wrong" key of E flat Major). In the course of this coda, two more complete variations appear. There are twelve bars of poco adagio contemplation of the tema's second half and, finally, eight measures, forte and presto, being the sonata to a stomping conclusion.

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XII. STRING TRIOS
In specialist literature on Ludwig van Beethoven's string chamber music, it has become accepted practice to portray the five string trios as preliminary attempts towards the creation of the string quartets, which originated at a later stage. In assuming that the deaf maestro achieved the pinnacle of his chamber music creation in the spirituality and depth of expression, full of contrapuntal finesse, which epitomises the structurally new type of quartet Op.131 in C sharp minor and Op.133 in B major, Beethoven biographers have been prepared to allow the seventeen string quartets to overshadow the trios which are essentially simpler, but portray a more social element. However, those who view a musical composition merely in terms of its degree of maturity within a life's work run the risk of underestimating the individual qualities of earlier works, and to see them in the wrong light when compared to the so-called masterpieces. If the sufficiently self-critical composer had considered his string trios as preliminary attempts prior to his later works in the sense of viewing
them as inferior, he would most certainly not have been interested in publishing them. Alternately, he would have done away with opus numbers, as he occasionally did with minor compositions of marginal value and with earlier works from which he distanced himself increasingly with the passing of time. An evolutionary comparison with the first violin and piano sonatas, which appeared at about the same time, does not necessarily impose itself – the string trios contain enough unique characteristics and striking tonal beauty to be performed and acknowledged as a separate entity in their own right, a fundamental part of Beethoven’s chamber music.

At first glance, Beethoven’s first string trio Op.3 in E flat major shares numerous similarities with W.A. Mozart’s 1792 string trio K563, published four years earlier in 1792, with regard to the position of both Minuets (3rd and 5th movements), the fact that it contains the same unusually high number of six movements, and that it is composed in the same key. Beethoven’s composition, however, divided into voices, also abounds with his own individual ideas and a unique expressiveness which strikes the listener from the first bars of the dotted rhythm to the passionately insistent tonal repetitions. Beethoven’s Serenade Op.8 in 5 movements contains such an abundance of explosive musical material that Erno von Dohnányi, a composer of the late romantic period, drew his inspiration from the work more than a century later.

The group of 3 trios in Op.9 have managed to influence entire later generations of composers. The most notable of these influences would have to be the fiery Presto finale of Op.9 No.1, which has left clearly perceptible traces in many a Scherzo and particularly in the Presto of the Octet in E flat major Op.20 by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who has even adopted the playful quavers of Beethoven’s theme in perpetual motion. These indications should be reason enough to acknowledge the high level of creativity in Beethoven’s string trios, which have frequently been used as models in composition, and instead of seeing them as preliminary attempts, rather to give these earlier works the recognition they so rightly deserve.

TRIOS OP.9 NO. 1-3

From a qualitative perspective the three string trios of Op.9, each in four movements and together forming one unity, can be compared to the first string quartets from Op.18 in six parts (1798-1800). Beethoven wrote them for and dedicated them to Count Johann Georg von Browne, presumably between 1796 and 1798. While the signatures in the “Wiener Zeitung” (Viennese News) of the 21st July 1798 reporting the three new releases are lost, a particularly interesting contemporary document recording the contract entered into between the composer and the publisher Traeg in Vienna on the 16th March of the same year has been preserved:

“I undersigned, confirm herewith that I transferred Mr. Johann Traeg, the privileged dealer of art and music devices, the total ownership in three trios for a violin, viola and a cello, the first of which is in G Major, the second in D Major and the third in C Minor, all of them composed by me and dedicated to Count Browne, brigadier in the services of His Royal Majesty the King of all Prussians, in order to print them or to use them in his discretion, however against his promise not to transfer those trios to anyone else as well as my representation not to have transferred those trios to anybody and his duty to pay an agreed honorarium of fifty ducats. L. v. Beethoven.”

The first of the three trios, which Beethoven describes in his dedication as “the best of his works”, begins with an Adagio introduction steeped in sorrow, much as one would find in the “Sonate pathétique” Op.13 and several later works. The fortissimo of the unison three-tonal appogiatura is immediately followed by a pianissimo staccato chain in the third bar, before the extreme dynamic contrasts are repeated within the shortest timeframe possible – a single bar – after which the playful main theme of this Sonata movement, rich in contrasts, commences. The pizzicato side theme in D minor seems to belong to another world, as it captivates the senses with its muted lyrics and exquisite tonal beauty. The manner in which Beethoven repeats a certain note and then harmoniously cloaks it in a continually changing accompaniment is no less impressive than the subtle creation of a drawn-out, slow movement interspersed with a lively middle piece, or the lightness of the third movement (Scherzo). In the Finale, amidst the brilliancy, a two-bar motif suddenly appears which is later expanded and recurs as the main theme in the first symphony in C major Op.21.

While Beethoven busied himself with the overall structure of his composition in the trio Op.9 No.1, with the application of a Sonata in the head movement as well as in the Finale, and though the expressive Adagio anticipates the more serious intonation of the string quartets of his later years, trio Op.9. No.2 in D major returns to the simplicity and cheerfulness of the Divertimenti of Haydn, Mozart and other Viennese classics, much as was the case with the Serenade Op.8.

Chamber musical transparency and lyrical finesse are evident not only in the main subject, which reveals a trace of humour and remains light-hearted to the last. The slow movement in D minor reveals elements of a Serenade. The finely chiselled, tonally meagre Minuet brings a sophisticated air to the piece, beginning with a pianissimo in A minor which returns to D major to regain the finesse of the dance. In the concluding Rondo, the Cello sets the beat with its striking prominent Ritornello theme, before Ostinati and Bourdon voices in the manner of Haydn take over.

In contrast to his two previous works in major, Beethoven’s last string trio Op.9 No.3 in C minor strives with its passionate quality for a level of expressiveness never before attained in chamber music. Dramatic
contrasts with the necessary suspense are introduced in the profound head movement with the strongly chromatic main motif, the impetus of the first theme’s energetic build-up, as well as the gentle side motif in A flat major. This slow movement, which can only be compared to the best string quartets, captivates the senses with its innate depth of feeling as well as with the density of its contrapuntal finely interwoven voices. With its persistent octave repetitions, syncopated rhythms and the many striking sforzandi, the Scherzo – written in the unusual six-eight time – gives an impression of the demonic. In the wildly-flowing Presto Finale, the sombre pathos of the head movement alternates with conciliatory notes, switches to E flat minor, and only after its emotional discharge with its octave repetitions in a hammered fortissimo does it slide into a pure and restful, harmonic C major.

TRIOS OP.3 AND OP.8 “SERENADE”
Experts today still do not agree on the exact time of origin of Beethoven’s first string trio Op.3 in E flat major, published in Vienna in 1796 in “Stimmen von Arteria”. While some are of the opinion that it was written while Beethoven was still in Bonn in 1792, newly discovered evidence has led Elliott Forbes to believe that it was in fact brought to paper only in 1794 shortly after Beethoven’s arrival in Vienna, where he would spend the rest of his life. Such squabbles regarding the history of music and the many allusions to obvious points of contact with Mozart’s string trio in E flat major K563 (Divertimento) should not distract from the essence, i.e. from the fact that the then 22-year-old student of Joseph Haydn and Antonio Salieri was already capable, even before his further tuition by Albrechtsberger, of musically expressing himself with skilled precision and unmistakably unique thoughts and feelings. It is futile to try and detect Mozart’s influences in the six movements, as they are certainly not to be found in the music itself. At best one could find traces in the formal layout of the composition. To say that the intonation of Beethoven’s work tries to emulate the entertainment value of Mozart’s Divertimenti is a gross misrepresentation. Too much expressiveness in the true spirit of Sturm und Drang is contained in this intense, suspense-filled music for a comparison with the non-committal Divertimento style of the time to be plausible. It is therefore probably a mere coincidence that the slow movements (Adagio) of both works are in A flat major, and that Beethoven has chosen to end his work – set, like Mozart’s, in E flat major – with a Rondo, too. With its contrapuntal intensification and the remarkably placed caesura managing to convey an intense feeling of restlessness, the scherzo-like 2nd movement is ahead of its time. The pauses which have been inserted at regular intervals in the first of the two Minuets are nothing if not bold in the way in which they create in diversion from the traditional composition of a dance form, distinguished in the Viennese classics in general and in Mozart’s music especially by its soft flow and resultant elegance. The violin solos, punctuated with intense sforzandi in the sonorous Adagio, deserve as much recognition as a compositional idiosyncrasy as the highly original trio in C minor within the 2nd Minuet in the root key E flat major. Through the constant recurrence of inverted mordants in the violin motif, with the support of an organ theme, Beethoven imitates the music of bagpipes: pastoral music of unequivocal originality.

The Serenade Op.8 from 1797 seems lighter and more carefree, reflecting the composer’s mood at the time. On the surface amusing, entertaining and in true Divertimento tradition, this work proves to be rich in contrasts and varied structures, and has numerous surprises in store. The introductory march of the fifth movement, which is made up mainly of variations, for example, returns to conclude the Serenade. After the Minuet, which opens with full chords in an almost choral manner and ends as an echo with pizzicato, Beethoven risked a formal experiment. He disrupts the Adagio in D minor with a sprightly Scherzo in D Major, which gets repeated after the minor section to end the unconventional hybrid of a slow movement with the shortened Adagio-piece in minor. The Allegretto alla Polacca, whose powerful march rhythms are spiced up with several syncopations and are in greatest contrast to the dainty elegance of the closing variation, have since found the greatest popularity.

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XIII. THE STRING QUARTETS
A BOLD, TOWERING EDIFICE
In the autumn of 1798 or in the winter of 1798–99 Prince Franz Joseph Maximilian Lobkowitz was looking for new works to perform at his regular string quartet soirées. He gave commissions to two composers who had left their imprint on the genre or were about to do so: Joseph Haydn and Ludwig van Beethoven. Haydn complied with his Quartets Op.77, while Beethoven came up with his first set of string quartets, Op.18, which appeared in print in 1801. No reviews were published at the time, but a notice in the (Leipzig) Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung said that the quartets were ‘difficult to execute and by no means popular in style’. Louis Spohr, for his part, regarded the String Quartet in F major Op.18 No.1 as the very epitome of string quartet writing, for the poignant nature of the opening movement was a feature unprecedented in the history of the medium.

In 1798–99 Beethoven had repeatedly tried his hand at chamber music works for various combinations, but deliberately avoided the string quartet because of its exalted status in art and society and because of the compositional demands involved. A minuet, preludes and fugues for string quartet were written in the mid-1790s for study purposes. During that period Beethoven copied out one of Haydn’s string quartets and Mozart’s quartets K387 and K464, presumably in preparation for his own essays in that field. Beethoven did not go for the easy option, as can be seen from the fact that he reworked the Quartets Nos. 1–3 in the summer of 1800 before sending them to the publisher, probably after the first private performances. How Beethoven judged his
A few years later the composer and writer on music, Johann Friedrich Reichardt, who had lost his post as kapellmeister at the Prussian court in Berlin because of his revolutionary sympathies, attended a chamber music evening in Vienna. Reichardt’s notes of 1808–9, which contain formulations that were later to become famous, provide an assessment characteristic of his age: ‘The programme featured three quartets: one each by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. It was very interesting to observe in that order how these three composers had imprinted their personality on the genre. Haydn created it, drawing on the pure fount of his original thinking and sunny disposition. In terms of naïveté and conviviality he remains without equal. Mozart, more energetic in nature and more fecund in imagination, ranged farther afield to pour his most intimate and sublime feelings into many of the movements he wrote. He also set greater store by elaborate textures and thus built a palace atop Haydn’s delightful, fantastic summerhouse. Since Beethoven had established himself in that palace early on, the only way to express his own nature in forms peculiar to him was to erect a bold, defiant towering structure, and anyone trying to place anything upon it will do so at his peril. With his first string quartets, Beethoven embarked on a path of his own, poised between innovation and tradition, proudly taking his place in the history of the string quartet.

‘A NEW PATH’
In 1801, Ludwig van Beethoven’s first string quartets appeared in print. With his six quartets, Op.18, the young composer staked out his claim to excellence in a medium which, thanks to Joseph Haydn, had entered the canon of ‘classical genres’ exactly 20 years before. While thoroughly grounded in the Classical soil of Haydn and Mozart, these quartets speak a language that is entirely Beethoven’s own. Somewhat later, in 1802 or 1803, Beethoven stated: ‘I am not really satisfied with what I have accomplished so far. From now on I shall strike out along a new path.’ He did not explain what he meant by a new path, but his three piano sonatas, Op.31, which are usually cited as a possible clue to Beethoven’s self-assessment, were published a short time later.

It has become common practice, therefore, to regard the year 1802 as the beginning of Beethoven’s second creative period. Just as he produced Op.18 towards the end of the first creative period, he did not return to string quartet writing until the very end of the second. The two sets represent the twin pinnacles of his chamber music writing.

Between 1804 and 1806 Beethoven composed three string quartets to a commission from Count Andreas Kyrillovich Razumovsky, the Russian ambassador in Vienna, which explains why they later became known as the ‘Razumovsky Quartets’. As a special tribute to his patron, Beethoven introduced the melody of a Russian folk song in both the finale of Op.59/1 and the Maggiore section of the third movement of Op.59/2. His source appears to have been a collection of Russian folk songs approach to the genre is apparent from a letter to his friend, Karl Amenda, who had received a copy of the first version of No.2 as a gift:

“Do not pass on your quartet to anyone else, for I have revised it quite substantially. I have only just learned how to write quartets, as you will see when you hold them in your hands.”

Beethoven’s Op.18 is strongly indebted to Haydn and Mozart. He used Haydn’s quartets as a general point of departure for the ‘idiom’ and texture specific to the medium while relating specifically to one of Mozart’s quartets. The Quartet Op.18 No.5 is not only in the key of A major like Mozart’s K464, but it also occupies the same place in the set (K464 was printed as Op.10 No.5). Moreover, Beethoven adopted the same sequence of movements (the minuet comes second) and duplicated some of the tempo markings (Allegro for the first movement, Andante for the third). In both cases, the third movement is a set of variations with a coda. The final movements share the samemetrical pattern and are both in sonata form. On top of these formal similarities, there are various more or less pronounced references at the musical level. The numerous scholars who have analysed Beethoven’s quartet writing devote special attention to the final movement of the String Quartet in B flat major Op.18 No.6. This is partly because it opens with a slow introduction, a practice then common in a symphony but not in a string quartet (another example is Haydn’s Op.54 No.2). But the most striking novelty is the unprecedented use of a programmatic title. The significance of the words ‘La Malinconia’ (melancholy) has been hotly debated as has the question of whether they refer only to the slow introduction or also to the ensuing Allegretto quasi Allegro. More recent findings (Arno Forchert) suggest that the composer had the entire finale in mind.

According to an interpretation that gained currency in the 19th century, the title ‘La Malinconia’ should be seen in a biographical context (the onset of Beethoven’s deafness). Another explanation, which is more historical in nature, is that the composer sought to portray one of the four ‘cardinal humours’ in musical terms. ‘Sweet melancholy’, an ‘emotional fad of the 18th century’ (Carl Dahlhaus), was repeatedly singled out for artistic expression, but Beethoven may also have been aware of ‘bitter melancholy’ as a topic of literature and art (e.g. Dürer’s Melencolia I). For his compositional resources (chromaticism, shifting harmonies) he drew on the musical rhetoric of the baroque style.

In line with earlier musical practice, the Allegretto quasi Allegro coming after the slow introduction was interpreted as the rejection of melancholy in favour of joy and cheerfulness. More recent findings, however, suggest that this ‘German dance’, with its two Adagio episodes, does not portray any development, but depicts the abrupt changes of mood associated with the melancholy humour.
by Ivan Prach, which he may have discovered in Count Razumovsky’s library.

Razumovsky, Beethoven’s patron since 1796, was a great music lover and amateur violinist. He managed to recruit the finest string ensemble of his day, the Schuppanzigh Quartet, maintaining it with a regular salary. Subscription concerts featuring string quartets were held in his Vienna palace from 1804. This was a major innovation because string quartets had usually been performed in private circles during the 18th century. However, as public concerts became more widespread, the genre had to be brought into line with the requirements of a larger audience. With the three quartets of his middle period, Beethoven successfully combined the need to cater for a wider public with the traditional element of exclusiveness, thereby attaining a ‘qualitatively new level of complexity’ (Ludwig Finscher).

However, these string quartets caused headaches to Beethoven’s contemporaries (and to posterity) because, as the Allgemeine Musikzeitung noted in 1807, they were ‘very long and difficult, searching and superbly crafted, but not easily accessible’. Even Beethoven’s friends and musicians at first greeted Op.59 with incomprehension. ‘When Schuppanzigh first played the Razumovsky Quartet in F (i.e. Op.59 No.1), they burst out laughing, convinced that Beethoven was pulling their leg and that this was not the quartet he had promised.’

In 1812, during a Moscow performance, the famous cellist Bernhard Romberg trampled on his cello part, and a few years later, in St Petersburg, ‘the assembled company were in stitches when the double-bass presented his solo on a single note (beginning of the second movement, Allegretto vivace e sempre scherzando)’.

The unusual, ‘symphonic’ length of the quartets was noted already in the above-mentioned review. Another unusual feature, emphasised by Beethoven, is the fact that the exposition of the first movement of the F major quartet must not be repeated – otherwise the ‘uniqueness’ of the musical proceedings in the overall design of the movement would be lost. Even so, the traditional pattern remains discernible in each quartet. The outer movements are laid out in sonata or sonata-rondo form, with the slow movement either preceding or following the minuet or scherzo-like movement. But the formal design is less important here than the ‘unfolding of the thematic material’ (Lini Hübbsch). The breaks between the formal components are obscured by the thematic work, and the function of the formal components is no longer clearly visible. These are some of the characteristics of the ‘new path’ to which Beethoven referred. The ‘new path’ is most strikingly apparent in the first movement of Op.59 No.3, its theme (following a slow introduction) being ‘split in a peculiar way’. As Carl Dahlhaus has pointed out, ‘bars 30 and foll. are a rudimentary precursor rather than the theme itself while bars 43 and foll. no longer constitute the theme but rather a clamorous tutti after a melodically sophisticated concerto.’

Having departed from the convention of writing quartets in sets of six in Op.59, Beethoven went so far as to confine himself to a single quartet in Op.74. He composed the E flat major work in the summer and autumn of 1809, and it was published the following year. The dedicatee was Prince Franz Joseph von Lobkowitz, to whom Beethoven had already inscribed his Op.18. The string quartet Op.74 observes the traditional sequence of movements. The first movement follows sonata form and opens with a slow introduction, an unusual feature for Beethoven even though it can also be found in his C major quartet, Op.59 No.3. The work owes its nickname, ‘Harp’ Quartet, to the pizzicato arpeggios in the first movement. The slow second movement, a rondo, is followed by a scherzo (marked Presto) with trio. An Allegro con variazione brings the work to its conclusion. Nowadays this quartet is commonly described as ‘light-hearted and genial in mood’, but a contemporary reviewer saw matters differently. Perhaps he had listened more carefully, for he found the quartet ‘serious rather than cheerful, searching and sophisticated rather than ingratiating and beguiling.’ In 1809, the year he wrote Op.74, Beethoven employed the key of E flat major repeatedly, notably in his sonata ‘Les Adieux’, the ‘Eroica’, Wellington’s Victory and the melodrama from his incidental music to Goethe’s Egmont. It seems that this key, which Beethoven also used for a number of songs, was meant to express feelings of passion and searing intensity.

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THE LATE STRING QUARTETS

The relationship of late Beethoven to the conventional is, with all of its uniqueness and enormity of formal language, entirely different, much more benign and compliant. Untouched, unchanged by the subjective, the conventions often show up in the late works with a bleakness or, one could almost say barrenness, an abandonment of ego, that has a more frighteningly majestic effect than any hazarding into the personal.

Thomas Mann, Doctor Faustus

In the last years of his life –after the composition of the Missa Solemnis– Beethoven occupied himself once again with all of the genres that were particularly important to him and that were highly regarded in the aesthetic of the time: symphony, piano sonata and string quartet. The commission from the Russian Prince Nikolaus Galitzin (to whom Opp. 127, 132 and 130 are dedicated) in November 1822 and the return to Vienna of Beethoven’s friend and preferred interpreter Ignaz Schuppanzigh can be traced as the concrete reasons for renewed quartet composition. However, a written offer of new quartets made to the publisher Peters in the spring of 1822 shows that Beethoven was again occupied with the genre independently of those reasons. The long break between the composition of the quartet, Op.95 (1810), and the five late quartets (beginning in 1822) suggests that the latter are to be understood as a summation by Beethoven. With all due caution about attempting to make clear demarcations within a life’s work –the ‘Quartetto serioso’ Op.95, for example, cannot readily
be assigned to a middle creative period— the last quartets do form a group in which Beethoven transcended in form and harmony that which he had hitherto composed and the public had accepted. If his first quartets (Op.18), with their relation to Haydn’s classical quartets of Op.33 and their conversational tone, were still intended for a music-making amateur public, in the middle group (Opp. 59, 74) there is a perceptible virtuosity that addresses itself to a larger public and introduces the string quartet to the concert hall. The late quartets, on the other hand, exhibit a singular tension between a highly technical level of abstraction in their construction —for example in the treatment of dissonance— and more conventional aspects —for example in the use of vocal and dance forms (recitative, aria, folk dance).

The late quartets were successfully premiered —most of them by the Schuppenzigh Quartet— but quickly disappeared again from the concert hall. To the public and critics they were too brusque, inscrutable and abstract. Musicians considered them technically unplayable. Beethoven partly acquiesced to the wishes of his listeners and publishers in that he removed the great closing fugue from Op.130 (it was published separately as Op.133) and replaced it with a new, more affable finale. Still, it must have been apparent to him that the last quartets had surpassed contemporary expectations. While the ‘Quartetto serioso’ Op.95 (the title ‘exceptionally’ originated with Beethoven himself) contains in its concentration of musical expression many private-introspective features, these are largely missing in the late works. They look outward to the listener, albeit to a listener shaken by unprecedented formal riches and musical breaches.

Musically and compositionally the quartets Opp. 127, 130, 131, 132 and 135 are closely related. They were written in rapid succession, sometimes contemporaneously, between 1822 and 1826, so that the opus numbers (assigned upon publication) do not agree with the order of composition. Two quartets in the conventional four movements — Op.127 and Op.135— frame three quartets that gradually move further away from the convention: five movements in Op.132, six movements with a fugal finale in Op.130, and seven interconnected sections in Op.131. Tonal relationships extend beyond individual quartets, and the three middle quartets are further connected by thematic links.

The quartets Opp. 130 in B flat major, 131 in C sharp minor and 135 in F major sum up in different ways Beethoven’s late quartet production. The ‘monster of quartet music’ in B flat major —as Schindler called it— originally culminated in a great fugue that followed a sonataform first movement interrupted by frequent breaks, then three fully formed ‘unproblematic’ movements (Presto, Andante and Alla danza tedesca) and a cavatina, whose roots lie in vocal music. The fugue brings the work to a close in three respects: its length corresponds to that of the five previous movements combined, the ‘crisis of sonata form’ from the first movement is resolved by the combination of sonata form and fugue, and finally all three of the preceding movements’ characters (strict sonata, lyric/cantabile and scherzo-like/scurrilous) are once more brought together. The C sharp minor quartet embraces in a much more continuous fashion —the variation section, No.4, is the structural seed of the entire work— various formal structures (fugue, sonata form, scherzo, variations), thematic material and characteristic inflections. Finally, in the F major quartet, Beethoven brought the curtain down on his life’s work with ironic detachment with a clear reduction in dimensions and demands, and with an almost Classical homage to his two great models, Haydn and Mozart.

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XIV. THE PIANO SONATAS

Beethoven’s Piano Sonatas span the whole of his creative career from the very early set of 1783, dedicated to the Elector Maximilian Friedrich, to the “late period” Op.111 of 1823. His first mature works in this genre, the Op.2 sonatas of 1795-6 reveal the influence of Clementi more than that of his teacher Haydn to whom they are dedicated. The usual three movement form is supplement by an additional movement, - a Minuet in Op.2 No.1 in F minor and a Scherzo in No.2 in A major and No.3 in C major. The first two sonatas of the set contain material taken from an early piano quartet of 1784 (WoO36) and the opening bars of Op.2 No.3 also have the texture of quartet writing.

The Op.7 Grande Sonata in E flat of 1796-7, dedicated to his pupil Countess Babette von Keglevics, is one of the longest of all his sonatas and the dramatic silences and abrupt dynamic changes in the Largo were to become a characteristic of his work. The first two sonatas of the Op.10 set return to the three movement format and Op.10 No.1 in C minor may have been modelled on Mozart’s sonata K475 in the same key. Its final movement contains an echo of the four note motif that was to play a prominent part in another C minor work, the Fifth Symphony. Op 10 No.2 in F major omits a slow movement with a minuet-like Allegretto between a Haydnesque Allegro and a mock fugal Presto. Op.10 No.3 in D major returns to a four movement structure at whose heart is a powerful Largo e mesto which, according to Beethoven, “expressed a melancholic state of mind”. The intensity of this movement, prefacing the great slow movements to come, is balanced by the light-hearted aspect of the other movements. The key relationship across the three Op.10 sonatas suggests that Beethoven may have envisaged them as a unified whole.

The Op.13 sonata in C minor, the Grande Sonata Pathétique, is the first of Beethoven’s works to have achieved general popularity. It is also one of the very few of his works whose title was given to it by the composer himself. It is an example of a “characteristic” work designed to evoke a particular mood —in this case
pathos— but whether it has any connection with the death of his childhood friend Lorenz von Breuning around the time of its composition is a matter of speculation. The sombre Grave and urgent Allegro sections of the first movement contrast with the serene Adagio Cantabile that follows. The Rondo Finale contains material that was originally sketched for a piano trio showing Beethoven’s capacity for adapting musical ideas originally conceived for other instrumental forces.

The two Op.14 sonatas which followed rapidly on the completion of the Pathétique (although partly sketched some time before) are in complete contrast to its mood. Neither sonata has a genuine slow movement, the Andante of Op.14 No.2 being a brisk march-like set of variations, marking his first use of this form in a sonata. He subsequently arranged No.1 as a string quartet transposing the key to F to suit stringed instruments. Beethoven himself thought very highly of the Op.22 sonata in B flat although it appears to be a much more conventional work than its predecessors. The Allegro con brio, constructed out of the material of the restless opening bars, is an example of Beethoven’s ability to dispense with melody when he wished to. The Andante con espressione lacks the concentrated intensity of the slow movements of either Op.10 No.3 and the Pathétique and the rather formal minuet looks back to the previous century.

The group of four sonatas composed in 1801 see a marked development in his treatment of sonata form. Op.26 in A flat major is structurally unusual, beginning with an Andante movement in variation form (after Mozart’s K331) followed by a vigorous Scherzo. The third movement “Funeral March on the Death of a Hero” prefigures the slow movement of the Eroica Symphony and its repeated notes, insistent dotted rhythms and “drum roll” tremolos combine to produce an almost symphonic texture (the movement was subsequently orchestrated for “Leonora Prohaska” in 1815 and an arrangement of it for brass band was played a Beethoven own funeral). In complete contrast, the scurrying finale was, according to Czerny, an imitation of the style of the virtuoso J. B. Cramer who had visited Vienna a few years previously.

The two Op.27 sonatas are entitled “Quasi una fantasia” as if to underline their departure from conventional sonata form. The four movements of Op.27 No.1 are designed to be played without a break and the first movement has an unusual Andante-Allegro-Andante structure with an abrupt change of key in the middle section. The reappearance of material from the slow movement towards the end of the finale is a unifying device increasingly used by Beethoven. The first movement of Op.27 No.2 is perhaps the most famous piece of music written for the piano.

Unfortunately it is almost impossible to disassociate it from the image conjured up by Rellstab’s evocative but entirely unauthentic title “Moonlight”. The brooding triplets of the first movement actually recall the dying Commendatore in Act 1 of Mozart’s Don Giovanni, lending a more sinister aura to the music. A hesitant Allegretto is followed by the headlong rush of the Presto agitato, which one suspects may have disconcerted his pupil, the young Countess Giulietta Giucciardi, to whom Beethoven dedicated the sonata and whom he had hopes of marrying (vain hopes, as with all his matrimonial expectations). He had in fact intended to dedicate the much easier Rondo in G Op.51 No.2, to her but at the last moment had presented that work to Countess Lichnowsky, wife of his principal patron (the dictates of the head overcoming those of the heart on that occasion).

The final sonata in the 1801 group, Op.28 in D major is known by equally unauthentic but more apposite title “Pastoral”, characterising its gentle lyricism and relaxed mood (although unlike the symphony there are no actual rustic intrusions). Czerny claimed that the wistful D minor Andante was one of Beethoven’s favourite movements.

The three Op.31 sonatas were written during the crisis year 1802 when he suffered depression and anguish over his increasing deafness but as with the other compositions from that period, they show no outward signs of any emotional turmoil. Unlike previous groupings under a single opus number, the Op.31 set does not seems to have been conceived as a unity. Op.31 No.1 in G major displays a rhythmic oddity in the first movement as if the player cannot quite synchronise both hands. The lavishly decorated Andante grazioso is followed by a Rondo finale which heavily influenced Schubert’s Sonata D595. Op.31 No.2 is in D minor a key Beethoven used only once again in the Ninth Symphony. His remark reported by the (often unreliable) Schindler that one should “read Shakespeare’s Tempest” in relation to this sonata has led to much unnecessary programmatic speculation. The turbulent first movement is punctuated by the mysterious rising arpeggio with which it opens and arpeggios are a recurring feature of this sonata: at the beginning of the Largo, in the accompanying “galloping” figures of the hectic finale and finally as a descending arpeggio in the closing bars to mirror the opening. Op.31 No.3 in E flat major is a more straightforward four movement work. The recurring three note motif with which it opens may be derived from the song “Der Wachtelschlag - The Quoil Call” (WoO129) written about the same time. After a light-footed Scherzo and gracious Minuet, the sonata ends on a boisterous Presto con fuoco in 6/8 time.

The opus number given to the next two sonatas, Op.49 Nos. 1 and 2 is very misleading as they were written in 1797 and 1796 respectively and only published in 1805 along with other early works. His usage of material from the Tempo di Menuetto of Op.49 No.2 in the Wind Septet Op.20 of 1799 suggests that it at least was not originally intended for publication. Each is a short two-movement work and they are known as the “Easy Sonatas” although with Beethoven nothing should be taken for granted.
The **Op.53 Sonata** in C major, the “Waldstein”, begun in 1803 when Beethoven was sketching the Eroica Symphony is the first of the so-called “middle period” sonatas characterised by their grandeur of scale and conception. He had recently taken delivery of a new Erard piano with an extended keyboard and he makes occasional forays into the hitherto unknown territory of its extremities. The first movement is marked by contrasts: in its dynamics, the movement between the upper and lower registers and between the subdued but relentless rhythm of the opening theme and the serenity of the second subject. Beethoven had originally composed a long *Andante* movement but replaced it with a short 28 bar *Introduzione* with a fragmentary theme which moves straight into the *Rondo finale* (the original slow movement was published separately as the *Andante favori*, WoO57). The is characterised by the extreme virtuosity of the writing especially in the prestissimo coda with its long trills, octave glissandos and abrupt changes of dynamics. Beethoven dedicated the work to his old patron Count Waldstein but whether this was in grateful memory of his support over ten years previously in Bonn or was prompted by some more recent benefit is unknown.

Between the two giants of the “Waldstein” and the “Appassionata” sits the unconventional, two movement **Op.54** in F major. The *Tempo di menuetto* first movement starts out as if it were a genteel minuet but develops into a rondo-like alternation of a progressively elaborated dance theme and a rowdy, heavy footed passage which lingers beneath the “perpetual motion” *Allegretto*.

The gestation period of the **Op.57** sonata in F minor, the “Appassionata”, was relatively long for a piano work of this period. Beethoven had begun sketching it in 1804 but progress was interrupted by work on Fidelio and it was not completed until 1806, most probably while he was staying at Lichnowsky’s castle in Graz. He certainly had the manuscript with him on that occasion and the water damage still evident on its cover page may have been inflicted when he stormed from the castle during a torrential downpour following his refusal to entertain Lichnowsky’s guests.

The muted sepulchral opening theme, descending to the lowest note of the existing keyboard, is punctuated by a recurring four note motif, indelibly associated with the opening of the Fifth Symphony. After a series of vehement outbursts, it is magically transformed into the lyrical second subject. The second movement provides a refuge from the vehemence of the outer movements in the variations on a simple melody before moving, without a break into the relentless finale which Beethoven drives even harder in the *Presto* coda.

Beethoven had produced or worked on at least one sonata each year since 1795 but after the completion of the “Appassionata”, he abandoned the form for three years. In 1807, Muzio Clementi who had acquired a number of works for publication in England where he was based, commissioned up to three sonatas to be produced at Beethoven’s convenience. However it did not seem to be convenient for him to take up this commission until 1809 by which time he had already embarked on a very personal work. In the spring of that year Archduke Rudolph, now his main patron, had been forced to leave Vienna by the French invasion and in response to his departure, Beethoven wrote a single sonata movement in E flat entitled “Das Lebewohl” (The Farewell). The syllables of that word are written above its opening notes which provides the main motif for the movement. He later completed two other movements, entitled “Die Abwesenheit” (The Absence) and “Das Wiedersehn” (The Return) evoking the appropriate mood without being in any way programmatic (although Beethoven insisted on the inclusion of all the extramusical references in the printed edition). Together they make up the sonata **Op.81a**.

In the autumn of 1809, he turned his attention to the works he had promised Clementi and produced two short sonatas **Op.78** in F sharp major and **Op.79** in G major (referred to as a Sonata in the printed edition). **Op.78**, dedicated to Therese von Brunswick, is a two movement work, the amiable first movement prefaced by a brief Adagio cantabile and the second a fast flowing *Allegro* emerging from a jaunty introductory statement. **Op.79** looks back to the age of Haydn and Mozart in its first movement, a guileless *Presto* marked “alla tedesca” -in the style of a German dance- and forwards to Romanticism in the second movement’s languid barcarolle. The third movement, a miniature perpetuum mobile, ends almost before it has begun.

After this brief return to the sonata form, Beethoven abandoned it once more, this time for five years. The two movement **Op.90** in E minor was written for (or at least dedicated to) Count Moritz Lichnowsky on the occasion of his marriage to a woman of lower social status than himself (the opposite of Beethoven’s usual predicament in these matters). Beethoven is supposed to have told him that the first movement represents “a struggle between the heart and the head” and the second E major *Rondo* “a conversation with the beloved”. Beethoven who was now beginning to give tempo and expressive instructions in German rather than Italian marks this movement “Nicht zu geschwind und sehr singbar vorzutragen”, not too fast and with a very singing tone”.

In the **Op.101** sonata in A major of 1815 Beethoven begins the process of shifting the centre of gravity of his works towards their end by shortening the opening movement or movements. The relatively brief first movement which Beethoven described as “impressions and reveries” is followed by a *Vivace* march with a more introspective *Trio* and a fleeting *Adagio* marked “Langsam und sehnsuchtvoll” –slow and full of longing. A recollection of the opening movement leads straight into the *Allegro* finale (which is almost as long as the preceding ones together) whose elaborate fugal and contrapuntal writing recalls Bach. The sonata was published in a volume of works designed to serve as models of their kind and was dedicated with a fondness
to his pupil Dorothea Ertmann, who had developed a reputation for her performances of Beethoven’s works.

The period between the completion of the Eighth symphony in 1812 and the beginning of the Missa Solemnis in 1819, during which Beethoven was dogged by illness, depression and the ongoing legal battle over the guardianship of his nephew Karl, was one of relative creative inactivity. While he composed a few works of great originality—the Op.90 and 101 sonatas, the Op.102 Cello sonatas, the song cycle “An die ferne Geliebte”—these were intimate pieces far removed from the epic scale on which he had previously been working. However in 1817 he began to sketch a sonata which he confided to Czerny he considered to be his greatest and which in its unprecedented scale and massive conception remains unrivalled in the genre.

The Op.106 sonata in B flat major has become known as the “Hammerklavier” because Beethoven, in keeping with his adoption of German language markings, insisted that the publisher use the German word for the instrument on the title page (although Op.101 had also been designated in this way the title became applied only to its successor). Beethoven received a Broadwood piano from London during the composition of this work but at too late a stage to have any radical effect on it. The theme of the opening bars taken from a projected choral work for the name day of Rudolph (to whom Beethoven dedicated the piece) and the words “Vivat Vivat Rudolphus” can be heard behind the acclamatory chords. This is immediately followed by a contrasting lyrical motif and the movement is built out of a fusion of these opposites. The second and third movements as in the Ninth Symphony are a Scherzo and an immense, meditative Adagio, one of the longest Beethoven wrote, in variation form which anticipates the slow movements of the late quartets. The finale is introduced by a Largo in which Beethoven dispenses with bar lines and simply instructs the player to count in semiquavers which leads straight into the massive fugue.

The next three sonatas, from the period 1820 to 1822 see Beethoven extending but not entirely breaking free from the boundaries of the traditional sonata. The first movement of Op.109 in E major was originally intended as a contribution to a piano tutor volume which may explain its unusual alternation of Vivace and Adagio Sostenuto. The central Prestissimo movement is followed by an extended Andante in theme and variations form to be played “mit innigster Empfindung — with innermost feeling”. The Op.110 in A flat continues the dismantling of the sonata structure by following a Moderato Cantabile movement and short Molto Allegro with a movement which combines and alternates passages of Adagio, Recitative, Aririsso Dolente and Fugue. In what was to be his final sonata, Op.111 in C minor Beethoven returns to a two movement structure which embody and sum up the contrasting musical elements of the genre – sonata form and variations, major and minor, Allegro and Adagio. After a first movement of immense power and rigour, Beethoven embarks on an extended variations movement in which the simple arietta theme is transformed by increasingly ecstatic, shimmering passage work before a return to the calm stasis of its opening bars.

**XV. MUSIC FOR SOLO PIANO**

Apart from the thirty two sonatas Beethoven produced a large body of work for solo piano including several sets of variations, three sets of bagatelles, various rondo, allegretto and minuet movements, the Fantasia in C, Op.77, the Andante Favori Wo057 (originally composed as a slow movement for the Waldstein Sonata) and the Polonaise in C, Op.89, (written for the Empress of Russia and presented to her at the Congress of Vienna). The variation form, which he used widely throughout his works, exercised a particular fascination for Beethoven and he produced a total of twenty sets, from his first recorded composition - the Variations in C minor on a march by Dressler, Wo063, of 1782 to the majestic Diabelli Variations Op.120, completed in 1823. Most date from the early part of his career and are based on themes taken from operas or ballets by contemporary composers including Paisiello, Grétry, Salieri and Süssmayr. However after 1800, Beethoven began to use original themes and these works usually are dignified with opus numbers (apart form the Thirty Two Variations in C minor, Wo080, which for some reason he later rejected). Beethoven was proud of his achievement in developing the variation form beyond the mere decoration of a popular tune and wrote to Breitkopf and Härtel that the Op. 34 and 35 sets had been worked out “in an entirely new manner”. Op.34 on an Original Theme in F is made up of a theme and eight variations (although the publishers, unused to Beethoven’s “new manner” of treating the variation form, could at first only count six) in different keys, descending by a third each time, and in a variety of time signatures.

The Op.35 set is based on a theme from his ballet music Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus (Op.43) of 1801, from which they are often known as the Prometheus Variations, Beethoven’s preferred designation (although they are also referred to as the “Eroica” Variations after the use of the theme in the final movement of that symphony). This time all the variations are in the same key of E flat but the set is much elaborately structured. It opens with a skeletal treatment of the bass line to which parts are gradually added in counterpoint during the first three variations before the theme eventually makes its appearance (a device Beethoven repeated in the finale of the Eroica symphony by which time his audience must have been familiar with it). After successively elaborate variations of the theme, the bass line returns to supply the subject of an extended fugue to be followed by an Andante con Moto set of double variations and a brief coda.

In 1803 he wrote two sets of variations on “God Save the King”, Wo078, and “Rule Britannia”, Wo079, his admiration for Napoleon, which at this time remained
undiminished, not preventing him from holding the English in great respect. Beethoven returned to the variation form at the end of his life when in 1820 the publisher Anton Diabelli invited several composers, including Schubert, Czerny and the young Liszt to provide a variation on a waltz theme he had written for inclusion in a composite work representing a compendium of German music. Although Beethoven was dismissive of Diabelli’s theme, referring to it as a “cobble’s patch”, he spent the next three years working on a monumental set of thirty two variations in which he deconstructed and reconstructed the simple waltz in every possible tempo, key variation and musical style, both serious and amusing as in the parody of Leporello’s aria “Notte e giorno faticar” in variation 22.

XVI. WORKS FOR THE STAGE

When Emanuel Schikaneder appointed Beethoven as composer-in-residence at the Theater an der Wien at the beginning of 1803, it opened the door for Beethoven to fulfill his long cherished ambition to write an opera. He had already studied techniques of vocal composition with Salieri and composed a few pieces for voice and orchestra on an operatic scale including, “Tremate, empi, tremate" (Op.116) and “Nei Giorni tuoi felici“ (WoO93) but apart from a contribution to Umlauf’s singspiel “Die Schöne Schusterin” in 1795, he had written nothing specifically for the operatic stage. The Roman subject matter of Schikaneder’s preferred libretto, “Vestas Feuer” did not inspire him and he gave up after struggling with it for a year. He was more inclined towards heroic opera in the French style and in 1804 he found the perfect text: “Leonore ou l’Amour conjugal” which treated subjects dear to his heart - the triumph of liberty over oppression and the love between wife and husband. However it took three attempts for the opera to reach the form in which it is known today. The first two versions of 1805 and 1806 are generally referred to by the title “Leonore” and the final 1814 version as “Fidelio”. Beethoven seems to have preferred the former title but the theatre management apparently insisted on the latter to avoid confusion with the other operas by Gaveaux (1798), Paer (1804) and Mayr (1805) which set the same text. After the first disastrous performances of 1805, Beethoven, with help from his friend Stephan von Breuning, made various structural changes designed to increase its dramatic effect. Acts 1 and 2 were amalgamated and Rocco’s Act 1 aria (Hat man nicht auch Gold beneiben) omitted in order to speed the introduction of Leonore and Pizarro and advance the action. The revised version fared no better and was withdrawn by Beethoven after only two performances following a dispute with the management over his share of the receipts. Interest in staging the opera was revived in 1814 as a result of the renewed popularity of Beethoven’s music after the massively successful performances of The Battle Symphony and the Seventh Symphony.

The poet and playwright, Georg Treitschke was brought in to make further radical alterations to the opera’s structure and dramatic content and Beethoven thoroughly revised the score and composed yet another overture. The trio “Ein mann is bald genommen” and the duet between Leonore and Marzelline (Im der Ehe froh zu leben) were cut, thus reducing even further the domestic “Singspiel” elements, and the order of the opening numbers was reversed so that the opera now began with Marzelline’s and Jacquinno’s duet (Jetz, Schätzchen, jetz sind wir allein) rather than Marzelline’s spoken dialogue and aria. Leonore’s Act I scene was substantially remodelled with Beethoven adding the dramatic recitative “Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?” after the first performances, and Florestan was given his angelic vision with its soaring oboe accompaniment at the end of his opening aria. The most radical changes were to the final scenes of each act: in the first act, a conventionally rousing chorus of soldiers and guards was replaced by a more muted and complex musical accompaniment to the prisoners’ return to the cells.

The action of the second scene of Act 2 was brought from the dungeons to the courtyard where the chorus greet the arrival of Don Ferrando. This allows the opera to end in a blaze of light but introduces a pause in the action whose length depends on the technical capability of the theatre to effect a quick scene change. There was also severe compression of the action after Pizarro’s departure so that Leonore and Florestan launch immediately into their ecstatic duet “O namenlose Freude” (set to music originally composed for the unfinished “Vestas Feuer”) now secure in the knowledge that rescue is at hand. In the previous versions, Rocco had disarmed Leonore before departing with Pizarro, leaving them in doubt as to what was going to happen to them. In the final scene, certain plot issues are given a cursory treatment. Pizarro is summarily dismissed from the action -previously he was condemned to take Florestan’s place in the dungeon- and Rocco’s rather dubious participation in the preceding events is glossed over. Instead the focus is wholly on the positive: the reuniting of friends, the acknowledgement of Leonore’s bravery and constancy and the final celebration of wifely virtue. Beethoven provided yet another overture – the fourth he had written for the opera if one includes the work known as Leonore No.1 written in 1807 for an unrealised production in Prague and only published after his death. Unlike the overtures he composed for the 1805 and 1806 versions, known as Leonore No.2 and Leonore No.3, the Fidelio overture is unrelated to the music of the following dramatic action and its brevity and lightness of tone leads naturally into the cozy domestic scene with which the opera opens.

Act I

The events of the opera take place in a castle near Seville (where the play’s author, Bouilly transferred the action from Tours where he claimed the actual incident on which he based the story took place). It begins on a light note with a duet between Marzelline, daughter of the chief jailer Rocco and his assistant Jaquino, whose attempts to persuade her to accept him as a husband
she politely but firmly rebuffs. She takes advantage of his periodic absences to answer knockings at the prison door, to confess that she is attracted to Fidelio, the young man who has recently entered her father’s service. (Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein.) Jaquino’s departure allows her to express her feelings of love for Fidelio unaware that he is really the disguised Leonore, wife of a political prisoner held in the castle (O war ich schon mit dir verreint). Rocco and then Fidelio enter and Rocco expresses his appreciation for the “young man’s” work and hints that he is aware of Marzelline’s love for him. In the canon quartet (Mir ist so wunderbar) each character expresses their feelings at the situation - Rocco, Marzelline and Jaquino, their different reactions to the potential union of the young couple, Leonore her misgivings at the situation and her fears for her husband. After Rocco’s aria praising the virtues of money, cut from the 1806 version but restored to the 1814 version after its first performances (Hat man nicht auch Gold beneiben), Leonore questions him about the prisoners and on learning that there is a special prisoner whom Rocco alone must attend she begs to be allowed to accompany him when he next visits him. In the trio (Gut, Sühnchen, gut) Rocco and Marzelline reflect on Fidelio’s qualities as a potential son-in-law and husband while Leonore screws up her courage for the test to come. A short march heralds the entrance of the Governor Pizarro and his guards. He is alerted to the imminent arrival of the minister of State, Don Ferrando, on a visit of inspection and realises that he must act quickly to dispose of his enemy Florestan whom he has been slowly starving to death in the castle dungeon. He exults over his coming act of vengeance (Ha welch’ ein Augenblick!) in which he hints that at once their positions had been reversed (the precise circumstances of the enmity between Florestan and Pizarro remains unexplained) and posts a trumpeter in the tower to warn him of Ferrando’s approach. His attempts to bribe Rocco to murder Florestan meet with refusal although Rocco agrees to assist Pizarro in his murderous act on the grounds that Florestan’s death will be a release from his suffering (Jetzt, Alter, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile). Leonore who has overheard at least some of this conversation vents her anger at Pizarro and calls on Hope to bolster her courage (Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du ihn.... Komm Hoffnung lass den letzten Stern.). She asks that the prisoners be allowed out of their cells to enjoy the daylight (originally it was Marzelline who did so) and their groping towards the sunlight is expressed the moving chorus (O welche Lust) Leonore learns that she has been given permission to accompany Rocco to the dungeon of the unknown prisoner and that his fate is sealed (Nun sprech’ wie ging’). Pizarro enters, furious that the prisoners have been allowed out. Rocco’s excuse that the occasion of King’s birthday permits the concession, seems to satisfy him (Ach Vater,Vater eilt) but the prisoners are forced to return to their cells (Leb wohl du warmes Sonnenlicht).

Act II

The act opens in the darkness of the dungeon where Florestan lies in chains (the music of the introduction comes from his early Joseph Cantata of 1790). In the recitative (Gott, welch Dunkel hier) he accepts his fate as the will of God and in the following aria (In des Lebens Frühlingstagen) he has an ecstatic vision of Leonore which quickly fades. Leonore and Rocco enter and in the melodrama episode begin to prepare a grave (Wie kalt ist es). As Rocco talks to Florestan, Leonore thinks she recognises her husband’s voice but feels she must help the prisoner whoever he is and offers him food (Nur hurtig fort nur frisch gegraben). In the trio (Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten), Florestan expresses his thanks for this act of compassion, Rocco his powerlessness to alter the situation and Leonora, who remains unrecognised by her husband, her hope for his salvation. Rocco signals to Pizarro that all is ready and in the quartet (Er sterbe) Pizarro reveals his identity to Florestan and his murderous intent towards him. However before he can strike, Leonora stand in his way with a loaded pistol and to the general astonishment reveals herself a Florestans’ wife. At this point, a distant trumpet sounds twice, signalling the approach of Don Ferrando and the action freezes as each takes in its significance. The quartet is resumed briefly as Leonore, Florestan and Pizarro recognise that the tables have been turned. Pizarro and Rocco leave and Florestan and Leonore express their joy at being reunited in their surging duet (O namenlose Freude). The second scene, transfers the action from the darkness of the dungeon to the sunlight of the castle’s parade ground where the chorus of soldiers, guards and prisoners greet Don Ferrando (Heil sei dem Tag) who announces that he is there to set right past injustices (Des besten Königs Wink und Wille). Rocco brings forward Leonore and Florestan, still in his chains, and Ferrando recognises the friend whom he believed dead. Pizarro’s attempts at an explanation are brushed aside and he is led away to an undisclosed fate. Leonore frees her husband and all are struck by deep emotions (the music for the profoundly moving moment when she removes Florestan’s fetters is another borrowing from the Joseph cantata). All join in celebrating the triumph of liberty over oppression and the joys of married love. The final chorus contains words from Schiller’s “An die Freude” which Beethoven had from the outset insisted on including but which were so sadly inaccurate as far as his own life was concerned: “Wer ein holdes Weib errungen, stimm in unsern Jubel ein!!” - Who calls such a wife his own, join in our song of joy.

His experience with Fidelio did not put Beethoven off the prospect of writing another opera and among the many unrealized projects were “Macbeth” in collaboration with Heinrich von Collin in 1807 and “Melusine” on a libretto by Franz Grillparzer in 1822. He also wrote a number of works designed to accompany stage works including the overture to Collin’s “Coriolanus”, an overture and incidental music for Goethe’s “Egmont” and music for Kotzebue’s one-act plays “König Stephan” and “Die Ruinen von Athen”. The Coriolanus overture was written in 1807 possibly for a single performance on 24th April of that year and is a miniature drama in itself, evoking the mood rather than the events of the play. Goethe’s “Egmont” deals with the struggle of the 16th century Dutch led by Count Egmont to free themselves
from Spanish rule and Beethoven’s incidental music of 1810 consists of the overture, now a popular concert work, and nine movements. These comprise two songs for Clärchen, Egmont’s lover, music for her death scene (she took poison after an unsuccessful attempt to rescue Egmont) and the melodrama in which she appears to Egmont in a vision prophesying freedom for the people after his own death, and the Victory symphony with which the play (and the overture) ends. The four entr’actes skillfully introduce the action of the succeeding scenes but caused a problem when published for concert performances as the music does not come to a conventional close. The publishers Breitkopf and Härtel therefore had to employ other composers to add suitable endings.

The music for “Die Ruinen von Athen” and “König Stephan” originally accompanied one-act dramas on patriotic episodes in Hungary’s history and national mythology written by August Kotzebue for the opening of the new theatre at Pest. The overture to “König Stephan” features a recurring series of calls which interrupt a jaunty march and there is a hint of the music later used in the finale of the Ninth Symphony. The story of “Die Ruinen von Athen” shows Mercury and Minerva, after finding Athens overrun by the Turks (giving Beethoven the opportunity to write a chorus of Dervishes and a Turkish march) discovering that true culture flourishes on the banks of the Danube. The music was later adapted and remodeled for the reopening of the Josepha Theater Vienna in 1822 for which Beethoven composed a new overture in Handelian style.

**XVII. CHORAL MUSIC**

The death of Joseph II on 20th February 1790 was particularly mourned by the members of the Lesegesellschaft, the literary society that was the focal point in Bonn of the liberal and enlightened attitudes which Joseph had fostered throughout the empire. They decided to commission a cantata to honour his memory and turned to the nineteen-year old Beethoven to provide a musical setting of a text by Severin Anton Averdonck (who by coincidence was the brother of the girl with whom Beethoven had shared the platform at his concert debut in 1783). This was Beethoven’s first major commission -his musical duties at court did not, unlike Mozart’s in Salzburg, include the provision of music for official occasions- and represented both a challenge and an opportunity for him. Although he had no experience of writing on this scale, he had spent the previous two years in the orchestra of the court theatre and so would have had at least a practical knowledge of working with singers, chorus and large orchestral forces. The scheduled date for the performance was 19th March 1790 but for unspecified reasons, it never took place. The players and singers may have found the work too difficult to rehearse and perform and certainly an attempt by the Bonn court orchestra to mount a performance the following year was abandoned for that reason. However given the extremely short period between the news of Joseph’s death and the proposed performance date, it is very likely that Beethoven simply did not complete it in time (not the last occasion this would happen). However, the fact that he was subsequently commissioned to write a second cantata to celebrate the accession of Leopold II suggests that he escaped blame or at least censure for this. Beethoven never published either of the cantatas, probably because he no longer possessed the scores, but he used the Joseph Cantata in particular as a source of material for later works, most obviously in Fidelio, in which the cantata’s sombre introductory music reappears at the opening of Act II and the setting of the words “Da stiegen die Menschen ans Licht” at the point where Leonore frees Florestan from his chains. Neither work received a public performance in Beethoven’s lifetime and the Joseph Cantata eventually had its premiere in 1884 when Brahms declared: “Even if there were no name on the title page none other could be conjectured! It is Beethoven through and through!”

Beethoven’s only oratorio, Christus am Ölberg (Christ on the Mount of Olives) Op.85, was composed rapidly in the spring of 1803 for his benefit concert in April of that year. As with so many of his works which were written to meet a performance deadline, it was completed just in time and he was still writing or at least copying out the trombone parts early on the morning of the performance. Beethoven was following Haydn’s example in producing an oratorio on biblical material for the Easter concert season (The Seven Last Words of Christ, The Creation and The Seasons had been performed in 1796, 1798 and 1801 respectively) but his choice of subject matter -Christ’s’ moment of doubt and anguish in the Garden of Gethsemane before his arrest- is unusual and may have been prompted by his emotional crisis over and final acceptance of the fact of his deafness. Beethoven commissioned the text from a minor poet Franz Xaver Huber and similarities between its language and that of the Heiligenstadt Testament suggest that he influenced or even contributed to it. Although he recognised the text’s shortcomings, he was very reluctant to accept any of the changes suggested by Breitkopf and Härtel, when the work was eventually published in 1811, maintaining that the music and the words formed an integral and coherent whole, notwithstanding the inadequacy of the latter. The music is rather operatic in its style, reflecting Beethoven’s recent studies with Salieri, and he later expressed doubts about the propriety of setting the words of Christ, a tenor rather than the more usual bass or baritone, in such a theatrical fashion. Indeed Christ’s duet with the unbiblical Seraph, introduced into the story to provide a female voice could be taken for an operatic love duet. The work has considerable dramatic force -the first version included stage directions- and the approach and entry of the arresting soldiers, culminating in their cry of “Hier ist er!”, apparently had a great effect on the original audience.

The few major choral works Beethoven produced fall neatly into the three traditional periods into which his compositions are traditionally divided - the imperial
cantatas into the early period, the oratorio and the Mass in C the middle period and the Missa Solemnis ushering in the great works of the late period. However, during the period between the completion of the Eighth Symphony in 1812 and the commencement of the Missa Solemnis, in which his musical output was otherwise very limited he did manage to produce a number of pieces for voices for performance in connection with the Congress of Vienna in 1814 of which the cantata “Der glorreiche Augenblick” (The Glorious Moment) Op.136, is the most spectacular. The work, on the bombastic text of Alois Weissenbach, catches the prevailing patriotic and triumphalist mood at what was thought (pre-Waterloo) to be the final downfall of Napoleon and the very specific circumstances of its composition as a piece d’occasion -with the personification of Vienna addressing the European nations whose heads of state were present in the concert hall at the premiere- have probably led to its subsequent neglect. The work is scored on a large scale for mixed choir including children and a quartet of soloists (tenor, bass and two sopranos) and has significant concertante parts for solo cello and violin.

The other work of more lasting importance dating from this period is the Op.112 cantata “Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt” (Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage). This is a setting for four part chorus and orchestra of two poems by Goethe describing a becalmed ship and its onward voyage as the wind returns. Beethoven began sketching the work in 1813 but found himself becalmed in the midst of its composition and did not manage to complete it until 1815.

Apart from the final movement of the Ninth Symphony, Beethoven’s other significant work involving chorus is the Choral Fantasia (Op.80). This was written as a last minute addition to the massive concert of December 1808 where it was intended to provide the grand finale involving all the forces -chorus, soloists, orchestra and piano- which had been employed in the rest of the programme. After a long improvisatory passage for solo piano (extemporised by Beethoven at the performance) there is a hesitant exchange, between piano and orchestra which leads into a series of variations on a theme taken from the (then) unpublished song “Gegenliebe” dating from 1794-5. The similarity between the theme that of the Ode to Joy is marked as is the manner in which the voices are introduced into what had been up to that point a purely instrumental work and Beethoven later explicitly acknowledged the Choral Fantasia as the forerunner to that work. The text, which is different from the song from which the music is taken, has been attributed to Christoph Kuffner, for whose tragedy “Tarpeja” of 1813 Beethoven provided a Triumphal March (WoO2a). However its absence from Kuffner’s collected works, has led to doubt as to its source and other suggestions of its authorship include Georg Treitschke, who produced the final revision of the libretto for Fidelio, and even Beethoven himself.

The Mass in C (Op.86) was commissioned by Prince Nikolaus Esterházy for performance on the occasion of his wife’s name day in early September 1807 and Beethoven was well aware that his first attempt at a mass setting would be compared with the six masses previously produced by Haydn for the celebration of that event. Beethoven was understandably nervous at this prospect and admitted as much when he wrote to the Prince in July, promising delivery of the work by the 20th of August 1807, perilously close to the performance date. He gave various excuses for the delay including his recent illness and even sent the Prince a copy of a letter from his doctor to confirm this fact, which shows how anxious he must have felt about his reputation for unpunctuality. In the event, the first performance at Eisenstadt on 13th September (the first Sunday after the Princess Maria’s name day) was not a success, possibly because it received inadequate rehearsal, and the Prince made no secret of the fact that he thoroughly disliked what Beethoven had written. Beethoven, who was himself aggrieved that he had been given what he considered to be substandard accommodation at Eisenstadt, was in no mood to be conciliatory. He did not present the score to Esterházy and when it was eventually published in 1811 it was dedicated to Prince Kinsky.

MISSA SOLEMNIS
Not long after his last public appearance as a pianist in 1815, Beethoven was regarded in Vienna as a musician who by reason of his increasing deafness was gradually becoming strange in his ways. Instead of seeking a remedy for his chronic stomach and bowel ailments, he sought refuge in excessive enjoyment of wine and in a way of life which was characterized by domestic chaos and the total neglect of his external appearance. Having published only two small occasional works in 1818, he aroused the impression that he had “dried up” as far as composition was concerned. The truth was, however, that at a time of political and social change, he was seeking a new way of remaining true to his artistic and ethical principles: “For some time writing has not come easily to me. I sit and think and think; I brood on it; but I can’t get it down on paper. I dread the thought of starting such huge works. Once I’ve started then it’s all right.”

The history of the composition of his Missa Solemnis, characterized by long struggles, seems to confirm this self-assessment; the gradual maturing of the work can be followed through nine sketch-books and took up four and a half years. He began the composition of this “occasional work” when he was asked to write music to enhance a solemn ceremony: his pupil and patron Archduke Rudolph of Austria was to be enthroned as Archbishop of Olmütz. “The day on which a High Mass of mine is to be performed as part of the ceremony will be the most splendid day in my life", Beethoven wrote to him in June 1819, "and God will inspire me to contribute my weak powers to glorify this solemn day."

However, the consecration ceremony on March 20, 1820 took place without Beethoven’s music: exerting himself almost to the point of despair, Beethoven let the work
grow beyond its true ceremonial purpose and wished, as he declared himself, "to arouse and sustain religious feelings in those who sing and those who listen" (letter of September 16, 1824). It was not until three years later that he handed a carefully prepared copy to his pupil. The first performance took place on April 18, 1824, performed by the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg in a concert hall; on the occasion of Beethoven’s great Academy concert in the Vienna Hoftheater on May 7, 1824 only the Kyrie, Credo and Agnus were played, appearing on the programme before the Ninth Symphony, while the first complete performance in Austria (on June 29, 1830) was organized by the schoolteacher Johann Vincenz Richter in the little town of Warnsdorf on the Bohemian border to Saxony - three years after Beethoven’s death.

Dubious business transactions cast a shadow on the reputation of the heavily indebted composer. At the time he was living on the dividends from his eight bank bonds and the pension granted to him by several Viennese aristocrats, and had to bear the costs of boarding school for his nephew and the legal costs arising from the disputes about his guardianship. In these financial straits he sold the score of the Missa Solemnis several times to various publishers: in a kind of advance contract he initially received 900 guilders from the Bonn publisher Simrock, was paid 1.000 guilders by the Leipzig publisher Peters for the publishing rights, then demanded an additional fee from Simrock and finally agreed to give back part of the advance payment. Even after the work had been sold he negotiated with the publishers Diabelli, Probst, Schlesinger and Schott, to whom he eventually sold the Mass in 1825 for 1.000 guilders. In addition he commissioned copyists to make hand-written copies which he then sold for 50 gold ducats each to several European emperors and kings, so that in the end he made a profit of about 1.600 guilders.

He studied the ancient church styles and the works of Palestrina and Bach in the Archduke’s library, before detaching the Mass from the Catholic High Office and shifting the sacrosanct text into the context of his epoch. His assistant Schindler relates how he heard Beethoven singing, howling and stamping behind a locked door while composing the double fugue of the Credo: “After we had listened to this quite dreadful scene for a long time and were about to leave, the door opened, and Beethoven stood before us with distorted features which could fill one with fear. He looked as if he had just survived a fight to the death with the whole army of contrapuntists, his eternal adversaries.”

The three-part Kyrie, to be performed “devoutly”, is set as a pleading prayer, in which insistent calls are combined with a passionate flow of melody. In the song of praise, the richly expressive Gloria arranged in four sections in the style of a rondo, he contrasts the individual texts by means of new themes and fills the powerful Mass verse with thunderous jubilation at the glory of God the Father. The difficulties of the Credo, the heart of the work, are solved in a convincing way: the confessional character becomes as clear as the stations in Christ’s life, in that incarnation, crucifixion, death, resurrection and second coming are made dramatically visible and audible. In the music which makes the transition from the solemnly-visionary Sanctus to the Benedictus, Beethoven does not follow the decree issued in 1819, which prescribed “a soft Tantum ergo with organ”, but instead makes the orchestra imitate the sound of the organ by means of slurred notes in wind and low strings. One of the most moving scenes of the whole Mass is the Dona nobis pacem within the Agnus Dei, at the beginning of which Beethoven made his famous “plea for internal and external peace”. In almost operatic style he introduces into the Miserere nobis, a short scene with murmuring timpani and fanfares and paints an appallingly graphic picture of war raging away with merciless force above the voices begging for peace.

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XVIII. SONGS

Although Beethoven is not primarily associated with the music for the solo voice, he produced a large number of songs throughout his life from the youthful “Schilderung eines Mädchens”, Wo107 of 1783, to the Goethe setting “Der edle Mensch”, Wo151 of 1823. Most of the songs are written with piano accompaniment, but there is a small number of concert arias, mainly settings of Italian texts, the best-known of which is the Metastasio setting “Ah perfido”, Op.46 of 1796. Between 1809 and 1816, Beethoven also produced a large number of arrangements of mainly Scottish, Irish and Welsh folk songs with piano trio accompaniment for the Edinburgh publisher George Thomson, and twenty five of the Scottish songs were later published separately as Op.108. Beethoven issued the majority of his songs individually without opus numbers but he did produce six collections, some of which are simply gatherings of unconnected works, such as the eight songs from his Bonn period, published in 1805 as Op.52. Others have an internal unity and sense of purpose such as the Op.48 settings of six religious odes by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert. Beethoven composed them in 1802 not long after he suffered his intense spiritual crisis at Heiligenstadt and whether or not this experience influenced his decision to set the Gellert poems is a matter of conjecture (sketches for the third song “Vom Tode” exist from 1798). However there can be little doubt that his most revolutionary and influential song cycle, “An die ferne Geliebte” (To the Distant Beloved) Op.98 of 1816, has its genesis in Beethoven’s unfulfilled relationship some years before with the Immortal Beloved. Although the identity of this woman cannot be established with certainty, the most likely candidate is Antonie Brentano who, at the time of the song cycle’s composition, was living with her husband in Frankfurt. Beethoven’s private writings and reported remarks to friends show that he was still deeply affected by the impossibility of ever establishing a relationship with this woman (whoever she was), and although songs addressed to an unattainable love object are a commonplace of the period, it is difficult not to see “An
“An die ferne Geliebte” as issuing directly from Beethoven’s experience. The six songs set unpublished texts by the poet Alois Jetteles and it is not known whether Beethoven had any influence on their content (as he had with the text for the Christus cantata, a work with equally personal associations). In the autograph score, he wrote the title as “An die entfernte Geliebte” (To the lover who is now far away) which supports conjectures that the work is associated with his continuing feelings for Antonie. The published edition refers to it as a “Liederkreis” (song cycle) and like those of Schubert, “An die ferne Geliebte” is genuinely cyclical, with the melody of the first song returning in the same key in the last and the final phrase before the closing chord identical to the opening one. The songs blend into one another seamlessly, both melodically and rhythmically, through transitional passages on piano or in the case of the third and fourth songs in the vocal line. “An die ferne Geliebte” achieves an unparalleled through-composed unity which had an enormous influence on the next generation of “Romantic” composers, particularly Schumann.
Beethoven Edition sung texts

CDS
SYMPHONY NO. 9:  
Text of fourth movement: Presto, Allegro assai

ODE "AN DIE FREUDE"

4. RECITATIVE
O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!  
Sondern lâßt uns angenehmere  
anstimmen und freudenvollere.

5. CHORUS
Freude! Freude!  
Freude, schöner Götterfunken  
Tochter aus Elysium,  
Wir betreten feuerrunken,  
Himmische, dein Heiligtum!  
Deine Zauber binden wieder  
Was die Mode streng geteilt;  
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,  
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.  
Wem der großer Wurf gelungen,  
Eines Freundes Freund zu sein;  
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,  
Mische seinen Jubel ein!  
Ja, wer auch nur eine Seele  
Sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund!  
Und wer’s nie gekonnt, der stehle  
Weinend sich aus diesem Bund!  
Freude trinken alle Wesen  
An den Brüsten der Natur;  
Alle Guten, alle Bösen  
Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.  
Küße gab sie uns und Reben,  
Einen Freund, geprüft im Tod;  
Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben,  
Und der Cherub steht vor Gott.  
Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen  
Durch des Himmels prächt'gen Plan,  
Laufet, Brüder, eure Bahn,  
Freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen.  
Seid umschlungen, Millionen!  
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!  
Brüder, über’m Sternenzeit  
Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.  
Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen?  
Annest du den Schöpfer, Welt?  
Such’ ihn über’m Sternenzeit!  
Über Sternen muß er wohnen.  
Seid umschlungen, Millionen!  
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!  
Brüder, über’m Sternenzeit  
Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.  
Seid umschlungen,  
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!  
Freude, schöner Götterfunken  
Tochter aus Elysium,  
Freude, schöner Götterfunken

ODE "TO JOY"

Oh friends, not these tones!  
Rather let us sing more  
cheerful and more joyful ones.

Joy! Joy!  
Joy, thou glorious spark of heaven,  
Daughter of Elysium,  
We approach fire-drunk,  
Heavenly One, your shrine.  
Your magic reunites  
What custom sternly divides;  
All people become brothers  
Where your gentle wing alights.  
Whoever succeeds in the great attempt  
To be a friend of a friend,  
Whoever has won a lovely woman,  
Let him add his jubilation!  
Yes, whoever calls even one soul  
His own on the earth’s globe!  
And who never has, let him steal,  
Weeping, away from this group.  
All creatures drink joy  
At the breasts of nature;  
All the good, all the evil  
Follow her roses’ trail.  
Kisses gave she us, and wine,  
A friend, proven unto death;  
Pleasure was to the worm granted,  
And the cherub stands before God.  
Glad, as his suns fly  
Through the Heavens’ glorious plan,  
Run, brothers, your race,  
Joyful, as a hero to victory.  
Be embraced, you millions!  
This kiss for the whole world!  
Brothers, beyond the star-canopy  
Must a loving Father dwell.  
Do you bow down, you millions?  
Do you sense the Creator, world?  
Seek Him beyond the star-canopy!  
Beyond the stars must He dwell.  
Be embraced, ye millions!  
This kiss for the whole world!  
Brothers, beyond the star-canopy  
Must a loving Father dwell.  
Be embraced,  
This kiss for the whole world!  
Joy, beautiful spark of the gods,  
Daughter of Elysium,  
Joy, beautiful spark of the gods
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LEONORE
Original version of Fidelio from 1805
Opera in three acts
Music by Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
Libretto by Joseph Sonnleithner after
Jean Nicolas Bouilly’s Drama "Leonore"
First performance: 1805, Theater an der Wien

CAST
Don Fernando, the King’s Minister
baritone
Pizarro, governor of a state prison
baritone
Leonore, his wife, in male attire as
Fidelio soprano
Rocco, chief jailer bass
Marzelline, his daughter soprano
Jaquino, Rocco’s assistant tenor
First prisoner tenor
Second prisoner bass

ACT I
1. OVERTURE
THE COURTYARD OF THE STATE PRISON
FIRST SCENE
2. MARZELLINE
(turns around to the door every time someone knocks)
Fidelio kommt nicht zurück!
Es ist kein Wunder; er hat so viel zu laufen,
so viel zu bestellen. Seit einiger Zeit
hat es der Junge schwer.
- Heute muß mein Vater
den Tag uns’rer Hochzeit
festsetzen.
- Wir wollen unser kleines Hauswesen
so hübsch einrichten,
so hübsch! Fidelio bleibt
Schlüsselfträger
und hat die Anwärtschaft auf meines
Vaters Dienst,
und ich, ich wasche für die arm
Gefangenen.
Da wird es immer vollau zu verdienen
geben.
Ach wär’ die Zeit schon da!

3. NO. 1 ARIA
MARZELLINE
O wär’ ich schon mit dir vereint,
d und dürfte Mann dich nennen!
Ein Mädchen darf ja, was es meint,
zur Hälfte nur bekennen!
Doch wenn ich nicht erröten
muß ob einem warmen Herzenskuß,
wer nichts uns stört auf Erden.
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust
mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust;
wie glücklich will ich werden!
In Ruhe stiller Häuslichkeit
erwach’ ich jeden Morgen,
weß grüßen uns mit Zärtlichkeit,
der Fleiß verscheuchet die Sorgen.
Und ist die Arbeit abgetan,
dann schleicht die holde Nacht heran,
dann ruh’n wir von Beschwerden.
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust
mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust;
wie glücklich will ich werden!

4. JAQUINO
Wenn ich diese Tür nicht heute schon
taumelnd Mal aufgemacht habe,
will ich mich Jaquino heißen.
- Endlich kann ich wieder
mit Marzelline reden.
- Zum Wetter! Schon
wieder! Kann ich
denn von der Tür nicht wegkommen?

MARZELLINE
Ohne Zweifel will er mir wieder
die Ohren von seiner
Lieber rauschweifen. Ich muß ihn ein
für alle Mal
abweisen, sonst läßt er mich nie in
Ruhe.

JAQUINO
Nun soll uns niemand mehr stören.

5. NO. 2 DUET
JAQUINO
Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein,
Wir können vertraulich nun plaudern.

MARZELLINE
Es wird ja nichts Wichtiges sein,
ich darf bei der Arbeit nicht zaudern.

JAQUINO
Ein Wörtchen, du Trotzige, dul!

MARZELLINE
So sprich nur, ich höre ja zu.

JAQUINO
Wenn du mir nicht freundlicher’
blicket,
spring ich kein Wörtchen hervor.

MARZELLINE
Wenn du dich nicht in mir schickest,
verstope ich mir vollend das Ohr.

JAQUINO
Ein Weihchen nur höre mir zu,
dann las’ ich dich wieder in Ruh’.

MARZELLINE
So hab’ ich denn nimmernmehr Ruh’;
s reden, so rede nur zu!

JAQUINO
Ich, ich habe habe zum Weib dich
gewählet,
versteht du?

MARZELLINE
Das ist ja doch klar!

JAQUINO
Und, und wenn mir dein Jawort nicht
fehlet,
was meinst du?

MARZELLINE
So sind wir ein Paar.

JAQUINO
Wir könnten in wenigen Wochen...

MARZELLINE
Recht schön, du bestimmst schon die
Zeit.

JAQUINO
Zum Wetter das ewige Pochen,
da war ich so herrlich im Gang,
und immer entwisch mir der Fang!

MARZELLINE
So bin ich doch endlich befreit!
Wie macht seine Liebe mir bang,
e es werden die Stunden mir lang.
(Jaquina opens the door and accepts a
package)

MARZELLINE
Ich weiß, daß der Arme sich qualet,
e es tut mir so leid auch um ihn!
Fidelio hab’ ich gewählet,
him lieben ist süßer Gewinn.

JAQUINO
Wo war ich? Sie sieht mich nicht an!

MARZELLINE
Da ist er - er fängt wieder an!

JAQUINO
Wann wirst du das Jawort mir geben?
Es könnte ja heute ja heute noch sein.

MARZELLINE
O weh! Er verbirrt mein Leben!
Jetzt, morgen und immer, nein, nein!
Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein!

JAQUINO
Du bist doch wahrhaftig von Stein,
kein Wünschen, kein Bitten, geht ein.

MARZELLINE
Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein,
jetzt, immer, und immer nein, nein!
er hofft bei dem mindesten Schein.

JAQUINO
So wirst du dich nimmer bekehren?
Was meinst du?

MARZELLINE
Du könntest nun geh’n!

JAQUINO
Wie?
Dich anzusehn’ willst du mir wehen?
Auch das noch?

MARZELLINE
So bleibe hier steh’n!

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SECOND SCENE
ROCCO
(Enters through the corridor and closes the door behind him)
So habt ihr denn ewig miteinander zu zanken?

MARZELLINE
Er will, daß ich ihn liebe, daß ich ihn heirate; sonst nichts, Vater.
JAQUINO
Ja, das will ich.

ROCCO (to Marzelline)
Und was sagst du denn dazu, Marzelline?

MARZELLINE
Daß mir eines so unmöglich ist als das andere.

ROCCO
Das ist bündig gesprochen. - Ich werde eine einzige gute Tochter haben, werde sie so gut gepflegt, (strokes Marzelline under her chin) mit so viel Mühe bis in ihr sechzehntes Jahr erzogen haben, und das alles - für den Herrn da! (He faces Jaquino laughing)
Nein, lieber Jaquino, - von einer Heirat zwischen euch ist keine Rede, und überhaupt ist das Heiraten keine Sache, die man so blind hin, ohne überlegung abtun kann.

7. NO. 3 TERZET
ROCCO
Ein Mann ist bald genommen, leicht nimmt man sich ein Weib, doch nach dem Zeitvertreben kann bald die Reue kommen, ja, ja, die Reue kommen. Ist euch das Ja entfahren, ihr Kinder, merkt euch fein, dann hilft nach langen Jahren euch nimmer das Nein, Nein!

JAQUINO
Mir soll ja nichts entfahren, bedächtlich schlag' ich ein, als wir alleine waren, da sprach sie nicht nein, nein!

MARZELLINE
Mir soll es nicht entfahren, das Ja der langen Pein, ich will mir Gram ersparen, ich sage jetzt nein, nein!

ROCCO
Bei frischen roten Wangen kann man wohl leicht erglühen, doch läßt man sie verblühen, verblüht auch das Verlangen, ja, ja, auch das Verlangen.
ROCCO
Mein armer Fidelio!

LEONORE
Ich muß gestehen - ich bin ein wenig müde. -
Der Schmied hatte an den Ketten auch so lange auszuoben, daß ich meinte, es nehme gar kein Ende.

ROCCO
Sind sie jetzt gut gemacht?

LEONORE
O ja, recht gut und fest, ganz gewiß. Keiner der Gefangenen kann sie zerbrechen.

ROCCO
Wieviel kosten sie alle zusammen?

LEONORE
Zwölf Piaster ungefähr. - Da ist die genaue Note.

ROCCO
Gut! Brav! - Zum Wetter, da gibt es Artikel, auf die wir wenigstens die Hälfte gewinnen können!

LEONORE
Ich tue, was mir möglich ist.

ROCCO
Ja, du bist ein wackerer Junge; ich habe dich auch mit jedem Tage lieber, und sei versichert, dein Lohn soll dir nicht ausbleiben.

LEONORE
O denkt nicht, daß ich meine Schuldigkeit nur des Lohnes wegen -

ROCCO
Meinst du, ich kann dir nicht ins Herz sehen?

9. NO.4 CANON (QUARTET) MARZELLINE
Mir ist so wunderbar, es engt das Herz mir ein; er liebt mich, es ist klar, ich werde glücklich, glücklich sein.

LEONORE
Wie groß ist die Gefahr! wie schwach der Hoffnung Schein! sie liebt mich, es ist klar, o namloser Pein!

ROCCO
Sie liebt ihn, es ist klar, ja, Mädchen, er wird dein, ein gutes, junges Paar, sie werden glücklich sein.

JAQUINO
Mir straübt sich schon das Haar, der Vater willigt ein, mir wird so wunderbar, mir fällt kein Mittel ein.

10. ROCCO
Höre, Fidelio, wenn ich auch nicht weiß, wie und wo auf die Welt gekommen bist, und wenn du auch gar keinen Vater gehabt hättet, so weiß ich doch, was ich tue, - ich mache dich zu meinem Tochtermann.

MARZELLINE
Und das schon bald, lieber Vater?

ROCCO
Sobald der Gouverneur nach Sevilla gereist sein wird. Dann haben wir mehr Muße, verstehest du mich?
- Du weißt ja, daß er alle Monate hinzureisen pflegt, um über alles, was hier im Staatsgefängnis vorgeht, Rechenschaft zu geben. In wenigen Tagen muß er fort, und den Tag nach seiner Abreise geb ich euch zusammen; darauf könnt ihr rechnen.

MARZELLINE
Den Tag nach seiner Abreise! Das hast du recht vernünftig gemacht, Vater!

LEONORE
(pretending to be happy)
Den Tag nach seiner Abreise!

ROCCO
Ihr habt euch doch recht herzlich lieb, meine Kinder?
- Nicht? Das ist aber noch nicht alles, was zu einem guten, vergnügten Haushalt gehört, man braucht auch -
(He makes a gesture as if counting money)

11. NO.5 ARIA ROCCO
Hat man nicht auch Gold beineben, kann man nicht ganz glücklich sein; traurig schlept sich fort das Leben, mancher Kummer stellt sich ein.

12. LEONORE
Ihr könnt das leicht sagen, Meister Rocco, aber ich, ich behaupte, daß die Vereinigung zweier gleichgestimmten Herzen die Quelle des wahren Glückes ist. Freilich gibt es noch etwas, was mir nicht weniger kostbar sein würde, - aber mit Kummer sehe ich, daß ich es trotz aller meiner Bemühungen nicht erhalten werde.

ROCCO
Und was wäre denn das?

LEONORE
Euer Vertrauen. Verzeih mir diesen kleinen Verweis, aber oft sehe ich euch aus den unterirdischen Gewölben des Schlosses ganz außer Atem und ganz errannt zurückkommen; warum erlaubt Ihr mir nicht, euch hinzubegleiten?

ROCCO
Du weißt doch, daß ich den strengsten Befehl habe, niemanden, wer es auch sein mag, zu den Staatsgefangenen zu lassen.

MARZELLINE
Es sind ihrer aber so viele in dieser Festung! - Du arbeitest dich ja zu Tod, lieber Vater.

LEONORE
Sie hat recht, Meister Rocco. - Man soll allerdings seine Schuldigkeit tun, aber es ist doch auch erlaubt, mein’ ich, zuweilen daran zu denken, wie man sich für die, die uns angehören und lieben, ein bisschen schonen kann. (She presses one of his hands into hers.)

MARZELLINE
(Pressing Rocco’s other hand to her breast)
Man muß sich ja für seine Kinder zu erhalten suchen.

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ROCCO
(looks at both of them, moved)
Ja, ihr habt recht, diese schwere Arbeit würde mir
doch endlich zu viel werden. Der
gouverneur ist zwar
sehr streng, er muß mir aber doch
erlauben, dich in die
gemienen Kerker mit mir zu nehmen.
(An expression of intense happiness
passes over Leonore’s face)
Unterdessen gibt es doch ein Gewölbe,
in das ich dich nie werde führen
dürfen, obwohl ich mich ganz
auf dich verlassen kann.

MARZELLINE
Vermutlich, wo der Gefangene sitzt,
von dem du schon einige gesprochen hast, Vater.

ROCCO
Du hast’s erraten.

LEONORE
Ich glaub’, es ist schon lange her, daß
er gefangen sitzt.

ROCCO
Es ist schon über zwei Jahre.

LEONORE
Zwei Jahre, sagt Ihr? Er muß ein großer
Verbrecher sein.

ROCCO
Oder er muß große Feinde haben; das
kommt ungefähr auf eins heraus.

MARZELLINE
So hat man denn nie erfahren können,
woher er ist, und wie er heißt?

ROCCO
Ach, für unserein ist’s am besten, so
wenig Geheimnisse
als möglich zu wissen, darum hab’ ich
ihn auch nie ihn anhören
wollen. Ich hätte mich verplappern
können, und ihm hätt’
ich auch nicht genützt, sondern
vielmehr geschadet. -
Nun, er wird nicht mehr lange sich
qualen müßten!
Es kann nicht mehr lange mit ihm
dauern.

LEONORE
Oh Gott!

ROCCO
Seit einem Monat schon muß ich auf
Pizarros Befehl seine Portion kleiner
machen. Jetzt hat er binnen
vierundzwanzig Stunden nicht mehr als
zwei Unzen schwarzes Brot und eine
halbe Maß Wasser.

MARZELLINE
O lieber Vater, führe Fidelio ja nicht zu
ihn, diesen Anblick könnt’ er nicht
ertragen.

LEONORE
Warum denn? Man muß sich an alles
gewöhnen - besonders in unserem Stande. - O, ich
habe Mut und Stärke.

13. NO. 6 TERZET
ROCCO
Gut, Söhchhen, gut,
hab immer Mut,
dann wird dir’s auch gelingen,
was Herz wird hart durch Gegenwart
bei fürchterlichen Dingen.

LEONORE
(strongly)
Ich habe Mut!
Mit kaltem Blut
will ich hinab mich wagen;
für hohen Lohn kann Liebe
schon auch hohe Leiden,
hohe Leiden tragen.

MARZELLINE
Dein gutes Herz wird manchen
Schmerz in diesen Grüften leiden,
dann kehrt zurück der Liebe Glück
und unennbare Freuden.

ROCCO
Du wirst dein Glück ganz sicher bauen,

LEONORE
Ich hab’ auf Gott und Recht Vertrauen.

MARZELLINE
Du darfst mir auch ins Auge schauen;
der Liebe Macht ist auch nicht klein.

ROCCO
Du wirst dein Glück ganz sicher bau’n,
jä, ja, wir werden glücklich sein,
Wir werden glücklich sein

LEONORE
Ich hab’ auf Gott und Recht Vertrauen,
jä, ja, ja, ich kann noch glücklich sein,
ich kann noch glücklich sein.

MARZELLINE
Der Liebe Macht ist auch nicht klein,
jä, ja, ja, wir werden glücklich sein,
Wir werden glücklich sein.

ROCCO
Der Gouverneur,
der Gouverneur soll heut’ erlauben,
du kannst mir die Arbeit teilst.

LEONORE
Du wirst mir alle Ruhe rauben,
Wenn du bis morgen nur verweilst.

MARZELLINE
Ja, guter Vater, bitt ihn heute,
in kurzem sind wir dann ein Paar.

ROCCO
Ich bin ja bald des Grabes Beute,
ich brauche Hilfe, es ist ja wahr.

LEONORE
Wie lang’ bin ich des Kummer Beute.
Du, Hoffnung, reichst mir Labung dar.

MARZELLINE
Ach! lieber Vater, was fällt Euch ein?
Ach! lieber Vater, was fällt Euch ein?

ROCCO
Nur auf der Hut, dann geht es gut,
gestillt, gestillt wird euer Sehnen;

MARZELLINE
O habe Mut, o welche Glut,
o welch’ ein tiefes Sehnen!

LEONORE
Ihr seid so gut ihr macht mir Mut,
gestillt wird bald mein Sehnen.

ROCCO
Gebt euch die Hand und schließt das
Band, in süßen Freudentränen.

LEONORE
Ich gab die Hand zum süßen Band,
es kostet bittre Tränen.

MARZELLINE
Ein festes Band, mit Herz und Hand.
o süße, süße Tränen.

ACT II
COURT YARD OF STATE PRISON
14. NO. 7 MARCH
During the march the main gate is
opened by guards. Officers enter and
then Pizarro arrives.

15. FIRST SCENE
PIZARRO
Drei Schildwachen auf den Wall, zwölf
Mann Tag und
Nacht an der Zugbrücke, ebensowie
gegen den Garten zu.
Und jeder, der sich den Gräben
nähert, werde sogleich vor mich
gebracht.
Wo sind die Depeschens?

ROCCO
Hier sind sie.

PIZARRO
Ich kenne diese Schrift?! Laß seh’n. -
“Ich gebe ihnen Nachricht, daß der
Minister auf geheimen Weg in
Erfahrung gebracht hat, daß die
Staatsgefangnisse, denen Sie
vorstehen, mehrere Opfer
18. NO.9 DUET

PIZARRO
Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
dir wird ein Glück zu Teile,
(throws a purse to him)
du wirst ein reicher Mann;
das geb’ ich nur daran.
ROCCO
So sagt doch nur in Elie,
worum ich dienen kann.

PIZARRO
Du bist von kaltem Blute,
von unverzagt’em Mute
(durch langen, langen Dienst geworden.
ROCCO
Was soll ich? Redet, redet!

PIZARRO
Morden!
ROCCO
Wie?

PIZARRO
Höre mich nur an!
Du bebst? bist du ein Mann?
Wir dürfen gar nicht säumen,
dem Staate liegt den bösen Untertan
schnell aus dem Weg zu räumen.
ROCCO
O Herr!

PIZARRO
Dem Staate liegt den bösen Untertan
schnell aus dem Weg zu räumen.
ROCCO
O Herr!

PIZARRO
Du stehst doch an?
Er darf nicht länger leben,
sonst ist’s um mich geschehn.
Pizarro sollte beben?
Du fällst, du fällst, ich werde steh’n.

ROCCO
Die Glieder fühl’ ich beben,
wie könnt’ ich das besteh’n?
Ich nehme’ ihm nicht das Leben,
mag was da will, geschehn.

ROCCO
Nein, Herr, das Leben nehmen,
das ist nicht meine Pflicht.

PIZARRO
Ich will mich selbst bequemen,
Wenn Dir’s an Mut gebracht.
Nun eile rasch und munter
zu jenem Mann hinunter,
du weißt, du weißt...

ROCCO
...der kaum mehr lebt,
und wie ein Schatten schwépt?

PIZARRO
Zu dem, zu dem hinab!
Ich wart’ in kleiner ferne, du gräbst in
der Zisterne sehr schnell ein Grab.
ROCCO
Und dann? Und dann?

PIZARRO
Dann werd’ ich selbst vermummt mich
in den Kerker schleichen: ein Stoß ...
und er verstummt!

ROCCO
Verhungernd in den Ketten,
ertrug er lange Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
der Dolch wird ihn befre’i’n.

PIZARRO
Er sterb’ in seinen Ketten,
zu kurz war seine Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
dann werd’ ich ruhig sein.
Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
Hast du mich verstanden?
Du gibst ein Zeichen;
dann werd’ ich selbst vermummt
mich in den Kerker schleichen:
ein Stoß ... und er verstummt!

ROCCO
Verhungernd in den Ketten,
ertrug er lange Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
der Dolch wird ihn befre’i’n.

PIZARRO
Er sterb’ in seinen Ketten,
zu kurz war seine Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
dann werd’ ich ruhig sein.
(Pizarro leaves, followed by Rocco)

SECOND SCENE
(Leonore and Marzelline enter from opposite sides)

19. MARZELLINE
Nun ist es endlich entschieden. - Nichts
kann unser Glück mehr hindern; in
wenigen Tagen werd’ ich das Weib
meines lieben Fidelio sein!

LEONORE
O, daß ich sie täuschen muß! - Welch
schreckliche Lage!

20. NO. 10 DUET

MARZELLINE
Um in der Ehe froh zu leben,
muß man vor allem treu sich sein,
muß nie sich Grund zur Argwohn geben...

LEONORE
Ja, Argwohn ist der Ehe Pein.
MARZELLINE
Darüber stimmen wir nun ein, darüber stimmen wir nun ein.

LEONORE
Darüber stimm’ ich mit dir ein.

MARZELLINE
Nur was du willst, soll stets geschehen, ich gebe deinem Willen nach, und wie ein Steinchen in dem Bach sollst du, was ich mir denke sehen.

LEONORE
Dein Herz ist ja so spiegelrein, man kann mit dir nur glücklich sein. (to herself) Wie schmerzlich, täuschen sie zu müssen, der Himmel wird es mir verzeihen.

MARZELLINE
Das Leben wird uns sanft verfließen, voll Blumen uns’r Wege sein. Um in der Ehe froh zu leben, muß man vor allem treu sich sein, muß nie sich Grund zur Argwohn geben...

LEONORE
Ja, Argwohn ist der Ehe Pein.

MARZELLINE
Darüber stimmen wir nun ein.

BEIDE
Darüber stimmen wir nun ein.

MARZELLINE
Mein Vater wird mit dir und mir sein Alter innig froh verleben; und, und sind wir einmal unser vier, o, das wird Himmelwonne geben.

LEONORE
O mag dir diese Freude werden.

MARZELLINE
Mein Vater sagt, es gibt auf Erden nichts süßeres, keine groß’re Lust als ich zuerst ihn Vater nannte, da muß’ er weinen und es brannte wie Glut die Freud in seiner Brust.

LEONORE
Auch du wirst einst so glücklich sein und dich des Mutternamens freuen. (to herself) Wie schmerzlich, täuschen sie zu müssen, der Himmel wird es mir verzeihen.

MARZELLINE
Das Leben wird uns sanft verfließen, voll Blumen uns’r Wege sein. (Leonore sinking deep in thought)

21. MARZELLINE
Sie doch, wie du so schnell von der Freude zur Traurigkeit übergehen kannst, als ob du einen geheimen Kummer hättest, den du gern verbergen möchtest.

LEONORE
Ich? - Ganz und gar nicht.

MARZELLINE
Ach mach’s so wie ich, ich singe und lache den ganzen Tag über und besonders, seit ich weiß, daß du mein Mann wirst.

LEONORE
O wenn ich noch Angehörige hätte wie du! - Wenn ich meinen Vater kennte wie du!

MARZELLINE
Jetzt ist die Stunde, wo ich die Gefangenen der frischen Luft geniessen lassen muß Herz gefaßt, lieber Freund, Herz gefaßt?! - Wenn du auch keine Angehörigen hast, so hast du doch Marzellinen, die dich so innig liebt, daß sie dir für alle anderen gelten kann. Verstehst du mich? - für alle - ja, ja - für alle. (leaves with the laundry)

THIRD SCENE
LEONORE (alone)

22. NO. 11 RECITATIVE AND ARIA
LEONORE

CD63
1. NO.12 FINALE
PRISONER
O, welche Lust! in freier Luft den Atem leicht zu heben, O, welche Lust! Nur hier, nur hier ist Leben, der Kerker eine Gruft, eine Gruft!

FIRST PRISONER
Wir wollen mit Vertrauen auf Gottes Hilfe, auf Gottes Hilfe bauen, die Hoffnung flüstert sanft mir zu, wir werden frei, wir finden Ruh, wir finden Ruh’.

PRISONER
O Himmel Rettung, welch ein Glück, o Freiheit, o Freiheit, kehrst du zurück?

SECOND PRISONER
Sprech leise, haltet euch zurück, wir sind belauscht mir Ohr und Blick.

PRISONER
Sprech leise, haltet euch zurück, wir sind belauscht mit Ohr und Blick. O, welche Lust! in freier Luft den Atem leicht zu heben, O, welche Lust! Nur hier, nur hier ist Leben, der Kerker eine Gruft, eine Gruft! Sprech leise, haltet euch zurück, wir sind belauscht mit Ohr und Blick.

2. ROCCO
Entfernt euch jetzt! Nun, könnt ihr eilen? Ihr könnt ja morgen länger hier verweilen.

LEONORE
Nun spreche, wie ging’s?

ROCCO
Recht gut, recht gut! Zusammen rafft’ ich meinen Mut, und trug ihm alles vor, und sollte’ du’s glauben, was er zur Antwort mir gab? Die Heirat, und daß du mir hilfst, will er erlauben, noch heute führ ich in den Kerker dich hinab.

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LEONORE
Noch heute? noch heute?
O welch ein Glück, o welche Wonne!

ROCCO
Ich sehe deine Freude;
nur noch ein Augenblick,
dann gehen wir schon beide, ja,
dann gehen wir schon beide.

LEONORE
Wohin, wohin?

ROCCO
Zu jenem Mann hinab,
dem ich seit vielen Wochen
stets weniger zu essen gab.

LEONORE
Ha, wird er losgesprochen?

ROCCO
O nein!

LEONORE
So sprich, so sprich!

ROCCO
O nein, o nein!
O nein, o nein!
Wir müssen ihn, doch wie,
befrei'n, er muß in einer Stunde -
den Finger auf dem Munde
von uns begrab'n sein.

LEONORE
So ist er tot?

ROCCO
Noch nicht, noch nicht!

LEONORE
Ist, ihn zu töten, deine Pflicht?

ROCCO
Nein, guter Junge, zitt're nicht!
Zum Morden, zum Morden dingt sich
Rocco nicht,
nein, nein!
Der Gouverneur,
der Gouverneur kommt selbst hinab,
wir beide graben nur das Grab.

LEONORE
Ich soll das Grab des Gatten graben,
was kann fürchterlicher sein?

ROCCO
Ich darf ihn nicht mit Speise laben,
ihn wird im Grabe besser sein.

3. Wir müssen gleich zum Werke
schreiten,
du mußt helfen, mich begleiten;
hart, hart ist des Kerkermeisters Brot.

LEONORE
Ich folge dir bis in den Tod!

ROCCO
In der verfallenen Zisterne
bereiten wir die Grube leicht;
ich tu' es, glaube mir, nicht gerne,
auch dir ist schaurig, wie mich deucht.

LEONORE
Ich bin es nur noch nicht gewohnt.

ROCCO
Ich hätte gerne dich verschont,
doch wird mir allein zu schwer,
und gar so streng ist unser Herr.

LEONORE
O welch ein Schmerz!

ROCCO
(to himself)
Mir scheint, er weine.

LEONORE
O welch ein Schmerz!

ROCCO
Nein, nein, du bleibst hier,
ich geh' alleine, ich geh' allein,
du bleibst hier, nein,
du bleibst hier!

LEONORE
O nein, o nein, ich muß ihn seh'n,
den Armen sehen.
Und müßt ich selbst zugrunde gehen!

BEIDE
O säumen wir nun länger nicht,
wir folgen uns' reren strengen Pflicht.

MARZELLINE
(rushes in)
Ach, Vater, eilt!

ROCCO
Was hast du denn?

JAQUINO
Ach ihr verweilt!

ROCCO
Was ist gescheh'n?

MARZELLINE
Mir folgt im Zorn Pizarro nach,
du bist verlor'n!

ROCCO
Gemach, gemach!

LEONORE
So eilet fort!

ROCCO
Ich gehe schon, nur noch ein Wort;

MARZELLINE
Er kommt ja schon,
du weiß ja, wie er tobet,
du kennest seine Wut.

LEONORE
Wie mir's im Innern tobet,
empört ist mein Blut!

ROCCO
Erst hat er mich gelobet
und jetzt ist er in Wut.

PIZARRO
Noch immer zaudert ihr?
Noch immer seid ihr hier? Noch immer?
ROCCO, MARZELLINE, LEONORE
Ihr müßt, weil ihr ...
Ach verzieht, ach verzieht!

PIZARRO
Nicht mehr ein Wort,
fort, eilig fort,
sonst findet ihr den Lohn.

ROCCO, MARZELLINE, LEONORE
Ja, wir gehorchen schon.

(THEY SNEAK AWAY SHYLY)

4. PIZARRO
(to the guards)
Auf euch nur will ich bauen,
seid string auf eurer Hut,
recht fertigt mein Vertrauen,
sonst fürchtet meine Wut!
Jetzt eilet auf die Zinnen,
besetzt rings den Turm!
Bald wird sein Blut verrinnen,
bald krümmet sich der Wurm.

CHORUS OF GUARDS
Fest könnt ihr auf uns bauen,
und flöss auch unser Blut,
uns ziemet das Vertrauen,
wir sind voll Treu und Mut.

PIZARRO
Bald wird sein Blut verrinnen,
bald krümmet sich der Wurm.
Auf euch nur will ich bauen,
recht fertigt mein Vertrauen.
Seid string auf eurer Hut,
sonst fürchtet meine Wut!

CHORUS OF GUARDS
Fest könnt ihr auf uns bauen,
uns ziemet das Vertrauen,
wir sind voll Treu und Mut,
und flöss auch unser Blut.

PIZARRO
Jetzt eilet auf die Zinnen,
besetzt rings den Turm!
Bald wird sein Blut verrinnen,
bald krümmet sich der Wurm.

CHORUS OF GUARDS
Wir eilen auf die Zinnen,
besetzt rings den Turm,
wir sind voll Treu und Mut,
und flöss auch unser Blut.
Das RÖCCO Gewölbe!

ACT II
5. NO. 13 RECITATIVE AND ARIA

FLORESTAN
Gott! Welch Dunkel hier!
O grauenvolle Stille!
Öd ist es um mich her,
nichts, ach nichts lebet außer mir.
O schwere Prüfung!
Doch gerecht ist Gottes Wille!
Ich murre nicht!
Das Maß der Leiden steht bei dir!
In des Lebens Frühlingsstagen
ist das Glück von mir gefloh’n.
Wahrheit wagt ich kühn zu sagen,
die Ketten sind mein Lohn.
Willig dul’d ich alle Schmerzen,
ende schmählich meine Bahn;
süßer, Trost in meinem Herzen:
meine Pflicht hab ich getan.
Ach! Es waren schöne Tage,
as mein Blick an deinem hing,
as ich dich mit frohem Schlage
meines Herzens fest umfing.
Ach, es waren schöne Tage!
Mild’r, Liebe, deine Klage,
wandle ruhig deine Bahn,
sage deinem Herzen, sage:
Florestan hat recht getan.
Mild’r, Liebe, deine Klage ...

6. NO. 14 MELODRAMA AND DUET

LEONORE
Wie kalt ist es in diesem unterirdischen Gewölbe!

ROCCO
Das ist natürlich, es ist ja so tief!

LEONORE
Ich glaubte schon, wir würden
den Eingang gar nicht mehr finden.

ROCCO
Da ist er.

LEONORE
Wo?

ROCCO
Dort - auf dem Steine -

LEONORE
Er scheint ganz ohne Bewegung.

ROCCO
Vielleicht ist er tot.

LEONORE
Ihr meint es?

ROCCO
Nein, nein, er schlaf’t. - Das müssen wir
benützen,
und gleich ans Werk gehen, wir haben
keine Zeit zu verlieren.

LEONORE
Es ist unmöglich, seine Züge zu
unterscheiden.
Gott steh mir bei, wenn er es ist!

ROCCO
Hier unter diesen Trümmern ist die
Zisterne,
von der ich gesagt habe. - Wir
brauchen nicht viel zu graben, um an
die Öffnung zu kommen.
Hole mir eine Haue, und du stelle dich
hierher!
Mir scheint, du zitterst? Fürchtetest du
dich?

LEONORE
O nein! - Ees ist nur so kalt.

ROCCO
So mache fort! Im Arbeiten wird dir
schon warm werden.

ROCCO
Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
es wärht nicht lang, er kommt herein,
es wärht nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE
Nie sollt ja nicht zu klagen haben,
ihr sollt gewiß zufrieden sein.

ROCCO
Komm, hilf, komm hilf doch diesen
Stein mit heben,
hab Acht, hab Acht! Er hat Gewicht!

LEONORE
Ich helle schon, sorgt euch nicht,
ich will mir alle Mühe geben.

ROCCO
Ein wenig noch!

LEONORE
Geduld!

ROCCO
Er weicht!

LEONORE
Nur etwas noch!

ROCCO
Es ist nicht leicht!

ROCCO
Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
es wärht nicht lang, er kommt herein,
es wärht nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE
Laßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben,
wer wirn wieder 2 mal zu Ende sein.

ROCCO
Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
es wärht nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE
Wer du auch seist, ich will dich retten,
bei Gott! Du sollst kein Opfer sein!
Gewiß, ich löse deine Ketten
ich will, du Armer, dich befre’r’n!
Du Armer, dich befre’r’n

ROCCO
Was er da mit sich selber spricht?

LEONORE
Mein Vater, nein, ich rede nicht!

ROCCO
Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
es wärht nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE
Läßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben,
wer wirn wieder 2 mal zu Ende sein.

ROCCO
(ROCCO drinks)

7. LEONORE
Er erwacht!

ROCCO
(suddenly stops drinking)

ERWACHEN!

LEONORE
Ja, er hat einen Kopf gehoben.

ROCCO
Ich muß allein mit ihm reden.
(He steps out of the hole)

LEONORE
Was in mir vorgeht, ist
unaussprechlich!
Ich muß lauschen.

ROCCO
Nun, habt ihr wieder einige
Augenblicke Ruhe genossen?

FLORESTAN
Ruhe, sagt ihr?

LEONORE
Diese Stimme! - wenn ich nur einen
Augenblick sein Gesicht sehen könnte.

FLORESTAN
Werdet ihr immer taub und gefühllos
sein?
Werdet ihr euch nie des ungünstlichen
Florestan erben?
(during the last words he turns to

LEONORE
Gott, er ist’s!
(Shes faints on the edge of the hole)
ROCCO
Was verlangt ihr denn von mir?
Ich vollziehe die Befehle, die man mir gibt;
das ist mein Amt, meine Pflicht.

FLORESTAN
Wer ist Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses?

ROCCO
Der Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses ist Don Pizarro.

FLORESTAN
Pizarro, sagt ihr? - O nun erstaun ich nicht mehr,
daß ich diese Martern zu leiden verdammt bin. - Er
ist's dessen Verbrechen, dessen Mißbrauch der
Gewalt ich zu entdecken wagte. Ich bitte euch nur, sobald
als möglich nach Sevilla zu schicken; dort fragt
nach Leonore Florestan -

LEONORE
Gott, er ahnt nicht, daß sie jetzt sein
Grube gräbt!

FLORESTAN
Gebt ihr Nachricht, daß ich noch lebe,
sagt ihr, daß ich hier in Ketten liege, daß der Barbar
Pizarro hier zu gebieten hat. Sie wird meine Freiheit
bewirken, mein Leben erhalten, und du, Alter, wird die
Tugend geschützt und die
Unschuld gerettet haben.

ROCCO
Es ist unmöglich, sag' ich euch. - Ich
würde mich ins Verderben stürzen, ohne euch genützt zu haben.

LEONORE
O Gott, wer kann das ertragen?

FLORESTAN
Auss Barmherzigkeit, gib mir nur einen
Tropfen Wasser.

ROCCO
Es geht mir wider meinen Willen so zu
Herzen!
Alles was ich euch anbieten kann, ist
dasa Restchen Wein,
das ich noch im Krug habe. Fidelio!

LEONORE
Da ist er! Da ist er!

FLORESTAN
Wer ist dieser Jüngling?

ROCCO
Mein Schleißer, und in wenigen Tagen
mein Eidam.
(To Leonore) Du bist ja so bewegt!

LEONORE
Wer sollt' es nicht sein? - Ihr selbst,
Meister Rocco -

ROCCO
Du hast recht. Dieser Mensch hat so
eine Stimme -

8. NO. 15 TERZET
FLORESTAN
Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten, der Himmel, der Himmel hat euch mir
geschickt,
o Dank, ihr habt mich süß erquicken,
ich kann die Wohltat nicht vergelten.

ROCCO
Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

LEONORE
Wie zieht er mich so mächtig an,
o wenn ich ihn befreien kann.

FLORESTAN
Er scheint gerührt, der gute Mann,
o wenn ich ihn gewinnen kann!

LEONORE
Wie zieht er mich so mächtig an,
o wenn ich ihn befreien kann.

ROCCO
Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

LEONORE
(to Rocco) Dies Stückscheck Brot, ja, seit zwei
Tagen trag ich es immer schon bei mir.

ROCCO
Ich möchte gern, doch sag ich dir,
das hieß wirklich zu viel wagen.

LEONORE
Ihr labtet gern den armen Mann.

ROCCO
Das geht nicht an, das geht nicht an!

LEONORE
Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

ROCCO
Das geht nicht an, das geht nicht an!

LEONORE
Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

ROCCO
So sei es, so sei's, du kannst es wagen.

LEONORE
Da nimm, da nimm das Brot,
du armer, du armer Mann!

FLORESTAN
O Dank dir, Dank! O Dank!
Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten,
der Himmel, der Himmel hat euch mir
gebracht.

LEONORE
Wie ziehet er mich so mächtig an,
o wenn ich ihn befreien kann.

ROCCO
Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

FLORESTAN
Er scheint gerührt, der gute Mann,
o wenn ich ihn gewinnen kann!
Ich kann die Wohltat nicht vergelten.
der Himmel, der Himmel hat euch mir
geschickt.
O daß ich euch nicht lohnen kann!
O Dank! Ich kann die Wohltat nicht
vergelten.

LEONORE
O mehr als ich ertragen kann!
Du armer Mann! Du armer Mann!

ROCCO
Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.
Der arme Mann! Der arme Mann!
(Florestan eats the piece of bread)

9. ROCCO (after a silence to Leonore)
Alles ist bereit; ich gehe, das Signal zu geben.
He moves to the background

LEONORE
O Gott, gib mir Mut und Stärke!

THIRD SCENE
PIZARRO
Ist alles bereit?

ROCCO
Ja, wir haben nunmehr die Zisterne zu
öffnen.

PIZARRO
Gut - der Jüngling soll sich entfernen.

ROCCO
Geh, geh!

LEONORE
Wer?... Ich...? Und ihr?

PIZARRO
Die muß ich mir heute noch beide vom
Halse schaffen,
damit alles auf immer im Dunkeln
bleibt.

ROCCO
Soll ich ihm die Ketten abnehmen?
PIZARRO
Nein, ich muß erst - Die Zeit ist dringend.
(He draws a dagger)

10. NO.16 QUARTET
PIZARRO
Er sterbe!
Doch er soll erst wissen, wem ihm sein stolzes Herz zerfleischt
Der Rache Dunkel sei zerrissen
Sieh her, du hast mich nicht getäuscht!
Pizarro, den du stürzen willst, Pizarro, den du fürchten solltest, steht nun als Rächer hier!

FLORESTAN
Ein Mörder steht vor mir!

PIZARRO
Noch einmal ruf’ ich dir, was du getan zurück, nur noch ein Augenblick, und dieser Dolch...

LEONORE
Zurück! Zurück!

FLORESTAN
O Gott!

ROCCO
Was soll?

LEONORE
Durchbohren, durchbohren
mußt du erst diese Brust, der Tod sei dir geschworen
Für deine Mörderlust!

PIZARRO
Wahnsinniger!

LEONORE
Der Tod sei dir geschworen
Für deine Mörderlust!

ROCCO
Halt ein, halt doch ein!

PIZARRO
Wahnsinniger! Er soll bestraft sein!

LEONORE
Töt erst sein Weib!

PIZARRO
Sein Weib?

ROCCO
Sein Weib?

FLORESTAN
Mein Weib?

LEONORE
Ja, sieh hier Leonore!

FLORESTAN
Leonore!

PIZARRO
Ich bin sein Weib, geschworen hab ich ihm Trost, Verderben dir!

FLORESTAN
Sein Weib?

ROCCO
Sein Weib?

FLORESTAN
Mein Weib?

LEONORE
Ich bin sein Weib, geschworen hab ich ihm Trost, Verderben dir!

FLORESTAN
Vor Freude starrt mein Blut!

ROCCO
Mir starrt vor Angst mein Blut!

PIZARRO
Welch’ unerhörter Mut! welch unerhörter Mut!
Ha, soll ich vor einem Weibe bebren? So opfr’ ich, so opfr’ ich
beide meinem Grimm; geteilt hast du mit ihm das Leben, so teile nun den Tod mit ihm!

FLORESTAN
Ach, du bist gerettet, großer Gott!

LEONORE
Ich trote seiner Wut! Verderben ihm!
Der Tod, der Tod sei dir geschworen, durchbohren mußt
du erst diese Brust!
(Off-stage trumpets)

FLORESTAN
Ach, ich bin gerettet, großer Gott!

ROCCO
Hal ha, der Minister, Höll’ und Tod!

LEONORE
O, was ist das? Gerechter Gott!

ROCCO
O, Gott, was wartet mein?

LEONORE
So schlägt der Rache Stunde, du sollst gerettet sein!

FLORESTAN
So schlägt der Rache Stunde, ich soll gerettet sein!

PIZARRO
Verflucht sei diese Stunde, die Heuchler spotten mein.

ROCCO
O fürchterliche Stunde! O, Gott, was wartet mein?

PIZARRO
Verzweißung wird im Bunde
mit meiner Rache sein!
Verflucht sei diese Stunde, die Heuchler spotten mein.

LEONORE
Die Liebe wird im Bunde
mit Mute mich befrein.

FLORESTAN
Die Liebe wird im Bunde
mit Mute dich befrein’. Es schlägt der Rache Stunde,
ich soll gerettet sein!

ROCCO
Ich will nicht mehr im Bunde
mit diesem Wul’rich sein.
O fürchterliche Stunde!
O, Gott, was wartet mein?
(Pizarro falls down, Rocco follows after him, after he has taken the weapon from Leonore.)

11. FOURTH SCENE
LEONORE (totally exhausted)
Die Waffe hab’ ich mir nehmen lassen - ’o Gott, Gott -
In einem Augenblick die Frucht so vieler Bemühung verloren! - Keine Hoffnung hab’ ich mehr! - Nein! Nein!
(helpless she collapses on the edge of the cistern)

12. NO.17 DUET
FLORESTAN
Ich kann mich noch nicht fassen, zu denken wag’ ich’s kaum,
sie hat mich nicht verlassen, o nein, es war kein Traum.
Sie war’s, sie ist’s, dort sank sie hin!
O Gott! Sie scheint sich kaum zu regen!
Weh mir, daß ich gefesselt bin!
Mein Herz erliegt so vielen Schlägen!
O Leonore, Leonore!

LEONORE
(still unconscious)
Gebt, ach gebt ihn mir!

FLORESTAN
Ha, sie ist’s!
O Gott! O Gott! Sie ruft nach mir!
Geliebtes Weib!

LEONORE
O helft, o helft ihn retten!

FLORESTAN
Sieh’, Florestan, sieh! seine Ketten,
sieh’, Leonore, den Gemahl!

LEONORE
(recovering)
Was hör ich?
Welch süßer Schall?
BEIDE
Mein Florestan
Komm, O, Florestan!
LEONORE
Er ist’s! Er ist’s!
(She rushes to him and presses herself to his chest)
Ich bin bei dir.
BEIDE
O, namen-, namenlose Freude!
LEONORE
Mein Mann an meiner Brust!
FLORESTAN
Mein Weib an meiner Brust!
BEIDE
Nach unnennbarer Leiden, so übergroße Lust.
LEONORE
Du wieder nun in meinen Armen!
FLORESTAN
O Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen,
LEONORE
Du wieder nun in meinen Armen!
FLORESTAN
O Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen, O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!
BEIDE
O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!
Mein Mann, mein Mann an meiner Brust!
Ich bin’s!
Mein Weib, mein Weib O, namen-, namenlose Freude!
FLORESTAN
Du bist’s! Du bist’s!
O himmliches Entzücken!
Komm, laß an dieses Herz dich drücken!
LEONORE
Ich bin’s! Ich bin’s! O himmliches Entzücken!
Komm, laß an dieses Herz dich drücken!
FLORESTAN
Leonore!
LEONORE
Florestan!
O, namen-, namenlose Freude!
Nach unnennbarer Leiden, so übergroße Lust.
Mein Mann an meiner Brust!
Mein Weib an meiner Brust!
O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!
13. FLORESTAN
O Leonore, sprich! Durch welches Wunder ist es dir gelungen, zu mir zu dringen?
LEONORE (fost)
Ich verließ Sevilla - ich kam zu Fuß - in Manneskleidern - der Kerkermeister nahm mich in Dienste, dein Verfolger selbst machte mich zum Schließer!
FLORESTAN
So viele Beschwerden hast du ertragen können?
LEONORE
Die Liebe hat mich beseelt! Meine Kräfte waren unerschöpflich!
FLORESTAN
Meine Leonore, was hast du alles für mich getan!
ROCCO
(He has pushed himself near to Leonore. Don Fernando follows him closely)
Hier sind sie! Seht! O habt Erbarmen! O rettet dieses edle Paar!
FLORESTAN
Wer reißt sie mir aus meinen Armen?
LEONORE
Herbei! Ich trachte der Gefahr!
FLORESTAN
Was seh’ ich! Don Fernando!
DON FERNANDO
Ja, doch um die Tugend nur zu rächen, um eure Ketten zu zerbrechen, als euer Retter bin ich da.
LEONORE, FLORESTAN
O Gott!
DON FERNANDO
(lifting Leonore)
Steigt auf, steht auf! Es ziemte mir, mir selbst, zu euren Füßen hier der Frauen edelste zu ehren.
ROCCO
Laß euch auch über mich belehren: verfolgt hab ich euch nur zum Schein; ich kann nicht unbarherzig sein, als Retter will ich wiederkehren. (showing the gun) Das hab’ ich mit Gewalt geborgt, für Mildebrauch war ich nur besorgt. Jetzt soll mein Herz nichts mehr beschweren. (He throws a purse to Pizarro) Das gabst du mir in diesem Kauf! Der Fluch des Himmels liege darauf!
CHORUS
Bestraft sei der Bösewicht der Unschuld unterdrückt! Hält nicht das strafende Gericht der Rache Schwere gezückt)
FERNANDO
(to Rocco)
Du des edlen Mannes Grab, jetzt, jetzt nimmt ihm seine Ketten ab. (to Leonore)
Doch hatt’ Euch, edle Frau, allein, euch ziemt es, ganz ihn zu befre’i’n.
15. LEONORE, FLORESTAN, MARZELLINO, ROCCO, DON FERNANDO, CHORUS
O Gott, o Gott, welch ein Augenblick
O unaussprechlich süßes Glück!
Gerecht, o Gott, gerecht ist dein Gericht!
Du prüfest, du verläßt uns nicht!
16. DON FERNANDO
(to Florestan)
Wie lang habt ihr sie getragen?
FLORESTAN
Ich weiß es nicht, denn mit den Tagen
vermengen sich die Nächte hier.

DON FERNANDO
(to Rocco)
Ihr, Alter, wißt es, sagt es mir.

ROCCO
Zwei Jahre sind’s, ich irre nicht.
DON FERNANDO
(to Pizarro)
So höre denn, du Bösewicht,
du kontest dich an seinen Leiden
zwei schreckensvolle Jahre weiden?
Du wirst nun an denselben Stein
dein Leben durch geschmiedet sein!

CHORUS
O, zu gelind’ ist er bestraft.

LEONORE
O nein! O nein! Erbarmt euch sein!
Denn ihr gab sein Bewußtsein Kraft.

FLORESTAN
O nein! O nein! Erbarmt euch sein!
Denn mir gab mein Bewußtsein Kraft.

CHORUS
Nein, nein, nein!
Er ist noch zu gelind’ bestraft.

DON FERNANDO
Der König wird sein Richter sein;
kommt, Freunde, laßt zu ihm uns eilen,
er wird mit mir die Wonne teilen,
verfolgte Unschuld zu befrei’n.

17. CHORUS
Preist! Preist!
Preist mit hoher Freude Glut
Leonorens edlen Mut!

18. MARZELLINE, JAQUINO, ROCCO, DON FERNANDO
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
nie, wird es zu hoch besungen,
Rettiner des Gatten zu sein.

CHORUS
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
nie, wird es zu hoch besungen,
Rettiner des Gatten zu sein.

FLORESTAN
Deine Treu’ erhielt mein Leben,
Tugend schreckt den Bösewicht.

LEONORE
Liebe führte mein Bestreben,
wahre Liebe fürchtet nicht.

CHORUS
Preist mit hoher Freude Glut,
Leonorens edlen Mut.

FLORESTAN, MARZELLINE, JAQUINO, ROCCO, FERNANDO, CHORUS
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
nie, wird es zu hoch besungen,
Rettiner des Gatten zu sein.

CD64
FIDELIO
Opera in two acts
Music by Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
Libretto by Joseph Sonnleithner and
Friedrich Treitschke after Jean Nicolas Bouilly’s play drama “Leonore”
First performance: May 1814, Theater am Kärntner Tor in Wien.

CAST
Don Fernando, the King’s Minister
Baritone
Pizarro, Governor of a state prison
Baritone
Florestan, prisoner tenor
Leonore, his wife, in male attire as
Fidelio soprano
Rocco, Chief jailer bass
Marzelline, his daughter soprano
Jaquino, Rocco’s assistant tenor
First prisoner tenor
Second prisoner bass

ACT I

1. OVERTURE

2. NO.1 DUET
JAQUINO
Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein,
Wir können vertraulich
nun plaudern.

MARZELLINE
Es wird ja nichts Wichtiges sein,
ich darf bei der Arbeit
nicht zaudern.

JAQUINO
Ein Wörtchen, du Trotzige, du!

MARZELLINE
So sprich nur, ich höre ja zu.

JAQUINO
Wenn du mir nicht
freundlicher’ blickest,
so bring ich kein Wörtchen hervor.

MARZELLINE
Wenn du dich nicht
in mich schickest,
verstopf ich mir vollends das Ohr.

JAQUINO
Ein Weilchen nur höre mir zu,
dann lass ich dich
wieder in Ruh’.

MARZELLINE
So hab’ ich denn nimmer mehr Ruh’;
so rede, so rede nur zu!

JAQUINO
Ich... ich habe...
Ich habe zum Weib dich gewählet,
verstehst du?
MARZELLINE
Das ist ja doch klar!
JAQUINO
Und... und, wenn mir dein
Jawort nicht fehlet,
was meinst du?
MARZELLINE
So sind wir ein Paar,
JAQUINO
Wir könntens in wenigen Wochen.
MARZELLINE
Recht schön, du bestimmst
schon die Zeit.
JAQUINO
Zum Henker, das ewige Pochen,
da war ich so herrlich im Gang,
und immer,
immer entwicht mir der Fang!
MARZELLINE
So bin ich doch endlich befreit!
Wie macht deine Liebe mir bang,
es werden die Stunden mir lang.
Ich weiß, daß der Arme sich quälet,
et tut mir so leid auch um ihn!
Fidelio hab' ich gewählet,
ihn lieben ist süßer Gewinn.
JAQUINO
Wo war ich?
Sie sieht mich nicht an!
MARZELLINE
Da ist er,
er fängt wieder an!
JAQUINO
Wann wirst du das Jawort mir geben?
Es könnte ja heute ja heute noch sein.
MARZELLINE
O weh!
Er verbittert mein Leben!
Jetzt, morgen und immer,
und immer, nein!
Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein!
JAQUINO
Du bist doch wahrhaftig von Stein,
kein Wünschen, kein Bitten,
geht ein.
MARZELLINE
Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein,
er hofft bei dem mindesten Schein.
JAQUINO
So wirst du dich nimmer,
nimmer bekehren?
Was meinst du?
MARZELLINE
Du könntest nun geh'n!

JAQUINO
Wie?
Dich anzusehn' willst du mir wehren?
Auch das noch?
MARZELLINE
So bleibe hier steh'n!
JAQUINO
Du hast mir
so oft doch versprochen.
MARZELLINE
Versprochen?
Nein, das geht zu weit!
JAQUINO
Zum Henker das ewige Poche,
zum Henker!
MARZELLINE
So bin ich doch, endlich befreit!
Das ist ein willkommener Klang,
es wurde zu Tode mir bang.
JAQUINO
Es ward ihr im Erste schon bang;
er weiß, ob es mir nicht gelang.
Wenn ich diese Tür heute
nicht schon zweihundertmal
aufgemacht habe, so will ich
nicht Jaquino heißen.
Zum Wetter, schon wieder!
MARZELLINE
Was kann ich dafür,
daß ich ihn nicht mehr so gern
wie sonst haben kann?
JAQUINO
So. Nun hoffe ich,
soll niemand uns stören.
ROCCO
Jaquino, Jaquino!
MARZELLINE
Hörst du, der Vater ruft!
JAQUINO
Lassen wir ihn ein wenig warten.
Also,
auf unsere Liebe zu kommen...
MARZELLINE
So geh doch,
der Vater wird sich nach Fidelio
erkundigen wollen.
JAQUINO
Er freilich da kann man
nicht schnell genug sein.
ROCCO
Jaquino, hörst du nicht?
JAQUINO
Ich komme schon!
Bleib fein hier, in zwei Minuten
sind wir wieder beisammen.

RECIPIVATIVE
MARZELLINE
Der arme Jaquino dauert
mich beinahe,
kann ich aber ändern?
Ich war ihm sonst recht gut,
da kam Fidelio in unser Haus,
und seit der Zeit ist alles
in mir und um mich verändert.
Ach!
Aus dem Mitleiden,
Das ich mit Jaquino habe,
merke ich erst,
wie sehr gut ich Fidelio bin.
Ich glaube auch, daß
Fidelio mir recht gut ist,
und wenn ich die Gesinnunges
Vaters wüßte,
so könnte bald mein Glück
vollkommen werden.

3. NO. 2 ARIA
O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint,
dürfte Mann dich nennen!
Ein Mädchen darf ja,
was es meint,
zur Hälfte nur Lekonnen!
Doch wenn ich nicht erötern
muß ob einem warmen Herzenskuß,
wen nichts uns stört auf Erden.
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust
mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust;
wie glücklich will ich werden!
In Ruhe stiller Häuslichkeit
erwach' ich jeden Morgen,
wir grüßen uns mit Zärtlichkeit,
Der Fließ verseuchet die Sorgen.
Und ist die Arbeit abgetan,
dann schleicht die holde Nacht heran,
dann ruß'n wir von Beschwerden.
ROCCO
Guten Tag, Marzelline!
Ist Fidelio noch
nicht zurück gekommen?
MARZELLINE
Nein, Vater!
ROCCO
Die Stunde naht,
Wo ich dem Gouverneur
die Briefschaften bringen muß,
abholen sollte,
ihn mit Ungeduld.
LEONORE
Jaquino! Jaquino!
JAQUINO
Ich komme schon, ich komme schon!
MARZELLINE
Er wird gewiß so lange bei
dem Schmied haben warten müssen.
Da ist er, da ist er!
Wie er belastet ist!
Lieber Gott, der Schweiß
läuf ihm von der Stirn.

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ROCCO
Warte, warte!

JAQUINO
Es war auch der Mühe wert, so schnell aufzumachen, um den Patron da herein zulassen.

ROCCO
Armer Fidelio, diesmal hast du zu viel dir aufgeladen!

LEONORE
Ich muß gestehen, ich bin ein wenig ermüdet! Der Schmied hatte auch an den Ketten so lange auszubessern, daß ich glaubte, er würde nicht damit fertig werden.

ROCCO
Sind sie jetzt gut gemacht?

LEONORE
Gewiß, recht gut und stark. Keiner der Gefangenen wird sie zerbrechen.

ROCCO
Wieviel kostet alles zusammen?

LEONORE
Zwölf Piaster ungefähr. Hier ist die genaue Rechnung

ROCCO

LEONORE
Ich suche zu tun, was mir möglich ist.

ROCCO
Ja, ja, du bist brav; man kann nicht eifersüchtig, nicht verständiger sein! Ich habe dich auch mit jedem Tage lieber, und, sei versichert, dein Lohn soll nicht ausbleiben.

LEONORE
O glaubt nicht, daß ich meine Schuldigkeit nur des Lohnes wegen...

ROCCO
Still! Meinst du, ich kann dir nicht ins Herz sehen?

4. NO 3 QUARTET
MARZELLINE
Mir ist so wunderbar, es engt das Herz mir ein; er liebt mich, es ist klar, ich werde glücklich, glücklich sein.

LEONORE
Wie groß ist die Gefahr! wie schwach der Hoffnung Schein! sie liebt mich, es ist klar, o namenloser Pein!

ROCCO
Sie liebt ihn, es ist klar, ja, Mädchen, er wird dein, ein gutes, junges Paar, sie werden glücklich sein.

JAQUINO
Mir straubt sich schon das Haar, der Vater willigt ein, mir wird so wunderbar, mir fällt kein Mittel ein.

RECITATIVE
ROCCO
Höre, Fidelio, wenn ich auch nicht weiß, wie und wo auf die Welt gekommen bist, und wenn du auch gar keinen Vater gehabt hätttest, so weiß ich doch, was ich tue, ich, ich mache dich zu meinem Tochtermann.

MARZELLINE
Wirst du es bald tun, lieber Vater?

ROCCO
Ei, ei, wie eilfertig! So bald der Gouverneur nach Sevilla gereist sein wird, dann haben wir mehr Muße. Ihr wißt ja, daß er alle Monate hingehet, um über alles, was hier in dem Staatsgefängniss vorgeht, Rechnenschaft zu geben. In wenigen Tagen muß er wieder fort, und den Tag nach seiner Abreise geb' ich euch zusammen. Darauf könnt ihr rechnen.

MARZELLINE
Den Tag nach seiner Abreise! Das machst du recht vernünftig, lieber Vater!

LEONORE
Den Tag nach seiner Abreise? O' welche neue Verlegenheit!

ROCCO
Nun, meine Kinder, ihr habt euch doch recht herzlich lieb, nicht wahr? Aber das ist noch nicht alles, was zu einer guten, vergnügten Haushaltung gehört, man braucht auch

5. NO 4 ARIA

RECITATIVE
LEONORE
Ihr könnt das leicht sagen, Meister Rocco, aber ich, ich behaupte, daß die Vereinigung zweier gleichgestimmten Herzen die Quelle des wahren erhöhten Glücks ist. O dieses Glück muß der größte Schatz auf Erden sein! Freilich gibt es noch etwas, was mir nicht weniger kostbar sein würde, aber mit Kummer sehe ich, daß ich es trotz aller meiner Bemühungen nicht erhalten werde.

ROCCO
Und was wäre denn das?

LEONORE
ROCCO
Du weißt doch, daß ich den strengsten Befehl habe, niemanden, wer es auch sein mag, zu den Staatsgefangenen zu lassen.

MARZELLINE
Es sind ihrer aber gar so viele in dieser Festung. Du arbeitest dich ja zu Tod, lieber Vater.

LEONORE
Sie hat recht, Meister Rocco. Man soll allerdings seine Schuldigkeit tun. Aber es ist doch auch erlaubt, meine ich, zuweilen daran zu denken, wie man sich für die, die uns angehören und lieben, ein bißchen schonen kann.

MARZELLINE
Man muß sich für seine Kinder zu erhalten suchen.

ROCCO
Ja, ihr habt recht, diese schwere Arbeit würde mir doch endlich zu viel werden. Der Gouverneur ist zwar sehr streng, er muß mir aber doch erlauben, dich in die Gouverneur, geheime Kerker mit mir zu nehmen. Unterdessen gibt es ein Gewölbe, in das ich dich wohl nie werde führen dürfen, obschon ich mich ganz auf dich verlassen kann.

MARZELLINE
Vermutlich, wo der Gefangene sitzt, von dem du schon einige gesprochen hast, Vater?

ROCCO
Du hast's erraten.

LEONORE
Ich glaube, es ist schon lange her, daß er gefangen ist?

ROCCO
Es ist schon über zwei Jahre.

LEONORE
Zwei Jahre, sagt Ihr? Er muß ein großer Verbrecher sein.

ROCCO
Oder er muß große Feinde haben; das kommt ungefähr auf eins heraus.

MARZELLINE
So hat man denn nie erfahren können, woher er ist, und wie er heißt?

ROCCO
O wie oft hat er mit mir von alledem reden wollen.

LEONORE
Nun?

ROCCO

LEONORE
Großer Gott!

MARZELLINE
Lieber Himmel, wie hat er denn eine so schwere Strafe verdient?

ROCCO

MARZELLINE
O lieber Vater, führe Fidelio ja nicht zu ihm, diesen Anblick könnt er nicht ertragen.

LEONORE

ROCCO

6. NO.5 TERZET
Gut, Söhchen, gut, hab immer Mut, dann wird dir's auch gelingen, das Herz wird hart durch Gegenwart bei fürchterlichen Dingen.

LEONORE

MARZELLINE
Dein gutes Herz wird manchen Schmerz in diesen Grützen leiden, dann kehrt zurück der Liebe Glück und unennbare Freuden.

ROCCO
Du wirst dein Glück ganz sicher bauen, ja, ja, ihr werdet glücklich sein.

LEONORE
Ich hab' auf Gott und Recht Vertrauen, ja, ja, ich kann noch glücklich sein.

MARZELLINE
Du darfst mir auch ins Auge schauen der Liebe Macht ist auch nicht klein, ja, ja, ja, wir werden glücklich sein.

ROCCO
Der Gouverneur, der Gouverneur soll heut' erlauben, daß du mit mir die Arbeit teilst.

LEONORE
Du wirst mir alle Ruhe rauben, wenn du bis morgen nur verweilst.

MARZELLINE
Ja, guter Vater, bitt ihn heute, in kurzen sind wir dann ein Paar.

ROCCO
Ich bin ja bald des Grabes Beute, ich brauche Hilf, es ist ja wahr.

LEONORE

MARZELLINE
Ach! lieber Vater, was fällt Euch ein? Lang' Freund und Rater müßt Ihr uns sein.

ROCCO
Nur auf der Hut, dann geht es gut, gestillt, gestillt wird euer Sehnen; gebt euch die Hand und schliesst das Band, in süßen Freuentränen. Ein schönes Band, mit Herz und Hand.

MARZELLINE
O habe Mut, o welche Glut, o welch' ein tiefes Sehnen!

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Ein festes Band mit
Herz und Hand,
o süße, süße Tränen.

LEONORE
Ihr seid so gut ihr macht mir Mut,
gestillt wird bald mein Sehnen.
Ich gab die Hand zum süßen Band,
es kostet bittre Tränen.

ROCCO
Aber nun ist Zeit, daß
ich dem Gouverneur die
Briefschaften überbringe.
Ah! Er kommt selbst hierher!
Gieb sie, Fidelio,
dann entfernt euch!

PIZARRO
Drei Schildwachen auf den
Wall, sechs Mann Tag und
Nacht auf der Zugbrücke,
ebenso viele gegen den Garten zu,
und jedermann, der sich dem Graben
der Festung nähert,
werde sogleich zu mir gebracht.
Ist etwas Neues vorgefallen?

ROCCO
Nein, Herr!

7. NO.6 MARCH
RECITATIVE
PIZARRO
Wo sind die Depeschen?

ROCCO
Hier sind sie.

PIZARRO
Immer Empfehlungen oder Vorwürfe.
Wenn ich auf alles das achten wollte,
werde ich nie damit zu Ende kommen.
Mich dünkt, ich kenne diese Schrift.
Laß sehen.
"Ich gebe ihnen Nachricht,
daß der Minister in Erfahrung gebracht
hat, daß die Staatsgefangnisse, denen
Sie vorstehen, mehrere Opfer
willkürlicher Gewalt enthalten.
Er reist morgen ab,
und Sie mit einer Untersuchung zu
überschlagen.
Seien Sie auf Ihrer Hut, und suchen Sie
sich sicherzustellen."
Gott, wenn er entdeckte,
daß ich diesen Florestan
in Ketten liegen habe,
den er längst tot glaubt; ihn,
der so oft meine Rache reizte,
der mich vor dem Minister enthüllen
und mir seine Gunst entziehen wollte!
Doch, es gibt ein Mittel!
Eine kühne Tat kann alle Besorgnisse
zerstreuen!

8. NO.7 ARIA WITH CHORUS
Hal! Hal! Hal!
Welch ein Augenblick!
Die Rache wird’ ich kühlen!
dich, dich rufet dein Geschick!

In seinem Herzen wühlen, o Wonne,
großes Glück!
Schon war ich, schon war ich nah’,
im Staube,
dem lauten Spott zum Raube,
dahin, dahin, ja,
dahin gestreckt zu sein!
Nun ist es mir geworden,
den Mörder selbst zu morden!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
In seiner letzten Stunde,
den Stahl in seiner Wunde,
hm noch ins Ohr zu schrei’n.
Triumph! Triumph! Triumph!
der Sieg, der Sieg ist mein!

SOLDIERS
Er spricht von Tod und Wunde,
nun fort auf unsere Runde,
weise wichtig muß es sein,
nun fort, nun fort,
wie wichtig muß es sein!

PIZARRO
Ich darf keinen Augenblick säumen,
alle Anstalten zu meinem
Vorhaben zu treffen.
Heute soll der Minister ankommen.
Nur die größte Vorsicht
und Eile können mich retten.

RECITATIVE
Hauptsinn, hören Sie!
Besteigen Sie mit einem
Trompeter sogleich den Turm.
Sehen Sie unablässig und
mit der größten Achtsamkeit
auf die Straße von Sevilla.
Sobald Sie einen Wagen,
von Reitern begleitet,
diesem Schloß sich nähern sehen,
lassen Sie augenblicklich durch
den Trompeter ein Signal geben.
Verstehen Sie,
augenblicklich ein Signal!
Ich erwarte die größte
Pünktlichkeit,
Sie haften mir mit Ihrem Kopf dafür.
Fort, auf eure Posten!
Rocco! Rocco!

ROCCO
Herr!

PIZARRO
Ich muß ihn zu gewinnen suchen.
Ohne seine Hilfe kann
ich es nicht ausführen.
Komm näher!

9. NO.8 DUET
Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
dir wird ein Glück zu Teile,
du wirst ein reicher Mann;
das geb‘ ich nur daran.

ROCCO
So sagt doch nur in Eile,
willst ich dienen kann.

PIZARRO
Du bist von kaltem Blute,
von unverzüglichem Mute durch langen,
langen Dienst geworden.

ROCCO
Was soll ich?
Redet, redet! Wie!

PIZARRO
Morden!

ROCCO
Wie?

PIZARRO
Höre mich nur an!
Du bebst? bist du ein Mann?
Wir dürfen gar nicht säumen,
dem Staate liegt den bösen Unterthan
schnell aus dem Weg zu räumen. Du
stehst noch an?

ROCCO
O Herr!
O Herr!

PIZARRO
Er darf nicht länger leben,
sonst ist’s um mich geschehn’.

ROCCO
Die Glieder fühlt’ ich bebend,
wie könnt’ ich das besteh’n?

PIZARRO
Pizarro sollte beben?
Du fällst,
du fällst ich werde steh’n.

ROCCO
Ich neh’ ihm nicht das Leben,
mag was da will geschehn’. Nein, Herr, das Leben
nehmen das ist nicht meine Pflicht.

PIZARRO
Ich will mich selbst bequemen,
wenf Dir’s an Mut gebricht.
Nun eile rasch und munter
zu jenem Mann hinunter,
du weißt, du weißt...

ROCCO
...der kaum mehr lebt,
und wie ein Schatten schwebt?

PIZARRO
Zu dem, zu dem hab!
Ich wart’ in kleiner ferne, du gräbst in
der Zisterne
sehr schnell ein Grab.

ROCCO
Und dann? Und dann?

PIZARRO
Dann werd’ ich selbst vermummt mich
in den Kerker schleichen: ein Stoß ... 
und er verstummt!
ROCCO
Verhungern in den Ketten,
ertrug er lange Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
der Dolch wird ihn befreien.

PIZARRO
Er sterb' in seinen Ketten,
zum kurzer war seine Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
dann werd' ich ruhig sein.
Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
Hast du mich verstanden?
Du gibst ein Zeichen;
dann werd' ich selbst vermummmt mich
in den Kerker schleichen:
ein Stoß ... und er verstummt!

ROCCO
Verhungern in den Ketten,
ertrug er lange Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
der Dolch wird ihn befreien.

PIZARRO
Er sterb' in seinen Ketten,
zum kurzer war seine Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
dann werd' ich ruhig sein.
(Pizarro leaves, Rocco follows him)

10. NO.9 RECITATIVE AND ARIA
LEONORE
Abscheulicher, wo elst du hin?
Was hast du vor, in wildem Grimme?
Des Mittelids Ruf, der Meschheit
Stimmen
rührt nichts mehr deinen Tigersinn?
Doch toben auch wie Meereswogen
dir in der Seele Zorn und Wut,
so leuchtest mir ein Farbenbogen.
der heil auf dunkel Wolken ruht:
Der blickt so still, so friedlich nieder,
der spiegelt alte Zeiten wieder,
und neu besänftigt wallt mein Blut.

11. Jeglicher, Hoffnung, laß' den letzten
Stern der Münzen nicht erlebchen!
O komm', erheil mein Ziel, se'is noch
so fern, die Liebe, sie wird's erreichen.
Ich folg' dem innern Triebe,
ich wande nicht,
mißt stärkt die Pflicht
der treuen Gattenliebe!
O du, für den ich alles trug,
könnt ich zur Stelle dringen,
wo Boshheit dich in Fesseln schlug,
und sißen Trost dir bringen!
Ich folg' dem innern Triebe,
ich wande nicht,
mißt stärkt die Pflicht
der treuen Gattenliebe.
(Rocco enters from the garden,
Marzelline from the house)

LEONORE
Rocco, ihr versprach mir so oft,
die armen Gefangenen, die über der
Erde wohnen,
in unserem Festungsgarten zu lassen.
Heute ist das Wetter so schön!

ROCCO
Der Gouverneut kommt um diese Zeit
nicht hierher.

MARZELLINE
Vater, es ist die Stunde,
in der die Gefangenen
an die frische Luft kommen dürfen.

ROCCO
Ohne Erlaubnis des Gouverneurs?

MARZELLINE
Aber er sprach so lange mit dir,
Vielleicht sollst du ihm einen Gefallen
tun,
und dann wird er es so genau nicht
nehmen.

ROCCO
Einen Gefallen?
Du hast recht, Marzelline.
Auf diese Gefahr hin kann ich es
wagen.
Wohl denn, Jaquino und Fidelio,
ofnnet die leichter Gefängnisse.
Ich aber gehe zu Pizarro
und halte ihn zurück, indem ich für
sein Bestes rede.

MARZELLINE
So recht, Vater!

12. NO.10 FINALE
PRISONERS
O, welche Lust!
in freier Luft den Atem
leicht zu heben, O, welche Lust!
nur hier, nur hier ist Leben,
der Kerker eine Gruft, eine Gruft!

FIRST PRISONER
Wir wollen mit Vertrauen
auf Gottes Hilfe,
auf Gottes Hilfe bauen,
die Hoffnung flüstert sanft mir zu,
werden frei, wir finden Ruh,
finden Ruhe.

SECOND PRISONER
O Himmel Rettung,
welch ein Glück,
o Freiheit, o Freiheit,
kehrst du zurück?

PRISONERS
Sprech leise, haltet euch zurück,
wir sind belauscht mir
Ohr und Blick.

LEONORE
Nun spreche, wie ging's?

ROCCO
Recht gut, recht gut!
Zusammen rafft' ich meinen Mut,
und trug ihm alles vor,
und sollst du's glauben,
was er zur Antwort mir gab?
Die Heirat, und daß du mir hilfst,
will er erlauben,
noch heute fuhr ich in den Kerker dich
hinab.

LEONORE
Noch heute? noch heute?
O welch ein Glück!
o welche Wonne!

ROCCO
Ich sehe deine Freude:
nur noch ein Augenblick,
dann gehen wir schon Beide, ja,
daß dann gehen wir schon beide.

LEONORE
Wohin, wohin?

ROCCO
Zu dem Mann hinab,
dem ich seit vielen Wochen
stets weniger zu essen gab.

LEONORE
Ha, wird er losgesprochen?

ROCCO
O nein!

LEONORE
So sprich, so sprich!

ROCCO
O nein, o nein!
O nein, o nein!
Wir müssen ihn, doch wie,
befrein, er muß in einer Stunde,
den Finger auf dem
Munde von uns sein.

LEONORE
So ist er tot?

ROCCO
Noch nicht, noch nicht!

LEONORE
Ist, ihn zu töten, deine Pflicht,
ihn zu töten, deine Pflicht?

ROCCO
Nein, guter Junge,
zittrt nicht, zum Morden,
zum Morden dingt sich Rocco
nicht, nein, nein, nein,
nein, nein, nein!
Der Gouverneur,
der Gouverneur kommt selbst hinab,
weibe beide grabe nur das Grab.

LEONORE
Vielleicht das Grab des Gatten grabe,
was kann förchterlicher sein?
Was?

ROCCO
Ich darf ihn nicht mit Speise laben,
him wird im Grab besser sein.
Wir müssen gleich zum
Werke schreiten, du mußt helfen, mich begleiten; hart, hart ist des Kerkermeisters Brot.

LEONORE
Ich folge dir, wär's in den Tod!

ROCCO
In der zerfallenen Zisterne bereiten wir die Grube leicht; ich tu es, glaube mir, nicht gerne, auch dir ist schaurig, wie mich deucht?

LEONORE
Ich bin es nur noch nicht gewohnt.

ROCCO
Ich hätte gerne dich verschont, doch wird mir allein zu schwer, und gar so streng ist unser Herr.

LEONORE
O welch ein Schmerz!

ROCCO
Mir scheint, er weine. Nein, nein, du bleibst hier, ich geh' alleine, ich geh' allein, du bleibst hier, nein, du bleibst hier!

LEONORE
O nein, o nein, ich muß ihn seh'n, den Armen sehen, und müßt ich selbst zugrunde gehen!

TOGETHER
O säumen wir nun länger nicht, wir folgen unserer strengen Pflicht.

14. MARZELLINE
Ach, Vater, Vater, eilt!

ROCCO
Was hast du denn?

JAQUINO
Nie länger weit!

ROCCO
Was ist geschehn?

MARZELLINE
Voll Zorn folgt mir Pizarro nach, er drohet, er drohet dir!

JAQUINO
Nie länger weit!

ROCCO
Gemacht gemach!

LEONORE
So eilet fort!

ROCCO
Nur noch dies Wort; sprich, weiß er schon?

JAQUINO
Ja, er weiß es schon.

MARZELLINE
Der Offizier sagt ihm, was wir jetzt den Gefangenen gewähren.

ROCCO
Laßt alle schnell zurück kehren!

MARZELLINE
Ihr wijßt ja, wie er tobet, und kennet seine Wut.

LEONORE
Wie mir's im Innern tobet! Empöret ist mein Blut!

ROCCO
Mein Herz hat mich gelobet, sei der Tyrann in Wut!

PIZARRO
Verweg'ner Alter! welche Rechte legst du dir freвелnd selber bei? und ziemt es dem gedungen'nen Knechte, zu geben die Gefang'nen frei?

ROCCO
O Herr! O Herr!

PIZARRO
Wohlan! Wohlan!

ROCCO
Des Frühlings Kommen, das heitere, warme Sonnenlicht, dann habt ihr wohl in Acht genommen, was sonst zu meinem Vorteil spricht? des Königs Namensfes't ist heute, das feiern wir auf solche Art. Der unten stirbt, doch läßt die andern jetzt fröhlich hin und wieder wandern, für Jenen sei der Zorn gespart.

PIZARRO
So eile, ihm sein Grab zu graben, hier will ich stille Ruhe haben; schliesß die Gefangene wieder ein, magst du nie mehr verweigen sein!

15. PRISONERS
Leb wohl, du warmes Sonnenlicht, schnell schwindest du uns wieder! Schon sinkt die Nacht hernieder, aus der so bald kein Morgen bricht.

MARZELLINE
Wie eilten sie zum Sonnenlicht, und scheiden traurig wieder! Die Andern, die Andern murmein, nieder, hier wohnt die Lust, die Freude nicht.

LEONORE
Ihr hört das Wort, drum zögert nicht, kehrt in den Kerker wieder!

Angst rinnt durch meine Glieder, erleit den Freveler, den Freveler kein Gericht.

JAQUINO
Ihr hört das Wort, drum zögert nicht, kehrt in den Kerker wieder! Sie sinnen auf und nieder, könnt ich verstehn, was jeder spricht!

PIZARRO
Nun Rocco, zöger Rocco, länger nicht, steig' in der Kerker nieder! Nicht eher kehrst du wieder bis ich vollzogen das Gericht.

ROCCO
Nein, Herr, ich zöger länger nicht, ich steige eillend nieder, nein, Herr! Mir beben meine Glieder, o ungückselig harte Pflicht!

CD65
ACT II
FIRST SCENE

1. NO.11 INTRODUCTION AND ARIA
FLORESTAN
Gott, welch Dunkel hier! O grauenvolle Stille! öd ist es um mich her, nichts, nichts lebt außer mir, o schwere Prüfung! Doch gerecht ist Gottes Wille! Ich murre nicht, das Maß der Leiden steht bei dir!


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3. NO.12 MELODRAMA AND DUET  
LEONORE: Wie kalt ist es in diesem unterirdischen Gewölbe!  
ROCCO: Das ist natürlich, es ist ja so tief!  
LEONORE: Ich glaubte schon, wir würden den Eingang gar nicht finden.  
ROCCO: Da ist er.  
LEONORE: Er scheint ganz ohne Bewegung.  
ROCCO: Vielleicht ist er tot.  
LEONORE: Ihr meint es?  
ROCCO: Nein, nein, er schlaf!  
Das müssen wir benutzen, und gleich ans Werk gehen, wir haben keine Zeit zu verlieren.  
LEONORE: Es ist unmöglich, seine Züge zu unterscheiden.  
Gott stehe mir bei, wenn er es ist!  
ROCCO: Hier unter diesen Trümmern ist die Zisterne, von der ich gesagt habe.  
Wir brauchen nicht viel zu graben, um an die Öffnung zu kommen, gib mir eine Haue, und du stelle dich hierher! Du zitterst, fürchtest du dich?  
LEONORE: O nein, es ist nur so kalt.  
ROCCO: So mache fort, im Arbeiten wird dir schon warm werden.  
4. ROCCO: Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben, es währt nicht lang er kommt herein.  
LEONORE: Ihr sollt ja nicht zu klagen haben, ihr sollt gewiß zufrieden sein.  
ROCCO: Komm, hilf, komm hilf doch diesen Stein mit heben, hab acht, hab acht, er hat Gewicht!  
LEONORE: Ich helfe schon, sorgt euch nicht, ich will mir alle Mühe geben.  
ROCCO: Ein wenig noch!  
LEONORE: Geduld!  
ROCCO: Er weicht!  
LEONORE: Nur etwas noch!  
ROCCO: Es ist nicht leicht!  
ROCCO: Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben, es währt nicht lang er kommt herein.  
LEONORE: Laßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben, wir werden bald zu Ende sein.  
Wer du auch seist, ich will dich retten, bei Gott, bei Gott, du sollst kein Opfer sein, gewiß, gewiß, ich löse deine Ketten ich will du Armer, dich befrein!  
ROCCO: Was zuerst du in deiner Pflicht?  
LEONORE: Mein Vater, nein, ich zauderst nicht! Ihr sollt ja nicht zu klagen haben, laßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben, denn mir wird keine Arbeit schwer.  
LEONORE: Er erwacht!  
ROCCO: Er erwacht, sagt du?  
LEONORE: Ja, er hat eben den Kopf gehoben.  
ROCCO: Ohne Zweifel wird er wieder tausend Fragen an mich stellen. Ich muß allein mit ihm reden.  
LEONORE: Was in mir vorgeht, ist unaussprechlich!  
ROCCO: Nun, habt ihr wieder etwas ruhig?  
FLORESTAN: Geruht?  
Wie fände ich Ruhe?  
FLORESTAN: Werdet ihr immer bei meinen Fragen taub sein, grausamer Mann?  
LEONORE: Gott, er ist's!  
ROCCO: Was verlangt Ihr denn von mir? Ich vollziehe die Befehle, die man mir gibt; das ist mein Amt, meine Pflicht.  
FLORESTAN: Sagt mir endlich einmal, wer ist Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses?  
ROCCO: Jetzt kann ich ihm ja ohne Gefahr genug tun. Der Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses ist Don Pizarro  
FLORESTAN: Pizarro!  
LEONORE: O Barbar!  
Deine Grausamkeit gibt mir meine Kräfte wieder.  
FLORESTAN: Wenn Ihr mir dienen wolltet, so schickt sobald als möglich nach Sevilla, fragt nach Leonore Florestan...  
LEONORE: Gott, er ahnt nicht, daß sie jetzt sein Grab gräbt.  
FLORESTAN: Gebt ihr Nachricht, daß ich hier in Ketten liege.  
ROCCO: Es ist unmöglich, sag ich euch. Ich würde mich ins Verderben stürzen, ohne euch genützt zu haben.  
FLORESTAN: Wenn ich denn verdammt bin, mein Leben zu enden, laßt mich nicht langsam verschmachten.  
LEONORE: O Gott, wer kann das ertragen?  
FLORESTAN: Aus Barmherzigkeit, gib mir nur einen Tropfen Wasser, das ist ja so wenig.  
ROCCO: Es geht mir wider meinen Willen zu Herzen.
LEONORE
Er scheint sich zu erweichen.

FLORESTAN
Du gibst mir keine Antwort?

ROCCO
Ich kann euch nicht verschaffen, was ihr verlangt. Alles was ich euch anbieten kann, ist ein Restchen Wein, das ich im Krug habe. Fidelio!

LEONORE
Da ist er! Da ist er!

FLORESTAN
Wer ist das?

ROCCO
Mein Schließer, und in wenigen Tagen mein Eidam. Es ist freilich nur wenig Wein, aber ich geb iedh euch gern. Du bist ja ganz in Bewegung, du?

LEONORE
Wer soll es nicht sein?

ROCCO
Es ist wahr, der Mensch hat so eine Stimme...

LEONORE
Jawohl, sie dringt in die Tiefe des Herzens.

5. NO.13 TERZET
FLORESTAN
Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten, der Himmel, der Himmel hat euch mir geschickt, o Dank, ihr habt mich süß erquickt, ich kann die Wohltat, ich kann sie nicht vergelten.

ROCCO
Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann, es ist ja bald um ihn getan. Ich tu, was meine Pflicht gebeut, doch haß ich Grausamkeit.

LEONORE
Wie heftig pochet dieses Herz, es wogt in Freud und scharfem Schmerz. Die hehre, bange Stunde winkt, die Tod mir oder Rettung bringt.

FLORESTAN
Bewegt seh ich den Jüngling hier, und Rührung zeigt auch dieser Mann, o Gott, o Gott, du sendest Hoffnung mir, daß ich sie noch gewinnen kann.

LEONORE
Dies Stücke Brot, ja, seit zwei Tagen trag ich es immer schon bei mir.

ROCCO
Ich möchte gern, doch sag ich dir, das hieße wirklich zu viel wagen.

LEONORE
Ach!
Ihr labt gern den armen Mann.

ROCCO
Das geht nicht an.

LEONORE
Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

ROCCO
So sei es, so sei's, du kannst es wagen.

LEONORE
Da nimmt, da nimmt das Brot, du armer, du armer Mann!

FLORESTAN

LEONORE
Der Himmel schicke Rettung dir, dann wird mir hoher Lohn gewährt.

ROCCO
Mich rührte oft dein Leiden hier, doch Hilfe, doch Hilfe war mir streng verwehrt.

LEONORE
Ihr labt ihn gern, den armen Mann!

FLORESTAN
O daß ich euch nicht lohnen kann, o Dank ich kann die Wohltat nicht vergelten, o Dank!

LEONORE
O mehr, als ich ertragen kann, du armer Mann.

ROCCO
Alles ist bereit; ich gehe, das Signal zu geben.

LEONORE
O Gott, gib mir Mut und Stärke!

FLORESTAN
Wohin geht er?
Ist das der Vorbote meines Todes?

LEONORE
Nein, nein! Beruhige dich, lieber Gefangener.

FLORESTAN
O meine Leonore!
So soll ich dich nie wieder sehen!

LEONORE
Mein ganzes Herz reißt mich zu ihm hin! Sei ruhig, sag ich dir! Vergiß nicht, was du auch hören und sehen magst, vergiß nicht, daß überall eine Vorsehung ist...ja, ja, es gibt eine Vorsehung!

PIZARRO
Ist alles bereit?

ROCCO
Ja, die Zisterne braucht nur geöffnet zu werden.

PIZARRO
Gut, der Jüngling soll sich entfernen.

ROCCO
Geh, entferne dich!

LEONORE
Wer?... Ich...? Und ihr?

ROCCO
Muß ich nicht dem Gefangenen die Eisen abnehmen? Geh, geh!

PIZARRO
Die muß ich mir heute noch beide vom Halse schaffen, damit alles auf immer im dunkeln bleibt.

ROCCO
Soll ich ihm die Ketten abnehmen?

PIZARRO
Nein, aber schließe ihn von dem Stein los. Die Zeit ist dringend.

6. NO.14 QUARTET
Er sterbe! Doch er soll erst wissen, wer ihm sein stolzes Herz zerfleischet Der Rache Dunkel sei zerriss sieh her, du hast mich nicht getäuscht! Pizarro, den du stürzen wolltest, Pizarro, den du fürchten solltest, steht nun als Rächer, hier!

FLORESTAN
Ein Mörder steht vor mir!

PIZARRO
Noch einmal ruf 'ich dir, was du getan zurück, nur noch ein Augenblick, und dieser Dolch...

LEONORE
Zurück!

FLORESTAN
O Gott!
ER "Wahnsinniger!

WELCH' VOR

FLORESTAN

ICH LEONORE

MEIN

FLORESTAN

SEIN

ROCCO

SEIN

PIZARRO

ICH LEONORE

FLORESTAN

Ja,

LEONORE

MEIN

FLORESTAN

SEIN

ROCCO

Halt

ROCCO

FLORESTAN

Wahnsinniger!

PIZARRO

Durchbohren,

LEONORE

Was

ROCCO

Der welch

gesteilt

geschworen

Grimm;

trotze

dierzufolge

sein!

und

das

geschworen

für

die Leute

so

gehört

dem Gouverneur

den Herrn

hinaufbegleiten.

LEONORE

Es schlägt der Rache Stunde,

du sollst gerettet sein!

Die Liebe wird im Bunde

mit Mute mich befrein.

FLORESTAN

Es schlägt der Rache Stunde,

ich soll gerettet sein!

Die Liebe wird im Bunde

mit Mute dich befrein.

PIZARRO

Verflucht sei diese Stunde,

die Heuchler spotten mein.

Verzeihung wird im Bunde

mit meiner Rache sein!

ROCCO

O fürchterliche Stunde!

O, Gott, was wartet mein?

Ich will nicht mehr im Bunde

mit diesem Wütrich sein.

FLORESTAN

Meine Leonore, was hast du

für mich getan!

Dürfen wir noch hoffen?

LEONORE

Wir dürfen es!

Die Ankunft des Ministers,

denn wir kennen,

Pizarros Verwirrung, und vor allem

Vater Rocos tröstende Zeichen

sind mir ebenso viele Gründe Rocco,

tot in Unendlichkeit

am Ziel und die Zeit unsres

Glückes wolken beginnen.

FLORESTAN

Sprich, wie gelangtest du hierher?

LEONORE

Ich verließe Sevilla,

ich kam hierher zu Fuß,

in Manneskleidern,

der Kerkermeister

nahm mich in Dienste,

den Verfolger selbst

machte mich zum Schließer.

FLORESTAN

Treues Weib! Frau ohnegleichen!

Was hast du meinetwegen erduldet?

LEONORE

Nichts, mein Florestan!

Meine Seele war mit dir,

wie hätte der Körper

sich nicht stark gefühlt,

indem er für sein besseres

Selbst stritt?

7. NO.15 DUET

O, namenlose Freude!

Mein Mann an meiner Brust!

Nach unnennbarer Leiden,

so übergroße Lust.

Du wieder nun in meinen Armen!

O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!

Mein Mann, mein Mann an meiner

Brust!

Ich bin's!

Du bist's!

O himmlisches Entzücken!

Florestan! Florestan!

Florestan!

FLORESTAN

O, namenlose Freude!

An Leonores Brust!

Nach unnennbarer Leiden

so übergroße Lust.

O Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen,

o Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen!

O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!

Mein Weib, mein Weib

an meiner Brust! Du bist's!

O himmlisches Entzücken!

Ich bin's!

Leonore!

O Leonore!

SECOND SCENE

8. NO.16 FINALE

PEOPLE

Heil, Heil, heil sei dem Tag,

Heil sei der Stunde,

die lang ersehnt, doch unvermeint,

Gerechtigkeit mit Hüll im Bunde

vor unsres Grabes Tor erscheint!

9. FERNANDO

Des besten Königs Wink

und Wille führt mich zu euch,

ihren Armen her,

daß ich der Frevel Nacht enthülle,

die all umfangen schwarz und schwer.

Nicht, nicht länger kniet sklavisch

nieder,
Tyrannenstrenge sei mir fern.  
Es sucht der Bruder seine Brüder,  
und kann er helfen,  
Und kann er helfen hilft er gern.

PEOPLE, PRISONERS  
Heil, sei dem Tag,  
Heil sei der Stunde!  
Heil!

ROCCO  
Wohlan, so helfet, helft den Armen!

PIZARRO  
Was seh ich?  
Fort, fort!

FERNANDO  
Nun rede!

ROCCO  
Beweg es dich?  
All Erbarmen, All Erbarmen vereine  
diesem Paare sich.  
Don Florestan.

FERNANDO  
Der Totgeflaubte,  
der Edle,  
der für Wahrheit stritt?

ROCCO  
Und Qualen ohne Zahl erlitt!

FERNANDO  
Mein Freund, mein Freund,  
der Totgeflaubte?  
Gefesselt, gefesselt,  
bleich steht er vor mir.

LEONORE, ROCCO  
Ja, Florestan, Florestan, ihr seht ihn hier.

ROCCO  
Und Leonore,  
FERNANDO  
Leonore?

ROCCO  
der Frauen Zierde fuhr’ ich vor;  
sie kam hierher...

PIZARRO  
Zwei Worte sagen.

FERNANDO  
Kein Wort!  
Sie kam...

ROCCO  
Dort an mein Tor, ...  
und trat als Knecht in meine Dienste,  
ut tat so brave, treue Dienste,  
daß ich zum Eidam sie erkor.

MARZELLINE  
O weh mir, weh mir,  
was vernimmt mein Ohr!

ROCCO  
Der Unmensch wollt in dieser Stunde  
vollziehn an Florestan den Mord.

PIZARRO  
Vollziehn mit ihm!

ROCCO  
Mit uns im Bunde;  
nur Euer Kommen, rief ihn fort,  
nur euer Kommen rief ihn fort.

CHORUS  
Bestrafet sei der Böswicht der  
Unschuld unterdrückt,  
Gerechtigkeit hält zum Gericht der  
Rache Schwerte gezückt!

FERNANDO  
Du schlossest auf des Edlen Grab;  
jetzt, jetzt nimm ihm seine Ketten ab;  
doch halt, euch, edle Frau, allein,  
euch ziemt es, ganz ihn zu befreien.

LEONORE  
O Gott, o Gott, welch ein Augenblick

FLORESTAN  
O unaussprechlich süßes Glück!

FERNANDO  
Gerecht, o Gott, gerecht ist dein  
Gericht!

MARZELLINE  
Du prüfest, du verläßt uns nicht!

ROCCO  
Du prüfest, du verläßt uns nicht!

LEONORE, FLORESTAN, FERNANDO,  
CHORUS  
O Gott, o welch ein Augenblick!  
o unaussprechlich süßes Glück!  
Gerecht,  
o Gott, gerecht ist dein Gericht!  
Du prüfst, du verläßt uns nicht!

10. CHORUS  
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,  
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,  
nie, nie, nie wird es zu hoch besungen.  
hoch besungen.  
Retterin, Retterin des Gatten sein.

FLORESTAN  
Deine Treu erhielt mein Leben,  
Tugend schreckt den Böswicht.

LEONORE  
Liebe führte mein Bestreben,  
wahre Liebe fürchtet nicht.

CHORUS  
Preist, preist mit hoher Freude Glut,  
Leonorens edlen Mut.

FLORESTAN, CHORUS  
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,  
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,  
nie, nie, nie wird es zu hoch besungen.  
hoch besungen.  
Retterin, Retterin des Gatten sein.
NO.1 DIE TROMMEL GERÜHRET
Die Trommel gerühret,
Das Pfeifen gespielt!
Mein Liebster gewaffnet
Dem Haufen befehlt,
Die Lanze hoch führet,
Die Leute regieret.
Wie klopt mir das Herz!
Wie wält mir das Blut!
O hätt’ ich ein Wämslein
Und Hosen und Hut!
Ich folgt’ ihm zum Tor ’naus
mit mutigem Schritt,
Ging’ durch die Provinzen,
ging’ überall mit.
Die Feinde schon weichen,
Wir schiessen da drein;
Welch’ Glück sondergleichen,
Ein Mannsbild zu sein!

ENTR’ACTES I AND II
NO.4 FREUDVOLL UND LEIDVOLL
Freudvoll Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
Und bangen In schwebender Pein;
Himmel hoch jauchzend Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein Ist die Seele, die liebt.

NOS. 5-6 ENTR’ACTES III AND IV
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Text by August von Kotzebue, adapted by Hugo von Hofmannsthal

1. OVERTURE
»Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus«

2. NO.1 CHORUS
Tochter des mächtigen Zeus
Trümmer der herrlichen Welt –
erwacht, ein Ruf ertönt!
Geschwunden sind die Jahre der Rache
– er ist versöhnt:
Der Zeitengeist, er ist versöhnt!

3. NO.2 DUET
THE MAN
Ohne Verschulden
Knechtschaft dulden,
harte Not!
Unserer Tage
öde Plage
um das bisschen liebe Brot!

THE DAUGHTER
Von den Zwei gen
winkt der Feigen
süße Frucht
nicht dem Knechte,
der sie pflegte,
nur dem Herrn, dem er flucht!

4. CHORUS OF THE DERVISHES
Du hast in deines Ärmels Falten
den Mond getragen, ihn gespalten.
Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba!
Mahomet! Mahomet!
Du hast den strahlenden Borack
bestiegen zum siebenten Himmel
aufzufliegen,
Großer Prophet! Großer Prophet!
Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba!

5. MARCIA ALLA TURCA

6. MARCH AND CHORUS OP.114
CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS
Schmückt die Altäre!

SOME VOICES
Sie sind geschmückt!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS
Streut Weihrauch!
SOME VOICES
Er ist gestreut!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS
Pflücket Rosen!
SOME VOICES
Sie sind gepflückt!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS
Harret der Kommenden!

SOME VOICE
Wir harren der Kommenden!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS
Seid bereit!

SOME VOICES
Wir sind bereit! Wir harren der Kommenden!
Wir sind bereit!

7. CHORUS AND ARIA
Wir tragen empfangliche Herzen

8. CHORUS
Heil unserm König, Heil!

“KÖNIG STEPHAN” OR “UNGARNS ERSTER WOHLTÄTER”
Festspiel (Vorspiel) for the opening of the theatre in Pest Op.117 (1811)

9. OVERTURE

10. NO.1 CHORUS OF THE MEN
Ruhend von seinen Taten
hat uns der Fürst berufen,
an des Thrones Stufen
Heil der Völker zu beraten;
und im dichten Kreise
sammelte uns der Held
nach der Väter Weise
auf diesem freien Feld. (Follows a monologue by Stephan )

11. NO.2 CHORUS OF THE MEN
Auf dunklem Irrweg in finstern Hainen
wandelten wir am trüben Quell,
Da sahen wir plötzlich ein Licht
erscheinen, es dämmerte, es wurde hell!
Und siehe! Es schwand die falschen Götter,
dem Tage wich die alte Nacht;
Heil deinem Vater! Unsern Retter!
Der uns Glauben und Hoffnung gebracht.
(Follows dialogue: a warrior- Stephan)

12. NO.3 TRIUMPHAL MARCH
(Follows a dialogue: Stephan – Gyula – messenger)

13. NO.4 CHORUS OF THE WOMEN
Wo die Unschuld Blumen streute,
wo sich Liebe den Tempel erbaut,
da bringen wir im treuen Geleite
dem frommen Helden die frommen Braut.

NO.5 MELODRAMA

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DIE RUINEN VON ATHEN OP.113
(1811/1924)

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14. NO. 6 CHORUS
Eine neue strahlende Sonne
lieblich aus dem Gewölke bricht;
 Süße Freude! Selige Wonne!
Wenn die Myrthe den Lorbeer umflicht.

NO. 7 MELODrama
15. NO. 8. CHORUS
Heil unserm Königen! Heil dem Könige!

NO. 9 SCHLÜCHORCH (MELODRAM, STEPHAN)
Heil unser Enkeln, sie werden schauen,
was der prophetische Geist erkannt!
Es wird ihr kindliches Vertrauen
der Krone schönster Diamant!
Wien stehst Du jetzt, täglich neue,
vergilt der König in ferner Zeit,
die unwandelbare Treue,
die sein Volk ihm dankbar weht!
A. von Kotzebue

16. GERMANIA
Final song from the Singspiel “Die gute Nachricht” (The good news) WoO94
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du jetzt im Glanze da!
Zwar zogen Nebel um dein Haupt,
die alte Sonne schien geraubt,
Doch Gott, der Herr, war helfend nah!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du jetzt in Jugend da!
Zum zweiten Leben, frisch und schön,
ließ Alexander dich erstehen,
as ihn die Neva scheiden sah!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du jetzt gewaltig da!
Nennt deutscher Mut sich deutsch und frei,
klingt Friedrich Wilhelm Dank dabei,
Ein Wall von Eisen stand er da!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehn der Fürsten Scharen da!
Von alter Zweitratcht keine Spur,
getrue den Banden der Natur,
so kommen sie von fern und nah!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du ewig dauernd da!
Was Sehnsucht einzelst still gedacht,
wer hat’s zu einem Ziel gebracht?
Franz - Kaiser Franz! - Victoria!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!

17. CHOR AUF DIE VERBÜNDETEN
Fürsten “Ihr weisen Gründer” (Chorus on the allied princes “You wise founder”) WoO95
Ihr weisen Gründer glücklicher Staaten,
neigt euer Ohr dem Jubelgesang;
Es ist die Nachwelt, die eure Tatenmit
Segen preist Aonen lang!

Von Sohn auf Enkel im Herzen hegen
wir eures Ruhmes Heiligtum.
Stets fanden in der Nachwelt Segen,
beglückende Fürsten ihren Ruhm.

Carl Bernard

CD69
ARIAS
1. AHI! PERFIDO OP. 65
Ah! perfido, spurgiuro,
Barbaro traditor, tu partii?
E son questi gli’ultimi tuoi congessi?
Ove s’utese tirannia più crudel?
Va, scellerato! va, pur fuggi da me,
L’ira de’ numi non fuggirai.
Se v’è giustizia in ciel, se v’è pietà,
Congiureranno a gara tutti a puniti!
Ombra segua! presente, ovunque vai,
Vedró le mie vendette,
Io già le godo immaginando,
I fulmini ti veggo già balenar d’intorno.
Ah! no! fermate, vendicati!
Risparmiate quel cor, ferite il mio!
S’ei non è più qual era, son io qual fui,
Per lui vivea, voglio morir per lui!
Per pietà, non dirmi addio,
Di te priva che farò?
Tu lo sai, bell’idol mio!
Io d’affanno morir.
Ah crudele! tu vuoi ch’io mora?
Tu non hai pietà di me?
Perché rendi a chi l’adora
Così barbarè mercè?
Dite voi se in tanto affanno
Non son degna di pietà?
Pietro Metastasio

3. NO, NON TURBARTI
Scene and aria for soprano and string orchestra WoO92a 1801

SCENE
No, no turbarti, o Nice; io non ritorno a parlarti d’amor. So che ti spacie; basta così.Vedi, che il ciel minaccia improvvisa tempesta: alle capanne se vuoi ridurre il reggge, io vengo solo ad offrir l’opra mia. Che! Non paventi! Osserva, che a momenti tutto s’oscura il ciel che il vento in giro la polve innalza e le cadute foglie. Al fremer della selva, al volo incerto degl’augelli smarriti, a queste rare, che ci cadon sul volto, umide stille, Nice, io preveggio… Ah non tel dissi, o Nice? Ecco il lampo, ecco il tuono. Or che farai?

ARIA
Ma tu fremi, o mio tesoro!
Ma tu palpiti, cor mio!
Non temer, con te son io,
ne’d’amor ti parlerò.
Mentre folgori e baleni
sarò teco, amata Nice;
quando il ciel si rassereni,
Nice ingrata, io partirò,

4. NE’ GIORNI TUI FELICI
Duet for soprano and tenor with orchestra WoO93 1802/03

Ne’ giorni tuoi felici ricordati di me!
Perché così mi dici,
anima mia, perché?
Taci, bell’ idol mio!
Parla, mio dolce amor!
Ah, che facendo parlando oh Dio!
Tu mi trafiiggi il cor!
Veggio languir chi adoro,
né intendo il suo languir.
Di gelosia mi moro
e non lo posso dir!
Chi mai provò di questo
affanno più funesto,
pìù barbaro dolor!

5. TREMATE EMPI, TREMATE
Terzetto for soprano, tenor and bass with orchestra Op.116 1801-02

BASS
Tremate empi tremate
dell’ire mie severe
sù quelle fronti altere
il fulmine cadrà.

SOPRANO
Risparmia, o Dio, quel sangue!

TENOR
Fà chi’o! sol cada e sangue,
9. SOLL EIN SCHUH NICHT DRÜCKEN
WoO91/2
LENE (SOPRANO)
Soll ein Schuh nicht drücken, muß man sich anschicken und überall das erste Mal sich selber hinbemöhen, ihn an den Fuß zu ziehen. Denn oft fehlt’s an Geduld, den Schuh recht anzufassen, den Fuß darein zu passen. Doch hat der Meister Schuld, voraus bei einer Frau, die will nur sehr genau den Fuß im Schuhe rühren und doch und doch mit Gunst! dabei kein Drücken spüren. Das fordert Kunst! Er sei bequem, jedoch nicht weit, hübsch sittig, und nur ja nicht breit, und doch und doch mit Gunst! Hätt’s Not, daß man zuweilen den Fuß erst dürfte feilen, Das fordert Kunst!

CD70
KANTATE AUF DEN TOD KAISER JOSEPHS II. (CANTATA ON THE DEATH OF EMPEROR JOSEPH II)
for 2 solo voices, chorus and orchestra WoO87, 1790

1. NO.1 SOLOS AND ChORUS

2. NO.2 RECITATIVE (BASS)
Ein Ungeheuer, sein Name Fanatismus, stieg aus den Tiefen der Hölle, dehnte sich zwischen Erd’ und Sonne, und es ward Nacht!

3. ARIA
Da kam Joseph, mit Gottes Stärke, Riß das tosende Ungeheuer weg, weg zwischen Erd’ und Himmel und trat ihm auf’s Haupt, dem tobenden Ungeheuer, dem Ungeheuer trat er auf’s Haupt.

4. NO.3 ARIAS WITH CHORUS
Da stiegen die Menschen an’s Licht, da drehte sich glücklicher die Erd’ um die Sonne und die Sonne wärmte mit Strahlen der Gottheit.

5. NO.4 RECITATIVE (SOPRANO)
Es schlafft von den Sorgen seiner Welten entladen. Still ist die Nacht, nur ein schauerndes Lüften weht wie

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Grabs Hauch mir an die Wange. Wessen unsterbliche Seele du seist, Lüftchen, wehe leiser! Hier liegt Joseph im Grabe und schlummert im friedlichen Schlaf entgegen dem Tag der Vergeltung, wo du glückliches Grab ihn zu ewigen Kronen gebiert.


7. Chorus and solo quartett
Tot! Tot, stöhnt es durch die öde Nacht

S. A. Averdonk

Kantate auf die erhebung Leopolds ii. zur kaiserwürde (cántata on the accession of emperor leopold ii) for solo voices, chorus and orchestra WoO88, 1790

8. No.1 recitative
Soprano
Er schlummert!

Cantus
Laßt sanft den großen Fürsten ruhen!

Soprano
Als er starb, da rief der Tod Weh über die Völker aus ... da riefen die Söhne Teut's gegen die Sterne: Weh! Weh! Erbarmend sah Jehovah herab – Da schwandn die Schrecken der Nacht.

Da rödet der Himmel sich wieder und schon donnern aus eisernen Schlünden Jubel und Heil, das da kam vom Olympus herab. Heil! Da glänzt eine Wolke heran. Sie teilt sich – Ha, was seh' ich! Er ist's Leopold, unser Kaiser, Fürst und Vater, wie er!

9. aria

10. No.2 recitative
Bass
Ihr staunt, Völker der Erde! Daß Teutonicus Geschlechtern Fülle des Segens ward? Sehet, er kommt in der Rechten des Friedens Palme In seiner Mine Deutschlands Ruh' und Glück der Menschheit Lächeln weht auf der Lippe. Heil ihm!

11. No. 3 recitative
Tenor and terzet
Wie bebt mein Herz vor Wonne! Völker, weint nicht mehr! Ich sah ihn lächeln, sah's wie er Frieden gebot, wie da die Freude der Völker laut gen Himmel erschoß! Da wohnen nicht mehr der Jammer Nachtschauer, der Nationen brennen Tränen nicht mehr. Die Stürme sind vorüber.

Terzet
Ihr, die Joseph ihren Vater nannten, weint nicht mehr! Groß wie der, den wir als Vater kannten, ist auch er. Völker, weint nicht mehr! Groß wie Joseph ist auch er.

12. No.4 chorus
Heil! Stürzet nieder, Millionen, an dem rauchenden Altar! Blicket auf zum Herrn der Throne, der euch dieses Heil gebar! Erschallet, Jubelchöre, dass laut die Welt es höre! Er gab uns Jubel und Heil, er gab uns Frieden und Heil! Groß ist er!

S. A. Averdonk

CD71
Cantate “der glorreiche augenblick” Op.136

1. No.1 chorus

2. No.2 reZitativ
LEADER OF THE PEOPLE
O seht sie nah und näher treten! Jetzt aus der Glanzflut hebt sich die Gestalt! Der Kaisermantel ist's, der von dem Rücken Der Kommendten zur Erde niederrwalten! Sechst Kronen zeigt er den Blicken; an diesem hat den Busenschuß der Aar gehetett mit den gold nen Spangen, und um des Leibes Faltenguß sehe ich des Isters Silbergürtel prangen.

Genius

chorus
Vienna, Vienna, Vienna! Kronengeschmückte, Götterbegünstige, Herrscher bewährende Bürgerin, Sei gegrüss von den Völkern allen und Zeiten, die an dir vorüberschreiten, denn jetzt bist du, der städtliche König.

No.3 aria with choir
VIENNA

3. Alle die Herrscher darf ich grüßen, all die Völker freundlich küssen!

Chorus
Heil Vienna dir und Glück! Stolze Roma, trete zurück!

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VIENNA
Und das Höchste seh ich geschehn
und mein Volk wird Zeuge steh'n,

4. NO.4 REZITATIV
SEER
Das Auge schaut, in dessen
Wimpergleise
die Sonnen auf- und niedergeh'n,
die Stern' und Völker ihre Bahnen dreh'n,
O seht es über jenem Kreise
der Kronenträger glänzend stehn!
Dies Aug', es ist das Weltgericht,
das die zusammen hier gewunken,
Um derentwillen nicht Europa
In dem Blutmeer ist versunken.
O knieet, Völker, hin und betet
zuerst zu dem, der Euch gerettet!
Dem die erste Zähre
droben in dem Sonnenhaus,
der schon in dem Sturme drauß
mit der Allmacht Hand
Könige und Heere
aneinanderflockt und band.

CHORUS
Gott die erste Zähre
droben in dem Sonnenhaus etc.

5. NO.5 REZITATIV UND QUARTETT
SEER
Der den Bund im Sturme fest gehalten,
er wird den Bau der neuen Welt,
der neuen Zeit auch festgestalten,
Dass d'ran des Frevels Arm zerschellt.

VIENNA
Ewig wird der Ölzwieg grünen,
den der Chor dieser, die den Bau jetzt
gründen,
Um Europas Säulen winden,

SEER
Denn es steht ein Herz davor,

LEADER OF THE PEOPLE
Und es ist ein Gott mit ihnen,

GENIUS
Und die alten Zeiten werden
endlich wieder sein auf Erden.

VIENNA
Welt! Dein glorreicher Augenblick!

Und nach meines Kaisers Rechten
greifen die Herrscherhände all,
einen ewigen Ring zu flechten,
und auf meinem gesprengten Wall
baut sich Europa wieder auf.

CHORUS
Heil Vienna, dir und Glück!
Feire den glorreichen Augenblick.

SEER
Dem Wort laß Jubel schallen,
das deine Burgwand trägt.
Es hat in ihren Hallen
ein Pfand nie zu verfallen,
Der Ew'ge eingelegt.

SEER AND LEADER OF THE PEOPLE
Europas Diademe alle,

GENIUS
Erkenn' es, bete an!

SEER AND LEADER OF THE PEOPLE
Auf einem eingeworf'nen Walle,

GENIUS
Das hat der Herr gethan.

GENIUS UND FÜHRER DES VOLKS
Kein Aug' ist da,
das seinem Fürsten nicht begegnet,

VIENNA AND SEER
Kein Herz ist nah',
dass sein nicht Landesvater segnet,

ALL FOUR
Und diesen Glanz,
und diesen Gloriebogen
hat Gott in unsern Franz
Um eine ganze Welt gezogen.

6. NO.6 CHORUS
CHORUS OF WOMEN
Es treten hervor
die Schaaren der Frauen,
den glänzenden Chor
der Fürsten zu schauen,
on alle dei Kronen
den heiligen Segen
der Mütter zu legen.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

In meinen Mauern
bauen sich neue Zeiten auf,
und alle Völker schauen
mit kindlichem Vertrauen
und lautem Jubel d'rauf.

SEER
Sieh wie die Fahnen alle
der Herr zusammenband
und sie auf deinem Walle,
zur Schau dem Weltenballe,
hinausgehängt in das Land.

VIENNA AND SEER
So ist auf meinem Mauerbogen
Europas Hauptwach' aufgezogen

FÜHRER DES VOLKS
O Volk, das groß getragen
da blutige Geschick,
dir ist zu schönen Tagen
die Pforte aufgeschlagen
in diesem Augenblick, in diesem
Augenblick.

SEER
Dem Wort laß Jubel schallen,
das deine Burgwand trägt.
Es hat in ihren Hallen
ein Pfand nie zu verfallen,
Der Ew'ge eingelegt.

SEER AND LEADER OF THE PEOPLE
Europas Diademe alle,

GENIUS
Erkenn' es, bete an!

SEER AND LEADER OF THE PEOPLE
Auf einem eingeworf'nen Walle,

GENIUS
Das hat der Herr gethan.

GENIUS UND FÜHRER DES VOLKS
Kein Aug' ist da,
das seinem Fürsten nicht begegnet,

VIENNA AND SEER
Kein Herz ist nah',
dass sein nicht Landesvater segnet,

ALL FOUR
Und diesen Glanz,
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hat Gott in unsern Franz
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Es treten hervor
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den glänzenden Chor
der Fürsten zu schauen,
on alle dei Kronen
den heiligen Segen
der Mütter zu legen.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Die Unschuld als Chor,
sie wagt es zu kommen,
Es treten hervor
die Kinder, die frommen,
Herz, Himmel und Scepter
mit Blumengewinden
zusammen zu binden.

CHORUS OF MEN
Auch wir treten hervor,
die Mannen der Heere,
Ein krieg'rischer Chor
mit Fahnen und Wehre,
Und fühlen die höchste
der Vaterland'swonn
Sich also zu sonnen.

CHORUS
Vindobona, Heil und Glück,
Welt, dein großer Augenblick!

A. Weissenbach

MEHRSTIMMIGE ITALIENISCHE
GESÄNGE WoO99

7. NO.1 BEI LABBRI CHE AMORE
Bei labbri che amore
formò per suo nido,
non ho più timore.
Vi credo, mi fido:
Gioraste d'amarmi;
mi basta così.
Se torno a lagnarmi
che Nice mi offenda,
per me più non splenda
la luce del di,
la luce del di.
Bei labbri...

8. NO.2 SEI MIO BEN
Sei mio ben,
sei mio conforto,
per te porto al cor catene,
perte pene Amor mi dà.
Per te calma e pace spero,
col pensiero a te m'agio:
Né sospiro altra beltà,
né sospiro altra beltà.

9. NO.3 SCRIVO IN TE
Scrivo in te l'amato nome
di colei per cui mi moro,
caro al sol felice alloro,
come Amor l' impresse in me
come Amor l' impresse in me.
Qual tu serbi ogni tua fronda,
serbi Clori a me costanza;
ma non sia la mia speranza
infeconda al par di te,
infeconda al par di te.

10. NO.8 FRA TUTTE LE PENE
Fra tutte le peni
v'é pena maggiore?
Son presso al mio bene,
sospiro d'amore,
e dirgli non osi:
sospiro per te.
Mi manca il valore
per tanto soffrire;  
mi manca il ardire  
per chiedere mercè,  
per chiedere mercè.

11. NO.5 FRA TUTTE LE PENE  
see track 10

12. NO.6 SALVO TU VOI  
Salvo tu vuoi lo sposo?  
Salvo lo sposo avrai;  
Lascia di tuo riposo  
Lascia la cura a me.  
I dubbi tuoi perdono;  
Tutto il mio cor non sai;  
Ti spiegherà chi sono  
Quel ch’io farò per te  
Ti spiegherà chi sono  
Quel ch’io farò per te.

13. NO.7 MA TU TREMI  
Ma tu tremi, o mio tesoro,  
tu la palpitò, cor mio!  
Non temer; con te son io,  
né d’amor ti parlerò,  
né d’amor ti parlerò.  
Mentre folgori e baleni  
Sarò te co amata Nïce;  
Quando il cielo s’asseneri,  
Nïce ingratà io partirò,  
Nïce ingratà io partirò.  
Ma tu tremi, ...

14. NO.8 GIURA IL NCCCHIER  
Giura il nocchier che al mare  
Non presterà piu fede,  
Ma, se tranquillo il vede  
Corre di nuovo al mar,  
Corre di nuovo al mar.  
Di non trar più l’armi  
Giura il guerier tal volta,  
Ma se una tromba ascolta,  
Già non si può frenar,  
Già non si può frenar.

15. NO.9 PER TE D’AMICO APRILE  
Per te d’amico aprile  
Sempre s’adorni il ciel;  
Né all’ombra tua gentile  
Posi Ninfa crudel,  
Pastor infido.  
Fra le tue verdi foglie  
Augel di nere spoglie  
Mai non racolga il vol;  
E Filomena sol  
Vi faccia il nido,  
Vi faccia il nido.

16. NO.10 FRA TUTTE LE PENE  
see track 10

17. NO.11 FRA TUTTE LE PENE  
see track 10

18. NO.12 QUELLA CETRA AH PUR TU SEI  
Quella cætra ah pur tu sei  
Che adolci gli affanni miei,  
Che d’ogni alma a suo talento,  
D’ogni cor la via s’apri;  
Ah! Sei tu, tu sei pur quella,  
Che nel sen della mia bella  
Tante volte, lo lo rammento, la fierezza  
tinterneri,  
Tante volte, la fierezza inteneri.

19. NO.13 CHI MAI DI QUESTO CORE  
Chi mai di questo core  
Saprè le vie segrete,  
Se voi non lo sapete,  
Begli occhi del mio ben?  
Voi, che dal primo istante,  
Quando divenni amante,  
Il mio nascosto amore  
Mi conoscesti in sen,  
Mi conoscesti in sen.  
Chi mai di...

20. NO.14 GIÀ LA NOTTE S’AVVICINA  
Già la notte s’avvicina,  
viene o Nïce, amato bene,  
della placida marina  
le fresch’auré a respirar.  
Non so dir che sia diletto  
chi non posa in queste arene  
or che un lento Zefiritto  
dolcemente increspa il mar.

21. NO.15 NEI CAMPE E NELLE SELVE  
Nei campe e nelle selve  
Seguivo già le belve,  
Pascovo il regre ancor  
Libero pastorello, libero cacciator.  
Ora non son più quello;  
Perdei la libertà.  
E quel ch’è peggio oh Dio!  
Come se il mio tormento  
Colpa non sia di lei  
Mostrare al mio lamento  
Clori non vuol pietà,  
Mostrare al mio lamento  
Clori non vuol pietà.  
Nei campe...

22. NO.16 NEI CAMPE E NELLE SELVE  
see track 21.

23. NO.17 FRA TUTTE LE PENE  
see track 10.

24. NO.18 FRA TUTTE LE PENE  
see track 10.

25. NO.19 QUELLA CETRA AH PUR TU SEI  
see track 18.

26. NO.20 QUELLA CETRA AH PUR TU SEI  
see track 18.

27. NO.21 GIURA IL NCCCHIER  
see track 14.

28. NO.22 GIURA IL NCCCHIER  
see track 14.

29. NO.23 GIÀ LA NOTTE S’AVVICINA  
see track 20.

30. NO.24 E PUR FRA LE TEMPESTE  
E pur fra le tempeste  
La calma io ritrova:

Ah, non ritorno mai,  
Mai più sereno il di.  
Questo de’ giorni miei,  
questo è il più chiaro giorno,  
river così vorrei,  
vorrei così morir,  
viver, così, così vorrei,  
vorrei morir così.

CD72

1. MEERESSTILLE UND GLÜCKLGE FAHRT OP.112  
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 ungeheureen Weite  
Regret keine Welle sich.  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

2. FANTASIE C-MOLL (CHORFANTASIE,  
1808) OP.80  
Schmeichelnd hold und lieblich klingen  
unsers Lebens Harmonien  
dem Schönheitssinn entschwingen  
Blumen sich, die ewig blühen.  
Fried’ und Freude gleiten freundlich  
wie der Weilen Wechselspiel,  
was sich drängte rauh und feindlich,  
odnet sich zu Hochgefühl.  
Wenn der Töne Zauben  
und des Wortes Weihe spricht,  
muss sich Herrliches gestalten,  
Nacht und Stürme werden Licht,  
äuß’re Ruhe, inn’re Wonne  
herrschern für den Glücklichen.  
Doch der Künste Frühlingssonne  
lässt aus beiden Licht entstehn.  
Großes, das ins Herz gedrungen,  
blühet dann neu und schön empor;  
hat ein Geist sich aufgeschwungen,  
halt ihm stets ein Geisterchor.  
Nehm denn hin, ihr schönen Seelen,  
froh die Gaben schöner Kunst.  
Wenn sich Lieb’ und Kraft vermählen,  
lohnt dem Menschen Götter Gunst.

3. ELEGISCHER GESANG, ‘SANFT WIE  
DU LEBTEST’ OP.118  
Sanft, wie du lebtest, hast du  
vollendet,  
zur heilige für den Schmerz!  
Kein Auge wein’ ob  
des himmlischen Geistes Heimkehr.  
Ignaz Franz Castelli

4. BUNDESLIED OP.122  
In allen guten Stunden,  
Erhöht von Lieb’ und Wein,  
Soll dieses Lied verbunden  
Von uns gesungen sein!  
Uns hält der Gott zusammen,  
Der uns hierher gebracht.  
Erneuert unsre Flammen,  
Er hat sie angefacht.  
So glühet fröhlich heute,
Seid recht von Herzen eins! Auf, trink erneuter Freude Dies Glas des echten Weins! Auf, in der holden Stunde Stoßt an, und küsset treu, Bei jedem neuen Bunde, Die alten wieder neu! Wer lebt in unserem Kreise, Und lebt nicht selig drin? Genießt die freie Weise Und treuen Brudersinn! So bleibt durch alle Zeiten Herz Herzen zugekehrt; Von keinen Kleinigkeiten Wird unser Bund gestört. Uns hat ein Gott gesegnet Mit freiem Lebensblick, Und alles, was begegnet, Erneuert unser Glück. Durch Grillen nicht gedrängt, Verknickt sich keine Lust; Durch Zieren nicht geengt, Schlägt freier unsre Brust. Mit jedem Schritt wird weiter Die rasche Lebensbahn, Und heiter, immer heiter Steigt unser Blick hinauf. Uns wird es nimmer bange, Wenn alles steigt und fällt; Und bleiben lange, lange! Auf ewig so gesellt. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe


6. BIRTHDAY CANTATA FOR PRINCE LOBKOWITZ WoO106 SOLO Es lebe unser theurer Fürst! Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe! CHORUS Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe!

SOL0 Edel, edel, edel handeln, ja edel handeln, sei sein schönster Beruf! Dann wird ihm nicht entgehen der schönste Lohn. Es lebe, es lebe unser theurer, theurer Fürst! Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe!

CHORUS Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe ja! Es lebe, es lebe unser theurer, theurer Fürst! Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe, er lebe!

7. KURZ IST DER SCHMERZ FÜR LOUIS SPOHR (KANON) WoO166 Kurz ist der Schmerz, ewig ist die Freude!


9. HOCHZEITSLIED WoO105 SOLO Auf, Freunde, singt dem Gott der Ehren! Preist Hymen hoch am Festaltar, Dass wir des Glückes Huld erliehen, Erlehen für ein edles Paar! Vor allem lasst in frehen Weisen Den würden Doppelstamm uns preisen, Dem dieses edle Paar entspross, Dem dieses edle Paar entspross! CHORUS Vor allem lasst in frehen Weisen Den würden Doppelstamm uns preisen, Dem dieses edle Paar entspross, Dem dieses edle Paar entspross!

13. Friedelberg

Und uns're Weiber schön;
Wie kann’s uns beßer geh’n?

Friedelberg

12. OPPFELIED WoO126
Die Flamme lodert, milder Schein
Durchglänzt den düstern Eichenhain
Und Weihrauchdüfte wallen.
O neig’ ein gnädig Ohr zu mir
Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir,
Du Höchster, wohlgefallen.
Sei stets der Freiheit Wehr und Schild!
Dein Lebensgeist durchatme mild
Luft, Erde, Feu’r und Fluten!
Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis
Am väterlichen Herd, o Zeus,
Das Schöne zu dem Guten.

Friedrich von Matthisson

13. ES IST VOLLBRACHT WoO97

14. OPPFELIED OP.121B
Die Flamme lodert, milder Schein
Durchglänzt den düstern Eichenhain
Und Weihrauchdüfte wallen.
O neig’ ein gnädig Ohr zu mir
Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir,
Du Höchster, wohlgefallen.
Sei stets der Freiheit Wehr und Schild!
Dein Lebensgeist durchatme mild
Luft, Erde, Feu’r und Fluten!
Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis
Am väterlichen Herd, o Zeus,
Das Schöne zu dem Guten.

Friedrich von Matthisson

CD73
CHRISTUS AM ÖLBERGE OP. 85
Text F.X. Huber

NO.1 INTRODUCTION, RECITATIVE
AND ARIA
1. INTRODUCTION

2. RECITATIVE
JESUS
Jehovah, du mein Vater!
O sende Trost und Kraft und Stärke mir!
Sie nahet nun, die Stunde meiner Leiden,
von mir erkoren schon, noch eh’ die Welt
auf dein Geheim dem Chaos sich entwand.
Ich höre deines Seraphs Donnerstimme.
Sie fordert auf, wer statt der Menschen
sich vor dein Gericht jetzt stellen will.
O Vater! Ich erschein’ auf diesen Ruf
Vermittler will ich sein, ich büße, ich allein, der Menschen Schuld.
Wie könnte dies Geschlecht, aus Staub gebildet,
ein Gericht ertragen, das mich, deinen Sohn, zu Boden drückt!

ACH sieh’, wie Bangigkeit, wie
Todesangst
mein Herz mit Macht ergreift!
Ich leide sehr, mein Vater!
O sieh! Ich leide sehr,
erbarm’ dich mein!

3. ARIA
JESUS
Meine Seele ist erschüttert von den Qualen, die mir dräun.
Schrecken faßt mich, und es zittert gräßlich schaudernd mein Gebein.
Wie ein Fieberfröst ergreift mich die Angst beim nahen Grab,
und von meinem Antlitz träufet statt des Schweißes Blut herab.
Vater! tief gebeugt und kläglich fleht dein Sohn hinauf zu dir:
Deiner Macht ist alles möglich, nimm den Leidenskelch von mir!

4. RECITATIVE
SERAPH
Erzittere, Erde! Jehovah’s Sohn liegt hier,
sein Antlitz tief in Staub gedrückt,
vom Vater ganz verlassen,
und leidet unnennbare Qual.
Der Gütige! Er ist bereit,
den martervollsten Tod zu sterben,
damit die Menschen, die er liebt,
vom Tode auferstehen und ewig leben!

5. ARIA
SERAPH
Preist des Erlöisers Güte,
preist, Menschen, seine Huld!
Er stirbt für euch aus Liebe,
sein Blut tötet eure Schuld.

6. SERAPH AND CHORUS OF ANGELS
O Heil euch, ihr Erlösten,
euch winket Seligkeit,
wen ihr getreu in Liebe,
in Glaub’ und Hoffnung seid.

7. Doch weh! Die frech entehren
das Blut, das für sie flöß,
sie trifft der Fluch des Richters,
Verdammung ist ihr Los.

NO.3 RECITATIVE AND DUET
8. RECITATIVE
JESUS
Verkündet, Seraph, mir dein Mund
Erbarmen meines ew’gen Vaters?
Nimmt er des Todes Schrecknisse von mir?

SERAPH
So spricht Jehovah:
H’ nicht erfüllt ist
das heilige Geheimnis der Versöhnung,
solang bleibt das menschliche Geschlecht
verworoen und beraubt des ew’gen Lebens.

9. DUET

JESUS
So ruhe denn mit ganzer Schwere
auf mir, mein Vater, dein Gericht.
Gieß über mich den Strom der Leiden,
nur zerre Adams Kindern nicht!

SERAPH
Erschüttert seh’ ich den Erhabenen
in Todesleiden eingehüllt.
Ich bebe, und mich selbst umwegen
die Grabesschauer, die er fühlt.

JESUS, SERAPH
Groß sind die Qual, die Angst, die Schrecken,
die Gottes Hand auf mich/ihn ergließt,
doch größer noch ist meine/seine Liebe,
mit der mein/sein Herz die Welt umschließt.

NO.4 RECITATIVE AND CHORUS
10. RECITATIVE
JESUS
Willkommen, Tod, den ich am Kreuze
zum Heil der Menschheit blutend sterbe!
O seid in eurer kühlen Graft gesegnet,
die ein ew’ger Schlaf in seinen Armen hält,
 ihr werdet froh zur Seligkeit erwachen!

11. CHORUS OF SOLDIERS
Wir haben ihn gesehen
nach diesem Berge gehen,
enfliehen kann er nicht,
sein wartet das Gericht!

NO.5 RECITATIVE AND CHORUS
12. RECITATIVE
JESUS
Die mich fragen zu fangen ausgezogen
sind, sie nahen nun.
Mein Vater! O führ’ in schnellem Flug
der Leiden Stunden an mir vorüber,
daß sie fliehn, rasch, wie die Wolken,
die ein Sturmwind treibt,
at deinen Himmeln ziehn.
Doch nicht mein Wille,
nein, dein Wille nur geschehe.

13. CHORUS OF SOLDIERS
Hier ist er, der Verbannte,
der sich im Volke kühn
der Juden König nannte,
ergriet und bindet ihn!
Chorus of youths
Was soll der Lärm bedeuten?
Es ist um uns geschehn!
Umringt von rauen Krieger, wie
wird es uns ergehn?
Erbarmen, ach, Erbarmen!
Es ist um uns geschehn!
NO.6 RECITATIVE, TERZET AND CHORUS
14. RECITATIVE
PETRUS
Nicht ungestraft soll der Verweg'nen Schar dich Herrlichen, dich, meinen Freund und Meister, mit frecher Hand ergreifen.

RECITATIVE
JESUS
O laß dein Schwert in seiner Scheide ruhn!
Wenn es der Wille meines Vaters wäre, aus der Gewalt der Feinde mich zu retten, so würden Legionen Engel bereit zu meiner Rettung sein.

15. TERZET
PETRUS
In meinen Adern wühlen gerechter Zorn und Wut. Laß meine Rache kühlen in der Verweg'nen Blut!

JESUS
Du sollst nicht Rache üben! Ich lehr't euch bloß allein, die Menschen alle lieben, dem Feinde gern verzeihn!

SERAPH
Merk' auf, o Mensch, und höre: Nur eines Gottes Mund macht solche heil'ge Lehre der Nächstenliebe kund. Seraph, Jesus, Petrus O Menschenkinder, fasset dies heilige Gebot: Liebt jenen, der euch hasset, nur so gefällt ihr Gott!

16. CHORUS
CHORUS OF SOLDIERS
Auf! Ergreifet den Verräter, weilet hier nun länger nicht. Fort jetzt mit dem Missetäter. Schleppt ihn schleunig vor Gericht!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS

JESUS
Meine Qual ist bald verschwunden, der Erlösung Werk vollbracht, bald ist gänzlich überwunden und besiegt der Hölle Macht!

17. CHORUS OF ANGELS
Welten singen Dank und Ehre dem erhab'nen Gottessohn.

18. Preiset ihn, ihr Engelchöre, laut im heil'gen Jubelton!
CD74 & CD75
MASS IN C MAJOR OP.86 & MISSA SOLEMNIS IN D MAJOR OP.123

1. KYRIE
Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!
Kyrie eleison!

2. GLORIA
Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis!
Deus Pater omnipotens!
Domine, Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe!
Domine Deus! Agnus Dei! Filius Patris!
Qui tollis peccata mundi! miserere nobis; suscepi deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe! cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris, Amen.

3. CREDO
Credo in unum Deum, patrem omnipotentem, factorem caeli et terrae
visibilium omnium et invisibilium.
Credo in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,
Filium Dei unigenitum; et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine:
Deum verum de Deo vero;
Genitum, non factum; consubstantialem Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt;
Qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salvam, descendit de caelis,
et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex maria Virginis, et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis; sub Pontio
Pilato passus et sepultus est,
Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum
Scripturas.
Et ascendit in caelum, sedet ad dexteram Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos; cujus regni non erit finis.
Credo in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit; qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur; qui locutus est per prophetas.
Credo in unum sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum Baptisma in remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum,
et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

Lord, have mercy upon us!
Christ have mercy upon us!
Lord, have mercy upon us!

Glory be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, We adore Thee, we glorify Thee
We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory.
O Lord God! O heavenly King!
O God, the Father Almighty!
O Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son!
O Lord God! Lamb of God! Son of the Father!
O Thou, who takest away the sins of the world! have mercy upon us; receive our prayer.
O Thou, who sittest at the right hand of the Father! have mercy on us.
For Thou alone art holy, Thou alone art Lord, Thou alone art most high, O Jesus Christ! together with the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father, Amen.

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible.
I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God; and born of the Father before all ages.
God of Gods, Light of Light, true God of true God; begotten, not made; consubstantial to the Father, by Whom all things were made;
Who for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and became incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.
He was crucified also for us; suffered under Pontius Pilate and was buried,
And the third day He arose again according to the Scriptures.
And ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father.
And He is to come again, with glory, to judge both the living and the dead; of whose kingdom there shall be no end.
I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life,
Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son;Who, together with the Father and the Son, is adored and glorified;Who spoke by the prophets.
I believe in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.
I confess one baptism for the remission of sins.
And I expect the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.
4. SANCTUS
Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis!
Benedictus qui venit in nomine
Dominii!
Hosanna in excelsis!

5. AGNUS DEI
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis. Agnus Dei,
dona nobis pacem.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem.

Halben Wegs entgegenkäme,
Und dein Mund den Wechselkuss
Gerne gäb' und wieder nahme:
Dann, o Himmel, außer sich,
Würde ganz mein Herz zerflodern!
Leib und Leben könnt' ich
Dich nicht vergebens lassen foden!
Gegengunst erhöhet Gunst,
Liebe nähret Gegenliebe,
Und entflammt zu Feuersbrunst,
Was ein Aschenfünkchen bliebe.

3. DER LIEBENDE WO.139
Welch ein wunderbares Leben,
Ein Gemisch von Schmerz und Lust,
Welch ein nie gefühltes Leben
Waltet jetzt in meiner Brust!
Herz, mein Herz, was soll dies Pochen?
Deine Ruh' ist unterbrochen,
Sprich, was ist mit dir geschehn'?
So hab' ich dich nie gesehn'
Hat dich nicht die Götterblume
Mit dem Hauch der Lieb' entglühnt,
Sie, die in dem Heilighume
Reiner Unschuld auf geblüht?
Ja, die schöne Himmelsblüthe
Mit dem Zauberblick voll Güte
Hält mit einem Band mich fest,
Das sich nicht zerreissen läßt!
Oft will ich die Theure flihen;
Thränen zittern dann im Blick,
Und der Liebe Geister ziehen
Auf der Stelle mich zurück.
Denn ihr pocht mit heissen Schlägen
Ewig dieses Herz entgegen,
Aber ach, sie fühlt es nicht,
Was mein Herz im Auge spricht!

4. RUF VOM BERGE WO.147
Wenn ich ein Vöglein war'
Und auch zwei Flügelang hatte',
Flög ich zu dir!
Weils aber nicht kann sein,
Blieb ich allhier.
Wenn ich ein Sternlein war'
Und auch viel Strahlen hat',
Strahl' ich dich an,
Und du sätt') freundlich auf,
Grüstest hinan.
Wenn ich ein Bäcklein war'
Und auch viel Wellen hät',
Rauscht' ich durch's Grün,
Nahete dem kleinen Fuß,

Holy is the Lord God Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are fully of Thy Glory.
Hosanna in the highest!
Blessed is he who cometh in the name of
the Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world, have mercy upon us. O Lamb of God, grant us
peace.
O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world, have mercy upon us. O Lamb of God, grant us
peace.

Küßte wohl ihn,
Würd' ich zur Abendluft,
Nähm' ich mir Blütenduft,
Hauchte dir zu.
Weilend auf Brust und Mund,
Fånd' ich dort Ruh'.
Geht doch kein' Stund der Nacht,
Ohn' daß mein Herz erwacht
Und an dich denkt.
Wie du mir tausendmal
Dein Herz geschenkt.
Wohl dringen Bach und Stern,
Lüftelein und Vöglein fern,
Kommen zu dir.
Ich nur bin festgebannet,
Weine allhier.

5. AN DIE HOFFNUNG OP.32
Die du so gern in heil'gen Nächten feiert
Und sanft und weich den
gramverschleierst,
Der eine zarte Seele qualt,
O Hoffnung! Laß, durch dich empors
gehoben,
Den Duldern ahnen, daß dort oben
Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!
Wenn, längst verfallen, geliebte
Stimmen schweigen;
Wenn unter ausgestorb'nen Zweigen
Verbädt die Erinnerung sitzt:
Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlass'ner
trauert
Und, von der Mitterwacht umschauert,
Sich auf versunk'nen Urnen stützt.
Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal
anzuklagen,
Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen
Die letzten Strahlen untergehn:
Dann laß' ihn um den Rand des
Erdentraumes
Das Leuchten eines Wolkensamens
Von einer nahen Sonne seh'n!

6. AN DIE HOFFNUNG OP. 94
Ob ein Gott sei?
Ob er einst erfülle,
Was die Sehnsucht weinend sich
verspricht?
Ob, vor irgendeinem Weltgericht,
Sich dies rätselhafte Sein enthülle?
Hoffen soll der Mensch! Er frage nicht!
Die du so gern in heiligen Nächten feierst
Und sanft und weich den Gram verschleierst,
Der eine zarte Seele quält,
O Hoffnung! Laß, durch dich emporgehoben,
Den Duldner ahnen, daß dort oben
Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!
Wenn, längst verhältn, geliebte Stimmen schweigen
Wenn unter ausgestorbenen Zweigen
Verödet die Erinnerung sitzt,
Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlaßer trauert,
Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert,
Sich auf versunkne Urnen stützt.
Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal anzuglänzen,
Wenn schuldend über seinen Tagen
Die letzten Strahlen untergehn;
Dann laß ihn, um den Rand des Erdentraumes,
Das Leuchten eines Wolkensaumes
Von einer nahen Sonne sehng!

8. AN DIE GELIEBTE WoO140
O daß ich dir vom stillen Auge
In seinem liebevollen Schein
Die Träne von der Wange sauge, Eh sie die Erde trinket ein!
Wohl hält sie zögernd auf der Wange
Und will sie heiß der Ture weihen.
Nun ich sie so im Küh empfange,
Nun sind auch deine Schmerzen mein, ja mein!

9. SELBSTGESPRÄCH WoO114
Ich, der mit flatterndem Sinn
bisher ein Feind der Liebe bin

10. GEDENKE MEIN WoO130
Gedenke mein, ich denke dein! Ach, der Trennung Schmerzen
versüßt mir die Hoffnung.

11. ICH DENKE DEIN WoO74
Ich denke dein, mein! wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
von Meeren strahlt, ich denke dein,
wor sich des Mondes Flimmer
in Quellen mält.

12. LIEB DIE LIEBE OP.52 NO.6
Ohne Liebe lebe, wer da kann;
Wenn er auch ein Mensch schon bliebe,
Bleibt er doch kein Mann.
Süße Liebe, mach’mein Leben süß,
Stille die regen Triebene.
Sonnder Hindernis!
Schmachten lassen sei der Schönen Pflicht:
Nur uns ewig schmachten lassen,
Dieses sei sie nicht!

13. DAS BLÜCHMEN WUNDERHOLD OP.52 NO.8
Es blüht ein Blümchen irgendwo
In einem stillen Tal, das schmeichelt Aug’ und Herz so froh wie Abendsonnenstrahl.
Das ist viel köstlicher als Gold,
als Perl’ und Diamant.
Drum wird es “Blümchen Wunderhold”
mit gutem Fug genannt.
Wohl sänge sich ein langes Lied
Von meines Blümchens Kraft;
Wie es am Leib’ und am Gemüt
So hohe Wunder schaft.
Was kein geheimes Elixier
Dir sonst gewähren kann,
Das leistet traur’ mein Blümchen dir.
Man säh’ es ihm nicht an.
Ach! hättest du nur die gekannt,
Die einst mein Kleind war
Der Tod entrüß’ sie meiner Hand
Hart hintern Traualtar -
Dann würdest du es ganz verstehn,
Was Wunderhold vermach,
Und in das Licht der Wahrheit sehnn,
Wie in den heilen Tag.

14. SICHERUNG EINES MÄDCHENS WoO.107
Scheldern, willst du Freund, soll ich dir Elisen?
Möchte Uzens Geist in mich sich ergießen?
Wie in einer Winternacht
Sterne schmalen,
Würde ihrer Augen Pracht
Oser malen.

15. AN MINNWA WoO115
Nur bei dir, an deinem Herzen
fliehen Sorge, Gram und Schmerzen,
und die Stifterin der Leiden,
unsre Liebe schafft uns Freuden,
dein Gott mir ohne dich, die
deo Gott dir ohne mich
schaffen, keiner geben kann,
du mein Weib und ich dein Mann!

16. DIE LAUTE KLAGE WoO.135
Turteltaube, du klagest so laut
Und raubest dem Armen seinen einzigen Trost,
Süßen vergessenen Schlaf.
Turteltaub’, ich jammer wie du,
Und berge den Jammer
in’s verwundete Herz,
In die verschlossene Brust.
Ich, die hart verteilende Liebe!
Sie gab dir die laute
Jammerklage zum Trost,
Mir den verstummenden Gram!

17. ALS DIE GELIEBTE SICH TRENNEN WOLLTE WoO132
Der Hoffnung letzter Schimmer sinkt
dahin,
Sie brach die Schwüre all’ mit flücht’gem Sinn;
So schwinde mir zum Trost auch immerdar
Bewußtsein, Bewüßtsein, daß ich zu glücklich war!
Was sprach ich? Nein, von diesen meinen Ketten
Kann kein Entschluß, kann keine Macht mich retten:
Ach! selbst am Rande der Verzweiflung bleibt ewig,
Bleibt ewig süß mir die Erinnerung!
Ha! holde Hoffnung, kehr’ zu mir zurücke,
Reg’ all mein Feuer auf mit einem Blicke,
Der Liebe Leiden seien noch so groß,
wer liebt,
Wer liebt, fühlt ganz ungücklich nie sein Los!
Und du, die treue Lieb’ mit Kränkung lohnet,
Fürcht’ nicht die Brust, in der dein Bild noch wohnet,
Dich hassen könnte nie dies führend’ Herz,
Vergessen, vergessen? eh’ erliegt es seinem Schmerz.

18. DAS LIEDE VON DER RUHE OP.52 NR.3
Im Arm der Liebe ruht sich’s wohl,
Wohl auch im Schoß der Erde.
Ob’s dort noch, oder hier sein soll,
Wo Ruh’ ich finden werde:
Das forscht mein Geist und sinn und denkt.
Und flieht zur Vorsicht, die sie schenkt.
Und flieht zur Vorsicht, die sie schenkt.
In Arm der Liebe ruht sich’s wohl,
Mir winkt sie ach! vergebens.
Bei dir Elise find ich wohl
Die Ruhe meines Lebens.
Dich wehrt mir harter Menschen Sinn
Und in der Blüte welk’ ich hin!
Und in der Blüte welk’ ich hin!
19. SEHNSUCHT WoO146
Die stille Nacht umdunkelt
Eruickend Tal und Höh',
Der Stern der Liebe funkelt
Sanft wandelnd in dem See.
Verstummt sind in den Zweigen
Die Sänger der Natur;
Geheimnisvolles Schweigen
Ruht auf der Blumenflur.
Ach, mir nur schließt kein Schlummer
Die müden Augen zu:
Komm, lindre meinen Kummer,
Du stiller Gott der Ruhe!
Sanft trockne mir die Tränen
Gib süßer Freude Raum,
Komm, täusche hold mein Sehnen
Mit einem Wonntraum!
O zaubre meinen Blicken
Die Holde, die mich flieht,
Laß mich ans Herz sie drücken,
Daß edle Lieb' entglüht!
Du Holde, die ich meine,
Wie seh'n ich mich nach dir;
Erscheine, ach, erscheine
Und läche Hoffnung mir!

In Grönland freuten sie sich sehr,
Mich ihres ort's zu sehen,
Und setzten mir den Trankrug her:
Ich ließ ihn aber stehen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzäh' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Von hier ging ich nach Mexico -
Ist weiter als nach Bremen -
Da, dacht' ich, liegt das Gold wie Stroh;
Du sollst'sn Sack voll nehmen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzäh' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
D'ruff' kauft' ich etwas kalte Kost
Und kiefer Sprött und Kuchen
Und setzte mich auf Extrapost,
Land Asia zu besuchen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzäh' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Der Mogul ist ein großer Mann
Und gnädig über Massen
Und klug; er war itz eben dran,
'n Zahn auszieh'n zu lassen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzäh' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Hm! dacht' ich, der hat Zähnepein,
Bei aller Groß' und Gaben!
Was hilf's denn auch noch Mogul sein?
Die kann man so wohl haben!
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzäh' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Ich gab dem Wirth mein Ehrenwort,
Nicht nachstens zu bezahlen;
Und damit reis' ich weiter fort,
Nach China und Bengalen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzäh' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Und fand es überall wie hier,
Fand überall 'n Sparren,
Die Menschen grade so wie wir,
Und eben solche Narren.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzäh' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

3. TRINKLIED WoO109
Erhebt das Glas mit froher Hand
Und trinket euch heilren Mut,
Wenn schon, den Freundschaft euch verband,
Nun das Geschicke trennt,
So heitert dennoch euren Schmerz
Und kränkt nicht des Freudes Herz,
Erheilt, Brüder, euren Schmerz
Und kränkt nicht des Freudes Herz.
Nun trinkt, erhebt den Becher hoch,
Ihr Brüder, hoch und singt
Nach treuer Freude weisem Brauch
Und singt das frohe Lied,
uns trennt das Schicksal, doch es bricht
Die Freundschaft treuer Herzen nicht.

4. PUNSCHLIED WoO111
Wer nicht, wenn warm von Hand zu Hand
der Punsch im Kreise geht,
Die Freude voller Lust empfand,
der schleiche schnell hinweg.
Wir trinken alle hocherfreut,
so lang uns Punsch die Kummer beut.

5 DER ZUFRIEDENE OP.75 NR.6
Zwar schuf das Glück hienieden
Mich weder reich noch groß,
Allen ich bin zufrieden,
Wie mit dem schönsten Los.
So ganz nach meinem Herzen
War mir ein Freund vergönnt,
Denn Kühn, Trinken, Scherzen
Ist auch sein Element.
Mit ihm wird froh und weise
manch Fläschchen ausgeleert!
denn auf der Lebensreise
ist Wein
Wenn mir bei diesem Lose
Nun auch ein trüb'res fällt,
So denk' ich: keine Rose
Blühst dornlos in der Welt.

VIER ARIETTEN UND EIN DUETT MIT ITALIENISchem TEXT OP.82
6. HOFFNUNG OP.82 Nr.1
Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ammi,
Dimmi che mia tu sei.
E non inviadio ai Dei
La lor' divinità!
Con un tuo sguardo solo,
Cara, con un sorriso
Tu m'apri il paradiso
Di mia felicità!

7. LIEBESKLAGE OP.82 Nr.2
T'intendo, sì, mio cor,
Con tanto palpitarti
So che ti vuol lagnar,
Che amante sei.
Che amante sei.
Ah! tac il tuo dolor,
Ah! soffri il tuo martir
Tacilo, tacilo e non tradir
L'affetti miei, l'affetti miei!

8. L'AMANTE IMPATIENTE [STILLE FRAGE] OP.82 Nr.3
Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perché, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Oh come è lento nel corso il sole!
Ogni momento mi sembra un di,
Ogni momento mi sembra un di,
Sì, sì, mi sembra un di!
Ah! che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perché, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Perché, perché non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole così!
Perché, ah! perché non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole, languir
Così, così, sì, vedermi languir così,
Così, così!

9. L'AMANTE IMPATIENTE [LIEBESJUNGFUDUL] OP.82 Nr.4
Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perché, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Oh come è lento nel corso il sole!
Ogni momento mi sembra un di,
Ogni momento mi sembra un di,
Si, si, mi sembra un di!
Ahi che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perché, perché non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Perché, perché non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole così!
Perché, ah! perché non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, sì, vedermi languir così,
Così, così!

10. LEBENSGENIUS OP.82 NO.5
Odi l’aura che dolce sospira,
Menre fugge scuotendo le fronde;
Se l’intendi, ti parla d’amor.
Senti l’onda, che rauca saggira,
Mentre gme radendo le sponde;
Se l’intendi, si lagna d’amor.
Quell’ affetto chi sente nel petto,
Sa per prova,
Se nuoce, se giova,
Se diletto produce o dolor!

11. O CARE SELVE WoO119
O care selve,
O cara felice libertà!
Qui sei un piacer si gode,
Parte non v’ha la frode,
ma la condisce a gara amore e fedeltà.

12. LA PARTENZA (DER ABSCHIED)
WoO124
Ecco quel fiero istante!
Nice, mia Nice, addio!
Come vivrò, ben mio,
cosi lontanda te?
Lo vivrò sempre in pene,
Io non avrò piu bene,
E tu, chi sa,
Se mai ti soverai di me!

13. IN QUESTA TOMBA OSCURA
WoO.133
In questa tomba oscura
lasciami riposar;
Quando vivevo,
Ingrata, dovei a me pensar.
Lascia che l’ombre ignude
godansi pace almen,
E non, e non bagnar mie ceneri
d’inutile velen.

14. LA TIRANNA WoO125
Ah grief to think! ah woe to name,
The doom that fate has destin’d mine!
Forbid to fan my onward flame,
And, slave to silence, hopeless pine!
Imperious fair! in fatal hour,
I mark’d the vived lightnings roll,
That gave to know thy ruthless pow’r,
And gleam’d destruction on my soul

15. QUE LE TEMPS ME DURE WoO116
Que le temps me dure
Passé loin de toi,
Toute la nature
n’est plus rien pour moi,
Le plus verd bocage
Quand tu n’y viens pas
n’est qu’un lieu sauvage
Pour moi sans appas.
Le coeur me palpite
Quand j’entens ta voix.
Tout mon sang s’agitè,
Dès que je te vois;
Ouvrez-tu la bouche?
Les yeux vont s’ouvrir;
Si ta main me touche,
Je me sens frémir.

16. PLAIRS D’AIMER WoO128
Plaisir d’aimer besoin d’une arme
Tendre que vous avez
De pouvoir sur mon coeur!
De vous, hélas, en voulant me défendre
Je perds la paix sans trouver le bonheur.

17. DER WACHTELSLAG WoO129
Horch, wie schafft’s dorten so lieblich hervor:
Fürchte Gott, fürchte Gott! Ruft mir die Wachtel ins Ohr.
Sitzend im Grünen, von Halmen umhüllt,
Mahnt sie den Horcher am Saatengefeld.
Lieber Gott, liebe Gott! Er ist so gütig, so mild.
Wieder bedeutet ihr hüpfender Schlag:
Lobe Gott, lobe Gott! Der dich zu loben vermag.
Siehst du die herrlichen Früchte im Feld?
Nimm es zu Herzen, Bewohner der Welt:
Danke Gott, danke Gott! Der dich ernährt und erhält.
Schreck dich im Wetter der Herz der Natur:
Bitte Gott, bitte Gott! Ruft sie, er verziehet nicht lang.

18. DAS GEHÄMINS WoO145
Wo blüht das Blümchen, das nie verbüllt?
Wo strahlt das Sternlein, das ewig lüht?
Dein Mund, o Muse! dein heil’ger Mund
Tu’ mir das Blümchen und Sternlein kund.
Verkünden kann er dir nicht mein Mund,
Macht es dein Innerstes dir nicht kund!
Im Innersten glühet und blüht es zart,
Wohl jeden, der es getreuh bewahrt.

19. AN LAURA WoO112
Freud’ umblühe dich auf allen Wegen
Schöne, als sie je die Unschuld fand,
Seelenruh, des Himmels bester Segen,
Wandle dir wie Frühlingshauch entgegen,
Bis zum Wiedersehn im Lichtgewand!
Lächelnd wird ein Seraph
niederschwepen,
Der die Palme der Vergeltung trägt,
Aus dem dunkeln Tal zu jenem Leben
Deine edle Seele zu erleben,
Wo der Richter unsre Taten wägt.
Dann töne Gottes ernste Waage
Wonne
Dir, von jedem Milßklang frei,
und der Freund an deinem Grabe sage:
Glücklicher, der letzte deiner Tage
War ein Sonnenuntergang im Mai.

20. ABRENDIEN UNTERM GESCHNITZTEN HIMME WoO150
Wenn die Sonne niedersinket,
Und der Tag zur Ruh sich neigt,
Luna freundlich leise winket,
Und die Nacht herniedersteigt;
Wenn die Sterne prächtig schimmern,
Tausend Sonnenstrahlen fimmern:
Fühlt die Seele sich so groß,
Windet sich vom Stause los.
Schaut so gern nach jenen Sternen,
Wie zurück ins Vaterland,
Hin nach jenen lichten Fernen,
Und vergült der Erde Tand;
Will nur ringen, will nur streben,
Ihre Hülle zu entschweben:
Auf den Sternen möcht sie sein.
Ob der Erde Stürme toben,
Falsches Glück den Bösen lohnt:
Hoffend blicket sie nach oben,
Wo der Sternenrichter thront.
Keine Furcht kann sie mehr quälen,
Keine Macht kann ihr beföhren;
Mit verklärtgem Angesicht,
Schwingt sie sich zum Himmelslicht.
Eine leise Ahnung schauet
Mich aus jenen Welten an;
Lange, lange nicht mehr dauert
Meine Erdenpilgerbahn,
Bald hab ich das Ziel ergruen,
Bald zu euch mich aufgeschwungen,
Ernte bald an Gottes Thron
Meiner Leiden schönen Lohn.

21. KLAGE WoO113
Dein Silber schien durch Eichengrün,
Das Kühling gab, auf mich herab
O Mond, o Mond und lachte Ruh’ mir frohem
Knaben zu.
durch’s Fenster bricht,
Lacht’s keine Ruh’ mir Jüngling zu,
Sieht’s meine Wange blaß, mein Auge tränenhaft.
Bald, lieber Freund, ach bald
Bescheint dein Silberschein den Leichenstein,
Der meine Asche birgt, des Jünglings
Asche
birgt!

22. FEUERFARB OP.52 NO.2
Ich weiß eine Farbe, der bin ich so hold,
Die achte ich höher als Silber und Gold;
Die trag’ ich so gerne um Stirn und Gewand
Und habe sie „Farbe der Wahrheit“ genannt.

23. ELEGIE AUF DEN TOD EINES PUDELS Woo110 Stirb immerhin, es welken ja so viele Der Freunden auf der Lebensbahn, Oft eh sie sinken in des Mittags Schüle, Fängt schon der Tod sie abzumähen an. Auf meine Freude du! dir fließen Zähren, Wie Freunde selten Freunden weihn, Der Schmerz um dich kann nicht mein Aug entheeren, Um dich Geschöpf, geschaffen mich zu freun; Doch soll dein Tod mich nicht zu sehr betrügen, Du warst ja stets des Lachens Freund, Gebleinbe ist uns alles, war wir lieben, Kein Erdenglück bleibt lange unbeweint. Mein Herz soll nicht mit dem Verhängnis zanken um eine lust, die es verlor; du lebe fort und gaukel im Gedanken Mir fröhliche Erinnerungen vor.


25. DES KRIEGERS ABSCHIED Woo143 Ich zieh’ in’s Feld, von Lieb’ entbrannt, Doch scheid’ ich ohne Thränäen; Mein Arm gehört dem Vaterland, Mein Herz der holden Schönen; Denn zärtlich muß der wahre Held Stets für ein Liebchen brennen, Und doch für’s Vaterland im Feld Entschlossen sterben können. Denk’ ich im Kampfe liebewarm Daheim an meine Holde, Dann möchte ich seh’n, wer diesem Arm Sich widersetzen wollte; Denn welch ein Lohn! wird Liebchens Hand Mein Siegerleben krönen, Mein Arm gehört dem Vaterland, Mein Herz der holden Schönen!

26. DER FREIE MANN Woo117 Wer, wer ist ein freier Mann? Der, dem nur eig’ner Wille Und keines Zwingsherrn Grillle Gesetze geben kann; Der ist ein freier Mann! Ein freier, freier Mann! Wer, wer ist ein freier Mann? Der das Gesetz verehret, Nichts thut, was es verwehret, Nichts will, als was er kann; Der ist ein freier Mann! Ein freier, freier Mann! Wer, wer ist ein freier Mann? Der, muß er Gut und Leben

Gleich für die Freiheit geben, Doch nichts verlieren kann; Der ist ein freier Mann! Ein freier, freier Mann!

27. OPFERLIED Woo.126 Die Flamme lodert, Milder Schein Durchglänzt den düstern Eichenhain, Und Weihrauchdüfte wallen. O neig’ ein gnädig Ohr zu mir Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir, Du Höchster, wohlgesehn. Sei stets der Freiheit Wehr und Schild! Dein Lebensgeist durchmacht mild Luft, Erde, Feu’r und Fluten! Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis Am väterlichen Heer, o Zeus, Das Schöne zu dem Guten!

CD78 SONGS FOR ONE TO TWO SOLO VOICES AND PIANO


2. NEUE LIEBE, NEUES LEBEN Woo127

94630 Beethoven Edition 88
Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?  
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?  
Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!  
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr!  
Weg ist alles, was du liebstest,  
Weg, warum du dich betrübest,  
Weg dein Fließ und deine Ruh',  
Ach, wie kamst du nur dazu!  
Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,  
Diese liebliche Gestalt,  
Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte  
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?  
Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,  
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,  
Führet mich im Augenblick  
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.  
Und an diesem Zauberfädchen,  
Das sich nicht zerreissen läßt,  
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen  
Mich so wider Willen fest,  
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise  
Leben nun auf ihre Weise.  
Die Veränderung, ach wie groß!  
Liebe, Liebe, laß mich los!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

3. SEUFZER EINES UNGELEIBTEN UND GEGENLIEBE Woo118  
Hast du nicht Liebe zugemessen  
Dem Leben jeder Kreatur?  
Warum bin ich allein vergessen,  
Auch meine Mutter dul'du Natur?  
Wo lebte wohl in Forst und Hürde,  
Und wo in Luft und Meer, ein Tier,  
Das nimmermehr geliebet würde?  
Geliebet wird alles, wird alles ausser  
mir, ja alles außer mir!  
Weinbleich im Hain, auf Flur und  
Matten  
Sich Baum und Staupe, Moos und  
Kraut  
Durch Liebe und Gegenliebe gatten;  
Vermählst sich mir doch keine Braut.  
Mir wächst vom süèsten der Tribe  
Nie Honigfrucht zu der Lust heran.  
Denn ach! Mir mangelt Gegenliebe,  
Die Eine, nur Eine gewähren kann.  
Wüßt' ich, daß du mich lieb und Wert  
Ein bißchen hiestest,  
Und von dem, was ich für dich,  
Nur ein Hundertteilchen fühltest;  
Daß dein Dank hübisch meinem Gruss  
Halben Wegs entgegenkame,  
Und dein Mund den Wechselkuss  
Gerne gäb' und wieder nähme:  
Dann, o Himmel, außer sich,  
Würde ganz mein Herz zerlodern!  
Leib und Leben könnt' ich  
Dich nicht vergebens lassen fodern!  
Gegengunst erhöht Gunst,  
Liebe nähret Gegenliebe,  
Und entflamm't zur Feuersbrunst,  
Was ein Aschenfünkchen bliebe.  
Gottfried August Bürger

4. DER BARDENGEIST Woo142  
Dort auf dem hohen Felsen sang ein  
alter Bardengeist;  
Es tönt wie Aulsharfenklang  
Im bangen schweren Trauersang,  
Der mir das Herz zerreißt.  
Und wie vom Berge zart und lind  
In's süße Blumenland  
Kastalia's heil'ge Quelle rinn't:  
So wällt und rauscht im Morgenwind  
Das silberne Gewand.  
Nur leise rauscht sein Lied dahin  
Beim grauen Dämmerschein,  
Und zu den hellen Sternen hin  
Entschwebt sein Herz, sein tiefer Sinn  
In süßen Träumerei'n.  
Und still ergriff mich mehr und mehr  
Sein wunderbares Lied.  
Was siehst du, Geist, so bang und schwer?  
Was suchst du dort im Sternenheer?  
Wie dir die Seele zieht?  
Ich suche wohl, nicht find' ich mehr,  
Ach, die Vergangenheit!  
Ich sehe wohl so bang und schwer,  
Ich suche dort im Sternenheer  
Der Deutschen gold'ne Zeit.  
Hinunter ging die Sonne schon,  
Kaum blieb ein Wiederscheinen;  
Mit Arglist und mit frechem Hohn  
Pflanzt nun die düst're Nacht den  
Mohn  
Um's Grab der Väter ein.  
Johann Baptist Rupprecht

7. MAN STREB'T DIE FLAMME ZU VERHEHLEN WoO120  
Man strebt die Flamme zu verhehlen,  
die bei geßfüvoll edlen Seelen  
sich unbemerkt ins Herz steiht;  
geheimnisvolli schließt man die Lippen,  
jedoch verrät sich bald mit Blicken,  
wie sehr man ach, die Liebe fühlt  
Ein Blick sagt mehr alt tausend  
Worte,  
ein Blick entriegelt oft die Pforte,  
der lang verhehlten Leidenschaft.  
Er zeigt dem Teuren, den ich liebe,  
herzens reine, zarte Tribe  
und gibt ihm auszuharren Kraft.  
Johann Nepomuk von Strachwitz

8. MOLLYS ABSCHIED OP.52/5  
Lebewohl, du Mann der Lust und  
Schmerzen,  
Mann der Liebe, meines Lebens Stab!  
Gott mit dir, Geliebter, tief zu Herzen  
Halle dir mein Segensruf hinab!  
Zum Gedächtnis biet' ich dir statt  
Goldes,  
Was ist Gold und goldeswerter Tand?  
Bleib, ich liebe wie dein Auge Holdes,  
Was dein Herz an Mollys Leiden fand.  
Vom Gesicht, der Waltstatt deiner  
Küste,  
Nimm, so lang' ich ferne von dir bin,  
Halb zum Mindesten im Schattenrisse  
Für die Phantasie die Abschrift hin!  
Nimm, du süßer Schmeichler, von den  
Locken,  
Die du oft zerwühstückt und verschobst,  
Wann du über Flachs an Pallas Rocken,  
Über Gold und Seide sie erhobst!  
Meiner Augen Denkmal sei dies blau  
Kranzchen fliehender Vergißmeinnicht  
Oft beträufelt von der Wehmut Taue,  
Der hervor durch sie von Herzen  
bracht!  
Gottfried August Bürger
9. SEHNSUCHT, 4 SETTINGS WoO134
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Soh! 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!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

10. AN DEN FERNEN GELIEBTEN
OP.75/5
Einst wohnten süße Ruh’ und gold’ner Frieden
In meiner Brust;
Nun mischt sich Wehmut, ach! seit wir
beschienen, In jede Lust.
Der Trennung Stunde hör’ ich immer
hallen
So dumpf und hohl,
Mir tänt im Abendlud der Nachttigallen
Dein Lebewohl!
Wohin ich wandle, schwebt vor
meinen Blicken
Dein holdes Bild,
Das mir mit banger Sehnsucht und
Entzücken
Den Busen füllt.
Stets mahn’ es flehend deine schöne
Seele,
Was Liebe spricht:
Ach Freund! den ich aus einer Welt
erwähle,
Vergiß mein nicht!
Wenn sanft ein Lüftchen deine Locken
kräuselt im Mondenlicht;
Das ist mein Geist, der flehend dich
umsäuselt:
Vergiß mein nicht!
Wirst du im Vollmondschein dich nach
mir sehnen,
Wie Zephyrs Weh’n
Wird dir’s melodisch durch die Lüfte
tönen:
Auf Wiedershe’n!
Christian Ludwig Reissig

11. MIGNON OP.75/1
Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen
blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen
glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel
weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer
steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter,
ziehn.
Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht
sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das
Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und seh’n
mich an:

Was hat man dir, du armes Kind,
getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer,
ziehn.
Kennst du den Berg und seinen
Wolkenstieg?
Das Mautliert sucht im Nebel seinen
Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte
Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns
ziehn!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

12. GRETELS WARNUNG OP.75/4
Mit Liebesblick und Spiel und Sang
Warb Christel jung und schön;
Wo lieblich war, so frisch und schlank
Kein Junglings rings zu seh’n.
Nein, keiner war
In ihrer Schar,
Für den ich das gefühl’t!
Das merkt er, ach!
Und ließ nicht nach,
 Bis er es all, bis er es all,
 Bis er es all erhieß!
 Wohl war im Dorfe mancher Mann,
So jung und schön wie er;
Doch sah’n nur ihn die Mädchen an
Und kos’t’en um ihn her.
Bald riß ihr Wort
Ihm schmeicheldi fort,
Gewonnen war sein Herz.
Mir ward er kalt,
 Dann floh er bald
Und ließ mich hier, und ließ mich hier,
und ließ mich hier im Schmerz.
Sein Liebesblick und Spiel und Sang,
So süß und wonniglich,
Sein Kuß, der tief zur Seele drang,
Freu’ret nicht für dich.
Schaut meinen Fall,
Ihr Schwestern all’,
Für die der Falsche glüh’t,
Und trautet nicht dem, was er spricht.
O seh’t mich an, mich Arme an,
O seh’t mich an, und flieht!
Gerhard Anton von Halen

13. DER MANN VON WORT OP.99
Du sagtest, Freund, an diesen Ort
komm ich zurück, das war dein Wort.
Du kamest nicht; ist das ein Mann,
auf dessen Wort man trau’n kann?
Fast größer bild’ ich mir nichts ein,
as seines Wortes Mann zu sein;
wer Worte, gleich den Weibern, bricht,
verdient des Mannes Namen nicht.
Ein Wort, ein Mann, war deutscher
Klang,
der von dem Mund zum Herzen drang,
und das der Schlag von deutscher
Hand,
gehi’gen Eiden, fest verband.
Und dieses Wort, das er dir gab,
brach nicht die Furt am nahen Grab,
icht Weibergunst, noch
Menschenzwang,
icht Gold, nicht Gut, noch
Fürstenrang.
Wenn so dein deutscher Ahne sprach,
dann folg’, als Sohn, dem Vater nach,
der seinen Eid: Ein Wort, ein Mann,
as Mann von Wort verbürgen kann.
Nun sind wir auch der Deutschen wert,
des Volkes, das die Welt verehrt.
Hier meine Hand; wir schlagen ein,
und wollen deutsche Männer sein.
Friedrich August Kleinschmidt

14. DER EDLE MENSCHENOP.151
Der edle Mensch sei
Hülfreich und gut,
Hülfreich und gut.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

15. TRAUTE HENRIETTE HESS151
Traute Henriette,
holdeste Brünette,
haßt du Lieb für mich?
Heit’re mein Gemüte,
sant’ge mein Geblüte!
Mädchen, liebe mich,
liebe mich!

16. MERKENSTEIN OP.100
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Wo ich wandle, denk’ ich dein.
Wenn Aurora Felsen röntet,
Heß im Busch die Amsel flötet,
Weidend Herden sich zerstreun,
Denk’ ich dein, Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Bei der schwülen Mittagspein
Sehn’ ich mich nach deinen Gängen,
Deinen Grotten, Felsenhängen,
Deiner Kühlung mich zu freun.
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Dich erhielt mir Hesper’s Schein,
Duftend rings von Florens Kränzen
Seh’ ich die Gemächer glänzen,
Traulich blickt der Mond hinein.
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Höchster Anmut Lust-Verein.
Ewig jung ist in Ruinen
Mir Natur in dir erschienen;
Ihr, nur ihr mich stets zu weh’n,
Denk’ ich dein, Merkenstein!

Johann Baptist Ruprecht

CD 79
1. “AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE” OP.98
Ein Liederkreis von Alois Jetteles

1.1 AUF DEM HÜGEL SITZ ICH SPÄHEND OP.98 NO.2
Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähen
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Tränen sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden, 
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal 
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden, 
Unserm Glück und unserer Qual. 
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen, 
Der dir so glühend eilt, 
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen 
In dem Raume, der uns teilt. 
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen, 
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein? 
Singen will ich, Lieder singen, 
Die dir klagen meine Pein! 
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht 
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit, 
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht 
Was ein liebend Herz geweihet!

1.2 WO DIE BERGE SO BLAU OP.98 
NO.2 
Wo die Berge so blau 
Aus dem nebligen Grau 
Schauen herein, 
Wo die Sonne vergüht, 
Wo die Wolke umzieht, 
Möchte ich sein! 
Dort im ruhigen Tal 
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual. 
Wo im Gestein 
Still die Primel dort sinnt, 
Weht so leise der Wind, 
Möchte ich sein! 
Hin zum sinnigen Wald 
Drangt mich Liebesgewalt, 
Innere Pein. 
Ach, mich zög'rs nicht von hier, 
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir 
Ewiglich sein!

1.3 LEICHTE SEGLER IN DEN HÖHEN 
OP.98 NO.3 
Leichte Segler in den Höhen, 
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal, 
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen, 
Grußt sie mir viel tausendmal. 
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen 
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal, 
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen 
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal. 
Wird sie in den Büschen stehen, 
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl. 
Klagt ihr, wie mir es geschehen, 
Klagt ihr, Vögel, meine Qual. 
Stille Weite, bringt im Wehen 
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahn 
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen 
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl. 
Flüst' ihr zu mein Liebesfiehen, 
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal, 
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen 
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

1.4 DIESE WOLKEN IN DEN HÖHEN 
OP.98 NO.4 
Diese Wolken in den Höhen, 
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug, 
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen. 
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug! 
Diese Weste werden spielen 
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust, 
In den seidnen Locken wühlen, 
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln 
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt. 
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegle, 
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

1.5 ES KEHRET DER MAIEN, ES BLÜHET 
DIE AU OP.98 NR.5 
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au, 
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau, 
Geschwächt die Bäche nunn rinnen. 
Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum würtlichen Dach, 
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach, 
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen. 
Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz 
Und von quer 
Manch weicheres Stück zu dem 
Kraftvollster hieher, 
Manch wärmendes Stück für die 
Kleinen. 
Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so 
treu, 
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun 
der Mai, 
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen. 
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au. 
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau. 
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen. 
Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühlings 
vereint, 
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühlings 
erscheint, 
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

1.6 NIMM SIE HIN DENN, DIESE 
LIEDER OP.98 NR.6 
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder, 
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang, 
Singe die dann abends wieder 
Zu der Laute süßem Klang. 
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht 
Nach dem stillen blauen See, 
Und sein letzter Strahl vergüht 
Hinter jener Bergeshöh; 
Und du singst, was ich gesungen, 
Was mir aus der vollen Brust 
ohne Kunstgepräng erklingen, 
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt: 
Dann vor diesen Liedern weichert 
Was gescheiden uns so weit, 
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht 
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

2. ADELAIDE OP.46 
Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Frühlingsgarten, 
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen, 
Das durch wankende Blütenzwiege zittert, Adelaide! 
In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der Alpen, 
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken, 
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein 
Blindnis, Adelaide! 
Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstern, 
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase 
säuseln, 
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen 
flöten: Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem 
Grabe 
Ein Blume der Asche meines Herzens; 
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem 
Purpurblätterchen: Adelaide!

3. ZÄRTLICHE LIEBE WO0123 
Ich liebe dich, so wie du mich, 
Am Abend und am Morgen, 
Noch war kein Tag, wo du und ich 
Nicht teilten unsre Sorgen. 
Auch waren sie für dich und mich 
Gut geteilt leicht zu ertragen; 
Du tröstest im Kummer mich, 
Ich weint in deine Klagen. 
Drum Gottes Segen über dir, 
Du, meines Lebens Freude. 
Gott schütze dich, erhalt dich mir, 
Schütz und erhalts uns beide.

4. DER KUR OP.128 
Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein, 
Und küssen will ich sie: 
Jedoch sie sprach, 
Sie würde schreien, 
Es sei vergebene Müh. 
Ich wagt es doch und küßte sie, 
Trotz ihrer Gegenwehr. 
Und schrie sie nicht? 
Jawohl, sie schrie, 
Doch lange hinterher.

5. LIED AUS DER FERNE WO0137 
Als mir noch die Träne der Sehnsucht nicht floß, 
Und neidisch die Ferne nicht Liebchen verschloß, 
Wie glich da mein Leben dem 
blühenden Kranz, 
Dem Nachtigallwaldchen, voll Spiel 
und voll' Tanz! 
Nun treibt mich oft Sehnsucht hinaus 
auf die Höhn, 
Den Wunsch meines Herzens wo 
lächeln zu seh’n! 
Hier sucht in der Gegend mein 
schmachtender Blick, 
Doch kehret es nimmer befriedigt 
zurück. 
Wie klopf's im Busen, als wärst du 
mir nah, 
O komm, meine Holde, dein Jüngling 
ist da! 
Ich opfere dir alles, was Gott mir 
verlieh, 
Denn wie ich dich liebe, so liebt' ich 
noch nie! 
O Teure, komm eilig zum bräutlichen 
Tanz! 
Ich pflege schon Rosen und Myrten 
zum Kranz. 
Komm, zahre mein Hüttchen zum 
Tempel der Ruh, 
Zum Tempel der Wonne, die Göttin sei 
du!

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6. DER JÜNGLING IN DER FREMDE
WoO137
Der Frühling entblüht dem Schöss der Natur, 
Mit lachenden Blumen bestreut er die Flur: 
Doch mir lacht vergebens das Thal und die Höh',
Es bleibt mir im Busen so bang' und so weh.
Begeisternder Frühling, du helst nicht den Schmerz!
Das Leben zerdrückte mein fröhliches Herz
Ach, blüht wohl auf Erden für mich noch die Ruh',
So führe' mich dem Schosse der Himmlischen zu!
Ach Herz, dich erkennt ja der Jüngling nicht mehr!
Wie bist du so traurig, was schmerzt dich so sehr?
Dich quälet die Sehnsucht, gesteh' es mir nur,
Dich fesselt das Mädchen der heimischen Flur!

7. RESIGNATION WoO149
Lisch aus, mein Licht!
Was dir gebracht,
Das ist nun fort,
an diesem Ort
Kannst du's nicht wieder finden!
Du mußt nun los dich binden.
Sonst hast du lustig aufgebrannt,
Nun hat man dir die Luft entwandt;
Wenn diese forts gewehrt,
die Flammen irregehet,
Sucht, findet nicht;
Lisch aus, mein Licht!

8. ANDENKEN WoO.136
Ich denke dein,
Wenn durch den Hain
Der Nachtagallen
Akkorde schallen!
Wann denkst du mein?
Ich denke dein
Im Dämmerschein
Der Abendhelle
Am Schattenquelle!
Wo denkst du mein?
Ich denke dein
Mit süßer Pein
Mit bagem Sehnen
Und heissen Tränen!
Wie denkst du mein?
O denke mein,
Bis zum Verein
Auf bessern Sterne!
In jeder Ferne
Denk ich nur dein!

SECHS LIEDER CHRISTIAN VON FORCHTEGOTT GELLERT OP.48
9. BITTEN OP.48 NO.1
Gott, deine Güte reicht so weit,
So weit die Wolken gehen,
Du krönst uns mit Barmherzigkeit
Und elst, uns beizustehnen.

Herr! Meine Burg, mein Fels, mein Hort,
Vernimm mein Flehn, merk auf mein Wort;
Denn ich will vor dir beten!

10. DIE LIEBE DES NÄCHSTEN OP.48 NR.2
So jemand spricht: Ich liebe Gott,
Und haßt doch seine Brüder,
Der treibt mit Gottes Wahrheit
Und reißt sie ganz darnieder.
Gott ist die Lieb, und will, daß ich
Den Nächsten liebe, gleich als mich.

11. VOM TODE OP.48 NO.3
Meine Lebenszeit verstreicht,
Ständig eil ich zu dem Grabe,
Und was ist's, das ich vielleicht,
Das ich noch zu leben habe?
Denk, o Mensch, an deinen Tod!
Säume nicht, denn Eins ist Not!

12. DIE EHER GOTTES AUS DER NATUR OP.48 NO.4
Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre;
Ihr Schall pflanzt seinen Namen fort.
 Ihn rühmt der Erdekreis, ihn preisen die Meer;
Vernimm, o Mensch, ihr göttlich Wort!
Wer trägt der Himmel unzählbare Sterne?
Wer führt die Sonn aus ihrem Zelt?
Sie kommt und leuchtet und lacht uns
Von ferne
Und läßt den Weg gleich als ein Held.

13. GOTTES MACHT UND VORSEHUNG OP.48 NO.5
Gott ist mein Lied!
Er ist der Gott der Stärke,
Hehr ist sein Nam'
Und groß sind seine Werke,
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet.

14. BUBLIED OP.48 NO.6
An dir allein, an dir hab ich gesündigt,
Und übel oft vor dir getan.
Du siehst die Schuld, die mir den Fluch verkündigt;
Sieh, Gott, auch meinen Jammer an.
Dir ist mein Flehn, mein Seufzen nicht verborgen,
Und meine Tränen sind vor dir.
Ach Gott, mein Gott, wie lange soll ich sorgen?
Wie lang entfernt du dich von mir?
Herr, handle nicht mit mir nach meinen Sünden,
Vergiß mir nicht nach meiner Schul.
Ich suche dich, laß mich dein Antlitz finden,
Du Gott der Langmut und Geduld.
Früh wollst du mich mit deiner Gnade füllen,
Gott, Vater deiner Barmherzigkeit.
Erfreue dich um deines Namens willen,
Du bist mein Gott, der gern erfreut.
Laß deinen Weg mich wieder freundig
wallen
Und lehre mich dein heilig Recht

Mich täglich tun nach deinem Wohlegefallen;
Du bist mein Gott, ich bin dein Knecht.
Herr, elie du, mein Schutz, mir beizustehen,
Und leite mich auf ebner Bahn
Er hört mein Schrei', der Herr erhört mein Flehen
Und nimmt sich meiner Seele an.

LIEDER NACH JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GÖTHE
15. MAILIED OP.52 NO.4
Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur,
Wie glänzt die Sonne, wie lacht die Flur!
Es dringen Blüten aus jedem Zweig
Und tausend Stimmen aus dem Gesträuch,
Und Freud und Wonne aus jeder Brust;
O Erd', o Sonne, o Glück, o Lust!
O Lieb', o Liebe! So golden schön
Wie Morgenwolken auf jenen Hohn!
Du segnest herrlich das frische Feld,
Im Blütendampfe die volle Welt.
O Mädchen, Mädchen, wie lieb ich dich!
Wie blickt dein Auge, wie liebst du mich!
So liebt die Lerche Gesang und Luft,
Und Morgenblumen den Himmelsduft
Wie ich dich liebe mit warmen Blut,
Die du mir Jugend und Freud und Mut
Zu neuen Liedern und Tänzen gibst.
Sei ewig glücklich, wie du mich liebst!

16. MARMOTTE OP.52 NO.7
Ich komme schon durch manches Land,
Avec que la marmotte,
Und immer was zu essen fand,
Avec que la marmotte,
Avec que si, avecque là,
Avec que la marmotte.

17. NEUE LIEBE, NEUES LEBEN OP.75 NO.2
Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr!
Weg ist alles, was du liebst,
Weg, warum du dich betrübest,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh',
Ach, wie kannst du nur dazu!
Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,
Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt
Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,
Mich ermanngen, ihr entfliehen,
Führet mich im Augenblick
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück,
Und an diesem Zauberfädchen,
Das sich nicht zerreisset läßt,
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen
Mich so wider Willen fest,
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise
Leben nun auf ihre Weise.
Die Veränderung, ach wie groß!
Liebe, Liebe, laß mich los!

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18. WONNE DER WEHMET OP.83 NO.1
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht, Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint,
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht, Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

19. SEHNSUCHT OP.83 NR.2
Was zieht mir das Herz so?
Was zieht mich hinaus?
Und windet und schraubt mich
Aus Zimmer und Haus?
Wie dort sich die Wolken
Am Felsen verziehen!
Da möcht ich hinüber,
Da möcht ich wohl hin!
Nun wügt sich der Raben
gesehnen Sonne
Ich mische mich drunter
Und folge dem Zug.
Und Berg und Gemüter
Umflitten wir;
Sie weilet da drunten,
Ich spähe nach ihr.
Da kommt sie und wandelt;
Ich eile sobald,
Ein singender Vogel,
Im buschigen Wald.
Sie weilet und horchet
Und lächelt mit sich:
"Er singet so lieblich
Und singt es an mich."
Die scheidende Sonne
Vergüldet die Höh’n,
Die sinnende Schöne,
Sie läßt es geschehn.
Sie wandelt am Bache
Die Wiesen entlang,
Und finster und finsterer
Umschlingt sich der Gang;
Auf einmal erscheint,
Ein blinkend Stern.
"Was glänzet da droben,
So nah und so fern?"
Und hast du mit Staunen
Das Leuchten erblickt,
Ich liege dir zu Füßen,
Da bin ich beglückt!

20. MIT EINEM GEMALTEN BAND
OP.83 NO.3
Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand
Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter
Tändeln auf ein luftig Band.
Zephir, nimm’s auf deine Flügel,
Schnirls’ um meiner Liebsten Kleid;
Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel
All in ihrer Munterkeit.
Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,
Selbst wie eine Rose jung.
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!
Und ich bin belohnt genug.
Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,
Reiche frei mir deine Hand,
Und das Band, das uns verbindet,
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

21. FREUDVOLL UND LEIDVOLL OP.84
NO.2
Freudvoll Und leidvoll,
Gedanken voll sein;
[Langen] Und bangen
In schwerebender Pein;
Himmelschau jauchzend
Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

CD80
CANONS, EPIGRAMS AND JOKES
1. LOB AUF DEN DICKEN
"SCHUPPANZIGH IST EIN LUMP",
WoO100
Musical joke for 3 solo voices & choir
Schuppanzigh ist ein Lump –
Wer kennt ihn, wer kennt ihn nicht,
den dicken Saumagen, dan
aufgeblasenen Eselskopf,
O Lump Schuppanzigh, o Esel
Schuppanzigh –
Wir stimmen alle ein:
Du bist der größte Esel, o Esel, hi, hi, ha
2. ESEL ALLER ESEL, HI HA, HESS 277
Musical joke
Esel aller Esel! – hi ha.
3. GRAF, LIEBEST GRAF, LIEBESTE
SCHAF, WoO101
Musical joke
Graf, Graf, liebster Graf,
liebtest Esel, bester Graf
bestes Schaf.
4. HERR GRAF, ICH KOMME ZU
FRAGEN, HESS 276
Canon a 3
Herr Graf, ich komme zu fragen, wie
Sie sich
beobachten, ob Sie recht gut geschlafen
und angenehm
geträumt oder ob Ihnen nichts
betrüebliches passiert ist.
5. BESTER HERR GRAF, SIE SIND EIN
SCHAF, WoO183
Canon a 4
Bester Herr Graf, Sie sind ein Schaf.
6. ES MUSS SEIN, WoO196
Joke or riddle canon a 4
Es muss sein, ja, heraus mit dem
Beute!
7. CANON FOR 2 INSTRUMENTS IN G
MAJOR HESS 274
8. DA IST DAS WERK, SORGT UM DAS
GELD! WoO197
Canon a 5
Da ist das Werk, sorgt um das Geld,
eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs,
sieben, acht, neun,
zehn, elf, zwolf Dukaten.
9. GLAUBE UND HOFFE, WOO 174
Canonlike movement a 4
Glaube und hoffe!
10. AUF EINEN, WELCHER HOFFMANN
GEHEISEN, WoO180
Canon a 2
Hoffmann, sei ja kein Hofmann, nein
ich heiße
Hoffmann und bin kein Hofmann.
11. ANGLAISE IN D MAJOR FOR
PIANO, HESS
12. RASCH TRITT DER TOT DEN
MENSCHEN AN, WoO 104
Gesang der Mönche aus Schiller’s
"Wilhelm Tell"
Rasch tritt der Tod den Menschen an,
es ist ihm keine Frist gegeben,
es stürzt ihn mitten in der Bahn,
es reißt ihn fort vom vollen Leben,
beretet oder nicht, zu gehen.
Er muß vor seinem Richter stehen.
13. ICH WAR HIER, DOKTOR, ICH WAR
HIER, WoO190
Riddle canon a 2
Ich war hier, Doktor, ich war hier.
14. SIGNOR ABATE, WoO178
Canon a 3
Signor Abate! I sono ammalato.
Santo Padre! e datemi la benedizione!
Höf! Sie der Teufel, wenn Sie nicht
kommen!
15. Kurz ist der Schmerz, und
Ewig ist die Freude WoO163
Canon a 3
Kurz ist der Schmerz, ewig ist die
Freude.
16. HOL’ EUCH DER TEUFEL! B’HÜT
EUCH GOTT! WoO173
Riddle canon a 2
Höf! euch der Teufel! B’hüt euch Gott!
17. ICH GOTT IST EINE FESTE BURG,
WoO188
Riddle canon a 2
Gott ist eine feste Burg.
18. SANKT PETRUS WAR EIN
FELS/BERNARDUS WAR EIN SANKT,
WoO175
Riddle canon a 4
Sankt Petrus war ein Fels, Bernardus
war ein Sankt?
19. TUGEND IST KEIN LEERER NAME,
WoO181 NO.3
Canon a 3
Tugend ist kein leerer Name
20. EDEL SEI DER MENSCH, HÜLFREICH
UND GUT, WoO185
Canon a 6
Edel sei der Mensch, hülfreich und gut.
21. BESTER MAGISTRAT, IHR FRIERT, WoO177
Canon for 2 male voices and 2 double basses
Bester Magistrat, Ihr friert!

22. KÜHL, NICHT LAU, WoO191
Canon a 3
Kühl, nicht lau.

23. WIR IRREN ALLESAMT, WoO198
Riddle canon a 2
Wir irren allesamt, nur jeder irret anders.

24. AUF EINEN, WELCHER SCHWENKE GEHEISSEN, WoO187
Canon a 4
Schwenke dich, ohne Schwärne!

25. BRAUCHLE, LINKE, WoO167
Canon a 4
Brauchle, Linke

26. O TOBIAS!, WoO182
Canon a 3
O Tobias! Dominus Haslinger ol ol!

27. GEDENKET HEUTE AN BADEN, WoO181 NO.1
Canon a 4
Gedenket heute an Baden!

28. SEINER KAIERSCHEN HOHEIT...ALLES GUTE, ALLES SCHÖNE, WoO179
Introduction and canon a 4
Seiner kaiserlichen Hoheit!
Denn Erzherzog Rudolph!
Denn geistlichen Fürsten!
Alles Gute! Alles Schöne!

29. GLÜCK FEHL’ DIR VOR ALLEM, WoO171
Canon a 4
Glück fehl’ dir vor allem, Gesundheit auch - niemalen!

30. GEHABT EUCH WOHL, WoO181 NO.2
Canon a 4
Gehabt euch wohl.

31. FREU’ DICH DES LEBENS, WoO195
Canon a 2
Freu’ dich des Lebens.

32. GLÜCK ZUM NEUEN JAHR, WoO165
Canon a 4
Glück, Glück zum neuen Jahr

33. INSTRUMENTAL CANON A 2 IN A FLAT MAJOR, HESS 275

34. IM ARM DER LIEBE RUHT SICH’S WOHL, WoO159
Canon a 3
Im Arm der Liebe ruht sich’s wohl.
Wo es auch sei, das ist dem Mäden einerlei.
Im Schloß der Erde ruht sich’s wohl!

35. ICH KÜSSE SIE, WoO169
Riddle canon a 2
Ich küssie Sie, drücke Sie an mein Herz!
Ich, der Hauptmann.

36. LANGUISO E MORO, HESS 229
Canon a 2
Languisco e moro per te mio ben ch’adoro.

37. TE SOLO ADORO, WoO186
Canon a 2
Te solo adoro mente infinita, fonte di vita di verità.

38. EWIG DEIN, WoO161
Canon a 3
Ewig dein.

39. FREUNDSCAHT IST DER QUEL WÄHRE GLÜCKSELIGKEIT, WoO164
Canon a 3
Freundschaft ist die Quelle wahrer Glückseligkeit.

40. INSTRUMENTAL CANON A 4, WoO160 NO.2

41. TA TA TA, LIEBER MÄLZEL, WoO162
Canon a 4
Ta ta ta, lieber Mälzel
ta ta ta, lebet wohl, sehr wohl
ta ta ta, Banner der Zeit
ta ta ta, großer Metronom.
ta ta ta ta.

42. ICH BITT’ DICH, SCHREIB’ MIR DIE ES-SCALA AUF, WoO172
Canon a 3
Ich bitt’ dich, schreib’ mir die Es-Scala auf.

43. ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS, WoO192
Riddle canon
Ars longa, vita brevis

44. INSTRUMENTAL CANON A 3, WoO160 NO.1

45. DAS SCHWEIGEN, WoO168 NO.1
Riddle canon a 3
Lerne schweigen, o Freund, dem Reden gleichet das Silber,
aber zu rechter Zeit schweigen, Schweigen ist lauteres Gold.

46. DAS REDEN, WoO168 NO.2
Canon a 3
Rede, rede, wenn’s um einen Freund dir gilt.
Rede, rede, einer Schönen Schönes zu sagen.

47. FALSTAFFERL, WOO 184
Canon a 5
Falstafferl, Falstaff, laß dich sehen.

48. ALLEGRO IN A MAJOR FOR 2 VIOLINS, WoO34

49. ABSCHIEDSGESANG WoO102
Gedicht von Joseph von Seyfried
Die Stunde schlägt, wir müssen scheiden,
bald sucht vergebens dich mein Blick;
am Busen ländlich stiller Freuden erringst du dir ein neues Glück.
Gelieber Freund! Du bleibst uns teuer,
ging auch die Reise nach dem Belt;
doch ist zum guten Glück Stadt Steyer
noch nicht am Ende dieser Welt.
Und kommen die Freunde, um dich zu besuchen,
so sei nur hübsch freundlich und back
ihnen Kuchen,
auch werden, so wie sich’s für Deutsche gehört,
auf ’s Wohlin der Gäste die Humpen gleeet.
Dann bringen wir froh im gezuckerten Weine ein Gläschen dem ewigen Freundschaftsvereine;
dein Töchterlein mache den Ganymed,
iw weiß, daß sie gerne dazu sich versteht.
Gelieber Bruder! Lebe wohl.

25 IRISH SONGS WoO152, SELECTION
50. NO.2 SWEET POWER OF SONG!
Sweet power of Song! That canst impart,
To lowland swain or mountaineers,
A gladness thrilling trough the heart,
A joy so tender and so dear:
Sweet Power! That on a foreign strand
Canst the rough soldier’s bosom move,
With feelings of his native land,
As gentle as infant’s love.
Sweet Power! That makes youthful heads
With thistle, leek, or shamrock crown’d,
Nod proudly as the carol sheds
Its spirit through the social round.
Sweet Power! That cheer’s the daily toil
Of cottage maid, or beldame poor,
The ploughman on the furrow’d soil,
Or herdboy on the lonely moor.
Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,
Who mourns his maiden’s broken tye,
‘Till the sweet plaint, in woe’s despite,
Hath made a bliss of agony.
Sweet power of Song! Thanks flow to thee
From every kind and gentle breast!
Let Erin’s Cambria’s minstrels be
With Burns’s tuneful spirit blest!
Joanna Baillie

51. NO.5 ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE
Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where non may list their melody?
Say, harp’st thou to the mist that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from hig
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?
No, not to these, for they have rest,
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the ene her nest,
Abode of lone security,
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.
The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with a brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazony.
Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a ministrel string,
Each chord should impression fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
"Revenge for blood and treachery!"

52. NO.6 WHAT SHALL I DO TO SHEW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER?
What shall I do to shew how much I love her?
Thoughts that oppress me, O how can I tell?
Will my soft passion be able to move her?
Language is wanting, when loving so well.
Can sighs and tears, in the silence, betoken
Half the distress this fond bosom must know?
Or will she melt when a true heart is broken,
Weeping, too late, o'er her lost lover's woe.
Is there a grace comes not playful before her?
Is there a virtue, and not in her train?
Is there a swain but delights to adore her?
Pains she a heart, but it boasts of her chain?
Could I believe she'd prevent my undoing,
Life's gayest fancies the hope should renew;
Or could I think she'd be pleas'd with my ruin,
Death should persuade her my sorrows are true!

53. NO.8 COME DRAW WE AROUND A CHEERFUL RING
Come draw we round a cheerful ring
And broach the foaming ale,
And let the merry maiden sing,
The beldame tell her tale:
And let the sightless harper sit
The blazing faggot by;
And let the jester vent his wit,
His tricks theurchin try.
Who shakes the door with angry din;
And would admitted be?
No, Gossip Winter, snug within,
We have no room for thee.
Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,
And shake the willows bare;
The water-eel his sport doth take,
Thou'lt find a comrade there.
Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,
The owl hoots on the tree,
They hold their nightly vigils well,
And so the while we will.
Then strike we up the rousing glee,
And pass the beaker round,
While ev'ry head right merrily
Is moving to the sound.

Joanna Baillie

54. NO.10 THE DESERTER
If sadly thinking and spirits sinking
Could more than drinking my cares compose;
A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
And hope tomorrow might end my woes.
But since in wandering there's nought availing,
And Fate unfailing must strike the blow:
Then for that reason and for a season,
We will be merry before we go.
A wayworn ranger to joy a stranger,
Through every danger my course I've run;
Now hope all ending, and death befriending,
His last aid sending, my cares are done,
No more a rover, or hapless lover,
My griefs are over, and my glass runs low.
Then for that reason and for a season,
We will be merry before we go.

John Philpot Curran

55. NO.11 THOU EMBLEM OF FAITH
Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion,
That heav'n has ordain'd for an happier than me;
On the hand of the fair go resume thy love'd station,
And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.
And when some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
But the bliss be all hers, and the suff 'ring all mine.
But ah! Had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround,
Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek of my dear,
What ransom to buy thee could ever be found?
Or what force from my heart thy possession could tear?
A mourner, a suff 'rer, a wand'rer, a stranger,
In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in danger,
Next that heart would I wear thee till its last pang was o'er,
Then together we'd sink, and I'd part thee no more.

John Philpot Curran

56. NO.13 MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN
Musing on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be;
Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law;
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa.
Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.
Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far away!

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

57. NO.15 LET BRAIN-SPINNING SWAINS
Let brain-spinning swains, in effusions fantastic,
Sing meetings by moonlight in arbour or grove;
But Patrick O'Donnelly's taste is more plastic,
All times and all seasons are fitted for love:
At Cork or Killarney, Killala or Blarney,
At fair, wake, or wedding, my passion must glow:
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.
When driving the cows of old father O'Leary,
An angel, yourself, I had still in my eye;
When digging potatoes, mud-spatter'd and weary,
O what did I think on, but you, with a sigh!
At plough, or haymaking, I'm in an odd tucking,
My bosom heaves high, though my spirits be low:
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.
When first I 'spied your sweet face, I remember,
That hot summer day, how I shiver'd for shame!
You smil'd when I met you again in December,
And then, by the Pow'rs, I was all in a flame!
Come summer, come winter, in you
my thoughts center,
I doat on you, Judy, from top to he toe:
Fair maid, will you but trust to me
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

Sir Alexander Boswell

58. NO.17 IN VAIN TO THIS DESERT
MY FATE I DEPLORE
In vain to this desert my fate I deplore,
For dark is the wildwood, and bleak is the shore;
The rude blasts I hear, and the white
waves I see,
But nought that gives shelter or
comfort to me.
O love! Thou hast pleasures, and deep
have I lov'd,
I love! Thou hast sorrows, and sore
Have I prov'd:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds
in my breast,
I can feel, by its throbbing, will soon be
at rest.
When clo'd are those eyes, that but
open to weep,
With my woes and my wrongs I shall
peacefully sleep;
But the thorn hy inkness first
plac'd in my heart,
Transplanted to thine, shall new
anguish impair.

Anne Grant
Note: the second verse is by Burns

60. NO.20 FAREWELL BLISS AND
FAREWELL NANCY
Farewell bliss and farewell Nancy,
Farewell fleeting joys of fancy;
Hopes and fears and sights that
 languish
Now give place to cureless anguish.
Why did I so fondly love thee?
Why to wearing sorrow bring thee?
Why let causeless slander sting thee?
Gazing on my precious treasure,
Lost in reckless dreams of pleasure,
Thy unsotted heart possessing,
Grasping at the promis'd blessing,
Pouring out my soul before thee,
Living only to adore thee,
Could I see the tempest brewing?
Could I dread the blast of ruin?
Had we never lov'd so kindly;
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest;
One fond kiss, and then we sever,
One farewell, alas! For ever.

Anne Grant

61. NO.21 MORNING A CRUEL
TURMOILER IS
Morning a cruel turmoiler is,
Banishing ease and repose;
Noonday a roaster and broiler is
How we pant under 'is nose!

Ev'n ing for lover's soft measures,
Sighing and begging a boon;
But the blithe season for pleasures,
Laughing lies under the moon.

REFRAIN:
Och! Then you rogue Pat O'
Flannaghan,
Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt,
Murdoch, replenish our can again,
Up with your heart cheering lift!

Myrtles and vines some may prate
about,
Bawling in heathenish glee,
Stuff I won't bother my pate about,
Shamrock and whiskey for me!
Faith, but I own I feel tender;
Judy, you jill, how I burn!
If she won't smile, devill mend her!
Both sides of chops have their turn.

REFRAIN
Fill all your cups till they foam again,
Bubbles must float on the brim;
He that steals first sneaking home
again,
Daylight is too good for him!
While we have goblets to handle,
While we have liquor to fill,
Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,
Planets may wink as they will.

REFRAIN

While O'Donnel is poor shall
Mackenna have gold,
Or be cloth'd, while a limb of O'Donnel
is bare?
While sickness and hunger the sinews
assail,
Shall Mackenna, unmov'd, quaff his
madder of mead;
On the haunch of a deer shall
Mackenna regale,
While a chief of Tyrconnell is fainting
for bread?
No, enter my dwelling, my feast thou
shall share,
On my pillow of rushes thy head shall
recline:
And bold is the heart and the hand
that will dare
To harm but one hair of a ringlet of
thine.
Then come to my home, 'tis the house
of a friend,
In the green woods of Traugh thou art
safe from thy foes;
Six sons of Mackenna thy steps shall
attend,
And their six sheathless skeans can
protect thy repose.

20 IRISH SONGS WoO153, SELECTION
64. NO.1 WHEN EVE'S LAST RAYS
When eve's last rays in twilight die
And stars are seen along the sky,
On Liffy's banks I stray;
And there with fond I regret I gaze,
Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days
With her that's far away.
When she would sing some lovely
strain,
How sweet the echoes gave again
In fainter notes the lay;
Tho' mute the echoes of the grove,
In fancy still I hear my love.
Though now she's far away.
Her from the stream reflected clear,
And still it seem'd, when she was near,
To move with fond delay;
But though its wave no trace retains,
Her image in my heart remains,
Tho' now she's far away.

David Thomson

65. NO.4 SINCE GREYBEARDS INFORM
US THAT YOUTH WILL DECAY
Since greybeards inform us that youth
will decay,
And pleasure's sweet transports glide
swiftly away:
The song, and the dance, and the vine,
and the fair,
Shall banish all sorrow and shield us
from care.
Away with your proverbs, your morals,
and rules,
Your proctors, and doctors, and
pedants, and schools:
Let's seize the bright moments while
yet in our prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.
Tho' spring's lovely blossoms delight us no more,
Tho' summer forsake us, and autumn be o'er;
To cheer us in winter, remembrance can bring
The pleasures of autumn, and summer, and spring:
So when fleeting seasons bring life's latest stage,
To speak of youth's frolic shall gladden our age:
Then seize the bright moments while yet in our prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.

T. Toms

66. NO.5. I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOW'R'S WERE SPRINGING
I dream'd I lay where flow'r's were springing,
Daily in the sunny beam,
I listen'd to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream.
At once the sky grew black and daring,
While through the woods the whirlwinds rave,
The trees with aged arms were warring.
Across the swelling drumlie wave.
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But long ere noon loud tempest storming,
All my flow'r'y bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

67. NO.7 O SOOTHE ME, MY LYRE
O sooth me, my lyre, with thy tones of soft sorrow,
O sooth thy sad mistress that sinks in decay,
Fainter today, to be fainter tomorrow,
I fade like the flow'r and am passing away.
Pale is my cheek, - it was fair as they told me -
Who in the dance that but lately had been,
Who that had seen me, and now should behold me,
Would think me the Ellen that there he had seen?
Dear was the world - I had youth, I had beauty,
But 'tis not for life that I heave this sad sigh -
Firm is my soul in its hope and its duty, -
But oh! To be lov'd - then untimely to die.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

68. NO.8 NORAH, THE WITCH OF Balamagairy
Farewell mirth and hilarity,
Love has my heart in cruel subjection;
Ah me! Norah in charity
Spare a fond soul one throb of affection.
Why, as I pass'd, did I gaze on her casement,
Alas! With one look all my courage she shook!
But while I linger'd in moonstruck amazement,
Not a smile all the while cheers recollection.

REFRAIN:
Love, love, wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman our bane's the only physician.

Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,
Where other shores are kiss'd by the ocean,
Blest powers! Draw but one sigh from her,
Let her not live thus dead to emotion.
Yet I must steal one last glance ere I leave her,
Perhaps in her heart she may grieve when we part;
Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding deceiveer,
Fair thy cup turn'd up, bitter the potion.

REFRAIN:
Ah me! Had we the agency
Of a kindhearted feat little fairy,
Good bye then to the regency,
Norah, the witch of Balamagairy!
Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are all sighing,
She scatters her spells, and then ev'r heart swells;
Not a young clown but is pining and dying,
Ah! The fools, thus she rules Balamagairy.

REFRAIN

Sir Alexander Boswell

69. NO.10 OH! THOU HAPLESS SOLDIER
Oh! Thou hapless soldier,
Left unseen to moulder
Here on the lonely plain.
Far thy comrades flying,
Lost, abandon'd, dying
Here on the lonely plain.
Faint - and none to cheer thee,
Moaning - none to hear thee,
Dying - and none near thee
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.
Power! Ambition! Glory!

Read we then your story
Here on the lonely plain.
Some fond maid is sighing
For the hero lying
Here on the lonely plain.
Never, hapless soldier,
Fated to behold her,
Left unseen to moulder
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

70. NO.15 'TIS BUT IN VAIN, FOR NOTHING THRIVES
'Tis but in vain, for nothing thrives,
Where Dermot has to do,
Ill-fortune seems, how'er he strives,
His footsteps to pursue!
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.
O poverty! Full sure thou art
A foe the most unkind:
And weary, weary is the heart
That feels thee still behind.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.
Next month he sails to find a home
Beyond the western tide;
And heaven knows where he means to roam,
His houseless head to hide.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.
Oh! Breathe it not thou passing wind,
I tell it thee alone,
My Dermot is not always, kind -
He breaks my heart, I own,
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

71. NO.17 COME, DARBY DEAR!
Come, Darby dear! Easy, be easy,
So be sure, and it may not well please ye;
But she's gone, as I said,
With young Pat to be wed,
And in vain will we fret,
'Till we're crazy.
And truth! He's a proper fine creature,
Of mighty good figure and feature,
And our daughter Kitty,
Why she's young and pretty -
O Darby dear! Is not nature?
They're tied before this, never fear them,
So love and good luck ever cheer them,
And faith in a crack
They'll be all coming back -
By the virgin! - The Piper!
I hear them.
And it was, and it is always thus now,
So no longer be making a fuss now:

William Smyth (1765-1849)
Cross words and uncivil
Och, pitch to the devil!
And give your old woman a buss now.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

72. NO.20 THY SHIP MUST SAIL, MY HENRY DEAR
Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear,
Fast comes the day, too soon, too sure;
And I, for one long tedious year,
Must learn thy absence to endure.

Come let me by my pencil’s aid
Arrest thy image ere it flies;
And like the fond Corinthian maid,
Thus win from Art what Fate denies.

And I will hang with fondness warm
O’er all that there I pictur’d see;
To others but a mimic form,-
But oh! My life, my love to me.

Or let me sing the song so dear,
The song that told thy bosom’s fire,
When first, our favorite willows near,
I bade thee wake thy ready lyre.

Yes, o’er and o’er, I’ll sing and play
The song beneath those willow trees,
When thou, alas! Art far away,
And nought but thoughts of thee can please.

Dear sister Arts! Of power divine,
To soothe the heart when cheerful found,
And near, with moonlight gleam to shine,
When all the world is darkness round.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

CB81
25 IRISH SONGS WoO152, SELECTION for one to two solo voices, violin, violoncello and piano

1. NO.1 THE RETURN TO ULSTER
Once again, but how chang’d since my wanderings began
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrasil resound to the roar
That warries the echoes of fair Tullamore.

Alas! My poor bosom, and why shouldest thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow’d when these echoes first mix’d with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.

I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
To me ‘twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish’d and clear.

Utopia’s old heroes awoke at the call;
And renew’d the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;
And the standard of Fion flash’d fierce from on high.
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.

It seem’d that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion, and can not return.

Sir Walter Scott

2. NO.3 ONCE MORE I HAIL THEE
Once more I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Thy visage so dark, and thy tempest’s dread roar;
Sad was the parting thou mak’st st me remember,
My parting with Nancy, ah! Ne’er to meet more!

Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
When hope mildly beams on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, “O farewell for ever”
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Until the last leaf of the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since hope is departed and comfort is gone.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

3. NO.4 THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE
The morning air plays on my face,
And through the grey mist peering,
The softer’d sil’ry sun I trace,
Wood wild, and mountain cheering.

Larks aloft are singing,
Hares from covert springing,
And o’er the fen the wild duck’s brood
Their early way are winging.

Bright ev’ry dewy hathorn shines,
Sweet ev’ry herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going.

Fancy shews to me, now,
What will shortly be now,
I’m patting at her door, poor Tray,
Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch!
How quick my heart is beating.

That worldly dame is on the watch
To frown upon our meeting.
Fly! Why should I mind her,
See, who stands behind her,
Whose eye doth on her trav’ler look
The sweeter and the kinder.

Joanna Baillie

4. NO.7 HIS BOAT COMES ON THE SUNNY TIDE
His boat comes on the sunny tide,
And brightly gleams the flashing oar;
The boatmen carol by his side,
And bilthely near the welcome shore,
How softly Shannon’s currents flow!
His shadow in the stream I see;
The very waters seem to know
Dear is the freight they bear to me.

His eager bound, his hasty tread,
His well-known voice I’ll shortly hear;
And oh, those arms so kindly spread!
That greetings smile! That manly tear!
In other lands, when far away,
My love with hope did never twain;
It saw him thus, both night and day,
To Shannon’s banks return’d again.

Joanna Baillie

5. NO. 9. THE SOLDIER’S DREAM
Our bugles sung truce, for the nightcloud had low’r’d,
And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpow’rd I’d,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night om my pallet of straw,
By the wolfsacing faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield’s dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam’d on a desolate track;
’Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way.
To the home of my fathers, that welcom’d me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travers’d so oft
In life’s morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain the corncreapers sung.

Then pledg’d we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore.
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss’d me a thousand times o’er,
And my wife sobb’d aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary
and worn;
And fain was their warbroken soldier
to stay;
But sorrow return’d with the drawing
of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear
melted away.

Thomas Campbell

6. NO.12 ENGLISH BULLS
Och! I have you not heard, Pat, of
many a joke
That’s made by the wits ’gainst your
own country folk;
They may talk of our bulls, but it must
be confest,
That, of all the bullmakers, John Bull is
the best.
I’m just come from London, their
capital town,
A fine place it is, faith, I’m sorry to
own;
For there you can’t shew your sweet
face in the street,
But a Bull is the very first man that you
meet.
Now, I went to Saint Paul’s, ’twas just
after my landing.
A great house they’ve built, that has
scarce room to stand in;
And there, gramachree! Won’t you
think it a joke.
The lower I whisper’d, the louder I
spoke!
Then I went to the Tower to see the
wild beasts,
Thinking out of my wits to be
frighten’d at least;
But these wild beasts I found standing
tame on a shelf,
Not one of the kit half so wild as
myself.
Next I made for the Bank, Sir, for
there, I was told,
Were oceans of silver and mountains
of gold;
But I soon found this talk was mere
bluster and vapour
For the gold and the silver were all
made of paper.
A friend took me into the Parliament
house,
And there sat the Speaker as mum as a
mouse,
For in spite of his name, won’t you
think this a joke tho’,
The speaker he whom they all of them
spoke to.
Of all the strange places I ever was in,
Wasn’t that now the place for a
hubbub and din.
While some made a bother to keep
others quiet,
And the rest call’d for “Order”
meaning just, make a riot.
Then should you hereafter be told of
some joke,
By the Englishmen made ’gainst your
own country folk,
Tell this tale, my dear honey, and
stoutly protest,
That of all the bullmakers, John Bull is
the best.

Anonymous

7. NO.14 DERMOT AND SHELIAH
O who sits so sadly, and heaves the
fond sigh?
Alas! Cried young Dermot, ’tis only
poor I,
All under the willow, the willow so
green.
My fair one has left me in sorrow to
moan,
So here am I come, just to die alone;
No longer fond love shall my bosom
enslave,
I’m wearing a garland to hang o’er my
grave,
All under the willow, the willow so
green.
The fair one you love is, you tell me,
untrue,
And here stands poor Sheliah, forsaken,
like you,
All under the willow, the willow so
green.
O take me in sadness to sit by your
side,
Your anguish to share, and your
sorrow divide;
I’ll answer each sigh, and I’ll echo each
groan,
And ’tis dismal, you know, to be dying
alone,
All under the willow, the willow so
green.
Then close to each other they sat
down to sigh,
Resolving in anguish together to die,
All under the willow, the willow so
green,
But he was so comely, and she was so
fair,
They somehow forgot all their sorrow
and care;
And, thinking it better a while to delay,
They put off their dying, to toy and
to play,
All under the willow, the willow so
green.

T. Tombs

8. NO.16 HIDE NOT THY ANGUISH
Hide not thy anguish
Thou must not deceive me,
Thy fortunes have frown’d,
And the struggle is o’er;
Come then the ruin!
For nothing shall grieve me,
If thou art but left me,
I ask for no more.
Hard is the world,
It will rudely reprove thee;
Thy friends will retire,
When the tempest is near;
Now is my season,
And now will I love thee,
And cheer thee when none

But thy Mary will cheer.
Come to my arms,
Thou art dearer than ever!
But breathe not a whisper
Of sorrow for me:
Fear shall not reach me,
Nor misery sear,
Thy Mary is worthy
Of love and of thee.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

9. NO.18 THEY BID ME SLIGHT MY
DERMOT DEAR
They bid me slight my Dermot dear,
For he’s of low degree,
While I my lady’s maid am here,
And of the quality.
But if my mother would not grieve,
And if the truth were known,
Well pleas’d would I this castle leave,
And live for him alone.
Oh, never slight thy Dermot dear,
Tho’ he’s of low degree,
For thou thy lady’s maid art here,
And of the quality.
For tho’ thy mother haply grieve
When first the truth were known,
She’ll bid thee not thy Dermot leave,
But live for him alone.
There’s now like thee, - the kind of all,
At funeral, and at fair;
My lord’s fine man, hat’s in the hall,
Can ne’er with thee compare.
Thy heart is true, thy heart is warm;
And so is mine to thee;
And would my Lord but give the farm,
How happy should we be!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

10. NO.22 FROM GARYONE, MY
HAPPY HOME
From Garyone, my happy home,
Full many a weary mile I’ve come,
To sound of fife and beat of drum,
And more shall see it never.
‘Twas there I turn’d my wheel so gay,
Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,
And wear the circling hours away
In mirth or peace for ever.
But Harry came, a blithesome boy,
He told me I was all his joy,
That love was sweet, and ne’er could cloy,
And he would leave me never:
His coat was scarlet tipp’d with blue,
With gay cockade and feather too,
A comely lad he was to view;
And won my heart for ever.
My mother cried, dear Rosa, stay,
Ah! Do not from your parents stray;
My father sigh’d, and nought would say,
For he could chide me never:
Yet cruel, I farewell could take,
I left them for my sweetheart’s sake,
And came, ‘twas near my heart to break
From Garyone for ever.
But poverty is hard to bear,
And love is but a summer’s wear,

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And men deceive us when they swear
They'll love and leave us never:
Now sad I wander through the day,
No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
But mourn the hour I came away
From Garyone for ever.

T. Toms

11. NO. 25 OH HARP OF ERIN
O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,
For he the last of all his race is gone:
And now no more the minstrel's verse
shall flow,
That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet tone:
The hand is cold that with a poet's fire
Could sweep in magic change thy sounding wire.
How lonely were the minstrel's latter days,
How of thy string with strains indignant rung;
To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient lays,
Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:
The purple heath of ev'ning was his bed,
His shelter from the storm a peasant's shed!
The gale that round his urn its odour flings,
And waves the flow'rs that o'er it wildly wreathe,
Shall thrill along thy few remaining strings,
And with a mournful chord his requiem breathe.
The shepherd boy that paus'd his song to hear,
Shall chant it o'er his grave, and drop a tear.

David Thomson

20 IRISH SONGS, WoO153 SELECTION
for solo voice, violin, violoncello and piano

12. NO. 2 NO RICHES FROM HIS SCANTY STORE
No riches from his scanty store
My lover could impart;
He gave a boon I valued more
He gave me all his heart!
His soul sincere, his gen'rous worth,
Might well this bosom move;
And when I ask'd for bliss on earth,
I only meant his love.
But now for me, in search of gain,
From shore to shore he flies:
Why wander, riches to obtain,
When love is all I prize!
The frugal meal, the lowly cot,
If blest my love with thee!
That simple fare, that humble lot,
Were more than wealth to me.
While he the dang'rous ocean braves,
My tears but vainly flow:
Is pity in the faithless waves
To which I pour my woe?

The night is dark, the waters deep;
Yes, soft the billows roll:
Alas! At every breeze I weep;
The storm is in my soul.

Helen Maria Williams

13. NO. 3 THE BRITISH LIGHT DRAGOONS
'Twas a Marechal of France,
and he fain would honour gain,
And he long'd to take a passing glance
at Portugal from Spain,
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée,
O he fear'd not our dragoons with
their long swords boldly riding,
Whack fal de rai la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de rai la la la la la la la.
To Campo Mayor come,
he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick,
while his soldiers sack'd the town,
When 'twas peste! Morbleu! Mon General,
Hear th' English bugle call!
And behold the light dragoons with
their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de rai la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de rai la la la la la la la.
Three hundred British lads
they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English Oak,
their swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led;
So huzza for brave dragoons with
their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de rai la la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de rai la la la la la la la.
There here's a health to Wellington,
to Beresford, to Long;
And a single word of Bonaparte
before I close my song:
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the brave dragoons
with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de rai la la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de rai la la la la la la la.

Sir Walter Scott

14. NO. 6 SAD AND LUCKLESS WAS THE SEASON
Sad and luckless was the season,
When to court fair Ellen flew,
Flew from Love, and Peace, and Reason,
Worlds to see of promise new.
Back she comes - each grace is finer,
Ev'ry charm that crowds adore,
All the form divine, diviner
But the heart is there no more.
Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,
Careless nature, artless ease!
All that makes retirement heaven
Pleasing, without toil to please,
Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer her,
Vain to her these echoing skies

Bloom non more, ye violets, near her,
Yours are charms she would not prize.
Ellen! Go where crowds admire thee,
Chariots rattles, torches blaze;
Here our dull content would tire thee,
Worthless be our village praise.
Go! Yet oh, that Thought's soft season
Ellen's heart might but restore!
Hard the task - whate'er the reason
Hard the task to love no more.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

15. NO. 9 THE KISS, DEAR MAID, THY LIP HAS LEFT
The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.
Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love, may see;
[The] tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.
I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.
By day or night, in weal or woe,
This heart, no longer free,
[Must] bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

George Gordon Noel Byron

16. NO. 11.WHEN FAR FROM THE HOME
When far from the home of your youth we have rang'd,
How fondly we think of the days that are past;
Their image through changes is ever unchang'd,
Wherever our lot may be cast.
I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd;
The farewell of friendship I yet seem to hear:
The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd,
The songs that delighted my ear.
In slumbers their music some vision recalls,
And oft I implore it a moment to stay;
But, ah! Soon the measure in soft cadence falls,
I wake, and the sound dies away.
How sad the reverse, - once I went but in dreams,
The dawn then awoke me to hope and delight;
Now hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
And joy is a phantom of night.
Oh! Sleep, how enchanting the power of thy wand,
More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er spread;
For back o'er the ocean of time they expand,
And bring us to scenes that are fled.
And finer enchantment be waked from my bowl.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

19. NO.14 PADDY O’RAFFERTY

Paddy O’Rafferty, merry and vigorous,
Laugh’d at his lot, tho’ ‘twas somewhat too rigorous;
Poor was his prize from the wheel of life’s lottery,
Turning the wheel in old Dennis Keogh’s pottery.
Still he kept turning, and still the clay tapering,
Grew a black pot to hold ink for with paper in,
Sometimes a brown jar to hoard a small pension in,
Sometimes, faith, something not worth a word’s mentioning.
Arrah, quoth Paddy, and so goes the round about,
So come those fortunes they make such a sound about,
Some in their savealls their thousands are gathering,
Some from these inkotts great families fathering.
So Mister Keogh I no longer will stay with ye,
Luck, whispers Paddy, take heart and away with ye,
Stout are your limbs, a good countenance carrying,
Why should not Paddy catch money by marrying?
Pat took the hint and gambol’d like a mountebank,
Small were his dealings with town or with county bank,
Short his accounts were, and no need of docqueting,
Light was his moneybag, easy in pocketing.
Up with his bundle, his trusty stick shouldering,
Set them, quoth Pat, stay at home and be mouldering;
But a smooth shilling I’d willingly now wager,
Paddy O’Rafferty hooks an old dowager.

Sir Alexander Boswell

20. NO.16 O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK LOVE

O might I but my Patrick love!
My mother scolds severely,
And tells me I shall wretched prove,
Because I love him dearly!
In vain she rates me o’er and o’er
With lessons cold and endless;
It only makes me love him more,
To find him poor and friendless.

REFRAIN:
Oh! Patrick, fly from me,
Or I am lost for ever
Oh! Fortune kinder be,
Nor thus two Lovers sever.

What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,
In splendour and in riches?
He says, we love too little prize,
That gold too much bewitches!
More blest the lark, tho’ hard its doom
When’er the winter rages,
Than birds, he says, of finer plume,
That mope in gilded cages.

REFRAIN
William Smyth (1765-1849)

21. NO.18 NO MORE, MY MARY

No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendour,
And riot’s joys no longer prize:
On thee I muse in visions tender,
Or gaze on thy fond eyes.
Oh! Not the sages
With pedant pages,
’Tis thy soft smiles
Have made me wise.
For life’s delusions of joy had left me;
With sated heart I turn’d to pine
A faded world I thought was left me,
Tho’all its pleasures mine.
O hours of folly!
Of melancholy!
How chang’d for bliss,
For love like thine.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

22. NO.19 JUDY, LOVELY, MATCHLESS CREATURE

Judy, lovely, matchless creature,
Beauty shines thro’ ev’ry feature, like you light,
the pride of nature,
Thro’ the morning dew.
Come, then, to your Patrick’s dwelling,
All around the buds are swelling,
Ev’ry little linnet’s telling,
’Tis the time to woo.
Dame o’ Flynn, sweet Judy’s mother,
Would you bid me passion smoother!
Sure I’ll speak as well’s another
Tho’ poor Pat O’ Doyle.
Love within my breast is teazing,
Where I dumb ‘twould be amazing;
Sooner, when the coals are blazing,
Bid your pot not boil.

Sir Alexander Boswell

CD82
TWELVE IRISH SONGS WoO154, COMPLETE
for one to two solo voices, mixed chorus, violin, violoncello and piano

1. THE ELFIN FAIRIES

We fairy elves in secret dells,
All day contrive our magic spells,
Till sable night o’ercast the sky,
And trouch the airy regions fly,
By Cynthia’s light so clear:
Around the earth ere dawn of day,
On high we win our easy way;
Sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,
On the velvet turf alighting;  
So light, so light,  
So light o’er plant stalks we fleet,  
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,  
But shakes as if for fear.

REFRAIN
So light, so light,  
So light o’er plant stalks we fleet,  
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,  
But shakes as if for fear.

And if no bus’ness calls from home  
Around the wheeling globe to roam;  
We to some flow’ry meadow stray,  
And sing and dance the night away,  
Around our Fairy Queen,  
Then we our mushroom board prepare,  
The gather’d sweets of flow’rs our fare,  
The dewy nectar round distilling,  
All our hairbell goblets filling;  
Good night, good night:  
Good night we say, then sink to rest  
Upon some lily’s downy breast,  
By mortal eyes unseen.

REFRAIN
Good night, good night:  
Good night we say, then sink to rest  
Upon some lily’s downy breast,  
By mortal eyes unseen.

David Thomson

2. O HARP OF ERIN
O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,  
For he the last of all his race is gone:  
And now no more the minstrel’s verse shall flow,  
That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet tone:  
The hand is cold that with a poet’s fire  
Could sweep in magic change thy sounding wire.  
How lonely were the minstrel’s latter days,  
How of thy string with strains indignant rung;  
To desert wilds he pour’d his ancient lays,  
Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:  
The purple heath of ev’n’ing was his bed,  
His shelter from the storm a peasant’s shed!  
The gale that round his urn its odour flings,  
And waves the flow’s that o’er it wildly wreathes,  
Shall thrill along thy few remaining strings,  
And with a mournful chord his requiem breathe.  
The shepherd boy that paus’d his song to hear,

Shall chant it o’er his grave, and drop a tear.

David Thomson

3. THE FAREWELL SONG
O Erin! To thy harp divine  
I bid adieu:  
Yet let me now its sounds resign  
With homage due.  
Thy gen’rous sons, that know not fear,  
Their feelings, genius, fire:  
O blest be all! But Erin dear,  
Be blest thy lyre.  
O where the heart that would not bow  
With answering beat,  
To hear thy Planxty’s dancing sound,  
And numbers sweet.  
And where the heart that sinks not low,  
And musing melts away,  
To hear thy harp’s deep lonely flow,  
When mourns the lay.  
No toil can e’er such sweets supply,  
No chymic power,  
As brings the bee, with honied thigh,  
From wild heath flower:  
And Science, that could wake the strings  
To chords of rapture high,  
May envy, while she smiling sings  
Thy minstrelsy.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

4. THE PULSE OF AN IRISHMAN
The pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker,  
When war is the story, or love is the theme;  
And place him where bullets fly thicker and thicker,  
You’ll find him all cowardice scorning.  
And tho’ a ball should mainm poor Darby,  
Light at the heart he rallies on:  
“Fortune is cruel, but Norah, my jewel,  
Is kind, and with smiling, all sorrow beguiling,  
Shall bid from our cabin all care to be gone,  
And how they will jig it, and tug at the spigot,  
An Patrick’s day in the mornin’.”  
O blest by the land in the wide western waters,  
Sweet Erin, lov’d Erin, the pride of my song;  
Still brave be the sons, and still fair be the daughters  
Thy meads and thy mountains adorning!  
And tho’ the eastern sun seems tardy,  
Tho’ the pure light of knowledge slow,  
Night and delusion, and darkling confusion  
Like mists from the river shall vanish for ever,  
And true Irish hearts with warm loyalty glow;  
And proud exaltation burst forth from the nation  
On Patrick’s day in the mornin’.

Sir Alexander Boswell

5. OH! WHO, MY DEAR DERMOT
Oh! who, my dear Dermot,  
Has dar’d to deceive thee,  
And what’s the dishonour  
This gold is to buy?  
Back, back to thy tempter,  
Or Norah shall leave thee,  
To hide her in woods,  
And in deserts to die.  
Tho’ poor, we are honest,  
And will not this cheer us,  
Thy sire and thy grand sire  
Have ask’d for no more;  
And shame with its shadow  
Has never come near us  
To shut out the sun  
From our cabin before.  
O look at yon lark,  
Where the sky shines so brightly,  
Say why does it carol  
Its echoing lay:  
Is’t singing so gaily  
And mounting so lightly,  
Because it finds gold  
In the dawn of the day?  
O Dermot, thy heart is  
With agony swelling,  
For once it was honest,  
And honour its law.  
An Irishman thou, and  
Have bribes in thy dwelling!  
Back, back, to thy tempter,  
Go, Erin go Bragh!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

6. PUT ROUND THE BRIGHT WINE
Put round the bright wine,  
For my bosom is gay,  
The night may have sunshine as well as the day.  
Oh welcome the hours!  
When dear visions arise  
To melt my kind spirit,  
And charm my fond eyes.  
When wine to my head  
Can its wisdom impart,  
And love has its promise  
To make to my heart;  
When dim in far shade  
Sink the spectres of care,  
And I tread a bright world  
With a footstep of air.  
Yes, mirth is my goddess,  
Come round me, ye few,  
Who have wit for her worship,  
I doat upon you:  
Delighted with life,  
Like a swallow on wing,  
I catch ev’ry pleasure  
The current may bring  
The feast and the frolic,  
The masque and the ball,  
Dear scenes of enchantment!  
I come at your call;  
Let me meet the gay beings
of beauty and song,
and let Erin’s good humour
be found in the throng.
If life be a dream,
’tis a pleasant one sure,
and the dream of tonight
we at least may secure.
If life be a bubble,
’tho’ better I deem,
let us light up its colours
by gaiety’s beam.
Away with cold vapours,
I pity the mind
that nothing but dullness
and darkness can find:
give me the kind spirit
that laughs on its way,
and turns thorns into roses,
and winter to May.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

7. FROM GARYONE, MY HAPPY HOME
From Garyone, my happy home,
Full many a weary mile I’ve come,
To sound of fife and beat of drum,
And more shall see it never.
’Twas there I turn’d my wheel so gay,
Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,
And wear the circling hours away
In mirth or peace for ever.
But Harry came, a blithsome boy,
He told me I was all his joy,
That love was sweet, and ne’er could
cloy, and he would leave me never:
His coat was scarlet tipp’d with blue,
With gay cockade and feather too,
A comely lad he was to view;
And won my heart for ever.
My mother cried, dear Rosa, stay,
Ah! Do not from your parents stray;
My father sigh’d, and nought would
say, for he could chide me never:
Yet cruel, I farwell could take,
I left them for my sweetheart’s sake,
And came, ’twas near my heart to
break from Garyone for ever.
But poverty is hard to bear,
And love is but a summer’s wear,
And men deceive us when they swear
They’ll love and leave us never:
Now sad I wander through the day,
No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
But mourn the hour I came away
From Garyone for ever.

T. Toms

8. SAVE ME FROM THE GRAVE AND WISE
Save me from the grave and wise,
For vainly would I tax my spirit,
Be the thing that I despise,
And rival all their stupid merit.
Oh! My careless laughing heart,
O dearest Fancy let my find thee,
Let me but from sorrow part,
And leave this moping behind me.

REFRAIN
Speak ye wiser than the wise,
Breathe aloud your welcome measure,
Youthful Fancy well can prize
The words that counsel love and pleasure.
Is it merry look, or speech,
Or bounding step that thus displeases?
Go and graver movements teach
To yon light goss’m’er on the breezes:
Go where breathing the opening spring,
And chide the flowers for gaily
blowing,
Tell the linnet not to sing
In jocund May, when noon is glowing.

REFRAIN
Hence with wisdom, dull and drear,
And welcome folly at a venture:
Cease my song, a sound I hear,
The plantry comes, the dancers enter.
In yon throng, if I should see
Some gallant, giddy, gay adviser,
Who trough life might counsel me,
He indeed might make me wiser.

REFRAIN

9. OH! WOULD I WERE BUT THAT
SWEET LINNET!
Oh! would I were but that sweet
linnet!
That I had my appletree too!
Could sit all the sunny day on it,
With nothing but singing to do!
I’m weary with toiling and spinning;
And Dermot I never can see,
Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,
There’s never good luck for poor me!
I set was my heart all the Sunday
On going to Killaloe fair,
So my father fell ill on the Monday,
And, look ye I could not be there,
And it was not the fair that I minded,
For there was I Dermot to see;
But I’m always before or behind it,
And there’s never good luck for poor me!
I tried with my sweetest behaviour
To tell our good priest my distress;
And ask’d him to speak in my favour,
When Dermot came next to confess.
But he said I was but a beginner,
And from love and temptation must
flee!
So if love will but make me a sinner,
There’s never good luck for poor me!
Ye Saints, with the Virgin! Believe me,
I join with the priest in your praise!
Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
And I’ll love you the length of my days.
In vain would they bid me be wiser,
And never my Dermot to see,
Bad luck to advice and adviser!
Good luck! To dear Dermot and me!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

10. THE HERO MAY PERISH
The hero may perish his country to
save
And he lives in the records of fame;
The sage may the dungeons of tyranny
brave,
Ever honour’d and blest be his name!
But virtue that silently tells and
expires,
No wreath, no wreath for the brow to
adorn,
That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh
requires;
O woman, that virtue is thine!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

11. THE SOLDIER IN A FOREIGN LAND
The piper who sat on his low mossy
seat,
And piped to the youngsters so shrill
and so sweet;
The far distant hum of the children at
play,
And the maiden’s soft carol at the
close of the day.
Ah! This was the music delighted my
ey,
And to think of it now is so sad and so
dear!
Ah! To listen at case by my own
cottage door,
Tho the sound of my own native village
once more!
I knew ev’ry dame in her holiday airs,
I knew ev’ry maiden that danc’d at our
fairs;
I knew ev’ry farmer to market we
came,
And the dog that ran after him cull’d
by its name
And who know I now, in this far
foreign land,
But the stiff collard sergeant, the
trimcoated band?
No kinsman to comfort his own flesh
and blood,
or merry ev’y damsel to do my heart
good.
To my sight or my ear, no gay cheering
doth come,
But the flare of our colours, the tuck of
our drum;
The fierce flashing steel of our long
muster’d file,
an the sharp dinning fifer that playeth
the while.
At night as I keep on the wearisome
watch,
The sound of the west wind I greedily
catch,
And the shores of dear Ireland then
rise to my sight,
And my own native valley, that sport
of delight.
Divided so far by a wide stormy main,
Shall I ever return to our valley again?
Ah! To listen at ease by my own
speaking door,
To the sound of my own native village
once more!
Joanna Baillie

12. HE PROMISED ME AT PARTING
He promised me at parting,
To meet me at the springtime here;
Yet see yon roses blooming,
The blossoms how they disappear.
Return my dearest Dermot!
Or sure the spring will soon be o'er;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
He went to look for treasures,
They're found they say in London town;
And 'tis for me he means them,
Both golden store and silken gown.
I want but thee, my Dermot!
Nor silken gown, nor golden store;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
No longer have I pleasure,
not at the wake, nor merry fair,
they mock me at the bridal,
and why indeed is Norah there!
I sit as if I heard not
The Planxty I so lov'd before,
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
Why go to that great city,
Oh why so far from Norah roam,
Return to those that love thee,
There's little love so far from home.
Thou art not faithless, Dermot,
Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
William Smyth (1765-1849)

CDB3
TWENTY-SIX WELSH SONGS Wo0155, COMPLETE
for one to two solo voices, violin, violoncello and piano

1. SION, THE SON OF EVAN
Hear the shrill of Evan's son! See the gallant chase begun! Lo the deer affrighted run
Up yon mountain's side.
Check your speed, ye timorous deer, Safely rest and cease you fear,
Or boldly on your cliffs appear
And bear your antlers high!
Deep through yonder tangling wood
See the felon wolf pursued,
Straining hard, and streaming blood,
SION's hounds are nigh!
See the woodland savage grim,
Boney, gaunt, and large of limb,
Furious plunge, and fearless swim
O'er the water wide.
Hear the woods resounding far,
Hark the distant din of war,
See th' impatient hunter dare
Conway's swelling tide.
Evan's son pursues the foe;

See his ardent visage glow!
Now he speeds the mortal blow,
See the savage die!
From dusky den and thorny brake,
The chiding hounds the echoes wake,
The forest's covering inmates quake,
And triumph rends the air.
Was ever youth like Evan's son,
Was ever course so nobly run?
Was ever prize so glorious won,
'Tis Winifred the fair!
To hardy deeds and conquering arms,
That save the fold from midnight harms,
The ancient chief decrees her charms
The maid beyond compare!
Anne Grant

2. THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH
When the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye:
High their holy anthems sound,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine!
Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, miserere Domine!
Bangor! o'er the murder wail,
Long thy ruius told the tale,
Shattered tower and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere Domine!

Walter Scott

3. THE COTTAGE MAID
O Owen, I believe thee kind,
And love is surely on thy tongue
But would that I could read thy mind,
For hope betrays the maiden young.
Last night I saw thee loth to part,
I watch'd thy looks - so bright the moon
And know not but my simple heart
Might own too much, or own too soon.
Unhappy fate, oh doubtful maid!
Her tears may fall, her bosom swell.
But even to the desert shade
She never must her secret tell.
And is it Love, his softer mien?
And is it Love, his whisper low?
And does he much, or nothing mean?
Ah! She that loves, how can she know?
With Owen I the dance have led,
And then I thought that sure he seem'd
To dance with lighter, livelier tread
Oh! Was it so, - or have I dream'd?
Today he goes with merry glee,
And all are going to the fair

O may I by some ribbon see
He thought of one that was not there.
William Smyth (1765-1849)

4. LOVE WITHOUT HOPE
Her features speak the warmest heart,
But not for me its ardour glows;
In that soft blush I have no part
Thet mingles with her bosom's snows.
In that dear drop I have no share
That trembles in her melting eye;
Nor is my love the tender care
That birds her heave that anxious sigh.
Not fancy's happiest hours create
Visions of rapture as divine,
As the pure bliss which must await
The man whose soul is knit to thine.
But ah! Farewell this treacherous theme,
Which, thought'tis misery to forego,
Yields yet of joy the soothing dream,
That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.
John Richardson

5. THE GOLDEN ROBE
HE
A golden robe my Love shall wear,
And rubies bind her yellow hair;
A golden robe those limbs enfold,
So far above the worth of gold.
Not courtly daze in gaudy pride,
Shall e'er outshine my lovely bride;
Then say, my charming maiden say,
When shall we name the happy day?
SHE
Can golden robes my fancy bind,
Or ruby chains enslave the mind?
Not all the wealth our mountains own,
Nor orient pearls, nor precious stone,
Can tempt me by their idle shine,
Or buy a heart that's form'd like mine!
My choice it is already made,
I shun the glare, and court the shade.

HE
Your scorn, proud girl, I well can bear,
There's many a maid my robes would wear,
And thank me too; so take your way,
But you'll repent another day.

SHE
Go with your robes and gifts of gold
To those whose hearts are to be sold;
For me, I have no other pride
But Evan's love my choice to guide!

Anne Hunter

6. THE FAIR MAID OF MONA
How, my love, coulds hapless doubts
o'er take thee,
Was my heart so little known?
Could'st thou think thy Mary wou'd
forsake thee?
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone!
Cruel Fortune! Rash! Mistaken Lover!
May I must I not complain:
Never, never may’st thou now discover, 
All that now were known in vain. 
Mine the grief, alas! That knows no measure, 
Thou wast lov’d, and thou alone: 
Thine the life that now can feel no pleasure, 
Wreck’d my bliss, and lost thine own. 
Sometimes will my lonely sighs accuse thee, 
Think thee hasty, ... call thee blind; 
Hasty, sure, ... and I for ever lose thee, 
But thy heart was not unkind. 
William Smyth (1765-1849)

7. OH LET THE NIGHT MY BLUSHES HIDE 
Oh let the night my blushes hide, While thus my sighs reveal, What modest love and maiden pride Forever would conceal. 
What can he mean, how can he bear, 
Thus falt’ring to delay; 
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare, 
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say? 
The times are hard, an odious word, I’m wearied with the sound, 
A cuckoo note, for ever heard Since first the sun went round, 
Well pleas’d a happier mind I bear, A heart for ever gay; 
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare, 
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say? 
What recks it that the times are hard, Try fortune, and be blest- Set Hope still cheer and Honour guard, And Love will do the rest. 
Far better load the heart with care, Than waste it with delay; 
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare, 
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say? 
William Smyth (1765-1849)

8. FAREWELL, THOU NOISY TOWN 
Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town, Thou scene of restless glare; 
Thine hours no real pleasures crown, No peace, no love is there. 
How dull thy splendid ev’nings close! How sad thy joys to me! 
Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows, 
And all thy misery. 
But welcome to my longing eyes, 
Dear objects ever new, 
My rural cot, you varying skies, 
Streams, woods, and mountains blue! 
With these my humble spirits finds Health, liberty, and rest, 
The silent joys of simple minds, 
And leisure to be blest. 
William Smyth (1765-1849)

9. TO THE AEOULIAN HARP 
Harp of the winds! In airy measure 
Thy strings when viewless fingers move, 
Unfolding all thy tuneful treasure, 
Thy cadence wild I dearly love. 
REFRAIN: The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling, 
Our wand’ring thoughts to heav’n recall; 
Now softly sighing, loudly swelling, 
Lost in many a dying fall. 
Harp of the winds! While, pensive musing, I mark thy deep impassion’d strain, When trees their summer beauty losing, With yellow leaves bestrew the plain. 
REFRAIN: 
Harp of the winds! While, faintly beaming, Yon moon hangs o’er the ruined tower, 
And flitting shadows dimly gleaming, Seem subject to thy magic power. 
Anne Hunter

10. NED PUGH’S FAREWELL 
To leave my dear girl, my country, and friends, 
And roam o’er the ocean, where toil never ends; 
To mount the high yards, when the whistle shall sound, 
Amidst the wild winds as they cluster around! 
My heart aches to think on’t, but still I must go, For duty now calls me to face the proud foe: 
And so to my Winny I must bid adieu, In hopes when I’m gone she will think of Ned Pugh. 
That still she will think is near to my heart, Tho’ far from each other, alas! We must part, 
That next to my duty, my thoughts she will share, 
My love and my glory both centre in her! 
And should I return with some hits from Mountseer, I know I shall meet with a smile and a tear; Or if I should fall then dear Winny adieu! I know when I’m gone you’ll remember Ned Pugh. 
Anne Hunter

11. MERCH MEGAN; OR, PEGGY’S DAUGHTER 
In the white cot where Peggy dwells, Her daughter fair the rose excels That round her casement sweetly blows, And on the gale its fragrance throws. O were she mine, the lovely maid! She soon would leave the lonely shade. I’d bear her where the beams of morn Should with their brightest rays adorn Each budding charm and op’ning grace, That moulds her form and decks her face. O were she mine, the lovely maid! I’d bear her from the lonely shade. But, should the sultry orb of day Too fiercely dart his fervid ray, The rose upon its stalk might die, And zephyr o’er its ruins sigh! No – I would keep my lovely maid Secure beneath the friendly shade. 

12. WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY 
Waken, lords and ladies gay, Upon the mountain dawns the day; All the jolly chase is here. With hawk and horses and hunting-spear! The eager hounds in chorus cry, The swelling horns salute the sky; And merrily, merrily mingle they, Then waken, lords and ladies gay! Waken, lords and ladies gay, The mist has left the mountain gray, Brakes are deck’d with diamonds bright, And streams rejoice in early light. The foresters have busy been To track the buck in thickest green; Now we are come to chant our lay, Then waken, lords and ladies gay. Louder, louder chant the lay, O waken, lords and ladies gay; Tell them Youth and Mirth and Glee Run swift their course as well as we; Old Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk, As staunch as hound and fleet as hawk? O think of this, and rise with day, Ye gentle lords and ladies gay! 
Walter Scott

13. HELPLESS WOMAN 
How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, And to the wealthy booby Poor woman sacrifice: Meanwhile the hapless daughter Has but a choice of strife To shun a tyrant father’s hate, Become a wretched wife. The rav’ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies; To shun impelling ruin A while her pinions tries; ‘Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,  
She trusts the ruthless falconer,  
And drops beneath his feet.  
Robert Burns (1759-1796)

14. THE DREAM  
Last night worn with anguish that  
tortur’d my breast,  
When my senses benumb’d I at length  
sank to rest;  
The passion that waking has ruled o’er  
my mind  
Still woke in my dreams where it rov’d  
unconfin’d.  
Methought that my fair one, o’ercome  
by my pain,  
Assent at length to reward her fond  
swan;  
And soon at the altar she stood by my  
side,  
To the priest I already “I will” had  
replied.  
Her reply I awaited with transport of  
soul,  
When, death to my hopes! did the matin  
bell toll,  
I started, awoke, and with horror I  
found,  
’Twas a dream that maliciously fled at  
the sound.  
Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c1340-c1400), Y Breuddwyd

15. WHEN MORTALS ALL TO REST RETIRE  
When mortals all to rest retire,  
o Moon! Thou hear’st my whispering  
lyre:  
to thee I wake the mournful lay;  
for sure thou lookst as if thy ray  
would comfort, if it could,  
convey, and happier songs inspire.  
And I will happier be;  
my heart, though late, shall wisdom  
learn,  
from love’s delusions free:  
my spirit shall in dignant burn,  
and I with maiden pride will spurn  
his strange inconstancy.  
Roll on ye hours! And back restore  
the peaceful thoughts I knew before,  
when smil’d the arts, when charm’d the  
muse,  
when morn for me had beauteous  
hues,  
evening could her calm diffuse  
my ardent bosom o’er.  
But Love! Thou fiend of pain!  
I feel the tears of anguish start  
how hard my peace to gain!  
O fiend and tyrant as thou art!  
That wring’st from my unwilling heart  
the sighs that I disdain.  
William Smyth (1765-1849)

16. THE DAMSELS OF CARDIGAN  
Fair Tivy how sweet are thy waves  
gently flowing,  
Thy wild saken woods and green  
eglintine bow’rs,  
Thy banks with the blush rose and  
amaranth glowing,  
While friendship and mirth claim these  
labourless hours.  
REFRAIN:  
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something  
we want,  
More sweet than the pleasures which  
prospects can give:  
Come, smile, sweet damselfs of  
Cardigan!  
Love can alone make it blissful to live.  
How sweet was the strain that  
enliven’d the spirit,  
And cheer’d us with numbers so frolic  
and free!  
The poet is absent, be just to his merit!  
Ah may he in love be mor’ happy than  
we!  
REFRAIN  
How sweet was the circle of friends  
round a table,  
Where stately Kilgarran o’erhangs the  
brown dale,  
Where none are unwilling, and few are  
unable,  
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild  
tale!  
W. Jones

17. THE DAIRY HOUSE  
A spreading hawthorn shades the seat  
where I have fix’d my cool retreat;  
and when the spring, with sunny  
show’rs,  
expands the leaves, and paints the  
flow’rs,  
a thousands shrubs around it bloom,  
and fill the air with wild perfume;  
the light winds through the branches  
sigh,  
and limpid rills run tinkling by.  
There, by the twilight dimly seen,  
The fairies dance upon the green,  
And as they glide in airy ring,  
The beetle plies his drowsy wing:  
And watching till the day retires,  
The glow worm lights her elfin fires;  
While Mab, who guards my milky  
store,  
Her cream bowl finds before the door.  
The grateful Fay! she is so kind  
No caterpillar there you find,  
No creeping thing, nor wasp, nor fly  
The lattice’d windows dare come nigh;  
No long legg’d Spinner nightly weaves  
Her flimsy web beneath the eaves;  
But clean and neat, as by a charm,  
The fairies keep my dairy farm.  
Anne Hunter

18. SWEET RICHARD  
Yes, thou art chang’d since first we  
met,  
But think not I shall e’er regret,  
For never can my heart forget,  
The charms that once were thine.  
For Marian, well the cause I know  
That stole the luster from thine eye,  
That prov’d thy beauty’s secret foe,  
And paled thy cheek’s carnation dye:  
What made thy health, sweet Marian,  
fly,  
Was anxious care of me.  
Yes, o’er my couch I saw thee bend,  
The duteous wife, the tender friend,  
And each capricious wish attend  
With soft incessant care.  
Then trust me, Love, that pallid face  
Can boast a sweeter charm for me,  
A truer, tenderer, dearer grace  
Than blooming health bestow’d on thee:  
For there thy welltired love I love,  
And read my blessing there.  
Amelia Alderson Opie

19. THE VALE OF CLWYD  
Think not I’ll leave fair Clwyd’s vale;  
To me ‘tis fondly dear!  
For still its scenes those hours recall  
When I was blest and Henry here.  
Long, long, to part our willing hands  
An angry father strove;  
While sorrow prey’d on Henry’s health,  
A sorrow nurses’d by hopeless love.  
Nor was the idea in vain:  
How sad thou art, he cried;  
But smile again, my darling child;  
For thou shalt be thy Henry’s bride.  
At that glad sound, on wings of love,  
To Henry’s cot I flew:  
But, ah! The transient flush of joy  
From his wan cheek too soon withdrew.  
Ah! Hopes too false; ah! Fears too  
true;  
Nor love nor joy could save:  
I can no more, - but mark you turf  
With flow’rs o’erspreading, - ‘tis Henry’s  
grave!  
Amelia Alderson Opie

20. TO THE BLACKBIRD  
Sweet warbler of a strain divine,  
What woodland note can equal thine?  
No hermit’s matins hail the day  
More pure than fine from yonder  
pray.  
Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,  
Retiring from the searching view,  
Protect the like, the leafy screen  
Beneath whose shade thou singst unseen.  
Thou to the poet art allied,  
Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:  
Thy poet then, thy song I’ll praise,  
Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;  
To future lovers shall proclaim  
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame,
And when they hear thee in the grove, 
Thy’l own thee for the bird of love.  

Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c1340-c1400)

21. CUPID’S KINDNESS  
Dear brother! Yes, the nymph you wed  
Must be of loveliest feature,  
The finest heart, the finest head,  
The sweetest dearest creature.  
This matchless maid go find and woo,  
And hea’v’n for you preserve her!  
I only ask, where is in you  
Te merit to deserve her?  
We girls, I own, are just the same,  
Talk folly just as blindly;  
And did not Cupid take his aim  
And rule the world more kindly,  
Fair maids to find with ev’ry grace,  
How vain were your endeavour?  
And we might in another place  
Lead apes, alas! for ever.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

22. CONSTANCY  
Tho’ cruel fate should bid us part  
As far’s the pole and line,  
Her dear idea round my heart  
Would tenderly entwine.  
Tho’ mountains frown, and deserts howl,  
And oceans roll between;  
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
I still would love my Jean.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

23. THE OLD STRAIN  
My pleasant home be side the Dee!  
I often sigh to think of thee,  
dear scenes of love and peace and ease,  
how diff ’rent all from scenes like these!  
My soldier brave I’ve follow’d far  
but sicken at these sights of war.  
The nod at church, the conscious smile,  
The haste to help me at the stile,  
The pleasant walk at summer eve,  
The parting kiss at taking leave:  
O hours! That once with Tom were past,  
Dear happy hours! too sweet to last.  
Yet Love, I know, always cure  
The ills that we from Love endure;  
And Tom can with a single smile  
The warmest of my thoughts beguile,  
Dear pleasant home beside the Dee!  
I must not - will not - think of thee.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

24. THREE HUNDRED POUNDS  
In yonder sung cottage, beneath the cliff’s side,  
And close to the pebbles that limit the tide,  
Were five little fellows, a couple’s fond care,  
Who’d barely enough, not a morsel to spare.  
They sometimes were hatless when summer was hot  
And shoeless when winter in snow wrap their cot;  
Yet up grew the boys that no hardship could break,  
And one of the five is my lad of the lake.  
My father, o bless him! Few better, or such,  
Yet loves his dear money a little too much.  
Declar’d, if by fancy alone I was sway’d,  
Nor his wealth, nor his blessing, my Howel should aid!  
I answer’d, my Howel has vigour and health,  
And these to the children of Nature are wealth;  
Tho’my heart were a dozen, they’d all of him break,  
If still he denied me the lad of the lake.  
Now hear how my troubles and sorrows are past,  
How my father himself grew a convert at last;  
’Twas when his foot slip’t as he enter’d the boat,  
My Hywel uprais’d him as quick as a thought.  
He ey’d him with kindness, and gave me a kiss,  
And said, Kate, I should like to have grandsons like this;  
Be happy, my girl, and the treasure now take,  
Tho’ poor, yet a prize is thy lad of the lake.

Richard Litwyd

25. THE PARTING KISS  
Laura, thy sighs must now no more  
My faltering step detain,  
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o’er,  
Nor clasp thee thus in vain:  
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,  
While tears thy cheek bedew,  
Ah! Think tho’ doon’d from thee to fly,  
My heart speaks no adieu.  
Thee would I bid to check those sighs,  
If thine were heard alone  
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,  
But tears are in my own.  
One last, long kiss and then we part,  
Another and adieu!  
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,  
For mine is breaking too.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

26. GOOD NIGHT  
Ere yet we slumber seek,  
Blest Queen of Song, descend!  
Thy shell can sweetest speak  
Good night to guest and friends.  
’Tis pain, ‘tis pain to part  
For e’en one fleeting night;  
But Music’s matchless art  
Can turn it to delight.  
How sweet the farewell glass,  
When Music gives it zest!  
How sweet their dreams who pass  
From harmony to rest!  
Dark thoughts that scare repose,  
At Music’s voice give place;  
And Fancy lends her rose,  
Sleeps poppy wreath to grace.

William Robert Spencer

CD84  
TWELVE SCOTTISH SONGS WOO 156, COMPLETE  
for one to three solo voices, mixed chorus, violin, violoncello and piano

1. THE BANNER OF BUCCLEUCH  
From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,  
Our signal is wavin in smoke and in flame;  
And each forester binte, from his mountain descending,  
 Bounds light o’er the heater to join in the game.  
Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,  
She has blaz’d over Ettrick eight ages and more;  
In sport we’ll attend her, in battle defend her  
With heart and with hand, like our fathers of yore.  
We forget each contention of civil dissension  
And hall like our brethren, Hone, Douglas and Car;  
And Elliot an Pringle in pastime shall mingle,  
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.  
Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather  
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,  
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,  
And life is it self but a game at football.  
And when it is over, we’ll drink a blithe measure,  
To each laird and each lady that witness’d our fun,  
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,  
To the lads that have lost, and the lads that have won.  
May the forest still flourish, both  
Borough and landward,  
From the hall of the peer to the herd’s ingle nook;  
And huzz! My brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his standard,  
For the Kind and the Country, the Clan and the Duke.

Sir Walter Scott
2. DUNCAN GRAY
Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o'! 
On by the Yule night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Lock'd asklenent and unco skiegh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
Ha, ha the wooing o'!
Duncan fesh'd and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Meg was deas as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spake o'lowpon o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Sligted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me!
Ha, ha the wooing o'!
How it comes, let Doctors tell,
Ha, ha the wooing o'!
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh! Her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha the wooing o'!
Duncan was lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o'!
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha the wooing o'!
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha the wooing o'!
Robert Burns (1759-1796)

3. UP! QUIT THY BOWER
Up! Quilt thy bower, late wears the hour,
Long have the rocks caw'd round the tower;
Onflower and tree lood hums the bee,
The wilding kid sports merrily.
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shines sweetly when good fortune's near;
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shines sweetly when good fortune's near.
Up! Lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lullling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam:
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.
Up! Time will tell, the friar's bell
Its service sound hath chimed well;
The aged crane keeps house alone,
And reapers to the fields are gone:
The active day so boon, so bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night.
The active day so boon, so bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night.

Joanna Baillie

4. YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE
Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow glides along,
Forsake your rural toils
And join in my triumphant song!
She grants, she yields one heav'nly smile,
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crown the pains
Of many suff 'ring days.

REFRAIN:
Yarrow, how dear thy stream,
Thy beauteous banks how blest!
For there 'twas first my loveliest maid,
A mutual flame confess.
Take, take what'er of bliss or joy,
You fondly fancy mine;
What' er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine.
The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice;
And music fill'd the grove.

REFRAIN
William Hamilton

5. CEASE YOUR FUNNING
Cease your funning, force or cunning,
Never shall my heart trepan;
All these sallies are but malice
To seduce my constant man.
'Tis most certain by their flirting
Women oft have envy shown,
Please'd to ruin other's wooing
Never happy with their own.

Anonymus

6. HIGHLAND HARRY
My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

REFRAIN:
O for him back again,
O for him back again,
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander doowly up the glen:
I set me down and greet my fill
And ay I wish him back again.

REFRAIN

O where some villains hangit high,
And ilk a body had their ain!

Then I might see the joyful sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

REFRAIN
Robert Burns (1759-1796)

7. POLLY STEWART
O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And Art can ne'er renew it,
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart!
May he who wins thy matchless charm
Possess a leaf a true heart;
To him be given to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart.
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet as thou art.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

8. WOMANKIND
The hero may perish his country to save
And he lives in the records of fame;
The sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave,
Ever honour'd and blest be his name!
But virtue that silently toils and expires,
No wreath, no wreath for the brow to adorn,
That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh requires;
O woman, that virtue is thine!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

9. LOCHNAGAR
Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove,
Restore me the rocks where the snowflake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love.
And yet Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,
Around their white summits the elements war
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.
Ah there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd
As daily I strode thro' the pine cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory.
Gave place to the rays of the bright Polar star.
For fancy was cheer’d by traditional story,
Disclo’sd by the natives of dark Lochnagar!
Years have roll’d on, Lochnagar, since I left you!
Years must elapse ere I tread you again.
Though nature of verdure and flow’rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion’s plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has rov’d on the mountains afar
Of for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar!

Lord George Gordon Noel Byron

10. GLENCOE
Oh! Tell us, Harper, where fore flow Thy wayward notes of wail and woe Far down the desert of Glencoe, Where non may list their melody? Say, harp’st thou to the mists that fly, Or to the dun deer glancing by, And to the eagle, that from high Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy? The hand that mingled in the meal, At midnight drew the felon steel, And gave the host’s kind breast to feel, Meed for his hospitality. The friendly hearth which warm’d that hand, At midnight arm’d it with a brand That bade destruction’s flames expand Their red and fearful blazonry. Long have my harp’s best notes been gone, Few are its strings, and faint their tone, They can but sound in desert lone Their grey hair’d master’s misery. Were each grey hair a minstrel string, Each chord should imprecactions fling, ’Till startled Scotland loud should ring, “Revenge for blood and treachery!”

Sir Walter Scott

11. AULD LANG SYNE
Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And auld lang syne!

REFRAIN:
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet For auld lang syne.
And surely you’ll be your pint stowp! And surely I’ll be mine! And we’ll take a cup o’ kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN
And there’s a hand, my trusty frieze! And gie’s a hand o’ thine! And we’ll take a right gude-willie wauth, For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

12. THE QUAKER’S WIFE
Dark was the morn and black the sea, When my dear laddie left me, The swelling sails how swift they flee, Of all my joy bereft me! Methinks I see him take his stand On deck so firm and steady; And distant when he waw’d his hand, I knew his tartan plaidy. Alas! how heavy are the days In absence and in sorrow, While war and death a thousand ways Still make me dread tomorrow. O that ambition were at rest, While I, the captain’s lady, Should with my soldier be so blest, All gay in tartan plaidy!

Anonymous

TEN SONGS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITY Wo0157, COMPLETE for one to three solo voices, mixed chorus, violin, violoncello and piano

13. GOD SAVE THE KING! English

SOLO
God save our Lord the King! Long live our gracious King! God save the King!

CHORUS
God save our Lord the King! Long live our gracious King! God save the King!

SOLO
Send him victorious, happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God save the King!

CHORUS
Send him victorious, happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God save the King!

REFRAIN
God save the King!

William Carey

14. THE SOLDIER Irish
Then, Soldier! Come fill high the wine, For we reck not of tomorrow, Be ours to day and we resign All the rest to the fools of sorrow. Gay be the hour till we beat to arms Then camarade Death or Glory; ‘Tis Victory in all her charms, Or ‘tis Fame in the worlds bright story. ‘Tis you ‘tis I that my meet the ball; And me it better pleasures In battle, with the brave to fall, Than to die of dull diseases; Driveller to e in my fireside chair With saws and tales unheeded; A tottering thing of aches and care No longer lov’d nor needed. But thou oh dark is thy flowing hair, And thine eye with fire is streaming, And o’er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air, Sits health in triumph beaming. Thou, brother soldier fill the wine, Fill high to love ad beauty; Love, friendship honour, all are thine, Thy country and thy duty.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

15. CHARLIE IS MY DARLING Scottish

REFRAIN:
O Charlie is my darling, My darling, my darling; O Charlie is my darling, The young chevalier.
When 'Twas on a Monday morning,  
When birds were singing clear;  
That Charlie to the Highlands came,  
The gallant chevalier.

REFRAIN

And many a gallant Scottish chief,  
Came round their Prince to cheer,  
That Charlie was their darling,  
The young chevalier.

REFRAIN

They wou'd na bide to chase the roes  
Or start the mountain deer;  
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,  
The gallant chevalier.

REFRAIN

16. O SANTICSISSIMA Sicilian
O Santicissima,  
O piissima  
Dulcis Virgo Maria!  
Mater amata,  
Intemerata,  
Ora! Ora pro nobis!

17 THE MILLER OF DEE English
There was a jolly Miller once,  
Lived on the river Dee;  
He work'd and sang from morn till night,  
No lark more blythe than he;  
And this the burden of his song  
For ever used to be:  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me!  
The reason why he was so blithe,  
He once did thus unfold:  
The bread I eat my hands have earn'd;  
I covet no man's gold;  
I do not fear next quarter day;  
In debt to none I be,  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me.  
So let us his example take,  
And be from malice free;  
Let every one his neighbour serve,  
As served he'd like to be.  
And merrily push the can about,  
And drink and sing with glee:  
If nobody cares a doit for us,  
Why not a doit care we.

18. A HEALTH TO THE BRAVE John Dobavston
A health to the brave, in fields afar  
sweet Freedom's foes assailing;  
And high the choral burden bear,  
their names with honours hailing.  
What meed awaits, the fallen brave?  
a nation's tears to diew them,  
and bars the blooming flowers to weave,  
and virgin hands to strew them.  
But what their meed to whom returns  
in triumph's car is granted?  
Beside their comrade's laurel'd urn,  
to see the olive planted.  
To hear the good, the great, the fair,
rich notes of rapture pealing.  
That high the choral burden bear,  
their names with honours hailing.

19. ROBIN ADAIR Irish
Since all thy vows, false maid, are  
bloown to air,  
And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair,  
Into some wilderness,  
My grief I will express  
And thy hard heartedness,  
O cruel Fair!  
Some gloomy place I'll find, some  
doleful shade,  
Where neither sun nor wind e'er entrance had:  
Into that hollow cave,  
There will I sigh and rave,  
Because thou dost behave  
So faithlessly.  
And when a ghost I am, I'll visit thee:  
O thou deceitful dame, whose cruelty  
Has kill'd the kindest heart  
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
And never can desert  
From loving thee.

20. BY THE SIDE OF THE SHANNON Irish
By the side of the Shannon was laid a young Lover,  
"I hate this dull river" he fretfully cried;  
"Yon tempest is coming this willow my cover,  
How sultry the air, not a zephyr", he sigh'd.  
"Go, bee! Get along why so idly remaining,  
For here are no roses thou trouble some thing!  
Peace nightingale! Peace to that ditty complaining  
Oh can it be thus that these nightingales sing?"  
But now a light form with a smile  
archly playing,  
All beaming in beauty, before him appear'd.  
" O Ellen!" he cried, "why thus strangely delaying,  
My dearest, my Ellen, what have I not fear'd."  
And then so majestic the Shannon came flowing,  
The bee flew unhiched the blossoms among,  
The sky was serene, and the zephyrs soft blowing,  
And oh! Howe enchanting the nightingale's song!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

21. HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT Scottish
My Harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu'stately strade he on the plain;  
But now he's banish'd far away,  
I'll never see him back again.

REFRAIN:
O for him back again,  
O for him back again,  
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again!

CHORUS:
O for him back again,  
O for him back again,  
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again!  
When a’ the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowly up the glen;  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

O were some villains hangit high,  
And lika body had their ain!  
Then I might see the joyful' sight,  
My Highland's Harry back again.

CHORUS

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

22. SIR JOHNNIE COPE
Sir Johnnie Cope trod the North right far,  
Yet ne'er a rebel he came n'ar;  
Until he landed at Dunbar,  
Right early in a morning.  
Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare,  
If it be not by the chance of war,  
I'll gi'e you a merry morning.

REFRAIN:
Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet,  
Or are ye sleeping, I wou'd wit.  
Make haste and get up, for the drums do beat,  
O fie, Cope rise in the morning!

When Charlie look'd the letter on,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
“So heav'n restore me to my own,  
I’ll meet you, Cope, in the morning.”  
But when he saw the Higland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,  
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,  
Johnnie, he could win in the morning.

REFRAIN

O' then he flew into Dunbar,  
crying for a Man o'War,  
he thought to have passed for a rustick tar,  
and gotten away in the morning.  
Says Lord Mark-Carr ye are nae blate,  
tae bring us the news o' yer ain defeat,  
I think you deserve the back o' the gate,  
got out o'my sight this morning.

94630 Beethoven Edition
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23. THE WANDERING MINSTREL Irish

"I am bow’d down, with years, And fast flow my tears, But I wander, I mourn not, Your pity to win: "Tis not age, want, or care, I could poverty bear "Tis the shame of my heart That is breaking within."

CHORUS:
Thou are bow’d down with years, And fast flow thy tears, But why dost thou wander No pity to win? Were it age, were it care, We could soothe, we could share, But what is the shame Thy sad bosom within?

"Oh, if thou should’st hear From splendour’s high sphere The sorrow, the tale, Which these notes may convey! Think, think of past hours, Thy dear native bowers, And turn not, my love, From thy father away."

CHORUS:
"Tis from Erin so dear The lay that we hear, Then welcome thine minstrel! And welcome the lay: But where are the bowers, And what are the hours, And where is the daughter That wander’d away?

"What peace thou hast known, Since from me thou hast flown! And, Eveleen, think But how wretched am I! O let me but live Thy fault to forgive, Again let me love thee, And bless thee, and die!"

CHORUS:
O cease then thy song, She has languished too long; She hoped not thy smile Of forgiveness to see: She sunk at the word, Thy voice when she heard And she lives (if she lives) But for virtue and thee.

William Smyth (1765–1849)

24. LA GONDOLETTA Venetian

La Biondina in gondoletta L’altra sera g’ho menà: Dai piacer la povereta, La s’ha in bota indormenzà. La dormiva su sto brazzo, Mi ogni tanto la svegaja, Ma la barca che ninava La tornava a indormenzar.

Contemplando fissi fisso Le fazezzie del mio ben, Quel visetto cussi sìssio, Quela boca e quel bel sen; Me sentiva drento in peto Una smania, un misissamento, Una spezie de contento Che le no come spiegar! M’ho stufà po’, finalmente, De sto tanto so’ dormir, E g’ho fatto da insolente, Nò m’ho avuto da peñir; Perché, oh Dio, che bele càse Che g’ho dito, e che g’ho fało? No, mai più tanto beato Ai me zorni no son stà. Antonio Lambertini

CD85
25 SCOTTISH SONGS OP.108

1. MUSIC, LOVE AND WINE
O let me Music hear Night and Day! Let the voice and let the Lyre Dissolve my heart, my spirit’s fire; Music and I ask no more, Night or Day! Hence with colder world, Hence, Adieu! Give me. Give me but the while, The brighter heav’n of Ellen’s smile, Love and then I ask no more, Oh, would you? Hence with this world of care I say too; Give me but the blissful dream, That mingles in the goblet’s gleam, Wine and then I ask no more, What say you? Music may gladden Wine, What say you? Tendril of the laughing Vine Around the Myrtle well may twine, Both may grace the Lyre divine, What say you? What if we all agree, What say you? I will list the Lyre with thee, And he shall dream of Love like me, Brighter than the wine shall be, What say you?

REFRAIN
Love, Music, wine agree, True, true, true! Round then round the glass, the glee, And Ellen in our toast shall be! Music, wine and Love agree, True, true, true!

William Smyth (1765–1849)

2. SUNSET
The sun upon the Weir’dlaw hill, in Ettrick’s vale is sinking sweet; the westland wind is hush and still, the lake lies sleeping at my feet. Yet not the landscape to mine eyes bears those bright hues that once it bore; tho’ Eve’ning, with her richest dye, flames o’er the hills on Ettrick’s shore. With listless look along the plain, I see Tweed’s silver current glide, And coldly mark the holy fane Of Melrose rise in ruin’d pride. The quiet lake, the balmy air, The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree, Are they still such as once they were, Or is the dreary change in me? Alas, the warp’d and broken board, How can it bear the painter’s dye? The harp of strain’d and tuneless chord, How to the minstrel’s skill reply? To aching eyes each landscape lowers, To feverish pulse each gale blows chill: And Araby’s or Eden’s bowers. Were barren as this moorland hill.

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832)

3. O SWEET WERE THE HOURS
O sweet were the hours When in mirth’s frolic throng I led up the revels With dance and with song; When brisk from the fountain And bright as the day, My spirits o’erflow’d And ran sparkling away! Wine! Wine! Wine! Come bring me wine to cheer me, Friend of my heart! Come pledge me hig! Wine! Till the dreams of youth Again are near me, Why must they leave me, Tell me, why? Return, ye sweet hours! Once again let me see Your airy light forms Of enchantment and glee; Come, give an old friend, While he crowns his gay glass, A nod as you part And a smile as you pass I cannot forget you, I would not resign, There’s health in my pulse, And a spell in my wine; And sunshine in Autumn, Tho’ passing too soon, Is sweeter and dearer Than sunshine in June.

William Smyth (1765–1849)

4. THE MAID OF ISLA
O, Maid of Isla, from the cliff, That looks on troubled wave and sky, Dost thou not see yon little skiff Contend with ocean gallantly? Now beating ’gainst the breeze and surge, And steep’d her leeward deck in foam, Why does she war unequal urge? O, Isla’s maid, she seeks her home. O, Isla’s maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist
and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away; -
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? -
O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.
As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.
Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

5. THE SWEETEST LAD WAS JAMIE
The sweetest lad was Jamie,
The sweetest, the dearest,
And well did Jamie love me,
And not a fault has he.
Yet one he had, it spoke his praise,
He knew not woman's wish to tease,
He knew not all our silly ways,
Alas! The woe to me!
For though I loved my Jamie,
Sincerely and dearly,
Yet often when he wooed me,
I held my head on high;
And huffed and toss'd with saucy air,
And danc'd with Donald at the fair,
And plac'd his ribbon in my hair
And Jamie! Pass'd him by.
So when the war-pipes sounded,
Dear Jamie, he left me,
And now some other maiden
Will Jamie turn to woo.
My heart will break, and well it may,
For who would word of pity say
To her who threw a heart away,
So faithful and so true!
Oh! Knew he how I loved him,
Sincerely and dearly;
And I would fly to meet him!
Oh! Happy were the day!
Some kind, kind friend, oh, come between,
And tell him of my alter'd mien!
That Jeanie has not Jeanie been
Since Jeanie went away.
William Smyth (1765-1849)

6. DIM, DIM IS MY EYE
Dim, dim is my eye,
As the dew-drop once clear,
Pale, pale is my cheek,
Ever wet with the tear
And heavily heaves
This soft breast, once so gay,
For William, my true love,
My William away!
Sad. Sad was the hour,
When he bade me adieu,
While he hung on my bosom,
And vow'd to be true;
My heart it seem'd bursting
On that fatal day,
When the fast less'ning sail
Bore my William away.
Lament him, ye fair,
And lament him, ye brave,
Though unshrouded he lies,
And the sea is his grave;
For the kind and true hearted,
The gallant and gay,
Lament, for my William's
For ever away.
possibly by William Browne (1591-1643)

7. BONNIE, LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADIE
Where got ye siller moon,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Glinting braw your belt aboon,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Belted plaid and bonnet blue,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Have ye been at Waterloo,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Weels me on your tartan tires,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Tell me, tell me a' the news,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
Saw ye Boney by the way,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Blucher wi' his beard sae grey,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Or, the doure and deadly Duke,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Scatt'ring Frenchmen w'his look,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
Some say he the day may rue;
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
You can tll gin this be true,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
Would ye tell me gin ye ken,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Aught o' Donald and his men,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Tell me o' my killed Clan,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Gin they fought, or gin they ran,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
James Hogg (1770-1835)

8. THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS
The lovelylass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e;
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three!
Their winding-sheet the bludy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bludy man I tow thou be;
For mon a heart thou has made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!
Robert Burns (1759-1796)

9. BEHOLD MY LOVE HOW GREEN THE GROVES
Behold, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.
Let minstrels sweep the skifu' string,
In lordly lighted ha'.
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.
The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn!
The shepherd, in the flowery glen;
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But, is his heart as true!
These wild-wood flowers 've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But, 'tis na love like mine.
Robert Burns (1759-1796)

10. SYMPATHY
Why, Julia, say, that pensive mien?
I heard thy bosom sighing;
How quickly on they cheek is seen
The blush, as quickly flying!
Why mark I, in thy soft'en'd eye,
Once with light spirit beaming,
A silent tear I know not why,
In trem'rous luster gleaming?
Come, tell me all thy bosom pain:
Perhaps some faithless lover?
Nay, droop non thus, the rose with rain
May sink, yet still recover.
O Julia! My words recall,
My thoughts too rud'y guide me;
I see afresh thy sorrow fall,
They seem to plead and chide me.
I too, the secret would have known,
That makes existence languish,
Links to the soul on thought alone,
And that, a thought of anguish;
Forgive, forgive, an aching heart,
That vainly hoped to cheer thee
These tears may tell thee, while they start,
How all thy grief endear thee!
William Smyth (1765-1849)

11. OH! THOU ART THE LAD OF MY HEART
Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,
There's love and there's life and glee,
There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy blithesome eye.
But, oh, how my heart was tried, Willy,
For little I thought to see,
That the lad who won the lasses all,
Would ever be won by me.
Adown this path we came, Willy, 
'Was just at this hour of eve; 
And will he or will he not, I thought, 
My fluttering heart relieve? 
So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd on, 
'Twas fear and hope and fear; 
But here at the wood, as we parting stood, 
'Twas rapture his vows to hear! 
Ah vows so soft thy vows, Willy! 
Who would not, like me, be proud! 
Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song, 
Come down from thy rosy cloud. 
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate, 
But tell thy mate alone, 
Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love, 
Is merry and light as thine own. 
William Smyth (1765-1849)

12. O, HAD MY FATE BEEN JOIN'D WITH THINE 
Oh, had my fate been join'd with thine, 
As once this pledge appear'd a token; 
These follies had not then been mine, 
For then my peace had not been broken! 
To thee these early faults I owe, 
To thee the wise and old reprouving; 
They know my sins, but do not know 
'Twas thine to break the bands of loving. 
For once my soul like thine was pure, 
And all its rising fires could smother; 
But now thy vows no more endure, 
Bestow'd by thee upon another! 
Perhaps his peace I could destroy 
And spoil the blisses that await him; 
Yet let my rival smile in joy 
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him. 
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet, 
For nature seem'd to smile before thee: 
And once my heart abhor'd deceit, 
For then it beat but to adore thee, 
But now I ask for other joys, 
To think would drive my soul to madness. 
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise, 
I conquer half my bosom's sadness. 
Yet even in these a thought will steal, 
In spite of every vain endeavour; 
And fields might pity what I feel, 
To know that thou art lost for ever. 
Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid, 
'Twere vain and fruitless to forget thee: 
Nor hope, nor memory, yield their aid, 
But pride may teach me to forget thee. 
by George Gordon Noel Byron, 
Lord Byron (1788-1824), “To a lady”

13. COME FILL, FILL, MY GOOD FELLOW 
Come fill, fill, my good fellow! 
Fill high, high, my good Fellow, 
And let's be merry and mellow, 
And let us have one bottle more. 
When warm the heart is flowing, 
And bright the fancy glowing, 
Oh, shame on the doil would be going, 
Nor tarry for one bottle more! 
REFRAIN: 
Come fill ... 
My Heart, let me but lighten, 
And Life, let me but brighten, 
And Care, let me but frighten. 
He'll fly us with one bottle more! 
By day, tho' he confound me, 
When friends at night have found me, 
There is Paradise around me 
But let me have one bottle more! 
REFRAIN 
So now, here's to the Lasses! 
See, see, while the toast passes, 
How it lights up beaming glasses! 
Encore to the Lasses, encore. 
We'll toast the welcome greeting 
Of hearts in union beating. 
And oh! For our next merry meeting, 
Huzz! Then for one bottle more! 
REFRAIN 
William Smyth (1765-1849)

14. O, HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD 
O how can I be blythe and glad, 
Or how can I gang brisk and braw, 
When the bonie lad that I lo' best 
Is o'er the hills and far awa! 
It's no the frosty winter wind, 
It's no the driving drift and snow; 
But aye the tear comes in my e'e, 
To think on him that's far awa. 
My father pat me frae his door, 
My friends they hae disown'd me a'; 
But I hae ane will tak my part, 
The bonie lad that's far awa. 
A pair 'o' grooves he bought to me, 
And silken snoods he gae me twa; 
And I will wear them for his sake, 
The bonie lad that's far awa. 
O weary Winter soon will pass, 
And Spring will clear the birken shaw; 
And my young babe that's well born, 
And he'll be hame that's far awa. 
Robert Burns (1759-1796), “The Bonie Lad That's For Awa”, 1788

15. O CRUEL WAS MY FATHER 
O cruel was my father 
That shut the door on me. 
And cruel was my mother 
That such a thing could see. 
And cruel is the wintry wind 
That chillis my heart with cold. 
But crueler than all, the lad, 
That left my lovely Baby, 
nd warm thee in my breast. 
AII little thinks thy father 
How sadly we're distrest, 
For cruel as he is, 
Did he know but how we fare, 
He'd shield me in his arms 
From this bitter piercing air. 
Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! 
Thy little life is gone! 
O let my tears receive thee, 
So warm that trickle down! 
My tears that gush so warm, 
Oh, they freeze before they fall, 
Ah, wretched, wretched mother 
Thou art now bereft of all! 
Then down she sunk despairing 
Upon the drifted snow, 
And, wrung with killing anguish, 
Lamented loud her woe. 
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips 
And laid by her side; 
Then cast her eyes to heaven, 
Then bow'd her head, and died. 
Alexander Ballantyne

16. COULD THIS ILL WORLD HAVE BEEN CONTRIV'D 
Could this ill world have been contriv'd to stand without that mischief, 
woman, 
how peaceful bodies wou'd have liv'd, 
relax'd frae a' the ills sae common! 
But since it is the waefu' case, 
that man must have this teasing crony, 
why such a sweet bewitching face? 
Oh! had they no been made sae bonny! 
I might have roam'd wi' cheerful mind, 
nae sin nor sorrow to betide me, 
as careless as the wand'ring wind, 
as happy as the lamb beside me. 
I might have screw'd my tuneful pegs, 
and carol'd mountain airs fu' gayly, 
had we but wanted a' the Megs, 
w' glossy e'en sae dark and willy. 
I saw the danger, fear'd the dart, 
the smile, the air, and a' sae taking, 
yet open laid my wasterless heart, 
and got the wound that keeps me waking. 
My harp waves on the willow green, 
of wild witch notes it has nae ony, 
sinc' e'er I saw that pawky queen, 
sae sweet, sae wicked, and sae bonny. 
James Hogg (1770-1835)

17. O MARY, AT THY WINDOW BE 
O Mary, ye's be clad in silk, 
And diamonds in your hair, 
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride 
Nor think on Arthur mair. 
Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown, 
Wi' tears blinding their ee? 
Before I'll break my true love's heart, 
I'll lay me down and die. 
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth, 
Brave Arthur's fate to share, 
And he has gi'en to me his heart 
Wi' a' its virtues rare. 
The mind whose every wish is pure, 
Far dearer is to me, 
And e'er I'm forced to break my faith, 
I'll lay me down and die. 
So trust me when I swear to thee,
By a’ that is on high,
Thou, ye had a’this world’s gear,
My heart ye couldn’a buy;
For longest life can ne’er repay,
The love he bears to me;
And e’er I’m forced to break my troth,
I’ll lay me down and die.

18. ENCHANTRESS, FAREWELL
Enchantress, farewell, who so oft hast decoy’d me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, ’tis said, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover, whose heartstrings are breaking
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.
Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of tomorrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of today!
But when friends drop around us in life’s weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.
’Twas thou that once taught me, accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior I lay stretch’d on the plain,
And a maiden hung o’er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o’er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers.
Farewell, then, Enchantress I’ll meet thee no more!

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832),
“Farewell to the Muse”

19. O SWIFTLY GLIDES THE BONNY BOAT
O swiftly glides the bonny boat
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher’s chorus note
Soft moves the dipping oar.
His toils are borne with happy cheer
And ever may they speed,
That feeble age and helmate dear
And tender bairnies feed.

REFRAIN:
We cast our lines in Largo Bay,
Our nets are floating wide,
Our bonny boat with yielding sway
Rocks lightly in the tide.
And happy prove our daily lot
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly Cot
Where all our treasures be.
The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm,
Nor watersprite nor eldrich thing
The bonny boat can harm.
It safely bears its scaly store
Thro’ many a storm gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.

Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)

20. FAITHFUL’ JOHNIE
When will you come again, ma faithful’ Johnie,
When will you come again?
“When the corn is gathered,
And the leaves are withered,
I will come again, ma sweet and bonny,
I will come again.”
Then will you meet me here, ma faithful’ Johnie,
Then will you meet me here?
“Though the night were Hallow’en,
When the fearful sights are seen,
I would meet thee here, ma sweet and bonny,
I would meet thee here.”
O come na by the muir, ma faithful’ Johnie,
O come na by the muir.
“Though the wraiths were glist’ning white
By the dim elf-candles’ light
I would come to thee, ma sweet and bonny,
I would come to thee.”
And shall we part again, ma faithful’ Johnie?
Shall we part again?
“So lang’s my eye can see, Jean,
That face so dear to me Jean,
We shall not part again, ma sweet and bonny,
We shall not part again.”

possibly by William Smyth (1765-1849)
“Faithful’ Johnie” possibly by Anne Grant,
“Faithful’ Johnie”

21. JEANIE’S DISTRESS
By William late offended,
I blam’d him, I allow
And then my anger ended,
And he is angry now.
And I in turn am chided,
For what I ne’er design’d;
And tho’ by love misguided,
Am call’d myself unkind.
So now, when I am nigh him,
Y looks must coldness wear;
They tell me I must fly him

At market and at fair;
Nor near the thorn-tree meet him,
At evening, I suppose,
Nor in the morning greet him,
As by the door he goes.
Nor at the kirk perceive him,
But ponder on my book;
With downcast eyes deceive him,
Tho’ stealing o’er a look.
Alas! How long must nature
This cruel war maintain?
Content in every feature,
While wretches my heart with pain?
O William, dost thou love me?
Oh! Sure I need not fear;
How, dearest, would it move thee
To see this falling tear?
Too heedless, thoughtless lover,
From what thyself must feel,
Why canst thou not discover,
What Jeanie must conceal?

William Smyth (1765-1849)

22. THE HIGHLAND WATCH
Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain
In all its wildest splendours!
And welcome back the lads again,
Your honour’s dear defenders!
Be every harp and viol strung”,
Till all the woodlands quaver.
Of many a band your Bards have sung,
But never half’d a braver.

REFRAIN:
Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
We’re all in key to cheer it;
And let it be a martial strain,
That warriors bold may hear it.
Ye lovely maidies, pitch high your notes
As virgin voice can sound them,
Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,
For glory kindles round them.
Small is the remnant you will see,
Lamented be the others!
But such a stem of such a tree,
Take to your arms like brothers.

REFRAIN:
Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Strike all our glen with wonder;
Let the chanter yell, and the drone notes swell,
Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain rock,
What wave your headlands shiver?
Long have they stood the tempest’s shock,
Thou knowest they will for ever.
Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view
Split by the wind and weather,
Than foe man’s eye the bonnet blue
Behind the nodding feather.

REFRAIN:
O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Our caps to the sky we’ll send them.

94630 Beethoven Edition
Scotland, thy honours who can stain,
Thy laurels who can rend them!

James Hogg (1770-1835)

23. THE SHEPHERD’S SONG

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock’s in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! Sad and slow!
I hear nae welcome sound!
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round.
My sheepbell tinkles fare the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound tha I lo’e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh no! Sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lonely ghast I stand
And croon upon the hill.
I hear below the water roar,
Th mill wi’ clack’in din,
And Lulky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in,
Oh no! Sad and slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of a trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)

24. AGAIN, MY LYRE

Again my lyre, yet once again!
With tears I wake thy thrilling strain
O sounds to sacred sorrow dear,
I weep, but could for ever hear!
Ahl cease! nor more past scenes recall,
Ye plaintive notes! thou dying fall!
For lost, beneath thy lov’d control,
Sweet Lyre! is my dissolving soul.
Around me airy forms appear,
And Seraph songs are in mine ear!
Ye Spirits blest, oh bear away
To happier realms my humble lay!
For still my Love may deign to hear
Those human notes that once were dear!
And still one angel sigh bestow
On her who weeps, who mourns below.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

25. SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There’s none like pretty Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!
There’s not a lady in the land That’s half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the street does cry’ em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy’ em
How could such folks the parents be
Of such a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I’ll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that’s in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that’s the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday,
For then I’m drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
My master carries me to church,
And often am I blam’d,
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is nam’d;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And sink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I’ll hoard it up, and box it all,
I’ll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I’d give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I’d better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh! Then I’ll marry Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

Henry Carey (1693? -1743)

27 SONGS OF VARIOUS
NATIONALITIES
(27 Lieder verschiedener Völker), Wo.0158/1 (Selection)

26. NO.1 RIDDER STIGS RUNER Danish

Ridder Stig tijfer in Kongens Gaard,
Fruer og Jomfruer de bæstet hans Haar.
Jomfruer, I giver os Orlov
Ridder Stig skjænker for Bord i Stove,
Liden Kirstin laa hanom hart I Hove.
Jomfruer, I giver os Orlov
"De ter svy Aar siden, jeg Runer nam,
Aften skall jeg prøve, om de dree kann."
Jomfruer, I giver os Orlov

27. NO. 4 WANN I IN DER FRÜH
AUFSTEH Tyrolean
Wann i in der Früh aufsteh,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Und zu meiner Schwaigrin* geh,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Und da nim i glei mei Sichel
Und da gras’ i mit mein Michel*,
Und da gras’ ma in den Klee
Ai, ei, ei, a.
Schwaigrin, du bist mein Freud,
Ai, ei, ei, a.
Wann i’s Vieh auf d’Alma treib,
Ai, ei, ei, a.
Und aft’n tun ma’s Kuhla malcha*,
Und da krieg’n ma gute Kalma*,
Treib’n mirs abi zu den Stier
Ai, ei, ei, a.
Wann der Holda* blast ins Horn,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Treib’n ma’s Kuhla von den Barn*
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Tun ma’s Kuhla von den Barn*,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Tun ma’s Kuhla abi streiche,
Und die Milli zamma seich,
Aft’n treib’n mir’s hin zum Bach,
Ai, ei, ei, a.
Schwaigrin, bring den Sechta* her,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
’s Kuhla gibt uns Milli mehr,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Kann ma’s Kuhla nimmer malcha,
Aft’n krieg’n ma gute Kalma,
’s Kuhla gibt uns Milli mehr,
Ai, ei, ei, a.

* Notes:
Schwaigrin = Sennerin
Michel = der zweite Kuhbub
Kuhla malcha = Kuh melken
Kalma = Kälchen
Holda = Hütter
Barn = Futterkrippen
Sechta = Eimer

28. NO.7 WER SOLCHE BUEMA
AFIPACKET Tyrolean
Wer solche Buema afipackt
Die steckt ma auf an Hut,
A Bua, der kani Federn tragt,
Der hat ka Federn tragt,
Der hat ka Feur im blut.
Drum denk an den Tyroler Bua
Und hält dein weite Goschen zu.

From Jakob Hailbel’s Singspiel “Der Tyroler Wastl”

29. NO.8 IN MAG DI NIT NEHMA, DU TÖPPETER HECHT Tyrolean
Ich mag di nit nehma,
Du töppeter Hecht,
Du darfst mir nit komma,
Du warst mir viel z’schlecht;
Und du willst mei Mann sein,
Du städtischer Aff,
Was fallt dir nit no ein,
Du Törischer Laff,
Du talketer Jodel*.
Z’was brauchest a Weib,
Du hast ja* a Sodel
Koan Saft mehr in Leib;
Bist sü, wie a Brue
Und sü, wie a Vogel,
was tast a Weib mit dir.
Der Töpel von Passau
Ist dein Contrase, *
Du kierst* wie ein Spansau,
Jest nieskończona, aż do Byzantynów,
Oblicza ptaków niech będą wｽzanie,
Dobrze zrozumiałe, choćby jest w sposób,
Najlepsze imieniny, ojciec,
*NOTE
Talketer Jodel = tórańczyka Geselle
Du hest ja = sowieso
Contrasse = Abbild
Du kierst = Du quiekst
Faunzen = Ohrefge

30. NO.9 OJ, OJ UPIEM SIE W KARCZMIE Polish
Oj, oj upiemia się karzmie,
Wyprawę się w sieni,
À ‚ydkai psia juchy,
Kobiaki mi wzieni.
Oj, oj ‚ydi kanalije.
Oddajcie kobiaOj, cem”e bede nosiui
Krupy na korzaikе

31. NO.10: POSZIA BABA PO POPIOL Polish
Poszia baba po popioli
i diabel je utopili.
Ni popioli
ni baby,
Tylko z baby
daža szaby.

32. NO.12 SEU LINDOS OLHOS Portuguese
Seu lindos olhos
Mal que me viram
Crucis feriram
Meu coração.
Se Amor protege
A chama nossa,
Telvez se mova
A compaixão.
Víre pode um dia,
Dias d’encanto,
Qu’em que o pranto
Vertido em vão.
Se Amor alenta
Esta esperança
Em paz descansa
Meu coração.

33. NO.13 IM WALDE SIND VIELE MÜCKELN GEBOREN Russian
Vo lesokhe komarokhov mnogourodiło,
Ja ves’e, krasna devica, tomu udivilas’.
Tomu mlada udivilas’, chto mnogo urodiło,
Men ne’zja, krasnoj device, v lesu poguljati.
Ya, devica, vzradovalas’, k okoshku brosalas’,
Okošeckho otkryvala, melodica
vpuskala.
Vo lesokhe komarokhov mnogo urodiło,
Ja ves’e, krasna devica, tomu udivilas’.

34. NO.14 ACH BÄCHLEIN, BÄCHLEIN, KÜHLE WASSER Russian / German
Akh, recen’ki, recen’ki
Ach Bächlein, Bäcklein, kühl Wasser,
Ihr Mädchen, Mädchen, ihr bringt uns
zum Weinen
bringt zum Weinen den Freund und
zum Klagen,
Dass mein Liebster nicht entflieht, weil
ihn jemand hält.
Sein erstes Lieben hieß an der Hand,
die zweite, die küßte ihn auf den
Mund,
die dritte, die liebe, hat ihn zur Tür
begleitet.
Drei grüne Gärten hat mein Liebster.
Im ersten ruft der Kuckuck kläglich,
im zweiten singt die Lerche laut,
im dritten grünt der Birnbaum froh.
Ein Mädchen unterm Bimbaut sitzt,
sie weint und stöhnt und sinkt zum
Boden nieder,
sie reibt die Tränen mit dem Tüchlein
weg
und blickt den Liebsten heimlich öfters
an.
Jeder weiß, dem Liebsten geht es gar
nicht gut,
ja, auch die Jalousien sind nun zu,
mit schwarzen Flie die Fenster
behangen.
Es gibt kein Begrüßen mehr am
Fenster,
kein Kristallglas mehr mit
transparenten Blumen.
Eine silberne Karaffe tranken wir mit
dem Liebsten,
tranken, tranken, hielten inne, küßten
uns.

35. NO.15 UNSERE MÄDCHEN GINGEN IN DEN WALD Russian
Kak poshili nashi podruzhi v les po
jagody gułjat’,
Veju, veju, veju, veju, v les po jagody
gułjat’.
Po chjornuju chernichku, po krasznu
zemljanichku,
Veju, veju, veju, veju, po krasnu
zemljanichku.
Oni jagod ne nabrali, podruzhen’ku
poterjali,
Veju, veju, veju, podruzhen’ku
poterjali.
Kak poshili nashi podruzhi v les po
jagody gułjat’,
Veju, veju, veju, veju, v les po jagody
gułjat’.

36. NO.17 VAGGVISA Swedish
Lilla Carl, sov sött i frid,
Du får tids nog vaka.
Tids nog se vår onda tid
och hennes galla smaka.
Världen är en sorge,
Bäst man andas, skall man dö
Och bli mutt tillbaka.
Så är med vår livstid fatt,
och så försvinna åren:
Bäst man andas godt och gladt,
Så ligger man på båren.
Lilla Carl, så skall tänka så,
När han se de blommer små,
Som bepryda våren.

Carl S. Michael Bellman (1740-1795)

37. NO.18 AN A BERGILI BIN I GESÄSSE Swiss
An à Bergli bin i gesässe,
Nach die Vögli hab i geschaut:
Han gesunge, han gepiffte,
Han Nestli dran gebaut.
Auf à Wiesli bin i gegange,
Nach die Imbli hab i geschaut:
Han gesumm, han gebrummet,
Han Zelli gebaut.
In à Gärtil hab i gestanne,
Lugt die Schmetterlinge an;
Han gesoge, han gepfloge,
Gar zu schön hans getan.
Da komt nu me Hänsl, dem zeig i
Gar so froh, wie sie es mache,
Und mir lache, mir lache
Und machens a so.

38. NO.20 BOLERO A DUE: COMO LA MARIPOSA Spanish
Como la mariposa soy,
Que por verte,
En la luz de tus ojos
Busco mi muerte.
Yo no sé si me quieres
O si me olvidas.
Sólo sé que yo vivo,
Cuando me miras.

39. NO.22 EDÉS KINOS EMLÉKEZET Hungarian
Édes kinos emlékezet,
Oh Badacosz szüretet!
Mutatságos gyülekezet,
Oh rabságom kezdete!
Ott tudtam meg, kicsoda 0,
’s micsoa a’ szerle lem;
Amor’ nyila miként seböz,
’s mi az édes győdremen.
Nem ugy mentem, a’ mint jöttem;
Nagy külmöbség volt Köztem,
A’ ki valék az előtt
’S a’ ki lettem, látván Ót.
Magyar Szüretlől Újek (Hungarian grape-picking song)

40. AIR DE COLIN, FROM LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE WoO158/C NO.2 Non, non, Colette n’est point trompeuse,
Elle m’a promis sa foi.
Peut – elle être l’amoureuse
D’un autre berger que moi?
Jean-Jacques Rousseau

41. AIR FRANÇAIS WoO158/D French
1. NO.2 ARIE DES HEINZENFELD
"HORCH AUF, MEIN LIEBCHEN"
Aus das neue sonntagskind
Horch auf, mein Liebchen, ich bin es, gugu,
ach, gar ein herrliches Mädchen bist du.
Ach komm nur, mein Kindchen, komm nur heidipritsch,
oh komm doch, du kleiner, du herziger Gritsch.
Ich bin’s, wenn mich nicht dein Ohrlein erkennt,
Bring dir ein Ständchen auf mein Instrument,
Ach Herzchen, ach Herzchen, ach willigst du ein,
So sollst du in Hinkunft mein Maultrommel sein.

Wenzel Müller

2. NO.3 ARIE DES HAUSMEISTERS
"WEGEN MEINER BLEIB D’FRÄULA"
Aus das neue sonntagskind
Wegen meiner bleib d’Fräula nur da ganz allein,
Wenn d’Trud1 nicht hereinkommt, so will ich was sein,
Sie ist gar ein wildes, ein garstiges Tier,
Und wenn sie zu mir kommt, so sutzelt an mir,
Drum geh ich Keller und sauf mich voll Muts,
So finds doch, wanns her kommt, an mir noch was Guts.
Wegen meiner kanns kommen, weg’n meiner kanns gehen,
Wegen meiner bleib d’Fräula nur immer da stehn,
So ist doch der Hausmeister aus aller Schuld,
So hab die Lisettels und d’Fräula Geduld,
Weg’n meiner kann g’schehen, weg’n meiner was will,
Wenn d’Trud kommt, so halt sich die Fräula fein still.
Wegen meiner, weg’n unser, weg’n allen, wegen dir,
Wegen enka steh ich nur als Schildwach allhier,
Und kommt auch der Teufel, so weiß ich kein Wort,
So nehmst ihn beim Hörndel und prügelst ihn fort,
Weg’n meiner, weg’n unser, weg’n Herrn, der verrückt,
Gebs acht, daß die Trud enk nicht gar zu stark druckt.

Wenzel Müller

*Trud: a blood-sucking female ghost.

3. NO.5 I BIN A TYROLER BUA
I bin a Tyroler Bua,
Bin allemweil wohlaufl,
Auf d’Madel geh i sakrisch zu,
Trag Teppich zum Verkauf,
Da seh i Madeln schön und rar,
Bald blond, bald schwarz, bald weiß und braun,
So aner gäb i all mei War,
An Troler is nit t’raun,
I bin a Tyroler Bua,
Bin allemweil wohlaufl,
Auf d’Madel geh i sakrisch zu,
Trag Teppich zum Verkauf,
Kommt aber ane Alte her,
Die noch die Liebeshiten kriegt,
Da nehm i glei’ an Teppich her
Und werf’n ihr übers G’sicht;
Tyroler sind halt allemweil klug,
Wann’s kommen in a fremdes Land,
Der jungen Madeln kriegens g’rug,
Mit Alten war’s a Schand.
Drum Alte, laß dir d’Lieb verleib,
Koan T’roler kriegt du dran,
Man darf nur deine Falten sehn,
Der Teufel lauf davon.
Ein altes Weib ist ohne Kraft,
Ich bitt dich, schau und gib an Rua,
Bist wie a Ruben ohne Saft,
Geh hoam und deck di zua,
Und sollt di d’Liab noch ofen plag’n,
So folg hald meinem Rat,
Ich kann dir gar nichts bessers sagt’n:
brauch ofen s’kalte Bad,
Das ziget die Hitzen sauber aus,
Stirbst a nua, was liegt denn dran,
Sonst kommt du noch ins Narrenhaus,
Um’ne Alte kracht koa Hahn,
Drum mag di koa Tyroler Bua,
Bist allemweil übel auf,
Drum halt die alte Goschen zu,
Sonst schlag i di brav drauf.

Tirolean

4. NO.6 A MADEL, JA A MADEL
A Madel, ja a Madel
Ist als wie a Fahn,
Die jede Luft bewegt,
Viel ärger als a Wetterhahn,
Der sich vom Winde dreht,
Das hat mir mei Vater gesagt,
Mei Vater, der war ein g’scheider Mann,
Wenn oaner etwa Zweifel trägt,
Der schau nit den Anton an;
Der Anton, der sagt engs,
Und gar auf ein Haar,
Der Anton is’ koa Narr.
Die Madeln, die führen
Uns an der Nase her,
Und kommt nur ein ander Wind,
So gilt a der schönste Bua schon a nichts mehr,
Wie halt Madeln sind.
Drum hörts mein Rat, und gebs guad acht,
Es ward, wenn Mondschein ist,
Schon mancher zum Schafskopf g’macht,
der sich nichts träumen ließ;

A Madel, a Madel
Ist als wie a Fahn,
Die jede Luft bewegt,
Viel ärger als a Wetterhahn,
Der sich vom Winde dreht,
Das weiß ich auf ein Haar,
Der Anton ist kein Narr.

Tirolean

5. NO.11 YO NO QUIERO EMBARCARME
Yo no quiero embarcarme,
Pues es muy cierto
Que no cuantos návegan
Llegan al puerto.
Amor que tiene juicio
Poco amor tiene,
Que el amor al más cuerdo
Loco le vuelve.
Siempre rabio por verte
Y si te veo
Nunca puedo decirte
Lo que te quiero.

6. NO.16 AIR COSAQUE: SCHÖNE MINKA, ICH MUSS SCHEIDEN
Schöne Minka, ich muß scheiden!
Ach, du fühltest nicht das Leiden,
Fern auf freudenlosen Heiden
Fern zu sein von dir!
Finster wird der Tag mir scheinen,
Einsam wird’ ich gehen und weinen;
Auf den Bergen, in den Hainen
Ruf ‘ich, Minka, dir!
Nie werd’ ich von dir mich wenden;
Mit den Lippen, mit den Händen
Werd’ ich Grüße zu dir senden
Von entfernten Höhn!
Mancher Mond wird noch vergehen,
Ehe wir uns wiedersehen:
Ach, vernimm mein letztes Flehen:
Bleib mir treu und schön!
Du, mein Olis, mich verlassen?
Meine Wange wird erblassen!
Alle Freuden werd’ ich haben,
Die sich freundlich nahm!
Ach, den Nächten und den Tagen
Werd’ ich meinen Kummer klagen;
Alle Lüfte werd’ ich fragen,
Ob sie Olis sahn!
Tief verstumme meine Lieder,
Meine Augen schlag’ ich nieder,
Aber seh’ ich einst dich wieder,
Dann wird’s anders sein!
Ob auch all die frischen Farben
Deiner Jugendblüte starben:
Ja, mit Wunden und mit Narben
Bist du, Süßer, mein!

Christoph August Tiedge (Ukrainian)

7. NO.19 BOLERÓ A SOLO: UNA PALOMA BLANCA
Una paloma blanca
Como la nieve
Me ha picado en el pecho,
Como me duele!
Mas allá de la vida
He de quererte,
Que amor está en el alma,
Y esa no muere.

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Dicen que sueño es muerte,
Mas yo lo niego,
Pues cuando duermo, vivo,
Cuando no, muerzo.

**8. NO. 21 TIRANILLA ESPAÑOLA**
La Tirana se embarca
De Cádiz para Marsella,
En alta mar la aprésó
Una bandalora francesa.

**REFRAIN**
Ay Tirana retire a España
Ay Tirana hueye los rigores,
Ay Triana de la Convención!
Sí, sí, Trianilla
Sí, sí picarilla
Porque si te agaran,
Porque si te pillan,
Pondrán tu cabeza en la guillotina.
La tirana que de amor muere
No llame muerte al morir,
Que es morir por quien se adora
El más dichoso vivir.

**REFRAIN**
Grande pena es el morir,
Pero yo no la sintiera,
Pues quien vive como yo,
De alegría le sirviera.

**9. NO. 23 CANZONETTA VENEZIANA**
Da Brava Catina
Da brava Catina, mostréve bonina,
Mostrévè pietsosa, cortese con mi.
Un baso dimando, nol xè un
contrabando,
no xè una gran cosa, diséme di sì.

**BRITISH SONGS WoQ158B COMPLETE**
for solo voice, violin, violoncello and piano

**10. ADIEU, MY LOV’D HARP Irish**
Adieu my lov’d harp, for no more shall the vale,
Reecho thy notes as they float on the gale;
No more melting pity shall sigh o’er thy String;
Or love to thy tremblings so tenderly sing.
When battle’s fell strife launch’d its thunders afar,
And valour’s dark brow wore the honours of war;
’Twas thou breath’d the fame of the hero around,
And young emulation was wak’d by the sound.
Ye daughters of Erin soon comes the sad day,
When over the turf where I sleep ye shall say:
“Oh! Still is the song we repaid with a tear,
And silent the string that delighted the ear.”

**11. OH ONO CHRI! (OH WAS NOT I A WEARY WIGHT!) Scottish**
Oh was not I a weary wight! Oh ono chri!
Maid, Wife and Widow in one night,
oh ono chri!
When in my soft and yielding arms, oh ono chri!
When most I thought him free from harms, oh ono chri!
Even at the dead time of the night, oh ono chri,
They broke my bower, and flew my Knight, oh ono chri,
With ae lock of his jet black hair, oh ono chri,
I’ll tye my heart for ever mair, oh ono chri!
Nae fly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,
oh ono chri,
Shall e’er untie this knot again, oh ono chri,
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
oh, oh ono chri,
Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee, oh ono chri!

**12. RED GLEAMS THE SUN ON YON HILL TAP Scottish**
Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gown;
Deep murmurs tho’ her glens the spey,
Around Kinnara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,
Would ever, ever cheer me.
The lav’r’ock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheery,
And I sit weeping by the birk,
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary,
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
Thou canna be my dearie.

**13. ERIN! O ERIN!**
Like the bright lamp that lay on Kildare’s holy flame,
And burn’d thro’long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrow’s have frow’d on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin, thus bright thro’ the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.
The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho’ slav’ry’s cloud o’er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, thou’ long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.
Unchill’d by the rain, and unwak’d by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro’ winter’s cold hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbend,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flow’r.
Erin, O Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that liv’d thro’it shall blossom at last.

**14. O MARY, YE'S BE CLAD IN SILK Scottish**
O Mary, ye’s be clad in silk,
And diamonds in your hair,
Gin ye’ll consent to be my bride
Nor think on Arthur mair.
Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,
Wi’ tears blinding their ee,
Before I'll break my true love’s heart,
I'll lay me down and die.
For I have pledg’d my virgin troth,
Brave Arthur’s fate to share,
And he has g’en to me his heart
Wi’ a’ its virtues rare.
The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And e’er I’m forced to break my faith,
I’ll lay me down and die.
So trust me when I swear to thee,
By a’ that is on high,
Thoug, ye had a’ this world’s gear,
My heart ye couldna buy;
For longest life can ne’er repay,
The love he bears to me,
And e’er I’m forced to break my troth,
I’ll lay me down and die.

**SONGS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES WoQ158C**
for solo voice, violin, violoncello and piano

**15. WHEN MY HERO IN COURT APPEARS**
from The Beggar’s Opera
When my Hero in court appears,
And stands arraigned for his life;
Then think of poor Polly’s tears;
For ah! Poor Polly’s his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,
Distrest on the dashing wave.
To die a dry death at land
Is a bad a wat’ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack and a-well a day!
Before I was in love,
Oh, ev’ry month was May.

**16. AIR DE COLIN**
Non, non, Colette n’est point trompeuse,
Elle m’a promis sa foi.
Peut – elle être l’amoureuse
D’un autre berger que moi?
Jean Baptiste Rousseau
From Le devin du village

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17. MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION Scottish
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy titled bride:
But when compar’d with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish’d jewel’s blaze,
May draw the wond’ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But, did you see my dearest Phillis
In simplicity’s array,
Lovely as yon sweet opening flowers is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day:
O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love’s delightful fetters
She chains the willing soul!

Ambition would disown
The world’s imperial crown,
Ev’n av’rice would deny
His worshipp’d deity,
And feel thro’ every vein love’s raptures roll.

18. BONNIE WEE THING Scottish
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine!
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Least my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi’anguish
Lest my wee thing be na mine!
Wit and grace and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o’this soul o’mine!
Bonnie wee thing, etc.

19. FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO Scottish
Trio
From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean’s roar.
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.
Farewell, farewell Eliza dear
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

Robert Burns (1759-1796)