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## Hello Darkness

An ode to death in songs from  
Claudio Monteverdi to Billie Eilish



**Olivia Vermeulen**

mezzo-soprano

**Jan Philip Schulze**

piano | CX3 stage organ

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<b>CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI</b> (1567-1643)		
[1] <b>Lasciatemi morire</b> (Rinuccini) from „L'Arianna“ 1608	<b>1:19</b>	
<b>BILLIE EILISH</b> (*2001) <b>FINNEAS O'CONNELL</b> (*1997)		
[2] <b>listen before i go</b> (Finneas and Billie Eilish O'Connell) from „When We All Fall Asleep, Where Do We Go“?	<b>4:33</b>	
<b>FRANZ SCHUBERT</b> (1797-1828)		
[3] <b>Der Tod und das Mädchen Op 7/3 D. 531</b> (Claudius)	<b>2:15</b>	
<b>NICK CAVE</b> (*1957)		
[4] <b>The curse of Millhaven</b> (Cave) from “Murder Ballads“ 1996	<b>4:49</b>	
<b>FRANZ SCHUBERT</b> (1797-1828)		
[5] <b>Der Jüngling und der Tod D. 545</b> (Spaun)	<b>3:44</b>	
<b>GEORGE CRUMB</b> (*1929)		
[6] <b>Dance of the moon in Santiago</b> (García Lorca) from “Sun and Shadow“ 2009	<b>3:02</b>	
<b>RANDY NEWMAN</b> (*1943)		
[7] <b>In Germany before the war*</b> (Newman) from “Little Criminals“ 1977	<b>3:55</b>	
<b>BERNHARD LANG</b> (*1957)		
[8] <b>The crow</b> (Lang) from “The Cold Trip pt. 2“ 2015	<b>1:44</b>	
<b>DANGER DAN</b> (*1983)		
[9] <b>Ode an den Mord</b> (Pongratz) from “Das ist alles von der Kunstfreiheit gedeckt“ 2021		<b>2:23</b>
<b>CHARLES IVES</b> (1874-1954)		
[10] <b>Charlie Rutlage S. 226</b> (traditional, collected by J. A. Lomax)		<b>2:35</b>
<b>ANDREW LIPPA</b> (*1964)		
[11] <b>Death is just around the corner**</b> (Lippa) from “The Adams Family“		<b>4:10</b>
<b>JOHN CAGE</b> (1912-1992)		
[12] <b>The wonderful widow of eighteen springs</b> (Joyce)		<b>2:41</b>
<b>ROBERT SCHUMANN</b> (1810-1856)		
[13] <b>Nachtlied Op. 96/1</b> (Goethe)		<b>2:02</b>
<b>WOLFGANG RIHM</b> (*1952)		
<b>Zwei Gedichte von Marina Zwetajewa</b> 2016 (translation Waldemar Dege)		
[14] ...bist fort		<b>1:56</b>
[15] Zeit sich vom Bernstein zu trennen		<b>1:17</b>
<b>GUSTAV MAHLER</b> (1860-1911)		
[16] <b>Urlicht</b> (Anonymous) from “Des Knaben Wunderhorn“		<b>4:03</b>
* Trumpet: Andre Heuvelmans		
** Vocals: Jan Philip Schulze, Hannah Meyer, Moeto Jablonski, Freya Müller & Johannes Schwarz		

<b>RICHARD STRAUSS</b> (1864-1949) [17] <b>Befreit Op. 39/4</b> (Dehmel)	<b>5:03</b>
<b>HENRI DUPARC</b> (1848-1933) [18] <b>Extase</b> (Lahor)	<b>3:07</b>
<b>ALBAN BERG</b> (1885-1935) <b>Vier Gesänge Op. 2</b>	
[19] Aus "Dem Schmerz sein Recht" (Hebbel) Drei Lieder aus "Der Glühende" (Mombert)	<b>2:32</b>
[20] Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimatland	<b>0:59</b>
[21] Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand	<b>0:57</b>
[22] Warm die Lüfte	<b>2:29</b>
<b>JAN VERMEULEN</b> (1923-1985) [23] <b>Als ik dood ben lig ik onder gras</b> from: duidelijk door het gaas spreken (1962)	<b>0:35</b>
<b>ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD</b> (1897-1957) <b>from Lieder des Abschieds Op. 14</b>	
[24] Sterbelied (Rosetti translation Kerr)	<b>3:35</b>
[25] Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen (Ronsperger)	<b>2:39</b>
[26] Mond, so gehst Du wieder auf (Lothar)	<b>3:15</b>

Total time 71:50



## Hello Darkness

Dedicating a CD to the dark side of the Lied might seem inappropriate in these times of Covid, climate change and refugee crises, but as a mezzo-soprano Olivia has always been drawn to the darker roles in opera, the sad arias in oratorio and the deep laments in song. After our recent recording ('Dirty Minds'), which focused on 'la petite mort', it seemed a natural progression to turn our attention to 'la grande mort'!

Darkness in the outside world and the inner self has always been – alongside Love – one of the chief themes of vocal music, and compositions and songs about death are legion during every period of musical history. The music on this recording is extremely diverse and we relished the idea of programming songs from different centuries in different styles and genres. We begin with a collection of songs about melancholia, inner abysses, longing for death and murderous lust. But the CD is also rich in songs about comfort and hope, light instead of despair – with lashings of black humour!

The connection between Billie Eilish's 'listen before i go' and Monteverdi's 'Lasciatemi morire' is self-evident: the high-born Arianna, having been abandoned by Theseus, longs for death; and the lowly and depressed girl in Billie Eilish's song likewise seeks to end her torment. The young girl in Claudius's 'Der Tod und das Mädchen', on the other hand, longs to live: terrified by the figure of Death, she begs the 'skeleton man' to leave her; whereas the young man in Josef von Spaun's 'Der Jüngling und der Tod',

composed by Schubert a month later as a companion piece, begs Death to take him to 'a fairer world'. These two great songs mirror the different ways in which Death was depicted in the 19<sup>th</sup> century: realistically in 'Der Tod und das Mädchen' and romantically in 'Der Jüngling und der Tod'. Bernard Lang's 'The crow' from *The Cold Trip*, is inspired by Schubert's *Winterreise*, and although the sound world he conjures up seems to be an electronic one, the song – which plays in a highly sophisticated way with techniques and sounds of pop music – was sampled from a Bösendorfer grand piano.

Composers down the ages have used innovative approaches to render the theme of death. Chromaticism is used tellingly by Monteverdi and Schubert to express, respectively, Arianna's anguish and the terror of Claudius's young girl. Duparc's sensuous 'Extase' (1878), composed according to Pierre de Bréville in the style of *Tristan und Isolde* as a retort to the anti-Wagner lobby in Paris, is nothing short of a miniature *Liebestod*. Korngold and Wolfgang Rihm play with translucent semitone sighs („bist fort"); Schumann's chorale-like 'Nachtlied' is characterized by hovering harmonies; Strauss and Korngold use late-romantic opulence in 'Befreit' and the songs from *Lieder des Abschieds*; while tonality with Charles Ives and Alban Berg begins to lose its hold. The eponymous cowboy in 'Charlie Rutlage' is trampled to death by his horse – an incident that Ives depicts with marcato clusters of atonal semiquavers played with the fist; while Berg, in 'Warm die Lüfte', abandons tonality entirely. John Cage, in 'The wonderful widow of eighteen springs' goes a step further and directs

the pianist to drum the notes on the lid of a completely closed piano. Randy Newman's 'In Germany before the war', from *Little Criminals*, is wreathed in mystery: much is left unspoken but we sense from the unfinished sentences and the shifts between major and minor that the song concerns a child murderer who has killed a little girl.

Alfred Mombert, the tormented German poet, summarized the theme of this CD in these beautiful and lapidary words from Alban Berg's 'Warm die Lüfte':

Stirb!  
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der Andere lebt:  
Das macht die Welt so tiefschön.

Die!  
One dies, while another lives:  
That makes the world so profoundly beautiful.

Olivia Vermeulen & Jan Philip Schulze



## **Olivia Vermeulen**

Praised for the “exceptional wealth of colors” of her voice (Opernwelt) and her singing of “exquisite, inexhaustible sweetness” (Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung), Olivia Vermeulen has established herself as one of the leading vocal artists in today’s classical music world. Her opera and concert performances in a wide range of repertoire from early music to 21st century works have stunned audiences around the world.

Olivia Vermeulen has frequently worked with eminent conductors such as René Jacobs, Philippe Herreweghe, Pablo Heras-Casado, Daniel Harding, Marek Janowski, Michael Schønwandt, Lothar Zagrosek, Andrea Marcon, Giovanni Antonini, Iván Fischer, Markus Stenz, Frans Brüggen, Reinhard Goebel, Alessandro de Marchi, and Tomáš Netopil. She has appeared with many of the world’s most distinguished orchestras, including the Budapest Festival Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra, Ensemble Modern, and Camerata Salzburg, and has been invited to appear at leading festivals including the Festival International d’Art Lyrique d’Aix-en-Provence, Ruhrtriennale, the Festival International d’Opéra Baroque & Romantique de Beaune, Munich Opera Festival, Musikfest Berlin, Kissinger Sommer, Rheingau Music Festival, and Mozartwoche Salzburg.

In 2019 Vermeulen celebrated her début at the Opéra National de Paris in a Romeo Castellucci landmark production of Scarlatti’s *Il primo omicidio* conducted by René Jacobs, a production she sang at the Berlin Staatsoper as

well in the same year. 2018 saw her début with the Berliner Philharmoniker in a performance of Mozart’s Great Mass in C Minor conducted by Daniel Harding. Her interpretation of the role of Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, performed on a 2018 worldwide tour with the Freiburg Baroque Orchestra lead by René Jacobs, received rave reviews.



## Jan Philip Schulze

Pianist Jan Philip Schulze has enjoyed success as a soloist, chamber music partner and accompanist for lieder, giving concerts extensively across Europe as well as in the Far East. An expert in contemporary music, he is also active as a teacher, editor and organizer.

With Juliane Banse, Annette Dasch, Rachel Harnisch, Dietrich Henschel, Jonas Kaufmann, Johan Reuter, Robert Dean Smith, Sarah Maria Sun, Violeta Urmana and Olivia Vermeulen, he has performed at the Salzburg Festival, the Schubertiad in Schwarzenberg, the festivals in Lucerne, Munich, Edinburgh and Tokyo, La Scala in Milan, the opera houses in Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, Paris, Brussels, London's Wigmore Hall and the Berlin Philharmonie.

He has given many premiere performances and worked closely alongside such composers as Hans Werner Henze, Wolfgang Rihm, Dieter Schnebel, Jörg Widmann, Manfred Trojahn, Nikolaus Brass and many others in the course of time. He has also performed piano concertos by Xenakis, Staude and Schöllhorn with the Munich Philharmonic, the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and the WDR Symphony Orchestra.

Always keen to discover unknown or adventurous repertoire, Jan Philip Schulze has built up an extensive and multi-faceted discography in recent years. As well as highly acclaimed recordings of piano works by Jörg Widmann and Hans Werner Henze, he has performed early Classical music with the Trio Amédée, piano sextets from France and lieder repertoire from Schubert to Carl Nielsen and Paul Hindemith.





[1] **Lasciatemi morire - Claudio Monteverdi**

(1608, Lamento d'Arianna) Text: Ottavio Rinuccini

Lasciatemi morire,  
Lasciatemi morire;  
E che volete voi che mi conforte  
In così dura sorte,  
In così gran martire?  
Lasciatemi morire.

[2] **listen before i go\* - Billie Eilish**

Lyrics & music: Billie Eilish O'Connell, Finneas Baird  
O'Connell  
Publishing: DRUP, Universal/MCA Music Holland B.V. ©

[3] **Der Tod und das Mädchen, Op. 7/3 D 531**

- **Franz Schubert** Text: Matthias Claudius

*Das Mädchen*

Vorüber! Ach, vorüber!  
Geh wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh Lieber!  
Und rühre mich nicht an.

*Der Tod*

Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebilde!  
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes Muts! ich bin nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

[4] **The curse of Millhaven**

- **Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds**

Text: Nicholas Edward Cave

I live in a town called Millhaven,  
And it's small and it's mean and it's cold,  
But if you come around just as the sun goes down  
You can watch the whole thing turn to gold  
It's around then that I used to go a-roaming  
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie  
All God's children, they all gotta die!  
My name is Loretta but I prefer Lottie  
I'm closing in on my fifteenth year  
And if you think that you've seen a pair of eyes more  
green  
Then you sure haven't seen them around here  
My hair is yellow and I'm always a-combing  
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie  
Mama off' told me that we all got to die!

You must have heard about the Curse of Millhaven,  
How last Christmas Bill Blake's little boy didn't  
come home  
They found him the next week, up in One Mile creek  
With his head bashed in and his pockets full of  
stones  
Well, just imagine all the wailing and moaning  
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie  
Even Bill Blake's boy, he had to die!  
Our little town fell into a state of shock  
A lot of people were saying things that made little  
sense  
Then the next thing you know the head of  
Handyman Joe  
Was found in the fountain of the Mayor's residence  
Foul play can really get a small town going  
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie  
Even God's children, they have to die!  
In a cruel twist of fate, old Mrs. Colgate  
Was stabbed but the job was not complete  
Well, the last thing she said before the cops  
pronounced her dead  
Was, "My killer is Loretta and she lives across the  
street!"  
Twenty cops burst through my door without even

phoning  
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie  
The young ones, the old ones, they all got to die!  
Since I was no bigger than a weevil they've been  
saying I was evil  
That if "bad" was a boot that I'd fit it  
That I'm a wicked young lady, but I've been trying  
hard lately  
O fuck it! I'm a monster! I admit it!  
It makes me so mad that my blood really starts  
a-going  
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie  
Mama always told me that we all gotta die!  
Now I got shrinks that will not rest  
With their endless Rorschach tests  
I keep telling them that I think they're out to get me  
They ask me if I feel remorse and I answer, "Why of  
course!  
There is so much more I could have done if they'd  
let me!"  
So it's Rorschach and Prozac and everything is  
groovy  
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie  
All God's children they all have to die  
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**[5] Der Jüngling und der Tod D. 545**  
**- Franz Schubert**

Text: Joseph von Spaun

*Der Jüngling*

Die Sonne sinkt, o könnt ich mit ihr scheiden,  
Mit ihrem letzten Strahl entfliehen!  
Ach diese namenlosen Qualen meiden  
Und weit in schön're Welten ziehen!  
O komme, Tod, und löse diese Bande!  
Ich lächle dir, o Knochenmann,  
Entführe mich leicht in geträumte Lande!  
O komm und rühre mich doch an!

*Der Tod*

Es ruht sich kühl und sanft in meinen Armen,  
Du rufst, ich will mich deiner Qual erbarmen.

**[6] Dance of the moon in Santiago**  
**- George Crumb**

Text: Federico Garcia Lorca

Behold that gallant, that white cavalier,  
oh, look at his wasted body!

It is the moon that dances  
in the Courtyard of the Dead!  
Oh look at his wasted body,  
blackened with shadows and wolves!

Oh, mother, the moon is dancing  
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

Let me perish, let me die in my sleep  
while dreaming of golden flowers!

Oh, mother, the moon is dancing  
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

My daughter, oh, the wind of the sky  
has made me pale, oh, so pale!

Oh, mother, it's not the wind but the sad moon  
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

Who bellows with a ghastly moan  
of a great melancholy ox?

Oh, mother, it's the moon, the moon  
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

It's the moon, yes the moon  
with its crown of gorse,

that dances and dances,  
and dances and dances,  
and dances and dances and dances  
in the Courtyard of the Dead!

*DANCE OF THE MOON IN SANTIAGO from SUN AND  
SHADOW Copyright © 2010 by C.F. Peters Corporation.  
Music by George Crumb. Words by Federico Garcia Lorca.  
SGAE/BMI. All rights reserved. Lorca poem Copyright ©  
Herederos de Federico Garcia Lorca; translation © Herederos  
de Garcia Lorca and George Crumb*

**[7] In Germany Before the War\***  
**- Randy Newman**

Text: Randy Newman

**[8] The crow\* - Bernhard Lang**

Text: Bernhard Lang

**[9] Ode an den Mord - Danger Dan**

Text: Daniel Pogrutz

Eine wichtige Errungenschaft in weiten Teilen dieser  
Welt

Bereits seit langem juristisch verankert, das Verbot

Von Mord, ob sei er meuchlerisch und grauenhafter  
Art  
Oder dezent, im Resultat ist immer irgendjemand tot  
Als Gegenstand der Diskussion, rein ethisch eher  
langweilig vermutlich

Mal Details beiseite, sind wir einer Meinung  
Entgegen handwerklich, also mit Augenmerk auf  
Kreativität

Und Präzision in seiner Praxis lässt sich streiten  
Welcher Mord der beste sei

Als Frage eher nicht so nebenbei beim Abendbrot als  
Thema oft empfohlen wird

Aber wer hat nicht doch heimlich einen Favoriten  
Zwischen etlichen Methoden alphabetisch hier  
sortiert

Abstürzen, brechen, chemisch reagieren lassen,  
drosseln

Elefant draufstellen, Feuer legen, funktioniert  
Gift, Hammer, Igelstachel, Jagdgewehr, Kanone,

Lanze

Marterpfahl und Nagelschussgerät, inspiriert  
Opfern, pfählen, quälen, raspeln, sägen, trampeln,  
untertauchen

Oder gleich versenken, jedem Mörder bleibt die Wahl  
Mit XY gibt es nix, doch zur Recherche mir ein

Mörder

„Aktenzeichen XY ungelöst“ empfahl  
Zermahlen, zersägen, zerquetschen, zerbeißen  
Zerreißen, zermörsern, lebendig zementieren  
Schreiben Sie mir bitte einen Brief mit einem Foto  
Und der Mordmethode, welche Sie persönlich  
präferieren

*Printed with permission of Antilopen Gang GbR • Pongratz,  
Pongratz & Podkowik*

#### [10] Charlie Rutlage - Charles Ives

Music: Charles Ives (1874-1954) Text: Traditional,  
collected by John Avery Lomax (1867-1948)

Another good cowpuncher has gone to meet his fate,  
I hope he'll find a resting place, within the golden  
gate.

Another place is vacant on the ranch of the X I T,  
'Twill be hard to find another that's liked as well  
as he.

The first that died was Kid White, a man both tough  
and brave,

While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to be sent  
to his grave,  
Caused by a cowhorse falling, while running after  
stock;

'Twas on the spring round up, a place where death  
men mock,  
He went forward one morning on a circle through  
the hills,  
He was gay and full of glee, and free from earthly ills;  
But when it came to finish up the work on which he  
went,

Nothing came back from him; his time on earth was  
spent.

'Twas as he rode the round up, a XIT turned back  
to the herd;  
Poor Charlie shoved him in again, his cutting horse  
he spurred;

Another turned; at that moment his horse the  
creature spied  
And turned and fell with him, beneath poor Charlie  
died,

His relations in Texas his face never more will see,  
But I hope he'll meet his loved ones beyond in  
eternity,

I hope he'll meet his parents, will meet them face  
to face,

And that they'll grasp him by the right hand at the  
shining throne of grace.

*Source of text [https://bampsongfoundation.org/resource/  
charles-ives/#charlie](https://bampsongfoundation.org/resource/charles-ives/#charlie)*

#### [11] Death is just around the corner\* - Andrew Lippa

Text: Andrew Lippa

#### [12] The Wonderful Widow of 18 Springs - John Cage

Text: James Joyce

Night by silent sailing night,  
Isobel,  
wildwoods eyes and primarose hair,  
quietly,  
all the woods so wild  
in mauves of moss and dahne dews  
how all so still she lay  
'neath of the white thorn,  
child of tree  
like some lost happy leaf  
like blowing flower stilled  
as fain would she anon  
for soon again 'twill be,  
win me, woo me, wed me,  
ah! weary me  
deeply,  
now even calm lay sleeping

night,  
Isobel,  
Sister Isobel,  
Saintette Isobel,  
Madame Isa Veuve La Belle.  
*from James Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake'*

#### [13] Nachtlied Op. 96/1 - Robert Schumann

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest Du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

#### [14- 15] Zwei Gedichte von Marina Zwetajewa\* - Wolfgang Rihm

Text: Marina Zwetajewa, translation Waldemar Dege

**[16] Urlicht - Gustav Mahler**

Text: Anonymus

O Röschen rot,  
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not,  
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein,  
Je lieber möcht ich im Himmel sein.  
Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg,  
Da kam ein Engellein und wollt mich abweisen,  
Ach nein ich liess mich nicht abweisen.  
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,  
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,  
Wird leuchten mir bis an das ewig selig Leben.

**[17] Befreit Op. 39/4 - Richard Strauss**

Text: Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise  
wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise  
geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.  
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,  
ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;  
O Glück!  
Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen  
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,

läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.  
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,  
ich will es ihnen wieder geben;  
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,  
wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,  
so gab' ich dich der Welt zurück!  
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen  
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen;  
O Glück!

**[18] Extase - Henri Duparc**

Text: Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort  
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...  
Mort exquise, mort parfumée  
Du souffle de la bien-aimée ...

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort  
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...

**[19-22] 4 Gesänge, Op.2 - Alban Berg**

**[19] Schlafen, Schlafen**

**[Dem Schmerz sein Recht]**

Text: Christian Friedrich Hebbel

Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen!  
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!  
Jener Wehen, die mich trafen,  
Leisestes Erinnern kaum.  
Daß ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle  
Niederklingt in meine Ruh',  
Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,  
Fester zu die Augen tu'!

**[20] Schlafend trägt man mich [Der Glühende]**

Text: Alfred Mombert

Schlafend trägt man mich  
in mein Heimatland.  
Ferne komm' ich her,  
über Gipfel, über Schlünde,  
über ein dunkles Meer  
in mein Heimatland.

**[21] Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand**

Text: Alfred Mombert

Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand,  
mich aus dem dunkelsten Land  
heimfand  
an einer weißen Märchenhand -  
Hallen schwer die Glocken.  
Und ich wanke durch die Gassen  
schlafbefangen.

**[22] Warm die Lüfte**

Text: Alfred Mombert

Warm die Lüfte,  
es sprießt Gras auf sonnigen Wiesen.  
Horch!-  
Horch, es flötet die Nachtigall...  
Ich will singen:  
Droben hoch im düstern Bergforst,  
es schmilzt und glitzert kalter Schnee,  
ein Mädchen im grauen Kleide  
lehnt am feuchten Eichstamm,  
krank sind ihre zarten Wangen,  
die grauen Augen fiebern

durch Düsterriesenstämme.  
“Er kommt noch nicht. Er läßt mich warten”...  
Stirb!

Der Eine stirbt, daneben der Andere lebt:  
Das macht die Welt so tiefschön.

**[23] Als ik dood ben lig ik onder gras**

- **Jan Vermeulen**

Text: Jan Vermeulen

als ik dood ben  
lig ik onder gras  
langzaam word ik één  
met de wildernis  
uit mijn ogen  
groeit dan wuivend riet  
nieuwe minnaars vleien zich behoedzaam  
boven op mij en voorzichtig  
sluit ik mijn zachte stengels  
om hen heen  
en met een gevederde tak  
fluister ik in de lucht  
waarom blijf je niet altijd bij mij  
zwaluw waarheen is je vlucht

**From Lieder des Abschieds Op. 14.**  
- **Erich Wolfgang Korngold**

**[24] Sterbelied**

Text: Christina Rossetti, translated by Alfred Kerr

Laß Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,  
laß du von Klagen ab.  
Statt Rosen und Cypressen  
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.  
Ich schlafe still im Zwielichtschein  
in schwerer Dämmernis -  
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein  
und wenn du willst, vergiß.  
Ich fühle nicht den Regen,  
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,  
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,  
die in den Büschen klagt.  
Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner,  
die Erdenwelt verblich.  
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,  
vielleicht vergaß ich dich.

**[25] Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen**

Text: Edith Ronsperger

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen,  
Daß nun von mir zu dir kein Weg mehr führ',  
Daß du vorübergehst an meiner Türe  
In ferne, stumme, ungekannte Gassen.  
Wär' es mein Wunsch, daß mir dein Bild erbleiche,  
Wie Sonnenglanz, von Nebeln aufgetrunken,  
Wie einer Landschaft frohes Bild, versunken  
Im glatten Spiegel abendlicher Teiche?  
Der Regen fällt. Die müden Bäume triefen.  
Wie welches Laub verweh'n viel Sonnenstunden.  
Noch hab' ich in mein Los mich nicht gefunden  
Und seines Dunkels uferlose Tiefen.

**[26] Mond, so gehst du wieder auf**

Text: Ernst Lothar

Mond, so gehst du wieder auf  
Über'm dunklen Tal der ungeweinten Tränen?  
Lehr, so lehr's mich doch, mich nicht nach ihr zu  
sehen,  
Blaß zu machen Blutes Lauf,  
Dies Leid nicht zu erleiden,  
Aus zweier Menschen Scheiden.  
Sieh', in Nebel hüllst du dich.  
Doch verfinstern kannst du nicht den Glanz der  
Bilder,  
Die mir weher jede Nacht erweckt und wilder.  
Ach! Im Tiefsten fühle ich:  
Das Herz, das sich muß't trennen,  
Wird ohne Ende brennen.

\*Text is not cleared for publication.

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CC72835

Dirty Minds

**SCHUBERT | WOLF | SCHOENBERG | EISLER**

**Olivia Vermeulen** mezzo-soprano **Jan Philip Schulze** piano

This Recording was produced, engineered and edited using the 'High Quality Musical Mastering' principle with the use of Sonodore microphones, Avalon Acoustic & Musikelectronic Geithain monitoring, Siltech Mono-Crystal cabling and dCS - & Merging Technologies converters.



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## Deutschlandfunk Kultur

Jan Philip Schulze plays Steinway D pianos and his vintage KORG CX3 stage organ from 2000.

We would like to give very special thanks to Margreet Honig, Richard Stokes and to our musical partners Andre Heuvelmans, Hannah Meyer, Moeto Jablonski, Freya Müller & Johannes Schwarz.

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