

Franz Joseph Haydn

(1732-1809)

XII Lieder für das Clavier (43:20)

Erster Teil (Hob. XXVla:1-12; 1781)

- 1 1. Das strickende Mädchen (4:08)
- 2 2. Cupido (3:07)
- 3 3. Der erste Kuß (3:03)
- 4 4. Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte (2:23)
- 5 5. Die Verlassene (6:15)
- 6 6. Der Gleichsinn (3:46)
- 7 7. An Iris (4:53)
- 8 8. An Thyrsis (2:11)
- 9 9. Trost unglücklicher Liebe (5:08)
- 10 10. Die Landlust (1:15)
- 11 11. Liebeslied (4:04)
- 12 12. Die zu späte Ankunft der Mutter (2:24)

Arianna a Naxos *Cantata a voce sola* (17:24)

(Hob. XXVlb:2 1789-90)

- 13 Adagio (5:23)
- 14 Aria (4:17)
- 15 Recitativo (4:03)
- 16 Aria (3:35)

Andrea Folan, soprano
Tom Beghin, fortepiano

Total Time: 60:51

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Notes by James Webster

German Songs (1781)

The Viennese *lied* before Schubert is a largely unknown chapter of music history, even though Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven all composed many fine examples. Haydn's chief effort in this genre -- the later English "canzonettas" are a different story -- comprises two sets of German lieder from the first half of the 1780s, of which the first (Hob. XXVla:1-12; 1781) is recorded here.

Haydn's original intention had been to offer an intimate *hommage* to Prince Esterházy. In a letter to his publisher Artaria of May 27, 1781, he requested that they appear with the following dedication:

Collection of German Songs for Piano, dedicated, with particular respect, to
Mademoiselle Clair, by Joseph Haydn, Princely Esterházy kapellmeister

"Between you and me," he added, "this mademoiselle is the idol of my prince. Doubtless you understand what kind of impression these things make!" In the event, however -- had the prince already tired of his "idol," or had Haydn concluded that so public an acknowledgement of their relationship would be imprudent? -- they were dedicated to Franziska Liebe von Kreutzner, whose father, a recently ennobled music-lover, the following year commissioned Haydn's *Missa Cellensis* (Hob. XXII:8).

These lieder were very popular in Haydn's lifetime. He himself set great store by them; in the same letter he asserted that "my lieder, through their variety, naturalness, and beautiful and grateful melodies, will perhaps surpass all others." In fact, he was competing with Viennese contemporaries who had recently published similar lieder, primarily Leopold Hofmann. In a letter of July 20, Haydn noted that the texts of (Nos. 8-10)

have [previously] been composed by Kapellmeister Hofmann (but, between us, miserably). Because this braggart believes he is the only one to have ascended Parnassus, and tries at every opportunity to disgrace me in the eyes of a certain high personage, I have set the same texts, in order to show that

personage of high pretensions just where the difference lies....

After they are completed I will sing them myself, in the best houses. A master must see to his rights by his presence and by correct performance [*wahrer Vortrag*]. To be sure, they are only songs--but not Hofmannesque street songs [*Gassenlieder*], where can be found neither ideas nor expression, and melody least of all.

The identity of the unpleasant "high personage" is unknown; possibly it was the Emperor Joseph II himself, who often favored his own kapellmeister, Hofmann, over Haydn.

Particularly interesting is Haydn's insistence on assuring the favorable reception of his songs through his "correct," personal performance (see the note on performance practice, below). In fact, he was well-known for his pure, if light, voice, and often sang in socially elevated circles.

These lieder stand in close chronological and stylistic proximity to Haydn's famous String Quartets Op.33, composed in the second half of 1781. Although they may at first seem simple -- relatively short, "strophic" (the same music repeated for all the text-stanzas), the piano right-hand largely doubling the voice -- on repeated hearing their rich expression and subtle construction become increasingly evident. Haydn strove for variety of mood and expression: in October he wrote Artaria regarding the second set: "I'd very much like...three new, tender song-texts (or they can be sad), because most of the others are cheerful in expression. In any case, I need light and shade, as in the first set."

Indeed, only four of our songs are simple or unitary in mood: the mildly risqué Nos. 4 (*An All-Too Common Story*) and 12 (*The Mother's Belated Arrival*; Haydn feared, unnecessarily as it turned out, that the latter would run afoul of the censors); and the pastoral Nos. 8 (*To Thyrsis*) and 10 (*Country Pleasure*). The outwardly cheerful Nos. 1 (*The Knitting Maid*), 2 (*Cupid*), and 6 (*Indifference*) portray, respectively, a virtuous maid who ignores an unwelcome suitor, love (and lovesickness), and a suitor who feigns indifference out of fear that his love will be unrequited. And the remaining love-songs are serious: Nos. 3 (a "first kiss" that leads to bliss, in ravishing music), 7 (*To Iris*; another reluctant suitor), and 11 (*Love Song*; a "hoping heart" finds love only in death). Finally, Haydn sets two despairing texts in the minor: No. 5 (*The Abandoned Woman*) in G minor, with a recitative-like piano introduction and a daring fluidity of key-structure; and No. 9 (*Comfort for Unhappy Love*) in F minor, a deeply-felt, "interior" meditation, with striking word-paintings on the word *tötef*

("kills").

Haydn's description of these lieder as "mere" songs implies no denigration, but a comparison with opera and oratorio. In fact, they are miniature jewels of expression and wit. One example must serve. In No. 12, Hylas seduces Rosalis; she cries out; her mother rushes in -- but Rosalis calmly tells her, "It's all over; you may as well go!" The piano introduction is a symmetrical period, 4+4 bars in 2/4 meter, which however will not fit the three-foot amphibrachs (weak-strong-weak) of the first couplet of each stanza. Sure enough, the singer enters one bar "too late," on the *second* bar; the singer's three-bar phrases not only conflict with the piano (suggesting the unstable situation), but hint at the larger drama: Rosalis's mother also enters--too late!

Arianna a Naxos

The story of Ariadne (Arianna) has been one of the most popular subjects for opera and cantata since the early 17th century. Ariadne, a Cretan princess, gave her Greek lover Theseus the magic thread that enabled him to escape from the labyrinth after killing the Minotaur; they fled together; but he soon abandoned her on the rocky island of Naxos. The mythical Ariadne was eventually rescued by Dionysus; most operatic versions adopt this (or another) happy ending. Cantatas, however -- restricted to a single scene (and doubtless influenced by Monteverdi's magnificent operatic fragment *Il Lamento d'Arianna*) -- often ended tragically, with Ariadne abandoned to her fate. This is the case in Georg Benda's famous melodrama *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1775; often performed in Vienna in the 1780s), and in Haydn's great cantata as well.

Arianna most likely dates from 1789, and if so from late in the year. The earliest surviving documentation is of performances in January, 1790, in Vienna, at the salon of Haydn's close friend Maria Anna von Genzinger, where it was sung by her sixteen-year-old daughter Josepha ("Peperl"), presumably with Haydn at the piano. He was much concerned with the young lady's vocal technique; on February 9, he wrote from Eszterháza that "my good friend *Fräulein* Peperl will (I hope) be reminded of her teacher [Haydn] by singing the cantata frequently, especially as regards clear declamation and correct vocal production; for it would be a crime if so beautiful a voice remained hidden in her chest." And on March 14: "I am delighted that my favorite *Arianna* is well received at the Schottenhof [the Genzinger's residence]; but I do recommend that *Fräulein* Peperl articulate the words clearly, especially

the passage 'chi tanto amai'" (the second vocal strain of the concluding presto). Despite much speculation, there is no evidence that Haydn composed *Arianna* "for" any other singer, although he produced it in London with the castrato Gasparo Pacchierotti. Indeed, the *Arianna* implies orchestral accompaniment; indeed Haydn once promised the English publisher John Bland to arrange it for orchestra. But he never produced such an arrangement relatively low notated range (b to g^b) implies that it was not intended for an operatic *prima donna*.

The piano part is elaborate and obbligato throughout. This, combined with its *accompagnato* recitative style (drawn from *opera seria*), has led to the belief that; in any case there is no evidence that, in its original form, he conceived of it as anything other than a piano-vocal work.

The cantata comprises a double recitative-aria pair (four main sections in all); this was a common form for solo cantatas throughout the 18th century. It is through-composed; there is no large-scale repetition of either text or music, and the tonal succession is: E-flat (ending in G *minor*); B-flat; free modulation; F *major/minor*. The form is further elaborated by long piano introductions to the first, second, and fourth sections (whereas the third begins following an abrupt breaking-off). In the recitatives the piano presents the lion's share of the musical material, while the voice declaims the text dramatically. The introduction to the opening section (i.e., to the work as a whole) is the longest of all; it is dominated by several contrasting motives that simultaneously rise and fall, portraying Arianna's mixed hope and despair. Hardly a metaphor or "sensitive" word in the text lacks musical depiction; the best way to appreciate this music is to follow the text closely while listening.

The arias, by contrast, deploy the full resources of Haydn's set-piece style. The first, Largo *alla breve* in B-flat, again portraying Arianna's simultaneous hope and fear, alternates tender melody with sliding chromaticisms. The final aria conveys the same duality in a more drastic fashion. It is in two contrasting parts: a long, slow, "formal" paragraph in F *major*, with a brief modulation to and cadence in the dominant; and a wild Presto rage-aria in F *minor*. The latter hurtles to its violent conclusion, following which the very brief piano postlude, astonishingly, concludes with a final chord of F *major*. No mere "Picardy third," this seals Arianna's fate with devastating finality.

James Webster is Professor of Music at Cornell University. His many publications about Haydn include *Haydn Studies* (Norton), *Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony and the Idea of Classical Style* (Cambridge University Press), and the article on Haydn in the forthcoming revised edition of *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

A NOTE ON THE PERFORMANCE OF HAYDN'S GERMAN SONGS

In *Lieder*, it can be necessary to introduce variations; for it happens that words which fall on the same notes in one verse may require somewhat more emphasis and sensitive expression than those of another verse. In such a case, a singer may alter a melody which the composer has set the same way for all stanzas by means of appropriate variations.

(Johann Abraham Peter Schultz, writing for J.G. Sulzer's *Allgemeine Theorie der schönen Künste* of 1774)

If the singer is encouraged to vary the vocal line of strophic songs in view of a different expression, might not the keyboard player be expected to change the accompaniment accordingly? And should it only be the singer who varies the melodic line shared by both?

An 18th century song was often performed by one person. The title, *Lieder für das Clavier*, suggests such a performance: the lady of the house entertaining guests at a private occasion, accompanying herself at a keyboard. Indeed, Haydn himself sang and played some of his English canzonettas as a guest of King George III in London in 1795, and we may presume that he did the same when performing these *lieder* "in the best houses" (cf. the previous note). The layout of the text was actually designed for such a performance: only one staff was printed for both the instrumental right hand and the vocal part.

In this recording Andrea Folan and I have tried to recapture this close interaction of vocal and instrumental lines as two sides of one 'persona'. As a result, alternating with the voice, the piano right hand embellishes the vocal line as well, fills up a fermata here and there, changes or even improvises a new interlude.

The variants sung and played were sometimes improvised and sometimes worked out during rehearsals and recording sessions. Following are two examples:

In *Cupido* (No. 2) Haydn has the keyboard respond to the opening line, "Do you know, little girl, who Cupid is?" by a rising B-major scale, imitating the inflection of a question. In the second verse, on the word *schnell* (fast), I have extended this figure to include a 'rocket'. The triplets in the third verse were inspired by the image of *rund* (round). And for the words *Qual und Pein* (torment and pain) of the fourth verse, we both changed the harmony chromatically. We don't know whether Haydn would have done the same, but we trust that he would not have disapproved.

In the accompaniment of the opening verse of *Eine sehr gewöhnliche Geschichte* (No. 4) Haydn wittily paints Phylint's knocking on the door. I imagine that in his own performance Haydn might have depicted Phylint's complaint and anguish of the second and third verses equally effectively. I have tried to do so by 'Seufzer'-figures and syncopations.

This approach can modify our understanding of the history of the "strophic song"; it abrogates the distinction between what we now call a "strictly" strophic and a "modified-strophic" song. What Mattheson in 1739 had presented as a composer's problem, namely how to make one piece of music serve for several verses, may by the end of the century have become a performer's challenge instead: how to adapt one's singing and playing to a changing text. We find reinforcement for this hypothesis in the published form of at least three of Haydn's later English canzonettas: *Pleasing Pain* (1794), *Sailor's Song* and *The Wanderer* (1795). Here Haydn writes out something like what I conceive a Viennese performer *anno* 1781 would have improvised: in their second verses Haydn changes the pattern of the accompaniment, varies the interludes or adds a third voice to an originally two-voice texture.

--Tom Beghin, June 1995

XII Lieder

[1] Das strickende Mädchen

"Und hörst du, kleine Phyllis, nicht
Der Vöglein süßes Lied?
Sie singen, sie antworten sich,
Da mich dein' Antwort flieht."
Phyllis, ohne Sprach' und Wort,
Saß und strickte ruhig fort.

"In deinen Augen herrscht der Gott
Der Lieb' und zaubert blind;
In deinem Herzen schlummert er
Wie ein unschuldig Kind."
Phyllis, ohne Sprach' und Wort,
Saß und strickte ruhig fort.

"So manchen Tag, so manches Jahr
Schlich ich dir einsam nach;
Und nie ein Wort und nie ein Blick -
Soll ich verzweifeln? Ach! -"
Auf stand Phyllis ohne Wort,
Ging und strickte ruhig fort.

[2] Cupido

Weißt du, mein kleines Mägdelein,
Wer wohl Cupido ist?
Er ist ein kleines Knäbelein,

The Knitting Maid

"Little Phyllis, don't you hear
The little birds' sweet song?
They sing, they answer each other,
But your answer evades me."
Phyllis, without speech or word,
Sat and calmly knitted on.

"In your eyes the god of love rules
And bewitches me to blindness;
In your heart he sleeps
Like an innocent child."
Phyllis, without speech or word,
Sat and calmly knitted on.

"For many a day, for many a year
Lonely I crawled after you;
And never a word, never a glance -
should I despair? Ah! -"
Phyllis stood without a word
Left, and calmly knitted on.

Cupid

Do you know, my little girl,
Who Cupid is?
He is a little boy,

Voll Argheit, Schwänk' und List

Zwei Flüglein hat das lose Kind,
Damit fliegt es gar schnell:
Ob es schon ist an Äuglein blind,
Sieht's dennoch scharf und hell.

Rückwärts hängt ihm ein Körcherlein,
Wohl auch ein Bogen rund,
Mit dem schießt's tief ins Herz hinein
Und macht dir's liebenswund.

Dann seufzt und weint dein armes Herz,
Leidet große Qual and Pein,
Und nichts kann stillen dir den Schmerz,
Ein Männlein nur allein.

Ach, Liebchen, fleuch sein Schelmenspiel
Und traue und bau ihm nicht;
Er schießt der Herzen allzuviel,
Der kleine Bösewicht.

[3] Der erste Kuß

Leiser nannt' ich deinen Namen;
Und mein Auge warb um dich:
Liebe Chloe! Näher kamen
Unser beider Herzen sich.

Und du nanntest meinen Namen:
Hoffen ließ dein Auge mich:
Liebe Chloe! Näher kamen.

Full of cunning, tricks, and artifice.

The mischievous child has two little wings,
With which he can fly very fast:
And if his eyes be blind,
he still sees sharp and clear.

On his back hangs a little basket,
And also a round bow,
With which he shoots deep into your heart
And inflicts a wound of love.

Then your poor heart sobs and cries,
Suffers great torture and sorrow,
And nothing can still your ache,
Except a man.

Ah, love, flee his roguish game,
And do not trust or encourage him;
He shoots the heart all too often,
That little scoundrel.

The First Kiss

Softly I spoke your name;
And my eye courted you:
Dear Chloe! Closer came
Both our hearts to one another.

And you spoke my name;
Your eyes led me to hope:
Dearest Chloe! Closer came

Schöner als ein Frühlingstag:
Wenn sie mein dabei vergißt,
Was frag' ich, wie schön sie ist?

Sollt' ich voller Sorg' und Pein
Um ein sanftes Mädchen sein,
Deren Herz Empfindung hegt
Und für Lieb' und Freundschaft schlägt?
Sanft sei sie, und sanfter noch
Als ein Täubchen; mag sie doch!
Wenn mein Arm sie nicht umschließt,
Was frag' ich, wie sanft sie ist?

Sollt' ich voller Sorg' und Pein
Um ein frommes Mädchen sein?
Tötete der Wert von ihr
Meines Werts Gefühl in mir?
Immer sei sie tugendreich,
Engeln und Göttinnen gleich:
Bleibt sie fromm, auch wenn sie küßt,

Was frag' ich, wie fromm sie ist?

Sollt' ich voller Sorg' und Pein
Um ein reiches Mädchen sein?
Angeflammt von Geldbegier,
Trachten tausend schon nach ihr:
Wenn sie dann, von Stolz gebläht,
Arme Redlichkeit verschmäht,
Liebe nur nach Reichtum mißt
Was frag' ich, wie reich sie ist?

Prettier than a spring day:
But if she then forgets me,
What do I care how pretty she is?

Should I be filled with worry and concern
Over a gentle girl,
Whose heart is sensitive
And beats with love and friendship?
Gentle she may be, gentler even
Than a dove; how I'd like that!
But if my arm cannot close around her
What do I care how gentle she is?

Should I be filled with worry and concern
Over a pious girl?
Would her worthiness
Kill my sense of worthiness?
She may be always full of goodness,
On a par with angels and goddesses:
But if she remains pious even when she
 kisses,
What do I care how pious she is?

Should I be filled with worry and concern
over a rich girl?
Enflamed by greed
Thousands are already flocking to her:
If she then, inflated by pride
Scorns modest sincerity,
Measures love only by riches,
What do I care how rich she is?

Reizend, zärtlich, fromm und reich
Alles, Mädchen, gilt mir gleich;
Liebst du mich, so streb' ich eh,
Als ich dich verlassen seh';
Doch verachtest du mein Flehn,
Wohl, auch ich kann dich verschmähn!
Wenn dein Herz für mich nicht ist,
Was frag' ich, für wen du bist?

[7] An Iris

Ein Liedchen vom Lieben verlangst du von
 mir?
Gern, reizende Iris, gern säng' ich es dir;
Doch zärtlichen Herzen
Bringt Liebe nur Schmerzen;
Gefühvolles Mädchen, drum schweig' ich
 von ihr.

Doch ach! Mit unendlicher Traurigkeit
 ringt
Ein Herz, das die Lieb' auch mit Rosen
 umschlingt!
Kaum ist man gebunden,
So zögern die Stunden
Von ängstlichen Tränen und Seufzern
 umringt!

Drum, reizendes Mädchen, drum singt
 mein Gedicht
Das Süße der zaubrischen Liebe dir nicht;

Charming, gentle, pious and rich,
All, maiden, are unimportant to me;
If you love me, I'd rather die
Than see you abandoned;
But if you scorn my pleading
Well then, I can also spurn you!
If your heart is not mine,
What do I care whose it is?

To Iris

You ask me for a little song about love?

Gladly, charming Iris, I'd sing it for you;
But love only brings pain
To gentle hearts;
Tender girl, therefore I will refrain.

But, ah! With endless sorrow wrestles

A heart that crowns love also with roses!

Hardly is one committed
When the hours begin to drag,
surrounded by fearful tears and sobs.

Therefore, charming girl, my poem will not
 sing to you
Of the sweetness of magical love;

Denn zärtlichen Herzen
Bringt Liebe nur Schmerzen;
Gefühlvolles Mädchen, drum sing' ich sie
nicht.

[8] An Thyrsis

Eilt, ihr Schäfer, aus den Gründen,
Eilt zu meinem Thyrsis hin,
Und, sobald ihr ihn könnt finden,
Sagt, daß ich ihm günstig bin;
Sagt, was er mir mitgenommen,
Nennt die Freiheit und mein Herz;
Sagt, er soll auch wiederkommen.
Denn man treibt damit nicht Scherz

Eilt, und sagt dem lieben Hirten,
Daß ihn Doris nicht mehr neckt,
Nicht mehr zwischen jenen Myrten
Sich verrätrisch ihm versteckt.
Sagt, daß ich in jene Rinde,
Schmerzen meiner Liebe schnitt,
Daß ich alles nun empfinde
Was für mich der Arme litt.

Ach, an meinem jungen Leben
Zehret schon der Liebe Gram.
Sagt, er soll mir wiedergeben,
Was er mir so grausam nahm.

For love only brings pain
To gentle hearts;
Tender girl, therefore I will not sing of it.

To Thyrsis

Hurry, shepherds, from the land,
Hurry to my Thyrsis,
And as soon as you can find him,
Tell him that I am willing;
Tell him that he has taken from me
My freedom and my heart;
Tell him he should return
For one does not play games in these
matters

Hurry, and tell the dear shepherd
That Doris will no longer tease him,
No longer deceitfully hide herself from him
Amongst the myrtle.
Tell him that in that very bark
I carved my love's pain,
That I myself now feel
What the poor wretch suffered because of
me.

Ah, my young life
Is already consumed by love's sadness.
Tell him he should return to me
What he so cruelly took.

Soll mich länger nicht mehr kränken;
Denn ich könnt' am nächsten Baum
Voll Verzweiflung mich erheken,
Aber sagt ihm - nur im Traum!

[9] Trost unglücklicher Liebe

Ihr mißvergnügten Stunden,
Wie groß ist eure Zahl!
So mehrt nur Schmerz und Wunden
Und tötet mich einmal!
Ihr aber, sanfte Triebe,
Kömmt, schlaft nur mit mir ein;
Denn jenes, was ich liebe,
Wird doch nicht meine sein.

Dort, unter Himmels Lauben,
Find' ich, Geliebte, dich:
O wonniglicher Glauben!
Du nährst und stärkest mich,
Du hauchest meinem Herzen
Neukräftigs Leben ein
Und milderst mir den Schmerzen,
Die Qual, ein Mensch zu sein.

[10] Die Landlust

Entfernt von Gram und Sorgen
Erwach' ich jeden Morgen,
Wenn ich vorher die Nacht
Vergnügend zugebracht.
Die Freiheit meiner Seelen

That he should no longer torture me:
Because I could, out of desperation,
Hang myself on the nearest tree,
But tell him - only in a dream!

Comfort for Unhappy Love

You hours of dissatisfaction,
How numerous you are!
My pain and wounds only multiply
And will finally kill me!
But you, soft desires,
Come fall asleep with me;
For that which I love
Will not be mine.

There, under Heaven's bowers,
Beloved, I will find you:
O blissful faith!
You feed and strengthen me,
You breathe into my heart
New strengthened life
And lessen my pain,
The torture of being human.

Country Pleasure

Free from sadness and cares
I awaken every morning
When I have spent
The previous night pleasureably.
My soul's freedom

Ist mir das höchste Gut,
Und ohne mich zu quälen,
bleib' ich bei gleichem Mut.

Seh' ich bei Feldschalmeien
Das Landvolk sich erfreuen,
Misch' ich mich in die Reihn
Der Dörferinnen ein.
Und heb' im leichten Schwunge
Mein Dirnchen flink empor;
Mir tut's kein Bauernjunge
An Mut und Lust zuvor.

[11] Liebeslied

So lang, ach, schon so lang erfüllt
Ein Bild, ein liebes Engelsbild,
So hold, so sanft, so schön, so zart,
Dies Herz, das immer hofft und harrt.

Getröst! Du liebes krankes Herz!
Getröst! Bald endigt sich dein Schmerz.
Bald schickt der Himmel Ruh herab
Und schließt dich ein ins stille Grab.

[12] Die zu späte Ankunft der Mutter

Beschattet von blühenden Ästen,
Gekühlet von spielenden Westen,
Lag Rosilis am Bache hier
Und Hylas neben ihr.

Is my greatest gift,
And without torturing myself,
I keep up my spirits.

If I see at a harvest festival
The farmers enjoying themselves
I join the ranks
Of the townswomen.
And nimbly lift my dirndl
In a light swing;
No farmboy can surpass me
In courage or gaiety.

Love Song

For so long, ah, how long
A picture, a dear picture of an angel,
So lovely, so soft, so pretty, so gentle,
has filled this hopefully waiting heart.

Be comforted! You dear sick heart!
Be comforted! Soon your pain will end.
Soon Heaven will send you peace
And enclose you in the silent grave.

The Mother's Belated Arrival

Shadowed by blooming branches,
Cooled by the playful West Wind,
Rosilis lay by the stream,
And Hylas next to her.

Sie sangen sich scherzende Lieder
Sie warf ihn mit Blumen, er wieder;
Sie neckte ihn, er neckte sie
Wer weiß wie lang' und wie.

Vom Lenz und von Liebe gerühret,
Ward Hylas zum Küssen verführet;
Er küßte sie, er drückte sie,
Daß sie um Hülfe schrie.

Die Mutter kam eilend und fragte,
Was Hylas für Frevel hier wagte;
Die Tochter rief: Es ist geschehn!
Ihr könnt nun wieder gehn.

They sang playful songs for each other,
She draped him with flowers, he her;
She teased him, he teased her,
Who knows for how long.

Moved by spring and love,
Hylas was inspired to kiss her;
He kissed her, he embraced her,
Until she called for help.

Her mother came quickly and asked
What mischief Hylas had dared;
Her daughter cried: It has happened!
You can go now.

Arianna a Naxos

[13] Teseo mio ben, dove sei? dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareva,
ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.
Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora,
e l'erbe e i fior colora Febo
uscendo dal mar col crine aurato.
Sposo, sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè?

Forse le fere ad inseguir ti chiama
il tuo nobile ardor.

Ah vieni, o caro,
ed offrirò più grata preda a tuoi lacci.
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora
costante,

stringi con nodo più tenace,
e più bella la face
splenda del nostro amor.

Soffrir non posso d'esser da te divisa un sol
istante

Ah di vederti, o caro, già mi strugge il desio;
ti sospira il mio cor. vieni, idol mio.

[14] Dove sei, mio bel tesoro,
chi t'involò a questo cor?
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,
né resisto al mio dolor.
Se pietàde avete, oh Dei,
secondate i voti miei,
a me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei, Teseo, dove sei?

Theseus, my dear, where are you?
Close by, I thought,
but a flattering, false dream has fooled me.
Already the sky is flooded by rosy Aurora,
grass and flowers are colored by Phoebus,
who rises from the sea with a golden mane.
Beloved husband, where has your path
taken you?

Perhaps your noble ardor has tempted you
to chase wild beasts.

Ah, come, beloved, I will give you a prey
more grateful for your snares.
Loving Ariadne's always adoring heart,

bind with an ever stronger bond,
and let the torch of our love
shine brighter.

I cannot bear to be parted from you a single
moment.

Ah, the desire to see you consumes me;
my heart sighs for you. Come, my beloved.

Where are you, my beautiful treasure?
Who steals you from this heart?
If you do not come, I must die,
for I cannot bear my grief.
If you are merciful, oh gods,
hear my prayers,
let my love return to me.
Where are you, Theseus, where are you?

[15] Ma, a chi parlo?

Gli accenti Eco ripete sol.
Teseo non m'ode, Teseo non mi risponde,
e portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.
Poco da me lontano esser egli dovia.
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro
s'alza alpestre scoglio;
ivi lo scoprirò.

Che miro? Oh stelle, misera me,
quest' è l'argivo legno!

Greci son quelli!

Teseo! Ei sulla prora!

Ah m'ingannassi almen...

No, no, non m'inganno.

Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono

Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.

Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta! Teseo!

Ma oimè! vaneggio!

I flutti e il vento

lo involano per sempre agli occhi miei.

Ah siete ingiusti, o Dei,

se l'empio non punite!

Ingrato! Perché ti trassi dalla morte

dunque tu dovevi tradirmi!

E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?

Spergiuro, infido!

hai cor di lasciarmi.

A chi mi volgo, da chi pietà sperar?

But, to whom do I speak?

Echo alone responds

Theseus does not hear, he does not reply,
my voice is carried by wind and wave.
He should not be far from me.

Let me climb the rock
that rears itself high above the rest:
from there I shall see him.

What do I see? Oh heaven, woe is me,
that is the Argive ship!

They are Greeks!

Theseus! He is on the bow!

Oh, that I might be mistaken!

No, I am not mistaken.

He flees, he leaves me here, abandoned.

No more hope, I am betrayed.

Theseus, hear me!

But, alas, I am going mad!

The waves and the wind

carry him from my sight forever.

Ah, you are unjust, oh gods,

if you do not punish this wicked man!

Ungrateful man! Why did I save you from
death

for you then to betray me!

What of your promises and your vows?

Perjuror! Traitor!

How can you have the heart to leave me?

To whom can I turn, from whom hope for
pity?

Già più non reggo, il piè vacilla,
e in così amaro istante sento mancarmi in
sen
l'alma tremante.

[16] Ah che morir vorrei
in sì fatal momento,
ma al mio crudel tormento
mi serba ingiusto il ciel.

Misera abbandonata
non ho chi mi consola.
Chi tanto amai s'invola
barbaro ed infedel.

I can endure no more, my feet falter,
and in such a bitter moment I am numb;
my soul trembles.

Ah, how I wish to die
at this terrible moment,
but in order to cruelly torment me
unjust heaven preserves me.

Poor abandoned woman,
no one can console me.
The one I love is fleeing,
barbarous and unfaithful.

trans. Andrea Folan and Tom Beghin

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Andrea Folan is a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory and did graduate work in performance practice at Mannes College of Music. Ms. Folan's recitals of German song have been heard by audiences throughout the US and Europe, including recent engagements at the Bruges Early Music Festival (Belgium), and a tour of the Netherlands sponsored by the Dutch Network of Early Music. Andrea Folan has performed with numerous period instrument ensembles, including Folger Consort, Apollo's Fire, Mannes Camerata, Genesee Baroque Players, and Publick Music. She is also much in demand as an oratorio soloist, appearing in works including Handel's *Messiah*, Orff's *Carmina Burana*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Bach's Passions and Cantatas. This disc is Andrea Folan's first solo recording.



Tom Beghin is currently completing his doctoral studies in eighteenth century music at Cornell University, where he is a student of Malcolm Bilson. His thesis is devoted to the interpretation of Haydn's keyboard sonatas. Mr. Beghin graduated with honors from the Lemmens Institute of Louvain (Belgium), where he studied piano with Alan Weiss. He was subsequently awarded a scholarship by the Swiss government and the Rotary Foundation which enabled him to work with Rudolf Buchbinder at the Music Academy of Basel. It was at the *Schola Cantorum Basiliensis*, through lessons of Jean Goverts, that he developed an interest in the fortepiano. Mr. Beghin has given recitals at the *Academia Bartolomeo Cristofori* (Florence), *Antverpiano* 1993 (Antwerp), the AMS-Annual Meeting (Montréal, 1993) and the Early Music Festivals at Bruges and Utrecht. In September 1994 he participated in a series of eight concerts featuring all of Beethoven's sonatas on fortepianos at Merkin Hall, New York City. For BRTN-Radio 3 he wrote and presented a series of six programs on Haydn's keyboard sonatas. His recording of Sonatas Hob.XVI:30, 42, 49 and 50 is available on the Eufoda label.

