



Johannes Brahms
Songs of Loss and Betrayal



Simon Wallfisch *baritone*
Edward Rushton *piano*

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

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About Simon Wallfisch and Edward Rushton:

'Wallfisch has a consistently fine way with words [...] his ceaseless shifts in tone create characterisations of quite exceptional vividness'
Gramophone

'Rushton matches his [Simon Wallfisch] verbal dexterity with colourful, insightful playing'
Gramophone

Lieder und Gesänge von G F Daumer, Op. 57

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 1. Von waldbekränzter Höhe | [2:14] |
| 2. Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst | [1:31] |
| 3. Es träumte mir | [2:48] |
| 4. Ach, wende diesen Blick | [1:49] |
| 5. In meiner Nächte Sehnen | [1:27] |
| 6. Strahlt zuweilen auch ein mildes Licht | [1:30] |
| 7. Die Schnur, die Perl an Perle | [2:30] |
| 8. Unbewegte laue Luft | [3:46] |

Fünf Lieder, Op. 105

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| 9. Wie Melodien zieht es mir | [2:02] |
| 10. Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer | [3:15] |
| 11. Klage | [2:09] |
| 12. Auf dem Kirchhofe | [2:32] |
| 13. Verrat | [3:33] |

Fünf Lieder, Op. 94

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 14. Mit vierzig Jahren | [2:57] |
| 15. Steig auf, geliebter Schatten | [2:14] |
| 16. Mein Herz ist schwer | [2:19] |
| 17. Sapphische Ode | [2:14] |
| 18. Kein Haus, keine Heimat | [0:40] |

Lieder und Gesänge, Op. 32

- | | |
|--|--------|
| 19. Wie rafft ich mich auf in der Nacht | [3:44] |
| 20. Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen | [2:57] |
| 21. Ich schleich umher betrübt und stumm | [1:29] |
| 22. Der Strom, der neben mir verzauschte | [1:15] |
| 23. Wehe, so willst du mich wieder | [1:42] |
| 24. Du sprichst, daß ich mich täuschte | [2:38] |
| 25. Bitteres zu sagen denkst du | [1:44] |
| 26. So steh wir, ich und meine Weide | [1:47] |
| 27. Wie bist du, meine Königin | [3:03] |

Total playing time [62:03]



Johannes Brahms: Songs of Loss and Betrayal

Brahms composed songs throughout his career, from the *Sechs Gesänge* Op. 3 in 1852–3 (before his twentieth birthday) to the *Vier ernste Gesänge* Op. 121 in 1896, the last work to appear during his lifetime. The songs on this recording date from 1864 (*Lieder und Gesänge*, Op. 32), 1871 (*Lieder und Gesänge*, Op. 57), 1883–4 (*Fünf Lieder*, Op. 94) and 1886–8 (*Fünf Lieder*, Op. 105). To put these in context, Brahms's instrumental works from broadly the same period as these song sets include the Piano Quintet (1862–4), the Piano Quartet in C minor (1873 and earlier), the Third Symphony (1883) and the A major Violin Sonata (1886). The links between Brahms's vocal and instrumental works are strong. As Eric Sams put it, Brahms was 'above all a musician, seeking an outlet through poetry for his own feeling. His songs are always ready to turn into instrumental music; it is no mere chance that so many of them are echoed in his violin sonatas, nor that they contain so much long-flighted melody and contrapuntal device. This Brahms inhabits that hinterland of the *Lied* where song borders on absolute music.' This is a crucial point: while his contemporary (and savage critic) Hugo Wolf was seeking to create songs that derived their every musical detail from aspects of the poems he set, Brahms viewed the process from a more straightforward – and more specifically musical – point of view: his advice to aspiring song composers was

to 'make sure that together with your melody you compose a strong independent bass.' This difference in approach is reflected in Brahms's choice of poetry. For some of the Op. 32 songs and all of Op. 57, he chose poems by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875) whose verses he also used for the *Liebeslieder Waltzes* and a number of other songs. By no stretch of the imagination can Daumer be considered a great poet, but his texts were ideal for Brahms's purposes, chosen as channels for his own feelings or for evoking a personal memory. As Sams wrote, Brahms chose texts 'less for their intrinsic merit than for relevance to a given topic or mood. Other composers set the words; Brahms uses them to set the tone, or the scene, of his own experience.'

For Brahms poems were usually a stimulus for his own composing imagination rather than as texts to be explored through music. This is well exemplified in 'Wie bist du, meine Königin', the song that ends the **Op. 32** set. The short piano introduction (marked *molto espressivo e dolce*) presents the musical material that is to dominate much of the song: rising arpeggios in the left hand, and a pair of falling, intertwined melodies in the right hand. These ideas run through the whole song, giving it an eloquence and pathos that is not necessarily inherent in Daumer's poem. Though not conceived as a cycle, the Op. 32 songs are a set with shared preoccupations – lost love, wandering, darkness and light – ending with a magical contemplation of the beloved. Musically, they are quite concise, each song

based on one or two motifs. It is impossible to do anything more than guess at Brahms's motivation in writing this group of songs, but two factors in his personal life at the time may have come into play. First, at a Christmas party in 1863, he was about to propose marriage to the singer Ottilie Hauer (later Ottilie Ebner), but discovered at the last moment that she had become engaged that very morning (they remained good friends). But there was another lifelong refrain in Brahms's correspondence: his devotion to, and unrequited love for, Clara Schumann. On 13 October 1864 – a month after finishing the Op. 32 songs – he wrote to Clara from Vienna in characteristically adoring terms: 'My dearest Clara ... my heart was so full of love and joy that all the clouds vanished, which for so long had hidden from it what is most worthy of love, and the heart just has to say a word at once!' There's no way of knowing whether he had Clara specifically in mind when he wrote the Op. 32 songs, but it wouldn't be far-fetched to think that he might have done.

The **Op. 57** songs are all on texts by Daumer. They were composed by Autumn 1871, but some or all of them may date from as early as the summer of 1868. The Daumer poems provided an ideal vehicle for creating music that embodied his feelings for an unnamed beloved. In this case we can be more confident in claiming that it was Clara Schumann. The poems are often quite sexually explicit, and some prudish critics at the time objected to

the erotic imagery of Daumer's texts. The music itself is more tender, and much more personal, especially as there is a musical link to Clara. Schumann himself developed a musical cypher for Clara, the notes C–B–A–G sharp–A (i.e. C–[L]–A–[R]–A, which could also be transposed into any other key, in the minor or the major). Brahms – no slouch when it came to inventing cyphers of his own (notably his A–G–A–H–E theme for Agathe von Siebold) – was well aware of this 'Clara' theme. In the Op. 57 songs, motifs derived from it are threaded through the set. Most tellingly of all, as Sams revealed, the 'Clara' theme occurs in the Op. 57 songs at crucial points: 'As Brahms told Clara, certain music made her physically present to him. He meant, I suggest, the theme which occurs in the Op. 57 songs whenever that physical presence is evoked. If so, they speak for themselves ... with a profound power and pathos.' Two examples underline this point: in No. 6 ('Strahl zuweilen auch ein mildes Licht') at the words 'auf mich hin aus diesem Angesicht' ('On me from your countenance'), and on the final line of No. 7, 'An eine solche Brust' ('On such a breast'), Brahms's melody is derived from the 'Clara' theme. It's hard to imagine this being a coincidence.

For the Five Songs **Op. 94**, composed in 1883–4, Brahms drew on five different poets. The best-known of them is certainly Friedrich Rückert's 'Mit vierzig Jahren'. Brahms wrote it after Rückert's daughter asked why he had never set any of her father's poetry (at about the

same, he set another Rückert poem as the first of his songs with viola and piano, Op. 91). When the baritone Julius Stockhausen first sang through 'Mit vierzig Jahren' with Brahms at the piano, he was apparently moved to tears. The most celebrated song in the set is the 'Sapphic Ode', based on a poem by the little-known Hans Schmidt (1856–1923), who was a composer as well as a poet. The title refers not to Sappho's lesbianism but to one of the metres she used in her poems. Brahms's setting is a wonderful combination of tender love song and poignant remembrance of things past, a lyrical outpouring similar in mood to the slow movement of the Violin Concerto, the main theme of which begins with the same three notes.

Three of the songs that make up **Op. 105** were composed in the summer of 1886, an extraordinarily productive stay in the idyllic surrounding of Thun in Switzerland (at the other end of the Thunersee from Interlaken). In a matter of weeks, Brahms composed the F major Cello Sonata (Op. 99), the A major Violin Sonata (Op. 100), the Piano Trio in C minor (Op. 101) and the songs Op. 105 Nos. 1, 2 and 5. The other two songs were probably written in 1888, the year in which the set was published. As with Op. 94, Brahms set five different poets. Perhaps the most unusual song in the set is the last: 'Verrat', on a poem by Karl Lemcke (1831–1913). Brahms sets this bloodthirsty ballad with music that is dark

and powerful, grimly dramatic at the close. It could hardly be more different from the first of the group, 'Wie Melodien zieht es', a poem (by Klaus Groth) that muses on the ways in which creative ideas occur. Brahms opens his song with an arching phrase that is a near quotation from the A major Violin Sonata, written at the same time. Here, as in earlier song sets, Brahms's vocal and instrumental compositions seem to fuse into one, his gift as a melodist at its most radiant.

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Johannes Brahms c. 1875
by Fritz Luchhardt (1843–1894)

Texts and Translations

Lieder und Gesänge von G. F. Daumer, Op. 57

1. Von waldbekränzter Höhe
Werf' ich den heißen Blick
Der liebefeuchten Sehe
Zur Flur, die dich umgrünt, zurück.

Ich senk' ihn auf die Quelle –
Vermöcht' ich, ach, mit ihr
Zu fließen eine Welle,
Zurück, o Freund, zu dir, zu dir!

Ich richt' ihn auf die Züge
Der Wolken über mir –
Ach, flög' ich ihre Flüge,
Zurück, o Freund, zu dir, zu dir!

Wie wollt' ich dich umstricken,
Mein Heil und meine Pein,
Mit Lippen und mit Blicken,
Mit Busen, Herz und Seele dein!

2. Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst,
Nur zuweilen Kühle fächelst
Dieser ungemessnen Glut –
In Geduld will ich mich fassen
Und dich alles treiben lassen,
Was der Liebe wehe tut.

3. Es träumte mir,
Ich sei dir teuer;
Doch zu erwachen
Bedurft' ich kaum.
Denn schon im Traume
Bereits empfand ich,
Es sei ein Traum.

*1. From up on the wooded heights
I cast my hot eyes back down,
my gaze moistened with love,
to the green pastures which surround you.*

*It settles on the rising stream -
If only I could flow with it,
just for a little while,
back to you, my friend, to you!*

*I turn it to the flight
of clouds above my head -
If only I could fly with their flying,
back to you, my friend, to you!*

*How then I would entangle you,
my salvation, my agony,
with my lips, my eyes,
my breast, my heart, my soul – I am yours!*

*2. If you only would smile once in a while,
just now and again fan a cool breeze
onto my immeasurable heat –
then, I would patiently control myself
and let you do everything
that makes love hurt.*

*3. I dreamt that
you loved me;
but I hardly needed
to wake.
For still dreaming,
I already felt
it was a dream.*

4. Ach, wende diesen Blick, wende dies Angesicht!
Das Inn're mir mit ewig neuer Glut,
Mit ewig neuem Harm erfülle nicht!

Wenn einmal die gequälte Seele ruht,
Und mit so fieberischer Wilde nicht
In meinen Adern rollt das heiße Blut –

Ein Strahl, ein flüchtiger, von deinem Licht,
Er wecket auf des Wehs gesamte Wut,
Das schlangengleich mich in das Herz sticht.

5. In meiner Nächte Sehnen,
So tief allein,
Mit tausend, tausend Tränen,
Gedenk' ich dein.

Ach, wer dein Antlitz schaute,
Wem dein Gemüt
Die schöne Glut vertraute,
Die es durchglüht,

Wem deine Küsse brannten,
Wem je vor Lust
All seine Sinne schwanden
An deiner Brust –

Wie rasteten in Frieden
Ihm Seel' und Leib,
Wenn er von dir geschieden,
Du göttlich Weib!

6. Strahlt zuweilen auch ein mildes Licht
Auf mich hin aus diesem Angesicht –
Ach, es können auch wohl Huldgebärden
Machen, daß uns fast das Herz bricht.
Was die Liebe sucht, um froh zu werden,
Das verraten diese Blicke nicht.

*4. Oh turn away your gaze, turn away your face!
Do not fill my innermost being with ever new passion,
with ever new agony!*

*Even if one day my tormented soul finds rest,
and my hot blood no longer rolls in my veins
with this feverish wildness –*

*a transient beam of your light
will awaken my wound's furious anger,
that stings my heart like a snake.*

*5. In the yearnings of my nights,
deeply alone,
with a thousand, thousand tears,
I think of you.*

*Oh, whoever saw your face,
whoever received
that fine glow that burns
through your spirit,*

*whomever your kisses scalded,
whoever lost all his senses
in ecstasy at your breast –*

*that man's body and soul
will only rest in peace
when he is separated from you,
you god-like woman!*

*6. Even though once in a while a mild light
shines from your face on me,
or worse, it might be gestures of favour,
but it makes our heart all but break.
The thing that love strives for, in order to become happy,
will not be revealed by these glances.*

7. Die Schnur, die Perl' an Perle
Um deinen Hals gereichte,
Wie wiegt sie sich so fröhlich
Auf deiner schönen Brust!
Mit Seel' und Sinn begabet,
Mit Seligkeit berauschet
Sie, diese Götterlust.

Was müssen wir erst fühlen,
In welchen Herzen schlagen,
So heiße Menschenherzen,
Wofern es uns gestattet,
Uns traulich anzuschmiegen
An eine solche Brust?

8. Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur.
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir,
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daherzuschweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmliche Genüge geben!

G. F. Daumer

Fünf Lieder, Op. 105

9. Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

*7. The necklace, strung pearl upon pearl
about your neck,
swings merrily
on your beautiful breast!
It is granted soul and sense,
it is intoxicated with bliss,
through divine pleasure.*

*Imagine then what we would feel,
we, within whom
hot human hearts beat,
if we were permitted
to nestle intimately against
such a breast?*

*8. Unmoving, cool air,
nature's deep peace;
through the garden's still night
only the fountain burbles.
But in my spirit
hotter longings are stirring,
in my veins life is burgeoning
and clamouring for life!
Should not your breast also
hold more ardent desires?
Should not the call of my soul
deeply, tremblingly, penetrate into yours?
Quietly, on feet of ether,
don't delay, come and float here!
Come, o come, that we might fulfil
each other with heavenly pleasures!*

*9. Like melodies it quietly passes
through my mind,
like the blossoming of spring flowers,
and perfumed breezes.*

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Klaus Groth

10. Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehen,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
Komm, o komme bald!

Hermann Lingg

11. Klage
Feins Liebchen, trau du nicht,
Daß er dein Herz nicht bricht!
Schön Worte will er geben,
Es kostet dein jung Leben,
Glaubs sicherlich, glaubs sicherlich!

Ich werde nimmer froh,
Denn mir ging es also:
Die Blätter vom Baum gefallen

*But words come along
and put it before my eyes,
and it pales away like grey mist
and disappears like a breath.*

*And yet: in the rhyme
a scent lies hidden,
which a damp eye
conjures up out of a still seed.*

*10. My slumber becomes ever quieter,
only my sorrow lies, like a veil,
quivering over me.
In my dreams I often hear you
calling outside my door;
No one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and cry bitterly.*

*Yes, I must die,
you will kiss another
when I am white and cold.
Before the may-breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the woods:
would you see me one more time,
come, o come soon!*

*11. Complaint
Sweet dearest, don't believe
he won't break your heart!
He will tell you fine words,
it'll cost you your young life,
believe me for sure.*

*I will never be happy,
for that's what happened to me:
the leaves fallen off the trees,*

Mit den schönen Worten allen,
Ist Winterzeit, ist Winterzeit!

Es ist jetzt Winterzeit,
Die Vögelein sind weit,
Die mir im Lenz gesungen,
Mein Herz ist mir gesprungen
Vor Liebesleid, vor Liebesleid.

Anonymous

12. Auf dem Kirchhofe

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,
Ich war an manch vergeßnem Grab gewesen,
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,
Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,
Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort: Gewesen.
Wie sturmetot die Särge schlummerten,
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

Detlev von Liliencron

13. Verrat

Ich stand in einer lauen Nacht
An einer grünen Linde,
Der Mond schien hell, der Wind ging sacht,
Der Gießbach floß geschwinde.

Die Linde stand vor Liebchens Haus,
Die Türe hört' ich knarren.
Mein Schatz ließ sacht ein Mannsbild raus:
»Laß morgen mich nicht harren;

Laß mich nicht harren, süßer Mann,
Wie hab' ich dich so gerne!
Ans Fenster klopfte leise an,
Mein Schatz ist in der Ferne!«

*with all the fine words,
it's wintertime, wintertime!*

*Now it's wintertime,
the little birds who sang
in spring are long gone.
My heart has shattered
with love's pain, love's pain.*

12. In a churchyard

*The day passed, heavy with rain and blown by storms.
I had been by many a forgotten grave:
the headstones and crosses were weathered, the wreaths old,
the names overgrown, hardly legible.*

*The day passed, blown by storms and heavy with rain.
On all the graves one word froze: was.
The coffins were slumbering, dead by storm,
and on all the graves silently thawed: cured.*

13. Betrayal

*One cool night
I stood by a green linden tree.
The moon was bright, the wind blew soft,
the rapids in the gully flowed speedily by.*

*The tree stood in front of my beloved's house;
I heard the door creak:
my love softly let out a manly figure:
"Don't keep me waiting tomorrow;*

*don't keep me waiting, sweet man,
I love you so!
Tap quietly on my window,
my sweetheart is far away!"*

Laß ab vom Druck und Kuß, Feinslieb,
Du Schöner im Sammetkleide,
Nun spüte dich, du feiner Dieb,
Ein Mann harrt auf der Heide.

Der Mond scheint hell, der Rasen grün
Ist gut zu unserm Begegnen,
Du trägst ein Schwert und nickst so kühn,
Dein' Liebschaft will ich segnen! –

Und als erschien der lichte Tag,
Was fand er auf der Heide?
Ein Toter in dem Blumen lag
Zu einer Falschen Leide.

Karl Lemcke

Fünf Lieder, Op. 94

14. Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg erstiegen,
Wir stehen still und schau zurück;
Dort sehen wir der Kindheit stilles liegen
Und dort der Jugend lautes Glück.

Noch einmal schau', und dann gekräftigt weiter
Erhebe deinen Wanderstab!
Hindehnt ein Berges Rücken sich ein breiter
Und hier nicht, drüben gehts hinab.

Nicht athmend aufwärts brauchst du mehr zu steigen,
Die Ebene zieht von selbst dich fort;
Dann wird sie sich mit dir unmerklich neigen,
Und eh du's denkst, bist du im Port.

Friedrich Rückert

*You can stop your hugging and kissing, sweet love,
and you, fancy man all in velvet!
Hurry away, wily thief,
there's a man waiting for you on the heath.*

*The moon shines bright, and the green grass
is perfect for our meeting.
You carry a sword and nod so keenly,
I'll bless your loving! –*

*And as the light of day appeared,
what did it find on the heath?
A dead man lying in the flowers,
much to the sorrow of a false woman.*

*14. At forty the mountain is climbed,
we stand still and look back;
over there we see the peaceful happiness of childhood
and there, the loud joy of youth.*

*One more look, and then, strengthened,
ever onwards lifting up your walking-staff!
A broad mountain ridge stretches away
and the way down is here, not there.*

*No more must you climb with heavy breath:
the plains draw you forward effortlessly;
without you noticing they will lead you down
and before you know, you'll have come in to port.*

15. Steig auf, geliebter Schatten,
Vor mir in toter Nacht,
Und lab mich Todesmatten
Mit deiner Nähe Macht!

Du hast's gekonnt im Leben,
Du kannst es auch im Tod.
Sich nicht dem Schmerz ergeben,
War immer dein Gebot.

So komm, still meine Tränen,
Gib meiner Seele Schwung,
Und Kraft den welken Sehnen,
Und mach mich wieder jung.

Friedrich Halm

16. Mein Herz ist schwer, mein Auge wacht,
Der Wind fährt seufzend durch die Nacht;
Die Wipfel rauschen weit und breit,
Sie rauschen von vergangner Zeit.

Sie rauschen von vergangner Zeit,
Von großen Glück und Herzeleid,
Vom Schloß und von der Jungfrau drin -
Wo ist das alles, alles hin?

Wo ist das alles, alles hin,
Leid, Lieb' und Lust und Jugendsinn?
Der Wind fährt seufzend durch die Nacht,
Mein Herz ist schwer, mein Auge wacht.

Emanuel Geibel

*15. Rise up, beloved shade,
before me this dead night,
and refresh me, who am dead tired,
with the power of your nearness!*

*You were good at it when alive,
you can do it too in death.
Not to give in to pain,
that was always your commandment.*

*So come and silence my tears,
let my soul surge,
give strength to my withered sinews,
and make me young again.*

*16. My heart is heavy, my eye is watchful,
the wind blows, sighing, across the night;
the treetops are sighing all around,
telling of past times.*

*They're telling of past times,
of great happiness and heartbreak,
of a castle and a maiden within -
where has all this gone?*

*Where has all this gone,
suffering, love and youthfulness?
The wind blows sighing through the night,
my heart is heavy, my eye watchful.*

17. Sapphische Ode
Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage;
Süßer hauchten Duft sie als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen pflückte:
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

Hans Schmidt

18. Kein Haus, keine Heimat,
Kein Weib und kein Kind,
So wirbl' ich, ein Strohalm,
In Wetter und Wind!

Well' auf und Well' nieder,
Bald dort und bald hier;
Welt, fragst du nach mir nicht,
Was frag' ich nach dir?

Friedrich Halm

Lieder und Gesänge von August von Platen und G. F. Daumer, Op. 32

19. Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Und fühlte mich fürder gezogen,
Die Gassen verließ ich vom Wächter bewacht,
Durchwandelte sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Das Tor mit dem gotischen Bogen.

Der Mühlbach rauschte durch felsigen Schacht,
Ich lehnte mich über die Brücke,
Tief unter mir nahm ich der Wogen in Acht,
Die wallten so sacht,

*17. Sapphic ode
I plucked roses at night from the dark bushes;
their scent was sweeter than ever it was by day;
yet the branches I had moved shed
dew, which wetted me.*

*So too the scent of your kisses entranced me as never before
at night, when I plucked them from your lips:
yet, like the branches, your tears were moved to fall
as dew from your spirit.*

*18. No house, no home,
no woman, no child,
so I whirl, like a straw,
through wind and weather!*

*Up the wave and down the wave,
now here and now there;
world, if you don't ask after me,
why should I bother with you?*

*19. How I hauled myself up in the night
and felt myself drawn ever onwards,
I left the alleyways behind me, guarded by watchmen,
and wandered gently
in the night, in the night,
through the Gothic arch of the city gate.*

*The millrace rushed through its rocky gorge.
I leant over the bridge,
noticing the waves far beneath me,
that flowed so gently*

In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Doch wallte nicht eine zurücke.

Es drehte sich oben, unzählig entfacht,
Melodischer Wandel der Sterne,
Mit ihnen der Mond in beruhigter Pracht,
Sie funkelten sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Durch täuschend entlegene Ferne.

Ich blickte hinauf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Und blickte hinunter aufs neue:
O wehe, wie hast du die Tage verbracht,
Nun stille du sacht
In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Im pochenden Herzen die Reue!

August von Platen

20. Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen
Beschloß ich und beschwor ich,
Und gehe jeden Abend,
Denn jede Kraft und jeden Halt verlor ich.

Ich möchte nicht mehr leben,
Möcht' augenblicks verderben,
Und möchte doch auch leben
Für dich, mit dir, und nimmer, nimmer sterben.

Ach, rede, sprich ein Wort nur,
Ein einziges, ein klares;
Gib Leben oder Tod mir,
Nur dein Gefühl enthülle mir, dein wahres!

Georg Friedrich Daumer, after a Czech folk-song

*in the night, in the night,
but not one of them flowed backwards.*

*Up above me turned about in myriad sparks
the melodious flux of stars,
and with them the moon in becalmed glory.
They twinkled gently
in the night, in the night,
through deceptively distant space.*

*I looked up in the night, in the night,
and looked down once more:
Alas, how have you spent your days...
now silence gently
in the night, in the night,
your thumping heart full of regret!*

*20. I was determined, and swore to myself
I would never again go to you,
but I go, every evening,
since all strength and support is lost to me.*

*I don't want to live any more,
I would rather perish on the spot,
and want to live after all,
for you, with you, and never, never die.*

*Oh speak, say just one word,
a single, clear one;
grant me life or death,
but reveal to me your feeling, your true one.*

21. Ich schleich umher,
Betäubt und stumm,
Du fragst, o frage
Mich nicht, warum?
Das Herz erschüttert
So manche Pein!
Und könnt' ich je
Zu düster sein?

Der Baum verdorrt,
Der Duft vergeht,
Die Blätter liegen
So gelb im Beet,
Es stürmt ein Schauer
Mit Macht herein,
Und könnt ich je
Zu düster sein?

August von Platen

22. Der Strom, der neben mir verrauschte, wo ist er nun?
Der Vogel, dessen Lied ich lauschte, wo ist er nun?
Wo ist die Rose, die die Freundin am Herzen trug?
Und jener Kuß, der mich berauschte, wo ist er nun?
Und jener Mensch, der ich gewesen, und den ich längst
Mit einem andern ich vertauschte, wo ist er nun?

August von Platen

23. Wehe, so willst du mich wieder,
Hemmende Fessel, umfängen?
Auf, und hinaus in die Luft!
Ströme der Seele Verlangen,
Ström' es in brausende Lieder,
Saugend ätherischen Duft!

Strebe dem Wind nur entgegen
Daß er die Wange dir kühle,
Grüße den Himmel mit Lust!
Werden sich bange Gefühle

*21. I skulk around,
dejected and silent.
You ask me,
but oh don't ask, why?
Some great anguish
convulses my heart!
And could it ever be
too dark within me?*

*The tree withers,
the scents vanish,
the leaves lie
yellow in the beds,
a squall storms
over me with might,
and could it ever be
too dark within me?*

*22. The river that rushed past me, where is it now?
The bird whose song I listened to, where is it now?
Where is the rose that my beloved once wore upon her heart?
And that kiss that intoxicated me, where is it now?
And the human I used to be, and whom I have long since
exchanged for another me, where is it now?*

*23. Dare you, you inhibiting fetters,
entrap me again?
Up and away into the sky!
Rivers of my soul's desire
must flow in thunderous songs,
inhaling ethereal perfume!*

*Strive to head into the wind,
that it might cool your cheeks,
and greet heaven with delight!
Can one feel the motions of fear*

Im Unermeßlichen regen?
Atme den Feind aus der Brust!

August von Platen

24. Du sprichst, daß ich mich täuschte,
Beschworst es hoch und hehr,
Ich weiß ja doch, du liebtest,
Allein du liebst nicht mehr!

Dein schönes Auge brannte,
Die Küsse brannten sehr,
Du liebtest mich, bekenn es,
Allein du liebst nicht mehr!

Ich zähle nicht auf neue,
Getreue Wiederkehr;
Gesteh nur, daß du liebtest,
Und liebe mich nicht mehr!

August von Platen

25. Bitteres zu sagen denkst du;
Aber nun und nimmer kränkst du,
Ob du noch so böse bist.
Deine herben Redetaten
Scheitern an korall'ner Klippe,
Werden all zu reinen Gnaden,
Denn sie müssen, um zu schaden,
Schiffen über eine Lippe,
Die die Süße selber ist.

Georg Friedrich Daumer, after Hafiz

26. So stehn wir, ich und meine Weide,
So leider miteinander beide.

Nie kann ich ihr was tun zu Liebe,
Nie kann sie mir was tun zu Leide.

*when face to face with the Immeasurable?
Breathe the enemy out of your breast!*

*24. You say I was mistaken,
you swear it on the highest honour,
but I know that you loved me,
it's only that you don't love me any more!*

*Your beautiful eye burned into me,
the kisses scalded me,
you loved me, admit it,
it's only that you don't love me any more!*

*I'm not counting on your renewed
and faithful return;
just confess that you loved me,
and love me no more!*

*25. You imagine you are saying bitter things;
but you can never ever hurt me,
however mean you are.
Your harsh verbal deeds
collapse against a coral cliff
and turn into pure blessings;
for, in order to wreak their damage,
they must first swim over lips
that are sweetness itself.*

*26. Sadly, that's how things are
between us, me and the apple of my eye.*

*I can't do anything that pleases her,
she can't do anything that hurts me.*

Sie kränket es, wenn ich die Stirn ihr
Mit einem Diadem bekleide;

Ich danke selbst, wie für ein Lächeln
Der Huld, für ihre Zornbescheide.

Georg Friedrich Daumer, after Hafiz

27. Wie bist du, meine Königin,
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!
Du lächle nur, Lenzdüfte wehn
Durch mein Gemüte, wonnevoll!

Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz,
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinigen?
Ach, über alles, was da blüht,
Ist deine Blüte wonnevoll!

Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn Ende brüte, wonnevoll!

Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durchwüte, wonnevoll!

Georg Friedrich Daumer, after Hafiz

*She is affronted when I crown
her forehead with a coronet.*

*I even give her thanks, as though she had favoured
me with a smile,
when she angrily orders me around.*

*27. My queen, how blissful you are
through your gentle goodness!
Only smile, and spring scents waft
through my spirit, blissfully!*

*Can I compare the brilliance of roses
in fresh bloom to yours?
Ah, your blossoms bloom
far better than anything else, blissfully!*

*When you walk through dead deserts,
green shade spreads out,
however terribly and endlessly
the heat may sear, blissfully!*

*Let me dissolve in your arms!
There, however the most acute
and deadly torments ravage my breast,
even death itself is blissful!*

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Simon Wallfisch (baritone)

Making his Royal Opera House debut in 2020, and in international demand as a concert and opera singer, Simon Wallfisch is amassing a steady output of recordings, including Songs by Geoffrey Bush (Lyrita, 2015), Songs by Caplet, Honegger, Milhaud and Ravel (Nimbus, 2017), 'Gesänge des Orients' (Nimbus, 2018), Songs by Thea Musgrave (Lyrita, 2019), Songs by Robin Holloway (Delphian, 2019) and Lieder by Schumann (Resonus, 2019). He made his Wigmore Hall debut in 2017, performing with the Nash Ensemble live on BBC Radio 3. He has appeared several times at the Oxford Lieder Festival, London Song Festival and numerous venues across Europe including Berlin's Konzerthaus and Hamburg's Laeiszhalle. Recent operatic roles include Fieramosca in Berlioz' *Benvenuto Cellini* (Staatsoper Nürnberg), Marcello in Puccini's *La Bohème* (Teatro Verdi Casciana Terme, Pisa), Escamillo in *La Tragédie de Carmen* (National Reis Opera, Holland), Pelléas in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Albert in Massenet's *Werther* (English Touring Opera).

He gained a postgraduate diploma from the Royal College of Music in 2006, studying with Russell Smythe. During his studies in London, he was awarded several prizes including the Royal Overseas League Singer of Promise 2005.

In 2006 Wallfisch continued his studies in Berlin (at the Hanns Eisler Hochschule für

Musik 2006–2007) and Leipzig (at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 2007–2009), studying with Dr Favaro-Reuter, and in the Liedklasse of Wolfram Rieger. Subsequently he was engaged at the International Opera Studio of the Zurich Opera House (2009–2011).

In demand as a teacher, Simon has adjudicated and given workshops and classes at the Royal College of Music in London, the Royal Conservatoire Birmingham, Musikhochschule Osnabrück, Institut für Verfemte Musik Schwerin, Hochschule für Musik Rostock, Jerusalem Music Centre, Aldeburgh Young Musicians and the University of West London.

Simon began his musical career as a cellist, studying with Leonid Gorokhov at the Royal College of Music, and has played with the English Chamber Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic and London Mozart players. He continues to be in demand as chamber musician and often combines both voice and cello in concert.

www.simonwallfisch.com

Edward Rushton (piano)

Edward Rushton studied piano (with Renna Kellaway) and composition at Chetham's School of Music in Manchester, before going on to read Music at King's College, Cambridge. After graduation in 1994 he took the MMus degree in composition at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, while being increasingly active as an accompanist, working with student singers and instrumentalists. In his second year in Glasgow, Edward held the post of Broadwood Junior Fellow in Accompaniment. In 2001 he graduated with distinction from Irwin Gage's masterclass in Lied interpretation at the Zurich University of Applied Arts. He has been teaching piano accompaniment at the Musikhochschule Luzern since 2000.

He has played numerous song recitals in the UK, Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Italy and Greece with such singers as Juliane Banse, Renate Berger, Sybille Diethelm, Melanie Forgeron, Annina Haug, Jeannine Hürzel, Kathrin Hottiger, Lena Kiepenheuer, Theresa Kronthaler, Yvonne Naef, Robin Adams, Richard Burkhard, Michael Mogl, René Perler, Jakob Pilgram, László Polgár, Jonathan Sells, and Simon Wallfisch. He plays regularly with a variety of chamber music partners including Harry White, saxophone, Raphael Wallfisch, cello, and Alison Cullen, piano.

His love for Lieder and song led him in 2015 to found, together with a group of like-minded singers and pianists, the company 'Besuch der Lieder' ('The Company of Song') in order to further the performance of Lieder in private spaces in Switzerland.

His discography includes discs for BIS, Resonus, CPO, Nimbus, Lyrita, Musiques Suisses and Musicaphon.

Edward is also in demand as a composer, with recent works performed and commissioned by the Schubert Ensemble, Birmingham Contemporary Music Group, Tonhalle Orchestra Zurich, Leeds Lieder, Orchestra of the National Theatre Mannheim, London Symphony Orchestra, Counterpoise, The Choir of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Harry White Trio, Gemischter Chor Zürich, Origen Festival, University of Zurich, Zürcher Singakademie. His operas have been performed throughout Switzerland, Germany, the UK, and in Philadelphia. Composing for voice and piano also forms a core part of his oeuvre, and he has already written over twenty song cycles and individual works in this, one of his favourite genres. He was awarded the Werkjahr stipend of the City of Zurich in 2013.

For his achievements he was awarded the Conrad Ferdinand Meyer Foundation's prize in 2020.

www.edwardrushton.net



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