

BRAHMS

LIEBESLIEDER-WALZER

OPP. 52 & 65



MARY BEVAN SOPRANO
FLEUR BARRON MEZZO-SOPRANO
NICKY SPENCE TENOR
WILLIAM THOMAS BASS
DYLAN PEREZ PIANO
JOSEPH MIDDLETON PIANO

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Liebeslieder Walzer, Opp. 52 & 65

Mary Bevan *soprano*^{1–2, 4–13, 15–16, 18, 25–26, 27–29, 32–35, 37–41}

Fleur Barron *mezzo-soprano*^{1–2, 4–6, 8–13, 15–16, 18, 23–24, 27–28, 31, 33–34, 38–41}

Nicky Spence *tenor*^{1–3, 5–6, 8–12, 14–20, 27–28, 33–34, 36, 38, 40–41}

William Thomas *bass*^{1–3, 5–6, 8–12, 14–16, 18, 21–22, 27–28, 30, 33–34, 38, 40–41}

Dylan Perez *piano (primo)*^{1–19, 22–23, 26–41}

Joseph Middleton *piano (secondo)*^{1–18, 20–21, 24–25, 27–41}

'Barron's sumptuous voice and natural vivacity and Thomas's smouldering, rich-toned reserve blended perfectly with Spence's acuity and Bevan's passion.'

The Observer

Liebeslieder-Walzer, Op. 52

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebess [1:04]
2. Am Gesteine rauchst die Flut [0:45]
3. O die Frauen [1:21]
4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte [0:54]
5. Die grüne Hopfenranke [1:41]
6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel [2:36]
7. Wohl schön bewandt [1:17]
8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir [1:23]
9. Am Donaustrande [2:05]
10. O wie sanft die Quelle sich [0:56]
11. Nein, es ist nicht aus zu kommen [0:50]
12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser [0:43]
13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft [0:48]
14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar [0:48]
15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön [1:14]
16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe [1:14]
17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht [1:59]
18. Es bebet das Gesträuche [1:46]

19. **Botschaft, Op. 47, No. 1** [2:07]

20. **Lerchengesang, Op. 70, No. 2** [2:31]

21. **Feldeinsamkeit, Op. 86, No. 2** [3:18]

22. **Auf dem Kirchhoffe, Op. 105, No. 4** [2:36]

23. **Unbewegte laue Luft, Op. 57, No. 8** [3:53]

24. **Alte Liebe, Op. 72, No. 1** [3:11]

25. **Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2** [3:14]

26. **Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105, No. 1** [2:14]

Neue Liebeslieder-Walzer, Op. 65

27. Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung [0:42]
28. Finstere Schatten der Nacht [1:25]
29. An jeder Hand die Finger [1:20]
30. Ihr schwarzen Augen [0:41]
31. Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn [1:21]
32. Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter [0:51]
33. Vom Gebirge Well' auf Well' [1:03]
34. Weiche Gräser im Revier [1:25]
35. Nagen am Herzen fühl [1:23]
36. Ich kose süß, mit der und der [0:58]
37. Alles, alles in den Wind [0:48]
38. Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten [1:32]
39. Nein, Geliebter, setze dich [2:05]
40. Flammenauge, dunkles Haar [1:39]
41. Zum Schluss: Nun, ihr Musen, genug! [3:00]

Total playing time [67:03]



Photography: Victoria Cadisch

Mary Bevan



Fleur Barron



Photography: Bernie Watson

Nicky Spence



William Thomas



Dylan Perez



Joseph Middleton

Brahms: *Liebesslieder* and other songs

Hausmusik – music written primarily for domestic purposes – enjoyed a golden age during the Romantic era, with major composers producing music for popular instrumental combinations – notably piano four hands (Schubert’s *Marches caractéristiques*, Brahms’s *Hungarian Dances*, Dvořák’s *Slavonic Dances*) – and a vast output of vocal music, particularly songs for voice and piano, but also numerous vocal duets (Mendelssohn, Schumann) and rather fewer trios and quartets. Among these, we find Schumann’s *Spanische Liebesslieder* Op. 138, composed in 1849 for four voices and piano four-hands, though this charming but rarely-heard work consists largely of solos and duets, with just one quartet as the final number. As someone very close to Schumann and his wife Clara, Brahms would have known these songs (first published in 1857) and they may have been in his mind when he composed the *Liebesslieder* during the summer of 1869 while he was on holiday in Baden-Baden – a productive stay which also saw him compose the *Alto Rhapsody*. For the *Liebesslieder* texts, Brahms chose poems by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875), one of his favourite poets. All of them were taken from Daumer’s *Polydora: ein weltpoetisches Liederbuch*,

first published at Frankfurt-am-Main in 1855. This enormous anthology (over 600 pages, issued in two volumes) was also to provide Brahms with all but one of the poems set in the *Neue Liebesslieder*. Daumer’s collection of ‘world poetry’ (all of it in German translations) is arranged by country, and for the *Liebesslieder* Brahms chose texts attributed to Russia No. 1, 5), Russia–Poland (Nos. 2, 3, 4, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15), Poland (Nos. 7, 8, 11) and Hungary (Nos. 6, 9, 16, 17, 18). It is unsurprising that Brahms was drawn to the texts identified by Daumer as ‘Russisch-Polnische Kleinigkeiten’ which were originally intended as dance-songs. These tiny and charming four-line poems make up almost half the *Liebesslieder* texts and lend themselves effortlessly to Brahms’s metrical scheme in the *Liebesslieder* in which all the songs are waltzes of one sort or another. This was a dance form in which Brahms had already excelled with his set of Sixteen Waltzes Op. 39, composed in 1865 and originally written for piano four-hands (and arranged for piano two-hands by Brahms himself). The mood of the *Liebesslieder* is predominantly graceful and tender, revealing Brahms at his most benign without ever resorting to cheap sentimentality. The vocal texture of the eighteen songs is varied in the most delightful way, the quartets interspersed with duets and solos. Written with

Brahms's customary technical skill, the result has been very neatly described by the Brahms scholar Katy Hamilton as "'high-art" entertainment music.'

On the title page of the first edition, the voices as described as 'ad libitum', but in spite of this ambiguity (and a suggestion that the singing could be left out altogether), Brahms always intended them to be vocal pieces, and when he later arranged them for piano four-hands alone, he made some small alterations and gave the version a new opus number (52a). But the other mystery is how many voices Brahms expected to be singing the *Liebeslieder*. On the first edition it is left vague ('Gesang ad libitum'). But in spite of Brahms's imprecision, the evidence for these songs being intended as vocal chamber music is overwhelming: as well numerous private performances – in just the kind of Hausmusik setting Brahms envisaged – there were also a large number of concert performances during his lifetime and in almost all of these the line-up was four solo voices, though inevitably there were a few exceptions (in 1875, Clara Schumann played in a performance which used four voices to each part). The earliest known performance was a selection of the waltzes given on 24 August 1869 (a few days after the work was finished) at a private concert

in Karlsruhe where the pianists were probably Hermann Levi and Brahms himself. A few weeks later, on 6 October 1869, Levi and Clara Schumann performed thirteen of the waltzes at a public concert in the Karlsruhe Museum. Among the earliest Viennese performances one stands out: a selection from the *Liebeslieder* and some of the *Neue Liebeslieder* given in the *Kleine Redoutensaal* on 5 January 1870 with Clara Schumann and Brahms as the pianists. Brahms later performed it with other distinguished duet partners including Carl Reinecke, Otto Dessoff and Hans Richter. The first performance of Op. 52 in England was given on 15 January 1877 in St James's Hall, London, with Marie Krebs and Agnes Zimmermann as the pianists.

The *Liebeslieder* turned out to be a considerable financial success for Brahms, so he needed no persuasion to produce a second set. The *Neue Liebeslieder* were completed in 1874 though some individual numbers were already written (and performed) in 1870. This time, Brahms leaves no doubt about the performing forces he expected: the title page states that these are 'Walzer für vier Singstimmen und Pianoforte zu vier Händen'. All but one of the texts for the fifteen songs are from Daumer's *Polydora*, but this time Brahms cast the net wider, including poems described

by Daumer as coming from Turkey (No. 1), Persia (No. 2), Latvia–Lithuania (No. 3), Sicily (No. 4), Russia (Nos. 5, 13, 14), Spain (No. 6), Russia–Poland (Nos. 7, 8), Poland (Nos. 9, 11), Malaysia (No. 10) and Serbia (No. 12). The final poem, 'Zum Schluss', is by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, from the elegy Alexis und Dora. This glorious song is underpinned by a ground bass which turns out to be a touching self-borrowing: its first six notes are those of the closing section ('Ist auf deinem Psalter') of the *Alto Rhapsody*, arguably Brahms's greatest Goethe setting. Here it is transformed as the basis of a quietly ecstatic slow waltz, a radiant and deeply serious conclusion to the work. The earliest complete performances of the *Neue Liebeslieder* were given in Karlsruhe and Mannheim on 8 and 10 May 1875, with Brahms and Otto Dessoff as the pianists. The first English performance was given in at the Cambridge University Musical Society on 18 May 1877, when one of the pianists was Charles Villiers Stanford. On 14 March 1881, an entire Brahms Evening was held at the Vienna home of his friend Theodor Billroth (the eminent professor of surgery at the University of Vienna and an important pioneer in his field, as well as a fine amateur musician). At that private concert, with Brahms himself as one of the pianists, the *Liebeslieder* and *Neue Liebeslieder* were given complete, along with Brahms's

other sets of vocal quartets (Op. 31 and Op. 64), interspersed by the Violin Sonata in A major and a selection of unspecified piano pieces.

A more normal practice – particularly for music-making in the home – was to perform some or all of each group of *Liebeslieder* in a programme that also included solo songs. The selection which ends this disc ranges from *Die Mainacht* (a setting of Ludwig Hölty composed in 1866) and *Botschaft* (another setting of Daumer, this time one of his translations of the Persian poet Hafiz, probably set in 1868) to works of Brahms's later maturity including *Feldeinsamkeit* (on a poem by Hermann Allmers, from 1878), and two songs from the set of *Fünf Lieder* published in 1888 as Brahms's Op. 105: *Wie Melodien zieht es mir* (on a poem by Klaus Groth) and the two-page song *Auf dem Kirchhofe* (probably the finest setting of any poem by Detlev von Liliencron). Each of these miniature masterpieces confirms Brahms's status among the very greatest song composers of the nineteenth century, alongside Schubert, Schumann and Hugo Wolf.

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Texts & Translations

Liebeslieder-Walzer, Op. 52

Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes
Das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
Hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
Diese wilden Glutgefühle!
Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
Willst du, eine Überfromme,
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
Oder willst du, daß ich komme?
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
Nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge,
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen!

*Tell me, my most sweetest girl,
who with your glances
have set alight in my cool breast
these wild, passionate feelings!
Will you not soften your heart
with an excess of virtue,
live without love's rapture,
or do you wish me to come to you?
To live without love's rapture,
is a bitter fate I would not suffer.
Come, then, with your dark eyes,
come, when the stars call!*

2. Am Gesteine rauchst die Flut
Heftig angetrieben;
Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
Lernt es unterm Lieben.

*The waves violently
rush on the rocks
whoever has not learnt to sigh
will learn it from love.*

3. O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
Wie sie Wonne tauen!
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,
Wären nicht die Frauen!

*O women, o women,
how they delight the heart!
I should have long since turned monk,
if it were not for women!*

4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
Möcht ich arme Dirne glühn,
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,
Sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

*Like a lovely evening sunset
I, a humble girl, would glow,
and find favour with one alone,
radiating endless rapture.*

5. Die grüne Hopfenranke
Sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dirne,
So traurig ist ihr Sinn!
Du höre, grüne Ranke!
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du höre, schöne Dirne!
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

*The green tendrils of the hop
creep low along the earth.
How gloomy, too,
the lovely young girl looks!
Why, green tendrils!
Why do you not stretch up to heaven?
Why, lovely girl!
Why is your heart so heavy?*

Wie höbe sich die Ranke
Der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
Wenn ihr der Liebste weit?

*How can the vine grow tall
without support?
How can the girl be joyful,
when her lover's far away?*

6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug
Zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
Ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.
Leimruten-Arglist lauert an dem Ort;
Der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
Ich säumte doch, ich täte nicht wie der.
Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,
Da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,
Ich säumte nicht, ich täte doch wie der.

*A small pretty bird took flight
into a garden full of fruit.
Were I a pretty little bird,
I'd not hesitate, I'd do the same.
But treacherous lime-twigs lay in wait;
the poor bird could not fly away.
Were I a pretty little bird,
I'd hesitate, not do the same.
The bird perched on a fair hand,
the lucky thing wanted nothing more.
Were I pretty little bird,
I'd not hesitate, I'd do the same.*

7. Wohl schön bewandt
War es vorehe Mit meinem Leben,
Mit meiner Liebe! Durch eine Wand,
Ja, durch zehn Wände, Erkannte mich
Des Freundes Sehe.
Doch jetzo, wehe, Wenn ich dem Kalten
Auch noch so dicht, Vorm Auge stehe,
Es merkt's sein Auge, Sein Herze nicht.

*All seemed well
at one time with my life,
with my love! Through a wall,
yes, through ten walls, my lover's gaze
would reach me.
But now, alas, I stand in front
of his cool gaze, neither his eyes,
nor his heart, takes note of me.*

8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
Und so lieblich schauet –
Jede letzte Trübe fliehet,
Welche mich umgrauet.
Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
Laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so true
Dich ein ander lieben.

*When you gaze at me so tenderly
and so full of love –
every last cloud that sullies me
fades away.
Oh, do not let this love's
sweet ardour vanish!
No one will love you
as truly as I.*

9. Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,
Da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.
Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt,
Zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel – das ist ein Spaß!
Die spreng ich,
als wären sie nur von Glas.

*On the Danube's shore there stands a house,
from its windows a rosy girl looks out.
The girl is excellently guarded,
ten bolts are fixed to her door.
Ten bolts of iron – a mere triffl!
I'll break them down,
as though they were only made of glass.*

10. O wie sanft die Quelle sich
Durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich,
Zu der Liebe findet!

*Ah, how gently the stream
winds through the meadow!
Ah, how sweet, when love
finds itself requited!*

11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
Mit den Leuten; Alles wissen so giftig
Auszudeuten.
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
Lose Triebe; Bin ich still, so heißt's, ich ware
Irr, aus Liebe.

*No, it is not possible
to get along with these people;
they interpret everything
so spitefully.
If I'm Cheerful, they say I harbour lewd desires;
if I'm quiet, they say I'm madly in love.*

12. Schloßer auf, und mache Schlößer,
Schlößer ohne Zahl!
Denn die bösen Mäuler will ich
Schließen allzumal.

*Locksmith, come, make me locks,
locks without number!
So that once and for all I can shut
their vicious mouths.*

13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
Sucht nach einem Aste;
Und das Herz ein Herz begehrt's,
Wo es selig raste.

*A little bird flies through the air,
searching for a branch;
just as one heart seek another,
where it might rest in bliss.*

14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar
Blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
Liebe du mich wieder.

*See how the waves are clear,
when the moon shines down!
You, my love,
love me in return.*

15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
Wenn die Sterne funkeln –
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
Küße mich im Dunkeln!

*The nightingale sings so beautifully,
when the stars are twinkling –
Love me, dear heart,
kiss me in the dark!*

16. Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe
Ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;
Da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
Kann weder hören, noch sehn.
Nur denken an meine Wonnen,
Nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

*Love is a dark pit,
a dangerous well;
I fell in, poor me,
can neither hear nor see,
can only recall my rapture,
and only lament my grief.*

17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen
Im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
Zu naß, zu weich.
All überströmt sind die Wege,
Die Stege dir,
So überreichlich tränete dorten
Das Auge mir.

*Do not wander, my love, out there
in the fields!
The ground is too wet
for your soft feet.
The paths and bridges
are all flooded out there,
so abundantly have my eyes
been weeping.*

18. Es bebete das Gesträuche
Gestreift hat es im Fluge
Ein Vöglein.
In gleicher Art erbebte,
Die Seele mir erschüttert
Von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
Gedenkt sie dein.

*The bushes shake,
where it is grazed
by a bird in flight.
And so my soul
trembles too, shivering
with love, desire and pain,
whenever it thinks of you.*

19. **Botschaft, Op. 47, No. 1**
Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wangen der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenkl'ich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.“

*Blow breeze, gently and lovingly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her locks,
Make no haste to fly away!
Then if she should perhaps ask
How things are with wretched me,
Say: 'His sorrow's been unending,
His condition most grave;
But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, lovely one, are thinking of him.'*

Georg Friedrich Daumer

20. **Lerchengesang, Op. 70, No. 2**
Ätherische ferne Stimmen,
Der Lerchen himmlische Grüße,
Wie regt ihr mir so süße
Die Brust, ihr lieblichen Stimmen!
Ich schließe leis mein Auge,
Da ziehn Erinnerungen
In sanften Dämmerungen,
Durchweht vom Frühlingshauche.

*Ethereal distant voices,
Heavenly greetings of the larks,
How sweetly you stir
My breast, you lovely voices!
I quietly close my eyes,
And memories pass by
In gentle twilights,
Blown through by the breath of spring.*

Karl August Candidus (1817–1872)

21. Feldeinsamkeit, Op. 86, No. 2

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn' Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.
Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume; -
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

Hermann Allmers (1821–1902)

22. Auf dem Kirchhoffe, Op. 105, No. 4

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 froh das Wort: Gewesen.
Wie sturmesstot die Särge schlummerten—
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

Baron Detlev von Liliencron (1844–1909)

23. Unbewegte laue Luft, Op. 57, No. 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
Sehnluchere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daher zu schweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmliche Genüge geben!

Georg Friedrich Daumer

*I rest quietly in the tall green grass
And hold my gaze aloft,
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,
Wondrously entwined with the blue sky.
Beautiful white clouds go drifting by
Through the deep blue, like lovely silent dreams;
I feel as if I have long been dead,
Drifting happily with them through eternal space.*

*The day was heavy with rain and storms,
I had been to many a forgotten grave.
Weathered stones and crosses, faded wreaths,
The names overgrown, scarcely to be read.
The day was stormy and heavy with rain,
On each grave froze the word: Deceased.
How the coffins slumbered, dead to the storm—
Silent dew on each grave proclaimed: Released.*

*Unmoved Balmly air,
Nature deep at rest;
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain splashes;
But my mind swells
With a more ardent desire;
Life surges in my veins
And yearns for life.
Should not your breast too
Heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
Quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
Glide to me, do not delay!
Come, oh come, that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!*

24. Alte Liebe, Op. 72, No. 1

Es kehrt die dunkle Schwalbe
Aus fernem Land zurück,
Die frommen Störche kehren
Und bringen neues Glück.
An diesem Frühlingmorgen,
So trüb verhängt und warm,
Ist mir, als fänd ich wieder
Den alten Liebesharm.
Es ist, als ob mich leise
Wer auf die Schulter schlug,
Als ob ich säuseln hörte,
Wie einer Taube Flug.
Es klopft an meine Türe,
Und ist doch niemand draus;
Ich atme Jasmindüfte,
Und habe keinen Strauß.
Es ruft mir aus der Ferne,
Ein Auge sieht mich an,
Ein alter Traum erfaßt mich
Und führt mich seine Bahn.

Karl August Candidus

25. Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.
Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.
Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty (1748–1776)

*The dark swallow returns
From a far-off land,
The pious storks are sweeping
And bring new happiness.
On this spring morning,
So cloudy and warm,
I seem to have rediscovered
Love's grief of old.
It is as if someone
Tapped me on the shoulder,
As if I heard a whirring,
Like a dove in flight.
There's a knock at my door,
Yet no one stands outside;
I breathe the scent of jasmine,
Yet have no bouquet.
Someone calls me from afar,
Eyes are watching me,
An old dream takes hold of me
And leads me on its path.*

*When the silvery moon glisten through the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.
Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tears run down.
When, O smiling vision, that shines through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more fervently down my cheek.*

26. **Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105, No. 1**

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.
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
Verborgn wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Klaus Groth (1819–1899)

Neue Liebeslieder-Walzer, Op. 65

Georg Friedrich Daumer

27. Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung,
dich wagend in der Liebe Meer!
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen
zertrümmert am Gestad umher!

28. Finstere Schatten der Nacht,
Wogen- und Wirbelgefahr!
Sind wohl, die da gelind
rasten auf sicherem Lande,
euch zu begreifen im Stände?
Das ist der nur allein,
welcher auf wilder See
stürmischer Öde treibt,
Meilen entfernt vom Strande.

29. An jeder Hand die Finger
hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,
die mir geschenkt mein Bruder
in seinem Liebessinn.
Und einen nach dem andern
gab ich dem schönen,
aber unwürdigen Jüngling hin.

*Thoughts, like melodies,
Move softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And waft away like fragrance.
Yet when it is captured by words
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And disappear like a breath.
Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.*

*Renounce, o heart, all hope of rescue,
when you venture on the sea of love!
For a thousand boats drift
and founder on the shore around!*

*Dark shadows of the night,
dangerous waves and whirlpools!
Can they who calmly stay
safely on the shore
ever understand you?
He alone can do so
who drifts in the stormy desolation
of high seas,
miles away from the shore.*

*The fingers of each hand
were bedecked with the rings
my brother had given me
with love.
And one after the other
I gave them to the handsome
but unworthy young man.*

30. Ihr schwarzen Augen, ihr dürft nur winken;
Paläste fallen und Städte sinken.
Wie sollte steh'n in solchem Strauß
mein Herz, von Karten das schwache Haus?

31. Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,
Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
zu bezaubern gehe.
O wie brennt das Auge mir,
das zu Zünden fordert!
Flammet ihm die Seele nicht –
deine Hütte lodert.

32. Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,
weil ich gar so trübe bin.
Sie hat recht, die Rose sinket,
so wie ich, entblättert hin.

33. Vom Gebirge Well auf Well
kommen Regengüsse,
und ich gäbe dir so gern
hunderttausend Küsse.

34. Weiche Gräser im Revier,
schöne, stille Plätzchen!
O, wie lind ruht es hier
sich mit einem Schätzchen!

35. Nagen am Herzen fühl ich ein Gift mir.
Kann sich ein Mädchen,
ohne zu fröhnen zärtlichem Hang,
fassen ein ganzes wonneberaubtes Leben entlang?

36. Ich kose süß mit der und der
und werde still und kranke,
denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,
o Nonna, mein Gedanke!

*With your dark eyes a gaze is all that is needed –
palaces will fall and cities sink.
How in such a skirmish should my heart,
that weak house of cards, stay standing?*

*Guard, good neighbour, guard
your son from harm,
for with my dark eyes
I intend to bewitch him.
Ah, how my eyes blaze
to ignite him!
If his soul is not set aflame
your cottage will catch fire.*

*My mother pins roses on me,
because I am so troubled.
She's right to do so: the rose decays
when stripped of leaves, like me.*

*From the mountain, wave on wave,
the torrential rain pours down,
and I would love to give you
a hundred thousand kisses.*

*Soft grasses in the glade,
a quiet and beautiful place!
How blissful it is
to rest here with a sweetheart!*

*I feel a poison gnawing at my heart.
Can a young girl,
without indulging in tender affection,
bear the thought of a whole lifetime devoid of bliss?*

*I sweetly caress this girl and that,
grow reticent and ill,
because always, always my thoughts
return, o Nonna, to you!*

37. Alles, alles in den Wind
sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!
Alle samt verloren sind
deine Müh'n, du Heuchler!
Einem andern Fang' zu lieb
stelle deine Falle!
Denn du bist ein loser Dieb,
denn du buhlost um alle!

*Everything you tell me, flatterer,
is wasted breath!
All your efforts are wasted,
you hypocrite!
Set your snares
for another victim!
For you are a shameless thief,
wooing everyone!*

38. Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!
Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist so drückend!
Was dir einzig wert, es steht vor Augen;
ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung.

*Black forest, your shadows are so dark!
Poor heart your suffering is so oppressive!
The one thing you value stands before you,
But a happy union is forever forbidden!*

39. Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
mir so nahe nicht!
Starre nicht so brünstiglich
mir ins Angesicht!
Wie es auch im Busen brennt,
dämpfe deinen Trieb,
daß es nicht die Welt erkennt,
wie wir uns so lieb.

*No, beloved, do not sit
so close to me!
Do not gaze so ardently
into my eyes.
However much your heart might burn,
dampen your desire,
that the world might not see
how we love each other!*

40. Flammenauge, dunkles Haar,
Knabe wonnig und verwogen,
Kummer ist durch dich hinein
in mein armes Herz gezogen!
Kann in Eis der Sonne Brand,
sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?
Kann die heisse Menschenbrust
atmen ohne Glutbegehren?
Ist die Flur so voller Licht,
daß die Blum' im Dunkel stehe?
Ist die Welt so voller Lust,
daß das Herz in Qual vergehe?

*Bold, happy young man,
with fiery eyes and dark hair.
You are the course that sorrow
has entered my poor heart.
Can the burning sun turn to ice,
can day turn into night?
Can the hot human heart
breathe without passion's glow?
Is the meadow drenched in light,
for the flower to grow in the dark?
Is the world so full of pleasure
that the heart should perish in grief?*

41. Nun, ihr Musen, genug!
Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,
Wie sich Jammer und Glück wechseln
in liebender Brust.
Heilen könnet die Wunden ihr nicht,
die Amor geschlagen;

*Well enough, ye Muses!
You strive in vain to show
How joy and misery alternate
in loving hearts.
You cannot heal the wounds
inflicted by cupid's love;*

Aber Linderung kommt einzig,
ihr Guten, von euch.

*but abatement comes
from you alone.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Mary Bevan (soprano) appears regularly with leading orchestras and ensembles and was awarded an MBE in the Queen's birthday honours list 2019. She is a winner of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist award and UK Critics' Circle Award for Exceptional Young Talent in music. Bevan's recordings include art song albums *The Divine Muse* and *Voyages* with pianist Joseph Middleton and Handel's Queens and Handel in Italy with Signum Classics, Mendelssohn in Birmingham with the CBSO for Chandos, James Macmillan's *The Sun Danced* with Britten Sinfonia, Vaughan Williams Symphony No.3 and Schubert *Rosamunde* with the BBC Philharmonic.

Fleur Barron (mezzo soprano)

Singaporean-British mezzo Fleur Barron is a 2018 HSBC Laureate of the Aix-en-Provence Festival, a recipient of the 2021 Royal Philharmonic Society Enterprise Award, and is mentored by Barbara Hannigan. Current engagements include major roles with the Aix-en-Provence Festival, Garsington Opera, Monte-Carlo Opera, Opera Philadelphia and Arizona Opera; a U.S. recital tour with Julius Drake, a tour of Schubert's *Winterreise* with Drake in Spain, further recitals for Het Concertgebouw, Oxford Lieder, Leeds Lieder, Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, and others. Current and recent engagements on

the orchestral platform include debuts with the Berlin Philharmonic, Munich Philharmonic, NDR Radiophilharmonie and Orquesta Filarmonica Oviedo.

Nicky Spence (tenor)

Having made his Metropolitan Opera debut in New York before the age of 30, Nicky Spence is now safely inhabiting the repertoire of Strauss, Janáček and Wagner. Described in *The Times* this year as 'a tenor who combines heroic tone and a poetic sensibility that takes the breath away', he is fulfilling his exciting potential as a Heldentenor having recently made his role debut as Parsifal with the Hallé orchestra under Sir Mark Elder to great acclaim. Having made strong debuts at his home companies of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, English National Opera, and Scottish Opera, Nicky has gone on to appear regularly at L'Opéra national de Paris; Glyndebourne Festival Opera; Deutsche Staatsoper; La Monnaie, Brussels; Seattle Opera; The Metropolitan Opera, New York; Opéra national de Lyon; the Teatro Real in Madrid; the Dutch National Opera and Oper Frankfurt Nicky gives recitals prolifically, and is a regular featured recitalist at the Wigmore Hall, London. In 2020, he won the *Gramophone Magazine Award* and *BBC Music Magazine* award for Vocal disc of the year for his highly acclaimed disc of Janáček works with Julius Drake.

William Thomas (bass)

A BBC New Generation Artist, British bass William Thomas is fast establishing himself as one of today's most promising young singers. As a Jerwood Young Artist, he sang the role of Nicholas in Barber's *Vanessa* at the Glyndebourne Festival. In 2019, he debuted at the Vienna State Opera as Snug in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Upcoming engagements include *The Cunning Little Vixen* (CBSO/Gražinytė-Tyla;) roles for the English National Opera and Glyndebourne and debuts with the Opéra de Rouen Normandie and the Opéra national de Paris. Concert and recital engagements have included Bach's Johannes-Passion with the Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique/Gardiner, Bartok's *Cantata Profana* with the London Symphony Orchestra/Roth and regular appearances at The Wigmore Hall.

Joseph Middleton (piano)

Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song and was the first accompanist to win the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist Award. He is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician in Residence at Pembroke College, Cambridge and Fellow and Professor of his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. Alongside the world's finest singers, Joseph appears at major music centres including Wigmore Hall, New York's Lincoln Centre, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Vienna, Kölner Philharmonie, Philharmonie Luxembourg, Musée d'Orsay, Oji Hall Tokyo and Festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, BBC Proms, Edinburgh, San Francisco, Schubertiade Hohenems and Schwarzenberg, Soeul, and Vancouver. He frequently curates

his own series for BBC Radio and his critically acclaimed and fast-growing discography have won the Diapason D'or, Edison Award and Priz Caecilia.

Dylan Perez (piano)

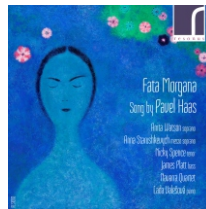
American pianist Dylan Perez is a respected recitalist, chamber musician, and vocal repertoire coach. He has been a Collaborative Piano Fellow at the Royal College of Music, London and graduated from the Guildhall School and the University of Michigan, where he studied with Martin Katz. Dylan has received the Gerald Moore Prize, the Paul Hamburger Prize for Accompaniment and has participated in several international song competitions. In addition to the song world, Dylan enjoys reading, walking his dog, and going to art galleries. His next project is a complete recording of the songs of Samuel Barber for Resonus Classics.

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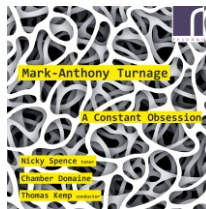


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RESONUS LIMITED – UK

info@resonusclassics.com

www.resonusclassics.com

