



Mauro Peter *tenor*

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Thursday 25 November 2021

7.30pm

The Venue

Leeds Conservatoire

PROGRAMME

Robert Schumann

Fünf Lieder op. 40

Märzveilchen

Muttertraum

Der Soldat

Der Spielmann

Verratene Liebe

Liederkreis op. 39

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In der Fremde

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Im Walde

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Interval

Dichterliebe

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Ich grolle nicht

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Hör ich das Liedchen klingen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Allnächtlich im Traume

Aus alten Märchen

Die alten, bösen Lieder

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Fünf Lieder (op. 40)

Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)
Deutsch: Adelbert von Chamisso

Märzveilchen

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und blau,
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur Schau.

Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder Flor.
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend, davor.

Und hinter den Blumen blühet noch gar
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes Augenpaar.

Märzveilchen, wie jener noch keine gesehn.
Der Reif wird angehaucht zergerhn.

Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,
Und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen Mann.

Muttertraum

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut
Entzückt auf den schlummernden Kleinen.
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.
Ein Engel muß er ihr scheinen.

Sie küßt ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich kaum.

Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,
Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr Hoffungsraum.
So träumen Mütter im Herzen.

Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft sein
Kreischt draußen am Fenster die Weise:
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein!
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise!

March Violets

The arch of Heaven is clear and blue,
The hoarfrost makes a show of flowers.

On the window is a sparkling array of flowers,
A young lad stands gazing before it.

And behind the flowers there blossoms
A smiling pair of blue eyes.

March violets, like none ever seen before,
With a single breath the frost will melt.

The ice flowers begin to melt,
And may God be merciful to this young man.

A Mother's Dream

The mother prays devoutly and looks
Enraptured at the little sleeping child.
He lies in his cradle so soft and trusting.
He must look like an angel to her.

She kisses him, and hugs him, can hardly hold
back.

Forgetful of earthly sorrows
Before her in the future float her hopes and
dreams.
That's what all mothers hold in their hearts.

The raven, meanwhile, and the rest of its tribe
Croak beyond the window these words:
Your angel, your angel will be ours!
The thief will provide us with food..

Der Soldat

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang;
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg wie lang!
O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz entzwei.

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch gibt.
Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradiert,
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum letztenmal
In Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl,—
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu,—
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!

Es haben dann Neun wohl angelegt,
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt;
Sie zittern alle vor Jammer und Schmerz —
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in das Herz.

Der Spielmann

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels viel,
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz und mit Spiel,
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein so rot,
Die Braut nur gleicht dem getünchten Tod.

Ja tot für den, den nicht sie vergißt,
Der doch beim Fest nicht Bräutigam ist;
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste im Krug,
Und streicht die Geige lustig genug!

Er streicht die Geige, sein Haar ergraut,
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend und laut,
Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet es nicht,
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücke zerbricht.

Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so stirbt,
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude noch wirbt;
Ich mag und will nicht länger es sehn!
Das möchte den Kopf mir schwindelnd verdrehn.

Wer heißt euch mit Fingern zeigen auf mich?
O Gott – bewahr uns gnädiglich, Daß Keinen der
Wahnsinn übermannt;
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

Verratene Liebe

Da nachts wir uns küßten, o Mädchen,
Hat keiner uns zugeschaut.
Die Sterne, die standen am Himmel,
Wir haben den Sternen getraut.

Es ist ein Stern gefallen,
Der hat dem Meer uns verklagt,
Da hat das Meer es dem Ruder,
Das Ruder dem Schiffer gesagt.

The Soldier

He walks to the sound of muffled drums;
How far away is the place! How long the way
there!
Oh if only it were all over and he was at rest!
I think my heart will break in two!

I have loved no-one else in the world,
But him, who has been vouchsafed death.
There will be a parade with a band,
Which I have been ordered to attend.

Now he looks up for the last time
At the joyful rays of God's sun –
Now they are blindfolding him –
God grant you eternal peace!.

In fact nine took good aim,
Eight bullets missed him;
Everyone is trembling with misery and pity – –
But I, I hit him right in his heart.

The Fiddler

There's a great celebration going on in the village,
They're celebrating a wedding with dancing and music,
The happy man drinks the sparkling red wine,
Only the bride is as pale as death.

Yes, dead for one she cannot forget,
Present at the feast, but not the bridegroom:
There he is midst the guests in the pub,
Playing his fiddle happily enough.

He plays the fiddle, his hair turns grey,
The strings resound loudly and harshly,
He presses the fiddle close to his heart, not worrying
That it might break into a thousand pieces.

It is really terrible, when someone dies like that,
When a young heart still strives after happiness;
I can't and I won't watch any longer!
It will make me completely dizzy.

Who tells you to point your finger at me?
Oh God – have mercy on us,
Let none of us succumb to madness,
I too am just a poor musician.

Love betrayed

When we kissed at night, my lovely girl,
No-one was watching us.
The stars shone in the heavens,
We trusted the stars.
But one star fell
And told our secret to the sea,
And the sea told the oar,
And the oar told the sailor.

Da sang der selbige Schiffer
Es seiner Liebsten vor.
Nun singen's auf Straßen und Märkten
Die Knaben und Mädchen im Chor.

And this same sailor
Sang the story to his beloved,
And now it's sung in the streets and markets
By boys and girls in chorus!

Liederkreis (op. 39)

Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reitest du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich - Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei. -

"Du kennst mich wohl - von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es wird schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald."

In a far-away land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds drift in,
But my father and mother are long since dead,
No-one there knows me any more.

But soon, oh soon, will come the quiet time,
When I too will rest, and above me
Will be the sweet murmur of the lonely woods,
And no-one here will know me any more.

Intermezzo

Your sublime image
I carry deep within my heart,
It gazes at me constantly,
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself,
An old and beautiful song,
Which soars up into the air
And swiftly wings its way to you.

Conversation in the Forest

It's already late, it's getting cold,
Why are you riding alone through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
Beautiful maiden, I will accompany you home.

"Great is the deceit and deviousness of men.
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
Oh flee! You don't know who I am!"

The lady and steed are so richly decked out,
And her young form is very beautiful,
Now I recognise you - God help me!
You are the witch Lorelei!

"Indeed you do know me - from the towering rock
My castle looks silently down into the Rhein.
It's already late, it's getting cold,
You will never get out of this forest again."

Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßst es nur einer, nur einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen sollt!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh,
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wäre ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie vom künftigen, großem Glück.

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüber gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draußen ist es still' und friedlich,

Silence

No-one can know or guess
How happy I am, how happy!
Oh if just one person knew, just one person,
No-one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,
The stars in the heavens
Are not so still and discreet
As my thoughts are!

I wish I were a little bird
Flying over the sea,
Far over the sea and ever higher
Until I arrived in Heaven!

Moonlit Night

It seemed as if heaven
Had gently kissed the earth,
As if she in a shower of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze wafted through the meadows,
The ears of corn swayed gently,
The forest rustled softly,
The night was full of stars.

And my soul
Stretched out its wings,
And soared over the quiet countryside
As if it were flying home.

Beautiful far-away land

The treetops rustle and shudder,
As if, just at this hour,
Around the half-sunken walls
The ancient Gods were doing their rounds.

Here, behind the myrtle trees,
In secret evening glory,
What strange, dreamlike things are you saying
To me, you fantastic night?

All the stars are shining on me
With glowing gazes of love,
And the distant horizon speaks
Of great happiness in the future.

In a castle

Fallen asleep in his lookout,
Up there is the old knight;
Rain squalls pass over him,
And the forest rustles through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
Breast and ruff turned to stone,
For many hundreds of years
He has sat up there in his silent cell.

Outside all is still and peaceful,

Alle sind ins Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin.
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen,
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondeschimmer fliegen,
Als säh ich unter mir
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten,
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume -
Was will dieses Grau'n bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Everyone has left for the valley.
Forest birds sing their solitary songs
In the empty window arches.

A wedding party travels
Down the Rhine in the sunshine,
Musicians play cheerful music,
But the lovely bride is weeping.

In a far-away land

I hear the little stream murmuring
Here and there in the forest.
In the forest, in the rustling,
I don't know where I am.

The nightingales sing
Here in the solitude,
As if they wanted to tell
Of the beautiful days of long ago.

The moonbeams flicker,
As if I saw beneath me
The castle nestled in the valley,
Yet it is really so far from here!

As though, in the garden
Full of white and red roses,
My beloved were waiting for me.
But she died so long ago.

Sadness

Indeed I can sometimes sing
As if I were happy,
But secretly tears well up,
And release my heart.

When the Spring breezes blow
Nightingales pour forth
Their song of yearning
From their prison cell.

And every heart listens,
And every heart rejoices,
But no-one feels the pain,
The deep sorrow in the song.

Twilight

Dusk prepares to spread its wings,
The trees shiver frighteningly,
Clouds gather like troubled dreams -
What does this dread mean?

If you have a favourite fawn,
Don't let it graze alone.
There are hunters in the woods sounding their horns,
Voices wander to and fro.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neu geboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren -
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauerts im Herzensgrunde.

Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervogel ziehn,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühen.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Träumen rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine! Sie ist dein!

If you have a friend here on earth,
Don't trust him in this hour,
Though acting as a friend in appearance and speech,
He is planning war in malicious silence.

Whatever sets wearily today,
Will rise again tomorrow, new born.
Much can be lost in the night –
Be careful – be watchful and alert.

In the Forest

A wedding party wended its way along the hillside.
I heard the birds singing,
Then riders flashed by, the hunting horns sounded,
That was a merry chase!

And in a twinkling everything had passed by,
The night covered everything in darkness,
All that could be heard was the forest murmurings,
And my heart shuddered with fear.

Spring Night

In the skies above the garden
I heard the birds passing by,
That heralds Spring's arrival,
Flowers are already blooming down below.

I want to rejoice, I want to weep,
I feel as if it could not be!
Old wonders return to shine in
With the shimmering moonlight.

The moon and the stars say it,
In my dreams the trees whisper it,
And the nightingales sing it:
She is yours! She is yours!

Dichterliebe

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich

In the wonderful month of May

In the wonderful month of May
When all the buds were bursting open,
Then in my heart,
Love began to blossom.

In the wonderful month of May
When all the birds were singing,
It was then that I confessed to her
My yearning and desire.

From my tears there spring

From my tears there spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I will give you all the flowers;
And at your window shall sound
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once, in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I love only
She who is small, exquisite, pure, unique;
She herself, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am completely healed.

When I rest my head on your breast,
I am filled with heavenly bliss;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Denn sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldnen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

I want to plunge my soul

I want to bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
And the lily should resound
With a song of my beloved.

The song should quiver and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In an hour of wonderful sweetness

In the holy river Rhine

In the holy river Rhine,
Is reflected in the waves
With its mighty cathedral
Mighty, holy Cologne.

In the Cathedral hangs a picture
Painted on gilded leather;
Into the wilderness of my life
It has shone a friendly light.

Flowers and little angels hover
Around Our Lady;
Her eyes, lips and cheeks
Are exactly like my beloved's.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, even though my heart is breaking,
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge. Although you
shine in diamond splendour, No beam falls into the
night of your heart.
I knew that long ago.

I bear no grudge, even though my heart is breaking,
I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the viper that gnaws at your heart;
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.
I bear no grudge.

If only the little flowers knew

If only the little flowers knew
How deeply wounded my heart is,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and ill I am,
They would happily pour forth
Their refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And speak consoling words to me.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber, ich wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann!

But none of them can know;
Only one knows my sorrow;
For it is she herself who has broken,
Broken my heart.

What a fluting and fiddling

What a fluting and fiddling,
And a blaring of trumpets;
There at her wedding feast dances
My dearest love.

What a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and piping;
And in between are sobbing and wailing
Lovely little angels.

When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song
That once my beloved sang,
My heart is near to bursting
With the wild rush of grief..

A dark longing drives me
Up into the woody heights
And there in tears is released
My overwhelming grief.

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl
Who has chosen another boy;
That boy loves another girl,
And marries that one.

In anger the girl takes
The first good man
Who crosses her path;
The boy is badly.

It's an old tale,
But it remains ever new;
And whoever it happens to,
It breaks his heart in two.

On a bright Summer morning

On a bright Summer morning
I wander around my garden.
The flowers are whispering and talking,
But I wander around silently.

The flowers are whispering and talking,
And look at me with pity.
"Don't be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man!"

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehst mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentropfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und das Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,

I wept in my sleep

I wept in my sleep,
I dreamt you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and tears
Still poured down my cheeks.

I wept in my sleep,
I dreamt you were leaving me.
I awoke and I wept
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my sleep,
I dreamt you still loved me..
I awoke, and still
My tears flood down.

Every night I see you in my dreams

Every night I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me warmly,
And crying aloud I throw myself
Down at your sweet feet.

You look at me sadly,
And shake your fair little head;
From your eyes trickle down
Tiny pearl-like tears.

You whisper a soft word to me,
And give me a cypress wreath;
I wake up, and the wreath is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

From old fairy tales

From old fairy tales
A white hand beckons,
There is a singing and there are the sounds
Of a magical land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Blossom In a golden twilight,
And, sweetly scented, they glow
With the bride-like faces.

And green trees are singing
Melodies of long ago;
And mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds twitter,

And misty shapes rise
Out of the earth,
And dance airy dances,
In a strange gathering,

And blue sparks flicker
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
Madly round and round;

And noisy springs burst
Out of wild marble cliffs,
And strangely in the streams
The reflections continue to glow.

Oh, if only I could go there

Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

Die alten bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bös' und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

And make my heart happy
And be relived of all my sorrows,
And be free and full of joy!

Oh, that land of joy,
I see it so often in my dreams,
But when the morning sun arives,
It vanishes like foam.

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The evil and bitter dreams,
Let us bury them now;
Fetch a large coffin.

In it I will place many things,
But I won't say what yet;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the Heidelberg Vat.

And fetch a funeral bier
Made of firm, thick planks;
They must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And then fetch me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than the mighty St. Christopher
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin away
And sink it deep into the sea,
For such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Needs to be so large and heavy?
I would like to sink my love
And my pain inside it.

Programme Notes

Fünf Lieder op. 40

The first four songs of Schumann's *Fünf Lieder* use texts translated from Hans Christian Andersen by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781–1838), while the fifth, also translated by Chamisso, came from the French poet Charles-Claude Fauriel. (Songs 1–4 are for this reason often sung alone – you can compare the effect if you come to Sarah Connolly's recital). Chamisso was French, but after his family fled the French Revolution they travelled through the Netherlands and Germany, where Chamisso remained as a Prussian army officer. He was a poet and also a significant botanist, in which capacity he circumnavigated the world in 1818–20 as part of a scientific expedition. Science was his main occupation until he was 48 when he published poetry in his own journal the *Berliner Musenalmanach*. Schumann never met Andersen, although they were both in Leipzig in June 1841 (Andersen met Mendelssohn instead), but Clara Schumann met him the following year, and through her Andersen sent Robert a letter. Clara thought Andersen was egotistical and ugly, but Robert thought him 'very wise, so clever, so child-like'. Schumann sent the songs to Andersen with a letter saying

The music may at first glance seem strange to you. So indeed did your poems first appear to me! As I became more acclimated to them, my music also took on an increasingly exotic character. ... Andersen-esque poems must be composed differently from 'bloom, lovely violet', etc., etc.'

(A few years later he changed his mind about Andersen, with whom he had discussed the possibility of an opera, writing in his diary of Andersen's 'childish vanity'.)

The op. 40 songs were composed only a few days after his cycle *Frauenliebe und Leben*, in mid-July 1840. Scholars do not agree on whether this group of songs is actually a cycle – for example, developing a unified narrative thread, or with clear musical interrelationships – but there is a general orientation towards G major/minor and D minor. Notwithstanding Schumann's description, they sound entirely consistent with his songs from this period – less experimental than, for example, his later Goethe settings. Nonetheless Schumann is particularly sensitive to their ambiguities. Andersen's poems show the strong influence of Heine in their use of irony, but Andersen lacked Heine's bitter sarcasm; this may well have attracted Schumann. 'Märzveilchen' smooths out the possible foreboding of the conclusion (the frost on the window will fade; perhaps the girl's eyes will too, or look elsewhere?) in the interests of a charming song with a light-hearted ending. 'Muttertraum' has a Bach-like piano part with a continuous serpentine line of semiquavers throughout, over a simple syncopated bass line. But the raven's words are accompanied by dense repeated chords in a lower register and accented octaves in the bass, marking the change of mood but not dramatizing it. 'Der Soldat' is a dramatic scene, with the drums depicted in the piano part, but the last lines, where the execution takes place, are shown from the point of view of the narrator rather than a spectator, with a sudden change to repeated triplet chords and a martial bass line; the last line is set as recitative, *pianissimo*. 'Der Spielmann' depicts a wedding, and has a general connection with *Dichterliebe's* 'Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen'. At first the narrator is describing a wedding, where the bride looks 'like whitewashed death' because she cannot forget the fiddler she loved. But then there is a shift: a first-person narrator sees the heartbroken fiddler and prays to be saved from madness as he too is a musician. The last stanza slows down so that there are only echoes of the crude dance music left. The narrator's unstable state is shown in the unsteady off-beat accentuation of the simple waltz music and the frequent diminished seventh chords, as well as the uncertain sense of the tonic harmony. After this highly disconcerting song, the short cheerful 'Verratene Liebe' offers something lighter; Schumann may have felt that the group needed a more cheerful conclusion. It has none of the complexity of some of Schumann's other songs, but there is an amusing reversal of expectations when the star falls to the sea – at 'gefallen' the voice leaps *up* over an octave, as if to underline the song's lack of seriousness.

Liederkreis op. 39

Schumann's song collections often concentrated on a single poet. *Dichterliebe* set Heine, and his second collection called *Liederkreis* used Eichendorff (the earlier collection of that name also set Heine). Schumann called this group of songs 'my most romantic music ever, with much of you in it, dearest Clara'. The texts are connected by themes of loss, loneliness, memory, and night. As in *Dichterliebe*, there are cross-references between the songs: the same musical motif begins 'Auf einer Burg' and 'In der Fremde'. Other musical references are used with dramatic effect: the hunting horns in 'Waldesgespräch' suggest a happy day in the forest, but the traveller is out at night and the final horns echo ironically in the distance. Another night-piece, 'Zielicht', is accompanied by a piano texture like a Bach invention – indeed we wonder 'Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?' [What does this dusk mean?]. 'Auf einer Burg' uses an older musical language (chorale, and a suggestion of imitative part-writing) for the old knight turned to stone. Indeed, the appearance of the music on the page could at first glance be taken to be by a baroque church composer, down to the final bars with a conventional baroque suspension and the major key finish (although this song ends not on the tonic but the dominant). There are less disturbing songs: 'Intermezzo' begins with a five-note figure that Schumann associated with Clara, and 'Mondnacht' celebrates the union of earth and sky (this song was beautifully arranged for cello by Friedrich Grützmaker in a collection of seventeen Schumann arrangements). In 'Im Walde', we naturally hear the hunting horns, but the singer sings almost hesitantly at the beginning, slowing down each phrase. Eventually, he is not part of the landscape.

Dichterliebe

Dichterliebe was composed in 9 days at the end of May 1840, setting poems by Heinrich Heine. Originally dedicated to Mendelssohn, the collection's eventual dedicatee was the soprano Wilhelmine Schöder-Devrient (Mendelssohn got the op. 44 quartets instead). Schumann admired her having heard her in Beethoven's *Fidelio* in 1837, and she visited him in 1842 for the première of one of his chamber works.

Although Schumann composed some songs in 1828 they are generally seen as immature works. Some of this material was re-used in his piano sonatas of the 1830s, but by 1839 he felt that the piano was 'too confining for my thoughts'. His so-called 'year of song' (*Liederjahr*) began in February 1840, and later that year he wrote to Clara Wieck:

Above all I want to write Lieder – in the morning, beginning at six o'clock, so please think of me then. ... when I am in good form I can write two sheets of songs in a day, sometimes even more.

Although Schumann wrote 140 songs that year, they were not published immediately. Apart from anything else, he was also trying to write a symphony, finally producing the 'Spring' symphony in four days in early 1841, and he also thought that writing chamber and orchestral music carried more status. All of tonight's songs were composed in that year. *Dichterliebe* was given the opus number 29, suggesting it followed immediately on his 3 *Romanzen* op. 28 for piano, but it was not published until 1844 – that is, after his string quartets and piano quintet. Such delays were not unusual for Schumann at this time. He wrote to Clara about this:

There are advantages sometimes in putting one's compositions away to sleep for a couple of years. What is good will still have the same effect, and one doesn't touch that. It is fundamentally true, in art as well as in life, that without noticing it one becomes more sensible with the years. I realised that this morning with [Dichterliebe].

Originally entitled '20 Lieder und Gesänge', it was shortened to 16 songs and renamed *Dichterliebe*; Clara Schumann's 1841 setting of Rückert's 'Liebesfrühling' has the line 'Dichterliebe hat eignes Unglück stets betroffen' [The love of the poet has always met with ill fortune].

Schumann and Heine both studied law, which they each abandoned for an artistic career. Heine's first poetic anthology, the 1827 *Buch der Lieder*, became a classic of Romantic German literature and

composers began setting his poems to music within a year of the book's publication. Schumann met Heine in 1828 and described him:

I imagined Heine a morose, misanthropic man ... too high above people and life to be able any longer to fit in with them. But how different I found him...he met me in a friendly way...he shook my hand cordially, and took me round Munich for a few hours. ...Only about his mouth lay a bitter ironic smile, but a noble smile about the trivialities of life and a scorn for petty men; but even that bitter satire...that deep, inner rancour about life, which cuts to the quick, made his conversation very absorbing.

Heine's irony and sarcasm – at the end of his poems there is often a jarring change of mood, a *Stimmungsbrechend* – were not to everyone's taste, and Schumann himself sometimes disliked it, saying in his diary 'There is no sarcasm in me'. He thought the irony was only on the surface, so the music should reflect something deeper.

At certain points in time, [Heine's] poetry dons the mask of irony in order to conceal its visage of pain; perhaps for a moment the friendly hand of a genius may lift that mask so that wild tears may be transformed into pearls.

The first song, 'Im wunderschönen Monat Mai', does something like this, where the piano part undermines the surface feeling of the apparently simple folk poem, and leaves the ending unresolved on the dominant of F sharp minor. 'Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen' begins as a jolly story, but the poem ends bitterly while the piano part remains heartlessly cheerful. Schumann uses common musical motifs between songs to pull ideas together: the disembodied melodies evoking painful memories in 'Hör ich das Liedchen klingen' and 'Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen', the parallel postludes of 'Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen' and 'Die alten, bösen Lieder', the use of melodic fragments from 'Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' in 'Ich hab' im Traum geweinet' and 'Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich'. He also sets off the text by evoking different musical styles. In 'Im Rhein' the bells of Cologne cathedral are present in the bass while the upper part plays fragments sounding like a Bach organ prelude; in 'Das ist ein Flöten' the piano plays a sort of waltz, but not the wedding waltz in the poem, more like the continuous flow of Mahler's 'Des Antonius von Padua', especially in the brief playout. Schumann expanded the possibilities of the piano ending a song alone, not only simply bringing it to an end but extending it. The postlude of 'Die alten bösen Lieder' is one of the most striking, extending and transforming the song with a switch from minor to major, and with syncopated melodic fragments from 'Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen', as if recalling happier memories that cannot be buried.

Artists' Biographies

MAURO PETER

In Season 21/22 Mauro Peter will sing Narraboth in *Salome* and Ferrando in *Così* in Zürich, and will also sing Ferrando during the Mozartwoche in Salzburg 2022. He will appear as Tamino at the Semperoper in Dresden and at the Salzburg Festival. He is going to sing with the Boston Philharmonic in Boston and New York. In 2022 he will make his début with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and Kirill Petrenko and continue with many concerts and recitals in Vienna, Madrid, Schwarzenberg. Recent engagements include Nemorino in *Elisir d'amore* in Zürich and Ottavio at Teatro Real in Madrid. Previously Mauro Peter appeared in Handel's *Messiah* under Daniel Hope in Barcelona, *Matthäus-Passion* with Trevor Pinnock in Ottawa, Mozart and Vivaldi for Teatro alla Scala, recitals at Konzerthaus Wien, Schubertiade in Schwarzenberg, Musikverein Graz.

Since the 2013/14 season, he has been an ensemble member of the Zürich Opera and in addition to this he has sung at the Opéra national de Paris, Bayerischen Staatsoper München, La Scala Milano, Theater an der Wien; since 2012 he has also been a guest at the Salzburg Festival. In the season 2017/18 Mauro made his débuts at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden as Tamino and at the Canadian Opera Toronto as Belmonte. Mauro frequently gives recitals all over Europe at Schubertiade, in KKL Luzern, Wigmore Hall in London, Musikverein in Wien, Konzerthaus Wien, Musikverein Graz, Kölner Philharmonie, and the Salzburg Festival. He has recorded for Sony Classical together with his musical partner Helmut Deutsch at the piano, Franz Schubert Goethe-Lieder and Robert Schumann Lieder.

JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been internationally acclaimed within this field. Described in the BBC Music Magazine as 'one of the brightest stars in the world of song and Lieder', he has also been labelled 'the cream of the new generation' by The Times and 'a perfect accompanist' by Opera Now.

Joseph enjoys fruitful partnerships with internationally established singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Ian Bostridge, Dame Sarah Connolly, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Wolfgang Holzmair, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Miah Persson, Allan Clayton, Matthew Rose, Carolyn Sampson and Roderick Williams. He collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and regularly programmes his own series for BBC Radio 3.

Recent seasons have taken him to London's Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House and Royal Festival Hall, the Vienna Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw, Köln Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg Opera Houses, Berlin Boulez Saal, Paris Musée d'Orsay, Zürich Tonhalle, deSingel Antwerp, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Bozar Brussels, Tokyo's Oji Hall and New York's Alice Tully Hall. He regularly appears at festivals in Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade Schwarzenberg and Hohenems, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Ravinia, Japan, San Francisco, Toronto and Vancouver as well as the BBC Proms.

His fast growing discography on Harmonia Mundi, BIS, Chandos and Signum Records have won him a Diapason D'or, Edison Award, Prix Caecilia as well as numerous Gramophone and BBC Music Magazine Award nominations. Joseph Middleton is director of Leeds Lieder, musician in residence at Pembroke College Cambridge and a professor and Fellow at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. He was the recipient of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist of the Year Award in 2017.