Franz SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

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Encore:

Franz SCHUBERT

20	Die Forelle, D. 550 (Op. 32)	[2:18]

Total Timing: **[82:38]**

Gundula Janowitz *soprano*

Charles Spencer *piano*

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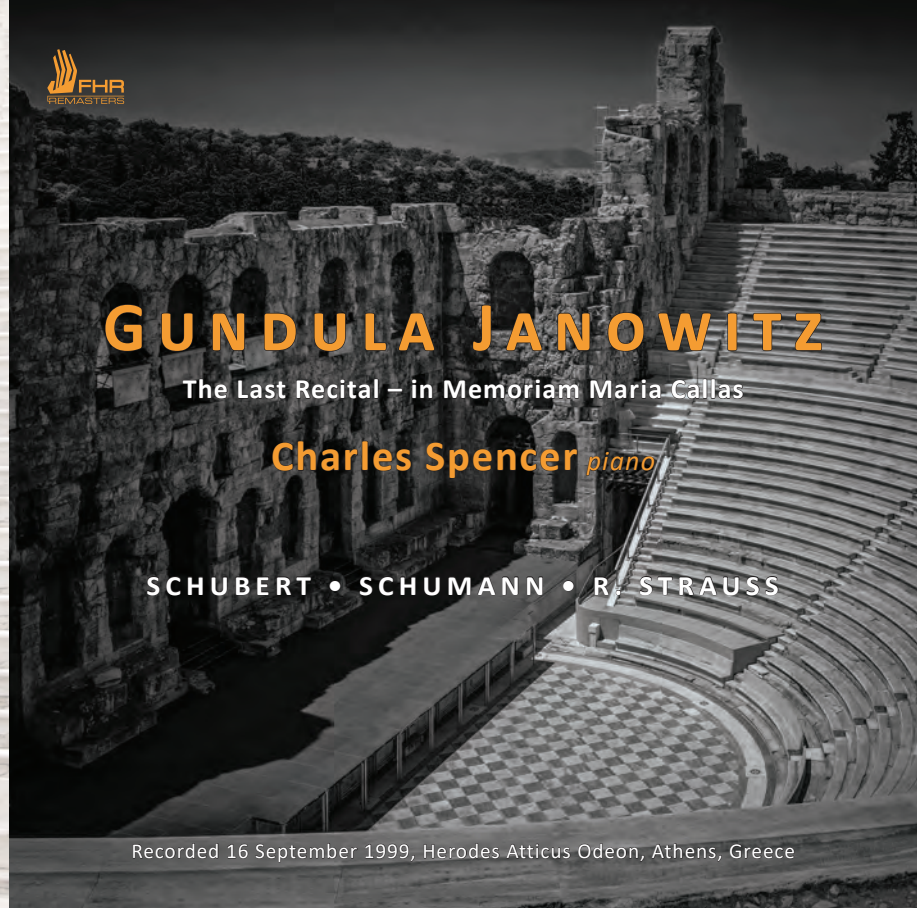


FHR REMASTERS

GUNDULA JANOWITZ

The Last Recital – in Memoriam Maria Callas

Charles Spencer *piano*

SCHUBERT • SCHUMANN • R. STRAUSS

Recorded 16 September 1999, Herodes Atticus Odeon, Athens, Greece

GUNDULA JANOWITZ
The Final Recital – in Memoriam Maria Callas

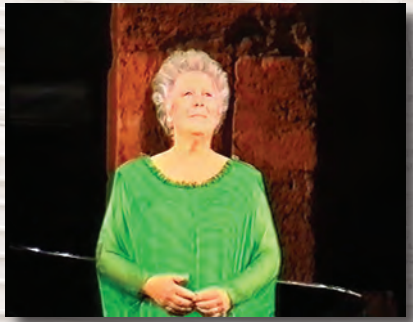
Maria Callas died on September 16, 1977; exactly 22 years later Gundula Janowitz gave a recital in Athens, the city where her great colleague had grown up, and dedicated it to Callas' memory. Now, in time for Janowitz's 80th birthday, on August 2, 2017, a recording of that occasion – her final public recital – at last appears.

Callas and Janowitz had little shared repertoire (they overlapped in, perhaps, three roles, none hardly central to the German singer's career) but what they both had were voices that were utterly distinctive. As her colleague and friend Brigitte Fassbaender said: 'Gundula Janowitz possesses one of those voices where you have only to hear a couple of notes and you immediately know who it is. Her elegant timbre and unmistakably instrumental way of forming the phrases is unique.' Few singers have voices that approach the purity of Janowitz's: with its very fast vibrato and 'white' production, the focused sound can soar, swoop and dip with astonishing ease and control, the vocal line becoming almost liquefied into a seemingly endless melisma. It's no surprise that Herbert von Karajan, who became her mentor and champion from the early 1960s for almost two decades, was drawn to her singing – it could float over the orchestral cushion of sound he created to magical effect (never more perfectly illustrated that in the 1974 recording they made together in Berlin of Richard Strauss' *Four Last Songs*, a disc that immediately took on a classic status, cherished by her admirers).

Janowitz worked (and recorded extensively) throughout the 1960s and 1970s with all the leading conductors of the day: Karajan, Otto Klemperer, Rudolf Kempe, Rafael Kubelík, Carlos Kleiber, Karl Böhm, Sir Georg Solti, Leonard Bernstein and Bernard Haitink to pick the most prominent. And the repertoire she focused on was built around two towering figures: Mozart and Richard Strauss, both composers with a palpable love of the soprano voice. Janowitz's characterisations of Pamina (*The Magic Flute*), Fiordiligi (*Così fan tutte*) and Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*) were masterly and, in Strauss, she gave us Ariadne, Countess Madeleine (*Capriccio*), Arabella and the Marschallin (*Der Rosenkavalier*), all beautifully shaped. In the choral repertoire, she was a noted interpreter of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, with the occasional excursion into Verdi.

I once asked her what her favourite operatic roles were. 'The three As,' she replied. 'Donna Anna, Agathe and Arabella.' Anna is the one role she never recorded commercially (a planned EMI project was cancelled with the death of the conductor George Szell) while Agathe (*Der Freischütz*) was recorded with Kleiber and Arabella with Solti (for video). They give a glimpse into Janowitz's temperament: women who suddenly ignite and take charge when forced. The beauty and effortlessness of her vocal production barely hint at the spark just waiting to burst into flame. The Italian sensibility of Mimì (*La Bohème*), Elisabetta (*Don Carlos*) and Amelia (*Simon Boccanegra*) just wasn't her: beautifully though she sang those parts.

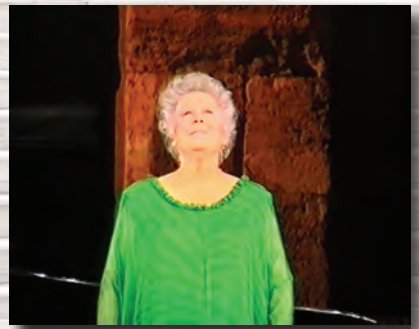
When Karajan auditioned the young singer in 1959, he told her 'If you promise to work hard I will take you out into the world'. She did work



hard and he did indeed put her on the musical map, working with her until 1976 when they performed Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem* together for the last time. And along the way, he took her on a journey that played to her strengths (the Empress in Strauss' *Die Frau ohne Schatten* the only miscalculation for the young singer, a role abandoned after just one performance, and to which, sadly, she never returned). He encouraged her to take on Sieglinde and Gutrüne in his *Ring* recording, and that paved the way for her Leonore in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, a characterisation of which William Mann wrote: 'Nor does she leave any doubt of Leonore's fear and anguish, the apparent hopelessness of her quest, for all her invocation to hope; there are gleaming tears in Janowitz's voice, as well as heroics.'

Janowitz's recorded catalogue, though, tends to misrepresent the focus of her career because it downplays her work as a recitalist. Of course, she did tape all of Schubert's songs for high voice, a set – made for Deutsche Grammophon with one of her most loyal song-companions, the pianist Irwin Gage – that won her numerous awards. But apart from a couple of late song recitals and a disc of Hindemith's *Das Marienleben*, that is all we have to remember her by as a performer of song.

In recital Janowitz was an engaging presence with her charming, slightly diffident smile and there was always a sparkle in her eye. Her



concerts would start rather formally, with an element of reserve, until singer and audience had warmed to each other (usually after a couple of songs) and very soon her warm personality and sense of humour would emerge and by the end, after a carefully chosen encore or two, singer and listener would part with not a little regret.

For her Athens recital, Janowitz chose two composers absolutely at the centre of her song repertoire, Franz Schubert and Richard Strauss, with a third, Robert Schumann, forming a bridge between the two. It was a delightful gesture and one that was surely not lost on the Greek audience to include a trio of Schubert songs that acknowledged the setting. *Die Götter Griechenlands*, to words by Schiller, seems to imply that something has deserted the soul of man if the ancient gods are dead. Mayrhofer's *Iphigenia* pleads with the goddess Artemis to be allowed to return to Tauris and her father Agamemnon. *An die Leier*, a translation of *Anacreon* by Franz von Bruchmann, finds the poet wanting to sing of noble things, but his lyre only wants to sing of love. And from then on it was a stream of Janowitz's favourites that conjure up so many memories until… *Die Forelle*, given with charm, a lightness of touch and, perhaps, just a little sadness because we'd never hear Janowitz's voice again on the concert platform.

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The pianist **Charles Spencer** was born in Yorkshire, England. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London with Max Pirani where he won various prizes including an Austrian Government Scholarship to study in Vienna with Walter Fleischmann, Noel Flores and Robert Schollum.

He has also attended master classes given by Vlado Perlemuter and Geoffrey Parsons.

On completion of his studies, with unanimous distinction in Vienna, he was awarded the Prize for Artistic Merit of the Austrian Government.

Charles Spencer is now one of the most sought-after piano-accompanists worldwide. He was the preferred accompanist of the great mezzo-soprano Christa Ludwig with whom he collaborated for more than 12 years.

Further collaborations have been with Gundula Janowitz, Peter Schreier, Marjana Lipovsek, Jessye Norman, Thomas Quasthoff, Andreas Schmidt, Wolfgang Holzmair, Ulf Baestlein, Bernarda Fink,

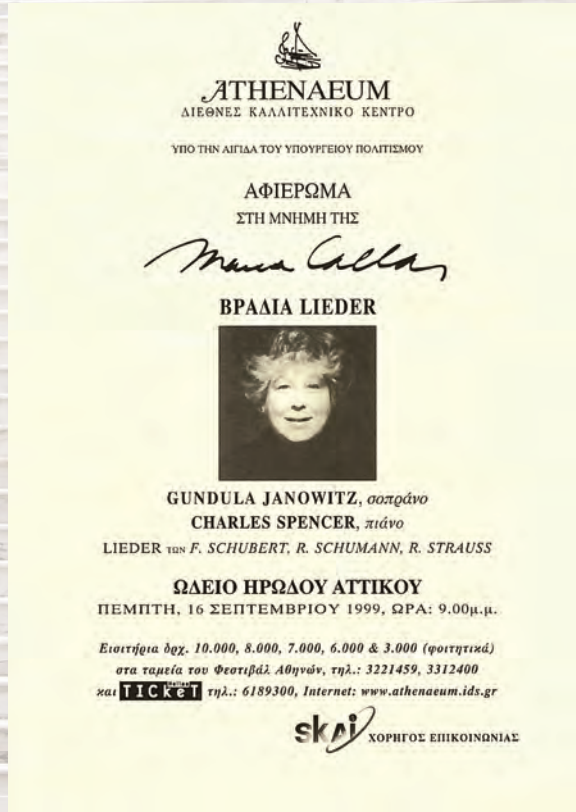
Ildiko Raimondi, Elena Garanca, Peter Seiffert, Petra-Maria Schnitzer, Paul-Armin Edelmann, Chen Reiss, Iris Vermillion, Rainer Trost, Christiane Oelze, Vesselina Kasarova and Florian Boesch.

Recitals with these artists have taken him to the major international concert venues, and have been received enthusiastically by the international press.

Since 1999 Charles Spencer is Ordinarius Professor of Liedinterpretation at the Music University, Vienna. In addition he holds an annual master class with Professor Ulf Baestlein in Husum, Germany. He is a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

The **Athenaeum International Cultural Centre** is a non-profit music organisation. It was founded in 1974 by a group of artists, intellectuals and personalities of public life who shared in common the aspiration of regenerating Greek musical education as well as the cultural life of the country.

Every year, between 1978 and 2011, under the patronage of the Greek Ministry of Culture, the Athenaeum organised concerts in memory of Maria Callas, which were held on 16 September (the day of Callas' death) at the Herodes Atticus Odeon, in Athens. Besides paying tribute to Callas' memory, these concerts aimed to bring the winners of the Maria Callas International Music Competition of Greece before a wider public. Additionally, many famous artists were invited, such as Victoria de los Ángeles, Christa Ludwig, Ileana Cotrubaș, Irina Arkhipova, Hermann Prey, Lev Vlassenko, Tatiana Nikolayeva (her 1989 recital was issued by First Hand Records in 2016 [FHR46]), Halina Czerny-Stefańska, Tamás Vásáry, Annie Fischer, Cheryl Studer, Dame Gwyneth Jones, Gundula Janowitz, as well as great orchestras such as the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra, the George Enescu Philharmonic Orchestra of Bucharest, the Prague Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Belgrade Philharmonic Orchestra, among others.



Franz SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

1 **Die Götter Griechenlands (The Gods of Greece), D. 677** **[4:26]**
(Friedrich von Schiller, 1759-1805)

Schöne Welt, wo bist du? Kehre wieder,
Holdes Blütenalter der Natur!
Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder
Lebt noch deine fabelhafte Spur.
Ausgestorben trauert das Gefilde,
Keine Gottheit zeigt sich meinem Blick.
Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde
Blieb der Schatten nur zurück.

Fair world, where are you? Return again
Sweet springtime of nature
Alas, only in the magic land of song
Does your fabled memory live on.
The deserted fields mourn,
No god reveals himself to me;
Of that warm, living image
Only a shadow has remained.

2 **Iphigenia, D. 573 (Op. 98/3)** **[3:16]**
(Johann Baptist Mayrhofer, 1787-1836)

Blüht denn hier an Tauris Strande,
Aus dem teuren Vaterlande
Keine Blume, weht kein Hauch
Aus den seligen Gefilden,
Wo Geschwister mit mir spielten? –
Ach, mein Leben ist ein Rauch!

Does no flower from my beloved homeland
Bloom here on the shore of Tauris?
Does no breeze blow
From the blessed fields
Where my brothers and sisters played with me?
Ah, my life is but smoke!

Trauernd wank' ich in dem Haine,
Keine Hoffnung nähr' ich, keine,
Meine Heimat zu erseh'n,
Und die See mit hohen Wellen,
Die an Klippen sich zerschellen,
Übertäubt mein heißes Fleh'n.

Sadly, hesitantly, I walk through the grove;
I cherish no hope – none –
Of ever seeing my homeland.
And the sea, with its mightly waves
Crashing against the cliffs,
Drowns out my soft pleas.

Göttin, die du mich gerettet,
An die Wildnis angekettet,
Rette mich zum zweitenmal.
Gnädig lasse mich den Meinen,
Laß' o Göttin! mich erscheinen
in des großen Königs Saal!

Goddess who rescued me
And chained me in this wilderness,
Rescue me a second time;
Mercifully grant, o goddess,
That I may appear before my own people
In the hall of the great king!

3 **An die Leier (To My Lyre), D. 737 (Op. 56/2)** **[4:58]**
(Franz von Bruchmann, 1798-1867)

Ich will von Atreus' Söhnen,
Von Kadmus will ich singen!
Doch meine Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklingen.

I would sing of Atreus' sons,
Of Cadmus,
But my strings bring forth
Only sounds of love.

Ich tauschte um die Saiten,
Die Leier möcht ich tauschen!
Alcidens Siegesschreiten
Sollt ihrer Macht entrauschen!

I have changed the strings,
I should like to change the lyre!
Alcides' victorious march
Should ring out from its might!

Doch auch die Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklingen!
So lebt denn wohl, Heroen!
Denn meine Saiten tönen
Statt Heldensang zu drohen,
Nur Liebe im Erklingen.

But these strings, too,
Bring forth only sounds of love!
Farewell, then, heroes!
For my strings,
Instead of threatening with heroic songs,
Bring forth only sounds of love.

4 **Ellens Gesang I 'Raste, Krieger! Krieg ist aus', (Ellen's Song I 'Soldier Rest! thy warfare o'er'), D. 837 (Op. 52/1)** **[8:26]**
(Adam Storck, 1780-1822, after Sir Walter Scott)

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

Rest, warrior! Your war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you;
Do not dream of the fierce battle
Of days and nights filled with terrors.

In der Insel Zauberhallen
Wird ein weicher Schlafgesang
Um das müde Haupt dir wallen
Zu der Zauberharfe Klang.

In the island's enchanted halls
A soft lullaby
Shall caress your weary head
To the strains of a magic harp.

Feen mit unsichtbaren Händen
Werden auf dein Lager hin
Holde Schlummerblumen senden,
Die im Zauberlande blühn.

Fairies with unseen hands
Shall strew upon your bed
Sweet flowers of sleep
That bloom in the enchanted land.

Raste Krieger, Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

Nicht der Trommel wildes Rasen,
Nicht des Kriegs gebietend Wort,
Nicht der Todeshörner Blasen
Scheuchen deinen Schlummer fort.

Nicht das Stampfen wilder Pferde,
Nicht der Schreckensruf der Wacht,
Nicht das Bild von Tagsbeschwerde
Stören deine stille Nacht.

Doch der Lerche Morgensänge
Wecken sanft dein schlummernd Ohr,
Und des Sumpfgefieders Klänge
Steigend aus Geschilf und Rohr.

Raste Krieger! Krieg ist aus,
Schlaf den Schlaf, nichts wird dich wecken,
Träume nicht von wildem Strauß
Nicht von Tag und Nacht voll Schrecken.

5 **Fischerweise (Fisherman's Tale), D. 881 (Op. 96/4)** **[3:31]**
(Franz Xaver von Schlechta, 1796-1875)

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen
Und Gram und Leid nicht an;
Er löst am frühen Morgen
Mit leichtem Sinn den Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede
Auf Wald und Flur und Bach
Er ruft mit seinem Liede
Die gold'ne Sonne wach.
.

Rest, warrior! Your war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you;
Do not dream of the fierce fight,
Of days and nights filled with terrors.

Neither the wild crash of drums,
Nor the summons to battle,
Not the blaring of death's horns
Shall frighten away your sleep.

Neither the stomping of frenzied horses,
Nor the sentry's fearful cry,
Nor a vision of the day's cares
Shall disturb your tranquil night.

Yes the lark's morning song
Shall gently awaken your slumbering ear,
And the sounds of the marsh birds
Soaring from the reeds and rushes.

Rest, warrior! You war is over,
Sleep the sleep, nothing shall wake you,
Do not dream of the fierce battle,
Of days and nights filled with terrors.

The fisherman is not plagued
by cares, grief or sorrow.
In the early morning he casts off
his boat with a light heart.

Round about, peace still lies
over forest, meadow and stream,
with his song the fisherman
bids the golden sun awake.

Er singt zu seinem Werke
Aus voller frischer Brust,
Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke,
Die Stärke Lebenslust.

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel
In allen Tiefen laut
Und plätschert durch den Himmel,
Der sich im Wasser baut.

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen,
Braucht Augen klar und gut,
Muß heiter gleich den Wellen
Und frei sein wie die Flut.

Dort angelt auf der Brücke
Die Hirtin. Schlauer Wicht,
Gib auf nur deine Tücke,
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht.

6 **Der Fluß (The River), D. 693** **[5:41]**
(Friedrich von Schlegel, 1772-1829)

Wie rein Gesang sich windet
Durch wunderbarer Saitenspiele Rauschen,
Er selbst sich wiederfindet,
Wie auch die Weisen tauschen,
Daß neu entzückt die Hörer ewig lauschen,

So fließet mir gediegen
Die Silbermasse, schlangengleich gewunden,
Durch Büsche, die sich wiegen
Vom Zauber süß gebunden,
Weil sie im Spiegel neu sich selbst gefunden;

Wo Hügel sich so gerne
Und helle Wolken leise schwankend zeigen,
Wenn fern schon matte Sterne

He sings at his work
from a full, vigorous heart.
His work gives him strength,
his strength exhilarates him.

Soon a bright multitude
will resound in the depths,
and splash
through the watery heavens.

But whoever wishes to set a net
needs good, clear eyes,
must be as cheerful as the waves,
and as free as the tide.

There, on the bridge, the shepherdess
is fishing. Cunning wench,
leave off your tricks!
You won't deceive this fish!

As pure song curls
through the murmuring of the wondrous strings,
finding itself again,
however much the melodies change,
that, captivated anew, the audience listens for ever.

So flows, steadfast,
the silver band, twisting snake-like
through swaying bushes,
sweetly spellbound because
they have found themselves anew in the mirror.

Where hills and bright clouds
gladly reveal themselves, gently rolling,
when in the distance faint stars

Aus blauer Tiefe steigen,
Der Sonne trunkne Augen abwärts neigen.

So schimmern alle Wesen
Den Umriß nach im kindlichen Gemüte,
Das zur Schönheit erlesen
Durch milder Götter Güte
In dem Kristall bewahrt die flücht'ge Blüte.

already rise from the blue depths
and the sun's drunken eyes sink downwards.

So all things shimmer
in outline in the childlike mind
which, chosen for beauty
by the goodness of the kindly gods,
preserves the fleeting blossom in the crystal waters.

7 **Im Abendrot (In the Glow of Evening), D. 799** **[4:19]**
(Karl Gottlieb Lappe, 1773-1843)

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet,
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!

Könnt ich klagen, könnt ich zagen?
Irre sein an dir und mir?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.

How lovely is your world,
Father, in its golden radiance
when your glory descends
and paints the dust with glitter;
when the red light that shines from the clouds falls
silently upon my window.

Could I complain? Could I be apprehensive?
Could I lose faith in you and in myself?
No, I already bear your heaven
here within my heart.
And this heart, before it breaks,
still drinks in the fire and savours the light.

8 **Winterreise (Winter Journey), D. 911 (Op. 89/5): V. Der Lindenbaum (The Linden Tree)** **[5:29]**
(Wilhelm Müller, 1794-1827)

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide

By the well, before the gate,
Stands a linden tree;
In its shade I dreamt
Many a sweet dream.

In its bark I carved
Many a word of love;
In joy and sorrow

Zu ihm mich immer fort

Ich mußt' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier find'st du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad ins Angesicht;
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

I was ever drawn to it.

Today, too, I had to walk
Past it at dead of night;
Even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
As if they were calling to me:
'Come to me, friend,
Here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
Straight into my face,
My hat flew from my head;
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours' journey
From that place;
Yet I still hear the rustling:
'There you would find rest.'

9 **Das Lied im Grünen (Song in the Country), D. 917 (Op. 115/1)** **[4:26]**
(Johann Anton Friedrich Reil, 1773-1843)

Ins Grüne, ins Grüne, da lockt uns der Frühling,
Der liebliche Knabe,
Und führt uns am blumenumwundenen Stabe,
Hinaus, wo die Lerchen und Amseln so wach,
In Wälder, auf Felder, auf Hügel zum Bach,
Ins Grüne, ins Grüne.

Im Grünen, im Grünen, da lebt es sich wonnig,
da wandeln wir gerne,
Und heften die Augen dahin schon von ferne,
Und wie wir so wandeln mit heiterer Brust,
Umwallet uns immer die kindliche Lust,
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

To the green countryside! Spring,
That sweet youth, invites us there,
And leads us with his flower-entwined staff
To where larks and blackbirds stir,
To woods and fields, over hills to the brook,
To the green countryside!

In the green countryside, life is blissful,
There we love to roam;
Even from afar we fix our eyes on it,
And as we wander there with cheerful hearts,
A childlike joy envelops us,
In the green countryside!

Im Grünen, im Grünen, da ruht man so wohl,
empfindet so Schönes,
Und denket behaglich an dieses und jenes,
Und zaubert von hinnen, ach! was uns bedrückt,
Und alles herbei, was den Busen entzückt,
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Im Grünen, im Grünen, da werden die Sterne
So klar, die die Weisen
Der Vorwelt zur Leitung des Lebens uns preisen,
Da streichen die Wölkchen so zart uns dahin,
Da heitern die Herzen, da klärt sich der Sinn
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Im Grünen, im Grünen, da wurde manch Plänchen
Auf Flügeln getragen,
Die Zukunft der grämlichen Aussicht entschlagen.
Da stärkt sich das Auge, da labt sich der Blick,
Leicht tändelt die Sehnsucht dahin und zurück
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Im Grünen, im Grünen, am Morgen, am Abend
In traulicher Stille
Da wurde manch Liedchen und manche Idylle,
Gedichtet, gespielt, mit Vergnügen und Schmerz.
Denn leicht ist die Lockung, empfänglich das Herz
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Ins Grüne, ins Grüne lasst heiter uns folgen
Dem freundlichen Knaben!
Grünt einst uns das Leben nicht fürder,
So haben wir klüglich die grünende Zeit nicht versäumt,
Und wann es gegolten, doch glücklich geträumt,
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

In the green countryside, we find such peace,
And sense such beauty;
We contentedly dwell on this and that,
Conjure away our troubles
And conjure up our hearts delight,
In the green countryside!

In the green countryside, the stars
Are so bright, those stars which the wise men
Of old extolled as our life's guidance.
The little clouds elide by so tenderly.
Our hearts are clarified, and our senses clear
In the green countryside!

In the green countryside many a little plan
Takes wing,
And the future sheds its gloomy aspect;
The eye is strengthened and the gaze refreshed, Our
longings play gently to and fro,
In the green countryside!

In the green countryside, morning and evening,
In the intimate stillness,
Many a song and many an idyll burgeons,
There many a song and many an idyll
Has been written and sung, with fun and with sorrow.
In the green countryside!

Into the green countryside let us merrily follow
The friendly youth.
And when, one day, life no longer blossoms for us,
Then we shall have been wise enough
Not to miss the verdant years, and shall have dreamed
happily when the time was right,
In the green countryside!

Robert SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

10 **Myrthen, Op. 25: No. 9, Lied der Suleika (Suleika's Song)** **[3:15]**
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749-1832 and Marianne von Willemer, 1784-1860)

Wie mit innigstem Behagen,
Lied, empfind' ich deinen Sinn!
Liebevoll du scheinst zu sagen:
Daß ich ihm zur Seite bin.
Daß er ewig mein gedenket,
Seiner Liebe Seligkeit,
Immerdar der Fernen schenket,
Die ein Leben ihm geweiht.

Ja, mein Herz es ist der Spiegel,
Freund, worin du dich erblickst,
Diese Brust, wo deine Siegel
Kuß auf Kuß hereingedrückt.
Süßes Dichten, lautre Wahrheit,
Fesselt mich in Sympathie!
Rein verkörpert Liebesklarheit
Im Gewand der Poesie.

Wie mit innigstem Behagen,
Lied, empfind' ich deinen Sinn!
Liebevoll du scheinst zu sagen:
Daß ich ihm zur Seite bin.

With what heartfelt contentment,
Song, I grasp your meaning.
Lovingly you seem to say
That I am at his side, his side,
That he eternally thinks of me alone,
And ever bestows the bliss of love
On me, far away, who dedicates
Her life to him.

For my heart, dear friend, is the mirror
In which you have seen yourself,
This breast where your seal is imprinted,
Kiss upon kiss, kiss upon kiss.
Your sweet art, its pure truth
Chains me in sympathy!
The pure embodiment of love's radiance,
Dressed in the robes of poetry.

With what heartfelt contentment,
Song, I grasp your meaning.
Lovingly you seem to say
That I am at his side, his side.

11 **Lieder-Album für die Jugend (Album of Songs for the Young), Op. 79:** **[1:46]**
No. 26. Schneeglöckchen (Snowdrops)
(Friedrich Rückert, 1788-1866)

Der Schnee, der gestern noch in Flöckchen
Vom Himmel fiel,
Hängt nun geronnen heut als Glöckchen
Am zarten Stiel.
Schneeglöckchen läutet, was bedeutet's
Im stillen Hain?

The snow, that only yesterday fell in little flakes
From the sky,
Hangs now, cast as a bell,
From a delicate stem.
A tiny bell of snow rings in the silent wood.
What can it mean?

O komm geschwind! Im Haine läutet's
Den Frühling ein.
O kommt, ihr Blätter, Blüt' und Blume,
Die ihr noch träumt,
All zu des Frühlings Heiligtume!
Kommt ungesäumt!

O come quickly! The woods are ringing
To welcome spring.
Come quickly, leaves, blossoms and flowers,
You who still dream.
Into spring's shrine
Come without delay!

12 **Myrthen, Op. 25: No. 7, Die Lotosblume (The Lotus Flower)** **[2:19]**
(Heinrich Heine, 1797-1856)

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht,

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The lotus flower fears
The sun's splendour,
And with lowered head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,
He wakes her with his light,
And to him she lovingly unveils
Her innocent flower-face.

She blooms and glows and shines,
Gazing silently upwards;
Fragrant, weeping and trembling
For love, and love's pain.

13 **Sechs Gedichte und Requiem (Six Poems and Requiem), Op. 90: No. 2, Meine Rose** **[3:55]**
(Nikolaus Lenau, 1802-1850)

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und blasser
Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich ich den Becher Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefem Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens

To the fair jewel of springtime,
To the rose, my joy,
Already drooping and paler
From the sun's hot rays,
I offer a beaker of water
From the deep, dark well.

Rose of my heart!
You are drooping and paler

Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele gießen!
Könnt ich dann auch nicht sehen
Dich freudig auferstehen!

From the silent rays of sorrow;
I would silently pour out
My soul at your feet,
As I pour water upon this flower.
Even if I could not see you
Joyously revive!

14 **Myrthen, Op. 25: No. 3, Der Nußbaum (The Walnut Tree)** **[3:34]**
(Julius Mosen, 1803-1867)

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig, luftig breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen dran;
Linde Winde kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend, beugend zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,
Das dächte die Nächte und Tage lang, wußte, ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern – wer mag verstehn so gar leise Weis' –
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend, wähnend sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

A walnut tree blooms outside the house,
Fragrantly, airily, spreading its leafy boughs.

It bears many a lovely blossom,
Tenderly caressed by soft breezes.

In pairs they whisper,
Gracefully bending their delicate heads to kiss.

They whisper of a maiden who dreamed
Night and day, but, alas, knew not what.

They whisper – who can understand so soft a song –
Whisper of a bridegroom, and next year.

The girl listens as the tree rustles;
Yearning, musing, she smiles and drifts into sleep and dreams.

Richard STRAUSS (1864-1949)

15 **Vier Lieder, Op.36: No. 1, Das Rosenband (The Rose Garland)** **[3:25]**
(Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, 1724-1803)

Im Frühlingsschatten fand ich sie,
Da band ich sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt' es wohl und wußt' es nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern.
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

In the spring shade I found her
And bound her with rosy ribbons;
She felt nothing, and slumbered on.

I looked at her; with that gaze
My life hung on hers;
I felt it well, yet knew it not.

But I whispered wordlessly to her
And rustled the rosy ribbons.
Then she awoke from her slumber.

She looked at me; with that gaze
Her life hung on mine,
And around us it became Elysium.

16 **Acht Gedichte aus Letzte Blätter, Op. 10 (Eight Poems from Last Leaves): No. 8, Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)** **[3:45]**
(Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg, 1812-1864)

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag' herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei;
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Place the fragrant mignonettes on the table,
Bring the last of the red asters,
And let us speak of love again
As we once did in May.

Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it,
And if someone sees it, it's all the same to me.
Give me just one of your sweet glances
As you once did in May.

Today each grave flowers fragrantly,
One day a year is dedicated to the dead;
Come to my heart, that I again may have you
As I did once in May.

17 **Vier Lieder, Op. 27: No. 4, Morgen! (Tomorrow!)** **[4:07]**
(John Henry Mackay, 1864-1933)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I shall tread
It will again unite us in our happiness
In the midst of this sun-breathing earth.

And to the shore, broad and blue with waves,
We shall climb down, softly, slowly.
Silently we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And upon us will fall the wordless silence of happiness.

18 **Drei Lieder, Op. 29: No. 3, Nachtgang (Walk at Night)** **[3:27]**
(Otto Julius Bierbaum, 1865-1910)

Wir gingen durch die stille, milde Nacht, dein Arm
in meinem, dein Auge in meinem; Der Mond goß
silbernes Licht über dein Angesicht; wie auf Goldgrund
ruhte dein schönes Haupt, und du erschienst mir wie
eine Heilige: mild, mild und groß und seelenübervoll,
heilig und rein wie die liebe Sonne. Und in die Augen
schwoll mir ein warmer Drang, wie Tränenahnung.
Fester faßt' ich dich und küßte – küßte dich ganz
leise, – meine Seele weinte.

We walked through the silent, gentle night, your arm
In mine, your eyes gazing into mine; the moon shed
Its silver light over your face; as if on gold
Your lovely head lay, and you seemed to me
Like a saint; gentle, gentle and great, your soul overflowing,
As holy and pure as the dear sun. And a warm impulse
Filled my eyes, like impending tears.
I held you closer and kissed you – kissed you
So gently – my soul wept.

19 **Fünf Lieder, Op. 39, No. 4, Befreit (Freed)** **[6:04]**
(Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel, 1863-1920)

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise
wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise
geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,
ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen

You will not weep. Gently
You will smile, and as before a journey
I shall return your glance and your kiss.
You have cared for our beloved four walls,
I have widened them into the whole world for you;
O happiness!

Then, passionately, you will clasp my hands

und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wieder geben;
O Glück!

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

Encore:
Franz SCHUBERT
20 **Die Forelle (The Trout), D. 550 (Op. 32)** **[2:18]**
(Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart, 1739-1791)

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh'
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht

And leave me your soul,
Leaving me behind for our children.
You gave me your whole life,
I will give it back to them,
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know,
We have freed each other from suffering
And I will give you back to the world.
Then you will appear to me only in dreams,
And bless me, and weep with me;
O happiness!

In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste,
darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook.

An angler with his rod
stood on the bank
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish's contortions.
As long as the water,
is clear, I thought
he will never catch the trout
with his rod and line.

But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly

Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.

he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered
and the little fish struggled on it.
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.

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Recording note:
This recording was originally made for archival, non-commercial purposes. Only two semi-omni directional boundary mics were used, discreetly placed flat on the stage in front of the singer. However, as a result, and also owing to the fact that the recital took place in an open-air theatre, a significant amount of external noise was captured, including motor vehicles and passing planes, as well as normal audience noises. Most of these noises, some of which were very intrusive, have been removed though, at times, the result is an unavoidable compromise of the quality of the remastered audio.

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