



CLEVELAND
CHAMBER
MUSIC
SOCIETY

PROGRAM NOTES

Matthew Polenzani, tenor & Julius Drake, piano

April 9, 2024 – 7:30 p.m.

Disciples Christian Church

Between Austria and Germany in the 19th century on one hand, and 20th-century England and the United States on the other, the present recital covers a lot of ground. The art song, raised to unprecedented heights in the works of Schubert and Schumann, found new life in the works of composers who adapted the genre to the demands posed, and possibilities offered, by the English language.

The poetry of Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) had a liberating influence on **Robert Schumann**. His response to his great contemporary was intense and resulted in two important song cycles (the present *Liederkreis*, or “Song Cycle,” and *Dichterliebe*, or “The Poet’s Love”), both written during Schumann’s extraordinary *Liederjahr* (1840), a year during which he wrote only songs. In addition to several exquisite single songs. Heine’s unique combination of passion and ironic detachment struck a deep chord with Schumann and inspired him to create similarly complex musical characters. “I turn my great suffering into little songs,” Heine famously said; and Schumann did full justice to this paradox with his own amalgam of tragic feelings and light, almost playful forms.

The songs of **Gerald Finzi**, numbering more than 80, are among the finest to come from England. Finzi’s favorite literary figure was Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), whom one commentator has aptly described as a “19th-century novelist and a 20th-century poet.” Steeped in the English and Greco-Roman classics, Hardy came of age during the Victorian era, but wrote much of his greatest poetry in old age, after he had stopped writing novels. Finzi, born in London and raised in Yorkshire, discovered Hardy as a young man, and frequently set his poetry to music throughout his life. *A Young Man’s Exhortation*, an early set of songs written between 1926 and 1929, stands out from the other settings because of the way the composer organized the poems, published in different volumes, into a unified song cycle. It appears that Finzi originally planned a longer cycle with as many as 18 songs, but ultimately, he reduced the number to ten. Some of the remaining songs were never completed, others were published elsewhere.

Finzi resonated deeply not only with the evocations of youth and love in the first half of the song cycle (Nos. 1-5), but also with the nostalgic memories evoked in the second (Nos. 6-10). Each of the two halves bears an inscription from the Latin Bible: *Mane floreat et transeat*

(“in the morning it springs up new”) and *Vespere decidat, induret et arescat* (“by evening it is dry and withered,” Psalm 90:6, according to the numbering in the English versions). In turn melancholy, playful and dramatic, the ten songs employ a variety of harmonic and rhythmic styles. Some of them show the influence of English folksong, while others evoke Baroque associations in their use of counterpoint.

The second half of the concert will begin with five songs by **Franz Schubert**. In *Frühlingsglaube* (1820), on a poem by the eminent Romantic poet Ludwig Uhland, the rebirth of nature in springtime becomes a spiritual experience, as the soul expects a similar renewal and liberation from all suffering: it is a special gem among Schubert’s songs, projecting a quiet joy and confidence, intimate and ecstatic at the same time. *Im Frühling* (1826) offers a different take on the subject of spring: spring now stands for love, and love for loss and sad (yet sweet) memories. Ernst Schulze, a remarkable poetic talent, had an even shorter life span than Schubert, as he died of a stroke at the age of 28. The protagonist of *Der Einsame* (1825) enjoys his solitude, yet the frequent melodic and rhythmic repetitions suggest a certain monotony; it is as if Schubert looked at that contentment with a certain critical irony. The poet Karl Lappe lived on the island of Rügen in the Baltic Sea, and was known primarily for his works celebrating his Northern province of origin. *Ständchen* (1828), one of Schubert’s most popular songs, was published posthumously in the collection *Schwanengesang* (“Swan Song”). It is one of seven songs in this collection using poems by Ludwig Rellstab, a Berlin-based poet and music critic who visited Vienna in 1825. Its sweet melody intensifies at the end of the song where the gentle plea becomes a fervent entreaty. Next to *Der Einsame*, *Im Abendrot* is the only other Schubert song after Lappe (there is also one short piece for male choir based on the Northerner’s work). The simple melodic lines and harmonic progressions in *Im Abendrot* convey some very profound emotions: the quiet awe that the protagonist feels before the beauty of nature will accompany him even in death.

In 1922, **Charles Ives** published a collection of *114 Songs*, representing the bulk of his output for voice and piano. A major retrospective edition, it included some of his most experimental vocal compositions as well as many, written during his youth, that were traditional and even popular in tone. Taken together, they amount to a veritable musical autobiography of this unique American composer.

The present selection begins with *The World’s Highway* (1906), on a poem by Harmony Twichell, who would become Ives’s wife in 1908. Upon publication, Ives placed this piece among “8 Sentimental Ballads,” but that description does not do full justice to this song, in which an innocent opening and ending frames some serious turbulence “where the way was rough.” *In Summer Fields* (1898) was an exercise Ives wrote as a student at Yale. It is a new setting of *Feldeinsamkeit*, a German poem by Hermann Allmers on which Brahms wrote one of his most famous songs. While staying close to a German *Lied* style, Ives added some novel harmonies that make his setting quite an original contribution. Ives took the English translation, by American poet and translator Henry G. Chapman from a volume of Brahms songs and added it to his publication. *The Greatest Man* (1921), a song as moving as it is funny and light-hearted, was based on a poem by Anne Timoney Collins, published in the New York *Evening Sun* in 1921. (Ives noted that the song must be performed “in a half boasting and half wistful way.”) Finally, in the pair of *Memories*, “Very Pleasant” and “Rather Sad” (1897), the young Ives placed a song that would not be out of place in a popular revue (it should be sung “as fast as it

will go”) side by side with what is essentially a lyrical parlor song. The words this time are by Ives himself.

-Peter Laki

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856):
Liederkreis, op. 24
Poems by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

1.

*Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Aus blieb sie auch heut.*

*In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach;
träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
träumend wandle ich bei Tag.*

Every morning I awake and ask:
Will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I sink down and lament:
She stayed away again today.

All night with my grief
I lie sleepless, I lie waking;
dreaming, as if half asleep,
dreaming, I pass the day.

2.

*Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,
sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen;
-
du treues Herz, was pochst du so schwer!*

*Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
schleichen gähnend ihre Wege; -
tummle dich, du faules Volk!*

*Tobende Eile mich treibend erfaßt!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen; -
heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen,
spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden Hast.*

I'm driven here, I'm driven there!

In only a few more hours I will see her,
she herself, the fairest of fair young women; -
you true heart, how heavily you pound!

But the hours are lazy people!
They drag themselves comfortably and
sluggishly,
creeping with yawns along their paths; -
rouse yourself, you lazy folk!

A charging hurry seizes and drives me!
But the Hours have never been in love;
sworn secretly to cruel conspiracy,
they mock treacherously the lover's haste.

3.

*Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
mit meinem Gram allein;
da kam das alte Träumen
und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.*

*Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es höret,
dann tut es noch einmal so weh.*

*"Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
die sang es immerfort,
da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
das hübsche, goldne Wort."*

*Das sollt ihr mir nicht mehr erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
ihr wollt meinem Kummer mir stehlen,
ich aber niemandem trau'.*

I wandered among the trees,
alone with my suffering;
along came that old dream
and crept into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
you tiny birds in the airy heights?
Be quiet! if my heart hears it,
then all my pain will return.

"It came from a young woman,
who sang it again and again;
that is how we tiny birds captured
this pretty, golden word."

You should not explain this to me now,
you tiny, cunning birds;
you wanted to steal my grief from me,
but I trust no one.

4.

Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein;

-

*ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im Kämmerlein?
da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.*

*Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;
es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf
gebracht.*

*Ach! sputet euch, Meister Zimmermann,
damit ich balde schlafen kann.*

Dear sweetheart, lay your hand on my heart; -
ah, do you hear the hammering inside?
inside there lives a carpenter, wicked and evil:
he's building my coffin.

He hammers and pounds by day and by night;
it has been a long time since I could sleep.
Ah, hurry, Mister Carpenter,
finish so that I can sleep.

5.

*Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden, -
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.*

*Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;*

*lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.*

*Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,
daß ich jetzt so elend bin.*

*Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erleht;
nur ein stilles Leben führen
wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.*

*Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
und mein Herz ist krank und wund.*

*Und die Glieder matt und träge
schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
ferne in ein kühles Grab.*

Pretty cradle of my sorrows,
pretty tombstone of my rest,
pretty town - we must part, -
farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, you holy threshold,
across which my darling would tread;
farewell! you sacred spot
where I first saw her.

Would that I had never seen you,
lovely queen of my heart!
Never would it then have happened,
that I would now be so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
all I wished was to lead a quiet life
where your breath could stir me.

Yet you yourself pushed me away from you,
with bitter words at your lips;
Madness filled my senses,
and my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs are heavy and sluggish;
I'll drag myself forward, leaning on my staff,
until I can lay my weary head
in a cool and distant grave.

6.

*Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
von zwei Jungfraun nehm' ich Abschied,
von Europa und von ihr.*

*Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
daß ich mit dem heißen Blute
meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.*

*Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert's dich, mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
lange Jahre vor dir stehn!*

*Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
von der Schlang' im Paradies,
die durch schlimme Apfelnabe
unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.*

*Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
du brachst'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.*

Wait, wait, wild boatman,
soon I'll follow you to the harbor;
from two maidens I am taking my leave,
from Europe and from Her.

Stream of blood, run from my eyes,
stream of blood, burst from my body,
so that with this hot blood
I can write down my agonies.

Ah, my dear, why just today
do you shudder to see my blood?
You've seen me pale, my heart bleeding,

standing before you for many years!

Do you know that old song
about the serpent in Paradise
who, by wickedly giving an apple,
threw our ancestors into misery?

Apples have caused every ill!
Eve brought death through them,
Eris caused the flames of Troy;
and you brought both, flame and death.

7.

*Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter
in den spiegelhellen Rhein,
und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.*

*Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
still erwachen die Gefühle,
die ich tief im Busen hegt'.*

*Freundlich grüssend und verheißend
lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleißend,
birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.*

*Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
lächelt auch so fromm und mild.*

Mountains and castles gaze down
into the mirror-bright Rhine,
and my little boat sails merrily,
the sunshine glistening around it.

Calmly I watch the play
of golden, ruffled waves surging;
silently feelings awaken in me
that I have kept deep in my heart.

With friendly greetings and promises,

the river's splendor beckons;
but I know it - gleaming above
it conceals within itself Death and Night.

Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
O river, you are the very image of my beloved!
She can nod with just as much friendliness,
also smiling so devotedly and gently.

8.

*Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
und ich hab' es doch getragen -
aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?*

At first I almost despaired,
and I thought I would never be able to bear it;
yet even so, I have borne it -
but do not ask me how!

9.

*Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
möchte' ich zieren dies Buch wie 'nen
Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.*

*O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Am Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab, -
doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.*

*Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!*

*Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,
nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
doch aufs neu die alte Glut sie belebt,
wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.*

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:

*der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.*

*Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,
die blaßen Buchstaben schaun dich an,
sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.*

With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty,
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,
I would decorate this book like a coffin
and bury my songs inside it.

O if only I could bury my love there as well!
On the grave of Love grows the blossom of
peace;
it blooms and then is plucked, -
yet it will bloom for me only when I am myself
in the grave.

Here now are the songs which, once so wild,
like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna,
burst from the depths of my heart,
and spray glittering sparks everywhere!

Now they lie mute and death-like,
now they stare coldly, pale as mist,
but the old glow will revive them afresh,
when the spirit of love someday floats above
them.

And in my heart the thought grows loud:
the spirit of love will someday thaw them;
someday this book will arrive in your hands,
you, my sweet love in a distant land.

Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken,
and the white letters shall gaze at you;
they'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely eyes,
and whisper with sadness and a breath of love.

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**Gerald Finzi (1901-1956):
A Young Man's Exhortation
Poems by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)**

1. A young man's exhortation

Call off your eyes from care
By some determined deftness; put forth joys
Dear as excess without the core that cloys,
And charm Life's lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour
That girdles us, and fill it with glee,
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be,
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,
And that men moment after moment die,
Of all scope dispossess.

If I have seen one thing
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;
That aspects are within us; and who seems
Most kingly is the King.

2. Budmouth Dears

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes
of blue and brown!

And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-singing,
With a smart *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade and
down.

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of
regiments of renown,
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,

Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore *Clink! Clink!* back to camp above the
town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces smile to
where the faces frown?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more *Clink! Clink!* past the parlours of
the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the
muslin gown?
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideway glance upon us,
While our spurs *Clink! Clink!* up the Esplanade
and down?

3. Ditty

Beneath a knap where flown
Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
Far away
From the files of formal houses,
By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,
No man barter, no man sells
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair
"Here is she!"
Seems written everywhere
Unto me.
But to friends and nodding neighbours,
Fellow wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was
Ere we met;
(Such will not be, but because

Some forget
Let me feign it) - none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed -
Loved as true -
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through,
Had I never wandered near her,
Is a smart severe - severer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance
To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
We are all.
I but found her in that, going
On my errant path unknowing,
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels -
Where she dwells!

4. Her temple

Dear, think not that they will forget you:
- If craftsmanly art should be mine
I will build up a temple, and set you
Therein as its shrine.

They may say: "Why a woman such honour?"
- Be told, "O so sweet was her fame,
That a man heaped this splendour upon her;
None now knows his name."

5. The Comet at Yell'ham

It bends far over Yell'ham Plain,
And we, from Yell'ham Height,
Stand and regard its fiery train,
So soon to swim from sight.

It will return long years hence, when
As now its strange swift shine
Will fall on Yell'ham; but not then
On that sweet form of thine.

6. Shortening days

The first fire since the summer is lit, and is
smoking into the room:
The sun-rays thread it through, like woof-lines
in a loom.
Sparrows spurt from the hedge, whom
misgivings appal
That winter did not leave last year for ever,
after all.
Like shock-headed urchins, spiny-haired,
Stand pollard willows, their twigs just bared.

Who is this coming with pondering pace,
Black and ruddy, with white embossed,
His eyes being black, and ruddy his face
And the marge of his hair like morning frost?
It's the cider-maker,
And appletree-shaker,
And behind him on wheels, in readiness,
His mill, and tubs, and vat, and press.

7. The sigh

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up-eyed;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
It implied.
- Not that she had ceased to love me,
None on earth she set above me;
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried:

Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
Hearts were victors; so I wondered
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly,
Till she died;
But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

8. Former beauties

These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-
drawn,
And tissues sere,
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young things to
whom
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom,
Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
Clasped on the green;
Aye; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them, and show
Them always fair.

9. Transformations

Portions of this yew
Is a man my grandsire knew,
Bosomed here at its foot:

This branch may be his wife,
A ruddy human life
Now turned to a green shoot.

These grasses must be made
Of her who often prayed,
Last century, for repose;
And the fair girl long ago
Whom I often tried to know
May be entering this rose.

So, they are not underground,
But as nerves and veins abound
In the growths of upper air,
And they feel the sun and rain,
And the energy again
That made them what they were!

10. The dance continued

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I greave not, therefore nothing
grieves.'

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,

And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828):

Frühlingsglaube

Faith in Springtime

Poem by Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

*Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muß sich Alles wenden.*

*Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal.
Nun armes Herz, vergiß der Qual!
Nun muß sich Alles wenden.*

Balmy breezes are awakened,
They whisper and move day and night,
And everywhere creative.
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Now all must change.

With each day the world grows fairer,
One cannot know what is still to come,
The flowering refuses to cease.
Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.

Now all must change.

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Im Frühling

In Spring

Poem by Ernst Schulze (1789-1817)

*Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Thal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach, so glücklich war;*

*Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
Und sie im Himmel sah.*

*Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüthe blickt!
Nicht alle Blüthen sind mir gleich,
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem Zweig,
Von welchem sie gepflückt.*

*Denn Alles ist wie damals noch,
Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild.*

*Es wandeln nur sich Will' und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit;
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!*

*O wär' ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang,
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier
Und säng' ein süßes Lied von ihr
Den ganzen Sommer lang.*

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope.

The sky is so clear;
a breeze plays in the green valley
where I was at Spring's first sunbeam
once - ah, I was so happy;

Where I walked at her side,
So intimate and so close,
and deep in the dark rocky spring
was the beautiful sky, blue and bright;
and I saw her in the sky.

Look how colorful Spring already
looks out from bud and blossom!
Not every blossom is the same for me:
I like best to pick from the branch
from which she picked hers.

For all is as it was back then:
the flowers, the field;
the sun does not shine less brightly,
nor does the stream reflect any less charmingly
the blue image of the sky.

The only things that change are will and illusion:
Joys and quarrels alternate,
the happiness of love flies past
and only the love remains -
The love and, ah, the sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a little bird,
there on the meadow's slope --
then I would remain here on these branches
and sing a sweet song about her
the whole summer long.

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Der Einsame
The Solitary One
Poem by Karl Lappe (1773-1843)

*Wann meine Grillen schwirren,
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz' ich, mit vergnügtem Sinn,
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,*

So leicht, so unbeschwert.

*Ein trautes, stilles Stündchen
Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach.
Man schürt, wann sich die Lohe senkt,
Die Funken auf, und sinnt und denkt:
Nun abermal ein Tag!*

*Was Liebes oder Leides
Sein Lauf für uns daher gebracht,
Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn;
Allein das Böse wirft man hin.
Es störe nicht die Nacht.*

*Zu einem frohen Traume
Bereitet man gemach sich zu.
Wann sorgelos ein holdes Bild
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,
Ergiebt man sich der Ruh.*

*O wie ich mir gefalle
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt
Das irre Herz gefesselt hält,
Giebt nicht Zufriedenheit.*

*Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen,
In meiner Klause eng und klein.
Ich duld' euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht.
Wann euer Lied das Schweigen bricht,
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.*

When my crickets sing
at night by my late-burning hearth,
then I sit with pleasure,
cozily by the fire,
so light-hearted and untroubled.

For one dear, quiet little hour
one enjoys remaining alert by the fire:
one stokes it when it sinks to embers,
making sparks fly; and one feels and thinks:
another day has past!

What love or sorrow
has brought to us in the course of the day -
this passes through our mind;

one discards the bad alone,
so that it will not disturb the night.

For pleasant dreams
one prepares oneself,
and when, carefree, a sweet image
fills one's soul with gentle pleasure,
one submits to sleep.

O how I love
my quiet rusticity!
In the tumult of the loud world
the restless heart would be held captive
and never find contentment.

Chirp on and on, dear cricket,
in my narrow and small hermitage.
I tolerate you gladly: you do not disturb me
when your song breaks the silence,
for then I am no longer so entirely alone.

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Ständchen

Serenade

Poem by Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

*Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!*

*Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräthers feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.*

*Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.*

*Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.*

*Laß auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen;
Komm', beglücke mich!*

My songs beckon softly
through the night to you;
below in the quiet grove,
Come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers
in the moonlight;
Do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they beckon to you,
With the sweet sound of their singing
they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
know the pain of love,
They calm each tender heart
with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling I wait for you,
Come, make me happy!

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Im Abendrot

At Dusk

Poem by Karl Lappe

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

Könnst' ich klagen, könnst' 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 Gluth und schlürft noch Licht.*

O how beautiful is your world,
Father, when she shines with golden beams!
When your gaze descends
And paints the dust with a shimmering glowing,
When the red, which flashes in the clouds,
Sinks into my quiet window!

How could I complain, how could I be afraid?
How could anything ever be amiss between you
and me?
No, I will carry in my breast
Your Heaven for all times.
And this heart, before it breaks,
Shall drink in the glow and the light.

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**Charles Ives (1874-1954):
The World's Highway
Poem by Harmony Twichell (1876-1969)**

For long I wander'd happily
Far out on the world's highway
My heart was brave for each new thing
and I loved the faraway.
I watch'd the gay bright people dance,
We laughed, for the road was good.
But Oh! I passed where the way was rough
I saw it stained with blood -
I wander'd on till I tired grew,
Far on the world's highway...
My heart was sad for what I saw
I feared, I feared the faraway.
So when one day, O sweetest day,
I came to a garden small,
A voice my heart knew called me in
I answered its blessed call;
I left my wand'ring far and wide
The freedom and faraway -

But my garden blooms with sweet content
That's not on the world's highway.

**In Summer Fields
Poem by Henry G. Chapman (1860-1913)
after Hermann Allmers (1821-1902)**

Quite still I lie where green the grass and tall
And gaze above me into depths unbounded,
By voices of the woodland a constant call,
And by the wondrous blue of Heav'n
surrounded.

The lovely snow-white clouds drift far and wide,
Like silent dreams through deeps of azure
wending,
I feel as though I long ago had died,
To drift with them through realms of bliss
unending.

**The Greatest Man
Poem by Anne Timoney Collins (1885-1979)**

My teacher said us boys should write
about some great man, so I thought last night
'n thought about heroes and men
that had done great things,
'n then I got to thinkin' 'bout my pa;
he ain't a hero 'r anything but pshaw!
Say! He can ride the wildest hoss
'n find minners near the moss
down by the creek; 'n he can swim
'n fish, we ketched five new lights, me 'n him!
Dad's some hunter too - oh, my!
Miss Molly Cottontail sure does fly
when he tromps through the fields 'n brush!
(Dad won't kill a lark 'r thrush.)
Once when I was sick 'n though his hands were
rough
he rubbed the pain right out. "That's the stuff!"
he said when I winked back the tears. He never
cried
but once 'n that was when my mother died.
There're lots o' great men: George Washington
'n Lee,
but Dad's got 'em all beat holler, seems to me!

Memories

Poems by Charles Ives (1874-1954)

A. Very Pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house, the opera house, the opera house,
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay,
And well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say,
"The band is tuning up
And soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum,
Beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house, the opera house, the opera house,
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes,
A feeling of expectancy,
A certain kind of ecstasy,
Expectancy and ecstasy... Sh's's's.

B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,
A tune as threadbare as that "old red shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn,
It shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn,
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a sweet,
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down
To the barn or to the town,
A humming.