

Anne Sofie von Otter mezzo-soprano
Kristian Bezuidenhout piano

**Texts & Translations, including selected
Notes on the program**

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Der Einsame, D.800 (1825)

Text: Karl Lappe (1773-1843)

Wenn meine Grillen schwirren,
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz' ich mit vergnügtem Sinn
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hi,
So leicht, so unbeschwert.

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

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

Zu einem frohen Träume,
Bereitet man gemach sich zu,
Wenn sorgenlos ein holdes Bild
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,
Ergibt man sich der Ruh.

Oh, wie ich mir gefalle
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt
Dar irre Herz gefesselt hält,
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

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

The Solitary, D.800 (1825)

Translation © Richard Wigmore

When my crickets chirp
at night, by the late-glowing hearth,
I sit contentedly,
confiding in the flame,
so light-hearted and untroubled.

For one cosy, peaceful hour
it is pleasant to stay awake by the fire,
kindling the sparks when the blaze dies down,
musing and thinking,
"Well, yet another day!"

What joy or grief
its course has brought us
we run once again through our mind.
But the bad is discarded
lest it disturb the night.

We gently prepare ourselves
for pleasant dreams.
When a sweet image
fills our carefree soul with gentle pleasure
we succumb to rest.

Oh, how happy I am
with my quiet rustic life.
What in the bustle of the noisy world
keeps the heart fettered
does not bring contentment.

Chirp on, dear crickets,
in my narrow little room.
I like to hear you: you don't disturb me.
When your song breaks the silence
I am not completely alone.

Die Liebe hat gelogen, D.751 (1822)

Text: August von Platen (1796-1835)

Die Liebe hat gelogen,
Die Sorge lastet schwer,
Betrogen, ach! betrogen
Hat alles mich umher!

Es rinnen helle Tropfen
Die Wange stets herab,
Laß ab, laß ab zu klopfen,
Laß ab, mein Herz, laß ab!

Der Geistertanz, D.116 (1814)

Text: Friedrich von Matthisson (1761-1831)

Die bretterne Kammer
Der Toten erbebt,
Wenn zwölftmal den Hammer
Die Mitternacht hebt.

Rasch tanzen um Gräber
Und morsches Gebein
Wir luftigen Schweben
Den sausenden Reih'n.

Was winseln die Hunde
Beim schlafenden Herrn?
Sie wittern die Runde
Der Geister von fern.

Die Raben entflattern
Der wüsten Abtei,
Und flieh'n an den Gattern
Des Kirchhofs vorbei.

Wir gaukeln und scherzen
Hinab und empor
Gleich irrenden Kerzen
Im dunstigen Moor.

O Herz, dessen Zauber
Zur Marter uns ward,
Du ruhst nun in tauber
Verdampfung erstarrt;

Tief bargst du im düstern
Gemach unser Weh;
Wir Glücklichen flüster
Dir fröhlich: Ade!

Love has lied, D.751 (1822)

Translation © Richard Stokes

Love has lied,
Sorrow oppresses me,
I am betrayed, ah, betrayed
By all around!

Hot tears keep flowing
Down my cheeks,
Beat no more, my heart,
Wretched heart, beat no more!

Ghost Dance, D.116 (1814)

Translation © Richard Wigmore

The boarded chamber
of the dead trembles
when midnight twelve times
raises the hammer.

Quickly we airy spirits
strike up a whirling dance
around graves
and rotting bones.

Why do the dogs whine
as their masters sleep?
Their scent from afar
the spirits' dance.

Ravens flutter up
from the ruined abbey,
and fly past
the graveyard gates.

Jesting, we flit
up and down,
like will-o'-the-wisps
over the misty moor.

O heart, whose spell
was our torment,
you rest now,
frozen in a numb stupor.

You have buried our grief
deep in the gloomy chamber;
happy we, who whisper you
a cheerful farewell!

Der Tod und das Mädchen, D.531 (1817)

Text: Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

DAS MÄDCHEN

Vorüber, ach, vorüber!
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!
Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!
Und rühre mich nicht an.

DER TOD

Gib deine Hand,
 du schön und zart Gebilde!
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

Death and the Maiden, D.531 (1817)

Translation © Richard Wigmore

THE MAIDEN

Pass by, ah, pass by!
Away, cruel Death!
I am still young; leave me, dear one
and do not touch me.

DEATH

Give me your hand,
 you lovely, tender creature.
I am your friend, and come not to chastise.
Be of good courage. I am not cruel;
you shall sleep softly in my arms.

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Rondo in A Minor, K.511 (1787)

Listeners and critics will often note, sometimes in surprise, that the overwhelming characteristic of Mozart's Rondo in A minor K.511 is melancholy. While we can't know what mood the composer intended to convey in writing this piece, Mozart's reputation as subtle, logical, lighthearted, and generally pleasing can make us perk up at any perceived strong emotion bleeding through the surface of his music. Written in 1787 just before the composition of *Don Giovanni*, though, the context of the Rondo in Mozart's late career makes its intensity more understandable, and the reality is that, for Mozart, passion was often the intended object of his music making throughout his career (see his Fantasia in D minor, K.397 for another example in his keyboard works). It is one of the characteristics that made him such an attractive source for later generations of composers in the Romantic Era. Indeed, critics sometimes note the Rondo's forward-looking Chopin-esque content. Mozart, however, was not a fortune teller and could only look around for inspiration. In this case, two members of the Bach family stand out: J.S. Bach, whose intricate music filled with layered melodies Mozart became increasingly familiar with in the 1780s; and C.P.E. Bach, whose passionate, often purposefully chaotic music was emblematic of the pre-Romantic *Sturm und Drang* movement, and who was a constant inspiration to Mozart. This piece is a skillful mix of both aesthetics, equal parts elaborate and intense, and a rewarding, surprising listen from start to finish.

© Connor Buckley

ADOLF FREDRIK LINDBLAD (1801-1878)

Aftonen (1850)

Text: Erik Johan Stagnelius (1793-1823)

Aftonen nalkas,
I skuggornas hägn
Dalarna svalkas
Av pärldaggens regn.

Kvällen azuren
Med gullstjärnor strör:
Hela naturen i vällust nu dör.

Fjärilen gungas
På törnros barm:
Ljuvt hon betungas,
Dess vän är så varm.

Tyst hon sig gömmer
I blommans sköt,
Slumrar och drömmar
Om allt vad han njöt.

Nattviolen (1860)

Text: Urban von Feilitzen (1834-1913)

Nu blommar nattviolen,
Men ack, du vet det väl –
Ej kringglänst, ej i solen
kan den giva uttryck åt sin själ.
Har du väl sett vid roten
ett väsens tvedräkt?
Vänd dig hit!
Vad ser du,
Vad ser du då?

O, svart är ena foten
den andra foten vit.
Först när till ro är solen,
när sövd är dagens röst,
då bryter nattviolen
inseglet på sitt tryckta bröst.
Det dolda sår som ömmar,
för varje öga öppnas då;
Då stiga välluksströmmar
emot det dunkla blå.

Evening

Translation © BIS Records

Evening approaches;
Surrounded by shadows
The valleys grow cool
From the pearly dew.

The evening scatters
Golden stars across the sky;
All nature expires,

A butterfly sways
On a thorny breast;
Is encumbered by its delight,
For its friend is so warm.

Silently it hides
In the bosom of the flower.
Slumbers and dreams
Of all that delighted it.

Butterfly Orchid

Translation © BIS Records & William Jewson

Now the orchid is in bloom,
But, as you know so well,
It is not in bright sunlight
That it gives expression to its soul.
Have you seen at its root
Its twofold nature?
Turn and look.
What do you see,
What, then, do you see?

One stem is black
While the other is white.
And it is not until the sun rests
And the day falls silent
That the orchid
Bursts the lock of its sealed bosom.
The hidden wound that aches,
Opens up for all to see;
And lovely scents ascend
Toward the dark blue sky.

Mån tro, jo, jo! (1840)

Text: Adolf Fredrik Lindblad (1801-1878)

Vad månd' det landet heta,
Som har min älskling gömt,
Mån tro?
Det ville jag väl veta
Och om han mig har glömt
Jo, jo!
Lilla fågel, ge mig svar!
Du, som genom luften far.
Dröj, o dröj!
Säj, o säj!
Nej, du skyndar bort så fort,
Bryr dig om mitt qual ej stort.
Ensam så min visa dör,
Sjunger på en ton, som ingen hör.

Vaggvisa (1844)

Text: Adolf Fredrik Lindblad

Jag sjunger för min lilla,
Om han är tyst och stilla.
Snart kommer en guldvagn fönstret hit in,
Der sitter en gosse med vingar så nätta
Och nickar och säger att vagnen är din
Med fyra små fjärlar så grana, så lätta,
Med fyra små fjärlar så lätta.

Jag sjunger för min lilla
Om han är tyst och stilla
I den får du åka i skyn till den ön
Der guldäpplen växa, dem pappojor vakta,
Men se inte opp då du far öfver sjön
Låts sofva, så går det så vackert, så sakta,
Låts sofva, så går det så sakta.

Nu sofver ju min lilla,
Och allt är tyst och stilla, så tyst och stilla.

Would You Think? Indeed!

Translation © BIS Records

What might that country be called
That has hidden my beloved,
Would you think?
Would that I knew this
And whether he has forgotten me.
Indeed!
Little bird, give me an answer!
As you sail through the air.
Wait, oh wait!
Tell me, oh tell me!
You fly away so fast,
Not caring much about my distress.
Thus, alone, my song dies,
Lingering on a note, that no one can hear.

Lullaby

Translation © BIS Records

I sing for my child,
When he is calm and quiet.
Soon a golden chariot will enter the window,
With a winged boy sitting comfortably within.
He will nod and say that the chariot is yours,
With its four little butterflies so fine,
With its four little butterflies so fine.

I sing for my child,
When he is calm and quiet.
In the chariot you can ride to the island
Where golden apples grow and parrots watch.
But don't look up as you cross the sea.
Pretend to sleep and you will have a fine trip,
Pretend to sleep and you will have a fine trip.

Now my child is sleeping,
And all is calm and quiet.

Bröllopfärden (1838)

Text: Adolf Fredrik Lindblad

Solen går ned, skuggan på hed
sträcker sig så långt över glittrande snö.
Vinden så kall susar i tall;
Re'n det börjar skymma i skog och på sjö.

Hopp! Var snabb, min snälla fox!

Din lätta hov ej spara.
Trän och buskar nicka glatt
när dem förbi vi fara.
Havre gul och ett vänligt skjul
vänta på dig, men i bröllopsskrud
väntar sin brudgum min strålande brud.

Hör, vilket skri for tätt förbi!
Var det väl en uv ifrån granträdet topp?
Öka ditt språng! Vägen är lång,
redan bak björkdungen månen går opp.

Hopp! Var snabb, min snälla fox! ...

Nå. Vad står på! Skygga ej så!
Nu är vi där nere på glänsande fjärd.
Isen är stark; Stenbunden mark
bär ej mer säkert vår ilande färd.

Hopp! Var snabb, min snälla fox...
Huh! Vad jag ser vinka mig där!

Vita slöjor vaja under himlens tak.
Hjälp, store Gud!
Blev döden min brud!
Häst och släde ligga i vidöppen vak.

Svartblå vågor gömma nu i kalla skötet
unga hjärtats fröjd åt kärlekssälla mötet.
Bröllopsljus uti brudens hus
brinna förgäves, ty på bjällrornas ljud
lyssnar nu fåfängt den långtande brud.

Journeying to the Wedding

Translation © BIS Records

The sun is setting and the shadows
Reach far across the glittering snow.
Cold winds sigh in the spruce trees,
As dusk settles on forest and lake.

Giddy up! Make speed, my trusty horse!

Don't spare your steps.
Trees and bushes nod cheerfully
As we hurry past them.
Fine oats and a dry stable
Await you. But in wedding attire
My radiant bride waits for her groom.

What a screech passed close by!
Was it an eagle owl in the treetop?
Lengthen your stride! The road is long
And the moon is already rising.

Giddy up! Make speed my trusty horse! ...

Well. What's the matter! Don't shy!
Now we are down on the glimmering lake.
The ice is strong; A paved road
Would not carry us more securely.

Giddy up! Make speed my trusty horse...
What do I see waving at me over there?

White veils sway beneath the heavenly ceiling.
God help me!
Is death to be my bride?
Horse and sled have fallen through the ice.

Blue-black waves provide a cold embrace
For a young heart's joy at the loving encounter.
Wedding candles in the bride's house
Burn in vain, for the yearning bride
Listens vainly for the sound of the sleigh bells.

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt (1826)

Text: J. W. von Goethe (1749-1832)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

Only he who knows longing

Translation © Richard Wlmore

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone, cut off
from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I feel giddy,
my vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.

Heiss mich nicht reden (1826)

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zu rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht,
 und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht
 die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

Do not bid me speak

Translation © Richard Wigmore

Do not bid me speak; bid me be silent,
for my duty is to keep my secret;
I long to reveal my whole soul to you,
but fate does not permit it.

At the appointed time the sun in its course
drives away the dark night,
 and day must break;
the hard rock opens its bosom
and ungrudgingly bestows on the earth
 its deep-hidden springs.

Every man seeks peace in the arms of a friend;
there the heart can pour out its sorrows.
But an oath seals my lips,
and only a god can open them.

So lasst mich scheinen (1826)

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Thus let me seem

Translation © Richard Wigmore

Thus let me seem till thus I become.
Do not take off my white dress!
I shall swiftly leave the fair earth
for that dark dwelling place below.

There, for a brief silence, I shall rest;
then my eyes shall open afresh.
Then I shall leave behind this pure raiment,
this girdle and this rosary.

And those heavenly beings
do not ask who is man or woman,
and no garments, no folds
enclose the transfigured body.

True, I lived free from care and toil,
yet I knew much deep suffering.
Too soon I grew old with grief;
make me young again for ever!

***Allegretto quasi andantino* from Piano Sonata in A minor, D.537**

As with the Mozart piece, Franz Schubert's *Allegretto quasi andantino* from his Piano Sonata in A minor is a rondo, beginning with a section that is returned to multiple times after contrasting interludes. The form in letter notation could be referred to as ABACA, where A is the first theme. Schubert was a clever composer who, with the strength of his melodies and the pristine application of formal structures, could make his unconventional material seem casual, even refreshing. In this piece, the key structure between sections is unusual, but it is so deftly applied that it simply lifts the listener's ear and keeps them engaged. Beginning with the first theme in E major, the piece transitions to C major before modulating back to the first theme, this time in F major to make it feel new. Moving then to D minor in the third theme, Schubert transitions back to the original theme in E major again to ground the listener in familiarity. At whatever level the listener comprehends the piece, it will feel like a journey.

© Connor Buckley

**Romanze: "Der Vollmond strahlt," from
Incidental Music to *Rosamunde*, D.797 (1823)**
Text: Helmina von Chézy (1783-1856)

Der Vollmond strahlt auf Bergeshöhn –
Wie hab ich dich vermisst!
Du süßes Herz! es ist so schön,
Wenn treu die Treue küsst.

Was frommt des Maien holde Zier?
Du warst mein Frühlingsstrahl!
Licht meiner Nacht, o lächle mir
Im Tode noch einmal!

Sie trat hinein beim Vollmondschein,
Sie blickte himmelwärts:
"Im Leben fern, im Tode dein!"
Und sanft brach Herz an Herz.

An den Mond (1815)
Text: Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty
(1748-1776)

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.

Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums
 und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs mich freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.

Dann, lieber Mond,
 dann nimm den Schleier wieder,
Und traur um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint!

**Romance: "The full moon beams," from
Incidental Music to *Rosamunde*, D.797 (1823)**
Translation © Richard Wigmore

The full moon beams on the mountain tops;
how I have missed you!
Sweetheart, it is so beautiful
when true love truly kisses.

What are May's fair adornments to me?
You were my ray of spring.
Light of my night, O smile upon me
once more in death.

She entered in the light of the full moon,
and gazed heavenwards.
"In life far away, yet in death yours!"
And gently heart broke upon heart.

To The Moon
Translation © Richard Wigmore

Beloved moon, shed your silver radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the spot
where my beloved sat, where often,
in the swaying branches of the beech
 and lime,
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may delight in the whispering
bushes that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Then, beloved moon,
 take your veil once more,
and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through the hazy clouds,
as the one you have forsaken weeps.

Andante from Piano Sonata in A Major, D.664

Although Schubert's *Andante* from his Piano Sonata in A Major is very much in his own style, the piece follows what is a prominent aspect of Beethoven's work: maximum effect can and should be achieved through a minimum of material. Schubert does this masterfully. Within the first few seconds of the piece, the listener has heard almost all of the composer's thematic content. Like with the previous two rondos on this program, Schubert constantly returns to his original theme, though the form is looser this time as it extracts as much as possible from these small nuggets of information. The effect of this is, like in well acted theater, as if the performer themselves does not know what will happen next. Schubert, then, brings both performer and listener here along a journey to discover how the music will go.

© Connor Buckley

Nachtstück, D.672 (1819)

Text: Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet
Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft,
So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet
Und singt waldeinwärts und gedämpft:
"Du heilige Nacht:
Bald ist's vollbracht,
Bald schlaf ich ihn, den langen Schlummer,
Der mich erlöst von allem Kummer."

Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann:
"Schlaf süß, du guter, alter Mann;"
Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort:
"Wir decken seinen Ruheort";
Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft:
"O lass ihn ruhn in Rasengruft!"
Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt,
Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.

Nocturne, D.672 (1819)

Translation © Richard Wigmore

When the mists spread over the mountains,
and the moon battles with the clouds,
the old man takes his harp, and walks
towards the wood, quietly singing:
"Holy night,
soon it will be done.
Soon I shall sleep the long sleep
which will free me from all grief."

Then the green trees rustle:
"Sleep sweetly, good old man;"
and the swaying grasses whisper:
"We shall cover his resting place."
And many a sweet bird calls:
"Let him rest in his grassy grave!"
The old man listens, the old man is silent.
Death has inclined towards him.

Die Taubenpost, D.957 (1828)

Text: Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875)

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinn's.

Pigeon post, D.957 (1828)

Translation © Richard Wigmore

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
devoted and true;
she never stops short of her goal
and never flies too far.

Each day I send her out
a thousand times on reconnaissance,
past many a beloved spot,
to my sweetheart's house.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,
observing her every look and step,
conveys my greeting breezily,
and brings hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
she will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
so eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
it is all the same to her;
as long as she can roam
she is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
she needs no enticement or reward,
so true is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
certain of the fairest prize;
her name is – Longing! Do you know her?
The messenger of constancy.