

Friday, October 23, 2026 • 7:30 PM

Ordway Concert Hall

LISE DAVIDSEN, SOPRANO & JAMES BAILLIEU, PIANO

This concert is dedicated in honor of Catherine and John Neimeyer
by Nancy and Ted Weyerhaeuser

Songs of **Franz Schubert** (1797–1828)

Am Bach im Frühling, D.361 (1816)	Text: Franz von Schober (1796–1882)
Ganymed, D.544 (1817)	Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)
Der Zwerg, D.771 (1822/3)	Matthäus von Collin (1779–1824)
Gretchen am Spinnrade, D.118 (1814)	Goethe
Mignons Gesang: ‘Kennst du das Land?’, D.321 (1815)	Goethe
Mignons Gesänge aus ‘Wilhelm Meister,’ D.877 (1826)	Goethe
II. Heiß mich nicht reden	
III. So laßt mich scheinen	
IV. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt	
Der Tod und das Mädchen, D.531 (1817)	Matthias Claudius (1740–1815)

Intermission

Der Musensohn, D.764 (1822)	Goethe
Lachen und Weinen, D.777 (1823)	Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)
Suleika I, D.720 (1821)	Marianne von Willemer (1784–1860) attributed to and adapted by Goethe
Auf dem See, D.543 (1817)	Goethe
Der blinde Knabe, D.833 (1825)	Colley Cibber (1671–1757) trans. Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachuletta (1797–1855)
Du bist die Ruh, D.776 (1826)	Rückert
Die Allmacht, D.852 (1825)	Johann Ladislaus Pyrker (1772–1847)
Die junge Nonne, D.828 (1825)	Craigher de Jachuletta
Erlkönig, D.328 (1815)	Goethe
Litanei auf das Fest Aller Seelen ‘Am Tage Aller Seelen,’ D.343 (1816)	Johann Georg Jacobi (1740–1814)

PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC DEVICES



A 3D portrait of Franz Schubert
by artist Hadi Karimi

Songs of Franz Schubert

(b. Vienna, Austria, 1797; d. Vienna, 1828)

In his short, yet prolific life of 31 years, Franz Peter Schubert composed well over 600 Lieder for voice and piano. He loved nothing better than setting poems to music. He assigned the piano an equal, vividly illustrative role that deepens the poems' emotions and storytelling.

Am Bach im Frühling

(By the little stream in spring) D.361 (1816)

Franz Adolph Friedrich von Schober (1796–1882)

This song combines two of Schubert's favorite poetic images: flowing water and the gentle season of spring. The rippling triplets in the piano accompaniment represent the brook and a gentle Italianate melody is the voice of spring. What begins as a swain's hymn to the beauty of the brook turns darker as the music slowly morphs into minor keys as the swain recalls his lost love.

Ganymed D.544 (1817)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Goethe transformed the myth of Zeus and Ganymede into a poem in praise of natural beauty. The character of the mythic youth Ganymede is seduced by God (or Zeus) through the beauty of Spring using the imagery of morning, desire, the fresh wind, and the nightingale.

Der Zwerg (The Dwarf) D.771 (1822/3)

Matthäus von Collin (1779–1824)

In this song, the vocalist must characterize three different voices: the Dwarf, his mistress the Queen (whom the Dwarf strangles with a red silk scarf in the song), and the narrator.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

(Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel) D.118 (1814)

Goethe

Schubert uses the text from Part One, scene 15 of Goethe's *Faust*. The song opens with Gretchen at her spinning wheel, thinking of Faust and all that he had promised. The accompaniment in the right hand mimics the continual movement of the spinning-wheel and the left hand imitates the foot treadle. With a heavy heart, Gretchen realizes the hard truth that she and Faust will never be together.

Maud Moon Weyerhaeuser Sanborn **International Artist Series**



Maud Moon Weyerhaeuser Sanborn (1876-1965) was born in Rochester, Minnesota. She married Charles Weyerhaeuser in 1898 and lived most of her life in Saint Paul. A talented singer

always active in the musical community, she supported Schubert Club and the Minneapolis Symphony. She had a special affection for Salzburg and Tanglewood where she spent summers. She developed close friendships with important musicians of her day such as Dmitri Mitropoulos and Serge Koussevitsky. The International Artist Series is dedicated to her memory by her grandchildren.

Mignon Kennst du das Land?
(Mignon do you know?) D.321 (1815)
 Goethe

This song chronicles the plight of the waif Mignon, who longs to return to her sunny home in Italy from which she was kidnapped long ago. Mignon asks if you “know the land where the lemon trees bloom, the golden oranges glow, and a gentle wind blows.” Each stanza ends with a desperate, emotional plea to travel there with her beloved.

Gesänge aus ‘Wilhelm Meister’
(Songs from ‘Wilhelm Meister’) D.877 (1826)
 Goethe

II. **Heiß mich nicht reden** (Don’t ask me to speak) D.877, No.2. In Goethe’s novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, the character Mignon is duty-bound to keep a secret. She implores that she not be asked to break her oath and doesn’t find comfort even in the arms of a trusted friend. It ends with the line: “But an oath seals my lips, and only a god can open them.”

III. **So laßt mich scheinen** (Let me appear like this) D.877, No.3. This is Schubert’s second attempt at setting this Mignon poem. In Chapter Two of the Eighth book of *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, Wilhelm’s beloved Natalie has arranged for the children in her care to witness the appearance of a gift-bearing angel. The angel role has been assigned to Mignon who is desperately ill. Mignon sings “Let me appear like this” implying that she wants to become an angel—that her death is imminent.

IV. **Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt** (Only one who knows longing) D.877, No.4. This poem was set multiple times by Beethoven and later by Schumann, Wolf, and Tchaikovsky. Goethe’s poem is overflowing with emotion and drama. Schubert’s musical gestures take every opportunity to express the yearning in Goethe’s words. The deep longing expressed by Mignon is matched by internal suffering. We hear the piano stammering under her words: “I’m dizzy; my guts are on fire.”



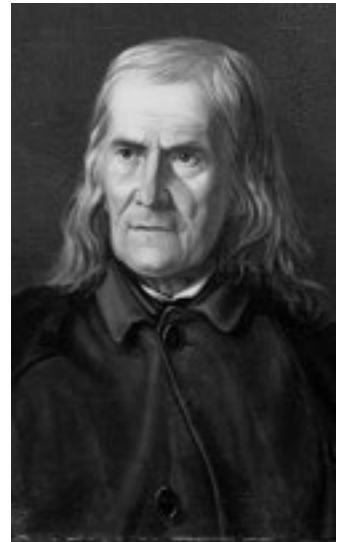
The motif of Death and the Maiden has been depicted in various art forms since the 16th-century. Here is Adolf Hering’s painting from 1900.

Der Tod und das Mädchen
(Death and the Maiden) D.531 (1817)
 Matthius Claudius (1740–1815)

The lyrics recount an old European myth, where Death (“man of bones”) demands a pre-nuptial night with the bride-to-be. If she declines, Death will take her husband on their wedding day. The bride sings: “Leave me, terrible specter, I am so young, go away and let me be.” To which Death replies: “Give me your hand, beautiful and sweet creature, I am your friend and have not come to punish you. Have courage! You will sleep sweetly in my arms.” Schubert later repurposed this song as the theme for five variations in the slow movement of his string quartet in D minor D.810, known as the “Death and the Maiden” quartet.

Der Musensohn
(The Son of the Muses) D.764 (1822)
 Goethe

One of Schubert’s most popular songs, **Der Musensohn** is notoriously challenging for both the singer and pianist. When performed at the brisk tempo indicated, the text flies by far too fast for comfort, while the pianist must negotiate awkward leaps across the keyboard to capture the buoyant accompaniment. The text describes the son of the muses as he travels around the world bestowing enlightenment. He whistles and everyone follows his tune. Wherever he goes, flowers bloom and fields flourish; even the dullest boys spring to life, and the most serious girls are moved to dance.



Portraits from Left to Right:

Franz Adolf Friedrich Schober by Leopold Kupelwieser (c. 1824)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe by Joseph Karl Stieler (1828)

Marianne von Willemer by Johann Jacob de Lose (1809)

Johann Michael Friedrich Rückert by Bertha Froriep (1864)

Lachen und Weinen

(Laughing and Crying) D.777 (1823)

Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

This song captures the wildly fluctuating emotions of a young person in love. Schubert mirrors this textually by continuously toggling back-and-forth between a bright major key (symbolizing laughter) and a more melancholic minor key (symbolizing tears).

Suleika I

(What does this stirring portend?) D.720 (1821)

Marianne von Willemer (1784–1860), attributed to and adapted by Goethe (It was complicated)

Marianne von Willemer was an Austrian actress and dancer best known for her relationship with Goethe and her appearance in his poetry. **Suleika I**, called “the loveliest song ever written” by Johannes Brahms, tells of Suleika, who is traveling to meet her lover, Hatem, and listens for tidings of him carried by the east wind. The name ‘Suleika’ derives from Arabic and Persian traditions about the woman referred to in the book of Genesis (and the Koran) as the ‘wife of Potiphar,’ who felt adulterous longings for Joseph. The fact that Suleika freely admitted to having such feelings even though she had not actually committed adultery suggests that Marianne’s relationship to Goethe might have been similar.

Auf dem See (By the Lake) D.543 (1817)

Goethe

This 19 stanza poem recounts the experience of a group of friends, both on the water and during a picnic (with singing) in the meadow on a peninsula on the south bank of Lake Zurich.

Der Blinde Knabe (The Blind Boy) D. 833 (1825)

Colley Cibber (1671–1757), trans. Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachuletta (1797–1855)

This poem has been the subject of modern controversy over the way it views the disability of blindness. While it could be seen as sympathetic to the interior life of someone we might never have a reason to know or understand, others find it an insensitive attempt to attribute sentiments to someone who has been unfairly defined by his disability. The problem is that the text seems to be addressed TO, rather than uttered BY the blind boy, and further, it implies that people with other disabilities are being told that it is their duty to be contented and grateful. The poem, and Schubert’s setting of it, has been known to stimulate both tears of compassion and cringes of embarrassment.



Erlkönig
by Moritz von Schwind
(c. 1830)

Du bist die Ruh (You are rest and repose)

D.776 (1825)

Rückert

Schubert sets the tender and gentle themes of Rückert's words, to equally tender and gentle music. The simplicity of the piano line further enhances the meaning of the song.

Die Allmacht (Omnipotence) D.852 (1825)

Johann Ladislaus Pyrker (1772–1847)

A paean of praise to the Creator celebrates God's power in nature, with references to rushing mountain streams, green forests, and alpine landscapes. Inspired by the 80-mile walking trip that Schubert and a friend undertook through upper Austria after his recovery from a serious illness, one of the people they encountered along the way was the poet of this song who made a formidable impression on the composer.

Die junge Nonne (The young Nun) D.828 (1825)

Craigher de Jachelutta

The young nun's inner conflict gives way to acceptance and reconciliation. Now steadfast after weathering spiritual storms of doubt and temptation, she turns to heaven as her refuge.

Erlkönig (The Erlking) D.328 (1815)

Goethe

In European folklore and myth, the Erlking is a sinister elf who lingers in the woods, stalking children who stay in the woods for too long and

killing them with a single touch. One of Schubert's most famous songs, the Erlking is essentially a horror-in-miniature story about a boy dying while held in his father's arms. The perpetrator is the sinister Erlking and his alluring daughters, who are only visible to the terrified son. The considerable challenge for the singer is to re-create the role of four different characters — the narrator, a father, his small son, and Erlking, each of whom exhibit different vocal registers and harmonic and rhythmic characteristics. One of Schubert's close friends, Joseph von Spaun, claimed that *Erlkönig* was written in a just a few hours one afternoon. The Viennese premier was a great success and quickly propelled the 18-year-old composer to fame.

Litanei "Auf das Fest aller Seelen"

(Litany for the Feast of All Souls) D.343 (1816)

Johann Georg Jacobi (1740–1814)

The poem, as its name suggests, is a litany, a series of invocations for the souls that have left this world. In nine stanzas, Jacobi details their many circumstances: those who died soon after birth; those who died suffering or peacefully, young or old; those who encountered friends and love during their lives and those who didn't; those who died for the truth and those who lived bravely. Every invocation ends with the same words: "all souls rest in peace." Robert Capell, the author of the book "Schubert's Songs," says about this lied: "there was never a truer or more touching expression of simple devotion and consoled grief. The music rises from a pure well of affection and humility."

Program notes © 2026 by Michael Adams

Lise Davidsen

Having taken a break to start a family, Davidsen returned to the stage in early 2026 with a much anticipated role debut as the formidable Isolde (*Tristan und Isolde*) in new productions designed for her at the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona and the Metropolitan Opera in New York under the baton of Yannick Nézet-Séguin. Other highlights include a concert performance of Verdi's *Macbeth* at the Royal Danish Theatre with Sir Antonio Pappano, her return to the Broadstage Theatre in Santa Monica, and a Schubert recital tour with James Baillieu which includes the Carnegie Hall, Bergen International Festival and the Wigmore Hall as part of their 125th Year Anniversary.

One of the most in demand stars today and a multifaceted artist, Davidsen regularly performs at some of the biggest concert venues around the world including her star performance at the Last Night of the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall in 2023 which was broadcasted live on BBC 1 and reached millions around the world, the much coveted Summer Night Concert in Vienna together with the Wiener Philharmoniker and Andris Nelsons in front of an audience of over 100,000 people, and a sold out solo recital on the stage of Metropolitan Opera. She regularly performs with orchestras such as Orchestre de Paris, Wiener Philharmoniker, Oslo Philharmonic, London Philharmonic Orchestra and Philharmonia; Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra; Berliner Philharmoniker and Berliner Staatskapelle to just name a few, and is a dedicated recitalist. She has held artistic residencies at the Barbican in London, Bergen International Festival and with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra.



Lise Davidsen ©James Hole

Davidsen regularly appears on the most renowned stages such as the Metropolitan Opera (Marschallin *Der Rosenkavalier*, Eva *Die Meistersingers von Nürnberg*, the title role of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Chrysothemis *Elektra* and Lisa *Queen of Spades*, Leonora *La forza del Destino*); Royal Ballet & Opera, London (Elisabetta *Don Carlo*, Elisabeth *Tannhäuser* and Leonore *Fidelio*); Wiener Staatsoper (Sieglinde *Die Walküre*, Ellen Orford *Peter Grimes*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*); Opéra national de Paris (Title role *Salome*); Gran Teatre del Liceu, Barcelona (Giorgetta *Il Tabarro*); Lyric Opera of Chicago (*Jenůfa*); Bayerische Staatsoper (Elisabeth *Tannhäuser*, Giorgetta *Il Tabarro* and Lisa *Queen of Spades*); Deutsche Oper Berlin; Staatsoper Berlin (Elisabeth *Tannhäuser*); Bayreuth Festival (Elisabeth *Tannhäuser* and Sieglinde in the new Ring Cycle); Glyndebourne Festival (*Ariadne auf Naxos*); Festival d'Aix-en-Provence (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) and Teatro alla Scala Milan, where she reopened the theatre after the COVID closure with a solo concert under the baton of Maestro Riccardo Chailly.

An exclusive Decca artist, her discography includes two solo orchestral recitals (Lise Davidsen and Beethoven-Wagner-Verdi); 'Christmas From Norway' which she toured across Norway in December 2023; a recording of Grieg songs together with fellow Norwegian Leif Ove

Andsnes; the Grammy nominated *Concert for Ukraine* together with Metropolitan Opera, and *The Flying Dutchman* which was recorded with the Norwegian National Opera Orchestra under the baton of Edward Gardner and released in 2025, receiving critical acclaim and obtaining many 5 star reviews. She has also recorded *Der Freischütz* and *Fidelio*, both released on Pentatone and Sibelius Luonnotar on Chandos.

Davidson has graced the covers of numerous publications and her many prizes and awards include the 2022 *Opera News Awards*, 2021 Female Singer of the Year by the International Opera Awards; 2020 Anders Jahres Art and Culture Prize, 2018 *Gramophone* Young Artist of the Year Award, Statoil Talent Bursary Award, Léonie Sonning Music Prize and the 2015 Kirstin Flagstad Award. In August 2020 she was one of the first stars featured by the Metropolitan Opera as part of their celebrated series: Met Stars Live in Concert. In 2021 the Norwegian Opera Company released a feature film Lise set to music by Richard Strauss.

A 2014 graduate of the Opera Academy in Copenhagen, she has studied under Susanna Eken, previously gaining a degree from the Grieg Academy of Music in Bergen. In 2015, Davidson was crowned winner of both the Operalia and the Queen Sonja competitions. Her breakthrough performances won her the First Prize, the Birgit Nilsson Award, and the Audience Prize at the Operalia competition in London. She also won the prize for the best performance of Norwegian music and the Ingrid Bjoner Scholarship at the Queen Sonja International Music Competition. She is a triple winner at the 2015 Hans Gabor Belvedere Singing Competition in Amsterdam.

Lise Davidson is represented by MWA worldwide.



James Baillieu ©James Hole

James Baillieu

Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as “in a class of his own,” James Baillieu is one of the leading song and chamber music pianists of his generation. Collaboration lies at the heart of his work, bringing together musical storytelling, shared interpretation and the unique intimacy of words and music.

Born in South Africa, James came to the piano in an unusual way. Lessons were initially suggested as a form of childhood therapy for difficulties with physical coordination, but what began as an exercise quickly became an obsession. He studied at the University of Cape Town before continuing his training at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Having initially pursued the life of a solo pianist, he soon recognised that its solitary nature did not suit him and found his natural musical home in song and chamber music. Early experiences improvising at the piano to silent films also developed his instinctive response to music as a form of storytelling.

James performs throughout the world with a close circle of singers and instrumentalists. While he enjoys the spontaneity of new encounters, many of his most important musical partnerships have developed over many years. His collaborators include Benjamin Appl, Jamie Barton, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Louise Alder, Tara Erraught, Lise Davidsen, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Timothy Ridout, Adam Walker, Julian Bliss and Pretty Yende, as well as the Elias and Heath Quartets. As a soloist, he has appeared with the Ulster Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra and Wiener Kammer-symphonie.

Highlights of the 2026–27 season include tours with Lise Davidsen across Europe and the United States, with recitals in Paris, Vienna, Zurich, Geneva, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Minnesota, as well as a US tour with Benjamin Appl. James makes his Taiwanese debut at the Weiwyung International Music Festival with Timothy Ridout and returns to Wigmore Hall for its Britten series with Allan Clayton, alongside further recitals there with Benjamin Appl, Roderick Williams, *a Viola day with Timothy Ridout and friends*, and Erika Baikoff.

Recent seasons have taken James throughout Europe, North America and Asia. He is a frequent guest at many of the world's leading music centres, including Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, Park Avenue Armory, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, the Musikverein and Konzerthaus in Vienna, Berlin Konzerthaus, Pierre Boulez Saal, Kölner Philharmonie, the Barbican Centre, Bozar Brussels, Wiener Staatsoper, La Monnaie, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Konzerthaus Dortmund, Fundación Juan March, Laeiszhalle Hamburg, Snape Maltings, Vancouver Playhouse and Hamarikyū Asahi Hall in Tokyo. Festival appearances include Aix-en-Provence, Verbier, Schleswig-Holstein, Bergen, Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Spitalfields, Cheltenham, Bath, Two Moors and Brighton.

An imaginative programmer, James has a particular interest in creating programmes that place song and chamber music within a wider artistic and emotional context. He has curated festivals and series for Wigmore Hall, BBC Radio 3, the Verbier Festival, Brighton Festival, Bath International Festival and Perth Concert Hall.

At the invitation of John Gilhooly, James devised and presented his own series at Wigmore Hall, bringing together leading singers and instrumentalists. The series was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society's Chamber Music and Song Award.

Alongside performing, James is deeply committed to helping young musicians discover their own artistic identities. He sees teaching as a way of encouraging curiosity, independence and authentic expression. Central to his work is a belief in song as a space for close listening, emotional openness and genuine human connection. He is Associate Director of the Britten Pears Young Artist Programme, Senior Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, a coach for the Jette Parker Artists at the Royal Ballet and Opera, a patron of the Samling Institute, Head of the Song Programme at the Atelier Lyrique of the Verbier Festival Academy and a trustee of the Countess of Munster Musical Trust.

James gives masterclasses throughout the world, with recent work at Cleveland Institute of Music, the Metropolitan Opera's Lindemann Young Artist Development Program, Friends of Chamber Music in Portland, Vancouver Academy of Music, the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse de Lyon and the University of Waikato in New Zealand.

His award-winning discography includes *Forbidden Fruit*, *Winterreise* and *Heimat* with Benjamin Appl; the complete original works for violin and keyboard by C. P. E. Bach with Tamsin Waley-Cohen; and *A Lionel Tertis Celebration* with Timothy Ridout. His recordings have been released by Accord, Alpha Classics, Champs Hill, Chandos, Decca, Delphian, Harmonia Mundi, Opus Arte, Resonus Classics, Rubicon Classics, Signum Classics and Sony Classical.

Am Bach im Frühling, D.361 (1816)

Text by

Franz von Schober (1796–1882)

Du brachst sie nun die kalte Rinde,
Und rieselst froh und frei dahin;
Die Lüfte wehen wieder linde,
Und Moos und Gras wird neu und grün.

Allein mit traurigem Gemüthe
Tret' ich wie sonst zu deiner Fluth,
Der Erde allgemeine Blüthe
Kommt meinem Herzen nicht zu gut.

Hier treiben immer gleiche Winde,
Kein Hoffen kommt in meinen Sinn -
Als daß ich hier ein Blümchen finde,
Blau, wie sie der Erinnerung blühen.

Translation by Emily Ezust

You have now broken your cold crust
and you ripple merrily and freely forth.
The breezes blow gently again,
and moss and grass grow new and green.

Alone and in a mournful mood
I walk by your waters as of old.
The blossoming of the earth
does my soul no good.

Here the same winds are ever driving me,
and no hope enters my mind,
even when I find a little flower here:
blue, like the flowers blooming in my memories.

Ganymed, D.544 (1817)

Text by

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herze drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!

Daß ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich und schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Ach wohin, wohin?

Hinauf strebt's, hinauf!
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schoße
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender Vater!

Translation by Emily Ezust

How in the morning light
you glow around me,
beloved Spring!
With love's thousand-fold bliss,
to my heart presses
the eternal warmth
of sacred feelings
and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp
you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish,
and your flowers and your grass
press themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my breast,
lovely morning wind!
The nightingale calls
lovingly to me from the misty vale.
I am coming, I am coming!
but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards!
The clouds float
downwards, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father!

Der Zwerg, D.771 (1822/3)

Text by

Matthäus von Collin (1779–1824)

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne,
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blaß durchzogen.

Nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr Sterne,
So ruft sie aus, bald werd' ich nun entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb' ich wahrlich gerne.

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von rother Seide,
Und weint, als wollt' er schnell vor Gram erblinden.

Er spricht: Du selbst bist schuld an diesem Leide,
Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen:
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch Freude.

Zwar werd' ich ewiglich mich selber hassen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben,
Doch mußt zum frühen Grab du nun erblassen.

Sie legt die Hand auf's Herz voll jungem Leben,
Und aus dem Aug die schweren Thränen rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel bethend will erheben.

Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen Tod gewinnen!
Sie sagt's, da küßt der Zwerg die bleichen Wangen,
D'rauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau, vom Tod befangen,
Er senkt sie tief in's Meer mit eig'nen Händen,
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll Verlangen, -
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

Translation by Emily Ezust

Into the gloomy light, the mountains are already disappearing
On flat sea waves floats a boat:
on board are the queen and her dwarf.

She gazes up into the high-arched vault,
into the blue, light-woven distance
that with the milk of the sky is streaked blue.

"Never, never have you lied to me yet, you stars."
So she cries, "and soon I will vanish,
you tell me; but in truth, I will die gladly."

Then the dwarf steps up to the queen
to bind a red silk cord around her neck,
and he weeps as if he wanted to blind himself with grief.

He speaks: "You yourself are to blame for this suffering
because you have forsaken me for the king.
Now only your death will awaken joy in me.

"It is true I will hate myself forever
for having bestowed death on you with my own hand;
but now, pale, you must go to your early grave."

She lays her hand on her heart full of youthful life,
and heavy tears run from her eyes
that she would lift imploringly to the heavens.

"May you suffer no pain through my death!"
she says; the dwarf kisses her pale cheeks
and in that moment her senses leave her.

The dwarf gazes at the lady, overcome with death,
and sinks her deep into the sea with his own hands.
His heart burns with desire for her;
upon no coast will he ever land again.

Gretchen am Spinnrade, D.118 (1814)

Text by Goethe

Translation by Lynn Thompson

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach sein Kuß!

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn!

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

Mignons Gesang: 'Kennst du das Land?', D.321 (1815)

Text by Goethe

Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin

Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man Dir, du armes Kind, gethan?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin

Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höllen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut.
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin

Geht unser Weg! o Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Translation by Emily Ezust

Do you know the land where citrons bloom,
Golden oranges glow among dark leaves,
A gentle wind blows from the blue sky,
The myrtle is still, and the laurel stands tall?
Do you know it well?

It is there! - there

That I would go with you, my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars.
Its hall is resplendent, its chambers shine;
And marble statues stand and watch me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it well?

It is there! - there

That I would go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloud-covered ridge?
The mule searches for its path in the mist;
In caverns dwell the ancient spawn of dragons;
Rocks tumble down, and over them, a rush of water!
Do you know it well?

It is there! - there

That our path leads us! Oh Father, let us depart.

Mignons Gesänge aus 'Wilhelm Meister', D.877 (1826)

Text by Goethe

II. Heiß mich nicht reden

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimniß ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zu rechter 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.

Translations II & III by Emily Ezust,

Translation IV by Lawrence Snyder

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent,
for my secret is a solemn duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
but Fate does not will it.

At the right time, the sun's course will dispel
the dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
ungrudgingly, the earth will release deep hidden springs.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
there one can pour out one's heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open them.

III. So laßt mich scheinen

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.

IV. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude
Blick 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!

Der Tod und das Mädchen, D.531 (1817)

Text by

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 Gebild!
Bin Freund, und komme nicht, zu strafen.
Sey gutes Muths! ich bin nicht wild,
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten
down into that solid house.

There I will repose a moment in peace,
until I open my eyes afresh;
then I will leave behind the spotless garment,
the girdle and the wreath.

And those spirits of heaven
do not ask whether one is 'man' or 'woman',
and no clothes, no robes
will cover my transfigured body.

Although I have lived without trouble and toil,
I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Translation by Emily Ezust

The Maiden

It's all over! alas, it's all over now!
Go, savage man of bone!
I am still young - go, devoted one!
And do not molest me.

Death

Give me your hand, you fair and tender form!
I am a friend; I do not come to punish.
Be of good cheer! I am not savage.
You shall sleep gently in my arms.

Der Musensohn, D.764 (1822)

Text by Goethe

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So gehts von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget,
Und nach dem Maaß beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüßen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt, durch Thal und Hügel,
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben holden Musen,
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Translation by Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Plack

Roaming through field and wood,
Piping along my little song,
So I go from place to place!
And to my beat
And to my measure
Everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
My songs greet them,
And when winter returns
I still sing of that dream.

I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms beautifully!
That bloom disappears too,
And new joy is found
In the hilltowns.

For when I, beside the linden,
Encounter young folks,
I rouse them at once.
The swaggering youth puffs up,
The naive maiden twirls
To my melody.

You give my feet wings
And drive through vale and hill
Your favorite, far from home.
You dear, kind muses,
When on her bosom
Will I finally again find rest?

Lachen und Weinen, D.777 (1823)

Text by

Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Translation by Emily Ezust

Laughter and tears at any hour
rest on Love in so many ways.
In the morning I laugh for joy,
and why I now weep
in the evening glow,
is something unknown to me.

Tears and laughter at any hour
rest on Love in so many ways.
In the evening I weep for sorrow;
and why you can awake
in the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, o my heart!

Suleika I, D.720 (1821)

Text by Marianne von Willemer (1784–1860)
attributed to and adapted by Goethe

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insecten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh noch diese Hügel düstern
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrüben.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Athem geben.

Translation by Richard Morris

What does the motion mean?
Does the East wind bring glad tidings?
The refreshing movement of its wings
Chills the heart's deep wound.

It plays gently with the dust,
Chasing it into light clouds.
And drives the happy insect people
to the security of the vine-leaves.

It softly tempers the sun's incandescence,
and chills my hot cheeks,
As it flees it kisses the vines
which are prominent on the fields and hills

And its soft whispering brings me
A thousand greetings from my friend
Before these hills dim,
I will be greeted by a thousand kisses.

So as you go on your way
And serve friends and the saddened.
There where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Oh, the true message of his heart,
Loves-breath, refreshing life
Comes only from his mouth,
Can be given to me only by his breath.

Auf dem See, D.543 (1817)

Text by Goethe

Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut
 Saug' ich aus freier Welt;
 Wie ist Natur so hold und gut,
 Die mich am Busen hält!
 Die Welle wieget unsern Kahn
 Im Rudertakt hinauf,
 Und Berge, wolkg himmelan,
 Begegnen unserm Lauf.

Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder?
 Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?
 Weg, du Traum! so Gold du bist;
 Hier auch Lieb' und Leben ist.

Auf der Welle blinken
 Tausend schwebende Sterne,
 Weiche Nebel trinken
 Rings die thürmende Ferne;
 Morgenwind umflügelt
 Die beschattete Bucht,
 Und im See bespiegelt
 Sich die reifende Frucht.

Der blinde Knabe, D.833 (1825)

German Translation by

Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachuletta

O sagt, ihr Lieben, mir einmal,
 Welch Ding ist's, Licht genannt?
 Was sind des Sehens Freuden all',
 Die niemals ich gekannt?

Die Sonne, die so hell ihr seht,
 Mir Armen scheint sie nie;
 Ihr sagt, sie auf und nieder geht,
 Ich weiß nicht wann, noch wie.

Ich mach' mir selbst so Tag wie Nacht,
 Dieweil ich schlaf' und spiel',
 Mein inn'res Leben schön mir lacht,
 Ich hab' der Freuden viel.

Zwar kenn' ich nicht, was euch erfreut,
 Doch drückt mich keine Schuld,
 D'rum freu' ich mich in meinem Leid,
 Und trag' es mit Geduld.

Ich bin so glücklich, bin so reich
 Mit dem, was Gott mir gab,
 Bin wie ein König froh, obgleich
 Ein armer blinder Knab'.

Translation by Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Plack

And fresh sustenance, new blood
 I soak up from the wide world;
 How sweet and good is nature
 Which holds me to her bosom!
 The waves rock our little boat
 In time with the oars,
 And mountains, cloud-capped heavenwards,
 Meet our circling course.

Eyes, my eyes, why are you cast down?
 Golden dreams, do you come again?
 Away, you dream, however golden;
 Here too is love and life.

On the waves twinkle
 A thousand hovering stars,
 Soft mists swallow up
 The surrounding towering distances;
 Morning wind wings around
 The shadowed bay,
 And the lake mirrors
 The ripening fruit.

English Text by

Colley Cibber (1671–1757)

O say! what is that thing call'd light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy?
 What are the blessings of the sight?
 O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night.

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

Du bist die Ruh, D.776 (1826)

Text by Rückert

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr' ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sey dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll' es ganz.

Translation by Lynn Thompson

You are peace,
The mild peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come live with me,
And close
quietly behind you
the gates.

Drive other pain
Out of this breast
May my heart be full
With your pleasure.

The tabernacle of my eyes
by your radiance
alone is illumined,
O fill it completely!

Die Allmacht, D.852 (1825)

Text by

Johann Ladislaus Pyrker (1772–1847)

Gross ist Jehova, der Herr! Denn Himmel
Und Erde verkünden seine Macht.
Du hörst sie im brausenden Sturm,
In des Waldstroms laut aufrauschendem Ruf;
Du hörst sie in des grünenden Waldes Gesäusel,
Siehst sie in wogender Saaten Gold,
In lieblicher Blumen glühendem Schmelz,
Im Glanz des sternebesäten Himmels,
Furchtbar tönt sie im Donnergeroll
Und flammt in des Blitzes schnell hinzuckendem Flug.
Doch kündet das pochende Herz dir fühlbarer noch
Jehovas Macht, des ewigen Gottes,
Blickst du flehend empor
Und hoffst auf Huld und Erbarmen.

Translation by Gary L. Miller

Great is Jehovah, the Lord! For heaven
and earth proclaim his might.
You hear it in the roaring storm,
in the loud, surging cry of the forest stream;
you hear it in the rustling of the greenwood;
you see it in the golden, waving corn,
in the glowing lustre of the lovely flowers,
in the sparkling, star-strewn heavens;
it echoes terrifyingly in the rolling thunder,
and flames in the lightning's swiftly flickering flight.
But your beating heart will reveal still more palpably
the power of Jehovah, the eternal God,
if you gaze up in prayer
and hope for grace and mercy.

Die junge Nonne, D.828 (1825)

Text by

Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachuletta (1797–1855)

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken - es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner - es leuchtet der Blitz!
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!
Immerhin, immerhin!
So tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm!
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus!
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz!
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab!

Nun tobe du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm!
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh!
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick;
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam! hole die Braut!
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft!
Horch! friedlich ertönt das Glöcklein vom Thurm;
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn
Alleluja!

Translation by Emily Ezust

How loudly the howling wind roars through the tree-tops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
Thunder rolls, lighting flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave!
All the same, ever all the same,
so it raged in me not long ago as well:
My life roared like the storm now,
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love burst into flame, like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm,
In my heart there is peace; in my heart there is calm.
The groom is awaited by the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal Love betrothed.

I await you, my Saviour, with a yearning gaze!
Come, my heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,
Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.
Listen: the bell rings peacefully from the tower!
That sweet tone invites me
overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Halleluja!

Erlkönig, D.328 (1815)

Text by Goethe

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.

Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand
Meine Mutter hat manch' gülden Gewand.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht? -
Sey ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind. -

Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau. -

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt.
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids gethan!

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Noth;
In seinen Armen das Kind war todt.

Translation by Walter Meyer

Who's riding so late through night, so wild?
It is the father who's holding his child;
He's tucked the boy secure in his arm,
He holds him tight and keeps him warm.

My son, why hide you your face in fear?
See you not, father, the Erl King near?
The Erl King in his crown and train?
My son, 'tis but a foggy strain.

Sweet lovely child, come, go with me!
What wonderful games I'll play with thee;
Flowers, most colorful, yours to behold.
My mother for you has garments of gold.

My father, my father, and can you not hear
What Erl King is promising into my ear?
Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine;
The wind through dried leaves is rustling so fine.

Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me?
My daughters should royally wait upon thee;
My daughters conduct each night their song fest
To swing and to dance and to sing thee to rest.

My Father, my father, and can you not see
Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?
My son, my son, I see it clear;
The ancient willows so grey do appear.

I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful form;
And be thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm.
My father, my father, he's clutching my arm!
Erl King has done me a painful harm!

The father shudders and onward presses;
The gasping child in his arms he caresses;
He reaches the courtyard, and barely inside,
He holds in his arms the child who has died.

Litanei auf das Fest Aller Seelen
'Am Tage Aller Seelen', D.343 (1816)
Text by
Johann Georg Jacobi (1740-1814)

Translation by Emily Ezust

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet süßen Traum,
Lebenssatt, gebohren kaum,
Aus der Welt hinüber schieden;
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

All souls rest in peace
who have had done with an anxious torment,
who have had done with a sweet dream,
who, sated with life, hardly born,
have departed from this world:
all souls rest in peace!

Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen,
Deren Thränen nicht zu zählen,
Die ein falscher Freund verließ,
Und die blinde Welt verstieß;
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Maiden souls, full of love,
whose tears cannot be counted,
whom a false friend has abandoned,
and the blind world has disowned;
all who have parted from here,
all souls rest in peace!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,
Gott, im reinen Himmels-Licht,
Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

And those who never smiled at the sun,
keeping watch on the thorns beneath the moon,
to see God in the pure heavenly light
and look him just once in the face:
all who have parted from here,
all souls rest in peace!

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