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# FRANZ SCHUBERT

Poetisches Tagebuch

The Schulze settings and other favourite songs

**Christoph Prégardien  
& Julius Drake**



SUPERAUDIO CD

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**Christoph Prégardien** tenor

**Julius Drake** piano

## FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

### Nine songs to poems of Ernst Schulze

[1] Auf der Bruck D 853	3:20
[2] Der liebliche Stern D 861	2:50
[3] Im Walde D 834	4:55
[4] Um Mitternacht D 862	5:02
[5] Lebensmuth D 883	3:36
[6] Im Frühling D 882	4:34
[7] An mein Herz D 860	3:04
[8] Im Jänner 1817 (Tiefes Leid) D 876	3:26
[9] Über Wildemann D 884	2:07

### Eight songs to favourite poets

[10] Daß sie hier gewesen D 775 (Rückert)	3:18
[11] Greisengesang D 778 (Rückert)	5:32
[12] Du bist die Ruh D 776 (Rückert)	4:19
[13] Im Walde (Waldesnacht) D 708 (Schlegel)	6:41
[14] Nacht und Träume D 827 (Collin)	3:19
[15] Fischerweise D 881 (Schlechta)	3:02
[16] Totengräbers Heimweh D 842 (Craigher)	6:44
[17] Der Winterabend D 938 (Leitner)	6:40

total time 72:39

“I lived in a fantasy world and was on the way to becoming an incurable daydreamer” (German = “Ich lebte ganz meinen Phantasien und war auf dem Wege, ein ganz unheilbarer Schwärmer zu werden”), wrote the Saxon poet Ernst Schulze (1789-1817) of his schooldays. Despite this moment of clarity, Schulze did indeed live in a world in which the boundaries between the real and the imagined were increasingly hazy. As a student in Göttingen he shared Don Giovanni’s “mille tre” attitude to women, notching up a string of casual conquests while pursuing the daughter of an archaeology professor, Cäcilie Tychsen. Schulze’s campaign to seduce Cäcilie failed, and when she died of tuberculosis in 1812 aged just eighteen, she became idealised as his lost bride-to-be, saviour and Muse.

Conveniently for the fantasising poet, Cäcilie had a sister, Adelheid, to whom he quickly transferred his affections. That Schulze had earlier described Adelheid as having “a monkey’s face” (Affengesicht) did not seem to matter one iota. Nor did the fact that Adelheid was in love with someone else. From 1813 until his own early death, likewise of tuberculosis, Schulze embroidered his fragmentary, largely one-sided relationship with the reluctant Adelheid in the 100 poems that make up his *Poetisches Tagebuch* (Verse Journal). Schubert first seems to have alighted on Schulze’s work in 1824, when he flirted with the idea of making an opera from his long narrative poem *Die bezauberte Rose* (The enchanted Rose). Then in March 1825 he set *Im Walde* from the *Poetisches Tagebuch*, initiating a sequence of Schulze songs composed over the following year. While only two, *Auf der Bruck* and *Im Frühling*, have become recital favourites, these songs of loss, alienation and obsessive longing (*Winterreise* is already glimpsed) are among Schubert’s most powerful and poignant.

Schulze penned the poem *Auf der Bruck* on a hilltop near Göttingen known as “die Bruck”, en route to visiting Adelheid Tychsen. Schubert’s song, with its notoriously fiendish repeated-quaver accompaniment, is in his most invigorating equestrian vein, though the initial buoyancy

is intermittently undermined both in the poem (the prospect of seeing Adelheid inspires more sorrow than joy) and the music. In *Der liebliche Stern*, Schubert, typically, takes a single image - the stars' reflection on the sea - as a cue for dancing keyboard figuration that unifies the whole song. Schulze's vain aspirations to transcend his earthly existence are mirrored in music of quiet obsessiveness, with mesmerically reiterated open fifths in the keyboard bass. *Im Walde* is a song of fruitless searching and frustrated desire that, like its close cousin, 'Erstarrung' in *Winterreise*, sets an impassioned vocal line against a surge of *moto perpetuo* triplets. Fleeting moments of major-keyed tenderness, like chimeras, only enhance the song's pathos.

In extreme contrast, the nocturne *Um Mitternacht* (Schulze dates the poem of blissful self-delusion "5 March 1815, at midnight") has a hypnotic reflective stillness, somewhere between a stately dance and a hymn in its gait. 'Blaze on, mighty love, blaze higher' exults Schulze in the poem *Lebensmut*. Schubert responds to the poet's wild euphoria with a song that mingles playful jauntiness with the heroic swagger of a *marche militaire*, briefly undercut by the shift from confident major to troubled minor for the third verse ('Dieses Zagen, dieses Sehnen').

Inscribed 'On 31 March 1815', Schulze's *wlm Frühling* recalls a walk with Adelheid by a mountain lake in the summer of 1813. Was their closeness real or imagined? No matter: Schulze's nostalgic recollections inspire one of Schubert's most lovable songs. The accompaniment is fashioned as a set of free variations on the gently ambling tune of the keyboard introduction, while the singer, as if lost in reverie, enters with a new melody of his own. In the feverishly obsessive *An mein Herz* Schubert seizes, typically, on the poem's dominant image - the palpitating heart - and makes it the basis of the accompaniment. Like *Im Frühling*, the whole song can be heard as a process of continual variation, always chained to the same inexorable rhythm and coloured by uneasy equivocations between minor and major.

In its song incarnation, the poem that Schulze called *Im Jänner 1817* ('January 1817') became *Tiefes Leid*, though the title on the manuscript is not in Schubert's hand. This is an unquiet graveside lament (with chill gusts in the keyboard to evoke the eerily whistling winds) that moves from a E minor to a calm, hymnic E major at the end of each of the three verses. The final Schulze song, *Über Wildemann*, bears the poet's inscription: "Overlooking Wildemann: a small town in the Harz mountains." The music's impetuous and obsessive (that word again!) drive, looking back to the 'Death and the Maiden' Quartet and ahead to *Winterreise*, eases in the three central verses as the poet yearningly contemplates the verdant valley below.

After their Schulze group, Christoph Prégardien and Julius Drake turn to three songs Schubert composed in the winter of 1822-23 to verses from *Östliche Rosen*, a volume of Persian-inspired poetry (influenced by Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*) by the philologist and orientalist Friedrich Rückert. *Dass sie hier gewesen* is a fragrant, elusive love song. Matching the verbal suspense at the start of each verse, Schubert clouds and fragments tonality and melody, before resolving into a tender cantabile at the clinching words *Dass du hier gewesen*.

*Greisengesang* is one of Schubert's noblest songs. A man in the winter of his life draws consolation from solitude and the memory of love, and the music movingly contrasts sombre, minor-keyed stoicism with tenderly lyrical phrases in the major, with the image of flowering ("Da blühen sie nach Verlangen") prompting caressing melismas.

With its sublimely simple melody and the revelation of its final strophe, which moves majestically to a remote key, *Du bist die Ruh* is perhaps the supreme expression of an ideal, transcendent love in all song. It is also arguably more truly religious in feeling than any music that Schubert, the unconvinced Catholic, composed for the church.

In the years 1819-20, especially, Schubert was frequently drawn to the early poetry of Friedrich Schlegel, who by middle age had morphed from Romantic pantheist to conservative (some would say bigoted) *éminence grise* in Viennese literary circles. *Im Walde* (which appeared after Schubert's death under the title *Waldes-Nacht*) is a darkly ecstatic paean to the numinous powers of the forest. Filled with mysterious rustlings and murmurings (the '*Forest Murmurs*' of *Siegfried* are already in view), and picturesque details - say, the lightning flashes and growling thunder in verse two - this torrential outpouring is Schubert at his most exalted and visionary.

As Richard Capell wrote in his classic study of Schubert's songs, "it is as though the spirit of music had whirled [Schubert], breathless and half-conscious, into some supernatural state". A famous test of a singer's breath control and evenness of line, *Nacht und Träume*, to a poem by the poet and philosophy professor Matthäus von Collin, treats a favourite Romantic theme: the power of night and the unconscious (and by extension, death) to reveal to us a better world. Schubert miraculously conjures sense of numinous nocturnal stillness, mysteriously deepened by the dip from B major to G major at the opening of verse two ("Die belauschen sie mit Lust").

The sounds and rhythms of water virtually guaranteed a memorable Schubert song. *Fischerweise*, composed early in 1826 to rather arch verses by Schubert's old schoolfriend Baron Franz Xaver von Schlechta, is no exception. Its instant popularity can be deduced from the fact that the baritone Johann Michael Vogl chose to sing it at Schubert's benefit concert in March 1828. One of the delights of this irrepressible, feel-good song is the way the subterranean figure in the keyboard introduction later emerges into the sunlight, airily tossed between voice and piano.

The morbidly disenchanted gravedigger of *Totengräbers Heimweh* (1825) may seem like a faintly absurd Shakespearean parody, but from the unpromising verses by the Italian polymath and littérateur Jacob Nicolaus de Jachelutta Craigher, Schubert creates a song of tragic grandeur and symphonic power. It grows from the grim "digging" music of the opening, with its pounding, quasi-baroque bass line, via an ominous unison passage that quotes from the first movement of the contemporary *A minor Piano Sonata D 845* (at "Von allen verlassen"), to the hypnotic, transfigured dance of the final pages as the old gravedigger's death wish is granted.

Christoph Prégardien and Julius Drake end their programme in reflective mode with *Der Winterabend*, composed, aptly, in January 1828. This one of a clutch of late Schubert settings of poems by the famous Styrian poet, teacher and (later) politician Karl Gottfried von Leitner. The verses' Biedermeier sentimentality is transfigured by Schubert's music, with its gently musing melodic line and magical shifts of key, as at the dip from G to a veiled E flat major as moonlight steals into the room. In the final verse ("Denk' an Sie") a new countermelody in the keyboard treble delicately evokes the image of the dead beloved: an exquisite, quintessentially Schubertian touch that sets the seal on a song of quiet enchantment.

Richard Wigmore, 2015

**Christoph Prégardien** tenor

*“His lyric tenor voice had a youthful glow, yet he sang with plaintive beauty and piercing insight.”*  
The New York Times

Precise vocal control, clear diction, intelligent musicality and an ability to get to the heart of everything he sings ensures Christoph Prégardien's place among the world's foremost lyric tenors. Especially revered as a Lieder singer, he can be heard this season at the Wigmore Hall London, Tonhalle Düsseldorf, Mozarteum Salzburg, Wiener Konzerthaus, Singel Antwerp, La Monnaie de Munt, Auditorio Nacional de Música Madrid and Toppan Hall Tokyo. As a regular guest he will return to festivals which include the Schubertiade Schwarzenberg Hohenems, Oxford Lieder Festival and Schwetzingen SWR Festival.

Following the success of his conducting debut with J. S. Bach's *St. John Passion* on a European tour with the ensemble Le Concert Lorrain and the Nederlands Kamerkoor in 2012 and 2013, Christoph Prégardien again led Le Concert Lorraine and the Balthasar-Neumann-Choir with the *St. Matthew Passion* in Paris, Luxembourg, Lucerne, Metz, Antwerp and Oslo a. o. in 2015.

Christoph Prégardien appears regularly with renowned orchestras the world over, including the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonics, Bavarian Radio Symphony, Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Staatskapelle Dresden, Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, London's Philharmonia Orchestra, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, as well as the Boston and San Francisco Symphonies. His wide orchestral repertoire includes the great baroque, classical and romantic oratorios and passions, as well as works from the 17<sup>th</sup> (Monteverdi, Purcell, Schütz) and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries (Britten, Killmayer, Rihm, Stravinsky). He has collaborated with conductors such as Barenboim, Chailly, Gardiner, Harnoncourt, Herreweghe, Luisi, Metzmacher, Nagano and Thielemann. In opera, his roles have included Tamino

(Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*), Almaviva (Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*), Fenton (Verdi's *Falstaff*), Don Ottavio (Mozart's *Don Giovanni*) and the title roles in Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* and Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*.

Much of Christoph Prégardien's repertoire has been recorded on the BMG, EMI, DG, Philips, Sony, Erato and Teldec labels. His discography numbers over 130 titles, many of which have been awarded international prizes and his celebrated recordings of German romantic song have won the *Orphée d'Or* of the *Académie du Disque Lyrique*, as well as the *Prix Georg Solti*, *German Record Critics' Prize*, *Edison Award*, *Cannes Classical Award* and the *Diapason d'Or*. Christoph Prégardien forged a long-term collaboration with the Dutch label Challenge Classics; they first released Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* (Michael Gees) and *Schwanengesang* (Andreas Staier) in 2008. *Müllerin* was highly praised as "Best of the Year" in *Gramophone* and was honoured at MIDEM 2009 ("Record and Vocal Recital of the Year"). Further recordings include Hugo Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* (Julia Kleiter, Hilko Dumno), *Between Life and Death* (Michael Gees), and *Wanderer* (ensemble KONTRASTE). He recently re-recorded Schubert's *Winterreise* with Michael Gees, which was nominated for the Grammy 2014, and teamed up with son Julian for their first album *Father and Son*, for which Michael Gees once again provided the piano accompaniment.

Teaching remains a very important part of Christoph Prégardien's musical life. From 2000 to 2004 he taught at the *Hochschule für Musik und Theater* in Zurich. Since 2004, he has been a professor at the Academy of Music in Cologne. As part of Schott's "Master Class" series, he published an innovative multi-media DVD/book addressing vocal technique and musical interpretation.

## Julius Drake

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and enjoys an international reputation as one of the finest instrumentalists in his field, collaborating with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc.

He appears regularly at all the major music centres: the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade and Salzburg festivals; Carnegie Hall and the Lincoln Center New York; the Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Philharmonie Berlin; the Châtelet and Musée du Louvre Paris; La Scala Milan and Teatro de la Zarzuela Madrid; the Musikverein and Konzerthaus Vienna; and the Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms London.

Julius Drake's many recordings include a widely acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion, of which the Barber Songs, Schumann Lieder and Britten Songs and Proverbs won the 2007, 2009 and 2011 Gramophone Awards, respectively; award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI; several recitals for the Wigmore Live label, with, among others Alice Coote, Joyce DiDonato, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore and Matthew Polenzani; and recordings of Tchaikovsky and Mahler with Christianne Stotijn for Onyx and English song with Bejun Mehta for Harmonia Mundi. He has also now embarked on a major project to record the complete songs of Franz Liszt for Hyperion. The second disc in the series, with Angelika Kirchschrager, won the BBC Music Magazine Award for 2012.

Julius Drake's passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise song series for the Wigmore Hall London, the BBC and the Concertgebouw Amsterdam. A series of song recitals – Julius Drake and Friends – in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, has featured recitals with many outstanding vocal artists including Sir Thomas Allen, Olaf Bär, Iestyn Davies, Sergei Leiferkus, Dame Felicity Lott, Simon Keenlyside, Christoph Prégardien, and Sir Willard White.



In addition to his performing career Julius Drake is also a committed teacher and is regularly invited to give masterclasses, recently in Aldeburgh, Brussels, Cincinnati, Toronto, Utrecht and at the Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien. In 2015 he was appointed to join the jury of the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Song Prize. Julius Drake holds a professorship at Graz University of Music and Performing Arts in Austria, where he leads a class for song pianists.

[1] **Auf der Bruck D 853**

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,  
Mein gutes Roß, durch Nacht und Regen!  
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast  
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?  
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,  
Doch muß er endlich sich erschliessen;  
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht  
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüßen.

Wohl könnt ich über Berg und Feld  
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen  
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,  
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;  
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu  
Und beut mit Frieden, Lieb und Freude,  
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,  
Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern  
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;  
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern  
Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.  
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz  
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen

**At the Bruck**

Trot briskly without rest,  
my good horse, through night and through rain!  
Why do you shy at bush and branch  
and stumble on the wild paths?  
Though the forest stretches deep and dense,  
it must finally open up;  
and a distant light will greet us kindly  
out of the dark valley.

I can fly over mountain and field  
on your slender back  
and enjoy the world's  
colourful vistas.  
Many an eye laughs intimately at me,  
with peace, love and joy;  
and yet I hurry without rest,  
back to my grief.

For three days now I have been far away  
from her to whom I am eternally bound;  
For three days sun and star  
and earth and heavens were missing for me.  
Of the delight and grief, that when I was with her,  
now healed, now tore my heart,

Fühlt ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,  
Und ach! die Freude muß ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See  
Zur wärmer Flur den Vogel fliegen;  
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je  
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?  
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!  
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,  
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,  
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

[2] **Der liebliche Stern D 861**

Ihr Sternlein, still in der Höhe,  
Ihr Sternlein, spielend im Meer,  
Wenn ich von ferne daher  
So freundlich euch leuchten sehe,  
So wird mir von Wohl und Wehe  
Der Busen so bang und so schwer.

Es zittert von Frühlingswinden  
Der Himmel im flüssigen Grün

for three days I have only felt the pain,  
and oh!, the joy I had to miss!

We see the bird fly far over land and sea  
to warm pastures;  
How then should love ever  
deceive itself in its path?  
So trot bravely through the night!  
Although the dark tracks may fade,  
the bright eye of yearning still watches,  
and sweet foreboding guides me safely.

*Translation copyright © by Richard Morris*

**The lovely star**

Tiny stars, so silent in the heavens,  
Tiny stars, playing upon the sea,  
When I from afar  
See you sparkling so delightfully  
Then, for better or worse,  
My heart grows troubled and heavy.

The sky trembles in the spring air  
Above the watered meadows;



Manch' Sternlein sah ich entblüh'n,  
Manch Sternlein sah ich entschwinden;  
Doch kann ich das schönste nicht finden  
Das früher dem Liebenden schien.

Nicht kann ich zum Himmel mich schwingen,  
Zu suchen den freundlichen Stern;  
Stets hält ihn die Wolke mir fern.  
Tief unten, da möcht' es gelingen,  
Das friedliche Ziel zu erringen,  
Tief unten, da ruht' ich so gern!

Was wiegt ihr im laulichen Spiele,  
Ihr Lüftchen, den wogenden Kahn?  
O treibt ihn auf rauherer Bahn  
Hernieder ins Wogengewühle!  
Laßt tief in der wallenden Kühle  
Dem lieblichen Sterne mich nah'n!

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

### [3] Im Walde D 834

Ich wand're über Berg und Tal  
Und über grüne Heiden,

I saw many a star blossom,  
I saw many a star vanish.  
But I cannot find the fairest,  
That once shone for this lover.

I cannot soar to the heavens  
To seek that friendly star.  
Clouds always hide it from me.  
Deep below, there might I succeed  
In reaching the peaceful refuges;  
Deep below I gladly would find rest.

Why, in gentle play  
Do you lull the boat, breezes?  
Propel it along a rougher course  
Down into the whirlpool!  
Deep in the cool, turbulent water  
Let me approach that lovely star.

*Translation copyright © by David Gordon*

### In the Forest

I wander over mountain and valley  
And across green moors,

Und mit mir wandert meine Qual,  
Will nimmer von mir scheiden.  
Und schiff' ich auch durch's weite Meer,  
Sie käm' auch dort wohl hinterher.

Wohl blüh'n viel Blumen auf der Flur,  
Die hab' ich nicht gesehen,  
Denn eine Blume seh' ich nur  
Auf allen Wegen stehen.  
Nach ihr hab' ich mich oft gebückt  
Und doch sie nimmer abgepflückt.

Die Bienen summen durch das Gras  
Und hängen an den Blüten;  
Das macht mein Auge trüb' und naß,  
Ich kann mir's nicht verbieten,  
Ihr süßen Lippen, rot und weich,  
Wohl hing ich nimmer so an euch!

Gar lieblich singen nah und fern  
Die Vögel auf den Zweigen;  
Wohl säng' ich mit den Vögeln gern,  
Doch muß ich traurig schweigen.  
Denn Liebeslust und Liebespein,  
Die bleiben jedes gern allein.

And my agony wanders with me,  
Never wanting to leave me.  
And were I even to sail across the wide sea,  
It would likely follow me thither as well.

Truly there bloom many flowers upon the lea,  
I have not seen them,  
For I see only one flower  
Upon all my pathways.  
I have often bent over it  
And yet have never picked it.

The bees buzz through the grass  
And hang upon the blossoms;  
That causes my eyes to become dull and teary,  
I cannot prevent it.  
You sweet lips, red and soft,  
I never hung thus on you!

Near and far upon the branches  
The birds sing utterly delightfully;  
I would gladly sing with the birds,  
But I must remain silent in sadness.  
For the joy of love and the pain of love  
Would both rather remain alone.

Am Himmel seh' ich flügel schnell  
Die Wolken weiterziehen,  
Die Welle rieselt leicht und hell,  
Muß immer nah'n und fliehen.  
Doch haschen, wenn's vom Winde ruht,  
Sich Wolk' und Wolke, Flut und Flut.

Ich wand're hin, ich wand're her,  
Bei Sturm und heiter'n Tagen,  
Und doch erschau' ich's nimmermehr  
Und kann es nicht erjagen.  
O Liebesehnen, Liebesqual,  
Wann ruht der Wanderer einmal?

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

#### [4] Um Mitternacht D 862

Keine Stimme hör' ich schallen,  
Keinen Schritt auf dunkler Bahn,  
Selbst der Himmel hat die schönen,  
Hellen Äuglein zugetan.

Ich nur wache, süßes Leben,  
Schau' sehnd in die Nacht,

In the sky I see the clouds  
Scud by as quickly as if they had wings,  
The wave ripples lightly and brightly,  
It must ever approach and flee.  
But when the wind is resting,  
Cloud catches cloud, waters catch waters.

I wander here, I wander there,  
In stormy and sunny days,  
And yet I am never able to see it  
And I cannot catch up to it.  
Oh yearning of love, agony of love,  
When shall the wanderer finally rest?

*Translation copyright © by Sharon Krebs*

#### At midnight

I hear no voice sounding,  
No footstep upon the dark path,  
Even Heaven itself has closed  
Its beautiful, bright eyes.

Only I am still watchful, sweet life,  
I gaze yearningly into the night,

Bis dein Stern in öder Ferne  
Lieblich leuchtend mir erwacht.

Ach, nur einmal, nur verstohlen  
Dein geliebtes Bild zu seh'n,  
Wollt' ich gern in Sturm und Wetter  
Bis zum späten Morgen steh'n!

Seh' ich's nicht von ferne leuchten!  
Naht es nicht schon nach und nach?  
Ach, und freundlich hör' ich's flüstern:  
Sieh, der Freund ist auch noch wach.

Süßes Wort, geliebte Stimme,  
Der mein Herz entgegenschlägt!  
Tausend sel'ge Liebesbilder  
Hat dein Hauch mir aufgeregt.

Alle Sterne seh' ich glänzen  
Auf der dunkeln blauen Bahn,  
Und im Herzen hat und droben  
Sich der Himmel aufgetan.

Holder Nachhall, wiege freundlich  
Jetzt mein Haupt in milde Ruh,

Until, in the desolate distance, your star,  
Beautifully shining, wakens for me.

Ah, only once, only surreptitiously  
To see your beloved image,  
I would gladly stand in storms and squalls  
Until late morning!

Do I not see it shining in the distance!  
Is it not already approaching little by little?  
Ah, and I hear it whisper graciously:  
Lo, my beloved is also still awake.

Sweet word, beloved voice,  
Which my pulsing heart greets!  
Your breath has excited me with  
A thousand blissful images of love.

I see all the stars glittering  
Upon the dark, blue firmament,  
And in my heart and on high  
The heavens have opened.

Lovely echo, kindly lull  
My head to gentle rest,

Und noch oft, ihr Träume, lispelt  
Ihr geliebtes Wort mir zu!

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

**[5] Lebensmuth D 883**

O, wie dringt das junge Leben  
Kräftig mir durch Sinn und Herz!  
Alles fühl ich glüh'n und streben,  
Fühle doppelt Lust und Schmerz.

Fruchtlos such ich euch zu halten,  
Geister meiner regen Brust!  
Nach Gefallen mögt ihr walten,  
Sei's zum Leide, sei's zur Lust.

Lod're nur, gewalt'ge Liebe,  
Höher lodre nur empor!  
Brecht, ihr vollen Blütenriebe,  
Mächtig schwellend nur hervor!

Mag das Herz sich blutig färben.  
Mag's vergehn in rascher Pein;  
Lieber will ich ganz verderben,  
Als nur halb lebendig sein.

And often still, ye dreams, whisper  
Her beloved words to me!

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**Lebensmuth**

Oh, how my young life  
Powerfully penetrates my spirit and heart!  
I feel everything glowing and striving,  
Feel joy and pain doubly.

In vain I seek to hold you back,  
Spirits of my animated bosom;  
Your workings may be as you wish,  
Be they for suffering, be they for gladness.

Only blaze, immense love,  
Only flare up ever higher!  
Only break forth, you full blossoming shoots  
With ever more mighty swelling!

May my heart colour itself like blood,  
May it perish in rapid agony;  
I would rather pass away utterly  
Than be only half alive.

Dieses Zagen, dieses Sehnen,  
Das die Brust vergeblich schwellt,  
Diese Seufzer, diese Tränen,  
Die der Stolz gefangen hält,  
Dieses schmerzlich eitle Ringen,  
Dieses Kämpfen ohne Kraft,  
Ohne Hoffnung und Vollbringen,  
Hat mein bestes Mark erschlaft.

Lieber wecke, rasch und mutig,  
Schlachtruf, den entschlaf'nen Sinn!  
Lange träumt' ich, lange ruht' ich,  
Gab der Kette lang mich hin.

Hier ist Hölle nicht, noch Himmel,  
Weder Frost ist hier, noch Glut;  
Auf, ins feindliche Getümmel,  
Rüstig weiter durch die Flut!

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

This trepidation, this yearning  
That swells my bosom for naught,  
These sighs, these tears  
That are held captive by pride,  
This painful, vain struggle,  
This powerless combat,  
Without hope and without completion,  
Has exhausted my very marrow.

Battle cry, waken rather, quickly and courageously,  
My sleeping spirit!  
Long I dreamt, long I rested,  
Long I abandoned myself to my chains;

Here is neither hell nor heaven,  
Nor is frost here, nor blazing!  
Arise, off into the fray with the enemy,  
Vigorously onward through the flood!

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[6] Im Frühling D 882

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,  
Der Himmel ist so klar,  
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,  
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 Blüte blickt!  
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,  
Am liebsten pflück' 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.

In Spring

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.

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.

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

[7] An mein Herz D 860

O Herz! sei endlich stille!  
Was schlägst du so unruhvoll?  
Es ist ja des Himmels Wille,  
Daß ich sie lassen soll.

Und gab auch dein junges Leben  
Dir nichts als Wahn und Pein:  
Hat's ihr nur Freude gegeben,  
So mag's verloren sein!

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.

*Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust*

To my heart

O my heart! be still already!  
Why are you pounding so savagely?  
It is the will of heaven  
that I should leave her.

And if your young life gave you  
nothing but delusion and pain,  
it still gave her joy,  
so let it be lost!

Und wenn sie auch nie dein Lieben  
Und nie dein Leiden verstand,  
So bist du doch treu geblieben,  
Und Gott hat's droben erkannt.

Wir wollen es mutig ertragen,  
So lang nur die Träne noch rinnt,  
Und träumen von schöneren Tagen,  
Die lange vorüber sind.

Und siehst du die Blüten erscheinen  
Und singen die Vögel umher,  
So magst du wohl heimlich weinen,  
Doch klagen sollst du nicht mehr.

Geh'n doch die ewigen Sterne  
Dort oben mit goldenes Licht  
Und lächeln so freundlich von ferne  
Und denken doch unser nicht.

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

And even if she never understood your love  
or your sorrow,  
you still remained faithful  
and God has recognized this.

We mean to endure it courageously,  
so long as our tears can still flow;  
and we dream of better days  
that have long since passed.

And if you see the flowers appearing  
and hear the birds singing about you,  
you may weep quietly,  
but there must be no more lamenting.

For the eternal stars still move  
up there with golden light  
and smile so kindly from afar;  
and yet they do not think about us at all.

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**[8] Im Jänner 1817 (Tiefes Leid) D 876**

Ich bin von aller Ruh' geschieden  
Ich treib' umher auf wilder Flut;  
An einem Ort nur find' ich Frieden,  
Das ist der Ort, wo alles ruht.  
Und wenn die Wind' auch schaurig sausen,  
Und kalt der Regen niederfällt,  
Doch will ich dort viel lieber hausen,  
Als in der unbeständ'gen Welt.

Denn wie die Träume spurlos schweben,  
Und einer schnell den ander'n treibt,  
Spielt mit sich selbst das irre Leben,  
Und jeder naht und keines bleibt.  
Nie will die falsche Hoffnung weichen,  
Nie mit der Hoffnung Furcht und Müh'!  
Die Ewigstummen, Ewigbleichen  
Verheißen und versagen nie.

Nicht weck' ich sie mit meinen Schritten  
In ihrer dunklen Einsamkeit.  
Sie wissen nicht, was ich gelitten,  
Und Keinen stört mein tiefes Leid.  
Dort kann die Seele freier klagen

**Deep grief**

I have been parted from all rest  
and drift about on a wild flood;  
in one place only do I find peace -  
that is the place where everything rests.  
And even when the wind howls eerily,  
and the rain comes falling down cold,  
I would much rather dwell there  
than in this fickle world.

For just as dreams pass without leaving any trace,  
and one drives away the next,  
my mad life plays with itself,  
and each comes up and none remains.  
False hope is never willing to give way;  
Dread and toil are never prepared to leave with hope!  
Only those beings who are eternally silent, eternally  
fading,  
those never promise [anything] and never fail.

I do not awaken them with my steps  
in their dark solitude.  
They do not know what I have suffered,  
and none of them is disturbed by my deep grief.  
[Over] there, my soul can lament more freely

Bei Jener, die ich treu geliebt;  
Nicht wird der kalte Stein mir sagen  
Ach, daß auch sie mein Schmerz betrübt!

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

**[9] Über Wildemann D 884**

Die Winde sausen am Tannenhang,  
Die Quellen brausen das Tal entlang;  
Ich wandre in Eile durch Wald und Schnee,  
Wohl manche Meile von Höh' zu Höh'.

Und will das Leben im freien Tal  
Sich auch schon heben zum Sonnenstrahl,  
Ich muß vorüber mit wildem Sinn  
Und blicke lieber zum Winter hin.

Auf grünen Heiden, auf bunten Au'n,  
Müßt ich mein Leiden nur immer schau'n,  
Daß selbst am Steine das Leben sprießt,  
Und ach, nur eine ihr Herz verschließt.

O Liebe, Liebe, o Maienhauch,  
Du drängst die Triebe aus Baum und Strauch,

Near the one whom I truly loved;  
Certainly the cold stone will not tell me,  
Ah! - that my pain saddens her too!

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**Gazing down upon the town of Wildemann**

The winds roar along the fir-clad slopes,  
The water-springs race through the valley;  
I wander in haste through forest and snow,  
Many a mile from peak to peak.

And when in the open valley  
Life already rises toward the sunbeams,  
I must pass by with a frenzied spirit  
And I gaze instead to where it is still winter.

Upon green moors, upon colourful meadows,  
I would only be constantly confronted with my pain,  
That life puts forth shoots even upon the rocks,  
And, alas, only one has locked her heart.

Oh love, love, oh breath of May,  
You urge the shoots forth from tree and bush,

Die Vögel singen auf grünen Höh'n,  
Die Quellen springen bei deinem Wehn.

Mich läßt du schweifen im dunklen Wahn  
Durch Windespfeifen auf rauher Bahn.  
O Frühlingsschimmer, o Blütenschein,  
Soll ich denn nimmer mich dein erfreun?

*Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)*

**[10] Daß sie hier gewesen D 775**

Daß der Ostwind Däfte  
Hauchet in die Lüfte,  
Dadurch tut er kund,  
Daß du hier gewesen.

Daß hier Tränen rinnen,  
Dadurch wirst du innen,  
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,  
Daß ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,  
Ob versteckt sie bliebe,

The birds sing upon the green heights,  
The water-springs bubble up when you waft by.

But you leave me to roam in darksome delusions  
Through the whistling wind upon a rough pathway.  
Oh shimmer of Spring, oh radiance of blossoms,  
Am I never to rejoice in you?

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**That the East Wind blows scents**

That the East Wind blows scents  
gently in the air  
makes it known to me  
that you were here.

That tears run here  
will make it known to you,  
if you don't know it yet,  
that I was here.

Beauty or Love,  
whether or not they remain hidden,

Düfte tun es und Tränen kund,  
Daß sie hier gewesen.

*Friedrich Rückert (1788 - 1866)*

**[11] Greisengesang D 778**

Der Frost hat mir bereifet des Hauses Dach;  
Doch warm ist mir's geblieben im Wohngemach.  
Der Winter hat die Scheitel mir weiß gedeckt;  
Doch fließt das Blut, das rote, durchs  
Herzgemach.

Der Jugendflor der Wangen, die Rosen sind  
Gegangen, all gegangen einander nach -  
Wo sind sie hingegangen? ins Herz hinab:  
Da blühn sie nach Verlangen, wie vor so nach.

Sind alle Freudenströme der Welt versiegt?  
Noch fließt mir durch den Busen ein stiller Bach.  
Sind alle Nachtigallen der Flur verstummt?  
Noch ist bei mir im Stillen hier eine wach.

make it known by scents and tears  
that they were here.

*Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust*

**Frost has covered my house's roof**

Frost has covered my house's roof;  
but I have stayed warm in the living room.  
Winter has covered in white the crown of my  
head;  
yet blood flows - red blood - through my heart's  
chamber.

The youthful blossom of my cheeks - the roses are  
gone, all gone, one after another -  
where have they gone? into my heart:  
there they bloom as they desire, just as they did  
before.

Have all the joyous streams in the world dried up?  
Yet a quiet brook still flows through my breast.  
Have all the nightingales in the meadow been  
silenced?  
Yet here with me in the silence, one is awake.

Sie singet: "Herr des Hauses! verschleuß dein  
Tor,  
Daß nicht die Welt, die kalte, dring ins Gemach.  
Schleuß aus den rauhen Odem der Wirklichkeit,  
Und nur dem Duft der Träume gib Dach und  
Fach!"

*Friedrich Rückert (1788 - 1866)*

**[12] Du bist die Ruh D 776**

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.

It sings: "Lord of the house! lock your gate,  
so that the cold world does not come into your  
chamber.  
Shut out the raw breath of reality,  
and give roof and room only to the fragrance of  
dreams!"

*Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust*

**You are peace, the mild peace**

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.

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

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

*Friedrich Rückert (1788 – 1866)*

**[13] Im Walde (Waldesnacht) D 708**

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht!  
Wie der Held in Rosses Bügel,  
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht.  
Wie die alten Tannen sausen,  
Hört man Geisteswogen brausen.

Herrlich ist der Flamme Leuchten  
In des Morgenglanzes Rot,  
Oder die das Feld beleuchten,  
Blitze, schwanger oft von Tod.

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!

*Translation copyright © by Lynn Thompson*

**In the forest**

The sougning of the wind, God's pinions,  
Deep within the cool forest night!  
As the hero swings himself into the horse's stirrups,  
The power of thought swings itself.  
As the old fir trees swish,  
One hears waves of spirit roar.

Glorious is the radiance of the flame  
In the red of the shining morning,  
Or those that bedew the fields,  
Lightning bolts, often pregnant with death.

Rasch die Flamme zuckt und lodert,  
Wie zu Gott hinaufgefodert.

Ewig's Rauschen sanfter Quellen  
Zaubert Blumen aus dem Schmerz,  
Trauer doch in linden Wellen  
Schlägt uns lockend an das Herz;  
Fernab hin der Geist gezogen,  
Die uns locken, durch die Wogen.

Drang des Lebens aus der Hülle,  
Kampf der starken Triebe wild  
Wird zur schönsten Liebesfülle,  
Durch des Geistes Hauch gestillt.  
Schöpferischer Lüfte Wehen  
Fühlt man durch die Seele gehen.

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in dunkler Waldesnacht!  
Freigegeben alle Zügel,  
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht,  
Hört in Lüften ohne Grausen  
Den Gesang der Geister brausen.

*Friedrich von Schlegel (1772 - 1829)*

Rapidly the flame flickers and flares,  
As if commanded to appear before God.

The eternal murmuring of gentle water-springs  
Magically calls forth flowers from pain,  
But mourning in gentle waves  
Beats beguilingly against our heart;  
The spirit is drawn far away into the distance  
By the waves that entice us.

The compulsion of life to come forth from the husk,  
The battle of wild, strong urges  
Becomes the most beautiful plenitude of love,  
Calmed by the breath of the spirit.  
One feels the blowing of creative breezes  
Passing through one's soul.

The sougning of the wind, God's pinions,  
Deep within the dark forest night!  
Loosened from all restraints  
The power of thought swings itself forth,  
Hears without horror in the breezes  
The singing of the spirits roar.

*Translation copyright © by Sharon Krebs*



**[14] Nacht und Träume D 827**

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

*Matthäus Kasimir von Collin (1779 – 1824)*

**[15] Fischerweise D 881**

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

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

**Night and dreams**

Holy night, you sink down;  
Dreams, too, drift down  
Like your moonlight through space,  
Through the quiet hearts of men;  
They listen with delight  
Calling out when day awakens:  
Return, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return!

*Translation copyright © by David Gordon*

**Fisherman's song**

No cares assail the fisherman,  
nor grief nor sorrow;  
Early in the morning he unties  
His boat with a light heart.

It is peaceful all about him  
In woods and meadows and brooks  
He rouses with his song  
The golden sun.

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

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

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

Dort angelt auf der Brücke  
Die Hirtin. Schlauer Wicht,  
Entsage deiner Tücke,  
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht.

*Franz Xaver Freiherr von Schlechta (1796 – 1875)*

To his labours he sings  
with a full and sanguine heart;  
The work gives him strength --  
And strength gives life joy.

Soon a colorful throng is  
swarming loudly in the depths,  
And it splashes through the sky  
That lies reflected in the water.

But he who wishes to cast a net  
Needs eyes both clear and good;  
He must be swift like the waves,  
And unfettered like the stream.

There on the bridge the shepherdess  
Is fishing. Artful creature,  
Enough of your tricks  
You will not deceive the fish.

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[16] Totengräbers Heimweh D 842

O Menschheit, o Leben! was soll's? o was soll's?  
Grabe aus, scharre zu! Tag und Nacht keine Ruh!  
Das Treiben, das Drängen, wohin? o wohin?  
»Ins Grab, ins Grab, tief hinab!«

O Schicksal, o traurige Pflicht  
Ich trag's länger nicht!  
Wann wirst du mir schlagen, o Stunde der Ruh?  
O Tod! komm und drücke die Augen mir zu!

Im Leben, da ist's ach! so schwül, ach! so schwül!  
Im Grabe so friedlich, so kühl!  
Doch ach! wer legt mich hinein?  
Ich stehe allein, so ganz allein!

Von allen verlassen, dem Tod nur verwandt,  
Verweil ich am Rande, das Kreuz in der Hand,  
Und starre mit sehndem Blick hinab  
Ins tiefe, ins tiefe Grab!

O Heimat des Friedens, der Seligen Land,  
an dich knüpft die Seele ein magisches Band.  
Du winkst mir von ferne, du ewiges Licht,

Gravedigger's homesickness

O mankind, O life! what is is all for?  
Dig out, scrape in! Day and night, no peace!  
This shoving and pushing, where does it get you?  
"To the grave, the grave, deep under!"

O Fate, o sad duty,  
I can stand it no longer!  
When will you come, O hour of peace?  
O Death! come and press my eyes closed!

To be alive is so oppressive!  
In the grave it is so peaceful, so cool!  
But alas! who will lay me in my grave?  
I am alone, so utterly alone!

Abandoned by all, with Death my only kin,  
I linger at the edge, a cross in my hand,  
and stare with yearning down  
into the deep, deep grave!

O homeland of peace, O blessed land,  
to you the soul is bound by a magical bond.  
You beckon from afar, you eternal light.

es schwinden die Sterne, das Auge schon bricht, -  
ich sinke, ich sinke! Ihr Lieben, ich komm!

*Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de Jachelutta (1797 – 1855)*

[17] Der Winterabend D 938

Es ist so still, so heimlich um mich.  
Die Sonn' ist unter, der Tag entwich.  
Wie schnell nun heran der Abend graut.  
Mir ist es recht, sonst ist mir's zu laut.  
Jetzt aber ist's ruhig, es hämmert kein Schmied,  
Kein Klempner, das Volk verlief, und ist müd.  
Und selbst, daß nicht rassle der Wagen Lauf,  
Zog Decken der Schnee durch die Gassen auf.

Wie tut mir so wohl der selige Frieden!  
Da sitz ich im Dunkel, ganz abgeschieden.  
So ganz für mich. Nur der Mondenschein  
Kommt leise zu mir ins Gemach.  
Er kennt mich schon und läßt mich schweigen.  
Nimmt nur seine Arbeit, die Spindel, das Gold,  
Und spinnet stille, webt, und lächelt hold,  
Und hängt dann sein schimmerndes Schleierruch

The stars disappear, my eyes fail -  
I'm dying, dying! My loved ones, I'm coming!

*Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust*

The winter evening

It is so still and secret around me;  
The sun has set, the day is gone.  
How quickly now the evening grows gray!  
It's fine with me: the day is too noisy for me.  
Now though, it is quiet: no blacksmith is hammering,  
no tinsmith; the people have gone away, weary.  
And, so that the wagons don't rattle on their way,  
a blanket of snow has covered the streets.

How well I like this blissful peace!  
Here I sit in the dark, entirely isolated.  
So complete in myself. Only the moonlight  
Comes softly into my room.  
It knows me well, and allows me to be quiet.  
It only takes up its work, the spindle, the gold,  
And spins and weaves, smiling kindly,  
And then it hangs its shimmering veil

Ringsum an Gerät und Wänden aus.  
Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber Besuch,  
Macht mir gar keine Unruh im Haus.  
Will er bleiben, so hat er Ort,  
Freut's ihn nimmer, so geht er fort.

Ich sitze dann stumm im Fenster gern,  
Und schaue hinauf in Gewölk und Stern.  
Denke zurück, ach weit, ach weit,  
In eine schöne, verschwundne Zeit.  
Denk an sie, an das Glück der Minne,  
Seufze still und sinne, und sinne.

*Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800 – 1890)*

about the furniture and walls;  
It is a quiet, dear visitor,  
Making no disturbance in the house.  
If it wishes to remain, there is room;  
If it does not like it here, then it goes away.

I sit then at the window, gladly silent,  
and watch the clouds and stars outside.  
I think back, alas, far, far back,  
to a lovely, vanished time.  
I think on it, on the happiness of love,  
And sigh quietly, thinking and feeling.

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This High Definition Surround Recording was Produced, Engineered and Edited by Bert van der Wolf of NorthStar Recording Services, using the 'High Quality Musical Surround Mastering' principle. The basis of this recording principle is a realistic and holographic 3 dimensional representation of the musical instruments, voices and recording venue, according to traditional concert practice. For most older music this means a frontal representation of the musical performance, but such that width and depth of the ensemble and acoustic characteristics of the hall do resemble 'real life' as much as possible. Some older compositions, and many contemporary works do specifically ask for placement of musical instruments and voices over the full 360 degrees sound scape, and in these cases the recording is as realistic as possible, within the limits of the 5.1 Surround Sound standard. This requires a very innovative use of all 6 loudspeakers and the use of completely matched, full frequency range loudspeakers for all 5 discrete channels. A complementary sub-woofer, for the ultra low frequencies under 40Hz, is highly recommended to maximally benefit from the sound quality of this recording.

This recording was produced with the use of Sonodore microphones, Avalon Acoustic monitoring, Siltech Mono-Crystal cabling and dCS - & Merging Technologies converters.



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