

Saturday
3 June 2006
St Nicolas
Church
Guildford
at 7.30pm

*“My Spirit Sang
All Day”*

*Romantic Songs
for Voices and Piano*

*Jonathan Beatty
and Mark Williams
Piano*

*The Chantry
singers*

*Musical Director
Roy Rashbrook*

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*“My Spirit Sang All Day”
Romantic Songs*

*Jonathan Beatty & Mark Williams -
Piano
Roy Rashbrook - Conductor*

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*Gerald Finzi -
My Spirit Sang All Day*

*Edward Elgar -
My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land*

*Johannes Brahms -
Liebeslieder Walzer 1-6*

Gabriel Fauré - Dolly Suite

*John Stainer -
Cupid, look about thee*

*Charles Villiers Stanford -
The Blue Bird*

Interval

*John Liptrot Hatton -
When Evening's Twilight*

Brahms - Liebeslieder Walzer 7-12

Franz Schubert - Five Lieder

Brahms - Liebeslieder Walzer 13-18

*Arthur Sullivan -
The Long Day Closes*

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Away from home the choir has sung services in several cathedrals, notably Rochester, Salisbury and St. George's Chapel Windsor.

Joanna Marsh was guest conductor for the choir's concert in December 2002 and directed the choir until the summer of 2004.

We are delighted to welcome Roy Rashbrook as our musical director from September 2004.

Sopranos

Beryl Disley
Jennifer Nicholas
Claire Rennison
Sue Trumble
Pat Turner
Elisabeth Willis
Lesley Worrall
Frances Worpe

Altos

Shirley Aston
Mary-Rose Brennan
Jean Matthews
Shirley Neish
Chris Reddin
Vicki Shore
Karen Tickle

Tenors

Geoff Disley
David De Winter
Jo Huddleston
Tony Kemp
Roger Smy
Hugh Walker

Basses

John Hart
Mike Lodge
Tony Morden
Mike Trumble

Next Concert

*Saturday 11 November
7.30 pm*

*Royal Grammar School
Guildford*

*Henry Purcell
Dido & Aeneas
Welcome to all the
Pleasures*

*Angela Henckel - Soprano
Stephen Hogg - Counter Tenor
Alexander Ward - Baritone*

*The Chantry Singers
and Players*

*Musical Director
Roy Rashbrook*

Mark Williams held the posts of Assistant Sub-Organist of St Paul's Cathedral in London and Director of Music at St Paul's Cathedral School until April of 2006. Appointed in 2000, at the age of 21, he relinquished both posts in order to pursue his rapidly growing freelance career. He has been described as 'the shooting star of the international organ scene' (Berliner Zeitung 02/05) and is increasingly in demand as a performer throughout the UK and abroad.

Educated in Bolton, Lancashire, he sang as a boy at Manchester Cathedral before going on to spend a year as Organ Scholar of Truro Cathedral in Cornwall. In 1997 he took up the organ scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was also later awarded an academic scholarship and where he worked regularly with the internationally renowned choir under the direction of Dr Richard Marlow. He has recorded works of Elgar, Mendelssohn and Duruflé with the Choir of Trinity College Cambridge and has toured the United States, Far East, and several European countries as a recitalist and accompanist.

Mark has appeared as a soloist and accompanist throughout London and the UK and has worked with a number of groups such as the King's Consort, Florilegium, the City of London Sinfonia and the Hanover Band as a continuo player. He also plays the piano and the harpsichord, and will shortly begin a season playing continuo in the Buxton Festival production of Gluck's opera 'Armide'. Future recital engagements include Gloucester Cathedral and St Thomas Fifth Avenue, New York. He is the Assistant Conductor of the City of London Choir, a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, a member of the Council of the Friends of Cathedral Music and since the year 2000 has been Organist-in-Residence at the International William Byrd Festival in Portland Oregon, his playing in the final concert there in 2005 causing one music critic to describe him as a 'boy wonder' in the Oregonian newspaper.

Roy Rashbrook read music at Goldsmith's College, London, before going on to the Guildhall School of Music and Drama to study singing under Alexander Oliver, William McAlpine and Rudolf Piernay. Since then he has performed as a tenor soloist with some of Britain's leading orchestras and choirs including The King's Consort, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, the City of London Sinfonia, the London Mozart Players and the London Philharmonic Choir. He has appeared on many CD recordings, film soundtracks and radio and television broadcasts, both at home and abroad.

Roy is a member of the choir of Saint Paul's Cathedral, combining their schedule with his work as a soloist, teacher and conductor. He has conducted several choirs and ensembles, including the Goldsmiths' Chorus, The University of London Union Chorus, The Hanover Singers, Hart Voices (Fleet), The Chantry Singers (Guildford) and Candlelight Opera (Windsor), with whom he has performed at the Bath festival and at Hever Castle.

Last year saw his debut at London's Wigmore Hall in a recital of Monteverdi's sacred music with The King's Consort. More recently, he appeared alongside Sir Willard White in a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, with the Bath Philharmonia Orchestra and Minerva Choir under Jason Thornton. Future plans include singing the rôle of *The Sailor* in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* under Trevor Pinnock. This requires him to behave as a recovering alcoholic. All contributions warmly received.

The Chantry Singers is a chamber choir based in Guildford which regularly performs three concerts a year. The choir was formed in 1983 by Tim Venvell, then deputy music director at the Royal Grammar School Guildford, who went on to conduct it for the next ten years. His successors Peter Coulson, Andrew Wilson and Sarah Baldock carried forward his policy of alternating the unaccompanied repertoire with performances of major works. Throughout, the accent has been on a variety of musical styles from a variety of musical ages.

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
My Spirit Sang All Day
Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

My spirit sang all day O my joy,
Nothing my tongue could say, Only: My joy!
My heart an echo caught O my joy
And spake, Tell me thy thought. Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around, O my joy
What beauty hast thou found? Shew us thy joy.
My jealous ears grew whist; O my joy,
Music from heaven is't, Sent for our joy?

She also came and heard; O my joy,
What, said she, is this word? What is thy joy?
And I replied, O see, O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee: Thou art my joy.

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land
Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green was his
And far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves was seen,
The woven forest boughs between.

And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if, the boughs between,
The white deer vanish ere the day.
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Liebesslieder Walzer, op. 52
from Polydora, Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

Born in Hamburg, Brahms came to Vienna first in the autumn of 1862, seeking to broaden his musical experience and promote his music to a wider (if not initially more sympathetic) audience. A pianist of immense individuality in youth, he was the son of a working musician and was largely self-taught in composition, studying not only the Classical tradition but also music from the Baroque and Renaissance. His own style achieved a rapprochement with these earlier eras that completely reinvigorated the Austro-German tradition, especially of chamber music. Brahms blended lyricism with a complete mastery of motivic and contrapuntal devices to produce a rich, fluent, but often ambiguous and searching language, especially in its harmony and rhythm.

For Brahms, writing in popular forms never implied compromising the highest standards of music. The eighteen *Liebesslieder* combine numerous aspects of the waltz rhythm with changing textures (including solo vocal lines) in response to the widely varied evocations of love present in the European folk poetry Brahms found in G. F. Daumer's German translations. In

even the simplest forms he found opportunities for adventurous turns of harmony, expressive melody and a constantly changing texture between the piano and the voices.

1 Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
diese wilden Glutgefühle!
Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
willst du, eine Überfromme,
rasten ohne traute Wonne,
oder willst du, daß ich komme?
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

*Speak, maiden, who
hurled into my once
aloof heart these wild,
ardent feelings!
Do you wish to remain
chaste or do you want
me to come to you?
To remain without bliss
I would never make
such a bitter penance.
Come, dark-eyed one,
when the stars greet us.*

2 Am Gesteine rauscht
die Flut, heftig angetrieben;
Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
lernt es unterm Lieben.

*The tide crashes mightily
against the rocks.
He who does not yet sigh
will soon learn to through
love.*

3 O die Frauen, wie sie
Wonne tauen! Wäre lang
ein Mönch geworden,
wären nicht die Frauen!

*Ah, women, how they melt
one with bliss! I would have
become a monk long ago
if it were not for women!*

4 Wie des Abends schöne
Röte möcht ich arme Dirne
glühn. Einem zu gefallen,
sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

*Like evening's lovely red
would I, poor maid, like to
glow, to please one boy
and radiate bliss forever.*

5 Die grüne Hopfenranke,
sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dirne,
so traurig ist ihr Sinn!

*The green hops vine winds
its way along the ground.
The young, fair maiden
so mournful are her thoughts!*

Du höre, grüne Ranke!
Was hebst du dich nicht
himmelwärts? Du höre,
schöne Dirne! Was ist so
schwer dein Herz?

*Why do you not raise
yourself heavenwards,
green vine? And maid,
Why is your heart so heavy?*

Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
wenn ihr das Liebste weit?

*How can the vine rise up
without any support?
How can the maiden be merry
when her love is far away?*

6 Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
nahm den Flug zum Garten hin,
da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte
nicht, ich täte so wie der.

*A small, pretty bird
flew into the garden
where there was fruit.
If it were me
I would not hesitate -
I would do just the same.*

Leimruten-Arglist
lauert an dem Ort;
der arme Vogel
konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte
doch, ich täte nicht wie der.

*Malicious lime-twigs
lurked in that place;
the poor bird
could not escape.
If it were me, I would
have hesitated
and not done the same.*

Der Vogel kam
in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen,
nicht an. Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär, ich säumte nicht,
ich täte doch wie der.

*The bird came into a
pretty girl's hand, and
she did not harm him.
If it were me, I would
not have hesitated,
but done just the same.*

15 Nachtigall, sie singt so
schön, wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

*The nightingale sings so
beautifully when the stars
twinkle. Love me, my dear
heart, kiss me in the dark!*

16 Ein dunkeler Schacht
ist Liebe, ein gar zu gefährlicher
Bronnen; da fiel ich hinein, ich
Armer, kann weder hören noch
seh'n, nur denken an meine
Wonnen, nur stöhnen in
meinen Weh'n.

*Love is a dark and danger
ous
ous well; and I, poor man, fell
in.
I can neither hear nor see,
I can only think about my
bliss, I can only moan
in my woe.*

17 Nicht wandle, mein Licht,
dort außen im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir,
die zarten, zu naß, zu weich.
All überströmt sind dort
die Wege, die Stege dir;
so überreichlich trännte
dort das Auge mir.

*Do not wander, my light,
out there in the field!
Your feet, your tender feet,
would get too wet, too soft.
The paths and bridges there
are all flooded,
so abundantly
did my eyes weep there.*

18 Es bebete das Gesträuche,
gestreift hat es im Fluge
ein Vögelein.
In seiner Art erbebet
die Seele mir, erschüttert
von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

*The bushes are trembling;
they were brushed by a
little bird in flight.
In the same way,
my soul trembles,
overcome by love,
and sorrow, thinking of you.*

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
The Long Day Closes
Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872)

No star is o'er the lake, its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half-awake, through gray mist creeping,
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses,
The clock hath ceased to sound, the long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth in calm endeavour,
To count the sounds of mirth, now dumb for ever
Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes;
Shadow is round the eaves, the long day closes.

The lighted windows dim are fading slowly,
The fire that was so trim now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed where grief reposes;
Thy book of toil is read, the long day closes.

Jonathan Beatty is currently a professional accompanist and vocal coach at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London, having completed his Masters there with Graham Johnson and his MA at Clare College, Cambridge, where he held both Instrumental and Choral Awards. He was recently awarded the prizes for the best accompanist at the Kathleen Ferrier and English Singers' and Speakers' Competitions, and a Musicians' Benevolent Fund Special Award and Megan Foster Prize at the Maggie Teyte Competition, as well as all the prizes for piano accompaniment at the Guildhall. He has twice appeared on In Tune on BBC Radio 3. He is the founder of the Hampstead Festival of Song, having twice played for the annual Martindale Sidwell Memorial Recital in Hampstead Parish Church. He has participated in the Young Songmakers' masterclasses and concert, and the Britten Pears programme in Snape, and recently accompanied a Songmakers' Almanac concert for the International Kodaly Symposium. He made his Wigmore Hall debut last year in a programme of Debussy and Strauss with soprano Katrina Broderick, and appears with her again at the Royal Opera House for the Maggie Teyte Prizewinner's recital in May. Jonathan is grateful for the support of the Musician's Benevolent Fund, the Countess of Munster and Tim Rice Charitable Trusts, the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers and the Cripplegate Foundation.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut so stumm?
Will ja nur eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

*O brooklet of my love,
why are you so quiet
today? I just want to know
one little word.*

Ja heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißt Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen
Schließen die ganze Welt mir ein.

*The one little word is
"Yes", the other is "No",
these little words mean the
whole world to me.*

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weitersagen,
Sag, Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

*O brooklet of my love,
why are you so strange? I'll
not repeat it; tell me, does
she love me?*

Die Forelle

Christian Schubart (1739-91)

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

*In a bright little brook a
capricious trout shot past like
an arrow in merry haste. I
stood upon the shore and
watched in sweet peace as the
fish took its bath in the clear
little brook.*

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

*A fisher also stood at the
water-side, and watched with
cold blood as the fish swam
about. I thought, "So long as
the clearness of the water is
unbroken, he'll not be able to
capture the trout."*

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.

*But finally the thief grew tired
of waiting. He stirred up the
brook, making it muddy, and
before I realized it, the line
twitched, the fish squirming on
the end, and with raging blood
I regarded the betrayed fish.*

An die Musik **Franz von Schober (1798-1882)**

Du holde Kunst, in wie viel
grauen Stunden, Wo mich
des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt, Hast du mein
Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden, Hast mich in
eine beßre Welt entrückt!

*You sacred art, in the dark
hours of life's wild
encirclement, how often
have you rekindled my heart
to warm love, taking me into
a better world!*

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner
Harf' entflossen, Ein süßer,
heiliger Akkord von dir Den
Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir
erschlossen, Du holde Kunst,
ich danke dir dafür!

*A sigh, drifting from your
harp, a sweet, sacred chord,
has often offered me a
glimpse of a heaven of better
times. You sacred art,
I thank you.*

Brahms Liebeslieder 13-18

13 Vögelein durchrauscht
die Luft, sucht nach einem
Aste; und das Herz ein Herz
begehrt, wo es selig raste.

*The bird flies through the air,
searching for a branch; and
my heart desires a heart on
which it can blessedly rest.*

14 Sieh', wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

*See how clear the waves are
when the moon gazes down!
You who are my love,
love me back!*

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Dolly Suite

In the rigid official musical establishment of Paris in the second half of the 19th century, Gabriel Fauré won acceptance with difficulty. He was a pupil of Camille Saint-Saëns at the Ecole Niedermeyer and served as organist at various Paris churches, including finally the Madeleine, but had no teaching position until 1897 at the Conservatoire, where his pupils included Ravel and Enescu. In 1905 he became director of the Conservatoire (in the aftermath of the scandal of the refusal of the *Prix de Rome* to Ravel) and introduced a number of necessary reforms. He retired in 1920, after which he was able to devote himself again more fully to composition, notably of two final chamber works, a piano trio and a string quartet. He died in Paris in 1924.



Fauré's stylistic development can be traced from the sprightly or melancholy song settings of his youth to the bold, forceful late instrumental works, traits including a delicate combination of extended tonality and modality, rapid modulations to remote keys and continuously unfolding melody. His six song cycles form the core of the French art song tradition and in chamber music he enriched all the genres to which he

contributed. His most famous work is undoubtedly his Requiem, a characteristically reserved yet lyrical piece that has become essential repertoire for choirs worldwide.

While on family holidays in the 1890s, Fauré had a passionate affair with a neighbour, Emma Bardac. On June 20th, 1892, Emma gave birth to a daughter (not by Fauré) called Hélène or 'Dolly' on account of her petiteness. Over the next few years, Fauré wrote a number of pieces for piano duet as presents for Emma and 'Dolly', eventually assembling them into a suite.

1 *Berceuse*

2 *Mi-a-ou*

Mi-a-ou was originally written for Dolly's birthday and actually titled '*Messieu-Aoul!*'. This refers to Dolly's attempts to say her brother's name - Monsieur Raoul.

3 *Le Jardin de Dolly*

Originally intended as a gift for New Year's Day, 1895.

4 *Kitty-Valse*

5 *Tendresse*

6 *Le Pas Espagnol*

Inspired by a bronze statue that Fauré's father-in-law had created and which Dolly admired.

John Stainer (1840-1901)

Cupid, look about thee (A Fa-La)

Words from Robinson's New Cithæon Lessons

Now, now, Cupid, look about thee!

Thy kingdom is decaying. *Fa la la*

Young men begin to flout thee

And turn their deeds to saying. *Fa la la*

In men there is no passion,

Love is so out of fashion. *Fa la la*

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

The Blue Bird

Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

The lake lay blue, below the hill.

O'er it, as I looked, there flew

Across the waters cold and still,

A bird, whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last.
The sky beneath me blue in blue;
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.

Interval

John Liptrout Hatton (1808-1886) *When Evening's Twilight*

When ev'ning's twilight gathers round,
When ev'ry flow'r is hush'd to rest;
When autumn leaves breathe not a sound,
And ev'ry bird flies to its nest;
When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,
When stars are glitt'ring from above!
When nature's self seeks sweet repose;
Then I think of thee, my love.

Brahms Liebeslieder 7-12

7 Wohl schön bewandt
war es vor ehe mit meinem
Leben, mit meiner Liebe;
durch eine Wand, ja, durch
zehn Wände erkannte mich
des Freundes Sehe.

*Before we married,
I was quite contented
with my life and love.
My love's gaze would
recognize me through
even ten walls!*

Doch jetzo, wehe, wenn ich
dem Kalten auch noch so
dicht vorm Auge stehe,
es merkt's sein Auge,
sein Herze nicht.

*But now, woe!
Even if I stand
right in front of him,
neither his eyes
nor his heart notices.*

8 Wenn so lind dein Auge
mir - und so lieblich schauet,
jede letzte Trübe flieht
welche mich umgraut.

*When your eyes look at me
so gently and lovingly,
you chase away every anxiety
that troubles my life.*

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich,
so treu dich ein anderer lieben.

*The lovely glow of this love
do not let it disappear!
No one else will ever love you
as faithfully as I.*

9 Am Donaustrande,
da steht ein Haus, da schaut
ein rosiges Mädchen aus.

*On the banks of the Danube,
there stands a house, from
which gazes a rosy maiden.*

Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut
gehegt, zehn eiserne Riegel
sind vor die Türe gelegt.

*She is very well-protected:
ten iron bolts have been
placed on the door.*

Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein
Spaß; die spreng ich als wären
sie nur von Glas.

*Ten iron bolts are but a joke;
I will snap them as if they
were only made of glass.*

10 O wie sanft die Quelle
sich durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe
sich zu der Liebe findet!

*O how gently the stream
winds through the meadow!
O how lovely it is
when Love finds Love!*

11 Nein, es ist nicht auszu-
kommen mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig
auszudeuten.

*There's just no pleasing
some people; they always
make such poisonous
interpretations of everything.*

Bin ich heiter, hegen
soll ich lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heisst's,
ich wäre irr aus Liebe.

*If I'm merry, they say
I harbour wild urges;
if I'm quiet, they say
I am crazed with love.*

12 Schlosser auf, und mache
Schlösser ohne Zahl;
denn die bösen Mäuler
will ich schließen allzumal.

*Locksmith - rise and make
locks without number;
for I want to lock up
all the evil mouths.*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Laute

Johann Rochlütz (1769-1842)

Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute,
Flüstere was ich dir vertraute,
Dort zu jenem Fenster hin!
Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte,
Mondenglanz und Blumendüfte,
Send es der Gebieterin!
Neidisch sind des Nachbars Söhne,
Und im Fenster jener Schöne
Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht.
Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute;
Dich vernehme die Vertraute,
Nachbarn aber, Nachbarn nicht!

*Little lute, what I have
confided to you, softly
whisper to that window!
Like a gentle breeze, like
moonlight, or the scent of
flowers, send it to my mistress!
The neighbours are jealous
and in my darling's
window there gleams a
solitary light. So play still
softer, little lute, so that my
beloved may hear you, but
not the neighbours!*

Der Musensohn

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß bewegt
Sich alles an mir fort.

*Roaming through field and
wood, I go from place to
place, whistling my tune!
And everything moves to
my measure and beat.*

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.

*I can hardly wait for 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.*

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.

*I sing them far and wide,
Through the ice's realm,
Then winter blossoms
beautifully, but is soon
gone, and new joy is found
In the hilltowns.*

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.

*For when I encounter
young folk, I rouse them
at once. The swaggering
youth puffs up, the stiff
maiden twirls to my
melody.*

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

*You give my feet wings
And drive me through
vale and hill,
far from home.
Kind muses, when again
will I finally find rest?*

Der Neugierige from Die Schöne Müllerin Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfürh so gern.

*I don't ask the flowers or
stars, they cannot tell me
what I so eagerly want
to know.*

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

*I am no gardener and the
stars are too high; so I'll
ask my brooklet if my heart
has lied to me.*