



Sunday, October 5, 2025, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Anne Sofie von Otter, *mezzo-soprano*
Kristian Bezuidenhout, *fortepiano*

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Schwanengesang, D. 957, with selected keyboard works

Liebesbotschaft
Kriegers Ahnung
Frühlingssehnsucht
Ständchen
Aufenthalt
In der Ferne

Impromptu in C minor, D. 899, No. 1

Abschied
Der Atlas
Ihr Bild
Das Fischermädchen

Andante from Sonata in A major, D. 664

Die Stadt
Am Meer
Der Doppelgänger
Der Taubenpost

*This performance will be performed without intermission
and last approximately 65 minutes.*

Major support for this performance is provided by the Barbro Osher Pro Suecia Foundation.

Boasting an unrivalled and multi-award-winning discography, mezzo-soprano **Anne Sofie von Otter**'s versatility has seen her work with legendary artists ranging from the late greats of Carlos Kleiber, Claudio Abbado, and Giuseppe Sinopoli to Elvis Costello, Brad Mehldau, and Rufus Wainwright.

An ever-evolving repertoire has played a key role in sustaining Swedish-born von Otter's international profile, from an early position as the superlative Octavian (*Der Rosenkavalier*) of her generation, to her acclaimed creation of Leonora in the world premiere of Thomas Adès' *The Exterminating Angel* at Salzburger Festspiele and Royal Ballet & Opera. Recent highlights include Madame de Croissy (*Dialogues des Carmélites*) at Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Marcellina (*Le nozze di Figaro*) in Christof Loy's production at Bayerische Staatsoper, L'Opinion Publique (*Orphée aux Enfers*) in Barrie Kosky's staging at Salzburger Festspiele, and Mérope (*Oedipe*) at Opéra National de Paris. Adding further to an impressive catalogue, recent seasons have seen role debuts as the Countess (*Pique Dame*) at La Monnaie under Nathalie Stutzmann and Adelaide (*Arabella*) at Teatro Real under David Afkham.

Anne Sofie von Otter has been the muse and inspiration for several contemporary composers, in particular Mikael Karlsson whose song cycle, *So We Will Vanish*, is dedicated to her and was presented last season with Danish National Symphony Orchestra and with Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra, both conducted by Jukka-Pekka Saraste. She created the role of Gaby in the 2023 world premiere of his opera *Melancholia* at Royal Swedish Opera and that of Justine in *Fanny and Alexander*, given its world premiere at La Monnaie last season in a staging by Ivo van Hove, conducted by Ariane Matiakh and live-streamed internationally. Last season also saw the world premiere of Philippe Manoury's new work *Die letzten Tage der Menschheit* at Oper Köln.

Equally recognized as a concert and recital singer of exceptional gifts, von Otter's career has taken her around the globe as a regular presence on the world's most prestigious stages, excelling in a diverse repertoire that includes works by Mahler, Berlioz, Bach, and Kurt Weill, and her expansive lieder recordings range from classics by Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, and Mahler, through lesser-known compilations from Cécile Chaminade, Korngold, Peterson-Bergren and Stenhammar.

Maintaining a busy schedule, the 2025–26 season includes the current recital tour of North America with long-term collaborator Kristian Bezuidenhout presenting Schubert's *Schwanengesang*, as well as trips to Japan and Hong Kong with a festive trio program. She will add the role of the Baroness in performances of *Vanessa* with Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Andris Nelsons and give further performances of *So We Will Vanish* with Gothenburg Symphony Orchestra and Helsinki Philharmonic both under the baton of Pekka Kuusisto. von Otter also takes to the opera platform for performances as Cornelia (*Giulio Cesare*) at Opernhaus Zürich, as Geneviève (*Pelléas et Mélisande*) at Staatsoper Unter den Linden, and returns to the role of Ottavia in Christoph Marthaler's visionary setting of *L'incoronazione di Poppea* for Royal Danish Opera.

Anne Sofie von Otter is one of today's most recorded artists, with an incomparable catalogue built across a career now spanning more than four decades at the top of her profession. A lengthy and exclusive relationship with Deutsche Grammophon produced a wealth of acclaimed recordings including the Grammy-winning *Mahler: Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with Claudio Abbado; Handel's *Ariodante*, *Giulio Cesare*, and *Hercules* with Marc Minkowski; and a collaboration with pop legend Elvis Costello on *For the Stars*. On Naïve Classique, her double CD *Mémoires and Chansons, Douce France* received the 2015 Grammy Award for Best Classical Solo

Vocal Album. von Otter has also immortalized many of her operatic characters on disc: Octavian with Bernard Haitink and the Staatskapelle Dresden and on DVD with Wiener Staatsoper under Carlos Kleiber; Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*) under James Levine; *La clemenza di Tito* and *Orfeo ed Euridice* under Sir John Eliot Gardiner; and *Ariadne auf Naxos* under Giuseppe Sinopoli.

Kristian Bezuidenhout has established himself as one of the most versatile and exciting musicians of our time, both as a keyboard player and conductor. Born in South Africa, he began his studies in Australia, completed them at the Eastman School of Music (Rochester, NY), and now lives in London. After initial training as a modern pianist with Rebecca Penneys, he explored early keyboards, studying harpsichord with Arthur Haas, fortepiano with Malcolm Bilson, and continuo playing and performance practice with Paul O'Dette. He first gained international recognition at the age of 21 after winning the prestigious first prize and audience prize in the Bruges Fortepiano Competition.

Bezuidenhout is a regular guest soloist on fortepiano, harpsichord, and modern piano with the leading international ensembles including the Freiburger Barockorchester, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Leipzig Gewandhausorchester, Mozarteum Orchester, Camerata Salzburg, Orchestre des Champs Élysées, Les Arts Florissants, Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century, Concertgebouw Orchestra, Chamber Orchestra of Europe, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and the Australian Chamber Orchestra. Along with Anne Sofie von Otter, he has performed with celebrated artists including John Eliot Gardiner, Philippe Herreweghe, Bernhard Haitink, Daniel Harding, Frans Brüggen, Trevor Pinnock, Giovanni Antonini, Rachel Podger, Carolyn Sampson, Mark Padmore & Matthias Goerne.

In addition to his work as a soloist, he is increasingly in demand as a conductor, and continues to explore the music of the late 17th and early 18th centuries with groups including the English Concert, Tafelmusik, Collegium Vocale, Juilliard 415, Kammerakademie Potsdam, and Dunedin Consort. Bezuidenhout is Principal Guest Director of both Freiburger Barockorchester and English Concert. In 2025, he was made Associate Artist of the Irish Chamber Orchestra.

Bezuidenhout's rich and award-winning discography of more than 30 albums—mostly for Harmonia Mundi—includes the complete keyboard music of Mozart (Diapason d'Or de l'Année, Caecilia Prize, and Jahrespreis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik); Schubert *Die schöne Müllerin* with Julian Prégardien; the complete piano concertos of Beethoven with the Freiburger Barockorchester; an ongoing cycle of the complete Mozart piano concertos with the Freiburger Barockorchester (ECHO Klassik); Bach violin sonatas with Isabelle Faust; Mozart violin sonatas with Petra Müllejans and Beethoven and Mozart lieder and Schumann's *Dichterliebe* with Mark Padmore (Edison Award). In 2013, he was nominated as *Gramophone* Magazine's Artist of the Year. Upcoming releases include two discs of Mozart piano concertos with Freiburger Barockorchester, recorded in 2024.

The 2025–26 season sees Bezuidenhout perform as a soloist and direct orchestras including the Royal Northern Sinfonia, Irish Chamber Orchestra, Dunedin Consort, Kammerakademie Potsdam, and Bochumer Symphoniker. Debuts include the Norwegian Radio Orchestra, which he play-directs, as well as the Tampere Philharmonic and SWR Symphonieorchester, as soloist. Bezuidenhout gives recitals across Europe with Isabelle Faust and Julian Prégardien and performances in North America/Canada, with regular partners Anne Sofie von Otter and Consone Quartet, as part of a residency at Bourgie Hall, Montreal.

Franz Schubert
Schwanengesang, D. 957

Liebesbotschaft

German text: Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?

Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,

Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

Kriegers Ahnung

German text: Ludwig Rellstab

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

Wie hab' ich oft so süß geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düster Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Dass der Trost Dich nicht verlässt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht –
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste—Gute Nacht!

Message of love

English translation © Richard Morris

Babbling little stream, so silver and bright,
Are you rushing to my beloved so cheerfully
and quickly?

Oh dearest little stream, be my messenger;
Take my greetings from afar to her.

All her flowers looked after in the garden,
Which she so lovingly wears on her breast,
And her roses with their crimson glow,
Little stream, refresh them with your cooling
waters.

When she is on the river bank falling into
daydreams

Thinking of me as her little head hangs down;
Comfort my sweet girl with a friendly glance,
For her beloved will soon be returning.

When the sun begins to set with a reddish glow,
Rock my beloved to sleep.
Babble and mutter to her in her sweet rest,
Whisper to her dreams of love.

Warrior's foreboding

English translation © Malcolm Wren

Lying around me in deep repose
Is the circle of my brothers in arms;
My heart feels so anxious and heavy,
I am so hot with longing.

How often I have dreamt so sweetly
On her warm breast!
How friendly the glow of the fire appeared
When she was lying in my arms!

Here, where the dismal glow of the flames
Plays only on our weapons,
Here my breast feels totally alone and
Tears of melancholy well up.

Heart! May solace never abandon you!
Many a battle is still calling you. –
I shall soon rest well and sleep tight,
Dearest heart—goodnight!

Frühlingssehnsucht

German text: Ludwig Rellstab

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!

Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn,

Wohin? Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter silbern in's Tal.

Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!

Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.

Was ziehst du mich, sehnend verlangender
Sinn,
Hinab? Hinab?

Grüssender Sonne spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold.

Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!

Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt! –
Warum? Warum?

Grünend umkränzet Wälder und Höh!

Schimmernd erglänzet Blütenschnee.

So dränget sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;

Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;

Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:
Und du? Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?

Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewusst!
Wer stilltet mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur du! Nur du!

Spring longing

English translation © Malcom Wren

Rustling breezes, wafting so gently,
Floral scents filling the breath!
How blissfully you blow on me as you offer
your greetings!

How have you stirred my beating heart?
It would like to follow you on your course
through the air!
Where to?

Little streams, so cheerful, babbling along,
Wanting to go down on their silver paths
into the valley.

The floating waves, they are hurrying off
down there!
The fields and the sky are mirrored in them
deep down.

Why are you pulling me, you mood of
longing and yearning,
Pulling me down?

Sun with your greeting, playful gold
And hopeful bliss are what you generously
offer.

Thus your blessed gaze refreshes me with its
welcome!
It is smiling so gently in the dark blue sky
And it has filled my eyes with tears! –
Why?

With a green garland all around
Stand the forests and the hills!
Shining and glowing there –
Snow-like blossom!

Thus everything is pushing up towards the
bridal light;
The seeds are bursting, the buds are breaking
open;
They have found what they needed:
And you?

Restless longing! Heart full of desire,
At all times nothing but tears, laments and
pain?

I too am conscious of a swelling urge!
Who is finally going to still this driving desire?
Only you can release the spring in my breast,
Only you!

Ständchen

German text: Ludwig Rellstab

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

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

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

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

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

Aufenthalt

German text: Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschender Strom,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.

Wie sich die Welle
An Welle reiht,
Fließen die Tränen
Mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen
Wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich
Mein Herze schlägt.

Serenade

English translation © Malcolm Wren

My songs call out gently
Through the night as they beseech you;
Come down here into the quiet grove of trees,
Beloved, come to me!

Slender tree tops whisper as they rustle
In the moonlight;
No hostile traitor is going to overhear,
So do not be afraid, my love.

Can you hear the nightingales singing?
Oh, they are beseeching you
With the sweet notes of their laments,
They are interceding with you on my behalf.

They can understand the longing of the breast,
They are familiar with the pain of love,
With their silver notes they stir
Every sensitive heart.

Let your own breast be moved too,
Beloved, listen to me!
I am trembling as I await your response;
Come, make me happy!

Where I am staying

English translation © Malcolm Wren

Roaring river,
Rustling forest,
Fixed rock
Where I am staying.

Just as waves
Follow waves,
My tears flow
Endlessly renewed.

High in the tree tops
There is a swaying movement,
In the same way incessantly
My heart is beating.

Und wie des Felsen
Uraltes Erz
Ewig derselbe
Bleibet mein Schmerz.

Rauschender Strom,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.

In der Ferne

German text: Ludwig Rellstab

Wehe dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden! –
Fremde durchmessenden,
Heimat vergessenden,
Mutterhaus hassenden,
Freunde verlassenden
Folget kein Segen, ach!
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das sehrende,
Auge, das tränende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!
Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!

Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Schmerze, ach!
Dies treue Herze brach –
Grüsst von dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden!

And like the rock's
Primeval ore,
Forever the same
My pain endures.

Roaring river,
Rustling forest,
Fixed rock
Where I am staying.

Far away

English translation © Malcolm Wren

Woe to the person fleeing,
Setting off into the world!
The person striding amongst strangers,
Forgetting home,
Hating his mother's house,
Leaving his friends behind.
Alas, no blessing follows such a person
As he goes on his way!

Longing heart,
Weeping eyes,
Never ending longing
Turning back towards home!
Seething breast,
Fading lament,
Twinkling evening star,
Sinking into despair!

You rustling breezes,
Gently rippling waves,
Hurrying sunbeams,
Never settling to rest:
To her who with pain, alas,
Broke this faithful heart –
Pass on greetings from the person fleeing,
Setting off into the world!

Abschied

German text: Ludwig Rellstab

Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigem
Fuss;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den
scheidenden Gruss.
Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig
gesehn,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied
gesehn.
Ade ...

Ade, Ihr Bäume, Ihr Gärten so grün, Ade!

Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang,
Weit schallend ertönet mein
Abschiedsgesang,
Nie habt Ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
So wird Euch auch keines beim Scheiden
beschert.
Ade ...

Ade, Ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, Ade!
Was schaut Ihr aus blumenumduftetem
Haus
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?

Wie sonst, so grüss' ich und schaue mich um,
Doch nimmer wend' ich mein Rösslein um.
Ade ...

Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur Ruh', Ade!

Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.

Wie bin ich Euch Sternlein am Himmel so
hold,
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.
Ade ...

Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell,
Ade!
Du glänzt so traulich mit dämmerndem
Schein

Farewell

English translation © Malcolm Wren

Farewell, you cheerful, you jolly town, farewell!
My little horse is already pawing the ground
with his eager foot;
Now take my last, departing greeting.

Since you have never yet seen me sad,

You cannot see my like that as I take my leave.

Farewell!

Farewell, you trees, you gardens so green,
farewell!

I am now riding along by the silver stream,
Ringing out far and wide is my farewell song;

You have never heard a sad song,
So you will not be given one as I depart.

Farewell!

Farewell, you friendly girls there, farewell!
Why are you looking out from your house
surrounded by the scent of flowers
With such a mischievous, alluring twinkle in
your eyes?

I shall greet you as I used to do and look
around
But I shall never turn my horse around.
Farewell!

Farewell, dear sun, as you settle down to rest,
farewell!

Now the gold of the twinkling stars is
glistening.

How dear you are to me, you little stars in
the sky,

We traverse the world far and wide,
Everywhere you lead us faithfully.
Farewell!

Farewell, you bright shimmering window,
farewell!

You are shining so intimately in the twilight,

Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.

Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches mal
Und wär' es denn heute zum letzten mal?
Ade ...

Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!

Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt Ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;

Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muss hier vorbei,

Was hilft es, folgt Ihr mir noch so treu!

Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau!
Ade!

Der Atlas

German text: Heinrich Heine

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich tragen.
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen

Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

Ihr Bild

German text: Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

And you are inviting us into the cottage in
such a friendly way,
But alas! I have ridden past so many times
Can today really be the last time?
Farewell!

Farewell, you stars, cover yourselves in
grey!—Farewell!

The dull, fading light of that little window –
You cannot take its place for me you count-
less stars;

If I cannot remain here, I shall have to go
away from here,

What does it help however faithfully you fol-
low me!

Farewell, you stars, cover yourselves in grey!
Farewell!

Atlas

English translation © Malcolm Wren

I am miserable Atlas! a world,
I have to bear the whole world of pain,
I bear the unbearable, and my heart wants to
break –
My heart wants to break in my body.

You proud heart! actually it is what you wanted,
You wanted to be happy, endlessly happy
Or endlessly suffering, proud heart,
And now you are suffering.

Her portrait

English translation © Malcolm Wren

In dark dreams I was standing
And I was staring at a picture of her,
And the beloved face
Secretly started to come to life.

Around her lips there appeared
An amazing smile,
And as if lit up by tears of melancholy
Her two eyes were shining.

My tears too flowed
And fell from my cheeks –
And, alas, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Das Fischermädchen

German text: Heinrich Heine

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Die Stadt

German text: Heinrich Heine

Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.

Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.

Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.

The fisher maiden

English translation © Malcolm Wren

You beautiful fisher girl,
Push the boat onto the land;
Come to me and sit yourself down,
We shall have a loving chat holding hands.

Lay your little head on my heart
And do not be too afraid,
After all you fearlessly take risks
Every day on the wild sea.

My heart is just like the sea,
It has storms, it ebbs and flows,
And lots of beautiful pearls
Are resting in its depths.

The town

English translation © Malcolm Wren

On the distant horizon
There appears, as a hazy image,
The town with its towers
Shrouded in evening twilight.

A damp current of wind ruffles
The grey watery track;
Rowing with a mournful rhythm is
The sailor in my boat.

The sun lifts itself up once again
Casting light from the ground upwards,
And it shows me that spot
Where I lost what I most love.

Am Meer

German text: Heinrich Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,

Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; –
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.

Der Doppelgänger

German text: Heinrich Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben
Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die
Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzens Ge-
walt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

By the sea

English translation © Malcolm Wren

The sea was glistening far into distance
In the last of the evening glow;
We were sitting by a solitary fisherman's house,
We were sitting mute and alone.

The mist rose, the water swelled,
The seagull flew back and forth;
From your eyes, full of love,
Tears fell down.

I saw them fall onto your hand,
I sank onto my knees;
From your white hand I
Drank up your tears.

Since that moment my body has been
decaying,
My soul is dying from longing; –
The unhappy woman has
Poisoned me with her tears.

The doppelgänger

English translation © Malcolm Wren

The night is quiet, the alleyways are at rest,
My treasure used to live in this house;
She left the town long ago,
But the house is still standing in the same
place.

There is a man standing there too and he is
staring up high,
And he is wringing his hands as a result of
overwhelming pain;
I feel terrified when I see his face, –
The moon shows me my own form.

You doppelgänger, you pale guy!
Why are you aping my love agony,
The pain that tormented me on this spot,
So many nights in the old days?

Die Taubenpost

German text: Johann Gabriel Seidl

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

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

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

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

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

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,

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

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,

Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst—die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

Pigeon post

English translation: Richard Wigmore

I have a carrier pigeon working for me,
Which is totally devoted and faithful,
It never comes short of the destination for me
Nor does it ever fly beyond it.

I send it many thousands of times
A day, off on reconnaissance missions,
Past many a dear spot
Until it comes to my beloved's house.

There it looks through the window secretly
Observing her glances and listening to her steps,
It jokingly passes on my greetings
And brings hers back with it.

I no longer need to write any notes,
I just give it my tears themselves:
Oh it will definitely not lose those,
So eagerly does it serve me.

During the day, at night, awake, dreaming,
It does not matter:
So long as it is travelling, that it is able to travel,
Then it has riches aplenty!

It does not become tired, it does not become
faint,
The route is always new to it;
It does not need bribes, it does not need wages,
That pigeon is so faithful to me!

In return I therefore cherish it faithfully at
my breast,
Assuring it of the finest reward;
It is called—longing! Do you know it?
The messenger of the most faithful devotion.