

# LIEDER ALIVE!

## LIEDERABEND SERIES 2012/13



**Marcelle Dronkers**, soprano

**Heidi Moss**, soprano

**Kindra Scharich**, mezzo-soprano

**Bryan Baker**, piano

The Music Salon at *Salle Pianos*

Sunday, November 4, 2012 at 2 p.m.

# LIEDER ALIVE!

## MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

### MASTER ARTISTS

**Thomas Hampson** 2008

**Marilyn Horne** 2009

**June Anderson** 2011

**Håkan Hagegård** 2012

### AFFILIATED MASTER ARTIST

**Christa Ludwig**

### CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

**Heidi Melton**, soprano

**Ji Young Yang**, soprano

**Kindra Scharich**, mezzo-soprano

**Katherine Tier**, mezzo-soprano

**Eleazar Rodriguez**, tenor

**Kirk Eichelberger**, bass

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**LiederAlive.org**

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**Nancy Quinn, Tom Driscoll and Quinn Associates**

**Salle Pianos and the Music Salon team**

**Cathie Anderson Lighting**

**Our invaluable Master Artists, Contributing Artists and Advisory Board**

### About LIEDER ALIVE!

LIEDER ALIVE! was founded in 2007 by Maxine Bernstein to re-invigorate the teaching and performance of German Lieder, songs mainly from the Romantic Era of music composed for a solo singer and piano, and frequently set to great poetry.

Our “graduate level” program brings outstanding master artists together with highly accomplished emerging and established professionals. The program takes place at the state-of-the-art San Francisco Conservatory of Music in the heart of San Francisco’s cultural district. Master Workshops range from two to ten days, and are open to the public. Thomas Hampson inaugurated the program in October 2008 with a *Mostly Mahler* intensive Master Workshop; as Janos Gereben wrote in San Francisco Classical Voice, this event “went beyond all expectations.” The following year, LIEDER ALIVE! welcomed mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne to San Francisco for a three-day program teaching *Romantic German Lieder*. Soprano June Anderson was LIEDER ALIVE!’s third guest master artist; her concert and her master class series was followed by a five day intensive Master Workshop led by the great Swedish baritone Håkan Hagegård in September 2012. He brought us four days of his *Singer’s Studio* private intensive, and culminated in a public Master Class.

Master workshop participants and contributing artists represent some of the most exciting young professional singers working today; they include sopranos Heidi Melton and Ji Young Yang, mezzo-sopranos Kindra Scharich and Katherine Tier, tenor Eleazar Rodriguez and bass Kirk Eichelberger, and others are being added every year. In addition to our Master Workshop series, LIEDER ALIVE! also presents an ongoing *Liederabend* concert series in San Francisco using the beautifully restored antique Bösendorfers, Bechsteins, and Blüthners in the elegant Music Salon at Salle Pianos.

Such a program, devoted exclusively to this important artistic genre, is unique in America. All of our extraordinary master artists, and our supremely gifted workshop participants, are aiding in our purpose of keeping Lieder where it belongs—alive!

### SIGN UP NOW FOR LIEDER ALIVE!’S EMAIL ALERTS!

We’ve got lots more great musical events being planned for our 2012–13 season—our Second Annual *Liederabend Series*, plus some surprise collaborations! You won’t want to miss a thing, so get on our email list by going to [www.LiederAlive.org](http://www.LiederAlive.org) click on “Contact” tab, and type your email address into the box. Hit “Join” and you’re done! You’ll be glad you did!

### Please support LIEDER ALIVE!

Contributions may be made to LIEDER ALIVE! either online at [LiederAlive.org](http://LiederAlive.org) or by check. Please make checks payable to LIEDER ALIVE! and mail to:

LIEDER ALIVE! 14 Imperial Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94123

Thanks in advance for your generous support in helping us keep LIEDER ALIVE!

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MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

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Sunday, November 4, 2012 at 2 p.m.

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**RICHARD STRAUSS** (1864–1949)

aus **Brentano-Lieder, Op. 68** (Clemens Brentano)

An die Nacht

Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden

Säusle, liebe Myrte!

**RICHARD STRAUSS** (1864–1949)

aus **Acht Gedichte aus Letzte Blätter, Op. 10** (Hermann von Gilm)

Die Nacht

Allerseelen

Zueignung

INTERMISSION

**RICHARD STRAUSS** (1864–1949)

**Vier letzte Lieder**

Frühling (Hermann Hesse)

September (Hermann Hesse)

Beim Schlafengehen (Hermann Hesse)

Im Abendrot (Joseph von Eichendorff)

**MAXINE BERNSTEIN**, director

**LiederAlive.org**

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# LIEDER ALIVE!

Highlights from the soprano, **Marcelle Dronkers'** broad range of superbly reviewed appearances in opera and concert include Mozart's Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte*; Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, and the Countess in *The Marriage of Figaro*; Armida in Handel's *Rinaldo*, and the title role in his *Agrippina*; Alice Ford in Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*; Verdi's Lady Macbeth; and Queen Elizabeth I in *Roberto Devereux* by Donizetti—all with Pocket Opera—Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* in Prague, Salzburg and Vienna; as soloist for Bryan Baker's Masterwork's Chorale; and Britten's *War Requiem* in San Francisco's Davies Hall.



An avid recitalist, Ms Dronkers has collaborated with Jerome Kuderna on Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* and an introduction to Lieder for high school students, as well as collaborations with James Meredith of SONOS Handbell Ensemble, Miles Graber and composer Henry Mollicone. She is also passionate about her role as Artistic Director and conductor of the women's ensemble, Sorelle (aka Fweeter).

Ms Dronkers holds degrees from Indiana University, Bloomington, and the Royal Conservatory at The Hague, The Netherlands. She is on the Voice and Chamber Music Faculty of Notre Dame de Namur University, and is Scholarship Chair of Pacific Musical Society. Ms Dronkers maintains a private voice studio in Kensington, where she lives with her screen writer/composer son, Christopher, and five feline foundlings. Future performances and further information can be found at [www.MADDIVA.com](http://www.MADDIVA.com)

Soprano **Heidi Moss** has performed regularly in the Bay area since her move from New York City in 2003. She has appeared in leading roles with Pocket Opera, San Francisco Lyric Opera, West Bay Opera, San Francisco Opera Center, Fremont Symphony, and Livermore Opera. In November of 2008 she made her debuts with the Oakland Symphony singing the Faure Requiem and with the Sacramento Choral Society and Orchestra performing the Lord Nelson Mass for which she received rave reviews. Ms.



Moss has also garnered recognition in major vocal competitions, including the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, (New York District first place winner), the Liederkrantz Competition (winner), and the MacAllister Awards. Most recently she was one of three finalists (and the only singer) to perform in the 2008 KDFC Classical Star concert with guest artist Lang Lang.

Her passion for lieder and art song has precipitated several recitals, including participation in the Paul Sperry's Joy in Singing master classes, a solo concert sponsored by the Liederkrantz Foundation, and a solo concert launching the anniversary season for the Trinity Noonday Recital Series in New York City. She initiated a collaboration with celebrated Slovene classical guitarist, Tomaz Rajteric, and achieved great success from their fall 2003 concert in Ljubljana, Slovenia.

In January of 2009 she was invited to record the role of Madeline in Gordon Getty's new opera, "Usher House" with the San Francisco Opera orchestra conducted by Ian Robertson. In March 2009 they traveled to Florida to perform another reading of the opera with the Russian National Orchestra.

In addition to an active musical life, Ms. Moss graduated with a dual biology/music degree from Oberlin and spent many years as a published scientific researcher at Rockefeller University. She was also a featured soprano for Nobel laureate Dr. Jim Watson, of double-helix fame, at his numerous events at Cold Spring Harbor.

# LIEDER ALIVE!

An accomplished musician, mezzo-soprano **Kindra Scharich** has been praised for her rich, lyric voice and agile, expressive acting. Kindra sings in a broad range of styles, and is equally at home on the operatic or concert stage. Past season operatic engagements include Countess Lydia in Opera San Jose's west coast premiere of David Carlson's *Anna Karenina*, Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Opera San Luis Obispo and LA Opera's *Saturday mornings at the Opera* series. Further highlights include Handel's *Messiah* with the Napa Valley Symphony, conducted by Ragnar Bolin, and a spring recital presented by Lieder Alive! in San Francisco.



She has also sung Purcell's Dido with San Francisco Urban Opera, Suzuki with Westbay Opera, Cenerentola with San Francisco's Pocket Opera and Cherubino with Mission City Opera. As a dedicated recitalist, her season also comprised of a guest artist recital presented by the American Composers Forum in Los Angeles, as well as a Schumann and Brahms Liederabend and a Mahler and Wolf sesquicentennial celebration, presented by Lieder Alive!

Enthusiastic about working with living composers, Kindra is currently collaborating with California-based composer Janis Mattox on a Spanish chamber opera, underwritten by the Guggenheim Foundation and based on a Bolivian legend. Kindra studied voice and piano at University of Michigan and Eastman School of Music, and completed her post-graduate degree at San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Her longtime voice teacher is Jane Randolph, and she currently coaches and collaborates with pianist John Parr.

Pianist and conductor **Bryan Baker** is Artistic Director of Masterworks Chorale, Director of Music at the Unitarian Universalist Church of Berkeley, and Assistant Conductor of the San Francisco Choral Society. In addition to choral ensembles, he regularly leads instrumental ensembles, including Kensington Symphony Orchestra, Solaris Chamber Orchestra, Masterworks Orchestra, Peninsula Symphonic Winds, and New Millennium Strings. Highlights of recent seasons include performances of *Carmina Burana* (with Peninsula Cantare and Ragazzi Boy Chorus), Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings*, Mozart's *Requiem* and *Waisenhaus Messe*, and the West Coast premiere of Tavener's *Lament for Jerusalem*. During the past summers, Dr. Baker has led choir tours to Romania, Hungary, and Brazil.



Active as a concertizing pianist, Dr Baker has played solo concerts, chamber music, and accompanied vocal recitals across the United States and in Europe and South America. Locally, he has performed in Davies Symphony Hall, Herbst Theater, the Stern Grove Festival, the Old First Concert Series, Concerts by the Sea, and the Oakmont Concert Series, among many others. Most recently, was soloist in St-Säens *Piano Concerto #2* and Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*.

He holds a Doctoral degree and now serves on the faculty of the College of San Mateo. He formerly taught voice at San Francisco State University and Truman University, and piano at Foothill College and Arizona State University. He maintains a private studio, and his students have won competitions and appeared in concerts and opera productions in the Bay Area and across the country. Bryan has appeared in and been musical director for many theatrical productions, including a 2011 production of Sondheim's *Into the Woods*.

# LIEDER ALIVE!

MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

## Richard Strauss, Selected Lieder from Opus 10

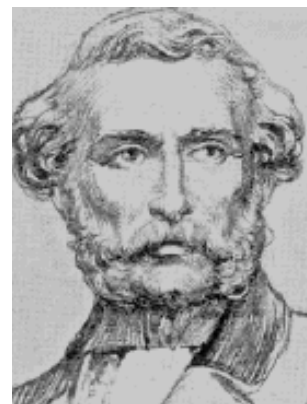


One of Germany's long line of musical giants, **Richard Strauss** (1864-1949) brought to a culmination the development of the nineteenth-century symphonic poem, and was a leading composer of romantic opera in the early twentieth century. Like his friend and contemporary, Gustav Mahler, he was equally renowned and influential as a conductor. Strongly influenced by Richard Wagner, he became famous for operas that at the time were considered quite daring. They provide superb singing roles, particularly for women's voices of which, through his inspiration from and marriage to renowned German soprano, Pauline de Ahna, he had a profound understanding.



All his life **Richard Strauss** produced Lieder, again with abundant inspiration from his wife. Much revered by both audiences and performers, he wrote over two hundred songs, publishing them in groups. The first of these to appear in print, composed when Strauss was barely twenty-one years old, were the Opus 10 of 1885, **Acht Gedichte aus Letzte Blätter**. In this remarkable octet of songs, drawn from the *Last Pages* of the Innsbruck poet **Hermann von Gilm** (1812–1864), an Austrian civil servant who wrote poetry in secret, are three of the composer's best-loved songs: **Die Nacht**, **Allerseelen** and **Zueignung**.

**Die Nacht** (Opus 10. no. 3), though set to an almost stereotypical German romantic poem, became a supreme example of Strauss's art. Encapsulating his fondness for night and the woods, it is a song of trembling and yearning, tinged with fear that the night, which takes away the shapes of daylight objects, will somehow also steal the beloved. Through the opening powerful yet gentle rhythmic beat, Strauss manages to convey the manner in which the all-embracing power of night steals mercilessly over everything.



**Allerseelen** (Opus 10. no. 8) takes its inspiration from von Gilm's ode to All Soul's Day—November 2nd. The song that transpired, passionately embracing this celebration of the faithful departed, brings memories of a treasured maytime love affair to the fore. The net result is somehow redolent of the dark crimson wallpaper, heavy curtains, chenille tablecloths amid the peaceful silence of that age.

The voluptuously melodic dedication, **Zueignung** (Opus 10. no. 1) remains rightly the virtual signature song of all Strauss Lieder, and it was providentially the first of his published songs.



# LIEDER ALIVE!

MASTER WORKSHOP AND CONCERT SERIES

## Brentano-Lieder, Selected Lieder from Opus 68

The Opus 68 songs, six settings of Clemens Brentano, were composed in February and May 1918. They ended Strauss's long "fast" from song-writing, and were inspired by the silver voice of Elisabeth Schumann. Tonight we hear the first three of these songs, offering a diverse window into the composer's broad and maturing palette.

Opening with an ode to the mysterious power of night, **An die Nacht**, takes us on this journey via Brentano's three-stanza poem, with a structure that nods in the direction of strophic form without being under its obligations. Strauss's enchanting artistry is vividly suggested by the wistful and gentle love-song **Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden**, and by the girl singing her lover to sleep in the long lyric lines of nature-music in **Saisle, liebe Myrthe**. These are among the most complex and multi-faceted of Strauss's Lieder, offering rewarding challenges to the interpreter.



## Vier letzte Lieder—Four Last Songs

And now we come to Strauss's own swan song, **Vier letzte Lieder**— Transcendent: For the profundity that is achieved not by complexity but by clarity and simplicity. For the purity of the sentiment about death and parting and loss. For the long melodic line spinning out and the female voice soaring and soaring. For the repose and composure and gracefulness and the intense beauty of the soaring. For the ways one is drawn into the tremendous arc of sublime resignation, and ultimately a profoundly noble acceptance of death. The composer drops all masks and, at the age of eighty-four stands before us naked.



The first three songs are to texts by the German-born Swiss poet and novelist Hermann Hesse (1877-1962). **Im Abendrot** is by the German poet Joseph Eichendorff (1788-1857), one of the Romantics' favorites for musical setting, most notably Schumann and Wolf.

The *Four Last Songs*, originally conceived and most frequently performed as orchestral songs, were written within five months. Because Strauss didn't specify a performance order, the songs—although composed in the order **Im Abendrot** ("Evening's Glow"), **Frühling** ("Spring"), **September**, then **Beim Schlafengehen** ("Going to Sleep")—were ordered differently at their premiere, and differently

still in publication. In the premiere, given by Kirsten Flagstad, Wilhelm Furtwängler, and the Philharmonia Orchestra on May 22, 1950, the songs were performed in the reverse order of composition, ending with **Im Abendrot**. Strauss's friend Dr. Ernst Roth published the songs in their current order, so that the songs progress from Spring to September.

The first song **Frühling**, soars to the radiant rebirth of spring, whereas in the next two songs, **September** and **Beim**

**Schlafengehen**, the mood gradually darkens. The last song, **Im Abendrot**, draws us to the sunset of life, posing the question "Ist dies etwa der Tod"—Is this perchance death?



Program notes compiled by Rosemary Delia and Maxine Bernstein.

# LIEDER ALIVE!

**RICHARD STRAUSS** (1864–1949)

**Brentano-lieder, Op. 68**

Clemens Maria von Brentano (1778-1842)

**An die Nacht**

Heilige Nacht! Heilige Nacht!  
Sternengeschloßner Himmelsfrieden!  
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,  
Ist verbunden,  
Alle Wunden  
Bluten süß im Abendrot.

Bjelbogs Speer, Bjelbogs Speer  
Sinkt ins Herz der trunknen Erde,  
Die mit seliger Gebärde  
Eine Rose  
In dem Schoße  
Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht.

Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut!  
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,  
Wenn des Hochzeitsbechers Fülle  
Sich ergießet;  
Also fließet  
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

**Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,**

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,  
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,  
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,  
Sonst hätt ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen  
Mir Tränen in den Klee,  
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen  
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollte ich dir brechen  
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,  
Doch fing es an zu sprechen:  
»Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

Sei freundlich im Herzen,  
Betracht dein eigen Leid,  
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen  
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!«

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,  
Im Garten ganz allein,  
So hätt ich dir's gebrochen,  
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,  
Ich bin so ganz allein.  
Im Lieben wohnt Betrübten,  
Und kann nicht anders sein.

**To the Night**

Holy night! Holy night!  
Star-enclosed sky-peace!  
Everything that light divided  
is connected;  
all wounds  
bleed sweetly in evening's red glow.

Bjelbog's spear, Bjelbog's spear  
sinks into the heart of the drunken Earth,  
which, with a blissful gesture,  
dips a rose  
in the womb  
of dark desires<sup>1</sup>.

Holy night! Demure bride, demure bride!  
Hide your sweet shame  
when the wedding goblet's fullness  
is poured out;  
thus flows,  
into the lustful night, day!

**I would have made a bouquet**

I would have made a bouquet  
but dark night arrived  
and there was no little flower to be found,  
or I would have brought it.

Then down my cheeks flowed  
tears onto the clover -  
I saw that one small flower had come up  
now in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you  
deep in the dark clover,  
but it began to speak:  
"Ah, do not harm me!

"Be kind-hearted,  
consider your own grief,  
and do not let me  
die in agony before my time!"

And if it had not spoken so,  
in the garden all alone,  
I would have plucked it for you,  
but now that cannot be.

My sweetheart has not come,  
I am so entirely alone.  
In love dwells tribulation,  
and it can be no different.



## Säusle, liebe Mirte!

Säusle, liebe Mirte!  
Wie still ist's in der Welt,  
Der Mond, der Sternenhirte  
Auf klarem Himmelsfeld,  
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe  
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,  
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,  
Bis ich wieder bei Dir bin!

Säusle, liebe Mirte  
Und träum' im Sternenschein,  
Die Turteltaube girrte  
Ihre Brut schon ein.  
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe  
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,  
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,  
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?  
Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt?  
Stille, stille, laßt uns lauschen,  
Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;  
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,  
Wem der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;  
Oh! wie selig kann der fliegen,  
Dem der Traum den Flügel schwingt,  
Daß an blauer Himmelsdecke  
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;  
Schlafe, träume, flieg, ich wecke  
Bald Dich auf und bin beglückt!

## Acht Gedichte aus *Letzte Blätter* op. 10 (excerpts)

Hermann von Gilm (1812–1864)

### Die Nacht (no. 3)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,  
Rücke näher, Seele an Seele;  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

## Rustle, dear myrtle!

Rustle, dear myrtle!  
How quiet it is in the world,  
the moon, the shepherd of the stars  
in the bright field of heaven,  
is driving the cloud-sheep already  
to the spring of light;  
sleep, my friend, o sleep,  
until I am with you again!

Rustle, dear myrtle!  
and dream in the starlight;  
the turtledove has cooed  
her brood to sleep.  
Quietly the cloud-sheep float  
toward the spring of light;  
sleep, my friend, o sleep,  
until I am with you again!

Do you hear how the fountains roar?  
Do you hear how the cricket twitters?  
Hush, hush, let us listen.  
Blessed is he who dies in his dreams;  
Blessed is he whom clouds cradle,  
[to whom]<sup>1</sup> the moon sings a lullaby;  
Oh! how blissfully can he fly,  
he who brandishes wings in his dreams,  
so that on the blue roof of Heaven  
he may pick stars like flowers;  
sleep, dream, fly - I will awaken  
you soon and you will be happy!

## Eight poems from Herman von Gilm's *Last Pages*

### Night

Night steps out of the woods,  
And sneaks softly out of the trees,  
Looks about in a wide circle,  
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,  
All flowers, all colors  
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves  
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,  
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,  
Draw nearer, soul to soul;  
Oh, I fear the night will also steal  
You from me.

## **Allerseelen** (no. 8)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten A stern trag herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke  
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.

## **Zueignung** (no. 1)

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnetest den Trank,  
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
Heilig, heilig ans Herz dir sank,  
Habe Dank.

## **Vier letzte Lieder**

Hermann Hesse (1877–1962)

### **Frühling**

In dämmrigen Grüften  
träumte ich lang  
von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,  
von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.

Nun liegst du erschlossen  
in Gleiß und Zier,  
von Licht übergossen  
wie ein Wunder vor mir.

Du kennest mich wieder,  
du lockest mich zart,  
es zittert durch all meine Glieder  
deine selige Gegenwart!

## **All souls' day**

Place on the table the fragrant mignonette blooms,  
Bring inside the last red asters,  
and let us speak again of love,  
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly;  
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.  
Just give me your sweet gaze,  
as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off their fragrances;  
one day in the year are the dead free.  
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you again,  
as once I did in May.

## **Dedication**

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,  
How I suffer far from you,  
Love makes the heart sick,  
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,  
Held high the amethyst beaker,  
And you blessed the drink,  
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,  
Until I, as I had never been before,  
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,  
Have thanks.

## **Four Last Songs**

### **Spring**

In dusk lit crypts  
I have long dreamt  
of your trees and blue vaults,  
of your scent and birdsong.

Now you lie revealed  
in glistening splendor  
Flushed with light,  
like a wonder before me.

You know me once more,  
you entice me tenderly;  
all my limbs tremble  
from your blessed presence!

## September

Der Garten trauert,  
kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.  
Der Sommer schauert  
still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt  
nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.  
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt  
in den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen  
bleibt er stehen, sehnt sich nach Ruh.  
Langsam tut er die großen  
müdigewordnen Augen zu.

## Beim Schlafengehen

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,  
soll mein sehnliches Verlangen  
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht  
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, laßt von allem Tun,  
Stirn, vergiß du alles Denken,  
alle meine Sinne nun  
wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht  
will in freien Flügen schweben,  
um im Zauberkreis der Nacht  
tief und tausendfach zu leben.

Josef von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

## Im Abendrot

Wir sind durch Not und Freude  
Gegangen Hand in Hand,  
Vom Wandern ruhen wir beide  
Nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Täler neigen,  
Es dunkelt schon die Luft,  
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen  
Nachträumend in den Duft.

Tritt her, und laß sie schwirren  
Bald ist es Schlafenszeit,  
Daß wir uns nicht verirren  
In dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter, stiller Friede!  
So tief im Abendrot,  
Wie sind wir wandermüde  
Ist das etwa der Tod?

## September

The garden is mourning,  
the rain sinks coolly into the flowers.  
Summer shudders  
as it meets its end.

Leaf upon leaf drops golden  
down from the lofty acacia.  
Summer smiles, astonished and weak,  
in the dying garden dream.

For a while still by the roses  
it remains standing, yearning for peace.  
Slowly it closes its large  
eyes grown weary.

## While going to sleep

Now that the day has made me so tired,  
my dearest longings shall  
be accepted kindly by the starry night  
like a weary child.

Hands, cease your activity,  
head, forget all of your thoughts;  
all my senses now  
will sink into slumber.

And my soul, unobserved,  
will float about on untrammelled wings  
in the enchanted circle of the night,  
living a thousandfold more deeply.

## At Twilight

We've gone through joy and crisis  
Together, hand in hand,  
And now we rest from wandering  
Above the silent land.

The valleys slope around us,  
The air is growing dark,  
And dreamily, into the haze,  
There still ascends two larks.

Come here, and let them flutter,  
The time for sleep is soon.  
We would not want to lose our way  
In this great solitude.

O vast and silent peace!  
So deep in twilight ruddiness,  
We are so wander-weary -  
Could this perchance be death?