

Richard Strauss (1864—1949)

Five Orchestral Songs

orchestrated by R. Strauss * / orchestrated by Robert Heger †

***Zueignung (Dedication)* Op. 10 No. 1 †**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812 - 1864)

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***Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)* Op. 10 No. 8 †**

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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

Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812 - 1864)

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***Cæcilie (Cecily)* Op. 27 No. 2 ***

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

If you only knew
what it's like to dream of burning kisses,
of wandering and resting with one's beloved,
eye turned to eye,
and cuddling and chatting -
if you only knew,
you would incline your heart to me!

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

If you only knew
what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights,
surrounded by a raging storm, while no one comforts
with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul -
if you only knew,
you would come to me.

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höhen,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir!

If you only knew
what it's like to live, surrounded by God's
world-creating breath,
to float up, carried by the light,
to blessed heights -
if you only knew,
then you would live with me!

Heinrich Hart (1855 – 1906)

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Heimliche Aufforderung (Secret Invitation) Op. 27 No. 3 †

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still wie du...

Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips,
And drink your heart's fill at the joyous feast.
And when you raise it, so wink secretly at me,
Then I'll smile and drink quietly, as you...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Zecher -- verachte sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.

And quietly as I, look around at the crowd
Of drunken revelers -- don't think too ill of them.
No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with wine,
And let them be happy at the noisy meal.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,

But when you've savored the meal, your thirst quenched,
Then quit the loud gathering's joyful fest,
And wander out into the garden, to the rosebush,
There shall I await you, as often of old.

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht.
O komm du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

And ere you know it shall I sink upon your breast,
And drink your kisses, as so often before,
And twine the rose's splendour into your hair.
Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!

John Henry Mackay (1864 - 1933)

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Morgen! (Tomorrow !) Op. 27 No. 4 *

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

John Henry Mackay (1864 - 1933)

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Gerald Finzi (1901—1956)

Dies Natalis - texts by Thomas Traherne (1637?—1674)

1. Intrada (orchestra)

2. Rhapsody

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? I was a stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys: my knowledge was divine. I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory. Heaven and Earth did sing my Creators praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I. All appeared new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. All things were spotless and pure and glorious.

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The green trees, when I saw them first, transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things.

O what venerable creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims! and the young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally. I knew not that there were sins or complaints or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. I saw all in the peace of Eden. Everything was at rest, free and immortal.

3. The Rapture

Sweet Infancy!
O heavenly fire! O sacred Light!
How fair and bright!
How great am I
Whom the whole world doth magnify!

O heavenly Joy!
O great and sacred brightness
Which I possess!
Sao great a joy
Who did into my arms convey?

From God above
Being sent, the gift doth me inflame,
To praise his name.
The stars do move,
The sun doth shine, to show his love.

O how divine
Am I! To all this sacred wealth
This life and health
Who raised? Who mine
Did make the same? What hand divine!

4. Wonder

How like an angel I came down!
How bright are all things a here!
When first among his works I did appear
O how their glory did me crown!
The world resembled his eternity
In which my soul did walk;
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence
The lovely, lively air,
O how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense;
And all the works of God so bright and pure,
So rich and great, did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all his glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all spirit: within I did flow
With seas of life, like wine:
I nothing but the world did know
But t'was Divine.

5. The Salutation

These little limbs, these eyes and hands which I here find,
This panting heart wherewith my life begins;
Where have ye been? Behind what curtain were ye from me hid so long?
Where was, in what abyss, my new made tongue?

When silent I so many thousand thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie, how could I smiles, or tears,
Or lips, or hands, or eyes, or ears perceive?
Welcome, ye treasures which I now receive.

From dust from I rise and out of nothing now awake,
These brighter regions which salute my eyes,
A gift from God I take, the earth, the seas, the light, the lofty skies,
The sun and stars are mine: if these I prize.

A stranger here, strange things doth meet, strange glory see,
Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
Strange, all, and new to me: But that they mine should be who nothing was,
That strangest is of all; yet brought to pass.