

BEETHOVEN EDITION *Liner notes and sung texts*

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Beethoven Edition liner notes

I. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)

The actual day on which Beethoven was born cannot be established with absolute certainty. His baptismal certificate is dated 17th December 1770 and since it was then the custom to christen a child within twenty four hours of birth it is very likely that he had been born the previous day. However Beethoven himself was never entirely sure of his exact age and believed himself to be at least a year younger than he actually was. When, in later life, he acquired a copy of his baptismal certificate he amended the date to 1772, convinced that the Ludwig van Beethoven who had been born in 1770 was the older brother whose name he shared but who had died in infancy before his own birth. Therefore Beethoven's own references to his age should be treated with some caution. His father, Johann, was a musician and singer at the court of the Elector of Cologne in Bonn where his grandfather, also called Ludwig had been Kapellmeister since 1761, having come to Bonn from Malines in what is now Belgium in 1733. Beethoven always claimed to remember his grandfather with great fondness (a circumstance in itself enough to contradict a plausible birth date of 1772 as the elder Ludwig died at the end of 1773) and displayed his portrait in each of the many residences he occupied throughout his life. It was perhaps inevitable that when the young Ludwig showed early signs of musical talent he should be groomed for family business. He received his early training from his father who is often depicted as a harsh teacher, bent on fashioning his son into another Mozart whose prodigious talent had been displayed to the admiring courts of Europe only a few years previously. Johann's attempt to be appointed Kapellmeister in succession to his father had been unsuccessful and although he may have projected his thwarted ambitions onto his talented child, there is little real evidence that Johann's regime although undoubtedly strict, amounted to sustained and deliberate cruelty. The memories of friends and neighbours, recorded long after the events they describe, which recall a lonely and tearful child forced to practise for hours on end and beaten for his mistakes, may well relate to certain isolated incidents of Beethoven's childhood but should not be used to construct a picture of his systematic abuse. It is true that Beethoven did not remember his father with any great show of affection, yet all his life he kept Johann's manuscript copy of a piece by C.P.E. Bach which he had inscribed "written by my dear father", indicating that he cannot have wished to erase his memory entirely. If his relationship with his father was ambivalent, there is no doubt that he had a much closer bond with his mother of whom he wrote just after her death: "She was such a kind and lovable mother to me, my best friend." Maria Magdalena van Beethoven was a quiet and pious woman (according to contemporary accounts she was never seen to laugh which does not mean that she never in fact did so) and Beethoven's continual striving towards a good and virtuous existence was her legacy to him. The earnest sentiment attributed to her: "Without suffering there is no struggle, without struggle no victory and without victory no crown" certainly had a profound

effect on her son in whose private writings, words such as "suffering" "resignation" and "endurance" "constantly recur.

By the age of seven Beethoven had given several private performances at court and was ready to make his public debut. In the late afternoon of March 26th 1778 he performed "various concertos and trios" at a concert in Cologne in the company of the seventeen year old Helene Averdonck to whom Johann taught singing. The advertisements for this concert deduct a year from Beethoven's age (which may have been the origin of all the subsequent confusion on this subject) and if this was deliberate on Johann's part he was following the example of Leopold Mozart who had also reduced Wolfgang's age for the public arena. The Cologne concert was Ludwig's only recorded public performance as a child, which seems to confirm that Johann was not seriously interested in actively promoting his son as a child prodigy.

By the time Beethoven was nine, he had outstripped his father's capacity to teach him and after studying for short periods with other local musicians, he began lessons in piano and basic composition techniques with the Court Organist, Christian Gottlob Neefe. He also ceased all formal schooling at this time which was not uncommon for boys of his age and class and so was not the result of any desire on the part of his father to deprive him of educational advantages for the sake of the promoting his musical training. Neefe was a cultured and enlightened man and Beethoven's association with him may have helped fill the void in his education. He was also a devotee of J. S. Bach, then an almost forgotten figure in Germany and introduced Beethoven to the still unpublished Forty Eight Preludes and Fugues which he owned in manuscript copy. Neefe was undoubtedly the formative influence in Beethoven's musical life, which Beethoven later acknowledged when he wrote to him: "Should I ever become a great man, you too will have a share of my success". This promise was not however fulfilled in any tangible form before Neefe's death in 1798.

Beethoven showed no early signs of a desire to compose (unlike Mozart who had been writing keyboard works from the age of six and symphonies from eight) although he had always loved to extemporise at the keyboard and was often scolded by his father for improvising when he should have been practising. In 1782 with Neefe's encouragement and perhaps assistance he wrote his first known work – a series of piano variations on a march by Dressler (WoO63) in the prophetic key of C minor - which Neefe arranged to have published. The following year Neefe submitted an essay to a musical periodical in which he extolled the musical talent of his young pupil and speculated that he might become a second Mozart if given the right support. This hint did not however bear fruit for some time to come. More compositions followed the Dressler variations into print including a set of three piano sonatas with an elaborate dedication to the Elector by the young composer:

".....I have now reached my eleventh year [he was actually twelve but by now the missing year seems to have become an established fact] and since then in hours of sacred inspiration my Muse has often whispered to me; Make the attempt, just put down on paper the harmonies of your soul ! Eleven years – I thought- and how could I look like a composer? And what would experienced adults in the art say to this? I was almost too shy. But my Muse insisted – I obeyed – and composed."

These were obviously not the unmediated sentiments of a twelve year old yet, even if filtered through an adult sensibility, they contain the artistic credo Beethoven was to follow for the rest of his life. He always obeyed the dictates of his Muse and composed what he felt he had to rather than what was expected or indeed on occasion required of him.

In late 1783 he travelled to Holland with his mother, the only occasion he is known to have left Bonn during his childhood. The main object of the journey was to visit relatives but he also gave a number of well-received private performances in Rotterdam and at the Royal Court in the Hague and on his return to Bonn, he followed his father and grandfather into the family business of court musician. In 1784, the new Elector, Maximilian Franz, brother of the emperor Joseph II, instigated a comprehensive review of the court finances and resources including its musical establishment. This brought about a further decline in Johann van Beethoven's fortunes. He had for some time been drinking heavily (a tendency he may have inherited from his mother, Maria Josepha, who had died in 1775 in the seclusion of a convent where her alcoholism would pass unnoticed) and his voice was deemed to have become "very stale". His son however was appointed Neefe's assistant as Court Organist. He had already been deputising for Neefe on an unofficial basis both in the chapel and at rehearsals in the court theatre but now he was formally enrolled as a liveried court servant with a salary of 150 florins a year (which for a period had to be paid out of Neefe's own wage) representing a significant addition to the household income. This appointment coincides with the writing of his first known orchestral work, a piano concerto, but although this was probably performed at court, composition was a private pursuit and did not form part of his official duties, which were confined to routine and practical music making in the court chapel and the theatre. On one occasion however he enlivened a session at the chapel organ by improvising such complex harmonies that the singer whom he was supposed to be accompanying was unable to find his way back to the right cadence. This trick apparently amused the Elector but Beethoven was warned not to try it again.

By 1787 Beethoven got the opportunity to widen his musical horizons. The exact purpose of his first trip to Vienna, like much else in Beethoven's early years, is unclear so we have no notion as to whose idea it was, how long his visit was to have lasted and whether he went alone or in company. Maximilian Franz must have

granted him leave of absence and probably subsidised the journey. Possibly it was Maximilian who arranged an introduction to Mozart for whom he had great admiration (Mozart had hopes at one time for the post of Kapellmeister in Bonn, an appointment which, had it taken place, would have changed the course of musical history). Unfortunately there are no reliable records of what happened when the two musicians met in Vienna in April 1787. Tradition has it that Mozart was impressed by Beethoven's skill at improvisation and is said to have remarked: "Keep your eyes on him; one day he will give the world something to talk about". However before Beethoven had any chance to establish himself as Mozart's pupil either in composition or more likely for keyboard tuition, he received a summons from his father to return home immediately as his mother was seriously ill. Magdalena van Beethoven was suffering from consumption (which must surely have been apparent before Beethoven's departure) and she in fact survived for a few months after his return so it is not clear why his journey took place when it did or why his immediate recall was necessary.

The next few years cannot have been easy for him. His infant sister died a few months after her mother in November 1787, the family was short of money and Johann's alcoholism was growing steadily worse. Eventually at Beethoven's request, his father was forcibly retired and half his stipend paid to his son so that he could ensure adequate provision for his two younger brothers. His later paternalistic and often overbearing attitude towards them no doubt stems from the years when he was in effect the head of the household. In addition to his other musical duties he took up a position as viola player in the court theatre orchestra and over the next few years performed in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Il Nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* as well as operas by Gluck, Salieri, Paisiello and Cimarosa. The number of his own compositions perhaps not surprisingly diminished during this period. His personal life was however transformed when he was introduced into the household of Helene van Breuning, widow of a courtier, as music teacher to her younger children. He was soon established as a friend of the family and the von Breuning house became his second home and Helene a surrogate mother to him. He spent many hours and days in its happy, relaxed and cultured atmosphere and the friends from his years in Bonn - Stephan van Breuning, Franz Wegeler, Nikolas Simrock - remained close to him all his life (despite his best efforts to quarrel with them on a regular basis).

The death of the emperor Joseph II in February 1790 provided Beethoven with his first chance to show his talents as a composer in a large scale work. The Bonn Lesegesellschaft (Literary Society) commissioned him to compose a cantata on verses written for the occasion by a young poet Severin Anton Averdonck (who happened to be the brother of the girl with whom Beethoven had performed at his public debut 12 years previously). The choice of Beethoven in preference to more experienced composers in Bonn, Neefe for one, shows the extent to which his potential must have been recognised from his

youthful works. The scheduled date for the performance was 19th March 1790, less than a month after he received the commission but for unspecified reasons it had to be cancelled at short notice. Possibly the work Beethoven produced - the Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II (WoO87) - was too difficult for the available forces to perform successfully or perhaps he simply did not finish it on time. If so, this was not the last occasion on which he was to fail to produce what was required in the time and for the resources available. Whatever the reason for the cancellation it does not seem to have had an adverse effect on his reputation as later that year he was again commissioned by the Lesegesellschaft to write another cantata, this time celebrating the accession of Leopold II. Once again there was no performance and the Leopold Cantata, like its predecessor was never played in public in Beethoven's lifetime.

It must be assumed that Beethoven was not considered responsible for the failure of either work to receive a performance and if he was, that this did not count seriously against him since in the following year he was commissioned by Count Waldstein to provide music for a ballet he had devised for the carnival season. Waldstein, a rich and cultured nobleman had arrived in Bonn in 1788 and became the first in a long line of aristocratic patrons who supported Beethoven throughout his life. He was also a leading member of the Lesegesellschaft and may therefore have been influential in the cantata commissions and for dealing with any repercussions of their non-performance. This time there were no difficulties in either the performability or the punctual delivery of the music for Waldstein's Ritterballet (Knight Ballet). For many years it was thought that Waldstein had composed the music himself as there was no indication on the score of Beethoven's authorship. It was not unknown for the person commissioning a work to pass himself off as its composer - Mozart was at that very moment working on a Requiem for Count Walsegg-Stuppach on that basis - and Beethoven must have been happy enough with the arrangement (although it is hard to imagine him taking such a relaxed attitude in later years - possibly he felt some debt of gratitude to Waldstein over the cantata affair).

In 1791 Beethoven and the rest of the court orchestra accompanied Maximilian Franz on a journey up the Rhine to Mergentheim to attend meeting of the Teutonic Order (of which Maximilian was the Grand Master) and during this trip he and some of the other musicians took the opportunity to visit Johann Sterkel, one of Germany's foremost pianists. Sterkel played for the assembled company and invited Beethoven to follow suit which at first he declined to do. Sterkel astutely overcame his reluctance by commenting that Beethoven's recently published Righini Variations were so difficult that perhaps even their composer might find them hard to perform. Naturally Beethoven rose to this challenge, played the work from memory and then went on to improvise new variations in the style in which he had just heard Sterkel play. This incident shows that his reputation as a composer had by now spread outside

Bonn and that he was able to hold his own at the keyboard in distinguished company. He was also already displaying the reluctance to perform on demand which was to become progressively marked as he grew older. Playing in public was not a problem for him, at least until his deafness took hold, and as a professional musician he obviously performed when required. He would also entertain in private when he chose to do so and when he was in control of the situation. However he reacted strongly against any assumption that he would provide entertainment as a matter of course, an attitude most clearly shown by an incident some years later when he was staying with Prince Lichnowsky, one of most prominent supporters, at his castle in Graz. One evening Lichnowsky asked him to play for his guests and in the face of Beethoven's repeated refusals, persisted in his request beyond the breaking point of Beethoven's fragile tolerance. Beethoven stormed from the castle and returned immediately to Vienna, three days journey away, where his anger had not sufficiently cooled to prevent him from smashing a bust of Lichnowsky that he kept in his house. He is supposed to have told Lichnowsky after this incident: "Prince, you are what you are by accident of birth. I am what I am through myself. There have been and will be thousands of princes, there will only be one Beethoven".

By the time he was twenty-one, Beethoven had been a salaried court servant for seven years and was an established and admired figure in Bonn musical circles. He had composed and published a number of small scale works for voice, piano and chamber forces but apart from the two cantatas, which for unknown reasons had not been performed and Waldstein's Ritterballet, he had written no major works and his position in the musical establishment of the court was not conducive to their production. He was a growing fish in a modest pool and had he not managed to escape it, he may simply have adapted himself to and been restricted by his surroundings. However a meeting with Haydn who passed through Bonn in June 1792 on his return journey from England was to prove a turning point in Beethoven's life. They may actually have met the previous year on Haydn's outward journey as Haydn is reported as having spent an evening in the company of the Bonn musicians, but if so there is no evidence that he took note of Beethoven as an individual of promise. On this occasion however he had an opportunity to examine some of Beethoven's compositions, including one of the cantatas, and saw in him a talent worth developing. On Haydn's recommendation, the Elector once again agreed to grant Beethoven leave of absence to travel to Vienna where, in the famous words written by Waldstein in Beethoven's farewell album, he would receive "Mozart's spirit from Haydn's hands". No doubt the intention was that having studied composition with Haydn, former Kapellmeister to Prince Esterházy, Beethoven would return to Bonn and become Kapellmeister himself in due course. He set out on 2nd November 1792, just as the French invasion of the Rhineland was causing great uncertainty in the region. According to his own account, he only just managed to pass through the lines of the mobilising Hessian army

and had he delayed his departure by even a few days he would probably never have made it to Vienna. As it was he was never to return to his homeland.

Imperial Vienna was a very different place from provincial Bonn whose liberal atmosphere, fostered by the enlightened Maximilian Franz, contrasted with more oppressive environment of censorship and political surveillance prevalent in the Austrian capital. It was a place where one could be locked up for airing one's opinions too loudly as Beethoven remarked in letter to his friend Simrock, and so presumably he kept his liberal views to himself. In later life he became quite outspoken but although Metternich's secret police kept a file on him, he was too famous and had too many influential friends to be troubled by the authorities (the only time he was ever arrested was when he was mistaken for a tramp). His most pressing problem on arrival in Vienna was money, which was to be a source of concern all his life. The cost of living there was a great deal higher than in Bonn and a gentleman in Beethoven's position required between 700 and 800 florins a year (the equivalent of 170 gold ducats) to survive in comfort but not luxury. Shortly after his arrival Beethoven made a list of his requirements which included along with such necessities as furniture, wood and coffee - an overcoat, boots and shoes as well the services of a wig maker and dancing master. He may have felt himself rather provincial, writing to Eleonore von Breuning that he was unable to wear the waistcoat she had given him as it was too unfashionable. However all he had to live on was his court salary of 50 florins per quarter, supplemented by an additional 50 florins still paid to him from his father's stipend, but this he ran the risk of losing when Johann died only a few weeks after his arrival. His personal feelings on the death of his father are unrecorded and he saw no need to return home (but he did successfully petition the Elector to continue receiving the additional funds). Johann seems to have died unlamented save for the Elector's rueful comment that revenue from excise duties would henceforth be reduced.

The relationship between Beethoven and Haydn has often been characterised as prickly and unrewarding on both sides, with Haydn lax in his supervision of Beethoven's studies and his pupil secretly taking instruction from others behind his back. Beethoven may have commented later that he learned nothing from Haydn but not everything he said should be taken at face value and they probably enjoyed a normal pupil/teacher relationship complete with the friction that occasionally arises when youth rubs against experience. At the end of 1793 Haydn sent copies of five of Beethoven's new compositions back to Bonn as evidence of his pupil's progress but the response was discouraging. Maximilian claimed that the works he had received were familiar and suggested that, since Beethoven was obviously not developing as hoped and no doubt accumulating debts in Vienna, he should return home to resume his duties immediately. This episode is usually taken as further evidence of Beethoven's lack of respect for and gratitude to Haydn who had not only requested an increase in Beethoven's salary but had given him money to

subsidise his meagre income. Beethoven, like most composers, occasionally reused material and some of the works from his early years in Vienna are based on music he had composed in Bonn. However extensive sketches for some of the pieces in question survive and the fact that they are written on Viennese paper proves that, if not wholly composed in Vienna, they were at least extensively revised and rewritten there. It is possible that Maximilian simply failed to examine the works carefully or delegated the task to an advisor not well disposed to Beethoven who tried to make trouble for him (there may have been a few people at court who resented the success of the high flyer currently enjoying a period of leave in Vienna). It is very probable that one of the disputed compositions was the recently published Variations in F major on "Se vuol ballare" from Mozart's Figaro which Beethoven had indeed begun sketching in Bonn and may have played there in an earlier version. Since sets of variations on any theme, however different from each other, all have to start out from the same point - the original theme - it is easy to imagine a cursory examination of the piece leading to the wrong conclusion. Whatever the explanation of these curious circumstances Haydn certainly did not react as if he had been deceived and when he departed on his second trip to England, he arranged for Johann Georg Albrechtsburger to take over Beethoven's tuition.

While the Elector had no objection to Beethoven continuing his studies with Albrechtsburger in Haydn's absence, he decided to cut off his salary until such time as he should be recalled to Bonn (a summons which never came as Maximilian Franz was expelled by the French later that year). Beethoven was therefore liberated from the role played by his father and grandfather as a salaried court functionary but he now had to find a way of supporting himself or of finding someone to support him. He would have arrived in Vienna with introductions from Waldstein and other members of the Bonn nobility to the great houses of the city and sometime in 1794 he came into the orbit of Prince Lichnowsky, a wealthy aristocrat and music lover. Lichnowsky had known Mozart, from whom he had taken piano lessons and had accompanied on one of his European tours (although their relationship at the end of Mozart's life was complicated by a legal dispute whose origins remain clouded in mystery). He maintained a private string quartet and held regular musical gatherings in his palace, which was one of the focal points of musical activity in Vienna. Beethoven took lodgings in the same building as the Lichnowsky household but although the resources of the establishment were put at his disposal, he preferred to maintain his independence. All his life, in fact, he kept his distance from the noble patrons who supported him financially. He was happy for them to nurture his art but always made it clear that he did not consider himself to be personally indebted to them.

His association with Lichnowsky and the other aristocratic music lovers of Vienna was vital to the advancement of his career as most musical activity in Vienna took place in the salons of its great houses. There

was very little opportunity for public performance and no suitable concert venues other than in a few buildings controlled by the court which were only rarely made available for public concerts. It was therefore in the salons of the rich that Beethoven established his reputation as one of the best keyboard players of his day with an extraordinary talent for extemporization (which he had developed from a young age). There was fierce competition between rival virtuosi who were occasionally pitted against each other in “keyboard duels”. Beethoven is known to have taken part in such entertainments but on one occasion he became involved in a less than good-natured confrontation with another musician Daniel Steibelt. Steibelt decided to perform in Beethoven’s presence a set of obviously prepared “improvisations” on a theme Beethoven had used in his clarinet trio. The theme was not in fact Beethoven’s own and Steibelt’s choice of it as a subject for improvisation implied that he could improve in his treatment of it. When Steibelt had finished playing, Beethoven strode to the piano, picking up on the way one of the parts of Steibelt’s quintet which had been performed earlier that evening. Placing it upside down on the music rack, he proceeded to weave a brilliant series of variations and improvisations on it, which had the effect of exposing the poverty of Steibelt’s inspiration to the growing delight of the audience and humiliation of Steibelt. He left the room before Beethoven was finished and made it known that he never wished to meet him again or indeed be in the same house as him.

Beethoven made his public debut in Vienna on 29th March 1795 in a charity concert at which he performed one of his own piano concertos. There is some doubt as to whether this was the recently composed First Piano concerto in C major (Op.15) or the Second Concerto in B flat (Op.19) written some time previously but the subject of constant revision (it was published after its successor and so has a higher number than it). As the concerto was advertised as “entirely new” it was probably the C major work but whichever work he played, Beethoven finished writing out the orchestral parts of the final movement only two days before the performance, a last minute completion which was to become typical of Beethoven’s practice. He performed twice more in the next few days including a Mozart concerto at a benefit concert organised by Mozart’s widow Constanze. Concerts in Vienna tended to be concentrated in short periods around Easter and Christmas when opera performances were banned and the theatres became available as concert venues. Competition for the small number of concert dates was intense and Beethoven even at the height of his fame had difficulty in obtaining them.

Beethoven had deliberately published almost nothing in his first two years in Vienna wishing first to establish his reputation. In 1795, a few months after his public exposure on the concert platform he issued the first works to which he gave an opus number (signifying that these were pieces that he wished to be considered as major compositions. The “Figaro” Variations which he had rushed into print rather against his better judgement as his Op.1 soon after his arrival in Vienna,

were accordingly demoted). The three Piano Trios now established as Op.1 were initially published on a subscription basis under which Beethoven paid for the engraving of the plates and purchased each printed copy from the publisher for one florin before selling them to the subscriber at the advertised price of four ducats. Beethoven therefore ran some financial risk if sales were low as the engraving costs of two hundred and twelve florins were substantial. However he need not have worried. Lichnowsky alone ordered twenty copies and the final list of subscribers contained the cream of Viennese society including Prince Esterházy, Prince Lobkowitz, Count Rasumovsky and Baron von Swieten. Two hundred and forty five copies were sold and once his costs were deducted Beethoven made a net profit of over 700 florins, enough to cover his living costs for a year. Other works began to appear in print: the three piano Sonatas Op.2 (dedicated to Haydn), the String Trio Op.3 and the String Quintet Op.4 (which was a thorough reworking of the Wind Octet he had sent to Bonn a few years previously) as well as a large number of songs mainly of a romantic nature and piano variations (one of which, on a theme from Paisiello’s opera *La molinara* (WoO70) was reputedly written overnight for a lady who had mislaid her copy of another set on the same theme by a different composer). The year ended on a high note with a prestigious commission to supply the music for the annual ball of the Gesellschaft der bildenden Künstler (the Artists Ball) which in previous years had been provided by Haydn, Kozeluch and Dittersdorf – a sign that Beethoven was now considered part of the Viennese musical establishment.

The increasing number of commissions made his financial position more secure. He received a fee from the commissioner (who would usually specify the type of piece required and the instruments for which it was to be written but leave what was composed up to Beethoven’s discretion). The commissioner had exclusive use of the music for a limited period (normally six months) after which Beethoven was free to offer it for publication. There was a stringent condition that the music should not be given to anyone else during the period of exclusivity since in the absence of copyright protection, mere possession of a copy permitted anyone to perform or publish it without payment to the composer. Beethoven later spent much time and effort in ensuring that his works received simultaneous publication in different markets to prevent piracy. This arrangement suited both sides – the commissioner possessed the autograph score and the kudos of controlling first access to the new piece and Beethoven had a double source of income from a single composition. Occasionally the dedication of a work attracted an additional fee but more often it was intended as a mark of gratitude for past favour or bestowed in the hope of some future benefit. The Opus 1 trios were dedicated to Lichnowsky who had helped Beethoven establish himself in Vienna and who had effectively underwritten their publication by his large order. Beethoven could also hope for his continued patronage some years later Lichnowsky settled an annual sum of 600 florins upon him. Some dedications

took a long time bearing fruit: that of the Op.30 Sonatas of 1802, to Tsar Alexander finally brought its tangible reward in 1814 when he met Beethoven during the Congress of Vienna. Others fell on stony ground: the dedication of the English edition of “Wellington’s Sieg” (Op.91) to the Prince Regent elicited no display of royal largesse despite Beethoven dropping several heavy hints in that direction about his expectations. The dedication of the Op.2 sonatas to Haydn is unusual as it was one of the only two occasions when he honoured another composer in this way – the other was Salieri probably in thanks for the advice he gave Beethoven on vocal writing techniques. This gesture was partly born out of affection for his old teacher, although Beethoven pointedly did not refer to Haydn as such. Sentiment aside, Beethoven also probably realised that honouring the popular Haydn in this way would do his career no harm at little cost. His first teacher Neefe whom he had once promised a share in his success but who in distant Bonn could do nothing to advance him, never received any such recognition.

Early in 1796 Beethoven undertook a concert tour of Prague, Dresden Leipzig and Berlin accompanied by Lichnowsky for part of the way. This was precisely the route Mozart had travelled (also in Lichnowsky’s company) seven years earlier and Beethoven must have felt that he was now following in Mozart’s footsteps in more than just the literal sense. He enjoyed enormous success especially in Prague, the city which had revered Mozart and at the court of Frederick William II in Berlin where he composed and performed two cello sonatas. These were dedicated to the King, himself a keen cellist, although Beethoven was accompanied on that occasion by the court cellist Jean Louis Duport. Frederick rewarded Beethoven with the gift of a gold snuff box which in a gratifyingly lucrative pun on his name he had filled with louis d’or (Beethoven often styled himself Louis van Beethoven). Later in the year he visited Pressburg (now Bratislava) and Pest (Budapest) where he promoted a piano built by his friend Johann Streicher, which had been specially sent there for him to play. During this period the fortepiano, which had overtaken the harpsichord as the main medium for keyboard performance was still undergoing development and modification to extend its range and alter its tone and throughout his life Beethoven was presented with pianos by various manufacturers who hoped to benefit from his association with them. Although 1796 seems to have been a good year for him, an enigmatic diary entry suggests Beethoven was not complacent or at ease with himself: “Courage. Even with all the frailties of my body, my spirit shall dominate. Twenty five years have come: this year must decide the mature man. Nothing must remain” (the actual date of this entry is uncertain but, given Beethoven’s habitual subtraction of a year from his age, December 1796 seems plausible). The reference to physical frailty may be an oblique reference to a serious problem of which he was just becoming aware.

The following year Beethoven suffered a serious illness, possibly typhus, and had he succumbed to it, he would have been remembered by his contemporaries as a virtuoso keyboard player and promising composer and

by posterity as the creator of a number of highly accomplished chamber pieces, the equal of those by Haydn and Mozart, two piano concertos very much in their style but promising more and some works for piano including a small number of sonatas of great originality. He had produced little orchestral music and no symphonies – the field in which Mozart had been and Haydn was still pre-eminent. He had already completed extensive sketches for the first three movements of a C major symphony but was unable to find a satisfactory conclusion for it. He had not as far as is known been commissioned to write a symphony at this time so this work would have been purely speculative and without the guarantee or at least the firm expectation of getting it performed (and then published) he may have been reluctant to invest too much time on it (for a composer derived from commissioned and published work, time was effectively money). However sometime in 1799 he both found a way of completing the work to his satisfaction and was given an opportunity to perform it during the short Spring concert season of 1800. Which came first - the solution of the finale problem or the concert date - is not known; however the previous year Beethoven had dedicated his Op.14 Sonatas to the wife of Baron Peter von Braun who, as court theatre director, controlled access to the main concert venues. So by 1799 he may already have suspected or even been informed by the grateful Baron that his request for a concert the following season would meet with success, which provided the necessary spur to his creativity. The concert at which Beethoven offered his first symphony to the Viennese public took place in the Burgtheater on 2nd April 1800 and included, in addition to one of his piano concertos and the Wind Septet (Op.20), a Mozart symphony and an aria and duet from Haydn’s recently performed Creation (he had still not written enough orchestral works to mount a programme entirely of his own music). Although apparently marred by some sloppy orchestral playing, the concert was favourably reviewed as the “most interesting for a long time”.

At the same time as he was coming to grips with the symphony, Beethoven addressed another musical form which he had long fought shy – the string quartet. This had more or less been invented by Haydn in whose hands it had developed as the pre-eminent medium for the expression of complex musical ideas by small forces. He had plenty of opportunity to immerse himself in the quartet medium. Lichnowsky held regular parties for performances by his private quartet and Beethoven attended similar weekly musical gatherings at the house of the composer Emmanuel Forster. In 1795 he had been asked by Count Apponyi to write a quartet for him but nothing materialised. However in 1798 he had felt ready to rise to the challenge and began work on a set of six quartets which were given their premiere at Lichnowsky’s palace in 1800. They were published the following year as Op.18 with a dedication to Prince Lobkowitz (from whom he received 400 florins). By 1801, in his thirtieth year, Beethoven had every reason to be satisfied with his achievement. He was firmly established in Viennese society and was in demand as performer, composer and teacher; he had now written “everything

except church music and opera"; he had more commissions than he could handle and could sell the publishing rights for the works he produced five times over and without tedious negotiations over money: "I demand, they pay"- is how he described his relations with his publishers at the time. The steady income from these sources had been augmented in 1800 by an annuity of 600 florins from Prince Lichnowsky which guaranteed his financial security. However his prospects for future happiness were clouded in two respects. He was still unmarried – but that situation he could at least try to change. More seriously – and seemingly beyond his control – he was going deaf.

Beethoven's quest for emotional fulfilment is fertile ground for speculation as to the reasons behind his apparent inability to choose as a potential partner someone who was capable of filling that role. In his youth he enjoyed the usual complement of adolescent flirtations and during the Rhine journey with the Bonn orchestra, his companions persuaded a serving girl to make advances to him which he rebuffed rather brusquely (but this could have been either through shyness or because of his dislike of not being in control of the situation). A serious rift had occurred between Beethoven and Eleonore von Breuning very shortly before his departure for Vienna, which seems to have been Beethoven's fault as he described his behaviour to her as despicable and opposed to his true character. The cause is unknown but it is possible that he made a misjudged attempt to transform their longstanding and easy intimacy and friendship into something deeper. He retained enormous affection for Eleonore who married his friend Franz Wegeler, and in a letter to him written a few months before his death Beethoven referred to the fact that he still had her silhouette portrait in his possession. Wegeler who studied medicine in Vienna from 1794 to 1796 and had a chance to observe Beethoven during his early years in city reports that he was continually involved in love affairs which "could have been very difficult indeed if not impossible for many an Adonis". Beethoven was not conventionally good looking but one can imagine him exerting a saturnine attraction over the female members of his audiences. He certainly wrote a number of his most charming love songs during this period but whether they were composed with particular persons in mind remains a mystery and there is no evidence that any of these love affairs ever amounted to anything and very little is known about Beethoven's sex life. His later views on adultery make it unlikely that he would have lightly indulged in extra marital liaisons. If he were to achieve a long lasting emotional (as well as sexual) union it would have to be through marriage. In a letter of 1794 to his older friend Nikolaus Simrock in Bonn, he asked: "are your daughters grown up yet? Educate one of them to be my bride", a joke perhaps, but showing the subject of matrimony was in his mind. He may have proposed marriage in 1795 to the singer Magdalena Willman, whom he had known in Bonn (the evidence for a proposal is however unreliable) but if he did, she rejected him (according to the same unreliable evidence) because he was "ugly and half crazy". Beauty may be in

the eye of the beholder but Beethoven although eccentric, had not yet begun to display the unusual if not antisocial behaviour that distinguished him in his later years. In 1801 he certainly contemplated marriage with Countess Guilietta Guicciardi, who was in his words: "a charming fascinating girl who loves me and whom I love" and was one of his piano pupils to whom he dedicated the Sonata Op.27 No.2 (the so called "Moonlight"). She was fourteen years his junior but the main barrier to their marriage was her rank and she eventually married a man of her age and class. Much later in life, Beethoven hinted that, after Guilietta's marriage, she had made some kind of advance to him which he repulsed showing that however strong his attraction to a woman he drew back from adultery. His next serious emotional involvement was Josephine Brunsvik (who was Guilietta's cousin) whom he had known since 1799 when he gave her piano lessons which he apparently prolonged for hours beyond their normal length. He dedicated a set of piano variations of his setting of Goethe's simple love poem "Ich Denke dein" (I think of you) to Josephine and her sister Therese, but no doubt it was Josephine he had in mind. However, before any serious relationship could develop between them she became betrothed to Count Deym and left Vienna soon after her marriage. In 1804 (by now a widow) she reappeared in his life and for a time it seemed that he might have found a woman with whom he could enjoy a relationship of mutual love. Beethoven's letters to her display a passionate intensity and Josephine, although she was disconcerted by the ardent expression of his feelings towards her, was deeply attached to him. He seems to have asked her to marry him but after much agonising she declined, possibly because by marrying a commoner, as Beethoven was, she ran the risk under Austrian law of losing the guardianship of her children (her short marriage to Deym had produced four). They remained close for several more years but gradually drifted apart and Josephine was eventually remarried to another aristocrat, with unhappy consequences for her (her second husband not only abandoned her but also removed the children that their union had produced). At the height of his involvement with Josephine, Beethoven was working on his opera *Fidelio* which centres on the unswerving love and loyalty of a wife for her husband and while it is generally dangerous to read autobiographical details into Beethoven's music, it is difficult not to see this work as a conduit into which he channelled his hopes and desires. In 1810 he seemed to be on the brink of matrimony once more, this time with Therese Malfatti to whom he had been introduced by his friend Baron Ignaz von Gleichenstein. He had written to Gleichenstein actively seeking his help in finding a wife and although the tone of the letter is humorous there is no doubt that he was serious in the request for assistance. Beethoven seems to have lacked the confidence to make a direct approach himself which may explain why he kept falling in love with his pupils to whom he had a ready-made introduction and easy social access. Unfortunately they tended to be just the kind of women, young and aristocratic, who by reason of age and class were inaccessible to him. Although Therese was much younger than him – she was eighteen, he was

thirty-nine – this time there was no social gulf between them. Beethoven must have thought there was a serious likelihood of success as he arranged to get a copy of his baptismal certificate which was necessary to complete the formalities of marriage (it was on this occasion that he reduced his age by two years possibly to appear more youthful in the eyes of his prospective bride). He even took steps to improve his notoriously slovenly appearance. Although he wrote to his friend Zmeskall in terms which suggest he was totally in her thrall his only surviving letter to her in which he addresses her as “admirable Therese” is rather restrained and his praise of her piano playing and recommendations of good books for her to read, hardly imply a deep passion. However, he was desolated when Gleichenstein broke the news to him that she (or more probably her parents) had rejected him (which must have been made all the more galling by the fact that Gleichenstein is go-between in the affair, became engaged to her sister). This romance did however produce one of his most famous compositions - Für Elise – the manuscript copy of which remained in Therese’s possession until her death in 1851 and was only published in 1867.

Beethoven’s most famous emotional attachment was to the woman known as the Immortal Beloved to whom he drafted a long and passionate letter, undated but now firmly established as written in July 1812. Several candidates for this mysterious woman have been put forward: Josephine, her sister Therese, Amelie Sebald (a singer to whom other letters survive from this period) and Countess Marie Erdödy with whom he had lived in 1809 but in apparently platonic circumstances. However, it seems most probable that the woman in question was Antonie Brentano with whom Beethoven had become acquainted in 1809 when she was in Vienna with her husband and child. Beethoven and Antonie became close over the next few years and she was in the right place at the right time to be the recipient of the letter (assuming it was ever sent and that the document which Beethoven kept among his papers until his death was a copy or draft of an actual missive). He addressed the woman to whom he is writing with the intimate “du” which he had never employed in letters to any other women, even Josephine, and his passionate desire to be with her is evident. There was however an impediment to a union (“Can you do anything to alter the fact that you are not completely mine and I not completely yours”) that only she could remove (“make it possible that I can live with you”) suggesting that she was a married woman. Like virtually all the other women in Beethoven’s life, the Immortal Beloved, whoever she may have been, was therefore unattainable and his apparent predisposition to fall in love with women with whom he was unlikely to form a permanent relationship may represent a subconscious desire to avoid the reality of any actual involvement with his ideal woman.

Exactly when Beethoven realised that he was losing what he called “the finest part of me, my hearing” is not known for certain, as he concealed the fact for many years even from his closest friends. However in the summer of 1801 he shared his concern in letters to his

friends Franz Wegeler and Karl Amenda. Neither were resident in Vienna at the time which may have encouraged him to divulge details of his condition to them without fear of it becoming generally known there (although he still took care to enjoin strict secrecy on both). He had apparently first become aware that there was a problem with his hearing sometime in 1796. The cause was and remains unknown. Modern conjectures are otosclerosis (a growth of bone in the middle ear), Paget’s disease (a bone deformation which can lead to deafness if sited in the skull) and labyrinthitis (a viral or bacterial infection which attacks the inner ear). Beethoven’s medical advisors seemed to think that his hearing loss was in some way connected with the chronic bowel problems from which he suffered and all his life. Beethoven subjected himself to a succession of baths, courses of mineral waters and patent medicines in the hope that alleviating the one problem might cure the other. In his letter to Wegeler, who was himself a doctor, he gave a full description of his condition: tinnitus (a constant whistling and roaring sound in the ears), an inability to hear high pitched tones or notes (unless close to their source) or low sounds (people speaking softly) combined with an intolerance to sudden loud noises - “I cannot bear to be yelled at”. His greatest fear was not that his condition might prevent him from playing or composing – in fact he says it affected him least in these activities - but the social isolation that deafness imposes. He was also concerned that those he termed his enemies - and his humiliation of Steibelt suggests he may have made a few on his rise to the top - would be only too happy to exploit the knowledge of his condition to undermine his credibility as a musician and composer upon which his income depended. In 1801 he retained some hope that the deterioration of his hearing might be reversed or at least arrested. A year later, with all such hope gone, he suffered an emotional crisis which led him to the brink of suicide.

Beethoven spent the summer of 1802 in the village of Heiligenstadt, a few miles outside Vienna where his doctor hoped the peace and quiet might afford some respite for his damaged hearing. Beethoven loved the countryside and regularly retreated to it during the summer months. However on this occasion the tranquil rural surroundings did not bring him peace of mind and at some point during that summer he confronted the reality of his situation. All the pent up despair and frustration of the past few years found its outlet in an extraordinary document which has become known as the Heiligenstadt Testament. This was addressed to his two brothers Carl and Johann and its primary purpose seems to have been as his last will and testament. Perhaps fortunately it never actually had to be used for that purpose as its terms were very imprecise and Beethoven left a blank space wherever Johann’s name should appear. Its opening sentence - “O you men who believe or declare that I am malevolent, stubborn or misanthropic, how greatly you wrong me”- shows that it was intended for a wider audience and that its real purpose was to reveal to the world the personal suffering that was behind his apparently antisocial behaviour over the past few years. Whether he seriously

contemplated suicide, as he hints, can never be known but he survived this spiritual crisis through his desire to continue composing and an acceptance that his condition was the will of God to which he had to surrender. The sentiment attributed to his mother: “without suffering there is no struggle, without struggle no victory and without victory no crown” finds a strong echo in the language of the Heiligenstadt Testament. The document however does contain some puzzling inconsistencies. At times Beethoven speaks as if from beyond the grave to those who he feels have misjudged him: “O man when one day you read these words, reflect that you did me wrong”; at others, he seems to be seeking their understanding for his behaviour as if still alive: “Therefore you must forgive me if you see me draw back when I would gladly mingle with you”. At one moment he wishes death to come swiftly, the next for it to be delayed until he has had the chance to exercise his creative powers to the full. While we can never know what Beethoven in his confusion and anguish really wished to achieve in writing this document (which he preserved long after his deafness had become common knowledge and which was discovered after his death) it seems to have served the function of a therapeutic “working out” of his situation through which, having confronted his despair and contemplated the consequences of giving in to it, he was finally able to accept the inevitable. That he successfully achieved some form of catharsis through this process is indicated by the fact that only a few days after his return from Heiligenstadt he was writing enthusiastically and confidently to a publisher about his new works.

Beethoven’s deafness certainly affected him socially and contributed to the volatile and irascible side of his nature. The isolating effects of deafness probably had the effect of curtailing his career as a touring performer, making the task of coping with unfamiliar people and situations even more difficult and he undertook no major concert tours after 1798. In time, he had to give up playing in public altogether at least in ensemble pieces where he had to synchronise his performance with other players but he continued to conduct for many years although his direction became increasingly erratic. Louis Spohr’s description of Beethoven conducting his Seventh Symphony in 1813 describes his bending lower and lower to indicate when he wished the music played more softly and jumping up at the entry of a forte passage, occasionally shouting out to reinforce it. However, although deafness certainly had a negative effect on his practical musicianship, it does not seem to have affected his composing and at the time of its onset he explicitly dismissed it as a source of concern to him. He had always made preparatory sketches for his works and worked out ideas by means of improvisation at the keyboard which he continued to do long after his ability to hear what he was playing was severely compromised.

From 1798 he began to use bound sketch books for the meticulous and often lengthy working and reworking of work in progress. These were later supplemented by small notebooks which he always carried in his pockets to note down musical ideas as they occurred to him,

often on the long country walks that seemed particularly conducive to inspiration. Much of the time composition took place in his head and there are several descriptions of Beethoven humming and singing to himself (often rather tunelessly so that listeners tended to describe it in terms of howling and groaning) as the musical ideas took form and substance. This internalisation of the process of composition and his often remarked -upon ability to comprehend at a glance- the workings of a score suggests that Beethoven did not have to hear a piece of music to know exactly what it sounded like and there is no evidence that had his hearing remained perfect throughout his life, he would have written a note differently.

His return from Heiligenstadt marks the beginning of what is commonly referred to as his “middle period” in which his music takes on a new direction and in which he embarks on works of a much grander and more “heroic” scale than before. The conventional division of Beethoven works into three periods began soon after his death and although convenient as a means gaining an overview of his musical development, it is possibly more accurate to see it as falling into four or even five distinct periods: the juvenilia of the Bonn years (among which the Joseph Cantata stands out as astonishingly mature); the works from his first ten years in Vienna mainly written for chamber forces or solo piano but ending with the Second Symphony completed just before his departure to Heiligenstadt in 1802; the ten year period to 1812 which sees the composition of the great symphonies and concerti, the Rasumovskiy quartets, the Waldstein and Appassionata Piano Sonatas, and Fidelio; a period of relative inactivity from 1812 to 1818 in which his creative powers lay more or less dormant before bursting out once again with the massively constructed masterpieces of the “late period” – the Hammerklavier Sonata, the Ninth Symphony, the Diabelli Variations, the Missa Solemnis and the late quartets. That Beethoven himself felt that his music was taking a significantly new direction after 1802 is shown by a remark to his pupil Czerny around this time: “I am not very well satisfied with the work I have thus far done. From this day on I will take a new way.” His decision to embark on a more ambitious compositional programme is confirmed by a letter written by his brother Carl, now in Vienna and acting as his business manager to a publisher seeking new compositions from Beethoven, in which he remarks rather grandly that his brother “did not trouble himself much with such trifles [sonatas] any longer but now composes only oratorios and operas”.

Beethoven began work on his only oratorio, *Christus am Ölberge* (Christ on the Mount of Olives) in the autumn of 1802 and unusually, it was not the result of a commission. The choice of subject matter – Christ’s moment of doubt in the Garden of Gethsemane prior to his betrayal and arrest - was Beethoven’s own and he seems to have seen in Christ’s anguished despair and final acceptance of his fate a reflection of his own recent spiritual crisis. The text was commissioned from a minor poet Franz Xavier Huber and the parallels between its language and sentiments and those of the Heiligenstadt

Testament suggest that Beethoven also had considerable input. It was completed just in time for performance at a concert which took place in April 1803 at the Theater an der Wien, one of the few independent places of entertainment in Vienna, where earlier that year Beethoven had been appointed composer-in-residence by the impresario Emanuel Schikaneder with whom Mozart had collaborated on *The Magic Flute*. As Beethoven had failed to get a concert venue through the official channels, he took the opportunity of having the theatre at his disposal to mount a concert of his own works: the oratorio, the First and Second Symphonies and the Third Piano Concerto with himself taking the solo part. He asked Ignaz Seyfried, also on the music staff of the theatre, to turn the pages for him which proved a nerve-racking experience for Seyfried as these were almost empty apart from a few "Egyptian hieroglyphs" that served as reminders to Beethoven. "Every so often", Seyfried recalled, "Beethoven would give me a secret glance whenever he was at the end of one of the invisible passages" to indicate when to turn the page. Beethoven who could probably have played the piece very well from memory, was greatly amused by Seyfried's obvious anxiety and this is probably an example of his heavy-handed sense of humour. The concert was a huge success at least financially and Beethoven's share of the takings was a massive 1.800 florins.

The following month he composed at very short notice a sonata for the virtuoso violinist George Bridgetower who was visiting Vienna from London where he played in the orchestra of the Prince Regent. As usual, Beethoven cut things extremely fine and by the morning of the concert (which took place at 8.00 pm) the violin part for the second movement had not been copied out so Bridgetower had to sight read it from the piano part over Beethoven's shoulder. During the performance and without warning, Bridgetower departed from what had been written by repeating on the violin a passage Beethoven had just played. Fortunately Beethoven approved of this manoeuvre and shouted out "Noch einmal, mein lieber Bursch!" - Play it again my dear boy" - holding the appropriate chord to allow Bridgetower to do so. Beethoven was delighted with the performance and dedicated the work to Bridgetower, writing on the title page: *Sonata Mulattica Composta per il mulatto Brisdauer [sic] gran pazzo e compositore mulattico* (Mulatto sonata composed for the Mullato Bridgetower, great fool and mulatto composer). Bridgetower's father was West Indian probably from Barbados and had met his Polish mother while he was in the service of Prince Esterházy. Modern sensibilities have been spared the dilemma of having to use this title as not long afterwards Beethoven and Bridgetower quarrelled. The reason is unknown, as is frequently the case in the disputes in which Beethoven was involved, but may have arisen from a remark Bridgetower had made about a woman of Beethoven's acquaintance to which he took exception. Beethoven immediately removed Bridgetower's name for the title page and replaced it with that of the French violinist and composer, Rodolphe Kreutzer. Kreutzer, however, received the honour with indifference and,

declaring it to be unplayable, never performed the sonata which now bears his name.

Beethoven spent the summer of 1803 working on a grand symphony in E flat which he had begun to sketch the previous year while attempting to make progress on an opera for Schikaneder. The libretto "*Vestas Feuer*" (Vesta's Flame) did not inspire him and by end of the year he had abandoned it altogether. Early in 1804, however, he finally found an opera subject that fired his imagination - "*Leonore ou l'Amour conjugal*" by Jean Nicholas Bouilly. The story was supposedly based on a true incident that had taken place in Tours during the Revolution, in which Bouilly claimed to have played a part. The story of a victim of despotism whose life is saved through the constancy and bravery of his faithful wife appealed to Beethoven on several levels. It was a morally edifying story (Beethoven thought opera should have a serious purpose and considered the plots of Mozart's to be trivial) and it exemplified notions of idealised married love and the triumph of liberty over tyranny that were close to his heart. The French text was translated and adapted by Joseph Sonnleithner and as with his oratorio, Beethoven seems to have had some input into the libretto. However, Schikaneder's dismissal following the purchase of the theatre by Count von Braun meant that there was now no guarantee of a performance under the new management. Beethoven, as so often under these circumstances lost his creative drive and progress on the work was suspended. The termination of his own contract meant that he was also forced to move from the theatre premises, where he and his brother had been lodging, and he moved in with his childhood friend Stephan von Breuning. They soon quarrelled over a trivial matter and Beethoven stormed out of house. He left Vienna for Baden from where he wrote long letters to his friends justifying his own and criticising von Breuning's behaviour. In due course he wrote a contrite letter of apology to von Breuning excusing his behaviour and showing genuine remorse and shame for his actions. This cycle of misunderstanding, argument, recrimination and reconciliation was a familiar pattern in Beethoven's relationships with his longsuffering friends. His volatile temperament, with bouts of deep, occasionally almost suicidal depression, has given rise to speculation that he suffered from a personality disorder possibly of a manic depressive nature. Certainly throughout his life, his private writings show him constantly veering between the poles of elation and defiance in the face of all that life could throw at him - "I will seize Fate by the throat" - and abject misery and self-abnegation - "O God, God look down upon this unhappy B, do not let it go on much longer in this way".

His capacity for sudden and violent reactions when events or circumstances ran contrary to his beliefs and desires is highlighted by the well-known incident of his removal of Napoleon name from the Third Symphony. Beethoven had long admired Napoleon as an example of the heroic individual rising from obscurity to greatness although this admiration was not uncritical and he had reservations at Napoleons' concordat with the Pope in

1801. His intention had been to associate his new symphony with Napoleon (he may even have contemplated dedicating it to him) and he had written “Buonaparte” at the top of the title page of the autograph score. However, according to his friend Ferdinand Ries (whose recollections are usually reliable), when he learned that Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor, he tore out the page and trampled on it, shouting “so now he will also trample human rights underfoot and only pander to his own ambition; he will place himself above everyone else and become a tyrant”. This manuscript is no longer extant but the copyist’s score survives which also shows similar signs of Beethoven’s wrath. The inscription on its title page reads “Sinfonia grande intitolata Bonparte del Sigr Louis van Beethoven, ”but the word “Bonaparte” has been so violently deleted that there is a hole in the paper. However beneath the deletion, Beethoven has at some point added - “written on Bonaparte”, showing a later desire to restore the original association. His anger against Napoleon seems subsequently to have abated. In 1809 he intimated to Baron de Trémont that were he ever to visit Paris, he would not be averse to meeting Napoleon and in 1824, he is reported as commenting: “once I disliked him, now I think differently”. The symphony was eventually dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz who paid the massive amount of 400 ducats for its exclusive use for six months and a further sum for the dedication. On its publication in 1805, it received the ambiguous title of “Sinfonia Eroica” with the enigmatic addition “composed to celebrate the memory of a great man”. The symphony’s unprecedented length and massive orchestral scale represented a new departure in symphonic writing and critical opinion on it was divided. Some recognised it as a truly original masterpiece, others baffled by what they perceived as its lack of coherence saw only an “untamed striving for singularity”, while others although admitting that it contained many beauties reacted against its inordinate length which “wearies even the cognoscenti and is unendurable to the mere music lover.”

Schikaneder’s restoration as director of the Theater an der Wien in 1805 renewed the possibility of a production of the opera and a first performance was scheduled for 15th October of that year. Initial censorship problems were overcome by discrete alterations to the libretto but the rehearsals dragged on mainly due to Beethoven’s inability to stop tinkering with the music. The first night therefore did not take place until 20th November and the postponement proved critical. By that date Vienna had been occupied (peacefully and unopposed) by the French army and all Beethoven’s aristocratic friends and other music lovers had thought it wise to leave the city. The three performances it achieved were sparsely attended mainly by French officers for whom a work containing long stretches of German dialogue did not appeal. The opera’s failure was not however solely due to external circumstances. There were serious flaws in its structure and dramatic pacing and Beethoven was prevailed upon to make cuts and changes which he implemented with the assistance of Stephan von Breuning to whom he was now fully reconciled. A

revised version with a new overture opened in the spring of the following year but with even less success than before. Beethoven blamed what he saw as shortcomings in the performances on musicians and singers - remarking that he would rather give up composing than hear his works performed like that- and he also became involved in a furious row with the management whom he believed was cheating him out of his share of the receipts. After only two performances Beethoven himself withdrew the score and the opera closed.

The next few years saw a succession of major works. He resumed work on a fourth piano concerto which he had begun sketching in 1804 and completed commissions from Count Rasumovksy, Russian ambassador in Vienna, for a set of three string quartets and from Count Oppersdorf for a symphony, his fourth, for which he was paid 500 florins (a large amount but only a fraction of what he had received for the Eroica which shows the true extent of Lobkowitz’s generosity). At the end of the year he composed a violin concerto for a concert by Franz Clement, orchestra leader at the Theater an der Wien, at whose benefit concert the previous year the Eroica had received its first public performance. At the head of the autograph score Beethoven wrote - “Concerto par Clemenza pour Clement - A concerto for Clement out of forgiveness” – possibly indicating that he had exempted Clement from responsibility for the artistic failure of the opera earlier in the year. It was finished only two days before the performance on 23rd December and Clement had to sight read most of it at the concert. The reviews were unfavourable although appreciation of the work could not have been assisted by the fact that it was interrupted by the interval and a display of theatrical tricks by Clement who played a work of his own composition on one string with the violin upside down. It was eventually dedicated to Stephan von Breuning and in a touching act of symmetry he also dedicated the version he made for piano and orchestra to von Breuning’s wife, Julie on the occasion of their marriage in 1808. During this year he seems to have finally overcome the social limitations he had imposed on himself on the onset of deafness. A few words scrawled on the sketches of the final movement of the third Rasumovksy quartet reads: “Even as you are now being drawn back into the vortex of society, so in spite of all the social obstacles in your path, it is possible for you to write. Your deafness is to be a secret no longer, not even in your Art. ”He no longer felt shame or anxiety about his condition or feared that it would adversely affect his reputation as a composer. He could now say aloud the words which he thought he would never be able to utter in public: ‘Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf’.

Early in 1807 the British publication rights to a large number of Beethoven’s works were sold to the London-based composer and piano manufacturer Muzio Clement for £200 (the equivalent of 2,000 florins), which must have eased his perpetual worries about money (his annuity from Lichnowsky had by this time ceased, probably at the time of their quarrel over his refusal to perform for his guests). He received a major commission

from Prince Esterházy to provide a mass for performance on his wife's name day. This was his first mass setting and knew it would inevitably be compared with those which Haydn had produced for the Princess' anniversary on several previous occasions. Unfortunately the Mass in C did not meet with Esterházy's approval. "But my dear Beethoven what is this you have done?" was his only public comment but privately he was said to be angry and mortified, calling the work ridiculous and detestable and expressing doubts that it could ever be performed properly. Perhaps he found Beethoven's approach which was very different to Haydn's, was simply not to his taste or inappropriate to the occasion. His doubts about it ever achieving a proper performance suggests not only that its execution on that occasion had been flawed (there had been problems at the rehearsals which not all the singers had attended) but Beethoven may once again have misjudged what the available forces could achieve.

At the end 1807, Beethoven proposed to the Directors of the Imperial Theatres that they offer him a contract under which he would compose one opera each year for an salary of 2.400 florins plus a third of all receipts for performances. This was a very bold request considering that he had only one spectacular operatic failure to his name and although one of the directors was Prince Lobkowitz whom he could expect to be well disposed to him, another was Prince Esterházy with whom relations were now strained. Whatever the Directorate thought of this request, it made no official response to him. Beethoven is always regarded as the one of the first "freelance" composers unfettered by the constraints imposed by association with a patron or institution and therefore able to write according to the dictates of his heart. Yet this was a position from which all his life he sought to escape and he was constantly trying to secure a steady and regular source of income. He does not seem to have been interested in money for its own sake – he was not extravagant, and indeed as he grew older he spent less and less on his personal comfort – and he was always very generous: to his friends, to his brothers and to various charities to which he lent his works free of charge and often copied at his own expense for fund raising performances. He had been able to rely on wealthy connoisseurs like Lichnowsky, Lobkowitz or Oppersdorf effectively to subsidise the writing of larger and more radical works which once successfully performed could proceed to publication. However his recent experience with Esterházy's Mass showed that what he wished to write might not always find favour with his wealthy backers and the difficulty he had in disposing of the publishing rights in the work gave a warning that he could not always take this source of income for granted.

At the end of 1808 he was finally given permission to hold a benefit concert and his ambitious plans for this event reveals the deeply impractical and unrealistic aspect of his nature. Each half of programme was to open with a new symphony: a Symphony in F entitled "A Recollection of Life in the Country" and a Grand Symphony in C minor (the order in which these works

appeared in the programme meant that the symphony now known as the Pastoral was advertised as the Fifth Symphony) followed by a movements from the Mass in C. The Fourth Piano Concerto concluded the first half and a Choral Fantasia the second. Beethoven decided to write the Fantasia only at the last minute in order use all the forces - choir, soloist orchestra and piano - which had been assembled for the rest of the concert. Of all the works in this lengthy programme, only one, the concert aria Ah Perfido written in 1796 had ever been performed in public. Things began to go wrong at an early stage. Relations between Beethoven and the orchestral players which were already strained following a dispute at a previous concert deteriorated to the point that they refused to rehearse if he were present (this was not the first time Beethoven had fallen out with his players – at his 1800 concert, his attempt to replace their usual director with one of his choice caused a similar rebellion). Beethoven was banished to an ante-room from where he had to communicate his instructions concerning the new and previously unheard works via the leader, with whom he was still on speaking terms. He had engaged the soprano Anna Milder, who had sung the role of Leonore in Fidelio to perform the aria, but she walked out after a disagreement with him. Even the weather conspired against him: it was an unusually cold December night and temperatures in the unheated theatre dropped to near freezing point. Accounts of the concert differ but all agree that things did not run smoothly. The replacement soprano suffered a bad attack of stage fright and sang very badly, and the performance of the Choral Fantasia broke down altogether. For some reason which remain unclear, Beethoven who was playing the piano part, found that he was not at the same point in the music as the orchestra, and he was forced to call to a halt and restart the piece. None of those present have left any account of the reception of the two new symphonies or whether the event was well attended – there was another concert on the same evening – and so we do not know if Beethoven reaped any financial reward from the multiple premiere of some of his greatest works

The following year he seemed at last on the brink of achieving the financial security he craved. At the end of 1807 he had been by Jerome Bonaparte, who had been installed by his brother as King of Westphalia with an offer to become resident Kapellmeister at his court in Kassel where he would oversee musical activity but be free to spend his time in composition. Whether Beethoven ever had any intention of actually taking up this position is unknown but he used the threat of his potential departure (which he had already hinted at in his letter to the Directorate the previous year) as a lever to extract a counter offer from the Viennese musical establishment. After negotiations carried out on his behalf by his friend Countess Erdödy a contract was concluded on 1st March 1809 under which Beethoven agreed to remain in Vienna or another imperial city (with the provision that he could undertake the occasional concert tour) in return for a salary for life of 4.000 florins a year plus the guarantee of an annual benefit concert. The only obligation he had was the not particularly

onerous duty of organising a charity concert each year. In return his sponsors were to have the satisfaction of considering themselves “as having a share in the authorship of his new larger works because they make it possible for him to devote himself to such works and relieve him of the need to attend to other duties”. The signatories of this contract and contributors to the annuity were Prince Lobkowitz (700 florins), Prince Kinsky (1.700 florins), and his Imperial Highness Archduke Rudolph (1.500 florins), Rudolph was a talented pianist and he had received the dedication of the Fourth concerto and had taken the piano part in the first performance of the Triple Concerto. He became Beethoven’s piano pupil and was his only student of composition. Beethoven tempered his outspoken egalitarianism in his dealings with Rudolph but although his letters show appropriate deference to the youngest brother of the emperor, they are without obsequiousness and on one occasion when Rudolph had kept him waiting for his lesson, he took his revenge by making him play a series of difficult and painful exercises. For his regular visits to the royal palace Rudolph eventually had to instruct the imperial servants that the usual protocols should be suspended in Beethoven’s case.

Before Beethoven had time to enjoy his new found financial security, Vienna was under threat of another French invasion which prompted Rudolph and the other sponsors to withdraw from the city. This time the Austrians decided to defend Vienna and on 11th -12th of May it was subject to an intense bombardment from which Beethoven was forced to take refuge in the cellar of his brother’s house, covering his ears with cushions to protect his hearing from the noise. Life under the French occupation was hard with food shortages and steep price increases and Beethoven, who was also prevented from making his annual trip to the countryside, found composition impossible. During this period he was visited by Baron de Trémont who has left the famous description of the dirty and disorderly conditions under which Beethoven was then living, complete with the unemptied chamber pot beneath the piano. Beethoven was certainly not over fastidious in his domestic arrangements but this snapshot of life in the midst of war should not be taken as representing his habitual lifestyle.

Rudolph’s departure from Vienna prompted the composition, one of the very few of his works in which the music can be related to specific events in his life. He completed a sonata movement in E flat which he inscribed: “The Departure – on 4th May 1809 written from then heart to His Imperial Highness” and wrote out the syllables “le-be-wohl” (farewell) over its first three notes. He later added two other movements entitled *Abwesenheit* (Absence) and *Das Wiedersehen* (The Reunion) and insisted that the references and dates be included in the published version to anchor it to the event it commemorated. He was unhappy that the translation of the title into French as “*Les adieux*”, by which the sonata is now generally known, gave the impression of an impersonal and generalised farewell

rather than the specific leave-taking of two individuals that he had in mind. Very few of the descriptive titles which have become attached to his works, were given by Beethoven himself. Two other pieces he completed in 1809, the Fifth Piano Concerto (also dedicated to Rudolph) and the Op.74 string quartet (both in the E flat, a key which he favoured during this period) are known by names applied to them by others. The “Emperor” concerto was christened by Johann Cramer simply because he was struck by the grandeur of its music. The quartet’s name “The Harp” stems from the prominent use of pizzicato in the first movement which at least has the excuse of being obviously descriptive and does not impose damaging associations unintended by the composer. In contrast the “evocative” title given to the Piano Sonata Op.27 No.2 by the poet Rellstab for whom it conjured up an image of moonlight on Lake Lucerne now distorts perception of the sonata as a piece of romantic scene painting.

Any expectation that his annuity would relieve him of financial worries and allow him the freedom to work on large scale works, was a short-lived. Neither Lobkowitz or Kinsky, whose financial affairs were thrown into disarray by the war, were able to make full payment for some time and Kinsky was killed in a riding accident before the issue of his contribution was resolved, leaving Beethoven the delicate task of writing to his widow to try to get her to honour his pledge. The Austrian paper currency in which the annuity was paid became progressively devalued and was finally re-established in 1811 at 20% of its original value. This reduced the original generous allowance of 4.000 florins to 800 florins in real terms on which at the prevailing prices it was impossible for Beethoven to live. Rudolph agreed to adjust his contribution to 1.500 florins at the revised valuation but it took Beethoven some time and effort to get the full value of his annuity restored. So it is perhaps not surprising that during this period Beethoven was unable to turn his mind to “the invention of larger works” which had been intention behind his award. He did manage to produce a number of small scale works including the Op.97 Trio in B flat known by virtue of its dedicatee as the “Archduke”. At this time Beethoven also began his long association with George Thomson of Edinburgh for whom he was to produce eighteen sets of folk song settings over the next ten years. His increasing deafness was making public performance in ensemble works ever more problematic. The composer Louis Spohr witnessed a disastrous rehearsal of the Archduke Trio in which Beethoven, unable to modulate the dynamics of his performance either played so loudly that he drowned out the other instruments or so softly as to be inaudible. When the Fifth Piano Concerto eventually received its first Viennese performance in February 1812 (it had been premiered in Leipzig three months previously) it was played by Beethoven’s pupil Carl Czerny, the first time that Beethoven had not introduced a new concerto to the public himself. He did not however retire from public performance altogether and later that year appeared in a charity concert to raise funds after fire had partially destroyed the town of Baden, in which he played with the Italian violinist Giovanni Polledro.

Presumably he was able to watch him closely for cues in a way that would have been impossible if playing in a larger ensemble and Beethoven's ability to read a performance in this way is shown by the fact that when his deafness was at its worst he was still able to correct an errors in the playing of one of his late quartets simply through observation of the players.

In 1811 and 1812 Beethoven sketched and completed two symphonies, his Seventh and Eighth and incidental music for Kotzebue's one act plays "The Ruins of Athens" and "King Stephen". He also finally met one of his great heroes, Goethe whose poems he had first set to music as a youth and for whose play "Egmont" he had written an overture and substantial musical interludes in 1810. Beethoven had a lifelong interest in and passion for literature, both the classics of the past -Homer, the Greek tragedians, Shakespeare and Ossian- and of more recent times - Schiller, Herder, and Goethe. The point of contact between them was Bettina von Arnhim, the sister of Antonie Brentano with whom both Beethoven and Goethe corresponded. When the two giants of German culture met in Teplitz in the summer of 1812 they found themselves polar opposites in temperament. Goethe made an acute assessment of Beethoven's inability to accommodate himself to the circumstances of everyday life: "His talent amazed me but unfortunately his is a personality utterly lacking in self-control. He may not be wrong thinking that the world is odious but neither does such an attitude make it any more delectable for himself or others". Beethoven for his part was frustrated by Goethe's adherence to the conventions of polite society. They only met on this one occasion and Beethoven 's dream of collaborating with Goethe on some great work never materialised.

Wellington's defeat of the French forces in Spain on 21st June 1813 was seen as the turning point in the war against the Napoleonic Empire and to celebrate this event Johann Maelzel, inventor of the metronome, who had also designed some not very effective ear trumpets for Beethoven, asked him to devise music for his mechanical orchestra, known as the panharmonicon. He wrote a short Victory Symphony for the machine which with Maelzel's encouragement he then orchestrated and preceded with an introduction depicting the battle itself. The resulting work "Wellingtons Sieg oder die Schlacht bei Vittoria" (Wellington's Victory or the Battle of Vittoria) was performed, together with the Seventh Symphony in December 1813 at a charity concert for war victims, with several eminent musicians in the orchestra and Beethoven himself conducting. The concert was a huge success and was repeated a few days later. Such was the public's appetite for the new work that Beethoven was granted two benefit concerts at which he repeated the Seventh and gave the first performance of the Eighth Symphony. This was probably the most concentrated presentation of his music to the public he had ever achieved. However since in Beethoven's life there was rarely a silver lining that was not accompanied by a cloud, he became involved in a bitter dispute with Maelzel over the rights in Wellington's Victory which was resolved only after protracted legal action. Public

enthusiasm for his music, albeit fuelled by popular acclaim for one of his more eccentric works, led to renewed interest in a revival of Fidelio. Beethoven agreed but on condition that he could make substantial revisions. Georg Treitschke, who had known Beethoven for many years, made many significant changes to the dramatic action and Beethoven thoroughly revised the score, composing yet another overture (the fourth he had written for the piece) which unsurprisingly was not ready in time for the first performance of the revised work on 23rd May 1814. This time the opera achieved the success Beethoven had waited so long to achieve. Yet never one to let well alone, Beethoven took the risk of reintroducing material that he had been persuaded to cut from the 1806 revision, fortunately without adverse effect on its popularity and so after nine years Fidelio, assumed its final form.

During the autumn of 1814 the emperor Franz hosted the Congress of Vienna at which the allied powers convened to redraw the map of post Napoleonic Europe. The city was filled with crowned heads and their entourages and elaborate entertainments were mounted for their amusement and diversion. Beethoven contributed a number of suitably patriotic and celebratory works including "Chor auf die verbündeten Fürsten" (Chorus on the Allied Princes) and the cantata "Der Glorreiche Augenblick" (The Glorious Moment) which caught the triumphalist mood of the times. He was now probably the most famous composer in Europe and basked in popularity in Vienna. He had not however composed a major work since the completion of the Eighth symphony two years previously. There are various explanations for the long period of relative creative inactivity into which Beethoven sank between 1812 and the beginning of 1819 when he embarked on the Missa Solemnis. He did not stop writing altogether, working steadily on the folk song arrangements for Thomson and producing some small scale works - the piano sonatas Op.90 and Op.101, the song cycle "An die Ferne geliebte" (To the Distant Beloved), the cello sonatas Op.101 a few more ambitious ones - the cantata on Goethe's poems:"Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt" (Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage) and the Namensfeier overture each of which he completed only with difficulty. The sketchbooks show him working on some major compositions -a piano concerto and two symphonies- but he seemed unable to make headway with any of them. His old patrons were disappearing – through death (Lichnowsky in 1814 and Lobkowitz in 1816) or bankruptcy (Rasumovksy but his annuity was supposed to have freed him from the necessity to write to commission or with an eye to publication. Perhaps this was the problem– the freedom to compose what he liked when he liked may have had the effect of removing the external impetus -a concert or commission- he needed to complete works in progress. He also seems to have gone through what would now be termed a mid-life crisis during this period. The Tagebuch (Diary) in which he began to record his thoughts together with other private writings show him suffering bouts of intense depression, torment and self-doubt at this period. He was still frustrated by his solitary and

unmarried existence and certain cryptic references in his diaries and letters have prompted speculation that he may have visited prostitutes and suffered bouts of self-disgust as a consequence. However the references are ambiguous and it is difficult to disentangle what he might have contemplated doing from what he may actually have done.

In 1815 he took on a challenge that was to occupy him for the next five years to the exclusion of virtually everything else. In November of that year, his brother Carl died after a long illness leaving a widow Johanna and a nine year old son. Johanna has been pregnant at the time of her marriage in 1806 and although Beethoven's reaction to their relationship is not recorded, his general views on personal morality and sexual irregularity suggests that he would have considered Johanna an unsuitable partner for Carl. His reaction in 1812 to the news that his other brother Johann had formed a liaison with his housekeeper had been extreme. He travelled to Linz where Johann lived and did his best to break up the relationship by all means at his disposal including attempting to have the woman, Therese Obermeyer, arrested by the authorities for immorality. His interference has had the opposite effect to what he intended as Johann promptly married her. Carl had signed a declaration a few years before that Beethoven should be sole guardian of his son Karl in event of his death but on his deathbed, he changed his mind and appointed Beethoven and Johanna in his will as co-guardians of the boy. This set in motion a bizarre train of events which could have done nothing to ease the dying man's final hours. When Beethoven found out about this change of circumstances, he persuaded Carl to reinstate him as sole guardian but during his absence from Carl's bedside, Johanna then prevailed upon her husband to add a codicil to the will restoring her right to at least a share in Karl's upbringing. When Beethoven learned of its existence, he went off to recover it from the lawyer so it could be revoked before Carl's rapidly approaching death and may even have been absent on this quest when Carl died. Beethoven immediately embarked on what turned into a protracted legal battle to gain sole guardianship of his nephew. At all times during this unedifying affair Beethoven maintained that he was acting in the best interest of the child, and considered that it was his sacred duty to ensure that he and not Joanna was to have responsibility for the boy's upbringing. His attitude to Johanna which veers between vicious attacks on her character and expressions of regret at her position and concern for her welfare, shows him to have become almost unbalanced in pursuit of his goal. He even persuaded himself at one point that she had been in some way responsible for her husband's death. Johanna was cast in the role of "the Queen of the Night", whose child had been removed (although kidnapped would not be too strong a word) by the wise and enlightened Sarastro (Beethoven of course) to prevent her from being corrupted by her mother's baser nature. The ambiguities in Mozart's and Schikaneder's opera - Pamina is after all-in most immediate danger from Monostatos, a member of Sarastro's entourage - can be explained if necessary (although it is not) by that

the fact that it is a fairy tale. The real-life battle between Beethoven and Johanna over Karl became a long drawn-out nightmare for all concerned and a source of gossip and scandal in Vienna. Beethoven immediately petitioned the Landsrechte (the court which had jurisdiction in cases involving the nobility) to have Johanna removed as coguardian. His case rested partly on legal arguments: the codicil had been signed under coercion, and had been illegally removed to prevent the possibility of its revocation. But what he was really concerned to establish was that Johanna was unfit to act as guardian to her son and he took steps to unearth details of her involvement some years previously in an embezzlement, which had almost led to her receiving a prison sentence. The court found in his favour in February 1816 and Beethoven lost no time in removing Karl from his mother and placing him in a boarding school where she was permitted see him at regular but infrequent intervals and always at Beethoven's discretion. Johanna petitioned to have her rights as restored and the arguments between the two rivals descended into personal attacks. Beethoven levelled accusations of dishonesty and immorality against Johanna – he more or less accused her of prostituting herself at the Artist Ball - and Johanna responded that Beethoven's ill health, deafness and bachelor status disqualified him from being able to provide adequate care for the child. Each insinuated that the other's treatment of the child was in some way abusive. Karl was moved from one educational establishment to another and when he ran away to his mother was forcibly removed by the police. Eventually the Landsrechte -possibly with some relief- took the opportunity to disengage itself from the case after Beethoven had accidentally let it slip that he was not in fact a member of the nobility. Although Beethoven had never actually claimed he was of noble birth he had never taken the trouble to contradict those who assumed this was the case. Beethoven's name was of Flemish origin and so the "van" simply indicated the family's rural origins (in this case probably the "beet field" - beethofen) and had none of the connotations inherent in the German "von". It was therefore a source of humiliation to him when the case was demoted to a lower court. It was also a blow to his hopes as the Magistrate Court which was now in charge of the matter, was much less inclined to look with sympathy upon his case and revoked his guardianship. He sought a final adjudication from the Court of Appeal and, in the draft memorandum he compiled for it he lists Johanna's shortcomings as a mother and an individual at some length - she is "as stupid as she is depraved"- accuses the Magistrates Court of deluded prejudice against him and hints at an improper association between its members and Johanna. Only as an afterthought does he set out the advantages to Karl of being in his care. He took care to mention his close relationship with Archduke Rudolph and nominated Karl Peters, tutor to Prince Lobkowitz's children to act as his co-guardian and it was probably these factors that swayed the court into finally confirming Beethoven as Karl's guardian in 1820. This protracted and bitter dispute shows little of the best and a great deal of the worst of Beethoven character. He

believed that it was his “sacred duty” to care for his nephew and was prepared to fulfil that duty however much pain and suffering it brought him. He also genuinely considered that it was in the best interests of the boy to be removed from his mother’s influence. Yet although Johanna was by no means a moral paragon, his character assassination of her and his total disregard for her rights and feelings as a mother is inexcusable (even when judged by the standards of the day).

Despite most of his time and energy being consumed by family matters, Beethoven managed to complete the Hammerklavier sonata (Op.106) in 1818, the first major work in terms of scope and originality which he had written in six years and which ushered in the great works of his ‘late period’ – the Missa Solemnis, the Diabelli Variations, the Op.111 Sonata and the five quartets. Rudolph’s appointment as Archbishop of Olmutz in 1819 had prompted Beethoven begin work on a mass to be performed at his enthronement ceremony, which was due to take place in March 1820. He had little over a year in which to complete it and Rudolph probably did not seriously expect it to be ready for the ceremony. In the end he received his presentation copy of the score in March 1823, three years after the occasion on which it should have been performed. Beethoven soon realised himself that he had no realistic chance of completing it on time and turned his attention to other works. Karl’s education and support were becoming a considerable drain on his resources and he began the rapid production of smaller pieces for immediate publication. To provide for Karl’s’ long term future he had invested his savings in bank shares to a total value of 10.000 florins and so his immediate need for money was acute. He began to revise old and previously unpublished works for sale and entered into complicated negotiations with his publishers over rights in the still incomplete mass. His dealings in this matter show him in a not entirely favourable light as he offered the rights in it to a succession of publishers increasing the price on each occasion. To squeeze the last drop of potential income from the work he offered deluxe manuscript copies of the score for fifty ducats and spent a considerable amount of time and effort canvassing subscriptions for and preparing this special edition (all of which took time which might otherwise have been spent composing). Beethoven’s late works may be among the greatest and most profound works of art but they were brought into existence as much by the need to earn money as to satisfy a desire for creative expression and in November 1822 he received two commissions which were to provide the last masterpieces. In 1817 he had accepted an invitation from the Philharmonic Society of London to produce two new symphonies for performance in his presence or under his direction in London the following year. However he managed to make little headway on them before it was obvious that neither would be completed in time for the 1818 season. Illness and the continuing legal tussle over Karl affair no doubt prevented him from concentrating fully on them but it is possible that the restoration of his annuity to more or less its full value at around the same time may also have played a part in his failure to complete them, by

removing the financial necessity for him to do so. Five years later the situation was different and the firm offer of £50 from the Philharmonic Society for a new symphony had the desired effect. The idea of incorporating voices into an orchestral work had been on his mind since the experiment of the Choral Fantasia of 1808 and he incorporated this concept into the new symphony for London, choosing as his text Schiller’s Ode to Joy a poem, which he had first contemplated setting in 1793. Work on the symphony was interrupted by further bouts of illness and the possibility of a collaboration on another opera with the poet Franz Grillparzer, but by February 1824 it was finally ready for performance. Dissatisfied with the recent reception of his music in Vienna, he let it be known that he was considering holding the premiere of his new work in Berlin where he felt it might be better appreciated. This had the effect of galvanising Viennese music lovers into presenting a gratifyingly flattering petition in which they urged him to reconsider. Preparations for the Grand Concert at which the Ninth Symphony was to be performed along with the overture “Die Weihe des Hauses” (The Consecration of the House), and the Missa Solemnis, did not run smoothly. The religious authorities objected to the performance of sacred music in a theatre and eventually only the Kyrie, Credo and Agnus Dei were played under the guise of “Latin hymns”, thus depriving Beethoven of the chance to hear a performance of his great mass in its entirety. Two of the soloists had to be replaced because they were unable to sing their parts and bureaucratic difficulties over the venue and date meant that the concert was in doubt until the last moment. Beethoven as ever suspected a conspiracy against him and his feelings are summed up in a series of curt notes he sent to his friends just before the scheduled date. That to Count Moritz Lichnowsky (brother of his old patron) reads in its entirety: “I despise treacheries. Do not visit me again. Concert not taking place.” Eventually all obstacles were surmounted and on 7th May 1824 the concert was held in the Royal Imperial Court Theatre before a packed house. Beethoven by this stage was too deaf to direct but he took up a position beside the conductor so he could set the tempo for each movement. This meant that he had his back to the audience and gave rise to the famous and moving scene on the reception of the Ninth Symphony in which the soprano, Caroline Unger, tugged gently at his sleeve to attract his attention before turning him round so he could at least see the wildly applauding audience he was unable to hear. This event undoubtedly happened but it is not certain whether it took place at the end of the symphony or after the second movement Scherzo which was also applauded with calls for a repetition. If the latter, it is possible that Beethoven was aware of the audience reaction (his deafness was never total) but did not wish to interrupt the work’s progress by acknowledging it at that point. The concert was a critical and popular success but a financial disaster – the high costs of mounting it had eaten heavily into the profits and Beethoven suspected he had been cheated. He vented his anger on his friends who had been involved in the arrangements and several of them walked out of the dinner which had been organised to celebrate the event.

A repeat performance was put on a few weeks later in a larger venue and with a slightly altered programme but proved even more disastrous in financial terms without the compensatory popular success enjoyed by the previous concert. A combination of high ticket prices and the fact that many people had already left for the country meant that on the last occasion Beethoven's works were played in public during his lifetime it was to a half-empty house.

The other commission he received in November 1822 was from Prince Nikolas Galitzin for a set of up to three string quartets, a medium into which Beethoven had not ventured since the isolated Op.97 "Quartett Serioso" of 1810. Earlier that year, he had offered a quartet to one of his publishers but this suggestion was not taken up and since Beethoven seldom composed simply for the sake of it, he put aside the sketches on which he had been working. But Galitzin's commission and the fee of fifty ducats per quartet prompted him to return to them (had Galitzin decided to commission a symphony instead then Beethoven's Tenth may well have replaced the five last quartets as his final masterpiece!). The completion and publication of the *Missa Solemnis* and Ninth Symphony prevented him from turning his full attention to the quartets until 1824 but once he got into his stride, he found that the facility had returned. In addition to the three quartets for Galitzin, he wrote two others in part to satisfy his publishers with whom as with the *Missa Solemnis*, he had indulged in some questionable negotiating strategies. Those who believe that the sublimity of the late quartets could only be the product of a consciousness remote from all worldly considerations should read Beethoven's correspondence with his publishers on the subject. Two of the quartets contain rare allusions to the external world. The slow movement of the Op.132 C minor is entitled "Sacred song of thanks from a Convalescent to the Godhead, in the Lydian Mode" and has obvious connections with his recovery from the serious illness he had suffered in the spring of 1825 during its composition. The references in the Op.135 quartet in F are more enigmatic. The final movement bears the heading "Der schwer gefasste Entschluss" (The Very Difficult Decision) and against the opening musical phrases are written the words "Muss es sein? Es muss sein!" (Must it be? It must be!). This recalls the opening bars of the *Lebewohl Sonata* but in that case, Beethoven's intent is clear. Whether it embodied a profound statement on the inexorability of destiny or was simply one of Beethoven's jokes has been the subject of much speculation. Moritz Schlesinger, who published Op.135 after Beethoven's death, claimed that Beethoven had confessed enormous difficulty in completing the quartet, with the question and answer reflecting the resolution of his inner struggles. But although this quartet was, in fact, Beethoven's last completed work, he had no idea of this at the time and Schlesinger's story seems designed to lend gravity and significance to this fact after the event. An alternative and more down-to-earth explanation is that it relates to an incident in which an official called Ignaz Dembscher wished to arrange a private performance of one of the earlier quartets (Op.130) at his own house but without

having paid to attend the official premiere of the work. Beethoven's response to Dembscher's reluctance to pay a fee, was to compose a canon on the words "Es muss sein!" on the relevant notes of the quartet. Whether this incident gave him the idea to open the quartet's finale with a musical question and answer or the canon was derived from music he had already sketched for it, this story suggests that, whatever the interpretation placed on the final movement's opening bars, his intention was not entirely serious. Beethoven did however experience great emotional trauma during the period of its composition. His relations with Karl who was now nineteen and attending university had become increasingly strained. They argued a great deal over matters that divide all fathers and adolescent sons -the need to work harder, to spend less money, to break off with unsuitable friends, to choose a suitable career- and although Beethoven as always had Karl's best interests at heart, his approach to these issues was somewhat overbearing. Karl eventually found himself unable to cope and in a melodramatic gesture attempted suicide. In all probability he never intended actually to kill himself – he tried twice to shoot himself in the head but missed completely with the first shot and received a superficial wound in the temple from the second. Naturally the incident had a devastating effect on Beethoven but it is impossible to guess so from the music of Op.135 and this highlights the extent to which he was able to separate the events of his personal life from his music.

These upheavals in his personal life did not interrupt his work and in addition to the Op.135 quartet, he undertook a four-hand piano version of the final movement of the Op.130 B flat quartet, which had been published at the beginning of the year. Piano arrangements of quartets were becoming popular as a way of making them more accessible to a wider audience, but when his publisher asked Beethoven for an arrangement of the massive fugue with which the Op.130 quartet ends, he declined. He had no objection to this being done by someone else but once he saw the results, he changed his mind and decided to undertake the task himself. This movement had been the subject of controversy since the first performance of the quartet in March 1826. Its massive length -it is as long as many entire quartets- and the density and complexity of the fugal ideas led some to dismiss it as the confused product of a composer no longer able to gauge the effect of what he could not hear. Beethoven was equally dismissive of such views, referring to those who had failed to appreciate his great fugue as asses and cattle. However he seems to have had second thoughts on the effectiveness of this movement as the conclusion to an already extremely long piece and when it was suggested to him that he might replace it with another movement he agreed with surprisingly little argument. Beethoven was always aware of the difficulty of some of his music and the effect it might have on players and audience. He had inserted a note in the published edition of the *Eroica Symphony* recommending that because of its length it should be played towards the beginning of a concert programme when the audience was fresh and he

sanctioned the publication of the massive Hammerklavier Sonata in various truncated versions to make it more accessible. He often is reported as saying of certain of his works that they would be appreciated only by future ages. This was not to imply that he was wilfully writing beyond the comprehension of his audience – he was simply acknowledging that the originality of his works would be hard to grasp immediately. He would not compromise his artistic principles either by writing “easy” music, unless this was the object of the exercise, or to render a piece more appropriate for its circumstances (as was probably the case with the early cantatas and the Mass in C). But he was concerned that his music should have an audience and his decision to write a new movement for the Op.130 quartet shows that he was aware that this would increase the chance of that happening. The original finale movement took on an independent existence as the Op.133 Grosse Fuge. The modern practice of restoring the Grosse Fuge to its place as the concluding movement of Op.130, although in line with Beethoven original conception does run contrary to his final intentions. Beethoven, unlike for example Bruckner who was all too easily persuaded to make changes to his music against his better judgement, rarely did anything he did not wish to do, so the second less magisterial finale must be taken as his final word on the quartet.

At the end of the summer of 1826 Karl was discharged from hospital and was making plans to join the army, a choice of career about which Beethoven had strong reservations but now felt unable to oppose. In an attempt to assist his recuperation, Beethoven took him to visit his brother Johann and his wife. They lived on a country estate at Gneixendorf some distance from Vienna which Johann had bought with the proceeds of the sale of his pharmacy business in Linz. He had originally purchased the business in 1808, with the help of a loan from his brother but recently the position had been reversed and Beethoven had been in debt to Johann, a source of considerable friction between them. Beethoven found his brother’s pretensions amusing and when Johann signed himself “Johann van Beethoven Landowner”, he is supposed to have responded by signing himself “Ludwig van Beethoven Brainowner”.

This family reunion was not without its tensions but this did not prevent Beethoven composing the replacement movement for Op.130 and making a start on a String Quintet. However as winter approached Beethoven felt the need to return to Vienna and rejecting the offer of permanent board and lodging with his brother (not an altruistic gesture on Johann’s part as he proposed charging him 40 florins a month) Beethoven and Karl set out on 1st December. They travelled in an open carriage (it is uncertain as to whether this was all Johann would provide) and spent the night in an unheated inn with the result that Beethoven arrived back in Vienna suffering from a feverish chill. There were critical delays in providing him with medical attention, Karl was slow to realise the seriousness of his uncle’s condition and Beethoven’s usual doctors were unavailable - one refused to attend because Beethoven had been

extremely rude to him on his last visit. By the time he was finally seen by a doctor on 5th December he was suffering from pneumonia and although he rallied briefly he soon suffered a relapse. The onset of jaundice and dropsy, both symptomatic of a failing liver, was the beginning of the end. During his last miserable months he showed a calm stoicism and equanimity rarely before displayed in his tempestuous and temperamental life. On four occasions the fluid accumulating in his body had to be drained from an incision in his abdomen, a painful operation without anaesthetic but which seemed to give him some relief. One of his doctors Giovanni Malfatti, uncle of his old love Therese, prescribed iced punch and although alcohol was the last thing he should have been taking in his condition, this eased his pain. Beethoven sent a request to one of his publishers, Schott of Mainz, for some of his favourite Moselle wine which unfortunately arrived just before his death, prompting his last recorded words: “Pity, pity. Too late.” His final weeks were cheered by the a gift of the complete works of Handel, his favourite composer, which he studied while his strength remained. He still made plans for new compositions, including a requiem and a work on Goethe’s Faust, and promised a new symphony “already sketched” to the Philharmonic Society which on learning of his condition had sent him £100. Karl had left to join the army in early January and did not see his uncle again but Stephan von Breuning was a frequent visitor with his thirteen year old son Gerard who has left a touching account of Beethoven’s last days. As the end drew near, he was persuaded to take the last sacraments although this was probably more to please those around him than for his own solace. Beethoven had a strong and enduring faith in a personal God but was never an adherent of organised religious practice. One of his final lucid comments was: “Plaudite amici, comoedia finita est” (Applaud, my friends, for the comedy is over). On 24th March he sank into a coma which lasted two days. On the afternoon of 26th March, a violent thunderstorm struck Vienna and at 5.45 pm there was a sudden flash of lightning and peal of thunder. Beethoven opened his eyes (thus proving that even at the end some hearing was left to him) raised his arm with fist clenched and died. It was exactly forty nine years to the day and the hour since he made his public debut as a musician on the concert platform in Cologne.

The autopsy revealed the cause of death to be complications arising from liver and kidney failure. The doctors sawed the temporal bones which contained the inner and outer-ear structures, out of his skull and had these been preserved to modern times they might just have provided a clue as to the cause of his deafness. However these precious relics soon disappeared from view and supposedly ended up in London where in a rather unlikely twist of fate they were destroyed in a German air raid during the Second World War. It was common practice to remove a lock of hair from the departed to keep as memento but Beethoven’s corpse became the object of overenthusiastic souvenir hunters and was virtually shorn before the coffin was finally closed. Some of the surviving strands of hairs have been subjected to analysis which shows that he definitely did

not suffer from syphilis (a common conjecture as a contributory factor to his deafness). This analysis did, however, reveal there had been high concentration of lead in his system from his early years giving rise to speculation that his violent mood swings throughout his life may have been the result of its progressively toxic effect. At his funeral on 29th March 1827 an estimated twenty thousand people -ten percent of the population of Vienna at the time- watched the coffin (with Schubert as one of the torchbearers) progress from his final lodging, the Schwarzschanerhaus to the Währing cemetery where a funeral oration by Grillparzer was read. While paying tribute to his extraordinary gifts as a creative artist, Grillparzer also reminded his listeners of Beethoven's humanity, with all its attended foibles, frailties and eccentricities:

"He was an artist but he was also a man a human being in the most perfect sense of the word. Because he withdrew from the world, they called him hostile and because he shunned sentimentality, unfeeling. No! One who knows himself to be firm does not flee. He who is oversensitive avoids the display of feeling. If he fled from the world it was because in the depths of his loving nature he found no weapon against it. If he withdrew from mankind, it was because he had given his all and received nothing in return. He remained alone because he found no second self. Yet until death he preserved a human heart for all humanity; a fatherly affection for his kin and his possessions and lifeblood for the whole world. Thus he was and thus he died and thus will he live for all time."

II. OPUS NUMBERS

Beethoven was one of the first composers to assign Opus numbers to his works chronologically, beginning in 1795 with the Op.1 Piano Trios.

There are a total of 138 works bearing an opus number, almost all applied by Beethoven himself on publication (apart from the final three which were published posthumously). Occasionally two works were accidentally given the same number, as in the case of the Piano Sonata in E flat (Das Lebewohl) and the Sextet in E flat, both of which were issued at the same time by different publishers as Op.81 and are consequently now referred to as Op.81a and Op.81b respectively. It is not however always possible to place a composition in the chronological sequence of Beethoven's works simply by its opus number as several were published long after he had written them. There are also many works to which he gave no opus number and Georg Kinsky and Hans Halm provided these with a WoO number (Werke ohne Opuszahl – works without opus number) when they compiled the first complete catalogue of Beethoven's works which was published in 1955.

III. THE SYMPHONIES

SYMPHONY NO.1 IN C MAJOR OP.21

Beethoven began sketching what was to become his Symphony No.1 in C major, Op.21, in 1795 but although he made extensive sketches of its first three movements, he was unable to find a satisfactory way to conclude it. However some time in 1799, he decided that a simple ascending scale motif, which he had sketched for use in the opening movement, was the ideal starting point for the finale and, although he had to revise the previous movements in the light of this change, he now managed to complete the work quickly. The ascending scale can in fact be heard very softly in the strings at the beginning of symphony, then at the transition from the introduction to the *Allegro con brio* section and once again at the beginning of the third movement. The second movement *Andante* is really a minuet in disguise and the third movement, although called a *Minuet*, is really a scherzo, whose tempo marking *Allegro molto e vivace*, gives the game away immediately.

The *finale*, in which the ascending scale now takes on a prominent role, begins with a joke and one 19th century conductor, fearing that the audience might laugh at it, chose to omit the opening bars. After a dramatic chord, as if in preface to some grand statement, the music picks its way with comic hesitancy up the scale, finally making it to the top on the sixth attempt. Once launched, the movement continues with Haydnesque good humour and ends with martial flourishes among which the ascending scales continue to play. The woodwind's prominent role throughout the symphony, established in the opening chords of the first movement, did not meet with the approval of an early reviewer who commented, rather dismissively, that it made the piece sound like music for wind band.

SYMPHONY NO.2 IN D MAJOR OP.36

Beethoven had probably completed the Symphony No.2 in D major Op.36 by April 1802, before his departure for Heiligenstadt where he was to confront and overcome a near suicidal depression over his worsening deafness. This work however shows no signs of any inner turmoil and its confident vigour confirms Beethoven's assertion that his "defect" affected him least when he was playing and composing.

Unlike its predecessor, in Beethoven took his time in establishing the home key, the symphony opens with a unison statement in the "correct" key with trumpets and timpani introducing a martial atmosphere. During the long *Adagio* introduction, the music slips into D minor in a descending figure, underscored by the timpani, that recurs throughout the movement and is a pre-echo of the opening theme of the Ninth Symphony. The energetic passages of the first section of the *Allegro* are followed by a more lyrical theme, reminiscent of a revolutionary song. The movement ends with a massive coda, twice as long as the development section, to which fanfares in the brass and surging unison strings provide a heroic conclusion. The *Larghetto* is characterised by its gentle and sustained melody from which trumpets and

drums are banished although the horns make a restrained appearance. A slight increase in tension at the movement's midpoint is quickly released by the return of the main melody and it ends on a distinctly pastoral note. The *Scherzo*, which now admits its identity as such, is built around a three note figure tossed vigorously around the orchestra and is characterised by abrupt and unexpected dynamic contrasts. The *Trio* section includes another of Beethoven's jokes, as the strings emphatic statements in the "wrong" key of F sharp are brusquely corrected by the brass and timpani. The *Finale* however opens with flourishes in F sharp, justifying its intrusion into the *Trio*, after which the two themes around which the movement is based are quickly introduced. As the movement moves confidently to its conclusion, it is briefly halted by a massive chord in F sharp (again) but ends with the reassertion of the opening flourishes now established firmly in D major.

SYMPHONY NO.3 IN E FLAT MAJOR OP.55 EROICA

The Symphony No.3 in E flat major Op.55 dispenses with the introductory material that prefaced the opening movements of the first two symphonies and gets right to the point. The opening chords, which were introduced at a late stage in the work's development, introduce an arpeggio figure in the cellos which together with a descending three note figure and repeated violin notes, provide the thematic foundation upon which the movement is constructed. The resemblance of the opening bars to those of the overture to Mozart's youthful opera "Bastien und Bastienne" has been remarked upon but as Beethoven probably did not know that work, it is possible that both composers drew the theme from a collection of German dance music. During the opening bars, the music strays momentarily and unsettlingly into C sharp major, a long-range preparation for the reappearance of this key at the beginning of the recapitulation. The enormous length of the development section, which is made to seem even longer if the exposition repeat is omitted, and the introduction of what appears to be a new theme in the remote key of E minor, have a cumulatively disorienting effect. Then, just when the hovering violins appear to be paving the way for the restatement of the opening theme at the recapitulation, the second horn makes an apparently premature entry, producing a momentary harmonic clash. Beethoven was suitably scathing when his friend and pupil Ferdinand Ries assumed the horn had made an incorrect entry and how he would have reacted to the adjustments made by 19th century conductors, including Wagner (who should have known better) to smooth out this carefully planned discord is better left unrecorded. In keeping with the massive architecture of this movement, the coda is an almost unprecedented 150 bars long in its build up to the heroic climax.

The *Funeral March* is characterised by the bold use of orchestral colour with rumbling double basses suggesting muffled drums and triplets on the lower strings the drum beats which set the slow pulse of the funeral march. The dark C minor of the march moves into a brighter section in C major with a plaintive oboe

introducing heroic fanfares. The march is interrupted by a fugato passage at whose conclusion it comes to a halt in a thunderous outburst in full orchestra, before resuming its relentless onward tread. Finally, under an oscillating figure in the strings, it seems to disappear into the distance as the music fragments and finally dies away into nothing. The pianissimo opening of the *Scherzo* emerges naturally from the closing silences of the *Funeral March*. The *Trio* section features an unusual trio of horns whose E flat major hunting calls recall the opening theme of the symphony.

The absence of any sketches for the final movement imply that Beethoven had always intended to build it around a theme taken from his ballet "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus" (The Creatures of Prometheus) of 1801, which he had also previously used in a set of Contredanses WoO14 and the Op.35 Variations for Piano. After a brief orchestral outburst, recalling the storm music with which the Prometheus ballet opened, the strings and the woodwind pick out the skeletal bass line to the Prometheus theme, punctuated by interjections from the orchestra, forceful and muted in turn. After two sets of variations, the second with triplet accompaniment, the full theme is finally introduced. After a series of treatments including a fugue and a march, it is given in a massively purposeful statement in full orchestra. The music of the *Funeral March* is briefly recalled but after a few bars of irresolution, the movement's opening statement returns, this time leading to a suitably triumphant conclusion.

SYMPHONY NO.4 IN B FLAT OP.60

The Symphony No.4 in B flat, Op.60, is often considered slightly lightweight in comparison to its predecessor and successor - Schumann characterised it as a "slender Greek maiden between two Norse giants" - and although the work requires the smallest orchestra of all of the symphonies, it is by no means a small-scale work. The symphony opens with a mysterious minor key passage in which the music unfolds slowly over a long held B flat. The strings and woodwind wander in an apparently uncertain fashion until suddenly and without warning, the movement takes off in vigorous upward scales. The first and second themes are in fact derived from the music of the introduction material where they appeared in slowed-down and disjointed form. Beethoven cleverly manages the transition from the development to the recapitulation by introducing a prolonged roll on one of the timpani, tuned to B flat, which eventually guides the swooping strings back to the home key. The movement ends with a coda which is as short as that of its predecessor was long. The *Adagio* is a fusion of opposites - a long slow melodic line played over restless and edgy note patterns and surging arpeggios which run like eddies and undercurrents beneath a placid river occasionally breaking through its smooth surface. In the middle section, there is a brief outbreak of turbulence in the forceful minor descending passages after which the music meanders back via the woodwind to the main theme, flowing on without further intrusions to a serene close. Beethoven placed increasing importance on the

third movement of a four movement work, seeing it as something more than a short and light weight prelude to the finale, and in the *Allegro vivace* of this symphony, he indicated that each section should be repeated (although the third appearance of the scherzo after the repetition of the trio is truncated). The finale is a vigorous exercise in perpetual motion in which strings and woodwind duel over the bustling theme with the bassoon given a particularly exposed passage at the beginning of the recapitulation. The symphony ends, as it has begun, with a slow motion replay of the movement's opening theme before the bassoon, cellos and basses tumble down the scale to the final chord.

SYMPHONY NO.5 IN C MINOR OP.67

The Symphony No.5 in C minor, Op.67, opens the most recognisable four notes in music. There are differing reports of the origins of the simple motif which dominates the movement and is omnipresent in the symphony. Schindler claimed that it represented "Fate knocking at the door" but Czerny maintains that it derived from the call of the yellowhammer. Whatever its source or inspiration, the motif was present in the first sketches of the Trio which Beethoven made in 1804. From its opening bars, the movement maintains a relentless energy and drive even in the more lyrical second theme, beneath which the four note motif maintains its presence. The tension is broken momentarily by the poignant introduction of the solo oboe which is soon swept away as the movement ends in obsessive repetitions of the motif. The long melodic opening of the second movement *Andante con moto* seems to have broken the motif's domination of the work, but it soon reappears, at half speed, in the clarinets and then in a bolder statement in the brass. The mysterious opening of the *Scherzo* is related to that Mozart's Symphony No.40 (K550) which Beethoven had noted down alongside the sketches for this movement. This gives way to a fortissimo statement in the horns of a striding theme which obviously derived from the motif. A contrasting *Trio* section on a bustling fugato in cello and basses does not however lead back to the expected repetition of the opening themes. Beethoven's original intention was for each section of this movement to be repeated, as in the Symphony No.4, but he changed his mind during rehearsals for the symphony's premiere at the massive concert of December 1808. Although his immediate consideration may have been to reduce the running time of an extremely lengthy programme, he later confirmed this decision in his instructions to the publishers and the Trio section is followed by a pared-down version of the second theme in pizzicato. The transition to the *finale* which continues from the Scherzo without a break is managed in a dramatic fashion. The timpani tap out the motif under a long held note on strings as the violins wander upwards in a slow crescendo until the tension is broken by the emergence of the C major *Allegro* in which trombones and piccolos are used for the first time in a symphony. The triumphal progress of the movement is interrupted by a reprise of the ominous second theme from the *Scherzo*, which imports the motif into the last movement as well, but

the optimistic mood is restored in the *Presto* final section in which C major is emphatically and loudly confirmed.

SYMPHONY NO.6 IN F OP.68 "PASTORAL"

The idea of writing a symphony embodying his love of the countryside had been with Beethoven since 1803 but it was only in 1808, with the drama and intensity of the Symphony No.5 behind him, that he turned his attention to a more relaxed work on this theme. His intention had been to write an evocative "Sinfonia Characteristica" rather than programmatic work and noted that "every kind of painting loses by being carried too far in instrumental music". However despite the fact that he apparently wanted the listener to be able "to discover the situations for himself", he supplied generous hints by calling his Symphony No.6 in F, Op.68, "Recollections of Life in the Country" as well as adding descriptive titles to each of the five movements in the programme notes for the first performance. "Awakenings of happy feelings on arriving in the countryside" sets the scene in an expansive lyrical melody over the rustic drone and never strays far from the major keys. "Scene by a Brook" maintains the air of tranquillity in an appropriately flowing melody and the coda introduces various bird calls - the nightingale, cuckoo, and quail, whose identities Beethoven wrote into the score so that there should be no doubt about his intentions.

The last three movements run continuously both musically and programmatically. In the *Scherzo*, "Merry gathering of country people", the air of general bustle is interrupted by the tuning-up of a not very competent village band which is the signal for a the outbreak of a wild stamping dance. The final appearance of the scherzo theme is cut short by an ominous distant roll of thunder and the pizzicato patten of approaching rain. Beethoven may have cautioned against expressive instrumental painting but he conjures up a mighty tempest with the orchestra augmented by piccolo and trombones for the purpose. Once the storm has receded, a rising C major scale in the flute introduces the bucolic calls in clarinets and then horn out of which the serene melody embodying "Charitable thoughts combined with thanks to the Deity after the storm" arises.

SYMPHONY NO.7 IN A OP.92

After this "Pastoral Symphony", Beethoven set aside the symphonic medium to concentrate on keyboard and chamber works, but in 1811 he returned to it once more, and over the next two years composed his seventh and the eighth symphonies in rapid succession and also began sketching another work in D minor which had to wait a further twelve years for completion. The Symphony No.7 in A, Op.92, was first performed in the same programme as the "Battle Symphony" (Op.91) at a concert in aid of wounded soldiers in December 1813 where it enjoyed a tremendous success. The work is dominated by rhythm as Wagner's famous description of it as "the apotheosis of the dance" suggests. The

introductory section, the longest of all the symphonies, has the slightly vague tempo marking *poco sostenuto*, which is unusual for Beethoven who is usually precise in such instructions. The first theme, introduced across the orchestra between massive chords, is backed by purposeful ascending scales and, after a momentary lull in which for perhaps the only time in the symphony the sense of forward movement is dissipated, a syncopated figure arises in the woodwind whose rhythm supplies the dominant thematic idea for the movement. This initial contrast between light and shade is soon dispelled and the music drives on relentlessly to the end of the movement where the obsessive ostinato of the basses in the coda prompted Weber to speculate on whether Beethoven had gone mad.

The second movement *Allegretto* is based on a theme sketched several years previously for one of the Rasumovksy quartets and retains the A minor key of those sketches. This movement was very well received at the first performances when it was repeated and became so popular with early 19th-century audiences that it was often performed as a separate piece and occasionally inserted into performances of other Beethoven symphonies, notably the Second, as a replacement slow movement. It begins and ends with on a woodwind chord and comprises a simple set of variations on a hypnotic march-like theme which persists below the contrasting major key middle section. The *Presto* is built upon a long/short rhythmic pattern and the Trio section is probably based on an Austrian pilgrim's hymn. Beethoven indicates only a slightly reduced speed for the Trio (*assai meno presto*) but, in the absence of a genuine slow movement in the symphony, it is often taken at a much slower pace. The final movement *Vivace* has been described as a "triumph of Bacchic fury" and surpasses the first in the relentless energy of its pounding rhythms and swirling figures .

SYMPHONY NO.8 IN F OP.93

Beethoven completed the Symphony No.8 in F major, Op.93, in the autumn of 1812 in Linz while visiting his brother Johann in a misguided attempt to break up his relationship with his housekeeper, Therese Obermeyer (his interference actually had the opposite of its intended effect as it simply prompted Johann to marry her). This unpleasant family dispute and the emotional turmoil Beethoven himself had recently experienced during the episode of the "Immortal Beloved", has left no mark on the music of this good natured symphony.

The opening declamatory phrase is, unusually, not heard again until the development section, and the halting second theme is introduced after the music has become stalled, leaving the bassoon comically isolated. The ticking rhythm of the second movement *Allegretto* was once thought to have been based on the action of Johann Mälzel's prototype metronome but this anecdote had been shown to be an invention by Schindler who also fabricated the canon which Beethoven supposedly wrote for Mälzel using this movement's theme. The *Tempo di Menuetto* third movement is the only genuine minuet

among the symphonies, the so-called minuets of the first and fourth really being scherzi in disguise, and the *Trio* features a dialogue between horns and clarinet. The *final movement* ends with a long drawn out coda at the end of which Beethoven as if recognising that the three previous movements had ended inconclusively, hammers home the same chord 27 times.

SYMPHONY NO.9 IN D MINOR OP.125 "CHORAL"

The commission from the Royal Philharmonic Society of London for a new symphony in 1822 took Beethoven back to the D minor work which he had first conceived in 1812. He had worked on this symphony and another in which he planned to incorporate a choral movement during 1817 and 1818 after an earlier approach by the Philharmonic Society, and when he returned to the sketches, he decided to transfer the vocal element into the D minor work (although he also sketched a purely instrumental finale, whose main theme was later used in the Op.132 string quartet). Beethoven's original concept had been to write what he described as an *Adagio Cantique* - "a Pious song... in the old modes - Lord God we praise thee - allelujah" - but he decided instead to set extracts from Schiller's poem "An die Freude" which had long been a source of inspiration for him. He had first contemplated a setting in 1793 and on at least two subsequent occasions he sketched melodies for various parts of the poem, as well as inserting lines from it into the final chorus of Fidelio. He had already experimented with the combination of instrumental and vocal forces in an ostensibly orchestral work in the Choral Fantasia of 1808 and there is an obvious relationship between that work and the finale of the D minor symphony, both melodic and structural. Beethoven in fact explicitly associated the two works in describing the symphony to his publishers as "A new Grand Symphony in which solo and choral voices enter with the words of Schiller's immortal song "An die Freude" in the manner of my piano fantasy but on a much larger scale". The fragmentary descending fifths, which emerge from the mysterious tremolandos at the opening of the symphony return twice: at the end of the exposition, where unexpectedly there is no repeat - the only occasion in a the opening movement of a Beethoven symphony where this occurs (although there is a precedent in the Op.59 No.1 quartet) and at the start of the recapitulation, in the form of a massive fanfare in D major.

For the first time in a symphony, Beethoven reverses the expected order of the scherzo and slow movements (although he had already done so in the first Rasumovsky quartet and the Archduke Trio). The shock to the original audience when the orchestra launched into a *Molto vivace* movement would have been heightened by the startling effect when the timpani, tuned in octaves, burst into the third bar (the unusual use of the timpani throughout this movement prompted applause even while the music was in progress). The serenely contemplative *Adagio* is built on two contrasting themes which are treated to increasingly elaborate variations and includes a long passage for the fourth horn which takes advantage of the capacities of

the recently invented the valve horn. The *finale* has been characterised as a "symphony within a symphony" and can be broken down into four distinct sections which reflect the structure of the work as a whole: an introduction, a theme and variations; a scherzo (the "Turkish March"), an *Andante maestoso* (" Seid umschlagen Millionen") and a fugato *Allegro con brio* finale. After the harsh discords of the opening bars, an assertive recitative in the basses introduces and rejects themes from the previous three movements until finally subdued by the entry of the famous theme. This is stated first in unharmonized fashion in the cellos and basses and then in a series of variations with the progressive addition of the other instruments. Just as it seems to be on the brink of further orchestral development, it is interrupted by the opening discords which introduces the transition from the instrumental to the vocal. In a short recitative for baritone (whose words were written by Beethoven himself, the only occasion he is known to have done so) the preceding orchestral conception of the music is literally dismissed: "O Freunde nicht diese Töne" (Oh friends, not these sounds!) before the soloists and then the choir relaunch the theme, this time with Schiller's words affirming the sentiments of universal brotherhood that were so dear to Beethoven's heart.

IV. PIANO CONCERTOS

When the 22-year-old Ludwig van Beethoven left his native city of Bonn for Vienna in late 1792 -for the second time, incidentally, and this time to stay- he initially caused a furor as a virtuoso pianist of exceptional stature in the Austrian capital, regularly outplaying his opponents in promotional competitions. This caused a sensation and was also intimidating: "He isn't a man, he's the devil himself!" exclaimed Abbe Gelinek, one of the most celebrated masters of improvisation on the piano of the time, after being defeated by Beethoven at one of these contests. "Satan is in that young man," said another. "I have never heard anyone play like that.. not even Mozart. He produces music of difficulty and drama on the piano the like of which we have never dared dream."

The account by Carl Czerny, a pupil of Beethoven's, has become famous: when Beethoven played the piano, "there was not a dry eye in the audience, while many burst into tears; for there was something wonderful in his expression, quite apart from the beauty and originality of his ideas." And it was precisely this wonderful expressiveness with which Beethoven's piano concertos marked the turn of the nineteenth century and heralded a new era of the piano concerto. Some of Beethoven's contemporaries reacted to these new sounds with consternation, but at the same time were almost beside themselves: they admired the eccentricity and effusiveness of the composer's playing and were overwhelmed by the as yet unprecedented "violence" in changes of key in his music. This kind of performance, this kind of music no longer found fulfilment merely in

terms of beauty and originality; beyond this, it also expressed a message.

Although he was one of the foremost keyboard players of his day, Beethoven wrote surprisingly few concertos for the piano even before his increasing deafness prompted a withdrawal from the concert platform. In addition to his five mature works there is an early concerto dating from around 1783 which survives in a copyist's score (found among Beethoven's papers after his death) containing the full piano part and a reduction of the orchestral tutti with the instrumental forces marked (enabling a speculative reconstruction of the work to be carried out by Hess in 1961). It follows the conventional three movement structure of a sonata-form allegro, slow movement (Larghetto) and Rondo and shows some characteristic features of Beethoven's later style. The numbering of the first two mature piano concerti, No.1 in C major (Op.15) and No.2 in B flat major (Op.19), reflects the order of their publication rather than their composition. The first version of a B Flat concerto dates from around 1790 and although nothing survives of this work beyond a single detached page from a full score, its thematic material shows it to be prototype version of the work as it is known today. Beethoven made substantial revisions to it in 1793 after he had arrived in Vienna and sketches of a cadenza for this version suggest that it was performed at this time. He rewrote it substantially over the following years, revising the Adagio and replacing the Finale with an entirely new movement (the earlier one survives as the Rondo in B flat major WoO6) while at the same time working on a new concerto in C major. It was probably this latter work which he performed at his public debut in Vienna in 1796 since it was advertised as "entirely new". The surviving autograph orchestral score of the B flat concerto dates from 1798 when Beethoven revised it once again for a concert in Prague and a new score of the C Major work was made in 1800 probably on the occasion of his first public concert (although it is not known for certain which work he played on that occasion). Later that year Beethoven published the C major concerto as Op.15 with the B flat work following it into print in 1801 thus fixing their numbering in the wrong order. Beethoven only wrote out the piano part for the B flat concerto for its publication as he would have played it from memory in performance and he took this opportunity to make further modifications to the first movement (the earliest part to be composed) on the 1798 full score. However as it proved too difficult to transfer these amendments to the already existing individual orchestral parts, the work was published without them and so the B flat concerto as it is known today is a mosaic of the different stages of its development over a ten year period.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.1 IN C OP.15

Beethoven played the C major concerto the first version of this work, to be precise - at his first public performance at the Academy concert given by Vienna's Society of Musical Artists (Tonkünstler-Societat) on March 26, 1795. According to contemporary reports, the

last movement was completed only two days before the concert, leaving practically no time for rehearsals. Moreover, it transpired immediately before the concert that the piano had been tuned a semitone too low. Beethoven, however, did not allow this to interfere with his performance: instead of C major he played his part a semitone higher, in C sharp major. Researchers assume that Beethoven revised the work several times in the following years. He repeatedly performed the piece at concerts in Berlin, Bratislava and Budapest, and also played it at a charity concert in Vienna in December 1796. He had the composition published as Op.15 in March 1801 - nine months before the B flat concerto; this is why it bears the number one.

The first movement, Allegro con brio, again begins with an extended orchestral introduction featuring a brilliant, march-like theme reminiscent of the "military" concerto, a popular genre of the day. However, while trumpets and horns play an important role in this movement, its cheerful, youthfully fresh mood is entirely in the Mozartian tradition. The energetic, virtuoso writing of the solo part, with its extravert accents, certainly heralds a new world of musical expression.

The slow middle movement, a Largo, is written in the gentle key of A flat major. It is a movement whose intimacy is almost reminiscent of a chamber composition; the wind section has been reduced to two clarinets, two bassoons and two horns; the first clarinet comes to the fore as a solo voice several times. In formal terms, the movement is again divided into two sections, followed by an extended coda whose lugubrious minor harmonies already seem to anticipate the music of Romanticism. The solo piano opens the final movement in a whispering piano, "leggermente", but with an amiscievous sense of humour - a sparkling Allegro scherzando, with orchestral tutti full of powerful vitality and bold impetuosity. Three main thematic ideas succeed one another, beginning with a jocular theme featuring thirds, followed by a popular melody; and as a third theme, a minor section featuring "Hungarian" rhythms and jumps in the left hand covering intervals of tenths. This was unusual and caused such confusion among Beethoven's contemporaries that one reviewer described the work as a "pianoforte concerto occasionally verging on the bizarre."

PIANO CONCERTO NO.2 IN B FLAT OP.19

The B flat major concerto bears the number 2 because it was printed and published in December 1801 as Beethoven's second. However, chronologically speaking it is Beethoven's first piano concerto, if we ignore the concerto in E flat major WoO4 written in Bonn in the composer's youth, of which only the solo part has survived. The B flat concerto also dates from Beethoven's years in Bonn. As recent research has shown, Beethoven probably wrote an initial version of this piece as early as 1787/89. In 1793, shortly after his arrival in Vienna, Beethoven amended the concerto (adding, for example, a new final rondo) and performed it for the first time for a private audience. He was

apparently still not satisfied, revising the work in 1794 and 1798.

"Consequently, Beethoven worked on the composition for approximately a decade," concludes the Beethoven researcher Konrad Kuster. "In the compositional process, this is not unproblematic; it presupposes that one recalls the reasons behind compositional decisions taken in the past, reconsiders former judgements, and attempts to find a balance between new ideas and the substance that has already been recorded in writing."

The B flat major concerto lacks neither substance nor new ideas - although Beethoven offered it to his publisher for only ten ducats "because I am not describing it as one of my best." The work is audibly a successor of Mozart's late piano concertos. The first movement opens with a long, richly developed orchestral introduction featuring cheerfully dotted rhythms. In the very first caesura (bar 40) Beethoven surprises the listener with one of his "violent" modulations by unexpectedly changing to the key of D flat major. It is also interesting that the solo piano, at least in its first entry, does not appear to adopt any elements of this theme. Indeed, the motifs in the solo and orchestral voices are only vaguely related.

Serious sounds predominate in the E flat major Adagio, a movement full of lyrical nobility and meditative calm. It is divided into two sections, of which the second is a varied repetition of the first, featuring rich figurations gallantly intertwined with the thematic lines. Beethoven thought up something really special to conclude the movement: a kind of solo recitative in which the piano expresses itself in an exclusively monovocal, yet highly expressive, "musical speech" - and "con gran espressione" at that. The final rondo strikes an even more high-spirited note, with recalcitrant, syncopated accents and a brilliant tone. These sforzati, which "brush up" the listener "the wrong way", lend the music a humorous impact. And the beginning of the coda really brings a smile to the listener's lips (after bar 260), featuring the same recalcitrant theme as at the beginning of the movement - this time virtuously emphasized and phrased in a mannered fashion.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.3 IN C MINOR OP.37

David Zinman sees Piano Concerto No.3 in C minor, Op.37 -the only one in a minor key- as a kind of "Eroica" for piano and orchestra. Just as Beethoven opened the door to an entirely new symphonic world with his third symphony, the Eroica, he also broke new ground with his third piano concerto. Most of the work was written in the summer of 1800, although there are sketches for the piece that date back to 1797. The premiere performance naturally with Beethoven at the keyboard-was given on April 5, 1803 at a charity concert in Vienna's Burgtheater.

The C minor concerto not only occupies a central position among the five (or seven) piano concertos, but also represents a turning point. This can be deduced

from a letter Beethoven wrote to the publishers Breitkopf & Hartel in which he offered his first two piano concertos for sale with the remark, "not yet my best examples of the genre." New-and "better" aspects of the third piano concerto are the increased importance accorded to the melodic qualities of the solo instrument and the greater, "symphonic" weight lent to the orchestra.

The first movement, *Allegro con brio*, launches directly into the main theme, whose sharply rhythmical character immediately impresses itself on the memory. The second theme, with its curving, lyrically cantabile line, provides the greatest imaginable contrast. After the orchestral introduction, which extends over 10 bars, the solo instrument enters with a series of vehement chords: there can be no doubt that a real "star performer" has just entered the stage and must now measure and assert himself in a dialogue with the orchestra. Particular attention should be paid to the solo cadenza: "A pure joke, elementary humour," says Yefim Bronfman. "full of the sheer enjoyment of the unexpected and the astonishing."

The *Adagio in E major* is a calm movement of meditative simplicity. The solemn theme introduced by the solo instrument develops into a gently rippling piano part whose glittering thirds and arpeggios outshine the accompanying orchestra. The vitality with which the solo piano plunges into the final movement, a *Rondo*, is all the more thrilling. Thanks to "unruly" accents placed on unaccented beats, the theme is particularly striking. An inserted fugato leads to an episode in E major (a hint at the key used for the *Adagio*), and the movement ends with a radiantly purposeful presto coda in six-eight time.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.4 IN G OP.58

Beethoven's fourth piano concerto again takes us to a new world. For Yefim Bronfman, it is the concerto "with the broadest emotional spectrum. and at the same time possibly the most dramatic." The piece was composed in the years 1805-06. It is the period in which the violin concerto and the fourth symphony were written, and the latter was first performed together with the fourth piano concerto at Prince Lobkowitz's palace in Vienna in March 1807. Again. Beethoven sat at the piano. "A terribly difficult new concerto for pianoforte. Which Beethoven performed with astonishing skill in the fastest tempi," wrote a reviewer of the second performance of the work.

The fourth piano concerto begins with an *Allegro moderato*, and it begins like no other concerto before it: the piano softly introduces the principal "dolce" theme in five solo bars. What makes this theme interesting are the quavers, which are repeated three times: they are vaguely reminiscent of the throbbing, momentous theme of the first movement of the fifth symphony, and manuscripts prove that the first themes of these works, which are otherwise so different, were indeed composed at the same time. After the introductory piano solo, the orchestra takes up the theme, which swells into an

extensive orchestral introduction. In the development section, the dramatic, emotional intensity increases; the harmonic transitions result in the distant key of C sharp minor, which in turn leads to a reprise, introduced by the piano with a triumphant fortissimo.

The second movement, *Andante con moto*, is just as unconventional as the beginning of the first movement it is unexpectedly brief, consisting of an extremely abrupt, intensely contrasting series of motifs and melodies, performed alternately by the solo piano and the orchestra, which has been reduced to the string section. The orchestra and soloist talk at cross purposes, the strings in hard. dotted. forte rhythms. the solo piano *molto cantabile* and *una corda* in a chorale-like movement, a confrontation between a "dismissive" and a "beseeching" voice. Certain theorists and performers saw this as the contrast between the pleading Orpheus and the dismissive Furies, while others referred to Jesus before Pilate. After only five pages of score, the movement is extinguished in a dying pianissimo.

The final movement, a *Rondo*, also begins pianissimo, but in an elastic, march-like rhythm, soon swelling to an ecstatically uplifting. Brightly liberating concertante performance.

PIANO CONCERTO NO.5 IN E FLAT OP.73

"The excessive length of the composition diminished the total effect that this glorious product of the mind would otherwise certainly have elicited," wrote one reviewer after the first performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No.5 in E flat major, Op.73, which was performed at Vienna's Kärntner Theatre on Ash Wednesday of the year 1812. In a way he was right: the fifth is Beethoven's most substantial piano concerto, and in the "Eroica" key of E flat major, truly one of the "most glorious products of the mind" ever created. However, it certainly cannot be said that it did not achieve a "total effect." On the contrary, it is the most dramatic of the five piano concertos and one of the most popular in the genre.

This is also acknowledged outside the German-speaking countries, where Beethoven's fifth piano concerto is known as the "Emperor," "L'Empereur" and "Imperatore" - though the sobriquet is not authentic and is attributed to Beethoven's friend, the composer and publisher Johann Baptist Cramer. it is nonetheless accurate: no other piano concerto begins with such majesty and splendour. The full orchestra intones a bright chord three times, followed by three brilliant cadenzas from the solo piano before the principal theme is introduced by the orchestra. At the climax of the exposition, the orchestra and the solo piano "compete" as equal partners in a passage that features firmly dotted rhythms. Not even during the solo cadenza does the orchestra remain completely silent, entering into a wonderfully harmonious dialogue with the piano. In none of his earlier piano concertos did Beethoven succeed so masterfully in merging solo and symphonic passages into a single entity.

A completely different, meditatively introspective atmosphere predominates in the slow movement, which opens with a dreamy melody in the muted strings. The solo piano replies with a series of sustained cantilenas accompanied by triplets. Even at the emotional climax of the movement, the dynamics do not exceed a simple forte, fading away in a mood of quiet rapture. The movement concludes with a single note - a B that is gently "pushed down" a semitone by the horns, followed by the solo piano dreamily intoning the theme of the finale. A mood of mysterious tension prevails until the piano explodes with impetuous effervescence - introducing a hearty, frolicsome waltz in six-eight time that dominates the entire final movement. The high-spirited, virtuoso playing is accentuated by syncopated accents.

V. VIOLIN MUSIC **VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D OP.61**

"In those days, Beethoven was merry, jocular, cheerful, full of the joys of life, amusing, and not infrequently satirical. He had not yet been afflicted by any physical ailment, nor had the loss of that sense so utterly indispensable to the musician yet darkened his days." This is how Ignaz von Seyfried remembers the composer in his memoirs of the year 1806, perhaps Beethoven's most prolific year of all, when he wrote the Fourth Piano Concerto, the Violin Concerto and the Fourth Symphony in succession.

Beethoven wrote the Violin Concerto in D major, Op.61 - his only one, unless we include a fragmentary work in C major dating from his Bonn period- for the violinist Franz Clement, a talented musician who played in the first violins of the theatre orchestra and was equally popular with Viennese audiences. If we are to believe a newspaper report dating from 1805, his musicianship was characterized by an "indescribable delicacy, precision and purity" of tone. One could almost believe that this description -and Seyfried's splendid characterization of Beethoven- also referred to the concerto, which is undoubtedly his most cheerful work and abounds with light-hearted melodies. Only at the first performance of the piece, on December 23. 1806, nobody seems to have noticed this. Perhaps the highly unusual circumstances also had something to do with it: Beethoven had completed the piece only two days earlier, so Franz Clement practically had to sight-read the solo part. A contemporary reviewer praised his playing, but Beethoven's work was considered excessively lengthy, encumbered by tedious repetitions: "We fear that, if Beethoven continues along this path, both he and his audience will fare ill." Indeed, it took some time before Beethoven's Violin Concerto established itself primarily thanks. Finally, to the violinist Joseph Joachim, who performed the work in a number of European cities around the middle of the nineteenth century. Since then, it has been considered the epitome of the classical violin concerto, as popular with audiences as with the great violinists. Christian Tetzlaff is

one of these, and he has a very special relationship with this work. It strikes him that the melodic idiom of this piece is reminiscent of spoken language. "Accordingly, the two cantabile sections in the first movement must be clearly structured and phrased to correspond with the harmonies. This aspect in particular has been somewhat neglected in the way the work has been performed in recent decades. Performers went to great lengths to broaden these melodies; it reached a point where the individual parts no longer corresponded with each other." Christian Tetzlaff considers this expansive pathos out of place: "On the contrary, Beethoven's violin concerto is a very cheerful, sometimes almost naive work. That doesn't mean to say that the piece doesn't have its dark, lugubrious moments, but the basic mood is naively light-hearted."

Surprisingly, the violin concerto is introduced by four single drumbeats, and the timpani continue to play a dominant role from then on. "This creates a striking duality. On the one hand, there are the beautifully naive melodies, that should -if you please- also be played that way; and on the other hand, there is the unrelenting drum motif, which, with its military associations, represents the absolute opposite. Throughout the first movement, at least, this conflict between two opposing emotional worlds is a recurrent theme. Moreover, the drums make it quite clear that we are playing a piece in four-four time. By contrast, the lines of the melody are written in minims, and that is how you would like to play it; but time and again, the drumbeat forces you to revert to four-four time."

As is generally known, Beethoven later transcribed his violin concerto as a piano concerto, for which he wrote some additional solo cadenzas. For his own particular reasons, Christian Tetzlaff has in turn transcribed these original piano cadenzas for the violin: "In my belief, the solo cadences by Fritz Kreisler that are usually performed are alien - in purely harmonic terms, but also in terms of the concept and the idea behind them." According to Tetzlaff, Beethoven pursues an entirely different approach in his original piano cadenzas. "He has the solo kettledrum play with the piano, but much faster than in the basic tempo. That intensifies the military associations very considerably, and is also a central aspect of the whole of the first movement"

ROMANCES FOR VIOLIN

To this day it has not been ascertained precisely when and for what occasion Beethoven composed the two Romances for Violin and Orchestra. Romance No.1 in G major, Op.40 was published in 1803; Romance No.2 in F major, Op.50 two years later. Contrary to this numbering, the F major Romance was written before the G major piece. Whether they were conceived as individual concertante pieces or as the slow movements of planned, but never completed, violin concertos must remain a subject of conjecture. However, a connection with the early C major concerto written during Beethoven's time in Bonn can definitely be discounted. Beethoven announced the two pieces to his publisher

Johann Andr" as "two adagios far violin with full instrumental accompaniment."

Moreover, in view of their length and substantial musical content, the two Romances, which are particularly popular with audiences, are more likely to have been conceived as self-contained, individual movements. The unconventional opening of the G major Romance is particularly surprising: the solo violin launches into the theme, written in double stops, without any orchestral accompaniment; only later does the orchestra make its entry. The rest of the piece is also characterized by a tense inner dialogue, while the noble melodies and uncomplicated levity of the F major Romance are more reminiscent of the virtuoso pieces typical of the period.

VI. TRIPLE CONCERTO IN C OP.56

The Concerto for Piano, Violin, Violoncello and Orchestra in C major Op.56 is unique in musical literature, and Beethoven was well aware of this: as he proudly wrote to his publisher, the combination of a piano trio with an orchestra was entirely new. And new it was indeed - although parallels can certainly be drawn between Beethoven's Triple Concerto and the baroque tradition of the concerto grosso or the early classical genre of the *sinfonia concertante*. However, of far greater significance than such historical references are the innovations that Beethoven introduces in his Triple Concerto. As already mentioned, the main innovations are his choice of solo instruments and the importance accorded the orchestra, which -as in the third piano concerto, first performed a year earlier- is elevated to the status of an equal, namely symphonic partner of the three solo instruments.

Beethoven thus leaves all conventional models far behind him. This is also true of his demonstratively individual treatment of the three solo instruments, already apparent in the soloists' first entry in the opening movement: the cello takes up and expands the main theme, followed by the violin in a second entry, and the theme is finally echoed by the piano, here even in three simultaneous octaves. Incidentally, this sequence of the three instruments is maintained for the entire duration of the concerto. Each instrument has the opportunity to alternate individually with the orchestra; two solo instruments can also interact as a "pair"; all three even play together in a threesome, as in a piano trio. This was new, and the audience was indeed perplexed when the work was first performed in Vienna in May 1804. There is no indication that the concerto was performed a second time during Beethoven's lifetime.

For a long period, the piece did not enjoy the best reputation among Beethoven's instrumental concertos. In Paul Bekker's opinion, the Triple Concerto was one of "the group of Beethoven's works that are lost to the present" - as he wrote in his 1911 biography of Beethoven. Even today, the Triple Concerto is still a little

overshadowed by the other Beethoven concertos. Compared with the piano concertos, the piano part in the Triple Concerto is considered to be too easy; the two string parts are more demanding, but not really "rewarding". Certain passages are also considered to be excessively protracted.

However, the facts are somewhat different. As the three solo instruments are given more or less equal weight (with a slight preference for the violoncello) and Beethoven is concerned that each instrument should be shown to advantage, one after another, the musical progression is more time-consuming. Critics have complained that this makes the piece excessively lengthy, ignoring the fact that it lends the work more colour. In order to avoid drowning out the lower-sounding cello voice, the piano part is kept light and transparent; Beethoven also writes mainly for the top cello string, which has an intense sound, thus enabling the instrument to alternate with the violin on equal terms, as it were.

The opening movement - incidentally the longest in Beethoven's instrumental concertos - begins pianissimo, gradually swelling to the festive, march-like tutti of the principal theme. The brisk, thematically concise writing is typical of Beethoven. The second movement, a relatively short but exquisitely charming largo, is similar to an intermezzo and depends entirely on the varied and repeated melodic line in the solo parts. The transition to the finale is a novelty. For the first time, Beethoven "links" the second and third movements so that the largo leads into the finale - a polonaise - without a break: a compositional practice that he is also to retain for the fourth and fifth piano concertos.

VII. CHAMBER MUSIC FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS

Beethoven wrote very little music for wind instruments and most of his compositions for them are from relatively early in his career. Many were not published with an opus number, and most of those that were appeared long after the time of their composition and therefore have misleadingly high numbers - for example, the Op.71 Sextet for clarinets, horns and bassoons of 1796, the Op.81b Sextet for two horns and strings, the Trio in C major Op.87, both of 1795, and the Octet Op.103 of 1793 (published posthumously). This was one of the works Beethoven sent back to Bonn after his first year in Vienna to demonstrate the progress of his composition lessons with Haydn (the Elector however was unimpressed claiming that the work was an old one) and was later used as the basis for the String Quintet Op.4.

Certain works such as the Trio for bassoon, flute and piano WoO37 of 1786 and the Trio Op.87 were written for gifted amateurs. The first was composed for the von Westerhold family in Bonn and Count von Westerhold, chief equerry to the Elector, would have taken the bassoon part, his son the flute and his daughter Maria,

with whom the 14-year old Beethoven was in love, the piano part. Op.87, for the unusual combination of two oboes and cor anglais, was written for the brothers Johann, Franz and Philippe Teimer for whom he later composed a set of variations on "La ci darem la mano" for the same instruments.

The Op.17 Sonata of 1800, on the other hand was written for the virtuoso Johann Stich (or Giovanni Punto as he Italianised his name) and in great haste - overnight if one is to believe the testimony of Ferdinand Ries - which may explain why there is no slow movement but only a 17 bar section preceding the finale.

VIII. SEPTET IN E FLAT MAJOR OP.20

Beethoven's varied range of works for chamber ensemble is in no way artistically inferior to his symphonies or instrumental concertos. On the contrary: throughout his life, Beethoven explored this genre in a wide variety of forms and combinations - duo sonata and trio, quartet and serenade, quintet and octet, sextet and septet. It is interesting that he only employs wind instruments in his early chamber compositions; later, Beethoven was to concentrate entirely on the strings (particularly the string quartet) and the piano. The Septet for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello and Double-Bass in E flat major Op.20 is also one of these early works, and is one of the most important. as its unusual length - six movements with a duration of just over forty minutes - indicates. In stylistic terms it is reminiscent of the divertimenti, serenades and wind ensembles that had already been so popular in Mozart's day. In other words it is gallant, light music; the difference being that in this work Beethoven succeeds in combining the "gallant" with the "erudite."

True to the classical tradition of the serenade, the opening movement (in sonata form) is preceded by a slow introduction. The second movement, an adagio cantabile, is strongly melodic, and Beethoven constantly redistributes the roles of soloist and accompanist among the seven instruments. The third movement, an almost old-fashioned-sounding minuet, corresponds with the fifth, a vivacious scherzo, and between the two - the fourth movement - is a series of highly inventive variations. The finale again begins with a slow introduction, this time "alia marcia," before launching friskily into the spirited presto with a plethora of sixths and triplets.

The work was composed in 1799, parallel to the famous *Pathétique* piano sonata. It is dedicated to the Austrian Empress Maria Theresia and was first performed at Beethoven's first own "Akademie" concert staged at Vienna's Burgtheater on April 2, 1800. Besides the *Septet*, Beethoven's first symphony was also performed for the first time; Beethoven played his first piano concerto, and as if that were not enough, some arias from Haydn's *Creation* were performed, as well as a Mozart symphony. In terms of Beethoven's oeuvre as a

whole, the *Septet* can be considered a transitional piece, bridging the gap between the light tone of Haydn and Mozart's serenades and Beethoven's first symphony - a last, perfectly formed composition in the phase leading to his symphonic oeuvre.

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IX. PIANO TRIOS

During his first few years in Vienna, Beethoven published almost nothing, wishing to wait until he had amassed a large number of significant works before introducing himself to the Viennese public as a composer. In 1793 he had issued the variations on "Se vuol ballare" from *The Marriage of Figaro* as his Op.1 but this was simply to forestall his rivals whom he suspected might try to produce something similar. During 1794 and 1795 he worked on several compositions including a set of three piano sonatas, a new piano concerto, a string trio and some extended songs, but it was the set of three trios for piano, violin and cello that he decided to launch his career in the spring of 1795 with. He had already written two works for these forces in 1792, a trio (WoO38) in the traditional three movement format and a set of fourteen variations (Op.44), both in E flat, and may have begun drafting what was to become the Op.1 trios while still in Bonn. Mozart and Haydn had produced several piano trios - indeed by 1794, Haydn had already written thirty eight (and was to produce seven more in the next few years) and Beethoven may have calculated that his original and individual treatment of this popular form would achieve the impact he desired for his debut. In Haydn's hands, the piano trio had been essentially a vehicle for the virtuoso pianist supported by a less prominent violin part with the cello relegated to a virtual continuo role. Beethoven not only placed the instruments on a more equal and balanced footing, he made the trio format more symphonic in structure with the addition of a fourth movement and invested it with a greater degree of complexity and seriousness than was traditionally expected of it. Haydn was apparently disconcerted when he first heard the Op.1 trios at a private gathering at Prince Lichnowsky's and is supposed to have advised Beethoven not to publish the third in C minor, the most dramatic of the set, and the one Beethoven considered to be the best. In fact, Haydn could not have been able to judge the works prior to their publication as he was abroad in England at the time of their composition but the story no doubt accurately reflects his immediate reactions to the originality of his former pupil's conception. Haydn's misgivings about the public's capacity to understand these works proved groundless as the published edition attracted a large number of subscribers, including most of the Viennese musical cognoscenti and Beethoven made a substantial profit from the first of his compositions which he considered worthy of an opus number (that honour having been removed from the *Figaro* variations which now languishes as WoO40).

The two Op.70 Trios were begun in August 1808 immediately after the completion of the Sixth Symphony and the prominent and expressive role given to the cello in both trios is possibly a by-product of the composition of the Op.69 cello sonata earlier in the year. The decision to compose a set of trios rather than the sonatas or another symphony as he had originally suggested to his publisher, seems to have been prompted as much by the commercial consideration that such works were a scarce commodity than by any creative impulse to do so. Op.70 No.1 in D major is in three movements and the mysterious D minor Largo with its atmospheric tremolandos and trills has led to it being known as the "Ghost Trio". Appropriately, one of the musical ideas on which the movement is based appears among sketches for the Witches scene of an unfinished "Macbeth" operatic project. The second trio in E flat returns to the four movement format whose minuet-like Allegretto third movement is full of Schubertian lyricism. Beethoven's final piano trio, Op.97 in B flat, known as the "Archduke" from its dedication to his pupil and patron Rudolph, was completed in 1811 and is the grandest of the works Beethoven composed for these instrumental forces. Unusually, the Scherzo and Trio are placed before the Andante cantabile slow movement whose theme and variation structure follows the usual pattern of an increasingly elaborate subdivision of the beat in each successive variation. After an extended coda, the music fades away before a jaunty figure leads straight into the Rondo finale. It was a disastrous performance of this piece, in which Beethoven found himself unable to gauge the dynamics and audibility of his playing because of his increasing deafness, that finally prompted him to abandon his career as a public performer (at least in ensemble pieces).

X. SONATAS FOR VIOLIN AND FOR CELLO

The two Op.5 sonatas (in F and G) were composed during a visit to the court of Frederick II in Berlin and were performed by Beethoven with one of the court cellists, Jean Louis Duport (although Frederick was himself a keen and competent cellist). These sonatas were the first to be composed for this combination of instruments for some time and break new ground in placing both players on an equal footing rather than subordinating the keyboard to a continuo role. Each has only two movements -an Allegro and Rondo- and the absence of a slow movement may have been designed to address the problem of the dynamic imbalance between the two instruments which would have been accentuated in extended adagio passages (although both sonatas open with a substantial slow introduction). Beethoven's accomplishment as a composer for the cello is underlined by the fact that Duport incorporated many of the techniques found in these sonatas in his instructional manual for the cello.

Apart from the three sets of variations on "See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes" (WoO45) from Handel's Judas Maccabeus, "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen" (Op.66) and

"Bei Männern" (WoO46) from Die Zauberflöte of 1796, 1797 and 1801 respectively, Beethoven did not write for the cello again until 1807 when he began the Op.69 sonata in A major dedicated to his friend Baron Ignaz Gleichenstein. Like the Op.5 sonatas, it has no proper slow movement although there is a short 18 bar Adagio section between the second movement Scherzo and the finale.

Another nine years were to pass before Beethoven returned to the cello, this time at the request of his friend and confidante Countess Marie Erdödy. In 1808, she had played a major part in organising the payment of an annuity to Beethoven by Archduke Rudolph and Princes Kinsky and Lobkowitz, which was designed to relieve him of financial pressures (although in reality it was some years before this was assured). However soon afterwards, Beethoven quarrelled with her (a recurring feature of his tempestuous personal life) and it was only in 1815 that they were reconciled – the olive branch on her part being the gift of thirty four bottles of wine. Beethoven was happy that relations had been re-established with Erdödy and her young family, of which he was very fond, and possibly it was these personal associations that prompted the writing of this deeply-felt work in a period otherwise devoid of creativity.

Beethoven wrote the sonatas with the cellist Joseph Linke in mind. He had recently become part of the Erdödy household as music tutor to the children following the disbanding of Prince Rasumovsky's private quartet in which he had played after the disastrous fire which destroyed Rasumovsky's palace. Beethoven was therefore well acquainted with him and his playing style and may have consulted him on matters of technique.

Op.102 No.1 in C major is a two movement work which follows the pattern of the previous sonatas in omitting a slow movement although, as in the Op.5 sonatas, it opens with a slow introduction begun by the unaccompanied cello (like Op.69). On this occasion, the second Allegro is also introduced by an Adagio passage after which the opening bars are recalled in a fashion that looks forward to the Op.101 piano sonata and ultimately the Ninth Symphony.

Op.102 No.2 in D major is a three movement work which, at last, includes a full scale slow movement before a massive fugal finale which points the way towards his fascination with that form in the late period works.

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XI. SONATAS FOR PIANO AND VIOLIN

Although Beethoven's ten sonatas for this instrumental combination are, according to the composer's specification, "For Piano and Violin," that directive should, in all fairness, be considered a convention: far removed from the early sonatas for keyboard with accompaniment of obbligato violin, everyone of

Beethoven's works is a bonafide duo in every sense, and in fact in the Kreutzer Sonata, he directs both protagonists to play in a concertante style.

The very fact that all but the last two of these sonatas were composed in groups may well explain their wonderfully diverse characterization and stylistic individuality: as a rule, when Beethoven sent a group of works of the same genre to one of his publishers (and, let us admit, sometimes to several at the time to see which offered him the best price!), he usually felt obliged to make each a strongly characterized entity. Thus, in the three sonatas of Op.12 (composed circa 1798), as well as those of Op.30 (vintage 1802), we find each set includes a work of truly grand scale, one of essentially lyric character and one which defies easy classification.

For a pianist, Beethoven had an amazingly thorough background in violin technique. His first teacher was his father, who earned a meagre living as a tenor in the Bonn Electoral chapel: the four-year-old Ludwig was instructed by him on both the clavier and violin. For a brief period he was taught violin and viola by a distant relative, Franz Georg Rovantini, who lived in the same house with Beethoven and died there in 1781, at the age of twenty-four. By this time the young composer was eleven, and his main interests in performing were on the clavier and the organ.

By 1785, Beethoven was serving his second year as assistant organist in the Electoral chapel. His violin studies at the period were with a good friend of the family, Franz Ries. (Beethoven subsequently taught Ries's son Ferdinand clavier in Vienna). In Vienna, while studying with Albrechtsberger, Beethoven in 1794 began taking violin lessons again, this time with Ignaz Schuppanzigh (1776-1830; he is mostly remembered for being the primarius of the Rasoumovsky Quartet founded in 1808 and giving the first performances of several of the master's chamber music). Finally, there was Wenzel Krumpholz, pupil of Haydn and a former violinist in the Esterhazy orchestra, who was an indefatigable promoter of Beethoven's compositions.

Still and all, Beethoven was a pianist, a virtuoso of the highest calibre and an incomparable improviser. As for his abilities to play the violin, even after the many periods of instruction, of contact with professionals and such fine amateurs as Heinrich Eppinger and the banker Häring, and after his own practical four-year experience in the Bonn orchestra, he is supposed never to have been able to perform on it acceptably! Karl Amenda, one of Beethoven's closest friends, relates that he once persuaded the composer to play the violin for him, and that the result was disastrous.

Ergo, for all the equality of these works, Beethoven tailored his piano parts to his own virtuosity and he himself played in the premieres of nine out of the ten pieces in the cycle until his deafness put a finis to his performing career (his last, unfortunate appearance at the piano had been in 1814, playing the Archduke Trio).

The discussions of the sonatas in this cycle are arranged into three groups for Op.12; Op.22 and 23; and Op.30, with the last two pieces, the Kreutzer Sonata, Op.47 and No.10 in G Major, Op.96 as individual entities.

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THREE SONATAS OP.12

This triptych was composed circa 1798 and sent into the world by the 29-year old Beethoven as big and representative works. It is evident from the diverse range of style and ideas that these early masterpieces display, one in the group is a grandly scaled effort; one is an intentionally more diminutive essay; and one which defies easy classification. All three Sonatas follow the general synopsis of a first movement in sonata form a slow movement and a Rondo. But each is markedly different in mood, emotional appeal and internal structure. The composer dedicated his Op.12 to Antonio Salieri (who was Beethoven's favourite mentor-pace Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and particularly, the bum rap made notorious by the play and film "Amadeus", and the Rimsky-Korsakov opera "Mozart and Salieri").

The proofs were sent for correction to one of Beethoven's publishers, Artaria and were printed between December 1798 and January 1799. In June, a review appeared in the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung and a perplexed critic wrote: "Herr Beethoven goes his own way, and what a bizarre way it is! Learned, learned and always learned-and nothing natural; no song. The sonatas are overloaded with difficulties: Yes, to be accurate, there is only a mass of learning here, without good method, and an obstinacy which fails to interest us. A striving for strange modulations, a heaping of difficulties until one loses patience or enjoyment."

However, several month later, a second review in the same publication (from the same critic perhaps) is more conciliatory: "It is not to be denied that Herr v. B., is a man of genius; possessed of originality ... ". The critic has tried to accustom himself more and more to [Beethoven's] manner and has learned to admire him more than he did at first.

Beethoven was annoyed but certainly not devastated: "Let them talk" said the composer. "They will certainly never make anybody immortal by their twaddle; nor will they rob of immortality those whom Apollo has favoured." In the spring of 1801, he twitted Breitkopf und Härtel, another of his publishers, and incidentally the owner if the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung: "You should recommend to Mssrs, your critics greater care and wisdom."

SONATA NO.1 IN D MAJOR

The first movement Allegro con brio opens with four bars of unison upward and downward arpeggios as a call to order, immediately followed by its first subject, comprised of flicked upward octaves against scalar passages. A running passage in sixteenth notes derived from aforementioned scalar elements and finally, FF upward scales, leads to the gentler second theme stated

first by the piano and then answered by the violin. An immediate repetition of this idea, embellished by triplets, then leads to the subsequent third theme group based on triplets from the piano against the flicked octaves of the opening idea, heard again from the violin. Two antiphonal shashing chords and upward sixteenth note scales conclude the sizable exposition in A major. The development begins in F major, based on the closing chords and the ingredients of the first subject. In its last stage, the working out utilizes a build-up from the movement's opening theme. The recapitulation is without notable incident, and there is no coda.

The Andante con moto second movement is a theme with four variations. Its tema in two parts (strains) is first stated by piano alone and the written out repetition of this first strain is sung by the violin accompanied by the piano. Both strains are repeated in the same manner.

In Variation I, the piano predominates and both strains are repeated verbatim. Variation II belongs to the running violin enlivened by bracing rhythmic underpinning from the piano. Again, both strains are repeated in the same manner. Variation III Minore is highly dramatic: its first phrases, marked P and crescendo are suddenly answered by slashing subito FFs from the piano with plunging downward scales in the right hand against stormy 32nd note groups in the left. The written out repetitions of the two strains reverse the roles of the two protagonists. Variation IV, once again in the original A major tonality, is a much gentler affair with dolce syncopations and leads to a wistful coda.

The third movement is a rumbustious Rondo whose jolly dancelike theme is characterized by jabbing afterbeat sforzandos. Two fermatas just before the first reappearance of the principal theme are an insidiously provocative invitation for any pianist to insert quasi-cadenzas (taboo in more puritanical "play as written" times).

SONATA NO.2 IN A MAJOR

This Sonata is a more diminutive contrast to Nos. 1 and 3, more in the playful tradition of Mozart's lighter works in the same genre. The opening Allegro vivace presents a dancing 6/8 metre constantly in motion: four bars of upward appoggiaturas (and then another four of downward ones) are followed by sixteenth note runs from the piano and then with violin and piano together.

This sixteen measure first subject is reiterated, with the violin's restatement of the appoggiaturas completed by the piano. The remainder of the short exposition is replete with darting motivic imitations thrown back and forth by the two protagonists. An idea stated by the two players in unison octaves serves as a closing theme. The development commences in C Major (injecting a mild note of drama). Otherwise, working out and recapitulation are pretty pro forma and without incident. The movement ends with a sly restatement of the upward appoggiaturas.

The Andante piu tosto Allegretto consists of a wistful two part melody in two strains, the first stated by the piano alone, repeated with the violin accompanied by the keyboard instrument. The answering second strain in C Major, again by piano alone, is reiterated with violin accompanied by the piano. A central second theme in F Major is followed by a four bar transition back to a reprise of the movement's first part in A minor, and a coda.

The (for Beethoven) mild mannered Rondo, Allegro piacevole, has a few moments of bracing upward arpeggios from the piano, and a D major second episode with a new insistently reiterated motif.

SONATA NO.3 IN E FLAT MAJOR

The E flat Sonata, as you will see, is the "grand" member of the Op.12 group. Its Allegro con spirito has a piano part of commanding brilliance (although the fiddle is hardly neglected). Its hurling momentum is typical of the audacious Beethoven working within the strictures of classical decorum.

The first theme is stated by both instruments, the contrasted second subject is initially introduced by the violin, then is handed over to the piano. But it is the closing material of this exposition that supplies most of the grist for the development section. Incidentally one passing incident (at measure 50 to 51; again at measure 146-147 in the recapitulation) clearly foreshadows the Rondo of the Third Piano Concerto, Op.37. An amply proportioned coda, based largely on the same material that served for the development brings the movement to a dramatic close.

The Adagio con molt espressione, for all its serene song-form elements, introduces some nerve tingling harmonic turns and also a spacious breadth and profundity that is in arm's reach of the great slow movements of Op.30 No.2 and Op.96.

The concluding Rondo (Allegro molto) is, as so much else in this Sonata, stylistically reminiscent of Mozart (that composer's Sonata, K.481 in the same key, particularly). This easy-going, extroverted, busily animated Finale keeps both players busy, either declaiming thematic material, or accompanying by way of tightly wound broken alberti chords.

SONATA NOS. 4 & 5

These two highly contrasted but closely related sonatas bear the same vintage date, 1801. Beethoven had originally planned to have them published together as Op.23 but the immense popularity of the so-called "Spring" Sonata prompted the composer to keep it as a separate entity from the more experimental (and less accessible) A minor work. For all their distinct differences the two masterpieces share the same DNA: Consider the upward acciaturas in the Presto of Op.23 and also in the second theme of Op.24's first movement. Also, the thematic similarities between

Op.23's second movement and the Spring Sonata's "off beat" Scherzo (both of these movements were later echoed by Robert Schumann in his Soldatenmarsch from his Album for the Young).

SONATA NO.4 IN A MINOR, OP.23

The sportive first movement of Sonata No.4, Op.23 Presto, is a fiery affair in 6/8 metre which moves with abrupt, constant stops, starts and jolting surprises. The two main ideas follow in short order and a third comes to the fore in the development section (beginning at bar 136) and is heard from again in the coda. Both halves of the movement are repeated.

The Andante scherzoso, piu Allegretto's proto-Schumann first theme and its subsequent fugal bridge passage lead to the second subject (bar 51) with its 32nd note twiddle followed by two staccato eighth note. Incidentally, this second movement is likewise in Sonata-form. This movement does double duty as the work's missing slow movement and Scherzo.

The Allegro molto culmination returns to the work's opening Presto's essential mood, sporting a dramatic rondo theme-unlike a classic rondo theme in spirit, but, behaving as one, reappearing over and over in same key (A Minor). The movement's constant motion is broken by slow and reflective episodes (the second is in F Major). Another subordinate idea brings to the fore a motif of two staccato quarter-note chords followed by half-note rests. A fourth statement of the rondo theme introduces a rhapsodic fantasy on the preceding material, calling for considerable virtuosity up to the climactic statement of the first theme.

SONATA NO.5 IN F MAJOR, OP.24 "SPRING"

This sonata gave the public everything it had probably missed in its immediate predecessor: for once the nickname, though spurious, is entirely apropos. The first movement, Allegro, spins along with a melodious first subject ten bars in length, first sung by the violin, and then immediately reheard from the piano. A fortissimo bridge passage from the keyboard alone in unison scale passage leads to the second theme with its aforementioned acciaturas buoyed by rising eighth note chords. When the exposition comes to its end we feel that we have heard all of the movement's essential ingredients. The ensuing development is undramatic by Beethoven's usual standards and is mostly devoted to the second subject and activity in triplets. Recapitulation seemingly passes without incident. But this time the piano goes first, with the violin following suit. The coda combines the main theme with the triplets from the development against the sixteenth notes of the opening melody.

The Adagio molto espressivo in B flat major can be considered analogous to the still-to-come Scene by the Brookside of, the Sixth Symphony. The flow is supplied by the almost constant sixteenth-note Ostinato to the effusive melody played by the piano's right hand with

the violin sometimes joining in. An exquisitely benign and florid lyricism pervades, replete with broken thirds (quasi-bird calls). Beethoven's humour introduces an ironical twist in the miniature Scherzo, Allegro molto: the violin has to work hard at playing out of sync with the piano. And in the whirlwind unison Trio that follows, both protagonists must hang on for dear life lest their ensemble is unwittingly thrown adrift!

The Allegro ma non troppo is remarkably analogous to the counterpart Finale of the Op.22 Sonata for solo piano: not only are the main themes of the two movements almost identical in themselves--but both subsequently are subjected to similar procedure and embellishment in their metamorphoses. A distinction can be made between these sibling Sonata-Rondos: The second episode of Op.22 is a boisterous intrusion while the one in the "Spring" Sonata, with its Ostinato triplets, is more well behaved and less conspicuous.

THREE SONATAS OP.30

Beethoven's three sonatas which make up Op.30 were composed in 1802 (at the same time as his three solo piano sonatas Op.31 and a year before the landmark "Eroica" Symphony) As customary with Op.12, these three are once again intriguingly contrasted in mood and even scale. The pieces are dedicated to Czar Alexander I of Russia.

SONATA NO.6 IN A OP.30 NO.1

The Sonata No.1 in A Major is probably the least popular of Beethoven's ten for this instrumental combination but it is (for perhaps the very reason for its lack of fame) one of the most subtle, and certainly among the most lyrical. As an analysis of its Allegro first movement tellingly reveals, Beethoven's adventurous use of even his atypically unassertive material is both rigorous and wonderfully dramatic. Note, for instance, how the movement's development section deploys and combines aspects of all the thematic and motivic events encountered in the foregoing exposition: the "groupetto" of the first subject; the graceful second theme (which is broken apart into canonic fragments); the leaping bridge passage (which is now used to accompany the "groupetto" of the opening theme).

The second movement, Adagio, is analogous to the fourth Symphony's slow movement in its pervasive dotted note rhythm and flowering lyricism. The D major of its principal part momentarily darkens to B minor but the movement's real surprise comes with its introduction of the central episode in E flat major. Along with the key change, the dotted note ostinato stops for the nonce. Reprise of the opening theme returns the music to its home tonality of D major- but in place of the dotted notes, the restated melody is now accompanied by flowing triplets (as is also, incidentally, the procedure in the cited counterpart of the Fourth Symphony except that the triplets there supplement rather than supplant the dotted rhythm). But in the sonata, as well, the

dotted note ostinato is reinstated in the movement's final moments.

For whatever reason, Beethoven frequently turned to the Theme with Variations format in his ten piano/violin sonatas—the cycle has no fewer than four instances of such usage (two as slow movements, two as finales) as opposed to only five in the course of the thirty-two piano sonatas! The Tema of Op.30 No.1 is a jolly *alla breve* affair, propelled by eighth notes and anchored by a sturdy bass line. This theme is in two-part binary form, with each of its parts (strains) repeated but these repeats themselves varied and thus written out. Variation I is cast in triplets, (here, as in most of the subsequent variants, the repeats of the two strains are not varied.) Variation II has the material as flowing, horizontal lines. Syncopes are introduced in the second half. Variation III is again characterized by accompanimental triplets. But its mood is more energetic than that of the first variation with a vigorous dialogue between piano and violin. Variation IV alternates slashing multiple stopped violin chords with more lyric material from the piano.

Variation V, *Minore*, places the thematic elements in the piano's bass register while the violin joins in a counter melody on top. The writing becomes increasingly contrapuntal and complex. Incidentally varied repeats are again used in this, the most emotionally charged of the variations thus far). The shadows lift in the Sixth, last Variation and a return to the pervading A Major brings forth a change of meter to 6/8. Its swaggering persona brings the Sonata to a close with an effective (but still relatively low-keyed) coda.

Before leaving discussion of this Sonata, it is fascinating to note that Beethoven had originally intended to end this work with the ultra-brilliant tarentella-like movement that we know as the Finale of the Kreutzer Sonata, Op.47. It is hard to conceive of its placement in the earlier context—a mismatch that seems to me as ill-advised and jarring as the use of the *Grosse Fuge* as the culmination of the String Quartet, Op.130!

SONATA NO.7 IN C MINOR, OP.30 NO.2

As with Beethoven's characteristic *Sturm und Drang* efforts in the key of C Minor (the Piano Trio, Op.1 No.3; The String Trio, Op.9 No.3; the Piano Sonata, Op.10. No.1; the String Quartet, Op.18 No.4; the Third Piano concerto, Op.37; the Coriolan Overture, Op.62; and of course the Fifth Symphony, Op.67), the Piano/Violin Sonata, Op.30 No.2 gives us the familiar dichotomy of emotive, spitfire explosiveness and its counterpart yielding lyricism (usually reserved for the second themes in the relative major).

Its first movement *allegro con brio* commences with a *sotto voce* opening salvo stated by the piano alone -a half note followed by four sixteenths and a quarter- is immediately repeated a fourth higher, and then followed by an ominous downward chromatic run and three soft chords. The violin then takes up the already heard theme in a more outgoing manner while the piano furnishes a

sinister backdrop of rumbling neighbour notes in the bass (sometimes taking the form of a written out trill; at other times as fairly exploding arpeggios). Slashing chords bring us to the second subject, a jaunty *alla marcia* dotted note affair, introduced by the violin against a running sequence of staccato eighth notes in the right hand of the piano part. An energetic passage follows, alternating upward scales back and forth between the two protagonists. The exposition concludes with a return to the movement's opening motif in *maggiore*.

This is the first of Beethoven's sonata movements to bypass an exposition repeat. The next instances were to come in Op.57 (the *Appassionata* Sonata) and Op.59 No.1 (the F major Rasoumovsky Quartet). (Beethoven, perhaps guilt-ridden by these departures from text-book decorum, makes amends by repeating both halves of the second of the Op.59 Quartets!). The working out is typically thorough, beginning with the germinal opening motto but giving full attention to both the second subject and the energetic material that permeates the rest of the movement. The grandly proportioned edifice ends with an extended coda, almost a second development.

As in the first movement, the piano states the *Adagio cantabile*'s first part by itself, and restates it in tandem with the violin accompanied by the piano. The answering second strain is likewise repeated in the same manner. A central episode, built upon sustained chords against arpeggio figurations eventually leads to reprise of the original melody, the arpeggios of B section continuing and evolving into a full scaled active ostinato accompaniment. Twice in the coda, hair-raising upward C major scales jolt the music into an alien F Major. But both times it recover its poised serenity (and rightful A flat major tonality). The movement ends benignly, the violin alternating *pizzicato* with *arco*, the piano brushing past with gossamer 32nd note scales.

The C major Scherzo, with its perky nose thumbing asides, is almost symphonic. At one point, the violin lets forth with a series of repeated Es, like sparks from a blow torch. The Trio section's first part offers a canon between the violin and the piano's left hand; with the latter's right hand supplying the rhythmic momentum with rolling triplets. (The second strain of this central episode reverses the roles of the two instruments).

The Finale brings us back to those ominous neighbour notes in the first movement. Out of this restless beginning comes a spacious theme closely related to the second subject of the Op.18 No.4 Quartet's last movement. Other splendid ideas come to the fore; one of them particularly analogous to the bustling fugato in the second episode likewise encountered in the Rondo of the Third Piano Concerto. The cited Op.37 Piano Concerto ends with an optimistic C major dash to the finish line; but in this Sonata, as in Op.10 No.1 and Op.18 No.4, the aura of C minor tragedy persists to the final bar.

SONATA NO.8 IN G MAJOR, OP.30 NO.3

In decided contrast to the introspective A major Sonata and the explosive C minor, the G major Sonata, Op.30 No.3 is an ebulliently light-hearted work. Although its outer movements (particularly the first, *Allegro assai*) suggest a scowling, unkempt Beethovenian persona, the musical growling is done in the best of good fun. The opening movement is permeated with a blithe mixture of gruffness and courtly elegance that never loses impetus.

The central movement, like the one in Op.31 No.3, has a geniality that almost borders on languid sentimentality. However, a distinction ought to be made between these two siblings: The Piano/violin Sonata is somewhat more expansive than the Op.31 No.3 Piano Sonata (which conforms more closely to the traditional and conventional Minuet/Trio/Minuet da capo format). The subordinate idea in Op.30 No.3 (call it the trio, if you wish) is joined to the main body of the movement, and characterized by displaced accents in the bass. At the end, violin and piano divvy up the original minuet melody and alternate in restating it (very much foreshadowing the last pages of the Variation movement of the Kreutzer Sonata).

The Finale is a *moto perpetuo* rondo whose mood -and also its content- share much with the work's opening movement. (In fact, the second part of its exuberant theme is none other than a reincarnation of the Sonata's opening phrase!) Both performers are kept on their toes (fingers?) as the composer puts his romping materials through their paces. Near the end, there is the "surprise" accidental stumbling into the distant key of E flat (Beethoven's counterpart of Alfred Hitchcock's appearances in his own films). The "mistake" is of course righted, and the music comes to a happy, vigorous conclusion.

SONATA NO.9 IN A, OP.47 ("KREUTZER")

Here is a unique, insofar as I can tell, situation of a musical composition that inspired a literary masterwork that, in turn, brought forth another piece of music: the Kreutzer Sonata's brilliance obviously affected Leo Tolstoy -who thought the work so passionate and incendiary that in his story of the same name, one of its central characters took offense (to put it mildly) at finding his wife playing it with another man. In writing his first string quartet based on Tolstoy (and, obviously, Beethoven as well), Leos Janaček argued on behalf of music's ability to heal the spirit whereas Tolstoy celebrated its capacity to provoke violence.

In any event, musicologists now know that Beethoven's penultimate piano/violin sonata which in its perfected version is dedicated to Rudolf Kreutzer, was originally composed for George Bridgetower, a mulatto violist whom Beethoven considered a dear friend. The two, alas, quarreled, but whether the sonata was the cause of their falling out is not known (Incidentally, Kreutzer is known to have disliked the work and he never played it). Although the *Adagio sostenuto* that opens the first

movement is indeed, in A major, it soon enough leads to the tonality of A minor. It is unusual even for the excitable Beethoven, to find a work with two of its movements designated "Presto". Beethoven describes this as "a Sonata that is written in a very concertante style" and we can assume that Bridgetower's virtuosity must have been as considerable in its way as Beethoven's, judging from the music's slashing, incisive persona. Beethoven's audacious demands have obviously inspired Schubert's C major Fantasy, D.934, and, together, these two compositions foreshadowed Paganini's diabolical musical exploits. For all its breathless agitation, the opening movement of this sonata is of enormous breadth and scope, as are, indeed, the two which follow.

The central slow movement, *Andante con variazione* presents a spacious theme with four variants and a coda. Piano and Violin take turn sharing the honours in stating the two-part binary idea (each of its two parts repeated in a varied manner). Variation I primarily belongs to the piano, with the fiddle merely contributing to the dancing triplets of the keyboard part's rhythmic impetus. Variation II, on the other hand, gives pride of place to the violin (who takes up the theme in piercing repeated notes) while the piano part for all its harmonic importance, is essentially an accompaniment.

In the minore Variation III, the contributions of the two instruments melt in perfect equilibrium. The basically dark, solid tonal characteristics of this third variant provides a perfect dichotomy with the delicate, lacy sonorities put forth in Variation IV. In this final treatment, Beethoven returns to his practice (as originally set forth in the Tema itself) of writing out his sectional repeats in varied instrumentation: each half of the two part theme is initially taken by the piano while the violin embroiders with *pizzicatos* and like thematic fragments, and then the violin (with the piano's accompanying syncopes suggesting elements of hidden counter melody). This leads directly into the serene and expansive coda in which the two protagonists reminisce in dialogue on aspects of the Tema's material. The movement ends with the violin climbing high to the F above the treble staff and the keyboard dropping down to the same note (and an a tenth higher) way down in the bass.

Although the Kreutzer Sonata was one of the two in this cycle not composed as part of a group--the G Major, Op.96 was the other--it should be chronicled that its brilliant third movement (*Presto*) was originally to have been the Finale of the Sonata in A Major, Op.30 No.1. Beethoven was utterly correct in rejecting this brilliantly assertive Sonata/Rondo in that earlier context (where it would have clashed disastrously with the soft-spoken aesthetics of that work's two earlier movements). On the other hand, pressing it into service at the last moment (Beethoven as was so often his wont, had procrastinated in composing his new sonata, and needed a "quick fix" to meet the impending date of a scheduled first performance!) was fortuitous.

SONATA NO.10 IN G MAJOR, OP.96

The last of Beethoven's ten sonatas for piano and violin (it dates from 1812, the same year as the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies and nine years after the Kreutzer) might well have been dubbed the "Archduke Sonata" since it is dedicated to the composer's loyal friend and patron, Rudolph of Austria, along with the Piano Trio, Op.97 which does have that eponymous nickname. Its first performance took place on December 29th of that year at the home of Prince Lobkowitz, another of Beethoven's patrons: Rudolph was the pianist, and the violinist on that occasion was the celebrated Frenchman, Pierre Rode. It is conjectured that the sonata was begun as early as February but as was frequent with Beethoven, its last movement was not completed until only days before the premiere.

Because of its G major tonality and its lyricism tinged with muscular drama, the Op.96 Sonata is very much a stylistic sibling to the Fourth Piano Concerto (which, incidentally, was also dedicated to Rudolph). Its first movement, *Allegro moderato*, is a spacious yet cogent sonata structure. The violin's trilling opening phrase is immediately answered in like fashion by the piano, and the intimate music proceeds with an aura of lofty tranquillity (like the cited Fourth Concerto, a motif using repeated notes, and an arching legato dialogue between piano and violin, also remind the listener of this concerto). The contrasting second subject comprises a jaunty melody set in tripping dotted notes figurations and set against a backdrop of rolling triplet eighth notes. A bit of rhythmic conflict is created by Beethoven's sometimes pitting those triplets against normal duplets - three-against-two.

He also has a surprise in store for us at measure 59 when a ritarding end to a big cadence leads to B flat major instead of the expected D major (which of course returns four bars later only to repeat the same incident and its solution). The development commences quietly with the haunting phrase of the exposition's closing theme and its most notable facet is that the already flowing triplets of the second theme never cease. And whereas Beethoven's developments are so often densely active, this one appears content to gently reminisce. Then, just before the recapitulation, the triplet activity stops and alternating trills between piano and fiddle bring forth the reprise of the opening theme (but this time the piano rather than the violin going first). The coda is based on the various aspects of the first theme.

The *Adagio espressivo*, in E flat major, begins with a piano solo—a long lined cantabile in eighth notes set against flowing inner voice sixteenth notes. That same format was used by Beethoven in the second movement of his "Pathétique" Sonata, Op.13. I would also like to suggest that aspects of Op.96's *Adagio* undoubtedly served as an inspiration (perhaps unconscious) to Brahms in his G Major Piano/Violin Sonata, Op.78.

As with the *Serioso* Quartet, Op.95, Beethoven's line of thought moves directly onto the third movement, *Scherzo* (*allegro*). This jovial G minor movement is

characterized by its *sforzando* accented upbeats. The contrasting Trio, in E flat Major, is flowing and Ländler-like. A varied *Da capo* of the *Scherzo* culminates with a Coda in which the movement's main idea is given a bright restatement in G major. (The violin's culminating trill on B, lest you overlook it, recalls the opening of the first movement!) There is a high preponderance of the theme and variation form in Beethoven's Piano/Violin Sonatas: he uses it four times in the course of these works (as opposed to only five times in the 32 for piano). In Op.12 No.1 and Op.47, this highly civilized form serves as the slow movement; in Op.30 No.1 and the more innovative Op.96, however, the self-same structure is pressed into action to comprise the work's *Finale*. The *Tema* (*Poco allegretto*) is another simple dance tune in binary form. Seven variants follow and because each flows into the next continuously, a listener can be pardoned for initially failing to grasp the theme with variation structure here. The first four variations are, by Beethovenian standards, relatively *pro forma* and uneventful—all proceed in the same tempo as the *tema*, and all but the first are double variations (e.g., with both halves of the theme varied instead of merely repeated—this holds true of the theme itself). In Variation V, however, the tempo changes to *Adagio espressivo* and the emotional content deepens considerably. The original faster tempo is reinstated, and a seeming restatement of the original theme in something close to its unadorned first incarnation suddenly goes away harmonically, and -truncated- leads to a vigorous coda in the correct G Major (the false truncated restatement, as it turns out, was in the "wrong" key of E flat Major). In the course of this coda, two more complete variations appear. There are twelve bars of *poco adagio* contemplation of the *tema*'s second half and, finally, eight measures, *forte* and *presto*, being the sonata to a stomping conclusion.

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XII. STRING TRIOS

In specialist literature on Ludwig van Beethoven's string chamber music, it has become accepted practice to portray the five string trios as preliminary attempts towards the creation of the string quartets, which originated at a later stage. In assuming that the deaf maestro achieved the pinnacle of his chamber music creation in the spirituality and depth of expression, full of contrapuntal finesses, which epitomises the structurally new type of quartet Op.131 in C sharp minor and Op.133 in B major, Beethoven biographers have been prepared to allow the seventeen string quartets to overshadow the trios which are essentially simpler, but portray a more social element. However, those who view a musical composition merely in terms of its degree of maturity within a life's work run the risk of underestimating the individual qualities of earlier works, and to see them in the wrong light when compared to the so-called masterpieces. If the sufficiently self-critical composer had considered his string trios as preliminary attempts prior to his later works in the sense of viewing

them as inferior, he would most certainly not have been interested in publishing them.

Alternately, he would have done away with opus numbers, as he occasionally did with minor compositions of marginal value and with earlier works from which he distanced himself increasingly with the passing of time. An evolutionary comparison with the first violin and piano sonatas, which appeared at about the same time, does not necessarily impose itself – the string trios contain enough unique characteristics and striking tonal beauty to be performed and acknowledged as a separate entity in their own right, a fundamental part of Beethoven's chamber music.

At first glance, Beethoven's first string trio Op.3 in E flat major shares numerous similarities with W.A. Mozart's 1792 string trio K563, published four years earlier in 1792, with regard to the position of both Minuets (3rd and 5th movements), the fact that it contains the same unusually high number of six movements, and that it is composed in the same key. Beethoven's composition, however, divided into voices, also abounds with his own individual ideas and a unique expressiveness which strikes the listener from the first bars of the dotted rhythm to the passionately insistent tonal repetitions. Beethoven's Serenade Op.8 in 5 movements contains such an abundance of explosive musical material that Erno von Dohnányi, a composer of the late romantic period, drew his inspiration from the work more than a century later.

The group of 3 trios in Op.9 have managed to influence entire later generations of composers. The most notable of these influences would have to be the fiery Presto finale of Op.9 No.1, which has left clearly perceptible traces in many a Scherzo and particularly in the Presto of the Octet in E flat major Op.20 by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who has even adopted the playful quavers of Beethoven's theme in perpetual motion. These indications should be reason enough to acknowledge the high level of creativity in Beethoven's string trios, which have frequently been used as models in composition, and instead of seeing them as preliminary attempts, rather to give these earlier works the recognition they so rightly deserve.

TRIOS OP.9 NO. 1-3

From a qualitative perspective the three string trios of Op.9, each in four movements and together forming one unity, can be compared to the first string quartets from Op.18 in six parts (1798-1800). Beethoven wrote them for and dedicated them to Count Johann Georg von Browne, presumably between 1796 and 1798. While the signatures in the "Wiener Zeitung" (Viennese News) of the 21st July 1798 reporting the three new releases are lost, a particularly interesting contemporary document recording the contract entered into between the composer and the publisher Traeg in Vienna on the 16th March of the same year has been preserved :

"I undersigned, confirm herewith that I transferred Mr. Johann Traeg, the privileged dealer of art and music devices, the total ownership in three trios for a violin, viola and a cello, the first of which is in G Major, the second in D Major and the third in C Minor, all of them composed by me and dedicated to Count Browne, brigadier in the services of His Royal Majesty the King of all Prussians, in order to print them or to use them in his discretion, however against his promise not to transfer those trios to anyone else as well as my representation not to have transferred those trios to anybody and his duty to pay an agreed honorarium of fifty ducats. L. v. Beethoven."

The first of the three trios, which Beethoven describes in his dedication as "the best of his works", begins with an Adagio introduction steeped in sorrow, much as one would find in the "Sonate pathétique" Op.13 and several later works. The fortissimo of the unison three-tonal appoggiatura is immediately followed by a pianissimo staccato chain in the third bar, before the extreme dynamic contrasts are repeated within the shortest timeframe possible – a single bar – after which the playful main theme of this Sonata movement, rich in contrasts, commences. The pizzicato side theme in D minor seems to belong to another world, as it captivates the senses with its muted lyrics and exquisite tonal beauty. The manner in which Beethoven repeats a certain note and then harmoniously cloaks it in a continually changing accompaniment is no less impressive than the subtle creation of a drawn-out, slow movement interspersed with a lively middle piece, or the lightness of the third movement (Scherzo). In the Finale, amidst the brilliance, a two-bar motif suddenly appears which is later expanded and recurs as the main theme in the first symphony in C major Op.21.

While Beethoven busied himself with the overall structure of his composition in the trio Op.9 No.1, with the application of a Sonata in the head movement as well as in the Finale, and though the expressive Adagio anticipates the more serious intonation of the string quartets of his later years, trio Op.9. No.2 in D major returns to the simplicity and cheerfulness of the Divertimenti of Haydn, Mozart and other Viennese classics, much as was the case with the Serenade Op.8.

Chamber musical transparency and lyrical finesse are evident not only in the main subject, which reveals a trace of humour and remains light-hearted to the last. The slow movement in D minor reveals elements of a Serenade. The finely chiselled, tonally meagre Minuet brings a sophisticated air to the piece, beginning with a pianissimo in A minor which returns to D major to regain the finesse of the dance. In the concluding Rondo, the Cello sets the beat with its striking prominent Ritornello theme, before Ostinati and Bourdon voices in the manner of Haydn take over.

In contrast to his two previous works in major, Beethoven's last string trio Op.9 No.3 in C minor strives with its passionate quality for a level of expressiveness never before attained in chamber music. Dramatic

contrasts with the necessary suspense are introduced in the profound head movement with the strongly chromatic main motif, the impetus of the first theme's energetic build-up, as well as the gentle side motif in A flat major. This slow movement, which can only be compared to the best string quartets, captivates the senses with its innate depth of feeling as well as with the density of its contrapuntal finely interwoven voices. With its persistent octave repetitions, syncopated rhythms and the many striking sforzandi, the Scherzo –written in the unusual six-eight time– gives an impression of the demonic. In the wildly-flowing Presto Finale, the sombre pathos of the head movement alternates with conciliatory notes, switches to E flat minor, and only after its emotional discharge with its octave repetitions in a hammered fortissimo does it slide into a pure and restful, harmonic C major.

TRIOS OP.3 AND OP.8 “SERENADE”

Experts today still do not agree on the exact time of origin of Beethoven's first string trio Op.3 in E flat major, published in Vienna in 1796 in “Stimmen von Artaria”. While some are of the opinion that it was written while Beethoven was still in Bonn in 1792, newly discovered evidence has led Elliott Forbes to believe that it was in fact brought to paper only in 1794 shortly after Beethoven's arrival in Vienna, where he would spend the rest of his life. Such squabbles regarding the history of music and the many allusions to obvious points of contact with Mozart's string trio in E flat major K563 (Divertimento) should not distract from the essence, i.e. from the fact that the then 22-year-old student of Joseph Haydn and Antonio Salieri was already capable, even before his further tuition by Albrechtsberger, of musically expressing himself with skilled precision and unmistakably unique thoughts and feelings. It is futile to try and detect Mozart's influences in the six movements, as they are certainly not to be found in the music itself. At best one could find traces in the formal layout of the composition. To say that the intonation of Beethoven's work tries to emulate the entertainment value of Mozart's Divertimenti is a gross misrepresentation. Too much expressiveness in the true spirit of Sturm und Drang is contained in this intense, suspense-filled music for a comparison with the non-committal Divertimento style of the time to be plausible. It is therefore probably a mere coincidence that the slow movements (Adagio) of both works are in A flat major, and that Beethoven has chosen to end his work – set, like Mozart's , in E flat major – with a Rondo, too. With its contrapuntal intensification and the remarkably placed caesura managing to convey an intense feeling of restlessness, the scherzo-like 2nd movement is ahead of its time. The pauses which have been inserted at regular intervals in the first of the two Minuets are nothing if not bold in the way in which they create in diversion from the traditional composition of a dance form, distinguished in the Viennese classics in general and in Mozart's music especially by its soft flow and resultant elegance. The violin solos, punctuated with intense sforzandi in the sonorous Adagio, deserve as much recognition as a compositional idiosyncrasy as the highly original trio in C

minor within the 2nd Minuet in the root key E flat major. Through the constant recurrence of inverted mordants in the violin motif, with the support of an organ theme, Beethoven imitates the music of bagpipes: pastoral music of unequivocal originality.

The Serenade Op.8 from 1797 seems lighter and more carefree, reflecting the composer's mood at the time. On the surface amusing, entertaining and in true Divertimento tradition, this work proves to be rich in contrasts and varied structures, and has numerous surprises in store. The introductory march of the fifth movement, which is made up mainly of variations, for example, returns to conclude the Serenade. After the Minuet, which opens with full chords in an almost choral manner and ends as an echo with pizzicato, Beethoven risked a formal experiment. He disrupts the Adagio in D minor with a sprightly Scherzo in D Major, which gets repeated after the minor section to end the unconventional hybrid of a slow movement with the shortened Adagio-piece in minor. The Allegretto alla Polacca, whose powerful march rhythms are spiced up with several syncopations and are in greatest contrast to the dainty elegance of the closing variation, have since found the greatest popularity.

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XIII. THE STRING QUARTETS

A BOLD, TOWERING EDIFICE

In the autumn of 1798 or in the winter of 1798–99 Prince Franz Joseph Maximilian Lobkowitz was looking for new works to perform at his regular string quartet soirées. He gave commissions to two composers who had left their imprint on the genre or were about to do so: Joseph Haydn and Ludwig van Beethoven. Haydn complied with his Quartets Op.77, while Beethoven came up with his first set of string quartets, Op.18, which appeared in print in 1801. No reviews were published at the time, but a notice in the (Leipzig) *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* said that the quartets were ‘difficult to execute and by no means popular in style’. Louis Spohr, for his part, regarded the String Quartet in F major Op.18 No.1 as the very epitome of string quartet writing, for the poignant nature of the opening movement was a feature unprecedented in the history of the medium.

In 1798–99 Beethoven had repeatedly tried his hand at chamber music works for various combinations, but deliberately avoided the string quartet because of its exalted status in art and society and because of the compositional demands involved. A minuet, preludes and fugues for string quartet were written in the mid-1790s for study purposes. During that period Beethoven copied out one of Haydn's string quartets and Mozart's quartets K387 and K464, presumably in preparation for his own essays in that field. Beethoven did not go for the easy option, as can be seen from the fact that he reworked the Quartets Nos. 1–3 in the summer of 1800 before sending them to the publisher, probably after the first private performances. How Beethoven judged his

approach to the genre is apparent from a letter to his friend, Karl Amenda, who had received a copy of the first version of No.2 as a gift:

“Do not pass on your quartet to anyone else, for I have revised it quite substantially. I have only just learned how to write quartets, as you will see when you hold them in your hands.”

Beethoven’s Op.18 is strongly indebted to Haydn and Mozart. He used Haydn’s quartets as a general point of departure for the ‘idiom’ and texture specific to the medium while relating specifically to one of Mozart’s quartets. The Quartet Op.18 No.5 is not only in the key of A major like Mozart’s K464, but it also occupies the same place in the set (K464 was printed as Op.10 No.5). Moreover, Beethoven adopted the same sequence of movements (the minuet comes second) and duplicated some of the tempo markings (Allegro for the first movement, Andante for the third). In both cases, the third movement is a set of variations with a coda. The final movements share the same metrical pattern and are both in sonata form. On top of these formal similarities, there are various more or less pronounced references at the musical level. The numerous scholars who have analysed Beethoven’s quartet writing devote special attention to the final movement of the String Quartet in B flat major Op.18 No.6. This is partly because it opens with a slow introduction, a practice then common in a symphony but not in a string quartet (another example is Haydn’s Op.54 No.2). But the most striking novelty is the unprecedented use of a programmatic title. The significance of the words ‘La Malinconia’ (melancholy) has been hotly debated as has the question of whether they refer only to the slow introduction or also to the ensuing Allegretto quasi Allegro. More recent findings (Arno Forchert) suggest that the composer had the entire finale in mind.

According to an interpretation that gained currency in the 19th century, the title ‘La Malinconia’ should be seen in a biographical context (the onset of Beethoven’s deafness). Another explanation, which is more historical in nature, is that the composer sought to portray one of the four ‘cardinal humours’ in musical terms. ‘Sweet melancholy’, an ‘emotional fad of the 18th century’ (Carl Dahlhaus), was repeatedly singled out for artistic expression, but Beethoven may also have been aware of ‘bitter melancholy’ as a topic of literature and art (e.g. Dürer’s *Melencolia I*). For his compositional resources (chromaticism, shifting harmonies) he drew on the musical rhetoric of the baroque style.

In line with earlier musicological practice, the Allegretto quasi Allegro coming after the slow introduction was interpreted as the rejection of melancholy in favour of joy and cheerfulness. More recent findings, however, suggest that this ‘German dance’, with its two Adagio episodes, does not portray any development, but depicts the abrupt changes of mood associated with the melancholy humour.

A few years later the composer and writer on music, Johann Friedrich Reichardt, who had lost his post as kapellmeister at the Prussian court in Berlin because of his revolutionary sympathies, attended a chamber music evening in Vienna. Reichardt’s notes of 1808–9, which contain formulations that were later to become famous, provide an assessment characteristic of his age: ‘The programme featured three quartets: one each by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. It was very interesting to observe in that order how these three composers had imprinted their personality on the genre. Haydn created it, drawing on the pure fount of his original thinking and sunny disposition. In terms of naiveté and conviviality he remains without equal. Mozart, more energetic in nature and more fecund in imagination, ranged farther afield to pour his most intimate and sublime feelings into many of the movements he wrote. He also set greater store by elaborate textures and thus built a palace atop Haydn’s delightful, fantastic summerhouse. Since Beethoven had established himself in that palace early on, the only way to express his own nature in forms peculiar to him was to erect a bold, defiant towering structure, and anyone trying to place anything upon it will do so at his peril. With his first string quartets, Beethoven embarked on a path of his own, poised between innovation and tradition, proudly taking his place in the history of the string quartet.

‘A NEW PATH’

In 1801, Ludwig van Beethoven’s first string quartets appeared in print. With his six quartets, Op.18, the young composer staked out his claim to excellence in a medium which, thanks to Joseph Haydn, had entered the canon of ‘classical genres’ exactly 20 years before. While thoroughly grounded in the Classical soil of Haydn and Mozart, these quartets speak a language that is entirely Beethoven’s own. Somewhat later, in 1802 or 1803, Beethoven stated: ‘I am not really satisfied with what I have accomplished so far. From now on I shall strike out along a new path.’ He did not explain what he meant by a new path, but his three piano sonatas, Op.31, which are usually cited as a possible clue to Beethoven’s self-assessment, were published a short time later.

It has become common practice, therefore, to regard the year 1802 as the beginning of Beethoven’s second creative period. Just as he produced Op.18 towards the end of the first creative period, he did not return to string quartet writing until the very end of the second. The two sets represent the twin pinnacles of his chamber music writing.

Between 1804 and 1806 Beethoven composed three string quartets to a commission from Count Andreas Kyrillovich Razumovsky, the Russian ambassador in Vienna, which explains why they later became known as the ‘Razumovsky Quartets’. As a special tribute to his patron, Beethoven introduced the melody of a Russian folk song in both the finale of Op.59/1 and the Maggiore section of the third movement of Op.59/2. His source appears to have been a collection of Russian folk songs

by Ivan Prach, which he may have discovered in Count Razumovsky's library.

Razumovsky, Beethoven's patron since 1796, was a great music lover and amateur violinist. He managed to recruit the finest string ensemble of his day, the Schuppanzigh Quartet, maintaining it with a regular salary. Subscription concerts featuring string quartets were held in his Vienna palace from 1804. This was a major innovation because string quartets had usually been performed in private circles during the 18th century. However, as public concerts became more widespread, the genre had to be brought into line with the requirements of a larger audience. With the three quartets of his middle period, Beethoven successfully combined the need to cater for a wider public with the traditional element of exclusiveness, thereby attaining a 'qualitatively new level of complexity' (Ludwig Finscher).

However, these string quartets caused headaches to Beethoven's contemporaries (and to posterity) because, as the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung* noted in 1807, they were 'very long and difficult, searching and superbly crafted, but not easily accessible'. Even Beethoven's friends and musicians at first greeted Op.59 with incomprehension. 'When Schuppanzigh first played the Razumovsky Quartet in F (i.e. Op.59 No.1), they burst out laughing, convinced that Beethoven was pulling their leg and that this was not the quartet he had promised.' In 1812, during a Moscow performance, the famous cellist Bernhard Romberg trampled on his cello part, and a few years later, in St Petersburg, 'the assembled company were in stitches when the double-bass presented his solo on a single note (beginning of the second movement, Allegretto vivace e sempre scherzando)'.

The unusual, 'symphonic' length of the quartets was noted already in the above-mentioned review. Another unusual feature, emphasised by Beethoven, is the fact that the exposition of the first movement of the F major quartet must not be repeated – otherwise the 'uniqueness' of the musical proceedings in the overall design of the movement would be lost. Even so, the traditional pattern remains discernible in each quartet. The outer movements are laid out in sonata or sonata-rondo form, with the slow movement either preceding or following the minuet or scherzo-like movement. But the formal design is less important here than the 'unfolding of the thematic material' (Lini Hübsch). The breaks between the formal components are obscured by the thematic work, and the function of the formal components is no longer clearly visible. These are some of the characteristics of the 'new path' to which Beethoven referred. The 'new path' is most strikingly apparent in the first movement of Op.59 No.3, its theme (following a slow introduction) being 'split in a peculiar way'. As Carl Dahlhaus has pointed out, 'bars 30 and foll. are a rudimentary precursor rather than the theme itself while bars 43 and foll. no longer constitute the theme but rather a clamorous tutti after a melodically sophisticated concertino.'

Having departed from the convention of writing quartets in sets of six in Op.59, Beethoven went so far as to confine himself to a single quartet in Op.74. He composed the E flat major work in the summer and autumn of 1809, and it was published the following year. The dedicatee was Prince Franz Joseph von Lobkowitz, to whom Beethoven had already inscribed his Op.18. The string quartet Op.74 observes the traditional sequence of movements. The first movement follows sonata form and opens with a slow introduction, an unusual feature for Beethoven even though it can also be found in his C major quartet, Op.59 No.3. The work owes its nickname, 'Harp' Quartet, to the pizzicato arpeggios in the first movement. The slow second movement, a rondo, is followed by a scherzo (marked Presto) with trio. An Allegro con variazione brings the work to its conclusion. Nowadays this quartet is commonly described as 'light-hearted and genial in mood', but a contemporary reviewer saw matters differently. Perhaps he had listened more carefully, for he found the quartet 'serious rather than cheerful, searching and sophisticated rather than ingratiating and beguiling.' In 1809, the year he wrote Op.74, Beethoven employed the key of E flat major repeatedly, notably in his sonata 'Les Adieux', the 'Eroica', *Wellington's Victory* and the melodrama from his incidental music to Goethe's *Egmont*. It seems that this key, which Beethoven also used for a number of songs, was meant to express feelings of passion and searing intensity.

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THE LATE STRING QUARTETS

The relationship of late Beethoven to the conventional is, with all of its uniqueness and enormity of formal language, entirely different, much more benign and compliant. Untouched, unchanged by the subjective, the conventions often show up in the late works with a bleakness or, one could almost say barrenness, an abandonment of ego, that has a more frighteningly majestic effect than any hazarding into the personal.

Thomas Mann, Doctor Faustus

In the last years of his life –after the composition of the *Missa Solemnis*– Beethoven occupied himself once again with all of the genres that were particularly important to him and that were highly regarded in the aesthetic of the time: symphony, piano sonata and string quartet. The commission from the Russian Prince Nikolaus Galitzin (to whom Opp. 127, 132 and 130 are dedicated) in November 1822 and the return to Vienna of Beethoven's friend and preferred interpreter Ignaz Schuppanzigh can be traced as the concrete reasons for renewed quartet composition. However, a written offer of new quartets made to the publisher Peters in the spring of 1822 shows that Beethoven was again occupied with the genre independently of those reasons. The long break between the composition of the quartet, Op.95 (1810), and the five late quartets (beginning in 1822) suggests that the latter are to be understood as a summation by Beethoven. With all due caution about attempting to make clear demarcations within a life's work –the 'Quartetto serioso' Op.95, for example, cannot readily

be assigned to a middle creative period– the last quartets do form a group in which Beethoven transcended in form and harmony that which he had hitherto composed and the public had accepted. If his first quartets (Op.18), with their relation to Haydn’s classical quartets of Op.33 and their conversational tone, were still intended for a music-making amateur public, in the middle group (Opp. 59, 74) there is a perceptible virtuosity that addresses itself to a larger public and introduces the string quartet to the concert hall. The late quartets, on the other hand, exhibit a singular tension between a highly technical level of abstraction in their construction –for example in the treatment of dissonance– and more conventional aspects –for example in the use of vocal and dance forms (recitative, aria, folk dance).

The late quartets were successfully premiered –most of them by the Schuppanzigh Quartet– but quickly disappeared again from the concert hall. To the public and critics they were too brusque, inscrutable and abstract. Musicians considered them technically unplayable. Beethoven partly acquiesced to the wishes of his listeners and publishers in that he removed the great closing fugue from Op.130 (it was published separately as Op.133) and replaced it with a new, more affable finale. Still, it must have been apparent to him that the last quartets had surpassed contemporary expectations. While the ‘Quartetto serioso’ Op.95 (the title ‘exceptionally’ originated with Beethoven himself) contains in its concentration of musical expression many private-introspective features, these are largely missing in the late works. They look outward to the listener, albeit to a listener shaken by unprecedented formal riches and musical breaches.

Musically and compositionally the quartets Opp. 127, 130, 131, 132 and 135 are closely related. They were written in rapid succession, sometimes contemporaneously, between 1822 and 1826, so that the opus numbers (assigned upon publication) do not agree with the order of composition. Two quartets in the conventional four movements –Op.127 and Op.135– frame three quartets that gradually move further away from the convention: five movements in Op.132, six movements with a fugal finale in Op.130, and seven interconnected sections in Op.131. Tonal relationships extend beyond individual quartets, and the three middle quartets are further connected by thematic links.

The quartets Opp. 130 in B flat major, 131 in C sharp minor and 135 in F major sum up in different ways Beethoven’s late quartet production. The ‘monster of quartet music’ in B flat major –as Schindler called it– originally culminated in a great fugue that followed a sonataform first movement interrupted by frequent breaks, then three fully formed ‘unproblematic’ movements (Presto, Andante and Alla danza tedesca) and a *cavatina*, whose roots lie in vocal music. The fugue brings the work to a close in three respects: its length corresponds to that of the five previous movements combined, the ‘crisis of sonata form’ from the first movement is resolved by the combination of sonata

form and fugue, and finally all three of the preceding movements’ characters (strict sonata, lyric/cantabile and scherzo-like/scurrilous) are once more brought together. The C sharp minor quartet embraces in a much more continuous fashion –the variation section, No.4, is the structural seed of the entire work– various formal structures (fugue, sonata form, scherzo, variations), thematic material and characteristic inflections. Finally, in the F major quartet, Beethoven brought the curtain down on his life’s work with ironic detachment with a clear reduction in dimensions and demands, and with an almost Classical homage to his two great models, Haydn and Mozart.

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XIV. THE PIANO SONATAS

Beethoven’s Piano Sonatas span the whole of his creative career from the very early set of 1783, dedicated to the Elector Maximilian Friedrich, to the “late period” Op.111 of 1823. His first mature works in this genre, the **Op.2 sonatas** of 1795-6 reveal the influence of Clementi more than that of his teacher Haydn to whom they are dedicated. The usual three movement form is supplement by an additional movement, - a *Minuet* in Op.2 No.1 in F minor and a *Scherzo* in No.2 in A major and No.3 in C major. The first two sonatas of the set contain material taken from an early piano quartet of 1784 (WoO36) and the opening bars of Op.2 No.3 also have the texture of quartet writing.

The **Op.7 Grande Sonata** in E flat of 1796-7, dedicated to his pupil Countess Babette von Keglevics, is one of the longest of all his sonatas and the dramatic silences and abrupt dynamic changes in the *Largo* were to become a characteristic of his work. The **first two sonatas of the Op.10** set return to the three movement format and Op.10 No.1 in C minor may have been modelled on Mozart’s sonata K475 in the same key. Its final movement contains an echo of the four note motif that was to play a prominent part in another C minor work, the Fifth Symphony. Op 10 No.2 in F major omits a slow movement with a minuet-like *Allegretto* between a Haydnesque *Allegro* and a mock fugal *Presto*. Op.10 No.3 in D major returns to a four movement structure at whose heart is a powerful *Largo e mesto* which, according to Beethoven, “expressed a melancholic state of mind”. The intensity of this movement, prefiguring the great slow movements to come, is balanced by the light-hearted aspect of the other movements. The key relationship across the three Op.10 sonatas suggests that Beethoven may have envisaged them as a unified whole.

The **Op.13 sonata** in C minor, the *Grande Sonata Pathétique*, is the first of Beethoven’s works to have achieved general popularity. It is also one of the very few of his works whose title was given to it by the composer himself. It is an example of a “characteristic” work designed to evoke a particular mood –in this case

pathos— but whether it has any connection with the death of his childhood friend Lorenz von Breuning around the time of its composition is a matter of speculation. The sombre *Grave* and urgent *Allegro* sections of the first movement contrast with the serene *Adagio Cantabile* that follows. The *Rondo Finale* contains material that was originally sketched for a piano trio showing Beethoven's capacity for adapting musical ideas originally conceived for other instrumental forces.

The two **Op.14 sonatas** which followed rapidly on the completion of the *Pathétique* (although partly sketched some time before) are in complete contrast to its mood. Neither sonata has a genuine slow movement, the *Andante* of Op.14 No.2 being a brisk march-like set of variations, marking his first use of this form in a sonata. He subsequently arranged No.1 as a string quartet transposing the key to F to suit stringed instruments. Beethoven himself thought very highly of the **Op.22 sonata** in B flat although it appears to be a much more conventional work than its predecessors. The *Allegro con brio*, constructed out of the material of the restless opening bars, is an example of Beethoven's ability to dispense with melody when he wished to. The *Andante con espressione* lacks the concentrated intensity of the slow movements of either Op.10 No.3 and the *Pathétique* and the rather formal minuet looks back to the previous century.

The group of four sonatas composed in 1801 see a marked development in his treatment of sonata form. **Op.26** in A flat major is structurally unusual, beginning with an *Andante* movement in variation form (after Mozart's K331) followed by a vigorous *Scherzo*. The third movement "Funeral March on the Death of a Hero" prefigures the slow movement of the *Eroica* Symphony and its repeated notes, insistent dotted rhythms and "drum roll" tremolos combine to produce an almost symphonic texture (the movement was subsequently orchestrated for "Leonora Prohaska" in 1815 and an arrangement of it for brass band was played a Beethoven own funeral). In complete contrast, the scurrying finale was, according to Czerny, an imitation of the style of the virtuoso J. B Cramer who had visited Vienna a few years previously.

The two **Op.27 sonatas** are entitled "Quasi una fantasia" as if to underline their departure from conventional sonata form. The four movements of **Op.27 No.1** are designed to be played without a break and the first movement has an unusual *Andante-Allegro-Andante* structure with an abrupt change of key in the middle section. The reappearance of material from the slow movement towards the end of the finale is a unifying device increasingly used by Beethoven. The first movement of **Op.27 No.2** is perhaps the most famous piece of music written for the piano.

Unfortunately it is almost impossible to disassociate it from the image conjured up by Rellstab's evocative but entirely unauthentic title "Moonlight". The brooding triplets of the first movement actually recall the dying Commendatore in Act 1 of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*,

lending a more sinister aura to the music. A hesitant *Allegretto* is followed by the headlong rush of the *Presto agitato*, which one suspects may have disconcerted his pupil, the young Countess Giulietta Giucciardi, to whom Beethoven dedicated the sonata and whom he had hopes of marrying (vain hopes, as with all his matrimonial expectations). He had in fact intended to dedicate the much easier Rondo in G Op.51 No.2, to her but at the last moment had presented that work to Countess Lichnowsky, wife of his principal patron (the dictates of the head overcoming those of the heart on that occasion).

The final sonata in the 1801 group, **Op.28** in D major is known by equally unauthentic but more apposite title "Pastoral", characterising its gentle lyricism and relaxed mood (although unlike the symphony there are no actual rustic intrusions). Czerny claimed that the wistful D minor *Andante* was one of Beethoven's favourite movements.

The **three Op.31 sonatas** were written during the crisis year 1802 when he suffered depression and anguish over his increasing deafness but as with the other compositions from that period, they show no outward signs of any emotional turmoil. Unlike previous groupings under a single opus number, the Op.31 set does not seem to have been conceived as a unity. **Op.31 No.1** in G major displays a rhythmic oddity in the first movement as if the player cannot quite synchronise both hands. The lavishly decorated *Andante grazioso* is followed by a *Rondo* finale which heavily influenced Schubert's Sonata D595. **Op.31 No.2** is in D minor a key Beethoven used only once again in the Ninth Symphony. His remark reported by the (often unreliable) Schindler that one should "read Shakespeare's *Tempest*" in relation to this sonata has led to much unnecessary programmatic speculation. The turbulent first movement is punctuated by the mysterious rising arpeggio with which it opens and arpeggios are a recurring feature of this sonata: at the beginning of the *Largo*, in the accompanying "galloping" figures of the hectic *finale* and finally as a descending arpeggio in the closing bars to mirror the opening. **Op.31 No.3** in E flat major is a more straightforward four movement work. The recurring three note motif with which it opens may be derived from the song "Der Wachtelschlag - The Quail Call" (WoO129) written about the same time. After a light-footed *Scherzo* and gracious *Minuet*, the sonata ends on a boisterous *Presto con fuoco* in 6/8 time.

The opus number given to the next two sonatas, **Op.49 Nos. 1 and 2** is very misleading as they were written in 1797 and 1796 respectively and only published in 1805 along with other early works. His usage of material from the *Tempo di Menuetto* of Op.49 No.2 in the *Wind Septet* Op.20 of 1799 suggests that it at least was not originally intended for publication. Each is a short two-movement work and they are known as the "Easy Sonatas" although with Beethoven nothing should be taken for granted.

The **Op.53 Sonata** in C major, the “Waldstein”, begun in 1803 when Beethoven was sketching the Eroica Symphony is the first of the so-called “middle period” sonatas characterised by their grandeur of scale and conception. He had recently taken delivery of a new Erard piano with an extended keyboard and he makes occasional forays into the hitherto unknown territory of its extremities. The first movement is marked by contrasts: in its dynamics, the movement between the upper and lower registers and between the subdued but relentless rhythm of the opening theme and the serenity of the second subject. Beethoven had originally composed a long *Andante* movement but replaced it with a short 28 bar *Introduzione* with a fragmentary theme which moves straight into the *Rondo finale* (the original slow movement was published separately as the *Andante favori*, WoO57). The is characterised by the extreme virtuosity of the writing especially in the prestissimo coda with its long trills, octave glissandos and abrupt changes of dynamics. Beethoven dedicated the work to his old patron Count Waldstein but whether this was in grateful memory of his support over ten years previously in Bonn or was prompted by some more recent benefit is unknown.

Between the two giants of the “Waldstein” and the “Appassionata” sits the unconventional, two movement **Op.54** in F major. The *Tempo di minuetto* first movement starts out as if it were a genteel minuet but develops into a rondo-like alternation of a progressively elaborated dance theme and a rowdy, heavy footed passage which lingers beneath the “perpetual motion” *Allegretto*.

The gestation period of the **Op.57** sonata in F minor, the “Appassionata”, was relatively long for a piano work of this period. Beethoven had begun sketching it in 1804 but progress was interrupted by work on Fidelio and it was not completed until 1806, most probably while he was staying at Lichnowsky’s castle in Graz. He certainly had the manuscript with him on that occasion and the water damage still evident on its cover page may have been inflicted when he stormed from the castle during a torrential downpour following his refusal to entertain Lichnowsky’s guests.

The muted sepulchral opening theme, descending to the lowest note of the existing keyboard, is punctuated by a recurring four note motif, indelibly associated with the opening of the Fifth Symphony. After a series of vehement outbursts, it is magically transformed into the lyrical second subject. The second movement provides a refuge from the vehemence of the outer movements in the variations on a simple melody before moving, without a break into the relentless finale which Beethoven drives even harder in the *Presto* coda.

Beethoven had produced or worked on at least one sonata each year since 1795 but after the completion of the “Appassionata”, he abandoned the form for three years. In 1807, Muzio Clementi who had acquired a number of works for publication in England where he was based, commissioned up to three sonatas to be

produced at Beethoven’s convenience. However it did not seem to be convenient for him to take up this commission until 1809 by which time he had already embarked on a very personal work. In the spring of that year Archduke Rudolph, now his main patron, had been forced to leave Vienna by the French invasion and in response to his departure, Beethoven wrote a single sonata movement in E flat entitled “*Das Lebewohl*” (The Farewell). The syllables of that word are written above its opening notes which provides the main motif for the movement. He later completed two other movements, entitled “*Die Abwesenheit*” (The Absence) and “*Das Wiedersehen*” (The Return) evoking the appropriate mood without being in any way programmatic (although Beethoven insisted on the inclusion of all the extramusical references in the printed edition). Together they make up the sonata **Op.81a**.

In the autumn of 1809, he turned his attention to the works he had promised Clementi and produced two short **sonatas Op.78** in F sharp major and Op.79 in G major (referred to as a Sonatina in the printed edition). Op.78, dedicated to Therese von Brunsvik, is a two movement work, the amiable first movement prefaced by a brief Adagio cantabile and the second a fast flowing *Allegro* emerging from a jaunty introductory statement. Op.79 looks back to the age of Haydn and Mozart in its first movement, a guileless *Presto* marked “alla tedesca” -in the style of a German dance- and forwards to Romanticism in the second movement’s languid barcarolle. The third movement, a miniature perpetuum mobile, ends almost before it has begun.

After this brief return to the sonata form, Beethoven abandoned it once more, this time for five years. The two movement **Op.90** in E minor was written for (or at least dedicated to) Count Moritz Lichnowsky on the occasion of his marriage to a woman of lower social status than himself (the opposite of Beethoven’s usual predicament in these matters). Beethoven is supposed to have told him that the first movement represents “a struggle between the heart and the head” and the second E major *Rondo* “a conversation with the beloved”. Beethoven who was now beginning to give tempo and expressive instructions in German rather than Italian marks this movement “Nicht zu geschwind und sehr singbar vorzutragen”, not too fast and with a very singing tone”.

In the **Op.101** sonata in A major of 1815 Beethoven begins the process of shifting the centre of gravity of his works towards their end by shortening the opening movement or movements. The relatively brief first movement which Beethoven described as “impressions and reveries” is followed by a *Vivace* march with a more introspective *Trio* and a fleeting *Adagio* marked “Langsam und sehnsuchtvoll” –slow and full of longing. A recollection of the opening movement leads straight into the *Allegro* finale (which is almost as long as the preceding ones together) whose elaborate fugal and contrapuntal writing recalls Bach. The sonata was published in a volume of works designed to serve as models of their kind and was dedicated with a fondness

to his pupil Dorothea Ertmann, who had developed a reputation for her performances of Beethoven's works.

The period between the completion of the Eighth symphony in 1812 and the beginning of the *Missa Solemnis* in 1819, during which Beethoven was dogged by illness, depression and the ongoing legal battle over the guardianship of his nephew Karl, was one of relative creative inactivity. While he composed a few works of great originality – the Op.90 and 101 sonatas, the Op.102 Cello sonatas, the song cycle “An die ferne Geliebte” – these were intimate pieces far removed from the epic scale on which he had previously been working. However in 1817 he began to sketch a sonata which he confided to Czerny he considered to be his greatest and which in its unprecedented scale and massive conception remains unrivalled in the genre.

The **Op.106** sonata in B flat major has become known as the “Hammerklavier” because Beethoven, in keeping with his adoption of German language markings, insisted that the publisher use the German word for the instrument on the title page (although Op.101 had also been designated in this way the title became applied only to its successor). Beethoven received a Broadwood piano from London during the composition of this work but at too late a stage to have any radical effect on it. The theme of the opening bars taken from a projected choral work for the name day of Rudolph (to whom Beethoven dedicated the piece) and the words “Vivat Vivat Rudolphus” can be heard behind the acclamatory chords. This is immediately followed by a contrasting lyrical motif and the movement is built out of a fusion of these opposites. The second and third movements as in the Ninth Symphony are a *Scherzo* and an immense, meditative *Adagio*, one of the longest Beethoven wrote, in variation form which anticipates the slow movements of the late quartets. The *finale* is introduced by a *Largo* in which Beethoven dispenses with bar lines and simply instructs the player to count in semiquavers which leads straight into the massive fugue.

The next three sonatas, from the period 1820 to 1822 see Beethoven extending but not entirely breaking free from the boundaries of the traditional sonata. The first movement of **Op.109** in E major was originally intended as a contribution to a piano tutor volume which may explain its unusual alternation of *Vivace* and *Adagio Sostenuto*. The central *Prestissimo* movement is followed by an extended *Andante* in theme and variations form to be played “mit innigster Empfindung – with innermost feeling”. The **Op.110** in A flat continues the dismantling of the sonata structure by following a *Moderato Cantabile* movement and short *Molto Allegro* with a movement which combines and alternates passages of *Adagio*, *Recitativo*, *Arteso Dolente* and *Fugue*. In what was to be his final sonata, **Op.111** in C minor Beethoven returns to a two movement structure which embody and sum up the contrasting musical elements of the genre – sonata form and variations, major and minor, *Allegro* and *Adagio*. After a first movement of immense power and rigour, Beethoven embarks on an extended variations movement in which the simple arietta theme

is transformed by increasingly ecstatic, shimmering passage work before a return to the calm stasis of its opening bars.

XV. MUSIC FOR SOLO PIANO

Apart from the thirty two sonatas Beethoven produced a large body of work for solo piano including several sets of variations, three sets of bagatelles, various rondo, allegretto and minuet movements, the **Fantasia in C**, Op.77, the **Andante Favori** WoO57 (originally composed as a slow movement for the Waldstein Sonata) and the **Polonaise in C**, Op.89, (written for the Empress of Russia and presented to her at the Congress of Vienna). The variation form, which he used widely throughout his works, exercised a particular fascination for Beethoven and he produced a total of twenty sets, from his first recorded composition – the **Variations in C minor** on a march by Dressler, WoO63, of 1782 to the majestic **Diabelli Variations** Op.120, completed in 1823. Most date from the early part of his career and are based on themes taken from operas or ballets by contemporary composers including Paisiello, Grétry, Salieri and Süssmayer. However after 1800, Beethoven began to use original themes and these works usually are dignified with opus numbers (apart from the **Thirty Two Variations in C minor**, WoO80, which for some reason he later rejected). Beethoven was proud of his achievement in developing the variation form beyond the mere decoration of a popular tune and wrote to Breitkopf and Härtel that the Op. 34 and 35 sets had been worked out “in an entirely new manner”. **Op.34 on an Original Theme in F** is made up of a theme and eight variations (although the publishers, unused to Beethoven's “new manner” of treating the variation form, could at first only count six) in different keys, descending by a third each time, and in a variety of time signatures.

The **Op.35** set is based on a theme from his ballet music *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* (Op.43) of 1801, from which they are often known as the Prometheus Variations, Beethoven's preferred designation (although they are also referred to as the “Eroica” Variations after the use of the theme in the final movement of that symphony). This time all the variations are in the same key of E flat but the set is much elaborately structured. It opens with a skeletal treatment of the bass line to which parts are gradually added in counterpoint during the first three variations before the theme eventually makes its appearance (a device Beethoven repeated in the finale of the Eroica symphony by which time his audience must have been familiar with it). After successively elaborate variations of the theme, the bass line returns to supply the subject of an extended fugue to be followed by an *Andante con Moto* set of double variations and a brief coda.

In 1803 he wrote two sets of variations on “**God Save the King**”, WoO78, and “**Rule Britannia**”, WoO79, his admiration for Napoleon, which at this time remained

undiminished, not preventing him from holding the English in great respect. Beethoven returned to the variation form at the end of his life when in 1820 the publisher Anton **Diabelli** invited several composers, including Schubert, Czerny and the young Liszt to provide a variation on a waltz theme he had written for inclusion in a composite work representing a compendium of German music. Although Beethoven was dismissive of Diabelli's theme, referring to it as a "cobbler's patch", he spent the next three years working on a monumental set of thirty two variations in which he deconstructed and reconstructed the simple waltz in every possible tempo, key variation and musical style, both serious and amusing as in the parody of Leporello's aria "Notte e giorno faticar" in variation 22.

XVI. WORKS FOR THE STAGE

When Emanuel Schikaneder appointed Beethoven as composer-in-residence at the Theater an der Wien at the beginning of 1803, it opened the door for Beethoven to fulfil his long cherished ambition to write an opera. He had already studied techniques of vocal composition with Salieri and composed a few pieces for voice and orchestra on an operatic scale including, "Tremate, empi, tremate" (Op.116) and "Nei Giorni tuoi felici" (WoO93) but apart from a contribution to Umlauf's singspiel "Die Schöne Schusterin" in 1795, he had written nothing specifically for the operatic stage. The Roman subject matter of Schikaneder's preferred libretto, "Vestas Feuer" did not inspire him and he gave up after struggling with it for a year. He was more inclined towards heroic opera in the French style and in 1804 he found the perfect text: "Leonore ou l'Amour conjugal" which treated subjects dear to his heart - the triumph of liberty over oppression and the love between wife and husband. However it took three attempts for the opera to reach the form in which it is known today. The first two versions of 1805 and 1806 are generally referred to by the title "**Leonore**" and the final 1814 version as "**Fidelio**". Beethoven seems to have preferred the former title but the theatre management apparently insisted on the latter to avoid confusion with the other operas by Gaveaux (1798), Paer (1804) and Mayr (1805) which set the same text. After the first disastrous performances of 1805, Beethoven, with help from his friend Stephan von Breuning, made various structural changes designed to increase its dramatic effect. Acts 1 and 2 were amalgamated and Rocco's Act 1 aria (Hat man nicht auch Gold beneiben) omitted in order to speed the introduction of Leonore and Pizarro and advance the action. The revised version fared no better and was withdrawn by Beethoven after only two performances following a dispute with the management over his share of the receipts. Interest in staging the opera was revived in 1814 as a result of the renewed popularity of Beethoven's music after the massively successful performances of The Battle Symphony and the Seventh Symphony.

The poet and playwright, Georg Treitschke was brought in to make further radical alterations to the opera's structure and dramatic content and Beethoven thoroughly revised the score and composed yet another overture. The trio "Ein mann is bald genommen" and the duet between Leonore and Marzelline (Im der Ehe froh zu leben) were cut, thus reducing even further the domestic "Singspiel" elements, and the order of the opening numbers was reversed so that the opera now began with Marzelline's and Jacquino's duet (Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein) rather than Marzelline's spoken dialogue and aria. Leonore's Act I scene was substantially remodelled with Beethoven adding the dramatic recitative "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?" after the first performances, and Florestan was given his angelic vision with its soaring oboe accompaniment at the end of his opening aria. The most radical changes were to the final scenes of each act: in the first act, a conventionally rousing chorus of soldiers and guards was replaced by a more muted and complex musical accompaniment to the prisoners' return to the cells.

The action of the second scene of Act 2 was brought from the dungeons to the courtyard where the chorus greet the arrival of Don Ferrando. This allows the opera to end in a blaze of light but introduces a pause in the action whose length depends on the technical capability of the theatre to effect a quick scene change. There was also severe compression of the action after Pizarro's departure so that Leonore and Florestan launch immediately into their ecstatic duet "O namenlose Freude" (set to music originally composed for the unfinished "Vestas Feuer") now secure in the knowledge that rescue is at hand. In the previous versions, Rocco had disarmed Leonore before departing with Pizarro, leaving them in doubt as to what was going to happen to them. In the final scene, certain plot issues are given a cursory treatment. Pizarro is summarily dismissed from the action -previously he was condemned to take Florestan's place in the dungeon- and Rocco's rather dubious participation in the preceding events is glossed over. Instead the focus is wholly on the positive: the reuniting of friends, the acknowledgement of Leonore's bravery and constancy and the final celebration of wifely virtue. Beethoven provided yet another overture – the fourth he had written for the opera if one includes the work known as **Leonore No.1** written in 1807 for an unrealised production in Prague and only published after his death. Unlike the overtures he composed for the 1805 and 1806 versions, known as **Leonore No.2** and **Leonore No.3**, the **Fidelio overture** is unrelated to the music of the following dramatic action and its brevity and lightness of tone leads naturally into the cosy domestic scene with which the opera opens.

Act I

The events of the opera take place in a castle near Seville (to where the play's author, Bouilly transferred the action from Tours where he claimed the actual incident on which he based the story took place). It begins on a light note with a duet between Marzelline, daughter of the chief jailer Rocco and his assistant Jacquino, whose attempts to persuade her to accept him as a husband

she politely but firmly rebuffs. She takes advantage of his periodic absences to answer knockings at the prison door, to confess that she is attracted to Fidelio, the young man who has recently entered her father's service. (Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein). Jaquino's departure allows her to express her feelings of love for Fidelio unaware that he is really the disguised Leonore, wife of a political prisoner held in the castle (O war ich schon mit dir vereint). Rocco and then Fidelio enter and Rocco expresses his appreciation for the "young man's" work and hints that he is aware of Marzeline's love for him. In the canon quartet (Mir ist so wunderbar) each character expresses their feelings at the situation - Rocco, Marzeline and Jaquino, their different reactions to the potential union of the young couple, Leonore her misgivings at the situation and her fears for her husband. After Rocco's aria praising the virtues of money, cut from the 1806 version but restored to the 1814 version after its first performances (Hat man nicht auch Gold beneiben), Leonore questions him about the prisoners and on learning that there is a special prisoner whom Rocco alone must attend she begs to be allowed to accompany him when he next visits him. In the trio (Gut, Söhnchen, gut) Rocco and Marzeline reflect on Fidelio's qualities as a potential son-in-law and husband while Leonore screws up her courage for the test to come. A short march heralds the entrance of the Governor Pizarro and his guards. He is alerted to the imminent arrival of the minister of State, Don Ferrando, on a visit of inspection and realises that he must act quickly to dispose of his enemy Florestan whom he has been slowly starving to death in the castle dungeon. He exults over his coming act of vengeance (Ha welch' ein Augenblick!) in which he hints that at once their positions had been reversed (the precise circumstances of the enmity between Florestan and Pizarro remains unexplained) and posts a trumpeter in the tower to warn him of Ferrando's approach. His attempts to bribe Rocco to murder Florestan meet with refusal although Rocco agrees to assist Pizarro in his murderous act on the grounds that Florestan's death will be a release from his suffering (Jetzt, Alter, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile). Leonore who has overheard at least some of this conversation vents her anger at Pizarro and calls on Hope to bolster her courage (Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du ihn.... Komm Hoffnung lass den letzten Stern.). She asks that the prisoners be allowed out of their cells to enjoy the daylight (originally it was Marzeline who did so) and their groping towards the sunlight is expressed the moving chorus (O welche Lust) Leonore learns that she has been given permission to accompany Rocco to the dungeon of the unknown prisoner and that his fate is sealed (Nun sprecht, wie ging's). Pizarro enters, furious that the prisoners have been allowed out. Rocco's excuse that the occasion of King's birthday permits the concession, seems to satisfy him (Ach Vater, Vater eilt) but the prisoners are forced to return to their cells (Leb wohl du warmes Sonnenlicht).

Act II

The act opens in the darkness of the dungeon where Florestan lies in chains (the music of the introduction comes from his early Joseph Cantata of 1790). In the

recitative (Gott, welch Dunkel hier) he accepts his fate as the will of God and in the following aria (In des Lebens Frühlingstagen) he has an ecstatic vision of Leonore which quickly fades. Leonore and Rocco enter and in the melodrama episode begin to prepare a grave (Wie kalt ist es). As Rocco talks to Florestan, Leonore thinks she recognises her husband's voice but feels she must help the prisoner whoever he is and offers him food (Nur hurtig fort nur frisch gegraben) . In the trio (Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten), Florestan expresses his thanks for this act of compassion, Rocco his powerlessness to alter the situation and Leonora, who remains unrecognised by her husband, her hope for his salvation. Rocco signals to Pizarro that all is ready and in the quartet (Er sterbe) Pizarro reveals his identity to Florestan and his murderous intent towards him. However before he can strike, Leonora stand in his way with a loaded pistol and to the general astonishment reveals herself a Florestans' wife. At this point, a distant trumpet sounds twice, signalling the approach of Don Ferrando and the action freezes as each takes in its significance. The quartet is resumed briefly as Leonore, Florestan and Pizarro recognise that the tables have been turned. Pizarro and Rocco leave and Florestan and Leonore express their joy at being reunited in their surging duet (O namenlose Freude). The second scene, transfers the action from the darkness of the dungeon to the sunlight of the castle's parade ground where the chorus of soldiers, guards and prisoners greet Don Ferrando (Heil sei dem Tag) who announces that he is there to set right past injustices (Des besten Königs Wink und Wille). Rocco brings forward Leonore and Florestan, still in his chains, and Ferrando recognises the friend whom he believed dead. Pizarro's attempts at an explanation are brushed aside and he is led away to an undisclosed fate. Leonore frees her husband and all are struck by deep emotions (the music for the profoundly moving moment when she removes Florestan's fetters is another borrowing from the Joseph cantata). All join in celebrating the triumph of liberty over oppression and the joys of married love. The final chorus contains words from Schiller's "An die Freude" which Beethoven had from the outset insisted on including but which were so sadly inaccurate as far as his own life was concerned: "Wer ein holdes Weib errungen, stimm in unsern Jubel ein!" - Who calls such a wife his own, join in our song of joy.

His experience with Fidelio did not put Beethoven off the prospect of writing another opera and among the many unrealized projects were "Macbeth" in collaboration with Heinrich von Collin in 1807 and "Melusine" on a libretto by Franz Grillparzer in 1822. He also wrote a number of works designed to accompany stage works including the overture to Collin's "Coriolanus", an overture and incidental music for Goethe's "Egmont" and music for Kotzebue's one-act plays "König Stephan" and "Die Ruinen von Athen". The Coriolanus overture was written in 1807 possibly for a single performance on 24th April of that year and is a miniature drama in itself, evoking the mood rather than the events of the play. Goethe's "Egmont" deals with the struggle of the 16th century Dutch led by Count Egmont to free themselves

from Spanish rule and Beethoven's incidental music of 1810 consists of the overture, now a popular concert work, and nine movements. These comprise two songs for Clärchen, Egmont's lover, music for her death scene (she took poison after an unsuccessful attempt to rescue Egmont) and the melodrama in which she appears to Egmont in a vision prophesying freedom for the people after his own death, and the Victory symphony with which the play (and the overture) ends. The four entr'actes skilfully introduce the action of the succeeding scenes but caused a problem when published for concert performances as the music does not come to a conventional close. The publishers Breitkopf and Härtel therefore had to employ other composers to add suitable endings.

The music for 'Die Ruinen von Athen' and "König Stephan" originally accompanied one-act dramas on patriotic episodes in Hungary's history and national mythology written by August Kotzebue for the opening of the new theatre at Pest. The overture to "**König Stephan**" features a recurring series of calls which interrupt a jaunty march and there is a hint of the music later used in the finale of the Ninth Symphony. The story of "**Die Ruinen von Athen**" shows Mercury and Minerva, after finding Athens overrun by the Turks (giving Beethoven the opportunity to write a chorus of Dervishes and a Turkish march) discovering that true culture flourishes on the banks of the Danube. The music was later adapted and remodeled for the reopening of the Josepha Theater Vienna in 1822 for which Beethoven composed a new overture in Handelian style.

XVII. CHORAL MUSIC

The death of Joseph II on 20th February 1790 was particularly mourned by the members of the Lesegesellschaft, the literary society that was the focal point in Bonn of the liberal and enlightened attitudes which Joseph had fostered throughout the empire. They decided to commission a cantata to honour his memory and turned to the nineteen-year old Beethoven to provide a musical setting of a text by Severin Anton Awerdonck (who by coincidence was the brother of the girl with whom Beethoven had shared the platform at his concert debut in 1783). This was Beethoven's first major commission - his musical duties at court did not, unlike Mozart's in Salzburg, include the provision of music for official occasions - and represented both a challenge and an opportunity for him. Although he had no experience of writing on this scale, he had spent the previous two years in the orchestra of the court theatre and so would have had at least a practical knowledge of working with singers, chorus and large orchestral forces. The scheduled date for the performance was 19th March 1790 but for unspecified reasons, it never took place. The players and singers may have found the work too difficult to rehearse and perform and certainly an attempt by the Bonn court orchestra to mount a performance the following year was abandoned for that reason. However given the extremely short period

between the news of Joseph's death and the proposed performance date, it is very likely that Beethoven simply did not complete it in time (not the last occasion this would happen). However, the fact that he was subsequently commissioned to write a second cantata to celebrate the accession of Leopold II suggests that he escaped blame or at least censure for this. Beethoven never published either of the cantatas, probably because he no longer possessed the scores, but he used the Joseph Cantata in particular as a source of material for later works, most obviously in *Fidelio*, in which the cantata's sombre introductory music reappears at the opening of Act II and the setting of the words "Da stiegen die Menschen ans Licht" at the point where Leonore frees Florestan from his chains. Neither work received a public performance in Beethoven's lifetime and the Joseph Cantata eventually had its premiere in 1884 when Brahms declared: "Even if there were no name on the title page none other could be conjectured! It is Beethoven through and through!"

Beethoven's only oratorio, **Christus am Ölberg** (Christ on the Mount of Olives) Op.85, was composed rapidly in the spring of 1803 for his benefit concert in April of that year. As with so many of his works which were written to meet a performance deadline, it was completed just in time and he was still writing or at least copying out the trombone parts early on the morning of the performance. Beethoven was following Haydn's example in producing an oratorio on biblical material for the Easter concert season (The Seven Last Words of Christ, The Creation and The Seasons had been performed in 1796, 1798 and 1801 respectively) but his choice of subject matter - Christ's moment of doubt and anguish in the Garden of Gethsemane before his arrest - is unusual and may have been prompted by his emotional crisis over and final acceptance of the fact of his deafness. Beethoven commissioned the text from a minor poet Franz Xaver Huber and similarities between its language and that of the Heiligenstadt Testament suggest that he influenced or even contributed to it. Although he recognised the text's shortcomings, he was very reluctant to accept any of the changes suggested by Breitkopf and Härtel, when the work was eventually published in 1811, maintaining that the music and the words formed an integral and coherent whole, notwithstanding the inadequacy of the latter. The music is rather operatic in its style, reflecting Beethoven's recent studies with Salieri, and he later expressed doubts about the propriety of setting the words of Christ, a tenor rather than the more usual bass or baritone, in such a theatrical fashion. Indeed Christ's duet with the unbiblical Seraph, introduced into the story to provide a female voice could be taken for an operatic love duet. The work has considerable dramatic force - the first version included stage directions - and the approach and entry of the arresting soldiers, culminating in their cry of "Hier ist er!", apparently had a great effect on the original audience.

The few major choral works Beethoven produced fall neatly into the three traditional periods into which his compositions are traditionally divided - the imperial

cantatas into the early period, the oratorio and the Mass in C the middle period and the *Missa Solemnis* ushering in the great works of the late period. However, during the period between the completion of the Eighth Symphony in 1812 and the commencement of the *Missa Solemnis*, in which his musical output was otherwise very limited he did manage to produce a number of pieces for voices for performance in connection with the Congress of Vienna in 1814 of which the cantata "**Der glorreiche Augenblick**" (The Glorious Moment) Op.136, is the most spectacular. The work, on the bombastic text of Alois Weissenbach, catches the prevailing patriotic and triumphalist mood at what was thought (pre-Waterloo) to be the final downfall of Napoleon and the very specific circumstances of its composition as a piece d'occasion -with the personification of Vienna addressing the European nations whose heads of state were present in the concert hall at the premiere- have probably led to its subsequent neglect. The work is scored on a large scale for mixed choir including children and a quartet of soloists (tenor, bass and two sopranos) and has significant concertante parts for solo cello and violin.

The other work of more lasting importance dating from this period is the Op.112 cantata "**Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt**" (Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage). This is a setting for four part chorus and orchestra of two poems by Goethe describing a becalmed ship and its onward voyage as the wind returns. Beethoven began sketching the work in 1813 but found himself becalmed in the midst of its composition and did not manage to complete it until 1815.

Apart from the final movement of the Ninth Symphony, Beethoven's other significant work involving chorus is the **Choral Fantasia** (Op.80). This was written as a last minute addition to the massive concert of December 1808 where it was intended to provide the grand finale involving all the forces -chorus, soloists, orchestra and piano- which had been employed in the rest of the programme. After a long improvisatory passage for solo piano (extemporised by Beethoven at the performance) there is a hesitant exchange, between piano and orchestra which leads into a series of variations on a theme taken from the (then) unpublished song "**Gegenliebe**" dating from 1794-5. The similarity between the theme that of the Ode to Joy is marked as is the manner in which the voices are introduced into what had been up to that point a purely instrumental work and Beethoven later explicitly acknowledged the Choral Fantasia as the forerunner to that work. The text, which is different from the song from which the music is taken, has been attributed to Christoph Kuffner, for whose tragedy "**Tarpeja**" of 1813 Beethoven provided a Triumphant March (WoO2a). However its absence from Kuffner's collected works, has led to doubt as to its source and other suggestions of its authorship include Georg Treitschke, who produced the final revision of the libretto for *Fidelio*, and even Beethoven himself.

The **Mass in C (Op.86)** was commissioned by Prince Nikolaus Esterházy for performance on the occasion of

his wife's name day in early September 1807 and Beethoven was well aware that his first attempt at a mass setting would be compared with the six masses previously produced by Haydn for the celebration of that event. Beethoven was understandably nervous at this prospect and admitted as much when he wrote to the Prince in July, promising delivery of the work by the 20th of August 1807, perilously close to the performance date. He gave various excuses for the delay including his recent illness and even sent the Prince a copy of a letter from his doctor to confirm this fact, which shows how anxious he must have felt about his reputation for unpunctuality. In the event, the first performance at Eisenstadt on 13th September (the first Sunday after the Princess Maria's name day) was not a success, possibly because it received inadequate rehearsal, and the Prince made no secret of the fact that he thoroughly disliked what Beethoven had written. Beethoven, who was himself aggrieved that he had been given what he considered to be substandard accommodation at Eisenstadt, was in no mood to be conciliatory. He did not present the score to Esterházy and when it was eventually published in 1811 it was dedicated to Prince Kinsky.

MISSA SOLEMNIS

Not long after his last public appearance as a pianist in 1815, Beethoven was regarded in Vienna as a musician who by reason of his increasing deafness was gradually becoming strange in his ways. Instead of seeking a remedy for his chronic stomach and bowel ailments, he sought refuge in excessive enjoyment of wine and in a way of life which was characterized by domestic chaos and the total neglect of his external appearance. Having published only two small occasional works in 1818, he aroused the impression that he had "dried up" as far as composition was concerned. The truth was, however, that at a time of political and social change, he was seeking a new way of remaining true to his artistic and ethical principles: "For some time writing has not come easily to me. I sit and think and think; I brood on it; but I can't get it down on paper. I dread the thought of starting such huge works. Once I've started then it's all right."

The history of the composition of his *Missa Solemnis*, characterized by long struggles, seems to confirm this self-assessment; the gradual maturing of the work can be followed through nine sketch-books and took up four and a half years. He began the composition of this "occasional work" when he was asked to write music to enhance a solemn ceremony: his pupil and patron Archduke Rudolph of Austria was to be enthroned as Archbishop of Olmütz. "The day on which a High Mass of mine is to be performed as part of the ceremony will be the most splendid day in my life", Beethoven wrote to him in June 1819, "and God will inspire me to contribute my weak powers to glorify this solemn day. "

However, the consecration ceremony on March 20, 1820 took place without Beethoven's music: exerting himself almost to the point of despair, Beethoven let the work

grow beyond its true ceremonial purpose and wished, as he declared himself, "to arouse and sustain religious feelings in those who sing and those who listen" (letter of September 16, 1824). It was not until three years later that he handed a carefully prepared copy to his pupil. The first performance took place on April 18, 1824, performed by the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg in a concert hall; on the occasion of Beethoven's great Academy concert in the Vienna Hoftheater on May 7, 1824 only the *Kyrie*, *Credo* and *Agnus* were played, appearing on the programme before the Ninth Symphony, while the first complete performance in Austria (on June 29, 1830) was organized by the schoolteacher Johann Vincenz Richter in the little town of Warnsdorf on the Bohemian border to Saxony - three years after Beethoven's death.

Dubious business transactions cast a shadow on the reputation of the heavily indebted composer. At the time he was living on the dividends from his eight bank bonds and the pension granted to him by several Viennese aristocrats, and had to bear the costs of boarding school for his nephew and the legal costs arising from the disputes about his guardianship. In these financial straits he sold the score of the *Missa Solemnis* several times to various publishers: in a kind of advance contract he initially received 900 guilders from the Bonn publisher Simrock, was paid 1.000 guilders by the Leipzig publisher Peters for the publishing rights, then demanded an additional fee from Simrock and finally agreed to give back part of the advance payment. Even after the work had been sold he negotiated with the publishers Diabelli, Probst, Schlesinger and Schott, to whom he eventually sold the Mass in 1825 for 1.000 guilders. In addition he commissioned copyists to make hand-written copies which he then sold for 50 gold ducats each to several European emperors and kings, so that in the end he made a profit of about 1.600 guilders.

He studied the ancient church styles and the works of Palestrina and Bach in the Archduke's library, before detaching the Mass from the Catholic High Office and shifting the sacrosanct text into the context of his epoch. His assistant Schindler relates how he heard Beethoven singing, howling and stamping behind a locked door while composing the double fugue of the *Credo*: "After we had listened to this quite dreadful scene for a long time and were about to leave, the door opened, and Beethoven stood before us with distorted features which could fill one with fear. He looked as if he had just survived a fight to the death with the whole army of contrapuntists, his eternal adversaries."

The three-part *Kyrie*, to be performed "devoutly", is set as a pleading prayer, in which insistent calls are combined with a passionate flow of melody. In the song of praise, the richly expressive *Gloria* arranged in four sections in the style of a rondo, he contrasts the individual texts by means of new themes and fills the powerful Mass verse with thunderous jubilation at the glory of God the Father. The difficulties of the *Credo*, the heart of the work, are solved in a convincing way: the confessional character becomes as clear as the stations

in Christ's life, in that incarnation, crucifixion, death, resurrection and second coming are made dramatically visible and audible. In the music which makes the transition from the solemnly-visionary *Sanctus* to the *Benedictus*, Beethoven does not follow the decree issued in 1819, which prescribed "a soft *Tantum ergo* with organ", but instead makes the orchestra imitate the sound of the organ by means of slurred notes in wind and low strings. One of the most moving scenes of the whole Mass is the *Dona nobis pacem* within the *Agnus Dei*, at the beginning of which Beethoven made his famous "plea for internal and external peace". In almost operatic style he introduces into the *Miserere nobis*, a short scene with murmuring timpani and fanfares and paints an appallingly graphic picture of war raging away with merciless force above the voices begging for peace.

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XVIII. SONGS

Although Beethoven is not primarily associated with the music for the solo voice, he produced a large number of songs throughout his life from the youthful "*Schilderung eines Mädchens*", WoO107 of 1783, to the Goethe setting "*Der edle Mensch*", WoO151 of 1823. Most of the songs are written with piano accompaniment, but there is a small number of concert arias, mainly settings of Italian texts, the best-known of which is the Metastasio setting "*Ah perfido*", Op.46 of 1796. Between 1809 and 1816, Beethoven also produced a large number of arrangements of mainly Scottish, Irish and Welsh folk songs with piano trio accompaniment for the Edinburgh publisher George Thomson, and twenty five of the Scottish songs were later published separately as Op.108. Beethoven issued the majority of his songs individually without opus numbers but he did produce six collections, some of which are simply gatherings of unconnected works, such as the eight songs from his Bonn period, published in 1805 as Op.52. Others have an internal unity and sense of purpose such as the Op.48 settings of six religious odes by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert. Beethoven composed them in 1802 not long after he suffered his intense spiritual crisis at Heiligenstadt and whether or not this experience influenced his decision to set the Gellert poems is a matter of conjecture (sketches for the third song "*Vom Tode*" exist from 1798). However there can be little doubt that his most revolutionary and influential song cycle, "*An die ferne Geliebte*" (To the Distant Beloved) Op.98 of 1816, has its genesis in Beethoven's unfulfilled relationship some years before with the Immortal Beloved. Although the identity of this woman cannot be established with certainty, the most likely candidate is Antonie Brentano who, at the time of the song cycle's composition, was living with her husband in Frankfurt. Beethoven's private writings and reported remarks to friends show that he was still deeply affected by the impossibility of ever establishing a relationship with this woman (whoever she was), and although songs addressed to an unattainable love object are a commonplace of the period, it is difficult not to see "*An*

die ferne Geliebte” as issuing directly from Beethoven’s experience. The six songs set unpublished texts by the poet Alois Jetteles and it is not known whether Beethoven had any influence on their content (as he had with the text for the Christus cantata, a work with equally personal associations). In the autograph score, he wrote the title as “An die entfernte Geliebte” (To the lover who is now far away) which supports conjectures that the work is associated with his continuing feelings for Antonie. The published edition refers to it as a “Liederkreis” (song cycle) and like those of Schubert, “*An die ferne Geliebte*” is genuinely cyclical, with the melody

of the first song returning in the same key in the last and the final phrase before the closing chord identical to the opening one. The songs blend into one another seamlessly, both melodically and rhythmically, through transitional passages on piano or in the case of the third and fourth songs in the vocal line. “An die ferne Geliebte” achieves an unparalleled through-composed unity which had an enormous influence on the next generation of “Romantic” composers, particularly Schumann.

Beethoven Edition sung texts

CDS

SYMPHONY NO.9:

Text of fourth movement: Presto, Allegro assai

ODE "AN DIE FREUDE"

4. RECITATIVE

O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!
Sondern laßt uns angenehmere
anstimmen und freudenvollere.

5. CHORUS

Freude! Freude!
Freude, schöner Götterfunken
Tochter aus Elysium,
Wir betreten feuertrunken,
Himmliche, dein Heiligtum!
Deine Zauber binden wieder
Was die Mode streng geteilt;
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.
Wem der große Wurf gelungen,
Eines Freundes Freund zu sein;
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
Mische seinen Jubel ein!
Ja, wer auch nur eine Seele
Sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund!
Und wer's nie gekonnt, der stehle
Weinend sich aus diesem Bund!
Freude trinken alle Wesen
An den Brüsten der Natur;
Alle Guten, alle Bösen
Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.
Küße gab sie uns und Reben,
Einen Freund, geprüft im Tod;
Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben,
Und der Cherub steht vor Gott.
Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen
Durch des Himmels prächt'gen Plan,
Laufet, Brüder, eure Bahn,
Freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen.
Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!
Brüder, über'm Sternenzelt
Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.
Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen?
Ahnest du den Schöpfer, Welt?
Such' ihn über'm Sternenzelt!
Über Sternen muß er wohnen.
Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!
Brüder, über'm Sternenzelt
Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.
Seid umschlungen,
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!
Freude, schöner Götterfunken
Tochter aus Elysium,
Freude, schöner Götterfunken

ODE "TO JOY"

Oh friends, not these tones!
Rather let us sing more
cheerful and more joyful ones.

Joy! Joy!
Joy, thou glorious spark of heaven,
Daughter of Elysium,
We approach fire-drunk,
Heavenly One, your shrine.
Your magic reunites
What custom sternly divides;
All people become brothers
Where your gentle wing alights.
Whoever succeeds in the great attempt
To be a friend of a friend,
Whoever has won a lovely woman,
Let him add his jubilation!
Yes, whoever calls even one soul
His own on the earth's globe!
And who never has, let him steal,
Weeping, away from this group.
All creatures drink joy
At the breasts of nature;
All the good, all the evil
Follow her roses' trail.
Kisses gave she us, and wine,
A friend, proven unto death;
Pleasure was to the worm granted,
And the cherub stands before God.
Glad, as his suns fly
Through the Heavens' glorious plan,
Run, brothers, your race,
Joyful, as a hero to victory.
Be embraced, you millions!
This kiss for the whole world!
Brothers, beyond the star-canopy
Must a loving Father dwell.
Do you bow down, you millions?
Do you sense the Creator, world?
Seek Him beyond the star-canopy!
Beyond the stars must He dwell.
Be embraced, ye millions!
This kiss for the whole world!
Brothers, beyond the star-canopy
Must a loving Father dwell.
Be embraced,
This kiss for the whole world!
Joy, beautiful spark of the gods,
Daughter of Elysium,
Joy, beautiful spark of the gods

CD61

LEONORE

*Original version of Fidelio from 1805
Opera in three acts
Music by Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
Libretto by Joseph Sonnleithner after
Jean Nicolas Bouilly's Drama "Leonore"
First performance: 1805, Theater an
der Wien*

CAST

Don Fernando, the King's Minister
baritone
Pizarro, governor of a state prison
baritone
Florestan, prisoner *tenor*
Leonore, his wife, in male attire as
Fidelio *soprano*
Rocco, chief jailer *bass*
Marzelline, his daughter *soprano*
Jaquino, Rocco's assistant *tenor*
First prisoner *tenor*
Second prisoner *bass*

ACT I

1. OVERTURE

**THE COURTYARD OF THE STATE
PRISON
FIRST SCENE**

2. MARZELLINE

*(turns around to the door every time
someone knocks)*
Fidelio kommt nicht zurück!
Es ist kein Wunder; er hat so viel zu
laufen,
so viel zu bestellen. Seit einiger Zeit
hat es der Junge schwer.
- Heute muß mein Vater
endlich den Tag uns'rer Hochzeit
festsetzen. -
Wir wollen unser kleines Hauswesen
so hübsch einrichten,
so hübsch! Fidelio bleibt
Schlüsselträger
und hat die Anwartschaft auf meines
Vaters Dienst,
und ich, ich wasche für die armen
Gefangenen.
Da wird es immer vollauf zu verdienen
geben.
Ach wär' die Zeit schon da!

3. NO. 1 ARIA

MARZELLINE

O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint,
und dürfte Mann dich nennen !
Ein Mädchen darf ja, was es meint,
zur Hälfte nur bekennen !
Doch wenn ich nicht erröten
muß ob einem warmen Herzenskuß,
wenn nichts uns stört auf Erden.
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust
mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust;
wie glücklich will ich werden!
In Ruhe stiller Häuslichkeit
erwach' ich jeden Morgen,
wir grüßen uns mit Zärtlichkeit,

Der Fleiß verscheucht die Sorgen.
Und ist die Arbeit abgetan,
dann schleicht die holde Nacht heran,
dann ruh'n wir von Beschwerden.
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust
mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust;
wie glücklich will ich werden!

4. JAQUINO

Wenn ich diese Tür nicht heute schon
zweihundert Mal aufgemacht habe,
will
will ich nicht Jaquino heißen.
- Endlich kann ich wieder
mit Marzelline reden. -
(Someone knocks)
Zum Wetter! Schon
wieder! Kann ich
denn von der Tür nicht wegkommen?

MARZELLINE

Ohne Zweifel will er mir wieder die
Ohren von seiner
Liebe vorschwatzen. Ich muß ihn ein
für alle Mal
abweisen, sonst läßt er wich nie in
Ruhe.

JAQUINO

(While appearing)
Nun soll uns niemand mehr stören.

5. NO. 2 DUET

JAQUINO

Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein,
Wir können vertraulich nun plaudern.

MARZELLINE

Es wird ja nichts Wichtiges sein,
ich darf bei der Arbeit nicht zaudern.

JAQUINO

Ein Wörtchen, du Trotzige, du!

MARZELLINE

So sprich nur, ich höre ja zu.

JAQUINO

Wenn du mir nicht freundlicher'
blickest,
so bring' ich kein Wörtchen hervor.

MARZELLINE

Wenn du dich nicht in mich schickest,
verstopf ich mir vollends das Ohr.

JAQUINO

Ein Weilchen nur höre mir zu,
dann lass' ich dich wieder in Ruh'.

MARZELLINE

So hab' ich denn nimmermehr Ruh';
so rede, so rede nur zu!

JAQUINO

Ich, ich habe habe zum Weib dich
gewählet,
verstehst du?

MARZELLINE

Das ist ja doch klar!

JAQUINO

Und, und wenn mir dein Jawort nicht
fehlet,
was meinst du?

MARZELLINE

So sind wir ein Paar.

JAQUINO

Wir könnten in wenigen Wochen...

MARZELLINE

Recht schön, du bestimmst schon die
Zeit.
(Someone knocks)

JAQUINO

Zum Wetter das ewige Pochen,
da war ich so herrlich im Gang,
und immer entwischt mir der Fang!

MARZELLINE

So bin ich doch endlich befreit!
Wie macht seine Liebe mir bang,
es werden die Stunden mir lang.
*(Jaquino opens the door and accepts a
package)*

MARZELLINE

Ich weiß, daß der Arme sich quälet,
es tut mir so leid auch um ihn!
Fidelio hab' ich gewählet,
ihn lieben ist süßer Gewinn.

JAQUINO

Wo war ich? Sie sieht mich nicht an!

MARZELLINE

Da ist er - er fängt wieder an!

JAQUINO

Wann wirst du das Jawort mir geben?
Es könnte ja heute ja heute noch sein.

MARZELLINE

O weh! Er verbittert mein Leben !
Jetzt, morgen und immer, nein, nein!
Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein!

JAQUINO

Du bist doch wahrhaftig von Stein,
kein Wünschen, kein Bitten, geht ein.

MARZELLINE

Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein,
jetzt, immer, und immer nein, nein!
er hofft bei dem mindesten Schein.

JAQUINO

So wirst du dich nimmer bekehren?
Was meinst du?

MARZELLINE

Du könntest nun geh'n!

JAQUINO

Wie?
Dich anzusehn'n willst du mir wehren?
Auch das noch?

MARZELLINE

So bleibe hier steh'n!

JAQUINO

Du hast mir so oft doch versprochen.

MARZELLINE

Versprochen? Nein, das geht zu weit!

JAQUINO

Zum Henker das ewige Pochen!

MARZELLINE

So bin ich doch endlich befreit!
Das ist ein willkommener Klang,
es wurde zu Tode mir bang.

JAQUINO

Es ward ihr im Ernste schon bang;
wer weiß, ob es mir nicht gelang.

6. MARZELLINE

Höre, Jaquino. Ich muß dir rein heraus sagen
wie mir ums Herz ist. - Du bist ein
guter Mensch. Gewiß
und wahrhaftig, Jaquino, aber wenn du
heiraten willst,
mußt du dich nach einem anderen
Mädchen umsehen.
Wir zwei taugen nun einmal nicht
füreinander.

JAQUINO

Jetzt hör auf und laß mich reden. - Den
letzten
Sommer habe ich von all der Ziererei
nichts gesehen, da war ich
dein lieber Jaquino her, dein lieber
Jaquino hin. - Aber seit
dieser Fidelio ins Haus gekommen ist,
sieht man nur ihn, hört
man nur ihn, sucht man nur ihn, hat
man nur von ihm den Kopf voll.

MARZELLINE

Ja, ich lieb' ihn, ich leune es nicht, und
was das Schönste
ist, er liebt mich wieder - und wie er
mich liebt!

JAQUINO

Schämst du dich nicht? - Einen Jungen
liebst du, der, Gott
weiß woher kommt, von dem niemand
weiß...

MARZELLINE

Man weiß recht gut, daß er Waise ist;
er selbst macht
kein Geheimnis daraus; und was tut
das zur Sache? Mit all dem wird
mein Mann werden, darauf kannst du
dich verlassen, und recht bald
wird er mein Mann, recht bald.

JAQUINO

Und du meinst, ich werde das
geschehen
lassen? - Merke dir's, da
geschieht ein Unglück!

SECOND SCENE

ROCCO

*(Enters through the corridor and closes
the door behind him)*
So habt ihr denn ewig miteinander zu
zanken?

MARZELLINE

Er will, daß ich ihn liebe, daß ich ihn
heirate;
sonst nichts, Vater.

JAQUINO

Ja, das will ich.

ROCCO

(to Marzeline)
Und was sagst du denn dazu,
Marzeline?

MARZELLINE

Daß mir eines so unmöglich ist als das
andere.

ROCCO

Das ist bündig gesprochen. - Ich werd'
eine einzige
gute Tochter haben, werde
sie so gut gepflegt,
(strokes Marzeline under her chin)
mit so viel Mühe bis in
ihr sechzehntes Jahr erzogen haben,
und das alles - für den Herrn da!
(He faces Jaquino laughing)
Nein, lieber Jaquino, - von einer
Heirat zwischen euch ist
keine Rede, und überhaupt ist das
Heiraten keine Sache, die
man so blind hin, ohne Überlegung
abtun kann.

7. NO.3 TERZET

ROCCO

Ein Mann ist bald genommen,
leicht nimmt man sich ein Weib,
doch nach dem Zeitvertreib
kann bald die Reue kommen,
ja, ja, die Reue kommen.
Ist euch das Ja entfahren,
ihr Kinder, merkt euch fein,
dann hilft nach langen Jahren
euch nimmer das Nein, Nein!

JACQUINO

Mir soll ja nichts entfahren,
bedächtlich schlag' ich ein,
als wir alleine waren,
da sprach sie nicht nein, nein!

MARZELLINE

Mir soll es nicht entfahren,
das Ja der langen Pein,
ich will mir Gram ersparen,
ich sage jetzt nein, nein!

ROCCO

Bei frischen roten Wangen
kann man wohl leicht erglüh'n.
doch läßt man sie verblüh'n,
verblüht auch das Verlangen,
ja, ja, auch das Verlangen.

Durch Eintracht nur der Herzen
kann man zufrieden sein,
mit Ernst ist nicht zu scherzen,
drum rat' ich euch, sagt nein.

JACQUINO

Das heißt den Satan schwärzen,
sie willigt nimmer ein.
Sie scheint mir nicht zu scherzen
sie sagt im Ernste nein.

MARZELLINE

Er spricht aus meinem Herzen,
Fidelio wird mein,
dann will ich ernstlich scherzen,
dann sag' ich nicht nein, nein!

ROCCO

Durch Eintracht nur der Herzen
kann man zufrieden sein,
mit Ernst ist nicht zu scherzen,
drum rat' uch euch, sagt nein.

JACQUINO

Das heißt den Satan schwärzen,
sie willigt nimmer ein.
Sie scheint mir nicht zu scherzen
sie sagt im Ernste nein.

MARZELLINE

Er spricht aus meinem Herzen,
Fidelio wird mein,
dann will ich ernstlich scherzen,
dann sag' ich nicht nein, nein!

8. ROCCO

Ist Fidelio noch nicht nach Hause
gekommen?

MARZELLINE

Nein, Vater.
(Someone knocks on the door)

JACQUINO

Ich komme schon, ich komme schon.

ROCCO

Er wird vermutlich beim Schmiede so
langen haben warten
müssen.

MARZELLINE

Da ist er! Da ist er!

THIRD SCENE

*As before, Leonore. (On her back she
carries some provisions, on her
armchains, which she lays down when
entering the cabin of the guard, on the
side a tin container on a string.)*

MARZELLINE

Lieber Gott, der Schweiß läuft ihm von
der Stirne.

JAQUINO

Das war notwendig, so schnell
aufzumachen,
den Patron hereinzulassen.

ROCCO

Mein armer Fidelio!

LEONORE

Ich muß gestehen - ich bin ein wenig müde. -

Der Schmied hatte an den Ketten auch so lange auszubessern, daß ich meinte, es nehme gar kein Ende.

ROCCO

Sind sie jetzt gut gemacht?

LEONORE

O ja, recht gut und fest, ganz gewiß. Keiner der Gefangenen kann sie zerbrechen.

ROCCO

Wieviel kosten sie alle zusammen?

LEONORE

Zwölf Piaster ungefähr. - Da ist die genaue Note

ROCCO

Gut! Brav! - Zum Wetter, da gibt es Artikel, auf die wir wenigstens die Hälfte gewinnen können!

LEONORE

Ich tue, was mir möglich ist.

ROCCO

Ja, du bist ein wackerer Junge; ich habe dich auch mit jedem Tage lieber, und sei versichert, dein Lohn soll dir nicht ausbleiben.

LEONORE

O denkt nicht, daß ich meine Schuldigkeit nur des Lohnes wegen -

ROCCO

Meinst du, ich kann dir nicht ins Herz sehen?

9. NO.4 CANON (QUARTET)

MARZELLINE

Mir ist so wunderbar, es engt das Herz mir ein; er liebt mich, es ist klar, ich werde glücklich, glücklich sein.

LEONORE

Wie groß ist die Gefahr! wie schwach der Hoffnung Schein! sie liebt mich, es ist klar, o namenloser Pein!

ROCCO

Sie liebt ihn, es ist klar, ja, Mädchen, er wird dein, ein gutes, junges Paar, sie werden glücklich sein.

JAUQUINO

Mir sträubt sich schon das Haar, der Vater willigt ein, mir wird so wunderbar, mir fällt kein Mittel ein.

10. ROCCO

Höre, Fidelio, wenn ich auch nicht weiß, wie und wo auf die Welt gekommen bist, und wenn du auch gar keinen Vater gehabt hättest, so weiß ich doch, was ich tue, - ich mache dich zu meinem Tochtermann

MARZELLINE

Und das schon bald, lieber Vater?

ROCCO

Sobald der Gouverneur nach Sevilla gereist sein wird. Dann haben wir mehr Muße, verstehst du mich? - Du weißt ja, daß er alle Monate hinzureisen pflegt, um über alles, was hier im Staatsgefängnis vorgeht, Rechenschaft zu geben. In wenigen Tagen muß er fort, und den Tag nach seiner Abreise geb' ich euch zusammen; darauf könnt ihr rechnen.

MARZELLINE

Den Tag nach seiner Abreise! Das hast du recht vernünftig gemacht, Vater!

LEONORE

(pretending to be happy)
Den Tag nach seiner Abreise!

ROCCO

Ihr habt euch doch recht herzlich lieb, meine Kinder? - Nicht? Das ist aber noch nicht alles, was zu einem guten, vergnügten Haushalt gehört, man braucht auch - *(He makes a gesture as if counting money)*

11. NO.5 ARIA

ROCCO

Hat man nicht auch Gold beineben, kann man nicht ganz glücklich sein; traurig schleppt sich fort das Leben, mancher Kummer stellt sich ein. Doch wenn's in der Tasche fein klingelt und rollt, da hält man das Glück an dem Fädchen, ein Amt, hohe Würden verschafft dir das Gold, Juwelen und reizende Mädchen. Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für Sold, es ist ein schönes, schönes Ding, das Gold, das Gold Daß nur Gold im Beutel lache, jedes Erdenglück ist dein,

Stolz und übermut und Rache werden schnell befriedigt sein.

Drum ist auch Fortuna den Reichen so hold, sie tuen ja nur, was sie wollen, verhüllen die Handlungen künstlich mit Gold, worüber sie schämen sich sollen. Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht um Sold, es ist ein mächtig Ding, das Gold, das Gold.

12. LEONORE

Ihr könnt das leicht sagen, Meister Rocco, aber ich, ich behaupte, daß die Vereinigung zweier gleichgestimmten Herzen die Quelle des wahren Glückes ist. Freilich gibt es noch etwas, was mir nicht weniger kostbar sein würde, - aber mit Kummer sehe ich, daß ich es trotz aller meiner Bemühungen nicht erhalten werde.

ROCCO

Und was wäre denn das?

LEONORE

Euer Vertrauen. Verzeiht mir diesen kleinen Verweis, aber oft sehe ich euch aus den unterirdischen Gewölben des Schlosses ganz außer Atem und ganz ermattet zurückkommen; warum erlaubt Ihr mir nicht, euch hinzubegleiten? -

ROCCO

Du weißt doch, daß ich den strengsten Befehl habe, niemanden, wer es auch sein mag, zu den Staatsgefangenen zu lassen.

MARZELLINE

Es sind ihrer aber so viele in dieser Festung! - Du arbeitest dich ja zu Tod, lieber Vater.

LEONORE

Sie hat recht, Meister Rocco. - Man soll allerdings seine Schuldigkeit tun, aber es ist doch auch erlaubt, mein' ich, zuweilen daran zu denken, wie man sich für die, die uns angehören und lieben, ein bißchen schonen kann. *(She presses one of his hands into hers.)*

MARZELLINE

(Pressing Rocco's other hand to her breast)
Man muß sich ja für seine Kinder zu erhalten suchen.

ROCCO

(looks at both of them, moved)

Ja, ihr habt recht, diese schwere Arbeit würde mir doch endlich zu viel werden. Der Gouverneur ist zwar sehr streng, er muß mir aber doch erlauben, dich in die geheimen Kerker mit mir zu nehmen. *(an expression of intense happiness passes over Leonore's face)* Unterdessen gibt es doch ein Gewölbe, in das ich dich nie werde führen dürfen, obwohl ich mich ganz auf dich verlassen kann.

MARZELLINE

Vermutlich, wo der Gefangene sitzt, von dem du schon einige gesprochen hast, Vater.

ROCCO

Du hast's erraten.

LEONORE

Ich glaub', es ist schon lange her, daß er gefangen sitzt.

ROCCO

Es ist schon über zwei Jahre.

LEONORE

Zwei Jahre, sagt Ihr? Er muß ein großer Verbrecher sein.

ROCCO

Oder er muß große Feinde haben; das kommt ungefähr auf eins heraus.

MARZELLINE

So hat man denn nie erfahren können, woher er ist, und wie er heißt?

ROCCO

Ach, für unsereinen ist's am besten, so wenig Geheimnisse als möglich zu wissen, darum hab' ich ihn auch nie ihn anhören wollen. Ich hätte mich verplappern können, und ihm hätt' ich auch nicht genützt, sondern vielmehr geschadet. - Nun, er wird nicht mehr lange sich quälen müssen! Es kann nicht mehr lange mit ihm dauern.

LEONORE

Oh Gott!

ROCCO

Seit einem Monat schon muß ich auf Pizarros Befehl seine Portion kleiner machen. Jetzt hat er binnen vierundzwanzig Stunden nicht mehr als zwei Unzen schwarzes Brot und eine halbe Maß Wasser.

MARZELLINE

O lieber Vater, führe Fidelio ja nicht zu ihm, diesen Anblick könnt' er nicht ertragen.

LEONORE

Warum denn? Man muß sich an alles gewöhnen - besonders in unserem Stande. - O, ich habe Mut und Stärke.

13. NO. 6 TERZET

ROCCO

Gut, Söhnchen, gut, hab immer Mut, dann wird dir's auch gelingen, das Herz wird hart durch Gegenwart bei fürchterlichen Dingen.

LEONORE

(strongly)
 Ich habe Mut!
 Mit kaltem Blut
 will ich hinab mich wagen;
 für hohen Lohn kann Liebe
 schon auch hohe Leiden,
 hohe Leiden tragen.

MARZELLINE

Dein gutes Herz wird manchen Schmerz in diesen Grüften leiden, dann kehrt zurück der Liebe Glück und unnennbare Freuden.

ROCCO

Du wirst dein Glück ganz sicher bauen,

LEONORE

Ich hab' auf Gott und Recht Vertrauen.

MARZELLINE

Du darfst mir auch ins Auge schauen; der Liebe Macht ist auch nicht klein.

ROCCO

Du wirst dein Glück ganz sicher bau'n, ja, ja, wir werden glücklich sein, wir werden glücklich sein

LEONORE

Ich hab' auf Gott und Recht Vertrauen, ja, ja, ja, ich kann noch glücklich sein, ich kann noch glücklich sein.

MARZELLINE

der Liebe Macht ist auch nicht klein, ja, ja, ja, wir werden glücklich sein, wir werden glücklich sein.

ROCCO

Der Gouverneur, der Gouverneur soll heut' erlauben, daß du mit mir die Arbeit teilst.

LEONORE

Du wirst mir alle Ruhe rauben, wenn du bis morgen nur verweilst.

MARZELLINE

Ja, guter Vater, bitt ihn heute, in kurzem sind wir dann ein Paar.

ROCCO

Ich bin ja bald des Grabes Beute, ich brauche Hilf, es ist ja wahr.

LEONORE

Wie lang' bin ich des Kammers Beute. Du, Hoffnung, reichst mir Labung dar.

MARZELLINE

Ach! lieber Vater, was fällt Euch ein? Ach! lieber Vater, was fällt Euch ein?

ROCCO

Nur auf der Hut, dann geht es gut, gestillt, gestillt wird euer Sehnen;

MARZELLINE

O habe Mut, o welche Glut, o welch' ein tiefes Sehnen!

LEONORE

Ihr seid so gut ihr macht mir Mut, gestillt wird bald mein Sehnen.

ROCCO

Gebt euch die Hand und schließt das Band, in süßen Freudentränen.

LEONORE

Ich gab die Hand zum süßen Band, es kostet bittere Tränen.

MARZELLINE

Ein festes Band, mit Herz und Hand. o süße, süße Tränen.

ACT II

COURT YARD OF STATE PRISON

14. NO. 7 MARCH

During the march the main gate is opened by guards. Officers enter and then Pizarro arrives.

15. FIRST SCENE

PIZARRO

Drei Schildwachen auf den Wall, zwölf Mann Tag und Nacht an der Zugbrücke, ebensovielen gegen den Garten zu. Und jedermann, der sich den Gräben der Festung nähert, werde sogleich vor mich gebracht. Wo sind die Depeschen?

ROCCO

Hier sind sie.

PIZARRO

Ich kenne diese Schrift?! Laß seh'n. - "Ich gebe ihnen Nachricht, daß der Minister auf geheimem Weg in Erfahrung gebracht hat, daß die Staatsgefängnisse, denen Sie vorstehen, mehrere Opfer

willkürlicher Gewalt enthalten. Er reist morgen ab, um Sie mit einer Untersuchung zu überraschen.“ - Gott, wenn er entdeckte, daß ich diesen Florestan in Ketten liegen habe, ihn, der mich vor dem Minister enthüllen und mir seine Gunst entreißen wollte! Gepriesener Minister, ich werde mich doch deiner Wachsamkeit zu entziehen wissen. - Heute soll er ankommen. Da habe ich keinen Augenblick zu verlieren. - Hauptmann, hören Sie! Besteigen Sie mit einem Trompeter sogleich den Turm. Sehen Sie mit größter Aufmerksamkeit auf die Strasse nach Sevilla. Sobal Sie einen Wagen, von Reitern begleitet, kommen sehen, lassen Sie augenblicklich ein Signal geben. Ich erwarte größte Pünktlichkeit. Sie haften mir mit Ihrem Kopf dafür. - Was aber jetzt tun, um mir diesen Florestan unverzüglich vom Halse zu schaffen? - Es gibt nur ein Mittel!

16. NO.8 ARIA WITH CHORUS

PIZARRO
 Ha! Welch ein Augenblick!
 Die Rache werd' ich kühlen!
 dich, dich rufet dein Geschick!
 In seinem Herzen wühlen, o Wonne,
 großes Glück!
 Schon war ich, schon war ich nah',
 im Staube,
 dem lauten Spott zum Raube,
 dahin, dahin, ja,
 dahin gestreckt zu sein!
 Nun ist es mir geworden,
 den Mörder selbst zu morden!
 Ha! Welch ein Augenblick! *(etc.)*
 In seiner letzten Stunde,
 den Stahl in seiner Wunde,
 ihm noch ins Ohr zu schrei'n.
 Triumph! Triumph! Triumph!
 Der Sieg, der Sieg ist mein!

THE GUARDS

Er spricht von Tod und Wunde,
 nun fort auf unsre Runde,
 wie wichtig, wie wichtig
 muß es sein, nun fort, nun fort,
 wie wichtig muß es sein!

PIZARRO

Ha! Welch ein Augenblick!
 Die Rache werd' ich kühlen!
 dich, dich rufet dein Geschick!
 Der Sieg, der Sieg ist mein! Triumph

17. PIZARRO

Rocco!

ROCCO
 Herr!

PIZARRO

Ich muß ihn dazu gebrauchen. - Komm näher!

18. NO.9 DUET

PIZARRO
 Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
 dir wird ein Glück zu Teile,
(throws a purse to him)
 du wirst ein reicher Mann;
 das geb' ich nur daran.

ROCCO

So sagt doch nur in Eile,
 womit ich dienen kann.

PIZARRO

Du bist von kaltem Blute,
 von unverzagtem Mute
 durch langen, langen Dienst geworden.

ROCCO

Was soll ich? Redet, redet!

PIZARRO

Morden!

ROCCO

Wie?

PIZARRO

Höre mich nur an!
 Du bebst? bist du ein Mann?
 Wir dürfen gar nicht säumen,
 dem Staate liegt den bösen Untertan
 schnell aus dem Weg zu räumen.

ROCCO

O Herr!

PIZARRO

Dem Staate liegt den bösen Untertan
 schnell aus dem Weg zu räumen.

ROCCO

O Herr!

PIZARRO

Du stehst doch an?
 Er darf nicht länger leben,
 sonst ist's um mich gescheh'n.
 Pizarro sollte beben?
 Du fällst, du fällst, ich werde steh'n.

ROCCO

Die Glieder füh' ich beben,
 wie könnt' ich das besteh'n?
 Ich nehm' ihm nicht das Leben,
 mag was da will, gescheh'n.

ROCCO

Nein, Herr, das Leben nehmen,
 das ist nicht meine Pflicht.

PIZARRO

Ich will mich selbst bequemen,
 wenn Dir's an Mut gebricht.
 Nun eile rasch und munter
 zu jenem Mann hinunter,
 du weißt, du weißt...

ROCCO

...der kaum mehr lebt,
 und wie ein Schatten schwebt?

PIZARRO

Zu dem, zu dem hinab!
 Ich wart' in kleiner ferne, du gräbst in
 der Zisterne sehr schnell ein Grab.

ROCCO

Und dann? Und dann?

PIZARRO

Dann werd' ich selbst verummt mich
 in den Kerker schleichen: ein Stoß ...
 und er verstummt!

ROCCO

Verhungernd in den Ketten,
 ertrug er lange Pein,
 ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
 der Dolch wird ihn befrei'n.

PIZARRO

Er sterb' in seinen Ketten,
 zu kurz war seine Pein,
 ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
 dann werd' ich ruhig sein.
 Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
 Hast du mich verstanden?
 Du gibst ein Zeichen;
 dann werd' ich selbst verummt
 mich in den Kerker schleichen:
 ein Stoß ... und er verstummt!

ROCCO

Verhungernd in den Ketten,
 ertrug er lange Pein,
 ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
 der Dolch wird ihn befrei'n.

PIZARRO

Er sterb' in seinen Ketten,
 zu kurz war seine Pein,
 ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
 dann werd' ich ruhig sein.
(Pizarro leaves, followed by Rocco)

SECOND SCENE

(Leonore and Marzeline enter from opposite sides)

19. MARZELLINE

Nun ist es endlich entschieden. - Nichts
 kann unser Glück mehr hindern; in
 wenigen Tagen werd' ich das Weib
 meines lieben Fidelio sein!

LEONORE

O, daß ich sie täuschen muß! - Welch
 schreckliche Lage!

20. NO 10 DUET

MARZELLINE

Um in der Ehe froh zu leben,
 muß man vor allem treu sich sein,
 muß nie sich Grund zur Argwohn
 geben...

LEONORE

Ja, Argwohn ist der Ehe Pein.

MARZELLINE

Darüber stimmen wir nun ein,
darüber stimmen wir nun ein.

LEONORE

Darüber stimm' ich mit dir ein.

MARZELLINE

Nur was du willst, soll stets geschehen,
ich gebe deinem Willen nach,
und wie ein Steinchen in dem Bach
sollst du, was ich mir denke sehen.

LEONORE

Dein Herz ist ja so spiegelrein,
man kann mit dir nur glücklich sein.
(to herself)

Wie schmerzlich, täuschen sie zu
müssen,
der Himmel wird es mir verzeihen.

MARZELLINE

Das Leben wird uns sanft verfließen,
voll Blumen uns're Wege sein.
Um in der Ehe froh zu leben,
muß man vor allem treu sich sein,
muß nie sich Grund zur Argwohn
geben...

LEONORE

Ja, Argwohn ist der Ehe Pein.

MARZELLINE

Darüber stimmen wir nun ein.

BEIDE

Darüber stimmen wir nun ein.

MARZELLINE

Mein Vater wird mit dir und mir
sein Alter innig froh verleben;
und, und sind wir einmal unser vier,
o, das wird Himmelswonne geben.

LEONORE

O mag dir diese Freude werden.

MARZELLINE

Mein Vater sagt, es gibt auf Erden
nichts süßes, keine größ're Lust
als ich zuerst ihn Vater nannte,
da mußst' er weinen und es brannte
wie Glut die Freud in seiner Brust.

LEONORE

Auch du wirst einst so glücklich sein
und dich des Mutternamens freuen.
(to herself)

Wie schmerzlich, täuschen sie zu
müssen,
der Himmel wird es mir verzeihen.

MARZELLINE

Das Leben wird uns sanft verfließen,
voll Blumen uns're Wege sein.
(Leonore sinking deep in thought)

21. MARZELLINE

Sie doch, wie du so schnell von der
Freude zur Traurigkeit übergehen
kannst, als ob du einen geheimen
Kummer hättest, den du gern
verbergen möchtest.

LEONORE

Ich? - Ganz und gar nicht.

MARZELLINE

Ach mach's so wie ich, ich singe und
lache
den ganzen Tag über und besonders,
seit
ich weiß, daß du mein Mann wirst.

LEONORE

O wenn ich noch Angehörige hätte wie
du! - Wenn
ich meinen Vater konnte wie du!

MARZELLINE

Jetzt ist die Stunde, wo ich die
Gefangenen der frischen
Luft geniessen lassen muß Herz gefaßt,
lieber Freund,
Herz gefaßt! - Wenn du auch keine
Angehörigen hast,
so hast du doch Marzellinen, die dich
so innig liebt, daß sie
dir für alle anderen gelten kann.
Verstehst du mich? -
für alle - ja, ja - für alle.
(leaves with the laundry)

THIRD SCENE

LEONORE *(alone)*

Wie rührend ist ihre Hingebung! - Wie
liebenswürdig ihre
Offenheit! Der Augenblick ist nah, wo
es mir gelingen wird, in die
geheimen Kerker der Festung zu
dringen. Ja, mein Mann lebt, er lebt
in diesen Kerkern! - Alles sagt es mir! -
Gott hat mir mehr Kräfte,
als ich zu hoffen wagte, gegeben! Mut
gefaßt! - Was mir auch
bevorstehen mag, ich muß mein Werk
vollenden!

22. NO. 11 RECITATIVE AND ARIA

LEONORE

Ach, brich noch nicht, du mattes Herz!
Du hast in Schreckenstagen
mit jedem Schlag ja neuen Schmerz
und bange Angst ertragen.

Ach, brich noch nicht, du mattes Herz!
Komm', Hoffnung, laß' den letzten
Stern
der Müden nicht erleichen!
Komm', o komm', erhell' ihr Ziel,
sei's noch so fern,
die Liebe, die Liebe wird's erreichen.
Komm', o komm', erhell' ihr Ziel,
komm', Hoffnung, laß' den letzten
Stern
etc.

O du, für den ich alles trug,
könnt ich zur Stelle dringen,
wo Bosheit dich in Fesseln schlug,

und süßen Trost dir bringen!

Ich folg' dem innern Triebe,
ich wanke nicht,
micht stärkt die Pflicht
der treuen Gattenliebe.

CD63

1. NO.12 FINALE

PRISONER

O, welche Lust!
in freier Luft den Atem
leicht zu heben, O, welche Lust!
Nur hier, nur hier ist Leben,
der Kerker eine Gruft, eine Gruft!

FIRST PRISONER

Wir wollen mit Vertrauen
auf Gottes Hilfe,
auf Gottes Hilfe bauen,
die Hoffnung flüstert sanft mir zu,
wir werden frei, wir finden Ruh,
wir finden Ruh'.

PRISONER

O Himmel Rettung,
welch ein Glück,
o Freiheit, o Freiheit,
kehrst du zurück?

SECOND PRISONER

Sprecht leise, haltet euch zurück,
wir sind belauscht mir
Ohr und Blick.

PRISONER

Sprecht leise, haltet euch zurück,
wir sind belauscht mit Ohr und Blick.
O, welche Lust!
in freier Luft den Atem
leicht zu heben, O, welche Lust!
Nur hier, nur hier ist Leben,
der Kerker eine Gruft, eine Gruft!
Sprecht leise, haltet euch zurück,
wir sind belauscht mit Ohr und Blick.

2. ROCCO

Entfernt euch jetzt! Nun, könnt ihr
eilen?

Ihr könnt ja morgen länger hier
verweilen.

LEONORE

Nun sprecht, wie ging's?

ROCCO

Recht gut, recht gut!
Zusammen rafft' ich meinen Mut,
und trug ihm alles vor,
und sollt'st du's glauben,
was er zur Antwort mir gab?
Die Heirat, und daß du mir hilfst,
will er erlauben,
noch heute führ ich in den Kerker dich
hinab.

LEONORE

Noch heute? noch heute?
O Welch ein Glück, o welche Wonne!

ROCCO

Ich sehe deine Freude;
nur noch ein Augenblick,
dann gehen wir schon beide, ja,
dann gehen wir schon beide.

LEONORE

Wohin, wohin?

ROCCO

Zu jenem Mann hinab,
dem ich seit vielen Wochen
stets weniger zu essen gab.

LEONORE

Ha, wird er losgesprochen?

ROCCO

O nein!

LEONORE

So sprich, so sprich!

ROCCO

O nein, o nein!
O nein, o nein!
Wir müssen ihn, doch wie,
befrei'n, er muß in einer Stunde -
den Finger auf dem Munde
von uns begraben sein.

LEONORE

So ist er tot?

ROCCO

Noch nicht, noch nicht!

LEONORE

Ist, ihn zu töten, deine Pflicht?

ROCCO

Nein, guter Junge, zitt're nicht!
Zum Morden, zum Morden dingt sich
Rocco nicht,
nein, nein!
Der Gouverneur,
der Gouverneur kommt selbst hinab,
wir beide graben nur das Grab.

LEONORE

Ich soll das Grab des Gatten graben,
was kann fürchterlicher sein?

ROCCO

Ich darf ihn nicht mit Speise laben,
ihm wird im Grabe besser sein.

3. Wir müssen gleich zum Werke
schreiten,
du mußt helfen, mich begleiten;
hart, hart ist des Kerkermeisters Brot.

LEONORE

Ich folge dir bis in den Tod!

ROCCO

In der verfallenen Zisterne
bereiten wir die Grube leicht;
ich tu' es, glaube mir, nicht gerne,
auch dir ist schaurig, wie mich deucht.

LEONORE

Ich bin es nur noch nicht gewohnt.

ROCCO

Ich hätte gerne dich verschont,
doch wird mir allein zu schwer,
und gar so streng ist unser Herr.

LEONORE

O Welch ein Schmerz!

ROCCO

(to himself)
Mir scheint, er weine.

LEONORE

O Welch ein Schmerz!

ROCCO

Nein, nein, du bleibst hier,
ich geh' alleine, ich geh' allein,
du bleibst hier, nein,
du bleibst hier!

LEONORE

O nein, o nein, ich muß ihn seh'n,
den Armen sehen.
Und müßt ich selbst zugrunde gehen!

BEIDE

O säumen wir nun länger nicht,
wir folgen uns'rer strengen Pflicht.

MARZELLINE

(rushes in)
Ach, Vater, eilt!

ROCCO

Was hast du denn?

JAQUINO

Ach ihr verweilt!

ROCCO

Was ist gescheh'n?

MARZELLINE

Mir folgt im Zorn Pizarro nach,
du bist verlor'n!

ROCCO

Gemach, gemacht!

LEONORE

So eilet fort!

ROCCO

Ich gehe schon, nur noch ein Wort;

MARZELLINE

Er kommt ja schon,
du weißt ja, wie er tobet,
du kennest seine Wut.

LEONORE

Wie mir's im Innern tobet,
empöret ist mein Blut!

ROCCO

Erst hat er mich gelobet
und jetzt ist er in Wut.
(Pizarro, officers and guards enter)

PIZARRO

Noch immer zaudert ihr?
Noch immer seid ihr hier? Noch
immer?

ROCCO, MARZELLINE, LEONORE

Ihr müßt, weil ihr ...
Ach verzeiht, ach verzeiht!

PIZARRO

Nicht mehr ein Wort,
fort, eilig fort.
sonst findet ihr den Lohn.

ROCCO, MARZELLINE, LEONORE

Ja, wir gehorchen schon.

(They sneak away shyly)

4. PIZARRO

(to the guards)
Auf euch nur will ich bauen,
seid string auf eurer Hut,
rechtfertigt mein Vertrauen,
sonst fürchtet meine Wut!
Jetzt eilet auf die Zinnen,
besetzt rings den Turm!
Bald wird sein Blut verrinnen,
bald krümmt sich der Wurm.

CHORUS OF GUARDS

Fest könnt ihr auf uns bauen,
und flöss auch unser Blut,
uns ziemt das Vertrauen,
wir sind voll Treu und Mut.

PIZARRO

Bald wird sein Blut verrinnen,
bald krümmt sich der Wurm.
Auf euch nur will ich bauen,
rechtfertigt mein Vertrauen.
Seid string auf eurer Hut,
sonst fürchtet meine Wut!

CHORUS OF GUARDS

Fest könnt ihr auf uns bauen,
uns ziemt das Vertrauen,
wir sind voll Treu und Mut,
und flöss auch unser Blut.

PIZARRO

Jetzt eilet auf die Zinnen,
besetzt rings den Turm!
Bald wird sein Blut verrinnen,
bald krümmt sich der Wurm.

CHORUS OF GUARDS

Wir eilen auf die Zinnen,
besetzen rings den Turm,
wir sind voll Treu und Mut,
und flöss auch unser Blut.

ACT III

A DARK SUBTERRANEAN CELLAR

FIRST SCENE

5. NO. 13 RECITATIVE AND ARIA

FLORESTAN

Gott! Welch Dunkel hier!
 O grauenvolle Stille!
 Öd ist es um mich her,
 nichts, ach nichts lebet außer mir.
 O schwere Prüfung!
 Doch gerecht ist Gottes Wille!
 Ich murre nicht!
 Das Maß der Leiden steht bei dir!
 In des Lebens Frühlingstagen
 ist das Glück von mir gefloh'n.
 Wahrheit wagt ich kühn zu sagen,
 und die Ketten sind mein Lohn.
 Willig duld' ich alle Schmerzen,
 ende schmähdlich meine Bahn;
 süßer, Trost in meinem Herzen:
 meine Pflicht hab ich getan.
 Ach! Es waren schöne Tage,
 als mein Blick an deinem hing,
 als ich dich mit frohem Schlage
 meines Herzens fest umfing.
 Ach, es waren schöne Tage!
 Mild're, Liebe, deine Klage,
 wandle ruhig deine Bahn,
 sage deinem Herzen, sage:
 Florestan hat recht getan.
 Mild're, Liebe, deine Klage ...

6. NO. 14 MELODRAMA AND DUET

LEONORE

Wie kalt ist es in diesem unterirdischen
 Gewölbe!

ROCCO

Das ist natürlich, es ist ja so tief!

LEONORE

Ich glaubte schon, wir würden
 den Eingang gar nicht mehr finden.

ROCCO

Da ist er.

LEONORE

Wo?

ROCCO

Dort - auf dem Steine -

LEONORE

Er scheint ganz ohne Bewegung.

ROCCO

Vielleicht ist er tot.

LEONORE

Ihr meint es?

ROCCO

Nein, nein, er schläft. - Das müssen wir
 benutzen,
 und gleich ans Werk gehen, wir haben
 keine Zeit zu verlieren.

LEONORE

Es ist unmöglich, seine Züge zu
 unterscheiden.
 Gott steh mir bei, wenn er es ist!

ROCCO

Hier unter diesen Trümmern ist die
 Zisterne,
 von der ich gesagt habe. - Wir
 brauchen nicht viel zu graben, um an
 die Öffnung zu kommen.
 Hole mir eine Haue, und du stelle dich
 hierher!
 Mir scheint, du zitterst? Fürchtest du
 dich?

LEONORE

O nein! - Ees ist nur so kalt.

ROCCO

So mache fort! Im Arbeiten wird dir
 schon warm werden.

ROCCO

Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
 es währt nicht lang, er kommt herein,
 es währt nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE

Ihr sollt ja nicht zu klagen haben,
 ihr sollt gewiß zufrieden sein.

ROCCO

Komm, hilf, komm hilf doch diesen
 Stein mit heben,
 hab Acht, hab Acht! Er hat Gewicht!

LEONORE

Ich helfe schon, sorgt euch nicht,
 ich will mir alle Mühe geben.

ROCCO

Ein wenig noch!

LEONORE

Geduld!

ROCCO

Er weicht!

LEONORE

Nur etwas noch!

ROCCO

Es ist nicht leicht!

ROCCO

Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
 es währt nicht lang, er kommt herein,
 es währt nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE

Laßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben,
 wir werden bald zu Ende sein.

ROCCO

Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
 es währt nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE

Wer du auch seist, ich will dich retten,
 bei Gott! Du sollst kein Opfer sein!
 Gewiß, ich löse deine Ketten
 ich will, du Armer, dich befrei'n!
 Du Armer, dich befrei'n

ROCCO

Was er da mit sich selber spricht?

LEONORE

Mein Vater, nein, ich rede nicht!

ROCCO

Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben,
 es währt nicht lang, er kommt herein.

LEONORE

Laßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben,
 wir werden bald zu Ende sein.
(Rocco drinks)

7. LEONORE

Er erwacht!

ROCCO

(suddenly stops drinking)
 Er erwacht, sagst du?

LEONORE

Ja, er hat eben den Kopf gehoben.

ROCCO

Ich muß allein mit ihm reden.
(He steps out of the hole)
 Steig' anstatt meiner hinab und mache
 bald so viel Raum, daß man die
 Zisterne öffnen kann.

LEONORE

Was in mir vorgeht, ist
 unaussprechlich!
 Ich muß lauschen.

ROCCO

Nun, habt ihr wieder einige
 Augenblicke Ruhe genossen?

FLORESTAN

Ruhe, sagt ihr?

LEONORE

Diese Stimme! - wenn ich nur einen
 Augenblick
 sein Gesicht sehen könnte.

FLORESTAN

Werdet ihr immer taub und gefühllos
 sein?
 Werdet ihr euch nie des unglücklichen
 Florestan erbarmen?
*(during the last words he turns to
 Leonore)*

LEONORE

Gott, er ist's!
(She faints on the edge of the hole)

ROCCO

Was verlangt Ihr denn von mir?
Ich vollziehe die Befehle, die man mir
gibt;
das ist mein Amt, meine Pflicht.

FLORESTAN

Wer ist Gouverneur dieses
Gefängnisses?

ROCCO

Der Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses
ist Don Pizarro.

FLORESTAN

Pizarro, sagt ihr? - O nun erstaun' ich
nicht mehr,
daß ich diese Martern zu leiden
verdamm't bin. - Er
ist's dessen Verbrechen, dessen
Mißbrauch der
Gewalt ich zu entdecken wagte. Ich
bitt' euch nur, sobald
als möglich nach Sevilla zu schicken;
dort fragt
nach Leonore Florestan -

LEONORE

Gott, er ahnt nicht, daß sie jetzt sein
Grube gräbt!

FLORESTAN

Gebt ihr Nachricht, daß ich noch lebe,
sagt ihr, daß
ich hier in Ketten liege, daß der Barbar
Pizarro hier zu
gebieten hat. Sie wird meine Freiheit
bewirken, mein Leben
erhalten, und du, Alter, wirst die
Tugend geschützt und die
Unschuld gerettet haben.

ROCCO

Es ist unmöglich, sag' ich euch. - Ich
würde mich ins
Verderben stürzen, ohne euch genützt
zu haben.

LEONORE

O Gott, wer kann das ertragen?

FLORESTAN

Aus Barmherzigkeit, gib mir nur einen
Tropfen Wasser.

ROCCO

Es geht mir wider meinen Willen so zu
Herzen!
Alles was ich euch anbieten kann, ist
dasa Restchen Wein,
das ich noch im Krug habe. Fidelio!

LEONORE

Da ist er! Da ist er!

FLORESTAN

Wer ist dieser Jüngling?

ROCCO

Mein Schließer, und in wenigen Tagen
mein Eidam.
(*To Leonore*) Du bist ja so bewegt!

LEONORE

Wer sollt' es nicht sein? - Ihr selbst,
Meister Rocco -

ROCCO

Du hast recht. Dieser Mensch hat so
eine Stimme -

8. NO. 15 TERZET

FLORESTAN

Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten,
der Himmel, der Himmel hat euch mir
geschickt,
o Dank, ihr habt mich süß erquickt,
ich kann die Wohltat nicht vergelten.

ROCCO

Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

LEONORE

Wie zieht er mich so mächtig an,
o wenn ich ihn befreien kann.

FLORESTAN

Er scheint gerührt, der gute Mann,
o wenn ich ihn gewinnen kann!

LEONORE

Wie zieht er mich so mächtig an,
o wenn ich ihn befreien kann.

ROCCO

Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

LEONORE

(*softly to Rocco*)
Dies Stückchen Brot, ja, seit zwei
Tagen
trag ich es immer schon bei mir.

ROCCO

Ich möchte gern, doch sag ich dir,
das hieße wirklich zu viel wagen.

LEONORE

Ihr labtet gern den armen Mann.

ROCCO

Das geht nicht an, das geht nicht an!

LEONORE

Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

ROCCO

Das geht nicht an, das geht nicht an!

LEONORE

Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

ROCCO

So sei es, so sei's, du kannst es wagen.

LEONORE

Da nimm, da nimm das Brot,
du armer, du armer Mann!

FLORESTAN

O Dank dir, Dank! O Dank!
Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten,
der Himmel, der Himmel hat euch mir
geschickt.

LEONORE

Wie zieht er mich so mächtig an,
o wenn ich ihn befreien kann.

Du armer, du armer Mann!

ROCCO

Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.
Der arme Mann, der arme Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

FLORESTAN

Er scheint gerührt, der gute Mann,
o wenn ich ihn gewinnen kann!
Ich kann die Wohltat nicht vergelten.
der Himmel, der Himmel hat euch mir
geschickt.
O daß ich euch nicht lohnen kann!
O Dank! Ich kann die Wohltat nicht
vergelten.

LEONORE

O mehr als ich ertragen kann!
Du armer Mann! Du armer Mann!

ROCCO

Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.
Der arme Mann! Der arme Mann!
(*Florestan eats the piece of bread*)

9. ROCCO (*after a silence to Leonore*)

Alles ist bereit; ich gehe, das Signal zu
geben.
(*He moves to the background*)

LEONORE

O Gott, gib mir Mut und Stärke!

THIRD SCENE

PIZARRO

Ist alles bereit?

ROCCO

Ja, wir haben nunmehr die Zisterne zu
öffnen.

PIZARRO

Gut - der Jüngling soll sich entfernen.

ROCCO

Geh, geh!

LEONORE

Wer?... Ich...? Und ihr?

PIZARRO

Die muß ich mir heute noch beide vom
Halse schaffen,
damit alles auf immer im Dunkeln
bleibt.

ROCCO

Soll ich ihm die Ketten abnehmen?

PIZARRO

Nein, ich muß erst - Die Zeit ist dringend.

(He draws a dagger)

10. NO.16 QUARTET

PIZARRO

Er sterbe!

Doch er soll erst wissen,
wer ihm sein stolzes Herz zerfleischt
Der Rache Dunkel sei zerrissen
sieh her, du hast mich
nicht getäuscht!

Pizarro, den du stürzen wolltest,
Pizarro, den du fürchten solltest,
steht nun als Rächer hier!

FLORESTAN

Ein Mörder steht vor mir!

PIZARRO

Noch einmal ruf' ich dir,
was du getan zurück,
nur noch ein Augenblick,
und dieser Dolch ...

LEONORE

Zurück! Zurück!

FLORESTAN

O Gott!

ROCCO

Was soll?

LEONORE

Durchbohren, durchbohren
mußst du erst diese Brust,
der Tod sei dir geschworen
für deine Mörderlust!

PIZARRO

Wahnsinniger!

LEONORE

Der Tod sei dir geschworen
für deine Mörderlust!

ROCCO

Halt ein, halt doch ein!

PIZARRO

Wahnsinniger! Er soll bestraft sein!

LEONORE

Töt erst sein Weib!

PIZARRO

Sein Weib?

ROCCO

Sein Weib?

FLORESTAN

Mein Weib?

LEONORE

Ja, sieh hier Leonore!

FLORESTAN

Leonore!

LEONORE

Ich bin sein Weib,
geschworen hab ich ihm Trost,
Verderben dir!

PIZARRO

Sein Weib?

ROCCO

Sein Weib?

FLORESTAN

Mein Weib?

LEONORE

Ich bin sein Weib,
geschworen hab ich ihm Trost,
Verderben dir!

FLORESTAN

Vor Freude starrt mein Blut!

ROCCO

Mir starrt vor Angst mein Blut!

PIZARRO

Welch' unerhörter Mut!
welch unerhörter Mut!
Ha, soll ich vor einem Weibe beben?
So opfr'ich, so opfr'ich
beide meinem Grimm;
geteilt hast du mit ihm das Leben,
so teile nun den Tod mit ihm!

LEONORE

Ich trotzte seiner Wut!
Verderben ihm!
Der Tod, der Tod sei dir geschworen,
durchbohren mußst
du erst diese Brust!
(draws a gun)
Noch einen Laut, und du bist tot!
(Off-stage trumpets)

LEONORE

Ach, du bist gerettet, großer Gott!

FLORESTAN

Ach, ich bin gerettet, großer Gott!

PIZARRO

Ha! ha, der Minister, Höll' und Tod!

ROCCO

O, was ist das? Gerechter Gott!

LEONORE

So schlägt der Rache Stunde,
du sollst gerettet sein!

FLORESTAN

So schlägt der Rache Stunde,
ich soll gerettet sein!

PIZARRO

Verflucht sei diese Stunde,
die Heuchler spotten mein.

ROCCO

O fürchterliche Stunde!
O, Gott, was wartet mein?

PIZARRO

Verzweiflung wird im Bunde
mit meiner Rache sein!
Verflucht sei diese Stunde,
die Heuchler spotten mein.

LEONORE

Die Liebe wird im Bunde
mit Mute mich befreien.
FLORESTAN
Die Liebe wird im Bunde
mit Mute dich befrei'n.
Es schlägt der Rache Stunde,
ich soll gerettet sein!

ROCCO

Ich will nicht mehr im Bunde
mit diesem Wüt'rich sein.
O fürchterliche Stunde!
O, Gott, was wartet mein?
*(Pizarro falls down, Rocco follows after
him, after he has taken the weapon
from Leonore.)*

11. FOURTH SCENE

LEONORE *(totally exhausted)*
Die Waffe hab' ich mir nehmen lassen -
'o Gott, Gott -
In einem Augenblick die Frucht so
vieler Bemühung
verloren! - Keine Hoffnung hab' ich
mehr! - Nein! Nein!
*(helpless she collapses on the edge of
the cistern)*

12. NO.17 DUET

FLORESTAN

Ich kann mich noch nicht fassen,
zu denken wag' ich's kaum,
sie hat mich nicht verlassen,
o nein, es war kein Traum.
Sie war's, sie ist's, dort sank sie hin!
O Gott! Sie scheint sich kaum zu regen!
Weh mir, daß ich gefesselt bin!
Mein Herz erliegt so vielen Schlägen!
O Leonore, Leonore!

LEONORE

(still unconscious)
Gebt, ach gebt ihn mir!

FLORESTAN

Ha, sie ist's!
O Gott! O Gott! Sie ruft nach mir!
Geliebtes Weib!

LEONORE

O helft, o helft ihn retten!

FLORESTAN

Sieh' Florestan, sieh' seine Ketten,
sieh', Leonore, den Gemahl!

LEONORE

(recovering)
Was hör ich?
Welch süßer Schall?

FLORESTAN
 Sie ist's! O himmlisches Entzücken!
 Komm, laß an dieses Herz dich
 drücken,
 o Leonore, komm zu mir!

LEONORE
 Er ist's! Er ist's!
*(She rushes to him and presses herself
 to his chest)*
 Ich bin bei dir.

BEIDE
 O, namen-, namenlose Freude!

LEONORE
 Mein Mann an meiner Brust!

FLORESTAN
 Mein Weib an meiner Brust!

BEIDE
 Nach unnenbarer Leiden,
 so übergroße Lust.

LEONORE
 Du wieder nun in meinen Armen!

FLORESTAN
 O Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen,

LEONORE
 Du wieder nun in meinen Armen!

FLORESTAN
 O Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen,
 O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!

BEIDE
 O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!
 Mein Mann, mein Mann an meiner
 Brust!
 Ich bin's!
 Mein Weib, mein Weib
 O, namen-, namenlose Freude!

FLORESTAN
 Du bist's! Du bist's!
 O himmlisches Entzücken!
 Komm, laß an dieses Herz dich
 drücken!

LEONORE
 Ich bin's! Ich bin's! O himmlisches
 Entzücken!
 Komm, laß an dieses Herz dich
 drücken!

FLORESTAN
 Leonore!

LEONORE
 Florestan!
 O, namen-, namenlose Freude!
 Nach unnenbarer Leiden,
 so übergroße Lust.
 Mein Mann an meiner Brust!
 Mein Weib an meiner Brust!
 O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!

13. FLORESTAN
 O Leonore, sprich! Durch welches
 Wunder ist es
 dir gelungen, zu mir zu dringen?

LEONORE *(fast)*
 Ich verließ Sevilla - ich kam zu Fuß -
 in Manneskleidern - der Kerkermeister
 nahm mich
 in Dienste, dein Verfolger selbst
 machte
 mich zum Schließer!

FLORESTAN
 So viele Beschwerden hast du ertragen
 können?

LEONORE
 Die Liebe hat mich beseelt! Meine
 Kräfte waren unerschöpflich!

FLORESTAN
 Meine Leonore, was hast du alles
 für mich getan!

LEONORE
 Nichts, mein Florestan.

14. NO. 18 FINALE
CHORUS
(from inside, at a distance)
 Zur Rache, zur Rache, zur Rache,
 wir müssen ihn seh'n,
 ja, wir müssen ihn seh'n!

LEONORE
 O Gott, o Gott, nun ist's um uns
 gescheh'n!
 O Hülfe, großer Gott, Hülfe, Hülfe!

FLORESTAN
 Laß uns mit Mut dem Tod,
 der Ruh' entgegengeh'n.

LEONORE
 Ja, geh'n wir ihm entgegen,
 er endet unsern Harm;
 dein Wille, Gott, ist Segen,
 ich sterb' in seinem Arm.

FLORESTAN
 Ja, geh'n wir ihm entgegen,
 er endet unsern Harm;
 dein Wille, Gott, ist Segen,
 ich sterb' in ihrem Arm.

CHORUS
(closer)
 Zur Rache, zur Rache!
 Die Unschuld werde befreit,
 Gott schützt die gerechte Sache
 und straft die Grausamkeit.

LEONORE, FLORESTAN
 Gott schützt die gerechte Sache
 und straft die Grausamkeit.

CHORUS
(appearing)
 Zur Rache, zur Rache, zur Rache!
 Gott schützt die gerechte Sache
 und straft die Grausamkeit.

ROCCO
*(He has pushed himself near to
 Leonore. Don Fernando follows him
 closely)*
 Hier sind sie!
 Seht! O habt Erbarmen!
 O rettet dieses edle Paar!

FLORESTAN
 Wer reißt sie mir aus meinen Armen?
 LEONORE
 Herbei! Ich trotzte der Gefahr!

FLORESTAN
 Was seh' ich! Don Fernando!

DON FERNANDO
 Ja, doch um die Tugend nur zu rächen,
 um eure Ketten zu zerbrechen,
 als euer Retter bin ich da.

LEONORE, FLORESTAN
 O Gott!

DON FERNANDO
(lifting Leonore)
 Stegt auf, steht auf! Es ziemte mir,
 mir selbst, zu euren Füßen hier
 der Frauen edelste zu ehren.

ROCCO
 Laß euch auch über mich belehren:
 verfolgt hab ich euch nur zum Schein;
 ich kann nicht unbarmherzig sein,
 als Retter wollt ich wiederkehren.
(showing the gun)
 Das hab' ich mit Gewalt geborgt,
 für Mißbrauch war ich nur besorgt.
 Jetzt soll mein Herz nichts mehr
 beschweren.
(He throws a purse to Pizarro)
 Das gabst du mir in diesem Kauf!
 Der Fluch des Himmels liegt darauf!

CHORUS
 Bestrafet sei der Bösewicht
 der Unschuld unterdrückt!
 Hält nicht das strafende Gericht
 der Rache Schwerte gezückt!

FERNANDO
(to Rocco)
 Du des edlen Mannes Grab,
 jetzt, jetzt nimm ihm seine Ketten ab.
(to Leonore)
 Doch halt! Euch, edle Frau, allein,
 euch ziemt es, ganz ihn zu befrei'n.

15. LEONORE, FLORESTAN,
 MARZELLINE, ROCCO, DON
 FERNANDO, CHORUS
 O Gott, o Gott, welch ein Augenblick
 O unaussprechlich süßes Glück!
 Gerecht, o Gott, gerecht ist dein
 Gericht!
 Du prüfdest, du verläßt uns nicht!

16. DON FERNANDO
(to Florestan)
 Wie lang habt ihr sie getragen?

FLORESTAN

Ich weiß es nicht, denn mit den Tagen
vermengen sich die Nächte hier.

DON FERNANDO

(to Rocco)

Ihr, Alter, wißt es, sagt es mir.

ROCCO

Zwei Jahre sind's, ich irre nicht.

DON FERNANDO

(to Pizarro)

So höre denn, du Bösewicht,
du kontest dich an seinen Leiden
zwei schreckensvolle Jahre weiden?
Du wirst nun an denselben Stein
dein Leben durch geschmiedet sein!

CHORUS

O, zu gelind' ist er bestraft.

LEONORE

O nein! O nein! Erbarmt euch sein!
Denn ihm gab sein Bewußtsein Kraft.

FLORESTAN

O nein! O nein! Erbarmt euch sein!
Denn mir gab mein Bewußtsein Kraft.

CHORUS

Nein, nein, nein!
Er ist noch zu gelind' bestraft.

DON FERNANDO

Der König wird sein Richter sein;
kommt, Freunde, laßt zu ihm uns eilen,
er wird mit mir die Wonne teilen,
verfolgte Unschuld zu befrei'n.

17. CHORUS

Preist! Preist!
Preist mit hoher Freude Glut
Leonorens edlen Mut!

18. MARZELLINE, JAQUINO, ROCCO,

DON FERNANDO

Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
nie, wird es zu hoch besungen,
Retterin des Gatten zu sein.

CHORUS

Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
nie, wird es zu hoch besungen,
Retterin des Gatten zu sein.

FLORESTAN

Deine Treu' erhielt mein Leben,
Tugend schreckt den Bösewicht.

LEONORE

Liebe führte mein Bestreben,
wahre Liebe fürchtet nicht.

CHORUS

Preist mit hoher Freude Glut,
Leonorens edlen Mut.

FLORESTAN, MARZELLINE, JAQUINO,

ROCCO, FERNANDO, CHORUS

Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
nie, wird es zu hoch besungen,
Retterin des Gatten zu sein.

CD63

FIDELIO

Opera in two acts

Music by Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Libretto by Joseph Sonnleithner and
Friedrich Treitschke after Jean Nicolas
Bouilly's play drama "Leonore"

First performance: May 1814, Theater
am Kärntner Tor in Wien.

CAST

Don Fernando, the King's Minister
baritone

Pizarro, Governor of a state prison
baritone

Florestan, prisoner *tenor*

Leonore, his wife, in male attire as

Fidelio *soprano*

Rocco, Chief jailer *bass*

Marzelline, his daughter *soprano*

Jaquino, Rocco's assistant *tenor*

First prisoner *tenor*

Second prisoner *bass*

ACT I

1. OVERTURE

2. NO.1 DUET

JAQUINO

Jetzt, Schätzchen,
jetzt sind wir allein,
Wir können vertraulich
nun plaudern.

MARZELLINE

Es wird ja nichts Wichtiges sein,
ich darf bei der Arbeit
nicht zaudern.

JAQUINO

Ein Wörtchen, du Trotzige, du!

MARZELLINE

So sprich nur, ich höre ja zu.

JAQUINO

Wenn du mir nicht
freundlicher' blickest,
so bring' ich kein Wörtchen hervor.

MARZELLINE

Wenn du dich nicht
in mich schickest,
verstopf ich mir vollends das Ohr.

JAQUINO

Ein Weilchen nur höre mir zu,
dann lass' ich dich
wieder in Ruh'.

MARZELLINE

So hab' ich denn nimmer mehr Ruh';
so rede, so rede nur zu!

JAQUINO

Ich... ich habe...

Ich habe zum Weib dich gewählt,
verstehst du?

MARZELLINE

Das ist ja doch klar!

JAQUINO

Und... und, wenn mir dein
Jawort nicht fehlet,
was meinst du?

MARZELLINE

So sind wir ein Paar.

JAQUINO

Wir könnten in wenigen Wochen.

MARZELLINE

Recht schön, du bestimmst
schon die Zeit.

JAQUINO

Zum Henker, das ewige Pochen,
da war ich so herrlich im Gang,
und immer,
immer entwischt mir der Fang !

MARZELLINE

So bin ich doch endlich befreit!
Wie macht seine Liebe mir bang,
es werden die Stunden mir lang.
Ich weiß, daß der Arme sich quälet,
es tut mir so leid auch um ihn!
Fidelio hab' ich gewählt,
ihn lieben ist süßer Gewinn.

JAQUINO

Wo war ich?
Sie sieht mich nicht an!

MARZELLINE

Da ist er,
er fängt wieder an!

JAQUINO

Wann wirst du das Jawort mir geben?
Es könnte ja heute ja heute noch sein.

MARZELLINE

O weh !
Er verbittert mein Leben !
Jetzt, morgen und immer,
und immer, nein!
Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein!

JAQUINO

Du bist doch wahrhaftig von Stein,
kein Wünschen, kein Bitten,
geht ein.

MARZELLINE

Ich muß ja so hart mit ihm sein,
er hofft bei dem mindesten Schein.

JAQUINO

So wirst du dich nimmer,
nimmer bekehren?
Was meinst du?

MARZELLINE

Du könntest nun geh'n!

JAQUINO

Wie?
Dich anzusehn'n willst du mir wehren?
Auch das noch?

MARZELLINE

So bleibe hier stehh'n!

JAQUINO

Du hast mir
so oft doch versprochen.

MARZELLINE

Versprochen?
Nein, das geht zu weit!

JAQUINO

Zum Henker das ewige Poche,
zum Henker!

MARZELLINE

So bin ich doch, endlich befreit!
Das ist ein willkommener Klang,
es wurde zu Tode mir bang.

JAQUINO

Es ward ihr im Ernste schon bang;
wer weiß, ob es mir nicht gelang.
Wenn ich diese Tür heute
nicht schon zweihundertmal
aufgemacht habe, so will ich
nicht Jaquino heißen.
Zum Wetter, schon wieder!

MARZELLINE

Was kann ich dafür,
daß ich ihn nicht mehr so gern
wie sonst haben kann?

JAQUINO

So. Nun hoffe ich,
soll niemand uns stören.

ROCCO

Jaquino, Jaquino!

MARZELLINE

Hörst du, der Vater ruft!

JAQUINO

Lassen wir ihn ein wenig warten.
Also,
auf unsere Liebe zu kommen...

MARZELLINE

So geh doch,
der Vater wird sich nach Fidelio
erkundigen wollen.

JAQUINO

Ei freilich da kann man
nicht schnell genug sein.

ROCCO

Jaquino, hörst du nicht?

JAQUINO

Ich komme schon!
Bleib fein hier, in zwei Minuten
sind wir wieder beisammen.

RECITATIVE

MARZELLINE

Der arme Jaquino dauert
mich beinahe,
kann ich aber ändern?
Ich war ihm sonst recht gut,
da kam Fidelio in unser Haus,
und seit der Zeit ist alles
in mir und um mich verändert.
Ach!
Aus dem Mitleiden,
Das ich mit Jaquino habe,
merke ich erst,
wie sehr gut ich Fidelio bin.
Ich glaube auch, daß
Fidelio mir recht gut ist,
und wenn ich die Gesinnungendes
Vaters wüßte,
so könnte bald mein Glück
vollkommen werden.

3. NO. 2 ARIA

O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint,
und dürfte Mann dich nennen !
Ein Mädchen darf ja,
was es meint,
zur Hälfte nur bekennen !
Doch wenn ich nicht erröten
muß ob einem warmen Herzenskuß,
wenn nichts uns stört auf Erden.
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust
mit unaussprechlich süßer Lust;
wie glücklich will ich werden!
In Ruhe stiller Häuslichkeit
erwach' ich jeden Morgen,
wir grüßen uns mit Zärtlichkeit,
Der Fleiß verscheucht die Sorgen.
Und ist die Arbeit abgetan,
dann schleicht die holde Nacht heran,
dann ruh'n wir von Beschwerden.

ROCCO

Guten Tag, Marzeline!
Ist Fidelio noch
nicht zurück gekommen?

MARZELLINE

Nein, Vater!

ROCCO

Die Stunde naht,
Wo ich dem Gouverneur
die Briefschaften bringen muß,
abholen sollte,
ihn mit Ungeduld.

LEONORE

Jaquino! Jaquino!

JAQUINO

Ich komme schon, ich komme schon!

MARZELLINE

Er wird gewiß so lange bei
dem Schmied haben warten müssen.
Da ist er, da ist er!
Wie er belastet ist!
Lieber Gott, der Schweiß
läuf ihm von der Stirn.

ROCCO

Warte, warte!

JAQUINO

Es war auch der Mühe wert,
so schnell aufzumachen,
um den Patron da herein zulassen.

ROCCO

Armer Fidelio,
diesmal hast du zu viel dir aufgeladen!

LEONORE

Ich muß gestehen,
ich bin ein wenig ermüdet!
Der Schmied hatte auch an
den Ketten so lange auszubessern,
daß ich glaubte,
er würde nichtdamit fertig werden.

ROCCO

Sind sie jetzt gut gemacht?

LEONORE

Gewiß, recht gut und stark.
Keiner der Gefangenen wird sie
zerbrechen.

ROCCO

Wieviel kostet alles zusammen?

LEONORE

Zwölf Piaster ungefähr.
Hier ist die genaue Rechnung

ROCCO

Gut, brav! Zum Wetter,
da gibt es Artikel,
auf die wir wenigstens das Doppelte,
gewinnen können!
Du bist ein kluger Junge!
Ich kann gar nicht begreifen,
wie du deine Rechnungen machst.
Du kaufst alles wohlfeiler als ich.
In den sechs Monaten,
seit ich dir die Anschaffung
von Lebensmitteln übertragen habe,
hast du mehr gewonnen,
als ich vorher in einem ganzen Jahre.
Der Schelm gibt sich
alle diese Mühe,
offenbar meiner Marzelline wegen.

LEONORE

Ich suche zu tun,
was mir möglich ist.

ROCCO

Ja, ja, du bist brav;
man kann nicht eifriger,
nicht verständiger sein!
Ich habe dich auch mit
jedem Tage lieber,
und, sei versichert,
dein Lohn soll nicht ausbleiben.

LEONORE

O glaubt nicht, daß ich
meine Schuldigkeit nur
des Lohnes wegen...

ROCCO

Still!
Meinst du, ich kann dir
nicht ins Herz sehen?

4. NO.3 QUARTET

MARZELLINE

Mir ist so wunderbar,
es engt das Herz mir ein;
er liebt mich, es ist klar,
ich werde glücklich, glücklich sein.

LEONORE

Wie groß ist die Gefahr!
wie schwach der Hoffnung Schein!
sie liebt mich, es ist klar,
o namenloser Pein!

ROCCO

Sie liebt ihn, es ist klar,
ja, Mädchen, er wird dein,
ein gutes, junges Paar,
sie werden glücklich sein.

JAQUINO

Mir sträubt sich schon das Haar,
der Vater willigt ein,
mir wird so wunderbar,
mir fällt kein Mittel ein.

RECITATIVE

ROCCO

Höre, Fidelio,
wenn ich auch nicht weiß,
wie und wo auf die Welt
gekommen bist,
und wenn du auch gar
keinen Vater gehabt hättest,
so weiß ich doch,
was ich tue, ich, ich mache dich
zu meinem Tochtermann

MARZELLINE

Wirst du es bald tun, lieber Vater?

ROCCO

Ei, ei, wie eifertig !
So bald der Gouverneur nach
Sevilla gereist sein wird,
dann haben wir mehr Muße.
Ihr wißt ja,
daß er alle Monate hingeht,
um über alles, was hier in dem
Staatsgefängnis vorgeht,
Rechenschaft zu geben.
In wenigen Tagen muß er wieder fort,
und den Tag nach seiner Abreise
geb' ich euch zusammen.
Darauf könnt ihr rechnen.

MARZELLINE

Den Tag nach seiner Abreise!
Das machst du recht vernünftig,
lieber Vater!

LEONORE

Den Tag nach seiner Abreise?
O' welche neue Verlegenheit !

ROCCO

Nun, meine Kinder,
ihr habt euch doch recht
herzlich lieb, nicht wahr?
Aber das ist noch nicht alles,
was zu einer guten,
vergnügten Haushaltung gehört,
man braucht auch

5. NO.4 ARIA

Hat man nicht auch Gold beineben,
kann man nicht ganz glücklich sein;
traurig schleppt, sich fort das Leben,
mancher Kummer stellt sich ein.
Doch wenn's in den Taschen
klingelt und rollt,
da hält man das Schicksal gefangen,
und Macht und Liebe verschafft
das Gold und stillt das kühnste
Verlangen.
Das Glück dient wie ein Knecht für
Sold,
es ist ein schönes, schönes Ding,
das Gold, ein goldnes,
goldnes Ding, das Gold, das Gold.
Wenn sich Nichts mit Nichts verbindet,
ist und bleibt die Summe klein,
wer bei Tisch nur Liebe findet,
wird nach Tische hungrig sein.
Drum lächle der Zufall euch
gnädig und hold und segne
und lenk' euer Streben,
das Liebchen im Arme,
im Beutel das Gold,
so mögt ihr viel Jahre durchleben.

RECITATIVE

LEONORE

Ihr könnt das leicht sagen,
Meister Rocco, aber ich,
ich behaupte,
daß die Vereinigung zweier
gleichgestimmten Herzen
die Quelle des wahren
ehelichen Glückes ist.
O dieses Glück muß der
größte Schatz auf Erden sein !
Freilich gibt es noch etwas,
was mir nicht weniger
kostbar sein würde,
aber mit Kummer sehe ich,
daß ich es trotz aller meiner
Bemühungen nicht erhalten werde.

ROCCO

Und was wäre denn das?

LEONORE

Euer Vertrauen. Verzeiht mir
diesen kleinen Vorwurf,
aber oft sehe ich euch aus den
unterirdischen Gewölben
des Schlosses ganz außer
Atem und ermattet zurückkommen,
warum erlaubt Ihr mir nicht,
euch dahin zu begleiten?
Es wäre mir sehr lieb,
wenn ich euch bei eurer
Arbeit helfen und eure
Beschwerden teilen könnte.

ROCCO

Du weißt doch, daß ich
den strengsten Befehl habe,
niemanden, wer es auch sein mag,
zu den Staatsgefangenen zu lassen.

MARZELLINE

Es sind ihrer aber gar so viele in dieser
Festung.
Du arbeitest dich ja zu Tod, lieber
Vater.

LEONORE

Sie hat recht, Meister Rocco.
Man soll allerdings seine
Schuldigkeit tun.
Aber es ist doch auch erlaubt,
meine ich,
zuweilen daran zu denken,
wie man sich für die,
die uns angehören und lieben,
ein bißchen schonen kann.

MARZELLINE

Man muß sich für seine
Kinder zu erhalten suchen.

ROCCO

Ja, ihr habt recht, diese
schwere Arbeit würde mir
doch endlich zu viel werden.
Der Gouverneur ist zwar sehr streng,
er muß mir aber doch erlauben,
dich in die Gouverneur,
geheimen Kerker mit mir zu nehmen.
Unterdessen gibt es ein Gewölbe,
in das ich dich wohl
nie werde führen dürfen,
obschon ich mich ganz
auf dich verlassen kann.

MARZELLINE

Vermutlich, wo der Gefangene sitzt,
Von dem du schon einige
gesprachen hast, Vater ?

ROCCO

Du hast's erraten.

LEONORE

Ich glaube, es ist schon lange her,
daß er gefangen ist?

ROCCO

Es ist schon über zwei Jahre.

LEONORE

Zwei Jahre, sagt Ihr?
Er muß ein großer
Verbrecher sein.

ROCCO

Oder er muß große Feinde haben;
das kommt ungefähr auf eins heraus.

MARZELLINE

So hat man denn nie
erfahren können, woher er ist,
und wie er heißt?

ROCCO

O wie oft hat er mit mir
von alledem reden wollen.

LEONORE

Nun?

ROCCO

Für unsereinen ist's am besten,
so wenig Geheimnisse
als möglich zu wissen,
darum hab ich ihn auch nie angehört.
Ich hätte mich verplappern können,
und ihm hätt ich doch
nicht genützt.
Nun, er wird mich nicht
lange mehr quälen.
Es kann nicht mehr
lange mit ihm dauern.

LEONORE

Großer Gott!

MARZELLINE

Lieber Himmel, wie hat
er denn eine so schwere
Strafe verdient?

ROCCO

Seit einem Monat schon
muß ich auf Pizarros Befehl
seine Portion kleiner machen.
Jetzt hat er binnen
vierundzwanzig Stunden
nicht mehr als zwei Unzen
schwarzes Brot und eine
Halbe Maß Wasser;
kein Licht mehr als den Schein
einer Lampe, kein Stroh mehr,
nichts!

MARZELLINE

O lieber Vater,
führe Fidelio ja nicht zu ihm,
diesen Anblick könnt
er nicht ertragen.

LEONORE

Warum denn?
Ich habe Mut und Stärke.

ROCCO

Brav, mein Sohn, brav!
Wenn ich dir erzählen wollte,
wie ich anfangs in meinem
Stande mit mir zu kämpfen hätte!
Und ich war doch ein ganz anderer
Kerl als du mit deiner feinen Haut
und deinen weichen Händen.

6. NO.5 TERZET

Gut, Söhnchen, gut,
hab immer Mut,
dann wird dir's auch gelingen,
das Herz wird hart durch Gegenwart
bei fürchterlichen Dingen.

LEONORE

Ich habe Mut!
Mit kaltem Blut, mit kaltem Blut
will ich hinab mich wagen;

für hohen Lohn kann Liebe
schon auch hohe Leiden,
hohe Leiden tragen.

MARZELLINE

Dein gutes Herz wird manchen
Schmerz in diesen Gräften leiden,
dann kehrt zurück der Liebe Glück
und unennbare Freuden.

ROCCO

Du wirst dein Glück
ganz sicher bauen,
ja, ja, ja,
ihr werdet glücklich sein.

LEONORE

Ich hab' auf Gott und Recht
Vertrauen,
ja, ja, ja,
ich kann noch glücklich sein.

MARZELLINE

Du darfst mir auch ins Auge
schauen der Liebe Macht
ist auch nicht klein,
ja, ja, ja, wir werden glücklich sein.

ROCCO

Der Gouverneur,
der Gouverneur soll heut' erlauben,
daß du mit mir die Arbeit teilst.

LEONORE

Du wirst mir alle Ruhe rauben,
wenn du bis morgen nur verweist.

MARZELLINE

Ja, guter Vater,
bitt ihn heute,
in kurzem sind wir dann ein Paar.

ROCCO

Ich bin ja bald des Grabes Beute,
ich brauche Hilf,
es ist ja wahr.

LEONORE

Wie lang' bin ich des
Kummers Beute.
Du, Hoffnung,
reichst mir Labung dar.

MARZELLINE

Ach! lieber Vater,
was fällt Euch ein?
Lang' Freund und Rater
müßt Ihr uns sein.

ROCCO

Nur auf der Hut, dann geht
es gut, gestillt,
gestillt wird euer Sehnen;
gebt euch die Hand
und schliesst das Band,
in süßen Freudentränen.
Ein schönes Band,
mit Herz und Hand.

MARZELLINE

O habe Mut, o welche Glut,
o welch' ein tiefes Sehnen!

Ein festes Band mit
Herz und Hand,
o süße, süße Tränen.

LEONORE

Ihr seid so gut ihr macht mir Mut,
gestillt wird bald mein Sehnen.
Ich gab die Hand zum süßen Band,
es kostet bittere Tränen.

ROCCO

Aber nun ist Zeit, daß
ich dem Gouverneur die
Briefschaften überbringe.
Ah ! Er kommt selbst hierher!
Gieb sie, Fidelio,
und dann entfernt euch!

PIZARRO

Drei Schildwachen auf denj
Wall, sechs Mann Tag und
Nacht auf der Zugbrücke,
ebenso viele gegen den Garten zu,
und jedermann, der sich dem Graben
der Festung nähert,
werde sogleich zu mir gebracht.
Ist etwas Neues vorgefallen?

ROCCO

Nein, Herr!

7. NO.6 MARCH

RECITATIVE

PIZARRO

Wo sind die Depeschen?

ROCCO

Hier sind sie.

PIZARRO

Immer Empfehlungen oder Vorwürfe.
Wenn ich auf alles das achten wollte,
würde ich nie damit zu Ende kommen.
Mich dünkt, ich kenne diese Schrift.
Laß sehen.
"Ich gebe ihnen Nachricht,
daß der Minister in Erfahrung gebracht
hat, daß die Staatsgefängnisse, denen
Sie vorstehen, mehrere Opfer
willkürlicher Gewalt enthalten.
Er reist morgen ab,
um Sie mit einer Untersuchung zu
überraschen.
Seien Sie auf Ihrer Hut, und suchen Sie
sich sicherzustellen."
Gott, wenn er entdeckte,
daß ich diesen Florestan
in Ketten liegen habe,
den er längst tot glaubt; ihn,
der so oft meine Rache reizte,
der mich vor dem Minister enthüllen
und mir seine Gunst entziehen wollte!
Doch, es gibt ein Mittel!
Eine kühne Tat kann alle Besorgnisse
zerstreuen!

8. NO.7 ARIA WITH CHORUS

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Welch ein Augenblick!
Die Rache werd' ich kühlen!
dich, dich ruft dein Geschick!

In seinem Herzen wühlen, o Wonne,
großes Glück!
Schon war ich, schon war ich nah',
im Staube,
dem lauten Spott zum Raube,
dahin, dahin, ja,
dahin gestreckt zu sein!
Nun ist es mir geworden,
den Mörder selbst zu morden!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
In seiner letzten Stunde,
den Stahl in seiner Wunde,
ihm noch ins Ohr zu schrei'n.
Triumph! Triumph! Triumph!
der Sieg, der Sieg ist mein!

SOLDIERS

Er spricht von Tod und Wunde,
nun fort auf unsre Runde,
wie wichtig, wie wichtig
muß es sein, nun fort, nun fort,
wie wichtig muß es sein!

PIZARRO

Ich darf keinen Augenblick säumen,
alle Anstalten zu meinem
Vorhaben zu treffen.
Heute soll der Minister ankommen.
Nur die größte Vorsicht
und Eile können mich retten.

RECITATIVE

Hauptmann, hören Sie!
Besteigen Sie mit einem
Trompeter sogleich den Turm.
Sehen Sie unablässig und
mit der größten Achtsamkeit
auf die Straße von Sevilla.
Sobald Sie einen Wagen,
von Reitern begleitet,
diesem Schloß sich nähern sehen,
lassen Sie augenblicklich durch
den Trompeter ein Signal geben.
Verstehen Sie,
augenblicklich ein Signal!
Ich erwarte die größte
Pünktlichkeit,
Sie haften mir mit Ihrem Kopf dafür.
Fort, auf eure Posten!
Rocco! Rocco!

ROCCO

Herr!

PIZARRO

Ich muß ihn zu gewinnen suchen.
Ohne seine Hilfe kann
ich es nicht ausführen.
Komm näher!

9. NO.8 DUET

Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
dir wird ein Glück zu Teile,
du wirst ein reicher Mann;
das geb' ich nur daran.

ROCCO

So sagt doch nur in Eile,
womit ich dienen kann.

PIZARRO

Du bist von kaltem Blute,
von unverzagtem Mute durch langen,
langen Dienst geworden.

ROCCO

Was soll ich?
Redet, redet! Wie!

PIZARRO

Morden!

ROCCO

Wie?

PIZARRO

Höre mich nur an!
Du bebst? bist du ein Mann?
Wir dürfen gar nicht säumen,
dem Staate liegt den bösen Unterthan
schnell aus dem Weg zu räumen. Du
stehst noch an?

ROCCO

O Herr!
O Herr!

PIZARRO

Er darf nicht länger leben,
sonst ist's um mich gescheh'n.

ROCCO

Die Glieder fühl' ich beben,
wie könnt' ich das besteh'n?

PIZARRO

Pizarro sollte beben?
Du fällst,
du fällst ich werde steh'n.

ROCCO

Ich nehm' ihm nicht das Leben,
mag was da will gescheh'n.
Nein, Herr, das Leben
nehmen das ist nicht meine Pflicht.

PIZARRO

Ich will mich selbst bequemen,
wenn Dir's an Mut gebricht.
Nun eile rasch und munter
zu jenem Mann hinunter,
du weißt, du weißt...

ROCCO

...der kaum mehr lebt,
und wie ein Schatten schwebt?

PIZARRO

Zu dem, zu dem hinab!
Ich wart' in kleiner ferne, du gräbst in
der Zisterne
sehr schnell ein Grab.

ROCCO

Und dann? Und dann?

PIZARRO

Dann werd' ich selbst verummmt mich
in den Kerker schleichen: ein Stoß ...
und er verstummt!

ROCCO

Verhungernd in den Ketten,
ertrug er lange Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
der Dolch wird ihn befrei'n.

PIZARRO

Er sterb' in seinen Ketten,
zu kurz war seine Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
dann werd' ich ruhig sein.
Jetzt, Alter, jetzt hat es Eile!
Hast du mich verstanden?
Du gibst ein Zeichen;
dann werd' ich selbst verummt mich
in den Kerker schleichen:
ein Stoß ... und er verstummt!

ROCCO

Verhungernd in den Ketten,
ertrug er lange Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
der Dolch wird ihn befrei'n.

PIZARRO

Er sterb' in seinen Ketten,
zu kurz war seine Pein,
ihn töten, heißt ihn retten,
dann werd' ich ruhig sein.
(Pizarro leaves, Rocco follows him)

10. NO.9 RECITATIVE AND ARIA

LEONORE

Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?
Was hast du vor, in wildem Grimme?
Des Mitleids Ruf, der Meschheit
Stimme-
rührt nichts mehr deinen Tigersinn?
Doch toben auch wie Meereswogen
dir in der Seele Zorn und Wut,
so leuchtet mir ein Farbenbogen,
der hell auf dunkeln Wolken ruht:
Der blickt so still, so friedlich nieder,
der spiegelt alte Zeiten wieder,
und neu besänftigt wallt mein Blut.

11. Komm', Hoffnung, laß' den letzten
Stern der Müden nicht erbleichen!

O komm', erhell mein Ziel, sei's noch
so fern, die Liebe, sie wird's erreichen.
Ich folg' dem innern Triebe,
ich wanke nicht,
micht stärkt die Pflicht
der treuen Gattenliebe!
O du, für den ich alles trug,
könnt ich zur Stelle dringen,
wo Bosheit dich in Fesseln schlug,
und süßen Trost dir bringen!
Ich folg' dem innern Triebe,
ich wanke nicht,
micht stärkt die Pflicht
der treuen Gattenliebe.

*(Rocco enters from the garden,
Marzelline from the house)*

LEONORE

Rocco, ihr verspricht mir so oft,
die armen Gefangenen, die über der
Erde wohnen,
in unseren Festungsgarten zu lassen.
Heute ist das Wetter so schön!

Der Gouverneut kommt um diese Zeit
nicht hierher.

MARZELLINE

Vater, es ist die Stunde,
in der die Gefangenen
an die frische Luft kommen dürfen.

ROCCO

Ohne Erlaubnis des Gouverneurs?

MARZELLINE

Aber er sprach so lange mit dir.
Vielleicht sollst du ihm einen Gefallen
tun,
und dann wird er es so genau nicht
nehmen.

ROCCO

Einen Gefallen?
Du hast recht, Marzelline.
Auf diese Gefahr hin kann ich es
wagen.
Wohl denn, Jaquino und Fidelio,
öffnet die leichteren Gefängnisse.
Ich aber gehe zu Pizarro
und halte ihn zurück, indem ich für
dein Bestes rede.

MARZELLINE

So recht, Vater!

12. NO.10 FINALE

PRISONERS

O, welche Lust!
in freier Luft den Atem
leicht zu heben, O, welche Lust!
nur hier, nur hier ist Leben,
der Kerker eine Gruft, eine Gruft!

FIRST PRISONER

Wir wollen mit Vertrauen
auf Gottes Hülfe,
auf Gottes Hülfe bauen,
die Hoffnung flüstert sanft mir zu,
wir werden frei, wir finden Ruh,
wir finden Ruh'.

PRISONERS

O Himmel Rettung,
welch ein Glück,
o Freiheit, o Freiheit,
kehrst du zurück?

SECOND PRISONER

Sprecht leise, haltet euch zurück,
wir sind belauscht mir
Ohr und Blick.

PRISONERS

Sprecht leise, haltet euch zurück,
wir sind belauscht mir
Ohr und Blick.

13. LEONORE

Nun sprecht, wie ging's?

ROCCO

Recht gut, recht gut !
Zusammen rafft' ich meinen Mut,
und trug ihm alles vor,
und sollst du's glauben,

was er zur Antwort mir gab?

Die Heirat, und daß du mir hilfst,
will er erlauben,
noch heute fuhr ich in den Kerker dich
hinab.

LEONORE

Noch heute? noch heute?
O welch ein Glück!
o welche Wonne!

ROCCO

Ich sehe deine Freude;
nur noch ein Augenblick,
dann gehen wir schon Beide, ja,
dann gehen wir schon beide.

LEONORE

Wohin, wohin?

ROCCO

Zu jenem Mann hinab,
dem ich seit vielen Wochen
stets weniger zu essen gab.

LEONORE

Ha, wird er losgesprochen?

ROCCO

O nein!

LEONORE

So sprich, so sprich!

ROCCO

O nein, o nein!
O nein, o nein!
Wir müssen ihn, doch wie,
befreien, er muß in einer Stunde,
den Finger auf dem
Munde von uns sein.

LEONORE

So ist er tot?

ROCCO

Noch nicht, noch nicht!

LEONORE

Ist, ihn zu töten, deine Pflicht,
ihn zu töten, deine Pflicht?

ROCCO

Nein, guter Junge,
zittre nicht, zum Morden,
zum Morden dingt sich Rocco
nicht, nein, nein, nein,
nein, nein, nein!
Der Gouverneur,
der Gouverneur kommt selbst hinab,
wir beide graben nur das Grab.

LEONORE

Vielleicht das Grab des Gatten graben,
was kann fürchterlicher sein?
Was?

ROCCO

Ich darf ihn nicht mit Speise laben,
ihm wird im Grabe besser sein.
Wir müssen gleich zum

Werke schreiten, du mußt helfen,
mich begleiten; hart,
hart ist des Kerkermeisters Brot.

LEONORE
Ich folge dir, wär's in den Tod!

ROCCO
In der zerfallenen Zisterne bereiten
wir die Grube leicht;
ich tu es, glaube mir, nicht gerne,
auch dir ist schaurig,
wie mich deucht?

LEONORE
Ich bin es nur noch nicht gewohnt.

ROCCO
Ich hätte gerne dich verschont,
doch wird mir allein zu schwer,
und gar so streng ist unser Herr.

LEONORE
O welch ein Schmerz!

ROCCO
Mir scheint, er weine.
Nein, nein, du bleibst hier,
ich geh' alleine, ich geh' allein,
du bleibst hier, nein,
du bleibst hier!

LEONORE
O nein, o nein, ich muß ihn seh'n,
den Armen sehen, und müßt ich selbst
zugrunde gehen!

TOGETHER
O säumen wir nun länger nicht,
wir folgen unsrer strengen Pflicht.

14. MARZELLINE
Ach, Vater, Vater, eilt!

ROCCO
Was hast du denn?

JAQUINO
Nicht länger weit!

ROCCO
Was ist gescheh'n?

MARZELLINE
Voll Zorn folgt mir Pizarro nach,
er drohet, er drohet dir!

JAQUINO
Nicht länger weit!

ROCCO
Gemach! gemach!

LEONORE
So eilet fort!

ROCCO
Nur noch dies Wort;
sprich, weiß er schon?

JAQUINO
Ja, er weiß es schon.

MARZELLINE
Der Offizier sagt ihm,
was wir jetzt den
Gefangenen gewähren.

ROCCO
Laßt alle schnell zurück kehren!

MARZELLINE
Ihr wißt ja, wie er tobet,
und kennet seine Wut.

LEONORE
Wie mir's im Innern tobet!
Empöret ist mein Blut!

ROCCO
Mein Herz hat mich gelobet,
sei der Tyrann in Wut!

PIZARRO
Verweg'ner Alter!
welche Rechte legst du dir
frevelnd selber bei?
und ziemt es dem gedung'nen
Knechte,
zu geben die Gefang'nen frei?

ROCCO
O Herr! O Herr!

PIZARRO
Wohlan! Wohlan!

ROCCO
Des Frühlings Kommen,
das heitre, warme Sonnenlicht,
dann habt ihr wohl in Acht genommen,
was sonst zu meinem Vorteil spricht?
Des Königs Namensfest ist heute,
das feiern wir auf solche Art.
Der unten stirbt,
doch laßt die andern jetzt
fröhlich hin und wieder wandern,
für Jenen sei der Zorn gespart.

PIZARRO
So eile,
ihm sein Grab zu graben,
hier will ich stille Ruhe haben;
schliess die Gefangene wieder ein,
magst du nie mehr
verwegen sein!

15. PRISONERS
Leb wohl, du warmes Sonnenlicht,
schnell schwindest du uns wieder!
Schon sinkt die Nacht hernieder,
aus der so bald kein Morgen bricht.

MARZELLINE
Wie eilten sie zum Sonnenlicht,
und scheiden traurig wieder!
Die Andern,
die Andern murmeln,
nieder, hier wohnt die Lust,
die Freude nicht.

LEONORE
Ihr hört das Wort,
drum zögert nicht,
kehrt in den Kerker wieder!

Angst rinnt durch meine Glieder,
ereilt den Frevler,
den Frevler kein Gericht.

JAQUINO
Ihr hört das Wort,
drum zögert nicht,
kehrt in den Kerker wieder!
Sie sinnen auf und nieder,
könnt ich verstehn,
was jeder spricht!

PIZARRO
Nun Rocco, zög're Rocco,
länger nicht,
steig' in der Kerker nieder!
Nicht eher kehrest du wieder
bis ich vollzogen das Gericht.

ROCCO
Nein, Herr,
ich zög're länger nicht,
ich steige eilend nieder,
nein, Herr!
Mir beben meine Glieder,
o unglücklich harte Pflicht!

CD64
ACT II
FIRST SCENE

1. NO.11 INTRODUCTION AND ARIA

FLORESTAN
Gott, welch Dunkel hier!
O grauenvolle Stille!
öd ist es um mich her,
nichts, nichts lebet außer mir,
o schwere Prüfung!
Doch gerecht ist Gottes Wille!
Ich murre nicht, das Maß
der Leiden steht bei dir!

2. In des Lebens Frühlingstagen
ist das Glück von mir geflohn.
Wahrheit wagt ich kühn zu sagen,
und die Ketten sind mein Lohn.
Willig duld' ich alle Schmerzen,
ende schmähhlich meine Bahn;
süßer, Trost in meinem Herzen,
meine Pflicht hab ich getan.
Und spür' ich nicht linde,
sanft säuselnde Luft,
und ist nicht mein Grab
mir erhellet?
Ich seh, wie ein Engel
im rosigen Duft sich
tröstend zur Seite,
zur Seite mir stellet,
ein Engel, Leonoren,
Leonoren, Leonoren,
der Gattin so gleich, der,
der führt mich zur Freiheit
ins himmlische Reich.

3. NO.12 MELODRAMA AND DUET

LEONORE

Wie kalt ist es in diesem unterirdischen
Gewölbe!

ROCCO

Das ist natürlich, es ist ja so tief!

LEONORE

Ich glaubte schon, wir würden den
Eingang gar nicht finden.

ROCCO

Da ist er.

LEONORE

Er scheint ganz ohne Bewegung.

ROCCO

Vielleicht ist er tot.

LEONORE

Ihr meint es ?

ROCCO

Nein, nein, er schläft.
Das müssen wir benutzen,
und gleich ans Werk gehen,
wir haben keine Zeit zu verlieren.

LEONORE

Es ist unmöglich,
seine Züge zu unterscheiden.
Gott steh mir bei, wenn er es ist!

ROCCO

Hier unter diesen Trümmern
ist die Zisterne,
von der ich gesagt habe.
Wir brauchen nicht viel zu graben,
um an die Öffnung zu kommen,
gib mir eine Haue,
und du stelle dich hierher!
Du zitterst, fürchtest du dich?

LEONORE

O nein, es ist nur so kalt.

ROCCO

So mache fort, im Arbeiten wird dir
schon warm werden.

4. ROCCO

Nur hurtig fort,
nur frisch gegraben, es währt nicht
lang er kommt herein.

LEONORE

Ihr sollt ja nicht zu klagen haben,
ihr sollt gewiß zufrieden sein.

ROCCO

Komm, hilf, komm hilf doch diesen
Stein mit heben,
hab acht, hab acht, er hat Gewicht!

LEONORE

Ich helfe schon,
sorgt euch nicht,
ich will mir alle Mühe geben.

ROCCO

Ein wenig noch!

LEONORE

Geduld!

ROCCO

Er weicht!

LEONORE

Nur etwas noch!

ROCCO

Es ist nicht leicht!

ROCCO

Nur hurtig fort,
nur frisch gegraben, es währt nicht
lang er kommt herein.

LEONORE

Laßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben,
wir werden bald zu Ende sein.
Wer du auch seist, ich will dich retten,
bei Gott, bei Gott, du sollst kein Opfer
sein, gewiß, gewiß,
ich löse deine Ketten ich
will du Armer, dich befreien!

ROCCO

Was zauderst du
in deiner Pflicht?

LEONORE

Mein Vater, nein, ich zauderst nicht!
Ihr sollt ja nicht zu klagen haben,
laßt mich nur wieder Kräfte haben,
denn mir wird keine Arbeit schwer.

LEONORE

Er erwacht!

ROCCO

Er erwacht, sagst du?

LEONORE

Ja, er hat eben den Kopf gehoben.

ROCCO

Ohne Zweifel wird er wieder tausend
Fragen an mich stellen.
Ich muß allein mit ihm reden.

LEONORE

Was in mir vorgeht, ist
unaussprechlich!

ROCCO

Nun, habt ihr wieder etwas geruht?

FLORESTAN

Geruht?
Wie fände ich Ruhe?

LEONORE

Diese Stimme!
Wenn ich nur einen Augenblick
sein Gesicht sehen könnte.

FLORESTAN

Werdet ihr immer bei
meinen Fragen taub sein,
grausamer Mann?

LEONORE

Gott, er ist's!

ROCCO

Was verlangt Ihr denn von mir?
Ich vollziehe die Befehle,
die man mir gibt;
das ist mein Amt, meine Pflicht.

FLORESTAN

Sagt mir endlich einmal,
wer ist Gouverneur
dieses Gefängnisses?

ROCCO

Jetzt kann ich ihm ja ohne Gefahr
genug tun.
Der Gouverneur dieses Gefängnisses
ist Don Pizarro

FLORESTAN

Pizarro!

LEONORE

O Barbar !
Deine Grausamkeit gibt mir
meine Kräfte wieder.

FLORESTAN

Wenn Ihr mir dienen wolltet,
so schickt sobald als möglich
nach Sevilla,
fragt nach Leonore Florestan...

LEONORE

Gott, er ahnt nicht,
daß sie jetzt sein Grab gräbt.

FLORESTAN

Gebt ihr Nachricht,
daß ich hier in Ketten liege.

ROCCO

Es ist unmöglich, sag ich euch.
Ich würde mich ins Verderben stürzen,
ohne euch genützt zu haben.

FLORESTAN

Wenn ich denn verdammt bin,
mein Leben zu enden,
laßt mich nicht langsam
verschmachten.

LEONORE

O Gott,
wer kann das ertragen?

FLORESTAN

Aus Barmherzigkeit,
gib mir nur einen Tropfen Wasser,
das ist ja so wenig.

ROCCO

Es geht mir wider meinen Willen zu
Herzen.

LEONORE
Er scheint sich zu erweichen.

FLORESTAN
Du gibst mir keine Antwort?

ROCCO
Ich kann euch nicht verschaffen,
was Ihr verlangt.
Alles was ich euch anbieten kann,
ist ein Restchen Wein,
das ich im Krug habe. Fidelio!

LEONORE
Da ist er! Da ist er!

FLORESTAN
Wer ist das?

ROCCO
Mein Schließer,
und in wenigen Tagen mein Eidam.
Es ist freilich nur wenig Wein,
aber ich geb ihn euch gern.
Du bist ja ganz in Bewegung, du?

LEONORE
Wer sollt es nicht sein?

ROCCO
Es ist wahr, der Mensch hat so eine
Stimme...

LEONORE
Jawohl, sie dringt in die Tiefe des
Herzens.

5. NO.13 TERZET

FLORESTAN
Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten,
der Himmel,
der Himmel hat euch mir geschickt,
o Dank, ihr habt mich süß erquickt,
ich kann die Wohltat,
ich kann sie nicht vergelten.

ROCCO
Ich labt ihn gern, den armen Mann,
es ist ja bald um ihn getan.
Ich tu, was meine Pflicht gebeut,
doch haß ich Grausamkeit.

LEONORE
Wie heftig pochet dieses Herz,
es wogt in Freud und
scharfem Schmerz.
Die hehre, bange Stunde winkt,
die Tod mir oder Rettung bringt.

FLORESTAN
Bewegt seh ich den Jüngling hier,
und Rührung zeigt
auch dieser Mann, o Gott,
o Gott, du sendest Hoffnung mir,
daß ich sie noch gewinnen kann.

LEONORE
Dies Stücken Brot, ja,
seit zwei Tagen trag
ich es Immer schon bei mir.

ROCCO
Ich möchte gern, doch sag ich dir,
das heiße wirklich zu viel wagen.

LEONORE
Ach!
Ihr labtet gern den armen Mann.

ROCCO
Das geht nicht an.

LEONORE
Es ist ja bald um ihn getan.

ROCCO
So sei es, so sei's,
du kannst es wagen.

LEONORE
Da nimm, da nimm das Brot,
du armer, du armer Mann!

FLORESTAN
O Dank dir, Dank.
Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten,
der Himmel, der Himmel
hat euch mir geschickt, o Dank,
ihr habt mich süß erquickt,
ich kann die Wohltat,
ich kann sie nicht vergelten.

LEONORE
Der Himmel schicke Rettung dir,
dann wird mir hoher Lohn gewährt.

ROCCO
Mich rührte oft dein Leiden hier,
doch Hilfe,
doch Hilfe war mir streng verwehrt.

LEONORE
Ihr labt ihn gern, den armen Mann!

FLORESTAN
O daß ich euch nicht lohnen kann,
o Dank ich kann die Wohltat nicht
vergelt, o Dank!

LEONORE
O mehr, als ich ertragen kann,
du armer Mann.

ROCCO
Alles ist bereit; ich gehe,
das Signal zu geben.

LEONORE
O Gott,
gib mir Mut und Stärke!

FLORESTAN
Wohin geht er?
Ist das der Vorbote meines Todes?

LEONORE
Nein, nein! Beruhige dich,
lieber Gefangner.

FLORESTAN
O meine Leonore!
So soll ich dich nie wieder sehen!

LEONORE
Mein ganzes Herz reißt
mich zu ihm hin!
Sei ruhig, sag ich dir!
Vergiß nicht,
was du auch hören und sehen magst,
vergiß nicht, daß überall eine
Vorsehung ist...ja,
ja, es gibt eine Vorsehung!

PIZARRO
Ist alles bereit?

ROCCO
Ja, die Zisterne braucht
nur geöffnet zu werden.

PIZARRO
Gut,
der Jüngling soll sich entfernen.

ROCCO
Geh, entferne dich!

LEONORE
Wer?... Ich...? Und ihr?

ROCCO
Muß ich nicht dem
Gefangenen die Eisen abnehmen?
Geh, geh!

PIZARRO
Die muß ich mir heute noch
beide vom Halse schaffen,
damit alles auf immer
im dunkeln bleibt.

ROCCO
Soll ich ihm die Ketten abnehmen?

PIZARRO
Nein, aber schließe ihn
von dem Stein los.
Die Zeit ist dringend.

6. NO.14 QUARTET

Er sterbe!
Doch er soll erst wissen,
wer ihm sein stolzes Herz zerfleischt
Der Rache Dunkel sei zerriss
sieh her, du hast mich nicht getäuscht!
Pizarro, den du stürzen wolltest,
Pizarro, den du fürchten solltest,
steht nun als Rächer, hier!

FLORESTAN
Ein Mörder steht vor mir!

PIZARRO
Noch einmal ruf ' ich dir,
was du getan zurück,
nur noch ein Augenblick,
und dieser Dolch...

LEONORE
Zurück!

FLORESTAN
O Gott!

ROCCO
Was soll?

LEONORE
Durchbohren, durchbohren mußt du
erst diese Brust,
der Tod sei dir geschworen für deine
Mörderlust!

PIZARRO
Wahnsinniger!
Wahnsinniger!
Er soll bestrafet sein!

FLORESTAN
Ein Mörder, ein Mörder
steht vor mir.

ROCCO
Halt ein, halt ein!
Halt ein, halt doch ein!

LEONORE
Töt erst sein Weib!

PIZARRO
Sein Weib?

ROCCO
Sein Weib?

FLORESTAN
Mein Weib?

LEONORE
Ja, sieh hier Leonore!

FLORESTAN
Leonore!

LEONORE
Ich bin sein Weib,
geschworen hab ich ihm Trost,
Verderben dir!

PIZARRO
Sein Weib?

ROCCO
Sein Weib?

FLORESTAN
Mein Weib?

LEONORE
Ich trotz seiner Wut! Verderben ihm!
Der Tod, der Tod sei dir geschworen,
durchbohren mußt du erst diese Brust!
Noch einen Laut, und du bist tot!

FLORESTAN
Vor Freude starrt mein Blut!

PIZARRO
Welch' unerhörter Mut!
welch unerhörter Mut!
Ha, ha, soll ich vor einem Weibe
beben?
So opfr'ich, so opfr'ich beide meinem
Grimm;
geteilt hast du mit ihm das Leben,
so teile nun den Tod mit ihm!

ROCCO
Mir starrt vor Angst mein Blut!

LEONORE
Ach, du bist gerettet, großer Gott!

FLORESTAN
Ach, ich bin gerettet, großer Gott!

PIZARRO
Ha! ha, der Minister,
Höll' und Tod!

ROCCO
O, o was ist das,
gerechter Gott!

JAQUINO
Vater Rocco,
der Herr Minister kommt an,
sein Gefolge ist schon
vor dem Schlosstor.

ROCCO
Gelobt sei Gott!
Wir kommen, ja wir
kommen augenblicklich.
Und diese Leute mit Fackeln
sollen heruntersteigen und
den Herrn Gouverneur
hinaufbegleiten.

LEONORE
Es schlägt der Rache Stunde,
du sollst gerettet sein!
Die Liebe wird im Bunde
mit Mute mich befrein.

FLORESTAN
Es schlägt der Rache Stunde,
ich soll gerettet sein!
Die Liebe wird im Bunde
mit Mute dich befrein.

PIZARRO
Verflucht sei diese Stunde,
die Heuchler spotten mein.
Verzweiflung wird im Bunde
mit meiner Rache sein!

ROCCO
O fürchterliche Stunde!
O, Gott, was wartet mein?
Ich will nicht mehr im Bunde
mit diesem Wütrich sein.

FLORESTAN
Meine Leonore, was hast du
für mich getan!
Dürfen wir noch hoffen?

LEONORE
Wir dürfen es!
Die Ankunft des Ministers,
denn wir kennen,
Pizarros Verwirrung, und vor allem
Vater Roccas tröstende Zeichen
sind mir ebenso viele Gründe Rocco,
zu glauben, unser Leiden sei
am Ziel und die Zeit unsres
Glückes wolle beginnen.

FLORESTAN
Sprich, wie gelangtest du hierher?

LEONORE
Ich verließ Sevilla,
ich kam hierher zu Fuß,
in Manneskleidern,
der Kerkermeister
nahm mich in Dienste,
dein Verfolger selbst
machte mich zum Schließer.

FLORESTAN
Treues Weib! Frau ohnegleichen!
Was hast du meinwegen erduldet!

LEONORE
Nichts, mein Florestan!
Meine Seele war mit dir,
wie hätte der Körper
sich nicht stark gefühlt,
indem er für sein besseres
Selbst stritt?

7. NO.15 DUET
O, namenlose Freude!
Mein Mann an meiner Brust!
Nach unnennbarer Leiden,
so übergroße Lust.
Du wieder nun in meinen Armen!
O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!
Mein Mann, mein Mann an meiner
Brust!
Ich bin's!
Du bist's!
O himmlisches Entzücken!
Florestan! Florestan!
Florestan!

FLORESTAN
O, namenlose Freude!
An Leonorens Brust!
Nach unnennbarer Leiden
so übergroße Lust.
O Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen,
o Gott, wie groß ist dein Erbarmen!
O Dank dir, Gott, für diese Lust!
Mein Weib, mein Weib
an meiner Brust! Du bist's!
O himmlisches Entzücken!
Ich bin's!
Leonore!
O Leonore!

SECOND SCENE
8. NO.16 FINALE
PEOPLE

Heil, Heil, heil sei dem Tag,
Heil sei der Stunde,
die lang ersehnt, doch unvermeint,
Gerechtigkeit mit Huld im Bunde
vor unsres Grabes Tor erscheint!

9. FERNANDO
Des besten Königs Wink
und Wille führt mich zu euch,
ihr Armen her,
daß ich der Frevler Nacht enthülle,
die all umfassen schwarz und schwer.
Nicht, nicht länger kniet sklavisch
nieder,

Tyrannenstrenge sei mir fern.
 Es sucht der Bruder seine Brüder,
 und kann er hellen,
 Und kann er helfen hilft er gern.

PEOPLE, PRISONERS
 Heil, sei dem Tag,
 Heil sei der Stunde!
 Heil!

ROCCO
 Wohlان, so helfet, helft den Armen !

PIZARRO
 Was seh ich?
 Fort, fort!

FERNANDO
 Nun rede!

ROCCO
 Bewegt es dich?
 All Erbarmen, All Erbarmen vereine
 diesem Paare sich.
 Don Florestan.

FERNANDO
 Der Totgegläubte,
 der Edle,
 der für Wahrheit stritt ?

ROCCO
 Und Qualen ohne Zahl erlitt!

FERNANDO
 Mein Freund, mein Freund,
 der Totgegläubte?
 Gefesselt, gefesselt,
 bleich steht er vor mir.

LEONORE, ROCCO
 Ja, Florestan, Florestan, ihr seht ihn
 hier.

ROCCO
 Und Leonore,

FERNANDO
 Leonore?

ROCCO
 der Frauen Zierde fuhr' ich vor;
 sie kam hierher...

PIZARRO
 Zwei Worte sagen.

FERNANDO
 Kein Wort!
 Sie kam...

ROCCO
 Dort an mein Tor, ...
 und trat als Knecht in meine Dienste,
 und tat so brave, treue Dienste,
 daß ich zum Eidam sie erkor.

MARZELLINE
 O weh mir, weh mir,
 was vernimmt mein Ohr!

ROCCO
 Der Unmensch wollt in dieser Stunde
 vollziehn an Florestan den Mord.

PIZARRO
 Vollziehn mit ihm!

ROCCO
 Mit uns im Bunde;
 nur Euer Kommen, rief ihn fort,
 nur euer Kommen rief ihn fort.

CHORUS
 Bestrafet sei der Bösewicht der
 Unschuld unterdrückt,
 Gerechtigkeit hält zum Gericht der
 Rache Schwerte gezückt!

FERNANDO
 Du schlossest auf des Edlen Grab,
 jetzt, jetzt nimm ihm seine Ketten ab;
 doch halt, euch, edle Frau, allein,
 euch ziemt es, ganz ihn zu befreien.

LEONORE
 O Gott, o Gott, welch ein Augenblick

FLORESTAN
 O unaussprechlich süßes Glück!

FERNANDO
 Gerecht, o Gott, gerecht ist dein
 Gericht!

MARZELLINE
 Du prüfest, du verläßt uns nicht!

ROCCO
 Du prüfest, du verläßt uns nicht!

LEONORE, FLORESTAN, FERNANDO,
 CHORUS
 O Gott, o welch ein Augenblick!
 o unaussprechlich süßes Glück!
 Gerecht,
 o Gott, gerecht ist dein Gericht!
 Du prüfest, du verläßt uns nicht!

10. CHORUS
 Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
 stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
 nie, nie, nie wird es zu hoch besungen.
 hoch besungen.
 Retterin, Retterin des Gatten sein.
 FLORESTAN
 Deine Treu erhielt mein Leben,
 Tugend schreckt den Bösewicht.

LEONORE
 Liebe führte mein Bestreben,
 wahre Liebe fürchtet nicht.

CHORUS
 Preist, preist mit hoher Freude Glut,
 Leonorens edlen Mut.

FLORESTAN, CHORUS
 Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
 stimm in unsern Jubel ein,
 nie, nie, nie wird es zu hoch besungen.
 hoch besungen.
 Retterin, Retterin des Gatten sein.

CD65

EGMONT OP.84

OVERTURE

NO.1 DIE TROMMEL GERÜHRET

Die Trommel gerühret,
Das Pfeifchen gespielt!
Mein Liebster gewaffnet
Dem Haufen befiehlt,
Die Lanze hoch führet,
Die Leute regieret.
Wie klopf mir das Herz!
Wie wallt mir das Blut!
O hätt' ich ein Wämslein
Und Hosen und Hut!
Ich folgt' ihm zum Tor 'naus
mit mutigem Schritt,
Ging' durch die Provinzen,
ging' überall mit.
Die Feinde schon weichen,
Wir schiessen da drein;
Welch' Glück sondergleichen,
Ein Mannsbild zu sein!

ENTR'ACTES I AND II

NO.4 FREUDVOLL UND LEIDVOLL

Freudvoll Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
Und bangen In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend Zum Tode
betrübt;
Glücklich allein Ist die Seele, die liebt.

NOS. 5-6 ENTR'ACTES III AND IV

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

CD67

DIE RUINEN VON ATHEN OP.113
(1811/1924)

*Text by August von Kotzebue, adapted
by Hugo von Hofmannsthal*

1. OVERTURE

»Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus«

2. NO.1 CHORUS

Tochter des mächtigen Zeus
Trümmer der herrlichen Welt –
erwacht, ein Ruf ertönt!
Geschwunden sind die Jahre der Rache
– er ist versöhnt:
Der Zeitengeist, er ist versöhnt!

3. NO.2 DUET

THE MAN
Ohne Verschulden
Knechtschaft dulden,
harte Not!
Unserer Tage
öde Plage
um das bisschen liebe Brot!

THE DAUGHTER
Von den Zweigen
winkt der Feigen
süße Frucht
nicht dem Knechte,
der sie pflegte,
nur dem Herrn, dem er flucht!

BOTH
Hingegeben wilden Horden,
tiefebeugt in ihrer Hand!
Ach, was ist aus uns geworden,
armes, armes Vaterland!

4.CHORUS OF THE DERVISHES

Du hast in deines Ärmels Falten
den Mond getragen, ihn gespalten.
Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba!
Mahomet! Mahomet!
Du hast den strahlenden Borack
bestiegen zum siebenten Himmel
aufzufliegen,
Großer Prophet! Großer Prophet!
Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba! Kaaba!

5. MARCIA ALLA TURCA

6. MARCH AND CHORUS OP.114
CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS
OF THE PRIESTS
Schmückt die Altäre!

SOME VOICES
Sie sind geschmückt!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS
OF THE PRIESTS
Streut Weihrauch!
SOME VOICES
Er ist gestreut!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS
OF THE PRIESTS
Pflücket Rosen!
SOME VOICES
Sie sind gepflückt!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS
OF THE PRIESTS
Harret der Kommenden!

SOME VOICE
Wir harren der Kommenden!

CHORUS OF THE MAIDENS, CHORUS
OF THE PRIESTS
Seid bereit!

SOME VOICES
Wir sind bereit! Wir harren der
Kommenden!
Wir sind bereit!

7. CHORUS AND ARIA
Wir tragen empfängliche Herzen

8. CHORUS
Heil unserm Köning, Heil!

**“KÖNIG STEPHAN” OR “UNGARNS
ERSTER WOHLTÄTER”**

*Festspiel (Vorspiel) for the opening of
the theatre in Pest Op.117 (1811)*

9. OVERTURE

10. NO.1 CHORUS OF THE MEN
Ruhend von seinen Taten
hat uns der Fürst berufen,
an des Thrones Stufen
Heil der Völker zu beraten;
und im dichten Kreise
sammelte uns der Held
nach der Väter Weise
auf diesem freien Feld.
(Follows a monologue by Stephan)

11. NO.2 CHORUS OF THE MEN
Auf dunklem Irrweg in finstern Hainen
wandelten wir am trüben Quell,
Da sahen wir plötzlich ein Licht
erscheinen,
es dämmerte, es wurde hell!
Und siehe! Es schwanden die falschen
Götter,
dem Tage wich die alte Nacht;
Heil deinem Vater! Unserm Retter!
Der uns Glauben und Hoffnung
gebracht.
(Follows dialogue: a warrior- Stephan)

12. NO.3 TRIUMPHAL MARCH
*(Follows a dialogue: Stephan – Gyula –
messenger)*

13. NO.4 CHORUS OF THE WOMEN
Wo die Unschuld Blumen streute,
wo sich Liebe den Tempel erbaut,
da bringen wir im treuen Geleite
dem frommen Helden die fromme
Braut.

NO.5 MELODRAMA

14. NO.6 CHORUS

Eine neue strahlende Sonne
lieblich aus dem Gewölke bricht;
Süße Freude! Selige Wonne!
Wenn die Myrthe den Lorbeer
umflucht.

NO.7 MELODRAMA

15. NO.8. CHORUS

Heil unserm Könige! Heil dem Könige!

**NO.9 SCHLUBCHOR (MELODRAM,
STEPHAN)**

Heil unsern Enkeln, sie werden
schauen,
was der prophetische Geist erkannt!
Es wird ihr kindliches Vertrauen
der Krone schönster Diamant!
Wohltaten spendend, täglich neue,
vergilt der König in ferner Zeit,
die unwandelbare Treue,
die sein Volk ihm dankbar weihet!
A. von Kotzebue

16. GERMANIA

*Final song from the Singspiel "Die gute
Nachricht" (The good news) Wo094*

Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du jetzt in Glanze da!
Zwar zogen Nebel um dein Haupt,
die alte Sonne schien geraubt,
Doch Gott, der Herr, war helfend nah!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du jetzt in Jugend da!
Zum zweiten Leben, frisch und schön,
ließ Alexander dich erstehn,
als ihn die Neva scheiden sah!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du jetzt gewaltig da!
Nennt deutscher Mut sich deutsch und
frei,
klingt Friedrich Wilhelm Dank dabei,
Ein Wall von Eisen stand er da!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehn der Fürsten Scharen da!
Von alter Zwietracht keine Spur,
getreu den Banden der Natur,
so kommen sie von fern und nah!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!
Germania! Germania!
Wie stehst Du ewig dauernd da!
Was Sehnsucht einzeln still gedacht,
wer hat's zu einem Ziel gebracht?
Franz - Kaiser Franz! - Victoria!
Preis ihm, Heil dir, Germania!

17. CHOR AUF DIE VERBÜNDETEN

*Fürsten "Ihr weisen Gründer" (Chorus
on the allied princes "You wise
founder") Wo095*

Ihr weisen Gründer glücklicher
Staaten,
neigt euer Ohr dem Jubelgesang;
Es ist die Nachwelt, die eure Tatenmit
Segen preist Äonen lang!

Von Sohn auf Enkel im Herzen hegen
wir eures Ruhmes Heiligtum.
Stets fanden in der Nachwelt Segen,
beglückende Fürsten ihren Ruhm.

Carl Bernard

CD68

ARIAS

1. AH! PERFIDO OP.65

Ah! perfido, spergiuro,
Barbaro traditor, tu parti?
E son questi gl'ultimi tuoi congedi?
Ove s'iuatese tirannia più crudel?
Va, scellerato! va, pur fuggi da me,
L'ira de' numi non fuggirai.
Se v'è giustizia in ciel, se v'è pietà,
Congiureranno a gara tutti a punirti!
Ombra seguace! presente, ovunque
vai, Vedrò le mie vendette,
Io già le godo immaginando,
I fulmini ti veggio già balenar d'intorno.
Ah no! fermate, vindici Dei!
Risparmiate quel cor, ferite il mio!
S'ei non è più qual era, son io qual fui,
Per lui vivea, voglio morir per lui!
Per pietà, non dirmi addio,
Di te priva che farò?
Tu lo sai, bell'idol mio!
Io d'affanno morirò.
Ah crudel! tu vuoi ch'io mora!
Tu non hai pietà di me?
Perchè rendi a chi t'adora
Così barbara mercè?
Dite voi se in tanto affanno
Non son degna di pietà?
Pietro Metastasio

2. PRIMO AMORE

*Scene and aria for soprano and
orchestra WoO 92, ca. 1795-1800*

Primo amore piacer del ciel,
penetrasti il mio cor;
io trovai l'amate deh!
Ma di più non è per me.
Scherza un altro coll'amore quando
amate
l'abbandona, cercasi un nuovo amore
e deride ognuna fede.

RECITATIVE

Non conosce il vero amore, chi non
sente un gran dolore,
quando l'idolo del core fugge in
braccio d'un altro amante;
non conosce il vero amore.
Ma se il dardo trapuntava gl'ambi
cuori degli amanti,
e poi viene divisione, or sola morte,
morte consola,
quando poi viene divisione, or sola
morte, de pur consola morte.

ARIA

Tal amor, piacer del ciel
penetrava il mio cor,
io trovai la cara deh!
Ma di più non è per me.

3. NO, NON TURBARTI

*Scene and aria for soprano and string
orchestra Wo092a 1801*

SCENE

No, non turbarti, o Nice; io non ritorno
a parlarti d'amor. So che ti spiace;
basta così. Vedi, che il ciel minaccia
improvvisa tempesta: alle capanne
se vuoi ridurre il gregge, io vengo solo
ad offrir l'opra mia. Che! Non paventi?
Osserva, che a momenti
tutto s'oscura il ciel che il vento in giro
la polve innalza e le cadute foglie.
Al fremer della selva, al volo incerto
degli'augelli smariti, a queste rare,
che ci cadon sul volto, umide stille,
Nice, io preveggo ... Ah non tel dissi, o
Nice?
Ecco il lampo, ecco il tuono. Or che
farai?
Vienti, senti: ove vai? Non è più tempo
di pensare alla greggia. In questo
speco riparati frattanto; io sarò tecco.

ARIA

Ma tu tremi, o mio tesoro!
Ma tu palpiti, cor mio!
Non temer, con te son io,
ne' d'amor ti parlerò.
Mentre folgori e baleni
sarò tecco, amata Nice;
quand'il ciel si rassereni,
Nice ingrata, io partirò,

4. NE' GIORNI TUOI FELICI

*Duet for soprano and tenor with
orchestra Wo093 1802/03*

Ne' giorni tuoi felici
ricordati di me!
Perchè così mi dici,
anima mia, perché?
Taci, bell'idol mio!
Parla, mio dolce amor!
Ah, che tacendo/parlando oh Dio!
Tu mi trafiggi il cor!
Veggio languir chi adoro,
nè intendo il suo languir.
Di gelosia mi moro
e non lo posso dir!
Chi mai provò di questo
affanno più funesto,
più barbaro dolor!

5. TREMATE EMPI, TREMATE

*Terzetto for soprano, tenor and bass
with orchestra Op.116 1801-02*

BASS

Tremate empi tremate
dell'ire mie severe
sù quelle fronti altere
il fulmine cadrà.

SOPRANO

Risparmia, o Dio, quel sangue!

TENOR

Fà ch'io sol cada e sangue,

BOTH
sfoga lo sdegno in me!

BASS
Ambi frenati io voglio,
vittima al mio rigore!

SOPRANO
D'un innocente ardore,
TENOR
o barbara mercè.

BASS
Tolgansi agli occhi miei
quegli abborriti sposi!

SOPRANO
A, quest'affanno.

TENOR
Ai pianti

BASS
hò die macigno il cor.

SOPRANO
Son queste amato bene
le amabili catene
onde m'avvinse amor.

TENOR
Son questi idolo mio
quei cari lacci oh Dio
che ci serbava amor,
son questi oh'Dio,

BASS
è quest'avversi Dei
dunque la fè che in lei
facea sperarmi amor.

ALL
Stelle tiranne omai
ò tollerato assai,
si fiera crudeltà.

Giovanni de Gamerra

SINGSPIEL ARIAS

6. PRÜFUNG DES KÜSSENS

Aria for bass and orchestra part of an unknown Singspiel Wo089 (around 1790)

Meine weise Mutter spricht:
"Küssen, küssen, Kind, ist Sünde!"
Und ich armer Sünder finde,
dass das Ding so böse nicht.
Mord und Diebstahl, weiß ich wohl,
ist ein schreckliches Vergehen,
aber Trotz! Den will ich sehen,
der mir das beweisen soll!
Meine Küsse steh! ich nicht,
Doris gibt von freien Stücken,
ich ich seh's an ihren Blicken,
dass ihr wenig Leid geschieht.
Oft begibt es sich, dass wir
uns vor Lust die Lippen beißen,
aber soll das Morden heißen?
Gott bewahre mich dafür!

Mutter, Mutter, Schmäherei!
Sünd ist küssen? Ist es eine?
Nun ich armer Sünder meine,
dass sie nicht zu lassen sei.
Ja, ich meine,
dass sie nicht zu lassen sei.

K. E. K. Schmidt

7. MIT MÄDELN SICH VERTRAGEN, Wo090

Mit Mädeln sich vertragen,
mit Männern rumgeschlagen,
und mehr Kredit als Geld:
so kommt man durch die Welt.
Mit vielem läßt sich schmausen,
mit wenig läßt sich hausen;
daß wenig vieles sei,
schafft nur die Lust herbei.
Will sie sich nicht bequemen,
so müßt ihr eben nehmen.
Will einer nicht vom Ort,
so jagt ihn grade fort.
Laßt alle nur mißgönnen,
was sie nicht nehmen können,
und seid von Herzen froh;
das ist das A und O.
So fahret fort zu dichten,
euch nach der Welt zu richten.
Bedenkt in Wohl und Weh
dies goldne A B C.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

TWO ARIAS

from the Singspiel Die schöne Schusterin by Ignaz Umlauff after the French opéra comique "Le Souliers mordorés ou la Cordonnrière allemande" en 2 actes du Marquis de Ferrières, musique de Fridzeri German by Gottlieb Stephanie d.J. Wo091 1796.

8. O WELCH EIN LEBEN! Wo091/1

BARON (TENOR)
O welch ein Leben! Ein ganzes Meer
von Lust und Wonne fließt um mich
her,
mir blühet Freude auf jeder Bahn,
und was ich suche, das lacht mich an,
und was ich höre, ist Jubelton,
und was ich fühle, entzückt mich
schon.
Wohl mir! Ich werbe um Minneshold,
und alle Mädchen sind mir so hold.
Von manchem Auge, das freundlich
blinkt,
wird Glück der Liebe mir zugewinkt,
was glänzet schöner als Mädchenblick,
was gleicht auf Erden der Liebe Glück?
Auf steilen Höhen, im stillen Tal,
beim Licht des Mondes, im
Sonnenstrahl,
bei Tanz und Spielen, beim
Rundgesang,
bei sanftem Flöten- und Hörnerklang
sind gute Menschen an Freuden reich;
seid auch so glücklich und freuet euch!

9. SOLL EIN SCHUH NICHT DRÜCKEN

Wo091/2

LENE (SOPRANO)
Soll ein Schuh nicht drücken,
muß man sich anschicken
und überall das erste Mal
sich selber hinbemühen,
ihn an den Fuß zu ziehen.
Denn oft fehlt's an Geduld,
den Schuh recht anzufassen,
den Fuß darein zu passen.
Doch hat der Meister Schuld,
voraus bei einer Frau,
die will nur sehr genau
den Fuß im Schuhe rühren
und doch und doch mit Gunst!
dabei kein Drücken spüren.
Das fordert Kunst!
Er sei bequem, jedoch nicht weit,
hübsch spitzig, und nur ja nicht breit,
und doch und doch mit Gunst!
Hätt's Not, dass man zuweilen
den Fuß erst dürfte feilen,
Das fordert Kunst!

CD69

KANTATE AUF DEN TOD KAISER JOSEPHS II. (CANTATA ON THE DEATH OF EMPEROR JOSEPH II)

for 2 solo voices, chorus and orchestra Wo087, 1790

1. NO.1 SOLOS AND CHORUS

Tot! Tot, stöhnt es durch die öde
Nacht,
Felsen, weinet es wieder!
Und ihr Wogen des Meeres, heulet es
durch eure Tiefen: Joseph der große ist
tot!
Joseph, der Vater unsterblicher Taten,
ist tot, ach tot.

2. NO.2 RECITATIVE (BASS)

Ein Ungeheuer, sein Name Fanatismus,
stieg aus den Tiefen der Hölle, dehnte
sich zwischen Erd' und Sonne, und es
ward Nacht!

3. ARIA

Da kam Joseph, mit Gottes Stärke,
Riß das tobende Ungeheuer weg,
weg zwischen Erd' und Himmel
und trat ihm auf 's Haupt,
dem tobenden Ungeheu'r,
dem Ungeheuer trat er auf 's Haupt.

4. NO.3 ARIAS WITH CHORUS

Da stiegen die Menschen an's Licht,
da drehte sich glücklicher die Erd' um
die Sonne und die Sonne wärmte mit
Strahlen der Gottheit.

5. NO.4 RECITATIVE (SOPRANO)

Er schläft von den Sorgen seiner
Welten entladen. Still
ist die Nacht, nur ein schauerndes
Lüftchen weht wie

Graves Hauch mir an die Wange.
Wessen unsterbliche Seele du seist,
Lüftchen, wehe leiser!
Hier liegt Joseph im Grabe und
schlummert im friedlichen
Schlaf ' entgegen dem Tag der
Vergeltung, wo du glückliches Grab ihn
zu ewigen Kronen geberst.

6. ARIA:

Hier schlummert seinen stillen Frieden
der große Dulder, der hienieden
kein Röschen ohne Wunde brach, der
große Dulder,
der unter seinem vollen Herzen
das Wohl der Menschheit unter
Schmerzen bis an sein Lebensende
trug.

7. CHORUS AND SOLO QUARTET

Tot! Tot, stöhnt es durch die öde Nacht

S. A. Averdonk

**KANTATE AUF DIE ERHEBUNG
LEOPOLDS II. ZUR KAISERWÜRDE
(CANTATA ON THE ACCESSION OF
EMPEROR LEOPOLD II)**

*for solo voices, chorus and orchestra
WoO88, 1790*

8. NO.1 RECITATIVE

SOPRANO
Er schlummert!

CHORUS

Laßt sanft den großen Fürsten ruhen!

SOPRANO

Als er starb, da rief der Tod Weh über
die Völker aus ...
da riefen die Söhne Teut's gegen die
Sterne:
Weh! Weh! Erbarmend sah Jehovah
herab –
Da schwanden die Schrecken der
Nacht.
Da rötet der Himmel sich wieder und
schon donnern aus eisernen Schlünden
Jubel und Heil,
das da kam vom Olympus herab.
Heil! Da glänzt eine Wolke heran.
Sie teilt sich –
Ha, was seh' ich! Er ist's
Leopold, unser Kaiser, Fürst und Vater,
wie er!

9. ARIA

Fließe, Wonnezähre, fließe!
Hörst du nicht der Engel Grüße
über dir? Germania!
Hörst du nicht der Engel Grüße
süß wie Harfenlispel tönen?
Weil mit Segen dich zu krönen
vom Olymp Jehovah sah.
Germania!
Deine Wonnezähre fließe!

10. NO.2 RECITATIVE

BASS
Ihr staunt, Völker der Erde! Daß
Teutonicus Geschlechtern Fülle des
Segens ward? Sehet, er kommt in der
Rechten des Friedens Palme
In seiner Mine Deutschlands Ruh' und
Glück der Menschheit
Lächeln weht auf der Lippe. Heil ihm!

11. NO. 3 RECITATIVE

TENOR AND TERZET
Wie bebt mein Herz vor Wonne!
Völker,
weint nicht mehr! Ich sah
ihn lächeln, sah's wie er Frieden gebot,
wie da die Freude der Völker
laut gen Himmel erscholl! Da wohnen
nicht mehr der Jammer
Nachtschauer, der Nationen brennen
Tränen nicht mehr. Die Stürme sind
vorüber.

TERZET

Ihr, die Joseph ihren Vater nannten,
weint nicht mehr!
Groß wie der, den wir als Vater
kannten,
ist auch er.
Völker, weint nicht mehr!
Groß wie Joseph ist auch er.

12. NO.4 CHORUS

Heil! Stürzet nieder, Millionen,
an dem rauchenden Altar!
Blicket auf zum Herrn der Thronen,
der euch dieses Heil gebar!
Erschallet, Jubelchöre,
dass laut die Welt es höre!
Er gab uns Jubel und Heil,
er gab uns Frieden und Heil!
Groß ist er!

S. A. Averdonk

CD70

**CANTATE "DER GLORREICHE
AUGENBLICK" OP.136**

1. NO.1 CHORUS

Europa steht! Europa steht!
Und die Zeiten, Die ewig, schreiten,
Der Völker Chor,
Und die alten Jahrhundert',
Sie schauen verwundert,
Verwundert empor!
Wer muss die Hehre sein,
die, von dem Wunderschein
der alten Götterwelt umzogen,
herauf aus Osten geht
in einer Fürstin Majestät
Und auf des Friedens Regenbogen.
Viele entzückte Völker stehn,
rufend zu der herrlichen,
kronengeschmückten
lichtumflossenen Gestalt:
Steh und halt! Halt, Halt ...
Gib der grossen Völkerrunde
Auf den Anruf Red' und Kunde!

2. NO.2 REZITATIV

LEADER OF THE PEOPLE
O seht sie nah und näher treten!
Jetzt aus der Glanzflut hebt sich die
Gestalt!
Der Kaisermantel ist's, der von dem
Rücken
Der Kommenden zur Erde niederwallt!
Sechst Kronen zeigt er den Blicken;
an diesem hat den Busenschluß
der Aar geheftet mit den gold'nen
Spangen, und um des Leibes Faltenguß
seh ich des Isters Silbergürtel prangen.

GENIUS

Erkennst Du nicht das heimische
Gebild?
Auf seinem Wappenschild
erscheinet dir die Lerchenschaar,
der gothisch alte Thurm,
der Doppelaar, der durch Gebräus und
Sturm
in tausendjähr'gem Flug
Sein Volk empor zu dieser Glorie trug.

CHORUS

Vienna, Vienna, Vienna!
Kronengeschmückte,
Götterbeglückte,
Herrscher bewirthende Bürgerin,
Sei gegrüsst
von den Völkern allen und Zeiten,
die an dir vorüberschreiten,
denn jetzt bist du, du der Städte
Königin,

NO.3 ARIA WITH CHOIR

VIENNA

O Himmel! Welch Entzücken!
Welch Schauspiel zeigt sich meinen
Blicken!
Was nur die Erde Hoch und Hehres
hat, in meinen Mauern hat es sich
versammelt!
Der Busen pocht! Die Zunge stammelt!
Europa bin ich - nicht mehr eine Stadt.
Der Heros der den Fuß
aufstellet auf den Wolkenschemel,
den alten Kaukasus
und von dem Eismeer bis zur Memel
Ausbreitet seine Segenshand.
Der Herrscher an der Spree Strand.
der, als sein Land verloren,
sein Reich geboren.
Der König, der am fernen Belt
das Vaterhaus und Scepter hält;
der Wittelsbacher, dessen Land und
Schild
Ein Bild der Kraft sind und der Güte.
Und der Gekrönte auch, der mit der
Kraft
der Babenberger wirkt und schafft
in Deutschlands Paradiese!

3. Alle die Herrscher darf ich grüßen,
all die Völker freundlich küssen!

CHORUS

Heil Vienna dir und Glück!
Stolze Roma, trete zurück!

VIENNA

Und das Höchste seh ich gescheh'n
 und mein Volk wird Zeuge steh'n,
 wenn ein gesprengter Weltteil wieder
 sich zum Ringe, zum Ringe sich gefüget
 und schliesst,
 und zum Bunde friedlicher Brüder
 sich die gelöste Menschheit küßt.

CHORUS

Welt! Dein glorreicher Augenblick!

VIENNA

Und nach meines Kaisers Rechten
 greifen die Herrscherhände all,
 einen ewigen Ring zu flechten.
 und auf meinem gesprengten Wall
 baut sich Europa wieder auf.

CHORUS

Heil Vienna, dir und Glück!
 Feire den glorreichen Augenblick.

4. NO.4 REZITATIV

SEER

Das Auge schaut, in dessen
 Wimpergleise
 die Sonnen auf- und niedergeh'n,
 die Stern' und Völker ihre Bahnen
 dreh'n,
 O seht es über jenem Kreise
 der Kronenträger glänzend stehn!
 Dies Aug', es ist das Weltgericht,
 das die zusammen hier gewunken,
 Um derentwillen nicht Europa
 In dem Blutmeer ist versunken.
 O knieet, Völker, hin und betet
 zuerst zu dem, der Euch gerettet!
 Dem die erste Zähre
 droben in dem Sonnenhaus,
 der schon in dem Sturme drauß'
 mit der Allmacht Hand
 Könige und Heere
 aneinanderflocht und band.

CHORUS

Gott die erste Zähre
 droben in dem Sonnenhaus etc.

5. NO.5 REZITATIV UND QUARTETT

SEER

Der den Bund im Sturme fest gehalten,
 er wird den Bau der neuen Welt,
 der neuen Zeit auch festgestalten,
 Dass d'ran des Frevels Arm zerschellt.

VIENNA

Ewig wird der Ölzweig grünen,
 den der Chor dieser, die den Bau jetzt
 gründen,
 Um Europas Säulen winden,

SEER

Denn es steht ein Herz davor,

LEADER OF THE PEOPLE

Und es ist ein Gott mit ihnen,

GENIUS

Und die alten Zeiten werden
 endlich wieder sein auf Erden.

VIENNA

In meinen Mauern
 bauen sich neue Zeiten auf,
 und alle Völker schauen
 mit kindlichem Vertrauen
 und lautem Jubel d'rauf.

SEER

Sieh wie die Fahnen alle
 der Herr zusammenband
 und sie auf deinem Walle,
 zur Schau dem Weltenballe,
 hinaushängt in das Land.

VIENNA AND SEER

So ist auf meinem Mauerbogen
 Europas Hauptwach' aufgezogen

FÜHRER DES VOLKS

O Volk, das groß getragen
 das blutige Geschick,
 dir ist zu schönen Tagen
 die Pforte aufgeschlagen
 in diesem Augenblick, in diesem
 Augenblick.

SEER

Dem Wort laß Jubel schallen,
 das deine Burgwand trägt.
 Es hat in ihren Hallen
 ein Pfand nie zu verfallen,
 Der Ew'ge eingelegt.

SEER AND LEADER OF THE PEOPLE

Europas Diademe alle,

GENIUS

Erkenn' es, bete an!

SEER AND LEADER OF THE PEOPLE

Auf einem eingeworf'nen Walle,

GENIUS

Das hat der Herr gethan.

GENIUS UND FÜHRER DES VOLKS

Kein Aug' ist da,
 das seinem Fürsten nicht begegnet,

VIENNA AND SEER

Kein Herz ist nah',
 das nicht sein Landesvater segnet,

ALL FOUR

Und diesen Glanz,
 und diesen Glorienbogen
 hat Gott in unsern Franz
 Um eine ganze Welt gezogen.

6. NO.6 CHORUS

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Es treten hervor
 die Schaaren der Frauen,
 den glänzenden Chor
 der Fürsten zu schauen,
 auf alle dei Kronen
 den heiligen Segen
 der Mütter zu legen.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Die Unschuld als Chor,
 sie wagt es zu kommen,
 Es treten hervor
 die Kinder, die frommen,
 Herz, Himmel und Scepter
 mit Blumengewinden
 zusammen zu binden.

CHORUS OF MEN

Auch wir treten hervor,
 die Mannen der Heere,
 Ein krieg'rischer Chor
 mit Fahnen und Wehre,
 Und fühlen die hoogste
 der Vaterland'swonnen
 Sich also zu sonnen.

CHORUS

Vindobona, Heil und Glück,
 Welt, dein großer Augenblick!

A. Weissenbach

**MEHRSTIMMIGE ITALIENISCHE
 GESÄNGE Wo099**

7. NO.1 BEI LABBRI CHE AMORE

Bei labbri che amore
 formò per suo nido,
 non ho più timore.

Vi credo, mi fido:

Giuraste d'amarmi;
 mi basta così.

Se torno a lagnarmi
 che Nice mi offenda,
 per me più non splenda
 la luce del dì,
 la luce del dì.

Bei labbri...

8. NO.2 SEI MIO BEN

Sei mio ben,
 sei mio conforto,
 per te porto al cor catene,
 perte pene Amor mi dà.
 Per te calma e pace spero,
 col pensiero a te m'aggio:
 Né sospiro altra beltà,
 né sospiro altra beltà.

9. NO.3 SCRIVO IN TE

Scrivo in te l'amato nome
 di colei per cui mi moro,
 caro al sol felice alloro,
 come Amor l' impresse in me
 come Amor l' impresse in me.
 Qual tu serbi ogni tua fronda,
 serbi Clori a me costanza;
 ma non sia la mia speranza
 infeconda al par di te,
 infeconda al par di te.

10. NO.8 FRA TUTTE LE PENE

Fra tutte le pene
 v'è pena maggiore?
 Son presso al mio bene,
 sospiro d'amore,
 e dirgli non oso:
 sospiro per te.
 Mi manca il valore

per tanto soffrire;
mi manca il ardere
per chiedere mercè,
per chiedere mercè.

11. NO.5 FRA TUTTE LE PENE
see track 10

12. NO.6 SALVO TU VOI
Salvo tu vuoi lo sposo?
Salvo lo sposo avrai:
Lascia del tuo riposo
Lascia la cura a me.
I dubbi tuoi perdono;
Tutto il mio cor non sai:
Ti spiegherà chi sono
Quel ch'io farò per te
Ti spiegherà chi sono
Quel ch'io farò per te.

13. NO.7 MA TU TREMI
Ma tu tremi, o mio tesoro,
ma tu palpiti, cor mio!
Non temer; con te son io,
né d'amor ti parlerò,
né d'amor ti parlerò.
Mentre folgori e baleni
Sarò te co amata Nice;
Quando il ciel si rassereni,
Nice ingrata, io partirò,
Nice ingrata, io partirò.
Ma tu tremi, ...

14. NO.8 GIURA IL NOCCHIER
Giura il nocchier che al mare
Non presterà più fede,
Ma, se tranquillo il vede
Corre di nuovo al mar,
Corre di nuovo al mar.
Di non tratar più l'armi
Giura il guerrier tal volta,
Ma se una tromba ascolta,
Già non si può frenar,
Già non si può frenar.

15. NO.9 PER TE D'AMICO APRILE
Per te d'amico aprile
Sempre s'adorni il ciel;
Né all'ombra tua gentile
Posi Ninfa crudel,
Pastor infido.
Fra le tue verdi foglie
Augel di nere spoglie
Mai non raccolga il vol;
E Filomena sol
Vi faccia il nido,
Vi faccia il nido.

16. NO.10 FRA TUTTE LE PENE
see track 10

17. NO.11 FRA TUTTE LE PENE
see track 10

18. NO.12 QUELLA CETRA AH PUR TU SEI
Quella cetra ah pur tu sei
Che dolci gli affanni miei,
Che d'ogni alma a suo talento,
D'ogni cor la via s'apri.
Ah! Sei tu, tu sei pur quela,

Che nel sen della mia bella
Tante volte, io lo rammento, la fiera
inteneri,
Tante volte, la fiera inteneri.

19. NO.13 CHI MAI DI QUESTO CORE
Chi mai di questo core
Saprà le vie segrete,
Se voi non lo sapete,
Begli occhi del mio ben?
Voi, che dal primo istante,
Quando divenni amante,
Il mio nascosto amore
Mi conosceste in sen,
Mi conosceste in sen.
Chi mai di...

20. NO.14 GIÀ LA NOTTE S'AVVICINA
Già la notte s'avvicina,
viene o Nice, amato bene,
della placida marina
le fresch'aure a respirar.
Non so dir che sia diletto
chi non posa in queste arene
or che un lento Zefiretto
dolcemente increspa il mar.

21. NO.15 NEI CAMPE E NELLE SELVE
Nei campe e nelle selve
Seguivo già le belve,
Pascevo il gregge ancor
Libero pastorello, libero cacciatore.
Ora non son più quello:
Perdei la libertà.
E quel ch'è peggio oh Dio!
Come se il mio tormento
Colpa non sia di lei
Mostrare al mio lamento
Clori non vuol pietà,
Mostrare al mio lamento
Clori non vuol pietà.
Nei campe...

22. NO.16 NEI CAMPE E NELLE SELVE
see track 21.

23. NO.17 FRA TUTTE LE PENE
see track 10.

24. NO.18 FRA TUTTE LE PENE
see track 10.

25. NO.19 QUELLA CETRA AH PUR TU SEI
see track 18.

26. NO.20 QUELLA CETRA AH PUR TU SEI
see track 18.

27. NO.21 GIURA IL NOCCHIER
see track 14.

28. NO.22 GIURA IL NOCCHIER
see track 14.

29. NO.23 GIÀ LA NOTTE S'AVVICINA
see track 20.

30. NO.24 E PUR FRA LE TEMPESTE
E pur fra le tempeste
La calma io ritrovai:

Ah, non ritorno mai,
Mai più sereno il di.
Questo de' giorni miei,
questo è il più chiaro giorno,
viver così vorrei,
vorrei così morir,
viver, così, così vorrei,
vorrei morir così.

CD71

1. MEERESSTILLE UND GLÜCKLIGE FAHRT OP.112

Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings umher.
Keine Luft von Keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuren Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

2. FANTASIE C-MOLL (CHORFANTASIE, 1808) OP.80

Schmeichelnd hold und lieblich klingen
unsers Lebens Harmonien
und dem Schönheitssinn entschwingen
Blumen sich, die ewig blühen.
Fried' und Freude gleiten freundlich
wie der Wellen Wechselspiel;
was sich drängte rauh und feindlich,
ordnet sich zu Hochgefühl.
Wenn der Töne Zauber walten
und des Wortes Weihe spricht,
muss sich Herrliches gestalten,
Nacht und Stürme werden Licht,
äuß're Ruhe, inn're Wonnen
herrschen für den Glücklichen.
Doch der Künste Frühlingssonne
lässt aus beiden Licht entstehen.
Großes, das ins Herz gedungen,
blüht dann neu und schön empor;
hat ein Geist sich aufgeschwungen,
hallt ihm stets ein Geisterchor.
Nehmt denn hin, ihr schönen Seelen,
froh die Gaben schöner Kunst.
Wenn sich Lieb' und Kraft vermählen,
lohnt dem Menschen Götter Gunst.

3. ELEGISCHER GESANG, 'SANFT WIE DU LEBTEST' OP.118

Sanft, wie du lebstest, hast du
vollendet,
zu heilig für den Schmerz!
Kein Auge wein' ob
des himmlischen Geistes Heimkehr.

Ignaz Franz Castelli

4. BUNDESLIED OP.122

In allen guten Stunden,
Erhöht von Lieb' und Wein,
Soll dieses Lied verbunden
Von uns gesungen sein!
Uns hält der Gott zusammen,
Der uns hierher gebracht.
Erneuert unsre Flammen,
Er hat sie angefacht.
So glühet fröhlich heute,

Seid recht von Herzen eins!
Auf, trinkt erneuter Freude
Dies Glas des echten Weins!
Auf, in der holden Stunde
Stoßt an, und küsset treu,
Bei jedem neuen Bunde,
Die alten wieder neu!
Wer lebt in unserm Kreise,
Und lebt nicht selig drin?
Genießt die freie Weise
Und treuen Brudersinn!
So bleibt durch alle Zeiten
Herz Herzen zugekehrt;
Von keinen Kleinigkeiten
Wird unser Bund gestört.
Uns hat ein Gott gesegnet
Mit freiem Lebensblick,
Und alles, was begegnet,
Erneuert unser Glück.
Durch Grillen nicht gedrängt,
Verknickt sich keine Lust;
Durch Zieren nicht geenget,
Schlägt freier unsre Brust.
Mit jedem Schritt wird weiter
Die rasche Lebensbahn,
Und heiter, immer heiter
Steigt unser Blick hinan.
Uns wird es nimmer bange,
Wenn alles steigt und fällt,
Und bleiben lange, lange!
Auf ewig so gesellt.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

5. CANTATA CAMPESTRE "UN LIETO BRINDISI" WoO103

Johannisfeier begehnt wir heute!
Wie sonst es war, sei's heute auch,
Freudig, freudig erhebt euch, liebe Leute,
Leert das Glas nach altem Brauch!
Wir wissen schon, wem man heute trinkt!
Auf, leert das Glas nach altem Brauch!
Wir wissen schon, wem man heute trinkt!
Freudig erhebt euch, liebe Leute,
leert das Glas, auf, leert euer Glas!
Freudig, freudig, freudig, freudig!
Bei uns geborgen, lass ab von Sorgen,
Freude dir winkt, ja, Freude dir winkt.
Tausend Gebete schweben dankbar
aus allen Herzen,
die du zum Leben einst auferweckt,
die zum Leben du erweckt.
Trost bringst du den Armen, du hilfst
ihnen gern,
wo die Hoffnung schon fern, spendest
du Erbarmen.
Retter du den Kranken! Sieh uns
verzagt!
Würdig zu danken, bebend von uns
niemand wagt.
Dir, Johannes Dank die Nachwelt sagt!
Dank dir sagt!

6. BIRTHDAY CANTATA FOR PRINCE LOBKOWITZ WoO106

SOLO
Es lebe unser theurer Fürst!
Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe!
CHORUS

Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe!

SOLO

Edel, edel, edel handeln, ja edel handeln,
sei sein schönster Beruf!
Dann wird ihm nicht entgehen der schönste Lohn.
Es lebe, es lebe unser theurer, theurer Fürst!
Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe!

CHORUS

Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe ja!
Es lebe, es lebe unser theurer, theurer Fürst!
Unser theurer, theurer Fürst!
Er lebe, er lebe, er lebe, er lebe!

7. KURZ IST DER SCHMERZ FÜR LOUIS SPOHR (KANON) WoO166

Kurz ist der Schmerz,
ewig ist die Freude!

8. OPFERLIED HESS91

SOLO

Die Flamme lodert, milder Schein
Durchglänzt den düstern Eichenhain
Und Weihrauchdüfte wallen.
O neig' ein gnädig Ohr zu mir
Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir,
Du Höchster, wohlgefallen.

CHORUS

O neig' ein gnädig Ohr zu mir
Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir,
Du Höchster, wohlgefallen.

SOLO

Sei stets der Freiheit Wehr und Schild!
Dein Lebensgeist durchatme mild
Luft, Erde, Feu'r und Fluten!
Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis
Am väterlichen Herd, o Zeus,
Das Schöne zu dem Guten.

CHORUS

Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis
Am väterlichen Herd, o Zeus,
Das Schöne zu dem Guten.
Friedrich von Matthisson

9. HOCHZEITSLIED WoO105

SOLO

Auf, Freunde, singt dem Gott der Ehen!
Preist Hymen hoch am Festaltar,
Dass wir des Glückes Huld erleben,
Erflehen für ein edles Paar!
Vor allem lasst in frohen Weisen
Den würd'gen Doppelstamm uns preisen,
Dem dieses edle Paar entspross,
Dem dieses edle Paar entspross!

CHORUS

Vor allem lasst in frohen Weisen
Den würd'gen Doppelstamm uns preisen,
Dem dieses edle Paar entspross,
Dem dieses edle Paar entspross!

10. ABSCHIEDSGESANG AN WIENS BÜRGER WoO121

Keine Klage soll erschallen,
Wenn von hier die Fahne zieht,
Tränen keinem Aug' entfallen,
Das im Scheiden nach ihr sieht.
Es ist Stolz auf diese Zierde
Und Gefühl der Bürgerwürde,
Was auf Aller Wangen glüht.
Freunde! wünscht ihr Siegestönen
Uns zur edlen Reise Glück.
Heiter, folg' uns nach ihr Schönen!
Euer seelenvoller Blick!
Unser's Landes Ruhm zu mehren,
Zieh'n wir mutig hin und kehren
Würdiger zu euch zurück.
Bess're Menschen, bess're Bürger,
Als wir nun von hinnen geh'n,
Keine sittenlose Würger,
Sollt ihr in uns wiederseh'n.
Unser Wien empfängt uns wieder,
Ruhmbekränzet, stark und bieder;
Auf! laßt hoch die Fahne weh'n!
Laßt uns folgen dieser Fahne,
Durch Theresens Kunstwerk reich;
Deren Goldband uns ermahne:
Tugend mach uns Fürsten gleich.
Ha! wenn wir zurück sie bringen,
Wollen wir im Jubel singen:
Dieses Band hielt Österreich!

Friedelberg

11. KRIEGSLIED DER ÖSTERREICHER WoO122

Ein großes deutsches Volk sind wir,
Sind mächtig und gerecht.
Ihr Franken das bezweifelt ihr?
Ihr Franken kennt uns schlecht!
Denn unser Fürst ist gut,
Erhaben unser Mut,
Süß uns'rer Trauben Blut,
Und uns're Weiber schön;
Wie kann's uns beßer geh'n?
Wir streiten nicht für Ruhm und Sold,
Nur für des Friedens Glück!
Wir kehren, arm an fremden Gold,
Zu unser'm Herd zurück.

Denn guten Bürgern nur
Blüht Segen der Natur
Auf Weinberg, Wald und Flur.
Gerecht ist unser Krieg;
Uns, uns gehört der Sieg!
Mit Piken, Sensen und Geschoß
Eilt Klein und Groß herbei!
Für's Vaterland stimmt Klein und Groß,
Stimmt an das Feldgeschrei!
Da steh'n wir unverwandt
Für Haus und Hof und Land
Mit Waffen in der Hand
Und schlagen mutig d'rein,
Wie viel auch ihrer se'rn!
Mann, Weib und Kind in Österreich
Fühlt tief den eig'nen Wert.
Nie, Franken! werden wir von euch
Besieget, nie betört.
Denn unser Fürst ist gut,
Erhaben unser Mut,
Süß uns'rer Trauben Blut,

Und uns're Weiber schön;
Wie kann's uns beßer geh'n?

Friedelberg

12. OPFERLIED WoO126

Die Flamme lodert, milder Schein
Durchglänzt den düstern Eichenhain
Und Weihrauchdüfte wallen.
O neig' ein gnädig Ohr zu mir
Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir,
Du Höchster, wohlgefallen.
Sei stets der Freiheit Wehr und Schild!
Dein Lebensgeist durchatme mild
Luft, Erde, Feu'r und Fluten!
Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis
Am väterlichen Herd, o Zeus,
Das Schöne zu dem Guten.

Friedrich von Matthisson

13. ES IST VOLLBRACHT WoO97

14. OPFERLIED OP.121B

Die Flamme lodert, milder Schein
Durchglänzt den düstern Eichenhain
Und Weihrauchdüfte wallen.
O neig' ein gnädig Ohr zu mir
Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir,
Du Höchster, wohlgefallen.
Sei stets der Freiheit Wehr und Schild!
Dein Lebensgeist durchatme mild
Luft, Erde, Feu'r und Fluten!
Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis
Am väterlichen Herd, o Zeus,
Das Schöne zu dem Guten.
Friedrich von Matthisson

CD72

CHRISTUS AM ÖLBERGE OP. 85

Text F.X. Huber

NO.1 INTRODUCTION, RECITATIVE AND ARIA

1. INTRODUCTION

2. RECITATIVE

JESUS

Jehovah, du mein Vater!
O sende Trost und Kraft und Stärke
mir!
Sie nahet nun, die Stunde meiner
Leiden,
von mir erkoren schon, noch eh' die
Welt
auf dein Geheiß dem Chaos sich
entwand.
Ich höre deines Seraphs
Donnerstimme.
Sie fordert auf, wer statt der
Menschen
sich vor dein Gericht jetzt stellen will.
O Vater! Ich erschein' auf diesen Ruf.
Vermittler will ich sein,
ich büße, ich allein, der Menschen
Schuld.
Wie könnte dies Geschlecht, aus Staub
gebildet,
ein Gericht ertragen, das mich,
deinen Sohn, zu Boden drückt!

Ach sieh', wie Bangigkeit, wie
Todesangst
mein Herz mit Macht ergreift!
Ich leide sehr, mein Vater!
O sieh! Ich leide sehr,
erbarm' dich mein!

3. ARIA

JESUS

Meine Seele ist erschüttert
von den Qualen, die mir dräun.
Schrecken faßt mich, und es zittert
gräßlich schauernd mein Gebein.
Wie ein Fieberfrost ergreift
mich die Angst beim nahen Grab,
und von meinem Antlitz träufet
statt des Schweißes Blut herab.
Vater! tief gebeugt und kläglich
fleht dein Sohn hinauf zu dir:
Deiner Macht ist alles möglich,
nimm den Leidenskelch von mir!

NO.2 RECITATIVE, ARIA AND CHORUS

4. RECITATIVE

SERAPH

Erzittere, Erde! Jehovah's Sohn liegt
hier,
sein Antlitz tief in Staub gedrückt,
vom Vater ganz verlassen,
und leidet unennbare Qual.
Der Gütige! Er ist bereit,
den martervollsten Tod zu sterben,
damit die Menschen, die er liebt,
vom Tode auferstehen und ewig
leben!

5. ARIA

SERAPH

Preist des Erlösers Güte,
preist, Menschen, seine Huld!
Er stirbt für euch aus Liebe,
sein Blut tilgt eure Schuld.

6. SERAPH AND CHORUS OF ANGELS

O Heil euch, ihr Erlösten,
euch winket Seligkeit,
wenn ihr getreu in Liebe,
in Glaub' und Hoffnung seid.

7. Doch weh! Die frech entehren
das Blut, das für sie floß,
sie trifft der Fluch des Richters,
Verdammung ist ihr Los.

NO.3 RECITATIVE AND DUET

8. RECITATIVE

JESUS

Verkündet, Seraph, mir dein Mund
Erbarmen meines ew'gen Vaters?
Nimmt er des Todes Schrecknisse
von mir?

SERAPH

So spricht Jehovah:
Eh' nicht erfüllet ist
das heilige Geheimnis der Versöhnung,
so lange bleibt das menschliche
Geschlecht
verworfen und beraubt des ew'gen
Lebens.

9. DUET

JESUS

So ruhe denn mit ganzer Schwere
auf mir, mein Vater, dein Gericht.
Gieß über mich den Strom der Leiden,
nur zürne Adams Kindern nicht!

SERAPH

Erschüttert seh' ich den Erhabnen
in Todesleiden eingehüllt.
Ich bebe, und mich selbst umwehen
die Grabeschauer, die er fühlt.

JESUS, SERAPH

Groß sind die Qual, die Angst, die
Schrecken,
die Gottes Hand auf mich/ihn ergießt,
doch größer noch ist meine/seine
Liebe,
mit der mein/sein Herz die Welt
umschließt.

NO.4 RECITATIVE AND CHORUS

10. RECITATIVE

JESUS

Willkommen, Tod, den ich am Kreuze
zum Heil der Menschheit blutend
sterbe!
O seid in eurer kühlen Gruft gesegnet,
die ein ew'ger Schlaf in seinen Armen
hält,
ihr werdet froh zur Seligkeit erwachen!

11. CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

Wir haben ihn gesehen
nach diesem Berge gehen,
entfliehen kann er nicht,
sein wartet das Gericht!

NO.5 RECITATIVE AND CHORUS

12. RECITATIVE

JESUS

Die mich fragen zu fangen ausgezogen
sind, sie nahen nun.
Mein Vater! O führ' in schnellem Flug
der Leiden Stunden an mir vorüber,
daß sie fliehn, rasch, wie die Wolken,
die ein Sturmwind treibt,
an deinen Himmeln ziehn.
Doch nicht mein Wille,
nein, dein Wille nur geschehe.

13. CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

Hier ist er, der Verbannte,
der sich im Volke kühn
der Juden König nannte,
ergreift und bindet ihn!
Chorus of youths
Was soll der Lärm bedeuten?
Es ist um uns geschehn!
Umringt von rauhen Kriegern,
wie wird es uns ergehn?
Erbarmen, ach, Erbarmen!
Es ist um uns geschehn!

**NO.6 RECITATIVE, TERZET AND
CHORUS**

14. RECITATIVE

PETRUS

Nicht ungestraft soll der Verweg'nen
Schar
dich Herrlichen,
dich, meinen Freund und Meister,
mit frecher Hand ergreifen.

RECITATIVE

JESUS

O laß dein Schwert in seiner Scheide
ruhn!
Wenn es der Wille meines Vaters
wäre,
aus der Gewalt der Feinde mich zu
retten,
so würden Legionen Engel
bereit zu meiner Rettung sein.

15. TERZET

PETRUS

In meinen Adern wühlen

gerechter Zorn und Wut.
Laß meine Rache kühlen
in der Verweg'nen Blut!

JESUS

Du sollst nicht Rache üben!
Ich lehrt' euch bloß allein,
die Menschen alle lieben,
dem Feinde gern verzeihn!

SERAPH

Merk' auf, o Mensch, und höre:
Nur eines Gottes Mund
macht solche heil'ge Lehre
der Nächstenliebe kund.
Seraph, Jesus, Petrus
O Menschenkinder, fasset
dies heilige Gebot:

Liebt jenen, der euch hasset,
nur so gefallt ihr Gott!

16. CHORUS

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

Auf! Ergreifet den Verräter,
weilet hier nun länger nicht.
Fort jetzt mit dem Missetäter.
Schleppt ihn schleunig vor Gericht!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS

Ach! Wir werden seinetwegen
auch gehaßt, verfolgt sein.
Man wird uns in Bande legen
martern und dem Tode weihn.

JESUS

Meine Qual ist bald verschwunden,
der Erlösung Werk vollbracht,
bald ist gänzlich überwunden
und besiegt der Hölle Macht!

17. CHORUS OF ANGELS

Welten singen Dank und Ehre
dem erhab'nen Gottessohn.

18. Preiset ihn, ihr Engelchöre,
laut im heil'gen Jubelton!

CD73 & CD74

MASS IN C MAJOR OP.86 & MISSA SOLEMNIS IN D MAJOR OP.123

1. KYRIE

Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!
Kyrie eleison!

Lord, have mercy upon us!
Christ have mercy upon us!
Lord, have mercy upon us!

2. GLORIA

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus
te, glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam
gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis!
Deus Pater omnipotens!
Domine, Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe!
Domine Deus! Agnus Dei! Filius Patris!
Qui tollis peccata mundi! miserere
nobis; suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere
nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus
Dominus, tu solus altissimus, Jesu
Christe! cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei
Patris, Amen.

Glory be to God on high, and peace on
earth to men of good will.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, We adore
Thee, we glorify Thee
We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory.
O Lord God! O heavenly King!
O God, the Father Almighty!
O Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son!
O Lord God! Lamb of God! Son of the Father!
O Thou, who takest away the sins of the
world! have mercy upon us; receive our
prayer.
O Thou, who sittest at the right hand of
the Father! have mercy on us.
For Thou alone art holy, Thou alone art
Lord, Thou alone art most high, O Jesus
Christ! together with the Holy Ghost, in
the glory of God the Father, Amen.

3. CREDO

Credo in unum Deum, patrem
omnipotentem, factorem caeli et terrae
visibilem omnium et invisibilem.
Credo in unum Dominum Jesum
Christum,
Filium Dei unigenitum; et ex Patre
natum ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine:
Deum verum de Deo vero;
Genitum, non factum; consubstantialem
Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt;
Qui propter nos homines, et propter
nostram salutem, descendit de caelis,
et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex
maria Virgine, et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis; sub Pontio
Pilato passus et sepultus est,
Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum
Scripturas.
Et ascendit in caelum, sedet ad dexteram
Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria
judicare vivos et mortuos; cujus regni
non erit finis.
Credo in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum
et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit; qui cum
Patre et Filio simul adoratur et
conglorificatur; qui locutus est per
prophetas.
Credo in unam sanctam Catholicam et
Apostolicam Ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum Baptisma in
remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum,
et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

I believe in one God, the Father
Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of
all things visible and invisible.
I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ,
the only-begotten Son of God; and born
of the Father before all ages.
God of Gods, Light of Light,
true God of true God;
begotten, not made; consubstantial to
the Father, by Whom all things were
made;
Who for us men and for our salvation,
came down from heaven,
and became incarnate by the Holy Ghost
of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.
He was crucified also for us; suffered
under Pontius Pilate and was buried,
And the third day He arose again
according to the Scriptures.
And ascended into heaven, and sitteth at
the right hand of the Father.
And He is to come again, with glory, to
judge both the living and the dead; of
whose kingdom there shall be no end.
I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and
Giver of life,
Who proceedeth from the Father and the
Son; Who, together with the Father and
the Son, is adored and glorified; Who
spoke by the prophets.
I believe in one holy Catholic and
Apostolic Church.
I confess one baptism for
the remission of sins.
And I expect the resurrection of the
dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

4. SANCTUS

Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis!
Benedictus qui venit in nomine
Domini!
Hosanna in excelsis!

Holy is the Lord God Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are fully of Thy Glory.
Hosanna in the highest!
Blessed is he who cometh in the name of
the Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

5. AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis. Agnus Dei,
dona nobis pacem.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, dona nobis
pacem.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world, have mercy upon us. O Lamb of God, grant us
peace.
O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world, have mercy upon us, O Lamb of God, grant us
peace.

CD75

LIEBESLIEDER

1. DAS GLÜCK DER FREUNDSCHAFT OP.88

Der lebt ein Leben wonniglich,
Deß Herz ein Herz gewinnt;
Geteilte Lust verdoppelt sich,
Geteilter Gram zerrinnt.
Beblümete Wege wandelt ab,
Wem trauliches Geleit;
Den Arm die gold'ne Freundschaft gab
In dieser eh'rnen Zeit.
Sie weckt die Kraft und spornt den Mut
Zu schönen Taten nur,
Und nährt in uns die heil'ge Glut
Für Wahrheit und Natur.
Erflogen hat des Glückes Ziel,
Wer eine Freundin fand,
Mit der der Liebe Zartgefühl
Ihn inniglich verband.
Entzückt von ihr, ihr beigesellt,
Verschönert sich die Bahn;
Durch sie allein blüht ihm die Welt
Und Alles lacht ihn an.

2. SEUFZER EINES UNGELIEBTEN UND GEGENLIEBE WoO118

Seufzer eines Ungeliebten:
Hast du nicht Liebe zugemessen
Dem Leben jeder Kreatur?
Warum bin ich allein vergessen,
Auch meine Mutter du! du Natur?
Wo lebte wohl in Forst und Hürde,
Und wo in Luft und Meer, ein Tier,
Das nimmermehr geliebet würde?
Geliebt wird alles, wird alles ausser
mir, ja alles außer mir!
Wenngleich im Hain, auf Flur und
Matten
Sich Baum und Staude, Moos und
Kraut
Durch Liebe und Gegenliebe gatten;
Vermählt sich mir doch keine Braut.
Mir wächst vom süßesten der Triebe
Nie Honigfrucht zur Lust heran.
Denn ach! Mir mangelt Gegenliebe,
Die Eine, nur Eine gewähren kann.
Gegenliebe:
Wüßt' ich, daß du mich lieb und wert
Ein bißchen hieltest,
Und von dem, was ich für dich,
Nur ein Hundertteilchen fühltest;
Daß dein Dank hübsch meinem Gruß

Halben Wegs entgegenkäme,
Und dein Mund den Wechselkuß
Gerne gäb' und wieder nähme:
Dann, o Himmel, außer sich,
Würde ganz mein Herz zerlodern!
Leib und Leben könnt' ich
Dich nicht vergebens lassen fodern!
Gegengunst erhöht Gunst,
Liebe nährt Gegenliebe,
Und entflammt zur Feuersbrunst,
Was ein Aschenfünkchen bliebe.

3. DER LIEBENDE WoO.139

Welch ein wunderbares Leben,
Ein Gemisch von Schmerz und Lust,
Welch ein nie gefühltes Beben
Waltet jetzt in meiner Brust!
Herz, mein Herz, was soll dies Pochen?
Deine Ruh' ist unterbrochen,
Sprich, was ist mit dir gescheh'n?
So hab' ich dich nie geseh'n!
Hat dich nicht die Götterblume
Mit dem Hauch der Lieb' entglüht,
Sie, die in dem Heiligthume
Reiner Unschuld auf geblüht?
Ja, die schöne Himmelsblüthe
Mit dem Zauberblick voll Güte
Hält mit einem Band mich fest,
Das sich nicht zerreißen läßt!
Oft will ich die Theure fliehen;
Thränen zittern dann im Blick,
Und der Liebe Geister ziehen
Auf der Stelle mich zurück.
Denn ihr pocht mit heißen Schlägen
Ewig dieses Herz entgegen,
Aber ach, sie fühlt es nicht,
Was mein Herz im Auge spricht!

4. RUF VOM BERGE WoO147

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Flög ich zu dir!
Weils aber nicht kann sein,
Blieb ich allhier.
Wenn ich ein Sternlein wär'
Und auch viel Strahlen hätt',
Strahl' ich dich an.
Und du säh'st freundlich auf,
Grüßtest hinan.
Wenn ich ein Bächlein wär'
Und auch viel Wellen hätt',
Rauscht' ich durch's Grün.
Nahte dem kleinen Fuß,

Küßte wohl ihn.
Würd' ich zur Abendluft,
Nähm' ich mir Blüthenduft,
Hauchte dir zu.
Weilend auf Brust und Mund,
Fänd' ich dort Ruh'.
Geht doch kein' Stund der Nacht,
Ohn' daß mein Herz erwacht
Und an dich denkt.
Wie du mir tausendmal
Dein Herz geschenkt.
Wohl dringen Bach und Stern,
Lüftlein und Vöglein fern,
Kommen zu dir.
Ich nur bin festgebannt,
Weine allhier.

5. AN DIE HOFFNUNG OP.32

Die du so gern in heil'gen Nächten
feierst
Und sanft und weich den
Gramverschleierst,
Der eine zarte Seele quält,
O Hoffnung! Laß, durch dich empor
gehoben,
Den Dulder ahnen, daß dort oben
Ein Engel seine Thränen zählt!
Wenn, längst verhallt, geliebte
Stimmen schweigen;
Wenn unter ausgestorb'nen Zweigen
Verödet die Erinnerung sitzt:
Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlas'ner
trauert
Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert,
Sich auf versunk'ne Urnen stützt.
Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal
anzuklagen,
Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen
Die letzten Strahlen untergehen:
Dann laß' ihn um den Rand des
Erdenraumes
Das Leuchten eines Wolkenaaumes
Von einer nahen Sonne seh'n!

6. AN DIE HOFFNUNG OP. 94

Ob ein Gott sei?
Ob er einst erfülle,
Was die Sehnsucht weinend sich
verspricht?
Ob, vor irgendeinem Weltgericht,
Sich dies rätselhafte Sein enthülle?
Hoffen soll der Mensch! Er frage nicht!

Die du so gern in heiligen Nächten
feierst
Und sanft und weich den Gram
verschleierst,
Der eine zarte Seele quält,
O Hoffnung! Laß, durch dich
emporgehoben,
Den Duldner ahnen, daß dort oben
Ein Engel seine Tränen zählt!
Wenn, längst verhallt, geliebte
Stimmen schweigen
Wenn unter ausgestorbnen Zweigen
Verödet die Erinnerung sitzt:
Dann nahe dich, wo dein Verlaßner
trauert,
Und, von der Mitternacht umschauert,
Sich auf versunkne Urnen stützt.
Und blickt er auf, das Schicksal
anzuklagen,
Wenn scheidend über seinen Tagen
Die letzten Strahlen untergehn:
Dann laß ihn, um den Rand des
Erdenraumes,
Das Leuchten eines Wolkensaumes
Von einer nahen Sonne sehn!

7. AN DIE GELIEBTE WoO140

O daß ich dir vom stillen Auge
In seinem liebevollen Schein
Die Träne von der Wange sauge,
Eh sie die Erde trinket ein!
Wohl hält sie zögernd auf der Wange
Und will sie heiß der Treue weihn.
Nun ich sie so im Kuß empfangen,
Nun sind auch deine Schmerzen mein,
ja mein!

**8. AN DIE GELIEBTE (2ND SETTING)
WoO140**

O daß ich dir vom stillen Auge
In seinem liebevollen Schein
Die Träne von der Wange sauge,
Eh sie die Erde trinket ein!
Wohl hält sie zögernd auf der Wange
Und will sie heiß der Treue weihn.
Nun ich sie so im Kuß empfangen,
Nun sind auch deine Schmerzen mein,
ja mein!

9. SELBSTGESPRÄCH WoO114

Ich, der mit flatterndem Sinn
bisher ein Feind der Liebe bin
und es so gern beständig bliebe,
ich, ach, ich glaube, daß ich liebe.
Der ich sonst Hymen angeschwärzt
und mit der Liebe nur gescherzt,
der ich im Wankelmut mich übe,
ich glaube, daß ich Doris liebe.
Denn ach, seitdem ich sie gesehn,
ist mir kein' andre Schöne schön.
Ach, die Tyrannin meiner Triebe,
ich glaube gar, daß ich sie liebe.

10. GEDENKE MEIN WoO130

Gedenke mein, ich denke dein!
Ach, der Trennung Schmerzen
versüßt mir die Hoffnung

11. ICH DENKE DEIN WoO74

Ich denke dein,
mein! wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
von Meeren strahlt,
ich denke dein,
wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
in Quellen malt.

12. LIED DIE LIEBE OP.52 NO.6

Ohne Liebe lebe,
wer da kann;
Wenn er auch ein Mensch schon
bliebe,
Bleibt er doch kein Mann.
Süße Liebe,
mach' mein Leben süß,
Stille ein die regen Triebe
Sonder Hindernis!
Schmachten lassen sei
der Schönen Pflicht;
Nur uns ewig schmachten lassen,
Dieses sei sie nicht!

**13. DAS BLÜMCHEN WUNDERHOLD
OP.52 NO.8**

Es blüht ein Blümchen irgendwo
In einem stillen Tal.
das schmeichelt Aug' und Herz so froh
wie Abendsonnenstrahl.
Das ist viel köstlicher als Gold,
als Perl' und Diamant.
Drum wird es "Blümchen Wunderhold"
mit gutem Fug genannt.
Wohl sänge sich ein langes Lied
Von meines Blümchens Kraft;
Wie es am Leib' und am Gemüt
So hohe Wunder schafft.
Was kein geheimes Elixier
Dir sonst gewähren kann,
Das leistet traun! mein Blümchen dir.
Man säh' es ihm nicht an.
Ach! hättest du nur die gekannt,
Die einst mein Kleinod war
Der Tod entriß sie meiner Hand
Hart hinterm Traualtar -
Dann würdest du es ganz verstehn,
Was Wunderhold vermag,
Und in das Licht der Wahrheit sehn,
Wie in den hellen Tag.

**14. SCHILDERUNG EINES MÄDCHENS
WoO.107**

Schildern, willst du Freund,
soll ich dir Elisen?
Möchte Uzens Geist in mich
sich ergießen!
Wie in einer Winternacht
Sterne strahlen,
Würde ihrer Augen Pracht
Oeser malen.

15. AN MINNA WoO115

Nur bei dir, an deinem Herzen
fliehen Sorge, Gram und Schmerzen,
und die Stifterin der Leiden,
unsre Liebe schafft uns Freuden,
die kein Gott mir ohne dich,
die kein Gott dir ohne mich
schaffen, keiner geben kann,
du mein Weib und ich dein Mann!

16. DIE LAUTE KLAGE WoO.135

Turteltaube, du klagest so laut
Und raubest dem Armen
seinen einzigen Trost,
Süßen vergessenden Schlaf.
Turteltaub', ich jammre wie du,
Und berge den Jammer
in's verwundete Herz,
In die verschlossene Brust.
Ach, die hart verteilende Liebe!
Sie gab dir die laute
Jammerklage zum Trost,
Mir den verstummenden Gram!

**17. ALS DIE GELIEBTE SICH TRENNEN
WOLLTE WoO132**

Der Hoffnung letzter Schimmer sinkt
dahin,
Sie brach die Schwüre all' mit
flücht'gem Sinn;
So schwinde mir zum Trost auch
immerdar
Bewußtsein, Bewußtsein, daß ich zu
glücklich war!
Was sprach ich? Nein, von diesen
meinen Ketten
Kann kein Entschluß, kann keine Macht
mich retten;
Ach! selbst am Rande der
Verzweiflung bleibt ewig,
Bleibt ewig süß mir die Erinnerung!
Ha! holde Hoffnung, keh' zu mir
zurück,
Reg' all mein Feuer auf mit einem
Blicke,
Der Liebe Leiden seien noch so groß,
wer liebt,
Wer liebt, fühlt ganz unglücklich nie
sein Los!
Und du, die treue Lieb' mit Kränkung
lohnet,
Fürcht' nicht die Brust, in der dein Bild
noch wohnt,
Dich hassen könnte nie dies fühlend'
Herz,
Vergessen, vergessen? eh' erliegt es
seinem Schmerz.

**18. DAS LIEDCHEN VON DER RUHE
OP.52 NR.3**

Im Arm der Liebe ruht sich's wohl,
Wohl auch im Schoß der Erde.
Ob's dort noch, oder hier sein soll,
Wo Ruh' ich finden werde:
Das forscht mein Geist und sinnt und
denkt
Und fleht zur Vorsicht, die sie schenkt.
Und fleht zur Vorsicht, die sie schenkt.
In Arm der Liebe ruht sich's wohl,
Mir winkt sie ach! vergebens.
Bei dir Elise find ich wohl
Die Ruhe meines Lebens.
Dich wehrt mir harter Menschen Sinn
Und in der Blüte welk' ich hin!
Und in der Blüte welk' ich hin!

19. SEHNSUCHT WoO146

Die stille Nacht umdunkelt
Erquickend Tal und Höh',
Der Stern der Liebe funkelt
Sanft wandelnd in dem See.
Verstummt sind in den Zweigen
Die Sänger der Natur;
Geheimnisvolles Schweigen
Ruht auf der Blumenflur.
Ach, mir nur schließt kein Schlummer
Die müden Augen zu:
Komm, lindre meinen Kummer,
Du stiller Gott der Ruh!
Sanft trockne mir die Tränen
Gib süßer Freude Raum,
Komm, täusche hold mein Sehnen
Mit einem Wonnetraum!
O zaubre meinen Blicken
Die Holde, die mich flieht,
Laß mich ans Herz sie drücken,
Daß edle Lieb' entglüht!
Du Holde, die ich meine,
Wie seh'n' ich mich nach dir;
Erscheine, ach, erscheine
Und läche Hoffnung mir!

CD 76

SCHERZLIEDER

1. AUS GOETHE'S FAUST: ES WAR EINMAL EIN KÖNIG OP.75 NO.3

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wein,
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
"Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!"
In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,
Und hatt einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.
Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

2. URIANS REISE UM DIE WELT OP.52 NO.1

Wenn jemand eine Reise tut,
So kann er was erzählen.
D'rum nahm ich meinen Stock und Hut
Und tät das Reisen wählen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel dran getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Zuerst ging's an den Nordpol hin;
Da war es kalt bei Ehre!
Da dacht' ich denn in meinem Sinn,
Das es hier besser wäre...
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

In Grönland freuten sie sich sehr,
Mich ihres Ort's zu sehen,
Und setzten mir den Trankrug her:
Ich ließ ihn aber stehen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Von hier ging ich nach Mexico -
Ist weiter als nach Bremen -
Da, dacht' ich, liegt das Gold wie Stroh;
Du sollst'n Sack voll nehmen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
D'rauf kauft' ich etwas kalte Kost
Und Kieler Sprott und Kuchen
Und setzte mich auf Extrapost,
Land Asia zu besuchen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Der Mogul ist ein großer Mann
Und gnädig über Massen
Und klug; er war itzt eben dran,
'n Zahn auszieh'n zu lassen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Hm! dacht' ich, der hat Zähnepein,
Bei aller Größ' und Gaben!
Was hilfts denn auch noch Mogul sein?
Die kann man so wohl haben!
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Ich gab dem Wirth mein Ehrenwort,
Ihn nächstens zu bezahlen;
Und damit reist' ich weiter fort,
Nach China und Bengalen.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!
Und fand es überall wie hier,
Fand überall 'n Sparren,
Die Menschen grade so wie wir,
Und eben solche Narren.
Da hat er gar nicht übel drum getan,
Verzähl' er doch weiter, Herr Urian!

3. TRINKLIED WoO109

Erhebt das Glas mit froher Hand
Und trinkt euch heitren Mut,
Wenn schon, den Freundschaft euch
verband,
Nun das Geschicke trennt,
So heitert dennoch euren Schmerz
Und kränket nicht des Freudes Herz,
Erheitert, Brüder, euren Schmerz
Und kränket nicht des Freundes Herz.
Nun trinkt, erhebt den Becher hoch,
Ihr Brüder, hoch und singt
Nach treuer Freude weisem Brauch
Und singt das frohe Lied,
uns trennt das Schicksal, doch es bricht
die Freundschaft treuer Herzen nicht.

4. PUNSCHLIED WoO111

Wer nicht, wenn warm von Hand zu
Hand
der Punsch im Kreise geht,
der Freude voller Lust empfand,
der schleiche schnell hinweg.
Wir trinken alle hochehfreut,
so lang uns Punsch die Kume beut.

5 DER ZUFRIEDENE OP.75 NR.6

Zwar schuf das Glück hienieden
Mich weder reich noch groß,
Allen ich bin zufrieden,
Wie mit dem schönsten Los.
So ganz nach meinem Herzen
Ward mir ein Freund vergönnt,
Denn Küßen, Trinken, Scherzen
Ist auch sein Element.
Mit ihm wird froh und weise
manch Fläschchen ausgeleert!
denn auf der Lebensreise
ist Wein
Wenn mir bei diesem Lose
Nun auch ein trüb' res fällt,
So denk' ich: keine Rose
Blüht dornlos in der Welt.

VIER ARIETTEN UND EIN DUETT MIT ITALIENISCHEM TEXT OP.82

6. HOFFNUNG OP.82 NO.1

Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ami,
Dimmi che mia tu sei.
E non invidia ai Dei
La lor' divinità!
Con un tuo sguardo solo,
Cara, con un sorriso
Tu m'apri il paradiso
Di mia felicità!

7. LIEBESKLAGE OP.82 NO.2

T'intendo, sì, mio cor,
Con tanto palpitari!
So che ti vuoi lagnar,
Che amante sei.
Che amante sei.
Ah! taci il tuo dolor,
Ah! soffri il tuo martir
Tacilo, tacilo e non tradir
L'affetti miei, l'affetti miei!

8. L'AMANTE IMPATIENTE (STILLE FRAGE) OP.82 NO.3

Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perchè, perchè non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Oh come è lento nel corso il sole!
Ogni momento mi sembra un di,
Sì, sì, mi sembra un di!
Ah! che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perchè, perchè non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Perchè, perchè non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole così!
Perchè, ah! perchè non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole, languir
Così, così, sì, vedermi languir così,
Così, così!

9. L'AMANTE IMPATIENTE (LIEBESUNGEDULD) OP.82 NO.4

Che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perchè, perchè non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Oh come è lento nel corso il sole!
Ogni momento mi sembra un di,
Ogni momento mi sembra un di,

Sì, sì, mi sembra un dì!
Ah! che fa, che fa il mio bene?
Perchè, perchè non viene?
Vedermi vuole languir
Così, così, così!
Perchè, perchè non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole così!
Perchè, ah! perchè non vien il mio ben,
Languir, languir, vedermi vuole, languir
Così, così, sì, vedermi languir così,
Così, così!

10. LEBENSGENUß OP.82 NO.5

Odi l'aura che dolce sospira,
Menre fugga scuotendo le fronde;
Se l'intendi, ti parla d'amor.
Senti l'onda, che rauca saggira,
Mentre geme radendo le sponde;
Se l'intendi, si lagna d'amor.
Quell' affetto chi sente nel petto,
Sa per prova,
Se nuoce, se giova,
Se diletto produce o dolor!

11. O CARE SELVE WoO119

O care selve,
O cara felice libertà!
Qui se un piacer si gode,
Parte non v'ha la frode,
ma la condisce a gara amore e fedeltà.

12. LA PARTENZA (DER ABSCHIED) WoO124

Ecco quel fiero istante!
Nice, mia Nice, addio!
Come vivrò, ben mio,
così lontanda te?
Lo vivrò sempre in pene,
Io non avrò più bene,
E tu, chi sa,
Se mai ti soverrai di me!

13. IN QUESTA TOMBA OSCURA WoO.133

In questa tomba oscura
lasciami riposar;
Quando vivevo,
ingrata, dovevi a me pensar.
Lascia che l'ombre ignude
godansi pace almen,
E non, e non bagnar mie ceneri
d'inutile velen.

14. LA TIRANNA WoO125

Ah grief to think! ah woe to name,
The doom that fate has destin'd mine!
Forbid to fan my wayward flame,
And, slave to silence, hopeless pine!
Imperious fair! in fatal hour,
I mark'd the vived lightnings roll,
That gave to know thy ruthless pow'r,
And gleam'd destruction on my soul

15. QUE LE TEMPS ME DURE WoO116

Que le temps me dure
Passé loin de toi,
Toute la nature
n'est plus rien pour moi,
Le plus verd boccage
Quand tu n'y viens pas
n'est qu'un lieu sauvage

Pour moi sans appas.
Le coeur me palpite
Quand j'entens ta voix.
Tout mon sang s'agite,
Dès que je te vois;
Ouvrez-tu la bouche?
Les cieux vont s'ouvrir;
Si ta main me touche,
Je me sens frémir.

16. PLAISIR D'AIMER WoO128

Plaisir d'aimer besoin d'une âme
Tendre que vous avez
De pouvoir sur mon coeur!
De vous, hélas, en voulant me
défendre
Je perds la paix sans trouver le
bonheur.

17. DER WACHTELSCHLAG WoO129

Horch, wie schallt's dorten so lieblich
hervor:
Fürchte Gott, fürchte Gott! Ruft mir
die Wachtel ins Ohr.
Sitzend im Grünen, von Halmen
umhüllt,
Mahnt sie den Horcher am
Saatengefeld:
Liebe Gott, liebe Gott! Er ist so gütig,
so mild.
Wieder bedeutet ihr hüpfender Schlag:
Lobe Gott, lobe Gott! Der dich zu
loben vermag.
Siehst du die herrlichen Früchte im
Feld?
Nimm es zu Herzen, Bewohner der
Welt:
Danke Gott, danke Gott! Der dich
ernährt und erhält.
Schreckt dich im Wetter der Herz der
Natur:
Bitte Gott, bitte Gott! Ruft sie, er
schonet die Flur.
Machen Gefahren der Krieger dir bang:
Traue Gott, traue Gott! Sieh',
er verziehet nicht lang.

18. DAS GEHEIMNIS WoO145

Wo blüht das Blümchen, das nie
verblüht?
Wo strahlt das Sternlein, das ewig
glüht?
Dein Mund, o Muse! dein heil'ger
Mund
Tu' mir das Blümchen und Sternlein
kund.
Verkünden kann es dir nicht mein
Mund,
Macht es dein Innerstes dir nicht kund!
Im Innersten glühet und blüht es zart,
Wohl jedem, der es getreu bewahrt!

19. AN LAURA WoO112

Freud' umblühe dich auf allen Wegen
Schöner, als sie je die Unschuld fand,
Seelenruh, des Himmels bester Segen,
Walle dir wie Frühlingshauch
entgegen,
Bis zum Wiedersehn im Lichtgewand!
Lächelnd wird ein Seraph
niederschweben,

Der die Palme der Vergeltung trägt,
Aus dem dunkeln Tal zu jenem Leben
Deine edle Seele zu erleben,
Wo der Richter unsre Taten wägt.
Dann töne Gottes ernste Waage
Wonne
Dir, von jedem Mißklang frei,
und der Freund an deinem Grabe sage:
Glücklicher, der letzte deiner Tage
War ein Sonnenuntergang im Mai.

20. ABENDLIED UNTERM GESTIRNTEN HIMME WoO150

Wenn die Sonne niedersinket,
Und der Tag zur Ruh sich neigt,
Luna freundlich leise winket,
Und die Nacht herniedersteigt;
Wenn die Sterne prächtig schimmern,
Tausend Sonnenstraßen flimmern:
Fühlt die Seele sich so groß,
Windet sich vom Staube los.
Schaut so gern nach jenen Sternen,
Wie zurück ins Vaterland,
Hin nach jenen lichten Fernen,
Und vergißt der Erde Tand;
Will nur ringen, will nur streben,
Ihre Hülle zu entschweben:
Erde ist ihr eng und klein,
Auf den Sternen möchte sie sein.
Ob der Erde Stürme toben,
Falsches Glück den Bösen lohnt:
Hoffend blicket sie nach oben,
Wo der Sternenrichter thront.
Keine Furcht kann sie mehr quälen,
Keine Macht kann ihr befehlen;
Mit verklärtem Angesicht,
Schwingt sie sich zum Himmelslicht.
Eine leise Ahnung schauert
Mich aus jenen Welten an;
Lange, lange nicht mehr dauert
Meine Erdenpilgerbahn,
Bald hab ich das Ziel errungen,
Bald zu euch mich aufgeschwungen,
Ernte bald an Gottes Thron
Meiner Leiden schönen Lohn.

21. KLAGE WoO113

Dein Silber schien durch Eichengrün,
Das Kühlung gab, auf mich herab,
O Mond, o Mond und lachte Ruh' mir
frohem
Knaben zu.
durch's Fenster bricht,
Lacht's keine Ruh' mir Jüngling zu,
Sieht's meine Wange blaß, mein Auge
tränennaß.
Bald, lieber Freund, ach bald
Bescheint dein Silberschein den
Leichenstein,
Der meine Asche birgt, des Jünglings
Asche
birgt!

22. FEUERFARB OP.52 NO.2

Ich weiß eine Farbe, der bin ich so
hold,
Die achte ich höher als Silber und Gold;
Die trag' ich so gerne um Stirn und
Gewand
Und habe sie „Farbe der Wahrheit“
genannt.

Wohl blühet in lieblicher, sanfter
Gestalt
Die glühende Rose, doch bleichet sie
bald.
Drum weihte zur Blume der Liebe man
sie;
Ihr Reiz ist unendlich, doch welket er
früh.
Die Bläue das Himmels strahlt herrlich
und mild,
D'rum gab man der Treue dies
freundliche Bild.
Doch trübet manch' Wölkchen den
Äther so rein!
So schleichen beim Treuen oft Sorgen
sich ein.
Die Farbe des Schnees, so strahlend
und licht,
Heißt Farbe der Unschuld, doch dauert
sie nicht.
Bald ist es verdunkelt, das blendende
Kleid:
So trüben auch Unschuld Verläumdung
und Neid.
Warum ich, so fragt ihr, der Farbe so
hold
Den heiligen Namen der Wahrheit
gezollt?
Weil flammender Schimmer von ihr
sich ergießt
Und ruhige Dauer sie schützend
umschließt.
Ihr schadet der nässende Regenguß
nicht,
Noch bleicht sie der Sonne
verzehrendes Licht:
D'rum trag' ich so gern sie um Stirn'
und Gewand
Und habe sie "Farbe der Wahrheit"
genannt.

**23. ELEGIE AUF DEN TOD EINES
PUDELS WoO110**

Stirb immerhin, es welken ja so viele
Der Freunden auf der Lebensbahn,
Oft eh sie sinken in des Mittags
Schwüle,
Fängt schon der Tod sie abzumähen
an.
Auf meine Freude du! dir fließen
Zähren,
Wie Freunde selten Freunden weihn,
Der Schmerz um dich kann nicht mein
Aug entehren,
Um dich Geschöpf, geschaffen mich zu
freun.
Doch soll dein Tod mich nicht zu sehr
betrüben,
Du warst ja stets des Lachens Freund,
Geblichen ist uns alles, war wir lieben,
Kein Erdenglück bleibt lange
unbeweint.
Mein Herz soll nicht mit dem
Verhängnis zanken um eine Lust, die es
verlor;
du lebe fort und gaukle im Gedanken
Mir fröhliche Erinnerungen vor.

24. SO ODER SO WoO148

Nord oder Süd! Wenn nur im warmen
Busen
Ein Heiligthum der Schönheit und der
Musen,
Ein götterreicher Himmel blüht!
Nur Geistes Armuth kann der Winter
morden:
Kraft filgt zu Kraft, und Glanz zu Glanz
der Norden.
Nord oder Süd! Wenn nur die Seele
glüht!
Arm oder reich! Sei's Pfirsich oder
Pflaume,
Wir pflücken ungleich von des Lebens
Baume,
Dir zollt der Ast, mir nur der Zweig.
Mein leichtes Mahl wiegt darum nicht
geringe;
Lust am Genuß bestimmt den Wert der
Dinge.
Arm oder reich! Die Glücklichen sind
reich!
Schlaf oder Tod! Willkommen,
Zwillingsbrüder!
Der Tag ist hin, ihr zieht die Wimper
nieder.
Traum ist der Erde Glück und Noth.
Zu kurzer Tag! zu schnell verrauscht
das Leben!
Warum so schön und doch so rasch
verschweben?
Schlaf oder Tod! Hell strahlt das
Morgenroth!

25. DES KRIEGERS ABSCHIED WoO143

Ich zieh' in's Feld, von Lieb' entbrannt,
Doch scheid' ich ohne Thränen;
Mein Arm gehört dem Vaterland,
Mein Herz der holden Schönen;
Denn zärtlich muß der wahre Held
Stets für ein Liebchen brennen,
Und doch für's Vaterland im Feld
Entschlossen sterben können.
Denk' ich im Kampfe liebewarm
Daheim an meine Holde,
Dann möcht ich seh'n, wer diesem
Arm
Sich widersetzen wollte;
Denn welch ein Lohn! wird Liebchens
Hand
Mein Siegerleben krönen,
Mein Arm gehört dem Vaterland,
Mein Herz der holden Schönen!

26. DER FREIE MANN WoO117

Wer, wer ist ein freier Mann?
Der, dem nur eig'ner Wille
Und keines Zwingherrn Grille
Gesetze geben kann;
Der ist ein freier Mann!
Ein freier, freier Mann!
Wer, wer ist ein freier Mann?
Der das Gesetz verehret,
Nichts thut, was es verwehret,
Nichts will, als was er kann;
Der ist ein freier Mann!
Ein freier, freier Mann!
Wer, wer ist ein freier Mann?
Der, muß er Gut und Leben

Gleich für die Freiheit geben,
Doch nichts verlieren kann;
Der ist ein freier Mann!
Ein freier, freier Mann!

27. OPFERLIED WoO.126

Die Flamme lodert,
Milder Schein
Durchglänzt den düstern Eichenhain,
Und Weihrauchdüfte wallen.
O neig' ein gnädig Ohr zu mir
Und laß des Jünglings Opfer dir,
Du Höchster, wohlgefallen.
Sei stets der Freiheit Wehr und Schild!
Dein Lebensgeist durchathme mild
Luft, Erde, Feu'r und Fluten!
Gib mir als Jüngling und als Greis
Am väterlichen Heerd, o Zeus,
Das Schöne zu dem Guten!

CD77

**SONGS FOR ONE TO TWO SOLO
VOICES AND PIANO**

**1. DER GESANG DER NACHTIGALL,
WoO141**

Höre, die Nachtigall singt: der Frühling
ist wieder gekommen!
Wieder gekommen der Frühling und
deckt in jeglichem Garten
Wohllustsitze, bestreut mit den
silbernen Blüten der Mandel.
Jetzt sei fröhlich und froh; er entflieht,
der blühende Frühling.
Gärten und Auen schmücken sich neu
zum Feste der Freude;
Blumige Lauben wölben sich hold zur
Hütte der Freundschaft.
Wer weiß, ob er noch lebt, solange die
Laube noch blühet?
Jetzt sei fröhlich und froh; er entflieht,
der blühende Frühling.
Wie die Wangen der Schönen, so
blühen Lilien und Rosen;
Farbige Tropfen hangen daran wie
Edelgesteine.
Täusche dich nicht; auch hoffe von
keiner ewige Reize.
Jetzt sei fröhlich und froh; er entflieht,
der blühende Frühling.
Denke der traurigen Zeit, da alle
Blumen erkrankten,
Da der Rose das welkende Haupt zum
Busen hinabsank;
Jetzo beblümt sich der Fels; es grünen
Hügel und Berge.
Jetzt sei fröhlich und froh; er entflieht,
der blühende Frühling.
Hier im reizenden Tal, hier unter
blühenden Schönen
Sang, eine Nachtigall, ich der Rose.
Rose der Freude,
Bist du verblühet einst, so verstummt
die Stimme des Dichters.
Drum sei fröhlich und froh; er
entflieht, der blühende Frühling.

Johann Gottfried Herder

2. NEUE LIEBE, NEUES LEBEN WoO127

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr!
Weg ist alles, was du liebtest,
Weg, warum du dich betrübtest,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh',
Ach, wie kamst du nur dazu!
Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,
Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,
Führet mich im Augenblick
Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.
Und an diesem Zauberkfädchen,
Das sich nicht zerreißen läßt,
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen
Mich so wider Willen fest,
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise
Leben nun auf ihre Weise.
Die Veränd'ring, ach wie groß!
Liebe, Liebe, laß mich los!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

3. SEUFZER EINES UNGELIEBTEN UND GEGENLIEBE WoO118

Hast du nicht Liebe zugemessen
Dem Leben jeder Kreatur?
Warum bin ich allein vergessen,
Auch meine Mutter du! du Natur?
Wo lebte wohl in Forst und Hürde,
Und wo in Luft und Meer, ein Tier,
Das nimmermehr geliebet würde?
Geliebt wird alles, wird alles ausser
mir, ja alles außer mir!
Wenngleich im Hain, auf Flur und
Matten
Sich Baum und Staude, Moos und
Kraut
Durch Liebe und Gegenliebe gatten;
Vermählt sich mir doch keine Braut.
Mir wächst vom süßesten der Triebe
Nie Honigfrucht zur Lust heran.
Denn ach! Mir mangelt Gegenliebe,
Die Eine, nur Eine gewähren kann.
Wüßt' ich, daß du mich lieb und wert
Ein bißchen hieltest,
Und von dem, was ich für dich,
Nur ein Hundertteilchen fühltest;
Daß dein Dank hübsch meinem Gruß
Halben Wegs entgegenkäme,
Und dein Mund den Wechselkuß
Gerne gäb' und wieder nähme:
Dann, o Himmel, außer sich,
Würde ganz mein Herz zerlodern!
Leib und Leben könnt' ich
Dich nicht vergebens lassen fodern!
Gegengunst erhöhet Gunst,
Liebe nähret Gegenliebe,
Und entflammt zur Feuersbrunst,
Was ein Aschenfünkchen bliebe.

Gottfried August Bürger

4. DER BARDENGEIST WoO142

Dort auf dem hohen Felsen sang ein
alter Bardengeist;
Es tönt wie Äolsharfenklang
Im bangen schweren Trauersang,

Der mir das Herz zerreißt.
Und wie vom Berge zart und lind
In's süße Blumenland
Kastalia's heil'ge Quelle rinnt:
So wallt und rauscht im Morgenwind
Das silberne Gewand.
Nur leise rauscht sein Lied dahin
Beim grauen Dämmerchein,
Und zu den hellen Sternen hin
Entschwebt sein Herz, sein tiefer Sinn
In süßen Träumerei'n.
Und still ergriff mich mehr und mehr
Sein wunderbares Lied.
Was siehst du, Geist, so bang und
schwer?
Was suchst du dort im Sternenheer?
Wie dir die Seele zieht!
Ich suche wohl, nicht find' ich mehr,
Ach, die Vergangenheit!
Ich sehe wohl so bang und schwer,
Ich suche dort im Sternenheer
Der Deutschen gold'ne Zeit.
Hinunter ging die Sonne schon,
Kaum blieb ein Widerschein;
Mit Arglist und mit frechem Hohn
Pflanzt nun die düstre Nacht den
Mohn
Um's Grab der Väter ein.
Ja, herrlich, unerschüttert, kühn
Stand einst der Deutsche da;
Ach, über schwanke Trümmer zieh'n
Verhängnisvolle Sterne hin!
Es war Teutonia!
Noch auf dem hohen Felsen sang
Der alte Bardengeist.
Es tönt wie Äolsharfenklang
Ein banger schwerer Trauersang,
Der mir das Herz zerreißt.

Franz Rudolf Herrmann

5. DER LIEBENDE WoO139

Welch ein wunderbares Leben,
Ein Gemisch von Schmerz und Lust,
Welch ein nie gefühltes Beben
Waltet jetzt in meiner Brust!
Herz, mein Herz, was soll dies Pochen?
Deine Ruh' ist unterbrochen,
Sprich, was ist mit dir gescheh'n?
So hab' ich dich nie geseh'n!
Hat dich nicht die Götterblume
Mit dem Hauch der Lieb' entglüht,
Sie, die in dem Heiligtume
Reiner Unschuld aufgeblüht?
Ja, die schöne Himmelsblüte
Mit dem Zauberblick voll Güte
Hält mit einem Band mich fest,
Das sich nicht zerreißen läßt!
Oft will ich die Teure fliehen;
Tränen zittern dann im Blick,
Und der Liebe Geister ziehen
Auf der Stelle mich zurück.
Denn ihr pocht mit heißen Schlägen
Ewig dieses Herz entgegen,
Aber ach, sie fühlt es nicht,
Was mein Herz im Auge spricht!

Christian Ludwig Reissig

6. MERKENSTEIN WoO144

Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Wo ich wandle, denk' ich dein.
Wenn Aurora Felsen rötet,
Hell im Busch die Amsel flötet,
Weidend Herden sich zerstreun,
Denk' ich dein, Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Dir nur hüllt die Nacht mich ein.
Ewig möcht' ich wonnig träumen
Unter deinen Schwesternbäumen,
Deinen Frieden mir verleihn!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Weckend soll der Morgen sein,
Laß uns dort von Ritterhöhen
Nach der Vorzeit Bildern spähen:
Sie, so groß und wir so klein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!

Johann Baptist Rupprecht

7. MAN STREBT DIE FLAMME ZU VERHEHLEN WoO120

Man strebt die Flamme zu verhehlen,
die bei gefühlvoll edlen Seelen
sich unbemerkt ins Herze stiehlt;
geheimnisvoll schließt man die Lippen,
jedoch verrät sich bald mit Blicken,
wie sehr man ach, die Liebe fühlt
Ein Blick sagt mehr alt tausende
Worte,
ein Blick entriegelt oft die Pforte,
der lang verhehlten Leidenschaft.
Er zeigt dem Teuren, den ich liebe,
des Herzens reine, zarte Triebe
und gibt ihm auszuharren Kraft.

8. MOLLYS ABSCHIED OP.52/5

Lebewohl, du Mann der Lust und
Schmerzen,
Mann der Liebe, meines Lebens Stab!
Gott mit dir, Geliebter, tief zu Herzen
Halle dir mein Segensruf hinab!
Zum Gedächtnis biet' ich dir statt
Goldes,
Was ist Gold und goldeswerter Tand?
Biet' ich lieber was dein Auge Holdes,
Was dein Herz an Molly Liebes fand.
Vom Gesicht, der Waltstatt deiner
Küße,
Nimm, so lang' ich ferne von dir bin,
Halb zum Mindesten im Schattenrisse
Für die Phantasie die Abschrift hin!
Nimm, du süßer Schmeichler, von den
Locken,
Die du oft zerwühltest und verschobst,
Wann du über Flachs an Pallas Rocken,
Über Gold und Seide sie erhobst!
Meiner Augen Denkmal sei dies blaue
Kränzchen flehender Vergißmeinnicht
Oft beträufelt von der Wehmüt Tauge,
Der hervor durch sie von Herzen
bricht!

Gottfried August Bürger

9. SEHNSUCHT, 4 SETTINGS WoO134

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

**10. AN DEN FERNEN GELIEBTEN
OP.75/5**

Einst wohnten süße Ruh' und gold'ner
Frieden In meiner Brust;
Nun mischt sich Wehmut, ach! seit wir
geschieden, In jede Lust.
Der Trennung Stunde hör' ich immer
hallen
So dumpf und hohl,
Mir tönt im Abendlied der Nachtigallen
Dein Lebewohl!
Wohin ich wandle, schwebt vor
meinen Blicken
Dein holdes Bild,
Das mir mit banger Sehnsucht und
Entzücken
Den Busen füllt.
Stets mahn' es flehend deine schöne
Seele,
Was Liebe spricht:
Ach Freund! den ich aus einer Welt
erwähle,
Vergiß mein nicht!
Wenn sanft ein Lüftchen deine Locken
kräuselt Im Mondenlicht;
Das ist mein Geist, der flehend dich
umsäuselt:
Vergiß mein nicht!
Wirst du im Vollmondschein dich nach
mir sehnen,
Wie Zephyrs Weh'n
Wird dir's melodisch durch die Lüfte
tönen:
Auf Wiederseh'n!

Christian Ludwig Reissig

11. MIGNON OP.75/1

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen
blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen
glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel
weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer
steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter,
zieh'n.
Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht
sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das
Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn
mich an:

Was hat man dir, du armes Kind,
getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer,
zieh'n.
Kennst du den Berg und seinen
Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen
Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte
Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns
zieh'n!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

12. GRETELS WARNUNG OP.75/4

Mit Liebesblick und Spiel und Sang
Warb Christel jung und schön;
So lieblich war, so frisch und schlank
Kein Jüngling rings zu seh'n.
Nein, keiner war
In ihrer Schaar,
Für den ich das gefühl!
Das merkt er, ach!
Und ließ nicht nach,
Bis er es all, bis er es all,
Bis er es all erhielt!
Wohl war im Dorfe mancher Mann,
So jung und schön wie er;
Doch sah'n nur ihn die Mädchen an
Und kos'ten um ihn her.
Bald riß ihr Wort
Ihn schmeichelnd fort,
Gewonnen war sein Herz.
Mir ward er kalt,
Dann floh er bald
Und ließ mich hier, und ließ mich hier,
und ließ mich hier im Schmerz.
Sein Liebesblick und Spiel und Sang,
So süß und wonniglich,
Sein Kuß, der tief zur Seele drang,
Erfreut nicht fürder mich.
Schaut meinen Fall,
Ihr Schwestern all',
Für die der Falsche glüht,
Und trauet nicht dem, was er spricht.
O seht mich an, mich Arme an,
O seht mich an, und flieht!

Gerhard Anton von Halem

13. DER MANN VON WORT OP.99

Du sagtest, Freund, an diesen Ort
komm ich zurück, das war dein Wort.
Du kamest nicht; ist das ein Mann,
auf dessen Wort man trauen kann?
Fast größer bild' ich mir nichts ein,
als seines Wortes Mann zu sein;
wer Worte, gleich den Weibern, bricht,
verdient des Mannes Namen nicht.
Ein Wort, ein Mann, war deutscher
Klang,
der von dem Mund zum Herzen drang,
und das der Schlag von deutscher
Hand,
gleich heil'gen Eiden, fest verband.
Und dieses Wort, das er dir gab,

brach nicht die Furcht am nahen Grab,
nicht Weibergunst, noch
Menschenzwang,
nicht Gold, nicht Gut, noch
Fürstenrang.
Wenn so dein deutscher Ahne sprach,
dann folg', als Sohn, dem Vater nach,
der seinen Eid: Ein Wort, ein Mann,
als Mann von Wort verbürgen kann.
Nun sind wir auch der Deutschen wert,
des Volkes, das die Welt verehrt.
Hier meine Hand; wir schlagen ein,
und wollen deutsche Männer sein.

Friedrich August Kleinschmidt

14. DER EDLE MENSCH WoO151

Der edle Mensch sei
Hülfreich und gut,
Hülfreich und gut.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

15. TRAUTE HENRIETTE HESS151

Traute Henriette,
holdeste Brünnette,
hast du Lieb fur mich?
Heit're mein Gemüte,
sänft'ge mein Geblüte!
Mädchen, liebe mich,
liebe mich!

16. MERKENSTEIN, OP.100

Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Wo ich wandle, denk' ich dein.
Wenn Aurora Felsen rötet,
Hell im Busch die Amsel flötet,
Weidend Herden sich zerstreuen,
Denk' ich dein, Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Bei der schwülen Mittagspein
Sehn' ich mich nach deinen Gängen,
Deinen Grotten, Felsenhängen,
Deiner Kühlung mich zu freun.
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Dich erhellt mir Hesper's Schein,
Duftend rings von Florens Kränzen
Seh' ich die Gemächer glänzen,
Traulich blickt der Mond hinein.
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Merkenstein! Merkenstein!
Höchster Anmut Lust-Verein.
Ewig jung ist in Ruinen
Mir Natur in dir erschienen;
Ihr, nur ihr mich stets zu weihn,
Denk' ich dein, Merkenstein!

Johann Baptist Rupprecht

CD 78

1. "AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE" OP.98
Ein Liederkreis von Alois Jeitteles

**1.1 AUF DEM HÜGEL SITZ ICH
SPÄHEND OP.98 NO.2**

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

1.2 WO DIE BERGE SO BLAU OP.98 NO.2

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

1.3 LEICHTE SEGLER IN DEN HÖHEN OP.98 NO.3

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstdlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

1.4 DIESE WOLKEN IN DEN HÖHEN OP.98 NO.4

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

1.5 ES KEHRET DER MAIEN, ES BLÜHET DIE AU OP.98 NR.5

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum
wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich
Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz
und von quer
Manch weicheres Stück zu dem
Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die
Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so
treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun
der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling
vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling
erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

1.6 NIMM SIE HIN DENN, DIESE LIEDER OP.98 NR.6

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe die dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.
Wenn das Dämmungsrot dann zieht
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
ohne Kunstgepräg erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

2. ADELAIDE OP.46

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im
Frühlingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht
umflossen,
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige
zittert, Adelaide!
In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der
Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein
Bildnis, Adelaide!
Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstern,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase
säuseln,
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen
flöten: Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem
Grabe
Ein Blume der Asche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem
Purpurblättchen: Adelaide!

3. ZÄRTLICHE LIEBE WoO123

Ich liebe dich, so wie du mich,
Am Abend und am Morgen,
Noch war kein Tag, wo du und ich
Nicht teilten unsre Sorgen.
Auch waren sie für dich und mich
Geteilt leicht zu ertragen;
Du tröstest im Kummer mich,
Ich weint in deine Klagen.
Drum Gottes Segen über dir,
Du, meines Lebens Freude.
Gott schütze dich, erhalt dich mir,
Schütz und erhalt uns beide.

4. DER KUß OP.128

Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein,
Und küssen wollt ich sie:
Jedoch sie sprach,
Sie würde schreien,
Es sei vergebne Müh.
Ich wagt es doch und küßte sie,
Trotz ihrer Gegenwehr.
Und schrie sie nicht?
Jawohl, sie schrie,
Doch lange hinterher.

5. LIED AUS DER FERNE WoO137

Als mir noch die Träne der Sehnsucht
nicht floß,
Und neidisch die Ferne nicht Liebchen
verschloß,
Wie glich da mein Leben dem
blühenden Kranz,
Dem Nachtigallwäldchen, voll Spiel
und voll Tanz!
Nun treibt mich oft Sehnsucht hinaus
auf die Höhen,
Den Wunsch meines Herzens wo
lächeln zu seh'n!
Hier sucht in der Gegend mein
schmachtender Blick,
Doch kehret es nimmer befriedigt
zurück.
Wie klopf es im Busen, als wärst du
mir nah,
O komm, meine Holde, dein Jüngling
ist da!
Ich opfre dir alles, was Gott mir
verlieh,
Denn wie ich dich liebe, so liebt' ich
noch nie!
O Teure, komm eilig zum bräutlichen
Tanz!
Ich pflege schon Rosen und Myrten
zum Kranz.
Komm, zaubre mein Hüttchen zum
Tempel der Ruh,
Zum Tempel der Wonne, die Göttin sei
du!

6. DER JÜNGLING IN DER FREMDE

WoO137

Der Frühling entblühet dem Schoß der Natur,
Mit lachenden Blumen bestreut er die Flur:

Doch mir lacht vergebens das Thal und die Höh',
Es bleibt mir im Busen so bang' und so weh.

Begeisternder Frühling, du heilst nicht den Schmerz!

Das Leben zerdrückte mein fröhliches Herz

Ach, blüht wohl auf Erden für mich noch die Ruh',

So führ' mich dem Schosse der Himmlischen zu!

Ach Herz, dich erkennt ja der Jüngling nicht mehr!

Wie bist du so traurig, was schmerzt dich so sehr?

Dich quälet die Sehnsucht, gesteh' es mir nur,

Dich fesselt das Mädchen der heimischen Flur!

7. RESIGNATION WoO149

Lisch aus, mein Licht!

Was dir gebricht,

Das ist nun fort,
an diesem Ort

Kannst du's nicht wieder finden!

Du mußt nun los dich binden.

Sonst hast du lustig aufgebrannt,
Nun hat man dir die Luft entwandt;

Wenn diese fort geweht,

die Flamme irregeth,

Sucht, findet nicht;

lisch aus, mein Licht!

8. ANDENKEN WoO.136

Ich denke dein,

Wenn durch den Hain

Der Nachtigallen

Akkorde schallen!

Wann denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein

Im Dämmerchein

Der Abendhelle

Am Schattenquelle!

Wo denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein

Mit süßer Pein

Mit bangem Sehnen

Und heißen Tränen!

Wie denkst du mein?

O denke mein,

Bis zum Verein

Auf besserm Sterne!

In jeder Ferne

Denk ich nur dein!

SECHS LIEDER CHRISTIAN VON FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT OP.48

9. BITTEN OP.48 NO.1

Gott, deine Güte reicht so weit,

So weit die Wolken gehen,

Du krönst uns mit Barmherzigkeit

Und eilst, uns beizustehen.

Herr! Meine Burg, mein Fels, mein

Hort,

Vernimm mein Flehn, merk auf mein

Wort;

Denn ich will vor dir beten!

10. DIE LIEBE DES NÄCHSTEN OP.48 NR.2

So jemand spricht: Ich liebe Gott,

Und haßt doch seine Brüder,

Der treibt mit Gottes Wahrheit Spott

Und reißt sie ganz darnieder.

Gott ist die Lieb, und will, daß ich

Den Nächsten liebe, gleich als mich.

11. VOM TODE OP.48 NO.3

Meine Lebenszeit verstreicht,

Stündlich eil ich zu dem Grabe,

Und was ist's, das ich vielleicht,

Das ich noch zu leben habe?

Denk, o Mensch, an deinen Tod!

Säume nicht, denn Eins ist Not!

12. DIE EHRE GOTTES AUS DER NATUR OP.48 NO.4

Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre;

Ihr Schall pflanzt seinen Namen fort.

Ihn rühmt der Erdkreis, ihn preisen die

Meere;

Vernimm, o Mensch, ihr göttlich Wort!

Wer trägt der Himmel unzählbare

Sterne?

Wer führt die Sonn aus ihrem Zelt?

Sie kommt und leuchtet und lacht uns

Von ferne

Und läuft den Weg gleich als ein Held.

13. GOTTES MACHT UND VORSEHUNG OP.48 NO.5

Gott ist mein Lied!

Er ist der Gott der Stärke,

Hehr ist sein Nam'

Und groß sind seine Werke,

Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet.

14. BUßLIED OP.48 NO.6

An dir allein, an dir hab ich gesündigt,
Und übel oft vor dir getan.

Du siehst die Schuld, die mir den Fluch verkündigt;

Sieh, Gott, auch meinen Jammer an.

Dir ist mein Flehn, mein Seufzen nicht

verborgen,

Und meine Tränen sind vor dir.

Ach Gott, mein Gott, wie lange soll ich sorgen?

Wie lang entfernst du dich von mir?

Herr, handle nicht mit mir nach

meinen Sünden,

Vergilt mir nicht nach meiner Schuld.

Ich suche dich, laß mich dein Antlitz

finden,

Du Gott der Langmut und Geduld.

Früh wollst du mich mit deiner Gnade

füllen,

Gott, Vater der Barmherzigkeit.

Erfreue dich um deines Namens willen,

Du bist mein Gott, der gern erfreut.

Laß deinen Weg mich wieder freudig

wallen

Und lehre mich dein heilig Recht

Mich täglich tun nach deinem

Wohlgefallen;

Du bist mein Gott, ich bin dein Knecht.

Herr, eile du, mein Schutz, mir

beizustehen,

Und leite mich auf ebner Bahn

Er hört mein Schrei'n, der Herr erhört

mein Flehen

Und nimmt sich meiner Seele an.

LIEDER NACH JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

15. MAILIED OP.52 NO.4

Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur,

Wie glänzt die Sonne, wie lacht die

Flur!

Es dringen Blüten aus jedem Zweig

Und tausend Stimmen aus dem

Gesträuch,

Und Freud und Wonne aus jeder Brust;

O Erd', o Sonne, o Glück, o Lust!

O Lieb', o Liebe! So golden schön

Wie Morgenwolken auf jenen Höhn!

Du segnest herrlich das frische Feld,

Im Blütendampfe die volle Welt.

O Mädchen, Mädchen, wie lieb ich

dich!

Wie blickt dein Auge, wie liebst du

mich!

So liebt die Lerche Gesang und Luft,

Und Morgenblumen den Himmelsduft

Wie ich dich liebe mit warmen Blut,

Die du mir Jugend und Freud und Mut

Zu neuen Liedern und Tänz'n gibst.

Sei ewig glücklich, wie du mich liebst!

16. MARMOTTE OP.52 NO.7

Ich komme schon durch manches

Land,

Avec que la marmotte,

Und immer was zu essen fand,

Avec que la marmotte,

Avec que sí, avecque là,

Avec que la marmotte.

17. NEUE LIEBE, NEUES LEBEN OP.75 NO.2

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?

Was bedrängt dich so sehr?

Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!

Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr!

Weg ist alles, was du liebtest,

Weg, warum du dich betrübtest,

Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh',

Ach, wie kannst du nur dazu!

Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,

Diese liebliche Gestalt,

Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte

Mit unendlicher Gewalt?

Will ich rasch mich ihr entziehen,

Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,

Führt mich im Augenblick

Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.

Und an diesem Zauberbüchlein,

Das sich nicht zerreissen läßt,

Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen

Mich so wider Willen fest,

Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise

Leben nun auf ihre Weise.

Die Veränderung, ach wie groß!

Liebe, Liebe, laß mich los!

18. WONNE DER WEHMUT OP.83 NO.1

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm
erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

19. SEHNSUCHT OP.83 NR.2

Was zieht mir das Herz so?
Was zieht mich hinaus?
Und windet und schraubt mich
Aus Zimmer und Haus?
Wie dort sich die Wolken
Am Felsen verziehn!
Da möcht ich hinüber,
Da möcht ich wohl hin!
Nun wiegt sich der Raben
Geselliger Flug;
Ich mische mich drunter
Und folge dem Zug.
Und Berg und Gemäuer
Umfittigen wir;
Sie weilet da drunten,
Ich spähe nach ihr.
Da kommt sie und wandelt;
Ich eile sobald,
Ein singender Vogel,
Im buschigen Wald.
Sie weilet und horchet
Und lächelt mit sich:
"Er singet so lieblich
Und singt es an mich."
Die scheidende Sonne
Vergüldet die Höh'n;
Die sinnende Schöne,
Sie läßt es geschehn.
Sie wandelt am Bache
Die Wiesen entlang,
Und finster und finstrer
Umschlingt sich der Gang;
Auf einmal erschein ich,
Ein blinkender Stern.
"Was glänzet da droben,
So nah und so fern?"
Und hast du mit Staunen
Das Leuchten erblickt,
Ich lieg dir zu Füßen,
Da bin ich beglückt!

**20. MIT EINEM GEMALTEN BAND
OP.83 NO.3**

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand
Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter
Tändelnd auf ein luftig Band.
Zephir, nimm's auf deine Flügel,
Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid;
Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel
All in ihrer Munterkeit.
Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,
Selbst wie eine Rose jung.
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!
Und ich bin belohnt genug.
Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,
Reiche frei mir deine Hand,
Und das Band, das uns verbindet,
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

**21. FREUDVOLL UND LEIDVOLL OP.84
NO.2**

Freudvoll Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
[Langen] Und bangen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend
Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

CD79

CANONS, EPIGRAMS AND JOKES

1. LOB AUF DEN DICKEN

**"SCHUPPANZIGH IST EIN LUMP",
WoO100**

Musical joke for 3 solo voices & choir
Schuppanzigh ist ein Lump –
Wer kennt ihn, wer kennt ihn nicht,
den dicken Saumagen, dan
aufgeblasenen Eselskopf,
O Lump Schuppanzigh, o Esel
Schuppanzigh –
Wir stimmen alle ein:
Du bist der größte Esel, o Esel, hi, hi, ha

2. ESEL ALLER ESEL, HI HA, HESS 277

Musical joke
Esel aller Esel! – hi ha.

**3. GRAF, LIEBSTER GRAF, LIEBSTES
SCHAF, WoO101**

Musical joke
Graf, Graf, liebster Graf,
liebstes Schaf, bester Graf
bestes Schaf.

**4. HERR GRAF, ICH KOMME ZU
FRAGEN, HESS 276**

Canon a 3
Herr Graf, ich komme zu fragen, wie
Sie sich
befinden, ob Sie recht gut geschlafen
und angenehm
geträumt oder ob Ihnen nichts
betrüblisches passiert ist.

**5. BESTER HERR GRAF, SIE SIND EIN
SCHAF, WoO183**

Canon a 4
Bester Herr Graf, Sie sind ein Schaf.

6. ES MUSS SEIN, WoO196

Joke or riddle canon a 4
Es muss sein, ja, heraus mit dem
Beutel!

**7. CANON FOR 2 INSTRUMENTS IN G
MAJOR HESS 274**

**8. DA IST DAS WERK, SORGT UM DAS
GELD! WoO197**

Canon a 5
Da ist das Werk, sorgt um das Geld,
eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs,
sieben, acht, neun,
zehn, elf, zwölf Dukaten.

9. GLAUBE UND HOFFE, WOO 174

Canonlike movement a 4
Glaube und hoffe!

**10. AUF EINEN, WELCHER HOFFMANN
GEHEISSEN, WoO180**

Canon a 2
Hoffmann, sei ja kein Hofmann, nein
ich heiße
Hoffmann und bin kein Hofmann.

**11. ANGLAISE IN D MAJOR FOR
PIANO, HESS**

**12. RASCH TRITT DER TOD DEN
MENSCHEN AN, WoO 104**

*Gesang der Mönche from Schiller's
"Wilhelm Tell"*
Rasch tritt der Tod den Menschen an,
es ist ihm keine Frist gegeben,
es stürzt ihn mitten in der Bahn,
es reißt ihn fort vom vollen Leben,
bereitet oder nicht, zu gehen.
Er muß vor seinem Richter stehen.

**13. ICH WAR HIER, DOKTOR, ICH WAR
HIER, WoO190**

Riddle canon a 2
Ich war hier, Doktor, ich war hier.

14. SIGNOR ABATE, WoO178

Canon a 3
Signor Abate! io sono ammalato.
Santo Padre! vieni e datemi la
benedizione!
Hol' Sie der Teufel, wenn Sie nicht
kommen!

**15. KURZ IST DER SCHMERZ, UND
EWIG IST DIE FREUDE WoO163**

Canon a 3
Kurz ist der Schmerz, ewig ist die
Freude.

**16. HOL' EUCH DER TEUFEL! B'HÜT
EUCH GOTT! WoO173**

Riddle canon a 2
Hol' euch der Teufel! B'hüt euch Gott!

**17. GOTT IST EINE FESTE BURG,
WoO188**

Riddle canon a 2
Gott ist eine feste Burg.

**18. SANKT PETRUS WAR EIN
FELS/BERNARDUS WAR EIN SANKT,
WoO175**

Riddle canon a 4
Sankt Petrus war ein Fels, Bernardus
war ein Sankt?

**19. TUGEND IST KEIN LEERER NAME,
WoO181 NO.3**

Canon a 3
Tugend ist kein leerer Name

**20. EDEL SEI DER MENSCH, HÜLFREICH
UND GUT, WoO185**

Canon a 6
Edel sei der Mensch, hilffreich und gut.

21. BESTER MAGISTRAT, IHR FRIERT, WoO177

Canon for 2 male voices and 2 double basses

Bester Magistrat, Ihr friert!

22. KÜHL, NICHT LAU, WoO191

Canon a 3

Kühl, nicht lau.

23. WIR IRREN ALLESAMT, WoO198

Riddle canon a 2

Wir irren allesamt, nur jeder irret anders.

24. AUF EINEN, WELCHER SCHWENKE GEHEISSEN, WoO187

Canon a 4

Schwenke dich, ohne Schwänke!

25. BRAUCHLE, LINKE, WoO167

Canon a 4

Brauchle, Linke

26. O TOBIAS!, WoO182

Canon a 3

O Tobias! Dominus Haslinger o! o!

27. GEDENKET HEUTE AN BADEN, WoO181 NO.1

Canon a 4

Gedenket heute an Baden!

28. SEINER KAISERLICHEN

HOHEIT...ALLES GUTE, ALLES SCHÖNE, WoO179

Introduction and canon a 4

Seiner kaiserlichen Hoheit!

Dem Erzherzog Rudolph!

Dem geistlichen Fürsten!

Alles Gute! Alles Schöne!

29. GLÜCK FEHL' DIR VOR ALLEM, WoO171

Canon a 4

Glück fehl' dir vor allem, Gesundheit auch - niemalsen!

30. GEHABT EUCH WOHL, WoO181 NO.2

Canon a 4

Gehabt euch wohl.

31. FREU' DICH DES LEBENS, WoO195

Canon a 2

Freu' dich des Lebens.

32. GLÜCK ZUM NEUEN JAHR, WoO165

Canon a 4

Glück, Glück zum neuen Jahr

33. INSTRUMENTAL CANON A 2 IN A FLAT MAJOR, HESS 275

34. IM ARM DER LIEBE RUHT SICH'S WOHL, WoO159

Canon a 3

Im Arm der Liebe ruht sich's wohl.

Wo es auch sei, das ist dem Müden einerlei.

Im Schoß der Erde ruht sich's wohl!

35. ICH KÜSSE SIE, WoO169

Riddle canon a 2

Ich küsse Sie, drücke Sie an mein Herz!

Ich, der Hauptmann.

36. LANGUISCO E MORO, HESS 229

Canon a 2

Languisco e moro per te mio ben

ch'adoro.

37. TE SOLO ADORO, WoO186

Canon a 2

Te solo adoro mente infinita,

fonte di vita di verità.

38. EWIG DEIN, WOO161

Canon a 3

Ewig dein.

39. FREUNDSCHAFT IST DER QUELL WAHRER GLÜCKSELIGKEIT, WoO164

Canon a 3

Freundschaft ist die Quelle wahrer

Glückseligkeit

40. INSTRUMENTAL CANON A 4, WoO160 NO.2

41. TA TA TA, LIEBER MÄLZEL, WoO162

Canon a 4

Ta ta ta, lieber Mälzel

ta ta ta, lebet wohl, sehr wohl

ta ta ta, Banner der Zeit

ta ta ta, großer Metronom.

ta ta ta ta ta.

42. ICH BITT' DICH, SCHREIB' MIR DIE ES-SCALA AUF, WoO172

Canon a 3

Ich bitt' dich, schreib' mir die Es-Scala

auf.

43. ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS, WoO192

Riddle canon

Ars longa, vita brevis

44. INSTRUMENTAL CANON A 3, WoO160 NO.1

45. DAS SCHWEIGEN, WoO168 NO.1

Riddle canon a 3

Lerne schweigen, o Freund, dem

Reden gleicht das Silber,

aber zu rechter Zeit schweigen,

Schweigen ist lauterer Gold.

46. DAS REDEN, WoO168 NO.2

Canon a 3

Rede, rede, wenn's um einen Freund

dir gilt.

Rede, rede, einer Schönen Schönes zu

sagen.

47. FALSTAFFERL, WOO 184

Canon a 5

Falstafferl, Falstaff, laß dich sehen.

48. ALLEGRO IN A MAJOR FOR 2 VIOLINS, WoO34

49. ABSCHIEDSGESANG WoO102

Gedicht von Joseph von Seyfried

Die Stunde schlägt, wir müssen

scheiden,

bald sucht vergebens dich mein Blick;

am Busen ländlich stiller Freuden

erringst du dir ein neues Glück.

Geliebter Freund! Du bleibst uns teuer,

ging auch die Reise nach dem Belt;

doch ist zum guten Glück Stadt Steyer

noch nicht am Ende dieser Welt.

Und kommen die Freunde, um dich zu

besuchen,

so sei nur hübsch freundlich und back

ihnen Kuchen,

auch werden, so wie sich's für

Deutsche gehört,

auf 's Wohlsein der Gäste die Humpen

geleert.

Dann bringen wir froh im gezuckerten

Weine ein Gläschen dem ewigen

Freundschaftsvereine;

dein Töchterlein mache den Ganymed,

ich weiß, daß sie gerne dazu sich

versteht.

Geliebter Bruder! Lebe wohl.

25 IRISH SONGS WoO152, SELECTION 50. NO.2 SWEET POWER OF SONG!

Sweet power of Song! That canst

impart,

To lowland swain or mountaineers,

A gladness thrilling trough the heart,

A joy so tender and so dear:

Sweet Power! That on a foreign strand

Canst the rough soldier's bosom move,

With feelings of his native land,

As gentle as infant's love.

Sweet Power! That makes youthful

heads

With thistle, leek, or shamrock

crown'd,

Nod proudly as the carol sheds

Its spirit through the social round.

Sweet Power! That cheer's the daily

toil

Of cottage maid, or beldame poor,

The ploughman on the furrow'd soil,

Or herdboy on the lonely moor.

Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,

Who mourns his maiden's broken tye,

'Till the sweet plaint, in woe's despite,

Hath made a bliss of agony.

Sweet power of Song! Thanks flow to thee

From every kind and gentle breast!

Let Erin's Cambria's minstrels be

With Burn's tuneful spirit blest!

Joanna Baillie

51. NO.5 ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow

Thy wayward notes of wail and woe

Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where non may list their melody?

Say, harp'st thou to the mist that fly,

Or to the dun deer glancing by,

Or to the eagle, that from hig

Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?
 No, not to these, for they have rest,
 The mist-wreath has the mountain
 crest,
 The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
 Abode of lone security.
 But those for whom I pour the lay,
 Not wild wood deep, nor mountain
 grey,
 Not this deep dell that shrouds from
 day
 Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.
 The hand that mingled in the meal,
 At midnight drew the felon steel,
 And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
 Meed for his hospitality.
 The friendly heart which warm'd that
 hand,
 At midnight arm'd it with a brand
 That bade destruction's flames expand
 Their red and fearful blazonry.
 Long have my harp's best notes been
 gone,
 Few are its strings, and faint their
 tone,
 They can but sound in desert lone
 Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
 Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
 Each chord should imprecations fling,
 'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
 "Revenge for blood and treachery!"

**52. NO.6 WHAT SHALL I DO TO SHEW
 HOW MUCH I LOVE HER?**

What shall I do to shew how much I
 love her?
 Thoughts that oppress me, O how can I
 tell?
 Will my soft passion be able to move
 her?
 Language is wanting, when loving so
 well.
 Can sighs and tears, in the silence,
 betoken
 Half the distress this fond bosom must
 know?
 Or will she melt when a true heart is
 broken,
 Weeping, too late, o'er her lost lover's
 woe.
 Is there a grace comes not playful
 before her?
 Is there a virtue, and not in her train?
 Is there a swain but delights to adore
 her?
 Pains she a heart, but it boasts of her
 chain?
 Could I believe she'd prevent my
 undoing,
 Life's gayest fancies the hope should
 renew;
 Or could I think she'd be pleas'd with
 my ruin,
 Death should persuade her my
 sorrows are true!

**53. NO.8 COME DRAW WE ROUND A
 CHEERFUL RING**

Come draw we round a cheerful ring
 And broach the foaming ale,
 And let the merry maiden sing,

The beldame tell her tale:
 And let the sightless harper sit
 The blazing faggot by;
 And let the jester vent his wit,
 His tricks the urchin try.
 Who shakes the door with angry din;
 And would admitted be?
 No, Gossip Winter, snug within,
 We have no room for thee.
 Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,
 And shake the willows bare;
 The water-elf his sport doth take,
 Thou'lt find a comrade there.
 Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,
 The owl hoots on the tree,
 They hold their nightly vigil well,
 And so the while will we.
 Then strike we up the rousing glee,
 And pass the beaker round,
 While ev'ry head right merrily
 Is moving to the sound.

Joanna Baillie

54. NO.10 THE DESERTER

If sadly thinking and spirits sinking
 Could more than drinking my cares
 compose;
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd
 borrow,
 And hope tomorrow might end my
 woes.
 But since in wailing there's nought
 availing,
 And Fate unfailling must strike the
 blow:
 Then for that reason and for a season,
 We will be merry before we go.
 A wayworn ranger to joy a stranger,
 Through every danger my course I've
 run;
 Now hope all ending, and death
 befriending,
 His last aid sending, my cares are
 done,
 No more a rover, or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over, and my glass runs
 low.
 Then for that reason and for a season,
 We will be merry before we go.

John Philpot Curran

55. NO.11 THOU EMBLEM OF FAITH

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet
 pledge of a passion,
 That heav'n has ordain'd for an
 happier than me;
 On the hand of the fair go resume thy
 lov'd station
 And bask in the beam that is lavish'd
 on thee.
 And when some past scene thy
 remembrance recalling,
 Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is
 falling,
 With the transport of love may no
 anguish combine,
 But the bliss be all hers, and the suff
 'ring all mine.
 But ah! Had the ringlet thou lov'st to
 surround,

Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek
 of my dear,
 What ransom to buy thee could ever
 be found?
 Or what force from my heart thy
 possession could tear?
 A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a
 stranger,
 In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in
 danger,
 Next that heart would I wear thee till
 its last pang was o'er,
 Then togheter we'd sink, and I'd part
 thee no more. *John Philpot Curran*
**56. NO.13 MUSING ON THE ROARING
 OCEAN**
 Musing on the roaring ocean
 Which divides my love and me;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be;
 Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature's law;
 Whispering spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that 's far awa.
 Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.
 Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that 's far away!

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

**57. NO.15 LET BRAIN-SPINNING
 SWAINS**

Let brain-spinning swains, in effusions
 fantastic,
 Sing meetings by moonlight in harbour
 or grove;
 But Patrick O'Donnelly's taste is more
 plastic,
 All times and all seasons are fitted for
 love:
 At Cork or Killarny, Killala or Blarney,
 At fair, wake, or wedding, my passion
 must glow:
 Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
 Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.
 When driving the cows of old father
 O'Leary,
 An angel, yourself, I had still in my eye;
 When digging potatoes, mud-spatter'd
 and weary.
 O what did I think on, but you, with a
 sigh!
 At plough, or haymaking, I'm in an odd
 tucking,
 My bosom heaves high, though my
 spirits be low:
 Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
 Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.
 When first I 'spied your sweet face, I
 remember,
 That hot summer day, how I shiver'd
 for shame!
 You smil'd when I met you again in
 December,
 And then, by the Pow'rs, I was all in a
 flame!

Come summer, come winter, in you
my thoughts center,
I doat on you, Judy, from top to he toe:
Fair maid, will you but trust to me
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

Sir Alexander Boswell

**58. NO.17 IN VAIN TO THIS DESERT
MY FATE I DEPLORE**

In vain to this desert my fate I deplore,
For dark is the wildwood, and bleak is
the shore;
The rude blasts I hear, and the white
waves I see,
But nought that gives shelter or
comfort to me.
O love! Thou hast pleasures, and deep
have I lov'd,
I love! Thou hast sorrows, and sore
Have I prov'd:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds
in my breast,
I can feel, by its throbbing, will soon be
at rest.
When clos'd are those eyes, that but
open to weep,
With my woes and my wrongs I shall
peacefully sleep;
But the thorn rhy inkindness first
plac'd in my heart,
Transplanted to thine, shall new
anguish impart.

Anne Grant

Note: the second verse is by Burns

**60. NO.20 FAREWELL BLISS AND
FAREWELL NANCY**

Farewell bliss and farewell Nancy,
Farewell fleeting joys of fancy;
Hopes and fears and sights that
languish
Now give place to cureless anguish.
Why did I so fondly love thee?
Why to wearing sorrow bring thee?
Why let causeless slander sting thee?
Gazing on my precious treasure,
Lost in reckless dreams of pleasure,
Thy unspotted heart possessing,
Grasping at the promis'd blessing,
Pouring out my soul before thee,
Living only to adore thee,
Could I see the tempest brewing?
Could I dread the blast of ruin?
Had we never lov'd so kindly;
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest;
One fond kiss, and then we sever,
One farewell, alas! For ever.

Anne Grant

**61. NO.21 MORNING A CRUEL
TURMOILER IS**

Morning a cruel turmoiler is,
Banishing ease and repose;
Noonday a roaster and broiler is
How we pant under 'is nose!

Ev'ning for lover's soft measures,
Sighing and begging a boon;
But the blithe season for pleasures,
Laughing lies under the moon.

REFRAIN:

Och! Then you rogue Pat O'
Flannaghan,
Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt,
Murtoch, replenish our can again,
Up with your heart cheering lilt!

Myrtles and vines some may prate
about,
Bawling in heathenish glee,
Stuff I won't bother my pate about,
Shamrock and whiskey for me!
Faith, but I own I feel tender;
Judy, you jill, how I burn!
If she won't smile, devil mend her!
Both sides of chops have their turn.

REFRAIN

Fill all your cups till they foam again,
Bubbles must float on the brim;
He that steals first sneaking home
again,
Daylight is too good for him!
While we have goblets to handle,
While we have liquor to fill,
Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,
Planets may wink as they will.

REFRAIN

Sir Alexander Boswell

62. NO.23 THE WAND'RING GYPSY

Ach! mir schallt's dorten so lieblich
hervor:
Fürchte Gott, fürchte Gott!
Ruft mir die Wachtel ins Ohr.
Sitzend im Grünen, von Halmen
umhüllt,
Mahnt sie dem Horcher am
Saatengefeld:
Liebe Gott, liebe Gott!
Er ist so gütig, so mild.
Wieder bedeutet ihr hüpfender Schlag:
Lobe Gott, lobe Gott!
Der dich zu loben vermag.
Siehst du die herrlichen Früchte im
Feld?
Nimm es zu Herzen, Bewohner der
Welt:
Danke Gott, danke Gott!
Der dich ernährt und erhält.
Schreckt dich im Wetter der Herz der
Natur:
Bitte Gott, bitte Gott!
Ruft sie, er schonet die Flur.
Machen Gefahren der Krieger dir bang:
Traue Gott, traue Gott!
Sieh', er verziehet nicht lang.

Samuel Friedrich Sauter

63. NO.24 THE TRAUGH WELCOME

Shall a son of O'Donnel be cheerless
and cold,
While Mackenna's wide heart has a
faggot to spare;

While O'Donnel is poor shall
Mackenna have gold,
Or be cloth'd, while a limb of O'Donnel
is bare?

While sickness and hunger the sinews
assail,
Shall Mackenna, unmov'd, quaff his
madder of mead;
On the haunch of a deer shall
Mackenna regale,
While a chief of Tyrconnell is fainting
for bread?
No, enter my dwelling, my feast thou
shalt share,
On my pillow of rushes thy head shall
recline:
And bold is the heart and the hand
that will dare
To harm but one hair of a ringlet of
thine.
Then come to my home, 'tis the house
of a friend,
In the green woods of Traugh thou art
safe from thy foes;
Six sons of Mackenna thy steps shall
attend,
And their six sheathless skeans shall
protect thy repose.

20 IRISH SONGS WoO153, SELECTION

64. NO.1 WHEN EVE'S LAST RAYS

When eve's last rays in twilight die
And stars are seen along the sky,
On Liffy's banks I stray;
And there with fond I regret I gaze,
Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days
With her that's far away.
When she would sing some lovely
strain,
How sweet the echoes gave again
In fainter notes the lay;
Tho'mute the echoes of the grove,
In fancy still I hear my love.
Though now she's far away.
Her from the stream reflected clear,
And still it seem'd, when she was near,
To move with fond delay;
But though its wave no trace retains,
Her image in my heart remains,
Tho' now she's far away.

David Thomson

**65. NO.4 SINCE GREYBEARDS INFORM
US THAT YOUTH WILL DECAY**

Since greybeards inform us that youth
will decay,
And pleasure's soft transports glide
swiftly away:
The song, and the dance, and the vine,
and the fair,
Shall banish all sorrow and shield us
from care.
Away with your proverbs, your morals,
and rules,
Your proctors, and doctors, and
pedants, and schools:
Let's seize the bright moments while
yet in our prime,

And fast by the forelock catch old
father Time.
Tho' spring's lovely blossoms delight
us no more,
Tho' summer forsake us, and autumn
be o'er;
To cheer us in winter, remembrance
can bring
The pleasures of autumn, and summer,
and spring:
So when fleeting seasons bring life's
latest stage,
To speak of youth's frolic shall gladden
our age:
Then seize the bright moments while
yet in our prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old
father Time.

T. Toms

**66. NO.5. I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE
FLOW'RS WERE SPRINGING**

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were
springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
I listen'd to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream.
At once the sky grew black and daring,
While through the woods the
whirlwinds rave,
The trees with aged arms were
warring,
Across the swelling drumlie wave.
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But long ere noon loud tempest
storming,
All my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

67. NO.7 O SOOTHE ME, MY LYRE

O soothe me, my lyre, with thy tones
of soft sorrow,
O soothe thy sad mistress that sinks in
decay,
Fainter today, to be fainter tomorrow,
I fade like the flow'r and am passing
away.
Pale is my cheek, - it was fair as they
told me -
Who in the dance that but lately had
been,
Who that had seen me, and now
should behold me,
Would think me the Ellen that there he
had seen?
Dear was the world - I had youth, I had
beauty,
But 'tis not for life that I heave this sad
sigh
- Firm is my soul in its hope and its
duty, -
But oh! To be lov'd - then untimely to
die.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

68. NO.8 NORAH, THE WITCH OF

Balamagairy
Farewell mirth and hilarity,
Love has my heart in cruel subjection;
Ah me! Norah in charity
Spare a fond soul one throb of
affection.
Why, as I pass'd, did I gaze on her
casement,
Alas! With one look all my courage she
shook!
But while I linger'd in moonstruck
amazement,
Not a smile all the while cheers
recollection.

REFRAIN:

Love, love, wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble
submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman our bane's the only physician.

Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,
Where other shores are kiss'd by the
ocean,
Blest powers! Draw but one sigh from
her,
Let her not live thus dead to emotion.
Yet I must steal one last glance ere I
leave her,
Perhaps in her heart she may grieve
when we part;
Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding
deceiver,
Fair thy cup turn'd up, bitter the
potion.

REFRAIN

Ah me! Had we the agency
Of a kindhearted feat little fairy,
Good bye then to the regency,
Norah, the witch of Balamagairy!
Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are
all sighing,
She scatters her spells, and then ev'ry
heart swells;
Not a young clown but is pining and
dying,
Ah! The fools, thus she rules
Balamagairy.

REFRAIN

Sir Alexander Boswell

**69. NO.10 OH! THOU HAPLESS
SOLDIER**

Oh! Thou hapless soldier,
Left unseen to moulder
Here on the lonely plain.
Far thy comrades flying,
Lost, abandon'd, dying
Here on the lonely plain.
Faint - and none to cheer thee,
Moaning - none to hear thee,
Dying - and none near thee
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.
Power! Ambition! Glory!

Read we then your story
Here on the lonely plain.
Some fond maid is sighing
For the hero lying
Here on the lonely plain.
Never, hapless soldier,
Fated to behold her,
Left unseen to moulder
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

**70. NO.15 'TIS BUT IN VAIN, FOR
NOTHING THRIVES**

'Tis but in vain, for nothing thrives,
Where Dermot has to do,
Ill-fortune seems, howe'er he strives,
His footsteps to pursue!
But one by one, when friends are
gone,
Must I forsake him too.
O poverty! Full sure thou art
A foe the most unkind;
And weary, weary is the heart
That feels thee still behind.
But one by one, when friends are
gone,
Must I forsake him too.
Next month he sails to find a home
Beyond the western tide;
And heav'n knows where he means to
roam,
His houseless head to hide.
But one by one, when friends are
gone,
Must I forsake him too.
Oh! Breathe it not thou passing wind,
I tell it thee alone,
My Dermot is not always, kind -
He breaks my heart, I own,
But one by one, when friends are
gone,
Must I forsake him too.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

71. NO.17 COME, DARBY DEAR!

Come, Darby dear! Easy, be easy,
So be sure, and it may not well please
ye;
But she's gone, as I said,
With young Pat to be wed,
And in vain will we fret,
'Till we're crazy.
And troth! He's proper fine creature,
Of mighty good figure and feature,
And our daughter Kitty,
Why she's young and pretty -
O Darby dear! Is not nature?
They're tied before this, never fear
them,
So love and good luck ever cheer
them,
And faith in a crack
They'll be all coming back -
By the virgin! - The Piper!
I hear them.
And it was, and it is always thus now,
So no longer be making a fuss now:

Cross words and uncivil
 Och, pitch to the devil!
 And give your old woman a buss now.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

72. NO.20 THY SHIP MUST SAIL, MY HENRY DEAR

Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear,
 Fast comes the day, too soon, too sure;
 And I, for one long tedious year,
 Must learn thy absence to endure.
 Come let me by my pencil's aid
 Arrest thy image ere it flies;
 And like the fond Corinthian maid,
 Thus win from Art what Fate denies.
 And I will hang with fondness warm
 O'er all that there I pictur'd see;
 To others but a mimic form, -
 But oh! My life, my love to me.
 Or let me sing the song so dear,
 The song that told thy bosom's fire,
 When first, our favorite willows near,
 I bade thee wake thy ready lyre.
 Yes, o'er and o'er, I'll sing and play
 The song beneath those willow trees,
 When thou, alas! Art far away,
 And nought but thoughts of thee can please.
 Dear sister Arts! Of power divine,
 To soothe the heart when cheerless found,
 And near, with moonlight gleam to shine,
 When all the world is darkness round.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

CD80
25 IRISH SONGS WoO152, SELECTION
for one to two solo voices, violin, violoncello and piano

1. NO.1 THE RETURN TO ULSTER

Once again, but how chang'd since my
 wanderings began
 I have heard the deep voice of the
 Lagan and Bann,
 And the pines of Clanbrasil resound to
 the roar
 That wearies the echoes of fair
 Tullamore.
 Alas! My poor bosom, and why
 shouldst thou burn!
 With the scenes of my youth can its
 raptures return?
 Can I live the dear life of delusion
 again,
 That flow'd when these echoes first
 mix'd with my strain?
 It was then that around me, though
 poor and unknown,
 High spells of mysterious enchantment
 were thrown;
 The streams were of silver, of diamond
 the dew,
 The land was an Eden, for fancy was
 new.
 I had heard of our bards, and my soul

was on fire
 At the rush of their verse, and the
 sweep of their lyre:
 To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the
 ear,
 But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd
 and clear.
 Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call;
 And renew'd the wild pomp of the
 chace and the hall;
 And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce
 from on high,
 Like a burst of the sun when the
 tempest is nigh.
 It seem'd that the harp of green Erin
 once more
 Could renew all the glories she
 boasted of yore.
 Yet why at remembrance, fond heart,
 shouldst thou burn?
 They were days of delusion, and can
 not return.

Sir Walter Scott

2. NO.3 ONCE MORE I HAIL THEE

Once more I hail thee, thou gloomy
 December!
 Thy visage so dark, and thy tempest's
 dread roar;
 Sad was the parting thou mak'st me
 remember,
 My parting with Nancy, ah! Ne'er to
 meet more!
 Fond lovers parting is sweet painful
 pleasure,
 When hope mildly beams on the soft
 parting hour;
 But the dire feeling, "O farewell for
 ever",
 Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.
 Wild as the winter now tearing the
 forest,
 Until the last leaf of the summer is
 flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my
 bosom,
 Since hope is departed and comfort is
 gone.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

3. NO. 4 THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE

The morning air plays on my face,
 And through the grey mist peering,
 The soften'd silv'ry sun I trace,
 Wood wild, and mountain cheering.
 Larks aloft are singing,
 Hares from covert springing,
 And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood
 Their early way are winging.
 Bright ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,
 Sweet ev'ry herb is growing,
 To him whose willing heart inclines
 The way that he is going.
 Fancy shews to me, now,
 What will shortly be now,
 I'm patting at her door, poor Tray,
 Who fawns and welcomes me now.
 How slowly moves the rising latch!
 How quick my heart is beating.

That worldly dame is on the watch
 To frown upon our meeting.
 Fly! Why should I mind her,
 See, who stands behind her,
 Whose eye doth on her traveller look
 The sweeter and the kinder.

Joanna Baillie

4. NO.7 HIS BOAT COMES ON THE SUNNY TIDE

His boat comes on the sunny tide,
 And brightly gleams the flashing oar;
 The boatmen carol by his side,
 And blithely near the welcome shore,
 How softly Shannon's currents flow!
 His shadow in the stream I see;
 The very waters seem to know
 Dear is the freight they bear to me.
 His eager bound, his hasty tread,
 His well-known voice I'll shortly hear;
 And oh, those arms so kindly spread!
 That greetings smile! That manly tear!
 In other lands, when far away,
 My love with hope did never twain;
 It saw him thus, both night and day,
 To Shannon's banks return'd again.

Joanna Baillie

5. NO. 9. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sung truce, for the
 nightcloud had low'r'd,
 And the centinel stars set their watch
 in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the
 ground, overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded
 to die.
 When reposing that night on my pallet
 of straw,
 By the wolfscaring faggot that guarded
 the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision
 I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it
 again.
 Methought from the battlefield's
 dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate
 track;
 'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on
 the way
 To the home of my fathers, that
 welcom'd me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd
 so oft
 In life's morning march, when my
 bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain goats
 bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain the
 cornreapers sung.
 Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and
 fondly I swore.
 From my home and my weeping
 friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand
 times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her
 fullness of heart.
 Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary

and worn;
 And fain was their warbroken soldier
 to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the drawing
 of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear
 melted away.

Thomas Campbell

6. NO.12 ENGLISH BULLS

Och! I have you not heard, Pat, of
 many a joke
 That's made by the wits 'gainst your
 own country folk;
 They may talk of our bulls, but it must
 be confest,
 That, of all the bullmakers, John Bull is
 the best.
 I'm just come from London, their
 capital town,
 A fine place it is, faith, I'm sorry to
 own;
 For there you can't shew your sweet
 face in the street,
 But a Bull is the very first man that you
 meet.
 Now, I went to Saint Paul's, 'twas just
 after my landing.
 A great house they've built, that has
 scarce room to stand in;
 And there, gramachree! Won't you
 think it a joke,
 The lower I whisper'd, the louder I
 spoke!
 Then I went to the Tower to see the
 wild beasts,
 Thinking out of my wits to be
 frighten'd at least;
 But these wild beasts I found standing
 tame on a shelf,
 Not one of the kit half so wild as
 myself.
 Next I made for the Bank, Sir, for
 there, I was told,
 Were oceans of silver and mountains
 of gold;
 But I soon found this talk was mere
 bluster and vapour
 For the gold and the silver were all
 made of paper.
 A friend took me into the Parliament
 house,
 And there sat the Speaker as mum as a
 mouse,
 For in spite of his name, won't you
 think this a joke tho',
 The speaker he whom they all of them
 spoke to.
 Of all the strange places I ever was in,
 Wasn't that now the place for a
 hubbub and din.
 While some made a bother to keep
 others quiet,
 And the rest call'd for "Order"
 meaning just, make a riot.
 Then should you hereafter be told of
 some joke,
 By the Englishmen made 'gainst your
 own country folk,

Tell this tale, my dear honey, and
 stoutly protest,
 That of all the bullmakers, John Bull is
 the best.

Anonymous

7. NO.14 DERMOT AND SHELAH

O who sits so sadly, and heaves the
 fond sigh?
 Alas! Cried young Dermot, 'tis only
 poor I,
 All under the willow, the willow so
 green.
 My fair one has left me in sorrow to
 moan,
 So here am I come, just to die alone;
 No longer fond love shall my bosom
 enslave,
 I'm wearing a garland to hang o'er my
 grave,
 All under the willow, the willow so
 green.
 The fair one you love is, you tell me,
 untrue,
 And here stands poor Shelah, forsaken,
 like you,
 All under the willow, the willow so
 green.
 O take me in sadness to sit by your
 side,
 Your anguish to share, and your
 sorrow divide;
 I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo each
 groan,
 And 'tis dismal, you know, to be dying
 alone,
 All under the willow, the willow so
 green.
 Then close to each other they sat
 down to sigh,
 Resolving in anguish together to die,
 All under the willow, the willow so
 green,
 But he was so comely, and she was so
 fair,
 They somehow forgot all their sorrow
 and care;
 And, thinking it better a while to delay,
 They put off their dying, to toy and to
 play,
 All under the willow, the willow so
 green.

T. Toms

8. NO.16 HIDE NOT THY ANGUISH
 Hide not thy anguish
 Thou must not deceive me,
 Thy fortunes have frown'd,
 And the struggle is o'er;
 Come then the ruin!
 For nothing shall grieve me,
 If thou art but left me,
 I ask for no more.
 Hard is the world,
 It will rudely reprove thee;
 Thy friends will retire,
 When the tempest is near;
 Now is my season,
 And now will I love thee,
 And cheer thee when none

But thy Mary will cheer.
 Come to my arms,
 Thou art dearer than ever!
 But breathe not a whisper
 Of sorrow for me:
 Fear shall not reach me,
 Nor misery sever,
 Thy Mary is worthy
 Of love and of thee.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

9. NO.18 THEY BID ME SLIGHT MY DERMOT DEAR

They bid me slight my Dermot dear,
 For he's of low degree,
 While I my lady's maid am here,
 And of the quality.
 But if my mother would not grieve,
 And if the truth were known,
 Wellpleas'd would I this castle leave,
 And live for him alone.
 Oh, never slight thy Dermot dear,
 Tho' he's of low degree,
 For thou thy lady's maid art here,
 And of the quality.
 For tho' thy mother haply grieve
 When first the truth were known,
 She'll bid thee not thy Dermot leave,
 But live for him alone.
 There's now like thee, - the kind of all,
 At funeral, and at fair;
 My lord's fine man, hat's in the hall,
 Can ne'er with thee compare.
 Thy heart is true, thy heart is warm;
 And so is mine to thee;
 And would my Lord but give the farm,
 How happy should we be!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

10. NO.22 FROM GARYONE, MY HAPPY HOME

From Garyone, my happy home,
 Full many a weary mile I've come,
 To sound of fife and beat of drum,
 And more shall see it never.
 'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,
 Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and
 play,
 And wear the circling hours away
 In mirth or peace for ever.
 But Harry came, a blithesome boy,
 He told me I was all his joy,
 That love was sweet, and ne'er could
 cloy,
 And he would leave me never:
 His coat way scarlet tipp'd with blue,
 With gay cockade and feather too,
 A comely lad he was to view;
 And won my heart for ever.
 My mother cried, dear Rosa, stay,
 Ah! Do not from your parents stray;
 My father sigh'd, and nought would
 say,
 For he could chide me never:
 Yet cruel, I farewell could take,
 I left them for my sweetheart's sake,
 And came, 'twas near my heart to
 break
 From Garyone for ever.
 But poverty is hard to bear,
 And love is but a summer's wear,

And men deceive us when they swear
 They'll love and leave us never:
 Now sad I wander through the day,
 No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
 But mourn the hour I came away
 From Garyone for ever.

T. Toms

11. NO.25 OH HARP OF ERIN

O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,
 For he the last of all his race is gone:
 And now no more the minstrel's verse
 shall flow,
 That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet
 tone:
 The hand is cold that with a poet's fire
 Could sweep in magic change thy
 sounding wire.
 How lonely were the minstrel's latter
 days,
 How of thy string with strains
 indignant rung;
 To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient
 lays,
 Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:
 The purple heath of ev'ning was his
 bed,
 His shelter from the storm a peasant's
 shed!
 The gale that round his urn its odour
 flings,
 And waves the flow'rs that o'er it
 wildly wreath,
 Shall thrill along thy few remaining
 strings,
 And with a mournful chord his
 requiem breathe.
 The shepherd boy that paus'd his song
 to hear,
 Shall chant it o'er his grave, and drop a
 tear.

David Thomson

20 IRISH SONGS, WoO153 SELECTION
for solo voice, violin, violoncello and
piano

**12. NO.2 NO RICHES FROM HIS
 SCANTY STORE**

No riches from his scanty store
 My lover could impart;
 He gave a boon I valued more
 He gave me all his heart!
 His soul sincere, his gen'rous worth,
 Might well this bosom move;
 And when I ask'd for bliss on earth,
 I only meant his love.
 But now for me, in search of gain,
 From shore to shore he flies:
 Why wander, riches to obtain,
 When love is all I prize!
 The frugal meal, the lowly cot,
 If blest my love with thee!
 That simple fare, that humble lot,
 Were more than wealth to me.
 While he the dang'rous ocean braves,
 My tears but vainly flow:
 Is pity in the faithless waves
 To which I pour my woe?

The night is dark, the waters deep;
 Yes, soft the billows roll:
 Alas! At every breeze I weep;
 The storm is in my soul.

Helen Maria Williams

**13. NO.3 THE BRITISH LIGHT
 DRAGOONS**

'Twas a Marechal of France,
 and he fain would honour gain,
 And he long'd to take a passing glance
 at Portugal from Spain,
 With his flying guns this gallant gay,
 And boasted corps d'armée,
 O he fear'd not our dragoons with
 their long swords boldly riding.
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la,
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la.
 To Campo Mayor come,
 he had quietly sat down,
 Just a fricassee to pick,
 while his soldiers sack'd the town,
 When 'twas peste! Morbleu! Mon
 General,
 Hear th' English bugle call!
 And behold the light dragoons with
 their long swords boldly riding.
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la,
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la.
 Three hundred British lads
 they made three thousand reel,
 Their hearts were made of English Oak,
 their swords of Sheffield steel,
 Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
 And Beresford them led;
 So huzza for brave dragoons with their
 long swords boldly riding.
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la,
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la.
 There here's a health to Wellington,
 to Beresford, to Long,
 And a single word of Bonaparte
 before I close my song:
 The eagles that to fight he brings
 Should serve his men with wings,
 When they meet the brave dragoons
 with their long swords boldly
 riding.
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la,
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la la.

Sir Walter Scott

**14. NO.6 SAD AND LUCKLESS WAS
 THE SEASON**

Sad and luckless was the season,
 When to court fair Ellen flew,
 Flew from Love, and Peace, and
 Reason,
 Worlds to see of promise new.
 Back she comes - each grace is finer,
 Ev'ry charm that crowds adore,
 All the form divine, diviner
 But the heart is there no more.
 Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,
 Careless nature, artless ease!
 All that makes retirement heaven
 Pleasing, without toil to please,
 Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer
 her,
 Vain to her these echoing skies

Bloom non more, ye violets, near her,
 Yours are charms she would not prize.
 Ellen! Go where crowds admire thee,
 Chariots rattle, torches blaze;
 Here our dull content would tire thee,
 Worthless be our village praise.
 Go! Yet oh, that Thought's soft season
 Ellen's heart might but restore!
 Hard the task - whate'er the reason
 Hard the task to love no more.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

**15. NO.9 THE KISS, DEAR MAID, THY
 LIP HAS LEFT**

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.
 Thy parting glance, which fondly
 beams,
 An equal love, may see;
 [The]¹ tear that from thine eyelid
 streams
 Can weep no change in me.
 I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone;
 Nor one memorial for a breast
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.
 By day or night, in weal or woe,
 This heart, no longer free,
 [Must]¹ bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent ache for thee.

George Gordon Noel Byron

**16. NO. 11.WHEN FAR FROM THE
 HOME**

When far from the home of your youth
 we have rang'd,
 How fondly we think of the days that
 are past;
 Their image through changes is ever
 unchang'd,
 Wherever our lot may be cast.
 I muse on the features of those whom
 I lov'd;
 The farewell of friendship I yet seem to
 hear:
 The scenes I remember where oft I
 have rov'd,
 The songs that delighted my ear.
 In slumbers their music some vision
 recalls,
 And oft I implore it a moment to stay;
 But, ah! Soon the measure in soft
 cadence falls,
 I wake, and the sound dies away.
 How sad the reverse, - once I wept but
 in dreams,
 The dawn then awoke me to hope and
 delight;
 Now hope never comes with the
 morning's gay beams,
 And joy is a phantom of night.
 Oh! Sleep, how enchanting the power
 of thy wand,
 More swift are thy pinions than fancy
 e'er spread;
 For back o'er the ocean of time they
 expand,
 And bring us to scenes that are fled.

Tho' hope never comes with the
 morning's gay beams,
 Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may
 roam,
 Oh! Let thy soft magic still waft me in
 dreams
 To all the lov'd scenes of my home.

David Thomson

17. NO.12 I'LL PRAISE THE SAINTS

I'll praise the saints with early song,
 For now the wars are ended;
 I'll praise our Lady late and long,
 That has my Love defended.
 Yes, home is come my Patrick dear,
 From me no more to sever;
 And in his looks, I see it clear:
 He loves me more than ever.
 He sits our evening fire beside,
 The cabin round surveying,
 And looks with all a father's pride,
 While near the child is playing.
 Even me he turns to gaze upon,
 As in my maiden beauty,
 Before my bloom was worn and gone
 By many a toilsome duty.
 My love, he cries, thou canst not
 guess,
 Tho' kind and tender hearted,
 What I have known of sad distress,
 Since last from thee I parted.
 And little canst thou now suppose
 How my poor heart is swelling,

To find myself at evening's close
 In this my peaceful dwelling.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

18. NO.13 'TIS SUNSHINE AT LAST

'Tis sunshine at last, come, my Ellen,
 sit near me,
 And twine me these roses, we sorrow
 no more;
 Come taste of my cup, while it sparkles
 to cheer me,
 The cup that I fill, now the tempest is
 o'er.
 Oh! Not that my mirth, with
 unhallow'd intrusion,
 Would thy gentle mind to rude
 transport beguile,
 But catch from my bowl one fond
 passing illusion,
 And crown my gay heart with thy
 sympathy's smile.
 Oh! Ever, my love, must I think of that
 season,
 When, friendless, we mingled our
 terrors and sighs;
 And how had I failed, in the night of
 my reason,
 Had comfort not beam'd from thine
 eloquent eyes.
 Take the glass that I fill, take the
 homage I render:
 No riot shall break the soft dreams of
 the soul;
 Around us shall breathe an Elysium
 more tender,

And finer enchantment be waked from
 my bowl.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

19. NO.14 PADDY O'RAFFERTY

Paddy O'Rafferty, merry and vigorous,
 Laugh'd at his lot, tho' 'twas somewhat
 too rigorous;
 Poor was his prize from the wheel of
 life's lottery,
 Turning the wheel in old Dennis
 Keogh's pottery.
 Still he kept turning, and still the clay
 tapering,
 Grew a black pot to hold ink for with
 paper in,
 Sometimes a brown jar to hoard a
 small pension in,
 Sometimes, faith, something not
 worth a word's mentioning.
 Arrah, quoth Paddy, and so goes the
 round about,
 So come those fortunes they make
 such a sound about,
 Some in their savealls their thousands
 are gathering,
 Some from these inkpots great families
 fathering.
 So Mister Keogh I no longer will stay
 with ye,
 Luck, whispers Paddy, take heart and
 away with ye,
 Stout are your limbs, a good
 countenance carrying,
 Why should not Paddy catch money by
 marrying?
 Pat took the hint and gambol'd like a
 mountebank,
 Small were his dealings with town or
 with county bank,
 Short his accounts were, and no need
 of docqueting,
 Light was his moneybag, easy in
 pocketing.
 Up with his bundle, his trusty stick
 shouldering,
 Set them, quoth Pat, stay at home and
 be mouldering;
 But a smooth shilling I'd willingly now
 wager,
 Paddy O'Rafferty hooks an old
 dowager.

Sir Alexander Boswell

**20. NO.16 O MIGHT I BUT MY
 PATRICK LOVE**

O might I but my Patrick love!
 My mother scolds severely,
 And tells me I shall wretched prove,
 Because I love him dearly!
 In vain she rates me o'er and o'er
 With lessons cold and endless;
 It only makes me love him more,
 To find him poor and friendless.

REFRAIN:

Oh! Patrick, fly from me,
 Or I am lost for ever
 Oh! Fortune kinder be,
 Nor thus two Lovers sever.

What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,
 In splendour and in riches?
 He says, we love too little prize,
 That gold too much bewitches!
 More blest the lark, tho' hard its doom
 Whene'er the winter rages,
 Than birds, he says, of finer plume,
 That mope in gilded cages.

REFRAIN

William Smyth (1765-1849)

21. NO.18 NO MORE, MY MARY

No more, my Mary, I sigh for
 splendour,
 And riot's joys no longer prize:
 On thee I muse in visions tender,
 Or gaze on thy fond eyes.
 Oh! Not the sages
 With pedant pages,
 'Tis thy soft smiles
 Have made me wise.
 For life's delusions of joy had left me;
 With sated heart I turn'd to pine
 A faded world I thought was left me,
 Tho' all its pleasures mine.
 O hours of folly!
 Of melancholy!
 How chang'd for bliss,
 For love like thine.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

**22. NO.19 JUDY, LOVELY, MATCHLESS
 CREATURE**

Judy, lovely, matchless creature,
 Beauty shines thro' ev'ry feature,
 Like yon light, the pride of nature,
 Thro' the morning dew.
 Come, then, to your Patrick's dwelling,
 All around the buds are swelling,
 Ev'ry little linnet's telling,
 'Tis the time to woo.
 Dame o' Flynn, sweet Judy's mother,
 Would you bid me passion smother!
 Sure I'll speak as well's another
 Tho' poor Pat O' Doyle.
 Love within my breast is teasing,
 Where I dumb 'twould be amazing;
 Sooner, when the coals are blazing,
 Bid your pot not boil.

Sir Alexander Boswell

**CD81
 TWELVE IRISH SONGS WoO154,
 COMPLETE**

*for one to two solo voices, mixed
 chorus, violin, violoncello and piano*

1. THE ELFIN FAIRIES

We fairy elves in secret dells,
 All day contrive our magic spells,
 Till sable night o'er cast the sky,
 And trough the airy regions fly,
 By Cynthia's light so clear:
 Around the earth ere dawn of day,
 On high we win our easy way;
 Sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,

On the velvet turf alighting;
 So light, so light,
 So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,
 The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,
 But shakes as if for fear.

REFRAIN

So light, so light,
 So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,
 The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,
 But shakes as if for fear.

And if no bus'ness calls from home
 Around the wheeling globe to roam;
 We to some flow'ry meadow stray,
 And sing and dance the night away,
 Around our Fairy Queen.
 Then we our mushroom board
 prepare,
 The gather'd sweets of flow'rs our
 fare,
 The dewy nectar round distilling,
 All our hairbell goblets filling;
 Good night, good night:
 Good night we say, then sink to rest
 Upon some lily's downy breast,
 By mortal eyes unseen.

REFRAIN

Good night, good night:
 Good night we say, then sink to rest
 Upon some lily's downy breast,
 By mortal eyes unseen.

David Thomson

2. O HARP OF ERIN

O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,
 For he the last of all his race is gone:
 And now no more the minstrel's verse
 shall flow,
 That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet
 tone:
 The hand is cold that with a poet's fire
 Could sweep in magic change thy
 sounding wire.
 How lonely were the minstrel's latter
 days,
 How of thy string with strains
 indignant rung;
 To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient
 lays,
 Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:
 The purple heath of ev'ning was his
 bed,
 His shelter from the storm a peasant's
 shed!
 The gale that round his urn its odour
 flings,
 And waves the flow's that o'er it wildly
 wreath,
 Shall thrill along thy few remaining
 strings,
 And with a mournful chord his
 requiem breathe.
 The shepherd boy that paus'd his song
 to hear,

Shall chant it o'er his grave, and drop a
 tear.

David Thomson

3. THE FAREWELL SONG

O Erin! To thy harp divine
 I bid adieu:
 Yet let me now its sounds resign
 With homage due.
 Thy gen'rous sons, that know not fear,
 Their feelings, genius, fire:
 O blest be all! But Erin dear,
 Be blest thy lyre.
 O where the heart that would not
 bound
 With answering beat,
 To hear thy Planxty's dancing sound,
 And numbers sweet.
 And where the heart that sinks not
 low,
 And musing melts away,
 To hear thy harp's deep lonely flow,
 When mourns the lay.
 No toil can e'er such sweets supply,
 No chymic power,
 As brings the bee, with honied thigh,
 From wild heath flower:
 And Science, that could wake the
 strings
 To chords of rapture high,
 May envy, while she smiling sings
 Thy minstrelsy.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

4. THE PULSE OF AN IRISHMAN

The pulse of an Irishman ever beats
 quicker,
 when war is the story, or love is the
 theme;
 and place him where bullets fly thicker
 and thicker,
 you'll find him all cowardice scorning.
 And tho' a ball should maim poor
 Darby,
 light at the heart he rallies on:
 "Fortune is cruel, but Norah, my jewel,
 is kind, and with smiling, all sorrow
 beguiling,
 shall bid from our cabin all care to be
 gone,
 and how they will jig it, and tug at the
 spigot,
 an Patrick's day in the mornin'."
 O blest by the land in the wide western
 waters,
 sweet Erin, lov'd Erin, the pride of my
 song;
 still brave be the sons, and still fair be
 the daughters
 thy meads and thy mountains
 adorning!
 And tho' the eastern sun seems tardy,
 tho' the pure light of knowledge slow,
 night and delusion, and darkling
 confusion
 like mists from the river shall vanish
 for ever,
 and true Irish hearts with warm loyalty
 glow;

and proud exaltation burst forth from
 the nation
 on Patrick's day in the mornin'.

Sir Alexander Boswell

5. OH! WHO, MY DEAR DERMOT

Oh! who, my dear Dermot,
 Has dar'd to deceive thee,
 And what's the dishonour
 This gold is to buy?
 Back, back to thy tempter,
 Or Norah shall leave thee,
 To hide her in woods,
 And in deserts to die.
 Tho' poor, we are honest,
 And will not this cheer us,
 Thy sire and thy grandsire
 Have ask'd for no more;
 And shame with its shadow
 Has never come near us
 To shut out the sun
 From our cabin before.
 O look at yon lark,
 Where the sky shines so brightly,
 Say why does it carol
 Its echoing lay:
 Is't singing so gaily
 And mounting so lightly,
 Because it finds gold
 In the dawn of the day?
 O Dermot, thy heart is
 With agony swelling,
 For once it was honest,
 And honour its law.
 An Irishman thou, and
 Have bribes in thy dwelling!
 Back, back, to thy tempter,
 Go, Erin go Bragh!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

6. PUT ROUND THE BRIGHT WINE

Put round the bright wine,
 for my bosom is gay,
 the night may have sunshine
 as well as the day.
 Oh welcome the hours!
 when dear visions arise
 to melt my kind spirit,
 and charm my fond eyes.
 When wine to my head
 can its wisdom impart,
 and love has its promise
 to make to my heart;
 when dim in far shade
 sink the spectres of care,
 and I tread a bright world
 with a footstep of air.
 Yes, mirth is my goddess,
 come round me, ye few,
 who have wit for her worship,
 I doat upon you:
 delighted with life,
 like a swallow on wing,
 I catch ev'ry pleasure
 the current may bring:
 the feast and the frolic,
 the masque and the ball,
 dear scenes of enchantment!
 I come at your call;
 let me meet the gay beings

of beauty and song,
 and let Erin's good humour
 be found in the throng.
 If life be a dream,
 'tis a pleasant one sure,
 and the dream of tonight
 we at least may secure.
 If life be a bubble,
 tho' better I deem,
 let us light up its colours
 by gaiety's beam.
 Away with cold vapours,
 I pity the mind
 that nothing but dullness
 and darkness can find:
 give me the kind spirit
 that laughs on its way,
 and turns thorns into roses,
 and winter to May.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

7. FROM GARYONE, MY HAPPY HOME

From Garyone, my happy home,
 Full many a weary mile I've come,
 To sound of fife and beat of drum,
 And more shall see it never.
 'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,
 Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and
 play,
 And wear the circling hours away
 In mirth or peace for ever.
 But Harry came, a blithsome boy,
 He told me I was all his joy,
 That love was sweet, and ne'er could
 cloy, and he would leave me never:
 His coat way scarlet tipp'd with blue,
 With gay cockade and feather too,
 A comely lad he was to view;
 And won my heart for ever.
 My mother cried, dear Rosa, stay,
 Ah! Do not from your parents stray;
 My father sigh'd, and nought would
 say, for he could chide me never:
 Yet cruel, I farewell could take,
 I left them for my sweetheart's sake,
 And came, 'twas near my heart to
 break from Garyone for ever.
 Buit poverty is hard to bear,
 And love is but a summer's wear,
 And men deceive us when they swear
 They'll love and leave us never:
 Now sad I wander through the day,
 No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
 But mourn the hour I came away
 From Garyone for ever.

T. Toms

8. SAVE ME FROM THE GRAVE AND WISE

Save me from the grave and wise,
 For vainly would I tax my spirit,
 Be the thing that I despise,
 And rival all their stupid merit.
 On! My careless laughing heart,
 O dearest Fancy let my find thee,
 Let me but from sorrow part,
 And leave this moping behind me.

REFRAIN

Speak ye wiser than the wise,
 Breathe aloud your welcome measure,
 Youthful Fancy well can prize
 The words that counsel love and
 pleasure.

Is it merry look, or speech,
 Or bounding step that thus displeases?
 Go and graver movements teach
 To yon light goss' mer on the breezes:
 Go where breathes the opening spring,
 And chide the flowers for gaily
 blowing,
 Tell the linnet not to sing
 In jocund May, when noon is glowing.

REFRAIN

Hence with wisdom, dull and drear,
 And welcome folly at a venture:
 Cease my song, a sound I hear,
 The planxty comes, the dancers enter.
 In yon throng, if I should see
 Some gallant, giddy, gay adviser,
 Who trough life might counsel me,
 He indeed might make me wiser.

REFRAIN

9. OH! WOULD I WERE BUT THAT SWEET LINNET!

Oh! would I were but that sweet
 linnet!
 That I had my appletree too!
 Could sit all the sunny day on it,
 With nothing but singing to do!
 I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
 And Dermot I never can see,
 Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,
 There's never good luck for poor me!
 I set was my heart all the Sunday
 On going to Killaloe fair,
 So my father fell ill on the Monday,
 And, look ye I could not be there,
 And it was not the fair that I minded,
 For there was I Dermot to see;
 But I'm always before or behind it,
 And there's never good luck for poor
 me!
 I tried with my sweetest behaviour
 To tell our good priest my distress;
 And ask'd him to speak in my favour,
 When Dermot came next to confess.
 But he said I was but a beginner,
 And from love and temptation must
 flee!
 So if love will but make me a sinner,
 There's never good luck for poor me!
 Ye Saints, with the Virgin! Believe me,
 I join with the priest in your praise!
 Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
 And I'll love you the length of my days.
 In vain would they bid me be wiser,
 And never my Dermot to see,
 Bad luck to advice and adviser!
 Good luck! To dear Dermot and me!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

10. THE HERO MAY PERISH

The hero may perish his country to
 save
 And he lives in the records of fame;
 The sage may the dungeons of tyranny
 brave,
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name!
 But virtue that silently tells and
 expires,
 No wreath, no wreath for the brow to
 adorn,
 That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh
 requires;
 O woman, that virtue is thine!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

11. THE SOLDIER IN A FOREIGN LAND

The piper who sat on his low mossy
 seat,
 And piped to the youngsters so shrill
 and so sweet;
 The far distant hum of the children at
 play,
 And the maiden's soft carol at the
 close of the day.
 Ah! This was the music delighted my
 ear,
 And to think of it now is so sad and so
 dear!
 Ah! To listen at case by my own
 cottage door,
 Tho the sound of my own native village
 once more!
 I knew ev'ry dame in her holiday airs,
 I knew ev'ry maiden that danc'd at our
 fairs;
 I knew ev'ry farmer to market we
 came,
 and tho dog that ran after him cull'd
 by its name
 And who know I now, in this far
 foreign land,
 But the stiff collard sergeant, the
 trimcoated band?
 No kinsman to comfort his own flesh
 and blood,
 nor merry ey'd damsel to do my heart
 good.
 To my sight or my ear, no gay cheering
 doth come,
 But the flare of our colours, the tuck of
 our drum;
 The fierce flashing steel of our long
 muster'd file,
 an the sharp dinning fifer that playeth
 the while.
 At night as I keep on the wearisome
 watch,
 The sound of the west wind I greedily
 catch,
 And the shores of dear Ireland then
 rise to my sight,
 And my own native valley, that sport
 of delight.
 Divided so far by a wide stormy main,
 Shall I ever return to our valley again?
 Ah! To listen at ease by my own
 cottage door,

To the sound of my own native village
once more!

Joanna Baillie

12. HE PROMISED ME AT PARTING

He promised me at parting,
To meet me at the springtime here;
Yet see yon roses blooming,
The blossoms how they disappear.
Return my dearest Dermot!
Or sure the spring will soon be o'er;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
He went to look for treasures,
They're found they say in London
town;
And 'tis for me he means them,
Both golden store and silken gown.
I want but thee, my Dermot!
Nor silken gown, nor golden store;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
No longer have I pleasure,
nor at the wake, nor merry fair,
they mock me at the bridal,
and why indeed is Norah there!
I sit as if I heard not
The Planxty I so lov'd before,
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
Why go to that great city,
Oh why so far from Norah roam,
Return to those that love thee,
There's little love so far from home.
Thou art not faithless, Dermot,
Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

CD82

**TWENTY-SIX WELSH SONGS WoO155,
COMPLETE**

*for one to two solo voices, violin,
violoncello and piano*

1. SION, THE SON OF EVAN

Hear the shuts of Evan's son!
See the gallant chase begun!
Lo the deer affrighted run
Up yon mountain's side.
Check your speed, ye timorous deer,
Safely rest and cease you fear,
Or boldly on your cliffs appear
And bear your antlers high!
Deep through yonder tangling wood
See the felon wolf pursued,
Straining hard, and streaming blood,
Sion's hounds are nigh!
See the woodland savage grim,
Boney, gaunt, and large of limb,
Furious plunge, and fearless swim
O'er the water wide.
Hear the woods resounding far,
Hark the distant din of war,
See th' impatient hunter dare
Conway's swelling tide.
Evan's son pursues the foe;

See his ardent visage glow!
Now he speeds the mortal blow,
See the savage die!
From dusky den and thorny brake,
The chiding hounds the echoes wake,
The forest's cowering inmates quake,
And triumph rends the air.
Was ever youth like Evan's son,
Was ever course so nobly run?
Was ever prize so glorious won,
'Tis Winifred the fair!
To hardy deeds and conquering arms,
That save the fold from midnight
harms,
The ancient chief decrees her charms
The maid beyond compare!

Anne Grant

2. THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH

When the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye:
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine!
Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, miserere Domine!
Bangor! o'er the murder wail,
Long thy ruius told the tale,
Shatter'd tower and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere Domine!

Walter Scott

3. THE COTTAGE MAID

O Owen, I believe thee kind,
And love is surely on thy tongue
But would that I could read thy mind,
For hope betrays the maiden young.
Last night I saw thee loth to part,
I watch'd thy looks - so bright the
moon
And know not but my simple heart
Might own too much, or own too soon.
Unhappy fate, oh doubtful maid!
Her tears may fall, her bosom swell.
But even to the desert shade
She never must her secret tell.
And is it Love, his softer mien?
And is it Love, his whisper low?
And does he much, or nothing mean?
Ah! She that loves, how can she know!
With Owen I the dance have led,
And then I thought that sure he
seem'd
To dance with lighter, livelier tread
Oh! Was it so, - or have I dream'd?
Today he goes with merry glee,
And all are going to the fair

O may I by some ribbon see
He thought of one that was not there.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

4. LOVE WITHOUT HOPE

Her features speak the warmest heart,
But not for me its ardour glows;
In that soft blush I have no part
Thet mingles with her bosom's snows.
In that dear drop I have no share
That trembles in her melting eye;
Nor is my love the tender care
That birds her heave that anxious sigh.
Not fancy's happiest hours create
Visions of rapture as divine,
As the pure bliss which must await
The man whose soul is knit to thine.
But ah! Farewell this treacherous
theme,
Which, though'tis misery to forego,
Yields yet of joy the soothing dream,
That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt
know.

John Richardson

5. THE GOLDEN ROBE

HE
A golden robe my Love shall wear,
And rubies bind her yellow hair;
A golden robe those limbs enfold,
So far above the worth of gold.
No courtly dame in gaudy pride,
Shall e'er outshine my lovely bride;
Then say, my charming maiden say,
When shall we name the happy day?

SHE

Can golden robes my fancy bind,
Or ruby chains enslave the mind?
Not all the wealth our mountains own,
Nor orient pearls, nor precious stone,
Can tempt me by their idle shine,
Or buy a heart that's form'd like mine!
My choice it is already made,
I shun the glare, and court the shade.

HE

Your scorn, proud girl, I well can bear,
There's many a maid my robes would
wear,
And thank me too; so take your way,
But you'll repent another day.

SHE

Go with your robes and gifts of gold
To those whose hearts are to be sold;
For me, I have no other pride
But Evan's love my choice to guide!

Anne Hunter

6. THE FAIR MAID OF MONA

How, my love, couldst hapless doubts
o'er take thee,
Was my heart so little known?
Could'st thou think thy Mary wou'd
forsake thee?
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone!
Cruel Fortune! Rash! Mistaken Lover!
May I must I not complain:

Never, never may'st thou now
discover,
All that now were known in vain.
Mine the grief, alas! That knows no
measure,
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone:
Thine the life that now can feel no
pleasure,
Wreck'd my bliss, and lost thine own.
Sometimes will my lonely sighs accuse
thee,
Think thee hasty, ... call thee blind;
Hasty, sure, ... and I for ever lose thee,
But thy heart was not unkind.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

**7. OH LET THE NIGHT MY BLUSHES
HIDE**

Oh let the night my blushes hide,
While thus my sighs reveal,
What modest love and maiden pride
Forever would conceal.
What can he mean, how can he bear,
Thus falt'ring to delay;
How can his eyes, his eyes so much
declare,
His tongue so little say, his tongue so
little say?
The times are hard, an odious word,
I'm wearied with the sound,
A cuckoo note, for ever heard
Since first the sun went round,
Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,
A heart for ever gay;
How can his eyes, his eyes so much
declare,
His tongue so little say, his tongue so
little say?
What reck's it that the times are hard,
Try fortune, and be blest-
Set Hope still cheer and Honour guard,
And Love will do the rest.
Far better load the heart with care,
Than waste it with delay;
How can his eyes, his eyes so much
declare,
His tongue so little say, his tongue so
little say?

William Smyth (1765-1849)

8. FAREWELL, THOU NOISY TOWN

Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town,
Thou scene of restless glare;
Thine hours no real pleasures crown,
No peace, no love is there.
How dull thy splendid ev'nings close!
How sad thy joys to me!
Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows,
And all thy misery.
But welcome to my longing eyes,
Dear objects ever new,
My rural cot, you varying skies,
Streams, woods, and mountains blue!
With these my humble spirits finds
Health, liberty, and rest,
The silent joys of simple minds,
And leisure to be blest.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

9. TO THE AEOLIAN HARP

Harp of the winds! In airy measure
Thy strings when viewless fingers
move,
Unfolding all thy tuneful treasure,
Thy cadence wild I dearly love.

REFRAIN:

The sounds, all earthly sounds
excelling,
Our wand'ring thoughts to heav'n
recall;
Now softly sighing, loudly swelling,
Lost in many a dying fall.

Harp of the winds! While, pensive
musing,
I mark thy deep impassion'd strain,
When trees their summer beauty
losing,
With yellow leaves bestrew the plain.

REFRAIN

Harp of the winds! While, faintly
beaming,
Yon moon hangs o'er the ruined
tower,
And flitting shadows dimly gleaming,
Seem subject to thy magic power.

REFRAIN

Anne Hunter

10. NED PUGH'S FAREWELL

To leave my dear girl, my country, and
friends,
And roam o'er the ocean, where toil
never ends;
To mount the high yards, when the
whistle shall sound,
Amidst the wild winds as they bluster
around!
My heart aches to think on't, but still I
must go,
For duty now calls me to face the
proud foe:
And so to my Winny I must bid adieu,
In hopes when I'm gone she will think
of Ned Pugh.
That still she will think she is near to
my heart,
Tho' far from each other, alas! We
must part,
That next to my duty, my thoughts she
will share,
My love and my glory both centre in
her!
And should I return with some hits
from Mountseer,
I know I shall meet with a smile and a
tear;
Or if I should fall then dear Winny
adieu!
I know when I'm gone you'll remember
Ned Pugh.

Anne Hunter

**11. MERCH MEGAN; OR, PEGGY'S
DAUGHTER**

In the white cot where Peggy dwells,
Her daughter fair the rose excels
That round her casement sweetly
blows,
And on the gale its fragrance throws.
O were she mine, the lovely maid!
She soon would leave the lonely
shade.
I'd bear her where the beams of morn
Should with their brightest rays adorn
Each budding charm and op'ning
grace,
That moulds her form and decks her
face.
O were she mine, the lovely maid!
I'd bear her from the lonely shade.
But, should the sultry orb of day
Too fiercely dart his fervid ray,
The rose upon its stalk might die,
And zephyr o'er its ruins sigh!
No – I would keep my lovely maid
Secure beneath the friendly shade.

12. WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
Upon the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here.
With hawk and horses and hunting-
spear!
The eager hounds in chorus cry,
The swelling horns salute the sky;
And merrily, merrily mingle they,
Then waken, lords and ladies gay!
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Brakes are deck'd with diamonds
bright,
And streams rejoice in early light.
The foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we are come to chant our lay,
Then waken, lords and ladies gay.
Louder, louder chant the lay,
O waken, lords and ladies gay;
Tell them Youth and Mirth and Glee
Run swift their course as well as we;
Old Time, stern huntsman! who can
baulk,
As staunch as hound and fleet as
hawk?
O think of this, and rise with day,
Ye gentle lords and ladies gay!

Walter Scott

13. HELPLESS WOMAN

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice:
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.
The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies;
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries;
'Till of escape despairing,

No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

14. THE DREAM

Last night worn with anguish that
 tortur'd my breast,
 When my senses benumb'd I at length
 sank to rest;
 The passion that waking has ruled o'er
 my mind
 Still woke in my dreams where it rovd'
 unconfin'd.
 Methought that my fair one, o'ercome
 by my pain,
 Assented at length to reward her fond
 swain;
 And soon at the altar she stood by my
 side,
 To the priest I already "I will" had
 replied.
 Her reply I awaited with transport of
 soul,
 When, death to my hopes! did the
 matin bell toll,
 I started, awoke, and with horror I
 found,
 'Twas a dream that maliciously fled at
 the sound.

*Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap
 Gwilym (c1340-c1400), Y Breuddwyd*

**15. WHEN MORTALS ALL TO REST
 RETIRE**

When mortals all to rest retire,
 o Moon! Thou hear'st my whisp'ring
 lyre:
 to thee I wake the mournful lay;
 for sure thou lookst as if thy ray
 would comfort, if it could,
 convey, and happier songs inspire.
 And I will happier be;
 my heart, though late, shall wisdom
 learn,
 from love's delusions free:
 my spirit shall in dignant burn,
 and I with maiden pride will spurn
 his strange inconstancy.
 Roll on ye hours! And back restore
 the peaceful thoughts I knew before,
 when smil'd the arts, when charm'd
 the muse,
 when morn for me had beauteous
 hues,
 and evening could her calm diffuse
 my ardent bosom o'er.
 But Love! Thou fiend of pain!
 I feel the tears of anguish start
 how hard my peace to gain!
 O fiend and tyrant as thou art!
 That wring'st from my unwilling heart
 the sighs that I disdain.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

16. THE DAMSELS OF CARDIGAN

Fair Tivy how sweet are thy waves
 gently flowing,
 Thy wild saken woods and green

eglantine bow'rs,
 Thy banks with the blush rose and
 amaranth glowing,
 While friendship and mirth claim these
 labourless hours.

REFRAIN:

Yet weak is our vaunt, while something
 we want,
 More sweet than the pleasures which
 prospects can give:
 Come, smile, sweet damsels of
 Cardigan!
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that
 enliven'd the spirit,
 And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic
 and free!
 The poet is absent, be just to his merit!
 Ah may he in love be mor happy than
 we!

REFRAIN

How sweet was the circle of friends
 round a table,
 Where stately Kilgarran o'erhangs the
 brown dale,
 Where none are unwilling, and few are
 unable,
 To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild
 tale!

REFRAIN

W. Jones

17. THE DAIRY HOUSE

A spreading hawthorn shades the seat
 where I have fix'd my cool retreat;
 and when the spring, with sunny
 show'rs,
 expands the leaves, and paints the
 flow'rs,
 a thousands shrubs around it bloom,
 and fill the air with wild perfume;
 the light winds through the branches
 sigh,
 and limpid rills run tinkling by.
 There, by the twilight dimly seen,
 The fairies dance upon the green,
 And as they glide in airy ring,
 The beetle plies his drowsy wing;
 And watching' till the day retires,
 The glow worm lights her elfin fires;
 While Mab, who guards my milky
 store,
 Her cream bowl finds before the door.
 The grateful Fay! she is so kind
 No caterpillar there you find,
 No creeping thing, nor wasp, nor fly
 The lattic'd windows dare come nigh;
 No long legg'd Spinner nightly weaves
 Her flimsy web beneath the eaves;
 But clean and neat, as by a charm,
 The fairies keep my dairy farm.

Anne Hunter

18. SWEET RICHARD

Yes, thou art chang'd since first we
 met,
 But think not I shall e'er regret,
 For never can my heart forget,
 The charms that once were thine.
 For Marian, well the cause I know
 That stole the luster from thine eye,
 That prov'd thy beauty's secret foe,
 And paled thy cheek's carnation dye:
 What made thy health, sweet Marian,
 fly,
 Was anxious care of me.
 Yes, o'er my couch I saw thee bend,
 The duteous wife, the tender friend,
 And each capricious wish attend
 With soft incessant care.
 Then trust me, Love, that pallid face
 Can boast a sweeter charm for me,
 A truer, tenderer, dearer grace
 Than blooming health bestow'd on
 thee:
 For there thy welltried love I see,
 And read my blessing there.

Amelia Alderson Opie

19. THE VALE OF CLWYD

Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale;
 To me 'tis fondly dear!
 For still its scenes those hours recall
 When I was blest and Henry here.
 Long, long, to part our willing hands
 An angry father strove;
 While sorrow prey'd on Henry's health,
 A sorrow nurs'd by hopeless love.
 Nor was the idea in vain:
 How sad thou art, he cried;
 But smile again, my darling child;
 For thou shalt be thy Henry's bride.
 At that glad sound, on wings of love,
 To Henry's cot I flew:
 But, ah! The transient flush of joy
 From his wan cheek too soon
 withdrew.
 Ah! Hopes too false; ah! Fears too
 true,
 Nor love nor joy could save:
 I can no more, - but mark you turf
 With flow'rs o'erspread, - 'tis Henry's
 grave!

Amelia Alderson Opie

20. TO THE BLACKBIRD

Sweet warbler of a strain divine,
 What woodland note can equal thine?
 No hermit's matins hail the day
 More pure than fine from yonder
 spray.
 Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,
 Retiring from the searching view,
 Protect the like, the leafy screen
 Beneath whose shade thou singst
 unseen.
 Thou to the poet art allied,
 Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:
 Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,
 Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;
 To future lovers shall proclaim
 Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame,

And when they hear thee in the grove,
Thy'll own thee for the bird of love.

Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c1340-c1400)

21. CUPID'S KINDNESS

Dear brother! Yes, the nymph you wed
Must be of loveliest feature,
The finest heart, the finest head,
The sweetest dearest creature.
This matchless maid go find and woo,
And heav'n for you preserve her!
I only ask, where is in you
Te merit to deserve her?
We girls, I own, are just the same,
Talk folly just as blindly;
And did not Cupid take his aim
And rule the world more kindly,
Fair maids to find with ev'ry grace,
How vain were your endeavour?
And we might in another place
Lead apes, alas! for ever.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

22. CONSTANCY

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part
As far's the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Would tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains frown, and deserts
howl,
And oceans roll between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

23. THE OLD STRAIN

My pleasant home be side the Dee!
I often sigh to think of thee,
dear scenes of love and peace and
ease,
how diff'rent all from scenes like
these!
My soldier brave I've follow'd far
but sicken at these sights of war.
The nod at church, the conscious
smile,
The haste to help me at the stile,
The pleasant walk at summer eve,
The parting kiss at taking leave:
O hours! That once with Tom were
past,
Dear happy hours! too sweet to last.
Yet Love, I know, always cure
The ills that we from Love endure;
And Tom can with a single smile
The weariest of my thoughts beguile,
Dear pleasant home beside the Dee!
I must not - will not - think of thee.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

24. THREE HUNDRED POUNDS

In yonder sung cottage, beneath the
cliff's side,
And close to the pebbles that limit the
tide,
Were five little fellows, a couple's fond
care,

Who'd barely enough, not a morsel to
spare.

They sometimes were hatless when
summer was hot
And shoeless when winter in snow
wrapt their cot;
Yet up grew the boys that no hardship
could break,
And one of the five is my lad of the
lake.
My father, o bless him! Few better, or
such,
Yet loves his dear money a little too
much,
Declar'd, if by fancy alone I was
sway'd,
Nor his wealth, nor his blessing, my
Howel should aid!
I answer'd, my Howel has vigour and
health,
And these to the children of Nature
are wealth;
Tho' my heart were a dozen, they'd all
of hem break,
If still he denied me the lad of the lake.
Now hear how my troubles and
sorrows are past,
How my father himself grew a convert
at last;
'Twas when his foot slip't as he enter'd
the boat,
My Hywel uprais'd him as quick as a
thought.
He ey'd him with kindness, and gave
me a kiss,
And said, Kate, I should like to have
grandsons like this;
Be happy, my girl, and the treasure
now take,
Tho' poor, yet a prize is thy lad of the
lake.

Richard Litwyd

25. THE PARTING KISS

Laura, thy sighs must now no more
My faltring step detain,
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus in vain:
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah! Think tho' doom'd from thee to
fly,
My heart speaks no adieu.
Thee would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own.
One last, long kiss and then we part,
Another and adieu!
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

26. GOOD NIGHT

Ere yet we slumber seek,
Blest Queen of Song, descend!
Thy shell can sweetest speak
Good night to guest and friends.
'Tis pain, 'tis pain to part
For e'en one fleeting night;

But Music's matchless art
Can turn it to delight.
How sweet the farewell glass,
When Music gives it zest!
How sweet their dreams who pass
From harmony to rest!
Dark thoughts that scare repose,
At Music's voice give place;
And Fancy lends her rose,
Sleeps poppy wreath to grace.

William Robert Spencer

CD83

TWELVE SCOTTISH SONGS WOO 156, COMPLETE

for one to three solo voices, mixed chorus, violin, violoncello and piano

1. THE BANNER OF BUCCLEUCH

From the brown crest of Newark its
summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in
flame;
And each forester blithe, from his
mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heater to join in
the game.
Then up with the banner, let forest
winds fan her,
She has blaz'd over Ettrick eight ages
and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle
defend her
With heart and with hand, like our
fathers of yore.
We forget each contention of civil
dissension
And hail like our brethren, Hone,
Douglas and Car;
And Elliot an Pringle in pastime shall
mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in
war.
Then strip, lads, and to it, though
sharp be the weather
And if, by mischance, you should
happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a
tumble on heather,
And life is it self but a game at football.
And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe
measure,
To each laird and each lady that
witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took
part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost, and the lads
that have won.
May the forest still flourish, both
borough and landward,
From the hall of the peer to the herd's
ingle nook;
And huzza! My brave hearts, for
Buccleuch and his standard,
For the Kind and the Country, the Clan
and the Duke.

Sir Walter Scott

2. DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 On blythe Yule night when we were
 fu',
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Lock'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
 Spake o'lowpon o'er a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to France for me!
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh! Her een, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 Duncan was lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

3. UP! QUIT THY BOWER

Up! Quit thy bower, late wears the
 hour,
 Long have the rooks caw'd round the
 tower;
 On flower and tree lood hums the bee,
 The wilding kid sports merrily.
 A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
 Shines sweetly when good fortune's
 near;
 A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
 Shines sweetly when good fortune's
 near.
 Up! Lady fair, and braid thy hair,
 And rouse thee in the breezy air;
 The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy
 dream,
 Is dancing in the sunny beam:
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
 Will waft good fortune on its way.
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
 Will waft good fortune on its way.
 Up! Time will tell, the friar's bell
 Its service sound hath chimed well;
 The aged crone keeps house alone,
 And reapers to the fields are gone:

The active day so boon, so bright,
 May bring good fortune ere the night.
 The active day so boon, so bright,
 May bring good fortune ere the night.

Joanna Baillie

4. YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
 Where Yarrow glides along,
 Forsake your rural toils
 And join in my triumphant song!
 She grants, she yields one heav'nly
 smile,
 Atones her long delays,
 One happy minute crown the pains
 Of many suff'ring days.

REFRAIN:

Yarrow, how dear thy stream,
 Thy beauteous banks how blest!
 For there 'twas first my loveliest maid,
 A mutual flame confest.

Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy,
 You fondly fancy mine;
 Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
 Love renders wholly thine.
 The woods struck up to the soft gale,
 The leaves were seen to move,
 The feather'd choir resum'd their
 voice,
 And music fill'd the grove.

REFRAIN

William Hamilton

5. CEASE YOUR FUNNING

Cease your funning, force or cunning,
 Never shall my heart trepan;
 All these sallies are but malice
 To seduce my constant man.
 'Tis most certain by their flirting
 Women oft have envy shown,
 Pleas'd to ruin other's wooing
 Never happy with their own.

Anonymus

6. HIGHLAND HARRY

My harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

REFRAIN:

O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
 I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land
 For Higland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowly up the glen:
 I set me down and greet my fill
 And ay I wish him back again.

REFRAIN

O where some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!

Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Higland Harry back again.

REFRAIN

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

7. POLLY STEWART

O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There's not a flower that blooms in
 May,
 That's half so fair as thou art.
 The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
 And Art can ne'er renew it,
 But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
 Will give to Polly Stewart!
 May he who wins thy matchless charm
 Possess a leal a true heart;
 To him be given to ken the heav'n
 He gains in Polly Stewart!
 O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart.
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
 May
 That's half so sweet as thou art.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

8. WOMANKIND

The hero may perish his country to
 save
 And he lives in the records of fame;
 The sage may the dungeons of tyranny
 brave,
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name!
 But virtue that silently toils and
 expires,
 No wreath, no wreath for the brow to
 adorn,
 That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh
 requires;
 O woman, that virtue is thine!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

9. LOCHNAGAR

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of
 roses,
 In you let the minions of luxury rove,
 Restore me the rocks where the
 snowflake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to
 freedom and love.
 And yet Caledonia, belov'd are thy
 mountains,
 Around their white summits the
 elements war
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of
 smooth flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.
 Ah there my young footsteps in infancy
 wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was
 the plaid.
 On chieftains long perish'd my
 memory ponder'd
 As daily I strode thro' the pine cover'd
 glade.
 I sought not my home till the day's
 dying glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright
Polar star.
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional
story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark
Lochnagar!
Years have roll'd on, Lochnagar, since I
left you!
Years must elapse ere I tread you
again.
Though nature of verdure and flow'rs
has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's
plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and
domestic
To one who has rov'd on the
mountains afar
O! for the crags that are wild and
majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark
Lochnagar!

Lord George Gordon Noel Byron

10. GLENCOE

Oh! Tell us, Harper, where fore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where non may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
And to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?
The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly hearth which warm'd that
hand,
At midnight arm'd it with a brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.
Long have my harp's best notes been
gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their
tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
"Revenge for blood and treachery!"

Sir Walter Scott

11. AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

REFRAIN:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie 's a hand o' thine!
And we'll take a right gude-
williewaught,
For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

12. THE QUAKER'S WIFE

Dark was the morn and black the sea,
When my dear laddie left me,
The swelling sails how swift they flee,
Of all my joy bereft me!
Methinks I see him take his stand
On deck so firm and steady;
And distant when he wav'd his hand,
I knew his tartan plaidy.
Alas! how heavy are the days
In absence and in sorrow,
While war and death a thousand ways
Still make me dread tomorrow.
O that ambition were at rest,
While I, the captain's lady,
Should with my soldier be so blest,
All gay in tartan plaidy!

Anonymous

TWELVE SONGS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITY WoO157, COMPLETE

for one to three solo voices, mixed chorus, violin, violoncello and piano

13. GOD SAVE THE KING! English

SOLO
God save our Lord the King!
Long live our gracious King!
God save the King!

CHORUS
God save our Lord the King!
Long live our gracious King!
God save the King!

SOLO
Send him victorious,
happy and glorious,
long to reign over us,
God save the King!

CHORUS
Send him victorious,
happy and glorious,
long to reign over us,
God save the King!

SOLO
O Lord, our God, arise,
scatter his enemies
and make them fall!

CHORUS
O Lord, our God, arise,
scatter his enemies
and make them fall!

SOLO

Confound their polities,
frustrate their Knavish tricks,
on thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

CHORUS

Confound their polities,
frustrate their Knavish tricks,
on thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

SOLO

Thy choicest gifts in store,
on him be pleased to pour,
long may he reign!

CHORUS

Thy choicest gifts in store,
on him be pleased to pour,
long may he reign!

SOLO

May he defend our laws,
and ever give us cause,
to sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King!

CHORUS

May he defend our laws,
and ever give us cause,
to sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King!

Henry Carey

14. THE SOLDIER Irish

Then, Soldier! Come fill high the wine,
For we reck not of tomorrow,
Be ours to day and we resign
All the rest to the fools of sorrow.
Gay be the hour till we beat to arms
Then camrade Death or Glory;
'Tis Victory in all her charms,
Or 'tis Fame in the worlds bright story.
'Tis you 'tis I that my meet the ball;
And me it better pleases
In battle, with the brave to fall,
Than to die of dull diseases;
Driveller to e in my fireside chair
With saws and tales unheeded;
A tottering thing of aches and care
No longer lov'd nor needed.
But thou oh dark is thy flowing hair,
And thine eye with fire is streaming,
And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
Sits health in triumph beaming.
Thou, brother soldier fill the wine,
Fill high to love ad beauty;
Love, friendship honour, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

15. CHARLIE IS MY DARLING Scottish

REFRAIN:
O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;
O Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 When birds were singing clear;
 That Charlie to the Highlands came,
 The gallant chevalier.

REFRAIN

And many a gallant Scottish chief,
 Came round their Prince to cheer,
 That Charlie was their darling,
 The young chevalier.

REFRAIN

They wou'd na bide to chase the roes
 Or start the nountain deer;
 But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
 The galant chevalier.

REFRAIN

16. O SANCTISSIMA! *Sicilian*

O Sanctissima,
 O piissima
 Dulcis Virgo Maria!
 Mater amata,
 Intemerata,
 Ora! Ora pro nobis!

17 THE MILLER OF DEE *English*

There was a jolly miller once,
 Lived on the river Dee;
 He work'd and sang from morn till
 night,
 No lark more blythe than he;
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be:
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 If nobody cares for me!
 The reason why he was so blithe,
 He once did thus unfold:
 The bread I eat my hands have earn'd;
 I covet no man's gold;
 I do not fear next quarter day;
 In debt to none I be,
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.
 So let us his example take,
 And be from malice free;
 Let every one his neighbour serve,
 As served he'd like to be.
 And merrily push the can about,
 And drink and sing with glee:
 If nobody cares a doit for us,
 Why not a doit care we.

18. A HEALTH TO THE BRAVE *John
 Dovaston*

A health to the brave, in fields afar
 sweet Freedom's foes assailing;
 And high the choral burden bear,
 their names with honours hailing.
 What meed awaits, the fallen brave?
 A nation's tears to dew them,
 and bars the blooming flowers to
 weave,
 and virgin hands to strew them.
 But what their meed to whom returns
 in triumph's car is granted?
 Beside their comrade's laurel'd urn,
 to see the olive planted.
 To hear the good, the great, the fair,

rich notes of rapture pealing.
 That high the choral burden bear,
 their names with honours hailing.

19. ROBIN ADAIR *Irish*

Since all thy vows, false maid, are
 blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd to sad
 despair,
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel Fair!
 Some gloomy place I'll find, some
 doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind e'er
 entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou dost behave
 So faithlessly.
 And when a ghost I am, I'll visit thee:
 O thou deceitful dame, whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

20. BY THE SIDE OF THE SHANNON
Irish

By the side of the Shannon was laid a
 young Lover,
 "I hate this dull river" he fretfully cried;
 "Yon tempest is coming this willow my
 cover,
 How sultry the air, not a zephyr", he
 sigh'd.
 "Go, bee! Get along why so idly
 remaining,
 For here are no roses thou trouble
 some thing!
 Peace nightingale! Peace to that ditty
 complaining
 Oh can it be thus that these
 nightingales
 sing?"
 But now a light form with a smile
 archly playing,
 All beaming in beauty, before him
 appear'd.
 "O Ellen!" he cried, "why thus
 strangely delaying,
 My dearest, my Ellen, what have I not
 fear'd."
 And then so majestic the Shannon
 came flowing,
 The bee flew unchided the blossoms
 among,
 The sky was serene, and the zephyrs
 soft blowing,
 And oh! Howe enchanting the
 nightingale's song!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

21. HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT *Scottish*

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu'stately strade he on the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

REFRAIN:

O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
 I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again!

CHORUS:

O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
 I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again!
 When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowly up ghe glen;
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland's Harry back again.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

22. SIR JOHNNIE COPE

Sir Johnnie Cope trod the North right
 far,
 Yet ne'er a rebel he came n'ar;
 Until he landed at Dunbar,
 Right early in a morning.
 Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
 Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare,
 If it be not by the chance of war,
 I'll gi'e you a merry morning.

REFRAIN:

Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet,
 Or are ye sleeping, I wou'd wit.
 Make haste and get up, for the drums
 do beat,
 O fie, Cope rise in the morning!

When Charlie look'd the letter on,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:
 "So heav'n restore me to my own,
 I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."
 But when he saw the Higland lads,
 Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
 Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and
 gauds,
 Johnnie, he could win in the morning.

REFRAIN

O' then he flew into Dunbar,
 crying for a Man o'War,
 he thought to have passed for a rustic
 tar,
 and gotten away in the morning.
 Says Lord Mark-Carr ye are nae blate,
 tae bring us the news o' yer ain defeat,
 I think you deserve the back o' the
 gate,
 get out o' my sight this morning.

REFRAIN

Old Jacobite song

23. THE WANDERING MINSTREL *Irish*

"I am bow'd down, with years,
And fast flow my tears,
But I wander, I mourn not,
Your pity to win:
'Tis not age, want, or care,
I could poverty bear
'Tis the shame of my heart
That is breaking within."

CHORUS:

Thou are bow'd down with years,
And fast flow thy tears,
But why dost thou wander
No pity to win?
Were it age, were it care,
We could soothe, we could share,
But what is the shame
Thy sad bosom within?

"Oh, if thou should'st hear
From splendour's high sphere
The sorrow, the tale,
Which these notes may convey!
Think, think of past hours,
Thy dear native bowers,
And turn not, my love,
From thy father away."

CHORUS:

'Tis from Erin so dear
The lay that we hear,
Then welcome tha minstrel
And welcome the lay:
But where are the bowers,
And what are the hours,
And where is the daughter
That wander'd away?

"What peace thou hast known,
Since from me thou hast flown!
And, Eveleen, think
But how wretched am I!
O let me but live
Thy fault to forgive,
Again let me love thee,
And bless thee, and die!"

CHORUS:

O cease then thy song,
She has languished too long;
She hoped not thy smile
Of forgiveness to see:
She sunk at the word,
Thy voice when she heard
And she lives (if she lives)
But for virtue and thee.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

24. LA GONDOLETTA *Venetian*

La Biondina in gondoletta
L'altra sera g'ho menà:
Dal piaser la povereta,
La s'ha in bota indormenzà.
La dormiva su sto brazzo,
Mi ogni tanto la svegiava,
Ma la barca che ninava
La tornava a indormenzar.

Contemplando fisso fisso
Le fatezze del mio ben,
Quel viseto cussi slisso,
Quela boca e quel bel sen;
Me sentiva drento in peto
Una smania, un missiamento,
Una spezie de contento
Che no so come spiegar!
M'ho stufà po', finalmente,
De sto tanto so' dormir,
E g'ho fato da insolente,
No m'ho avuto da pentir;
Perchè, oh Dio, che bele cosse
Che g'ho dito, e che g'ho fato!
No, mai più tanto beato
Ai me zorni no son stà.

Antonio Lamberti

CD84

25 SCOTTISH SONGS OP.108

1. MUSIC, LOVE AND WINE

O let me Music hear
Night and Day!
Let the voice and let the Lyre
Dissolve my heart, my spirit's fire;
Music and I ask no more,
Night or Day!
Hence with colder world,
Hence, Adieu!
Give me. Give me but the while,
The brighter heav'n of Ellen's smile,
Love and then I ask no more,
Oh, would you?
Hence with this world of care
I say too;
Give me but the blissful dream,
That mingles in the goblet's gleam,
Wine and then I ask no more,
What say you?
Music may gladden Wine,
What say you?
Tendrils of the laughing Vine
Around the Myrtle well may twine,
Both may grace the Lyre divine,
What say you?
What if we all agree,
What say you?
I will list the Lyre with thee,
And he shall dream of Love like me,
Brighter than the wine shall be,
What say you?

REFRAIN

Love, Music, wine agree,
True, true, true!
Round then round the glass, the glee,
And Ellen in our toast shall be!
Music, wine and Love agree,
True, true, true!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

2. SUNSET

The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,
in Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
the westland wind is hush and still,
the lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eyes

bears those bright hues that once it
bore;
tho' Ev'ning, with her richest dye,
flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.
With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the
tree,
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?
Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless
chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:
And Araby's or Eden's bowers,
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

3. O SWEET WERE THE HOURS

O sweet were the hours
When in mirth's frolic throng
I led up the revels
With dance and with song;
When brisk from the fountain
And bright as the day,
My spirits o'erflow'd
And ran sparkling away!
Wine! Wine! Wine!
Come bring me wine to cheer me,
Friend of my heart!
Come pledge me hig!
Wine! Till the dreams of youth
Again are near me,
Why must they leave me,
Tell me, why?
Return, ye sweet hours!
Once again let me see
Your airy light forms
Of enchantment and glee;
Come, give an old friend,
While he crowns his gay glass,
A nod as you part
And a smile as you pass
I cannot forget you,
I would not resign,
There's health in my pulse,
And a spell in my wine;
And sunshine in Autumn,
Tho' passing too soon,
Is sweeter and dearer
Than sunshine in June.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

4. THE MAID OF ISLA

O, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and
surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge? -
O, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.
O, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,

Her white wing gleams through mist
and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering
dark,
As to the rock she wheels away; -
Where clouds are dark and billows
rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? -
O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.
As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied
wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

5. THE SWEETEST LAD WAS JAMIE

The sweetest lad was Jamie,
The sweetest, the dearest,
And well did Jamie love me,
And not a fault has he.
Yet one he had, it spoke his praise,
He knew not woman's wish to tease,
He knew not all our silly ways,
Alas! The woe to me!
For though I loved my Jamie,
Sincerely and dearly,
Yet often when he wooed me,
I held my head on high;
And huffed and toss'd with saucy air,
And danc'd with Donald at the fair,
And plac'd his ribbon in my hair
And Jamie! Pass'd him by.
So when the war-pipes sounded,
Dear Jamie, he left me,
And now some other maiden
Will Jamie turn to woo.
My heart will break, and well it may,
For who would word of pity say
To her who threw a heart away,
So faithful and so true!
Oh! Knew he how I loved him,
Sincerely and dearly;
And I would fly to meet him!
Oh! Happy were the day!
Some kind, kind friend, oh, come
between,
And tell him of my alter'd mien!
That Jeanie has not Jeanie been
Since Jeamie went away.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

6. DIM, DIM IS MY EYE

Dim, dim is my eye,
As the dew-drop once clear,
Pale, pale is my cheek,
Ever wet with the tear
And heavily heaves
This soft breast, once so gay,
For William, my true love,
My William away!
Sad. Sad was the hour,
When he bade me adieu,
While he hung on my bosom,
And vow'd to be true;

My heart it seem'd bursting
On that fatal day,
When the fast less'ning sail
Bore my William away.
Lament him, ye fair,
And lament him, ye brave,
Though unshrouded he lies,
And the sea is his grave;
For the kind and true hearted,
The gallant and gay,
Lament, for my William's
For ever away.

*possibly by William Browne (1591-
c.1643)*

7. BONNIE, LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

Where got ye siller moon,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Glinting braw your belt aboon,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Belted plaid and bonnet blue,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Have ye been at Waterloo,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Weels me on your tartan trews,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Tell me, tell me a' the news,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
Saw ye Boney by the way,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Blucher wi' his beard sae grey,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Or, the doure and deadly Duke,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Scatt'ring Frenchmen wi' his look,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
Some say he the day may rue;
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
You can till gin this be true,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
Would ye tell me gin ye ken,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Aught o' Donald and his men,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Tell me o'my kilted Clan,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Gin they fought, or gin they ran,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?

James Hogg (1770-1835)

8. THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three!
Their winding-sheet the bludy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bludy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou has made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

9. BEHOLD MY LOVE HOW GREEN THE GROVES

Behold, my love, how green the
groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.
Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha':
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.
The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn!
The shepherd, in the flowery glen;
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true!
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to
deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But, 'tis na love like mine.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

10. SYMPATHY

Why, Julia, say, that pensive mien?
I heard thy bosom sighing;
How quickly on thy cheek is seen
The blush, as quickly flying!
Why mark I, in thy soften'd eye,
Once with light spirit beaming,
A silent tear I know not why,
In trem'lous luster gleaming?
Come, tell me all thy bosom pain:
Perhaps some faithless lover?
Nay, droop non thus, the rose with
rain
May sink, yet still recover.
O Julia! My words recall,
My thoughts too rud'ly guide me;
I see afresh thy sorrows fall,
They seem to plead and chide me.
I too, the secret would have known,
That makes existence languish,
Links to the soul on thought alone,
And that, a thought of anguish;
Forgive, forgive, an aching heart,
That vainly hoped to cheer thee
These tears may tell thee, while they
start,
How all thy grief endear thee!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

11. OH! THOU ART THE LAD OF MY HEART

Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,
There's love and there's life and glee,
There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy
bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy blithesome ee.
But, oh, how my heart was tried, Willy,
For little I thought to see,
That the lad who won the lasses all,
Would ever be won by me.

A down this path we came, Willy,
T'was just at this hour of eve;
And will he or will he not, I thought,
My fluttering heart relieve?
So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd
on,
T'was fear and hope and fear;
But here at the wood, as we parting
stood,
T'was rapture his vows to hear!
Ah vows so soft thy vows, Willy!
Who would not, like me, be proud!
Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing
song,
Come down from thy rosy cloud.
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy
mate,
But tell thy mate alone,
Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of
love,
Is merry and light as thine own.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

**12. O, HAD MY FATE BEEN JOIN'D
WITH THINE**

Oh, had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token;
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been
broken!
To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bands of
loving.
For once my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another!
Perhaps his peace I could destroy
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For nature seem'd to smile before
thee:
And once my heart abhor'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee,
But now I ask for other joys,
To think would drive my soul to
madness.
In thoughtless throngs and empty
noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.
Yet even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fields might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.
Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to forget
thee:
Nor hope, nor memory, yeld their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.
by George Gordon Noel Byron,

Lord Byron (1788-1824), "To a lady"

**13. COME FILL, FILL, MY GOOD
FELLOW**

Come fill, fill, my good fellow!
Fill high, high, my good Fellow,

And let's be merry and mellow,
And let us have one bottle more.
When warm the heart is flowing,
And bright the fancy glowing,
Oh, shame on the dolt would be going,
Nor tarry for one bottle more!

REFRAIN:

Come fill ...
My Heart, let me but lighten,
And Life, let me but brighten,
And Care, let me but frighten.

He'll fly us with one bottle more!
By day, tho' he confound me,
When friends at night have found me,
There is Paradise around me
But let me have one bottle more!
REFRAIN

So now, here's to the Lasses!
See, see, while the toast passes,
How it lights up beaming glasses!
Encore to the Lasses, encore.
We'll toast the welcome greeting
Of hearts in union beating.
And oh! For our next merry meeting,
Huzza! Then for one bottle more!

REFRAIN

William Smyth (1765-1849)

**14. O, HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND
GLAD**

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa!
It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.
My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.
A pair o' glooves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.
O weary Winter soon will pass,
And Spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa.

*Robert Burns (1759-1796), "The Bonie
Lad That's Far Awa", 1788*

15. O CRUEL WAS MY FATHER

O cruel was my father
That shut the door on me.
And cruel was my mother
That such a thing could see.
And cruel is the wintry wind
That chills my heart with cold.
But crueller than all, the lad,
That left my lovely Baby,
And warm thee in my breast.
Ah! Little thinks thy father
How sadly we're distrest,
For cruel as he is,

Did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield me in his arms
From this bitter piercing air.
Cold, cold, my dearest jewel!
Thy little life is gone!
O let my tears receive thee,
So warm that trickle down!
My tears that gush so warm,
Oh, they freeze before they fall,
Ah, wretched, wretched mother
Thou art now bereft of all!
Then down she sunk despairing
Upon the drifted snow,
And, wrung with killing anguish,
Lamented loud her woe.
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips
And laid by her side;
Then cast her eyes to heaven,
Then bow'd her head, and died.

Alexander Ballantyne

**16. COULD THIS ILL WORLD HAVE
BEEN CONTRIV'D**

Could this ill world have been contriv'd
to stand without that mischief,
woman,
how peaceful bodies wou'd have liv'd,
releas'd frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case,
that man must have this teasing crony,
why such a sweet bewitching face?
Oh! had they no been made sae
bonny!
I might have roam'd wi' cheerful mind,
nae sin nor sorrow to betide me,
as careless as the wand'ring wind,
as happy as the lamb beside me.
I might have screw'd my tuneful pegs,
and carol'd mountain airs fu' gayly,
had we but wanted a' the Megs,
wi' glossy e'en sae dark and wily.
I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
the smile, the air, and a' sae taking,
yet open laid my wareless heart,
and got the wound that keeps me
waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,
of wild witch notes it has nae ony,
sinc' e'er I saw that pawky quean,
sae sweet, sae wicked, and sae bonny.

James Hogg (1770-1835)

17. O MARY, AT THY WINDOW BE

O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,
And diamonds in your hair,
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride
Nor think on Arthur mair.
Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,
Wi' tears blinding their ee?
Before I'll break my true love's heart,
I'll lay me down and die.
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Arthur's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.
The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.
So trust me when I swear to thee,

By a' that is on high,
Thoug, ye had a'this world's gear,
My heart ye couldna buy;
For langest life can ne'er repay,
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

18. ENCHANTRESS, FAREWELL

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft hast
decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through
woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, 'lated, with
wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was
quitting for home.
Farewell and take with thee thy
numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and
woe:
Oh! none but some lover, whose
heartstrings are breaking
The pang that I feel at our parting can
know.
Each joy thou couldst double, and
when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my
way,
What voice was like thine, that could
sing of tomorrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of
today!
But when friends drop around us in
life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou
canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those
yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness
of age.
'Twas thou that once taught me,
accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior I lay stretch'd on
the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid
unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in
vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of
wild Numbers
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is
o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in
apathy slumbers
Farewell, then, Enchantress I'll meet
thee no more!

*Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832),
"Farewell to the Muse"*

19. O SWIFTLY GLIDES THE BONNY BOAT

O swiftly glides the bonny boat
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus note
Soft moves the dipping oar.
His toils are borne with happy cheer
And ever may they speed,
That feeble age and helpmate dear
And tender bairnies feed.

REFRAIN:

We cast our lines in Largo Bay,
Our nets are floating wide,
Our bonny boat with yielding sway
Rocks lightly in the tide.
Amd happy prove our daily lot
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly Cot
Where all our treasures be.
The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm,
Nor watersprite nor eldritch thing
The bonny boat can harm.
It safely bears its scaly store
Thro many a storm gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the
shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.

Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)

20. FAITHFU' JOHNNIE

When will you come again, ma faithfu'
Johnie,
When will you come again?
"When the corn is gathered,
And the leaves are withered,
I will come again, ma sweet and
bonny,
I will come again."
Then will you meet me here, ma
faithfu' Johnie,
Then will you meet me here?
"Though the night were Hallowe'en,
When the fearfu' sights are seen,
I would meet thee here, ma sweet and
bonny,
I would meet thee here."
O come na by the muir, ma faithfu'
Johnie,
O come na by the muir.
"Though the wraiths were glist'ning
white
By the dim elf-candles' light
I would come to thee, ma sweet and
bonny,
I would come to thee."
And shall we part again, ma fathfu'
Johnie?
Shall we part again?
"So lang's my eye can see, Jean,
That face so dear to me Jean,
We shall not part again, ma sweet and
bonnie,
We shall not part again."

*possibly by William Smyth (1765-1849)
"Faithfu' Johnie" possibly by Anne
Grant, "Faithfu' Johnie"*

21. JEANIE'S DISTRESS

By William late offended,
I blam'd him, I allow
And then my anger ended,
And he is angry now.
And I in turn am chided,
For what I ne'er design'd;
And tho'by love misguided,
Am call'd myself unkind.
So now, when I am nigh him,
y looks must coldness wear;
They tell me I must fly him

At market and at fair;
Nor near the thorn-tree meet him,
At evening, I suppose,
Nor in the morning greet him,
As by the door he goes.
Nor at the kirk perceive him,
But ponder on my book;
With downcast eyes deceive him,
Tho' stealing oft a look.
Alas! How long must nature
This cruel war maintain?
Content in every feature,
While writhes my heart with pain?
O William, dost thou love me?
Oh! Sure I need not fear;
How, dearest, would it move thee
To see this falling tear!
Too heedless, thoughtless lover,
From what thyself must feel,
Why canst thou not discover,
What Jeanie must conceal?

William Smyth (1765-1849)

22. THE HIGHLAND WATCH

Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain
In all its wildest splendours!
And welcome back the lads again,
Your honour's dear defenders!
Be every harp and viol strung',
Till all the woodlands quaver:
Of many a band your Bards have sung,
But never hail'd a braver.

REFRAIN:

Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
We're all in key to cheer it;
And let it be a martial strain,
That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes
As virgin voice can sound them,
Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,
For glory kindles round them.
Small is the remnant you will see,
Lamented be the others!
But such a stem of such a tree,
Take to your arms like brothers.

REFRAIN:

Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Strike all our glen with wonder;
Let the chanter yell, and the drone
notes swell,
Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain
rock,
What wave your headlands shiver?
Long have they stood the tempest's
shock,
Thou knowst they will for ever.
Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view
Split by the wind and weather,
Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue
Behind the nodding feather.

REFRAIN:

O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Our caps to the sky we'll send them.

Scotland, thy honours who can stain,
Thy laurels who can rend them!

James Hogg (1770-1835)

23. THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! Sad and slow!
I hear nae welcome sound!
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round.
My sheepbell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound tha I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh no! Sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lonely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.
I hear below the water roar,
Th mill wi' clackin' din,
And Lukky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in,
Oh no! Sad and slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of a trysting bush,
It creeps sae dearly.

Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)

24. AGAIN, MY LYRE

Again my lyre, yet once again!
With tears I wake thy thrilling strain
O sounds to sacred sorrow dear,
I weep, but could for ever hear!
Ah! cease! nor more past scenes recall,
Ye plaintive notes! thou dying fall!
For lost, beneath thy lov'd control,
Sweet Lyre! is my dissolving soul.
Around me airy forms appear,
And Seraph songs are in mine ear!
Ye Spirits blest, oh bear away
To happier realms my humble lay!
For still my Love may deign to hear
Those human notes that once were dear!
And still one angel sigh bestow
On her who weeps, who mourns below.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

25. SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!
There's not a lady in the land That's
half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the street does cry' em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy' em
How could such folks the parents be
Of such a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes
between
The Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally.
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
My master carries me to church,
And often am I blam'd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is nam'd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh! Then I'll marry Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

Henry Carey (1693?-1743)

**27 SONGS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES
(27 LIEDER VERSCHIEDENER VÖLKER),
WoO158/1 (SELECTION)**

26. NO.1 RIDDER STIGS RUNER *Danish*

Ridder Stig tjener i Kongens Gaard,
Frøer og Jomfrøer de børste hans Haar.
Jomfrøer, I giver os Orlov
Ridder Stig skjaenker for Bord i Stove,
Liden Kirstin laa hanom hart I Hove.
Jomfrøer, I giver os Orlov
"De ter syv Aar siden, jeg Runer nam,
Aften skall jeg prøve, om de due
kann."
Jomfrøer, I giver os Orlov

**27. NO.4 WANN I IN DER FRÜH
AUFSTEH** *Tyrolean*

Wann i in der Früh aufsteh,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Und zu meiner Schwaigrin* geh,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Und da nim i glei mei Sichel
Und da gras' i mit mein Michel*,

Und da gras' ma in den Klee
Ei, ai, ei, a.
Schwaigrin, du bist mein Freud,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Wann i's Vieh auf d'Alma treib,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Und aft'n tun ma's Kuhla malcha*,
Und da krieg'n ma gute Kalma*,
Treib'n mirs abi zu den Stier
Ei, ai, ei, a.
Wann der Holda* blast ins Horn,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Treib'n ma's Kuhla von den Barn*
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Tun ma's Kuhla von den Barn*,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Tun ma's Kuhla abi streicha,
Und die Milli zamma seicha,
Aft'n treib'n mir's hin zum Bach,
Ei, ai, ei, a.
Schwaigrin, bring den Sechta* her,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
's Kuhla gibt uns Milli mehr,
Ai, ei, ei, a,
Kann ma's Kuhla nimmer malcha,
Aft'n krieg'n ma gute Kalma,
's Kuhla gibt uns Milli mehr,
Ei, ai, ei, a.

* Notes:

Schwaigrin = Sennerin
Michel = der zweite Kuhbub
Kuhla malcha = Kuh melken
Kalma = Kälbchen
Holda = Hüter
Barn = Futterkrippe
Sechta = Eimer

**28. NO.7 WER SOLCHE BUEMA
AFIPACKT** *Tyrolean*

Wer solche Buema afipackt
Die steckt ma auf an Hut,
A Bua, der kani Federn tragt,
Der hat ka Federn tragt,
Der hat ka Feur im blut.
Drum denk an den Tyroler Bua
Und hält dein weite Goschen zu.

From Jakob Haibel's Singspiel "Der Tyroler Wastl"

**29. NO.8 IH MAG DI NIT NEHMA, DU
TÖPPETER HECHT** *Tyrolean*

Ih mag di nit nehma,
Du töppeter Hecht,
Du darfst mir nit komma,
Du warst mir viel z'schlecht;
Und du willst mei Mann sein,
Du städtischer Aff,
Was fällt dir nit no ein,
Du törischer Laff.
Du talketer Jodel*,
Z'was brauchest a Weib,
Du hast ja* a Sodel
Koan Saft mehr in Leib;
Bist sü, wie a Brue
Und sü, wie a Vogel,
was tat a Weib mit dir.
Der Tölpel von Passau
Ist dein Contrase,*
Du kierst* wie ein Spansau,

Jetzt heb di und geh,
Hör auf mit dein Raunzen,
Das sag ich dir frue,
I steck dir a Faunzen, *
Du talketer Bue.

*NOTE

Talketer Jodel = törichter Geselle
Du hast ja = sowieso
Contrase = Abbild
Du kierst = Du quiekst
Faunzen = Ohrfeige

**30. NO.9 OJ, OJ UPIIEM SIE W
KARCZMIE** *Polish*

Oj, oj upiiem si' karczmie,
wyspaiem si' w sieni,
A °ydki psia juchi,
Kobiaike mi wzieni.
Oj, oj °ydzi kanalije
Oddajcie kobiaiOj, cem"e bede nosiui
Krupy na korzaike

31. NO.10: POSZIA BABA PO POPIOL
Polish

Poszia baba po popioi
i diabei je utopii.
Ni popioiu
ni baby,
Tylko z baby
dwa szaby.

32. NO.12 SEU LINDOS OLHOS
Portugese

Seu lindos olhos
Mal que me viram
Crucis feriram
Meu coração.
Se Amor protege
A chama nossa,
Talvez se mova
A compaixão.
Vir pode um dia,
Dia d'encanto,
Qu'em que o pranto
Vertido em vão.
Se Amor alenta
Esta esperança
Em paz descança
Meu coração.

**33. NO.13 IM WALDE SIND VIELE
MÜCKLEIN GEBOREN** *Russian*

Vo lesochke komarochkov mnogo
urodilos',
Ja ves'ma, krasna devica, tomu
udivilas'.
Tomu mlada udivilas', chto mnogo
urodilos',
Mne nel'zja, krasnoj device, v lesu
poguljati.
Ya, devica, vzradovalas', k okoshku
brosalas',
Okoshechko otkryvala, molodca
vpuskala.
Vo lesochke komarochkov mnogo
urodilos',
Ja ves'ma, krasna devica, tomu
udivilas'.

**34. NO.14 ACH BÄCHLEIN, BÄCHLEIN,
KÜHLE WASSER** *Russian / German*

Akh, recen'ki, recen'ki
Ach Bächlein, Bächlein, kühle Wasser,
ihr Mädchen, Mädchen, ihr bringt uns
zum Weinen,
bringt zum Weinen den Freund und
zum Klagen,
dass mein Liebster nicht entflieht, weil
ihn jemand hält.
Sein erstes Liebchen hielt ihn an der
Hand,
die zweite, die küsste ihn auf den
Mund,
die dritte, die liebe, hat ihn zur Tür
begleitet.
Drei grüne Gärten hat mein Liebster.
Im ersten ruft der Kuckuck kläglich,
im zweiten singt die Lerche laut,
im dritten grünt der Birnbaum froh.
Ein Mädchen unterm Birnbaum sitzt,
sie weint und stöhnt und sinkt zum
Boden nieder,
sie reibt die Tränen mit dem Tüchlein
weg
und blickt den Liebsten heimlich öfters
an.
Jeder weiß, dem Liebsten geht es gar
nicht gut,
ja, auch die Jalousien sind nun zu,
mit schwarzem Flor die Fenster
behangen.
Es gibt kein Begrüßen mehr am
Fenster,
kein Kristallglas mehr mit
transparenten Blumen.
Eine silberne Karaffe tranken wir mit
dem Liebsten,
tranken, tranken, hielten inne, küssten
uns.

**35. NO.15 UNSERE MÄDCHEN GINGEN
IN DEN WALD** *Russian*

Kak poshli nashi podruzki v les po
jagody guljat',
Veju, veju, veju, v les po jagody
guljat'.
Po chjornuju chernichku, po krasnuju
zemljanichku,
Veju, veju, veju, veju, po krasnu
zemljanichku.
Oni jagod ne nabrali, podruzhen'ku
poterjali,
Veju, veju, veju, veju, podruzhen'ku
poterjali.
Kak poshli nashi podruzki v les po
jagody guljat',
Veju, veju, veju, veju, v les po jagody
guljat'.

36. NO.17 VAGGVISA *Swedish*

Lilla Carl, sov sött i frid,
Du får tids nog vaka,
Tids nog se vår onda tid
Och hennes galla smaka.
Världen är en sergeö,
Bäst man andas, skall man dö
Och bli mull tillbaka.
Så är med vår livstid fatt,
Och så försvinna åren:
Bäst man andas godt och glad,

Så ligger man på bären.
Lilla charles skall tänka så,
När han se de blommer små,
Som bepryda våren.

Carl S. Michael Bellman (1740-1795)

37. NO.18 AN Ä BERGLI BIN I GESÄSSE
Swiss

An ä Bergli bin i gesässe,
Nach die Vögli hab i geschaut:
Han gesunge, han gepfiffe,
Han Nestli dran gebaut.
Auf ä Wiesli bin i gegange,
Nach die Imbli hab i geschaut:
Han gesummet, han gebrummet,
Han Zelli gebaut.
In ä Gärtli hab i gestanne,
Lugt die Schmetterlinge an;
Han gesoge, han gepfloge,
Gar zu schön hans getan.
Da kommt nu mei Hänsli, dem zeig i
Gar so froh, wie sie es mache,
Und mir lache, mir lache
Und machens a so.

**38. NO.20 BOLERO A DUE: COMO LA
MARIPOSA** *Spanish*

Como la mariposa soy,
Que por verte,
En la luz de tus ojos
Busco mi muerte.
Yo no sé si me quieres
O si me olvidas,
Sólo sé que yo vivo,
Cuando me miras.

39. NO.22 ÉDES KINOS EMLÉKEZET
Hungarian

Édes kinos emlékezet,
Oh Badacson' szürete!
Mulatságos gyülekezet,
Oh rabságom' kezdete!
Ott tudtammeg, kicsoda Ö,
's micsoda a' szere lem;
Amor' nyila miként sebzö,
's mi az édes gyötrelém.
Nem ugy mentem, a' mint jöttem;
Nagy külömbőség volt Köztem,
A' ki valék az előtt
'S a' ki lettem, látván Öt.

*Magyar Szüretölö Ének (Hungarian
grape-picking song)*

**40. AIR DE COLIN, FROM LE DEVIN DU
VILLAGE** *WoO158/C NO.2*

Non, non, Colette n'est point
trompeuse,
Elle m'a promis sa foi.
Peut – elle être l'amoureuse
D'un autre berger que moi?

Jean-Jacques Rousseau

41. AIR FRANÇAIS *WoO158/D French*

CD85

23 SONGS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES WoO158A, SELECTION
for one to two solo voices, violin, violoncello and piano

**1. NO.2 ARIE DES HEINZENFELD
"HORCH AUF, MEIN LIEBCHEN"**

Aus das neue sonntagskind

Horch auf, mein Liebchen, ich bin es,
gugu,
ach, gar ein herrliches Mädchen bist du.
Ach komm nur, mein Kindchen, komm
nur heidipritsch,
oh komm doch, du kleiner, du herziger
Gritsch.
Ich bin's, wenn mich nicht dein Ohrlein
erkennt,
Bring dir ein Ständchen auf mein
Instrument,
Ach Herzchen, ach Herzchen, ach
willigst du ein,
So sollst du in Hinkunft mein
Maultrommel sein.

Wenzel Müller

**2. NO.3 ARIE DES HAUSMEISTERS
"WEGEN MEINER BLEIB D'FRÄULA"**

Aus das neue sonntagskind

Wegen meiner bleib d'Fräula nur da
ganz allein,
Wenn d'Trud1 nicht hereinkommt, so
will ich was sein,
Sie ist gar ein wildes, ein garstiges Tier,
Und wenn sie zu mir kommt, so
sutzelt an mir,
Drum geh ich Keller und sauf mich voll
Muts,
So finds doch, wanns her kommt, an
mir noch was Guts.
Wegen meiner kanns kommen, weg'n
meiner kanns gehen,
Wegen meiner bleib d'Fräula nur
immer da stehn,
So ist doch der Hausmeister aus aller
Schuld,
So hab die Lisettel und d'Fräula
Geduld,
Weg'n meiner kann g'schehen, weg'n
meiner was will,
Wenn d'Trud kommt, so halt sich die
Fräula fein still.
Wegen meiner, weg'n unser, weg'n
allen, wegen dir,
Wegen enka steh ich nur als
Schildwach allhier,
Und kommt auch der Teufel, so weiß
ich kein Wort,
So nehmts ihn beim Hörndel und
prügelts ihn fort,
Weg'n meiner, weg'n unser, weg'n
Herrn, der verrückt,
Gebts acht, daß die Trud enk nicht gar
zu stark druckt.

Wenzel Müller

**Trud: a blood-sucking female ghost.*

3. NO.5 I BIN A TYROLER BUA

I bin a Tyroler Bua,
Bin alleweil wohlauf,
Auf d'Madel geh i sakrisch zua,
Trag Teppich zum Verkauf,
Da seh i Madeln schön und rar,
Bald blond, bald schwarz, bald weiß
und braun,
So aner gäb i all mei War,
An Troler is nit z'traun,
I bin a Tyroler Bua,
Bin alleweil wohlauf,
Auf d'Madel geh i sakrisch zu,
Trag Teppich zum Verkauf,
Kommt aber ane Alte her,
Die noch die Liebeshitzen kriegt,
Da nehm i glei' an Teppich her
Und werf 'n ihr übers G'sicht;
Tyroler sind halt allweil klug,
Wann's kommen in a fremdes Land,
Der jungen Madeln kriegens g'nug,
Mit Alten war's a Schand.
Drum Alte, laß dir d'Lieb vergehn,
Koan T'roler kriegst du dran,
Man darf nur deine Falten sehn,
Der Teufel lauft davon.
Ein altes Weib ist ohne Kraft,
I bitt dich, schau und gib an Rua,
Bist wie a Ruben ohne Saft,
Geh hoam und deck di zua,
Und sollt di d'Liab noch often plag'n,
So folg halt meinem Rat,
I kann dir gar nichts bessers sag'n:
Brauch often s'kalte Bad;
Das ziagt die Hitzen sauber aus,
Stirbst a nua, was liegt denn dran,
Sonst kommst du noch ins Narrenhaus,
Um'ne Alte kraht koa Hahn,
Drum mag di koa Tyroler Bua,
Bist allweil übel auf,
Drum halt die alte Goshen zua,
Sonst schlag i di brav drauf.

Tirolean

4. NO.6 A MADEL, JA A MADEL

A Madel, ja a Madel
Ist als wie a Fahn,
Die jede Luft bewegt,
Viel ärger als a Wetterhahn,
Der sich vom Winde dreht.
Das hat mir mei Vater gesagt,
Mei Vater, der war ein g'scheider
Mann,
Wenn oaner etwa Zweifel trägt,
Der schau nur den Anton an;
Der Anton, der sagt engs,
Und gar auf ein Haar,
Der Anton is' koa Narr.
Die Madeln, die führen
Uns an der Nase her,
Und kommt nur ein andrer Wind,
So gilt a der schönste Bua schon a
nichts mehr,
Wie halt Madeln sind.
Drum hörts mein Rat, und gebts guad
acht,
Es ward, wenn Mondschein ist,
Schon mancher zum Schafskopf
g'macht,
der sich nichts träumen ließ;

A Madel, a Madel
Ist als wie a Fahn,
Die jede Luft bewegt,
Viel ärger als a Wetterhahn,
Der sich vom Winde dreht,
Das weiß ich auf ein Haar,
Der Anton ist kein Narr.

Tirolean

**5. NO.11 YO NO QUIERO
EMBARCARME**

Yo no quiero embarcarne,
Pues es muy cierto
Que no cuantos návegan
Llegan al puerto.
Amor que tiene juicio
Poco amor tiene,
Que el amor al más cuerdo
Loco le vuelve.
Siempre rabio por verte
Y si te veo
Nunca puedo decirte
Lo que te quiero.

**6. NO.16 AIR COSAQUE: SCHÖNE
MINKA, ICH MUSS SCHEIDEN**

Schöne Minka, ich muß scheiden!
Ach, du fühltest nicht das Leiden,
Fern auf freudenlosen Heiden
Fern zu sein von dir!
Finster wird der Tag mir scheinen,
Einsam wird' ich gehen und weinen;
Auf den Bergen, in den Hainen
Ruf' ich, Minka, dir!
Nie werd' ich von dir mich wenden;
Mit den Lippen, mit den Händen
Werd' ich Grüße zu dir senden
Von entfernten Höhn!
Mancher Mond wird noch vergehen,
Ehe wir uns wiedersehen:
Ach, vernimm mein letztes Flehen:
Bleib mir treu und schön!
Du, mein Olis, mich verlassen?
Meine Wange wird erblassen!
Alle Freuden werd' ich hassen,
Die sich freundlich nahn!
Ach, den Nächten und den Tagen
Werd' ich meinen Kummer klagen;
Alle Lüfte werd' ich fragen,
Ob sie Olis sahn!
Tief verstummen meine Lieder,
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Aber seh' ich einst dich wieder,
Dann wird's anders sein!
Ob auch all die frischen Farben
Deiner Jugendblüte starben:
Ja, mit Wunden und mit Narben
Bist du, Süßer, mein!

Christoph August Tiedge (Ukrainian)

**7. NO.19 BOLERO A SOLO: UNA
PALOMA BLANCA**

Una paloma blanca
Como la nieve
Me ha picado en el pecho,
Como me duele!
Mas allá de la vida
He de quererte,
Que amor está en el alma,
Y esa no muere.

Dicen que sueño es muerte,
Mas yo lo niego,
Pues cuando duermo, vivo,
Cuando no, muero.

8. NO.21 TIRANILLA ESPAÑOLA

La Tirana se embarca
De Cádiz para Marsella,
En alta mar la apresó
Una balandra francesa.

REFRAIN:

Ay Tirana retírate a España
Ay Tirana huye los rigores,
Ay Triana de la Convención!
Sí, sí, Tiranilla
Sí, sí picarilla
Porque si te agaran,
Porque si te pillan,
Pondrán tu cabeza en la guillotina.

La tirana que de amor muere
No llame muerte al morir,
Que es morir por quien se adora
El más dichoso vivir.

REFRAIN

Grande pena es el morir,
Pero yo no la sintiera,
Pues quien vive como yo,
De alegría le sirviera.

REFRAIN

**9. NO.23 CANZONETTA VENEZIANA
DA BRAVA CATINA**

Da brava Catina, mostréve bonina,
Mostréve pietosa, cortese con mi.
Un baso dimando, nol xè un
contrabando,
no xè una gran cosa, diséme de sì.

BRITISH SONGS WoO158B COMPLETE

for solo voice, violin, violoncello and piano

10. ADIEU, MY LOV'D HARP *Irish*

Adieu my lov'd harp, for no more shall
the vale,
Reecho thy notes as they float on the
gale;
No more melting pity shall sigh o'er
thy String;
Or love to thy tremblings so tenderly
sing.
When battle's fell strife launch'd its
thunders afar,
And valour's dark brow wore the
honours of war;
'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the
hero around,
And young emulation was wak'd by
the sound.
Ye daughters of Erin soon comes the
sad day,
When over the turf where I sleep ye
shall say:
"Oh! Still is the song we repaid with a
tear,
And silent the string that delighted the
ear."

**11. OH ONO CHRI! (OH WAS NOT I A
WEARY WIGHT!)** *Scottish*

Oh was not I a weary wight! Oh ono
chri!
Maid, Wife and Widow in one night,
oh ono chri!
When in my soft and yielding arms, oh
ono chri!
When most I thought him free from
harms, oh ono chri!
Even at the dead time of the night, oh
ono chri,
They broke my bower, and flew my
Knight, oh ono chri,
With ae lock of his jet black hair, oh
ono chri,
I'll tye my heart for ever mair, oh ono
chri!
Nae fly-tongued youth, or flattering
swain, oh ono chri,
Shall e'er untie this knot again, oh ono
chri,
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall
be, oh ono chri,
Nor pant for aught save heaven and
thee, oh ono chri!

**12. RED GLEAMS THE SUN ON YON
HILL TAP** *Scottish*

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs thro' her glens the
spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,
Would ever, ever cheer me.
The lavr'ock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheery,
And I sit weeping by the birk,
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary,
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
Thou canna be my dearie.

13. ERIN! O ERIN!

Like the bright lamp that lay on
Kildare's holly fane,
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness
and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frow'd
on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading
and warm.
Erin, O Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit
appears.
The nations have fallen, and thou still
art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are
set;
And tho' slav'ry's cloud o'er thy
morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam
round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the
proudest shall fade.
Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by

the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold
hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain
unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the
young flow'r.
Erin, O Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall
blossom at last.

14. O MARY, YE'S BE CLAD IN SILK
Scottish

O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,
And diamonds in your hair,
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride
Nor think on Arthur mair.
Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,
Wi' tears blinding their ee,
Before I'll break my true love's heart,
I'll lay me down and die.
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Arthur's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.
The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.
So trust me when I swear to thee,
By a' that is on high,
Thoug, ye had a' this world's gear,
My heart ye couldna buy;
For langest life can ne'er repay,
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

**SONGS OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES
WoO158C**

for solo voice, violin, violoncello and piano

**15. WHEN MY HERO IN COURT
APPEARS**

from The Beggar's Opera
When my Hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life;
Then think of poor Polly's tears;
For ah! Poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,
Distrest on the dashing wave.
To die a dry death at land
Is a bad a wat'ry grave:
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack and a-well a day!
Before I was in love,
Oh, ev'ry month was May.

16. AIR DE COLIN

Non, non, Colette n'est point
trompeuse,
Elle m'a promis sa foi.
Peut – elle être l'amoureuse
D'un autre berger que moi?
Jean Baptiste Rousseau
from Le devin du village

17. MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION *Scottish*

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze,
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the
heart.
But, did you see my dearest Phillis
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yon sweet opening flowers is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day:
O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters
She chains the willing soul!

Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n av'rice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's
raptures roll.

18. BONNIE WEE THING *Scottish*
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine!
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Least my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish
Lest my wee thing be na mine!
Wit and grace and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o'this soul o'mine!
Bonnie wee thing, etc.

19. FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO *Scottish*

Trio
From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar.
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.
Farewell, farewell Eliza dear
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

Robert Burns (1759-1796)