

## DOLCI BY THE BAY

### Concert No. 44: Schubert and Schumann

*Ted Rust, English horn – Viva Knight, piano*

The early Romantic style of Schubert and Schumann, like that of Beethoven, was grounded in classicism. These composers wrote passionate music with much the same conciseness, clarity and order as Haydn and Mozart had done.



A Schubertiade of about 1827, as drawn by one of the guests, Moritz von Schwind

#### *Impromptu, opus 90, No. 4*

**Franz Schubert (1797-1898)**

Schubert's short piano pieces and songs for solo piano and voice were written to be performed in private homes at informal parties in Vienna for composers, patrons and their friends, which came to be called Schubertiades. This "Impromptu" was one of the eight single-movement pieces for solo piano that Franz Peter Schubert composed in 1827. The title "Impromptu," was assigned to them by their publisher decades after Schubert's death.

#### *Dichterliebe ("A Poet's Love")*

**Robert Schumann (1810-1856)**

Deeply moved by Schubert's song cycles, Schumann set sixteen poems of Heinrich Heine to music in 1840, creating one of the great Romantic song cycles. Translations of the lyrics follow. The piano music in these songs deserves close attention as it often evokes images of its own, like the dark, implacable current of the Rhine in Song No. 6, and the nightingales' songs in No. 8.

**NEXT CONCERT: JANUARY 30 AT AQUATIC PARK**

## Poems by Heinrich Heine

set to music by Robert Schumann as "Dichterliebe."  
English translations by James C. S. Liu.

### **I. In the wonderfully fair month of May,**

as all the flower-buds burst,  
then in my heart love arose.  
In the wonderfully fair month of May,  
as all the birds were singing,  
then I confessed to her  
my yearning and longing.

### **II. From my tears spring**

many blooming flowers forth,  
and my sighs become a nightingale choir,  
and if you have love for me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
and before your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

### **III. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,**

I once loved them all in love's bliss.  
I love them no more, I love only  
the small, the fine, the pure, the one;  
she herself, source of all love,  
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

### **IV. When I look into your eyes,**

then vanish all my sorrow and pain!  
Ah, but when I kiss your mouth,  
then I will be wholly and completely healthy.  
When I lean on your breast,  
I am overcome with heavenly delight,  
ah, but when you say, "I love you!"  
then I must weep bitterly.

### **V. I want to plunge my soul**

into the chalice of the lily;  
the lily shall resoundingly exhale  
a song of my beloved.  
The song shall quiver and tremble,  
like the kiss from her mouth,  
that she once gave me in a wonderfully sweet hour!

### **VI. In the Rhine, in the holy stream,**

there is, mirrored in the waves,  
Cologne, with its great cathedral.  
In the cathedral, there stands an image  
in golden leather painted.  
Into my life's wilderness it has shined in amicably.

There hover flowers and little angels around our  
beloved Lady, the eyes, the lips, the little cheeks,  
they match my beloved's exactly.

### **VII. I bear no grudge,**

even as my heart is breaking,  
eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.  
Even though you shine in diamond splendor,  
there falls no light into your heart's night,  
that I've known for a long time.  
I bear no grudge, even as my heart is breaking.  
I saw you, truly, in my dreams,  
and saw the night in your heart's cavity,  
and saw the serpent that feeds on your heart,  
I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.  
I bear no grudge.

### **VIII. And if they knew it,**

the blooms, the little ones,  
how deeply wounded my heart is,  
they would weep with me to heal my pain.  
And if they knew it, the nightingales,  
how I am so sad and sick,  
they would merrily unleash refreshing song.  
And if they knew my pain,  
the golden little stars,  
they would descend from their heights  
and would comfort me.  
All of them cannot know it,  
only one knows my pain,  
she herself has indeed torn,  
torn up my heart.

### **IX. There is fluting and fiddling,**

and trumpets blasting in.  
Surely, there dancing the wedding dance  
is my dearest beloved.  
There is a ringing and roaring  
of drums and shawms,  
amidst it sobbing and moaning  
are dear little angels.

### **X. I hear the little song sounding**

that my beloved once sang,  
and my heart wants to shatter  
from savage pain's pressure.  
I am driven by a dark longing  
up to the wooded heights,  
there is dissolved in tears my supremely great pain.

**XI. A young man loves a girl,**  
who has chosen another man,  
the other loves yet another  
and has gotten married to her.  
The girl takes out of resentment  
the first, best man who crosses her path;  
the young man is badly off.  
It is an old story  
but remains eternally new,  
and for him to whom it has just happened  
it breaks his heart in two.

**XII. On a shining summer morning**  
I go about in the garden.  
The flowers are whispering and speaking,  
I however wander silently.  
The flowers are whispering and speaking,  
and look sympathetically at me:  
"Do not be angry with our sister,  
you sad, pale man."

**XIII. I have wept in my dreams,**  
I dreamed you lay in your grave.  
I woke up and the tears  
still flowed down from my cheeks.  
I have wept in my dreams,  
I dreamed you forsook me.  
I woke up and I wept for a long time and bitterly.  
I have wept in my dreams,  
I dreamed you still were good to me.  
I woke up, and still now streams my flood of tears.

**XIV. Every night in my dreams** I see you,  
and see your friendly greeting,  
and loudly crying out, I throw myself  
at your sweet feet.  
You look at me wistfully  
and shake your blond little head;  
from your eyes steal forth  
little pearly teardrops.  
You say to me secretly a soft word,  
and give me a garland of cypress.  
I wake up, and the garland is gone,  
and the word I have forgotten.

**XV. From old fairy-tales**  
it beckons to me with a white hand,  
there it sings and there it resounds  
of a magic land, where colorful flowers bloom  
in the golden twilight, and sweetly, fragrantly glow  
with a bride-like face.  
And green trees sing primeval melodies,

the breezes secretly sound  
and birds warble in them.  
And misty images rise  
indeed forth from the earth,  
and dance airy reels  
in fantastic chorus.  
And blue sparks burn  
on every leaf and twig,  
and red lights run in crazy, hazy rings.  
And loud springs burst  
out of wild marble stone,  
and oddly in the brooks  
shine forth the reflections.  
Ah! If I could enter there  
and there gladden my heart,  
and have all anguish taken away,  
and be free and blessed!  
Oh, that land of bliss,  
I see it often in dreams,  
but come the morning sun,  
and it melts away like mere froth.

**XVI. The old, angry songs,**  
the dreams angry and nasty,  
let us now bury them,  
fetch a great coffin.  
In it I will lay very many things,  
though I shall not yet say what.  
The coffin must be even larger  
than the Heidelberg Tun.  
And fetch a death-bier,  
of boards firm and thick,  
they also must be even longer  
than those at Mainz.  
And fetch me also twelve giants,  
who must be yet mightier  
than mighty St. Christopher  
in the Cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine.  
They shall carry the coffin away,  
and sink it down into the sea,  
for such a great coffin  
deserves a great grave.  
How could the coffin  
be so large and heavy?  
I also sank my love  
with my pain in it.