



## Programme

Dichterliebe (Op.48)  
*Robert Schumann*

Romance in A minor (Op.21 No.1)  
*Clara Schumann*

**Song Selection**  
*Richard Strauss*

Zueignung Op.10 No .1  
Traum durch die Dämmerung Op.29 No.1  
Befreit Op.34 No.4  
Allerseelen Op.10 No.8  
Heimliche Aufforderung Op.27 No.3

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## SONG TRANSLATIONS

(by John Upperton)

### Dichterliebe *Robert Schumann*

#### **1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai**

In the glorious month of May when all the buds were opening, love burst in my heart.  
In the glorious month of May when all the birds were singing, I told her of my love and longing.

#### **2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen**

Many flowers bloom from my tears. And my sighs become a nightingales' choir.  
And when you love me, child, all the flowers I will give to you.  
And the nightingales' song will resound before your window.

#### **3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne**

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun - I once loved them all.  
I no longer love them; I only love the little, fine, pure one. She represents them all.

#### **4. Wenn ich in deine Augen she**

My grief and sorrow vanish if I look into your eyes. Yet when I kiss you, I become well again.  
If I lean on your breast, heaven's joy descends. Yet when you say, 'I love you', then I must weep bitterly.

#### **5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen**

I want to dip my soul into the cup of the lily; the lily will resound to a song of my beloved.  
The song will quiver and shake like the once given kiss, from her lips, in that sweet hour.

#### **6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome**

The great cathedral of holy Cologne mirrors itself in the holy Rhine.  
Painted on gold leather, there is a portrait that has been my salvation during my wild life.  
Around the blessed virgin, flowers and small angels hover:  
Her eyes, lips, cheeks resemble exactly those of my beloved.

#### **7. Ich grolle nicht**

Even though my heart breaks, I don't grumble. Love lost forever.  
Although you are radiant in your diamonds' splendour, no ray of light can reach your heart.  
I've known this for a long time. Even though my heart breaks, I don't grumble.  
In my dream, I saw the night in your heart and the snake that feeds on it.  
My love, I saw how completely wretched you are. I don't grumble.

#### **8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen**

If only the little flowers knew how deeply wounded my heart was,  
They'd weep with me to heal my pain.  
If the nightingales knew how sad and ill I was, they'd heal me with their happy sounds.  
And if the golden stars knew of my woes, they'd come out of the sky to give me consolation.  
None can know it except for one who has torn my heart apart.

**9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen**

Flutes, violins and trumpets can be heard. It's my beloved's wedding dance.  
In between the ringing, roaring and drumming, there are the little angels.

**10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen**

Whenever I hear the little song my beloved sang, my heart wants to burst from the pain.  
I'm sent by a dark longing to the heights of the woods where my torment dissolves into tears.

**11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen**

A lad loves a lass; she chose another. The other chose another and wed her.  
The lass, out of anger chose the first man to cross her path.  
The lad is unlucky. It's an old story but always new. And if it happens, it breaks his heart.

**12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen**

I walk in the garden on a sunny morning where the flowers are whispering.  
They look at me with pity and say, 'don't be angry with our sister, you sad, pale man'.

**13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet**

In my dream, I wept. I dreamt you were in your grave. I woke; tears flowed down my cheeks.  
In my dream, I wept. I dreamt you'd left me. I woke; I wept bitterly.  
In my dream, I wept. I dreamt you were still with me. I woke; my tears still streamed.

**14. Allnächtlich im Traume**

Nightly, I see you in my dream. You greet me as a friend. I throw myself at your feet, crying.  
With pity, you look at me, shake your blonde head. Pearly, silent tear drops steal from your eyes.  
You tell me a secret, gentle word and give me a bouquet of cypresses.  
I waken; the bouquet is gone and I've forgotten the word.

**15. Aus alten Märchen**

A white hand beckons from old fairy tales. There's a singing and ringing of an enchanted land;  
Coloured flowers bloom in the golden evening light; with bridal countenance, they glow fragrantly.  
Green trees sing primeval melodies, birds' warbling rends the furtive whispering breezes.  
Firm the earth, misty shapes rise and dance roundelays in a strange chorus.  
Blue sparks burn on every leaf and twig and red lights circle madly.  
From wild marble, break noisy springs, strangely reflected in the brooks.  
If only I could go there, my heart released from torment, blissfully free.  
Often I see that land of delight in my dream but it melts in the morning sun.

**16. Die alten, bösen Lieder**

The old angry songs. The evil and bad dreams. Let's bury them. Bring a large coffin.  
I'll put in many things, but I won't yet say what.  
The coffin must be larger than the great barrel at Heidelberg.  
Bring also a bier with hard and thick planks. They need to be longer than the Mainz bridge.  
Also bring twelve giants, stronger than Christopher in the Rhine Cathedral.  
They'll take the coffin and lower it into the sea. A large coffin needs a large grave.  
Do you know why? All of my love and pain are inside.

## Song Selection *Richard Strauss*

### ***Zueignung*** (*Dedication*)

Yes, you know, dear soul that I suffer when I'm far from you. Love makes the heart sick.

I thank you.

Once I caroused in freedom, held the amethyst cup high. And you blessed the drink.

I thank you.

And therein charmed the evils until I became what I'd never been. Holy, holy I sank to your heart.

I thank you.

### ***Traum durch die Dämmerung*** (*Dream at dusk*)

Wide meadows in twilight grey, the sun sets, the stars appear, now I go towards the most beautiful woman. Far over the meadows in the twilight grey, deep in the jasmine bush.

Through the twilight grey into the land of love, I don't go fast, I don't hurry. A pale velvet band draws me through the twilight grey into land of love, in a blue, gentle light.

### ***Befreit*** (*Released*)

You won't weep, gently, gently you will smile and how I will look back and kiss you on the journey.

You prepared the four walls of our beloved home and I opened them to create our world.

O bliss!

Then you will clasp my hand warmly and you will leave your soul to me. Leave me behind for our children. You gave me your whole life, I want to give it back to them.

O bliss!

We both know that it will be very soon, we have freed one another from pain. Thus I gave you back to the world. Then you will appear to me in a dream and bless me, and weep with me.

O bliss!

### ***Allerseelen*** (*All Souls' Day*)

Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes, bring in the last red asters,

And let us speak once again of love. As once in May.

Give me your hand which I will secretly press. And if anyone sees it, I don't care.

Give me just one of your sweet glances. As once in May.

There are fragrant blooms on every grave today, one day in the year, the dead are free.

Come to my heart so that I can be with you once more. As once in May.

### ***Heimliche Aufforderung*** (*Secret invitation*)

Raise up the sparkling cup to your mouth and drink a toast to your heart's health at the joyful feast.

And when you drink, beckon to me secretly, then I would smile, and quietly drink like you...

And quiet, like me, contemplate the army of drunken gossips around us; don't despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering glass, full of wine, and leave them to be happy with their boisterous meal.

Having eaten your meal, quenched your thirst, then leave behind the image of the joyful party of loud comrades - and wander outside to the rose bush in the garden; there, according to the old custom, I want to wait for you, and I want to sink onto your breast as you once hoped, and drink your kisses, like often before, and plait your hair with rosy splendour...

O come you wonderful, longed for night.