

Schubert - Liszt: Schwanengesang

Poems by : Heinrich Heine, Ludwig Rellstab and Johann Gabriel Seidl

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1. Die Stadt (The town)

On the distant horizon
appears, like a misty vision,
the town with its turrets,
shrouded in dusk.

A damp wind ruffles
the grey stretch of water.
With mournful strokes
the boatman rows my boat.

Radiant, the sun rises once more
from the earth,
and shows me that place
where I lost my beloved.

2. Das Fischermädchen (The fisher maiden)

Lovely fisher maiden,
guide your boat to the shore;
come and sit beside me,
and hand in hand we shall talk of love.

Lay your little head on my heart
and do not be too afraid;
for each day you trust yourself
without fear to the turbulent sea.

My heart is just like the sea.
It has its storms, its ebbs and its flows;
and many a lovely pearl
rests in its depths.

3. Aufenthalt (Resting place)

Surging river, roaring forest,
immovable rock, my resting place.
As wave follows wave,
so my tears flow, ever renewed.

As the high treetops stir and heave,
so my heart beats incessantly.
Like the rock's age-old ore
my sorrow remains forever the same.

4. Am Meer (By the Sea)

The sea glittered far and wide
in the sun's dying rays;
we sat by the fisherman's lonely house;
we sat silent and alone.

The mist rose, the waters swelled,
a seagull flew to and fro.
from your loving eyes
the tears fell.

I saw them fall on your hand.
I sank upon my knee;
from your white hand
I drank away the tears.

Since that hour my body is consumed
and my soul dies of longing.
That unhappy woman
has poisoned me with her tears.

5. Abschied (Farewell)

Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell!
Already my horse is happily pawing the
ground.

Take now my final, parting greeting.
I know you have never seen me sad;
nor will you now as I depart.
Farewell!

Farewell, trees and gardens so green,
farewell!
Now I ride along the silver stream;
my song of farewell echoes far and wide.
You have never heard a sad song;

nor shall you do so at parting.
Farewell!

Farewell, charming maidens, farewell!
Why do you look out with roguish, enticing
eyes
from houses fragrant with flowers?
I greet you as before, and look back;
but never will I turn my horse back.
Farewell!

Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest,
farewell!
Now the stars twinkle with shimmering
gold.
How fond I am of you, little stars in the
sky;
though we travel the whole world, far and
wide,
everywhere you faithfully escort us.
Farewell!

Farewell, little window gleaming brightly,
farewell!
You shine so cosily with your soft light,
and invite us so kindly into the cottage.
Ah, I have ridden past you so often,
and yet today might be the last time.
Farewell!

Farewell, stars, veil yourselves in grey!
Farewell!
You numberless stars cannot replace for
us
the little window's dim, fading light;
if I cannot linger here, if I must ride on,
how can you help me, though you follow
me so faithfully?
Farewell, stars, veil yourselves in grey!
Farewell!

6. In der Ferne (Far Away)

Woe to those who flee,
who journey forth into the world,
who travel through strange lands,
forgetting their native land,
spurning their mother's home,

forsaking their friends:
alas, no blessing follows them
on their way!

The yearning heart,
the tearful eye,
endless longing
turning homewards!
The surging breast,
the dying lament,
the evening star, twinkling
and sinking without hope!

Whispering breezes,
gently ruffled waves,
darting sunbeams,
lingering nowhere:
send her, who broke
my faithful heart with pain,
greetings from one who is fleeing
and journeying forth into the world!

7. Ständchen (Serenade)

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

8. Ihr Bild (Her Portrait)

I stood in dark dreams,
gazing at her picture,
and that beloved face
began mysteriously to come alive.

Around her lips played
a wondrous smile,
and her eyes glistened,
as though with melancholy tears.

My tears, too, flowed
down my cheeks.
And oh – I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

9. Frühlingssehnsucht (Spring Longing)

Whispering breezes, blowing so gently,
exuding the fragrance of flowers,
how blissful to me is your welcoming
breath!
What have you done to my beating heart?
It yearns to follow you on your airy path.
Where to?

Silver brooklets, babbling so merrily,
seek the valley below.
Their ripples glide swiftly by!
The fields and the sky are deeply mirrored
there.
Why yearning, craving senses, do you
draw me
downwards?

Sparkling gold of the welcoming sun,
you bring the fair joy of hope.
How your happy, welcoming
countenance refreshes me!
It smiles so benignly in the deep blue sky
and yet has filled my eyes with tears.
Why?

The woods and hills are wreathed in
green.

Snowy blossom shimmers and gleams.
All things strain towards the bridal light;
seeds swell, buds burst;
they have found what they lacked:
and you?

Restless longing, yearning heart,
are there always only tears, complaints
and pain?
I too am aware of swelling impulses!
Who at last will still my urgent desire?
Only you can free the spring in my heart,
only you!

10. Liebesbotschaft (Love's message)

Murmuring brook, so silver and bright,
do you hasten, so lively and swift, to my
beloved?
Ah, sweet brook, be my messenger.
Bring her greetings from her distant lover.

All the flowers, tended in her garden,
which she wears so charmingly on her
breast,
and her roses with their crimson glow:
refresh them, brooklet, with your cooling
waters.

When on your banks she inclines her
head
lost in dreams, thinking of me,
comfort my sweetheart with a kindly
glance,
for her beloved will soon return.

When the sun sinks in a red flush,
lull my sweetheart to sleep.
With soft murmurings bring her sweet
repose,
and whisper dreams of love.

11. Der Atlas (Atlas)

I, unhappy Atlas, must bear a world,
the whole world of sorrows.

I bear the unbearable, and my heart
would break within my body.

Proud heart, you wished it so!
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy,
or endlessly wretched, proud heart!
And now you are wretched!

12. Der Doppelgänger

The night is still, the streets are at rest;
in this house lived my sweetheart.
She has long since left the town,
but the house still stands on the selfsame
spot.

A man stands there too, staring up,
and wringing his hands in anguish;
I shudder when I see his face –
the moon shows me my own form!

You wraith, pallid companion,
why do you ape the pain of my love
which tormented me on this very spot,
so many a night, in days long past?

13. Die Taubenpost (Pigeon Post)

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
devoted and true;
she never stops short of her goal
and never flies too far.

Each day I send her out
a thousand times on reconnaissance,
past many a beloved spot,
to my sweetheart's house.

There she peeps furtively in at the
window,
observing her every look and step,
conveys my greeting breezily,
and brings hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
she will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
so eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
it is all the same to her;
as long as she can roam
she is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
she needs no enticement or reward,
so true is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
certain of the fairest prize;
her name is – Longing! Do you know her?
The messenger of constancy

14. Kriegers Ahnung (Warrior's Foreboding)

In deep repose my comrades in arms
lie in a circle around me;
my heart is so anxious and heavy,
so ardent with longing.

How often I have dreamt sweetly
upon her warm breast!
How cheerful the fireside glow seemed
when she lay in my arms.

Here, where the sombre glimmer of the
flames,
alas, plays only on weapons,
here the heart feels utterly alone;
a tear of sadness wells up.

Heart, may comfort not forsake you;
many a battle still calls.
Soon I shall rest well and sleep deeply.
Beloved, goodnight!