Mailied (*May Song*) Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Sehnsucht        *(Yearning)*

Ich liebe dich   *(I love you)*

Adelaide           *(Adelaide)*

Der Floh         *(Flea Song – There once was a king)*

Axel Theimer, baritone

Lisa Drontle, piano

Mother Goose Suite Maurice Ravel (1875-1937*)*

1. *Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant*: Lent ([Pavane](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pavane%22%20%5Ct%20%22_blank%22%20%5Co%20%22Pavane) of [Sleeping Beauty](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleeping_Beauty))

2. *Petit Poucet*: Très modéré (Little [Tom Thumb](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tom_Thumb))

3. *Laideronnette, impératrice des pagodes*: Mouvt de marche ([Laideronnette, Empress of the Pagodas](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Green_Serpent%22%20%5Co%20%22The%20Green%20Serpent%22%20%5Ct%20%22_blank))

4. *Les entretiens de la belle et de la bête*: Mouvt de valse très modéré (Conversation of [Beauty and the Beast](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beauty_and_the_Beast))

5. *Le jardin féerique*: Lent et grave (The Fairy Garden)

Lisa Drontle and Jenya Trubnikava, piano

September Song from *Knickerbocker Holiday*Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Automne (Autumn).                                           Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

Winter                                                       Dominick Argento (1921-2019)

Winterweihe (Winter Dedication)                     Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Blackberry Winter                                                Alec Wilder (1907-1981)

Patricia Kent, soprano
Amy Grinsteiner, piano

Mailied

How marvelously does nature shine for me!

How the sun gleams! How the meadow laughs!

Blossoms burst forth from every branch

And a thousand voices from the bushes!

And joy and bliss from every breast;

O Earth, o Sun, o Happiness, o Joy!

O love, o darling! So golden fair,

As morning clouds on yonder heights!

You bless marvelously the fresh field,

In a mist of blossoms, the full world.

O maiden, maiden, how I love you!

O how you gaze at me, O how you love me!

The lark loves song and breeze,

And morning flowers, the dew of heaven,

As I love you with blood on fire,

You who give me youth and joy and cheer

For new songs and new dances.

Be forever happy in loving me so!

Sehnsucht

What pulls at my heart so? What draws me outside?

And wrenches and wrests me from room and house?

How the clouds disperse about those cliffs!

That’s where I’d like to be, that’s where I’d like to go.

The gregarious ravens wing through the air;

I mingle with them and follow their flight.

We flutter around mountains and ruins:

Her home’s in the valley, I look out for her.

Suddenly I see her walking!

I hasten at once, singing like a bird, to the bushy woods.

She lingers and listens and smiles to herself:

“He sings it so sweetly and he sings it for me.”

The setting sun turns the mountains gold;

My sweetheart muses and gives it no thought.

She walks by the stream across the meadows,

The winding path grows dark and darker.

All at once I appear, a glittering star.

“What’s shining up there so near and so far?”

And when, astonished, you’ve caught sight of the gleam –

I’ll be lying at your feet, filled with delight!

Ich liebe dich

I love you as you love me, at evening and at morning,

No day there was when you and I did not share our sorrows.

And for me and you they were, when shared, an easy burden;

You comforted me in my distress, I wept when you lamented.

May God then bless you, you, my life's delight.

God protect and keep you for me, protect and keep us both.

 Adelaide

Your friend wanders alone in the garden of spring,
Gently bathed in lovely magical light,
Which shimmers through the swaying branches of flowers:
Adelaide!

In the reflection of the river, in the snows of the Alps,
In the golden clouds of sinking day,
In the fields of stars thy face beams forth,
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper through the tender leaves
The silver bells at Maytime rustle in the grass,
Waves roar and nightingales sing,
Adelaide!

Some day, o miracle! a flower will blossom,
Upon my grave from the ashes of my heart;
And clearly on every violet petal will shine:
Adelaide!

Der Floh

There once was a king who had a large flea

Whom he loved not a little, just like his own son.

He summoned his tailor, the tailor appeared:

'Here - make robes for this knight and make him breeches too!'

In silk and satin the flea was now attired,

With ribbons on his coat, and a medal too,

And became a minister straightaway and wore an enormous star.

His brothers and his sisters became grand at court as well.

And courtly lords and ladies were most grievously plagued,

Queen and maid-in-waiting were bitten and stung,

Yet they were not allowed to squash or scratch them away -

We bow and scrape and suffocate, as soon as any bite.

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Automne

Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-breaking horizons,

 of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,

 I watch your melancholy days
 flow past like a torrent.

 My thoughts borne off on the wings of regret

 (as if our time could ever be relived!)

 dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes
 where my youth once used to smile.

 In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory

 I feel the scattered roses reblooming in bouquets;

 and tears well up in my eyes, tears which my heart

 at twenty had already forgotten!

|  |
| --- |
| When icicles hang by the wall, |
|   And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, |
| And Tom bears logs into the hall, |
|   And milk comes frozen home in pail, |
| When blood is nipped, and ways be foul, |
| Then nightly sings the staring owl, |
|             To-whoo; |
| To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note, |
| While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. |
|   |
| When all aloud the wind doth blow, |
|   And coughing drowns the parson’s saw, |
| And birds sit brooding in the snow, |
|   And Marian’s nose looks red and raw, |
| When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, |
| Then nightly sings the staring owl, |
|             To-whoo; |
| To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note, |
| While greasy Joan doth keel the pot |

Winter dedication

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/poet/238)

In these wintry days

When the light is veiled,

Let us bear in our hearts

And confess to one another

What fills us with inner light.

That which ignites a gentle flame

Must burn on and on,

That which tenderly unites souls

And creates spiritual bridges,

Shall be our whispered password.

The wheel of time may roll on,

We can hardly catch hold of it,

Lost to the world’s deceptive light,

We shall on our island

Dedicate ourselves day and night to blessed love.