

# AMORS SPIEL / CUPID'S GAMES

ESTHER VALENTIN Mezzosopran / mezzo-soprano

ANASTASIA GRISHUTINA Klavier / piano

**EDUARD MÖRIKE | HUGO WOLF : Begegnung**

## Encounter

Oh, what a storm raged last night  
Until the very morning came!  
Oh, how that unexpected broom  
Swept out the chimney, and the lanes!

A maiden comes along the street,  
Looking uneasily around;  
Like roses disturbed by the wind,  
Her little face glows restlessly.

A fine young boy draws near,  
Filled with delight, he will approach her:  
How joyful and embarrassed  
The two rascals exchange glances!

He seems to ask, if his darling  
Has rearranged her plaits,  
Which last night, in an open chamber  
A storm brought into disarray.

The boy still dreams of the kisses,  
He exchanged with this sweet child,  
He stands transfixed by her charm,  
As she vanishes around a corner.



## JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE | FRANZ SCHUBERT : Rastlose Liebe

### Restless Love

Against the snow,  
The rain, the wind,  
In the mist of the canyons,  
Through fragrant fogs,  
Keep on, keep on!  
No rest, no peace!

Better that I should struggle  
Through suffering,  
Than to endure  
So many of life's pleasures.  
All the inclination  
Of one heart to another,  
Ah, so peculiar,  
That it creates pain!

How should I flee?  
Into the forest?  
All is in vain!  
Crown of life,  
Joy without rest,  
This, love, is you!



## JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE | FRANZ SCHUBERT : Gretchen am Spinnrade

### Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,  
My heart heavy;  
I will never find it  
Never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is my grave,  
The whole world  
Is spoiled for me.

My poor head  
Is raving,  
My poor mind  
Is in pieces.

My peace is gone,  
My heart heavy;  
I will never find it,  
Never more

I seek only him  
At the window,  
Only for him  
Will I leave my house.

His high gait,  
His noble bearing,  
His smiling mouth,  
His powerful eyes,

And his speech  
A magical river,  
His handclasp  
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart heavy,  
I will never find it  
Never more.

My breast urges  
Towards him.  
Oh, could I but grasp,  
And hold him!

And kiss him  
As I would like,  
That by his kisses  
I should expire!



## AARON POLLAK | FRANZ SCHUBERT : Frühlingslied

### Spring Song

Winter's gates are now unbarred,  
His silver veil has flown,  
Brightly twinkles the mirror of the waters,  
The lark plays high aloft,  
And as if by Solomon's magic seal  
Awakened, the choir of joy sings.

Spring floats over the fields,  
And sweetly wafts the zephyr,  
The flowers' gentle perfume  
Arises in the azure air;  
As a transfigured scene of wonder  
Nature receives us with a smile.

Gold-decked Sylphs prance,  
And Flora's kingdom blooms in beauty;  
All around rules joy and serene peace,  
The grove is now crowned with leaves.  
Whoever feels is rewarded with Joy,  
When Eros sweetly calls.

Receive then, with hearty greetings  
The sweet spring, the jewel of the world,  
That blesses us with a gentle kiss  
That lights the rosy way of being,  
That sweetly guides us to the highest pleasures  
And swells each heart with delight.



## **EDUARD MÖRIKE | HUGO WOLF : Nimmersatte Liebe**

### **Insatiable Love**

Such is love! Such is love!  
Not to be assuaged with kisses:  
Who is such a fool as to try  
To fill a sieve with water?  
And if you would scoop for a thousand years;  
And would kiss for eternity,  
It could not be satisfied.

Oh love, oh love, has every hour  
New, whimsical cravings;  
We bit our lips till they were sore,  
As we kissed today.  
The maiden remained quiet,  
Like a lamb under the knife;  
Yet her eyes bade: continue,  
The more painful, the better!

Such is love, and has been so,  
As long as love has been,  
And even wise Mister Solomon  
Loved in no other way.

## **CHRISTIAN FELIX WEISSE | JOSEPH HAYDN : Die zu Späte Ankunft der Mutter**

### **The Mother's Late Arrival**

In the shade of blossoming branches,  
Cooled by the playful West wind,  
Lay Rosalis here by the brook  
And beside her, Hylas.

They sang playful songs to one another,  
She tossed flowers to him, he tossed them back;  
She teased him, he teased her.  
Who knows how, and for how long.

Moved by Springtime and love,  
Hylas was tempted to kiss.  
He kissed her, he hugged her,  
So that she cried for help.

The mother hastened to her and asked,  
What outrage has Hylas dared perform?  
The daughter called: It is already done,  
You may now go away again.



## **ANTOINE HOUDAR DE LA MOTTE | WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART : Dans un Bois solitaire**

### **In a Wood**

In a dark and lonely wood  
I walked, the other day:  
A child slept in the shadow,  
It was Cupid himself.

I approached, his beauty touched me,  
But I should have been more prudent;  
For he had the features of an ingrate,  
Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had a mouth of vermillion,  
And like her, a fresh complexion,  
I let loose a sigh, he is aroused:  
Love reawakens without reason.

Immediately spreading his wings  
And taking his avenging bow,  
One of his bitter arrows  
In parting, injures my heart

Go! go, he says, at Sylvie's feet  
Once more to languish:  
You will love her for all of your life  
For having dared to wake me.

## **EDUARD MÖRIKE | HUGO WOLF : Lebe Wohl!**

### **Farewell!**

"Farewell" - You do not sense,  
Its meaning, that word of sorrow;  
With a bold countenance  
You say it, and with a light heart.

Farewell! Oh, thousandfold  
Have I said it to myself  
And in insatiable torment  
With it, broken my heart!



## **JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE | FRANZ SCHUBERT Gretchen im Zwinger**

### **Gretchen in the Zwinger**

Oh incline  
Suffering one,  
Your gracious face to my distress!

With a sword in your heart,  
And a thousand sorrows  
You look up at your son's death.

To the father you gaze,  
And send up sighs  
For his and your misery.

Who feels,  
How stirs  
The pain in my bones?  
How my poor heart fears,  
How it trembles, how it desires,  
Know only you, you alone!

Wherever I should go,  
What pain, what pain, what pain,  
Grows here in my breast!  
Oh, hardly am I alone,  
but I weep, I weep, I weep,  
My heart crumbles within me.

## **BARBARA KÖHLER | MORITZ EGGERT : Rondeau Allemagne**

### **Rondeau Allemagne**

With a love, that drives me across borders.  
Between the heavens. Each must find his place:  
I endure in the country and am unfaithful to it.

With a love, that drives me across borders.  
I want to break the conventions  
And laugh, when I tear my heart to shreds  
With that love, that drives me across borders.

Between the heavens. Each must find his place:  
A bloody rag is hoisted, the airship falls  
No land in sight: perhaps a rope, that holds.



## JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF | HANZ PFITZNER : SONST

### ONCE

The tulips shine, intersected by avenues,  
Where between yew trees the white statues stand,  
In the fountain golden balls play,  
In the arbour lurks the Sphinx, eager to assail.

Fair Chloe walks today in the garden,  
At her side, a cavalier politely attends,  
And Cupid steals up behind them,  
Now hiding in the greenery, now taking aim with his bow.

The cavalier bows in gallant caress,  
Now and then she strikes the cocky fellow with her fan,  
Her taffeta skirt rustles, his buckles glisten,  
An elegant laugh resounds from time to time .

But now, from the castle, as the sun prepares to set,  
The soulful tones of a musical box, sound a minuet,  
The arbour is quiet, he casts his handkerchief to the ground  
And drops on one knee, with tender gesture.

“What will become of me, ah, ah, it becomes dark” -  
“How much more pleasantly, now I see two stars shining”  
“Venturous cavalier” - “Oh, Chloe, may I hope?” -  
Then Cupid fires his bow, and hits her well.





## KARL GOTTFRIED VON LEITNER | FRANZ SCHUBERT : Des Fischers Liebesglück

### The Fisher's Joy in Love

There flashes  
Through willows,  
And beckons me  
A pale gleam  
Shining to me  
From the chamber  
Of the fair one.

There juggles,  
Like will-o-the-wisp,  
And rocks  
Gently  
Its reflection  
In the circle  
Of the undulating lake.

I look  
With longing  
At the blue  
Of the waves,  
And greet  
The bright,  
Reflected shine.

And bound  
To the tiller,  
And steer  
The barque  
Onto the  
Even,  
Crystal path.

My dearest  
Sneaks gently  
Down from  
her chamber,  
And hastens  
Spiritedly  
To me in the boat.

Gently  
The wind  
Then drives us  
Once more  
Into the lake  
Away from the lilacs  
On the shore.

The pale  
Night mist  
Surrounds us  
With a veil  
against watchers  
Of our gentle,  
Innocent joke.

And we exchange  
Kisses,  
As the waves  
Murmur  
In falling  
And rising,  
In defiance of eavesdroppers.

Only stars  
Watch us  
From afar,  
And bathe  
Deeply below  
The path  
Of the gliding boat.

Thus we float  
Blissfully,  
Surrounded  
By darkness,  
High above us  
The twinkling  
Of the stars.

And weep  
And smile,  
And believe,  
Ourselves no longer  
On the earth,  
Above it already,  
Already, up yonder.



## **RICHARD DEHMEL | ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG : Warnung**

### **Warning**

My dog merely growled at you,  
and I poisoned him;  
and I hate anyone,  
who provokes conflict.

Two blood-red carnations  
I send to you. My blood,  
on one of them, a bud;  
be good to the three of them,  
until I arrive.

I will come tonight;  
be alone, be alone I say!  
Yesterday, as I came,  
you were staring with someone  
into the sunset.  
Remember my dog!

## **ALBERT OSTERMAIER | MORITZ EGGERT : herz vers sagen**

### **heart verse speak**

still no more  
I could            dream for  
                      always with you  
still no more  
remains            that I could wish for  
                      no choice  
with you            I have enough  
I rely on you      [I am leaving you]  
to you completely  
I have dedicated myself



## **JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF | HUGO WOLF : Unfall**

### **Mishap**

One night I was walking in the country,  
When I met a young lad,  
He has a rifle in his hand  
And aims it at me, to my horror.

I run, for I am angered,  
Towards him, full of rage,  
The cheeky little boy fires  
And I landed on my nose.

He laughs at me, in my face,  
That he has shot me,  
Cupid was the little rascal's name  
This annoyed me greatly

## **JOHANN GABRIEL SEIDL | FRANZ SCHUBERT : Bei Dir Allein!**

### **With You Alone!**

With you alone, I feel I am alive,  
Youthful courage swells my breast,  
And love's bright world imbues me  
With its trembling joy;  
My existence delights me  
With you alone!

With you alone does the breeze refresh me,  
So green do I perceive the ground,  
So mild the blossoming of Spring,  
So soothing the evening,  
So cool the grove,  
With you alone!

With you alone does pain lose its bitterness  
Does joy gain desire!  
You secure my breast,  
with its inherited burden;  
And I feel I am my own  
With you alone!



**GEORGE GORDON BYRON, DT. OTTO GILDERMEISTER | HUGO WOLF : Keine gleicht von allen Schönen**

**There be none of Beauty's daughters**

There be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmèd ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.



## ERNST SCHULZE | FRANZ SCHUBERT : Im Frühling

### In Spring

I sit in peace on the hillside,  
The skies are so clear,  
The breezes play in the green valley,  
Where I, at the first sunbeam of spring  
Once, ah, was so happy;

Where I walked at her side  
So familiar, and so near,  
And deep in the dark rocky springs  
The beautiful bright blue skies,  
And her, I saw in them.

See how the bright new spring  
Peeks out from the buds and the blossoms!  
Not every blossom is to me the same,  
I would rather pluck from the branch,  
From which she, too has plucked.

For all is just as in those days,  
The flowers, the meadows;  
The sun shines no less brightly,  
No less cheerily swims in the springs  
the blue heaven's reflection.

Changed are only will and illusion,  
Joy and quarrel alternate;  
The joy of love passes,  
And only love remains,  
The love, and ah, the pain!

Oh, to be a little bird  
There on the meadowside,  
I would stay in the branches here  
And sing a sweet song of her  
The whole summer long.

