

Anastasia Grishutina (Piano), Esther Valentin-Fieguth (Mezzo-Soprano) **CRIME SCENES**

The album was released on 01/26/2022 on [GWK Records](#).

Here you can find all English lyrics – Translation: Christopher Weddle

Track 1: Franz Schubert: Heidenröslein, D 257

The Rose on the Heath

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 – 1832)

A youth saw a little rose growing.
Little rose on the heath,
It was so young, pretty as the morning,
He quickly ran to see more closely,
Saw it with great pleasure.
Little Rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

The youth spoke: I will pluck you,
Little rose on the heath.
The little rose spoke: I will prick you,
That you always remember me,
And I wish not to suffer it.
Little Rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

And the wild youth plucked,
The little rose on the heath;
The little rose resisted, and pricked,
No cry of pain helped her,
She had simply to endure it.
Little Rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

Track 2: Moritz Eggert: Stille Oeynfassung

Silent Oeyn Version

[From: The first time I lay in bed with a boy]

Birgit Kempker (*1956)

The first time I lay in bed with a boy
It was by the Oeyn, he put on with pearls
around every wrist the love-shackles singly for
belonging securely, someone whispers: Grasp my ankle.

The first time I lay in bed with a boy
it was by the Oeyn, if we had
stuck ourselves into each other how we
wished to be in each other, I would not have had to hit him by the
silent Oeyn because of going under the skin, he wouldn't
have had to throw me into the silent Oeyn,
not drag me through the nettles, can nothing stop
the milksops?



The first time I lay in bed with a boy
it was by the silent Oeyn and very good, not knowing,
that you can't take me and take me,
bravo, into the bush bed he should have thrown me,
I would have wanted to burn, not into the river.

**Track 3: Robert Schumann: Muttertraum, op.40 Nr.2
A Mother's Dream**

Hans Christian Andersen (1805 – 1875) /
Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 – 1838)

The mother prays sweetly and gazes
With delight at the sleeping Baby.
It rests in the cradle so soft and dear.
He must seem to her an angel.

She kisses him and hugs him; she cannot help herself,
Forgotten by earthly pain,
In the future sweeps her dream of hope.
So dream mothers in their hearts.

The raven meanwhile with his clan,
Crows this song outside by the window:
Your angel, your angel, he will be ours,
The robber will serve for us as food.

**Track 4: Robert Schumann: Ballade vom Heideknaben, op.122 Nr.1
The Ballad of the Youth of the Heath**

Christian Friedrich Hebbel (1813 – 1863)

The young lad dreams they send him forth
With thirty talers to the heath village,
For which he was struck dead on the way,
Though he was not slow or sluggish.

Still he lies in his sweat of fear, his master
Shakes him and commands him to dress
And lays the money on the bed cover
And asks him why he is frightened.

“Oh master, oh master, they’ll strike me dead,
The sun is just like blood, so red”
“Not only for you is it red,
So hurry up, or I’ll hurry you up myself!”

“Oh master, my master, that's how you spoke,
That was your face, your glare, your tone,
Now you'll reach for” – the stick, he will say,
He says it not, he is already being beaten.

“Oh master, my master, I'll go, I'll go,
Send my mother my last farewell!

And if she should search all over,
I can be found by the willow tree."

Out of the city! And there it stretches forth,
The heath, misty, ghostly!
The winds howl over it,
"Oh, how I wish one step here could be a thousand!"

And all is calm, and all is silent,
In vain one searches round for life,
Only hungry birds shoot
Out of the clouds to skewer worms.

He comes to a lonely shepherd's hut,
The old shepherd is just looking out,
The boy's fear has grown,
He does not yet leave the path.

"Oh shepherd, you are a pious man,
Four good groats I have saved,
Give me your servant by my side,
So he will go with me to the village!

I'll give them to him, so he can drink
A good beer next Sunday,
This money, I quake as I carry,
My life was taken in a dream!"

The shepherd waved over his tall servant,
Who was cutting himself a stick.
Now he emerged – what dread
In the boy, as he saw him.

"Oh master shepherd, oh no, oh no,
It is better that I should go alone"
The tall servant grinned at the old man:
"He wants to keep the four groats."

"Here are the four groats!" He throws them down to him
And runs away distraught,
Already he can see the willow,
The servant taps on his back.

"You can't endure, you are going too fast,
More haste, less speed, you are still a child,
Also that money must weigh you down,
Who would grudge you a rest?

Come, sit here under the willow tree
And there tell me your terrible dream,
I dreamt God should damn me,
Is that in accordance with your dream."

He grasps the boy by the hand,
Who puts up no more fight,
The leaves whisper so eerily,
The stream trickles so sadly.

“Now tell me, you dreamt –” There came a man”
“Was it I? Take a closer look at me!
I think it was I whom you saw!
Now continue, how did it happen!”

“He drew a knife!” – “Was it like this one?”
“Oh yes, oh yes!” – “He drew it?” – “And thrust”
“He thrust it like this through your throat?
What use is it, if I torment you?”

And if you will ask how it continued,
Then ask two birds, who sat nearby,
The raven lingered very cheerfully,
The dove could endure no more!

The raven told, what else the evil man did,
And also how the executioner smelled it,
The dove told how the boy
Wept and prayed.

Track 5: Franz Schubert: Die Forelle, D 550 The Trout

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739 – 1791)

In a bright little stream,
Flew past in happy haste
The capricious trout
Like an arrow.
I stood on the bank,
And saw in sweet calm
The blithe fish bathing
In the clear little stream.

A fisher with a rod
Stood on the bank,
And watched cold-blooded
How the fish darted around.
“As long as the clear water”,
I thought, “remains unmuddied,
He will not catch the Trout
With his rod”.

But at length the thief
grew impatient. Guilefully he made
The stream cloudy,

And before I could think,
His rod twitched
The fish floundered on the line,
And I with raging blood
Beheld the betrayed.

Track 6: Robert Schumann: Herzeleid, op.107 Nr.1
A Heart's Sorrow
Titus Ullrich (1813 – 1891)

The willows hang their branches languidly,
And sadly the waters make their way forth,
She stared numbly upwards with pale cheeks,
The unfortunate dreamer.

And from her hand there fell a bouquet of immortelles,
So heavy it was, with tears,
And softly warning, whispered the waves:
Ophelia, Ophelia!

Track 7: Samuel Barber: The Crucifixion
From: Hermit Songs, op.29
from The Speckled Book, 12th century
translated by Howard Mumford Jones

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.

Ah, sore was the suff'ring borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

Track 8: Robert Schumann: Belsazar, op.57
Belshazzar
Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)

Midnight was approaching;
Babylon lay in silent peace.

But on high, in the king's castle,
There is flickering, the King's retinue carouses;

Up in the King's hall,
Belshazzar held his royal feast.

His knights sat in lustrous rows,

And emptied goblets of glistening wine.

The glasses chinked, the knights cheered;
The obdurate King was pleased by the sound.

The King's cheeks are glowing;
From the wine there grew in him an audacious boldness.

And blindly, the boldness carries him away;
And he blasphemes the Godhead with sinful words;

And he struts insolently, and blasphemes wildly;
The host of knights bawls in acclamation.

The King called out with pride in his eyes;
The servant hastens off, then returns.

He carried many golden vessels on his head,
Which was stolen from the temple of Jehovah.

And the King grasped with a sacrilegious hand
A sacred chalice, filled to the brim,

And he empties it hastily to the bottom,
And cries out loud with his foaming mouth:

Jehovah! I deride you for eternity, –
I am the King of Babylon!

But hardly had the terrible word been spoken,
The King felt a secret fear in his breast.

The clamorous laughter fell suddenly silent;
The hall became still as the grave.

And lo! and Lo! On the white wall
Appeared a vision like a human hand;

And wrote, and wrote, on the white wall
Letters of fire, and wrote and vanished.

There sat the King and stared ahead,
With quaking knees and pale as death.

The host of knights sat frozen with terror,
And sat quite still, and made no sound.

The magi came, but none could interpret
The meaning of the words of flame upon the wall.

But Belshazzar in that very night,
Was put to death by his knights.

Track 9: Michael Gees: Mondlied eines Mädchens

Moon Song of a Girl

Franz Werfel (1890 – 1945)

I lie in glassy awakesness
Released are my hair and face.
On the floor in slow pools
floats the moon, that unfortunate light.

And as the deadly brightness
Fingers my forehead and eye,
I melt away and am a wave
Rippled, carried away and rinsed.

My mother breathes beside me,
My father sleeps restlessly.
I fear for the life
Of all who are dear to me.

Now pass through the crooked rooms
Archangels with terrible swords
In my ear cries ever, ever
A child which is not mine.

The night light of a thousand beds
Of suffering, the moon seems to me,
I want to save much that sobs,
But it is I myself, who weeps.

All things in the room to forsake,
The chair, and the table, the wall
I want to touch the distance,
Just to be a stroking hand!

I'd like to play with the shivering ones,
And hold the cold ones in my arms!
I feel, the rich, and many
Are children to me, and so poor!

For all I must worry,
My sleep is glassy and floats...
I hear how in the mornings
The breath of all rises up.

In the window torn trees sway
Many skies are windy in peace.

I cover up with my pillows
The freezing worlds.

Track 10: Franz Schubert: Der Zwerg, D771
The Dwarf

Matthäus Kasimir von Collin (1779 – 1824)

The mountains are vanishing in a gloomy light,
The ship is floating on the smooth sea waves,
In it the Queen with her dwarf.

She gazes up to the high-domed arch,
Up into the light soaked blue distance,
Palely pervaded with the milk of the heavens.

Ye have never lied to me, ye stars,
Thus she calls out, now I shall soon vanish,
Ye tell me this; but truly, I die gladly.

The dwarf goes to the queen to bind
Around her neck the rope of red silk,
And weeps, as though soon he will be blinded by grief.

He speaks: You yourself are to blame for this suffering,
Because you forsook me for the king;
Now only your death can awaken my joy.

Though I will hate myself for ever,
Who brought you death with this hand,
But now you must fade into your early grave.

She lays her hand on her heart, filled with young life,
And heavy tears fall from her eyes,
That she would raise in prayer to the heavens.

May you suffer no pain from my death!
She says it, then the dwarf kisses her pale cheeks,
And soon her senses fade.

The dwarf gazes on the woman, overcome by death,
He sinks her deep into the sea, with his own hands,
His heart burns with such yearning for her.
He will never again land on any coast.

Track 11: Hans Pfitzner: Müde, op.10 Nr.2

Tired

Detlev von Liliencron (1844 – 1909)

On her way home from the dance,
Rests awhile on a stone,
The pretty Margaret.
She opens a little her tight bodice,
So that cool over her white limbs
The night wind wafts.

Along the same way comes the squire,
With tassels on his hat and much havoring,
And sees the stone,
And on the stone the pretty child;
And quick as lightning
He has an idea.

The dear girl was asleep,
But as the squire's eyes met her,
She awoke.
At first she cries out and wants to run into the fields;
I think we'll leave those two alone
In the summer night.

Track 11: Gregori W. Swiridow: Findlay

Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)

"Wha is that at my bower-door?"
"O wha is it but Findlay!"
"Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!"
"Indeed maun I," quo' Findlay;
"What mak' ye, sae like a thief?"
"O come and see," quo' Findlay;
"Before the morn ye'll work mischief!"
"Indeed will I," quo' Findlay.

"Gif I rise and let you in"-
"Let me in," quo' Findlay;
"Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;"
"Indeed will I," quo' Findlay;
"In my bower if ye should stay"-
"Let me stay," quo' Findlay;
"I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;"
"Indeed will I," quo' Findlay.

"Here this night if ye remain"-
"I'll remain," quo' Findlay;
"I dread ye'll learn the gate again;"
"Indeed will I," quo' Findlay.
"What may pass within this bower"-

"Let it pass," quo' Findlay;
"Ye maun conceal till your last hour:"
"Indeed will I," quo' Findlay.

wha = who
bower = house, dwelling place
gae = go
gate = way
ye'se = you should
maun = must
quo' = said, spoke
sae = so, such
gif = if
din = noise
bide = remain, stay

Track 13: Edvard Grieg: Die verschwiegene Nachtigall The Discreet Nightingale

Walther von der Vogelweide (1170? – 1228?) /
Karl Joseph Simrock (1802 – 1876)

Under the linden tree,
By the heath,
Where I sat with my beloved,
There you may find,
How we two
Broke the flowers and the grass.
Before the forest with sweet voice,
Tandaradei!
Sang the nightingale in the valley.

I walked
to the plain,
My beloved went there before me.
I was received,
As a noble lady,
Which still fills me with bliss.
Did he offer me kisses too?
Tardararei!
See how red my mouth is!

How I lay there,
If anyone knew;
God save me, I would be ashamed.
How the good man
held me, none
Shall know but he and I
And a little bird,
Tandararei!
Who will not tell.

Track 14: Robert Schumann: Löwenbraut, op.31 Nr.1
The Lion's Bride

Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 – 1838)

Adorned with myrtle and the bridal jewels,
The warden's daughter, the rosy maiden,
Enters the lion's cage; he lies
At the feet of his mistress, he nestles in front of her.

The mighty one, once wild and unruly,
Looks up piously and with understanding at his mistress;
The virgin, gentle and blissful,
Lovingly strokes him and weeps at the same time:

“We were in days that are no more,
faithful playmates, like two children,
And liked and loved each other;
The days of childhood, they are so far.

You shook powerfully before we could believe it,
Your mane-surrounded regal head;
I grew up, you see it: I am
no more the child with a childish mind.

Oh were I still that child and could stay with you,
My strong and faithful, my honest beast!
But I must follow, they compelled me,
The stranger into an unknown land.

It struck him, that I am fair,
I was courted, now it is done:
The wreath is in my hair, my dear companion,
And my eyes are clouded with tears.

You understand me well? Your gaze is grim,
I must submit, be you also at peace;
I see him coming there, whom I must follow,
So, my friend, I give you a last kiss!”

And as the lips of the girl touched him,
One could feel the cage trembling,
And as he sees the young man at the cage,
The anxious bride is gripped by horror.

He stands watch at the door of the cage,
He swings his tail, he roars mightily;
She implores, commands, threatens, desires
To leave; He in his anger forbids her exit.

And outside there arises a confused outcry.
The young man calls: Bring weapons here!

I'll shoot him down, my aim will be true.
The outraged beast roars with anger.

The unfortunate girl dares approach the door,
Transformed, he attacks his mistress:
The beautiful form, vile ravage,
Lies bloody, torn, disfigured in the dust.

And when he has spilt that precious blood,
He lays down by the body with gloomy determination,
Thus he lies, sunken in sorrow and pain,
Till the deadly bullet enters his heart.

Track 15: Brechtje Nelleke van Dijk: Endangered

Akua Lezli Hope

if it were my thing
my stupid lump of boy flesh
rushing heedless, endangered
to thrill to explore
what was not his
never his always his for the taking
if it were my someday scion
my heir apparent
my never reproached
rarely admonished
my beamish boy unattended
unhalted
my twinkling toddler
unwatched
my poison apple of my sty eye
if it my pride and joy
my fine young man
my gutter cleaner, yard mower, dog walker
my consumer of mass quantities
my someday quarterback, my bedwetter
crumbsnatcher, piglet,
my big diaper guy, my little monkey

I would've shot that gorilla, too
while I wailed and boohooed
and didn't look, couldn't look, wouldn't watch
his possible demise
but it wasn't my idiot
tumbling where he didn't belong
it was not mine baptized to the possibilities of fate
ensnaring the innocent silverback,
born protector of his dwindling few
in the continuing death dance
of human caprice

Track 16: Robert Schumann: Der Soldat, op.40 Nr.3
The Soldier

Hans Christian Andersen (1805 – 1875) /
Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 – 1838)

They walk to the sound of muted drum.
How far yet the site, how long the way!
O lay he at peace and all were done.
I think it will break my heart in two.

In the world I loved only him,
Only him, whom they are now putting to death.
To the sound of a band they all parade,
I too am commanded to do so.

Now he looks up for one last time
At the cheerful beams of God's sun.
Now they tie a blindfold on his eyes.
May God grant you eternal peace.

There were nine men took aim,
Eight bullets went off mark;
They trembled all from misery and pain,
But I, I hit him right in the heart!

Track 17: Viktor Ullmann: Der müde Soldat
The Weary Soldier

From: Chinese Songs, Nr. 2
Anonym

A bald girl. Like a pale hedge, defoliated,
She stands by the way, I make a wide berth.
Thus they all stand row after row
And head to head.

What do I remember of the holy waters,
Of the village's evening glow.
I am spiked by a thousand knives
And tired... tired of all the death.

The children's eyes are like golden rain,
in their hands glows the bowl of wine.
I want to lie down under the trees and sleep
And no longer be a soldier.

**Track 18: Modest P. Mussorgski: Der Feldherr
The Commander**

Arsenij A. Golenischtew-Kutusow (1848 – 1913)

The battle rumbles, the armour shines,
The copper cannon roar,
The troops run, the horses hurtle
And the rivers of red flow.

The noon blazes, men fight!
The sun sinks, the battle intensifies!
The sunset fades, but the enemies
Struggle on together with increasing anger and ferocity!

And night fell on the battlefield.
The troops divide in the darkness...
All is silent, and in the fog of the night
A moaning rises to the heavens.

Then by the moonlight,
On his warhorse,
His white bones shining,
Death appeared. And in the silence,
Hearing the moaning and prayers,
Felt a proud satisfaction
Like a commander,
He circled the battlefield.

Having climbed onto a mound, he turned around,
Stopped, smiled...
And over the battle plain
Resounds his fateful voice:

“The battle is over! I have conquered all!
You all kneel before me, soldiers!
Life divided you, I have reconciled you!
Arise with one accord, ye dead men, for a parade!

Pass by with a festive march,
I wish to count my army.
Then lay your bones in the earth,
It is so sweet to rest from life in the earth!

Year upon year will pass unnoticed,
You will fade away from people’s memory.
But I will not forget! And I will celebrate
A loud feast above you at the midnight hour!

With a heavy dance I will trample the wet earth,
So that your bones may never leave
The shadow of their graves,

So that you shall nevermore arise from the earth!"

**Track 19: Ilse Weber: Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt
I wander through Theresienstadt**

Ilse Weber (1903 – 1944)

I wander through Theresienstadt,
My heart as heavy as lead.
Until suddenly my way ends,
there just before the bastion.

I stop there on the bridge
and look out into the valley:
I would so like to keep going,
I would so like to go home!

Home! – you wonderful word,
You make my heart heavy.
They took my home away,
now I have none more.

I turn, sad and weary,
It weighs me down so:
Theresienstadt, Theresienstadt,
when will the suffering have an end,
when will we be free again?