

30 JUL

Quinta / Thursday

16:00 Igreja de São Tiago / São Tiago Church

RECITAL DE LIED / SONG RECITAL

Juliane Banse, soprano

Valentin Lee, tenor

James Cuddeford, violino

Aleksandar Madžar, piano

Robert Schumann (1810–56)

Das Noveletten, Op. 21

No. 1 Markiert und kräftig

No. 2 Äußerst rasch und mit Bravour

No. 3 Leicht und mit Humor

Robert Schumann

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

(16 canções sobre poemas de Heinrich Heine)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

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

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

7. Ich grolle nicht

8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

14. Allnächtlich im Traume

15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es

16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

James Cuddeford (n. 1969)

Ave Maria - Quatro Canções para Voz e Violino

I. Prelude

II. Ora pro nobis

III. Lament

IV. Ave Maria

Robert Schumann

Maria Stuart Lieder, Op. 135

1. *Abschied von Frankreich*
2. *Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes*
3. *An die Königin Elisabeth*
4. *Abschied von der Welt*
5. *Gebet*

CICLOS CONTRASTANTES

Com dois ciclos contrastantes para voz, sobre o amor e a aproximação da morte, este concerto destaca a obra vocal de Schumann. Como introdução ao ciclo *Dichterliebe*, pertencente ao seu *Liederjahr*, ou Ano das Canções, de 1840, Alexander Madžar tocará três das *Novelletten* de Schumann, concebidas dois anos antes. E, como prelúdio às Canções de Maria Stuart, de 1852, Juliane Banse cantará *Ave Maria - Four Songs for Voice and Violin*, de James Cuddeford.

As *Novelletten* são um conjunto de oito peças para piano solo. O ciclo toma o seu nome de Clara Novello, a soprano inglesa que, na época, causava sensação com as suas interpretações de Händel. Para apaziguar a sua amada Clara Wieck, Schumann brincou, com leveza, dizendo que *Wiecketten* simplesmente não soaria suficientemente bem. O título, que remete também para a palavra alemã *Novelle*, isto é, conto ou narrativa breve, sublinha o carácter narrativo das peças, tornando-as um complemento perfeito para os dois ciclos de canções deste programa. Nas palavras do próprio Schumann, falam de "... contos de Egmont, cenas familiares com pais, um casamento...". As tentativas heróicas, mas infrutíferas, de Schumann para casar com Clara, as suas disputas com Friedrich Wieck, pai de Clara, que recusava dar autorização para o casamento, e, finalmente, o casamento de ambos, são episódios autobiográficos que facilmente correspondem às descrições de Schumann. No entanto, não diminuem a força musical das peças.

Como em grande parte da obra de Schumann, *Dichterliebe* está impregnado do seu amor por Clara Wieck. *Dichterliebe*, ou Amor de Poeta, é constituído por 16 canções sobre poemas de Heinrich Heine. O Ano das Canções de Schumann, durante o qual escreveu nada menos do que 138 peças para voz, surgiu depois de uma década em que escrevera quase exclusivamente para piano. Como resultado, o acompanhamento pianístico é extenso e está em pé de igualdade com a voz. O Ano das Canções foi também o ano em que Robert e Clara finalmente se casaram.

Alguns vêem na fusão entre voz e piano, neste ciclo, um símbolo da relação entre ambos. Apesar da felicidade provocada pelo casamento, os poemas constituem uma meditação sobre um amor infeliz.

Para além de ser concertino da Hong Kong Sinfonietta e presença destacada nesta edição do Festival, James Cuddeford é também um compositor consumado, como demonstra o seu Ave Maria - Four Songs for Soprano and Violin. Sobre a combinação de soprano e violino, Cuddeford escreveu-me num e-mail: “[Essa combinação] tem sido pouco frequente, embora englobe grandes árias com violino obbligato, de Bach a obras mais recentes de Holst e Kurtág. Outras tradições clássicas, nomeadamente a indiana, exploraram também com incrível subtilidade o maravilhoso entrelaçamento de um instrumento de cordas com a voz.”

Como Cuddeford explica num vídeo no YouTube, as quatro canções do seu Ave Maria nasceram de uma necessidade interior. As três primeiras interrogam o próprio texto latino da Ave Maria. Cuddeford escreveu-me: “Suponho que, por interrogação, quero dizer examinar o texto de forma fonética - a natureza acústica de algumas das palavras latinas - e também sublinhar as palavras mais sombrias do texto, como ‘pecadores’ e ‘hora da morte’, etc. A canção final, completa, encontra um tom mais calmo e consonante, espero, mas apenas depois da angústia e das emoções mais sombrias anteriores.”

Existe um grande contraste entre os ciclos Dichterliebe e as Canções de Maria Stuart. Enquanto Schumann se encontrava no auge da felicidade quando escreveu Dichterliebe, em 1840, doze anos mais tarde, no ano em que concebeu as Canções de Maria Stuart, a sua saúde mental deteriorava-se rapidamente, conduzindo à sua demissão do cargo de director musical em Düsseldorf, em 1853, seguida de uma tentativa de suicídio, em 1854, de um internamento prolongado num asilo e, por fim, da sua morte, em 1856.

Rainha da Escócia desde os seis dias de idade, Maria Stuart (1542-1587) foi criada na corte francesa. Aos 17 anos, casou-se com o príncipe herdeiro de França, mas ficou viúva um ano depois. Católica devota, Maria viu o seu regresso à Escócia, transformada pela Reforma, colocá-la numa posição difícil e penosa. O seu casamento com o suspeito assassino do seu segundo marido provocou uma revolta; foi obrigada a abdicar e teve de fugir para junto da sua parente Isabel I, em Inglaterra. Esta viu-a como uma rival e manteve-a presa durante duas décadas. Depois de alegadamente ter conspirado contra a vida de Isabel, Maria foi executada.

Embora as suas vidas tenham sido muito diferentes, é tentador ver um paralelo entre o cativo de Maria e o confinamento figurado de Schumann pela sua doença, conduzindo, em ambos os casos, a um fim trágico. O ambiente sombrio das canções testemunha a deterioração da situação de Schumann e, poder-se-ia dizer,

quase antecipa os seus anos finais trágicos. As Canções de Maria Stuart foram o seu último ciclo para voz.

Contrasting Cycles

With two contrasting cycles for voice, contemplating love and approaching death, this concert highlights Schumann's song oeuvre. As an upbeat to the cycle *Dichterliebe* from his *Liederjahr* (Year of Songs) 1840, Alexander Madžar will play three of Schumann's *Novelletten* that were conceived two years earlier. And as a prelude to the *Maria Stuart Songs* from 1852, Juliane Banse will sing James Cuddeford's *Ave Maria – Four Songs for Voice and Violin*.

The *Novelletten* are a group of eight pieces for piano solo. The cycle takes its name from Clara Novello, the English soprano who was causing a stir at the time with her Händel interpretations. To appease his beloved Clara Wieck, Schumann lightheartedly joked that *Wiecketten* simply wouldn't sound good enough. The title, also referring to the German word *Novelle* (short story), highlights the narrative character of the pieces, which make them a perfect addition to the two song cycles on this program. In Schumann's own words, they speak of "...Egmont tales, family scenes with fathers, a wedding..." Schumann's heroic, but unsuccessful attempts to marry Clara, his disputes with Friedrich Wieck, Clara's father who refused to give his permission for the marriage, and, eventually, their wedding, are autobiographical episodes that easily match with Schumann's descriptions. However, they don't distract from the musicality.

As with much of Schumann's works, *Dichterlieder* is imbued with his love for Clara Wieck. *Dichterliebe* (A Poet's Love) consists of 16 songs on poems by Heinrich Heine. Schumann's year of songs, in which he wrote no less than 138 pieces for voice, followed after a decade of writing almost exclusively for piano. As a result, the piano accompaniment is extensive and on equal footing with the voice. The year of songs was also the year in which Robert and Clara finally got married. Some consider the fusion of voice and piano in this cycle as a symbol for their relationship. Despite being elated about the marriage, the poems form a contemplation on an unhappy love.

Apart from being the concert master of the Hong Kong Sinfonietta and a prominent guest at this year's edition of the festival, James Cuddeford is also an accomplished composer, as his *Ave Maria – Four Songs for Soprano and Violin* demonstrates. About the combination of soprano and violin Cuddeford wrote to me in an email: "[It]

has been a select one, though it does encompass great arias with *obligato* violin by Bach through to more recent works by Holst and Kurtág. Other classical traditions, notably Indian, have also explored with incredible finesse the wonderful intertwining of a string instrument with voice.”

As Cuddeford explains in a YouTube video, the four songs of his *Ave Maria* were written out of inner necessity. The first three songs interrogate the actual Latin text of the Ave Maria. Cuddeford wrote to me: “I suppose what I mean by interrogation is examining the text in a phonetic way (the acoustical nature of some of the Latin words) and also an emphasis on the darker words of the text - the words ‘sinners’ and ‘hour of death’ etc. The final, complete song finds a more calm and consonant tone, I hope, but only after the previous anguish and darker emotions.”

There is a big contrast between the cycles *Dichterliebe* and the *Maria Stuart Songs*. While Schumann was at the height of his happiness when he wrote *Dichterliebe* in 1840, twelve years later, the year of conception of the *Maria Stuart Songs*, his mental health was decreasing rapidly, leading to his dismissal as Music Director in Düsseldorf in 1853, a suicide attempt in 1854, a – subsequently – prolonged stay in an asylum, and eventually his death in 1856.

Queen of Scotland since she was six days old, Mary (1542 – 1587) was raised at the French court. At 17 she married the crown prince of France, but became a widow one year later. As a devout Catholic, Mary found that her return to Scotland, changed by the Reformation, placed her in an onerous position. Her marriage to the suspected murderer of her second husband led to a revolt; she was forced to abdicate and had to flee to her relative Elisabeth I in England. The latter perceived her as a rival and detained her for two decades. After allegedly plotting against Elizabeth’s life, Mary was executed.

Although their lives were very different, it is tempting to see a parallel between Mary’s detainment in her own house and Schumann’s figurative confinement by his disease, in both cases leading to a tragic end. The somber mood of the songs attest to Schumann’s deteriorating situation and, one could say, almost foreshadow his fateful final years. The *Maria Stuart Songs* were his last cycle for voice.

[Bart de Vries](#)

DICHTERLIEBE, lyrics

Poems by H. Heine, translation by Paul Hindemith - reprinted with the permission from the LiederNet Archive

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the buds are bursting open,
There, from my own heart,
Bursts forth my own love.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.

From my tears sprout forth

From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.

And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should sound
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;
She herself -- the source of all love --
Is the rose, lily, dove, and sun.

When I gaze into your eyes

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.

When I lay against your breast
It comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry so bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb, ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking

I want to delve my soul

I want to delve my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should give resoundingly
A song belonging to my beloved.

The song should shudder and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the fair stream

In the Rhine, in the holy stream
Is it mirrored in the waves -
With its great cathedral -
That great, holy city Cologne.

In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wildness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--
They match my beloved's exactly.

I bear no grudge, even when my heart is
breaking!
Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.
Although you shine in diamond splendor,
No beam falls into the night of your heart.
I will know that for a long time.

I bear no grudge, and when my heart is
breaking!
I truly saw you in my dreams
And saw the night in the room of your heart,
And saw the snake that bites your heart;
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmel'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh'.

And if the blooms - the small ones - knew

And if the blooms - the small ones - knew
How deeply wounded is my heart,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and ill I am,
They would let forth merrily
A refreshing song.

And if they knew my woe -
The little golden stars -
They would come down from their heights
And speak their consolation to me.

But all of them could not know this,
Only one knows my pain;
She herself has indeed torn,
Torn my heart in two.

There is a fluting and fiddling

There is a fluting and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
In a wedding dance dances
She who is my heart's whole love.

There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and sounding of shawms
In between which sob and moan
The lovely little angels.

I hear the dear song sounding

I hear the dear song sounding
That once my beloved sang.
And my heart wants to burst so strongly
From the savage pressure of pain.

A dark longing is driving me
Up into the heights of the woods
Where in my tears can be dissolved
My own colossal woe.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schaun mitleidig mich an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floß noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

A young man loved a girl

A young man loved a girl
Who had chosen another man;
This other man loved yet another girl
And wed that one.

The first girl married out of spite
The first, best man
That happened into her path;
That young man is not well off.

It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And to he whom it has just happened,
It will break his heart in two.

On a shining summer morning

On a shining summer morning
I wander around my garden.
The flowers are whispering and speaking;
I, however, wander silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking
And look at me sympathetically.
"Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and my tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you had abandoned me.
I awoke and I cried
Bitterly for a long while.

I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you were still good to me.
I awoke, and still
Streams my flood of tears.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlenrösetropfen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort,
Und 's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmetternd drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

Nightly I see you in my dreams

Nightly I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me, friendly,
And crying out loudly, I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me sorrowfully
And shake your dear, blond head;
From your eyes sneak forth
The pearly teardrops.

You say a soft word to me secretly,
And give me a branch of the cypress;
I awake, and the branch is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

From old fairy tales beckons

From old fairy tales beckons
To me a white hand,
Where there is a singing and sounding
Of a magical land,

Where multicolored flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And glow lovely and fragrant
With their bridal visage,

And where green trees sing
Primeval melodies;
Where breezes sound secretly,
And birds warble,

And mist-figures rise
From the earth
And dance airy round-dances
In an odd chorus,

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
In a mad, chaotic circle,

And loud springs break
Out of wild marble stone,
And in the streams--oddly--
Shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
And indulge my heart
And give up my agony
And be free and holy!

Ah! This is the land of bliss
That I see so often in a dream,
But when the morning sun comes,
It melts like mere froth.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume böse und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab,
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The old, angry songs

The old, angry songs,
The dreams angry and wicked--
Let us now bury them.
Fetch a large coffin.

In it will I lay many things,
But I will still not say quite what.
The coffin must be still larger
As the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier
And planks firm and thick;
They must be still longer
Than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;
They must be still stronger
Than that strong St. Christopher
In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.

They should carry the coffin away
And sink it down deep in the sea,
Since such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I sank with it my love
And my pain, deep within.

James Cuddeford - AVE MARIA, lyrics

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Iesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou amongst women,
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for us sinners,
Now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

MARIA STUART SONGS, lyrics

Poems by Gisbert, Freiherr von Vincke, translation by Sharon Krebs - reprinted with the permission from the LiederNet Archive

Abschied von Frankreich

Ich zieh' dahin!
Ade, mein fröhlich Frankenland,
Wo ich die liebste Heimath fand,
Du meiner Kindheit Pflegerin.
Ade, du Land, du schöne Zeit --
Mich trennt das Boot vom Glück so weit!

Doch trägt's die Hälfte nur von mir:
Ein Theil für immer bleibt dein,
Mein fröhlich Land, der sage dir,
Des Andern eingedenk zu sein!

Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes

Herr Jesu Christ, den sie gekrönt mit Dornen,

Beschütze die Geburt des hier Gebor'nen.
Und sei's dein Will', lass sein Geschlecht zugleich
Lang herrschen noch in diesem Königreich.
Und alles, was geschieht in seinem Namen,

Sei dir zu Ruhm und Preis und Ehre, Amen.

An die Königin Elisabeth

Nur ein Gedanke, der mich freut und quält,
Hält ewigwechselnd mir den Sinn gefangen,
Sodaß der Furcht und Hoffnung Stimmen
klangen,
Als ich die Stunden ruhelos gezählt.

Und wenn mein Herz dieß Blatt zum Boten
wählt,
Und kündet, Euch zu sehen, mein Verlangen,
Dann, theure Schwester, fasst mich neues
Bangen,
Weil ihm die Macht, es zu beweisen fehlt.

Ich sah den Kahn, im Hafen fast geborgen,
Vom Sturm im Kampf der Wogen festgehalten,
Des Himmels heit'res Antlitz nachtumgraubt.

So bin auch ich bewegt von bangen Sorgen,
Vor Euch nicht, Schwester! Doch des
Schicksals Walten
Zerreißt das Segel oft, dem wir vertraut.

Taking leave from France

I travel away!
Adieu, my joyful France,
Where I found the dearest home,
Thou, who tended to me in childhood.
Adieu, thou land, thou lovely time --
The boat is carrying me so far away from
happiness!
But it bears only half of me:
One part shall ever remain thine,
My joyful land -- and may that part urge thee
To remember the other part!

After the birth of her son

Lord Jesus Christ, whom they crowned with
thorns,
Guard the birth of the child born here.
And if it be Thy will, let his line
Long reign yet in this kingdom,
And may everything that comes to pass in his
name
Be to Thy glory and praise and honour -- Amen!

To Queen Elizabeth

One thought alone that gladdens and tortures
me
Holds my spirit captive in eternal fluctuation
So that the voices of both dread and hope rang
out
While restlessly I counted the hours.

And when my heart chooses this leaf of paper as
its messenger,
And tells of my longing to see you,
Then, valued sister, I am gripped by new
anxiety,
Because [this leaf of paper] lacks the power to
give evidence thereof.

I saw the barque, almost safe in harbour,
Held fast by the storm in the battle of the
waves,
The bright visage of the heavens shrouded by
night.

Thus, I too, am beset by anxious cares,
Not [fear of] you, sister! But the machinations
of fate
Often tear the sail that we trusted.

Abschied von der Welt

Was nützt die mir noch zugemess'ne Zeit?
Mein Herz erstarb für irdisches Begehren,
Nur Leiden soll mein Schatten nicht
entbehren,
Mir blieb allein die Todesfreudigkeit.

Ihr, meine Feinde, lasst von eurem Neid:
Mein Herz ist abgewandt der Hoheit Ehren,
Des Schmerzes Uebermaß wird mich
verzehren,
Bald geht mit mir zu Grabe Haß und Streit.

Ihr Freunde, die ihr mein gedenkt in Liebe,
Erwägt und glaubt, daß ohne Kraft und Glück
Kein gutes Werk mir zu vollenden bliebe.

So wünscht mir bess're Tage nicht zurück,
Und weil ich schwer gestrafet ward hienieden,
Erfleht mir meinen Theil am ew'gen Frieden.

Gebet

O Gott, mein Gebieter,
Stets hofft' ich auf Dich!
O Jesu, Geliebter,
Nun rette Du mich!
In hartem Gefängniß,
In schlimmer Bedrängniß
Ersehnet' ich Dich;
In Klagen, Dir klagend,
Im Staube verzagend,
Erhör', ich beschwöre,
Und rette Du mich!

Farewell from the world

Of what use is the time still allotted to me?
My heart is dead to all earthly desires,
My spirit is replete with suffering,
All that remains to me is looking forward to
death.

You, my enemies, leave off your envy:
My heart has turned away from the honours of
a high station,
An excess of pain shall consume me,
Soon hate and contention shall pass with me
into the grave.

You friends who remember me lovingly,
Reflect and believe that without strength and
good fortune
No good work remains for me to complete.

So do not wish for the return of better times for
me,
And since I was sorely tried here on earth,
Beseech [God to grant] me my portion of
eternal peace.

Prayer

Oh God, my Master,
I always placed my trust in Thee!
Oh Jesus, Beloved,
Save me now!
In a cruel prison,
In sore distress
I yearned for Thee;
In lamentations sobbing to Thee,
Despairing in the dust,
Hear my plea, I implore Thee,
And save Thou me!