ON PERFORMING WOLF:

PROBLEMS INHERENT IN THE "GEISTLICHE LIEDER"

FROM THE SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH

By

MARGARET LOUISE KUHL

B.Mus., Wilfrid Laurier University, 1976

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF

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in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

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We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

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ABSTRACT

ON PERFORMING WOLF:

PROBLEMS INHERENT IN THE "GEISTLICHE LIEDER"

FROM THE SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH

By

Margaret Louise Kuhl

Chairman: Professor William E. Benjamin

The D.M.A. thesis includes three full solo recitals:

25 January 1982 -- works by Haydn, Brahms, Debussy, and Argento
(accompanist Heather English)

11 April 1983 -- works by Schubert, Wolf, Berg, Poulenc, and
Britten (accompanist Terence Dawson)

13 February 1984 -- works by Schütz, Schubert, Mendelssohn,
Mussorgsky, and Montsalvatge
(accompanists Terence Dawson and Ed Norman).

The final requirement consists of a document and an accompanying
lecture-recital, examining problems for the performer inherent in the ten
"Geistliche Lieder" from Hugo Wolf's Spanisches Liederbuch.

I propose that the presentation of these songs as a complete cycle of
ten does not enhance their emotional impact. A solution to this problem is
for the performer to extract and rearrange groups of songs that are
dramatically convincing and have the momentum of a small-scale cycle.

Two groups that work well in this regard are:
No. 3, "Nun wandre, Maria," No. 4, "Die ihr schwebet," No. 5, "Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!" and No. 1, "Nun bin ich dein"; and
No. 9, "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier," and No. 10, "Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter."

The latter group is discussed in especial detail, with attention to character development, images of Christian suffering and pain, and harmonic and melodic structure.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ABSTRACT</td>
<td>ii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIST OF FIGURES</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS</td>
<td>vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Part</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. Introduction</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Is the &quot;Geistliche Lieder&quot; a Cycle?</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. No. 7, &quot;Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen&quot;</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. No. 9, &quot;Herr, was trägt der Boden hier&quot; and No. 10, &quot;Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter&quot;</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Conclusion</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOOTNOTES</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX 1 (Texts of the &quot;Geistliche Lieder&quot;)</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX 2 (Dates and Original Order of the &quot;Geistliche Lieder&quot;)</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX 3 (Score of No. 9, &quot;Herr, was trägt der Boden hier&quot;)</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX 4 (Score of No. 10, &quot;Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter&quot;)</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RECITAL PROGRAMS</td>
<td>in pocket</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# LIST OF FIGURES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>No. 6, &quot;Ach, des Knaben Augen sind,&quot; mm. 17-23</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>No. 3, &quot;Nun wandre, Maria,&quot; mm. 21-26</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>No. 2, &quot;Die du Gott gebarst, du Reine,&quot; mm. 1-8</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>No. 7, &quot;Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen,&quot; mm. 1-8</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>No. 1, &quot;Nun bin ich dein,&quot; mm. 31-34</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>No. 5, &quot;Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem,&quot; mm. 39-end</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>No. 9, &quot;Herr, was trägt der Boden hier&quot; -- Poetic Structure</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>No. 10, &quot;Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter&quot; -- Poetic Structure</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>No. 9, &quot;Herr, was trägt der Boden hier&quot; -- Sectional Breakdown of Cadence Points</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>No. 9, &quot;Herr, was trägt der Boden hier,&quot; mm. 1-10 -- Harmonic Sketch</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>No. 9, &quot;Herr, was trägt der Boden hier,&quot; mm. 1-6 -- Chromatic Descending 7-6 Sequence</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>No. 10, &quot;Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter,&quot; mm. 1-6 -- Harmonic Sketch</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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PART I

Introduction

The ten "Geistliche Lieder" ("Sacred Songs") from the Spanisches Liederbuch by Hugo Wolf are among the least well-known of his songs, for several reasons. One reason, I think, is the tendency of many performers to shy away from difficult and obscure music, in favour of the more readily accessible. Another reason is that the poetry is very sombre and full of images of Christian suffering and guilt. There is no question of the collective difficulty of the "Geistliche Lieder" or of their prevailing seriousness, but to ignore them or pass over them in favour of the simpler or the lighter-veined seems a great pity. If nothing else, the fact that many of the individual songs are so exquisite suggests that we might learn to appreciate the entire set more.

Wolf chose his texts from the 1852 collection, Das Spanisches Liederbuch, of Paul Heyse and Emanuel Geibel -- a selection that continued a prevalent nineteenth-century tradition of using Southern, Classical sources. As Eric Sams states:

The Romantic movement in Germany was insatiably avid for poetry of all kinds, from all lands. . . . As the German painters had craved the clear air and warm light of Italy, so German writers and musicians found their own native art-forms revivified and irradiated by Southern grace and lightness of rhyme and metre, melody and cadence. Further, the ideas of Spanish local colour and costume, pride and passion, . . . made a particular appeal to the lighter lyric poets such as Emanuel Geibel (1815-84) and through them to the great song writers such as Schumann and later Brahms and Wolf.

Heyse and Geibel's collection includes thirteen geistliche (sacred) and ninety-nine weltliche (secular) poems, in two distinct sets. Wolf chose to write music to only ten geistliche and thirty-four weltliche poems, still in two distinct sets, or perhaps cycles.
The diverse Spanish sources translated by Heyse and Geibel range from the fourteenth-century poet Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita (No. 1, "Nun bin ich dein") to such well-known poets as the sixteenth-century Lope de Vega (No. 4, "Die ihr schwebet," a lullaby of the Virgin Mary, which was set by Brahms as well as by Wolf). Not every author in the collection was a bona fide Spanish poet, however. Some poems, although presented as Spanish verse translated into German, are believed to have been actually written by Heyse or Geibel as German originals. For example, in the "Geistliche Lieder," Don Manuel del Rio, the purported author of No. 7, "Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen," was actually Geibel using the name of a Spanish ancestor of his wife. Heyse used the pseudonym Don Luis el Chico for certain poems included in the weltliche portion of the collection.

Before considering the "Geistliche Lieder" as a set or cycle, I will examine the individual songs briefly; most of us know a few of these songs as individuals, since they appear now and then in recital, usually in combination with other Wolf songs. Rather than attempt any involved textual criticism or structural analysis of the poetry, I will briefly describe the imagery and emotive power of the texts. In other words, how do the poems touch the performer and the audience? What kind of emotional or spiritual response do they elicit, above and beyond the sensory beauty of the words and rhythm? In order to sing and play such songs, performers should attempt to personalize and internalize the universal sentiments expressed; only then can they recreate these sentiments for their audiences.

No. 1, "Nun bin ich dein," is a love song addressed to the Virgin Mary. In its expression of ardour and devotion, it is reminiscent of medieval Troubadour and Trouvère songs, in which chivalrous love and spiritual devotion are merged, and become indistinguishable. The use of
the familiar "du" form signals this kind of intimacy. No. 2, "Die du Gott
gearst, du Reine," also focuses on the Virgin, exalting her purity and her
position as intercessor.

No. 3, "Nun wandre, Maria," a straightforward poem with a simple
stanzaic structure, portrays a vivid picture of Mary and Joseph on the road
to Bethlehem. The humblest peasant could identify with and understand the
plight of the expectant mother and the concerned father who would do
anything (even give up his donkey!) to alleviate the pain of her coming
hour. Each stanza ends with the refrain "Schon krähren die Hähne und nah
ist der Ort"; quite possibly the allusion to the cock crowing is a
foreshadowing of the death of Christ. No. 4, "Die ihr schwebet," the
lullaby by de Vega mentioned above, also conveys a vivid scene -- one of
palm trees and wind, a poorly clad child and an anxious mother.

No. 5, "Führt mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!" and No. 6, "Ach, des Knaben
Augen sind," both focus on Christ as Child, and are structurally comparable
to the preceding two songs in their simplicity and use of repetition.
No. 5 repeats the exhortation, "Wem geläng' es, wem, ohne dich zu dir zu
gehn" ("Who, who could manage to come to you without your aid"). In No. 6,
the statement of devotion, "Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen, das mein
ganzes Herz gewinnt" ("For from your eyes something shines that captures
all my heart") closes both stanzas.

The seventh song, "Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen," is the only one
attributed directly to a German rather than to a Spanish poet. This poem
is unlike the other nine, in that it is based on a succession of Biblical
quotations; this close adherence to Biblical sources is more German
Protestant than Spanish Catholic. For example, "Mühvoll komm' ich und
beladen" ("In toil come I, and heavy laden") brings to mind "Come unto me,
all ye that labour and are heavy laden" (Matthew 11:28), and later "Du nur
schaffest, dass ich weiss wie das Vliess der Lämmer werde" ("You alone can make me white as lamb's fleece") recalls the Old Testament reference, ". . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1:18). There are as well the New Testament references to Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Jesus, and to Jesus addressing the thief on the cross.

No. 8, "Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert!" is a kind of spiritual reflection and a call to repentance. It is, in my opinion, the least successful song of the group. The poem has a maudlin and sentimental streak, and is structured as a two-fold parallelism, depicting darkness followed by light, twice. Despite this clear pattern, however, the overall effect is somewhat disjointed and awkward; Wolf's musical setting reflects these discontinuities -- but not to the advantage of the song as a whole.

No. 9, "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier," and No. 10, "Wunden trägst du mein Geliebter," are both dialogues between Man and God, expounding on the causes for Christ's death. The dialogue of No. 9 is in the form of question and answer, and recalls the form of old European carols, such as the thirteenth-century Latin "Angelus ad Virginem," and the fifteenth-century English "This endris Night," as well as of the well-known medieval mystery play Everyman. No. 10 exploits the ancient rhetorical device of inclusio (a refrain occurring only at the very beginning and the end of a poem) -- a device used in the Psalms; in fact, it is remarkably similar in structure to Psalm 8 (which also frames three stanzas with an inclusio). Both of these songs are discussed in much greater detail below.
PART II

Is the "Geistliche Lieder" a Cycle?

For a performer in constant search of recital material, that is, cohesive and interesting programs, a vital question is whether the "Geistliche Lieder" can be considered a performable cycle. In other words, should they be performed as an unbroken group in Wolf's predetermined order? If we decide that they are not best performed as a cycle, what, then, are the alternatives? Can we create smaller groups, perhaps, that have on their own some kind of cyclic nature?

In order to answer such questions, we must first consider what we mean when we use the word "cycle." What features of a set of songs are we attempting to pin down when we use that word? Luise Peake suggests that a song cycle is:

A composite form of vocal music consisting of a group of individually complete songs . . . It may relate a series of events, or a series of impressions, or it may be a group of songs unified by mood. The texts may be by a single author or from several sources.

Such an all-encompassing set of criteria is not really that helpful; many sets of songs that few would consider cycles are included, for example, Schubert's Schwanengesang and many of the Brahms opuses. Peake, however, goes on to add that:

Each [song cycle] is an art work in which the emotional content of each song, together with its rhythmic and dynamic momentum, is allowed to carry over to the next, and to be musically prepared, developed and concluded.

The key word here is momentum -- emotional, rhythmic, and dynamic. Momentum suggests movement -- with a beginning (Peake's "musical preparation"), followed by development, or shaping towards some kind of goal.
or climax, and finally a conclusion.

Three well-known song cycles, Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*, and Schumann's *Frauenliebe und -leben* and *Dichterliebe*, all clearly illustrate this building of momentum on different and varied levels. *Die schöne Müllerin* depicts an actual physical journey, as well as an emotional journey that ends in despair and death. *Frauenliebe und -leben* progresses chronologically from youth to maturity to death, or, if you like, from a flowering of love to its fulfillment and finally to separation through death. *Dichterliebe* also incorporates several different kinds of momentum; there is a movement of time, from spring through summer, which is complemented by a movement from the ecstasy of love through the bitterness of heartbreak and finally once again to the death of love.

Music scholars have attempted, with varying success, to show that in these cycles and others there is a corresponding series of musical events that constitutes an ordered unity. Thomas Archer proposes that in *Die schöne Müllerin*:

The . . . drama has its rising and its falling action, its exposition, its climax and its catastrophe. . . . [The songs] fall quite naturally into five sections, two of which are included in the rise of the cycle, three in the fall [with a prelude, an interlude, and a postlude as well]. . . . analyzed in this way, *Die schöne Müllerin* falls quite naturally into the form of a free rondo.

Archer attempts to demonstrate how the musical and poetic features support this larger dramatic and logical construction.

A more recent, and perhaps the best-known, attempt at the analysis of an entire song cycle is by Arthur Komar, on *Dichterliebe*. Komar addresses such matters as the principal images and poetic structures. He points out certain words that are repeated from poem to poem, and other persistent verbal associations (such as references in several songs to the river Rhine and to the cathedral at Cologne), as well as common rhyme schemes.
In arguing for the purely musical coherence of these songs as a cycle, or an "integrated musical totality" as he puts it, Komar postulates that a controlling compositional plan must be demonstrated" for all the songs in their particular order. He feels that such a plan is achieved in Dichterliebe by means of a coherent key scheme, motivic and harmonic continuity, and unity of rhythmic, melodic, and accompanimental figurations.

When I attempt to measure the "Geistliche Lieder" by such criteria, I find several ways in which the songs seems to conform to a cyclic principle -- in both the textual and musical domains. To consider the historical evidence first, however, we can speculate that Wolf may have heard a cyclic structure to the set, since he chose only ten of the thirteen poems in Heyse and Geibel's geistliche collection, leaving out the last three. Furthermore, he altered Heyse and Geibel's order for four of the songs (see Appendix 2) -- indicating a clear preference for their present order.

Within the set of ten songs as Wolf finally set them down, the repetition of textual themes demonstrates a kind of textual cohesiveness. In nine out of the ten, reference is made to suffering, agony, tears, or pain -- sometimes inner spiritual suffering arising out of guilt, and at other times actual physical suffering and pain. Only No. 6, "Ach des Knaben Augen sind," is free of such allusions. (Interestingly, of the ten this song is also the most straightforward harmonically.) Eight of the songs speak of death or sleep; sleep in many of these instances can be interpreted as symbolizing death. The idea of a journey or travelling links two of the songs (Nos. 3 and 5).

This textual cohesiveness is complemented by a musical uniformity; in other words, most of the songs are obsessed with a few specific musical
gestures, many of which can be associated with the pervasive theme of suffering. The text is for the most part declaimed on a drone-like repetition of only a few pitches, with meticulous attention to proper word rhythm and stress (see Figures 1 and 2); the effect is that of

Figure 1: No. 6, "Ach, des'Knaben Augen sind," mm. 17-23

Figure 2: No. 3, "Nun wandre, Maria," mm. 21-26
psalmody. Deviation from these repeated pitches is usually by half-step or whole-step. Heightened emotion is demonstrated by a higher pitch level (see Figure 2). There are few large leaps. Nowhere in this set is there a trace of the lighter, tuneful style of Wolf's love songs or Märchenlieder.

Another pervasive musical element is the highly chromatic accompaniment. The constantly shifting harmonies colour the admittedly often less interesting melody. The most striking dissonances are vocal and piano appoggiaturas against harmonies in the piano; some of these resolve immediately, others only after elaborate extension and prolongation (see Figures 3 and 4). Such motivic appoggiaturas had been rhetorically associated with grief and suffering by composers from the Baroque to the late nineteenth century (e.g. Bach's Aria "Buss und Reu", No. 19 from Matthäuspassion; Mahler's "Nun seh' ich wohlt" from Kindertotenlieder).

Figure 3: No. 2, "Die du Gott gebarst, du Reine," mm. 1-8
In the detailed comparison of the last two songs, Nos. 9 and 10, below, these aspects of melody and harmony will be discussed at greater length.

This obsession with suffering, i.e. chromaticism, is countered only twice by an acknowledgement of grace and healing. In both cases, we find a conspicuous shift to diatonic harmony, which comes as brief but sweet relief (see Figures 5 and 6).

Figure 5: No. 1, "Nun bin ich dein," mm. 31-34
Nevertheless, in spite of these linking thematic threads, the one essential element of a song cycle seems to be missing -- namely, momentum. In fact, the obsessive repetition of a few textual and musical themes precludes any progression from one sentiment to another, or from one attitude to another. Such extreme cohesiveness verges on monotony. The unvarying sentiment and attitude of the remorseful, guilt-ridden Man in his relation to God produces a static tableau that is difficult for a performer to energize. For that reason, I feel that singing these ten songs as a cycle is not the most persuasive way to present them.

However, within the set there is a wealth of material to be utilized, perhaps in smaller groups that do have dramatic shape and momentum. One way of constructing such groups is by means of a textual classification of the songs. I propose that these ten poems fit into two categories. The first group, No. 1, 2, and 7 through 10, consists of the introspective, the complex, and the mystical. These poems depict Man in an agony of contrition, his recognition of human fallibility, and his desperate prayer for the intervention, through grace, of either the Virgin Mary or Christ.

In the second group, the emphasis shifts away from the longings of a tormented soul to the exterior world. Instead of interior anguish, there is a representation of real events in a straightforward portrayal of the
Holy Family. In these songs, Nos. 3-6, Jesus is shown as an innocent child, even though we sense an ominous foreshadowing of his death. The four songs in this group are those with simple refrain structures.

There are any number of viable combinations of songs from these two categories. The simplest two combinations are external songs followed by internal, and internal followed by external. One such simple combination that works rather well is a group consisting of four songs: two external songs, Nos. 3 and 4, followed by either No. 5 or No. 6 as a transition, and finally No. 1 (internal) as a conclusion. The idea of a journey or a progression in time links these four songs, and gives this combination a special significance.

This journey begins before the birth of Jesus, with No. 3, "Nun wandre Maria," on the road to Bethlehem. The constant eighth-note pattern in the right hand of the piano suggests the motion of the travelers, as does the rhythmic figure of a dotted quarter followed by an eighth in the bass.

Between No. 3 and No. 4, the birth has taken place, and we hear Mary in No. 4, "Die ihr schwebet," imploring the angels to quieten the rustling treetops in order that her baby might sleep. No. 3 is in the key of E throughout, beginning in E minor and ending in E major. No. 4 starts and ends in E major, but is never in any one key for more than a few measures. Thus the songs are linked by the common key of E, but have utterly different harmonic characters.

I suggest either No. 5 or No. 6 to follow these two, in part because of their similarity with No. 3. Both No. 5 and No. 6, however, would be excessive; two adjacent songs so similar to one another, no matter how lovely they are, tend to undermine each other's effectiveness.

Which to include, No. 5 or No. 6? No. 6, with no allusion to suffering, is the most positive and optimistic of all the songs. It is a
song of dedication and devotion. There are two ways of interpreting its

text. If we imagine the speaker to be Mary, then the scene is one of
utmost intimacy between mother and child, and the song serves as a direct
link with Mary as the young mother of No. 4. However, it can also be
interpreted as the devotion of Man the disciple, who gives himself
wholeheartedly to Christ: "Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin . . . [dass] mein
ganzes Herz gewinnt" ("And so I give myself completely . . . because my
whole heart has been won"). Thus this song acts as a link to the universal
Man who speaks in No. 1, which follows.

Equally strong arguments serve for the inclusion of No. 5 in this
group. Again, the character of the speaker can be interpreted in two ways.
There is perhaps a more compelling narrative order if the speaker is
thought to be one of the Wise Men; "Fiihr mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem" can
then be interpreted, literally, as "Lead me, child, to Bethlehem [that I
may see my God]." The figurational similarity to No. 3, which depicts an
actual journey, reinforces that viewpoint. On the other hand, the poem can
be taken as an extended metaphor, that is, "Lead me, child, on a pilgrimage
or walk with you -- that I may find my God." Thus, No. 5 can also be sung
by Everyman.

I have no preference for either No. 5 or No. 6 on textual grounds,
therefore. However, No. 6 is in the same key as No. 1 (F major); on those
purely musical grounds, No. 5 (in A major) seems preferable for this
particular group.

The three songs already presented suffice on their own to make a lovely
group -- a kind of mini-Nativity pageant. However, I find it most effective
to continue the journey of Nos. 3, 4, and 5, from the real world into the
soul. For that reason, I want to follow that group with at least one of the
internal songs. The beginning of No. 1, "Nun bin ich dein" ("Now I am
yours"), suggests the completion of a spiritual odyssey begun by the real historical events of Nos. 3 and 4. In addition, the Spanish Catholic Marian theme of No. 1 complements and balances the central role of the Virgin in Nos. 3 and 4.

As a result of the place that Wolf assigned to this song -- the first of the set -- its opening word lacks an antecedent; there is nothing preceding "Nun bin ich dein" to which the "now" may refer. However, at the end of this group, "now" signifies the result, perhaps the end result, of the preceding songs. Now, after witnessing this historical journey, the speaker has committed himself to God through the Virgin, and begs her intercession with God to alleviate his suffering.

& & & & & & & &
PART III

No. 7, "Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen"

Two noted Wolf scholars, Frank Walker and Erik Werba, agree that No. 7, "Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen," is the finest and the most worthy of attention of the "Geistliche Lieder." As Werba states, based on his wide experience both as musicologist and accompanist:


(G minor, Mozart's key for sorrow, characterizes the most exciting sacred song, "Mühvoll komm ich und beladen." Here the tension is almost unbearable, until it resolves in the B-flat-major cry, "O accept me, Thou refuge of grace.")

This tension is created by dissonance, chromaticism, and an unrelenting rhythmic motive: \[ \underline{\text{& \& \& & \& & \& \& & \&}} \]

There is some justification for performing this song by itself, since it is rather different from the other nine songs: as noted earlier, it is the only one by a German author, and it is the only one to use a primarily Biblical text. Its Northern, Protestant sensibility does not fit particularly well with any of the other, thoroughly Spanish songs. However, it is so lovely that no presentation of the "Geistliche Lieder" should be without it.

\& \& \& & \& & \& & \&
I am not the first to regard the last two songs of the "Geistliche Lieder," No. 9, "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier," and No. 10, "Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter," as somehow belonging together. Igor Stravinsky transcribed them as a pair, for chamber ensemble; those 1968 transcriptions are generally regarded as extraordinarily moving.14

What is it about these two songs that links them so closely? Textually, both songs are dialogues engaging the same two characters, Man and Christ. In both songs, the characters display the same attitudes: Man is contrite and remorseful; Christ is consoling and loving, and acknowledges suffering as a demonstration of his love.

There is no narrative, in the sense of story-telling, as in songs No. 3 and No. 4, and little external motion on the part of either speaker. The discourse centres around theological, mystical, and intangible matters. The poems deal primarily with paradox: the relationship of suffering to glory, of the natural to the supernatural, of death to life, and of wounds to healing.

In No. 9, the dialogue is cloaked by a consistent use of metaphor. Images are linked and interwoven into a composite picture. Images of earth or soil lead to the watering of the earth, which produces thorns and flowers. Watering then takes the form of streams, from which grow a garden. From the fruits of the garden are woven garlands and wreaths of thorns and flowers. On the one hand are images of grief, suffering, and
death; the watering is done with tears, the soil bears thorns (pain), and the thorns are made into a wreath that figures in the actual suffering and death of Christ upon the cross. On the other hand are images of beauty, growth, and life; water is a source of life without which a garden cannot grow, a garden growing from fruitful soil produces flowers as well as thorns, and from flowers are woven garlands to be worn by Man.

In No. 10, images are replaced by the concrete naming of the issues in question -- wounds, pain, blood, and sweat -- and the causes for those wounds -- namely, the giving of life, the demonstration of ultimate love, and the winning of Man's soul. By means then of moving from the metaphorical to the concrete there is both a link and a progression between No. 9 and No. 10.

There is also a development between No. 9 and No. 10 in Man's attitudes toward himself -- a development that at first seems to be paradoxical. In the former, Man seems not to have the courage to name himself as "ich," although he calls Christ "Herr" ("Lord") and uses the second-person familiar form of "du." Despite the hierarchical difference between Man and God that this implies -- a difference so great that there is no point at which an emotional closeness can be established -- there is a sense of genuine communication (or dialogue) between them, as the question and answer format indicates. In the latter, the relationship between Man and Christ seems closer, by virtue of the fact that Man addresses Christ both as "Herr" and as "mein Geliebter" ("my beloved") and refers directly to himself as "ich." Man has seemingly grown closer by asserting some sense of equality. He specifies his role, or rather what he wishes his role could be, in the interaction between himself and Christ: "trüge ich sie statt deiner, ich" ("would that I carried your wounds for you"). Christ's response, which in essence is that Man content himself
with the role of receiver, goes unheeded. In No. 10, there is much less sense of genuine communication; Man's struggle for independence, though leading to a more developed relationship between him and Christ, has actually resulted in estrangement and distance. The simple hierarchy of No. 9 no longer exists.

The poems have similar formal structures. Both have three stanzas; No. 10, however, as already mentioned, has an additional opening and closing refrain (see Figures 7 and 8).

In No. 9, the dialogue is divided equally into alternating two-line exchanges. The musical proportions of the song match those of the text; for every two-line statement, there is a four-measure musical segment. The close relationship between questions and answers is signalled by the same rhyme scheme in each four-line stanza (ab-ba). The unvarying trochaic meter suggests that Man and Christ are speaking in one and the same language -- in other words, that there is genuine communication between them.

The tessitura of the vocal line in No. 9 creates a clear distinction between the two characters. The vocal line of Man's utterances lies at a higher level than that of Christ's, and dangerously hovers around a register break for most singers. It is therefore much more difficult to maintain a controlled and easy tone, especially because of the chant-like insistence on and repetition of certain tones (C-sharp, D, and E). It may signify a deliberate choice of vocal colour -- one that is not easy and comfortable but that represents instead Man's anguish and torment. The contrast with Christ's replies is marked; the tessitura is considerably lower and rests in the comfortable middle register. This, too, may be an indication of the particular tone-colour Wolf imagined -- a warmer, more comforting sound, which is also in keeping with the text.
Figure 7: No. 9, "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier" -- Poetic Structure

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of Syllables</th>
<th>Measures of Music</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme a</td>
<td>4 (mm. 3-6)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme b</td>
<td>4 (mm. 7-10)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme c</td>
<td>4 (mm. 11-14)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme d</td>
<td>4 (mm. 15-18)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme e</td>
<td>4 (mm. 19-22)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme f</td>
<td>4 (mm. 23-26)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhyme g</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(2 mm. Intro)

1(M) Herr, was trägt der Boden hier,
     Den du tränkst so bitterlich?

1(C) Dornen, liebes Herz, für mich,
     Und für dich der Blumen Zier.

2(M) Ach, wo solche Bäche rinnen,
     Wird ein Garten da gedeihnh?

2(C) Ja, und wisse! Kränzelein,
     Gar verschiedne, flicht man drinnen.

3(M) O mein Herr, zu wessen Zier
     Windet man die Kränze? Sprich!

3(C) Die von Dornen sind für mich,
     Die von Blumen reich' ich dir.

---

*In these Figures and in the remainder of this paper, I label sections according to stanza and speaker: 1(M) refers to Man's statement in the first stanza; 1(C) is Christ's response in the same stanza; etc. This procedure is used for both songs.*
Figure 8: No. 10, "Wunden trägst du mein Geliebter" -- Poetic Structure

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rhyme</th>
<th>Number of Syllables</th>
<th>Measures of Music</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>6 (mm. 3-8)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(2 mm. Interlude)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>c</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4 (mm. 11-14)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>d</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8 (mm. 15-22)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>d</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4 (mm. 23-26)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1(M)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8 (mm. 27-34)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1(C)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8 (mm. 39-46)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>h</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>h</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>h</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(2 mm. Interlude)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>6 (mm. 49-54)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Refrain)
Man: Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter,
     Und sie schmerzen dich;
     Trüg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!

(Refrain)
Man: Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter,
No. 10 is not as concise as No. 9, nor is the disparity in tessitura as marked. Symmetry and proportion are still present, but less apparent. Christ's responses are each twice as long as Man's statements (four lines compared to two); the music reflects this proportion with an eight-measure-to-four-measure pattern. However, the refrain, which is spoken by Man, brings Man's portion of the dialogue into equal balance with Christ's -- twelve lines of poetry for each. In the music, the added refrains contain exactly twelve measures of music; thus Man has, as well, the same number of sung measures as Christ -- an interesting result of Wolf's sensitivity to balance and proportion.

Textually, the second song complements the first; musically the second song both obscures and reinforces that relationship. No. 9 shows a clear harmonic progression with an ultimate, large-scale resolution, whereas No. 10 is much more static -- a kind of harmonic tableau that keeps circling around a few keys but never resolves.

We might think of No. 9 as equally divided between two tonal centres -- the first half (mm. 1-15) in B, and the rest a large $V^7-I$ progression in E. However, it is more useful for the performer to conceptualize the entire song as a progression in E ($V^7/V$ to $V^{(7)}$ to I), because there is then a sense of propulsion or movement from the start toward a realized goal -- the tonicization of E. This latter view is substantiated by the text. Its use of a question and answer format indicates an active participation on the part of the speakers. The answers respond to the questions, and subsequent questions respond to those answers. The building of metaphors also implies progression -- from watering (tränkst) to streams (Bäche), from thorns and flowers (Dornen, Blumen) to a garden (Garten), and from the garden to the fruit of a garden, namely wreaths or garlands (Kränze). The two-fold meaning of "Kränze" brings us back to the previous "Dornen" and "Blumen,"
but now by means of a demonstrated cause and effect relationship: the taking or acceptance of thorns in order that flowers might be given.

There is not the same kind of directedness on the large scale in No. 10 as there is in No. 9. The whole song seems to centre around F-sharp. But is F-sharp the tonic, or does it function as the dominant of B? A brief look at the individual sections of No. 10 will help to establish an harmonic overview (see Figure 9).

**Figure 9:** No. 10, "Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter" -- Sectional Breakdown of Harmonic Structure

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Intro Refrain (mm. 1-10)</th>
<th>V(^7/iv) - iv - V(^7) - i - V</th>
<th>of F-sharp</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1(M) (mm. 11-14)</td>
<td>vii(^6) - V</td>
<td>of B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1(C) (mm. 15-22)</td>
<td>bVI(_\text{sequence}) - V - I</td>
<td>of F-sharp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2(M) (mm. 23-26)</td>
<td>(repeat of 1(M))</td>
<td>of B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2(C) (mm. 27-34)</td>
<td>(repeat of 1(C))</td>
<td>of F-sharp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3(M) (mm. 35-38)</td>
<td>(repeat of 1(M))</td>
<td>of B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3(C) (mm. 39-46)</td>
<td>V(^6) - I</td>
<td>of E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>followed by</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>V(^7) - bVI - V(^7) - I</td>
<td>of F-sharp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>End Refrain (mm. 47-54)</td>
<td>V(^7/iv) - iv - V(^7) - i - V</td>
<td>of F-sharp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coda (mm. 55-60)</td>
<td>i - bII - vii(^6) - i - iv - I</td>
<td>of F-sharp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>or V - i - V of B</td>
<td>??</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In the same way that it is more useful to think of the whole of No. 9 in E, even though the beginning sounds more like B, so the Introduction and Refrain (mm. 1-10) of No. 10 is a progression in just one key, F-sharp, even though the opening three measures clearly outline the tonality of B. Notice that in both songs, there is an initial suggestion of B, but that in both cases B is never firmly established.

In all three stanzas of No. 10, the four-measure M sections end on the dominant of B; there is never a sense of final arrival (on the tonic) in B. Each C section ends with a strong V-I cadence in F-sharp. Furthermore, the exact repetition of the piano part in all three M sections suggests that Man is not actively engaged in dialogue (as in No. 9), but rather delivers an unchanging lament, hearing nothing but the sound of his own voice. The responses of Christ, although not as repetitive (either harmonically or textually) do address the same issues -- in trying to answer in different ways the persistent Man.

The fact that the final Refrain is an exact repetition of the opening implies that Man has not heard and does not understand, and therefore has no repose. This implication is underlined by the inconclusive ending of the Refrain on the dominant of F-sharp.

From the standpoint of the text, I have suggested that the dialogue of No. 9 was more immediate and compelling than that of No. 10. Can this same relationship also be demonstrated musically? Are the four-measure sections of alternating dialogue in No. 9 linked harmonically so as to suggest a real conversation with a genuine exchange of ideas. Or is there rather a convincing argument for saying that the sections are both disjunctive and interrelated harmonically, i.e. that there is more than one harmonic interpretation for certain sections?

On one level, each section of No. 9 (except for the last) appears to
end on a dominant of some key (see Figure 10). The inconclusiveness of these dominant endings serves the argument that the text is propelled forward toward some further resolution or response.

There is a question, however, whether the dominant, in all cases, actually functions as a dominant at these section endings. Do we not also hear several other harmonic functions for these chords? The first stanza provides a good illustration. In the piano part, it is possible to hear the whole of the opening stanza as a prolongation of the dominant of B. The melody, however, clearly outlines an F-sharp triad -- first minor, then major -- while harmonically mm. 7-10 seem firmly in the key of F-sharp (see Figure 11). In the context of either F-sharp or B, the D minor chord at the beginning of 1(C) comes as a surprise, having no clear function in either key. Is D minor a kind of chromatic mediant harmony in B minor, deceptively resolving the $V^7$ of B and leading to another $V$ of B in m. 10? Or is D minor an altered dominant of F-sharp (containing its leading tone, the enharmonic E-sharp), eventually resolving in that key?

In the two other stanzas of No. 9, the connections between the M and
the C sections are almost as unexpected and ambiguous as in the first stanza. In all cases there are several harmonic explanations. In the second stanza, the link between sections can be heard as either a $\text{VII}^7-\text{I}^6$ of B (i.e. an A-sharp dominant seventh chord as a third-substitution for an F-sharp dominant seventh chord, the $\text{V}^7$ of B), or as a deceptive $\text{V}^7-\text{bVI}^6$ in D-sharp. Although the second explanation is functionally more straightforward, the key of D-sharp is never actually established. At this point in the song, the harmonic focus is just beginning to turn toward E.

In the third stanza, the link between the M and C sections is also ambiguous. The strong $\text{v}^7\text{of E}$ in m. 22 makes the unison G's in mm. 23-24 sound like the third of an incomplete E minor chord, which then leads to a $\text{Ger}^6_5$ of E in m. 25. (From m. 25 on, there is no question that the tonality centres around E.) However, the movement of the vocal line from G to A-sharp (B-flat) obscures our sense of the E centre, and suggests G minor instead. Of course, there is no real functioning harmony in G minor here, because of the appearance of F in m. 24. However, it is interesting that the move from the dominant of E to G minor is the same chromatic-mediant relationship as the dominant of B moving to D minor in the first stanza -- also without any functioning D minor harmonies.

Apart from the multi-layered harmonic readings, another contributing factor to the harmonic complexity of No. 9 is the vacillation between major and minor modes -- apparent in three different keys, F-sharp, B, and E. The initial appearances of F-sharp and B as keys are in the minor mode; their leave-takings are in major, at which point it is no longer clear whether they function as tonic or dominant. E, as the ultimate tonic of the song, does not have that nebulous quality, even though it also fluctuates between major and minor.

I made the observation earlier that there is not the same sense of
forward motion in No. 10 as there is in No. 9, but rather a feeling of circling and repetition. The same sort of process of tonal complexity and ambiguity seems to be at work, however. In No. 10, the harmonic focus is on the keys of B and F-sharp, with intervening tonicizations of D, F, and B-flat.

Perhaps most remarkable is a striking similarity between the connections of 1(M) and 1(C) in both songs. In both, an F-sharp chord is followed by a D sonority (in No. 9, a D minor chord; in No. 10, a D major chord). In both, there is no apparent preparation for D; therefore, both D chords come as harmonic surprises. However, in No. 10, the functional relationship (to D major) is clearer — I-bVI in F-sharp, even though the F-sharp chord is itself a clear dominant of B. In No. 10, furthermore, D is tonicized once it arrives (mm. 15-16), whereas in No. 9 the D minor chord is just a passing sonority.

It is apparent from the discussion of tonal ambiguity and key centres that the two songs are somehow linked in their key structures. In No. 9, the focus is on E, in No. 10 on F-sharp, with the former ending in E and the latter on F-sharp. These seemingly distant keys are related by the pivotal key of B, which functions in No. 9 as the dominant of E and in No. 10 as the tonic of which F-sharp is the dominant. In both songs, there is a chord or key that fluctuates between the functions of tonic and dominant: in No. 9, the key of B ends up as the dominant of E after starting out sounding like a tonic; in No. 10, even though F-sharp is a clear tonic, the final F-sharp sonority is left sounding like a dominant of B. In other words, B is always there in both songs, lurking under the surface.

We get the feeling that No. 10 is left hanging without a clear resolution for two reasons: the closing Refrain ends on the dominant of
F-sharp, not the tonic; and the final cadence of the song is a weak, plagal I-iv-I in F-sharp -- just as readily heard as V-i-V in B. The subjunctive "If only" of Man's Refrain is supported by this feeling of inconclusiveness. My initial reaction to the end of No. 10 was to speculate that Wolf might have included this final Refrain on his own initiative -- perhaps to indicate his own lack of resolution or freedom from guilt. Investigation of the Spanish and German sources for the poetry shows that that is not the case; Wolf set the poems with no substantial textual changes. However, it is significant that he did change the order of Nos. 9 and 10, perhaps to avoid any real sense of finality or certainty that the end of No. 9 implies. To perform the songs in Heyse and Geibel's order creates too neat and tidy an overall tonal structure, going from F-sharp (V of V) in No. 10, to B (V) to E (I) in No. 9. Wolf's vision seems to have been that the dialogue between Man and God is not so neatly concluded.

Thus far my discussion has focused on larger musical issues such as key schemes and harmonic progressions. The smaller musical gesture that is most evident as a link between No. 9 and No. 10 is the appoggiatura. In No. 9, the appoggiaturas permeate all of the M sections. In each four-measure phrase, as well as in the Introduction, the upper and lower semitone appoggiaturas on beat 2 are heard as displacements of measure-long chords, resolving only on the last beat of each bar. These weak-beat resolutions, dramatized by decrescendos in all measures, serve to emphasize the appoggiatura chords rather than the resolutions. The resulting pattern -- obsessive in its rhythmic and dynamically contoured sameness -- is maintained throughout the three M sections. (It is, in fact, striking that in the piano nothing happens on the first beat of any measure of No. 9, until the final cadence in E.)

In these M sections, the appoggiatura figures outline a chromatic
descending 7-6 sequence (in every measure, the appoggiatura is a seventh over the bass, resolving to a sixth), varying in length and pattern from one stanza to the next. For example, if we hear the appoggiaturas of mm. 1-6 as non-chord tones and hear one actual chord in each measure (except perhaps in m. 1), we find a series of first inversion triads that can be heard as a descending passing progression within what is really a prolonged V\(^7\) of B (see Figure 12).

In No. 10, the appoggiaturas do not figure in any such sequence. Their pattern is rather a series of paired quarter-note chords, with the harmonic function of the first chord of each pair clarified only by the second chord. The fact that the first chord of each pair has a legitimate chordal identity and yet turns out to be something quite different from what it first appears to be confirms the textual idea of paradox. For example, the first sonority of No. 10 appears to be a B-flat minor chord; in fact, however, it is an appoggiatura decoration of a V\(^7\) of B, just as at the beginning of No. 9.

The overlapping and confusion of functioning and non-functioning harmonies in the M sections of No. 10 becomes especially apparent when we examine the correlation between the melodic (vocal) line and the piano accompaniment. At times the melody is part of the real functioning harmony, but never for long; because of the harmonies shifting underneath, chord tones in the melody are almost invariably transformed into non-chord tones. For example, in m. 3, the melody D is at first part of the B minor chord, but at "tragst" it becomes an appoggiatura to the C-sharp of vii\(^0\), which in turn becomes an appoggiatura once again to the D over B minor; throughout this phrase, the melody appoggiaturas are synchronized with appoggiaturas in the piano chords.

In the next phrase ("Und sie schmerzen dich," mm. 5-6), the larger
Figure 12: No. 9, "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier," mm. 1-6 -- Chromatic Descending 7-6 Sequence
melodic outline itself is at odds with the harmony. The melody arpeggiates an F-sharp minor triad, C-sharp to A to F-sharp (with a G-sharp appoggiatura); however, the most important pitches of that triad enter as non-chord tones (see Figure 13). (The C-sharp is first heard as an appoggiatura eventually resolving to a D of the D major chord in m. 5. As the beginning of this melodic phrase is weakened, so is the final resolution onto F-sharp, by the fact that G-sharp moves to F-sharp on a weak second beat, which also happens to be harmonized with an appoggiatura chord in the accompaniment.) Still, the impression of an F-sharp minor melodic outline remains, while the harmony moves into this key only belatedly -- after beginning in B minor. Additionally, because of the paired quarter-note chords, the harmonic rhythm of the M sections of No. 10 is often out of alignment with the meter. The 6/4 meter groups things in 3's, but the appoggiatura figures group them in 2's. Thus the distinction between strong and weak resolutions, between appoggiaturas and mere passing notes is difficult.

This overlapping and confusion in the M sections gives way in the C sections of No. 10 to a more straightforward presentation. Just as in the C sections of No. 9, the appoggiatura figures are less prominent in Christ's statements, yielding to a sense of regularity and harmonic stability. The melodic line in these sections follows closely the underlying harmonies; if not actually doubled in the piano, most melody notes are part of the functioning chords. The piano writing is also more straightforward; each measure begins with a thrice-reiterated functioning chord (note the symbolic three!), followed by the ever-present appoggiatura figuration. This figuration is consistently made up of three quarter-note chords that decorate the note of resolution by semitone movement from above and below (e.g. m. 15) or in one direction only (e.g. m. 16).
Figure 13: No. 10, "Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter," mm. 1-6 -- Harmonic Sketch

B: \[ I_3 \] 
F#: \[ (iv) \] \[ iv_b \] \[ I_7 \] \[ vi_b \] \[ i_b \] \[ V \] 

B: \[ I_3 \] 
F#: \[ (iv) \] \[ iv \] \[ I_7 \] \[ III \] 

---
In effect, both rhythm and harmony in these C sections are more even and more steady. The harmonic rhythm is closely tied to the meter; there is a chord change on almost every strong beat. Evenness extends also to a broader level, where it is in part due to the regularity of the ascending-third sequences, and to the clear functional relationships of their component chords. Sequences also play an important, if less clearly functional, role in No. 9 (see above); there they harmonize Man's questions and descend. In No. 10, the corresponding symbolism is obvious, yet provides a poignant contrast; the sequences that harmonize Christ's responses are ascending.

In spite of the many similarities between No. 9 and No. 10, i.e. the dialogue format, the same characters, the references in both to suffering and death, and the similar musical gestures expressing those sentiments, there is a convincing progression between the two songs. Hence they comprise a dramatically satisfying unit. The psychological dynamic -- namely, the development of Man's inner state, and the resulting change in the nature of the relationship between Christ and Man -- leaves us with a sense of the tragic. The movement of Man's state from No. 9 to No. 10 is that of the simple to the complex, from the naive to the self-aware, and from the acceptance of an order to a questioning of that order and hence to a lack of receptiveness, which leads ultimately to a barrier in communication. In Man's simple state in No. 9, an understanding could be reached and a satisfying conclusion made. The growing sophistication of Man in No. 10 precludes a satisfactory close -- and so we are left without one. Thus the overall effect of both No. 9 and No. 10, in their set order, is ultimately pessimistic. The message of hope is not accepted, and Man is left to go on questioning. Hugo Wolf, in reversing the original order of these two poems, as I pointed out earlier, deliberately chose to end on
that tragic and inconclusive note.
PART V

Conclusion

Would it be a violation of Wolf's intentions to reverse the order of the last two songs? Should a performer accept without complaint Wolf's tragic vision of No. 9 followed by No. 10, or can he feel free to present the more optimistic view of the converse? Would the emotional impact of these two songs be weakened or strengthened by tampering with their order? Who can say definitely?

There is, however, a larger issue at stake, which has to do with the relation of groups such as Nos. 9 and 10 with the "Geistliche Lieder" as a whole, and with other possible derived recital groupings. Which situation shows off these songs (not to mention the other "Geistliche Lieder") to their best advantage? Is it justified to tamper with what the composer gives us in order to create a different kind of emotional impact? What right does the performer have to select and rearrange?

These questions are most critical for those sets of songs that are in a kind of middleground between a real song-cycle, intended as such by the composer, and a mere collection -- sets that lack the momentum of a song-cycle, but still have cohesive elements (e.g. Schubert's Schwanengesang or Schumann's Myrten, and of course the "Geistliche Lieder"), sets that are difficult if not impossible to present intact in recital. The best solution is to extract and rearrange, from these larger sets, smaller groups of songs that are dramatically convincing and that have the momentum of a mini-cycle.

This matter of choice, a subjective one indeed, is something each
performer must decide for himself -- and to decide once is not to say that
the choices cannot be revised. It is a creative process that is never
static, an ever-changing process that brings new insights into even the
most familiar music. 17 It is perhaps the best way to keep these songs
alive and dynamic.

2. Brahms's version, known as the "Geistliches Wiegenlied," for contralto, viola, and piano (Op. 91/2), captures the folk-like quality of the poem by coupling it with the obbligato melody of the medieval Christmas carol "Joseph lieber Joseph mein."


5. Ibid., p. 522.


8. Ibid., p. 65.

9. In fact, none of Wolf's large sets of songs are generally regarded as cycles. See, for example, Lotte Lehmann, *Eighteen Song Cycles: Studies in Their Interpretation* (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1972), which includes by Wolf only the "Mignon Lieder" -- extracted from the larger published set of Goethe Lieder.

10. My references in this paper are to Wolf's original keys. In performance, a mezzo-soprano (such as I) or a contralto will use a transposed version -- ideally one that preserves the kind of key relationships I mention here. See Komar, *Dichterliebe*, p. 93.

11. It is interesting to note that, although he eventually placed it at the beginning of the "Geistliche Lieder," Wolf composed this song last of the ten. See Appendix 2, derived from Sams, *Songs*, pp. 251-262.


Walker, *Hugo Wolf*, pp. 76-77, suggests that Wolf was obsessed by a life-long guilt over the acquisition of the syphilitic condition that eventually caused his madness and death.


Irmgard Seefried, one of the great German Lieder singers of our time, confessed that, "begriff ich endlich, was Hugo Wolf in all diesen Jahren für mich war und ist. Die Bangigkeit des Herzens musst Du erkennen, die Unsicherheit Deines Wissens musst Du fühlen, die Einsamkeit Deines Tuns musst Du hören, um das *Italienische Liederbuch* und das *Spanische Liederbuch* aus Dir selbst heraus gebären, schreien, flüstern, fühlen und lieben, ahnen und wissen zu lassen. . . . Darum glaube ich, dass jeder ganz bestimmt seinen eigenen Hugo Wolf hat, und jeder muss eben mit seiner Fülle und mit seiner Armut, die ihm das Leben gegeben hat, mit seinem Hugo Wolf ringen."

("I finally understood what Hugo Wolf was and is for me after all these years. In order to let the *Italian Songbook* and the *Spanish Songbook* come out of yourself, be born, cried, whispered, felt, and loved, be vaguely suggested and dimly known, you must recognize the fearfulness of the heart, you must feel the uncertainty of your knowledge, and you must hear the loneliness of your doings. . . . Therefore I believe that everyone quite certainly has his very own Hugo Wolf and everyone must, even with the fullness and the poverty that life has given him, fight for the recognition of his own Hugo Wolf.")

In "Bekenntnis zu Hugo Wolf," *Österreichische Musikzeitschrift* 15/2 (February 1960): 78.
SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Relationship between Poetry and Music; Art-Songs in General


The Nature of Song-Cycles


**Hugo Wolf and the Spanisches Liederbuch**


APPENDIX 1

Texts of the "Geistliche Lieder"

No. 1: (attributed to Erzpriester von Hita; German trans. by Heyse)

Nun bin ich dein,
Du aller Blumen Blume,
Und sing' allein
Allstund zu deinem Ruhme;
Will eifrig sein,
Mich dir zu weihn
Und deinem Duldertume.

Frau auserlesen,
Zu dir steht all mein Hoffen,
Mein innerst Wesen
Ist allezeit dir offen.
Komm, mich zu lösen
Vom Fluch des Bösen,
Der mich so hart betroffen!

Du Stern der See,
Du Port der Wonnen,
Von der im Weh
Die Wunden Heil gewonnen,
Eh' ich vergeh,
Blick' aus der Hüh,
Du Königin der Sonnen!

Nie kann versiegen
Die Fülle deiner Gnaden;
Du hilfst zum Siegen
Dem, der mit Schmach beladen.
An dich sich schmiegen,
Zu deinen Füssen liegen
Heilt allen Harm und Schaden.

Ich leide schwer
Und wohlerdiente Strafen.
Mir bangt so sehr
Bald Todesschlauf zu schlafen.
Tritt du einher,
Und durch das Meer
O führe mich zum Hafen!

And through the sea,
Bring me to the harbour!

No. 2: (attributed to Nicolas Núñez; German trans. by Heyse)

Die du Gott gebarst, du Reine,
Und alleine
Uns gelös't aus unsern Ketten,
Mach mich fröhlich, der ich weine,
Denn nur deine
Huld und Gnade mag uns retten.

You who bore God, Pure One,
And alone
Delivered us from our chains,
Make me, who weep, glad,
For only your
Grace and mercy can deliver us.

Herrin, ganz zu dir mich wende,
Dass sich ende
Diese Qual und dieses Grauen,
Dass der Tod mich furchtlos fände,
Und nicht blende
Mich das Licht der Himmelsauen.

Lady, I turn to you,
That this torment and dread
May cease,
That death may find me unafraid,
And I be not blinded
By the light of the Heavenly Pastures.

Weil du unbefleckt geboren,
Auserkoren
Zu des ew'gen Ruhmes Stätten --
Wie mich Leiden auch umfloren,
Unverloren
Bin ich doch, willst du mich retten.

Because you were born immaculate,
Chosen
For abodes of eternal glory --
However much veiled in sorrow,
I am not lost,
If you will deliver me.

No. 3: (attributed to Ocáñ; German trans. by Geibel)

"Der heilige Joseph singt"

Nun wandre, Maria,
Nun wandre nur fort.
Schon krähnen die Hähnle,
Und nah ist der Ort.

Go on, Mary,
Go on.
The cocks are crowing,
And the place is near.

Nun wandre, Geliebte,
Du Kleinod mein,
Und balde wir werden
In Bethlehem sein.
Dann ruhest du fein
Und schlummerst dort.
Schon krähnen die Hähnle,
Und nah ist der Ort.

Go on, beloved,
My jewel,
And soon shall we be
In Bethlehem.
Then shall you rest
And slumber there.
The cocks are crowing,
And the place is near.

Wohl seh ich, Herrin,
Die Kraft dir schwinden;
Kann deine Schmerzen
Ach, kaum verwinden.

I see well, Lady,
Your strength is waning;
Your pains I cannot,
Alas, subdue.
Getrost! Wohl finden
Wir Herberg dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne,
Und nah ist der Ort.

Wär' erst bestanden
Dein Stündlein, Marie,
Die gute Botschaft
Gut lohnt' ich sie.
Das Eselein hie
Gäb' ich drum fort!
Schon krähen die Hähne,
Komm! Nah ist der Ort.

Take heart! We shall find
Lodging there.
The cocks are crowing,
And the place is near.

Would it were over,
Mary, your hour,
Those good tidings
Would I reward well.
The donkey here
Would I give for that!
The cocks are crowing,
Come! The place is near.

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You who hover
About these palms,
In night and wind,
Holy Angels,
Silence their leaves!
My child is asleep.

Palms of Bethlehem
In blustering wind,
How can you today
So angrily blow!
Be still, bow
Softly and gently;
Silence the leaves!
My child is asleep.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

The Son of Heaven
Is suffering;
Ah, so tired has He grown
Of earth's sorrows.
Ah, now in sleep
Gently softened,
The pain melts away.
Silence the leaves!
My child is asleep.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Fierce cold
Comes rushing;
With what shall I cover
The little child's limbs!
Oh, all you Angels
Who winged
Travel on the wind,
Silence the leaves!
My child is asleep.
No. 5: (Anonymous; German trans. by Heyse)

Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!

Rüttle mich, dass ich erwache,
Rufe mich, so will ich schreiten;
Gib die Hand mir, mich zu leiten,
Dass ich auf den Weg mich mache.
Dass ich schaue Bethlehem,
Dorten meinen Gott zu sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!

Von der Sünde schwerem Kranken
Bin ich träg' und dumpf bekomen.
Willst du nicht zu Hülfe kommen,
Muss ich straußeln, muss ich schwanken.
Leite mich nach Bethlehem,
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!

Lead me, child, to Bethlehem!
You, my God, You will I see.
Who, who could
Come to You without your aid!

Shake me, so that I awake,
Call me, and I will go;
Give me your hand to guide me,
That I may set out upon the way.
That I may see Bethlehem,
There to see my God.
Who, who could
Come to You without your aid!

No. 6: (attributed to Lopez de Ubeda; German trans. by Heyse)

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind
Mir so schön und klar erschienen,
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Blickt' er doch mit diesen süßen
Augen nach den meinen hin!
Sähe' er dann sein Bild darin,
Würde' er wohl mich liebend grüssen.
Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin,
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen,
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Ah, the Infant's eyes,
So beautiful and clear they seemed,
And from them something shines
That captures all my heart.

For with those sweet eyes
He looks at mine!
If He then saw His image there,
Lovingly would He greet me.
And so I give myself wholly
To serving only His eyes.
For from them something shines
That captures all my heart.

No. 7: (attributed to Don Manuel del Rio; actually an original German poem by Geibel)

Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen,
Nimm mich an, du Hort der Gnaden!

In toil I come, and heavy laden,
Receive me, Refuge of Mercy!
Sieh, ich komm' in Tränen heiss
Mit demütiger Gebärde,
Dunkel ganz vom Staub der Erde.
Du nur schaffest, dass ich weiss
Wie das Vlies der Lämmer werde.
Tilgen willst du ja den Schaden
Dem, der reuig dich umfasst;
Nimm denn, Herr, von mir die Last,
Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen.

Der den Schächer du geladen:
"Heute noch in Eden Bann
Wirst du sein!" o nimm mich an.
Nimm mich an, du Hort der Gnaden!

Lass mich flehend vor dir knie'n,
Dass ich über deine Füsse
Nardenduft and Tränen giesse,
Gleich dem Weib, dem du verziehn,
Bis die Schuld wie Rauch zerfliesse.

No. 8: (Anonymous; German trans. by Geibel)

Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert!
Zeit ist's, dass sie sich ermuntere.
Dass man tot sie wähnen dürfte,
Also schläfft sie schwer und bang,
Seit sie jener Rausch bezwang,
Den im Sündengift sie schlürfte.
Doch nun ihrer Sehnsucht Licht
Blendend ihr ins Auge bricht:
Zeit ist's, dass sie sich ermuntere.

Mochte sie gleich taub erscheinen
Bei der Engel süßem Chor:
Lauscht sie doch wohl zag empor,
Hört sie Gott als Kindlein weinen.
Da nach langer Schlummernacht
Solch ein Tag der Gnäd' ihr lacht,
Zeit ist's, dass sie sich ermuntere.

No. 9: (Anonymous; German trans. by Heyse)

Herr, was trägt der Boden hier;
Den du tränkest so bitterlich?
"Dornen, liebes Herz, für mich,
Und für dich der Blumen Zier."

Lord, what does the soil bear here,
Which You water so bitterly?
"Thorns, dear heart, for me,
And for you adorning flowers."
Ach, wo solche Bäche rinnen,
Wird ein Garten da gedeih'n?
"Ja, und wisse! Kränzelein,
Gar verschiedne, flich man drinnen."

O mein Herr, zu wessen Zier
Windet man die Kränze? sprich!
"Die von Dornen sind für mich,
Die von Blumen reich' ich dir."

No. 10: (attributed to José de Valdivivielo; German trans. by Geibel)

Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter,
Und sie schmerzen dich;
Trüg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!

Herr, wer wagt' es, so zu färben
Deine Stirn mit Blut und Schweiss?
"Diese Male sind der Preis,
Dich, o Seele, zu erwerben.
An den Wunden muss ich sterben,
Weil ich dich geliebt so heiss."

Könnt' ich, Herr, für dich sie tragen,
Da es Todeswunden sind.
"Wenn dies Leid dich rührt, mein Kind,
Magst du Lebenswunden sagen:
Ihrer keine ward geschlagen,
Draus für dich nicht Leben rinnt."

Ach, wie mir in Herz und Sinnen
Deine Qual so wehe tut!
"Härtres noch mit treuem Mut
Trüg' ich froh, dich zu gewinn'n;
Denn nur der weiss recht zu minnen,
Der da stirbt vor Liebesglut."

Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter,
Und sie schmerzen dich;
Trüg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!

Wounds you bear, my beloved,
And they cause you pain;
Would I bore them in your stead, I!

Lord, who dares so to stain
Your brow with blood and sweat?
"These marks are the price
Of winning you, oh Soul.
Of these wounds must I die,
For loving you so ardently."

Would I might bear them for you,
Lord, since they are mortal wounds.
"If this sorrow touch you, my child,
You may call them living wounds:
Not one was made, from which
Life does not flow for you."

Ah, how my heart and mind
Is tormented by your pain!
"Even more hardships, with true courage,
Would I gladly bear, to win you;
For only he knows perfectly how to love
Who there dies for love."

Wounds you bear, my beloved,
And they cause you pain;
Would I bore them in your stead, I!
### APPENDIX 2

**Dates and Original Order of the "Geistliche Lieder"**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Heyse and Geibel's Order</th>
<th>Wolf's Date of Composition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>&quot;Nun bin ich dein&quot;</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>15 January 1890</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>&quot;Die du Gott gebarst, du Reine&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5 November 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>&quot;Nun wandre, Maria&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4 November 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>&quot;Die ihr schwebet&quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5 November 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>&quot;Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!&quot;</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>15 December 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>&quot;Ach, des Knaben Augen sind&quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>21 December 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>&quot;Mühvoll komm' ich und beladen&quot;</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>10 January 1890</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>&quot;Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert!&quot;</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>19 December 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>&quot;Herr, was trägt der Boden hier&quot;</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>24 November 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>&quot;Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter&quot;</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>16 December 1889</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPENDIX 3

Score of No. 9, "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier"

Sehr langsam und innig

Herr, was trägt der
Lord, what doth the

Boden hier, den du tränket so herzlich?
This soil, which thou weeps heartily?

Dort, mein, lieben
There, my dear, beloved

Herr, für mich, und für dich der
Lord, for me and thee the

Blumen Zier.
Bouquet, flower

Ach, wo
Oh, where

Lord, where
sol-che Bü-che rin-zen, wird ein Gar-ten da ge-deiht? "Ja, und wie-nel!
brecks of tears are flow-ing will ev-ery-bos-some deck the heath? "Yes, I tell thee!

Kran-zel, gar ver-schied-ne, flieht man drin-neh O mein
many a wreath, will be turned be-yond man's know-ing! Tell me,

Herr, zu wes-sen Zier win-det man die Kran-zen sprech! "Die von De-ras
Lord, for whom they twine all the wreaths and garlands! See!

sind für mich, die von Blu-men reich ich dir!" twine for me, those of flowers I give to thee"
APPENDIX 4

Score of No. 10, "Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter"

Langsam und mit tiefer Empfindung
Etwas belehrt

Herr, wer wagt es, so zu flehen, deinen Stirn mit
Lord, what rough hands, Crowned with thorns They mocked Thee, Lord with

Blut und Schwein? — Diese Maßle sind der Preis,
Rude de-scence? — These red gus-tess are the price

dich, o Seele, zu erwerben.
Soul, re-joice thee, Rejoice thy righting:

muss ich sterben, weil ich dich so lieb' so heiss.
I am dy-ing, for man-kind this so cri-fice.
Könnt' ich, Herr, für dich sie tragen, da es Todes-

Tell me, Lord, oh hear me pleading, can but death re-

win - den sind. "Wenn dies Lied dich ruhrt, mein Kind,

hier is thy smart? "Dost my suffer - ing touch thy heart?"

magent du Le - bens - wun - den sa - gen: ih - rer kei - ne

See each - er - son wound now bleed - ing un - to mort - als

ward ge - schla - gen, dran für dich nicht Le - ben rinst!

life is end - ing, and to thee shall life im - port.
Ach, wie mir in Herzen und Sinne deine Qual so schwer.

Wehe tut! "Här tres noch mit treuen Mut zu me nach! "Though I die, I win the prize:

trilg! ich froh, dich zu gewinnen; denn nur der weiss, dem der Himmel, thou too shalt share them; songs of Death tell

recht zu ministern, der da stirbt vor Liebe gluck; glad ly hear them, who for love of others dies."
Erstes Zeimass

Wunden trägst du,
On the Cross, Love,

mein Ge- lieb-ter, und sie schmer-zen dich;
thou art bleed-ing, and I hear the sig-n

trüg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!
Oh could I re-lease Thee, I!

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THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Recital Hall
January 25, 1982
8:00 p.m.

GRADUATION RECITAL

Margaret Kuhl, Mezzo-Soprano
Heather English, Piano

Arianna a Naxos. Cantata a voce sola con accompagnamento fortepiano
Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Chansons de Bilitis
1. La Flûte de Pan
2. La Chevelure
3. Le Tombeau des Naiades
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Therese (Op.86, No.1)
Über die Heide (Op.86, No.4)
An die Nachtigall (Op.46, No.4)
Van Ewiger Liebe (Op.43, No.1)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

INTERMISSION

From the Diary of Virginia Woolf
Dominick Argento (1927-)
1. The Diary (April, 1919)
2. Anxiety (October, 1920)
3. Fancy (February, 1927)
4. Hardy's Funeral (January, 1928)
5. Rome (May, 1935)
6. War (June, 1940)
7. Parents (December, 1940)
8. Last Entry (March, 1941)

*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree with a major in Voice
Translations

Arianna a Naxos

Recit: Teseo, my beloved,

Where are you?

I seem to have you near

but it is a dream that deceives me.

Dawn awakens like Phoebus

rising from the sea with golden tresses.

Dear husband, where have you gone?

Perhaps your noble ardor calls you

to pursue the wild beasts.

Ah, come my dear, and I will offer

a more pleasing prey.

The constant, loving heart of Arianna

tightens with ever firmer grasp,

and makes fairer the splendid face

of our love.

I cannot bear to be separated.

My heart sighs for you

Come, my idol.

Aria: Where are you, my fair treasure?

Who steals you from this heart.

If you do not come I shall die,

I cannot bear my grief.

If you have pity, oh gods

support my pleas.

Let my dear one return to me.

Recit: But, to whom am I speaking?

Only an echo replies.

Teseo does not hear me or respond,

and the wind and waves bear away my voice.

He cannot be far away.

Yonder rocky cliffs rise higher

than the heavens.

I will find him there.

What do I see? Oh Heavens! Misery me!

There is Argonaut wood.

Those are Greeks! Teseo!

He on the bow... Ah, if only I were mistaken

but no, He is going, leaving me here abandoned.

There is no more hope.

I am betrayed.

Teseo, Listen to me! Teseo.

Alas, in vain.

The waves and wind bear him away

forever from my sight.

Oh, you unjust gods

Why do you not punish the impious one.

Ungrateful, why did I save you from death.

So that you could betray me? our promises? your oaths?

Perjurer, Infidel!

You have the heart to go.

To whom shall I turn?

From whom hope for pity?

I falter,

in this bitter moment

My trembling spirit fails.

Aria: Ah, how I should like to die

in this fatal moment.

but heaven, unjust,

preserves me in my cruel torment.

Miserable, abandoned.

I have no one to console me.

He whom I so dearly loved has gone,

barbarous and unfaithful.

Chansons de Bilitis

THE FLUTE

For the Hyacinthine festival he has given me

a syrinx of well formed reeds,

bound together with white wax, which is sweet to my

lips as honey.

He teaches me how to play, sitting on his knees;

but I am a little nervous. He plays after

me, so softly I can scarcely hear.

We have nothing to say to each other, so

close are we to one another; but in songs

we converse, and sometimes our lips

come together on the flute.

It is late; that is the song of the green frogs

that begins with the night. My mother

will never believe I have been so long

looking for my lost girdle.

THE HAIR

He said: “Last night I dreamed.

I had your hair around my throat.

I had your tresses like a black collar

around my neck and upon my breast.

“I caressed them, and they were mine;

and we were bound together forever thus, by

that same hair, mouth to mouth, as

two laurel bushes often have a single root.

“And little by little, it seemed to me, our

limbs so lost their identity that

I became you, or you entered into me like my dream.”

When he had finished, he softly put his

hands upon my shoulders, and looked at me with

so tender a gaze that I lowered my eyes,

with a shudder.
Chansons de Bilitis (cont'd)

THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

Through the wood covered with hoar frost I walked;
my hair before my mouth blossomed with
little icicles, and my sandals were heavy
with muddy lumps of snow.

He said to me: "What are you looking for?"—"I
am following the tracks of a satyr. The prints of his
little cloven hoofs are spaced like holes in
a white cloak." He said: "The satyrs are dead."

He said: "The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty
years there has not been so terrible a winter.
The tracks that you see are those of a he-goat. But
let us stop here, for here is their tomb."

And with the head of his hoe he broke the ice on
the spring where the naiads used to laugh. He took
up the big frozen pieces, and holding them toward the
pale sky, he looked through them.

You innocent young lad
Why do you gaze at me so?
What questions you have in your eyes.
The wisest rulers in the world
remain silent about the questions your eyes ask.

A seashell is lying on the mantel,
Hold it to your ear...
and you will hear something.

A. seashell is lying on the mantel,
Hold it to your ear...
and you will hear something.

Over the Heath

Over the heath echo my steps
with hollow ring...
Autumn is coming
Spring is far away.
Will there be one more blissful moment?
Brewing mist, spirits hover,
The earth is black, the sky is empty.

Would that I had gone here in May...
Life and love,
how fast it flies.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

Do not pour so loudly your amorous songs
rich strains
down from the blooming bough of the apple tree.
O nightingale!
With your sweet throat
you reawaken my love;
for already the depths of my soul are stirred
by your melting cry.

Then again I would lie sleepless,
staring up
with tear-filled eyes, and pale as death, and haggard,
to heaven above.
Flee, nightingale, into the green shadows,
to the grove,
and in your nest spend your kisses on your faithful wit.

OF ETERNAL LOVE

Dark, how dark in the woods and the fields
It is evening already; now the world is quiet.
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
yes, even the lark is silent now.
Out of the village comes the youth,
bringing his sweetheart home,
He lends her by the willow thickets,
talking a great deal and about so many things.

"If you are ashamed and troubled,
ashamed of me before the others,
let love be broken off as suddenly,
as quickly as we first came together.
Let us part in the rain, let us part in the wind,
as quickly as we first came together."

The girl speak:
"Our love shall not be parted!
Iron is strong and steel very much so,
our love is even stronger.
Iron and steel are shaped in the forge,
but who shall change our love?
Iron and steel may be melted,
but our love shall endure forever!"
*GRADUATION RECITAL
Margaret Kuhl, mezzo soprano
assisted by
Terence Dawson, piano

Nähe des Geliebten (Goethe)  
Heiss mich nicht reden (Goethe)  
Suleikas Zweiter Gesang (Goethe)  
Rastlose Liebe (Goethe)

from the Spanische Liederbuch

In dem Schatten meiner Looken  
Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruhe  
Herr was trägt der Boden hier  
Die ihr schwefet

Vier Lieder, Op. 2

Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen (Hebbel)  
Schlafend trägt man mich (Mombert)  
Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand (Mombert)  
Warm die Lüfte (Mombert)

- INTERMISSION -

Le Travail du Peintre (Eluard)

Pablo Picasso  
Marc Chagall  
Georges Braque  
Juan Gris  
Paul Klee  
Joan Miró  
Jacques Villon

A Charm of Lullabies

A Cradle Song (Blake)  
The Highland Balou (Burns)  
Sephestia's Lullaby (Greene)  
A Charm (Randolph)  
The Nurse's Song (Philip)

*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree with a major in Voice.
THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Recital Hall
Monday, February 13, 1984
8:00 p.m.

*GRADUATION RECITAL
Margaret Kuhl, mezzo soprano
assisted by
Edward Norman, organ
Terence Dawson, piano

from the Kleine Geistliche Konzerte
bringt her dem Herren, SWV 283

Ellens zweiter Gesang
Gretchens Bitte
Suleika

Gruss
Neue Liebe
Der Mond
Allnächtlich im Träume seh' ich dich
Die Liebende Schreibt
Pagenlied

- INTERMISSION -

from Songs and Dances of Death
Kalibyelnaya
Syeryenadu
Tryepak

Canciones para Niños
Paisaje
El Lagarto esta Llorando
Caracola
Cancion Tonta
Cancion China en Europa
Cancioncilla Sevillana

*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree with a major in Voice.
Bringt her dem Herren
Bringt her dem Herren, ihr Gewaltigen,
Bringt her dem Herren
Ehre und Stärke.
Halleluja...

Bringt her dem Herren
Ehre seines Namens.
Betet an den Herren
im heiligen Schmuck.
Halleluja...

Bringt her dem Herren
ihr Gewaltigen,
Bringt her dem Herren
Ehre und Stärke.
Halleluja...

Alle Lande betet dich an
und lobslügen deinem Namen.
Halleluja...
(Psalm 29:1,2)

Ellens zweiter Gesang
Huntsman, rest from the chase!
Weicher Schlummer soll dich decken
Träume nicht, wenn Sonn' erwacht,
dass Jagdhörner dich erwecken,
Jäger, ruhe von der Jagd.

Schlaf! der Hirsch ruht in der Höhle,
bei dir sind die Hunde wach;
Schlaf, nicht quäl es deine Seele,
dass dein edles Ross erlag.

Jäger ruhe von der Jagd...
(Sir Walter Scott)

Gretchen's Bitte
Oh, deeply afflicted one,
incline thy face graciously towards my distress!
With a sword in thy heart,
With a thousand sorrows
Thou beholdest thy Son's death.

Wer fühlet, wie wühlet der Schmerz
mir im Gebein?
Das Schwert im Herzen,
mit tausend Schmerzen
Blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.

Abge Potential Bitte
Who can feel the gnawing pain
That is in my bones?
My poor heart's fears, tremblings, its longings,
Thou only knowest, Thou alone!

Johanna's Prayer
Wherever I go, what woe is in my bosom!
I am alone
I weep and weep
My heart within me breaks...

(Goethe)
Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jegt ihn auf in leichten Wülken,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Wühlchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonn'Gliihen,
Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,
Küssst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh noch diese Hügel düster,
Grüsst mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiterziehen!
Diene Frohen und Betrübten,
Dort, wo hohe Kauern glüh'nen,
Dort find ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebesbauch, erfreuchtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

(Marianne von Willemer)
Aus dem westöstlichen Divan von Goethe

---

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
liebliches Geltönte;
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
kling' hinaus in's Weite.

Zieh' hinaus bis an das Haus,
wo die Veilchen spriessen;
Wenn du eine Rose schauest,
sag' ich lasse sie grüssen.

(Heine)

Neue Liebe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde
sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,
Ihre Glocklein hört ich läuten...

Ihre weissen Rüsslein trugen
gold'nes Hirschgeweih'
und flogen rasch dahin;
Wie wilde Schwanke kam es
durch die Luft gezogen...

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,
Lächelnd, im Wolfterreiten,
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

(Heine)
I

Lullabye

The child moans; the candle, guttering. 
Dimly flickers around the room. 
All night, rocking the cradle, 
The mother never dropped off to sleep. 

Death: "Fear not, my friend!

Pale morning already peeps in the window, 
Weeping, grieving, loving, 
You have grown tired. Nap for a while; 
I will watch for you.

You could not calm the child; 
I sing more sweetly than you."

Mother: "Be quiet! My child frets, struggles, 
Tears apart my soul!" 

Death: "Indeed, well with me he will soon fall asleep. 
Lullabye, hushabye."

Mother: "His little cheeks are turning white, his breathing weakens... 
So be still then, I beg you!"

Death: "That's a good sign: his suffering ceases. 
Lullabye, hushabye."

Mother: "Away with you, damned one! With your caress 
That's a good signs his suffering ceases. 
Indeed, well with me he will soon fall asleep. 
Be quiet; Hy child frets, struggles.

So be still then, I beg you!"

Death: "That's a good sign: his suffering ceases. 
Lullabye, hushabye."

Mother: "Have pity, wait, if only a while, before you stop singing 
Your dreadful song!"

Death: "You see, he fell asleep under my quiet singing. 
Lullabye, hushabye."

Serenade

Magical delight, blue night, 
Flickering twilight of spring... 
Head drooping, the invalid hears 
The whisper of nocturnal silence.

Sleep does not close her brilliant eyes, 
Life calls her to pleasure; 
Sleep does not close her brilliant eyes, 
Flickering twilight of spring...

The knight has come for this last reward: 
Your ear has been caught by my serenade. 

"In the gloom of your severe and narrow prison, 
Your youth withers! 
Brighter than heaven or fire; 
Your youth withers!

Cheeks of rouge, wavy braid.

Your youthful grace, rapturous tremor. 
As your unknown knight, with marvellous strength, 
I will liberate you. 
Get up, take a look at yourself; with beauty 
Your transparent face shines;

Checks of rouge, wavy braid, 
Your figure embraced as if by a cloud; 

The blue radiance of steadfast eyes, 
Brighter than heaven or fire; 
Your breath exudes the heat of midday... 
You have seduced me.

Your car has been caught by my serenade, 
Your whisper has summoned your knight. 
The knight has come for this last reward: 
The hour of ecstacy has arrived! 

Your tender figure, rapturous tremor. 
Oh, I strangle you 
In my strong embrace; my love prattle, 
Listen... be still... you are mine!"
Der Mond

Mein Herz ist wie die dunkle Nacht, 
ennen alle Wipfel raussen; 
da steigt der Mond in voller Pracht 
aus Wolken sucht; 
und sieh' der Wald 
verstummt in tiefem Lauschen.

Der Mond, der lichte Mond bist du 
in deiner Liebesfülle, 
werf einen, einen Blick mir zu 
voil Himmelsruh' ; 
und sieh' ich ungestüme Herz 
wird stille.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich 

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich 
und seh' dich Freundlich grüssen 
und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich 
zu deinen süßen Flüssen.

Du siehst mich an wehmüthiglich 
und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen 
aus deinen Augen schleichen sich 
die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort 
und gibst mir den Straues von Cypressen 
ich weche auf, und der Straus ist fort 
und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Die Liebende schreibt

Ein Blick von deinen Augen in die meinen, 
Ein Kuss von deinem Mund auf meinem Munde, 
Wer davon hat, wie ich, gewisse Kunde, 
Mag dem was anders wohl erfreulich scheinen?

Entfernt von dir, entfremdet von den Meinen, 
Führe ich nur die Gedanken in die Runde, 
Und immer treffen sie auf jene Stunde, 
Die einzige; da fang ich an zu weinen.

Die Tränen trocknet wieder unverhehrsens: 
Er liebt ja, denk ich, her in diese Stille, 
Und solltest du nicht in die Ferne reichen?

Vernimm das Lispeln dieses Liebewehrens; 
Mein einzig Glück auf Erden ist dein Wille, 
Dein freundlicher zu mir; 
gib mir ein Zeichen!

Pagenlied

Wenn die Sonne lieblich schiene 
wie in Wülschland lau und blau, 
ging' ich mit der Mandoline 
durch die Überglaste Au'.

In der Nacht das Liebchen lauschte 
an dem Fenster, süss verwacht; 
wünschte mir und ihr, uns beiden, 
heimlich eine schöne Nacht.

The Moon

My heart is like the dark night 
when all the treetops rustle; 
The moon rises in full splendour 
from behind the clouds; 
behold the woods 
in deep silence.

Dear moon, Oh, bright moon 
so full of love - 
cast me a glance of heavenly peace 
and behold - this troubled heart 
will become still.

Nightly in my Dreams I see you

Nightly in my dreams I see you, 
and see your friendly greeting; 
and, loudly weeping, I throw myself 
at your feet.

You look at me sadly 
and shake your little fair head; 
from your eyes steal 
teardrops of pearl.

You murmur a quiet word to me, 
and give me a spray of cypress. 
I awake 
the spray is gone 
and the word forgotten.

The Beloved Writes

A glance from your eyes into mine, 
A kiss from your mouth on mine... 
To one who has, as I have, knowledge of these, 
Could anything else seem delightful?

Far away from you, estranged from my kin, 
I carry these thoughts unceasingly, 
And they always rest upon that hour, 
That one hour; then I begin to weep.

My tears dry again unexpectedly; 
"His love," I tell myself," touches this stillness, 
And should not you, too, reach across the distance?"

Listen to the longing of this love, 
My one joy on earth rests with you - 
Your goodwill towards me: 
Give me a sign!

Page's Song

If, as in southern climes, hazy and blue, 
the sun were here to shine 
I'd go, mandoline in hand, 
over the radiant meadow.

By night my love would listen 
at the window, in sweet awakening, 
as I wish us both, secretly, 
"eine schöne Nacht."
I. Paisaje

La tarde equivocada se vistió de frío
Detrás de los cristales turbios
todos los niños,
ven convertirse en pájaros
un árbol amarillo.

La tarde está tendida al largo del río.
Y un rubor de manzana tiembla
en los tejadillos.

II. El Lagarto está llorando...

El lagarto está llorando,
La lagarta está llorando.
El lagarto y la lagarta
con delantales blancos.
Han perdido sin querer
su anillo de desposados.

Ay, su anillito de plomo,
ay, su anillito plomado!

Un cielo grande sin gente
montaba en globo a los pájaros.

Mírad los que viejos son!
¿Qué viejos son los lagartos!

III. Caracola

Me han traído una caracola.

Dentro le canta
un mar de mapa.
Mi corazón
se llena de agua,
con pecesillos
de sombra y plata.

IV. Canción Tonta

Mamá,
Yo quiero ser de plata.

Hijo,
tendrás mucho frío.

Mamá,
Yo quiero ser de agua.

Hijo,
tendrás mucho frío.

Mamá,
Embordaste en tu almohada.

Eso sí!
Ahora mismo!
Трепак

Ляєс, да пілтуї, невзлюдуйте крісць;
Вуїча і пліщуйте і стойте;
Чуйтеся, бідна ва нркквей начином,
Зійта каво та кіА
don.

Гледіть так і від! в виріннате музична
Смерт абнимает, ласкаєт;
С піанінок вілісвет воваком трепак,
На ума пивів навіянет;

"Ох, музичок, старичок, убогий,
Пьян матілля, папильстя дарогий;
А матея та, віємні, піонталас, вєриха,
С піля в Ляєс дремучий нівзмачах газіла.

Горем, таскай, да хухою таішее,
Ляк, прикакні да усне, радішні;
Я там, галубчик м'от, снісяхон сагеў,
Воне твій війніків ічо затьєчо.

Узв'єй ка пацтеле, ти матвєль лунз'отракай
Гвєт, начніят, зацеяват, пацтракай
Скаскі, да таку, штоб віво ніч тянулас,
Штоб піанчючве крепка підо нєво назілас.

Оть, в Ляєс, неввеста, да туччі,
Те, ветерок, да снізок літоччік,
Свістітіс пізленову, снісяхни піркнозову;
Віво, ках млоденес, старичка пріркють.

Спі, мат дружнік, музичок счаствлювь,
Літ'я пришовл, назсвєлові над нівап
Солиснікі снівестіста, да съєспіг культят;
Піанчюк вістетіста, галушкі леятят...
V. Canción China en Europa

La señorita del abanico,
Ya por el puente del fresco río.

Los caballeros con sus levitas,
miran el puente sin barandillas.

La señorita del abanico,
y los volantes, busca marido.

Los caballeros están casados,
con altas rubias de idioma bianco.

Los grillos cantan por el Oeste,
(La señorita, va por lo verde.)

VI. Cancioncilla Sevillana

Amanecía en el naranjel
Abejitas de oro buscaban la miel.

Dónde estará la miel?

Está en la flor azul, Isabel.
En la flor, del romero aquel.

(Sillita de oro para el moro.
Silla de oropel para su mujer.)

Amanecía en el naranjel.

(F. García Lorca)

V. Chinese Song in Europe

The lady with the fan goes over the bridge of the cool river.

The gentlemen in their frock-coats look at the bridge without balustrades.

The lady of the fan and of veils looks for a spouse.

The gentlemen are married to tall blondes with white speech.

The crickets sing in the west.

(The lady goes toward the green)

The crickets sing beneath the flowers.

(The gentlemen go north.)

VI. Small Song from Sevilla

Daybreak in the orange grove.
Little golden bees were looking for honey.

Where will the honey be?

In the blue flower, Isabel.
In the flower of the rosemary there.

(Little gold chair for the moor.
Tinsel chair for his wife.)

Dawn was breaking in the orange grove.
THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Recital Hall
Saturday, July 28, 1984
1:00 p.m.

GRADUATE LECTURE-RECITAL*

Margaret Kuhl, mezzo-soprano
assisted by
Philip Tillotson, piano

ON PERFORMING WOLF:
PROBLEMS INHERENT IN THE "GEISTLICHE LIEDER"
FROM THE SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH

*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree with a Major in Voice Performance.
No. 1: (attributed to Erzpriester von Hirta; German trans. by Heyse)

Nun bin ich dein,  
Du aller Blumen Blume,  
Und sing' allein  
Allstund zu deinem Ruhme;  
Will eifrig sein,  
Mich dir zu weihen  
Und deinem Duldertume.

Now I am yours,  
Flower of all flowers,  
And sing solely  
At all times to your praise;  
I will be zealous,  
Dedicate myself to you  
And to your sufferance.

Frau auserlesen,  
Zu dir steht all mein Hoffen,  
Mein innerst Wesen  
Ist allezeit dir offen.  
Komm, mich zu lösen  
Vom Fluch des Bösen,  
Der mich so hart betroffen!

Lady elect,  
In you is all my hope,  
My innermost being  
Is forever open to you.  
Come, free me  
From the curse of the Evil One  
Who has so sore afflicted me!

Du Stern der See,  
Du Port der Wonnen,  
Von der im Neb  
Die Wunden Heil gewonnen,  
Eh' ich vergah,  
Blick' aus der Höh,  
Du Königin der Sonnen!

Star of the Sea;  
Haven of delights,  
From whom, in agony,  
The afflicted have found salvation,  
Before I pass away,  
Look from on high,  
Queen of Suns!

Nie kann verslagen  
Die Fülle deiner Gnaden;  
Du hilfst zum Siegen  
Dem, der mit Schmach beladen.  
An dich sich schmagen,  
Zu deinen Füssen liegen  
Heilt allen Hara und Schaden.

Never can the abundance  
Of your mercy be exhausted;  
You help towards triumph  
Him who is laden with shame.  
To cling to you,  
To lie at your feet,  
Heals all infirmity and grief.

Ich leide schwer  
Und wohlverdiente Strafen.  
Mir bangt so sehr  
Bald Todesschlafl zu schlafen.  
Tritt du einher,  
Und durch das Meer  
O führe mich zum Hafen!

I suffer severe  
And well-merited punishments.  
I am in great fear  
Of sleeping soon death's sleep.  
Come forth,  
And through the sea,  
Bring me to the harbour!

No. 2: (attributed to Nicolas Nuñez; German trans. by Heyse)

Die du Gott gebarst, du Rein,  
Und allein  
Uns gelöst aus unseren Ketten,  
Mach mich fröhlich, der ich weine,  
Denn nur deine  
Huld und Gnade mag uns retten.

You who bore God, Pure One,  
And alone  
Delivered us from our chains,  
Make me, who weep, glad,  
For only your  
Grace and mercy can deliver us.

Herrin, ganz zu dir mich wende,  
Dass sich ende  
Diese Qual und dieses Grauen,  
Dass der Tod mich furchtlos fände,  
Und nicht blende  
Mach das Licht der Himmelsauern.

Lady, I turn to you,  
That this torment and dread  
May cease,  
That death may: find me unafraid,  
And I be not blinded  
By the light of the Heavenly  
Pastures.

Weil du unbefleckt geboren,  
Ausserkoren  
Zu den ew'gen Ruhmes Stärkten --  
Wie mich Leiden auch umfloren,  
Unverloren  
Bin ich doch, willst du mich retten.

Because you were born immaculate,  
Chosen  
For abodes of eternal glory —  
However much veiled in sorrow,  
I am not lost,  
If you will deliver me.
No. 3: (attributed to Ocana; German trans. by Geibel)

"Der heilige Joseph singt"

Nun wandre, Maria,  
Nun wandre nur fort.  
Schon kröhen die Hähne,  
Und nah ist der Ort.

Go on, Mary,  
Go on.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.

Nun wandre, Geliebte,  
Du Kleinod mein,  
Und bald wir werden  
In Bethlehem sein.  
Dann ruhest du fein  
Und schlummerst dort.  
Schon kröhen die Hähne,  
Und nah ist der Ort.

Go on, beloved,  
My jewel,  
And soon shall we be  
In Bethlehem.  
Then shall you rest  
And slumber there.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.

Wohl seh ich, Herrin,  
Die Kraft dir schwächen;  
Kaum deine Schmerzen  
Ach, kaum verwandeln.  
Getrost! Wohl finden  
Wir Herberg dort.  
Schon kröhen die Hähne,  
Und nah ist der Ort.

I see well, Lady,  
Your strength is waning;  
Your pains I cannot,  
Alas, subdue.  
Take heart! We shall find  
Lodging there.  
The cocks are crowing,  
And the place is near.

No. 4: (attributed to Lope de Vega; German trans. by Geibel)

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You who hover  
About these palms,  
In night and wind,  
Holy Angels,  
Silence their leaves!  
My child is asleep.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O raucht nicht also!  
Schweigtet, neiget  
Euch leis' und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Palms of Bethlehem  
In blustering wind,  
How can you today  
So angrily blow!  
Oh, roar not so!  
Be still, bow  
Softly and gently;  
Silence the leaves!  
My child is asleep.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd' er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesäumftigt  
Die Quäl zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

The Son of Heaven  
Is suffering;  
Ah, so tired has He grown  
Of earth's sorrows.  
Ah, now in sleep  
Gently softened,  
The pain melts away.  
Silence the leaves!  
My child is asleep.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck' ich  
Des Kindels Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Fierce cold  
Comes rushing;  
With what shall I cover  
The little child's limbs!  
Oh, all you Angels  
Who winged  
Travel on the wind,  
Silence the leaves!  
My child is asleep.
No. 5: (Anonymous; German trans. by Heyse)

Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich seh'n.
Wem gelägt' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu geh'n!

Rüttle mich, dass ich erwache,
Rufe mich, so will ich schreiten;
Gib die Hand mir, mich zu leiten,
Dass ich auf den Weg mich mache.

Dass ich schaue Bethlehem,
Dorten meinen Gott zu seh'n.
Wem gelägt' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu geh'n!

Von der Sünde schweren Kranken
Bin ich trög' und dumpf bekotmnen.
Willst du nicht zu Hülfte kommen,
Muss ich straucheln, muss ich schwanken.

Leite mich nach Bethlehem,
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich seh'n.
Wem gelägt' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu geh'n!

No. 6: (attributed to Lopez de Ubeda; German trans. by Heyse)

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind
Mir so schön und klar erschienen,
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Blickt' er doch mit diesen süßen Augen nach den meinen hin!
Sah' er dann sein Bild darin,
Würd' er wohl mich liebend grüssen.
Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin,
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen,
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

No. 7: (attributed to Don Manuel del Rio; actually an original German poem by Geibel)

Müßvoll komm' ich und beladen,
Mimm mich an, du Hort der Gnaden!
Sieh, ich komm' in Tränen heiss
Mit demütiger Gebärde,
Dunkel ganz vom Staub der Erde.
Du nur schaffest, dass ich weiss
Wie das Vlies der Lämmer werde.
Tilgen wi-lst du ja den Schaden
Dem, der reuig dich umfasst;
Mimm denn, Herr, von mir die Last,
Müßvoll komm' ich und beladen.

Less mich flohend vor dir knie'n,
Dass ich über deine Füsse,
Nardenduft und Tränen giesse,
Gleich dem Weib, dem du verziehn,
Bis die Schuld wie Rauch zerfliess.

Der den Schächer du geladen:
"Heute noch in Edens Bann
Wirst du sein!" o nimm mich an.
Mimm mich an, du Hort der Gnaden!

In toil I come, and heavy laden,
Receive me, Refuge of Mercy!
See, with burning tears I come,
Bowed in humility,
Dark with the dust of earth.
You alone can make me white
As lamb's fleece.
Willingly will You efface the wrong
Of him who embraces You, repentant;
Take then, Lord, the burden from me,
In toil I come, and heavy laden.

Let me kneel before You, pleading,
That over Your feet
I may pour tears and scent of nard,
Like the woman You forgave,
Until my guilt is dispersed like
Vapour.
You who told the thief:
"Today in Paradise
shall you be!" oh, receive me.
Receive me, Refuge of Mercy!
No. 8: (Anonymous; German trans. by Geibel)

Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert!
Zeit ist's, dass sie sich ermuntere.

Dass man tot sie wahren durfte,
Also schlief sie schwer und bang,
Denn im Sündengift sie schlieferte.
Doch nun ihrer Sehnsucht Licht
Blendend ihr ins Auge bricht:
Zeit ist's, dass sie sich ermuntere.

Mochte sie gleich taub erscheinen
Bei der Engel süßen Chor:
Lauscht sie doch wohl zag empor,
Da nach langer Schlummernacht
Solch ein Tag der Gnäd' ihr lacht,
Zeit ist's, dass sie sich ermuntere.

No. 9: (Anonymous; German trans. by Heyse)

Herr, was trägt der Boden hier,
Den du trankst so bitterlich?
"Dornen, liebes Herz, für mich,
Und für dich der Blumen Zier."
Ach, wo solche Bäche rinnen,
Wo versprießt man Kränzellein,
Car verschiedne, flicht man drinnen."

O mein Herr, zu wessen Zier
Windet man die Kränze? spricht
"Die von Dornen sind für mich,
Die von Blumen reich' ich dir."

No. 10: (attributed to José de Valdiviezo; German trans. by Geibel)

Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter,
Und sie schmerzen dich;
Träg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!

Herr, wer wagt es, so zu färben
Deine Stirn mit Blut und Schweiss?
"Diese Male sind der Preis,
Dich, o Seele, zu erwerben.
An den Wunden muss Ich sterben,
Weil ich dich geliebt so heisse."

Könnt' ich, Herr, für dich sie tragen,
Da es Todeswunden sind.
Wenn dies Leid dich rührt, mein Kind,
Magst du Lebenswunden sagen:
Ihre keine werd geschlagen,
Draus für dich nicht Leben rinnt."

Ach, wie mir in Herz und Sinnen
Deine Qual so wehe tut:
"Härter noch mit treuem Mut
Träg' ich froh, dich zu gewinnen;
Denn nur der weise recht zu minnen,
Der da stirbt vor Liebesglut."

Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter,
Und sie schmerzen dich;
Träg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!