

LSO St Luke's

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ESSENTIALLY STRAUSS
CATRIONA MORISON & MALCOLM MARTINEAU

Friday 13 October 2023 1–2.15pm
Jerwood Hall, LSO St Luke's

Richard Strauss Five Lieder Op 15

Alban Berg Four Songs Op 2

Johannes Brahms Dein blaues Auge; Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer;
Meine Liebe ist grün; Auf dem Kirchhofe

Gustav Mahler Selected songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn
and Rückert-Lieder

Catriona Morison mezzo-soprano

Malcolm Martineau piano

Recorded for future broadcast on BBC Radio 3

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The Crypt café and bar is open from one hour before the concert and during the interval (where applicable), selling hot and cold drinks. Please note we can accept card payments only. Only cold drinks will be permitted inside the Jerwood Hall.

PROGRAMME NOTE WRITER

Wendy Thompson studied at the Royal College of Music, before taking an MMus in musicology at King's College, London. In addition to writing about music she is Executive Director of Classic Arts Productions, a major supplier of independent programmes to BBC Radio.

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Richard Strauss

composer



Richard Strauss was born in Munich in 1864, the son of Franz Strauss, a brilliant horn player in the Munich Court Orchestra; it is therefore perhaps not surprising that some of the composer's most striking writing is for the French horn. Strauss had his first piano lessons when he was four, and he produced his first composition two years later, but surprisingly he did not attend a music academy; his formal education ending rather at Munich University where he studied philosophy and aesthetics, continuing with his musical training at the same time.

Following the first public performances of his work, he received a commission from Hans von Bülow in 1882 and two years later was appointed Bülow's Assistant Musical Director at the Meiningen Court Orchestra, the beginning of a career in which Strauss was to conduct many of the world's great

orchestras, in addition to holding positions at opera houses in Munich, Weimar, Berlin and Vienna. While at Munich, he married the singer Pauline de Ahna, for whom he wrote many of his greatest songs.

Strauss' legacy is to be found in his operas and his magnificent symphonic poems. Scores such as *Till Eulenspiegel*, *Also sprach Zarathustra*, *Don Juan* and *Ein Heldenleben* demonstrate his supreme mastery of orchestration; the thoroughly modern operas *Salome* and *Elektra*, with their Freudian themes and atonal scoring, are landmarks in the development of 20th-century music, and the neo-Classical *Der Rosenkavalier* has become one of the most popular operas of the century. Strauss spent his last years in self-imposed exile in Switzerland, waiting to be officially cleared of complicity in the Nazi regime. He died at Garmisch Partenkirchen in 1949, shortly after his widely celebrated 85th birthday.

Composer profile by Andrew Stewart

Five Lieder Op 15

Richard Strauss



1885



12 minutes

- 1 **Madrigal**
- 2 **Winternach** (Winter Night)
- 3 **Lob des Leidens** (In praise of sorrow)
- 4 **Aus den Liedern der Trauer**
(From songs of sadness)
- 5 **Heimkehr** (Homecoming)

Richard Strauss' love-affair with the vocal upper register began in his early teens, when he composed his first songs, and intensified after he met and ultimately married the soprano Pauline de Ahna, his lifelong companion and the inspiration behind many of his operatic heroines.

He published his first set of eight songs as his Op 10 in 1885, when he was 21. The set of five was composed around the same time. Four of the texts were by the same poet, the aristocratic arts patron Count Adolf von Schack (1815–94), but Strauss chose to preface the set with a German translation of a short poem by the Renaissance artist Michelangelo Buonarrotti, bewailing the agonies of unrequited love, in a setting of almost Classical formality. The four succeeding songs are more Romantic in style and outlook.

'Winter Night' depicts a lover hurrying to the house of his beloved through a raging winter storm; 'In praise of sorrow' compares the pain of parting from a lover with the death of nature in autumn; while 'From songs of sadness' compares the outpouring of a lover's grief to nature releasing itself from the icy grip of winter. 'Homecoming' provides an optimistic conclusion to the set, as a lover blissfully imagines rowing a small boat home to his beloved at sunset.

Song Texts & Translations

Madrigal

*Ins Joch beug' ich den Nacken demuthvoll,
Beug' lächelnd vor dem Mißgeschick
dies Haupt,
Dies Herz das liebt und glaubt,
Vor meiner Feindin.*

*Wider diese Qual Bäum' ich mich nicht
mit Groll,
Mir bangt viel mehr, sie lindre sich einmal.*

*Wenn deines Auges Strahl
Dies Leid verwandelt hat in Lebenssaft,*

*Welch Leid hat dann zu töten mich
die Kraft?*

Winternacht

*Mit Regen und Sturmgebrause
Sei mir willkommen, Dezembermond,
Und führ mich den Weg zum
traulichen Hause,
Wo meine geliebte Herrin wohnt.*

*Nie hab' ich die Blüte des Maien,
Den blauenden Himmel, den blitzenden Tau
So fröhlich begrüßt wie heute
dein Schneien,
Dein Nebelgebräu und Wolkengrau.*

*Denn durch das Flockengetriebe,
Schöner, als je der Lenz gelacht,
Leuchtet und blüht der Frühling der Liebe
Mir heimlich nun in der Winternacht.*

Madrigal

Into the yoke I humbly bow my neck,
Bow this my head smilingly before
my misfortune,
Bow this my heart that loves and has faith
Before my enemy.

Against this agony I do not rebel
with rancour,
Rather, I am afraid that it will once

Be assuaged when the beam of your eyes
Has transformed this suffering into my
lifeblood,
What suffering then has the power to
kill me?

Winter Night

With all your rain and stormy booming,
Be welcome, December moon,
And lead me on my way to the
beloved house
Where my mistress lives.

Never have the blossoms of May,
The blue sky, and the glittering dew,
Been so cheerfully welcome to me as your
snows are today –
Your misty brew and cloudy grayness.

For through the driving flakes of snow,
Fairer than any Spring ever smiled,
A Spring of Love gleams and blossoms
Secretly for me now in this winter's night.

Song Texts & Translations

Lob des Leidens

*O, schmäh't des Lebens Leiden nicht!
Seht ihr die Blätter, wenn sie sterben,
Sich in des Herbstes goldenem Licht
Nicht reicher, als im Frühling färben?
Was gleicht der Blüte des Vergehens
Im Hauche des Oktoberwehens?*

*Krystallner als die klarste Flut
Erglänzt des Auges Tränenquelle,
Tief dunkler flammt die Abendglut,*

Als hoch am Tag die Sonnenhelle,

*Und keiner kußt so heissen Kuß,
Als wer für ewig scheiden muß*

Aus den Liedern der Trauer

*Dem Herzen ähnlich, wenn es lang
Umsonst nach einer Träne rang,
Die seine Qual entbinde,
Sprengt nun die Erde, die erstarrt
Von Reif und Frost gebunden ward,
Die eis'ge Winterrinde.*

*Durch Wald und Feld, um Berg und See
Sprießt wuchernd auf ihr altes Weh'
Und grünt in Zweig und Ranken
Und dunkelt in dem Himmelsblau
Und zittert in der Tropfen Tau,
Die an den Gräsern schwanken.*

In praise of sorrow

O do not revile the sorrows of life!
Look at the leaves: when they die,
is not the golden light of Autumn
richer than when tinged by Spring?
What can compare to the blossom of loss
in the October breeze?

More crystalline than the clearest waters
are eyes with glistening, streaming tears;
Twilight glows with a profounder,
darker gleam
than the sun does when it is high and
bright in the sky;
and no one kisses with such ardent kisses
as when one must depart forever.

From songs of sadness

Alike the heart that has for long
strived for a tear to no avail,
that may release its anguish,
the earth that was congealed and bound
by heavy rime and pinching frost
now breaks the crust of winter.

In woods and fields, round hills and lakes,
its same old woe is bursting forth,
turns green on branch and tendrils
and darkens in the azure skies
and shivers in the drops of dew
that waver with the grasses.

Song Texts & Translations

*Nun, Gram um sie, die ich verlor,
Erstarret, brich auch du hervor,
Um mit dem Strom zu fluten!
Im Blitz der Wolke sollst du glüh'n
Und mit den Nachtviolen blüh'n
Und mit den Rosen bluten.*

Heimkehr

*Leiser schwanken die Äste,
Der Kahn fliegt uferwärts,
Heim kehrt die Taube zum Neste,
Zu dir kehrt heim mein Herz.*

*Genug am schimmernden Tage,
Wenn rings das Leben lärmt,
Mit irrem Flügelschlage
Ist es ins Weite geschwärmt.*

*Doch nun die Sonne geschieden,
Und Stille sich senkt auf den Hain,
Fühlt es: bei dir ist der Frieden,
Die Ruhe bei dir allein.*

Now, grief for her, that I have lost,
awake, break forth from numbness, too,
flow freely with the river.
In clouds of lightning you shall glow
with damask violets you shall blow
and bleed dry with the roses.

Homecoming

The branches sway more gently,
the boat flies toward the shore;
home to its nest turns the dove,
home to you turns my heart.

It has wandered enough on shimmering
days, when life clamored
and with beating wings
it keenly explored foreign lands.

But now the sun has departed,
and silence sinks down upon the grove.
My heart feels this: with you is peace,
with you alone is rest.

Four Songs Op 2

Alban Berg



1909–10



9 minutes

- 1 **Dem Schmerz sein Recht**
(To sleep, to sleep, nothing but to sleep!)
- 2 **Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimatland**
(I am borne in sleep to my homeland)
- 3 **Nun ich der Riesen stärksten überwand**
(Now I have overcome the strongest of giants)
- 4 **Warm die Lüfte**
(The breezes are warm)

Shortly after publishing his Op 15 set of songs in the mid-1880s, the young Strauss eagerly embraced 'the music of the future', represented to his mind by Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner. In fact, the future lay just around the corner, in what came to be known as the Second Viennese School.

The musical philosophy of Arnold Schoenberg and his pupils Alban Berg and Anton von Webern was truly radical, rejecting Romanticism, and ultimately conventional tonality, in favour of a new way of ordering the notes of the musical scale. Vienna didn't much like what it heard, and Schoenberg's ascetic and intellectual style, not to mention Webern's extreme minimalism, was never embraced by audiences. Berg, on the other

hand, managed to steer a middle path that combined an avant-garde aesthetic with post-Wagnerian orchestral textures that pleased ears more accustomed to voluptuous late Romantic idioms.

Although his 1912 *Altenberg Lieder* caused an infamous riot at its premiere (much like Igor Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*), Berg later achieved success with his opera *Wozzeck* and his Violin Concerto. The latter became Berg's own requiem – he died aged 50, a few months after finishing it, of blood poisoning caused by an insect bite.

The four Lieder published as his Op 2 are relatively early works dating from 1909–10, when Berg was still studying with Schoenberg. They stand on the cusp of a stylistic evolution in his style, when he was moving towards atonality. Sleep dominates the texts of three of the songs. The first sets a poem by Friedrich Hebbel (1813–63), in which the poet is able to shut out life's vicissitudes in slumber. The remaining three poems come from the 1896 cycle *Der Glühende* (The Passionate One) by the Jewish German poet Alfred Mombert (1872–1942). The poet imagines being borne back to his homeland while sleeping; then that he has fought and overcome a giant before finding his way home, staggering through the streets 'drunk with sleep'. The final song, a meditation on the meaning of life, is Berg's first atonal piece.

Song Texts & Translations

Dem Schmerz sein Recht

*Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen!
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!
Jener Wehen, die mich trafen,
Leisestes Erinnern kaum,
Daß ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle
Niederklingt in meine Ruh',
Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,
Fester zu die Augen thu'!*

Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimatland

*Schlafend trägt man mich
in mein Heimatland.
Ferne komm' ich her,
über Gipfel, über Schlünde,
über ein dunkles Meer
in mein Heimatland.*

Nun ich der Riesen stärksten überwand

*Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand,

Mich aus dem dunkelsten Land heimfand
an einer weißen Märchenhand -
Hallen schwer die Glocken.
Und ich wanke durch die
Straßen schlafbefangen.*

To sleep, to sleep, nothing but to sleep!

To sleep, to sleep, nothing but to sleep!
No awaking, no dream!
Of those sorrows that I suffered,
hardly the faintest recollection.
So that I, when the fullness of life
reverberates into my rest,
I will only cover myself even more deeply,
and more tightly close my eyes!

I am borne in sleep to my homeland

Sleeping, I am carried
to my homeland.
I come from afar,
over peaks, over chasms,
over a dark ocean
to my homeland.

Now I have overcome the strongest of giants

Now that I have overcome the strongest of
the giants,
from the darkest land, found my way home
guided by a white fairy hand
the bells resound heavily,
and I stagger through the streets in the
throes of sleep.

Song Texts & Translations

Warm die Lüfte

*Warm die Lüfte,
es sprießt Gras auf sonnigen Wiesen
Horch!
Horch, es flötet die Nachtigall ...
Ich will singen:*

*Droben hoch im düstern Bergforst, es
schmilzt und sickert kalter Schnee,
ein Mädchen im grauen Kleide
lehnt am feuchten Eichstamm,
krank sind ihre zarten Wangen,
die grauen Augen fiebern
durch Düsterriesenstämme.
'Er kommt noch nicht. Er läßt mich
warten' ...*

*Stirb!
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der Andere lebt:
Das macht die Welt so tiefschön.*

Warm are the breezes

Warm are the breezes;
Grass grows in sunny meadows,
Listen!
Listen, there pipes the nightingale ...
I will sing:

High up there in dusky mountain forests,
Cold snow melts and oozes;
A maiden in a grey dress
leans against a damp oaktree;
Her cheeks are ill,
The grey eyes burn
Through the dusky, giant tree trunks.
'He doesn't come yet. He's making me
wait' ...

Die!
The one dies while the other lives:
That makes the world so deeply beautiful.

Selection of Songs

Johannes Brahms



1873–86



10 minutes

Dein blaues Auge (Your blue eyes)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

(My slumber grows ever quieter)

Meine Liebe ist grün (My Love is green)

Auf dem Kirchhofe (At the cemetery)

By the mid-1880s, when Berg was a newborn and Strauss was just embarking on his long career, the veteran Johannes Brahms, revered as Germany's greatest living composer, but now a permanent resident in Vienna, was at the height of his fame. Unlike Strauss and Berg, he never wrote an opera, but he composed songs throughout his life.

Dein blaues Auge, composed in the spring of 1873, a year after Brahms had moved to Vienna, sets a poem by Klaus Groth (1819–99), in which the poet has been scorched by one pair of blue eyes, but seeks solace in another, cool as the depths of a lake.

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, composed in Thun in the summer of 1886, was dedicated to the young contralto Hermine Spies, who performed many of Brahms' songs. This deathbed scene is set by Brahms with almost operatic intensity. A young woman, abandoned by her lover and aware that she is dying, feverishly calls

to him to come to her before it is too late – but then sinks back in the bitter realisation that he will be kissing a new love by springtime, when she will be in her grave.

In contrast, *Meine Liebe ist grün* is a joyous love song. It sets a poem by Brahms' godson, Clara and Robert Schumann's youngest child Felix, who was born in 1854, and died of tuberculosis aged just 25. Brahms sent his setting, in which the vocal line floats over a turbulent accompaniment, as a gift to Clara and her offspring on Christmas Eve 1873.

Auf dem Kirchhofe is another late song from the Op 105 set. Apparently inspired by a visit Brahms paid to a Swiss churchyard, it sets a poem by Detlev von Liliencron (1844–1909), beginning 'The day was heavy with rain and beset by storms' – vividly conjured up in Brahms' setting. As the song progresses, the tumult gives way to a chorale-like serenity, as the poet realises that the sleepers beneath the weather-beaten stones are at rest and healed.

Song Texts & Translations

Dein blaues Auge

*Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.*

*Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl;
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.*

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.*

*Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du einmal noch mich sehen
Komm, o komme bald!*

Your blue eyes

Your blue eyes keep so still
That I can gaze upon their very depths.
You ask me what I want to see? --
I see my own well-being.

A glowing pair burned me once;
The after-effect still hurts.
Yet your eyes are like the sea so clear,
And like a lake, so cool [and detached].

My slumber grows ever more peaceful

My slumber grows ever more peaceful;
and only like a thin veil now does my
anxiety lie trembling upon me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
no one is awake to let you in,
and I wake up and weep bitterly.

Yes, I will have to die;
another will you kiss,
when I am pale and cold.
Before the May breezes blow,
before the thrush sings in the forest:
if you wish to see me once more,
come, o come soon!

Song Texts & Translations

Meine Liebe ist grün

*Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne,
die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.*

*Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall,
und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
und jauchzet und singet vom
Duft berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.*

Auf dem Kirchhofe

*Der Tag ging regenschwer und
sturmbewegt,
Ich war an manch vergessenem
Grab gewesen,
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,*

Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

*Der Tag ging sturmbewegt
und regenschwer,
Auf allen Gräbern froz das Wort: Gewesen.
Wie sturместot die Särge schlummerten,*

Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

My love is green

My love is as green as the lilac bush,
And my love is as fair as the sun,
which gleams down on the lilac bush
and fills it with fragrance and bliss.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale
and rocks itself in blooming lilac,
and, intoxicated by the fragrance, cheers
and sings
a good many love-drunk songs.

At the cemetery

The day was heavy with rain and disturbed
by storms;
I was walking among many
forgotten graves,
with weathered stones and crosses, the
wreaths old,

the names washed away, hardly to be read.

The day was disturbed by storms
and heavy with rain;
on every grave froze the words 'we were.'
The coffins slumbered calmly like the eye
of a storm,

and on every grave melted quietly the
words: 'we were healed.'

Selected songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn & Rückert-Lieder

Gustav Mahler



1892–1901



17 minutes

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

- 7 **Rheinlegendchen**
(A Little Rhine Legend)
- 14 **Urlicht** (Primal Light)
- 4 **Wer hat die Liedlein erdacht**
(Who came up with this song?)

Rückert-Lieder

- 1 **Ich atmet' einen linden Duft**
(I breathed a gentle fragrance)
- 2 **Liebst du um Schönheit**
(If you love for beauty)

Unlike his contemporary Richard Strauss, Gustav Mahler never composed an opera, although he spent most of his working life as a distinguished opera conductor.

Born in Bohemia to Jewish parents, he graduated from the Vienna Conservatory in 1878, and then held conducting posts in various cities in Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire, finally winding up back in Vienna, where he was appointed musical director of the Hofoper in 1897. His ten-year tenure there was one of the most renowned in its history – he gave outstanding performances of Richard

Wagner, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, although the Viennese censors rejected his attempt to stage Strauss' *Salome* in 1905. Growing anti-Semitic hostility eventually forced Mahler from his post, after which he briefly became director at the New York Metropolitan Opera. His busy conducting schedule meant that composing took second place, although he managed to complete nine symphonies and several song collections before dying prematurely of heart failure aged only 50. The two genres are intimately connected, with themes from the songs providing the musical backbone of the four earlier symphonies.

Up to about 1900, Mahler was preoccupied with his discovery of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy's Magic Horn), a profoundly influential early 19th-century anthology of German folk poetry infused with a Romantic idealisation of nature and the rural life. *Wunderhorn* poems dominated Mahler's song-settings, both piano and orchestral, between 1887 and 1901. While some explore spiritual or philosophical themes, others are charming and even flippant in tone.

Rheinlegendchen (A Little Rhine Legend) dates from August 1893. The text is a typically German Romantic flight of fancy about a young man, his faithless sweetheart, and a fish that swallows a

golden ring. Mahler described his setting as 'whimsically childlike and tender ... but in spite of all its simplicity and folk-like quality, the whole thing is highly original, especially in its harmonisation'.

Urlicht, an exquisite setting of the religious folk-poem 'Primal Light', dates from around 1892, and its orchestrated version was incorporated into the Second Symphony in its fourth, slow movement. The opening section, depicting the anguish of sinful mankind, recalls Protestant church music, but the mood of the second verse, 'I found myself on a broad path', is lighter and more pastoral. The third verse achieves a serene poise, summarised by Mahler: 'The pure voice of simple faith sounds in our ears: 'I am from God, and to God will return'. In contrast, *Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?* (Who came up with this song?) is a charming song of adolescent love concerning an innkeeper's pretty daughter, with a tuneful, Schubertian innocence about it.

Around the turn of the 20th century, Mahler discovered the poetry of Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), a minor German poet whose interests in South Asian languages had led him to translate a good deal of Hindu poetry, and used these linguistic structures as the basis for his own verse. Mahler composed one song cycle on Rückert's poems, the searing

Kindertotenlieder (Songs on the Death of Children), as well as five other miscellaneous songs, which exist in both piano and orchestral versions. These songs, composed concurrently with the Fifth Symphony during 1901–02, were not intended as a cycle, in that they do not share a common theme. The poem of *Ich atmet' einen Linden Duft* is based on a play on two German words: 'lind', gentle, and 'Linde' meaning lime tree – the poet breathes the gentle fragrance of the lime blossoms. Mahler composed *Liebst du um Schönheit* (If you love for beauty), five months after his marriage as an expression of love for his wife, Alma.

Song Texts & Translations

Rheinlegendchen

*Bald gras ich am Neckar, bald gras ich
am Rhein;*

*Bald hab' ich ein Schätzlein, bald bin
ich allein!*

*Was hilft mir das Grasen, wenn d' Sichel
nicht schneid't!*

*Was hilft mir ein Schätzlein, wenn's bei mir
nicht bleibt.*

*So soll ich denn grasen am Neckar,
am Rhein,*

So werf ich mein goldenes Ringlein hinein.

Es fließet im Neckar und fließet im Rhein,

*Soll schwimmen hinunter ins Meer
tief hinein.*

*Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein, so frißt es
ein Fisch!*

*Das Fischlein tät kommen auf's König
sein Tisch!*

*Der König tät fragen, wem's Ringlein
sollt sein?*

*Da tät mein Schatz sagen: das Ringlein
g'hört mein.*

*Mein Schätzlein tät springen bergauf
und bergem,*

*Tät mir wiedrum bringen das
Goldringlein mein!*

*Kannst grasen am Neckar, kannst grasen
am Rhein,*

Wirf du mir nur immer dein Ringlein hinein!

A Little Rhine Legend

Now I reap by the Neckar, now I reap by
the Rhine;

Now I have a sweetheart, now I am alone!

What use is my reaping if the sickle
doesn't cut?

What use is a sweetheart if she
won't stay?

So if I am to reap by the Neckar and by
the Rhine,

then I'll throw in my golden ring.

It will flow with the Neckar and the Rhine,

And float right down into the deep sea.

And as it floats, the little ring, a fish will
eat it!

The fish will eventually come to the
King's table!

The king will ask whose ring it is,

and my sweetheart will say: 'The ring
belongs to me.'

My sweetheart will hurry up hill and
down hill,

and bring me back my ring!

'You can reap by the Neckar, and reap by
the Rhine

if you will always throw your ring in for me!'

Song Texts & Translations

Urlicht

*O Röschen rot,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Not,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Pein,
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einem breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt' mich
abweisen.
Ach nein, ich ließ mich nicht abweisen!
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,*

*Wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig selig'
Leben!*

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

*Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus,
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mäd'el heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.*

*Und wer das Mäd'el haben will,
Muß tausend Taler finden
Und muß sich auch verschwören,
Nie mehr zu Wein zu gehen,
Des Vaters Gut verzehren.*

Primal Light

O rosebud red!
How man lies in awful dread!
How man lies in awful pain!
In longing I'd ever in Heaven remain.
Before me appeared a path so broad,
sweetly the cherub came and beckoned me
away,
Depart! In this I will not be diswayed!
From God I came, and to God I'll return!
For God in Heav'n shall grant me His own
Light,
shall lighten my path to His eternal,
peaceful Life!

Who came up with this song?

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up
house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the
window.
She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

And he who would have her
would find a thousand thalers,
but he would have to swear
never to have wine again
to have her father's property.

continued overleaf

Song Texts & Translations

*'Mein Herze ist wund,
komm Schätzkel mach's gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundet!*

*Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund.'*

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?

*Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser
gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.*

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!

*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!*

*Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.*

*'My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.*

*Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,
brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill.'*

*Who has thought up this pretty little song
then?*

*It was brought over the water by three
geese –
two grey and one white –
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!*

I breathed a gentle fragrance!

*I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
a sprig of linden,
a gift
from a dear hand.
How lovely was the fragrance of linden!*

*How lovely is the fragrance of linden!
That twig of linden
you broke off so gently!
Softly I breathe in
the fragrance of linden,
the gentle fragrance of love.*

Song Texts & Translations

Liebst du um Schönheit

*Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!*

*Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!*

*Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.*

*Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.*

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
Oh do not love me!
Love the sun,
It has gold hair!

If you love for youth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the spring-time
That is young each year!

If you love for wealth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many limpid pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me forever;
I will love you forevermore!

Catriona Morison

mezzo-soprano



© Jeremy Knowles

In 2015, Catriona Morison made her debut at the Salzburg Festival as part of the Young Singers Project and performed at the Salzburg Whitsun Festival. She appeared at prestigious venues like the Edinburgh International Festival, Oper Köln, Bergen Nasjonale Opera, Staatsoper Hamburg, and the Nationaltheater Weimar. Recent repertoire additions include *Der Komponist* in Richard Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* and Fricka in Richard Wagner's *Das Rheingold*. The 2022/23 season ended triumphantly with her portrayal of Nerone in Claudio Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea* and she is set to perform in Wagner's *Die Walküre* with the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra in 2024.

Morison has showcased her concert repertoire in recent years, entrancing audiences with her BBC Proms debut in 2019, singing Edward Elgar's *Sea Pictures*

with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, conducted by Elim Chan. She also premiered Errollyn Wallen's commissioned piece *This Frame is Part of the Painting* at the BBC Proms in the same year.

In this current season, Morison has four song recitals accompanied by Malcolm Martineau taking place in October 2023, with performances in both London and Oxford. In November, she will interpret Detlev Glanert's *Prague Symphony* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Semyon Bychkov, at the Barbican. Next spring, she will be featured with Scottish Opera in their French Connection opera gala and perform concerts of Ernest Chausson's *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, conducted by Thomas Søndergård.

Morison's recent CD *The dark night has vanished* features songs by Edvard Grieg, Johannes Brahms, Josephine Lang, and Robert Schumann, accompanied by Malcolm Martineau.

Malcolm Martineau

piano



© Russell Duncan

Recognised at the highest international level as one of the UK's leading accompanists, Malcolm Martineau has performed worldwide alongside the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Florian Boesch, Elīna Garanča, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Anne Sofie von Otter, and Sonya Yoncheva.

He has appeared at the world's principal venues including Alice Tully Hall, Barbican Centre, Berlin State Opera, Carnegie Hall, Concertgebouw, Gran Theatre del Liceu, Mariinsky Theatre, Metropolitan Opera, Munich Opera, Paris Opera and Salle Gaveau, Royal Opera House, La Scala, Sydney Opera House, Teatro Real, Salzburg Mozarteum, Suntory Hall Tokyo, Vienna's Konzerthaus, Musikverein and State Opera,

Walt Disney Hall, Wigmore Hall, and Zurich Opera amongst others. Martineau has also appeared at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, and Salzburg Festivals. He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall and at the Edinburgh Festival.

As a prolific recording artist, Martineau's discography of over 100 CDs includes the following award-winning recordings: *The Vagabond* with Sir Bryn Terfel (*Gramophone Award*), *Songs of War* with Sir Simon Keenlyside (Grammy and *Gramophone Awards*), Schumann and Mahler Lieder with Florian Boesch (*BBC Music Magazine Award*), Mahler Lieder with Christiane Karg (Diapason d'or), and *El Nour* with Fatma Said (*Gramophone Award*).

Martineau is a Professor of Piano Accompaniment at the Royal Academy of Music and an Honorary Doctor and International Fellow of Accompaniment at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland. He was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours for his services to music and young singers.

FUTURE CONCERTS

BBC
RADIO 3

AT LSO ST LUKE'S

Saturday 21 October 10am-1pm
LSO St Luke's

LSO ST LUKE'S OPEN DAY

Drop in for our free open day, to share your thoughts, hear our plans, enjoy refreshments, and help shape the future of LSO St Luke's. Everyone is welcome! Find out more on iso.co.uk/openday.

Friday 27 October 1pm
LSO St Luke's

ESSENTIALLY STRAUSS

Luise Adolpha Le Beau Violin Sonata in
C minor

Fritz Kreisler Selection of Miniatures

Richard Strauss Violin Sonata in
E-flat major

Elena Urioste violin
Tom Poster piano

Thursday 2 November 1pm
LSO St Luke's

BAROQUE FANCIES

Henry Purcell I see she flies me; Ah, how
sweet 'tis to love; Sweeter than roses

Plus music by **Thomas Arne**, **Louise Farrenc**, **Reynaldo Hahn** and more.

Lucy Crowe soprano
Anna Tilbrook piano

Friday 3 November 1pm
LSO St Luke's

BAROQUE FANCIES

Georg Philipp Telemann Fantasie No 7 in
E-flat major

Plus music by **Heinrich Biber**, **Francesco Maria Veracini**, **Robert de Visée** and more.

Rachel Podger violin
Elizabeth Kenny lute
Martin Świątkiewicz harpsichord

FUTURE CONCERTS

WITH THE LSO AT THE BARBICAN

Thursday 7 December 7pm
Barbican

TCHAIKOVSKY & BRAHMS

Johannes Brahms Piano Concerto No 1

Interval

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky Symphony No 6

'Pathétique'

Gianandrea Noseda conductor

Simon Trpčeski piano

London Symphony Orchestra

Sunday 10 December 7pm
Barbican

PROKOFIEV & BRAHMS

Sergei Prokofiev Symphony No 4

Interval

Johannes Brahms Piano Concerto No 2

Gianandrea Noseda conductor

Simon Trpčeski piano

London Symphony Orchestra

Sunday 24 March 7pm
Barbican

MAHLER'S FIFTH SYMPHONY

Jörg Widmann Towards Paradise

(Labyrinth VI)

Interval

Gustav Mahler Symphony No 5

Daniel Harding conductor

Håkan Hardenberger trumpet

London Symphony Orchestra

Sunday 12 & Thursday 16 May 7pm
Barbican

MAHLER'S THIRD SYMPHONY

Gustav Mahler Symphony No 3

Michael Tilson Thomas conductor

Alice Coote mezzo-soprano

Sopranos & Altos of the

London Symphony Chorus

Tiffin Boys' Choir

London Symphony Orchestra

lso.co.uk/whatson

