

Producer Gary Hickling's Notes

Long after her famous final Town Hall recital in 1951 and her death in Santa Barbara in 1976, Lotte Lehmann's fame and artistic legacy live on: five biographies and a book on her teaching; 1988 centennial tributes in Vienna, Santa Barbara, New York, and Washington DC; uncountable LP and CD re-releases of her recordings; two hour-long syndicated radio programs on the 30th anniversary of her death; a foundation in her honor; streets named for her in Salzburg and Vienna; songs written to her poetry; a music festival in her birthplace of Perleberg, Germany; postage stamps from Germany and Nicaragua; concert halls named for her; and Lehmann archival collections at UCSB, Stanford, Yale, University of Missouri-Kansas City; and, as could be expected, at the Vienna Theater Museum. Lehmann was given a last honor to rest in the same Wiener Zentralfriedhof (Vienna Central Cemetery) with Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, and Wolf, whose music she had sung with so much devotion.

It is a measure of endurance of Lehmann's recorded interpretations that tributes to Lehmann far outstrip those of her contemporaries, Flagstad,

Rethberg, Jeritza, or even her friend Elisabeth Schumann, who in their own time garnered similar critical praise.



Must everything great singers record be great? We are interested in a broad range of their performances because we want to discover as much about their talent as possible. Lotte Lehmann seldom fails. Her enthusiasm, commitment, and ardor come across in spite of the limitations of the recording and the performance. In the "live" recital songs on this set you'll notice that Lehmann often becomes excited and, not having the words in her hands, changes the texts and improvises. She was, after all, also a poet and so this wasn't so difficult

for her. I've tried to note these changes in the texts that are provided below.

Most of the radio performances included here are available thanks to Lehmann fans who recorded the broadcasts onto their own acetate discs. It is thanks to them, rather than the radio stations or networks that broadcast the programs that we have these precious documents. Luckily, there are archives that preserve such rare treasures. And the “test pressings” in this set were provided to the artist for her approval before their publication. They allow us to hear how these studio recordings sounded before any “ambient” intervention was added by well-meaning engineers in previous LP or CD releases.

I've chosen to present these “rarities” in chronological order. You can hear a few songs more than once, as recorded at different times in Lehmann's artistic career. Don't try to listen to more than a few of these tracks at once, for Lehmann's intensity can be overwhelming. Instead, listen to a little bit at a time, and notice what she does that is unique to her. Not that she tried to be unique! The care that we hear her give to words, phrases, and meanings all came spontaneously to her.



A few words about the repertoire. When we remember that the radio performances in this set were broadcast in the US after Hitler came to power, before and after World War II began, one can assume a degree of hesitancy towards an “all German program.” But generally, Lieder, even during the war, were accepted, in spite of the Nazis, and thanks to the great poets and composers of Germany and Austria. As an American, I've always taken it as a matter of pride that

Lehmann was allowed to sing so many Lieder at that time, and that some of these live performances were distributed on the same Voice of America 16-inch discs that served up Bing Crosby, the Andrew Sisters, and Tallulah Bankhead to the Armed Forces.



phot. Seiter, Wien

Acknowledgements: Thanks to
Mark Obert-Thorn, who provided test pressings
The Lotte Lehmann Collection of the University of California (Santa Barbara) Library (David Seubert, curator and Zak Liehaber, assistant curator), and The New England Conservatory Music Library, which provided test pressings and live broadcast performances
Chuck Haddix, curator of the UMKC Marr Sound Archives
Judith Sutcliffe, Albert Schütz, and Ann McKinney, note editors
Dennis Moore, consultant
Damien Top, who transcribed Lehmann's singing of *Vierge d'Athènes*
Philip Ulanowsky, who provided the live *Dichterliebe* excerpts with Lehmann and Paul Ulanowsky
Ulrich Peter and Frank Manhold, who helped with German translations



Recital pose, 1940s

Texts & Translations: CD 1

CD 1 Track 1

From *Der Rosenkavalier*: **O, sei er gut, Quinquin... Die Zeit, die ist ein sonderbar Ding** (Oh, be good, Quinquin... Time is a Strange Thing)

Text: Hugo von Hofmannsthal (1874-1929) and Harry von Kessler (1868-1937)

Music: Richard Strauss (1864-1949) Op. 59

This is Lehmann's first recording of the role of the Marschallin that was to become almost synonymous with her name: a 13 December 1927 studio recording of "take 2" that wasn't the most frequently used version on the Odeon label. But this 78 rpm recording (matrix xxB 7887-2) did appear on PXO 1014.



Oh, sei Er gut, Quinquin. Mir ist zumut,
Dass ich die Schwäche von allem Zeitlichen recht spüren muss,
Bis in mein Herz hinein,
Wie man nichts halten soll,
Wie man nichts packen kann,
Wie alles zerläuft zwischen den Fingern,
Wie alles sich auflöst, wonach wir greifen,
Alles zergeht wie Dunst und Traum.
Die Zeit im Grunde, Quinquin,
Die Zeit, die ändert doch nichts an den Sachen.
Die Zeit, die ist ein sonderbar Ding.
Wenn man so hinlebt, ist sie rein gar nichts.
Aber dann auf einmal, da spürt man nichts als sie.
Sie ist um uns herum, sie ist auch in uns drinnen.
In den Gesichtern rieselt sie,
Im Spiegel da rieselt sie,
In meinen Schläfen fliest sie.
Und zwischen dir und mir
Da fliest sie wieder, lautlos, wie eine Sanduhr.
Oh, Quinquin! Manchmal hör' ich sie fliessen —
Unaufhaltsam.

Oh, be good, Quinquin, I feel I know
That all things earthly are but vanity,
Deep in my heart I know,
How one shouldn't grasp,
How one can't cling,
How everything flows through our fingers,
How everything dissolves, wherever we reach,
Everything evaporates like mist and dream.
Time, fundamentally, Quinquin,
Time doesn't change anything.
Time is a strange thing.
When one's living one's life away, time means nothing.
But then suddenly, one isn't aware of anything else.
It is all around us, it's also inside us.
In our faces it flows,
It trickles in the mirror there,
It throbs in my temples.
And between you and me
It flows again, silently, like an hour glass.
Oh, Quinquin! Often I hear it flowing—
Inexorably.

Manchmal steh' ich auf mitten in der Nacht
Und lass die Uhren alle, alle stehn.
Allein man muss sich auch vor ihr nicht fürchten.
Auch sie ist ein Geschöpf des Vaters, der uns alle erschaffen hat.

At times I arise in the middle of the night
And stop all the clocks.
Yet one mustn't be afraid of it.
Time, too, is a creation of the Father, who has created us all.

CD 1 Track 2

From *Ariadne auf Naxos*: **Sie lebt hier ganz allein...Sie atmet leicht...Es gibt ein Reich** (She lives here completely alone...She breathes lightly... There is a realm)

Text: Hugo von Hofmannsthal

Music: Richard Strauss Op. 60

When we hear Lehmann sing Ariadne's most famous aria, we may recall that she'd sung in the original play/opera version in Berlin, as well as the Vienna world premiere of the revision in 1916, albeit as the Composer.

This is a rare "alternative take" recording from 4 September 1928 that begins eight measures earlier than the most often heard release. Odeon matrix xxB 8169-1 first issued on O 8731.



Sie lebt hier ganz allein...
Sie atmet leicht, sie geht so leicht,
Kein Halm bewegt sich, wo sie geht,
Ihr Schlaf ist rein, ihr Sinn ist klar,
Ihr Herz ist lauter wie der Quell:
Sie hält sich gut, drum kommt auch bald der Tag,
Da darf sie sich in ihren Mantelwickeln
Darf ihr Gesicht mit einem Tuch bedecken
Und darf da drinnen liegen
Und eine Tote sein!
Es gibt ein Reich, wo alles rein ist:
Es hat auch einen Namen: Totenreich.
Hier ist nichts rein!
Hier kam alles zu allem!

She lives here completely alone...
She breathes lightly, she walks lightly,
No stalk moves, where she goes,
Her sleep is pure, her mind is clear,
Her heart is pure as the spring:
Free from sin, that's why there comes soon the day,
When she will wrap herself in her cloak
Will shroud her face with a cloth
And will lay there within
And become a dead person!
There is a realm, where all things are pure:
It also has a name: Death's Domain.
Here nothing is pure!
Here everything comes and goes!

Bald aber nahet ein Bote,
Hermes heissen sie ihn.
Mit seinem Stab
Regiert er die Seelen:
Wie leichte Vögel,
Wie welke Blätter
Treibt er sie hin.
Du schöner, stiller Gott!
Sieh! Ariadne wartet!
Ach, von allen wilden Schmerzen
Muss dies Herz gereinigt sein,
Dann wird dein Gesicht mir nicken,
Wird dein Schritt vor meiner Höhle.
Dunkel wird auf meinen Augen,
Deine Hand auf meinem Herzen ruhe sein.
In den schönen Feierkleidern,
Die mir meine Mutter gab,
Diese Glieder werden bleiben,
Stille Höhle wird mein Grab.
Aber lautlos meine Seele
Folget ihrem neuen Herrn,
Wie ein leichtes Blatt im Winde
Folgt hinunter, folgt so gern.
Dunkel wird auf meinen Augen
Und in meinem Herzen sein,
Diese Glieder werden bleiben,
Schön geschmückt und ganz allein.
Du wirst mich befreien,
Mir selber mich geben,
Dies lastende Leben,
Du, nimm es von mir.
An dich werd' ich mich ganz verlieren,
Bei dir wird Ariadne sein.

Soon, however, comes an herald,
Hermes, he's called.
With his staff
He rules the souls:
Like light birds,
Like withered leaves,
He drives them away.
You beautiful, silent God!
See! Ariadne awaits!
Oh, from all wild pain
This heart must be purified,
Then you will turn your face to me,
Take the path to my cavern.
Darkness will fall on my eyes,
Your hand will lie silent on my heart.
In the beautiful festal garments,
Which my mother gave me,
I will wrap my weary body,
This silent cave will be my grave.
But my soul silently
Follows her new lord,
Like a light leaf in the wind
Follows downward, follows gladly.
On my eyes there falls darkness
And peace will be in my heart,
These limbs will remain,
Beautifully adorned and all alone.
You will free me,
Give me my self,
This oppressive life,
You, take it from me.
To you I will loose myself completely,
Ariadne will dwell with you.

From *Egmont*: **Die Trommel geröhret!** (Bang the Drum!)

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) Op. 84 No. 2

Throughout her recital career, Lehmann performed *Die Trommel geröhret!* and *Freudvoll und leidvoll*, two songs from Goethe's *Egmont*. Beethoven wrote them originally for orchestra as part of his incidental music to the play. Later he arranged them for piano accompaniment, but as was often the case in 1932, Odeon recorded such pieces with small orchestras, in this case with a piano, violins and 'cello. As far as I know, these performances have never previously been released on either LPs or CDs. Recorded 25 April 1932; Odeon matrix Be 9912 and Be 9913 were published on 78s as O 4835.

Die Trommel geröhret,
Das Pfeifchen gespielt!
Mein Liebster gewaffnet
Dem Haufen befiehlt,
Die Lanze hoch führet,
Die Leute regiert.
Wie klopft mir das Herz!
Wie walt' mir das Blut!
O hät' ich ein Wämslein
Und Hosen und Hut!
Ich folg' ihm zum Tor 'naus
Mit mutigem Schritt,
Ging' durch die Provinzen,
Ging' überrall mit.
Die Feinde schon weichen,
Wir schiessen da drein;
Welch' Glück sondergleichen,
Ein Mannsbild zu sein!

Bang the drum,
Sound the fife!
My love is armed for war
And commands his troops,
He holds the lances high
And rules his men.
How my heart pounds!
How my blood races!
O if only I had a doublet,
And breeches and helmet!
I would follow him through the gate
With courageous tread,
And march through the provinces,
March everywhere with him.
The enemies yet lose ground,
We fire at them;
What happiness without equal
To be a man!



CD 1 Track 4

From *Egmont*: **Freudvoll und leidvoll** (Joyful and Sorrowful) — see the notes for track 3).

It's instructive to also hear how Lehmann performed *Freudvoll und leidvoll* with piano accompaniment (in a lower key) in 1949 (CD 4 Track 19). The basic interpretation is the same, but if anything, there's a deeper commitment to individual words.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Freudvoll | Being joyful |
| Und leidvoll, | And sorrowful, |
| Gedanken voll sein; | Thoughtful; |
| Langen | Longing |
| Und bangen | And anxious |
| In schwebender Pein; | In lingering anguish; |
| Himmelhoch jauchzend | To Heaven rejoicing |
| Zum Tode betrübt; | To death saddened; |
| Glücklich allein | Happy alone |
| Ist die Seele, die liebt. | Is the soul that loves. |



CD 1 Track 5

Vierge d'Athènes (Maid of Athens)

Original text: George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824); unknown French translation

Music: Charles Gounod (1818-1893) 1872

On 13 March 1936 Lehmann recorded this for RCA Victor with piano accompaniment provided by Ernö Balogh. This test pressing allows us our first chance we have to hear Lehmann singing in French, her second language. The matrix is BS 99458-1, but this wasn't released in 78 or LP formats.

Originally *Maid of Athens* to words of Lord Byron, this song was very successful in Gounod's own lifetime. Lehmann doesn't sing the French that is usually associated with the song. The noted



Ernö Balogh

French tenor, Damien Top, has listened to the recording and provided the French. Here are his impressions of Lehmann's French: In verse 2: she mispronounces « Archange » (the French say Arkange, not Arschange) then, « livrés au pas amoureux » possibly « livrés au pas (t)amoureux » with a 't' or is it "au pâtre amoureux"?

The English "translation" gives Byron's original words.

Fleur d'Athènes, je te quitte,
Belle vierge, ô mon amour,
Rends-moi mon cœur, rends-le vite
L'as-tu pris et sans retour ?
En partant ma voix te crie :
Douce vierge, toi ma vie,
Par le ciel, je suis à toi,
Dans tes rêves, pense à moi.
Par tes blonds cheveux d'archange
Livrés au pas amoureux, [possibly au pâtre amoureux]
Par tes cils, dont (?) l'ombre blanche,
Les saphirs de tes beaux yeux,
Par ton front, merveille pure,
Par ta lèvre, doux murmure,
Par le ciel, je suis à toi,
Dans tes rêves, pense à moi.
Adieu donc, vierge d'Athènes,
Le destin va m'emporter.
Tant légères seront mes chaînes
Si tu dois toujours m'aimer.
A Stamboul, si je succombe,
Je dirai jusqu'à ma tombe :
Par le ciel je suis à toi,
Dans tes rêves, pense à moi.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go,
By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Maid of Athens ! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No !

CD 1 Track 6

From *Lohengrin*: **Du Ärmste kannst wohl nie ermessen**

(You, poor woman, can never measure)

Text and Music: Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Lehmann recorded this in the “acoustic” era, but not with a microphone until this radio broadcast of 10 Jan 1937. She performed it on an RCA Magic Key program with the NBC Orchestra conducted by Frank Black. As far as I can tell, this is the first publication in any format. This performance documents Lehmann’s intense connection with Elsa, her first great success.

In Act II of *Lohengrin*, evil Ortrud tries to sow seeds of doubt in Elsa’s mind by threatening fear of abandonment in order to shake her innocent faith. This is Elsa’s reply. Note the intensity with which Lehmann sings the repeated words “es gibt ein Glück.”

Du Ärmste kannst wohl nie ermessen,
Wie zweifellos mein Herz liebt!
Du hast wohl nic das Glück besessen,
Das sich uns nur durch Glauben gibt!
Kehr’ bei mir ein! Laß mich dich lehren
Wie süß die Wonne reinster Treu!
Laß zu dem Glauben dich bekehren:
Es gibt ein Glück, das ohne Reu’.

You poor woman, can never measure
How free of doubt my heart loves!
You have indeed never known the happiness
That is only given us by faith!
Come in with me! Let me teach you
How sweet the bliss of perfect [or pure] trust is!
Let yourself be converted to faith:
There is joy without regret.



CD 1 Track 7

The Spring

Text: unknown author

Music: Anton Rubinstein (Op. 44 No. 1)

As tension with Germany increased, it was natural for Lehmann to program non-German material.

Pushkin’s *Noch* (Night) inspired this Rubinstein “romance.” Lehmann sang this in English; the words of the “poetry” (doggerel) are transcribed from the recording and are only approximate.

This performance was heard on the RCA Magic Key radio broadcast of 10 Jan 1937 and is available

here for the first time. Ernö Balogh was the pianist.

The Spring with blossoms sweet
Has come in all its glory
We heard the birds repeating songs,
Love songs of story.
I did not then believe in two those dark eyes glowing,
Our hearts in joy o'er flowing
Joy's alit in love and peace.

And in those wondrous eyes
I've seen a blue bird of night,
I lived, I knew before
Oh never, never leave me.

I'll ne'er deceive thee
I'll never leave thee
I love but thee
Thou art my soul's delight.

But though cold winds oppressed,
Of all my joys bereft me
Although the hands of death
No hope on Earth has left me,

I will not weep nor dream
I will not e'er believe
That daily joined in love
Shall meet in realms above.

Oh love dost hear me cry
Oh come, Oh come,
With heart no more,
My heart forbid a sigh,

My failing heart bring nigh
Oh love, I come to thee,
I love thee!



CD 1 Track 8

Kennst du das Land (Do You Know the Land)

Text: Goethe

Music: Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) (1888; Goethe Songs from Wilhelm Meister)

The following 20 songs (and five encores on the next CD) are taken from a radio broadcast of Lehmann's 18 January 1938 Town Hall recital that featured songs of Hugo Wolf. It was an unusual move on Lehmann's part; one-composer recitals weren't common at the time, and certainly not "all Wolf." It also strikes me as strange or courageous, or both, to begin such a recital with the most demanding Wolf song, which is challenging for both the pianist and singer, *Kennst du das Land*. Many other composers, including Beethoven, Liszt, Schubert, and Schumann successfully set these words, but none achieved a more passionate result than Wolf.

This is the first appearance on these discs of Paul Ulanowsky as Lehmann's pianist. There were many reasons she chose him over Ernö Balogh, her previous regular pianist in the USA. Ulanowsky was a fairly strong pianist, but it was his gift for being there with Lehmann, through her rubati and improvisations, that made him essential to her Lieder career.

A word about the transfers: these are originally acetate discs that were recorded by a fan, an amateur recording engineer, from the radio. Our restoration engineer, Lani Spahr, has done wonders in eliminating noise, while allowing the sound of the voice and piano to retain their original fidelity. It's a joy to hear Lehmann sing these songs "live." As far as I know there was only an LP release on Unique Opera Recordings UORC 235 and that did not include "Anakreons Grab" and did not use this source. The tracks you hear on this CD are from the original acetates, remastered and re-pitched.

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.
Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin

Do you know the land where the lemon trees blossom,
Among dark leaves the golden oranges glow,
A gentle breeze from blue skies drifts,
The myrtle is still, and the laurel stands high?
Do you know it well?
There! there
I would go with you, my beloved.
Do you know the house? On columns rests its roof.
The great hall glistens, the chamber shines,
And the marble statues stand and look at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it well?
There! there

Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.
Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

I would go with you, oh my protector.
Do you know the mountain and its path amidst the clouds?
The mule searches in the fog for its way;
In caves dwells the dragon of the old breed;
The cliff falls, and over it the flood!
Do you know it well?
There! there
Leads our way! oh father, let us go!

CD 1 Track 9

Frühling übers Jahr (Spring Throughout the Year)

Text: Goethe

Music: Wolf (1888; Goethe Songs)

Goethe's poem combines Spring and Love; Wolf invokes them with both the piano and voice. Listen to the way the opening rapture changes to a more dedicatory feeling during the second half, until the word "Scherz" when the opening joyful motives return. Notice how Lehmann plays with the words of the flowers' various dispositions.

Das Beet, schon lockert sichs in die Höh!
Da wanken Glöckchen so weiß wie Schnee;
Safran entfaltet gewaltige Glut,
Smaragden keimt es und keimt wie Blut;
Primeln stolzieren so naseweis,
Schalkhafte Veilchen, versteckt mit Fleiß;
Was auch noch alles da regt und webt,
Genug, der Frühling, er wirkt und lebt.
Doch was im Garten am reichsten blüht,

The flower-bed is swelling up with life!
Little bells sway, as white as snow,
Crocuses unfold their intense glow,
Emerald shoots spring forth, and buds blood-red;
Primroses flaunt so saucily,
Roguish violets hidden with care;
And as for all else there stirs and weaves,
Enough: Spring is here, active and alive.
But what in the garden most richly blossoms,



Das ist des Liebchens lieblich Gemüt.
Da glühen Blicke mir immerfort,
Erregend Liedchen, erheiternd Wort,
Ein immer offen, ein Blütenherz,
Im Ernst freundlich und rein im Scherz.
Wenn Ros und Lilie der Sommer bringt,
Er doch vergebens mit Liebchen ringt.

That is my darling's sweet disposition.
Her ever-glowing glances continually,
Stirring song, cheery words,
An ever-open, a blossoming heart,
Kindly earnest, and pure in jest.
Even though summer brings rose and lily,
It vies with my sweet love in vain.

CD 1 Track 10

Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen (And If You Would See Your Lover Die)

Text: Tuscan folk poetry translated by Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

Music: Wolf (1891; Italian Songbook I)

The piano arpeggios help describe the maiden's flowing hair. Lehmann's treatment of the word "niederwehen" stresses the tumbling half of the word. Notice the strange harmony on the word "ungezählt," as if the lover were transfixed.

Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen,
So trage nicht dein Haar gelockt, du Holde.
Laß von den Schultern frei sie niederwehen;
Wie Fäden sehn sie aus von purem Golde.
Wie goldne Fäden, die der Wind bewegt -
Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie trägt!
Goldfäden, Seidenfäden ungezählt -
Schön sind die Haare, schön ist, die sie strahlt!

And if you would see your lover die,
So don't wear your hair in curls, you lovely one.
Let it tumble free round your shoulders;
Like threads of pure gold.
Like golden threads, stirred by the breeze -
Beautiful is the hair, beautiful is she whom it crowns!
Golden threads, silken threads uncountable -
Beautiful is the hair, beautiful she who combs it!

CD 1 Track 11

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf (When You, my Dearest, Ascend to Heaven)

Text: Folk poetry translated by Paul Heyse

Music: Wolf (1896; Italian Songbook II)

An interesting combination of religious and love fervor, in which, predictably, Lehmann stresses the latter. Note the strange drop in harmony on the third line and the piano postlude that certainly reflects the flames of heaven!

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf,
Trag' ich mein Herz dir in der Hand entgegen.
So liebevoll umarmst du mich darauf,
Dann woll' wir uns dem Herrn zu Füßen legen.
Und sieht der Herrgott unsre Liebesschmerzen,
Macht er Ein Herz aus zwei verliebten Herzen,
Zu Einem Herzen fügt er zwei zusammen,
Im Paradies, umglänzt von Himmelsflammen.

When you, my dearest, ascend to heaven,
I will carry my heart to you in my hand.
So lovingly will you then embrace me,
Then we will lie at the Lord's feet.
And when the Lord God sees our love's sorrows,
He will make one heart out of two loving hearts,
He will join two together to make one,
In Paradise, shone all around by heaven's flames.

CD 1 Track 12

In der Frühe (In the Early Morning)

Text: Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Music: Wolf (1888: Mörike Songs)

The opening chords have always seemed to me to illustrate the feeling we've all experienced of not wanting to wake up in the morning. But by the end of the song, with Lehmann's ecstatic "Freu' dich!" the sleepyhead welcomes the beautiful day.

Kein Schlaf noch kühl das Auge mir,
Dort geht schon der Tag herfür
An meinem Kammerfenster.
Es wühlet mein verstörter Sinn
Noch zwischen Zweifeln her und hin
Und schaffet Nachtgespenster.
– Ängste, quäle
Dich nicht länger, meine Seele!
Freu' dich! Schon sind da und dorten
Morgenglocken wach geworden.

No sleep yet cools my eyes;
There day's already beginning
Outside my chamber window.
My troubled senses rummage still
Here and there among my doubts,
Creating nightly phantoms.
– Frighten and torment yourself
No longer, my soul!
Be happy! Already, here and there,
Morning bells are awakening.

CD 1 Track 13

Auch kleine Dinge (Even Little Things)

Text: Paul Heyse's translation from the Italian

Music: Wolf (1891; Italian Songbook I)

Wolf has crafted a song whose music exactly mirrors its contents. It has become one of the most fre-

quently performed of his Lieder. It is also a summation, in its celebration of small things, of the elements we most appreciate in Lieder. Lehmann sings this straight. The words tell it all. This is an excellent example of Lehmann's famous rubati that never faze Ulanowsky.

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wißt.

Even little things can delight us,
Even little things can be precious.
Think how we gladly adorn ourselves with pearls;
They are heavily paid for, and yet are small.
Think how small is the olive's fruit,
And is nevertheless sought for its goodness.
Think only on the rose, how small it is,
And yet, smells so sweet, as you know.

CD 1 Track 14

Der Knabe und das Immelein (The Lad and the Bee)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

This was one of Lehmann's most popular songs, and at this recital was so enthusiastically received that she encored it. One hears the bee buzzing in the piano. The song builds from the opening boredom to a really passionate conclusion. Has the lad grown into a man? Lehmann is able to bring real warmth to the final words: "herzt und küßt."

Im Weinberg auf der Höhe
Ein Häuslein steht so winde bang;
Hat weder Tür noch Fenster,
Die Weile wird ihm lang.
Und ist der Tag so schwüle,
Sind all' verstummt die Vögelein,
Summt an der Sonnenblume
Ein Immelein ganz allein.
Mein Lieb hat einen Garten,
Da steht ein hübsches Immenhaus:
Kommst du daher geflogen?
Schickt sie dich nach mir aus?
"O nein, du feiner Knafe,
Es hieß mich Niemand Boten gehn;

In a vineyard up on the hill
Stands a cottage that's open to the elements;
It has neither door nor window
And time hangs heavy on it.
However the sultry the day,
Even if all the birds are silent,
Buzzing is heard on the sunflower
It's a bee all on its own.
My love has a garden
In which there's a pretty beehive:
Is that where you have flown from?
Did she send you to me?
"Oh no, my fine lad,
No one has sent me with any message;

Diese' Kind weiß nichts von Lieben,
Hat dich noch kaum gesehn.
Was wüßten auch die Mädchen,
Wenn sie kaum aus der Schule sind!
Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen
Ist noch ein Mutterkind.
Ich bring' ihm Wachs und Honig;
Adel! ich hab' ein ganzes Pfund;
Wie wird das Schätzchen lachen,
Ihm wässert schon der Mund."
Ach, wolltest du ihn sagen,
Wie ich wüßte, was viel süßer ist:
Nichts Lieblichers auf Erden
Als wenn man herzt und küßt!

That child knows nothing of love.
She's hardly seen you.
What on earth can girls know,
When they're scarcely out of school?
Your dearest little treasure
Is still her mother's darling.
I'm taking her some wax and honey;
Bye! I've got a whole pound;
How your little treasure will laugh,
Her mouth is watering already."
Oh, I wish you'd tell her
I know something that's much sweeter:
There is nothing on earth more delightful
Than when hugging and kissing!

CD 1 Track 15

Er ist's (Spring's Here)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

This Mörike poem inspired great songs from both Schumann and Wolf. Ulanowsky and Lehmann chose a relaxed tempo that allows real excitement to build by the final lines. This is one of the few examples of Wolf's repeating words of a poem.

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter again in the breeze;
Sweet, familiar scents
Drift full of promise through the countryside.
Violets are dreaming already,
And will soon arrive.
Listen, a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it's you!
It is you that I've heard!



Storchenbotschaft (Storks' Message)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

Mörike devised his own kind of fairy tale, which Wolf fully illustrates, down to the very bowing of the storks. Their flapping at the end is always amazing, and a challenge for the pianist. And Lehmann uses a kind of story-telling voice. The audience's response to the little joke demonstrates the kind of rapport with them that Lehmann enjoyed.

Des Schäfers sein Haus und das steht auf zwei Rad,
 Steht hoch auf der Heiden, so fröhle, wie spat;
 Und wenn nur ein Mancher so'n Nachtquartier hätzt!
 Ein Schäfer tauscht nicht mit dem König sein Bett.
 Und kommt in der Nacht auch was Selstames vor,
 Er betet sein Sprüchel und legt sich auf's Ohr;
 Ein Hexlein, ein Geistlein, so luftige Wicht',
 Sie klopfen ihm wohl, doch er antwortet nicht.
 Doch, einmal da ward es ihm wirklich zu bunt:
 Es knopert am Laden, es winselt der Hund;
 Nun ziehet mein Schäfer den Riegel – ei schau!
 Da stehen zwei Störche, der Mann und die Frau.
 Das Pärchen, es machtet ein schön Kompliment,
 Es möchte gern reden, ach, wenn es nur könnt!
 Was will mir das Ziefer? ist so was erhört?
 Doch ist mir wohl fröhliche Botschaft beschert.
 Ihr seid wohl dahinten zu Hause am Rhein?
 Ihr habt wohl mein Mädel gebissen in's Bein?
 Nun weinet das Kind und die Mutter noch mehr,
 Sie wünschet den Herzallerliebsten sich her.
 Und wünsche daneben die Taufe bestellt:
 Ein Lämmlein, ein Würstlein, ein Beutelein Geld?
 So sagt nur, ich käm' in zwei Tag oder drei,
 Und grüßt mir mein Bübel und röhrt ihm den Brei!
 Doch hält! warum stellt ihr zu Zweien euch ein?
 Es werden doch, hoff' ich, nicht Zwillinge sein?
 Da klappern die Störche im lustigsten Ton,
 Sie nicken und knixen und fliegen davon.

The shepherd's house stands on two wheels,
 Stands high on the heath, from morning till night;
 And if only more people had such night lodgings!
 A shepherd wouldn't exchange his bed with the king.
 And should something strange come by night,
 He prays his little text and lays down on his ear;
 A witch, a spirit, and other such airy sprites,
 May knock on his door, but he won't answer.
 But once it became just too much:
 The banging on the shutter, the whining of the dog;
 So my shepherd draws back the bolts – and behold!
 There stand two storks, the husband and the wife.
 The couple makes a beautiful bow,
 And wish to speak, oh, if only they could!
 What do these creatures want of me? Isn't this unheard of?
 But they're bestowing happy news.
 Are you at home back there on the Rhine?
 So presumably you've bitten my girl in the leg*?
 Now the child's crying and the mother still more,
 She wishes for her beloved to come home.
 And she wishes also to arrange the baptism:
 A lamb, a sausage and a purse of gold?
 Well, tell her I may come in two or three days,
 And greet my boy and stir his gruel!
 But wait! why are you both here?
 But it won't, I hope, mean twins?
 The storks clap their wings with a merry sound;
 They nod and curtsey, and fly away.

* Part of the stork fairy tale: the girl is bitten and gets pregnant.

CD 1 Track 17

An eine Äolsharfe (To an Aeolian Harp)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

The Aeolian harp was supposed to be played by the wind. This conceit inspired both Mörike and Wolf to a creation that reflected classical Greek times. Can anyone ever sing “wie süß” more sweetly than Lehmann did?

Anglehnt an die Efeuwand
Dieser alten Terrasse,
Du, einer luftgebor'nen Muse
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,
Fang' an,
Fange wieder an
Deine melodische Klage!
Ihr kommtet, Winde, fern herüber,
Ach! von des Knaben,
Der mir so lieb war,
Frischgrünendem Hügel.
Und Frühlingsblüten unterweges streifend,
Übersätigt mit Wohlgerüchen,
Wie süß, wie süß bedrängt ihr dies Herz!
Und säuselt her in die Saiten,
Angezogen von wohltauender Wehmut,
Wachsend im Zug meiner Sehnsucht,
Und hinsterbend wieder.
Aber auf einmal,
Wieder Wind heftiger herstößt,
Ein heißer Schrei der Harfe
Wiederholt mir zu süßem Erschrecken
Meiner Seele plötzliche Regung,
Und hier, die volle Rose streut geschüttelt
All' ihre Blätter vor meine Füße!

Leaning against the ivy-covered wall
Of this old terrace,
You, of an air-borne muse,
Mysterious lute melody,
Begin,
Begin again,
Your melodious lament!
You come, winds, from far away,
Ah! from the boy
Who was so dear to me,
From his hill so freshly green.
On your way, streaking over spring blossoms
Saturated with sweet scents,
How sweetly, how sweetly you besiege this heart!
You rustle the strings here,
Drawn by harmonious melancholy,
Growing louder in the pull of my longing,
And then dying down again.
But all at once,
The wind blows violently
And a wild shout of the harp
Echoes, to my sweet terror,
The sudden stirring of my soul,
And here, the ample rose shakes and strews
All its petals at my feet!

CD 1 Track 18

In dem Schatten meiner Locken (In the Shadow of my Tresses)

Text: Heyse

Music: Wolf (1889; Spanish Songbook: Secular Songs)

Lehmann is flirtatious in this song. She also brings out some of the onomatopoeic words, such as "Windessausen." Do you notice the soft bolero-like rhythm in the piano? And what will her answer be? The piano keeps us in suspense before the "Ach nein!"

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!
Sorglich strählt ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schläferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!
Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich eine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

In the shadow of my tresses
My beloved has fallen asleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Oh, no!
Carefully I comb my curly
Locks, early every day;
Yet my trouble is in vain,
For the wind dishevels them again.
Tress-shadows, wind-whispers,
Have lulled my darling to sleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Oh, no!
I must listen to him complain,
That he pines for me so long,
That life is given and taken from him
By this, my brown cheek,
And he calls me a snake,
Yet he fell asleep by me.
Shall I awaken him now? Oh, no!

CD 1 Track 19

Gebet (Prayer)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

This poem reminds us that Mörike was a preacher and, at least at times, took his spiritual life seriously (even if this Golden Mean philosophy is more Grecian than Christian). Wolf responds with complete sincerity, as does the team of Lehmann/Ulanowsky. Her legato is exemplary.

Herr, schicke was du willt,
Ein Liebes oder Leides;
Ich bin vergnügt, daß beides
Aus Deinen Händen quillt.
Wollest mit Freuden
Und wollest mit Leiden
Mich nicht überschütten!
Doch in der Mitten,
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

Lord, send what You will,
Be it love or sorrow;
I am content, that both
From Thy hands flow.
May You with delights
And may You with sorrows
Not overwhelm me!
For in the middle
Lies pure humility.

CD 1 Track 20

Nun laß uns Frieden schließen (Now Let Us Make Peace)

Text: Paul Heyse from the Tuscan

Music: Wolf (1890; Italian Songbook I)

The piano part rocks lulling, and in the end the sincere, serene music convinces us that the quarrel will be patched up.

Nun laß uns Frieden schließen, liebstes Leben,
Zu lang ist's schon, daß wir in Fehde liegen.
Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir ergeben;
Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod bekriegen?
Es schließen Frieden Könige und Fürsten,
Und sollten Liebende nicht darnach dürsten?
Es schließen Frieden Fürsten und Soldaten,
Und sollt' es zwei Verliebten wohl mißraten?
Meinst du, daß, was so großen Herrn gelingt,
Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht vollbringt?

Now let us make peace, dearest life.
It has been too long that we have feuded.
If you're unwilling, I'll yield to you;
How could we wage war to the death?
Kings and princes make peace,
And should not lovers crave it?
Princes and soldiers make peace,
Should two who are in love fail to do likewise?
Do you think that what such great men succeed in,
A pair of contented hearts shall not achieve?

CD 1 Track 21

Der Gärtner (The Gardener)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

We can hear the white horse's elegant riding entrance in Wolf's piano part. Listen to Ulanowsky's precise rhythmic way of playing the prancing music. And Lehmann's pleading "und willst du dagegen eine Blüte von mir" is answered by "tausend" that's filled with "thousands."

Auf ihrem Leibrößlein
So weiß wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit' durch die Allee.
Der Weg, den das Rößlein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold!
Du rosenfarb's Hütlein
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder,
Verstohlen herab!
Und willst du dagegen
Eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine,
Nimm alle dafür!

On her favorite pony
As white as the snow,
The fairest princess
Rides down the avenue.
On the path down which her pony
So finely prances,
The sand that I strewed there
Glitters like gold!
You rose-colored little hat,
Bobbing up and down,
Oh toss a feather
Secretly down!
And if, for that, you would like
A flower from me,
Take a thousand for your one,
Take them all!

CD 1 Track 22

Du denkst mit einem Fädcchen (You Think With a Tiny String)

Text: Heyse

Music: Wolf (1891; Italian Songbook I)

Lehmann is able to ride on the conversational elements of the music and words, making the most of every important word, and drawing laughter from the audience at the joke.

Du denkst mit einem Fädcchen mich zu fangen,
Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?
Ich fing schon Andre, die sich höher schwangen;
Du darfst mir ja nicht trau'n, siehst du mich lachen.
Schon Andre fing ich, glaub' mir sicherlich.
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

You think that, with a tiny string, you can catch me,
With one glance, you can make me fall in love?
I've caught others already who soared higher;
You mustn't trust me when you see me laugh.
I've caught others already, believe me.
I am in love, but just not with you!

CD 1 Track 23

Heimweh (Homesickness)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

Wolf's strange and uneasy harmonies seem to represent this foreign land. And every attempt to feel comfortable is thwarted. "But not anything like there," (i.e. home) is the tone of both the words and music. Lehmann stays out of the way, not becoming too upset about leaving the beloved. Since this song doesn't have a strong melodic component, it deserves multiple hearings.

Anders wird die Welt mit jedem Schritt,
Den ich weiter von der Liebsten mache;
Mein Herz, das will nicht weiter mit.
Hier scheint die Sonne kalt in's Land,
Hier däucht mir Alles unbekannt,
Sogar die Blumen am Bach!
Hat jede Sache
So fremd eine Miene, so falsch ein Gesicht.
Das Bächlein murmelt wohl und spricht:
Armer Knabe, komm bei mir vorüber,
Siehst auch hier Vergißmeinnicht!
– Ja, die sind schön an jedem Ort,
Aber nicht wie dort.
Fort, nur fort!
Die Augen gehn mir über!

The world becomes different with every step
That takes me farther away from my beloved;
My heart does not want to go further.
Here the sun shines coldly upon the land,
Here everything seems unfamiliar to me,
Even the very flowers along the stream!
Every thing has
So strange a look, so wrong a face.
The stream murmurs well and speaks:
"Poor boy, come along beside me,
You see forget-me-nots here as well!"
Yes, they are beautiful everywhere,
But not anything like there.
Onward, only onward!
My eyes spill over! [I'm crying]

CD 1 Track 24

Schweig einmal still (Be Silent for Once)

Text: Heyse

Music: Wolf (1896; Italian Songbook II)

Wolf doesn't offer us the offensive serenade, but rather the singer's reaction to it, and more important, to the serenader. The piano part sets up this little argument and we hear the bray of the donkey throughout. Lehmann is so involved that she can make us believe in the quarrel.

Schweig einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verwünschtes Singen.
Und triebst du es bis morgen früh so fort,
Doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen.
Schweig einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög ich vor.

Be silent for once, you detestable babbler!
Your cursed singing makes me sick.
And if you carried on so until tomorrow morning,
You would still not manage a decent song.
Be silent for once, and go to sleep!
I'd prefer the serenade of a donkey!

CD 1 Track 25

Ich hab' in Penna (I Have in Penna)

Text: Heyse (from the Tuscan)

Music: Wolf (1896; Italian Songbook II)

An echo of the catalog aria from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*: there's a lover in every port. Though Lehmann sings with her usual vigor, this is also our chance to hear some really virtuosic playing from Ulanowsky.

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb'n eine andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum Vierten muß ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein Andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der Nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

I have a lover living in Penna,
Another one in the Maremma plain,
One in the lovely harbor of Ancona,
And for the fourth I must go to Viterbo;
Another one lives in Casentino,
The next lives with me in the same place,
And yet another one have I in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

CD 1 Track 26

Anakreons Grab (Anacreon's Grave)

Text: Goethe

Music: Wolf (1888; Goethe Songs)

A meditative text and setting combine to make this a profoundly moving song that obviously touched the poet in Lehmann.

Wo die Rose hier blüht,
Wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen,
Wo das Turtelchen lockt,
Wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt,

Here where the rose blooms,
Where vines entwine the laurel,
Where the turtledove calls,
Where the cricket delights,

Welch ein Grab ist hier,
Das alle Götter mit Leben
Schön bepflanzt und geziert?
Es ist Anakreons Ruh.
Frühling, Sommer, und Herbst genoß
Der glückliche Dichter;
Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich der Hügel geschützt.

Whose grave is here,
That all the gods with life
Have so beautifully planted and decorated?
It is Anacreon's rest [resting place].
Spring, summer, and autumn delighted
The happy poet;
From winter the mound has finally sheltered him.

CD 1 Track 27

Verborgenheit (Seclusion)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888; Mörike Songs)

"Verborgenheit" is one of Wolf's most successful Mörike settings. Lehmann offers powerful, almost religious insight into the work. One can well imagine why it was also popular in Wolf's own time.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.
Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love,
Let this heart in solitude have
Its bliss, its pain!
What I mourn, I know not,
It is an unknown pain;
Forever through tears shall I see
The sun's love-light.
Often, I am scarcely conscious,
And the bright joys break
Through the pain, thus pressing,
Blissfully into my breast.
Oh, world, let me be!
Entice me not with gifts of love.
Let this heart in solitude have
Its bliss, its pain!

CD 2

CD 2 Tracks 1 and 9

Ständchen (Serenade)

Text: Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack (1815–1894)

Music: Richard Strauss Op. 17 No. 2

This is the most popular of the Lieder of Strauss, and one of Lehmann's favorites. She included *Ständchen* on many recitals, and we have it in studio recordings with the original piano accompaniment as well as in this live version which was an encore to the 1938 Town Hall Recital.

We can also enjoy the lush orchestration and Lehmann's opulent voice in this same song in the RCA Magic Key program of 3 April 1938, with Frank Black conducting the NBC orchestra that was only previously published on LP as BWS 729. Note her famous expressive breath just before the end at "der Nacht."

In both recordings, we note that Lehmann follows her own advice, enjoying the "sweet secrecy" of the poem and its "glowing desire." Listen to the way that she relishes the words "von uns'ren Küssen träumen."

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschchen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.
Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Open the door, open the door, but softly my dear,
So as to wake no one from sleep.
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly stirs
A leaf on the bushes or hedges.
So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,
Just softly lay your hand on the latch.
With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
As they hop over the flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
Slip out to me in the garden.
The flowers slumber along the rippling brook,
Sending forth fragrance as they sleep, only love is awake.
Sit down here, where mystery glimmers
Beneath the linden trees,
The nightingale overhead
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Shall glow brighter [blushes!], at the quivering rapture of the night.

CD 2 Track 2

Therese

Text: Gottfried Keller (1819-1890)

Music: Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) Op. 86 No. 1

Lehmann loved this song and included it among her encores in her “all-Wolf” 1938 Town Hall recital. The youthful admirer encounters an older woman who teases him about his innocence. At the end, what does he hear? Probably something as mysterious as “the way to understand a woman.”

Du milchjunger Knabe,
Wie schaust du mich an?
Was haben deine Augen
Für eine Frage getan!
Alle Ratsherrn in der Stadt
Und alle Weisen der Welt
Bleiben stumm auf die Frage,
Die deine Augen gestellt!
Eine Meermuschel liegt
Auf dem Schrank meiner Bas':
Da halte dein Ohr d'r'an,
Dann hörst du etwas!

You beardless boy,
Why do you look at me so?
What a question
Your eyes have asked!
All the councilmen in the town
And all the wise men of the world
Would be struck dumb by the question
That your eyes have posed!
A seashell lies
Upon my cousin's cupboard;
Press your ear to it,
Then you'll hear something!

CD 2 Track 3

Vergebliches Ständchen (Futile Serenade)

Text: Anton Zuccalmaglio (1803-1869)

Music: Brahms Op.84 No. 4

Brahms liked this creation and its details. We appreciate the sprightly accompaniment for the girl and the shift to the minor for the freezing night. This is another Brahms encore among the Wolf songs of the 1938 Town Hall recital. Notice the way that Lehmann savored the chance to be both the boy and the girl, especially enjoying the girl’s rejection of the lad at the end. But she does sing the last words in a way that will encourage her suitor to return another time.

Er:

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,

He:

Good evening, my treasure,
Good evening, my girl!
I come out of love for you,

Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,

Mach' mir auf die Tür

Sie:

Meine Tü ist verschlossen,

Ich laß dich nicht ein;

Mutter, die rät' mir klug,

Wär's du herein mit Fug,

Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er:

So kalt ist die Nacht,

So eisig der Wind,

Daß mir das Herz erfriert,

Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;

Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie:

Löschet dein' Lieb',

Lass' sie löschen nur!

Löschet sie immerzu,

Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh',

Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Oh, open the door,

Open the door for me!

She:

My door is locked,

I won't let you in;

My mother has advised me well,

If you were allowed in,

It would all be over for me!

He:

The night is so cold,

So icy the wind,

That my heart will freeze,

And my love will expire;

Open for me, my girl!

She:

If your love will perish,

Then let it expire!

If it keeps dying,

Go home to bed, and rest,

Good night, my boy!

CD 2 Track 4

Heimkehr vom Feste (Returning Home from the Banquet)

Text: Heinrich Seidel (1842-1906)

Music: Leo Blech (1871-1958)

Blech was a conductor by trade, and a personal friend of Lehmann's. She often sang this song as a "final" encore. She'd sung it as early as 1920 on a program with other soloists in the Großer Saal (Great Hall) of the Vienna Philharmonic, and tried to record it in 1926. So it may come as no surprise to find it as an encore on the 1938 Town Hall recital of Wolf songs. Lehmann's story-telling and her own fun with the light song are infectious.

Bei Goldhähnchens war ich heut zu Gast,

Sie wohnen im grünen Fichtenpalast,

In einem Nestchen klein,

Sehr niedlich und sehr fein.

Was hat es gegeben? Schmetterlingsei,

Und Mückensalat und Gritzenbrei,

At the Gold-crested Wrens I was guest today,

They live in a green spruce palace,

In a cozy little nest,

Very cute and very fine.

What was for dinner? Butterfly eggs,

And salad of gnats with beetle-leg puree,

Und Käferbraten famos,
Zwei Millimeter groß.
Dann sang Vater Goldhähnchen was,
So zierlich klang's wie gesponnenes Glas.
Dann wurden die Kinder beseh'n;
Sehr niedlich alle zehn.
Dann sagt' ich "Adieu" und "Ich danke sehr!"
Sie sprachen: "O bitte, wir hatten die Ehr,
Es hat uns mächtig gefreut!"
Es sind doch reizende Leut!

And splendid roasted bugs,
Two millimeters in size.
Then Father Wren sang for us,
As delicately sounding as spun glass.
Then we looked at the little ones;
Very appealing all ten.
Then I said "Adieu" and "Thanks so much!"
They replied: "Oh please, it was our honor,
It has pleased us mightily!"
They're charming people indeed!

CD 2 Tracks 5 and 7

Zueignung (Dedication)

Text: Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812-1864)

Music: Strauss Op. 10 No. 1

This is another of Lehmann's favorite encores, and she recorded it with piano successfully in the studio. Here's a chance to hear her perform it as an encore, "live," on the 1938 Town Hall recital.

Lehmann really does follow her own advice, and sings each "thank you" with a different emotion.

The second recording of *Zueignung* on this CD has the technical finesse of a recording studio, a good orchestra and Lehmann in effulgent, glorious voice. Frank Black conducts the NBC Orchestra for the Magic Key of 3 April 1938, "Army Salute Day" (General Malin Craig of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was Lehmann's co-star!). This has only appeared on LPs BWS 729 and EJS 425.

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.
Und beschwörst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Yes, you know it, precious soul,
How I suffer when I'm far from you,
Love makes the heart ache,
Thank you.
Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Thank you.
And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your breast,
Thank you.

CD 2 Track 6

From *Tosca: Vissi d'arte* (I Lived for Art)

Text: Luigi Illica (1857-1919) and Giuseppe Giacosa (1847-1906)

Music: Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Though Lehmann recorded this commercially, it was in German as *Nur der Schönheit*. It's especially enjoyable to hear *Vissi d'arte* in the original Italian and with a decent orchestra. This is again the Magic Key broadcast of 3 April 1938, with Frank Black and the NBC Orchestra, that has only previously been released on LPs BWS 729 and EJS 425.

In Act II Tosca sings the famous aria in which she questions God for allowing her to exchange her self-respect for her lover's freedom. Lehmann is dramatic in this performance, but not over-the-top.



As Tosca, San Francisco Opera, mid-1930s

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
Non feci mai male ad anima viva!
Con man furtiva
Quante miserie conobbi aiutai.
Sempre con fè sincera
La mia preghiera
Ai santi tabernacoli sali.
Sempre con fè sincera
Diedi fiori agl'altar.
Nell'ora del dolore
Perchè, perchè, Signore,
Perchè me ne rimunerai così?
Diedi gioielli della Madonna al manto,
E diedi il canto agli astri, al ciel,
Che ne ridean più belli.
Nell'ora del dolor
Perchè, perchè, Signor,
Ah, perchè me ne rimunerai così?

I lived for my art, I lived for love,
I never harmed a living soul!
With a secret hand
I relieved as many misfortunes as I knew.
Always with true faith
My prayer
Rose to the holy shrines.
Always with true faith
I gave flowers to the altar.
In the hour of grief
Why, why, o Lord,
Why do you reward me thus?
I gave jewels for the Madonna's mantle,
And I gave my song to the stars, to heaven,
Which smiled with more beauty.
In the hour of grief
Why, why, o Lord,
Oh, why do you reward me like this?

CD 2 Track 7, **Zueignung**, see CD 2 Track 5

CD 2 Track 8

Traum durch die Dämmerung (Dreaming in the Twilight)

Text: Otto Bierbaum (1865-1910)

Music: Strauss Op. 29 No. 1

Strauss is able to capture the dream-like feeling of the poetry that we hear in an orchestrated version on this Magic Key broadcast of 3 April 1938, with Frank Black conducting the NBC Orchestra. This has only previously been published on LP BWS 729. Original source material was used for this CD.

Lehmann recorded and sang this song often, always abiding by her admonition that “there should be no hurrying but neither should there be any dragging, only a quiet ambling toward the lovely goal.”

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglomm, die Sterne ziehn,
Nun geh' ich hin zu der schönsten Frau,
Weit über Wiesen im Dämmergrau,
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land;
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;
Mich zieht ein weiches samtenes Band
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe Land,
In ein blaues, mildes Licht.

Broad meadows in the grey twilight;
The sun has died away and the stars move,
Now I go to the loveliest of women,
Across the meadow in the grey twilight,
Deep into the jasmine bush.
Through the grey twilight to the land of love;
I do not walk quickly, I do not hurry;
I am drawn by a faint, velvety thread
Through the grey twilight to the land of love,
In a blue, mild light.

CD 2 Track 9, **Ständchen**, see CD 2 Track 1

CD 2 Track 10

Das Mädchen spricht (The Girl Speaks)

Text: Otto Gruppe (1804-1876)

Music: Brahms Op. 107 No. 3

Paul Ulanowsky is Lehmann's pianist on this radio broadcast from 3 April 1938. It has previously been published only on LP EJS 425.

While listening to this song, we can join the young girl as she questions the swallow for information that she needs.

Schwalbe, sag' mir an,
Ist's dein alter Mann,
Mit dem du's Nest gebaut?
Oder hast du jüngst erst
Dich ihm vertraut?
Sag', was zwitschert ihr,
Sag', was flüstert ihr
Des Morgens so vertraut?
Gelt, du bist wohl
Auch noch nicht lange Braut?

Swallow, tell me,
Is that your old husband,
With whom you built your nest?
Or have you just recently
Become betrothed to him?
Tell me what you twitter about,
Tell me what you whisper about
In the mornings, so intimately?
You haven't been
A bride for very long either, have you?

CD 2 Track 11

Gretel

Text: Carl Busse (1872-1918)

Music: Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949) Op. 11 No. 5

Though Lehmann recorded *Gretel* in the studio, this live radio broadcast performance of 3 April 1938 for an audience has special energy and has never before been published.

Notice how wild Lehmann gets at the final cry, which she didn't do quite so much on the commercial recording. Ulanowsky was the pianist.

Vor der Tür im Sonnenscheine,
Wo das Kätzchen sonst liegt,
Steht die Gretel ganz alleine,
Und die Gretel ist vergnügt.
Hört die Frühglocken klingen,
Wie so lustig das geht,
Wenn die Schulmädchen singen:
“Wenn's Mailüfterl weht.”
Vor der Tür ganz in Sinnen
Steht die Gretel und lacht:
Was der Hans wohl da drinnen
Im Zimmer da macht?
Und im Tripptrapp die paar Stufen
Und sie holt sich den Hut,
Ihren Hans will sie rufen,
Denn dem Hans ist sie gut.
Und es dauert kaum ein Weilchen,

At the door, in the sunshine
Where the little cat usually lies,
There stands Gretel, all alone,
And is quite jolly.
She listens to the morning bells,
As merry as can be,
While the school girls sing:
“The May breezes are here.”
By the door stand Gretel,
Deep in thought, and laughs:
What might Hans in there
Be doing in his room?
And then, hop, hop up the steps
She brings out her hat,
She wants to call her Hans,
Because she's his girl.
After just a little while,

Da springt sie zurück,
Vorn im Knopfloch lauter Veilchen,
In den Augen lauter Glück!
Drücke die Klinke verstohlen,
Steckt das Köpfchen durch den Spalt:
Lieber Hans, ich will dich holen,
Kommst du mit in den Wald?
Weit fort aus den Gassen,
Dummer Junge, sag' ja!
Und der Hans kann's nicht lassen,
Und der Hans ruft: Hurrah!
Küßt die Gretel auf die beiden
Roten Lippen im Nu,
Und die Gretel will's nicht leiden,
Und sie kichert: ach du!

She runs down the stairs,
Her buttonhole filled with violets,
Her eyes full of joy!
She gently opens the door,
And peeps her head through the crack:
Dear Hans, I'm here to get you,
Will you come with me to the woods?
Far from the little road,
Foolish boy, say: Yes!
And Hans can't resist,
And he calls out: Hurrah!
He kisses Gretel on her red lips,
Kisses her right then,
But his Gretel won't have it,
And she giggles: Oh you!

CD 2 Track 12

None But the Lonely Heart

Text: originally Goethe; unknown translation

Music: Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) Op. 6 No. 6

The beautiful melody of Tchaikovsky's *None But the Lonely Heart* was originally inspired by Goethe's poem *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*, translated into Russian by Lev Aleksandrovich Mey (1822-1862). It's interesting that Lehmann didn't revert to the original Goethe words, but again, it may have been politic to avoid German when possible, and this English translation works well. The NBC Orchestra is called the Victory Orchestra on the broadcast; Lehmann was announced as "die geliebte Lehmann." Nathaniel Shilkret conducts on this RCA Magic Key broadcast of 18 September 1939. This has never been published in any format.

None but the lonely heart
Can know my sadness.
Alone and parted
Far from joy and gladness.
Heaven's boundless arch I see
Spread out above me,
Oh, what a distance drear to those
That loved me.
None but the lonely heart

Can know my sadness,
Alone and parted
Far from joy and gladness.
Alone and parted far
From joy and gladness.
My senses fail,
A burning fire
Devours me,
None but the lonely heart
Can know my sadness.

CD 2 Track 13

The Star (A Fragment from Plato)

Text: Charles Fletcher Lummis (1859-1928)

Music: James Rogers (1857-1940)

The songs of the American composer James Rogers had been previously recorded by many singers including Louise Homer, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Geraldine Farrar, and John McCormack. *The Star*, which Lehmann sings in quite good English, had been recorded as early as 1917 by Frances Alda and later by many others. This performance, never before published, is from the RCA Magic Key program of 18 September 1939 with the NBC Orchestra conducted by Nathaniel Shilkret.

Star of me...
Watching the mother skies...
Where thine elder sisters be...
Would I were heav'n...
With all its eyes on thee...

CD 2 Track 14

Die junge Nonne (The Young Nun)

Text: Jackob Nikolaus, Reichsfreiherr von Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855)

Music: Schubert Op. 43 No. 1; D. 828

This is from the Columbia recording session on 4 March 1941, matrix number XCO 30013-1 published on 78s as 71509-D, and also released on Columbia LP ML 5778.

In her interpretation, Lehmann is a very forceful, forthright, powerful, and devoted nun. She's able to paint the opening storm with her consonants and vocal color, but distinguishes it from the emotional storm she had overcome.

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klinren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!
Immerhin, immerhin,
So tob't es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,

How wind roars through the tree-tops of the howling storm!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
Thunder rolls, lighting flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave!
After all, after all,
So it raged in me not long ago as well!
My life roared like the storm now,



Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammt die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.
Nun tobe, du wilder gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.
Ich harre, mein Heiland! mit sehnendem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluja!

My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love burst into flame, like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.
Now rage, you wild, daunting storm,
My heart's peaceful, my heart's calm.
The groom is awaited by the loving bride,
Cleansed by the purifying flames,
To eternal Love betrothed.
I await you, my Savior! with a yearning gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride,
Rescue her soul from earthly imprisonment.
Listen: the bell rings peacefully from the tower!
That sweet tone invites me
Overpoweringly to eternal heights.
Alleluia!

CD 2 Track 15

Der Doppelgänger

Text: Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Music: Schubert (from Schwanengesang) D. 957 No. 13

Heine's poem inspired Schubert to one of his darkest creations. The sinister atmosphere drew from Lehmann one of her most unsettling and chilling interpretations.

This is from the Columbia recording session of 4 March 1941, matrix XCO 30016-1, released on 78 as 71509-D and re-issued on Columbia LP ML 5778.

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.
Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzensgewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe -
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.
Du Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!
Was äfftst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

Still is the night, the streets quiet down,
In that house lived my treasure;
She's long since gone away from this town,
But this house still stands in the same square.
A man stands here too, staring up into space
And wrings his hands in despair;
I shudder, when I behold his face -
For the moon shows me my own features.
You phantom double, you pallid companion!
Why do you ape my love-pain
That tortured me here in this place
So many a night, in times gone by?

CD 2 Track 16

Liebesbotschaft (Love's Message)

Text: Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

Music: Schubert (from Schwanengesang) D. 957 No. 1

Lehmann recorded this with Ulanowsky for Columbia on 19 March 1941, matrix CO 30017-1. It wasn't published on 78 and the only LP release was in Japan: YD 3017/18. This is a test pressing of that delightful studio recording in which Lehmann's light-hearted happiness sings forth.

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.
All ihre Blumen,
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Flut.
Wenn sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend
Das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süße
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Kehrt bald zurück.
Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit röthlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süße Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.

Murmuring brooklet,
So silvery and bright,
Are you hurrying to my beloved
So cheerfully and fast?
Oh, friendly brooklet,
Be my messenger;
Bring the greetings
From afar to her.
All her flowers,
Tended in her garden,
Which she so sweetly
Wears on her breast,
And her roses
Glowing purple,
Brooklet, refresh them
With cooling flow.
When she's on the bank,
Sunk in dreams,
Remembering me,
Hanging her head,
Comfort the sweet one
With a friendly glance,
For her beloved
Will soon return.
When the sun sets
With reddening glow,
Rock my loved one
To slumber.
Murmur for her
In sweet peace,
Whisper dreams
Of love to her.

CD 2 Track 17

Aufräge (Messages)

Text: Christian L'Egru (fl. 1850)

Music: Robert Schumann (1810-1856) Op. 77 No. 5

Lehmann recorded *Aufräge* with Ulanowsky for Columbia on 26 June 1941, matrix CO 31486-1; it was not released as a 78rpm, but was published on Columbia LP ML 5778. This is its first CD appearance.

There are a lot of notes for the pianist and a lot of words for the singer: they make the most of their tasks. Whether ripples in the brook or the flight of a dove, we are witnesses to it all. And listen to the fermata that Lehmann beautifully sings on the “du” at the end.

Nicht so schnelle, nicht so schnelle!
Wart ein wenig, kleine Welle!
Will dir einen Auftrag geben
An die Liebste mein.
Wirst du ihr vorüberschweben,
Grüße sie mir fein!
Sag, ich wäre mitgekommen,
Auf dir selbst herabgeschwommen:
Für den Gruß einen Kuß
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hatt' es nicht gelitten.
Nich so eillig! halt! erlaube,
Kleine, leichtbeschwungte Taube!
Habe dir was aufzutragen
An die Liebste mein!
Sollst ihr tausend Grüße sagen,
Hundert obendrein.
Sag, ich wär' mit dir geflogen,
Über Berg und Strom gezogen:
Für den Gruß einen Kuß
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Doch der Zeit Dringlichkeit
Hatt' es nicht gelitten.
Warte nicht, daß ich dich treibe,
O du träge Mondesscheibe!

Not so fast, not so fast!
Wait a bit, tiny wave!
I'd like to give you a message
For my sweetheart.
If you glide past her,
Greet her fondly for me!
Say, I would have come with you,
Swimming on you myself:
In return for my greeting,
Boldly demanding a kiss,
But the urgency of time
Would not permit it.
Not so hasty! Stop! Permit me,
Small, light-winged dove!
I have to assign you a message
For my sweetheart!
You should give her a thousand greetings,
And a hundred beyond that.
Say, I would have flown with you,
Trekking over mountain and stream:
In return for my greeting,
Boldly demanding a kiss,
But the urgency of time
Would not permit it.
Don't wait for me to drive you,
Oh you sluggish round moon!

Weißt's ja, was ich dir befohlen
Für die Liebste mein:
Durch das Fensterchen verstohlen
Grüße sie mir fein!
Sag, ich wär' auf dich gestiegen,
Selber zu ihr hinzufliegen:
Für den Gruß einen Kuß
Kühn mir zu erbitten,
Du bist schuld, Ungeduld
Hatt' mich nicht gelitten.

You know well what I have commanded you
To do for my sweetheart:
Through her little window, furtively,
Greet her fondly for me!
Say, I would climb on you,
And fly to her myself:
In return for my greeting,
Boldly demanding a kiss,
It was your fault, for your impatience
Would not permit me.

CD 2 Track 18

Morgengruss (Morning greeting)

Text: Heine

Music: Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) Op. 47 No. 2

Lehmann and Ulanowsky recorded *Morgengruß* for Columbia on 26 June 1941, matrix CO 31699-1, published on 78 as 17344-D. Strangely it was never released on LP and this is its first CD appearance. This is a test pressing from that session.

Though Mendelssohn's songs had never been as widely-performed as his contemporary, Robert Schumann's, Lehmann's belief in and enjoyment of these Lieder is apparent. Of course, there is the added political dimension: Lehmann sang these songs in America when the racial laws of Nazi Germany had forbidden them. But even today, Mendelssohn songs are not well represented in the standard recital. It is difficult to explain why. They include melody that's well suited to the words, and always with Mendelssohn's understanding of the voice.

Über die Berge steigt schon die Sonne,
Die Lämmerherde läutet von fern:
Mein Liebchen, mein Lamm, meine Sonne und
Noch einmal säh' ich dich gar zu gern!
Ich schaue hinauf mit spähernder Miene,
"Leb' wohl, mein Kind, ich wandre von hier!"
Vergebens! es regt sich keine Gardine;
Sie liegt noch und schläft und träumt von mir.

Over the hills the sun is already climbing,
I hear the flock of lambs far away:
My darling, my lamb, my sunshine and joy,
If only I could see you one more time!
I look upward, searching,
“Farewell, my child, I travel from here!”
In vain! No curtain stirs;
She’s still asleep, and dreaming of me.

CD 2 Track 19

Venetianisches Gondollied (Venetian Gondola Song)

Text: Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810-1876); based on a text in English by Thomas Moore (1779-1852).

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 57 No. 5

Lehmann and Ulanowsky recorded this on 30 June 1941 for Columbia, matrix CO 31700-1, not released as a 78, but as Columbia LP ML 5778.

The rocking music in the piano is just right for the romantic tryst or flight via gondola. Every ebb and flow of Lehmann's musicality is exactly met by Ulanowsky. Note how Lehmann almost whispers "das Boot ist bereit."

Wenn durch die Piazzetta
Die Abendluft weht,
Dann weißt du, Ninetta,
Wer wartend hier steht.
Du weißt, wer trotz Schleier
Und Maske dich kennt,
Du weißt wie die Sehnsucht
Im Herzen mir brennt.
Ein Schifferkleid trag' ich
Zur selbigen Zeit,
Und zitternd dir sag' ich:
Das Boot ist bereit!
O komm jetzt, wo Lunen
Noch Wolken umzieh'n,
O komm jetzt, komm jetzt!
Laß durch die Lagunen,
Geliebte, uns flieh'n!

When through the piazzetta
The evening breezes blow,
Then you know, Ninetta,
Who waits for you here.
You know who despite your veil
And your mask, recognizes you,
You know how longing
Flames in my heart.
In sailor's guise I dress
At this very hour,
And, trembling, I say to you:
The boat is ready!
Oh come now, while Luna
Peeps out through the clouds,
Oh come now, oh come now!
Through the lagoon,
Beloved, let us flee!

CD 2 Track 20

Neue Liebe (New Love) (In dem Mondenschein)

Text: Heine

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 19 No. 4

This is a test pressing of *Neue Liebe* that Lehmann and Ulanowsky recorded on 30 June 1941, matrix CO 31701-1. This wasn't published as a 78, and was only issued (mislabeled) on LP as BWS 729.

There is no previous CD of this performance.

Mendelssohn is in his pixie mood, except for the last lines, when it becomes mysterious for a bit.

Lehmann and Ulanowsky take this at breakneck speed, but it captures the thrill of the riding elves.

In dem Mondenschein in Walde,
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten;
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.
Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Güldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen
Rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.
Lächelnd nickte mir die Königin,
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe,
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

In the moonlit forest
I watched the elves riding;
I heard their horns sound
I heard their bells ring.
Their white horses, with
Golden antlers, flew on
Swiftly, like wild swans
Travelling through the air.
Smiling, the queen nodded at me,
Smiling, as she rode overhead.
Was it because of my new love,
Or does it mean death?

CD 2 Track 21

Der Nußbaum (The Nut Tree)

Text: Julius Mosen (1803-1867)

Music: Schumann Op. 25 No. 3

Lehmann recorded this for Columbia on 30 June 1941, matrix CO 31702-1. It wasn't released on 78s, but eventually published on Columbia LP ML 5778.

Lehmann and Ulanowsky seem to sway together with the branches of the tree. Note how softly Lehmann sings at the end, as if she doesn't want to disturb the dreaming.

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig, luftig breitet er
Blättrig die Äste aus.
Viel liebliche Blüten stehen dran;
Linde Winde kommen,
Sie herzlich zu umfahn.
Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend, beugend zierlich
Zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.
Sie flüstern von einem Mägglein,
Das dächte die Nächte, und Tagelang,
Wusste, ach, selber nicht was.
Sie flüstern, sie flüstern,

A nut tree flourishes in front of the house,
Fragrantly, airily spreading out
Its leafy branches.
Many lovely blossoms hang from the tree;
Gentle breezes come
To tenderly embrace them.
They whisper, paired two by two,
Bending, bowing gracefully,
Their little heads daintily for a kiss.
They whisper of a maiden
Who wonders day and night long,
Knew, but alas, not of what.
They whisper, they whisper,

Wer mag verstehn so gar leise Weis?
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr,
Von nächstem Jahr.
Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Schnend, wähnend sinkt es
Lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

Who may understand their murmuring song?
They whisper of a bridegroom and of the coming year,
Of the coming year.
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning, imagining, she sinks
Smiling into sleep and dream.

CD 2 Track 22

Wonne der Wehmut (Joy of Melancholy)

Text: Goethe

Music: Beethoven Op. 83 No. 1

This test pressing of *Wonne der Wehmut* is from Lehmann and Ulanowsky's Columbia recording session of 30 June 1941, matrix CO 31703-1, not released on 78s, and, as far as I know, only available on the Bruno Walter Society LP BWS 729.

From such a simple poem Beethoven crafted a moving song that Lehmann sings with honest pathos.

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

Do not dry, do not dry,
Tears of eternal love!
Ah, only to the half-dry eye
How desolate and dead the world appears!
Do not dry, do not dry,
Tears of unhappy love!

CD 2 Track 23

Andenken (Remembrance)

Text: Friedrich von Matthisson (1761-1831)

Music: Beethoven WoO 136

On 30 June 1941 Lehmann and Ulanowsky recorded *Andenken* on 78 matrix CO 31704-1. We're lucky to have this test pressing because only the Bruno Walter Society released it as LP BWS 729.

Simple and straightforward, the artists match the intention of the words and the beauty of the melody. Nothing is overdone or extraneous.

Ich denke dein,
Wenn durch den Hain
Der Nachtigallen
Akkorde schallen!

I think of you
When through the grove
The nightingales'
Chords sound forth!

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| Wann denkst du mein? | When do you think of me? |
| Ich denke dein | I think of you |
| Im Dämmerschein | In the twilight |
| Der Abendhelle | Of the evening brightness |
| Am Schattenquelle! | By the shadowy spring! |
| Wo denkst du mein? | Where do you think of me? |
| Ich denke dein | I think of you |
| Mit süßer Pein | With sweet pain, |
| Mit bangem Sehnen | With anxious longing |
| Und heißen Tränen! | And hot tears! |
| Wie denkst du mein? | How do you think of me? |
| O denke mein, | Oh think of me |
| Bis zum Verein | Until we're united |
| Auf besserm Sterne! | On a better star! |
| In jeder Ferne | However distant, |
| Denk ich nur dein! | I think only of you! |

CD 2 Track 24

Wiegenlied (Cradle Song or Lullaby)

Text: First strophe from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*; second: Georg Scherer (1824-1909)

Music: Brahms Op. 49 No. 4

This is from the Columbia recording session of 30 June 1941, matrix CO 32035-1, published as 17300-D on 78 and re-released on Columbia LP ML 5778.

Though this song is so often sung that it can become cliché, Lehmann, who sang it frequently, brings a freshness to it as if she had just discovered it. Ulanowsky is the pianist.

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Guten Abend, gut Nacht, | Good evening, good night, |
| Mit Rosen bedacht, | Bedecked with roses, |
| Mit Näglein besteckt, | Covered with carnations, |
| Schlupf unter die Deck'. | Slip under the blanket. |
| Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, | Early tomorrow, God willing, |
| Wirst du wieder geweckt. | You will awaken again. |
| Guten Abend, gut' Nacht, | Good evening, good night, |
| Von Englein bewacht, | Guarded by angels, |
| Die zeigen im Traum | Who show in your dream |
| Dir Christkindleins Baum: | The Christ child's tree: |
| Schlaf nun selig uns süß, | Sleep now blissfully and sweetly, |
| Schau im Traum's Paradies. | In your dreams you'll see Paradise. |

CD 2 Track 25

Ständchen (Serenade)

Text: Franz Kugler (1808-1853)

Music: Brahms Op. 106 No. 1

This is from the very successful Columbia session of 30 June 1941, matrix 32036-1 published on 78 as 17300-D and on Columbia LP ML 5778.

Both Lehmann and Ulanowsky seem to enjoy themselves and the ambience of young love that they're able to bring about.

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut';
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.
Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither
Und singen und spielen dabei.
Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: »Vergiß nicht mein!«

The moon hangs over the mountain,
So fitting for love-struck people;
In the garden trickles a fountain,
Otherwise, it's still far and wide.
Near the wall, in the shadows,
Stand the three students
With flute and fiddle and zither
They sing and play with a will.
The sounds steal up to the most beautiful one
Gently entering her dreams,
She gazes on her blond beloved
And whispers: "Forget me not!"

CD 2 Track 26

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges (On Wings of Song)

Text: Heine

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 34 No. 2

This test pressing was recorded by Lehmann and Ulanowsky on 2 July 1941, matrix CO 31696-1 published on 78 as 17344-D. It appeared as an LP on the Japanese CBS (SONY) Masterworks 20 AC 1915 and on Odyssey (CBS Columbia) 32 16 0179. As far as I can tell, this is its first appearance on CD.

The best known of Mendelssohn's songs, it still packs a punch when sung with the intensity and attention to detail that Lehmann brings. Notice her fun with "kichern und kosen."

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,

On wings of song,
My love, I'll carry you away,
To the meadows of the Ganges,

Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort;
Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.
Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schaun nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.
Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazelln,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heilgen Stromes Well'n.
Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

Where I know the most beautiful place;
There lies a red-flowering garden
In the serene moonlight,
The lotus-flowers await
Their beloved sister.
The violets giggle and caress,
And look up at the stars,
The roses tell each other secretly
Their fragrant fairy-tales.
Here come leaping to listen
Gentle, bright gazelles,
And in the distance murmurs
The waves of the holy stream.
There let us sink down
Under the palm tree,
And drink of love and peace,
And dream our blessed dream.

CD 2 Track 27

Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge (Longing for Springtime)

Text: Christian Overbeck (1755-1821)

Music: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) K. 596

This Columbia test pressing was recorded by Lehmann and Ulanowsky on 9 July 1941, matrix CO 31489-1. It never appeared as a 78, but was published on LP as BWS 729. There seems to be no previous CD.

This children's song is treated with all the care of any Lied the artists attempted.

Komm, lieber Mai, und mache
Die Bäume wieder grün,
Und laß mir an dem Bach
Die kleinen Veilchen blühn!
Wie möcht ich doch so gerne
Ein Veilchen wieder sehn,
Ach, lieber Mai, wie gerne
Einmal spazieren gehn!
Ach, wenn's doch erst gelinder
Und grüner draußen wär!

Come, dear May, and make
The trees green again,
And by the brook, let
The little violets bloom for me!
How I really would love
To see a violet again,
Oh, dear May, how gladly
I'd go walking!
Oh, if only it were milder
And greener out there!

Komm, lieber Mai, wir Kinder,
Wir bitten gar zu sehr!
O komm und bring vor allen
Uns viele Veilchen mit,
Bring auch viel Nachtigallen
Und schöne Kuckucks mit!

Come, dear May, we children,
We beg you seriously!
Oh, come and bring us before all else
Many violets,
Bring also lots of nightingales
And pretty cuckoos!

CD 2 Track 28

Warnung (Warning)

Text: Folk poetry

Music: Mozart K. 433

A Columbia test pressing that Lehmann and Ulanowsky recorded on 9 July 1941; obviously a good day for both of them. No more than two takes were ever recorded! The Columbia matrix CO 31489-1 wasn't published on 78s, but was released on LP as BWS 729. No previous CD includes it.

In this fun song, Lehmann seems really to believe that the young girls need to be locked up, to keep them from being "nibbled" by voracious men. You can almost hear Lehmann savoring something when she sings "schmeckt so gut."

Männer suchen stets zu naschen,
Läßt man sie allein,
Leicht sind Mädchen zu erhaschen,
Weiß man sie zu überraschen;
Soll das zu verwundern sein?
Mädchen haben frisches Blut,
Und das Naschen schmeckt so gut.
Doch das Naschen vor dem Essen
Nimmt den Appetit.
Manche kam, die das vergessen,
Um den Schatz, den sie besessen,
Und um ihren Liebsten mit.
Väter, läßt's euch Warnung sein:
Sperrt die Zuckerplätzchen ein!
Sperrt die jungen Mädchen ein!

Men are always searching to nibble,
If one leaves them alone,
They'll easily find a maiden to snatch,
For they know how to surprise them;
Should that be any wonder?
Maidens are full-blooded,
And the snacks taste so good.
But a snack before the meal
Can ruin one's appetite.
Many girls who forget this
Lose the treasure they possess,
And their beloved with it.
Fathers, let this be a warning to you:
Lock up your sugar candies!
Lock up your young girls!

CD 3

Der Engel (The Angel)

Text: Mathilde Wesendonck (1828-1902)

Music: Richard Wagner (1813-1883) 1862

Der Engel and the following piece *Im Treibhaus* are from Wagner's set of songs called *Wesendonck Lieder*, written to the words of the wife of one of his patrons. Wagner was simultaneously writing *Tristan und Isolde* and called these songs "studies" for that opera. Lehmann and Ulanowsky have a feeling for both the sumptuousness of the music and the detail of text.

This and the following test pressing come from the Columbia recording session of 9 July 1941, the 78 matrix number for *Der Engel* was CO 31488-1; this appeared only on LP BWS 729. The matrix number for *Im Treibhaus* was XCO 31492-1B; this was only released as an LP in Japan, on SONC 15117.

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,
Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,
Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.
Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

In childhood's early days
I often heard them speak of angels,
Who would trade Heaven's sublime bliss
For the Earth's sunshine,
That, when an anxious heart in sorrow
Languishes, hidden from the world,
That, when it wishes silently to bleed,
And dissolve in a flood of tears,
That, when its prayer ardently
Pleads only for release,
Then the angel floats down,
And gently lifts it to Heaven.
Yes, an angel has also come down to me,
And on shining wings
It bears, far away from all pain,
My soul now heavenward!

CD 3 Track 2

Im Treibhaus (In the Greenhouse) (see Track 1 for details)

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?
Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.
Weit in sehnendem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und umschlinger wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.
Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze;
Ein Geschickte teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!
Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllt der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.
Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllt bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

High-arching leafy crowns,
Canopies of emerald,
You children of distant lands,
Tell me, why do you lament?
Silently you bend your branches,
Drawing signs in the air,
And the mute witness to your anguish
There rises, sweet perfume.
In desirous longing, wide
You spread open your arms,
And embrace, in self-deception
Barren emptiness, a fearful void.
I know well, poor plants;
A fate that we share,
Though we bathe in light and radiance,
Our homeland is not here!
And how gladly the sun departs
From the empty gleam of the day,
It veils him, who truly suffers,
In the darkness of silence.
It grows quiet, a whispered stirring
Fills uneasily the dark room:
Heavy drops I see hanging
from the leaves' green edges.

CD 3 Track 3

Schmerzen (Pain)[Anguish]

Schmerzen is another of the Wesendonck songs. It was recorded on 2 July 1941, and along with the following *Träume* formed an active part of Lehmann's recital repertoire. And I can hear why: the songs give her ample opportunity for outbursts of emotion.

The Columbia Matrix number for *Schmerzen* was CO 31698-1 and for *Träume* XCO 31491-1E; they were not released on 78s, but on Columbia LP ML 5778.

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;
Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!
Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muß die Sonne untergehn?
Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:
O wie dank ich, daß gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!

Sun, each evening you weep
Your fair eyes red,
When, bathing in the reflecting sea,
You are seized by early death;
Yet you rise in all your old splendor,
Glory of the gloomy world,
You, newly awakened in the morning,
Like a proud, victorious hero!
Ah, why should I then complain,
Why, my heart, should you be heavy,
If the sun itself must despair,
When the sun must set?
And if only death gives birth to life,
if only torment brings bliss:
Oh, how thankful I am, that
Nature gave me such anguish!

CD 3 Track 4

Träume (Dreams)

Lehmann and Ulanowsky recorded *Träume* for Columbia on 9 July 1941.

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfangen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?
Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühn,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!
Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!
Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie gehakter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,
Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,

Say, what wonderful dreams
Hold my senses in thrall,
That have not, like empty bubbles,
Vanished into desolate Nothingness?
Dreams, that with each passing hour,
Each passing day, bloom fairer,
And with their heavenly tidings
Pass blissfully through my heart!
Dreams, which like noble rays
Sink into the soul,
There to leave an eternal impression:
Forgiving all, never forgotten!
Dreams, as when the Spring sun
Kisses the flowers from the snow,
So that, to never imagined bliss,
They are welcomed by the new day,
So that they grow, so that they bloom,

Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

And dreaming, bestow their fragrance,
Gently fade upon your breast,
And then sink into the grave.

CD 3 Tracks 5a & 5b

From Dichterliebe : Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' (When I Look into Your Eyes) and **Ich will meine Seele tauchen** (I Want to Dip my Soul)

Text: Heine

Music: Schumann Op. 48

Lehmann recorded Schumann's complete *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love) in the studio with Bruno Walter as pianist. Though we only have the following five excerpts from a 1943 Town Hall recital of the same cycle, it's a joy to hear Paul Ulanowsky on the piano. His style of playing is more modern than Bruno Walter's, and he allows Lehmann more interpretive options. And Lehmann is always more spontaneous with an audience. Listen to her abandon as she immerses herself in these songs. This first track offers two of the songs sung without pause.



ca. 1943

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I recover completely.
When I lay on your breast,
It comes over me like heaven's joy;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen

I want to dip my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should resound breathing

Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beb'en
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

A song of my beloved.
The song should tremble and quiver
Like the kiss from her lips,
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

CD 3 Track 6

From Dichterliebe: Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen (And if the Blooms, the Small Ones, Knew)
See track 5 for details. Notice the anger in Lehmann's voice as she sings the word "zerrissen."

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.
Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.
Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
Die liebliche Blümlein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.
Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

And if the blooms, the small ones, knew
How deeply wounded is my heart,
They would weep with me,
To heal my pain.
And if the nightingales knew,
How sad and ill I am,
They would gladly resound
A refreshing song.
And if they knew my woe,
The dear little flowers,
They would come from their heights,
And speak comfort to me.
They all couldn't know this,
Only one knows my pain;
She herself has indeed torn,
Torn my heart.

CD 3 Track 7

From Dichterliebe : Das ist ein flöten und geigen (There Is a Playing of Flute and Fiddles)
See track 5 for details.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.
Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;

There is a playing of flute and fiddles,
Trumpets resounding there too;
There dancing sure in her wedding dance
Is my own dearest love.
There is a ringing and droning,
On drums and shawms;

Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Englein.

Amongst them sobbing and groaning
The lovely little angels.

CD 3 Track 8

From Dichterliebe: Die alten bösen Lieder (The Old Angry Songs)

See track 5 for details. None of these songs from *Dichterliebe* with Ulanowsky have been published. We can thank Philip Ulanowsky, Paul's son, for these. This is the last song of *Dichterliebe* and we have the chance to hear just how bitter Lehmann can sound (Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl/So groß und schwer mag sein?) and how poetic Ulanowsky's pianism can be (especially the postlude).

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bös und arg,
Die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.
Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
Als Heidelberg Fäß.
Und holt eine Totenbahre,
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.
Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.
Die sollen den Sarg festgraben,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.
Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The old, angry songs,
The dreams angry and wicked,
Let us now bury them,
Fetch a large coffin.
In it will I lay many things,
But I will still not say quite what;
The coffin must be still larger,
Than the cask in Heidelberg.
And fetch a death bier,
And planks firm and thick;
They must be still longer,
Than the bridge to Mainz.
And fetch me, too, twelve giants,
They must be still stronger
Than that strong St. Christopher
In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.
They should carry the coffin away,
And sink it down deep in the sea;
Since such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.
Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I sank with it my love
And my pain, deep within.

CD 3 Track 9

An eine Quelle (To a Spring)

Text: Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

Music: Franz Schubert (1797-1828) D. 530

We have the following twelve songs from a Town Hall recital given 10 February 1946, beginning with *An eine Quelle*. Schubert's music mirrors the text and Lehmann sings with complete conviction and yet, simply. Lehmann's pianist is Paul Ulanowsky.

This, as well as all the subsequent Town Hall performances on CD 3 and CD 4 have appeared on VOCE LPs 69 and 99, and Eklipse EKR CD 47. But this issue is newly mastered and re-pitched from original sources.



Du kleine, grün umwachsne Quelle,
An der ich Daphne jüngst gesehn!
Dein Wasser war so still und helle!
Und Daphnes Bild darin, so schön!
O, wenn sie sich noch mal am Ufer sehen lässt,
So halte du ihr schönes Bild doch fest;
Ich schleiche heimlich dann mit nassen Augen hin,
Dem Bild meine Not zu klagen;
Denn, wenn ich bei ihr selber bin,
Dann, ach! dann kann ich ihr nichts sagen.

Little spring, grown over with green,
Where I recently saw Daphne!
Your water was so still and bright!
And Daphne's reflection so fair within!
Oh, if she should appear once more on your banks,
Hold her fair image fast;
I will creep up furtively, with moist eyes,
To lament my troubles to her image;
For, when I am with her alone,
Then, ah, I cannot say a thing.

CD 3 Track 10

Der Tod und das Mädchen (Death and the Maiden)

Text: Claudius

Music: Schubert D. 531

One hears Ulanowsky's complete control of the introduction: the striding beats of death. Lehmann colors her voice to sound almost adolescent in the grip of death. But listen to dark tone she uses to sing death's words.

Das Mädchen:
Vorüber! ach, vorüber!
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!
Ich bin noch jung, geh Lieber!
Und röhre mich nicht an.

Der Tod:
Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebild!
Bin Freund, und komme nicht zu strafen.
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

The Maiden:
Pass by, oh, pass by!
Go, savage man of bone!
I am still young, leave dear one!
And do not touch me.
Death:
Give me your hand, you fair and tender creature!
I am friend; I come not to punish.
Be of good courage! I am not cruel,
You shall sleep gently in my arms!

CD 3 Track 11

Der Jüngling und der Tod (The Youth and Death)

Text: Joseph von Spaun (1788-1865)

Music: Schubert D. 545

This Lied very naturally follows *Der Tod und das Mädchen* on the recital, and in this case the youth is *begging* for death. The difference is reflected in the lighter tone in Lehmann's voice.

Der Jüngling:
Die Sonne sinkt, ach könnt ich mit ihr scheiden,
Mit ihrem letzten Strahl entfliehn!
Ach diese namenlosen Qualen meiden,
Und weit in schön're Welten ziehn!
O komme Tod, und lösse diese Bande!
Ich lächle dir, o Knochenmann,
Entföhre mich leicht in geträumte Lande!
O komm und röhre mich doch an!
Der Tod:
Es ruht sich kühl und sanft in meinem Armen,
Du rufst, ich will mich deiner Qual erbarmen.

The Youth:
The sun is sinking, oh that I might depart with it,
To flee with its last ray!
To end this nameless torture,
And journey far away to fairer worlds!
Oh come, Death, and free me from these bonds!
I smile at you, oh man of bone,
Lead me gently into the land of dreams!
Oh come and do touch me!
Death:
You will rest, cool and gentle, in my arms,
You call, and I will take pity on your suffering.

CD 3 Track 12

Auflösung (Dissolution)

Text: Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

Music: Schubert D. 807

Lehmann summons up, at the age of 58, all her considerable Wagnerian strengths, to sing one of the

most powerful performances one can hear of this demanding song. The final mutterings in her lowest register sound something between threatening and fearful.

Verbirg dich, Sonne,
Denn die Glüten der Wonne
Versengen mein Gebein;
Verstummet, Töne,
Frühlings Schöne
Flüchte dich, und laß mich allein!
Quillen doch aus allen Falten
Meiner Seele liebliche Gewalten;
Die mich umschlingen,
Himmlisch singen.
Geh' unter, Welt, und störe
Nimmer die süßen, ätherischen Chöre.

Hide yourself, sun,
For the glow of bliss
Burns my entire being;
Be silent, sounds,
Spring beauty
Flee and leave me alone!
Welling up from every recess
Of my soul are pleasing powers;
That envelop me,
With heavenly singing.
Dissolve, world, and never disturb
The sweet, ethereal choirs again.

CD 3 Track 13

Die Forelle (The Trout)

Text: Christian Schubart (1739-1791)

Music: Schubert D. 550

This is one of Schubert's most famous songs because of his use of the tune in the variation movement from his well-known quintet. This 10 February 1946 Town Hall performance demonstrates Ulanowsky's rippling, watery arpeggios and provides Lehmann with just the opportunity she enjoys to tell a story in song.

In einem Bächlein helle
Da schoß in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh'
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.
Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Doch an dem Ufer stand,

In a bright little brook
There shot in merry haste
A capricious trout
Past like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
And watched in sweet peace
The lively fish's swim
In the clear little brook.
A fisher with his rod
Stood at the bank,



With Ulanowsky

Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebracht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.
Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht'
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.

And watched with cold blood,
As the fish swam about.
As long as the clear water
Remained intact, I thought,
He won't catch the trout
With his fishing rod.
But finally the thief
Grew impatient. He cunningly made
The brook muddy,
And before I realized it,
His fishing rod quivered,
The fish was squirming there,
And with raging blood I
Gazed at the deceived [fish].

CD 3 Track 14

Dass sie hier gewesen! (That She Was Here!)

Text: Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Music: Schubert D. 775

The exotic opening chords presage *her* perfume on the East winds and Lehmann keeps the volume low, indicating a kind of inside information that only she possesses.

Daß der Ostwind Düfte
Hauchet in die Lüfte,
Dadurch tut er kund,
Daß sie hier gewesen.
Daß hier Tränen rinnen,
Dadurch wirst du innen,
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,
Daß ich hier gewesen.
Schönheit oder Liebe,
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?
Düfte tun es und Tränen kund,
Daß sie hier gewesen.

That the East-Wind breathes
Gently scenting the air,
And so it tells me,
That she was here.
That tears fall here,
You will know,
If you didn't know it yet,
That I was here.
Beauty or love,
Can either remain hidden?
Scents and tears proclaim,
That she has been here.

Der Wanderer (The Wanderer)

Text: Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck (1766-1849)

Music: Schubert D. 489

We are presenting several Schubert songs on this set that Lehmann never recorded commercially. Among the greatest is *Der Wanderer*, which was one of the few songs that was successful in Schubert's own lifetime and is found in his technically demanding *Wanderer Fantasy* (Fantasy in C major) for piano. This deeply felt Lehmann performance, a radio broadcast from the stage of New York's Town Hall, eclipses for me all other performances. The words receive a high level of understanding and acting genius from Lehmann, and the completely unified support for her interpretation by Ulanowsky offers us a *Gesamtkunstwerk* for all time.

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
 Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
 Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
 Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo?
 Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
 Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
 Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
 Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.
 Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
 Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt!
 Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
 Das Land, wo meine Leute gehn.
 Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehn,
 Wo meine Toten auferstehn,
 Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
 O Land, wo bist du?
 Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
 Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
 Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
 "Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!"

I come from the mountains,
 The valley steams, the sea roars.
 I wander silently and seldom happy,
 And my sighs always ask "Where?"
 The sun seems so cold to me here,
 The flowers faded, the life old,
 And what they say, empty noise,
 I am a stranger everywhere.
 Where are you, my dear land?
 Sought, dreamed of, yet never known!
 The land, so green with hope,
 The land, where my people walk.
 Where my friends wander,
 Where my dead ones rise,
 The land that speaks my language,
 Oh land, where are you?
 I wander silently and seldom happy,
 And my sighs always ask "Where?"
 In a ghostly breath the answer comes:
 "There, where you are not, there is happiness."

CD 3 Track 16

Im Frühling (In Springtime)

Text: Ernst Schulze (1789-1817)

Music: Schubert D. 882

Sadly, we have only the first two strophes of Lehmann singing this lovely song. The tape must have run out! But since she never recorded this immortal song in the studio, we must be grateful for this excerpt.

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach so glücklich war.
Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell
Und sie im Himmel sah...

Quietly I sit on the hillside,
The sky is so clear,
The little breeze plays in the green valley,
Where I was at Spring's first sunbeam
Once, ah, so happy.
Where I walked at her side
So cozy and so close,
And, deep in the dark rocky spring
Saw the beautiful sky, blue and bright
And in the heavens her too...

CD 3 Track 17

Schwanengesang (Swansong)

Text: Johann Senn (1792-1857)

Music: Schubert D. 744

This *Schwanengesang* has no relationship to the set of Schubert songs of the same name, so the first words of the poem (Wie klag' ich's aus...) are often used to identify this fine song. Part of the same 1946 Town Hall recital, we hear Lehmann, the subtle actress.

"Wie klag' ich's aus, das Sterbegefühl,
Das auflösend durch die Glieder rinnt?
Wie sing' ich's aus, das Werdegefühl,
Das erlösend dich, o Geist, anweht?"
Er klagt', er sang,
Vernichtungsbang,
Verklärungsfroh,
Bis das Leben floh,
Das bedeutet des Schwanen Gesang!

"How I lament the feeling of death,
The dissolution that flows through the limbs?
How I sing about it, the feeling of becoming,
That redeems you, oh spirit, with its breath?"
It lamented, it sang,
Annihilation's fear,
Transfiguration's joy,
Till life fled,
That is the meaning of swan's song!

CD 3 Track 18

Die Kränze (The Wreaths)

Text: Georg Daumer (1800-1875)

Music: Brahms Op. 46 No. 1

Another Lied from the 1946 Town Hall recital; Lehmann sings with an opulent tone only lightened for the “Grazienschritte.”

Hier ob dem Eingang seid befestiget,
Ihr Kränze, so beregnet und benetzt
Von meines Auges schmerzlichem Erguß!
Denn reich zu tränen pflegt das Aug' der Liebe.
Dies zarte Naß, ich bitte,
Nicht allzu frühe trüpfet es herab.
Spart es, bis ihr vernehmet, daß sie sich
Der Schwelle naht mit ihrem Grazienschritte,
Die Teure, die mir so ungelingt.
Mit einem Male dann hernieder sei es
Auf ihres Hauptes gold'n Pracht ergossen,
Und sie empfinde, daß es Tränen sind;
Daß es die Tränen sind, die meinem Aug'
In dieser kummervollen Nacht entflossen.

Here above the entrance be fastened,
You wreaths, so rained upon and bedewed
By the painful outpouring of my eyes!
For the eyes of love tend to weep profusely.
This tender moisture, I implore,
Not to shed too soon.
Retain it until you hear her
Approach the threshold with her graceful step,
The dear one, who is so unkind to me.
Then suddenly shower down
On to the golden splendor of her head,
And she will sense that they are tears;
That they are the tears that my eyes
Have shed in this distressful night.

CD 3 Track 19

Es träumte mir (I Dreamed)

Text: Daumer

Music: Brahms Op. 57 No. 3

This sophisticated Brahms song intertwines the piano and voice and provides yet another example of the complete musical understanding that existed between Lehmann and Ulanowsky. The Lehmann catch-breath allowed her to emphasize the sadness upon the first repetition of “Es sei ein Traum.”

Es träumte mir,
Ich sei dir teuer;
Doch zu erwachen
Bedurft' ich kaum.
Denn schon im Traume
Bereits empfand ich,
Es sei ein Traum.

I dreamed,
I was dear to you;
But to wake up
I hardly needed to.
For in the dream
I already understood,
That it was only a dream.

CD 3 Track 20

Frühlingslied (Spring Song)

Text: Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)

Music: Brahms Op. 57 No. 3

This song evokes both the Springtime of its title and an autumnal feeling of the “Altes Herz” that longs to once more enjoy the feelings of youth. Listen to the care that Lehmann takes with each word, even making “Lerchenton” especially warble.

Mit geheimnisvollen Düften
Grüßt vom Hang der Wald mich schon,
Über mir in hohen Lüften
Schwebt der erste Lerchenton.
In den süßen Laut versunken
Wall' ich hin durchs Saatgefild,
Das noch halb vom Schlummer trunken
Sanft dem Licht entgegenschwillet.
Welch ein Sehnen! Welch ein Träumen!
Ach, du möchtest vorm Verglühn
Mit den Blumen, mit den Bäumen,
Altes Herz, noch einmal blühn.

With mysterious scents
The forest already greets me from the slope,
Above me, high in the air
Floats the first note of the lark.
Entranced by the sweet sound
I wander on through the field of grain,
Which, still half drunk in slumber,
Gently lean toward the light.
What a longing! what dreaming!
Ah, you yearn, in this twilight
With these flowers, with these trees,
Old heart, you yearn once more to bloom.

CD 3 Track 21

Willst du, dass ich geh? (Do You Wish Me to Go?)

Text: Karl von Lemcke (1831-1913)

Music: Brahms Op. 71 No. 4

This is the final song that we have from the amazing 10 February 1946 Town Hall performance of Lehmann and Ulanowsky. We feel the wind howling down in the piano introduction. By the end, it's clear that the loved one has already found enough favor that the question is moot. In the middle, Lehmann's involvement seems fanatic and frantic, but can be reined back for the almost whispered singing of “Horch, wie klingt's herauf vom See / Wild und weh....” And note how warm she can murmur the words “Traut und warm....”

Auf der Heide weht der Wind—
Herzig Kind, herzig Kind—
Willst du, daß trotz Sturm und Graus

On the heath blows the wind—
Sweet child, sweet child—
Do you wish me, despite the storm and horror

In die Nacht ich muß hinaus—
Willst du, daß ich geh?
Auf der Heid' zu Bergeshöh'
Treibt der Schnee, treibe der Schnee;
Feget Straßen, Schlucht und Teich
Mit den weißen Flügeln gleich.
Willst du, daß ich geh?
Horch, wie klingt's herauf vom See
Wild und weh, wild und weh!
An den Teich sitzt die Fei,
Und mein Weg geht dort vorbei—
Willst du, daß ich geh?
Wie ist's hier in deinem Arm
Traut und warm, traut und warm:
Ach, wie oft hab' ich gedacht;
So bei dir nur eine Nacht—
Willst du, daß ich geh?

To go out into the night—
Do you wish me to go?
On the heath at the top of the mountain
The snow drives, the snow drives;
It sweeps the street, the gorge and lake alike
With white wings.
Do you wish me to go?
Listen! the sound of the sea
Is wild and woeful, wild and woeful!
By the pond sits the fairy,
And my path goes past that place—
Do you wish me to go?
For here in your arms,
Cozy and warm, cozy and warm:
Ah, how often have I thought;
If only I could have just one night with you—
Do you wish me to go?

CD 3 Track 22

Ave Maria (Hail Mary)

Music: Charles Gounod (1818-1893) 1853 and J.S. Bach (1650-1785)

Gounod set his *Ave Maria* melody above the *C major Prelude* of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* and did it so well that many listeners don't notice! Lehmann recorded this at various times in her life, as early as 1928. This test pressing comes from a recording session on 30 June 1947 with the RCA Victor Chamber Orchestra conducted by Richard Lert. This was only published as a 45rpm disc: RCA CAMDEN CAE 438. It has never before appeared on CD.

Ave Maria gratia plena,
Dominus tecum benedicta tu.
In mulieribus et benedictus
Fructus ventris tui Jesus.
Sancta Maria,
Ora pro nobis,
Nobis peccatoribus,
Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.

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

CD 3 Track 23

Neue Liebe, neues Leben (New Love, New Life)

Text: Goethe

Music: Beethoven Op. 75 No. 2

Lehmann and Ulanowsky performed this and the following songs on their 7 March 1948 Town Hall recital. Despite her 60 years, one hears Lehmann really excited to tell us of the intense emotions of love, and in this particular song, new life. At her tempo, the rapid accompaniment sounds almost unplayable, but somehow Ulanowsky manages it. Lehmann never recorded this in a studio, so this live performance is especially important and in its day preserved in an extra way because it was distributed by the Armed Forces Radio Service and VOA.



Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.
Weg ist alles, was du liebst,
Weg, warum du dich betrübst,
Weg dein Fleiß und deine Ruh' –
Ach, wie kamst du nur dazu!
Fesselt dich die Jugendblüte,
Diese liebliche Gestalt,
Dieser Blick voll Treu und Güte
Mit unendlicher Gewalt?
Will ich rasch mich ihr entzichen,
Mich ermannen, ihr entfliehen,
Führet mich im Augenblick,

Heart, my heart, what does this mean?
What is besiegling you so?
What a strange new life!
I don't know you any longer.
Gone is all that you loved,
Gone is what troubled you,
Gone is your diligence and peace–
Alas! how did you come to this!
Does youthful bloom shackle you,
Of this lovely figure,
Whose gaze is full of truth and goodness
With endless power?
If I rush to escape her,
To take heart and flee her,
I am led in a moment,

Ach, mein Weg zu ihr zurück.
Und an diesem Zauberfädchen,
Das sich nicht zerreissen lässt,
Hält das liebe, lose Mädchen
Mich so wider Willen fest;
Muß in ihrem Zauberkreise
Leben nun auf ihre Weise.
Die Veränderung, ach wie groß!
Liebe! Liebe! laß mich los!

Alas, back to her.
And with this magic thread,
That cannot be ripped,
The dear, mischievous maiden
Holds me fast against my will;
In her magic circle I must
Live now in her way.
The change, alas – how great!
Love! Love! let me free!

CD 3 Track 24

Schliflied (Reed Song)

Text: Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 71 No. 4

This is a convincing performance: both artists are in deep harmony yet again, with Ulanowsky in complete accord with Lehmann's every subtle nuance. When she repeats the words at the end I feel their reluctance to let this song finish.

Auf dem Teich, dem Regungslosen,
Weilt des Mondes holder Glanz,
Flechtend seine bleichen Rosen
In des Schilfes grünen Kranz.
Hirsche wandeln dort am Hügel,
Schauen in die Nacht empor;
Manchmal regt sich das Geflügel
Träumerisch im tiefen Rohr.
Weinend muß mein Blick sich senken;
Durch die tiefste Seele geht
Mir ein süßes Deingedanken,
Wie ein stilles Nachtgebet.

On the pond, the motionless one,
Rests the moon's lovely gleam,
Weaving its pale roses
Into a green garland of reeds.
Deer wander there on the hill,
Gazing up through the night;
Sometimes, winged things stir
Dreamily in the tall reeds.
Weeping, I must lower my gaze;
Through the depths of my soul pass
Sweet thoughts of you,
Like a quiet night prayer.

CD 3 Track 25

Frage (Question)

Text: Felix Mendelssohn; misattributed to Johann Voss (1751-1826)

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 9 No. 1

Though Lehmann takes a few rubati, generally this sweet song just moves at its leisurely pace with

sincerity demonstrated at each thought.

Ist es wahr? Ist es wahr?
Daß du stets dort in dem Laubgang,
Bei der Weinwand meiner harrst?
Und das Mondlicht und die Sternlein
Auch nach mir befragst?
Ist es wahr? Sprich!
Was ich fühle, das begreift nur,
Die es mit fühlt,
Und die treu mir ewig,
Treu mir ewig, ewig bleibt.

Is it true? Is it true?
That over there in the leafy walkway, you always
Wait for me by the vine-draped wall?
And the moonlight and the little stars
Also ask about me?
Is it true? Speak!
What I feel, only she grasps,
She who feels with me,
And is ever faithful to me,
Eternally faithful.

CD 3 Track 26

Der Mond (The Moon)

Text: Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 86 No. 5

This is another example of a beautiful overlooked Mendelssohn song. Good poetry, lovely melody and the two melding into a satisfying Lied. Note the many rubati (faster *and* slower) that Lehmann takes and how smoothly and musically Ulanowsky is always right there with her. And how well she paints the opening serene landscape for us!

Mein Herz ist wie die dunkle Nacht,
Wenn alle Wipfel rauschen;
Da steigt der Mond in voller Pracht
Aus Wolkern sacht,
Und sieh, – der Wald verstummt in tiefem Lauschen.
Der Mond, der lichte Mond bist du:
In deiner Liebesfülle
Wirf einen, einen Blick mir zu
Voll Himmelsruh',
Und sieh, dies ungestüme Herz – wird stille.

My heart is like the dark night,
When all the treetops rustle;
There rises the moon in full splendor
From among soft clouds,
And behold, the forest grows silent in deep listening.
The moon, the bright moon are you:
In your abundance of love
Cast a glance on me
Full of heavenly peace,
And behold, this unquiet heart becomes still.

CD 3 Track 27

Lieblingsplätzchen (Favorite Little Spot)

Text: Friederike Robert (1795-1832)

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 99 No. 3

The artists establish a genial peace in this unpretentious song. But note how Lehmann changes her voice color when giving the “message” of the song.

Wißt ihr, wo ich gerne weil'
In der Abendkühle?
In dem stillen Tale geht
Eine kleine Mühle,
Und ein kleiner Bach dabei,
Ringsumher stehn Bäume.
Oft sitz ich da stundenlang,
Schau umher und träume.
Auch die Blümlein in dem Grün
An zu sprechen fangen,
Und das blaue Blümlein sagt:
Sieh mein Köpfchen hängen!
Röslein mit dem Dornenkuß
Hat mich so gestochen:
Ach! das macht mich gar betrübt,
Hat mein Herz gebrochen.
Da naht sich ein Spinnlein weiß,
Spricht: Sei doch zufrieden;
Einmal mußt du doch vergehn,
So ist es hienieden;
Besser, daß das Herz dir bricht
Von dem Kuß der Rose,
Als du kennst die Liebe nicht
Und stirbst liebelose.

Do you know where I like to go
In the cool of the evening?
In the quiet valley
There turns a small mill,
And nearby a little stream,
Surrounded by trees.
I often sit there for hours,
Gazing around and dreaming.
Even tiny flowers in the grass
Begin to speak,
And the blue one says:
See how my little head hangs!
A tiny rose with its thorny kiss
Has pricked me:
Oh! it makes me so sad,
My heart has broken.
A small white spider approaches,
And says: Be content;
One day you must die,
For thus it is here on earth;
Better that your heart breaks
From the rose's kiss,
Than you never know love
And die unloved.

CD 3 Track 28

Gruß (Greeting)

Text: Heine

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 19 No. 5

Many other composers have also set these same words successfully and Lehmann makes this simple strophic song, which has become almost a folk song in Germany, into something of great merit.

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute,
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.
Kling hinaus bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen sprießen,
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag, ich laß sie grüßen.

Sweet chimes are softly
Filling my soul,
Ring, little spring-song,
Ring out far and wide.
Go forward till you reach the house,
Where the violets bloom,
And if you see a rose,
Give her my greetings.

CD 3 Track 29

Pagenlied (Page's Song)

Text: Josef von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. posth.

This is another of Mendelssohn's elf-like songs which both Lehmann and Ulanowsky handle with ease. They perform most of the song *piano* or even *pianissimo*.

Wenn die Sonne lieblich schiene
Wie in Welschland lau und blau,
Ging' ich mit der Mandoline
Durch die überglänzte Au.
In der Nacht das Liebchen lauschte
Bei dem Fenster süß verwacht;
Wünschte mir und ihr, uns Beiden,
Heimlich eine schöne Nacht.
Wenn die Sonne lieblich schiene...

When the sun shone beautifully
As in Welschland*, mild and blue,
I would go with my mandolin
Through the radiant meadows.
In the night my love would listen
From the window, sweetly awake;
Wishing us both, her and I,
Secretly a beautiful night.
When the sun shone beautifully...

*Italian speaking lands

CD 3 Track 30

Die Liebende schreibt (The Beloved Writes)

Text: Goethe

Music: Felix Mendelssohn Op. 86 No. 3

This is one of Mendelssohn's most sophisticated and successful songs. Perhaps the sonnet structure of Goethe's poem brought out the best in Mendelssohn. Lehmann's sincerity in tone and warmth, draws the listener into the details of the poem.

Ein Blick von deinen Augen in die meinen,
Ein Kuß von deinem Mund auf meinem Munde,

One glance from your eyes into mine,
A kiss from your lips upon mine,

Wer davon hat, wie ich, gewisse Kunde,
Kann dem was anders wohl erfreulich scheinen?
Entfernt von dir, entfremdet von den Meinen,
Führ' ich stets die Gedanken in die Runde,
Und immer treffen sie auf jene Stunde,
Die einzige; da fang' ich an zu weinen.
Die Träne trocknet wieder unversehens:
Er liebt ja, denk' ich, her, in diese Stille,
O solltest du nicht in die Ferne reichen?
Vernimm das Liseln dieses Liebewehens;
Mein einzig Glück auf Erden ist dein Wille,
Dein freundlicher zu mir; gib mir ein Zeichen!

If one, as I, has that safe knowledge,
Could there otherwise be greater happiness?
Far from you, estranged from those I love,
My thoughts circle incessantly,
And always return to that hour,
That single one; then I begin to weep.
My tears then dry again suddenly:
He loves, I think, here in this silence.
Shouldn't you reach out into the distance?
Take the murmur of this wafting love;
My only happiness on earth is your wish,
Your loving will towards me; give me a sign!

CD 4

CD 4 Track 1

An die ferne Geliebte (To the Distant Beloved)

Text: Alois Jeitteles (1794-1858)

Music: Beethoven Op. 98

When Beethoven set these six songs he created the very first, and still the only, true song cycle. Other composers wrote cycles, but the individual songs weren't musically interconnected. Lehmann remains the only woman to have sung this cycle. This was the final set of songs of the amazing 7 March 1948 Town Hall recital. And we don't even have all the songs that she sang on this recital! It was a really demanding program for anyone, and at her age it was remarkable. This track demonstrates Lehmann and Ulanowsky's concentration on and dedication to their art and craft. Lehmann didn't use a score or other memory aids and thus it isn't perfect, but it demonstrates what's better: the spontaneity of live performance.

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das ferne Nebelland,
Nach den blauen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal

On the hill I sit, gazing
Into the distant hazy land,
Toward the blue pastures,
Where beloved, I found you.
I'm separated far from you,
Dividing us are hill and valley

Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht,
Was ein liebend Herz geweih!

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Treibt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Between us and our joy,
Our happiness and our anguish.
Ah, you can't see the glance,
That so ardently rushes to you,
And the sighs, they drift away
In the space that divides us.
Will nothing more then reach you,
Nothing be love's messenger?
I will sing, sing songs,
To lament my pain to you!
For love's sound banishes
All distance and (all) time,
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has consecrated!

Where the mountains so blue
From the misty grey
Looking inward,
Where the sun shines its last,
Where the clouds gather,
I long to be!
There in the peaceful valley
Suffering and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
Quietly the primrose reflects,
The wind wafts lightly,
I wish I were there!
Away to the pensive woods
Love's power urges me,
Inner torment.
Ah, nothing would draw me from here,
Could I, dear one, but be with you
Eternally!

Light gliding clouds in the sky,
And you, brooklet, small and narrow,
If my beloved spies you,
Greet her, for me, many thousand times.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr erstehen
In dem leuchten Himmelssaal.
Wird sie bei den Büschchen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Leichte Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergessen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laßt sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Still in deinen Wassern sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im euren Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

O seliger Mai, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so lieblich und lau.
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, sie kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie schauet geschäftig von kreuz und von quer
Manch weicheres Stück zu dem Brautbett hieher,

Watch her go then, clouds,
Musing in the quiet valley,
Let my image arise before her
In heaven's glowing hall.
If she stands near the bushes,
Those in autumn faded and barren,
Let my image appear before her,
Tell her, little birds, of my torment.
Tranquil West Wind, bring breezes
To my heart's chosen one,
My sighs, that die away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her of my love's pleading,
Let her, brooklet, small and narrow,
Quietly see in your waters
My tears without number!

These clouds in the sky,
These birds merrily passing,
Will see you, oh beloved.
Take me along on your flight!
These West Winds will play
Teasing around your cheek and breast,
Will ruffle your silky curls.
I wish I could share this pleasure!
From these hills to you
Bustling the brooklet hurries.
If her image is reflected in it,
Flow back without delay!

Oh, blissful May, the meadow blooms,
The breezes blow so gently, so mildly.
Chattering, the brooks now run.
The swallow, that returns to her hospitable roof,
Builds, so busily, her bridal chamber,
Love must dwell there.
She looks around so busily, in all directions,
Many soft bits for the bridal bed,

Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Wie können die Lieben beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
O seliger Mai, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so lieblich und lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

Many warm bits for the little ones.
How the couple lives together so faithfully,
What winter has separated, is united by May,
What loves, May knows to unite.
Oh, blissful May, the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow so gently, so mildly.
Only I cannot go away from here.
When all that loves, spring unites,
Only to our love no spring appears,
And tears are its only gain.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Bei der Laute süßem Klang.
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was getrennet uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht,
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

Take, then, these songs,
That I sang to you, beloved,
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound.
When the red twilight draws
Toward the calm, blue lake,
And its last ray dies
Behind that mountain top;
And you sing, what I have sung,
From my full heart
Artlessly sounded,
Aware only of longing:
Then before these songs will yield
That which separates us so far,
And a loving heart reaches,
What a loving heart has consecrated.

CD 4 Track 2

Als Luise die Briefe... (As Luise Burned the Letters...)

Text: Gabriele von Baumberg (1768-1839)

Music: Mozart K. 520

Lehmann and Ulanowsky opened their 27 February 1949 Town Hall program with this song. The following 16 songs are also from this recital. One can hear the crackling flames in the piano part as Lehmann performs a passionate miniature operatic scene.



Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!
Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.
Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Begotten by ardent fantasy,
In a rapturous hour
Brought into this world, perish,
You children of melancholy!
You owe the flames your being,
So I restore you now to the fire,
And all your rapturous songs,
For alas! he sang them not for me alone.
You burn now, and soon, you loved ones,
There will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man, who wrote you,
May still perhaps burn long in me.

CD 4 Track 3

Abendempfindung (Evening Sentiment)

Text: Joachim Campe (1746-1818)

Music: Mozart K. 523

This is one of Mozart's greatest and most complex Lied creations. It is not a strophic composition; Mozart found just the right melody for each verse. Lehmann sings it with both lyricism and pathos.

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Zieht vorüber wie im Tanz.
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließt schon auf unser Grab.
Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Endet dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.
Geht ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.
Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pfücke

It's evening, the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams silver rays;
Thus flee life's fairest hours,
Flit by as if in a dance.
Soon, away will fly life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tear of a friend
Flows already over our grave.
Soon, perhaps (like the West wind, wafts
Upon me a quiet foreboding),
So ends this life's pilgrimage,
And I fly to the land of rest.
If you go then to weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, oh Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.
And you [my beloved], bestow also a little tear on me, and pluck

Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.
Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäm'e
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n;
O sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze
Look then gently down on me.
Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
O it [that tear] will in my diadem
Then be the fairest of the pearls!

CD 4 Track 4

Dans un bois solitaire (In a Lonely Forest)

Text: Antoine Houdar de La Motte (1672-1731)

Music: Mozart K. 308

Lehmann imbues this song with shades of meaning perhaps unimagined by de La Motte or Mozart.
Putting it across to the “live” audience provides added impetus.

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.
J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défiier;
Il avait les traits d'une ingrate,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.
Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.
Aussitôt déployant ses ailes et saisissant
Son arc vengeur,
L'une de ses flèches, cruelles en partant,
Il me blesse au cœur.
Val va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler!
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

In a lonely and dark forest
I walked the other day,
A child slept in the shade,
It was the formidable Cupid.
I approach, his beauty fascinates me,
But I must be careful;
He has the traits of a faithless one,
Whom I had sworn to forget.
He had lips of ruby,
His complexion was also fresh as hers,
A sigh escapes me, he awakes;
Cupid wakes at anything.
Immediately opening his wings and seizing
His vengeful bow,
One of his cruel arrows, as he parts,
He wounds me to the heart.
Gol he says, Go, at Sylvie's feet
Will you languish anew?
You shall love her all your life,
For daring to wake me.

CD 4 Track 5

Die Verschweigung (Concealment)

Text: Christian Weisse (1726-1804)

Music: Mozart K. 518

A strophic and tuneful Mozart song, its little jest at the end of every strophe provides Lehmann with the opportunity to make each suggestive in its own way. This, accomplished on 27 February 1949 (her 61st birthday), is yet another example of her acting genius.

Sobald Damötas Chloën sieht,
So sucht er mit beredten Blicken
Ihr seine Klagen auszudrücken
Und ihre Wange glüht.
Sie scheinet seine stillen Klagen
Mehr als zur Hälfte zu versteh'n,
Und er ist jung, und sie ist schön:
Ich will nichts weiter sagen.
Vermißt er Chloën auf der Flur,
Betrübt wird er von dannen scheiden;
Dann aber hüpf't sein Herz vor Freuden,
Entdeckt er Chloën nur.
Er küßt ihr unter tausend Fragen
Die Hand, und Chloë läßt's gescheh'n,
Und er ist jung, und sie ist schön:
Ich will nichts weiter sagen.
Wenn sie ein kühler, klarer Bach,
Umsäumt von Büschchen, eingeladen,
In seinen Wellen sich zu baden,
So schleicht er listig nach.
In diesen schwülen Sommertagen
Hat er ihr oftmals zugeseh'n,
Und er ist jung, und sie ist schön:
Ich will nichts weiter sagen.

As soon as Damoetas sees Chloe,
He seeks with eloquent glances
To express his pleas
And her cheeks glow.
His secret pleas she seems
More than half to understand,
And he is young, and she is beautiful:
I won't say more.
Should he miss Chloe in the meadow,
He leaves distressed;
But then joyfully his heart leaps,
As soon as he spots Chloe.
He kisses her hand asking a thousand questions
And Chloe doesn't resist,
And he is young, and she is beautiful:
I won't say any more.
If a cool and merry brook,
Protected by bushes, invites her
To bathe in its waves,
He cunningly sneaks close by.
On these hot summer days
He has often gazed at her,
And he is young, and she is beautiful:
I won't say any more.

CD 4 Track 6

Dein blaues Auge (Your Blue Eyes)

Text: Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

Music: Brahms Op. 59 No. 8

One of the less-performed but beautiful Lieder of Brahms, it offers many opportunities for Lehmann to paint with tone: though low in register, the word “gesund” at the end of the first strophe, sounds not just healthy, but vigorous.

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.

Your blue eyes keep such silence,
I gaze into their very depths.
You ask me, what do I want to see?
I see myself restored to health.
A glowing pair have burned me,
The pain of it still throbs;
Yet your eyes are like a lake so clear
And like a lake, as cool.



Lehmann's Artwork.

CD 4 Track 7

Komm' bald (Come Soon)

Text: Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

Music: Brahms Op. 97 No. 5

Brahms could write wonderful melodic lines and we hear them in abundance in this song. When Lehmann sings “blüht” and “blühen” she’s able to infuse these words with a feeling of blossoming that’s quite amazing. But no matter how she emphasizes a word or a consonant within a word, the molten lava of her legato never is lost.

Warum denn warten von Tag zu Tag?
Es blüht im Garten, was blühen mag.
Wer kommt und zählt es, was blüht so schön?
An Augen fehlt es, es anzusehn.
Die meinen wandern vom Strauch zum Baum;
Mir scheint, auch andern wär's wie ein Traum.
Und von den Lieben, die mir getreu
Und mir geblieben, wär'st du dabei!

Why, then, wait from day to day?
The garden blooms that wants to bloom.
Who comes to count all that blooms so fair?
Where are the eyes to see it all?
My own eyes wander from bush to tree;
It seems to me that others would think it a dream.
And of those dear friends, still true to me
And still around, I wish you were among them!

CD 4 Track 8

Bitteres zu sagen denkst du (You Mean to Say Something Bitter)

Text: Daumer

Music: Brahms Op. 32 No. 7

Does the piano part suggest the rocking boat mentioned in the words? It's such an integral part of the whole Lied that we hardly notice it. But Ulanowsky was not a self-effacing pianist, and created the important duet between the piano and voice. There's obvious trust between the two artists, reflecting the conversational element of this song.

Bitteres zu sagen denkst du;
Aber nie und nimmer kränkst du,
Ob du noch so böse bist.
Deine herben Redetaten
Scheitern an korall'ner Klippe,
Werden all zu reinen Gnaden,
Denn sie müssen, um zu schaden,
Schiffen über eine Lippe,
Die die Süße selber ist.

You mean to say something bitter;
But never ever can you hurt,
Although you are so angry.
Your sharp speech
Founders on coral reefs,
Becomes pure grace,
For it must, in order to damage,
Sail over a pair of lips,
Which is Sweetness itself.

CD 4 Track 9

Schön war, dass ich dir weihte (Beautiful Was My Consecrated

Gift to You)

Text: Daumer

Music: Brahms Op. 95 No. 7

This seldom-performed song takes on an urgent importance in Lehmann's interpretation, especially in the coda section.

Schön war, das ich dir weihte,
Das goldene Geschmeide;
Süß war der Laute Ton,
Die ich dir auserlesen;
Das Herz, das sie beide
Darbrachte, wert gewesen
Wär's, zu empfangen einen bessern Lohn.

Beautiful was my consecrated gift to you,
Of golden jewelry;
Sweet was the sound of the lute,
That I chose for you;
The heart that offered them both to you
Should have deserved
To receive a better reward.



Lehmann's Artwork.

CD 4 Track 10

Am Sonntagnorgen (On Sunday Morning)

Text: Anon., Italian, trans: Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

Music: Brahms Op. 49 No. 1

The title might suggest something joyous, but there is anguish in this song, which Lehmann emphasizes with the bitter laugh of “gelacht.”

Am Sonntag Morgen, zierlich angetan,
Wohl weiß ich, wo du da bist hingegangen,
Und viele Leute waren, die dich sah'n,
Und kamen dann zu mir, dich zu verklagen.
Als sie mir's sagten, hab' ich laut gelacht,
Und in der Kammer dann geweint zur Nacht.
Als sie mir's sagten, fing ich an zu singen,
Um heimlich dann die Hände wund zu ringen.

On Sunday morning, charmingly dressed,
Well I know where you went,
And many people there were who saw you,
And then came to me to denounce you.
When they told me, I laughed out loud,
And then in my bedroom I wept at night.
When they told me, I started to sing,
Only afterwards, to wring my hands raw.

CD 4 Track 11

Der Gang zum Liebchen (The Way to the Beloved)

Text: Anon., Czech, trans: Josef Wenzig (1807-1876)

Music: Brahms Op. 48 No. 1

The pianist becomes the star of this song with dance-like interludes (in the minor) that mirror the mood of the poet/singer. She doesn't sound very frightened that she'll lose the beloved.

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
Ich sollte doch wieder
Zu meinem Liebchen,
Wie mag es ihr geh'n?
Ach weh', sie verzaget
Und klaget, und klaget,
Daß sie mich nimmer
Im Leben wird seh'n!
Es ging der Mond unter,
Ich eilte doch munter,
Und eilte daß keiner
Mein Liebchen entführt.
Ihr Täubchen, o girret,

The moon gleams down,
I should yet again
Go to my darling,
How does she fare?
Alas, she's despondent
And laments and laments,
That she'll never see me
Again in her life!
The moon sank,
I hurried off briskly,
Hurrying so that nobody
Could steal my love away.
You doves, keep cooing,

Ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
Daß keiner mein Liebchen,
Mein Liebchen entführt!

You breezes, keep whispering,
So that nobody,
Could steal my love away!

CD 4 Track 12

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht (Death is the Cool Night)

Text: Heine

Music: Brahms Op. 96 No. 1

Lehmann recorded *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht* in the studio in 1935, but this “live” performance has more languor and spaciousness. Her vocal estate actually seems freer as she easily manages the range of a 10th. As for interpreting this Lied: Does the song of love outlast life and death, or are the peace and darkness of death more important than love?

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.
Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
Drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe,
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Death is the cool night,
Life is the sultry day.
It now grows dark, I'm drowsy,
The day has wearied me.
Above my bed rises a tree,
The young nightingale sings there;
She sings only of love,
I hear it even in my dreams.

CD 4 Track 13

Liebestreu (Love's Constancy)

Text: Robert Reinick (1805-1852)

Music: Brahms Op. 3 No. 1

I’m always amazed when I remember that this was the first of Brahms’ Lieder that he allowed to be published. It’s so perfect. The canon that begins in the piano and is taken up by the voice has a kind of manic quality that emphasizes the passions involved. Lehmann and Ulanowsky use every opportunity afforded them to reveal all the angst between mother and daughter. But is the mother scolding? Or just hoping that she can offer wise counsel?



»O versenk', o versenk' dein Leid,
Mein Kind, in die See, in die tiefe See!«
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund,
Mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'.
»Und die Lieb', die du im Herzenträgst,
Brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!«
Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man sie bricht,
Treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind.
»Und die Treu', und die Treu', 's war nur ein Wort,
In den Wind damit hinaus.«
O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch im Wind,
Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus.

"Oh drown, drown your sorrow,
My child, in the sea, in the deep seal!"
A stone will surely stay at the bottom of the ocean,
My sorrow, though, will always come to the surface.
"And the love that you carry in your heart,
Break it off, break it off, my child!"
Though the flower also dies when one plucks it,
True Love won't fade so quickly.
"And your faith, your faith, it was only a word,
Into the wind with it!"
Oh, Mother – even if the rock splits in the wind,
My faith will withstand it.

CD 4 Track 14

Frühlingstrost (Spring Comfort)

Text: Max Gottfried von Schenkendorf (1783-1817)

Music: Brahms Op. 63 No. 1

In another lesser-known Brahms Lied that demands as much from the pianist as from the singer, the elaborate, complicated piano part often exists independent of the vocal line. Notice the melismas on the words at the end of the strophes, and the weight, prominence and feeling of love with which Lehmann imbues "Geliebter."

Es weht um mich Narzissenduft,
Es spricht zu mir die Frühlingsluft;
Geliebter,
Erwach im roten Morgenglanz,
Dein harrt ein blütenreicher Kranz,
Betrüpter!
Nur mußt du kämpfen drum und tun
Und länger nicht in Träumen ruhn;
Laß schwinden!
Komm, Lieber, komm aufs Feld hinaus,
Du wirst im grünen Blätterhaus
Ihn finden.
Wir sind dir alle wohlgesinnt,
Du armes, liebebanges Kind,
Wir Düfte;

The fragrance of narcissus wafts about me,
It speaks to me, the spring air;
Beloved,
Awaken in the red glow of morning,
Awaiting you is a wreath rich in blossoms,
You sad one!
Only you must struggle for it, and act
And no longer repose in dreams;
Let them fade!
Come, my love, come out to the field,
In the green house of leaves
You'll find it.
We're all well disposed toward you,
You poor, love-sick child,
We fragrances;

Warst immer treu uns Spielgesell,
Drum dienen willig dir und schnell
Die Lüfte.
Zur Liebsten führen wir dein Ach
Und kränzen ihr das Brautgemach
Mit Blüten.

Wir wollen, wenn du von ihr gehst
Und traurig dann und einsam stehst,
Sie hüten.

Erwach im rotenmorgen Glanz,
Es harret dein der Myrtenkranz,
Geliebter!
Der Frühling kündet gute Mär',
Und nun kein Ach, kein Weinen mehr,
Betrübter!

CD 4 Track 15

Der Kuss (The Kiss)

Text: Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776) [Edited by J. Voss]

Music: Brahms Op. 19 No. 1

In this brief Lied we move from the first kiss, through its resulting fire (what a shocking outburst by Lehmann on “zuckend”), and then to the longed for cooling (the sweetly sung “Kühlung.”)

Unter Blüten des Mais spielt' ich mit ihrer Hand,
Koste liebend mit ihr, schaute mein schwebendes
Bild im Auge des Mädchens,
Raubt' ihr bebend den ersten Kuss.
Zuckend fliegt nun der Kuss, wie ein versengend Feu'r,
Mir durch Mark und Gebein. Du, die Unsterblichkeit
Durch die Lippen mir sprühte,
Wehe, wehe mir Kühlung zu!

You were always a true playmate to us,
And for that we serve you willingly and briskly
We breezes.
To the beloved we carry your “alas”
And we bedeck her bedroom
With blossoms.
We want, when you go from her
And stand alone then, and mournful,
To watch over her.
Awaken in the red morning glow,
Already awaits your myrtle wreath,
Beloved!
Spring announces good tidings,
And now no “alas,” no more weeping,
You sad one!

Under May blossoms I played with her hand,
Stroked her lovingly, saw my reflection
Hover in the girl's eyes,
And trembling stole the first kiss from her.
Quivering the kiss now flares, like scorching fire,
Through my marrow and bones. You, who flashed
Immortality through my lips,
Waft, waft coolness into me!

CD 4 Track 16

O wüsst' ich doch den Weg zurück (Ah! If I But Knew the Way Back)

Text: Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

Music: Brahms Op. 63 No. 8

This introspective song has a memorable melody which moves effortlessly through many (mostly major) keys until the “öder Strand,” at which point hope seems lost. Lehmann’s flexibility with the tempo (mirrored exactly by Ulanowsky) adds to the sense of loss and wistfulness of the poem.



O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?
O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!
Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!
O zeigt mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Oh! if I but knew the way back,
The dear way back to childhood's land!
Oh why did I seek my fortune
And let go my mother's hand?
Oh how I long for utter rest,
Not to be roused by any striving,
To close my weary eyes,
Gently covered by love!
And to seek nothing, watch for nothing,
Dream only lightly and gently;
Not to notice how the times change,
A child for a second time!
Oh show me the way back,
The dear way back to childhood's land!
In vain I seek happiness,
Ringed round by a barren shore!

CD 4 Track 17

Wie froh und frisch (How Happy and Fresh)

Text: Johann Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853)

Music: Brahms Op. 33 No. 14 [Magelone Lieder]

This is the point in the cycle of songs where the hero's boat is saved and he rejoices. The piano part

mirrors the storm-driven waves. Lehmann, in her excitement, changes and forgets many words, but keeps the sweep of the song intact. She fills the appropriate moments with exhilaration and eagerness. This is the last song we have from the 27 February 1949 Town Hall recital.

Wie froh und frisch mein Sinn sich hebt,
Zurück bleibt alles Bangen,
Die Brust mit neuem Mute strebt,
Erwacht ein neu Verlangen.
Die Sterne spiegeln sich im Meer,
Und golden glänzt die Flut.
Ich rannte taumelnd hin und her,
Und war nicht schlüssig, nicht gut.
Doch niedergezogen
Sind Zweifel und schwankender Sinn;
O führt mich, ihr wankender Wogen,
Zur lang ersehnten Heimat hin.
In lieber, dämmernder Ferne,
Dort rufen heimische Lieder,
Aus jeglichem Sterne
Blickt sie mit sanftem Auge nieder.
Ebne dich, du treue Welle,
Führe mich auf fernen Wegen
Zu der heissgeliebten Schwelle,
Endlich meinem Glück entgegen!

How happy and fresh my spirits soar,
Behind me I leave all my fears,
My heart strives with new courage,
And new yearnings awaken.
The stars are mirrored in the sea,
And golden shines the tide.
I ran dizzily back and forth,
And was neither bad nor good.
But laid low
Are doubts and hesitant thoughts;
Oh carry me, you rocking waves,
To the homeland I have so long yearned for.
In the dear, darkening distance,
There call the songs of home,
From every star
She gazes down with gentle eyes.
Be calm, you trusty wave,
Lead me on the distant paths
To that well-beloved threshold,
At last to my happiness!

CD 4 Track 18

Bruno Walter speaks about Lotte Lehmann in a message recorded for the London Wagner Society. In tracks 19-23 he accompanies her at the piano.

Performance styles change. When we remember that Bruno Walter was born in 1876, it will help us understand his particular technique of piano accompaniment, heard here in 1949. There is some recorded evidence of piano soloists of Walter's era rolling chords and often choosing to avoid having both hands in sync. But one of the musical elements most associated with the late Romantic style, namely rubato, was not used by Walter here. He actually reins



Lehmann with Bruno Walter, 1941

in Lehmann, who was inclined to be free with rhythms and tempos.

The songs that Walter and Lehmann chose to perform in a school auditorium in Los Angeles include Lieder that Lehmann had sung and recorded many times. Their historic interest comes from the point at which she sang them, and that, until this CD set, none of this particular recital has been heard by anyone other than the original audience! The lifetime of association with these songs is heard in Lehmann's complete immersion in their poetry. There is authority here!

CD 4 Track 19, **Freudvoll und leidvoll**, see CD 1 Track 4

CD 4 Track 20

Das Veilchen (The Little Violet)

Text: Goethe

Music: Mozart K. 476

Mozart added the last two lines, but otherwise followed Goethe's words and images closely. I love the tripping shepherdess music heard after the first strophe. Lehmann sang this often and made a real art-work out of this light-hearted song.

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang.
Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!
Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch

A violet grew on the meadow,
Hunched over and unnoticed;
It was a sweet violet.
Along came a young shepherdess
Lightly stepping, contentedly
Along, along,
The meadow, and sang.
Ah! thinks the violet, if I were only
Nature's fairest flower,
For just a little while,
Until that darling picks me
And presses me to her breast!
Ah, only for
A quarter hour long!
Ah! but alas! The girl came by
And didn't notice the violet,
Stepped on the poor violet.
It sank and died, yet happy:
And though I die, I shall have died

Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.
Das arme Veilchen,
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

Through her, through her,
And at her feet.
The poor violet,
It was a sweet violet.

CD 4 Track 21

An die Musik (To Music)

Text: Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

Music: Schubert D. 547

This song is almost an anthem for the Lieder-lover. For Lehmann it was the single encore she chose for her New York farewell recital. Her emotion got the better of her that evening and she couldn't finish the last line. In this live performance heard only a few years before that famous event, she is in complete control.

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzünden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entfloßen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Oh gracious art, in how many grey hours,
When life's fierce orbit ensnared me,
Have you kindled my heart to warm love,
Carried me away into a better world!
How often has a sigh escaping from your harp,
A sweet, sacred chord of yours
Opened up for me the heaven of better times,
Oh gracious art, for that I thank you!

CD 4 Track 22, **Anakreons Grab**, see CD 1 Track 26

CD 4 Track 23

Botschaft (Message)

Text: Daumer

Music: Brahms Op. 47 No. 1

Lehmann recorded this Brahms Lied in 1937, but had sung it on concerts as early as 1929. It remained a staple of her recital programs, including her Santa Barbara farewell recital of 1951. This is the only performance recorded with Bruno Walter. The exaggeration of the "doubtful condition" of the beloved appealed to the aspect of Lehmann's personality which enjoyed the silly or facetious.

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzuflehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: »Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde,
Denkst an ihn.«

Blow, breeze, gently and lovingly
About the cheeks of my beloved,
Play tenderly in her locks,
Don't hasten to fly away!
If then she perhaps asks,
How it stands with poor wretched me,
Tell her: "Unending was his woe,
Highly precarious was his condition;
However, now he can hope
Marvelously to come to life again,
For you, lovely one,
Are thinking of him!"

CD 4 Track 24

Freiheit die ich meine (Freedom That I Mean)

Text: Max Gottfried von Schenkendorf (1783-1817)

Music: Karl Groos (1798-1861)

At first I found it difficult to understand why Lehmann, so fierce an anti-Nazi, would choose to sing *Freiheit die ich meine*. The Third Reich published it in various collections. But it was a “national” and military song (or choral piece) going back to 1815 (the words) and 1818 (the melody). Michael Fischer, the Freiburg-based Lieder expert, wrote that there is no clear political/ideological point of view in the words. Even though the Nazis used the song, it could equally have been sung by the resistance. The date, venue and pianist of this recording by Lehmann are unknown. This marks its first publication in any format.

Freiheit, die ich meine, die mein Herz erfüllt,
Komm mit deinem Scheine, süßes Engelsbild!
Magst du nie dich zeigen
Der bedrängten Welt,
Führest deinen Reigen
Nur am Sternenzelt?
Wo sich Gottes Flamme in ein Herz gesenkt,
Das am alten Stamme treu und liebend hängt,
Wo sich Männer finden,
Die für Ehr und Recht
Mutig sich verbinden,
Weilt ein frei Geschlecht.

Freedom, that I mean, that fills my heart,
Come with your glow, sweet angel!
Don't you want to show yourself
To the oppressed world,
Would you lead your round dance
Only in the stars canopy?
Where God's flame settled into a heart,
That is true and lovingly attached to the old tribe,
Wherever mankind finds itself,
That for honor and right
Courageously join forces,
There abides a free race.

CD 4 Track 25

At the age of 80 Lehmann reads one of her own poems, **In alten Partituren**, an appropriate one to include in this album of her singing.



Lehmann at 80

In alten Partituren hab' ich heut' gelesen—
Und das Vergang'ne stürzte jäh mir in das Heut'...
O bunte Schönheit, die einst mein gewesen...
O lebensschicksalhaft erneut

In fliehender, der Welt entrückter Zeit!
Die Wonne des Verwandelns—wer kann sie ermessen,
Der nur EIN Leben lebt, begrenzt durch Wirklichkeit?
Der niemals kennt das süße Selbstvergessen,
Dies Sichverschwinden an die Zeit,
In der das Ich sich löst im Singen,
Liebend und leidend—schwebend wie auf Schwingen
In fremdem, seltsam eigenem Geschick—
Schwebend auf Schwingen der Musik!

I was looking through old music scores today—
And the past hurled itself into my present...
Oh bounteous beauty that once was mine...
Oh fatefully renewed
In fleeing, world-vanishing time!
The delight of transformation—who can measure it,
Who only lives ONE life, bounded by reality?
Who never knows that sweet self-forgetfulness,
That lavish squandering of the self in Time,
The ego released in singing,
Loving and suffering—floating as if on wings
To a destiny foreign, yet strangely one's own—
Soaring on the wings of music!

CD 4 Track 26

Lehmann speaks about her own musical and personal life in an interview for her 80th birthday.

CD 4 Track 27

Gesang Weylas (The Song of Weyla)

Text: Mörike

Music: Wolf (1888 Mörike Songs)

It's impossible to leave such an embarrassment of Lehmann riches without her singing one last Lied. Though not in chronological order, her 30 June 1941 recording of *Gesang Weylas* has a special importance for Lehmann. The mythical island that the poet invents became the name of the novel Lehmann wrote in 1937, *Orplid mein Land*, and the name she chose for her Santa Barbara home: Orplid.

Strangely, this fine recording with Ulanowsky (Columbia matrix CO 31709-1), was never released as a 78 and only a few LPs offered the song. One was from Japan: CS22 G009 and the other from the Bruno Walter Society, BWS 729.

Du bist Orplid, mein Land!

Das ferne leuchtet;

Vom Meere dampfet dein besonnter Strand

Den Nebel, so der Götter Wange feuchtet.

Uralte Wasser steigen

Verjüngt um deine Hüften, Kind!

Vor deiner Gottheit beugen

Sich Könige, die deine Wärter sind.

You are Orplid, my land!

[In] the distance gleaming;

From the sea steams your sunny shore

[With] mist, moistening the gods' cheeks.

Primeval waters rise

Rejuvenated about your hips, child!

Before your divinity bow

Kings, who are your attendants.



Lehmann at the San Francisco Opera Museum, 1968

