



## KORNGOLD, E.W.: Songs, Vol. 2

8.573083

### Lieder des Abschieds für Alt und Klavier, Op. 14 (1920–21)

#### [1] No. 1. Sterbelied

Text: Christina Rossetti (1830–1894), trans. Alfred Kerr (1867–1948)

Laß Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,  
laß du von Klagen ab.  
Statt Rosen und Cypressen  
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.  
Ich schlafe still im Zwielichtschein  
in schwerer Dämmernis –  
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein  
und wenn du willst, vergiß.

Ich fühle nicht den Regen,  
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,  
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,  
die in den Büschen klagt.  
Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner,  
die Erdenwelt verblich.  
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,  
vielleicht vergaß ich dich.

#### [2] No. 2. Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen

Text: Edith Ronsperger (1880–1921)

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen,  
daß nun von mir zu dir kein Weg mehr führe,  
daß du vorübergehst an meiner Türe  
in ferne, stumme, ungekannte Gassen.

Wär' es mein Wunsch, daß mir dein Bild erbleiche,  
wie Sonnenglanz, von Nebeln aufgetrunken,  
wie einer Landschaft frohes Bild, versunken  
im glatten Spiegel abendstiller Teiche?

Der Regen fällt. Die müden Bäume triefen.  
Wie welkes Laub verwehn viel Sonnenstunden.  
Noch hab' ich in mein Los mich nicht gefunden  
und seines Dunkels uferlose Tiefen.

#### [3] No. 3. Mond, so gehst du wieder auf

#### [4] No. 4. Gefaßter Abschied

Text: Ernst Lothar (1890–1974)

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to copyright restrictions

### Drei Gesänge für mittlere Singstimme und Klavier, Op. 18 (1924) Text: Hans Kaltneker (1895–1919)

#### [5] No. 1. In meine innige Nacht

In meine innige Nacht  
geh' ich ein.

### Songs of Farewell for Alto and Piano, Op. 14 (1920–21)

#### [1] No. 1. When I am dead, my dearest

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on, as if in pain:  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

#### [2] No. 2. This one thing my longing can never grasp

This one thing my longing can never grasp:  
That now there is now no path from me to you,  
That you walk past my door,  
Into distant, mute, unfamiliar alleys.

Could it be my wish that your image fade in me  
Like sunshine, swallowed up by mist,  
Like the cheerful image of a landscape, sunk  
In the unruffled mirror of evening-quiet ponds?

Rain is falling. The bleary trees drip.  
Many sunny hours drift past like shrivelled leaves.  
I have not yet reconciled myself to my fate  
And its darkness's boundless depths.

#### [3] No. 3. So, moon, are you again rising

#### [4] No. 4. A Composed Farewell

### Three Songs for Medium Voice and Piano), Op. 18 (1924)

#### [5] No. 1. I am entering my innermost night

I am entering  
My innermost night.

Wirst du schwebender Traum  
um meine Stirne sein?

Wirst du heilig und still  
auf meinen Kissen ruhn,  
wenn ich weine, wirst du's  
mit mir tun?

Taut meinen Lippen dein Mund –  
Lächeln mild,  
tief auf Sternengrund  
lieg' ich gestillt.

Röhrt mich das Sterben an  
um Mitternacht,  
denke, ich sei vom Tod  
ins Leben erwacht.

Denke, ich spiele fromm  
mit Gottes Getier.  
Denk', ich bin nun weit  
und du bei mir.

Will you hover as a dream  
About my brow?

Will you rest on my pillows,  
Holy and mute?  
Will you weep with me  
When I weep?

If your lips should melt on mine...  
A gentle smile,  
I shall lie sated on a bed of stars  
Far below.

If Death should touch me  
Around midnight,  
Think I have been wakened  
From death to life.

Think I am meekly playing  
With God's creatures.  
Think I am now far away,  
And you with me.

#### [6] No. 2. Tu ab den Schmerz

Tu ab den Schmerz, entflieh, Verlangen!  
Sommer umblüht meiner süßen Schwester Haupt.  
Selig die Seele, die ohne Bangen  
an den guten, den ewigen Winter glaubt.

Tu auf dein Herz, zieh ein, o Friede!  
Schwebende Sonne küßt meiner Schwester Gesicht.  
Selig, der mit dem letzten Liede  
um die Schläfen des Todes blühende Kränze flieht!

#### [6] No. 2. Lay aside your pain

Lay aside your pain! Flee away, longing!  
Summer surrounds my sweet sister's head with flowers.  
Happy the soul which, without any trepidation  
Has faith in winter, benevolent, eternal.

Open your heart! Peace, enter in!  
A motionless sun kisses my sister's face.  
Happy the man who, with his final song,  
Weaves flowery garlands round the brow of death.

#### [7] No. 3. Versuchung

Du reine Frau aus Licht und Elfenbein,  
du helle Schwester mir am trüben Bette,  
du meines Blutes letzte Zufluchtsstätte,  
du Seelenberge, tief und kühl und rein,  
wie wenn dein Schoß mich einst geboren hätte,  
kehrt stets mein Herz in deiner Liebe ein!  
Dich, süße Heil'ge, kann kein Wunsch entweih,  
doch mich, dein Kind, aus wehem Feuer rette!  
Ich höre nachts die wilden Reiter jagen,  
heiß keucht ihr Atem mir ins Angesicht –  
nein, hilf mir nicht! Laß mich auch dies ertragen  
um dich, die mich erhebt, wenn sie mich bricht.  
Ich kenn' das Wort, dem alle Nächte tagen:  
"Ich will! Ich liebe dich!" – Sieh, es ward Licht!

#### [7] No. 3. Temptation

Pure woman of ivory and light,  
Bright sister at my dismal bed,  
Final refuge of my blood,  
Haven for my soul, deep and cool and pure,  
As if your womb had once given me birth,  
My heart always finds shelter in your love.  
You, sweet saint, cannot be defiled by any wish,  
But rescue me, your child, from the cruel fire!  
At night I hear the wild horsemen out hunting\*,  
Their panting breath is hot upon my face...  
No, don't help me. Let me endure even this  
For your sake, who in breaking me will raise me up.  
I know the words before which all my nights will turn to day:  
'I will! I love you!' ... And behold, there was light.

\* In German legend, people encountering the Wild Hunt might be abducted, or their spirits could be pulled away during their sleep to join the cavalcade.

#### [8] The Constant Nymph – Morgen (Tomorrow), Op. 33 (1942)

*Text: Margaret Kennedy (1896–1967), trans. Erich Wolfgang Korngold*

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#### [8] The Constant Nymph – Morgen (Tomorrow), Op. 33 (1942)

**Five Songs for Medium Voice and Piano, Op. 38**

(Sung in English) (1940–47)

**[9] No. 1. I wish you bliss (Glückwunsch)**

Text: Richard Dehmel (1863–1920), trans. Anonymous

I wish you bliss.  
 I bring you the sun with my kiss.  
 I feel your heart beat in my breast  
 To stay for ever its guest.  
 It flies and hopes: the sunshine beams  
 Although your eyes may loose their dream.  
 It hopes for glances so wanting in lust,  
 As though you held the world in trust.  
 It hopes for glances so full of desire  
 As earth should be born of fire.  
 It hopes for glances of such might  
 To make spring of a winter's night.  
 And ever, ever, through your day  
 Shine love's most beautiful rose bouquet.

**[10] No. 2. Wings (Der Kranke)**

Text: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857), trans. Anonymous

Must I leave thee, joyful dwelling,  
 Earth and sky and blushing dawn?  
 Eerie voices are foretelling,  
 All is gone, for ever gone.

Past my window through the willows  
 Tender breezes softly blow:  
 Are you warning me, o billows,  
 That I soon must go below?

Dear familiar fields and mountains,  
 Peaceful rivers in the dales,  
 Oh, the wing over crystal fountains,  
 Soaring on celestial gales!

As my wings are growing stronger,  
 Shudd'ring I subdue my mirth  
 And I know that I no longer  
 Want to leave my love: my earth.

**[11] No. 3. Old Spanish Song (Alt-Spanisch)**

Text: Howard Koch (1902–1995)

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**[12] No. 4. Old English Song (Alt-Englisch)**

Text: Traditional

Now hark, all you gallants! Your ears I would tease  
 With a song of Lord Essex in the fight at Cadiz!  
 How he scuppered them Spaniards and hacked out their spleen,  
 For the glory of England and Elizabeth, our queen!

We've rounded the port, boys, the cannons they roar,  
 The sea's full of corpses and Spain is no more!  
 They bobbed on the tide, boys, the fat and the lean,  
 For the glory of England and Elizabeth, our queen!

**[13] No. 5. My mistress' eyes (Kein Sonnenglanz)**

Text: William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

**[14] Sonett für Wien, Op. 41 (1953)**

Text: Hans Kaltneker

Du Stadt, du Psalm, aus Gottes Mund erklungen  
 und Stein geworden, Marmor, Park und Garten,  
 Gedicht und Lied der liebsten Engelzungen,  
 die lange deiner gold'nen Kirchen harrten,

drin alle Heil'gen, wunderlich bezwungen  
 von ihrer hohen Form, zu Glanz erstarren!  
 Stadt der Fontänen, altem Stein entsprungen,  
 barocker Bauten, gnädiger Standarten,

die über hohen Prozessionen schweben!  
 Du Stadt, darin der Klang vergang'ner Zeiten  
 noch klingt, darin das alte Gold noch leuchtet,

darin die dunkeln, frommen Bilder leben  
 und Gottes Auge aus den grünen Weiten  
 der Berge strahlt, von Wehmut sanft befeuchtet.

**[14] Sonnet for Vienna, Op. 41 (1953)**

City, Psalm out of the mouth of God  
 Made stone, marble, park and garden,  
 Poem and song on his dearest angels' tongues,  
 Who for your golden churches waited long,

Where all the saints, miraculously wrested  
 From their celestial form, became solid lustre.  
 City of fountains fashioned from ancient stone,  
 Baroque buildings, gracious banners

Wafting above noble processions.  
 City where the sound of ages past  
 Lives on, where antique gold still gleams,

Where dark, religious paintings live  
 And the eye of God, moist with wistful melancholy,  
 Looks on from the green expanses of the hills.

**Lieder aus dem Nachlass**

**[15] Nachts (1913)**

Text: Siegfried Trebitsch (1868–1956)

**[16] Der innere Scharm (1914)**

**[17] Österreichischer Soldatenabschied (1915)**

**[18] Ausser (1915)**

Text: Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897–1957)

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**Posthumous Songs**

**[15] During the Night (1913)**

**[16] Inward Charm (1914)**

**[17] An Austrian Soldier's Farewell (1915)**

**[18] Unless (1915)**

**[19] Etwas ganz Persönliches (1917)**

Text: Erich Wolfgang Korngold

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**[19] Something Very Personal (1917)**

**Lieder aus dem Nachlass**

*Text: Erich Wolfgang Korngold*

- [20] **Die Gansleber im Hause Duschnitz** (1919)  
[21] **Quinquaginta-Foxtrott** (1922)

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- [20] **Goose Liver at the Duschnitz's House** (1919)  
[21] **Quinquaginta Foxtrot** (1922)

*English translations: Sue Baxter*