



*The Firm*  
*and*  
*The Accompanists' Guild of SA*  
*present:*  
*Hugo Wolf's Italienisches Liederbuch*

2nd JULY 2010

The dignity of art perhaps appears most eminent in music because it has no material of a kind for which detailed accounting may be needed. It is all form and content and it heightens and ennobles all it expresses.

*Goethe: Maxims and Reflections*

Pilgrim Church provides wheelchair access via the rear (northern) doors.

Toilets can be accessed through the door on the left of the performance area.

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present:***

**Robert MacFarlane** *tenor*  
**Rosalind Martin** *soprano*  
**Anthony Legge** *piano*

***Italienisches Liederbuch ( Italian Songbook)***

**Hugo Wolf**

**Songs 1 - 22**

**Interval**

**Songs 23 - 46**



**Anthony Legge** studied at the Guildhall, Oxford University and the London Opera Centre, and also studied accompanying privately with Geoffrey Parsons and Paul Hamburger. His numerous recitals include those with, amongst others, Dame Janet Baker, Sir Thomas Allen, Gwynne Howell, Håkan Hagegård and Denyce Graves. He has worked regularly with the principal British opera companies, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Opera Australia, many European opera companies and at Bayreuth, where he assisted on the Kupfer-Barenboim Ring cycle for five years and a new production of *Die Meistersinger*. He was Head of Music at English National Opera for 14 years where he conducted performances of *Dido and Aeneas*, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *Lulu*, and *Alcina*. He was a judge on the award-winning TV programme series *Operatunity*. He was Director of Opera at the Royal Academy of Music more recently where he helped many young singers in preparation for their career. He is now Assistant Music Director of Opera Australia since 2009.

He has recorded two CDs with Chandos accompanying Linda Finnie, has a book published by Peters Edition entitled *The Art of Auditioning*. His new book, written with Mary King, 'The Singer's Handbook – A guide for aspiring singers', has just come out, published by Faber Music.

**Rosalind Martin** began her studies in Adelaide as a clarinettist, but her love of singing persuaded her to complete a first-class Honours degree in voice. She won several major singing prizes including the Melbourne Sun Aria and a German Academic Exchange Scholarship. This enabled her to travel to Europe and the UK where she studied and worked for several years. Apart from

performing in opera she discovered a special affinity with the German and French song repertoire and gave many recitals during her time away. Since returning to Adelaide, Rosalind has appeared with State Opera and the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra and gives regular song recitals. She also enjoys teaching and is a part-time lecturer in voice at the Elder Conservatorium.

**Robert Macfarlane** was the winner of the 2009 Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Aria competition for Oratorio singing and the national finalist in the 5MBS Young Performer Awards and the 2010 National Liederfest. He graduated from the Elder Conservatorium with First Class Honours in 2007, and his teachers have included Keith Hempton, Merlyn Quaife, Cheryl Pickering and Patrick Power. He also studied and performed with world-renowned accompanist Malcolm Martineau during his 2008 Adelaide residency. He is known nationally for his performances of Bach, in particular the Evangelist of the St. John and St. Matthew Passions, and is the 2008 and 2009 Bach Scholar at the St. Johns Bach program in Melbourne. Other concert performances include Handel's *Messiah* and *Solomon*, Benjamin Britten's *Serenade* and *Les Illuminations* and recitals of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* and Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and *Liederkreis* with pianist Leigh Harrold. On the opera stage, he has sung with Pinchgut Opera in Sydney (recorded for ABC Classic CD), Lyric Opera of Melbourne, State Opera of South Australia and Co-Opera in specialist high lyric roles such as Count Almaviva in Rossini's *Barber of Seville* and Ferrando in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*. Highly acclaimed by both local and national press, Robert has received several Advertiser Oscar Awards and was nominated for a 2009



Adelaide Critic's Circle Award. He was also named best performer in The Advertiser's 2009 'Top of the Arts' Awards. Robert's 2010 schedule includes the Monteverdi Vespers in the Adelaide Festival, Concert's with the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra, Wolf's *Italianisches Liederbuch* with Opera Australia's music director Anthony Legge and the role of Beppe in *I Pagliacci* for State Opera. He will also travel overseas for study with Howard Crook in Paris, Magreet Honig in Holland and Dr. Jeanette Favaro-Reuter, Phillip Moll, Martin Petzold and Georg Christoph Biller (J.S Bach's 16<sup>th</sup> successor at the Thomaskirche) in Leipzig.



Hermann Hesse: Tessiner Dorf im Sommer

### *Italianisches Liederbuch*

### *Hugo Wolf*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) lived his short life of not quite 43 years with corresponding intensity. In many ways he was the typical Romantic artist, only able to work when the mood was right, and when it was, rapidly productive, sometimes completing as many as three songs in a day. "Nothing can be extorted from art by force", Wolf said. He was briefly assistant Kapellmeister in Salzburg, and from 1884 to 1887, the only period during which he had a reliable source of income, he was the famously savage music critic of the fashionable *Vienna Salonblatt*. Otherwise, he depended on the generosity of friends or patrons, and rarely lived in one place for long.

All his songs, and even his two operas, one of which he never completed, were composed out of artistic compulsion. The only commission Wolf ever received was for incidental music to Ibsen's *The Feast at Solhaug*, which, characteristically, he scored for a larger orchestra than the theatre had at its disposal.

Wolf was notoriously intractable. He entered the Vienna Conservatory at the same time as Gustav Mahler and left without completing his studies because he was bored. The Conservatory claimed it had expelled him after one of Wolf's fellow students sent the director a threatening letter forging Wolf's signature, which said, in effect, "Your days are numbered". Wolf and Mahler briefly shared a room, though familiarity doesn't seem to have bred mutual respect as far as composition went, for while Mahler disliked Wolf's songs, Wolf barely acknowledged Mahler as a composer at all. Years later, when he had become insane, he imagined he had supplanted Mahler as director of the Vienna Opera.



The cause of Wolf's insanity and early death was syphilis, probably contracted on a visit to a brothel when he was 17 – a customary Viennese initiation. The love of his life was Melanie Köchert, married to Wolf's benefactor, the Viennese court jeweller. The love was mutual and lasted roughly 20 years, though Melanie remained with her husband and children until, after Wolf's death, she committed suicide. As Wolf's biographer Frank Walker put it, Melanie's husband seems to have recognised that genius is not to be judged by the standards of normality and tolerated the situation. Wolf was frequently the couple's house guest.

Like so many composers of the late 19th century, Wolf was overwhelmed by the impact of Wagner. Instead of trying to do something like Wagner, or reacting sharply against him, Wolf made Wagner's language his own and applied it to concise forms. Sometimes his dissonant harmony went beyond Wagner's. What liberated his flow of creativity was his extraordinary sensitivity to German poetry, and at his own recitals, playing the demanding piano parts as he sang, he would read the poems first. He was extremely critical of professional singers, rarely giving praise or thanks, and when he accompanied them, he often castigated them in public.

Wolf's first major collection was his 53 *Mörike Songs*, which he significantly called "Gedichte", and completed in nine months. These were rapidly followed by 20 settings of Eichendorff.

In general, Wolf deliberately avoided poems he thought had been successfully set by earlier composers, so Wolf chose different poems from those which Schumann had set in his Eichendorff cycle. But in Wolf's third major collection, the 51 settings of Goethe he composed in the

winter of 1888-89 (another astonishingly concentrated burst of work), he had no qualms in taking on lyrics which had been set both by Schubert and Schumann, because he was confident that he would at least equal and in some cases surpass them.

Like Goethe, Wolf was drawn to the warm south and his next collection was the *Spanish Songbook* of 44 settings which he completed in the spring of 1890. The poems, some by famous writers like Cervantes, others from anonymous folk sources, all in German translation, are divided between sacred and secular.

The *Spanish Songs* might be viewed as a transition from the high lyrical art of Goethe to the folk-verse of Wolf's last major collection, the two volumes of 22 and 24 Italian Songs, completed in 1891 and 1896. I

Most of the poems in the *Italienisches Liederbuch* (Italian Songbook) are love lyrics of only eight lines. Wolf may not have known the originals, and set the German translations of Paul Heyse, a Nobel prize-winner in 1910, who, incidentally, seems not to have appreciated Wolf's music.

Wolf was deeply convinced that with the *Italienisches Liederbuch* he had created something entirely new.

The 46 compositions for voice and piano are supreme achievements both within Wolf's own oeuvre and within the totality of German and Austrian song writing. In a letter of 12<sup>th</sup> October 1890 to his friend Melanie Köchert Wolf himself remarked on the novelty and peculiarity of the musical and poetic conception. A few days earlier (between 25<sup>th</sup> September and 4<sup>th</sup> October 1890) the first four songs of the *Italienisches Liederbuch* were written



and three more songs shortly afterwards. A year later, in a veritable transport of creativity, lasting only 25 days (29<sup>th</sup> November to 23<sup>rd</sup> December 1891), he composed a further 15 songs, thus completing Part I of the *Italienisches Liederbuch*. There followed a long period of agonizing stagnation, a "becalming of the soul". Only after four-and-a-half years did another inspirational outburst set in, accompanied once again by painful periods of inactivity. The 24 songs of Part II were composed between 25<sup>th</sup> March and 30<sup>th</sup> April 1896.

The year Wolf finished the *Italian Songbook*, a doctor diagnosed the early stages of general paralysis. Wolf completed three *Michelangelo Songs* the following year before being admitted to an asylum, where he seems to have been kindly treated. Wolf's funeral, on Shrove Tuesday, 1903, was attended by most of musical Vienna. He was eventually buried beside Schubert and Beethoven.



Paul Heyse



Hugo Wolf

### 1. Even little things

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 virtue.  
Think only on the rose, how small she is,  
And yet, smells so sweet, as you know.

### 2. I was told you were going far away

I was told you were going far away.  
Ah, where do you go, my dearest love?  
The day on which you depart, I would gladly know;  
With tears will I grant you escort.  
With tears will I moisten your path -  
Think of me, and hope will glimmer for me!  
With tears will I be with you everywhere -  
Think of me - do not forget it, my heart!

### 3. You are the fairest far and wide

You are the fairest far and wide,  
Much fairer than flowers in May.  
Orvieto's cathedral does not rise so glorious,  
Nor Viterbo's grandest fountain.  
Such lofty charm and magic are your own,  
Siena cathedral must bow before you.  
Oh, you are so rich in charm and grace,  
Even Siena cathedral is not your peer.

### 4. Blessed be He through whom the world arose

Blessed be He through whom the world arose;  
How excellently he created it in every way!  
He created the sea with its infinite depths,  
He created the ships that glide over it,  
He created Paradise with eternal light,  
He created beauty and your face.

**5. Blessed be you blind who cannot see**

Blessed be you blind who cannot see  
Those charms that fan our ardor;  
Blessed you deaf who, unappalled,  
Can laugh away the laments of lovers;  
Blessed you dumb who cannot convey  
Your distress of heart to women;  
Blessed you dead, you who are buried!  
You shall have peace from love's torments.

**6. Who called you then? Who sent for you?**

Who called you, then? Who sent for you?  
Who bade you to come if it is such a burden for you?  
Go to the sweetheart who pleases you more,  
Go there, where your thoughts are.  
Go where your brooding is, and your mind!  
I will gladly excuse you from coming to me.  
Go to the sweetheart who pleases you more!  
Who called you, then? Who sent for you?

**7. The moon has raised a grave complaint**

The moon has raised a grave complaint  
And made the matter known unto the Lord:  
He no longer wants to stay in the heavens,  
For you have robbed him of his radiance.  
When he last counted the multitude of stars,  
Their full number was not complete;  
Two of the fairest you have stolen:  
Those two eyes, which have dazzled me.

**8. Now let us make peace, dearest life**

Now let us make peace, dearest life.  
It has been too long that we have feuded.  
If you are unwilling, I will 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 accomplish?

**9. If only your charms were painted**

If only your charms were painted,  
And then the heathen prince found the portrait,  
He would honor you with a great gift,  
And would lay his crown in your hands.  
All to the true faith would have to turn,  
His whole kingdom, to its farthest reaches.  
Throughout the land it would be announced  
That each must become a Christian and love you.  
At once all the heathen would convert  
And become good Christians, and love you.

**10. You think that, with a tiny string, you can catch me**

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 you me.  
I am in love - but just not with you!

**11. How long has my yearning always been**

How long has my yearning always been:  
Ah, if only a musician loved me!  
Now the lord has granted me my wish  
And sends me one, all pink and white.  
Here he comes, with gentle mien,  
And lowers his head, and plays the violin.



**12. No, young sir, one does not carry on so, in truth**

No, young sir, one does not carry on so, in truth;  
One takes care to behave oneself properly.  
For everyday I am good enough - not true?  
Yet you seek better on festive days.  
No, young sir, if you will sin further,  
Your everyday sweetheart will give you notice!

**13. You are haughty, beautiful child**

You are haughty, beautiful child,  
And you deal arrogantly with your suitors.  
When spoken to, you hardly reply,  
As if a pleasant greeting cost you too much.  
You are no Alexander's daughter,  
Your dowry will not be a kingdom;  
If you don't want gold, take tin;  
If you don't want love, take scorn.

**14. Friend, shall we wrap ourselves in cowls**

Friend, shall we wrap ourselves in cowls,  
And leave the world to him it may delight?  
Then, secretly, we'll knock at every door:  
"Give to a poor monk for Jesus' sake."  
O beloved Father, you must come later,  
When we have taken the bread out of the oven.  
O beloved Father, just come again later,  
One of my daughters lies sick in bed.  
And if she is sick, let me go to her,  
Lest she die without last ministration.  
And if she is sick, let me look after her,  
That she may confess her sins to me.  
Close door and window, that no one will disturb us  
While I hear the poor child's confession!

**15. My sweetheart is so small, that without stooping**

My sweetheart is so small, that without stooping  
He sweeps the floor for me with his locks.  
When he went into the little garden to pick jasmine,  
He was very frightened by a snail.  
Then he went into the house to catch his breath,  
And a fly knocked him over in a heap;  
And when he stepped up to my little window,  
A horsefly knocked him in his skull.  
Cursed be all flies, gnats, and horseflies -  
And all who have a tiny sweetheart from Maremma!  
Cursed be all flies, gnats, and midges -  
And all who must stoop so low for a kiss!

**16. You young people who march into the field**

You young people who march into the field,  
Give attention to my dearest.  
Take care that he holds himself bravely under fire;  
He has never been in war in all his life.  
Never let him sleep under the sky;  
He is so delicate, it might harm him.  
For me, do not let him sleep under the moon;  
He might perish - he is really not used to it.

**17. And if you wish to see your lover die**

And if you wish to see your lover die,  
Don't wear your hair in curls, darling.  
Let it tumble free from your shoulders;  
Like golden threads it looks like pure gold.  
Like golden threads, stirred by the wind -  
Beautiful is the hair, beautiful is she who bears it!

Golden threads, silken threads innumerable -  
Beautiful is the hair, beautiful is she who combs it!



**18. Lift up your blond head and do not sleep**

Lift up your blond head and do not sleep,  
And do not let yourself be lured by slumber.  
I will tell you four things of weight,  
None of which must you miss.  
The first: for you my heart is breaking,  
The second: I want to belong only to you,  
The third: that I entrust my salvation to you,  
The last: my soul loves you alone.

**19. We have both been silent a long time**

We have both been silent a long time -  
All at once, speech has come to us again.  
The angels who fly down from heaven  
Have brought peace again after the war.  
The angels of God have flown down  
And peace has moved in with them.  
The angels of love came overnight  
And have brought peace to my breast.

**20. My beloved sings by the house in moonlight**

My beloved sings by the house in moonlight,  
And I must lie here in the bed, listening.  
I turn myself away from my mother, and weep;  
My tears are blood, and never run dry.  
I have wept the broad stream by the bed;  
Through my tears I know not if the morning shines.  
For longing have I wept the broad stream by the bed;  
The bloody tears have made me blind.

**21. They told me your mother does not want it**

They told me your mother does not want it;  
So stay away, my darling, carry out her wishes.  
Ah, dearest, no! Do not carry out her wish -  
Do visit me, do it in spite of her, in secret!  
No, my beloved, never listen to her,

Do it in spite of her, come here often!  
No, do not listen to what she might say;  
Do it in spite of her, my love, come every day!

**22. I have come to serenade you**

I have come to serenade you,  
If the master of the house does not object.  
You have a beautiful daughter. It might be  
Good if you did not keep her too strictly indoors.  
And if she's already in bed, I beg you,  
Let her know, for my sake,  
That her true love came by,  
Who keeps her in his thoughts day and night,  
And that in a day of twenty-four hours,  
I miss her twenty-five.

**INTERVAL**

**23. What song should I sing**

What song should I sing, that would  
Be worthy of you? Where would I find it?  
I'd like best to dig it deep out of the earth,  
Still unsung by any creature.  
A song, that no man or woman until today  
Has heard or sung, not even the oldest person.

**24. I do not eat my bread dry anymore**

I do not eat my bread dry anymore;  
A thorn remains stuck in my foot.  
In vain, I look around to the right and left  
And find no one who might love me.  
If only there might be an old, little man  
Who showed me a little love and respect.  
I mean, of course, a well-built,  
Respectable old man, of about my age.  
I mean, to be quite frank,  
A little old man of about fourteen.

**25. My sweetheart invited me to dinner**

My sweetheart invited me to dinner  
And yet had no house in which to receive me,  
No wood nor hearth to do the cooking or roasting;  
The pot had even long since been broken in two.  
No wine-cask was there either,  
And no glasses did he have in use;  
The table was narrow, the tablecloth no better,  
The bread stone-hard, and the knife totally blunt!

**26. I inquired, and I was told**

I inquired, and I was told,  
That handsome Toni is starving himself to death;  
Since love so exceedingly torments him,  
He devours seven loaves for each molar.  
After meals, to steel his digestion,  
He consumes a sausage and seven loaves;  
And if Tonina will not ease his pain,  
Famine and starvation will soon set in.

**27. I had already stretched out my weary limbs in bed**

I had already stretched out my weary limbs in bed,  
When you appeared to me, my love.  
Straight up I jump, slip on my shoes again  
And wander through the town with my lute.  
I sing and play and make the street resound;  
So many women listen - I'm quickly past.  
So many girls are moved by my song,  
When the wind has borne song and sound away.

**28. You tell me that I am no princess**

You tell me that I am no princess;  
You are also not descended from the Spanish throne.  
No, my dear fellow, you get up at cock's crow,  
You ride to the field, and not in a state carriage.  
You mock me for my lowliness,

But poverty does not harm nobility.

You jeer, that I am wanting crown and coat-of-arms,  
And you yourself only ride on Shank's pony!

**29. I know your station well, which is not inferior**

I know your station well, which is not inferior.  
You need not descend so low  
To love such a poor and humble thing,  
Since the fairest of them all bow down before you.  
You easily conquer the most handsome men,  
Therefore I know you only make fun of me.  
You mock me, as they have tried to warn me,  
But ah- you're so handsome! Who can be cross with you?

**30. Let her go, she who plays the proud**

Let her go, she who plays the proud,  
The magic herb of the flowery field.  
It's clear what her bright eyes are after,  
As day after day she likes a different man.  
She carries on just like Tuscany's river,  
Which all mountain streams must follow.  
She goes on like the Arno, it seems to me:  
Now she has many followers, soon not one.

**31. How shall I be happy and laugh**

How shall I be happy and laugh,  
When you are always openly angry with me?  
You come only once every hundred years,  
And then, only as if you had been ordered to.  
Why come, when it makes your family so sorry?  
Set my heart free, then you may move on.  
Live at home with your family in peace,  
For what heaven wills comes to pass here below.  
Keep peace with your family at home,  
For what heaven wills, shall not fail to be.



**32. Why this rage, my darling, that inflames you?**

Why this rage, my darling, that inflames you?

I am conscious of no sin.

Ah, rather take a well-sharpened knife

And come to me, and pierce my breast.

And if a knife does not serve, take a sword,

That the fountain of my blood ascends to heaven.

And if a sword doesn't serve, take a steel dagger

And wash in my blood all my torment.

**33. If I should die, then shroud my limbs with flowers**

If I should die, then shroud my limbs with flowers;

I do not wish that you dig a grave for me.

Lay me down by those walls,

Where so often you have seen me.

There lay me down, in rain or wind;

Gladly I would die, if it is for you, dear child.

There lay me down in sunshine and in rain;

Sweetly I die, if it is for your sake.

**34. And when you rise early from your bed**

And when you rise early from your bed,

You banish every cloud from the sky,

You lure the sun onto those hills,

And angles compete to

Bring your shoes and clothes.

Then, when you go out to Holy Mass,

You draw everyone along with you,

And when you near the blessed place,

Your gaze lights up the lamps.

You take holy water, make the sign of the cross

And moisten your white brow,

And you bow and bend the knee -

Oh, how beautifully it all becomes you!

How sweetly, blessedly has God endowed you,

Who have received the crown of beauty.

How sweetly, blessedly you walk through life;

The palm of beauty was bestowed on you.

**35. Blessed be the happy mother**

Blessed be the happy mother,

Who so sweetly bore you,

So chosen for beauty,

My longing flies to you!

You so sweet of gesture,

You the fairest on earth,

You my treasure, my bliss,

Sweet, blessed are you!

When from afar I languish and

Consider your beauty,

See how I tremble and groan,

That I can hardly hide it!

And powerfully within my breast

I feel flames rebelling

That destroy my peace,

Ah, madness seizes me!

**36. When you, my dearest, ascend to heaven**

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 lay at the Lord's feet.

And when the Lord God sees our love-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.

**37. How much time I lost in loving you!**

How much time I lost in loving you!

Had I only loved God in all that time,

A place in Paradise would now be mine,

A saint would then be seated at my side.

And because I loved you, beautiful fresh face,

I forfeited the light of Paradise,  
And because I loved you, fair violet,  
I now shall never enter Paradise.

**38. When you turn your eyes to me and laugh**  
When you turn your eyes to me and laugh,  
Then lower them and bow your chin to your breast,  
I beg you, first give me a sign,  
That I may tame my heart,  
That I may tame and quiet my heart  
When it would leap for its great love;  
That I may keep my heart within my breast,  
When it would break forth for its great joy.

**39. Blessed be the color green and who wears it!**  
Blessed be the color green and who wears it!  
I will make myself a green dress.  
The spring meadow also wears a green dress.  
The darling of my eyes dresses himself in green.  
It is the hunter's custom to dress in green,  
My loved one wears a green dress too.  
All things are becoming charmingly in green,  
Each lovely fruit grows from green.

**40. Oh, were your house transparent as glass**  
Oh, were your house transparent as glass,  
My darling, when I steal by!  
Then I would see you inside without ceasing,  
How I would look at you with my whole soul!  
How many glances would my heart send to you,  
More than there are drops in the river in March!  
How many looks would I send towards you,  
More than the drops that fall in the rain!

**41. Last night I rose at midnight**  
Last night I rose at midnight,  
Because my heart had furtively stole away.  
I asked: heart, where are you rushing so furiously?  
It spoke: only to see you, had it run away.  
Now see, how it must be with my love:  
My heart escapes from my breast to see you.

**42. I can sing no longer, because the wind**  
I can sing no longer, because the wind  
Blows hard and makes it hard to breathe.  
Also I fear that time runs away in vain,  
If I were certain, I wouldn't now go to bed.  
If I knew something, I'd not go walking home  
And lose this lovely time in loneliness.

**43. Be silent for once, you detestable babbler!**  
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 lay yourself on the ear!  
I would prefer the serenade of a donkey!

**44. Oh, if you knew, how much for you**  
Oh, if you knew, how much for you,  
False renegade, I've suffered at night,  
While you lay locked up in your house,  
And I passed the time outside.  
My rose-water has been the rain,  
The lightning has brought me messages of love;  
I've played dice with the storm,  
While keeping watch beneath your eaves.  
Beneath your eaves my bed was laid,  
Spread with the sky as blanket,  
The step outside your door was my pillow -  
Poor wretch I am, oh how I've suffered!



**45. Let my lover's house be engulfed by the abyss**

Let my lover's house be engulfed by the abyss,  
And a lake foam over the place this very hour.  
Let the heavens pour lead bullets over it,  
And a serpent dwell there in the ground.  
Let a poisonous serpent dwell there,  
That would poison he who was untrue to me.  
Let a serpent dwell there, swollen with venom,  
And bring death to him who means to betray me!

**46. I have a lover living in Penna**

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 in the same place as I,  
And yet another one have I in Magione,  
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!



Melanie Köchert

You are warmly invited to join us after the  
concert for complimentary drinks and a  
selection of Tortes by Gabriele.

**Forthcoming concerts**

**Monday July 12<sup>th</sup>, 8pm**

**Chopin: The Complete Etudes**

**Mark Kruger, piano**

Please refer to our web site for further  
information on upcoming concerts

[www.firmmusic.com.au](http://www.firmmusic.com.au)

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John Kingsmill, Tabloid Press

All the Firm musicians

Passing Out







Hermann Hesse: Sorengo auf Biogno