DMA Recital

Nicholas Borg, Baritone
Benjamin Done, Tenor
Hyejin Kwon, Piano
Morgan Reid, Soprano
Stéphanie Mckay-Turgeon, Soprano
Anna Theodosakis, Stage Director

5th, August, 2023 19:30 pm Walter Hall, 80 Queens Park Crescent

Program

*From 6 Gesänge, Op. 75 (1809)*

L. von Beethoven (1770-1827)
Text by Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

1. Mignon

*Mignon, D. 321 Mignons Gesang (1815)*

F. Schubert (1797-1828)
Text by Goethe

*Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister, D. 877 (1826)*

1. Mignon und der Harfner
2. Lied der Mignon
3. Lied der Mignon
4. Lied der Mignon

*Intermission*

*Lieder und Gesänge aus ‘Wilhelm Meister’, Op. 98a (1849)*

R. Schumann (1810-1856)
Text by Goethe

1. Mignon
2. Ballade des Harfners
3. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
4. Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß
5. Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen
6. Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt
7. Singet nicht in Trauertönen
8. An die Türen will ich schleichen
9. So laßt ich scheinen, bis ich werde

*4 Mignon Lieder from Goethe Lieder (1889)*

H. Wolf (1860-1903)
Text by Goethe

1. Mignon I (no. 5)
2. Mignon II (no. 6)
3. Mignon III (no. 7)
4. Mignon (no. 9)
We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. 

For thousands of years, it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

Performer’s Note

It was almost two decades ago, on my first day of accompanying class during my second year in undergraduate, that I came across the poem Kennst du das Land (Do You Know the Land) by Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), arguably the greatest German poet in history. Since that moment, the story of Mignon has always captivated me. Mignon is a 13-year-old androgynous character in Goethe’s novel Wilhelm Meister, who was abducted from her home in Italy and taken to Germany by a troupe of acrobats. She is rescued by Wilhelm Meister (master; highly skilled tradesman), a young merchant with a passion for theatre, with whom she forms a close bond after he buys her freedom from the brutal troupe’s director. Along with Harfner who is equally emotionally damaged and mysterious, Mignon accompanies Wilhelm on his journey. Mignon devotes herself completely to her saviour, whom she grows to love in secret but her love is unrequited. Although Wilhelm finds Mignon's exotic nature and latent sexuality fascinating, he does not feel the same way about her. She is later revealed to be the daughter of Harfner and his sister, born out of an incestuous relationship. In the most memorable scene, Mignon sings Kennst du das Land, in which she recalls memories from her past and seems to ask Wilhelm if he is perhaps her father. Mignon eventually dies from a broken heart.

Ever since the birth of the story, many composers have been drawn to Goethe’s Wilhelm Meister, especially to the mysterious character Mignon and her perplexing songs. Several composers of the 19th century were interested in this coming-of-age tale, and out of eight songs of Mignon from the story, Kennst du das Land has been set the most by various composers—eighty-four settings according to Willi Schu’s Goethe-Veronungen: ein Verzeichnis—some of which you are about to hear. Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752-1814) was the first to set Kennst du das Land to music. Although he is not as well-known today, during his time, his reputation as a composer was primarily due to his song writings as he set texts by some 125 poets to 1500 Lieder. He was also known for his Singspiel, a genre that he refined with Geoethe’s support. Goethe asked Reichardt to set texts for eight songs in Wilhelm Meister, so when Wilhelm Meister first appeared in 1795, it contained these melodies printed on special oversize paper which was folded into the edition at the appropriate places in the text. Goethe often expressed convictions about the close bond between lyric poetry and music, thus the presence of Reichardt’s melodies in the first edition is not surprising. However, no other editions that have been published since then have retained these melodies, except for the 1914 reprint in the series Goethe: Werke in Form und Text ihrer Erstausgabe.

According to Malcolm Martineau, one of the greatest collaborative pianists of this era, "Goethe hated his poetry set to music at all" He says Goethe “wanted a simple accompaniment because he thought it did not need any—simpler the better," which is perhaps a reason why Reichardt's songs were very simple and folksong like. However, in the case of Wilhelm Meister, Goethe seemed to have imagined readers to be inspired to play the songs while reading his novel, considering that he asked Reichardt to compose those songs to be published inside the novel. When you are reading through this masterpiece, especially in the scene where Mignon is singing Kennst du das Land, Goethe's writing is highly expressive and it makes sense why so many composers have tried their hands at composing songs using the text of Kennst du das Land. The text from the story reads: "She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner as if she wished to draw attention
towards something wonderful as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line, her tones became deeper and gloomier; the words, “Dost know?” Were uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in “’Tis there! ’tis there!” lay an irresistible longing; and her “Let us go!” she modified at each repetition so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade."

Unlike the audiences of the 19th century, who would have read the story and been familiar with it, audiences of today are far less likely to be familiar with Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister*. I must admit, I had not read it myself until I had decided to perform these songs for this concert. The story of Mignon, however, is easy to empathize with. It is one full of deep-running pain, loneliness, and longing, but not without resilience. We live in a post-pandemic era, during which most of us have experienced isolation and loneliness and longed for companionship, for our loved ones, and for our homes. I was no exception to this longing. Being halfway across the world from my family in Korea during the first two years of the pandemic, I went through an emotional journey that was painful at times and yearned for my native homeland and loved ones often. It was during that time that I listened to some of these songs and dreamt that one day I would program a recital solely dedicated to this complicated and fascinating girl. I have chosen these settings by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf, who are considered iconic composers of the Romantic era. Rumour has it that Goethe knew the version of *Kennst du das Land* that Beethoven had set and despised it. Whether it is a true or fabricated story, one will never know for sure. One fact we do know is that Goethe never replied to Joseph von Spaun’s package of Schubert lieder in 1816 nor to Schubert’s dedication of the three songs op. 19 in 1825. Goethe perhaps never recognized Schubert's genius and I wonder what he would have to say if he were alive today to hear the many beautiful settings of his poetry to songs by Schubert. Schumann’s and Wolf's settings came after Goethe's death and well into the mid-late Romantic era. Unlike the other German composers of the Romantic era who favoured verses of Goethe, Schumann used fewer Goethe texts for his lieder compared to the others. According to Martin Cooper, some consider the Wilhelm Meister songs of Schumann to be his most conspicuous failure as a songwriter, whereas others praise him for his genius in his setting of the texts. I find Schumann's setting most intriguing, not only for his rich harmonies and musical language but also because he also chose to set two other characters' texts to songs intertwining with Mignon’s words. In exploring these vastly different settings of Goethe's texts by four iconic composers of the Romantic era, I have found that each set brings forth different aspects and emotions of the texts in their unique ways.

I invite you to come on this journey with us in the next hour or so, to hear Goethe's tale of Mignon set in different ways. I have programmed the pieces in the order of their compositional dates, which span from the early- to late-Romantic era. I hope these songs can help you to reflect on your own yearnings and longings, and perhaps be offered some sense of peace.

**Artists Bios**

**Nicholas Borg**

Baritone Nicholas Borg has been praised as "an engaging visual and vocal actor" (Opera Canada) with a "warm, sonorous baritone" (Stage Door Toronto). Recent performances include Dandini in La Cenerentola with Manitoba Opera, Alexander Graham Bell in The Bells of Baddeck (Dean Burry/Lorna MacDonald) with Parks Canada and the support of the University of Toronto, and Don Alfonso in Cosi fan tutte for Brott Opera. In 2019-20 Nicholas was a member of the Yulanda
M. Faris Young Artist Program at Vancouver Opera, where he performed the roles of Barone Douphol in La Traviata and Fiorello in Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Nicholas was the recipient of the Kurt Sickert Award from the Vancouver Opera Foundation. Nicholas was a member of the inaugural Manitoba Opera Digital Emerging Artist Program in 2020. He has appeared in leading roles with Toronto Operetta Theatre, Voicebox: Opera in Concert, the Mississauga Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra Toronto, the Grand Philharmonic Choir, and the Windsor Symphony Orchestra. Nicholas graduated with a Master of Opera degree from the University of Toronto, under the tutelage of Wendy Nielsen, and he holds a Bachelor of Music degree from McGill University.

**Benjamin Done**

Praised for his clear and silvery sound, Benjamin Done, tenor, completed his Master of Music degree at the University of Toronto Opera School. Originally from Georgetown, Ontario, Ben completed his Bachelor of Arts (honours) in Music, majoring in Piano, and his Bachelor of Education at Laurentian University in Sudbury, Ontario. He made his operatic debut as Mr. Splinters in 2021 in the University of Toronto Opera production of Copland’s *The Tender Land*. Also at UofT Opera, Benjamin went on to perform the roles of Chrysodule Babylas in Offenbach’s *Monsieur Choufleur*, Ein Weiser in Hindemeth’s *Hin und Zurük*, Hamlet in the student composer collective *Disobedience*, and Charles Darnay in Arthur Benjamin’s *A Tale of Two Cities*. Elsewhere, Benjamin has performed John Adams in Virgil Thomson’s *The Mother of Us All* with VOICEBOX: Opera in Concert, “Casey” Baldwin in Lorna MacDonald’s and Dean Bury’s *The Bells of Baddeck*, and sung in the chorus of the North American stage premiere of Haydn’s *Filosofa del anima (Ossia: Orfeo)* at UofT.

**Hyejin Kwon**

Praised as “a fine stand-in for the orchestra” (Washington Post), pianist and co-founder of Muse9 Productions Hyejin Kwon hails from Seoul, South Korea. She made her public debut at the Korean National Arts Center Concert Hall at age 7 and made her orchestral debut with Seoul Philharmonic at age 10. Hyejin moved to the United States at 15 to further her musical training and she has been based in Toronto, Canada since 2012 working actively as a prominent and renowned collaborative pianist, repetiteur, and vocal coach.

Hyejin has been on the music staff at the Canadian Opera Company, Against the Grain Theatre, Tapestry Opera, Canadian Children's Opera Company, University of Toronto Opera, Lyric Opera Baltimore, Shoestring Opera, Repertory Opera Theatre in Washington, and was a vocal accompanying fellow at Aspen Music Festival in 2012. Hyejin has also been part of the faculties at COC Summer Intensive, Long Reach Opera Workshop, Against the Grain Theatre Summer Intensive, and St. Andrews Opera Workshop by the Sea.

Hyejin received her Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees from the Peabody Conservatory of Johns Hopkins University and an Artistic Diploma from the University of Toronto Opera. She is also a graduate of the renowned Canadian Opera Company's ensemble studio. In addition to her busy professional career, Hyejin is currently working on her Doctor of Musical Arts degree in collaborative piano at the University of Toronto under the tutelage of Steven Philcox.

**Morgan Reid**
Morgan Reid is a Nova Scotian-born portfolio artist whose diverse skillset informs her career as an administrator, artist manager, social media manager, and academic. Morgan has worked at Dean Artists Management since 2021 as an Associate Artist Manager in the Opera Division and as their Director of Administration and Promotion. Morgan also works as a freelance social media manager and consultant for arts organizations, creatives, and academics across Canada. Working in social media strategy and marketing has been a critical skill Morgan has cultivated since 2020 when she expanded this portfolio.

Some of her most treasured performance experiences have included singing Tytania in Britten’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream, The Happy Prince in Leslie Arden’s The Happy Prince, Elle Woods in Legally Blonde: The Musical, Mabel Bell in Burry’s The Bells of Baddeck, and singing works of Jake Heggie in SongFest’s New Voices in Song recital in Los Angeles’ Zipper Hall.

Morgan is a graduate of Mount Allison University (B.Mus. Voice) and the University of Toronto (M.Mus. Voice Performance), where she is currently pursuing her Doctor of Musical Arts in Voice Performance with a dissertation focus on movement training for singers in Canadian post-secondary performance programs, under the tutelage of Prof. Darryl Edwards.

**Stéphanie McKay-Turgeon**

Canadian soprano Stéphanie McKay-Turgeon enjoys a multi-faceted career as a recitalist, pedagogue, and researcher. She holds a Master’s degree in Performance and Vocal Pedagogy from the University of Toronto with soprano Wendy Nielsen and a Bachelor's degree from the Conservatoire de Musique de Montréal. Currently a Doctoral candidate at the University of Toronto, her research interests include the role of vocal timbre in performance, with a focus on Henri Dutilleux’s vocal repertoire. The refinement of her interpretation of the mélodie repertoire made her the recipient of grants from organizations such as the Académie Francis Poulenc in Tours (France) and the Art Song Foundation of Canada. In addition to her performing, she enjoys a fulfilling teaching career, guiding singers in the discovery of their voices and coaching French lyric diction. At the U of T, she was awarded many scholarships, including the Ontario Graduate Scholarship Award, and the Richard Bradshaw Graduate Fellowship. In recent years, Stéphanie has had the pleasure of learning from great masters such as the late Jessye Norman, François Le Roux, Margo Garrett, and Steven Blier.

**Anna Theodosakis**

Anna Theodosakis is a Dora Award-nominated stage director and choreographer. She recently directed Flight (Glenn Gould School), The Magic Flute (Canadian Opera Company), Carmen (Saskatoon Opera), The Bells of Baddeck (Parks Canada), L’elisir d’amore (Western University), Die schöne Müllerin (University of Ottawa), and The Limit of the Sun & Il giudizio di Pigmalione (Opera McGill). Anna is a Dramatic Coach for the Canadian Opera Company's Ensemble Studio. She has been a sessional lecturer for the University of British Columbia and a guest lecturer with McGill University, the University of Toronto, Dalhousie University, Wilfrid Laurier University, the University of Lethbridge, the Glenn Gould School, the University of Ottawa, and the University of Manitoba. Next, she will be the associate director for Against the Grain's production of Bluebeard's Castle, assistant direct Cosi fan tutte (Opera Theatre St. Louis), and direct La Traviata (Brott Opera). www.annatheodosakis.com
Texts and Translations

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1. Mignon (Goethe)

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.

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
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!

1. Mignon

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom,
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,
A gentle wind drifts from the blue sky,
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the house? Columns support its roof,
Its great hall gleams, its apartments shimmer,
And marble statues stand and stare at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way through the mist,
Caverns house the dragons ’ancient brood;
The rock falls sheer, the torrent over it,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there!
Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

Translation by Richard Stokes
Mignons Gesang

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
Im dunklen 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 Mamorbilder stehn und seh'n mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
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!

Translations by Richard Wigmore

1. Mignon und der Harfner/4. Lied der Mignon

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brent
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

Translation by Richard Stokes

2. Lied der Mignon

Heiss' mich nicht reden, heiss' mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.
Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf

2. Song of Mignon

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,
For I am bound to secrecy;
I should love to bare you my soul,
But Fate has willed it otherwise.
At the appointed time the sun dispels

Translation by Richard Stokes
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tief verborgnen
Quellen.
Ein Jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

Translation by Richard Stokes

3. Lied der Mignon

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.
Dort ruh’ ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.
Zwar lebt’ ich ohne Sorg’ und Mühe,
Doch fühlt’ ich tiefen Schmerz genung.
Vor Kummer altert’ ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Translation by Richard Stokes

1. Mignon

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.
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
Möcht’ ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.
Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;

Translation by Richard Stokes
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!

Caverns house the dragons’ ancient brood;
The rock falls sheer, the torrent over it,
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

Translation by Richard Stokes

2. Ballade des Harfners

“Was hör’ ich draussen vor dem Tor,
Was auf der Brücke schallen?
Lass den Gesang zu unserm Ohr
Im Saale wiederhallen!”

Der König sprach’s, der Page lief;
Der Knabe kam, der König rief:
“Bring ihn herein den Alten!”

“Gegrüsset seid ihr hohen Herrn,
Gegrüsst ihr, schönen Damen!
Welch reicher Himmel! Stern bei Stern!
Wer kennet ihre Namen?
Im Saal voll Pracht und Herrlichkeit
Schliesst, Augen, euch; hier ist nicht Zeit,
Sich staunend zu ergötzen.”

Der Sänger drückt’ die Augen ein
Und schlug die vollen Töne;
Die Ritter schauten mutig drein,
Und in den Schoss die Schöne.
Der König, dem das Lied gefiel,
Liess, ihm zu Lohne für sein Spiel,
Eine goldne Kette holen.

Die goldne Kette gib mir nicht,
Die Kette gib’ den Rittern,
Vor deren kühnem Angesicht
Der Feinde Lanzen splittern;
Gib’ sie dem Kanzler, den du hast,
Und lass ihn noch die goldne Last
Zu seinen andern Lasten tragen.

“Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnet;
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet!
Doch darf ich bitten, bitt’ ich eins:
Lass einen Trunk des besten Weins
In reinem Glase bringen.”

Er setzt’ es an, er trank es aus:
“O, Trank der süssnen Labe!
O, dreimal hochbeglücktes Haus,
Wo das ist kleine Gabe!
Ergeht’s euch wohl, so denkt an mich,
Und danket Gott so warm, als ich

Translation by Richard Stokes

2. The Harper’s ballad

“What do I hear at the gate,
What sounds on the bridge?
Let that song for our ears
Echo in this hall!”

So said the king, the page ran;
The page returned, the king cried:
“Let the old man be admitted!”

“The minstrel shut tight his eyes
And with full-blooded tone did play;
Manfully the knights gazed on,
And the beautiful lady looked down.
The king, pleased by the song,
To praise him for his music,
Sent for a chain of gold.

“The chain of gold give not to me,
The chain give to your knights,
Before whose bold countenance
The enemy lances splinter;
Give it to your chancellor,
And let him bear that golden burden
Together with his others.

‘I sing as sings the bird
That lives amongst the branches;
The song that bursts from the throat
Is its own rich reward.
But if I may, one thing will I ask:
Let me be served your best wine
In a clear glass.’

To his lips he put it, drank it off:
“O draught of sweet refreshment!
O thrice highly-favoured house
Where that is but a small gift.
Should you fare well, then think of me,
And thank God as warmly as I
Für diesen Trunk euch danke.”

Thank you for this draught.”

3. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh’ ich an’s Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

3. Only those who know longing

Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From every joy,
I search the sky
In that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
My head reels,
My body blazes.
Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!

4. Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!
Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

4. Who never ate his bread in tears

Who never ate his bread in tears,
Who never throughout sorrowful nights,
Sat weeping on his bed,
He knows not you, Heavenly Powers.
You bring us into life,
The poor man you let fall into guilt,
Then leave him to his pain:
For all guilt is suffered for on earth.

5. Heiß mich nicht reden

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.
Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tief verborgnen Quellen.
Ein Jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur rein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

5. Bid me not speak

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,
For I am bound to secrecy;
I should love to bare you my soul,
But Fate has willed it otherwise.
At the appointed time the sun dispels
The dark, and night must turn to day;
The hard rock opens up its bosom,
Does not begrudge earth its deeply hidden springs.
All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,
There the heart can pour out its sorrow;
But my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow,
And only a god can open them.

6. Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,
Ach! der ist bald allein;
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,
Und lässt ihn seiner Pein.

6. Who gives himself to loneliness

Who gives himself to loneliness,
Ah, he is soon alone;
Others—they live, they love
And leave him to his pain.
Ja! lasst mich meiner Qual!  
Und kann ich nur einmal  
Recht einsam sein,  
Dann bin ich nicht allein.  
Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,  
Ob seine Freundin allein?  
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht  
Mich Einsamen die Pein,  
Mich Einsamen die Pein.  
Ach, werd' ich erst einmal  
Einsam im Grabe sein,  
Da lässt sie mich allein!  

Yes! To my torment leave me!  
And can I but once  
Truly lonely be,  
Then I’ll not be alone.  
A lover softly spying steals—  
His loved one, is she alone?  
So, by day and night, steals  
Upon me who am lonely, the pain,  
Upon me who am lonely, the pain.  
Ah, when I shall be at last  
Lonely in my grave,  
Then it will leave me alone!

Translation by Richard Stokes

7. Singet nicht in Trauertönen

Singet nicht in Trauertönen
Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht;  
Nein, sie ist, o holde Schönen,  
Zur Geselligkeit gemacht.
Könnt ihr euch des Tages freuen,  
Der nur Freuden unterbricht?  
Er ist gut, sich zu zerstreuen;  
Zu was anderm taugt er nicht.
Aber wenn in nächt’ger Stunde  
Süsser Lampe Dämmrung fliesst  
Und vom Mund zum nahen Munde  
Scherz und Liebe sich ergiesst,  
Wenn der rasche, lose Knabe,  
Der sonst wild und feurig eilt,  
Oft bei einer kleinen Gabe  
Unter leichten Spielen weilt,  
Wenn die Nachtigall Verliebten  
Liebevoll ein Liedchen singt,  
Das Gefangenen und Betrübten  
Nur wie Ach und Wehe klingt:  
Mit wie leichtem Herzensregen  
Horchet ihr der Glocke nicht,  
Die mit zwölf bedächtgen Schlägen  
Ruh und Sicherheit verspricht.
Darum an dem langen Tage  
Merke dir es, liebe Brust:  
Jeder Tag hat seine Plage,  
Und die Nacht hat ihre Lust.

Do not sing in mournful tones  
Of the solitude of night;  
No, fair ladies, night is made  
For conviviality.  
Can you take delight in day,  
Which only curtails pleasure?  
It may serve as a distraction;  
But is good for nothing else.  
But when in hours of darkness  
The sweet lamp’s twilight flows,  
And love as well as laughter  
Streams from almost touching lips,  
When impulsive, roguish Cupid,  
Used to wild and fiery haste,  
In return for some small gift,  
Often lingers, dallying,  
When, full of love, the nightingale  
Sings a little song for lovers,  
Which to the imprisoned and sad  
Seems only to tell of grief and pain:  
With what lightly pounding heart  
Do you then listen to the bell,  
That with twelve solemn strokes  
Pledges security and rest!
And so remember this, dear heart,  
Throughout the livelong day:  
Every day has its troubles,  
And every night its joys.

Translation by Richard Stokes

8. An die Türen will ich schleichen

An die Türen will ich schleichen,  
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;  
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,  
Und ich werde weitergehn.
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,

From door to door will I steal,  
Quiet and humble will I stand,  
A pious hand will pass food,  
And I shall go on my way.  
Each will think himself happy,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiss nicht, was er weint.

Seeing me before him,
A tear will he weep,
And I shall not know why.

Translation by Richard Stokes

9. So laßt mich scheinen

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.
Dort ruh’ ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.
Zwar lebt’ ich ohne Sorg’ und Mühe,
Doch fühlt’ ich tiefen Schmerz genung.
Vor Kummer altert’ ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

9. Thus let me seem

Let me appear an angel till I become one;
Do not take my white dress from me!
I hasten from the beautiful earth
Down to that impregnable house.
There in brief repose I’ll rest,
Then my eyes will open, renewed;
My pure raiment then I’ll leave,
With girdle and rosary, behind.
And those heavenly beings,
They do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds
Cover the transfigured body.
Though I lived without trouble and toil,
I have felt deep pain enough.
I grew old with grief before my time;
O make me forever young again!

Translation by Richard Stokes

1. Mignon I

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.
Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tief verborgnen
Quellen.
Ein Jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur rein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

1. Mignon I

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,
For I am bound to secrecy;
I should love to bare you my soul,
But Fate has willed it otherwise.
At the appointed time the sun dispels
The dark, and night must turn to day;
The hard rock opens up its bosom,
Does not begrudge earth its deeply hidden springs.
All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,
There the heart can pour out its sorrow;
But my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow,
And only a god can open them.

Translation by Richard Stokes

2. Mignon II

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh’ ich an’s Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

2. Mignon II

Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From every joy,
I search the sky
In that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
My head reels,
My body blazes.
Only those who know longing
3. Mignon III

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.
Dort ruh’ ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.
Zwar lebt’ ich ohne Sorg’ und Mühe,
Doch fühlt’ ich tiefen Schmerz genung.
Vor Kummer altert’ ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Translation by Richard Stokes

4. Mignon

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.
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
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!

Translation by Richard Stokes