



SCHUMANN
ADVENTLIED
BALLADE VOM PAGEN UND DER KÖNIGSTOCHTER

BACH
CANTATA BWV 105

**Carolyn Sampson • Benno Schachtner • Werner Gura
Jonathan Sells • Cornelius Uhle**

**ESTONIAN PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER CHOIR
HELSINKI BAROQUE ORCHESTRA
AAPO HÄKKINEN**

**ONDINE**

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

	Ballade vom Pagen und der Königstochter, Op. 140	32:03
1	Erste Ballade: <i>Der alte König zog zu Wald</i>	8:34
2	Zweite Ballade: <i>Zwei Reiter reiten vom Königsschloss</i>	5:47
3	Dritte Ballade: <i>Den Runenstein in der Sommernacht</i>	6:57
4	Vierte Ballade: <i>Die Säle funkeln im Königsschloss</i>	10:45

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685–1750)

	Cantata BWV 105: <i>Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht</i> (version by Robert Schumann, Dresden 1849)	21:02
5	Chorus: <i>Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht</i>	5:09
6	Recitative (alto): <i>Mein Gott, verwirf mich nicht</i>	0:59
7	Aria (soprano): <i>Wie zittern und wanken</i>	5:52
8	Recitative (bass): <i>Wohl aber dem, der seinen Bürgen weiss</i>	1:46
9	Aria (tenor): <i>Kann ich nur Jesum mir zum Freunde machen</i>	5:44
10	Chorale: <i>Nun, ich weiss, du wirst mir stillen</i>	1:32

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Adventlied, Op. 71*

11	<i>Dein König kommt in niedern Hüllen</i>	2:05
12	<i>Allmächt'ger Herrscher ohne Speere</i>	4:28
13	<i>Und wo du kommest hergezogen</i>	2:10
14	<i>O Herr von grosser Huld und Treue</i>	2:50
15	<i>Noth ist es, dass du selbst hienieden</i>	1:01
16	<i>O lass dein Licht auf Erden siegen</i>	1:02
17	<i>Und lösch' der Zwietracht Glimmen aus</i>	3:53

WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING*

Carolyn Sampson, soprano

Ülle Tuisk, soprano (3)

Benno Schachtner, countertenor

Werner Gura, tenor

Cornelius Uhle, bass (*König*, BWV 105)

Jonathan Sells, bass (*Meermann*, Op. 71)

Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir

Helsinki Baroque Orchestra

on period instruments

Aapo Häkkinen, conductor

Allein wie herrlich, diesem Sturm ersprießend,
 Wölbt sich des bunten Bogens Wechseldauer,
 Bald rein gezeichnet, bald in Luft zerfließend,
 Umher verbreitend duftig kühle Schauer.
 Der spiegelt ab das menschliche Bestreben.
 Ihm sinne nach, und du begreifst genauer:
 Am farbigen Abglanz haben wir das Leben.
 (Faust)



Robert Schumann advised young musicians in one of the maxims from his *Musikalische Haus- und Lebensregeln*, published in 1850: “Keep in mind that there are also singers, and that the highest in musical expression is achieved through the chorus and orchestra.” His life-long desire to fuse music and poetry naturally found expression in vocal works – as he had put it already back in 1828: “Song unites the highest, word and tone.”¹ Schumann’s December 1844 move to Dresden with its flourishing operatic culture provided fresh stimulus for his ambitions. Franz Liszt rightly asserted that the composer’s desire

“to appropriate the most beautiful trophies of poetry for himself and to link his name with the likes of Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Moore” approached fulfilment in the dramatic and oratorical works of the late Dresden years.² Before the completion of *Das Paradies und die Peri* in 1843, Schumann wrote of what he quite justifiably felt was “well-nigh a new genre for the

¹ *Tagebücher*, I, 1971, p. 15

² Franz Liszt: *Robert Schumann*, 1856, in *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*, IV, 1882, p. 170

concert hall.”³ His systematic exploration of the principal musical genres – throughout demonstrating the potential of music (even without voices) for the transmission of ideas, its potential, in other words, as a literary art⁴ – culminates in these late works up through his later years in Düsseldorf. Today, they still constitute the least explored area of his output. The elevated style he was aspiring to (both in the text and the music) was unheard-of outside the realm of church music. In fact, whether for the church, opera, or the concert hall, Schumann was looking for a sanctified realm, a Goethe-inspired meeting ground for art and religion. According to his ideal – an ideal markedly at odds with both contemporary practice and later conventional assessment of his work – an opera should edify before it entertains.⁵ He was much taken by Loewe’s attempt to mediate opera and sacred oratorio in his *Johann Huss*.⁶ “We want an overarching style for the whole, a pervasively noble conception, an artist-heart beating ever vigorously.”

Claudio Arrau talked of the necessity to “live Schumann” – indeed it is a great challenge to try to understand his world and the novelty of the styles and forms he created in their entirety: other music of the time, the musical and poetic models and influences, the literary sensibility ... This year has also seen us preparing the composer’s esoteric late chamber music (another shady area of the modern Schumann reception) for concerts and recording. John Daverio has called breathlessness born of panic, even terror, a key feature of Schumann’s piano style. However, contrary to what has often been suggested, the fragmented forms, depression, and *Zerrissenheit* of his early works never quite re-appear in the late music, giving way to a new economy of texture,

³ *Briefe, Neue Folge*, 1904, p. 226

⁴ John Daverio: Robert Schumann – Herald of a “New Poetic Age”, 1997, p. 218

⁵ Daverio, p. 332

⁶ *Gesammelte Schriften, II*, 1914, pp. 99–105

more delicate nuances, the “inner voices”, in a heightened intensity of expression – Florestan and Eusebius having become functions of a single character. Through every bar, Schumann’s artist-heart is beating sometimes loud, often soft, but always vigorously.

After the completion of his opera (or *Trauerspiel* – a play of mourning and quasi-religious drama of redemption) *Genoveva* and other dramatic works of the Dresden period, Schumann turned toward church music (“the supreme goal of an artist”) and yet an arguably new humanist-religious genre that would have far-reaching repercussions in his last years. The first of these works on a spiritual theme was the *Adventlied*, op. 71, written in November 1848 to a text from his particular favourite Friedrich Rückert’s *Pantheon*. In a May 1849 letter to Härtel, Schumann expressed his doubts over the title, since it might unduly limit the performance of the piece to a specific time of the year,⁷ and proposed “Geistliches Gedicht” as an alternative (underscoring the importance of the text, in line with *Manfred* – “Dramatisches Gedicht” – and *Peri* – a “Dichtung”). Indeed, religious, ethical, humanistic, and even political themes – at least partly inspired by the revolutions of 1848 – are so closely intertwined that it is often impossible to separate them. The sense of urgent need and chromatic writing alternate with lyrical sections and quasi-Handelian grand climaxes in praise of universal brotherhood, featuring the transformed opening theme from time to time throughout the work. (In 1847, Schumann had studied all of Handel’s major English oratorios, as well as the biographies by Burney and Mainwaring, in Mattheson’s translation.) On a more general level, a dialectic between the sacred and the profane is often mirrored in a contrast between archaicism associated with distance – inner world of the soul – and modernity associated with presence – outer world of action. These “literary operas” are more than just music: they aspire to the

⁷ *Briefe*, p. 460

status of literature in the highest sense, to the same intellectual substance as poetry and philosophy.

All present works are connected to Schumann's work as director of the Dresden and Düsseldorf *Musikvereins*, choral and instrumental societies that occupied an important place in his musical life. He wrote to Ferdinand Hiller in April 1849 on the Dresden *Chorgesangverein* founded by himself and documented in the book which commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the society, *Festschrift zur Feier des 50jährigen Jubelfestes am 5. Januar 1898* published by the *Schumann'sche Singakademie*: "My *Chorverein* is a source of much joy, for I can try out, to my great delight, all the music I love." It was his explicit wish to "cultivate new music without excluding the older classics." The programmes presented composers from Palestrina and Handl to Handel and Haydn, a lot of Bach and Mendelssohn as well as Beethoven, Cherubini, and Schubert among others. The societies also became laboratories for Schumann's own latest creations. He conducted in Dresden in February-May 1849 the *Adventlied* and in July 1849 Bach's dramatic cantata (Albert Schweitzer was to call it a "monumental music-drama") *Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht*, BWV 105, and in Düsseldorf in October 1850 the *Adventlied* and, in the secular sphere, in November-December 1852 and again in March 1853 the large choral-orchestral ballade *Vom Pagen und der Königstochter*, op. 140, on texts by another recurrent Schumann favourite Emanuel Geibel (from *Junius-Lieder*, 1848) slightly altered.

Schumann led the warmly-applauded premiere of *Vom Pagen und der Königstochter* on 2 December 1852. Symphonies (both his own and by others) had loomed large in his Düsseldorf experience as municipal music director as well as co-director of the Lower Rhine Festival, and the work's form indeed bears a close resemblance to symphony. The four ballades on the page and the king's daughter are the unquestionable highpoint of Schumann's modern, "pervasively noble" epic drama and peculiar way of storytelling. The central

theme of memory – the “epic faculty par excellence” – brings us to the heart of the composer’s role as musical poet.⁸ Geibel’s text is a version of the legend known as “The Singing Bone” (Grimm’s *Der singende Knochen*). The water nymphs fashion the murdered page’s bones into a harp. Their magical “water music,” sumptuously scored for the full orchestra highlighting the solo horn and trombone choir accompanied by rustling strings and beguiling harp, stills the waves and transfixes the royal wedding company. As the princess falls dead (and her rose – itself a memory of their sensual tryst – faded) at the poor beloved’s memory, evoked by the distant strains of the merman’s lied, Schumann relishes his intense yet delicately wrought web of motivic recall and textural reminiscence. Rising horn-call motifs symbolising courtly pomp and forbidden love – a favourite of German Romanticism also appearing in the *Adventlied* (as well as Schumann’s both stage works *Genoveva* and *Manfred*) as an emblem for distance in space and thus in time, while the stage is split into passing independent worlds – and their associated march tune later take the form of a rollicking wedding dance. In the end only the first fragment of the mermaids’ song accompanies the choir, now assuming the role of collective memory and solemnly bringing the tale to its fateful close.

Successful in ennobling the conventional, formulaic recitative style, Schuman set the narrative portions of the text as *Rezitativischer Gesang* – lyrically free (though very different from the Italian operatic melody) declamatory line supported by motivically dense orchestral textures. This enabled him to write more continuous music, comparable to the 1850 portions of the *Faust-Scenen* or even to Richard Wagner’s *Lohengrin* (a concert performance of which Schumann had heard in September 1848). He ensured large-scale coherence both through a sophisticated network of unobtrusive thematic cross-references

⁸ Daverio, p. 218

or subtly elusive allusions (very different from Wagner's chiselled leitmotifs) and a beautifully telling overall tonal structure, far from empty formalism: as if plunging with the dead boy from the E minor tonic into the sea's depths in the second and third tableaux, only to return to haunt the king's court and the poor princess in the last one. In Schumann's "new genre for the concert hall," form has largely become a matter of refined transformational process including but not confined to motivic evolution.

Schumann's relatively late musical awakening was probably a necessary condition for his revolutionary creative work. Had he been a musical *Wunderkind*, his rethinking of music as literature would hardly have been possible. Schumann's motto *Töne sind höhere Worte* is nowhere more evident than in these late, large-scale musical poems, in his own eyes the crowning of his life's work.

Moriz Rosenthal recalled: "Liszt commented, 'Schumann is more broad-shouldered, but Chopin is taller.' One day, he described the music of Schumann as *Leipzigerisch*." This wasn't of course meant as a compliment by the worldly modernist, and Schumann responded to the often-told episode in a letter to Liszt: "No one is completely original." Describing Robert and Clara at the home of Alexei Lvov in St. Petersburg in March 1844, J.K. Arnold wrote: "As usual, Schumann was silent and taciturn the whole evening. For the most part, [he] sat in a corner by the piano; his face bore an intensely pensive expression. They both spoke French with a Saxon accent and German like real Leipzigers."⁹

Schumann studied intensively approximately 500 works by Bach, including numerous still unpublished cantatas, and took them up again and again

⁹ Georg Eismann: *Robert Schumann – Ein Quellenwerk über sein Leben und Schaffen*, 1956, p. 144

in order to “daily confess before this lofty man, and strive to purify and strengthen myself through him.”¹⁰ It was often this, as well as general study of contrapuntal issues (“Fugenpassion,” as recorded more than once in the *Haushaltbücher*) that helped ease him out of severe anxiety and depressive phases. Schumann’s wide-ranging studies in Leipzig (during which he already became “one of Leipzig’s best-known sons of the Muses”¹¹), his close friendship with Mendelssohn, the rising German nationalism in the wake of French threats, the Lutheran faith – as part of his personal philosophy and identity – and a boundless reverence for Bach’s music as an inspiration to the German Romantic school, all had a marked impact on the composer’s spirit and his musical language. Classical counterpoint, voice leading, and harmonic orientation carve the backbone of his music even in the midst of all personal innovation. The result is a deft internalization of the essence of Bach’s and other early composers’ art, an imaginative encounter that resulted in a startlingly new expressive language – a coming together of the old and the new that may well find its closest parallel in Claudio Monteverdi’s aesthetic legacy.

Keen awareness of tradition in general and Mendelssohn’s understanding of Bach in particular served as a model for Schumann. In 1842, after playing Bach’s sonatas with Ferdinand David, Clara was “struck by David’s *staccato* rendition of all the running figures – could Bach have wanted it so?”¹² (They should have delighted in our current commitment to composers’ intentions!) In performance practice of Bach’s church music, Schumann sought advice from Leipzig *Thomaskantor* and fellow professor at Mendelssohn’s conservatory Moritz Hauptmann (1792–1868) whose letters have proved most

¹⁰ *Briefe*, p. 178

¹¹ Eismann, p. 44

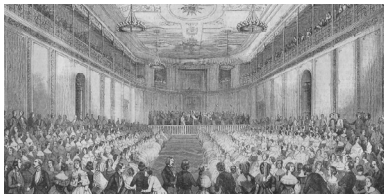
¹² *Tagebücher*, II, 1987, p. 233

helpful in questions of dynamics, tempo, and instrumentation. In his 1853 publication *Die Natur der Harmonik und Metrik*, Hauptmann created the concept of rhythmical phrase (“Aus rhythmischen Phrasen besteht auch die prosaische Rede”) and articulated the polemic against exponents of the new-fashioned long, ‘painting’ nuance phrasing exemplified by Wagner and comprehensively exposed by Hugo Riemann (especially in his *Musikalische Dynamik und Agogik*, 1884). The conflict between the New Germans (Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner) and the “Leipzig-like” Academic-Classicists (Schumann, Brahms) concerned not only composition but performing style as well.

These performances are first recordings on 19th century instruments. While less stable than their modern counterparts, the instruments for which Schumann composed greatly facilitate expressing the intimacy and volatility, even the “himmlische Leichtigkeit” of his music, and paradoxically make it sound more modern.

In the ballade *Vom Pagen und der Königstochter*, countless mistakes in the editions have been corrected against a copy of Schumann’s conducting autograph, kindly provided by *Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin – Preussischer Kulturbesitz*. First published only 27 years later, Schumann’s performing version of Bach’s cantata *Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht* (later one of Philipp Spitta’s favourites) was directly based on a copy of the autograph score then at the *Berlin Sing-Akademie* (also used by Wilhelm Rust for his 1876 edition).

Schumann’s imaginative orchestration reflects the common German large orchestral set-up of the 1840s. The Leipzig Gewandhaus concert orchestra (as opposed to the smaller theatre orchestra), which probably formed the basis and model of his orchestral thinking, grew in size from a total of 34



Altes Gewandhaus, 1845

musicians (strings 55422) in 1833¹³ to between 40 and 47 (strings variously reported from 66233 to 98554) in the 1840s.¹⁴ After Mendelssohn's tenure, the Gewandhaus strings seem to have weakened, and in 1848–1860 the orchestra was reported as having “no less than 35 players.” In Dresden, the *Königliche Capelle* had a total of 55 musicians (strings 88434) in 1839¹⁵ and the Opera a total of 51 (strings 88444) in 1844.¹⁶

The orchestral layout used on this recording follows the Gewandhaus seating plan in 1844 as reported by August Schmidt.¹⁷ The first violins are to the right and the seconds to the left, reminiscent of many eighteenth-century plans; the woodwind are in one line behind the strings. However challenging in terms of ensemble and intonation, this was found to yield an optimal clarity and balance between the woodwind as well as string sections. The choir's layout reflects that of the strings, with sopranos and tenors to the right, altos and basses to the left.

Aapo Häkkinen

¹³ Hans-Joachim Nösselt: *Das Gewandhausorchester – Entstehung und Entwicklung eines Orchesters*, 1943, pp. 118–119

¹⁴ Eberhard Creuzburg: *Die Gewandhaus-Konzerte zu Leipzig*, 1931, pp. 85–86; Ottmar Schreiber: *Orchester und Orchesterpraxis in Deutschland zwischen 1780 und 1850*, 1938, p. 106

¹⁵ *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, XIII, 1840, p. 158

¹⁶ Ferdinand Simon Gassner: *Dirigent und Ripienist, für angehende Musikdirigenten, Musiker und Musikfreunde*, 1844, Beilage 2

¹⁷ *Musikalische Reise-Momente auf einer Wanderung durch Norddeutschland*, 1846, p. 46

LYRICS

Vom Pagen und der Königstochter,
Op. 140

I Ballade I

Der alte König zog zu Wald,
das ist ein Jagen heute!
Der Renner schnaubt, das Hifthorn
schallt,
im Busche bellt die Meute.

Auf zur Jagd! Auf zur Jagd!
Ihr Jäger, auf zur Pirsch!
Wir woll'n den Hirsch erjagen,
den edlen rothen Hirsch.

Der Tag steigt auf in Frische,
der Hirsch kehrt heim vom Feld;
frisch auf denn in's Gebüsch,
wo er den Wechsel hält!

Und als die Sonn' im Mittag steht,
da hat im Buchengehege
des Königs rosiges Töchterlein
verloren sich vom Wege.

Sie reitet sacht, es reitet mit ihr
der Pag' im gelben Haare,
und wäre sie nicht des Königs Kind,
sie taugten zum schönsten Paare.

The old king set out for the woods,
the hunt is on today!
The charger snorts, the bugle sounds,
the bloodhounds bark in the bushes.

Off on the hunt! Off on the hunt!
You huntsmen, off to the deer-stalking!
We want to hunt down the deer,
the noble red stag.

The day dawns in freshness,
the stag returns from the field;
let us be off cheerily into the bushes,
to his habitual feeding track!

And as the sun attains the noon,
there midst beech trees
the king's young rosy daughter
has strayed from the path.

She rides gently; with her rides
the page with golden hair,
and were she not the child of the king,
they would make the most handsome
pair.

Er schaut sie an, sein Herz erbebt,
der Forst wird immer dichter,
die Wangen brennen ihm bis zur Stirn,
mit brennenden Augen spricht er:

Page

Du hold, holdselige Prinzess,
ich kann's nicht mehr verschweigen,
mein junges Herz, das bricht vor Lieb',
mein Herz, das ist dein eigen.

O dürft' ich auf den rothen Mund
ein einzigmal dich küssen,
ich wäre der seligste Mann von der
Welt,
und sollt' ich d'rum sterben müssen!

Sie sagt nicht Ja, sie sagt nicht Nein,
sie hemmt des Rosses Zügel,
und als sie sich vom Sattel schwingt,
da hält er ihr den Bügel.

Prinzess

Komm, lass' uns wandeln im tiefen
Wald!

Page

Wie sind so schattig die Lauben!

Prinzess

Und hörst du die süsse Nachtigall?

Page

Und die girrenden Turteltauben?

He gazes at her, his heart quakes,
the forest becomes ever more dense,
he blushes from cheek to forehead,
with burning eyes he speaks:

Page

You lovely, enchanting princess,
I can no longer keep it from you,
my young heart, it breaks for love,
my heart, it belongs to you.

Oh might I but a single time
kiss you upon your red lips!
I would be the most blessed man in
the world,
even if I had to die for it.

She speaks not yea, she speaks not nay,
she checks the horse's reins,
and as she swings herself from the
saddle,
he holds the stirrup for her.

Prinzess

Come, let us wander in the deep
woods!

Page

How shady are the bowers!

Prinzess

And do you hear the sweet nightingale?

Page

And the cooing turtledoves?

Prinzess

O schau' die rothe wilde Ros',
wie im grünen Moos sie blüht,

Page

O gleich der rothen wilden Ros'
mein Herze brennt und glühet!

Prinzess

ich pflück' sie dir, geliebter Mann!
O traulich Minnen, selig Loos!

Page

An meinem Herzen heft ich sie an!
O traulich Minnen, selig Loos!

Sie ruh'n im Moos bei der wilden Ros',
die Rosse sie lassen grasen,
sie hören nicht mehr die Nachtigall
und nicht der Jäger Blasen.

Du alter König, harre nicht!
Die schönste der Prinzessen
sie hat in deines Pagen Arm
dich und die Welt vergessen!

2 Ballade II

Zwei Reiter reiten vomKönigsschloss,
sie reiten hinab zum Strande;
in hohen Lüften pfeift der Wind,
die Wellen schäumen zu Lande.

Princess

Oh see the red wild rose,
how it blooms in the green moss,

Page

Oh like the red wild rose,
my heart burns and glows!

Princess

I pluck it for you, beloved man!
I sweetest love, blessed lot!

Page

I will fasten it to my heart!
Oh sweetest love, blessed lot!

They rest on the moss by the wild rose,
their horses they let to grazing,
no more do they hear the nightingale
nor the bugling of the hunters.

You old king, do not look out for her!
The most beautiful of princesses
has, lying in your page's arms,
forgotten you and the world!

Two horsemen ride from the king's
palace, they ride down to the shore;
the wind whistles up high,
the waves break foamingly on the
shoreline.





Sie sind hinauf am Ufersteg
in Schweigen dumpf geritten;
Blutrunden aus uralter Zeit
steh'n droben eingeschnitten.

König

Nun mir, dem König, Page mein,
thu' kund mit freiem Muth:
Wer gab das Röslein dir, Gesell,
das Röslein auf deinem Hute?

Page

Das Röslein gab die Mutter mir,
da sie mich liess in Sorgen;
ich stell's in Wasser jede Nacht,
so blüht es jeden Morgen.

König

Wess ist die Locke, die ich sah
um deine Brust geschlungen,
da vorhin dir vom scharfen Ritt
das Reitwamms aufgesprungen?

Page

Das ist meiner Schwester lichtbraun
Haar,
so fein und weich wie Seiden,
es duftet süß wie Rosenöl,
sie weinte d'rauf beim Scheiden.

Up the pathway along the shore
they have ridden in sullen silence;
blood runes from ancient times
stand above carved into the rock.

King

Now, page of mine, to me, the king,
disclose truly and openly:
Who gave you, lad, the rose,
the rose upon your hat?

Page

The rose my mother gave to me,
when she let me go with sorrow;
I place it in water every night,
thus it blooms every morning.

King

Whose is the lock of hair that I saw
wound upon your breast,
when a moment ago the vigorous ride
caused your riding jerkin to gape
open?

Page

That is my sister's light brown hair,
as fine and soft as silk,
it is sweetly scented with oil of roses,
she wept upon it when we parted.

König

Nun sag und red' die Wahrheit mir,
Gesell, es gilt dein Leben:
Wer hat den Ring am Finger dir,
den goldnen Ring gegeben?

Page

Die mir den Ring am Finger gab,
gab mir ihr Herz desgleichen;
das ist die allerschönste Maid
in allen deinen Reichen!

König

Der Ring ist meines Kindes Ring!
Sein Blinken muss ich kennen.

Page

Weh! Deine Stirn' furcht Zorn!
Blutrunen seh' ich brennen!

König

Ha! Wagtest du in frechem Muth
um ihren Leib zu werben,
schon' ich dein jungfrisch Leben nicht,
des Todes musst du sterben!

Wohlauf, mein Schwert,
kühl' 's Herzlein dem Gesellen!

Und deinen Leib verschling' die Fluth,
und steht dein Sinnen so hoch,
so magst um die Königin jetzt
der Wassernixen du minnen!

King

Now speak, and tell me truly,
lad, your life is at stake:
Who gave you the ring on your finger,
the golden ring?

Page

She who gave me the ring on my
finger also gave me her heart;
she is the fairest of all the maids
in all your kingdoms!

King

The ring is the ring of my child!
I know its gleam full well.

Page

Woe! Your forehead is furrowed with
rage!
I see the blood runes burning!

King

Ha! If you dared in audacious desire
to court her,
I spare not your fresh young life,
you must die!

Well then, my sword,
cool the lad's little heart for him!

And may the flood devour your body,
and if your aspirations be so lofty,
then you may now court
the queen of the water spirits!

Den Strand entlang zum Königsschloss
heimreitet ein düst'rer Reiter;
hinaus in's Meer die Leiche schwimmt,
die Wellen rauschen weiter.

Along the shore toward the king's
palace
rides home a gloomy rider;
out into the sea floats the corpse,
the waves continue to roar.

3 Ballade III

Den Runenstein in der Sommernacht
umspielen die Wasserfrauen;
das Wasser klingt, es singt die Luft,
der Mond steht hoch im Blauen.

About the runic stone in the summer
night
the water nymphs play;
the water sounds, the air sings,
the moon stands over the blue
heavens.

Das plätschert und lacht, das wogt und
taucht
wie Lilien auf und nieder;
es schwimmt auf der Fluth das goldne
Haar,
es schimmern die weissen Glieder.

They splash and laugh, they weave and
dive
up and down like lilies;
golden hair floats upon the waters,
white limbs shimmer.

Mit schilfigem Bart der Meermann
bläst
die gewund'ne Muschelposaune,
die Nixen schlingen den Reigen dazu,
sie sind in der besten Laune.

With a beard of rushes, the merman
blows
his coiled shell trombone,
the spirits dance their winding dance
to his blowing,
they are in the best of spirits.

Da schreit die Jüngste und kichert
drauf:

Nixe

Ei seht, was ich fand in der Welle!
Ein blinkendes winkendes
Todtengebein,
wie Silber glänzt es so helle.

Ich stieß mit dem Fuss an's
Korallenriff
beim lustigen Untertauchen,
da lag's in den Aesten, ich zog's hervor,
nun sagt, wie können wir's brauchen?

Königin

Was thun damit? Hei, feiner Fund!
Wer weiss von solchen Sachen?
Das beinerne Ding ist hübsch und fein,
eine Harfe woll'n wir d'raus machen.

Komm Schilfbart, alter Musikant,
du weisst von solchen Dingen;
ich schenk' einen Schwertfisch dir
zum Ross,
kannst du's zu Stande bringen!

Meermann

Dem Meermann her gebt das Gebein,
er fügt's mit schlauem Geklügel,
er macht aus den Fingern die Wirbel
gut, aus dem Brustbein macht er den
Bügel.

The youngest mermaid giggles and
shouts:

Mermaid

Oh look what I found in the waves!
A dead man's shining beckoning
bones,
they gleam as brightly as silver.

I bumped against the coral reef with
my foot
while merrily diving down,
there it lay in the branches, I pulled
it out,
now do tell, what could we do with it?

Queen

What to do with it? Ha, a fine find!
Who knows about such things?
The bony thing is bonny and fair,
let us make a harp out of it.

Come, rush-beard, old musician,
you are well-versed in such things;
I will bestow a swordfish upon you for
a horse
if you can complete the task.

Merman

Give the bones to the merman,
he will complete the task with
consummate skill, from the fingers
he makes fine tuning pegs, from the
sternum he fashions the frame.

Leih', Königin, mir vom gold'nen Haar,
das spann' ich darüber als Saiten.

Nun töne die Harfe wohl auf und ab,
ihr Wellen, lasset das Rauschen,
du Wind, halt' leise den Odem an
und schlumm're ein im Lauschen!

Ihr Möven, fliegt zu Strand,
Goldfischlein, steigt vom Grunde;
es horcht die Luft, es horcht das Meer
bezaubert in der Runde.

Nun klinget die Harfe wohl auf und
ab, es lassen die Wellen das Rauschen,
der Wind hält leise den Odem an
und schlummert ein im Lauschen.

Die Möve fliegt zum Strand,
Goldfischlein steigen vom Grunde;
es horcht die Luft, es horcht das Meer
bezaubert in der Runde.

4 Ballade IV

Die Säle funkeln im Königsschloss,
kommt an mit Flöten und Geigen;
das schöne Königstöchterlein
tanzt drinnen den Hochzeitsreigen.

Queen, lend me some of your golden
hair, I will stretch the strands across
as strings.

Now sound the harp upward and
downward,
you waves, cease your roaring,
you wind, hold quietly your breath
and fall asleep while listening!

You seagulls, fly to the shore,
little goldfish, rise from the deep sea;
the air listens, the sea listens,
enchanted all about.

Now resounds the harp upward and
downward, the waves cease their
roaring, the wind holds quietly its
breath and falls asleep while listening.

The seagull flies to the shore,
little goldfish rise from the deep sea;
the air listens, the sea listens,
enchanted all about.

The halls sparkle in the king's palace,
come hither with flutes and violins;
the king's beautiful daughter
is dancing her wedding dance there.

Sie trägt im Haar den Myrthenkranz,
doch wandelt sie stumm und befangen;
sie trägt an der Brust die blühende
Ros',
doch sind so bleich die Wangen.

Sie tanzt mit dem fremden
Königssohn,
er geht in Purpur und Seide,
doch schöner, tausendmal schöner war
der Knab' im Pagenkleide.

Heil! der Braut! der hohen Braut!

Am goldnen Tisch zwölf Jungfrau'n
steh'n, den perlenden Wein zu
kredenzen; zwölf Pagen schwingen sich
um das Paar mit lodernden Fackeln
und Kränzen.

Meermann

Hei, leise! Feines Schloss am Meer,
horch auf des Meermann's Harfen!

Die Fackeln verlöschen, die Geigen
verstummen –

König

Sagt an, was soll das Schweigen?

She is wearing the wreath of myrtles
in her hair,
yet she goes about mute and
constrained;
upon her breast she wears a blooming
rose,
yet her cheeks, they are so pale.

She is dancing with the foreign prince,
he wears royal purple and silk,
but fairer, a thousand times fairer was
the lad in page's attire.

Hail to the bride! to the noble bride!

At a golden table twelve maidens stand
to serve the sparkling wine;
twelve pages circle around the bridal
pair with flaming torches and wreaths.

Merman

Ha, be still! Fine palace by the sea,
listen to the merman's harping!

The torches flicker out, the violins go
mute –

King

Tell me, what is the meaning of this
silence?

Spielmann

Herr König, nicht entbrenn' im Zorn,
wir dürfen nicht blasen und streichen;
der Meermann harft vor dem Schlosse
dein,
dem Meermann müssen wir weichen.

Horch! Wie's empor von dem Meere
wält,
o süßes, trauriges Schallen!
Es schleicht so sacht durch die Nacht
herauf in die Hallen.

Es schleicht so sacht in das Ohr der
Braut, es ist als ob aus der Tiefe
mit Allgewalt der lieblichste
Buhle sie rief.

Prinzess

Mein arm Herz lässt des Lied's Gewalt
im Tod zerfallen!

Prangt auch mein Ritter wunderbar
im glänzenden Geschmeide,
ach schöner, tausendmal schöner war
der Knab' im Pagenkleide!

Minstrel

Lord king, do not enflame in rage,
we may not blow or bow;
the merman is playing the harp before
your palace,
we must give way to the merman.

Hark! How it wafts up from the sea,
oh sweet, sorrowful reverberation!
It creeps so gently through the night
up into the royal halls.

It creeps so gently into the ear of the
bride, it seems as if from the depths
with all-encompassing power
her dearest were calling her.

Princess

The power of the song makes my poor
heart
dissolve in death!
And though my knight is wonderfully
resplendent
in shining finery,
ah, fairer, a thousand times fairer was
the lad in page's attire.

Es schleicht so sacht durch die
dämmernde Nacht
hinauf in die festlichen Hallen.
Aus ihren Locken der Myrthenkranz
fällt welk zu ihren Füßen.

Dem König rieselt's durch Mark und
Bein,
er fleucht entsetzt aus der Halle;
es eilt der fremde Königssohn
nach seinen Rossen im Stalle.

Im Saal liegt bleich die Braut,
ihr ist das Herz zersprungen;
der Morgen trüb in die Fenster graut,
des Meermanns Lied ist verklungen.

It creeps so gently through the
darkening night
into the festive halls.
From out of her curls the myrtle
wreath
falls wilted at her feet.
The king shudders in his very marrow,
he flees in terror from the hall;
the foreign prince hastens
to his horses in the stable.

In the hall lies the pale bride,
her heart has burst;
the morning light gloomily illumines
the windows,
the merman's song has faded away.

Text: Emanuel Geibel (1815–1884)

Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht, BWV 105

5 *Chorus*

Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht mit
deinem Knecht.
Denn vor dir wird kein Lebendiger
gerecht.

Lord, do not go into court with your
servant.
For before you no living person is just.

6 *Recitative*

Mein Gott, verwirf mich nicht,
indem ich mich in Demut vor dir
beuge,
von deinem Angesicht.
Ich weiss, wie gross dein Zorn und
mein Verbrechen ist,
dass du zugleich ein schneller Zeuge
und ein gerechter Richter bist.
Ich lege dir ein frei Bekenntnis dar
und stürze mich nicht in Gefahr,
die Fehler meiner Seelen
zu leugnen, zu verhehlen.

My God, do not reject me,
while I bow in humility before you,
from your face.
I know how great is your wrath and
my crime,
that you are at the same time a prompt
witness
and a just judge.
I state my confession freely to you
and do not throw myself into danger
by denying, by concealing
the errors of my soul.

7 *Aria*

Wie zittern und wanken
der Sünder Gedanken,
indem sie sich untereinander
verklagen
und wiederum sich zu entschuldigen
wagen.

How tremble and waver
the sinners' thoughts,
as they bring accusations against each
other
and on the other hand dare to excuse
themselves.

So wird ein geängstigt Gewissen
durch eigene Folter zerrissen.

8 *Recitative*

Wohl aber dem, der seinen Bürgen
weiss,
der alle Schuld ersetzt,
so wird die Handschrift ausgetan,
wenn Jesus sie mit Blute netzet.
Er heftet sie ans Kreuze selber an,
er wird von deinen Gütern, Leib und
Leben,
wenn deine Sterbestunde schlägt,
dem Vater selbst die Rechnung
übergeben.
So mag man deinen Leib, den man
zum Grabe trägt,
mit Sand und Staub beschütten,
dein Heiland öffnet selbst dir die
ewgen Hütten.

9 *Aria*

Kann ich nur Jesum mir zum Freunde
machen,
so gilt der Mammon nichts bei mir.
Ich finde kein Vergnügen hier
bei dieser eitlen Welt und irdischen
Sachen.

In this way a troubled conscience
is torn apart through its own torments.

But fortunate is the man who knows
who is his guarantor,
who sets aside his guilt;
then the sentence of condemnation is
done away with,
when Jesus moistens it with his blood.
He himself fastens it to the cross;
he will of your goods, body and life,
when your hour of death strikes,
to the father himself give over the
account.
Even though your body, that is carried
to the grave,
may be covered with sand and dust,
your saviour opens for you the
everlasting tabernacles.

If only I make Jesus my friend,
then mammon has no value for me.
I find no pleasure here
in this vain world and earthly things.

10 *Chorale*

Nun, ich weiss, du wirst mir stillen
mein Gewissen, das mich plagt.
Es wird deine Treu erfüllen,
was du selber hast gesagt:
dass auf dieser weiten Erden
keiner soll verloren werden,
sondern ewig leben soll,
wenn er nur ist Glaubens voll.

Now I know you will quieten
my conscience, that torments me.
Your faithfulness will fulfil
what you have said yourself:
that on this wide earth
no one should be lost
but should live for ever,
if only he is full of faith.

Texts: Psalm 143 (5), anonymous (6–9),
Johann Rist (1607–1667) (10)

Adventlied, Op. 71

11

Dein König kommt in niedern Hüllen,
ihn trägt der lastbar'n Es'lin Füllen,
empfang' ihn froh, Jerusalem;
trag' ihm entgegen Friedenspalmen,
bestreu' den Pfad mit grünen Halmen,
so ist's dem Herren angenehm.

Your king comes in lowliest clothing,
borne by the sturdy she-ass's foal,
receive him gladly, Jerusalem;
carry along to him palms of peace,
cover the path with green blades of
grass,
as 'tis agreeable to the Lord.

12

Allmächt'ger Herrscher ohne Heere,
 gewalt'ger Kämpfer ohne Speere,
 o Friedensfürst von grosser Macht!
 Es wollen dir der Erde Herren
 den Weg zu deinem Throne sperren,
 doch du gewinnst ihn ohne Schlacht.

Dein Reich ist nicht von dieser Erden;
 doch aller Erden Reiche werden
 dem, das du gründest, unterthan.
 Bewaffnet mit des Glaubens Worten
 zieht deine Schaar nach den vier Orten
 der Welt hinaus, und macht dir Bahn.

13

Und wo du kommest hergezogen,
 da ebnen sich des Meeres Wogen,
 es schweigt der Sturm, von dir
 bedroht.
 Du kommst auf den empörten Triften
 des Lebens neuen Bund zu stiften,
 und schlägst in Fesseln Sünd' und Tod.

Almighty sov'reign without army,
 powerful warrior without spear,
 o prince of peace of great power!
 The rulers of earth are wanting to
 obstruct the journey up to your
 throne,
 yet shall you gain it without battle.

Your kingdom is not of this earth;
 yet all of the earth's kingdoms shall
 be subject to what you have founded.
 Being armed with words of the faith
 your host is drawn to the four corners
 of the world and clears a way for you.

And wherever you have come nearer,
 the waves of the sea are leveling,
 the storm pauses, threatened by you.
 You come to found the new cov'nant
 of life on the rebelling pastures
 and have put in fetters sin and death.

14

O Herr von grosser Huld und Treue,
o komme du auch jetzt auf's Neue
zu uns, die wir sind schwer verstört!

O Lord of great grace and loyalty,
o do come now also once again
to us, we who are very distraught!

15

Noth ist es, dass du selbst hienieden
kommst, zu erneuen deinen Frieden,
dagegen sich die Welt empört.

We need that here in this world below
you come yourself to renew peace,
against which the world is rising up.

16

O lass dein Licht auf Erden siegen,
die Macht der Finsterniss erliegen,

O let your light triumph on the earth,
let the powers of darkness succumb,

17

Und lös'ch' der Zwietracht Glimmen
aus, dass wir, die Völker und die
Thronen, vereint als Brüder immer
wohnen in deines grossen Vaters Haus!

And snuff out the smoulder of discord,
that we, the people and the thrones,
live ever unified as brothers
in the house of your great father!

Text: Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

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Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir

soprano: Ülle Tuisk, Karolis Kaljuste, Karoliina Kriis, Hele-Mall Leego,
Annika Lõhmus, Kristine Muldma, Miina Pärn

alto: Anna Dõtõna, Maarja Helstein, Ave Hännikäinen, Marianne Pärna,
Karin Salumäe, Cätly Talvik

tenor: Madis Enson, Danila Frantou, Kaido Janke, Raul Mikson,
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bass: Ott Kask, Kaarel Kukkk, Aarne Talvik, Henry Tiisma,
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flute: Pauliina Fred, Petra Aminoff, Hanna Haapamäki

oboe: Jasu Moisio, Rodrigo Gutiérrez

clarinet: Nicola Boud, Asko Heiskanen

bassoon: Jani Sunnarborg, Visa Jämsä

horn: Krzysztof Stencel, Jiří Tarantík, Edouard Guittet, Dániel Pálkövi

trumpet: Krisztián Kovács, Zoltán Kövér

trombone: Tim Dowling, Cas Gevers, Gunter Carlier

timpani: Heikki Parviainen

harp: Päivi Severeide

I violin: David Drabek, Dora Asterstad, Antonio De Sarlo, Anni Elonen,
Aira Maria Lehtipuu, Anthony Marini, László Paulik, Hanna Pesonen

II violin: Gabriele Campagna, Tiina Aho-Erola, Jaana Haanterä,
Kari-Pekka Immonen, Minna Kangas, Meelis Orgse, Anna Rainio

viola: Hanna Pakkala, Evgenia Bauer, Johanna Leponiemi,
Tuula Riisalo, Markus Sarantola, Liisa Tamminen

cello: Heidi Peltoniemi, Louna Hosia, Guadalupe López-Íñiguez,
Lea Pekkala, Jussi Seppänen, Natalia Timofeeva

double bass: Petri Ainali, Aapo Kyyhkynen, Anna Rinta-Rahko

organ: Marianna Henriksson

A = 438 Hz



106.
103

Vierte Ballade.
Braunschweig, festlich. Op. 100. 11

Flöten
Klarinetten
Fagotte
Hörner
Trompeten
Pauken
Violinen I
Violinen II
Viola
Kontrabaß
Chor
Violoncelli
Kontrabaß

Schumann
Koblenz

Page from the autograph score of Schumann's
Ballade vom Pagen und der Königstochter

