

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra  
2018-2019 Mellon Grand Classics Season

May 10 and 12, 2019

MANFRED HONECK, CONDUCTOR  
VILDE FRANG, VIOLIN  
MATTHIAS GOERNE, BARITONE  
ERIC CUTLER, TENOR

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN      Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 61  
I.    Allegro ma non troppo  
II.    Larghetto —  
III.   Rondo: Allegro  
          **Ms. Frang**

Intermission

GUSTAV MAHLER              *Das Lied von der Erde* for Baritone\* and Tenor† Soloists  
and Orchestra  
I.    Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde  
          ("The Drinking Song of the Earth's Misery")†  
II.    Der Einsame im Herbst  
          ("The Lonely One in Autumn")\*  
III.   Von der Jugend ("of Youth")†  
IV.   Von der Schönheit ("of Beauty")\*  
V.    Der Trunkene im Frühling  
          ("The Drunkard in Spring")†  
VI.   Der Abschied ("The Parting")\*  
          **Mr. Goerne**  
          **Mr. Cutler**

## PROGRAM NOTES BY DR. RICHARD E. RODDA

### LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

#### Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 61 (1806)

**Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn on December 16, 1770, and died in Vienna on March 26, 1827. He composed his Violin Concerto in 1806, and it was premiered at the Theater-an-der-Wien in Vienna with Beethoven conducting and soloist Franz Clement on December 23, 1806. The Pittsburgh Symphony first performed the concerto at Carnegie Music Hall with conductor Victor Herbert and violinist Luigi von Kunits in November 1898, and most recently performed it with music director Manfred Honeck and violinist Christian Tetzlaff in June 2015. The score calls for flute, pairs of oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, and trumpets, timpani and strings. Performance time: approximately 45 minutes.**

In 1794, two years after he moved to Vienna from Bonn, Beethoven attended a concert by an Austrian violin prodigy named Franz Clement. To Clement, then fourteen years old, the young composer wrote, "Dear Clement! Go forth on the way which you hitherto have travelled so beautifully, so magnificently. Nature and art vie with each other in making you a great artist. Follow both and, never fear, you will reach the great — the greatest — goal possible to an artist here on earth. All wishes for your happiness, dear youth; and return soon, that I may again hear your dear, magnificent playing. Entirely your friend, L. v. Beethoven."

Beethoven's wish was soon granted. Clement was appointed conductor and concertmaster of the Theater-an-der-Wien in Vienna in 1802, where he was closely associated with Beethoven in the production of *Fidelio* and as the conductor of the premiere of the Third Symphony. Clement, highly esteemed by his contemporaries as a violinist, musician and composer for his instrument, was also noted for his fabulous memory. One tale relates that Clement, after participating in a single performance of Haydn's *The Creation*, wrote out a score for the entire work from memory. Of Clement's style of violin performance, Boris Schwarz wrote, "His playing was graceful rather than vigorous, his tone small but expressive, and he possessed unflinching assurance and purity in high positions and exposed entrances." It was for Clement that Beethoven produced his only Violin Concerto.

The sweet, lyrical nature and wide compass of the Concerto's solo part were influenced by the polished style of Clement's playing. The five soft taps on the timpani that open the work not only serve to establish the key and the rhythm of the movement, but also recur as a unifying phrase throughout. The main theme is introduced in the second measure by the woodwinds in a chorale-like setting that emphasizes the smooth contours of this lovely melody. A transition, with rising scales in the winds and quicker rhythmic figures in the strings, accumulates a certain intensity before it quiets to usher in the second theme, another legato strophe entrusted to the woodwinds. Immediately after its entry, the violin soars into its highest register, where it presents a touching obbligato spun around the main thematic material of the orchestral introduction. The development section is largely given over to wide-ranging figurations for the soloist. The recapitulation begins with a recall of the five drum strokes of the opening, here spread across the full orchestra sounding in unison. The themes from the exposition return with more elaborate embellishment from the soloist. Following the cadenza, the second theme serves as a coda.

"In the slow movement," wrote the esteemed English musicologist Sir Donald Tovey, "we have one of the cases of sublime inaction achieved by Beethoven and by no one else except in certain lyrics and masterpieces of choral music." The comparison to vocal music is certainly appropriate for this hymnal movement. Though it is technically a theme and variations, it seems less like some earth-bound form than a floating constellation of ethereal tones, polished and hung against a velvet night sky with infinite care and flawless precision. Music of such limited dramatic contrast cannot be brought to a satisfactory conclusion in this context, and so here it leads without pause into the vivacious rondo-finale. The solo violin trots out the principal theme before it is taken over by the full orchestra. This jaunty tune returns three times, the last appearance forming a large coda. The intervening episodes allow for a flashing virtuoso display from the soloist and even a touch of melancholy in one of the few minor-mode sections of the Concerto.

## GUSTAV MAHLER

*Das Lied von der Erde* ("The Song of the Earth") for Baritone and Tenor Soloists and Orchestra (1908-1909)

**Gustav Mahler was born in Kalist, Bohemia, on July 7, 1860, and died in Vienna on May 18, 1911. He composed *Das Lied von der Erde* in 1908-1909, and it was premiered in Munich by the Orchestra of the Munich Concert Society with conductor Bruno Walter and soloists Sarah Jane Cahier and William Miller on November 20, 1911. The Pittsburgh Symphony first performed it at Syria Mosque with conductor Fritz Reiner and soloists Enid Szantho and Frederick Jagel in January 1942, and most recently performed it with conductor Sir Andrew Davis soloists Jane Irwin and Jason Collins in April 2006. The score calls for piccolo, three flutes, three oboes, English horn, E-flat clarinet, three B-flat clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, mandolin, celesta, two harps and strings. Performance time: approximately 1 hour.**

"*Das Lied von der Erde* is the most personal utterance in Mahler's creative work and perhaps in music. Every note he wrote speaks only of himself; every word he set to music, though it may have been written a thousand years ago, expresses but himself." So Bruno Walter, Mahler's friend and protégé, conductor of the premiere and intimate observer of the gestation of *Das Lied von der Erde*, wrote of this incomparable masterpiece of self-revelation and farewell. The emotional engine driving *Das Lied* was stoked in the summer of 1907, when Mahler was struck by three blows of fate: he left the Vienna Opera after a turbulent decade as its director; he suffered the death from scarlet fever and diphtheria of his beloved four-year-old daughter, Maria; and he himself was diagnosed with heart disease. "I have lost any calm and peace of mind I ever achieved," he wrote to Walter. "I stand *vis-à-vis rien* ['face to face with nothing'], and now, at the end of my life, I have to begin again to learn to walk and stand." If he wanted to preserve his life for very long, his physician advised, it would be necessary to limit his physical exercise and to curtail his hectic schedule of performing and composing. Mahler agreed to the former, not to the latter. "I had often implored him to give up his long bicycle rides, his climbing and his swimming under water, to which he was so passionately attached. There was nothing of that sort now," his wife, Alma, recorded in her memoirs. "We avoided strenuous walks owing to the ever-present anxiety about his heart. Once we knew he had valvular disease of the heart we were afraid of everything. He was always stopping on a walk to feel his pulse; and he often asked me during the day to listen to his heart and see whether the beat was clear, or rapid, or calm. He carried a pedometer in his pocket. His steps and pulse-beats were numbered, and his life a torment." The emotional and creative result, Mahler told Walter, was that "in this solitude my thoughts naturally become more subjective, and the sadness of my condition seems intensified."

Both as an antidote to the traumas of his private life and as the irresistible fulfillment of his artistic calling, however, Mahler continued his work unabated throughout 1907. He accepted a contract to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera during the following winter, led programs in Helsinki (where he met Sibelius) and St. Petersburg, and presented his last opera production (*Fidelio*, October 15th) and his last orchestral concert (his Second Symphony, November 24th) in Vienna. In December, he sailed for New York, making his debut in *Tristan und Isolde* on New Year's Day, 1908. Amid all this activity, he was wrestling with ways in which to transmute the grief of that year into music ("I don't choose what to compose, it chooses me," he said), but his ideas did not become focused until he returned to his villa at Toblach, in the Dolomites, in the spring. There, he received a recently published book of poems by Hans Bethge from Theobald Pollak, Court Councilor and a close friend of Alma's family. The volume, titled *Die Chinesische Flöte* ("The Chinese Flute"), contained 83 verses upon the subject of the individual's brief sojourn on this eternally blooming earth that Bethge had freely adapted into German from French translations of the Chinese originals by Léon Hervey de Saint-Denys (1872) and Judith Gautier (1867), the daughter of Théophile Gautier, whose poetry was set by, among many other French composers, Berlioz in his *Les Nuits d'Été*.

Mahler found both comfort and inspiration in Bethge's verses, and he was fired with the idea of setting several of them as songs with orchestra. He chose seven (two poems are used in the finale, separated by a funeral march), which were attributed to the 8th-century poets Li-Tai-Po, Tchang-Tsi, Mong-Koo-Yen and Wang-Wei, made some changes in their texts, and retitled them to hew more closely to his frame of mind and the purpose of his gestating composition, and worked on the score in his isolated composing hut at

Toblach “at white heat throughout the summer of 1908,” according to Alma. The draft was completed before he gave the premiere of his Seventh Symphony in Prague on September 15th. As was his custom, he orchestrated the work during the winter, while he was in this country conducting the Metropolitan Opera and New York Philharmonic. *Das Lied* was for Mahler a personal testament, perhaps the finest and most deeply moving part of his artistic legacy, one he invested with his most profound emotions, his longing for life, his sadness, his undimmed belief in the fundamental beauty of the earth, and the pain and poignancy he felt at the prospect of leaving it. “Can this be endured at all?” he asked Walter of the new piece. “Won’t the people kill themselves afterward?” The composition of *Das Lied von der Erde* in 1908 seems to have purged some of Mahler’s scorched emotions from the previous year, however, and he admitted to his friend that through it he had regained a measure of inner calm and delight in nature.

Mahler, who was more than a little superstitious during his later years (Alma left an amazing account of the couple’s attempt to contact the soul of their dead daughter at a New York seance), faced the prospect of composing a ninth symphony with great trepidation — Beethoven, Schubert, Bruckner and Dvořák had all died after reaching that number. By avoiding assigning a number to *Das Lied von der Erde*, which followed his Eighth Symphony by two years, he rationalized to Alma that he had “given God the slip.” After completing *Das Lied*, he quickly began his next symphony, telling her that “actually, of course, it’s the Tenth, because *Das Lied* was really the Ninth.... Now the danger is past.” He was wrong. The Ninth Symphony proved to be the last work he completed (though he left the Tenth as a nearly performable torso), and *Das Lied von der Erde* was not premiered (by Bruno Walter in Munich) until six months after his death. Mahler’s titular equivocation left open the issue of the specific generic designation of *Das Lied*. Walter said that Mahler first called the piece a “symphony in songs,” but that he altered it to “symphony for alto [baritone at this performance] and tenor soli with large orchestra” by the time the score was done. Though some commentators have managed to discover the outline of traditional symphonic form in *Das Lied*, the work, unique in its balance, structure and emotional progression, is more song-cycle than symphony.

There is no hour in all of music to match *Das Lied von der Erde*. The immediacy of the solo voices, the attenuated, chamber-like orchestration, the power of the images embodied in the words, the universality of its theme — all these make *Das Lied* a work that can speak to the innermost recesses of our humanity as can few others. “It has everything,” wrote Michael Kennedy. “It is filled with indefinable sadness and longing and yet ultimately it is not depressing; it is simple in design; it is fantastically beautifully scored; and it provides the soloists with wonderful opportunities.... *Das Lied von der Erde* is Mahler’s supreme masterpiece because he, who was essentially a programmatic composer however much he may have wished to deny this, found in it the ideal program for the projection of his musical character and capability. It is music filled with his love of life, a love sharpened to the point of poignancy by awareness of man’s mortality and the transitory nature of existence. He brought to its composition an element of artistic objectivity and detachment while at the same time being gripped by intense emotion.... It is the best of Mahler, his speaking likeness; and admirers of the work have only to hear a fragment of it to be transported at once into its unique atmosphere. It becomes part of one’s metabolism.”

Das Trinklied von Jammer der Erde (“The Drinking Song of Earth’s Misery”)

Text: Li-Tai-Po

Schon winkt der Wein im gold’nen Pokale,  
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing’ ich euch ein Lied!  
Das Lied vom Kummer soll auflachend  
in die Seele euch klingen.

Wenn der Kummer naht,  
Liegen wüst die Gärten der Seele.  
Welkt hin und stirbt Freude, der Gesang.  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Herr dieses Hauses!  
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen Weins!  
Hier, diese Laute nenn’ ich mein!  
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren  
Das sind die Dinge, die zusammen passen.  
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit

Wine is already sparkling in the golden goblet,  
But do not drink yet; first I will sing you a song!  
The song of care shall sound laughing in your soul.

When care draws near,  
The gardens of the soul lie waste.  
Joy and singing fade away and die.  
Dark is life; dark is death.

Lord of this house!  
Your cellar holds abundance of golden wine!  
I call this lute here my own!  
To strike the lute and drain the glasses,  
Those are the things which go together.  
A brimming cup of wine at the right time

Ist mehr wert als alle Reiche dieser Erde!  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Is worth more than all the riches of this earth!  
Dark is life; dark is death.

Das Firmament blaut ewig, und die Erde  
Wird lange fest steh'n und aufblüh'n im Lenz.  
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?  
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen  
An all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!  
Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf den Gräbern  
Hockt eine wild-gespentische Gestalt —  
Ein Aff' ist's! Hört ihr wie sein Heulen  
Hinausgellt in den süßen Duft des Lebens!  
Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit, Genossen!  
Leert eure gold'nen Becher zu Grund!  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

The heavens are ever blue, and the earth  
Will long stand fast and blossom forth in spring.  
But thou, o man, how long wilt thou live?  
Not one hundred years may'st thou enjoy thyself  
With all the rotting trifles of this earth!  
Look down here! In the moonlight of the graves  
There crouches a wild and ghostly form —  
It is an ape! Listen, how its howling  
Rings out amidst the sweet scent of life!  
Now take up the wine! Now, friends, it is time!  
Drain your golden cups to the bottom!  
Dark is life; dark is death.

Der Einsame im Herbst ("The Lonely One in Autumn")

Text: Tchang-Tsi

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich überm See;  
Vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser;  
Man meint, ein Künstler habe Staub von Jade  
Über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.

The autumn mist drifts blue over the lake;  
The blades of grass stand covered with frost;  
One would think an artist had strewn jade-dust  
Over the delicate blossoms.

Der süsse Duft der Blumen ist verfliegen;  
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder,  
Bald werden die verwelkten, gold'nen Blätter  
Der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser zieh'n.

The flowers' sweet scent is gone;  
An icy wind bends down their stems,  
Soon the withered golden leaves  
Of the lotus-flowers will be drifting on the water.

Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe  
Erlosch mit Knistern, es gemahnt mich  
an den Schlaf.

My heart is weary. My little lamp  
Has gone out with a sputter, it urges me  
to go to sleep.

Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!  
Ja, gib mir Ruh', ich hab' Erquickung not!

I come to you, beloved place of rest,  
Yes, give me rest; I need refreshment!

Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten.  
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange.  
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr scheinen,  
Um meine bitter'n Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?

Long do I weep in my loneliness.  
The autumn in my heart endures too long.  
Sun of love, will you never shine again  
Tenderly to dry my bitter tears?

Von der Jugend ("of Youth")

Text: Li-Tai-Po

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche  
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem  
Und aus weissem Porzellan.

In the middle of the little pool  
Stands a pavilion of green  
And white porcelain.

Wie des Rücken eines Tigers  
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade  
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber.

Like a tiger's back,  
The jade bridge arches  
Over to the pavilion.

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,  
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,  
Manche schreiben Verse nieder.

In the little house friends are sitting,  
Prettily dressed, drinking, chattering;  
Some are writing down verses.

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten  
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen  
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

Their silk sleeves fall  
Backwards; their silk caps fall  
Roguishly over their necks.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller  
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles  
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.

On the still surface of the little pond  
Everything is reflected  
Wonderfully, as in a mirror.

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend  
In dem Pavillon aus grünem  
Und aus weissem Porzellan.

Everything is standing on its head  
In the pavilion of green  
And white porcelain.

Wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,  
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,  
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

The bridge stands like a half-moon  
With its arch upside-down. Friends,  
Prettily dressed, drinking, chattering.

### Von der Schönheit ("of Beauty")

Text: Li-Tai-Po

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,  
Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferrande.  
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,  
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoss und rufen  
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Young girls are picking flowers,  
Lotus-flowers by the river bank.  
They are sitting among the bushes and the leaves,  
Gathering blossoms in their laps and calling  
Teasingly to one another.

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,  
Spiegelt sich im blanken Wasser wider,  
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,  
Ihre süßen Augen wider.  
Und der Zephyr hebt mit Schmeichelkosen  
das Gewebe  
Ihrer Ärmel auf, führt den Zauber  
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.

The golden sun shines over their forms  
And reflects them in the clear water;  
The sun reflects their slender limbs,  
And their sweet eyes.  
And the breeze lifts their embroidered sleeves  
Caressingly, and carries the magic of their perfume  
Through the air.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben  
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen?  
Weit hin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;  
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden  
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!

Oh see, what fair youths are those  
There by the river-bank on their brave steeds?  
Flashing in the distance like sunbeams;  
The gay young men are trotting by,  
Among the branches of the green willows!

Das Ross des einen wiehert fröhlich auf  
Und scheut und saust dahin,  
Über Blumen, Gräser, wanken hin die Hufe,  
Sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm  
Die hingegesunk'nen Blüten.  
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,  
Dampfen heiss die Nüstern!

The steed of one of them neighs merrily,  
Hesitates and plunges on.  
Their hoofs pass over the flowers and grass;  
Stormily they trample down  
The fallen blossoms.  
How his mane tosses in frenzy!  
Hot steam blows from his nostrils.

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,  
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.  
Und die schönste von den Jungfrau'n sendet  
Lange Blicke ihm den Sehnsucht nach.  
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.  
In dem Funkeln ihrer grossen Augen,  
In dem Dunkel ihres heissen Blicks,  
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung

The golden sun shines over the forms  
And reflects them in the clear water.  
And the fairest of the maidens casts  
Looks of longing after him.  
Her proud bearing is only pretense.  
In the flashing of her large eyes,  
In the darkness of her warm glances,  
Her anxious heart cries after him.

ihres Herzens nach.

Der Trunkene im Frühling ("The Drunkard in Spring")  
Text: Li-Tai-Po

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,  
Warum denn Müh' und Plag'?  
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,  
Den ganzen, lieben Tag!

If life is but a dream,  
Why are there toil and misery?  
I drink till I can drink no more  
The whole, long, merry day!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,  
Weil Keh' und Seele voll,  
So tauml' ich bis zu meiner Tür  
Und schlafe wundervoll!

And when I can drink no more,  
For body and mind are sated,  
I stagger to my door  
And sleep wonderfully!

Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch!  
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.  
Ich frag' ihn, ob schon Frühling sei,  
Mir ist als wie im Traum.

And what do I hear when I awake? Hark!  
A bird is singing in the tree.  
I ask him if it is already spring;  
It seems to me like a dream.

Der Vogel zwitschert: Ja! Der Lenz  
Ist da, sei kommen über Nacht!  
Aus tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf,  
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

The bird twitters: Yes! Spring  
Is here; it came overnight!  
With deep attention I listened for it;  
The bird sings and laughs!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu  
Und leer' ihn bis zum Grund  
Und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt  
Am schwarzen Firmament!

I fill my glass anew  
And drain it to the bottom,  
And sing until the moon shines out  
In the dark heavens.

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,  
So schlaf' ich wieder ein.  
Was geht mich denn der Frühling an?  
Lasst mich betrunken sein!

And when I can sing no more,  
I fall asleep again.  
What have I to do with spring?  
Let me remain a drunkard!

Der Abschied ("The Parting")  
Text: Mong-Koo-Yen and Wang-Wei

Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.  
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder  
Mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.  
O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt  
Der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.  
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Weh'n  
Hinter den dunkeln Fichten!

The sun sinks behind the mountains.  
Evening falls in the valleys  
With its shadows, full of cooling freshness.  
See, how the moon above floats like a silver ship  
On the blue sea of the heavens.  
I feel a gentle wind blowing  
Behind the dark pines!

Der Bach singt voller Wohllaut  
durch das Dunkel.  
Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.  
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh' und Schlaf.  
Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen,  
Die müden Menschen geh'n heimwärts  
Um im Schlaf vergess'nes Glück  
Und Jugend neu zu lernen!  
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen

The brook sings loud and melodious  
through the darkness.  
The flowers grow pale in the twilight.  
The earth breathes deeply in rest and sleep.  
All longing has now turned to dreaming  
The tired people go homewards  
To find forgotten happiness in sleep  
And to learn youth anew!  
The birds crouch silent on the branches.

Die Welt schläft ein!

Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten.  
Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes;  
Ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.  
Ich sehne mich, O Freund, an deiner Seite  
Die Schönheit dieses Abends zu genießen.  
Wo bleibst du? Du lässt mich lang allein!  
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute  
Auf Wegen, die von weichem Grase schwellen.  
O Schönheit! O ewigen Liebens — Lebens —  
trunk'ne Welt!

Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den Trunk  
Des Abschieds dar. Er fragte ihn, wohin  
Er führe und auch warum es müsste sein.  
Er sprach, und seine Stimme war umflort;  
Du, mein Freund,  
Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold!  
Wohin ich geh'? Ich geh', ich wand're in die Berge.  
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz.  
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner Stätte.  
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen.  
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!  
Die liebe Erde allüberall blüht auf  
im Lenz und grünt  
Aufs neu! Allüberall und  
ewig blauen Licht die Fernen!  
Ewig ... ewig ...

The world falls asleep!

There is a cool breeze in the shadow of the pines.  
I stand here waiting for my friend;  
I wait for him to take a last farewell.  
I long, my friend, to enjoy the beauty  
Of the evening at your side.  
Where are you? You have left me alone so long!  
I wander up and down with my lute  
On paths rich with soft grass.  
O beauty! O world, drunk forever with love and life!

He dismounted and gave his friend the parting cup.  
He asked him where  
He was going, and also why it must be.  
He spoke, and his tones were veiled;  
O my friend,  
Fortune was not kind to me in this world!  
Where am I going? I shall wander in the mountains,  
I am seeking rest for my lonely heart.  
I shall wander to my native land, to my home.  
I shall never roam abroad.  
Still is my heart, it is awaiting its hour!  
Everywhere the lovely earth blossoms forth  
in spring and grows green  
Anew! Everywhere, for ever, horizons  
are blue and bright!  
For ever and ever ...