



presents...

**MIAH PERSSON** | Soprano  
**MAGNUS SVENSSON** | Piano

Thursday, April 9, 2026 | 7:30pm

Herbst Theatre

**WILHELM STENHAMMAR**

**I skogen**

**Fylgia**

**Flickan knyter i Johannennatten**

**Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte**

**Jungfru blond och jungfru brunett**

**GÖSTA NYSTROEM**

**Själ och landskap**

*Vitt land*

*Önskan*

*Bara hos den*

**JEAN SIBELIUS**

**Våren flyktar hastigt**

**Den första kysen**

**Bollspelet vid Trianon**

**Säv Säv susa**

**Var det en dröm?**

**INTERMISSION**

**EMIL SJÖGREN**

**Klinge, klinge mein Pandero**

**In dem Schatten meiner Locken**

**TURE RANGSTRÖM**

**Sommarnatten**

**Den enda stunden**

**Melodi**

**Bön till natten**

**Pan**

**EDVARD GRIEG**

**6 Lieder, Op. 48**

*Gruß*

*Dereinst, Gedanke mein*

*Lauf der Welt*

*Die verschwiegene Nachtigall*

*Zur Rosenzeit*

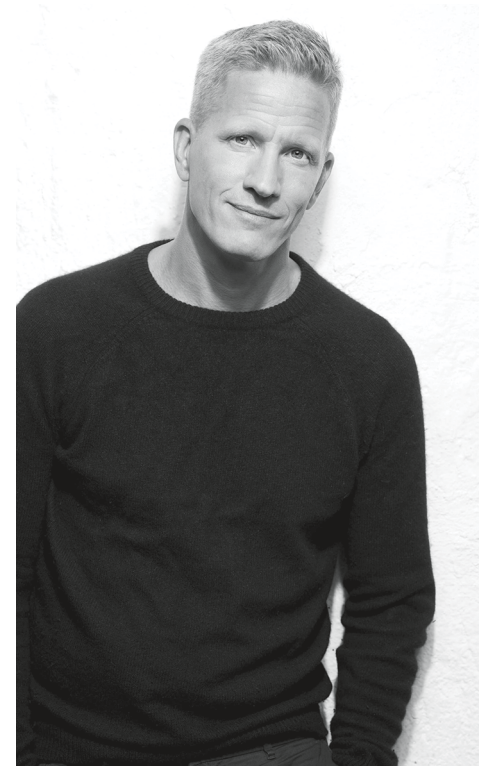
*Ein Traum*

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**Miah Persson** is represented by Intermusica  
10 Ely Place, London EC1N 6RY, UK    [intermusica.com](http://intermusica.com)

**Magnus Svensson** is represented by Askonas Holt  
Somerset House, Strand, London WC2R 1LA, UK    [askonasholt.com](http://askonasholt.com)

Steinway Model D, Pro Piano, San Francisco.



## ARTIST PROFILES

*Miah Persson and Magnus Svensson make their San Francisco Performances debuts.*

Since her operatic debut as Susanna in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* in 1998, Swedish soprano **Miah Persson** has distinguished herself as one of the world's principal Mozart interpreters, celebrated for roles including Zerlina and Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte*, and Contessa in *Le nozze di Figaro*. She has also "cemented her place as one of the most intelligent Strauss sopranos of our time" (*Bachtrack*), having made impactful role debuts as the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier* and Countess in *Capriccio*. Persson has appeared at the Metropolitan Opera, Royal Ballet & Opera, Covent Garden, Teatro alla Scala, Wiener Staatsoper, Opéra National de Paris, Liceu, Bayerische Staatsoper, Hamburgische Staatsoper, Semperoper Dresden, Netherlands Opera, New National Theatre Tokyo and Dallas Opera. On the concert platform, she has performed with major international orchestras and conductors including Zubin Mehta, Bernard Labadie, Simone Young and Vladimir Jurowski. Recital appearances include London's Wigmore Hall, the Wiener Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Pierre Boulez Saal, Spivey Hall, Schubert Club of St Paul, Cal Performances, Berkeley, Vancouver Playhouse and New York's Carnegie Hall.

Persson's 2025–26 season opens with performances of Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni* with the Budapest Festival Orchestra con-

ducted by Iván Fischer at Müpa Budapest and on tour to Vicenza's Teatro Olimpico and the Festspielhaus Baden-Baden. Other season highlights include Mahler's *Das klagende Lied* with the Royal Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ryan Bancroft, a program of Haydn and Berlioz with the Gävle Symfoniorkester conducted by Magnus Fryklund, Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Matthew Halls, and Mahler's *Symphony No. 2* conducted by Alexander Shelley with both the Naples Philharmonic Orchestra in Florida and the National Arts Centre Orchestra in Ottawa. In addition, she gives a New Year's concert with the Swedish Chamber Orchestra conducted by Andreas Hansson, performs Strauss's orchestrated songs in Denmark with the Aarhus Symfoniorkester conducted by Ramon Tébar, and Mahler's *Symphony No. 4* in Bochum and at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw with the Bochum Symphony Orchestra conducted by Tung-Chieh Chuang.

She appears in recital at the Leeds Lieder Festival and London's Wigmore Hall with pianist Joseph Middleton and for San Francisco Performances with pianist Magnus Svensson. Miah Persson was appointed Hovsångerska, Court Singer, by H.M. the King of Sweden in 2011.

Pianist **Magnus Svensson** is acknowledged as one of the leading Scandinavian accompanists, collaborating with singers worldwide including Pretty Yende, Dorothea Röschmann, Nina Stemme, Christophe Prégardien, Malin Byström, Benjamin Appl, Miah Persson, Irène Theorin, Katari-

na Karnéus, Anna Larsson, Ailish Tynan, Ann Hallenberg, John Lundgren, Matthew Rose, Elin Rombo, Camilla Tilling, Daniel Johansson, Kristina Hammarström, Cornelia Beskow, as well as rising stars such as Christina Nilsson and Johanna Wallroth.

Renowned for his versatility and extensive repertoire knowledge, he is a regular solo guest, chamber musician and accompanist at leading music venues and festivals across Scandinavia, Europe, and the United States. In the 2023–24 season Magnus continues his strong relationship with the Konserthuset Stockholm, his musical home since 2015. A highly respected programmer, he curates the prestigious Lied series for the Konserthuset, which is now in its tenth season. Guests this season include Christina Nilsson, Mark Padmore, Louise Alder and Dorothea Röschmann.

Magnus has a wide-ranging discography including solo piano discs of Mozart, Schumann and Bach. Adding to his fast-growing collection of Lied discs, upcoming releases include recordings with Irène Theorin and Malin Byström.

He has been the Musical Editor at The Royal Swedish Academy of Music since 2012 and has since published over 750 new editions of Swedish music. For many years he was involved in the extensive programming of music and concerts produced in association with the Royal Palace in Stockholm. He teaches at the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm as well as at The College of Music and Opera at Mälardalens University.



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**Program Notes, Texts, and Translations**

*Please hold your applause until the end of each set.  
Please turn pages quietly.*

**I Skogen**

**Fylgia**

**Flickan knyter i Johannenatten**

**Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote**

**Jungfru blond och jungfru brunett**

**WILHELM STENHAMMAR**

(1871–1927)

Although Wilhelm Stenhammar is regarded in Sweden as one of that country's greatest composers, his music is almost unknown in the United States, where one very occasionally encounters a performance of his overture *Excelsior!*, his Second Symphony, or his Serenade. Largely self-taught as a musician, Stenhammar led an active career as a performer (he was both pianist and conductor), concert organizer, and composer. He also served as conductor of the Stockholm Philharmonic Society Chorus and helped found the Royal Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra. Stenhammar wrote in almost every genre: among his works are operas, incidental music, orchestral works, choral music, chamber music (including six string quartets), piano music, and a large number of songs.

The collection of five songs that opens this evening's recital dates from just around the turn of the last century, when Stenhammar was still a relatively young man working to establish himself. These are gorgeous songs, and for those who do not know Stenhammar's music, they will offer the best possible introduction.

*I skogen* ("In the Forest"), sets a poem by Albert Thomas Gellerstedt that begs for consolation in nature; it was composed in 1888, when Stenhammar was only 17. Stenhammar composed the brief *Fylgia* ("Guiding Spirit")—another impassioned spiritual plea—on a text by the Swedish poet Gustaf Fröding in 1898.

*Flickan knyter i Johannenatten* first appeared in Stenhammar's *Two Songs from "Idyll and Epigram,"* composed in 1893–95. In the poem, by Johan Runeberg, a maiden considers her future. This is a very gentle song—Stenhammar marks it *Andantino, dolce e sempre* and rounds it off with a quiet piano postlude.

Stenhammar set Runeberg's *Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte* ("The Girl Came Home from Meeting Her Lover") in 1893, though that poem has become more familiar in Sibelius' version, composed seven years later. Where Sibelius is dramatic, Stenhammar is much more subtle, as the ambiguous piano prelude makes clear—there are many shades in his setting of this tale, and after rising to climax it subsides into a surprising darkness (this song has been orchestrated, a version that gives full expression to its varied range).

*Jungfru blond och jungfru brunett* ("Miss Blond and Miss Brunette") comes from 1908, when it was published as the second of Stenhammar's *Songs and Moods, Opus 26*. The text, by Bo Bergman, tells a frightening story: two girls dance happily in the sunlight, but overhead the sky turns cold and dark. They tremble in fear and rush home to be consoled by their mother in front of the fireplace, but outside the house a troll notes that "he will have them in time." Stenhammar marks the song *Vivace*, and it dances along happily, only to turn dark in its final measures.

—Program note by Eric Bromberger

## I skogen

Kärt är att råka dig, nattviol,  
Där blek du står ibland gräsen  
Och suckar ut efter sjunken sol  
Din doft, ditt innersta väsen.

Ljuft är att höra din sång, du trast,  
Der högst i granen på spaning  
Du jublar ut under qvällens rast  
Om morgon rodnad din aning.

Men lär mig, nattviol, blid som din,  
En sorg, när fröjd har gått under!  
Trast, lär mig tolka så glad som din,  
Min tro på ljusare stunder!

—Text by Albert Theodor Gellerstedt

## Fylgia

Fylgia Fylgia fly mig ej,  
När jag drags av det låga mot dyn,  
Du skygga förnäma sky mig ej,  
När med lumpna tankar jag skymmer din  
Veka gestalt,  
Som svävar i skönhet och stjärnglans  
Och drömmar av ljus för min syn  
Så nära mig,  
Men så fjärran dock,  
Som den fjärran fjärran skyn,  
Du eftertrådda du oåtkomliga,  
Du flicka av skönhetslängtan,  
Du väsen i dräkt av livets skiraste silverskir  
Med lyckliga drag och kärlekens skäraste  
Törnrosskimmer i hyn.  
Fylgia Fylgia fly mig ej,  
Du skygga förnäma sky mig ej,  
Du min skönhetslängtan,  
Som mot dagens sorger  
Är min skyddande tröst i nattens syn!

—Text by Gustaf Fröding

## In the Forest

It's lovely to meet you, violet of the night,  
where palely you grow among the trees  
and sigh out after the sun has set  
your scent and your inner being.

It's delightful to hear your song, thrush,  
when you look out from high up in the trees,  
you rejoice with the dying of the day  
at the dawn that will break tomorrow.

But teach me, violet of the night,  
shy like you, your sorrow, when all joy has departed!  
Thrush, teach me to sing the way you do  
of my belief in happier times!

—Translation © Anna Hersey

## Guiding Spirit

Fylgia, Fylgia, do not leave me,  
when, enflamed, I'm drawn into the mire,  
Skittish and noble one, do not fly from me  
When with base thoughts I overshadow  
your gentle self,  
Suspended in beauty and starlight  
and dreams of light before my eyes,  
so close to me,  
but still as distant  
as the far, far sky,  
you, desired, unreachable,  
maiden of longed-for beauty,  
creature clothed in the finest silver gossamer  
with joyful aspect and the  
rosiest blush of love on your cheeks.  
Fylgia, Fylgia, do not leave me,  
skittish and noble one, do not fly from me,  
my maiden of longed-for beauty,  
who protects me from the day's sorrows  
in my nightly visions!

—Translation by Charles Wharton Stork

### **Flickan knyter i Johannenatten**

Flickan knyter, i Johannenatten  
Kring den gröna broddens späda stänglar,  
Silkestrådar utav skilda färger;  
Men, på morgonstunden, går hon sedan  
Dit, att leta ut sin framtids öden.

Nu, så hör hur flickan där betar sig:  
Har den svarta, sorgens stängel, vuxit,  
Talar hon och sörjer med de andra.  
Har den röda, glädjens stängel, vuxit,  
Talar hon och fröjdas med de andra.  
Har den gröna, kärleks stängeln, vuxit,  
Tiger hon och fröjdas i sitt hjerta.

—Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

### **Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte**

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,  
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:  
“Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?”  
Flickan sade: “Jag har plockat rosor  
och på törnen stungit mina händer.”

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,  
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:  
“Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?”  
Flickan sade: “Jag har ätit hallon  
och med saften målat mina läppar.”

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,  
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:  
“Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?”  
Flickan sade: “Red en grav, o moder!  
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,  
och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,  
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.  
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,  
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.  
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,  
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.”

—Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

### **On Midsummer Eve the girl fastens**

On Midsummer Eve the girl fastens  
to the slender stems of new grass  
silken threads of different hues;  
next morning she goes back at dawn  
to discover her future fortune.

Hear now how the girl responds there:  
if the black stem has grown, the stem of sorrow,  
she laments together with the others.  
If the rest of the stem has grown, the stem of happiness,  
she rejoices together with the others.  
If the green stem has grown, the stem of love,  
she keeps silent, and her heart rejoices.

—Translation by Steven Blier ed. Julia Bullock

### **The girl came from her lovers tryst**

The girl came from her lover's tryst.  
She came with red hands. Her mother said:  
“Why are your hands red, O daughter?”  
The girl said: “I have been picking roses,  
and I pricked my hands on the thorns.”

Again she returned from her lover's tryst.  
She came with red lips. Her mother said:  
“Why are your lips red, O daughter?”  
The girl said: “I have been eating raspberries,  
and coloured by lips with their juice.”

Again she returned from her lover's tryst.  
She came with pale cheeks. Her mother said:  
“Why are your cheeks pale, O daughter?”  
The girl said: “Prepare a grave, O mother!  
Hide me there, and place a cross above it,  
and, on the cross, carve what I tell you:

Once she came home with red hands,  
for they had reddened between her lover's hands;  
once she came home with red lips,  
for they had reddened from her lover's lips.  
Finally she came home with pale cheeks;  
for they had paled through her lover's infidelity.”

—Translation by Maria Forsström

*program continues on next page →*

## Jungfru blond och jungfru brunett

Jungfru Blond och jungfru Brunett  
dansa med fingret på kjolen.  
Så höstklar är luften och lätt, lätt, lätt,  
lätt som de svingande  
jungfrurnas klingande glädje i solen.  
Se på.  
Nu höja de sig,  
nu böja de sig,  
och ögonen lysa och flätorna slå  
och kinden har heta fläckar.  
—men långt över ängens gulnade vall  
står rymden kall,  
och nakna stå träd och häckar.

O jungfrur, vi dansen I än  
och sjungen och skratten?  
Det faller en stjärna igen,  
och snart kommer natten.  
Den kommer som tjuven, när ingen ser  
och ingen ber.  
Som en rovfågelssvärm slår den ner  
och förmörkar vägar och vatten.

Jungfru Blond och jungfru Brunett  
stanna förskrämda i dansen.  
Hur hemskt blev allting med ett  
i den sista döende glansen.  
Det visslar i vinden och smuger på tå  
och skrattar i ris och dungar.  
De stackars jungfrurna små  
skälva som fågelungar.

Och vita i kinden, med flätor som slå, slå, slå,  
rusa de hemåt båda.  
Härute är villor och våda,  
men hemma är världen en spiselvrå  
och mor den enda i världen.  
Hon sitter så tyst och tvinnar och snor  
och stirrar frysande  
in i de lysande glöden på härden.

De gömma sitt hjärta hos mor  
och kyssa den gamlas händer,  
och timmarna rinna och kvällen blir stor,  
det rasslar i brasans bränder.  
Men ute som troll på tå  
det mumlande mörkret skrider:  
—Ni käraste jungfrur små,  
jag tar er väl vad det lider...

—Text by Bo Bergman

## Miss Blonde and Miss Brunette

Miss Blond and Miss Brunette  
lift their skirts as they dance.  
Autumnal the air and light, light  
light as the swirling maids'  
resounding joy in the sun.  
Look, now  
they rise up,  
now they bow,  
and their eyes are bright and plaits fly  
and cheeks are flushed.  
But far above the meadow's yellowed grass  
the sky is cold,  
and the trees and hedgerows are bare.

Oh maidens, how can you still  
dance, sing and laugh?  
Another shooting star is seen  
and soon night will fall.  
It comes like the thief, when no one is looking  
and no one asks.  
It comes down like a swarm of predators  
and darkens paths and waters.

Miss Blonde and Miss Brunette  
stop terrified in their dancing.  
How ghastly everything has suddenly become  
in the last dying rays.  
There howls the wind, and sneaks on tiptoes,  
and laughs in branches and groves.  
The poor little maidens tremble  
like tiny birds.

And with pale cheeks, and flying plaits  
they rush homewards.  
Outside in confusion and danger  
but at home the world is a fireplace  
and mother is the only one in the world.  
She sits quietly spinning her thread  
and stares, freezing,  
into the bright coals in the hearth.

They hide their hearts with mother  
and kiss the old one's hands,  
and the hours run by and the evening grows,  
and the fire crackles.  
But outside, like a troll on tiptoe,  
the murmuring darkness advances:  
Dearest little maidens,  
I shall have you in time...

—Translation by Joanna Harris

## Själ och landskap

### GÖSTA NYSTROEM

(1890–1966)

Gösta Nystroem came from a talented family: his father taught him to play the piano and organ, the boy sang in church choirs, and he developed an interest in painting. So talented a painter was Nystroem that it was not until he was 30 that he decided to become a composer. After training in Stockholm and Copenhagen, Nystroem moved to Paris in 1920 and remained there for twelve years, studying for part of that time with Vincent d'Indy. But Nystroem used Paris primarily as a base, and he spent much of his time painting on the Mediterranean coasts of France and Spain. He returned to Sweden at age 42 and worked for some time as a music critic before devoting himself full-time to composing. He wrote six symphonies, concertos, stage-works, and a number of songs. The ocean remained a source of inspiration for Nystroem throughout his life. He lived on the coast of Sweden, he painted the ocean, and a number of his works were inspired by the sea: *Sinfonia del Mare*, *Arctic Ocean*, *Songs of the Sea*, and many others.

This recital offers a set of three songs that Nystroem composed in 1952 and published under the title *Själ och landskap*: “Soul and Landscape.” All three set texts by the distinguished Swedish poet Ebba Lindqvist (1908–1995), who was one of Nystroem’s favorite poets—he set her poem about the ocean in his *Sinfonia del Mare*. The titles of the three songs translate as “White Land,” “The Wish,” and “Only with You”.

—Program note by Eric Bromberger

#### Vitt Land

Vitt land, tyst hav, mjuk snö faller.  
O, göm, göm mitt ansikte,  
göm mitt hjärtas hemlighet!  
Jag vet den blommar röd på mina läppar.  
Jag vet den brister fram ur mina händer,  
att vem som hälst kan röra den.

Så må de se den!  
Ty vad jag äger  
kan ingen, ingen ta ifrån mig!  
Ej mer än tömma havet på dess vatten,  
ej mer än lyfta solen ifrån himlen!  
Och allt skall ha sin tid,  
sitt liv,  
sin undergång.

#### Önskan

Och detta är min enda  
önskan i kväll:  
Jag vill bara luta mig emot  
mörkret ett tag,  
Kanna havet stryka in över min kind,  
Eller strävt, hårt berg röra vid min hud.  
Och låta allting annat strös för vinden,  
Mitt liv för vinden,  
Och sitta lutad länge emot mörkrets rygg.

#### White land

White land, silent sea, soft snow falls.  
O hide my face,  
O hide by heart’s secret!  
I know is blooms red on my lips;  
I know it ushers forth from my hands  
so that anyone can touch it.

So let them see it!  
For what I own no one,  
no one can take from me!  
No more than they can empty  
the sea of water, no more than they can  
pluck the sun from the sky!  
And there is a time for everything,  
for living and dying.

#### A wish

And this is my only wish tonight:  
I only want to lean against  
the darkness for a while,  
feel the ocean caress my cheek,  
or rough, hard rock touch my skin.  
And let everything else  
be thrown to the wind,  
and sit leaning long  
against the darkness.

program continues on next page →

## Bara hos den

Bara hos den vars oro är större än min har jag ro.

Så ger havet mig ro,  
det ensamma havet som sjunger sin sång  
bartanför lust och nöd.  
Så kommer jag i kväll till dig,  
du hav som alla komma till  
men ingestans har själv att gå.

—Texts by Ebba Lindqvist

## Only with you

Only with you whose disquiet is greater than mine  
do I feel calm.  
But the sea calms me,  
the lonely sea, singing its song  
beyond joy or hardship.  
I shall come to you this evening;  
you are the sea to whom all come  
but you have nowhere to go yourself.

—Translation © Anna Hersey

## Våren flyktar hastigt Den första kyssen Bollspelet vid Trianon Säv, Säv susa Var det en dröm

JEAN SIBELIUS  
(1865–1957)

Sibelius composed about one hundred songs for voice and piano, but this significant body of work has been slow to find an audience. Sibelius' songs might seem to have everything going against them. They lack the drama and brooding monumentality of his seven symphonies. Most of them are in Swedish (Sibelius grew up speaking Swedish, and only five of his songs are in Finnish); rare is the non-Scandinavian singer willing to master the complexities of so unfamiliar a language. And the piano parts are not distinguished—Sibelius was an indifferent pianist, and his accompaniments lack the musical subtlety and psychological insight that characterize the best German lieder. Yet his songs have many virtues: their texts come largely from Scandinavian writers and are not over-familiar, and at their best the songs show some of the compression and expressive power of Sibelius' symphonies. This recital offers five of Sibelius' songs, all of them composed between 1891 and 1902, a period during which Sibelius moved from virtual anonymity to international success with his *Second Symphony*.

The first two songs set texts by one of Sibelius' favorite poets, Johann Runeberg. Runeberg was a leader of the Finnish nationalist movement and wrote *Vårt Land* ("Our Land"), which eventually became the Finnish national anthem. *Våren flyktar hastigt* ("Spring is Flying") is the earliest of his songs on this recital: it was composed in 1891 as part of the *Seven Songs of Runeberg* and is better-known in Sibelius' orchestral version, made in 1914. *Den första kyssen* ("The First Kiss"), composed in 1898, is quite concise: the song is only 22 measures long.

The next two songs are on texts by Gustaf Fröding. *Bollspelet vid Trianon* ("Lawn Tennis at Trianon"), composed in 1899, sets a curious text about lawn tennis played by the Parisian aristocracy just before the Revolution. The song seems light-hearted, with a particularly sparkling piano accompaniment, but it comes to a sudden, surprising conclusion. The atmospheric *Säv, säv susa* ("Sigh, sedges, sigh")—from Sibelius' *Six Songs, Opus 36*, published in 1899—has become one of his most frequently-performed songs and is sometimes heard in an arrangement for voice and orchestra; it is a recitative-like setting of Fröding's lyric (and dramatic) poem *Ingalill*.

Though brief, *Var det en dröm* ("Was That a Dream?"), composed in 1902, is a big, dramatic song. Setting a text by the poet Josef Wecksell, it features an extremely active piano accompaniment, long phrases (the meter is 6/4), and an impassioned vocal line that drives to a sudden ending.

—Program note by Eric Bromberger

### Våren flyktar hastigt

Våren flyktar hastigt,  
Hastigare sommarn,  
Hösten dröjer länge,  
Vintern ännu längre.  
Snart I sköna kinder,  
Skolen i förvissna  
Och ej knoppas mera.  
Gossen svarte åter:

Än i höstens dagar  
Gläda vårens minnen,  
Än i vinterns dagar  
Räcka sommarns skördar.  
Fritt må våren flykta,  
Fritt må kinden vissna,  
Låt oss nu blott äska,  
Låt oss nu blott kyssas.

—Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

### Den första kyssen

På silvermolnets kant satt aftonstjärnan,  
Från lundens skymning frågte henne tärnan:  
Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes,  
När första kyssen åt en älskling skänkes?

Och himlens blyga dotter hördes svara:  
På jorden blickar ljustets änglaskara,  
Och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter;  
Blott döden vänder ögat bort—och gråter.

—Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

### Springtime flieth swiftly

Springtime flieth swiftly,  
Swifter still the summer;  
Long the autumn tarries,  
Longer still the winter;  
Soon, oh, cheeks so beauteous,  
Shall you have to wither,  
Never more to blossom.  
Then the youth made answer:

Still in days of autumn  
Springtime's memories cheer us;  
Into days of winter  
Reach the summer's harvests;  
Spring is free to vanish,  
Free the cheek to wither,  
Let us only love now,  
Let us only kiss now!

—Translation © E. Magnusson

### The first kiss

The evening star sat on the rim of silver mist.  
From the shadowy grove the maiden asked her:  
Tell me, evening star, what do they think in heaven  
when you give the first kiss to your lover?

And heaven's shy daughter was heard to answer:  
The angels of light look toward the earth  
and see their own bliss reflected back;  
only death turns his eyes away and weeps.

—Anonymous Translation

*program continues on next page →*

## Bollspelet vid Trianon

Det smattrar prat och slår boll och skrattar  
emellan träden vid Trianon,  
små markisinnor i schäferhattar,  
de le och gnola, lonlaridon.

Små markisinnor på höga klackar,  
de leka oskuld och herdefest  
för unga herdar med stela nackar,  
vicomte Lindor, monseigneur Alceste.

Men så med ett  
vid närmste stam  
stack grovt och brett  
ett huvud fram.

Vicomten skrek: "Voilà la tête-là!"  
och monseigneur slog förbi sin boll  
och "qu'est-ce que c'est?" och "qui est la bête là?"  
det ljud i korus från alla håll.

Och näsor rynkas förnämt koketta,  
en hastig knyck i var nacke far  
och markisinnorna hoppa lätta  
och bollen flyger från par till par.

Men tyst därifrån  
med tunga fjät  
går dräggens son  
Jourdan Coupe-tête.

—Text by Gustaf Fröding

## Säv Säv susa

Säf, säf, susa,  
Våg, våg, slå,  
I sägen mig hvar Ingalill  
den unga månnde gå?

Hon skrek som en vingskjuten and, när hon  
sjönk i sjön,  
Det var när sista vår stod grön.

De voro henne gramse vid Östanålid,  
Det tog hon sig så illa vid.

De voro henne gramse för gods och gull  
Och för hennes unga kärleks skull.

De stucko en ögonsten med tagg,  
De kastade smuts i en liljas dagg.

Så sjungen, sjungen sorgsång,  
I sorgsna vågor små,  
Säf, säf, susa,  
Våg, våg, slå!

—Text by Gustaf Fröding

## Ball game at Trianon

There is chattering, a ball game and merriment  
Among the trees at Trianon,  
Little marchionesses wearing bergères  
Smile and hum, lonlaridon.

Little marchionesses in high heels  
They play at innocence and shepherd's ball  
For young shepherds with stiff necks,  
Vicomte Lindor, monseigneur Alceste.

But suddenly  
Behind the nearest tree,  
A head, coarse and broad  
Peeped forth.

The vicomte shouted: "Voilà la tête-là!"  
And the monseigneur missed his ball  
And "qu'est-ce que c'est?" and "qui est la bête là?"  
it sounded in chorus from everywhere.

And noses frown, lofty and coquettish,  
A quick toss goes through each neck  
And the marchionesses are springing lightly  
And the ball flies from pair to pair.

But quietly from there,  
With heavy steps  
Goes the son of the dregs  
Jourdan Coupe-tête.

—Translation © Maria Frosström

## Reed, reed rustle

Reed, reed, rustle,  
Wave, wave, play,  
You tell me where Ingalill,  
The young one, may go?

She screamed like a wingbroken duck, when she  
sank in the lake,  
It was, when the last Spring was green.

They spent their wrath on her at Östanlid,  
For which she felt ill at ease.

They spent their wrath on her for goods and gold  
And for the sake of her young love.

They stuck a gemstone with a thorn,  
They threw dirt in the dew of a lily.

So sing, sing a mournful song,  
Ye sorrowful little waves,  
Reed, reed, rustle,  
Wave, wave, play!

—Translation © Maria Forsström

## Var det en dröm

Var det en dröm att ljuvt en gång  
Jag var ditt hjärtas vän  
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång  
Då strängen darrar än

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt  
En blick så blyg och öm  
Jag minns en avskedstår som blänkt  
Var allt var allt en dröm

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort  
Uti en vårgrön ängd  
Vars fågning hastigt vissnar bort  
För nya blommors mängd

Men mången natt jag hör en röst  
Vid bittra tårars ström  
Göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst  
Det var din bästa dröm

—Text by Josef Julius Wecksell

## Did I just dream?

Did I just dream that once upon a time  
I was the friend of your heart?  
I remember it like a bygone song,  
although its string still vibrates.

I remember a rose, a gift from you,  
a glance so timid and tender,  
I remember a glistening parting tear.  
Was all this, all this just a dream?

A dream as short as an anemone's life  
out in a green spring meadow,  
whose beauty fades away before  
a multitude of new flowers.

But often at night I hear a voice  
over a stream of bitter tears:  
hide this memory deep within your breast,  
it was our finest dream!

## INTERMISSION

## Klinge, klinge mein Pandero In dem Schatten meiner Locken

### EMIL SJÖGREN

(1853–1918)

Emil Sjögren studied piano and composition at the Stockholm Conservatory, then went on to further study at the Berlin Conservatory, where he became acquainted with wider currents in contemporary music. From 1890 until his death, Sjögren served as organist at the St. John's Church in Stockholm, and from 1901 through 1914 Sjögren and his wife lived part of each year in Paris, where he was trying to establish himself as a composer. In this, he had some success: both Jacques Thibaud and Georges Enescu performed Sjögren's violin sonatas in Paris. World War I forced him to remain in Sweden, where he died during the last year of that war.

As a composer, Sjögren preferred to work in smaller forms: he wrote piano and organ music, five violin sonatas, and about two hundred songs. The two songs on this recital are the first and third of his set of *Seven Spanish Lieder*, Opus 6, published in 1881, when Sjögren was 28. On a recital that features texts almost exclusively by Scandinavian poets, these songs are the exceptions: both set Spanish texts from the nineteenth century, and Sjögren set those Spanish texts in German translations. *Klinge, klinge mein Pandero* ("Ring, Ring, My Tambourine") is a cry of anguish addressed to the poet's tambourine, while *In dem Schatten meiner Locken* ("In the Shadow of My Tresses") is a troubled love song addressed by a woman to her sleeping lover. Johannes Brahms and Hugo Wolf also set this text.

—Program note by Eric Bromberger

### **Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero**

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero,  
Doch an andres denkt mein Herz.

Wenn du, muntres Ding, verständest  
Meine Qual und sie empfändest,  
Jeder Ton, den du entsendest,  
Würde klagen meinen Schmerz.

Bei des Tanzes Drehn und Neigen  
Schlag' ich wild den Takt zum Reigen,  
Dass nur die Gedanken schweigen,  
Die mich mahnen an den Schmerz.

Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im Schwingen  
Oftmals mir die Brust zerspringen,  
Und zum Angstschrei wird mein Singen,  
Denn an andres denkt mein Herz.

—Text by Emanuel Geibel

### **In dem Schatten meiner Locken**

In dem Schatten meiner Locken  
Schliefe mir mein Geliebter ein.  
Weck' ich ihn nun auf?—Ach nein!

Sorglich strahlt' ich meine krausen  
Locken täglich in der Frühe,  
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,  
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.  
Lockenschatten, Windessausen  
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.  
Weck' ich ihn nun auf?—Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,  
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,  
Daß ihm Leben [geb' und nehme]<sup>1</sup>  
Diese meine braune Wangen,  
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,  
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.  
Weck' ich ihn nun auf?—Ach nein!

—Text by Paul Heyse

### **Sommarnatten Den enda stunden Melodi Bön till natten Pan**

#### **TURE RANGSTRÖM**

(1884-1947)

Ture Rangström began singing as a small boy and trained as a singer. After studies at the Stockholm Conservatory, he went to Berlin where he studied composition with Hans Pfitzner and singing with the Wagnerian tenor Julius Hey. He re-

### **Ring out, ring out, my tambourine**

Ring out, ring out, my tambourine,  
Though my heart thinks of other things.

If you, blithe instrument, could understand  
And feel my torment,  
Each one of your sounds  
Would bewail my grief.

As the dance whirls and turns,  
I beat out wildly the dance's rhythm,  
Simply in order to silence the thoughts  
That remind me of my grief.

Ah, good sirs, while I whirl around,  
My heart often feels like breaking,  
And my song becomes a cry of anguish,  
For my heart thinks of other things.

—Translation © Richard Stokes

### **In the Shadow of my Tresses**

In the shadow of my tresses  
My lover has fallen asleep.  
Shall I wake him now?—Ah no!

Carefully, I combed my curly  
Tresses early each morning,  
But my efforts are in vain,  
For the winds tousele them.  
Shade-giving tresses, sighing breezes  
Have lulled my lover to sleep.  
Shall I wake him now?—Ah no!

I shall have to hear how he grieves,  
How he has languished so long,  
How his whole life depends  
On these my dusky cheeks.  
And he calls me his serpent,  
And yet he fell asleep at my side,  
Shall I wake him now?—Ah no!

—Translation © Richard Stokes

turned to Sweden to make his musical career in many different ways. He taught singing, he composed, he was a music critic, he was conductor of the Gothenberg Symphony from 1922 to 1925, and he was an organizer: he helped found the Swedish Society of Composers in 1918, and for many years he was an advocate for the Royal Swedish Opera.

Rangström wrote four symphonies, numerous symphonic poems, and music for piano and for chamber ensembles, but he is best remembered for his songs. He wrote over 250 songs, earning him the nickname among his contemporaries as “the Swedish Schubert.” Rangström was an avid reader of contemporary literature, and he set texts by many distinguished writers, among them August Strindberg—they worked together on an opera based on Strindberg’s drama *Kronbruden*.

This recital offers settings of texts by two of Rangström’s favorite poets. The first two songs are from Rangström’s *Idyll*, a cycle of fifteen songs on texts by Johann Runeberg, published in 1917. The songs are quite different from each other. *Sommernatten* (“Summer Night”) seems like something right out of a Schubert song: the song of a thrush transforms a boy’s night out fishing into something wondrous. In sharp contrast, *Den enda stunden* (“The Last Hour”) details a strange, unsettling encounter. The final three songs are on texts by Bo Bergman. *Melodi*, from Rangström’s *Five Poems* of 1917, offers a familiar situation: the poet addresses his love, wondering how she can transform the world around her and ease his suffering. *Bön till natten* is the second song of Rangström’s 1924 cycle *Den morka blomman*, while *Pan* is from the cycle *Five Ballades*, also from 1924.

—Program note by Eric Bromberger

### Sommarnatten

På den lugna skogssjöns vatten  
Satt jag hela sommarnatten,  
Och för böljans tropp, ur båten,  
Slängde tanklös ut försåten.  
Men en talltrast sjöng på stranden,  
Att han kunnat mista anden,  
Tills jag halvt förtörnad sade:  
“Bättre, om din näbb du lade  
Under vingen, och till dagen  
Sparde tonerna och slagen.”  
Men den djärve hördes svara:  
“Gosse, låt ditt metspö vara.  
Såg du opp kring land och vatten,  
Kanske sjöng du själv om natten.”  
Och jag lyfte opp mitt öga,  
Ljus var jorden, ljust det höga,  
Och från himlen, stranden, vågen  
Kom min flicka mig i hågen.  
Och, som fågeln spått i lunden,  
Sjöng jag denna sång på stunden.

—Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

### Summer night

Upon the calm forest-lake’s surface  
I floated the whole summer night,  
And over the troop of waves, from the boat,  
I dangled my bait, devoid of thought.  
But a thrush sang from the shore,  
As if he could lose himself,  
Until I, half-despondent, said:  
“Better to hide your beak  
Under your wing, and until morning  
Save your tones and rhythms.”  
But the bold voice was heard in answer:  
“Boy, let your fishing rod be.  
If you really looked at the land and water,  
You’d probably sing at night too.”  
And I lifted up my eyes,  
Earth was full of light, the heavens were bright,  
And from the sky, the shore, the waves,  
My girl appeared in my mind.  
And, as the bird in the grove had foretold,  
I burst into song at that moment.

—Translation © Laura Prichard

program continues on next page →

## Den enda stunden

Allena var jag,  
han kom allena;  
förbi min bana  
hans bana ledde.  
Han dröjde icke,  
men tänkte dröja,  
han talte icke,  
men ögat talte.  
Du obekante,  
du välbekante!

En dag försvinner,  
ett år förflyter,  
det ena minnet  
det andra jagar;  
den korta stunden  
blev hos mig evigt,  
den bittra stunden,  
den ljuva stunden.

—Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

## Melodi

Bara du går över markerna,  
lever var källa,  
sjunger var tuva ditt namn.  
Skyarna brinna och parkerna  
susa och fälla  
lövet som guld i din famn.

Och vid de skummiga stränderna  
hör jag din stämmas  
vaggande vågsorl till tröst.  
Räck mig de älskade händerna.  
Mörkret skall skrämmas.  
Kvalet skall släppa mitt bröst.

Bara du går över ängarna,  
bara jag ser dig  
vandra i fjärran förbi,  
darra de eviga strängarna.  
Säg mig vem ger dig  
makten som blir melodi?

—Text by Bo Bergman

## Bön till natten

Slut är dagens lust som larmar  
vild och kort.  
Djupa natt, i dina armar,  
bär oss bort.

## One single moment

I was alone  
alone he came,  
across my path  
lead his path.  
He didn't dwell,  
but wanted to dwell  
He didn't speak  
but his eyes spoke  
You unknown,  
you well-known

A day disappears  
a year goes by  
one memory  
chases another  
this short moment  
stayed with me forever  
the bitter moment  
the sweet moment

—Translation by Hélène Lindqvist

## Melody

You just walk across the meadows,  
and every spring comes to life,  
every tuft of grass sings your name.  
The clouds burn and the trees  
whistle and drop  
leaves like gold in your lap.

And by the foamy shores  
I hear your comforting voice  
rocking in a wave's murmur.  
Stretch out your beloved hands.  
Darkness shall be frightened away.  
Torment will leave my breast.

You just walk across the meadows,  
I just see you  
wander in the distance,  
and those eternal strains tremble.  
Tell me who gives you  
the power which becomes this melody?

—Translation © Anna Hersey

## Prayer to night

Ended is the day's desire that clamors,  
wild and short.  
Deep night, in your arms,  
carry us away.

Vid ditt bröst det nådefulla  
skyl vår skam,  
medan glömskans timmar rulla  
smärtlöst fram,

som en flod, där allt får drunkna,  
glider kall  
över dolda brott och sjunkna  
syndafall.

Du som ensam dig förbarmar  
och ger svar,  
milda natt, i dina armar,  
håll oss kvar.

—Text by Bo Bergman

At your grace-filled breast  
hide our shame,  
while the hours of forgetting roll  
painlessly on,

like a river in which all may drown,  
gliding cold  
over hidden crimes and sunken  
falls into sin.

You who alone show mercy  
and give answer,  
gentle night, in your arms,  
keep us there.

—Anonymous Translation

## Pan

Middagsstillhet och klöverånga.  
Ljuset flappar och smälter i ro  
över åsarnas långa  
kammare, där molnen bo.

Här i backen sitter Pan  
lat, med nacken mot en gran.

När han börjar spela,  
spela träden, susar säden,  
lyssnar hela  
jorden till hans kväden.

Livets stora hunger  
stiger stark och god,  
och mitt sommarblod  
sjunger.

—Text by Bo Bergman

## Pan

Evening stillness and rising clover-scented steam.  
The light flickers and melts away to rest  
behind the long ridges of the  
hills, where clouds live.

Here on the slope sits Pan,  
languorous, with his back against a larch.

When he begins to play,  
the trees play too, the wheat sighs,  
the whole earth listens  
to his airs.

The inordinate appetite of life  
rises strong and fine,  
and my summer-blood  
sings.

—Translation © Annika Lindskog

## 6 Lieder, Op. 48

### EDVARD GRIEG

(1843–1907)

Composed in 1889, *Six Lieder*, Op. 48 stands among Edvard Grieg's most celebrated contributions to the art song repertoire. Unlike much of his earlier vocal music, which draws on Norwegian texts, this set is written to German poetry by writers including Heinrich Heine, Emanuel Geibel, and Ludwig Uhland. In these songs, Grieg engages closely with the German Lied tradition while maintaining the lyrical warmth and expressive clarity that characterize his style. Common to all the settings are the subjects that preoccupied most 19th-century writers, the entwining of love, nature and the seasons.

The set opens with *Gruß* ("Greeting"), a song of radiant affection. Its flowing melody and expansive piano writing convey an earnest message of love and admiration. *Dereinst, Gedanke mein* follows with a more introspective mood, expressing quiet longing and the hope that cherished thoughts will one day find fulfillment.

A lighter and more ironic tone emerges in *Lauf der Welt* ("The Way of the World"). Here Grieg mirrors the poem's wry observations on life and love through playful rhythmic gestures and quick shifts in character. *Die verschwiegene Nachtigall* ("The Secretive Nightingale") continues the intimate atmosphere, using delicate textures and subtle musical imagery to evoke the quiet presence of the nightingale and the secrecy of love.

The mood turns nostalgic in *Zur Rosenzeit* ("In the Time of Roses"), one of the most tender songs of the set. Its gentle, flowing accompaniment supports a lyrical vocal line that reflects on memories of youthful love and the passage of time. The

cycle concludes with *Ein Traum* (“A Dream”), an ecstatic outpouring of joy in which love is finally realized. With its soaring melodic line and passionate climax, the song provides a triumphant and deeply satisfying conclusion to the set.

Together, these six songs demonstrate Grieg’s remarkable gift for uniting expressive vocal writing with richly colored piano accompaniment, creating miniature musical scenes that capture the emotional depth of the poetry.

—Program note from the artist

## **Gruß**

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt  
Liebliches Geläute.  
Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,  
Kling hinaus ins Weite.  
Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,  
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.  
Wenn du eine Rose schaust,  
Sag, ich lass’ sie grüßen.

—Text by Heinrich Heine

## **Dereinst, Gedanke mein**

Dereinst,  
Gedanke mein  
Wirst ruhig sein.  
Läßt Liebesglut  
Dich still nicht werden:  
In kühler Erden  
Da schläfst du gut;  
Dort ohne Liebe  
Und ohne Pein  
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben  
Nicht hast gefunden,  
Wenn es entschwunden  
Wird’s dir gegeben.  
Dann ohne Wunden  
Und ohne Pein  
Wirst ruhig sein.

—Text by Emanuel Geibel

## **Greeting**

A sweet sound of bells  
Peals gently through my soul.  
Ring out, little song of spring,  
Ring out far and wide.  
Ring out till you reach the house  
Where violets are blooming.  
And if you should see a rose,  
Send to her my greeting.

## **One day, my thoughts**

Do you see my little boy  
with his gentle curling locks?  
I have gazed upon him long  
but now I shall not see him more!  
Ah so empty, so empty,  
empty lies his little cradle  
and my proud breast  
is full of sorrow and deep woe.

Gentle Jesus, you were cruel  
to take him back beyond the stars!  
Did you need another angel?  
Alas, the earth has so few!  
Did you give him little wings?  
And heaven’s shining joy?  
Help me, who has so little,  
oh help me to grieve and weep!

## Lauf der Welt

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,  
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.  
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,  
Es stehet hart am Weg.  
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,  
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,  
Seit lange küß' ich sie,  
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!  
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.  
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,  
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,  
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?  
Das Röschen sich am Tau kühlte,  
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!  
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,  
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

—Text by Johann Ludwig Uhland

## Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Unter den Linden,  
An der Haide,  
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,  
Da mögt ihr finden,  
Wie wir beide  
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.  
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,  
Tandaradei!  
Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen  
Zu der Aue,  
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.  
Ich ward empfangen  
Als hehre Fraue,  
Daß ich noch immer selig bin.  
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?  
Tandaradei!  
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,  
Wüßt' es einer,  
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.  
Wie mich der Gute  
Herzte, keiner  
Erfahre das als er und ich—  
Und ein kleines Vögelein,  
Tandaradei!  
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

—Text by Karl Joseph Simrock

## The Way of the World

Every evening I go out,  
Up the meadow path.  
She looks out from her summer house,  
Which stands close by the road.  
We've never planned a rendezvous,  
It's just the way of the world.

I don't know how it came about,  
For a long time I've been kissing her,  
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes!  
But neither does she ever say no!  
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,  
We don't prevent it, it just seems good.

The little breeze plays with the rose,  
It doesn't ask: do you love me?  
The rose cools itself with dew,  
It doesn't dream of saying: give!  
I love her, she loves me,  
But neither says: I love you!

## The Secretive Nightingale

Under the lime trees  
By the heath  
Where I sat with my beloved,  
There you may find  
How both of us  
Crushed the flowers and grass.  
Outside the wood, with a sweet sound,  
Tandaradei!  
The nightingale sang in the valley.

I came walking  
To the meadow,  
My beloved arrived before me.  
I was received  
As a noble lady,  
Which still fills me with bliss.  
Did he offer me kisses?  
Tandaradei!  
See how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew  
How I lay there,  
God forbid, I'd be ashamed.  
How my darling hugged me,  
No one shall know  
But he and I—  
And a little bird,  
Tandaradei!  
Who certainly won't say a word.

## Zur Rosenzeit

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,  
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,  
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,  
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,  
Auf das erste Knöschen lauernd  
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte  
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug  
Und vor deinem Angesichte  
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,  
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,  
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## Ein Traum

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:  
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,  
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—  
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,  
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum  
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—  
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,  
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,  
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—  
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang  
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingstrücker Waldesraum!  
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—  
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,  
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

—Text by Martin von Bodenstedt

## Time of Roses

You fade, sweet roses,  
My love did not wear you;  
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,  
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,  
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,  
And waiting for the first little bud,  
Went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits  
At your very feet,  
With hope beating in my heart,  
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,  
My love did not wear you;  
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,  
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

## A Dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:  
A blonde maiden loved me,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,  
From the distant village came the sound of bells—  
We were so full of bliss,  
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,  
It happened in reality,  
It was in the green woodland glade,  
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,  
From the village came the sound of bells—  
I held you fast, I held you long,  
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!  
You shall live in me for evermore—  
There reality became a dream,  
There dream became reality!

—6 Leider Translations © Richard Stokes