



THE FIRM
2011

CONCERT ONE

"After all, works of art are always the result of one's having been in danger, of having gone through an experience all the way to the end, to where no one can go any further. The further one goes, the more private, the more personal, the more singular an experience becomes and the thing one is making is, finally, the necessary, irrepressible, and, as nearly as possible, definitive utterance of this singularity..."

Rilke

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

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

The Firm

presents

Greta Bradman, soprano

Robert Macfarlane, tenor

and

Leigh Harrold, piano

Gustav Mahler (1860 – 1911)

4 Songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Raymond Chapman Smith

Abendröte

Quentin Grant

The Lost Boy (and why the forest burned)

Wolfgang Rihm

Ländler for solo piano

Gustav Mahler

5 Songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn

**Gustav Mahler 4 Songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn
(The Youth's Magic Horn) (1887-98)**

1. Lob des hohen Verstands

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal
Kukuk und Nachtigall
Täten ein Wett' anschlagen:
Zu singen um das Meisterstück,
Gewinn' es Kunst, gewinn' es Glück:
Dank soll er davon tragen.

Der Kukuk sprach: "So dir's gefällt,
Hab' ich den Richter wählt",
Und tät gleich den Esel ernennen.
"Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren groß,
So kann er hören desto bos
Und, was recht ist, kennen!"

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus!
Der Esel sprach: "Du machst mir's kraus!
Du machst mir's kraus! I-ja! I-ja!
Ich kann's in Kopf nicht bringen!"

Der Kukuk drauf fing an geschwind
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und Quint.
Dem Esel g'fiels, er sprach nur
"Wart! Wart! Wart! Dein Urteil will ich sprechen,
Wohl sungen hast du, Nachtigall!
Aber Kukuk, singst gut Choral!

Und hältst den Takt fein innen!
Das sprech' ich nach mein' hoh'n Verstand!
Und kost' es gleich ein ganzes Land,
So laß ich's dich gewinnen!"

In praise of higher understanding

Once in a deep valley,
The cuckoo and the nightingale
Had a contest:
To sing the Masterpiece.
To win by art or to win by luck,
Fame would the victor gain.

The cuckoo said: "If it pleases you,
I will nominate the judge."
And he named the donkey right away.
"Since he has two huge ears,
He can hear so much better
And will know what is correct."

They soon flew before the judge
And when the issue was explained to him,
He told them they should sing.
The nightingale sang out sweetly!
The donkey said: You make me dizzy!
You make me dizzy! Eee-yah!
I can't get it into my head!

The cuckoo then quickly started
his song through thirds and fourths and fifths;
The donkey found it pleasing, and only said
Wait! Wait! Wait! I will pronounce judgement now.
Well have you sung, Nightingale!
But, Cuckoo, you sing a good chorale!

And you keep the rhythm finely and internally!
Thus I say according to my sublime understanding,
And, although it may cost an entire land,
I will let you win!

2. Rheinlegende

Bald gras ich am Neckar, bald gras ich am Rhein;
Bald hab' ich ein Schätzlein, bald bin ich allein!
Was hilft mir das Grasen, wenn d' Sichel nicht schneid't!
Was hilft mir ein Schätzlein, wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.

So soll ich denn grasen am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes Ringlein hinein.
Es fließet im Neckar und fließet im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter ins Meer tief hinein.

Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein, so frißt es ein Fisch!
Das Fischlein tät kommen auf's König sein Tisch!
Der König tät fragen, wem's Ringlein solt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen: das Ringlein g'hört mein.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen bergauf und bergein,
Tät mir wiederum bringen das Goldringlein mein!
Kannst grasen am Neckar. kannst grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer dein Ringlein hinein!

Rhine Legend

Now I reap by the Neckar, now I reap by the Rhine;
Now I have a sweetheart, now I am alone!
What use is my reaping if the sickle doesn't cut?
What use is a sweetheart if she won't stay?

So if I am to reap by the Neckar and by the Rhine,
then I'll throw in my golden ring.
It will flow with the Neckar and the Rhine,
And float right down into the deep sea.

And as it floats, the little ring, a fish will eat it!
The fish will eventually come to the King's table!
The king will ask whose ring it is,
and my sweetheart will say: "The ring belongs to me."

My sweetheart will hurry up hill and down hill,
and bring me back my ring!
"You can reap by the Neckar, and reap by the Rhine
if you will always throw your ring in for me!"

3. Ablösung im Sommer

Kuckuck hat sich zu Tode gefallen
An einer grünen Weiden,
Kuckuck ist tot! Kuckuck ist tot!
Wer soll uns jetzt den Sommer lang
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

Ei, das soll tun Frau Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,
Die liebe, süße Nachtigall!
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh,
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.

Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall,
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,
Und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende ist,
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!

Change in summer

The cuckoo has fallen to its death
On a green willow,
The cuckoo is dead! The cuckoo is dead!
Who should then the summer long
Help us pass the time?

Oh, that should be Mrs. Nightingale!
She sits on a green branch!
The small, fine nightingale,
The lovely, sweet nightingale!
She sings and springs, is always joyous,
When other birds are silent!

We await Mrs. Nightingale,
Who lives in a green glen,
And when the cuckoo call is at its end,
Then does she begin to sing

4. Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopft an,
Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?
Ich seh die Morgenröt aufgehn,
Die Morgenröt, zwei helle Stern,
Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,
bei meiner Herzallerliebsten.

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein:
Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
So lang hast du gestanden!

Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweiße Hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.

Where the beautiful trumpets blow

Who is then outside, and who is knocking,
Who can so softly, softly waken me?
It is your darling,
Arise and let me come in to you!

Why should I stand here any longer?
I see the dawn arrive,
The dawn, two bright stars,
With my darling would I gladly bee,
With my heart's most beloved!

The maiden arose and let him in;
She welcomed him as well:
Welcome, my beloved boy,
You have stood outside so long!

She reached to him her snow-white hand.
From afar a nightingale sang;
The maiden began to weep.

Oh, do not cry, my darling,
Next year you shall be my own!
My own shall you certainly be,
As no one else on earth is.
O Love on the green earth!

I go to war on the green heath,
The green heath that is so broad!
It is there where the beautiful trumpets blow,
There is my house of green grass!

Raymond Chapman Smith Abendröte (Evening Glow)
Four Songs to texts of Friedrich Schlegel (1772-1829)

1. Abendröte

Tiefer sinket schon die Sonne,
Und es atmet alles Ruhe,
Tages Arbeit ist vollendet,
Und die Kinder scherzen munter.
Grüner glänzt die grüne Erde,
Eh' die Sonne ganz versunken.
Milden Balsam hauchen leise
In die Lüfte nun die Blumen,
Der die Seele zart berührt,
Wenn die Sinne selig trunken.
Kleine Vögel, ferne Menschen,
Berge, himmelan geschwungen,
Und der große Silberstrom,
Der im Tale schlank gewunden,
Alles scheint dem Dichter redend,
Denn er hat den Sinn gefunden:
Und das All ein einzig Chor,
Manches Lied aus einem Munde.

Evening glow

The sun is already sinking deeper,
and everything breathes peace.
The day's work is done,
and the children jest merrily.
The green earth shines greener
before the sun has sunk entirely.
Balmy scents waft gently
in the air from the flowers,
tenderly soothing the soul
whenever the senses drink them blissfully.
Small birds, far-off people,
mountains lining the sky,
and the great silver stream
that winds narrowly in the valley -

everything speaks to the poet
for he has discovered their meaning:
and everything is a single choir,
many songs from one mouth.

2. Der Fluß

Wie rein Gesang sich windet
Durch wunderbarer Saitenspiele Rauschen,
Er selbst sich wiederfindet,
Wie auch die Weisen tauschen,
Daß neu entzückt die Hörer ewig lauschen,

So fließet mir gediegen
Die Silbermasse, schlangengleich gewunden,
Durch Büsche, die sich wiegen
Vom Zauber süß gebunden,
Weil sie im Spiegel neu sich selbst gefunden;

Wo Hügel sich so gerne
Und helle Wolken leise schwankend zeigen,
Wenn fern schon matte Sterne
Aus blauer Tiefe steigen,
Der Sonne trunkne Augen abwärts neigen.

So schimmern alle Wesen
Den Umriß nach im kindlichen Gemüte,
Das zur Schönheit erlesen
Durch milder Götter Güte
In dem Kristall bewahrt die flücht'ge Blüte.

The river

Like a pure song that winds itself
through the wonderful sound of strings playing,
finding itself again
as the tunes switch back and forth
so that the listeners are always newly delighted;

So the silvery bulk flows with dignity,
winding like a snake

through swaying bushes
sweetly and magically entranced
to find themselves mirrored;

Where hills and bright clouds
like to melt themselves into softly vibrating images
when the distant, faint stars
rise from the blue depths
and the sun lowers its intoxicated eyes.

So shine all creatures,
like silhouettes in the childlike mind,
which is selected for beauty
by the gentle goodness of the Gods,
and in which fleeting blossoms are preserved in crystal.

3. Der Schiffer

Friedlich lieg' ich hingegossen,
Lenke hin und her das Ruder,
Atme kühl im Licht des Mondes,
Träume süß im stillen Mute;
Gleiten laß ich auch den Kahn,
Schaue in die blanken Fluten,
Wo die Sterne lieblich schimmern,
Spiele wieder mit dem Ruder.

Säße doch das blonde Mägdlein
Vor mir auf dem Bänkchen ruhend,
Sänge schmachend zarte Lieder.
Himmlich wär' mir dann zu Mute,
Ließ mich necken von dem Kinde,
Wieder tändelnd mit der Guten.
Friedlich lieg' ich hingegossen,
Träume süß im stillen Mute,
Atme kühl im Licht des Mondes,
Führe hin und her das Ruder.

The sailor

I lie stretched out peacefully,
Turn the rudder to and fro,
Breathe languidly in the moonlight,
And dream sweetly in a mood of stillness;
Then I let the boat drift,
Gaze into the shining waters
Where the stars shimmer gracefully,
And play with the rudder again.

If only the fair-haired maiden were sitting,
Resting on the bench in front of me,
I would sing gentle, soulful songs.
I would be in a state of heavenliness,
Letting the child tease me,
And flirting with the good girl.
I lie stretched out peacefully,
And dream sweetly in a mood of stillness,
Breathe languidly in the moonlight,
Turn the rudder to and fro.

4. Der Wanderer

Wie deutlich des Mondes Licht
Zu mir spricht,
Mich beseele zu der Reise;
"Folge treu dem alten Gleise,
Wähle keine Heimat nicht.
Ew'ge Plage
Bringen sonst die schweren Tage;
Fort zu ändern
Sollst du wechseln, sollst du wandern,
Leicht entfliehend jeder Klage."

Sanfte Ebb und hohe Flut,
Tief im Mut,
Wandr' ich so im Dunkeln weiter,

Steige mutig, singe heiter,
Und die Welt erscheint mir gut.
Alles reine
Seh ich mild im Widerscheine,
Nichts verworren
In des Tages Glut verdorren:
Froh umgeben, doch alleine.

The wanderer

How clearly the moon's light
Speaks to me,
Inspiring me to journey;
"Follow truly the ancient path,
Choose no nomeland whatsoever.
Otherwise the heavy days bring
Endless troubles ;
Away, to the other
Should you change. should you wander,
Lightly shedding every woe."

Gentle ebb and lofty flood,
Deep in courage,
I wander farther in darkness,
I climb bravely, singing cheerfully,
And the world seems good to me.
All pureness
See I softly in the twilight,
Without confusion
Fading in the day's afterglow:
Surrounded by joy, but alone.

Quentin Grant

The Lost Boy (and why the forest burned)

The Mother

The long childless wife,
came home from the town with a baby boy.
Brown like ground, no sound,
just staring at the good wife's face.
The husband is lost in fear,
Tell me my good wife, where did you find this boy?
I found him in a basket all alone,
In the churchyard of the village square.
I watched him there for a hour or more,
and no-one came to take him,
His tiny cries wore a hole in my heart,
and I could not bear to forsake him.

Ten years passed with the blowing of the wind,
and the boy grew in his mother's love.
She gives him all her food, not eating herself.
So growing sickly the good mother dies.

Sadly now the father cannot stand to look at the boy any more.
He takes him to the town, and leaves him where he was found ten
years before, in the churchyard.

The Tree

Out in an open field a man in the twilight digging,
He slowly opens the earth to the sky.
Why do you work alone, turning the ancient soil?
He lifts his dark weary face to the sky,
I plant a tree here for my son.

Slowly the red moon rises, over the fading sun,
Tell me where is your son on this night?
He sits at home, beside his dying mother.

I will take my son to town,

My boy by his little hand,
Take him to the churchyard by the square,
I'll leave him there and quietly walk away.

Out in an open field a man in the darkness digging,
I leave him there under a lonely moon,
but I can see he doesn't have a tree.

The Son

Blackbird, crow,
Will you fly into the black and misty night,
for I cannot find my dear father.
Blacker bird from the blackness of my song,
cast your sharp eye and find where a heart of mercy lies for me.
Fly from my twilight, fly from the churchyard blackbird!

The forest is burning so fly out your warning,
The trees will all cry to your darkened eye.
Bring your blackened light cover the hope of the day.
So let it burn and I'll burn too,
forlorn I'll be and so will you,
the sadness that cradles me will spread over all.

The Father

On the death of his wife,
the father took his son, took his son to a church yard,
there he left him, turned away his eyes and he left him,
but the Son wouldn't stay and he ran,
That Son ran and ran until the dark forest,
then down he lay, fast asleep dreaming of his Dad.

Then in the dark of the woods in the dark of the bush
is the sound of the footsteps coming,
three dark men with a bottle of joy
singing a song of the grave and then they saw him,
"Who has left this tiny boy here?"
"We must take him home".

Many years later a man passing through the forest
is stopped by the boy, now a strong young robber.
Now see them fight in the dark of the night
with the screech of the owl and the howl of the wind,
Now the youth stabs with his knife and the blood is flowing,
the older man feels the sigh of his life ebbing by
and as he dies he looks and says:
Thank you, you have saved me,
from the hell I've lived in ever since I left my son,
left him in a church yard.

The First Mother

Once upon a sunny day,
a young mother went out to play,
All through the old town holding baby close,
meeting each greeting with a smile,
tell me what shadow followed her.

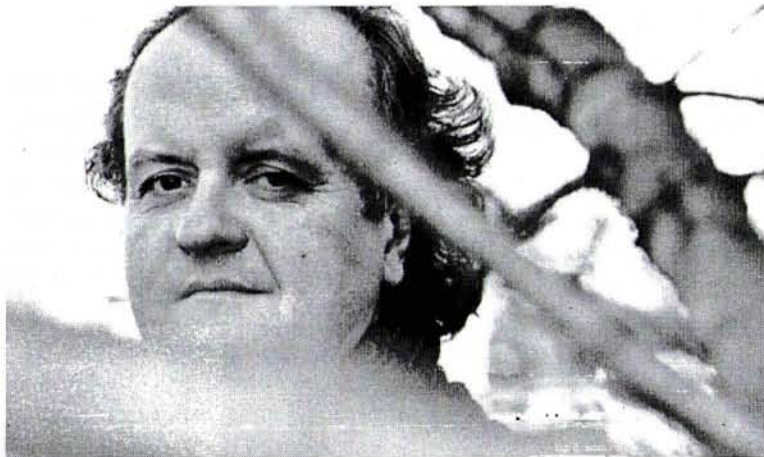
Once upon this sunny day,
Young mother went into the church to pray,
Leaving her baby out side to quietly doze,
In his crib in the churchyard.

Inside the church the shadow dark
In his priestly robes like a fallen starry spark.
When he saw the soft girl praying,
took the way that priests so often do,
Trapped her in his church, for an unholy hour,
Until she finally ran away.

When she came outside her baby was gone!
Gone. He is gone.
Wanders off in a veil of tears,
and so ends this little tale.
Life is full of such stories.

Wolfgang Rihm Ländler for solo piano (1979)

(b. Germany 1952)



"You walk and walk, and you never get home on time, because you are lost to time and it to you. The monotony of space drowns time. We have a folk-song that says, he explained to Clavdia Chauchat, 'I am lost to the world.'"

Hans Castorp in Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain

Gustav Mahler

Five songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn

1. Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt

Antonius zur Predigt
Die Kirche findt ledig.
Er geht zu den Flüssen
und predigt den Fischen;

Sie schlagen mit den Schwänzen,
Im Sonnenschein glänzen.

Die Karpfen mit Rogen
Sind allhier gezogen,
Haben d'Mäuler aufrissen,
Sich Zuhörens beflissen;

Kein Predigt niemalsen
Den Karpfen so g'fallen.

Spitzgöschete Hechte,
Die immerzu fechten,
Sind eilend herschwommen,
Zu hören den Frommen;

Auch jene Phantasten,
Die immerzu fasten;
Die Stockfisch ich meine,
Zur Predigt erscheinen;

Kein Predigt niemalsen
Den Stockfisch so g'fallen.

Gut Aale und Hausen,
Die vornehme schmausen,

Die selbst sich bequemen,
Die Predigt vernehmen:

Auch Krebse, Schildkroten,
Sonst langsame Boten,
Steigen eilig vom Grund,
Zu hören diesen Mund:

Kein Predigt niemals
den Krebsen so g'fallen.

Fisch große, Fisch kleine,
Vornehm und gemeine,
Erheben die Köpfe
Wie verständige Geschöpfe:

Auf Gottes Begehren
Die Predigt anhören.

Die Predigt geendet,
Ein jeder sich wendet,
Die Hechte bleiben Diebe,
Die Aale viel lieben.

Die Predigt hat g'fallen.
Sie bleiben wie alle.

Die Krebs gehn zurücke,
Die Stockfisch bleiben dicke,
Die Karpfen viel fressen,
die Predigt vergessen.

Die Predigt hat g'fallen.
Sie bleiben wie alle.

St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes

St. Anthony arrives for his Sermon
and finds the church empty.
He goes to the rivers
to preach to the fishes;

They flick their tails,
which glisten in the sunshine.

The carp with roe
have all come here,
their mouths wide open,
listening attentively.

No sermon ever
pleased the carp so.

Sharp-mouthed pike
that are always fighting,
have come here, swimming hurriedly
to hear this pious one;

Also, those fantastic creatures
that are always fasting -
the stockfish, I mean -
they also appeared for the sermon;

No sermon ever
pleased the stockfish so.

Good eels and sturgens,
that banquet so elegantly -
even they took the trouble
to hear the sermon:

Crabs too, and turtles,
usually such slowpokes,
rise quickly from the bottom,

to hear this voice.

No sermon ever
pleased the crabs so.

Big fish, little fish,
noble fish, common fish,
all lift their heads
like sentient creatures:

At God's behest
they listen to the sermon.

The sermon having ended,
each turns himself around;
the pikes remain thieves,
the eels, great lovers.

The sermon has pleased them,
but they remain the same as before.

The crabs still walk backwards,
the stockfish stay rotund,
the carps still stuff themselves,
the sermon is forgotten!

The sermon has pleased them,
but they remain the same as before.

2. Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort oben in dem hohen Haus,
Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mädel heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

"Mein Herze ist wund,
komm Schätzel mach's gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundet!

Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund."

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.

Who thought up this little song?

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the window.
She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

"My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.

Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,
brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill."

Who has thought up this pretty little song then?
It was brought over the water by three geese -
two grey and one white -
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!

3. Der Schildwache Nachtlied

"Ich kann und mag nicht fröhlich sein;
Wenn alle Leute schlafen,
So muß ich wachen,
Muß traurig sein."

"Ach Knabe, du sollst nicht traurig sein,
Will deiner warten,
Im Rosengarten,
Im grünen Klee."

"Zum grünen Klee, da komm ich nicht,
zum Waffengarten:
Voll Helleparten
Bin ich gestellt."

"Stehst du im Feld, so helf dir Gott,
An Gottes Segen
Ist alles gelegen,
Wer's glauben tut."

"Wer's glauben tut, ist weit davon,
Er ist ein König,
Er ist ein Kaiser,
Er führt den Krieg."

Halt! Wer da? Rund! Bleib' mir vom Leib!
Wer sang es hier? Wer sang zur Stund'?
Verlorne Feldwacht
Sang es um Mitternacht.
Mitternacht! Feldwacht!

The sentinel's night song

"I cannot and may not be merry;
when everyone is asleep,
I must keep watch,
and be mournful."

"Ah, lad, you shouldn't be sad,
for I will wait for you
in the rose garden,
in the green clover."

"To the green clover, I do not come;
to the weapons garden,
full of halberds,
I have been posted."

"If you are in the battlefield, may God help you!
On God's blessing
is everything dependent,
he who believes it."

"He who believes it is far away.
He is a king,
he is an emperor,
and he makes war."

Halt! Who's there? Turn around! Stand back!
Who sang here? Who was singing this hour?
A solitary field sentinel
was singing at midnight.
Midnight! Field sentinel!

4. Das irdische Leben

"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir säen geschwind."

Und als das Korn gesät war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind."

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir dreschen geschwind."

Und als das Korn gedreschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir mahlen [geschwind]."

Und als das Korn gemahlen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind."

Und als das Brot gebacken war,
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahr.

4. The earthly life

"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall sow quickly."

And when the corn had been sown,
The child wailed again:
"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall harvest quickly."

And when the corn had been harvested,
The child wailed again:
"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall thresh quickly."

And when the corn had been threshed,
The child wailed again:
"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall grind quickly."

And when the corn had been ground,
The child wailed again:
"Mother, oh Mother! I'm hungry;
Give me bread, or I shall die!"
"Wait a little, my darling child;
Tomorrow we shall bake quickly."

And when the bread had been baked,
The child was lying on the funeral bier.

5. Urlicht

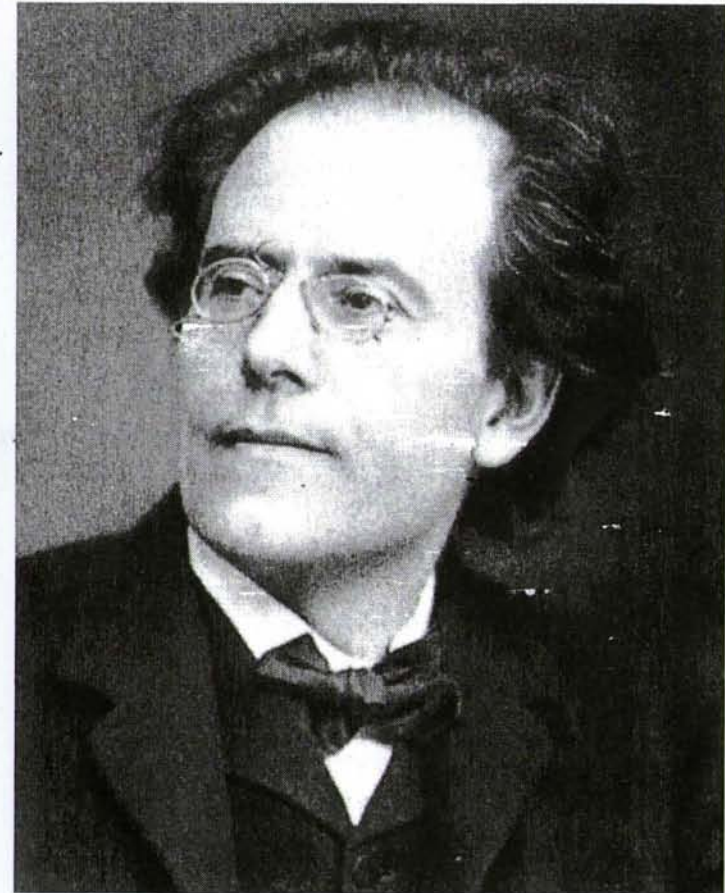
O Röschen rot,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Not,
Der Mensch liegt in größter Pein,
Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein.
Da kam ich auf einem breiten Weg,
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt' mich abweisen.
Ach nein, ich ließ mich nicht abweisen!
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott,
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,
Wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig selig' Leben!

Primal light

O little red rose,
Man lies in greatest need,
Man lies in greatest pain.
Ever would I prefer to be in heaven.
Once I came upon a wide road,
There stood an Angel who wanted to turn me away.
But no, I will not be turned away!
I came from God, and will return to God,
The loving God who will give me a little light,
To lighten my way up to eternal, blessed life!

"You will feel that the only true reality on earth is our soul. For anyone who has once grasped this, what we call reality is no more than a formula, a shadow with no substance. – And you must not, please, take this for a poetical metaphor; it is a conviction which can hold its own at the bar of sober reason."

*Mahler to Alma Schindler (Mahler-Gropius-Werfel),
Dec.1901*



"After Des Knaben Wunderhorn I could not compose anything but Rückert – that is poetry from the source, all else is lyric poetry of a derivative sort."

Mahler to Anton Webern, Feb.1905



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