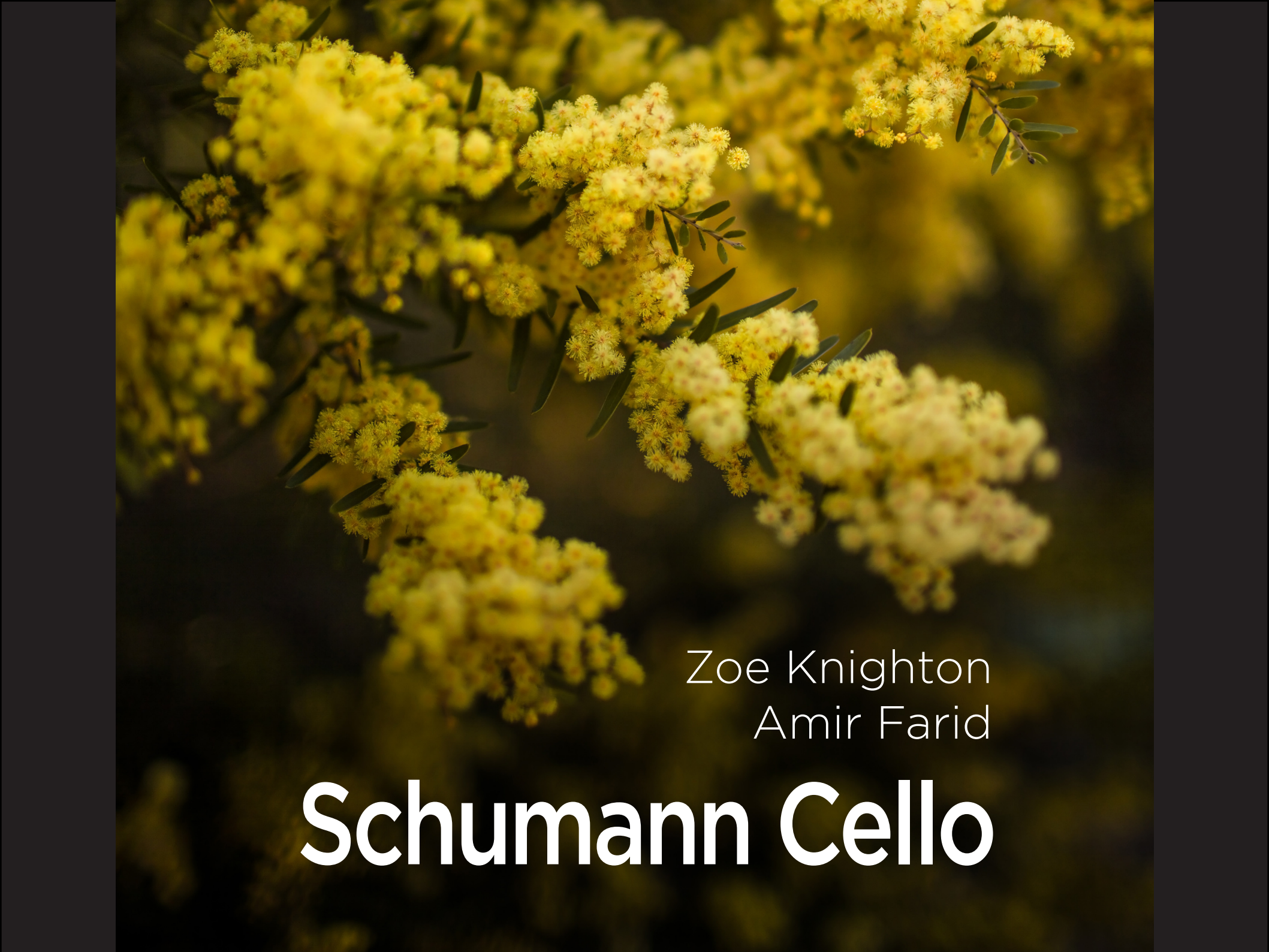




Zoe Knighton
Amir Farid

Schumann Cello

Schumann Cello

Zoe Knighton
Amir Farid

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

6 Lieder, Op. 13 (6 Songs)

- 1** Ich stand in dunklen Träumen 2'22
- 2** Sie liebten sich beide 1'55
- 3** Liebeszauber 2'25
- 4** Der Mond kommt still gegangen 1'45
- 5** Ich hab' in Deinem Auge 2'10
- 6** Die stille Lotosblume 2'55

Clara Schumann

3 Gedichte aus Rückerts

“Liebesfrühling”, Op.12

(3 Poems from Rückert's “Love Spring”)

- 7** Er ist gekommen in Sturm
und Regen 2'49
- 8** Liebst du um Schönheit 2'40
- 9** Warum willst du and're fragen? 2'33

Clara Schumann

**Sechs Lieder aus “Jucunde”
von Hermann Rollet, Op. 23
(6 Songs from “Jucunde”
by Hermann Rollet)**

- 10** Was weinst du, Blümlein 1'55
- 11** An einem lichten Morgen 3'35
- 12** Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort 3'24
- 13** Auf einem grünen Hügel 2'39
- 14** Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag 1'13
- 15** O Lust, o Lust 2'09

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

6 Fantasy Pieces, Op. 73

- 16** Zart und mit Ausdruck 3'25
- 17** Lebhaft, leicht 4'10
- 18** Rasch und mit Feuer 4'31

Robert Schumann

**Fünf Stücke im Volkston, Op. 102
(5 Pieces in Folk Style)**

- 19** Mit Humor 3'40
- 20** Langsam 3'30
- 21** Nicht Schnell, mit viel Ton zu spielen 4'04
- 22** Nicht zu rasch 2'12
- 23** Stark und markirt 2'55

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Clara and Robert Schumann were the most celebrated music couple of the 19th century. They met when Robert was having piano lessons with Clara's father, Friedrich Wieck. Wieck named his daughter "Clara", meaning "brilliance", and put everything into raising a virtuoso pianist. Clara was nine when she met Robert as they both studied ardently with Friedrich but when she turned 16, the love between the two protégés blossomed. Robert and Clara married one day before her 21st birthday against her father's wishes.

Together they had 8 children (one died in infancy) and before their marriage, she was the more famous performer. She nurtured Robert's composition and promoted him. Giving first performances of Robert Schumann and their friend Johannes Brahms. Contrary to common belief, Clara did not abandon composition when she married Robert. The two of them composed side-by-side, sometimes publishing songs together, without specific attribution.

Believe it or not, Clara was one of, if not the first pianist to perform from memory. She earned the majority of the money for the household and in fact, her compositions were more popular than Robert's in her lifetime.

These three sets of songs were written in 1840 (the year of their marriage), 1844 and 1853 respectively.

"I once believed that I possessed creative talent, but I have given up this idea; a woman must not desire to compose—there has never yet been one able to do it. Should I expect to be the one?"

Robert suffered an accident to one of his hands which confined him to composition. A fortuitous turn which meant he could completely focus on writing rather than performing. Well documented emotional torment plagued him for most of his career with the exception of the first blissful year of marriage (1840) which resulted in no less than 138 songs.

The *Three Fantasy Pieces, Op.73* were originally written for clarinet in 1849 and were representative of Robert having a more elastic view of how chamber works may be performed. A number of compositions from this period are designed to be played on multiple instruments, sanctioned by the composer. The *Five Pieces in Folk Style, Op. 102* was written one year later and represents rise in the German middle class and their appetite for house music, or music designed to be performed by amateurs in the home.

Robert died in 1856 after more than two years in a psychiatric hospital where it was advised Clara should not visit him.

Clara Schumann Op. 13

1 Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.
About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.
And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

English Translation © Richard Stokes

2 Sie liebten sich beide

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.
In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

English Translation © Richard Stokes

3 Liebeszauber

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.
And as it sounded, there arose a scent

From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;
The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.
Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.
But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo

4 Der Mond kommt still gegangen

The moon rises silently
With its golden glow.
The weary earth then falls asleep
In beauty and splendour.
Many thousand loving thoughts
From many faithful minds
Sway on the breezes
Over those who slumber.
And down in the valley
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;
But I in the darkness gaze
Silently out into the world.

English Translation © Richard Stokes

5 Ich hab' in Deinem Auge

I saw in your eyes
The ray of eternal love,
I saw on your cheeks
The roses of heaven.
And as the ray dies in your eyes,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, forever new,
Has remained in my heart,
And never will I look at your cheeks,
And never will I gaze into your eyes,
And not see the glow of roses,
And the ray of love.

English Translation © Richard Stokes

6 Die stille Lotosblume

The silent lotus flower
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.
The moon then pours from heaven
All its golden light,
Pours all its rays
Into the lotus flower's bosom.
In the water, round the flower,
A white swan circles,
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And gazes on the flower.
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And wishes to die as it sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Clara Schumann Op. 12

7 Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

He came
In storm and rain;
My anxious heart
Beat against his.
How could I have known
That his path
Should unite itself with mine?
He came
In storm and rain;
Audaciously
He took my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both drew near to each other.
He came
In storm and rain.
Now spring's blessing
Has come.
My friend journeys on,
I watch with good cheer,
For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

English Translation © Richard Stokes

8 Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Who is young each year!

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls!
If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always;
I shall love you forever!
English Translation © Richard Stokes

9 Warum willst du and're fragen?

Why enquire of others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Only believe what these two eyes
Here tell you!
Do not believe what others say;
Do not believe strange fancies;
Nor should you interpret my deeds,
But instead look at these eyes!
Are my lips silent to your questions
Or do they testify against me?
Whatever my lips might say;
Look at my eyes; I love you!
English Translation © Richard Stokes

Clara Schumann Op. 23

10 Was weinst du, Blümlein

Why are you weeping, little flower?
The little flower laughed: 'What do you mean!
I am happy, I do not weep -
It's tears of joy that well in my eyes.'
O morning sky, you are blood red,
As though the sun lay dead in the sea.
Heaven then laughed and cried to me:
'I spread roses on its path!'
And with blazing beams the sun arose,
Flowers bloomed joyously upwards.
The waves of the brooklet rejoiced,
And the sun broke out in happy laughter.
English Translation © Richard Stokes

11 An einem lichten Morgen

On a clear morning
The valley resounds brightly:
Wake up, dear flower,
I am the ray of the sun!
Trust me, and open up
Your little flower chamber
And let burning love
Penetrate your sanctuary.
After all, I only wish
To lie on your bosom
And kiss your blossoms,
Before they wither in the moss.
After all, I only desire
To rest on your bosom
And transfigure you
With sun-bright joy.
English Translation © Richard Stokes

12 Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort

Secret whisperings here and there,
Hidden, murmuring springs,
O forest, O forest, consecrated place,
Let me listen in bough and foliage
To life's most pure word!
And when I walk out into the forest,
I am greeted by the trees,
You fair, unfettered house of God,
You enfold me with your howling storm
In your cool spaces!
All that surrounds and whispers round me,
I shall faithfully preserve,
And all that oppresses my heart
I shall, elated by the spirit of love,
Express in song!
English Translation © Richard Stokes

13 Auf einem grünen Hügel

On a green hill
A bright little rose is growing,
And when I see the little red rose,
As red as pure love,
I'm immediately moved to tears!
On a green hill
Two little blue flowers are growing,
And when I see the little blue flowers,
As blue as blue little eyes,
I see them through my tears!
On a green hill
A little bird is singing;
It seems to sing: he who has never
Suffered great pain
Will never be truly happy.
English Translation © Richard Stokes

14 Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag

This is a day of sound rejoicing –
The quail sings in the corn,
The lark rejoices in song
Over the bright green hedge,
The hunter winds his horn.
Mistress Nightingale calls so sweetly,
A whisper can be heard through the foliage,
The echo resounds,
Everywhere – sound and song.
That is a true spring song.

English Translation © Richard Stokes

15 O Lust, o Lust

The joy, O the joy to sing a song
From the mountain down to the valley!
The smallest sound echoes down
As if on giant pinions!
The faintest breath from the purest heart
That fashions songs in grief and joy,
Unwittingly becomes a song
Sung for all the world.
Earthward and heavenward it soars,
The ringing longing of the soul,
And touches the heart of the whole world –
Whether in joy or in tears.
What is wont to move quietly though the
breast
Now soars away on loud wings.
The joy, O the joy to sing a song
From the mountain down to the valley!

English Translation © Richard Stokes



