



presents...

BENJAMIN APPL | Bass-Baritone
JAMES BAILLIEU | Piano

Friday, October 24, 2025 | 7:30pm
Herbst Theatre

FOR DIETER: THE PAST AND THE FUTURE
Homage to Dietrich Fisher-Dieskau

FRANZ SCHUBERT **Liebesbotschaft (Rellstab) D. 957/1**

FIRST ENCOUNTER

FRANZ SCHUBERT **Am Bach im Frühling (Schober) D. 361**
Der Musensohn (Goethe) D. 764

CHILDHOOD IN BERLIN

ALBERT FISCHER-DIESKAU **Heidenröslein (Goethe) from his *Singspiel Sesenheim***

KLAUS FISCHER-DIESKAU **Nocturne I (excerpt) (*Der Mutter gewidmet*) Op. 1/1**
Wehmut (Goethe) Op. 3/2

YOUTH AND FIRST STEPS AS A SINGER

JOHANNES BRAHMS **Wie bist du, meine Königin (Daumer) Op. 32/9**

FRANZ SCHUBERT **Der Lindenbaum (Müller) D. 911/5**

WAR TIMES AND BEING A SOLDIER 1943-1945

HUGO WOLF **Andenken (Matthison)**

ARIBERT REIMANN **Tenebrae (Celan)**

PRISONER OF WAR 1945-1947

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY **Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt (Goethe) Op. 6/6**

EDUARD KÜNNEKE Ich bin nur ein armer Wandergesell (Haller/Rideamus)

RETURNING HOME IN 1947

HANNS EISLER Die Heimkehr (Brecht)

EDVARD GRIEG Ein Traum (Bodenstedt)

INTERMISSION

FIRST STEPS OF A WORLD CAREER

JOHANNES BRAHMS Vier ernste Gesänge Op. 121

Denn es gehet dem Menschen (Ecclesiastes)

Ich wandte mich (Ecclesiastes)

O Tod, wie bitter bist du (Book of Sirach)

Wenn ich mit Menschen (Corinthians)

SONG ACCOMPANISTS AND FRIENDS

FRANZ SCHUBERT An mein Klavier (Schubart) D. 342

BIRTH OF THREE SONS AND THE BITTER LOSS OF IRMEL IN 1963

BLAKE Proverb III., Op. 7

CARL LOEWE Süßes Begräbnis (Rückert) Op. 62/4

DEATH OF MOTHER THEODORA 1966

HANNS EISLER Mutterns Hände (Tucholsky)

MARITAL LIFE

RUTH LEUWERIK 1965-1967 | KRISTINA PUGELL 1968-1975 | JULIA VARADY 1977-2012

FRANZ SCHUBERT Liebhaber in allen Gestalten (Goethe) D. 558

CLARA SCHUMANN Liebst du um Schönheit (Rückert) Op. 12/2

EPILOGUE

CARL MARIA VON WEBER Meine Lieder, meine Sänge (Löwenstein-Werthheim) op. 15/1

FRANZ SCHUBERT Litanei auf das Fest Aller Seelen (Jacobi) D. 343
An die Musik (Schober) D. 547

This program is made possible in part by the generous support of Patrick McCabe.

Benjamin Appl is represented by Jensen Artists jensenartists.com

James Baillieu is represented by Etude Arts etudearts.com

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ARTIST PROFILES

San Francisco Performances presents Benjamin Appl and James Baillieu for the second time. They made their series debut in May 2023. Mr. Baillieu also appeared with violinist Tamsin Waley-Cohen in April of that year.



Baritone **Benjamin Appl** is celebrated for a voice that “belongs to the last of the old great masters of song” with “an almost infinite range of colours” (*Süddeutsche Zeitung*).

A former BBC New Generation Artist (2014–16), Wigmore Hall Emerging Artist and ECHO Rising Star (2015–16), Benjamin was named Gramophone Award Young Artist of the Year in 2016. He signed exclusively to Sony Classical that same year and later began a multi-album deal with Alpha Classics, whose first release *Winterreise* (2021), won widespread acclaim.

Appl’s musical journey began as a chorister with the renowned Regensburger Domspatzen, later continuing his studies at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater München and the Guildhall School of Music & Drama in London. Mentored by the legendary Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Appl describes the partnership as an ‘invaluable and a hugely formative influence. He [Fischer-Dieskau] is an inspiration—someone who is always searching and seeking a deeper understanding of music and of life. He was a role model for how to prosper as an artist, never just delivering, but each time creating.’

An established recitalist, Appl has appeared at major music festivals worldwide including Ravinia, Rheingau, Schleswig-Holstein, Edinburgh, Heidelberg Frühling, Oxford, Schubertiade Schwarzenberg and the KlavierFestival Ruhr. His concert performances have

taken him to many prestigious venues including the Grand Théâtre de Genève, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Konzerthaus Berlin, Vienna, Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, Musée du Louvre, Palau de la Musica, Philharmonie de Paris and Shanghai Symphony Hall.

In equal demand as soloist with orchestra, his recent collaborators include the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra/Klaus Mäkelä, Oslo Philharmonic/Klaus Mäkelä, Munich Philharmonic/Andrew Manze, Orchestre National du Capitole de Toulouse/Ton Koopman, Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra/Andreas Reize, NHK Symphony Orchestra/Paavo Järvi, Philadelphia Orchestra/Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Staatskapelle Dresden/Christian Thielemann, Philharmonia/Maxim Emelyanychev, Seattle Symphony/Thomas Dausgaard and Vienna Symphony/ Karina Canellakis. In the 2024–25 season, Benjamin was named Artist in Residence with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, making his conducting debut in a sold-out New Year’s performance of Handel’s *Messiah*.

Some of Appl’s recent recital debuts include Carnegie Hall, San Francisco Performances, Dallas Opera, Boston Celebrity Series, New York’s Park Avenue Armory (of all three Schubert song cycles), Sydney Opera House, Mozarteum Salzburg, Festival St. Denis, and three presentations of *Winterreise* by the Gran Teatre del Liceu Barcelona. A creative and innovative programmer, Benjamin seeks out diverse and enriching onstage partnerships including with pianists James Baillieu, Graham Johnson, David Fray, Alice Sara Ott, Arthur & Lucas Jussen, and Kit Armstrong; the Armida String Quartet; accordionists Martynas Levickis and Ksenija Sidorova and lutenist Thomas Dunford.

A revered interpreter of early music, Benjamin enjoys regular collaborations with Les Talens Lyriques, B’Rock, Ensemble Masques and the Berliner Barocksolisten. Equally at home in new music, Benjamin has premiered compositions by Jörg Widmann, Nico Muhly, David Lang and Matthias Pintscher, as well as enjoying a significant long-term partnership with composer György Kurtág.

On the opera stage, Appl recently performed Papageno *Die Zauberflöte* at the Hamburgische Staatsoper and Opéra Rouen, made his role and house debut as Harlequin *Ariadne auf Naxos* at Gran Teatre del Liceu Barcelona and looks forward to his upcoming house and role debut at the

Teatro Real Madrid as Mercutio *Roméo et Juliette*.

In 2025, Appl released two albums, each devoted to a significant figure in his musical career: *Lines of Life* dedicated to György Kurtág, and *For Dieter* to his long-time mentor and teacher Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Other recent standout recordings include *The Christmas Album* (2024) with the Regensburger Domspatzen, *Forbidden Fruit* (2023), Schubert Lieder with orchestra (Münchner Rundfunkorchester), Hans Sommer songs (RSB), Schumann duets with Ann Murray, and a Wigmore Hall Live Schubert recital with Graham Johnson. His Sony debut album *Heimat* was Gramophone-nominated and won the Prix Diétrich Fischer-Dieskau (2017–18).

Beyond the concert hall, Appl has starred in a filmed realisation of Schubert’s *Winterreise* in the Swiss Alps, commissioned by the BBC and SRF broadcast on BBC4 in 2022. He also presented BBC Radio 3’s *A Singer’s World* and appeared in *Breaking Music*, a film exploring the meeting of Argentinian tango and German Lied. Benjamin is Professor of German Song at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.



Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as “in a class of his own,” **James Baillieu** is one of the leading song and chamber music pianists of his generation. He has given solo and chamber recitals throughout the world and collaborates with a wide range of singers and instrumentalists including Benjamin Appl, Jamie Barton, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Louise Alder, Tara Erraught, Lise Davidsen, the Elias and Heath Quartets, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Adam Walker, and Pretty Yende. As a soloist, he has appeared with the Ulster Or-

chestra, English Chamber Orchestra, and the Wiener Kammerorchester.

James is a frequent guest at many of the world's most distinguished music centres including Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Vancouver Playhouse, Berlin Konzerthaus, Vienna Musikverein, the Barbican Centre, Wiener Konzerthaus, Bozar Brussels, Pierre Boulez Saal, Cologne Philharmonie, Wiener Staatsoper, Fundación Juan March and the Laeiszhalle Hamburg. Festivals include Aix-en-

Provence, Verbier, Schleswig-Holstein, Festspillene i Bergen, Edinburgh, Spitalfields, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, City of London, and Brighton Festivals.

James was prize winner of the Wigmore Hall Song Competition, Das Lied International Song Competition, the Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber Competitions, and was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) in 2010 and in 2012 received a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship and a Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust Award. In 2016 he was shortlist-

ed for the Royal Philharmonic Society Outstanding Young Artist Award.

Recording projects include *For Dieter: Hommage à Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau* (Alpha Classics), *Forbidden Fruit* (Alpha Classics), *Winterreise* (Alpha Classics) and *Heimat* (Sony Classical) with Benjamin Appl, the complete works of CPE Bach for violin and piano with Tamsin Waley-Cohen (Signum Records), and albums on the Chandos, Opus Arte, Champs Hill, Rubicon, and Delphian Record labels as part his critically acclaimed discography.

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Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

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

“He let poetry resound and music speak”

Franz Grillparzer’s draft for Schubert’s gravestone inscription

An die Musik expresses my great gratitude to Dieter Fischer-Dieskau for the many hours we spent together: “Beloved art, for this I thank you!”

I met Fischer-Dieskau for the first time in 2009 when I took part in a masterclass at the Schubertiade Schwarzenberg. Afterwards he offered me the opportunity to study with him privately. From that point on until just a few weeks before his death, I had the incredible fortune of working with him regularly at his homes in Berlin and Berg.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau was born in Berlin in 1925. His father was a schoolmaster who loved to compose, for example he wrote the *Singspiel Sesenheim (Heidenröslein)*. Dieter’s mother was denied the opportunity to become a singer, so she ensured that great care was taken over the musical education of her three sons Klaus, Martin and Dietrich. The eldest brother, Klaus began composing at an early age and dedicated *Nocturne* to his mother, and *Wehmut* to his brother. It soon became clear that Dieter wanted to be a singer, and the first song he studied was *Wie bist du, meine Königin*. Shortly before his military service in 1944, he became engaged to Irmgard “Irmel” Poppen, his future wife. Torn from his homeland, he wrote many love letters full of longing for and memories of (*Andenken*) his distant beloved.

In 1944, the Nazis murdered Dieter’s younger brother Martin. During the early years of the war and Dieter’s subsequent imprisonment in Italy, he learned countless pieces of music, regularly hearing of the atrocities at the hand the National Socialists. Reimann’s *Tenebrae* deals with the suffering of Jewish victims during the Holocaust in a haunting way and was written for Dieter.

His singing gave strength to thousands of prisoners. Shortly after the end of the war, he sang songs from previously hostile countries for example Sinding’s *Sylvelin* and Tchaikovsky’s *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*. His repertoire also included operetta (*Ich bin nur ein armer Wandergesell*). In 1947 he finally returned to Germany (*Die Heimkehr*) and started his international career in Berlin where he began to receive major recognition (*Vier ernste Gesänge*).

Irmel gave birth to three sons, but tragically she died during the birth of her third child (*Süßes Begräbnis*). As is so often the case, Dieter saw music as the only path out of suffering (*An mein Klavier*). Benjamin Britten dedicated his *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake* to him—“For Dieter: The past and the future” (*Proverb III*) after this terrible loss. Another bitter moment of grief was the death of his beloved and mother Theodora (*Mutters Hände*) to whom he was very close.

His private life in the years to come was not very stable: his marriage to the actress Ruth Leuwerik (1965–1967), famous from the film *Vater braucht eine Frau*, only lasted a short time, as did his marriage to Kristina Pugell (1968–1975) (*Liebhaber in allen Gestalten*). In 1977 he married the soprano Julia Varady (*Liebst du um Schönheit*).

Fischer-Dieskau received countless commissioned compositions during his lifetime, and took part in important premieres, such as the historically significant and emotionally stirring premiere of Britten’s *War Requiem* in 1962 which he then translated into German. Additionally, Samuel Barber wrote his three songs Op. 45 especially for him.

Teaching played an important role in Dieter’s later decades. Often demanding, strict and with a great attention to detail, he shared his unfathomable knowledge with his students. I fondly recall him telling me that he liked my recording of *Sterb’ ich, so hü-*

len in *Blumen meine Glieder* so much, that he would like to mentor me. From the many hours we then spent together, I particularly remember the moments when he felt unobserved, sharing his mischievous sense of humour and dancing through the living room.

When I visited Fischer-Dieskau for the final time, it was just a few weeks before his death in May 2012. Coming away that day, I somehow felt that could be the last time I would see Dieter. I wrote him a very long letter, thanking him for the experiences we had shared and expressing my gratitude for all I had learned from him. And then a few weeks later, I learnt that he'd passed away.

This concert (and the accompanying CD recording) is both a personal and public dedication to this fine artist. I was and remain inspired by Dieter both from our private time together and his recordings, and this moment gives us all the chance to celebrate his enormous legacy on his 100th birthday.

—Program Note by Benjamin Appl

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(1797–1828)

Liebesbotschaft D. 957/1

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstere ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

—Text by Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)

Message of love

Babbling brook, so silver and bright,
Hasten to my beloved with swift delight.
Ah, dear little messenger, be my guide,
Bring her the greetings of one who's far and tried.

Tend to the flowers she treasures with care,
The roses she wears in her gentle hair;
Cool them with your sparkling, flowing stream,
Refresh them as in a tender dream.

If she lingers at the shore, lost in thought,
Remembering me, with head lowly brought,
Comfort her sweetness with a friendly glance,
For her beloved will soon return to her arms.

When the sun tilts with its reddish glow,
Rock my darling to slumber slow.
Murmur her softly to restful delight,
Whispering dreams of love through the night.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

FIRST ENCOUNTER

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Am Bach im Frühling D. 361

Du brachst sie nun, die kalte Rinde,
Und rieselst froh und frei dahin,
Die Lüfte wehen wieder linde,
Und Moos und Gras wird neu und grün.

Allein, mit traurigem Gemüte
Tret ich wie sonst zu deiner Flut.
Der Erde allgemeine Blüte
Kommt meinem Herzen nicht zu gut.

Hier treiben immer gleiche Winde,
Kein Hoffen kommt in meinen Sinn,
Als dass ich hier ein Blümchen finde,
Blau, wie sie der Erinnerung blühen.

—Text by Franz Adolph Friedrich von Schober (1796–1882)

By the stream in spring

You've broken now the icy bark,
And trickle joyfully and free;
The breezes once more blow so mild,
And moss and grass grow fresh and green.

Yet with a saddened, thoughtful heart
I come again to where you flow.
The earth's broad bloom revives the world,
But warms not my heart as it should.

Here ever blow the same dull winds,
No hope comes stirring in my mind,
Save that I find some tiny flower,
Blue, as it blooms within my memory.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

Der Musensohn D. 764

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen weg zu pfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget,
Und nach dem Mass beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt, durch Tal und Hügel,
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

The son of the Muses

Through field and forest I wander,
Whistling my little tune along,
From place to place it carries me!
And to its rhythm all around me
Moves in step and harmony,
As if the world danced with my song.

I can scarce await the moment
To see the first bloom in the garden,
The first blossom upon the tree.
They greet my song with gentle nods,
And when winter returns again,
I shall still sing of that sweet dream.

I sing it far and wide,
Over ice and snow-covered plains,
Where even winter blooms in beauty.
Yet this blossom fades away,
And new delight is found again
Upon the tilled and sunny hills.

For when I find the young folk
By the lime tree standing,
I stir their hearts at once.
The clumsy lad swells with pride,
The shy maiden turns around
To follow the tune I play.

You give wings to my steps,
And drive my darling over hill and dale,
Far from home and care.
O beloved, gentle Muses,
When shall I rest again
Once more upon her breast?

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

program continues on next page →

CHILDHOOD IN BERLIN

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau was born in 1925 in Zehlendorf as the youngest of three sons. His mother encouraged his musical education while his father, a headmaster and non-professional composer, organized concerts for renowned artists. He lost his father at age 12, and his shy and reserved character was noted by his brother Klaus, who also composed songs inspired by Dietrich's voice.

ALBERT FISCHER-DIESKAU

(1865-1937)

Heidenröslein from his *Singspiel Sesenheim*

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

KLAUS FISCHER-DIESKAU

(1921-1994)

Nocturne I (excerpt) (*Der Mutter gewidmet*) Op. 1/1

Wehmut Op. 3/2

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

The Heathrose

Once a boy a rosebud spied,
Heathrose fair and tender,
All array'd in youthful pride,
Quickly to the spot he hied,
Ravished by her splendour.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Heathrose fair and tender!

Said the boy, "I'll now pick thee,
Heathrose fair and tender!"
Said the rosebud, "I'll prick thee,
So that thou'lt remember me,
Ne'er will I surrender!"
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Heathrose fair and tender!

Now the cruel boy must pick
Heathrose fair and tender;
Rosebud did her best to prick,
Vain 'twas 'gainst her fate to kick—
She must needs surrender.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Heathrose fair and tender!
Little rose, little red rose on the hedgerow.

—Translation by Edgar Alfred Bowring

Melancholy

Never dry, never dry,
Tears that eternal love sheddeth!
How dreary, how dead doth the world still appear,
When only half-dried on the eye is the tear!
Never dry, never dry,
Tears that unhappy love sheddeth!

—Translation by Edgar Alfred Bowring

YOUTH AND FIRST STEPS AS A SINGER

Dieter learned his first song, Brahms' *Wie bist du meine Königin*, and sang it alone in empty classrooms.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

(1833–1897)

Wie bist du meine Königin Op. 32/9

Wie bist du, meine Königin,
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!
Du lächle nur – Lenzdüfte wehn
Durch mein Gemüte wonnevoll!

Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinigen?
Ach, über alles was da blüht,
Ist deine Blüte, wonnevoll!

Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn Ende brüte, wonnevoll.

Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist in ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durchwüte, wonnevoll.

—Text by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

How wonderful are you, my queen

How are you, my queen,
So gentle, so full of grace?
Your smile lifts the springtime breeze
And fills my heart with joy.

Your radiance outshines the brightest rose,
Its beauty cannot match yours.
Above all that blooms on earth,
Your bloom alone brings delight.

Through deserts bare you wander,
Yet greenery spreads around you.
Even where the sun beats harsh,
Life thrives in your presence.

Let me rest in your arms!
There, even death feels gentle,
And the fiercest pain
Would soften in your embrace.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

program continues on next page →

At age 16, he gave his first public performance with Schubert's *Winterreise*, which continued despite air raids.

FRANZ SCUBERT

Der Lindenbaum D. 911/5

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

—Text by Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

The Linden Tree

By the fountain, near the gate,
There stands a linden tree;
Beneath its shade I often dreamed
Lovely dreams, so free.

Upon its bark I carved
So many words of love;
In joy and sorrow both,
It drew me close enough.

Today I had to wander
Past it, late in night;
And though the darkness pressed,
I shut my eyes in fright.

Its branches softly rustled,
As if they spoke to me:
"Come here, dear traveler,
With me you'll rest in peace."

The icy winds were blowing,
They struck against my face;
My hat flew from my head—
I did not turn in place.

Now I am many hours
Distant from that tree;
Still I hear it whisper:
"Your rest will be with me."

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

He began formal studies at the Berlin Music Conservatory and became engaged to Irmgard "Irmel" Poppen before being drafted into military service, writing love letters from the front.

WAR TIMES AND BEING A SOLDIER 1943–1945

He had to deal with horse transport on the Russian front and withdraw wounded horses from the line of fire. It is said that Fischer-Dieskau would sing softly to the nervous horses as he groomed them.

He expressed to Irmel his love in countless letters from the front.

HUGO WOLF

(1860–1903)

Andenken

Ich denke dein,
Wenn durch den Hain
Der Nachtigallen
Akkorde schallen!
Wann denkst du mein?

I think of you

I think of you,
As through the grove
The nightingales
Ring out their chords.
When do you think of me?

Ich denke dein
Im Dämmerchein
Der Abendhelle
Am Schattenquelle!
Wo denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein
Mit süßer Pein
Mit bangem Sehnen
Und heißen Tränen!
Wie denkst du mein?

O denke mein,
Bis zum Verein
Auf besserm Sterne!
In jeder Ferne
Denk ich nur dein!

—Text by Friedrich von Matthisson (1761–1831)

I think of you
In twilight's glow,
By evening's light
At the shadowed spring.
Where do you think of me?

I think of you
With tender pain,
With anxious longing
And burning tears.
How do you think of me?

O think of me,
Till we meet again
On a brighter star.
Across every distance,
I think only of you!

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

program continues on next page →

Sent onward with the army to Bologna, a general who had heard of his talent ordered him to sing:

"After I said 'Heil Hitler', he ordered me to sing Erbkönig. But the best was that we sang practically the whole of Winterreise, Dichterliebe and some Bach arias. Bliss."

At the same time, he became increasingly aware of the horrors committed by the Nazis and the murder of millions of people.

ARIBERT REIMANN

(1936–2024)

Tenebrae (UA 1962, Berlin)

Nah sind wir Herr,
Nahe und greifbar.

Gegriffen schon, Herr,
Ineinander verkrallt, als wär
Der Leib eines jeden von uns
Dein Leib, Herr.

Bete, Herr,
Bete zu uns,
Wir sind nah.

Windschief gingen wir hin,
Gingen wir hin, uns zu bücken
Nach Mulde und Maar.

Zur Tränke gingen wir, Herr.

Es war Blut, es war,
Was du vergossen, Herr.

Es glänzte.

Es warf uns dein Bild in die Augen, Herr,
Augen und Mund stehn so offen und leer, Herr.

Wir haben getrunken, Herr.
Das Blut und das Bild, das im Blut war, Herr.

Bete, Herr.
Wir sind nah.

Tenebrae

We are close, Lord,
Close and tangible.

Already gripped, Lord,
Entwined, as if
The body of each of us
Is your body, Lord.

Pray, Lord,
Pray to us,
We are close.

Awry, askew, we walked on
Walked on, bending down
To hollow and tarn.

We went to drink, Lord.

What you shed, Lord,
Was blood, it was.

It shone.

It cast your image into our eyes, Lord,
Eyes and mouth stand open and empty, Lord.

We have drunk, Lord.
The blood, and the image in the blood, Lord.

Pray, Lord.
We are close.

—Text by Paul Celan (1920–1970)

—Translation by John Thornley

PRISONER OF WAR 1945–1947

Captured by the Americans, he became a cultural adviser in an Italian POW camp near Pisa, performing recitals—often without accompaniment—and expanding his repertoire with English, Russian and French songs. He sang Tchaikovsky's *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* on several occasions in the medical barracks.

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

(1840–1893)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Op. 6/6

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.

Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Only those who know longing

Only those who know longing
Can know the pain I bear!
Alone, cut off and parted
From all joy and care,
I gaze up at the heavens,
Looking to that distant place.
Ah! He who loves me and knows me
Is far away from my embrace.

My head reels, my heart burns,
My innermost aches with fire.
Only those who know longing
Can know the pain I bear!

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

Dietrich was to prove his talents at this time not only as a singer, but also as musical and stage director in the operetta *Der Vetter aus Dingsda*.

EDUARD KÜNNEKE

(1885–1953)

Ich bin nur ein armer Wandergesell

Ich bin nur ein armer Wandergesell,
Gute Nacht, liebes Mädels, gut Nacht.
Gar dünn ist mein Wams und gar dick ist mein Fell,
Gut Nacht, liebes Mädels gut Nacht.

Und oft da dacht ich, ich packte das Glück,
Doch immer da zog mir's die Patschhand zurück.
Da hab ich geweint und gelacht.

—Text by Herman Haller (1871–1943) and
Fritz Oliven "Rideamus" (1874–1956)
from operetta *Der Vetter aus Dingsda*

Just a poor wandering journeyman

I'm just a poor wandering journeyman,
Good night, darling girl, good night.
My jacket is thin, but my skin is fair thick,
Good night, darling girl, good night.

So often I think to have grasped happiness,
But a slap in the face always thwarts my success,
And then I must weep and laugh in my distress.

—Translation by John Thornley

program continues on next page →

RETURNING HOME IN 1947

He finally returned to Germany on the last American hospital train in June 1947. His first journey took him—dressed only in pajamas and carrying a wooden suitcase—to Irmel and her family in Freiburg. But Fischer Dieskau was ambitious and wanted to progress as a singer above all else: he saw that his future lay elsewhere and he finally returned to Berlin, which had been completely destroyed.

HANNS EISLER

(1898–1962)

Die Heimkehr

Die Vaterstadt, wie find ich sie doch?
Folgend den Bomberschwärmen
Komm ich nach Haus
Wo liegt sie mir? Dort, wo die ungeheueren
Gebirge von Rauch stehn
Das in den Feuern dort
Ist sie.

Die Vaterstadt, wie empfängt sie mich wohl?
Vor mir kommen die Bomber. Tödliche Schwärme
Melden euch meine Rückkehr. Feuersbrünste
Gehn dem Sohn voraus.

—Text by Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956)

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843–1907)

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 Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819–1892)

The return

My native town—how shall I find it?
Following the bomber swarms,
I come at last to home.
Where does it lie for me?
There, where the towering clouds of smoke rise,
The fires raging there—
There it is.

My native town—how will it welcome me?
The bombers come before me. Deadly swarms
Announce my return.
Blazes march ahead of the son.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

A Dream

Once I dreamed a shining dream:
a golden-haired girl loved me.
It was in the green hush of the forest,
in the warmth of spring.

Buds opened, the brook swelled,
from the village came the sound of bells—
and we were filled with wonder,
lost completely in joy.

And more beautiful than the dream
was the moment itself, when life unfolded in truth
in the forest's green room,
in the breath of spring.

The stream swelled, the buds broke open,
the bells carried across the air—
I held you close, held you long,
and I will never let you go.

O forest, green with spring—
you live in me forever.
There, dream became reality,
and reality became a dream.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

INTERMISSION

FIRST STEPS OF A WORLD CAREER

For Dieter, Brahms's *Four Serious Songs* were more significant than Schubert's *Winterreise*. He performed them at home as a teenager and included them in his first song recital after returning from captivity, as well as on his 1948 debut record. In 1949, he sang them for conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler in Salzburg, leading to an invitation to debut at the 1951 Salzburg Festival.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

(1833–1897)

Vier ernste Gesänge Op. 121

I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh;
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das Vieh:
denn es ist alles eitel. Es fährt alles an einen Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht, und wird wieder zu Staub.
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen aufwärts fahre,
und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter die Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit,
denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, daß er sehe, was nach
ihm geschehen wird?

—Text from Ecclesiastes (3:19–22),
German translation by Martin Luther

II. Ich wandte mich

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster,
Und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu mächtig,
Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben waren
Mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das Leben hatten;
Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter der Sonne geschieht.

—Text from Ecclesiastes (4:1–3),
German translation by Martin Luther

Four Serious Songs

I. For that which befalleth the sons of men

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts;
even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth
the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath
no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.
Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward,
and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the
earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than
that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his
portion:
for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

—Translation from the King James Bible

II. So I returned

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are
done under the sun:
and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they
had no comforter;
and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but
they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more
than the living which are yet alive.
Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been,
who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

—Translation from the King James Bible

program continues on next page →

III. O Tod, wie bitter bist du

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!

—Text from Sirach (41:1-2),
German translation by Martin Luther

IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen

Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit Engelzungen redete,
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wär ich ein tönend Erz, oder eine klingende Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und wüßte alle
Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis,
und hätte allen Glauben,
also, daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der Liebe nicht, |
so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe,
und ließe meinen Leib brennen
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre mir's nichts nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunklen Wort,
dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise;
dann aber werde ichs erkennen,
gleichwie ich erkannt bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, diese drei;
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

—Text from First Epistle to the Corinthians (13:1-3, 12-13),
German translation by Martin Luther

III. O death, how bitter you are

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man
O Death, how bitter you are
to one who remembers you
while living in comfort,
whose days are full of ease,
who faces no hardship,
and whose table is still plentiful!

O Death, how merciful you are
to the weak and the weary,
to those worn by life's burdens,
who have no hope for better things,
and no promise left to hold onto!

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

IV. Though I speak with the tongues of men

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all
mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith,
so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I
am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and
though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity,
it profiteth me nothing.

For now we see through a glass, darkly;
but then face to face:
now I know in part;
but then shall I know
even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three;
but the greatest of these is charity.

Translation from the King James Bible

Fischer-Dieskau realized he faced a lifelong struggle: his career demanded his focus, but he relied emotionally on his wife's love. They married in early 1949.

The UK, Germany, and Austria became his key markets with over 70 tours. He later gave 17 in America and 11 in Japan. In 1971, his Tel Aviv recital with Daniel Barenboim—making him the first German artist to perform in Israel after the war—was met with ecstatic applause. He remembered well the expectant faces “and the words hidden behind their silence” and understood immediately: these were the faces that he missed amongst his audiences in Germany.

SONG ACCOMPANISTS AND FRIENDS

In October 1952, Fischer-Dieskau met the famed accompanist Gerald Moore, who became his long-term partner. During their first performance of Schubert's *Auf der Bruck*, Fischer-Dieskau forgot the words and turned to Moore for help. Without missing a beat, Moore replied: "I'm too busy riding."

FRANZ SCHUBERT

An mein Klavier D. 342

Sanftes Klavier,
Welche Entzückungen schaffest du mir,
Sanftes Klavier!
Wenn sich die Schönen
Tändelnd verwöhnen,
Weih' ich mich dir,
Liebes Klavier!

Sing' ich dazu,
Goldener Flügel, welch' himmlische Ruh'
Lispelst mir du!
Tränen der Freude
Netzen die Saite!
Silberner Klang
Trägt den Gesang.

—Text by Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739–1791)

To my piano

Gentle piano,
What delights you bring to me,
Gentle piano!
When beauty plays
And fondly teases,
I devote myself to you,
Beloved piano!

When I sing along,
Golden keys, what heavenly peace
You whisper to me!
Tears of joy
Dampen the strings,
Silver tones
Carry my song.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

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BIRTH OF THREE SONS AND THE THE BITTER LOSS OF IRMEL IN 1963

He and Irmel had three sons, but Irmel tragically died after childbirth in 1963, leaving him a widower with three young children. The death of Irmel shocked many of Fischer-Dieskau's contemporaries, especially Benjamin Britten. He composed the cycle *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake* in her memory and dedicated it "For Dieter: The past and the future." Music remained his primary solace, helping him cope with grief and maintain his career.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(1913–1976)

Proverb III Op. 74

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

—Text by William Blake (1757–1827)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(1913–1976)

Proverb III Op. 74

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

—Text by William Blake (1757–1827)

CARL LOEWE
(1796–1869)

Süßes Begräbnis Op. 62/4

Schäferin, ach, wie haben
Sie dich so süß begraben!

Alle Lüfte haben gestönet,
Maienglocken zu Grab dir getönet.
Glühwurm wollte die Fackel tragen,
Stern ihm selbst es tät versagen.

Nacht ging schwarz in Trauerflören,
Und all ihre Schatten gingen in Chören
Die Tränen wird dir das Morgenrot weinen,
Und den Segen die Sonn' aufs Grab dir scheinen.

Schäferin, ach, wie haben
Sie dich so süß begraben.

—Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Tender Resting

Shepherdess, ah, how sweetly
They have laid you in your rest!

All the winds have sighed in mourning,
May bells tolled at your grave.
The glowworm wished to bear a torch,
Yet even the stars refused its light.

Night passed, black in sorrow's veil,
And all its shadows moved in chorus.
The morning dew shall weep your tears,
And the sun shall shine its blessing on your grave.

Shepherdess, ah, how sweetly
They have laid you in your rest!

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

DEATH OF MOTHER THEODORA 1966

His mother Theodora, who had been deeply supportive, especially after Martin's death, passed away in 1966. Her guidance had been central to his development and tours, and her death was a defining emotional moment.

HANNS EISLER

(1898–1962)

Mutterns Hände

Hast uns Stulln jeschnitten
un Kaffe jekocht
un de Töppe rübajeschohm -
un jewischt un jenäht
un jemacht un jedreht...
alles mit deine Hände.

Hast de Milch zujedeckt,
uns bobongs zujesteckt
un Zeitungen ausjetragen -
hast die Hemden jezählt
und Kartoffeln jeschält...
alles mit deine Hände.

Hast uns manches Mal
bei großem Schkandal
auch'n Katzenkopp jegeben.
Hast uns hochgebracht.
Wir wahn Sticker acht,
sechse sind noch am Leben...
Alles mit deine Hände.

Heiß warn se un kalt.
Nu sind se alt.
Nu bist du bald am Ende.
Da stehn wir nu hier,
und denn komm wir bei dir
und streicheln deine Hände.

—Text by Kurt Tucholsky (1890–1935)

Mother's Hands

You sliced our bread for us,
fixed the coffee,
washed up the pots -
and cleaned, and sewed,
made and mended...
your hands did it all.

Covered the milk jug,
gave us sweets,
delivered the newspapers -
counted the shirts
peeled potatoes...
your hands did it all.

Over the years,
when we got into trouble,
you boxed our ears.
you brought us up,
all eight of us,
six of us still alive...
your hands did it all.

They could be warm, or cold.
now, they're just old.
you'll soon be gone.
and we're still standing.
now we come round to see you,
and stroke your hands.

—Translation by John Thornley

program continues on next page →

MARITAL LIFE

(Ruth Leuwerik 1965–1967 · Kristina Pugell 1968–1975 · Julia Varady 1977–2012)

After Irmel's death, Fischer-Dieskau married Ruth Leuwerik (1965–1967) and then Kristina Pugell (1968–1975), who struggled with alcoholism. Throughout these relationships, he sought human warmth to counter the loneliness inherent to his demanding career.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(1797–1828)

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten D. 558

Ich wollt, ich wär ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch;
Und kämst du zu angeln,
Ich würde nicht mangeln.
Ich wollt, ich wär ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch.

Doch bin ich wie ich bin,
Und nimm mich nur hin!
Willst bess're besitzen,
So laß dir sie schnitzen.
Ich bin nun wie ich bin;
So nimm mich nur hin!

—Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Love in all guises

I wish I were a fish,
So lively and free;
And should you come fishing,
You'd not lack for me.
I wish I were a fish,
So lively and free.

Yet I am as I am,
So take me as such!
If you seek something better,
Go carve it anew.
I am as I am;
So take me as such!

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

Fischer-Dieskau first met the soprano Julia Varady during rehearsals at Munich Opera in 1973. He married Julia Varady in 1977, remaining with her until his death.

CLARA SCHUMANN

(1819–1896)

Liebst du um Schönheit Op. 12/2

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

—Text by Friedrich Rückert

If you love me for my beauty

If you love me for my beauty,
Do not love me at all!
Love the sun instead,
For it shines with golden hair.

If you love me for my youth,
Do not love me at all!
Love the springtime,
Forever young each year.

If you love me for my riches,
Do not love me at all!
Love the mermaid,
Decked with gleaming pearls.

But if you love me for love itself,
Then love me truly,
And I will love you
forevermore.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

EPILOGUE

Fischer-Dieskau ended his singing career on December 31, 1992. Afterwards, he devoted himself to painting, reciting, writing, and conducting; painting in particular had been important to him from very early in his life.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

(1786–1826)

Meine Lieder, meine Sänge Op. 15/1

Meine Lieder, meine Sänge
Sind dem Augenblick geweiht,
Ihre Töne, ihre Klänge
Schwinden mit der flücht'gen Zeit.

Große Sänger sind geschieden
Die kein Mund jetzt mehr erwähnt;
O wie töricht, wenn hienieden
Ich den Nachruhm mir ersehnt'.

Tönen meine kleinen Lieder,
Die ein fühlend Herz erschuf
Nur in einem Herzen wieder,
Dann erfüllt ist ihr Beruf.

Ewig mögen sie verhallen,
Wenn die Leier mir entsinkt,
Und zu dunklen Grabeshallen
Mir der Todesengel winkt.

—Text by Wilhelm von Löwenstein-Wertheim (1817–1887)

My Lieder, all my songs and airs

My Lieder, all my songs and airs,
Are just a momentary rhyme;
Their notes, their sounds, their dulcet tones
Vanish away with fleeting time.

Great singers have gone long before us,
And no one ever says their name;
Oh, how foolish would I be
To wish myself immortal fame.

If my lowly little songs,
Coming from a loving heart,
Only reach into one other's,
That suffices me as art.

When my muse's lyre departs,
Let my songs eternally
Resound, while in dark catacombs
Death's Angel gently summons me.

—Translation by John Thornley

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Litanei auf das Fest Allerseelen D. 343

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet süßen Traum,
Lebenssatt, geboren kaum,
Aus der Welt hinüber schieden:
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,
Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht,
Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

—Text by Johann Georg Jacobi (1740–1814)

Litany for all Souls

May all souls find rest—
Those whose weary struggles are over,
Those whose longings are fulfilled,
Those sated with life, and those scarcely born,
All who have left this world behind:
May all souls find rest.

Those who never smiled at the sun,
Who kept their vigil beneath the moon,
Hoping at last to see God face to face
In the pure radiance of heaven:
All who have departed hence,
May all souls find rest.

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau passed away on May 18, 2012, leaving a legacy as one of the greatest Lieder singers in history.

An die Musik D. 547

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besser Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

—Text by Franz von Schober (1796-1882)

To Music

O gracious Art, in how many a sombre hour,
When life's wild circle held me fast,
You kindled my heart with tender love,
And lifted me into a better world!

So often a sigh, borne on your harp,
A sweet and holy harmony from you,
Has opened to me a heaven of brighter days—
O gracious Art, for this I thank you!

—Translation by Margarethe Schmid