

Mittwoch, 25. Juli 2007, 20.00 Uhr,  
Rheinisches LandesMuseum, Bonn

## trio novantanove

Benedikt Wiedmann (\*1984), Violine  
Simon Wiedmann (\*1986), Violoncello  
Stephan Zilias (\*1985), Klavier,  
mit Ja-Young Park, Sopran.

### Liedtexte

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827).

Aus der Sammlung irischer, schottischer und walisischer Volkslieder für Sopran  
und Klaviertrio

*No riches from his scanty store* (Helen Maria Williams)

No riches from his scanty store  
My lover could impart;  
He gave a boon I valued more,  
He gave me all his heart.  
His soul sincere, his gen´rous worth  
Might well this bosom move;  
And when I asked for bliss on earth,  
I only meant his love.

But now for me, in search of gain  
From shore to shore he flies.  
Why wander, riches to obtain  
When love is all I prize!  
The frugal meal, the lowly cok,  
If blest my love with thee!  
That simple fare, that humble lot  
Were more than wealth to me.

While he the dang´rous ocean braves  
My tears but vainly flow.  
Is pity in the faithless waves

To which I pour my woe?  
The night is dark, the waters deep;  
Yet soft the billows roll:  
Alas, in every breeze I weep –  
The storm is in my soul.

***The cottage Maid*** (William Smyth)

I envy not the splendour fine  
That glitters in sir Watkyn's hall;  
I ask not for the gems that shine  
On lady fair at Winnstay ball.  
I wich but for a ribbon gay  
Which I might on a Sunday wear;  
Unseen which I might kiss and say  
“’twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.”

O Owen I believe thee kind,  
And love is surely on thy tongue –  
But would that I could read thy mind,  
For hope betrays the maiden young.  
Last night I saw thee loth to part  
I watch'd thy looks – so bright the moon –  
And know not but my simple heart  
Might own too much, or own too soon

***The Vale of Clwyd*** (Mrs Opie)

Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale;  
To me 'tis fondly dear!  
For still its scenes those hours recall  
When I was blessed and Henry here.

'Twas doubtful bliss, 'twas sure alarm;  
I only smil'd through tears:  
But soon we hail'd the bridal day  
And Love's fond hopes o'ercame its fears.

Ah! hopes too false; ah! fears too true,  
Nor love nor joy could save:  
I can no more, - but mark your turf  
With flow'rs o'erspread - 'tis Henry's grave!

***Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy!*** (William Smyth)

Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy!  
There's love and here's life and glee,  
There's a cheer in thy voice and thy bounding step  
And there's bliss in thy bly the some ee.  
But, oh, how my heart was tried, Willy!  
For little I thought to see  
That the lad who won the lasses all  
Would ever be won by me.

Ah! Down this path we came, Willy!  
`Twas just at this hour of eve,  
And will he or will he not, I thought  
My fluttering heart relieve?  
So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd on  
`Twas fear and hope and fear;  
But here at the wood, as we parting stood  
`Twas rapture his vows to hear.

***O cruel was my father*** (anonymus)

O cruel was my father  
That shut the door on me.  
And cruel was my mother  
That such a thing could see.  
And cruel is the wintry wind  
That chills my heart with cold.  
But crueller than all the lad  
That left my love for gold.

Hush, hush my lovely Baby  
And warm thee in my breast.  
Ah! little thinks thy father  
How sadly we're distressed.  
For cruel as he is  
Did he know but how we fare  
He'd shield me in his arms  
From this bitter piercing air.

Cold, cold my dearest jewel!  
Thy little life is gone!  
O let my tears revive thee,  
So warm that trickle down!

My tears that gush so warm  
Oh they freeze before they fall.  
Ah, wretched, wretched mother  
Thou art now bereft of all.

Then down she sunk despairing  
Upon the drifted snow  
And, wrung with killing anguish,  
Lamented loud her woe.  
She kissed her baby's pale lips  
And laid it by her side;  
Then cast her eyes to heaven,  
Then bowed her head and died.

***The sweetest lad was Jamie*** (William Smyth)

The sweetest lad was Jamie  
The sweetest, the dearest  
And well did Jamie love me  
And not a fault has he.  
Yet one he had, it spoke his praise  
He knew not woman's wish to teaze,  
He knew not all our silly ways,  
Alas! The woe to me.

For though I loved my Jamie  
Sincerely and dearly  
Yet often when he wooed me  
I held my head on high.  
And huffed and tossed with saucy air  
And danced with Donald at the fair  
And placed his ribbons in my hair  
And Jamie! pass'd him by.

So when the warpipes sounded  
Dear Jamie, he left me  
And now some other maiden  
Will Jamie turn to woo.  
My heart will break, and well it may  
For who would word of pity say  
To her who threw a heart away  
So faithful and so true!

*The dairy house* (Mrs Hunter)

A spreading hawthorn shades the seat  
Where I have fix'd my cool retreat.  
And when the spring with sunny show'r's  
Expands the leaves and paints the flow'rs  
A thousand shrubs around it bloom  
And fill the air with wild perfume;  
The light winds through the branches sigh  
And limpid rills run tinkling by.

There, by the twilight dimly seen  
The fairies dance upon the green.  
And as they glide in airy ring  
The beetle plies his drowsy wing.  
And watching 'till the day retires  
The glow-worm lights her elfin fires  
While Mab who guards my milky store  
Her cream-bowl finds before the door.

*Faithfu' Johnnie* (anonymus)

When will you come again,  
My faithfu' Johnnie,  
When will you come again?

“When the corn is gathered  
And the leaves are withered  
I will come again,  
My sweet and bonny,  
I will come again.”

Then winter's winds will blow  
My faithfu' Johnnie,  
Then winter's winds will blow:

“Though the day be dark wi'drift  
That I cannot see the lift,  
I will come again,  
My sweet and bonny,  
I will come again.”

Then will you meet me here,  
My faithfu' Johnnie,

Then will you meet me here?

“Though the night were hallow ween  
When the fearfu’ sights are seen,  
I would meet thee here,  
My sweet and bonny,  
I would meet thee here.”

***Jeanie’s Distress*** (William Smyth)

By William late offended  
I blam’d him, I allow-  
And then my anger ended  
And he is angry now.  
And I in turn am chided  
For what I ne’er design’d  
And, tho’ by love disguised  
Am call’d myself unkind.

So now, when I am nigh him,  
My looks must coldness wear.  
They tell me: I must fly him  
At market and at fair.  
Nor near the thorn tree meet him  
At evening, I suppose,  
Nor in the morning greet him  
As by the door he goes.

***O let the night my blushes hide*** (William Smyth)

O let the night my blushes hide;  
While thus my sighs reveal  
What modest love and maiden pride  
Forever would conceal.  
What can he mean, how can he bear  
This falt’ring to delay?  
How can his eyes so much declare,  
His tongue so little say?

Our parents old – for so I guess –  
His thoughtful mind alarm;  
A thousand spectres of distress!  
The ruined crops and farm.

But must we wait 'till age and care  
Shall fix our wedding day?  
How can his eyes so much declare,  
His tongue so little say?

***When Mortals all to rest retire*** (William Smyth)

When mortals all to rest retire  
O Moon! Thou hear'st my whisp'ring lyre:  
To thee I wake the mournful lay  
For sure thou lookst as if thy ray  
Would comfort, if it could, convey  
And happier songs inspire.

And I will happier be!  
My heart, though late, shall wisdom learn  
From love's delusions free:  
My spirit shall indignant burn  
And I with maiden pride will spurn  
His strange inconstancy.

Roll on, ye hours! and back restore  
The peaceful thoughts I knew before;  
When smil'd the arts, when charm'd the muse  
When mourn for me had beauteous hues  
And evening could her calm diffuse  
My ardent bosom o'er.

O Love! Thou fiend of pain!  
I feel the tears of anguish start  
How hard my peace to gain!  
O fiend and tyrant as thou art!  
That wring'st from my unwilling heart  
The sighs that I disdain.

***To the Aeolian Harp*** (Mrs Hunter)

Harp of the winds! In airy measure  
Thy strings when viewless fingers move  
Unfolding all thy tuneful treasure,  
Thy cadence wild I dearly love.  
The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling,  
Our wand'ring thoughts to heav'n recall.

Now softly sighing, loudly swelling,  
Lost in many a dying fall.

Harp of the winds! While, pensive musing,  
I mark thy deep impassion'd strain,  
When trees their summer beauty losing,  
With yellow leaves bestrew the plain.  
The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling,  
Our wand'ring thoughts to heav'n recall.  
Now softly sighing, loudly swelling,  
Lost in many a dying fall.

***Good night*** (W.R. Spencer)

Ere yet we slumbers seek  
Blest Queen of Song, descend!  
Thy shell can sweetest speak  
Goodnight to guest and friend.  
'Tis pain, 'tis pain to part  
for e'en one fleeting night  
But Music's matchless art  
Can turn it to delight.

How sweet the farewell glass  
When Music gives it zest!  
How sweet their dreams who pass  
from harmony to rest!  
Dark thoughts that scare repose  
At Music's voice give place;  
And Fancy lends her rose,  
Sleeps poppy wreath to grace.