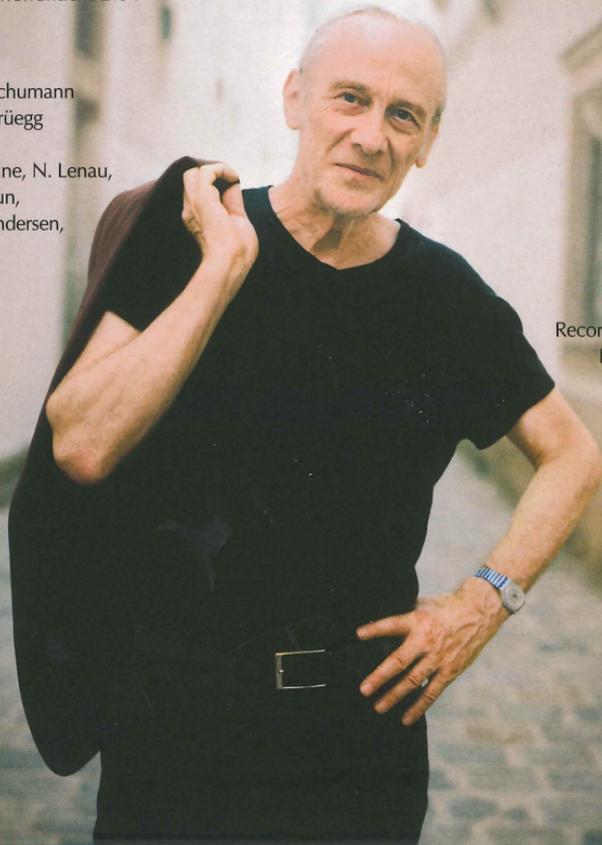


1. **First Green** *Erstes Grün* 2:43 2. **Lotus Blossom** *Die Lotosblume* 2:57 3. **I Don't Complain** *Ich grolle nicht* 3:39
4. **The Maiden** *Die Sennin* 4:20 5. **Dedication** *Widmung* 3:21 6. **Autumn Song** *Herbstlied* 5:34
7. **When This Song Starts Playing** *Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen* 2:57 8. **In The Morning** *Morgens steh' ich auf und frage* 1:24
9. **In A Wonderful Sweet Hour** *Ich will meine Seele tauchen* 2:46 10. **My Friend, My Shade, My Guard**
O Freund, mein Schirm, mein Schutz 2:42 11. **First Pain** *Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan* 3:55
12. **I Can't Believe It** *Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben* 3:25 13. **Deep, Dark, Black** *Es stürmet am Abendhimmel* 2:53
14. **In My Dreams I've been crying** *Ich hab' im Traum geweinet* 2:47 15. **Sweet Violets** *Märzveilchen* 3:12
16. **Night Of The Moon** *Mondnacht* 2:04

Total Time: 50:53

Compositions by Robert Schumann
Arrangements by mathias rüegg

Poems by J. Kerner, H. Heine, N. Lenau,
F. Rückert, W. von der Neun,
A. von Chamisso, H. C. Andersen,
J. von Eichendorff



Line Up:
Lia Pale – vocals, flute
Ingrid Oberkanins – percussion
Hans Strasser – bass
mathias rüegg – piano, melodica

Soloists:
Roman Jánoška (viol)
Stanislav Palúch (viol)
Mario Rom (trpt)

Recorded by Christoph Burgstaller, 2017
Photos & Artwork by Severin Koller
Produced by mathias rüegg
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LR 17048CD

LIA PALE THE SCHUMANN SONG BOOK

LR 17048CD

LIA PALE THE SCHUMANN SONG BOOK



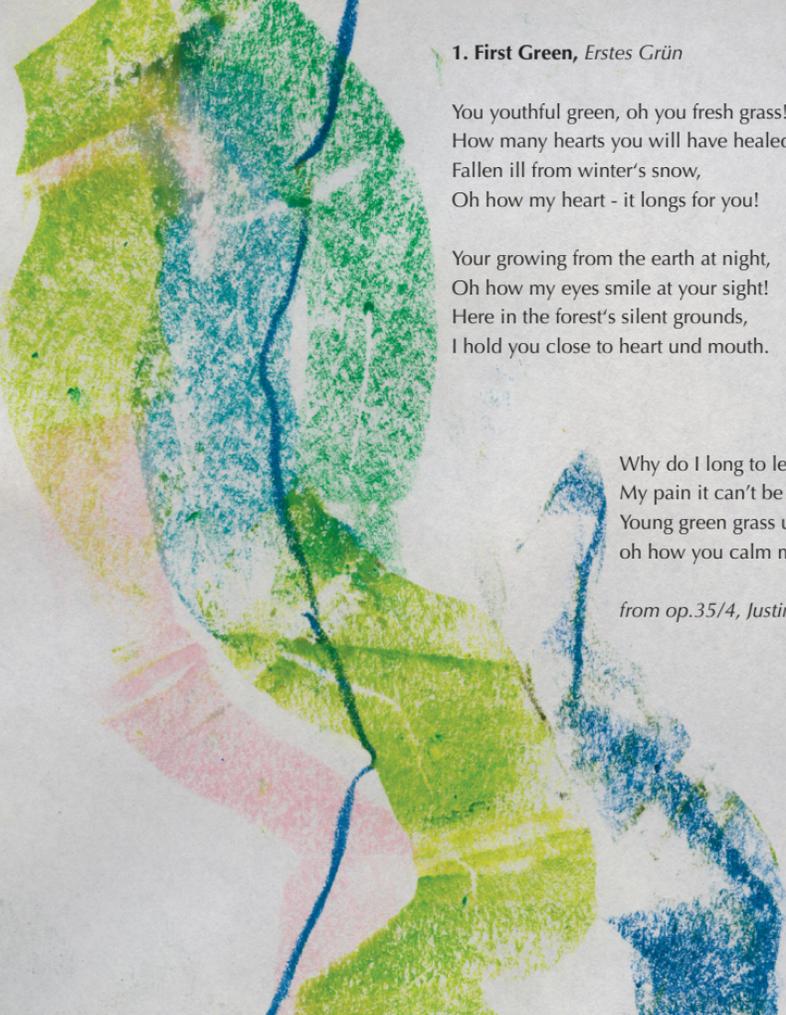
arranged by mathias rüegg



Lotus
Records

A photograph of a weathered, light-colored stone wall, possibly made of limestone or marble, showing signs of age and decay. The wall is divided into two halves by a vertical crease or shadow. A red, teardrop-shaped object, possibly a piece of fabric or a decorative element, is positioned vertically in the center, overlapping the crease. The text is located in the upper right quadrant of the image.

Photos for this album were taken by Severin Koller in Schönlaterngasse, Vienna, where Robert and Clara Schumann lived from October 1838 until April 1839.



1. First Green, Erstes Grün

You youthful green, oh you fresh grass!
How many hearts you will have healed,
Fallen ill from winter's snow,
Oh how my heart - it longs for you!

Your growing from the earth at night,
Oh how my eyes smile at your sight!
Here in the forest's silent grounds,
I hold you close to heart und mouth.

Why do I long to leave mankind!
My pain it can't be left behind,
Young green grass upon my heart,
oh how you calm my heartbeat down.

from op.35/4, Justinus Kerner

2. Lotus Blossom, Die Lotosblume

The Lotos blossom fears
The sun's gold light,
And with her head bowed
She dreams and waits for the night.

She blooms and glows and brightens,
And gazes in silence above;
She sighs and weeps and trembles
With love and love's pain.

The moon, he is her lover,
He wakes her with his light,
And to him she reveals kindly
Her flower face so bright.

from Myrten op.25/7, Heinrich Heine



3. I Don't Complain, *Ich grolle nicht*

I don't complain, though I may die of pain,
Love forever lost! I don't complain.
For you may shine like diamonds clear and bright,
I see your heart remains in darkest night,
I always knew.

I don't complain, though I may die of pain.
I saw you while I was dreaming,
I've seen the night that through your heart is streaming,
I've seen the pain that pierces through your heart,
I've seen, my love, how sad you truly are.

from Dichterliebe Op.48/7, Heinrich Heine

4. The Maiden, *Die Sennin*

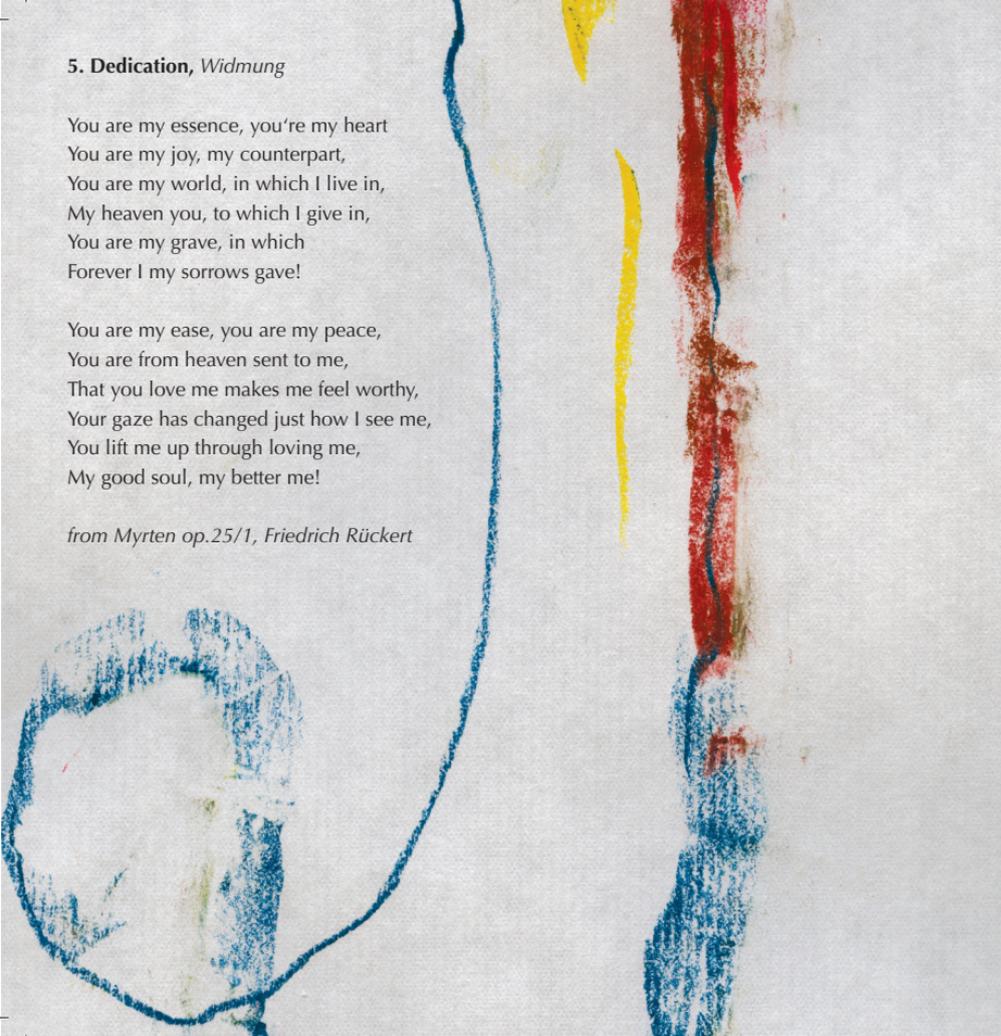
Beautiful maiden, once more
To the valley sing your song,
So that the joyful mountain's echo
May awaken to your clear call!

Listen, oh maiden, how your song
Pierces through each mountain's soul,
How your every word they carry
And on and on they tell your story!

But once, as all will pass,
You will leave - your song won't last,
Whether it is love that's found you,
Or it's death that's come to call you.

And forsaken they will stand,
Staring sadly in silence
There the grey rocky cliff tops,
And of your songs they'll think.

from op.90/4, Nikolaus Lenau

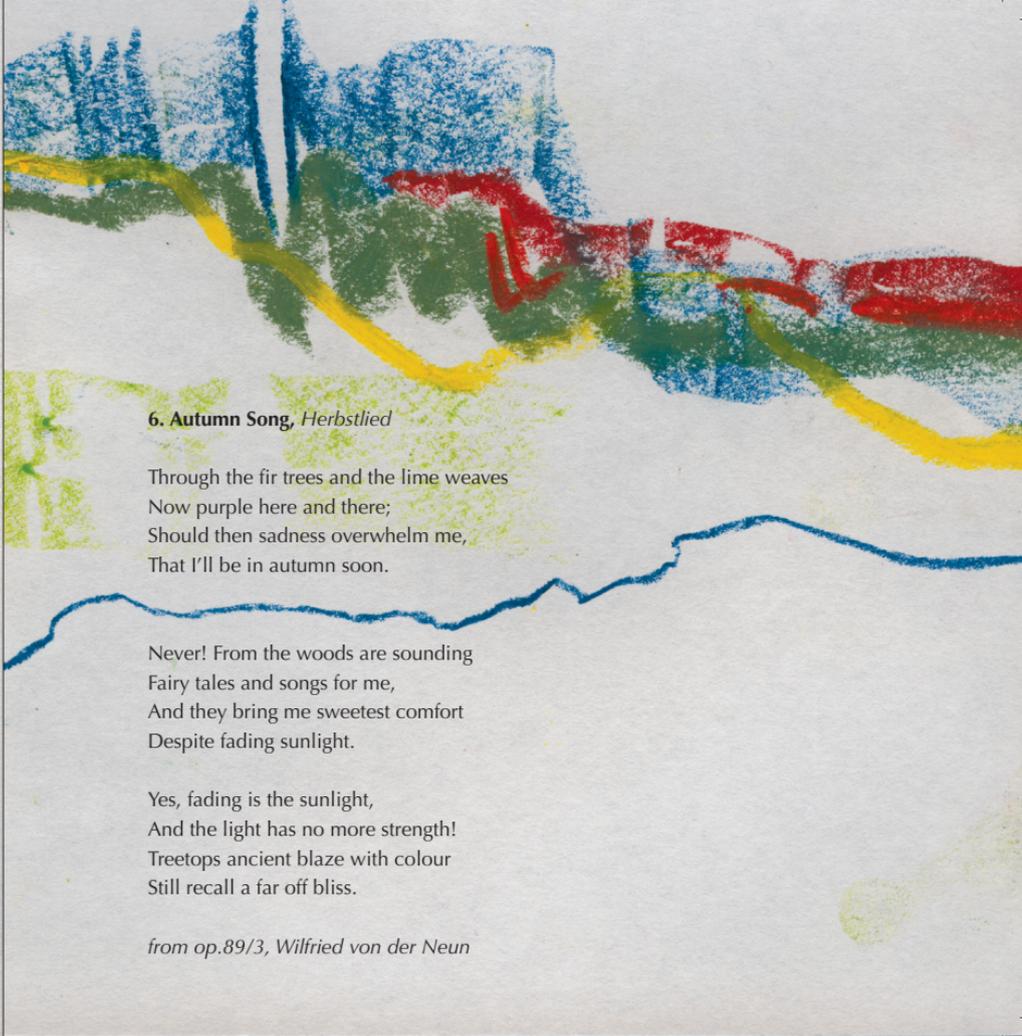


5. Dedication, Widmung

You are my essence, you're my heart
You are my joy, my counterpart,
You are my world, in which I live in,
My heaven you, to which I give in,
You are my grave, in which
Forever I my sorrows gave!

You are my ease, you are my peace,
You are from heaven sent to me,
That you love me makes me feel worthy,
Your gaze has changed just how I see me,
You lift me up through loving me,
My good soul, my better me!

from *Myrten op.25/1*, Friedrich Rückert



6. Autumn Song, Herbstlied

Through the fir trees and the lime weaves
Now purple here and there;
Should then sadness overwhelm me,
That I'll be in autumn soon.

Never! From the woods are sounding
Fairy tales and songs for me,
And they bring me sweetest comfort
Despite fading sunlight.

Yes, fading is the sunlight,
And the light has no more strength!
Treetops ancient blaze with colour
Still recall a far off bliss.

from *op.89/3*, Wilfried von der Neun



7. When This Song Starts Playing,
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

When this song starts playing,
That once my lover sang,
Then my heart won't stop breaking
From this heavy pain.

A deep, deep yearning drives me
Up to the forest's height,
Where I break out in tears
And let go of my pain.

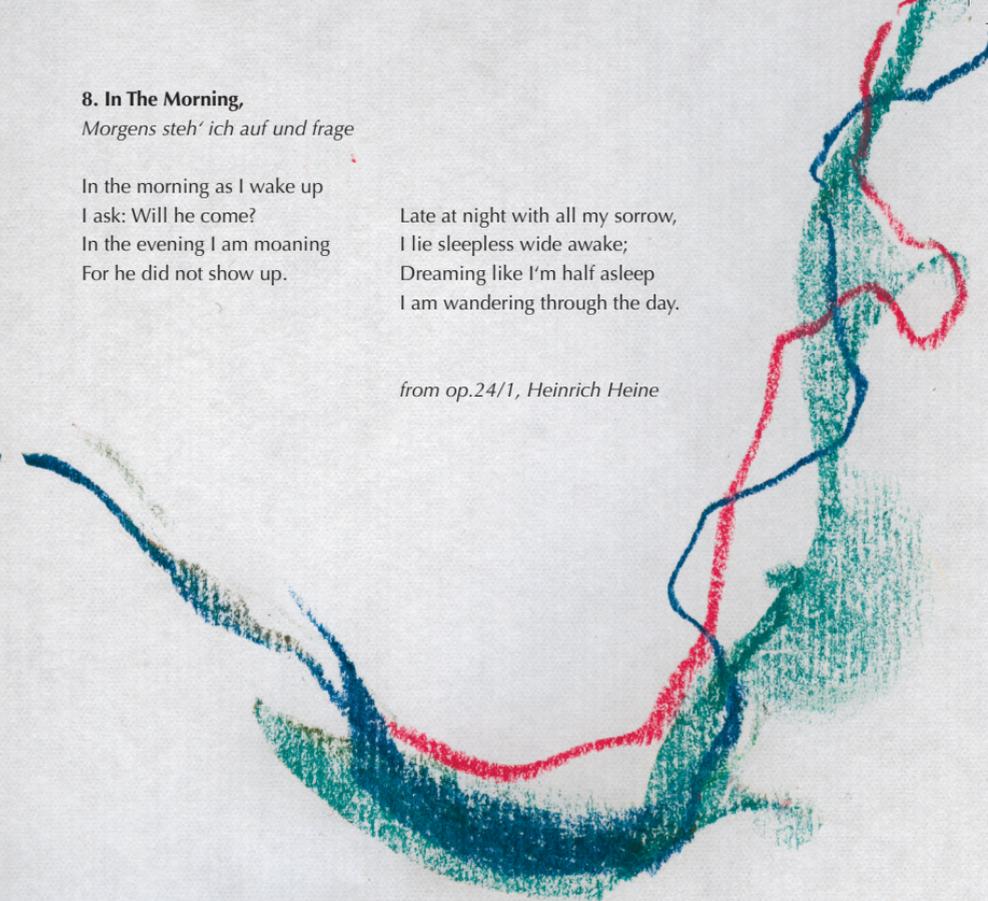
*from Dichterliebe Op.48/10,
Heinrich Heine*

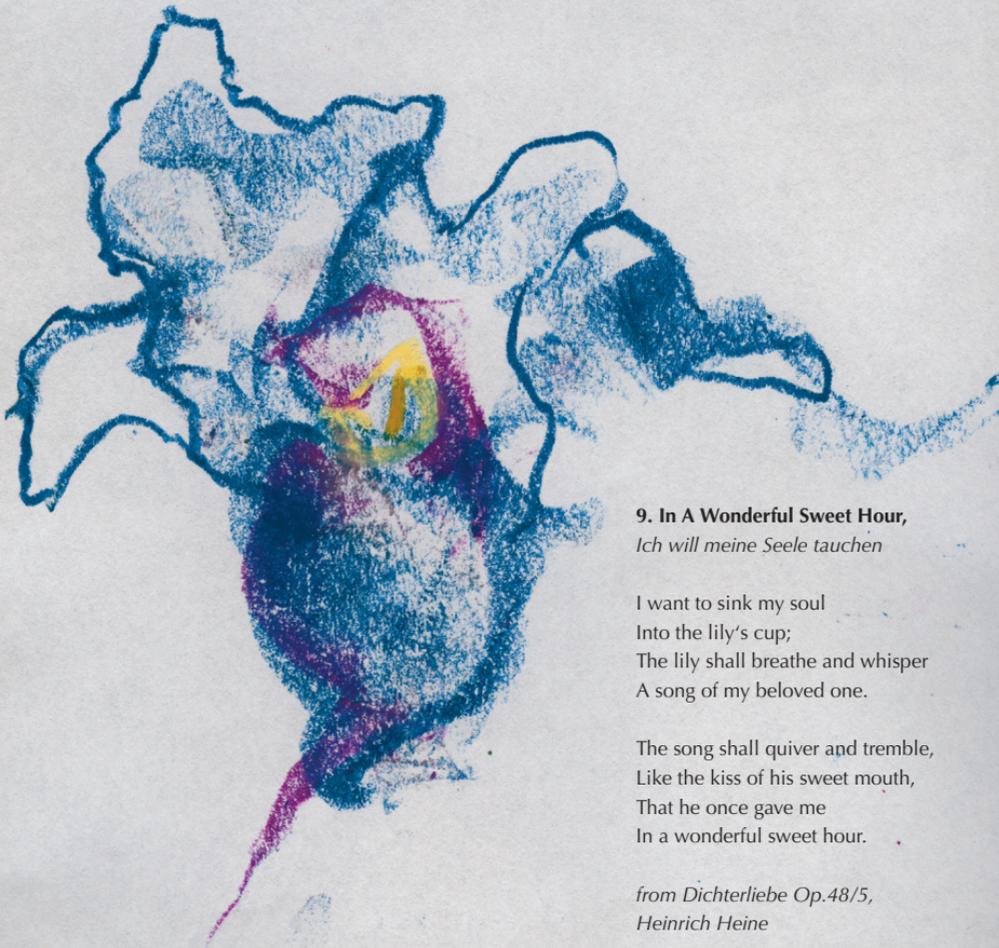
8. In The Morning,
Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

In the morning as I wake up
I ask: Will he come?
In the evening I am moaning
For he did not show up.

Late at night with all my sorrow,
I lie sleepless wide awake;
Dreaming like I'm half asleep
I am wandering through the day.

from op.24/1, Heinrich Heine





9. In A Wonderful Sweet Hour,
Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I want to sink my soul
Into the lily's cup;
The lily shall breathe and whisper
A song of my beloved one.

The song shall quiver and tremble,
Like the kiss of his sweet mouth,
That he once gave me
In a wonderful sweet hour.

*from Dichterliebe Op.48/5,
Heinrich Heine*

10. My Friend, My Shade, My Guard!

O Freund, mein Schirm, mein Schutz!

My friend, my shade, my guard!
Oh friend, my dear, my heart!
My pride, my hope, my will!

My haven, oh my shield!
When I have to fight,
I seek shelter in your, in your sight.

If this world puts me down
And pushes me around,
I will run to you.

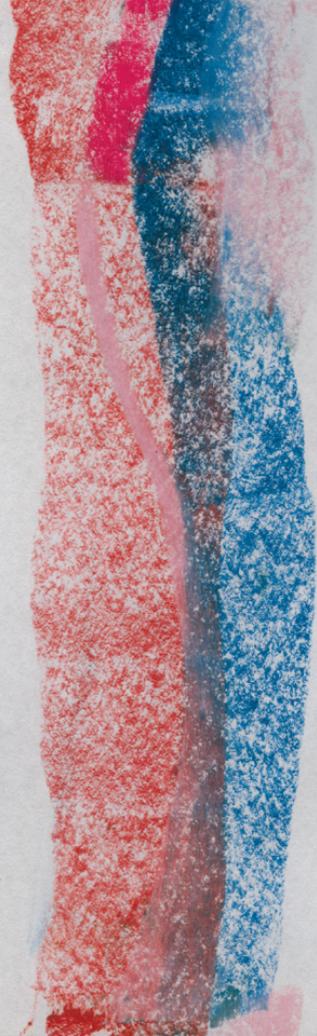
And if it offers me,
The bitter and no sweet,
Then I will share with you all my pain.

You've never sent me away,
Without consoling me,
My shelter in the storm.

World's weariness turns round,
Upon your heart I found
Myself and all my pain.

Oh world, what you might do,
I'll rest in silent joy
Close to my best friend's heart!

from op.101/6, Friedrich Rückert



11. First Pain,

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Now you have hurt me for the first time,
Straight to my core.
Why do you sleep, you cold relentless man,
The sleep of death.

The one you left is staring into space,
The world is cold, so cold.
I've lived and I have loved,
And now I can't go on.

I quietly withdraw into myself,
The curtain falls,
There I find you and all my lost joy,
You are my world!

*from Frauenliebe und -leben op.42/8,
Adelbert von Chamisso*

12. I Can't Believe It,

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

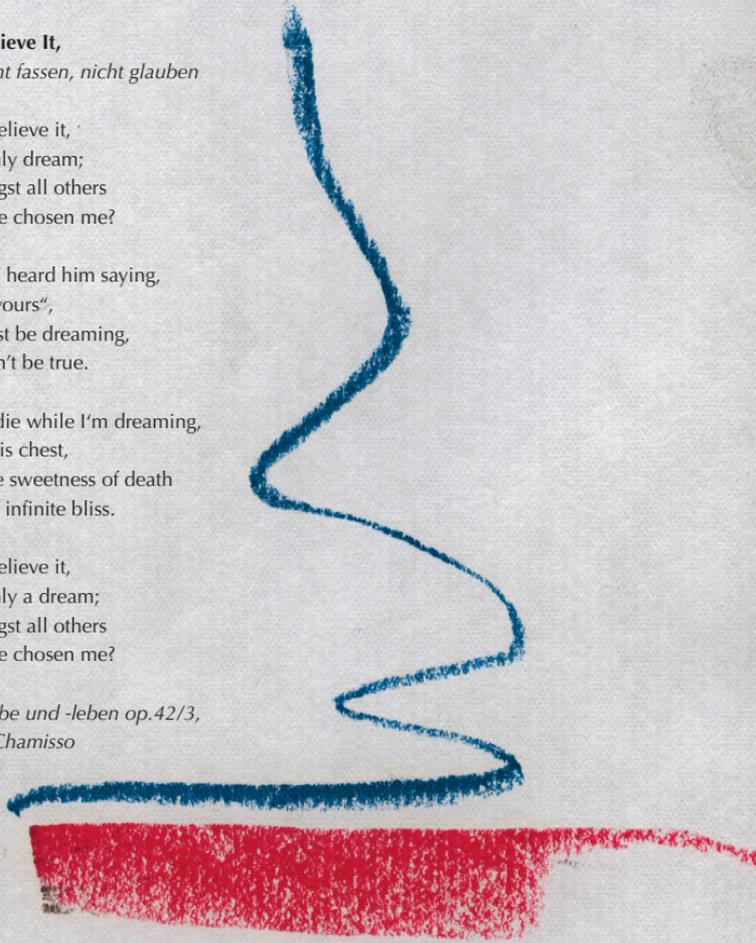
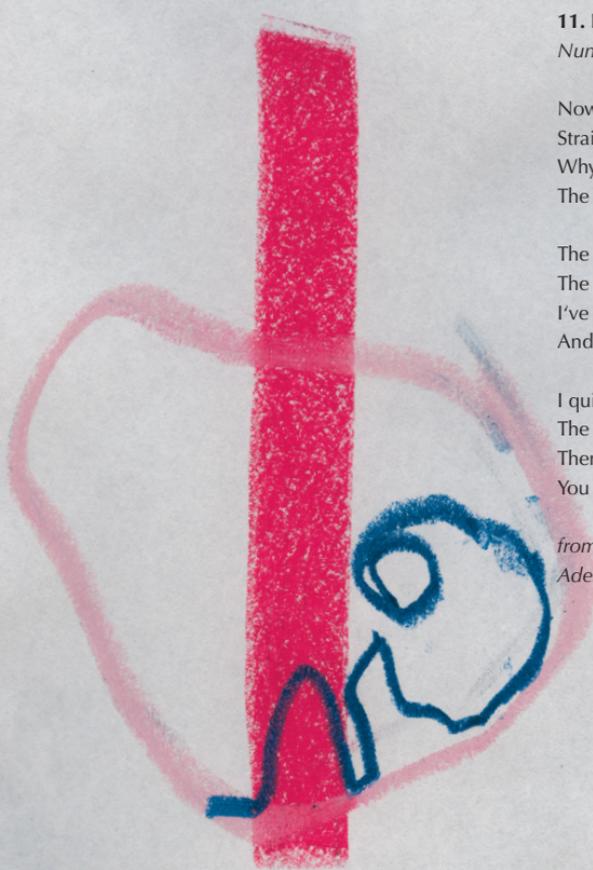
I just cannot believe it,
I'm sure it's only dream;
For why amongst all others
Should he have chosen me?

I thought that I heard him saying,
„I am forever yours“,
I thought I must be dreaming,
for this just can't be true.

Please let me die while I'm dreaming,
Still lying on his chest,
And tasting the sweetness of death
In teardrops of infinite bliss.

I just cannot believe it,
I'm sure it's only a dream;
For why amongst all others
Should he have chosen me?

*from Frauenliebe und -leben op.42/3,
Adelbert von Chamisso*



13. Deep, Dark, Black,
Es stürmet am Abendhimmel

The evening sky is stormy,
The sunlight is trembling.
One cloud in the sky
Of pleasure and love to her speaks.

The moment she has to leave,
The cloud is blown away;
The glow has disappeared,
Black - she turned to deep, dark black.

The cloud, driven by the storm,
Unfolds its arms open wide,
Glow with the colour of love
And wows inside the storm.

from op.89/1, Wilfried von der Neun

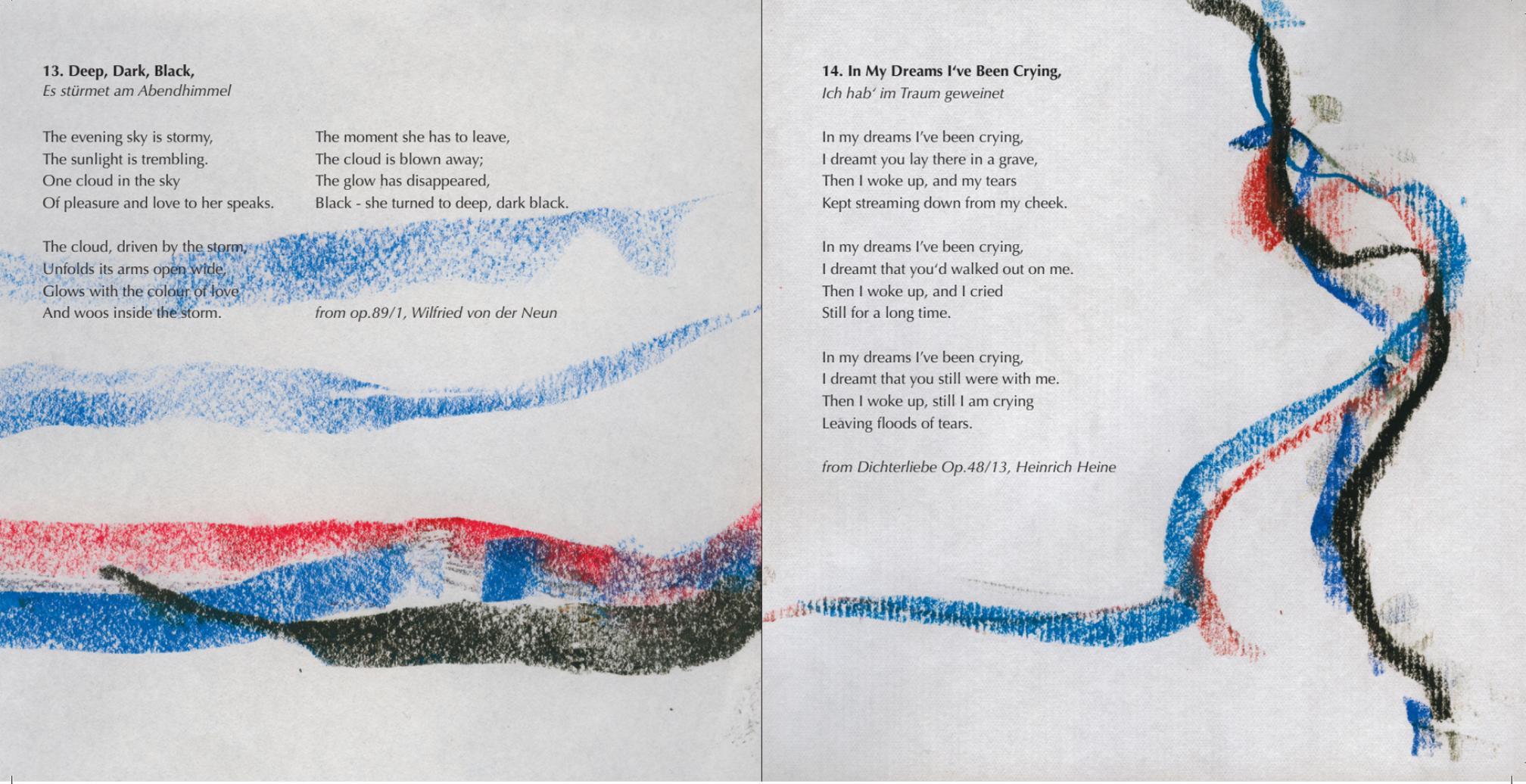
14. In My Dreams I've Been Crying,
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

In my dreams I've been crying,
I dreamt you lay there in a grave,
Then I woke up, and my tears
Kept streaming down from my cheek.

In my dreams I've been crying,
I dreamt that you'd walked out on me.
Then I woke up, and I cried
Still for a long time.

In my dreams I've been crying,
I dreamt that you still were with me.
Then I woke up, still I am crying
Leaving floods of tears.

from Dichterliebe Op.48/13, Heinrich Heine



15. Sweet Violets, Märzveilchen

The sky above, so clear and blue,
The frost shows flowers to me and you.

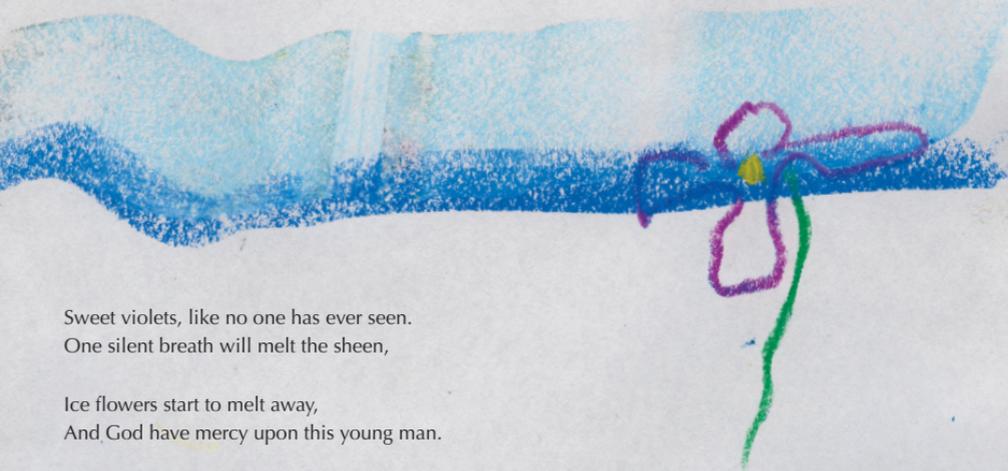
The window's full of shimmering bloom,
A young man stands still looking upon.

Behind these flowers shining through
A pair of smiling eyes so blue,

Sweet violets, like no one has ever seen.
One silent breath will melt the sheen,

Ice flowers start to melt away,
And God have mercy upon this young man.

from op.40/1, Hans Christian Andersen



16. Night Of The Moon, Mondnacht

It was as if the sky,
Had gently kissed the earth,
So that while glowing with blossoms,
She only dreams of him.

The breeze was blowing through fields,
The corn softly waved,
And quietly whispered the forests,
As star-bright was the night.

And then my soul unfolded
Its wings spreading wide,
Flew over silent lands,
As if she would fly home.

from Liederkreis op.39/5, Joseph von Eichendorff

*recorded live by Thomas Egger, November 3rd
2016 at Porgy & Bess, Vienna*



Compositions by Robert Schumann
Arrangements by mathias rüegg
Poems by Justinus Kerner, Heinrich Heine,
Nikolaus Lenau, Friedrich Rückert,
Wilfried von der Neun, Adelbert von Chamisso,
Hans Christian Andersen, Joseph von Eichendorff

Line Up

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Ingrid Oberkanins: percussion
Hans Strasser: bass
mathias rüegg: piano, melodica

Solos

Roman Jánoška: violin (12)
Stanislav Palúch: violin (4, 10, 15)
Lia Pale: flute (4, 5, 11)
Mario Rom: flugelhorn/trumpet (1,13)
Hans Strasser : bass (6)

Recording & Mastering by Christoph Burgstaller, 2017
Translations by Lia Pale & Anne Gabriel

Drawings by Aurelia Roher

Produced by mathias rüegg (SUISA) © 2017

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