



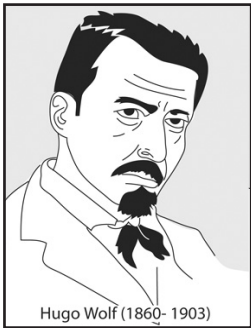
*Ach, des Knaben Augen*  
*Ah, the boy's eyes*

**Cliff Ridley** • Baritone  
**Danielle Marcinek** • Piano

**Hugo Wolf** • Geistliche Lieder  
**Johannes Brahms** • Vier ernste Gesänge  
**Gustav Mahler** • Kindertotenlieder

# Ach, des Knaben Augen Ah, the boy's eyes

**Hugo Wolf** (1860 - 1903) is considered to be among the greatest composers of Lieder. That he is less well-known than Schubert, Schumann and Brahms is probably because his compositional strengths lie not so much in beautiful and accessible melodies, but in inventive piano motifs and a particularly sensitive treatment of words. Wolf himself is said to have insisted that his remarkably intense music was written for epicures, not amateurs.



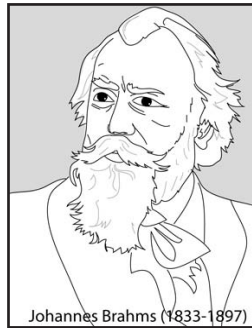
Hugo Wolf (1860- 1903)

*Spanisches Liederbuch* ("Spanish Songbook") was composed in 1889 and 1890, and uses as its text German translations of sixteenth and seventeenth century Spanish poetry. Ten of the 44 songs in this set are known as the *Geistliche Gesänge* (Spiritual Songs). The first of these radiate gentleness and a simplicity of feeling. Repeating patterns in the piano underline this mood, and also help paint an aural picture of the scenes being described. In "Nun wandre, Maria," for example, the regular plodding steps of the Virgin Mary and Joseph as they walk towards Bethlehem are represented by the uninterrupted movements up and down the scale in the piano's right hand. The mood of the last set of these sacred songs changes to one of abject contrition and

remorse. The repeating patterns here create a deliberate sense of monotony and seem designed to produce a hypnotic effect. In "Herr; was trägt der Boden" the vocal line tends to move in small intervals, recalling Gregorian Chant.

**Johannes Brahms** (1833-1897) devoted much of his compositional career to Lieder. He had a great distaste for empty display, and in his songs, as in all his works, he avoided emotional indulgence. Brahms sought out texts that create an evocative atmosphere. Although he was attracted to poetry about love and nature, he was also drawn to the subject of death, particularly in his later years.

*Vier ernste Gesänge* ("Four serious songs") were composed in 1896, just a year before Brahms's death. It was also the last music that he published, and in it one senses a work of conscious farewell. It was also composed the same year that his great love, Clara Schumann, died. Brahms's response to mortality seems to be one of resignation, but also of courage, and this set of songs is imbued with compassion, wisdom and a deep concern for humanity. Brahms chose biblical texts for this set of songs, with the first three describing different aspects of death. The piano prelude in "Ich wandte mich" moves down in octaves, a common Brahms motif for death, but the song ends on a reconciling and accepting major tonality at the last phrase. In "O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter" the bitterness of death for some is contrasted with its comfort for others. The last song, "Wenn ich mit Menschen", takes as its text Saint Paul's stirring sermon on charity (1 Corinthians 13: 1-13) and ends the set on a note of exaltation.



Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

The music of **Gustav Mahler** (1860-1911) can be heard as a bridge between the musical traditions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Audiences of today can hear in Mahler's music a surprisingly modern voice which speaks to them in terms they understand. It is a voice of great romantic feeling and profound sensibility, but also one of doubt and of relentlessly probed subconscious fears.



Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Mahler's greatest song-cycle is *Kindertotenlieder* ("Songs of the deaths of children"), composed between 1901 and 1904. It uses as its texts five poems by Friedrich Rückert, who was driven to write 428 poems on the death of two of his children. Although at this time Mahler had not yet experienced the death of any of his own children, he was apparently moved to set these poems by the fact that one of Rückert's sons was named Ernst, the name of Mahler's beloved younger brother who had died in 1874. Although certainly very sombre, the song-cycle is not sentimental or morbid. In fact, Mahler chose his poems with great care, creating an underlying sense of lightness. There are mentions of the rising sun, the source of all light, sunlight on the hills, and in the last song, God's hand protecting the children from a storm.

Remarkably, Mahler transforms an almost unbearably painful topic into an experience that is ultimately ennobling and transcendent, ending in a mood of serene acceptance.

## SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH

### 1. NUN WANDRE, MARIA

Nun wandre, Maria, nun wandre nur fort.  
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.  
Nun wandre, Geliebte, du Kleinod mein,  
Und balde wir werden in Bethlehem sein.  
Dann ruhest du fein und schlummerst dort.  
Wohl seh ich, Herrin, die Kraft dir schwinden;  
Kann deine Schmerzen, ach, kaum verhindern.  
Getrost! wohl finden wir Herberg dort;  
Wär'erst bestanden, dein Stündlein, Marie,  
Die gute Botschaft gut lohnt ich sie.  
Das Eselein hie gäb' ich drum fort!  
Schon krähen die Hähne, komm! nah ist der Ort.

### 2. DIE IHR SCHWEBET UM DIESE PALMEN

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel, stilltet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.  
Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute so zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also !  
Schweiget, neiget euch leis und lind;  
Der Himmelsknabe duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd er ward vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm leise gesänftigt die Qual  
zerrinnt.  
Grimmige Kälte sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck ich des Kindleins Glieder !  
O all ihr Engel, die ihr geflügelt wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel! es schlummert mein Kind.

## SPANISH SONGBOOK

### 1. NOW JOURNEY ON, MARY

Now journey on, Mary, journey forth.  
Already the cocks are crowing and the place is near.  
Journey on, my beloved, my jewel,  
And soon we will be in Bethlehem.  
Then will you rest so well and slumber there.  
I see well, my lady, that your strength is waning.  
Ah, it can hardly bear your sufferings.  
Courage ! we will surely find lodging there.  
If your delivery were only over, Mary,  
I would give good reward for the glad tidings.  
I would give away the donkey here in exchange!  
Already the cocks are crowing, come ! The goal is near.

### 2. YE WHO HOVER

You who hover around these palms,  
in night and wind  
You holy angels, calm the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.  
You palms of Bethlehem in the roar of the wind,  
How can you whistle so angrily today!  
Oh, do not roar that way!  
Be still, bend softly and gently;  
The heavenly child endures hardship;  
Ah, How tired he's become by the sorrow of the earth.  
Ah, Now in sleep, gently soothed, his pain melts  
away;  
Furious cold whistles down  
With what can I cover this little child's limbs!  
O, all you angels who rove winged in the wind,  
Calm the treetops ! My Child is sleeping.

### 3. ACH, DES KNABEN AUGEN

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind  
Mir so schön und klar erschienen,  
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,  
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.  
Blickt er doch mit diesen süßen Augen  
Nach den meinen hin !  
Säh er dann sein Bild darin,  
Würd er wohl mich liebend grüssen.  
Und so geb ich ganz mich hin,  
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen.  
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen  
Dass mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

### 4. HERR. WAS TRÄGT DER BODEN HIER

Herr, was trägt der Boden hier,  
Den du tränkst so bitterlich?  
"Dornen, liebes Herz, für mich,  
Und für dich der Blumen Zier."  
Ach, wo solche Bäche rinnen,  
Wird ein Garten da gedeihn?  
"Ja, und wisse ! Kränzelein,  
Gar verschiedne, flicht man drinnen."  
O mein Herr, zu wessen Zier  
Windet man die Kränze? sprich!  
"Die von Dornen sind für mich,  
Die von Blumen reich ich dir."

### 3. AH, THE BOY'S EYES

Ah, the Boy's eyes  
Look so beautiful and clear,  
And something shines from them  
That wins my whole heart.  
If he would only look with his sweet  
eyes into my own !  
If he then saw his image therein,  
Perhaps he would greet me lovingly.  
And so I give myself completely,  
Only to serve his eyes.  
Because something shines from them  
That wins my whole heart.

### 4. LORD, WHAT DOES THE EARTH BEAR HERE

Lord, what does the earth bear here,  
That you water so bitterly?  
"Thorns, beloved heart, for me,  
And for you an adornment of flowers"  
Ah, where such brooks run,  
Will a garden thrive there?  
"Yes, and know this! Garlands  
Most varied are plaited therein."  
Oh my Lord, for whose adornment  
do they wind the garlands? Speak!  
"Those of thorns are for me,  
those of flowers. I give to you."

## VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE

### 5. 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 einem 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,  
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?

### 6. ICH WANDTE MICH

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

## FOUR SERIOUS SONGS

### 5. FOR THAT WHICH BEFALLETH THE SONS OF MEN BEFALLETH BEASTS

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts,  
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?

### 6. SO I RETURNED, AND CONSIDERED

So I returned and considered  
All the oppressions that are done under the sun:  
And behold the tears of such  
as were oppressed, and 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 has not been,  
Who hath not seen the evil work  
that is done under the sun.

### 7. O TOD, O TOD, WIE BITTER

O Tod, 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, o Tod, wie bitter bist du!  
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;  
O Tod, o Tod, wie wohl tust du!

### 8. WENN ICH MIT MENSCHEN

Wenn ich mit Menschen und Engelszungen redete,  
Und hätte der Liebe nicht,  
So wär ich ein tönend Erz, oder 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,  
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 einem Spiegel in einem dunkeln Worte;  
Dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.  
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise;  
Dann aber werd ich's erkennen,  
Gleich wie ich erkenne bin.  
Nun aber bleibt Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, diese drei;  
Aber die Liebe ist die grösste unter ihnen.

### 7. OH DEATH, HOW BITTER IS THE REMEMBRANCE OF THEE

Oh death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee!  
To a man that is at peace with his possessions,  
Unto the man that hath nothing to distract him,  
And hath prosperity in all things,  
And that still has strength  
To receive meat!  
Oh death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee!  
Oh death, how acceptable is thy sentence unto a man  
That is needy and that faileth in strength  
That is in extreme old age, and is distracted in all things,  
And that looks for no better lot,  
Nor waiteth on better days  
Oh death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee!

### 8. THOUGH I SPEAK WITH THE TONGUES OF MEN

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,  
And have not charity, I  
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 I shall know,  
Even as also I am known.  
And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three;  
But the greatest of these is charity.

## KINDERTOTENLIEDER

(Texts by Friedrich Rückert)

9.  
Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n,  
als sei kein Unglück die Nacht gescheh'n!  
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein!  
Die Sonne, sie scheint allgemein!  
Du musst nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,  
musst sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken!  
Ein Lämplein verlösch in meinem Zelt!  
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

10.  
Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen  
ihr sprühet mir in manchem Augenblicke.  
O Augen! O Augen!  
Gleichsam, um voll in einem Blicke  
zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen.  
Dort ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel mich  
umschwammen,  
gewoben vom verblendenden Geschicke,  
dass sich der Strahl bereits zur Heimkehr schicke,  
dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen stammen.  
Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:  
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben gerne,  
doch ist uns das vom Schicksal abgeschlagen.  
Sieh' uns nur an,  
denn bald sind wir dir ferne!  
Was dir nur Augen sind in diesen Tagen:  
in künft'gen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.

## SONGS OF THE DEATHS OF CHILDREN

9.  
Now will the sun rise as brightly  
as if no misfortune had befallen in the night!  
The misfortune befell only me alone!  
The sun, it shines on everything!  
You must not enfold the night in you,  
you must flood it in eternal light!  
A little lamp went out in my tent!  
Hail to the joyous light of the world!

10.  
Now indeed I see why you shower  
such dark flames on me at many a moment  
O eyes! O eyes!  
As if it were, in a glance,  
to concentrate utterly all your power.  
Then I did not suspect, since mists  
enveloped me,  
woven by beguiling destiny,  
that the beam would already be returning home  
to the place whence all beams come.  
You wanted to tell me with your radiance:  
We would like to stay near you,  
but it is denied us by fate.  
Only look at us,  
for soon we will be far away from you!  
What are only eyes to you in these days,  
in coming nights will be for you only stars.

11.  
Wenn dein Mütterlein  
tritt zur Tür herein,  
und den Kopf ich drehe,  
ihr entgegen sehe,  
fällt auf ihr Gesicht  
erst der Blick mir nicht,  
sondern auf die Stelle,  
näher nach der Schwelle,  
dort, wo würde dein  
lieb' Gesichtchen sein,  
wenn du freudenhelle  
trätest mit herein,  
wie sonst mein Töchterlein!  
Wenn dein Mütterlein  
tritt zur Tür herein  
mit der Kerze Schimmer,  
ist es mir als immer,  
käms du mit herein,  
huschtest hinterdrein,  
als wie sonst ins Zimmer!  
O du, des Vaters Zelle,  
ach, zu schnelle,  
zu schnell erlosch'ner Freudenschein!

12.  
Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!  
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen!  
Der Tag ist schön!  
O, sei nicht bang!  
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang.  
Jawohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen  
und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen!  
O, sei nicht bang, der Tag ist schön!  
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen Höh'n!  
Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen  
und werden nicht wieder nach Haus verlangen!  
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen  
Höh'n im Sonnenschein!  
Der Tag ist schön auf jenen Höh'n!

11.  
When your dear mother  
comes in the door,  
and I turn my head,  
to look at her,  
my glance falls first  
not on her face  
but on the place  
closer to the threshold,  
there where your  
dear little face would be  
if you, bright with joy,  
came in with her as usual,  
my little daughter!  
When your dear mother  
comes in the door  
with her candle's glimmer,  
for me it is as always  
when you would enter with her,  
slip into the room  
behind her as usual!  
You, too quickly,  
too quickly extinguished gleam of joy  
in your father's cell.

12.  
Often I think they have merely gone out!  
Soon they will return home!  
The day is beautiful!  
Oh, don't be anxious!  
They are only taking a long walk.  
Yes, surely they have merely gone out  
and will now return home!  
Oh, don't be anxious, the day is beautiful!  
They are only taking their walk to yonder height!  
They have only gone on ahead of us  
and won't be longing for home any longer!  
We will overtake them on yonder height  
in the sunshine!  
The day is beautiful on yonder height!

13.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,  
nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus,  
man hat sie getragen, getragen hinaus.  
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,  
nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus.  
Ich fürchtete, sie erkranken,  
das sind nun eitle Gedanken.  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,  
{nie} hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus.  
Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,  
das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus!  
nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus.  
Man hat sie hinaus getragen,  
ich durfte nichts dazu sagen!  
In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,  
in diesem Braus,  
sie ruh'n als wie in der Mutter Haus,  
von keinem Sturm erschrecktet,  
von Gottes Hand bedeckt,  
sie ruh'n wie in der Mutter Haus!

13.

In this weather, in this tumult,  
I would never have sent the children out,  
they have been carried, carried out.  
I could say nothing about it.  
In this weather, in this storm,  
I would never have let the children out.  
I feared they would fall sick,  
those are now vain thoughts.  
In this weather, in this horror,  
I would never have let the children out.  
I worried that they would die tomorrow,  
that is nothing to worry about now.  
In this weather, in this horror!  
I would never have sent the children out.  
They have been carried out,  
I could say nothing about it!  
In this weather, in this storm,  
in this tumult,  
they are sleeping as though in their mother's house,  
frightened by no storm,  
sheltered by God's hand,  
they are sleeping as though in their mother's house!

Produced by Cliff Ridley

Recorded and Mixed by Darel Simpson

Audio Mastering by Alex DeGrace at Suite Sound Labs

Piano tuning/technician: Johann B. Krebs, BC Pianocraft Ltd.

Layout & Illustrations by Scott Hastings

Liner notes written by Eleanor Innes

Cover photo and Cliff's portrait by Chuk

Danielle's portrait by Christina Trivett

English translations from Dover Publications Inc.

Gustav Mahler: Songs of a Wayfarer and Kindertotenlieder in Full Score

Spanish and Italian Songbooks by Hugo Wolf

Recorded with a Kawai grand piano at St. Marks Anglican Church in  
Vancouver B.C. on September 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> 2005.

© 2006 Cliff Ridley

# Ach, des Knaben Augen Ah, the boy's eyes

Cliff Ridley • Baritone  
Danielle Marcinek • Piano

## Hugo Wolf • Geistliche Lieder • Spiritual Songs

- |    |                           |      |
|----|---------------------------|------|
| 1. | Nun wandre, Maria         | 3:54 |
| 2. | Die ihr Schwebet          | 2:50 |
| 3. | Ach, des Knaben Augen     | 1:44 |
| 4. | Herr, was trägt der Boden | 2:41 |

## Johannes Brahms • Vier ernste Gesänge • Four Serious Songs

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 5. | Denn es gehet dem Menschen (Ecclesiastes 3 : 19-22)   | 4:13 |
| 6. | Ich wandte mich (Ecclesiastes 4 : 1-3)                | 3:08 |
| 7. | O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter (Ecclesiasticus 41 : 1-2)    | 3:17 |
| 8. | Wenn ich mit Menschen (1 Corinthians 13 : 1-3, 12-13) | 4:55 |

## Gustav Mahler • Kindertotenlieder • Songs of the Deaths of Children

- |     |  |      |
|-----|--|------|
| 9.  | Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n!       | 5:12 |
| 10. | Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen | 4:35 |
| 11. | Wenn dein Mütterlein                       | 4:42 |
| 12. | Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!   | 3:29 |
| 13. | In diesem Wetter                           | 6:32 |

Total Running Length: 51:12  
Translations Included  
© 2006 Cliff Ridley  
Made in Canada

COMPACT  
disc  
DIGITAL AUDIO



The CD cover features a grayscale photograph of a church steeple on the left side, topped with a cross. A large white circle is positioned in the center of the cover. The background is a cloudy sky. Two horizontal blue lines are located near the top and bottom edges of the CD.

*Ach, des Knaben Augen*  
*Ah, the boy's eyes*

**Cliff Ridley**  
Baritone

**Danielle Marcinek**  
Piano

**Hugo Wolf**  
Geistliche Lieder

**Johannes Brahms**  
Vier ernste Gesänge

**Gustav Mahler**  
Kindertotenlieder