



## Translations

### *An die ferne Geliebte*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Poems by Alois Jeitteles translation: Carla Maria Verdino-Stüllwold

#### 1. *Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend*

I sit on the hill, gazing  
Into the blue expanse of sky,  
Searching the far-off mists to see,  
Where I can find you, my beloved.

Far from you have I been parted,  
Mountain and vale separate us,  
Dividing us and our peace,  
Our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see my gaze,  
That hastens so passionately to you.  
Nor the sighs I squander  
On the void that parts us now.

Is there nothing more that can reach you,  
Nothing to bear my love's message to you?  
I want to sing, to sing songs,  
Which remind you of my pain!

Because before love's lament  
Every mile and every hour vanishes,  
And a loving heart attains  
What a loving heart has consecrated.

#### 2. *Wo die Berge so blau*

Where the blue mountains  
Rise from the lowering skies  
Peering at where the sunsets,  
Where the clouds spread,  
There would I like to be! there would I like to be!

There in that quiet vale  
Which silences pain and woe.  
Where in rocky spaces softly sleep the primroses,  
And sweeps so gently the wind,  
There would I like to be! there would I like to be!

My love's longing  
Draws me to the shadowy wood'  
Inner pain, inner pain.  
Ah, nothing would ever tempt me from here,  
If I could faithfully stay by your side  
Forever! forever by your side!

#### 3. *Leichte Segler in den Höhen*

Graceful sailor of the heights,  
And you, tiny, narrow brooklet,  
Should my little love spy you  
Greet her for me a thousand times.

Look, you clouds, at her,  
As she goes wandering through the quiet vale,  
Let my image greet her  
In your airy, heavenly place.

Should she linger near the bushes,  
Which now are yellow and bare,  
Tell her what has befallen me,  
Tell her, little bird, of my suffering!

Silent breezes, flutter  
To my heart's beloved,  
My sighs which sink  
Like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my love's entreaty,  
Let her, tiny, narrow brooklet,  
See clearly in your ripples,  
My numberless tears, my numberless tears!

#### 4. *Diese Wolken in den Höhen*

These clouds on the heights,  
These birds in merry passage  
Will see you, my beauty.  
Take me with you in your flight!

These breezes will playfully caress  
Your cheek and breast,  
Toying with your silken locks.  
If I could but share this pleasure!

Toward you, my love, every little hill  
Every little brook busily hastens.  
When your face is mirrored there,  
Then flow back without delay.

Flow back without delay, yes, without delay!

5. *Es kehret der Maien*

Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom  
The breezes waft so gently and so mildly.  
The murmuring brooks flow by.

The swallow who returns to her home in the eaves,  
She builds her bridal bower industriously,  
So love may dwell there, so love may dwell there.

Flitting from here to there,  
She busily brings soft lining to her bridal bed,  
Much warm material for the little ones.

Now the couple lives together faithfully,  
What winter has divided, now May rejoins,  
Lovers he knows to reunite, to reunite.

Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom,  
The breezes waft so gently, so mildly,  
But I cannot stray from here.

Though everywhere all who are in love, are joined by spring,  
Only our love knows no springtime  
And tears are our only reward, our only reward.

6. *Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder*

Take my songs,  
The songs I sang you, my love,  
And sing them nightly on the lute  
With sweetest tone!

When the twilight wanes  
On the still blue lake,  
And the last sun's rays sink  
Beyond the mountain tops.

And you sing, you sing,  
What I have sung from deep within  
What has sprung artlessly from me,  
Only conscious of longing, only conscious of longing.

Then before these songs fades,  
What has divided us so long and far,  
And a loving heart attains what a loving heart has consecrated.

Then before these songs reclaim  
all that was separated by lonely hours,  
And a loving heart attains  
what a loving heart has earned.

Then surely does my soul regain  
all we lost in lonely times,  
And a loving heart attains what a loving heart has earned, yes!  
What a loving heart has earned!

**Baritone David Grogan** was looking forward to joining the Clear Creek Music Festival faculty in 2020 and graciously provided two performances for the virtual Festival. He has performed as a soloist across the Southwest, with many Dallas/Fort Worth area arts groups including the Dallas Bach Society, Texas Baroque Ensemble, Orpheus Chamber Singers. This February he performed Beethoven's "An die ferne Geliebte" as part of the 2020 Cliburn Concerts Beethoven Festival. The Dallas Morning News hailed Mr. Grogan as the "perfect Christus" after a performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* with the Dallas Bach Society. A *Messiah* performance was praised as having "all the range and power required of the part, sounding like the voice of doom in 'The people that walked in darkness' and the light of revelation in 'The trumpet shall sound.'" As *Elijah* he demonstrates the ability to "move easily from stentorian declamation to lyrical aria," and brings "an impressive vocal power to the lead role of Elijah, and his rich emotive gift set the level for the other chief performers."

Grogan is presently Associate Professor of Voice at the University of Texas, Arlington. He holds Bachelor of Music Education and Master of Music degrees from TC U, where he studied voice with Sheila Allen and pedagogy with Vincent Russo. His love of choral music grew under the tutelage of the late Ronald Shirey. He earned his DMA in 2010 from the University of North Texas, where he studied voice with Jeffrey Snider, pedagogy with Stephen Austin, and studied early music with Lyle Nordstrom.