



TRACK INFORMATION

PERSONAL STATEMENTS

LYRICS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

# Twilight Schumann Songs

## Ian Bostridge Saskia Giorgini

## Twilight Schumann Songs

### Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

#### 5 Lieder, Op. 40 (1840)

|   |                        |       |
|---|------------------------|-------|
| 1 | No. 1, Märzveilchen    | 1. 21 |
| 2 | No. 2, Muttertraum     | 3. 07 |
| 3 | No. 3, Der Soldat      | 2. 54 |
| 4 | No. 4, Der Spielmann   | 3. 14 |
| 5 | No. 5, Verratene Liebe | 1. 01 |

#### Liederkreis, Op. 39 (1840)

|    |                         |       |
|----|-------------------------|-------|
| 6  | No. 1, In der Fremde I  | 1. 49 |
| 7  | No. 2, Intermezzo       | 1. 44 |
| 8  | No. 3, Waldesgespräch   | 2. 09 |
| 9  | No. 4, Die Stille       | 1. 35 |
| 10 | No. 5, Mondnacht        | 3. 43 |
| 11 | No. 6, Schöne Fremde    | 1. 15 |
| 12 | No. 7, Auf einer Burg   | 3. 02 |
| 13 | No. 8, In der Fremde II | 1. 09 |
| 14 | No. 9, Wehmut           | 2. 40 |
| 15 | No. 10, Zwielficht      | 3. 09 |
| 16 | No. 11, Im Walde        | 1. 21 |
| 17 | No. 12, Frühlingsnacht  | 1. 19 |

#### 12 Gedichte von Julius Kerner, Op. 35 (1840)

|    |                                                      |       |
|----|------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| 18 | No. 1, Lust der Sturmnacht                           | 1. 23 |
| 19 | No. 2, Stirb, Lieb' und Freud'                       | 6. 13 |
| 20 | No. 3, Wanderlied                                    | 2. 49 |
| 21 | No. 4, Erstes Grün                                   | 2. 12 |
| 22 | No. 5, Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend                 | 2. 14 |
| 23 | No. 6, Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes | 4. 12 |
| 24 | No. 7, Wanderung                                     | 1. 17 |
| 25 | No. 8, Stille Liebe                                  | 3. 25 |
| 26 | No. 9, Frage                                         | 1. 14 |
| 27 | No. 10, Stille Tränen                                | 3. 18 |
| 28 | No. 11, Wer machte dich so krank?                    | 2. 14 |
| 29 | No. 12, Alte Laute                                   | 2. 30 |

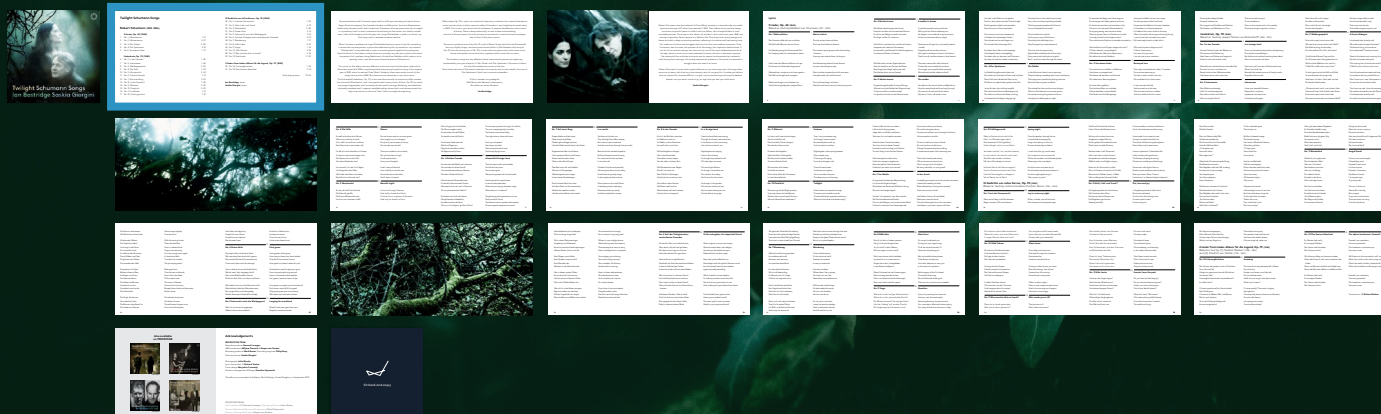
#### 2 Lieder from Lieder-Album für die Jugend, Op. 79 (1849)

|    |                             |       |
|----|-----------------------------|-------|
| 30 | No. 26, Schneeglöckchen     | 1. 24 |
| 31 | No. 22, Des Sennen Abschied | 2. 12 |

Total playing time: 73. 26

Ian Bostridge, tenor

Saskia Giorgini, piano



My acquaintance with Schumann goes back to a 45-rpm recording we had at home, Sergio Fiorentino playing 'Von fremden Ländern und Menschen' from the *Kinderszenen*. I didn't play the piano and I didn't rediscover Schumann till some years later, but it lodged in my memory and I'm sure it somehow turned a key so that when, as a freshly minted tenor, with all the fragility of the 16-year-old, I sang *Dichterliebe*, in public, at school, my first song cycle, it seemed somehow familiar.

When I became a professional singer *Dichterliebe* became a part of my life, something I carried with me everywhere, a piece that reflected my life, my emotions, my interests.

"*Dichterliebe*" is very definitely a cycle, a narrative pieced together from poems by Heinrich Heine. In the Lieder universe there are, actually, very few true cycles in this sense - the purest of all, perhaps, being Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, which returns to its opening music, and which was a favourite piece of Schumann's.

The cycles on this album are very different, and much more like the piano cycles which Schumann spent the 1830s composing before discovering his path to song in the magical year of 1840 when he married Clara Wieck. Suddenly there were words; and all of the songs here are from 1840. But these are not narratives in any overt sense. The Eichendorff *Liederkreis*, Op. 39, is the most famous with its miraculous fifth number, the immortal 'Mondnacht', and I have performed it many times. At first, Op. 39 can seem worryingly fragmented, with its variety of texts and its strange fluttering, excitable but ultimately subdued and, I suppose, satisfied ending, whose final vocal phrase avoids the high note climax on the word "dein" that one might be expecting.

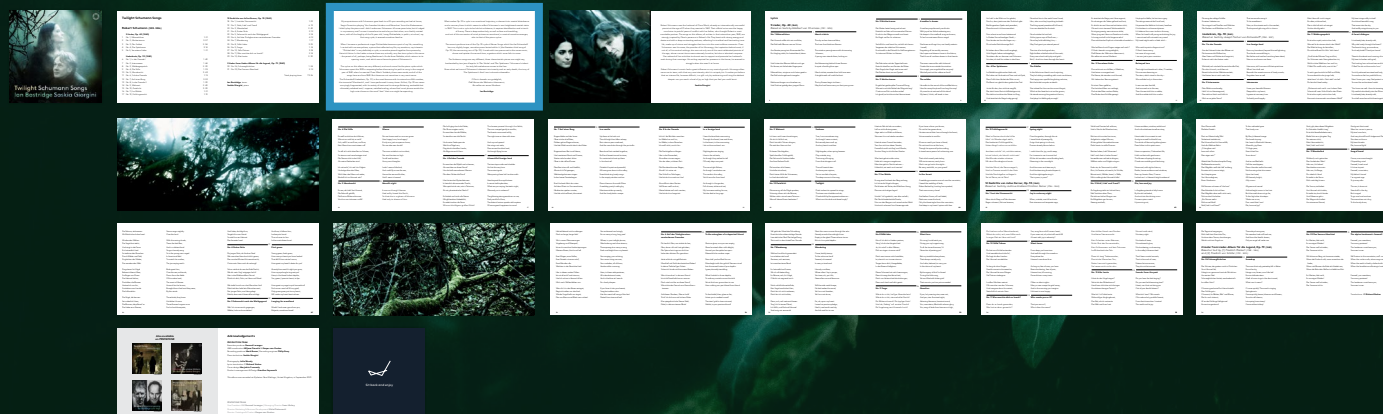
What makes Op. 39 a cycle is an emotional trajectory, a descent into mental disturbance and a recovery from it which seems to reflect Schumann's own heightened mental state in 1840. This is not a cycle to be held at a distance; it requires identification and a touch of frenzy. There is deep melancholy, as well as fear and trembling; and out of this succession of mind pictures an emotional, a musical narrative emerges, akin to that of the piano cycles.

The same is perforce true of the Op. 35 cycle of *Kerner Songs* which like the Eichendorff has one, slightly longer, narrative poem buried within it (the Keatsian third song of Op. 39; the renouncing nun of Op. 35). It ends with two poems set to the same music, slower and quieter the second time, a gesture which never fails to move.

The Anderson songs are very different, three characteristic pieces one might say, bookended by two jeux d'esprits. In 'Der Soldat' and 'Der Spielmann' Schumann's talent for truly felt melodrama comes to the fore. Given what we know of Schumann's descent into insanity and an early death, the irony of 'Der Spielmann's final lines is almost unbearable:

O Gott—bewahr uns gnädiglich,  
Daß Keinen der Wahnsinn übermannt;  
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

Ian Bostridge

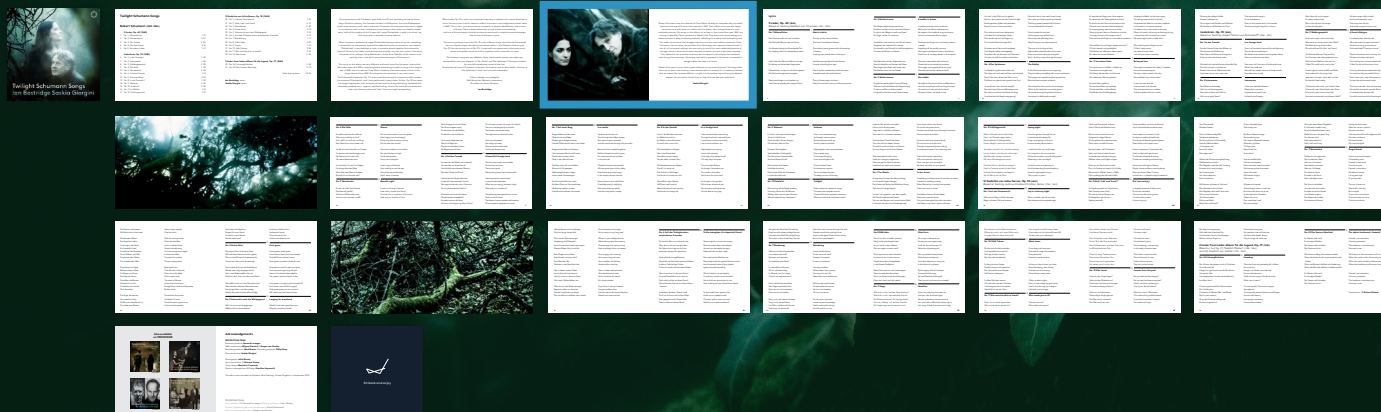




Robert Schumann was the husband of Clara Wieck, already an internationally successful pianist at the age of 21 when they married in 1840. Their official union was the happy conclusion to painful years of conflict with her father, who thought Robert a most unsuitable partner. The songs on this album, all written in that miraculous year, 1840, are strongly inspired by Clara's presence in Robert's life. They burst with strong energy and desire and with a deep contrasting sadness, reflecting his troubled and fascinating inner life, made up of visions and struggles that turn into the most sublime moments. Clara Schumann was his muse, the provider of his life energy, the inspiration behind most, if not all, of his musical writings; she was not only one of the most celebrated pianists of the age, whose concert tours were extremely lucrative, but also a talented composer. She reduced all her activities to almost zero to support and promote her husband's work during their marriage. His writing required her presence in the house; he seemed to struggle when she wasn't at home.

Robert Schumann's music had a great influence on my musical growth. His songs often move me to tears, with that very rare intensity which is uniquely his. It makes you believe that an intense life, however difficult, is a gift: only by embracing and living the darkest despair can you reach a level of joy so high that you feel you could burst.

**Saskia Giorgini**



## Lyrics

## 5 Lieder, Op. 40 (1840)

Based on texts by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 - 1838)

## No. 1 Märzveilchen

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und blau,  
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur Schau.

Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder Flor.  
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend, davor.

Und hinter den Blumen blühet noch gar  
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes Augenpaar.

Märzveilchen, wie jener noch keine gesehn.  
Der Reif wird angehaucht zergehen.

Eisblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,  
Und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen Mann.

## March violets

The sky arches clear and blue;  
The hoar-frost fashions flowers.

The window-pane gleams with shimmering  
blossom,  
A young man stands there, looking on.

And blossoming behind those flowers  
Is a pair of smiling blue eyes.

March violets, sweeter than he'd ever seen.  
A single breath will melt the frost.

The icy flowers begin to thaw—  
May the Lord have mercy on that young man.

## No. 2 Muttertraum

Die Mutter betet herzlich und schaut  
Entzückt auf den schlummernden Kleinen.  
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.  
Ein Engel muß er ihr scheinen.

Sie küßt ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich kaum.  
Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,  
Es schweift in die Zukunft ihr Hoffnungstraum.  
So träumen Mütter im Herzen.

Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft sein  
Kreischt draußen am Fenster die Weise:  
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein!  
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise!

2

## A mother's dream

A mother prays fervently and looks  
With joy at her little slumbering son;  
He sleeps in the cradle all snug and warm,  
To her he must seem like an angel.

She kisses and hugs him; can hardly restrain  
herself,  
Forgetting all her earthly sorrows;  
Her hopes and dreams hover in the future;  
That's how all mothers dream in their hearts.

The raven meanwhile with its brood  
Croaks this tune outside the window:  
Your angel, your angel shall be our prey!  
We shall peck at the robber as food!

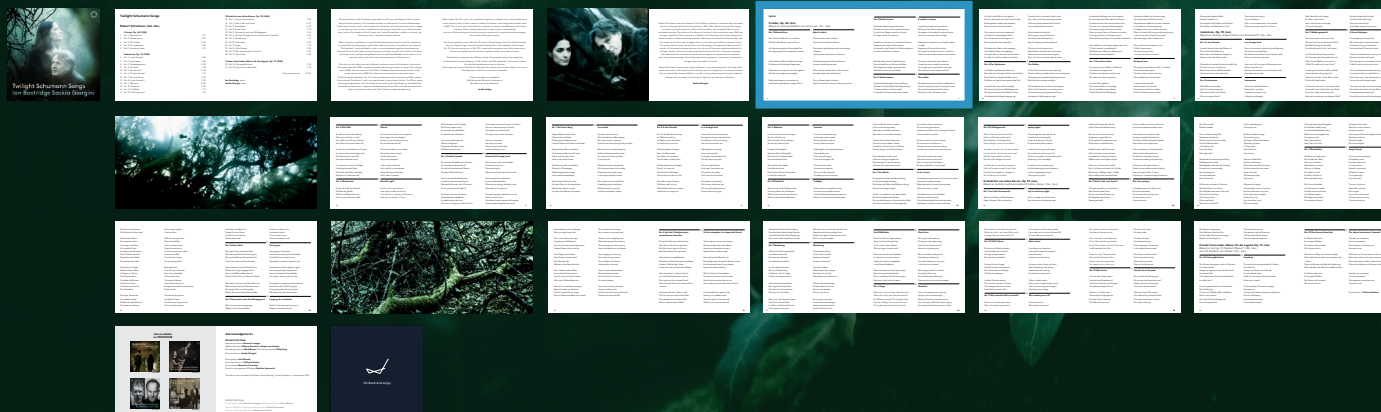
## No. 3 Muttertraum

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang;  
Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg wie lang!  
O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!  
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz entzwei.

3

## The soldier

He walks to the sound of the muffled drum;  
How far away the place! how long the way!  
Ah, were he at rest and all this done!  
My heart, I think, will break in two.



Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,  
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch gibt.  
Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradiert,  
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum letztenmal  
In Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl,—  
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu,—  
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!

Es haben dann Neun wohl angelegt,  
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigelegt;  
Sie zittern alle vor Jammer und Schmerz—  
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in das Herz.

#### No. 4 Der Spielmann

Im Städtchen gibt es des Jubels viel,  
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz und mit Spiel,  
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein so rot,  
Die Braut nur gleicht dem getönten Tod.

Ja tot für den, den nicht sie vergißt,  
Der doch beim Fest nicht Bräutigam ist;  
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste im Krug,  
Und streicht die Geige lustig genug!

None but him in the world have I loved,  
Him, who now they're putting to death.  
The firing squad parades will full band,  
I too am detailed for the task.

Now he takes his last look  
At the joyous rays of God's sun,—  
Now they're blindfolding him,—  
May God grant you eternal peace!

The nine of us took good aim,  
Eight bullets whistled wide of the mark;  
Every man shook with pity and grief—  
But I, I shot him clean through the heart.

#### The fiddler

In the little town there's much rejoicing,  
They're holding a wedding with music and dance,  
The happy man quaffs the glinting red wine,  
But the bride is as pale as death.

She is dead for the one she cannot forget,  
Who's at the feast but not as the groom;  
He stands among the guests at the inn,  
And plays his fiddle gaily enough!

Er streicht die Geige, sein Haar ergraut,  
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend und laut,  
Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet es nicht,  
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücke zerbricht.  
Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so stirbt,  
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude noch wirbt;  
Ich mag und will nicht länger es sehn!  
Das möchte den Kopf mir schwindelnd verdrehn.—

Wer heißt euch mit Fingern zeigen auf mich?  
O Gott—bewahr uns gnädiglich,  
Daß Keinen der Wahnsinn übermannt;  
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

#### No. 5 Verratenе Liebe

Da nachts wir uns küßten, o Mädchen,  
Hat keiner uns zugeschaut.  
Die Sterne, die standen am Himmel,  
Wir haben den Sternen getraut.

Es ist ein Stern gefallen,  
Der hat dem Meer uns verklagt,  
Da hat das Meer es dem Ruder,  
Das Ruder dem Schiffer gesagt.

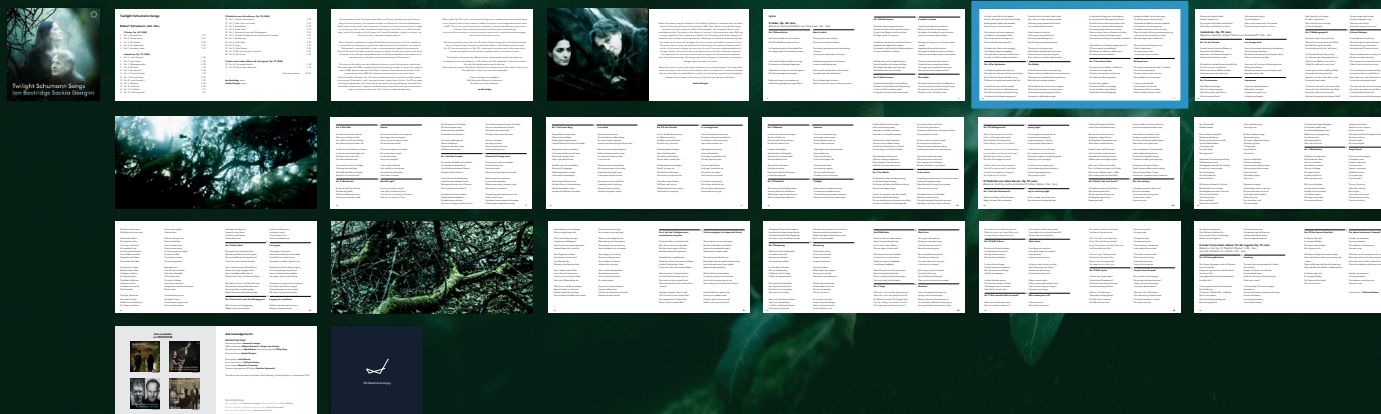
He plays his fiddle, his hair turns grey,  
The strings resound shrill and loud,  
He presses the fiddle to his heart, heedless  
If it shatters in a thousand pieces.  
It's hideous for a man to die in this way,  
When his heart's still young and striving for joy;  
I cannot and will not watch any more!  
My head might reel in a fatal whirl.—

Who said to point a finger at me?  
O God—have mercy,  
Let none of us go mad;  
I too am just a poor musician.

#### Betrayed love

That night we kissed each other, O maiden,  
No one was observing us.  
The stars, which stood in the sky—  
We confided only in those stars.

It was one star that fell,  
And accused us to the sea;  
Then the sea told it to a rudder,  
And the rudder told it to a sailor.



Da sang der selbige Schiffer  
Es seiner Liebsten vor.  
Nun singen's auf Straßen und Märkten  
Die Knaben und Mädchen im Chor.

That same sailor sang it  
To his sweetheart.  
Now, on the streets and in the market,  
The boys and girls sing of it in chorus.

## Liederkreis, Op. 39 (1840)

Based on texts by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788 - 1857)

### No. 1 In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,  
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,  
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

### No. 2 Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig  
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,  
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich  
Mich an zu jeder Stund'

### In a foreign land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,  
The clouds come drifting in,  
But father and mother have long been dead,  
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time  
When I too shall rest  
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,  
Forgotten here as well.

### Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness  
Deep within my heart,  
It gazes at me every hour  
So freshly and happily.

Mein Herz still in sich singet  
Ein altes, schönes Lied,  
Das in die Luft sich schwinget  
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

## No. 3 Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,  
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

My heart sings softly to itself  
An old and beautiful song  
That soars into the sky  
And swiftly wings its way to you.

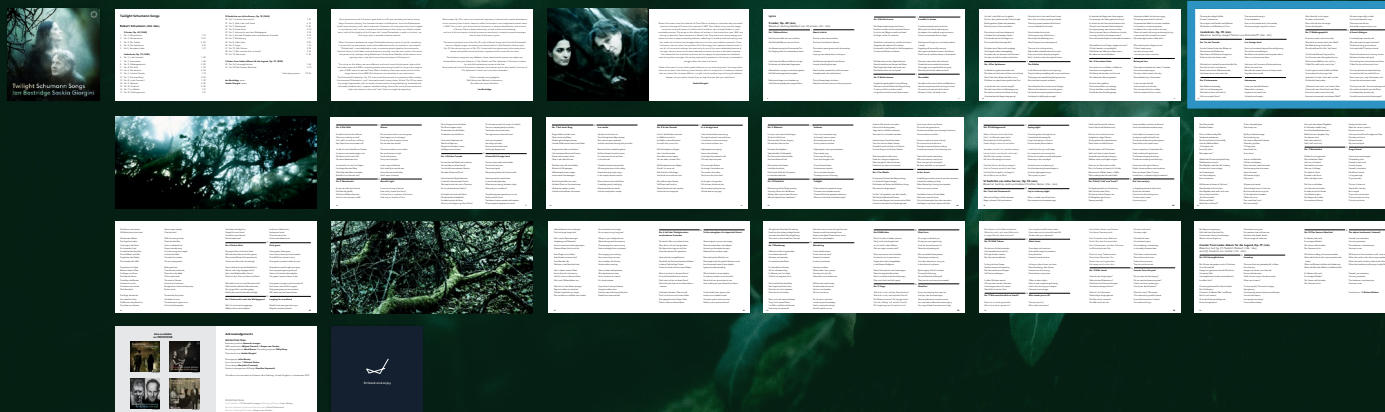
## A forest dialogue

It is already late, already cold,  
Why ride lonely through the forest?  
The forest is long, you are alone,  
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,  
My heart is broken with grief,  
The hunting horn echoes here and there,  
O flee! You do not know who I am.'

So richly adorned are steed and lady,  
So wondrous fair her youthful form,  
Now I know you—may God protect me!  
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

'You know me well—from its towering rock  
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.  
It is already late, already cold,  
You shall never leave this forest again!'





The collage features a variety of digital content:
 

- Top Left:** A book cover for 'Twilight Schwestern Songs von Kristin Weir' with a portrait of a woman.
- Top Middle:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.
- Top Right:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.
- Middle Left:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.
- Middle Middle:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.
- Middle Right:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.
- Bottom Left:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.
- Bottom Middle:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.
- Bottom Right:** A document titled 'Kriegsgeheimnisse von 1914' with a portrait of a woman.

**No. 4 Die Stille**

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,  
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!  
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,  
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,  
So stumm und verschwiegen sind  
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',  
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein  
Und zöge über das Meer,  
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,  
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

**No. 5 Mondnacht**

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,  
Die Erde still geküßt,  
Daß sie im Blüteschimmer  
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

9

**Silence**

No one knows and no one can guess  
How happy I am, how happy!  
If only one, just one person knew,  
No one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,  
Nor are the stars on high  
So still and taciturn  
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,  
And could fly across the sea,  
Across the sea and further,  
Until I were in heaven!

10

**Moonlit night**

It was as though Heaven  
Had softly kissed the Earth,  
So that she in a gleam of blossom  
Had only to dream of him.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,  
Die Ähren wogten sacht,  
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,  
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte  
Weit ihre Flügel aus,  
Flog durch die stillen Lande,  
Als flöge sie nach Haus

**No. 6 Schöne Fremde**

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,  
Als machten zu dieser Stund'  
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern  
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen  
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,  
Was sprichst du mir, wie in Träumen,  
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne  
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,  
Es redet trunken die Ferne  
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

The breeze passed through the fields,  
The corn swayed gently to and fro,  
The forests murmured softly,  
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread  
Her wings out wide,  
Flew across the silent land,  
As though flying home.

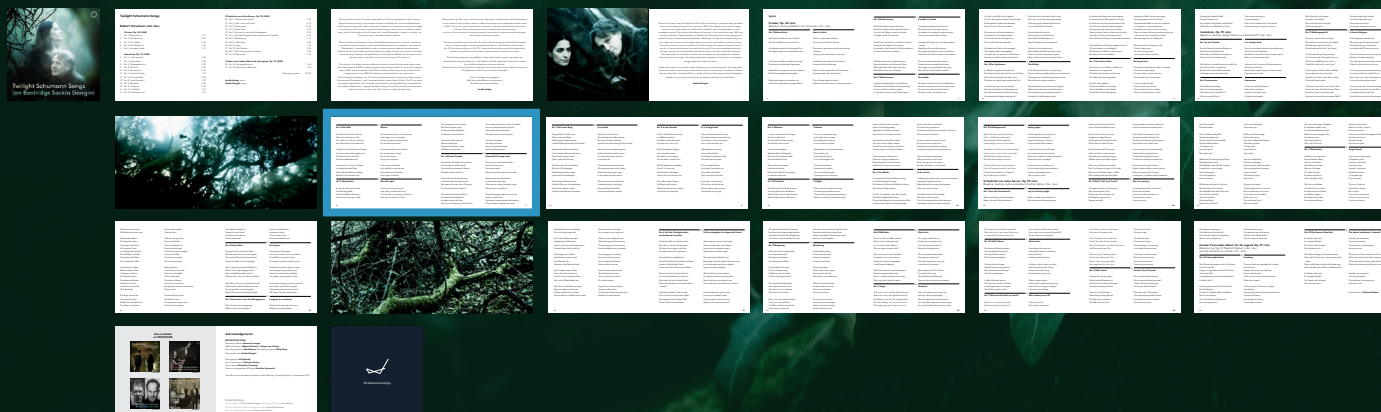
11

**A beautiful foreign land**

The tree-tops rustle and shudder  
As if at this very hour  
The ancient gods  
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees  
In secret twilight splendour,  
What are you saying, fantastic night,  
Obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze down on me,  
Fierily and full of love,  
The distant horizon speaks with rapture  
Of some great happiness to come!



12

**No. 7 Auf einer Burg**

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer  
Oben ist der alte Ritter;  
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,  
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,  
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,  
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre  
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,  
Alle sind in's Tal gezogen,  
Waldesvögel einsam singen  
In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten  
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,  
Musikanten spielen munter,  
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

**In a castle**

Up there at his look-out  
The old knight has fallen asleep;  
Rain-storms pass overhead,  
And the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,  
Ruff and breast turned to stone,  
For centuries he's sat up there  
In his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful,  
All have gone down to the valley,  
Forest birds sing lonely songs  
In the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine  
A wedding-party's sailing by,  
Musicians strike up merrily,  
And the lovely bride—weeps.

13

**No. 8 In der Fremde**

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen  
Im Walde her und hin,  
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen  
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen  
Hier in der Einsamkeit,  
Als wollten sie was sagen  
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondeschimmer fliegen,  
Als säh' ich unter mir  
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,  
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten  
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,  
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,  
Und ist doch so lange tot.

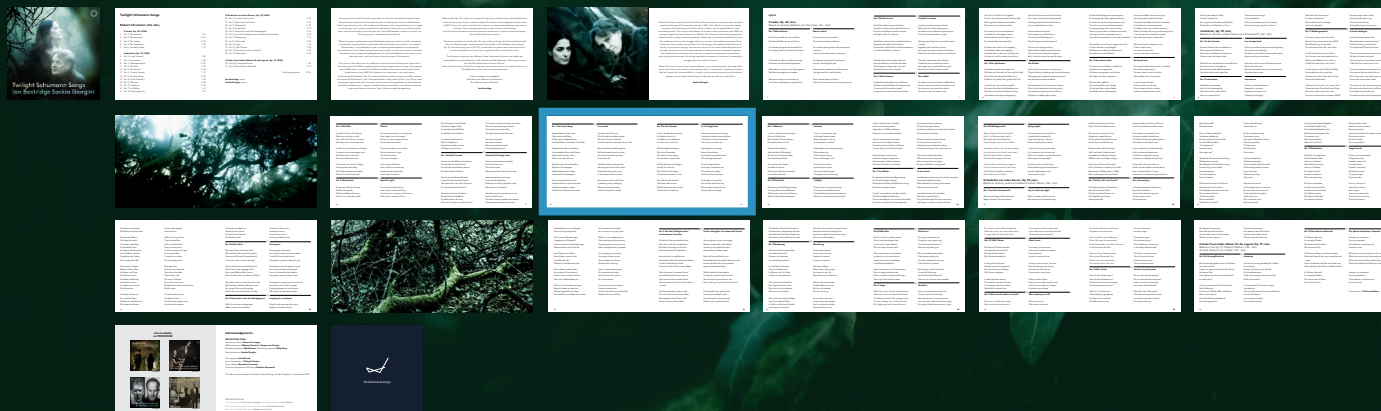
**In a foreign land**

I hear the brooklets murmuring  
Through the forest, here and there,  
In the forest, in the murmuring  
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing  
Here in the solitude,  
As though they wished to tell  
Of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,  
As though I saw below me  
The castle in the valley,  
Yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,  
Full of roses, white and red,  
My love were waiting for me,  
Yet she died so long ago.



**No. 9 Wehmut**

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,  
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,  
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,  
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,  
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,  
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen  
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,  
Und alles ist erfreut,  
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,  
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

**No. 10 Zwielficht**

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,  
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,  
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—  
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?

14

**Sadness**

True, I can sometimes sing  
As though I were content;  
But secretly tears well up,  
And my heart is set free.

Nightingales, when spring breezes  
Play outside, sing  
Their song of longing  
From their dungeon cell.

Then all hearts listen  
And everyone rejoices,  
Yet no one feels the pain,  
The deep sorrow in the song.

15

**Twilight**

Dusk is about to spread its wings,  
The trees now shudder and stir,  
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams—  
What can this dusk and dread imply?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,  
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,  
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,  
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,  
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,  
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,  
Sinnst er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,  
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.  
Manches geht in Nacht verloren—  
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

**No. 11 Im Walde**

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,  
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,  
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,  
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,  
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde;  
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald  
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde

If you have a fawn you favour,  
Do not let her graze alone,  
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,  
Voices wander to and fro.

If here on earth you have a friend,  
Do not trust him at this hour,  
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,  
In treacherous peace he's scheming war.

That which wearily sets today,  
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.  
Much can go lost in the night—  
Be wary, watchful, on your guard!

16

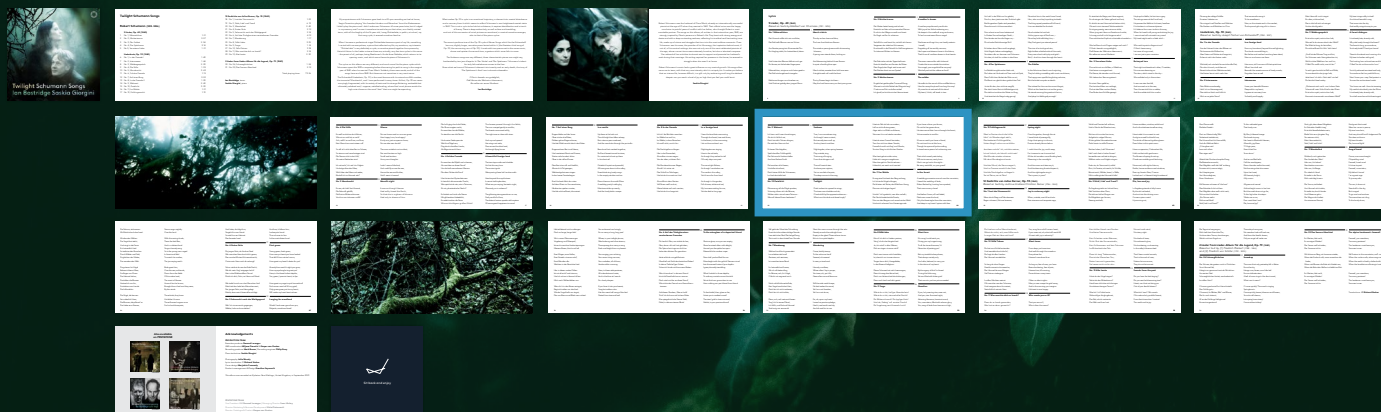
**In the forest**

A wedding procession wound over the mountain,  
I heard the warbling of birds,  
Riders flashed by, hunting horns peeled,  
That was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had faded,  
Darkness covers the land,  
Only the forest sighs from the mountain,  
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

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**No. 12 Frühlingsnacht**

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte  
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,  
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,  
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,  
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!  
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen  
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,  
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain  
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:  
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

**12 Gedichte von Julius Kerner, Op. 35 (1840)**

*Based on texts by Justinus Andreas Christian Kerner (1786 - 1862)*

**No. 1 Lust der Sturmnacht**

Wenn durch Berg und Tale draussen  
Regen schauert, Stürme brausen,

**Spring night**

Over the garden, through the air  
I heard birds of passage fly,  
A sign that spring is in the air,  
Flowers already bloom below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,  
For it seems to me it cannot be!  
All the old wonders come flooding back,  
Gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,  
And the dreaming forest whispers it,  
And the nightingales sing it:  
'She is yours, is yours!'

**Joy in a stormy night**

When, outside, over hill and vale  
Rain streams and tempests rage,

Schild und Fenster hell erklirren,  
Und in Nacht die Wander irren,

Ruht es sich so süß hier innen,  
Aufgelöst in selges Minnen;  
All der goldne Himmelsschimmer  
Flieht herein ins stille Zimmer:

Reiches Leben, hab' Erbarmen!  
Halt' mich fest in linden Armen!  
Lenzesblumen aufwärts dringen,  
Wöklein ziehn und Vöglein singen.

Ende nie, du Sturmnacht, wilde!  
Klirrt, ihr Fenster, schwankt, ihr Schilde,  
Bäumt euch, Wälder, braus', o Welle,  
Mich umfängt des Himmels Helle!

House-emblem, window, rattle loud  
And in the darkness travellers stray,

Here inside it is so sweet to rest  
And give oneself to blissful love;  
The whole of Heaven's golden gleam  
Flees hither to this quiet room:

Have compassion, O abundant life,  
Hold me fast with gentle arm.  
The flowers of spring thrust up,  
Clouds are scudding and birds sing.

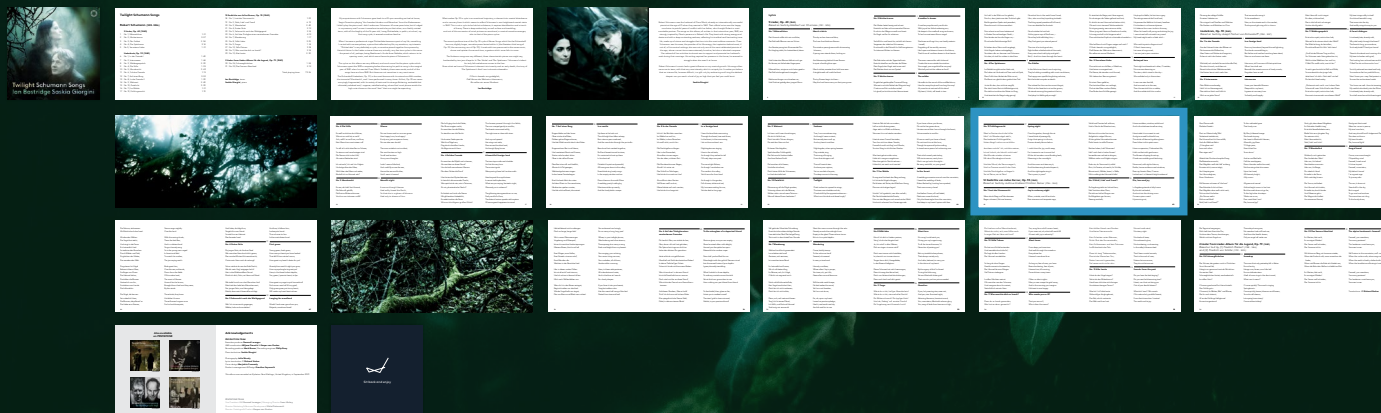
Never end, wild night of storm,  
Rattle, house-emblems and windows,  
Rear up, forests. Roar, O wave.  
Locked am I in Heaven's bright embrace!

**No. 2 Stirb', Lieb' und Freud'!**

Zu Augsburg steht ein hohes Haus,  
Nah' bei dem alten Dom,  
Da tritt am hellen Morgen aus  
Ein Mägdelein gar fromm;  
Gesang erschallt,

**Die, love and joy**

In Augsburg stands a lofty house  
By the old cathedral,  
And out into the shining morn  
Comes a pious maid.  
Hymns ring out,



Zum Dome wallt  
Die liebe Gestalt.

Dort vor Marias heilig' Bild  
Sie betend niederkniet,  
Der Himmel hat ihr Herz erfüllt,  
Und alle Weltlust flieht:  
„O Jungfrau rein!  
Lass mich allein  
Dein eigen sein!“

Alsbald der Glocken dumpfer Klang  
Die Betenden erweckt,  
Das Mägdlein wallt die Hall' entlang,  
Es weiss nicht, was es trägt;  
Am Haupte ganz  
Von Himmelsglanz,  
Einen Lilienkranz.

Mit Staunen schauen all' die Leut'  
Dies Kränzlein licht im Haar.  
Das Mägdlein aber wallt nicht weit,  
Tritt vor den Hochaltar:  
„Zur Nonne weiht  
Mich arme Maid!  
Stirb', Lieb' und Freud!“

To the cathedral goes  
That lovely one.

By Mary's blessed image  
She kneels to pray,  
Her heart is filled with Heaven,  
All earthly joy flees:  
'O Virgin pure,  
Grant that I be  
Yours alone.'

And as muffled bells  
Call the worshippers,  
Down the aisle walks the maid,  
Not knowing what she wears:  
Upon her head,  
All Heavenly bright,  
A lily crown.

All gaze and marvel  
At that bright crown in her hair.  
But the maid does not go far,  
To the high altar she steps:  
'Make me a nun,  
Poor maid that I am!  
Die, love and joy!'

Gott, gib, dass dieses Mägdlein  
Ihr Kränzlein friedlich trag',  
Es ist die Herzallerliebste mein,  
Bleibt's bis zum jüngsten Tag.  
Sie weiss es nicht,  
Mein Herz zerbricht,  
Stirb', Lieb' und Licht!

God grant that maid  
Wear her crown in peace;  
My true love she is,  
And may she still be till Judgement Day.  
She does not know  
My heart breaks  
Die, love and light!

20

### No. 3 Wanderlied

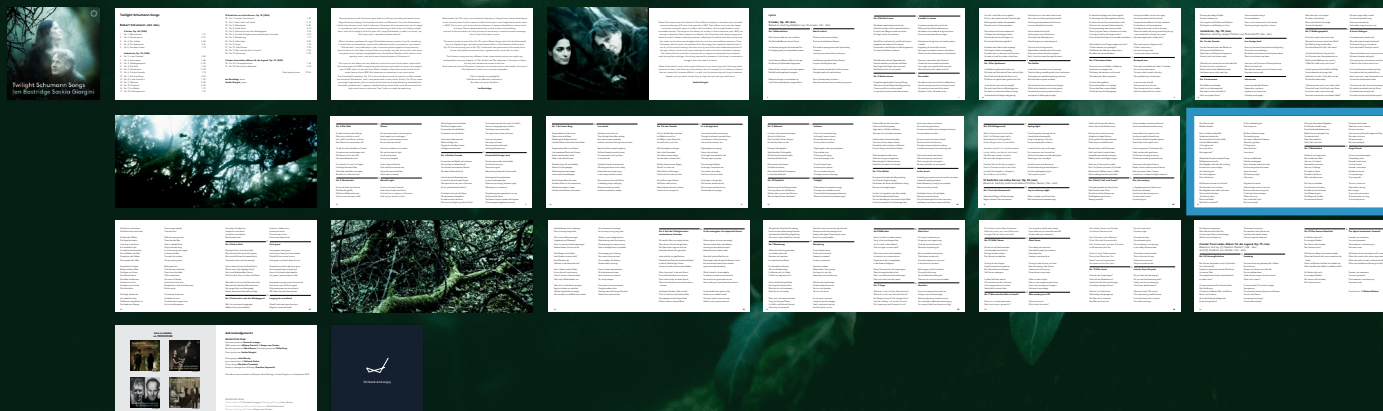
### Song of travel

Wohlauf, noch getrunken  
Den funkelnden Wein!  
Ade nun, ihr Lieben!  
Geschieden muss sein.  
Ade nun, ihr Berge,  
Du väterlich Haus!  
Es treibt in die Ferne  
Mich mächtig hinaus.

Come, one more draught  
Of sparkling wine!  
Farewell, loved ones!  
It's time to part.  
Farewell, mountains,  
My father's house!  
I've a great urge  
To journey afar.

Die Sonne, sie bleibt  
Am Himmel nicht stehn,  
Es treibt sie, durch Länder  
Und Meere zu gehn.  
Die Woge nicht haftet  
Am einsamen Strand,

The sun, it does not  
Stand still in the sky,  
But is urged  
To go over land and sea.  
The wave does not cling  
To the lonely shore,



Die Stürme, sie brausen  
Mit Macht durch das Land.

Mit eilenden Wolken  
Der Vogel dort zieht,  
Und singt in der Ferne  
Ein heimatlich Lied.  
So treibt es den Burschen  
Durch Wälder und Feld,  
Zu gleichen der Mutter,  
Der wandernden Welt.

Da grüssen ihn Vögel  
Bekannt überm Meer,  
Sie flogen von Fluren  
Der Heimat hieher;  
Da duften die Blumen  
Vertraulich um ihn,  
Sie trieben vom Lande  
Die Lüfte dahin.

Die Vögel, die kennen  
Sein väterlich Haus,  
Die Blumen, die pflanzt' er  
Der Liebe zum Strauss,

Storms rage mightily  
Over the land.

With the racing clouds,  
There the bird flies,  
And in a distant land  
Sings a homely song.  
So is the young man urged  
In forest and field  
To match his mother,  
The journeying earth.

Birds greet him,  
Over the sea, as friends,  
Flown from the fields  
Of his native land;  
The scent of flowers  
Around him he knows,  
Brought from that land they were,  
By the winds.

Those birds, they know  
His father's house.  
Those flowers he grew once  
For his love's bouquets,

Und Liebe, die folgt ihm,  
Sie geht ihm zur Hand:  
So wird ihm zur Heimat  
Das ferneste Land.

#### No. 4 Erstes Grün

Du junges Grün, du frisches Gras!  
Wie manches Herz durch dich genas,  
Das von des Winters Schnee erkrankt,  
O wie mein Herz nach dir verlangt!

Schon wächst du aus der Erde Nacht,  
Wie dir mein Aug' entgegen lacht!  
Hier in des Waldes stillem Grund  
Drück ich dich, Grün, an Herz und Mund.

Wie treibt's mich von den Menschen fort!  
Mein Leid das hebt kein Menschenwort,  
Nur junges Grün, ans Herz gelegt  
Macht, dass mein Herze stiller schlägt.

And love, it follows him,  
Is always to hand:  
Thus a home to him  
Is the most distant land.

#### First green

Young green, fresh grass,  
How many a heart you have healed  
That fell ill from winter's snow,  
How great my heart's desire for you!

Already from earth's night you grow,  
How my eye laughs to greet you!  
Here, in the forest's silent depths,  
You, green, I press to heart, to lips.

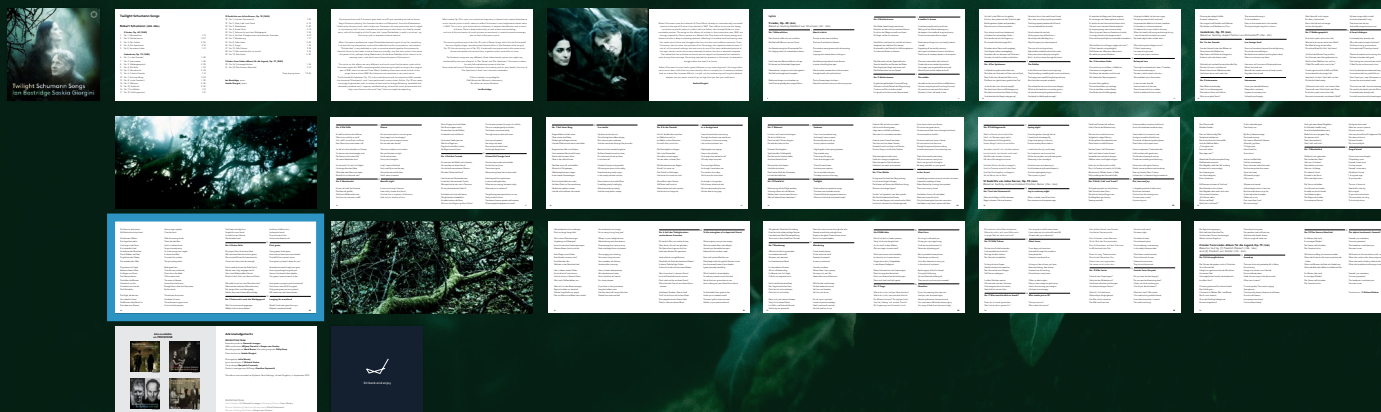
How great my urge to quit humankind!  
No human word will lift my grief,  
Only green grass, put to my heart,  
Will make my heart beat calmer.

#### No. 5 Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend

Wär' ich nie aus euch gegangen,  
Wälder, hehr und wunderbar!

#### Longing for woodland

Would I had never gone from you,  
Majestic, wondrous forest!





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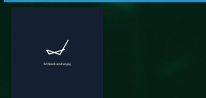
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Hieltet liebend mich umfagen  
Doch so lange, lange Jahr!

Wo in euren Dämmerungen  
Vogelsang und Silberquell,  
Ist auch manches Lied entsprungen  
Meinem Busen, frisch und hell.

Euer Wogen, euer Hallen,  
Euer Säuseln nimmer müd',  
Eure Melodien alle  
Weckten in der Brust das Lied.

Hier in diesen weiten Triften  
Ist mir alles öd' und stumm,  
Und ich schau in blauen Lüften  
Mich nach Wolkenbildern um.

Wenn ihr's in den Busen zwinget,  
Regt sich selten nur das Lied:  
Wie der Vogel halb nur singet,  
Den von Baum und Blatt man schied.

You embraced me lovingly  
For so many a long, long year!

Where, in your twilight places,  
Was birdsong and silver stream,  
There sprang also many a song  
Fresh and bright from my breast.

Your surging, your echoing,  
Your never-tiring murmur,  
Your melodies, all of them,  
Awoke within me song.

Here, in these wide pastures,  
All is desolate and mute,  
And in the blue air I search  
For cloudy shapes.

If you force it into your breast,  
Song but seldom stirs:  
Like the mere half-song of the bird  
Parted from tree and leaf.

## No. 6 Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes

Du herrlich Glas, nun stehst du leer,  
Glas, das er oft mit Lust gehoben;  
Die Spinne hat rings um dich her  
Indes den düstren Flor gewoben.

Jetzt sollst du mir gefüllet sein  
Mondhell mit Gold der deutschen Reben!  
In deiner Tiefe heil'gen Schein  
Schau ich hinab mit frommem Beben.

Was ich erschau' in deinem Grund  
Ist nicht Gewöhnlichen zu nennen.  
Doch wird mir klar zu dieser Stund',  
Wie nichts den Freund vom Freund kann  
trennen.

Auf diesen Glauben, Glas so hold!  
Trink' ich dich aus mit hohem Mute.  
Klar spiegelt sich der Sterne Gold,  
Pokal, in deinem teuren Blute!

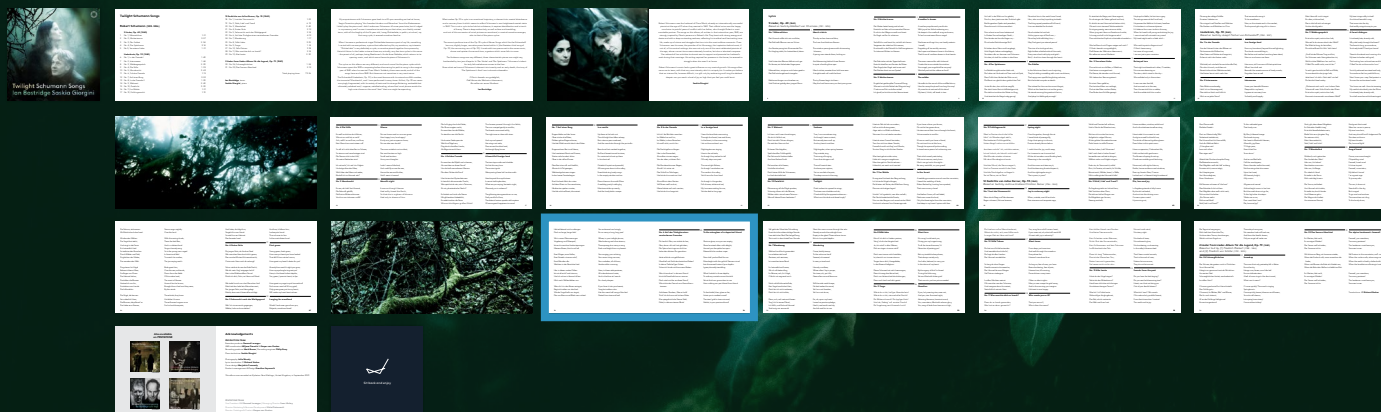
## To the wineglass of a departed friend

Glorious glass, now you are empty,  
Glass he raised often with delight;  
Around you the spider has spun  
Meanwhile his sombre crape.

Now shall you be filled for me  
Moonbright with the gold of German vines!  
Into the sacred lustre of your depths  
I gaze, devoutly trembling.

What I behold in those depths,  
To ordinary mortals cannot be told.  
Yet at this hour grows clear to me  
How nothing can part friend from friend.

To that belief, then, glass so fair,  
I drain you in exalted mood!  
The stars' gold is clear mirrored,  
Goblet, in your precious blood!



Still geht der Mond das Tal entlang.  
Ernst tönt die mitternächte Stunde.  
Leer steht das Glas! Der heilige Klang  
Tönt nach in dem kristall'nen Grunde

### No. 7 Wanderung

Wohlauf und frisch gewandert  
Ins unbekannte Land!  
Zerrissen, ach zerrissen,  
Ist manches teure Band.

Ihr heimatlichen Kreuze,  
Wo ich oft betend lag,  
Ihr Bäume, ach, ihr Hügel,  
O blickt mir segnend nach.

Noch schläft die weite Erde,  
Kein Vogel weckt den Hain,  
Doch bin ich nicht verlassen,  
Doch bin ich nicht allein,

Denn, ach, auf meinem Herzen  
Trag' ich ihr teures Pfand,  
Ich fühl's, und Erd und Himmel  
Sind innig mir verwandt

Silent the moon moves through the vale.  
Gravely sounds the midnight hour.  
Empty is the glass! Those solemn tones  
Echo in its crystal depths.

### Wandering

Come, briskly tramp  
To the unknown land!  
Severed, ah severed  
Is many a true bond.

Homely crucifixes,  
Where often I lay in prayer,  
You trees, ah, you hills,  
Gaze after me and bless me.

Still the wide world sleeps,  
No bird wakes the wood,  
Yet I am not forsaken,  
Yet I am not alone,

For, ah, upon my heart  
I wear her precious pledge,  
I feel it, and earth and sky  
Are kith and kin to me.

### No. 8 Stille Liebe

Könnt' ich dich in Liedern preisen,  
Säng' ich dir das längste Lied.  
Ja, ich würd' in allen Weisen,  
Dich zu singen nimmer müd'!

Doch was immer mich betrübte,  
Ist, dass ich nur immer stumm  
Tragen kann dich, Herzgeliebte,  
In des Busens Heiligtum.

Dieser Schmerz hat mich bezwungen,  
Dass ich sang dies kleine Lied,  
Doch von bitterm Leid durchdrungen,  
Dass noch kein's auf dich geriet.

### No. 9 Frage

Wärst du nicht, heil'ger Abendschein!  
Wärst du nicht, sternerhellte Nacht!  
Du Blütenschmuck! Du üpp'ger Hain!  
Und du, Gebirg' voll ernster Pracht!  
Du Vogelsang aus Himmeln hoch!

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### Silent love

If in song I could extol you,  
I'd sing you my longest song.  
To all the tunes there are, I'd  
Never tire of praising you!

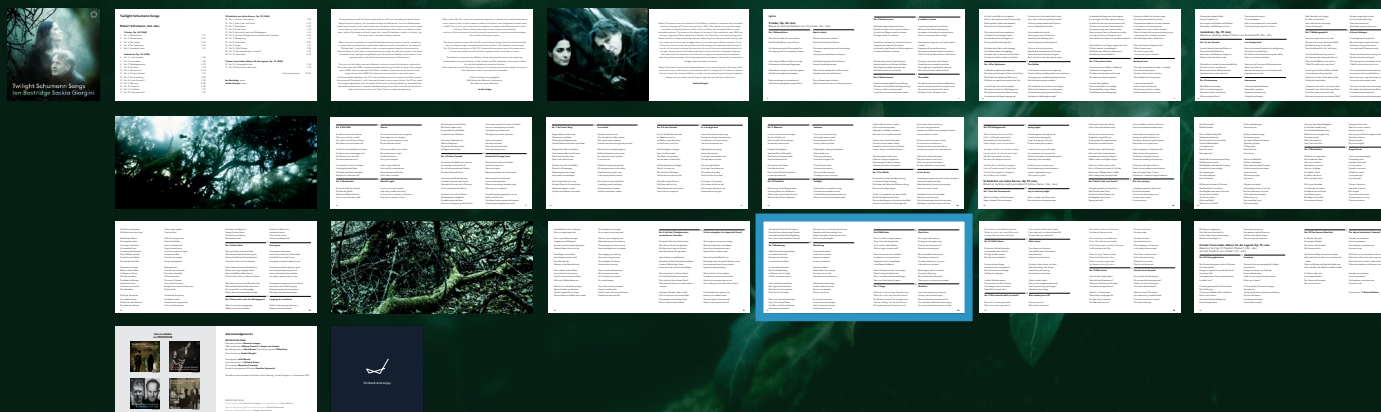
But my trouble's always been,  
That always mutely only  
Am I able, beloved, to carry you  
In the shrine of my heart.

By the agony of this I'm forced  
To sing this little song,  
Yet am filled with bitter grief  
That none to you has yet succeeded.

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### Question

If you, holy evening star, were not,  
And you, star-illuminated night,  
Adorning blossoms, luxuriant wood,  
You, mountains, filled with solemn glory,  
You, song of birds from heaven on high,



Du Lied aus voller Menschenbrust,  
Wärst du nicht, ach, was füllte noch  
In arger Zeit ein Herz mit Lust?

### No. 10 Stille Tränen

Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden  
Und wandelst durch die Au',  
Da liegt ob allen Landen  
Der Himmel wunderblau.

So lang du ohne Sorgen  
Geschlummert schmerzenlos,  
Der Himmel bis zum Morgen  
Viel Tränen niedergoss.

In stillen Nächten weinet  
Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,  
Und morgens dann ihr meinet,  
Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

### No. 11 Wer machte dich so krank?

Dass du so krank geworden,  
Wer hat es denn gemacht?

You, song from a full human heart,  
If you were not, ah, what still would fill  
A heart with joy in adversity?

### Silent tears

From sleep you have risen  
And walk through the meadow.  
Everywhere lies  
Heaven's wondrous blue.

As long as, free of care, you have  
Been slumbering, free of pain,  
Heaven has, till morning,  
Poured down many tears.

Often on silent nights  
Many a man weeps his grief away,  
And in the morning you imagine  
His heart is ever happy.

### Who made you so ill?

That you are so ill,  
Who is then the cause?

Kein kühler Hauch aus Norden  
Und keine Sternennacht.

Kein Schatten unter Bäumen,  
Nicht Glut des Sonnenstrahls,  
Kein Schlummern und kein Träumen  
Im Blütenbett des Tals.

Dass ich trag' Todeswunden,  
Das ist der Menschen Tun;  
Natur liess mich gesunden,  
Sie lassen mich nicht ruhn.

### No. 12 Alte Laute

Hörst du den Vogel singen?  
Siehst du den Blütenbaum?  
Herz! kann dich das nicht bringen  
Aus deinem bangen Traum?

Was hör' ich? alte Laute  
Wehmüt'ger Jünglingsbrust,  
Der Zeit, als ich vertraute  
Der Welt und ihrer Lust.

No cool north wind,  
No starry night.

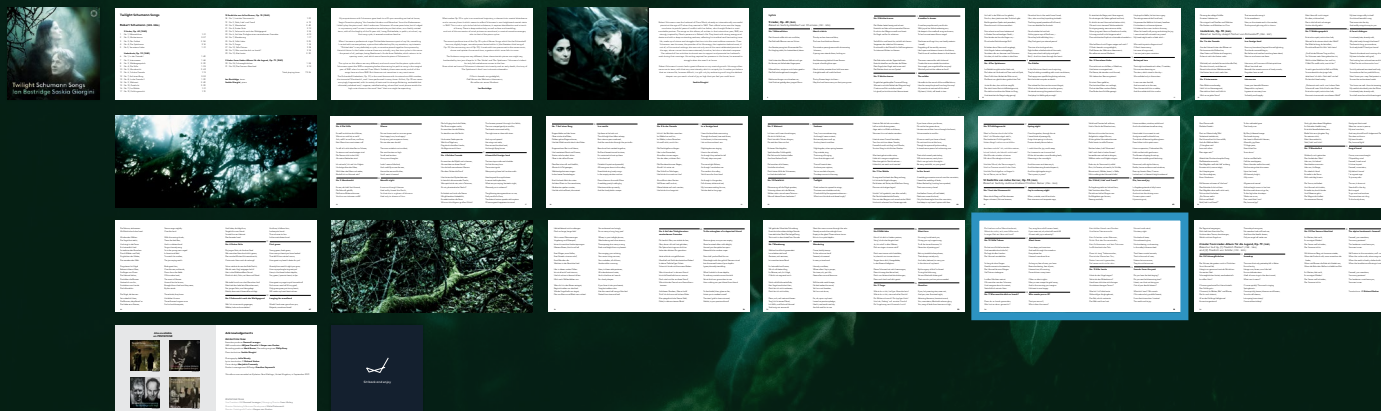
No shade of trees,  
No sunbeam's glow,  
No slumbering, no dreaming  
In the valley's blossom bed.

That I bear mortal wounds,  
That is the work of men;  
Nature let me recover,  
They do not let me rest.

### Sounds from the past

Do you hear the bird singing?  
Do you see the blossoming tree?  
Heart, can that not bring you  
Out of your fearful dream?

What do I hear? Old sounds  
Of a melancholy youthful breast,  
From that time when I trusted  
The world and its joy.



Die Tage sind vergangen,  
Mich heilt kein Kraut der Flur;  
Und aus dem Traum, dem bängen,  
Weckt mich ein Engel nur.

Those days have gone,  
No meadow herb will heal me;  
And from the fearful dream,  
Only an angel will wake me.

## 2 Lieder from Lieder-Album für die Jugend, Op. 79 (1849)

Based on text by (1) Friedrich Rückert (1788 - 1866)  
and (2) Friedrich von Schiller (1759 - 1805)

### No. 26 Schneeglöckchen

Der Schnee, der gestern noch in Flöckchen  
Vom Himmel fiel,  
Hängt nun geronnen heut als Glöckchen  
Am zarten Stiel.  
Schneeglöckchen läutet, was bedeutet's  
Im stillen Hain?

O komm geschwind! Im Haine läutet's  
Den Frühling ein.  
O kommt, ihr Blätter, Blüt' und Blume,  
Die ihr noch träumt,  
All zu des Frühlings Heiligtume!  
Kommt ungesäumt!

### Snowdrop

The snow that only yesterday fell in flakes  
From the sky,  
Hangs now, frozen, as a little bell  
From a delicate stem.  
A bell of snow rings in the silent wood,  
What can it mean?

O come quickly! The wood is ringing  
Springtime in.  
Come quickly, leaves, blossom and flowers,  
You who still dream,  
Into spring's sanctuary!  
Come without delay!

### No. 22 Des Sennen Abschied

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,  
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!  
Der Senne muß scheiden,  
Der Sommer ist hin.

Wir fahren zu Berg, wir kommen wieder,  
Wenn der Kuckuck ruft, wenn erwachen die  
Lieder,  
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet neu,  
Wenn die Brunnlein fließen im lieblichen Mai.

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,  
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!  
Der Senne muß scheiden,  
Der Sommer ist hin.

31

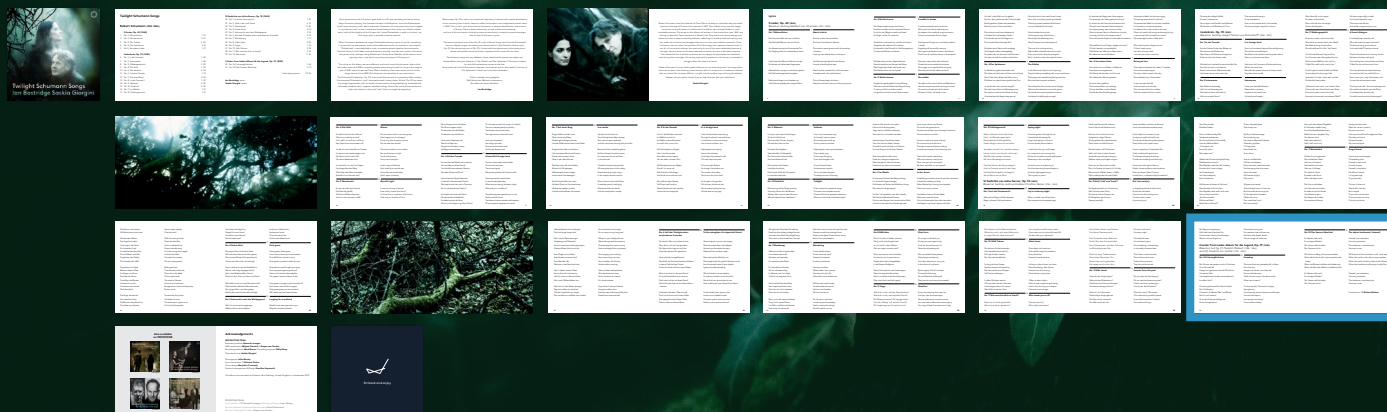
### The alpine herdsman's farewell

Farewell, you meadows,  
You sunny pastures!  
The herdsman must leave you,  
Summer is over.

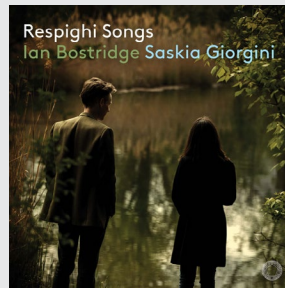
We'll return to the mountains, we'll come again,  
When the cuckoo calls, when songs awaken,  
When the earth is freshly clothed with flowers,  
When the brooklets are flowing in lovely May.

Farewell, you meadows,  
You sunny pastures!  
The herdsman must leave you,  
Summer is over.

Translations: © Richard Stokes



### Also available on PENTATONE



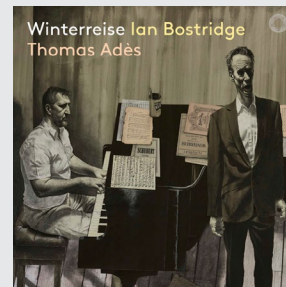
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### Acknowledgements

#### PRODUCTION TEAM

Executive producer **Renaud Loranger**

A&R coordinators **Miljana Parcetic & Kasper van Kooten**

Recording producer **Mark Brown** | Recording engineer **Philip Siney**

Piano technician **Saskia Giorgini**

Photography **Julia Wesely**

Lyrics translation © **Richard Stokes**

Cover design **Marjolein Coenrady**

Product management & Design **Karolina Szymanik**

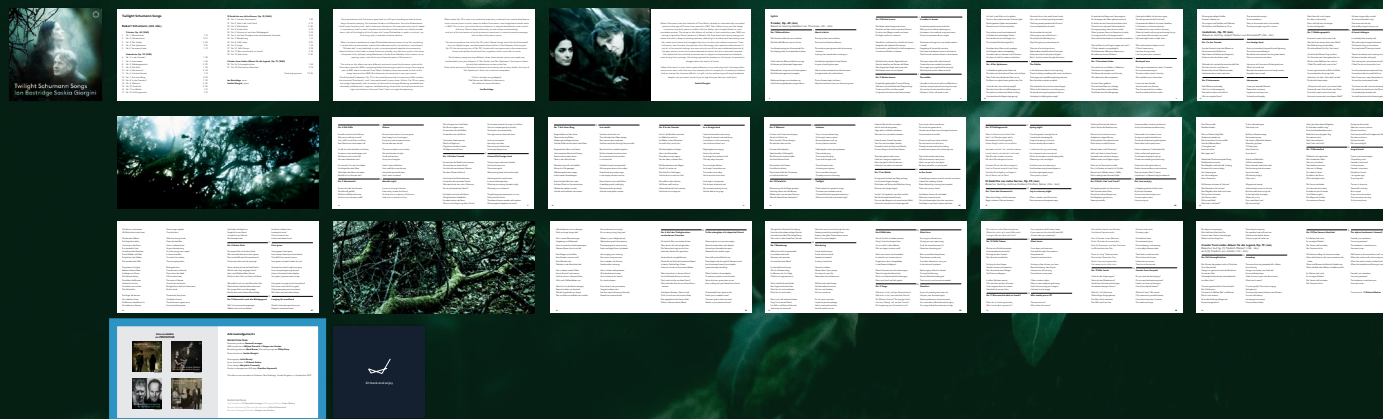
*This album was recorded at Alpheton New Maltings, United Kingdom, in September 2023.*

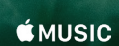
#### PENTATONE TEAM

Vice President A&R **Renaud Loranger** | Managing Director **Sean Hickey**

Director Marketing & Business Development **Silvia Pietrosanti**

Director Catalogue & Product **Kasper van Kooten**



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Between 1970 and 1980, the rate of adoption of the electronic circuit board in manufacturing increased exponentially from 10 percent to 90 percent (1980). This adoption was driven by the desire to reduce the size of the circuit board, to increase the number of components that could be placed on the board, and to reduce the cost of the board. The electronic circuit board was also used in the design of the circuit board, to reduce the size of the board, to increase the number of components that could be placed on the board, and to reduce the cost of the board. The electronic circuit board was also used in the design of the circuit board, to reduce the size of the board, to increase the number of components that could be placed on the board, and to reduce the cost of the board.

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| 1.1.1.1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                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<p>1.1.1.2.12</p> <p>1.1.1.2.13</p> <p>1.1.1.2.14</p> <p>1.1.1.2.15</p> <p>1.1.1.2.16</p> <p>1.1.1.2.17</p> <p>1.1.1.2.18</p> <p>1.1.1.2.19</p> <p>1.1.1.2.20</p> <p>1.1.1.2.21</p> <p>1.1.1.2.22</p> <p>1.1.1.2.23</p> <p>1.1.1.2.24</p> <p>1.1.1.2.25</p> <p>1.1.1.2.26</p> <p>1.1.1.2.27</p> <p>1.1.1.2.28</p> <p>1.1.1.2.29</p> <p>1.1.1.2.30</p> <p>1.1.1.2.31</p> <p>1.1.1.2.32</p> <p>1.1.1.2.33</p> <p>1.1.1.2.34</p> <p>1.1.1.2.35</p> <p>1.1.1.2.36</p> <p>1.1.1.2.37</p> <p>1.1.1.2.38</p> <p>1.1.1.2.39</p> <p>1.1.1.2.40</p> <p>1.1.1.2.41</p> <p>1.1.1.2.42</p> <p>1.1.1.2.43</p> <p>1.1.1.2.44</p> <p>1.1.1.2.45</p> <p>1.1.1.2.46</p> <p>1.1.1.2.47</p> <p>1.1.1.2.48</p> <p>1.1.1.2.49</p> <p>1.1.1.2.50</p> <p>1.1.1.2.51</p> <p>1.1.1.2.52</p> <p>1.1.1.2.53</p> <p>1.1.1.2.54</p> <p>1.1.1.2.55</p> <p>1.1.1.2.56</p> <p>1.1.1.2.57</p> <p>1.1.1.2.58</p> <p>1.1.1.2.59</p> <p>1.1.1.2.60</p> <p>1.1.1.2.61</p> <p>1.1.1.2.62</p> <p>1.1.1.2.63</p> <p>1.1.1.2.64</p> <p>1.1.1.2.65</p> <p>1.1.1.2.66</p> <p>1.1.1.2.67</p> <p>1.1.1.2.68</p> <p>1.1.1.2.69</p> <p>1.1.1.2.70</p> <p>1.1.1.2.71</p> <p>1.1.1.2.72</p> <p>1.1.1.2.73</p> <p>1.1.1.2.74</p> <p>1.1.1.2.75</p> <p>1.1.1.2.76</p> <p>1.1.1.2.77</p> <p>1.1.1.2.78</p> <p>1.1.1.2.79</p> <p>1.1.1.2.80</p> <p>1.1.1.2.81</p> <p>1.1.1.2.82</p> <p>1.1.1.2.83</p> <p>1.1.1.2.84</p> <p>1.1.1.2.85</p> <p>1.1.1.2.86</p> <p>1.1.1.2.87</p> <p>1.1.1.2.88</p> <p>1.1.1.2.89</p> <p>1.1.1.2.90</p> <p>1.1.1.2.91</p> <p>1.1.1.2.92</p> <p>1.1.1.2.93</p> <p>1.1.1.2.94</p> <p>1.1.1.2.95</p> <p>1.1.1.2.96</p> <p>1.1.1.2.97</p> <p>1.1.1.2.98</p> <p>1.1.1.2.99</p> <p>1.1.1.2.100</p> | <p>1.1.1.3.1</p> <p>1.1.1.3.2</p> <p>1.1.1.3.3</p> <p>1.1.1.3.4</p> <p>1.1.1.3.5</p> <p>1.1.1.3.6</p> <p>1.1.1.3.7</p> <p>1.1.1.3.8</p> <p>1.1.1.3.9</p> <p>1.1.1.3.10</p> <p>1.1.1.3.11</p> <p>1.1.1.3.12</p> <p>1.1.1.3.13</p> <p>1.1.1.3.14</p> <p>1.1.1.3.15</p> <p>1.1.1.3.16</p> <p>1.1.1.3.17</p> <p>1.1.1.3.18</p> <p>1.1.1.3.19</p> <p>1.1.1.3.20</p> <p>1.1.1.3.21</p> <p>1.1.1.3.22</p> <p>1.1.1.3.23</p> <p>1.1.1.3.24</p> <p>1.1.1.3.25</p> <p>1.1.1.3.26</p> <p>1.1.1.3.27</p> <p>1.1.1.3.28</p> <p>1.1.1.3.29</p> <p>1.1.1.3.30</p> <p>1.1.1.3.31</p> <p>1.1.1.3.32</p> <p>1.1.1.3.33</p> <p>1.1.1.3.34</p> <p>1.1.1.3.35</p> <p>1.1.1.3.36</p> <p>1.1.1.3.37</p> <p>1.1.1.3.38</p> <p>1.1.1.3.39</p> <p>1.1.1.3.40</p> <p>1.1.1.3.41</p> <p>1.1.1.3.42</p> <p>1.1.1.3.43</p> <p>1.1.1.3.44</p> <p>1.1.1.3.45</p> <p>1.1.1.3.46</p> <p>1.1.1.3.47</p> <p>1.1.1.3.48</p> <p>1.1.1.3.49</p> <p>1.1.1.3.50</p> <p>1.1.1.3.51</p> <p>1.1.1.3.52</p> <p>1.1.1.3.53</p> <p>1.1.1.3.54</p> <p>1.1.1.3.55</p> <p>1.1.1.3.56</p> <p>1.1.1.3.57</p> <p>1.1.1.3.58</p> <p>1.1.1.3.59</p> <p>1.1.1.3.60</p> <p>1.1.1.3.61</p> <p>1.1.1.3.62</p> <p>1.1.1.3.63</p> <p>1.1.1.3.64</p> <p>1.1.1.3.65</p> <p>1.1.1.3.66</p> <p>1.1.1.3.67</p> <p>1.1.1.3.68</p> <p>1.1.1.3.69</p> <p>1.1.1.3.70</p> <p>1.1.1.3.71</p> <p>1.1.1.3.72</p> <p>1.1.1.3.73</p> <p>1.1.1.3.74</p> <p>1.1.1.3.75</p> <p>1.1.1.3.76</p> <p>1.1.1.3.77</p> <p>1.1.1.3.78</p> <p>1.1.1.3.79</p> <p>1.1.1.3.80</p> <p>1.1.1.3.81</p> <p>1.1.1.3.82</p> <p>1.1.1.3.83</p> <p>1.1.1.3.84</p> <p>1.1.1.3.85</p> <p>1.1.1.3.86</p> <p>1.1.1.3.87</p> <p>1.1.1.3.88</p> <p>1.1.1.3.89</p> <p>1.1.1.3.90</p> <p>1.1.1.3.91</p> <p>1.1.1.3.92</p> <p>1.1.1.3.93</p> <p>1.1.1.3.94</p> <p>1.1.1.3.95</p> <p>1.1.1.3.96</p> <p>1.1.1.3.97</p> <p>1.1.1.3.98</p> <p>1.1.1.3.99</p> <p>1.1.1.3.100</p> | <p>1.1.1.4.1</p> <p>1.1.1.4.2</p> <p>1.1.1.4.3</p> <p>1.1.1.4.4</p> <p>1.1.1.4.5</p> <p>1.1.1.4.6</p> <p>1.1.1.4.7</p> <p>1.1.1.4.8</p> <p>1.1.1.4.9</p> <p>1.1.1.4.10</p> <p>1.1.1.4.11</p> <p>1.1.1.4.12</p> <p>1.1.1.4.13</p> <p>1.1.1.4.14</p> <p>1.1.1.4.15</p> <p>1.1.1.4.16</p> <p>1.1.1.4.17</p> <p>1.1.1.4.18</p> <p>1.1.1.4.19</p> <p>1.1.1.4.20</p> <p>1.1.1.4.21</p> <p>1.1.1.4.22</p> <p>1.1.1.4.23</p> <p>1.1.1.4.24</p> <p>1.1.1.4.25</p> <p>1.1.1.4.26</p> <p>1.1.1.4.27</p> <p>1.1.1.4.28</p> <p>1.1.1.4.29</p> <p>1.1.1.4.30</p> <p>1.1.1.4.31</p> <p>1.1.1.4.32</p> <p>1.1.1.4.33</p> <p>1.1.1.4.34</p> <p>1.1.1.4.35</p> <p>1.1.1.4.36</p> <p>1.1.1.4.37</p> <p>1.1.1.4.38</p> <p>1.1.1.4.39</p> <p>1.1.1.4.40</p> <p>1.1.1.4.41</p> <p>1.1.1.4.42</p> <p>1.1.1.4.43</p> <p>1.1.1.4.44</p> <p>1.1.1.4.45</p> <p>1.1.1.4.46</p> <p>1.1.1.4.47</p> <p>1.1.1.4.48</p> <p>1.1.1.4.49</p> <p>1.1.1.4.50</p> <p>1.1.1.4.51</p> <p>1.1.1.4.52</p> <p>1.1.1.4.53</p> <p>1.1.1.4.54</p> <p>1.1.1.4.55</p> <p>1.1.1.4.56</p> <p>1.1.1.4.57</p> <p>1.1.1.4.58</p> <p>1.1.1.4.59</p> <p>1.1.1.4.60</p> <p>1.1.1.4.61</p> <p>1.1.1.4.62</p> <p>1.1.1.4.63</p> <p>1.1.1.4.64</p> <p>1.1.1.4.65</p> <p>1.1.1.4.66</p> <p>1.1.1.4.67</p> <p>1.1.1.4.68</p> <p>1.1.1.4.69</p> <p>1.1.1.4.70</p> <p>1.1.1.4.71</p> <p>1.1.1.4.72</p> <p>1.1.1.4.73</p> <p>1.1.1.4.74</p> <p>1.1.1.4.75</p> <p>1.1.1.4.76</p> <p>1.1.1.4.77</p> <p>1.1.1.4.78</p> <p>1.1.1.4.79</p> <p>1.1.1.4.80</p> <p>1.1.1.4.81</p> <p>1.1.1.4.82</p> <p>1.1.1.4.83</p> <p>1.1.1.4.84</p> <p>1.1.1.4.85</p> <p>1.1.1.4.86</p> 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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>It's going to be a long time before we can say that we have a new paradigm in the way we think about the world. But we are beginning to see the outlines of a new paradigm, and that is a very exciting prospect.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <p>But we are beginning to see the outlines of a new paradigm, and that is a very exciting prospect.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <p>But we are beginning to see the outlines of a new paradigm, and that is a very exciting prospect.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| <p><b>1. The new paradigm</b></p> <p>The new paradigm is a new way of thinking about the world. It is a way of thinking that is based on the idea that the world is not a collection of separate, isolated objects, but rather a collection of interconnected, interdependent objects. This new way of thinking is based on the idea that the world is a complex, interconnected system, and that we need to understand the world as a whole, rather than as a collection of separate parts.</p> | <p><b>2. The new paradigm</b></p> <p>The new paradigm is a new way of thinking about the world. It is a way of thinking that is based on the idea that the world is not a collection of separate, isolated objects, but rather a collection of interconnected, interdependent objects. This new way of thinking is based on the idea that the world is a complex, interconnected system, and that we need to understand the world as a whole, rather than as a collection of separate parts.</p> | <p><b>3. The new paradigm</b></p> <p>The new paradigm is a new way of thinking about the world. It is a way of thinking that is based on the idea that the world is not a collection of separate, isolated objects, but rather a collection of interconnected, interdependent objects. This new way of thinking is based on the idea that the world is a complex, interconnected system, and that we need to understand the world as a whole, rather than as a collection of separate parts.</p> |

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| <p>1. Do you remember<br/>         the first time you<br/>         saw a person like<br/>         this?</p> <p>2. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>3. What did you<br/>         think about it?</p> <p>4. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>5. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>6. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>7. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>8. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>9. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>10. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> | <p>1. Do you remember<br/>         the first time you<br/>         saw a person like<br/>         this?</p> <p>2. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>3. What did you<br/>         think about it?</p> <p>4. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>5. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>6. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>7. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>8. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>9. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>10. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> | <p>1. Do you remember<br/>         the first time you<br/>         saw a person like<br/>         this?</p> <p>2. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>3. What did you<br/>         think about it?</p> <p>4. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>5. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>6. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>7. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>8. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>9. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>10. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> | <p>1. Do you remember<br/>         the first time you<br/>         saw a person like<br/>         this?</p> <p>2. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>3. What did you<br/>         think about it?</p> <p>4. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>5. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>6. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>7. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>8. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> <p>9. How did you<br/>         feel about it?</p> <p>10. How did you<br/>         react to it?</p> |
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