



# Michael Finnissy Alternative Readings

Marsyas Trio  
Lotte Betts-Dean  
Joseph Havlat



**métier**

## Michael Finnissy – Alternative Readings

1.	Alternative Readings - 2002 (live version)	7:03
	Oxford in 1817, I (1966-67)	
2.	I–	1:12
3.	II–	1:03
4.	III–	1:21
5.	Botany Bay (1983 / 1989)	4:24
6.	Blessed be I (1992)	3:00
7.	Blessed be III (1996)	4:10
8.	Wisdom (2020)	21:50
9.	Salomé I (2003-4)	3:40
10.	Salomé II (2003 / 2021)	3:25
	June (2013)	
11.	I–	2:27
12.	II–	3:37
	An den Mond (2021-2)	
13.	I–	3:51
14.	II–	5:56
15.	III–	2:38
16.	Alternative Readings (studio version)	7:08

Total playing time 76:27

Lotte Betts-Dean, mezzo soprano – tracks 2-10; 13-15  
Helen Vidovich, flute – tracks 1, 5, 7, 11-12, 16; alto flute – track 8  
Valerie Welbanks, cello – tracks 1, 5-6; 8, 11-12, 16  
Olga Stezhko, piano – tracks 1, 6-8; 11-12; 16  
Joseph Havlat, piano – tracks 2-4; 9-10, 13-15

All tracks recorded in February 2021, December 2022 & January 2023 at Goldsmiths Music Studios, London.

Nick Powell, Recording Engineer – all tracks  
Nick Powell, Mixing Engineer – tracks 1, 8, 16  
Nick Powell, Editing – track 8  
Pete Furniss, Producer – track 8  
Richard Jones, Producer – tracks 2-7; track 8 ending; tracks 9-15  
Richard Jones, Editing – tracks 2-7; tracks 9-15  
James Creed, Editing Assistant – track 5  
Myles Eastwood (Eastwood Records), Mixing & Mastering – all tracks  
Julia-Anna Simonchuk – Cover art design  
Helen Vidovich – CD booklet & liner notes  
Michael Finnissy – Programme notes  
Marsyas Trio – Executive Producers

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Joseph Havlat © Ella Pavlides

## Michael Finnissy

Michael Finnissy is undisputedly one of the most important composers of his generation. Born in London in 1946, he has received several British Composer Awards, taught at the Royal Academy of Music (London), the universities of Sussex and Leuven (Belgium) and is Emeritus Professor at the University of Southampton. He was President of the International Society for Contemporary Music (now an Honorary Member) and recently received a once-in-a-lifetime commission from the Koussevitzky Foundation. Finnissy respects the past while looking to the future; he does not segregate idioms, allowing seemingly disparate forms to live side-by-side, taking inspiration from the world around him and 'borrowing' freely from preexisting musical sources. His music engages with and challenges socio-political norms, reflecting his belief that a composition exists within a culture and that music can be a force for change.

Finnissy's open-minded approach to his art is perhaps the key ingredient in making his voice so powerful. He has always gone his own way, even since early childhood when he instinctively reached for *all* the piano keys, to the dismay of his first piano teacher. "The piano was just an adventure playground for me!" Finnissy's intuitive methods have been fundamental to his work throughout his career. He often took inspiration from the visual arts and experimental filmmakers for aesthetics and structure. In college, his composition teacher was surprised that he did not differentiate between diatonic, serial or microtonal harmonies, with an ability to seamlessly weave from one 'system' to another.

The voice has been a significant part of Finnissy's musical expression throughout his life. Vocal writing is not limited to the art of the singer, however, and extends to his approach to instrumental music. Ultimately, it is the pursuit of line in Finnissy's music that links so much of what he writes to the voice, bringing a strong sense of humanity to all of his music. A prolific output of several hundred works – music that synthesises an array of musical idioms and world folk music, assimilating his vast knowledge of literature, poetry, visual art, graphic design, dance, theatre and cinema; and an individuality that defies labels – this is the incredible achievement of Finnissy's life's work (so far!). "Composing is about insight and imagination; illumination. I'm attracted to metaphysics and mysticism, to the inexplicable."

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The London-based **Marsyas Trio** is formed of Australian flautist **Helen Vidovich**, Canadian cellist **Valerie Welbanks** and Belarusian pianist **Olga Stezhko**, all graduates of the Royal Academy of Music. The ensemble's mission is to revive a forgotten canon of repertoire from the Classical era, whilst inspiring a generation of new works through commissioning and recording projects. The trio's members perform internationally with career highlights at Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Royal Albert Hall, Sydney Opera House, Conway Hall, the Barbican, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and BBC Radio 3. Past albums include *A Triple Portrait* (Meridian Records 2015) and *In the Theatre of Air* (NMC Recordings 2018). The Marsyas Trio are passionate cross-art collaborators and educators with a portfolio including multimedia projects and outreach projects for children and teenagers across the UK. They are Artist By-Fellows at Churchill College, University of Cambridge (2022-24) and FUAM Ensemble in Residence at Leeds University (2024-25).

**Lotte Betts-Dean** is an Australian mezzo soprano based in the UK. Praised by the Guardian for her "irrepressible sense of drama and unmissable, urgent musicality", Lotte is equally at home in chamber music, art song, contemporary repertoire of all kinds, early music, opera and narration. Lotte was elected as Associate of the Royal Academy of Music (ARAM) in 2022, after completing an MA with Distinction in 2016. She previously completed a BMus at Melbourne University Conservatorium. In opera, Lotte's credits include the Grand Théâtre de Genève, Bayerische Staatsoper and State Opera of South Australia, among others, and she is a regular at festivals across the UK, Europe and Australia, including Aldeburgh, Oxford Song, Leeds Lieder, St Magnus, Cheltenham, Buxton, West Cork, Musica Sacra Maastricht, Festspiele Mecklenburg-Vorpommern and Australian Festival of Chamber Music. Lotte has also recorded for Delphian Records, NAXOS, Tall Poppies and BIS. Lotte is represented worldwide by Rayfield Allied.

**Joseph Havlat** is a pianist and composer from Hobart, Australia, based in London, working as a soloist and chamber musician for music very new, very old and some things in between. He is a leading interpreter of new music, having collaborated with such composers as Hans Abrahamsen, John Adams, Thomas Adès, Gerald Barry, Brett Dean, Sir Harrison Birtwistle, Michael Finnissy and Thomas Larcher. As a chamber musician he has performed with William Bennett, James Ehnes, Steven Isserlis, Katalin Károlyi and Jack Liebeck, alongside regular duo partners Lotte Betts-Dean and Charlotte Saluste-Bridoux. His work as a composer also influences him as a programmer, with a strong interest in the structure and narrative of a concert event. He likes ferns.

"Music is still such a mystery to me. It works, but how?" – Michael Finnissy, March 2023

How can we interpret music, the written word, speech, a literary concept, an image; how can we 'see' what is written on the page by a composer... Is it possible to glimpse the inner mind of another, understand and communicate their ideas to an audience? These are the questions I ask myself, as a performer – as a vehicle for 'other people's music'. Who does the music belong to anyway?

In conversations with Michael Finnissy, I'm struck by how deep his thinking goes, how his philosophical and spiritual curiosity influences and informs what and how he writes. How his music is not only intellectual but also so human and at the same time other-worldly. What I've learned most from working with Michael is that there is no right way. Each performer must find their own way into the music – a path that isn't always easy or clearly defined. We each hear 'the notes' differently, contributing part of ourselves to that particular day's version. Michael seemingly revels in the possibilities (and potential anarchy) that a performer brings to his music.

"What interests me is people – what people feel, what they say, how they express themselves."

The album's centrepiece is the substantial work for voice and trio *Wisdom*, commissioned by the Marsyas Trio during the 2020 lockdown. The pandemic was a shock to us all, and yet an opportunity to refresh and renew, to question how we all communicate – not least as musicians. Written for Lotte Betts-Dean and the Marsyas Trio, *Wisdom* reflects a moment in time, as well as being timeless; the piece was a chance to say something collectively about the scenario we all found ourselves in – a dialogue on isolation and connectivity.

Michael's interest in us as people, what we were each doing to get through it, and what we were listening to, is reflected in his choice of musical and literary references: texts by famous historic people in isolation, Beethoven's last Piano Sonata, Eastern European folk music. The title references E. M. Forster's book 'Alexandria' in which the messenger *Sophia* ('wisdom' in Greek) is the otherworldly presence giving guidance to humans, bridging the gulf between us and a spiritual world. The piece explores, in seven scenes, how each character deals with and solves, alternatively, the universal human conditions of solitude and abandonment.

There is a symmetry on this album which fans out from the centrepiece *Wisdom* – sets of songs and song cycles in chronological order, bookended by two versions of the chamber work for flute, cello and piano, *Alternative Readings*. The two versions, recorded on the same day in the same studio by the same musicians, are unedited, 'real' performances. The studio version was recorded by the Marsyas Trio in isolation, a human experiment in how much physical communication influences a piece of music. The resultant 'readings' are surprisingly different, prompting conversation about the intuitive, intimate, non-verbal communication which develops between players who spend their life performing together.

Different and beautiful are the two interpretations of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, the alternate settings of the Salomé texts and Goethe's poetry. Each song presents a juxtaposition of some sort, an alternate way of viewing the same character or scene. Humanist themes link every work on the album. Even the instrumental work *June* reflects on human character and the individuality of experience within a collective; the individual parts move somewhat independently so that each player has "a different adventure and journey through the piece." Michael's comment about seeing nuns moving together in groups struck a particular chord: "they move serenely and slowly but in different tempi. So, they are never walking through the space in the same time but they are moving in the same spirit".

This feels like the whole point of playing music, each player and each listener is free. This album links us to the past and present, immersed in the spoken, written and aural traditions of distant cultures spanning centuries, all the while feeling a sense of the commonality of all humans.

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## Programme Notes

I have tried (in my music and life) to bring apparently dissimilar things and people together. This collection of works is very significant to me, as solo vocal music with diverse ensembles is a large part (roughly 30%) of my output, and currently not generously represented on CD. I grew up with singing. My first songs date from when I was aged 13 to 25, and set words by favourite poets: William McGonagall, John Keats and Constantine Cavafy. They are a personal record of visits to places or friends, celebratory or confessional. Musically they somewhat resemble songs written by one of my composer-heroes Charles Ives. Musical journeys and narratives which assemble an intuitive mixture of modal, tonal and more randomly-pitched composing.

*Alternative Readings* was written for the Canadian ensemble Trio Phoenix. The music refers to the latter part of the first movement in Bruckner's First Symphony. The three instruments do not share a common tempo, and the music of each of the three parts (flute, cello, piano) makes a different type of response to Bruckner's original. No attempt should be made to smooth out any 'rough edges' when the independent lines, harmony or texture, are juxtaposed: indeed an 'unforced awkwardness' is the desired result.

*Oxford in 1817* is Finnissy's oldest surviving song: At the time I entered the Royal College of Music, my closest friend from 6th form went to Merton College, Oxford. I visited him, wrote music for two of the plays he directed, and observed - as an outsider - the life of the university. Although a hundred and fifty years had passed since Keats wrote his poem, I felt it still evoked the peculiar ambience, with accuracy and sly humour.

*Botany Bay* juxtaposes modal 'drone' harmony with microtonal lines, and dates from a time when Finnissy first found a deep connection with the indigenous music of Australia: I was working in Australia in 1982 and 3, in Melbourne and Sydney. This short reflection on the former arrival-point of most immigrants, many of them convicts, was first performed in Ballarat, by Jeannie Marsh, Rachele Skinner and Jane Robertson. I revised the instrumental parts in 1989, and have made subsequent versions with piano (instead of flute) and 'cello (instead of clarinet).

The first version of *Blessed be* was commissioned by pianist Kathleen Supové for 'The Political Songbook'

and the Bang on a Can Festival in New York. Although consistent in content, Jesus's Sermon on the Mount is reported slightly differently by the evangelists Matthew (in the first setting), and Luke (in the third setting). The vocal line is constructed from cut-ups of the gap-toned melodies found in 'The Sacred Harp' and other 19th century American hymnals and 'Harmonies', a large number of which derive from hexatonic or pentatonic English folksongs.

In *Wisdom*, what all the texts at the beginning and at the ending do is they make the same journey: somebody is abandoned or left behind or gets lost somehow, then they have that experience of isolation, and perhaps most importantly of all, at the very end there's a hint about their various ways of coping with the isolation and emerging from it.

*Salomé* was conceived as a contrasting pair of 'portraits', both of the eponymous subject and also of the different writers: Jules Laforgue and Oscar Wilde. The Laforgue setting was completed in 2004, a commission from soprano Alison Smart and pianist Katharine Durran, first performed by them in July 2004. The Wilde setting took a few more years to map out and complete. The vocal line is an exact pitch-inversion of the Laforgue, and the piano part is differently characterised: remote and abstract for Laforgue, travelling through five 'exotic' landscapes for Wilde. This second setting is dedicated to Lotte Betts-Dean.

*June* was written as a birthday gift for my dear friend and former student June Boyce-Tillman, a leading expert on Hildegard von Bingen. The definitive version was first performed on 13<sup>th</sup> March 2016, in the London Ear Festival. It is in two conjoined parts, the first of which makes reference to Hildegard von Bingen's 'Deus enim rorem in illas misit' in the flute and 'cello lines. In the second part material from Hildegard's 'Et ideo puelle iste per summon virum sustentabantur' joins varied repetitions of the music of the first part. In rehearsal, Michael explains how the music is all sung lines.

*An den Mond* is a cycle of three Nocturnes, with shared musical gestures and material. As well as setting Goethe, the two versions (first and last) of his poem *An den Mond* also refer to Schubert (D.259 and 296). The first part of the cycle is dedicated to Christopher Fox, the second to Andrew Toovey.

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### **Oxford in 1817 [John Keats]**

The Gothic looks solemn, the plain Doric column  
Supports an old Bishop and Crosier;  
The mouldering arch, shaded o'er by a larch  
Stands next door to Wilson the Hosier.

There are plenty of trees, and plenty of ease,  
And plenty of fat deer for parsons;  
And when it is venison, short is the benison,  
Then each on a leg or thigh fastens.

Vice - that is, by turns, - o'er pale faces mourns,  
The black tassell'd trencher and common hat;  
The Chantry boy sings, the steeple bell rings,  
And as for the Chancellor - *dominat*.

### **Botany Bay [Anonymous Colonial Australian Folksong]**

Some folk, they have talents and trades to get bread.  
Others sponge on mankind to get clothed and to get fed.  
They spend all they make, turning night into day.  
The rogues, they all wind up at Botany Bay.  
So take heed of this warning, and shun bad company.  
Be wise, be honest, or it's Botany Bay.

### **Blessed be I [S.Matthew's Gospel, chapter 5, verses 3 to 7, & 9]**

Bless'd be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.  
Bless'd be they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.  
Bless'd be the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.  
Bless'd be they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.  
Bless'd be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.  
Bless'd be the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

### **Blessed be III [S.Luke's Gospel, chapter 6, verses 20, 37, 31 & 21]**

Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God.

Judge not and ye shall not be judged:

Condemn not and ye shall not be condemned:

forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.

Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled

### **Wisdom (2020)**

The texts collect together different accounts of human Wisdom, the first three are drawn from Australian Aboriginal (Nunggubuyu) Dreamtime myths; 'The Wanderer', an anonymous Anglo-Saxon poem; and 'Revelations of Divine Love, shewed to Mother Juliana, an anchorite of Norwich' (1373, first published 1670).

The fourth and fifth texts are from Dante Alighieri's 'The Divine Comedy: Purgatorio', Canto XIX, lines 118-124; and William Shakespeare's 'A lover's complaint', lines 249-252.

The last two are drawn from 'Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez (1704-09)' by William Cowper (1731-1800). [NB. Selkirk (1676-1721) was the model for Defoe's Robinson Crusoe]; and 'Frankenstein', chapter XXIV by Mary Shelley.

I.

ya:-niwaj

ngu-yaba-ny nga wuru-maya

wu-lama-ny ni'ri

ngi-buri

ana:'ban ya:-ji

along here

she gave birth and then they sang

at dawn he was gone

she sat  
on the ground here

wu-mudad-biny  
ana-walmadha  
a-nubani'la ngandu-mang  
yanu yanu

it was quiet  
fog settled  
from here I will go  
this way

II.

<b>Let each day pass</b>	<b>Patience is wisdom</b>
<b>In first light</b>	<b>of each day</b>
<b>Oft we lament</b>	<b>Sorrow in loneliness</b>
<b>Our custom is</b>	<b>to hide heart's thought</b>

III.

Our feith is our light.

That in falling and in ryesing we am ever preciously kept in one love.

God sent me bodily sickness in which I lay three dayes and three nights; and on the fourth night methought not to live till day.

My sight began to fail and it was dark about me - I felt my body begin to die, and lose feeling, with shortness of breath.

In this all payne - taken from me - our Lord God - hymselfe

a ghostly syght of his homely loving -

He is our clotheing - never leave us -

Beclosyth us for tender love - being to us althing that is good.

We may not be save til we be verily in peace and love - for that is our Salvation.

A sight shewed of God's goodnesse to a devoute Woman,  
A recluse, and yet on lyfe.

IV.

Sì come l'occhio nostro non s'aderse  
in alto, fisso alle cose terrene,  
così giustizia qui a terra il merse.  
Come avarizia spense a ciascun bene  
lo nostro amore, onde operar perdèsi,  
così giustizia qui stretti ne tene,  
ne' piedi e nelle man legati e presi.

[Just as our eyes, fixed on earthly things, did not raise themselves up, so justice here has lowered them down to earth; as avarice quenches all our love of goodness, we labour in vain, and - seized and bound by hand and foot - the Law holds us tight.]

V.

Now she would the cagèd cloister fly:  
Religious love put out Religion's eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

VI.

I am monarch of all I survey, yet  
Beasts of the field view my form with indifference,  
Their tameness shocks me.  
Tell me I may yet have a friend, even  
A friend I may never see.

**Overcast mind    how cruel a friend.**

The sea-fowl has flown to her nest.  
The beasts are asleep in their lair.  
There is mercy in every place -

I must journey on - alone.

VII.

I am your creature, your amusement. I sought Virtue, happiness and affection. I wished to participate. Virtue has become a shadow.

ngara-wi-ni na:'ru-ny

*[I killed them - he abandoned them]*

Happiness and affection turned to

Bitter loathing and despair.

adaba wuruj mayali

*[now human trick]*

I hoped to meet with beings who would love me.

Am I the same uncouth creature whose thoughts were filled

With sublime visions of beauty?

ni'ri ni'ri

*[he is gone he is gone]*

Alone, I no longer see the sun or stars.

Light, feeling and sense pass away,

Lost in darkness and distance.

### Salomé I [Jules Laforgue]

Salomé, ayant donné cours à un petit rire toussotant, peut-être pour faire assavoir que surtout fallait pas croire qu'elle se prenait au sérieux, pince sa lyre noire jusqu'au sang, et, de la voix sans timbre et sans sexe d'un malade qui réclame sa potion dont, au fond, il n'a jamais eu plus besoin que vous ou moi, improvisa à même:

" - Et maintenant, mon père, je désirerais que vous me fassiez monter chez moi, en un plat quelconque, la tête de laokannan.

C'est dit. Je monte l'attendre."

*[Salomé, having given a tiny spluttering laugh, perhaps to indicate that she was not thought to be taking herself too seriously, plucked at her black lyre until she drew blood, and, in the colourless and sexless*

voice of an invalid demanding a potion which, basically, was no more needed than for you or I, likewise improvised:

" - And now, father mine, I desire that you raise up to me on some sort of plate, the head of Iakannan. Thus spoken. I'll go aloft to wait for it."

## Salomé II [Oscar Wilde]

Tu n'as pas voulu de moi, lokanaan. Tu m'as traitée comme une prostituée.

J'étais chaste, tu as rempli mes veines de feu.

Eh bien, lokanaan, moi je vis encore, mais toi tu es mort. Ton corps était une colonne d'ivoire – c'était un jardin plein de colombes et de lis d'argent.

C'était une tour d'argent ornée de boucliers d'ivoire. Ta voix était un encensoir répandait d'étranges parfums. Derrière tes mains et tes blasphèmes tu as caché ton visage. Tu l'as vu ton Dieu, lokanaan, mais moi, moi ... tu ne m'as jamais vue.

*[You never needed me, lokanaan. You treated me like a prostitute. I was chaste, and you filled my veins with fire.*

*Ah well, lokanaan, I am still alive, but you, you are dead.*

*Your body was a column of ivory - it was a garden filled with doves and with silvery lilies. It was a tower of silver adorned with shields of ivory. Your voice was a censer scattering strange perfumes.*

*Behind your hands and your blasphemies you had hidden your face. You have seen your God, lokanaan, but me, me ... you never really saw me.]*

## An den Mond I (Erste Fassung) [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

Füllest wieder 's liebe Tal - Still mit Nebelglanz,  
Lösest endlich auch einmal - Meine Seele ganz;  
Breitest über mein Gefild - Lindernd deinen Blick,  
Wie der Liebsten Auge mild - Über mein Geschick.

Das du so beweglich kennst, Dieses Herz in Brand,  
Haltet ihr wie ein Gespenst - An den Fluß gebannt,



Wenn in öder Winternacht - Er vom Tode schwillt  
Und bei Frühlingslebens Pracht - An den Knospen quillt.

Selig, wer sich vor der Welt - Ohne Haß verschließt,  
Einen Mann am Busen hält - Und mit dem genießt,  
Was, den Menschen umbewußt - Oder wohl veracht,  
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust - Wandelt in der Nacht.

[Filling again the beloved valley - silent with glistening mist,  
Finally letting go, my entire soul - for the first time;  
Encompassing my surroundings - your soothing gaze,  
The loving eyes watching over my fate.

That you know just how changeable this burning heart can be,  
Held enchanted, a phantom by the river-side,  
Swollen deathly still in bleak Winter's night,  
And surging forth midst the buds of splendid verdant Spring.

Blessed are we if we can shut out the world,  
Clasp a man to our breast, and enjoy with him  
That unknown or even despised thing that,  
Labyrinthine, wanders in the night.]

### **An den Mond II (Letzte Fassung) [Goethe]**

Füllest wieder Busch un Tal - Still mit Nebelglanz;  
Lösest endlich auch einmal - Meine Seele ganz;  
Breitest über mein Gefild - Lindernd deinen Blick,  
Wie des Freundes Auge mild - Über mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz - Froh- und trüber Zeit,  
Wandle zwischen Freud und Schmerz - In der Einsamkeit.  
Fließe, fließe Lieber Fluß! Nimmer werd ich froh,  
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuß, und di Treue so.

Ich besaß es doch einmal, Was so köstlich ist!  
Daß man doch zu seiner Qual - Nimmer es vergißt !  
Rausche, Fluß, das Tal entlang, Ohne Rast und Ruh,  
Rausche fluster meinem Sang - Melodien zu.

Wenn du in der Winternacht - Wütend überschwillst,  
Oder um die Frühlingspracht - Junger Knospen quillst.  
Selig, wer sich der Welt - ohne Haß verschließt,  
Einem Freund am Busen hält - Und mit dem genießt,

Was, von Menschen nicht bewußt - Oder nicht bedacht,  
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust - Wandelt in der Nacht.

[Filling again both valley and shrubs, silent with glistening mist,  
Finally letting go, for the first time, my entire soul,  
Encompassing my surroundings, your soothing gaze,  
The loving eyes watching over my fate.

Each reminder of past joys and sorrows fills my heart,  
As I meander in solitude, between grief and pain.  
Flow on, flow on, dear river! Never again shall I be joyful.  
Laughter and kisses have rushed away - as has staying true.

Once before, I held what is so precious!  
Cursed now to never again forget it!  
River, rush throughout the valley's length, without rest of peace,  
Rush on, whispering the melodies for my song.

When in Wint'ry night you furiously overflow,  
Or in Springtime splendour, surround the young buds.  
Blessed are we if we can shut out the world,  
Clasp a friend to our breast, and enjoy with him

What is ignored or not even considered by mankind,  
Wandering, labyrinthine, in the night.]

### **An den Mond III (Epigramme) [Goethe]**

[Was, von Menschen nicht bewußt - Oder nicht bedacht,  
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust - Wandelt in der Nacht.]  
Alles geben die Götter, die unendlichen, Ihnen Lieblingen ganz,  
Alle Freuden, die unendlichen, Alle Schmerzen, die unendlichen, ganz.

[What is ignored or not even considered by mankind,  
Wandering, labyrinthine, in the night.  
Everything is given to those beloved of the gods, who are infinite.  
All joys, which are infinite, and all sorrows, which are infinite.  
In their entirety.]



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