

Max von Schillings was a composer and conductor who began his career studying under Richard Strauss. He held several increasingly prestigious conducting appointments in Germany up through the 1920s. When Hitler came to power in 1933, he appointed von Schillings Director of the Prussian Academy of Arts. To his great discredit von Schillings enthusiastically embraced Nazi anti-semitism and took advantage of his position to settle old scores. If he had not died later the same year his already-tarnished reputation would surely have become even more so, and he probably would have been forced to withdraw or repudiate the work on today's program, due to the poet's Jewish origins.

English translation from *Heine's books of songs, translated by John Todhunter* (Oxford, The Clarendon Press, 1907)

<p>Abenddämmerung</p> <p>Am blassen Meeresstrande Saß ich gedankenbekümmert und einsam. Die Sonne neigte sich tiefer, und warf Glührote Streifen auf das Wasser, Und die weißen, weiten Wellen, Von der Flut gedrängt, Schäumten und rauschten näher und näher - Ein seltsam Geräusch, ein Flüstern und Pfeifen, Ein Lachen und Murmeln, Seufzen und Sausen, Dazwischen ein wiegendliedheimliches Singen - Mir war' als hört' ich verschollne Sagen, Uralte, liebliche Märchen, Die ich einst, als Knabe, Von Nachbarskindern vernahm, Wenn wir am Sommerabend, Auf den Treppensteinen der Haustür, Zum stillen Erzählen niederkauerten, Mit kleinen, horchenden Herzen Und neugierklugen Augen; - Während die großen Mädchen, Neben duftenden Blumentöpfen, Gegenüber am Fenster saßen, Rosengesichter, Lächelnd und mondbeglänzt.</p>	<p>Evening twilight</p> <p>On the wan sea-strand Lonely I lay, and in sorrowful brooding, The sun sank lower and lower, and flung His red rays, glowing, on the water, And I watched the far white billows, In the grip of the flood, Foaming and roaring, nigher and nigher-- Strange medley of sounds! a whispering and wailing A laughing and murmuring, sobbing and sighing, Low voices, the while, a strange lullaby singing, Methought I heard long-forgotten legends, World-old adorable folk-tales, That long since boyhood From neighbors' children I learnt; When, of a summer evening, On the steps of stone by the house-door, We squatted for quiet story-telling, With small hearts eagerly listening And young eyes keen for wonders; While the fair grown-up maidens Sat, mid balm-breathing pots of flowers, At a window over the way there, With rosy faces, Smiling and lit by the moon.</p>
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