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## Krönung (Coronation), op. 17, no. 2 (1990)

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**Antoinette Kirkwood** is an English composer, born in London in 1930. She studied both piano and composition. Accompanying her mother, a lieder singer, proved an enduring influence. Her output includes a symphony and other orchestral works, music for two ballets, various chamber and instrumental pieces, and many songs. She has written musical settings of two poems from Heine's *Nordsee*, today's selection and *Der Schiffbrüchige* (The Shipwrecked) from the second *Nordsee* cycle. Both were originally written for string orchestra and high voice, and were arranged by the composer for piano. [Go to her page on Bardic Edition website](#)

English translation by Emma Lazarus, from *Poems and Ballads of Heinrich Heine, to which is prefixed a biographical sketch of Heine* (New York, Worthington, 1881)

<b>Krönung</b>	<b>Coronation</b>
<p>Ihr Lieder! Ihr meine guten Lieder!  Auf, auf! und wappnet euch!  Laßt die Trompeten klingen,  Und hebt mir auf den Schild  Dies junge Mädchen,  Das jetzt mein ganzes  Herz Beherrschen soll, als Königin.</p>	<p>Oh songs of mine! beloved songs of mine,  Up, up! and don your armor,  And let the trumpets blare,  And lift upon your shield  This youthful maiden  Who now shall reign supreme  Over my heart, as queen!</p>
<p>Heil dir! du junge Königin!</p>	<p>Hail! hail! thou youthful queen!</p>
<p>Von der Sonne droben  Reiß ich das strahlend rote Gold,  Und webe draus ein Diadem  Für dein geweihtes Haupt.  Von der flatternd blauseidnen Himmelsdecke,  Worin die Nachtdiamanten blitzen,  Schneid ich ein kostbar Stück,  Und häng es dir, als Krönungsmantel,  Um deine königliche Schulter.  Ich gebe dir einen Hofstaat  Von steifgeputzten Sonetten,  Stolzen Terzinen und höflichen Stanzen;  Als Läufer diene dir mein Witz,  Als Hofnarr meine Phantasie,  Als Herold, die lachende Träne im Wappen,  Diene dir mein Humor.  Aber ich selber,  Königin, Ich knie vor dir nieder,  Und huld'gend, auf rotem Sammetkissen,  Überreiche ich dir  Das bißchen Verstand,  Das mir, aus Mitleid, noch gelassen hat  Deine Vorgängerin im Reich.</p>	<p>From the sun above  I snatch the beaming red gold,  And weave therewith a diadem  For thy consecrated head.  From the fluttering azure-silken canopy of heaven,  Where blaze the diamonds of the night,  A precious fragment I cut:  And as a coronation mantle,  I hang it upon thy royal shoulders.  I bestow on thee a court  Of richly attired sonnets,  Haughty <i>Terzine</i> and stately stanzas.  My wit shall serve thee as courier,  My fancy shall be thy fool,  Thy herald, whose crest is a smiling tear,  Shall be my humor.  But I myself, oh Queen,  Low do I kneel before thee,  On the cushion of crimson samite,  And as homage I dedicate to thee  The tiny morsel of reason,  That has been compassionately spared me  By thy predecessor in the realm.</p>