

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911), Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Kathleen Ferrier *contralto*Set Svanholm *tenor*<sup>a</sup>John Newmark *piano*<sup>b</sup>New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Bruno Walter *conductor*<sup>c</sup>

1	<b>Bruno Walter</b>	8:25	8	<b>Bruno Walter</b>	2:56
	interviewed by Arnold Michaelis: Part 1			interviewed by Arnold Michaelis: Part 2	
	<b>Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde</b> <sup>ac</sup>	[58:54]	9	<b>JS Bach:</b> Vergiss mein nicht, BWV 505 <sup>b</sup>	2:35
2	I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde	8:28	10	<b>JS Bach:</b> Ach, dass nicht die letzte Stunde, BWV 439 <sup>b</sup>	1:56
3	II. Der Einsame im Herbst	8:51			
4	III. Von der Jugend	3:02	11	<b>Stölzel/Bach:</b> Bist du bei mir, BWV 508 <sup>b</sup>	3:40
5	IV. Von der Schönheit	6:18			
6	V. Der Trunkene im Frühling	4:11			
7	VI. Der Abschied	28:02		<b>Total duration:</b>	<b>78:28</b>

**Recorded live at:** Carnegie Hall, New York on January 18, 1948 (Mahler)

Town Hall, New York on January 8, 1950 (Bach)

Bruno Walter's Hollywood home, 1956 (Interview)

**Audio Restoration and Mastering:** Norman White and Adrian Tuddenham**Front cover:** Kathleen Ferrier on her return from New York on February 10, 1948**Design:** Andrew Giles**Booklet Editor:** Michael Quinn© & © 2019 SOMM RECORDINGS · THAMES DITTON · SURREY · ENGLAND  
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## MAHLER

*Das Lied von der Erde*Set Svanholm *tenor*New York  
Philharmonic Orchestra  
Bruno Walter  
(1948)

## JS BACH

Three Songs

John Newmark *piano*  
(1950)

Plus

An edited interview with  
Bruno Walter discussing  
Mahler, Bruckner and  
Kathleen Ferrier

# Kathleen Ferrier in New York

*"As my first concert in Carnegie Hall drew near, I ceased all merrymaking and concentrated only on rehearsals... The last performance was broadcast all over America and the manager of the orchestra told me that there were between 15 and 20 million listeners!"*

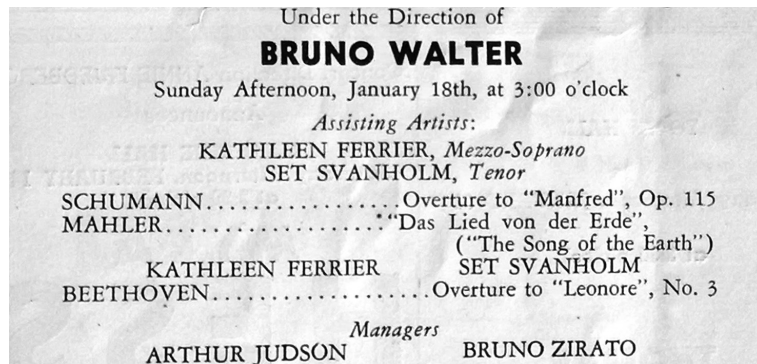
Kathleen Ferrier in a 1948 article for her old school (Blackburn Girls' High) magazine.

After six days at sea, on January 7, 1948 the RMS *Mauretania* sailed into New York harbour where Kathleen Ferrier was immediately overwhelmed by the city – the beauty of the buildings, the elegant shops and the luxury of her hotel – all very different from the London, still suffering from so much recent wartime destruction, she had left behind her.

The principal reason for this, Ferrier's first visit to the United States, was to sing Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* ('The Song of the Earth') with the tenor Set Svanholm and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by the veteran Mahlerian, Bruno Walter.

Between January 1908 and February 1911, Mahler, an exceptionally fine conductor, had spent time in New York, both at the Metropolitan Opera and as Chief Conductor of the New York Philharmonic, sometimes appearing at Carnegie Hall, just as his pupil and friend Walter did in later years.

*Das Lied von der Erde* comprises six songs, three for each of the two soloists. The texts used are German versions of Chinese poems of the Tang Dynasty, entitled *The Chinese Flute*, translated and adapted by the German poet Hans Bethge (whose work



Programme listing for Ferrier's third Carnegie Hall appearance, heard on this recording, in 1948

would also provide inspiration for a diverse array of composers that included Richard Strauss, Ernst Krenek, Schoenberg, Szymanowski and Martinů).

Ferrier had first sung this "symphony for tenor and contralto" (as the composer had inscribed the manuscript score) only four months before her American debut, at the inaugural Edinburgh International Festival, also with Walter. Then he had declared his keenness to introduce her to American audiences during his tenure as the NYPO's Music Advisor (a position he held between 1947 and 1949).

Three performances were arranged for Carnegie Hall. Still feeling the effects of a bad cold, Ferrier wrote to her sister Winifred that the first of the three was greeted with mixed reviews. To add to the tension, Mahler's widow Alma had been in the audience.

*"Some of the critics are enthusiastic, others unimpressed.... My soft notes came as I've never known them. I was a bit nervous but I did it all from memory except for a few words which I hid behind my programme, and Bruno W. told me today my German was pure and classic and he's thrilled."*

If Bruno Walter was thrilled, then Kathleen Ferrier was supremely happy. In her endearingly frank way, she added:

*"The audience was lousy – when I and the tenor and B. Walter walked on – in that order – there was a handful of clapping – I was stunned – I thought I must have dropped my pants!"*

Bruno Walter had known Mahler well and had conducted the first performance of *Das Lied von der Erde* in Munich in November 1911, six months after the composer's death.

Set Svanholm, the tenor soloist, enjoyed a career principally as a *Heldentenor*, singing Wagner at the New York Met, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Vienna Staatsoper and, since pre-war days, at the Royal Opera, Stockholm in his native Sweden. He and Ferrier had never previously worked together and never did again;



Tenor Set Svanholm

after the third performance of *Das Lied von der Erde* she commented (surely with a mixture of relief and regret) in a letter home:

*"This afternoon the performance was even better – (I thought the tenor was excellent, but he's hardly had a kind word!)"*

We are fortunate that the third concert, on January 18, 1948, was recorded and forms the basis of this historic CD. Several different complete performances of Ferrier singing *Das Lied von der Erde* have been issued over the years, including the celebrated Decca version, also conducted by Walter. But it is important to remember that these all date from the spring of 1952 – four years after this New York performance. In 1948 we hear the contralto in freshest voice (notwithstanding the troublesome cold) evidently in good spirits and delighted to be working again with Walter.

After fulfilling her obligations at Carnegie Hall, Ferrier left for Chicago and other cities of the Midwest, where she gave recitals and met up with musical friends. By February 10 that year she was back home in London, delighted by her success but less pleased at the considerable expenses incurred on the trip that she had to pay.



Pianist John Newmark

However, this did not deter her from undertaking two further North American tours in successive years, opportunities that earned her fame and admiration on that side of the Atlantic.

On her final visit to North America in late 1949 and early 1950, Ferrier sang at New York's Town Hall, accompanied by her friend and confidant, the Canadian pianist John Newmark. Her performance of three songs by JS Bach – *Vergiss mein nicht* (BWV 505, No.71), *Ach dass nicht die letzte Stunde* (BWV 439, No.1) and *Bist du bei mir* (BWV 508)\* – was a great success although, according to her correspondence, there was some *contretemps* with the organisers about her programme for this recital and she was clearly upset. She wrote to her agent, Emmie Tillett:

*"I thought I dithered like an un-set jelly, but the critics were good"*

and to her diary she confided:

*"Very nervous, but staggered through".*

There is no sign of upset nerves in the fine recording taken at the concert; indeed, writing again to Mrs Tillett, Ferrier mentioned:

*"A German came up to someone and said – of course I was German, because my German pronunciation was perfect and I sang English with a marked accent. (It's true, honest!) I didn't know my Lancashire came through quite so strongly!"*

It has been averred by several writers that Mahler's study of, and admiration for, the music of JS Bach considerably influenced some of his later works, including *Das Lied von der Erde*. How appropriate, then, that these two composers are paired on this CD in live performances given in New York 70 years ago.

The interview included on this CD (Tracks [1] and [8]) between Bruno Walter and Arnold Michaelis, dates from 1956. Michaelis was an executive in the Masterworks department of Columbia Records and he was asked to conduct the interview in order to advertise the maestro's recently-issued recordings and to mark his forthcoming 80th birthday in September that year.

Columbia was so delighted with the outcome that it published the resulting encounter as an LP disc. This has now been edited for inclusion here to concentrate (in Track [1]) on Walter's memories of his teacher and mentor Gustav Mahler and on Mahler's links to *his* teacher, the composer and organist Anton Bruckner.

Walter's touching tribute to Kathleen Ferrier (Track [8]), shows the depth of affection, admiration and friendship that they shared during an association which lasted only five years. It was an all-too short-lived collaboration that has become legendary in musical history and one which, through their recordings together, will continue to be enjoyed as long as they are remembered.

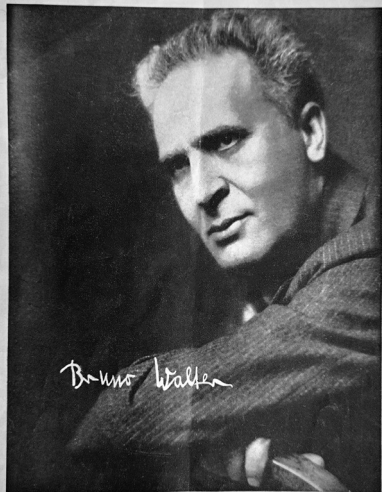
\* *Bist du bei mir* is now known to have been composed by Gottfried Stölzel in 1718 for his opera *Diomedes*. A copy of the aria was later found in Bach's *Anna Magdalena Notebook* and was formerly attributed to him.

Paul Campion © 2019

Paul Campion's *Ferrier – A Career Recorded* was published by Thames Publishing in 2005

All quotations taken from Christopher Fifield's *Letters and Diaries of Kathleen Ferrier* (Boydell Press, 2011)

# CARNEGIE HALL



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Conductor **Bruno Walter** featured on the cover of the Carnegie Hall programme for the performance of *Das Lied von Der Erde* heard on this recording.



## Das Lied von der Erde (The Song of the Earth)

Hans Bethge (1876-1946)

### 2 Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde Drinking Song of Earth's Misery

*Schon winkt der Wein im goldnen Pokale,  
doch trinkt noch nicht,  
erst Sing Ich euch Ein Lied!  
Das Lied vom Kummer soll auflachend  
in die Seele euch klingen.  
Wenn der Kummer naht,  
liegen wüst die Gärten der Seele,  
welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.*

*Herr dieses Hauses!  
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen Wein!  
Hier, diese lange Laute nenn' ich mein!  
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,  
das sind die Dinge, die zusammen passen.  
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit  
ist mehr wert, als alle Reiche dieser Erde!  
Dunkel is das Leben, ist der Tod.*

*Das Firmament blaut ewig und die Erde  
wird lange fest stehen und aufblühn im Lenz.  
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?  
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen  
an all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!*

Wine is already sparkling in the golden goblet  
but do not drink yet,  
first I will sing you a song!  
The song of care shall sound  
laughing in your soul.  
When care draws near,  
the gardens of the soul like waste,  
joy and singing fade away and die.  
Dark is life; dark is death.

Lord of this house!  
Your cellar holds abundance of golden wine!  
I call this lute here my own!  
To strike the lute and to drain the glasses,  
those are the things which go together.  
a brimming cup of wine at the right time  
is worth more than all the riches of this earth!  
Dark is life; dark is death!

The heavens are ever blue and the earth  
will long stand fast and blossom forth in spring.  
But thou, O man, how long wilt thou live?  
Not one hundred years may'st thou enjoy thyself  
with all the rotting trifles of this earth!



Seht dort hinab!

*Im Mondschein auf den Gräbern hockt  
eine wildgespenstische Gestalt – Ein Aff ist's!  
Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen hinausgellt  
in den süßen Duft des Lebens!*

*Jetzt nehm den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit, Genossen!  
Leert eure goldnen Becher zu Grund!  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!*

### 3 Der Einsame im Herbst

*Herbstnebel wallen bläulich überm See;  
vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser;  
man meint', ein Künstler habe Staub vom Jade  
über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.  
Der süsse Duft der Blumen is verflogen;  
ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder.  
Bald werden die verwelkten, goldnen Blätter  
der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser ziehn.  
Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe  
Erlosch mit Knistern;  
es gemahnt mich an den Schlaf  
Ich komm zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!  
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab Erquickung not!  
Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten.  
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange.  
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr scheinen,  
um meine bittern Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?*

Look down there! In the moonlight on the graves  
there crouches a wild and ghostly form –  
it is an ape! Listen, how its howling  
Listen, how its howling rings out  
amidst the sweet scent of life!

Now take up the wine! Now, friends, it is time!  
Drain your golden cups to the depths!  
Dark is life; dark is death!

### Autumn Loneliness

The autumn mists drift blue over the lake;  
the blades of grass stand covered with frost;  
one would think an artist had strewn jade-dust  
over the delicate blossoms.  
The flower's sweet scent is gone;  
an icy wind bends down their stems.  
Soon the withered golden leaves  
of the lotus-flowers will be drifting on the water.  
My heart is weary. My little lamp  
has gone out with a sputter;  
it urges me to go to sleep.  
I come to you, beloved place of rest.  
Yes, give me rest; I need refreshment!  
Long do I weep in my loneliness.  
The autumn in my heart endures too long.  
Sun of love, will you never shine again,  
tenderly to dry my bitter tears?

### 4 Von der Jugend

*Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche  
steht ein Pavillon aus grünem  
und aus weissem Porzellan.  
Wie der Rücken eines Tigers  
wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade  
zu dem Pavillon hinüber.  
In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,  
schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,  
manche schreiben Verse nieder.  
Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten  
rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen  
hocken lustig tief im Nacken.  
Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller  
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles  
wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.  
Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend  
in dem Pavillon aus grünem  
und aus weissem Porzellan;  
wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,  
umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,  
schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.*

### Of Youth

In the middle of the little pool  
stands a pavilion of green  
and white porcelain.  
Like a tiger's back,  
the jade bridge arches itself  
over to the pavilion.  
In the little house friends are sitting  
prettily dressed, drinking and chattering;  
some are writing down verses.  
Their silk sleeves fall  
backwards, their silk caps fall  
roguishly over their necks.  
On the still surface of the little pool  
everything is reflected  
wonderfully as in a mirror.  
Everything is standing on its head  
in the pavilion of green  
and white porcelain.  
The bridge stands like a half-moon  
with its arch upside-down. Friends  
prettily dressed are drinking and chattering.

## 5 Von der Schönheit

*Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,  
pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferande.  
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,  
sammeln Blüten in den Schoss und rufen  
sich einander Neckereien zu.  
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,  
spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.  
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,  
ihre süßen Augen wider,  
und der Zephyr  
hebt mit Schmeichelkosen das Gewebe  
ihrer Ärmel auf, führt den Zauber  
ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.  
O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben  
dort an dem Uferand auf mut'gen Rossen,  
weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;  
schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden  
trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!  
Das Ross des einen wiehert fröhlich auf  
und scheut und saust dahin;  
über Blumen, Gräser, wanken hin die Hufe,  
sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm  
die hingesunknen Blüten.  
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,  
dampfen heiss die Nüstern!  
Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,  
spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.*

## Of Beauty

Young girls are picking flowers,  
lotus-flowers by the riverbank.  
They are sitting among the bushes and the leaves,  
gathering blossoms in their laps and calling  
teasingly to one another.  
The golden sun shines over their forms  
and reflects them in the clear water;  
the sun reflects their slender limbs,  
and their sweet eyes.  
And the breeze  
lifts their embroidered sleeves  
caressingly, and carries the magic of  
their perfume through the air.  
Oh see, what fair youths are those  
there by the river-bank on their brave steeds,  
flashing in the distance like sunbeams,  
the gay young men are trotting by,  
among the branches of the green willows!  
The steed of one of them neighs merrily,  
hesitates and plunges on.  
His hooves pass over flowers and grass;  
stormily they trample down  
the fallen blossoms.  
How his mane tosses in frenzy!  
Hot steam blows from his nostrils.  
The golden sun shines over the forms  
and reflects them in the clear water.

*Und die schönste von den Jungfrauen sendet  
lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.  
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.  
In dem Funkeln ihrer grossen Augen,  
in dem Dunkel ihres heissen Blicks  
schwingt klagend noch die Erregung  
ihres Herzens nach.*

And the fairest of the maidens casts  
looks of longing after him.  
Her proud bearing is only pretence.  
In the flashing of her large eyes,  
in the darkness of her warm glances,  
her anxious heart  
cries after him.

## 6 Der Trunkene im Frühling

*Wenn nur ein Traum das Dasein ist,  
warum denn Müh und Plag?  
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,  
den ganzen, lieben Tag!  
Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,  
weil Leib und Kehle voll,  
so taum! ich hin vor meiner Tür  
und schlafe wundervoll!  
Was hör ich beim Erwachen? Horch!  
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.  
Ich frag ihn, ob schon Frühling sei,  
mir ist als wie im Traum.  
der Vogel zwitschert: "Ja! Der Lenz  
ist da, sei kommen über Nacht!"  
Ich seufze tief ergriffen auf  
der Vogel singt und lacht!  
Ich fülle mir den Becher neu  
und leer ihn bis zum Grund*

## The Drunkard in Spring

If life is but a dream,  
why are there toil and misery?  
I drink till I can drink no more  
the whole, long, merry day!  
And when I can drink no more,  
for body and mind are sated,  
I stagger to my door  
and sleep wonderfully.  
And what do I hear when I awake?  
Hark! A bird is singing in the tree.  
I ask him if it is already spring;  
it seems to me like a dream.  
The bird twitters: Yes! Spring  
is here; it came overnight!  
With deep attention I listened for it;  
the bird sings and laughs!  
I fill my glass anew  
and drain it to the bottom,

*und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt  
am schwarzen Firmament!  
Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,  
so schlaf ich wieder ein,  
Was geht denn mich der Frühling an!?  
Lasst mich betrunken sein!*

## 7 Der Abschied

*Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.  
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder  
mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.  
O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt  
der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.  
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Wehn  
hinter den dunklen Fichten!  
der Bach singt voller Wohllaut  
durch das Dunkel.  
Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.  
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh und Schlaf,  
alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen.  
Die müden Menschen gehn heimwärts,  
um im Schlaf vergessnes Glück  
und Jugend neu zu lernen!  
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen.  
Die Welt schläft ein!  
Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten.*

and sing until the moon shines out  
in the dark heavens.  
And when I can sing no more,  
I fall asleep again.  
What have I to do with spring?  
Let me remain a drunkard!

## Farewell

The sun sinks behind the mountains.  
Evening falls in the valleys  
with its shadows, full of cooling freshness.  
See, how the moon above floats like a silver ship  
on the blue sea of the heavens.  
I feel a gentle wind blowing  
behind the dark pines!  
The brook sings loud and melodious  
through the darkness.  
The flowers grow pale in the twilight.  
The earth breathes deeply in rest and sleep.  
All longing now has turned to dreaming,  
the tired people go homewards  
to find forgotten happiness in sleep  
and to learn youth anew!  
The birds crouch silent on the branches.  
The world falls asleep!  
There is a cool breeze in the shadow of the pines.

*Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes;  
ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.  
Ich sehne mich, O Freund, an deiner Seite  
die Schönheit dieses Abends zu geniessen.  
Wo bleibst du? Du lässt mich lang allein!  
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute  
auf Wegen, die vom weichen Grase schwellen.  
O Schönheit!  
O ewigen Liebens – Lebenstrunkne Welt!  
Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den Trunk  
des Abschieds dar.  
Er fragte ihn, wohin er führe  
und auch warum es müsste sein.  
Er sprach, seine Stimme war umflort:  
Du, mein Freund,  
mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold!  
Wohin ich geh?  
Ich geh, ich wandre in die Berge.  
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz.  
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner Stätte.  
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen.  
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!  
Die liebe Erde allüberall  
blüht auf im Lenz und grünt Auf's neu!  
Allüberall und ewig  
blauen licht die Fernen!  
Ewig... ewig...*

I stand here waiting for my friend;  
I wait for him to take a last farewell.  
I long, my friend, to enjoy the beauty  
of the evening at your side.  
Where are you? You have left me alone so long!  
I wander up and down with my lute  
on paths rich with soft grass.  
O beauty!  
O world, drunk for ever with love and life!  
He dismounted and gave him  
the parting cup.  
He asked him where he was going,  
and also why it must be.  
He spoke, and his tones were veiled;  
O my friend,  
fortune was not kind to me in this world!  
Where am I going?  
I shall wander in the mountains,  
I am seeking rest for my lonely heart.  
I shall wander to my native land, to my home.  
I shall never roam abroad.  
Still is my heart; it is awaiting its hour!  
Everywhere the lovely earth  
blossoms forth in spring and grows green anew,  
Everywhere, for ever,  
horizons are blue and bright!  
For ever... and ever...



9 **Vergiss mein nicht** (Do not forget me) BWV 505

Gottfried Arnold (1666-1714)

*Vergiss mein nicht, vergiss mein nicht,  
Mein allerliebster Gott.  
Ach, höre doch mein Flehen,  
Ach, lass mir Gnad' geschehen,  
Wenn ich hab' Angst und Not.  
Du meine Zuversicht,  
Vergiss mein nicht, Vergiss mein nicht!*

*Vergiss mein nicht, Vergiss mein nicht,  
Wenn einst der herbe Tod  
Mir nimmt mein zeitlich' Leben;  
Du kannst ein bess'eres geben.  
Mein allerliebster Gott.  
Hör, wenn dein Kind doch spricht;  
Vergiss mein nicht, Vergiss mein nicht.*

Do not forget me, do not forget me,  
My beloved God.  
Oh, hear my supplication,  
Oh, grant me mercy,  
When I am afraid and in distress.  
In you I trust,  
Do not forget me, do not forget me!

Do not forget me, do not forget me,  
When bitter death  
Takes my mortal life from me;  
You can give a better one.  
My beloved God,  
Hear your child's words;  
Do not forget me, do not forget me.

10 **Ach, dass nicht die letzte Stunde** (Ah! Why has not the final hour) BWV 439

Erdmann Neumeister (1671-1756)

*Ach, dass nicht die letzte Stunde  
Meines Lebens heute schlägt!  
Mich verlangt von Herzens Grunde,  
Dass man mich zu Grabe trägt;  
Denn ich darf den Tod nicht scheuen,  
Ich bin längst mit ihm bekannt,  
Führt er doch aus Wüsteneien  
Mich in das gelobte Land.*

Ah! Why has not the final hour  
Of my life struck today!  
From the depths of my heart  
I wish to be carried to the grave;  
For I need not fear death,  
I have known him for a long time.  
He leads me out of the wilderness  
Into the Promised Land.

*Gute Nacht, ihr Eitelkeiten!  
Falsches Leben, gute Nacht!  
Gute Nacht, ihr schnöden Zeiten,  
Denn mein Abschied ist gemacht!  
Weil ich lebe, will ich sterben,  
Bis die Todesstunde schlägt,  
Da man mich als Gottes Erben  
Durch das Grab in Himmel trägt.*

Good night, vanities!  
Good night, false life!  
Good night, evil times,  
I take my leave!  
As I live, I wish to die,  
Until the hour of death strikes,  
When, as God's heir, I will be  
Carried to heaven by way of the grave.

11 **Bist du bei mir** (If thou art near) BWV 508

Anon.

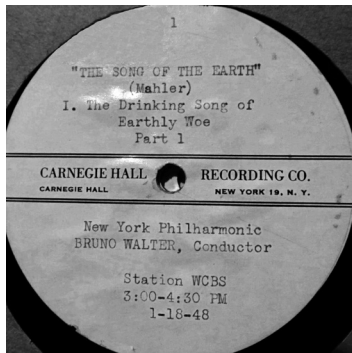
*Bist du bei mir, geh' ich mit Freuden  
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh'.  
Ach, wie vergnügt wär' so mein Ende,  
Es drückten deine schönen Hände  
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.*

If thou art near, then I with gladness  
To death will go and to my rest.  
Happy my end free from all sighing  
If thou wilt close when I am dying  
The eyes that loved to look on thee.

*Texts and translations courtesy of the Decca Record Company Ltd.*

## Recording *Das Lied von der Erde* in Carnegie Hall

This historic recording was made by The Carnegie Hall Recording Company, an independent business run from the backstage area of the hall between the 1940s and the 1960s. Many great artists were thus recorded at public performances, notably during the Sunday concerts of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, which were broadcast by CBS; the recordings were not for commercial sale, but rather intended for the use of CBS or the orchestra.



Original acetate disc label of live recording made by the Carnegie Hall Recording Co.

The performance is preserved on seven double-sided 78rpm acetate transcription discs, which have survived over 70 years in good condition. Such discs are susceptible to damage through over-playing and some light surface noise is occasionally apparent.

No attempt has been made to remove all such noise, as this would also compromise the true sound of the voices and orchestra, as well as the ambience of the hall. Low-frequency rumble has been reduced and care taken to ensure that correct pitch is maintained throughout. Other than that, the performance is as broadcast and

recorded in 1948, including an occasional cough and unwonted applause after the first song. This is, indeed, a real concert!

Four of the songs required more than one 78rpm side (for which the maximum length was approximately four minutes) and now it has been possible to join these breaks seamlessly throughout the performance, maintaining the aural and artistic integrity of a memorable occasion.

Paul Campion © 2019

*With thanks to Rob Hudson – Manager of the Carnegie Hall Archives.*

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The Vocal Record Collectors' Society: [www.collup.com/vrcs/vrcs.html](http://www.collup.com/vrcs/vrcs.html)

**Special thanks are due to Julia and John Spencer.**

Photographs and archive images by courtesy of Paul Campion,  
with thanks from SOMM.