

# HEBBEL LIEDER

Nachtlied  
Herbstbild  
Erleuchtung  
Abendgefühl

Four Songs  
for Baritone and Piano

By  
**JOHN SALMON**

(b. 1954)

*On Poems by*  
Friedrich Hebbel  
(1813-1863)

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# Contents

Preface

*iii*

The Poems

*v*

Nachtlied

*1*

Herbstbild

*4*

Erleuchtung

*8*

Abendgefühl

*12*

Design, layout, and music setting by David Botwinik

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[www.johnsalmon.com](http://www.johnsalmon.com)

# Preface

RECENTLY as I was rummaging through bins of old documents, I stumbled across manuscripts of four songs I composed in 1984. Those four songs were *Nachtlied*, *Herbstbild*, *Erleuchtung*, and *Abendgefühl* on poems by Friedrich Hebbel (1813–1863). I was a doctoral student at the University of Texas at Austin then and the impetus for these compositions was a final project for a course I was taking on nineteenth-century harmony. Friedrich Hebbel's poems obviously resonated with me back then, as they do today, and my intent was to set them in the musical language of Romantic composers.

I am happy that, at the time of their composition, I was unaware of Robert Schumann's setting of Hebbel's *Nachtlied* which resulted in Schumann's Opus 108 for choir and orchestra. Schumann's genius surely would have stymied my creative endeavors. Schumann's setting, like a dramatic and extended tone poem, contrasts with my version which is more like a gentle and understated lullaby. Hebbel's brief three-stanza poem starts out innocently enough with a description of the night sky ("Quellende, schwellende Nacht, voll von Lichtern und Sternen" Flowing and growing night, full of lights and stars), before alluding to some anxiety ("Herz in der Brust wird beengt" My heart feels cramped in my chest) which sleep eventually pacifies ("Schlaf, da nahst du dich leis" Sleep, you come gently).

*Herbstbild* is the only poem of the four whose images and concepts are not metaphorical. This is a pure description of an autumn day: beautiful leaves, mild rays of sun, the celebration of nature. No hidden meanings, no questions about mortality or life's purpose. The happily rustling piano accompaniment and song's brevity, just over one minute, contribute to this experience of simple pleasure.

Then we come to *Erleuchtung*, as deep and painful a reflection on life's meaning as ever articulated. The first stanza pretty much sums it up:

In unermeßlich tiefen Stunden  
Hast du, in ahnungsvollem Schmerz,  
Den Geist des Weltalls nie empfunden,  
Der niederflammte in dein Herz?

In immeasurably deep hours,  
Have you never felt, with ominous pain,  
The spirit of the universe  
Burning in your heart?

Of course mortality, Sterblichkeit, literally translated as the ability to die, also appears as a main theme (leave it to the nineteenth-century Germans to cheer us up). Thankfully, there is a glimmer of hope later on, "ein leuchtend Bild der Welt" (a bright image of the world), that counterbalances our doom. The musical language of *Erleuchtung* — the changing meters, chromatic mediant harmonies, and octatonic scale — transcends nineteenth-century norms, pointing more toward early twentieth-century compositional techniques. But *fin de siècle* angst and existential dread existed in both centuries and are surely just as relevant in 2018. *Erleuchtung* speaks to all people of all eras.

As with Schumann's setting of *Nachtlied*, I am glad I was ignorant of Johannes Brahms' setting of Hebbel's poem *Abendgefühl* when I wrote my own version. Brahms renamed the poem *Abendlied* and it became the third song in his Op. 92 set for SATB choir and piano. His genius would have surely obstructed my initiative. My setting is slightly more intimate and less bouncily happy than Brahms' rendition.

*Abendgefühl* is a fitting close to the set. There is an assuaging quality to the music that relieves

## Preface

any anxiety lingering from the previous song. One of nature's most beautiful moments, dusk, is the first image described in the poem. Night and day are "peacefully" at war ("friedlich bekämpfen") but, unlike the natural images in *Herbstbild*, these earthly phenomena become metaphors for the human emotions of joy and sorrow. Ultimately,

both lead to the peace of sleep and life seems like a lullaby ("Schlummerlied").

So these *Hebbel Lieder* begin with a lullaby and end with a lullaby. Happy sleeping!

*John Salmon*

*30 June 2018*

# The Poems

## Nachtlied

Quellende, schwellende Nacht,  
Voll von Lichtern und Sternen:  
In den ewigen Fernen,  
Sage, was ist da erwacht!

Herz in der Brust wird beengt,  
Steigendes, neigendes Leben,  
Riesenhaft fühlle ich's weben,  
Welches das meine verdrängt.

Schlaf, da nahst du dich leis,  
Wie dem Kinde die Amme,  
Und um die dürftige Flamme  
Ziehst du den schützenden Kreis.

— Friedrich Hebbel (1813–1863)

## Herbstbild

Dies ist ein Herbsttag, wie ich keinen sah!  
Die Luft ist still, als atmete man kaum,  
Und dennoch fallen raschelnd, fern und nah,  
Die schönsten Früchte ab, von jedem Baum.

O stört sie nicht, die Feier der Natur!  
Dies ist die Lese, die sie selber hält,  
Denn heute löst sich von den Zweigen nur,  
Was vor dem milden Strahl der Sonne fällt.

— Friedrich Hebbel (1813–1863)

## Night Song

The flowing and growing night,  
Full of lights and stars:  
In the endless distance,  
Tell me, what has awakened there?

My heart feels cramped in my chest;  
I feel the ebb and flow of life,  
Weaving gigantically through my soul,  
Ultimately crushing it.

Sleep, you come gently,  
As the nursemaid to the child,  
And around this small flame  
You create a protective circle.

## Picture of Autumn

This is an autumn day as I have never seen before!  
The air is still, as if one were barely breathing,  
And yet, far and near, the most beautiful fruits  
Are falling with a rustle from every tree.

Do not disturb this celebration of Nature!  
This is the harvest that she alone gathers;  
For today the only things leaving the branches  
Are those touched by the mild sunrays.

## Erleuchtung

In unermesslich tiefen Stunden  
Hast du, in ahnungsvollem Schmerz,  
Den Geist des Weltalls nie empfunden,  
Der niederflammte in dein Herz?

Jedwedes Dasein zu ergänzen  
Durch ein Gefühl, das ihn umfaßt,  
Schließt er sich in die engen Grenzen  
Der Sterblichkeit als reichster Gast.

Da tust du in die dunkeln Risse  
Des Unerforschten einen Blick  
Und nimmst in deine Finsternisse  
Ein leuchtend Bild der Welt zurück;

Du trinkst das allgemeinste Leben,  
Nicht mehr den Tropfen, der dir floß,  
Und ins Unendliche verschweben  
Kann leicht, wer es im Ich genoß.

— Friedrich Hebbel (1813–1863)

## Abendgefühl

Friedlich bekämpfen  
Nacht sich und Tag.  
Wie das zu dämpfen,  
Wie das zu lösen vermag!

Der mich bedrückte,  
Schläfst du schon, Schmerz?  
Was mich beglückte  
Sage, was war's doch, mein Herz?

Freude wie Kummer,  
Fühl' ich, zerrann,  
Aber den Schlummer  
Führten sie leise heran.

Und im Entschweben,  
Immer empor,  
Kommt mir das Leben  
Ganz, wie ein Schlummerlied vor.

— Friedrich Hebbel (1813–1863)

## Enlightenment

In immeasurably deep hours  
Have you, with ominous pain,  
Never felt the spirit of the universe  
Burning in your heart?

Fulfilling every being  
With a feeling that embraces us,  
Closing in within the narrow limits  
Of mortality as the richest guest.

There, in the dark cracks of the unexplored,  
You catch a glimpse  
And in your darkness you take back  
A bright image of the world;

You drink the most common life  
No longer the drop which flowed to you,  
And hover about in infinity,  
Easily enjoying it in the I.

## Evening Feeling

Night is fighting peacefully  
With day.  
How can we soften  
Or solve that?

That which oppressed me,  
Are you already sleeping, Pain?  
That which filled me with joy,  
Tell me, what was it, my heart?

Happiness, like sorrow,  
Has melted away,  
But they have both led  
Gently to slumber.

And as I float upward  
Ever upward,  
Life seems to me  
Just like a lullaby.

# Nachtlied

TEXT

Friedrich Hebbel, 1836  
(1813–1863)

MUSIC

John Salmon

Andante ( $\text{♩} = 120$ )

Baritone       $\text{Bass}^{\#} \text{G}^{\#}$  6

Piano       $\text{G}^{\#}$  *p legato*      *con ped.*      *Ped.* - - - - -

Quel-len - de, schwel-len - de Nacht, Voll von Licht - ern und Ster - nen:  
poco cresc.

In den e - wig-en Fer - nen, Sag', was ist da er - wacht?

Nachtlied

12

*poco cresc.*

Herz in der Brust wird be - engt, Stei - gen - des,

16

*mf*

nei - gen-des Le - ben, Rie - sen-haft füh - le füh - le ich's, füh - le ich's

*decresc.*

19

we - ben, Wel - ches das mei - ne ver -

23

- drängt.

*8vb.* *loco*

Nachtlied

27

*mp*

Schlaf, da nahst du dich leis', Wie dem

31

Kin - de die Am - me, Und um die dürf - ti - ge Flam - me

*dolce*

35

Ziehst du, Ziehst du den schütz-en - den Kreis, \_\_\_\_\_

*teneramento*

(8va)

*loco*      *loco*

38

den schütz - en-den Kreis.

*8va*

*ppp*  
*loco*

*8vb*

# Herbstbild

## TEXT

Friedrich Hebbel, 1852  
(1813–1863)

## MUSIC

John Salmon

Allegro con brio ( $\text{♩} = 72$ )

Baritone

Piano

con ped.

2 *f*

Dies ist ein\_\_ Herbst tag,

3 wie ich kei - nen sah!

4 *sub. pp*

Die Luft ist still, als

Herbstbild

5

at - me - te man kaum,

6

Und den - noch fal - len rasch - elnd, fern und

7

nah,  
Die schön - sten

8

Früch - te ab  
von je - - - dem

9

Baum.  
cantando

## Herbstbild

10

O stört sie nicht, die

11

Fei - - er der Na - tur!

12

Dies ist die Le - - - se,

13

die sie sel - ber hält,

14

Herbstbild

15

Denn heu te löst sich von den Zwei gen

nur, Was vor dem mil-den

16

Strahl. der Son - - - ne

17

(colla parte)

Strahl. der Son - - - ne

mf cresc.

15 19 23

exultando loco 8va loco 8vb

18

ff

fällt.

cresc. ff p

# Erleuchtung

TEXT

Friedrich Hebbel  
(1813–1863)

MUSIC

John Salmon

**Andante ( $\text{♩} = 100$ )**

Baritone

Piano

1      In un - er - meß - lich      tief - en Stun -

5      - den      Hast du,      in ah - nungs - voll - em      Schmerz,      Den

8      Geist      des Welt      -      alls

11     nie emp-fun - den,      Der nie - der-flamm-te      in dein Herz?

Erleuchtung

15

Jed-wed-es Da - sein zu er - gänz - en Durch ein Ge - fühl, das ihn um-faßt,

Schließt er sich in die en gen Gren - zen Der Sterb - lich - keit als reichs - ter

20

Schäßt er sich in die en gen Gren - zen Der Sterb - lich - keit als reichs - ter

23 ossia

Gast.

26

Da tust du in die

Erleuchtung

28

dun - keln Ris - - - se Des Un - er-forsch-ten ei - nen  
*accel.*

30

Blick \_\_\_\_\_ Und nimmst in dei - ne Fin - ster-nisse Ein  
*cre* - - - - - *scen*, - - - - -  
*tr* - - - - -

33

do - - - - - *ff* - - - - -  
 leuch - tend Bild - - der Welt zu -  
*do* - - - - - *ff* - - - - -  
*loco* 8vb

36

- rück; - - - - -  
*decresc.*  
*molto rit.* Du trinkst das all - ge -  
*molto rit.* *mp* - - - - -  
*mp* - - - - -

Erleuchtung

39

mein - ste Le - ben,  
Nicht mehr den Trop - fen,

42

der dir floss,  
Und ins Un\_\_\_\_\_ end - li - che

46

*senza precipitare*

ver - schwe\_\_\_\_ben  
Kann leicht, wer es

*poco a poco ritardando*

49

*(poco a poco ritardando)*

im Ich\_\_\_\_ge - noss.  
*(poco a poco ritardando)*

*poco a poco ritardando*

*pp*

# Abendgefühl

TEXT

Friedrich Hebbel  
(1813–1863)

MUSIC

John Salmon

Lento ( $\text{♩} = 60$ )

Baritone

Piano

*p legato, dolce*

*con ped.*

6

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

*p legato poco cresc.*

Fried - - - lich be - kämp - fen

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

*p*

*ped.* *ped.* *simile*

11

Nacht sich und Tag. Wie das zu

Abendgefühl

16

dämp - fen, Wie das zu lös - en ver - mag! \_\_\_\_\_

cresc.

21

*subito p*

Der mich be - drück - te, Schläfst du schon,

*subito p*

25

*cresc.*

Schmerz? Was mich be - glück - te, Sa - ge,

*cresc.*

29

*decresc.*

poco rit.

was war's doch, mein Herz? \_\_\_\_\_

*poco rit.*

*decresc.*

Abendgefühl

33 *a tempo*

38

Freu - - - de wie Kum - mer,

43

Fühl' ich, zer - rann,

*espressivo*

48

Ab - er den Schlum - mer Führ - ten sie lei - se her -

*poco cresc.*

*f*

Abendgefühl

52

poco rit.

- an.

decresc.

poco rit.

pp

*a tempo*

55

Und im Entschweben, Immer empor, Kommt mir das

*a tempo*

poco cresc.

60

Leben Ganz wie ein Schlummerlied

rit.

64

*a tempo*

vor.

*a tempo*

68

rit.

p

pp