

A photograph of Lewis Furey, a bald man with a serious expression, wearing a dark jacket. He is holding a microphone in his right hand and has his left hand resting on a piano. The scene is dimly lit with a warm, orange-red light source from the left, creating a dramatic and moody atmosphere. The background is dark, and the piano is partially visible on the right side of the frame.

HAUNTED
BY BRAHMS

LEWIS FUREY
piano & voice

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BRAHMS LIEDER

English adaptations from the original German by Lewis Furey
Adaptation anglaise de Lewis Furey des poèmes originaux en allemand

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

1. Just a Feeling (2:08)

(Wie Melodien zieht es mir – Op.105 No. 1)

2. The Secret (2:22)

(Geheimnis – Op. 71 No. 3)

3. My Songs (2:09)

(Meine Lieder – Op. 106 No. 4)

4. Diamonds (1:14)

(Schön war, das ich dir weihte – Op. 95 No. 7)

5. Crossroads (2:34)

(Ein Wanderer – Op. 106 No. 5)

6. To the Moon (2:39)

(An den Mond – Op. 71 No. 2)

7. Voices (2:30)

(Lerchengesang – Op. 70 no 2)

8. Lullaby & Goodnight (2:11)

(Wiegenlied – Op. 49 No. 4)

9. Rain (1:35)

(Nachklang – Op. 59 No. 4)

10. Over the lake (2:03)

(Über die Heide – Op. 86 No. 4)

11. Gone, you are gone (3:06)

(Magelone cycle, Muss es eine Trennung geben – Op. 33 No. 12)

12. Sweet Surrender (2:57)

(Dämmerung senkte sich von oben – Op.59 No. 1)

13. Old Love (3:01)

(Alte Liebe – Op.72 No. 1)

14. We thought that death...

(Autumn Mood) (3:10)

(Herbstgefühl – Op. 48 No. 7)

15. Forget You (2:03)

(Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen – Op.32 No. 2)

16. Ever Deeper Down (3:14)

(Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer – Op.105 No. 2)

17. Haunted (3:11)

*Words & Music by / Paroles et musique de
Lewis Furey*

("The Humours of...")

“ In the shadows of the forest...
All my songs are born here
in these shadows ”

– My Songs / Meine Lieder – Op. 106, No. 4

I've been playing Brahms' lieder for some time now, practising them at home, translating them into English, performing them for my children, for my wife, occasionally, for friends...

And I don't know exactly how, but I found myself contracted, with specific dates, to record them for ATMA Classique at La Chapelle historique du Bon-Pasteur on Sherbrooke Street East in Montreal. I couldn't see a way out.

Like matter is drawn into a black hole, I am swallowed up by Brahms. I pass the event horizon and find myself instantaneously and simultaneously being born in Hamburg on the 7th of May, 1833, dying in Vienna in 1897 after having composed some 200 songs, and writing liner notes for this CD from my loft in Montreal in 2017 at the age of 183.

Franz Kafka whispers in my ear: "Lewis, it is entirely conceivable that life's splendour forever lies in wait about each one of us in all its fullness, but veiled from view – deep down, invisible, far off. It is there though, not hostile, not reluctant, not deaf. If you summon it by the right word, by its right name, it will come. This is the essence of magic, which does not create, but summons."

« Dans les ombres de la forêt...
Toutes mes chansons sont nées ici,
dans ces ombres »

My songs / Mes Chansons / Meine Lieder – op. 106, n° 4

Cela fait un moment que je joue les lieder de Brahms, que je les étudie à la maison, que je les traduis en anglais, que je les joue pour ma femme, pour mes enfants, pour quelques amis...

Et je ne sais pas exactement comment ça s'est produit, mais je me suis retrouvé engagé à les enregistrer à une date précise, pour ATMA Classique, à la Chapelle historique du Bon-Pasteur, rue Sherbrooke Est à Montréal. Et je ne voyais pas comment je pouvais m'en échapper.

Comme la matière est aspirée dans un trou noir, je suis avalé par Brahms. Je traverse l'horizon des événements et je me retrouve instantanément et simultanément en train de naître à Hambourg le 7 mai 1833, de mourir à Vienne en 1897 après avoir écrit quelque 200 chansons, et en train d'écrire les notes d'accompagnement de ce disque, dans mon loft de Montréal, en 2017, à l'âge de 183 ans.

Franz Kafka me chuchote à l'oreille : « Lewis, il est parfaitement concevable que la splendeur de la vie se tienne prête à côté de chaque être et toujours dans sa plénitude, mais qu'elle soit voilée, enfouie dans les profondeurs, invisible, lointaine. Elle est pourtant là, ni hostile, ni réticente, ni sourde. Qu'on l'invoque par le mot juste, par son nom juste, et elle vient. C'est là l'essence de la magie, qui ne crée pas, mais invoque. »

BRAHMS LIEDER

Brahms wrote songs for piano and voice from his early twenties to his death at age 64. He would publish between six and ten songs every two years or so, and his fans would rush out to buy the scores, bring them home, and play them for family and friends.

As a singer/songwriter I became fascinated by the quality, the regularity, and the longevity of Brahms' production as well as the unique combination of profundity and accessibility in his music.

Emotionally, Brahms' lieder are situated in a theatre of shadow and light: an interior landscape where his songs of desire and longing, loss and regret, fulfilment and remembrance are born and thrive. They are raw and confessional, profoundly personal and intimate reflections on love and death infused with sublimated sexuality.

THE WORLD IN WHICH BRAHMS LIVED

A well-assumed obsessive-compulsive behaviour was to be found in the intelligentsia of nineteenth-century Vienna. Theodor Billroth (1829–1890) was one of Brahms's best friends. An accomplished amateur violinist, he was the sort of person Brahms was aiming to reach with his chamber music and lieder.

Billroth taught and practised medicine at the University of Vienna. He is considered to be the father of abdominal surgery. In his seminal book *Lectures on Surgical Pathology and Therapeutics*, he advises his students to "...let all that you observe penetrate your inmost soul. Let it so warm and replenish you that your thoughts constantly refer to it. Only then will you find true pleasure and delight in your intellectual labours."

Goethe, the spiritual father to the circle of friends around Brahms and Billroth, observes in a letter to Schiller: "Pleasure, delight, interest in things, these are the only realities. All else is vanity and disappointment."

And Brahms gives the following advice to young songwriters: "Carry the poem with you for a long time before writing the music, paying especially close attention to the declamation. Recite it aloud, morning, noon, and night, until the music blossoms forth of its own accord."

LES LIEDER DE BRAHMS

Brahms a écrit des chansons pour voix et piano, du début de la vingtaine jusqu'à sa mort à 64 ans. Tous les deux ans, il publiait de six à dix chansons et ses fans se précipitaient dans les librairies de musique pour rapporter les partitions chez eux, les déchiffrer en famille et les interpréter pour leurs amis.

En tant qu'auteur-compositeur-interprète, la qualité, la stabilité et la pérennité de la production de Brahms me fascinent, tout comme l'amalgame unique de profondeur et d'accessibilité qui caractérise sa musique.

Sur le plan émotif, les lieder de Brahms se situent dans un théâtre d'ombre et de lumière, un paysage intérieur où naissent et fleurissent ces chansons de désir et de plaisir, de perte et de regrets, de plénitude et de souvenirs. Elles sont crues et sur le ton de la confession, profondément personnelles, elles sont des réflexions intimes sur l'amour et la mort, infusées d'une sexualité sublimée.

LE MONDE OÙ VIT BRAHMS

Une sorte de comportement obsessionnel-compulsif heureux habite l'intelligentsia viennoise du XIX^e siècle. Theodor Billroth (1829-1890) compte parmi les meilleurs amis de Brahms. Violoniste amateur accompli, il a le profil parfait du public que Brahms cherche à rejoindre par sa musique de chambre et ses lieder.

*Billroth enseigne et pratique la médecine à l'Université de Vienne. On dit de lui qu'il est le père de la chirurgie abdominale. Dans son ouvrage fondateur *Éléments de pathologie chirurgicale générale*, il écrit : « Faites en sorte que tout ce que vous observez vous pénètre jusqu'au fond de votre âme. Soyez-en remplis et ressourcés au point d'y porter continuellement votre attention et votre réflexion. C'est là que se trouvent le véritable plaisir et l'émerveillement de vos travaux intellectuels. »*

Goethe, père spirituel d'un cercle d'amis autour de Brahms et Billroth, remarque, dans une lettre à Schiller : « Le plaisir, l'émerveillement, l'intérêt pour les choses, voilà les seules réalités. Tout le reste n'est que vanité et déception. » Et Brahms conseillait aux jeunes compositeurs de chansons : « Tenez le poème proche de vous le plus longtemps possible avant de le mettre en musique. Récitez-le à haute voix, matin, midi et soir, jusqu'au moment où la musique éclora malgré vous - qu'elle éclora d'elle-même. »

BRAHMS' LYRICISTS AND MY ENGLISH ADAPTATIONS

Dammrung senkte sich von oben – Op. 59, No. 1 is one of five poems by Goethe that Brahms set to music for piano and solo voice. Of all the poets Brahms chose, Goethe is the only one who had his stature.

The others, for the better part, are considered to be “minor poets.” While they are remembered mostly because Brahms set their poems to music, it was nevertheless in their work that he found the material that touched and inspired him.

Brahms was an avid visitor to the Vienna bookstores. He bought just about all the poetry books that came out. He enjoyed accessible poetry that addressed the preoccupations and social mores of his time, that described the landscapes and nature in which he lived.

My adaptations into English of Brahms' lieder are a result of my desire to appropriate these songs. My way in is that of a fan, in my case a foreigner, who translates the German in order to feel that the songs belong to him.

Translation is a betrayal – that said, I dive in headfirst. I am inspired by Marcel Proust's advice: “If a little dreaming is dangerous, the cure for it is not to dream less but to dream more, to dream all the time.”

And as Jean-Claude Carrière has written, “...translation is the responsibility of every generation.” I find a certain comfort in this notion; I can't inflict any durable harm to Brahms' lieder. They will survive my adaptations. Of this I am certain.

LES PAROLIERS DE BRAHMS ET MON ADAPTATION ANGLAISE

Dammrung senkte sich von oben – op. 59, n° 1 est un des cinq lieder pour voix solo et piano que Brahms a composés sur des textes de Goethe. De tous les poètes qu'il a choisis, Goethe est le seul qui ait eu sa stature.

Les autres sont pour la plupart des poètes dits « mineurs ». Nous nous souvenons d'eux surtout parce que Brahms les a mis en musique, mais c'est néanmoins chez eux qu'il a trouvé son inspiration, la matière de ses compositions.

Brahms fréquente assidument les librairies de Vienne. Il achète tout ce qui se publie comme recueils de poésie. Il aime la poésie populaire, qui parle des préoccupations et des mœurs de son monde, ou qui décrit les paysages, la nature qu'il habite.

Mon adaptation anglaise des lieder de Brahms découle du désir de me les approprier à ma manière, celle d'un fan qui achète les partitions, dans mon cas, un fan étranger, et qui les traduit pour sentir qu'ils lui appartiennent.

Traduire, c'est trahir. Donc, je me dis, tant qu'à faire, allons-y. Je m'inspire de cette consigne de Marcel Proust : « Si un peu de rêve est dangereux, ce qui en guérit, ce n'est pas moins de rêve, mais plus de rêve, mais tout le rêve. »

Et puis, comme l'a écrit Jean-Claude Carrière, « ...traduire, c'est la responsabilité de chaque génération ». Il y a quelque chose de rassurant dans cette notion. Je ne peux pas abîmer d'une façon durable les lieder de Brahms. Ils vont résister à moi et mes adaptations. Ça, c'est certain.

ANACHRONISMS

Sentence fragments have slipped into my English adaptations of Brahms lieder, like “swing low sweet chariot,” “money can’t buy me love,” “fool on the hill,” “this is your song,” “stairway to heaven”...

These anachronisms bring me closer to Brahms, who enjoyed basing a melody or a rhythmic pattern on a traditional folk song or a popular dance in the Vienna of his day.

I think that all workers in song enjoy the electrifying kick you get when you feel plugged into the collective cultural consciousness.

Following Brahms’ career over 44 years as a composer of some 200 songs – “pop songs” if you will – is very simply pure pleasure.

HOW I CHOOSE A LIED TO SING

I’m often asked how I choose a lied from all the wonderful songs that Brahms composed. I haven’t studied all of them yet, but I know that I tend to go for the hits.

I read books by musicologists, I look at the track lists of CDs of renowned singers from the classical music world, I watch their videos on YouTube, and I see which songs everybody records, that everyone sings, and that everyone knows.

I guess you could say that this collection is a sort of “Best of...” or “Greatest Hits”.

ANACHRONISMES

Des fragments de phrases se sont glissés dans mes adaptations anglaises de ces lieder : « swing low sweet chariot », « money can’t buy you love », « fool on the hill », « this is your song », « stairway to heaven »...

Ces anachronismes me rapprochent de Brahms, qui se plaisait à élaborer une mélodie ou un rythme sur un air folk traditionnel ou une danse en vogue à Vienne.

Je pense que tout travailleur de la chanson aime ressentir le kick électrifiant du branchement à la conscience culturelle collective.

Suivre Brahms dans ses 44 années d’aventures dans l’expression populaire de ses quelques 200 chansons – « pop songs » si vous voulez – est tout simplement un plaisir.

COMMENT JE CHOISIS UN LIED

On me demande parfois comment je choisis un lied parmi tous ceux que Brahms a écrits. Je ne les ai pas encore tous étudiés, mais je sais que j’ai un net penchant pour les tubes.

Je lis des livres de musicologie, je regarde les pochettes des disques et les vidéos sur youtube des grandes stars du chant classique. Je vois les lieder que tout le monde enregistre, que tout le monde chante, que tout le monde connaît.

On pourrait dire, si on veut, que cet album est une sorte de « Greatest Hits », un « Best Of ».

CREATION AND PERFORMANCE GESTALT AND REIFICATION

Piano and voice music is a good example of the gestalt experience of reification: listen to a lied and you find yourself adding an orchestration, or concrete sounds of nature, or the cracking of the cradle rocking on the old wood floors in *Wiegenlied – Lullaby*.

This is the constructive or generative aspect of perception, by which the experienced percept contains more explicit information than the sensory stimulus on which it is based.

We are reminded of the famous phrase of the renowned Gestalt psychologist Kurt Koffka: "The whole has an independent existence." The whole is other than the sum of the parts... not *greater* than, *other* than.

E.L. Doctorow speaks of reading a novel as the ultimate interactive experience. I like applying this to writing and singing songs.

The poet/lyricist writes a text. The composer takes this text, and from deep inside himself finds the music. A performer sits down at his piano with the score and plays and sings it. His life flows through the musical phrases like an electric current, animating them, bringing them to life. And an audience listening to this performance receives the songs and each member, in turn, adds the breath of his or her own life.

You could say that it is only at that moment that the work is completed. One could even say that it is only at that moment that the work exists. Truly, nothing is as interactive as this relationship between a poet, a composer, a performer, and an audience.

CRÉATION ET PERFORMANCE GESTALT ET RÉIFICATION

Les lieder sont des exemples parfaits de l'expérience Gestalt de réification : vous écoutez un lied pour voix et piano et il se peut que vous ajoutiez une orchestration ou un son concret de la nature, ou encore le grincement du berceau basculant sur un vieux parquet dans « Wiegenlied – Lullaby ».

Ceci est la nature constructive ou générative de la perception - le percept reçu contient plus d'information que le stimulus sur lequel il est basé.

On se rappelle la célèbre phrase du grand psychologue praticien du Gestalt, Kurt Koffka : « Le tout a une existence propre, indépendante ». Le tout est autre que la somme de ses constituantes, pas plus grand que, mais autre que.

E.L. Doctorow considère la lecture d'un roman comme l'expérience interactive ultime. Moi, je l'applique à la musique.

Le poète écrit un texte. Le compositeur prend ce texte et, du fond de son être, fait éclore une musique.

L'interprète s'assoit au piano et lit la partition Sa vie suit les phrases musicales comme un courant électrique ; elle les anime, elle leur insuffle la vie. Chaque auditeur les reçoit et y ajoute à son tour le souffle de sa propre existence.

On peut dire, que ce n'est qu'à ce moment-là que l'œuvre est aboutie. On peut même dire que ce n'est qu'à ce moment-là que l'œuvre existe. Rien n'est plus interactif que cette relation entre poète, compositeur, interprète et auditeur.

HAUNTED
From The Humours of ...
Music and lyrics by Lewis Furey

A man at his piano is singing. On a pedestal sits a bust of Brahms. Suddenly it lights up, casting powerful beams of light into the public. It comes to life. The bust opens its eyes, moves its lips. The inanimate statue has “morphed” into a human head!

It changes again, developing into a bird, deploying its great wings, taking flight. The bird breaks through the theatre's ceiling and rises up to the stars. Lightning strikes – a discharge of atmospheric electricity from one cloud to another, between a cloud and the earth, or between heaven and earth... Lightning strikes - Brahms and you and me.

The Brahms Lieder project. *Haunted* – a song I wrote in 1976 when Brahms was 143 and I, 27.

HAUNTED
Extrait de The Humours of ...
Paroles et musique : Lewis Furey

Un homme est assis à son piano. Il chante. Sur un guéridon il y a un buste, un plâtre de Brahms. Soudain, le buste s'allume et projette de puissants faisceaux de lumière vers la salle. Le buste prend vie. Il ouvre les yeux, il bouge les lèvres. Le plâtre inanimé est devenu humain !

Il évolue encore en se transformant en un oiseau qui déploie ses grandes ailes et il s'envole. Fracassant le plafond du théâtre, il s'éloigne vers les étoiles. Une décharge d'électricité atmosphérique entre deux nuages, entre ciel et terre... Un coup de foudre... c'était Brahms.

« Haunted », une chanson que j'ai écrite en 1976 ; Brahms avait 143 ans et moi 27.



LEWIS FUREY WRITER, DIRECTOR, COMPOSER

Lewis Furey began violin lessons when he was 5 years old. At 11, he made his debut as soloist with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Sir Wilfrid Pelletier. He enrolled at the Conservatoire de musique de Montréal in the class of Calvin Sieb, before moving to New York to study at the Juilliard School of Music with Ivan Galamian and Dorothy Delay. When he was 18, he followed Louis Dudek's courses in contemporary literature at McGill University. By the age of 20, he decided to direct his career toward songwriting, theatre, and film.

As lyricist and composer, he has recorded three solo albums, *Lewis Furey* (1975), *The Humours of...* (1976) and *The Sky Is Falling* (1979). He also wrote and produced Carole Laure's recordings: *Alibis* (1978), *Western Shadows* (Prix Charles Cros 1989), *She Says Move On* (1991) and *Sentiments naturels* (Prix Félix de l'ADISQ 1998).

Lewis directed numerous music videos, of which seven were for Carole Laure (notably *Save the Last Dance for Me* and *Passe de toi*), as well as for Renaud (*Le P'tit Voleur*), Mecano (*Hijo de la Luna*), Julio Iglesias (*Milonga Sentimental*), Gypsy Kings (*Sin Ella*), and Céline Dion (*Ziggy*). Working in the theatre, he has collaborated with Jean-Michel Ribes (*Jacky Paradise*), Carole Laure (*Vous avez dû mentir aussi et Bonsoir, mon amour*), and Jean-Michel Deprats (*Antony and Cleopatra* – *The A&C Project*). In 1993 Lewis remounted the rock opera *Starmania*, which toured the world for ten years, winning the French Victoire de la Musique award three times.

He has written more than 20 film scores (amongst which *Fantastica*, *La Tête de Normandie St-Onge*, *The Rubber Gun Show*, *American Dreamer*, and *Love Project*) and was awarded three Canadian Screen Awards for his compositions (*Maria Chapdelaine*, *The Peanut-Butter Solution*, and *Night Magic*). He directed two feature films: *Rats and Rabbits*, from George F. Walker's play *Beyond Mozambique* (2000), and *Night Magic*, a musical with lyrics by Leonard Cohen, which was premiered in the Official Selection of the Cannes Film Festival in 1985.

From 2010 until 2014 Lewis returned to the stage with *Selected Songs Recital*, which he toured extensively. In 2016–2017 he created *Lewis Furey Sings Brahms* at the Outremont Theatre in Montréal and recorded *Haunted by Brahms* for ATMA Classique.

LEWIS FUREY AUTEUR, COMPOSITEUR, METTEUR EN SCÈNE

Lewis Furey commence ses études de violon à 5 ans à Montréal. À 11 ans, il fait ses débuts comme soliste avec l'Orchestre symphonique de Montréal, sous la direction de Sir Wilfrid Pelletier. Il entre au Conservatoire de musique de Montréal, dans la classe de Calvin Sieb, avant de déménager à New York pour étudier à la Juilliard School of Music sous la direction d'Ivan Galamian et Dorothy Delay. À 18 ans, il suit les cours de littérature contemporaine de Louis Dudek à l'Université McGill. À 20 ans, il s'oriente vers la chanson, le théâtre et le cinéma.

Il compose trois albums solo: Lewis Furey (1975), The Humours of... (1976) et The Sky Is Falling (1979). Il est également réalisateur et compositeur des albums de Carole Laure, Alibis (1978), Western Shadows (1989, Prix Charles-Cros), She Says Move On (1991) et Sentiments naturels (1997, Prix Félix de l'ADISQ 1998).

Il réalise de nombreux vidéoclips musicaux, notamment sept pour Carole Laure (dont Save the Last Dance for Me et Mirage Geisho), Renaud (Le P'tit Voleur), Mecano (Hijo de la Luna), Julio Iglesias (Milonga Sentimental), Françoise Hardy (Si ça fait mal) et Céline Dion (Ziggy). Au théâtre, il collabore avec Jean-Michel Ribes (Jacky Parady), Carole Laure (Vous avez dû mentir aussi et Bonsoir, mon amour) et Jean-Michel Deprats (Antoine et Cléopâtre – The A&C Project). En 1993, il met en scène une reprise de l'opéra rock Starmania qui reçoit trois années de suite le trophée du spectacle musical de l'année aux Victoires de la musique et tourne pendant dix ans dans tous les pays francophones.

Lewis Furey a écrit la musique d'une vingtaine de films (parmi lesquels Fantastica, La Tête de Normandie St-Onge, The Rubber Gun Show, American Dreamer et Love Project). Il a été récompensé par trois Prix Écrans canadiens pour ses compositions (Maria Chapdelaine, The Peanut-Butter Solution et Night Magic). Il réalise deux longs-métrages – Rats and Rabbits, d'après la pièce Beyond Mozambique de George F. Walker (2000), et Night Magic, un film musical, livret de Leonard Cohen, «sélection officielle Festival de Cannes, 1985».

De 2010 jusqu'en 2014, Lewis Furey remonte sur scène avec succès avec son spectacle Selected Songs Recital, dans lequel il renoue avec son répertoire. En 2016-2017, il crée Lewis Furey chante Brahms au Théâtre Outremont de Montréal et enregistre Haunted by Brahms pour ATMA Classique.

LYRICS / PAROLES

1. Just a Feeling

Wie Melodien zieht es mir – Op. 105 No. 1

It's just a feeling
it's a song that keeps
running through my mind
A memory, a fragrance
I thought I'd left behind
I watch the past unwind

It's just a feeling
it's a song that
I'm always trying to write
Elusive as the mist
As the vapours of the night
That fade with morning light

I know there's something
of that feeling
contained within this verse
A memory, a fragrance
a blessing and a curse
I sing these songs of yearning
and night after night
I fear my heart must burst

2. The Secret

(Geheimnis – Op. 71 No. 3)

The night has come
the stars shine bright
the wind is soft and warm
But I'm so cold and torn

The emptiness runs so deep -
finds me desperate and still
alone like a fool on the hill
I'll never get to sleep

The maple leaves shiver
the white birches fret
the spruces shake their boughs
They scoff at human vows

Our love was no secret
the forest knew all the details
transgressions...
indiscretions

You're gone
They'll never let me forget

3. My Songs

(Meine Lieder – Op. 106 No. 4)

When my heart
decides the time has come to sing
Sing I must
to conjure you in everything

Wrapped in longing,
Still belonging
to a time I can't escape,
I'm living now with ghosts -
In the shadows of the forest

All my songs
are born here in these shadows
Songs I thought could set me free
chain me to thee

4. Diamonds

(Schön war, das ich dir weihte – Op. 95 No. 7)

Diamonds
You wanted diamonds
I gave you diamonds, jade, and pearls

Music
You liked my songs
I wrote you songs to win your love

I waited
I tried so hard to be patient
Desperately I watched
hoping that you would look my way
But no you never did
not ever, that way

How I needed
more than simple affection
But songs and diamonds
couldn't buy me love!

5. Crossroads

(Ein Wanderer – Op. 106 No. 5)

Here I am again
I'm standing at the crossroads
looking down the paths
and wond'ring where they lead

One thing's sure
my path is lonely
That's the life I seem to need -
seem to need

Will there come a time
we'll meet again at crossroads?
Will there be a night
you'll share a bed with me?

For a moment
we'll take comfort
For a moment
I'll believe again
in angels!

Sometimes I can see
the whole thing's very simple
And other times I get lost
in the complexity

All I know is a grave is waiting
When I'm buried there you'll come
Come to me

6. To the Moon

An den Mond – Op. 71 No. 2

Caught - in a dangerous shower of moonbeams
Washed - in a silvery shimmering moonlight
Held - in a glow that invades every heartbeat
Naked tonight in the dangerous moonlight

Moon, I am waiting in ghostly suspension
Moon, one more lunatic begs your attention

Find someone, someone to hold me
as you sail across the skies
Need someone, someone to love me
Find that heart, find where it hides

You who rule the great Pacific
You who move Atlantic tides...

Catch - me a girl in your fabulous moonlight
Fill - every cell of her body with moon-glow

Make her want me
bring her addict
craving love from me tonight
All I have I'd give up gladly
just to lie with someone in your moonlight

7. Voices

Lerchengesang – Op. 70 No. 2

It's almost like I'm hearing voices
I can't quite make out what they're saying
But listen it sounds like they're praying
for possibilities and choices
It makes me feel good
when I can hear voices

Just close your eyes they're singing
you're welcome in their presence
you're bathed in rich resonance
They're gathering you in their presence
you're swimming in sumptuous resonance
The heart feels so good
when I can hear voices

8. Lullaby & Goodnight

Wiegenlied – Op. 49 No. 4

Lullaby and goodnight
there's a stairway to heaven
Are you ready, we can go
leave our bodies far below

I believe, yes I do
I believe you do too
Lullaby, here we go
spinning crystals of snow

Lullaby and goodnight
all the angels are singing
Can the music of the spheres
lead us through this veil of tears?

Now we bow at the dance
of creation and chance
Now we are, now we're gone
just like perfume and song

Time and space twist and fold -
we will never grow old
Is that God's face we see
Is he winking at you and me?

9. Rain

Nachklang – Op. 59 No. 4

It's the rain
it's raining once again
Another day of rain
and pain and heartache

It's the tears
the tears that won't stop flowing
I am blinded, love you still

Clouds will break the skies will clear
they tell me
And the sun will shine again, I know

But it's rain
it's raining once again
It's raining in my heart
the flood gates open
and I am drowning
In the rain... in pain... in tears...
I'm drowning

10. Over the lake

Über die Heide – Op. 86 No. 4

Over the lake
the echoes rebound
Footsteps on snow
and heartbeats that pound

Deep in the night
with nowhere to go
Held in the arms
of wind and snow

Wrapped in the gusts
of wind and snow
Out on the lake
with nowhere to go
Didn't there use to be
a chariot for me?
Swing low sweet chariot
Swing low

You were my compass
I was your map
'Guess we both know now
there is no way back

11. Gone, you are gone

*Magelone cycle : Muss es eine Trennung
geben – Op. 33 No. 12*

Gone, you are gone, what went wrong,
what happened?
Time and again my lonely heart breaks
Is this some comedy somebody's is staging?
Caught - snakes and ladders, ladders and
snakes

Is there a chapter that I should be reading?
Is there a verse that I don't understand?
Is there a sunset somewhere could be
healing me?
Why are my castles all built on the sand?

Blood, look my blood is turning to gas
Something's gone wrong...
I'm igniting, I'm shattering glass
If I'd never known what love is
maybe I'd have had a chance!

But as it is all I'll need now's the courage,
courage to recognize sweet suicide
She is my hope and she'll be my comfort
I'm not alone, now Death's at my side
She was my friend, now she'll be my bride!

12. Sweet Surrender

Dämmerung senkte sich von oben – Op. 59 No. 1

Darkness dripping down from the heavens
all reality slips away
Time has come for sweet surrender
come to me now, my darling, my slave

Cast your pride off
take off your clothing
naked, come to me wrapped in haze
All your sadness overflowing
sure you can cry
'cause there's no more shame

Little ponies like to dance and gallop
I'm watching you, I'm pleased
Step a little lighter
Hold your head a little higher
Better watch out, you're bad now
O darling, you're sad now

Time has come for sweet surrender
You want to know...
You're wondering does it show

Take off all your clothes - you're naked
Yes you heard – ah come to me

Yes you heard - come to me
without a word

13. Old Love

Alte Liebe – Op. 72 No. 1

Again the bird is singing
I guess the winter's gone
I'd come to enjoy the silence
the frozen crystal calm -
white hard winter's calm

There's no mistaking the springtime
you couldn't if you tried
The rush and roar of melting ice
the pulse that won't subside
a hurt you cannot hide

I wonder what you're thinking
wondering can you hear
the echoes of my longing
Do you enjoy this dear?

It's strange I'm always expecting
my doorbell to ring
Your perfume and your pyjamas
I've kept most everything

I still can hear you breathing
beside me - is that your will?
How can I still be dreaming -
The night's are awfully still

We dreamt a dream together
And now you are gone
So much space to fill!

14. We thought that death... (Autumn Mood)

Herbstgefühl – Op. 48 No. 7

We thought that death was something simple
We always thought we'd age with grace
But now a cold wind's blowing
No pity
We've lost this race
We've lost - just like everyone, everyone
Everyone loses this race

The days are so cold and the sky's grey
I'm chilled to the bone
never felt so alone
Now I'm scared.

What did I think life was?
Just because I'd known love
did I imagine I was prepared?

The trees are bare, just sticks and twigs now
The autumn leaves rot on the ground
This is the way the world ends -
not in a bang but in a whimper

We thought we'd live forever, and ever
Now forever's come around

15. Forget You

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen – Op. 32 No. 2

I said that I'd forget you
decided to forget you
I swore I wouldn't let you
be an obsession
I'd made my mind up
but then I lost it
completely

If I had never let you
into my life like some invasive sickness
tonight, perhaps I'd have a life -
not be reaching out for nothing,
touching nothing

You see I thought it mattered,
this fantasy,
no really
I thought that you could love me
I know it's crazy
How could you love me?
It doesn't matter
Forgive me

16. Ever Deeper Down

Immer leiser wird – Op. 105 No. 2

Ever deeper down into this sleep
I'm so lonely, is there no mistake?
Tangled up in longing
webs of longing

You are ever in my dreams
calling me, you're at my door

I can't wake - I'm paralysed
All these years I've fled reality
making love to a fantasy

I'm obsessed with death, I feel so old
singing songs and smoking cigarettes
Feels like I'll be leaving
Soon I'll be leaving

First I'll finish up this song
it's almost done now it won't be long
Then if you want to say goodbye
come, o come but don't be long
Come and claim your song.

17. Haunted

From "The Humours of..." music & lyrics Lewis Furey

There're songs of coldness and songs of lust
Songs of betrayal and songs of trust
Songs that fill you, songs that make you glad
And songs like this, songs that are sad

I'm haunted by your memory
Is this the way that you charted for me?

I'm haunted by the way you look into my eyes
By the way you took me by surprise
I never knew where you were coming from
when the wind would turn
It was always stormy weather - I had so much to learn

I'm calling out of necessity
Set me free, I'm in jeopardy - I've tried
magic and religion, all kinds of remedies
Now I'm pushing delete, wiping clean these memories

You'll never be what I want you to be
You'll never do what I want you to
I gotta make up my mind to get myself on through...

I've called to you a hundred times
A hundred, hundred times these lines
Lines filled with longing, lines filled with desire
There're songs come from heaven
and songs from the fire
And I'm haunted

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