

OTTO STOLL
(1889 – 1968)

FOUR SONGS / VIER LIEDER

**FÜR FRAUENSTIMME
UND KLAUIERBEGLEITUNG**

**AUS BAND 1
(ERSCHIENEN 1997)**

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TO THE SONGS:

Kreuze meine Hände leise (Schaumann)

The poem describes the mood of going to "sleep", but sleep means here, may be, more the great sleep after life.

The first verse is in an imperative, "Cross my hands gently over my chest for (this) night", when the crazy journey of the day (life) is quietly ended. This refers to a physical picture containing the gone-by past (day).

The second verse is the (ethereal) moment of exclaiming with the breath: "All breathing is as if a child slept over a holy book, and the waft of the star's depth moves gently the window's linen."

The third verse gives a little disturbance as the soul's deeds become obvious: There is a little bit of praise and some harsh punishment. But there are already 'dream's colorful sheep' waiting at the fence.

The fourth verse gives the sensation of the coming meeting with the Shepherd and the streaming of a silent reconciling.

Das Linnen – The Linen (Schaumann)

There are three pictures of life and dying.

First it is stated that the garden (of life) is prepared, that the path in it is made from light sand (The path is made with a consciousness of it). The aroma of the ripe fruits (of a rich life) wafts through the walls of the veranda made by vine that still has all his leaves (On the other hand: the house of the soul is not closed by solid walls, it will open when the leaves fall). But she does not want to leave, she bides for a while to spin the last part of her linen without haste.

The second picture gives the view on the threshold: the bark is ready for the journey, the sail billows gently – around the cargo of flowering and food (for the Gods?), and there is a joyful wind to carry that. But she bides for a while to weave without haste the last part that goes for the eternal life.

The third picture reaches across the threshold: The stars appear, the moon cares for the world, the ornamental sky is to her like a hive of honey-bees. But she bides for a while to go for water and bleach her linen.

(The poet wrote a fourth verse giving reverence to the Christian faith. But this verse has not the spiritual strength given by the first three verses. Therefore Otto Stoll did not add it.)

Welt – World (Schaumann)

This song concerns the transcending into sleep. The first verse gives pictures from nature to describe the feeling of humbleness, being insignificant and hold at once: a sheep on open ground, a drop of dew in the pasture, the darkness of the blue lake. The second verse gives some disturbance in this picture as the light of the street lantern and the beams of an 'ill' moon draw attention to the visible world. "The day is withering, the night is still strange, the stillness weaves a white shirt". Then (third verse) she goes into sleep: "I am sinking into the space. There is no stone sinking like this, there is no down sinking like this. My heart is far, my heart beats deeply – Where is the silence that called on me?"

Volksweise (Rilke)

The poem is one of Rilke's early ones. Rilke came from Bohemia, the country around Prague, that belonged till 1918 to Austria. Rilke lived in Paris as a friend of Rodin who helped him fighting his depression.

The poet is touched by the tune of his homeland Bohemia. {Otto Stoll uses the melancholic song "Wie ist die Moldau tief" (How deep is the Moldavia river).} The tune, coming without warning, makes the poet's heart heavy.

The sweet song of a child that he saw when harvesting potatoes resounds in his late dream at night. – Imagine the poor country-boy (he himself might have been) whose culture consists in singing, and the poet who lives in the well-known city.

Although traveled far through the world he remembers this years later again and again.

Volksweise (Rainer Maria Rilke)

Bewegt + (1.)

c.f.: Wie ist die Moldau tief Mich rührt so sehr böh-mi-schen Vol-kes

7 Wei-se, schleicht sie ins Herz sich lei-se,

15 (2.)
etwas langsamer
macht sie es schwer. Wenn ein Kind

22 sacht singt beim Kar-tof-fel-jä-ten, klingt dir sein

29 *ritardando*

Lied im spä - ten Traum noch der Nacht *a tempo*

37 (3.)

Magst du auch sein weit ü - ber Land ge - fah -

45 *poco accelerando* *poco ritardando*

ren, fällt es dir noch nach Jah - ren stets

52

— wie - der ein.