

»ICH BIN EINE ENGLÄNDERIN, ZUR FREIHEIT GEBOREN«

19.30 Uhr / MHL / Großer Saal
Brahms-Festival 2026

Ethel Smyth (1858 – 1944)

Streichtrio D-Dur op. 6

I. Allegro

II. Moderato grazioso

III. Adagio

IV. Allegro molto

Daniel Sepec *Violine*

Lena Eckels *Viola*

Gabriel Schwabe *Violoncello*

Gustav Holst (1874 – 1934)

Quintett a-Moll op. 3

I. Allegro moderato

II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace

III. Adagio

IV. Allegro con brio

Sergio Sanchez *Oboe*

Jens Thoben *Klarinette*

Marit Jourdan *Fagott*

Iñaki Urkizu *Horn*

Konstanze Eickhorst *Klavier*

Pause

Frank Bridge (1879 – 1941)

Three Songs for Voice, Viola and Piano H. 76

I. Far, far from each other

II. Where is it that our soul doth go?

III. Music when soft voices die

Stephan Loges *Bariton*

Lena Eckels *Viola*

Konstanze Eickhorst *Klavier*

William Hurlstone (1876 – 1906)

Klavierquartett e-Moll op. 43

I. Allegro moderato

II. Andante cantabile

III. Vivace ma non troppo

IV. Lento ma non troppo – Allegro giocoso

Daniel Sepec *Violine*

Lena Eckels *Viola*

Gabriel Schwabe *Violoncello*

Konstanze Eickhorst *Klavier*

**Liedtexte zu Three Songs for Voice,
Viola and Piano H. 76 von Frank Bridge**

Far, far from each other

von Matthew Arnold (1822 – 1888)

Far, far from each other

Our spirits have flown.

And what heart knows another?

Ah! who knows his own?

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you

I come to the wild.

Fold closely, O Nature!

Thine arms round thy child.

Ah, calm me! restore me

And dry up my tears

On thy high mountain platforms,

Where Morn first appears,

Where is it that our soul doth go?

nach Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856)

ins Englische übersetzt von: Kate Freiligrath Kroeker

One thing I'd know: when we have perished,

Where is it that our soul doth go?

Where is the fire that is extinguished?

Where is the wind but now did blow?

Music when soft voices die

von Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792 – 1822)

Music, when soft voices die,

Vibrates in the memory –

Odours, when sweet violets sicken,

Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,

Are heaped for the beloved's bed;

And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,

Love itself shall slumber on.