

Translations of Ernst Schoen's pieces for concert at Bishopsgate Institute 9 October 2020

Ernst Schoen, Sechs Gedichte von Fritz Heinle (1932)

I.

Denying all mercy
Flying far towards the East
To which I delay admitting
Of any hidden illusion
It lies on cooling pillows
Stored over time
With fluctuating conscience
Ready for torment or for action.

II.

When I awake each morning
As in a lighted mirror
My hands reach up
To feel my face.
When I awake at night
The shadows don't betray my hands
The mirror cracks.

III.

Over the hill with sharpest views
Cries suppressed in glowing illusion
Beneath feathers, nodding spitefully
Fortunately sprayed into the sunshine.
While little frogs in valleys
Croak in fear with tripping steps
Decorated with wandering daisies
In procession crying coarsely.

IV.

Believe that you remain
With awakening illusion
The night – the night – slumbers deeply
Into sleep.
Only your dreams know
You are tearfully alone in your pillow
Quite small.

V.

Sweet pain, silent pain
Love is never still
Divides the flowers and flees away.
Swings upwards, swings upwards in deep waves
Up towards the proud dream circle
To where one must return.
Sweet fortune, smallest thing
Can only be granted by love, brought by love
That no one can completely win.

VI.

Jubilation was served
Your sinking voice still just ready
Meets the clatter of the rider
Reflecting in bed
On the empty joy
That every honest cadet
On horseback will proclaim.

(translated by Sasha Schoen)

Ernst Schoen, *Sechs Lieder für Kinder für Singstimme und Klavier (1927)***Introduction**

Alle Tage wieder / Every single day
Kommt der Weihnachtsmann / Father Christmas comes
Singt zwei kleine Lieder / Sings two little songs
Läuft dann, was er kann / Runs off then, because he can

Alle Tage wieder / Every single day
Kommt ein Morgenrot / A sunrise happens
Kommt ein Mittagessen / Lunch happens
Kommt ein Abendbrot / Supper happens

Dialog/Dialogue

Eine Frau / A woman
In Grünau / In Grünau
Der ihr Mann / Whose husband
Geht uns an / Approaches us

Warum? / Why?
Darum / Because!
Palmarum / Palm Sunday
Lirum / Lirum
Larum / Larum

"C'est la Nature!"

Auf einem Blatt saß eine Fliege / On the leaf sat a fly
Vor dem Blatt stand eine Ziege / In front of the leaf there stood a goat
Auf einem Blatt saß eine Fliege / On the leaf sat a fly
Wenn's nicht wahr ist, ist es Lüge / If it's not true, then it's a lie

Das Blatt, was die Fliege gegessen hat / The leaf that the fly was sat on
Die Ziege gefressen hat / Had been nibbled by the goat
Nun ist sie satt / Now she's full up
Und wer will besser wie sie sein / And whoever wants to be better than her
Der werf auf sie einen Ziegelstein / Should throw a brick at her.

Ein Unglück kommt selten allein / Mishaps rarely come alone:

Ein Soldat / A soldier
In der Stadt / In the city of
Varsovie / Warszaw
Hieß Marie / Named Marie
Hatte goldene Hosen / Has yellow trousers
Wurde totgeschossen / Got shot to death
Na und wie! / But who cares!

Zärtlichkeit / Tenderness

Eiapodeichen / Little hushbabies
Eiapodei / Hushabye
Mach Eieieichen / Make little eggs
Mach Eieiei / Makes eggaleg

Eiapodeichen / Little hushbabies
Eiapodan / Hushaban
Fang das Lied von vorne an! / Begin the song from the start again!

Eiapodeichen/Little hushbabies
Eiapodei/Hushabye

A, b, c

Sage a mit dem Finger / Say 'a' with the finger
Sage b mit dem Zeh / Say 'b' with the toe
Sage, was der Däumerling / Say, what the little thumb
Mit dem kleinen Finger fing / caught with the little finger
A, b, c, d, e;
C, d, e, f, g.

(translated by Esther Leslie and Sam Dolbear)

Schoen's Music for Politics

The Anti-Hitler Song

1.

From Murmansk down to the Black Sea
Workers, peasants and soldiers defend
Their land against Hitler's fascist army,
Against Hitler's bloody cruel deeds.
From the Don up to the Finnish lakes,
Their call rings powerfully and clearly:
We will put a stop to the Nazi armies
And a stop to Hitler, this year!

2.

From England's factories and aircraft hangars,
From the conveyor belt, from the work bench,
From the pilots, from the commando troops,
From every ship and every tank,
Sound out the voices of the bravest, the best
In an ever growing, louder and louder choir:
We forge the weapons, we fight in the West,
And we prepare the second front.

3.

Partisans are the Czech saboteurs,
The revenge for the dead of St Nazaire.
Norwegian teachers, and deserters
From Bulgaria and Austria, they form an army
Of avenging against the Nazis and strike
Now the last annihilating blow,
The Greeks, the Dutch, Belgians and Poles
Stand ready for the Day of Atonement

4.

From the Ruhr, from Mannheim,
from Hamburg and Bremen,
From Gestapo jails and the military hospitals
Can be perceived a lightly threatening tone,
From every labour camp, from every concentration camp
And from the bloody wounds of parting
The German mothers rise to speak:
An end to the mad Nazi dogs
And an end to Hitler: Right now, immediately!

– London, 1941

Homecoming Song

We have wandered since '33
Following the stars,
But some of our travelling companions
Left before us.

First the Hungarians wandered
Far over mountain and valley,
As the Admiral on horseback
Made himself King of the Hapsburgs.

And then, as Mussolini
Marched into Rome,
The best Italians could not remain
In their homeland any more.

We left our home,
When Adolf Hitler came,

This impudent Nazi terror
Took our body and life from us.

We are a colourful heap,
That you see coming now,
And some of those who walk with us,
Barely know where we are going.

Liberals and Socialists are
Amongst our number,
And Jews wander with Christians,
Men, women and children together.

And behind us follow more,
The Austrians are joining us,
The Czechs and the Poles are wandering
The Spanish too, man for man.

Dutch, French and Belgians,
Norwegians and Greeks too:
The army, in which we wander,
Never stops coming.

We wander over the Alps,
Carpathians and Pyrenees.
We creep through the woods at night,
We swim through rivers and seas.

No internment camps
Terrifies us, no border soldier,
No police jail,
No passport office, no barbed wire.

First we wandered to Spain,
To Czechoslovakia,
To France, to England, to Holland,
Wherever room could be found for us.

Often we had to keep on wandering,
Sometimes even over seas,
And then with heavy steps
the Fascists came behind us.

From France we went on to Spain,
From there to Portugal;
The cells and barrack camps
Greeted us everywhere.

From England it was on to Australia
And to Canada too,
And then back again to England;
No stopping near or far.

Our fathers wandered in this way too
A hundred years ago,
But their wandering was not in vain,
It had meaning and purpose.

When Marx and Engels hiked
And Herwegh and Freiligrath,
That was progress for all,
The socialist state.

And so we wander in the homeland,

And we fight until it is freed.

Our battle cry: Down with Hitler.

Our weapon: unity!

(Translated by Esther Leslie)
