

A musical staff with a treble clef on the left and a bass clef below it. The word 'Filler' is written in a large, blue, cursive script across the staff.

Filler

A dramatised Liederabend based around the relationship between Robert Schumann's daughter, Eugenie Schumann, and her lover, Marie Fillunger.



An Unwritten Memoir

Marie Fillunger (27th January 1850–23rd December 1930)
Eugenie Schumann (1st December 1851–25th September 1938)

It was through her collaborations with Brahms that Marie Fillunger was first introduced to Clara Schumann and her daughters, Eugenie and Marie. After hearing a later performance of *Zigeunerlieder*, Clara wrote to Brahms: 'No one else sings them here nearly as well [as] she does'. Clara regarded Fillunger as something of a protégée, employing her as a secretary and to assist with lessons in the family home.

It was during this time that Fillunger, or 'Fillu', as she was affectionately known to the family, formed a close friendship with Eugenie Schumann and the two women subsequently became lovers. When the family left Berlin and moved to Frankfurt in 1878, Fillu went to live with them, despite the consternation of Marie Schumann, who disapproved of her sister Eugenie's intimate relationship with the singer.

Although Brahms consistently supported the union, Clara struggled, and as tensions between Fillu and Marie continued to grow, she too eventually turned against her protégée. Eventually, in January 1889, when Clara refused to support her after a violent dispute with Marie, Fillu left for England. After Fillu's departure, Eugenie fell into a deep depression – unable to eat or sleep. Clara, whose own marriage to Robert Schumann had been vehemently resisted by her father, eventually recognised the importance of this relationship to her daughter's happiness and wrote to Fillu, resolving their conflict.

Eugenie moved to England in 1892 to be with Fillu. The couple initially lived in Kensington and later in Manchester, when Fillu joined the teaching staff of the Royal Manchester College of Music from 1904 to 1913. At the end of the First World War, Eugenie moved to Switzerland to be with her ailing older sister Marie.

Fillu and Eugenie were reunited in 1919 in Matten bei Interlaken in Switzerland, where they lived together until Fillu's death in 1930. Yet, when Eugenie wrote and published *The Schumanns and Johannes Brahms: The Memoirs of Eugenie Schumann, Daughter to Robert and Clara* (1927) her life-long love was barely mentioned. Their love for each other was necessarily kept a secret. This piece serves as the memoir that they themselves could never write.

About Green Opera



Green Opera is a company with a vision for making music and drama in a way that is environmentally sustainable. All of our production materials are sustainably sourced and for every ticket sold or £10 donated, we plant a tree with the Eden Reforestation Projects via our 'Seats for Seeds' scheme. Green Opera is a member of the Staging Change Network and Music Declares Emergency and is dedicated to continuing to create beautiful pieces of theatre and

music and to encouraging our audiences and artists to engage with this wonderful art-form while also taking care of the world around them.

Performers

Chloë Allison (Eugenie Schumann)



Chloë Allison is a British mezzo-soprano, who sustains a vibrant performing career, whilst completing a PhD in the Music Faculty at the University of Cambridge. With her Lied-duo partner Adam McDonagh, she is a Making Music Selected Artist. The pair were also selected for the Oxford Lieder Young Artists Mastercourse in 2020, and were finalists in the London Song Festival British Art Song Competition in 2019. In 2018, Chloë won the University Symphony Orchestra Concerto Competition and has since performed Wagner's *Wesendonck Lieder* with them. She is sought after as a soloist by other Orchestras

and has recently sung Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* and *Der Abschied* with The Cambridge Mahler Orchestra, Elgar's *Sea Pictures* with the Graduate Orchestra, and Lili Boulanger's *Du fond de l'abîme* for the season launch of the inaugural Minerva Festival in 2019, which promotes female and non-binary composers. Recent onstage appearances include the title roles in *La Cenerentola* (2020) and *Carmen* (2019) with the Cambridge University Opera Society. Other roles include La Zia Principessa (*Suor Angelica*, The Emphyrean Ensemble 2019), Ottavia (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*, OperaZone 2018), Testo (Monteverdi's *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*, TickTock 2018), Maurya (Vaughan Williams' *Riders to the Sea*, Selwyn College Chamber Opera 2018), Lucretia (*The Rape of Lucretia*, St John's College Chamber Opera 2017), Baba the Turk (*The Rake's Progress*, CUOS 2017), and The Grand Duchess (Lennox Berkeley's *A Dinner Engagement*, CUOS 2017).

Anna-Luise Wagner (Marie Fillunger/Translator)



German-born soprano Anna-Luise Wagner is in the final year of an AHRC-funded PhD at the University of Cambridge, researching the career of seventeenth-century writer, singer, and courtesan Margherita Costa. Recent operatic roles include Clorinda (*La Cenerentola*), Cleopatra (*Giulio Cesare*), Susanna (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Adina (*L'elisir d'amore*), Sāvitrī (*Sāvitrī*), Despina (*Così fan tutte*) with the Cambridge University Opera Society and others in Cambridge, as well as The Artist in Joanna Ward's contemporary opera *hunger* at the Edinburgh Fringe. As a concert soloist in

Cambridge, she has performed in Mozart's *Coronation Mass* and *Requiem*, and Haydn's *Nelson Mass*. Combining music-making with her PhD research, Anna has organised several public performance projects as part of academic conferences, featuring female composers and rarely performed Baroque repertoire. Anna completed her MPhil and undergraduate degree reading Italian and French at Clare College, Cambridge, where she was a choral scholar. She is currently studying with Marcus van den Akker.

Richard Gowers (Piano)



Richard Gowers is a London-based pianist, organist and conductor. He studied at the Mendelssohn Conservatoire in Leipzig and King's College, Cambridge, graduating with a starred first class degree in Music. He was awarded an MA with distinction from the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied Piano Accompaniment and Orchestral Conducting and won several prizes for song accompaniment and chamber music. He is Director of Music at St Saviour's, Pimlico.

Creative Team

Eleanor Burke (Writer/Director)



Eleanor Burke is a London-based director and choreographer and the Artistic Director of Green Opera. She graduated with a first class degree in English from Trinity College, Cambridge and is a Junior Artists Fellow at Guildhall School of Music & Drama. Eleanor directed the premiere of Karolina Csathy's *Gesualdo* (Green Opera, Trinity College Chapel); Mozart, *Die Zauberflöte* (Opera Kensington); Bizet, *Carmen* (West Road Concert Hall); Gilbert & Sullivan, *The Mikado* (West Road Concert Hall); Bernstein, *Trouble in Tahiti* (Frankopan Hall, Cambridge); Mozart, *Bastien und Bastienne/ Der Schauspieldirektor*

(Trinity College Chapel). She most recently assisted on Rossini, *La Cenerentola* (British Youth Opera, dir. Stuart Barker); Puccini, *La Bohème* (Jacksons Lane Theatre, dir. Daisy Evans); and Massenet, *Chérubin* (Royal Academy Opera, dir. James Hurley). She also worked on Wagner, *Das Rheingold* (Arcola Theatre, dir. Julia Burbach). Eleanor is currently assisting Julia Mintzer on Holst, *Savitri* (Lauderdale House, London) and directing two digital projects for Green Opera: Gilbert & Sullivan, *Iolanthe*, and *Isolated Incidents* (an original series of contemporary operatic scenes). Her production of Laura-Jane Folley & Dimitri Scarlato, *A Life Reset* (#OperaHarmony) will be broadcast on Opera Vision in August.

Moritz Grimm (Translator)



Moritz is a current masters student in the horn at the Royal Academy of Music, studying under Richard Watkins, Martin Owen, Mike Thompson, and Roger Montgomery. He read Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic at Robinson College, Cambridge, graduating with a starred double first. As a native German speaker, Moritz often collaborates with singers on German language coaching, specialising in Lieder and operatic repertoire, as well as working as a freelance translator (most noticeably for the Academy of Ancient Music).

Songs & Letters

Widmung (Robert Schumann, Friedrich Rückert)

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

You my soul, you my heart,
You my bliss, o you my pain,
You my world, in which I live,
You my heaven, in which I soar,
O you my grave, into which
I consign my grief forever!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres Ich!

You are rest, you are peace,
You are heaven-sent.
Your love gives me my worth,
Your eyes have transfigured me,
You lovingly transcend me,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Wach auf, mein Herzensschöne (Johannes Brahms, Anonymous)

Wach auf, meins Herzensschöne,
Herzallerliebste mein!
Ich hör' ein süß Getöse
Von kleinen Waldvögeln.
Die hör' ich so lieblich singen,
Ich mein, ich sah' des Tages Schein
Vom Orient herdringen.

Wake up, my heart's delight,
My tender, dearest love!
I hear a sweet intoning
Of the small wood birds.
I hear them singing so lovingly,
I think they wish to drag the light of day
From the Orient.

Ich hör' die Hahnen krähen
Und spür' den Tag dabei,
Die kühlen Windlein wehen
Die Sternlein leuchten frei.
Singt uns Frau Nachtigalle,
Singt uns ein süße Melodei,
Sie meldt den Tag mit Schalle.

I hear the cock crowing,
And feel the day arriving.
The cold winds blow,
The stars glow unfettered.
The Lady Nightingale is singing for us,
She sings us a sweet serenade,
She heralds the day with song.

Du hast mein Herz umfassen
In treu inbrünst'ger Lieb'.
Ich bin so oft gegangen,
Feinslieb' nach deiner Zier;
Ob ich dich möchte sehen,
So würd' erfreut das Herz in mir,
Die Wahrheit muss ich g'stehen.

You have captured my heart
With true, burning love.
I have gone so often, my dear,
To look upon your loveliness;
Whenever I saw you,
My heart was gladdened,
This truth I must confess.

Selig sei Tag und Stunde,
Darin du bist gebor'n!
Gott grüß mir dein rot Munde,
Den ich mir auserkor'n.
Kann mir kein Lieb're werden,
Schau, dass mein Lieb' nicht sei verlorn,
Du bist mein Trost auf Erden.

Holy is the day and hour,
In which you were born!
Thank God for your red lips,
Which I chose as mine.
None can be dearer to me,
See that my love is not forlorn,
You are my comfort on earth.

Der Neugierige (Franz Schubert, Wilhelm Müller)

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erführ' so gern.

I ask no flower,
I ask no star,
None of them can tell me,
What I would so dearly like to know.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

For I am no gardener,
The stars are too high;
I shall ask my little brook,
If my heart has deceived me.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

O little brook of my love,
How silent you are today!
I wish to know just one thing,
One small word, one way or the other.

Ja, heisst das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heisset Nein;
Die beiden Wörtchen schliessen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

'Yes', is one word,
The other is 'No';
These two small words hold
The whole world for me.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weitersagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

O little brook of my love,
How strange you are!
I shall tell no one else,
Say, little brook, does she love me?

Erinnerst Du Dich wie ich die ersten Tage unseres Zusammenseins schüchtern um Deine Liebe warb, ich weiß genau dass ich das erste Mal wagte Dir mit der Hand über die linke Schläfe und Wange zu fahren und die Freude die ich empfand als Du Dich dieser Liebkosung nicht entzogst, seither hab ich mich an Deinen Küssen satt und durstig getrunken und dieser Durst brennt mir nun in tiefster Seele, der Brand wird nicht erlöschen bis Deine Lippen mich berühren und wird bei all den elementaren Störungen des mir nun bevorstehenden bewegten Lebens durchbrechen.

Do you recall how in the early days I shyly courted your love? I remember exactly the first time I dared stroke your left temple and cheek, and the nameless joy I felt when you did not resist the caress. Since then, your kisses have satisfied my thirst and made me crave more, and this thirst now burns within my deepest soul. This fire will not be extinguished until your lips touch me once more and will burn through all the deep troubles that await me in my restless life.

Schöne Fremde (Robert Schumann, Joseph von Eichendorff)

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

The treetops rustle and shiver,
As though at this hour
Around the half-sunken walls
The old gods make their rounds.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Here behind the myrtle trees,
In secretly darkening splendour,
What do you speak to me so incoherently,
As if in a dream, fantastical night?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

All the stars shine down upon me
With ardent gazes of love,
The distance speaks drunkenly,
It seems, of great future fortune!

16.vi.1876

Ich bin immerfort in gleich jammervoller Stimmung, ob hätte ich erst wieder einen Brief von Dir in Händen. Auch wünsche ich mir in Wien zu sein um Dir recht gründlich nochmal Alles zu sagen. Bitte Genchen erlöse mich ich habe die Empfindung als stände etwas zwischen uns, und da könnte ich keinen Schatten vertragen er wäre mir tödlich. O Dein Brief war so kalt und daber der Schatten bitte, bitte laß mich nicht verzweifeln! Laß mich Dich wiederfinden, ich kann Dich nicht träumen, nicht denken immer fürchte ich Dich. Es thut mir weh Dir so vorzujammern aber ziehe erst die Wolken von meiner Laune damit ich froh werden kann.

I am always in the same wretched mood! Oh, how I long to hold a letter from you in my hands again. I also wish myself in Vienna, so that I may once more tell you everything. Please, Genchen [Eugenie Schumann], reassure me. I feel as though something stands between us, and there I could not bear any shadow, it would be deadly to me. Oh, your letter was so cold and that is why I feel the shadow. Please, please, do not let me fall into despair! Let me find you once more. I cannot dream of you, I cannot think, I always fear you. It hurts me to complain to you in this way, but if you just clear the clouds away from my mood, I can be happy.

Ruhe, Süßliebchen (Johannes Brahms, Ludwig Tieck)

Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten
Der grünen, dämmernden Nacht;
Es säuselt das Gras auf den Matten,
Es fächelt und kühlt dich der Schatten
Und treue Liebe wacht.
Schlafe, schlafe ein,
Leiser rauscht der Hain,
Ewig bin ich dein.

Rest, my sweetest love, in the shade
Of the green, dawning night;
The grass rustles on the meadows,
The shade fans and cools you
And faithful love keeps watch.
Sleep, go to sleep,
The grove sighs gently,
Forever, I am yours.

Schweigt, ihr versteckten Gesänge,
Und stört nicht die süßeste Ruh'!
Es lauscht der Vögel Gedränge,
Es ruhen die lauten Gesänge,
Schließ', Liebchen, dein Auge zu.
Schlafe, schlafe ein,
Im dämmernden Schein,
Ich will dein Wächter sein.

Hush, you hidden songs,
And do not disturb her sweetest respite!
The throng of birds listen,
The noisy songs are stilled,
Close your eyes, my love.
Sleep, go to sleep,
In the dwindling light,
I shall keep watch.

Murmelt fort, ihr Melodien,
Rausche nur, du stiller Bach.
Schöne Liebesphantasien
Sprechen in den Melodien,
Zarte Träume schwimmen nach.
Durch den flüsternden Hain
Schwärmen goldene Bienenlein
Und summen zum Schlummer dich ein.

Murmur on, you melodies,
Rush on, you still brook,
Beautiful fantasies of love,
Speak in those melodies,
Tender dreams swim after them.
Through the whispering grove,
Swarm small golden bees
And hum you to sleep.

5.iv.1889

Danke für Deinen Brief heute, wie gut daß Du Dich in Büdesheim so beruhigen konntest so wird nun alles Leichter werden und die Zeit vergeht ja doch so oder so. Über meine Angelegenheiten spreche und denke ich so wenig wie möglich spreche überhaupt nur mit Loucky darüber. Ich hoffe Du kommst auch darüber hinweg der Riß ist geschehen und flicken läßt sich da nichts, ich kann nicht glauben, daß wenn Marie sieht, daß ich abgethan bin für ewige Zeit, daß sie Dich irgend noch weiter quält. Sollte sie nicht nachgeben so beruhige sie darüber, daß sie von mir gar kein Annäherungsversuch zu fürchten hat, ich bin ganz fertig und mein Dankbarkeits Gefühl gegen Mama ist bis jetzt noch nicht sehr lebendig, ich bin ganz Stumpf und halb besinnungslos weiß nur daß ich fertig bin.

Thank you for your letter today, it is good that you were able to calm yourself in Büdesheim. Everything will now be easier and time shall pass anyway. I speak and think as little as possible about the incident, and speak only of it with Loucky. I hope that you are able to get over this, the rift has happened and is impossible to repair. I cannot believe, when Marie sees that I am evermore dismissed, that she will further torture you. If she doesn't relent, then assure her that she does not need to fear any advances on my part. I am exhausted and my gratefulness to Mother is until now barely alive. I am completely numb and nearly unfeeling, I only know that I am done.

Heb auf dein blondes Haupt und schlafe nicht (Hugo Wolf, Paul Heyse)

Heb auf dein blondes Haupt und schlafe nicht,
Und lass dich ja vom Schlummer nicht betören.
Ich sage dir vier Worte von Gewicht,
Von denen darfst du keines überhören.
Das erste: dass um dich mein Herze bricht,
Das zweite: dir nur will ich angehören,
Das dritte: dass ich dir mein Heil befehle,
Das letzte: dich allein liebt meine Seele.

Raise your fair head and do not sleep
And do not be beguiled by slumber.
I tell you four important things,
You must not ignore any of them.
The first: my heart breaks for you,
The second: I belong to you alone,
The third: you rule my salvation,
The last: my soul loves you alone.

Kommen und Scheiden (Robert Schumann, Nikolaus Lenau)

So oft sie kam, erschien mir die Gestalt
So lieblich wie das erste Grün im Wald.
Und was sie sprach, drang mir zum Herzen ein
Süß wie des Frühlings erstes Lied.
Und als Lebewohl sie winkte mit der Hand,
War's, ob der letzte Jugendtraum mir schwand.

Whenever we met, the sight of her
Was still as dear to me as at the start.
And her words pierced my heart,
Sweet, as the first song of spring.
And as she waved goodbye,
The last dream of youth vanished.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen (Clara Schumann, Heinrich Heine)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood in dark dreams
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Mysteriously sprang to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

About her lips glided
A little, wondrous smile
And, as if from wistful tears,
Her eyes glistened.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

My tears also flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you.

Die stille Lotosblume (Clara Schumann, Emanuel Geibel)

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

The silent lotus flower
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is white as snow.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.

There the moon pours from heaven,
All its golden light,
Pours all its rays
Into the flower's bosom.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.

In the water around the flower
A white swan circles,
He sings so sweetly, so softly,
And gazes upon the flower.

Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied versteh'n?

He sings so sweetly, so softly,
And wishes to pass away as he sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you understand the song?

Nocturne No. 8 in D-Flat Major, Op.27 No.2 (Frederic Chopin)

24.ii.1889

Welche Kämpfe machst Du wieder durch, wolltest Du Dich doch schonen und nicht mit Windmühlen kämpfen. Wäre ich bei Dir könnte ich Dir in einer halben Stunde all den Unsinn ausreden, aber wenn ich vier Tage später mit der Antwort komme so ist der Erfolg zweifelhaft. Mein Concert gestern war sehr gut, Manns machte mir große Complimente, ich war sehr gut disponirt und hatte viel Erfolg das P.T. [pleno titulo] empfing mich gleich bei meinem ersten Auftreten, als ob ich längst bekannt wäre. Es ist ein großer Saal mit sehr gutem Klange. [...] Ich will heute versuchen mich für Freitag und Samstag in Denmark Hill einzuquartieren da es von Crystal Palace immer 1 ¼ Stunde Weg per Bahn ist. Diese Eisenbahn-Fahrten sind schrecklich. Wenn ich nur eine ruhige Stunde fände wo ich an Mama schreiben kann an Dich schreibe ich jeden Morgen nach dem Frühstück nachdem die Stadtbriefe besorgt sind, aber für Mama müßte ich doch etwas Sammlung finden können.

What worries are you enduring again, why do you not take care of yourself and not tilt at windmills? If I were there with you, I could take your mind off this nonsense in half an hour, but when my answer arrives after a delay of four days, the success is questionable. My concert yesterday went very well, Manns [Sir August Manns (1825–1907), German-born British conductor at Crystal Palace] gave me great compliments, I was very well disposed and was very successful. The audience welcomed me at my first performances as though I had long been well known to them. It is a large hall with very good acoustics. [...] Today I will try to find accommodation in Denmark Hill for Friday and Saturday because it always takes one and a quarter hours on the train from Crystal Palace. The train journeys are terrible. If only I could find one quiet hour in which to write to Mother [Clara Schumann]. To you, I write every morning after breakfast when the town's newspapers have been brought, but for Mother I would need to find some peace.

Meine Rose (Robert Schumann, Nikolaus Lenau)

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und blasser
Vom heißen Strahl der Sonnen,
Reich ich den Becher Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele giessen!
Könnt ich dann auch nicht sehen
Dich freudig auferstehen.

To spring's fair jewel,
The rose, my joy,
Which already droops and pales
From the heat of the sun's rays,
I give a cup of water
From the deep, dark well.

You, rose of my heart!
From the silent ray of pain
You droop and pale;
At your feet,
Like water for this flower,
I wish silently to pour out my soul!
Though I may not see
You happily arise again.

15.vi.1892

Nur noch zwei Wochen und ich fliege fort von hier, die Zeit wird schnell vergehen da ich furchtbar viel zu besorgen habe in diesen Tagen. Wie kommt man nur nach Bignasco, mit der Post oder Einspänner? Ich hoffe wir finden ein herrliches Stückchen Welt da, wo man ruhig und ungestört den ganzen Sommer vegetieren kann. Dann muß ich Dich fragen ob ich unser Schlafzimmer hier in London mit zwei Betten oder einem Doppelbett einrichten soll. Ich kann Beides thun nur ist das Zimmer sehr klein und muß es genau dafür eingerichtet werden. Ich dachte das Beste ist ich kaufe ein Bett zu dem meinen aber nicht so kurz und stele die Beiden der länge nach an die eine lange Wand.

Only two weeks and then I will fly forth from here! The time shall pass quickly for I am frightfully busy at the moment. How does one get to Bignasco, with the stagecoach or by one-horse carriage? I hope we find a delightful piece of the world there, where one can relax in peace all summer long. I must ask you whether I should furnish our bedroom here in London with two beds or one double bed. I can do both, but the room is very small and has to be furnished carefully. I thought it best to buy a second bed in addition to my own, but not too short, and put them next to each other along the one long wall.

Liebesbotschaft (Franz Schubert, Ludwig Rellstab)

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell, Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell? Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du; Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.	Babbling little brook, so silver and bright, Do you rush to my love so fast and happily? Ah! Dear little brook, be my messenger; Bring her my greetings from afar.
All ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt, Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt, Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut, Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.	All her flowers, well-tended in the garden, Which she charmingly wears on her bosom, And her roses with crimson glow, Little brook, refresh with cooling waters.
Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt, Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt; Tröste die Süße mit freundlichem Blick, Denn die [der] Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.	When she stands at the bank, lost in dreams, Hanging her head sadly, thinking of me; Comfort my sweetheart with friendly gazes, For her lover is returning soon.
Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein, Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein. Rausche sie murmelnd in süße Ruh, Flüstere ihr Träume der Liebe zu.	When the sun sinks with crimson light, Lull my sweetheart to sleep; Softly murmur her to sweet repose, Whisper to her dreams of love.

Ich denke dein (Robert Schumann, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer Vom Meere strahlt;	I think of you, when the sunlight Radiates from the sea;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer In Quellen malt.	I think of you when moonlight Reflects in springs.
Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege Der Staub sich hebt;	I see you, when on the distant road The dust rises;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege Der Wanderer bebt.	In the deep night, on the narrow path, When the wayfarer trembles.
Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen Die Welle steigt. Im stillen Haine geh ich oft zu lauschen, Wenn alles schweigt.	I hear you, when with muffled roar, The wave rises. In the quiet grove I go often to listen, When all is silent.
Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne, Du bist mir nah! Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten Mir die Sterne. O wärest du da!	I am with you, even if you are so far, You are by my side! The sun sets, soon the stars Shall shine for me, Oh, if only you were here!

Die Boten der Liebe (Johannes Brahms, Josef Wenzig)

Wie viel schon der Boten
Flogen die Pfade
Vom Walde herunter,
Boten der Treu;
Trugen mir Briefchen
Dort aus der Ferne,
Trugen mir Briefchen
Vom Liebsten herbei?

How many messengers
Have rushed down the paths
From the forest,
Messengers of devotion;
They brought me letters
From far away,
Brought me letters,
From my beloved!

Wie viel schon der Lüfte
Wehten vom Morgen,
Wehten bis Abends
So schnell ohne Ruh;
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom kühligen Wasser,
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom Liebsten herzu?

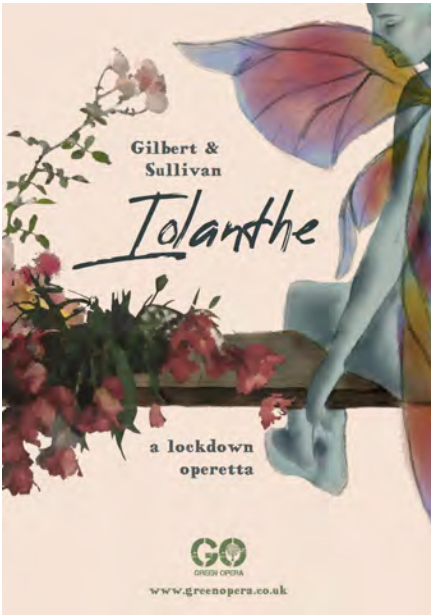
How many of the breezes
Have blown from morning,
Until the evening,
So quickly, without respite;
They brought me kisses
From the cooling water,
Brought me kisses
From my beloved!

Wie wiegten die Halme
Auf grünenden Bergen,
Wie wiegten die Ähren
Auf Feldern sich leis;
„Mein goldenes Liebchen“,
Lispelten alle,
„Mein goldenes Liebchen,
Ich lieb' dich so heiß!“

How the blades of grass swayed
On the greening mountains,
How the heads of grain swayed
Gently in the fields;
“My golden sweetheart,”
They all whispered,
“My golden sweetheart,
I love you so fervently!”

We hope you enjoyed this performance of *Fillu* and the rest of
JAM on the Marsh VIRTUAL!

Upcoming projects for Green Opera



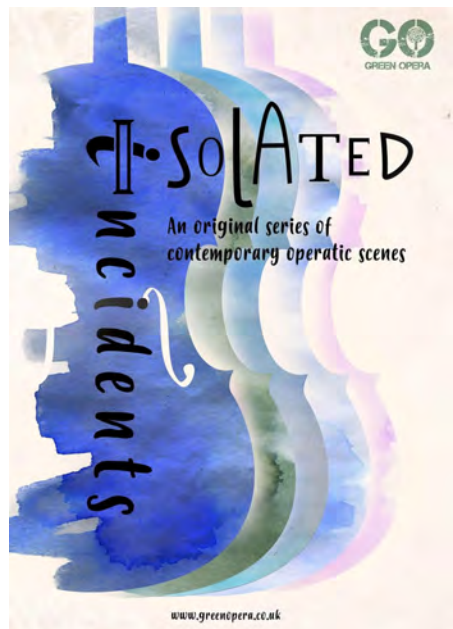
A troupe of upper class boys tangle with a swarm of mischievous fairies as they try to woo the much-desired Phyllis. However, Phyllis is in love with Strephon – half-fairy, half-mortal, a commoner and the nephew of the Fairy Queen. When the pompous men break up the happy couple, the fairies vow revenge. Frivolity ensues as lofty lordlings and feisty fairies collide in the ever bumpy road to love.

Eleanor Burke and Aya Robertson lead a cast of talented young singers in their digital production of Gilbert & Sullivan's enchanting and satirical operetta *Iolanthe*. This ambitious project was filmed entirely in lockdown and will be broadcast in 10 episodes across our social media and website in September 2020.

13 young composers respond to the theme of 'isolation' in our first contemporary opera project, *Isolated Incidents*, directed by Eleanor Burke and musically directed by Callum Huseyin.

From Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* to a cat and dog waiting for their owner, this smorgasbord of operatic scenes tells a range of stories inspired by isolation through a variety of musical styles.

Broadcast details **coming soon!**



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As a non-profit organisation, we rely on the generosity of individuals to make the creative and environmental endeavours that go hand-in-hand at Green Opera possible, especially during these uncertain times for the arts.

We are always looking to forge lasting relationships with those who support the work we are passionate about doing. If you are interested in becoming a Friend or a Patron of the company, please visit our website www.greenopera.co.uk.

We also accept gifts of any size and for every £10 donated for this performance, we will plant one tree with the Eden

Reforestation Projects. To make a donation please click [here](#) or visit our website. Follow us on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram!

Acknowledgements

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