

»But beauty's waste hath in the world an end«







## EDITOR'S NOTE

**D** Die Freude war groß, als uns von der glücklichen Begegnung von Franui mit Karsten Riedel berichtet wurde: Die mit Hackbrett, Harfe, Zither, Bläsern und Streichern ausgerüstete »Musicbanda« aus dem kleinen Osttiroler Dorf Innervillgraten musiziert mit dem Popmusiker aus Bochum-Wattenscheid, der über Ska, Punk und Reggae zum Theater kam. Im Burgtheater Wien hoben sie schließlich ihre Shakespeare-Sonette aus der Taufe, die Verwandten strömten zahlreich herbei, der Wunsch nach einer bleibenden Erinnerung wurde jeden Tag größer. Hier ist sie nun endlich: »Fool of Love« ist Liedkunst von heute. »Dorfpop« nennt man das übrigens.

**E** We were overjoyed when we learned about the lucky encounter between Franui and Karsten Riedel: The “musicbanda” from the tiny East Tyrolean village Innervillgraten, equipped with a hammered dulcimer, harp, zither, wind and string instruments, make music with the pop singer from Bochum-Wattenscheid, who played with ska, punk and reggae bands before he started working for the theater. Eventually they launched their Shakespeare Sonnet Show at the Burgtheater in Vienna, the congregation was enchanted, everyone wanted a souvenir to take home – and here it is. “Fool of Love” is the art of the lied adapted for the 21st century, aka “village pop,” as the experts are wont to say.

**KARSTEN RIEDEL & FRANUI**  
FOOL OF LOVE

01	When I consider (Sonnet 15)	03:12
02	From you have I been absent (Sonnet 98)	03:28
03	Then let not winter's ragged hand deface (Sonnet 6)	03:28
04	Let me confess (Sonnet 36)	03:54
05	Not from the stars (Sonnet 14)	04:21
06	A woman's face (Sonnet 20)	02:56
07	Mine eye hath played the painter (Sonnet 24)	03:52
08	Is it for fear (Sonnet 9)	04:02
09	Thus is his cheek (Sonnet 68)	03:04
10	When forty winters shall besiege thy brow (Sonnet 2)	04:14
11	So is it not with me (Sonnet 21)	04:56
12	O, how I faint (Sonnet 80)	05:19
13	That thou hast her (Sonnet 42)	03:30
14	Those pretty wrongs (Sonnet 41)	02:44
15	The expense of spirit (Sonnet 129)	04:19
16	Look in thy glass (Sonnet 3)	03:54
	total time	61:13

Karsten Riedel, *voice, piano, guitar*

Franui:

Johannes Eder, *clarinet, bass clarinet* (tracks 4, 11, 14, 15)

Andreas Fuetsch, *tuba* (tracks 4, 11, 14, 15)

Romed Hopfgartner, *soprano & alto saxophone, clarinet, bass clarinet*

Markus Kraler, *double bass, accordion*

Angelika Rainer, *harp, zither, voice*

Bettina Rainer, *dulcimer, voice*

Markus Rainer, *trumpet* (tracks 4, 11, 14, 15)

Andreas Schett, *trumpet, voice*

Martin Senfter, *valve trombone* (tracks 4, 11, 14, 15)

Nikolai Tunkowitsch, *violin*

All music composed by Karsten Riedel

Music arranged & composed by Markus Kraler / Andreas Schett,

except tracks 6, 7, 11, 13, 15 arranged & composed by Romed Hopfgartner

Lyrics by William Shakespeare

Many thanks to Sven-Eric Bechtolf for bringing us together and to Matthias Hartmann for producing the play "Fool of Love".

## DORFPOP UND URBANE ROMANTIK

**D** Diese Lieder haben so viel Zauber, weil einiges an ihnen nicht stimmt. Die Melodien, eingängig und virtuos gesetzt, die sind doch Pop. Aber was singt der Mann mit der samtigen Stimme denn da? Verse aus einer anderen Zeit, zweifellos, pathetische Lieder vom Flehen und Sehnen, und dieser Rhythmus, der sich plötzlich von weit hinten anschleicht, stammt aus dem trapezförmigen Korpus eines Hackbretts und setzt die traurige Geschichte sanft in Bewegung, pling pling plingpling, bis schließlich über den Melodiebögen das Furioso einer Dorfmusik losbricht und das Drama des Sängers auf einen Dorfplatz verlegt, mta mta, dann rumst es einmal kräftig, die Bläser spielen einen Tusch, und dann ist heilige Ruhe.

Der Pianist, Gitarrist und Sänger Karsten Riedel ist eine eindrucksvolle Erscheinung mit seinem geraden Blick und den bunten Armen. Im Ruhrpott, von wo er stammt, hat er sein Handwerk in den Kellerdisziplinen Ska und Punk erlernt und sich das Wilde auch nicht runterräumen lassen, als er vom Theater engagiert und mit allerhand neuen Aufgaben betraut wurde.

Am Theater lief Karsten Riedel dem Ensemble von Franui über den Weg, die mit klassischer Virtuosität eine Schneise in das gängige Volksmusikverständnis geschlagen haben und mit ihren Neuinterpretationen von Schubert-, Brahms- und Mahlerliedern vorzeigen, wie romantische Lieder heute klingen sollen. Riedel und Franui gefielen einander. Sie studierten acht Shakespeare-Sonette, die sie zu Songs umgebaut hatten, für die Eröffnung der Burgtheatersaison

2011/12 ein und genossen die Qualitäten, die sie aneinander entdeckten: die sängerische Präsenz und Melodiegewalt Karsten Riedels und den klugen, fein gestrickten und manchmal auch vergnügt scheppernden Sound von Franui. Burgtheaterdirektor Matthias Hartmann war hin und weg. Er erklärte den Versuch von Riedel & Franui zum Programm und definierte einen ganzen Abend mit Sonetten von Shakespeare als Stück. Es bekam den Titel »Fool of Love« und wurde mit einer Riege großartiger Mimen samt einem Puppenspieler besetzt, die mit ihren Monologen die Songs umrahmten, die Riedel und Franui über die legendären Texte komponierten.

»Über kein literarisches Werk ist mehr Unsinn geschrieben worden«, notierte der Dichter W.H. Auden zu Shakespeares Sonetten. Er zielte damit auf die hilflosen Versuche der Exegeten, das anhaltende Geheimnis dieser Dichtung zu entschlüsseln und damit zu profanisieren.

Riedel und Franui haben das Gegenteil getan. Sie lassen den Klang, die Mystik, die Rätsel, den Anachronismus von Shakespeares Versen unkommentiert in ihre Gefühlswelten einsickern und stricken ihnen ein neues Gewand aus Musik und Klang. Gut 400 Jahre alte Texte schmiegen sich in die raffinierten Wendungen der Melodien, die mehr Verwandtschaft mit den sinnlichen Miniaturen Stephin Merritts haben als mit den Shakespeare-Vertonungen Franz Schuberts. Die Musik gibt sich genauso dem Klang der Worte hin wie den manchmal zarten, manchmal deftigen Arrangements von Franui. Unkapriziös zeichnen diese Lieder den langen Weg nach, den das Kunstlied von damals zurückgelegt hat, um unversehrt im Heute anzukommen.

»Dorfpop«, nennt Franui-Kapo Andreas Schett das Programm lakonisch, aber man könnte es genauso gut als »urbane Romantik« oder »verhäxelttes Pathos« bezeichnen.

Alles stimmt ein bisschen, aber nicht ganz.

Überall hockt ein Geheimnis.

Der Zauber wird nicht gebrochen.

*Christian Seiler*

Christian Seiler (\*1961) ist Journalist und Autor zahlreicher Bücher, u. a. der Biografie André Hellers. Er lebt in Wien und arbeitet für Zeitschriften und Magazine in Deutschland, Österreich und der Schweiz.

## KARSTEN RIEDEL

Karsten Riedel begann mit 5 Jahren Klavier zu spielen, mit dem Wunsch, Pianist zu werden. Bald wurden die Liebe und das Talent zum Lieders Schreiben stärker und so begann er mit 14 Jahren Mehrspur-Aufnahmen mit einem alten Doppelkassettendeck in seinem kleinen Jugendzimmer zu machen. Dort hatten sich mittlerweile auch ein Schlagzeug, Bass, Gitarren und diverse Synthesizer angesammelt. Zur selben Zeit begann Riedel in verschiedenen Punk-, Soul-, Ska-, Reggae- und Industrialbands zu spielen, zum Teil in sechs Gruppen gleichzeitig. Sein Engagement führte ihn ab dem 16. Lebensjahr durch Deutschland, nach Polen, Frankreich, England, Tschechien, in die Schweiz und nach Japan und Jamaica. Gastauftritte als Bassist, Schlagzeuger, Rhythmus-Gitarrist und Keyboarder gehörten genauso dazu, wie Studio-Jobs als Produzent, die Chorsänger-Tätigkeit bei Schlagerproduktionen oder die Arbeit als Komponist für Filmmusiken und WDR-Hörspiele.

2002 wurde Karsten Riedel als Sänger bei der Ruhrtriennale für die Produktion *Deutschland, deine Lieder* unter der Regie von Matthias Hartmann engagiert. Dies war Ausgangspunkt für zahlreiche Aufträge als Komponist und Musiker in Theatern von Bochum, Oberhausen, Essen, Berlin, Hamburg, Zürich und Wien für Produktionen wie: *Einordnen, Ausflug, 1979, Hauptmann v. Köpenick, Clavigo, Liliom, Antigone, Vor Sonnenaufgang, Woyzeck, A Tribute to Johnny Cash, Ivanov, Othello, A Clockwork Orange, Ein Sommernachtstraum, Ein Flanellnachthemd, Was ihr wollt, Käthchen von Heilbronn, Das goldene Vlies,*



*Traumnovelle, Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings Törless, Das wird schon, Troja, Krieg und Frieden, Kleiner Mann – was nun?, Die Ratten,* usw. usf. Riedel arbeitete u. a. mit dem Celloquartett der Bochumer Symphoniker zusammen und machte mit einem Rio Reiser gewidmeten Abend, den er solo am Klavier bestritt, Furore. Das Stück *Die Farbe Schwarz* wurde als Vorläufer von *Fool of Love* in Bochum präsentiert und bediente sich ausschließlich deutscher Übersetzungen der Shakespeare-Sonette. Karsten Riedel lebt mit seiner Frau und seinen drei Kindern in Bochum.

## FRANUI Musicbanda

Franui ist der Name einer ganz bestimmten Almwiese im kleinen, 1402 Meter über dem Meer gelegenen Osttiroler Dorf Innervillgraten/Österreich, in dem die Musiker von Franui größtenteils aufgewachsen sind. Das Wort ist rätoromanischen Ursprungs und verweist auf die geografische Nähe Innervillgratens zum ladinischen Sprachraum in den Dolomiten. Die Musicbanda spielt seit 1993 in nahezu unveränderter Besetzung und verfügt durch ihre besondere Mischung aus Holz- und Blechbläsern, Saiteninstrumenten und Streichern über einen sofort wiedererkennbaren Klang.

Franui ist bei vielen Festivals und Konzertveranstaltungen zu Gast, u. a.: Wiener Festwochen, Burgtheater Wien, Salzburger Festspiele, Bregenzer Festspiele,

Ruhrtriennale, Radialsystem V Berlin, Philharmonie und Grand Théâtre Luxemburg, Les Nuits de Fourvière Lyon, Tiroler Festspiele Erl, KunstFestSpiele Herrenhausen, Schauspielhaus Hamburg, Kunstfest Pélerinages Weimar, Flandern Festival Kortrijk, Ludwigsburger Schlossfestspiele.

2005 begann eine intensive Zusammenarbeit mit dem Schauspieler und Regisseur Sven-Eric Bechtolf, der mit Franui regelmäßig als Rezitator auftritt. Neben der Konzerttätigkeit realisieren die Musiker immer wieder auch Musiktheaterproduktionen. Zuletzt: *Schau lange in den dunklen Himmel. Geistervariationen für Schauspieler, Sänger und Musicbanda* (KunstFestSpiele Herrenhausen, Theater Basel); *Meine Bienen. Eine Schneise* (Salzburger Festspiele 2012, Libretto: Händl Klaus).

Die CDs von Franui (u. a. *Mahlerlieder, Brahms Volkslieder* und *Schubertlieder*) erscheinen beim Label col legno und wurden mit mehreren Preisen ausgezeichnet (Preis der deutschen Schallplattenkritik, Pasticcio-Preis von Radio Ö1, Toblacher Komponierhäuschen).

## VILLAGE POP AND URBAN ROMANTICISM

**E** These songs appear so magical because some things about them are not right. The melodies, catchy and set with masterly skill: that's pop music, isn't it? But what is he singing, the man with the velvet voice? Verses from a different time, certainly, passionate songs full of entreaties and desire; and that rhythm sneaking up suddenly from behind comes from the trapezoidal body of a hammered dulcimer. Gently it sets the sad story in motion, plink plink plinkplink, until over the melodic arches the furioso of a village brass band breaks loose, transferring the singer's drama to the village square, m-ta m-ta; then a loud bang!, the wind section plays a fanfare, and after that: blessed silence.

The pianist, guitarist and singer Karsten Riedel is an impressive figure, with his colorful arms and the straightforward look in his eyes. He grew up in the Ruhr valley, where he trained in the underground trades of ska and punk; and he has held on to his wilder nature even after getting a job with the theater, where he was assigned quite a different set of tasks.

At the theater Karsten Riedel bumped into the musicians of Franui, who, with classical virtuosity, have succeeded in cutting a swath through the accustomed perception of folk music, and in their new interpretations of the lied oeuvres of Schubert, Brahms and Mahler demonstrate how Romantic songs are meant to sound in this day and age.

Riedel and Franui took a fancy to each other. They rehearsed eight songs for the opening of the 2011/12 season of Vienna's Burgtheater, delighting in their

mutually discovered qualities: Karsten Riedel's vocalist presence and melodic power, and the smart, finely knitted and sometimes cheerfully jangling sound of Franui.

Matthias Hartmann, the Burgtheater's director, was in raptures. He decreed an evening with Riedel & Franui, and defined a theme: William Shakespeare's Sonnets. The performance was assigned a title, "Fool of Love," and a cast of exceptional actresses and actors including a puppeteer. Their monologues provide a framework for the songs written by Riedel and Franui to go with Shakespeare's words.

"There has been more nonsense written about Shakespeare's Sonnets than about any other piece of literature extant," the poet W. H. Auden once remarked. He referred to all the helpless attempts of exegetes to decode, and thus profane, the long-lasting mystery of these poems.

Riedel and Franui do just the opposite. Without commenting on Shakespeare's verses they allow the sound, the mysticism, the enigma and anachronism to ooze into their own emotional cosmos, knitting a new garb of music and sound for these words. Lyrics written some four-hundred years ago snugly fit into the sophisticated turns and twists of the melodies, which have more in common with Stephin Merritt's miniatures than with Franz Schubert's Shakespearean lieder; yet they surrender as much to the sound of the words as to the sometimes delicate, sometimes hefty arrangements of Franui. Resolutely these songs show how far the erstwhile lieder have come in the meantime.

Andreas Schett, Franui's foreman, laconically refers to the program as "village

pop,” yet you might just as well define it as “urban romanticism” or “chopped-up bathos.”

All of it is true to some degree, but not entirely.

A mystery crouches wherever you look.

The magic is real.

*Christian Seiler*

Christian Seiler (\*1961) is a journalist and the author of numerous books, e. g. the biography of André Heller. He lives in Vienna and works for journals and magazines in Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

## KARSTEN RIEDEL

He first began to play the piano when he was five years old and wanted to become a pianist. But his love of song-writing, and his gift for it, soon took charge, and at the age of 14 he began to do multitrack recordings on an old double deck cassette player in his small, badly dusted room back home, where he had meanwhile also assembled a drum kit, a bass, and various guitars and synthesizers. At that time Riedel also joined a number of punk, soul, ska, reggae and industrial bands, at one point playing in as many as six bands at the same time. When he was 16 he began to expand his geographical sphere of activity. His musical enthusiasm took him through Germany, to Poland, France, England, the Czech Republic, Switzerland, and as far as Japan and Jamaica, where his jobs included guest performances as a bassist, drummer, rhythm guitarist or keyboarder, working as a producer in the studio, choir singing in pop music productions, or writing film scores or music for WDR audio plays.

In 2002 Karsten Riedel got an engagement at the Ruhrtriennale festival as a singer in the production *Deutschland, deine Lieder* directed by Matthias Hartmann. This was the starting point for numerous composing commissions and engagements as a musician from theaters in Bochum, Oberhausen, Essen, Berlin, Hamburg, Zurich and Vienna, where he collaborated in productions such as *Einordnen*, *Ausflug*, 1979, *Hauptmann v. Köpenick*, *Clavigo*, *Liliom*, *Antigone*, *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, *Woyzeck*, *A Tribute to Johnny Cash*, *Ivanov*, *Othello*, *A Clockwork Orange*, *Ein Sommernachtstraum*, *Ein Flanellnächthemd*, *Was ihr*

wollt, *Käthchen von Heilbronn*, *Das goldene Vlies*, *Traumnovelle*, *Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings Törleß*, *Das wird schon*, *Troja*, *Krieg und Frieden*, *Kleiner Mann – was nun?*, *Die Ratten*, etc. Riedel collaborated e. g. with the cello quartet of the Bochum Symphony Orchestra, and caused a sensation with a solo piano show dedicated to Rio Reiser. The play *Die Farbe Schwarz*, a predecessor to *Fool of Love* based on German translations of the Sonnets, was presented in Bochum. Karsten Riedel lives in Bochum with his wife and his three children.

## FRANUI

### Musicbanda

Franui is the name of a mountain pasture in Innervillgraten/Austria, a small East Tyrolean village located 1,402 meters above sea level where most of the Franui musicians grew up. The word is of Rhaeto-Romanic origin and refers to the proximity of Innervillgraten to the Ladin-speaking region in the Dolomite Alps. The Musicbanda, who have been playing together in nearly the same lineup since 1993, produce an immediately recognizable sound due to the special blend of woodwind and brass, bowed and other string instruments.

Franui are frequently invited to perform at major festivals and venues, e. g. Wiener Festwochen, Burgtheater Wien, Salzburger Festspiele, Bregenzer Festspiele, Ruhrtriennale, Radialsystem V Berlin, Philharmonie and Grand Théâtre Luxembourg, Les Nuits de Fourvière Lyon, Tiroler Festspiele Erl, KunstFest-

Spiele Herrenhausen, Schauspielhaus Hamburg, Kunstfest Pélerinages Weimar, Flanders Festival Kortrijk, Ludwigsburger Schlossfestspiele.

The year 2005 marked the beginning of an intense collaboration with the actor and director Sven-Eric Bechtolf, who regularly performs with Franui as a reciter. In addition to their concerts the musicians have also realized a number of music theater productions over the years. Most recent productions: *Schau lange in den dunklen Himmel. Geistervariationen für Schauspieler, Sänger und Musicbanda* (KunstFestSpiele Herrenhausen, Theater Basel); *Meine Bienen. Eine Schneise* (Salzburg Festival 2012, libretto: Händl Klaus).

Franui's CDs (e. g. *Mahlerlieder*, *Brahms Volkslieder* and *Schubertlieder*) are released with the label col legno and have won several prizes (German Record Critics' Award, Ö1 Pasticcio Award, Toblacher Komponierhäuschen).

**KARSTEN RIEDEL & FRANUI**  
**FOOL OF LOVE**

Lyrics by William Shakespeare

**When I consider**

(Sonnet 15)

When I consider everything that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
 That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheerèd and checked even by the self-same sky,  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory;  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
     And all in war with Time for love of you,  
     As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

**From you have I been absent**

(Sonnet 98)

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.  
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
     Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,  
     As with your shadow I with these did play.

**Then let not winter's ragged hand deface**  
(Sonnet 6)

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer ere thou be distilled.  
 Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure ere it be self-killed.  
 That use is not forbidden usury  
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan –  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one.  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:  
 Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,  
 Leaving thee living in posterity?  
     Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair  
     To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

**Let me confess**  
(Sonnet 36)

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one.  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from my name.  
     But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
     As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

**Not from the stars**

(Sonnet 14)

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck,  
 And yet methinks I have astronomy;  
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
 Or say with princes if it shall go well  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find.  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive  
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;  
     Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
     Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

**A woman's face**

(Sonnet 20)

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
 A man in hue all hues in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.  
 And for a woman wert thou first created,  
 Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
     But since she pricked thee out for women's pleasure,  
     Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.



**Mine eye hath played the painter**

(Sonnet 24)

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath stelled  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill  
 To find where your true image pictured lies,  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

**Is it for fear**

(Sonnet 9)

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah, if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee like a makeless wife;  
 The world will be thy widow and still weep  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep  
 By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend,  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it.  
 No love toward others in that bosom sits  
 That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

**Thus is his cheek**  
(Sonnet 68)

Thus is his cheek the map of days outgrown,  
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away  
 To live a second life on second head;  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.  
 In him those holy antique hours are seen  
 Without all ornament, itself and true,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
     And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
     To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

**When forty winters shall besiege thy brow**  
(Sonnet 2)

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
 Will be a tattered weed of small worth held.  
 Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
 To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes  
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,  
 If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.  
     This were to be new made when thou art old,  
     And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

**So is it not with me**

(Sonnet 21)

So is it not with me as with that Muse,  
 Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,  
 Making a couplement of proud compare  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
 O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air.  
     Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
     I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

**O, how I faint**

(Sonnet 80)

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame.  
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride,  
 Or, being wracked, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building and of goodly pride.  
     Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
     The worst was this: my love was my decay.

**That thou hast her**  
(Sonnet 42)

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;  
 That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:  
 Thou dost love her because thou know'st I love her,  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suff'ring my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross.  
     But here's the joy: my friend and I are one.  
     Sweet flatt'ry, then she loves but me alone!

**Those pretty wrongs**  
(Sonnet 41)

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?  
 Ay me, but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth:  
     Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
     Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

**The expense of spirit**  
(Sonnet 129)

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action, and, till action, lust  
 Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
 Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight,  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so,  
 Had, having, and in quest to have extreme,  
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe,  
 Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream.  
     All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  
     To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

**Look in thy glass**  
(Sonnet 3)

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest  
 Now is the time that face should form another,  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love to stop posterity?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime;  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
     But if thou live remembered not to be,  
     Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Also released by col legno:

- Franui, Mahlerlieder, Brahms Volkslieder, Schubertlieder (3 CD Box), 2012 (WWE 3CD 20307)
- Franui, Mahlerlieder, 2012 (WWE 1CD 20303)
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For further information visit:

[www.franui.at](http://www.franui.at)

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