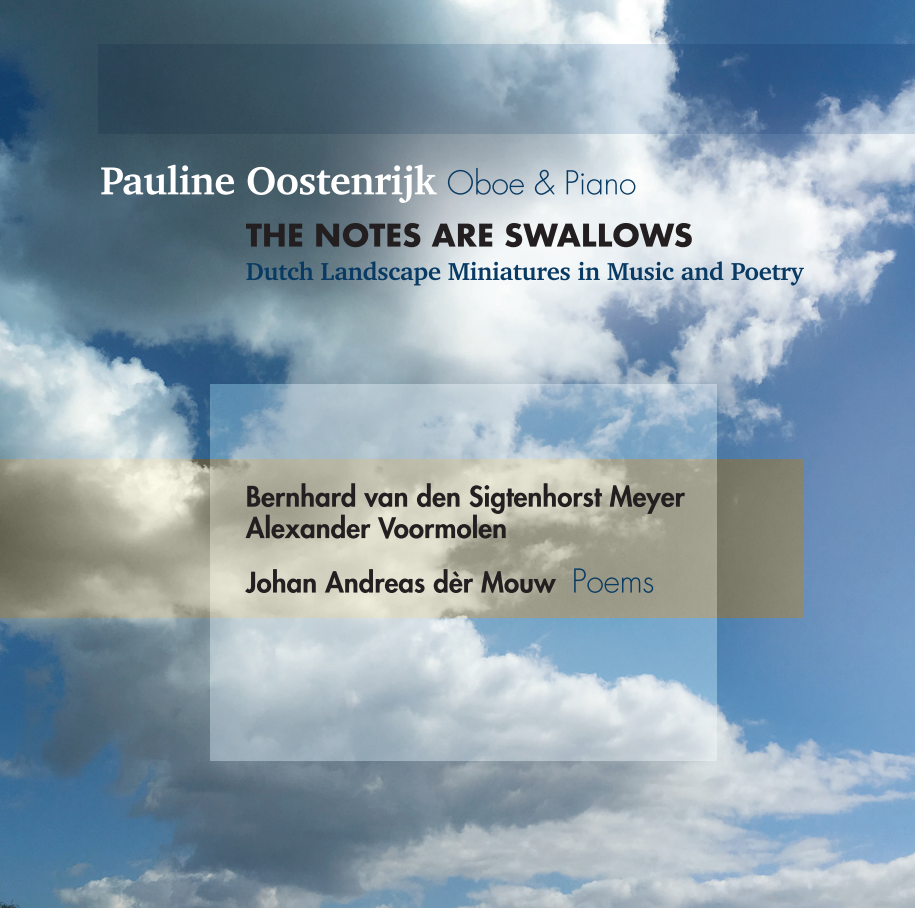






Pauline Oostenrijk Oboe & Piano

THE NOTES ARE SWALLOWS

Dutch Landscape Miniatures in Music and Poetry

Bernhard van den Sigtenhorst Meyer
Alexander Voormolen

Johan Andreas dèr Mouw Poems

		From			
1.	Moderato	Rustic Miniatures I	Oboe	SM	(2:22)
2.	Roses	About Flowers	Piano	SM	(2:46)
3.	Andante	Rustic Miniatures I	Oboe	SM	(2:16)
4.	A group of chickadees in the woods	About Birds	Piano	SM	(1:12)
5.	Allegretto pastorale	Rustic Miniatures I	Oboe	SM	(3:04)
6.	Wisteria in the monestary garden	About Flowers	Piano	SM *	(3:10)
7.	Andante con moto	Rustic Miniatures II	Oboe	SM *	(2:48)
8.	The water lily	About Flowers	Piano	SM *	(2:17)
9.	Allegretto giocoso	Rustic Miniatures II	Oboe	SM *	(1:56)
10.	The tiny fish	Children's book I	Piano	AV *	(1:48)
11.	Adagio	Rustic Miniatures II	Oboe	SM *	(4:10)
12.	Night birds	About Birds	Piano	SM *	(5:01)
13.	Allegro	Rustic Miniatures III	Oboe	SM *	(2:01)
14.	The Swan	About Birds	Piano	SM	(3:39)
15.	Allegretto grazioso	Rustic Miniatures III	Oboe	SM *	(1:20)
16.	To the ugly duckling	Children's book II	Piano	AV *	(1:40)
17.	Lento	Rustic Miniatures III	Oboe	SM *	(3:19)
18.	The first swallow	Children's book I	Piano	AV *	(1:08)
19.	Moderato	Sonatina	Oboe	SM *	(3:08)
20.	Cornfield in the sun	About Flowers	Piano	SM	(1:37)
21.	Tranquillo	Sonatina	Oboe	SM *	(2:16)
22.	The enchanted wood	Fairyland	Piano	SM *	(1:26)
23.	Ritornello. Allegro	Sonatina	Oboe	SM *	(1:38)
24.	The wind and the mills	Tableaux des Pays-Bas	Piano	AV *	(2:59)
25.	Pastorale	Oboe & Piano	AV		(5:47)

Composers

SM Bernhard van den Sigtenhorst Meyer

AV Alexander Voormolen

* world premiere recording

Total time: 65:00 min.

The Notes Are Swallows | Dutch Landscape Miniatures in Music and Poetry

With this CD, a long-cherished wish comes true: to combine some of my greatest loves in a single project.

First of all, I wanted to bring the complete oeuvre for oboe solo by Bernhard van den Sigtenhorst Meyer (1888-1953) out of the shadows. These atmospheric, colourful and meditative compositions were mostly written for Jaap Stotijn and his son Haakon Stotijn, both icons of the legendary Dutch Oboe School to which I owe so much. However, Sigtenhorst Meyer's three series of *Rustic Miniatures* plus his *Sonatina* would not cover enough minutes to fill a complete CD. For a long time, I have been wondering how I could combine these compositions with other repertoire in a meaningful way.

Secondly, I wished to play the piano again: the other instrument that I studied at the Sweelinck Conservatory of Amsterdam and which I 'parked' for years because my oboe career developed so quickly.

Thirdly, since I studied Dutch Language and Culture at Utrecht University at a later age, I have felt the strong desire to connect Dutch music and Dutch literature.

When I came into contact with the poems of Johan Andreas dèr Mouw (1863-1919), I was deeply touched. In an unparalleled manner, his sonnets describe landscapes, nature and animals and express the deeply felt wonder and stillness that nature can evoke. Through the Dèr Mouw Genootschap, a society of lovers of the work of this too little-known Dutch poet, I came into contact with John Irons (*1942), who turned out to be translating the poems into English – the results being almost even more beautiful than their originals. At that moment, the pieces of the puzzle seemed to fall into place. What a unique opportunity to combine these musical and poetic representations of the Dutch landscape, which complement and reinforce each other so wonderfully, and present them to an international audience!

I found out that Sigtenhorst Meyer, in his earlier years, had composed some completely unknown pastoral and picturesque piano pieces: all of them a kind of 'rustic miniatures', perfectly matching his works for oboe as well as the subjects of Dèr Mouw's poems. Even

the titles of some of the piano pieces (*The Swan*, *Nightbirds*, *The enchanted wood*) suit the poems! On further investigation, I came across a few beautiful, and again totally unknown, piano pieces by Sigtenhorst Meyer's Dutch colleague Alexander Voormolen (1895-1980), with titles as *The tiny fish* and *The first swallow*, that make this collection complete.

The fact that both composers as well as the poet worked in The Hague in significant periods of their lives gives me, as former solo oboist of the Residentie Orchestra of The Hague, an extra sense of connectedness. Jaap Stotijn (1891-1970), for whom the first series of the *Rustic Miniatures* and the *Sonatina* were composed, was solo oboist of the Residentie Orchestra until 1959. The totally forgotten second and third series of *Rustic Miniatures* came to me when Marian Jaspers Fayer, the widow of my dearest conservatory teacher Koen van Slogteren, donated me his enormous music collection in 1999.

For optimum variety, I have chosen to alternate the oboe and piano tracks. On the last track, oboe and piano join together in Voormolen's *Pastorale*, which I felt should not be omitted from this CD full of landscape music. It was an interesting and exciting experiment to play as an oboist together with myself as a pianist for once – thanks to contemporary recording technology.

I selected eleven of the original poems by Dèr Mouw to be printed in this booklet, together with their translations into English by John Irons. Finding it very hard to make the selection, I decided to choose those poems which, in terms of subject or atmosphere, evoke in me the most associations with the pieces of music on the CD.

The title of this CD, *The Notes Are Swallows*, is derived from one of the poems, in which swallows perched on telephone wires are compared to notes on a staff.

I would like to thank John Irons for kindly letting me use his wonderful translations. My thanks also to the Prins Bernard Cultuurfonds and all the kind people who donated via voordekunst.nl

Pauline Oostenrijk

Pauline Oostenrijk studied oboe and piano at the Conservatory of Amsterdam and completed a degree in Dutch Language and Literature at Utrecht University. Her main teachers were Koen van Slogteren, Jan Spronk, Han de Vries, Thomas Indermühle (oboe) and Willem Brons (piano).

After a flying start as an oboist – national ‘Young Musician of the Year’ for The Netherlands in 1986 – she won a number of prizes, one of which was the first prize in the Fernand Gillet oboe competition in Baltimore, resulting in a recital in Carnegie Hall, New York. In 1999 she received the Netherlands Music Prize, the highest State Award for classical music.

From 1993 till 2018, Pauline was principal oboist of the Residentie Orkest in The Hague. Her activities as a soloist and chamber musician have been recorded on a considerable number of CDs. Currently, Pauline plays recitals with guitarist Enno Voorhorst, is a member of the Orlando Quintet and often performs with the The Hague String Trio. Several composers have written compositions for her, including Louis Andriessen (*To Pauline O* for oboe solo).

Since 2018, Pauline teaches oboe at the Prince Claus Conservatory in Groningen. She also enjoys writing compositions and short stories.

More information: www.paulineoostenrijk.nl



Soms, als je 's winters op 't besneeuwde pad
wandelt langs beuken, vind je een plekje diep
in 't bos - 't is, of een stukje zomer sliep,
dat met de zwaluwen mee te gaan vergat:

Geen sneeuw. Een herfstdraad. Mos. Een mug. Gepiep
van 't meesje tussen zonnig roodbruin blad.
't Is, of je haast de toverwoorden had,
waarmee je zon en zomer wakker riep.

Zo vind je soms, als je oud wordt, plotseling
diep in je ziel een kleine herinnering
van toen je een kind was, alles warmte en zon;

en 't schijnt, alsof zo dad'lijk 't visioen
werk'lijkheid wordt - 't lijkt bijna net als toen –
heel even is 't, of je haast tov'ren kon.

[Brahman I]

At times, taking a snowy winter path
past rows of beech, you find a hidden spot –
a sleeping trace of summer that forgot,
it seems, with long-gone swallows to depart:

No snow. Light gossamer. Some moss. A midge.
From sun-caught russet leaves a tit's shrill cheep.
It's almost as if words to charm from sleep
the sun and summer were within your reach.

So too, when you grow old, you suddenly
deep in your soul find some small memory
of childhood days, when all was warmth and sun;

and, in an instant, vision may become
regained now as reality as well –
as if you, briefly, nearly knew the spell.

[Brahman I – transl. John Irons]

Nog hoorbaar, heel heel ver, is de avondtrein.–
Blauw naast groen korenveld een boer aan 't werk.
Hei. Boven bos de toren van een kerk.
Rust, overal; 't diepst op de spoorweglijn.

't Is of de vijf telegraafdraden zijn
een notenbalk; de sleutel – ginds, die berk;
de noten zwaluwen, zwart op 't rode zwerk;
de vlaggetjes hun staarten, lang en fijn.

En Mendelssohnse melodieën zingen
op 't beukenpodium de gietelingen;
de nachtegaal vangt zijn nocturnes aan:

dat hij bij 't hoogtepunt van zijn gezangen
goed uit zal halen, komt herinn'rend hangen,
als scheef point-d'orgue, 't boogje van de maan.

[Brahman I]

gietelingen: merels
point-d'orgue: Franse term voor de fermate (aangehouden toon),
die wordt aangegeven met het symbool 

Still audible, far off, is the evening train.–
A farmer, blue against green corn, at work.
Heath. Above woods the tower of a church.
Quiet reigns – the railway track its prime domain.

Five lines of telegraph wires seem to trail
a stave; the clef – that birch tree can suffice;
the notes are swallows, black against red skies,
with stems and flags formed by their fine, long tails.

And from their beech-tree platform blackbirds sing
melodies with a Mendelssohnian ring;
the nightingale will start his nocturnes soon:

and, to remind him to call loud and clear
when his song gains its climax, there appears,
as skewed point-d'orgue, the crescent of the moon.

[Brahman I – transl. John Irons]

point-d'orgue: French term for the fermata (sustained tone),
that is indicated by the symbol 

AQUARIUM

In scheemrig groen stukje van de oceaan
zweeft als een schim het zeedier, transparant:
zich zelf vergetend, ziet door glazen wand
de mensengeest 't ontzaglijk wonder aan,

hoe 't zieltje, dat in elk trillend orgaan,
teer van doorschijnendheid, onzichtbaar brandt,
't vreemd, glazen vogeltje zijn fijn als kant
geweven vleugeltje golvend doet slaan.

Zo drijft mijn vers in mij, zelf deel van God;
en iets, dat met verstand en weten spot,
verbergt zich in kunst'ge doorschijnendheid;

en wie het leest, voelt, voor één ogenblik
verplaatst buiten de grenzen van zijn Ik,
trillen 't mysterie van zijn eeuwigheid.

[Brahman II]

AQUARIUM

In one small drop of ocean, greenish, dim,
the creature drifts, transparent, like some ghost:
through a glass wall the human spirit, lost
in rapture, takes the enormous wonder in,

of how the small soul burns invisibly,
frail with translucence in each trembling organ,
and how the strange glass bird with wave-like motion
beats its small wing with lace-fine tracery.

Thus my verse drifts in me, in God contained;
and something that mocks rhyme and sense conceals
itself in artfulness, translucency;

and anyone who comes to read it feels,
one instant by his I no more constrained,
the mystery of his eternity.

[Brahman II – transl. John Irons]

En bij het rijzen van de scheemring lag
hij in het gras naar de avondlucht te turen;
een afgrond leek de tuin, berghoog de muren,
zwart van klimop met stoffig spinnenrag;

het leek een put, waarin de lichte dag
op 't donker dreef, vol schimmige figuren;
enk'le geluiden van de naaste bureu
plonsden als steentjes d'rin: een naam, - een lach.

Hij zag de zwaluwen als zwarte stippen
vlak onder 't geel van de avondwolken glippen;
daarna, in 't blauw, vond je hen moeilijk weer.

En 't fijn getjisper van hun zwenkend piepen,
dat scheen de hoge stilte te verdiepen,
droppele als regen in zijn afgrond neer.

[Brahman I]

And as the twilight slowly fell he lay
in the grass, gazing at the evening sky;
the garden an abyss, walls mountain-high,
black with ivy and cobwebs' drab array;

it seemed a well in which the light of day
floated on darkness, full of wraithlike shapes;
from next-door neighbours stray sounds that escaped
plonked into it like stones: a laugh, – a name.

He saw the swallows as black flitting specks
beneath the evening clouds now yellow-flecked;
later, against the blue, though, they were missed.

And the thin twitter of their veering cheeping
that seemed to make the lofty silence deepen,
fell as fine drizzle into his abyss.

[Brahman I – transl. John Irons]

De wolken werden grijs. Geen zwaluw was
te zien meer, boven. Killig werd de grond.
Nachtuiltjes, wit de meesten, zwirlden rond.
Kevertjes ritselden in 't vochtig gras.

En als een stuiter van mooi lichtblauw glas
met middenin een zilv'ren leeuw of hond,
zo, maar zonder eraf te rollen, stond
die grote ster op 't hellend dak; zo pas

had hij er toch iets dichter bij gestaan.
Soms streek de nachtwind door de zwarte bladen

van de oude perenboom. Soms hoorde hij slaan
een flapp'ren zacht, tegen 't grind van de paden.

Zou dat zo'n vleermuis zijn? – 't Werd wel wat kil –
Men sloot een venster, ergens – 't Was weer stil.

[Brahman I]

The clouds turned grey. And up above now was
no swallow visible. Chilly the ground.
Night moths, white for the most part, whirled around.
Small beetles rustled in the dewy grass.

And like a marble of fine, pale-blue glass
a lion or dog of silver at its core,
so, on the sloping roof, poised that large star,
though without falling off; a moment past

it had been standing closer to, he thought.
At times the old pear tree's blackened leaves were caught

by the evening wind. At times this quivering mingled
with flutterings against the path's fine shingle.

Could that be such a bat? – It grew quite chill –
A window somewhere closed – Then all was still.

[Brahman I – transl. John Irons]

IJl ligt de wilgenschaduw op de wei;
het slootje-in plonst, lichtgroene boog, een kikker;
over het riet beweegt zich blauw geflikker,
wanneer de wind zijn wimpels schuift op zij.

In 't gras bij 't water, naast de wilgenrij,
speelt een blond jochie ernstig met een knikker;
wegjaagt in 't bongerdje een vogelverschrikker
de zondagsstilte over de boerderij.

Houdt even op de droogratelende r,
dan is 't, of zich de stilte van heel ver
hier samentrekt en plots'ling vreemd verdicht:

op 't lege zand voor de gesloten stal,
in 't vierkant tuintje, in 't bongerdje, overal,
is 't of een vraag en een verwond'ring ligt.

[Brahman I]

Faint lies the willow's shadow on the meadow;
into the pond plops, light-green arc, a frog;
above the reeds, blue sparkling flicks and rocks,
each time the light wind makes their pennants billow.

In grass where willows line the river-arm
a light-haired lad plays marble games intently;
an orchard rattle to scare birds off sends the
Sunday silence fleeing across the farm.

Whenever the dry *rrr* takes a brief pause,
the silence from far off seems to contract
and suddenly be strangely, densely packed:

on empty sand by bolted stable doors,
in garden patch, in orchard, low and high,
a questioning and wondering seem to lie.

[Brahman I – transl. John Irons]

Kent iemand dat gevoel: 't is geen verdriet,
't is geen geluk, geen menging van die beiden;
't hangt over je, om je, als wolken over heiden,
stil, hoog, licht, ernstig; ze bewegen niet.

Je voelt je kind en oud; je denken ziet
door alles, wat scheen je van God te scheiden.
't Is, of een punt tot cirkel gaat verwijden;
't is, of een cirkel punt wordt en verschiet.

Je denkt: Nooit was het anders; tot mijn Wezen
ben 'k al zo lang van sterfelijkheid genezen.
Je weet: Niets kan mij deren; ik ben Hij.

Tot zekerheid je twijfel opgeheven,
zo hang je als eeuwig boven je eigen leven:
je bent de wolken en je bent de hei.

[Brahman I]

Who knows that feeling: it is not distress
not joy, nor yet a mixture of the two –
like heathland clouds it hangs round, over you:
still, high, light, serious – and motionless.

You feel a child yet old; you grasp aright
what you from God once seemed to separate.
As if a dot to circle will dilate,
circle contract to dot, shoot off from sight.

You think: Nothing has changed; to my true Being
I've long been cured from my mortality.
You know: Nothing can harm me; I am He.

You rise above your doubt to certain seeing,
hang as eternal, your whole life beneath:
you are the high clouds and you are the heath.

[Brahman I – transl. John Irons]

't Is nacht. 'k Zit op de hei. Nergens geluid.
Over me staat, als transparant kristal
rondom een oude berggod in zijn hal,
een halve bol van stilte, die me omsluit:

'k hoor, hoe heel ver een lang gillende fluit
een tunnel boort; mijn berg kraakt overal.
Een blaf, ginds, hakt een gat; en recht en smal
knaapt een spleet open, tot mijn oor hem stuit.

'k Hoor 't levend bloed, dat in mijn slapen gonst –
Neen: 't is het hart van de aarde: het trilt, het bonst,
of 't niet de god uit zijn verdoving wekt.

Om goed te luist'ren, doe ik de ogen dicht,
maar 'k word gehinderd nu door 't sterrenlicht,
dat tikkend door fijne gaatjes lekt.

[Brahman I]

It's night. I'm on the heath. Nowhere a sound.
Above, like a transparent crystal wall
round an old mountain god within his hall,
a hemisphere of silence, all around:

I hear far off a whistle shrill and clear
boring a tunnel, rock creaks everywhere.
A bark, there, hacks a hole; a straight and hair-
line crack splits open, till checked by my ear.

I hear live blood, making my temples buzz –
No: it's the earth's own heart: it quakes, it thuds,
enough to rouse the god from his deep doze.

To listen better, I shut both eyes tight,
but I'm prevented by the stars' bright light
that trickles through a sieve of tiny holes.

[Brahman I – transl. John Irons]

't Is eind augustus, zondag. – Blauwig waas
om verre dennen in laat middaguur;
naar 't glooiend stoppelveld, vol sprietjes vuur,
uit stofwolkjes van grindweg loopt een haas.

En ouërwets bolronde dahlia's
gloeien, mooi evenwijdig met de muur
van 't boerenhuis; laag tjspren om de schuur
zwaluwen, over 't pad langs 't ijzergaas.

Nog rul van zaterdagse hark is 't zand;
voetstappen staan voorzichtig langs de rand;

een schaduwpunt van halfgeel bonenblad
ligt hier en daar in 't lijnnennet op 't pad;

door 't dichte raam komt in gedempte vlagen
eenvoudig orgelspel van 'Uren, dagen –.'

[Brahman II]

'Uren, dagen, maanden, jaren, vliegen als een schaduw heen.'
Oud kerklied. De tekst is van Rhijnvis Feith (1753-1824)

It's end of August, Sunday. – Blue-hazed air
round distant pine trees in late afternoon;
toward glowing stubblefield, now fiery-plumed,
from grit-path dust clouds flees a scuttling hare.

Old-fashioned dahlias, like giant taws,
glow the entire length of the farmhouse wall
in perfect line; and chittering swallows call
around the barn, across the path's wire-gauze.

The sand's still loose from Saturday's keen rake;
edged with the cautious footsteps that folks take;

a shadow-point of bean-leaf now quite spare
lies in the path's traced furrows here and there;

in muffled gusts through the closed window come
fleeting strains played on a harmonium.

[Brahman II – transl. John Irons]

Dan las ik weer van 't jonge, lelijke eendje:
eerst zwom hij blij door 't groene licht op 't water;
toen joegen ze hem weg met kwaad gesnater,
en gooide een jongen naar hem met een steentje;

toen plaste hij rond met één bevroren beentje
's nachts in een kolk; en toen ontmoette hij, later,
bij de ouë vrouw, die deft'ge, wijze kater
en kipje Kortpoot met 't verbrande teentje!

En stilletjes werd 't kleine eendje groot;
en vloog eens in een meer. Daar kwamen aan

drie zwanen; en hij zei: 'Pik me maar dood !'
en boog naar 't water; en hij zag een zwaan.

En 'k had altijd, wanneer ik 't sprookje las,
een vreemd gevoel, dat 'k zelf zo'n zwaantje was.

[Nagelaten Verzen]

The ugly duckling tale I then re-read:
he blithely swam at first on green-lit water,
but was chased off by cackling without quarter;
a young lad threw a pebble at his head;

he splashed round in a pool one night although
one leg was frozen stiff, and later met
at the old crone's shack that stately, wise tom cat
and Chickie Shortlegs with its scalded toe!

And bit by bit the little duckling thrived;
and flew off to a lake. Three swans swam on

to welcome him. 'Peck me to death!' he cried,
and bowed down to the lake – and saw a swan.

And when I read that tale I always had
the strange sense I too was a swan like that.

[Nagelaten Verzen – transl. John Irons]

Ja, laat heb ik 't ontdekt: Ik ben een zwaan:
mij heeft uit poel van dof, smartelijk leven
het stilgegroeide Godsgevoel geheven,
aardse gehechtheid heb ik weggedaan;

mijn vleugels zijn weer wit en waard te slaan
in Brahman's licht; want wat van slijk bleef kleven,
met blijde tranen heb ik 't weggewreven:
nu mag, nu durf, nu kan, nu moet ik gaan,

ik die, uit angst van aarde, hijgend wou vluchten
naar bevrijding in storm, in sterrenluchten,
in koele smartenloosheid van natuur,

tot waar, van eeuwigheid in Brahman dronken,
de extase ziet als wolk van sterrenvonken
stuiven 't Heelal uit 't eigen Wereldvuur.

[Nagelaten Verzen]

Brahman (term uit het Hindoeïsme): de ultieme, eeuwige,
onveranderlijke werkelijkheid, die uit zuiver zijn en bewustzijn bestaat

Yes, I've been slow to grasp that I'm a swan:
from quagmire of life's pain and misery
a dawning sense of God has lifted me,
earthly attachments are all long since gone;

my wings are white once more and fit to beat
in Brahman's light; for any clinging mud
I have with blissful tears from them now rubbed:
I may, dare, can, and must direct my feet –

I who, from fear of earth, would gasping flee
and seek release in storm and star-strewn dark,
in nature's painlessness that's so entire –

to where, Brahman-drunk with eternity,
ecstasy sees, a cloud of starry sparks,
the Cosmos fly out from its own World-Fire.

[Nagelaten Verzen – transl. John Irons]

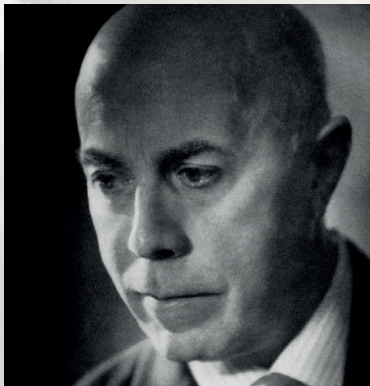
Brahman (term from Hinduism): the ultimate, eternal,
unchangeable reality, which consists of pure being and consciousness

Bernhard van den Sigtenhorst Meyer (1888-1953) studied music theory and composition in his birthplace Amsterdam. His early compositions were written in a style between late romanticism and impressionism. In 1915 he met poet-singer Rient van Santen, who became his partner and whose orientally minded philosophical and cultural interest was to have an enormous influence on Sigtenhorst Meyer's musical development. From 1919 onwards, they lived together in The Hague, their house becoming an important meeting place for artists.

His first opus numbers - amongst which the series *About Flowers* and *About Birds* for piano, included on this CD - were mainly inspired by natural lyricism and, especially after a journey to the Dutch East Indies, oriental themes. In later years, Sigtenhorst Meyer started to use more and more traditional structures like sonatas and variations. His study of 15th -17th century polyphony (he published two monographies about the works of J.P. Sweelinck) would greatly influence his later works, in which the modal style of his early years made room for a more modernist sound.

The compositions for oboe solo – three series of *Rustic Miniatures* (op. 24, op. 40 and op. 45) and the *Sonatine* (op. 34) – are written in a meditative, quasi improvisational style which combines modal melodies with more chromatic elements.

Alexander Voormolen (1895-1980) studied piano and composition in Utrecht, and from 1915 onwards in Paris with Albert Roussel. In Paris, he met composers such as Ravel and Delius. His early compositions were in a progressive, French-oriented style. In 1923, he moved to The Hague, where he worked as a music reviewer for the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* and later as a librarian at the Royal Conservatory. He started focussing on a more 'Dutch' style with the use of folksongs and the sounds of the carillon, resulting in neoclassically and neoromantically oriented compositions. In 'The wind and the mills' from *Tableaux des Pays-Bas* (Scenes from The Netherlands), he uses the Dutch children's song "Alles in de wind, daar liep een schipperskind" ("Everything in the wind, there was a skipper's child"). Besides the *Pastorale* for oboe and piano, he composed an oboe concerto and a concerto for two oboes and orchestra (for Jaap Stotijn and his son Haakon).

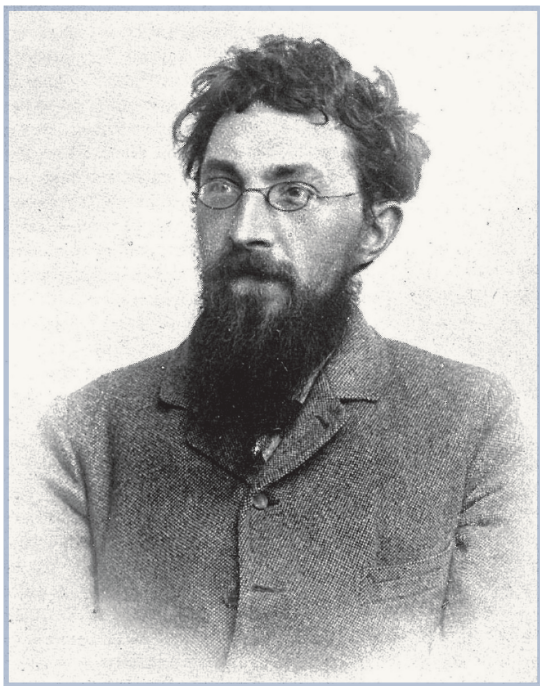


Johan Andreas dèr Mouw (1863-1919) wrote his poetry almost entirely in the last seven years of his life, under the pseudonym Adwaita, which means something like 'duality-less'. In these last years he had, after a turbulent life, finally found peace in the mystical writings of Brahmanism. Brahman, a term from Hinduism, represents the ultimate, eternal, unchangeable reality, which consists of pure being and consciousness.

As a hyperintelligent and sensitive child, Dèr Mouw was impressed by nature and roamed a lot through woods and over heathland. From 1883, he studied ancient Greek, Latin and Sanskrit at Leiden University as well as mathematics and astronomy. He obtained his doctorate in 1890 with the dissertation *Quomodo Antiqui Naturam mirati sunt?* ('How did the ancients admire nature?'). The subjects of this dissertation – nature, religion and art – were the major themes that Dèr Mouw thought about throughout his life, and they are also central in his philosophical publications and in his poetry.

Although there are indications that he was gay, Dèr Mouw got married and the couple adopted a daughter. He taught at a private grammar school in Doetinchem until, in 1904, he had a traumatizing conflict with the rector, which led to two suicide attempts. Dèr Mouw resigned and the family moved to Rijswijk and later to The Hague, where he taught courses for the state exam and gave lessons in classical languages, Sanskrit and philosophy.

It was here that he started writing his poetry, which consists for the most part of sonnets and is characterized by a highly original use of language and imagery. Painfully obsessed as he had been with the idea of dualism in the world - good and evil, nature and culture, art and science, feeling and reason, body and mind – he found the answer in Brahmanism, in the 'one-ness' of one's own consciousness and cosmic consciousness. His poems bear witness to his enormously sensitive awareness of one-ness with nature and the quiet and at the same time euphoric experience of eternity that can coincide with the 'now'.



Complete title information

Bernhard van den Sigtenhorst Meyer

- **Drie Landelijke Miniaturen**, 1e reeks, op. 24 (1926) (*To Jaap Stotijn*)
1. Moderato [track 1] 2. Andante [track 3] 3. Allegretto pastorale [track 5]
- **Drie Landelijke Miniaturen**, 2e reeks, op. 40 (1946) (*To Haakon Stotijn*)
1. Andante con moto [track 7] 2. Allegretto giocoso [track 9] 3. Adagio [track 11]
- **Drie Landelijke Miniaturen**, 3e reeks, op. 45 (1949) (*To Leon Goossens*)
1. Allegretto grazioso a la Tyrolienne [track 13] 2. Allegro [track 15] 3. Lento [track 17]
- **Sonatine** op. 34 (1930) (*To Jaap Stotijn*)
1. Moderato [track 19] 2. Tranquillo [track 21] 3. Ritornello Allegro [track 23]
- **Van de Bloemen** op. 1 (1915)
1. Rozen [track 2] 2. Korenveld in de Zon [track 20] 3. De Waterlelie [track 8]
4. Blauwe Regen in den Kloostertuin [track 6]
- **Van de Vogels** op. 4 (1917)
1. De Zwaan [track 14] 2. 'n Troepje meezen in het bosch [track 4] 3. Nachtvogels [track 12]
- **Het betooverde woud** From: Sprookjesland Vol. 1 op. 27 (1926) (*To Anders Paulson*) [track 22]

Alexander Voormolen

- **Pastorale for oboe and piano** (1940) (*To Ankie van Rappard*) [track 25]
- **De wind en de molens** From: Tableaux des Pays-Bas (1919-1924) [track 24]
- **Petit Poisson (Het Vischje)** From: Livre des Enfants (Kinderboek) Vol. 1 (1923) [track 10]
- **La première Hirondelle (De eerste Zwaluw)**
From: Livre des Enfants (Kinderboek) Vol. 1 (1923) [track 18]
- **Au Vilain petit Canard (Aan het leelyke jonge eendje)**
From: Livre des Enfants (Kinderboek) Vol. 2 (1925) [track 16]

Johan Andreas dèr Mouw gedichten uit:

- **Brahman. Deel 1** W. Versluys, Amsterdam 1919
- **Brahman. Deel 2** W. Versluys, Amsterdam 1920
- **Nagelaten Verzen** (Forum, Tweede jaargang (1933), p. 331-340)

John Irons, translations into English of the selected poems

In the original poems the spelling of some words has tacitly been adapted to modern spelling rules.

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