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SCHUBERT IN 1816

1815, examined in detail in Volumes 7 and 10 of this series, was such an extraordinary *annus mirabilis* for Schubert, and for the composition of Lieder in particular, that the considerable achievements of the following year have often been overlooked or underestimated. It is true that 1816 can boast no *Gretchen am Spinnrade* or *Erlkönig* (composed in 1814 and 1815 respectively) but the wide range of songs from 1816 (a good number of them unjustly neglected to this day) and the composer’s flirtations with a wide range of poets, provide an astonishing kaleidoscope of songwriting activity. The great work of 1815 is continued very much in the same vein, although the Schubert *aficionado* will detect an ever-growing mastery of form and content as the months speed by. And then of course there were the other works: piano pieces, string quartets, even a quasi-concerto for violin which show that whatever Schubert’s devotion to song, his prime concern was to become well-rounded (his physical shape was perhaps already tending in that direction), able to compose in all of the forms employed by his great predecessors Haydn and Mozart, and by Ludwig van Beethoven. This gigantic and enigmatic figure in musical Vienna was still at the height of his powers and was to compose his song cycle *An die ferne Geliebte* in 1816, a work which makes him almost as much of a song pioneer as his younger contemporary. Schubert’s moods in this year veer between a not unjustified confidence in his youthful mastery, and despair that he would never be able to emulate, let alone equal, the work of his elders. In 1816 he moves between adolescence and manhood, a painful enough transition for someone of sensitivity, exacerbated by the ongoing struggle to establish his right to leave his father’s school where he was employed as a teacher, and devote himself entirely to music. 1816 is also an important year in Schubert’s emotional life in that the question of his affection for the baker’s daughter Therese Grob, which dated back to 1814, came to some sort of resolution and conclusion. If the termination of this romantic friendship (in all probability somewhat idealised and unconsummated) was a sad disappointment at the time, no less frustrating was the first of the fruitless attempts by the young composer’s friends to acquaint Johann Wolfgang von Goethe with the depth and extent of Schubert’s affinity with the great man’s poetry. The year thus had its disappointments and failures (there is not a single year in the Schubert calendar without some setback or other), but on the whole the young composer consolidated his growing reputation, in particular with the performance of the cantata *Prometheus* D451 (since lost) in July.

As always in Schubert studies it is the *Documentary Biography* which provides an outline of the year’s activities — tantalisingly incomplete perhaps, but especially fascinating if one reads between the lines. In February 1816 the post of music master at a school in Laibach (now Ljubljana in Slovenia) was first advertised in the *Wiener Zeitung*. The composer was encouraged by his teacher Antonio Salieri to try for the job, although his application was rather late and dates from April. The successful applicant was required to teach music for three hours daily (presumably leaving time enough for composition) and the salary might have been just enough to support a wife, if Schubert’s thoughts had been moving in that direction. On the other hand the composer’s first priority may have been to flee the claustrophobic influence of his father even if this meant leaving his friends and his beloved Vienna; at least he would be teaching music as opposed to the rudiments of writing and arithmetic, and he would have had a measure of independence. This post was in effect a government appointment, and the letters printed in...
the Documentary Biography illustrate the long-winded grind of the Austrian Empire's bureaucracy — a seemingly endless round of what would now be termed inter-departmental memos. Despite Salieri's personal recommendation (the rival candidates were also his pupils and were also probably armed with references from him) and testimonials from such important Viennese worthies as Joseph Spendou and Karl Unger (who was later to introduce the composer to the Esterhazy family) Schubert failed to get the job. It was eventually awarded to one Franz Sokol in August 1816. It is rather intriguing to imagine a Yugoslavian dimension to Schubert's career; so much in his life might have been different if work had taken him outside Vienna at this crucial stage of his development. Fifty-five years later the young Gustav Mahler was successfully to conduct his first opera at the Landestheater in Laibach, but he soon returned to the Austrian capital.

On 17 April 1816 Josef von Spaun took his courage in both hands and composed a long and eloquent letter to the poet Goethe on behalf of his friend Schubert. He sent this to Weimar together with a book of songs, fair copies in the composer's hand, containing some of the great Goethe settings of 1814-15, as well as a few from the beginning of 1816; the collection culminated in Erlkönig arranged with easier piano accompaniment (in duplets instead of triplets) just in case the original was beyond the powers of whatever amateur musicians happened to be in the old man's circle. The volume, certainly one of the most exciting gifts ever made by one artist to another, contains, in its extant form, the following works:

Jägers Abendlied D368; Der König in Thule D367 (Vol 11); Meeres Stille D216 (Vol 1); Schäfers Klaglied D121 (Vol 1); Die Spinnerin D247 (Vol 7); Heidenröseln D257; Wonne der Wehmuth D260 (Vol 1); Wanderers Nachtlied D224 (Vol 1); Erster Verlust D226 (Vol 1); Der Fischer D225 (Vol 1); An Mignon D161 (Vol 10); Geistes-Gruss D142; Nähe des Geliebten D162 (Vol 1); Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (Vol 13); Rastlose Liebe D138; Erlkönig D328 (Vol 8).

In its original binding this volume probably began with An Schwager Kronos (which dates from early 1816) or perhaps the earlier Szene aus Faust (Volume 13). Of course there is a great deal of flowery and flattering prose in Spaun's letter to Goethe, but some interesting and ambitious plans for the dissemination of Schubert's songs were outlined: the idea was to issue a series of eight books of songs (and such a scheme might have been taken up by a publisher if Goethe's active support had been forthcoming) the first two of which were to be devoted to Goethe settings; the third book was to include works inspired by Schiller; the fourth and fifth were to be given over to a great poet of the past, Klopstock; the sixth was to include slightly more recent masters such as Matthisson, Hölty and Salis-Seewis; books seven and eight were to settings of Ossian. According to Spaun the Ossian works excelled all the others, which is evidence of how highly the circle of Schubert's friends valued such works as Kolmas Klage (Volume 15) and Shirik und Vinvela (Volume 13) written in the previous year. This tidy method of ordering and arranging musical works according to a type of encyclopaedic survey of literary history (with Goethe at the head of the list of course) was perhaps calculated to appeal both to the poet's vanity and his sense of methodical order; Goethe was later to request the young Mendelssohn to perform for him the most important works in musical history, in chronological sequence. If the poet had bothered to take Spaun's letter seriously, and if he had listened to the music, he might have realised that the high claims made for Schubert's importance were no exaggeration.
Spaun was even careful to emphasise that "the pianoforte player who is to interpret [the songs] to Your Excellency should want nothing in skill and expression." No reply to the letter was received; the volume of songs was returned without comment. Otto Erich Deutsch suggests that this may have been because Spaun's uncle Franz Seraphicus, who lived in Munich, was known to Goethe as a literary enemy and antagonist, but the poet's silence may have been simply occasioned by the welter of dedications and petitions which, in his later years, habitually flooded into Weimar from every corner of the civilised world.

The most personal of the 1816 documents are Schubert's own diary entries for five days in June (13, 14, 15, 16, 17) and a lone diary entry for 8 September. Some of these passages are quoted at some length in the introduction to Volume 13 of the Hyperion Edition. They cover a wide range of the composer's thoughts and feelings including (13 June) his indebtedness to the music of Mozart, and a comparison between two of his own songs, one a Goethe setting, the other by Schiller; he comes to the conclusion that Goethe's words for Rastlose Liebe contributed to its greater success with the public. On 14 June he describes an evening walk with his brother Karl; the young Schuberts passed a graveyard which led them to talk, 'sadly and intimately', about their dead mother. The composer went to an exhibition of pictures (15 June) and was attracted to a Madonna and Child by the painter Josef Abel. Very recent research by Rita Steblin in Vienna has suggested that Schubert was already acquainted with Abel's work, and that the painter had executed a portrait of the young composer which Steblin persuasively argues should now join the accepted Schubert iconography. If we had diary entries of this kind for each day of Schubert's life, how much more we should know about him!

On 16 June there was a gathering to celebrate Salieri's golden jubilee, his fifty years in Vienna. This was an all-day event involving official visits and investitures, high mass in the Court chapel (with Salieri's own music of course) and a formal luncheon. In the evening there was a mighty reception at Salieri's home where he was surrounded by no less than twenty-six pupils — fourteen women and twelve men. Most of the young ladies were the maestro's singing students, but each composer arrived with a dedicatory composition under his arm. These were heard in strict order of seniority, with the younger pupils' work heard first. Schubert's offering, an unaccompanied vocal quartet with men's voices, D407 (it had originally been cast as a vocal trio with piano accompaniment) was thus heard before that of Josef Weigl (1766-1846) who was already well established as an opera composer of note. This was one of only two proven occasions when Schubert chose to set words of his own:

Gütigster, Bester!
Weisester, Grösster!
So lang ich Tränen habe,
Und an der Kunst mich labe,
Sie beides Dir geweiht.
Der beides mir verleiht.
So Güt' als Weisheit strömen mild
Von Dir, 0 gottes Ebenbild,
Engel bist Du mir auf Erden,
Gern möcht ich Dir dankbar werden,
Unser aller Grosspapa,
Bleibe noch recht lange da!

Master most gracious
Great and sagacious!
As long as I've a tear to shed,
And art remains my daily bread,
I'll dedicate them both to you
Who taught me art, and feeling too.
Kindness and wisdom gently flow
From you, the nearest God we know;
To such an angel here below
My gratitude I'll gladly show.
For all our sakes, o grandsire dear,
Remain with us for many a year!
The diary entry for this day seems much less mature than the passages written a few days before; it is Schubert the obedient and earnest pupil who speaks here, patting Salieri metaphorically on the back for his ‘pure, holy nature’ and comparing him to the healthy model of Gluck. By way of contrast, Schubert castigates Beethoven (without actually naming him) for an “eccentricity which joins and confuses the tragic with the comic, the agreeable with the repulsive, heroism with howling and the holiest with harlequinades without distinction, so as to goad people to madness instead of dissolving them in love.” This censorious tone is untypical of Schubert; rather it sounds like a side-swipe at Beethoven by the wily old musical politician Salieri himself, dutifully regurgitated by the young composer when the day’s events came to be written up in his diary. For those who delight in pondering the real relationship between Salieri and his contemporaries (including Mozart), we have evidence here of just how factional the making of music in Imperial Vienna could be, and how teachers expected their pupils faithfully to mirror their prejudices. *Plus ça change.*
On 17 June Schubert notes that he had composed for money for the first time. This was a cantata *Prometheus* written for the name day of Professor Watheroth, jurist and teacher of Josef von Spaun as well as the mentor of the older Leopold Sonnleithner who was to figure in Schubert's life as a patron. The performance was due to take place on 12 July, but was postponed until 24 July because of bad weather. It is a tragedy for Schubertians that the manuscript has been 'mislaid' since about 1828; it is the most substantial, and probably the most interesting of Schubert's lost works if we accept John Reed's argument that the apocryphal Gmunden-Gastein symphony is in actual fact the Great C major. All that we have of *Prometheus* (a work which is said to have lasted for three-quarters of an hour) is a few themes which Sonnleithner noted down from memory years after the performance. Its loss is all the more tantalising because it made such a big impression on its audience: Josef von Spaun notes in a letter to Schober (19 August) that the cantata of "our dear minnesinger . . . has been performed with much success." Baron Schlechta, poet of a handful of Schubert songs, wrote an exultant panegyric about the effect this music had on him. When this poem was eventually published in 1817 it marked the first time that the composer's name had appeared in a periodical.

The poet Johann Mayrhofer, a man whose work and personality were to be of crucial importance to Schubert, makes his first personal appearance in the documents on 7 September. He writes to Schober: "Schubert and several friends are to come to me today, and the fog of the present time, which is somewhat leaden, shall be lifted by his melodies." The composer had first set Mayrhofer's verse in 1814, and was to move into his apartment in the Wipplingerstrasse in 1817. Schubert's diary helps us imagine the type of conversation that occurred between composer and poet that day; the entry for September 8 is full of *idées reçues* somewhat clumsily articulated but showing beyond doubt that Schubert was anxious to exercise his mind in the realms of philosophy. It seems likely that he was drawn like a magnet to a man like Mayrhofer whose introspection and cynical world-weary view of life could not disguise an inspiring idealism and a thirst for the true and beautiful. Schubert seems to have been excited and even disorientated by this meeting on 7 September. The long diary entry dating from the next day is an extraordinary mish-mash of aphorisms and *pensées* in the style of Marcus Aurelius (himself a distinguished former inhabitant of Vienna) and owing something to Shakespeare among others. The composer makes a valiant attempt to make sense of some of the great issues of life: man as plaything of the gods; 'All the world's a stage' where we all have to play our allotted parts; the conflict of mind and heart; the nature of friendship and happiness in and out of marriage; the nature of sincerity and convention in the conduct of human relationships and so on. At the end of a pile-up of aphoristic observations of diminishing cogency the composer writes: "I can't think of any more now . . . why does my mind not think when the body is asleep? It goes for a walk no doubt . . . And so to bed." We know that Mayrhofer was already taken with Schubert, and probably sensed in him a young *ephebe* (the classical reference is appropriate for a poet so absorbed with the history of Greece and Rome) willing to learn from him. The prospect of a protégé must have been touching and challenging for a lonely man in his late twenties, extremely diffident about personal relationships and inspired by the highest and most noble achievements in others. His poem of October 1816 (*Geheimnis*, heard in Schubert's setting on this disc) makes clear his admiration for his young friend.

Even if this relationship had a homosexual element, at least on Mayrhofer's side, in November 1816
Schubert celebrated his affection for Therese Grob by putting together a Lieder album especially for her. This may well have been in honour of her birthday on 16 November, but it might also have been a farewell gift. Nothing like the elevated collection of masterpieces that Schubert and Spaun had gathered together for Goethe earlier in the year, the volume has a homespun quality that suggests that the songs, some of the more modest in the composer's output, are those that Therese herself enjoyed singing. Two of the better known Lieder in this collection are Litanei and Am Grabe Anselmo's, both heard on this disc. Schubert left home in the autumn of 1816 when he went to live with his friend Schober, and gave up teaching for a period of a year or so. His tactful modus operandi seems to have been to accustom his parents to this prospect by staying away for short 'holiday' periods at the homes of various friends; with the protection of the Schober family, the composer seems to have found the courage openly to confront Schubert senior who far from being a mellow paterfamilias was still a sexually active husband and demanding and exacting father. The former point is proved by the fact that a half-brother, Theodor Kajetan Anton, was born on 15 December. During the autumn of that year there seems to have been something of a decisive break (did Mayrhofer influence this turn of events in any way?) and in leaving the parental home in Vienna's Ninth District, Schubert also seems to have renounced any lingering feeling that Therese and he had a future together. It is interesting that Schubert's formal association with Salieri, another father figure, was also to terminate in December 1816. On the manuscript of the songs Lebenslied and Leiden der Trennung (both heard on this disc) he twice writes the words 'At Herr von Schober's lodgings – December 1816.' This is the last of the documents for 1816 and it seems to have been written in a spirit of determination and relief. After all he had started the year by applying to go to Laibach; if this was not to be granted to him, Schober's lodgings in the Landskrongasse at least had the advantage of being nearer to his ever-widening circle of friends. Increasingly these friends began to take the place of the family in sustaining the young composer both intellectually and emotionally. Closer relationships with Mayrhofer and the singer Johann Michael Vogl, and the great phase of the Lieder inspired by classical themes all lay before him in the near future. The transition from boy to man was well under way.

1816 saw the composition of two Symphonies (No. 4 in C minor ['Tragic'], and No. 5 in B flat), a Mass in C major, a String Quartet in E, and over a hundred songs. Although no hard and fast rules apply, the year is, very broadly speaking, divided among the poets. January and February are the months of Ossian; March is devoted to Schiller (many of the settings in Volume 16) and Salis-Seewis; April is Matthisson month, and May belongs to Höltz; June seems to be devoted to Klopstock and Uz; August is the month of the miniature Jacobi cycle recorded on Volume 8; September is largely devoted to Goethe and his poems of Mignon and the Harper from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister; in October, Schubert's gaze turns towards the work of his friend Mayrhofer; November explores the poet Claudius more thoroughly than ever before or after. The composer also embarked on the composition of Die Bürgschaft (see notes in Volume 16), his first attempt at opera seria. The year is also notable for the composition of a large amount of dance music: Menuettes, Tänze, Ländler and Ecossaises; on the whole this is written for piano, but there was also an amount of music of this genre written for violin.

In 1816 the composer seems to have abandoned the scrupulous dating of his autographs that makes the chronology of the works of 1815 much easier to chart. There are a large number of songs that can
be dated to 1816 with some certainty, but we are unable to say exactly when in the year they were composed. To make matters even more confusing, the running order of the Deutsch catalogue sometimes defies chronology in this period. Thus Lodoras Gespenst, clearly dated 17 January 1816, is given the Deutsch number 150, which places it among the works of 1815. This is because Deutsch, in the first edition of his catalogue, believed in the existence of a manuscript from August 1815. The 1978 catalogue quietly neglects to mention this putative (and probably non-existent) earlier manuscript, but the Deutsch number has not been revised. Other examples abound where I have preferred to follow evidence of the dates on the autographs rather than the conjecture of earlier copies. For example Deutsch places Litanei (D343, dated August 1816) thirty items before the de la Motte Fouqué Lied D373 dated 15 January 1816. For this recital, in order to give the listener some idea of how 1816 progressed in terms of musical creativity, we have attempted to place the songs as much as possible in the order of their dated autographs. From time to time this contradicts the chronology of the Deutsch numbers.

Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué (1777-1843)

**LIED (MUTTER GEHT DURCH IHRE KAMMERN)**

D373 15 January 1816; first published in 1895

Mutter geht durch ihre Kammern,
Räumt die Schränke ein und aus,
Sucht, und weiß nicht was, mit Jammern,
Findet nichts als leeres Haus.
Leeres Haus! O Wort der Räte,
Dem, der einst ein holdes Kind
Drin gegängelt hat am Tage.
Wieder grünen wohl die Buchen,
Wieder kommt der Sonne Licht,
Aber Mutter, laß dein Suchen,
Und kein Kindlein lacht ihm zu.

Mother goes through her rooms,
Filling and emptying the cupboards,
Seeking she knows not what, and with sorrow
Finding nothing but an empty house.
Empty house! O words of grief
For one who once cosseted there
A sweet child in the daytime
And gently rocked it to sleep at night.
The beech-trees will grow green again,
The light of the sun will return,
But, mother, cease your searching,
Your beloved child will not return.

Und wenn Abendlüfte fächeln,
Vater heim zum Herde kehrt,
Bringt’s fast ihm, wie Lächeln,
Dran doch gleich die Träne zerrt.

The juxtaposition on this disc of a tiny strophic song with the epic Ossian setting Lodoras Gespenst from two days later (as it happens both are in the key of G minor) is evidence of the wide range of Schubert’s song-writing activity in 1816. He is like Autolycus in Shakespeare’s The Winter’s Tale of whom it was said; “He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves.” The words by de la Motte Fouqué are from that writer’s famous novella Undine (1811), the tale of a water-sprite who in the manner of Hans Christian Andersen’s little mermaid falls in love with a mortal, the knight Huldbrand. She marries him and thereby acquires a soul, but Huldbrand soon falls in love with the beautiful Bertalda who is thought to be the daughter of a duke. This little ballad is
sung by Undine in the book’s eleventh chapter; the tale of desperate parents who have lost their child leads up to Undine’s somewhat malicious revelation that her rival Bertalda’s parents are in fact a poor fisher couple. Bertalda, who has long thought herself to be of noble birth, is horrified to be claimed by them.

Schubert succeeds in making this folksong-like music have the character of spell or incantation. It is somehow much more memorable than a tune of this simplicity deserves to be. There is no doubt that the composer would have read De la Motte Fouque’s short work from cover to cover, and that he would also have been aware of the supernatural, almost Lorelei character of the singer of these words. Perhaps he was drawn to them also because of the many sad experiences of infant mortality in his father’s household. We have to imagine the emotional crises in the cramped family circle between the death and burial of the young composer’s various brothers and sisters; visits to the graveyard must have been a regular occurrence. There is a list of these lost Schubert siblings, a sad necrology, in the introduction to Volume 11. There is also a biography of Friedrich de la Motte Fouque on page 23 of the booklet accompanying Volume 12.

James Macpherson (‘Ossian’, 1736-1796) translated by Edmund von Harold

LODAS GESPENST

LODA’S GHOST

17 January 1816; first published in 1830 as Book 3 of the Nachlass


1 Son of night, retire: call thy winds, and fly! Why dost thou come to my presence, with thy shadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of dismal Loda? Weak is thy shield of clouds: feeble is that meteor, thy sword! The blast rolls them together and thou thyself art lost. Fly from my presence, son of night! call thy winds and fly!


3 Dost thou force me from my place? replied the hollow voice. The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the brave. I look on the nations, and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come abroad on the winds: the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant.
4 Bewohn' deine angenehmen Gefilde, sagte der König: denk' nicht an Comhals Erzeugten. Steigen meine Schritte aus
meinen Hügeln in deine friedliche Eb'ne hinauf? Begegnet ich dir mit einem Speer, auf deiner Wolke, du Geist des
deine Stirn vergebens, nie floh ich vor den Mächtigen im Krieg. Und sollen die Söhne des Winds den König von Morven
erschrecken? Nein, nein; er kennt die Schwäche ihrer Waffen!

Dwell in thy pleasant fields, said the king: Let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend from my hills, into the
peaceful plains? Do I meet thee, with a spear, on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda? Why then dost thou frown on me?
Why shake thine airy spear? Thou frownest in vain. I never fled from the mighty in war. And shall the sons of the
wind frighten the king of Morven? No; he knows the weakness of their arms!

5 Fleuch zu deinem Land, versetzte die Bildung, faß die Wunde, und fleuch! Ich heilte die Winde in der Höhle meiner Hand;
ich bestimm den Lauf des Sturms. Der König von Sora ist mein Sohn; er neigt sich vor dem Steine meiner Kraft. Sein
Heer umringt Carric-Thura, und er wird siegen! Fleuch zu deinem Land, Erzeuger von Comhal, oder spüre meine Wut,
meine flammende Wut!

F/y
to thy land, answered the form: receive the wind, and fly! The blasts are in the hollow of my hand: the course of
the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carric-Thura;
and he will prevail! Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath!

6 Er hob seinen schattigen Speer in die Höhe, er neigte vorwärts seine schreckbare Länge. Fingal ging ihm entgegen und
zuckte sein Schwert. Der blitzende Pfad des Stahls durchdrang den düstern Geist. Die Bildung zerfloss gestaltlos in Luft,
wie eine Säule von Rauch, welche der Stab des Jünglings berührt, wie er aus der sterbenden Schmiede aufsteigt. Laut
schrie Lodas Gespenst, als es, in sich selber gerollt, auf dem Winde sich hob. Inistore bebte beim Klang. Auf dem
Abgrund hörten's die Wellen. Sie standen vor Schrecken in der Mitte ihres Laufs!

He lifted high his shadowy spear! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword. The
gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke,
which the staff of the boy disturbs, as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

7 Die Freunde von Fingal sprangen plötzlich empor. Sie griffen ihre gewichtigen Speere. Sie mißten den König: zornig
fuhren sie auf; all ihre Waffen erschollen!

The spirit of Loda shrieked, as rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistore shook at the sound. The waves
heard it on the deep. The waves stopped in their course, with fear: the friends of Fingal started, at once; and took
their heavy spears. They missed the king: they rose in rage; all their arms resound!

8 Der Mond rückt' in Osten voran. Fingal kehrt' im Klang seiner Waffen zurück. Groß war der Jünglinge Freude, ihre
die Flamme der Eiche; Heldengeschichten wurden erzählt.

The moon came forth in the east. Fingal returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youth was great, their
souls settled, as a sea from the storm. Ullin raised the song of gladness. The hills of Inistore rejoiced. The flame of
the oak arose; and the tales of heroes are told.

We have met Ossian often enough in this series for it be an already familiar fact that the words of this
ancient Gaelic bard were really the invention of James Macpherson, a Scottish student of Gaelic
mythology who pretended to have discovered a treasure trove of ancient manuscripts which he then
rendered into English (see notes in Volumes 6, 13 and 15). It is sad that Macpherson felt he needed to
stand behind a bogus historical figure; his words are inventive and atmospheric enough to have earned
him considerable renown in his own right. The same applied to Thomas Chatterton, another
celebrated hoaxer of the eighteenth century who was talented enough to have achieved literary fame
on his own account. It is true that without the bogus patina of historical authenticity, the re-discovery of
a tribe of noble savages of impeccable honour and untainted naturalness, German writers like Herder
and Goethe would have been less interested in these prose poems heavily loaded with misty
atmosphere, short on historical accuracy and rich in (sometimes hilarious) anachronism. Dr Johnson
was one of those who scoffed from the first, much to Macpherson's fury. Macpherson's motive was
partly to draw attention, using whatever means possible, to what he perceived to be a dying and neglected national culture; Ossian's effusions were some of the best publicity that the cause has ever received. The Gaelic language as a part of Scotland's national heritage has very recently been in the news as a result of a British government decision to subsidise a Gaelic television service, perhaps the most important event in the language's history since the Macpherson fabrications turned the gaze of the world on Fingal and his countrymen.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, in his semi autobiographical Dichtung und Wahrheit (Book III, Chapter 13) described the literary atmosphere during the period when he wrote his first successful novel, *Werther*: "Ossian lured us off to Ultima Thule, where we roamed about on the infinite grey heath amidst protruding mossy gravestones, looking around us at the grass blown by a chill wind, and above us at the heavily clouded sky. Only by moonlight did this Caledonian night really become day: perished heroes and vanished maidens hovered about us, and we actually began to believe that we had seen the ghost of Loda in its fearsome form." This song describes the moment when Fingal the warrior king confronts the ghost of Loda (Odin in Norse mythology) and in standing up to him banishes the power of the god and superstition.

*Lodas Gespenst* is Schubert's eighth Ossian setting (there are ten altogether) and one of the most successful of them, despite Capell's contention that the pages are 'singularly barren'. In fact this work is one of the most concise, fast-moving and exciting of the Ossian settings. The translation into German is by a figure almost as mysterious as Ossian himself — Baron Edmund de Harold.

The poem is a long piece of prose, and as such it does not fall into verses convenient for the printing of a parallel translation. I have accordingly divided the piece into eight sections coinciding with Schubert's musical treatment of the poem.

1: "Der bleiche, kalte Mond erhob sich in Osten". The piece is marked 'Düster' (dark, sombre) and the opening ritornello in G minor, with its mezzo staccato chords, is full of muted suspense. Not nearly as atmospheric as the opening of *Die Nacht* (Volume 6), this passage has more in common with the introduction to *Leichenphantasie* (Volume 16). The recitative is peaceful with an undertow of unease. The gradually fading night-fire ('das sterbende Feuer') is illustrated, before the words are sung, by a series of harmonies in chromatic descent evocative of dying embers. A sudden 'Geschwind' shows us the highly restless state of the king whose climb up the hill to Sarno's tower is cleverly depicted by a vocal line which moves wearily upward (recitative here, as throughout the piece, alternates with arioso and brief interludes of illustration for the piano). By the time the spirit of Loda appears ('es stieg ein Windstoss vom Hügel herab') we are in the key of D flat; the piano doubles the vocal line in a passage heavy with portent. A martial phrase in B flat minor depicts spear-shaking and tremolandi paint the flame-like flicker of the spirit's eyes. It seems that we have arrived at this point in the story rather quickly, almost as if Fingal is rather used to the appearance of the god in this manner and, being accustomed to the phenomenon, is now prepared to stand up to it. In a confrontation that is somewhat reminiscent of that between Siegfried and Wotan, Loda attempts to dissuade Fingal from raising the siege of Carric-Thura.

2: 'Zieh' dich zurück, du Nachtsohn'. Schubert has reserved some of the least complicated music in
the piece for the aria (marked ‘Ernst’ – ‘serious’) of the brave and down-to-earth Fingal. Fear is banished along with any complicated chromatic progressions. This passage in F major, with its trills and striding basses, could have come from a Handel oratorio; there is even a brief suggestion of counterpoint between voice and piano. This is all appropriate for a warrior king of few words who is not afraid to defy the god, and fulfil his destiny.

3 : Loda’s reply begins with a recitative (‘Mit hohler Stimme versetzte der Geist’), but his principal utterance is a noble aria in B flat (‘Vor mir beugt sich das Volk’, marked ‘Massig, kraftvoll’ – ‘Moderate, powerful’). Schubert succeeds in giving the aggrieved god a lofty tone. There is menace in the use of the piano to double the voice at ‘Auf Völker werf ich den Blick’ and considerable excitement is stirred up by the dotted rhythm (rather Beethovenian in its effect) used to denote the puffing and blowing of the god’s revenge. Then the return to B flat for ‘Aber mein Sitz ist über den Wolken’ lifts the mood of this section from unseemly bickering to dignified Olympian majesty, all the more effective for its pianissimo markings. Macpherson remarks in a footnote that “there is a great resemblance between the terrors of this mock divinity, and those of the true God, as they are described in the 18th Psalm.” He is here referring to its eighth verse: “There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.” It was Macpherson himself of course who was responsible for the seemingly mysterious similarities between the two texts.

4 : The whole of this section (beginning ‘Bewohn’ deine angenehmen Gefilde’) is recitative, cleverly crafted with its rising sequences to depict Fingal screwing up the courage to confront Loda once and for all. Fingal defends his actions and his own record of bravery in battle. The rhythm of the section ‘Warum runzelst du denn deine Stim’ is gestural; it suggests a shaken fist or spear. Macpherson, with a semblance of great textual scholarship, explains Fingal’s audacious blasphemy in the following note: “Whether a proof could be drawn from this that Ossian had no notion of a divinity, I shall leave to others to determine: it appears, however, that he was of opinion, that superior beings ought to take notice of what passed among men”.

5 : Loda’s riposte summons up some of Schubert’s best music for the piece. A memorable martial passage in C minor (‘Fleuch zu deinem Land’) with an accompaniment that suggests the flourish of hunting horns builds up into an impressive aria aided by a series of rousing sequences. This music is repeated after an interlude of recitative. There is something in the military nature of this which prophesies the stirring music of warring clans, galloping horses and pacing imprisoned nobility in the composer’s Walter Scott settings of nine years later; we hear a ghostly presentiment of the polonaise style of Lied des gefangenen Jägers. Perhaps this music is the beginning of Schubert’s Scottish style? If so, he seems to find the national characteristics of Scots and Poles, two proud and warlike nations, somewhat interchangeable from the musical point of view. Robert Schumann was inclined sometimes to make Polish and Spanish dance music one and the same in his genre pieces.

6 : Loda waves his spear (‘er hob sein schattigen Speer in die Höhe’) but it proves rather wooden. This section marked ‘Geschwind’ has nothing new to frighten Fingal (or us) as it is built on already familiar hunting horn motifs. The most exceptional passage depicts the dematerialisation of the ghost once Fingal has struck Loda’s spear with his sword. The piano interludes both before and after ‘Die Bildung
zerfloss gestaltlos in Luft’ are remarkably descriptive of wreaths of smoke, disembodied and cleansed of the god’s malevolent presence; the hushed euphony of thirds and sixths drains the music of the chromatics of conflict. Once again tremolandi are used (before ‘Innistore behte beim Klang’) but Schubert puts them to work deep in the bass clef in order to suggest earthquake and the subverting of the order of the gods, and thus of nature itself. The very waves stop in their tracks in fear. To mirror this phenomenon, rumbling oscillations cease in favour of staccato crotchets, and a most startling and unlikely modulation from C minor to C sharp minor is achieved to illustrate the perverting of the laws of earthly harmony.

7 : Schnell — in A major — ‘Die Freunde von Fingal’. This is nothing more than a short section with a number of dramatic scale passages; it serves as a link to the recapitulation. There is an effective eleven-bar section at the end which paints the upheaval in the world caused by Fingal’s hubris: semibreve chords lead to snatched staccato crotchets, with portentous bars of rest to depict awe-struck silence between. As another spear-shaker (or Shakespeare) once observed, “The rest is silence.”

8 : ‘Der Mond rückt’ in Osten voran’ has the same music as the opening, but then follows a repeat of this refrain reharmonised in the relative major of B flat because the danger has been resolved by Fingal’s bravery. The final page of the work seems as if the piano part were written for wordless choir. The effect is joyful enough without quite seeming to measure up to the rest of the piece. The final five bars, a postlude for piano, seem almost deliberately banal (they are marked ‘Bieder’ which means honest, naïve or simple) and it may be, as Fischer-Dieskau contends, that the composer wanted to illustrate the tribe’s return to normality after its brush with the fantastic world of the spirits. Fischer-Dieskau also notes that Carl Loewe uses the same effect in *Prinz Eugen* where this tremendously rousing ballad has a strangely quiet and seemingly apologetic single bar of piano postlude. In any case, in 1830 Diabelli judged *Lodas Gespenst* to be unpublishable as Schubert had left it. He enlisted the help of Leopold Sonnleithner (a friend of the composer since July 1816) to change the text and to adapt *Punschlied*, a drinking song by Schubert, as a rousing finale. *Die Nacht* (see Volume 6) suffered something of a similar fate. According to his memoirs, Sonnleithner regretted the part he had played in fiddling with Schubert’s work. *Lodas Gespenst* can be an effective piece in performance (it has the advantage of being of comparatively manageable length) but it needs good dramatic timing and a cracking pace to make it, in Macpherson’s own words, “the most extravagant fiction in all Ossian’s poems.”

poet unknown

**KLAGE**

D371 January 1816; first published in 1872

Trauer umfießt mein Leben,
Hoffnungslos mein Streben,
Stets in Glut und Beben
Schleicht mir hin das Leben;
O nimmer tragt’ ich’s länger!

Sorrow floods my life,
My endeavours are in vain,
In unremitting ardour and trembling
My life slips by;
I can endure it no longer!

**LAMENT**

Sorrow floods my life,
My endeavours are in vain,
In unremitting ardour and trembling
My life slips by;
I can endure it no longer!
Leiden und Schmerzen wühlen
Mir in den Gefühlen, Keine Lüfte kühlen
Banger Ahndung Schwülen; O nimmer trag' ich's länger!
Nur ferner Tod kann heilen
Solcher Schmerzen Weilen; Wo sich die Pforten teilen,
Werd' ich wieder heilen; O nimmer trag' ich's länger!
Grief and suffering gnaw away
At my feelings; No breezes cool
My feverish, anxious foreboding. I can endure it no longer!
Only distant death can cure
The presence of such suffering; When the gates open
I shall be cured; I can endure it no longer!

This neglected and almost totally unknown song has a number of the hallmarks of the great Schubert; it starts with the dactylic rhythm so dear to the composer, and has a depth of feeling quite out of proportion to its modest strophic form. In assigning it the tonality of B minor the composer shows how important it was to him. In the twenty-one songs that Schubert wrote in that key, there is scarcely one that is not of the highest significance; Suleika and Mignon, the miller boy and the winter traveller are all made to express their strongest feelings in the key that Schubert chose for the 'Unfinished' Symphony. This is one of the earliest uses of this special tonality.

Although there is something hymn-like and simple about this Klage, its use of chromatic harmony and syncopation (cleverly illustrating the phrase 'schleicht mir hin das Leben' with a displacement of rhythm that suggests life running out of the sufferer's control) depicts great inner anguish. John Reed has written that it may have some autobiographical link with the composer's unsuccessful relationship with Therese Grob. The song is closely related to Der Leidende D432 which was part of the Therese Grob Songbook and also dates from 1816; that song is also in the key of B minor and paints similarly desperate emotions. The poems of both Klage and Der Leidende were attributed by Schubert's contemporaries to Ludwig Höly (1748-1786), but neither poem has been found in that poet's collected works. On the other hand both poems seem worthy of Höly and it is possible that the songs were ascribed to him with good reason. The notation of the song (alla breve) and the look of its accompaniment on the page somehow suggest a church piece with organ accompaniment. Klage has something of an archaic atmosphere, a deliberate evocation of an earlier musical style, which is part of Schubert's harmonic vocabulary in such religious works as Vom Mitleiden Maria.

James Macpherson (‘Össian’, 1736-1796)

LORMA


Macpherson's original text...

Lorma sat in Aldo's hall. She sat at the light of a flaming oak. The night came down, but he did not return. The soul of Lorma is sad! "What detains thee, hunter of Cona? Thou didst promise to return. Has the deer been distant far? Do the dark winds sigh round thee on the heath? I am in the land of strangers; who is my friend, but Aldo? Come from thy sounding hills. O my best beloved!"
Her eyes are turned toward the gate. She listens to the rustling blast. She thinks it is Aldo’s tread. Joy rises in her face! But sorrow returns again, like a thin cloud on the moon.

We return to Ossian for an unfinished fragment from Macpherson’s poem *The Battle of Lora*. Schubert made two attempts to set the story of Lorna who waits in vain for her beloved (a type of Ossianic equivalent of Schiller’s *Die Erwartung* [Volume 1] — without the happy pay-off) the first of which dates from November 1815. A few months later he tried again, recasting the song entirely, but breaking off only three sentences later than in his first attempt. However, there must have been something about Lorna which attracted Schubert; we can only imagine how beautifully he would have set the description of her a little later in the poem — ‘she was as pale as a watery cloud that rises from the lake, to the beam of the moon.’

The music begins in a mournful A minor in the simple, rather old-fashioned style (cf the opening of *Lodas Gespenst*) which the composer seems to have thought an appropriate folksong style to depict the Scottish Highlands in primeval times. The opening recitative is most effective with its inevitable evocation of night. The cadence on ‘Lormas Seele war trüb’ has the feel of eighteenth-century oratorio. There now follows an impassioned 3/8 aria in C minor (‘Was hält dich, du Jäger von Cona, zurück’) which has a repeated accompaniment figure in sixths which suggests the music of Bach where an oboe might be the obbligato instrument sharing the vocal line with the singer. The use of sixths in this way seems to have been a hallmark of the Ossian settings, and is to be found again in *Die Nacht* (Volume 6). The chromatic ascent of ‘Wer ist mein Freund, als Aldo?’ (repeated) adds romantic anguish to a section which has a deliberately classical feel to it. The next section (‘Mit Bewegung’, ‘With movement’) uses the same figure on the piano in different registers to depict, in rather conventional fashion, the click of a gate, the rustling of wind and the (supposed) tread of Aldo. The words of the final cadence (‘wie am Mond eine dünne Wolke, zurück’) are beautifully set, with a touching dying fall, as gentle as a moonbeam, which modulates to E flat. It seems a great pity that the composer should give up the ghost at this point. Perhaps he realised that the rest of the poem would require so much ethereal music for the spirit of Lorna (there are no more stirring battle scenes in this section) that the piece would lack the musical contrasts needed to hold the attention of the listener.

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis (1762-1834)

DER HERBSTABEND

\[D\] 405 between 27 March and April 1816; first published in 1895

Abendglockenhalle zittern
Dumpf durch Moorgedüfte hin;
Hinter jenes Kirchhofs Gittern
BläBt des Dämmerlichts Karmin.
Aus umstürmten Lindenzweigen
Rieselt welkes Laub herab,
Und gebleichte Gräser beugen
Sich auf ihr bestimmtes Grab.
Wenn schon meine Rasenstelle
Nur dein welker Kranz noch ziert,
Und auf Lethe’s leiser Welle
Sich mein Nebelbild verliert:

AUTUMN EVENING

Evening bells chime, dull and tremulous,
In the marshland breeze;
Behind those churchyard railings
The crimson glow of twilight fades.
From storm-tossed linden branches
Withered leaves stream down.
And blanched grasses bend
Over their appointed graves.
When only your withered wreath still adorns
The grass where I lie,
And my misty image is lost
On Lethe’s gentle waves:

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This beautiful song is one of the unaccountably neglected little masterpieces of 1816. It looks uninterestingly simple in print, and perhaps because it takes only a modest single page in the Gesamtausgabe, and because it was never published in the Peters Edition, it is destined to languish in obscurity. Fischer-Dieskau rightly avers that it is a song for lovers of bel canto. The throbbing triplets of the accompaniment suggest something Italian in its atmosphere, and the widely ranging vocal line (a sighing drop of a fifth in each of the first two bars, followed by an upward leap of an octave) imply a vocal virtuosity and flexibility associated with opera singers. But because this is Schubert, the song goes beyond mere technical display — it is wonderfully innig, a characteristic of the composer's intimate night songs.

The first image the poet gives us is of evening bells resounding over the marshes, muted by the breezes, but also trembling — the acoustical phenomenon of metallic sounds heard at a distance. This throb in the sound is given to the piano which vibrates in triplets throughout the piece. The brightness of the vocal line in minims is underpinned by minims in the bass; the sound of both together plus the background triplet shimmer of the piano illustrate the poet's opening image. The strength of this bass line and the skilful way the somewhat wayward vocal line is supported by it should have earned Salieri's highest praise; it is a textbook case of how a good piece of music is written by assuring both the independence and inter-dependence of the outer parts. The slightly frightening aspect of a churchyard is shown by the chromatic decent of 'hinter jenes Kirchhofs Gittern', but the friendly shift into the major of 'blasst des Dämmerlichts' shows us that there is nothing grotesque to fear in this particular churchyard. It is obvious from the way Schubert set the word scarlet ("Karmin") with an ornate gruppetto of semiquavers that he considered this a splendidly exotic colour. He thought enough of this song to include a copy of it in the Therese Grob Songbook where he adds a two-bar prelude.

Die Einsiedelei

First version, D393 March 1816; first published in 1845 in Book 38 of the Nachlass

Es rieselt, klar und wehend,  In the oak wood flows a stream,
Ein Quell im Eichenwald;  Clean and rippling.
Da wähle ich, einsam gehend,  Wandering alone, I choose there
Mir meinen Aufenthalt.  My resting place.
Mir dienet zur Kapelle  A grotto, cool and fragrant;
Ein Grötchen, duftig frisch;  Serves as my chapel;
Zu meiner Klausnerzelle  Entwined bushes
Verschlungenes Gebüsch.  Are my hermit's cell.
Zwar düster ist und trüber  This true wilderness
Die wahre Wüstenei;  Is dark and gloomy,
Allein nur desto lieber  Yet all the more welcome
Der stillen Fantasei.  For silent musing.
Da ruh' ich oft im dichten,  Often I lie there
Beblümten Heidekraut;  In the black heather;
Hoch wehn die schwanken Fichten,  The tall, slender spruces sway,
Und stöhnen Seufzerlaut.  Moaning and sighing.
Nichts unterbricht das Schweigen
Der Wildnis weit und breit,
Als wenn auf dürren Zweigen
Ein Grünspecht hackt unaschreit,
Wie sich das Herz erweitert
Ein Rab' auf hoher Spitze
Bemooster Tannen krächzt,
Und in der Felsenritze
Im engen, dichten Wald!
Den öden Trübsinn heitert
Der traute Schatten bald.
Kein überleg'ner Späher
Erforscht hier meine Spur;
Ich bin hier frei und näher
Der Einfallt und Natur.

Schubert set this poem more than once; in much the same way he composed two versions of the same poet's Fischerlied (Volume 2) each of which determines its overall character from the mood of a different strophe. There is no doubt that in this version of Die Einsiedelei, the first, the very opening line of the poem gave the composer all the encouragement he needed to write a piece of water music. The brook babbles and flows in the most enchanting manner throughout the song. It is interesting that as pretty as this is, the composer relegated the watery semiquavers to the inner parts of the accompaniment in the second version where they exert a more subliminal influence on the song's atmosphere. The trouble with the constant flowing movement of the version recorded here is that it makes it difficult for the listener to remember that the poem is about a quasi-religious experience. Perhaps the flowing of a friendly brook (an idea which would reach its apotheosis in Die schöne Müllerin) is too companionable for true hermitage, and the music needs to be tinged with an introspection which is more evident in the second version from 1817. On the other hand there is a very real sense of elation in the first version which accords with the sentiments of the strophe beginning 'Wie sich das Herz erweitert'. The key is A major, the same as for the most celebrated of Salis-Seewis settings, Der Jungling an der Quelle.

The vocal line which is mostly independent of the accompaniment (a subtle way of showing perhaps that the hermit is not dependent on the brook) is constructed in Schubert's best folksong manner. In fact it rather resembles the tune of another piece of water music, the celebrated Die Forelle, which is also built around the rise and fall of a simple triadic figure in the tonic before it shifts to the dominant. It is the type of tune that we all imagine would be very easy to compose, so obviously does it seem to lie within the compass of an improvising hand, waiting to be discovered by anybody. Unless you are a Schubert it is a long wait. It is notable that the tune of the well-loved Der Jungling an der Quelle is also built around the major triad in deliberately naive fashion, as is the vocal line of Wohin? from Die schöne Müllerin. What all these songs have in common of course is water, and the use of the major triad with its clear even spaces between the notes is an analogue for transparency; we can see through water just as we can see through the spaces between the notes of the common chord. There is also a setting of these words for man's chorus (TTBB, D337) which is in G minor and has a different character from either of the solo versions.
Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis (1762-1834)

**DIE HERBSTNACHT (WEHMUT)**

D404 1816; first published in 1885

Mit leisen Harfentönen
Sei, Wehmut, mir gegrüßt!
O Nymph, you who lock
The hallowed source of tears,
On your threshold.
I feel a gentle shudder,
The hallowed source of tears,
On your threshold.

O Nymph, you who lock
The hallowed source of tears,
On your threshold.
Glimmers on the path of destiny.

Mit leisen Harfentönen
Sei, Wehmut, mir gegrüßt!
O Nymph, you who lock
The hallowed source of tears,
On your threshold.
I feel a gentle shudder,
The hallowed source of tears,
On your threshold.

Glimmers on the path of destiny.
Glimmers on the path of destiny.

This song is the third setting of Salis-Seewis on this disc. The poet's title was *Die Wehmuth* — 'Melancholy' (so in Mandyczewski's Gesamtausgabe) — but Schubert's own title is *Die Herbstnacht*. The shape of the vocal line, built on the tonic triad, is very reminiscent of *Die Einsiedelei*, the preceding song on this disc; it is as if the composer is consciously trying to create a type of folksong style appropriate to this particular poet. Even if the music on this single page is not as memorable as that of *Der Herbstabend* (in the same key of F major, and also with triplet accompaniment) there are nevertheless a number of delicious harmonic touches that only Schubert could have supplied. A small example is the setting of 'Wehmuth' in the poem's first line; in the context of a tune in the major key, the second syllable of that one sad word is effortlessly limned in the minor without disturbing the generally genial equilibrium of the whole. A similar effect comes at the end of the first verse when 'auf des Schicksals Bahn' gently touches the minor as a warning as to what fate might have in store for us. It is entirely characteristic of the composer that he should be so minutely concerned to respond to tiny fluctuations in the text's mood in this manner. Also typically Schubertian is the modulation from F major into A flat major at the phrase 'der Tänzen geweihten Quell verschließt!' Capell cites this particular modulation as evidence of the composer's "gift of musical epigram". It certainly helps to suggest a lift to a new threshold of experience as the nymph is addressed.

The salute in this poem to Hölty and to Matthison places its Swiss creator SALIS-SEEWIS in his correct historical context. Salis's poems were published in 1794 under the wing of Matthisson, as it
were, who wrote an introduction to the edition. He shared Matthisson’s preoccupation with classical metre and antique poetic forms. Before embracing a literary profession, Salis had been a soldier, a member of the Swiss Guard Regiment at Versailles and thus a first-hand observer of the fall of Louis XVI and the French aristocracy. He travelled to Weimar and met there Wieland, Herder, Schiller and Goethe. Salis-Seewis, who spent most of his life in his native Switzerland, stands outside the mainstream of German literature despite his gift for friendship and regular correspondence with his contemporaries like Matthisson. His elegant and restrained verse appealed to Schubert who set ten of his poems, some of them in two or three versions. Although the composer set this poet as early as 1815, and as late as 1821, the majority of the songs date from 1816, and particularly from March of that year. It seemed that Schubert was particularly attracted to Salis in his lighthearted folksong mood, but he also responds well to the streak of melancholy which subtly insinuates itself into the work. Verse of this kind must have made a welcome change and relaxation from the blood-and-thunder writing of Schiller with which the composer also busied himself in March 1816.
Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg (1750-1819)

LIED IN DER ABWESENHEIT

SONG OF ABSENCE

D 416 April 1816; fragment first published in 1925 and completed by Eusebius Mandyczewski. Words not set by Schubert are printed in italics.

Ach, mir ist das Herz so schwer! Ah, my heart is so heavy!
Traurig irr' ich hin und her. Sadly I wander to and fro.
Suche Ruhe, finde keine, I seek peace, but find none,
Geh' an's Fenster hin, und weine! I go to the window and weep.
Säbest du auf meinem Schoß, If you were sitting on my lap
Würd' ich aller Sorgen los, All my cares would vanish;
Und aus deinen blauen Augen And from your blue eyes
Würd' ich lieb' und Wonne saugen! I would draw love and bliss.
Könnt' ich doch, du süßes Kind, Sweet child, if only I could at once
Fliegen hin zu dir geschwind! Fly swiftly to you!
Könnt' ich ewig dich umfangen, If only I could embrace you for ever,
Und an deinen Lippen hangen! And hang on your lips!

John Reed states that "Schubert's failure to complete this song has deprived us of a masterpiece." It is in the composer's 'important' key of B minor (the first section anyway, before a modulation to G major for the second section, 'ziemlich geschwind') and the sad weighty utterance of the opening nine bars certainly promises much. The contrast between these bars and the jolly rollicking section beginning 'Säbest du auf meinem Schoß' is so great however that it would be my guess that this did not quite satisfy the composer; we have here, in effect, two separate songs of such entirely different moods that we end up by believing neither the tragic tone of the one (which seems to overstate the case made by the words) nor the rather saucy high spirits of the other.

This having been said there is much to treasure here that is genuine Schubert. The B minor section could well be sung by a Mignon or a repentant Gretchen, and the stark prelude of doubled octaves (which makes a reappearance before the change of mood) puts us in mind of Goethe's Harper (another creation of 1816) with its dragging gait drained of energy and emotion. John Reed believes, as does Reinhard van Hoornick, that Schubert had a tripartite form in mind for this song and intended to end it with a repeat of the aria in the minor. The utterly delicious G major section is of such infectious gaiety (and something of a Moravian character that puts us in mind of Dvořák) that it would be difficult to imagine how the composer intended to exit from this and make a return to the B minor mood at the end. Although it is reasonable to imagine the poet's pipe dream punctured, prompting a return to the music of the opening, this is easier said than done without Schubert himself to do it for us; we have preferred to follow Mandyczewski's completion (with slight alterations of our own in the final two bars) which does not attempt a recapitulation. It seems fairly obvious that the music for the Schlegel setting Der Knabe (March 1820) had its beginnings with the second section of this song. The same imagery of childhood and flying summon up a tune of similar rhythmical shape, also in 2/4. Both songs have the same air of a pipingly repetitive ditty in a children's playground, and both share a merry and mischievous simplicity.
Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölt (1748-1776)

**FRÜHLINGSLIED**

D398 13 May 1816; first published in 1887

Die Luft ist blau, das Tal ist grün,
Die kleinen Maienglocken blühn,
Und Schlüsselblumen drunter;
Der Wiesenrund
Ist schon so ount
Und malt sich täglich bunter.

Drum komme, wem der Mai gefällt,
Und schaue froh die schöne Welt
Und Gottes Vatergüte,
Die solche Pracht
Hervorgebracht,
Den Baum und seine Blüte.

What is there to say about the minor musical miracle that is this song? It is about May (the poet’s original title was Mailied) and it was written on a May day in 1816 that may well have been as wonderful as the one here evoked by the poet. It is the purest and most unadulterated Schubert, unthinkable as the work of anyone else, and yet impossible to analyze — to think too hard as to how the composer achieved this freshness and purity would be like stripping away a flower’s petals to find out how it grows. The accompaniment ripples deliciously, here and there making delightful intervals of thirds and sixths with the vocal line; there is one charming Zwischenspiel and a postlude which touches the relative minor just long enough to suggest gratitude and awe amidst all the high spirits. The undoubted banality that would have resulted had such a formula been used by anyone else than our composer never raises its head. Everything here seems freshly minted and utterly natural — as miraculous as the tree mentioned in the second verse which brings forth its blossom only thanks to the kindness of God. It is possible to see this Frühlingslied as a study for a spring song of greater profundity from six years later — the Uhland setting Frühlingsglaube. Schubert had already set these Hölt words in 1815 for male trio (TTB, D243). The tempo is Langsam in that work; it is a fitting tribute to spring in an entirely different way, conveying a sense of wonder in a solemn hymn of gratitude rather than in a carefree paean of praise.

Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölt (1748-1776)

**WINTERLIED**

D401 13 May 1816; first published 1895

Keine Blumen blühn,
Nur das Winternrin
Bläst durch Silberhallen;
Nur das Fenster füllen
Blumen rot und weiß,
Aufgeblüht aus Eis.
Ach, kein Vogelsang
Tönt mit frohern Klang,
Nur die Winterweise
Jener kleinen Meise,
Die am Fenster schwirrt,
Und um Futter girrt.

No flowers bloom;
Only the winter green
Peepe through its silver mantle;
The window is filled
Only with red and white flowers,
Blooming from the ice.
Ah, no birdsong
Rings out with joyous tones;
Only the wintry strains
Of the titmouse
That flutters at the window
Chirping for food.
Minne fleht den Hain, Love flees the grove
Wo die Vögelein Where the birds
Sonst im grünen Schatten Once made their nests
Ihre Nester hatten; In the green shade;
Minne fleht den Hain, Love flees the grove
Kehrt ins Zimmer ein. And comes into this room.
Kalter Januar, Cold January,
Hier werd’ ich fürwahr Here, in truth,
Unter Minnespielen Among love games,
Deinen Frost nicht fühlen; I shall not feel your frost.
Walte immerdar, Reign for ever,
Kalter Januar! Cold January!

Another song from rather a remarkable day, 13 May 1816. Even if May weather had helped Schubert to compose the preceding song on this disc, he now had to travel in his imagination to colder parts of the year. Winterlied seems typical of a type of A minor style in Schubert’s song writing in 1816. It shares its tonality with Ins stille Land (March 1816, Volume 15) the Salis-Seewis setting which was to eventually lead in 1826 to the final version of Mignon’s Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt. The song is also related to the D minor version of Mignon’s song which dates from 1816. If the prevailing colour of Frühlingslied is green, the composer manages to suggest here tones of grey and white. The tune has all the economy and plainness of a denuded branch of a tree: the accompaniment is easy enough to be played by stiff, frozen fingers. A tiny detail which is typical of Schubert’s mastery is the means by which he manages to set the enjambment of the second and third lines of the poem’s first verse: instead of placing the word ‘blickt’ on the strong first beat of the bar, it is put on the second beat of the preceding bar (thus connecting it to ‘grün’) with a tie across the bar line which makes the declamation sound utterly natural. The long note on the beginning of ‘aufgeblüht’ followed by a flow of quavers suggests blossoming after a period of waiting. As always, some of these effects are much better suited to some verses of a strophic song than others. The work as a whole has a tone of gentle nostalgia and melancholy which makes the last verse difficult to bring off; the mood of the words changes here to joy in the cozy life indoors with the beloved — let cold January reign forever! This is similar to the mood of Kerner’s poem Lust der Sturmnacht, set by Schumann in 1840. Schubert might have engineered for this verse one of his miraculous changes from A minor to A major, but he preferred to preserve the minimalistic severity of a strophic song.
Ohne sie ist alles tot,
Welk sind Blüt' und Kräuter;
Und kein Frühlingsabendrot
Dünkt mir schön und heiter.
Traute, minnigliche Frau,
Wollest nimmer fliehen;
Dass mein Herz, deich dieser Au,
Mög' in Wonne blühen!

If it is true, as John Reed believes, that there was something of a crisis in the love affair (or non-love affair) between Schubert and Therese Grob sometime in May 1816, there could be no stronger musical evidence than the sweet tone of this exquisite song, underscored by the gentlest sadness, yet without a trace of self-pity. On first hearing it seems to be happy, but repeated hearings and subtle interpretative insight reveal a type of bravery and a regret, the renunciation of a dream with a gallant smile; the sighs of the beautiful little postlude hardly seem to betoken the happiness of possession and assured consummation. This music is the stuff of daydreams and fantasy, the music of someone who idealises the very type of relationship that he knows he cannot have. The most touching verse in this setting is the third (the composer uses two of the poet’s strophes to make each musical verse) which speaks of how dead everything seems to be without the beloved. As so often is the case with this composer, lilting music in the major key does not necessarily paint unalloyed happiness. This setting has of course been overshadowed, somewhat unjustly, by Brahms’s Op 71 No 5, a sumptuous and introspective song for the lower voice in the key of C major. Is it not true that Brahms too was drawn to this poem less in celebration of a relationship than in gentle mourning for the lack of one? Bars 13 to 16 of the Schubert (on the words ‘Wo mir Blumen roth und blau ihre Hände lasen’) provides a perhaps unconscious echo of Haydn’s Emperor’s Hymn. Traces of this national anthem can be found in the Matthisson Lebenslied later on this disc, in the Schiller setting Der Flüchtling (Volume 1), and most noticeably in the piano postlude of the Pichler Lied ‘Ferne von der grossen Stadt’ (Volume 5) which is another work from 1816. The main theme of Mendelssohn’s E flat String Quartet Op 12 is also markedly influenced by the same fragment of the Haydn hymn which appears in the Schubert song. Incidentally, Mendelssohn’s setting of this Hölty text is also very charming without plumbing the emotional depths of the Brahms. Neither of the later settings, it seems to me, has the seemingly effortless multi-faceted profundity of the Schubert which is one of those songs which can be taken as lightheartedly, or as much to heart, as the quality of any interpretation, or the subjective state of mind of any listener, allows.

Franz Xaver von Schlechta (1796-1875)

Wo irrst du durch einsame Schluchten der Nacht,
Wo bist du, mein Leben, mein Glück?
Schon sind die Gestirne der Nacht
Aus taudem Dunkel erwacht,
Und ach, der Geliebte kehrt noch nicht zurück.

Why are you wandering through the lonely ravines of the night?
Where are you, my life, my happiness?
Already the night stars
Have awoken from their dewy darkness,
And alas, my beloved has not yet returned.
This interesting little song — and there is nothing else quite like it in all Schubert — has been completely ignored by singers, the public and commentators. Apart from the rather controversial and very early Don Gayseros cycle (Volume 12), a miniature set of three songs which tell the tale of a Spanish woman’s doomed love for a Moorish prince, this is the one example we have of Schubert attempting a Spanish style. The composer is much more mature in 1816 than he had been at the time of the Gayseros cycle (1813) and the music with its accents on the off beats, and its strong left hand chords sparking off simulated guitar configurations in the right hand, sounds much more assuredly Spanish as a result. Of course, it is still a far cry from the convincing Spanish-styled music that would be written somewhat later in the century by German composers; both Schumann and Wolf explored the world of Spanish pastiche and evocation much more thoroughly than Schubert, but this must be something to do with the vogue for translation of hispanic literature which was to come about through the work of such writers as Emmanuel Geibel.

This poem is by Barón von Schlechta whose seven contributions to the Schubert song canon (a modest number compared to Mayrhofer’s forty-seven, and rather less than Schober’s twelve) are spread rather evenly among the eleven years between 1815 to 1826. Schlechta published his works in 1824, but it is certain that when Schubert set one of his friend’s poems he did so from the manuscript. *Diego Manzanares* was a play (unperformed, of course) by Schlechta who was only twenty, one year older than Schubert, when it was written. The female heroine Ilmerine bemoans, in fairly conventional manner, the absence of her beloved. As befits the music for a stage piece, the composer has written something of an orchestrally-accompanied aria in the tempestuous key of F minor: as John Reed writes, “how well the opening figure would sound with plucked string and woodwind.” The same is true of the postlude to the song which cries out for an oboe to sing the tune in the final two bars above the throbbing strings. It is a pity perhaps that the song is not slightly longer, which would have allowed the composer more time to establish the music’s national character. As it is, the whole is over too quickly, a brief flash of light and heat from the south which is so singular in its effect that it never finds a place on recital programmes. This is a pity because this song shows a side of Schubert which would appeal to operatic singers who find the conventional Lieder repertory rather too anodyne. The difficulty would be to find other songs which, with this one, would make a convincing group in recital.

Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter (1746-1797)

**PFLICHT UND LIEBE**

D467 August 1816; fragment first published in 1885 and completed by Max Friedländer

_Duty and Love_

_Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter (1746-1797)_

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Freund, schweif aus mit deinen Blicken! Friend, avert your eyes!
Laß dich die Natur entzücken, Take pleasure in nature,
Die dir sonst gelacht! Which has always smiled on you.
Ach, sie wird auch mich beglücken, Ah, it will make me happy
Wenn sie dich erst glücklich macht. If only it makes you happy.
Trauter Jüngling, lächle wieder! Dearest youth, smile once more!
Sieh, beim Gruße frohen Sangs See, the sun rises,
Steigt die Sonn' empor! Greeted by joyous songs!
Trübe sank sie gestern nieder, Yesterday it set bedimmed;
Herrlich geht sie heut' hervor. Today it emerges in splendour.

Schubert set only one poem by Gotter, so it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was attracted to this text because it seemed to have some relevance to his own relationship to Therese Grob; the composer might have imagined these words spoken to him by a young girl who felt it her duty to discourage his suit and to offer him comfort by directing his gaze away from her and towards the beauties of nature. The composer carefully cut two strophes from the poem which referred to the two lovers having ‘played like lambs’ together, and another verse which makes it clear that the young man being addressed is to blame for the break-up of the relationship because of his new love for one Philaide. As Schubert set it, the poem is about a girl who has decided to end a relationship.

Gotter was famous as a librettist, and the anguished feel of this music suggests a bel canto opera aria; the piano part in flowing triplets reinforces this impression although it is true that this pattern of accompaniment is found often in the 1816 songs and not only in the more dramatic ones. It is as if someone (Salieri perhaps) has advised the young composer to concentrate on creating beautiful vocal lines rather than attempting to fill the accompaniment with too much distracting detail. It is not hard to imagine Salieri taking Schubert to task for writing complicated accompaniments; perhaps the simplification of the Erlkönig piano part prepared for Goethe in April 1816 stems from the old master’s caveats. In any case, the accompaniment to Pflicht und Liebe is simply supportive of the harmonic twists and turns of the vocal line and attempts no commentary of its own to deepen the significance of the setting. It is left to the voice part to paint emotion with such devices as the highly expressive downward sigh (A flat to D) on the word ‘seufzest’ in the first verse. The song is technically a fragment because it was left unfinished by Schubert, but all that is lacking is the final bar of the vocal line. Max Friedländer provided a piano interlude between verses 1 and 2 and a postlude (these in a somewhat unconvincing Brahmsian manner) when the song was first printed in Volume 7 of the Peters Edition.

The tessitura is higher than that of the usual Lied, and it was in high-lying music of this sort that Therese Grob herself was said to have excelled as a singer. Once the word ‘Du’ has been said (and there is an expressive rest after it to emhasise the vocative) there is scarcely a pause for breath in an outpouring of passionate placations; indeed the singer’s use of the word ‘Pflicht’ may be hiding the fact that it is not duty alone that prompts this advice; she may well be in love with someone else. The song is cast in C minor which in John Reed’s analysis of Schubert’s tonalities stands for infidelity (cf Platen’s Die Liebe hat gelogen) and other sinister workings of man and nature. Both Wonne der Wehmuth (Volume 1) and the Lied der Anne Lyle (Volume 13) are in this key where the singers suffer emotional
anguish, unrequited love, or the like. Reed compares this song, with justification, to Luise's Antwort (Volume 7); it is also prophetic of a later song of bel canto character which begins in rather a similar way with 'O du . . .' — the quasi operatic Heimliches Lieben (1827).

FRIEDRICH WILHELM GOTTER was born in Gotha where he spent a good deal of his life as archivist, civil servant and writer for the theatre. He translated a number of French plays for performance in Germany, but was also interested in English literature and his 1771 translation of Gray's Elegy written in a country churchyard had a considerable influence on the poets of the Göttingen Hainbund (see note on Hölty in Volume 7, p16). He was very much interested in working with composers and provided the libretto for Benda's melodrama Medea, as well as adapting Shakespeare's The Tempest for Friedrich von Einsiedel's Die Geisterinsel. Gotter was a much more significant figure in German literature and operatic history than the small role he played in Schubert's output would seem to suggest.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM GOTTER
Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748-1796)

AN DEN MOND
D468 7 August 1816; first published in 1895

Was schaust du so hell und klar
Durch diese Apfelbäume,
Wo einst dein Freund so selig war
Und träumte süße Träume?
Verhülle deinen Silberglanz,
Und schimmere, wie du schimmerst,
Wenn du den frühen Totenkranz
Der jungen Braut befimmernst!
Du blickst umsonst so hell und klar
In diese Laube nieder;
Nie findest du das frohe Paar
In ihrem Schatten wieder.
Ein schwarzes, feindliches Geschick
Entriß mir meine Schöne!
Kein Seufzer zaubert sie zurück,
Und keine Sehnsuchtsträne!
O wandelt sie hinfort einmal
An meiner Ruhestelle,
Dann mache flags mit triibem Strahl
Des Grabes Blumen helle!
Sie setze weinend sich aufs Grab,
Wo Rosen niederhangen,
Und pflücke sich ein Blümchen ab,
Und drück' es an die Wangen.

Why do you gaze down, so bright and clear,
Through these apple trees,
Where once your friend was so happy,
Dreaming sweet dreams?
Veil your silvery radiance,
And glimmer as you do
When you shine upon the funeral wreath
Of the young bride.
In vain you gaze down, so bright and clear,
Into this arbour.
Never again will you find the happy pair
Beneath its shade.
Dark, hostile fate
Tore my beloved from me.
No sighs, no tears of longing
Can conjure her back.
If one day she should come
To my resting place,
Then, swiftly, with your sombre light
Make bright the flowers on my grave.
Where roses droop,
And pluck a flower,
And press it to her cheek.

Here is another germ, but it was judged very much wanting by Capell who preferred the much more celebrated Hölty setting of the same name which begins ‘Geuss, lieber Mond’ (D193, Volume 7). It is perhaps unfair to compare one song with another because they happen to share a title, but if we look at the two works side by side it is noticeable that they are mirror images of each other. In ‘Geuss, lieber Mond’ we begin in F minor with the rippling movement of Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata because the light is soft and veiled with ‘fancies and dreamlike images’. When the poet says to the moon ‘Enthülle dich’ (‘unveil yourself’) the music moves into the relative major with a much jauntier rhythm, as if everything in the nocturnal picture can now be seen with much greater clarity. Exactly the opposite happens in the song on this disc. The A major tonality of the opening and the high-lying vocal line are wonderfully ‘hell und klar’ — this is music to paint a completely different quality of light ‘so bright and clear’. The poem’s fifth line now commands the moon to ‘veil your silvery radiance’ and accordingly we move into the minor key, a textbook example of one of the composer’s inspired changes between A major and A minor. The texture of the song also changes: the heavenly body is characterised by an accompaniment of great simplicity, chastely hugging the vocal line, but human predicaments of the second section occasion the use of a more overtly emotional and operatic accompanying figure in semiquavers. It so happens that the fifth lines of each of the two remaining verses also signal a believable reason to change from major to minor, and the result is a strophic song where we feel the seamless logic of an integrated whole. I also hear different weather in the two Hölty settings: the famous F minor seems to be sung on a summer night; the mood is sultry and languid and the poet
sings of a girl who sought the cooling shade. On the other hand the climate for the A major is crisper and cooler; the light comes through the apple trees which are obviously not at their leafiest. Are we thinking of an autumn evening perhaps? The classical poise of another A major song, An den Mond in einer Herbstnacht (Volume B) comes to mind. That extended masterpiece is in a totally different form, and yet its haunting ritornello has a similar transparent clarity and economy and binds the song together in the manner of the much more modest little strophic A major refrain that we hear in this recital. The crystalline clarity of this song’s opening, with the vocal line doubled by the piano, and underpinned by the euphony of thirds and sixths in the left hand, also seems to be a study for the introduction to yet another An den Mond; the second of the Goethe settings (D296, Volume 1). All in all, the A major setting seems to have more in common with this than with D193.

Hölty was rather fond of the image of the bride’s funeral wreath. We find it again (‘die Totenkränze manches verstorbenen Mädchens’) in Auftrag, a Hölty setting by Peter Cornelius (Op 5 No 6, 1861). The resonances of Schubert’s little setting look to the past and show his debt to the heartfelt simplicities of the Berlin school and the songs of such composers as Reichardt, Schulz and Zelter.

Johann Georg Jacobi (1740-1814)

AM TAGE ALLER SEELEN (LITANEI)

D343 August 1816; first published in 1831 in Book 10 of the Nachlass

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,  
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,  
Denn vollendet süßen Traum,  
Lebenssatt, geboren kaum,  
Aus der Welt hinüber schieden:  
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!  
Liebevoller Mädchens Seelen,  
Deren Tränen nicht zu zählen,  
Die ein falscher Freund verließ,  
Und die blinde Welt verstieß:  
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,  
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!  
Und die nie der Sonne lachten,  
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,  
Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht,  
Einst zu seh’n von Angesicht:  
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,  
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

May all souls rest in peace;  
Those whose fearful torment is past;  
Those whose sweet dreams are over;  
Who have left this world;  
May all souls rest in peace!  
The souls of girls in love,  
Whose tears are without number,  
Who, abandoned by a faithless lover,  
May all who have departed hence,  
May all souls rest in peace!  
And those who never smiled at the sun,  
Who lay awake beneath the moon on beds of thorns,  
So that they might one day see God face to face  
In the pure light of heaven:

When one comes across this immortal song as part of a sequence of the 1816 Lieder it is remarkable how familiar its style already appears to be; a rippling accompaniment of deceptive simplicity underpins the melody which is the purest and most ineffable of legato flowerings. We have heard this sort of thing before on this disc, although perhaps not raised to such a pitch of expressive power. It is obvious that the hard work of 1816, when one of the composer’s aims seems to be creation of melody pure and simple as an Italianate contrast to the less effulgent recitative and arioso of German dramatic balladry, has paid off here in handsome fashion. Salieri must have been beside himself with delight. Like Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony, the work has something for everybody of whatever education, whether
an Austrian requiring deep and profound word-setting, or an Italian, like Schubert’s teacher, who desires a memorable and moving tune written with optimum effect for the voice. As Fischer-Dieskau has written: “The singer who can execute the long spun-out vocal line with a perfect legato and, at the same time, interpret each phrase meaningfully, probably knows everything that there is to know about singing piano." The patent depth and sincerity of this music unites the musical connoisseur and neophyte, both saluting it as masterpiece (as indeed it is) whether judged by the most demanding standards of the head or the heart.

The song is very much a ‘hit’ and it is easier to salute Schubert’s skill than to analyse how he puts on a single sheet of paper such depth of emotion. As is usual with this composer the answer lies in the poetry, for he has taken his clue from the shape given to him by Jacobi. The poet’s six-line strophe becomes the carefully plotted ground plan: the music for the first line of poetry and the last (including the piano postlude) are the two elegiac pillars between which the musical edifice is built. Within these noble demarcation lines, lines 2 to 5 of the verse allow a pang of anguish into the proceedings (the music moves into the relative minor, the note values are shorter, the mood more troubled by chromatic harmony) so that the cleverly prepared return to E flat major via a cadence in the dominant appears as an old friend, a blessing and a consolation. As Capell says, this is expressive of “grief consoled and yet still near weeping.” Throughout most of the song the piano is gently supportive, the resonance of the bass line a source of unobtrusive strength, but the concluding three solo bars are in that special class occupied by only the greatest of Schubert’s postludes. The valedictory commentary, in part made up of a new musical idea, seems to amplify the meaning of the music beyond what the words themselves are capable of saying; its rising sequences, phrases which seem to turn the gaze of the suppliant gently heavenward, depict and provide a measure of musical consolation which lies beyond the power of speech. There are nine verses in the original poem, but most performers find that the song makes its greatest impact with the performance of only three.

Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

**GEHEIMNIS (AN FRANZ SCHUBERT)**
D491 October 1816; first published in 1887

**SECRET (TO FRANZ SCHUBERT)**

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Tell us, who teaches you
Such tender, flattering songs?
They evoke a heaven
From these cheerless times.
First the land lay veiled
In mist before us —
Then you sing, and the sun shines,
And spring is near.
You do not see
The old man, crowned with reeds,
Emptying his urn;
You see only water flowing through the meadows.
So too it is with the singer:
He sings, he marvels inwardly;
He wonders, as you do,
At God’s silent creation.
There are other instances of composers who have set tributes to themselves, most notably Haydn’s song *O tuneful voice* in which he makes a marvellous piece of music out of the somewhat embarrassing valedictory effusion of his London hostess, Mrs Anne Hunter. It seems fairly obvious that if someone you like takes the trouble to write a poem in your honour, the least a composer can do, by way of returning the compliment, is to set it to music. After all, one can too easily forget that each time a composer chooses to set a poem he is in effect complimenting the poet, declaring himself to be in mental sympathy with his literary partner. Mayrhofer probably wrote his poem in gratitude for the eight or so songs that Schubert had already made from his poems, and in hopeful anticipation of many more. In this he was not to be disappointed.

Mayrhofer praises the composer’s unforced naturalness, and Schubert immediately seems to equate such a salute to his gifts with gratitude to his forbears Mozart and Haydn. He begins with a tiny piano prelude which quite unashamedly makes an elegant descent from the heights in a decorated B flat major arpeggio, an analogue for inspiration from heaven in its simplest form; this is followed by a tiny phrase which quotes from the theme of the slow movement in Mozart’s last Piano Concerto, K595 in B flat. The use of turns and mordents in the accompaniment to the first two lines of the poem reinforces the impression of Mozartian elegance. “You have conjured something from nothing” Mayrhofer is saying, and Schubert now evokes the Haydn of *Die Schöpfung* to describe the miracle of his own creation. The ‘Land verschleiert im Nebel’ is a tiny Lieder equivalent of the Chaos evoked in Haydn’s oratorio and the emergence of the ‘Sonnen leuchten’ has a touch of the exuberance of ‘Und es war Licht’, the creation of light. The bouncing staccato quavers confirm the slightly old-fashioned and galant atmosphere of this bow in Haydn’s direction.

The second verse is something of a puzzle. Reed thinks that Mayrhofer was stating that Schubert did not share his own preoccupation with classical themes (‘Den schilfbekränzten Alten’). This may well have been the poet’s single gentle rebuke to his young friend in an otherwise complimentary piece, and it might have signalled Mayrhofer’s intention to take in hand the composer’s classical education; certainly by the following year Schubert knew a great deal more about mythology. Perhaps this ancient figure is an obscure classical personification of Fate or Time who represents the hidden, controlling source of springs of whom the serene musician prefers to take no notice. Mayrhofer may be saying that the composer lived too much in the present, that he took the culture and learning of modern times for granted without realising how much inspiration the poets of the day owed to the ancients. On the other hand the poet may ruefully be admitting that the young Schubert, by virtue of instinct and talent, seemed to understand all the literary mysteries which others, like Mayrhofer himself, had to spend hours of study to master. In using water imagery in this passage the poet may have been the first to draw attention to Schubert’s protean ability musically to depict that element. The change from A flat minor to E major in this section, a real Schubertian touch this, is a marvellous illustration of the enharmonic means of turning water (of the ancients) into wine (of artistic inspiration). One can almost hear the colour change as dull flats cede to sparkling sharps.

The final lines (from ‘So geht es auch dem Sänger’) are a source of confusion. Before them there is an extraordinary modulation from E major to F which suggests a change of subject matter or perspective.
Who exactly is the singer referred to in the fifth line of the second verse? In his commentary, Fischer-Dieskau assumes that Mayrhofer is referring to Schubert who is astounded at his own creativity. I would suggest that a better reading would be to place Mayrhofer himself as the singer of Schubert’s songs. After all, it is known that he was an amateur vocalist and guitar player of some accomplishment, and in 1816 Schubert had not yet met Johann Michael Vogl who was to be his definitive interpreter. Until the advent of Vogl, Schubert had to rely on his less vocally accomplished friends to perform his music. After the words ‘er singt’ there is an upward arpeggio as if Schubert is casting Mayrhofer in the bardic role of Orpheus doing his warming-up exercises. This may also account for the slightly over-dramatised way that ‘erstaunt in sich’ is set. The final two lines of the poem bring Schubert back into the picture after Mayrhofer has been describing his own emotions. As it happens, the key of F major in which this song ends is shared by the final section of Ganymed, a Goethe poem probably shown to Schubert by Mayrhofer in the following year, and also about the working of a miracle. The postlude there comprises a sequence of chords which rises heavenward as the boy is assumed into the realms of Olympus. The postlude of Geheimnis moves in the opposite direction; the god of music sends a rainbow of chords which falls to earth (and the tonic) in a gentle arc of sound.

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

**AM GRABE ANSELMO’S**

D504 4 November 1816; published as Op 6 No 3 in 1821

*That I have lost you,*

Das ich dich verloren habe,

*That you are no more,*

Das du nicht mehr bist,

*Ach, that here in this grave*

Ach, daß hier in diesem Grabe

*Here in this grave:*

Mein Anselmo ist,

*That is my sorrow!*

Dies ist mein Schmerz!

*See, we loved each other,*

Seht, wie liebten wir uns beide,

*And as long as I live joy*

Und so lang ich bin, kommt Freude

*Will never return to my heart.*

Niemals wieder in mein Herz.

This is one of two graveside songs of Claudius from 1816; the other is *Bei dem Grab meines Vaters,* D496. Schubert might have thought of them as a pair as they are both in E flat, according to John Reed the tonality (whether major or minor) of awe and devotion. Both of these songs are about a depth of emotion which transcends romantic love. The one song of course describes Claudius’s visit to the grave of his father, but the title of *Am Grabe Anselmo’s* does not, in itself, help us with the poem’s background. The commentator’s have got themselves into trouble over this. Capell writes: “A certain sweetness in the music and a slenderness depict an adolescent mourner whose life is probably not in peril, however sharp the momentary pain.” This grasps entirely the wrong end of the literary stick. In actual fact Claudius was a bereaved father; his son Anselmo has died. Far from being an adolescent emotion, the poet’s pain is that of an adult, and deep. The composer too was all too familiar with infant mortality in his own family. The slenderness and youthfulness which Capell rightly hears in the music depicts the victim, not the bereaved. Because death in childhood was such a familiar and everyday thing (there were many childhood diseases from which no-one was safe before the age of ten) it is true that the tone of the poem and the music eschews surprise and drama; this is not a partner passionately mourning his beloved. But the numbed shock and the sense of loss of a wasted little life
are beautifully conveyed by both poet and composer. The poem itself is phlegmatic in its brevity but full of emotion. Some time later Claudius wrote a poem entitled Anselmuccio in which he dreams of having another son whom he imagines will be a healthy blue-eyed blonde lad. There is only one thing wrong with him: the poet does not yet have him. In writing the closing lines of Anselmuccio Claudius refers back to the opening line of Am Grabe Anselmo’s:

Nur eines fehlt dir, lieber Knabe!
Eins nur: Dass ich dich noch nicht habe.

Drawing by Leopold Kupelwieser for the first edition of Am Grabe Anselmo’s (1821)
The scale of the song, written in the tripartite form of a Mozart aria, is deliberately small and indeed about smallness. There is no doubt that Schubert was aware of the background of the poem. The very name Anselmo is set with the shy decoration of four semiquavers at the end of the word, and this betokens exquisite parental tenderness. In the accompaniment, mezzo staccato quavers, or quavers played between the hands and separated by rests, add to the feeling of helplessness and littleness. The setting of 'Seht, wie liebten wir uns beide' in the relative major could not possibly be about sexual love, so utterly innocent is it, and so gentle; the repeat of the words occasion a leap upwards like a stifled sob with darker harmonies to underscore the sudden twinge of pain. Under the words 'und so lang ich bin' the measured quavers of the piano part break down into a figure already familiar as a mourning motif in songs like the An den Mond on this disc: a quaver in the left hand followed by three sighing semiquavers in the right. The third section is an exact repeat of the first (as befits its classical form) but the three-bar postlude adds something new and touchingly eloquent: staccato notes in the left hand and a melting tune in the right are played as gently as those same hands might attend to a sick child, stroking a feverish brow in heartbreaking vigil.

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

AN DIE NACHTIGALL
D497 November 1816; published in 1829 as Op 98 No 1 (posth)

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,
Kann jede Blum' und jedes Blatts mich freuen.
Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!

He lies sleeping upon my heart;
My kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.
And I can be merry and jest.
Delight in every flower and leaf.
Nightingale, ah, nightingale.
Do not awaken my love with your singing!

This is certainly one of the finest songs of 1816; brevity, classical poise and restraint are suffused with a number of achingly beautiful intimations of the romantic era. It is in G major but in most unconventional fashion opens in its subdominant, C major. This device has already been tried by Schubert a year before in the Stoll setting An die Geliebte (Volume 10). Indeed he liked the opening of that song so much that he unashamedly borrows from himself, something that was far from his usual practice.

The opening is all innocence, touching but held back as befits a hushed lullaby. It is as if the singer cannot bear to wake her beloved and has shyly shifted into a backwater tonality, away from the brightness of G major, in order to soothe his dreams. She is much less of a minx than the Spanish girl in Wolf's In dem Schatten meiner Locken — a song of superficially similar scenario. Vivacity enters the music just before the song of the nightingale itself (and the words 'und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen') but the jauntiness of the little birdsong piano interlude should be tempered by the accompanist's sense of occasion — the nightingale is a small bird. The sudden change to G minor, and a succession of D's repeated in the vocal line at 'Nachtigall, ach!' is quite simply heart-stopping despite (perhaps because of) the tried-and-trusted alternation of tonic and dominant harmonies. But now wonder piles on wonder. The effect of a poised high G harmonised on E flat for the word 'Amor' is extraordinary enough; what has won the composer many a slavish admirer is the way this music melts...
back into the second inversion of G major during the held high note, which then paves the way for a beautiful descent into the tonic in root position on the word 'wach'. One such Schubert devotee was Hugo Wolf whose songs of hushed religious awe, and shy and exquisite evocations of nature owe much to the lessons of this masterpiece. Thanks to a song like An die Nachtigall the influence of Wagner on Wolf's output was counterbalanced and refined by an echo of Schubertian simplicity.

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

KLAGE UM ALI BEY
D496A November 1816; first published in 1968

Laßt mich! laßt mich! ich will klagen,
Fröhlich sein nicht mehr!
Aboudahab hat geschlagen
Ali und sein Heer.

So ein mutner kühner Krieger
Wird nicht wieder sein;
Über alles ward er Sieger,
Haut' es kurz und klein.

Er verschmähte Wein und Weiber,
Ging nur Kriegesbahn,
Und war für die Zeitungsschreiber
Gar ein lieber Mann.

Jedermann in Syrus sagt:
"Schade, daß er fiel!
Und in ganz Ägypten klaget
Mensch und Krokodil.

Here is a rare example of a Schubert comic song. Our composer was never short of genial high spirits as a work like the lighthearted trio Die Hochzeitsbraten shows, but he is never very comfortable with malicious Schadenfreude (very much a Hugo Wolf speciality) and even his attempts at the parody of Italian opera (a form of music making which, for the damage it did to his own career, he had every reason to loathe) end up by showing the felicities of Italian music in a surprisingly sympathetic light.

In this case, however, the enemy is distant enough to be a cardboard cut-out of a character, and easier to lampoon. Most Austrians of Schubert's generation would have still somehow regarded Muslims as the enemy because of their country's long-standing altercations with the Turks. Certainly Mozart wrote a number of Turkish parodies in his operas and instrumental music, and even a song, Meine Wünsche, which celebrates the victory of Kaiser Josef II over the Muselmänner. As it happens Ali Bey was not Turkish but Egyptian. In this poem Claudius is commenting on an incident in 1773 when the Egyptian prince Ali Bey was slain by his favourite, Abu Dahab. The mourning E flat minor tonality that Schubert has used perfectly seriously in Am Grabe Anselmo's is here employed in parody of graveside melancholy. The music has something of an exotic oriental character without achieving the wit and perspicacity of Mozart's evocations. This piece (with its squeezebox chords requiring exaggerated crescendo and diminuendo on the strong beats) was originally conceived as a vocal trio; the piano-accompanied version seems to have been made by the composer for rehearsal purposes.
Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

PHIDILE

D500 November 1816; first published 1895

Ich war erst sechzehn Sommer alt, Unschuldig und nichts weiter, Und kannte nichts als unserm Wald, Als Blumen, Gras und Kräuter. Da kam ein fremder Jüngling her; Ich hatt' ihn nicht verschrieben, Und wußte nicht wohin noch her; Der kam und sprach von Lieben. Er ging mir allenthalben nach, Und drücke mir die Hände, Und sagte immer O und Ach, Und küßte sie behende. Ich sah ihn einmal freundlich an, Und fragte, was er meinte; Da fiel der junge schöne Mann Mir um den Hals und weinte. Das hatte niemand noch getan; Doch war's mir nicht zuwider Und meine beiden Augen sahn In meinen Busen nieder. Ich saot' ihm nicht ein einzig Wort, Als ob ich's übel nähme, Kein einzig's, und - er floh fort; Wenn er doch wieder käme!

It has always been a part of the history of German comic song to recount seduction in a fashion that is simultaneously salacious and reproving. We British need no lessons from the Germans in the hypocrisy of describing something forbidden in lewd detail, all the better, in the next breath, self-righteously to condemn it as disgusting. Mozart's Lied Die Alte unveils the cant of an older generation claiming that the morals of the young have gone to the dogs, and Haydn wrote a number of songs which would have been worthy of the English music hall of Marie Lloyd's time. There is a tradition, recounted by Deutsch, that Schubert's mother used to sing an early setting of these words by the composer Johann Anton Steffan, published in 1778. We can only wonder what she made of it, and whether the poem in any way reflected her own experience at the hands of the composer's father.

One of the most pleasurable frissons in this comedy of double standards (for aficionados of the genre that is) is the prospect of sophistication flagrantly masquerading as innocence; this is the domain of the stage schoolgirl of precocious development who teases her public as to how great her experience of life may, or may not, be. In an attempt to court popular success, Schubert was to compose two substantial songs of this type (the words by Gabriel Seidl) in the last year of his life: Die Unterscheidung and Die Männer sind méchant (both Volume 13). Whilst the Claudius poem has a gentle sweetness which is a long way from Seidl's Viennese suggestiveness, it is an early example of a gentle comedy song which depends greatly on the singer and accompanist for interpretation. The marking is 'Unschuldig'.
('Innocent'), but this obviously applies to the green girl who sings the first verse rather than the rather better informed young lady who sings the last. In any case, Schubert's setting of the word 'unschuldig' in the song's first line incorporates an arch high note which is the musical equivalent of the sort of look from a wide-eyed ingénue which would undermine any belief in her true innocence. The melody in G flat and the gently undulating accompaniment are all that might be desired of a pastoral song along the lines of Haydn's *My mother bids me bind my hair*. The postlude is one of the more extended and inventive in the strophic songs of 1816.
MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS was one of Schubert’s most important poets in that there is a special quality to his work, a delight in the small things of life, a celebration of the beauties of everyday existence, which chimed with the composer’s own viewpoint and released some of Schubert’s most enchanting musical ideas. Not every Claudius poem is as dramatic as Der Tod und das Mädchen (Volume 11), yet the interchangeability of life and death were always in the forefront of the poet’s mind (he nicknamed Death ‘Freund Hain’); there was also always a deep understanding of this, the ambivalence of major and minor, on Schubert’s part. Composer and poet shared a non-sentimental awareness of the transience of life; in almost all of his thirteen Claudius settings Schubert matches the tenderness and simplicity, as well as the gentle ache and pathos, of the verse. Claudius was born in Holstein and was the son of a pastor. His first literary achievement, and perhaps the best known in his own time, was as editor of Der Wandsbecker Bote, a newspaper with which he became completely identified and to which he was the principal contributor under the pseudonym of ‘Amsmus’. Claudius’s created a cosy, intimate literary style for the readership of his newspaper, a style which was popular without being cheap, and religious without being rigid or dour. In cultivating this conversational tone with his readers he was one of the pioneers of popular journalism in Germany; a number of his poems were adopted by the German public as folksongs. He was an extremely happy family man and although he took up other appointments he was never as contented as in Wandsbeck where he returned in 1777 after a spell as an administrator in Darmstadt. He was in touch with Goethe and Herder although he avoided the honours and the trappings of public life enjoyed by his distinguished contemporaries.

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis (1762-1834)

**AUTUMN SONG**

D502 November 1816; first published in 1872

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**HERBSTLIED**

Bunt sind schon die Wälder,  
Gelb die Stoppelfelder,  
Und der Herbst beginnt.  
Rote Blätter fallen,  
Graue Nebel wallen;  
Kühler weht der Wind.  
Wie die volle Traube  
Aus dem Rebenlaube  
Purpurfarbig strahlt!  
Am Geländer reifen  
Pfirsiche mit Streifen  
Rot und weiß bemalt.  
Sieh, wie hier die Dirne  
Ernstig Pfauen’ und Birne  
In ihr Körbchen legt;  
Dort, mit leichtem Schritt  
Jene goldne Quitten  
In den Landhof trägt!  
Flinke Träger springen,  
Und die Mädchen singen,  
Alles jubelt froh!  
Bunte Bänder schweben  
Zwischen hohen Reben  
Auf dem Hut von Stroh.

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The woods are already brightly coloured,  
The fields of stubble yellow,  
And autumn is here.  
Red leaves fall,  
Grey mists surge,  
The wind blows colder.  
How purple shines  
The plump grape  
From the vine leaves!  
On the espalier  
Peaches ripen  
Painted with red and white streaks.  
Look how busily the maiden here  
Gathers plums and pears  
In her basket;  
Look how that one there,  
With light steps,  
Carries golden quinces to the house.  
The lads dance nimbly  
And the girls sing;  
All shout for joy.  
Amid the tall vines  
Coloured ribbons flutter  
On hats of straw.
Another setting of Salis-Seewis from later in the year, this simple little song has a charm and strength of its own; it is part march (it may be sung by harvesters or fruit pickers as they go off to work) and part chorale. There is no doubt that the hearty country folk as reflected in this music are upstanding, hardworking and religious; there was always a side of Schubert which took enormous delight in the activities of the common people, the backbone of German culture and the source of the nation’s riches. In this respect the composer has a certain down-to-earth style, a little comically rough, which recalls Shakespeare’s way with some of his caretakers, clown and mechanicals. In mood and character this song is related to the Hölty Erntelied (Volume 18) from May 1816. The music is rather more subtle than at first might be supposed. Like An die Nachtigall it is in G major, and also gives the impression of starting in the subdominant. The sequences are charming and effective: two upward phrases at the beginning describe the brightly coloured woods, and two falling phrases the falling leaves and the mist. This may seem obvious enough, but how many real folksongs (and this truly has the air of one) would show such a feeling for the niceties of word-setting? Note how the word ‘Wind’ at the end of the first verse sweeps upwards in melisma, and the adjective ‘kühl’ wafts downwards from the tonic. All in all, this unpretentious little song is a breath of fresh air.

Friedrich von Matthisson (1761-1831)

LEBENSLIED

Kommen und Scheiden,  
Suchen und Verheiden,  
Ärmen und Glühen,  
Wechseln auf Erden wie Dämmerung und Nacht!

Arriving and departing,  
Seeking and shunning,  
Poverty and abundance, desolation and splendour  
Alternate on earth like dusk and night.

Fruchtlos hinzuleben,  
Ringt du nach Frieden!  
Täuschen der Schiller  
Winken dir immer;

In vain you strive  
For peace here below.  
Will-o’-the-wisp  
Forever beckon to you;

Doch, wie die Furchen des gleitenden Kahn,  
Schwinden die Zauberbilde des Wahns!  
Auf zu den Sternen  
Dort nur verknüpft ein unsterbliches Band

But, like the furrows ploughed by the gliding boat,  
These magic creations of illusion vanish.  
Let faith bravely  
Only there does an undying bond

Leuchtender Ferne  
Blicke vom Staube  
Mutig der Glaube:  
Günstige Fluten

Shine up from the dust  
To the stars  
As a harmonious, aying song.

Trägen die Guten,  
Fördern die Braven  
Sicher zum Hafen,  
Und, ein harmonisch veränkendes Lied,  
Schließt sich das Leben dem edlen Gemüt!

Bear the virtuous,  
Carry the brave  
Safety to harbour  
And to the noble spirit life closes

The manuscript of this work is solemnly marked with the words ‘In the house of Herr von Schober’. The two songs from December 1816 which now follow on this disc both have this inscription and both
show us much more of a serious young man than the eighteen-year-old of the beginning of the year. Schubert seems to be searching for a philosophy of life. From the diary entry of 8 September (see Introduction) we know that he has come under the influence of Johann Mayrhofer, and that in the autumn of the year he had not only turned his back on the possibility of marriage to Therese Grob, but had left home (at least for a period) and lodged with Franz von Schober. He was determined to make a life of his own surrounded and supported by friends of similar tastes and ideals. It is hardly surprising then that he should have been attracted to this poem of Matthisson, the last by that poet that he was to set; it reads like the succession of noble aphorisms that Schubert had attempted to pen on the night of 8 September, before sleep overtook him.

There is great strength and resolve in this music; it is in C major but it is actually full of chromatic highways and byways as wide-ranging as Matthisson’s ambitions and sentiments. There is a mood here of resolute chorale, sometimes cheerful and optimistic but hijacked by doubts from time to time; if Herbstlied, the preceding song on this disc, is about the resolve of working folk, Lebenslied is a similar charter for the thinkers and creators. The vocal line is doubled by ominous octaves at ‘Armuth und Fülle, Verödung und Pracht’. The repeat of the phrase ‘wechseln auf Erden wie Dämmerung und Nacht’ is masterfully done: the first time the dark suspensions depict the uncertainty of the half light leading to a cadence in E flat, but the second moves triumphantly back into C major with the feeling of an answered question and a solved riddle. The five bars of postlude are of the utmost determination. They stride forward, a rising phrase in the piano’s left hand, with the air of a man with a mission. This little known song has been neglected by singers and scholars alike. It shares something of the mood of the Senn setting Selige Welt, even to the extent of a verse which mentions a ship coming into a harbour. It is one of those relatively rare works which reveal to us the underlying philosophy of the Schubert circle. Lebenslied no doubt reflects the content of the idealistic conversations of the composer and his friends as they talked far into the night, Schubert delighting in his new-found freedom.

Heinrich von Collin (1771-1811)

LEIDEN DER TRENNUNG
D509 December 1816; first published in 1872

Vom Meere trennt sich die Welle,
Und seufzt durch Blumen im Tal,
Und fühlet, gewiegt in der Quelle,
Gebannt in dem Brunnen, nur Qual!

Es sehnt sich die Welle
In lispelnder Quelle,
Im murmelnden Bache,
Im Brunnengemache

Zum Meer, von dem sie kam,
Von dem sie Leben nahm,
Von dem, des lernens matt und müde,
Sie süße Ruh’ verhofft und Friede.

The wave is separated from the sea
And sighs amid the flowers in the valley;
Cradled in the spring,
Captive in the well, it feels nothing but torment.

In the whispering spring,
In the murmuring brook,
In the well-chamber,
The wave longs

For the sea from which it came,
From which it drew life,
From which, faint and weary with wandering,
It hopes for peace and sweet repose.
As Fischer-Dieskau writes, this is "a song which awaits re-discovery." It has long been overlooked by singers because Friedländer chose not to include it in the Peters Edition, but I suspect that the final plunge to a B flat in the final bar would be judged anticlimactic by some singers and frighten a number of others for reasons of range.

The text is a translation by Heinrich von Collin from Metastasio's *Artaserse*. Schubert's achievement (and how clever he has become during the progress of the year in handling verse of every metrical kind) is that the song seems to be a single flowing unity despite the fact that the three verses of the poem are all different — in anapaestic, dactylic and iambic rhythm respectively. Of course this is water music, and very charming it is too; we have the feeling that the vocal line is charting the course of the river, sometimes flowing in a straight line (and thus remaining on one note) and sometimes moving in a more circuitous course. In this way the song is comparable to *Der Strom* (Volume 2) where the vocal line stays on the same note as the river flows through the quiet valley and the green fields, but elsewhere rises and falls with the terrain. Much of *Leiden der Trennung* is built around repeated Ds in the vocal line; one is reminded here of the phrase 'Nachtigall, ach' (also repeated Ds in G minor) in *An die Nachtigall* composed a few weeks before. As soon as the sea is mentioned in the last verse the intervals in the voice widen and plunge ever onwards; only at the end where the river expires in a type of *Liebestod* in finding its source at last, does the music move into the quietus of the relative major. These last bars are exceptionally beautiful.

This song also carries the inscription 'At the house of Herr von Schober' and it seems no less a philosophical statement on Schubert's part than the Matthisson *Lebenslied*. Metastasio's little poem must have appealed to the young men in the composer's circle because it spoke of the elective affinities which brought them together, and of the forces of nature and justice which could not be suppressed by tyrants, whether parental or political. The whispering streams and murmuring brooks are voices of dissension which even the most stringent efforts of the police state will fail to silence.

This is the sole performable setting by Schubert of the poetry of HEINRICH VON COLLIN. He was the elder brother of Matthäus von Collin, whose five Schubert settings are all masterpieces and who played an important part in the composer's life as friend and patron. Schubert never met Heinrich, who died in 1811 at the age of forty when the composer was still a schoolboy. The reverence in which Heinrich was held by his brother is evident in Matthäus's foreword to his poems. He was celebrated as a playwright (he was nicknamed the Austrian Corneille) and it was Collin's play of 1802 *Coriolan* (not the Shakespeare play) which inspired Beethoven to his Overture of 1807. He was a humanitarian idealist whose play *Balboa* about the Spanish conquistadors included the line 'Human beings remain human beings, no matter what colour they may be'. Like Theodor Körner he gained a reputation as a patriotic poet, although he did not live to see the victorious conclusion of the Napoleonic wars. Collin was not only a lyrical poet capable of occasional verse (writing a poem to celebrate the performance of *Die Schöpfung* in Haydn's honour in 1809 with Salieri and Beethoven in the admiring audience) but he was also a respected writer of historical ballads. Collin's *Kaiser Maximilian auf der Martinswand* inspired Schubert to make a sketch (D990A) but too little of the music was written for the work to be performed.
Christian Friedrich Schubart (1739-1791)

AN MEIN KLAVIER
D342 c1816; first published in 1885

Sanftes Klavier,
Welche Entzückungen schaffest du mir,
Sanftes Klavier!
Wenn sich die Schönen
Tändelnd verwöhnen,
Weh' ich mich dir,
Liebes Klavier!
Bin ich allein,
Hauch' ich dir meine Empfindungen ein,
Himmlich und rein.
Unschuld im Spiele,
Tugendgefühle,
Sprechen aus dir,
Trautes Klavier!

Sing' ich dazu,
Goldener Flügel, welch' himmlische Ruh'
Lispelst mir du!
Tränen der Freude
Netzen die Saite!
Silberner Klang
Trägt den Gesang.
Sanftes Klavier!

Sanftes Klavier,
Welche Entzückungen schaffest du mir,
Goldnes Klavier!
Wenn mich im Leben
Sorgen umschweben,
Töne du mir,
Trautes Klavier!

TO MY PIANO

Gentle piano,
What delights you bring me,
Golden keyboard, what heavenly peace
You whisper to me!

Tears of joy
Fall upon the strings.
Silvery tone
Supports the song.

Gentle piano,
What delights you awaken within me,
Golden piano!

When in this life
Cares beset me,
Sing to me,
Beloved piano!

It is not certain exactly when in 1816 this song was composed, but it has been chosen to end this disc as a tiny hymn of gratitude (Schubert’s and ours) for a remarkable year of creativity. This poem’s original title is Serafina an ihr Klavier, but Schubert left out the third and fifth verses of the poem in order to remove Serafina from the song, as well as any reference to Schubart’s infatuation with her. The piece is in fact a (rather more successful) companion piece to the Schiller setting Laura am Klavier (Volume 16). The song has always enjoyed a popularity because audiences have long valued the supposed autobiographical link between the song and the composer’s own piano. In actual fact, because Schubart was a man of the eighteenth century, it is probable that the keyboard with which he was most familiar was the harpsichord. It has been suggested, however, that because the opening words are ‘Sanftes Klavier’, the poet is describing the soft and gentle sound of that most intimate of instruments, the clavichord. Aware that the poem is a period piece, Schubert made a song of matchless simplicity with an accompaniment contained within a short clavichord-like keyboard compass. The song is in the key of A major. John Reed states that this tonality “unlocks the essential Schubert” and, on the evidence of this alone, this seems to be true. The use of the composer’s favourite dactylic
rhythm confers a special magic on this music; the repetition of the motif (all on one note) of a crotchet and two quavers, in the manner of a celestial dance, seems appropriate for music of the spheres.

There are three other settings of Schubart, including the famous Die Forelle. Although these poems little reflect the poet's revolutionary political leanings, members of the Schubert circle would have been aware of Schubart's unjust treatment by Karl Eugen, Duke of Wurttemberg (who was also the young Schiller's tormentor) and the fact that he had languished in prison for ten years for supposed sedition. They would have regarded Schubart as something of a hero from the past, and they would have been touched by the famous prisoner's faith in the healing power of music. Schubert almost certainly knew that Schubart was also a composer of note and that his numerous song settings had enjoyed a considerable vogue in their time.

All notes and commentaries on this record are by GRAHAM JOHNSON, ©1993.

This record is Volume 17 in The Hyperion Schubert Edition, a series of compact discs containing all of Schubert's songs (including ensembles, part-songs, alternative settings and fragments) to be issued over the next few years with the aim of completing it in 1997, the bicentenary of the composer's birth. All of the records are planned by Graham Johnson, the accompanist throughout the series.
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