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THE ARRANGEMENT of the programme on this disc represents a new departure for the Hyperion Schubert Edition, but one which will be a continuing feature in the series. Until now, each volume has been given over to a single singer. It is very much in the spirit of the music-making of Schubert’s own circle, however, that a number of artists of different ages and backgrounds should collaborate in the making of varied and contrasted programmes. The greatest of all Schubert singers, Johann Michael Vogl, was a senior member of the profession, a retired operatic baritone, but most of the performers whom the composer knew were in their middle twenties or younger. In recent years a number of interesting and gifted new singers have emerged in Britain and Europe and it is these artists who would have been part of the composer’s youthful circle had he been alive and composing today. Schubert was delighted to enjoy both the fruits of experience and the freshness of youth in his singers. Controversy raged among his contemporaries as to whether Vogl, vocally threadbare and highly mannered, was a better artist than, say, the much younger Ludwig Tietze, a tenor who had a better voice but far less cultural understanding. Such argument is perennial and common to all ages of vocal connoisseurs. Nevertheless, it seems fitting that the Schubert Edition should mirror the diversity of age and experience among the present-day performers of Schubert’s songs by presenting a handful of programmes where a number of artists—for the most part friends and colleagues in real life—give new life to a format, the Schubertiad, sanctioned by the composer himself. Each of these discs will be devoted to the solo songs of a certain period, as if a large musical party was being given at the end of a year to take stock of its creative achievements. They will also include, in due course, the composer’s complete output of part songs with piano accompaniment and a selection of the more important a cappella songs.

Taking musical stock of the year 1815 is rather awe-inspiring, for it was one of the most productive in Schubert’s life. He wrote about 150 songs, four operas, two symphonies, two Masses and various pieces of liturgical music, as well as dances and sonata movements for piano, and a string quartet. A fuller account of the creative chronology is given in the opening essays of Volumes 7 and 10 of the Schubert Edition which like this disc and the forthcoming Volume 22 are devoted to the songs of this celebrated annus mirabilis. The actual documents relating to the year are rather scanty, however, and when one pages through both Deutsch’s Documentary Biography and Thematic Catalogue one has the impression that the composer was almost too busy composing to have a life of his own.

Not even a genius is spared the normal traumas of being eighteen—old enough to have one’s own ideas (something of an understatement in this case!) yet lacking the financial independence to live alone and in the manner of one’s choosing. An eighteen-year-old boy often lacks the experience of life to make mature decisions (this was obviously Schubert’s father’s viewpoint) and the domestic conflict about whether young Franz should pursue music as his career must have been heated and, knowing something of the father’s temper, uncomfortable. Not that the home in the Säulengasse lacked music. Far from it. Since 1814 there had been weekly music practices in the Schubert household with dances and orchestral music arranged for strings. Schubert senior was an enthusiastic amateur musician and the young composer’s self-discipline, indeed the fact that he had been trained in music at all, owed much to the father’s efforts. The young composer had had an astonishing success the year before with the F major Mass performed on 16 October 1814 (two days before Gretchen am Spinnrade was written) in the Lichtental church. On that auspicious occasion the great Antonio Salieri, Schubert’s teacher, sat proudly in the audience, but despite all the praise which Franz had received it seems that the father was by no means convinced that his son could make a living out of music. As far as Schubert senior was concerned, ambitions to be a full-time composer were pure fantasy; he thought that Franz should temper his musical ambitions to the harsh exigencies of reality. In any case the aspiring composer was needed in the school; it was expensive to hire assistant teachers from outside.
With this background of hack routine work in the schoolroom it is astonishing that the year yielded so much music. It is hardly surprising that some of the most productive days for songs fell in the period of the summer holidays, though we may never know which works were written actually in the classroom (surely some of them?) while the children were working away at tasks rather less sublime, rendered worse by the stilted teaching techniques of the age and no doubt by the composer’s lack of enthusiasm. Despite this handicap, or perhaps because of it, Schubert seems to have been driven by a need to express himself in this year more than in any other. Perhaps he was trying to show his father that he was destined to be a musician after all, but it is rather more likely that he was merely responding to The Muse who expected far more of him than of those less favoured by her gifts. The models of Mozart and Beethoven, one a legend from the past, the other no less legendary but living proof that one man could master all musical mediums, were fixed as lodestars in his aspiring gaze. The composer was actually flexing his muscles and testing his powers: he was in the process of discovering who Schubert really was. The successes of 1814, including Gretchen am Spinnrade and many other fine songs (see Volume 12), were far more than flashes in the pan. They were a prelude to a sequence of on-going musical fireworks. Here was a young man greeting his destiny, and (despite his modesty) glorying in his power to render his epoch immortal. The volcano of music which erupted in the Säulengasse poured the lava of inspiration on top of the citizens of Vienna (who were as unconcerned and unsuspecting as those of Pompeii) and fixed the numbers 1815 in letters of fire in the annals of musical history. Much of this blazing heat was to do with the natural phenomenon of adolescence. Schubert was a teenager in love. We are told that Therese Grob, soprano in the church choir and baker’s daughter, was the object of his affections, but however deeply he felt for Therese it is certain that Schubert was in love with Love, a state of mind that was to last throughout his life. Even when there was no special recipient (or at least no one known to us) for the feelings which some of his friends disapprovingly tell us were turbulently sexual and somewhat ungovernable, Schubert seems to have been forever in a state of heightened amorous sensibility. The urges which are unquenchable in a lively eighteen-year-old were strictly restrained by religious and social conventions. This left only Schubert’s mind free to roam where it would. And roam it did, aided and abetted by poets great and small, and using music as the most potent means to press a passionate suit in which he became a spokesman for lovers of all time, and of both sexes. To steal Shakespeare’s description of Autolycus in The Winter’s Tale, the composer ‘hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves’.

Much has been written about Schubert’s private circumstances and his relationship with his father and his friends. Because of the paucity of documentary evidence in this year much remains speculation. But there is something about Vienna in 1815 which is incontrovertible and which has to be taken into account when listening to the music recorded on this disc. War was still very much on everybody’s mind; the city was on a war footing for a part of the year at least, military marches (and thus the music for them) were commonplace in public areas, and it was the last time for many decades that everyone was an unquestioning patriot. Most people knew, or knew of, someone who had been part of the fray. As we shall see, Schubert was no exception. As a twelve-year-old in 1809 he had experienced the panic of his home city’s being occupied by the French. In 1813 the citizens greeted the news of the victory against Napoleon in Leipzig (known as ‘The Battle of the Nations’) with delirious rapture. In 1814 Napoleon’s abdication and exile to Elba prompted the Congress of Vienna and a false sense of security. Between 20 March and 28 June 1815 however (the so-called ‘Hundred Days’ leading up to Napoleon’s final rout at Waterloo) the whole of Europe was once again on tenterhooks fearing that Boney was capable of returning successfully, as it were, from the dead.
The spirit of the poet Theodor Körner, who died of war wounds at a skirmish in 1813 (biography and portrait on page 9 of the booklet accompanying Volume 4) animates all the warlike and drinking songs on this disc. However romantic and brave a soldier young Körner actually was, the posthumous publication of his collection of poems *Leyer und Schwert* in 1814 made him, in John Reed’s words, the Rupert Brooke of his generation. Schubert certainly treated him as a real hero, one might almost say of the picture-book variety, when setting his words to music. But Körner’s significance in the composer’s life was greater than hero-worship at a distance: he had played an important part in Schubert’s own battle to be a composer by encouraging him, on a memorable evening in 1811, following an opera performance in Vienna, to ‘live for art’ as Josef von Spaun put it in his memoirs. Thus Körner was not only someone to admire but someone who could be counted, even if only in the most distant way, a friend. It is hardly surprising, given this combination of patriotic fellow-feeling and the romance of personal contact, that the composer was inspired to play the part of purveyor of music for heroes. The Körner war songs and choruses seem designed for popular appeal and mass performance. They often contain scarcely any trace of Schubert the sensitive tone-poet and master of modulation, and we should try to understand why. They were written in response to that side of the composer’s nature which aspired to the ultra-masculine and hearty, signs of a desire to embrace the popular and rabble-rousing which emerged from time to time in Schubert’s work right until the end of his life. The composer’s admirers of today who may attempt to define what is quintessentially ‘Schubertian’ about his music would hardly nominate the Körner choruses as typical or worthy of praise. But it is a failure to understand Schubert if one cannot accept his debt to Beethoven (the tub-thumping Beethoven of Wellingtons Sieg, as well as the glories of the symphonies and *Fidelio*) as much as Mozart. We should also not underestimate the pressures put on him by other people, his father chief among them, to conform to the standard masculine ideals. He was too short to qualify for military service, and too rotund to be happy with physical exercise, much less feats of bravery; his military music written when he was still young enough not to be able to see through the illusions of war may represent a type of wish-fulfilment fantasy—as if the composer had been born as tall, brave and handsome as Franz von Schober for example, whom Schubert first met in 1815. The unlikely friendship between great composer and dilettante poet (perhaps the most intense of all Schubert’s relationships for which the brief friendship with Körner may have been a prototype) has always puzzled Schubertians. I believe it is hardly surprising that the composer, patronised by many people because he was short and tubby, must have wished at times to modulate out of his body and exchange it for a well-toned and athletic one with sharp definition and a flat stomach—the key to all that he might have been if he had looked like a Shelley or Byron rather than a mushroom (Schubert’s friends nicknamed him ‘Schwämmerl’ or ‘little mushroom’ because of his shape). The aggressive soldier-boy of the *Leyer und Schwert* settings is Schubert himself as an adolescent Walter Mitty. Such stereotypes give rise to the music which suits them best, which may explain why Schubert’s patriotic songs and choruses of 1815 lack originality and the stamp of his own well-rounded greatness.

The war music which is wonderful however is that at one remove, inspired by bereavement and loss. Many fine young men, apart from Theodor Körner, had died during those dreadful years of war, and Schubert’s respect for the fallen and grief for the slain produced a number of elegies of simple but grave beauty. It also seems likely that he was first attracted to the work of the Gaelic bard Ossian by three grandiose laments for dead heroes (*Kolmas Klage*, *Ossians Lied nach dem Falle Nathos* and *Das Mädchen von Inistore*) with sentiments which had a special significance for the bereaved victors of the Napoleonic wars.

After 1815 the music rehearsals which had regularly taken place in the Schubert schoolhouse moved to the home of Franz Frischling in the Dorotheagasse. The musical gatherings which had been part of the Schubert family life were
beginning to outgrow their humble beginnings. As the composer became ever more determined to leave home, so did he wean himself from music-making at home under the parental eye. There is no documentary evidence that his father and stepmother attended the great Schubertiads of the 1820s, and it is likely that they would have felt out of place in the ever-growing and increasingly elevated social scope of their son’s circle of friendship. Times were changing and Schubert’s music with them. Once the danger of Napoleon was over, the government of Austria looked within the state (and at student intellectuals in particular) for its enemies. The spectre of the French Revolution haunted the conservative rulers of Europe and the younger generations paid the price. Although Schubert was fortunate enough to pass the years of his manhood at a time of general European peace, it was peace bought at the price of stultification and repression. There is everything of the shiny-eyed political innocent about the composer in 1815 before Metternich created the police state which was to attempt to fetter the intellectual development of Schubert’s generation. The composer belonged to a group of young men who were intellectually curious and healthily anti-establishment, and along with his friends he had to struggle to hold his tongue and hide his heart during a particularly vicious backlash against freedom of behaviour and expression. Once he had become an intimate of the poet and reluctant book censor Mayrhofer, we find no more war songs about the Fatherland, no more glorying in the bravery of the sword. Only two years later, in 1817, we find in the texts Schubert set a nostalgia for the civilization of the ancient Greeks which became an emblematic contrast to the political and philosophical crudities of the Austrian present. The songs of that period (see Volume 14) show us a composer of a very different set of values. Schubert grew out of Körner’s Leyer und Schwert with its mixture of patriotism and religion; the strong connection between church and state at the time made both these things problematic for him and many of his contemporaries. Körner wrote these poems as a man defending his homeland against aggression, but such stirring sentiments are all too easily invoked by aggressors of another age for their own less noble purposes. This is why such revivals of the nationalism of the past (and 20th-century history makes German jingoism resound more ominously than most) make for a feeling of unease among many people. It is very likely that invited to the ‘Last Night of the Proms’ the mature Schubert would not have cared much for the words of Land of Hope and Glory, but had he heard them in 1815 he would certainly have been on the side of Austria’s most powerful ally.

Ludwig Hölt (1748–1776)

**WINTERLIED**

fragment, D242a, 1815, completed by Reinhard Van Hoorickx

Das Glas gefüllt! der Nordwind brüllt;
Die Sonn’ ist nieder gesunken!
Der kalte Bär blinkt Frost daher!
Getrunken, Brüder, getrunken!

Die Tannen glühn hell im Kamin,
Und knatternd fliegen die Funken!
Der edle Rhein gab uns den Wein!
Getrunken, Brüder, getrunken!

Der edle Most verscheucht den Frost
Und zaubert Frühling hernieder:
Der Trinker sieht den Hain entblüht,
Und Büsche wirbeln ihm Lieder!

**WINTER SONG**

Fill your glasses! The north wind roars,
The sun has gone down.
The cold Bear glitters frost.
Drink, brothers, drink!

The pine logs glow brightly in the hearth,
And crackling sparks fly.
The noble Rheine has given us wine –
Drink, brothers, drink!

The noble must scares off the frost
And conjures up spring.
The drinker sees the grove in bloom,
And songs swirl from the bushes!
This is the simplest and heartiest of communal songs, an ideal invitation to the warmth of a party on a winter night. And what better party than a convivial Schubertiad Winterlied? It has the archaic feel of modal folksong; Schubert thereby invents a background for the piece as if it were already the traditional and age-old music of rousing wassail. The Deutsch catalogue fails to list this version of the song which is in the collection of the Musikverein in Vienna and has come to light only since 1978. It has been published privately by Reinhard Van Hoorickx. The original (D242) version is exactly the same music sung by unaccompanied vocal trio (two tenors and bass). It is quite possible that Schubert provided a piano part for rehearsal purposes and that this ‘version’ was born of such practical considerations. For this reason the piano part is merely a straightforward reduction of the vocal parts and shows no sign of elaboration. As it happens, the instrument’s percussive strength suits the mood well. For this recording we have made a compromise between the choral nature of D242 and the solo layout of D242A: the tenor leads the song, but the bibulous invitation to the brotherhood prompts the entry of the men’s chorus.

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

2 OSSIAN’S SONG AFTER THE DEATH OF NATHOS

OSSIAN S LIED NACH DEM FALLE NATHOS

second version, D278 1815; published in 1830 as part of Book 4 of the Nachlass

Beugt euch aus euren Wolken nieder, ihr Geister meiner Väter, beugt euch! Legt ab das rote Schrecken eures Laufs! Empfängt den fallenden Führer, er komme aus einem entfernten Land, oder er steig’ aus dem tobbenden Meer! Sein Kleid von Nebel sei nah‘, sein Speer aus einer Wolke gestaltet, sein Schwert ein erlosch’nes Luftbild, und ach, sein Gesicht sei lieblich, daß seine Freunde frohlocken in seiner Gegenwart! O beugt euch aus euren Wolken nieder, ihr Geister meiner Väter, beugt euch!

Bend forward from your clouds, ghosts of my fathers!
Lay the red terror of your course. Receive the falling chief;
whether he comes from a distant land or rises from the rolling sea. Let his robe of mist be near; his spear that is formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguished meteor by his side in the form of the hero’s sword. And oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds,’ I said,
‘Ghosts of my fathers! Bend!’

The background to this story is rather a convoluted one, but nevertheless appropriate to the enthusiasms of a young and patriotic composer mindful of the heroes of his own country’s recent war with Napoleon. The poem (in reality a piece of prose) is taken from Dar-thula, one of the 22 books or sub-sections which make up Fingal (1762), the collection of so-called translations from the Gaelic by James Macpherson which initiated a European craze for Scotland and its past. In one of his ‘learned’ footnotes Macpherson tells us that Nathos (the name signifies youthfulness) was one of the three sons of Usnoth, Lord of Etha, who were sent to study the arts of warfare with the king of Ulster, their uncle Cuchullin. On arriving in the foreign kingdom the boys discovered that Cuchullin had recently died. Nathos successfully led the armies against the usurper, the villainous Cairbar, and earned the love of Dar-thula with whom Cairbar was also infatuated. Nathos and Dar-thula eloped, but a storm at sea stranded them within reach of the enemy forces. Despite the terrific bravery of the three sons of Usnoth, Nathos was slain and Dar-thula slew herself on her lover’s dead body. ‘Ossian’ takes up the story the night before the final battle, and tells the whole tale with a number of episodic flashbacks.

Much has already been written about James Macpherson in these commentaries: the listener is referred to the notes on Die Nacht6 (the use of a superscript after a song title denotes the Schubert Edition volume in which that song may be found), Sbilrik und Vinvela13, Kolmas Klage15, Lodas Gespens17 and Lorma17 which discuss the background to this elaborate literary hoax and the part it played in the formation of Schubert’s ballad style. This particular song, however, was written before the composer had established what was to become his typical Ossian manner. It is the second of Schubert’s settings of the Gaelic bard (Kolmas Klage was the first) and also one of the simplest. However wonderful the complexities
of the later settings—extended dramatic scenes of recitative, aria and arioso of which *Cronnan*\(^{22}\) and *Die Nacht*\(^{6}\) are perhaps the greatest examples—there is something about the grand and uncomplicated utterance of *Ossians Lied nach dem Falle Nathos* which goes to the heart of the nineteenth century’s nostalgia for a distant mist-enshrouded past, peopled by savages of a fiery yet noble disposition. Hugo Wolf strikes a similar note in his *Gesang Weylas* where the music of the goddess of Mörike’s mythical realm of Orplid eschews complex chromaticism in favour of what might be termed an elaborate simplicity, a bardic diatonicism which reflects the eternal verities before man’s fall into the chromatic abyss. A similar gravity and clarity of utterance is heard at the end of the song and of course at the outset; the phrase ‘Beugt euch aus euren Wolken’ (another similarity with *Gesang Weylas* and its ‘Vor deiner Gottheit beugen sich Könige’) falls and bows in appropriately impressive hymn-like incantation and homage. By contrast, the music of the section beginning ‘Sein Kleid von Nebel sei nah’ departs from the harmonic simplicity of grave-side dirge; there is a restlessness here brought about by an astonishing chain of chromatic sequences. The affectionate fervour of ‘ach sein Gesicht war lieblich’ changes the mood once again; although the passage is safely ensconced in the dominant key (which thus prepares us for the recapitulation in the tonic) it is written for the upper reaches of the bass voice. This tessitura lends the music a heightened emotion as if a normally taciturn and deep-voiced warrior has been stirred to the point of weeping. As Richard Capell pointed out, this is one of the very few Ossian settings that can truly be called a song as opposed to a ballad. Although it may lack the scale and scope of some of the later masterpieces of the genre it nonetheless achieves a colour and mood that show the composer’s ability to create another world from far away and long ago.

James Macpherson (1736–1796) (‘Ossian’), translated by Eduard, Baron de Harold

3

**DAS MÄDCHEN VON INISTORE**

D281 September 1815; published as part of Book 4 of the Nachlass

Mädchen Inistores, wein’ auf dem Felsen der stürmischen Winde, neig’ über Wellen dein zierliches Haupt, du,
dem an Liebreiz der Geist der Hügel weicht; wenn er in
einem Sonnenstrahl, des Mittags über Morven’s Schweigen hingleitet. Er ist gefallen! Der Jungling erligt, bleich unter
der Klingen Cuthullins! Nicht mich wird der Mut deinen
Lieben erheben, dem Blut der Gebieter zu gleichen.
O Mädchen Inistore! Trenar, der zierliche Trenar ist tot!
In seiner Heimat heulen seine Doggen, sie seh’n seinen
gleitenden Geist. In seiner Halle liegt sein Bogen ungespannt,
man hört auf dem Hügel seiner Hirsche keinen Schall,
man hört auf dem Hügel nun keinen Schall!

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds, O maid of Inistore!
Bend thy fair head over the waves, thou lovelier than
the ghosts of the hills; when it moves, in a sunbeam,
at noon, over the silence of Morven!
He is fallen! Thy youth is low!
Pale beneath the sword of Cuthullin!
No more shall valour raise thy love to match
the blood of kings. Trenar, graceful Trenar died,
O maid of Inistore! His dogs are bowling at home!
They see his passing ghost.
His bow is in the hall, unstrung.
No sound is in the bills of his binds.

Mention Ossian to the Schubert enthusiast and he will immediately think of ballads like *Die Nacht*\(^{6}\) and *Cronnan*\(^{22}\). But here is another setting which, like *Ossians Lied nach dem Falle Nathos*, is a real song, compact and eloquent rather than discursive and diffuse. At first glance it seems to be in conventional ABA form (there is a sense of recapitulation on the second ‘O Mädchen Inistore!’) but closer examination shows that in essence it is a through-composed song which responds imaginatively to a number of illustrative challenges in the text.

The key is an eloquent C minor and the nature of the music is such that one cannot help looking for an operatic model. *Die Zauberflöte* was the inspiration behind many of Schubert’s earlier ballads and songs, but in this case Ossian’s ‘ancient’ text (Schubert thought it was genuinely ancient anyway) seems to have called up an older musical shade. There
is an elevated tone of mourning in the grand manner in Das Mädchen von Inistore which recalls a musical style both impassioned and statuesque, and Gluck’s Orfeo ed Euridice comes to mind. The composer was said to have known that work from the score although he never saw it performed. The interval between C and E flat a minor third higher at the start of the tune recalls Eurydice’s ‘Che fiero momento’ in the third act of Gluck’s opera. Schubert uses the mournful whine inherent in this interval to suggest whistling wind, the weeping of the maiden and the howling of the dogs. In this early use of a type of Leitmotiv technique, the piece achieves a formal unity rare in the Ossian settings. The middle section of the song beginning ‘Er ist gefallen!’ is in fact a recitative, but it is so masterfully incorporated into the whole that we do not notice the boundaries between one type of writing and another. This was undoubtedly the composer’s aim. Particularly moving is the final section which begins ‘In seiner Halle liegt sein Bogen’ where the hero’s absence is felt in music which seems hopeless and empty without him. The hardest thing is to write music about silence, but Schubert manages it here. Mournfully pivoted around D flat, the flattened supertonic, the same phrase is repeated three times, each time quieter than before. The effect of a softening D natural on the final ‘keinen Schall’ is that Trenar de-materializes before our very ears, as if he had never been. The bereft little piano postlude (nothing more than a downward C minor arpeggio) is the antithesis of the grand air of dramatic tragedy and bereavement which opened the piece; it is as if the pomp of public grief has ceded to the reality of personal loss. Johannes Brahms was also attracted by this poem (albeit in a different translation) which he set in 1862 as his Op 17 No 4, an extremely beautiful setting for women’s chorus, two horns and harp.

It is Trenar rather than Nathos who is mourned in this song, but the same theme of bereavement and admiration for those fallen in battle governs the music as in Ossians Lied nach dem Falle Nathos. The background to the story (including a typically British concern for dogs’ and horses’ relationship to their masters) is provided by James Macpherson’s footnote: ‘The maid of Inistore was the daughter of Gorlo, King of Inistore or Orkney islands. Trenar was brother to the King of Iniscon, supposed to be one of the islands of Shetland. The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time subject to the King of Lochlin. We find that the dogs of Trenar are sensible at home of the death of their master, the very instant he is killed. It was the opinion of the times that the souls of heroes went immediately after death to the hills of their country, and the scenes they frequented the most happy times of their life. It was thought too that dogs and horses saw the ghosts of the deceased.’

Bernhard Ambros Ehrlich (dates unknown)

ALS ICH SIE ERRÖTEN SAH
D153 10 February 1815; published in Book 39 of the Nachlass

All’ mein Wirken, all’ mein Leben
Strebt nach dir, Verehrte, hin!
Alle meine Sinne weben
Mir dein Bild, o Zauberin!
Du entflammest meinen Busen
Zu der Leier Harmonie,
Du begeistert mehr als Musen,
Und entzückest mehr als sie.
Ach, dein blaues Auge strahlet
Durch den Sturm der Seele mild,
Und dein süßes Lächeln mahlet
Rosig mir der Zukunft Bild.

WHEN I SAW HER BLUSH

All that I do, all that I am
Is for you, my adored one!
All my senses weave
An image of you, enchantress!
You kindle within my heart
The sweet sounds of the lyre;
You inspire me more than the Muses,
And, more than they, delight me!
Your blue eyes shine tenderly
Through the tempest of the soul,
And your sweet smile paints
A rosy image of the future.
Herrlich schmückt des Himmels Gränzen
Though the horizon is adorned
Zwar Aurora’s Purpurlicht,
By Aurora’s crimson glow,
Aber lieblicheres Glänzen,
A still fairer radiance
Überdeckt dein Angesicht,
Suffuses your countenance
Wenn mit wonnetrunk’n Blicken
When, with ecstatic glances,
Ach! und unaussprechlich schön,
My delighted eyes
Meine Augen voll Entzücken
See the ineffable beauty
Purpurn dich erröten seh’n.
Of your crimson blush.

This remarkable song presents a number of problems in performance. Fischer-Dieskau has written that he sees it as a counterpart to Gretchen am Spinnrade, and he has sung it accordingly with almost vehement passion. The sextuplets in G major may also put some listeners in mind of Wobin? from Die schöne Müllerin. The agitation of Am Feierabend from the same cycle also comes to mind, particularly since the lines ‘All’ mein Wirken, all’ mein Leben’ correspond to the miller boy’s efforts to do anything he can to attract the attention of his beloved. In these celebrated songs the spinning of the wheel, the babbling of the brook, the pounding of the mill-wheels belong to the ceaseless movements of life and nature and provide a necessary rhythmic framework within which the music achieves a type of symphonic momentum. The accompaniments consist of a series of piano patterns appropriate to what they depict; the movement of wheel and water forms a counterpoint to the vocal line, something for the voice to sing with, and against. Gretchen’s spinning wheel propels her towards the climax of the song on its last page; the miller boy is carried away by the movement of flowing water; the same miller boy has to do his best to keep up with the mill-wheels despite his flagging energy.

There is nothing of this kind in Als ich sie erröten sah; ‘the sweet sounds of the lyre’ here support a song which is just as much arioso as aria, and the emotions of rapture do not aspire to the driven energy of Gretchen am Spinnrade or the Müller songs. The music is ardent at the same time as being tentative and as shy as a blush. Because the song is a difficult one with long breaths it is all too easy to sing it in a hectoring manner absolutely inappropriate to the seemingly inexperienced lover who receives so much unworlly rapture from the glowing hue of a young lady’s cheek. The clue to the song’s performance are the words ‘Mit Liebes Affekt’ which stand at the top of the manuscript. Schubert is here using a baroque term which derives from Affektenlehre or ‘The Doctrine of the Affections’, a concept understood by older composers and performers such as Schubert’s German mentors Reichardt and Zumsteeg. Music was considered to be oration in sound, and the singer was encouraged to use his own taste to vary his performance in terms of tone, rhythm, contrast of emphasis, all in the pursuit of clear and interesting verbal delivery. This concept of Affekt has to be understood by the performers of Reichardt’s Lieder for example, where the notes on the printed page often seem wooden as if they are waiting to have life breathed into them by singer and pianist.

Als ich sie erröten sah is just such a song of the old school; it even looks like Reichardt’s music on the printed page. The singer is told to play the part (‘Mit Liebes-Affekt’) of a young man tenderly in love. In practical terms this calls for a flexibility of rhythm where the meaningful and loving declamation of the words is more important than the piano’s semiquaver underlay which is utterly different—supportive rather than organically integrated—from that of Gretchen am Spinnrade. In fact the nearest counterpart to this Ehrlich setting is not one of the celebrated Schubert songs but rather another one from 1815, An die Apfelbäume, wo ich Julien erblickte which is also in compound time with a long bel canto line unfolding over undulating semiquaver sextuplets. There are similar difficulties in the long phrases with scarcely a space to breathe, as well as the feeling that the metre of the poem is perhaps not best suited to the musical solution chosen for it. John Reed writes that the song has a ‘wonderful spontaneity and plasticity’ but it takes the intervention of
the performers (and above all considerable skill on the part of the long-breathed singer) to avoid turning the piece into
the merry scherzo which it appears to be at first glance.

Very little is known about the poet BERNHARD AMBROS EHRLICH beyond the fact that he was a reasonably high-
ranking civil servant who lived and worked in Prague. Schubert found this poem in an anthology entitled Erstlinge
unerinner einsamen Stunden (‘The First Fruits of our Solitary Hours’) published in 1791.

Ludwig Gottfried Kosegarten (1758–1818)

[5] SCHWANGESANG
D318 19 October 1815; first published in 1895

Endlich stehn die Pforten offen,
Endlich winkt das kühle Grab,
Und nach langem Fürchten, Hoffen,
Neig’ ich mich die Nacht hinab.
Durchgewacht sind nun die Tage
Meines Lebens, süße Ruh’
Drückt nach ausgeweinte Klage
Mir die müden Wimpern zu.

Ewig wird die Nacht nicht dauern,
Ewig dieser Schlummer nicht.
Hinter jenen Gräberschauern
Dämmert unauslöschlich Licht.
Aber bis das Licht mir funkle,
Bis ein schöner Tag mir lacht,
Sink’ ich ruhig in die dunkle,
Stille, kühle Schlummernacht!

At last the gates are open;
At last the cool grave beckons,
And after long fears and hopes
I drift down towards night.
I have watched
Through the days of my life;
After weeping in lamentation, sweet peace
Closes my weary eyelids.

The night will not last for ever,
Nor will this sleep.
Beyond the terror of the grave
An eternal light dawns.
But until that light shines for me,
Until a fairer day smiles upon me,
I will sink peacefully
Into the cool, silent night of sleep.

This is another graveside elegy, this time spoken in the first person as the poet prepares to meet his end. Although it is
ture that Kosegarten’s poem does not directly relate to war, the composer’s mind was running on the theme of patriotism
and noble death at the time and it is not hard to see how he could have seen an analogy between the soul preparing to
make its last journey and the soldier preparing for his inevitable end as in Gebet während der Schlacht and
Amphiaraos from earlier in 1815, and also Kriegers Abnahrung from the much later Schwänengesang.

Another song on this same theme is the duet Hektors Abschied, a mythological hero’s swansong which was also
composed on 19 October, 1815. All in all there were eight songs written on that day including the magisterially beautiful
Nachtgesang (heard later on this disc), the two An Rosa songs and Die Sterne, as well as Luisens Antwort and Idens
Schwanenlied. Apart from the Schiller setting about Hector and Andromache, all the poems were by Kosegarten, for this
was the height of the composer’s brief but intense four-month fling with that poet. In terms of its original key (F minor)
and mood (not to mention its title) this Schwangesang is most closely related to Idens Schwanenlied. The music has a
grave quality of simplicity suggesting the wisdom of a Sarastro and the acceptance of the inevitable by a brave philosopher
with a belief in the afterlife. The word-painting of ‘das kühle Grab’ is particularly fine (a beguiling melisma decorated with
an acciacatura which softens the threat of the grave) as are the graceful dip in the vocal line (as in Ossians Lied nach
dem Falle Nathos) to illustrate ‘neig ich mich die Nacht hinab’ and the touching high note for ‘süße Ruh’. On the word
‘Ruh’ itself we notice for the first time, with a shiver of recognition, the dactylic rhythm (a minim followed by two
crotchets) of Death’s music from *Der Tod und das Mädel*chen which was composed sixteen months later. The calm of this is interrupted by the sudden despairing upward leap of ‘Klage’ (as if at the last minute the singer is experiencing a stab of fear after all). The piano’s postlude re-establishes a mood of sepulchral peace; at this moment the connection with *Death and the Maiden* is most evident. In these early years Schubert’s composing unconscious was in the process of forming a vast vocabulary (sometimes borrowed from other sources, particularly Mozart) of tonal analogues and motifs, a library of words-to-music correspondences for his exclusive use. A study of seemingly unimportant songs like *Schwanengesang* in relation to the later masterpieces bears this out time without number.

Friedrich von Matthisson (1761–1831)  

**TOTENKRANZ FÜR EIN KIND**  
D275 25 August 1815; first published in 1895 as part of the Gesamtausgabe  

Sanft wehn, im Hauch der Abendluft,  
Die Frühlingshalm auf deiner Gruft,  
Wo Sehnsuchstränen fallen.  
Nie soll, bis uns der Tod befreit,  
Die Wolke der Vergessenheit  
Dein holdes Bild umwallen!  

Wohl dir, obgleich entknospet kaum,  
Von Erdenlust und Sinnenträum,  
Von Schmerz und Wahn geschieden!  
Du schläfst in Ruh’; wir wanken irr  
Und unstät bang’ im Weltgewirr’,  
Und haben selten Frieden.

25 August 1815 was a marvellous day in the annals of Schubertian productivity. No less than nine songs of various kinds and by different poets were composed. The male quartet which ends this disc (*Trinklied* D267) is first on Deutsch’s list, followed by another work for the same forces but of an utterly different character, the miners’ chorus Bergknappenlied. Both ensembles can be heard later on this disc. *Das Leben* 22, another partsong, this time for trio, is next, followed by Gabriele von Baumberg’s *An die Sonne* 16, Abraham Cowley’s *Der Weiberfreund* 10, Tiedge’s *An die Sonne* 22, Lilla an die *Morgenröte* 9 and *Tischlerlied* (track 28 on this disc). *Totenkranz für ein Kind* is last in this list of astonishingly variable poetic provenance and stylistic mood.

Child mortality was a constant part of life in households of the early nineteenth century, and Schubert himself was no stranger to graveside contemplation when it came to the burials of dead brothers and sisters (see page 6 of booklet accompanying Volume 11 for a necrology of the Schubert family). As late as 1817 the composer lost a half-brother named Theodor who was only seven months old. The key is G minor, and John Reed revealingly writes that this tonality ‘often expresses the fortitude of those whose lot is a battle against fate or the supernatural’. In this way the father who rides through the night in an attempt to save his sick child (*Erlkönig* in G minor) has something in common with the parents who have lost their child (*Lied* 17 from de la Motte Fouqué’s *Undine*, also in G minor) as well as the bereft mourners in this little song. As befits its subject matter the music is modest yet deeply felt. Most of the vocal line is doubled by the piano which contributes to a mood of nursery simplicity. There is a gentle tenderness here well suited to paint the unforgettable and haunting ‘holdes Bild’ of the child. The only trace of semiquaver decoration in a vocal line of crotchets and quavers occurs on a tiny gruppetto on the word ‘fallen’, a turn of phrase that in its gentle flourish was to become something of a
Schubertian signature. The composer marks the song ‘Etwas geschwind’ and *alla breve* so any sense of lugubrious tragedy is avoided by the interpreters. Schubert was to write his best-known elegy for a dead child, *Am Grabe Anselmos*, in November 1816. His patient and forbearing relationship with Faust, little son of the Pachler family in Graz, shows us what an affectionate father the composer might have been.

Martin Josef Prandstetter (1760–1798)

**DIE FRÖHLICHKEIT**
D262 22 August 1815; first published in 1895 as part of the *Gesamtausgabe*

Weß Adern leichtes Blut durchspringt,
Der ist ein reicher Mann;
Auch keine goldnen Ketten zwingt
Im Furcht und Hoffnung an.

Denn Fröhlichkeit geleitet ihn
Bis an ein sanftes Grab
Wohl durch ein langes Leben hin
An ihrem Zaubertstab.

Wohin sein muntrer Blick sich kehrt,
Ist alles schön und gut,
Ist alles heil und liebenswert
Und fröhlich wie sein Mut.

Für ihn nur wird bei Sonnenschein
Die Welt zum Paradies,
Ist klar der Bach, die Quelle rein,
Und ihr Gemurmel süß.

This merry little song is one of the many cheeky ditties which Schubert puts into the mouths of working-class philosophers. They put us in mind of Shakespeare’s comic characters. Such homespun wisdom with an anti-establishment bias was often to be heard from the comical characters of popular Viennese revue. Unlike their intellectual betters in the serious theatre, many music hall artists dared to lampoon the ruling order in satire which, because it was too genial and lowbrow to be considered truly subversive, was tolerated by the authorities. It was unfortunate for Prandstetter, who died when Schubert was still a baby, that the government of the time was not amused by his writings.

The marking is ‘Lebhaft’ and the piano writing of the introduction with its oscillation between single notes and thirds (something which suggests folksong and Ländler) is reminiscent of the Schubertian dance. The verb ‘durchspringen’ has given the composer all the encouragement he needs to find music which springs and bounces along as if the singer’s blood is being pumped from head to toe at a hearty rate. It may also be said that the tune seems ever to be moving in an upward direction which is very appropriate for a singer whose mood seems to be on a permanent ‘up’ (at least in the first verse) right up to the two final loud chords of the postlude. After the first two lines of poetry, octave leaps in the piano interlude seem to describe a great big grin; details in the accompaniment (perky staccati and gurgling trills) are generally suggestive of uncomplicated high spirits. The words ‘goldnen Ketten’ prompt sparkling chains of notes—vocal melismas of great geniality. A second reading of all twelve verses of the poem reveals that the poet has a more serious side to him: a somewhat less high-spirited mood rules the subsequent verses in this performance as thoughts of the ‘gentle grave’ render the narrator more philosophical, and non-stop quavers in the vocal line reflect the soft murmurings of the brook.
MARTIN JOSEF PRANDSTETTER was a fascinating and controversial figure in Vienna at the end of the eighteenth century. He was born in Hungary but achieved high status in the Austrian civil service. Like the poet Mayrhofer from a later generation, Prandstetter was against the absolutist government of the time (the Emperor Franz II) and belonged to a Jacobin group in Vienna which professed open sympathy with the French Revolution. His poetry appeared in the *Wiener Musenalmanach* and also in Masonic publications. His lighter works (such as *Die Fröhlichkeit*) were influenced by Anacreon’s Odes, but he also wrote poems in the style of Klopstock and ballads inspired by Bürger and Schiller. Publication of his work ceased in 1794 when he was arrested for treasonable activities and sentenced to three days in the stocks and thirty years prison. He died three years later. His fate bears a certain similarity to that of the poet Schubart who was long imprisoned by the Duke of Württemburg. Prandstetter’s disregard for the powers that be was the cause of his downfall. It is interesting to speculate whether Schubert knew anything about him when he came across these verses, probably in an old copy of the *Wiener Musenalmanach*.

**Christian Ludwig Reissig (1783–1822)**

**DER ZUFRIEDENE**

D520 23 October 1815; first published in 1895

Zwar schuf das Glück hienieden
mich weder reich noch groß,
allein ich bin zufrieden
wie mit dem schönsten Loos.

So ganz nach meinem Herzen
ward mir ein Freund vergönnt,
denn Küßen, Trinken, Scherzen
ist auch sein Element.

Mit ihm wird froh und weise
Manch Fläschchen ausgeleert;
Denn auf der Lebensreise
Ist Wein das beste Pferd.

Wenn mir bei diesem Loose
Nun auch ein trüb’re fällt,
So denk’ ich: keine Rose
Blüht dornlos in der Welt.

By October 1815 Schubert had already composed a large number of wonderful songs. But he was still fascinated by the compositions of those who had come before him, and humble enough to pay musical homage to his forbears and distinguished contemporaries. On 23 October 1815 a volume of Beethoven songs almost certainly lay before him on his desk—not the complete *Lieder* in the single Peters Edition volume available today, but the collection of six songs Op 75, published in 1810. Schubert composed two songs of his own on 23 October 1815, and both of them used poems which appear in this Beethoven opus: Goethe’s *Mignon* (*Kennst du das Land?*) and Reissig’s *Der Zufriedene*. Moreover Beethoven’s songs are both in A major and Schubert follows suit in his choice of key; in Beethoven both songs are in $\frac{2}{4}$ and likewise with Schubert; both of Beethoven’s songs use semiquaver triplets in their accompaniments, and so do those of his younger contemporary. After studying these Schubert songs it is curious to encounter those by Beethoven which were composed first. There is a similar sense of *déjà-vu* when we encounter a ballad by Zumsteeg which seems already
half familiar to us from the Schubert setting of the same lyric. It is as if the young composer has reverently applied tracing-paper to the works of an established master, only to come up with a copy magically superior to the original. Zumsteeg’s classical models are rendered almost unrecognizable by the exuberance of an apprentice touchingly aware of his debt to those who have gone before him at the same time as revelling in his superior powers. Thus in some cases we have an extraordinary mixture of homage to, and unintentional annihilation of, one composer’s achievement by another.

There is not that much to choose between the two settings of Der Zufriedene; neither is among their composers’ masterpieces. Both are exuberant and cheeky, but Schubert wins on grounds of melodic memorability. Beethoven stays in his chosen key throughout the strophe; Schubert is rather more subtle. After the first two lines of poetry the piano’s interlude modulates briefly into E as if the achievement of coming up in the world requires a lift to the dominant—an apt illustration of ‘reich’ and ‘gross’. At ‘allein bin ich zufrieden’ the vocal line slides down into G major as if contented to sink back into a more humble tonal position in life. The ambitions of the E major digression and the diffidence of the G major retreat are then both eschewed in favour of a quick return to the middle path of A major for the rest of the verse. Like Wolf’s Gebet the song is about ‘holdes Bescheiden’, blessed moderation. Tiny details these, but they are telling enough to show how Schubert saw dramatic possibilities in lyrics which had seemed uneventful to older musicians’ eyes. More than any composer before him (and possibly since), Schubert found subtle musical analogues for the poetry he chose to set. These are often so deeply woven into the music’s fabric that it often takes a practised ear to hear the ingenuity at work and identify exactly what it has that has made the composer respond to the text in a certain way. Thanks to Schubert, the art of song-writing had come on in leaps and bounds between 1810 when Beethoven’s Op 75 was written, and 1815.

Schubert set only this one poem by CHRISTIAN REISSIG, an Austrian who like another poet on this disc, Theodor Körner, took part in the Napoleonic Wars. Reissig fought in the Spanish campaign and was badly wounded in 1809. He was apparently a particularly implacable opponent of the French Emperor. Like many occasional poets and writers of the time, he was published in periodicals and almanacs rather than in book form. His words found favour with a number of composers resident in Vienna, none more so than with Beethoven who made seven settings of Reissig’s poems between 1809 and 1816.

Ludwig Gottfried Kosegarten (1758-1818)

ALLES UM LIEBE
D241 27 July 1815; first published in 1894

Was ist es, das die Seele füllt?
Ach, Liebe füllt sie, Liebe!
Sie füllt nicht Gold, noch Goldeswerth,
Nicht was die schnöde Welt begehrt;
Sie füllt nur Liebe, Liebe!
Was ist es, das die Sehnsucht stillt?
Ach Liebe stillt sie, Liebe!
Sie stillt nicht Titel, Stand noch Rang,
Und nicht des Ruhmes Schellenklang;
Sie stillt nur Liebe, Liebe!
Und wär’ ich in der Sclaverei,
In freudeloser Wildniß,

What is it that fills the soul?
Ah, it is love!
Not gold, nor the worth of gold,
Nor the desires of this base world.
Love alone fills the soul!
What is it that stills our longing?
Ah, it is love.
Not titles, status or rank,
Nor sounding fame.
Love alone stills our longing!
If I were in slavery
In some cheerless wilderness,
This is one of a row of E major Kosegarten settings; it seems that Schubert was convinced that this key was somehow right for this poet’s emotional world. He searched this way and that how best to mirror the fervour and simplicity of an older literary style within that tonality. It is interesting to note that not only is Zumsteeg’s setting in a different key (A major) but that it is composed in common time as opposed to Schubert’s $\frac{3}{4}$. The older composer thereby achieves a different accentuation. For example bar-lines fall on ‘Sie fillt nicht Gold, noch Goldeswerth’ with Zumsteeg as opposed to on ‘Sie fillt nicht Gold, noch Goldeswerth’ in Schubert. The relative advantages of setting the poem in triple or duple time may be debated, but it is noticeable that Zumsteeg’s rather foursquare and earthbound setting fails to achieve the floating rapture of Schubert’s. Certain textual differences between the two songs (Zumsteeg’s ‘die öde Welt’, Schubert’s ‘die schnöde Welt’) suggest that Book 1 of the older master’s Kleine Balladen und Lieder was not to hand as Schubert wrote this setting, but rather that he was composing the song directly from a volume of Kosegarten’s poetry. One has a very different impression about Nachtgesang composed three months later and to be found on track 16 of this disc.

Alles um Liebe poses a question (‘What is it that fills the soul?’) which is answered in a phrase which suggests inspired revelation (Ah, it is love!) What a surprise! Of course we could all have guessed the answer, but Zumsteeg places a fermata after this question as if to suggest a pause for rather ponderous thought. In Schubert’s setting on the other hand the music treats this question as more or less rhetorical. The change of harmony on ‘Liebe’ is enough to introduce a new colour to the song; what could have been a stiff alternation between hackneyed question and answer becomes the tender musings of a soul very much in love, someone who is carried away by love rather than dissecting its workings. The delicacy of the setting is reinforced by a number of tiny but effective touches: the yielding phrasing of the pairs of crotchets in the piano’s introductory bars which is prophetic of Geheimes; the trills as if the very thought of love (already in the mind of the singer before the vocal line begins) sets the heart a-flutter; the mezzo staccato chords which tread softly so as not to disturb the lover’s dreams; the beautiful suspension which provides a note of yearning the second time the word ‘Liebe’ is heard in each verse; the pompous little arpeggio which is good for the pedantic ‘Goldeswerth’ in the first verse, but even better to depict the vain emptiness of ‘Titel, Stand noch Rang’ in the second. The ‘scoring’ of the charming six-bar postlude (strings plus oboe and bassoon perhaps) reinforces the impression that this little Lied would sound well as an aria for Claudine in the opera Claudine von Villa Bella (cf Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen) which was begun on 26 June 1815, the day before Alles um Liebe was written.

Ludwig Theobald Kosegarten (1758–1818)

GEIST DER LIEBE
D233 15 July 1815; first published in 1829 as Op 118 No 1

Wer bist du, Geist der Liebe,
Der durch das Weltall webt?
Den Schooß der Erde schwängert,
Und den Atom belebt?
Der Elemente bindet,
Der Weltenkugeln balt,
Aus Engelharfen jubelt
Und aus dem Säugling lallt?

SPRIT OF LOVE

Who are you, spirit of love,
Who are at work throughout the universe,
Sowing the seed in the earth’s womb,
And giving life to the atom?
Who are you, who bind the elements,
Fashion the spheres,
Rejoice with angels’ harps,
And lisp from the infant’s mouth.
Nur der ist gut und edel,  
Dem du den Bogen spannst.  
Nur der ist groß und göttlich,  
Den du zum Mann ermannst.  
Sein Werk ist Pyramide,  
Sein Wort ist Machtgebot.  
Ein Spott ist ihm die Hölle,  
Ein Hohn ist ihm der Tod.

He alone is good and noble  
Whose bow is drawn by you;  
He alone is great and godlike  
Who through you attains true manhood.  
His work is a pyramid,  
His word a mighty command;  
He mocks hell  
And scorns death.

At first glance this song, in the common Klopstock key of E major, seems like a number of others from the same period, but this would be to reckon without its poem which aims at a philosophical breadth of expression. Kosegarten was a professor of theology and the tenor of these words reminds us of that fact. The love apostrophized here treads a fine line between heaven and earth, and in consequence the song is something of a hybrid. Geist der Liebe is a religious poem in a way, but unlike the rigorously devout works of Klopstock it leaves open the possibility that the love between man and maid is as valid as that between Man and his Creator. The spirit of Love impregnates Mother Earth the poet tells us, but we cannot help being reminded that everyday man, though somewhat less ambitious in his choice of partner, has his own means of doing the same thing on a smaller scale. The Kosegarten settings are at their best when they depict intimate moments of rapt communication between amatory mortals. Here mention of universe and atom, elements and spheres, seems overpowering in comparison to the slender musical language which characterises the composer’s Kosegarten style. The same problem is evident in 1816 in the Schiller setting Laura am Klavier—the unsolved difficulty there was how tender devotion to a young lady playing the piano in the drawing room (and the delicate music this inspired) might be squared with references to ‘the giant arm of Chaos’ and so on. In Geist der Liebe the direction ‘Mit Kraft’ is insufficient to avert the same problem of a slender musical style over-parted by the grandeur of the words. Schubert was successfully to find his epic voice two months later for Klopstock’s Dem Unendlichen; indeed, in the second half of Geist der Liebe (from ‘Die Elemente bindet’) dotted rhythms in the left hand provide pre-echoes of the fanfare motifs of that masterpiece, as if played by celestial brass. It is interesting too that we see here an early manifestation of the right hand triplets to be found in so many religious songs: Der gute Hirt, Die Allmacht and the choral Psalm XXIII.

Johann Georg Fellinger (1781–1816)

**DIE ERSTE LIEBE**

D182 12 April 1815; first published in 1842 in Book 35 of the Nachlass

Die erste Liebe füllt das Herz mit Sehnen  
Nach einem unbekannten Geisterlande,  
Und süße Wehmut letzet sich in Tränen.  
Da wacht es auf, das Vorgefühl des Schönen,  
Du schaust die Göttin in dem Lichtgewande,  
Geschlungen sind des Glaubens leise Bande,  
Und Tage rieseln hin auf Liebestönen.

Die Holde, der du ganz dich hingegangen,  
Nur sie durchschwebet deines Daseins Räume.

First love fills the heart with longing,  
For an unknown enchanted land.  
The soul flutters on the edge of life,  
And sweet melancholy dissolves in tears.  
Now dawns the intimation of beauty;  
You behold the goddess in her robe of light;  
The gentle bonds of faith are sealed,  
And the days flow by in songs of love.

Her alone you see reflected,  
The fair one to whom you have surrendered yourself;  
She alone pervades your whole being.
She smiles down on you from heaven’s golden fringes
When silent lights hover in the sky.
Joyfully you cry to the world: She is mine!

The Styrian poet Fellinger (biography and portrait in Volume 5) provides Schubert with a similar challenge to that posed by Kosegarten in Geist der Liebe: the advent of love is depicted as a holy experience. Fellinger’s beloved, it seems, has a similar effect on him as a visitation from the Queen of Heaven. This was not an uncommon reaction among young Roman Catholic artists of the period (including Schubert himself) as the introductory essay to Volume 13 points out with reference to a number of Schubert songs addressed to the Virgin Mary which contain music of sensuous delight. Although there is no doubt that Kosegarten is the better poet, and that Fellinger’s conflation of sacred and profane is somewhat kitsch, Schubert seems to have grasped the nettle to greater effect in setting the latter’s verses in exalted mood. Die erste Liebe, through-composed and of daring intensity, is one of the truly remarkable achievements of 1815, a real tenor song which, among other things, shows the composer’s increasing awareness of how to write effectively for the voice. This is not to deny that it is extremely difficult. The vocal line sits in a most demanding tessitura and seems to climb ever higher from vertiginous beginnings. It is little wonder that Diabelli chose to publish it in B flat (rather than C) in the Nachlass, and that a contemporary copy exists a third lower, in the key of A flat. The song is performed here in the original key of C major.

The whole of the first verse exists in a world of enchantment, an impression reinforced by the height of the tessitura (the ‘unbekannten Geisterlande’ soars up to an A) and the almost total absence of a tonic chord in the root position to earth the fluttering soul. (Note the triplets in the piano when this image is first broached at ‘die Seele gaukelt’). The second verse arrives as if it embodies a solution to the soul’s wanderings: a grandiose fanfare motif in the piano (we are in the presence of a goddess after all) is then taken up by the voice as if in canon (Berlioz used the same interval and rhythm for his ‘Reviens, reviens’ in Absence from Les nuits d’été). Here at last there is a root position C major chord in the left hand: it is as if the first verse has been mere introduction — no more than arioso — and that the real song could only begin with the dawning of the intimation of beauty and the tonal certainty of this motif. As if to remind us that such beauty is an immortal constant, this dotted rhythm pervades the accompaniment of the second verse, no doubt inspired by the word ‘Lichtgewande’. Just as Schubert often obsessively repeats certain motifs in his accompaniments associated with the workings of nature, and the shining of stars in particular, the repetition of octave E’s high in the accompaniment here signifies a quality of light, and vestal garments a-shimmer. The verse ends with a flowing triplet accompaniment to illustrate the days flowing by in songs of love. The third verse inhabits the vocal stratosphere, underpinned by those pulsating triplets which composers from Schubert to Wolf have taken to be a musical analogue for religious (or erotic) devotion and awe. As Einstein points out, the climax of the song at the end is ‘passionately exuberant’; it has a maturity and mastery which belies the youth of its creator. Schumann would not have considered these final bars (the repetition of ‘sie ist Meine!’) as old-fashioned; indeed, the final cadence and the postlude of triplets, murmuring their adoration in dying falls worthy of a fully-fledged composer of the romantic age, are strongly prophetic of the end of Schumann’s duet Er und sie. There the words ‘einen/eine’ seem to echo in the piano postlude as if still reverberating in the mind after the singing has finished. Die erste Liebe closes with similar pianistic musings on the words ‘die Meine!’.
An enchanting song this, one of those little Schubertian jewels that are always a happy surprise to encounter in those pages of the Gesamtausgabe ignored by all but the avid enthusiast. Schubert found Kosegarten one of his most potent sources of inspiration in 1815; between June and October of that year he composed no less than twenty settings, all of them strophic and none of them of ground-breaking originality. Instead these songs have a gentle sweetness and inner radiance that achieves perfection of a modest but nevertheless endearing kind. For songs of this unpretentious type it seems that E major was the composer’s favourite key. According to John Reed it is the tonality of innocence and joy, and six of the Kosegarten settings from this year are in E major. The same key dominates a group of the 1816 strophic settings, particularly those like Höltys Erntelied and Seligkeit which border on folksong. In mood and key Die Täuschung is similar to Die Erscheinung another Kosegarten setting written on the same day, but in its gentle and confidential tone it also prefigures two Höltys settings from May 1816, Die frühe Liebe and Blumenlied.

Among the felicities of Die Täuschung is the gently rocking quaver accompaniment for the left hand; the right hand enters at the end of the first bar and forms a deliberate descant throughout, flute music which dances gravely over the slightly old-fashioned Alberti bass. The first thing we hear in the accompaniment’s treble is a sighing motif of five notes which signifies perhaps the gentle sound of the pastoral pipe, or a mysterious smiling presence hovering high over the picture, as separate from the singer as the right hand is from the left. The second half of the strophe (from ‘Vor seinem Lächeln klärt sich schnell’) provides transformation music which reaches its apogee on a high A on the first syllable of ‘Paradies’. The clarity and tessitura of this radiant passage suggests purity, but its chromaticism betokens deception; it is accompanied by a delightful motif of descending thirds phrased into gentle sighs and tremulous trills. The reverse of the song’s coin of simplicity is a gently exquisite sensuality; perhaps that is also a part of the ‘deception’ at the song’s heart. There is no sign here of the unhinged parody of Viennese Gemütlichkeit that characterises the waltz song which, but for the lack of a definite article, is this song’s namesake—Täuschung from Winterreise.
**LIEBESRAUSCH**

first version: fragment, D164 March 1815 completed by Reinhard Van Hoorickx; facsimile of autograph published in 1828

**Dir, Mädchen, schlägt mit leisem Beben**

Mein Herz voll Treu’ und Liebe zu.

In dir, in dir versinkt mein Streben,

Mein schönstes Ziel bist du!

Dein Name nur in heil’gen Tönen

Hat meine kühne Brust gefüllt;

Im glanz des Guten und des Schönen

Strahlt mir dein hohes Bild.

Die Liebe sproßt aus zarten Keimen,

Und ihre Blüten welken nie!

Du, Mädchen, lebst in meinen Träumen

Mit süßer Harmonie.

Begeist’rung rauscht auf mich hernieder,

Kühn greif’ ich in die Saiten ein,

Und alle meine schönsten Lieder,

Sie nennen dich allein.

Mein Himmel glüht in deinen Blicken,

An deiner Brust mein Paradies.

Acb! alle Reize, die dich schmücken,

Sie sind so bold, so süß.

Es wogt die Brust in Freud’ und Schmerzen,

Nur eine Sabeuchst lebt in mir,

Nur ein Gedanke hier im Herzen:

Der ew’ge Drang nach dir.

**LOVE’S INTOXICATION**

For you, maiden, my heart beats,

Gently trembling, filled with love and devotion.

In you, in you, my striving ceases;

You are my life’s fairest goal.

Your name alone has filled my bold heart

With sacred tones.

In the radiance of goodness and beauty

Your noble image shines for me.

Love burgeons from tender seeds,

And its blossoms never wither.

You, maiden, live in my dreams

With sweet harmonies.

I am fired with the rapture of inspiration;

Boldly I pluck the strings,

And all my loveliest songs

Utter your name alone.

My heaven glows in your eyes;

My paradise is upon your breast.

Ah, all the charms that adorn you

Are so fair, so sweet.

My breast surges with joy and pain;

One desire alone dwells within me,

One thought alone lies here in my heart:

Eternal yearning for you!

The second version of this song (from April 1815 and recorded in Volume 4 of the Schubert Edition) is a passionate outburst, a real lyrical effusion accompanied by throbbing triplets—a song very different from the composer’s first efforts. These are not negligible, however, and would have been lost to the performer if it had not been the indefatigable detective work of Father Van Hoorickx who has made an imaginative reconstruction of the song as it might have been if all of Schubert’s sketch had survived. All that has been left to posterity is four bars of the vocal line (the music for the end of the song at the words ‘Glanz des Guten und des Schönen strahlt mir dein hohes Bild’) and two bars of piano postlude. Van Hoorickx has simply used this haunting little postlude (a musing little figure unlike anything else in the composer’s output) as an introduction and has crafted a most credible vocal line for the rest of the strophe, supported by an accompaniment of the same flowing triplets found in the extant fragment. This completion is not very ambitious perhaps, but it works better than many a more sophisticated attempt to emulate the master’s notoriously inimitable style. Van Hoorickx’s work conserves what is special about the fragment and one can listen to the complete song without denouncing it as an obvious impostor. Italics in the text above denote those passages which are not genuine Schubert.
It is the courtly old-fashioned title and some of the language (note how the beloved is addressed as ‘Huldin’ and ‘Gebieterin’, exalted words even by Kosegarten’s eighteenth-century standards) which is the real key to the music. In Schubert’s favourite Kosegarten tonality of E major, the vocal line and the accompaniment are full of the deep bows of obeisance—a distinguished gentleman’s homage to a high-born lady. There is something which suggests the singer is an older man, a Don Ottavio perhaps who is paying formal court to a Donna Anna. The first bar (‘Ganz verloren’) consists of a five-note figure; the second bar (‘ganz versunken’) is a sequence which caps the first phrase, as if the singer were doffing his, and searching for a more extravagant (and thus higher in tessitura) verbal gesture to describe his admiration. This is followed by a two-bar phrase in which the music bows low as it sweeps downwards in an E major arpeggio. The same formula is followed in the next four bars, this time with an even more florid bow as the cadence moves into the dominant. The middle section (from ‘Nichts vermag ich zu beginnen’) consists of another pair of two-bar phrases, each of them ending with a gracious and adoring appoggiatura—yet more obeisances. These cadences which divide the piece into a number of courtly gestures give the piece a somewhat stilted quality, as if it is framed by inverted commas, rather than the real thing; the music seems scrupulously constructed rather than the result of spontaneous passion. Nevertheless the vocal line is extremely grateful to sing and the coda (‘Nichts ist, was das Herz mir füllt, Huldin, als dein holdes Bild’) makes a final dip into the middle of the vocal tessitura, dallies on another appoggiatura (supported by a chromatic swoon
in the accompaniment under ‘holdes’) before standing tall on the return to the tonic. The piano’s postlude consists of an ingratiating chromatic scale and an exquisite feminine cadence. In this song, which advances on the lady-love in measured steps so as not to alarm her, passion is everywhere moderated by eighteenth-century manners.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

HEIDENRÖSLEIN
D257 19 August 1815; published in 1821 as Op 3 No 2

Sah ein Knab’ ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sahs mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Daß du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich wills nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
’s Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Mußt es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

This song is one of those Schubertian miracles for which there is no real explanation beyond the genius of its creator. As Einstein wrote, ‘Schubert does not imitate the folksong tradition. He creates it or provides an occasion for it’. According to the Deutsch catalogue this is the composer’s 24th Goethe setting, so the simplicity and innocence of the music is not born of inexperience, but rather of an ever deepening familiarity with Goethean ways and means. It was proudly included in the collection of songs sent to the poet in April 1816, and if Goethe had bothered to have it played through to him he might have realized that it represented the summit of his own ideal of what a song with keyboard accompaniment should be—simple, uncluttered, allowing the words to be heard with the most transparent clarity.

The poem, itself a parody of the folk style, was written in 1771. At this time Goethe was a law student at the University of Strasburg; there he came under the powerful influence of J G Herder (only five years his senior) who encouraged him to study the simple beauties of folksong texts in pursuit of freshness and spontaneity in his writing. This was also the period of the poet’s love affair with Friederike von Brion, and the poem Wilkommen und Abschied set by Schubert in 1822. Both Herder and Goethe made versions of an old German folksong about a wild rose, but it was Goethe’s poem with its sexual overtones which has survived Herder’s version with its moralising tone more suited to the schoolroom than the open fields.
Reichardt had set the poem simply (to the point of anonymity) in G major and with four quavers to the bar, and one cannot forget that the other celebrated flower song with a Goethe text, Mozart’s *Das Veilchen*, is also in G major and $\frac{3}{4}$. As so often in 1815, Schubert begins his ground-breaking work by bowing to the past and acknowledging his forbears, but after fixing his own song in G major and in $\frac{2}{4}$, similarities and obeisances are at an end. Schubert’s tune is unforgettable whereas the tune of the Reichardt song is frankly unmemorable; Schubert takes us outdoors (‘the bucolic air might be thought to have been born of one mind with the poem’, writes Capell) whereas Mozart’s mini-opera on two pages is peopled by shepherds and shepherdesses clothed in the silk costumes of a court *bergerette*.

In the Schubert song, the alternation between the hands of light quaver chords (it might be called a ‘vamp’ in the language of popular music) suggests the lighthearted cheeky gait of a young man with eyes and heart a-roving. At the same time these very chords, in their very proper economy, suggest the demure innocence of the rose, and in the various strophes the pianist can slightly vary the articulation and dynamics to throw the emphasis on one or other of the song’s protagonists. The semiquavers which flower on the vocal line are an absolutely integral part of the tune rather than extraneous ornament or decoration; at the same time the curvaceous melody suggests luxurious and alluring beauty, as if the visual simplicity of the rose is complemented by its fragrance—a scent carried into the air on these wind-borne semiquavers and which plays no little part in the boy’s delight. Behind the deceptive charm of the two-and-a-half bars of interlude between the verses (a sequence of two groups of quavers—ascending thirds separated by a falling fifth and ornamented by cheeky acciacaturas) lies an illustration of the selfish and callous attitude of the flower-picker, cocky in his male chauvinism, as well as the dangerous power of revenge in the flower’s prickly thorn—thus the piano’s staccato. Schubert marks the refrain (‘Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot’) ‘nachgebend’, which means giving way or yielding; thus the request for a small *ritardando* required for the beautiful ascending phrase of eight notes could also describe the yielding quality of womankind for which the prickly rose is a metaphor, although it is soon to prove its capacity to fight back. The effect of this refrain is of the utmost wistfulness, as if kissing a childhood dream of innocence goodbye as it floats past up into the aether. This musing is cancelled by a return to tempo (Schubert marks it ‘wie oben’, ‘as above’) which nicely negates any suggestion of sentimentality and returns the setting to the earthy folksong domain. It takes no great leap of imagination to see in this poem a scenario for the contraction of a wounding disease, sexually transmitted between the sexes. Like all the best folk material, however, the poem works simultaneously on a number of levels, from the lighthearted to the sinister. The merriment of Schubert’s astonishing setting is underscored by a mood utterly typical of the composer in some of his seemingly happy works: a streak of gentle melancholy in the major key suggests deeper layers of meaning, unspoken and heartbreaking.

This is one of the few songs (*Der Lindenbaum* from *Winterreise* is another) which has achieved the status of anonymously-composed folksong in German-speaking culture. It is interesting, however, that Erk’s *Liederschatz* (a compendium of the most often sung German folksongs in the nineteenth century) prefers a setting of the words from 1827 by one Heinrich Werner.

The work did not take Schubert a great deal of time to compose; no less than four other songs were composed on the same day. For those who might like to imagine the heat of creativity in the Schubertian workshop on 19 August 1815, the companion settings (all of Goethe poems) were *Der Rattenfänger, Der Schatzgräber, Bundeslied*, and the first version of *An den Mond*.
Ludwig Gottfried Kosegarten (1758 –1818)

NACHTGESANG
D314 19 October 1815; first published in 1887

Tiefe Feier
Schauert um die Welt!
Braune Schleier
Hüllen Wald und Feld!
Trüβ' und matt und müde
Nickt jedes Leben ein
Und namenloser Friede
Umsäuselt alles Sein.

Wacher Kummer,
Verlaß ein Weilchen mich!
Goldner Schlummer,
Komm' und umflüge mich!
Trockne meine Tränen
Mit deines Schleiers Saum,
Mit deinem schönsten Traum!

There could be no better illustration than this of how deeply Zumsteeg influenced Schubert, and how completely Schubert surpassed him. Zumsteeg's Nachtgesang (a rather beautiful song) appears in the first volume of the Kleine Balladen und Lieder, a volume which was almost certainly owned (or borrowed) by the younger composer. The symptoms of a Schubert homage/revision are all there: Schubert's song is in the same key as Zumsteeg's (E flat), and the rhythmic notation of the first bar is the same (dotted minim plus crotchet). Thus on the printed page the songs do not appear dissimilar, except that the Zumsteeg seems longer and written for an all-purpose voice in the middle of the range, and the tessitura of Schubert's song suggests the bass voice at a glance. Closer examination reveals that Schubert's song is completely strophic whereas Zumsteeg has made a curious compromise: the vocal line of the three verses is identical, but he has varied the accompanimental underlay of each strophe with changes of harmony so that the tune is same, yet not the same. The charge levelled against Schubert by his contemporaries that he made his music unnecessarily complicated in comparison to the ‘purity’ and regard for literature of his musical forbears, is scotched at a stroke. Far from writing something more complex than his older mentor, Schubert has actually simplified Zumsteeg's approach! He has written a real strophic song, rather than the half-breed favoured by the older composer on this occasion.

Schubert's superiority lies not only in the simplicity of the accompaniment; he had a gift for melody and memorable turn of phrase with which the older man could not compete. Whereas Zumsteeg's setting benefits from the changes in harmony from strophe to strophe, Schubert's evokes an entire world of nocturnal majesty which seems to make the musical repeats as inevitable as the turning of the globe. The first half of the song has that marvellous combination of stillness and enormity of scale which is a Schubertian speciality; one is reminded that the composer had written both versions of Meeres stille⁷ ³ four months earlier; the opening of Wehmuth⁵, a much later song, also comes to mind. At ‘Braune Schleier hüllen Wald und Feld’ the melody lifts like a pervasive mist into A flat major only to turn around on itself and slip, secretive and veiled, in response to the words, into G minor. The middle section of the song (from ‘Trüβ’ und matt und müde’) drags its feet in appropriately tortuous chromaticism for two bars before the ‘namenloser Friede’ of
night smooths the harmony back into nocturnal diatonicism. All in all this is a remarkable achievement; as Capell writes, 'the Schubert of Wanderers Nachtlied is announced'.

Theodor Körner (1791–1813)

DER MORGENSTERN
D172, fragment 12 March 1815, completed by Reinhard van Hooricks

Stern der Liebe, Glanzgebilde,
Glühend wie die Himmelsbraut
Wanderst durch die Lichtgefilde,
Kündend, daß der Morgen graut.

Freundlich kommst du angezogen,
Freundlich schwebst du himmelwärts,
Glitzern durch des Äthers Wogen,
Strahlst du Hoffnung in das Herz.

Like Liebesrausch (also to a Körner text) this is a completion by Reinhard Van Hoorickx of a rather small fragment. Only the prelude to the song and three bars of the vocal line (including the words ‘Stern der Liebe, Glanzgebild’) have survived. The autograph also contains three other complete Körner settings (D168, D169, D170) to be heard later on this disc. As is usual with fragments one can never be certain whether or not the surviving bars form a preliminary sketch for a song that was completed on another piece of paper and has subsequently been lost. It seems likely however that in the heat of inspiration the composer simply moved on to something else which appealed more to him at the time. This is a pity because the few bars we have are extremely expressive. The bel canto line of the melody in G flat (a key Schubert associates with peace, harmony and rapture) is well suited to the words, and holds out promise of one of those impassioned tenor arias with triplet accompaniment that were a Schubertian speciality of the time.

Reinhard Van Hoorickx solved the problem of completing this fragment by going to the composer’s second setting of these words (D203) from May 1815. This was one of five songs (D199, D202, D203, D204, D205 with two texts by Hölty and three by Körner) written for two unaccompanied voices or two horns. These were probably pièces d’occasion which Schubert composed for outdoor performance during country excursions outside Vienna in the warm month of May. The opening of the piano-accompanied version recorded here suggests horns anyway with its alternating thirds and sixths and both songs bear the marking ‘Lieblich’ (‘charming’). As the two settings seem related in various ways, Van Hoorickx has taken the vocal line from D203 (from ‘glühend wie die Himmels Braut’ to the end of the song) and transposed it from E flat to G flat. It so happens that the two tunes join up happily and that this transposition provides the tenor voice with a tessitura which matches Schubert’s original intention. The justification for this completion (if one were needed) is that it would have been a pity to lose the wonderful opening phrase entirely. Although the entire vocal line is genuine Schubert, the text printed above uses italics for the passages completed by Father Van Hoorickx.

anonymous

BERGKNAPPENLIED
D268 25 August 1815; first published in 1872

Hinab, ihr Brüder, in den Schacht!
Hinab mit frohem Mut!
Es ist ein Gott, der für uns wacht,
Ein Vater groß und gut!

Like Liebesrausch (also to a Körner text) this is a completion by Reinhard Van Hoorickx of a rather small fragment. Only the prelude to the song and three bars of the vocal line (including the words ‘Stern der Liebe, Glanzgebild’) have survived. The autograph also contains three other complete Körner settings (D168, D169, D170) to be heard later on this disc. As is usual with fragments one can never be certain whether or not the surviving bars form a preliminary sketch for a song that was completed on another piece of paper and has subsequently been lost. It seems likely however that in the heat of inspiration the composer simply moved on to something else which appealed more to him at the time. This is a pity because the few bars we have are extremely expressive. The bel canto line of the melody in G flat (a key Schubert associates with peace, harmony and rapture) is well suited to the words, and holds out promise of one of those impassioned tenor arias with triplet accompaniment that were a Schubertian speciality of the time.

Reinhard Van Hoorickx solved the problem of completing this fragment by going to the composer’s second setting of these words (D203) from May 1815. This was one of five songs (D199, D202, D203, D204, D205 with two texts by Hölty and three by Körner) written for two unaccompanied voices or two horns. These were probably pièces d’occasion which Schubert composed for outdoor performance during country excursions outside Vienna in the warm month of May. The opening of the piano-accompanied version recorded here suggests horns anyway with its alternating thirds and sixths and both songs bear the marking ‘Lieblich’ (‘charming’). As the two settings seem related in various ways, Van Hoorickx has taken the vocal line from D203 (from ‘glühend wie die Himmels Braut’ to the end of the song) and transposed it from E flat to G flat. It so happens that the two tunes join up happily and that this transposition provides the tenor voice with a tessitura which matches Schubert’s original intention. The justification for this completion (if one were needed) is that it would have been a pity to lose the wonderful opening phrase entirely. Although the entire vocal line is genuine Schubert, the text printed above uses italics for the passages completed by Father Van Hoorickx.

MINERS’ SONG

Down into the shaft, brothers,
Down with good cheer.
There is a God who watches over us,
A Father great and good!
The music looks and sounds so like a battle march that the text can all too easily be misread, as if men were going into battle (‘in der Schlacht’) rather than down into the shaft (‘in den Schacht’). A single ‘l’ can make all the difference between hell above ground or below it. There were so many patriotic texts written in this period that one can imagine Austrian coal miners (or salt miners from the Salzburg region perhaps) preparing to make a stand against the enemy during the Wars of Liberation against Napoleon. In actual fact the struggle against the enemy is simply the miserable job of fighting to extract coal or ore of some kind from the ground and the composer makes the miners face the dangers of the depths with a combination of military spirit and religious faith which was absolutely typical of the war songs of the period.

There is nothing exceptional about the music for this four-part song which is in Schubert’s most conventional male-chorus manner. The left hand of the piano doubles the bass line, and there is little attempt to mirror the textual idea of going deep down into the mines apart from the plunging phrase, first for the basses and later for the tenors, on ‘Es ist ein Gott’. The composer seems to have little idea about what miners of the early nineteenth century actually had to go through in terms of terror and danger, and why they had to call on God to protect them. Indeed, the various gravediggers in Schubert’s solo songs burrow deeper under the music’s surface than these miners. Unfortunately we do not know who the author is, or even if the poem was originally German or a translation from another language. We do know however that this quartet shared a manuscript with a song written on the same day, Der Weiberfreund to D271. The text for this was a translation of an English poem by Abraham Cowley. It is an idle but tantalizing thought to speculate that both sides of the manuscript paper may contain settings of works of British origin. On that day the composer may have been looking at a book with a group of translations drawn from the English. Certainly this miners’ song is unlike anything else in Schubert’s output which otherwise avoided contact with the stressful occupations of the Industrial Revolution. It would certainly resonate more convincingly in the Welsh valleys than at a Viennese Schubertiad.

Theodor Körner (1791–1813)

[19] TRINKLIED VOR DER SCHLACHT
D169, 12 March 1815; first published in 1894

Schlacht, du brichst an!
Grüßt sie in freudigem Kreise,
Laut nach germanischer Weise.
Brüder, heran!
Noch perlt der Wein;
Eh’ die Posaunen erdröhnen,
Laßt uns das Leben versöhnen.
Brüder, schenkt ein!
Schlacht ruft! Hinaus!
Horch, die Trompeten werben.
Vorwärts, auf Leben und Sterben!
Brüder, trinkt aus!

The unique thing about this piece in Schubert’s output is its casting for two unison choirs and the use of a type of antiphonal arrangement which would sound well from different corners of St Mark’s in Venice, à la Monteverdi. It seems that two German squadrons placed at different parts of the battlefield are mustering their courage for the onslaught. The
story of soldiers singing together from opposing sides of the trenches in the Great War reminds us that Körner’s *Leyer und Schwert* enjoyed its greatest vogue in Germany (to judge by the numbers of sumptuously gilded editions to be found in all the second-hand book shops) in the years between Bismarck’s establishment of the Reich and the First World War.

English-speaking people sometimes find it difficult to tune into the inevitable connection between heavy drinking and the pondering of mortality which lies at the dark heart of this kind of Teutonic conviviality. It seems altogether natural in a German drinking song of this kind to see the affirmation of brotherhood and the sharing of a cup of wine as a prelude to ‘crossing the bar’ (rather than having it close at eleven in the English manner). At least there is nothing lachrymose or sentimental about this setting which has an energy derived from the rolling left-hand basses which simulate the rumbling of drums. It has something of the same grim triumphant mood as *Die Trommel gerühret*, Klärchen’s song from Beethoven’s music for Goethe’s *Egmont*. The music is marked ‘Schnell und feurig’ and the speed and fiery nature of this little chorus betokens great bravado until the end of the strophe and the final high A. There a hint of panic and terror in this note because of its tessitura; after all, it is just as unlikely that a regiment will be full of heroes as it is that a chorus will be overflowing with Pavarottis. No doubt Schubert designed this ending to propel the singers headlong into battle, but musicians are not often the best warriors.

The poem is the second last in Körner’s collection *Leyer und Schwert*. It was written to fit an extant tune with words by Karl Gottlob Cramer (1758–1817). This *Kriegslied* beginning ‘Feinde rings um!’ achieved the status of folksong (it was later set by the Bohemian composer Franz Gläser who was Schubert’s contemporary in Vienna) but Körner must have known and sung a much earlier version.

Theodor Körner (1791–1813)

**SCHWERTLIED**

D170 12 March 1815; first published in 1873

Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was soll dein heit’re Blinken?
Schaust mich so freundlich an,
Hab’ meine Freude dran.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

„Mich trägt ein wackrer Reiter,
Drum blink’ ich auch so heiter,
Bin freien Mannes Wehr,
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr."
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Nun laßt das Liebchen singen,
Daß helle Funken springen!
Der Hochzeitmorgen graut –
Hurrah, du Eisenbraut!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

*This poem stands at the end of the collection of *Leyer und Schwert*. An annotation tells us that it was written a few hours before the death of the poet, a fact which has not deterred the composer from making a hearty song out of the text, originally sixteen verses long. There is as usual, however, a chilling mirthlessness about this typically Teutonic marriage between death and celebration. It is as if the steel which is about to enter the unfortunate singer’s body has already*
entered his soul. For English-speaking listeners the accentuation of the word ‘Hurrah’ seems unusual. Schubert calls for sound effects at this final chorus where he stipulates that the sound of swords rattling should accompany the jubilation. Hyperion, despite its warlike lineage in Greek mythology, is not given to sabre-rattling on its own or anyone else’s behalf; we regret that the clanking of a hundred swords must be left to the imagination of the listener. It is interesting to imagine how the requisite sounds might have been conjured by the composer and his friends when, and if, this piece was sung (‘Any old iron?’) at a musical party. Are we to assume that just as the average American of today keeps a gun in the house, most Viennese householders could put their hands on a sword with relative ease? In itself the song is a stirring enough solo for a young tenor promoted from the choral ranks. The tempestuous piano writing displays a Beethovenian manner, and the abrupt chords of the postlude suggest swords hacking through the air as they counter the parry and thrust of an imaginary enemy.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, adapted from the hymn ‘Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben’

NUN LASST UNS DEN LEIB BEGRABEN
D168 9 March 1815; first published in 1872

Begrabt den Leib in seiner Gruft,
Bis ihn des Richters Stimme ruft.
Wir säen ihn, einst blüht er auf,
Und steigt verklärt zu Gott hinauf.

Grabt mein verwesliches Gebein,
O ihr noch Sterblichen nur ein,
Es bleibt, es bleibt im Grabe nicht,
Denn Jesus kommt und hält Gericht.

Ach, Gott, Geopfert! Dein Tod
Stärkt uns in uns’rer letzten Noth,
Laß’ uns’re ganze Seele dein,
Und freudig unser Ende sein.

After the hero’s death comes the funeral; the music of death was never far from the composer’s mind in 1815. Schubert has chosen words by a poet from an earlier epoch who was known as much for his patriotic (and sometimes very warlike and jingoistic) poems as for enchanting lyrics like Das Rosenband and his religious odes. At first glance the composer’s response to these words seems fairly conventional; but there is a brooding drama about the music which shows that the young composer was unable to stop responding to words even when he wanted to write a bleak and disciplined quasi-liturgical piece. The key is C minor, which reminds us of the terrible majesty of the Szene aus Faust (a dialogue between Gretchen and Mephistopheles with interpolated choral writing) which was written in December 1814. The slow dactylics (a minim plus two crotchets) represent the figure of Death; the use of this motif was to reach its apotheosis in Der Tod und das Mädchen. Note the gradual rise in pitch with Klopstock’s imagery: ‘sowing’ stays on one note (the notes on one level like so many seeds in the ground); with ‘blossoming’ the pitch climbs a minor third (on ‘blüht er auf’); finally ‘transfiguration’ changes B flat to B natural and opens up the music to a grand cadence on ‘Gott hinauf’. The opening of the second verse (‘Grabt mein verwesliches Gebein’) is an eerie dialogue between men and women’s voices. As one looks at the music on the page, the line of notes on the top two staves (the women mourners, perhaps) seem to be looking down at the buried tenor and basses whose music seems written in coffin outline. The music becomes more lively on ‘es bleibt im Grabe nicht’, a literal and musical differentiation between the quick and the dead. The pronouncing of
judgement (‘Jesus kommt und hält Gericht’) has the solemn grandeur of an old-fashioned Handelian overture. The workings of the Almighty were to be similarly depicted in dotted rhythms in *Dem Unendlichen* written a few months later. The third verse is something of a repetition of the first verse with an added coda melting into an old-fashioned *tierce de Picardie* of redemption. This piece has the grandeur of a state occasion; it is quite possible that Schubert was thinking about Körner when he wrote it.

Josef Kenner (1794–1868)

GRABLIED

D218 24 June 1815; published in 1848 as part of Book 42 of the Nachlass

Er fiel den Tod fürs Vaterland,
Den süßen der Befreiungsschlacht;
Wir graben ihm mit treuer Hand,
Tief, tief den schwarzen Ruheschacht.

Da schlaf, zerhauenes Gebein!
Wo Schmerzen einst gewühlt und Lust,
Schlug wild ein tösend Blei hinein
Und brach den Trotz der Heldenbrust.

Da schlaf’ gestillt, zerriß’nes Herz,
So wunschreich einst, auf Blumen ein,
Die wir im veichlichen März
Dir in die kühle Grube streu’n.

He met his death for the Fatherland,
A sweet death in the battle for freedom.
With loyal hands we bury him
Deep in the dark tomb of peace.

Sleep there, splintered bones!
Where sorrows and desires once gnawed
A deadly bullet struck savagely
And broke the hero’s resistance.

Shattered heart, once so rich in hopes,
There may you sleep peacefully upon the flowers
Which we scatter on your cool grave
In March, with its blooming violets.

Here is proof indeed, if any were needed, that the young men of the Schubert circle regarded the death of a war hero as something of a personal tragedy. Josef Kenner was one of the composer’s school friends and the poet of the unlikely ballad *Der Liedler*, the gothic horror of which, werewolves and all, gives us some idea of how the still impressionable young men of the Imperial Seminary thrilled to a *Jurassic Park* scenario of the day. But *Grablied* leaves this innocent high camp for the serious pitched battle of the Austrian soldier and the ‘Befreiungsschlacht’ against the French. References to ‘splintered bones’ and ‘deadly bullets’ show not only a typical young man’s fascination with the gory details of violence (at a time when ‘video’ was still only part of a Latin verb) but also the poet’s relief that he and his comrades, safely back at school in Vienna, were spared a similar fate. It is easy to see in this poem a specific lament for the poet Körner who, as a successful playwright and cultural figure in Vienna, had the double distinction of being an artist as well as a man of action. It is true that he had died some two years previously, but Napoleon’s unexpected return from Elba, and the tension induced by the frantic military activity of the ‘Hundred Days’ put the fears of the Viennese, and the achievements of their fallen, once more on the agenda. *Grablied* was written four days before the Battle of Waterloo, and *Kolmas Klage*¹⁵, which is a woman’s elegy for the death of her father and brother, was written only two days before that.

The music is typical of Schubert’s elegies of the period—Kosegarten’s *Schwangesang* also on this disc (and also originally in F minor) comes to mind. There are the usual sensitive touches one can all too easily take for granted: the word ‘süssen’ elicits a tender and lingering appoggiatura, and mention of the ‘Befreiungsschlacht’—the War of Liberation—prompts a note of rueful regret rather than self-satisfied jingoism. The semi-staccato chords in the accompaniment under ‘wir graben ihm’ (meant to suggest the sound of a shovel doing its grim work, iron against earth, at a burial) help classify *Grablied* as one of the composer’s gravedigger songs. The implication is that the singer is not only present at the funeral but actually doing the spade work—often the sad lot of a fellow soldier in the field. In such a
manner does the composer take himself to the scene of battle on a magic carpet of sound. The tomb-like depth of the piano in the little postlude as well as the ominous basses in octaves are prophetic of the greatest of all burial songs, written a decade later and without mention of war, *Totengräbers Heimweh* in F minor. Schubert’s feeling for key does not change over the years; in 1815 F minor was already his key for graveyard ritual.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724–1803)

**JESUS CHRISTUS UNSER HEILAND**
D168a 9 March 1815; first published in 1872

Überwunden hat der Herr den Tod!
Des Menschen Sohn und Gott ist auferstanden,
Ein Sieger auferstanden. Halleluja!

This little hymn illustrates well the strong Austrian link between Church and State, and above all between religion and patriotism. In the middle of a series of songs about fallen heroes, Schubert wrote a setting about the resurrection of Christ with no more or less seriousness than his laments for Körner and his compatriots. It seems that just as Christ is designated a ‘Sieger’—a warrior victor, the fallen warrior has achieved a kind of Christ-like status. The work appears in the first edition of the Deutsch catalogue as D987 because the dated autograph had disappeared. This came to light about twenty-five years ago; according to the second edition of the Deutsch catalogue (1978) the manuscript is in the Ogilvy of Inverquharty collection in Edinburgh. Even if both manuscripts had not proved to share the same date, hindsight makes it seem rather an easy task to link this piece with *Begräbnislied* D168. The key is E flat, the relative major of the C minor of *Begräbnislied*, and the mood of each work is a mirror image of the other; they were also both written to Klopstock texts and for SATB with piano, which is something of an unusual format for the composer of 1815. They are thus fitting companion pieces, the first burying the dead and the next promising resurrection. The most effective moment in this single page is the word-painting of ‘auferstanden’ which is the highest point in the piece and which rises dramatically in the air for a tied minim in graphic illustration of its meaning.

Schubert may well have written the pair for the Easter observances of 1815, as the date of 9 March suggests. Domestic performance of such sacred vocal music would be fitting for such a festival, though unlikely to have figured as part of the Catholic services at the local Lichtental parish church. However, Therese Grob who sang in the choir there may well have taken part at a gathering in the Schubert household. The texts are certainly serious and devout enough for the taste of Franz Schubert senior.

Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)

**HOFFNUNG**
(First Version) D251 7 August 1815; first published in 1872

Es reden und träumen die Menschen viel
Von bessern künftigen Tagen;
Nach einem glücklichen goldenen Ziel
Sieht man sie rennen und jagen.
Die Welt wird alt und wird wieder jung,
Doch der Mensch hofft immer Verbesserung!

Die Hoffnung führt ihn ins Leben ein,
Sie umflattert den fröhlichen Knaben,

Men talk and dream
Of better days to come;
You see them running and chasing
After a happy, golden goal.
The world grows old, and young again,
But man forever hopes for better things.
Hope leads man into life,
It bores around the happy boy;
Den Jüngling lockt ihr Zauberschein,
    Its magic radiance inspires the youth,
Sie wird mit dem Greis nicht begraben;
    Nor is it buried with the old man.
Denn beschließt er im Graben den müden Lauf,
    For though he ends his weary life in the grave
Noch am Grabe pflanzt er die Hoffnung auf.
    Yet on that grave he plants his hope.
Es ist kein leerer schmeichelnder Wahn,
    It is no vain, flattering illusion,
Erzeugt im Gehirne des Toren.
    Born in the mind of a fool.
Im Herzen kündet es laut sich an:
    Loudly it proclaims itself in men's hearts:
    We are born for better things.
Zu was Besserm sind wir geboren!
    Does not deceive the hopeful soul.
Und was die innere Stimme spricht,
    And what the inner voice tells us
Das täuscht die hoffende Seele nicht.

Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)

PUNSCHLIED (IM NORDEN ZU SINGEN)
D253 18 August 1815; first published in 1887 (Peters Vol.VII)
Auf der Berge freien Höhen,
    On the free heights of the mountains,
In der Mittagssonne Schein,
    In the light of the midday sun,
An des warmen Strahles Kräften
    And by the power of its warm beams,
Zeugt Natur den goldnen Wein
    Nature produces the golden vine.

Schiller was one of the most important inspirational figures of Schubert’s early years. His lyrics were well suited to the stirring times of the Napoleonic Wars, for his works advocated action as much as contemplation, and countless young men took his patriotism to heart. The poet’s bracing lack of self-pity, his masculine determination and boundless determination (see essay on this poet in the introduction to Volume 16, a disc devoted entirely to Schiller settings) made him a natural pioneer of Sturm und Drang. By 1815 it was well known that in later life he had backed away from the revolutionary ideals of his youth (his anti-tyrannical stance and early sympathy for the ideals of the French Revolution had made him seem subversive as a young man) and by 1815 his exhortations seemed conservative and old-fashioned enough to appeal to the Establishment. Moreover he was a patriot whose historical dramas told of the struggle of good against evil: in the great Piccolimini trilogy (Schubertians are familiar with the Thekla songs19 from Wallenstein) the public was transported to another period (during the Thirty Years’ War) when Germany was struggling for existence. Even Metternich approved of the poet whose status as a classic in Austria was confirmed by the authorised publication of a Viennese Schiller edition in 1809.

This little song is a triumph of tuneful simplicity. Much less well-known than, say, Heidenröslein, the music has the same catchy inevitability that distinguishes the composer’s folksong-like Lieder. Schubert has scanned through the words of the first verse and found two images which are the clues to the character of the setting—’rennen’ (running) and ‘jagen’ (chasing, or literally, hunting). Accordingly the music runs in delightful ascending flights of fancy (not only in the tripping vocal line but also in the piano; note the little interlude after the first ‘Verbesserung’) and the chase after happiness is suggested by the accompaniment’s hunting horns echoing in alternating thirds and sixths, particularly in the penultimate bar of the postlude. For all its charm, however, this song is perhaps a little too lightweight to match the universal scope of Schiller’s sentiments. Schubert must have thought so too; he returned to the poem at a later date and made another setting of greater harmonic complexity (D637) which is less carefree and optimistic, more evocative of impossible dreams and aspirations than of breezy certainties. Nevertheless, who else but Schubert with his whole life ahead of him, and everything to live and hope for, could have composed such an open-hearted little gem?
Und noch Niemand hat’s erkundet,
Wie die große Mutter schafft,
Unergründlich ist das Wirken,
Unerforschlich ist die Kraft.
Funkelnd wie ein Sohn der Sonne,
Wie des Lichtes Feuerquell,
Springt er perlend aus der Tonne,
Purpurn und kristallenhell.

And no-on has ever divined
How the Great Mother creates;
Her work is unfathomable,
Her power inscrutable.
Sparkling like a child of the sun,
Like the fiery source of light,
It spurts, bubbling, from the barrel,
Crimson and crystal-bright.

This is another of those hearty drinking songs which the composer seemed delighted to provide for musical gatherings in 1815. It is unusual only in that it is a duet. Schubert composed only two songs for mixed voices singing simultaneously, Licht und Liebe and Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, both for tenor and soprano, and this is his only duet for two tenors. It can also be sung without accompaniment and its inclusion in the seventh volume of the Peters Edition suggests that it would even work as a solo song. Drinking is a communal activity, however, and Einstein is probably right to think that a number of the other songs of ‘convivial character’ in the solo volumes might also be sung as choruses. Unlike certain of the male chorus songs where the piano accompaniment does no more than double and shadow the voice part (as if written for rehearsal purposes, which in some cases it almost certainly was), this Punschlied has an invigoratingly pianistic underlay which goes well with the marking ‘Feurig’ (fiery). The proudly repeated chords in B flat major at the beginning (the repetitive assertion of the key has a defiant Beethovenian ring to it) are in the manner of a polonaise, which may be the composer’s way of depicting ‘the North’. (After all, he used a similar rhythm for Lied eines gefangenen jägers set in the cold north of Scotland.) The two-bar postlude, tricky to play, reinforces the polonaise rhythm and adds to the piece’s high spirits which sparkle and foam in the jug thanks to the pianist’s nimble bar-tending talents. This Punschlied is not to be confused with another Schiller chorus of the same name (D277, also marked ‘Feurig’ and also composed in 1815) which appears in Volume 22.

Matthias Claudius (1740–1815)

KLAGE UM ALI BEY
D140 1815; published in 1850 as part of Book 45 of the Nachlass
Laßt mich! laßt mich! ich will klagen,
Fröhlich sein nicht mehr!
Aboudahab hat geschlagen
Ali und sein Heer.
So ein munt’rer, 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.
Aber, nun ist er gefallen,
Daß er’s doch nicht wär’!

LAMENT FOR ALI BEY
Leave me! Leave me! I wish to lament
And never again be joyful!
Abu Dahab has slain
Ali and his army!
Such a bold and cheerful warrior
There will never be again;
He vanquished all,
Hacking them to pieces.
He scorned wine and women,
Pursuing only the path of war,
And was beloved
By the newspapers.
But now he is fallen.
Would that he be bad not!
Ach, von allen Bey’s, von allen
War kein Bey wie er.
Jedermann in Syrus sagt:
„Schade, daß er fiel!“
Und in ganz Ägypten klaget
Mensch und Krokodil.

This song, one of Schubert’s very rare attempts at droll comedy, has been already recorded in its solo version in Volume 17 which was devoted to the songs of 1816 (see note on page 34 of the booklet). We know only that it was composed either in 1815 or 1816 and by including it in this Schubertiad we are hedging our bets. Of the two versions, it is almost certain the piece’s original form is as a trio and that the solo version was made for rehearsal purposes. The rather obscure fragment of Egyptian history which is the background to the Claudius poem (the slaying of Ali Bey by his favourite Abu Dahab in 1773) has prompted Schubert to imagine a trio of sycophants who make their plaint with elaborate ritual and patent insincerity. The idea of a trio of courtiers commenting on the misfortunes of their sovereign reminds us of the Three Ladies in Die Zauberflöte. Did Mandycezowski perhaps have this precedent in mind when he assigned this ensemble to three female voices in the 1897 Gesamtausgabe?

Gabriele von Baumberg (1775–1839), after an unidentified French poem

[27] ABENDSTÄNDCHEN („AN LINA“)
D265 23 August 1815; first published in 1895

Sei sanft, wie ihre Seele,
Und heiter wie ihr Blick,
O Abend! und vermähle
Mit selt’ner Treu das Glück.

Wenn alles schläf, und triibe
Die stille Lampe scheint,
Und hoffnungslose Liebe
Oft helle Tränen weint:
Vielleicht, daß Klagetöne
Von meinem Saitenspiel
Mehr wirken auf die Schöne,
Mehr reizen ihr Gefühl;
Vielleicht, daß meine Saiten
Und meine Phantasien
Ein Herz zur Liebe leiten,
Das unempfindlich schien.

EVENING SERENADE (‘TO LINA’)

Be as gentle as her soul,
And as serene as her gaze,
O evening, and reward
Such rare constancy with happiness!

When all sleep,
The silent lamp burns dimly;
Only hopeless love
Often sheds its shining tears.
Perhaps the sorrowful tones
Of my strings
Will touch the fair maiden more deeply,
And stir her feelings.
Perhaps my strings
And my improvisations
Will awaken love in a heart
That seemed unfeeling.

Our Schubertiad draws to a close; each of the singers featured on this disc presents one more solo song. The Austrian poetess Gabriele von Baumberg (for her portrait and biography see page 16 of the booklet accompanying Volume 15) was a significant Schubertian flirtation from the month of August 1815. She also had the signal honour of inspiring our composer to what was almost certainly his first ever song at the age of 13—Lebenstraum, which survives only in the form of a fragment. The two Baumberg settings already recorded in the series, An die Sonne and Der Morgenkuss, show us what to expect of the composer with this poetry. Baumberg was one of Schubert’s few female poets, certainly his first, and
the only woman whose work he set in 1815 (Karoline Pichler was to follow in 1816). It is thus interesting to see with what old-fashioned gallantry and almost ornate solicitousness he sets her work, for there is certainly a character to the Baumberg settings which is unique. It also confirms what the avid Schubertian already knows—that far from indiscriminately setting any verse which came to hand, and not caring a jot from whence it came, the composer was deeply concerned about his poetic collaborators. When he could not know them personally he liked to give them a shape or personality in his mind which became very much a part of the music which he wrote to their texts.

Reed and Einstein aver that this song sounds like Haydn, and it does; the preludes to this Abendständchen and to Der Morgenkuss share a florid eighteenth-century manner, with elegant little cascades of notes like so many ruffles on a dress, which is both feminine and reminiscent of the keyboard writing of that master. Despite the fact that Baumberg was an extremely passionate and emancipated woman (and this passion comes out in her verse) Schubert seems more comfortable to treat her, and thus her verse, with courtesy rather than familiarity (with the exception of the rollicking Lob des Tokayers which is a most unusual text for the average ladylike poetess of the time to have written). This is not to say that the Baumberg songs are dull, for apart from beautiful melodies and an almost magisterial sense of poise (An die Sonne, despite its simplicity is one of the grandest hymns to the sun ever written) the careful ear can also perceive delicious touches of imagination in the accompaniments. Note for example the exquisite little canonic interchange between left and right hand in the introduction to Abendständchen, as if in his mind’s eye the singer is imagining himself communing with Lina, she on the balcony of the treble stave and he at the street level of the bass clef, separated by only one bar, if not an iron grille. Thus the idea of a serenade is set up from the beginning, and the gentle floridity of the piano writing seems exactly right for the ‘Phantasien’—the improvisations mentioned in the last verse recorded here.

References to a lute here are a further excuse for the music’s old-fashioned manner, as is the formality of what seems to be a suit involving unrequited passion. In its deliberate evocation of the manners of lovers of an earlier age the song has something in common with Huldigung heard earlier on this disc. In this performance, in the manner of many a Lied of the period, the song’s introduction reappears as its postlude. Although this is not specified by the composer, it seems a pity to have only one chance to hear this inspired line of piano music. The text is apparently a translation of an original French poem but this has remained unidentified.

[Anonymous]

**Tischlerlied**

D274 25 August 1815; published in 1850 as part of Book 48 of the Nachlass

Mein Handwerk geht durch alle Welt
Und bringt mir manchen Taler Geld,
Deß bin ich hoch vergnügt.

Den Tischler braucht ein jeder Stand.
Schon wird das Kind durch meine Hand
In sanften Schlaf gewiegt.

Das Bette zu der Hochzeitnacht
Wird auch durch meinen Fleiß gemacht
Und künstlich angemalt.

Ein Geizhals sei auch noch so karg,
Er braucht am Ende einen Sarg,
Und der wird gut bezahlt.

**Carpenter’s Song**

My craftsmanship travels the world over
And brings me many a thaler,
Which makes me very happy.

Men of all ranks need a joiner.
Even the baby is rocked to gentle sleep
In my own handiwork.

The bed for the wedding night
Is also built and finely painted
By my hard work.

However mean the miser may be
He still needs a coffin in the end,
And for it I am well paid.
Drum hab’ ich immer frohen Mut
Und mache meine Arbeit gut,
Es sei Tisch oder Schrank.
Und wer bei mir brav viel bestellt
Und zahlt mir immer baares Geld,
Dem sag’ ich großen Dank.

So I am always cheerful,
And do my work well
Whether I am making a table or a cupboard.
And to all those who place good orders with me
And always pay in cash
I am deeply grateful.

This song is a product of that extraordinarily productive day, 25 August 1815, already referred to earlier in these notes. It is also one of the most ingenious of all Schubert’s many songs of working-class folk. The carpenter tells us that his work is at the bottom of everything; it supports us in our cradles and encloses in our coffins. His craft, in all its simplicity and lack of pretension, is all about the basics, and what could be more fundamental to the work of the musician than the bass line in the most simple of keys, C major? Accordingly, Schubert sets this anonymous text in such a way that the singer is the bottom line; the voice furnishes the foundation of the whole song in the same way that the carpenter provides a solid floor for his customers. Of course this bass line is also the tune, and rather a good one at that. For much of the song the pianist only uses his right hand; this extremely simple one-handed staccato accompaniment in combination with the voice in somewhat lugubrious mood provides an extraordinarily apt sound-picture of knocking-on-wood as the carpenter hammers home his simple philosophy. There is nothing terribly lyrical here (apart from a rocking motion at the end of the first verse, mirrored in the postlude, to signify the gentle movement of the cradle) for this workman takes after his material: he is wooden. But Schubert displays a truly dramatic skill in presenting a man who is also good at his work and proud of his skill of a different kind, a man who underpins our society, just as he claims. The preference shown for cash payment in the last verse would make the protagonist an honorary member of any musicians’ union. In listening to him you can see what it is that Wagner admired about Hans Sachs and the old-fashioned world of the German guilds. As ever, Schubert (like Shakespeare) is on the side of the simple man.

Theodor Körner (1791–1813)

WIEGENLIED

Cradle Song

D304 15 October 1815; first published in 1895

Schlumm're sanft! Noch an dem Mutterherzen
Fühlst du nicht des Lebens Qual und Lust;
Deine Träume kennen keine Schmerzen,
Deine Welt ist deiner Mutter Brust.

Ach! wie süß träumt man die frühen Stunden,
Wo man von der Mutterliebe lebt;
Die Erinnerung ist mir verschwunden,
Ahnung bleibt es nur, die mich durchhebt.

Slumber softly! Still in your mother’s arms
You do not feel life’s joy and torment;
Your dreams know no sorrows;
Your whole world is your mother’s breast.

Ab, how sweetly we dream in those early hours
When we live by our mother’s love;
My memory of them has faded;
Just an impression remains to thrill through me.

This is one of seven songs written on 15 October 1815 and almost every one is a ‘hit’—which is not to say well-known. The composer seems to have been in an exceptionally tender and loving mood, for who but someone with a full heart could have produced in a single day the three ravishing Stoll settings Lambertine, Labetrink der Liebe and An die Geliebte? Not content with intimate lyricism alone, Schubert went on to write a winsome Mein Gruss an den Mai, a hearty Das gestörte Glück and Skolie and the magisterial Die Sternenwellen. This Wiegenlied belongs to the tender and rhapsodic world of the Stoll songs, for it shares their seamless melodic flow and unhurried sensuality.

The key is F major which, according to John Reed’s interesting classification, is a tonality which is often associated with
sleep (cf. the Mayr-Schlaflied for example). An air of ineffable calm reigns over the song’s opening and Schubert uses the favourite device of keeping the accompaniment in the treble regions of the piano (for the first three bars at least) to give the picture of mother and child an air of innocence and freshness. Emotive words like ‘Qual’ and ‘Schmerzen’ on the other hand are decorated by expressive little melismas. The setting of ‘die Welt’ is astonishing. Schubert has poised these two words high in the stave (on an F and held G) as if their tessitura represents the vantage point from which the whole wide world may be viewed; in this part of a healthy tenor voice we are left in no doubt that the outlook is exhilarating. After this epic high point (proof if any were needed that this is no conventional lullaby), ‘… ist deiner Mutter Brust’ descends to nestle in the warmth of the body of the music in the middle of the stave. The composer must have been pleased with this phrase (as well he might) for he repeats it at the end of the strophe.

Performers are faced with something of a dilemma. After the first two strophes (which make a perfectly self-sufficient song) the next four hang together only as a progressive story—a type of Three Ages of Man where the infant is cuddled, the lover caressed and the dying man embraced by the angel of death. Even though the song is a good one, six strophes would make it overstay its welcome. Nevertheless it is only when we read the last verse (not recorded here) that we realize that Wiegenlied is related to the fate of Körner in Schubert’s mind, and that the composer has treated it as if it were that poet’s version of Vor meiner Wiege, another song which starts in the cradle and ends with death. It is then that we notice the somewhat hidden ‘death motif’ of a minim and two crotchets in more than half of the accompaniment’s bars, a pre-echo of another more famous angel of death in Der Tod und das Mädechen. The implication of course is that death stalks us all from the moment of birth. The singer who embarks on verse 3 must carry through to the end, and it is only at the sixth verse that death makes its appearance. Whether or not a slow strophic song of this kind can continue to engage the attention of the listener through six verses with the gravitas and eloquence the composer expected it to convey is a moot point. In later years Schubert would probably have set this text as a through-composed song.

Wiegenlied is this Schubertiad’s farewell to Theodor Körner who was such an influential, albeit posthumous, presence on the songs of 1815. Here is a dated list of the complete Körner settings:

- 27 February 1815: D163 Sängers Morgenlied (first version)
- 1 March 1815: D165 Sängers Morgenlied (second version)
- 1 March 1815: D166 Amphiarao
- March 1815: D164 Liebesrausch, fragment (first version)
- 8 April 1815: D 179 Liebesrausch (second version)
- 2 March 1815: D170 Schwertlied
- 2 March 1815: D171 Gebet während der Schlacht
- 2 March 1815: D172 Der Morgenstern, fragment
- 6 March 1815: D174 Das war ich
- 8 April 1815: D180 Sehnsucht der Liebe
- 6 May 1815: D206 Liebeständelei
- 5 October 1815: D304 Wiegenlied
- 5 October 1815: D309 Das gestörte Glück
- March 1818: D611 Auf der Riesenkoppel
DIE MACHT DER LIEBE

Überall wohin mein Auge blicket,
Herrschet Liebe, find' ich ihre Spur,
Jedem Strauch und Blümchen auf der Flur
Hat sie tief ihr Siegel eingedrückt.
Sie erfüllt, durchglüht, verjüngt und schmücket
Alles Lebende in der Natur;
Erd' und Himmel, jede Creatur,
Leben nur durch sie, von ihr beglückt.

Wherever my eyes turn
Love reigns: everywhere I find its trace.
On every bush and flower in the meadows
It has deeply imprinted its seal.
It pervades, warms, rejuvenates and adorns
All that lives in nature.
Heaven, earth, and all creatures
Live and find happiness through love alone.

Of all the wonderful songs written on 15 October (see note to the preceding song) this one is perhaps the least successful. It is not as if it lacks charm, elegance and tunefulness, it is just that the composer has failed to find a viable means to transfer Kalchberg's sonnet into a musical form; indeed it seems that he has not realised that it is a sonnet at all. Schubert made a number of word adaptions in the first verse which turned the iambic metre into trochaic. It is obvious that a second verse with the same music is unworkable without similar tinkering. It may have been, the Schubert enthusiast will rationalise, that the composer simply liked the title and first quatrain and was content to leave it at that. However the autograph has 'dazu eine Strophe' (one more verse) in the composer's hand and this is where the trouble begins: in his haste on that very busy day Schubert seems to have left a note to himself to remind him to 'fix' the second quatrain when he had a spare moment. But he never did; or else he saw that it would be too difficult. It was left to Eusebius Mandyczewski who, in imitation of the composer's editorial example and in deference to his express wish to have 'one more verse', published in the Gesamtausgabe the second verse sung here. Mandyczewski had to change a good deal to make this work: in the second line, for example, Kalchberg's original reads 'Das All der rastlos wirkenden Natur' as opposed to 'Alles Lebende in der Natur' which we hear in this performance. The closing sestet of the sonnet however is completely unadaptable to Schubert's music.

All this gives the impression (almost unknown in Schubert) that the tune was thought of before the words, or at the very least the tune took on a life of its own in the process of composition and the rhythm of the words was made to fit it. The end syllable '-cket' falls twice on a downbeat, which is not the best of word setting. There are a few illustrative touches however which would seem to argue that the composer's musical inspiration was, as ever, ruled by the text: the two phrases which make up 'Überall wo / hin, mein Auge' are identical, which gives the impression of repetitive search; the phrase 'der Flur hat sie tief ihr Siegel eingedrückt' moves to its lowest point on the word 'tief'; the piano postlude (repetitions of the same two-beat phrase with the first note accented) is a good musical analogue for the imprinting of a seal, not once but thrice, just to be sure. Nevertheless, simply because of an awkward mismatch of poetic and musical rhythms, Die Macht der Liebe does not rank with the greatest successes of 15 October.

JOHANN NEPOMUK RITTER VON KALCHBERG was perhaps the most important literary figure from the Steiermark region of Austria (he lived and worked in Graz) between the Enlightenment and the Romantic period. His work was well-known in Vienna through plays like Wulfing von Stubenberg and Die Ritterempörung. These were highly successful at a time when Schubert's father was probably going to the theatre in the 1790s, and this renown (Schubert could have heard the name at home) may explain why the young composer's eyes alighted with alacrity on this poem by Kalchberg (in the almanac Selam) which was promptly set despite its unsuitability for musical treatment. Schubert, who found the work of
another Styrian poet, Johann Fellinger, in the same almanac and set it on the same day (Die Sternenwelten) was later to have an enthusiastic relationship with the musical and literary life of Graz through the Pachler family. The chief fruit of that friendship was that Schubert took up the poetry of Karl von Leitner and provided us with a number of great songs (Die Sterne, Der Winterabend among others) in his last years. Kalchberg died in Graz only a few months before Schubert's visits there to the Pachler family, and only eighteen months or so before the composer's own death.

Alois Zettler (1778–1828)

**TRINKLIED**

D183 12 April 1815; first published in 1887 in Vol VII of Peters Edition

*Ihr Freunde und du, gold'ner Wein!*

*Versüßet mir das Leben:*
*Ohn' euch, Beglücker, wäre fein*
*Ich stets in Angst und Beben.*
*Ohne Freunde, ohne Wein,*
*Möcht'ich nicht im Leben sein.*
*Wer Tausende in Kisten schließt,*
*Nach Mehrerem nur trachtet,*
*Der Freunde Not und sich vergißt,*
*Sei reich! von uns verachtet.*
*Ohne Freunde, ohne Wein,*
*Mag ein Andrer Reicher sein!*
*Ohn‘allen Freund, was ist der Held?*
*Was sind des Reichs Magnaten?*
*Was ist ein Herr der ganzen Welt?*
*Ohne Freunde, ohne Wein,*
*Mag ich selbst nicht Kaiser sein!*
*Und muß einst an der Zukunft Port*
*Dem Leib die See' entschweben:*
*So wink' mir aus der Sel'gen Hort*
*Ein Freund und Saft der Reben:*
*Sonst mag ohne Freund und Wein*
*Ich auch nicht in Himmel sein.*

This Schubertiad started with a drinking song and, in the manner of many a bibulous party, ends with two. This piece (composed on the same day as the astonishingly more complex Die erste Liebe heard earlier on this disc) is designated as a *song with chorus* by Witteczek, the famous contemporary collector of Schubert autographs. Because its vocal line remains firmly in the middle of the stave (and is thus suitable for tenors, baritones and basses in a common-denominator tessitura) each of the singers takes a turn as soloist. This chimes well with Witteczek's description of the work as a 'Rundgesang', or roundelay. Two singers are thus introduced in preview — Jamie McDougall and Simon Keenlyside in the second and third verses respectively—who will sing solo songs in Volume 22 of the Schubert Edition. As is usual in German drinking songs, the Grim Reaper makes an appearance in the last strophe. The tune is attractive and instantly memorable – just the thing for a gathering of men with more serious things on their minds (imbibing chief
among them) than the mastering of musical complexities. The accompaniment of the verses consists of robust chords to support the refrains and quavers which flow as freely as the refreshment on tap. The number of notes in the accompaniment presupposes a pianist who is prepared to drink much less than his confrères. In the absence of the automobile one might argue that the pianist on these occasions was the ‘designated driver’ of the epoch – forced to sit and watch the pleasures of others, although always on hand to transport them to another realm. Such it seems was Schubert’s selflessness on these occasions. At the end the poet prefers to stay on earth rather than go to heaven, which is reminiscent of the sentiments at the end of the celebrated song Seligkeit 11.

Like Kalchberg, ALOIS ZETTLER was a contemporary of Schubert’s whose life was spent in the service of the Austrian civil service. He was born to poor parents in Bohemia but by dint of his hard work achieved distinction in Vienna and eventually achieved high office in the Imperial Censor’s office where the poet Mayrhofer also worked. His works were published in various Viennese periodicals between 1811 and 1816 and Schubert discovered this poem in the same 1814 edition of the almanac Selam in which he also found the poems of Die Sternenwelten 15 and Die Macht der Liebe. In the absence of other settings by the composer, Zettler’s greatest claim to fame is that he died only twelve days before Schubert in November 1828, and of the same complaint (‘Nervenfieber’) as that which appears on the composer’s death certificate. A medical historian would be tempted to ask if it could have been the same disease (part of an epidemic perhaps) which carried off both poet and composer within days of each other. The poet Christoph Kuffner (whom Schubert also set only once—the song Glaube, Hoffnung und Liebe D955) published a volume of Zettler’s verse in 1836.

[32] **TRINKLIED**

**Anonymous**

D267 25 August; first published in 1872

Auf! Jeder sei nun froh und sorgenfrei!
Ist noch Jemand, der mit Gram
Schwer im Herzen zu uns kam:
Auf! auf! er sei nun froh und sorgenfrei!

**DRINKING SONG**

Come! Let every man be glad and carefree!
And if there’s anyone who came to us
With grief weighing on his heart,
Come, let him now be glad and carefree!

This bracing little song is a suitably happy conclusion to this Schubertiad. The marking is ‘Feurig’ (‘fiery’) and yet the dynamic for the introduction of this chorus for four men’s voices is pianissimo; Schubert obviously relished the sudden contrast between these four bars from the piano and the sudden fortissimo when the voices enter the fray. The accompaniment’s left hand consists of restlessly moving staccato quavers, sometimes in single notes and sometimes doubled in octaves, which suggest an orchestral accompaniment with détaché bowing from the lower strings. The repeat mark is the only encouragement necessary to sing these cheerful anonymous words again. The text promises happiness and comfort to anyone burdened with care who comes to this gathering.

How well, and for how long have these words kept their promise to Schubertians everywhere! Life under Metternich was uncomfortable in spiritual terms and Schubert’s music must have seemed a refuge of sanity and goodness. Without freedom of speech and thought, and without the benefit of gas lamp, much less electric light, the musical citizens of Vienna seem not to have gone without enlightenment and radiance. How we envy those first Schubertians their ability to have simply walked through a door and encountered first performances of countless pieces of life-enhancing music, created in many cases specifically for their enjoyment. That lucky band, unaware that it was only thanks to Schubert that many of their names would achieve immortality, were witnesses to, moreover participants in, a miraculous combination of creativity and sociability which is without parallel in the history of music.
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Copies of Reinhard Van Hoorickx’s completions of Schubert songs are available from The Schubert Institute (UK) For information please send s.a.e. to Mr Paul Reid (SIUK), 56a Moor Lane, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Leeds LS25 6DN.

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