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FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

**Winterreise** D911

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GERALD FINLEY baritone
JULIUS DRAKE piano
According to the memoirs of Schubert’s friend Joseph von Spaun—more reliable than most Schubertian reminiscences—the composer was in melancholy spirits in the early months of 1827. Asked what was wrong, Schubert replied: ‘Well, you will soon hear and understand.’ Then on 4 March Schubert invited a group of friends to the house of the rich dilettante Franz von Schober, where, as Spaun recalled, he would sing ‘a cycle of spine-chilling (schauerliche) songs. I am anxious to know what you will say about them. They have affected me more than any of my other songs.’ Schubert, depressed and distracted, failed to turn up at Schober’s that evening. But the promised event did apparently take place that spring or summer, when he sang them through ‘in a voice wrought with emotion’. His hearers were baffled at the unrelieved gloom of the songs. Schober probably spoke for many when he said he liked only Der Lindenbaum, the most obviously ‘tuneful’ number in the cycle. Schubert, conscious he had achieved something quite extraordinary even by his standards, reportedly replied: ‘I like these songs better than any others, and you will come to like them as well.’

What his friends heard that evening was, in fact, only the first twelve songs of Winterreise, settings of poems by Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827) which Schubert had discovered in a periodical, apparently given to him by Schober. He evidently considered the ‘cycle’ complete, casting the twelfth song, Einsamkeit, in the same key (D minor) as the opening song, and writing ‘Finis’ at the end of the manuscript.

A few months later, in the autumn of 1827, Schubert alighted on Müller’s complete Winterreise, containing an extra twelve poems which had been intercalated throughout the existing texts. As the first twelve songs were already with the printer, he merely appended the new songs to the original twelve. Schubert would probably have adopted Müller’s order if he had come across the complete Winterreise in the first place. But the fact is that he didn’t. While certain songs arguably make better psychological sense in Müller’s sequence—Die Post as No 6, rather than as No 13, for instance, or Frühlingstraum as No 21, immediately after another hallucinatory song, Die Nebensonnen—Schubert created a virtue from necessity: in his order Die Post provides a bracing contrast to the gradually darkening inner and outer landscapes, revitalizing the cycle at its mid-point; and it is significant that Schubert chose to place the desperate bravado of Mut! at No 22, rather than at No 23, as in Müller. In his order, Die Nebensonnen and Der Leiermann form a haunted close to the cycle, their transfigured bleakness and suffering uninterrupted by any show of defiance.

Before Winterreise Schubert had composed individual songs of pathos and despair, even of apocalyptic terror. What was new about the cycle—and what evidently disturbed his friends—was the spareness and angularity of much of the writing, the work’s sustained godless pessimism and its obsessive exploration of a mind veering between delusion, ironic self-awareness and nihilistic despair. The water music, limpid, turbulent or benedictory, of Schubert’s earlier Müller cycle, Die schöne Müllerin, yields in Winterreise to musical emblems of trudging and stumbling, bareness and exhaustion, derangement and frozen, trancelike stillness. The protagonist is no longer an innocent, trusting youth but one whose life has been blasted by experience, a man severed from normal human bonds and fated, like Goethe’s disturbed old Harper and the lone, brooding figures in the darker landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich, to remain at the margins of existence.

Beyond this, the cycle’s intermittent sense of existential absurdity (say, in Der greise Kopf and Die Krähe) distantly foreshadows the world of Samuel Beckett. ‘The grim journey’, as he dubbed it, was a favourite work of the Irish playwright’s, as it was of Benjamin Britten, who ranked
Winterreise with Bach’s B minor Mass (its spiritual antithesis) as the twin peaks of Western music.

The repeated chords of the first song, Gute Nacht, immediately evoke the trudge of the wanderer’s footsteps, a musical image that will recur, with gradually increasing weariness, throughout the cycle. Schubert turns to the tonic major for the last verse, conjuring with exquisite pathos an irretrievable happiness; but the minor returns, with a gentle twist of the knife, on the singer’s final ‘An dich hab’ ich gedacht’. This major-minor symbolism, the minor mode evoking the grim reality of the wanderer’s plight, the major dream, delusion or remembered bliss, will be a crucial structural factor in the whole cycle.

In Die Wetterfahne, with its gusting, whistling winds and gyrating weathervane—graphically evoked by the piano—we learn that the wanderer has been jilted, like the protagonist of Schumann’s Dichterliebe, in favour of a rich suitor (‘Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut’). The song’s tone of mocking bitterness will surface periodically throughout Winterreise. The next two songs are dominated by images of ice and scalding tears. In Gefrorne Tränen the trudging gait of Gute Nacht has already grown wearier; and the music freezes altogether at ‘Ei Tränen’, a graphic—and deeply disquieting—realization of Müller’s conceit of tears turning to ice. Erstarrung, with its sweeping lines and moto perpetuo accompaniment (note the dialogue between voice and piano left hand—a favourite Schubert technique), is the most urgent and impassioned of all the Winterreise songs, taking its cue from the ‘burning tears’ of the poem.

More than any of the other Winterreise songs, Der Lindenbaum (the linden tree, with its idyllic associations, played a crucial role in the German Romantic imagination) has attained an independent popularity. German and Austrian schoolchildren sing it as a quasi-folksong. But the beguilingly sweet melody, soft, full keyboard harmonies and suggestions of distant horn calls (another quintessential German Romantic symbol) are even more haunting within the context of the cycle. Major turns to minor for the third verse as dream and memory are confronted by the chill reality of the storm-swept night.

The imagery of ice and scalding tears reappears in Wasserflut; here the key word ‘Weh’ is set to a searing, stabbing dissonance, all the more shocking after a sequence of simple tonic and dominant harmonies. Auf dem Flusse resumes the walking gait of Gute Nacht with a new lassitude.
At the words ‘Wie still bist du geworden’ the harmony dips softly to the chord a semitone below the home key, an eerie, heart-stopping evocation of the river glazing over into ice. In the tonally unstable final verse the fragmented vocal line underlines the wanderer’s increasingly introspective anguish. Rückblick looks back to Erstarrung, with a heightened agitation created by the syncopations, offbeat accents and irregular phrasing. In the nostalgic major-keyed section, the memory of ‘runden Lindenbäume’ prompts an unmistakable allusion to Der Lindenbaum.

From now on the wanderer’s lost love recedes further into the background as the cycle takes on an increasingly universal, philosophical dimension. The hypnotic motion of Irrlicht is the first hint of madness which is to flicker through the later songs in the cycle. In Rast (where the charcoal-burner remains an offstage presence, unheeded by the music) the weak offbeat accents and static bass graphically evoke the traveller’s weariness; the curling semiquaver patterns at the end of each strophe were surely inspired by the image of the serpent in the final lines.

Frühlingstraum uses the same major-minor symbolism as Der Lindenbaum, with the dream evoked in another of Schubert’s tenderly innocent quasi-folksongs, and minor-keyed reality breaking in with the screeching, discordant cries of the cock and ravens. Most poignantly of all, the slow final section oscillates between major and minor as dreaming mingles with wry self-awareness. Einsamkeit, the final song in Schubert’s original conception, looks back to Gute Nacht and Rast in its accompaniment and melodic contours, though the vocal line is now more fragmented, the piano textures barer.

With its galloping rhythms and braying posthorn calls, Die Post has a vigour that may seem startling in the context of this cycle. In Schubert’s order it represents the wanderer’s last, fleeting, contact with the world of cheerful, robust normality, and significantly it is the last song in which his lost love is mentioned. In the next two songs the spectre of madness returns. Der greise Kopf seems to encapsulate in the vast span of the opening phrase all the immense burden of the traveller’s anguish. Yet there is also a hint of pitch-black, Beckettian humour here and in the trance-like Die Krähe, where the shadowing of the voice by the piano at the higher octave evokes the silently circling crow, sinister companion and predator.

The desultory two-note figures that blur the pulse and the tonality in Letzte Hoffnung simultaneously suggest the falling leaves, the wanderer’s tottering footsteps and his loosening grip on reality—a wonderful example of Schubert’s gift for inventing musical images that paint both the external scene and the protagonist’s inner state. Tonal rhythmic stability is only attained with the great arching phrases at ‘Wein, wein’. The aching beauty of this cantilena is paralleled at the end of Im Dorfe, in which the snarling of the dogs, their rattling chains and the complacently sleeping villagers form an ironic backdrop to the traveller’s mingled bitterness and resignation. In contrast, Der stürmische Morgen, with its blustering unison writing, is a song of wild bravado before the encroaching derangement of the final numbers.

The lilt of Täuschung looks back to Frühlingstraum. Schubert here recycles a ballad number from his opera Alfonso und Estrella, never performed in the composer’s lifetime. Yet with its faux-naïf simplicity and ironic suggestion of a Viennese waltz, it is a perfect emblem of the wanderer’s pathetic delusion and exclusion from the world of human conviviality. Der Wegweiser is the longest and most complex of this final group of songs, and the last dominated by the walking rhythm of Gute Nacht. The singer’s chant-like monotone and the piano’s slow-moving chromatic bass (time-honoured musical symbol of death) lend a terrifying power to the final ‘Einen Weiser seh’ ich stehen’. Müller was a noted scholar of English literature,
and the poem’s last two lines were surely suggested by Hamlet’s ‘The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns’. But the prospect of death here is denied the wanderer in *Das Wirtshaus*, a song both majestic and bitingly ironic, whose sonorous, organ-like chords and solemn, measured phrases have obvious churchly associations.

*Mut!* is a counterpart to *Der stürmische Morgen*, hurling defiance at God and fate in a manic parody of a military march. Delusion, now disturbingly serene, returns in *Die Nebensonnen*, whose incantatory, sarabande melody revolves, trance-like, around one note. The symbolism of the suns has been endlessly debated: there may be allusions to lines from Shakespeare’s *Henry VI Part 3* here, or to a physical phenomenon known as parhelion, whereby refraction of light by ice crystals in the cloud produces images of the sun on either side of it. Yet it is surely more in keeping with the simplicity and directness of the poetic imagery in *Winterreise* that the first two suns should symbolize the eyes of the beloved, the third the wanderer’s own life.

In the final *Der Leiermann* he makes contact with another human being, the ancient hurdy-gurdy man, a forlorn, tottering figure forever condemned to grind out repeated snatches of wheezing melody. (Hurdy-gurdy men were a commonplace in and around Schubert’s Vienna.) After the almost compassionate address to the old man and the despairing final ‘drehn’, the strange pair seem to recede into the frozen landscape. Whether one sees the hurdy-gurdy man as a symbol of death, or as a terrifying vision of the wanderer’s own future existence (according to the dramatist Eduard von Bauernfeld, Schubert saw him as a portent of what he might become as his illness took its toll), this shockingly bare, desolate music stands as an enigmatic epitaph to Schubert’s fathomlessly great cycle of ‘spine-chilling songs’.

RICHARD WIGMORE © 2014
WINTERREISE
D911, first part begun in February 1827, the second part in October 1827; published in two volumes as Op 89
Part One appeared on 14 January 1828; Part Two on 30 December 1828, just over a month after the composer’s death

Gute Nacht

I arrived a stranger,
A stranger I depart.
May blessed me
With many a bouquet of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage;
Now the world is so desolate,
The path concealed beneath snow.

I cannot choose the time
For my journey;
I must find my own way
In this darkness.

A shadow thrown by the moon
Is my companion;
And on the white meadows
I seek the tracks of deer.

Why should I tarry longer
And be driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
Before their master’s house.

Love delights in wandering—
God made it so—
From one to another.
Beloved, good night!

I will not disturb you as you dream,
It would be a shame to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps;
Softly, softly the door is closed.

As I pass I write
‘Good night’ on your gate,
So that you might see
That I thought of you.
2  Die Wetterfahne
original key A minor; Ziemlich geschwind
Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht’ ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie pfiff’ den armen Flüchtling aus.
Er hätt’ es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
So hätt’ er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.
Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen,
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

3  Gefrorne Tränen
original key F minor; Nicht zu langsam
Gefrorne Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab:
Ob es mir denn entgangen,
Daß ich geweinet hab’?
Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,
Und seid ihr gar so lau,
Daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise,
Wie kühler Morgentau?
Und dringt doch aus der Quelle
Der Brust so glühend heiß,
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen
Des ganzen Winters Eis.

4  Erstarrung
original key C minor; Ziemlich schnell
Ich such’ im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Wo sie an meinem Arme
Durchstrich die grüne Flur.
Ich will den Boden küssen,
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,
Bis ich die Erde seh’.

The weathervane

The wind is playing with the weathervane
On my fair sweetheart’s house.
In my delusion I thought
It was whistling to mock the poor fugitive.
He should have noticed it sooner,
This sign fixed upon the house;
Then be would never have sought
A faithful woman within that house.
Inside the wind is playing with hearts,
As on the roof, only less loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

Frozen tears

Frozen drops fall
From my cheeks;
Have I, then, not noticed
That I have been weeping?
Ab tears, my tears,
Are you so tepid
That you turn to ice,
Like the cold morning dew?
And yet you well up, so scaldingly hot,
From your source within my heart,
As if you would melt
All the ice of winter.

Numbness

In vain I seek
Her footprints in the snow,
Where she walked on my arm
Through the green meadows.
I will kiss the ground
And pierce ice and snow
With my burning tears,
Until I see the earth.
Wo find’ ich eine Blüte,
Where shall I find a flower?
Wo find’ ich grünes Gras?
Where shall I find green grass?
Die Blumen sind erstorben,
The flowers have died,
Der Rasen sieht so bläß.
The grass looks so pale.
Soll denn kein Angedenken
Shall I, then, take
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
No memento from here?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
When my sorrows are stilled
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?
Who will speak to me of her?
Mein Herz ist wie erstorben,
My heart is as dead,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin:
Her image coldly rigid within it;
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
If my heart ever melts again
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin.
Her image, too, will flow away.

**Der Lindenbaum**

original key E major; *Mässig*

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
By the well, before the gate,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Stands a linden tree;
Ich träumt’ in seinem Schatten
In its shade I dreamt
So manchen süßen Traum.
Many a sweet dream.
Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
In its bark I carved
So manches liebe Wort;
Many a word of love;
Es zog in Freud’ und Leide
In joy and sorrow
Zu ihm mich immer fort.
I was ever drawn to it.
Ich mußt’ auch heute wandern
Today, too, I had to walk
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Past it at dead of night;
Da hab’ ich noch im Dunkel
Even in the darkness
Die Augen zugemacht.
I closed my eyes.
Und seine Zweige rauschten,
And its branches rustled
Als riefen sie mir zu:
As if they were calling to me:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
‘Come to me, friend,
Hier findst du deine Ruh’!
‘Here you will find rest.’
Die kalten Winde bliesen
The cold wind blew
Mir grad’ in’s Angesicht,
Straight into my face,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
My hat flew from my head;
Ich wendete mich nicht.
I did not turn back.
Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Now I am many hours’ journey
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
From that place;
Und immer hör’ ich’s rauschen:
Yet I still hear the rustling:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!
‘There you would find rest.’
6 Wasserflut
original key F sharp minor, changed in the first edition to E minor; Langsam

Manche Trän’ aus meinen Augen
Ist gefallen in den Schnee:
Seine kalten Flocken saugen
Durstig ein das heiße Weh.
Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen,
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen,
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.
Schnee, du weißt von meinem Sehnen;
Sag’, wohin doch geht dein Lauf?
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
Nimmt dich bald das Bächlein auf.
Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,
Muntre Straßen ein und aus;
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

Flood

Many a tear has fallen
From my eyes into the snow;
Its cold flakes eagerly suck in
My burning grief.

When the grass is about to shoot forth,
A mild breeze blows;
The ice breaks up into pieces
And the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know of my longing;
Tell me, where does your path lead?
If you but follow my tears
The brook will soon absorb you.

With it you will flow through the town,
In and out of bustling streets;
When you feel my tears glow,
There will be my sweetheart’s bouse.

7 Auf dem Flusse
original key E minor; Langsam

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluß,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Gibst keinen Scheidegruß.
Mit harter, starrer Rinde
Hast du dich überdeckt,
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich
Im Sande ausgestreckt.
In deine Decke grab’ ich
Mit einem spitzen Stein
Den Namen meiner Liebsten
Und Stund’ und Tag hinein:
Den Tag des ersten Grußes,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging,
Um Nam’ und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

On the river

You who rippled so merrily
Clear, boisterous river,
How still you have become;
You give no parting greeting.

With a hard, rigid crust
You have covered yourself;
You lie cold and motionless,
Stretched out in the sand.

On your surface I carve
With a sharp stone
The name of my beloved,
The hour and the day.

The day of our first greeting,
The date I departed.
Around name and figures
A broken ring is entwined.
Mein Herz, in diesem Bache
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?
Ob’s unter seiner Rinde
Wohl auch so reißend schwillt?

**Rückblick**

original key G minor; *Nicht zu geschwind*⁸

Es brennt mir unter beiden Sohlen,
Tret’ ich auch schon auf Eis und Schnee,
Ich möcht’ nicht wieder Atem holen,
Bis ich nicht mehr die Türme seh’.

Hab’ mich an jeden Stein gestoßen,
So eilt’ ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
Die Kräh’ warfen Bäll’ und Schloß
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

Wie anders hast du mich empfangen,
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!
An deinen blanken Fenstern sangen
Die Lerch’ und Nachtigall im Streit.

Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten!—
Da war’s geschehn um dich, Gesell!

Kommst mir der Tag in die Gedanken,
Möcht’ ich noch einmal rückwärts sehn,
Möcht’ ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille stehn.

**Irrlicht**

original key B minor; *Langsam*⁸

In die tiefsten Felsengründe
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
’S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

My heart, do you now recognize
Your image in this brook?
Is there not beneath its crust
Likewise a seething torrent?

Backward glance

The soles of my feet are burning,
Though I walk on ice and snow;
I do not wish to draw breath again
Until I can no longer see the towers.

I tripped on every stone,
Such was my hurry to leave the town;
The crows threw snowballs and hailstones
On to my hat from every house.

How differently you received me.
Town of inconstancy!
At your shining windows
Lark and nightingale sang in rivalry.

The round linden trees blossomed,
The clear fountains plashed brightly,
And, ab, a maiden’s eyes glowed;
Then, friend, your fate was sealed.

When that day comes to my mind
I should like to look back once more,
And stumble back
To stand before her house.

Will-o’-the-wisp

A will-o’-the-wisp enticed me
Into the deepest rocky chasms;
How I shall find a way out
Does not trouble my mind.

I am used to straying;
Every path leads to one goal.
Our joys, our sorrows—
All are a will-o’-the wisp’s game.
Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen
Wind’ ich ruhig mich hinab—
Jeder Strom wird’s Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

Rast
original key D minor, changed to C minor at a later stage in time for the first edition; Mässig

Nun merk’ ich erst, wie müd’ ich bin,
Da ich zur Ruh’ mich lege;
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin
Auf unwirtbarem Wege.
Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,
Es war zu kalt zum Stehen,
Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,
Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.
In eines Köhlers engem Haus
Hab’ Obdach ich gefunden;
Doch meine Glieder ruhn nicht aus:
So brennen ihre Wunden.
Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und Sturm
So wild und so verwegern,
Fühlst in der Still’ erst deinen Wurm
Mit heißem Stich sich regen!

Frühlingstraum
original key A major; Etwas bewegt

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen, 
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen, 
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krähten, 
Da ward mein Auge wach; 
Da war es kalt und finster, 
Es schrien die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben 
Wer malte die Blätter da? 
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer, 
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Down the dry gullies of the mountain stream
I calmly wend my way;
Every river will reach the sea;
Every sorrow, too, will reach its grave.

Rest

Only now, as I lie down to rest,
Do I notice how tired I am.
Walking kept me cheerful
On the inhospitable road.

My feet did not seek rest;
It was too cold to stand still.
My back felt no burden;
The storm helped to blow me onwards.

In a charcoal-burner’s cramped cottage
I found shelter.
But my limbs cannot rest,
Their wounds burn so.

You too, my heart, so wild and daring
In battle and tempest;
In this calm you now feel the stirring of your serpent,
With its fierce sting.

Dream of spring

I dreamt of bright flowers
That blossom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows
And merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed
My eyes awoke:
It was cold and dark.
Ravens cawed from the roof.

But there, on the window panes,
Who had painted the leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?
Ich träumte von Lieb’ um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.
Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Herz wach;
Nun sitz’ ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.
Die Augen schließ’ ich wieder,
Noch schläft das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt’ ich mein Liebchen, im Arm?

Einsamkeit
original key D minor, changed to B minor for the first edition; Langsam

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitren Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:
So zieh’ ich meine Straße
Dahin mit trägem Fuß,
Durch helles, frohes Leben,
Einsam und ohne Gruß.
Ach, daß die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, daß die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.

Die Post
original key E flat major; Etwas geschnitv

Von der Straße her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, daß es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?
Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.
Was drängst du denn so wunderlich,
Mein Herz?
Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt’,
Mein Herz!
Willst wohl einmal hinübersehn,
Und fragen, wie es dort mag gehn,
Mein Herz?

Der greise Kopf

Original key C minor; Etwas langsam

Der Reif hat einen weißen Schein
Mir über's Haar gestreuet.
Da glaubt' ich schon ein Greis zu sein,
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.
Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,
Hab' wieder schwarze Haare,
Daß mir's vor meiner Jugend graut—
Wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!
Von Abendrot zum Morgenlicht
Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.
Wer glaubt's? Und meiner ward es nicht
Auf dieser ganzen Reise!

Die Krähe

Original key C minor; Etwas langsam

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.
Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?
Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

Letzte Hoffnung

Original key E flat major; Nicht zu geschwind

Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.

Do you want to peep out
And ask bow things are thhere,
My heart?

The grey head

The frost has sprinkled a white sheen
Upon my hair:
I thought I was already an old man,
And I rejoiced.

But soon it melted away;
Once again I have black hair,
So that I shudder at my youth.
How far it is still to the grave!

Between sunset and the light of morning
Many a bead has turned grey.
Who will believe it? Mine has not done so
Throughout this whole journey.

The crow

A crow has come with me
From the town,
And to this day
Has been flying ceaselessly about my bead.
Crow, you strange creature,
Will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
To seize my body as prey?
Well, I do not have much further to walk
With my staff.
Crow, let me at last see
Faithfulness unto the grave!

Last hope

Here and there on the trees
Many a coloured leaf can still be seen.
I often stand, lost in thought,
Before those trees.
Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,
Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;
Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
Zittr’ ich, was ich zittern kann.
Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab,
Fall’ ich selber mit zu Boden,
Wein’ auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

Im Dorfe
original key D major; Etwas langsam

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten.
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,
Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben;
Und morgen früh ist Alles zerflossen—
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen,
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissau.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,
Laßt mich nicht ruhn in der Schlummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen—
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

Der stürmische Morgen
original key D minor; Ziemlich geschnud, doch kräftig

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
Des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
Umher in mattem Streit.
Und rote Feuerflammen
Ziehn zwischen ihnen hin.
Das nenn’ ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn!
Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eigens Bild—
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild.

I look at one such leaf
And hang my hopes upon it;
If the wind plays with my leaf
I tremble to the depths of my being.
Ab, and if the leaf falls to the ground
My hopes fall with it;
I, too, fall to the ground
And weep on the grave of my hopes.

In the village

Dogs bark, chains rattle;
People sleep in their beds,
Dreaming of many a thing they do not possess,
Consoling themselves with the good and the bad.
And tomorrow morning all will have vanished.
Well, they have enjoyed their share,
And hope to find on their pillows
What they still have left to savour.

Drive me away with your barking, watchful dogs;
Allow me no rest in this hour of sleep!
I am finished with all dreams.
Why should I linger among slumberers?

The stormy morning

How the storm has torn apart
The grey mantle of the sky!
Tattered clouds fly about
In weary conflict.

And red flames
Dart between them.

This is what I call
A morning after my own heart.

My heart sees its own image
Painted in the sky.
It is nothing but winter—
Winter, cold and savage.
**Täuschung**

original key A major; *Etwas geschwind*

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her;  
Ich folg’ ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;  
Ich folg’ ihm gern und seh’ ihm an,  
Daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.  
Ach, wer wie ich so elend ist,  
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,  
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus  
Ich folg’ ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;  
Du kannst nicht hoffen, was du wünschst.  
Daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.

**Der Wegweiser**

original key G minor; *Mässig*

Was vermeid’ ich denn die Wege,  
Wo die anderen Wandrer gehn,  
Suche mir versteckte Stege  
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?  
Habe ja doch nichts begangen,  
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheun—  
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen  
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheun—  
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen  
Treibt mich in die Wüstenein?  
Weiser stehen auf den Wegen,  
Weisen auf die Städte zu,  
Und ich wandre sonder Maßen,  
Ohne Ruh’, und suche Ruh’.  
Einen Weiser seh’ ich stehen  
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;  
Eine Straße muß ich gehen,  
Die noch Keiner ging zurück.

**Das Wirtshaus**

original key F major; *Sehr langsam*

Auf einen Totenacker  
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.  
Allhier will ich einkehren:  
Hab’ ich bei mir gedacht.
Ihr grünen Totenkränze
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
Die müde Wandrer laden
In’s kühle Wirtshaus ein.
Sind denn in diesem Hause
Die Kammern all’ besetzt?
Bin matt zum Niedersinken
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.
O unbarmherz’ge Schenke,
Doch weisest du mich ab?
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,
Mein treuer Wanderstab!

22 Mut!
original key A minor, changed to G minor before the printing of the first edition; Ziemlich geschwind, doch kräftig
Fliegt der Schnee mir in’s Gesicht,
Schüttl’ ich ihn herunter.
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,
Sing’ ich hell und munter.
Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,
Habe keine Ohren,
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,
Klagen ist für Toren.
Lustig in die Welt hinein
Gegen Wind und Wetter!
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,
Sind wir selber Götter.

23 Die Nebensonnen
original key A major; Nicht zu langsам
Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel stehn,
Hab’ lang’ und fest sie angesehen;
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.
Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut Andern doch in’s Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt’ ich auch wohl drei:
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.
Ging’ nur die dritt’ erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

Green funeral wreaths,
You must be the signs
Inviting tired travellers
Into the cool inn.
Are all the rooms
In this house taken, then?
I am weary to the point of collapse,
I am fatally wounded.
Pitiless tavern,
Do you nonetheless turn me away?
On, then, press onwards,
My trusty staff!

Courage!

When the snow flies in my face
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks in my breast
I sing loudly and merrily.
I do not hear what it tells me,
I have no ears;
I do not feel what it laments.
Lamenting is for fools.

Cheerfully out into the world,
Against wind and storm!
If there is no God on earth,
Then we ourselves are gods!

The mock suns

I saw three suns in the sky;
I gazed at them long and intently.
And they, too, stood there so fixedly,
As if unwilling to leave me.
Alas, you are not my suns!
Gaze into other people’s faces!
Yes, not long ago I, too, had three suns;
Now the two best have set.
If only the third would follow,
I should feel happier in the dark.
Der Leiermann
original key A minor; Etwas langsam

Drüben hinter m Dorf
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.
Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her;
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.
Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an;
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann.
Und er läßt es gehen
Alles, wie es will,
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.
Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794–1827)

The hurdy-gurdy player

There, beyond the village,
Stands a hurdy-gurdy player;
With numb fingers
He plays as best he can.
Barefoot on the ice
He totters to and fro,
And his little plate
Remains forever empty.
No one wants to listen,
No one looks at him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.
And be lets everything go on
As it will;
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Never stops.
Strange old man,
Shall I go with you?
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy
To my songs?

Song translations by RICHARD WIGMORE,
the author of Schubert: The Complete Song Texts

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GERALD Finley

The Canadian baritone Gerald Finley has established himself as one of the leading singers and dramatic interpreters of his generation, performing at the major opera and concert venues of the world in a wide variety of repertoire. As a multiple Gramophone award winner for his Hyperion recital recordings with Julius Drake—Songs by Samuel Barber (2008), Schumann’s Dichterliebe (2009), and Britten’s Songs and Proverbs of William Blake (2011)—and as a Grammy winner for John Adams’s Dr Atomic (2012), his recording legacy is much acclaimed. His relationships with leading conductors including Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Bernard Haitink, Sir Antonio Pappano and Sir Simon Rattle have been part of a flourishing career.

Gerald Finley’s work in opera has been founded on Mozart (Glyndebourne, Salzburg, Vienna, Met, Covent Garden), as well as championing new repertoire, most notably in premieres as J Robert Oppenheimer in Adams’s Dr Atomic and as Howard K Stern in Mark-Anthony Turnage’s Anna Nicole. His concert recording work is equally prestigious, including Britten’s War Requiem and Vaughan Williams’s A Sea Symphony. He has also premiered new works by Turnage, Saariaho, Philips, Picker and Lieberson. Gerald Finley works regularly as a recitalist with Julius Drake, appearing throughout Europe and North America, and is a frequent guest at London’s Wigmore Hall. His Hyperion recordings with Julius Drake, including songs by Ives, Ravel, Schumann, and a compilation titled ‘The Ballad Singer’, have all been widely praised.

Gerald Finley began singing as a chorister in Ottawa, Canada, and continued his musical studies in the United Kingdom at the Royal College of Music, King’s College, Cambridge, and the National Opera Studio. His stage development has included success in Wagner roles such as Hans Sachs and Amfortas. Gerald Finley is a Fellow of the Royal College of Music, where he is a visiting professor.

JULIUS Drake

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and specializes in chamber music, working with many of the world’s leading artists, both in recital and in the recording studio. He appears regularly at all the major music centres, including the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade, and Salzburg music festivals; Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, New York; Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; Philharmonie, Berlin; Châtelet and Musée de Louvre, Paris; La Scala, Milan; Liceu, Barcelona; Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Vienna; and Wigmore Hall and the BBC Proms in London.

Director of the Perth International Chamber Music Festival in Australia from 2000 to 2003, Julius Drake was also musical director of Deborah Warner’s staging of Janáček’s The Diary of one who Vanished, touring to Munich, London, Dublin, Amsterdam and New York. In 2009 he was appointed Artistic Director of the Machynlleth Festival in Wales. His passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise several song series for Wigmore Hall in London, the BBC and the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. A series of recitals—Julius Drake and Friends—in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, has featured recitals with many outstanding vocal artists including Thomas Allen, Ian Bostridge, Angelika Kirchschlager, Felicity Lott, Simon Keenlyside, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore and Willard White. Professor at the Kunstuniversität, Graz, and the Royal Academy of Music, London, he gives regular masterclasses in Europe and America.

Julius Drake’s many recordings include live recitals for the Wigmore Hall Live label, with among other artists the late Lorraine Hunt Liebersen; award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI; and his recent award-winning series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion. Julius Drake has also embarked on a major project for Hyperion to record the complete songs of Franz Liszt.
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Recording Producer TIM OLDHAM
Piano STEINWAY & SONS
Language Coach FRANZISKA ROTH
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Executive Producer SIMON PERRY
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