CONTENTS

TRACK LISTING  page 4

ENGLISH  page 5

Sung texts and translation  page 7

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The Hyperion Schubert Edition – 1

Goethe and Schiller settings

1 Der Jüngling am Bache  First setting, D30 ...................................................... SCHILLER [3'46]
2 Thekla „Eine Geisterstimme“  First setting, D73 ........................................... SCHILLER [3'53]
3 Schäfers Klagelied  First version, D121 ............................................................. GOETHE [2'47]
4 Nähe des Geliebten  D162 ................................................................................. GOETHE [2'15]
5 Meeres Stille  Second version, D216 .............................................................. GOETHE [2'05]
6 Amalia  D195 ..................................................................................................... SCHILLER [3'18]
7 Die Erwartung  Second version, D159 .............................................................. SCHILLER [13'09]
8 Wanderers Nachtlied I  D224 ............................................................................ GOETHE [1'35]
9 Der Fischer  D225 .............................................................................................. GOETHE [2'10]
10 Erster Verlust  D226 ........................................................................................... GOETHE [2'04]
11 Wonne der Wehmut  D260 ................................................................................ GOETHE [0'48]
12 An den Mond  Second setting, D296 ............................................................... GOETHE [4'19]
13 Das Geheimnis  First setting, D250 ................................................................. SCHILLER [3'02]
14 Lied  D284 ........................................................................................................ SCHILLER [1'07]
15 Der Flüchtling  D402 .......................................................................................... SCHILLER [5'24]
16 An den Frühling  Second setting, D587 ............................................................. SCHILLER [2'19]
17 Der Alpenjäger  D588 ....................................................................................... SCHILLER [4'53]
18 Der Pilgrim  D794 ............................................................................................. SCHILLER [4'34]
19 Sehnsucht  Second setting, D636 ...................................................................... SCHILLER [4'29]

DAME JANET BAKER mezzo-soprano
GRAHAM JOHNSON piano
THE SHEER SIZE OF SCHUBERT’S SONG OUTPUT bewildered his friends and contemporaries and it has been perplexing even enthusiastic Schubertians ever since. The general musical public may know that the final count is six hundred or more, but until relatively recently that figure has somehow discouraged further investigation: one may get to know nine symphonies, thirty-two piano sonatas, even forty-eight preludes and fugues, but the idea of six hundred songs, each with a musical and poetic life of its own, engenders an awe-inspired respect that dampens, rather than fires, enthusiasm.

Of course there have been important milestones in the popularization of this repertory. Richard Capell’s book *Schubert’s Songs* (1928) taught a whole generation to go searching for buried treasure but, to judge from the content of record catalogues, most of the more adventurous explorations were confined to the home. *The World’s Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music* (1950) lists under two hundred songs (including the three cycles which account for fifty-eight of them) and even a good many of these were deleted at the time. The public has always been content to hear the well-known Schubert songs again and again, and some of them have become test-pieces, touchstones of the singer’s art. Nothing can detract from the well-deserved glory of these popular Lieder, but the full extent of Schubert’s achievement in song—underestimated in some important ways even to this day—can only be appreciated if the rarer blossoms are shown side by side with the evergreens. I am convinced that even the most slender of Schubert’s creations is inimitable and will show somewhere and somehow the master’s hand.

In the early 1970s Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau set about the Herculean task of bringing the whole output to the public’s ears: his twenty-nine LPs form a one-man show of dazzling versatility. It was of course really a two-man show, with the invaluable collaboration of Gerald Moore. Together they recorded the vast majority of Schubert’s Lieder (the omissions were those hundred or so songs which only a woman can sing) and in so doing made the œuvre accessible in an unprecedented way. As a student I remember saving up for those enormous blue boxes of LPs; they opened up the world for a young Schubertian in countless ways. I discovered that my prized (and recently acquired) seven-volume Peters Edition of the songs was not nearly as comprehensive as I had thought and that Eusebius Mandyczewski much more difficult to acquire *Gesamtausgabe* contained many delights ignored by Peters’ editor, Max Friedländer. In the Peters Edition songs were arranged more or less in order of popularity, but Fischer-Dieskau’s recording followed the chronology of songs established by Mandyczewski in 1894 (although scholarship has changed its mind on many things since then). Schubert studies never stand still: since the Fischer-Dieskau/Moore recordings the slow appearance of the *Neue Schubert Ausgabe* has clarified many musicological details and John Reed’s *Schubert Song Companion* has given the English-speaking reader an alphabetical source book which makes it easy to find quickly any song with its translation and historical background. Also invaluable is Fischer-Dieskau’s biographical study of the Schubert songs, written as he was working on his recording project. The Hyperion Schubert Edition makes its debut at the same time as the publication of Richard Wigmore’s new translations of all of Schubert’s songs (*Schubert: The Complete Song Texts*, Victor Gollancz Ltd, London 1988) which we shall be using for the entire series.

Even Schubert once said, ‘What can one do after Beethoven?’ The recording artists of today also live in the shadow of previous achievements. Gerald Moore’s legacy to me was his ten-volume Schubert edition, full of the evidence, in pencilled markings, of feverish work recording with Fischer-Dieskau in Berlin over a number of summers. And yet, as I leaf through some of the earlier volumes I find page after page of what would still seem to most people unknown and insignificant songs. I am convinced that these pieces are, in their own shy way, treasures, but placed together in a large jewel case, a boxed set, there is a danger that too many of them, one after the other, make a dull effect. It is all too
tempting to overlook tiny gems and rummage in the box to find the crowning glories which, in their turn, are not shown at their best when placed too closely in the same setting.

Perhaps the time has come to show the Schubert treasury in a different light. There should certainly be a record in the vault of each and every piece, but should they not be displayed a few at a time where the famous items of the collection throw light on, rather than show up, their humbler brothers? There is something to be said for spending an afternoon in a small museum rather than a week in the Louvre; in a well arranged exhibition the great pieces are not shown together in a single room, but are strategically placed in settings which reflect well on them and their surroundings. The interplay of great and small, of light and shade, of major and minor, are thoroughly Schubertian priorities.

The aim of this series is thus neither primarily musicological nor chronological. It calls on the vocal personalities of many different singers just as, in his own lifetime, Schubert’s work was performed by not only his favourite singer Vogl (the Fischer-Dieskau of his day) but also by Ludwig Tieze, August von Gymnich, Karl von Schö.nstein, Anna Milder-Hauptmann, the Fröhlich sisters, Sophie Müller, and so on. Each disc in our series offers a selection of songs carefully balanced between the rare and the familiar. In each case the programme has been built around a singer and aims to be a vocal portrait of a special personality at the same time as a homage to Schubert. We believe that it is the singer’s art, much more than musicological considerations, which encourages people to listen to records of unfamiliar Lieder. Neglected songs linger in the ears of the public only when they are given life by a particular singer who suits them. Schubert himself wrote on the autograph of a song: ‘I recommend this song very specially to the singer P and the pianist St.’

Each disc, carefully matching singer to songs, has been made separately to avoid the feeling of a musical marathon; in this way the singer and accompanist are able to concentrate their energies on finding the way to perform not only a handful of masterpieces but also, on each record, a manageable number of unknown songs—Lieder which best reveal their secrets, first to the performer and then to the listener, when they are not lost in a line-up of superficially similar material. When Schubert himself gathered his Lieder together for publication he showed he was interested in programme-building: he took songs from various periods and garlanded them together in some way. More often than not the poet was the binding thread (Goethe, Schiller, Mayrhofer) but sometimes there are philosophical or thematic links and contrasts. In our series we have taken the spirit of these Schubertian ideas to find songs that fit together as a programme, using in our century the larger canvas of the CD, rather than the Opus Number.

The mixed Schubert recital has always appealed to the record-buying public, and the encyclopaedic boxed sets of the complete Schubert Lieder are now gramophone classics. This series of records aims to combine the entertainment of the first, time-honoured approach with the serious musical intent of the second. Because the series includes all the women’s songs it will be the first truly complete survey of Schubert’s song output. A comprehensive index of songs, first lines and artists is available in the Hyperion book BKS44201/40; this will enable the collector to find any Schubert song quickly, and construct for himself, if he so wishes, a chronological sequence. Although each individual disc is a one-man show (plus accompanist!) the series rejoices in the diversity of its cast. We aim to make this collection of records a comprehensive survey of the finest Schubert singers of our time, singing those parts of the repertory to which they are vocally and emotionally suited. The collector of The Hyperion Schubert Edition will get to know all the Schubert Lieder in manageable instalments. In the process the large cast of singers from different generations and countries will inevitably reveal the breadth and catholicity of Schubert’s Shakespearian output, wherein is contained tragedy, history, comedy and lyric, and a huge variety of roles for artists of every type.

GRAHAM JOHNSON © 1988
**DER JÜNGLING AM BACHE**
First setting, D30. 24 September 1812; first published in 1895 in series 20 of the Gesamtausgabe, Leipzig

An der Quelle sass der Knabe,
    Blumen wand er sich zum Kranz,
Und er sah sie fortgerissen,
    Treiben in der Wellen Tanz.
„Und so fliehen meine Tage
    Wie die Quelle rastlos hin!
Und so bleicht meine Jugend,
    Wie die Kränze schnell verblühn!
„Fraget nicht, warum ich traure
    In des Lebens Blützeit!
Alles freuet sich und hoffet,
    Wenn der Frühling sich erneut.
Aber tausend Stimmen
    Der erwachenden Natur
Wecken in dem tiefen Busen
    Mir den schweren Kummer nur.
„Was soll mir die Freude frommen,
    Die der schöne Lenz mir beut?
Eine nur ist’s, die ich suche,
    Sie ist nah und ewig weit.
Sehnend breit’ ich meine Arme
    Nach dem teuren Schattenbild,
Ach, ich kann es nicht erreichen,
    Und das Herz ist ungestillt!
„Komm herab, du schöne Holde,
    Und verlass dein stolzes Schloss!
Blumen, die der Lenz geboren,
    Streu ich dir in deinen Schoss.
Horch, der Hain erschallt von Liedern,
    Und die Quelle rieselt klar!
Raum ist in der kleinsten Hütte
    Für ein glücklich liebend Paar.”

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

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**THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK**

By the stream sat a youth,
    weaving flowers into a wreath;
be saw them carried off
    and swept along in the dancing waves.
‘Thus my days speed by,
    relentlessly, like the stream!
And my youth grows pale,
    as quickly as the wreaths wilt!
‘Do not ask me why I mourn
    in life’s fullest bloom!
All is filled with joy and hope
    when spring returns.
But a thousand voices
    of burgeoning nature
awaken deep in my heart
    only heavy grief.
‘What good to me is the joy
    which the fair spring offers me?
There is only one I seek;
    she is near and yet eternally distant.
Yearningly I stretch out my arms
    towards that beloved shadowy image;
ab, I cannot reach it,
    and my heart is unquiet.
‘Come down, gracious beauty,
    and leave your proud castle!
Flowers, which the spring has borne,
    I shall strew on your lap.
Listen! The grove echoes with song
    and the brook ripples limpidly.
There is room in the tiniest cottage
    for a happy, loving couple.

Whether or not Antonio Salieri had anything to do with the death of Mozart it is certain that he had a good deal to do with
the birth of the Lied. Salieri was Schubert’s composition teacher at the Imperial Choir School in Vienna, and he did his
best to discourage his young charge from setting texts in the ‘barbarous’ German language. Salieri insisted on a singable
and charming vocal line—musical shape took precedence over words. On the other hand, the older German composers
whom Schubert admired (Zumsteeg especially) made a point of subjugating their compositional fancy to the poets’ words.
Song was akin to recitation; meaning and nuance in declamation were all, the vocal line was untainted by ‘frivolous’ Italian bel canto. Schubert was mightily fascinated by the dramatic austerity of this approach, and the forbidden fruit of German poetry was made more attractive to the youngster by his teacher’s prohibitions. But even more powerful was Schubert’s genius for melody which blossomed with Mozart’s example and under Salieri’s tutelage. This provided what serious German song had hitherto lacked—the Italianate warmth and flexibility of a touching vocal line. The German Lied as Schubert conceived it was created by balancing the musical and poetic demands of North and South to achieve a truly European synthesis of intellectuality and heart.

One of the numerous composition exercises Salieri gave to the teenage composer was to set Metastasio’s *Quell’ Innocente Figlio* for various vocal combinations. The first of these exercises (D17 No1) bears a strong resemblance to *Der Jüngling am Bache* which is in effect Schubert’s first song. He had already used Schiller texts to make a couple of highly successful Zumsteeg-like ballads but here the poet provides Schubert with words for a song. It is not strictly strophic in the rigid North German sense because, as Einstein puts it, ‘drawn irresistibly to find a means of expressing himself’, Schubert varies the treatment of the second half of each verse. The whole is like a rondo with interludes; recitative leads back to enchanting arioso. Two and a half years later the composer adjusted the setting (D192—the tune remains very similar but is transposed to the minor key) and in 1819 there was a third attempt (D638 completely new musically, but still strophic). Schiller’s verses thus fascinated and challenged Schubert over a period of seven years. This is typical evidence of his artistic conscience when attempting to find his way into a poem—if he decided on a strophic setting it was no easy option: the challenge was always to find music that encapsulated the whole poem and in which there was not a sense of jarring disappointment in one or other of the verses. This first setting has a lot to commend it—youthful ardour and innocence, a bow in Mozart’s direction (the younger composer’s idol), but at the same time a definite announcement of the coming Schubert.

### THEKLA ‘EINE GEISTERSTIMME’

First setting, D73. 22–23 August 1813; published by Wilhelm Müller in Berlin in 1868

Wo ich sei, und wo mich hingewendet,
Als mein flücht’ger Schatten dir entschwebt?
Hab’ ich nicht beschlossen und geendet,
Hab’ ich nicht geliebet und gelebt?

Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
Die mit seelenvoller Melodie
Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen?
Nur so lang’ sie liebten, waren sie.

Ob ich den Verlorenen gefunden?
Glaube mir, ich bin mit ihm vereint,
Wo sich nicht mehr trennt, was sich verbunden,
Dort, wo keine Träne wird geweint.

Dorten Wirst auch du uns wieder finden,
Wenn dein Lieben unserrm Lieben gleicht;
Dort ist auch der Vater, frei von Sünden,
Den der blut’ge Mord nicht mehr erreicht.

### THEKLA ‘A PHANTOM VOICE’

You ask me where I am, where I turned to
when my fleeting shadow vanished.

Have I not finished, reached my end?
Have I not loved and lived?

Would you ask after the nightingales
who, with soulful melodies,
delighted you in the days of spring?

They lived only as long as they loved.

Did I find my lost beloved?
Believe me, I am united with him in the place
where those who have formed a bond are never
separated, where no tears are shed.

There you will also find us again,
when your love is as our love;
there too is our father, free from sin,
whom bloody murder can no longer strike.
Und er fühlt, dass ihn kein Wahn betrogen,  
And he senses that he was not deluded 
Als er aufwärts zu den Sternen sah;  
when he gazed up at the stars. 
Den wie jeder wägt, wird ihm gewogen,  
For as a man judges so he shall be judged;  
Wer es glaubt, dem ist das Heil'ge nah.  
whoever believes this is close to holiness. 
Dort gehalten wird in jenen Räumen  
There, in space, every fine, deeply-felt belief 
Jedem schönen gläubigen Gefühl;  
will be consummated;  
Wage du, zu irren und zu träumen:  
dare to err and to dream:  
Hoher Sinn liegt oft im kind'schen Spiel.  
often a higher meaning lies behind childlike play.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

At the end of Schiller’s trilogy Wallenstein, the fate of the eponymous hero’s daughter Thekla was left in the balance. In answer to the public’s enquiries, Schiller wrote this poem in which Thekla, now a voice from another world, ties up the loose ends of the story. Schubert set the poem twice—the second time in 1817 (D595). In the later version the melody is in hypnotic $\frac{2}{4}$ time, alternating between major and minor; the vocal line imprisoned within the compass of a fourth. A seance-like intensity is built into that hushed music whereas in D73 the pacing and shaping of Thekla’s answers are left more to the fantasy of the singer. Schubert seems to have taken as a key to this setting Schiller’s second-last line ‘Wage du zu irren und zu träumen’. The composer does indeed dare to wander, and the performers must dare to dream. The music paints a wraith slipping in and out of focus: she speaks from limbo in the recitatives and reassures us about her new home in more anchored arioso. The grandeur of Thekla’s background and story are wonderfully conveyed, yet the commentators, who are unlikely to have heard this song performed, have all found it hardly worthy of notice. It is true that playing this music through at the piano gives no idea of the power it can attain when the notes are filled out with the vibrations of human vocal chords which in turn produce colours summoned up by a singer’s response to the words. In some of Schubert’s more enigmatic creations, the very sound of the voice brings passages to life which seem static at the keyboard. Singers can sometimes reveal secrets locked away from even assiduous scholars.

### SCHÄFERS KLAGELIED
First version, D121. 30 November 1814; published by Cappi und Diabelli in Vienna in 1821 as Op 3 No 1

Da droben auf jenem Berge,  
On yonder hill  
Da steh’ ich tausendmal,  
I have stood a thousand times,  
An meinem Stabe hingebogen,  
leaning on my staff  
Und schaue hinab in das Tal.  
and looking down into the valley.

Dann folg’ ich der weidenden Herde,  
I have followed the grazing flocks,  
Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie.  
watched over by my dog,  
Ich bin herunter gekommen  
I have come down here  
Und weiss doch selber nicht wie.  
and do not know how.

Da steht von schönen Blumen  
The whole meadow is so full  
Da steht die ganze Wiese so voll.  
of lovely flowers;  
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,  
I pluck them, without knowing  
Wem ich sie geben soll.  
to whom I shall give them.

### SHEPHERD’S LAMENT
First version, D121. 30 November 1814; published by Cappi und Diabelli in Vienna in 1821 as Op 3 No 1

Da droben auf jenem Berge,  
On yonder hill  
Da steh’ ich tausendmal,  
I have stood a thousand times,  
An meinem Stabe hingebogen,  
leaning on my staff  
Und schaue hinab in das Tal.  
and looking down into the valley.

Dann folg’ ich der weidenden Herde,  
I have followed the grazing flocks,  
Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie.  
watched over by my dog,  
Ich bin herunter gekommen  
I have come down here  
Und weiss doch selber nicht wie.  
and do not know how.

Da steht von schönen Blumen  
The whole meadow is so full  
Da steht die ganze Wiese so voll.  
of lovely flowers;  
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,  
I pluck them, without knowing  
Wem ich sie geben soll.  
to whom I shall give them.
Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter
Verpass' ich unter dem Baum,
Die Türe dort bleibt verschlossen;
Doch alles ist leider ein Traum.

Es steht ein Regenbogen
Wohl über jenem Haus!
Sie aber ist fortgezogen,
Und weit in das Land hinaus.

Hinaus in das Land und weiter,
Vielleicht gar über die See.
Vorüber, ihr Schafe, nur vorüber!
Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.

**JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)**

This was the first song by Schubert to be performed in a public concert. It was a big success and we can see why: just like the celebrated *Frühlingstraum* from *Winterreise* it is a textbook siciliana, for apart from the lilting rhythm the scene is both pastoral and melancholy, and such a form would have been familiar to any early nineteenth-century audience. The quality of the new wine which is poured into old bottles should not go unnoticed however. The same is true of Goethe’s poem which is based on a simple folk song but employs at the same time the art which conceals art. The musical form is a palindromic ABCBA—the outer sections constitute the plaint, the B sections in the relative major are slightly more vivacious and the big central section (the middle two verses) includes a sudden storm. The whole effect is of a rise and fall of the emotions, a great arc of feeling spanning the horizon, for this is a song of the outdoors. It is a masterpiece masquerading as a work song and posing as a simple pastorale. How much of this mask the singer chooses to wear is another matter. Capell called this song ‘a priceless little object of virtù’ as well it may seem when interpreted by a light little voice. In this performance the song is no dainty bergerette but a cry from the heart; Schubert’s shepherd is no Dresden figurine and the intensity of feeling is comparable with that of Gretchen who had sprung into song life only six weeks earlier.

**NÄHE DES GELIEBTE**

This was the first song by Schubert to be performed in a public concert. It was a big success and we can see why: just like the celebrated *Frühlingstraum* from *Winterreise* it is a textbook siciliana, for apart from the lilting rhythm the scene is both pastoral and melancholy, and such a form would have been familiar to any early nineteenth-century audience. The quality of the new wine which is poured into old bottles should not go unnoticed however. The same is true of Goethe’s poem which is based on a simple folk song but employs at the same time the art which conceals art. The musical form is a palindromic ABCBA—the outer sections constitute the plaint, the B sections in the relative major are slightly more vivacious and the big central section (the middle two verses) includes a sudden storm. The whole effect is of a rise and fall of the emotions, a great arc of feeling spanning the horizon, for this is a song of the outdoors. It is a masterpiece masquerading as a work song and posing as a simple pastorale. How much of this mask the singer chooses to wear is another matter. Capell called this song ‘a priceless little object of virtù’ as well it may seem when interpreted by a light little voice. In this performance the song is no dainty bergerette but a cry from the heart; Schubert’s shepherd is no Dresden figurine and the intensity of feeling is comparable with that of Gretchen who had sprung into song life only six weeks earlier.

**Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer**
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

**NEARNESS OF THE BELOVED**

This was the first song by Schubert to be performed in a public concert. It was a big success and we can see why: just like the celebrated *Frühlingstraum* from *Winterreise* it is a textbook siciliana, for apart from the lilting rhythm the scene is both pastoral and melancholy, and such a form would have been familiar to any early nineteenth-century audience. The quality of the new wine which is poured into old bottles should not go unnoticed however. The same is true of Goethe’s poem which is based on a simple folk song but employs at the same time the art which conceals art. The musical form is a palindromic ABCBA—the outer sections constitute the plaint, the B sections in the relative major are slightly more vivacious and the big central section (the middle two verses) includes a sudden storm. The whole effect is of a rise and fall of the emotions, a great arc of feeling spanning the horizon, for this is a song of the outdoors. It is a masterpiece masquerading as a work song and posing as a simple pastorale. How much of this mask the singer chooses to wear is another matter. Capell called this song ‘a priceless little object of virtù’ as well it may seem when interpreted by a light little voice. In this performance the song is no dainty bergerette but a cry from the heart; Schubert’s shepherd is no Dresden figurine and the intensity of feeling is comparable with that of Gretchen who had sprung into song life only six weeks earlier.

**Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege**
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.

This was the first song by Schubert to be performed in a public concert. It was a big success and we can see why: just like the celebrated *Frühlingstraum* from *Winterreise* it is a textbook siciliana, for apart from the lilting rhythm the scene is both pastoral and melancholy, and such a form would have been familiar to any early nineteenth-century audience. The quality of the new wine which is poured into old bottles should not go unnoticed however. The same is true of Goethe’s poem which is based on a simple folk song but employs at the same time the art which conceals art. The musical form is a palindromic ABCBA—the outer sections constitute the plaint, the B sections in the relative major are slightly more vivacious and the big central section (the middle two verses) includes a sudden storm. The whole effect is of a rise and fall of the emotions, a great arc of feeling spanning the horizon, for this is a song of the outdoors. It is a masterpiece masquerading as a work song and posing as a simple pastorale. How much of this mask the singer chooses to wear is another matter. Capell called this song ‘a priceless little object of virtù’ as well it may seem when interpreted by a light little voice. In this performance the song is no dainty bergerette but a cry from the heart; Schubert’s shepherd is no Dresden figurine and the intensity of feeling is comparable with that of Gretchen who had sprung into song life only six weeks earlier.

**D162. 27 February 1815; published by Cappi und Diabelli in Vienna in 1821 as Op 5 No 2**

This was the first song by Schubert to be performed in a public concert. It was a big success and we can see why: just like the celebrated *Frühlingstraum* from *Winterreise* it is a textbook siciliana, for apart from the lilting rhythm the scene is both pastoral and melancholy, and such a form would have been familiar to any early nineteenth-century audience. The quality of the new wine which is poured into old bottles should not go unnoticed however. The same is true of Goethe’s poem which is based on a simple folk song but employs at the same time the art which conceals art. The musical form is a palindromic ABCBA—the outer sections constitute the plaint, the B sections in the relative major are slightly more vivacious and the big central section (the middle two verses) includes a sudden storm. The whole effect is of a rise and fall of the emotions, a great arc of feeling spanning the horizon, for this is a song of the outdoors. It is a masterpiece masquerading as a work song and posing as a simple pastorale. How much of this mask the singer chooses to wear is another matter. Capell called this song ‘a priceless little object of virtù’ as well it may seem when interpreted by a light little voice. In this performance the song is no dainty bergerette but a cry from the heart; Schubert’s shepherd is no Dresden figurine and the intensity of feeling is comparable with that of Gretchen who had sprung into song life only six weeks earlier.

**Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer**
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen malt.

This was the first song by Schubert to be performed in a public concert. It was a big success and we can see why: just like the celebrated *Frühlingstraum* from *Winterreise* it is a textbook siciliana, for apart from the lilting rhythm the scene is both pastoral and melancholy, and such a form would have been familiar to any early nineteenth-century audience. The quality of the new wine which is poured into old bottles should not go unnoticed however. The same is true of Goethe’s poem which is based on a simple folk song but employs at the same time the art which conceals art. The musical form is a palindromic ABCBA—the outer sections constitute the plaint, the B sections in the relative major are slightly more vivacious and the big central section (the middle two verses) includes a sudden storm. The whole effect is of a rise and fall of the emotions, a great arc of feeling spanning the horizon, for this is a song of the outdoors. It is a masterpiece masquerading as a work song and posing as a simple pastorale. How much of this mask the singer chooses to wear is another matter. Capell called this song ‘a priceless little object of virtù’ as well it may seem when interpreted by a light little voice. In this performance the song is no dainty bergerette but a cry from the heart; Schubert’s shepherd is no Dresden figurine and the intensity of feeling is comparable with that of Gretchen who had sprung into song life only six weeks earlier.

**Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege**
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der Wanderer bebt.
This song is the twelfth of Schubert’s long line of Goethe settings which began with *Gretchen am Spinnrade* in 1814 and continued with unabated enthusiasm in 1815. *Nahe des Geliebten* shows that the eighteen-year-old composer was brilliantly capable of choosing when to abandon his through-composed style, so perfect for *Gretchen*, and return to a strophic treatment of the text. The poem is a litany, and if the music were to vary from verse to verse, Goethe’s depiction of a lover’s constancy would have been undermined. The piano introduction (played only once) is a miracle: with each change of chord we perceive the opening of a loving heart, the unfolding realisation of deep devotion. The singer enters, the home key is reached, a promise is kept, and the power of imagination has surmounted the agony of separation.

5 MEERES STILLE

Second version, D216. 21 June 1815; published by Cappi und Diabelli in Vienna in 1821 as Op 3 No 2

Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatter Fläche rings umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheueren Weite
Regt keine Welle sich.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

This is a marvel of impressionistic calm. The sea is motionless but we are also aware of the sinister implications of a becalmed voyage before the era of steam power. A tensely wrought melodic line is underpinned by breathless modulations—the arpeggii in the piano part convey stillness and fear at the same time. The song is only one page long but it somehow suspends time and place: the horizons are endless, the ship is cradled in dark waters, the piano part seems to measure the sea’s depth, its chords vibrating like a sounding with line and lead. Above the vocal line there is no trace of wind in the sails. Fischer-Dieskau has written that ‘the score of the song looks like a drawing’ and indeed here is a map of motionless semibreves and the undulating lines denoting arpeggii seem nautically illustrative. The only undercurrent is one of human apprehension at the void created by Nature who has withdrawn her cooperation.

Goethe’s poem dates from 1787 when, during his Italian journey, he voyaged from Naples to Sicily, and encountered all weathers. Schubert never even saw the sea—Austrian lakes were as near as he got. Beethoven also set the poem (chorally with orchestra) at more or less the same time, linking it with a happy ending—a setting of the pendant poem, *Glückliche Fahrt* (Prosperous Voyage). Schubert preferred to leave the ship at sea, captured for ever and set under glass on the waters’ depths.
**AMALIA**

D195. 19 May 1815; published by C A Spina in Vienna in 1867 as Op posth 173 No 1

Schön wie Engel voll Walhallas Wonne,
Fair as angels filled with the bliss of Valhalla,
Schön vor allen Jünglingen war er,
be was fair above all other youths;
Himmelflisch mild sein Blick, wie Maiensonne,
his gaze had the gentleness of heaven, like the May
Rückgestrahlt vom blauen Spiegelmeer.
sun reflected in the blue mirror of the sea.

Seine Küsse—Paradiesisch Fühlen!
His kisses were the touch of paradise!
Wie zwei Flammen sich ergreifen, wie
As two flames engulf each other,
Harfentöne in einander spielen
as the sounds of the harp mingle
Zu der himmelfollen Harmonie—
in celestial harmony.

Stürzten, flogen, schmolzen Geist in Geist zusammen,
So our spirits rushed, flew and fused together;
Lippen, Wangen brannten, zitterten
lips and cheeks burned, trembled,
Seele rann in Seele—Erd’ und Himmel schwammen
soul melted into sod, earth and heaven
Wie zerronnen um die Liebenden!
swam, as though dissolved, around the lovers!

Er ist hin—vergebens, ach vergebens
He is gone—in vain, ah in vain
Stöhnet ihm der bange Seufzer nach!
my anxious sighs echo after him!
Er ist hin, und alle Lust des Lebens
He is gone, and all life’s joy
Rinnet hin in ein verlor’nes Ach!
ebb away in one forlorn cry!

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

This is the Schiller counterpart to Goethe’s Grerchen. Amalia is heroine of Schiller’s drama Die Räuber; in this extract from the third act she remembers her banished lover Karl Moor who has been cheated of his inheritance and who has become in consequence the leader of a band of robbers. Despite the blandishments of Karl’s villainous brother Franz, Amalia remains steadfastly devoted to her lover. We hear this determination in the opening lines of her song; as she describes Karl she is still in control of her emotions, the image of a mirror-like sea is a calm one. Suddenly as arioso breaks into recitative, we hear echoes of Gretchen’s distress. The memory of Karl’s kiss awakens desire in Amalia just as the memory of Faust’s kiss had suddenly stopped Gretchen’s spinning wheel only then to make it turn faster and faster. Leaping flames and vibrating harp strings invade Amalia’s memory and are reflected in the accompaniment’s tremolando shimmer. Her thoughts race forward (’sehr schnell’—very fast—is a relatively unusual tempo marking for Schubert) and the panting of the piano part, modulating in almost every bar, pre-echoes the intensity of Berlioz’s Marguerite. Left hand has been alternating with right, but at ‘Erd und Himmel schwammen’ the hands imitate the elements and join together. As the earth and heaven of Amalia’s fantasy dissolve we hear the solid quaver rhythm melt into crotchet triplets. We are led back to a stark ending originally in A minor, the same key as Schiller’s Die Götter Griechenlands and Goethe’s Lied der Mignon. All these songs mourn former happiness which cannot be recaptured. The harmonies beneath Amalia’s final ‘Ach’ bring to mind the gruesome agonies endured by the shades in a later Schiller setting, Gruppe aus dem Tartarus.
DIE ERWARTUNG

Second version, D159. May 1816; published by M J Leidesdorf in Vienna in 1829 as Op posth 116

Hör’ ich das Pförtchen nicht gehen?
Hat nicht der Riegel geklirrt?
Nein, es war des Windes Wehen,
Der durch die Pappeln schwirrt.

O schmücke dich, du grünbelaubtes Dach,
Du sollst die Anmutstrahlende empfangen!
Ihr Zweige, baut ein schattung Gemach,
Mit holter Nacht sie heimlich zu umfangen,
Und all’ ihr Schmeichellüfte, werdet wach
Und scherzt und spielt um ihre Rosenwangen,
Wenn seine schöne Bürde, leicht bewegt.
Der zarte Fuss zum Sitz der Liebe, trägt.

Stille, was schlüpft durch die Hecken
Raschelnd mit eilendem Lauf?
Nein, es scheuchte nur der Schrecken
Aus dem Busch den Vogel auf.

O lösche deine Fackel, Tag!
Hervor, du geist’ge Nacht, mit deinem holden Schweigen!
Breit’ um ans her den purpurrothen Flor,
Umspinne uns mit geheimnisvollen Zweigen!
Der Liebe Wonne flieht des Lauschers Ohr,
Sie flieht des Strahles unbescheid’nen Zeugen!
Nun Hesper, der Verschwiegene, allein
Darf still herblickend ihr Vertrauter sein.

Rief es von ferne nicht leise,
Flüsternden Stimmen gleich?
Nein, der Schwan ist’s, der die Kreise
Zieht durch den Silberteich.

Mein Ohr umtönt ein Harmonienfluss,
Der Springquell fällt mit angenehmem Rauschen,
Die Blume neigt sich bei des Westes Kuss,
Und alle Wesen seh’ ich Wonne tauschen,
Die Traube winkt, die Pfirsche zum Genuss,
Die üppig schwellend hinter Blättern lauschen,
Die Luft, getauft in der Gewürze Flut,
Trinkt von der heissen Wange mir die Glut.

ANTICIPATION

Did I not hear the gate?
Was that not the bolt creaking?
No, it was the wind
blowing through the poplars.

Adorn yourself, leaf-clad roof,
you are to receive her in all her radiant beauty!
Branches, build a shady bower
to envelop her secretly in sweet night,
and all you caressing breezes, be awake,
play and dally about her rosy cheeks
when her delicate foot lightly bears
its fair burden to the seat of love.

Hush, what is that darting through the hedge,
rustling and scurrying?
No, it was only a startled bird
frightened from the hedge.

Extinguish your torch, day!
Draw on, contemplative night, with your sweet silence!
Spread your purple veil around us,
enfold us with secret boughs!
The rapture of love shuns both the listening ear
and the immodest witness of the sun’s rays!
Hesperus alone, the silent one,
looking calmly on, may be its confidant.

Was that not a faint, distant call,
like whispering voices?
No, it is the swan, tracing circles
over the silvery lake.

Flowing harmonies fill my ears,
the spring murmurs sweetly,
the flower bows at the west wind’s kiss,
and I see all creatures united in bliss.
The grape beckons, the peach is ripe to be relished,
swelling lusciously, hidden among leaves.
The air, bathed in spicy scents,
drinks the glow from my burning cheeks.
Hör’ ich nicht Tritte erschallen?
Do I not hear footsteps,
Rauscht’s nicht den Laubgang daher?
something rustling in the leafy walk?
Die Frucht ist dort gefallen,
A fruit has fallen there,
Von der eig’nen Fülle schwer.
beary with its own ripeness.

Des Tages Flammenauge selber bricht
The flaming eye of day perishes
In süssem Tod, und seine Farben blassen;
in sweet death, and its colours fade.
Von der eig’nen Fülle schwer.
heavy with its own ripeness.
Die Kelche schon, die seine Gluten hassen.
which loathe day’s fire, open boldly.
Still hebt der Mond sein strahlend Angesicht,
Silently, the moon raises its radiant countenance,
Die Welt zerschmilzt in ruhig grosse Massen.
the world dissolves in vast, calm shapes.

Seh’ ich nichts Weisses dort schimmern?
Do I not see a shimmer of white,
Glänzt’s nicht wie seid’nes Gewand?
the glistening of a silver garment?
Nein, es ist der Säule Flimmern
No, it is the column gleaming
An der dunkel Taxuswand.
against the row of dark yew trees.

O! sehend Herz, ergötze dich nicht mehr,
Yearning heart, delight no longer
Mit süssen Bildern wesenlos zu spielen,
in toying with sweet, airy images,
Der Arm, der sie umfassen will, ist leer;
the arms that desire to embrace them are empty.
Kein Schattenglück kann diesen Busen kühlen,
No joy in shadows can cool this breast.
O! führe mir die Liebende daher,
O, bring my beloved to me,
Lass ihre Hand, die zärtliche, mich fühlen,
let me feel her delicate hand,
Den Schatten nur von ihres Mantels Saum!
the bare shadow of her mantle’s hem!
Und in das Leben tritt der hohle Traum.
and the hollow dream will come to life!

Und leis’, wie aus himmlischen Höhen
And softly, as if from celestial heights,
Die Stunde des Glückes erscheint,
the hour of bliss arrives,
So war sie genaht, ungesehen,
thus she had come, unseen,
Und weckte mit Küssen den Freund.
waking her beloved with kisses.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

This long and beautifully crafted poem was written by Schiller in 1799 about his lovingly awaited fiancée (by that time his spouse), Charlotte von Lengefeld. The form of the poem is ingenious—dactylic trimeter (AB) and trochaic quadrimeter (AB) alternate with ottava rima (CDCDCDEE). The shorter verses are terse with expectation and bring the poet down to earth after the expansive reveries of the longer strophes. This scheme gives the composer an ideal opportunity to alternate excited recitative with lofty arioso. Schubert’s song is a serenade to twilight in several movements with interludes which remind us what the vigil is all about. He fashioned this setting after Zumsteeg’s tidy ballad of sixteen years earlier; he keeps the same shape and pace as that work which he much admired. In the first version he begins and ends the piece in different keys but Zumsteeg’s example brought him back to use a tighter structure in the second version. Schubert however outdoes his model at every turn. He approached this task as a student, but the first page proves him already a master.
Schiller divides his poem into eleven sections, and Schubert follows suit:

1. Here is the depiction of secrecy, discretion, delicate expectancy; all is on tiptoe. The gate creaks staccato,—or does it? Horn calls of longing in the piano’s left hand underpin the poplars blowing in the breeze.

2. A deliciously tender section in dotted rhythm. The piano writing on the page looks like a gently billowing canopy built by the right hand to shelter the left. Schubert also uses this visual roof imagery in his song *Im Freien*. The night air is first langorous and then playfully teasing. This is the first of the set piece arias in this anthology of night pictures.

3. Sudden movement and rustling, but it is after all only the movement of a bird. Do we hear the flapping of its wings in fear in the eight repeated semiquavers followed by an ominous chord?

4. A high-flown overture to night, double dotting and all. The classical allusion of Hesperus or Venus, the so-called evening star, probably awoke in Schubert cherished memories of visits to the opera to hear Gluck whose music is echoed throughout this piece.

5. The interruptions of deluded expectancy are now given more sophisticated treatment. The swan, gliding in a circle, is suavely depicted in music appropriate to a big and mysterious bird. Schubert, as is ever his wont, cannot resist showing us what is beneath the surface—after ‘Silberteich’ we are given a fish-eye view of the depth and stillness of the lake. The versatility of Schubert’s ‘camera work’, with mercurial cutting, splicing and editing is the major splendour of his ballads.

6. The central panel of the work is marked ‘Majestically’. The marmorial blocks of grandiose, slowly changing harmony, and the long span of the vocal line, once again bring Gluck to mind. One can also hear the influence of that master in the ‘orchestration’ of the piano part: the throbbing triplets suggest muted writing for brass.

7. Another recitative, this time showing chromatic resourcefulness. As the chord progressions spiral upwards we could be hearing the sound of running feet—or are we just feeling the poet’s pulse! As the same figure sidles downwards we realise it is nothing more than the fall of ripe fruit—the ‘Pfirsche zum Genuss’ perhaps?

8. Another aria of epic depictions. Because the words are in the grand style, already a bit old fashioned in 1816, Schubert calls on the shades of Gluck and the Mozart of opera seria to provide him with the inspiration for monolithic music. There are some marvellous classical touches here like the canonic writing between voice and piano as the world dissolves into massive shapes depicted by blocks of trilling sound deep in the bass.

9. All sorts of deceptive sounds have already been illustrated, but now we have music to mirror the tricks of refracted light. It is in this section particularly that the poverty of Zumsteeg’s invention is revealed. He deems one staccato chord sufficient to depict the deceptive gleam. Schubert’s glinting motif is light years ahead of Zumsteeg. And then he cleverly uses the same motif, now down in the mouth, for three bars, to paint the lover’s disillusionment. Will she never come?

10. This music of entreaty and heartfelt longing is of *Magic Flute* purity and ardour.

11. We are given to understand that the poet falls asleep, time passes—do we hear passing minutes measured by the tread of chords, or is this the footfall of the beloved who comes at last to wake the poet? There is a radiance and assurance to this music which never wavers in chromatic inconstancy. The postlude is a great improvement on the song’s first version. Arpeggiated chords (her kisses) are followed by a falling legato line (a tender embrace): after the suspense of a long wait, these rewards are now the poet’s due.
WANDERERS NACHTLIED I
D224. 5 July 1815; published by Cappi und Diabelli in Vienna in 1821 as Op 4 No 1

Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillst,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Entzückung füllst,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

Schubert set this poem on the same day as Der Fischer and Erster Verlust. It is daunting that after writing Wanderers Nachtlied he did not congratulate himself and take the rest of the day off. Most composers have spent a lifetime trying in vain to achieve such concentration in their music, for this song is in every way a distillation, the very essence of the Lied.

The poem was written at the beginning of Goethe’s stay in Weimar (where he was to remain for most of his life), and in the early stages of his relationship with the aristocrat Charlotte von Stein who was to help the young firebrand change into a courtier and statesman. It was Charlotte (the dedicatee of this poem) who made Goethe realise that a lifetime of Sturm und Drang was a ridiculous prospect; a man who had been forever on the move now needed to settle down. With unerring genius the young Schubert of 1815 has reflected in music the classical gravity of the words, and by repeating the last two lines has added musical ardour to the poem’s entreaty without disturbing its essential poise.

DER FISCHER
D225. 5 July 1815; published by Cappi und Diabelli in Vienna in 1821 as Op 5 No 3

Das Wasser rauscht’, das Wasser schwoll,
Ein Fischer sass daran,
Sah nach dem Angel ruhevoll,
Kühl bis ans Herz hinan.
Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht,
Teilt sich die Flut empor;
Aus dem bewegten Wasser rauscht
Ein feuchtes Weib hervor.

Sie sang zu ihm, sie sprach zu ihm:
 „Was lockst du meine Brut
Mit Menschenwitzi und Menschenlist
Hinauf in Todesglut?
Ach wüsstest du, wie’s Fischlein ist
So wohlig auf dem Grund,
Du stiegst herunter, wie du bist,
Und würdest erst gesund.

THE FISHERMAN
The waters murmured, the waters swelled,
a fisherman sat on the bank;
calmly he gazed at his rod,
bis heart was cold.
And as he sat and listened
the waters surged up and divided;
from the turbulent flood
a water nymph arose.

She sang to him, she spoke to him:
‘Why do you lure my brood
with human wit and guile
up into the fatal heat?
Ab, if you only knew bow contented
the fish are in the depths,
you would descend, just as you are,
and at last be made whole.
„Laßt sich die liebe Sonne nicht, 
Der Mond sich nicht im Meer?
Kehrt wellenatmend ihr Gesicht
Nicht doppelt schöner her?
Lockt dich der tiefe Himmel nicht,
Das feuchtverklärte Blau?
Lockt dich dein eigen Angesicht
Nicht her in ewgen Tau?“

Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll,
Netz' ihm den nackten Fuss;
Sein Herz wuchs ihm so sehnsuchtsvoll,
Wie bei der Liebsten Gruss.
Sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm;
Da war's um ihn geschehn:
Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,
Und ward nicht mehr gesehen.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

‘Do not the dear sun and moon
refresh themselves in the ocean?
Do not their countenances emerge doubly beautiful
from breathing the waters?
Are you not enticed by the heavenly deep,
the transfigured, watery blue?
Are you not lured by your own face
into this eternal dew?’

The waters murmured, the waters swelled,
moistening his bare foot;
his heart surged with such yearning,
as if his sweetheart had called him.
She spoke to him, she sang to him,
then it was all over;
she half dragged him, be half sank down
and was never seen again.

Schubert had an endless ability to invent different types of water music. In the first song (Das Wandern) of his Schöne Müllerin cycle he finds a motif which serves both to suggest the happily trudging miller lad and the water doing its work, driving the millstones. Inventing versatile accompaniments is the secret of writing a good strophic song. Der Fischer is in the same key of B flat as Das Wandern, and is also water music that serves more than one purpose, for this is a strophic song par excellence. Goethe thought it wrong that ‘a false interest in detail’ should be ‘demanded and aroused’ in song composition. This dogmatic statement makes durchkomponiert (through-composed) songs sound like musical pornography. But even Goethe (who ignored the compositions Schubert sent to him, this song among them) could not have objected to something as simple and direct as Der Fischer. The tune is a sturdy one; the accompaniment stirs up a storm but with the help of a few mordants and emotive horn-call bass lines can suggest the blandishments of the Lorelei-type mermaid in the middle verses. The fisherman’s disappearance at the end is as peremptory as the all-purpose postlude. There is a very German strength and sweetness in all this simplicity and Schubert faithfully matches Goethe in his folk-song vein. Although the composer often created discursive and experimental songs, he was also capable of writing concise, no-nonsense music.
Einsam nähr’ ich meine Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter Klage
Traur’ ich ums verlorne Glück,
Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene holde Zeit zurück!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

Alone I nurture my wound
and, forever renewing my lament,
mourn my lost happiness.
Ab, who will bring back those fair days,
that sweet time?

That such an eloquent hymn to the past should come from the pen of an eighteen-year-old boy, without a past of his own to speak of, is one of the miracles of music. In tempo, tonality and the feeling of precious beauty slipping away, the song is prophetic of Schubert’s great hymn at sunset, *Im Abendrot*. That is a religious song, but *Erster Verlust* goes deeper into secular pain; the repeated Cs common to the opening of both songs are here harmonised in F minor rather than the relative major (and relative security) of A flat. Memories of happier times shine translucently behind the minor tonality, and when the voice ends on a major chord, the ear accepts this in the same way that the heart might clutch at a slender hope. Even this is extinguished when the piano returns crushed to the minor key in five inexorable notes of postlude. It seems churlish to point out that Schubert adds the word ‘wer’ to the last line of Goethe’s poem to give himself the musical shape he wanted. He included *Erster Verlust* in the book of sixteen songs he prepared especially to send to the great poet in April 1816. But did Schubert perhaps wonder whether Goethe’s failure to reply had something to do with this lèse-majesté?

**WONNE DER WEHMUT**

D260. 20 August 1815; published by M J Leidesdorf in Vienna in 1829 as Op posth 115 No 2

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

Most singers prefer Beethoven’s setting of this poem which is undoubtedly eloquent but also somewhat ‘stagey’ as Einstein puts it. Here there is no trace of self-indulgence, and there is an urgency which gives a completely different slant to the poem. The Schubert song lasts well under a minute but a wounded vulnerability is created by a single curved line of the songwriter’s brush. A strong note of personal experience is sounded; even by 1815 Schubert knew something of unrequited love. There is a marked similarity between this song and musical ideas in the second movement of Schubert’s unfinished piano sonata known as the ‘Relique’ (D840). The composer also liked the song enough to use its essence twelve years later as part of his last, and never finished, opera *Der Graf von Gleichen*. 
AN DEN MOND
Second setting, D296; first published by Wilhelm Müller in Berlin in 1868
Füllst wieder Busch und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz.
Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge, mild
Über mein Geschick.
Ich besass es doch einmal,
Was so köstlich ist!
Dass man doch zu seiner Qual
Nimmer es vergisst.
Rausche, Fluss, das Tal entlang,
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
Rausche, flüstre meinem Sang
Melodien zu,
Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend überschwillst,
Oder um die Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen quillst.
Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem geniesst,
Was, von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

TO THE MOON
Once more you silently fill wood and vale
with your hazy gleam
and at last
set my soul quite free.

You cast your soothing gaze
over my fields;
with a friend’s gentle eye
you watch over my fate.
I possessed once
something so precious
that, to my torment,
it can never now be forgotten.

Murmur on, river, through the valley,
without ceasing,
murmur on, whispering melodies,
to my song.

When on winter nights
you angrily overflow,
or when you bathe the springtime splendour
of the young buds.

Happy he who, without hatred,
shuts himself off from the world,
bonds one friend to his heart,
and with him enjoys

That which, unknown to
and undreamt of by men,
wanders by night
through the labyrinth of the heart.

Schubert set this poem twice and each is a masterpiece in its own right. Although the first, strophic, version of 1815 is blessed with an enchanting melody Schubert probably felt the need four years later (this second version is undated but recent paper studies have revealed that it is most likely a work from 1819) to create something more complex to mirror the shifting moods of the poem. This is melancholy music, yet sweetly tender, and by some musical alchemy suffused with the silvery glow of moonlight. Schubert is almost always fond of strong bass lines which support and buoy up the vocal line, but here he changes his rules: the voice part floats free, unanchored, aspiring upwards, seldom touching the tonic. The piano’s right hand doubles the voice, normally an unwise practice, but here it aids beautifully the communing of the poet below with the moon above. He then addresses the stream—it is probable that Goethe wrote the poem after
a friend’s suicide in the Ilm near his own house in Weimar. The water, like time, flows inexorably, changing or destroying all in its path, and in this setting (unlike the first) we hear this water journey in turbulent modulations. Only a true friend, the poet says, can understand his mingled emotions. The final stanza of the song depicts this longed-for intimacy in a miraculous way. The moon continues to shine in the piano part while the singer buries his head in the lap of the music and the vocal line delves beneath the surface. The ineffable distance between lunar serenity and the dark labyrinthine torments of the heart is measured in a vocal span of nearly two octaves.

13 DAS GEHEIMNIS
First setting, D250. 7 August 1815; published by J P Gotthard in Vienna in 1872
Sie konnte mir kein Wörtchen sagen,
Zu viele Lauscher waren wach;
Den Blick nur durft’ ich schüchtern fragen,
Und wohl verstand ich, was er sprach.
Leis’ komm’ ich her in deine Stille,
Du schön belaubtes Buchenzelt,
Verbarg in deiner grünen Hülle
Die Liebenden dem Aug’ der Welt!
Von ferne mit verworr’nem Sausen
Arbeitet der geschäft’ge Tag,
Und durch der Stimmen hohles Brausen
Erkenn’ ich schwerer Hämmer Schlag.
So sauer ringt die kargen Lose
Der Mensch dem harten Himmel ab:
Doch leicht erworben aus dem Schosse
Der Götter fällt das Glück herab.
FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

This song is the seed from which a grander, yet similar, setting grew eight years later. That song (D793) is better known than this simple strophic one which is completely neglected. The final section of Die Erwartung has something in common with the secrecy of this lovers’ tryst, and their music on tiptoe. Admittedly the whole scope of Schiller’s marvellous poem is not ideally served by an unmodified strophic setting, and here we perform only the first two verses. As simple as it is, the setting, particularly when sung with a heartfelt legato line, admirably conveys the ecstasy, but also the heart-stopping reticence, of young love.

14 LIED
D284. 6 September 1815; first published in 1895 in series 20 of the Gesamtausgabe, Leipzig
Es ist so angenehm, so süß,
Um einen lieben Mann zu spielen,
Entzückend, wie ein Paradies,
Des Mannes Feuerkuss zu fühlen.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

This song is the seed from which a grander, yet similar, setting grew eight years later. That song (D793) is better known than this simple strophic one which is completely neglected. The final section of Die Erwartung has something in common with the secrecy of this lovers’ tryst, and their music on tiptoe. Admittedly the whole scope of Schiller’s marvellous poem is not ideally served by an unmodified strophic setting, and here we perform only the first two verses. As simple as it is, the setting, particularly when sung with a heartfelt legato line, admirably conveys the ecstasy, but also the heart-stopping reticence, of young love.

14 SONG
D284. 6 September 1815; first published in 1895 in series 20 of the Gesamtausgabe, Leipzig
It is so pleasant and so sweet
to dally with a man you love,
and as delightful as paradise
to feel the man’s fiery kisses.
Jetzt weiss ich, was mein Taubenpaar
Mit seinem sanften Girren sagte,
Und was der Nachtigallen Schar
So zärtlich sich in Liedern klagte.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

This song is typical of the treasures buried within the Schubert repertory. It is simple and in Singspie! style but, with sympathetic performance, it is utterly charming and seems inevitable, like all simple music of great quality. We give only two verses of the poem here (probably not by Schiller but attributed to him) but the fiery kisses of the first verse, and the cooing doves of the second, burn into the memory and fly off the page when depicted by fine singing.

DER FLÜCHTLING

15 D402. 18 March 1816; published in 1895 in series 20 of the Gesamtausgabe, Leipzig

Frisch atmet des Morgens lebendiger Hauch;
Purpurisch zuckt durch düst're Tannen Ritzen
Das junge Licht und äugelt aus dem Strauch;
In gold'nen Flammenblitzen
Der Berge Wolkenspitzen.
Mit freudig melodisch gewirbeltem Lied
Begrüssen erwachende Lerchen die Sonne,
Die schon in lachender Wonne
Jugendlich schön in Auroras Umarmungen glüht.

Sei, Licht, mir gesegnet!
Dein Strahlenbruss regnet
Erwärmen hernieder auf Anger und Au.
Wie flittern die Wiesen,
Wie silberfarb zittern
Tausend Sonnen im perlenden Tau!

In säuselnder Kühle
Beginnen die Spiele
Der jungen Natur.
Die Zephyre kosen
Und schmeicheln um Rosen,
Und Düfte beströmen die lachende Flur.

Now I know what my pair of doves
were saying with their soft cooing,
and what the host of nightingales
were lamenting so tenderly in their songs.

THE FUGITIVE

The lively morning breeze blows fresh;
the young light flickers crimson between the dark
pines and glints from the bushes;
the cloud-capped mountain peaks
blaze with golden flames.
Warbling their happy, melodious song
the awakening larks greet the sun
which, with joyful laughter;
glows young and fair in the dawn’s embrace.

I bless you, light!
Your rays stream down
to warm meadow and pasture.
See how the fields glitter,
and a thousand silvery suns
glisten in the pearly dew!

In the whispering coolness
young nature
begins her games.
The Zephyrs caress
and fondle the roses,
and sweet scents pervade the smiling meadows.
Wie hoch aus den Städten die Rauchwolken dampfen!
Laut wiehern und schnauben und knirschen
und strampfen
Die Rosse, die Farren;
Die Wagen erknarren
Ins ächzende Tal.
Die Waldungen leben,
Und Adler und Falken und Habichte schweben
Und wiegen die Flügel im blendenden Strahl.
Den Frieden zu finden,
Wohin soll ich wenden
Am elenden Stab?
Die Waldungen leben,
Und Adler und Falken und Habichte schweben
Und wiegen die Flügel im blendenden Strahl.

How high the clouds of smoke rise from the town!
Horses and bulls neigh loudly;
snort,
stamp and gnash their teeth;
creaking carts
roll along the valley.
The woods are alive,
eagles, falcons and hawks hover
and move their wings in the dazzling light.
To find peace
where shall I turn
with my wretched staff?
The smiling earth,
with youthful countenance,
is but a grave for me!

Rise up, O dawn,
and with your crimson kiss tinge grove and field!
Descend with a whisper, O sunset,
and lull the dead world to gentle sleep.
Morning, you tinge with red
a land of death;
ab, and you, O sunset,
merely warble around my long sleep.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

This marvellous song has had something of a ‘bad press’ from all the commentators because it contains contradictory messages—the joy in nature of the first section and the pessimism of the last can seem ill-reconciled by the music. There is learned talk of the composer’s flagging inspiration. Making the whole cohere into a single entity is the singer’s task and it depends on how convincingly the excitable and quixotic character of the fugitive is depicted. The poem dates from the same epoch as Schiller’s play Die Räuber, and, as Reed says, ‘reflects a sympathy for the outcast fashionable in the Sturm und Drang period’. The song opens with music as bracing as a morning walk. As the poet salutes the song of the larks, the piano bursts into carolling triplets which also serve to illustrate the glowing colours of the sun. A hymn of praise to Light follows (the contrast of light and shade is a feature of this poem) and the playful caresses between voice and piano at ‘in säuselnder Kühle’ are pre-echoes of Suleika’s song to the east wind. After this comes a scherzo movement which looks playful on paper but it is in fact the music of pursuit—the sounds of civilisation are threatening ones and the eagle and falcon are predatory birds. This is the interpretative key to making the much disparaged closing section believable. The concluding apostrophe to morning is something of a musical recapitulation but much modified in colour and mood: the poem is now shot through with images of sunset, death and sleep. Once again it is the singer’s task to register and convey the difference. An exquisite final cadence (‘meinen langen Schlummer nur’) is followed by a miniature postlude of mourning music in which the muffled drum of the death march is heard in the bass.
**AN DEN FRÜHLING**
Second setting, D587. October 1817; first published in 1885 in volume 7 of the Peters Edition, Leipzig

Willkommen, schöner Jüngling!
Du Wonne der Natur!
Mit deinem Blumenkörbchen
Willkommen auf der Flur!
Ei, e! da bist ja wieder!
Und bist so lieb und schön!
Und freun wir uns so herzlich,
Entgegen dir zu gehn.
Denkst auch noch an mein Mädchen?
Ei, Lieber, denke doch!
Dort liebte mich das Mädchen
Und's Mädchen liebt mich noch!
Für's Mädchen manches Blümchen
Erbat ich mir von dir.
Ich komm' und bitte wieder,

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

‘A mere trifle’ Capell calls this song, but there is nothing insipid or half-hearted about it. It greets Spring who is decked out as a virile young man, and Schiller has charmingly cast this vernal visitor as a potential rival for his girl’s affections, a rival moreover who keeps on handing him flowers to woo her with. Schubert adapts Schiller’s original five stanza shape by using the strophes in pairs and repeating the second verse. The first setting of these words (D283) is gentle and Mozartian, but this romp is in lusty Landler rhythm with some sparkling vocal coloratura.

**TO SPRING**
Welcome, fair youth,
nature’s delight!
Welcome to the meadows
with your basket of flowers!
Ab, you are here again,
so dear and lovely!
We feel such joy
as we come to meet you.
Do you still think of my sweetheart?
Ab, dear friend, think of her!
There my girl loved me,
and she loves me still!
I asked you for many flowers
for my sweetheart.
I come and ask you once more,
and you? You give them to me.

**DER ALPENJÄGER**
D588. October 1817; published by Cappi & Co in Vienna in 1825 as Op 37 No 2

Willst du nicht das Lämmlein hüten?
Lämmlein ist so fromm und sanft,
Nährt sich von des Grases Blüten,
Spielend an des Baches Ranft.
„Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,
Jagen nach des Berges Höhen!”
Willst du nicht die Herde locken
Mit des Hornes munterm Klang?
Lieblich tönt der Schall der Glocken
In des Waldes Lustgesang.
„Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,
Schweifen nach den wilden Höhen!”

**THE ALPINE HUNTSMAN**
Will you not tend the lamb,
so meek and mild?
It feeds on flowers in the grass,
gambolling beside the brook.
‘Mother, let me go
bunting in the high mountains.’
Will you not call the herd
with the merry sound of your horn?
The bells mingle sweetly
with the joyful song of the forest.
‘Mother, let me go
and roam the wild heights.’
Und der Knabe ging zu jagen,
Und es treibt und reisst ihn fort,
Rastlos fort mit blindem Wagen
An des Berges finstern Ort,
Vor ihm her mit Windesschnelle
Flieht die zitternde Gazelle.

AUF DERNACKTEN RIPPEN
Klettert sie mit leichtem Schwung,
Durch den Riss gespaltener Klippen
Trägt sie der gewagte Sprung,
Aber hinter ihr verwogen
Folgt er mit dem Todesbogen.

Mit der Jammers stummen Blicken
Fleht sie zu dem harten Mann,
Fleht umsonst, denn loszudrücken
Legt er schon den Bogen an.

Plötzlich aus der Felsenspalte
Tritt der Geist, der Bergesalte.
Und mit seinen Götterhänden
Schützt er das gequälte Tier.
„Musst du Tod und Jammer senden,“
Ruft er, „bis herauf zu mir?
Raum für alle hat die Erde,
Was verfolgst du meine Herde?“

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

The piano introduction encapsulates the conflict: two bars of the music of the mother’s entreaties and a bar of the young man’s hunting calls. Already there is the stark contrast of old-fashioned values (depicted by the mother’s music which is tenderly staid and Salieri-like in its ornamented vocal line and simple harmonies) and the wild, impetuous desire of the youth to go hunting (a rough Beethovenian cast to the music). At the words ‘Und der Knabe ging zu jagen’ the harmonies wrench the lad free from his mother’s control and set him on the chromatic rampage. The light-footed gazelle leaps in terror and its delicacy is combined in the accompaniment with the oafish insensitivity of the boy. From the poetic point of view it may be hard to accept the deus ex machina figure of the mountain spirit, but it gives the singer a marvellous chance to use a broad legato line to restore equilibrium and gravity to the scene. The music here is strong in reproof, but still tender. After characterising mother and son in the music of extremes it is Schubert’s own voice which emerges to defend the weak; the spirit of the mountain is neither conservative nor rebellious but timelessly wise. We feel that the hunter has learned a valuable lesson, just as Wagner’s Parsifal who kills a swan is reproved and instructed by Gurnemanz. Schiller may not have envisaged such a mystical metamorphosis but Schubert illustrates it in the music; the two bars of the postlude reflect a Damascus-like experience for the hunter and pure fool, the very transformation of his character. Capell dubs this song an out-and-out failure, but on the grounds of its humanity alone it is remarkable. We omit one verse in each of the two strophic sections.
DER PILGRIM
D794. May 1823; published by Cappi & Co in Vienna in 1825 as Op 37 No 1

Noch in meines Lebens Lenz
War ich, und ich wandert’ aus,
Und der Jugend frohe Tänze
Liess ich in des Vaters Haus.
All mein Erbteil, meine Habe,
Warf ich fröhlich glauben hin,
Und am leichten Pilgerstabe
Zog ich fort mit Kindersinn.

Denn mich trieb ein mächtig Hoffen
Und ein dunkles Glaubenswort,
„Wandle,“ rief’s, „der Weg ist offen,
Immer nach dem Aufgang fort.
„Bis zu einer goldnen Pforten
Du gelangst, da gehst du ein,
Denn das Irdische wird dorten
Himmlisch, unvergänglich sein.“

Abend ward’s und wurde Morgen,
Nimmer, nimmer stand ich still,
Aber immer blieb’s verborgen,
Was ich suche, was ich will.
Berge lagen mir im Wege,
Ströme hemmten meinen Fuss,
Über Schlünde baut ich Stege,
Brücken durch den wilden Fluss.

Und zu eines Stroms Gestaden
Kam ich, der nach Morgen floss;
Froh vertrauend seinem Faden,
Warf ich mich in seinen Schoss.

Hin zu einem grossen Meere
Trieb mich seiner Wellen Spiel;
Vor mir liegt’s in weiter Leere,
Näher bin ich nicht dem Ziel.

Ach, kein Weg will dahin führen,
Ach, der Himmel über mir
Will die Erde nicht berühren,
Und das Dort ist niemals hier!

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

THE PILGRIM

I was still in the springtime of my life
when I journeyed forth
and left the merry dances of youth
in my father’s house.

All my inheritance, all my possessions
I cast away in cheerful faith,
and with childlike heart
set off with my light pilgrim’s staff.

For a mighty hope drove me on,
and a dark word of faith.
‘Journey onwards,’ came the cry, ‘the way is open,
ever onwards toward the east.

‘Until you reach a golden gate;
there you will enter.
For there earthly things
become celestial, immortal.’

Evening came, and morning;
ever, never did I stop.
Yet what I seek, what I long for,
always remained hidden.

Mountains loomed in my path,
rivers checked my step;
I built bridges over the abyss
and across the turbulent river.

And I came to the bank of a river
that flowed eastwards.
Joyfully trusting to its current
I threw myself upon its bosom.

The play of its waves
bore me to a great ocean;
it lies before me in its vast emptiness.
I am no nearer my goal.

Ab, no way will take me thence;
ab, the sky above me
will not touch the earth,
and the There is never here!
This song is a chain of related melodies reminiscent of the *St Antony Chorale* immortalised by Brahms. The pilgrim’s chorale here is taken at a measured pace, but it cannot be too slow. His journey is relentlessly driven (‘nimmer nimmer stand ich still’) by a hopeless quest for the Golden Gate linking earth and heaven. This song has probably not found advocates because without a bracing impetus behind it (two, not four, in a bar) the music plods. When the going gets really tough (‘Berge lagen mir im Wege’) the modulations happen so quickly that the keyboard seems as dangerous to the pianist as a slippery rock face to the mountaineer. Then a quaver movement replaces crotchets in the accompaniment and announces water music, first a gentle stream, and then as the river falls to the great sea, left hand broken octaves plunge to the bottom of the keyboard. The awful realisation that the journey has all been in vain, that ‘There will never be Here’, stops the traveller in his tracks. The music now in the relative minor is searing in its intensity. The last ‘ist niemals hier’ is sung, almost triumphantly, in the major key. There is a fierce joy in facing reality bravely—even recklessly. The final minor-key whiplash piano chord closes all exploration with cruel finality.

**SEHNSUCHT**
Second setting, D636. Beginning of 1821; published by A Pennauer in Vienna in 1826 as Op 39

Ach, aus dieses Tales Gründen,
Die der kalte Nebel drückt,
Könnt’ ich doch den Ausgang finden,
Ach, wie fühlt’ ich mich beglückt!
Dort erblick’ ich schöne Hügel,
Ewig jung und ewig grün!
Hätt’ ich Schwingen, hätt’ ich Flügel,
Nach den Hügeln zög’ ich hin.
Harmonien hör’ ich klingen,
Töne süßer Himmelsruh’,
Und die leichten Winde bringen
Mir der Düfte Balsam zu,
Gold’ne Früchte seh’ ich glühen,
Winkend zwischen dunkeln Laub,
Und die Blumen, die dort blühen,
Werden keines Winters Raub.
Ach wie schön muss sich’s ergehen
Dort im ew’gen Sonnenschein,
Und die Luft auf jenen Höhen,
O wie labend muss sie sein!
Doch mir wehrt des Stromes Toben,
Der ergrimmt dazwischen braust,
Seine Wellen sind gehoben,
Dass die Seele mir ergraust.

**LONGING**

*Ab, if only I could find a way out*
*from the depths of this valley;*
*oppressed by cold mists;*
*how happy I would feel!*
*Yonder I see lovely hills,*
*ever young and ever green!*
*If I had pinions, if I had wings,*
*I would fly to those bills.*
*I hear harmonious sounds,*
*notes of sweet, celestial peace,*
*and the gentle breezes bring me*
*the scent of balsam.*
*I see the golden fruits glowing,*
*beckoning amid dark leaves,*
*and the flowers which bloom there*
*will never be winter’s prey.*
*Ab, how beautiful it must be to wander*
*there in the eternal sunshine;*
*and the air on those bills,*
*how refreshing it must be.*
*But I am barred by the raging torrent*
*which foams angrily between us;*
*its waves tower up,*
*striking fear into my soul.*
Einen Nachen seh ich schwanken,
Aber ach! der Fährmann fehlt.
Frisch hinein und ohne Wanken,
Seine Segel sind beseelt.
Du musst glauben, du musst wagen,
Denn die Götter leih’n kein Pfand,
Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen
In das schöne Wunderland.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

I see a boat pitching,
but, alas! There is no boatman.
Jump in without hesitation!
The sails are billowing.
You must trust, and you must dare,
for the gods grant no pledge;
only a miracle can convey you
to the miraculous land of beauty.

This is the second setting of this poem. In the first (D52) the teenage Schubert had made considerable use of recitative but the more mature composer found a way to set the whole as an operatic aria where one section flows easily into the other. Although there are always many instrumental colours demanded of the piano in Schubert song accompaniments it is seldom that a whole orchestra seems explicit in a song. In Sehnsucht there is an orchestral feel from beginning to end and the vocal line is cradled and propelled as it may be in a large set-piece for the stage. Usually when Schubert attempted to create opera in the home he tells a story in ballad or scena, but here it is pure song which is magnified to theatrical proportions. Schiller’s text in the grand manner is not, by his standards, of the highest quality; it smacks somewhat of stiff libretto rather than pliable lyric. It is the composer who makes the transitions of mood believable. The piece was intended for a singer of stellar conviction for only such an artist is able to prevent the softer, lyrical passages from losing their bite. The pace of this music is reminiscent of the energy of Gluck and sometimes the melodic curves of Weber come to mind. Certainly the final section (lifted from the first version of 1815) clinches the proceedings in true opera-house manner; here is perfect exit music for the singer to stride off-stage. It brings down the curtain on this recital as it does on Schubert’s involvement (except for Der Pilgrim and one more song in 1826) with the poetry of Friedrich von Schiller.
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