please note

FULL DIGITAL ARTWORK IS NOT CURRENTLY AVAILABLE FOR THIS TITLE.

PLEASE EXCUSE ANY FORMATTING OR SPELLING ODDITIES IN THIS SCANNED BOOKLET.
This is the third and last disc in the Hyperion Schubert Edition to be devoted to night songs. Single settings by Kosegarten, Kumpf, Pichler, Salis-Seewis, Ossian, Mayrhofer and Leitner are heard next to paired songs to poems by Höltz, Baumberg and Craigher. The most substantial group is the set of four songs to texts by the composer’s young Viennese contemporary Gabriel Seidl; these poems first appeared in 1826 in a volume entitled Songs of the Night (the title page is pictured above) and were turned into music soon after. Thus it was that writers of Schubert’s own time gathered their nocturnal poems under the cover of darkness, as it were. It is clear (with his Opus 80 songs, for example, all of which have a night-time setting) that Schubert was also fascinated from time to time by the idea of grouping together for publication those of his songs with a thematic link. Encouraged by his example we have constructed our own nocturnal anthologies on disc for this series. This tradition of ‘Lieder der Nacht’ has continued among song composers and reached its twentieth-century apotheosis with Benjamin Britten in a number of important works and cycles including the famous Serenade for tenor,
horn and strings, an anthology of settings by Jonson, Keats, Blake, Tennyson and others. English poets have always been keen to mine the depths of their nocturnal imaginings, but it was the work of our eighteenth-century poets in this regard which was most to affect the world of Lieder. One of the most influential homages to night in this epoch of English literature was Edward Young’s mighty poem, 10,000 lines of ‘delightful gloom’, Night Thoughts on Life Death and Immortality (1742-5). Translations of this work in turn inspired a number of German authors some of whose poetry Schubert set to music. Thus it was that ‘big’ night music — words and sounds to match the dark nocturnal mysteries (as opposed to the charming ‘little’ night music of Mozart’s century) — was a feature of European romanticism which crossed all national frontiers. The prefatory essays to Volumes 6 and 8 explore Schubert’s fascination with night, sleep and dreams at greater length.

In the following commentaries four major studies on Schubert are referred to under their authors’ names. These are: Richard Capell Schubert’s Songs (1928); Alfred Einstein Schubert (1951); Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau Schubert - a biographical study of his songs (1976); John Reed The Schubert Song Companion (1985).

Ludwig Theobal Kosegarten (1758-1818)

AN DIE UNTERGEGENDE SONNE

D457 July 1816 - May 1817; published as Op 44 in January 1827

Sonne, du sinkst,
Sonne, du sinkst,
Sink in Frieden, o Sonne!

Still und ruhig ist deines Scheidens Gang,
Rührend und feierlich deines Scheidens Schweigen.
Wehmut lächelt dein freundliches Auge,
Tränen entträufeln den goldenen Wimpern;
Segnungen strömit du der duftenden Erde.

Immer tiefer,
Immer leiser,
Immer ernster, feierlicher
Sinkest du den Äther hinab.

Es segnen die Völker,
Es säuseln die Lüfte,
Es räuchernd die dampfenden Wiesen dir nach;
Winde durchrieseln dein lockiges Haar;
Wogen kühlen die brennende Wange;
Weit auf tut sich dein Wasserbett . . .

Ruh' in Frieden,
Ruh' in Wonne!

Die Nachtigall flötet dir Schlummergesang.

Sonne, du sinkst,
Sonne, du sinkst,
Sink in Frieden, o Sonne!

Sun, you are sinking.
Sun, you are sinking.
Sink in peace, o sun!

Calm and tranquil is your parting,
Touching and solemn that parting’s silence.
Sadness smiles from your kindly eyes;
Tears fall from your golden lashes;
You pour blessings upon the fragrant earth.

Ever deeper,
Ever softer,
Ever more grave and solemn,
You sink in the heavens.

The people bless you,
The breezes whisper;
Mist drifts towards you from the hazy meadows;
The winds blow through your curly hair,
The waves cool your burning cheeks;
Your watery bed opens wide.

Rest in peace,
Rest in joy!

The nightingale is singing you lullabies.

TO THE SETTING SUN

3
This song of sunset has been unjustly dealt with by the commentators, particularly Fischer-Dieskau who in 1976 echoes almost word for word Richard Capell’s lukewarm response of 1928. John Reed is kinder and calls it a ‘fascinating hybrid’. No-one seems to give the song credit for its special grandeur softened, at the end of the day, with gratitude for the goodness and beauty of the world. The haunting Schubertian smile that is a familiar accompaniment to the philosophic acceptance of the inevitable (and what is more inevitable than the daily setting of the sun?) seems to pervade this song; it is bathed in the warm glow of a vocal line which, for all its demands, breathes an air of fulfilment and repose. The present owner of the autograph, a perceptive pianist and musicologist, though no Lieder expert, criticised the fact that the musical sequences in the song seemed to move too much in an ever downward spiral; he felt there was a marked lack of ‘lift’ to the melodic curve. “How much lift do you expect from a setting sun?” was my retort in Schubert’s defence. Despite the protestations of those who believe that music can only be explained in its own terms, it is impossible to criticise the musical shape of a Schubert Lied without taking into account the words which prompted the composer to invent that shape in the first place.

Kosegarten’s reputation, later to suffer a great decline, was at its height in the period in which Schubert set his work, and there is no doubt that the young composer was taken with his poetry. In July 1815, working from an edition of the poems dating from 1802, Schubert had written a number of strophic songs to Kosegarten texts, work which seemed to alternate quite happily with the setting of rather more distinguished poems by Goethe. This was followed by a veritable field day (19 October 19 1815) when an astonishing procession of no less than seven Kosegarten songs (all strophic) were composed. The completed An die untergehende Sonne dates from almost two years later (although its first 21 bars were sketched in 1816) and it is the last of the Kosegarten songs. It is also the only durchkomponiert setting of this poet, and arguably the finest. It is obvious that Schubert was fascinated by the rondo form suggested by the look of the printed poem on the page: three lines of invocation (the musical refrain in E flat) followed by a longer passage (an arioso in A flat in slow 3/8 time), a repeat of the refrain, another passage of a completely different character (a much quicker arioso, also in A flat but modulating via C flat to B major for the song of nightingales) and back to E flat for the closing invocation – thus ABACA. It was just this type of old-fashioned poetic formula which, although it appealed to Schubert for his musical purposes, was criticised in Kosegarten’s work by Goethe, Schiller and Schlegel, among others. Schubert abandons the poem (there is a good deal more of it than we see here) when Kosegarten departs from the formal discipline of this scheme and alters the refrain. The young composer was already a fearless editor of the ramblings of certain poets, taking from them only what was necessary for his music. He was perhaps more indulgent with writers whom he knew personally. In 1823 he did not flinch from making a much longer musical rondo of his friend Schober’s Viola (Volume 3), although that poem seems to have been written hand in glove with the composer, and with a rondo plan firmly in mind from the start.

The opening piano ritornello sinks inexorably in stages for five stately bars; each cadence wilts in a mood of dignified withdrawal and retreat. It is true that we touch on the chord of E flat in root position in the second bar, but the secret of this introduction is that from the very first chord (a first inversion which shows us the sun lowering on the horizon in mid-descent) we are pulled ever downwards towards the inevitable moment when the voice enters, as predictably as the turning of the world itself, on the tonic chord of E flat. The vocal refrain, modelled in the main on the melody of the introduction, then unfolds in magisterial fashion. We are quite happy to hear it three times in the course of the work;
indeed, such repetition seems to take on a quasi religious significance, as if something so weighty as the setting of the sun needs to be celebrated by solemn incantation. It requires from the singer a long-breathed line with a planetary spin in the sound. This is not a song for a small voice; in order to do it justice we have to believe that the singer has the stature to be something of a prophet or seer. The requisite vocal radiance has no doubt been lacking from the performances heard by those who consign this work to the darkness of oblivion. The longer episodes are also extremely difficult to bring off; the first of these is in statuesque triple time which, despite the change of metre, retains the poise and gravity of the introduction. The main characteristic of this section is that we hear almost all of the phrases twice; once again this suggests the solemnity of spell or incantation. A small piano postlude has imitative phrases between the hands (and again grouped as a pair) as if scored for small wind band. The second of the two longer ariosi is much faster and serves as an admirable contrast as the heart lifts with the beauties of twilight. This is music of gentle rejoicing, the fleet accompaniment catching the feeling of playful winds and soothing water cooling the heat of Helios's completed journey. It is in this section that we glimpse the Schubert of four years later, and the first *Suleika* song which is the apotheosis of his music of the rustling breeze.

There is something deliberately old-fashioned about this music. In settings of poets like Klopstock and Hölty we are seldom in doubt that Schubert is fully aware that he is dealing with a poets of the old school. The same applies to the Kosegarten settings, for although the poet was younger than Goethe in years, he was not really an innovative spirit, and his work looked back to the past. To the extent that Schubert's songs often include a touch of a portrait of their poets as the composer perceives them, this song has about it a learned classical poise. It mirrors Kosegarten's manner (he was a celebrated scholar, particularly good with the classics and British literature) by teaming his words with a musical style that goes back to Gluck - particularly in the first arioso. There is a short biography of Kosegarten (and a picture) on page 28 of the booklet for Volume 7.

Johann Gottfried Kumpf (‘Ermin’) (1781-1862)

**DER MONDABEND**

D141 1815; first published in 1830 as Op posth 131 No 1

Rein und freundlich lacht der Himmel
Nieder auf die dunkle Erde;
Tausend golden Augen blinken
Lieblich in die Brust der Menschen,
Und des Mondes lichte Scheibe
Segelt heiter durch die Bläue.
Auf den goldenen Strahlen zittern
Süßer Wehmut Silbertropfen,
Dringen sanft mit leisem Hauche
In das stille Herz voll Liebe,
Und befeuchten mir das Auge
Mit der Sehnsucht zartem Taue.

The heavens smile, pure and kindly,
Upon the dark earth below;
A thousand golden eyes shine
Fondly into men's hearts,
And the moon's bright disc
Sails serenely through the blue.
On the golden beams tremble
The silver drops of sweet melancholy;
Gently, with soft breath,
They penetrate the silent, loving heart
And moisten my eyes
With the tender dew of longing.
Durch der Lichte Duftgewebe,
Und viel holde Engelsknaben
Streuen Lilien um die Sterne.

Funkelnd prangt der Stern des Abends
In den lichtbesä'ten Räumen,
Spielt mit seinem Demantblitzen
In den lichtbesä'ten Räumen,
Aber meiner Silli
Sind sie alle hingezaubert.

Schön und hehr ist wohl der Himmel
In des Abends Wunderglanze,
Aber meines Lebens Sterne
Wohnen in dem kleinsten Kreise:
In das Auge meiner Silli
Sind sie alle hingezaubert.

Funkelnd prangt der Stern des Abends
In the light-strewed expanses of space,
And many a sweet cherub
Streus lilies around the stars.
Fair and exalted are the heavens
In the wondrous light of evening;
But the stars of my life
Dwell within the smallest circle:
They have all been charmed
Into the eyes of my Silli.

There is nothing particularly noteworthy about this strophic song – apart from the fact that only Schubert could have written it. Not even the most skilful of musical pasticheurs could have managed to simulate its Schubertian melody and modulations – the hardest things in the world to counterfeit. It is a silver sliver of a song, a moonlit page in a ternary form so simple that in other hands it would be banal. As a tune by Schubert, however, it is perfect in its own unpretentious way. The running semiquavers seem at first hearing to suggest water music, but here it is moonshine that is on tap with the odd chromatic passing note to paint the glint of a thousand stars. The song makes rather more of a robust impression than is usual for songs of the moon (compare it to the languid Höltz An den Mond (Volume 7), a characteristic which stems from the energy of the left hand ostinato (a dotted crotchet and three pulsating quavers) which was later to be employed in such masterpieces as Der Zwerg (Volume 3) and the first Suleika song. This is a night song which is less about the customary nocturnal splendours normally apostrophised in pieces of this sort (usually resulting in an expansive or relaxed mood) than the longing and exaltation of the poet in love. We are aware of an undertow of passionate impatience; he can scarcely wait to get his hands on his Silli.

Very little is known about the Austrian poet JOHANN GOTTFRIED KUMPF other than that he lived in Klagenfurt and wrote under the pseudonym ‘Ermin’ as an occasional poet and journalist. He was a friend and biographer of the Styrian poet and war hero Fellinger (three times set by Schubert) whose poems he edited with a biographical introduction in 1819. A doctor of medicine by profession, Kumpf was one of countless part-time writers of the period whose work was published in some of the numerous pocket-book almanacs which found their way to members of the Schubert circle, and thus no doubt to the composer himself (he seemed to have actually owned very few books). The only other Kumpf poem set by Schubert is Mein Grüss an den Mai D305 (Volume 7).

Ludwig Höltz (1748-1760)

KLAGE (AN DEN MOND)
D436 1816; first published in 1850

Dein Silber schien
Durch Eichengrün,
Das Kühlung gab.
Auf mich herab,
O Mond, und lachte Ruh'
Mir frohem Knaben zu.

Your silver
Shone down on me
Through the green oaks
That gave cool shade,
O moon, and, smiling, shed peace
On me, a happy youth.
Wenn jetzt dein Licht
Durch’s Fenster bricht,
Lacht’s keine Ruh’
Mir Jüngling zu.
Sieht’s meine Wange blass,
Mein Auge tränenrass.
Bald, lieber Freund,
Ach bald bescheint
Dein Silberschein
Den Leichenstein,
Der meine Asche birgt,
Des Jünglings Asche birgt!

When now your light
Breaks through the window,
No peace smiles on me,
Now a young man;
It sees my cheeks pale,
My eyes moist with tears.
Soon, dear friend,
Soon your silver light
Will shine
On the tombstone
That hides my ashes,
The young man’s ashes.

Apart from the celebrated Seligkeit (Volume 11) and the justly famous An den Mond D193 (Volume 7) by the same poet, this Klage (for so Schubert simply named it, it was Friedländer who added three qualifying words in the Peters Edition) is the gem of the Schubert/Hölty catalogue – all the more delectable because it is so seldom sung. The poem has a remarkable density of expression; the first verse refers to the past, the second to the present, and the third to the tragedy of the future. Much is related in a short time. In remarkably few words we read the entire emotional history of a young man who was happy in his youth, but now, chastened by experience, is no longer so; the inevitable end is his death. The one constant factor in all this is the moon who has been his companion through all these phases of his story. The lines ‘es zieht ein Mondenschatten / Als mein Gefährte mit’ come to mind from the first song of Winterreise, and indeed this Klage is a type of Winterreise reduced to Haiku proportions. The key is F major, and the lilting vocal line is harmonised quite simply. This first verse, a lovely inspiration indeed, is followed by a piano interlude of haunting tenderness. The vocal line is the same for the second verse, but a song of innocence has yielded to a song of experience, and the tune is partially reharmonised and thereby rendered sadder and more complicated than in the happier days of the first strophe. Second guessing Schubert in strophic mood, we await expectantly a similarly modified repeat of the piano interlude. But no. We have finished with the major key and all nostalgic reminiscences, and we plunge suddenly into the dark unknown of future oblivion. Without further ado we find ourselves in the key of D minor, and once again Winterreise comes to mind, for this is the key of the cycle’s first song Gute Nacht. John Reed goes so far to write, with some justification, “the sudden shift to D minor, the repeated staccato A’s in the pianist’s right hand, and we are brought to the edge of the infinite.” The American scholar Susan Youens in her book Retracing a Winter’s Journey (1991) sees something even more significant in those repeated semi-staccato A’s. She argues persuasively that “the grouping of four non-legato repeated pitches or chords” is a motivic device for the idea of journeying; this figure makes its appearance in the opening bar of the great song cycle, and thereafter (particularly in that other travelling song Der Wegweiser) plays a subtle but crucial part in providing something of a subliminal unifying force in the work. If this is so, the device is heralded eleven years earlier in the last verse of this Klage, itself a remarkably aphoristic song of journeys and experience; despite its brevity it shows us the astonishing future potential of our composer when Winterreise was only a moonlit gleam in his eye.
Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776)

Die Mainacht

D194 17 May 1815; first published in 1894

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall floß,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Selig preis ich dich dann, flötende Nachtigall,
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnt in einem Nest,
Ihrer singenden Gatten
Tausend trauliche Küsse gibt.

Überhüllt von Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Seine Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

The fact that Johannes Brahms set some of the poetry of Hölty (among other songs Die Mainacht, An die Nachtigall, and Minneliad – all first set by Schubert) could be seen as both a homage to the earlier composer, and a tacit implication that Schubert had not made the most of the poems' expressive possibilities. In the same way Hugo Wolf challenged his great predecessor's reputation with different conceptions of Goethe's Ganymed, Prometheus, and Grenzen der Menscheit because he saw that there was a new way to set these lyrics using a recently-minted harmonic vocabulary and a Wagnerian-inspired sense of prosody. It is undeniable that the Brahms Die Mainacht has moved more people than the Schubert setting but, as always in matters of taste and style, we have to ask ourselves whether the broad appeal of a romantic Lied (and Die Mainacht by Brahms is a quintessential product of late romanticism) makes for a better song, or simply a different one. Unlike Wolf, who was punctilious in matters of prosody, Brahms could not claim to treat poetry with more respect than Schubert: in Hölty's Die Mainacht, for example, he cuts out the second strophe because in so doing he is able to build a powerful arched structure (ABA) with a contrasted middle verse and an extremely effective da capo destined to bring more than a single tear to many an eye. Brahms uses the poem in an autobiographical way to describe his own loneliness (as he often does in his confessional song diary) but it may be argued that the eighteenth-century sensibility of these verses cannot support the amount of portentous musical emotion thus invested in them. A fastidious minority of music- and poetry-lovers perhaps will take comfort in the Schubert setting, for Schubert does not make a music-drama out of Hölty's emotional crisis. On the other hand, after listening to the Brahms one can understand how Richard Capell came to write (even if one does not agree with him) that the Schubert song "does not quite occupy the contemporary singer and it does not half occupy the pianist."
however asleep the light, Schubert feels that his protagonist is far too unhappy and restless to melt into a soporific background of nature at rest. There is an urgent dactylic rhythm in the piano's left hand which propels his search for a mate forever onward - there is more than a touch of impatience in his quest. After two lines the music modulates into the relative major (a minuscule change of direction of the accompanying figure in the piano's right hand achieves this in a manner both simple and audacious), only to return to the minor key for the last three syllables of each strophe. It is most felicitous that at the opening of the third verse the cooing of doves is beautifully suggested in the piano's left hand by the dactylic figure where two staccato crotchets underpin the onomatopoeic rolled double r of the word 'girret'. Schubert was becoming such a sophisticated composer of strophic songs that it is possible that a detail in the third verse came to his attention first; perhaps this was his original inspiration for the accompaniment figure on that May day in 1815.

Karoline Pichler (1769-1843)

[URED UNGLÜCKLICHE
(second Version) D713 January 1821; published in August 1827 as Op 84 (later changed to Op 87) No 1

Night falls, descending with light breezes
Upon weary mortals;
Gentle sleep, death's brother, beckons,
And lays them fondly in their daily graves.
Now only malice and pain
Perchance watch over the earth, robbed of light;
And now, since nothing may disturb me,
Let your wounds bleed, poor heart.
Plunge to the depths of your grief,
And if perchance half-forgotten sorrows
Have slept in your anguished heart,
Awaken them with cruelly sweet delight.
Consider your lost happiness,
Count all the flowers in paradise,
From which, in the golden days of your youth,
The harsh hand of fate banished you.
You have loved, you have experienced a happiness
Which eclipses all earthly bliss.
You have found a heart that understands you,
Your wildest hopes have attained their fair goal.
Then the cruel decree of authority dashed you down
From your heaven, and your tranquil happiness,
Your all-too-lovely dream vision, returned
To the better world from which it came.
Now all the sweet bonds are torn asunder;
No heart now beats for me in the whole world.

It so happens that Der Unglückliche is one of the very rare Schubert songs of which there is an extant sketch (Mandyczewski: Revisionsbericht No 390) and it gives us a fascinating glimpse into the composer's workshop. It shows beyond doubt that Schubert conceived at least some of his songs in a
type of shorthand – the vocal line supported by the bass line, and that the finer pianistic details of the accompaniment were added at a later stage. Certain figurations in the pianist’s right hand are obviously already in the composer’s mind, but he is content to note the movement of the voice supported by the bass in a short score of two staves. It is obvious that Schubert, working in this way, could write at high speed, ensuring as his highest priorities a spontaneous flow of melody, the correct prosody of the vocal line and a strong basic architecture of shape and harmony. Although the piano part seems to have been left until last, it is difficult to believe that the unifying motif of the accompaniment was not one of the very first inspirations; it seems likely that Schubert simply kept these ideas in his head until the time came to make a fair copy. There are no corrections in this sketch, and it is amazing how near this ground plan is to the final version of Der Unglückliche. The initial time signature of 12/8 which survived in the song’s first version, (not otherwise significantly different from the second version recorded here) was subsequently changed to 6/8 suggesting a slower, heavier tempo with stronger, more forlorn downbeats.

The song is divided into five main sections which almost always correspond to the way the strophes have been set out on the printed page:

1 An elegiac movement in B minor – a key of high passion in Schubert’s work, but also of depression and derangement (cf Die liebe Farbe from Die schöne Müllerin written two years later). This section suggests both the pessimistic nature of the wanderer, and in the sections which move into the major, the consolation of nightfall. This opening passage owes a great deal to the Andante movement of the A major Piano Sonata D664 (Op posth 120). It is possible that this work was written in Steyr, Vogl’s home town, while the composer was on holiday with the singer in the summer of 1819; it was perhaps this Sonata that Anton Stadler named as being a favourite of Vogl’s. If this was the case it is likely that Schubert was deliberately quoting from this movement in D major in order to give music to the singer which was already associated with him – a type of musical signature as it were. The opening of this piano sonata movement is heard almost note for note in the bar of accompaniment after the words ‘sinken sie’. Incidentally, Schubert takes no notice in this bar of the awkward separation between the verb ‘sinken’, at the end of the first line, from its subject ‘sie’ at the beginning of the next. (It must be admitted however that Pichler is not always to blame: Schubert’s emphasis of the word ‘auf’ – given almost an entire bar of music – is not exactly a miracle of prosody.) The time signature is 6/8 and it is a sign of Schubert’s mature style (as opposed to his ballad style from his earlier years) in that he seeks to unify a long piece like this, in a number of sections, by ensuring that this time signature does not change until the very end of the piece, and then to very dramatic effect. On the repeated words ‘in ihr täglich Grab’, there is a tender imitation between voice and piano, gently appropriate to the text as if to suggest a compassionate laying-on of hands. Involving the pianist’s right hand, this is one of the details not to be found in the preliminary sketch mentioned above.

2 - 4 Under cover of night the dark forces of depression emerge to taunt the wretched protagonist. Semiquavers begin to rustle in the right hand disturbing the calm established in the first section. For a moment both hands are on unison octave Bs, but then the left hand sinks down to A and then G only to climb menacingly upwards in a carefully plotted slow and surreptitious chromatic ascent. It is as if an emotional cauldron is slowly on the boil bringing suppressed feelings to the surface. This is real transformation music, a bridge passage between night’s calm and night’s torments. It leads into the powerful music of ‘Versenke dich in deines Kummers Tiefen’ which is both heralded and accompanied
by a strident left-hand motif of angry staccato semiquavers in octaves. The vocal line plunges down a seventh from D to E flat, and then, as the words ‘Versenke dich’ are repeated in higher sequence, from F to G flat. Under the words ‘Und vielleicht in der zerrissnen Brust’ the music, now back into 6/8 triplets, seems to have reached a plateau in B flat minor, but not for long. The contradiction of the words ‘mit grausam süßer Lust’ is the clue to the mood that Schubert is seeking to establish in a maelstrom of chromaticism: the deliberate intermingling of conflicting feelings (the happiness of the past, the pain of the present) are suggested by the presence of both minor and major harmonies. By the beginning of the fourth verse (‘Berechne die verlornen Seligkeiten’) the major has won the day; it is used with frightening effect to reflect tormented emotions which a lesser master would have attempted to portray in the minor. This is an exceptionally stirring passage, one of the most hysterical in all Schubert songs of grief and woe, and one requiring considerable vocal resource in its relentlessly climbing tessitura. It is as if the singer is wildly lashing out (an accelerando is marked) in a futile attempt to grasp the lost flowers of paradise. The accompaniment throbs in syncopations between the hands, half desperate and half exultant. The ‘harsh hand of fate’ is turned into a clenched fist as dotted minim octaves are hammered out, the blows of immutable fate, to bring the section to a close.

5 It is probably this section (in B major, and still in 6/8, though now at a rather more rollicking tempo) which made Richard Capell say that Schubert was writing to a formula – “more parade of emotion than emotion itself.” The music for this verse seems to me to be in Schubert’s Schiller style, which is not to deprecate that poet but simply to imply that it can appear staged in rather a lofty and old-fashioned manner, as if destined for display beneath a proscenium arch. It is meant to be a flashback to days of happiness; although there is a danger that the bouncing rhythm can sound more banal than carefree. Seven years later in Die Post from Winterreise, also a flashback to a happier moment when the narrator was in touch with the beloved, Schubert uses the same rhythm to more touching effect.

6 Rumbling basses, dramatic chords and one and a half lines of poetry make up a recitative with a dramatic jump of a tenth for ‘stürzte dich’. From ‘und dein stilles Glück’ the true inspiration of Schubertian intimacy firmly re-establishes itself: the rhythm of the opening is reintroduced, now unequivocally in G major, with a pathos and stillness that recalls the mood of the song Die Gött er Griechenlands (Volume 14) where there is a plea for a return to the ideals of the past (‘Kehre wieder, holdes Blütenalter der Natur’). Here it is the ‘all-too-lovely dream vision’ which returns (‘kehrte wieder’) to heavenly realms. This passage is then repeated almost note for note – the very return of the music a metaphor for the return of the angelic spirit from whence it came. But this after all is an euphemism for death, and the last two lines of the poem, cut mercilessly short from their flowering into a full-length strophe, return us to B minor and the desperation of a character who has lost even the right to dream of the past. The angular dotted rhythms in cut time are like the whiplash of a terrible reality. After their appearance in the minor key, the lines are repeated louder and higher in the major, and sound more terribly final in this guise. The ghost of the Handelian double-dotted overture (although here a postlude) gives this passage a stagey feel; again several Schiller settings are recalled. In its tonality of B minor, the whole song has had a flavour of Schiller’s Sehnsucht D636 (Volume 1) about it – a similar type of cantata probably composed in the same year. But these final lines are even more reminiscent of the closing bars (from ‘Ach kein Weg will dahin führen’) of a later song to the same poet, Der Pilgrim D794 (also Volume 1). In that song can be found another postlude starting in B minor and using dotted
rhythms, and the interplay of minor and major tonality, to suggest that the travelling outcast embraces his fate with a grim determination that borders on self-destructive joy.

This cantata probably owed its existence to the friendship between the poetess KAROLINE PICHLER and Johann Michael Vogl, Schubert’s preferred singer and Lieder partner. There is a statue-like grandeur about this music which suggests Vogl’s performing manner as accurately as the heroic pieces inspired by classical antiquity which, thanks to Schubert’s genius, were also in his repertoire. It seems highly probable that the work was tailor-made for the singer to perform (accompanied by the composer) at one of the poetess’s soirées – a gracious compliment from the performers to their hostess. Pichler held twice-weekly gatherings at which writers read and discussed each other’s works. Without having the intellectual credentials of a Madame de Staël or Berlin’s Rachel von Ense, and lacking the formidable talent for self-promotion possessed by Bettina von Arnim, Pichler nevertheless left lengthy mémoires (Denkwürdigkeiten aus meinem Leben) which offer a detailed if somewhat gossipy account of her dealings with many of the important people in the arts and politics of Vormärz Vienna. Sadly these memoirs tell us little about how Pichler and Schubert got on; the composer is mentioned almost in passing as an illustration of how certain geniuses are scarcely aware of what they have created, or how. As evidence of this, Pichler recounts an incident related to her by Vogl, and later amplified by the singer’s widow Kunigunde where, only a short time after he had composed it, Schubert did not recognize Der Unglückliche as his own work. Allegedly, Vogl had rifled through Schubert’s desk and had decided (in typically overbearing and bossy manner, it seems to me) to send the composer’s sketches of this song to the copyist. A few days later the pair rehearsed it from the newly transcribed copy, and it was on this occasion that Schubert pointedly failed to identify the piece (“Not bad. Who is it by?”!). I detect here the composer registering a subtle protest against the manner in which Vogl had taken it upon himself to snatch a work from the drawing board, perhaps before it was ready, probably in his impatience to hear something which he rightly guessed had been written with him in mind. I have no doubt that Schubert’s remarkably good-humoured way of dealing with the situation was to have a joke at the singer’s expense. Vogl of course took this all at face value as corroborating evidence for his theory that Schubert’s genius was ‘somnambulistic’. This is one of the ways in which fallacious legends of a Schubert who was supposedly vague and out of control of his own life and work, began to be accepted as true. Perhaps the composer, in order to protect himself from the importunities of society, permitted others to think whatever they liked about him as long as they left him alone; time to compose was of the essence for him, and he hid behind a disguise of vagueness to spare himself time-wasting conversations and social niceties. In any case the composer was no great lover of the lions of society. Anselm Hüttenbrenner recorded what Schubert had whispered to him at an elegant soirée: “I cannot stand these women with their compliments. They know nothing about music and they don’t really mean what they say. Go on, Anselm, slip in and get me a little glass of wine.”

Fischer Dieskau in his book on Schubert takes this phrase ‘these women’ to refer to Karoline Pichler herself, but in actual fact there is no justification for this when we read Hüttenbrenner’s memoirs of his friendship with Schubert – the passage no doubt refers to some of the people the composer encountered in various other salons. Pichler, daughter of Charlotte von Greiner who had been a lady-in-waiting to Maria Theresia, was not only a prolific authoress much published in various literary almanacs and journals, but an accomplished musician. In her youth she had studied with Haydn and Mozart and was hailed as a pianist of rare accomplishment. This set her apart from the average
Viennese society hostess. She praised Schubert’s works, it seems, in sincere and knowledgeable terms: according to Hüttenbrenner she was ‘complimentary and encouraging’, and ‘captivated by Schubert’s muse’. On that occasion she had apparently heard the famous Schmidt von Lübeck setting Der Wanderer. Der Unglückliche has a number of things in common with that work: it shares the theme of the outcast and loner in society, it is a work in a number of contrasted sections, and the very opening triplets, dragging their feet through the unfriendly world, have a similar portentous power. Moreover, Schubert had originally found the poem for Der Wanderer in a Viennese almanac where it had been misattributed to Zacharias Werner and entitled Der Unglückliche. The confusion was cleared up by 1821 when the song was published under its correct title and with the name of the correct poet. There was now a vacancy for a new song with the title of Der Unglückliche in the Schubert catalogue. It seems unlikely that Schubert would have written something in Pichler’s honour, in the manner and with the original title of the song she had admired, unless he had taken her enthusiasm to be well-informed and genuine.

Gabriele von Baumberg (1775-1839)

AN DIE SONNE
D270 August 1815 (?); published in 1829 as Op posth 118 No 5

Sinke, liebe Sonne, sinke!
Ende deinen trüben Lauf,
Und an deine Stelle winke
Bald den Mond herauf.

Sink, dearest sun, sink!
End your dusky course,
And in your place quickly bid
The moon rise.

Herrlicher und schöner dringe
Aber Morgen dann herfür,
Liebe Sonn’! und mit dir bringe
Meinen Lieben mir.

But tomorrow come forth
More glorious and more beautiful,
Dearest sun! And with you
Bring my love.
John Reed has pointed out that the key of E flat in Schubert can have epic connotations, and this is certainly the case with the majestic outpourings of *An die untergehende Sonne* which opens this recital. Here we have another, admittedly miniature, example of an epic with E flat as its original key which paints sunset and moonrise with that special Schubertian combination of intimacy and grandeur. Or is this a quality we find only in Schubert? There are a number of Schubert songs which recall the Mozart of *Die Zauberflöte* or the Haydn of *Die Schöpfung*, but this song, it seems to me, is Beethovenian in its purity, concision and economy. There is not one more note than is necessary, there is very little word painting, and out of the most simple means something lofty and sublime has been fashioned – each phrase seemingly chiselled from sun-warmed marble. One is reminded that Schubert liked Beethoven’s nocturnal song *Abendlied unterm gestirnten Himmel* well enough to transpose it in his own hand, and the opening of the *Arietta* of Beethoven’s C minor Sonata Opus 111 is brought to mind by the falling fourth in dotted rhythm which opens this song. But then one has to be careful of Beethoven/Schubert chronology for although one was much older than the other, they were working at the same time. It is sometimes necessary to remind oneself that Beethoven’s song cycle *An die ferne Geliebte* was composed a short while after Schubert’s *Gretchen am Spinnrade* and *Erlkönig*. This Schubert song composed in all probability in 1815 could not possibly have been influenced by Beethoven’s *Abendlied* from 1820, or the Sonata of 1821, but it is not the first time I have noticed Schubert prefiguring certain characteristic of the older composer’s last period – not the contrapuntal complexities and experiments with form perhaps, but those moments of transparent hymnic simplicity to be found in the slow movements of the late Beethoven piano sonatas, cello sonatas and string quartets, as well as certain of the ‘Diabelli’ Variations. The power of *An die Sonne*, a single page of music, seems disproportionate to its length and its appearance on the printed page – it has an astonishing maturity and depth of utterance for an eighteen-year-old composer. The drop of a fourth in the key of E flat is exactly how the opening vocal phrase of *An die untergehende Sonne* begins. Again and again one finds that Schubert has a clear-cut vocabulary of tonal images: it seems you only have to offer him the concept of a hymn to the sun and he will respond with an E flat dropping to a B flat – there is a third instance of this in the Tiedge setting *An die Sonne* D272.

**Gabriele von Baumberg (1775-1839)**

**DER MORGENKUSS**

D264 22 August 1815; first published in 1850 in Book 45 of the *Nachlass*

Durch eine ganze Nacht sich nah zu sein,  
So Hand in Hand, so Arm im Arme weilen,  
So viel empfinden, ohne mitzuteilen,  
Ist eine wonnevolle Pein.

So immer Seelenblick im Seelenblick  
Auch den geheimsten Wunsch des Herzens sehen,  
So wenig sprechen, und sich doch verstehen –  
Ist hohes martervolles Glück!

Zum Lohn für die im Zwang verschwundne Zeit  
Dann bei dem Morgenstrahl, warm, mit Entzücken  
Sich Mund an Mund, und Herz an Herz sich drücken—  
O dies ist — Engelseligkeit!

**THE MORNING KISS**

To be close the whole night long,  
To linger hand in hand, arm in arm,  
To feel so much, without revealing it in words,  
Is blissful torment.

To gaze constantly into each other’s soul,  
To see into the heart’s most secret desire,  
To speak so little, and yet to understand each other,  
Is sublime, anguished happiness;

Then, in the morning light, as a reward  
For time of necessity wasted, warmly, rapturously  
To press mouth to mouth and heart to heart —  
Oh, that is angelic bliss!
The first few bars of the introduction set the scene in a ceremonial manner reminiscent of an earlier age. Once again the song is in the 'sunset' key of E flat in the original version, and once again there is a drop of a fourth – E flat to B flat – which is also later incorporated into the vocal line. This opening figure, somewhat *pomposo* in its descent, is followed by an upward inflection which perhaps reflects the inevitable sunrise the morning after. These immutable wonders of nature are then followed by a passage which adds a human dimension to the scene: the piano music takes a delightfully decorative turn with scale passages culminating in a trill. This evokes romantic rapture and a racing heart. It is here that one is reminded of a Haydn, a composer whom Einstein credits for having influenced all the Baumberg settings. The floridity of the opening might well have discouraged nineteenth-century amateur accompanists; when the song was published by Diabelli in the *Nachlass* not only was the song transposed down a third but the introduction was suppressed in favour of a simplified version, re-barred in note values of double the value so as to appear less complex on the printed page. It is this version which was printed in the Peters Edition. The doctored first edition also cut the interludes between the strophes to the detriment of the music and to the discomfort of any interpreter already taxed by a vocal line where there is no respite in the melodic flow, and where breath has to be snatched in passing. The poetess, as if she needs to reprove any base assumptions on the part of her readership, has carefully placed the words 'after a ball' as an afterthought to the title. It would be too scandalous if we were to think that this kiss at dawn was a postlude to a night of unbridled and unchaperoned intimacy! Schubert's autograph omits any mention of the ball, although it must be admitted that the classicism of the setting suggests a formal occasion and feelings suppressed by the exigencies of convention. The pregnant words 'time of necessity wasted' in the final stanza are disarmingly frank. How familiar Schubert must have been with the frustration at parties of his friends (not to mention his own – he was often relegated to the piano to supply the dance music) where society offered young men little opportunity to be alone with the object of their desire.
There are five Schubert settings of GABRIELE VON BAUMBERG and we can agree with Einstein that in these comparatively slight works “Schubert’s feelings for the poet is as delicately balanced as a pair of jewellers’ scales.” Baumberg had rather a wretched life because her Hungarian husband Johann Bacsanyi fell foul of the Austrian authorities: in 1805 he had translated Napoleon’s exhortation to the Hungarians to revolt against their Hapsburg rulers and was punished with imprisonment and exile. Baumberg, whose high point of success was around 1800, eventually joined her husband in exile in Linz and lived out her days there, forgotten as a once fashionable poetess in almanacs and periodicals. Perhaps the best known song to one of her works is Mozart’s Als Luise die Briefe K520.

James Macpherson (1736-1796) (‘Ossian’). Translator unknown.

KOLMAS KLAGE
D217 21 June 1815; published in 1830 as Book 2 of the Nachlass

The anonymous translation is a free verse adaptation of Macpherson’s prose original. A literal rendering of the German is given here.

Around me is night.
I wander alone.
Lost on the stormy hill;
The storm roars from the mountains,
The torrent pours down the rocks;
No roof shelters me from the rain.
Lost on the stormy hill,
I wander alone.

− KOLMA’S LAMENT −

Rund um mich Nacht,
Ich irr’ allein,
Verloren am stürmischen Hügel;
Der Sturm braust vom Gebirg,
Der Strom die Felsen hinab,
Mich schützt kein Dach vor Regen,
Verloren am stürmischen Hügel,
Irr’ ich allein.

Erscheine, o Mond,
Dringt durch’s Gewölk;
Erscheine, ihr nächtlichen Sterne,
Geleitet freundlich mich,
Wo mein Geliebter ruht.
Mit ihm flieh’ ich den Vater,
Mit ihm meinen herrischen Bruder,
Erscheine, o Mond.

Ihr Stürme, schweigt,
O schwere, Strom,
Mich höre, mein liebender Wanderer,
Salgar! ich bin’s, die ruff.
Hier ist der Baum, hier der Fels,
Warum verweilst du länger?
Wie, hör’ ich den Ruf seiner Stimme?
Ihr Stürme, schweigt!

Doch, sieh, der Mond erscheint,
Der Hügel Haupt erhellet,
Die Flut im Tale glänzt,
Im Mondlicht wallt die Heide.
Ihn seh’ ich nicht im Tale,
Ich wand’le einsam hier.
But who are they,

Stretched out there on the barren heath?

It is he, my love,

And beside him my brother!

Ah, both lie in their blood,

Their fierce swords drawn!

Why have you slain him?

And you, Salgar, why?

Ghosts of my dead,

Speak from the rocky hillside,

You will never frighten me!

Where are you gone to rest?

Ah, in what cave

Shall I find you now?

But there is no sound.

Here, in deep grief,

I shall weep until morning;

Build the tomb, friends;

Do not close it without me.

Why should I remain here?

On the banks of the mountain stream,

With my dear friends

I shall rest for ever.

The young Schubert of 1815-1817 was mightily taken by the poetry of Ossian, and three discs in this series (Volumes 6, 7 and 13) have already featured the work of the famous Celtic bard of ancient times which was in actual fact fabricated by the eighteenth-century poet and politician James Macpherson.

Kolmas Klage was the first of Schubert's 'Ossian' settings (and, in John Reed's opinion, the best of them) and one may wonder how it was that the composer came across this poetry for the first time. To this question there seems to be both a literary and a musical answer.

Like every German speaker of the time Schubert was sure to have read Goethe's Die Leiden des jungen Werther (1774). Towards the end of that influential novella, Werther, contemplating suicide, has his last meeting with his beloved Charlotte:

"Have you brought nothing to read?" she enquired. He had nothing. "There in my drawer," she continued "is your own translation of some of the songs of Ossian. I have not read them yet. I always hoped to hear you recite them; but it never seemed possible to arrange it." He smiled, and fetched the manuscript. A tremor ran through him as he took it in his hand, and his eyes were filled with tears as he looked at it. He sat down and read."

Werther reads aloud none other than the story of Colma in which the heroine discovers the bodies of her lover and brother who have slain each other in mortal combat. Goethe continues: "Werther and Charlotte felt their own fate in the misfortunes of Ossian's heroes – felt this together, and merged their tears." In the novella Colma's tragedy unfolds in Goethe's own translation which uses a far more complete rendering of Macpherson's narrative than we find in Schubert's song.
Schubert was also familiar with the story of Colma from a musical setting by Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752–1814), a song entitled simply Ossian which dates from 1798. The younger composer must have composed his own setting direct from Reichardt’s music, using the same anonymous poetic translation of Macpherson’s prose. To a certain extent Schubert also modelled the musical shape of Kolmas Klage on the older composer’s ideas. This type of imitation (and improvement, for the young master’s inspiration almost always eclipses the original) is to be found often enough when Schubert encounters the ballads of Zumsteeg and reworks them in a spirit of what might be termed back-handed homage; this work shows that Reichardt (the subject of a recent biography by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau) was an equally powerful influence on him.

This stormy ballad, apparently popular enough at one time to warrant inclusion in Volume 2 of the Peters Edition, is now almost totally neglected. It has certain curious features not typical of Schubert’s songs – the lack of any piano introduction is very unusual for a work of this size, for example. Its most unsettling aspect, however, and one which has probably kept it out of the concert hall, is its form: a rousing strophic song in three verses (C minor, ‘Ziemlich langsam’ in alla breve time) is followed by two slow movements (A flat major and F minor) which for all their beauty fail to live up to the momentum and impact of the opening. Of course the composer has scrupulously followed the sense of the words where the description of a storm yields to moonlight and then Colma’s tragic but introverted and contained lament. Perhaps if Schubert had set the final verse, as Reichardt had done, a more rousing finale would have been possible, but he preferred to leave Colma singing ‘will ich ewig ruh’n’, and very beautiful it is. Placing the work in a group of songs in a recital, however, could easily make an anticlimactic impression.

1-3 Influenced by the no-frills directness of an earlier age of song composers, Schubert has the voice plunge immediately into the fray, and a tremendous whirlwind effect is whipped up in the accompaniment by ‘mezzo staccato’ triplets in the right hand accompanied by rumbling sextuplets in the left. For the vocal line Schubert has found just the right grandeur to suggest druidic incantation – this is not a song for a small voice. On the words ‘der Sturm braust vom Gebirg’ ascending staccato triplets in the left hand are precursors to the storm accompaniment of Die junge Nonne of a decade later. Much of this strength of purpose is to be found in Reichardt’s music, but it is the romantic heaving of Schubert’s affecting modulations (the semitone rise between ‘Der Sturm’ and ‘Der Strom’ for example) which outclasses the older composer’s efforts. The way Schubert has set the sixth and seventh lines of the poem with a dying fall on the word ‘Regen’ in F minor followed by an ascending answering sequence and a cadence in A flat on ‘Hügel’ is magnificently effective. In fact the seventeen bars which comprise the first verse are such a success that it is little wonder that they are deemed good enough to repeat twice, the composer merely indicating in the score that the mood of the second verse should be lighter (as the moon is called on for assistance) and more stormy for the third.

3-4 This is a beautiful but more conventional fourteen-bar cantilena in A flat which, like the opening C minor movement, is strophically repeated. One might have expected that Colma’s discovery of the bodies would prompt new music, but Schubert remains true to the spirit of his predecessors: he makes the pathetic chromatic sequences of ‘Ist’s mein Geliebter, Er’ and ‘und neben ihm mein Bruder’ (Verse 4, where they are heartrendingly apt) also do service for the earlier ‘die Flut im Tale glanzt’ and ‘im Mondlicht waltl de Heide’ (verse 3) where they seem a lot less appropriate. In this instance there seems no doubt that it is the sentiment of the later verse which has inspired the music.
5-6. Once again each of the two verses has the same music (F minor, 'Langsam, trauernd') repeated without variation or interlude. Here it is the questioning inflection of 'ach, in welcher Höhle soll ich euch nun finden?' (followed by an 'empty' bar of piano writing as the question goes unanswered) which has obviously governed the vocal line. In this instance it is the later verse which makes do with music conceived for a sibling and wears hand-me-down musical clothing. The simplicity and eloquence of this section is very telling, but Schubert has miscalculated in the matter of the vocal stamina necessary to switch tessituras in a work of this length and power. The final pages of the song are extremely demanding because much of the singer’s line lies in the break between vocal registers – the so-called passaggio: high passages follow a great deal of low-lying music at the beginning, and the demands of these contrasts no doubt account for why Kolmas Klage makes so infrequent an appearance in the concert hall. It is nevertheless a remarkable work with touches of real Schubertian genius tempered by the guiding example of a former age. It says much for the composer’s humility that he worked so hard to create a song in an old-fashioned style which his own musical experiments, in the year of Reichardt’s death, had already consigned to the annals of the musical past. It is even not impossible that this work was conceived by Schubert as something of a tribute to the memory of the older composer.

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis (1762-1834)

**INS STILLE LAND**
(first version) D403 27 March 1816; first published in 1845 in Book 39 of the Nachlass

*Ins stille Land!*
Wer leitet uns hinüber?
Schon wölkt sich uns der Abendhimmel trüber,
Und immer trümmervoller wird der Strand.
Wer leitet uns mit sanfter Hand
Hinüber! ach! hinüber,
Ins stille Land?
Ins stille Land!
Zu euch, ihr freien Räume
Für die Veredlung! zarte Morgenräume
Der schönen Seelen! künst’gen Daseins Pfand.
Wer treu des Lebens Kampf bestand,
Trägt seiner Hoffnung Keime
Ins stille Land.
Ach Land! ach Land! O land
Für alle Sturmbedrohten.

*To the land of rest!*
Who will lead us there?
Already the evening sky grows darker with cloud,
And the shore is ever more strewn with flotsam.
Who will lead us gently by the hand
Across, ah, across
To the land of rest?
To the land of rest!
To the free, ennobling spaces!
Of fine souls! Pledge of a future life!
He who faithfully won life’s battle
Carries the seeds of his hopes
To the land of rest.

*Judging by the number of contemporary copies of this haunting little song it seems to have been a great favourite in the composer’s own lifetime – and little wonder. It has a power and emotional scope which are quite disproportionate to its length and musical means. The song was included in the collection of Lieder which the composer made for Therese Grob who was said to have been the*
beloved of his youth. The tune is, in John Reed’s words, “characteristically poised between sorrow and hope.” Simple though it seems to be, there are all sorts of little harmonic expressive touches which show the hand of a master; for example, the momentary intrusion of a C sharp into the accompaniment (in the second full bar of the piece, under the word ‘Land’) shows a passing twinge of fear and pain which is gently resolved in the soul’s otherwise smooth passage to the realms of peace. Schubert normally conceives a tune which is the unique property of a certain poem, but this melody is one of the rare exceptions; he used it again, with certain alterations, in 1826 for the final version of Mignon’s Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt D877 No 4. This poem from Goethe’s Wilhelm Meister had tantalised him for a number of years and it seems that he never felt he had mastered it until the melody of Ins stille Land re-insinuated itself into his mind. This alone is sufficient proof against the preposterous notion that the composer was capable of forgetting his music the day after having composed it (see note for Der Unglückliche on this disc). It is easy to see how this plaintive song which bemoans, and at the same time accepts, the dictates of fate, should have seemed appropriate for the character of Mignon whose own lament about the suffering of longing is tempered by calm and resignation.

Schubert’s fair copy (dated April 1816) is in A minor (the key of the Mignon song of course) but on this disc we perform it in the G minor of the first draft, which has no introduction.

In some of the later versions of the song (which vary not at all in essential musical substance) a tonic minor chord is thrummed or rolled by way of Vorspiel; in one of these alternative manuscripts the subdominant chord makes a passing appearance. This casual variety hints that in this type of Lied, where the accompaniment lacks a strong enough motivai character for Schubert to take the trouble to incorporate a written-out introduction, an opening was improvised on the spot. It was presumably this custom which made the publisher Diabelli so bold as to write a woefully banal introduction for the first edition which was re-printed by Peters. He who attempts to compose ersatz Schubert does so at his peril. It is hard enough to compose an ending to a Schubert fragment without taking it upon oneself to begin a work; try as he might the pasticheur always strikes a false note.

It is obvious that Schubert has conceived his tune for the first verse of the poem with its majority of end-stopped lines. There is only one moment, between the fifth and sixth lines, where the sense of the words carries through from ‘Hand’ to ‘hinüber’. The second verse (and to a lesser extent the third) bristles with enjambments, however, and in order to make sense of the meaning the performer has to work out completely different phrasing and breathing at the same time as preserving the original melodic flow.

Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

GONDELFÄHRENER

D808 March 1824, first published in 1872

Es tanzen Mond und Sterne
Den flücht’gen Geisterreih’n:
Wer wird von Erdensorgen
Befangen immer sein!
Du kannst in Mondesstrahlen
Nun, meine Barke, wallen;
Und aller Schranken los,
Wieg dich des Meeres Schoß.

THE GONDOLIER

Moon and stars dance
The fleeting round of the spirits:
Who would be forever lettered
By earthly cares!
Now, my boat, you can drift
In the moonlight;
Free from all restraints
You are rocked on the bosom of the sea.
Vom Markusturm tönte
Der Spruch der Mitternacht:
Sie schlummern friedlich alle,
Und nur der Schiffer wacht.

Schubert never saw the sea (his water music is largely about brooks, rivers and lakes anyway) and much less did he have the opportunity to visit Venice in the footsteps of so many other German-speaking artists. There were never the financial means in Schubert’s life to travel to foreign parts, although Venice, politically speaking at least, was part of his own country. The Queen of Cities had been conquered by Napoleon and had lost its independence in the year of Schubert’s birth. Subsequently it came into the hands of Bonaparte’s vanquishers (Alfred de Musset wrote a poem, Venise, set by Gounod, which bemoans the injustice of this) and the city was only to break free of this hated domination in 1866 when it became part of a united Italy. In Schubert’s time Venice was reduced to being a province of the Hapsburg Empire, and was filled with German-speaking administrative staff, and even clergy. The composer, not renowned for his sympathy with priests, was deeply impressed (according to Schindler, even inspired) by Ladislaus Pyrker (1772-1847) whom he first met in 1820. At this time Pyrker had just been appointed Patriarch of Venice and seems to have valued Schubert’s music highly (The Op 4 songs are dedicated to him). In return, Schubert admired Pyrker’s poetry, and the celebrated Die Allmacht, a setting of Pyrker from 1825 (Volume 5) is perhaps the composer’s most imposing religious song.

Gondelfahrer however is resolutely secular and was composed without even so much as an invitation to stay with Pyrker in the Doge’s palace. It is one of three songs of 1824 to texts of Johann Mayrhofer in which the composer bids his farewell to the poet whose work, intellectual influence and possibly love had meant so much to him in his late teens and early twenties. The other two of these songs, Abendstern (Vol 6) and Auflösung (Vol 11), are magnificent créations, the one shining with translucent light, the other bristling with fiery energy. Both are worthy musical reflections of the poet’s loneliness and ecstatic pessimism.

The solo setting of Gondelfahrer is not as merry as the version for four men’s voices and piano (D809) written at the same time, but on first hearing, in marked contrast to the other 1824 Mayrhofer songs, it seems to paint a lighthearted enough tourist’s picture – a musical postcard from the Adriatic. The harmonic blueprint of the introduction, undulating between C major and A flat major is perhaps, from the point of view of harmony textbooks, more Neapolitan than Venetian; from far away Vienna this must have seemed near enough – an all-purpose Italianate introduction. The tune dances in 6/8 as charmingly as the reflection of moonlight on water, but this water is darker and deeper than a rippling German brook. One hears throughout the murky depth of a bass line which underlines the age-old mystery of Venice and which doubles and hugs the voice part for long stretches. The occasional mordent in the piano’s left hand suggests a touch of Italian capriciousness to the proceedings, or is this simply to add to the vocal line the guttural break in a gondolier’s voice? Schubert could not resist mirroring the sound image of the campanile of St Mark’s as it strikes midnight. We hear twelve rolled A flat major chords, after which the music magically slips back into the C major of peaceful dreams (‘sie schlummern friedlich’) and the suitably extended long watch of the gondolier represented by the drawn-out E on ‘Wacht’ resolving eventually on to an F. This is one of the very few Schubert songs (Nacht und Träume is another – and the two songs are related in atmosphere) where the accompaniment throughout is in the bass clef for both hands. This creates a large distance between
voice and piano – as high as the night sky – and gives a certain sombre majesty to the proceedings, although the tune is light and graceful enough.

In actual fact Mayrhofer’s gondola is perhaps a more ominous vessel than Schubert chose to take on board. Perhaps the truculent gondolier, the figure of death who rows a floating coffin in Thomas Mann’s *Death in Venice*, is prefigured here, and Mayrhofer’s waiting gondolier is also waiting to ferry his charges across the Styx? The words ‘aller Schranken los’ suggest death as a release from the cares of the world. This mines a different oar from the more traditional symbolism for sexual license represented by gondola and bell-tower, imagery later deployed by A E Housman who was Mayrhofer’s equal in the ambiguity of his dark moods and repressed desires. In any case Mayrhofer is a master of writing poems which are multi-layered in their meaning, yielding their secrets only to those who choose to look beneath the surface of the lagoon.

Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800-1890)

**DER WINTERABEND**

D938 January 1828; published in 1835 as Book 26 of the *Nachlass*

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*Es ist so still, so heimlich um mich,*
*Die Sonne ist unter, der Tag entwich.*
*Wie schnell nun heran der Abend graut!*  
*Mir ist es recht, sonst ist mir's zu laut.*
*Jetzt aber ist's ruhig, es hämmert kein Schmied,*
*Kein Klömpner, das Volk verliet und ist müd.*

*It is so silent and secret all around me;*  
*The sun has set, the day has vanished.*  
*How swiftly now the evening grows grey!*  
*It suits me well; day is too loud for me.*  
*But now it is peaceful, no blacksmith hammers,*  
*And no plumber. The people have dispersed, tired.*
And, lest carts should rattle on their way,
The snow has even draped blankets through the streets.

How welcome to me is this blissful peace!
Here I sit in the darkness, quite secluded,
Quite self-contained; only the moonlight
Comes softly into my room.

It knows me and lets me be silent,
And just takes up its work, the spindle, the gold,
And spins and weeps silently, smiling sweetly,
And then hangs its shimmering veil
Over the furniture and walls all around.

It is a silent and beloved visitor
That causes no disturbance in my house.
If it wishes to stay, there is room,
If it is not happy, then it goes away,

Then I like to sit silently at the window,
Gazing up at the clouds and stars,
Thinking back to long, long ago,
To a beautiful, vanished past.

I think of her, of love's happiness,
And sigh softly, and muse.

This masterpiece is one of the great song achievements of Schubert’s final year, but it still receives a bad press from certain critics who seem determined to blame the composer for bad and self-indulgent performances of a work they take to be too long and lacking in incident. But how could Der Winterabend be anything other than long? Winter evenings, by definition, are long – and that is part of their magic. The slow unfolding of these musical mysteries, a tour of musings and memories, is not to be hurried. This is one of those works which brings home to us that we live at a hectic pace in our own benighted century; even by the standards of Schubert’s Vienna this portrait of Styrian country life seems to defy the haste and pressure of the metropolis. As Schubert wrote of his home city: “There is so much confused chatter . . . and one rarely or never achieves any inward contentment.” In this song we can hear his delight in one of the few safe havens of artistic sympathy he found outside Vienna – the home of the Pachler family in Graz. “In Graz,” Schubert wrote, “I soon recognised an artless and sincere way of being together.” It was Marie Pachler who re-introduced Schubert to the poetry of her fellow Styrian Karl von Leitner (he had set one Leitner poem already in 1823) and this song is aglow with the warmth of domesticity and small town life. The singer could well be one of the citizens addressed by the winter traveller (in Im Dorfe from Winterreise) but Schubert, a few months after completing his great cycle, allows the bourgeois world of comfortable carpet slippers to find a spokesman of its own. With unerring accuracy the composer suggests the singer’s maturity of age and experience; a mellow flow of contemplation (for the song has also suffered from performances which swoon to the point of stasis) unfolds in as leisurely a manner as a spiral of smoke from a pipe (and we know that Schubert himself was a smoker).

The comfort of being indoors on a winter evening is marvellously conveyed in the introduction. The joy and security of the fireside on a stormy night was to be given rapturous expression twelve years later in
Schumann’s Kerner setting Lust der Sturmacht, but there are no raging elements here, only the gently falling snow. Perhaps this is what Schubert means to convey in what Capell calls the “patter of soft semiquavers” in the accompaniment, as soothing as the sound of gentle rain falling on the roof at bedtime. This throbbing undertow pervades the song and is perhaps the secret of its hypnotic restfulness; it is the discreet work of those inner fingers of the pianist’s right hand which are often asked to simulate the work of a string quartet’s second violin and viola. The little finger sings the first violin’s beautiful melody which is later taken up by the voice and which is the main theme of this nocturnal impromptu. What a skilfully constructed theme this is – a melody in B flat major of a great span, uninterrupted in its flow and unpunctuated by rests. It begins on a contented plateau of repeated notes in the first bar, and then lifts a third, only to fall with a sigh, a pattern (stillness followed by the stretching out of longing resolving into acceptance) which is then repeated and developed in sequence before being rounded off by a tiny cadential figure of four semiquavers. This last gruppetto is a motif which varies with the greatest ingenuity at the close of each reappearance of the refrain, and which is a tonal analogue for ‘sinnen’, the process of turning thoughts over in the mind. Only Schubert could suggest the exquisite combination of contentment and pain outlined by this great melody. We are left in no doubt that these notes represent the thoughts (for this is an interior drama) of a tranquilly sitting figure. We will later discover in the denouement of the song’s final pages the reason for the ache in the music – and also its hard-won joy.

We begin by listening, through the narrator’s ears, to the world about us. When we hear that the tradesmen of the town have stopped their work, that the people are tired (the stretch and yawn of the turn at ‘und ist müd’) and that the street noises are muffled by a blanket of snow, we are ready to begin (from Verse 2) a gradual retreat from the here and now. The solitary thinker needs to find his way into the past in order to rediscover his precious memories. He moves through one harmonic portal after another on a journey which only Schubert could arrange. The first of these important doorways is the magical modulation from the home key of B flat into G major which leads us into the central panel of the song at ‘Wie thut mir so wohl.’ The narrator sits in the dark (the piano’s commentary after ‘der selige Frieden’ recalls the writing in the left hand in Der blinde Knabe) until he has a visitor – the arrival of the light of the moon at ‘nur der Mondenschein kommt.’ This prompts a further journey from G into E flat major (the same key in which ‘es zieht ein Mondenschatten’ appears to lighten the darkness in the first song of Winterreise) and this initiates an extended soliloquy about the narrator’s heavenly guest. During the course of this there is another breathtaking modulation (at ‘Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber Besuch’), this time into D major, and we have reached the song’s inner sanctum of tranquility and reflection. The music gradually retraces its steps to B flat major via G major, and to what at first seems to be a straightforward recapitulation of the opening theme at ‘Ich sitze dann stumm.’ But Schubert has not yet played the final hand of the evening: the first inversion of F minor under ‘denke zurück’ moves us into the past by steering us away from a predictable A natural in the bass. Instead we hear something a little deeper; a shift of harmony is here also a time shift.

The real recapitulation is soon at hand and everything comes into focus as the narrator is at last in touch with profound memories of his beloved wife, lost to him in person perhaps, but now alive once more in his mind. Significantly, she makes her reappearance not in some distant tonality but in the home key, her presence signified by a glorious counter-melody in the piano at ‘Denke an sie’ (surely a deliberate extra variation of the B flat Rosamunde music which inspired the piano Impromptu Op 142)
and this serves as a descant to our song’s by now familiar vocal theme. This passionate combination transfigures what we are now made to realise has only been half of the whole, half of the music for a story of shared lives; as Derby’s theme joins Joan’s we briefly hear the new (or rather very old) complete story. The memory of happiness prompts a brief moment of exaltation, for there is life in the old boy yet. The vocal line is turned on its head: instead of F rising note by note to B flat (which we have heard on the first appearance of ‘Denke an sie, an das Glück der Minne’) those words are repeated somewhat operatically, starting on the F an octave higher (the highest and longest note in the piece) and falling to B flat via an affecting appogiatura on the word ‘sie’. Just for a moment we hear the energy and gallantry of a young lover as the passion of time gone by reasserts itself. The moment soon passes and only memories remain; the motif of four contemplative semiquavers plus a plaintive cadence is repeated again and again for ‘und sinne’ – in thus embroidering ‘und’ Schubert never wrote a more eloquent melisma on a seemingly unessential word. The postlude stretches upwards to embrace the distant key of D major for one last time, but with a smile (or is it perhaps tears?) sinks back into the armchair comfort and solitude of B flat. In this quintessential portrait of Biedermeier life nothing has happened of very great import. It is only the sympathetic listener who will detect in it a masterful musical evocation of those feelings of which Hardy wrote, when the “fragile frame at eve” is shaken with “throbings of noontide.”

Johann Seidl (1804-1875)

THE WANDERER’S ADDRESS TO THE MOON

I on earth, you in the sky,
Both of us travel briskly on;
I solemn and gloomy, you gentle and pure,
What can be the difference between us?
I wander, a stranger, from land to land,
So homeless, so unknown;
Up and down mountains, in and out of forests,
Yet, alas, nowhere am I at home.
But you wander up and down,
From the east’s cradle to the west’s grave,
Travel from country to country
And yet are at home wherever you are.

The sky, infinitely extended,
Is your beloved homeland;
O happy he who, wherever he goes,
Still stands on his native soil!

In a work like this Schubert proves beyond dispute that he can compose his own folksongs when he has the mind. A year later he was to write Der Lindenbaum which was quickly elevated to be such a national treasure that it acquired the status of folksong and many people forgot (if they ever knew) that Schubert had written it. The newcomer to Der Wanderer an den Mond also feels that the music must be age-old, so memorable and pure it seems to be. It has an earthy peasant quality which suggests that a tune of timeless provenance has been provided with a piano accompaniment – in the manner of
Ravel's *Mélodies gréques* for example. A second glance at the music, however, and above all the relationship of words to melody, is enough to convince one that the composer's masterful guiding hand is at work and at the height of its powers. The song is artfully simple and artlessly subtle because the person singing it is just such a person, a man of no fixed abode and no possessions, yet a wandering philosopher in his way - a prince of the road. A folksong-like simplicity is accordingly built into his characterisation, but within the context of a powerfully expressive Lied. The first review of this song (the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of 23 January 1828) criticised Schubert for his prosody in accenting the unimportant word 'auf' in the very opening. But this merely shows how far the composer was prepared to go in order to introduce us to a rustic character whom we understand immediately is unconcerned with the niceties of speech; this so-called mistake makes the music strong, simple and more folk-like.

It is no accident that the opening tune in G minor has this down-to-earth quality - that is exactly where the wanderer is, his feet condemned to trudge the unfriendly earth. The vocal line starts in the lower part of the voice as if the singer at 'Ich auf der Erd' is looking down at his feet; then at 'am Himmel du' he gazes up at the moon and suddenly the tune jumps an octave into the heavens. Both travellers, the moon and its admirer, then occupy the middle of the stave at 'wir wandern beide rüstig zu'. In the third line of the first verse this contrast of tesitura also serves to underline a difference of mood - the traveller's 'ernst und trüb' as opposed to the moon's 'mild und rein.' It is all so natural and apt that one needs to remind oneself that it takes a special type of composer to reflect word-to-music details in such a way that we take them for granted. There are other things in this song we scarcely notice on first hearing: the contrasts ('Ich' and 'du') in the first line have been harmonised by the straightforward apposition of G minor and D major chords, tonic and dominant; in the second line the moon music of 'mild und rein' is underpinned by D minor which gives a plaintive modal twist to the proceedings. The question ('Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?') ends the verse in this same key; Schubert then simply changes F natural to F sharp in two chords (D minor - D major) and lo and behold we are in the dominant of the home key of G minor. It could not be simpler, but who else but Schubert could have done it? The tune of the second verse is exactly the same as the first but for the last three notes which fall earthward as they bitterly sum up the traveller's fate. Such a tiny difference as this - an upward inflection for a question ('Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?') and then downward for the answer ('doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus') defines Schubert's genius for the modified strophic song.

But the greatest marvel is to come - the healing balm of moonlight streaming out in the major key. Up until now the accompaniment has been strongly accented chords, so simple on the page that they could be strummed on a guitar, the traditional instrument of travellers. Some of the chords are rolled in a no-nonsense manner which helps establish a mood of hearty self-reliance and the strong dotted rhythm of the jaunty little interlude which introduces the third line of the first verse suggests a certain type of grim courage, even defiance. At the beginning of the third verse ('Du aber wanderst') everything changes as the music softens into the major key. Instead of the heavy accented footfall of the wanderer we hear the moon swimming (thanks to flowing semiquavers and a touch of pedal) in a pool of light and well-being. What is even more exceptional is that envy, bitterness or unhappiness are banished as the protagonist is overcome by admiration and love; in music of the greatest tenderness he salutes the moon as a marvel of nature. This song is thus a textbook case of how Schubert uses the polarity of major and minor ("the contrast", in Fischer-Dieskau's words, "of masculine and feminine, of
hardness and softness, of light and shade, of day and night") in order to depict that special realm of the spirit which is far removed from banal reality. The final verse is a compromise between the hearty opening and the dreamy atmosphere when the G major was first introduced into the picture.

Compromise is the order of the day, for now the traveller can go on with life in a new perspective; in wishing happiness to those luckier than himself he has recovered his spirits. The four bars of the postlude allow him to walk offstage accompanied by a beam of light and as content as he will ever be.

It is worth noting that the words 'aus Westen's Wiege' in Ostens Grab' in the first edition of Seidl's poems (and thus faithfully set by Schubert) make no sense in planetary terms. The sun and the moon rise in the East and set in the West. Seidl corrected it in later editions of his poems and we have accordingly changed it for this performance. One or two things in twentieth-century life are as fixed and reliable for us as they were for the composer, including, thank heavens, the workings of the sun and moon.

Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875)

**IM FREIEN**

D880 March 1826; published in May 1827 as Op 80 No 3

Draussen in der weiten Nacht

Steh ich wieder nun,

Ihre helle Sternenpracht

Lässt mein Herz nicht ruhn!

Tausend Arme winken mir

Stüss begehrend zu,

Tausend Stimmen rufen hier,

"Grüss dich, Trauter, du!"

O ich weiss auch, was mich zieht,

Weiss auch, was mich ruft,

Was wie Freundes Gruss und Lied

Locket, locket durch die Luft.

Siehst du dort das Hüttchen stehn,

Drauf der Mondschein ruht.

Durch die blanken Scheiben sehn

Augen, die mir gut!

Siehst du dort das Haus am Bach,

Unter seinem trauten Dach

Schläft mein lieber Freund.

Siehst du jenen Baum,

Der voll Silberflocken flimmert?

O wie oft mein Busen schwoll,

Froher dort gestimmt!

Jedes Plätzchen, das mir winkt,

Ist ein teurer Platz,

Und wohin ein Strahl nur sinkt,

Lockt ein teurer Schatz.

**IN THE OPEN**

Now once more I stand outside

In the vast night;

Its bright, starry splendour

Gives my heart no peace.

A thousand arms beckon to me

With sweet longing;

A thousand voices call:

'Greetings, dear friend!'

Oh, I know what draws me,

What calls me,

Like a friend's greeting, a song,

Floating enticingly through the air.

Do you see the cottage there

On which the moonlight lingers?

From its shining windows

Fond eyes gaze out.

Do you see the house there by the brook,

Lit by the moon?

Beneath its cozy roof

Sleeps my dearest friend.

Do you see that tree,

Glittering with silver flakes?

Oh, how often did my heart swell

With joy there!

Every little place that beckons

Is dear to me,

And wherever a moonbeam falls,

Cherished treasure entices.
Drum auch winkt mir’s überall
So begehrend hier,
Drum auch ruft es, wie der Schall
Trauter Liebe mir.

So everything here beckons to me
With longing,
And calls to me with the sounds
Of true love.

Fischer-Dieskau states that this long and marvellous song anticipates the style of Schumann. In the sense that many a Schumann song seems to have started life as an embryonic piano piece rather than with a fully conceived vocal line, this may be just, although it is only half the story. *Im Freien* is of course a piano impromptu of very special character (hardly anywhere else in the songs does the accompaniment venture so high into the keyboard stratosphere for example) but the vocal line is far from an afterthought. The most powerful impression made in this song is the idea of communing (or co-mooning, perhaps) with nature, with memories of the past, and above all between the performers. So much of the writing for voice and piano in this piece moves in parallel motion that what emerges is the idea of ‘being of a like mind’; singer and pianist are in such perfect sympathy that it seems to be no longer a question of a dialogue but thinking the same thoughts at almost the same time; the octaves that pervade the piece seem to be a tonal analogue for the perfectly tuned chiming of souls, an effect which Brahms was to use years later in his song *Wir wandelten*. The vocal line itself also suggests reciprocity: some of the poem’s lines (phrases like ‘lasst mein Herz nicht rüh’n’ in Verse 1 and ‘Grüß dich, Trauter’ in Verse 2) are repeated in musical phrases which would be incomplete one without the other. It is as if two people, in rapt conversation, echo each other’s words or complete each other’s sentences.

Sometimes, in order to perform a piece imaginatively, artists invent a scenario about what is happening in the poem, a story that cannot be proved one way or the other (Lotte Lehmann was particularly expert in this regard). A possible explanation for the background to this song is the poet’s return visit to a home town which has become somewhat idealised by time and distance (in such a way do many of us imagine our banal beginnings and background to be more wonderful than would an impartial observer). The poet is in the company of a friend from elsewhere, for is it not, after all, perfectly normal to want to share our home town and the haunts of our childhood with new friends and lovers? It has been a long time since he has visited this place, but nothing has changed. Everything is as it was. Because the travellers have arrived at night, no-one in the village as yet knows of the return of the native. It is a perfect opportunity to stand above the town which nestles in a valley and point out all the landmarks which have become cocooned in a golden glow of memory. Schubert has written the vocal line and accompaniment in such an intimate way as to suggest that all the questions along the lines of “Do you see this or that?” are not merely rhetorical but are addressed to someone specific at the poet’s elbow. So overwhelming is the sense of sharing in this music, so intimate and heartfelt the communication, that love seems to flow in all directions – love for the Heimat and its beauty in the moonlight, love between the narrator and the objects of his affections, and thus love between voice and piano.

The accompaniment reflects not only “the moon-flecked river ripples and the glistening willow leaves” (Capell) but also “an abundant fullness of heart” (Einstein). The piano writing swells and surges at certain moments, and at others is as sensitive to the tiniest inflection of ever-changing mood as a silver bromide photographic plate. Look for example at how after words like ‘Sternenpracht’ (Verse 1) and ‘wie der Schall’ (Verse 5) the piano echoes the notes of the vocal line – B flat, E flat and back to B flat – in close imitation and shy diminution; how the siren song floating through the air after the last line of
Verse 3 ('locket durch die Luft') suddenly becomes even more alluring by abandoning (only for three beats) octaves in favour of euphonious sixths; how in one of the comparatively rare visual puns in Schubert's Lieder, the friend's roof (Verse 5) is painted on the page by a succession of repeated F's, as tightly and evenly packed as black thatch (the only passage when the piano stays on one note for any length of time) underneath which is sheltered a bass line which seems to have been written for somnolent horns (the only time the left hand moves in quavers rather than semiquavers) whose music rises and falls as gently as a sleeping man's breath. It is quite extraordinary how at the beginnings of Verses 4, 5 and 6 (each beginning with the narrator's finger pointing at something new in a different direction) the composer uses changes of harmony to vary camera shot and angle as we zoom in on a new detail in the panorama. The final verse as it returns to the home key of E flat seems to gather up the energy of the preceding seven verses ('Drum auch winkt's' – "That is why and how I've been drawn back here"). At the very end, the sounds of true love (those beguiling sixths make a final appearance) seem to make the poet re-focus his gaze from the distance and turn to someone much nearer, the only ornamentation in the vocal line being a tender turn at the last moment. He seems to realise that this picture of nature has become even more beautiful and meaningful because of the tender empathy he has found by his side.

The incessant flow of semiquavers in this accompaniment puts us in mind of Der Winterabend, and of course both pieces are about memory and nostalgia; both tug at the heart-strings by suggesting that in order to reach the state of contentment and comfortable accommodation with life that pours out of this music there must have been much learning, and some tears, along the way. As in Der Wanderer an den Mond there is a strong suggestion of healing, of rediscovering a truth, or a set of values, that has been obscured by greed and ambition, or perhaps the stress of life in the city. If one were to imagine both Der Wanderer an den Mond and Im Freien linked to the story of the same traveller, a passage from Dickens's Great Expectations comes to mind, when Pip, chastened by life's misfortunes, returns at last to his childhood home:

"I thought all that countryside more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet. Many pleasant pictures of the life that I would lead there, and the change for the better that would come over my character... beguiled my way. They awakened a tender emotion in me; for my heart was softened by my return, and such a change had come to pass, that I felt like one who was toiling home barefoot from distant travel, and whose wanderings had lasted many years."

Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875)

AM FENSTER

Ihr lieben Mauern, hold und traut,  
Die ihr mich kühI umschliesst,  
Und silberglänzend niederschaut,  
Wenn droben Vollmond ist!  
Ihr saht mich einst so traurig da,  
Mein Haupt auf schlaffer Hand,  
Als ich in mir allein mich sah,  
Und Keiner mich verstand.  

Dear, familiar walls,  
You enclose me within your coolness,  
And gaze down with silvery sheen  
When the full moon shines above.  
Once you saw me here so sad,  
Head buried in weary hands,  
Looking only within myself,  
Understood by no one.

AT THE WINDOW

D878 March 1826; published in November 1828 as Op 105 No 3
Diese Strophe ist ein Diamant, aber sie bleibt die Orphelin der Seidl-Setzungen, selten gespielt und von den Schubert-Kennern nicht hoch geschätzt. Obwohl sie "a little unusual" (Capell) ist - das ist schwer zu sagen. Der letzte Kritiker fasst die Hintergrundinformationen wie folgt zusammen: "der Dichter spricht an die Wände seines alten Hauses." Aufgrund dieser Information scheint mir, dass Capell, wie auch andere Kritiker, die Strophe nicht vollständig verstanden hat - ein Problem, das auch beim Verständnis des Textes auftritt.

Es ist ein wenig Detektivarbeit an der Strophe, um herauszufinden, was sich tatsächlich abspielt. Die Wände, die um den Dichter herum sind, sind kalt (Zeile 1), was darauf hindeuten könnte, dass sie auch dicker sind, vielleicht sogar sehr alt. Schubert sagt uns auch, dass wir in einem Raum leben, der von Wänden umgeben ist, die aus einer Art Stein bestehen, der den Mondlichtstrahl reflektiert. Das erinnert uns an einen Schlossbau und nicht an eine private Wohnung. Könnte es ein Gefängnis sein? Schuberts Musik suggeriert, dass die Wände gleichzeitig den Dichter einschränken, wie sie ihn schützen. Die Strophe wird in F-Moll komponiert, aber wir sind nicht ganz zu ihrer ganzen Spannweite erlaubt; die erste Note der Strophe (E) wird aufgelockert und im ganzen Spannungsbogen bleibt, als ob sie sich nicht ans Ende der Musik öffnen möchten. Die Musik, die in F-Moll beginnt, wird in die Dominante abgewandelt. Das gibt der Musik einen religiösen Touch, der die Geister verzaubert.


Obwohl nicht sehr religiös, hat Schubert im Vorjahr in den Klöstern von St Florian und Kremsmünster (Juli 1825) glückvolle Musik gemacht, die ihn in der Klause angekommen war. Obwohl diese Klause nicht schwer religiös war, hat Schubert ein gutes Gefühl für die Musik der Klause und vermittelt uns eine sehr schöne Einstellung in die Strophe.
Johann Michael Vogl. Perhaps he had observed that many people led a happy life there in a safe community of friendship and prayer. There must also have been moments when the composer also wished to withdraw from the world and concentrate on the inner life, which for him meant undisturbed composition.

There are many marvellous touches in the music. After ‘wenn droben Vollmond ist’ there is a piano interlude of rare beauty with chords spaced in such a manner as to suggest transparent light. The simple change at the beginning of Verse 2 between F major and F minor – the happy present and unhappy past – is beautifully engineered, and this leads naturally into a middle section in D flat in which the poet describes how he first saw the light. It is no coincidence that these bars at the start of Verse 3 (‘Jetzt brach ein ander Licht heran’) recall the writing for Der blinde Knabe. There is a bell-like sonority in many of the accompaniment’s chords throughout the piece, but the triumphant peal at ‘Lebensheiligtum’ is a splendour of campanology with large bells sounding the longer quavers, and smaller ones within the chord tinkling in semiquavers. Verse 4 begins in A flat, and it is here that one realises that this work is related to Die junge Nonne; both in subject matter and in its fervour. The triumphant inner feeling that nothing now can take away the poet’s faith is remarkably caught by the progression of a line of E flats (‘in tiefster Seele’) which suddenly lifts on to E naturals; the darkness of A flat major is thereby replaced and banished by the blazing conviction of A major. The quieter musings of Verse 5 lead us ingeniously back into F major, and the final verse is a gentle recapitulation of the opening music, this time with a vocal line which is ornamented here and there. The very last line is repeated with flowing semiquavers supported by airy chords high in the treble – the soul, in imagination at least, is free to fly into the heavens, surrounded by love and cherished at last. Like all the other songs of this Seidl group, the idea of healing and reconciliation is at the forefront of the poet’s mind and the composer’s musical language.

Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875)

SEHNSUCHT

D879 March 1826; published in November 1828 as Op 105 No 4

Die Scheibe friert, der Wind ist rauh,
Der nächt’ge Himmel rein und blau.
Ich sitz’ in meinem Kämmerlein
Und schau’ ins reine Blau hinein!
Mir fehlt etwas, das fühlt ich gut,
Mir fehlt mein Lieb, das treue Blut;
Und will ich in die Sterne seh’n,
Muss stets das Aug’ mir übergehn!
Mein Lieb, wo weilst du nur so fern,
Mein schöner Stern, mein Augenstern?
Du weist, dich lieb’ ich ja,
Die Träne tritt mir wieder nah.
Da quält’ ich mich so manchen Tag,
Weil mir kein Lied gelingen mag,
Weil’s nimmer sich erzwingen läst
Und frei hinsätzlich, wie der West!

LONGING

The window pane freezes, the wind is harsh,
The night sky clear and blue.
I sit in my little room
Gazing out into the clear blueness.
Something is missing, I feel only too well;
My love is missing, my true love.
And when I look at the stars
My eyes constantly fill with tears.
My love, where are you, so far away,
My fair star, my darling?
You know that I love you and need you;
Again tears well up within me.
For many a day I have suffered
Because no song of mine has turned out well,
Because none can be forced
To murmur freely, like the west wind.
Wie mild mich's wieder grad' durchglüht!  
How gentle the glow that again warms me!

Sieh' nur, das ist ja schon ein Lied!  
Behold — a song!

Wenn mich mein Los vom Liebchen warf,  
Though my fate has cast me far from my beloved,

Dann füh' ich, dass ich singen darf.  
Yet I feel that I can still sing.

On first hearing, this exciting song seems to be related to Erstarrung from Winterreise; one could perhaps almost hear in it a sketch for that later work. John Reed calls it the first of Schubert's Winterreise songs. Reed also finds the song ominous and sombre, finding in its opening bars a quotation of the composer's 'death motif in D minor. I think it is rather too easy to exaggerate the work's link with the last great cycle (if there is one) and thereby see in it a dark and disturbing work. Like Der Wanderer an den Mond by the same poet, Sehnsucht begins in the minor key true enough, but the major passages (and the song ends in the major) suggest, like the other Seidl songs on this disc, a problem solved or at least eased, a chink of light in the darkness, a healing of the soul.

Only a non-pianist would equate the fast triplet accompaniment of this song with that of Erstarrung. The effect is similar, but the technical challenge is very different. The first note of each triplet ingeniously changes to chime with the vocal line and alter the harmony, but the second and third notes of the Sehnsucht figure comprise a rising octave rather than the falling octave more usually demanded (in Erstarrung for example) and which most experienced pianists can play as naturally as an Alberti bass. Schubert obviously prides himself on giving each of his songs a unique accompaniment; in Sehnsucht this reversal of the expected (a brain teaser to be compared to patting one's head and rubbing the stomach simultaneously) is a trick the composer plays but once on song accompanists. This gives Sehnsucht a slightly different feel from the many other songs accompanied by fast triplets. The chief glory of the work, however, is the strength of the roving bass line, a jagged and icy staccato at the outset to offset the legato effect of the rushing wind depicted by the right hand. It seems obvious that Schubert composed this and the vocal line (see the note for Der Unglückliche) well before coming up with accompanying details. The change at Verse 2 ('mir fehlt mein Lieb') into the submediant at the mention of his distant love is similar to the change into F major (also the submediant) at 'Wo find ich eine Blüte' in Winterreise. It is memory of another song in Winterreise which is prompted by Verse 3 however: the beautiful way that the music melts into D major from D minor recalls that most magical of moments in Gute Nacht where the same two keys change places in the singer's mind. It seems that Schubert was especially touched by the tenderness of the phrase 'mein schöner Stern, mein Augenstern', a poetic image which had also earlier inspired Friedrich Rückert — and subsequently Schumann with his Mein schöner Stern in 1849. Simple as it may sound, the little piano interlude after this (just before 'Du weisst, dich lieb') is a masterpiece of subtlety and pianistic trickiness, as are similar inner-voiced passages for the piano after the voice pauses briefly for breath. We return to the minor for the tears which take us into Verse 4, and then, although this is no way a strophic song, details are changed all the time in order to set the words with greater naturalness, we modulate once more to the major. A second glance shows us that we have reached D major this time via F major (rather than directly from D minor) which seems to make the caressing tone of the end even more special. Suddenly we realise that the song is not only about love but about the nature of creativity and the writer's block that stands in the way of poets and composers who, engulfed by 'Sehnsucht', fruitlessly attempt to rediscover their muse. But it seems that the winter storm is not entirely an ill wind — the pain of separation has enabled a song to come into being. Whatever the dreadful odds "I feel I can still sing" says the poet — that at least. These words placed into Schubert's own mouth via this Lied
seem poignantly apt and touching in regard to the lonely personal circumstances in which he wrote a great deal of his work. As Whitman was later to write:

I think there is no unreturned love, the pay is certain one way or another,
(I loved a certain person ardently and my love was not return'd,
Yet out of that I have written these songs).

JOHANN GABRIEL SEIDL was one of the most gifted, and certainly the most ambitious and successful, of Schubert's poet friends and colleagues. Unlike the touchy and unstable Johann Mayrhofer who was certainly more original, Seidl was able to pick his way through the various Viennese social and literary minefields which lay between every aspiring artist and acceptance and success in the capital city. Seven years younger than the composer (and in actual fact an exact contemporary of Eduard Mörike whose works, if Schubert had lived, might have opened up a new vista in his Lieder composition), Seidl had been a published poet in almanacs under various pseudonyms (such as 'Siegl' or 'Meta Communis') from the age of sixteen. By the time the Lieder der Nacht were published in 1826 he was already an old hand and astonishingly productive. At this stage he was also somewhat derivative as Im Freien shows — a poem that could not have been written without the inspiration of Goethe and of the great man's An den Mond in particular. It might well have been the publication of the Lieder der Nacht that first brought Seidl to Schubert's attention. From that early collection the composer immediately chose six poems, four of which are on this disc. Schubert was to return to Seidl in 1828 for his Vier Refrain Lieder (two of which are in Volume 13) and of course the immortal Die Taubenpost which was to be published as part of Schwanengesang. A fuller account of the poet's work and career will appear later in the series.
O sagt, ihr Lieben, mir einmal,
Welch Ding ist's, Licht genannt?
Was sind des Sehens Freuden all'
Die niemals ich gekannt?

Die Sonne, die so hell ihr seht,
Mir Armen scheint sie nie;
Ihr sagt, sie auf- und niedergeht,
Ich weiss nicht, wann noch wie.

Ich mach' mir selbst so Tag wie Nacht
Dieweil ich schlaf und spiel',
Mein inn'res Leben schön mir lacht,
Ich hab' der Freuden viel.

O sagt, ihr Lieben, mir einmal,
Welch Ding ist's, Licht genannt?
Was sind des Sehens Freuden all'
Die niemals ich gekannt?

Die Sonne, die so hell ihr seht,
Mir Armen scheint sie nie;
Ihr sagt, sie auf- und niedergeht,
Ich weiss nicht, wann noch wie.

Ich mach' mir selbst so Tag wie Nacht
Dieweil ich schlaf und spiel',
Mein inn'res Leben schön mir lacht,
Ich hab' der Freuden viel.

Now tell me, dear friends,
What is that thing called Light?
What are all these joys of seeing
That I have never known?

The sun that you see so bright
Never shines for me, poor boy;
You tell me it rises and sets.
Yet I know not when nor how.

I myself make my day and night
Whilst I sleep or play;
My inner life smiles brightly,
And many are my joys.

Though I do not know what gladdens you
No guilt weighs me down.
Therefore I rejoice in my sorrow
And bear it patiently.

I am so happy and so rich
With that which God gave me.
I am as joyful as a king.
Though but a poor, blind boy.

“For the sighted complacently to put smooth words into the mouth of the blind, and make a comfortable song of unimagined disaster is a sentimentality and an impertinence.” Thus Richard Capell castigates Schubert’s age which was more susceptible to pathos, and more moved by melodrama than our own more ‘politically correct’ century. When this song was performed by Vogl accompanied by the composer it drew tears from great pianist Johann Nepomuk Hummel who proceeded to improvise on it to great effect. As a child of his time Hummel responded unashamedly to this scenario combining
childhood and tragedy in the same way the average Victorian reader was touched by the death of Dickens’s Little Nell. No doubt he was also moved by the beauty of Schubert’s music (and one’s heart goes out to Hummel for having been one of the very few real musical celebrities of Schubert’s day to be receptive to the composer’s magic), but those tears were also doubtless occasioned by Vogl’s impersonation of the blind boy which was probably completely ‘over the top’ by the histrionic and vocal acting standards of our own day. Although Capell was right to point out that Cibber’s words (along the lines of ‘what you’ve never had, you never miss’) were in bad taste, Schubert’s music seems to soften the overt process of tear-jerking to show us the same inner radiance and bravery against the odds which make the celebrated Frühlingsglaube such an overwhelmingly powerful song. In that work the singer (though it seems to me not the accompanist) is certain that spring will come and that everything will change for the better; we who are listening on the outside doubt that this may truly be so, but we are touched by the optimism and faith of a rare spirit who is probably destined to further disappointment. This is no more or less than a song encapsulation of the composer’s own refusal to become cynical and bitter in the face of tragedy. Frühlingsglaube, to be appreciated to its full hauntingly sad effect, has to be performed as a song which is full of brave hope. In the same way, the blind boy’s pride, strength and independence are what emerge from Schubert’s setting, rather than a lament for his handicap. It is left to the listener (like Hummel) to be moved by the gulf between his pity for the youngster and the boy’s own unaccountable lack of self-pity.

The prelude of the opening bars seems to grope for the light. The four-note arpeggio figure is repeated and laid out in such a way that even the rhythm is uncertain; the ear can easily be tricked into believing that the first semiquaver is a weak upbeat rather than a strong downbeat – an effect of deliberate disorientation, a tonal analogue for blindness via the workings of the ear. After two beats we hear the other feature of the introduction which pervades the whole song – two quavers played ‘mezzo staccato’ in the bass. This rectifies the rhythmical trompe l’oreille of the first two beats as it pulls their wayward ramblings into line; entirely appropriately these hollow knocking sounds suggest the tapping of the blind boy’s stick which helps him to get his bearings.

The vocal line opens somewhat tentatively, the tune punctuated by rests as if the singer is searching for words – in fact he is searching for the definition of a word. When he names this concept, known to him only by the name ‘Licht’ we leap out of the dark from the F of ‘ist’s’ to the E flat above supported by a poignant dominant seventh; the elusive word glows with a halo of mystery like a distant and unknown star. Throughout the song, when the tapping is absent, the voice clings to the tenor line in the pianist’s left hand at the interval of a tenth. This suggests physical contact with another surface, and that the boy is carefully feeling his way through the music as if guided by a hand rail. For the second verse we modulate into the dominant; the sun’s music consists of a line of deliberately monotonous C’s (for the boy, the sun neither rises nor sets) and in the third verse on the phrase ‘Tag und Nacht’ the traditional musical analogues for light and darkness are reversed with night sung on a note both higher and longer than that for day. The shrinking appoggiature sequence at ‘ich weiss nicht wann, noch wie’ (Verse 2) and at the similar passage at ‘und trae es mit Geduld’ (Verse 4) somehow suggest that the singer is small of stature or frail, perhaps even that he has a limp. It is the music of the third verse, however, which lifts the song on to a different plane. The double-dotted rhythms of ‘so glucklich’ and ‘so reich’ show a glimmer of defiance from someone who is king of his own world. The echo in the major key ‘ein armer blinder Knab’ is one such tenderness and compassion that it seems that it is no
longer being sung by the protagonist who, in any case, does not understand how ‘poor’ he is. Rather has the composer quietly stepped into the picture to give the boy his own embrace and blessing.

COLLEY CIBBER, born in England of Danish stock, was both an actor and playwright of some significance. He became one of the very first actor-managers and worked at Drury Lane between 1710 and 1733. He was created Poet Laureate in 1730. Although it was generally acknowledged that Cibber was very talented, he made many enemies through his ill-concealed vanity, and was unfortunate to be chosen by Alexander Pope as the ‘hero’ of the Dunciad. It is probably because he had such a reputation for being both poseur and clown that Capell, well versed in the literary reputations of obscure authors, was so harsh about The Blind Boy. Cibber’s An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber (1740) is a treasure trove of theatrical anecdote and gossip of the theatre of his time.

COLLEY CIBBER

Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855)

DIE JUNGE NONNE

D828 early 1825; published in July 1825 as Op 43 No 1

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klingen die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollt der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!
Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt es auch jüngst noch in mir!

Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

THE YOUNG NUN

How the raging storm roars through the treetops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
And the night is as dark as the grave.

So be it, not long ago a storm still raged in me.
My life roared like the storm now.
My limbs trembled like the house now,
Love flashed like the lightning now,
And my heart was as dark as the grave.
Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getauft.

Now rage, wild, mighty storm;
In my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.
The loving bride awaits the bridegroom,
Purified in the testing flames,
Betrothed to eternal love.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süße Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.

I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride.
Free the soul from earthly bonds.
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully from the tower!
Its sweet pealing invites me
All-powerfully to eternal heights.

“After lunch Schubert came and brought a new song, Die junge Nonne; later Vogl came, and I sang it to him; it is splendidly composed.” Thus wrote the soprano Sophie Müller in her diary on 3 March 1825, and it is because of this that we are able to ascribe the song, with some certainty, to 1825; in any case it seems highly likely that Die junge Nonne was written in the same period as the other Craigher settings, Der blinde Knabe and Totengräbers Heimweh. It was a period of great songs like Pyrker’s Die Allmacht (Volume 5) and Schulze’s Auf der Bruck, the time between the two great Müller cycles when there were frequent Schubertiads, and all of the newly composed Lieder seemed to be ‘events’ – the works of a mature master at ease with his genius. Even the fear and tension Schubert suffered because of his illness seemed to be in a state of remission. After the crucial experience of writing Die schöne Müllerin, the composer no longer seems to need ‘heavenly length’ in order to make his dramatic point. All the experience of concocting long ballads in the song kitchen of his earlier years has now resulted in reduction, with no loss of taste or flavour. Distillation is now the order of the day. His songs last a shorter time than before, but are more concentrated than ever; they pack a mighty punch. Sophie Müller was right: ‘Splendidly composed’ the song most certainly is. Indeed, it has such a symphonic feel (German musicologists term such a song a ‘lyrische Szene’) that Liszt orchestrated it and Schubert’s brother Ferdinand arranged it, after Franz’s death, for large orchestra and female chorus. The thought of this reminds one of the Nuns’ Chorus from Benatzky’s Casanova – or, perhaps worse, a filmed arrangement of Duparc’s L’Invitation au voyage for a chorus of nuns (justified no doubt by the misinterpreted words ‘ma soeur’ and the flagrantly bowdlerised Baudelaire of ‘luxe, calme et chasteté.’). It seems that even in those days, long before ‘Climb every mountain’, kitsch nunnerly flummery could be the all-too-easy result of bringing drama to the cloister.

But Schubert, whatever his brother did later to his music, negotiates this fine line, as always, with great aplomb. We take this music very seriously indeed from the first ominous notes of the muffled storm. In a number of details (particularly in the nub of the tremolando of the accompaniment and supporting octave triplets) the music is curiously reminiscent of Kolmas Klage from a decade earlier. Perhaps this is logical enough when we realise that that too was storm music written for a heroine whose soul was beset by storm-like grief. The key of F minor is established with the broadest of brushes. Howling wind and ringing bell are both introduced by a motif that is heard again and again in various guises (including the vocal line, itself a variant of this theme). The left hand beneath the rustlings of the right does its storm work, and then crosses over (a most eloquent gesture in this context) to sound the angelus. It is as if we are seeing, and hearing, the diabolical and the divine in the human condition in a Jekyll and Hyde juxtaposition of roles. The tension rises and the screw is mercilessly turned by a semitone rise to
the key of F sharp minor. It is here, as Capell so aptly puts it, that “every listener is aware that some powerful spirit is at work.” G sharp in the bass (under the first ‘und finster der Nacht’) pushes pitch and excitement higher (a D in the vocal line) but the voice now descends by semitones (D flat and then C, where the hollow incantation of ‘wie das Grab’ makes its eerie effect) on its return to F minor. At the third verse the music goes into F major, and the change of key is as if a cloud has cleared in the nun’s understanding rather than in nature, for the storm continues raging outside. A miracle has taken place, however, and her prayer has been answered. She now has “a recognition of the essential benignancy of the forces of the wild night” (Capell again, who is splendid on this song) and she carries us with her in the sweep of her conviction and new-found insight. Her fear of the storm, both nature’s and life’s, has been banished; instead we hear a type of visionary ecstasy that in lesser musical hands would have been maudlin. But aided by Schubert we are transfixed by the transformation; the hypnotic rhythm of the music, both repetitive and ever changing, would make us follow her anywhere. The effect of the final bell music is of the greatest imaginable romantic grandeur, at the same time as being gently moving and touching. The storm motif continues but it has forever lost its power to intimidate. What has started out as a force of potential danger and evil is now seen to be yet another facet of the workings of God.

In a few minutes, and not even helped by a poem of the first rank, Schubert has achieved a scene of Shakespearean dimensions in which confrontation and struggle finally resolve into acceptance and reconciliation. The young nun, now steadfast at last, has voyaged uneasily through spiritual tempests of doubt and temptation, and turned to heaven as her haven. The song’s span and structure suggest the experiences of a lifetime rather than a single night, so powerfully does the music sonorously recreate the poetic symbolism of past passions in terms of the thunderstorm and final peace of mind as the ringing of the morning angelus. Thus a poem of neo-gothic extravagance has been transformed into a song about a real woman. No composer ever surpasses Schubert’s ability to bring warmth and life to what could remain, in other hands, a cardboard cut-out of Sturm und Drang.

JACOB NIKOLAUS CRAIGHER DE JACHELUTTA was an Italian by birth, but he was typical of a new breed of the multi-lingual citizens of post Napoleonic Europe who made their home in Vienna for a period. He was wealthy in his own right (he was a gifted business man and entrepreneur) and had a genuine interest in poetry and music. He was a fervent Roman Catholic (as the poem of Die junge Nonne makes clear) and as such was part of the convert Friedrich Schlegel’s circle in the Vienna of the 1820’s. As an original poet (as opposed to a translator) Craigher was a disciple of the already outmoded Göttingen Hainbund, a group of poets such as Klopstock, Höfle and Voss (see notes pp 16-17, Volume 7). In October 1825 Craigher had a meeting with Schubert (whom in his diary he describes as a ‘splendid person’) and his friend the painter Schwind. He made an agreement with Schubert that as an expert in various European languages he would provide the composer with a number of translations of French, Italian, Spanish and English classics (retaining the metre of the original language) which could be set to music and printed both in German and the originell. This was a logical extension of Schubert’s (for once) commercially ambitious project to print his Walter Scott settings, from earlier in the year, in both German and English (see notes p 36, Volume 13). Craigher’s scheme was one of the greatest Schubertian ‘might have beens’ – a body of song representative of the best of western literature, a forerunner of Wolf’s Italian and Spanish Songbooks perhaps – and an undoubted project for the composer’s late thirties or forties. As it turned out, Schubert set two of Craigher’s original poems (Die junge Nonne and Totengräbers Heimweh) and only one translation,
Colley Cibber's *Der blinde Knabe*. It is also probable that Craigher provided the Italian translation of the Goethe song *Willkommen und Abschied* (Volume 6) for publication in 1826. In his later years Craigher published a fascinating memoir, *Erinnerungen aus dem Orient*, of his travels in the East.

JACÖB NIKOLAUS CRAIGHER DE JACHELUTTA

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This record is Volume 15 in a series containing all of Schubert's songs, to be issued over the next few years with the aim of completing it in 1997, the bicentenary of the composer's birth. All of the records are planned by Graham Johnson, the accompanist throughout the series.

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