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TRACK LISTING

ENGLISH

Sung texts and translation
# AN 1827 SCHUBERTIAD

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**Performers:**

JULIANE BANSE soprano  MICHAEL SCHADE tenor  GERALD FINLEY baritone

with LYNNE DAWSON soprano

GRAHAM JOHNSON piano

HOLST SINGERS directed by STEPHEN LAYTON
VOLUME 36 is the penultimate volume in The Hyperion Schubert Edition. In this final lap of the journey the last four issues have been arranged chronologically, leading to volume 37 and the songs of 1828, the year of Schubert’s death. The composer’s short lifespan thus seems to be running in parallel with this recording project; as both draw to a close we at Hyperion might be forgiven for confusing the untimely curtailment of Schubert’s career with our sadness in bidding farewell to a task that has enriched and enlivened the last thirteen years—the same span of time that separates the teenager’s Erlkönig from the unintentionally valedictory Schwanengesang. Volume 34 was devoted to 1817–1821, volume 35 to 1822–1825; and now we reach 1827, the last full year of our composer’s life and work. As in Schubert’s Goethe setting An Schwager Kronos, the post-chaise with Father Time as its postilion hurries ever onwards towards its final destination.

The year 1827 is an important one in the lieder-lover’s calendar: Winterreise was composed in two different instalments in February and November. This great song-cycle towers above all others, and over much else of Schubert. But this should not allow us to forget that there were other marvellous works written in this year. Here we look at some of the year’s other masterpieces, most of it Schubert of the highest quality. The settings of Karl von Leitner (written as a result of the composer’s connection with Graz during this period) are important and not all well known, and the same is true of the three final settings of Schubert’s closest friend, Franz von Schober. These include Der Hochzeitsbraten—one of the very few pieces by this composer with a deliberately humorous content, like Il modo di prender moglie, the third of a set of buffo songs written for the great bass Luigi Lablache. These settings are the greatest of Schubert’s numerous Italian canzone.

The end of 1826 had been dominated by Schubertiads, the biggest of which were arranged by Josef von Spaun and immortalized by Schwind’s famous group portrait sketched many years later. These were happy months for the composer who seems not to have been unduly bothered by fears over his health. Whatever the long-term prognosis of his syphilitic condition, he was now able for much of the time to put the worst period of his life (late 1822 to 1824) behind him. (This period of well-being was sadly temporary and was to last only until the autumn of 1827 when there were to be worrying signs of a further deterioration in health.) In the autumn of 1826 he had shared a house with Schober in the Bäckerstrasse, parallel to the Wollzeile behind the Stephansdom. At the end of the year he moved to a flat on his own in the Karolinentor on the Bastei—the old city wall which has long been demolished. Modern-day visitors to Vienna can picture the situation of this apartment if they imagine it on the inner-city side of the Ringstrasse, opposite the Stadtpark with the Konzerthaus lying further to the right. None of these modern landmarks of Viennese life were known to Schubert, of course.

By February or March of 1827 he had moved from this solitary existence to live once more with the Schobers. This time the building, because it was the family home rather than students’ lodgings, was more elegant than the old digs in the Bäckerstrasse. The second-floor apartment in the Tuchlauben was roomy and spacious: the composer had the use of two rooms as well as a small separate area for a piano; his quarters were even big enough to welcome guests. This was more or less an unheard-of luxury, and it reflected a new ease and relaxation in Schubert’s life. Always assuming he was able to forget the Damoclesian sword of his illness, there seemed to be much light at the end of the tunnel on his thirtieth birthday—things were looking up, the words of Frühlingsglaube29 (superscript numbers refer to the volume of The Hyperion Schubert Edition where a song is to be found) come true at last, or seemingly so:

Nun armes Herz, vergiss der Qual! Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden. Now, all must change
There were some disappointments of course. In April 1826 he had applied for the position of Vice-Hofkapellmeister, and towards the end of January 1827 (such was the snail-pace of Austrian bureaucracy) he heard that the position had gone to the composer Josef Weigl. Schubert made the best of this, as he admired Weigl. In any case, from what we know of his working schedule, and his inability to buckle down to a regular timetable of duties, he was better off without this particular job.

Another slight setback was the refusal of the publisher Probst of Leipzig to publish any of Schubert’s work. Probst’s excuse for not doing so now sounds comical: he was engaged in preparing an edition of the complete works of Kalkbrenner. But Schubert was hardly impoverished at this time: the rent he almost certainly paid Schober for his comparatively luxurious accommodation came from the money he received from the publishers Artaria and Diabelli (he had fallen out with the latter in 1823, but there had been a reconciliation); and there was a burgeoning relationship with the newly established firm of Tobias Haslinger. There were no fewer than fourteen opus numbers published in the first half of the year including such substantial works as the Piano Sonata in G major, D894, dedicated to his oldest friend Spaun.

Schubert’s music was now regularly reviewed (often very favourably) by all the important German music journals, and even critics in London were beginning to take note of his name. At last his career had a rolling momentum of its own; he was acquiring a real reputation at home and abroad, and his music was regularly played at various meetings of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde—no fewer than ten times in 1827. (In June he was named a full committee member of that institution.) It was also highly convenient that his new home with the Schobers was next door to the Musikverein building where these concerts took place. The heavily social aspect of the early months of 1827 is emphasized by the happy chance that we have access to the diaries—unearthed by Otto Erich Deutsch in 1913—of two young friends of Josef von Spaun, the brothers Fritz and Franz von Hartmann, twenty-two and nineteen years old respectively. They came from Linz (like so many others in the Schubert circle) and were students at Vienna university. Little could these amiable provincial visitors know that their fortuitous presence at various junketings, and the fact that they took the trouble to record a series of social events in which the composer played some part, would assure their immortality among Schubertians. The Hartmanns’ diary entries had already featured to a large extent in the documents of 1826 relating to the great Schubertiads at the end of that year, and the first document for 1827 in the Deutsch compilation is also Franz von Hartmann’s: ‘2nd January 1827: ‘Towards 10 o’clock we meet Schober and Schubert at the Anchor, but unfortunately Spaun is not there. We remain until 12 o’clock, but it is not very jolly.’

On the next night they meet Schober at the same place. This time the poet Bauernfeld, the composer Franz Lachner and his brother Ignaz, and Josef Huber (the so-called ‘tall’ Huber who had given Schubert refuge in the bad times of 1823) were among the company. Thus do many of the important figures of the circle appear in these jottings. Sometimes (as on 9 January) the talk turned to more serious things; on this occasion Jean Paul and Goethe were discussed, but the conversation was usually much less elevating. These brief lines, not written with an eye on posterity, are valuable because they tell us of the social life of the Schubertians, and where certain people were on a given evening, but they are also largely trivial. When Schubert appears in the Hartmanns’ diaries it is a like a ghost (as Maurice Brown observed). He joins the others for a drink, sometimes he accompanies his songs, but we know little of his real life through these pages—there is no insight into the composer’s engagement with his muse and the fire of creation which burned so brightly within him.

It is perhaps for this reason that John Reed writes of 1827 as the ‘climacteric year’ when ‘the contrast between man and artist reaches baffling proportions; the task of reconciling Schubert’s private life with the inner world of his
imagination becomes so difficult as to seem irrelevant'. When Hoffmann von Fallersleben, a poet whose work was to interest Schumann and Brahms, saw Schubert by chance on a visit to Vienna in August 1827, he later recounted (1868) that ‘there was nothing in his face, or in his whole being, that resembled my Schubert’. The italics are my own, for this is a sentence that someone from our own century might have written had he been granted the opportunity to go back in time to meet a favourite hero. Each of us has a clear idea of what and who ‘my Schubert’ is, and here is an early record of a distant admirer’s disappointment when confronted with ‘the real thing’. But is a composer’s appearance at a distance the ‘real thing’ after all? Reed’s point is that now in 1827 there is a larger gap than ever before between the composer’s outward form in everyday life, and his transfigured state when putting pen to paper.

The lack of any curiosity on the part of the Hartmann brothers in Schubert’s inner life may be ascribed to the composer’s unprepossessing, perhaps even rather seedy, appearance—short and overweight, balding, and probably with a pallor that indicated some years of ill-health. (Fallersleben noted, however, that like all Viennese, Schubert’s linen was impeccably clean, and that his hat was a shiny black.) The following, from 12 January, is one of Franz von Hartmann’s more descriptive efforts, and yet Schubert himself, whose music was the centre point of the evening, rates scarcely a mention: ‘… To Spaun’s where there is a Schubertiad … one by one, came Gahy [the distinguished pianist, and Schubert’s partner as a piano duettist], Schober, Schubert, … Lachner, a certain Rieder [the painter whose portrait of the composer can be seen on the cover of volume 35] … finally Vogl and his wife, Bauernfeld, Schwind, Gross. We had a splendid sonata for four hands, glorious variations and many magnificent songs, among them a brand-new one (sung by Richard Cœur-de-Lion in Ivanhoe) and old ones including Nacht und Träume and Erlkönig. A specially beautiful one, ‘Die Abendröte’ by Lappe [actually Im Abendrot] was sung twice by Vogl, who happened to be in an exceptionally good mood. Then we had a delicious repast, and several toasts were drunk. Suddenly Spaun arrived and said we must drink brotherhood, which much surprised and pleased me. Then we had tossing in a blanket (Enderes and Huber, the latter behaving very clumsily) … At last we took our leave of our kind hosts and went helter-skelter to Bogner’s, where we smoked a few pipes, and in the street Schwind, running and flapping his cloak, gave a striking illusion of flying.’

Amidst the rather juvenile excesses of gymnastic display and laddish games (a tendency to rather juvenile high spirits which increasingly exasperated the composer) some beautiful songs were heard. Romanze des Richard Löwenherz (track 3 of this disc) is here described as ‘brand new’. It could have been composed a few days earlier, or at some time in 1826. It is, in any case, the last of Schubert’s Scott settings. Three other songs, not heard on this occasion, were all definitely composed in this January: these all have texts by Johann Friedlich Rochlitz, and the titles are Zur guten Nacht, Alinde and An die Laute. (These, and the Bauernfeld setting Der Vater mit dem Kind, also composed at this time, are all to be heard on volume 6.) It may have been at the urging of the politically astute publisher Haslinger that Schubert set some of the poetry of Rochlitz, a very influential music critic in Berlin. As if to confirm this premise, these songs took only
a few months to reach publication. The month of January ended with a party on Schubert’s thirtieth birthday, a gathering which the composer did not attend but which may have been organized in his honour. Gahy played ‘glorious things’, American cigars were smoked, and there were the inevitable ‘surprising tricks’. Were the latter idiocies of ‘men behaving badly’ sufficient to keep Schubert away from the festivities?

It is much more likely, as often must have been the case in similar circumstances when the composer did not turn up, that he was busy working—a fact that does not seem to have occurred to those of his peers who lived each day as a sequence of jollifications. If Schubert’s sybaritic streak sometimes briefly tempted him into a similar attitude, one cannot believe, taking his enormous output into account, that he succumbed for long. His thirtieth birthday (31 January 1827) finds him on the threshold of the composition of the first twelve songs of Winterreise. Although he had probably not yet moved in at the Schobers, he spent a lot of time at their house where a small library had been created by his friend Franz especially for the composer’s pleasure. It was probably there that Schubert encountered the 1823 issue of the almanac Urania. This contained the first printing of twenty-three of Rückert’s Liebesfrühling poems which were later to fascinate Schumann, among others, as well as sonnets by Platen, a poet whom Schubert had already set twice. But on this occasion it was something else in the almanac which caught his eye: twelve ‘Wanderlieder’ by Wilhelm Müller which constitute the first book of Winterreise.

Somehow or other in this month he also found the time to set two poems by Schober, both betokening a firm re-establishment of a close relationship that seems to have waxed and waned over the years (it was at its lowest ebb when the composer was at his most ill, and Schober was following a phantom career as an actor in Breslau). Both songs refer to the inspiration and strength of male friendship. In jägers Liebeslied the song of a hunter in love with a nameless woman ends with an image of him being embraced in the arms of his best friend. If this seems to prophesy some of the imagery to be found in Housman’s poetry, Schiffer’s Scheideli1ed seems more like Whitman, once again avant la lettre; it is a vigorously masculine paean to the loyalty and inspirational qualities of ‘Mein Freund’, otherwise depicted as an angel strong enough to bury the departing seaman if he were to be washed up on the shore. The only other piece ascribed to February is Schlachtlied (Klopstock, D912) for double male chorus.

On 2 March four songs were published (a duet and three songs of Mignon) from Goethe’s Wilhelm Meister; on the same day Drang in die Ferne (Leitner) appeared on the market, as well as the immortal Stolberg setting Auf dem Wasser zu singen. These three opus numbers, 62, 71 and 72, all bore the Diabelli imprint, the first works by Schubert to appear at this house since the estrangement of publisher and composer in 1823. There is, however, no new work listed in the Deutsch catalogue for March 1827. Indeed, the six months between March and September were exceptionally fallow in terms of productivity. There can be no doubt that the effort involved in the composition of the first twelve Winterreise songs must have been emotionally draining. It was not until the autumn that Schubert felt himself able to begin work once again at his normal pace.

In the meantime the social life of the Schubertians went full steam ahead (only just an anachronism; the first steamboat went up the Danube in 1829). On 4 March there was a gathering at Schober’s house at the invitation of the new lodger, the composer himself. The two Hartmann brothers duly turned up with many other friends including Schwind and Bauernfeld, but Schubert was nowhere to be found. After a long wait, Schwind had to sing a selection of the early songs instead, apparently to enchanting effect. The composer caught up with the gathering at the ‘Castle of Eisenstadt’ inn much later in the evening and seems to have been forgiven because of his, as Fritz von Hartmann put it, ‘amiable simplicity, although he had deceived our hopes by his artist’s negligence’.
March was also the month of Beethoven’s death, which caused an enormous stir in Vienna. The great man died on the 26th and was buried on the 29th. For many weeks it had been known he was mortally ill. Sometime in February he had been given a collection of Schubert songs to read by Anton Schindler, his amanuensis. Beethoven is said to have exclaimed at the number of songs, as well as their length and variety. It would be nice to believe that he really came out with the phrase ‘truly in Schubert there is the divine spark’, but this could well be a Schindler invention along with such phrases ascribed to Beethoven as ‘he [Schubert] will make a great stir in the world’. On 18 March legend has it that Schubert went to visit Beethoven in the company of the two Hüttenbrenner brothers, Anselm and Josef. Sadly, the Hüttenbrenners are another source of embroidered Schubert stories, and the usually reliable Spaun denied that this visit ever took place.

We are certain, however, that Schubert was one of thirty-six musicians nominated to carry wax torches at the funeral; the torchbearers were all clad in black with black gloves, with white roses and bunches of lilies tied to their arms with crêpe. Fritz von Hartmann’s diary tells us that Schober, Schubert and Schwind ended the day together at the ‘Castle of Eisenstadt’: ‘We talked of nothing but Beethoven, his works and the well-deserved honours paid to his memory today.’

The composer Hummel and his sixteen-year-old pupil Ferdinand Hiller had come to Vienna at this time specifically to pay their last respects to the dying Beethoven. Hiller, more perspicacious in musical matters than the Hartmanns, left a fascinating account of an important encounter which resulted from a party arranged by Hummel’s friend, the erstwhile singer Katharina von Laczy, dedicatee, in 1825, of the songs *Nachtstück*¹¹ and *Der zürnenden Diana*¹⁴: ‘After … dinner Schubert sat down at the piano with Vogl at his side—the rest of us settled down comfortably in the large drawing-room, wherever we felt inclined, and then began a unique concert. Song after song ensued—the performers inexhaustibly generous, the audience inexhaustibly receptive. Schubert had but little technique, Vogl had not much of a voice, but they both had such life and feeling, and were so completely absorbed in their performances, that the wonderful compositions could not have been interpreted with greater clarity and, at the same time, with greater vision. You did not notice the piano-playing nor the singing, it was as though the music needed no material sound, as though the melodies, like visions, revealed themselves to spiritualized ears. Of my emotions, of my enthusiasm I dare not speak—but my master, who already had almost half a century of music behind him, was so deeply moved that tears trickled down his cheeks.’

At this point Hummel went to the piano and improvised variations on a song he had just heard, *Der blinde Knabe*¹⁵. If the stories of Beethoven’s admiration for Schubert are spurious, Hummel (a composer whose own reputation has happily been reassessed and upgraded in recent years) takes the laurel as the most famous living musician to have acknowledged our composer’s genius in his own lifetime. Schubert was aware of the honour and planned to dedicate his last three piano sonatas to Hummel. (Both composers had died by the time they were published and Diabelli decided instead to dedicate them to Schumann.) The morning after this event, Hiller called on Schubert and was astounded by how wrapped up he was in composition. Answering enquiries concerning his way of working, the composer said: ‘I write for several hours each morning. When one piece is finished, I begin another.’

This story accords ill with the Deutsch catalogue’s account of the works composed in this period. Like March, the months of April and May were almost entirely devoid of any new work. The few exceptions were a slight piano piece written for his friend Walcher (Allegretto in C minor, D915) and two choral works: *Nachtgesang im Walde*, D913, for male chorus and four horns, and *Frühlingslied*, D914, for unaccompanied men’s chorus with a text by Aaron Pollak. It is likely that the arrangement of *Frühlingslied* for solo voice and piano also dates from this time. As if to compensate for this sluggish activity there were many Schubert performances: partsongs on 6 April, a vocal quartet on the 12th, the first public performance of the Octet on the 16th, and the first performance of the above-mentioned *Nachtgesang im Walde*.
on the 22nd. This is quite apart from performances of solo songs, and four Schubertiads, the most substantial of which took place at Spaun’s on 21 April. This seems to have been a party for a large number of people; as usual, the guests moved on to the coffee house (Bogner’s this time) and the Hartmanns, together with Schober, Schwind and quite a few others, talked until 1 o’clock in the morning. In a moment of rare introspection, Franz von Hartmann felt that this rowdy gathering sadly effaced the ‘glorious impression’ of that evening’s Schubertiad.

In May there were further song publications: Die Allmacht (both to poems of Pyrker) were issued as Op 79; the Seidl songs Der Wanderer an den Mond, Das Zugenglocklein and Im Freien were published as Op 80 and dedicated to the manuscript-collector and sometime host of Schubertiads, Josef Witteczek; songs issued formerly as supplements to the Wiener Zeitschrift für Kunst, Literatur und Mode were reissued as Op 68 (Der Wachtelschlag) and Op 73 (Die Rose). The latter song-publication contains the first printed list of Schubert’s works in order of opus number—an unmistakable sign that a small Schubert ‘industry’ was taking wing.

In the wake of the first part of Winterreise the composer had fallen silent for as long as at any time in his adult life. It was only in June that the creative fires seem to have been gradually rekindled, and even then they were not burning at full force. Schubert, probably accompanied by Schober, went to stay in the village of Dornbach to the west of Vienna, in Hernals (today the city’s 17th district or Bezirk). Their hostelry was called ‘Zur Kaiserin Elisabeth’ and it was surrounded by the beauties of the Wiener Wald. It was here that Das Lied im Grünen was composed, the only song that we know for certain was written in that month. (It is possible that the Italian songs for Lablache were also written in Dornbach; they also seem to be imbued with the sunlight and happiness of this country interlude.) Much more substantial was a new operatic project, Der Graf von Gleichen, with Eduard von Bauernfeld as collaborator. (Bauernfeld quotes Goethe’s poem Wonne der Wehmut in the course of the story which Schubert accordingly sets to the music for his Wonne der Wehmut from 1815.) This libretto had not received the censor’s approval, but Schubert decided to set it anyway. He sketched the music for twenty-one scenes of the two-act opera, but it remained incomplete. The name Suleika, so familiar from the Goethe songs of the West-Östlicher Divan, reappears as a character in this work. According to Lachner, Schubert spoke of the work with enthusiasm on his death-bed, saying that he wished to finish it. Published in facsimile form in 1988, it is clear that apart from a few numbers, most of the sketches are barely legible; even such an enthusiast for the Schubert operas as Elizabeth McKay counts it ‘irretrievable as a stage work’. The wonderful Impromptus for piano, which were to be published as Op 90 in December 1827, were also probably sketched in Dornbach. In the meantime, publication of Schubert’s works continued: as a supplement to the Wiener Zeitschrift of 23 June there appeared in print for the first time Wandrers Nachtlied (‘Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh’) together with the Schober setting Trost im Liede.

The only musical work for the month of July 1827 was Ständchen for alto voice and chorus. The story behind the composition of this piece is connected with Luise Gosmar, a charming young singing pupil of Anna Fröhlich. So small was the circle of mutual acquaintances in this gathering of friends that Gosmar was introduced to Fritz von Hartmann, and danced with him while speaking of her enthusiasm for Schubert’s music. Anna Fröhlich, who taught a number of pupils at the Vienna Conservatoire, knew that Luise soon had a birthday and prevailed on the poet Grillparzer (who was conveniently in love with Anna’s sister) to write a poem for her. She then asked Schubert to set it to music as a surprise for Luise. Schubert duly obliged, but by mistake wrote a work featuring a male, rather than female, chorus. Told of his mistake he immediately rewrote the work for the required forces, but the first version, with the contrasting textures of female solo and male chorus, is more effective than the second. (Luise Gosmar, incidentally, later married Leopold Sonnleithner who had played such an important part in an earlier stage of Schubert’s life by reorganizing his finances and attempting to put the composer’s dealings with the publishers on a more solid footing.)
A number of commentators believe that Schubert saw the death of Beethoven as initiating a challenging new phase in his own life. He might even have known the famous phrase about the metaphorical mantle, once belonging to Mozart, which Beethoven had supposedly received from the hands of Haydn. If there was such a mantle, who was now better suited to wear it than Schubert? Although his operatic ambitions were not quite at an end (as is proved by his interest in *Der Graf von Gleichen*), the composer seems to have decided to concentrate on new and ‘serious’ explorations—thus worthy of the Beethoven tradition—in the field of piano and chamber music. We have already mentioned the Opus 90 Impromptus, a set of pieces which includes the most famous of Schubert’s shorter works for the piano—the Impromptu in G flat major. To these should be added the Op 142 Impromptus (D935), including the famous theme and variations on a theme from *Rosamunde*, written in December 1827. From the same month comes the *Fantasie in C für Violine und Klavier*, D934, which is particularly demanding and virtuosic for both instruments. The E flat major Piano Trio, Op 100 (D929), was begun in November 1827, and it remains a bone of contention whether the other celebrated Piano Trio in B flat (Op 99, D898) was written before or after the E flat work. It was presumably a matter of chance whether Schubert bothered to date his works (he was more assiduous in this respect as a much younger man) but each case in which he failed to do so has spawned endless contention and speculation.

This is, however, to jump ahead to the end of the year. The earlier part of the summer was spent in Vienna and there was the usual round of parties, faithfully described by the Hartmanns. It was at a Grinzing *Heurige* (a wine-garden with the newly harvested wine on tap) in August that Hoffmann von Fallersleben had come across Schubert ‘with his girl’ (most likely a casual acquaintance) and had been disappointed in how ordinary the composer seemed. On 3 September Schubert set off for Graz (or ‘Gratz’ as it was still known at that time) in Styria. This journey had been planned for some time through the good offices of Schubert’s friend Johann Baptist Jenger. (Jenger’s portrait is on the left on the front of this CD; the Graz-born composer Anselm Hüttenbrenner is in the middle of the picture, next to Schubert.) Jenger was a military civil servant and pianist, and he was one of the movers and shakers of Austrian musical life. He worked in Vienna but was a native of Graz and had long hoped to attract Schubert to his city (then little more than a town, but with a strong cultural tradition) and to introduce him to the intelligent and sympathetic Marie Pachler and her family. Jenger played a leading part in the activities of the Musikverein in Steiermark, both as an administrator and accompanist in various concerts (he was later to play for Baron von Schönstein, the gifted amateur baritone who introduced *Die schöne Müllerin* to the world). It was probably Jenger, au courant with the latest developments of musical life in Vienna, who recommended that Schubert be appointed an honorary member of the Styrian society as early as 1823. In 1825 he got to know the composer personally (possibly through Anselm Hüttenbrenner, also a native of Graz), and a warm friendship developed between them.

We read of plans for this Graz journey as early as 1826, but Schubert had no money in that year to travel away on holiday. He was invited again in 1828, but once more financial difficulties intervened. But in early September 1827 all the conditions were suitable. He set off in Jenger’s company for the twenty-four-hour journey by express coach. He was in Graz for little more than two weeks, but it was a holiday which made an indelible impression on him, as well as on the new friends he made in that beautiful part of Austria. He was treated and feted as an honoured guest. His host, Karl Pachler, was a barrister with a brewing business; his hostess Marie Pachler was a distinguished pianist whose playing, a decade before, had impressed Beethoven: ‘I have not yet found anyone who performed my compositions as well as you do’, the great man wrote; ‘you are the true fosterer of my spiritual children.’ Schubert was also obviously impressed by Marie’s talents, and not only in terms of music. It was rare that he followed the suggestions of other people regarding the
poetry which he set to music, but as we will see, her influence is to be felt in the composition of three songs with texts by Herder (as a translator), Karoline von Klenke and, above all, Karl von Leitner.

On the first full day of his arrival Schubert was taken to hear Meyerbeer’s *Il crociato in Egitto* in a German version by his old colleague and fellow-creator of *Fierabras*, Josef Kupelwieser. He was apparently singularly unimpressed by Meyerbeer’s music. After the first act he apparently said to Hüttenbrenner: ‘Look here, I can’t stand any more of this; let’s go outside!’ Apart from this, the whole stay was a huge success with almost constant music-making, sometimes formal (as with the benefit concert by the Styrian Music Society given in Schubert’s honour) or in a number of Schubertiads where the composer sang his songs to his own accompaniment and played pianoforte duets with Jenger. Such evening gatherings were contrasted with picnics in the early autumn sunshine, and visits to such beautiful spots as the castle of Wildbach where the Pachlers, Jenger, Anselm Hüttenbrenner and Schubert went for three days. During the stay in Graz there was a serious attempt to interest the Intendant of the opera there in mounting a production of *Alfonso und Estrella*; a score was sent to Graz (where it remained, gathering dust for many years) and the correspondence about this dragged on for some time, but to no ultimate avail. Rather more successful were the works that Schubert wrote in this two-week period at the suggestion of Marie Pachler. These were a setting of Herder’s translation of an old Scottish ballad (*Eine altschottische Ballade*) which Loewe had set as *Edward*; indeed, it seems that a printed copy of this song was the source of the words when Schubert decided to set them in a very different, altogether simpler, way. The other song was *Heimliches Lieben*, the only poem by Karoline von Klenke that Schubert set to music. At the time he almost certainly thought that this text was by Karl von Leitner.

Jenger and Schubert left Graz on 20 September and had an enjoyable extension to their holiday by making their return journey to Vienna last four days, and by taking a different route home from that of their outward journey. They visited Fürstenfeld on the Austro-Hungarian border before going on to Hartberg and Schloss Schleinz, in each case staying with friends of the well-connected Jenger. There was even time for a bit of solid exercise; the pair managed to climb to the summit of the Eselberg although Schubert was far from being in a fit condition for such exertion.

While he was away in Graz the firm of Haslinger had brought out the three Italian songs which make up Op 83: two settings of Metastasio, and one of an unknown author. These three pieces—*L’incanto degli occhi*, *Il traditor deluso* and *Il modo di prender moglie* must have been composed earlier in the year. They show all the mastery of Schubert at his wittiest; he is able to poke gentle fun at the Italian style at the same time as according it sufficient respect to write music of ravishing grace and wit. The composer must have been delighted to see the fresh copies of the new opus number on his return to Vienna. But there was more serious work afoot; we know that Schubert was already working on a second instalment of *Winterreise* songs in Graz because he left a sketch of *Die Nebensonnen* there. It seems that he had been considering how to further his work on the song-cycle since as early as August. This is despite the fact that the twelve songs which make up the remainder of the cycle were dated October 1827 in the fair copy. We do not know exactly when Schubert discovered that he had only set half of Müller’s complete cycle to music in February 1827. The *Urania* poems had seemed to be complete in their own right, and he had confidently written ‘fine’ at the end of the twelfth song. And then, probably some time in the summer, he found twelve more in another source, the second volume of Müller’s *Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten* (1824). How Schubert dealt with this discovery, and expanded his first twelve songs into the twenty-four-song masterpiece we know today, is discussed in detail in the booklet accompanying volume 30.
Side by side with these great songs there was another lieder project. Schubert had brought back a volume of poetry from Graz — the Gedichte of the young Karl von Leitner, published in 1825. These poems came with the recommendation of Marie Pachler, Leitner’s fellow Styrian patriot. Schubert was not unaware of Leitner, having already composed Drang in die Ferne early in 1823; since then it had been published as a supplement in the Wiener Zeitschrift, and as Op 71 in March 1827. The composer now turned his attention to this poet in a more concentrated way. There are seven Leitner songs on this disc, all written some time between October 1827 and January 1828. Of these, the most famous are Die Sterne and Der Kreuzzug. Less celebrated, but still published in the composer’s lifetime is Das Weinen. Der Wallensteiner Lanzknecht beim Trunk appeared as part of the Diabelli-published Nachlass. There are also three songs which survived as incomplete fragments and which have been arranged for concert performance by the late Reinhard Van Hoornick. These are Wolke und Quelle, Fröhliches Scheiden and Sie in jedem Liede. There are further Leitner settings dating from this period which are to be found elsewhere in The Hyperion Schubert Edition: Vor meiner Wiege, Des Fischers Liebesglück, and Der Winterabend, all three exceptionally beautiful songs.

Thus when Schubert returned from Graz he already had a number of tasks in mind: an urgent return to Müller, and a return to Leitner prompted by Pachler pressure (the latter task was less urgent, and we know that at least some of the Leitner songs were composed in November, and Die Sterne even in January of the next year). He had also promised to write a piano duet for Marie’s young son, Faust, for him to play on his father’s name-day, 4 November. This Kinder-marsch, D929, an early piece of children’s music in which Schubert did not feel he had distinguished himself, was sent off to Graz. It is a charming trifle, deliberately fashioned to lie under a child’s hands, which contrasts mightily with the world of Winterreise. But that the composer was already in the mood for those songs of despair and alienation is shown by the tone of the ‘bread and butter’ letter sent with (for Schubert) surprising promptness to Marie Pachler: ‘Already I find that I was too happy in Graz, and that I cannot yet get accustomed to Vienna. Admittedly, it is quite big, but then it is devoid of cordiality, openness, genuine thought, meaningful words, and especially of sensible behaviour. There is so much confused chatter that one hardly knows whether one is being clever or stupid, and inward calm is seldom or never achieved . . . at Graz I soon recognized an artless and sincere way of being together . . . above all, I shall never forget the kindly shelter where, with its dear hostess and the sturdy ‘Pachleros’ as well as little Faust, I spent the happiest days I have had for a long time.’

In Schubert’s distaste for Vienna there is something that reminds us of the winter-traveller’s chip on the shoulder and scorn for town life, particularly as voiced in Im Dorfe; in this letter the composer seems to cast himself as an outsider relieved to find shelter, if not in a charcoal-burner’s hut then in a small city far away from the unfriendly Viennese hurly-burly. Putting two and two together we can also deduce that Schubert had not been altogether healthy in Graz; in a later letter to Frau Pachler enclosing the Kindermarsch (12 October) is the ominous line ‘my usual headaches are already assailing me again’ — a sign that she might have been already aware of his chronic complaint. Perhaps they had had a heart-to-heart about it during the holiday. Three days later in a letter to Nanette von Höning the composer excused himself from a social engagement in Vienna by saying that he was ill, and that his particular illness rendered him quite unfit for any society. These communications are a clear indication that as far as Schubert’s illness was concerned, the period of remission, which had made the first half of 1827 seem relaxed and even lighthearted, was now over.

The composition of Winterreise Part II, and the famous story of how Schubert played the songs to his friends to their general incomprehension and consternation, went hand in hand with this general down-turn in the composer’s health. As Joseph von Spaun recalled many years later in his memoirs: ‘We who were near and dear to him knew how much the
creatures of his mind took out of him, and in what anguish they were born. No one who ever saw him at his morning’s work, glowing, and with his eyes aflame, yes, and positively with a changed speech … will ever forget it … I hold it beyond question that the excitement in which he composed his finest songs, in particular the *Winterreise*, brought about his untimely death.’

This is a rather romanticized view written many years after the event, and we can easily detect a brave attempt on the part of a discreet friend to explain away the composer’s health problems with reports of overwork. But it makes the point that both separate parts of *Winterreise* drained the composer for some months after their composition, and this exhaustion was something separate from his ongoing problem with syphilis. Certainly it seems that no lieder ever cost him as much in the writing of them, and we have it from the reliable Spaun that he valued these songs more than any others. In the middle of darkness there is also a certain amount of light. Parties of various kinds, both with and without music, continued apace. It was no doubt for one of these, in November, that Schober’s comic trio *Der Hochzeitsbraten* was written. In this music we discern more clearly than anywhere else the improvised party atmosphere of the Schubertians, where each home-made literary reference is an in-joke that we can never hope entirely to unravel. On 12 December we note that Schubert’s Op 88 was published under the imprint of Thaddaeus Weigl: this included *Abendlied für die Entfernte*, *Thekla*, *Um Mitternacht* and the immortal *An die Musik* to a poem by Schober. We have already mentioned the two great piano trios, the E flat written in November 1827, and the B flat probably earlier, as well as the two sets of Impromptus which count among the jewels of the year. Apart from these, the Deutsch catalogue and the documentary biography are empty of any important new works and events for the rest of 1827.

The postlude to this recital is a cantata for soloists, chorus and piano-duet accompaniment to celebrate the recovery of Irene Kiesewetter, a girl who has already featured in this series connected with the background to the vocal quartet *Der Tanz*. This was obviously performed at a party on the evening of 26 December. The blaze of C major rejoicing which concludes that work seems to augur well for the new year. But Time, that old coachman, is whipping the horses; the lie of the land, a dangerous downward slope, accelerates the speed at which the carriage containing Schubert, and all our hopes for his future, hurtles towards an unknown destination. Perhaps the Schubertians are laughing too loudly at the pranks of *Der Hochzeitsbraten* to hear the rattling spin of the wheels grinding against the gravel. Almost exactly a year later all revelling will cease. Then we will hear only funeral music and requiems for a friend whom everyone thought too down-to-earth to slip away, someone often taken for granted, and suddenly forever lost.

GRAHAM JOHNSON © 2000
Grosser Taten tat der Ritter
Fern im heil’gen Lande viel;
Und das Kreuz auf seiner Schulter
Bleicht’ im rauen Kampfwühl.
Manche Narb’ auf seinem Schilde
Trug er aus dem Kampfgefilde;
An der Dame Fenster dicht,
Sang er so im Mondenlicht:

„Heil der Schönen! aus der Ferne
Ist der Ritter heimgekehrt,
Doch nichts durft’ er mit sich nehmen,
Als sein treues Ross und Schwert.
Seine Lanze, seine Sporen
Sind allein ihm unverloren,
Dies ist all sein irdisch Glück,
Dies und Theklas Liebesblick!

„Heil der Schönen! was der Ritter
Tat verdank’ er ihrer Gunst,
Darum soll ihr Lob verkünden
Stets des Sängers süsse Kunst.
„Seht, da ist sie“, wird es heissen,
Wenn sie ihre Schöne preissen,
„Deren Augen Himmelsglanz
Gab bei Ascalon den Kranz!“

„Schaut ihr Lächeln, eh’rne Männer
Streckt es leblos in den Staub,
Und Iconium, ob sein Sultan
Mutig stritt, ward ihm zum Raub.
Diese Locken, wie sie golden
Schwimmen um die Brust der Holden,
Legen manchem Muselman
Fesseln unzerreissbar an.

The knight achieved great deeds
Far away in the Holy Land;
The cross on his shoulder
Had dimmed in the fierce tumult of battle.
Many a dent on his shield
He bore from the battlefield;
Thus, close by his lady’s window,
He sang in the moonlight:

‘Joy to the fair! Your knight
Has returned from distant lands,
But he could bring nothing with him
Save his trusty steed and sword;
His lance, bis spurs
Are all he bas
This is all his earthly wealth –
This, and Tekla’s loving gaze.

‘Joy to the fair! What your knight has achieved
He owes to your favour;
Therefore the minstrel’s sweet art
Shall always be to sing her praises.
‘See, it is she’, they will proclaim
When they extol the fair beauty,
‘Whose celestial eyes
Won the garland at Askalon.’

‘Behold her smile – it laid men of iron
Lifeless in the dust,
And Iconium, though his Sultan
Fought bravely, became its victim.
These golden locks,
Flowing around the fair maid’s breast,
Cast many a Moslem
In unbreakable chains.

Second version, D907. 1826 or early 1827; published by Diabelli in March 1828 as Op 86
Not for the first time Schubert shows that he is attracted to the epoch of the Crusades and medieval minstrelsy. His opera Fierabras (1823) is set in this period, as is Der Graf von Gleichen (begun in June 1827), as well as various songs in his output, including Der Kreuzzug, Romanze des Richard Löwenherz is a ballad sung by Richard the Lionheart to Friar Tuck in Book II Chapter 2 of the historical novel Ivanhoe (Chapter XVII in the modern one-volume edition). The king, in disguise as a travelling knight, sings in exchange for the hospitality of the ‘genial hermit’, and is handed the friar’s harp to accompany himself. This instrument, somewhat the worse for wear, is missing one of its strings. (Shortly before this it had been too enthusiastically played by Allan-a-Dale, ‘the northern minstrel’, when in his cups.) In this passage, as elsewhere, Scott shamelessly reworks, for his own anachronistic purposes, the rivalry between the Saxon and Norman languages and art-forms in twelfth-century Britain.

The knight … had brought the strings into some order and, after a short prelude, asked his host whether he would choose a sirvente in the language of oc, or a lai in the language of oui, or a virelai, or a ballad in the vulgar English.

‘A ballad—a ballad,’ said the hermit, ‘against all the ocs and ouiis of France. Downright English am I, Sir Knight, and downright English was my patron St Dunstan, and scorned oc and oui, as he would have scorned the parings of the devil’s hoof; downright English alone shall be sung in this cell.’

‘I will assay, then,’ said the knight, ‘a ballad composed by a Saxon gleeman, whom I knew in Holy Land.’

It speedily appeared that, if the knight was not a complete master of the minstrel art, his taste for it had at least been cultivated under the best instructors. Art had taught him to soften the faults of a voice which had little compass, and was naturally rough rather than mellow, and, in short, had done all that culture can do in supplying natural deficiencies. His performance, therefore, might have been termed very respectable by abler judges than the hermit, especially as the knight threw into the notes now a degree of spirit, and now of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave force and energy to the verses which he sung.

… During this performance, the hermit demeaned himself much like a first-rate critic of the present day at a new opera. He reclined back upon his seat with his eyes half shut: now folding his hands and twisting his thumbs, he seemed absorbed in attention, and anon, balancing his expanded palms, he gently flourished them in time to the music.

The mention of a ‘new opera’ prophesies Scott’s own bemused attendance at a performance of Rossini’s Ivanhoe in Paris in October 1826. Scott is such a wonderful author when he is on this form, and it is unthinkable that Schubert himself had not read the rest of the story when he set this text. When performing this music the combination of spirit (the marking is ‘Mässig, doch feurig’) and ‘plaintive enthusiasm’ (Scott could not have more pithily described an essential aspect of Schubert’s art) should be present throughout—also a touch of humour considering the situation, and the cheeky deception of the king in playing at being less than his regal self.
The length of the song, however, invites performances which fail to bring out these subtleties. There is something about the moto perpetuo rhythm which can easily sound like a joust at full tilt rather than the strumming of a lute. It has long been the province of the enthusiastic amateur singer determined to ‘have a go’ in relatively unknown repertoire. As a result, the song, if sung and played at all, has been cheerily hawled and thumped in makeshift performances which can seem endless to the listener. This is why Capell refers to the song’s ‘hammered quavers’ when a glance at the music shows that those quavers are marked piano in most part, mezzo-forte from time to time, and only very rarely forte. In this amateur mode, the song is usually begun too fast and winds down to a sluggish canter as the performers tire. The notion of a king singing about his exploits during the Crusades (even at one remove, as here) implies heroism; but Reed is not correct to say that ‘Schubert is clearly content . . . to sustain an image of pageantry and war’. There is a also a great deal of charm, even eroticism, in the music as in the poem. Schubert is not belligerent by nature; he clearly sees this piece as a serenade first and foremost, and when it comes to wooing he is masterfully capable of using every trick in the book to suggest that charm. Stretches of military-style music (one must remember that these exploits are recounted to impress the fair Tekla—nothing to do with the Schiller heroine featured in two Schubert songs) are relieved by gallant little excursions into harmonic highways and byways in a manner which recalls the more-or-less contemporary Das Lied im Grünen.

The translator has chosen to change Scott’s iambic tetrameters into trochees; this gives the poem something of a galloping bounce which is not in the original. (If the song, when heard at its worst, seems to be rhythmically repetitive to the point of dullness, this fault goes back to this rum-ti-tum in the translation.) The poem is in five strophes which Schubert varies between minor and major. The six-bar piano introduction (with up-beat) re-appears as an interlude between verses 2 and 3 (this time adapted to the major key); it returns to the minor for its appearance between verses 3 and 4, and switches back to the major between verses 4 and 5. It is this music of quasi-fanfare that constantly reminds us of the military bearing of the narrator.

The setting of the words allows for greater variety. Verse 1 is in B minor and takes us from the battleground to the initiation of the moonlit serenade. This entreaty to the fair one at the heart of the piece is to be heard in verse 2 (‘Heil der Schönen!’—Joy to the fair!) as well as verse 3 (which also begins with ‘Heil der Schönen!’); both of these strophes use identical music cast in a persuasive B major, eminently suitable for courting a fair damsel. Verse 4, with its reminiscences of crusading exploits, returns to B minor—it is related to the harmonic ground-plan of verse 1, although the vocal line is differently pitched; it even takes some of its melodic ideas from verses 2 and 3 in the major key. The composer here allows himself all the freedom he appropriates for modified strophic songs of this kind; a lesser composer would have been satisfied by recycling the same melody as before. Schubert cannot resist re-fashioning the rise and fall of the lines the better to fit the new words.

Verse 5 returns to B major. This begins with the familiar refrain of ‘Heil der Schönen!’; but the music changes with the words ‘darum öffne ihm die Pforte, Nachtwind streift, die Stunde naht’ which bring the knight closer than he has ever been to the fulfilment of his amorous ambitions. The pedal F sharp which underpins ‘Dort in Syriens heissen Zonen, muss’ er leicht des Nords entwohnen’ suggests exactly the right amount of pent-up sexual tension and impatience. This champing at the bit is repeated, even more meaningfully, at the repeat of ‘Darum öffne ihm die Pforte, Nachtwind streift’. The brave knight, despite any amount of seemingly upright gallantry, is more interested in horizontal possibilities: using his fame as an excuse, he asks the damsel of his choice to sacrifice her virginal modesty in his honour. This brazen yet charming effrontery must have mightily appealed to the men in the Schubert circle, particularly Schober. The postlude,
a mere two bars long and as suggestive as a sly wink, implies that his wish is granted; the song ends as naughtily as Schumann’s duet Unterm Fenster where the successful serenader slips through the locked gate in order to storm the fortress, as it were, with stealthy means. After all the hustle and bustle of the knight’s approach and the petition, the clinching movement which lets him into the boudoir is quick and surreptitious. The embellishment of the final cadence in B major (an arpeggio figure in the left hand cheekily echoed an octave lower in the bass) marks the moment of ingress.

In a piece like this, Schubert is fascinated by the challenge of creating unity in diversity—a single structure made up of these various strophes (ABBA2C) which hangs together as an entity. He may have succeeded too well here in that the musical differences between the verses are not very clear on first hearing. Nevertheless this is potentially first-rate Schubert which needs affectionate help, rather than unremitting vigour, from its performers. We are familiar with the through-composed symphonic form in this type of vocal music because of such works as the Suleika lieder (the first of these is also a B minor work), Der Zwerg, Die junge Nonne and other big songs from about 1823 onwards. These pieces, usually held together by a pervasive accompanying motif, suggest the momentum and unity of orchestral music, and it is for this reason (as well as the matching tonality) that Capell thought that this song might have been adapted to make a good conclusion to the ‘Unfinished’ Symphony. This seems optimistic, but it is true enough that the Romanze des Richard Löwenherz adopts the bustle and elaborate length of a Schubert finale (cf the final movements of such big works from more or less the same period as the E flat Trio, and the violin Fantasie).

The work now seems so bound to its B minor tonality that it is strange to discover that its first version—a less developed variant of the same musical ideas—was originally conceived in B flat minor.

Franz von Schober (1796–1882)

2 JÄGERS LIEBESLIED

ICH SCHIESS’ DEN HIRSCH IM GRÜNEN FORST, I shoot the stag in the green forest
Im stillen Tal das Reh, And the roe in the silent valley;
Den Adler auf dem Klippenhorst, The eagle in its eyrie on the cliffs,
Die Ente auf dem See. The duck on the lake.
Kein Ort, der Schutz gewähren kann, No place can give protection
Wenn meine Flinte zielt; When my gun is aimed,
Und dennoch hab’ ich harter Mann And yet I, though a hard man,
Die Liebe auch gefühlt! – Have also felt love.

HAB’ OFT HANTIERT IN RAUHER ZEIT, I have often worked in harsh conditions,
In Sturm und Winternacht, In storms and winter nights,
Und übereist und eingeschneit And, covered with ice and snow,
Zum Bett den Stein gemacht. Have made a bed of stones.

Doch hat der Liebe zarten Traum I have slept on thorns as on down,
Die rauhe Brust gespürt. Untroubled by the north wind.

Franz von Schober (1796–1882)
Der wilde Falk war mein Gesell,  
The fierce hawk was my companion;  
Der Wolf mein Kampfgespann;  
The wolf my adversary in battle;  
Mir fing der Tag mit Hundgebell,  
My day began with the baying of hounds,  
Die Nacht mit Hussa an.  
My night with the cry of tally-bo.  

Ein Tannreis war die Blumenzier  
A sprig of fir was the flower  
Auf schweißbeflecktem Hut,  
That adorned my sweaty hat,  
Und dennoch schlug die Liebe mir  
And yet love penetrated  
Ins wilde Jägerblut.  
My wild huntsman's blood.  

O Schäfer auf dem weichen Moos,  
O shepherd on the soft moss,  
Der du mit Blumen spielst,  
Playing with flowers,  
Wer weiss, ob du so heiss, so gross  
Who knows if you feel love  
Wie ich die Liebe fühlst.  
As much and as ardently as I do?  

Allnächtlich überm schwarzen Wald,  
Its radiance hovers, bathed in moonlight,  
Vom Mondenschein umstrahlt,  
With a regal splendour  
Schwebt königshehr die Lichtgestalt,  
That no master could paint.  
Wie sie kein Meister malt.  
As if my dearest friend  

Wenn sie dann auf mich niedersieht,  
When she looks down upon me,  
Wenn mich der Blick durchglüht,  
When her gaze burns through me,  
Da weiss ich, wie dem Wild geschieht,  
Then I know how the wild animals feel  
Das vor dem Rohre flieht.  
When they flee from my gun,  
Und doch! mit allem Glück vereint  
And yet that feeling is united  
Das nur auf Erden ist;  
With all the happiness on earth,  
Als wenn der allerbeste Freund  
As if my dearest friend  
Mich in die Arme schliesst!  
Held me in his arms.

There are a number of hunters' songs to be rifled through in the Schubert canon. The most famous of them is Der Jäger at the heart of Die schöne Müllerin. Then there are the two versions of Jägers Abendlied (the Goethe poem), and two different songs, both from 1817, with the title of Der Alpenjäger, the first with a poem by Mayrhofer (Volume 34) and the second to a Schiller poem (Volume 1). Lied des gefangenen Jägers is a Walter Scott setting from 1825. There are also various guest appearances by hunters in the Ossian settings. Of all these songs, Schober's Jägers Liebeslied has received the worst press. Capell dismisses it as 'insignificant'—a dangerous verdict on any of the songs of Schubert's maturity, particularly one that was written at exactly the same time as the first part of Winterreise. What is significant is that of all the manuscripts of Schubert's songs left at the Schobers' on the composer's death, this was the only one which the poet chose to retain in his possession. The fact that the song was very popular with singers at one time explains its inclusion in Volume 1 of the Peters Edition, but of all the works in that collection it is the least performed today.

The reasons for this seem more understandable when scanning the poem, which is unusual to say the least. Walter Dürr has rightly called it a 'hymn to friendship', something which is also true, as we shall see, of Schiffers Scheidetl. This hunter, a Biedermeier Clint Eastwood, hardly paints himself as a sympathetic character—although there is more than a touch of macho pride in a self-portrait that might have been inspired by one of the Fenimore Cooper novels popular in Vienna at the time; details like battling with wolves and the sweat-soaked hat are images worthy of frontier-
land. Capell takes a thorough dislike to this seemingly hard and aggressive man for ‘shooting at every living thing he sets eye on’. And yet the hunter is susceptible to love. He wonders whether the shepherd (the lovesick swain of the Goethe setting Schäfers Klagelied perhaps) feels anything like the same thing. This is a moot point. The fourth strophe mentions a ‘Lichtgestalt’, literally a shape, or being, of light, but here translated as ‘its radiance’—i.e. the radiance of love itself. We are not told anything about the object of the hunter’s affection.

The fifth verse in this translation introduces the word ‘she’ to the poem, not entirely with justification; ‘sie’ usually means ‘she’, of course, but it seems here to refer back to the feminine noun ‘Gestalt’, the presence of love itself which looks down on upon the hunter, burning him through with unaccustomed emotion. He is disturbed by the feeling, and confesses as much, feeling as cornered as one of the animals on which he preys. If this ambiguity of gender seems intentional, the crucial ‘sie’ ensures a respectability to the first half of the strophe that allows the song to end with a vision of a male friends’ embrace: there are two types of love in this man’s life, and close male friendship seems safer and more familiar to him than the frightening new emotion he now experiences. Why it should be so alarming is another matter for consideration.

One can see in these things as much, or as little, as one feels inclined. There was, after all, a whole generation of soldiers who felt that Housman’s Shrophire lad spoke for their feelings of comradeship without even noticing the words’ erotic overtones and the poet’s scarcely hidden rage at the sexual injustices of the time. In something like the same way Jägers Liebeslied was later incorporated into a students’ songbook and became quite well known in its own right to the hearties of the time. Even if one delves deeper into the words, it can be written off as a not particularly distinguished attempt to praise the ideal of platonic friendship. Nevertheless, this poem, as well as Schiffers Scheidelied, confirm that Schubert and Schober were very special friends at a time when the label of friendship could safely encompass a generous margin of affection between men before thorny questions of sexual desire were addressed or brought into question. That Schober was sexually interested in women is beyond doubt (though he never married, he had been secretly engaged to Justina von Bruchmann, an episode that ended badly) and it seems hugely likely that Schubert’s devotion to Therese Grob and Karoline Esterhazy were real and central to his emotions.

But this is obviously not the whole story. In the comic trio Der Hochzeitsbraten Schober delights in the concept of the poacher’s girl who becomes the gamekeeper’s booty. In Jägers Liebeslied there are similar metaphors of the chase. Schober could well be referring to himself as someone who has, in Capell’s words, shot ‘at every living thing he sets eye on’, a wide-ranging Don Giovanni hunting for a succession of sexual partners (both stag and roe the poem says) whilst acknowledging that there now is something more important to him than all these encounters. He has been the heartless seducer, used to rampaging through the forests and taking what he wishes; now he finds himself more vulnerable. And he loves this new person so much, he says, that it feels as good as if he were being embraced by his special friend. There is no doubt that poet and composer regarded each other as that ‘special friend’. After all, at the time this song was composed, Schubert found himself living at a better address, and in more comfortable circumstances, than he ever had before; and all thanks to Schober.

In my opinion, one of the special links between these two men was that they were both unselfconsciously bisexual, and that their friendship was an association of free spirits which may or may not have included a physical component; if it ever did so, it was probably not for long, but the resonances of that closeness endured for the composer’s lifetime. For Schober, Schubert was the genius that he could never be; he had limited gifts as a poet but he was musical, genuinely so, and he knew that his composer friend possessed gifts that not only delighted and moved him, but which marked Schubert
out for immortality. If Schober was fascinated by the inner Schubert, the composer was equally fascinated by the outer Schober. In Schubert’s eyes, Schober was everything he could not be: elegant, good-looking, charming and affably articulate, sophisticated and a target for the ladies. They both longed to be the other, if only for a moment—to explore each other’s destinies, to experience what the other lacked. From this sprang a genuine devotion and affection that was as incomprehensible to some of the composer’s other friends as it has seemed to later generations who fancy they can see through the charlatan that Schober to some degree undoubtedly was. The friendship was subject to strain, and waxed and waned with the years; but in 1827 they seem to have come to a point when a re-affirmation of their bond seemed appropriate. The new love described in the poem is unlikely to have been Schubert himself, but the message is that old friendship matters a good deal, that the hunter’s new feelings of love are so beautiful as to be comparable to being held in the arms of ‘der allerbeste Freund’. Schubert returns the compliment by setting poems (this and Schiffer’s Scheidelied) which cast the poet in two very gallant and dramatic roles and allowing them to be published by the Lithographic Institute of which Schober was now in charge.

As if to emphasise the unadorned and truthful nature of the affection described (both the new love and the old friendship) the song is almost entirely strophic, with some changes for the fifth verse. The music is cast in a barcarolle rhythm in 6/8; the key is D major and the introspective dynamic markings suggest a lovelorn serenade more than a celebration of the outdoor life, although the distant sound of hunting-horns is built into the rise and fall of the music. This, with its slightly restless, utterly Schubertian modulations is reminiscent of the contemporary Rochlitz setting Alinđe and Heine’s Das Fischermädchen of 1828, both wistful love songs cast in the same wafting 6/8 rhythm which suggests unstimmed longing. The introduction begins with unisons in D major; in the second bar these are filled out into B flat major chords which rock to F major and back, followed by the same pattern on G minor/D minor. This in turn leads to A major/D minor and back to the home key of D major. This descending sequence is a lovely one and, simple as it is, only Schubert could have written it. Heartfelt simplicity is always the order of the day whenever he writes music for working-class characters—fishermen, ploughmen, farmers, shepherds or what have you. And the old-fashioned form of the music allows the words to be heard, and concentrated upon, with admirable clarity.

This is one of those songs which needs sympathetic performance. Like Romanze des Richard Löwenherz it can be made to appear as banal as the performer believes it to be, or as touching. There has always been a separate class of Schubert songs the personal significance of which outweighs their importance in terms of absolute music—the Schober setting discussed in Volume 35, Pilgerweise, is also one of these, and Jägers Liebeslied too belongs in this category. If the music seems not to be entirely successfully addressed to posterity, we should feel ourselves to be privileged eavesdroppers at a moment of musical tenderness that clearly meant much at the time. And there are certain turns of phrase in the music, gracefully fitting the words of different verses with the practised skill of this master of strophic songs, which will give the true Schubertian moments of gentle delight.
SCHIFFERS SCHEIDELIED

D910. February 1827; first published in 1833 as part of volume 24 of the Nachlass

Die Wogen am Gestade schwellen,
Es klatscht der Wind das Segeltuch
Und murmelt in den weissen Wellen,
Ich höre seinen wilden Spruch.

Es ruft mich fort, es winkt der Kahn,
Vor Ungeduld schaukeln, auf weite Bahn.

Dort streckt sie sich in öder Ferne,
Du kannst nicht mit, siehst du, mein Kind;
Wie leicht versinken meine Sterne,
Wie leicht erwächst zum Sturm der Wind,
Dann droht in tausend Gestalten der Tod,
Wie trotz’ ich ihm, wüsst’ ich dich in Not?

O löse deiner Arme Schling
Und löse auch von mir dein Herz!
Weiss ich es denn, ob ich’s vollbringe
Und siegreich kehre heimatwärts?

Die Welle, die jetzt so lockend singt,
Vielleicht ist’s dieselbe, die mich verschlingt.

Noch ist’s in deine Hand gegeben,
Noch gingst du nichts unlösbar ein,
O trenne schnell dein jungen Leben
Von meinem ungewissen Sein,
O wolle, o wolle, bevor du musst,
Entsagung ist leichter als Verlust!

O lass mich im Bewusstsein steuern,
Dass ich allein auf Erden bin,
Dann beugt sich vor dem Ungeheuern,
Vorm Unerhörten nicht mein Sinn.
Ich treibe mit dem Entsetzen Spiel
Und stehe plötzlich vielleicht am Ziel.

Denn hoch auf meiner Maste Spitzen
Wird stets dein Bild begeisternd stehn,
Und, angeflammt von den Blitzen,
Mit seinem Glanz den Mut erhöhn.

Der Winde Heulen auch noch so bang,
Übertäubet nicht deiner Stimme Klang.

THE SAILOR’S SONG OF FAREWELL

The waves surge on the shore,
The wind beats against the canvas
And murmurs amid the white waves;
I hear its wild voice.

It calls me away, and the boat, rocking impatiently,
Bids me embark on a distant course.

That course stretches far across the empty wastes;
You cannot come with me, my child, do you not see
How easily my stars may sink,
How easily the wind may grow to a tempest?
Then death will threaten in a thousand forms.
How could I defy it if I knew you were in peril?

O loose your arms’ embrace
And free your heart of me.

How do I know if I shall triumph
And return home victorious?
The very wave that now sings so enticingly
May be the one that engulfs me.

It still lies in your hands;
You have still not embarked irrevocably.
O sever your young life quickly
From my uncertain existence.

Do it of your own free will, before you have to;
Renunciation is easier than loss.

Let me navigate in the knowledge
That I am alone on this earth,
Then my mind will not flinch
Before terrors, before the unknown.

I shall sport with horrors,
And shall perhaps stand suddenly at my goal.

For your image will always be
High on my mast, inspiring me,
And, illuminated by lightning,
Will raise my spirits with its radiance.

However fearfully the winds howl,
They will never drown the sound of your voice.
Und kann ich dich nur seh'n und hören,
   Dann hat's mit mir noch keine Not,
Das Leben will ich nicht entbehren,
   Und kämpfen werd ich mit dem Tod.
Wie würd' mir eine Welt zur Last,
   Die Engel so schön, wie dich umfasst?
Auch du sollst nicht mein Bild zerschlagen,
   Mit Freundschaftstränen weih es ein,
Es soll in Schmerz- und Freudetagen
   Dein Trost und dein Vertrauter sein.
Ja bleibe, wenn mich auch alles verliess,
   Mein Freund im heimischen Paradies.
Und spült dann auch die falsche Welle
   Mich tot zurück zum Blumenstrand,
So weiss ich doch an lieber Stelle
   Noch eine, eine treue Hand,
Der weder Verachtung noch Schmerz es wehrt,
   Dass sie meinen Resten ein Grab beschert.

And if I can but see and hear you,
   I have no other needs;
I shall not be without life,
   And shall fight with death.
How could a world ever become a burden to me
   Which contains angels as fair as you?
You, too, must not destroy my image;
   Consecrate it with tears of friendship.
May it be your comfort and close companion
   In times of sorrow and joy.
If all else has deserted me,
   You shall remain my friend in this paradise of home.
And if a treacherous wave should then
   Wash my dead body back upon the flowery shore,
Then I shall know that at the beloved spot
   There will still be one hand
Which neither disdain nor sorrow will prevent
   From granting my remains a grave.

In his Schubert: a Biographical study of his Songs, Fischer-Dieskau avers that this was one of the works performed by Schubert and Vogl at the gathering for Hummel at the home of Frau von Laczny. Hiller’s report of the occasion states that ‘Schubert had little technique, Vogl had not much of a voice’. Some 150 years later Fischer-Dieskau writes ‘It is not surprising to read that the performers had technical difficulties, for they were interpreting Schiffers Scheidelied.’ Whether this song was actually performed on that occasion (it had been written the month before) is not to be found in the sources at my disposal. But what is revealing is that Fischer-Dieskau acknowledges that even a great artist of our own time finds the work challenging. It is hard enough to sing, but the stamina needed to play it far outweighs anything required in the pianistically notorious Erlkönig. That horse-ride étude in triplets seems over in a flash in comparison to Schiffers Scheidelied with its long stretches of relentlessly rattling semiquavers, even more tiring for the pianist’s overworked right arm. Rather like a seaskick voyager caught in the middle of an ocean storm, one longs for these battering waves to let up and stop. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why even Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore elected to leave out three strophes from their recording (in their vast set from the early seventies). As far as I know, this is the first recording of the song in its complete form.

The song deserves and needs a complete performance for the sake of the poem which, like Jägers Abendlied, tells us a great deal about Schober. The two songs are twinned in every way and even their very different moods and tempi seem designed by the admiring Schubert to show off the ‘Florestan’ and ‘Eusebius’ sides of the poet’s nature. The egocentric Schober was partial to poems in the first person which cast him as the intrepid narrator in various dashing disguises—this seaman calls forth more invigorating music than the musing hunter. (The poem was written a decade before the most famous of all German seaman’s farewells, Eichendorff’s Seemanns Abschied.) A reading of Schober’s entire poem is sufficient to contest Capell’s interpretation of the scenario: he sees the sailor as being ‘full of apprehension about his coming voyage, and he urges his young woman to renounce a tie with one so almost certainly doomed’.
Young woman? One searches in vain in the long text for such a character. There is no pronoun or adjectival ending which shows that the person to whom this poem is addressed is female, and one can only think that this ambiguity seems too studied not to be deliberate. In the verse missing in the Fischer-Dieskau recording, the gender of ‘Mein Freund [not ‘Meine Freundin’] im heimischen Paradies’ (verse 8) seems crucial. The poem’s vigorous language of comradeship says that it is addressed to a younger man (‘Mein Kind’ is again ambiguous) of whom he is the mentor. This person is less experienced, but also energetic and brave—someone capable, as is implied in the last verse, of physically burying the remains of the sailor washed up at last upon the shore. The tenderness in this poem is of the manly kind with overtones of ancient Greek-inspired eroticism that we later find in Housman:

O were he and I together,
Shipmates on the fleeted main,
Sailing through the summer weather
To the spoil of France and Spain.
O were he and I together
Locking hands and taking leave,
Low upon the trampled heather
In the battle lost at eve . . .

If Schober had been a little more self-confident he might have been as open as Whitman some thirty years later in Song of the Open Road:

Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precise than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

In fact Schober recoils from such a commitment, even on paper. He wants to have his cake and eat it: the devotion of an admiring friend at home doting on his picture is combined with a need for freedom. Of course this is rationalised as concern for the safety of his younger companion, and there is also a sense of guilt in such lines as ‘O sever your young life quickly / From my uncertain existence’. The tenor of the poem is typical of the romantic tone of the correspondence between Schober and the younger Moritz von Schwind. This youthful painter was also referred to as ‘My beloved’ by Schubert, and Schwind’s letter to Schober on Schubert’s death (25 November 1828) is revealing of the type of highly emotional vocabulary employed by some of the members of this circle of friends when writing to each other:

You know how much I loved him, so you will understand that I can hardly bear the thought that I have lost him . . . You are still here, and you still love me with the same love which in those unforgettable times bound us to our beloved Schubert. To you I offer all the love which has not been buried with him . . .

There is a great deal of different opinion in the Schubert circle concerning Schober. He was considered unsound by the good-hearted Ottenwalt (‘The blossom is blighted; where shall the fruit come from?’) and Josef Kenner spoke of him with positive venom (Schober was still very much alive, though had long since left Vienna):
Under the guise of the most amiable sociability, and even engaging affection, there reigned ... a deep moral depravity ... [Schober] devised a philosophical system for his own reassurance and to justify himself in the eyes of the world as well as to provide a basis for his aesthetic oracle, about which he was probably as hazy as any of his disciples; nevertheless he found the mysticism of sensuality sufficiently elastic for his own freedom of movement; and so did his pupils. The need for love and friendship emerged with such egotism and jealousy that to his adherents he alone was all, not only prophet, but God himself and apart from his oracles he was willing to tolerate no other religion, no morals, no restraint. Anyone who did not worship him exclusively and follow him blindly was unfit to be elevated to his intellectual heights ...

This portrait of a latter-day Mephistopheles comes from the same pen which wrote that Schubert’s ‘craving for pleasure dragged his soul down to the trough of moral degradation’ (Eric Blom’s translation for ‘die Genusssucht seiner Psyche zu ihrem Schlampfuhl niederzog’). Male friendship, and the romantic expression of it, was governed by a very different, less guarded, set of rules in Schubert’s time than in our own age, over-aware of psychological and sexual nuance. But it is not hard to detect in Kenner’s words a description of a modern-day Socrates, someone who was known to be a seducer and corruptor of young men as well as women. It is not to side with Kenner’s moralising and judgmental tone to say that in using the word disciple (Anhänger with its connotation of a sect) he hits the nail on the head in one respect that is relevant to this song: the poem seems addressed to an adoring disciple as much as a lover per se. The language seems highly idealistic but it is awash with self-dramatising egoism, the beloved friend only useful as a mirror in which the would-be seaman can discern his own portrait. Schober fails to create an intrepid image however; according to Capell, the character comes across as ‘unsailorly’ and someone who was ‘simply never cut out for seafaring’.

No matter; Schubert seems to believe in the nobility of what is being said. He is himself no more the object of love in this song than he had been in Jägers Liebeslied; but Schober’s credo of living life within (and sometimes apart from) a circle of loving friendship obviously strikes many a chord or, as here, many a broken chord. The composer writes another of his ‘symphonic’ songs, albeit one of the more simple ones. What this song lacks in subtlety and individual illustration of images (it goes by too quickly for such typically Schubertian dallying) it makes up for in terms of energy and sheer audacity of scale. The binary construction is familiar from the form of such works as Romanze des Richard Löwenherz. There B minor alternated with B major; here the change of axis is a shift between E minor and B major. In both songs the use of B major is reserved for music which is fashioned as a refuge from the storm of battle or the battering seas. (In Schiffers Scheidelied the semiquavers are replaced by quavers at this point, a moment of respite for the pianist).

The form of the song is the following: verse 1 (storm music in E minor with touches of the major key); verse 2 (the same music as for verse 1 but without any major key modifications); verse 3 (a new section in B major which is exactly repeated for verse 4); verse 5 (E minor, only slightly varied from verse 1 with only a touch of major-key harmony—this is exactly repeated for verse 6). Verses 7 and 8 (back to the B major music which is the same as that for verses 3 and 4). Verse 9 begins with the same E minor music as for verses 1, 2, 5 and 6, but after thirteen bars the direction of the music changes where the final words of the poem are repeated to make a more extended coda section. The form is thus AA BB AA BB with a final A modified as a coda.

The effect of this gigantic structure is rather vitiated by cutting out some of the strophes. In his recording with Gerald Moore, Fischer-Dieskau leaves out 4, 6 and 8 to make AABABA which promotes the storm-lashed E minor music at the expense of the moments of respite in B major. The storm interludes in the piano are also sometimes coloured by major-key harmony, sometimes not, according to the mood of the words. In employing this particular piano figuration of broken
octaves (which more often than not double the shape of the vocal line) Schubert brings something new to his songs. It would have been a brave man who played this work to an audience including Hummel, but it pays some tribute to the pianistic style of such a master, a self-conscious virtuosity that Schubert usually avoided in his own works, unless he had a certain pianist in mind. As it happened there was one such on the scene at exactly this time—Karl Maria von Bocklet (1801-1881). Together with Josef Slavjk, Bocklet he had given a performance of Schubert’s Rondeau in B minor (D895) for violin and piano at the beginning of 1827. He was also to perform numerous piano duets with the composer, and to give the first performance of the Fantasie for violin and piano early in 1828. My guess is that Schubert imagined Schiffers Scheidelied, so different from any of the contemporary Winterreise songs, in Bocklet’s capable hands rather than his own.

Aaron Pollak (dates unkown)

4 FRÜHLINGSLIED
D919. Between April and June 1827; arrangement of men’s quartet D914; first published in the supplement to the Gesamtausgabe 1897

Geöffnet sind des Winters Riegel,
Entschwunden ist sein Silberflor;
Hell blinken der Gewässer Spiegel,
Die Lerche schwingt sich hoch empor;
Wie durch des weisen Königs Siegel
Geweckt ertönt der Freude Chor.

Der Frühling schwebt auf die Gefilde
Und lieblich wehet Zephyr nur,
Der Blumendüfte süße Milde
Erhebt sich in der Luft Azur,
In der Verklärung Wunderbilde
Empfängt uns lächelnd die Natur.

Schon prangen goldgeschmückt Sylphiden
Und Florens Reich erblüht verschönt,
Rings waltet Lust und stiller Frieden,
Der Hain ist nun mit Laub gekrönt,
Wer fühlt, ihm ist Glück beschieden,
Weil Eros’ süßer Ruf ertönt.

Empfanget denn mit trautem Grusse
Den holden Lenz, den Schmuck der Welt,
Der weihend uns mit leisem Kusse
Des Daseins Rosenbahn erhellt,
Der hold uns winkt zum Hochgenusse
Und jedes Herz mit Wonne schwellt.

Winter’s bolts are opened;
His silver veil has vanished;
The mirrors of the water sparkle brightly;
The lark soars aloft.
As if awakened by the wise king’s seal,
The chorus of joy resounds.

Spring hovers over the fields
And zephyrs blow softly.
The gentle sweetness of abundant flowers
Rises into the azure air.
In its magical transfiguration,
Smiling nature receives us.

Already sylphs are resplendent in gold array,
And Flora’s realm blooms with enhanced beauty.
All around there is joy and tranquil peace.
The grove is now crowned with leaves,
And happiness is granted to all who have feelings,
Since the sweet call of Eros resounds.

So receive with a heartfelt greeting
Fair spring, the jewel of the world,
Who with a soft kiss consecrates
And brightens the rosy path of our existence,
Sweetly beckons us to the highest pleasures
And fills every heart with bliss.

This is one of only two instances when Schubert’s unaccompanied choral works re-emerge as piano-accompanied songs. The first was the Seidl setting Widerspruch, originally conceived as a four-part male chorus with optional piano accompaniment which was published in November 1828 as both quartet and solo song (Op 105 No 1). In that case
nothing special was done to fit the music out for its new guise: the solo part is identical to the first tenor line in the quartet; the accompaniment is also unchanged and doubles the vocal line mercilessly throughout, stolid enough in the quartet, almost unbearably constricting in the solo version. In the last month of his life Schubert allowed this adaptation to be published, possibly because he was busy with other things or because he needed another Seidl setting to make up a book of four by that poet. But it is not a decision of which he can have been particularly proud. It is also a clear case of the publisher Czerny attempting to make money out of the same piece of music with the least possible effort—two for the price of one. (There was no point in doing both versions for the Hyperion Schubert Edition so we opted for the original choral one.)

In the case of Frühlingslied, however, the presence of the piano transforms what had been originally conceived for unaccompanied male quartet (D914) into a beautiful solo song, personable and containing authentic Schubertian detail. The publisher Tobias Haslinger had commissioned the quartet to be included in his choral anthology Die deutschen Minnesänger. The wonderful Seidl quartet Grab und Mond appeared in this series, as did Wein und Liebe D901, but for some reason Frühlingslied for TTBB (in C major, rather than the A flat major of the solo version) was never published. In this form the manuscript was dated April 1827. Schubert made some adjustments to the word underlay in the quartet seemingly after the solo song had been written. The poem was passed in this version by the censor in June 1827, so we must assume that the work’s two versions were completed within two months of each other—i.e. between April and June 1827.

This piece is one of the most rarely heard in the Schubert repertory, not because of its quality but because of the strange circumstances of its composition and publication. We know nothing of the poet, nor the source of the text. A copy of the song (the manuscript is lost) was found in the 1890s among the papers of Rudolf Weinwurm who had been choirmaster of the Wiener Männergesang Verein, and in close contact with Schubert’s nephew Eduard Schneider. Weinwurm’s credentials are such as to allay any suspicion that his copy did not come from an impeccable provenance. But as it was such a late discovery, Frühlingslied is not to be found in the Peters Edition (always a disadvantage for a song’s progress through the world); and it was only just in time to be included in the Supplement volume (1897) of the Gesamtausgabe (the ten-volume song series had appeared between 1894 and 1895). Even today the music is not easy to come by if one does not have access to either the old collected edition, or Volume 14 of the new (1988).

Scholars are still discussing the work’s authenticity. This would be even more advisable in such cases as Die Erde and Vollendung (seemingly impeccably authenticated, but which have never convinced me, or my fingers, that they are really by Schubert). In Frühlingslied at least the authenticity of neither melody nor harmony is contested; it is only the piano accompaniment that comes into question. It is true that this is not completely typical of Schubert at his best: at times it seems dully chained to the vocal line, and there are moments of unusual pianistic awkwardness. But if someone other than Schubert made this arrangement, he is by far the most gifted person of the many who have attempted to impersonate the composer’s pianistic style. There is also a freedom in adapting the work for its new form (the first example is that the work begins forte in the choral version, pianissimo in the solo) which shows the confident hand of the work’s original creator. Another possibility of course was that it was done by another musician (Franz Lachner perhaps?) guided in general, if not in every last detail, by the composer himself. This would explain both the felicitous and uncharacteristic things about the piano writing.

A flat major is a key that we already associate with Schubertian spring music because of the song Frühlingsglaube. In Weinwurm’s copy, the composer’s use of the word ‘Voce’ to designate the vocal line is typical of works of this period, and
there is an appropriately Italianate feel about the weaving triplets of this purling cantilena. The lambent triplet accompaniment is similar to that of another 1827 song, *Heimliches Lieben*. In *Frühlingslied* the softly rippling arpeggios are enlivened by a touch of spring-like energy in the left hand’s dotted rhythms, semiquavers which have to line up with the right-hand triplets to avoid sounding grotesquely clipped (this is as good an indication as any in Schubert’s work of the performing practice of the time regarding triplets and dotted rhythms). In verse 1, at ‘Durch des weisen Königs Siegel’ there had originally been a reference to King Solomon (‘durch Salomos Zaubersiegel’) which perhaps gives us a second clue (the first is his name) to Aaron Pollak’s religious faith. In the choral version Schubert himself changed these words to refer less specifically to a wise king, and we must assume he would have done so for the solo version as well if he had had the manuscript to hand.

The music for verse 2 changes into D flat major and the accompaniment moves into gently throbbing triplets, absolutely right for the imagery of ‘Der Frühling schwebt auf die Gefilde’. There is no attempt to include in this version the beautiful contrapuntal touches between tenors and baritones at this point in the choral version. Instead, the right hand of the piano is given some moments of counter-melody and some effective harmonic suspensions. As elsewhere in this song, the melody and harmony are unquestionably by Schubert, so the music sounds genuine; but it seems a pity that the piano doggedly shadows the vocal line to such an extent. The music for verse 3 is an exact repeat of verse 2.

At ‘Empfanget denn mit trautem Grusse’ (verse 4) the music returns to the home key of A flat major, changes time signature to $\frac{3}{4}$, and takes on more of a celebratory swing. We are reminded of how *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* also ends with an invocation to spring with an up-beat change of time and mood. The dotted rhythm of the vocal line is echoed at a distance of a crotchet by a similarly cheeky piano figuration, an idea that is adopted from the dialogue between the tenors and basses in the choral version. At ‘Der hold uns winkt zum Hochgenuss’ semiquavers, indicative of rising sap and new flowerings, begin to enter the accompaniment. The vocal line (at ‘Wonne schwellt’) is decorated with a turn like a garland at a spring festival. The piano writing in this coda is not typical of Schubert the lieder composer, but it does recall the piano writing for some of the chamber music, in particular the works for violin and piano which are such a feature of 1827. The progress from pianissimo to forte at ‘der weihend uns mit leisem Kusse / Des Daseins Rosenbahn erhellt’ is achieved in a thoroughly instrumental manner, as is the coda where the final lines for the voice are accompanied by gently swirling semiquaver arpeggios high in the keyboard. In the postlude these cascade downwards from the top of the piano to the very bottom, all on an unchanging chord of A flat major. This makes a charming general effect, something which may be said of the song as a whole, which recalls the pot-pourri fragrances of salon and drawing-room. The text, flowery in every sense, is somewhat to blame for this (if blame is the right word), but then *Heimliches Lieben* makes a similar impression. It is the presence of that song in the authentic Schubert catalogue for 1827 that seems to confirm that this arrangement of *Frühlingslied* came from Schubert’s hand in the same year.
DREI GESÄNGE FÜR BASS-STIMME MIT KLAVIER
D902. Before September 1827; first published by Haslinger in September 1827 as Op 83

These three songs are associated with the name of the celebrated bass, Luigi Lablache (1794-1858). Lablache was at his height as a performer when Edward Holmes visited Vienna in 1827 and recorded his impressions (none of which include Schubert) in A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany. Holmes saw the bass as Uberto in Paer’s Agnese: ‘Lablache as the distracted father astonished me by the feeling of his singing, and the truth of his acting, and showed a wonderful change from the prodigious folly and bombast of his demeanour and singing as an Indian cacique’. Holmes also noted that although the singer was also a master of ‘the arts of grimace and face-making’ with ‘elaborate contortions of body and dexterous pirouettes’, he never once forgot the seriousness of his part. This blending of tragedy and comedy, as we note in the commentary for Il traditor deluso, seems to have been typical of the period in Italian opera. A member of Domenico Barbaja’s Italian company in Vienna since 1824, Lablache was, in a sense, a ‘member of the opposition’—Schubert’s own hopes for a career as an opera composer had been dashed when Barbaja took over the management of the Kärntnertor Theatre. But as Josef von Spaun pointed out in his Notes on my association with Franz Schubert (1858), the composer was not one to bear a grudge:

A splendid characteristic of Schubert’s was his interest and pleasure in all the successful creations of other people. He did not know what it meant to be envious and he by no means overrated himself … Although absolutely German in tendency, he by no means agreed with the abuse of Italian music, and especially of Rossini’s operas, which was usual at that time. The Barbiere di Sevilla he found delightful and he was enchanted by the third act of Otello; in the operas given at that time … Lablache’s singing captivated him. The latter took a great liking to Schubert, and once when the four-part song, Der Gondelfahrer, was sung at a party he liked it so much that he asked for it to be repeated and then sang the second bass part himself.

Lablache probably met Schubert at the home of Raphael Kiesewetter. These three songs (Schubert’s last in Italian) were certainly dedicated to Lablache, but it is also likely that they were written especially for him. It is also possible that he sang them some time before they appeared in print as Op 83, and that he played some part in the correction of the Italian accentuation before the work went to the printer. The songs were published simultaneously with a German text; this is still to be found in the Peters Edition where the songs are listed in Volume 6 under their German titles Die Macht der Augen, Der getäuschte Verräther, and Die Art ein Weib zu nehmen. The translator’s name is not known; Walter Dürr points out that it is unlikely to have been Schubert’s erstwhile collaborator Craigher de Jachelutta; Craigher was a native Italian speaker and would almost certainly have corrected the mistakes in Schubert’s Italian prosody before providing the German translation. In fact the corrections were made only after the translation was added.

Opus 83 as a whole is typical of the publications put out by Haslinger who was ever aware of musical politics and market forces. He must have found these pieces ideal for his purposes: the dedicatee was a celebrity, songs in the Italian language were all the rage, and the style of the music was accessible. At least one critic, G W Fink of the Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, agreed. In an enthusiastic notice (30 January 1828) he refers to Schubert as ‘the generally lauded and favoured composer’ and that all three songs are ‘well suited to social entertainments’. He predicts that ‘Signor Luigi Lablache, to whom these three numbers are dedicated, is sure to make a furore with them’. The composer Heinrich Marschner, on the threshold of his own success as an opera composer, was less impressed. Writing in the Berlin Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung (19 March 1828) he criticised the songs for being neither fish nor fowl—not sufficiently colourful and vital enough to be truly Italian, not expressive enough to be real German Lieder. ‘The flow of his
melodies is too intermittent, too heavy-handed; it is no glowing lava stream but only a somewhat cold, murmuring northern brooklet… Herr Schubert has thus not yet succeeded with these songs in bringing about an alliance, however desirable, between German and Italian music.’ Of course Schubert had no such grandiose aim, and the listener of today is able to delight in the mixture of styles that is the inevitable result of such a work. We can only agree with Capell: ‘Schubert is here working outside his natural style, but he does it uncommonly well’.

Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782)

L’INCANTO DEGLI OCCHI

THE MAGIC OF EYES

Second version, D902 No 1

Da voi, cari lumi,
Dipende il mio stato;
Voi siete i miei Numi,
Voi siete il mio fato.
A vostro talento
Mi sento cangiar.
Ardir m’inspirate,
Se lieti splendete;
Se torbidi siete,
Mi fate tremar.

On you, beloved eyes,
Depends my life;
You are my gods;
You are my destiny.
At your bidding
My mood changes.
You inspire me with daring
If you shine joyfully;
If you are overcast
You make me tremble.

Of all Schubert’s Italian settings this music sounds the most Schubertian. This is not to denigrate the charm of La pastorella in either the solo (Volume 9) or choral version (Volume 34); and the fire and passion of the aria from Didone abbandonata is as fine a piece of drama as the musical epistle Herrn Josef von Spaun is a rollicking piece of Italian pastiche. It is just that this particular cavatina radiates that extraordinary sense of wellbeing that suggests (appropriately in this case) a twinkling eye and tapping foot. In the introduction the right hand’s repeated quavers have something of Der Einsame about them, but it is the placing of the left-hand octaves (on the first and last quaver of each bar) which cheekily enlivens the music and transforms what could have been very banal in other hands into Schubertian gold. This music makes us smile, but it is far from being comic; it is both beautiful and raffish, and we somehow know that someone (Schubert) is quietly having fun at someone else’s expense (Rossini and the whole world of Italian opera) without having a malicious bone in his body.

To write music that pulls both leg and heartstring is an utterly Schubertian achievement. There is something irresistibly buffo about this music, but the moderate pulse of the kindly Allegretto betokens the gallantry and sagacity of a gentleman. The piano dynamics of the first page suggest a quietly flowing Don (Pasquale or Quixote) or a retired Hidalgo. The music is so downright genial that we can only assume that this song, like much of the music Schubert wrote with Vogl in mind, amounts to a portrait of its intended singer. If Luigi Lablache was really like his music it is little wonder that Schubert got on with him, and that he was said to have liked Schubert in return.

The entire first verse pooters amiably between tonic (C major) and dominant, but is a miracle of charm where every unexceptional change of chord is placed with consummate elegance. The voice blossoms into emollient semiquavers at ‘mi sento cangiar’, a foretaste of what is to come in the third musical verse when the composer re-works the first four lines of the poem. These acciaccatura-led roulades are once again reminiscent of Der Einsame. In that song we see the outline of the flickering flame in the hearth; in L’incanto degli occhi the same figuration is prompted by similar
imagery—the flashing of a lover’s eyes. A new mood emerges for lines five to ten of the poem: to depict the idea of daring (‘Ardir m’inspirate’) the music moves into the Neapolitan key of A flat major, and the piano dynamic gives way to a more dramatic forte. Schubert lovingly recycles all the Italian clichés: sudden changes of dynamic, leaps between the bottom and top of the voice, the use of pathos which changes easily, and shamelessly, to equally opportunistic flirtation. But as this is not real Italian music there is a refinement of modulation which is not to be found in Rossini miniatures—for example the change from G major to B major, leading to the dominant of that key (F sharp major) which, in turn, deliciously slides up a semitone to a chord of G7 under the first repeat of the words ‘Da voi, cari lumi’; this acts as an irresistible, and beautifully timed, up-beat to the return of the tonic.

The song is really ABA in structure, where the repeat of A is an embroidered variation of what we have heard in the first section. There is many an old-fashioned set of variations by composers like Paisiello and Mayr which opens with a theme unadorned and progresses with ever quicker and more exacting divisions. The rondo finale of Rossini’s La Cenerentola comes to mind. Added to this there is a coda to the Italian manner born which allows the music to trail away to a whisper. Schubert puts Lablache through his paces in a rather more relaxed way than Rossini, and this aria is much less glittering than the Italianate virtuoso music he himself wrote for Anna Milder at the end of Der Hirt auf dem Felsen—a work which was designed as a show-off piece. The low and rumbling coloratura writing of L’incanto degli occhi, when well done, sounds less like one of those exacting bel canto roles, more like the purring of a well-tuned Rolls. And all the time the piano continues with its unchanging quavers and its mock-lugubrious left-hand interjections, an accompaniment which could be vamped by almost any singing teacher but at the same time one of the wittiest that Schubert ever wrote. Parody, pastiche, call it what you will, this work is no put-down; it ranks with Liszt’s Petrarch Sonnets and Britten’s Sonnets of Michelangelo as an affectionate stylisation. And like those works which pay inspired homage to Italy, it distils the country’s musical manner albeit with the exaggeration of a foreigner’s bemused observation. All this, and a bonus: Schubert remains his inimitable, lovable self throughout.

The text is the ‘Aria di Licinio’ from Act 2 Scene 5 of Metastasio’s Attilio Regolo (1740). The story is set in ancient Rome at the time of the Carthaginian wars. The hero, the Roman consul Regulus who eventually gives up his life by returning to Carthage to face a death sentence, has a daughter Attilia. In the second act of the opera she plots to save her father’s life with the help of her beloved Licinio who is a slave to her every wish.

Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782)

IL TRADITOR DELUSO
D902 No 2

Recitativo Aime, io tremo!
Io sento tutto inondarmi il seno di gelido sudor!
Fuggasi, ah quale? Qual’è la via?
Chi me l’addita? Oh Dio! che ascolta!
Che m’avvenne? Oh Dio! che ascolta!
Ove son io?

Aria Ah l’aria d’intorno lampeggia, sfavilla;
Ondeggia, vacilla l’infido terren!
Qual notte profonda d’orror mi circonda!
Che larve funeste, che smanie son queste!
Che fiero spavento mi sento nel sen!

THE TRAITOR DECEIVED

Recitative Alas, I tremble!
I feel a cold sweat upon my brow!
I must flee; but whither? Where is the way?
Who will show it to me? O God, what do I hear?
What is happening to me? O God, what do I bear?
Where am I?

Air The air around me flashes and sparkles;
The perfidious earth quakes and trembles!
The deep night surrounds me with horror!
What baleful creatures, what furies are these?
What raging terror I feel in my breast!
Having allowed Lablache a self-portrait as a latter-day Don Quixote, it is time to have him don another, more formidable, costume, more attuned to his success as the father in Paer’s Agnese which included a mad-scene. It is as well to note, however, that Agnese was an opera semiseria, and the participation of a buffo bass in a mad-scene of this period shows that, like almost all male madness depicted in eighteenth-century opera, the role had a strong element of comedy – as Edward Holmes’s recount makes clear. There is a similar ambiguity in Schubert’s *Il traditor deluso*: it is full of dramatic postures but it is ultimately not serious, a certain ridiculousness being built into the music. As such, it is great fun to sing and play at the same time as being technically demanding. For all its superficially impressive bluster it is not as musically rich as the preceding song which has a Mozartian grace.

The piece begins with a mighty recitativo stromentato. The key is E minor and the piano’s left-hand tremolo suggests strings scrubbing away in great agitation. Over this background a dotted rhythm motif in right-hand octaves appears, rich in portent and absurdly melodramatic; for a moment it even sounds Wagnerian. This appears twice (once in the trombone register of the pianist’s left hand) before a modulation to B minor which is designed to twist the tension to a higher point. The motif appears twice in this key as the music works itself up to a suitable pitch of panic (semiquaver oscillations, shuddering dotted rhythms) to reflect the disorientation of the character. The vocal line is dominated by short gasps and exclamations in a highly dramatic manner.

The aria (marked ‘Allegro molto’) is in E minor and alla breve. The main feature of the opening vocal melody is its unflinching insistence on a syncopation which throws the emphasis of nearly every bar on to the second crotchet. This characteristically Italian device is used so insistently as to make fun of it. The accompaniment swirls with arpeggio figurations; at the first repeat of ‘Ah l’aria d’intorno’ this changes to a series of right-hand chromatic scales potentially hazardous to the pianist. In the hot seat, this seems much less fun, as are various other passages in the song which call for darting dexterity and a dab hand at split octaves. At ‘Qual notte profonda d’orror mi circonda!’ the vocal line smoothes out to ominous minims and semibreves as the piano shivers in the background; repeats of these words prompt other reactions such as sudden vocal leaps from the singer, and the pitter-pat of awestruck quavers between the hands from the pianist. At ‘Che fiero spavento’ chromatic phrases dig into the bottom of the bass stave in suitable woebegone desperation. This leads to the da capo recapitulation of the aria and a return of those jagged syncopated phrases. And so it goes on, with Schubert using and re-using a short Italian verse, spinning it out and repeating it so that it no longer matters what it means. Once the listener has got the gist of what is being said he is free to concentrate on assessing the vocal pyrotechnics. This remains typical of some, though not all, Italian audiences.

Schubert took a considerable amount of trouble here in both the vocal and pianistic detail. Of the three songs of this opus this is the one that pleased Marschner the best, probably because it works itself into a passable frenzy. As such it is a worthy companion to other tempestuous Italian arias by Schubert (*Son fra l’onde*, the closing sections of both *Didone abbandonata* and *Herrn Josef von Spaun*). But it engages the Schubertian’s amused respect more, perhaps, than his affection.

The text is the ‘Aria di Atalia’ from Act 2 of Metastasio’s *Gioas, Rè di Juda*. It does not seem to have concerned Schubert in the least (and why should it?) that in the libretto’s original context the murderess and usurper Athaliah (grandmother of Joash who eventually regains his rightful throne as King of Judah) is a female character.
IL MODO DI PRENDER MOGLIE

Or sù! non ci pensiamo,
Coraggio e concludiamo,
Al fin s’io prendo moglie,
Sò ben perchè lo fò.
Lo fò per pagar i debiti,
La prenda per contanti,
Di dirlo, e di ripeterlo,
Difficoltà non ho.
Fra tanti modi e tanti
Di prender moglie al mondo,
Un modo più giocondo
Del mio trovar non sò.
Si prende per affetto,
Si prende per rispetto,
Si prende per consiglio,
Si prende per puntiglio,
Si prende per capriccio.
È vero, si o nò?
Ed io per medicina
Di tutti i mali miei
Un poco di sposina
Prendere non potrò?
Ho detto e’l ridico,
Lo fò per li contanti,
Lo fanno tanti e tanti
Anch’io lo farò.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE

Now then, let’s not think about it;
Courage, let’s get it over with.
If in the end I have to take a wife
I know very well why I do it.
I do it to pay my debts.
I take her for the money.
I have no compunction telling you,
And repeating it.
Of all the ways of choosing a wife
In the world,
I know of no happier way
Than mine.
One chooses a wife for love,
Another out of respect,
Another because he is advised to,
Another out of propriety,
Another for a whim.
Is it true or not?
And I,
Why can’t I take a little wife
As remedy
For all my ills?
I’ve said it and I’ll say it again:
I do it for the money.
So many do it,
I do it too.

Although the text makes fun of the subject of marriage, we cannot forget that the subject is a sensitive one in the Schubert biography. According to some sources Schubert in his late teens was seriously enough in love with Therese Grob, a local girl of the Lichtental parish who sang in the church choir, to have contemplated marriage. Money as always was a problem, and she made her life elsewhere. In fact a Marriage Decree had been introduced early in 1815 which made it obligatory for anyone from the lower orders (including schoolteachers) to ask permission to marry with proof they could support any children of the union. This alone would have prevented the penniless Schubert marrying. And it was always out of the question that he should have dared to aspire to the hand of Karoline Esterhazy who was way out of his reach in terms of both money and birth. There are further stories (perhaps apocryphal) concerning the composer’s marriage prospects: one was communicated by Ludwig Frankl, purportedly based on Schober’s memories:
After the usual dance they almost always went to the coffee-house, Zum Auge Gottes. Schober persuaded him [Schubert] he ought to marry Gusti Grünwedel, a very charming girl of good family (she later married a painter and went to Italy), who seemed very well disposed towards him. Schubert was in love with her, but he was painfully modest; he was firmly convinced no woman could love him. At Schober’s words he jumped up, rushed out without his hat, flushed with anger. The friends looked at one another in dismay. After half an hour he came quietly back and later related how, beside himself, he had run round St Peter’s Church, telling himself again and again that no happiness was granted to him on earth. Schubert then let himself go to pieces …

The last sentence of this extract places this incident in 1821/22, preceding Schubert’s infection. But the anecdote, if true, raises more questions than it answers: why did Schober’s words make the composer angry? Why could no woman love him? Auguste Grünwedel was a real person, apparently beautiful, who passed briefly though the Schubertians orbit, but nothing further is known of her, certainly in relation to Schubert. It might have been a very good idea, all being equal, for the composer to have married her in 1822; his finances, thanks to Sonnleithner’s intervention with the publishers, were on a solid footing, and ‘Gusti’ was well-to-do in her own right.

By 1827 the subject of marriage was so far in the past that the composer could countenance this cynical text without distress or distaste. The razor-sharp shade of Rossini’s barber hovers over this music, an indication of how well Schubert loved the opera as the ever reliable Spaun informs us. Without the supporting context of an opera plot, as well as scintillating orchestration, Schubert is unable to work up the sparkle of a Rossini at his best; but the music, even if it is not quite the Largo al factotum, is jolly and effective. The key is C major, and the bustling ‘Allegro non troppo’ in $\text{\textsc{g}}$ creates an air of Italian busyness in just the right stirring manner to suggest a thickening plot. A contemporary lied unexpectedly comes to mind: the Rochlitz setting Alinde. In that song the singer’s search for Alinde seems similar to this search for a wife. This is most strongly to be noticed in the acciacatura ornamentation of the piano writing in a similarly playful $\text{\textsc{g}}$.

The poem’s first three verses are accompanied by genial triplet configurations and a wide-ranging use of modulation—not perhaps as adventurous as if the style had been Schubert’s own, but at least as inventive as is to be found in Rossini’s music. The shifts of tonality are always towards the flat keys, and include the same move into the Neapolitan key of A flat major that we encountered in L’incanto degli occhi. Most of this music is governed by the ceaseless movement of triplets, but at the beginning of the fourth verse (‘Si prende per affetto’) semiquavers begin to make a teasing appearance in the accompaniment. This speeding-up of the note values in various stages is a typical trick for an Italian finale. At the final appearance of ‘un poco di sposina’ the vocal line is doubled with the piano to suggest guile and intrigue.

As is often the case with Italian texts of this era it is the concluding verse of the poem (used over and over again in whatever repeats are necessary) which is given over to a rousing finale. For these words of resolve the music moves into ‘Allegro vivace’ in common time. (Performers who attempt this music in too brisk an alla breve will have to pay the unplayable price on the next page when the music moves into semiquavers.) It is here perhaps that the melody fails to deliver that extra lift that we encounter in the great Rossini perorations. Its liveliness of effect depends more on the pianist, who suddenly discovers at the end of the piece a series of challenges of which there is no clue in the opening pages. Genial bouncing triplets are replaced by whirlwind roulades of semiquavers, mainly in C major but also encompassing chromatic shifts; not all of these lie easily under the fingers. Schubert makes of this music something diabolical as if marrying for money were one of the most dastardly things that could ever happen; his music in the song’s final pages suggests a villain capable of murder at the very least. The vivacious postlude in semiquavers, an octave apart
between the hands, is unlike anything else in the songs. It provides a rousing end to a work which gives delight to the Schubertian mainly because it is by Schubert and it is wonderful to see our heroes in off-duty guise. If the promise of L’incanto degli occhi is not quite fulfilled in the second and third songs of the set it is only because the great is always the enemy of the good. And it is usually the case that the tender Schubert always leaves a more lingering impression on the listener than when he is in barnstorming mood.

The text of this work is not to be found in Metastasio’s work and remains one of the many small Schubertian mysteries still to be solved. The words almost certainly come from an opera by a minor composer which had been sung by Lablache earlier in his career and which he probably suggested that Schubert might re-use.

Karl von Leitner (1800–1890)

**WOLKE UND QUELLE**

D896b. 1827 or later; first published in Heuberger’s *Franz Schubert* (1920) and then in volume 14b of the *Neue Schubert Ausgabe*. Performing version by Reinhard van Hoorickx

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**THE CLOUD AND THE STREAM**

Auf meinen heimischen Bergen
Da sind die Wolken zu Haus',
Bin mitten innen gestanden,
Und sah in's Tal hinaus.

Sie aber flogen von dannen,
Wie Schwäne so echt und leicht;
Wär' gerne mit ihnen gezogen,
So weit der Himmel reicht.

Es drängte mich fort in die Fremde
Zur Ferne ein wilder Trieb;
Doch jetzt erscheinen mir Heimat
Und Nähe gar heilig und lieb.

Nun seh' ich mich nimmer in's Weite,
Hinaus in's nebelnde Blau;
Nun späht ich mit stillem Verlangen
Hinab in die schmale Au.

Was nickt dort unten am Fenster?
Und blühet wie Morgenlicht?
Ist's ihre Ros' am Gesimse?
Oder ihr holdes Gesicht?

Viel Glück ihr Wolken zur Reise!
Ich ziehe nimmer mit euch;
Was aber lockt und lispelt
Da drüben im Lenzgesträuch?

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On the mountains of my native land
The clouds are at home;
I have stood among them
Looking out into the valley.

But they flew away,
As light and as weightless as swans;
I would gladly have flown with them
To the ends of the sky.

A wild urge drives me
To distant foreign lands.
But now my home and surroundings
Are dear and sacred to me.

Now I never yearn to be far away
In the misty azure;
Now I gaze with silent longing
Down into the narrow valley.

What is that nodding down there by the window,
Blossoming like the dawn?
Is it her rose on the sill,
Or her sweet face?

I wish you a good journey, clouds.
I shall never come with you.
But what is that enticing and whispering to me
Over there amid the spring foliage?
Bist du es, o Quelle, die flüstert?
Ja, ja! ich eile mit dir;
Du kennst ja die kürzesten Wege,
Hinunter, hinunter zu ihr!

Is it you whispering, O stream?
Yes, yes! I shall hasten with you;
For you know the shortest way
Down to her below!

The group of Leitner settings on this disc begins with a group of three songs sketched sometime between the autumn of 1827 and January of the following year. Many a reader of John Reed’s Schubert Song Companion has been tantalised to see the entries for these three unknown lieder, the more interesting for being the last of the composer’s songs to remain incomplete fragments, and all more or less contemporary with the songs for the second half of Winterreise. Schubert wrote down all three on the same sheet of manuscript paper; it seems clear that they were conceived at the same time and were probably the work of a single day. As was the composer’s usual practice, the vocal lines were sketched first but, although he allowed space for an accompaniment, the songs were abandoned before they were taken to the next stage of development. We are thus in possession of a great deal of genuine Schubertian melody in the treble clef with scarcely an indication of harmony and little idea of what pianistic motifs might have been used to fashion the accompaniments. Just occasionally Schubert jots down a few notes in the empty piano staves to remind himself of what had occurred to him in this regard.

The authenticity of two of the poems is also something of a problem. Fröhliches Scheiden, has Leitner’s lyrics (with title but no acknowledgement of author) written out by Schubert; the others have no words written under the notes. Reinhard Van Hoorickx came up with the idea that the remaining two songs were also Leitner settings (this is surely highly likely), and having examined the Leitner poems in Schubert’s possession at the time (the Gedichte published in 1825) he proposed that the missing texts were Wolke und Quelle and Sie in jedem Liede. Hoorickx published a private edition of these songs with his suggested textual underlay, as well as an accompaniment which is typical of his work in this field: he does not pretend to be a skilled composer, but his completions are simple enough to allow us to hear Schubert’s melodies with a harmonic and pianistic background that does its best not to take attention away from what is genuine in the setting. Of course Hoorickx always incorporates the few genuine notes in the accompaniment that Schubert had happened to write in a sort of musical shorthand on the piano staves.

The editors of the Neue Schubert Ausgabe rather grudgingly concede that Wolke und Quelle is, in all probability, the correct poem for the music, but are less convinced by Sie in jedem Liede. These reservations are based on the fact that at certain points the poem has been made to fit the music with some difficulty. In the absence of any counter-suggestions, however, the Leitner titles suggested by Hoorickx have been adopted by the second edition of the Deutsch catalogue. The problems of fitting the words exactly into the musical sketch may well have been ironed out by the composer himself if he had done any further work on the songs.

The gentle rocking gait of Wolke und Quelle brings another quasi-waltz song in 9/8 to mind, also with a Leitner text—Drang in die Ferne. Of course the mood suggested by the text has been governed in this instance by Hoorickx’s piano part (he has opted for something much less impassioned, and dreamier, than Drang in die Ferne) but the link with a possible Leitner style is obvious. What is also clear is that Schubert is writing with a certain singer in mind—almost certainly a tenor. Nowhere else in the songs of the late period is the voice line placed so high—except of course in the famous choral piece for tenor and men’s chorus, Nachthelle. That was one of the great works of 1826 performed at the beginning of 1827 at a Musikverein concert with Ludwig Titze as the lead tenor. The solo part was written ‘für … verdammt hohen Tenor’—‘for a damnably high tenor’ (Schubert’s friend Ferdinand Walcher described it thus in a letter to the composer
on 25 January 1827). It may have been that Titze had asked Schubert to write him some new songs, and that these sketches show an attempt to do so: they are scattered with high notes, and the tessitura hovers around high Gs and As much more frequently than is normal in Schubert’s lieder. In both Fröhliches Scheiden and Sie in jedem Liede there are a number of high B flats (authentic), and the latter song boasts a high C towards the end which is a Hoorickx suggestion for a passing-note.

It is interesting to speculate on the relationship between the composer and this particular tenor. Titze took part in many first performances of both vocal quartets and solo songs and was often accompanied by Schubert himself. And yet when it was proposed at Schubert’s death that the composer should have a requiem sung in his honour, the tenor was the only person against the idea, putting forth the opinion that the composer was ‘only a song-writer’ and not important enough to merit such an honour. From someone who had experienced the full range of Schubert’s genius at close quarters this suggests either someone stupid (displaying the obtuseness legendarily ascribed to tenors) or someone with a grudge. It is interesting that the only work dedicated to Titze was the Offertorium in C, D136. Perhaps the composer and singer had a disagreement some time in the autumn of 1827, or perhaps the composer abandoned these three songs because he had little enthusiasm for writing music styled to show off the strong points of a particular voice. (This failure to deliver a promised group could easily have engendered Titze’s disappointment and anger.) In any case one has the impression that this singer was more of a technician with a fine instrument than an interesting artist; in contemporary accounts we read of the special feeling and understanding of Vogl or Schönstein, but Titze’s singing was always praised more for his timbre and his command of the upper tessitura than for his artistry.

Looking at the mellifluous shape of the vocal line (as printed in the Neue Schubert Ausgabe with a great deal of empty space for the accompaniment) one regrets more than ever that Schubert did not complete the task. Here surely is an example of where the character of the accompaniment could have made all the difference in the world. Hoorickx’s realisation is gentle and unpretentious; he chooses to mark the piece ‘Ruhig’ where some parts of the poem—‘Es drängte mich fort in die Fremde’ for example—might have suggested a more urgent interpretation. As a result there is a sentimental note to the music which suggests the salon more than usual. It is true that this tone is also struck in Heimliches Lieben, written at the same time, but music which seems to be cosily Biedermeier in character is a Schubertian rarity. One could also argue that this style was another of Schubert’s occasional commercial ploys—an attempt to reach a wider market. What is interesting however is that the airy idea of floating clouds, and the flowing imagery of the stream, are both beautifully captured in the vocal line, and that if the composer was looking for a text suitable for a high voice this poem was eminently suited for the purpose by the ‘head in the clouds’ mood of its subject matter.

Karl von Leitner (1800–1890)

FRÖHLICHES SCHEIDEN

D896. Autumn 1827 or later; first published in volume 14b of the Neue Schubert Ausgabe.
Performing version by Reinhard van Hoorickx

Gar fröhlich kann ich scheiden,
Ich hátt' es nicht gemeint;
Die Trennung bringt sonst Leiden,
Doch fröhlich kann ich scheiden;
Sie hat um mich geweint.

I can depart happy,
Though I would never have thought it;
Separation usually brings sorrow,
But I can depart happy;
She wept for me.
Wie trag' ich dies Entzücken
In stummer Brust vereint?
Es will mich fast erdrücken,
How can I bear this rapture
Gathered within my silent breast?
It almost stifles me.
Die Trennung bringt sonst Leiden;
Separation usually brings sorrow.
Doch fröhlich kann ich scheiden;
But I can depart happy:
Sie hat um mich geweint.
She wept for me.

Ihr Alpen, See'n und Auen,
Mountains, lakes and meadows,
Du Mond, der sie bescheint,
And the moon that shines on her,
Euch will ich mich vertrauen;
I shall confide in you:
Ihr Alpen, See'n und Auen!
Mountains, lakes and meadows,
Sie hat um mich geweint.
She wept for me.

Und sterb' ich in der Fremde,
And if I die in a foreign land
Mir dünkt nicht fürchterlich
I shall not fear
Der Schlaf im Leichenhemde;
That besbrouded sleep;
Denn, sterb' ich in der Fremde,
For if I die in a foreign land
So weint sie wohl um mich.
She will weep for me.
Drum fröhlich kann ich scheiden,
So I can depart happy,
Ich hätt' es nicht gemeint;
Though I would never have thought it;
Die Trennung bringt sonst Leiden,
Separation usually brings sorrow.
Doch fröhlich kann ich scheiden;
But I can depart happy:
Sie hat um mich geweint.
She wept for me.

This is the only song of the three D896 settings which has a Leitner poem attached to the vocal line in Schubert’s hand. In Hoorickx’s realisation the tempo is ‘Etwas bewegt’ and the accompaniment in amiably flowing quavers is reminiscent of another 1827 song, Das Lied im Grünen. (In bars 73-75 of the sketch, the composer has suddenly chosen to fill in the empty piano staves with just these sort of quavers: Hoorickx’s choice of accompanying figure is not as quixotic as it might at first seem.) The lie of the vocal line suggests a high tenor even more than the less decisive Wolke und Quelle. Where else in the songs of this period do we find high A flats held as semibreves, and high B flats touched in passing as well? The tenor is asked to sing that exposed and demanding note on the unimportant word ‘in’, and on a dotted crotchet to boot! It seems very unlikely that this awkward corner would have survived a further revisionary stage on Schubert’s part. If the composer himself had not written this vocal line the Neue Ausgabe editors would have been sure to question its authenticity. Other details are more convincingly Schubertian: at the change of key at the beginning of the second verse the long semibreves for ‘trag’ suggest an unbearable eternity (‘how can I bear this rapture’) in an effective, and novel, manner.

In this autograph we have the opportunity to see one of the composer’s very early reactions to a text; manuscripts of this type were mostly destroyed when the song reached a later form. It seems certain that Schubert tidied up such details as vocal practicalities and refinements of prosody at a later stage of revision—what was important was to put down on paper his initial response to a poem—warts and all. For example, there are rather too many plodding crotchets in this sketch to have survived in a later Fassung; Schubert would probably have varied the declamation to make it more subtle, at the same time as keeping the best aspects of the felicitously shaped melody.

That this unquestionably authentic link between Schubert and Leitner should have its awkward, even intractable, corners adds weight to Hoorickx’s other suggestions concerning the texts of the Wolke und Quelle and Sie in jedem Liede.
It would seem that Schubert was far from the sort of composer who was able as a matter of course to jot down a work in a perfectly finished state. It is more than likely that he did much more revision and polishing than his reputation for easy spontaneity would suggest. The only certainty is that he alone had the ability to move the music into its next stage of sophistication and perfection; the hands of anybody attempting a completion or realisation are tied. They have to stick scrupulously to the very imperfections which the composer himself would have brushed aside at the next stage of revision. This is probably the most enlightening aspect of having songs such as this left to us in such a rough-and-ready condition. The chances are that we would be appalled (fascinated? delighted?) to see the very earliest sketches of numbers from Winterreise, songs which we might have imagined were written in a single and infallible coup de foudre, but which probably started life in a similarly embryonic state.

Karl von Leitner (1800–1890)

**SIE IN JEDEM LIEDE**

D896a. Autumn 1827 or later; first published in volume 14b of the *Neue Schubert Ausgabe*.

Performing version by Reinhard van Hoorickx

Nehm’ ich die Harfe, folgend dem Drange
Süsser Gefühle denk’ ich auch Dein.
Mädchen! und glaub’, es können ja lange.
Ohne der Harfe Sänger nicht sein.

Wahn’ ich im Liede Siedler und Klause,
Burg und Turniere wieder zu schau’n;
Prangst mit Barette und starrender Krause
Du am Balkone zwischen den Frau’n.

Preis’ ich der Alpen friedliche Lüfte,
Hoch ob des Thales wildem Gebraus;
Füllst du als Senninn trillernd die Klüfte
Lachst aus dem kleinen, hölzernen Haus.

Sing’ ich von schönen Wasser-Jungfrauen
Einsam in Mondschein schwimmend im See;
Schwebst du bei ihnen unten im Blauen,
Streckst mir entgegen Arme von Schnee.

Überall nahe weitest, du Liebe,
Mir in der Dichtung rosigem Land’,
Ach, nur im Leben, strenge und trübe,
Trennt uns des Schicksal’s feindliche Hand!

**SHE IN EVERY SONG**

When I take up my harp, prompted
By sweet feelings, I think of you too,
Maiden; and believe me, there cannot long
Be minstrels without harps.

When in my songs I imagine I see once more before me
Crofters’ and monks’ cells, castles and tournaments,
You are there on the balcony among the ladies,
Resplendent in your cap and starched ruff.

When I praise the peaceful Alpine breezes,
High above the wild commotion of the valley,
You as dairymaid fill the ravines with your trilling,
You laugh from within the little wooden house.

When I sing of the fair water-nymphs
Swimming alone in the moonlit sea,
You glide along with them in the blue waters,
Holding out your snow-white arms to me.

Everywhere you are close to me, my love,
In the rosy land of poetry.
Ab, only in life, barbs and gloomy,
Does the hostile hand of fate sunder us.

This song is blessed with something that the other two Leitner fragments lack: in bars 16 to 20, and again in bars 35 to 41, and yet again in bars 56 to 60, the composer has sketched variants on the same enchanting little melody in the piano stave as an interlude for the song (and thus, as in Hoorickx’s version, also a possible introduction). In a matter of a few seconds an idea can come to Schubert that would have occurred to no one else at any time in musical history; even this lilting little ascent, little more than a dactylic dallying around the bare bones of a B flat major arpeggio, is blessed with the
unique and radiant felicity of his genius. The first half of the vocal line is also dactylic; it descends the stave in gentle sequences as a counterpart to the piano’s melody.

Of the three Leitner sketches, the editors of the *Neue Schubert Ausgabe* are least convinced by Hoorickx’s suggestion that this is the correct poem for the music. Walter Dürr argues with some justification that the threefold repetition of each of the last lines of the poem’s strophes is hardly typical. On the other hand, in the first verse the crestfallen melodic descent on the two repetitions of ‘ohne der Harfe Sänger nicht sein’ and the final ‘ohne Harfe’ strikes a convincingly rueful note, and one can justify the repetition and ornamentation of ‘Du am Balkone’ in the second verse as an illustration of courtly love. There are further details which seem to fit this text well: if there has to be a sudden high flat in the second verse, where better than for the heroic exertion of ‘Turniere’ (tournaments); the modulation into G major for the alpine breezes of verse 3 seems a breath of fresh air; the mention of water-nymphs and the moonlit sea of the fourth verse coincides with the song’s exploration of its most distant and mysterious flat-key tonalities; the tenorial extravagances of the peroration seem an appropriately dramatic reaction to the ‘hostile hand of fate’. The fact that so many details happily fit the music is unlikely to be merely coincidental. One notices that the poem is a type of compendium of some of Schubert’s favourite imagery: time-travelling in the second verse with its monks, knights and ladies; echoing music for mountain and valley in the third—the dairymaid a sort of ‘Hirt auf dem Felsen’ avant la lettre; and enchanted water-nixies in the fourth which look back to *Die schöne Müllerin*.

This song has all the ingredients of another *Das Lied im Grünen* where meandering countryside pathways are replaced by a type of Disneyland crossroads which lead off to various lands of fairytale, each with its own theme. Of course in this version of the song it cannot be denied that there are awkward corners that do not entirely convince. Some of the difficulties lie with the speed of the composer’s mind and the absence of his later revising hand. But only some of them; no one else can be Schubert, and to guess correctly what miracles of harmonic invention the composer had in mind as he sketched this song is beyond mere mortal imagining. Goodness knows what a fabulous song he himself might have made of this had he chosen to spend a few more hours with it! The hugely demanding vocal tessitura suggests Ludwig Titze more than ever. It is perhaps significant that neither Titze’s name nor an unusually high tessitura is associated with the early gestation of *Winterreise* which was contemporary with these Leitner songs. Although Schubert composed that cycle in tenor keys, Titze was nowhere on hand when the composer sang the music through to his friends at some time during that autumn. This, taken together with the abandonment of these three high-lying Leitner songs, suggests the possibility of a temporary estrangement between singer and composer in the autumn of 1827. Perhaps Titze felt he was being taken for granted. By the beginning of 1828 he was once again involved with the performance of Schubert’s music, including the first song from *Winterreise*; but if the tenor’s evaluation of Schubert after his death as not really being a great composer is anything to go by, a simmering resentment remained.
Karl von Leitner (1800–1890)

**DAS WEINEN**  
D926. Autumn of 1827 or early 1828; published by Schober's Lithographisches Institut, at first without opus number in the spring of 1828, and later as Op 106 No 2

Gar tröstlich kommt geronnen  
The sacred source of tears

Der Tränen heil'ger Quell,  
Flows comfortably.

Recht wie ein Heilungs-Bronnen,  
Like a healing spring

So bitter, heiss und hell,  
So bitter, hot and clear.

Darum du Brust voll Wunden,  
Therefore, my heart, full of wounds,

Voll Gram und stiller Pein,  
Grief and silent pain,

Und willst du bald gesunden,  
If you would recover quickly

So tauche da hinein.  
Immerse yourself there.

Es wohnt in diesen Wellen  
A secret, magic power

Geheime Wunderkraft,  
Dwells in these waters

Die ist für wehe Stellen  
That is gentle balm

Ein linder Balsamsaft.  
To wounds.

Die wächst mit deinen Schmerzen,  
It increases with your suffering,

Und fasset, hebt und rollt  
And seizes, lifts and rolls away

Den bösen Stein vom Herzen,  
From your heart the evil stone

Der dich zerdrücken wollt’.  
That would crush you.

Das hab’ ich selbst empfunden  
I have felt this myself

Hier in dem Trauerland,  
Here in this land of sorrow,

Wenn ich, vom Flor umwunden,  
When, swathed in crêpe,

An lieben Gräbern stand.  
I stood at the graves of dear ones.

Da schalt in irrem Wähnen  
There, in demented frenzy,

Ich selbst auf meinen Gott,  
I cursed my God;

Es hielen mir die Tränen  
Only my tears kept

Der Hoffnung Schiffthen flott.  
The ship of hope afloat.

Drum, hält dich auch umfangen  
Therefore, when you too are ensnared

Der Schwermut trübste Nacht,  
In the darkest night of sorrow,

Vertrau’ in allem Bangen  
In your anguish trust

Der Tränen zaubermacht.  
The magic power of tears.

Bald, wenn vom heissen Weinen  
Soon, when from bitter weeping

Dir rot das Auge glüht,  
Your eyes glow red,

Wird neu der Tag erscheinen,  
A new day will appear,

Weil schon der Morgen blüht.  
For already morning is radiant.

In the following letter, Johann Baptist Jenger informs us which lieder were completed during Schubert’s stay in Graz. It is addressed to Marie Pachler, Schubert’s hostess in that city and the dedicatee of the collection of songs about to be published:
Vienna, 26 April, 1828. The booklet of songs by friend Schubert which he dedicates to you—and which Fräulein Irene Kiesewetter, your deputy, has accepted in your name—has already been passed for engraving. It contains the following songs: 1. Heimliches Lieben 2. Das Weinen 3. Vor meiner Wiege (the last two by Leitner). 4. Allschottische Ballade. The first and last composed in your house. When Schubert and I come to you—which will doubtless be at the end of August—we shall bring some copies with us for you …

From this it appears that Das Weinen was not written in Graz itself, but only sometime later—any time between October 1827 and early 1828. It also shows us that Schubert had plans to recapture the mood of the happy summer of 1827 by returning to Styria in 1828. (In the event these plans had to be abandoned for financial reasons. The rather bloodthirsty Eine allschottische Ballade—called Edward in Loewe’s solo and Brahms’s duet settings—was abandoned as part of this printed garland of songs for Marie Pachler; it had certainly been written in her house and at her encouragement, but in the end the more approachable and charming An Silvia was considered to be a more suitable final song for the collection. Schober no doubt played some part in this choice as the book of songs was first issued by the Lithographisches Institut of which he was manager.

Das Weinen is a sharp contrast to the ebullient Sie in jedem Liede. With the exception of Der Wallensteiner Lanzknecht beim Trunk it is also the least ambitious of the Leitner songs; its publication in Volume 2 of Friedländer Peters Edition shows that at some point at the turn of the century it was popular with singers. This is no longer the case; one now hears this song on the concert platform very rarely, if at all. The ‘pilgrimage’ key of D major has obvious links with the reverential Der Kreuzzug and the innig character of the music with such Leitner masterpieces as Vor meiner Wiege and Der Winterabend. Mention of the curative power of tears brings to mind a number of other songs: Goethe’s Wonne der Wehmut which deals with the tears of unrequited love rather than bereavement, and some of the contemporary songs of Winterreise—particularly the strophic Wasserflut with its powerful image of a river of tears. But Das Weinen is a great deal more soft-edged and sentimental than the Müller song, and were Leitner to be judged on this text alone we would not really understand what Marie Pachler saw in the poet to recommend him to the composer so wholeheartedly.

Only Fischer-Dieskau among the commentators sees Schubert’s choice of text as having some connection with his desperation at the resumption of his syphilitic symptoms in the autumn of 1827. Fischer-Dieskau quotes the song’s first verse to make the point. The work’s dedication to Marie Pachler (as well as the fact that Schubert wrote to her mentioning the return of his ‘usual headaches’) suggests she was the composer’s confidante, perhaps in connection with his worries about his health. Marie Pachler was, after all, a highly sophisticated artist and, despite the fact that she lived in the provinces, a woman of the world. Jenger was well informed on all aspects of Viennese gossip and it is more than likely that he would also have discreetly informed the Pachlers of the background to Schubert’s illness.

The somewhat pious mood of Das Weinen is familiar from such pieces as Vom Mitleiden Mariä and Pax Vobiscum. The music adopts the style of a chorale without actually being one—it is less rigid and more flowing as befits the water-imagery of the poem. The gentle introduction begins as a descent in a single strand of crotchets in the right hand’s treble register; this piano line is almost immediately irrigated into two, three and then finally four parts, an analogue for a well-spring of tears that is heard flowing from both hands and thus seen flowing from both eyes. The entry of the vocal line at the end of the fourth full bar initiates a melody, gently yearning and exploratory, sensual without being erotic, which is doubled throughout by the piano. With most other composers this is a rather dull ploy, but Schubert sometimes uses it effectively when he wants to suggest containment and, in this case, a mood of chastened sobriety.
The music for the first four lines of each verse (the song is utterly strophic) leads from D major to B minor. Then the lines ‘Darum du Brust voll Wunden / Voll Gram und stiller Pein’ take us to C sharp minor where the softening addition of a major third confirms its position as the dominant of F sharp minor. This twice progresses to B minor, and thence back to D major. These little journeys into the valley of death and out again are cleverly planned for a strophic song of this kind. The composer must have scanned each of the four verses and found the key words ‘wounds’, ‘suffering’, ‘frenzy’ and ‘weeping’ at the end of the fifth line of each of them; these variations on a single mood are a veritable invitation to a strophic song and in each case these lines lie at the heart of the song’s darker middle section. The vocal line at the end of each verse (including the melismas at both appearances of ‘so tauche da hinein’ in the first strophe) is curiously reminiscent of the piano writing in gently wafting quavers which closes each verse of Der Kreuzzug. This figuration in another form is also to be found in both the vocal and piano writing of Des Fischers Liebesglück. The four-bar postlude is suitably heartfelt but also more resolute as if the singer has already glimpsed the morning radiance described at the end of the poem. This once again recalls the choral-like aspects of Der Kreuzzug.

Karoline Luise von Klenke (1754–1812)

HEIMLICHS LIEBEN
D922. September 1827; published in the spring of 1828 by Schober’s Lithographisches Institut without opus number, and then as Op 106 No 1

O du, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren,
So will die Lust die Seele mir entführen;
Ich fühle tief ein namenloses Beben
Den Busen heben.

Mein Auge flammt, Glut schwebt auf meinen Wangen;
Es schlägt mein Herz ein unbekannt Verlangen;
Mein Geist, verirrt in trunkner Lippen Stammeln,
Kann kaum sich sammeln.

Mein Leben hängt in einer solchen Stunde
An deinem süßen, rosenweichen Munde,
Und will, bei deinem trauten Armumfassen,
Mich fast verlassen.

O! dass es doch nicht ausser sich kann fliehen,
Die Seele ganz in deiner Seele glühen!
Dass doch die Lippen, die voll Sehnsucht brennen,
Sich müssen trennen!

Dass doch im Kuss’ mein Wesen nicht zerflieiset,
Wenn es so fest an deinen Mund sich schliesset,
Und an dein Herz, das niemals laut darf wagen,
Für mich zu schlagen!

SECRET LOVE

When your lips touch me,
Desire all but bears away my soul;
I feel a nameless trembling
Deep within my breast.

My eyes flame, a glow tinges my cheeks;
My heart beats with a strange longing;
My mind, lost in the stammering of my drunken lips,
Can scarcely compose itself.

At such a time my life hangs
On your sweet lips, soft as roses,
And, in your beloved embrace,
Life almost deserts me.

Ob that my life cannot escape from itself;
With my soul aflame in yours!
Ob that lips ardent with longing
Must part!

Ob that my being may not dissolve in kisses
When my lips are pressed so tightly to yours,
And to your heart, which may never dare
To beat aloud for me!

The mystery concerning the authorship of this poem was cleared up by Faust Pachler, Marie’s son, who was a boy aged eight when Schubert visited his family in Graz. It was for the young Faust that the composer has written the piano duet
Kindermarsch in the autumn of 1827. In a letter to Konstantin von Wurzbach written in the 1870s, Pachler, then in his sixties, described his search for this song's poet:

In the catalogue of Schubert’s works, apart from the one compiled by G Nottebohm, who was enlightened by me, the poem of the composition Heimliches Lieben is listed as being by the Graz poet K G von Leitner. But it has for its authoress the well-known daughter of Karschin, Frau von Klenke, and starts ‘Myrtill, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren’ and has the title An Myrtill. I myself have seen a song composed to this latter, original, text among the estate of the Court actor, Heinrich Anschütz. My mother’s teacher, Professor Julius Schneller, sent it to her, with the title and the opening altered, together with some others which he had particularly liked, and he either forgot to name the authoress or did not know himself who the words were by. My mother thought it so very well suited to composition that she sent it, with many others, to Schubert. I first discovered the original title and opening through a sheet of music offered me for sale (it too was from Anschütz’s estate); and from some biographical notes in Deutschlands Dichterinnen, an album of poetry, I found the name of the poet or rather the poetess.

It seems that without realising it Schubert had composed a song to a text by Karoline Klenke, daughter of the ‘Naturdichterin’ Anna Luise Karschin (1722-1791) and mother of Helmina von Chézy who had collaborated with Schubert in Rosamunde in 1823—a theatrical debacle which despite the beautiful music he wrote for it could hardly have been one of his happiest memories. The text for Heimliches Lieben seems to have been one of Marie Pachler’s particular favourites. In placing the song at the beginning of the collection of songs dedicated to her the composer acknowledges this as her lied, composed under her roof and at her suggestion. The memoirs of Leitner’s mentor, the history and philosophy professor Julius Schneller (1840) imply, very discreetly, that the poem might have had a shared secret significance for him and Marie. (Perhaps it was Schneller who first substituted ‘O du’ for Klenke’s original ‘Myrtill’.) One always had a suspicion that the companionship of the worthy brewer Karl Pachler might have been insufficiently stimulating for such a gifted musician and artist, but the tenor of the poem makes clear that whatever might have passed between Julius Schneller and Marie Pachler, respectability was maintained by a veil of discretion.

John Reed writes of the Leitner style exemplified by this song as being ‘tinged with Gemütlichkeit’ but he is not uncritical of the piece as a whole. Richard Capell’s view is equally ambivalent:

It is not a very characteristic piece. Nothing cries out ‘Schubert’ when the page is opened. The song is in the nature of a period piece, but the elegance and the sentiment are charming. Behold Schubert in the drawing-room! He must have heard much young ladies’ music at biedermeierisch parties; and now, perhaps, he said he would show how, with just as thin a texture, the thing might be done delightfully. The song … has the merit of preserving the atmosphere of the drawing-rooms of the 1820s with some poetic idealisation; and moreover, it is most gratefully vocal. The melody that sails above the piano’s undulations is an irresistible invitation to the singer.

This is certainly modified rapture—it is rare to read such phrases as ‘period piece’ and ‘thin texture’ in a song which is then described as irresistible, particularly to the singer. In the midst of many singers’ enthusiasm for this piece in my student years, I also felt uncomfortable with it. Gerald Moore once told me in the 1970s that his ‘bugbear’, his least-favourite song by the master, was Sei mir gegrüsst. I then confessed to him that mine was Heimliches Lieben because it employs a vein of drawing-room sentimentality that one finds almost nowhere else in Schubert’s songs. The pathos of those pivoting oscillations between the third of the scale, the sharpened supertonic and the tonic (D to C sharp back to D and then drooping to B flat on the words ‘Du, wenn deine Lippen mich berühren’) suggested seasickness to the young accompanist. Such swooning-in-tone soon afterwards became the stuff of sugary salon valentines, and a commonplace...
of the musical vocabulary of the Victorians. One has only to compare another work from 1827, the celebrated G flat Impromptu for piano, to know how the composer can use a triplet-accompanied melody to spin music of the deepest and purest emotion. *Auf dem Strom* with horn obligato uses a similar formula—an Italianate melody accompanied by ceaseless triplets—without suggesting the salon.

But what Capell says in praise of *Heimliches Lieben* is equally true: it is indeed ‘most gratefully vocal’ in that way which suggests a knowledge of Italian cantilena (of which the Metastasio songs on this disc show Schubert was a master). The unceasing triplets, encompassing a range of a tenth and more in the left hand, support the voice in a way that Bellini would have understood and applauded. This left-hand stretching is hardly typical of Schubert’s song-accompaniment style, and one wonders whether this writing, including the delicately turned trills and the singing right-hand melody, might have been fashioned especially for Marie Pachler with her playing style in mind.

It is clear that the composer is able to make a salon stylisation as easily as an Italian one. And if he is too much the gentleman truly to lampoon Rossini, and appears to join his camp at the same time as guying the Italian style, Schubert may well have intended to poke gentle fun at the style of music admired by young ladies at their ‘biedermeierisch parties’, as Capell calls them. In doing so he seems to effortlessly ennable an empty style with touches of genuine magic; almost everything Schubert touches, even in spirit of fun, turns to gold. I now hear the piece in the same way as Capell: a gentle parody upon which so much care has been lavished that it has become delightful rather than amusing.

The tastes of the Graz audiences were less advanced than those of Vienna. Marie Pachler herself was no doubt full of sentiment and not yet cynical about certain musical clichés which already bored the big city. So just as Schubert cultivated a deliberately rustic style for songs about fishermen, farmers, hunters—working ditties sung by honest working-class folk—he was able to create a ‘Graz style’ in honour of the good-hearted musical provinces. This is less rustic than cosy and trusty—a portrait of a safe and innocently domesticated life away from the metropolis. Schubert’s ‘bread and butter’ letter to Marie Pachler makes clear that he regarded ‘cordiality’ and ‘openness’ as typical of Graz (and not of Vienna). ‘At Graz I soon recognised an artless and sincere way of being together’ Schubert wrote. In that recognition there was also born a sympathy for Leitner’s verse: the full-hearted widower of *Der Winterabend*, the courting fisherman of *Des Fischers Liebesglück*, the genuinely philosophical monk of *Der Kreuzzug*, the starry-eyed observer of the heavens of *Die Sterne* all have an innocence and artlessness about them. There is a side to them that could be thought of as sentimental and cloying, but like Normal Rockwell’s idealisations of middle America, they represent a place where people are not spoiled, where they still believe in old-fashioned values and live their lives accordingly.

*Heimliches Lieben* was born of the same impulse. Indeed, as we have seen, Schubert thought it was a Leitner song and treated it as such. With hindsight, and knowing something of the poet who was later to become a paragon of marital devotion we realise that the piece has an entirely different character from Leitner’s verse. Not for him a clandestine relationship of this sort, although even the passion described in the poem is controlled by the necessity for respectability.

In true salon style the long piano introduction announces the opening vocal melody in embellished and extended form. The ‘sentimental’ melody has been wonderfully shaped to reflect the meaning of the words: the dip in the tune (from repeated Ds to C sharps) at ‘deine Lippen mich berühren’ implies only a glancing brush of a kiss, fleeting enough to disturb the equilibrium of the vocal line only by a semitone. Other words and phrases are equally aptly painted: the more decisive dotted rhythms (sensitive to the prosody) of ‘die Seele mir entführen’, the emotional jump of a seventh for ‘Beben’ and so on. And all the while the melody is accompanied by unceasing triplets, seraphically supportive.

A yearning interlude leads to a second verse which modulates into D flat major for the glowing colours of its more
passionate sentiments. If these words were to be truly reflected in song the result would be wild indeed; but as Reed says 'Klenke’s Sapphic ode has had the raw passion drained out of it' and the triplets remain as angelic as ever. Verse 3 is a rondo-like repetition of the first strophe; here the perilous nature of a life hanging on a thread is once again admirably suited to that sentimental vocal line where the singer rocks between semitone intervals like a tightrope-walker judging every tiny footstep to negotiate his safety.

Verse 4 embarks on an orgy of chromaticism. The composer must have amused himself by constructing a vocal line for the first two lines of the strophe which are effectively set as a chromatic scale rising in eight semitones from A to F. Once more the Neapolitan relationship of F major and D flat major is exploited for all it’s worth; and once again we can sense the wry smile of the composer as he knowingly exploits a stock-in-trade salon mannerism. The music for verse 5 is a repeat of this emotionally heated music, and then the composer uses the words again for a coda of new material, perhaps the most beautiful section because the most truly Schubertian, of the whole piece. This is introduced by a dotted-rhythm motif in the left hand which continues subtly to steer the softly enraptured musings of the singer. The repeat of the words come to an end with a vocal climax on ‘für mich zu schlagen’; another composer might have ended the song here, but if Schubert is set on writing a salon song then it must have a typically lingering farewell. This cliche is wonderfully redeemed by the musical quality of this envoi: a beautiful cello-like counter-melody deep in the bass entwines with the treble to suggest the male hero singing in secret duet with the female. Perhaps this is why this bass line recalls the music used to accompany mention of heroes (‘Heroen’) in the bass line of An die Leier.

Schubert, like Richard Strauss, occasionally wrote music to please others. There were comparatively few people in his life whom he was prepared to flatter in this way: Therese Grob, his brother Ferdinand, poet friends and hosts like Mayrhofer, Schober and Bruchmann, members of the Esterhazy family, the great singers Milder, Vogl and Lablache, and the redoubtable Anna Fröhlich. It says a great deal for the charm of Marie Pachler, whom Schubert was in personal contact with for less than two weeks, that she was allowed to join this select list.

Karl von Leitner (1800–1890)

DIE STERNE

D939. January 1828; first published in the summer of 1828 as Op 96 No 1 by Schober’s Lithographisches Institut

Wie blitzen die Sterne so hell durch die Nacht!
Bin oft schon darüber vom Schlummer erwacht.
Doch schelt' ich die lichten Gebilde drum nicht,
Sie üben im Stillen manch heilsame Pflicht.

Sie wallen hoch oben in Engelgestalt,
Sie leuchten dem Pilger durch Heiden und Wald.
Sie schweben als Boten der Liebe umher,
Und tragen oft Küsse weit über das Meer.

Sie blicken dem Dulder recht mild ins Gesicht,
Und säumen die Tränen mit silbernem Licht.
Und weisen von Gräbern gar tröstlich und hold
Uns hinter das Blaue mit Fingern von Gold.

THE STARS

How brightly the stars glitter through the night!
I have often been aroused by them from slumber.
But I do not chide the shining beings for that,
For they secretly perform many a benevolent task.

They wander high above in the form of angels;
They light the pilgrim's way through heath and wood.
They hover like harbingers of love
And often bear kisses far across the sea.

They gaze tenderly into the sufferer's face
And fringe his tears with silver light.
And comfortingly, gently, direct us away from the grave,
Beyond the azure with fingers of gold.
So sei denn gesegnet du strahlige Schar!
Und leuchte mir lange noch freundlich und klar!
Und wenn ich einst liebe, seid hold dem Verein,
Und euer Geflimmer lasst Segen uns sein!

I bless you, radiant throng!
Long may you shine upon me, clear, pleasing light!
And if one day I fall in love, then smile upon the bond
And let your twinkling be a blessing upon us.

In the midst of all the little-known Leitner songs on this disc, a sudden star, one of the best-loved of all the composer’s nature depictions. In the light of what has already been written about a ‘Graz style’ it should come as no surprise that this music combines the cosy and the universal. This is definitely a view of the heavens from Styria where the poet appropriates the stars as his own and imagines them as good and worthy citizens of the heavens—twinkling philanthropists performing many a charitable task in that cheery context where one member of the community sees it as his duty to look after another. These stars shine down on a world which is ‘artless and sincere’ (Schubert’s words to Marie Pachler when he described how he found Graz different from Vienna). In this part of Austria the pilgrim still walks earnestly through the wood; it is still accepted that God’s in his Heaven which is naturally situated, like the stars themselves, in the azure above; falling in love is still something that happens once in a lifetime, signifying a lasting bond sealed with a celestial blessing.

The commentators have been less than kind about Leitner. Capell refers to his sentiments as ‘feeble-minded’ and Einstein as ‘pedantic and sentimental’. But it is clear that Schubert is charmed by this view of life as seen from the safety of uncynical Styria, and responds to it with a full heart, if also occasionally with a smile. The poetry fits happily with the composer’s own experience of Graz as a place apart; his fortnight there was somehow caught in a time-warp which made the harmless anachronisms of Leitner’s verse seem perfectly valid. Besides, Schubert is often in two minds about many things: during the autumn of 1827 he pens Im Dorfe from Winterreise where a traveller standing outside in the cold pours scorn on bourgeois values and those who dream safely in cushioned beds; from the same period comes Leitner’s Der Winterabend, a touching hymn to Biedermeier values sung from inside a warm comfortable house by an honest citizen who would have correctly regarded that frozen misanthrope as a visitor from another world.

One could not be a song composer in search of texts written by different people without a certain element of something like Keats’s ‘negative capability’—a willingness and openness to make of oneself a blank sheet of paper waiting for the imprint of inspiration and experience from another source. Thus it is no surprise that the same composer could set to music the dark and comfortless pronouncements of the choral Grab und Mond (Seidl) as well as Die Sterne where the narrator seems not to have a moment of doubt about his faith in a divinely ordered world. Schubert seems to be a roving reporter in sound, scurrying around to gather up different sides of the same story: in the Schlegel setting Die Sterne the words are directed to mankind by the stars themselves, and in the Leitner song the compliment is returned as an earthbound human being pays tribute to these heavenly bodies. The paradox is that in the prayer-like music for Schlegel’s singing stars the awe of mankind is reflected, and in Leitner’s hymn where the words are put in the mouth of a mere mortal, we hear the energy and movement of the stars themselves.

The key is E flat major and the time signature $\frac{2}{4}$ with a marking of ‘Etwas geschwind’. The moderating ‘etwas’ is of the essence for finding the correct tempo: this song has given its performers more trouble than most—to fast and the music rushes and gabbles (the piece is often wrongly performed as if it were written with half the number of barlines in an alla breve $\frac{2}{2}$); too slow and the sparkle of the heavenly bodies becomes unsuitably sluggish. The short length of the bars is related to the versification of the text which is seldom printed correctly. Here is a clear case of the power of the appearance of the words on the printed page to influence the music. Apart from writing in dactylic metre, Leitner uses
very short lines where pairs of words often stand alone, isolated like so many tiny stars, each one contributing a single
moment of sparkle to the night sky. Although Schubert runs the first three lines of the poem together to make a single
musical phrase, the \( \frac{2}{4} \) time signature, and the large number of resulting barlines, ensure emphases (for example on both
‘blitzen’ and ‘Sterne’ in the first verse) which preserve something of the poet’s telegraphese. The placing of the piano’s
interludes also creates short, separate vocal phrases which are made to shine separately, each in its own little galaxy.

As Capell observes, *Die Sterne* is ‘a light and airy relation’ of the Allegretto of Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony, that
movement in measured dactyls (crotchet + quaver + quaver or long - short - short) which was to be assimilated and
recycled in so many ways by Schubert who was enamoured of the musical energy generated by these pulsations within a
moto perpetuo. In his own vocabulary of tonal analogues, a word-to-music language already fluent in his adolescence, and
increasingly sophisticated with the years, the forward propulsion of dactylic metre measures the continuing spin of nature
at work, the hidden, throbbing dynamo which powers those aspects of human existence over which we are all powerless.

In *Der Tod und das Mädelchen*, the Senn *Schwanengesang* and another Leitner setting, *Vor meiner Wiege*, we encounter
the unfaltering footstep of Death, a metre that might be named the terror dactyl. The sad and incontrovertible fact of
love’s betrayal, deadly in its own way (*Die Liebe hat gelogen*) has a similar Bewegung. The seasons can also be heard to
march in this rhythm (as in the triumphant return of Maytime at the end of *Trockne Blumen* from *Die schöne Müllerin*)
and the world turns in dactyls as it gathers all, great and small, into her lap (*Lied der Mutter Erde*). *Die Sterne* is
similarly cosmic, the movement of the stars being sometimes immutable, sometimes variable, but completely beyond
human control. The song mentions death but only in a comforting way; that final journey remains a distant prospect in
the song’s astrological chart; after all, the poet has not yet found a partner for life’s dance. In the meantime, the passing
of time, the unrelenting tick-tock which makes something finite even of light years (or Leitner years perhaps) continues
apace.

The first thing we hear in this song is a musical translation of flickering sparks of distantly generated energy. The stars
radiate electricity (Schubert died some years before this force of nature was harnessed to any domestic purpose in Vienna)
but the music seems to bristle with a measurable current, as if we were receiving a message in morse code from
extraterrestrial beings. The sense of immense distance between the source of the message and its recipients is
emphasised by the chain of modulations through which the sixteen-bar introduction passes. Here the repeated E flat
major chords (with G at the top) seem at first to be a purely rhythmic gesture, but it soon becomes clear that these
insistent notes (we hear ten of them) are actually part of a gradually changing tune, lift-off in slow motion. These dancing
Gs are supplanted by seven B flats followed by four B naturals which lead via a circular detour to ten repeated Cs. Onward
and ever upward! These notes pulsate away (always in dactylic rhythm) while the harmony underneath changes from C7
to F7; as the right-hand melody progresses even further up the stave (D – E flat – F) the harmonies move to B flat7 and
thence back to E flat, the completion of the full harmonic circle effected by a diabolically delicate little turn under the
pianist’s dancing fingers. (This decoration in the manner of something from a Haydn piano sonata is famously tricky, as is
a similar mordent in the accompaniment for *Lachen und Weinen*.)

The journey implied by the introduction is both tiny and immense. Everything lies so closely under the pianist’s hands
that he can negotiate the vast expanses of space and yet remain in the centre of the keyboard. But each link in this chain
seems to represent a passage through a new galaxy where melody and harmony conjoin to give the impression of new
vistas opening up in the music. That something should sound simultaneously so lofty and so friendly is a Schubertian
miracle. The vocal line for ‘Wie blitzen / Die Sterne / So hell durch die Nacht’ sails easily up the stave, its shape a
contraction of the more gradual ascent of the introduction. As the voice seems to remain poised in space for 'Nacht' the piano echoes the tail-end of the vocal phrase in the alto line of its four-part texture (these answering phrases are one of the song’s many touches of genius—they imply a moment’s lag as beams from distant planets take their time to reach us). The poem’s fourth, fifth and sixth lines (‘Bin oft schon / Darüber / Vom Schlummer erwacht’) make up the answering phrase to the first; this is a completion of a musical sentence, but the interjection of the little interlude sets it apart and makes it sound like a reply echoing across mountains and valleys (there are similar echo effects in the Mayrhofer Abschied, and in Der Hirt auf dem Felsen). The beginning of the poem’s second verse moves suddenly into C major, one of those astral turnings which are part of this song’s magic. The composer then repeats the last three lines for a further little exploratory foray which returns to E flat on ‘heilsame Pflicht’. This music for the second half of verse 2 turns out to be one of the two ‘refrains’ which bind the song together (the first ‘refrain’ is in fact the music for the entire first verse). Between every two of Leitner’s strophes Schubert repeats the Vorspiel as an interlude.

The song’s architecture, Schubert’s modified strophic form at its most inspired, might be charted as follows:

- Introduction, verse 1 (A: E flat major ‘first refrain’), verse 2 (B: excursion into C major + C: return to E flat major ‘second refrain’)
- Interlude (Introduction), verse 3 (A), verse 4 (D: excursion into C flat major + C)
- Interlude, verse 5 (A), verse 6 (E: excursion into G major + C)
- Interlude, verse 7 (A), verse 8 (B: excursion into C major, modified from verse 2 + C (return to E flat modified as a coda) plus a short piano postlude)

The repetitive elements in this song make it seem as fixed in eternity as the stars themselves. Verses 1, 3, 5 and 7 share the same music, as do the second halves of verses 2, 4 and 6. The introduction is the same as the interludes. Within this ordered universe the deviations, the astral bends, are all the more noticeable. Of the song’s most magical moments one should single out the daring and ravishing excursion into the outer space of C flat major before returning safely to the home ship docked in E flat (verse 4), and the way the music for verse 6 seems to incline earthwards in a moment of compassion (the change to G major here is like a healing balm in sound). This is followed by a return to impersonal cheeriness where Heaven is signalled ‘Mit Fingern von Gold’ in merry, and unconcerned, music in E flat major. These contrasting sections affirm that the stars are both watching over us, and impervious to our fate. That Schubert is able simultaneously to convey both tenderness and indifference is the measure of a masterpiece, out of this world in every way.

Karl von Leitner (1800–1890)

14 DER WALLENSTEINER LANZKNECHT
BEIM TRUNK
D931. November 1827; first published in Vienna as a supplement to Anton Strauss’s Haus-Kalendar für das österreischische Kaiserthum, 1830, and then by Diabelli in 1835 as part of volume 27 of the Nachlass

He! schenket mir im Helme ein,
Der ist des Knappen Becher,
Er ist nicht seicht, und traun, nicht klein,
Das freut den wackern Zecher.

Here, pour it into my helmet;
That’s the squire’s cup!
It’s not shallow or, indeed, small,
Which pleases the lusty drinker.

WALLENSTEIN’S INFANTRYMAN DRINKING

BEIM TRUNK

He! schenket mir im Helme ein,
Der ist des Knappen Becher,
Er ist nicht seicht, und traun, nicht klein,
Das freut den wackern Zecher.

Here, pour it into my helmet;
That’s the squire’s cup!
It’s not shallow or, indeed, small,
Which pleases the lusty drinker.
Er schützte mich zu tausendmal
Vor Kolben, Schwert und Spiessen,
Er dient mir jetzt als Trinkpokal
Und in der Nacht als Kissen.

Vor Lützen traf ihn jüngst ein Speer,
Bin fast ins Gras gesunken,
Ja, wär' er durch, hätt' nimmermehr
Ein Tröpfchen getrunken;

Doch kam's nicht so, ich danke dir,
Du brave Pickelhaube!
Der Schwede büsste bald dafür
Und röchelte im Staube.

Nu! trust’ ihn Gott! Schenkt ein, schenkt ein.
Mein Krug hat tiefe Wunden,
Doch hält er noch den deutschen Wein
Und soll mir oft noch munden.

It has protected me a thousand times
From club, sword and spear;
Now it serves me as a drinking cup,
And at night as a pillow.

At Lützen lately it was hit by a spear;
I almost sank to the ground.
Yes, it gone through
I would never have drunk another drop.

But it was not so, thanks to you
My good helmet!
The Swede soon paid the price
And bit the dust.

Well, God comfort him! Pour, pour!
My tankard has deep wounds
But it can still hold German wine
And I shall often relish it.

The rise and fall of Albrecht Wenzel von Wallenstein (1583-1634) is one of the most dramatic stories of seventeenth-century German history. The tragic aspects of this extraordinary soldier and warlord’s life prompted Friedrich von Schiller to write a trilogy of plays between 1797 and 1799 (Wallenstein—also known as Wallenstein’s Lager, Die Piccolimini and Wallensteins Tod). Des Mädchens Klage is a poem taken from the second of these plays, sung by Wallenstein’s daughter Thekla. Schubert’s different settings of this famous lyric are to be heard in Volumes 31, 7 (the second version and the best-known song) and 32 of the Schubert Edition. Two further settings of the poem Thekla: eine Geisterstimme (purporting to be a report on Wallenstein’s afterlife when both father and daughter are in heaven) can be heard on Volumes 1 (D73), 9 and 11 (D595).

This is not the place for an extended account of Wallenstein’s long and complicated career which had as its background the Thirty Years’ War and the rivalry of the German states with the Holy Roman Empire ruled by the Hapsburg dynasty in Vienna. For the first time since the Middle Ages, Wallenstein’s efforts made the military right of the Empire something to be reckoned with; but when he became too powerful in his own right he was assassinated at the command of his former masters.

Wallenstein was a mercenary and an operator, but Schiller’s plays did much to ennoble his reputation. His betrayal at the hands of the Emperor in Vienna was considered a perfidious disgrace, and many a noble Styrian (then, as now, not over-enamoured of the capital and its rulers) would have seen him as a hero. Rather than put words into the mouth of such a great character, Leitner contents himself with allowing us to glimpse something of the Wallenstein legend through the memories of an old soldier in his cups. Mention of Lützen in the second verse implies that this famous battle of 16 November 1632 was already a distant memory; Wallenstein himself was to survive only a further two years. The brag about the dying Swedish soldier in the fourth verse refers obliquely to the fact that the great Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus was also killed on that day in Lützen, something any German-speaking schoolchild knew at the time. On that occasion the Swedish troops prevailed over Wallenstein’s forces, but this was but one battle lost in a continuing war. For Wallenstein himself Lützen marked the beginning of the end; he had grown so mighty and self-sufficient that the Emperor in Vienna
regarded him as a dangerous traitor. Only his stout-hearted men loved him to the end (they are the real heroes of the first of the Schiller plays) and we can hear this in Leitner’s poem which gives voice to one of that intrepid band, a footsoldier (‘Lanzknecht’ derives from ‘Landsknecht’ and has nothing to with a lancer) now out of work and living on his memories.

This drinking-song is the last and possibly the best of many by Schubert in a similar vein. The only piece from Schubert’s Graz period which it resembles is the *Altschottische Ballade* which has a similarly dour and economical musical style and a similarly gruesome storyline. If the song that closes Volume 35 of the Schubert Edition is anything to go by (Lied eines Kriegers, written for the New Year celebrations of 1824/25) such hearty ditties were popular at all-male gatherings which broke out into song as part of the jollifications. This one is not conducive to choral performance (the exploits of a warrior are narrated in the first person) but it would have gone down well as a solo at a bingeing session when the taking of drink was typically linked to death and/or acts of heroism.

Well aware that he was dealing with a seventeenth-century character, Schubert adopts the archaic style which he employs when he wishes to evoke an earlier century. The sturdy music in a rollicking rhythm, and veering between G minor and B flat major ‘in a reckless way’ as Capell puts it, suggests the modes without actually being modal. (The soldier’s old, battle-scarred helmet is certainly not à la mode.) Much of the music is scarcely harmonised with both hands of the piano on the same notes—and often the vocal line. That the music does not sound at all thin at this point is a sign of Schubert’s ability to imply harmonies without actually writing them, something which a composer like Ravel was to develop to a degree of genius. This portrait of an off-duty soldier has much in common with Schubert’s many evocations of fishermen, hunters and other working types. The idea of viewing an episode of history through the eyes of the ‘little people’, small in importance but large of heart, goes back to Shakespeare, something that was quickly appreciated by German-speaking poets of Goethe’s generation. As a result, many of Schubert’s finest songs are sung by similarly homespun protagonists. The Bewegung and the unisons between the hands in the accompaniment recalls another determined Schubertian character from earlier in 1827, the surly hunter of *Jägers Liebeslied*. Einstein finds the music ‘nothing like powerful enough’, but Schubert, not a man in love with violence, has fashioned music for an old soldier who possibly did not play as big a part on the battlefield as he now boasts—a sort of Germanic Falstaff. In the midst of all the descriptions of bloodshed there is a type of Don Quixote-like geniality.

Karl von Leitner (1800–1890)

**DER KREUZZUG**

D932. November 1827; first published in Vienna in January 1832 as a supplement to the *Wiener Allgemeiner Musikalischer Anzeiger*, and then by Diabelli in 1835 as part of volume 27 of the Nachlass

Ein Münich steht in seiner Zell
Am Fenstergitter grau,
Viel Rittersleut in Waffen hell
Die reiten durch die Au.
Sie singen Lieder frommer Art
In schönen ernsten Chor,
Inmitten fliegt, von Seide zart,
Die Kreuzesfahn empor.

A monk stands in his cell
At the grey window-grating;
A band of knights in shining armour
Comes riding through the meadows.

They sing holy songs
In fine, solemn chorus;
In their midst the banner of the Cross,
Made of delicate silk, flies aloft.
Sie steigen an dem Seegestad
Das hohe Schiff hinan,
Es läuft hinweg auf grünem Pfad,
Ist bald nur wie ein Schwan.

Der Münch steht am Fenster noch,
Schaut ihnen nach hinaus:
Ich bin, wie ihr, ein Pilger doch,
Und bleib ich gleich zu Haus.

Des Lebens Fahrt durch Wellentrug
Und heissen Wüstensand,
Es ist ja auch ein Kreuzeszug
In das gelobte Land.

At the shore they climb
Aboard the tall ship.
It sails away over the green waters,
And soon seems but a swan.

The monk still stands at the window;
Gazing out after them:
‘I am, after all, a pilgrim like you,
Although I remain at home.

‘Life’s journey through the treacherous waves
And the burning desert sands,
Is also a crusade
Into the Promised Land.’

This is by far the most successful of the more simple Leitner settings. It has a vivid story line, something lacking in the meditations of Das Weinen, and it has more musical and dramatic focus than Der Wallensteiner Lanzknecht beim Trunk. The poem is also set during one of the composer’s favourite historical periods, the Crusades (his unfinished opera Der Graf von Gleichen is set in this epoch, as are the opera Fierabras and the Romanze des Richard Löwenherz). That Schubert was pleased with at least two of his Leitner settings is shown by the fact that this song was chosen, together with Die Sterne as part of the programme for the only public concert which was ever devoted entirely to his works in his lifetime (26 March 1828 in the Musikverein building in the Tuchlauben). The singer was Vogl and one can only imagine how that great old thespian would have played the part of the monk on that occasion. No doubt every aspect of his operatic past would have been employed to give life to the noble aspects of the cleric’s renunciation of foreign travel in favour of journeys of the spirit.

The music is in what Capell amusingly calls Schubert’s evensong style. The mood is solemn and elevated in manner—the marking is ‘Ruhig und fromm’. The piano introduction is a fragment of melody, related to the vocal line without being identical with it, which also serves as an interlude between the second and third verses and as a postlude. This moves from D major to B minor and back to D major via a bar of quavers which are phrased in pairs, wafting gently in the middle of the keyboard until they climb at the last moment to the high D of the baritone tessitura. This figuration is never taken up by the voice (as a similar phrase it is in Das Weinen) but it nicely illustrates the Crusaders’ silk penant flying aloft at the end of verse 2, as well as the soul’s ascension to a better place after a life of religious contemplation at the end of the song.

When the voice enters, the piano doubles the voice part. For once there is a very special reason for this, as we shall discover later. This music, which might at first hearing seem to come from the pages of a hymn book, manages a turn of phrase which is still thoroughly Schubertian: the earnest sense of purpose of these crusaders is combined with an elegiac wistfulness appropriate to the monk’s subjective view—his life could have been so much more eventful if he had opted for a different path. The protagonist is clearly not one of those provincial priests whom the composer is known to have loathed because of their cant and hypocrisy (this was his reaction to the clergy in Zseliz during his Hungarian summers); Schubert also accepts Leitner’s notion that the soldiers in the processional are not the normal bunch of adventurers and ruffians but rather a group of young idealists motivated by the most radiant belief in their divine mission. In the composer’s mind these knights must have come from a better and more noble place than Vienna—but we have already
pointed out that the Graz seems infinitely greener in the Leitner settings. The whole scene is fit to be painted in glowing colours by an artist of the Nazarene school, each of the crusaders a fresh-faced would-be saint. The shift into the plagal reaches of G major at ‘Sie singen Lieder frommer Art’ emphasises the holy nature of the songs. Sudden mention of the crusaders’ pennant is musically painted by a touch of chromatic colour in the harmony as A sharps are introduced into chords which, from ‘von Seide zart’, move into the key of B minor.

After a repeat of the four-bar introductory music there is completely new music for the poem’s third verse. These are the harmonies of change and departure. Thus at ‘Sie steigen an dem Seegestad / Das hohe Schiff hinan’ both melody and harmony rise a number of steps up the stave, as if climbing a gangplank; the sudden shift to B flat major for ‘es läuft hinweg auf grünen Pfad’ cuts the music momentarily adrift from the D major jetty for this magical journey, a medieval version of L’embarquement pour Cythère. The way that B flat major recedes into A major in the course of the words ‘ist bald nur wie ein Schwan’ is once again Schubert at his masterly best – within this decrescendo the ship becomes a tiny swan-like shape on the horizon as the singer’s line rises in exploratory semitones as if straining to catch sight of the distant vessel. The music for ‘bald nur wie ein Schwan’ (Leitner’s unwitting prophecy of Lohengrin) is repeated as a one-bar interlude.

And now for the song’s masterstroke: the pious pilgrims’ march continues to resonate in the air after the crusaders’ departure (they are heard in the piano, exactly the music which has accompanied the first verse) while the monk hums only the ghost of the melody. Of course the words of the poem’s fifth strophe tells us he is lost in contemplation about the dangers the soldiers will face, and how he himself is also on a journey of a different kind. But by the brilliant device of allowing the piano to take over the main melody while the monk ‘sings along’, as it were, in the bass line, the composer tells us everything about both the pain and the joy of having to play a background role. The singer supports the crusaders with his prayers, and the solid bass line tells us that he will always be there for them, he is after all a rock of faith. But we are also aware that there is a large element of renunciation in this song, and that he has been prepared to put aside the melodies of life in exchange for spiritual harmony. In the bare bones of that bass line (which stays at home as much as the monk himself) there is nothing so luxurious as a memorable tune to be heard; this also emphasises the austerity of his vocation. There could be no more simple, nor more obvious, way of making this point in music, but as always with the best inspirations, no one but a great composer would have thought of doing so in this manner. The piano postlude is identical to the introduction. After having heard the whole piece, those wafting quavers in the second-last bar seem especially affecting – the song finishes with the monk’s tear-filled eyes turned heavenward (how we wish we could have seen Vogl’s assumption of this role!). That we are similarly touched by this sentimental, and potentially embarrassing, scenario is a tribute to the composer’s genius.

The life and career of Karl Gottfried Ritter von Leitner (1800-1890) were inextricably bound up with his native Styria. He was born into a distinguished family from the Steiermark and spent his long life serving almost every aspect of the administrative, judicial and cultural life of his region. When Schubert first heard his name (with the composition of Drang in die Ferne) the poet was a promising 23-year-old who had not yet published his own work. The encouragement of Julius Schneller, one of his university professors in Graz, was decisive to his career. Schneller was a former teacher of Josef von Spaun, an admirer of Schubert’s songs (he published a poem on the subject in 1826), and a close friend of Marie Pachler (see the commentary for Heimliches Lieben) which explains her interest in the young poet at the time of Schubert’s visit to Styria. Leitner was only 27 when Schubert took his volume of verse (Gedichte, published in 1825) back with him to Vienna. (In the autumn of 1827 the poet was working as a teacher at the Gymnasium in Cilli—now Celje in Slovenia—and as a result Schubert and Leitner never met.)
The poet achieved great local renown as an editor, librarian, historian, lecturer and curator—all posts which benefited from his vast knowledge of the history and cultural traditions of the Steiermark. He is acknowledged as the most significant Styrian poet of the Biedermeier epoch, and he was nicknamed the ‘Austrian Uhland’, an indication of his debt to the Swabian school of poetry (including such figures as Mörike) whose work is also built around local legends and culture. In 1846, at a relatively late age, Leitner married Karoline Beyer and enjoyed travelling with her in his holiday periods as far afield as Belgium and London. In 1854 he journeyed with her to Italy in the hope of an improvement in her health. She died in Pisa and he insisted on accompanying her body every step of the way back on the long journey to Graz. His devotion to Karoline was almost legendary, and her death made him withdraw into isolation. (The introspection of the widower had been prophesied years before by the poem Der Winterabend which Schubert turned into a very great song.)

A timely invitation from the Archduke Johann to be one of the curators of the newly founded Joanneum brought him back into public life. He died a very old man honoured on every side.

Leitner’s memoirs concerning his peripheral relationship to Schubert are a model of accuracy, probity and modesty. As late as 1881 the poet was expressing his appreciation of Schubert’s musical settings of his poems, saying that on hearing the music he re-experienced the emotions he felt when first writing the texts. Schubert’s friends Franz Lachner and Anselm Hütttenbrenner also set Leitner, and the poet provided the latter composer with a libretto for his opera Lenore.

Franz von Schober (1796–1882)

**DER HOCHZEITSBRATEN**

D930. November 1827; first published as Op posth 104 by Diabelli in 1829

**THERESE** Ach liebes Herz, ach Theobald,
Lass dir nur diesmal raten,
Ich bitt' dich, geh nicht in den Wald,
Wir brauchen keinen Braten.

**THEOBALD** Der Stein ist scharf, ich fehle nicht,
Den Hasen muss ich haben,
Der Kerl muss uns als Hauptgericht
Beim Hochzeitschmause laben.

**THERESE** Ich bitt' dich, Schatz –
**THEOBALD** Ich geh allein.
**THERESE** Sie hängen dich.
**THEOBALD** Was fällt dir ein!
**THERESE** Allein kann ich nicht bleiben.
**THEOBALD** Nun gut, so magst du treiben.
**THERESE** Wo steckt er denn?
**THEOBALD** Hier ist der Ort,
**THERESE** Gsch! Gsch! prr, prr.
**THEOBALD** Jetzt treibe fort,
Jetzt hier im Kraut,
Jetzt im Gebüsch.

**THERESE** Oh dear heart, Oh Theobald,
Just listen to me this time:
I beg you, don’t go into the woods.
We don’t need any meat!

**THEOBALD** My flint is scharp, I won’t miss.
I must have that hare:
The fellow will be the main course
At our wedding feast!

**THERESE** I beg you, dear –
**THEOBALD** I’ll go alone.
**THERESE** They’ll hang you!
**THEOBALD** What nonsense!

**THERESE** I can’t stay here alone.
**THEOBALD** All right, you do the beating!
**THERESE** Where’s he hiding then?
**THEOBALD** Here’s the place.
**THERESE** Gsch! Gsch! prr! prr!
**THEOBALD** Now go on beating –
Now in the undergrowth,
Now in the busses.
THEOBALD Nur nicht so laut!
THERESE Nur immer frisch!
KASPAR Horch! horch!
THEOBALD Nur still! nur still!
KASPAR Potz Blitz, was soll das sein?
Ich glaub sie jagen.
Da schlag der Hagel drein!
Potz Blitz!
THEOBALD Still! Still!
THERESE Nur aufgepasst!
KASPAR Potz Blitz!
THEOBALD Da sprach ja wer?
THERESE Was du nicht hörst!
KASPAR Der kommt nicht aus, den sperr ich ein.
THEOBALD Es wird der Wind gewesen sein.
THERESE O Lust, ein Jägersmann zu sein.
Ein Has, ein Has!
THEOBALD Da liegt er schon!
KASPAR Nun wart, Hallunk, dich trifft dein Lohn!
Du Galgenstrick, du Enaksohn,
Du Haupthalmunk, dich trifft dein Lohn!
THEOBALD Welch Meisterschuss,
Grad in die Brust!
O Lust, o süsse Jägerlust!
THERESE O sich! den feisten Rücken,
Den will ich trefflich spicken.
O Lust, o süsse Jägerlust!
KASPAR Halt Diebsgepack!
THERESE & THEOBALD Nun ist es aus.
KASPAR Den Hasen geht, die Büchs heraus!
THEOBALD Ich muss ...
KASPAR Ins Loch, ins Arbeitshaus!
THERESE Ich will ...
THERESE & THEOBALD O weh! oh weh! Mit uns ists aus.
KASPAR Ich treib euch schon das Stehlen aus.

THEOBALD Not so loud!
THERESE That's the way!
KASPAR Listen! Listen!
THEOBALD Quiet! Quiet!
KASPAR Confound it, what's going on here?
They must be bunting.
I'll rain some bullets on to them.
Confound it!

THEOBALD Shut up!
THERESE Keep concentrating!
KASPAR Confound it!
THEOBALD Who spoke then?
THERESE Your imagination!
KASPAR He won't escape. I'll trap him.
THEOBALD It must have been the wind.

THERESE What fun it is to be a huntsman.
Look – a hare!

THEOBALD Welch Meisterschuss,
Grad in die Brust!
O Lust, o süsse Jägerlust!
THERESE O Lust, o süsse Jägerlust!

THEOALD There be is – dead!
KASPAR Just wait, you scoundrel, you'll get what's coming!
You wicked good-for-nothing,
You arch-fiend, you'll get what's coming!
THEOBALD What a great shot –
Right in the heart!
Oh, the pleasures of hunting!

THEOBALD What do I care!
KASPAR Stop, you pack of thieves!
THEOBALD Now we've bad it!
KASPAR Give me the bare, and the rifle.
THEOBALD I really must ...
KASPAR Go to jail – to the workhouse!
THERESE I want to ...

THEOBALD Oh dear, now we've bad it!
KASPAR I'll cure you of poaching!

THEOBALD Herr Jäger, seid doch nicht von Stein,
Die Hochzeit sollte morgen sein!
KASPAR Was kümmerts mich!
THEOBALD  Mit Most will ich euch reich versehn.
THERESE  Und ich, ich strick euch einen Beutel.
THERESE & THEOBALD  O hört, o hört, er sei euer Dank!
KASPAR  (Das Mädchen ist verzweifelt schön.)
Nein, nein, ’sist alles eitel!
THERESE & THEOBALD  Und dieser Taler weiß und blank,
Lasst ihr uns gehn, er sei euer Dank.

Ach! statt den Hasenrücken
Muss ich den Jäger spicken!

KASPAR  Sie ist doch zum Entzücken,
Ich muss ein Aug zudrücken.
Nun wohl, weil ernstlich ihr bereut,
Und’s erstemal im Forste seid,
Mag Gnadm für Recht heut walten,
Ihr möget Hochzeit halten.

THERESE & THEOBALD  O tausend Dank! O lieber Herr!
Geht uns zur Hochzeit doch die Ehr!

KASPAR  Es sei, ich komme morgen,
(Für’n Braten will ich sorgen.)

ALLE  Lebt wohl, lebt wohl bis morgen.

THERESE & THEOBALD  Das Herz ist frei von seiner Last,
Wir haben Hochzeit und’nen Gast,
Und Obendrein den Braten,
So sind wir gut beraten! La la la . . .

KASPAR  Hol euch der Fuchs, ich wäre fast
Der Bräutgam lieber als der Gast,
Sie ist kein schlechter Braten,
Der Kerl ist gut beraten! La la la . . .

THEOBALD  I’ll give you lots of new wine.
THERESE  And I could stitch you a haversack.
THERESE & THEOBALD  Please listen! Accept our gifts!
KASPAR  (The girl’s deuced pretty!)
No, that won’t do you any good!

THERESE & THEOBALD
And these shining new coins –
Accept them and let us go.

Ob dear! Instead of greasing the bare
We must grease up to the gamekeeper!

KASPAR  But she’s charming!
I’ll have to turn a blind eye.
Alright, as you’re truly sorry,
And it’s your first time in the forest,
Let justice be ruled by mercy.
You may have your wedding.

THERESE & THEOBALD  A thousand thanks! Dear kind Sir!
Please honour us with your presence!

KASPAR  Agreed. I’ll come tomorrow –
(And I’ll see to the wedding dish.)

ALLE  Goodbye until tomorrow.

THERESE & THEOBALD  Our hearts are freed from care;
We’ve got our wedding, and a guest,
And on top of that a wedding dish,
So we are well provided for! La la la . . .

KASPAR  The devil take them, I wish I were
The groom and not the guest!
She’s not a bad wedding dish.
The fellow’s well provided for! La la la . . .

This is one of the very few pieces of Schubert which was meant to make people laugh. If we wish to imagine the atmosphere of a typical Schubertiad (after the serious songs had already been performed, of course, and only when everyone was in the mood for a musical dessert or Nachspeise) we may find it in this music. We also guess that the text contains private jokes and allusions now lost to us. The plot involving a flirtatious woman and two men, one her fiancé and the other in a position of authority, is reminiscent of the Susanna-Figaro-Count triangle in Mozart’s Le nozze di Figaro. The sexual innuendo and a fascination concerning the link between sex and power, a reworking of the question of droit de seigneur, would be typical of Franz von Schober; that the girl may have been forced to grant the gamekeeper her favours seems to have struck a chord in his fantasy. The darker side of the story is hardly apparent at first, however, and its conclusion is left hanging tactfully in the air. The whole piece is clothed in delightful music where the yodel of the yokel is given a rare musical elegance.
There is no reference in the documents to the date of the first performance of this work, but it must have been heard sometime in the winter of 1827, or in early 1828. (Deutsch in his original catalogue mentions a performance circa 1 January 1828, but nowhere can this be substantiated.) By February 1828 Schubert felt able to offer the ‘Komische Terzett’ to the publisher Schott in Mainz with the assurance that it had already been ‘performed with applause’. Perhaps it had started life as a one-off, a pièce d’occasion in the same way as the various playlets and literary party-pieces (to be found in the documentary biography) written by members of the circle like Bauernfeld. Perhaps someone in the Schubert circle was getting married and this piece, both text and music, was cooked up in his honour; what began as a joke might have been so well received (‘mit Beyfall ausgeführt’ as Schubert wrote to Schott) that its commercial possibilities became apparent. Or the composition of this piece may have had something to do with Schubert’s other comic cantata for three singers—Die Advokaten D3712 for two tenors and bass which had been published in May 1827 as Opus 74. This work from 1812 by the fifteen-year-old Schubert is not even entirely original, having been modelled on a work by Anton Fischer; it is another pleasant jeu d’esprit in the early Schubert style, very probably taken up by Diabelli because the publisher believed that it would appeal to the music-buying public. The same business considerations may have been behind the writing of Der Hochzeitsbraten which may have been conceived as a sequel, although it took some time to reach the printer. The trio was eventually published only in 1829 with the vignette by Moritz von Schwind.

The composer and his poet ascribe names to the three characters of Der Hochzeitsbraten. Therese (soprano) is the fiancée of Theobald (tenor); the gamekeeper who comes on stage only in the middle of the piece is Kaspar (baritone). The setting is presumably in some rural part of Austria where the only way a young couple could afford a wedding roast is to poach a hare, risking imprisonment and even death in doing so; but Schober as librettist is hardly interested in realistic background details.

The opening of this cantata is in G major—something which instantly recalls the bustle and energy of the G major duet which at the beginning of Mozart’s Figaro, a duet incidentally which is also sung by two characters soon to be married. This ‘Allegro moderato’ episode in $\frac{2}{4}$ takes up a full ten pages in the old Gesamtausgabe and is a miracle of Schubertian invention and dramatic pacing. The melody of Therese’s opening vocal line (‘Ach, liebes Herz, ach Theobald’) is announced in the piano prelude which is made up of dancing quavers and bustling semiquavers in the manner of a tiny overture. The vocal writing is in mock-folksong style; these lovebirds are country folk fit to be laughed at by sophisticated townies. The accompaniment ducks and weaves to suggest any number of things – the pouting soubrette whimsy of Therese, the busy Theobald cleaning his gun (his sharp stone—‘Stein’—is here an abbreviation of ‘Feuerstein’ for flint) and the girl’s Susanna-like determination to have her own way. In this section weaving right-hand semiquavers embark on many a tonal excursion as the pianist struggles to avoid tripping over his own fingers. There is a marvellous little argument between the two lovers (‘Ich bitt’ dich Schatz’—‘Ich geh allein’ and so on) where her fears that he will be hanged for poaching (‘Sie hängen dich’) prompt a piano figuration which unfurls down the stave like a dangling piece of rope. Theobald’s determination to go out alone is eventually worn down by Therese’s insistence. The exasperated ‘Nun gut’ which succumbs to her wheedling strikes a familiar chord with all victims of nagging who say ‘anything for a quiet life’. Theobald agrees that Therese should come with him in search of game, but only if she makes herself useful by beating the hare out of the undergrowth.

Suddenly we are in the woods; there is no need to allow any time for this scene-change, and we notice that Schubert is infinitely happier with this type of ‘opera’ where such considerations of the unities do not have to be taken into account. The piano writing now evokes breathless suspense with pregnant gaps in the music’s flow, and measured trills in...
suspenseful adjacent semitones in the accompaniment. The mood here is sheer comic-opera melodrama—note the rise of a semitone in the piano figurations after ‘Hier ist der Ort’ denoting that dirty work is afoot. This turning of the harmonic screw in stages is a continuing feature of this piece which is surely the nearest the Schubertian lied ever comes to the high jinks of pantomime.

What now follows is unlike anything else in this composer’s vocal music. Therese encourages the hare out of hiding by beating the ground (the onomatopoetic ‘gsch! gsch!’ is spoken in rhythm) at the same time as making encouraging noises as one might to a pet (‘prr, prr’, sung on various notes). (Those with knowledge of hunting, and who would know what ghillies say to grouse, might aver that Schober had some first-hand experience of hunting hare.) The combined effect of these sounds, together with the piano accompaniment chugging away in various patterns of semiquavers, sounds for all the world like an impression of an early steam train. The modulations in this section are masterfully handled to suggest the couple’s roving through various different parts of the forest. The long crescendo over the inappropriate words ‘nur nicht so laut!’ (‘only not so loud!’) is in the tradition of Rossinian comedy.

Suddenly we hear (as if offstage) a third voice—the gamekeeper Kaspar whose interjections of ‘Horch! Horch!’ seem suitable for a Captain Hook spoiling the innocent fun of Wendy and Peter. The music now lifts another semitone, from D major (the dominant of the home key of G major) to E flat major. Kaspar now becomes the hunter of humans, and his music combines with Therese’s hare-beating noises and Theobald’s cautionary admonitions. A complex trio is built up in this way between the three characters, two of whom are unaware of Kaspar’s presence. There is little in all Schubert’s operas which is as witty and effective as this where each of the three characters has a separate emotion: the gamekeeper’s outrage as he swears to bag the criminals, Theobald’s dogged determination to bag his hare amidst his suspicions that he has heard another voice (it must have been the wind, he thinks), and Therese’s premature exaltation in the fun of it all. When Theobald first fancies he hears another voice (‘Da sprach ja wer?’) the tonal axis of the music moves from the flat keys (E flat and B flat) to the sharp (B major as the dominant of E minor). When the hare is actually shot (at ‘ein Has, ein Has!’) the music shifts from broken octaves on B to the triumphal key of C major a semitone higher. In this way the composer builds into the music a real sense of mounting melodramatic suspense.

A C major arpeggio high in the keyboard followed by a solitary low staccato C in the bass represents a gunshot and the thump of a carcass. (In various modern-day Schubertiads in which I have taken part, a toy rabbit is thrown into the performing circle in time with these pianistic gestures, much to the amusement of the audience.) It is in C major that the hunting scene comes to its climax: the gamekeeper prepares to pounce, Theobald is mightily pleased with his skill at having shot his hare successfully, and Therese is overjoyed with the prospect of cooking the hare for the wedding feast. The gamekeeper’s insults for Theobald, his prospective prey, include the curious word ‘Enakssohn’. This is a reference to the legendarily tall sons of the biblical character named Anak in the Authorized Version (Numbers 13:33). This makes one wonder whether the role of Theobald was originally conceived for a tall tenor, perhaps Josef Barth who seems from his portrait to have been much taller than Ludwig Titze.

The piano interlude, five bars in tip-toe quavers on rising semitones implies Kaspar’s approach as he surprises the couple and arrests them. At the vivid change of musical mood at ‘Halt Diebsgepack!’ (a switch of key to A minor and $\frac{\dot{\text{}}}{2}$ as the new time signature) we can almost feel Kaspar’s grip and the tightening noose around poor Theobald’s neck. In this tumultuous passage (now marked ‘Allegro’ rather than ‘Allegro moderato’), by far the most dramatic of the piece, Kaspar threatens jail for the man, and the workhouse for the girl, but they tearfully appeal to his better nature with the news that they are going to get married. The musical style quickly changes into a seductive barcarolle (at ‘Herr Jäger, seid doch nicht
von Stein’) reminiscent of Das Fischermädchen from Schwanengesang. At first Kaspar dismisses these entreaties (‘Was kümmert’s mich!’), accompanied by an insouciant arpeggio. The pair are now reduced to bribery of various kinds, the most effective of which is mention of ‘Dieser Taler weiss und blank’. It seems rather unlikely that Therese and Theobald should have enough money on them to bribe the gamekeeper. If they had, why on earth would they have had to poach their wedding feast in the first place? No, these white round coins are currency of a different kind—Therese’s breasts, and a live performance which took place far from the censor’s eyes could have made this clear by gesture or visual innuendo. Kaspar’s determination that the couple should pay the price for their actions has now softened, although he seems to have hardened elsewhere: he observes that the girl is ‘verzweifelt schön’—deuced pretty. Compromise and corruption are clearly in the air. This section which has veered between A minor and major, ends on the dominant—a chord of E major.

There is now a short Allegretto section in $\frac{3}{4}$ (beginning ‘Ach! statt den Hasenrücken’) where all the characters reflect separately on the options open to them. This is cast in the form of a canon in the key of E minor. First Therese acknowledges that she has no choice but to grease up to the gamekeeper rather than greasing the hare; three-and-a-half bars later Theobald ruefully agrees that this is what she will have to do; Kaspar’s entry is appropriately lascivious. He is now prepared to turn a blind eye to the crime, and as the music moves into recitative mode he agrees, with the greatest pomposity, and as if he were judge and jury rolled into one, that the marriage should go ahead. Therese and Theobald chortle their thanks as if they were Susanna and Figaro paying lip-service to the Count, but it is clear that there is a price to be paid: the phrase ‘ich komme morgen, für’n Braten will ich sorgen’ is full of oily menace and is crowned by a suggestive trill on ‘sorgen’ which veritably shakes with lust. He makes clear, without saying as much (and we always have to remember the hand of the censor) that on the morrow he will not hesitate to exercise his newly exacted droit de seigneur. His importunate impatience to get his hands on Therese is brilliantly, and subtly, emphasised by the fact that his final ‘Lebt wohl’ is held longer than anything sung by the bridal couple—it thus sounds both more suggestive and more ominous. One recalls Josef Kenner’s remarks about the ‘completely unscrupulous’ Schober having ‘no respect for Mine and Thine in marriage’.

The final movement in $\frac{3}{4}$—an Andantino in G major—is the musical high point of the work. The preceding sections have been masterfully written, and Schubert’s narrative technique, when he does not have to worry about stagecraft as such, is exemplary. But here we have the only example of the Tyrolean yodel built into a Schubertian vocal line, and what he does with it is marvellous. The audience’s laughter, in my experience, is now replaced by the sort of seraphic smiles which are reserved for genuine Schubertian felicities. The couple sing of being let off the hook in duple rhythm while the gamekeeper embroiders leering triplets around them which rise suggestively from the bottom of the stave like an obligato for an out-of-control organ. With the open-hearted yodel-like ‘La la la’ figurations Therese and Theobald also move into triplet rhythm; these artlessly delightful undulations are mocked by the gun-wielding lecher (the marking in the music is ‘spottend’) who imagines himself at the morrow’s wedding as the bridegroom rather than the guest. As three-part writing for voices, mellifluous but enlivened by the cutting edge of the bass line, this music is beyond praise; it is folk-like while simultaneously displaying the greatest sophistication. And as the composer so rarely combines voices in a piano-accompanied context it is all the more remarkable for being unique in his output.

By the end of the piece nothing has been truly resolved. We are reminded that there are moments in Figaro where the Count is certain that he is about to have his way with Susanna and she always manages to escape him. Presumably Therese and Theobald will have to be similarly resourceful, but it seems that the librettist takes pleasure in the fact that
she will have to deliver the goods to her fiancé’s humiliation. But Kaspar has been such a ridiculously pompous and corrupt figure that one would be delighted to see him trounced. In any case, a discreet Biedermeier veil is drawn over the final outcome of this arresting little drama. What remains is Schubert’s geniality and his unique ability to touch us deeply even in the middle of a barrage of nonsense such as this.

Anonymous

**CANTATE ZUR FEIER DER GENESUNG DER IRENE KIESEWETTER**

D936. 26 December 1827; first published in the Gesamtausgabe in 1892

Al par del ruscelletto chiaro la tua vita scorra Irene.
Compagne sian le grazie amene,
e l’amistà, virtù e fè.
Il suo rigor, le tue pene serbi
a noi soli’ fato avaro e sia per noi ancor
più amaro ond’ esser prodigo con te.
Irene dea della pace conserva in lei tranquillo il cor
del suo filial amor la face
per lunga età, risplenda ancor.
Eviva dunque la bella Irene,
la delizia del nostro amor.

伤逝的美丽伊琳娜，
愿你的生活如清澈的小溪般流淌。
愿你的同伴们是迷人的恩典，
友爱、美德与忠诚。
她的严苛，你的痛苦
在我们心中只是微不足道的。
愿吝啬的命运对我们更残酷，
并让这更丰饶地倾注于你。
伊琳娜，女神般的和平，
愿你的孩子般的爱火光
为长久，为更长久。
愿美丽伊琳娜欢庆，
欢乐的我们的爱情。

CANTATA IN CELEBRATION OF THE RECOVERY OF IRENE KIESEWETTER

Irene, may your life flow like a clear little stream.
May your companions be the charming graces,
Friendship, Virtue and Fidelity.
May miserly fate treat us alone harshly,
and be even more cruel to us,
so that it may be more bountiful with you.
Irene, goddess of peace, preserve peace in her heart,
may the torches of filial love burn
for a long time, and still longer.
Long live beautiful Irene,
the delight of our love.

Song translations are by RICHARD WIGMORE, the author of Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Victor Gollancz Ltd, London, 1988). Reprinted by permission

Like *Der Tanz*—the quartet which ended Volume 35 of the Hyperion Schubert edition—this pièce d’occasion with piano-duet accompaniment is linked with the slightly enigmatic figure of Irene Kiesewetter (1811-1872). She was the daughter of Raphael Georg Kiesewetter von Wiesenbrunn (1773-1850), the distinguished civil servant, musicologist and sometime singer (he had a bass voice). He had taken part in various performances of Schubert’s music including *Geist der Liebe* in 1823, and he was renowned for his collection of ancient choral music—sometimes taking it upon himself to organise entire concerts of music by such composers as Palestrina.

The adolescent Irene, adored by her father, was a talented pianist. In a letter to Marie Pachler of 29 January 1828, Johann Baptist Jenger named Irene as ‘one of the foremost pianists in Vienna’ despite the fact that she was not yet seventeen years old. She was a piano-duettist partner with Jenger for Schubert’s *Divertissement à la hongroise*, and an accompanist for that fine tenorial baritone, Baron von Schönstein. She was thus obviously known to Schubert as a gifted young musician, and she seems to have admired him enormously too—her name is to be found on the subscribers’ list for *Schwanengesang*.

It seems that Irene had been unwell and had made a recovery. (Jenger’s letter to Marie Pachler tells us as much.) Perhaps her father approached Schubert with the suggestion that he should write an occasional piece to celebrate her return to health. He had already written *Der Tanz* for her (although the date of that piece is uncertain) and now it seems he was persuaded to write this piece of music for very unusual forces—male quartet, mixed chorus and piano duet.

The anonymous text is in Italian. Kiesewetter’s collection of choral music from the fifteenth to eighteenth centuries was chiefly in this language, and Italian singers (including the famous Luigi Lablache) were regular visitors to the
Kiesewetter house (the virtuoso pianist Karl von Bocklet once improvised there on a theme given him by Lablache).

The way the music is written gives us some clue as to how it was performed. It was clearly meant to be a surprise for the convalescent girl; thus she would have played no part in its performance, and it is almost certain that the piano-duettists would have been Schubert himself and Jenger who was clearly on close terms with the family. The modest vocal quartet which begins the piece (two tenors and two basses) might have included such artists as Titze, Barth, Josef Götz and Lablache himself. The water-imagery of the poem is nicely depicted by the flowing accompaniment which supports a mellifluous vocal cantilena for the four voices. With this Irene would have been delighted enough, and it is certain that she had no idea what Schubert (no doubt thanks to her father’s planning) had in store for her. The quartet section arrives at a pomposo cadence on the dominant. One would think that the piece would soon come to an end. But suddenly, with the words ‘Eviva dunque la bella Irene’, we hear the exciting sound of a four-part male chorus, no less. This must have been a real surprise for Irene, and the singers were no doubt initially hidden from her view, perhaps behind various pillars in the spacious Kiesewetter music room. And then, if this was not enough, these forces are suddenly joined after ten bars by a chorus of sopranos and altos, turning the music into a veritable blazing finale à la Rossini.

This piece could not have been effectively performed without arranging for the whole of Domenico Barbaja’s Italian company (certainly the chorus) from the Kärntnertor Theatre to serenade Irene in this enchanting way. (This further explains the need for an Italian text, unlike the more modest Der Tanz.) One can discern the extravagant hand of Lablache in this typically Italian celebratory plan, and also Schubert’s practical side in providing music which is not difficult to read—thus easily learned—and yet highly effective in performance. The way that this music grows from a small stream into a mighty river is a real coup de théâtre, something planned as a one-off event requiring not a little preparation and subterfuge to surprise ‘la bella Irene’.

And thus we leave Schubert in 1827—with a jolly piece of music as far away from the famous Winterreise as might be imagined—written for a frail young lady who would live until 1872. The composer who had so kindly agreed to mark the cure of Irene had no reason to rejoice in his own. No one could know, least of all the composer himself, that when this piece was performed on 26 December 1827, Franz Schubert had already celebrated his last Christmas.
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