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The Library of Congress
Coolidge Auditorium
Saturday, February 7, 2015 — 2 pm

THE GERTRUDE CLARKE WHITTALL FOUNDATION
IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

IAN BOSTRIDGE, TENOR
JULIUS DRAKE, PIANO



Program

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Winterreise, D. 911 (1827-1828)

[Book 1]

- I. "Gute Nacht"
- II. "Die Wetterfahne"
- III. "Gefror'ne Tränen"
- IV. "Erstarrung"
- V. "Der Lindenbaum"
- VI. "Wasserflut"
- VII. "Auf dem Flusse"
- VIII. "Rückblick"
- IX. "Irrlicht"
- X. "Rast"
- XI. "Frühlingstraum"
- XII. "Einsamkeit"

[Book 2]

- XIII. "Die Post"
- XIV. "Der greise Kopf"
- XV. "Die Krähe"
- XVI. "Letzte Hoffnung"
- XVII. "Im Dorfe"
- XVIII. "Der stürmische Morgen"
- XIX. "Täuschung"
- XX. "Der Wegweiser"
- XXI. "Das Wirthshaus"
- XXII. "Mut"
- XXIII. "Die Nebensonnen"
- XXIV. "Der Leiermann"

There will be no intermission

Ian Bostridge will discuss Winterreise and sign books from the stage following the concert

About the Program

FRANZ SCHUBERT, *Winterreise*, D. 911

"Schubert is the greatest songwriter of all time; the composer who made what had been a minor genre into one of the lynchpins of Western classical music and one of its deepest forms of expression. And it was in his three song cycles, composed in the last eight years of his life—*Die Schöne Müllerin*, *Winterreise* and *Schwanengesang*—that he reached furthest and deepest, conjuring whole new worlds out of the barest means: an expressionist, an absurdist, an existentialist *avant la lettre*."

—Ian Bostridge¹

"...For me Franz Schubert was and remains a genius who faithfully accompanies me through life with appropriate melodies, agitated or quiet, changeable and enigmatic, gloomy or bright as it is."

—Johann Mayrhofer²

Franz Schubert's prolific stature as the preeminent songwriter of the nineteenth century is largely uncontested and significantly overshadows his exquisite contributions to the orchestral repertoire. He composed over six hundred songs and is credited with helping to develop the song cycle genre through works like *Die schöne Müllerin*, D. 795 (1823) ("The Fair Miller-Maid") and *Winterreise*, D. 911 (1827-1828) ("Winter Journey"). A native of Vienna, Schubert lived during the heyday of romanticism in German literature and poetry, a movement marked by introspection and intense representations of human emotion. His own struggles with relationships and health contributed to the composer's appreciation of poetry, which so often reflected his own feelings and thoughts.

During Schubert's time, songs were mainly composed to be sung in homes and salons, amongst circles of friends and acquaintances, though they were increasingly included in formal public performances. By composing for voice and piano, Schubert entered a line of German composers who embraced the song-writing tradition, including those of the North German School—Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752-1814), Carl Friedrich Zelter (1758-1832), and Johann Rudolf Zumsteeg (1760-1802).³ Schubert, however, revolutionized the general understanding of *lied* ("song"), through "his ability to fuse poetry and music in ways that seem not only unique but inevitable."⁴ This resulted from Schubert's interpretations of texts combined with his understanding of the human voice and the keyboard. Schubert set texts by dozens of poets, ranging from the famous (Schiller, Goethe, and Heine) to minor poets, and even amateur poets, like his friend Josef von Spaun (1788-1865). Schubert's "breakthrough lied," as Robert Winter describes it, was "Gretchen am Spinnrade" D. 118 (1814), which famously features a young maiden

1 Ian Bostridge, Quoted on the CD jacket of *Schubert: Die Schöne Müllerin | Winterreise | Schwanengesang* (Warner Classics 0825646204182, 2015).

2 Johann Mayrhofer, "Recollections of Franz Schubert," *Neue Archiv für Staatenkunde, Literatur und Kunst* (Vienna, February 23, 1829), in Otto Erich Deutsch, *Schubert: Memoirs by His Friends*, transl. Rosamond Ley and John Nowell (London: A. and C. Black Ltd., 1958), 15.

3 Alec Robertson, "The Songs" in *The Music of Schubert*, ed. Gerald Abraham (Port Washington, New York: Kennikat Press, Inc., 1947/1969), 149-151.

4 Robert Winter, "Schubert, Franz," *Grove Music Online. Oxford Music Online*. Oxford University Press <<http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grove/music/25109>>.

at her spinning wheel contemplating a Faustian romance. In this song, and works like "Die Erbkönig" D. 328 (1815), Schubert creates vivid moments of text painting that are the standard examples for the technique given in contemporary music history and theory courses. His success comes from an ability to expand the listener's understanding of what is musically and dramatically possible within the confines of one human voice and one keyboard instrument.

In the early 1820s Schubert began commenting about his various ailments, which have generally come to be accepted as indications of his contracting syphilis, a venereal disease that was widespread and incurable in the nineteenth century. While Schubert's medical situation may have resulted from a voracious appreciation of physical intimacy, limited exposure could have led to the same result. As he became symptomatic, Schubert would have certainly realized the fragility of his mortality, a change of outlook that would significantly impact any person's approach to life and work.

During 1827-1828, the years of composition for *Winterreise*, Schubert produced several important works, including the Piano Trio in E-flat major (D. 929), eight Impromptus for piano (D. 899 and D. 935), "Ständchen" (D. 920), the Mass in E-flat major (D. 950), and the three late piano sonatas (D. 958, D. 959, and D. 960). Through much of this period Schubert lived at the home of Franz von Schober (1796-1882), who was a friend and supporter.⁵ Johann Michael Vogl (1768-1840), a singer in the Vienna Court Opera and friend of the composer, remarked that "[Schubert] had been long and seriously ill, had gone through disheartening experiences, and life for him had shed its rosy colour; winter had come for him."⁶ It was in this emotional state that Schubert began to set Wilhelm Müller's (1794-1827) "Der Winterreise."

Müller was not a full-time poet, but rather served as the ducal librarian in Dessau. He was an expert in Greek culture and philology, and is most remembered by history for translating Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* into German and writing the poems that Schubert set in his two famous song cycles.⁷ Though Schubert and Müller never met, Müller had a strong sense that his poetry would be better expressed through music. In comments to composer Bernhard Josef Klein (1793-1821) Müller divulged "In truth, my songs lead only half a life, a paper life, black on white...until music imparts to them the breath of life, or calls it forth and awakens it, if it is already dormant in them..."⁸ Schubert first delivered this ideal realization for Müller's work in *Die schöne Müllerin*.

Schubert became acquainted with Müller's poetry via a collection of books that Franz von Schober lent to him (possibly in 1826-1827). In a book called *Sieben und siebenzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten* ("Seventy-Seven Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Traveling-Horn-Player") (1821) Schubert discovered a series of poems called *Die schöne Müllerin*, which he set as a cycle that same year. It was

5 Schober's family provided Schubert with free housing on several occasions. Josef Kenner (1794-1868), a classmate of Schubert's, blamed Schober for exposing Schubert to the "immoral" behavior that led to the composer's acquisition of syphilis. It is believed that Schober also acquired syphilis around the same time as Schubert. Peter Clive, *Schubert and His World: A Biographical Dictionary* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1997), 187-190.

6 Johann Mayrhofer, 15.

7 Alec Robertson, 193.

8 Wilhelm Müller to Bernhard Josef Klein, December 15, 1822. Clive, 139.

not until 1827 that Schubert would return to Müller via a publication called *Urania, Taschenbuch auf das Jahr 1823* ("Urania, Paperback of the Year 1823"), which contained twelve poems under the title of "Der Winterreise" ("The Winter Journey"). These twelve poems comprised the first publication of Schubert's *Winterreise* on January 14, 1828. The composer marked *fine* ("end") at the conclusion of the twelfth song, suggesting that he had no fixed plans to add the second book of *Winterreise* songs.⁹ Schubert's publisher for *Winterreise* was Tobias Haslinger (1787-1842), a dealer of art and music based in Vienna. He also published a portion of Beethoven's works, including the Piano Sonata in E minor, op. 90 (1840).¹⁰ While evidence of the first public performance of *Winterreise* remains dodgy, it is generally accepted that Schubert and his friends performed at least some of the songs in private settings while the composer was alive. Members of his circle, such as Johann Michael Vogl, went on to perform the cycle in full.¹¹

The remaining twelve poems used in Schubert's cycle were published by Müller in *Deutsche Blätter für Poesie, Literatur, Kunst und Theatre* ("German Pages for Poems, Literature, Art and Theater") (1823), compiled by Karl Schall and Karl von Holtei, and *Sieben und siebenzig Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten II: Lieder des Lebens under der Liebe* ("Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Traveling Horn-Player II: Songs of Life and Love") (1824).¹² Schubert set these additional Müller texts starting in October 1828 and completed book two of *Winterreise*. In November 1828 Schubert's health was declining and he ultimately succumbed to complications with syphilis or typhoid fever on November 19, 1828 at three o'clock in the afternoon. Different accounts of his death agree that Schubert had been spending fleeting moments of clarity to revise parts of book two of *Winterreise*. Josef von Spaun gives a graphic portrayal of Schubert's final moments in "On Schubert" (1929), mentioning that the composer was overwhelmed by "...delirium, during which he sang ceaselessly..." on his sickbed.¹³ The second book of *Winterreise* was published by Haslinger posthumously on December 30, 1828. The final version of the twenty-four part song cycle included revisions throughout, including a reordering of several songs and harmonic changes.

Müller's poetry offers a story of an anonymous man who has experienced the loss of a romantic relationship with a woman, seemingly through circumstances beyond his control. The texts refrain from providing specific details about the man and his ordeal, focusing instead on his conscious interaction with his emotions and environment. A conflicted and unstable protagonist follows a winding path of introspection in an attempt to cope and move forward in life, risking complete despair and death (physical or spiritual) if he fails to overcome his situation. He is represented throughout the poems as a traveler, conveying a journey of both physical and internal changes. Narrative ambiguity in the poems facilitates highly individual reception of the themes, by both performers and audiences. Susan Youens comments that "...the lack of specificity underscores the mythic character of this work and reinforces its interiority..."¹⁴ Müller conveys universal

9 Graham Johnson, *Franz Schubert: The Complete Songs Volume 3, Schwanengesang-Z, Catalogues and Adenda* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2014), 626.

10 Clive, 10.

11 Otto Erich Deutsch, *Schubert: A Documentary Biography*, transl. Eric Blom (New York: Da Capo Press, 1977), 961.

12 Susan Youens, "Franz Schubert: *Winterreise* ("Winter Journey"), D. 911, on texts by Wilhelm Müller," Boston Symphony Orchestra Program Booklet, February 24, 2008, 14-15.

13 Josef von Spaun, "On Schubert (1929)," in Deutsch, 28.

14 Youens, 17.

themes of love, loss, fear, identity, and mortality that no reader or listener can escape. We all identify with at least some of what the man in the poems goes through, and we are reminded in a face-to-face confrontation that those internal emotional struggles persist. Schubert's musical setting simultaneously provides his own emotional interpretation of the poems, while enhancing many of the themes by extrapolating through text-painting, thematic development and harmonic representations. Schubert refined these song-writing techniques throughout his career, though the potency of the representations in *Winterreise* can at times be traced to specific works. Susan Youens postulates that the composer's settings of poetry by Ernst Schulze (1789-1817) specifically prepared him for the more complex song cycle. The Schulze settings convey "love and loss" and "pathological melancholy" in the same manner as *Winterreise*.¹⁵ Josef von Spaun's reaction to the musical setting of Müller's text affirms the power of Schubert's work: "No one, surely, could play, sing or hear [*Winterreise*] without being shaken to the depths by the songs contained in this work."¹⁶ This kind of gut reaction to *Winterreise* is indicative of why the song cycle has formed such an indelible impression on musicians, music audiences and the wider public sphere.

Schubert and Müller's cycle begins with a farewell. In "**Gute Nacht**" ("**Good Night**") the narrator indicates that he is on an ongoing journey, having arrived and departed from a situation as "a stranger." He references the joys that came in the spring, when "The maiden spoke of love / The mother even of marriage." He is now thrust into a dark path that is illuminated with the whiteness of snow and "moon-shadow." Darkness and light are powerfully combined to indicate the tension that the man feels internally. He looks back to the place where his lover remains, for he has been swept away by his "Love [that] loves to wander," and writes "'Good night' on the gate." The song begins in D minor, though Schubert shifts to F major briefly in each of the first three stanzas. The text that corresponds with the major-key moments specifically conveys the memory of happiness, whereas the music in D minor grabs at the negative emotions of the man. The final stanza of text is set in D major, indicating a bit of progress as the man bids adieu to the woman's house and prepares to move forward in his journey. Schubert turns again to the sad-sounding key of D minor for the final two lines, "That you may see / I thought of you."

A weather vane appears to torment the man in the second song, "**Die Wetterfahne**" ("**The Weather Vane**"). Ian Bostridge's analysis of this song describes the weather vane as "...a symbol for the pretensions of the family, stuck up there on the roof as a *Schild*, a shield, a sort of armorial bearing, blazoning the status of those who dwell within."¹⁷ The man is therefore looking back upon the home of his beloved and engrossed in the symbolism of an inanimate piece of crafted metal. Schubert opens the song with a swell motive in the piano, effectively just arpeggiations that symbolize the wind swirling the weather vane around. The circular motion of the weather vane is sickening to the man, who realizes that he was delusional to seek "A faithful woman in that house." In the final line a detail is semi-revealed: "Their child is a rich bride," suggesting that there was some kind of financial or social class conflict that led to the man's removal from the relationship.

15 Susan Youens, *Schubert's Poets and the Making of Lieder* (Cambridge, U.K.: Cambridge University Press, 1996), 261.

16 Josef von Spaun quoted in Deutsch, *Schubert: A Documentary Biography*, 874.

17 Ian Bostridge, *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession* (New York: Knopf, 2015), 44.

The man's new reality seems to sink-in with "**Gefror'ne Tränen**" ("**Frozen Tears**"). Schubert slows the tempo for the song, but indicates with *Nicht zu langsam* that the tempo should not be too slow. This is one of the simpler poems in Müller's cycle. In three short stanzas he juxtaposes warm and cold, as well as frozen tears and a "glowing hot" breast. The first two stanzas end with the man seeking an answer to his quandary. First he pleads "Could it be that I didn't notice / That I wept?," questioning if he realized his sorrow. In the second stanza he looks in a mirror, asking if his tears are "so lukewarm" that they can "freeze to ice." Schubert darkens the mood in this stanza by drawing the vocal line lower. In the final stanza he lets the pain go and his tears "rush up from the well" until they melt "The entire winter's ice."

In "**Erstarrung**" ("**Stiffness**") Schubert focuses on a constant pulse of triplets, which begin in the right hand of the piano while a dark creeping melody is expressed in the left hand. Bostridge describes this moment as "...a priapic tempest of repressed urgency and desire for release...," which is sexually charged.¹⁸ The man is engaged in a "vain" search for his lover's footsteps in the snow. He recollects a time in the spring when they shared time together at the very same location, which was then a "green meadow." His physical reaction to the emotional torment is to "kiss the ground, piercing through the ice and snow / With [his] hot tears," again forcing a relationship between warm and cold—emotions of fiery passion meeting a barren winter world of solitude. He describes his frozen heart as containing a "frozen" image of the woman, as he attempts to capture his fond memories of her for eternity. He realizes that this is a fruitless pursuit, as "her image, too, will melt away" like the snow.

"**Der Lindenbaum**" ("**The Linden Tree**") is well-known apart from *Winterreise*, as Schubert's setting has been appropriated for many folk settings in Austro-German culture. Aside from the tunefulness of the melody, the representation of a linden tree resonates with the German people, as that particular species is thought to have healing or magical powers. These ideas of special linden trees date back to Greek mythology, with examples in works of Homer and Ovid.¹⁹ Schubert continues to use the repeating triplet figure in this song, though it now has the affect of creating a wispy breeze given the context of the linden tree. This imagery sets the scene for the man to tell of his sweet dreams that were lived under the tree. He remembers the love that motivated him to scratch "Many a loving word" into the bark. The pain of these memories emerges through the minor mode that emerges in conjunction with the fourth stanza, "The cold winds blew / Directly into my face..." He rushes away from the spot, hoping to escape the emotional triggers related to the gentle linden tree.

Müller's text for "**Wasserflut**" ("**Flood**") returns to the tears from "Gefror'ne Tränen." The piano introduction focuses on the conflict between a simultaneous triplet and dotted-duple figure. This compositional choice establishes a slight rhythmic tension that is resolved in moments of alignment. The poetry suggests that the man is being pulled in two different directions. He accepts that his tears have shed some of his pain into the ground, hoping that this pain will be regenerated into new possibilities as the snow gives way to the green grass of spring. By the end of the song the man seems quite depressed, proclaiming that his tears will always trace back to his "beloved's house." The unsettled

18 Bostridge, *Schubert's Winter Journey*, 95.

19 *Ibid.*, 117.

motion that Schubert conveys in the vocal line conveys the experience of the man going from crying his eyes out to brightening, and gradually withdrawing back into himself at the very end.

Schubert continues with water symbolism in "**Auf dem Flusse**" ("**On the River**"). The man is at the side of a "wild river" that happens to be frozen. He relates the river's frozen state to both a representation of his former lover and also as a compartmentalized representation of his past. Unfortunately for him, past emotions cannot be converted into a frozen solid form. He angrily tries to carve the name of his "beloved" into the ice with a stone, as if to mark his presence, which he also did with the linden tree in the previous song. In the final stanza his assuredness falls apart and he becomes aware that rage underlies the imagined frozen state of his pain.

Our anonymous man's anger erupts in "**Rückblick**" ("**Backward Glance**"), represented by driving rhythms in the piano. Schubert conveys emotional rapture in this song, recalling imagery of the snow, ice, fire, and the linden tree. According to Bostridge, singers should be sure to convey the sense of "breathlessness" that they experience in the song, to play into the caricature-like portrayal of the man that Schubert wants to offer (at least in this song). To Bostridge the song contains a sense of "jingle-jangle banality," that is more of an effect than a necessary element to conveying the protagonist's anguish. The man attempts to run far away from any internal memory, which he could not possibly escape. Every moment that seems to show progress finds him yearning for a backward glance at the house and the thought of the past.

"**Irrlicht**" ("**Will-o'-the-Wisp**") shifts the crazed fury from the previous song into an elusive sense of crazed curiosity. Our traveler is "lured" into "the deepest rocky abysses" by some magic ghost embers. He tells of being free from fear, perhaps foolishly. The dialogue turns to how every path he takes brings up joys and heartaches about his past, in the way that streams journey into a river that is "conquered by the sea." He relates death to the sea, indicating that his life will be devoted to the same trials and tribulations until reaching death. While this perspective is quite fatalistic, it plays into the human condition and our constant consideration of death.

The man halts his quest for inner peace and stops for respite in "**Rast**" ("**Rest**"). Only now does he notice how exhausting his ordeal has been, not necessarily physically, but emotionally. He says "The storm helped drive me on;" he ran on adrenaline until becoming overwhelmed. The man collapses in the Spartan house of a coal-miner, a reference to radical political groups in Vienna that challenged the Habsburg secret police (according to Bostridge). He feels consumed entirely by the wild uncontrollable emotions that reside in his heart "So wild and so bold."

"**Frühlingstraum**" ("**Dream of Spring**") begins with a dainty piano introduction. The first stanza is represented with a vocal melody in the key of A major. Schubert portrays the spring; "colorful flowers" and "green meadows" that the man dreams of while resting in the hut. He is rudely awaked by the crowing of a rooster, finding himself alone in the cold, dark hut. The music has shifted to A minor to convey the traveler's shame for having returned to a fantasy world. He is able to go in and out of the happy memories and his

quiet solitude. The song closes with text that looks towards the future. He has closed his eyes and warms his heart with naive thoughts of when spring will return again and when his "beloved" will settle into his arms.

"Einsamkeit" ("Loneliness") concluded the first version of *Winterreise*, which consisted of only twelve songs. Schubert originally composed "Einsamkeit" in D minor, the same key as the first song, "Gute Nacht." This harmonic relationship gave the song finality, which would not function in the extended twenty-four song cycle. Schubert transposed the song to B minor. He paints the "dark cloud" of the man's loneliness with repeated figures in the left hand of the piano and a foreboding vocal line that is sentimental and filled with sorrow. The man considers how he will carry on as life emerges and his dark painful abyss clears, as he realizes that finding an emotional state free of the "dark cloud" would mean to lose sight of his past love and pain. By shouting "When the storms were still raging, / I was not this miserable" the man expresses that he is not prepared to be clear of his past. He is not free from the connections to his past relationship, and therefore cannot appreciate or enjoy clarity in a new frame of mind.

"Die Post" ("The Post") begins with a galloping rhythm in the left hand of the piano, evoking the sounds of a horse-drawn post ("mail") carriage—the normal delivery vehicle in Europe during Schubert's era. In the third bar the right hand enters with a horn call motive. The text begins with the announcement of a "posthorn" sounding across the street from the traveler. He is startled and anxiously wonders if he might be receiving a letter from his love. The symbolism of the horn, which is also mentioned musically in "Der Lindenbaum," is as a reference to horns in German culture. Bostridge points out that "hunting horns evoke the past, a feudal past, the world we have lost. They smell of violence and masculinity..."²⁰ Each stanza concludes with the words "My heart," either as a question or exclamation, always sung with upward motion. The feeling of rising that Schubert establishes in these sung moments conveys the sense of a quickening heartbeat that results from nerves or anxiety. The mail is coming from the town where his "sweet beloved" resides. He teases himself into thinking that he might hear from her, when in fact there is no chance of that ever happening again.

In **"Der greise Kopf" ("The Aged Head")** Schubert shifts to a down-trodden key of C minor, whereas "Die Post" was in the relative major of E-flat. The principal melody is expressed immediately from the top in the right hand of the piano, and the singer subsequently carries the tune. The man speaks of his hair turning white, believing that he has finally traveled enough to become an old man. This expression of his death-wish reminds of the conflict between his desire to be free of his burdens and the notion that death will keep the memory of his love permanently inside his soul. The white snow is melted away and he "shudder[s]" at the realization that he is still youthful. He asks, "How much longer to the coffin?"

Bostridge's new book, *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession*, offers insights about the historical roles of crows in foreshadowing death in literature and art. The symbol of the black crow that has recurred throughout the text of *Winterreise* is finally highlighted in the fifteenth song, **"Die Krähe" ("The Crow")**. The traveler brings into

focus a single crow that has flown above him since he left the town of his beloved. The "Mysterious creature" may be a premonition of the man's impending (desired) doom, but he seems uneasy with the likelihood of the crow eating his corpse. He embraces the situation and pushes forward on his journey, confident that he will remain faithful to his beloved until he shortly reaches his grave. Schubert extends C minor into this song and again has the piano introduce the singer's melody. Müller's description of the crow flying pulls the perspective away from the ground and creates a feeling of weightlessness. Schubert enhances this interpretation by offering a very light piano accompaniment, based on triplets that create cyclical motion.

"Letzte Hoffnung" ("Last Hope") is a realization that the man's deep sense of hope—for the return of his beloved—is as fragile as a leaf hanging from a tree branch. He stands "before the trees / Often lost in thought" and finds one specific leaf to identify with. Vulnerability is completely enconced in a dying object that is defenseless and fragile. Wind disrupts the "stability" of the leaf and the man proclaims that all hope will be lost if the leaf is to descend to the ground. The leaf's flimsy attachment to the branch is channeled through the off-kilter rhythmic patterns heard in the piano. Schubert repeats the last line of text at the conclusion of the song, unleashing a wail from the man who cries "...on the grave of [his] hope."

The man returns to thoughts of his lover's town with **"Im Dorfe" ("In the Village")**. The oscillating piano motive represents the barking dogs and the rattling chains that are the only sounds in the dark of night. The town's inhabitants are occupied with their nonsensical dreams. The cycle of life continues in the morning and light expands across the horizon. The traveler is "finished with all dreams;" his hope is gone. His extremely depressing language is conveyed in the key of D major, which would be expected to be a happy key. Again Schubert highlights the dual reality of the man's death, having both positive and negative associations.

"Der stürmische Morgen" ("The Stormy Morning") begins with gusts of wind played by the piano. Occasional accents and *forzando* markings are used to embody the physical turmoil of a storm. The man, who continues to be delirious, tells of "red flames" dancing among the clouds, presumably referring to lightning. He sees his own heart represented in the sky, a picture of "The winter, cold and wild." This song is short and transitions from the external vision of the town from "Im Dorfe" to the more inward-looking "Delusion" in the next song.

"Täuschung" ("Delusion") relates the wanderer's journey to dancing. The music is of an imagined delightful Viennese dance. He is pulled in every which way and rejoices in knowingly accepting a path of "colorful fraud" that may lead him back to the house of the beloved. He resentfully states that his "only victory is delusion," and the piano reluctantly settles on a gentle A major chord to close. Bostridge's analysis of this song states that the physical motion of dancing is similar to the whirlwind of a journey that the man is on.

In **"Der Wegweiser" ("The Signpost")** the man questions why he must subject himself to aimless wandering, making life more difficult, because he cannot let the woman go. He avoids society and pre-established paths, looking for "hidden passes / Through snow-

covered crags." He claims innocence and acknowledges his craving for a past love as "foolish" and the cause of his self-imposed drive "into the wilderness." One last signpost is directly in front of the man, who refuses to accept any path that excludes death.

A graveyard is represented as an inn or tavern in "**Das Wirsthaus**" ("**The Inn**"). Schubert marks the tempo as *Sehr langsam* ("very slow") and sets this "funeral march" in a major key, making it more like a hymn than a ceremonial march.²¹ The man has entered the closing stage of his journey. He attempts to enter the space, asking if there is any vacancy. He is "weak," "ready to sink down," and is "mortally wounded," yet is refused a place. Death will not accept his emotional weariness as justification for absolution from the pains of a physical existence.

"**Mut**" ("**Courage**") offers an emotional about face. Our protagonist gathers his strength to shake off the snow that "flies in [his] face." In the second stanza he seems to be free from the detrimental emotions contained in his heart, but this is an illusion. By the third stanza he is at the point of losing faith in God, since he was not welcomed with death in the graveyard. The reaction to this perceived freedom from celestial governance is to self-proclaim humans as deities.

The parallel suns of the penultimate song, "**Die Nebensonnen**" ("**The Parallel Suns**"), could be interpreted to represent several different things. There are three images of the sun above the traveler. The actual sun should remain as one image in all interpretations, however the other two could be the eyes of the beloved woman, or suns that illuminate different paths for the man.²² As he considers the images, the two mirages dissipate and leave the real sun in place, lighting a path forward. At the end of the poem the man wishes to be surrounded by darkness, so that he may be unnoticed in his solitude. The audience will inevitably be touched with pity or self-identification, by the tragedy conveyed through Schubert's music.

Schubert closes the cycle with "**Der Leiermann**" ("**The Organ-Grinder**"). Our traveler is confronted with an organ-grinder who is either physically in his presence or an imaginary mirror image of his future aged-self. The down-trodden organ-grinder is simultaneously an embodiment of a journeyman, the act of journeying, and also the brutal solitude that he experiences. Life goes on around him, dogs bark, nobody pays him any mind, and the wheel keeps grinding. There is no alternative existence. Our traveler wonders if he should follow the path that is suggested by the vision of the organ-grinder and the sound of his droning, indicated by the pedal point in the bass of the piano. Schubert and Müller leave the man's story as unresolved as when we heard "Gute Nacht." No matter what the journey, life will result in death. A fundamental question posed by the cycle is whether or not we have any control over that journey, or whether our paths are predetermined.

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21 Bostridge, *Schubert's Winter Journey*, 423.

22 *Ibid.*, 459.

Schubert at the Library of Congress

The Library of Congress Music Division holds manuscripts of Schubert's songs, as well as some documents related to his life. These items reside in the Moldenhauer Archives and the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Foundation Collection. Many of these treasures are available as high-resolution scans at loc.gov. Here is a brief overview of the materials:

Selected Holograph Manuscripts & Documents

"Das Mädchen aus der Fremde" for voice and piano, D. 117 (1814)

Grande sonate for piano four hands, D. 48 (ca. 1813-1814)

"Cora an die Sonne Abendständchen: An Lina" for voice and piano, D. 263 (1815)

Four Songs for voice and piano (1815)

"Nachtgesang," D. 314

"An Rosa I," D. 315

"An Rosa II," D. 316

"Idens Schwanenlied," D. 317

"Lambertine" for voice and piano, D. 301 (1815)

Lützow's wilde Jagd for two voices or two horns, D. 205 (1815)

Mass in C major for solo voices, chorus, chamber orchestra and organ, D. 452 (1816)

Sonata in A minor for pianoforte and violin, D. 385 (1816)

"Tantum Ergo" for chorus, orchestra, and organ, D. 460 (1816)

"Hoffnung" for voice and piano, D. 295 (ca. 1816-1817)

"An den Mond in einer Herbstnacht" for voice and piano, D. 614 (1818)

"Deutscher" for piano, D. 135 (1815)

"Die Forelle" for voice and piano, D. 550 (1821)

"Einsamkeit" for voice and piano, D. 620 (1822)

"Die Sehnsucht" for bass voice and piano, D. 636 (ca. 1821-1824)

"Um Mitternacht" for voice and piano, D. 862 (1825)

"Am Fenster" for voice and piano, D. 878 (1826)

"Todtengräber-Weise" for voice and piano, D. 869 (1826)

Death Announcement. "Schullehrer in der Rossau." Vienna, 20 Nov. 1828.



Müller at the Library of Congress

The Library of Congress holds one letter by Wilhelm Müller, written to Louis Spohr (1784-1859) on January 8, 1827 (Moldenhauer Archives), as well several nineteenth century publications containing his writings. To learn more, visit loc.gov.

Texts & Translations

"Die Winterreise" by Wilhelm Müller

English translation by Klaus Georg, Loyola University Chicago¹

I. "Gute Nacht"

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh', -
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit,
Muß selbst den Weg mir weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten
Als mein Gefährte mit,
Und auf den weißen Matten
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.

Was soll ich länger weilen,
Daß man mich trieb hinaus?
Laß irre Hunde heulen
Vor ihres Herren Haus;
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern -
Gott hat sie so gemacht -
Von einem zu dem andern.
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,
Wär schad' um deine Ruh',
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören -
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!
Schreib' im vorübergehen
An's Tor dir gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

II. "Die Wetterfahne"

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie pffft den armen Flüchtling aus.

I. "Good Night"

As a stranger I arrived
As a stranger I depart
May was good to me
With many a flower garland.
The maiden spoke of love
The mother even of marriage,
Now the world is so dark
The path covered in snow.

For my travels
I cannot choose the time
I must find my own way
In this darkness.
A moon-shadow travels with me
As my companion,
And in the white fields
I seek the tracks of wild animals.

Why should I wait any longer
That they drive me away?
Let mad dogs howl
Before their master's house;
Love loves to wander
God has made it so.
From one man to the other
Dear beloved, good night!

I don't want to bother your dreams
It would be a shame to disturb your rest
You shall not hear my steps
Softly, softly the door is closed!
I write as I pass
"Good night" on the gate,
That you may see
I thought of you.

II. "The Weathervane"

The wind plays with the weathervane
On the house of my beloved.
And I thought in my delusion
That it whistled at the poor fugitive.

¹ Used by permission. Wilhelm Müller, "Die Winterreise," transl. Klaus Georg (2010) <<http://klausgeorg.typepad.com/files/text-and-translation.pdf>>.

Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

III. "Gefror'ne Tränen"

Gefrorne Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab:
Ob es mir denn entgangen,
Daß ich geweinet hab'?

Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,
Und seid ihr gar so lau,
Daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise
Wie kühler Morgentau?

Und dringt doch aus der Quelle
Der Brust so glühend heiß,
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen
Des ganzen Winters Eis!

IV. "Erstarrung"

Ich such' im Schnee vergebens
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
Wo sie an meinem Arme
Durchstrich die grüne Flur!

Ich will den Boden küssen,
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,
Bis ich die Erde seh'.

Wo find' ich eine Blüte,
Wo find' ich grünes Gras?
Die Blumen sind erstorben
Der Rasen sieht so blaß.

Soll denn kein Andenken
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?

He should have noticed it earlier
That house's sign
Then he would never have sought
A faithful woman in that house.

Inside the wind plays with hearts
As on the roof, but not as loudly.
Why do they ask about my pain?
Their child is a rich bride.

III. "Frozen Tears"

Frozen tears fall
From my cheeks:
Could it be that I didn't notice
That I wept?

Oh tears, my tears
Are you so lukewarm
That you freeze to ice
Like cool morning dew?

And you rush up from the well
Of my breast so glowing hot,
As if you wished to melt
The entire winter's ice.

IV. "Stiffness"

I seek in vain in the snow
Looking for her footsteps
Where she, on my arm
Traversed the green meadow.

I want to kiss the ground
Press through the ice and snow
With my hot tears
Until I can see the earth.

Where can I find a blossom?
Where can I find green grass?
The flowers are dead
The lawn is so pale.

Shall I take no souvenir
With me from here?
If my sorrows are mute
Who will speak to me of her?

Mein Herz ist wie erfroren,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin;
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin!

V. "Der Lindenbaum"

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich mußt' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier find'st du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad ins Angesicht;
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

VI. "Wasserflut"

Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen
Ist gefallen in den Schnee;
Seine kalten Flocken saugen
Durstig ein das heiße Weh.

Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.

My heart is frozen,
Her image frozen inside it
If my heart ever thaws again,
Her image, too, will melt away!

V. "The Linden Tree"

By the well, before the gate
Stands a linden tree;
In its shade I dreamt
Many a sweet dream.

Into its bark I etched
Many a loving word;
In joy and in suffering
I was always drawn to it.

Today, also, I had to wander
By it, in the deep night,
And despite the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
As if calling to me;
"Come here to me, friend,
Here you will find your rest!"

The cold winds blew
Directly into my face
My hat flew from my head
I did not turn around.

Now I am several hours
Away from that place,
And still I hear it rustle,
"You would have found rest there!"

VI. "Flood"

Many a tear from my eyes
Has fallen into the snow;
Its cold flakes thirstily absorb
The hot pain.

When the grasses sprout
A warm wind will blow
And the ice will break into pieces
And the soft snow will flow away.

Schnee, du weißt von meinem Sehnen,
Sag', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
Nimmst dich bald das Bächlein auf.

Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,
Munt're Straßen ein und aus;
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

VII. "Auf dem Flusse"

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
Du heller, wilder Fluß,
Wie still bist du geworden,
Gibst keinen Scheidegruß.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde
Hast du dich überdeckt,
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich
Im Sande ausgestreckt.

In deine Decke grab' ich
Mit einem spitzen Stein
Den Namen meiner Liebsten
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:

Den Tag des ersten Grußes,
Den Tag, an dem ich ging;
Um Nam' und Zahlen wendet
Sich ein zerbroch'ner Ring.

Mein Herz, in diesem Bache
Erkennst du nun dein Bild?
Ob's unter seiner Rinde
Wohl auch so reißend schwillt?

VIII. "Rückblick"

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

Hab' mich an jeden Stein gestoßen,
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
Die Krähen warfen Ball' und Schloßen
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

Snow, you know of my longing,
Tell me, where are you flowing?
Follow after my tears,
Soon the brook will pick you up.

With it you will travel through the city,
In and out of the cheerful streets;
When you feel my tears glow,
There is my beloved's house.

VII. "On the River"

You who rushed so joyfully
You bright, wild river,
How still you have become,
You give no parting goodbye.

With a hard, cold shell
You have covered yourself,
You lie cold and unmoving
Stretched out in the sand.

In your blanket I engraved
With a sharp stone
The name of my beloved
And the day and hour:

The day of our first meeting
The day on which I left
Around the name and numbers winds
A broken ring.

My heart, in this brook
Do you recognize your own image?
Could it be that under its shell
It also rages and swells?

VIII. "Backward Glance"

The soles of my feet are burning
Though I step on ice and snow
I do not want to breathe again
Until I can no longer see the towers.

I stubbed against every stone
As was I rushing out of the city
The crows threw snow and ice
Onto my hat from every house.

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

Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten. -
Da war's gescheh'n um dich, Gesell!

Kommt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts seh'n,
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille steh'n.

IX. "Irrlicht"

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

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
's führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Uns're Freuden, uns're Wehen,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trock'ne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab,
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

X. "Rast"

Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich bin,
Da ich zur Ruh' mich lege:
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin
Auf unwirtbarem Wege.
Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,
Es war zu kalt zum Stehen;
Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,
Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.

In eines Köhlers engem Haus
Hab' Obdach ich gefunden;
Doch meine Glieder ruh'n nicht aus:
So brennen ihre Wunden.
Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und Sturm
So wild und so verwegen,
Fühlst in der Still' erst deinen Wurm
Mit heißem Stich sich regen!

How differently you received me
You city of fickleness!
At your empty windows sang
Larks and nightingales in a contest.

The round linden trees bloomed,
The clear fountains gurgled brightly
And oh, two maiden's eyes glowed
There it happened to you, my friend!

When the day comes into my thoughts
I want to look backwards once again
I want to turn around and walk back
And stand still in front of her house.

IX. "Will-o'-the-wisp"

Into the deepest rocky abysses
A will-o'-the-wisp lured me;
How to find an exit
Did not weigh heavily on my mind.

I am used to wandering aimlessly
After all, every path leads to the goal:
Our joys, our pains,
All are illusions of light and shadow!

Through the dry mountain stream
I wind my way calmly down,
Every river will be conquered by the sea
Every suffering also has a grave.

X. "Rest"

Now I notice how tired I am
As I lay down to rest:
Wandering kept me lively
On this inhospitable road.
My feet did not ask for rest
It was too cold to stand;
My back did not feel the load,
The storm helped drive me on.

In a coal-miner's tight house
I found shelter;
But my limbs will not rest
So do their wounds burn.
And you, my heart, in battle and storm
So wild and so bold
Only in the stillness, do you feel your worm
Rouse itself with a hot pang!

XI. "Frühlingstraum"

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

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

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

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.

Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

XII. "Einsamkeit"

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heit're Lüfte geht,
Wann in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh ich meine Straße
Dahin mit trägern Fuß,
Durch helles, frohes Leben,
Einsam und ohne Gruß.

Ach, daß die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, daß die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.

XI. "Dream of Spring"

I dreamed of colorful flowers
As when they bloom in May
I dreamed of green meadows
Of cheerful birdsong.

And when the roosters crowed,
Then my eyes awoke;
Then it was cold and dark,
The ravens screamed from the roof.

But on the window panes,
Who painted leaves there?
You probably laugh at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in the winter?

I dreamed of love for love
Of a beautiful maiden
Of hearts and kisses
Of happiness and joy.

And when the roosters crowed
Then my heart awoke;
Now I sit here alone
And think back on the dream.

I close my eyes again,
My heart is still beating so warmly.
When will those leaves turn green?
When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

XII. "Loneliness"

As a dark cloud
Drifts through carefree skies,
When in the evergreen treetops
A weak little breeze blows:

So do I go my way
With dragging feet,
Through bright, happy life,
Alone and without greeting.

Oh, the air is so still!
Oh, the world is so bright!
When the storms were still raging,
I was not this miserable.

XIII. "Die Post"

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

XIV. "Der greise Kopf"

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

XV. "Die Krähe"

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl, bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n,
Treue bis zum Grabe!

XIII. "The Post"

A posthorn sounds from the street
Why does it leap so,
My heart?
The post brings no letter for you
Why do you press so strangely,
My heart?
Yes, the post comes from the city,
Where I had a sweet beloved,
My heart!
Do you want to take a look once more,
And ask how things are going,
My heart?

XIV. "The Aged Head"

Frost has put a white sheen
On my head;
I believed I was already an old man
And rejoiced much.
But soon it thawed away,
I have black hair again,
My youth makes me shudder
How much longer to the coffin?
From sunset to morning light
Many a head has turned grey,
Who would believe it? Mine did not
On this entire journey!

XV. "The Crow"

A crow was with me
As I left the city
And to this day
It has flown about my head.

Crow, mysterious creature,
Will you not abandon me?
Do you think as loot
You can seize my corpse?

Now, there is not much further to go
With this walking stick
Crow, let me finally experience
Faithfulness to the grave!

XVI. "Letzte Hoffnung"

Hie' und da ist an den Bäumen
 Manches bunte Blatt zu seh'n,
 Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
 Oftmals in Gedanken steh'n.
 Schau nach dem einen Blatte,
 Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;
 Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
 Zitt'r' ich, was ich zittern kann.
 Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
 Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab;
 Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,
 Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

XVII. "Im Dorfe"

Es bellen die Hunde, es rascheln die Ketten;
 Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
 Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,
 Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben;

Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen.
 Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen
 Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,
 Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.

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

XVIII. "Der stürmische Morgen"

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
 Des Himmels graues Kleid!
 Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
 Umher im mattem Streit.

Und rote Feuerflammen
 Zieh'n zwischen ihnen hin;
 Das nenn' ich einen Morgen
 So recht nach meinem Sinn!

Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
 Gemalt sein eig'nes Bild -
 Es ist nichts als der Winter,
 Der Winter, kalt und wild!

XVI. "Last Hope"

Here and there on the trees
 Several colorful leaves can be seen.
 And I stand before the trees
 Often lost in thought.
 I look at the one leaf,
 Hang my hope on it;
 The wind plays with my leaf,
 I tremble violently.
 Oh, and the leaf falls to the ground,
 With it my hope falls away;
 I fall to the ground with it,
 And weep on the grave of my hope.

XVII. "In the Village"

The dogs bark, the chains rattle,
 The people sleep in their beds,
 They dream of things which they do not have
 They console themselves with good and bad

And tomorrow morning all is melted
 Well, they have enjoyed their share
 And hope that what is left over,
 They will find again on their pillows.

Bark me away, wakeful dogs,
 Do not let me rest in the hour of sleep!
 I am finished with all dreams.
 Why should I tarry with sleepers?

XVIII. "The Stormy Morning"

How the storm has torn
 The heavens' gray dress!
 The tatters of clouds flap
 Around in weary strife.

And red flames
 Fly between them;
 This is what I call a morning
 Which matches my mood!

My heart sees, in the heavens
 A painting of itself
 It is nothing but the winter,
 The winter, cold and wild.

XIX. "Täuschung"

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her,
Ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;
Ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,
Daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.
Ach! wer wie ich so elend ist, Oh!
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus.
Und eine liebe Seele drin. -
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

XX. "Der Wegweiser"

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die ander'n Wand'rer gehn,
Suche mir versteckte Stege
Durch verschneite Felsenhö'n?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheu'n, -
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
Treibt mich in die Wüstenei'n?

Weiser stehen auf den Strassen,
Weisen auf die Städte zu,
Und ich wand're sonder Maßen
Ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.

Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
Eine Straße muß ich gehen,
Die noch keiner ging zurück.

XXI. "Das Wirtshaus"

Auf einen Totenacker
hat mich mein Weg gebracht;
Allhier will ich einkehren,
hab' ich bei mir gedacht.
Ihr grünen Totenkränze
könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
Die müde Wand'rer laden
ins kühle Wirtshaus ein.

Sind denn in diesem Hause
die Kammern all' besetzt?
Bin matt zum Niedersinken,
bin tödlich schwer verletzt.
O unbarmherz'ge Schenke,

XIX. "Delusion"

A friendly light dances before me
I follow it to and fro
I follow it gladly knowing
That it lures the wanderer.
He who is as miserable as I am
Gladly gives in to the colorful fraud
Which, past ice and night and horror
Leads him to a bright, warm house.
And a loving soul inside -
My only victory is delusion!

XX. "The Signpost"

Why do I avoid the paths
The other wanderers walk,
Seeking for myself hidden passes
Through snow-covered crags?

I haven't done anything
That I should avoid humanity,
What foolish craving
Drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand by the roads
Pointing towards cities
And I wander on
Restless and seeking rest.

I see a signpost standing
Immobile before my gaze;
I must walk a road
From which no one has yet returned.

XXI. "The Inn"

To a graveyard
My way has brought me;
"Here I want to enter,"
I thought to myself.
The green wreaths
Could well be the signs
Which invite tired travellers
Into the cool inn.

Are then, in this house
the rooms all occupied?
I am weak and ready to sink down
I am mortally wounded.
Oh, unmerciful inn

doch weisest du mich ab?
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,
mein treuer Wanderstab!

XXII. "Mut"

Fliegt der Schnee mir ins Gesicht,
Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,
Sing' ich hell und munter.

Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,
Habe keine Ohren;
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,
Klagen ist für Toren.

Lustig in die Welt hinein
Gegen Wind und Wetter!
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,
Sind wir selber Götter!

XXIII. "Die Nebensonnen"

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,
Hab' lang und fest sie angesehen;
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.

Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut Andern doch ins Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei;
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.

Ging nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

XXIV. "Der Leiermann"

Drüben hinterm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er, was er kann.

Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Yet you turn me away?
Onward then, only onward
My faithful walking staff!

XXII. "Courage"

If the snow flies in my face
I shake it off.
If my heart speaks in my bosom
I sing clearly and cheerfully.

I do not hear what it tells me
I have no ears.
I do not feel its complaints,
Complaining is for fools.

Cheerfully into the world
Against wind and weather!
If no God will be on earth
Then we ourselves are gods!

XXIII. "The Parallel Suns"

I saw three suns in the sky
And looked at them long and hard;
And they also stood there dourly
As if they did not want to leave me.

Oh, you are not my suns!
Look others in the face!
I recently also had three;
But the best two have now set.

If only the third would set also
In the dark I would feel better.

XXIV. "The Organ-Grinder"

Over there, behind the village
There stands an organ-grinder
With his frozen fingers
He grinds out what he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He rocks back and forth
And his little plate
Is always empty

Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an,
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann.

Und er läßt es gehen
Alles, wie es will,
Dreht und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir geh'n?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier dreh'n?

No one wants to hear him
No one looks at him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.

And he lets it go on
Everything as it will
Grinds, and his instrument
Is never still.

Wonderful old man
Shall I go with you?
Would you accompany my songs
With your droning?



"Franz Schubert" Glass Negative, Detroit Publishing Co. (ca. 1915-1925)
Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress
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About the Artists

Ian Bostridge's international recital career has taken him to the Salzburg, Edinburgh, Munich, Vienna, Aldeburgh and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade Festivals and to the main stages of Carnegie Hall and La Scala, Milan. He has held artistic residencies at the Vienna Konzerthaus and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade (2003/2004), a Carte-Blanche series with Thomas Quasthoff at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw (2004-2005), a Perspectives series at Carnegie Hall (2005/2006), the Barbican, London (2008), the Luxembourg Philharmonie (2010/2011), the Wigmore Hall (2011/12) and Hamburg Laeiszhalle (2012/2013).

His recordings have won all the major international record prizes and been nominated for thirteen GRAMMYS. They include Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* with Graham Johnson (*Gramophone* Award 1996); Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* with Sir John Eliot Gardiner (GRAMMY Award 1999); and Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* with William Christie. Under his exclusive contract with EMI Classics, recordings have included Schubert lieder and Schumann lieder (*Gramophone* Award 1998), English song and Henze lieder with Julius Drake, Britten's *Our Hunting Fathers* with Daniel Harding, *Idomeneo* with Sir Charles Mackerras, Janáček with Thomas Adès, Schubert with Leif Ove Andsnes, Mitsuko Uchida and Antonio Pappano, Noel Coward with Jeffrey Tate, Britten orchestral cycles with the Berlin Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle, Wolf with Pappano, Bach cantatas with Fabio Biondi, Handel arias with Harry Bicket, Britten's *Canticles*, *The Turn of the Screw* (*Gramophone* Award 2003) and *Billy Budd* (GRAMMY Award 2010), Adès' *The Tempest* (*Gramophone* Award 2010) and Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Recent recordings include *Three Baroque Tenors* with the English Concert and Bernard Labadie, and Britten songs with Antonio Pappano for EMI.

Bostridge has worked with the Berlin Philharmonic, Vienna Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, Boston Symphony, London Symphony, London Philharmonic, BBC Symphony, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw, New York Philharmonic and Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestras under Sir Simon Rattle, Sir Colin Davis, Sir Andrew Davis, Seiji Ozawa, Antonio Pappano, Riccardo Muti, Mstislav Rostropovich, Daniel Barenboim, Daniel Harding and Donald Runnicles. He sang the world premiere of Henze's *Opfergang* with the Accademia Santa Cecilia in Rome under Antonio Pappano.

His operatic appearances have included: Lysander (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) for Opera Australia at the Edinburgh Festival, Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Jupiter (*Semele*) for English National Opera and Peter Quint (*The Turn of the Screw*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) and Caliban (Adès' *The Tempest*) for the Royal Opera. For the Bavarian State Opera he has sung Nerone (*L'Incoronazione di Poppea*), Tom Rakewell (*The Rake's Progress*) and Male Chorus (*The Rape of Lucretia*), and Don Ottavio for the Vienna State Opera. He sang Aschenbach (*Death in Venice*) for English National Opera and in Brussels and Luxembourg.

Performances during the 2013 Britten anniversary celebrations included *War Requiem* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Vladimir Jurowski; *Les Illuminations* with the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Andris Nelsons; and *Madwoman (Curlew*

River) in the Netia Jones staging for the Barbican, which was seen in New York and on the west coast in autumn 2014. Current and future plans include return visits to the BBC Proms, Edinburgh Festival and the Schwarzenberg Schubertiade, a recital tour of the United State, and concerts with Daniel Harding, Andrew Manze and Leonard Slatkin.

During the autumn of 2014 he embarked on a European recital tour of *Winterreise* with Thomas Adès to coincide with the publication—by Faber and Faber in the U.K. and Knopf in the U.S.—of his new book *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession* at the beginning of 2015.

Ian Bostridge was a fellow in history at Corpus Christi College, Oxford (1992-1995) and in 2001 was elected an honorary fellow of that college. In 2003 he was made an Honorary Doctor of Music by the University of St. Andrew's and in 2010 he was named an honorary fellow of St. John's College Oxford. He was made a CBE in the 2004 New Year's Honors. Bostridge is a Humanitas Professor of Classical Music at the University of Oxford in the 2014-2015 academic year.



Pianist **Julius Drake** lives in London and specializes in the field of chamber music, working with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on recording. He appears at all the major music centers: in recent seasons concerts have taken him to the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Salzburg, Schubertiade, and Tanglewood Music Festivals; to Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, New York; the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam and Philharmonie, Cologne; the Châtelet and Musée de Louvre, Paris; the Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Vienna; and the Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms, London.

Director of the Perth International Chamber Music Festival in Australia from 2000-2003, Drake was also musical director of Deborah Warner's staging of Janáček's *Diary of One Who Vanished*, touring to Munich, London, Dublin, Amsterdam and New York. In 2009 he was appointed Artistic Director of the Machynlleth Festival in Wales. Drake is also a committed teacher and is regularly invited to give master classes, this season in Aldeburgh, Basle, Toronto, Utrecht, and at the Schubert Institute in Baden-bei-Wien. He is Professor at the Graz University for Music and the Performing Arts in Austria, where he has a class for song pianists.

Drake's passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise song series for the Wigmore Hall, London, the BBC and the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. A series of song recitals—"Julius Drake and Friends"—in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, has featured recitals with many outstanding vocal artists including Thomas Allen, Olaf Bär, Ian Bostridge, Angelika Kirchschrager, Sergei Leiferkus, Felicity Lott, Katarina Karneus, Simon Keenlyside, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore, Christoph Pregardien, Amanda Roocroft, and Willard White. He is frequently invited to perform at international chamber music festivals—recently Kuhmo in Finland, Delft in the Netherlands, Oxford in England and West Cork in Ireland—while his instrumental duo with Nicholas Daniel has been described in *The Independent* newspaper as "one of the most satisfying in British chamber music: vital, thoughtful and confirmed in musical integrity of the highest order."

Drake's many recordings include a widely acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion, for which the Barber Songs, Schumann *Heine Lieder* and Britten *Songs and Proverbs* received 2007, 2009 and 2011 *Gramophone Awards*; award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI; several recitals for the Wigmore Live label, with—among others—Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Matthew Polenzani, Joyce Didonato and Alice Coote; and recordings of Tchaikovsky and Mahler with Christianne Stotijn for Onyx and English song with Bejun Mehta for Harmonia Mundi. Drake is currently working on a major project to record the complete songs of Franz Liszt for Hyperion: the second disc in the series, with Angelika Kirchschrager, won the *BBC Music Magazine Award* for 2012.

Highlights in Drake's current schedule include an extensive tour of the United States with Matthew Polenzani; a four-part Schumann Series at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam; recordings with Sarah Connolly, Eva-Maria Westbroek, Christoph Pregardien, Ian Bostridge and Gerald Finley; recitals in his own series at the historic Middle Temple Hall, London; and a tour of Japan and Korea with Anne Sophie von Otter and Camilla Tilling.

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RICHARD GOODE & FRIENDS

Works by Schumann & Brahms
Coolidge Auditorium (Tickets Required)

Pre-Concert Lecture – 6:30 pm

"Humorisks and Rewards in the Music of Schumann and Brahms"

David H. Plylar, PhD, Music Division
Whittall Pavilion (No Tickets Required)

Friday, February 20, 2015 – 8:00 pm

CLAREMONT TRIO & MISHA AMORY

Works by Mendelssohn Hensel, Grime & Brahms
Coolidge Auditorium (Tickets Required)

Pre-Concert Conversation – 6:30 pm

A Conversation with the Claremont Trio & Misha Amory
Whittall Pavilion (No Tickets Required)

*In the event an event is sold-out in advance,
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