

ABSTRACT

Title of Document: SCHUBERT'S *WINTERREISE* AND THE PIANO TRIO IN Eb; TWO REMARKABLE WORKS FROM ONE REMARKABLE YEAR – 1827: A RECORDING PROJECT

Adam Mahonske, Doctor of Musical Arts, 2010

Directed By: Professor Rita Sloan
School of Music

During Franz Schubert's penultimate year of 1827, he produced two profoundly important and mature works that are the focus of this recording project.

The works are, in chronological order:

- *Winterreise* (cycle of 24 songs on the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, 1794-1827)
- Piano Trio in Eb Major, Op. 100, D. 929

A unique feature of the project is to present *Winterreise* in two poetic orders: as traditionally performed and published by Schubert, and in the final ordering published by the poet. The program notes accompanying the dissertation's three compact discs have extensive information as well as comparative tables of Müller's and Schubert's final ordering of the cycle. There are significant differences in ordering, and ultimately the listener will determine which is more dramatically satisfying.

Dark melancholy is the central emotion in *Winterreise*, which Schubert composed at various times throughout 1827 in a mood of corresponding gloom and distress. By contrast, the summer and fall of that year produced, in quick succession, the two glowing and remarkable Piano Trios in Bb and Eb, the second of which is included on these compact discs. The contrast between the trios and *Winterreise* follows the outward circumstances of Schubert's life and health, a pattern of sorrow and later consolation and elation.

The sound recordings for this dissertation recording project are available on three compact discs that can be found in the Digital Repository at the University of Maryland (DRUM). *Winterreise* was recorded in August 2009, at the University of Baltimore recital hall in Baltimore, Maryland with University of Maryland Professor François Loup. The trio, recorded in live performance in Baltimore in the spring of 2010, features two members of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra: Qing Li, B.S.O. principal second violin, and Bo Li, B.S.O. section cellist.

SCHUBERT'S *WINTERREISE* AND THE PIANO TRIO IN Eb;
TWO REMARKABLE WORKS FROM ONE REMARKABLE YEAR – 1827
A RECORDING PROJECT

By

Adam Mahonske

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Advisory Committee:
Professor Rita Sloan, Chair
Professor Bradford Gowen
Professor François Loup
Professor Delores Ziegler
Dr. Peter Beicken

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Program Notes

The focus of this recording project (two hours total length) is two profoundly important, mature, and large scale works from one remarkably productive year in Schubert's life: his penultimate year of 1827. The works are, in chronological order:

- *Winterreise* (cycle of 24 songs on the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, 1794-1827)
- Piano Trio in Eb Major, Op. 100, D. 929

A unique feature of the project is to present *Winterreise* in two poetic orders: as traditionally performed and published by Schubert, and in the final ordering published by the poet. Please see Appendix 2 for further detail on this and order comparison. There are significant differences in ordering, and ultimately the listener will have to determine which is more dramatically satisfying. Appendix 2 also contains a contemporary English translation of the cycle in Schubert's order.

Of the great composers associated with Vienna in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Schubert alone was born and lived entirely in Vienna. Haydn spent his last years of retirement in the capital. Mozart spent the last professionally precarious ten years of his life in Vienna, and Beethoven was 22 before he settled there. Schubert was born in a schoolhouse in the Himmelpfortgrund region of Vienna in 1797, the fourth of five surviving children (nine others died in infancy). As a child he learned the piano and violin along with training in music theory before being accepted, at age eleven, into the Imperial Chapel Choir. He served as a chorister under Kapellmeister Antonio Salieri, from whom he later received vital instruction in the setting of words (*lieder* would become his most prolific form of composition). This service allowed him to attend the Staatskonvikt where Schubert acquired

experience with orchestral repertoire. At home, the family string quartet, in which his father played the cello, exposed him to the literature and craft of chamber music composition. This richly varied early experience provoked him to compose a variety of music and the earliest surviving examples come from 1810, his thirteenth year. At the age of sixteen, when his voice changed, Schubert was presented with a choice. He could have remained at school under scholarship, the award being conditional on a concentration on academic subjects rather than music. However, his passion for music caused him to choose a path that would give adequate time for music, and Schubert left school to enter, in 1814, a one-year course of training to become an elementary school teacher. He began that career, in his father's schoolroom, in 1815. During these years Schubert continued to study with Salieri and wrote remarkable quantities of music including lieder, piano music, chamber music, symphonies, liturgical works, and works for the stage. By 1816 (age nineteen) the pull of music and composing became the dominant force in his life and he gave up school teaching full-time, returning to it part-time in subsequent years as financial need dictated. His remaining years were spent in the company of a dynamic and changing circle of friends, whose admiration and encouragement stimulated his genius, and provided an enthusiastic audience (the so-called Schubertiads) for the performance of his songs and chamber music.

1827 was the year in which the extremes of Schubert's temperament were realized in three of his greatest works. Dark melancholy is the central emotion in the great cycle of 24 songs called *Winterreise*, which he composed at various times throughout the year in a mood of corresponding gloom and distress. By contrast, the

summer and fall of that year produced, in quick succession, the two glowing and remarkable Piano Trios in Bb and Eb. The outward circumstances of his life and health follow this pattern of sorrow and later consolation and elation. After setting Müller's *Die schöne Müllerin*, Schubert found his poetry stimulating enough to return to him in 1827 for the poems for his arguably greatest song cycle, *Winterreise*. Since February Schubert had been preoccupied with a melancholy cycle of poems by Wilhelm Müller, *Die Winterreise*. Its deeply *innig* journey of a young man unlucky in love who wanders across a frozen landscape had obvious parallels with the wanderer in *Die schöne Müllerin*. Müller's new poems elicited even greater sadness, and solitary struggle. Schubert apparently did not discover the second group of twelve poems until October, probably completing the full 24-poem cycle by year's end. His dear friend Spaun wrote that 'we were quite dumbfounded by the gloomy mood of these songs'. To which Schubert replied, "I like these songs more than all the others and you will get to like them too".¹ They did, especially in the singer Vogl's dramatic renditions. Spaun added later that the songs of *Winterreise* 'were his real swansong. From then on he was a sick man, although his outward condition gave no immediate cause for alarm'. Gone for the most part are the spontaneous, wonderful melodies of *Die schöne Müllerin*, replaced by declamatory lines, narrow in range, and repetitive rhythms that underscore the bleak, trudging, and solitary nature of the winter landscape as metaphor of the central character's journey of the soul. Two thirds of the songs are in minor, and those in major, such as *Die Nebensonnen*, are often profoundly sad.

¹ John Reed, *Schubert*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997, 141.

It seems likely that Schubert discovered Müller's poems in the library of his roommate, Franz von Schober, sometime in the late fall or winter of 1826. In reconstructing the musical genesis of the cycle, Schubert scholar Susan Youens asserts that Schubert was not aware of the existence of Müller's final twenty-four text version when he began to set the poems, and "when he did discover the extended Müller opus, it must have been clear to him he could not duplicate Müller's final ordering without disrupting the musical structure he had already created."² In my opinion, the cycle can be reordered and performed in Müller's final order with impressive dramatic results. Ulrich Hartung, in his substantial dissertation on performance order in *Winterreise* comments that through the 19th century "most prominent performers of Schubert's *Winterreise* performed the 24 songs in the poet's final (1824) order".³ See Appendix 2 for the details of the publication history and the nature of the reordering.

Musicians and scholars will argue that Schubert's version was conceived as an ordered cycle of compositional choices, and key relations (often violated in the practicalities of vocal performance), with each song influenced not only by the poem at hand, but also by the settings that proceed and follow it; they would argue that this is organic to the flow of the cycle as Schubert conceived it. Perhaps he would have made musical changes if he had had timely access to the final Müller ordering of all twenty-four poems, and a longer and healthier life to consider such changes.

² Susan Youens, *Retracing a Winter's Journey: Schubert's "Winterreise"*. Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1991, 28.

³ Ulrich Hartung, *"Die Winterreise": An argument for performing the cycle of songs by Franz Schubert in the order of the poems by Wilhelm Mueller*. (Ph.D diss., New York University, 1992), 3.

However, the die was cast. The first twelve were in process of publication. As a young composer intent on building his career and expanding his reputation, he may have felt that the process was irretrievably in motion. Music history is filled with many examples of composers reconsidering and sometimes substantially rewriting their earlier efforts. I propose that Schubert's great genius was as a miniaturist of musical form and his music was most profound and natural in the three – four minute *lied* (scholars often fault his larger works for lacking the structural integrity and thematic development of other great composers; e.g. Beethoven. For example, the piano trio included in this project had to be trimmed substantially before it was accepted for publication (see discussion below). It is important to note that the vast majority of his *lieder* are single *lied*, and not grouped in cycles. I can easily imagine that his writing process was focused on bringing every ounce of musical illumination to each poem before him in order to articulate the drama at hand. Such could be the case in the twenty-four songs of *Winterreise*. Hartung's probing and substantial technical analysis of the settings also argues "Schubert concentrated on the setting of individual poems, rather than establishing overt cyclic relationships between the songs."⁴ In regards to key schemes, the British scholar Richard Capell states "Schubert may then have written the several songs at the pitch suggested by the moment's mood, not thinking primarily of the whole. The *Winterreise* has not a formal key scheme anymore that it has a reminiscent elaboration of themes."⁵ If true, then respecting Müller as the architect of this drama and reordering Schubert's settings to comply with that order would be essential to experiencing the full impact

⁴ Ibid., abstract.

⁵ Richard Capell, *Schubert's Songs*. 2nd rev. ed., New York: MacMillan, 1957, 235.

of this metaphorical journey of the soul, and not be at the price of musical devaluation of Schubert's settings. This recording is intended to demonstrate that possibility.

It is not certain that he visited Beethoven on his deathbed, but Schubert was documented as one of the torchbearers at his funeral. Schubert was viewed by some contemporaries (and later historians) as the heir apparent to Beethoven, and was encouraged to establish himself beyond Vienna and Austria. Prominent performers, associated with Beethoven, were there to aid in this cause. Two central figures were the violinist Ignaz Schuppanzigh (associated with premiers of Beethoven's Septet, the Op. 59 quartets, and the late quartets) and the cellist Josef Linke (dedicatee of Beethoven's Op. 102 cello sonatas). Schuppanzigh and Linke took it upon themselves to champion the chamber music of Schubert. This collaboration reignited his interest in the piano trio medium after a hiatus of some fifteen years (the Sonatensatz, D. 28, written in 1812 at age fifteen). They joined with pianist Carl Maria von Bocklet to premiere both piano trios. In November, Schubert began work on the Piano Trio in Eb major. The Bb trio was featured in a concert on 26 December 1827. The Eb trio was first performed at a private party on 28 January 1828 to celebrate the engagement of his old school-friend Josef von Spaun. It was publicly premiered two months later in March 1828, in the only public concert devoted to Schubert's music during his lifetime (it is astounding and tragic to think that he reached the age of 30 before such a concert occurred, and that he would only have months to live after it). The great success at the premiere excited Schubert and he offered the work to several publishers. To the German publisher Schott, he declared that it 'was received at my concert by a tightly packed audience with such

extraordinary applause that I have been urged to repeat the concert' only to have it rejected by Schott as too long to guarantee financial success. The German publisher Heinrich Probst of Leipzig accepted the work. This was doubly important in that it was the first publication of his music outside Austria, where his reputation was limited to lieder and some chamber music. In response to Schott's criticism and also to the reactions of friends, ninety-nine measures were cut from the last movement for this publication. He instructed Probst that 'this work is to be dedicated to no one, save those who find pleasure in it'. Schubert would be dead 8 months later in November 1828, due to long-term complications (six years) of a venereal disease, and tragically never see the final printed parts from the publisher.

The first movement begins with a bold first theme (arpeggiated in a manner reminiscent of the opening of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony) followed by a more lyrical second theme, introduced by the cello, closely followed by the violin, in the unusual and unrelated key of B minor (tritone away from the home key). After reaching an *fff* climax in the coda, the movement ends with witty and touching piano reference to the second group. The movement is longer than that which introduced the Bb trio, and of greater harmonic complexity. As always, the constant inflection of major and minor constitute an important compositional signature of Schubert's music.

The slow and march-like Andante in C minor contains a melody that Schubert's friend Sonnleithner later identified as the Swedish folk-song *Se solen sjunker* (The sun is down). The movement employs the same ABABA form as the earlier single movement trio called Notturmo (called Adagio in some editions-D. 897), but in an even freer and more expansive fashion. Schubert accompanies the first

return of the A theme with explicitly marked tremolandos that lead to a shattering and powerful climax in B minor, the key that played such a crucial role in the first movement. I believe this is but one of many demonstrations of a conscious cyclical effort in this work as a whole.

The use of canon in the Scherzo is a prominent feature of the third movement, as violin and cello enter in tight, overlapping imitation of the piano. This lilting movement makes one wonder how Schubert could have doubted his own contrapuntal skills (a notion articulated by friends). The movement includes a Trio of wide dynamic contrasts. The movement ends with a truncated return of the trio, recalling the final allusion to the second theme in the first movement.

As in the Bb Trio, the final Allegro moderato is huge sonata-rondo (seven-hundred forty-eight bars) that frequently changes meter (from 6/8 to 2/2) to accommodate the charming repeated-note theme that for many is the most conspicuous and engaging thematic element of the movement. The movement begins in the piano with a lilting melody, in a movement filled with contrast. The recall of the folk-song of the slow movement immediately precedes the brilliant conclusion. This foreshadows the kind of cyclic structure that would be favored by composers in subsequent generations. Under pressure from friends and the publisher, Schubert acknowledged the problematic length of the finale and authorized two cuts generally adopted today. It is interesting to note that Robert Schumann preferred this trio to the first, finding it more spirited, “masculine”, and dramatic.

During Schubert’s relatively short career in Vienna (compared to Beethoven’s), there were occasional commissions and some works were published.

In light of the Schubert's prominent place in music history to this day, it is remarkable that he never achieved the patronage that Beethoven enjoyed or any official employment in the Viennese musical establishment. One can only imagine that these honors would have come to pass had he not been the youngest of the great composers to die. We celebrate his remarkable musical output (ten symphonies, six-hundred plus lieder, twenty-one complete and incomplete piano sonatas, numerous shorter piano works, thirty-seven piano duets, fifteen string quartets, numerous other chamber works, thirty-seven sacred/liturgical works, and nineteen works for the stage). Considering all that was produced in his short professional life (about thirteen years), it creates both excitement and melancholy to speculate on what else would have been written had Schubert been granted a normal lifespan (for the period) of an additional twenty or thirty years.

Appendix A: Recorded Material

CD1

Total time: 78:24

Winterreise (in Schubert's order)

Bärenreiter Edition BA 7003

CD2

Total time: 78:24

Winterreise (in Müller's order)

Bärenreiter Edition BA 7003

CD3

Total time: 42:11

Trio in Eb Major, op. 100, D. 929

Henle Edition HN 193 v. d

Appendix B: Ordering⁶ and Translations⁷

Wilhelm Müller wrote the 24 poems of *Die Winterreise* in three stages; each stage of the process was published separately. Franz Schubert discovered *Die Winterreise* in the initial publication. He set this cycle of 12 poems to music, and months later discovered the 12 other poems. He kept the order of the *lieder* which he had already composed, and added the 12 other *lieder* in the same order as they were published, with one exception: he switched the order of *Die Nebensonnen* and *Mut!*.

[U] Urania publication (first 12 poems)

[DB] Deutsche Blätter publication (next 10 poems)

[W] Waldhornisten publication (all 24 poems including 2 additional)

(Shaded numbers are significantly out of order in the Müller ordering)

Müller final order	Schubert final order
01. [U] Gute Nacht	01. [U] Gute Nacht
02. [U] Die Wetterfahne	02. [U] Die Wetterfahne
03. [U] Gefrorne Tränen	03. [U] Gefrorne Tränen
04. [U] Erstarrung	04. [U] Erstarrung
05. [U] Der Lindenbaum	05. [U] Der Lindenbaum
13. [W] Die Post	06. [U] Wasserflut
06. [U] Wasserflut	07. [U] Auf dem Flusse
07. [U] Auf dem Flusse	08. [U] Rückblick
08. [U] Rückblick	09. [U] Irrlicht
14. [DB] Der greise Kopf	10. [U] Rast
15. [DB] Die Krähe	11. [U] Frühlingstraum
16. [DB] Letzte Hoffnung	12. [U] Einsamkeit
17. [DB] Im Dorfe	13. [W] Die Post
18. [DB] Der stürmische Morgen	14. [DB] Der greise Kopf
19. [W] Täuschung	15. [DB] Die Krähe
20. [DB] Der Wegweiser	16. [DB] Letzte Hoffnung
21. [DB] Das Wirtshaus	17. [DB] Im Dorfe
09. [U] Das Irrlicht	18. [DB] Der stürmische Morgen
10. [U] Rast	19. [W] Täuschung
23. [DB] Die Nebensonnen	20. [DB] Der Wegweiser
11. [U] Frühlingstraum	21. [DB] Das Wirtshaus
12. [U] Einsamkeit	22. [DB] Mut!
22. [DB] Mut!	23. [DB] Die Nebensonnen
24. [DB] Der Leiermann	24. [DB] Der Leiermann

⁶ Youens, 21 – 23.

⁷ Translations by Celia A. Sgroi © 1998, Web.

1. 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 [Bis] 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
Ans Tor dir: Gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich [Ich hab an dich] gedacht.

2. Die Wetterfahne

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

Er hätt' es eher [ehr] 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.

1. Good Night

I came here a stranger,
As a stranger I depart.
May favored me
With many a bunch of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage -
Now the world is so gloomy,
The road shrouded in snow.

I cannot choose the time
To begin my journey,
Must find my own way
In this darkness.
A shadow of the moon travels
With me as my companion,
And upon the white fields
I seek the deer's track.

Why should I stay here any longer
So that people can drive me away?
Let stray dogs howl
In front of their master's house;
Love loves to wander -
God made it that way -
From one to the other,
My dearest, good night!

I don't want to disturb your dreaming,
It would be a shame to wake you.
You won't hear my step,
Softly, softly the door closes!
I write in passing
On your gate: Good night,
So that you may see
That I thought of you.

2. The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
On my lovely darling's house.
And I thought in my delusion,
That it mocked the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner
The symbol displayed on the house,
So he wouldn't ever have expected
To find a faithful woman within.

The wind plays with the hearts inside
As it does on the roof, only not so loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

3. Gefror'ne Tränen

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

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

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

4. Erstarrung

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 Angedenken
Ich nehmen mit von hier?
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?

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

5. 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.

3. Frozen Tears

Frozen drops are falling
Down from my cheeks.
How could I have not noticed
That I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,
And are you so tepid
That you freeze to ice
Like cool morning dew?

Yet you burst from the wellspring
Of my heart so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
The entire winter's ice!

4. Numbness

I search the snow in vain
For the trace of her steps.
Where she, arm in arm with me,
Crossed the green meadow.

I want to kiss the ground,
Penetrate ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the soil.

Where will I find a blossom,
Where will I find green grass?
The flowers are all dead,
The turf is so pale.

Shall then no momento
Accompany me from here?
When my pains cease,
Who will tell me of her then?

My heart is as if dead,
Her image frozen cold within;
If my heart ever thaws again,
Her image will also melt away!

5. The Linden Tree

At the well by the gate
There stands a linden tree;
I dreamed in its shadow
Many a sweet dream.

I carved in its bark
Many a word of love;
In joy and in sorrow
I was always drawn to it.

Ich muß' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkeln [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!

6. Wasserflut

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

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

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

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

7. 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.

Again today I had to travel
Past it in the depths of night.
There even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,
As if they called to me:
Come here to me, friend,
Here you'll find peace!

The cold winds blew
Right into my face;
The hat flew off my head,
I didn't turn around.

Now I am many hours
Distant from that place,
And I still hear it whispering:
You'd find peace here!

6. Flood Water

Many a tear from my eyes
Has fallen in the snow;
Its cold flakes absorb
Thirstily the burning woe.

When it's time for the grass to sprout
There blows a mild wind,
And the ice will break apart
And the soft snow melt away.

Snow, you know about my longing,
Tell me, where does your course lead?
If you just follow my tears,
The brook will soon receive you.

You will flow through the town with it,
In and out of the busy streets;
When you feel my tears burning,
There is my sweetheart's house.

7. On the River

You who thundered so cheerfully,
You clear, untamed river,
How quiet you have become,
Give no word of farewell.

With a hard stiff crust
You have covered yourself,
Lie cold and unmoving,
Outstretched in the sand.

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

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

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

8. 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 jedem Stein gestoßen,
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schloßen
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

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

Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten. -
Da war's 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.

9. [Das] 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 Leiden [Wehen],
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab,

In your covering I inscribe
With a sharp stone
The name of my sweetheart
And the hour and day, as well.

The day of the first greeting,
The day on which I left;
Around name and figures winds
A broken ring.

My heart, in this stream
Do you now recognize your image?
And under its crust
Is there also a raging torrent?

8. A Look Backward

It burns under both my feet,
Even though I walk on ice and snow;
I don't want to catch my breath
Until I can no longer see the spires.

I tripped on every stone,
As I hurried out of the town;
The crows hurled chunks of snow and ice
On my hat from every house.

How differently you received me,
You town of inconstancy!
At your sparkling windows sang
The lark and nightingale in competition.

The bushy linden trees bloomed,
The clear streams murmured brightly,
And, oh, two maiden's eyes glowed -
Your fate was sealed, my boy!

Whenever that day enters my thoughts,
I want to look back once more,
I want to turn back again
And stand still before her house.

9. Will o' the Wisp

Into the deepest mountain chasms
A will o' the wisp lured me;
How to find a way out
Doesn't worry me much.

I'm used to going astray,
And every way leads to the goal.
Our joys, our sorrows,
Are all a will o' the wisp's game!

Through the mountain stream's dry channel
I wend my way calmly downward.

Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

10. 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!

11. 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 schrien die Raben vom Dach.

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

Ich träumte von Lieb um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne [Wonn'] 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 [dich] Liebchen im Arm?

Every river finds its way to the ocean,
And every sorrow to its grave.

10. Rest

Now I first notice how tired I am
As I lay myself down to rest;
Walking kept me going strong
On the inhospitable road.

My feet didn't ask for rest,
It was too cold to stand still,
My back felt no burden,
The storm helped to blow me onward.

In a charcoal-burner's tiny house
I have found shelter;
But my limbs won't relax,
Their hurts burn so much.

You, too, my heart, in strife and storm
So wild and so bold,
Feel first in the silence your serpent
Stir with burning sting!

11. Dream of Spring

I dreamed of many-colored flowers,
The way they bloom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows,
Of merry bird calls.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eye awakened;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens shrieked on the roof.

But on the window panes -
Who painted the leaves there?
I suppose you'll laugh at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of love reciprocated,
Of a beautiful maiden,
Of embracing and kissing,
Of joy and delight.

And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awakened;
Now I sit here alone
And reflect on the dream.

I close my eyes again,
My heart still beats so warmly.
When will you window leaves turn green?
When will I hold my love in my arms?

12. Einsamkeit

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

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

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

13. 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 wunderlich,
Mein Herz?

Nun ja, die Post kommt aus der Stadt,
Wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hat,
Mein Herz!

Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
Mein Herz?

14. Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hatt' einen weißen Schein
Mir übers Haar gestreuet;
Da glaubt' [meint] 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!

12. Solitude

As a dreary cloud
Moves through the clear sky,
When in the crown of the fir tree
A faint breeze blows,

So I travel my road
Onward with sluggish feet,
Through bright, happy life,
Lonely and unrecognized.

Oh, that the air should be so still!
Oh, that the world should be so light!
When the storms still raged,
I was not so miserable.

13. The Post

From the highroad a posthorn sounds.
Why do you leap so high,
My heart?

The post does not bring a letter for you,
Why the strange compulsion,
My heart?

Of course, the post comes from the town,
Where I once had a dear sweetheart,
My heart!

Would you like to take a look over there,
And ask how things are going,
My heart?

14. The Old-Man's Head

The frost has spread a white sheen
All over my hair;
I thought I had become an old man
And was very pleased about it.

But soon it melted away,
And now I have black hair again
So that I am horrified by my youth -
How long still to the grave!

From the sunset to the dawn
Many a head turns white.
Who can believe it? And mine
Has not on this whole journey!

15. 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!

16. Letzte Hoffnung

Hie[r] und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches [Noch ein] bunte[s] Blatt zu seh'n,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken steh'n.

Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,
Hänge meine Hoffnung dran;
Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
Zittr' ich, was ich zittern kann.

Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab;
Fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,
Wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

17. Im Dorfe

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

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

15. The Crow

A crow has accompanied me
Since I left the town,
Until today, as ever,
It has circled over my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
Won't you ever leave me?
Do you plan soon as booty
To have my carcass?

Well, I won't be much longer
Wandering on the road.
Crow, let me finally see
Loyalty unto the grave!

16. Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
There's a colored leaf to be seen.
And I stop in front of the trees
Often, lost in thought.

I watch a particular leaf
And pin my hopes on it;
If the wind plays with my leaf
I tremble from head to foot.

Oh, and if the leaf falls to earth,
My hopes fall along with it.
I fall to earth as well
And weep on the grave of my hopes.

17. In the Village

The dogs are barking, the chains are rattling;
The people are sleeping in their beds,
Dreaming of things they don't have,
Refreshing themselves in good and bad.

And in the morning all will have vanished.
Oh well, they had their share of pleasure
And hope that what they missed
Can be found again on their pillows.

Drive me out with your barking, you vigilant
dogs,
Don't let me rest when it's time for slumber!
I am finished with all my dreams.
Why should I linger among the sleepers?

18. Der stürmische Morgen

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
Des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
Umher im matten 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!

19. 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,
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!

20. Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die ander'n [andren] Wand'rer geh'n,
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 Wegen [Straßen],
Weisen auf die Städte zu.
Und ich wandre sonder Maßen
Ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.

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

18. The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn asunder
The heavens' grey cover!
The cloud tatters flutter
Around in weary strife.

And fiery red flames
Dart around among them;
That's what I call a morning
That really fits my mood!

My heart sees in the heavens
Its own image painted -
It's nothing but the winter,
Winter cold and wild!

19. Illusion

A light does a friendly dance before me,
I follow it here and there;
I like to follow it and watch
The way it lures the wanderer.

Ah, a man as wretched as I am
Is glad to fall for the merry trick
That, beyond ice and night and fear,
Shows him a bright, warm house.

And a loving soul within -
Only illusion lets me win!

20. The Sign Post

Why then do I avoid the highways
Where the other travelers go,
Search out the hidden pathways
Through the snowy mountain tops?

I've committed no crime
That I should hide from other men -
What is the foolish compulsion
That drives me into desolation?

Signposts stand along the highways
Pointing to the cities,
And I wander ever further
Without rest and look for rest.

Before me I see a signpost standing
Fixed before my gaze.
I must travel a road
From which no one ever returned.

21. 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 [Und] tödlich schwer verletzt.

O unbarmherz'ge Schenke,
Doch weisest du mich ab?
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,
Mein treuer Wanderstab!

22. 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!

23. Die Nebensonnen

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

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

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

21. The Inn

My way has led me
to a graveyard;
Here I'll stop,
I told myself.

You green mourning garlands
must be the sign
That invites weary travelers
into the cool inn.

What, all the rooms
in this house are full?
I'm tired enough to drop,
have taken mortal hurt.

Oh, merciless inn,
you turn me away?
Well, onward then, still further,
my loyal walking staff!

22. Courage

If the snow flies in my face,
I shake it off again.
When my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing loudly and gaily.

I don't hear what it says to me,
I have no ears to listen;
I don't feel when it laments,
Complaining is for fools.

Happy through the world along
Facing wind and weather!
If there's no God upon the earth,
Then we ourselves are Gods!

23. The False Suns

I saw three suns in the sky,
Stared at them hard for a long time;
And they stayed there so stubbornly
That it seemed they didn't want to leave me.

Ah, you are not my suns!
Go, look into someone else's face!
Yes, recently I, too, had three
But now the best two have gone down.

If only the third would also set!
I will feel better in the dark.

24. Der Leiermann

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

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

Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an,
Und die Hunde knurren [brummen]
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?

24. The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

Over there beyond the village
Stands an organ-grinder,
And with numb fingers
He plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,
He totters here and there,
And his little plate
Is always empty.

No one listens to him,
No one notices him,
And the dogs growl
Around the old man.

And he just lets it happen,
As it will,
Plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Is never still.

Strange old man,
Shall I go with you?
Will you play your organ
To my song?

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