

Sunday, March 17, 2024, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Mark Padmore, *tenor*
Mitsuko Uchida, *piano*

PROGRAM

Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828) *Winterreise*, Op. 89, D. 911 (1827)
Gute Nacht
Die Wetterfahne
Gefrorne Tränen
Erstarrung
Der Lindenbaum
Wasserflut
Auf dem Flusse
Rückblick
Irrlicht
Rast
Frühlingstraum
Einsamkeit
Die Post
Der greise Kopf
Die Krähe
Letzte Hoffnung
Im Dorfe
Der stürmische Morgen
Täuschung
Der Wegweiser
Das Wirtshaus
Mut
Die Nebensonnen
Der Leiermann

Please hold your applause until the end of the program.

*This program will last approximately 70 minutes
and be performed without intermission.*

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Franz Peter Schubert was born in Liechtental, a suburb of Vienna, on January 31, 1797, and died in Vienna on November 19, 1828. He composed the song cycle *Winterreise* in two parts (of 12 songs each), set to 24 poems by Wilhelm Müller. Schubert composed part one in February 1827 and part two in October of that year. The two parts were also published separately by Tobias Haslinger—the first on January 14, 1828, and the second on December 30, 1828. *Winterreise* is scored for voice and piano.

WINTERREISE

There is no one who understands the pain or the joy of others! We always imagine we are coming together, and we always merely go side by side. Oh what torture for those who recognize this!

—from *Franz Schubert's journal*,
quoted in *Schubert: The Final Years*
by John Reed

Winterreise, a cycle of 24 songs by Franz Schubert, is one of the miracles of Western music. Schubert had perfected the art song, the lied, as a musical form. He developed the narrative song cycle with *Die schöne Müllerin* of 1823, and, four years later, with *Winterreise*. (*Schwanengesang*, which appeared after Schubert's death, was not intended by the composer to be a cycle; it was created by his publisher from various unpublished songs.)

Die schöne Müllerin marked the first time a composer had linked several distinctly separate songs to tell a continuous story—a sad story, to be sure. By the time Schubert wrote *Winterreise*, he was able to plumb despair and convey tragedy to such an extent that the cycle as a whole achieves an emotional impact far beyond that of the individual songs. The cumulative effect *Winterreise* can have on a listener is perhaps closer to Schoenberg's 1909 monodrama *Erwartung* than it is to its sister cycle, *Die schöne Müllerin*.

The fact that *Winterreise* deals with alienation and death in such a new and unrelenting way, coupled with Schubert's tragic death at 31, only a year after he completed the work, has caused some to see a direct correlation between the composer's life and work: the impoverished, unrecognized genius foretelling his own death by writing these bleak, despairing songs. But trying to read such meaning into *Winterreise* trivializes it, and we have no evidence that Schubert thought of these songs as a farewell to life. It is true that he corrected printer's proofs of the second half of *Winterreise* on his deathbed, but the last song he composed was either the cheerful, bucolic "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" ("The Shepherd on the Rock") or the hopeful, yearning "Die Taubenpost" ("The Carrier-Pigeon Mail," the closing song of *Schwanengesang*), and both songs are a universe away from *Winterreise*. The final instrumental work Schubert composed was his astonishing String Quintet in C major (D. 956), a profound work of almost painful beauty, but lacking in the despair and angst that permeate *Winterreise*.

Schubert has been criticized for lavishing his astonishing lyric gifts on the works of minor poets—including Wilhelm Müller, whose work provided the basis for both *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*. But Müller's poems struck an extraordinarily responsive chord in Schubert. What served the composer so well in Müller was the directness and immediacy of the emotion, the vividness of the images, the naturalness of the language, and its inherent lyricism and simplicity. The poems themselves seem to sing, which is no accident.

"I can neither play nor sing, yet when I write verses, I sing and play after all," Müller once remarked. Later he wrote to a composer who had set some of his poetry. "My songs lead but half a life, a paper existence of black-and-white, until music breathes life into them, or at least calls it forth and awakens it if it is already dormant in them."

Still, one wonders if even such a musically inclined poet as Wilhelm Müller realized there was such profoundly disturbing music in his *Winterreise* poems as Schubert found. (Müller died in 1827 at 34, apparently without ever hearing any of Schubert's settings of his poetry.)

Müller's 24 poems were published in three installments. The first 12 appeared in 1823, in a Leipzig publication, *Urania: Taschenbuch auf das Jahr 1823*. Schubert discovered the poems, either in late 1826 or early in January 1827, because by February he had completed his settings. It was only several months later, in the summer of 1827, that he discovered there were more *Winterreise* poems than the 12 he had already set. Ten additional poems had been published in 1823; in 1824, with the addition of two more poems ("Die Post" and "Täuschung"), all 24 had been collected and published in *Waldhornisten II*. In that final form, Müller had changed the order of his poems, so they are not in the same sequence as they appear in Schubert's cycle (though both Müller and Schubert open with "Gute Nacht" and close with "Der Leiermann").

In the 1850s, a friend of the composer, Josef von Spaun, recalled the time those around Schubert first heard *Winterreise*: "For some time Schubert appeared very upset and melancholy. When I asked him what was troubling him, he would only say, 'Soon you will hear and understand.' One day he said to me, 'Come over to Schober's today [at the time, Schubert was sharing lodgings with his friend Franz von Schober] and I will sing you a cycle of horrifying songs. I am anxious to know what you will say about them. They have cost me more effort than any of my other songs.' So he sang the entire *Winterreise* through to us in a voice full of emotion. We were utterly dumbfounded by the mournful, gloomy tone of these songs, and Schober said that only one, 'Der Lindenbaum,' had appealed to him. To this Schubert replied, 'I like these songs more than all the rest, and you will come to like them as well.' And he was right. . . ."

The "dumbfounded" reaction of Schubert's friends at first hearing *Winterreise* is not surprising. The more carefully we listen to the cycle, the more profoundly *Winterreise* moves us. Accustomed as we are today to the sounds of composers such as Berg and Schoenberg, we may not hear immediate screams of alienation or despair in Schubert's music. But within his own musical vocabulary, he delineates dark emotions vividly—even horrifyingly. And the emotions are the stronger for the apparent simplicity of the settings.

W.H. Auden pointed out that "Some of the best things in late works come not in climaxes, but in bridge passages, in little points. Their virtues are virtues for the real connoisseur, they're not immediately apparent." That is especially true in *Winterreise*, given Schubert's tuneful musical language. The depth of feeling and lack of sentimentality to which Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has referred is often conveyed most vividly by those "little points" and "bridge passages." A good example appears in the first song, "Gute Nacht." As might be expected of such a sad song, it is set in a minor key (D minor.) But after three verses in D minor, Schubert suddenly—and unexpectedly—shifts to D major for the final verse. Somehow Schubert makes this major tonality sound even sadder than its minor counterpart, and the final verse, with its leave-taking of the narrator's beloved, is almost unbearably poignant.

Throughout the cycle, Schubert and Müller use many of the images dear to the hearts of German early-Romantics: the idea of wandering, the narrator's identification of his emotions with nature, the intense feeling of being alone and of rejection in love. What is so new about these elements in *Winterreise* is their unrelenting starkness and brutality. At the end of *Die schöne Müllerin*, there is a sweetness, a comfort in the idea of death. In *Winterreise*, death, though longed for, is denied. The narrator is condemned to wander through a cold, barren landscape. The houses he passes are shuttered; neither their

warmth nor their comfortable beds are for him. Even the graveyard rejects him, leaving him no choice but to continue his bleak, endless wandering.

At the end of the cycle, in the song “Der Leiermann,” the narrator meets another person, an organ grinder, who stands “barefoot on the ice,” grinding away on his hurdy-gurdy, ignored by everyone except the snarling dogs. The constant droning open fifths Schubert writes for the pianist’s left hand in the accompaniment not only represent the droning of the hurdy-gurdy, they also convey how stuck, how trapped he is, and the repetitive, hopeless nature of existence. The sparseness of the music Schubert writes over the repetitive open fifths in the bass and the song’s apparent simplicity adds to its cumu-

lative terror as the narrator asks the organ grinder, “Shall I go with you?” Is the organ grinder a figment of the narrator’s imagination? Is he Death? Madness?

“Der Leiermann’ is not only the emotional nadir of the cycle,” writes Fischer-Dieskau, “this song is the culmination of everything that Schubert ever wrote, for there is no escape from this agony.”

—Paul Thomason

The late Paul Thomason, a noted writer on opera and singers, wrote for the Metropolitan Opera and many other musical organizations. This essay appeared originally in the program book of the San Francisco Symphony and is reprinted by permission. Copyright © 2013 San Francisco Symphony.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Mark Padmore (*tenor*) was born in London and studied at King’s College, Cambridge. He has established an international career in opera, concert, and recital. His appearances in Bach Passions have gained particular notice, especially his renowned performances as Evangelist in the *St Matthew* and *St John* Passions with the Berlin Philharmonic and Simon Rattle, staged by Peter Sellars.

The current season focuses on recitals, including performances in Barcelona and Madrid with Julius Drake; Alicante with the Elias String Quartet; the Muziekgebouw Amsterdam with Till Fellner; the Théâtre de l’Athénée Paris with Julius Drake, and Schubert’s *Winterreise* with Mitsuko Uchida at Carnegie Hall, the Kimmel Center in Philadelphia, and here today at UC Berkeley.

Following a residency at Wigmore Hall during the 2021–22 season, where he celebrated his relationship with pianists Till Fellner, Imogen Cooper, Mitsuko Uchida, and Paul Lewis, he returned to Wigmore Hall last season singing Vaughan Williams and Fauré with the Elias Quartet and James Baillieu. The 2022–23 season also saw him appear on

stage in the title role of a new production of Monteverdi’s *Il ritorno d’Ulisse in patria* conducted by Fabio Biondi; sing the world première of Mark-Anthony Turnage’s song cycle *A constant obsession* with the Nash Ensemble; and give concerts with Sinfonieorchester Basel and Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie Bremen.

Padmore’s most recent appearance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden was a new production of Britten’s *Death in Venice*, where his performance was described as a “tour de force” and “exquisite of voice, [presenting] Aschenbach’s physical and spiritual breakdown with extraordinary detail and insight.” Other opera roles have included Captain Vere in Britten’s *Billy Budd* and Evangelist in a staging of the *St Matthew Passion* for the Glyndebourne Festival and leading roles in Harrison Birtwistle’s *The Corridor* and *The Cure* at the Aldeburgh Festival.

In concert, Padmore performs with the world’s leading orchestras. He was Artist in Residence for the 2017–18 season with the Berlin Philharmonic and held a similar position with the Bavarian Radio Symphony

Orchestra in 2016–17. His work with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment has involved projects exploring both the Bach *St John* and *St Matthew* Passions without conductor, attracting worldwide acclaim.

His extensive and award-winning discography includes Schumann's *Dichterliebe* with Kristian Bezuidenhout and Schubert song cycles with Paul Lewis, both for Harmonia Mundi. Described by the *New York Times* as "Schubert Masters," Padmore and Mitsuko Uchida recently embarked on a series of highly acclaimed, worldwide recitals and this partnership has culminated in a recording on Decca Classics of Schubert's *Schwanengesang* and Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*.

Padmore was Artistic Director of the St. Endellion Summer Music Festival in Cornwall from 2012–22, voted 2016 Vocalist of the Year by *Musical America*, and appointed CBE in the 2019 Queens' Birthday Honors List.

One of the most revered artists of our time, **Mitsuko Uchida** is known as a peerless interpreter of the works of Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, and Beethoven, as well as for being a devotee of the piano music of Alban Berg, Arnold Schoenberg, Anton Webern, and György Kurtág. She was *Musical America's* Artist of the Year in 2022, is Music Director of the 2024 Ojai Music Festival, and is a Carnegie Hall Perspectives artist across the 2022–23, 2023–24, and 2024–25 seasons. Her latest solo recording, of Beethoven's *Diabelli* Variations, was released to critical acclaim in 2022, was nominated for a Grammy Award, and won the 2022 *Gramophone* Piano Award. Uchida is Cal Performances' 2023–24 Artist in Residence.

She has enjoyed close relationships over many years with the world's most renowned orchestras, including the Berlin Philhar-

monic, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bavarian Radio Symphony, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, and—in the US—the Chicago Symphony and the Cleveland Orchestra, with whom she recently celebrated her 100th performance at Severance Hall. Conductors with whom she has worked closely have included Bernard Haitink, Sir Simon Rattle, Riccardo Muti, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Vladimir Jurowski, Andris Nelsons, Gustavo Dudamel, and Mariss Jansons.

Since 2016, Mitsuko Uchida has been an Artistic Partner of the Mahler Chamber Orchestra, with whom she is currently engaged on a multi-season touring project in Europe, Japan, and North America. She also appears regularly in recital in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, London, New York, and Tokyo, and is a frequent guest at the Salzburg Mozartwoche and Salzburg Festival.

Uchida records exclusively for Decca, and her multi-award-winning discography includes the complete Mozart and Schubert piano sonatas. She is the recipient of two Grammy Awards—for Mozart Concertos with the Cleveland Orchestra, and for an album of lieder with Dorothea Röschmann—and her recording of the Schoenberg Piano Concerto with Pierre Boulez and the Cleveland Orchestra won the *Gramophone* Award for Best Concerto.

A founding member of the Borletti-Buitoni Trust and Director of the Marlboro Music Festival, Uchida is a recipient of the Golden Mozart Medal from the Salzburg Mozarteum, and the Praemium Imperiale from the Japan Art Association. She has also been awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society and the Wigmore Hall Medal, and holds honorary degrees from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 2009 she was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828)
Winterreise, Op. 89, D. 911 (1827)
[Wilhelm Müller]

[translations by Richard Wigmore]

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.

Good Night
I arrived a stranger,
a stranger I depart.
May blessed me
with many a bouquet of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
her mother even of marriage;
now the world is so desolate,
the path concealed beneath snow.

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.

I cannot choose the time
for my journey;
I must find my own way
in this darkness.
A shadow thrown by the moon
is my companion;
and on the white meadows
I seek the tracks of deer.

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.

Why should I tarry longer
and be driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
before their master's house.
Love delights in wandering –
God made it so –
from one to another.
Beloved, good night!

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.

I will not disturb you as you dream,
it would be a shame to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps;
softly, softly the door is closed.
As I pass I write
'Good night' on your gate,
so that you might see
that I thought of you.

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 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.

Gefrorne 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.

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'.

The Weathervane

The wind is playing with the weathervane
on my fair sweetheart's house.
In my delusion I thought
it was whistling to mock the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed it sooner,
this sign fixed upon the house;
then he would never have sought
a faithful woman within that house.

Inside the wind is playing with hearts,
as on the roof, only less loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

Frozen Tears

Frozen drops fall
from my cheeks;
have I, then, not noticed
that I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,
are you so tepid
that you turn to ice,
like the cold morning dew?

And yet you well up, so scaldingly hot,
from your source within my heart,
as if you would melt
all the ice of winter.

Numbness

In vain I seek
her footprints in the snow,
where she walked on my arm
through the green meadows.

I will kiss the ground
and pierce ice and snow
with my burning tears,
until I see the earth.

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,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin:
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin.

Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träum' 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 findest du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

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

Where shall I find a flower?
Where shall I find green grass?
The flowers have died,
the grass looks so pale.

Shall I, then, take
no memento from here?
When my sorrows are stilled
who will speak to me of her?

My heart is as dead,
her image coldly rigid within it;
if my heart ever melts again
her image, too, will flow away.

The Linden Tree

By the well, before the gate,
stands a linden tree;
in its shade I dreamt
many a sweet dream.

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

Today, too, I had to walk
past it at dead of night;
even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling to me:
'Come to me, friend,
here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
straight into my face,
my hat flew from my head;
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours' journey
from that place;
yet I still hear the rustling:
'There you would find rest.'

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.

Schnee, du weisst von meinem Sehnen;
Sag', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
Nimmt 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.

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 windet
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

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

Flood

Many a tear has fallen
from my eyes into the snow;
its cold flakes eagerly suck in
my burning grief.

When the grass is about to shoot forth,
a mild breeze blows;
the ice breaks up into pieces
and the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know of my longing;
tell me, where does your path lead?
If you but follow my tears
the brook will soon absorb you.

With it you will flow through the town,
in and out of bustling streets;
when you feel my tears glow,
there will be my sweetheart's house.

On the River

You who rippled so merrily,
clear, boisterous river,
how still you have become;
you give no parting greeting.

With a hard, rigid crust
you have covered yourself;
you lie cold and motionless,
stretched out in the sand.

On your surface I carve
with a sharp stone
the name of my beloved,
the hour and the day.

The day of our first greeting,
the date I departed.
Around name and figures
a broken ring is entwined.

My heart, do you now recognise
your image in this brook?
Is there not beneath its crust
likewise a seething torrent?

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 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 geschehn um dich, Gesell!

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

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:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trockne Rinnen

Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab –
Jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
Jedes Leiden auch sein Grab.

Backward Glance

The soles of my feet are burning,
though I walk on ice and snow;
I do not wish to draw breath again
until I can no longer see the towers.

I tripped on every stone,
such was my hurry to leave the town;
the crows threw snowballs and hailstones
on to my hat from every house.

How differently you received me,
town of inconstancy!
At your shining windows
lark and nightingale sang in rivalry.

The round linden trees blossomed,
the clear fountains plashed brightly,
and, ah, a maiden's eyes glowed; then,
friend, your fate was sealed.

When that day comes to my mind
I should like to look back once more,
and stumble back
to stand before her house.

Will-o'-the-wisp

A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me
into the deepest rocky chasms;
how I shall find a way out
does not trouble my mind.

I am used to straying;
every path leads to one goal.
Our joys, our sorrows –
all are a will-o'-the wisp's game.

Down the dry gullies of the mountain
stream

I calmly wend my way;
every river will reach the sea;
every sorrow, too, will reach its grave.

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 ruhn 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!

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.

Rest

Only now, as I lie down to rest,
do I notice how tired I am.
Walking kept me cheerful
on the inhospitable road.

My feet did not seek rest;
it was too cold to stand still.
My back felt no burden;
the storm helped to blow me onwards.

In a charcoal-burner's cramped cottage I
found shelter.
But my limbs cannot rest,
their wounds burn so.

You too, my heart, so wild and daring
in battle and tempest;
in this calm you now feel the stirring of
your serpent,
with its fierce sting.

Dream of Spring

I dreamt of bright flowers
that blossom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows
and merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed
my eyes awoke:
it was cold and dark,
ravens cawed from the roof.

But there, on the window panes,
who had painted the leaves?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of mutual love,
of a lovely maiden,
of embracing and kissing,
of joy and rapture.

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

And when the cocks crowed
my heart awoke;
now I sit here alone
and reflect upon my dream.

Die Augen schliess' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?

I close my eyes again,
my heart still beats so warmly.
Leaves on my window, when will you
turn green?

Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

When shall I hold my love in my arms?

Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

Loneliness

As a dark cloud
drifts through clear skies,
when a faint breeze blows
in the fir-tops;

So zieh' ich meine Strasse
Dahin mit trägem Fuss,
Durch helles, frohes Leben,
Einsam und ohne Gruss.

Thus I go on my way
with weary steps, through
bright, joyful life,
alone, greeted by no one.

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

Alas, that the air is so calm!
Alas, that the world is so bright!
When storms were still raging
I was not so wretched.

Die Post

Von der Strasse her ein Posthorn klingt.
Was hat es, dass es so hoch aufspringt,
Mein Herz?

The Post

A posthorn sounds from the road.
Why is it that you leap so high,
my heart?

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.
Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,
Mein Herz?

The post brings no letter for you.
Why, then, do you surge so strangely,
my heart?

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

But yes, the post comes from the town
where I once had a beloved sweetheart,
my heart!

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

Do you want to peep out
and ask how things are there,
my heart?

Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hat einen weissen Schein
Mir über's Haar 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!

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 gehen
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, lass mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

Letzte Hoffnung

Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,
Und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.

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

The Grey Head

The frost has sprinkled a white sheen
upon my hair:
I thought I was already an old man,
and I rejoiced.

But soon it melted away;
once again I have black hair,
so that I shudder at my youth.
How far it is still to the grave!

Between sunset and the light of morning
many a head has turned grey.
Who will believe it? Mine has not done so
throughout this whole journey.

The Crow

A crow has come with me
from the town,
and to this day
has been flying ceaselessly about my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
will you not leave me?
Do you intend soon
to seize my body as prey?

Well, I do not have much further to walk
with my staff.
Crow, let me at last see
faithfulness unto the grave.

Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
many a coloured leaf can still be seen.
I often stand, lost in thought,
before those trees.

I look at one such leaf
and hang my hopes upon it;
if the wind plays with my leaf
I tremble to the depths of my being.

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

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground
my hopes fall with it;
I, too, fall to the ground
and weep on the grave of my hopes.

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;

In the Village

Dogs bark, chains rattle;
people sleep in their beds,
dreaming of many a thing they do not
possess,
consoling themselves with the good and
the bad;

Und morgen früh ist Alles zerflossen –

And tomorrow morning all will have
vanished.

Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen,
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig liessen,
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.

Well, they have enjoyed their share,
and hope to find on their pillows
what they still have left to savour.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,

Drive me away with your barking,
watchful dogs;

Lasst mich nicht ruhn in der Schlummer-
stunde!

allow me no rest in this hour of sleep!

Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen –
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

I am finished with all dreams.
Why should I linger among slumberers?

Der stürmische Morgen

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

The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn apart
the grey mantle of the sky!
Tattered clouds fly about
in weary conflict.

Und rote Feuerflammen
Ziehn zwischen ihnen hin.
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen
So recht nach meinem Sinn!

And red flames
dart between them.
This is what I call
a morning after my own heart.

Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
Gemalt sein eignes Bild –
Es ist nichts als der Winter,
Der Winter kalt und wild.

My heart sees its own image
painted in the sky.
It is nothing but winter –
winter, cold and savage.

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!

Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege
Wo die anderen Wanderer geh'n,
Suche mir versteckte Stege
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?

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 wandre sonder Massen,
Ohne Ruh,¹ und suche Ruh.²

Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
Eine Strasse muss ich gehen,
Die noch Keiner ging zurück.

Illusion

A light dances cheerfully before me,
I follow it this way and that;
I follow it gladly, knowing
that it lures the wanderer.

Ah, a man as wretched as I
gladly yields to the beguiling gleam
that reveals to him, beyond ice, night
and terror,
a bright, warm house,
and a beloved soul within.
Even mere delusion is a boon to me!

The Signpost

Why do I avoid the roads
that other travellers take,
and seek hidden paths
over the rocky, snow-clad heights?

Yet I have done no wrong,
that I should shun mankind.
What foolish yearning
drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the roads,
pointing towards the towns;
and I wander on, relentlessly,
restless, and yet seeking rest.

I see a signpost standing
immovable before my eyes;
I must travel a road
from which no man has ever returned.

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 Wanderer laden
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.

Sind denn in diesem Hause
Die Kammern all' besetzt?
Bin matt zum Niedersinken
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.

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

Mut!

Fliegt der Schnee mir in's 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.

The Inn

My journey has brought me
to a graveyard.
Here, I thought to myself,
I will rest for the night.

Green funeral wreaths,
you must be the signs
inviting tired travellers
into the cool inn.

Are all the rooms
in this house taken, then?
I am weary to the point of collapse,
I am fatally wounded.

Pitiless tavern,
do you nonetheless turn me away?
On, then, press onwards,
my trusty staff!

Courage!

When the snow flies in my face
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks in my breast
I sing loudly and merrily.

I do not hear what it tells me,
I have no ears;
I do not feel what it laments.
Lamenting is for fools.

Cheerfully out into the world,
against wind and storm!
If there is no God on earth,
then we ourselves are gods!

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 in's 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.

Der Leiermann

Drüben hinter'm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er was er kann.

Barfuss auf dem Eise
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
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?

The Mock Suns

I saw three suns in the sky;
I gazed at them long and intently.
And they, too, stood there so fixedly,
as if unwilling to leave me.

Alas, you are not my suns!
Gaze into other people's faces!
Yes, not long ago I, too, had three suns;
now the two best have set.

If only the third would follow,
I should feel happier in the dark.

The Hurdy-Gurdy Player

There, beyond the village,
stands a hurdy-gurdy player;
with numb fingers
he plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
he totters to and fro,
and his little plate
remains forever empty.

No one wants to listen,
no one looks at him,
and the dogs growl
around the old man.

And he lets everything go on
as it will;
he plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
never stops.

Strange old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy
to my songs?