

26 March 2025

SCHUBERT'S WINTERREISE:

TRIFONOV & GOERNE IN RECITAL



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2025 CONCERT SEASON

INTERNATIONAL PIANISTS IN RECITAL

Wednesday 26 March, 7pm

City Recital Hall,

Angel Place

SCHUBERT'S *WINTERREISE*: TRIFONOV & GOERNE IN RECITAL

DRAMATIC LANDSCAPES

DANIIL TRIFONOV piano

MATTHIAS GOERNE baritone

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

***Winterreise* D911** (1827)

1. *Gute Nacht* (Good Night)
2. *Die Wetterfahne* (The Weathervane)
3. *Gefror'ne Tränen* (Frozen Tears)
4. *Erstarrung* (Numbness)
5. *Der Lindenbaum* (The Linden Tree)
6. *Wasserflut* (Flood Water)
7. *Auf dem Fluße* (On the River)
8. *Rückblick* (A Look Backward)
9. *Irrlicht* (Will o' the Wisp)
10. *Rast* (Rest)
11. *Frühlingstraum* (Dream of Spring)
12. *Einsamkeit* (Loneliness)
13. *Die Post* (The Mail Coach)
14. *Der greise Kopf* (The Old Man's Head)
15. *Dir Krähe* (The Crow)
16. *Letzte Hoffnung* (Last Hope)
17. *Im Dorfe* (In the Village)
18. *Der stürmische Morgen* (The Stormy Morning)
19. *Täuschung* (Deception)
20. *Der Wegweiser* (The Signpost)
21. *Das Wirtshaus* (The Inn)
22. *Mut* (Courage)
23. *Die Nebensonne* (The Phantom False Sun)
24. *Der Leiermann* (The Hurdy-Gurdy Man)

Pre-concert talk

By Francis Grep in
the Function Room
Level 1 at 6.15pm

Estimated durations

The concert will run for
approximately 74 minutes

Cover image

By Richard Termine

Daniil Trifonov's performances
with the Sydney Symphony
Orchestra have been made
possible with support from the
Berg Family Foundation

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Photo by Darius Acosta

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

DANIIL TRIFONOV piano

Grammy Award-winning pianist Daniil Trifonov (dan-EEL TREE-fon-ov) has made a spectacular ascent of the classical music world, as a solo artist, champion of the concerto repertoire, chamber and vocal collaborator and composer. Combining consummate technique with rare sensitivity and depth, his performances are a perpetual source of awe. 'He has everything and more ... tenderness and also the demonic element. I never heard anything like that,' marveled pianist Martha Argerich. With *Transcendental*, the Liszt collection that marked his third title as an exclusive Deutsche Grammophon artist, Trifonov won the Grammy Award for Best Instrumental Solo Album of 2018. Named *Gramophone's* 2016 Artist of the Year and *Musical America's* 2019 Artist of the Year, he was made a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres by the French government in 2021. As *The Times* of London notes, he is 'without question the most astounding pianist of our age.'

Trifonov undertakes season-long artistic residencies with both the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Czech Philharmonic in 2024-25, first at season-opening concerts in Prague and then on tour in Toronto and at New York's Carnegie Hall. Trifonov also opens the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra's season with Mozart's 25th Piano Concerto under Andris Nelsons; performs Prokofiev's Second with the San Francisco Symphony and Esa-Pekka Salonen; reprises Dvořák's concerto for a European tour with Jakub Hrůša and the Bamberg Symphony; plays Ravel's G major Concerto with Hamburg's NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra and Alan Gilbert; and joins Rafael Payare and the Montreal Symphony for concertos by Schumann and Beethoven on a major European tour of London, Amsterdam, Luxembourg, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Munich and Vienna. In recital, Trifonov appears twice more at Carnegie Hall, first on a solo tour that also takes in Chicago and Philadelphia, and then with violinist Leonidas Kavakos, with whom he also appears in Chicago, Boston, Kansas City and Washington, DC. Fall 2024 brings the release of *My American Story*, the pianist's new Deutsche Grammophon

double album, which pairs solo pieces with concertos by Gershwin and Mason Bates. Bates's concerto is dedicated to Trifonov and both orchestral works were captured live with Yannick Nézet-Séguin and the Philadelphia Orchestra, who previously partnered with the pianist on his award-winning *Destination Rachmaninov* series.

Since making solo recital debuts at Carnegie Hall, London's Wigmore Hall, Vienna's Musikverein, Japan's Suntory Hall and Paris's Salle Pleyel in 2012-13, Trifonov has given solo recitals at venues including the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC; Boston's Celebrity Series; London's Barbican, Royal Festival and Queen Elizabeth Halls; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw (Master Piano Series); Berlin's Philharmonie; Munich's Herkulesaal; Bavaria's Schloss Elmau; Zurich's Tonhalle; the Lucerne Piano Festival; the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels; the Théâtre des Champs Élysées and Auditorium du Louvre in Paris; Barcelona's Palau de la Música; Tokyo's Opera City; the Seoul Arts Center; and Melbourne's Recital Centre.

It was during the 2010-11 season that Trifonov won medals at three of the music world's most prestigious competitions, taking Third Prize in Warsaw's Chopin Competition, First Prize in Tel Aviv's Rubinstein Competition, and both First Prize and Grand Prix – an additional honor bestowed on the best overall competitor in any category – in Moscow's Tchaikovsky Competition. In 2013 he was awarded the prestigious Franco Abbiati Prize for Best Instrumental Soloist by Italy's foremost music critics.

Born in Nizhny Novgorod in 1991, Trifonov began his musical training at the age of five, and went on to attend Moscow's Gnessin School of Music as a student of Tatiana Zelikman, before pursuing his piano studies with Sergei Babayan at the Cleveland Institute of Music. He has also studied composition, and continues to write for piano, chamber ensemble and orchestra. When he premiered his own Piano Concerto, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* marveled: 'Even having seen it, one cannot quite believe it. Such is the artistry of pianist-composer Daniil Trifonov.'



Photo by Marie Staggat

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

MATTHIAS GOERNE baritone

Celebrated around the globe for his opera and concert performances, German baritone Matthias Goerne is a frequent guest with leading orchestras and at renowned festivals and concert halls.

Goerne has appeared on the world's principal opera stages, including the Metropolitan Opera in New York, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Teatro Real in Madrid; Paris National Opera, Bayerische Staatsoper Munich and the Vienna State Opera. His carefully chosen roles range from Amfortas, Marke, Wolfram, Wotan, Orest and Jochanaan to the title roles in Béla Bartók's *Duke Bluebeard's Castle* and Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*.

Goerne's artistry has been documented on numerous recordings, many of which have received rave reviews and prestigious awards, including five Grammy nominations, an ICMA award, a *Gramophone Award*, the *BBC Music Magazine Vocal Award* 2017, Diapason d'or arte and the ECHO Klassik 2017 in the category Singer of the Year. In 2001, he was appointed an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music in London. He has released four albums with Deutsche Grammophon: Beethoven Songs with Jan Lisiecki; a collection of Wagner, Strauss and Pfitzner songs with Seong-Jin Cho; an album of Schumann and Brahms Songs with Daniil Trifonov which was awarded Vocal Recording of the Year by *Limelight*; and *Schubert Revisited*, the latest album with Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie Bremen released in 2023. He is featured as Wotan on the Naxos release of the entire *Ring Cycle* with the Hong Kong Philharmonic and conductor Jaap van Zweden.

During the 2023/24 season, Goerne embarked on an extensive recital and orchestral tour of China and performed in a series of recitals with Evgeny Kissin in Europe and the United States. He sang the world premiere of Jörg Widmann's *Schumannliebe* at the Casa da Musica in Porto and the Cologne Philharmonie. In addition to a series of concerts with the NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra, he sang Britten's *War Requiem* on tour in Germany with the SWR Symphony Orchestra. During the summer festival season, Goerne began a Schubert lied cycle at Lanaudière Festival and was the soloist with the OSM Montreal. He also returned to the Ravinia Festival and to Wigmore Hall, where he sang two recitals with different programs. Goerne also appeared at the Salzburg Festival, where he gave a lieder recital with Markus Hinterhäuser and performed Widmann's *Schumannliebe* with the Camerata Salzburg.

In the 2024/25 season, his schedule includes tours in Asia with Maria João Pires and in Australia with Daniil Trifonov. Goerne will perform Bluebeard with Mikko Franck and the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France and will also appear at the Musikverein in Vienna for the Christmas concert and perform John Adams' *The Wound Dresser* with Marin Alsop. At the 2025 Mahler Festival, he will be a guest at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam with the NHK Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fabio Luisi. He will sing Frank Martin's *Jedermann Monologue* with the orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera under the baton of Vladimir Jurowski, and he will also appear in Israel with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lahav Shani. At the Hamburg International Music Festival, he will perform in *Wozzeck* with Alan Gilbert and the NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchestra.

Born in Weimar, he studied with Hans-Joachim Beyer, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.

ABOUT THE MUSIC

ABOUT FRANZ SCHUBERT

Schubert almost too neatly fits the stereotype of the Romantic artist: phenomenally productive though poor and largely unrecognised during a life that tragically ended when he was barely 31 years old.

Unlike Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, who made Vienna their home, Schubert was born there in 1797. The family was by no means well off, but, as his father was a schoolmaster, Schubert was well educated, especially in literature and music: he began learning keyboard at the age of five. From 1805 he sang in the choir of the local parish church in the Viennese suburb of Lichtenthal for two years; then, having been auditioned by Antonio Salieri – the Kapellmeister who didn't kill Mozart – he joined the Imperial Chapel choir in 1808 and was enrolled in the Stadtkonvikt School, where he remained until 1813. He briefly took up teaching from 1814, by which time he had already produced original music including his Fantasy for piano duet (D1), his first song, the beginnings of an opera and his First Symphony. The next two years would see several masses, symphonies and hundreds of songs, establishing Schubert's ability to set poetry of hugely variable types and qualities. A number of works were performed in the Schubert home; what history knows as the Schubert circle - people who loved him and his music and gave him practical, moral and financial support - begins to form.

Over the next few years Schubert had some success as a composer for the stage, though his wish to create operas in German was swamped by the craze for Rossini. He continued composition of songs and dance music and more than one unfinished symphony.



1875 painting of Schubert by Wilhelm August Rieder (1796–1880), after Rieder's watercolour painting of 1825. Source: Wikimedia/Vienna Museum.

In 1823 Schubert began to experience the severe illness which would carry him off five years later, but work carried on unabated, and the later years are those of the pieces whose dimensions were described later by Schumann as of 'heavenly length'. Among these are the great string quartets, the string quintet, large scale piano sonatas and song cycles *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*.

In 1827 Schubert was a torch-bearer at Beethoven's funeral. As a student of Salieri, the young Schubert had thought Beethoven's work deliberately odd and grotesque, but seeing the first performance of the final version of *Fidelio* may have catalysed his conversion.

Schubert's final year saw the only known public concert of his music – a great success. He began to study advanced counterpoint toward the end of the year but his condition worsened and he died on 19 November 1828.

ABOUT THE MUSIC

ABOUT *WINTERREISE*

The literary background

German literature had undergone a massive reform at the hands of Friedrich von Schiller and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe in the late eighteenth century. In order to purify the dialect of the tribe, both had set about classicising German poetry. They supplanted, on the one hand, the ‘Anacreontic’ rococo style, which tended to be overly ornate and artificial, and on the other the rather stolid religious works of poets like Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (now known primarily for the poem adapted and set by Mahler in his ‘Resurrection’ Symphony). In 1770 Goethe had come into contact with Johann Gottfried Herder, whose extensive poetic and religious writings included a reappraisal of folk poetry – paving the way for the work of the brothers Grimm and collections such as *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. This offered Goethe a model of clear diction, simple imagery and flexible rhythm. It had its effect on a later generation of German-speaking poets, the Romantics, also offering themes such as Nature, the medieval world, the supernatural and death. This direct poetic language, exploring basic human emotion, indirectly gave birth to the *Lied*, or solo song with keyboard, which achieved its first flowering as an essentially domestic, or otherwise private, entertainment, especially in the cities of northern Germany. This derives partly from advances in piano technology, which made for affordable instruments that could express a range of colour and dynamics to match the direct emotion of the new poetry.

Some of Schubert’s greatest achievements in song were in his song-cycles, particularly those to poems of Wilhelm Müller, whose posterity is, probably, only a result of Schubert’s interest. Müller died in 1827, so never knew of Schubert or his music. What made him attractive to Schubert is that Müller used that folk-influenced diction to create an examination of individual psychology. *Die schöne Müllerin*, for instance, is a step-by-step analysis of the rise and fall of a young man’s infatuation with a miller’s beautiful daughter, and with it the progressive loss of his sanity. The other great cycle, also to poems of Müller, is, of course, *Winterreise* (Winter Journey). Where *Die schöne Müllerin* tells its story in, as it were, ‘real time’, *Winterreise* is more a progressive reflection on events past.



Engraving of Wilhelm Müller, poet of *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*, by Johann Friedrich Schröter (1770–1836).

ABOUT THE MUSIC

The poems and the music

The cycle is a stark portrayal of loneliness, alienation and anomie. Its protagonist is a young man who has been rejected by his beloved; in the opening song, *Gute Nacht*, he bids farewell to her and her home-town, in which he had briefly lived. Over the course of 24 songs he experiences false hopes and profound despair, dreams of spring and contemplates death in a graveyard; all this is against the backdrop of a forbidding snowbound landscape. Schubert began by setting the first twelve poems in the order in which he had discovered them, published as a set in a literary magazine, *Urania*, early in 1827. Müller had subsequently published the remaining twelve in two or three other sources, and Schubert set them in the order they appeared later that year. Müller himself then reordered the set slightly.

As a result, there is a sense in which the second twelve act as amplification of the first. The first set contains *Irrlicht*, No.9, where the will-o'-the-wisp which leads the man on through rocky defiles (and these are 'represented' in the huge intervals the voice has to leap); this is balanced by the nineteenth song, *Täuschung* (Deception) where again, he follows a dancing light: there the music of the first stanza, in its innocent A major and 6/8 time, reflects the willingness of the man to be deceived. Schubert uses the same nymphs-and-shepherd manner in *Frühlingstraum*, No.11 (Dream of Spring).

This also explains why, occasionally, we experience the disorientation of being not out in the trackless wastes, but back in the town near the beloved's house: whether in his physical journey, or merely in his reflections, the young man often finds himself back where he started – a great image for the obsession which drives him.

The first set ends with *Einsamkeit*, No.12 (Loneliness), which in its original version brings the music back to the same key – D minor – in which the cycle started. The verse there is a straightforward description of the emotional state. The 24th and final song, *Der Leiermann*, provides a graphic and dramatic image of loneliness: an old man staggers barefoot on the frozen ground outside the town, constantly playing his hurdy-gurdy (not an organ in any sense but a string instrument with a rotating disc to produce a drone, which the piano imitates.) His begging bowl lies empty on the ground; he is shunned by humans and menaced by dogs. The song's pathos is dramatically enhanced by the fact that we have reached the end of reflection, with the protagonist now facing a bleak present and future. The delusions that persisted up until the previous song (where an atmospheric effect of ice and light, known as parhelia, creates the illusion of two eyes in the sky) are finally stripped away, and, like poor Tom in Shakespeare's *King Lear* the protagonist is merely 'the thing itself: unaccommodated man'.

ABOUT THE MUSIC



A Wanderer above the Sea of Fog (1818) by Caspar David Friedrich (1774–1840).

Like *King Lear*, *Winterreise* creates a scenario that became archetypal in the works of Romantic artists. The single figure dwarfed by a sublime or forbidding landscape is a staple in the paintings of Caspar David Friedrich, for instance; the death-wish, where death becomes the only possible fulfilment of unrequited love, which is a staple of German Romantic poetry from Novalis, one the earliest Romantics, to Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* – is articulated in the fourteenth song, *Der greise Kopf*, where the young man, covered in white snow, has a welcome vision of himself as old and close to death (and the music there, perhaps deliberately, contains echoes of archaic style) and in the 21st song, *Das Wirtshaus*, where the graveyard is likened to an inn.

The song-cycle has a musical unity that embodies the unity of the story it tells. But the individual songs are all self-contained, and often have a regular strophic or modified strophic form: that is, consist of repeated musical 'verses'. Contemporary German composer Hans Zender, who has made a wonderful 'recomposed' version of *Winterreise* for singer and small orchestra, notes that Schubert would generate each song:

by matching the key image with a germinal musical figure, out of which the entire song would develop...the sound of foot-steps in Nos. 1 and 8, the blowing of the wind (Nos. 2, 19 and 22), the crunching of ice (Nos. 3 and 7), the desperate searching for the past (Nos. 9, 11 and 19), the flight of crows, the trembling of falling leaves, the snarling of a dog, the sounds of an approaching mail coach...

Sometimes these images are matched by melodic motifs, such as the falling four notes at the very beginning of *Gute Nacht*, that appear in modified form elsewhere throughout the cycle. And Schubert, acutely sensitive to instrumental colour, uses the piano to create a vast array of different illustrative and expressive effects, sometimes supporting and sometimes in dramatic opposition to the voice.

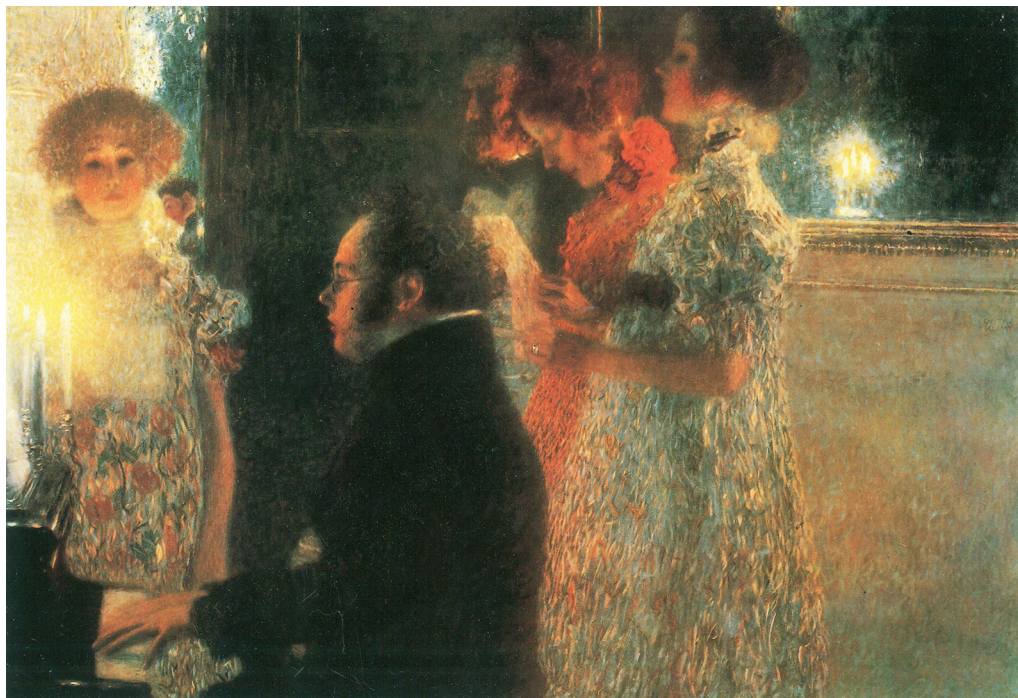
Schubert, moreover, uses the relationships of the songs' keys to dramatic effect, just as Mozart might structure an act of an opera. (He wrote them initially for his own tenor voice, but they are frequently sung by baritones.) While in the first, twelve-song version, *Einsamkeit* was in the same key as the opening *Gute Nacht*, creating a sense of closure; the second version is in a key a minor third lower, creating a sense of unfulfilled expectation.

ABOUT THE MUSIC

A further example: the first four songs are in more or less conventionally related keys: D minor, A minor, a Schubert shift to F minor, then C minor – in tonal harmony, a strong ‘logical’ sequence. But in the fourth song – *Erstarrung*, which can mean ‘frozen’, or ‘in a stupor’, the protagonist loses it, wanting to scratch in the snow to find the tracks of a walk with his lover. That is the turning point of his madness, so it is no surprise that the following song – *Der Lindenbaum* with its deathly seduction – is in a radically new and unrelated key, E major. Needless to say, Schubert’s harmony being what it is, the sense of key is commonly inflected by sudden changes from minor to major or the reverse to enact specific emotional shifts.

A year before his death, Schubert, gravely ill, told his friends that he had written some ‘terrifying songs’ (though admitted that he had gained great pleasure from writing them), and insisted that one day they would come to appreciate what he had done. That terror is encapsulated in the bleak hopelessness of the final song *Der Leiermann*, which Schubert sets with such breathtaking simplicity. The scene of the hurdy-gurdy player and the now maddened young man has frequently been compared to the despairing ‘modern’ paralysis of characters in plays by Samuel Beckett. It is perhaps no wonder that musicians and audiences of our own time keep coming back to *Winterreise*.

© Gordon Kerry 2014/2025



Schubert at the Piano II (1899) by Gustav Klimt (1862–1918). Destroyed by a fire set by retreating German forces in 1945 at Schloss Immendorf, Austria.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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 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 gedacht

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.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

2. Die Wetterfahne

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie pfiß 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.

3. 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!

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

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. 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 memento
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 melt away, too!

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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.

Ich mußst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkeln
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 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.

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.

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.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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.

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.

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 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's burning 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.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

9. 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 trockne Rinnen
Wind' ich ruhig mich hinab,
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!

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.
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!

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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 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?

12. *Einsamkeit*

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

So zieh ich meine Straße
Dahin mit trægern 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.

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 leaves on the window turn green?
When will I hold my love in my arms?

12. *Loneliness*

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.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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' 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!

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!

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. 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!

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

16. *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.

Schauen 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 Argem 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?

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!

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. *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!

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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 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 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.

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 tödlich schwer verletzt.

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

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 Signpost

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. 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!

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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;
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.

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

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

24. *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.

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?

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. *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 songs

Text by Wilhelm Müller
Translation by Celia A Sgroi

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