



SCHUBERT
Schwanengesang

Michael Volle, Baritone • Ulrich Eisenlohr, Piano • Sjön Scott, Horn



Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828): Schwanengesang

Out of my great pain I make my little songs Heinrich Heine

"To the numerous admirers of Schubert's classic muse we offer under the above-mentioned title the last flowering of his noble genius: namely, those poetry settings which he wrote in August 1828, shortly before he passed away." Thus ran the advertisement in the *Wiener Zeitung* in May 1829 for a collection of hitherto unpublished songs by Franz Schubert. Soon after the composer's death his brother Ferdinand agreed to sell a number of compositions to the publisher Tobias Haslinger; among them was a notebook containing settings of seven poems by Ludwig Rellstab and six by Heinrich Heine. Haslinger added *Die Taubenpost* (The Pigeon Post), a setting of a poem by Johann Gabriel Seidl written in October 1828, and gave the collection the effective title *Swan-Song*.

The swan-song provided a popular poetic metaphor in the conventional, bourgeois world of early nineteenth century Biedermeier Vienna. Johann Christostomus Senn, a member of Schubert's circle of friends, based an eight-line poem around the idea that the swan is only able to sing with bewitching beauty once in its life: when it is facing death.

*How shall I cry out in the death that I feel,
Dissolving my body in its currents,
How shall I praise the life that I feel,
Breathing liberation into you, my spirit?
He moaned, he sang in fear of death,
For joy at his transformation,
Until life fled.
That is the meaning of the swan's song.*

Senn had spent a year in prison awaiting trial on a charge of political subversion and was then banished to the provinces. Presumably, the two poems of his, written in exile, which were set to music in 1822 and included in Opus 23, were brought to Schubert by a mutual friend. Against this background today's reader sees *Schwanengesang* not only as a metaphor, or, as in

Senn's poem, a string of moods, but also perceives a deeper dimension. Is there not, hiding behind the glorification of death, a living being's longing to be as free as the spirit no longer confined within the body: in other words, a longing for a change in the status quo? Freedom of the spirit means not being the victim of political, social or personal constraints; it means being able to live out one's emotions – love above all. But why is it, asks the poet Karl Mickel in his essay *Hohes Paar* (The Noble Couple, 1979) "that the lyric poets in the first third of the nineteenth century all suffered unrequited love, if we are to believe their verses? And why is it that those who clearly had no problems with women on a personal level weep and wail with the rest; Heine, for instance, up to the onset of his illness "could command any salon"?" And he replies: "Unrequited love was a standard subject for poetry... The Romantic poets were so dominated by these stock themes that they denied their personal experience or were prepared to experience only what conformed with these themes...". This "stock poetic theme" is always present in Schubert's Lied-compositions, too, as the texts he chose were mainly written by his contemporaries. Unlike Heine, Schubert knew from experience about the suffering love can cause. If we are to believe the early biographical reports, Schubert and Therese Grob, the sweetheart of his youth, intended to get married. The reason why the wedding was put off and then cancelled altogether was not because they loved each other too little, or that their feelings cooled, but probably lay in the "marriage agreement law", passed in 1815, which meant that Schubert had to provide proof "of sufficient income to feed the family". As an assistant teacher he was unable to do so, still less as an unemployed musician.

These and other state controls which affected even the most private spheres of life, not to mention the constant spying carried out by Metternich's secret police, stifled any kind of spontaneity. People sought relief from mind-numbing reality in lively social

gatherings and fled from the imprisonment (not only architectural) of the city to the open country - whether literally or in lyrical fantasies is another question. Thus unrequited love, poetry's "standard subject", lends a special significance to the metaphor of "wandering" and the "wanderer" in Biedermeier times. Wagner still has his Wotan flee from hearth and home in Walhalla. But just as the living must pay for their longed-for spiritual freedom with death, so the wanderer pays for his independence with the torments of restlessness and exile. With this in mind, one is prompted to read more carefully between the lines of the texts Schubert chose.

Franz Schubert's Lied-compositions as a whole revolve around the interconnected themes that have been dealt with or touched upon here, namely: unrequited love, parting, wandering, loneliness, longing for "death"; and this also holds true for *Schwanengesang*, which consists of two parts, each dedicated to one poet (leaving aside *Die Taubenpost* for the moment). It is probably a myth, put about by the writer, critic and librettist Ludwig Rellstab himself, that when his handwritten poems were found among Beethoven's posthumous papers, they were passed straight on to Schubert. It is more likely that Schubert used an 1827 edition published in Berlin, from which he took the other Rellstab songs, setting them to music in 1828.

Schubert's *Lieder* are founded on so-called traditional folk-songs. On first acquaintance they already sound familiar, and yet every time we meet them again they seem entirely new. Musical analysis, rather than explaining this phenomenon, only makes it more puzzling. Catchy tunes, pleasant harmonies, uncomplicated rhythms and clear forms are Schubert's fundamental principles. He creates a musical atmosphere to suit each song and this remains essentially the same to the end. Sometimes it is built around only one chord, or a simple modulation, a short melodic sequence or a particular rhythmic pattern. If a certain part of the text calls for emphasis or variation, then this is done with few but appropriate means. Such a close relationship between text and music suits *Lieder* in a traditional folk-song style just as well as a lyrical, atmospheric description or a ballad.

In his settings of the Rellstab poems Schubert again employs the whole range of possibilities he has developed, whereby the piano accompaniment is often as expressive and varied as an entire orchestra. In *Liebesbotschaft* (Love Message) we hear the babbling brook. In *Kriegers Ahnung* (Warrior's Foreboding) the series of chords which - despite the 3/4 time - remind us of a funeral march, is contrasted with the urgency of the musical figures, the same urgency that determines the atmosphere of *Frühlingssehnsucht* (Spring Longing), in which the change from the major to the minor at the beginning of the last verse makes a strong impression. In *Ständchen* (Serenade) the piano, in keeping with the title, imitates a mandolin. Nature takes on a threateningly static aspect, expressed in crude harmonies and constantly repeated chords of quaver triplets in *Aufenthalt* (Sojourn). The wanderer of *In der Ferne* (In Distant Lands) walks with a heavy tread. He finds consolation, marked by a change from the minor to the major, in fleeting, insubstantial natural phenomena such as breezes, waves and sun-rays; things, like the spirit, which he cannot grasp and yet which are part of the material world. The background to the strophic song *Abschied* (Farewell) is created by the relentless trot of horse and rider, hurrying away. It is possible that Schubert intended to include his setting of Rellstab's *Herbst* (Autumn) in this collection, perhaps to complement *Frühlingssehnsucht*, thereby letting the soft breezes of spring develop into cold, autumnal storms. In *Lebensmut* (Life's Courage), which remained unfinished, death is extolled as the impetus behind an active life. In Biedermeier Vienna that was pretty revolutionary stuff. And Schubert gives the text a very broad melodic line and a lively dance rhythm, which has associations with the polonaise or a cantering horse. *Auf dem Strom* (Upon the River) was also going to belong to this group of Rellstab songs, but Schubert decided, as it was to be performed at a Musikverein concert in Vienna, to include a horn in the composition - an instrument that symbolised travel and parting because of its "relative" the post-horn.

Whereas the Rellstab songs can be seen as representing Schubert's summary of all his *Lied-*

compositions up to that point, the settings of the Heine poems, which were written immediately afterwards, take ground-breaking steps towards the Lied of the future. Schubert first heard some of the poet's work – Heine was the same age as he – at a literary evening given by his friend Franz von Schober in 1828. He was so impressed that he put down some ideas for a composition straightaway. He did not set the poems to music, however, until six months later. Was this a sign that he needed to allow them time to mature in his mind before he found a suitable rendering? He altered the order of the songs probably – and this is borne out by the results – in order to create a meaningful connection from one to the other, leading up logically to *Der Doppelgänger* (The Double). Heine was a past-master in the art of creating Romantic moods and images. Yet before they get out of hand they are queried by a pithy phrase or pointed comment. They become ambiguous without entirely undermining the Romantic longing which informs them. It is simply clearly labelled as such. This trick, known as Romantic irony, has become an aesthetic term, and the fact that Schubert was one of the first composers to set a small collection of Heine's poems to music certainly has far more to do with affinity than chance.

Schubert's composition technique remains basically the same: "The miniatures that surround him and that he re-creates become images of cosmic splendour and in almost every one of Schubert's songs there is more understanding and evocation of the eternal than in many gigantic works which reach for the stars but only succeed in hitting their head on the rafters" (Ernst Krenek, 1929). It was without a doubt his close study of Heine's lyrical poetry that led to the outstanding result. For Schubert remained true to his most important principle: keep to what is written. These poems, which give the impression of having been jotted down easily, are, in fact, so dense that they do not allow even one word to be changed. With texts as dense as these, there is always the danger that a musical interpretation will be over-elaborate. Schubert avoids this by doing exactly the opposite: by omitting he achieves perfection through absolute simplicity, like the

Japanese artist whose final goal is a single brush-stroke.

At this point it is worth discussing to what extent Schubert took Heine's Romantic irony into consideration. Until well into the twentieth century Schubert's *Lieder* were seen as a melodious reflection of the much regretted Biedermeier times. Then Schubert's so-called tragic side was discovered more and more; whether caused by events in his own life, social conditions or Schubert's psyche was immaterial. This too was reductive and one-sided. The heavy censorship in Vienna at that time made it necessary to use and understand allusions of every kind. People read between the lines and listened between the notes, so to speak. With such sharpened hearing, it is possible to pick out the musical "hints" in the Heine settings which clearly label the Romantic sensibility as such, without undermining it; and yet which place our feet firmly on the ground again. *Atlas*, the first Heine poem in the collection, can be interpreted in this way. The miserable man carries a world of pain with a certain pride. The lover's desolation in *Ihr Bild* (Her Portrait) is conveyed by the unison of vocal line and piano accompaniment. When the portrait begins "secretly to live again" in his memory, the harmonies change from minor to major and become richer. The *Fischer mädchen* (The Fishermaiden) is wooed to a siciliano rhythm marked *etwas geschwind* (fairly fast), hence the light-hearted tone is there from the start. In *Die Stadt* (The Town) the rowing image evoked by the piano accompaniment runs right through the song with painful monotony, interrupted twice by passages in which only the rhythm changes to that of a funeral march. In *Am Meer* (By the Sea) the vocal line and piano accompaniment run in unison for several bars, (the piano also adding thirds) reflecting the couple's "togetherness", or rather the memory of it: the lonely lover feels so tied to his former beloved by the tears she once shed that he curses her with a dramatic gesture underlined by tremoli in the piano part: irony or deep suffering? In *Der Doppelgänger* (The Double) the singer is both narrator and dramatic commentator. Beginning on a central note, the vocal line has spanned almost two increasingly dramatic octaves by the end. The piano accompaniment

conjures up a ghostly atmosphere. Recalling an old form, the *passacaglia*, the theme which consists of only four chords continually revolves upon itself, only at the end is there a change from the minor to the major: does this indicate a way out of the situation or a final realisation of the bitter truth?

In 1826, the twenty-two year old Viennese writer Johann Gabriel Seidl confidently published his first book entitled *Dichtungen* (Poetry). Perhaps Schubert knew him personally as he set twelve of his poems to music, with *Die Taubenpost* (The Carrier Pigeon) the last song he ever wrote. A young voice speaks out of the

text, one who uses his poetic metaphor of Romantic longing playfully. Schubert's setting is correspondingly light and playful. The accompaniment's syncopated rhythm transmits the feeling of the lover's heartbeat. But once again Schubert is exacting and reveals the deeper emotions hidden in the text: the false endings and minor key which cast a shadow over the repeated question *Kennt Ihr sie?* (Do you know her?) also express pain and unfulfillable longing.

Karsten Bartels

Translation: Michele Lester

The Poets of Schwanengesang

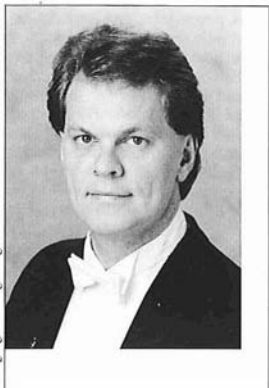
Ludwig Rellstab was born in Berlin in 1799 and after serving as an artillery officer turned to writing, as a poet, playwright, novelist and music critic. The son of a composer and music publisher, he was a strong champion of German opera and wrote or translated a number of libretti, although his meeting with Beethoven in 1825 and a proposed opera came to nothing. He published his first volume of poems in 1822. Rellstab died in Berlin in 1860.

Heinrich Heine remains among the greatest German poets of his generation. Born in Düsseldorf in 1797 into a prosperous Jewish family, he embarked on a career in business, with the help of his banker uncle, Salomon Heine, but the venture ended in bankruptcy. Subsequent study at the universities of Bonn, Göttingen and Berlin brought acquaintance with a number of leading writers and his own first poems appeared in publication in 1822. An enthusiastic supporter of the *Verein für Kultur und Wissenschaft der Juden* (Society for Jewish Culture

and Science), he completed his doctoral studies at Göttingen in 1825, accepting Christian baptism as what he described as a ticket of admission into European culture. Encouraged by the success of the July Revolution, he settled in Paris in 1831 and soon became associated with the movement known as *Junges Deutschland* (Young Germany), regarded by authorities in Germany as subversive. His closing years were clouded by illness and final paralysis, with his last poems published in 1854, two years before his death.

A relatively minor figure, Johann Gabriel Seidl was born in Vienna in 1804, worked as a schoolmaster and then entered the government service, one claim to posthumous attention being his modification of Haydn's *Emperor's Hymn* as the Austrian National Anthem. He enjoyed contemporary popularity as a poet and journalist and six volumes of his collected works were published soon after his death in Vienna in 1875.

Keith Anderson



Michael Volle

Michael Volle studied primarily under Josef Metternich and Rudolf Piernay. He has established an international reputation as a singer through his long-term engagements at the opera-houses of Mannheim, Bonn, Düsseldorf and Cologne and has made guest appearances at major music festivals and opera-houses throughout Europe. He is currently engaged at Zurich Opera. Michael Volle is also much in demand as a recitalist and as a concert soloist with such distinguished conductors as Seiji Ozawa, Zubin Mehta, Riccardo Muti, Charles Dutoit, James Conlon, Ingo Metzmacher, Helmut Rilling and Valery Gergiev. He has recorded for a variety of labels, and his radio and television appearances include the Schwetzingen Festival production of *Don Giovanni* for ARTE.

Ulrich Eisenlohr

Ulrich Eisenlohr studied at the music academies of Mannheim and Stuttgart (Lied under Konrad Richter), specialising in the areas of Lied-accompaniment and chamber music. His subsequent wide-ranging concert appearances have taken him to Europe, America and Japan, with, among others, Ruth Ziesak, Iris Vermillion, Christoph Pregardien, Matthias Görne, Dietrich Henschel and Roman Trekel. Several of his CD-recordings have received well-known awards such as the German Record Critics' Prize and the Grand Prix International given by the Académie du Disque Lyrique in Paris. Ulrich Eisenlohr has worked as assistant and accompanist at master classes given by Hans Hotter, Christa Ludwig, Daniel Ferro (Juilliard School, New York) and Geoffrey Parsons. He also gives numerous courses on Lied-interpretation and chamber music and is responsible for one of the Lied classes at the music academy of Mannheim.



Franz Schubert
Lieder nach Texten
von Ludwig Rellstab
(in der Fassung des Komponisten)

1 **Herbst**

*Es rauschen die Winde
So herbstlich und kalt;
Verödet die Fluren,
Entblättert der Wald.
Ihr blumigen Auen!
Du sonniges Grün!
So welken die Blüten
Des Lebens dahin.*

*Es ziehen die Wolken
So finster und grau;
Verschwunden die Sterne
Am himmlischen Blau!
Ach, wie die Gestirne
Am Himmel entfliehn,
So sinket die Hoffnung
Des Lebens dahin!*

*Ihr Tage des Lenzes
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
Wo ich die Geliebte
An's Herze gedrückt!
Kalt über den Hügel
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
So sterben die Rosen
Der Liebe dahin.*

Im Originaltext:
3,3: *Wo ich den Geliebten*

Franz Schubert
Poems
by Ludwig Rellstab
(in Schubert's Version)

Autumn

The winds of autumn
Are blowing so cold;
The fields are barren,
The forests are bare.
You flowering meadows!
You sun-lit green!
Thus fades the bloom
Of life away.

The clouds pass by,
So sullen and grey;
The stars have vanished
From the blue heavens!
Oh, just as the starlight
Has fled from the sky,
So life's hopes
All fall away.

You springtime days
Decked with roses,
When I pressed my beloved
Close to my heart!
Across the hill, winds,
Blow your cold way!
Thus die the roses
Of love all away.

in the original text:
3,3 the "beloved" is male, in Schubert's version female.

2 Lebensmut

*Fröhlicher Lebensmut
Braust in dem raschen Blut;
Sprudelnd und silberhell
Rauschet der Lebensquell.
Doch eh' die Stunde flieht,
Ehe der Geist verglüht,
Schöpft aus der klaren Flut
Fröhlichen Lebensmut!*

*Mutigen Sprung gewagt;
Nimmer gewinnt, wer zagt;
Schnell ist das Wechselglück,
Dein ist der Augenblick.
Wer keinen Sprung versucht,
Bricht keine süße Frucht,
Auf! Wer das Glück erjagt,
Mutigen Sprung gewagt.*

*Mutig umarmt den Tod!
Trifft Euch sein Machtgebot.
Nehmt Euer volles Glas,
Stoßt an sein Stundenglas;
Des Todes Bruderschaft
Öffnet des Lebens Haft.
Neu glänzt ein Morgenrot:
Mutig umarmt den Tod!*

Schuberts Komposition, welche möglicherweise als Strophenlied gedacht war, bricht nach der 1. Strophe ab. Die Künstler musizieren in dieser Aufnahme auch Strophe 2 und 3, das Eingangsritornell als Schluß verwendend.

Life's Courage

*Life's joyous courage
Courses through your veins,
Bubbling up, bright as silver,
Rushing on; the source of life.
Now before the hour flies,
Before the spirit cools,
Draw from the clear waters
Life's joyous courage.*

*The bold leap - dare to take it;
He who holds back will never win;
Luck changes at a wink,
Yours is the moment, now.
He that never dared a leap,
He'll not pick the sweet fruit,
Come! Who will capture joy,
Must dare to take the leap.*

*Bravely embrace death
When he comes to summon you.
Take your glass and fill it,
Clink and drink to his hourglass;
Brotherhood with death
Is release from life's prison.
A new dawn will shine:
Bravely embrace death!*

Schubert may have composed this as a strophic song although the setting breaks off after the first verse. Verses 2 and 3 have been included on this recording. The short refrain at the beginning has been used again at the end.

3 Auf dem Strom

Für eine Singstimme mit Pianoforte- und Horn-
(oder Violoncell-) Begleitung.

*Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,
Und die wehenden, die Grüsse,
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende,
Eh' dein Fuß sich scheidend wende!
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,
Doch den tränendunklen Blick
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!*

*Und so trägt mich denn die Welle
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden,
Wo ich selig S i e gefunden!
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage
Um das schöne Heimatland,
Wo ich i h r e Liebe fand.*

*Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,
Zieht mit unennbaren Banden,
An der Hütte dort zu landen,
In der Laube dort zu weilen;
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh,
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!*

*Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,
O, wie faßt mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen,
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!*

*Kann des Auges sehndend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun, so schau' ich zu den Sternen
Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen!*

Upon the River

*For solo voice with pianoforte and horn (or cello)
accompaniment.*

*Take the last parting kisses,
And these, my waves of farewell,
That I send to the river bank,
Just before you turn your steps away.
The river's current is already
Sweeping the barque swiftly away
But my tear-clouded gaze
Turns longingly back again.*

*And thus the waves bear me
Away in unwanted haste.
Oh, the meadow is now out of sight,
Where I - what bliss - came upon her!
Gone forever, you days of joy!
Hollow resounds the hopeless cry
Through the lovely home-country,
Where I first found her love.*

*See how the river's shores flit by,
And how my yearning draws me there,
Urging me with a power beyond words
To land there where the little hut stands,
To tarry there within the arbour;
But the flowing river hurries
Further on, unceasingly:
It carries me toward the ocean.*

*Oh, at the thought of those dark wastes,
Far from any bright shore,
Where no island can be seen,
Oh, I am seized with trembling dread!
Tears of yearning cannot be shed
Softly at the songs from the shore;
Only the cold and stormy wind
Blows across the grey, heavy seas.*

*If the eye which searches longingly
Cannot espy any coast at all,
Why then I'll gaze up at the stars
Far above in those sacred heights.*

*Ach, bei i h r e m milden Scheine
Nannt' ich s i e zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!
Dort begegn' ich i h r e m Blick.*

Im Originaltext:

5,3: *Num, so blick' ich zu den Sternen*
5,4: *Dort in jenen heil'gen Fernen!*

Schwanengesang D 957

Lieder nach Texten von Ludwig Rellstab,
Heinrich Heine und Johann Gabriel Seidl

④ Liebesbotschaft (Rellstab)

*Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei Du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.*

*All' ihre Blumen
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Flut.*

*Wann sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend
Das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Stütze
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Keht bald zurück.*

Oh, by their gentle light
I called her, for the first time, mine,
There, perhaps - O happy thought!
There I might look into her eyes.

in the original text:

5,3 Why then I'll glance up at the stars
5,4 There in those sacred heights

Swan-Song

Poems by Ludwig Rellstab, Heinrich Heine and
Johann Gabriel Seidl

Love Message

Swift-flowing stream,
So silvery bright,
Are you hurrying to my mistress
With such merry speed?
Oh, trusty stream,
Be a messenger for me:
Bring her greetings
From one far away.

All her flowers
So carefully tended,
Those she wears so sweetly
On her breast,
And her richly
Glowing red roses,
Refresh them all, little brook,
With cooling water.

When she stands on your bank,
Lost in dreams,
Remembering me,
Her head bowed low,
Comfort my sweetheart
With a friendly glance,
For her lover
Is soon to return.

*Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süße Ruh,
Flüst're ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.*

Im Originaltext:

3,1: *Wenn sie am Ufer,*

5 Kriegers Ahnung (Rellstab)

*In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiß.*

*Wie hab' ich oft so süß geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!*

*Hier, wo der Flammen düstrer Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.*

*Herz! Daß der Trost Dich nicht verläßt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht. –
Bald ruh' ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste – Gute Nacht!*

Im Originaltext:

2,1: *Wie hab' ich oft so süß geruht*

3,1: *Hier, wo der Flamme düstrer Schein*

When the sun sinks
With reddish tints,
Rock my beloved
Gently to sleep.
Sweep her, softly murmuring,
To sweet rest,
Whisper into her ear
Dreams of love.

In the original text :

3,1 If she...

Warrior's Foreboding

In deep quiet around me lies
The circle of my brothers-in-arms;
My heart is full of leaden dread,
I feel a searing longing.

How often have I dreamt so sweetly
Upon her warm bosom!
How friendly seemed the fire's glow,
When she lay in my arms.

Here, where the flames' dim light
Plays upon weapons only,
Here the heart feels quite alone,
And melancholy tears are shed.

My heart, may comfort not desert you,
Yet many a battle calls.
Soon I shall rest easy in a deep sleep,
My heart's dearest - good night.

In the original text :

2,1 How often have I rested so sweetly

3,1 Here, where the flame's dim light

6 Frühlingssehnsucht

*Säuselnde Lüfte
Wehend so mild,
Blumiger Düfte
Atmend erfüllt!
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?
Es möchte Euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn!
Wohin?*

*Bächlein, so munter
Rauschend zumal,
Wollen hinunter
Silbern in 's Tal.
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.
Was ziehst Du mich, sehndend verlangender Sinn,
Hinab?*

*Grüßender Sonne
Spielendes Gold,
Hoffende Wonne
Bringest Du hold.
Wie labt mich Dein selig begrüßendes Bild!
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt! –
Warum?*

*Grünend umkränzet
Wälder und Höh'!
Schimmernd erglänzet
Blütenschnee!
So dränget sich Alles zum bräutlichen Licht;
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;
Sie haben gefunden was ihnen gebricht:
Und Du?*

Longing for Spring

*Whispering breezes,
Blowing so softly,
Breathing a fragrance
Laden with flowers!
How delightful is the air that greets me!
How have you quickened the beat of my heart?
It would like to follow your ethereal path!
Whither?*

*Streamlet, so blithely,
At times so wildly,
You wish your silver
Way into the valley
The buoyant wave, see how it hurries!
The meadows and sky are mirrored in its depths.
Why do you draw me, you yearning, longing desire,
Far down?*

*Sun that greets me,
Playful gold rays,
Hopeful delight
You bring truly,
How I can feast on the blessing of your welcome!
It smiles so gently from the deep blue sky
And has filled my eyes with tears,
Why?*

*Woods and hills
Are freshly green!
Shimmering shines
Blossom like snow!
Thus everything moves towards the bridal light;
The seeds are swelling, the buds bursting forth;
They have found what they were lacking:
And you?*

*Rastloses Sehnen!
Wünschendes Herz,
Immer nur Tränen,
Klage und Schmerz?
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewußt!
Wer stilltet mir endlich die drängende Lust?
Nur D u befreist den Lenz in der Brust,
Nur Du!*

Im Originaltext:
2,3: Wallen hinunter
5,7: Nur Du befreiest den Lenz in der Brust.

7 Ständchen

*Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!*

*Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.*

*Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.*

*Sie versteh des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.*

*Laß auch D i r das Herz bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!*

*Restless longing!
Desiring heart,
Nothing but tears,
Lamenting and pain!
I, too, am aware of surging desires!
Who shall at last slake this burning thirst?
You alone can free the spring in my breast,
You alone!*

In the original text:
2,3 You wend your silver
5,7 befreiest

Serenade

*Gently pleading, my songs flow
Through the night to you;
To this silent bower,
Sweetheart, come here to me!*

*Slender rustling tree-tops whisper
By the light of the moon;
That a betrayer might be listening,
Dearest, have no fear.*

*Do you hear the nightingales' song?
Oh, they are pleading to you,
With the notes of their sweet lament
They are pleading for me.*

*They understand the heart's longings,
They know love's pain,
With their silvery notes they reach
Every gentle heart.*

*Let your heart be moved, too,
Sweetheart, hear me!
Trembling, I await your coming!
Come, make me happy!*

8 Aufenthalt

*Rauschender Strom,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.*

*Wie sich die Welle
An Welle reiht,
Fließend die Tränen
Mir ewig erneut.*

*Hoch in den Kronen
Wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich
Mein Herze schlägt.*

*Und wie des Felsen
Uraltes Erz,
Ewig derselbe
Bleibet mein Schmerz.*

*Rauschender Strom,
Brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels
Mein Aufenthalt.*

9 In der Ferne

*Wehe dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden!-
Fremde durchmessenden,
Heimat vergessenden,
Mutterhaus hassenden,
Freunde verlassenden!
Folget kein Segen, ach!
Auf ihren Wegen nach!*

Sojourn

*Rushing river,
Storm-tossed woods,
Stubborn rocks,
My resting place.*

*As the waves follow
One upon the other,
So my tears flow
Forever anew.*

*High up, the tree-tops
Sway to and fro,
Just as ceaselessly
As my heart beats.*

*And, like the rock's
Age-old ore,
Forever the same
My pain remains.*

*Rushing river,
Storm-tossed woods,
Stubborn rocks,
My resting place.*

In Distant Lands

*Woe to the one who flees
Going out into the world!
Striding through foreign lands,
Forgetting his hearth and home,
Hating where he was born,
Deserting the friends he had,
He takes no blessing, none,
With him on his way.*

*Herze, das sehrende,
Auge, das tränende,
Sehnsucht, nie endende,
Heimwärts sich wendende!
Busen, der wallende,
Klage, verhallende,
Abendstern, blinkender,
Hoffnungslos sinkender!*

*Lüfte, ihr säuselnden,
Wellen sanft kräuselnden,
Sonnenstrahl, eilender,
Nirgend verweilender:
Die mir mit Schmerze, ach!
Dies treue Herze brach –
Grüßt von dem Fliehenden
Welt hinaus ziehenden!*

10 Abschied

*Ade, Du muntre, Du fröhliche Stadt, Ade!
Schon scharret mein Rösslein mit lustigem Fuß;
Jetzt nimm noch den letzten, den scheidenden Gruß.
Du hast mich wohl niemals noch traurig gesehn,
So kann es auch jetzt nicht beim Abschied geschehn.
Ade...*

*Ade, Ihr Bäume, Ihr Gärten so grün, Ade!
Nun reit' ich am silbernen Strome entlang,
Weit schallend ertönt mein Abschiedsgesang;
Nie habt ihr ein trauriges Lied gehört,
So wird Euch auch keines beim Scheiden beschert.
Ade...*

*Ade, ihr freundlichen Mägdlein dort, Ade!
Was schaut Ihr aus blumenumduftetem Haus
Mit schelmischen, lockenden Blicken heraus?
Wie sonst, so grüß' ich und schaue mich um,
Doch nimmer wend' ich mein Rösslein um.
Ade...*

Heart, full of longing now,
Eye, only weeping now,
Longing, never ending now,
Homewards you're turning now!
Bosom, that is heaving now,
Lament, growing fainter now,
Evening star, sparkling now,
Hopeless, you're sinking now.

Breezes, who are softly rustling,
Waves who are gently curling,
Sun's ray, who is hurrying,
Nowhere tarrying:
She who caused suffering,
Breaking this true heart in twain,
Greet her from one who's fleeing
Through the world wandering!

Farewell

Farewell, you merry, you cheerful town, farewell!
My little horse is already stamping the ground,
Now take this final, this parting goodbye.
You have surely not seen me sad up to now,
Sad you'll not find me as I say my farewells.
Farewell...

Farewell, to the trees, to the gardens so green, farewell!
Now I'm riding along by a silvery stream,
My parting song rings out into the distance;
You've never heard a song full of sadness,
So you'll not hear one from me now as I go.
Farewell!

Farewell, friendly maidens there, farewell!
Why do you look from your house bathed
In flowers' scent with cheeky, alluring glances?
Go past, oh I rode by here many a time
And should this today be the very last time?
Farewell...

*Ade, liebe Sonne, so gehst Du zur Ruh'! Ade!
Nun schimmert der blinkenden Sterne Gold.
Wie bin ich Euch Sternlein am Himmel so hold;
Durchziehn wir die Welt auch weit und breit,
Ihr gebt überall uns das treue Geleit.
Ade...*

*Ade, Du schimmerndes Fensterlein hell, Ade!
Du glänzest so traulich mit dämmerndem Schein
Und ladest so freundlich ins Hüttchen uns ein.
Vorüber, ach, ritt ich so manches mal
Und wär' es denn heute zum letzten Mal?
Ade...*

*Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!
Des Fensterleins trübes, verschimmerndes Licht
Ersetzt Ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;
Darf ich h i e r nicht weilen, muß h i e r vorbei,
Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir noch so treu!
Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllet Euch grau! Ade!*

Im Originaltext:

1,3: *Jetzt nimm meinen letzten, den scheidenden Gruß.*
1,4: *Du hast mich wohl nimmermehr traurig gesehen,*
2,4: *Nie habt Ihr ein klagendes Lied gehört,*
3,1: *Ade, Ihr freundlichen Mägdelein dort, Ade!*
3,5: *Doch nimmermehr wend' ich mein Rösselein um.*
4,4: *Durchziehen die Welt wir auch weit und breit,*
6,2: *Des Fensterleins trübes, verschimmerndes Licht*
6,5: *Was hilft es mir, folgt Ihr mir noch so treu!*

Farewell, dear sun, as you go to rest, farewell!
Now stars are shining like glittering gold.
How precious you are to me, sweet stars in the sky;
Where e're we wander, far and wide, in the world,
You are our forever faithful companions.
Farewell...

Farewell, you brightly-lit little window, farewell!
You glow so faithfully with gently fading shine,
And invite us in so warmly to your little hut.
I have ridden past - oh so many times -
And should then today be the very last time?
Farewell...

Farewell, oh stars, shroud yourselves in grey! Farewell!
That pale glimmering light there in the window:
You can never replace it for me, you innumerable stars:
If I may not tarry here, if I must go past this place,
Then what does it matter though you follow me faithfully?
Farewell, oh stars, shroud yourselves in grey! Farewell!

In the original text:

1,3 Now take my last parting goodbye.
1,4 You have never ever seen me sad, I believe
2,4 You have never heard a lamenting song
3,1 Ade, Ihr freundlichen *Mägdelein* dort, Ade!
3,5 Doch *nimmermehr* wend' ich mein Rösslein um.
4,4 Durchziehen *die Welt* wir auch weit und breit,
6,5 Then what does it matter to me though you follow me
faithfully?

11 Der Atlas

*Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen, muß ich tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.*

*Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.*

Im Original ohne Titel.

12 Ihr Bild

*Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.*

*Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.*

*Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Daß ich dich verloren hab'!*

Im Original ohne Titel.

Im Originaltext:

1,2: *Und starrte ihr Bildniß an,*

Atlas

Unhappy Atlas that I am! A world must I bear -
The entire world of suffering upon my shoulders,
I bear the unbearable
And my heart wants to break.

O you my proud heart, you have what you wanted!
You wanted to be happy, endlessly happy,
Or endlessly wretched - proud heart!
And now you are wretched.

The original poem was untitled.

Her Portrait

I stood in dark dreams,
And stared at her portrait,
And the beloved visage
Began secretly to live.

Her lips curved slowly
Into a wonderful smile,
And what might have been tears of regret
Were glistening in her eyes.

My tears flowed too,
Down from my cheeks,
And oh - I cannot believe
That I have lost you.

The original poem is untitled.

13 **Das Fischermädchen**

*Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Triebe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.*

*Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.*

*Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.*

Im Original ohne Titel.

14 **Die Stadt**

*Am fernen Horizonte
Erscheint, wie ein Nebelbild,
Die Stadt mit ihren Türmen
In Abenddämmerung gehüllt.*

*Ein feuchter Windzug kräuselt
Die graue Wasserbahn;
Mit traurigem Takte rudert
Der Schiffer in meinem Kahn.*

*Die Sonne hebt sich noch einmal
Leuchtend vom Boden empor,
Und zeigt mir jene Stelle,
Wo ich das Liebste verlor.*

Im Original ohne Titel.

The Fishermaid

You lovely fishermaid,
Bring your boat to the shore;
Come to me and sit down here,
We'll whisper here hand in hand.

Lay your head upon my heart
And don't be too afraid,
For after all you entrust yourself
Daily to the wild sea.

My heart is just like the sea,
With its storms, and its ebbing tides,
And there's many a lovely pearl
Resting in fathoms deep.

The original poem is untitled.

The Town

On the distant horizon
Appears, like a misty picture,
The town with its towers
Veiled in evening twilight.

A damp gust of wind ruffles
The grey waterways;
With a sad oar-beat rows
The skipper in my boat

The sun rises once more,
Shining above the horizon,
And shows me the place
Where I lost what I most loved.

The original poem is untitled.

15 **Am Meer**

*Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir saßen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir saßen stumm und alleine.*

*Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Tränen nieder.*

*Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin aufs Knie gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weißen Hand
Die Tränen fortgetrunken.*

*Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen; -
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Tränen.*

Im Original ohne Titel.

16 **Der Doppelgänger**

*Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.*

*Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzengewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe, -
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.*

*Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was öffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?*

Im Original ohne Titel.

By the Sea

The glittering sea stretched far
In the evenings's last glow;
We sat by the fisherman's lonely hut
We sat silent and alone.

The mist rose, the waters swelled,
The seagull flew to and fro,
From your loving eyes
The tears ran down.

I saw them fall upon your hand,
And I sank to my knees:
From your white hand I
Drank those tears away.

Since that hour I waste away,
My soul is dying of longing.
That unhappy woman has
Poisoned me with her tears.

The original poem is untitled.

The Double

The night is quiet, the streets are still,
This is the house in which my darling lived;
She left the town a long time ago,
Yet the house still stands where it always did.

There stands a figure and stares upwards
And wrings his hands in unbearable pain;
I am horrified, when I see his visage, -
The moonlight shows me my own face and form.

You, my double, you pale figure!
What are you doing, aping my suffering,
That tortured me here, at this very place,
Night after night, in times gone by?

The original poem is untitled.

17 Die Taubenpost
(Johann Gabriel Seidl)

*Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.*

*Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.*

*Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.*

*Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr;
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.*

*Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!*

*Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
D i e Taub' ist so mir treu!*

*Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heißt – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie? –
Die Botin treuen Sinns.*

Im Originaltext:

5,1: *Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen und Traum,*

The Carrier Pigeon
(Johann Gabriel Seidl)

I have a pigeon in my keeping,
Quite obedient and true,
It never falls short of the mark,
Nor flies beyond its target.

I send it out many thousands of times
Each day on a special journey,
By way of certain well-loved places,
To where my sweetheart lives.

There it watches secretly at the window,
Observes her looks and her movements,
Delivers my compliments merrily
And brings me hers back again.

I need not write any letters now,
It takes my tears as well;
I'm sure they arrive at the right address,
For my pigeon serves me well.

By day, by night, whether waking or dreaming,
It makes no difference to the bird.
As long as it may roam, may roam,
Then it is more than happy.

It never tires, it never flags,
The route seems always new;
It needs no coaxing, needs no reward,
This pigeon is by nature true.

That's why I guard it close to my breast,
Assured of the highest prize;
It's called - longing! - Do you know it?
- Love's truest messenger.

In the original text:

By day, by night, waking and dreaming,

Translations: Michele Lester



8.554663

STEREO

DDD

Franz Peter
SCHUBERT

(1797-1828)

Playing
Time
68:22

Schwanengesang, D 957

Michael Volle, Baritone • Ulrich Eisenlohr, Piano • Sjön Scott, Horn*

Lieder nach Gedichten
von Ludwig Rellstab

- 1 Herbst, D 945
- 2 Lebensmut, D 937
- 3 Auf dem Strom, D 943*

Schwanengesang, D 957

- 4 Liebesbotschaft (Ludwig Rellstab)
- 5 Kriegers Ahnung (Rellstab)
- 6 Frühlingsehnsucht (Rellstab)
- 7 Ständchen (Rellstab)
- 8 Aufenthalt (Rellstab)
- 9 In der Ferne (Rellstab)
- 10 Abschied (Rellstab)
- 11 Der Atlas (Heinrich Heine)
- 12 Ihr Bild (Heine)
- 13 Das Fischer mädchen (Heine)
- 14 Die Stadt (Heine)
- 15 Am Meer (Heine)
- 16 Der Doppelgänger (Heine)
- 17 Die Taubenpost (Johann Gabriel Seidl)

15:48

3:53

2:55

8:55

52:27

3:16

5:09

3:54

3:41

3:19

5:36

4:42

2:21

2:32

2:20

3:06

3:55

4:07

3:53

The Naxos Deutsche Schubert-Lied-Edition

Schubert set the poetry of over 115 writers to music. He selected poems from classical Greece, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, from eighteenth-century German authors, early Romantics, *Biedermeier* poets, and Heine. The Deutsche Schubert-Lied-Edition presents all Schubert's Lieder, over 700 songs, grouped according to the poets who inspired him. Thanks to the Bärenreiter's *Neue Schubert-Ausgabe* (New Schubert Edition), Tübingen, which uses primary sources, the performers have been able to benefit from the most recent research of the editorial team. For the first time, the listener and interested reader can follow Schubert's textual alterations and can appreciate the importance the written word had for the composer. The project is the conception of the pianists Stefan Laux and Ulrich Eisenlohr, who together have chosen German-speaking singers who represent the élite of today's young German Lieder singers.

Recorded in the Bürgerhaus, Backnang, Germany from 4th to 9th January, 1999.

Producer and Engineer: Johannes Müller

The Steinway D274 used on this recording was provided by PianoCentrum Matthaes, Stuttgart.

Music Notes: Karsten Bartels

Cover Illustration: Ludwig Rellstab by Benjamin Chai
Schubert Silhouette (Lebrecht Collection, London)www.
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