

XII. *Einsamkeit*. Like a murky cloud crossing the sky; like a breeze in the fir-tree, I go my way with dragging feet—pass through happy care-free life without a greeting. Alas, the quiet air, the shining earth! Even amid storm I was not so sad.

XIII. *Die Post*. Why leap at the sound of the posthorn, my heart, my heart? The post brings thee no letter . . . But yes, the postman comes from the town where I had a sweetheart. Wilt thou ask him how things are there, my heart?

XIV. *Der greise Kopf*. Frost had thrown a whitish sheen on my head. I thought I had grown old, and I rejoiced; but soon it thawed, my hair was black, and I, dismayed at my youth. How far to the haven? From evening merely to morning, many a head turns grey; but who can believe that, when on this whole journey mine did not turn?

XV. *Die Krähe*. With me as I left the town, a crow flew—has flown round my head ever since. Ill-omened bird, wilt not leave me? Thinkest thou my body shall be thy prey? The road is not much longer—be true to me till death.

XVI. *Letzte Hoffnung*. Even yet, colored leaves hang on branches and I stand in thought before the trees. I choose one leaf, hang my hopes on it, and, when the wind stirs it, I tremble. Ah, if that leaf falls, and my hopes with it, I too shall fall to earth and weep upon the grave of my hopes.

XVII. *Im Dorfe*. Watch-dogs are barking, chains are rattling, men are asleep and dreaming of unreal wealth. In the morning, all has vanished. Ah, well, having had their share, they hope to find more on their pillows. Howl, dogs! Let me not sleep, for I am through with dreaming. Then why should I dally with dreamers?

XVIII. *Der stürmische Morgen*. The storm has ripped the sky's grey robe; tatters of cloud fly about, and red flames gleam between them. That's a morning after my own heart, for it sees itself painted on the heavens—just wild, cold Winter.

XIX. *Täuschung*. A light dances before me; I follow it, and find that it leads me astray. A sufferer readily trusts such colorful deceptions, that seem to offer home and warmth and love; but I am always deceived.

XX. *Der Wegweiser*. Why do I avoid traveled roads? Seek obscure and snowy paths? I've done no harm; what mad desire drives me into the deserts? Guide-posts point to the city, yet I wander endlessly, seeking rest. But one post, planted before me, I must see: it points the road on which none return.

XXI. *Das Wirtshaus*. I've come to a graveyard, where I have thought to enter. Ye funeral wreaths, do you bid the weary wanderer into your cool tap-room? Are your beds all taken? I am burdened unto death. Heartless inn-keeper, dost wave me away? Well, then; on! On! my faithful Alpenstock.

XXII. *Mut*. When the snow's on my face, I brush it away; when my heart speaks its woe, I sing loud and clear—I hear nothing it says, feel not the complaint; complaining is for fools. Forth into the world! If no God will live on earth, we'll be gods ourselves.

XXIII. *Die Nebensonnen*. I saw three suns in the sky; they gave me a glassy stare, as if they'd never leave me. Ah, ye are none of mine! Shine you on others! Not long ago, I had all three; now the best two are gone; and if the third should go as well, and all for me were dark, it would be better for me.

XXIV. *Der Leiermann*. Up behind the village there's a hurdy-gurdy man, stiff-fingered, playing what he can. Barefoot on the ice, tramping back and forth, and his little bowl holds never a penny. No one wants to hear him, no one looks at him; the dogs snarl around him, but he lets everything go on as it will—always turns his handle, and his hurdy-gurdy is never silent. Wonderful old man, shall I go with you? Will you turn your handle for my singing, too?



THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

AKSEL SCHIØTZ

Baritone

PAUL ULANOWSKY

Pianist

SUNDAY EVENING

MARCH 5, 1961

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

WINTERREISE (WINTER JOURNEY)

830th Concert

FRANZ SCHUBERT "Die Winterreise"

A song cycle to poetry of Wilhelm Müller

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

INTERMISSION

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

This concert is broadcast in stereophonic sound by Station
WGMS 570 on AM and 103.5 on FM

The following are not complete translations, but are merely attempts to convey the sense of the texts.

I. *Gute Nacht.* I came, a stranger, hither; I go, a stranger, hence. In Maytime the maid spoke of love—the mother, of marriage. But now my world is dreary and snow-bound—why should I linger? Love loves to wander. Goodnight, my sweet—I'll not disturb thy slumber, but only write on thy door, Good Night.

II. *Die Wetterfahne.* The wind plays with the weathercock on my beloved's house. Had I noticed earlier that coat-of-arms, I should never have sought there a faithful wife. Inside, the wind plays with hearts. They care not, for their child is wedded to wealth.

III. *Gefror'ne Tränen.* Frozen tears drop from my cheeks: have I wept, unawares? Ah, my tears, are you so lukewarm that you can freeze like dew? You came from my heart hot enough to melt all the winter's ice.

IV. *Erstarrung.* Fruitlessly I seek in the snow traces of her steps as she trod the green with me. I'll kiss the snow and melt the ice with my tears until I can see the earth! But the flowers are dead and the grass is brown. . . . When all my woe is speechless, who'll speak to me of her? My heart is frozen, and her image within it. If it melts, will it vanish?

V. *Der Lindenbaum.* Before the door stands a linden tree. What dreams I dreamt in its shade! What words I cut in its bark! Passing by it, in deepest darkness, I shut my eyes, and its branches rusted as if saying, "Come to me, companion—here thou'lt find rest. Winds blew my hat away, but I did not turn; now I am many miles away, but still I hear it saying, "You would find rest there."

VI. *Wasserflut.* I have let fall many a tear in the snow; its cold flakes thirstily drink my sorrows. The spring, with its warm wind, will melt them. Then, Snow, thou'lt run with them down the street to the brook; and when they grow hot, know that you are passing my beloved's house.

VII. *Auf dem Flusse.* River, that ran so boisterously, how still thou art, without greeting for me. In thy hard rind I scratch with a stone my beloved's name, and the day of our first meeting; and round them, a broken ring. My heart, is this thyself, rushing and swelling, under thy hard rind?

VIII. *Rückblick.* My feet burn, although I walk on ice and snow. Might I never draw another breath until those towers are out of sight! Hasting to the town, I stumbled over stones; crows threw snow on my hat.—How differently the fickle town greeted me! Lark and nightingale sang, trees bloomed, brooks sparkled, and two maiden eyes glowed—then it was all up with thee, my boy! As I think of it, I wish to go back—to stand before her house in silence.

IX. *Irrlicht.* Will-o'-the-wisp lured me into a rocky glen. How to find a way out? Ah, I'm sued to wrong turnings—every road leads to the goal. All sorrows, all pleasures, are Will-o'-the-wisp's games. Every stream runs to the sea—every sorrow to its grave.

X. *Rast.* Only now, resting, I see how weary I am. Wandering, even on unfriendly roads, my feet asked no rest; my knapsack was not heavy, for the storm drove me on. I find shelter in a charcoal-burner's cabin, but my limbs will not rest, and my heart, bold to endure, feels only in the silence the sting that drove it on.

XI. *Frühlingstraum.* I dreamt of May-flowers, of green meadows, of joyous bird-songs. But when the cock crowed and I awoke, it was cold and dark, and ravens croaked from the house-top. Yet, who drew all these flowers on the window-panes? Must one laugh at him who sees flowers in winter? I dreamt of love; the cock crowed; my heart awoke, and now I sit alone and remember my dream. My heart beats warm. When, ye window-pane flowers, will ye bloom? When shall my arm embrace my beloved?