

TRACK INFORMATION

LINER NOTES

LYRICS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



# Schubert Schwanengesang

## ian Bostridge Lars Vogt

## Schubert: Schwanengesang

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

### Schwanengesang, D 957

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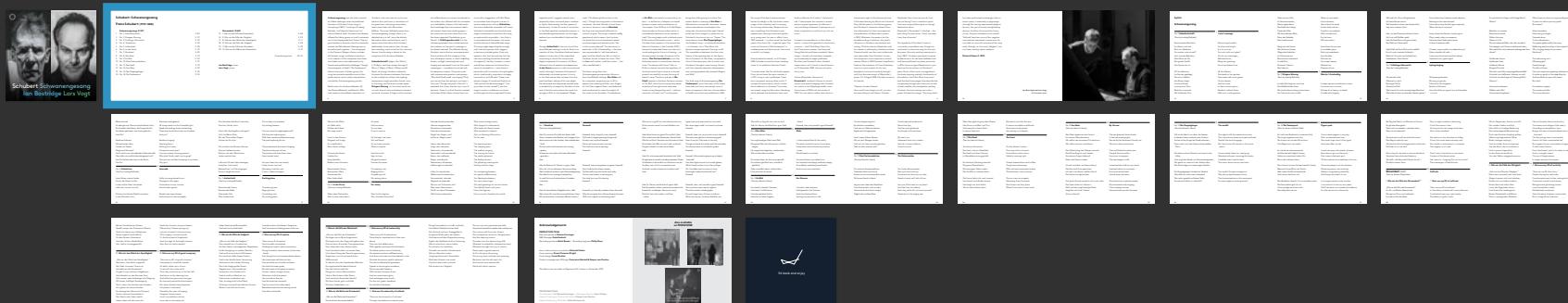
### Einsamkeit, D 620

15 I. Gib mir die Fülle der Einsamkeit!	3.48
16 II. Gib mir die Fülle der Tätigkeit	2.23
17 III. Gib mir das Glück der Geselligkeit	3.11
18 IV. Gib mir die Fülle der Seligkeit	2.44
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Total playing time: 69.26

Ian Bostridge, tenor

Lars Vogt, piano



**Schwanengesang** was the title invented by Tobias Haslinger when he published fourteen of Schubert's late songs in the spring of 1829: 7 settings of Ludwig Rellstab, 6 of Heinrich Heine and 1 of Johann Gabriel Seidl. Schubert had already offered the Heine group as a self-contained set to the Leipzig publisher Probst. There is good evidence, however, that he eventually wished the Rellstab and Heine groups to be performed together — the autograph in the Pierpont Morgan Library includes all thirteen songs, and Spaun mentions in his memoir of the composer that these last Lieder were to be dedicated to his friends and published by Haslinger. Though the autograph of Seidl's 'Die Taubenpost' did not form part of either group, the song has proved irresistible since its first performance, and is sorely missed when omitted by Schwanengesang purists.

Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte* (*To the Distant Beloved*), published in 1816, had made an immediate impression on

Schubert, who was soon to try his own hand at the cycle form, in emulation of his great hero, achieving immortality seven years later with *Die schöne Müllerin*. The seven Rellstab poems from *Schwanengesang*, though there is no detailed story to tell, have the distant beloved as their central theme; and it seems more than likely that Schubert deliberately chose poems that, though free-standing, were united by this common theme, thus forming a tribute to the composer of *An die ferne Geliebte*.

**Liebesbotschaft** begins, like 'Wohin', in G Major, and then passes through E Minor, C Major, A Minor, F Major and B Major, as though Schubert wished to illustrate the distance between the lovers by the multiplicity of keys: the rippling semiquavers might provide a formal unity to the song, but the lovers remain apart.

**Kriegers Ahnung**, on the other hand, has no such formal unity and adopts instead a sectional structure. It begins with nine bars

of muffled drums, as we are introduced to the soldier who, billeted with his comrades on a battlefield, dreams of his beloved in the knowledge that his imminent death will prevent them ever meeting again — the conclusion we must draw from the five times repeated 'Herzliebste, gute Nacht!' In **Frühlingssehnsucht** it is the whispering breezes that initially become the medium for the poet's message to his distant beloved. The difficulty facing Schubert was to find an accompaniment that would also fit the imagery of the four subsequent verses, in which babbling brooks, sunlight, bursting buds, and longing are requested to act as the poet's messengers — a problem he solved with his ubiquitous triplets. The poem ends with a passionate question and answer: 'Who shall finally quell my longing?/Only you can set free the spring in my heart,/ Only you!' Though the poet's 'Nur du!' is repeated four times, the last two to an ff dynamic, there is no final flourish; instead, the broken B-flat Major chords limp to a

close with a suggestion of E-flat Minor, as we realize that the poet is alone. A similar melancholy informs **Ständchen**, the most celebrated serenade in all music. Schubert's irresistible tune has led some singers and pianists to perform the song as euphorically as possible — but that is to misunderstand the poem, the music and the theme of these Rellstab songs. The song might begin brightly enough with staccato quavers that suggest a plectrum-plucked guitar (they only appear in the four bar prelude, but the staccato marking should be observed throughout), the key, however, is minor and all four verses are touched with a sense of vulnerability — verse three in particular with its mention of nightingales which, traditionally, sing about unhappy love and not its fulfilment. There is an abrupt change of mood and rhythm at 'Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen!' ('Let your heart too be moved!'), but the singer's macho confidence is a sham; and though the thrice repeated 'Komm,



'beglücke mich!' suggests sexual union (especially when voice and piano combine in triplet thirds during the first repeat of the phrase), it loses all sense of conviction in the final repetition and peters away in a heartbreaking decrescendo, as the singer realizes how unattainable his beloved has become.

Though **Aufenthalt** is the only one of the seven Rellstab settings in which there is no mention of love, the distant beloved seems present in every bar of this anguished outpouring in which the outcast and fugitive expresses his torment in E Minor, Schubert's key of sadness and depression. **In der Ferne** presents us with an emotional wreck, although, because of the poem's deliberately contorted syntax, it is only in the final stanza that we learn how the poet had been talking of his own plight. His distressed and depressed mental state is wonderfully conveyed by Schubert at the end of the first verse where the vocal line plunges a fifth on the repeated 'Wegen'

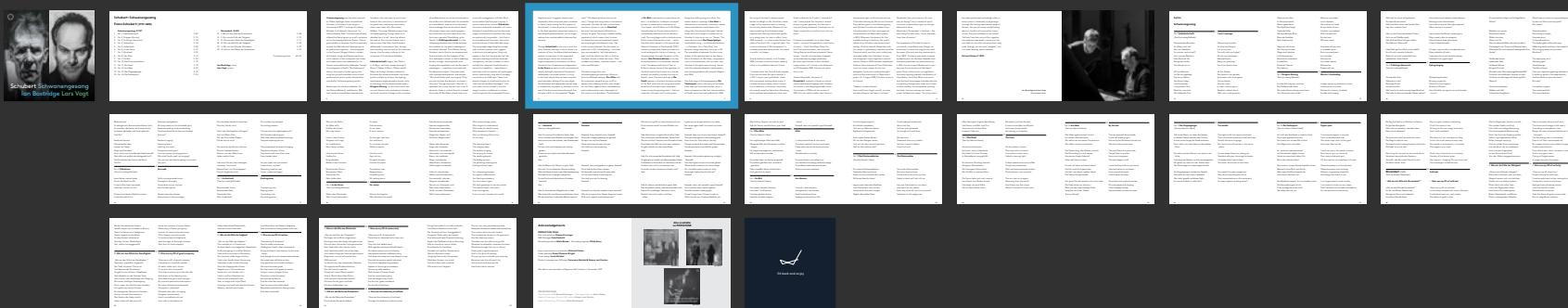
nach' ('No blessing follows him on his way'). Though the song ends in a *fortissimo* crescendo, the final *ffz* tells us that there can be no solace or cure. In **Abschied**, the lover has recovered sufficiently to control his grief. The song is marked *mäßig geschwind*, which means that he does not leave the town at breakneck speed, as some singers and pianists insist. Nor is this a merry farewell. The last verse, in particular, is full of foreboding — the stars are commanded to 'veil themselves in grey', and the jilted lover tells us that he has been forced to leave the town: 'Darf ich *hier* nicht weilen, muß *hier vorbei*' — the italics are Rellstab's.

The Heine songs from the *Schwanengesang* manuscript follow on from the Rellstab settings. **Der Atlas** calls for a dynamic range from *pp* to *fff* to express the suffering of Atlas, who fought for the Titans against Zeus, was defeated and condemned to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. The bleakness

of **Ihr Bild** is achieved in a mere thirty-six bars — a distillation of despair conveyed by bare octaves and a modulation at 'ihre Lippen' from B Minor to G-flat Major that provides an illusory solace which is immediately dashed as minor reasserts itself. The song begins with a dotted minim B-flat octave followed by a rest — which Schubert then repeats in the second bar. Heinrich Schenker, in *Der Tonwille* (1921), famously interpreted these two bars as a tonal analogue for the act of staring — as the poet peers through the gloom of his dream. **Das Fischermaedchen** is not the blithe barcarolle it is sometimes claimed to be. The abrupt shift from C-flat to B-flat in stanza two and the repetition of the final word of each verse as a slurred seventh successfully convey the irony of Heine's verse. The short prelude of **Die Stadt** repeats in the bass the bare octaves of 'Ihr Bild', while the scurrying diminished sevenths of the right hand seventeen times convey the gusting wind — without resolution. A lonely low C on the piano

brings the chilling song to a close. The serene diatonic opening of **Am Meer** is followed by a tormented, chromatic stanza whose *tremolando* chords depict the rising tide, the mist and the grief. Heine's bitter last line is caught to perfection by Schubert's slow ironic turn on 'Tränen'. The same device closes **Der Doppelgänger**, the bleakest song — or rather declamation — in Schubert. As in 'Der Atlas', the dynamic range required is from *pp* to *fff*. The resemblance between the four-note theme of the opening bars to the *Agnus Dei* of Schubert's *E-flat Mass*, composed in June of the same year, tells us which way Schubert's thoughts were turning. His art, with this intensely dramatic declamation, was turning prophetically towards Wagner and Wolf.

The final song of *Schwanengesang*, **Die Taubenpost**, must, like many of his Lieder, have been set from manuscript, since it does not appear in the two-volume edition of Seidl's verse that was published in 1826.



No song of Schubert's demonstrates better his delight in life, the bitter-sweet magic of his melodies and his craving for a loving relationship. Reciprocal love was something that Schubert never experienced. Having contracted syphilis as a young man, he was, in effect, from 1823 onwards — in other words the last five years of his short life — a genital leper. The music at the end of 'Die Taubenpost' is marked *piano* and *diminuendo*; the mood is wistful, not happy.

Shortly before his death, on 2 October 1828, Schubert wrote this heart-rending letter to his publisher Heinrich Probst:

"I wonder when the Trio will finally appear. If you do not have the opus number, it is 100. I long to see it published. I have also composed, among other works, 3 sonatas for piano alone, which I would like to dedicate to Hummel. I have also set several songs by Heine from Hamburg which pleased extraordinarily here, and

finally a Quintet for 2 violins, 1 viola and 2 celli. I have played the sonatas in several places to great applause, the Quintet is only just being rehearsed. If perhaps any of these compositions would suit you, let me know".

It seems inconceivable to us that these works — some of the greatest in the history of music — the E-Flat Major Piano Trio, the 3 last piano sonatas, the immortal String Quintet and these wonderful Heine songs — should not have been snapped up immediately by eager publishers. But that was Schubert's fate. He died, impecunious, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on 19 November 1828. He was not quite thirty-two.

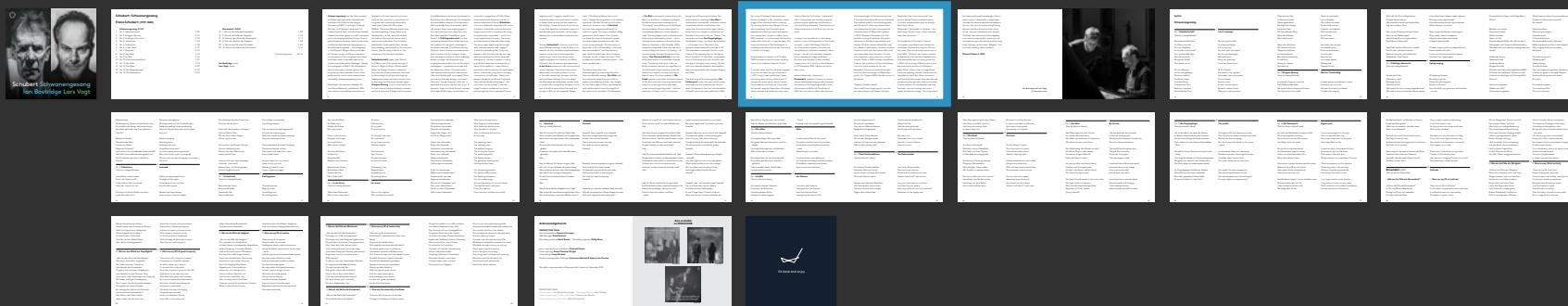
Johann Mayrhofer, the poet of **Einsamkeit**, worked in Vienna as a book censor and shared lodgings with Schubert for a while in the Wipplingerstraße, from the autumn of 1818 until the winter of 1820. You can see his rather stern face on

the extreme right of the famous picture *A Schubert Evening* by Moritz von Schwind. They drifted apart in the following years, and Schubert's name was absent from the subscription list that accompanied the publication of Mayrhofer's poems in 1824. Whatever the reasons for this possible cooling of relations, the poet's influence on Schubert was seminal and lasting. Of all his friends, Mayrhofer, with his interest in philosophy, literature and the Classical world, was the most intellectual; nine years older than Schubert, he was the composer's most important cultural mentor. When in 1818 Schubert travelled to Zseliz at the invitation of Count Esterházy to act as music master for his two daughters, he almost certainly brought with him the manuscript of Mayrhofer's poem. On 3 August 1818, Schubert wrote to his friends:

"Dearest, fondest friends!  
How could I ever forget you all, you who are everything to me! Spaun, Schober,

Mayrhofer, Senn, how are you all, how are you faring? I am in excellent spirits. I live and compose like a god, as though destined to do so. Mayrhofer's 'Einsamkeit' is finished — the best thing I've ever done, I think, because I was free of worries".

The hyperbole of Schubert's claim is not entirely unjustified, even though he continued to revise the song for the next few years (the only existing manuscript is from 1822). Schubert was clearly inspired by Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte* that had been published two years previously in 1816: the six songs of Beethoven's cycle become the six sections of Schubert's piece. Much of the music is magnificent: the lovely opening melody, the diversity of the refrains, the E-flat Minor love music and the final three pages that describe the sun glinting through pine trees onto a bed of dark needles, the woodpecker pecking the bark, the river roaring over rocks — purest Schubertian magic. The song, which



has been performed increasingly often in recent years, is essentially a pilgrimage through life: having experienced religious fervour, the joys of society and glittering dances, the bliss of love and the horror of war, the poet withdraws into himself. 'Solitude' here has none of the negative connotations expressed in verse one. He now feels at one with nature and the song ends, fittingly, on the word „Seligkeit“, set to a heart-easing triplet *melisma*.

Richard Stokes © 2022

Ian Bostridge and Lars Vogt  
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The grid contains 16 thumbnails, each representing a page from the booklet. The first two thumbnails show portraits of Ian Bostridge and Lars Vogt. The subsequent thumbnails are arranged in four rows of four, showing various sections of the liner notes, including track details, detailed liner notes, lyrics, and acknowledgments.

**Lyrics****Schwanengesang**

**No.1 Liebesbotschaft**  
(Text by Ludwig 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.

**Love's message**

Murmuring brooklet,  
So silver and bright,  
Is it to my love  
You rush with such glee?  
Ah, be my messenger,  
Beloved brook;  
Bring her greetings  
From her distant love.

All the flowers  
She tends in her garden,  
And wears with such grace  
On her breast,  
And her roses  
In their crimson glow –  
Brooklet, refresh them  
With your cooling waves.

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

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

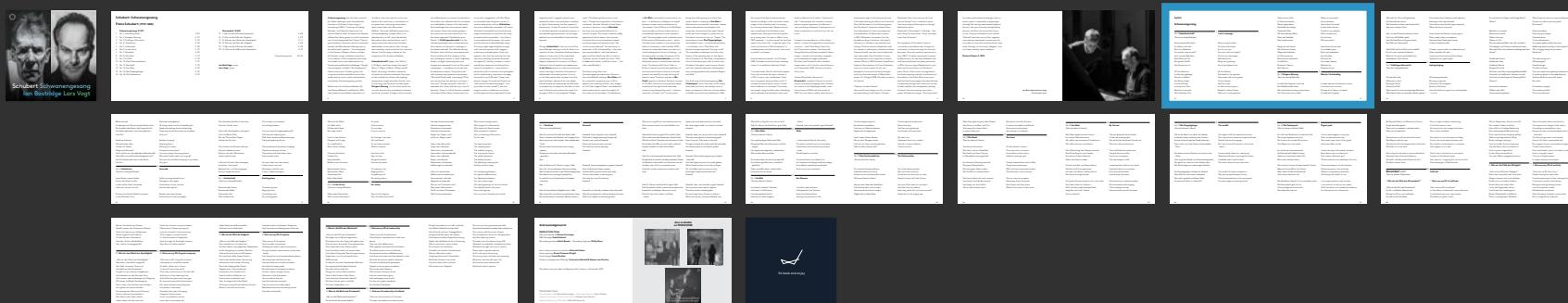
When on your bank,  
Lost in dreams,  
She inclines her head  
As she thinks of me –  
Comfort my sweetest  
With a kindly look,  
For her lover  
Will soon return.

And when the sun sets  
In a reddish glow,  
Rock my sweetheart  
Into slumber.  
Murmur her  
Into sweet repose,  
Whisper her  
Dreams of love.

**No.2 Kriegers Ahnung**  
(Text by Ludwig Rellstab)

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

In deep repose my brothers-in-arms  
Lie round me in a circle;  
My heart's so heavy, so afraid,  
So afire with longing.



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 schlafte fest,  
Herzliebste – Gute Nacht!

No. 3 Frühlings-Sehnsucht  
(Text by Ludwig Rellstab)

Säuselnde Lüfte  
Wehend so mild,  
Blumiger Dünfte  
Atmend erfüllt!  
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!  
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?

How often have I dreamt sweet dreams,  
Resting on her warm breast!  
How welcoming the fire's glow seemed,  
When she lay in my arms!

Here, where the flames' sombre glow  
Plays merely, alas, on weapons,  
Here the heart feels quite alone,  
A tear of sadness wells.

O heart, may comfort not abandon you!  
Many a battle still calls.-  
I may soon be at rest and fast asleep,  
Sweetest love – good night!

### 3 Spring longing

Whispering breezes  
Blowing so gently,  
Filled with the fragrant  
Breath of flowers!  
How blissfully you greet me and breathe  
on me!

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 ziebst 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

What have you done to my pounding heart?  
It yearns to follow your airy path!  
But where?

Silvery brooklets,  
Murmuring so bright,  
Cascade down  
To the valley below.  
The ripples glide swiftly that way,  
Reflecting earth and sky in their depths!  
Why, longing desire, do you draw  
Me down?

The welcoming sun's  
Glittering gold  
Sweetly brings  
The bliss of hope.  
How your rapturous greeting refreshes me!  
It smiles so gently in the deep blue sky  
And has filled my eyes with tears! –  
But why?

It wreathes in green  
The woods and hills!  
The snowy blossom



Blütenschnee!  
So dränget sich Alles zum bräutlichen Licht;  
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;  
Sie haben gefunden was ihnen gebreicht:  
Und Du?

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

#### No. 4 Ständchen

(Text by Ludwig Rellstab)

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;

Shimmers and gleams!  
All things reach out for the bridal light;  
Seeds are swelling, buds are bursting;  
They have found what they once lacked:  
And you?

Restless longing!  
Yearning heart,  
Nothing but tears,  
Complaints and pain?  
I too am aware of rising passion!  
Who shall finally quell my longing?  
Only you can set free the spring in my heart,  
Only you!

#### 4 Serenade

Softly my songs plead to you  
Throughout the night;  
Come down to me, my love,  
Into the silent grove!

Slender tree-tops whisper  
And murmur in the moonlight;

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 verstehn des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,  
Rühren mit den Silbertönen  
Jedes weiche Herz.

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

#### No. 5 Aufenthalt

(Text by Ludwig Rellstab)

Rauschender Storm,  
Brausender Wald,  
Starrender Fels  
Mein Aufenthalt.

Do not fear, my sweetest,  
Any lurking treason.

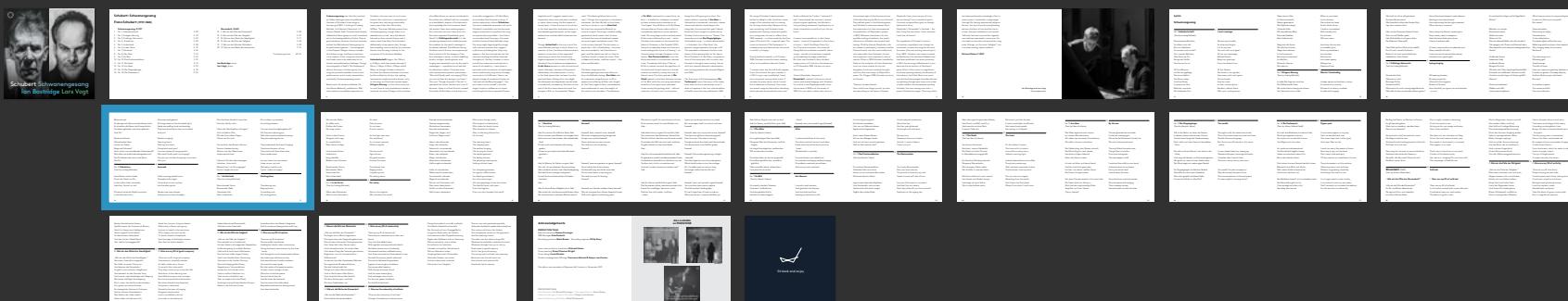
Can you hear the nightingales call?  
Ah! they are imploring you,  
With their sweet and plaintive songs  
They are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's longing,  
They know the pain of love,  
They touch with their silver notes  
Every tender heart.

Let your heart too me moved,  
Listen to me, my love!  
Quivering, I wait for you!  
Come – make me happy!

#### 5 Resting place

Thundering river,  
Raging forest,  
Unyielding rock,  
My resting place.



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

As wave  
Follows wave,  
So my tears  
Flow on and on.

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

As the high tree-tops  
Stir and bend,  
So my heart pounds  
Without respite.

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

Like the rock's  
Age-old ore,  
My grief remains  
Forever the same.

Rauschender Strom,  
Brausender Wald,  
Starrender Fels  
Mein Aufenthalt.

Thundering river,  
Raging forest,  
Unyielding rock,  
My resting place.

No. 6 **In der Ferne**  
(Text by Ludwig Rellstab)

Wehe dem Fliehenden  
Welt hinaus ziehenden! -

## 6 Far away

Woe to the fugitive,  
Who forsakes the world!

Fremde durchmessenden,  
Heimat vergessenden,  
Mutterhaus hassenden,  
Freunde verlassenden  
Folget kein Segen, ach!  
Auf ihren Wegen nach!

Herze, das sehnende,  
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!

Who roams foreign parts,  
Who forgets his fatherland,  
Who hates his family home,  
Who forsakes his friends -  
Alas, no blessing follows him  
On his way!

The yearning heart,  
The weeping eyes,  
The endless longing,  
The turning for home!  
The seething breast,  
The fading lament,  
The glittering evening star,  
Sinking without hope.

You whispering breezes,  
You gently ruffled waves,  
You fleeting sunbeams,  
You who never linger:  
Ah! send greetings to her who broke  
This faithful heart with pain -  
From the fugitive,  
From one who forsakes the world!



**No. 7 Abschied**

(Text by Ludwig Rellstab)

Ade, Du munstre, 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 ertönet 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?

7

**Farewell**

Farewell, lively, cheerful town, farewell!  
 My horse is happily pawing the ground;  
 Accept now my final farewell.  
 Never yet have you seen me sad,  
 Nor shall you now at parting.  
 Farewell ...

Farewell, trees and gardens so green, farewell!  
 Now I ride by the silvery stream,  
 My farewell song echoes far and wide;  
 You've never heard a sad song yet,  
 Nor shall you now I'm leaving.  
 Farewell ...

Farewell, you friendly maidens there, farewell!  
 Why do you gaze from flower-fragrant houses  
 With such roguish and enticing eyes?

Wie sonst, so grüß' ich und schaue mich um,  
 Doch nimmer wend' ich mein Rösslein um.  
 Ade ...

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 die Welt wir 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 ...

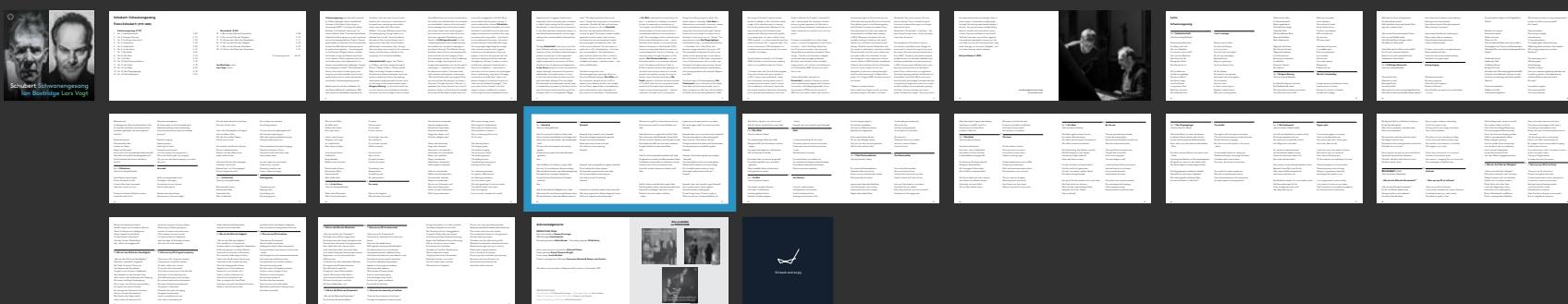
Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllt Euch grau! Ade!  
 Des Fensterlein trübes, verschimmerndes Licht  
 Ersetzt Ihr unzähligen Sterne mir nicht;  
 Darf ich hier nicht weilen, muß hier  
 vorbei,

I greet you as always and turn my head,  
 But never again shall I turn back my horse.  
 Farewell ...

Farewell, dear sun, as you sink to rest, farewell!  
 The stars now glitter in shimmering gold.  
 How I love you, little stars in the sky;  
 Though we travel the whole world far and wide,  
 You always serve us as faithful guides.  
 Farewell ...

Farewell, little window gleaming so bright,  
 farewell!  
 Your faint light has such a homely gleam,  
 Which kindly invites us into the cottage.  
 Ah, I've ridden past so many a time,  
 And might today then be the last?  
 Farewell ...

Farewell, stars, veil yourself in grey! Farewell!  
 You countless stars cannot replace  
 The little window's fading light;  
 If I can't linger here, if I have to ride on,  
 What use are you, however faithfully you



Was hilft es, folgt ihr mir noch so treu!  
Ade, Ihr Sterne, verhüllt Euch grau! Ade!

No. 8 **Der Atlas**

(Text by Heinrich Heine)

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.

No. 9 **Ihr Bild**

(Text by Heinrich Heine)

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

follow!  
Farewell, stars, veil yourself in grey! Farewell!

**Atlas**

I, unfortunate Atlas! all the world,  
The whole world of sorrow I must bear,  
I bear what cannot be borne, and my  
heart  
Would break in my body.

You proud heart, you willed it so!  
You wished to be happy, endlessly happy,  
Or endlessly wretched, proud heart,  
And now you are wretched.

I stood in dark dreams,  
And gazed at her likeness,  
And that beloved face  
Sprang mysteriously to life.

8

9

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'!

No. 10 **Das Fischermaädchen**

(Text by Heinrich Heine)

Du schönes Fischermaädchen,  
Treibe 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.

A smile played wondrously  
About her lips,  
And her eyes glistened,  
As though with sad tears.

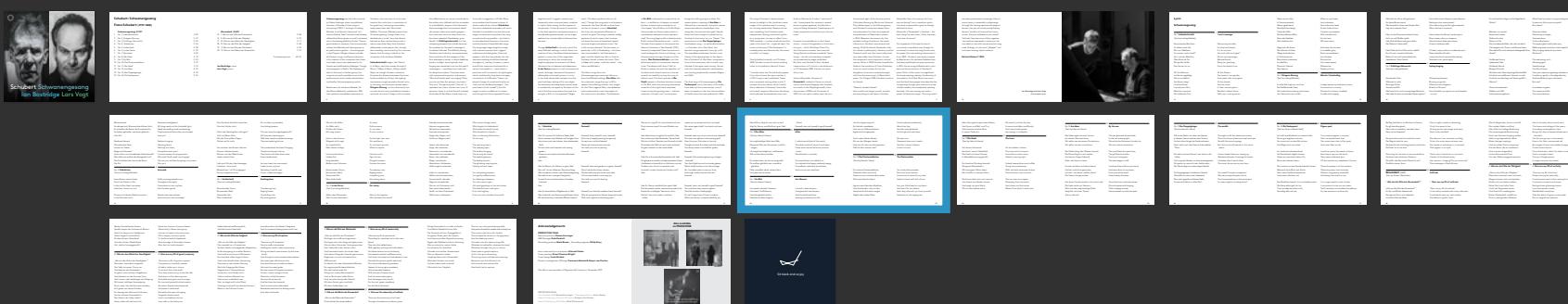
My tears too  
Streamed down my cheeks –  
And ah, I cannot believe  
I have lost you!

10

**The fishermaiden**

You lovely fishermaiden,  
Row your boat ashore;  
Come and sit down by my side,  
Hand in hand we'll talk of love.

Lay your little head on my heart  
And don't be too afraid;  
Each day, after all, you trust yourself  
Fearlessly to the raging sea.



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

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No. 11 **Die Stadt**

(Text by Heinrich Heine)

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.

My heart's just like the sea,  
It storms and ebbs and floods,  
And many lovely pearls  
Are resting in its depths.

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11      **The town**

On the distant horizon  
The town with its turrets  
Looms like a misty vision,  
Veiled in evening light.

A dank breeze blows and ruffles  
The gloomy waterway;  
With sad and measured strokes  
The boatman rows my boat.

The sun rises once again,  
Gleaming from the earth,  
And shows me that place  
Where I lost what I loved most.

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No. 12 **Am Meer**  
(Text by Heinrich Heine)

Das Meer ergänzte weit hinaus  
Im letzten Abendschein;  
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.  
(Fanny Hensel)

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12

**By the sea**

The sea gleamed far and wide  
In the last evening light;  
We sat by the fisherman's lonely hut,  
We sat in silence and alone.

The mist lifted, the water rose,  
The gull flew to and fro;  
From your loving eyes  
The tears began to fall.

I watched them fall on your hand,  
And sank down to my knees;  
From your white hand  
I drank away the tears.

Since that hour my body wastes,  
My soul expires with longing;  
That unhappy woman  
Has poisoned me with her tears.



13

**No. 13 Der Doppelgänger**

(Text by Heinrich Heine)

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 Schmerzensgewalt;  
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?

**The wraith**

The night is still, the streets are at rest,  
This is the house where my loved-one lived;  
She left the town long ago,  
But the house still stands in the same  
place.

A man stands there too, staring up,  
Wracked with pain, he wrings his hands;  
I shudder when I see his face –  
The moon shows me my own form.

You wraith! You pale companion!  
Why do you ape the pain of love  
That tormented me on this same spot,  
So many nights in times gone by?

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**No. 14 Die Taubenpost**

(Text by 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 viertausendmal  
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.

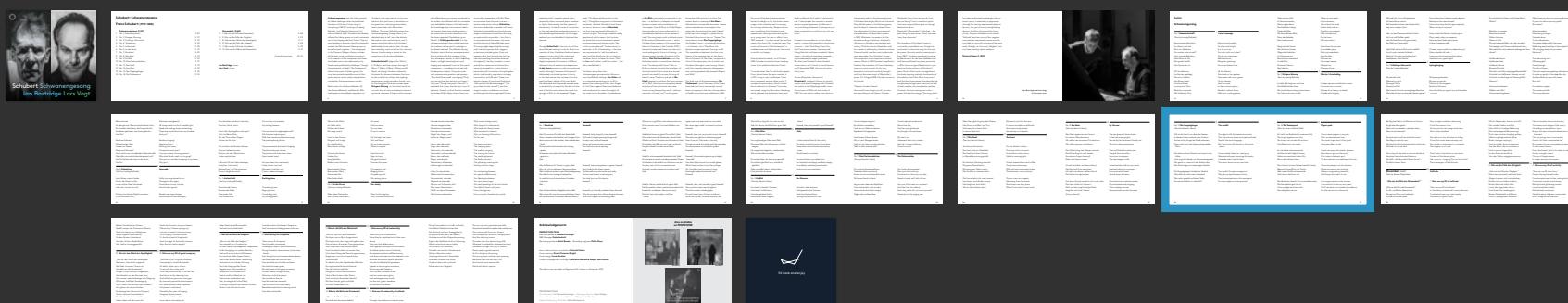
Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,  
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr;  
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,  
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

I've a carrier-pigeon in my pay,  
She's so devoted and true,  
She never stops short of her goal,  
And never flies too far.

I send her many thousands of times  
Each day to spy out the land,  
Past many a beloved spot,  
Till she reaches my sweetheart's house.

There she peeps in at the window,  
Observing every look and step,  
Delivers my greeting cheerfully  
And brings hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a letter,  
I can entrust to her my very tears;  
She'll certainly not mistake the address,  
For she serves me so fervently.



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,  
Die 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.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,  
It's all the same to her:  
As long as she can range and roam,  
She's richly satisfied!

She does not tire, she does not flag,  
To her the route seems always new;  
She needs no enticement, no reward,  
That pigeon is so loyal!

That's why I cherish her in my heart,  
Certain of the fairest prize;  
Her name is – Longing! Do you know her?  
The messenger of faithfulness.

### Einsamkeit (D620)

(Text by Johann Mayrhofer)

#### I. Gib mir die Fülle der Einsamkeit!"

„Gib mir die Fülle der Einsamkeit!"  
Im Tal, von Blüten überschneit,  
Da ragt ein Dom, und nebenbei  
In hohem Stile die Abtei:

### Solitude

#### I. 'Give me my fill of solitude.'

'Give me my fill of solitude.'  
In the valley covered with snowy blossom  
A cathedral soars up, and nearby  
The abbey in gothic style:



Wie ihr Begründer, fromm und still,  
Der müden Hafen und Asyl,  
Hier kühl mit heiliger Betauung,  
Die nieversiegende Beschauung.  
Doch den frischen Jüngling quälen  
Selbst in gottgeweihten Zellen  
Bilder, feuriger verjüngt;  
Und ein wilder Strom entspringt  
Aus der Brust, die er umdämmt,  
Und in einem Augenblick  
Ist der Ruhe zartes Glück  
Von den Wellen weggeschwemmt.

Like its founder, devout and calm,  
The haven and refuge of the weary.  
Unending contemplation here  
Brings the dew of sacred refreshment to  
the spirit.  
Yet the young man is tormented,  
Even in his God-consecrated cell,  
By images of ever more ardent longing;  
A wild torrent bursts  
From the breast, which he seeks to stem —  
And in a single instant  
The joy of fragile peace  
Is swept away by the waves.

#### II. Gib mir die Fülle der Tätigkeit

„Gib mir die Fülle der Tätigkeit.“  
Menschen wimmeln weit und breit,  
Wagen kreuzen sich und stäuben,  
Käufer sich um Läden treiben,  
Rotes Gold und heller Stein  
Lockt die Zögernden hinein,  
Und Ersatz für Landesgrüne  
Bieten Maskenball und Bühne.  
Doch in prangenden Palästen,

#### II. Give me my fill of activity

'Give me my fill of activity.'  
People throng far and wide,  
Coaches pass each other, raising dust,  
Customers crowd round shops,  
Red gold and glistening stones  
Lure the hesitant inside,  
Masked balls and plays  
Take the place of green countryside.  
But in magnificent palaces,

Bei der Freude lauten Festen,  
Sprießt empor der Schwermut Blume,  
Senkt ihr Haupt zum Heiligtume  
Seiner Jugend Unschuld lust,  
Zu dem blauen Hirtenland  
Und der Lichten Quelle Rand,  
Ach, daß er hinweggemußt!

Amid the clamour of joyous feasts  
Melancholy's flower springs up,  
Inclines its head to the sanctuary  
Of his happy, innocent youth,  
To the blue land of shepherds  
And the edge of the bright stream.  
Alas that he had to depart!

### III. Gib mir das Glück der Geselligkeit

„Gib mir das Glück der Geselligkeit.“  
Genossen, freundlich angereiht  
Der Tafel, stimmen Chorus an  
Und ebenen die Felsenbahn!  
So geht's zum schönen Hügelkranz  
Und abwärts zu des Stromes Tanz,  
Und immer mehr befestiget sich Neigung  
Mit treuer, kräftiger Verzweigung.  
Doch, wenn ihm die Freunde schieden,  
Ist's getan um seinen Frieden.  
Ihn bewegt der Sehnsucht Schmerz,  
Und er schauet himmelwärts:  
Das Gestirn der Liebe strahlt.  
Liebe, Liebe ruft die laue Luft,

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### III. Give me my fill of good company

'Give me my fill of good company.'  
Companions, cheerfully seated  
At table, strike up in chorus  
To smooth the rocky path!  
Thus they continue up to the fair hills  
And down to the dancing river,  
And affections grow ever stronger  
By true and powerful attachments.  
But when friends have departed  
His peace is shattered.  
Moved by the pain of longing,  
He gazes heavenward;  
Love's constellation shines.  
Love calls in the balmy air,

Liebe, Liebe atmet Blumenduft,  
Und sein Inn'res Liebe hält.

### IV. Gib mir die Fülle der Seligkeit

„Gib mir die Fülle der Seligkeit.“  
Nun wandelt er in Trunkenheit  
An ihrer Hand in schweigenden Gesprächen,  
Im Buchengang, an weißen Bächen,  
Und muß er auch durch Wüstenein,  
Ihm leuchtet süßer Augen Schein;  
Und in der feindlichsten Verwirrung  
Vertrauet er der holden Führung.  
Doch die Särge großer Ahnen,  
Siegerkronen, Sturmesfahnen  
Lassen ihn nicht fürder ruh'n:  
Und er muß ein Gleiches tun,  
Und wie sie unsterblich sein.  
Sieh, er steigt aufs hohe Pferd,  
Schwingt und prüft das blanke Schwert,  
Reitet in die Schlacht hinein.

Love blows from the flowers' fragrance,  
And his innermost being quivers with love.

### IV. Give me my fill of rapture

'Give me my fill of rapture.'  
Now he walks, intoxicated,  
Holding her hand in silent communion,  
Along the beech-tree avenue, by the clear  
brook,  
And though he must traverse desert places,  
Her sweet eyes will shine on him;  
And amid the most hostile confusion  
He trusts his sweet guide.  
But the tombs of his great ancestors,  
Victors' crowns, ensigns of war,  
Allow him no further peace.  
He must do as they do,  
And like them be immortal.  
See, he mounts his noble steed,  
Brandishes and tests his shining sword,  
And rides into battle.



**V. Gib mir die Fülle der Düsterkeit**

„Gib mir die Fülle der Düsterkeit.“  
 Da liegen sie im Blute hingestreut,  
 Die Lippe starr, das Auge wild gebrochen,  
 Die erst dem Schrecken Trotz gesprochen.  
 Kein Vater kehrt den Seinen mehr,  
 Und heimwärts kehrt ein ander Heer,  
 Und denen Krieg das Teuerste genommen,  
 Begrüssen nun mit schmerzlichem  
 Willkommen!  
 So deucht ihm des Vaterlandes Wächter  
 Ein ergrimmter Brüderschlächter,  
 Der der Freiheit edel Gut  
 Dünkt mit rotem Menschenblut.  
 Und er flucht dem tollen Ruhm  
 Und tauschet lärmendes Gewühl  
 Mit dem Forste, grün und kühl,  
 Mit dem Siedlerleben um.

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**V. Give me my fill of melancholy**

‘Give me my fill of melancholy.’  
 There they lie, stretched out in their own  
 blood,  
 They who first defied terror,  
 With rigid lips and eyes wild with death.  
 No father returns now to his family,  
 Homeward marches a different army,  
 And those who have lost their dearest in war  
 Now bid the army a painful welcome!  
 Thus do his fatherland’s guardians  
 Appear to him as grim murderers,  
 Nurturing noble freedom  
 With the red of human blood.  
 And he curses insane glory,  
 And exchanges noisy tumult  
 For the cool, green woodland,  
 For the life of the forest.

**VI. Gib mir die Weihe der Einsamkeit**

„Gib mir die Weihe der Einsamkeit.“  
 Durch dichte Tannendunkelheit

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**VI. Give me the solemnity of solitude**

‘Give me the solemnity of solitude.’  
 Through the darkness of dense pines

Dringt Sonnenblick nur halb und halb,  
 Und färbet Nadelschichten falb.  
 Der Kuckuck ruft aus Zweiggeflecht,  
 An grauer Rinde pickt der Specht,  
 Und donnernd über Klippenhemmung  
 Ergeht des Gießbachs kühne Strömung.  
 Was er wünschte, was er liebte,  
 Ihn erfreute, ihn betrübte,  
 Schwebt mit sanfter Schwärzmerei  
 Wie um Abendrot vorbei.  
 Jünglings Sehnsucht, Einsamkeit,  
 Wird dem Greisen nun zuteil,  
 Und ein Leben rauh und steil  
 Führte doch zur Seligkeit.

The sun can only penetrate partially  
 And paints the bed of needles with a dusky hue.  
 The cuckoo calls from the thicket,  
 The woodpecker drums on the grey bark,  
 And the dashing torrent  
 Thunders over the obstructing cliffs.  
 Whatever he wished for, whatever he loved,  
 Whatever brought him joy or sorrow,  
 Floats past in gentle rapture,  
 As if in the glow of evening.  
 The young man’s solitude and yearning  
 Becomes now the old man’s lot,  
 And a harsh and arduous life  
 Has finally led to rapture.



## Acknowledgements

### PRODUCTION TEAM

Executive producer **Renaud Loranger**

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Cover design **Lucia Ghielmi**

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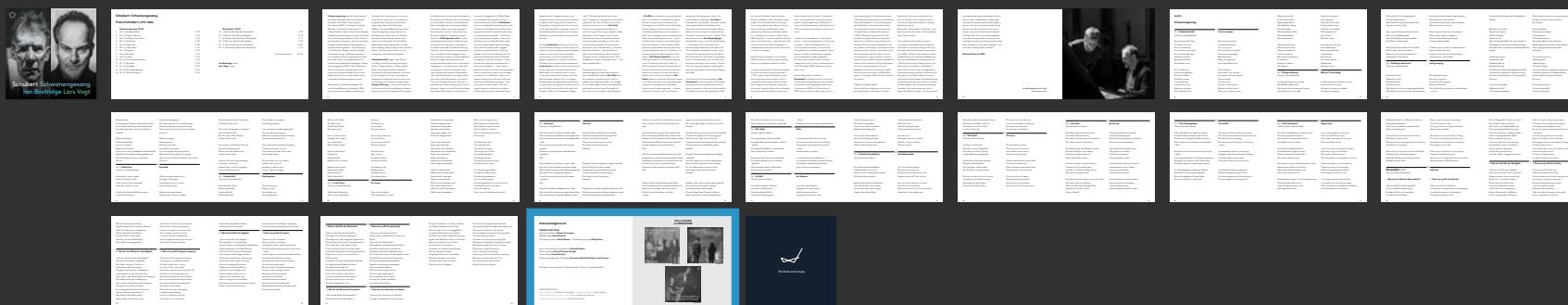
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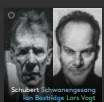
## LINER NOTES

## LYRICS

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



Sit back and enjoy



Schubert  
Schwengesing

Ian Bostridge  
Lori Voigt

