

WIGMORE



HALL

LIVE

ALICE COOTE · JULIUS DRAKE

Schubert  
*Winterreise*



## ALICE COOTE SINGS WINTERREISE

A decade or so ago, I asked Alice Coote if there were any particular musical ambition she secretly cherished. 'Well', she replied, 'maybe one day I'll sing *Winterreise* in drag!' The costume and make-up is hardly necessary. Although for most of its performing life Schubert's song-cycle has been the province of male singers, gender really is not an issue here. The solitary lover, rejected by the beloved and doomed to wander for life, 'without rest, and seeking rest', is an archetype of the German Romantic consciousness. And this archetype is equally Everyman and Everywoman. What's more, the cycle is literally cyclic: the existential wandering never ends – except, perhaps, in Nirvana.

Shortly before Christa Ludwig sang *Winterreise* in her farewell recital at Wigmore Hall in 1993, she had told me that 'you grow into *Winterreise*, passing through its different stations in a search for tranquillity. When we reach 'Der Leiermann' at the end, we are faced with the Wheel of Life, turning on and on, with no end. The question 'shall I go with you?' expresses the same desire as in Mahler's song 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen'. We are into Nirvana, into a space where nothing counts any more ...'.

Before and after Ludwig, other women left their mark on *Winterreise*: Lotte Lehmann, Elena Gerhardt, Brigitte Fassbaender (with whom Coote has studied – and it shows), Nathalie Stutzmann, Christine Schaefer and Barbara Hendricks. This recording is surely set to be a landmark both in Coote's own career, and in the recording history of the cycle.

Coote starts as she means to go on. Julius Drake's brisk – even nervous – footfall sets up a highly charged emotional register, to be embodied in the feverish brightness of Coote's upper register. The shadow glimpsed in the moonlight shudders through her voice; a sudden hush of resignation falls on the words 'Love loves to wander – God has made it so'.

It's worth remembering that the song-cycle frightened even the composer himself. Schubert's close friend Joseph von Spaun confided the following words to his diary: 'For some time Schubert had been in a gloomy mood and seemed exhausted. When I asked him what the matter was, he simply said, "Come to Schober's place today. I will sing a cycle of spine-chilling songs to you. I am curious to see what you will make of it. They have affected me more than has ever been the case with other songs".' But, when it came to the evening itself – 4 March 1827 – Schubert didn't turn up. He might well have been forgetful. He was apparently often distraught and distracted: the shadow of syphilis had been hanging over him for the past five years. Or perhaps he knew exactly what he was doing. In this work, he had plumbed a heart of darkness never known before – and even he, perhaps, felt dizzy at the thought of looking quite so far into the abyss.

Back to the progress of the cycle. 'The Weather Vane' – 'Die Wetterfahne' – is the first of many emblematic images within *Winterreise*: animate and inanimate objects which take on a totemic

psychological significance. Here, both the piano writing and the voice swing round in arcs, as a blustery wind taunts both the vane and the human heart. After movement comes stasis, in ‘Geforne Tränen’, highlighting another familiar and almost obsessive rhythm within *Winterreise*. The wanderer’s tears fall, and immediately turn to ice. Here, Coote shifts into a softer, more covered vocal timbre, as though she is now drawing deeper into herself.

Rapid, desperate movement returns in ‘Erstarrung’; and Coote looked round distractedly in her live recital, as though baffled at a new sense of alienation. With ‘Der Lindenbaum’, we reach the first of several points of repose on this winter journey. The piano moves to a stable major key, its right-hand figures shimmering as light filters through the dappled shade of the Linden. And a melody that could be a folksong rises up, as the wanderer remembers carving the name of the beloved in the bark. In German poetry, the Linden is a familiar symbol of rest and refreshment – but also of existential, final rest. And that will be denied to this traveller. Coote and Drake set the final stanza apart, emphasising the chasm of time between the dream vision and the present reality.

A ‘Wasserflut’ renews the water imagery so beloved of both the poet Wilhelm Müller and of Schubert himself. But this is not the babbling brook of *Die schöne Müllerin*. The floodwaters of spring are here swollen by tears, and the rising and falling triplets of the singer lurch uneasily against the dotted rhythm of the piano. At this point, we hear one of the defining



FRANZ SCHUBERT

characteristics of Coote’s performance: the intensity of the emotional ambivalence she spots within Schubert’s frequently repeated last lines. Here the observation that wherever the snow

feels the burning of tears, that place will be the beloved's house, draws first a numb sadness, then a fierce rage from Coote's voice.

On the river – 'Auf dem Flusse' – an icy crust has formed: the traveller sees the hidden current below as an image of the emotional torrent in the heart. Paranoia grips the wanderer in the pelting stones and hail of a backward glance ('Rückblick'). And then, in 'Irrlicht' ('Will-o'-the-wisp') hallucination kicks in. An illusion of rest comes once more, though not without the sting of the serpent piercing the breast with chromatic harmonies and enflamed dynamics.

'Frühlingstraum' – a dream of spring – is, like 'Der Lindenbaum', a point of deceptive repose. Here dream and reality, major and minor, clash still more violently – as they do in Schubert's late piano works. As Coote views the mockery of apparent blooming flowers within ice patterns on the window, her mezzo aches with the pity of it all. 'Einsamkeit' ('Loneliness') is at the heart of the cycle. And that walking tread returns, soon disrupted by violent dynamic contrasts and tremolos, in some of Schubert's most *avant-garde* and alarming piano writing. Drake's chords are drained of colour; the voice is bleached.

The second half of *Winterreise* begins with the clip-clop of horses' hooves, and the fanfares of the post-horn ('Die Post'). The heart leaps – but, of course, there's no letter. With 'Der greise Kopf', we enter a state of depersonalisation. The traveller has a delusional experience of herself as an old woman: the vocal line wanders free, dissociated from the piano accompaniment. Coote seems to

place the anguish within every word under a microscope – and then to magnify its image.

In 'Die Krähe', the delusion is extended, as a scavenging crow shadows the wanderer's progress, and Drake's left hand becomes a spectral presence tracking the voice. Coote almost shrieks with horror at the vision of death. Falling leaves symbolise a last hope ('Letzte Hoffnung'). And here, chaos is come again. Where are the barlines? What exactly is the rhythm? Everything seems disorientated, as Schubert pushes back the boundaries of his musical vocabulary even further. The village ('Im Dorfe') is deserted: barking dogs and yawning sleepers are heard in voice and piano. As the traveller presses onwards – what place has she among the sleeping? – Coote draws her listeners in close to the pathos of her world-weariness.

More storms, internal and external – and more illusions are to come. And then, 'Der Wegweiser', the signpost. We're at the crossroads, and the footfall of the cycle's opening tread returns. Restless, yet seeking rest, the traveller presses on. On reaching a graveyard ('Das Wirtshaus'), she mistakes the funeral wreaths for the welcoming boughs of evergreen which, even today, hang on the door of hostelrys at the time of the 'Heurige', or new wine. And there's no room at this inn. Coote's growing determination to press ever onwards is fierce, almost terrifying, in its desperation. And Drake digs her walking-staff deep into the earth.

The last three songs provide a hypnotic succession: a triptych of psychological disintegration.

'Mut!' is an outburst of fury and defiance – a final, manic defence against destiny. In her live performance, Coote threw her head back at this point, as though in leering, hollow laughter. In 'Die Nebensonnen', three suns appear to the wanderer, providing rich pickings for psycho-analytical or meteorological commentary! But musically, this is a hymn which transmutes into

a dance, a lilting sarabande of sorrow. Its last bars can drift into the drone of the Leiermann: the hurdy-gurdy man whose music, arid and repetitive, turns and turns, without a single expression mark. Nothing is left but the performer's sense of wonder at this spectre of music – and the wheel of life, turning on and on ...

*Notes by Hilary Finch © 2013*

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## 01 Gute Nacht

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,  
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.  
Der Mai war mir gewogen  
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.  
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,  
Die Mutter gar von Eh' –  
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,  
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen  
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit:  
Muß selbst den Weg mir weisen  
In dieser Dunkelheit.  
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten  
Als mein Gefährte mit,  
Und auf den weißen Matten  
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.

Was soll ich länger weilen,  
Daß man mich trieb' hinaus?  
Laß irre Hunde heulen  
Vor ihres Herren Haus!  
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern, –  
Gott hat sie so gemacht –  
Von einem zu dem andern –  
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,  
Wär' schad' um deine Ruh',  
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören –  
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!  
Schreib' im Vorübergehen  
An's Tor dir gute Nacht,  
Damit du mögest sehen,  
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

## 02 Die Wetterfahne

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne  
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.  
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem Wahne,  
Sie piff' den armen Flüchtling aus.

## Good night

A stranger I came,  
a stranger I depart.  
The month of May favoured me  
with many bouquets of flowers.  
The girl spoke of love,  
her mother of marriage even –  
and now the world's so bleak  
the road concealed in snow.

I cannot choose the time  
for my journey:  
I must find my own way  
in this darkness.  
A shadow in the moonlight  
keeps me company,  
and on the white meadows  
I see the tracks of deer.

Why should I wait any longer  
for them to drive me out?  
Let stray dogs howl  
before their master's house!  
Love loves to wander –  
God has made it so –  
from one to another –  
my sweetest love, good night!

I'll not disturb your dreams,  
a shame to spoil your rest!  
You shall not hear my footsteps –  
as I softly close the door!  
I'll write 'Good night' on your gate  
as I pass,  
so that you may see  
I've thought of you.

## The weather-vane

The wind plays with the weather-vane  
on my beloved's house.  
In my folly I thought it mocked  
the wretched fugitive.

Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,  
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,  
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen  
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen,  
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.  
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?  
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

### 03 Gefrorne Tränen

Gefrorne Tropfen fallen  
Von meinen Wangen ab:  
Ob es mir denn entgangen,  
Daß ich geweinet hab'?

Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,  
Und seid ihr gar so lau,  
Daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise,  
Wie kühler Morgentau?

Und dringt doch aus der Quelle  
Der Brust so glühend heiß,  
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen  
Des ganzen Winters Eis.

### 04 Erstarrung

Ich such' im Schnee vergebens  
Nach ihrer Tritte Spur,  
Wo sie an meinem Arme  
Durchstrich die grüne Flur.

Ich will den Boden küssen,  
Durchdringen Eis und Schnee  
Mit meinen heißen Tränen,  
Bis ich die Erde seh'.

Wo find' ich eine Blüte,  
Wo find' ich grünes Gras?  
Die Blumen sind erstorben,  
Der Rasen sieht so blaß.

He should have noticed it sooner,  
this sign fixed on the house,  
he'd never then have thought  
to find a faithful woman there.

The wind plays with hearts inside,  
though less loudly than on the roof.  
What is my torment to them?  
Their child's a rich bride.

### Frozen tears

Frozen drops fall  
from my cheeks:  
did I, then, not notice  
I've been weeping?

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

And yet you spring from my heart  
with such fierce heat,  
as if you would melt  
all the winter's ice.

### Numbness

In vain I seek  
her steps in the snow,  
where we walked arm in arm  
through the green field.

I shall kiss the ground,  
pierce ice and snow  
with my hot tears,  
till I see the earth.

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

Soll denn kein Angedenken  
Ich nehmen mit von hier?  
Wenn meine Schmerzen schweigen,  
Wer sagt mir dann von ihr?

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

#### 05 Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore  
Da steht ein Lindenbaum:  
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten  
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort;  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich mußst' auch heute wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!

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

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

Is there no keepsake, then,  
for me to take from here?  
Who, when my grief is silent,  
will speak to me of her?

My heart seems dead,  
her cold image numb within:  
should my heart ever thaw,  
her image too will melt.

#### The linden tree

By the well, before the gate,  
stands a linden tree:  
I used to dream in its shade  
so many a sweet dream.

I used to carve in its bark  
so many a word of love;  
in joy and in sorrow  
I felt ever drawn to it.

I had to pass it again  
today at dead of night,  
and even in the dark,  
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,  
as though calling me:  
come to me, my friend,  
here you shall find rest!

The cold winds blew  
full into my face,  
my hat flew from my head,  
I did not turn back.

Many hours have passed  
since I left that place,  
yet still I hear the rustling:  
there shall you find rest!



## 06 Wasserflut

Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen  
Ist gefallen in den Schnee;  
Seine kalten Flocken saugen  
Durstig ein das heiße Weh.

Wenn die Gräser sprossen wollen,  
Weht daher ein lauer Wind,  
Und das Eis zerspringt in Schollen,  
Und der weiche Schnee zerrinnt.

Schnee, du weißt von meinem Sehen:  
Sag', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?  
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,  
Nimmst dich bald das Bächlein auf.

Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,  
Muntre Straßen ein und aus:  
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,  
Da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

## 07 Auf dem Flusse

Der du so lustig rauschtest,  
Du heller, wilder Fluß,  
Wie still bist du geworden,  
Gibst keinen Scheidegruß.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde  
Hast du dich überdeckt,  
Liegst kalt und unbeweglich  
Im Sande ausgestreckt.

In deine Decke grab' ich  
Mit einem spitzen Stein  
Den Namen meiner Liebsten  
Und Stund' und Tag hinein:

Den Tag des ersten Grußes,  
Den Tag, an dem ich ging,  
Um Nam' und Zahlen windet  
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

## Flood

Many a tear from my eyes  
has fallen into the snow;  
the cold flakes thirstily drink  
my burning anguish.

When grass is ready to grow,  
a warm wind blows,  
and the ice breaks into fragments,  
and the soft snow melts.

Snow, you know of my longing:  
tell me where your path leads?  
You've only to follow my tears  
and the stream will bear you away.

It will carry you through the town,  
in and out of busy streets:  
when you feel my tears burning,  
that will be my loved-one's house.

## On the river

You who murmured so merrily,  
you clear, raging stream,  
how silent you've become,  
you bid me no farewell.

You've covered yourself  
with a hard stiff crust,  
you lie cold and motionless,  
stretched out in the sand.

With a sharp stone  
I carve on your surface  
the name of my beloved,  
and the hour and the day:

The day of our first greeting,  
the day I went away,  
around the name and figure  
is wound a broken ring.

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

#### 08 Rückblick

Es brennt mir unter beiden Sohlen,  
Tret' ich auch schon auf Eis und Schnee.  
Ich möcht' nicht wieder Atem holen,  
Bis ich nicht mehr die Türme seh'.

Hab' mich an jeden Stein gestoßen,  
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;  
Die Krähen warfen Ball' und Schloßen  
Auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

Wie anders hast du mich empfangen,  
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!  
An deinen blanken Fenstern sangen  
Die Lerch' und Nachtigall im Streit.

Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,  
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,  
Und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten! –  
Da war's geschehn um dich, Gesell!

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

#### 09 Irrlicht

In die tiefsten Felsengründe  
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht hin:  
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde,  
Liegt nicht schwer mir in dem Sinn.

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,  
"S führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:  
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,  
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

My heart, do you now see  
your own likeness in this stream?  
Is there such a raging torrent  
beneath its surface too?

#### A backward glance

The ground blazes beneath my feet,  
though I walk on ice and snow.  
I shall not pause for breath again,  
till the towers are out of sight.

I've stumbled over every stone  
in my haste to leave the town;  
the crows shied snow and hailstones  
onto my hat from every roof.

How differently you welcomed me,  
city of inconstancy!  
Lark and nightingale vied in song  
at your gleaming windows.

The rounded linden trees blossomed,  
the clear fountains murmured brightly,  
and ah! the girl's eyes flashed fire! –  
and your fate, my friend, was sealed!

When I think of that day,  
I long to look back once more,  
long to stumble back again,  
stand silently before her house.

#### Will-o'-the-wisp

A will-o'-the-wisp lured me  
into the deepest rocky chasm:  
how to find a way out  
does not greatly concern me.

I'm used to going astray,  
every path leads to one goal:  
our joys, our sorrows  
are all a will-o'-the-wisp's game!

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

#### 10 Rast

Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich bin,  
Da ich zur Ruh' mich lege;  
Das Wandern hielt mich munter hin  
Auf unwirtbarem Wege.

Die Füße frugen nicht nach Rast,  
Es war zu kalt zum Stehen,  
Der Rücken fühlte keine Last,  
Der Sturm half fort mich wehen.

In eines Köhlers engem Haus  
Hab Obdach ich gefunden;  
Doch meine Glieder ruhn nicht aus:  
So brennen ihre Wunden.

Auch du, mein Herz, im Kampf und Sturm  
So wild und so verwegen,  
Fühlst in der Still' erst deinen Wurm  
Mit heißem Stich sich regen!

#### 11 Frühlingstraum

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,  
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai,  
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,  
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krächten,  
Da ward mein Auge wach;  
Da war es kalt und finster,  
Es schriegen die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben  
Wer malte die Blätter da?  
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,  
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Through the dry bed of a mountain stream  
I calmly make my way down –  
every river will reach the sea,  
every sorrow find its grave.

#### Rest

Only now as I lie down to rest,  
do I notice how tired I am;  
walking had kept me cheerful  
on the desolate road.

My feet demanded no rest,  
it was too cold for standing still,  
my back felt no burden,  
the storm helped to drive me on.

I have found shelter  
in a charcoal-burner's cramped hut;  
but my sores hurt so much  
that my limbs cannot rest.

You too, my heart, in storm and strife  
so audacious and so wild,  
you feel stirring in this stillness  
the fierce pangs of anguish!

#### Dream of spring

I dreamt of colourful flowers,  
such as might bloom in May,  
I dreamt of green meadows  
and happy singing of birds.

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

But who painted those leaves  
on the window-panes?  
Are you mocking the dreamer  
who saw flowers in winter?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,  
Von einer schönen Maid,  
Von Herzen und von Küssen,  
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

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

Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,  
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.  
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?  
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

## 12 Einsamkeit

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

So zieh' ich meine Straße  
Dahin mit tragem Fuß,  
Durch helles, frohes Leben,  
Einsam und ohne Gruß.

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

## 13 Die Post

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

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

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

I dreamt of love requited,  
dreamt of a beautiful girl,  
of caressing and of kissing,  
of rapture and of joy.

And when the cocks crowed,  
my heart awoke;  
now I sit here alone,  
and think about the dream.

I close my eyes again,  
my heart still beats so warm.  
Leaves on my window, when will you turn green?  
When shall I hold my love in my arms?

## Loneliness

Like a dark cloud  
drifting across clear skies,  
when a faint breeze  
blows through the fir-tops:

I go on my way  
with dragging steps,  
through life's bright joys,  
lonely and ignored.

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

## The mail-coach

A post-horn sounds from the road.  
Why do you surge so wildly,  
my heart?

There will be no letter for you:  
why do you throb so strangely,  
my heart?

Because the post comes from the town,  
where once I had a beloved,  
my heart!

Willst wohl einmal hinübersehn,  
Und fragen, wie es dort mag gehn,  
Mein Herz?

#### 14 **Der greise Kopf**

Der Reif hat einen weißen Schein  
Mir über's Haar gestreuet.  
Da glaubt' ich schon ein Greis zu sein,  
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.

Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,  
Hab' wieder schwarze Haare,  
Daß mir's vor meiner Jugend graut –  
Wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!

Vom Abendrot zum Morgenlicht  
Ward mancher Kopf zum Greise.  
Wer glaubt's? Und meiner ward es nicht  
Auf dieser ganzen Reise!

#### 15 **Die Krähe**

Eine Krähe war mit mir  
Aus der Stadt gezogen,  
Ist bis heute für und für  
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,  
Willst mich nicht verlassen?  
Meinst wohl bald als Beute hier  
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr gehn  
An dem Wanderstabe.  
Krähe, laß mich endlich sehn  
Treue bis zum Grabe!

#### 16 **Letzte Hoffnung**

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

I suppose you'd like to look in  
and ask how things are there,  
my heart?

#### **The hoary head**

The frost has sprinkled a white sheen  
on my hair.  
I believed I was an old man  
and was overjoyed.

But soon it melted,  
my hair is black again,  
so that I shudder at my youth –  
how far still to the grave!

Between dusk and dawn,  
many a head has turned grey.  
Yet mine, would you believe it, has not,  
throughout this whole journey!

#### **The crow**

One crow came with me  
from the town,  
and to this day  
has steadily circled my head.

O crow, strange creature,  
do you not wish to leave me?  
Do you intend soon  
to seize my body as prey?

Well, I've not much further  
to journey with my staff.  
O crow, let me at last see  
faithfulness unto death!

#### **Last hope**

Here and there on the trees  
many bright leaves can be seen,  
and by those trees  
I often stand lost in thought.

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

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

#### 17 Im Dorfe

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten.  
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,  
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,  
Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben:

Und morgen früh ist Alles zerflossen. –  
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen,  
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,  
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissens.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,  
Laßt mich nicht ruhn in der Schlummerstunde!  
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen –  
Was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

#### 18 Der stürmische Morgen

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

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

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

I look at the one remaining leaf,  
and hang my hopes on it;  
if the wind plays with my leaf,  
I tremble in every limb.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground,  
my hope falls with it,  
I too fall to the ground,  
weep on my hope's grave.

#### In the village

Dogs bark, chains rattle.  
People are asleep in bed,  
dreaming of much they do not possess,  
delighting in good things and bad:

and by morning all will have vanished. –  
Still, they've enjoyed their share  
and hope to find on their pillows  
what is still left to enjoy.

Bark me on my way, watchful dogs,  
give me no rest in this hour of sleep!  
I'm finished with all dreaming –  
why should I linger among slumberers?

#### The stormy morning

How the storm has rent  
the grey garment of the sky!  
Ragged clouds flit about  
in weary strife.

And red streaks of lightning  
flash between them.  
That's what I call a morning  
after my own heart!

My heart sees its own likeness  
painted on the sky –  
it's nothing but winter,  
winter cold and wild!

## 19 Täuschung

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her;  
Ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer,  
Ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,  
Daß es verlockt den Wandermann.

Ach, wer wie ich so elend ist,  
Gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,  
Die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus  
Ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus,  
Und eine liebe Seele drin –  
Nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

## 20 Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,  
Wo die andern Wandrer gehn,  
Suche mir versteckte Stege  
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,  
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheun –  
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen  
Treibt mich in die Wüsteneien?

Weiser stehen auf den Wegen,  
Weisen auf die Städte zu,  
Und ich wandre sonder Maßen,  
Ohne Ruh', und suche Ruh'.

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

## 21 Das Wirtshaus

Auf einen Totenacker  
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.  
Allhier will ich einkehren:  
Hab' ich bei mir gedacht.

Ihr grünen Totenkränze  
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,  
Die müde Wandrer laden  
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.

## Delusion

A friendly light dances before me,  
I follow it this way and that,  
I follow it willingly, and see  
that it lures the wanderer from his path.

Ah, any man as wretched as I  
gladly yields to such garish guile,  
that shows him beyond ice and night and terror  
a bright warm house,  
and a loving soul within –  
delusion is all I profit from!

## The signpost

Why do I avoid the paths  
that other wanderers tread,  
seek out hidden ways  
through snow-bound rocky heights?

I have, after all, done no wrong,  
that I should shun mankind –  
What foolish desire  
drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand along the way,  
pointing to the towns,  
and I wander on and on  
restlessly in search of rest.

One signpost I see standing,  
firmly before my eyes;  
one road I must travel  
from which no man has ever returned.

## The inn

My journey has brought me  
to a graveyard.  
Here, I thought, is where  
I shall rest for the night.

You green funeral wreaths  
must be the signs  
that invite weary travellers  
inside the cool inn.

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

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

## 22 Mut!

Fliegt der Schnee mir in's Gesicht,  
Schüttl' ich ihn herunter.  
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,  
Sing' ich hell und munter.

Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,  
Habe keine Ohren,  
Fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,  
Klagen ist für Toren.

Lustig in die Welt hinein  
Gegen Wind und Wetter!  
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,  
Sind wir selber Götter.

## 23 Die Nebensonnen

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel stehn,  
Hab' lang' und fest sie angesehen;  
Und sie auch standen da so stier,  
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.  
Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!  
Schaut Andern doch in's Angesicht!  
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei:  
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.  
Ging', nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!  
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

## 24 Der Leiermann

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

Are all the rooms, then  
taken in this house?  
I am weary, ready to sink,  
wounded unto death.

O pitiless inn,  
yet you turn me away?  
On, then, ever onwards,  
my trusty staff!

## Courage!

If snow drives into my face,  
I shake it off.  
If my heart speaks in my breast,  
I sing loud and merrily.

I don't hear what it tells me,  
I have no ears,  
I don't feel what it laments,  
lamenting is for fools.

Cheerfully out into the world  
against wind and weather!  
If there's no god on earth,  
then we ourselves are gods.

## Phantom suns

I saw three suns in the sky,  
long and hard I stared at them;  
and they too stood there so fixedly,  
as though they'd never leave me.  
Alas, you are not my suns!  
You gaze into other faces!  
Lately, yes, I did have three:  
but the best two now are down.  
If only the third would follow!  
I'd fare better in the dark.

## The organ-grinder

There, beyond the village,  
an organ-grinder stands,  
and with numb fingers  
plays as best he can.



Barfuß auf dem Eise  
Wankt er hin und her;  
Und sein kleiner Teller  
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,  
Keiner sieht ihn an;  
Und die Hunde knurren  
Um den alten Mann.

Und er läßt es gehen  
Alles, wie es will,  
Dreht, und seine Leier  
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,  
Soll ich mit dir gehn?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern  
Deine Leier drehn?

(Wilhelm Müller, 1794–1827)

Barefoot on the ice  
he staggers to and fro;  
and his little plate  
is always empty.

No one cares to listen,  
no one looks at him;  
and the dogs snarl  
around the old man.

And he lets it all happen,  
happen as it will,  
he turns the handle,  
his hurdy-gurdy's never still.

Strange old man!  
Shall I go with you?  
Will you grind your hurdy-gurdy  
to my songs?

English translations © Richard Stokes  
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## ALICE COOTE



Renowned on the great recital, concert and opera stages of the world, Alice Coote's career has taken her from her beginnings in the north of England – in local singing festivals and playing the oboe in the Cheshire Youth Orchestra – to being regarded as one of the great artists of today. The recital platform is central to her musical life. Alice performs throughout the UK, Europe and the US, at Wigmore Hall, the BBC Proms, Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam, the Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall in New York, among many others. She recently has performed Schubert's *Winterreise* in Moscow's December Nights festival, Judith Weir's *The Voice of Desire* was written for her, and 2012 saw her as a BBC Proms'

resident artist and in a residency at Wigmore Hall, entitled 'Alice Coote: A Celebration'. Acclaimed in concert with orchestras such as the London Symphony Orchestra, Boston Symphony Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, Britten Sinfonia, Concert d'Astree, Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie Bremen, Hallé and Royal Concertgebouw orchestras, she has collaborated with conductors including Gergiev, Langree, Dohnányi, Christie, Bělohlávek, Elder and Boulez.

She is in demand worldwide interpreting male and female operatic roles. These include Dejanira (Handel's *Hercules*), Prince Charming (Massenet's *Cendrillon*), Carmen, Charlotte (*Werther*), Dorabella (*Così fan tutte*), Lucretia, Marguerite (Berlioz's *La damnation de Faust*), Penelope (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*), and Octavian (*Der Rosenkavalier*); and Composer (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Orfeo, Idamante (*Idomeneo*), Poppea and Nerone (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*), Hansel, Sesto (*La Clemenza di Tito*), Sesto (*Giulio Cesare in Egitto*), Maffio Orsini (Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*), Ruggiero (*Alcina*), and Ariodante. She has performed these roles at Glyndebourne and the Royal Opera House, and at the Paris Opéra and the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Amsterdam, Geneva, Munich, Frankfurt, Salzburg, Toronto, Chicago, Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Metropolitan Opera in New York. She has made many recordings, including an album of English Song (Hyperion), songs by Schumann and Mahler, Handel's *Messiah* and Mahler's Symphony No. 2 (all EMI), Elgar's Dream of Gerontius (Hallé), as well as numerous DVDs.

## JULIUS DRAKE

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and specialises in the field of chamber music, working with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc. He appears at all the major music centres: recent seasons have taken him to the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade, and Salzburg music festivals; to Carnegie Hall and the Lincoln Center, New York; Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Philharmonie, Cologne; Châtelet and Musée de Louvre in Paris; La Scala, Milan and Liceu, Barcelona; the Musikverein and Konzerthaus in Vienna; and Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms in London.

Julius Drake's many recordings include several recitals for the Wigmore Hall Live label, with Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Gerald Finley, Christopher Maltman and Joyce DiDonato, as well as award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI, Christianne Stotijn for Onyx and a widely acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion, for which the Barber Songs, Schumann *Heine Lieder* and Britten *Songs and Proverbs* have won 2007, 2009 and 2011 *Gramophone Awards*. Julius Drake is now embarked on a major project for Hyperion to record the complete songs of Franz Liszt.

Julius Drake is invited regularly to give masterclasses internationally and is Professor at Graz University for Music and the Performing Arts, in Austria. Recent and coming highlights in his schedule include recitals in Madrid, Brussels and New York with Gerald Finley; in Moscow, Oslo and at the Schwetzingen Festival with Dorothea



Röschmann; at La Fenice Venice, La Scala Milan and the Schubertiade Festival with Ian Bostridge; instrumental chamber music at the festivals of Delft, West Cork and Oxford; performances of Janáček's *The Diary of One Who Disappeared* in London, Stuttgart and Vienna with Christianne Stotijn and Mark Padmore; and to mark 30 years performing at his beloved Wigmore Hall, a major series entitled *Julius Drake: Perspectives*.

**Alice Coote** *mezzo-soprano*

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*Winterreise* D911

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