

WIGMORE



HALL

LIVE

Schubert

Benjamin Appl
Graham Johnson

BENJAMIN APPL SINGS SCHUBERT

Franz von Schober's 'Am Bach im Frühling' describes a young man sitting beside a stream, as spring melts the ice and rejuvenates the whole earth – except, of course, the disconsolate poet. The nineteen year-old Schubert wrought magic on these minor verses: above a smooth accompaniment of triplet quavers flows one of his wateriest melodies, just as bitter-sweet as the better-known 'Im Frühling'. The final verse expresses, in recitative, the poet's sadness, and after a long fermata Schubert repeats the aching opening melody.

Another minor poet in the Schubert circle was Johann Gabriel Seidl. Schubert appreciated at once how Seidl's poems lent themselves to musical setting, and the critic Cajetan Cerri, writing in the Graz periodical *Iris* in 1850, described Seidl's lyrical verse as being: 'deeply felt, warmhearted, gemütlich, and tremendously musical'. 'Der Wanderer an den Mond' contrasts the wanderer's sad lot with the moon's serenity, minor contrasts with major, strongly accented chords, depicting the wanderer's tread through the landscape, contrast with the flowing semi-quavers of the moon's light. 'Im Freien' describes a traveller returning home, overcome with emotion at seeing once more the familiar scenes he had so sorely missed. This intimate song was reviewed in the 'Sammler' on 28 June 1827 by a critic (M***) who, though praising the performance by Tietze and Schubert, objected to the size of the hall: 'However beautiful both composition and performance were, your critic has to say that the hall was in his opinion too large

for a song, in which the most subtle nuances should not be lost. It would have been wight to better advantage in a drawing-room.' Wigmore Hall, though no drawing-room, is surely the perfect size for such songs.

Goethe's 'Geheimes' dates from 1815 and originally bore the title 'Liebchen', which fails to convey the secrecy of the little poem that is closely modelled on a ghesel by Hafis. Schubert clearly relished the trochaic rhythm of the original poem, and created by his liberal use of quaver rests a miracle of complicity, which in a good performance can seem like one of his most tender love songs.

'Das Lied im Grünen' was composed at Dornbach, a small village outside Vienna, where Schubert and Schober were recovering from the summer heat of the capital. The song first appeared on 13 October 1827 in the Vienna *Allgemeine Theaterzeitung*, with an accompanying gloss by the poet Friedrich Reil: '[it] was frequently sung in the open fields during this summer by a group of cheerful people to a lively and agreeable tune by Schubert'. Reil's euphoric and, at times, humorous depiction of spring, inspired Schubert to one of his happiest melodies – or rather two: one in A major, and the other (verses 2 and 3) based on the subdominant D major. 'Fischerweise' was sung by Vogl and accompanied by the composer at Schubert's benefit concert on 26 March 1828. The poem, set from manuscript, clearly bewitched Schubert, who responded with a delicious figure in the bass on the subdominant

chord, which is then cheekily repeated above the stave on the dominant. The song is basically strophic, but the final verse, at 'schlauer Wicht', ingeniously displaces the rhythm to draw attention to the 'sly minx' on the bridge. Schubert never wrote a sunnier song.

'Verklärung', Herder's translation of Alexander Pope's 'The dying Christian to his soul', dates from 1813 and is Schubert's first experiment with English verse. Pope's celebrated final couplet ('O grave, where is your victory? / Where O Death, your arrow?') fits the melody well enough – for the rest, the German rhythms are different from the English and inspired the sixteen year-old Schubert to write a song in which recitative and aria alternate in a way that is frequently encountered in the early Lieder. Christian Friedrich Schubart, the poet of four Schubert songs, including the ever popular 'Die Forelle', was imprisoned for a decade in the redoubtable Hohenasperg fortress for penning satirical attacks on the Duke of Württemberg and his mistress. Schubart described the misery of these years in his *Leben und Gesinnungen* and in such poems as 'An den Tod' which, in its original version of sixteen verses, commented bleakly on his life in prison. This powerful song deserves to be much better known. 'Der Zwerg', one of Schubert's most striking dramatic ballads, takes place on the open sea. The dwarf of the title sails the high seas at night, alone with his Queen, who has forsaken him to marry the King. The dwarf wreaks revenge by strangling her with a chord of red silk; before she dies, she pardons him; he kisses her pale



FRANZ SCHUBERT

cheeks, then lowers her with his own hands deep into the sea. Such is his longing that he will never again set foot on land. Schubert transforms this ghoulish tale into a chilling masterpiece of sexual obsession. The fatalistic rhythm that runs through the piece, acts as a symbol for the dwarf's obsessive desire. The use of this leitmotiv,

coupled with the dwarf's Flying Dutchman-like fate, lends the song a Wagnerian dimension that makes us wonder whether Schubert would have had any more success with his operas, had he lived to know Wagner's music-dramas.

Schubert's setting of 'An die Leier', a free translation of verses by the Greek poet Anacreon, was reviewed by a music critic in the *Frankfurter Allgemeiner Musikalischer Anzeiger* of 8 July 1826, who took Schubert to task for his inclination to over-dramatise. Although the song does use huge sforzando chords to characterise the poet's heroic utterances, they gradually dwindle to p and then to pp, before ushering in the beautiful cantilena floating on a sequence of simple arpeggios that accompany the poet's apostrophe to love.

The most famous of Schubert's forty-seven Schiller settings is, perhaps, 'Gruppe aus dem Tartarus', which he first tackled in March 1816, a whole year before the definitive second version that dates from September 1817. This is music of astonishing imaginative power. The Cocytus (the river derives its name from the Greek verb 'to weep and lament') winds its way through barren rocks, and the upward chromaticism in Schubert's accompaniment symbolises with wonderful realism the groans of the damned, as they ask one another if their suffering will ever end.

Johann Mayrhofer, the poet of forty-seven other Schubert songs, 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. Of all Schubert's 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. 'Memnon' (1817) is clearly a metaphor that enabled Mayrhofer to express his anguish at living in a hostile world from which he longs to escape – his suffering is transfigured in his art.

Johann Friedrich Rochlitz, the poet of 'Alinde', was a writer, composer, music critic and editor who lived in Vienna for a while during 1822, when he made Schubert's acquaintance. Schubert set four of his poems, three of them in January 1827: 'An die Laute', 'Zur guten Nacht' and this recital's 'Alinde', which with its irresistible 6/8 lilt is arguably the finest.

Schubert's source for 'Der Kampf' was Schiller's revised version (1786) of an originally longer poem. It tells of a young man who initially renounces his love for a married woman; but she, admiring his moral resolve, finally returns his love, thus causing an even more violent commotion in her admirer. Schubert depicts this conflict between love and duty in a scena that bristles with wide vocal leaps and arpeggio flourishes. It is, not surprisingly, marked *con fuoco* and was said to have been Vogl's favourite Schubert song.

The last four lines of Friedrich von Schlegel's 'Die Gebüsche', the final poem of his *Abendröte* sequence, describe the hypersensitivity of the chosen few who can hear the hidden music in nature. It was not published until 1885 – which means that Schumann, who used the final four lines of the poem as a motto for his C major Fantasia Op. 17, must have had a copy of

Schlegel's poem, written in either 1800 or 1801. Benjamin Appl and Graham Johnson end their programme with 'Im Abendrot', the most celebrated of all Schubert's sunset Lieder. The poet Karl Lappe died in Stralsund across the water from the Island of Rügen, familiar to lovers of art from Caspar David Friedrich's wonderful painting 'Chalk cliffs on Rügen' (1819, Oskar Reinhart Foundation, Winterthur), in which three sightseers look out onto a sundrenched sea. I like to think that this was the scene Lappe had in mind when he wrote his lovely poem. Schubert's song, marked *sehr langsam* and, below the stave, *con pedale* – an instruction to the pianist, very rare in Schubert's songs, to use the sustaining pedal to heighten the glow of the setting sun – dates from 1825, six years after Friedrich's picture was painted.

August Wilhelm von Schlegel, the poet of the first encore, was a poet, critic and philosopher. He and his brother Friedrich, whom Schubert set sixteen times, founded *Das Athenaeum*, a literary periodical that became the organ of many of the early Romantic writers, including Novalis and Schleiermacher. Though more celebrated as a translator of Shakespeare, Schlegel's best poems deserve a place in any anthology of German verse.

'Wiedersehn' was originally ascribed wrongly to his brother Friedrich, when the song was first published in 1843 as a supplement to *Lebensbilder aus Österreich*, an anthology edited by Andreas Schumacher. August's romantic poem of innocent love inspired Schubert to write one of his loveliest pages that must be, unjustly, one of his least performed songs – almost certainly because it does not appear in the Peters Edition. The song was written in 1825 at a time when Schubert had been deeply depressed about his illness – but his spirits were now lifting, as we hear in the serenely beautiful melody.

'Die Taubenpost', the second encore and last song on this album, was chosen by the publisher Haslinger to close *Schwanengesang* when he published the songs posthumously in 1829. Like many of Schubert's Lieder, it is 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 and the bitter-sweet magic of his melodies. The song, Schubert's last, was composed in October 1828; a month later he was dead.

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01 Am Bach im Frühling D361 (?1816)

Du brachst sie nun die kalte Rinde,
Und rieselst froh und frei dahin;
Die Lüfte wehen wieder linde,
Und Moos und Gras wird neu und grün.

Allein mit traurigem Gemüte
Tret' ich wie sonst zu deiner Flut,
Der Erde allgemeine Blüte
Kommt meinem Herzen nicht zu gut.

Hier treiben immer gleiche Winde,
Kein Hoffen kommt in meinen Sinn –
Als daß ich hier ein Blümchen finde,
Blau, wie sie der Erinnerung blühen.

(Franz von Schober, 1796–1882)

02 Der Wanderer an den Mond D870 (1826)

Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du,
Wir wandern Beide rüstig zu: –
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;
Bergauf, bergab, waldein, waldaus,
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab, –
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:
O glücklich, wer wohin er geht,
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

(Johann Gabriel Seidl, 1804–1875)

03 Im Freien D880 (1826)

Draußen in der weiten Nacht
Steh' ich wieder nun:
Ihre helle Sternenpracht
Läßt mein Herz nicht ruhn!

By the stream in spring

Now you have broken the cold crust,
and ripple along, free and happy;
the breezes blow gently again,
moss and grass grow fresh and green.

Alone and heavy-hearted,
I come to your banks, as of old,
the flowering of the entire earth
cannot gladden my heart.

Here the same winds still are blowing,
no hope enters my heart –
unless I find a flower here,
blue, like the flowers of remembrance.

The wanderer addresses the moon

I on earth, you in the heavens,
both of us journey briskly on:
I sad and cheerless, you pure and gentle,
I wonder what the difference can be?

I journey, a stranger, from land to land,
so homeless, so unknown;
up and down mountains, into forests and out,
but nowhere, alas! am I at home.

But you journey up and down
from eastern cradle to western grave,
wander, a pilgrim, from land to land,
yet are, wherever you be, at home.

The infinite expanse of sky
is your beloved native land:
O happy is he who, wherever he goes,
still stands upon his native soil!

In the open

Once more I stand outside
in the vastness of the night:
its bright starry splendour
grants my heart no peace!

Tausend Arme winken mir
Süßbegehrend zu,
Tausend Stimmen rufen hier,
„Grüß’ dich, Trauter, du!“

O ich weiß auch, was mich zieht,
Weiß auch, was mich ruft,
Was wie Freundesgruß und Lied
Locket durch die Luft.

Siehst du dort das Hüttchen stehn,
Drauf der Mondschein ruht?
Durch die blanken Scheiben sehn
Augen, die mir gut!

Siehst du dort das Haus am Bach,
Das der Mond bescheint?
Unter seinem trauten Dach
Schläft mein liebster Freund.

Siehst du jenen Baum, der voll
Silberflocken flimmt?
O wie oft mein Busen schwoll,
Froher dort gestimmt!

Jedes Plätzchen, das mir winkt,
Ist ein lieber Platz;
Und wohin ein Strahl nur sinkt,
Lockt ein teurer Schatz.

Drum auch winkt mir’s überall
So begehrend hier,
Drum auch ruft es, wie der Schall
Trauter Liebe mir.

(Johann Gabriel Siedl)

04 **Geheimes** D719 (1821)

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle Leute;
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
Weiß recht gut was das bedeute.

Denn es heißt: ich liebe diesen,
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur ihr guten Leute
Euer Wandern, euer Sehnen!

A thousand arms beckon me
with sweet longing,
a thousand voices call:
‘Greetings, dear friend!’

Oh, I am well aware
what draws me and what calls me,
like a friendly word and song
floating enticingly through the air.

Can you see that cottage there,
where the moon sheds its light?
From its shining windows
a pair of loving eyes look out!

Can you see the house by the stream,
lit up by the moon?
Underneath its cosy roof
my dearest friend is sleeping.

Can you see that tree over there,
laden with silver flakes?
Oh! how often my heart
used to swell there with joy!

Every little place that beckons me
is dear to my heart,
and wherever a moonbeam shines,
a dear loved one entices.

So everything here
beckons me with longing,
calling to me with the sounds
of true love.

A secret

The way my beloved makes eyes
causes everyone to wonder;
but I, the knowing one,
am well aware of what she means.

For she’s saying: It’s him I love,
and not, for instance, him or him.
So no more wondering, good people,
and no more longing either!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süße Stunde.

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749–1832)

05 Das Lied im Grünen D917 (1827)

Ins Grüne, ins Grüne!
Da lockt uns der Frühling der liebliche Knabe,
Und führt uns am blumenumwundenen Stabe,
Hinaus, wo die Lerchen und Amseln so wach,
In Wälder, auf Felder, auf Hügel, zum Bach,
Ins Grüne, ins Grüne.

Im Grünen, im Grünen!
Da lebt es sich wonnig, da wandeln wir gerne,
Und heften die Augen dahin schon von ferne;
Und wie wir so wandeln mit heiterer Brust,
Umwallet uns immer die kindliche Lust,
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Im Grünen, im Grünen,
Da ruht man so wohl, empfindet so Schönes,
Und denket behaglich an Dieses und Jenes,
Und zaubert von hinnen, ach! was uns bedrückt,
Und alles herbei, was den Busen entzückt,
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Im Grünen, im Grünen,
Da werden die Sterne so klar, die die Weisen
Der Vorwelt zur Leitung des Lebens uns preisen,
Da streichen die Wölkchen so zart uns dahin,
Da heitern die Herzen, da klärt sich der Sinn
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Im Grünen, im Grünen,
Da wurde manch Plänchen auf Flügeln getragen,
Die Zukunft der grämlichen Ansicht entslagen,
Da stärkt sich das Auge, da labt sich der Blick,
Sanft wiegen die Wünsche sich hin und zurück
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Though she looks about her
with infinite fervour,
she only seeks to tell him
of their next sweet hour together.

Song of the open air

Into the open, the open!
Spring, that sweet youth, invites us,
and leads us with his flowertwined staff
to where larks and blackbirds are wide-awake,
to woods and fields, over hills to the brook,
into the open, the open.

In the open, the open!
Life is blissful, we love to roam there,
we fix our eyes there even from afar;
and on our way with cheerful hearts,
a childlike joy envelops us,
in the open, the open.

In the open, the open
we find such peace, sense such beauty,
we gently muse on this and that,
and conjure away, ah! all our troubles,
and conjure up our heart's delight,
in the open, the open.

In the open, the open,
how brightly shine the stars, which the wise men
of old commend for life's guidance.
Gossamer clouds drift gently by,
our hearts grow light, our senses clear,
in the open, the open.

In the open, the open,
many a little scheme took wing
and the future was stripped of its gloomy aspect.
Our eye is strengthened, our gaze refreshed,
our desires sway gently to and fro,
in the open, the open.

Im Grünen, im Grünen,
Am Morgen, am Abend, in traulicher Stille,
Entkeimet manch Liedchen und manche Idylle
Und Hymen oft kränzt den poetischen Scherz.
Denn leicht ist die Lockung, empfänglich das Herz
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

O gerne im Grünen
Bin ich schon als Knabe und Jüngling gewesen,
Und habe gelernt und geschrieben, gelesen,
Im Horaz und Plato, dann Wieland und Kant,
Und glühendes Herzens mich selig genannt,
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

Ins Grüne, ins Grüne,
Laßt heiter uns folgen dem freundlichen Knaben!
Grünt einst uns das Leben nicht fürder, so haben
Wir klüglich die grünende Zeit nicht versäumt
Und, wann es gegolten, doch glücklich geträumt,
Im Grünen, im Grünen.

(Johann Anton Friedrich Reil, 1773–1843)

06 Fischerweise D881 (1826)

Den Fischer fechten Sorgen
Und Gram und Leid nicht an,
Er löst am frühen Morgen
Mit leichtem Sinn den Kahn.

Da lagert rings noch Friede
Auf Wald und Flur und Bach,
Er ruft mit seinem Liede
Die gold'ne Sonne wach.

Er singt zu seinem Werke
Aus voller frischer Brust,
Die Arbeit gibt ihm Stärke,
Die Stärke Lebenslust!

Bald wird ein bunt Gewimmel
In allen Tiefen laut,
Und plätschert durch den Himmel
Der sich im Wasser baut –

In the open, the open,
in the morning and evening in intimate quiet,
many songs and idylls burgeon,
and Hymen often crowns the poetic flirtation.
For enticement is easy, receptive the heart
in the open, the open.

I loved, as a boy and youth,
to be in the open
where I learnt and wrote and read
Horace and Plato, then Wieland and Kant,
and with glowing heart counted myself happy,
in the open, the open.

Into the open, the open,
let us happily follow the friendly youth!
when life one day is no longer green, wisely
we'll not have missed the verdant years,
and will, when it mattered, have happily dreamed,
in the open, the open.

Fisherman's song

The fisherman's not bothered
by cares or grief or sorrow,
with a light heart he unties
his boat in the early morning.

Peace still lies all around
over forest, field and stream,
his singing causes
the golden sun to wake.

He sings while he's working
with a lusty, cheerful voice,
his work gives him vigour,
his vigour – a love of life!

Soon a colourful throng
can be heard deep down below,
splashing through the sky
reflected in the water.

Doch wer ein Netz will stellen
Braucht Augen klar und gut,
Muß heiter gleich den Wellen
Und frei sein wie die Flut;

Dort angelt auf der Brücke
Die Hirtin – schlauer Wicht,
Gib auf nur deine Tücke,
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht!

(Franz Xaver von Schlechta, 1796–1875)

Yet he who wants to cast a net
needs a pair of good clear eyes,
he must be as cheerful as the waves
and as free as the tide.

Up there on the bridge the shepherdess
fishes – sly minx,
give up your tricks,
this is a fish you'll never catch!

07 Verklärung D59 (1813)

Lebensfunke, vom Himmel entglüht,
Der sich loszuwinden müht,
Zitternd, kühn, vor Sehnen leidend,
Gern und doch mit Schmerzen scheidend!

End', o end' den Kampf, Natur!
Sanft ins Leben
Aufwärts schweben,
Sanft hinschwinden laß mich nur!

Horch, mir lispeln Geister zu:
„Schwester Seele, komm' zur Ruh'.“

Zieheth was mich sanft von hinnen?
Was ist es, was mir meine Sinnen,
Mir den Hauch zu rauben droht?
Seele, sprich! Ist das der Tod?

Die Welt entweicht, sie ist nicht mehr.
Engel-Einklang um mich her!

Ich schweb' im Morgenrot!
Leiht, o leiht mir eure Schwingen,
Ihr Brüder, Geister, helft mir singen:
„O Grab, wo ist dein Sieg?
Wo ist dein Pfeil, o Tod?!"

(Alexander Pope, 1688–1744, translated Johann Gottfried Herder, 1744–1803)

Transfiguration

Heaven-kindled spark of life,
that toils to wrench itself away,
trembling, brave, enduring longing,
gladly, yet in agony, departing!

End, oh end the battle, nature!
Only let me into life gently
upwards float
and gently vanish!

Hark, spirits whisper to me:
'Sister-soul, come to rest.'

Does something draw me gently hence?
What is it that threatens to deprive me
of my sense and of my breath?
Speak, soul, is it Death?

The world vanishes, it is no more.
All around me angel harmony!

In the dawn of day I float!
Lend, oh lend me your wings,
brothers, spirits, help me sing:
'O grave, where is your victory?
Where, O Death, your arrow?'

08 An den Tod D518 (1817)

Tod, du Schrecken der Natur,
Immer rieselt deine Uhr:
Die geschwung'ne Sense blinkt,
Gras, und Halm und Blume sinkt.

To Death

Death, terror of nature,
your hour-glass trickles ceaselessly;
the swinging scythe flashes,
grass, stalk and flower fall.

Mähe nicht ohn' Unterschied,
Dieses Blümchen, das erst blüht,
Dieses Röschen, erst halbrod;
Sei barmherzig, lieber Tod!

Und den Jüngling schone mir,
Der am fühlenden Klavier
Goldne Saiten wiegt und schwingt
Und ein Lied von Liebe singt.

Ach, den Sünder tödte nicht!
Schreck' ihn nur mit dem Gericht;
Daß er bang zusammen fährt,
Buße weint, und sich bekehrt.

Tod, wann kommst du, meine Lust?
Ziehst den Dolch aus meiner Brust?
Streifst die Fesseln von der Hand?
Ach, wann deckst du mich mit Sand?

Komm, o Tod, wenn's dir gefällt,
Hol' Gefang'ne aus der Welt:
Komm, vollende meine Not;
Sei barmherzig, lieber Tod!

(Christian Friedrich Schubart, 1739–1791)

09 Der Zwerg D771 (c. 1822)

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne,
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blaß durchzogen.

Nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr Sterne,
So ruft sie aus, bald werd' ich nun entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb' ich wahrlich gerne.

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter Seide,
Und weint, als wolt er schnell vor Gram erblinden.

Er spricht: Du selbst bist schuld an diesem Leide,
Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen,
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch Freude.

Do not mow down indiscriminately
this little flower just bloomed,
this rose half-opened;
be merciful, dear death!

And spare the youth
who on the sensitive keyboard
makes the golden strings vibrate
and sings a song of love.

Ah, do not kill the sinner!
Rather terrify him with the Last Judgement
that he starts in fear,
weeps tears of penitence, and mends his ways.

Death, when will you come, my joy,
To draw the dagger from my breast,
and slip the fetters from my hands?
Ah, when will you cover me with sand?

Come, o death, if it pleases you,
fetch this prisoner from the world.
Come, end my distress;
be merciful, dear death!

The dwarf

The mountains already fade in the gloom,
the ship drifts on the sea's smooth swell,
with the queen and her dwarf on board.

She gazes up at the high arching vault,
at the distant blue woven with light,
streaked by the pale Milky Way.

'Never, stars, have you lied to me yet,'
she cries, 'Soon I shall be no more,
you tell me so, yet truly I shall gladly die.'

The dwarf then steps up to the queen,
to tie the red silk cord about her neck,
and weeps, as though he'd go blind with grief.

He speaks: "You yourself are to blame for this torment,
because you forsook me for the king,
your death alone can gladden me.

Zwar werd ich ewiglich mich selber hassen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben,
Doch mußst zum frühen Grab du nun erlassen.

Sie legt die Hand auf's Herz voll jungem Leben,
Und aus dem Aug' die schweren Tränen rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

„Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen Tod gewinnen!“
Sie sagt's, da küßt der Zwerg die bleichen Wangen,
Drauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau vom Tod befangen,
Er senkt sie tief in's Meer mit eignen Händen.
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll Verlangen.
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

(Matthäus von Collin, 1779–1824)

Though I shall always hate myself
for killing you with this hand,
you must now perish, go early to your grave.'

She lays her hand on her young heart,
and heavy tears stream from her eyes,
she now raises to heaven in prayer.

'May you suffer no anguish through my death!'
She says; the dwarf then kisses her pale cheeks,
and forthwith she falls unconscious.

The dwarf looks down at his dying lady,
lowers her with his hands deep into the sea.
His heart burns for her with such desire.
He will never again set foot on shore.

10 An die Leier D737 (?1822)

Ich will von Atreus' Söhnen,
Von Kadmus will ich singen!
Doch meine Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklingen.

Ich tauschte um die Saiten,
Die Leier möcht' ich tauschen,
Alcidens Siegeschreiten
Sollt' ihrer Machtentrauschen!

Doch auch die Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklingen.
So lebt denn wohl, Heroen,
Denn meine Saiten tönen,
Statt Heldensang zu drohen,
Nur Liebe im Erklingen.

(Franz von Bruchmann, 1798–1867, after Anacreon)

To the lyre

I would sing of Atreus's sons,
and of Cadmus too!
But my strings sound
forth nothing but love.

I have changed the strings,
I would gladly change the lyre,
let Alcides' victory march
thunder from its mighty heart!

But these strings too sound
forth nothing but love.
Farewell, then, heroes,
for my strings,
instead of threatening with heroic song,
sound forth nothing but love.

11 Gruppe aus dem Tartarus D583 (1817)

Horch – wie Murmeln des empörten Meeres,
Wie durch hohler Felsen Becken weint ein Bach,
Stöhnt dort dumpftief ein schweres, leeres,
Qualerpreßtes Ach!

Scene from Hades

Hark! – like the angered ocean's murmuring,
like a brook weeping through rocky hollows,
there rises up, dank and deep,
a heavy, empty tormented cry!

Schmerz verzerret
Ihr Gesicht, Verzweiflung sperret
Ihren Rachen fluchend auf.
Hohl sind ihre Augen – ihre Blicke
Spähen bang nach des Cocytus Brücke,
Folgen tränend seinem Trauerlauf.

Fragen sich einander ängstlich leise,
Ob noch nicht Vollendung sei? –
Ewigkeit schwingt über ihnen Kreise,
Bricht die Sense des Saturns entzwei.

(Friedrich von Schiller, 1759–1805)

12 **Memnon** D541 (1817)

Den Tag hindurch nur einmal mag ich sprechen,
Gewohnt zu schweigen immer und zu trauern:
Wenn durch die nachtgebornen Nebelmauern
Aurorens Purpurstrahlen liebend brechen.

Für Menschenohren sind es Harmonien.
Weil ich die Klage selbst melodisch künde,
Und durch der Dichtung Glut das Rauhe ründe,
Vermuten sie in mir ein selig Blühen.

In mir – nach dem des Todes Arme langen,
In dessen tiefstem Herzen Schlangen wühlen;
Genährt von meinen schmerzlichen Gefühlen –
Fast wütend durch ein ungestillt Verlangen:

Mit dir, des Morgens Göttin, mich zu einen,
Und weit von diesem nichtigen Getriebe,
Aus Sphären edler Freiheit, aus Sphären reiner Liebe,
Ein stiller, bleicher Stern herab zu scheinen.

(Johann Baptist Mayrhofer, 1787–1836)

13 **Alinde** D904 (1827)

Die Sonne sinkt ins tiefe Meer,
Da wollte sie kommen.
Geruhig trabt der Schnitter einher,
Mir ist's beklommen.

Pain distorts
their faces, despair opens
wide their jaws in imprecation.
Their eyes are hollow – their gaze
fixes fearfully on Cocytus Bridge,
weeping they follow the river's doleful course.

Anxiously, softly, they ask each other
if the end is nigh? –
Eternity sweeps in circles above them,
breaks Saturn's scythe asunder.

Memnon

The whole day long I may speak but once,
eternal silence and sorrow being my wont:
when Aurora's purple rays break lovingly
through the night-born walls of mist.

To the ears of man it is music.
Since I voice my lament in melody
and smooth its harshness in poetry's fire,
they think that rapture blooms in me.

Me – to whom death stretches out his arms,
while serpents writhe in the depths of my heart;
I am nourished by my anguished feelings –
almost maddened with unappeased desire:

To be united with you, goddess of dawn,
and far from this futile commotion to shine down
from spheres of noble liberty and pure love,
as a pale and silent star.

Alinde

The sun sinks into the deep ocean,
she was due to come.
Calmly the reaper walks by.
My heart is heavy.

„Hast, Schnitter, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!“

„Zu Weib und Kindern muß ich gehn,
Kann nicht nach andern Dirnen sehn;
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.“

Der Mond betritt die Himmelsbahn,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort legt ein Fischer das Fahrzeug an,
Mir ist's bekommen.

„Hast, Fischer, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!“

„Muß suchen, wie mir die Reusen stehn,
Hab nimmer Zeit nach Jungfern zu gehn,
Schau, welch einen Fang ich finde.“

Die lichten Sterne ziehn herauf,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort eilt der Jäger in rüstigem Lauf.
Mir ist's bekommen.

„Hast, Jäger, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?
Alinde, Alinde!“

„Muß nach dem bräunlichen Rehbock gehn.
Hab nimmer Lust nach Mädeln zu sehn;
Dort schleicht er im Abendwinde.“

In schwarzer Nacht steht hier der Hain,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Von allen Lebend'gen irr ich allein,
Bang und bekommen.

„Dir, Echo, darf ich mein Leid gestehn:
Alinde, Alinde!“

„Alinde“ ließ Echo leise herüberwehn;
Da sah ich sie mir zur Seite stehn:
„Du suchtest so treu, nun finde!“

(Johann Friedrich Rochlitz, 1769–1842)

‘Reaper, have you not seen my love?
Alinde!’

‘I must go to my wife and children,
I cannot look for other girls.
They are waiting for me beneath the linden tree.’

The moon entered its heavenly course,
she still does not come.
There a fisherman lands his boat.
My heart is heavy.

‘Fisherman, have you not seen my love?
Alinde!’

‘I must see how my oyster baskets are,
I never have time to chase after girls;
look what a catch I have!’

The bright stars appear,
she still does not come.
The huntsman rides swiftly along.
My heart is heavy.

‘Huntsman, have you not seen my love?
Alinde!’

‘I must go after the brown roebuck,
I never care to look for girls;
there he goes in the evening breeze!’

The grove lies here in blackest night,
she still does not come.
I wander alone, away from all mankind,
anxious and troubled.

‘To you, Echo, I can confess my sorrow:
Alinde!’

‘Alinde!’ came the soft echo;
then I saw her at my side.
‘You searched so faithfully. Now you find me.’

14 Der Kampf D594 (1817)

Nein, länger, länger werd' ich diesen Kampf
nicht kämpfen,
Den Riesenkampf der Pflicht.
Kannst du des Herzens Flammentrieb nicht dämpfen
So fordre, Tugend, dieses Opfer nicht.

The battle

No! I shall fight this battle
no longer,
this mighty battle of duty.
If you cannot cool the fierce ardour within my heart
then, Virtue, do not demand this sacrifice.

Geschworen hab ich's, ja, ich hab's geschworen,
Mich selbst zu bändigen.
Hier ist dein Kranz. Er sei auf ewig mir verloren,
Nimm ihn zurück, und lass mich sündigen.

Zerissen sei, was wir bedungen haben,
Sie liebt mich – deine Krone sei verscherzt.
Glücklich, wer, in Wonnetrunkenheit begraben,
So leicht wie ich den tiefen Fall verschmerzt.

Sie sieht den Wurm an meiner Jugend Blume nagen
Und meinen Lenz entflöh'n;
Bewundert still mein heldenmütiges Entsagen,
Und grossmütvoll beschließt sie meinen Lohn.

Misstrauere, schöne Seele, dieser Engelgüte!
Dein Mitleid waffnet zum Verbrechen mich,
Gibt's in des Lebens unermesslichem Gebiete,
Gibt's einen andern schönern Lohn – als dich?

Als das Verbrechen, das ich ewig fliehen wollte?
Tyrannisches Geschick!
Der einz'ge Lohn, der meine Tugend krönen sollte,
Ist meiner Tugend letzter Augenblick.

(Friedrich von Schiller)

15 Die Gebüsch D646 (1819)

Es wehet kühl und leise
Die Luft durch dunkle Auen,
Und nur der Himmel lächelt
Aus tausend hellen Augen.

Es regt nur eine Seele
Sich in des Meeres Brausen,
Und in den leisen Worten,
Die durch die Blätter rauschen.

So tönt in Welle Welle,
Wo Geister heimlich trauren;
So folgen Worte Worten,
Wo Geister Leben hauchen.

Durch alle Töne tönet
Im bunten Erdentraume,
Ein leiser Ton gezogen,
Für den, der heimlich lauscht.

(Friedrich von Schlegel, 1772–1829)

I took a vow, yes, I took a vow,
to master myself.
Here is your crown; let it be lost to me for ever,
take it back and let me sin.

Let us tear up the bond we have made,
she loves me – your crown shall be forfeit.
Happy he who, drunk with ecstasy,
takes his precipitous fall as lightly as I.

She sees the worm gnawing at the flower of my youth,
she sees the spring of my life slip by;
she silently admires my heroic renunciation,
and generously decides on my reward.

Fair soul, distrust this angelic kindness!
Your compassion steels me for my crime.
Is there in life's vast realm
a fairer reward than you?

Than the crime which I sought to flee for ever?
Tyrannical fate!
The sole reward which was to crown my virtue
is my virtue's final moment.

The bushes

The breeze blows cool and soft
through dark meadows,
and only the heavens smile
from a thousand bright eyes.

Only one soul stirs
amid the roaring ocean,
and in the soft words
that whisper through the leaves.

Thus wave echoes wave
where spirits secretly mourn;
thus words follow words
where spirits breathe life.

Through all the sounds in the
earth's many-coloured dream,
one faint sound echoes
for him who secretly listens.

16 **Im Abendrot** D799 (1825)

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt,
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!

Könnst' ich klagen, könnst' ich zagen?
Irre sein an dir und mir?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.

(Karl Gottlieb Lappe, 1773–1843)

encores

17 **Wiederseh'n** D855 (1825)

Der Frühlingssonne holdes Lächeln
Ist meiner Hoffnung Morgenrot;
Mir flüstert in des Westes Fächeln
Der Freude leises Aufgebot.
Ich komm', und über Tal und Hügel,
O süße Wonnegeberin,
Schwebt auf des Liedes raschem Flügel,
Der Gruß der Liebe zu dir hin.

Der Gruß der Liebe von dem Treuen,
Der ohne Gegenliebe schwur,
Dir ewig Huldigung zu weihen
Wie der allwaltenden Natur;
Der stets, wie nach dem Angelsterne
Der Schiffer, einsam blickt und lauscht,
Ob nicht zu ihm in Nacht und Ferne
Des Sternes Klang herniederrauscht.

(August Wilhelm von Schlegel)

18 **Die Taubenpost** D965a (1828)

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.

Sunset glow

Ah, how lovely is your world,
Father, when it gleams with gold!
When your radiance descends,
and paints the dust with glitter;
when the red that glows from the clouds
sinks into my quiet window!

Could I complain, could I lose heart?
Despair of you and me?
No, I shall bear your heaven
here within this breast.
And this heart, before it breaks,
shall still drink fire and savour light.

Reunion

The sweet smile of the spring sun
is the dawn of my hope;
in the stirring of the west wind
I hear joy's softly whispered call.
I am coming! And over hill and dale,
sweet bestower of delight,
love sails to greet you
on swift wings of song.

It is love's greeting from one who is devoted,
who, without ritual, swore
to pay eternal homage to you
and to all-powerful nature;
who forever watches and listens alone,
like the sailor for the pole star,
for the sound of that star to come down to him
through the remote expanses of the night.

Pigeon Post

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
devoted and true;
she never stops short of her goal
and never flies too far.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
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,
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.

(Johann Gabriel Seidl)

Each day I send her out
a thousand times on reconnaissance,
past many a beloved spot,
to my sweetheart's house.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,
observing her every look and step,
conveys my greeting breezily,
and brings hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
she will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
so eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
it is all the same to her;
as long as she can roam
she is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
she needs no enticement or reward,
so true is this pigeon to me.

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
certain of the fairest prize;
her name is – Longing!
Do you know her? The messenger of constancy.

Translations of Am Bach im Frühling, Der Wanderer an den Mond, Im Freien, Geheimes, Das Lied im Grünen, Fischerweise, Der Zwerg, An die Leier, Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, Memnon, Prometheus and Im Abendrot by Richard Stokes from *The Book of Lieder* published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of *The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder*. Translation of An den Tod by Richard Wigmore. Alinde, Der Kampf, Die Gebüsche, Wiedersehn and Die Taubenpost by Richard Wigmore from *Schubert – The Complete Song Texts* published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Verklärung by George Bird and Richard Stokes from *The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder* published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

BENJAMIN APPL

Benjamin Appl is a BBC New Generation Artist for 2014–16 and an ECHO Rising Star, through which he performs at Europe's leading concert halls. He studied at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater and the Bayerische Theaterakademie August Everding, and graduated from the Guildhall School of Music & Drama. He was the last private pupil of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, continuing his studies with Rudolf Piernay, and is a member of the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation Live Music Now.

Recent opera appearances include *La bohème* (Schaunard) with the Munich Radio Orchestra,

Eötvös's *Tri Sestri* (Baron Tusenbach) for the Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin, *Owen Wingrave* at the Banff Festival, and Bernhard Gander's *Am Rande der Milchstrasse* for the Bregenz Festival. He has appeared with the Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin, all the BBC Orchestras, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment at the BBC Proms, at Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Tonhalle Zürich, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, the BBC Proms in Australia, and at the Ravinia, Rheingau, Aldeburgh, Brighton and Oxford Lieder festivals. Benjamin is regularly invited to perform at the Schubertiade Festival.



GRAHAM JOHNSON

Graham Johnson studied at the Royal Academy of Music and with the late Geoffrey Parsons. He formed the Songmakers' Almanac in 1976. He has appeared in recital with Thomas Allen, Felicity Lott, Ann Murray, Victoria de los Angeles, Ian Bostridge, Alice Coote, Brigitte Fassbaender, Matthias Goerne, Thomas Hampson, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Philip Langridge, Christopher Maltman, Edith Mathis, Peter Pears, Lucia Popp, Christoph Prégardien, Margaret Price, Thomas Quasthoff, Dorothea Röschmann, Kate Royal, Christine Schäfer, Peter Schreier, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. His extensive discography includes the entire Schubert and Schumann Lieder for Hyperion Records.

Graham Johnson is Senior Professor of Accompaniment at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama. He was made an OBE in 1994, created Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the French Government in 2002, and became an Honorary Member of the Royal Philharmonic Society in 2010. In 2013 he was awarded The Wigmore Medal, and Honorary Doctorates from



Durham University and the New England Conservatory of Music. He was awarded the Hugo Wolf Medal for his services to the art of song.

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Benjamin Appl *baritone*
Graham Johnson *piano*

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FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)

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|---------------------------|--------------------------------|-------|
| 01 | Am Bach im Frühling, D361 | 03.52 |
| 02 | Der Wanderer an den Mond, D870 | 02.04 |
| 03 | Im Freien, D880 | 05.32 |
| 04 | Geheimes, D719 | 01.48 |
| 05 | Das Lied im Grünen, D917 | 05.31 |
| 06 | Fischerweise, D881 | 03.24 |
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| 08 | An den Tod, D518 | 03.04 |
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| 10 | An die Leier, D737 | 03.37 |
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| 15 | Die Gebüsche, D646 | 02.59 |
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| 17 | Wiederseh'n, D855 | 02.14 |
| 18 | Die Taubenpost, D965a | 03.35 |

Total time: 72.19