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FRANZ SCHUBERT

Poetisches Tagebuch

The Schulze settings and other favourite songs

**Christoph Prégardien
& Julius Drake**



SUPER AUDIO CD

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**Christoph Prégardien
& Julius Drake**

Christoph Prégardien tenor

Julius Drake piano

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Nine songs to poems of Ernst Schulze

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Eight songs to favourite poets

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"I lived in a fantasy world and was on the way to becoming an incurable daydreamer" (German = "Ich lebte ganz meinen Phantasien und war auf dem Wege, ein ganz unheilbarer Schwärmer zu werden"), wrote the Saxon poet Ernst Schulze (1789-1817) of his schooldays. Despite this moment of clarity, Schulze did indeed live in a world in which the boundaries between the real and the imagined were increasingly hazy. As a student in Göttingen he shared Don Giovanni's "mille tre" attitude to women, notching up a string of casual conquests while pursuing the daughter of an archaeology professor, Cäcilie Tychsén. Schulze's campaign to seduce Cäcilie failed, and when she died of tuberculosis in 1812 aged just eighteen, she became idealised as his lost bride-to-be, saviour and Muse.

Conveniently for the fantasising poet, Cäcilie had a sister, Adelheid, to whom he quickly transferred his affections. That Schulze had earlier described Adelheid as having "a monkey's face" (Affengesicht) did not seem to matter one iota. Nor did the fact that Adelheid was in love with someone else. From 1813 until his own early death, likewise of tuberculosis, Schulze embroidered his fragmentary, largely one-sided relationship with the reluctant Adelheid in the 100 poems that make up his *Poetisches Tagebuch* (Verse Journal). Schubert first seems to have alighted on Schulze's work in 1824, when he flirted with the idea of making an opera from his long narrative poem *Die bezauberte Rose* (The enchanted Rose). Then in March 1825 he set *Im Walde* from the *Poetisches Tagebuch*, initiating a sequence of Schulze songs composed over the following year. While only two, *Auf der Bruck* and *Im Frühling*, have become recital favourites, these songs of loss, alienation and obsessive longing (*Winterreise* is already glimpsed) are among Schubert's most powerful and poignant.

Schulze penned the poem *Auf der Bruck* on a hilltop near Göttingen known as "die Bruck", en route to visiting Adelheid Tychsen. Schubert's song, with its notoriously fiendish repeated-quaver accompaniment, is in his most invigorating equestrian vein, though the initial buoyancy is intermittently undermined both in the poem (the prospect of seeing Adelheid inspires more sorrow than joy) and the music. In *Der liebliche Stern*, Schubert, typically, takes a single image - the stars' reflection on the sea - as a cue for dancing keyboard figuration that unifies the whole song. Schulze's vain aspirations to transcend his earthly existence are mirrored in music of quiet obsessiveness, with mesmerically reiterated open fifths in the keyboard bass. *Im Walde* is a song of fruitless searching and frustrated desire that, like its close cousin, 'Erstarrung' in *Winterreise*, sets an impassioned vocal line against a surge of *moto perpetuo* triplets. Fleeting moments of major-keyed tenderness, like chimeras, only enhance the song's pathos.

In extreme contrast, the nocturne *Um Mitternacht* (Schulze dates the poem of blissful self-delusion "5 March 1815, at midnight") has a hypnotic reflective stillness, somewhere between a stately dance and a hymn in its gait. 'Blaze on, mighty love, blaze higher' exults Schulze in the poem *Lebensmut*. Schubert responds to the poet's wild euphoria with a song that mingles playful jauntiness with the heroic swagger of a *marche militaire*, briefly undercut by the shift from confident major to troubled minor for the third verse ('Dieses Zagen, dieses Sehnen').

Inscribed 'On 31 March 1815', Schulze's *Wlm Frühling* recalls a walk with Adelheid by a mountain lake in the summer of 1813. Was their closeness real or imagined? No matter: Schulze's nostalgic recollections inspire one of Schubert's most lovable songs. The accompaniment is fashioned as a set of free variations on the gently ambling tune of the keyboard introduction, while the singer, as if lost in reverie, enters with a new melody of his own. In the feverishly obsessive *An mein Herz* Schubert seizes, typically, on the poem's

dominant image - the palpitating heart - and makes it the basis of the accompaniment. Like *Im Frühling*, the whole song can be heard as a process of continual variation, always chained to the same inexorable rhythm and coloured by uneasy equivocations between minor and major.

In its song incarnation, the poem that Schulze called *Im Jänner 1817* ('January 1817') became *Tiefes Leid*, though the title on the manuscript is not in Schubert's hand. This is an unquiet graveside lament (with chill gusts in the keyboard to evoke the eerily whistling winds) that moves from a E minor to a calm, hymnic E major at the end of each of the three verses. The final Schulze song, *Über Wildemann*, bears the poet's inscription: "Overlooking Wildemann: a small town in the Harz mountains." The music's impetuous and obsessive (that word again!) drive, looking back to the 'Death and the Maiden' Quartet and ahead to *Winterreise*, eases in the three central verses as the poet yearningly contemplates the verdant valley below.

After their Schulze group, Christoph Prégardien and Julius Drake turn to three songs Schubert composed in the winter of 1822-23 to verses from *Östliche Rosen*, a volume of Persian-inspired poetry (influenced by Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*) by the philologist and orientalist Friedrich Rückert. *Dass sie hier gewesen* is a fragrant, elusive love song. Matching the verbal suspense at the start of each verse, Schubert clouds and fragments tonality and melody, before resolving into a tender cantabile at the clinching words *Dass du hier gewesen*.

Greisengesang is one of Schubert's noblest songs. A man in the winter of his life draws consolation from solitude and the memory of love, and the music movingly contrasts sombre, minor-keyed stoicism with tenderly lyrical phrases in the major, with the image of flowering ("Da blühen sie nach Verlangen") prompting caressing melismas.

With its sublimely simple melody and the revelation of its final strophe, which moves

majestically to a remote key, *Du bist die Ruh* is perhaps the supreme expression of an ideal, transcendent love in all song. It is also arguably more truly religious in feeling than any music that Schubert, the unconvinced Catholic, composed for the church.

In the years 1819-20, especially, Schubert was frequently drawn to the early poetry of Friedrich Schlegel, who by middle age had morphed from Romantic pantheist to conservative (some would say bigoted) *éminence grise* in Viennese literary circles. *Im Walde* (which appeared after Schubert's death under the title *Waldes-Nacht*) is a darkly ecstatic paean to the numinous powers of the forest. Filled with mysterious rustlings and murmurings (the '*Forest Murmurs*' of *Siegfried* are already in view), and picturesque details - say, the lightning flashes and growling thunder in verse two - this torrential outpouring is Schubert at his most exalted and visionary.

As Richard Capell wrote in his classic study of Schubert's songs, "it is as though the spirit of music had whirled [Schubert], breathless and half-conscious, into some supernatural state". A famous test of a singer's breath control and evenness of line, *Nacht und Träume*, to a poem by the poet and philosophy professor Matthäus von Collin, treats a favourite Romantic theme: the power of night and the unconscious (and by extension, death) to reveal to us a better world. Schubert miraculously conjures sense of numinous nocturnal stillness, mysteriously deepened by the dip from B major to G major at the opening of verse two ("Die belauschen sie mit Lust").

The sounds and rhythms of water virtually guaranteed a memorable Schubert song. *Fischerweise*, composed early in 1826 to rather arch verses by Schubert's old schoolfriend Baron Franz Xaver von Schlechta, is no exception. Its instant popularity can be deduced

from the fact that the baritone Johann Michael Vogl chose to sing it at Schubert's benefit concert in March 1828. One of the delights of this irrepressible, feel-good song is the way the subterranean figure in the keyboard introduction later emerges into the sunlight, airily tossed between voice and piano.

The morbidly disenchanting gravedigger of *Totengräbers Heimweh* (1825) may seem like a faintly absurd Shakespearean parody, but from the unpromising verses by the Italian polymath and littérateur Jacob Nicolaus de Jachelutta Craigher, Schubert creates a song of tragic grandeur and symphonic power. It grows from the grim "digging" music of the opening, with its pounding, quasi-baroque bass line, via an ominous unison passage that quotes from the first movement of the contemporary *A minor Piano Sonata D 845* (at "Von allen verlassen"), to the hypnotic, transfigured dance of the final pages as the old gravedigger's death wish is granted.

Christoph Prégardien and Julius Drake end their programme in reflective mode with *Der Winterabend*, composed, aptly, in January 1828. This one of a clutch of late Schubert settings of poems by the famous Styrian poet, teacher and (later) politician Karl Gottfried von Leitner. The verses' Biedermeier sentimentality is transfigured by Schubert's music, with its gently musing melodic line and magical shifts of key, as at the dip from G to a veiled E flat major as moonlight steals into the room. In the final verse ("Denk' an Sie") a new countermelody in the keyboard treble delicately evokes the image of the dead beloved: an exquisite, quintessentially Schubertian touch that sets the seal on a song of quiet enchantment.

Richard Wigmore, 2015

Julius Drake

The pianist Julius Drake lives in London and enjoys an international reputation as one of the finest instrumentalists in his field, collaborating with many of the world's leading artists, both in recital and on disc.

He appears regularly at all the major music centres: the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich, Schubertiade and Salzburg festivals; Carnegie Hall and the Lincoln Center New York; the Concertgebouw Amsterdam and Philharmonie Berlin; the Châtelet and Musée du Louvre Paris; La Scala Milan and Teatro de la Zarzuela Madrid; the Musikverein and Konzerthaus Vienna; and the Wigmore Hall and BBC Proms London.

Julius Drake's many recordings include a widely acclaimed series with Gerald Finley for Hyperion, of which the Barber Songs, Schumann Lieder and Britten Songs and Proverbs won the 2007, 2009 and 2011 Gramophone Awards, respectively; award-winning recordings with Ian Bostridge for EMI; several recitals for the Wigmore Live label, with, among others Alice Coote, Joyce DiDonato, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Christopher Maltman, Mark Padmore and Matthew Polenzani; and recordings of Tchaikovsky and Mahler with Christianne Stotijn for Onyx and English song with Bejun Mehta for Harmonia Mundi. He has also now embarked on a major project to record the complete songs of Franz Liszt for Hyperion. The second disc in the series, with Angelika Kirchschrager, won the BBC Music Magazine Award for 2012.

Julius Drake's passionate interest in song has led to invitations to devise song series for the Wigmore Hall London, the BBC and the Concertgebouw Amsterdam. A series of song recitals – Julius Drake and Friends – in the historic Middle Temple Hall in London, has featured recitals with many outstanding vocal artists including Sir Thomas Allen, Olaf Bär, Iestyn Davies, Sergei Leiferkus, Dame Felicity Lott, Simon Keenlyside, Christoph Prégardien, and Sir Willard White.



In addition to his performing career Julius Drake is also a committed teacher and is regularly invited to give masterclasses, recently in Aldeburgh, Brussels, Cincinatti, Toronto, Utrecht and at the Schubert Institute in Baden bei Wien. In 2015 he was appointed to join the jury of the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Song Prize. Julius Drake holds a professorship at Graz University of Music and Performing Arts in Austria, where he leads a class for song pianists.

[1] **Auf der Bruck D 853**

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Roß, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muß er endlich sich erschliessen;
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln Tale grüßen.

Wohl könnt ich über Berg und Feld
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen;
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mit Frieden, Lieb und Freude,
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,
Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;
Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern

At the Bruck

Trot briskly without rest,
my good horse, through night and through rain!
Why do you shy at bush and branch
and stumble on the wild paths?
Though the forest stretches deep and dense,
it must finally open up;
and a distant light will greet us kindly
out of the dark valley.

I can fly over mountain and field
on your slender back
and enjoy the world's
colourful vistas.
Many an eye laughs intimately at me,
with peace, love and joy;
and yet I hurry without rest,
back to my grief.

For three days now I have been far away
from her to whom I am eternally bound;
For three days sun and star

Und Erd und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen
Fühlt ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach! die Freude muß ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmer Flur den Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die dunkeln Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen.

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

[2] Der liebliche Stern D 861

Ihr Sternlein, still in der Höhe,
Ihr Sternlein, spielend im Meer,
Wenn ich von ferne daher

and earth and heavens were missing for me.
Of the delight and grief, that when I was with
her, now healed, now tore my heart,
for three days I have only felt the pain,
and oh!, the joy I had to miss!

We see the bird fly far over land and sea
to warm pastures;
How then should love ever
deceive itself in its path?
So trot bravely through the night!
Although the dark tracks may fade,
the bright eye of yearning still watches,
and sweet foreboding guides me safely.

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The lovely star

Tiny stars, so silent in the heavens,
Tiny stars, playing upon the sea,
When I from afar

So freundlich euch leuchten sehe,
So wird mir von Wohl und Wehe
Der Busen so bang und so schwer.

Es zittert von Frühlingswinden
Der Himmel im flüssigen Grün
Manch' Sternlein sah ich entblüh'n,
Manch Sternlein sah ich entschwinden;
Doch kann ich das schönste nicht finden
Das früher dem Liebenden schien.

Nicht kann ich zum Himmel mich schwingen,
Zu suchen den freundlichen Stern;
Stets hält ihn die Wolke mir fern.
Tief unten, da möcht' es gelingen,
Das friedliche Ziel zu erringen,
Tief unten, da ruht' ich so gern!

Was wiegt ihr im laulichen Spiele,
Ihr Lüftchen, den wogenden Kahn?
O treibt ihn auf rauherer Bahn
Hernieder ins Wogengewühle!
Laßt tief in der wallenden Kühle

See you sparkling so delightfully
Then, for better or worse,
My heart grows troubled and heavy.

The sky trembles in the spring air
Above the watered meadows;
I saw many a star blossom,
I saw many a star vanish.
But I cannot find the fairest,
That once shone for this lover.

I cannot soar to the heavens
To seek that friendly star.
Clouds always hide it from me.
Deep below, there might I succeed
In reaching the peaceful refuges;
Deep below I gladly would find rest.

Why, in gentle play
Do you lull the boat, breezes?
Propel it along a rougher course
Down into the whirlpool!
Deep in the cool, turbulent water

Dem lieblichen Sterne mich nah'n!

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

[3] Im Walde D 834

Ich wand're über Berg und Tal
Und über grüne Heiden,
Und mit mir wandert meine Qual,
Will nimmer von mir scheiden.
Und schiff' ich auch durch's weite Meer,
Sie käm' auch dort wohl hinterher.

Wohl blüh'n viel Blumen auf der Flur,
Die hab' ich nicht gesehen,
Denn eine Blume seh' ich nur
Auf allen Wegen stehen.
Nach ihr hab' ich mich oft gebückt
Und doch sie nimmer abgepfückt.

Die Bienen summen durch das Gras
Und hängen an den Blüten;

Let me approach that lovely star.

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In the Forest

I wander over mountain and valley
And across green moors,
And my agony wanders with me,
Never wanting to leave me.
And were I even to sail across the wide sea,
It would likely follow me thither as well.

Truly there bloom many flowers upon the lea,
I have not seen them,
For I see only one flower
Upon all my pathways.
I have often bent over it
And yet have never picked it.

The bees buzz through the grass
And hang upon the blossoms;

Das macht mein Auge trüb' und naß,
Ich kann mir's nicht verbieten,
Ihr süßen Lippen, rot und weich,
Wohl hing ich nimmer so an euch!

Gar lieblich singen nah und fern
Die Vögel auf den Zweigen;
Wohl säng' ich mit den Vögeln gern,
Doch muß ich traurig schweigen.
Denn Liebeslust und Liebespein,
Die bleiben jedes gern allein.

Am Himmel seh' ich flügelstern
Die Wolken weiterziehen,
Die Welle rieselt leicht und hell,
Muß immer nah'n und fliehen.
Doch haschen, wenn's vom Winde ruht,
Sich Wolk' und Wolke, Flut und Flut.

Ich wand're hin, ich wand're her,
Bei Sturm und heiter'n Tagen,
Und doch erschau' ich's nimmermehr
Und kann es nicht erjagen.

That causes my eyes to become dull and teary,
I cannot prevent it.
You sweet lips, red and soft,
I never hung thus on you!

Near and far upon the branches
The birds sing utterly delightfully;
I would gladly sing with the birds,
But I must remain silent in sadness.
For the joy of love and the pain of love
Would both rather remain alone.

In the sky I see the clouds
Scud by as quickly as if they had wings,
The wave ripples lightly and brightly,
It must ever approach and flee.
But when the wind is resting,
Cloud catches cloud, waters catch waters.

I wander here, I wander there,
In stormy and sunny days,
And yet I am never able to see it
And I cannot catch up to it.

O Liebesehnen, Liebesqual,
Wann ruht der Wanderer einmal?

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

[4] Um Mitternacht D 862

Keine Stimme hör' ich schallen,
Keinen Schritt auf dunkler Bahn,
Selbst der Himmel hat die schönen,
Hellen Äuglein zugetan.

Ich nur wache, süßes Leben,
Schau sehrend in die Nacht,
Bis dein Stern in öder Ferne
Lieblich leuchtend mir erwacht.

Ach, nur einmal, nur verstohlen
Dein geliebtes Bild zu seh'n,
Wollt' ich gern in Sturm und Wetter
Bis zum späten Morgen steh'n!

Oh yearning of love, agony of love,
When shall the wanderer finally rest?

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At midnight

I hear no voice sounding,
No footstep upon the dark path,
Even Heaven itself has closed
Its beautiful, bright eyes.

Only I am still watchful, sweet life,
I gaze yearningly into the night,
Until, in the desolate distance, your star,
Beautifully shining, wakens for me.

Ah, only once, only surreptitiously
To see your beloved image,
I would gladly stand in storms and squalls
Until late morning!

Seh' ich's nicht von ferne leuchten!
Naht es nicht schon nach und nach?
Ach, und freundlich hör' ich's flüstern:
Sieh, der Freund ist auch noch wach.

Süßes Wort, geliebte Stimme,
Der mein Herz entgegenschlägt!
Tausend sel'ge Liebesbilder
Hat dein Hauch mir aufgeregt.

Alle Sterne seh' ich glänzen
Auf der dunkeln blauen Bahn,
Und im Herzen hat und droben
Sich der Himmel aufgetan.

Holder Nachhall, wiege freundlich
Jetzt mein Haupt in milde Ruh,
Und noch oft, ihr Träume, lispelt
Ihr geliebtes Wort mir zu!

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

Do I not see it shining in the distance!
Is it not already approaching little by little?
Ah, and I hear it whisper graciously:
Lo, my beloved is also still awake.

Sweet word, beloved voice,
Which my pulsing heart greets!
Your breath has excited me with
A thousand blissful images of love.

I see all the stars glittering
Upon the dark, blue firmament,
And in my heart and on high
The heavens have opened.

Lovely echo, kindly lull
My head to gentle rest,
And often still, ye dreams, whisper
Her beloved words to me!

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[5] **Lebensmuth D 883**

O, wie dringt das junge Leben
Kräftig mir durch Sinn und Herz!
Alles fühl ich glüh'n und streben,
Fühle doppelt Lust und Schmerz.

Fruchtlos such ich euch zu halten,
Geister meiner regen Brust!
Nach Gefallen mögt ihr walten,
Sei's zum Leide, sei's zur Lust.

Lod're nur, gewalt'ge Liebe,
Höher lodre nur empor!
Brecht, ihr vollen Blüentriebe,
Mächtig schwellend nur hervor!

Mag das Herz sich blutig färben.
Mag's vergehn in rascher Pein;
Lieber will ich ganz verderben,
Als nur halb lebendig sein.
Dieses Zagen, dieses Sehnen,
Das die Brust vergeblich schwellt,

Lebensmuth

Oh, how my young life
Powerfully penetrates my spirit and heart!
I feel everything glowing and striving,
Feel joy and pain doubly.

In vain I seek to hold you back,
Spirits of my animated bosom;
Your workings may be as you wish,
Be they for suffering, be they for gladness.

Only blaze, immense love,
Only flare up ever higher!
Only break forth, you full blossoming shoots
With ever more mighty swelling!

May my heart colour itself like blood,
May it perish in rapid agony;
I would rather pass away utterly
Than be only half alive.
This trepidation, this yearning
That swells my bosom for naught,

Diese Seufzer, diese Tränen,
Die der Stolz gefangen hält,
Dieses schmerzlich eitle Ringen,
Dieses Kämpfen ohne Kraft,
Ohne Hoffnung und Vollbringen,
Hat mein bestes Mark erschlaft.

Lieber wecke, rasch und mutig.
Schlachtruf, den entschlaf'nen Sinn!
Lange träumt' ich, lange ruht' ich,
Gab der Kette lang mich hin.

Hier ist Hölle nicht, noch Himmel,
Weder Frost ist hier, noch Glut;
Auf, ins feindliche Getümmel,
Rüstig weiter durch die Flut!

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

These sighs, these tears
That are held captive by pride,
This painful, vain struggle,
This powerless combat,
Without hope and without completion,
Has exhausted my very marrow.

Battle cry, waken rather, quickly and courageously,
My sleeping spirit!
Long I dreamt, long I rested,
Long I abandoned myself to my chains;

Here is neither hell nor heaven,
Nor is frost here, nor blazing!
Arise, off into the fray with the enemy,
Vigorously onward through the flood!

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[6] Im Frühling D 882

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach, so glücklich war;

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
Am liebsten pflück' ich von dem Zweig,
Von welchem sie gepflückt.

Denn Alles ist wie damals noch,
Die Blumen, das Gefild,
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,

In Spring

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope.
The sky is so clear;
a breeze plays in the green valley
where I was at Spring's first sunbeam
once - ah, I was so happy;

Where I walked at her side,
So intimate and so close,
and deep in the dark rocky spring
was the beautiful sky, blue and bright;
and I saw her in the sky.

Look how colorful Spring already
looks out from bud and blossom!
Not every blossom is the same for me:
I like best to pick from the branch
from which she picked hers.

For all is as it was back then:
the flowers, the field;
the sun does not shine less brightly,

Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will' und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!

O wär' ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng' ein süßes Lied von ihr,
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

[7] An mein Herz D 860

O Herz! sei endlich stille!
Was schlägst du so unruhvoll?
Es ist ja des Himmels Wille,
Daß ich sie lassen soll.

nor does the stream reflect any less charmingly
the blue image of the sky.

The only things that change are will and illusion:
Joys and quarrels alternate,
the happiness of love flies past
and only the love remains -
The love and, ah, the sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a little bird,
there on the meadow's slope --
then I would remain here on these branches
and sing a sweet song about her
the whole summer long.

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To my heart

O my heart! be still already!
Why are you pounding so savagely?
It is the will of heaven
that I should leave her.

Und gab auch dein junges Leben
Dir nichts als Wahn und Pein:
Hat's ihr nur Freude gegeben,
So mag's verloren sein!
Und wenn sie auch nie dein Lieben
Und nie dein Leiden verstand,
So bist du doch treu geblieben,
Und Gott hat's droben erkannt.

Wir wollen es mutig ertragen,
So lang nur die Träne noch rinnt,
Und träumen von schöneren Tagen,
Die lange vorüber sind.

Und siehst du die Blüten erscheinen
Und singen die Vögel umher,
So magst du wohl heimlich weinen,
Doch klagen sollst du nicht mehr.

Geh'n doch die ewigen Sterne
Dort oben mit goldenes Licht
Und lächeln so freundlich von ferne
Und denken doch unser nicht.

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

And if your young life gave you
nothing but delusion and pain,
it still gave her joy,
so let it be lost!
And even if she never understood your love
or your sorrow,
you still remained faithful
and God has recognized this.

We mean to endure it courageously,
so long as our tears can still flow;
and we dream of better days
that have long since passed.

And if you see the flowers appearing
and hear the birds singing about you,
you may weep quietly,
but there must be no more lamenting.

For the eternal stars still move
up there with golden light
and smile so kindly from afar;
and yet they do not think about us at all.

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[8] Im Jänner 1817 (Tiefes Leid) D 876

Ich bin von aller Ruh' geschieden
Ich treib' umher auf wilder Flut;
An einem Ort nur find' ich Frieden,
Das ist der Ort, wo alles ruht.
Und wenn die Wind' auch schaurig sausen,
Und kalt der Regen niederfällt,
Doch will ich dort viel lieber hausen,
Als in der unbeständ'gen Welt.

Denn wie die Träume spurlos schweben,
Und einer schnell den ander'n treibt,
Spielt mit sich selbst das irre Leben,
Und jeder naht und keines bleibt.
Nie will die falsche Hoffnung weichen,
Nie mit der Hoffnung Furcht und Müh'!
Die Ewigstummen, Ewigbleichen
Verheiß'en und versagen nie.

Nicht weck' ich sie mit meinen Schritten
In ihrer dunklen Einsamkeit.

Deep grief

I have been parted from all rest
and drift about on a wild flood;
in one place only do I find peace -
that is the place where everything rests.
And even when the wind howls eerily,
and the rain comes falling down cold,
I would much rather dwell there
than in this fickle world.

For just as dreams pass without leaving any trace,
and one drives away the next,
my mad life plays with itself,
and each comes up and none remains.
False hope is never willing to give way;
Dread and toil are never prepared to leave with hope!
Only those beings who are eternally silent, eternally
fading,
those never promise [anything] and never fail.

I do not awaken them with my steps
in their dark solitude.

Sie wissen nicht, was ich gelitten,
Und Keinen stört mein tiefes Leid.
Dort kann die Seele freier klagen
Bei Jener, die ich treu geliebt;
Nicht wird der kalte Stein mir sagen
Ach, daß auch sie mein Schmerz betrübt!

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

[9] Über Wildemann D 884

Die Winde sausen am Tannenhang,
Die Quellen brausen das Tal entlang;
Ich wandre in Eile durch Wald und Schnee,
Wohl manche Meile von Höh' zu Höh'.

Und will das Leben im freien Tal
Sich auch schon heben zum Sonnenstrahl,
Ich muß vorüber mit wildem Sinn
Und blicke lieber zum Winter hin.

They do not know what I have suffered,
and none of them is disturbed by my deep grief.
[Over] there, my soul can lament more freely
Near the one whom I truly loved;
Certainly the cold stone will not tell me,
Ah! - that my pain saddens her too!

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Gazing down upon the town of Wildemann

The winds roar along the fir-clad slopes,
The water-springs race through the valley;
I wander in haste through forest and snow,
Many a mile from peak to peak.

And when in the open valley
Life already rises toward the sunbeams,
I must pass by with a frenzied spirit
And I gaze instead to where it is still winter.

Auf grünen Heiden, auf bunten Au'n,
Müßt ich mein Leiden nur immer schau'n,
Daß selbst am Steine das Leben sprießt,
Und ach, nur eine ihr Herz verschließt.

O Liebe, Liebe, o Maienhauch,
Du drängst die Triebe aus Baum und Strauch,
Die Vögel singen auf grünen Höh'n,
Die Quellen springen bei deinem Wehn.

Mich läßt du schweifen im dunklen Wahn
Durch Windespeifen auf rauher Bahn.
O Frühlingschimmer, o Blütenschein,
Soll ich denn nimmer mich dein erfreun?

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze (1789 – 1817)

[10] Daß sie hier gewesen D 775

Daß der Ostwind Düfte
Hauchet in die Lüfte,

Upon green moors, upon colourful meadows,
I would only be constantly confronted with my pain,
That life puts forth shoots even upon the rocks,
And, alas, only one has locked her heart.

Oh love, love, oh breath of May,
You urge the shoots forth from tree and bush,
The birds sing upon the green heights,
The water-springs bubble up when you waft by.

But you leave me to roam in darksome delusions
Through the whistling wind upon a rough pathway.
Oh shimmer of Spring, oh radiance of blossoms,
Am I never to rejoice in you?

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That the East Wind blows scents

That the East Wind blows scents
gently in the air

Dadurch tut er kund,
Daß du hier gewesen.

Daß hier Tränen rinnen,
Dadurch wirst du innen,
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,
Daß ich hier gewesen.

Schönheit oder Liebe,
Ob versteckt sie bliebe,
Düfte tun es und Tränen kund,
Daß sie hier gewesen.

Friedrich Rückert (1788 - 1866)

[11] Greisengesang D 778

Der Frost hat mir bereifet des Hauses Dach;
Doch warm ist mir's geblieben im Wohngemach.
Der Winter hat die Scheitel mir weiß gedeckt;
Doch fließt das Blut, das rote, durchs
Herzgemach.

makes it known to me
that you were here.

That tears run here
will make it known to you,
if you don't know it yet,
that I was here.

Beauty or Love,
whether or not they remain hidden,
make it known by scents and tears
that they were here.

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Frost has covered my house's roof

Frost has covered my house's roof;
but I have stayed warm in the living room.
Winter has covered in white the crown of my head;
yet blood flows - red blood - through my heart's
chamber.

Der Jugendflor der Wangen, die Rosen sind
Gegangen, all gegangen einander nach -
Wo sind sie hingegangen? ins Herz hinab:
Da blühen sie nach Verlangen, wie vor so nach.

Sind alle Freudenströme der Welt versiegt?
Noch fließt mir durch den Busen ein stiller Bach.
Sind alle Nachtigallen der Flur verstummt?
Noch ist bei mir im Stillen hier eine wach.

Sie singet: "Herr des Hauses! verschleuß dein Tor,
Daß nicht die Welt, die kalte, dring ins Gemach.
Schleuß aus den rauhen Odem der Wirklichkeit,
Und nur dem Duft der Träume gib Dach und
Fach!"

Friedrich Rückert (1788 - 1866)

[12] Du bist die Ruh D 776

Du bist die Ruh,

The youthful blossom of my cheeks - the roses are
gone, all gone, one after another -
where have they gone? into my heart:
there they bloom as they desire, just as they did before.

Have all the joyous streams in the world dried up?
Yet a quiet brook still flows through my breast.
Have all the nightingales in the meadow been silenced?
Yet here with me in the silence, one is awake.

It sings: "Lord of the house! lock your gate,
so that the cold world does not come into your chamber.
Shut out the raw breath of reality,
and give roof and room only to the fragrance of
dreams!"

Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust

You are peace, the mild peace

You are peace,

Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schlieÙe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

Friedrich Rückert (1788 – 1866)

The mild peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come live with me,
And close
quietly behind you
the gates.
Drive other pain
Out of this breast
May my heart be full
With your pleasure.

The tabernacle of my eyes
by your radiance
alone is illumined,
O fill it completely!

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[13] Im Walde (Waldesnacht) D 708

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht!
Wie der Held in Rosses Bügel,
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht.
Wie die alten Tannen sausen,
Hört man Geisteswogen brausen.

Herrlich ist der Flamme Leuchten
In des Morgenglanzes Rot,
Oder die das Feld beleuchten,
Blitze, schwanger oft von Tod.
Rasch die Flamme zuckt und lodert,
Wie zu Gott hinaufgefodert.

Ewig's Rauschen sanfter Quellen
Zaubert Blumen aus dem Schmerz,
Trauer doch in linden Wellen
Schlägt uns lockend an das Herz;
Fernab hin der Geist gezogen,
Die uns locken, durch die Wogen.

Drang des Lebens aus der Hülle,
Kampf der starken Triebe wild

In the forest

The sougning of the wind, God's pinions,
Deep within the cool forest night!
As the hero swings himself into the horse's stirrups,
The power of thought swings itself.
As the old fir trees swish,
One hears waves of spirit roar.

Glorious is the radiance of the flame
In the red of the shining morning,
Or those that bedew the fields,
Lightning bolts, often pregnant with death.
Rapidly the flame flickers and flares,
As if commanded to appear before God.

The eternal murmuring of gentle water-springs
Magically calls forth flowers from pain,
But mourning in gentle waves
Beats beguilingly against our heart;
The spirit is drawn far away into the distance
By the waves that entice us.

The compulsion of life to come forth from the husk,
The battle of wild, strong urges

Wird zur schönsten Liebesfülle,
Durch des Geistes Hauch gestillt.
Schöpferischer Lüfte Wehen
Fühlt man durch die Seele gehen.

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,
Tief in dunkler Waldesnacht!
Freigegeben alle Zügel,
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht,
Hört in Lüften ohne Grausen
Den Gesang der Geister brausen.

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772 - 1829)

Becomes the most beautiful plenitude of love,
Calmed by the breath of the spirit.
One feels the blowing of creative breezes
Passing through one's soul.

The sougning of the wind, God's pinions,
Deep within the dark forest night!
Loosened from all restraints
The power of thought swings itself forth,
Hears without horror in the breezes
The singing of the spirits roar.

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[14] Nacht und Träume D 827

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Matthäus Kasimir von Collin (1779 – 1824)

[15] Fischerweise D 881

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,

Night and dreams

Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams, too, drift down
Like your moonlight through space,
Through the quiet hearts of men;
They listen with delight
Calling out when day awakens:
Return, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

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Fisherman's song

No cares assail the fisherman,
nor grief nor sorrow;
Early in the morning he unties
His boat with a light heart.

It is peaceful all about him
In woods and meadows and brooks

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.

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,
Entsage deiner Tücke,
Den Fisch betrügst du nicht.

He rouses with his song
The golden sun.

To his labours he sings
with a full and sanguine heart;
The work gives him strength --
And strength gives life joy.

Soon a colorful throng is
swarming loudly in the depths,
And it splashes through the sky
That lies reflected in the water.

But he who wishes to cast a net
Needs eyes both clear and good;
He must be swift like the waves,
And unfettered like the stream.

There on the bridge the shepherdess
Is fishing. Artful creature,
Enough of your tricks
You will not deceive the fish.

[16] Totengräbers Heimweh D 842

O Menschheit, o Leben! was soll's? o was soll's?
Grabe aus, scharre zu! Tag und Nacht keine Ruh!
Das Treiben, das Drängen, wohin? o wohin?
»Ins Grab, ins Grab, tief hinab!«

O Schicksal, o traurige Pflicht
Ich trag's länger nicht!
Wann wirst du mir schlagen, o Stunde der Ruh?
O Tod! komm und drücke die Augen mir zu!

Im Leben, da ist's ach! so schwül, ach! so schwül!
Im Grabe so friedlich, so kühl!
Doch ach! wer legt mich hinein?
Ich stehe allein, so ganz allein!

Von allen verlassen, dem Tod nur verwandt,
Verweil ich am Rande, das Kreuz in der Hand,
Und starre mit sehndem Blick hinab
Ins tiefe, ins tiefe Grab!

O Heimat des Friedens, der Seligen Land,
an dich knüpft die Seele ein magisches Band.

Gravedigger's homesickness

O mankind, O life! what is it all for?
Dig out, scrape in! Day and night, no peace!
This shoving and pushing, where does it get you?
"To the grave, the grave, deep under!"

O Fate, o sad duty,
I can stand it no longer!
When will you come, O hour of peace?
O Death! come and press my eyes closed!

To be alive is so oppressive!
In the grave it is so peaceful, so cool!
But alas! who will lay me in my grave?
I am alone, so utterly alone!

Abandoned by all, with Death my only kin,
I linger at the edge, a cross in my hand,
and stare with yearning down
into the deep, deep grave!

O homeland of peace, O blessed land,
to you the soul is bound by a magical bond.

Du winkst mir von ferne, du ewiges Licht,
es schwinden die Sterne, das Auge schon bricht, -
ich sinke, ich sinke! Ihr Lieben, ich komm!

Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de Jachelutta (1797 – 1855)

You beckon from afar, you eternal light.
The stars disappear, my eyes fail -
I'm dying, dying! My loved ones, I'm coming!

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[17] Der Winterabend D 938

Es ist so still, so heimlich um mich.
Die Sonn' ist unter, der Tag entwich.
Wie schnell nun heran der Abend graut.
Mir ist es recht, sonst ist mir's zu laut.
Jetzt aber ist's ruhig, es hämmert kein Schmied,
Kein Klempner, das Volk verlief, und ist müd.
Und selbst, daß nicht rassel der Wagen Lauf,
Zog Decken der Schnee durch die Gassen auf.

Wie tut mir so wohl der selige Frieden!
Da sitz ich im Dunkel, ganz abgeschieden.
So ganz für mich. Nur der Mondenschein
Kommt leise zu mir ins Gemach.

The winter evening

It is so still and secret around me;
The sun has set, the day is gone.
How quickly now the evening grows gray!
It's fine with me: the day is too noisy for me.
Now though, it is quiet: no blacksmith is hammering,
no tinsmith; the people have gone away, weary.
And, so that the wagons don't rattle on their way,
a blanket of snow has covered the streets.

How well I like this blissful peace!
Here I sit in the dark, entirely isolated.
So complete in myself. Only the moonlight
Comes softly into my room.

Er kennt mich schon und läßt mich schweigen.
Nimmt nur seine Arbeit, die Spindel, das Gold,
Und spinnet stille, webt, und lächelt hold,
Und hängt dann sein schimmerndes Schleiertuch
Ringsum an Gerät und Wänden aus.
Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber Besuch,
Macht mir gar keine Unruh im Haus.
Will er bleiben, so hat er Ort,
Freut's ihn nimmer, so geht er fort.

Ich sitze dann stumm im Fenster gern,
Und schaue hinauf in Gewölk und Stern.
Denke zurück, ach weit, ach weit,
In eine schöne, verschwundne Zeit.
Denk an sie, an das Glück der Minne,
Seufze still und sinne, und sinne.

Karl Gottfried von Leitner (1800 – 1890)

It knows me well, and allows me to be quiet.
It only takes up its work, the spindle, the gold,
And spins and weaves, smiling kindly,
And then it hangs its shimmering veil
about the furniture and walls;
It is a quiet, dear visitor,
Making no disturbance in the house.
If it wishes to remain, there is room;
If it does not like it here, then it goes away.

I sit then at the window, gladly silent,
and watch the clouds and stars outside.
I think back, alas, far, far back,
to a lovely, vanished time.
I think on it, on the happiness of love,
And sigh quietly, thinking and feeling.

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This High Definition Surround Recording was Produced, Engineered and Edited by Bert van der Wolf of NorthStar Recording Services, using the 'High Quality Musical Surround Mastering' principle. The basis of this recording principle is a realistic and holographic 3 dimensional representation of the musical instruments, voices and recording venue, according to traditional concert practice. For most older music this means a frontal representation of the musical performance, but such that width and depth of the ensemble and acoustic characteristics of the hall do resemble 'real life' as much as possible. Some older compositions, and many contemporary works do specifically ask for placement of musical instruments and voices over the full 360 degrees sound scape, and in these cases the recording is as realistic as possible, within the limits of the 5.1 Surround Sound standard. This requires a very innovative use of all 6 loudspeakers and the use of completely matched, full frequency range loudspeakers for all 5 discrete channels. A complementary sub-woofer, for the ultra low frequencies under 40Hz, is highly recommended to maximally benefit from the sound quality of this recording.

This recording was produced with the use of Sonodore microphones, Avalon Acoustic monitoring, Siltech Mono-Crystal cabling and dCS - & Merging Technologies converters.



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