



# SCHUBERT

## Schiller-Lieder, Vol. 1

Martin Bruns, baritone • Ulrich Eisenlohr, piano



## THE DEUTSCHE SCHUBERT-LIED-EDITION

In 1816 Franz Schubert, together with his circle of friends, decided to publish a collection of all the songs which he had so far written. Joseph Spaun, whom Schubert had known since his school days, tried his (and Schubert's) luck in a letter to the then unquestionable Master of the German language, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe:

*A selection of German songs will constitute the beginning of this edition; it will consist of eight volumes. The first two (the first of which, as an example, you will find in our letter) contains poems written by your Excellency, the third, poetry by Schiller, the fourth and fifth, works by Klopstock, the sixth by Mathison, Höltz, Salis etc., the seventh and eighth contain songs by Ossian, whose works are quite exceptional.*

The Deutsche Schubert-Lied-Edition follows the composer's original concept. All Schubert's *Lieder*, over 700 songs, will be grouped according to the poets who inspired him, or according to the circle of writers, contemporaries, members of certain literary movements and so on, whose works Schubert chose to set to music. Fragments and alternative settings, providing their length and quality make them worth recording, and works for two or more voices with piano accompaniment will also make up a part of the edition.

Schubert set the poetry of over 115 writers to music. He selected poems from classical Greece, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, from eighteenth-century German authors, early Romantics, *Biedermeier* poets, his contemporaries, and, of course, finally, poems by Heinrich Heine, although sadly the two never met.

The entire edition is scheduled for completion by 2005. Thanks to the *Neue Schubert Ausgabe* (New Schubert Edition), published by Bärenreiter, which uses primary sources – autograph copies wherever possible – the performers have been able to benefit from the most recent research of the editorial team. For the first time, the listener and the interested reader can follow Schubert's textual alterations and can appreciate the importance the written word had for the composer.

The project's Artistic Advisor is the pianist Ulrich Eisenlohr, who has chosen those German-speaking singers who represent the élite of today's young German Lieder singers, performers whose artistic contribution, he believes, will stand the test of time.

## Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828) Settings of poems by Schiller, Vol. 1

When in 1787 Friedrich Schiller first visited Weimar, the residence of Duke Karl August and a place so important in German cultural history, it was because of the 'three Weimar giants', Christoph Martin Wieland, the elegant poet of the rococo, who soon took to his heart his Swabian fellow-countryman, 26 years his junior, the court preacher Johann Gottfried Herder, who had made a name for himself by his collection of folk-songs, and, naturally, the youngest and most charismatic of these 'giants', Goethe, who was then on his famous Italian journey. Today Goethe and Schiller are the embodiment of the Weimar classical period, to which the double statue in the Theaterplatz bears witness.

Schiller was the son of an officer and was born in 1759 at Marbach-am-Neckar, not far from the magnificent capital of Württemberg at Ludwigsburg. From 1773 to 1780 he attended the strongly disciplined military Pflanzschule, later the Hohe Karlsschule, an elite academy established by Duke Karl Eugen of Württemberg, who showed no compunction in recruiting talented boys from his dukedom. Schiller next turned to the study of law and then of medicine. Poetry in this academy so cut off from the outer world was for him, with his love of freedom, a means of expressing his hatred of tyranny and an important outlet. Here his first dramatic work took shape. With the sensational first performance of *Die Räuber* (The Robbers) in Mannheim at the beginning of 1782, a work that soon became a symbol of Sturm und Drang theatre, Schiller won fame overnight, although he was for a long time unable to secure his material position through his work as a poet.

Schiller had been forbidden by the Duke to write and was obliged to escape by night to Mannheim in the Palatinate, but his hopes of gaining a foothold there as a theatre poet came to nothing. There followed years in the circle of Christian Gottfried Körner in Leipzig and Dresden. Meanwhile Schiller had devoted himself to

historical studies and in these he became absorbed during his first period in Weimar. As a result in May 1789, when he was not yet thirty, he became, surely unusually, professor of history at Jena, an appointment in which Privy Counsellor Goethe seems to have had a hand. In 1791, a year after his marriage to Charlotte von Lengefeld, the first attacks of a severe illness made themselves felt. This adversely affected his activity as a teacher and from then onwards cast a shadow over Schiller's life, since he knew that he had not many years left him. For some time he had put aside his work as a poet. His intensive exchanges with Kant, that began in 1791, led finally to his series of philosophical and aesthetic writings and it seemed to him that through these studies he must find the way back to poetic composition. It was only in 1795 that Schiller wrote a poem again, the first since 1789. With *Wallenstein*, which took on the dimensions of a great trilogy, he won back, in work that took from 1796 to 1799, a position in the field of drama. His return to poetic composition was certainly stimulated by his increasingly close friendship with Goethe. In 1799 Schiller returned to Weimar to have experience, as he himself said, of the theatre and in his last years he devoted himself above all to the continuation of his work as a dramatist, culminating in *Wilhelm Tell*, his last completed play. He died on 9th May, 1805.

Schiller's poetry never won the same fame as that of Goethe, apart, of course, from the great ballads such as *Der Taucher* (The Diver) and *Die Bürgschaft* (The Pledge), in earlier times learned by heart, which are firmly established as an essential part of German literature. Schiller himself, in his maturity, self-critically compared himself with the 'Weimar giant' in the often quoted complaint 'In comparison with Goethe I am and remain a poetic nobody'. Today difficulties in dealing with Schiller's poetry cannot be dismissed, and his work sometimes comes across as strongly moralising and sometimes as intellectually

overcharged. It is in relation to Goethe, who often wrote intuitively from personal experience, psychologically, as it were, that we may speak of Schiller's poems, particularly in view of the great philosophical works, as intellectual. 'Almost always it is the poet that comes upon me when I should philosophize and the philosophical spirit, when I would write poems', he once admitted to Goethe. Often the reading of Schiller's poetry calls for a considerable knowledge of mythology and the exuberance of his language, leading Richard Strauss once to confess in a letter to his special liking for Schiller's hymns, today perhaps seems difficult.

As the poems of Schiller for the most part do not have the same degree of popularity as Goethe's, so Schubert's settings of Schiller came and now come after those of Goethe, and this in spite of the number of settings of Schiller that include incidentally more different versions of a whole series of poems similar in number to those he set of Goethe. It may be supposed that the great homogeneity of Goethe's poems better meets the requirements of musical setting. Nevertheless Schiller's work inspires Schubert to higher levels of musical expression.

Schubert's song-writing falls into the period of musical history when there was a fashion for through-composing, as E.T.A. Hoffmann, a thorough exponent of modern musical aesthetics, expressed it in 1814 with marked reservations. The true song current with contemporaries was the strophic song, in which every verse of the poem was to be sung to the same music, which meant that it was not possible to express the shades of meaning of the poem or the particular nuances of the text. The new 'fashionable' principle gave the composer more flexibility since he was not confined to the strophic structure and was able to give a more personal turn to the music. The freedom with which Schubert often went to work in his settings is noteworthy. In a review in 1824 of *Opera 21-24* for the Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, the leading musical publication of the early nineteenth century, it was said that he claimed not to write songs in the usual meaning of the word and would not do so, but free

songs, often so free that they might be called caprices or fantasies. That could rightly be said of several of the Schiller settings. Altogether there is clearly an extraordinarily broad spectrum of strategies in Schubert's settings of Schiller, ranging from the simple strophic song to the inclusion of varied strophic elements and different forms of through-composed settings, leading to dramatic compositions of nearly half an hour in duration, like *Der Taucher*. It almost seems that in his settings of Schiller, as far their structure suggests, Schubert regarded these texts as a field for formal experiment.

*Punschlied* (Drinking Song) is certainly musically the simplest song here included. Schubert has treated the poem from 1803, in Schiller's later creative period, with its twelve verses, of which three are recorded on the present release, as a plain strophic song. The regular structure contributes to the folk-song character of the setting, with each of the four-line verses set in two bars. Schiller's poem, rather than being merely a social genre piece on the joys of drinking, is a song in praise of the strength of the human spirit, since the North, with its climate, does not allow the production of wine, but hot punch has been invented. As Schiller's final verse says:

*Drum ein Sinnbild und ein Zeichen  
Sei uns dieser Feuersaft,  
Was der Mensch sich kann erlangen  
Mit dem Willen und der Kraft.  
(Then a symbol and a sign  
Let this fiery drink be for us,  
What man can achieve  
With will and strength.)*

*Die Entzückung an Laura* (Enchanted by Laura), a passionate love poem from the poet's *Sturm und Drang* period in 1781, is also a strophic song, but of a completely different kind. The four verses which praise her look, then the beauty of her voice, her grace in dancing and finally her look again, which can bring rocks to life, have six lines each. Schubert makes of this two longer verses. The continuous triplets in the right

hand of the piano accompaniment give the setting an external feeling of unity, yet with a richly pulsating inner life. This is evident in the free treatment of the structure of phrases. The first three lines are set in four bars respectively, while the fourth and fifth lines, of the same length as the first, take up two each. Perhaps in doing this Schubert wanted to bring out the *accelerando* suggested in the second of the long strophes:

*Rascher rollen um mich her die Pole*

*Wenn im Wirbeltanze deine Sohle . . .*

(The poles revolve more swiftly about me,  
As your feet in the whirl of the dance . . .)

The character of the song is also achieved through the unusual flowing melodic lines, which reach a high point in the emphatic slower declaration of the closing lines.

In *Der Jüngling am Bache* (The Young Man by the Brook), as Schubert set it in 1819, the poetic and musical verses again correspond. The five-bar piano introduction, with its resigned falling contour, functions, quite traditionally, also as an interlude setting of the different verses of the poem, written in 1803, as does the piano postlude. Schubert has avoided providing a special musical setting for the vision of the last verse and has kept for the whole song the elegiac strophic pattern, to suggest that the emphatic ideas of the young man are plainly utopian: the fair maid (*schöne Holde*) will not leave her proud castle (*stolzes Schloss*).

*Dithyrambe*, which appeared in June 1826, is presented as a spirited strophic song with a continuing pattern of accompaniment. Here the regular metrical structure of the three verses and the uniformly elevated tone of the reproach called for a quasi-formal treatment. The title of the poem, from 1796, refers to a form of ancient poetry in praise of the Greek god of wine, Dionysus (Bacchus), known as a dithyramb. *Dithyrambe* is a poem about the divine inspiration of the creative artist, who enjoys the company of more gods: after Bacchus, Cupid and, responsible for the art of poetry, Phoebus Apollo. At the beginning of the third

verse it might be thought that Jupiter is speaking; he charges Hebe, the goddess of eternal youth, to fill the poet's cup with nectar, the drink of the gods, and to moisten his eyes with heavenly dew so that he need not look on the Styx, the river of the underworld. Schiller's allegory suggests that the artist who receives inspiration from the gods should achieve immortality in posthumous fame.

*Der Alpenjäger* (The Huntsman on the Mountain), written in October 1817, can be taken as a kind of double-strophic song with a free final section. The first three of the eight six-line verses of 1804, all with the same rhyme scheme, present a dialogue between mother and son, the latter strongly drawn on to the height of the mountain (*nach des Berges Höhen*). Within the strophic pattern Schubert shows the opposing views of the two through sharp contrasts in tempo and movement (the two first lines of the son strongly recall the beginning of *Der Wegweiser* (The Signpost) in *Winterreise* (Winter Journey)). The next verses show the young man hunting a gazelle on the mountain and for this we have a new strophic pattern in 6/8, the traditional typical time-signature of the hunt, that indicates the wild activity through a gradual intensification of movement in the piano accompaniment. The seventh verse makes use of the same music, taken up by the piano (perhaps suggesting the mute gaze of the animal at bay). In the middle of the verse, however, Schubert returns, with the sudden introduction of the direction *Langsam* (slow), to duple metre, abandoning the musical path he had been following in a change to a coda, just as Schiller indicates through the word *plötzlich* (sudden) the unexpected final point, as the spirit of the mountain, the old man of the mountain, makes known his appeal for peaceful coexistence in the words *Raum für alle hat die Erde* (Room for all has the earth).

*Der Flüchtling* (The Fugitive), composed in 1816 – the poem of 1781 was originally entitled *Morgenphantasie* (Morning Fantasy) – at first gives the impression of a varied strophic song: the second statement of the singer, *Mit freudig melodisch gewirbeltem Lied* (With joyful melodious swirling

song) continues with the same melodic phrase as the beginning, but the piano accompaniment takes on a significantly faster pace. Soon the melodic line diverges from its original course and in the next phrase of the singer, *Sei, Licht, mir gesegnet!* (May you be blessed, light!) it becomes clear that we have moved in this song into the field of the through-composed. A good half of the song is devoted to the description of a nature idyll. Very interesting, therefore, is Schubert's reaction as a composer to Schiller's view of civilisation, *Wie hoch aus dem Städten die Rauchwolken dampfen!* (How high the clouds of smoke rise from the towns!). Here there is music of sparer texture in 3/8 with the indication *Geschwind* (Fast). The last sections of the poem, which bring a turn towards bitterness in the fugitive, are musically separate: the light of dawn shines only on *einen Totenflur* (a landscape of death), the whole nature idyll is only a background for the restless, homeless fugitive, the forerunner of the wanderer of the Romantics.

With *Laura am Clavier* (Laura at the Keyboard) we come again to an early Schiller love-song, written in 1781. Since the great collection of poems, the *Canzoniere* of Petrarca (1304-1374), Laura has been the embodiment of the unattainable beloved, whose favour the poet continually seeks in a whole variety of ways. It is quite idle to speculate as to whether Schiller's Laura, as the poet once later half-jokingly suggested, concealed the person of his landlady in Stuttgart, Luise Dorothea Vischer. Laura is a literary figure. Schubert set this poem by Schiller freely, like *Die Entzückung an Laura* from the same period, and for this the slightly irregular structure of Schiller's poetic form, with different lengths of verse, may be responsible. What Schubert offers us at the beginning of his setting is not the usual prelude to a song but a short piano piece in a cheerful major key that represents the wonderful piano-playing of the beloved, the girl stylized as an enchantress. When afterwards the protagonist appears, the singer can only express himself in recitative; he is so moved by Laura's playing that he is deprived not of speech but of song, *zur Statue entgeistert . . . steh ich da* (struck dumb as a

statue . . . I stand there). First in the second verse the singer can actually turn to song, which unfolds over an uninterrupted piano accompaniment of quavers. The remote keys that run through the setting may signify the range of music at the command of the musical enchantress Laura. This musical power leads us, as an example in the middle of the song, to a semitone below the key of the whole song. Schubert has clearly expressed in his music the metaphors from nature with which the poet describes the playing of the one he adores, the murmur of the silver-bright stream in the gentle quaver figuration of the right hand or, as at the end, the organ-sound of thunder (*des Donners Orgelton*) with powerful *fortissimo* chords in the right hand and great octave leaps in the left. Inspired by Schiller's poetic contrasts, Schubert deliberately gives up the musical unity of a strophic setting. At the end the poet asks whether Laura's playing that seems to him so supernatural is the language spoken in Elysium, the heaven of the ancient Greeks. The composer here again turns to recitative. To the direct question Laura gives no answer, but Schubert lets it sound out once more in Laura's heavenly 'Impromptu' from the beginning.

Elysium is a key idea in Schiller's poetry, symbolizing the desire for a better world. A poem from the period of the Laura poems, interestingly enough with the title *Kantate*, has the word written above it by the young poet. *Elysium* must be accounted one of the most remarkable of the Schiller settings; here the full range of different poetic images must have inspired the twenty-year-old Schubert to a kind of through-composed work particular rich in contrasts. Each verse has its own musical image completed by some piano bars fading away or finishing; characteristically for the reaper of the fourth verse, lost in his dreams, whose sickle falls from his hands, there are extended strong beats in the vocal part and in the right hand of the piano accompaniment: the music seems to stand still. The partly differing lengths of line in some of the verses, moreover, as, for example, the opening lines, of course make a strophic musical treatment impossible. This song is also marked by a wider harmonic range and

Schubert goes beyond the usual modulations with a tendency to the mediant everywhere observable. The last verse with its apotheosis of married love is aptly treated by Schubert in a broadly developed final section with a continuing repetition of the last line, *Feiert sie ein ewig Hochzeitfest* (It celebrates an eternal marriage banquet). The final treatment extends the first syllable of *ewig* (eternal) for almost ten bars, thereby suggesting to the ear the potentially infinite duration of celestial love.

At least as expressive is Schubert's setting of Schiller's *Der Kampf* (The Struggle). Here Schubert, in 1817, shows complete technical mastery of the technique of through-composition. The poem of 1785 depicts the spiritual struggle of a man who feels morally that he must give up a woman who is for him unattainable but who clearly returns his love. Yet now he would let his private pact with virtue go for nothing, so overpowering is the burning ardour of the heart (*des Herzens Flammentrieb*). Schubert has treated this particular moment vividly – *und lass mich sündigen* (and leave me to sin). In the long-held word 'lass', in the harmonic movement and in the urgent syncopation of the piano are shown the feelings of the lover, no longer to be controlled by moral decisions. With direct dramatic force the first verse takes its course: a short, energetic, extended, dotted motif, that passes through various harmonies, with dynamic changes, a constant alternation of *forte* and *piano* bars, provides the structural material for the piano part, over which the agitated lyrical protagonist expresses himself in 'muscular' extended phrases. The third verse begins with angry and rapid figuration in the piano, as if with an attitude of disdain: *Zerrissen sei, was wir bedungen hat* (Let us tear up our treaty). After the general pause at the end of the repeated opening lines, the direction of the music changes, with the knowledge that his love is returned. The short recitatives inserted by Schubert serve very effectively here, at the beginning of the sixth and last verse, to hold back the momentum before the violent reaction against tyrannical Fate (*tyrannische Geschick*), supported by the tremolo in the bass of the

accompaniment, a Fate that dispels finally for our hero, with repeated, almost formally shaped D minor cadences, his virtuous resolve. *Der Kampf* belongs also, finally, to the series of Laura poems. An earlier surviving longer version of the poem has the title *Freigeisterei der Leidenschaft* (Freedom of Spirit in Suffering) and the descriptive subtitle *Als Laura vermählt was im Jahre 1782* (At Laura's wedding in 1782). We have a reference to Schiller's relationship with Charlotte von Kalb, the wife of a major, whom he had met in Mannheim in 1784 and later seen again in Weimar. The question arises as to whether the song too is a reflection of personal experience.

With the setting of Schiller's 27-verse *Der Taucher* (The Diver), which comes from the Ballad Year of 1797, when he engaged in a kind of noble contest with Goethe in this form of writing, we enter the world of musical ballads, as they were known to the young Schubert, and others, through the work of Johann Rudolf Zumsteeg (1760-1802). Schiller's *Der Taucher* is a parable of human hubris. After having been miraculously saved from the depths of a whirlpool, the brave young squire hopes for a second such gift from the gods. The King invites him to leap into the depths a second time, promising his young daughter in marriage, and the poem is also concerned with the King's cruel desire for human experiment, with his knowledge of how to use his position of power. Schubert's setting was made in 1813/14 and he completed a second version at the beginning of 1815. For so large-scale a musical project a composer cannot write an ordinary song. The course of the setting always changes between simple recitative sections, in which direct speech or narrative is expressed in neutral tones, and wildly agitated piano writing and music, where it depicts the threat of the sea, the power of the whirlpool or the terrors of the deep. The musical means that Schubert calls upon here appear substantially to be inspired by orchestral writing: rapid semiquaver runs, syncopation and tremolo figuration. These extrovert musical passages need a formal counterpoise, as it were, in sections of more restrained and nuanced writing. A musical dramatic scheme of this

kind is suggested naturally by Schiller's poem. Among the most impressive passages in the Schubert setting are those from the end of the eighth verse onwards, where the sea in revenge has closed mysteriously over the brave swimmer (*geheimnisvoll über dem kühnen Schwimmer*). Here the mood of brooding anxiety is superbly captured in the music. The vivid setting of this ballad does not lack moments of effective musical illustration, for example the incisive C flat major chords that make the listener feel fully the yawning chasm (*gähnenden Spalts*) of the seventh verse. The composer is most effective in piano writing that is often able to emphasize and give light and shade to the course of the story, finally through the *prestissimo* and *fortissimo* interlude, extended and depicting the roar of the waves, after the young squire has leapt a second time. Not only can the pianist depict, at first in detail and then with a

violence that promises nothing good to come, the raging sea, through tremolos and wild arpeggios, and afterwards suggest the ebbing away of *morendo*. He can also indulge in an expressively plaintive instrumental recitative that basically anticipates the end of the ballad. In this last verse Schubert tenderly suggests the loving look (*liebenden Blick*) of the Princess into the deep, through the echo of this in the piano and through a repetition, with modified intervals, of the line of the text, intensifies the gesture of urgent entreaty, as the diver is lost. This song, the longest that Schubert wrote, ends in the foaming of the waves, with some muted bars for the piano.

Wolfgang Gersthofer

*English version by Keith Anderson*



## Martin Bruns

The Swiss baritone Martin Bruns is a graduate of the Juilliard School in New York, where he was a student of Daniel Ferro. He has won much acclaim for his concert and oratorio performances throughout Europe and has appeared as a soloist with orchestras and ensembles that include the New York Chamber Symphony, the Akademie für Alte Musik and the Ensemble Oriol in Berlin, the Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra and the Geneva Ensemble 415. He has collaborated with conductors such as Gerard Schwarz, Ivor Bolton, Heinz Holliger, Jonathan Nott, Marcus Creed, Carl Sinclair and Oleg Caetani. His musical interests extend from the baroque to romantic repertory and to twentieth century and contemporary music, this last witnessed by premières of works such as Journey to Immortality by the Azerbaijani composer Frangiz Ali-Zadeh, given at the Lucerne International Music Festival. Martin Bruns appears regularly with noted pianists such as Ulrich Eisenlohr, Brian Zeger and Kolja Lessing, as well as with the fortepianist Christoph Hammer, and his arrangement of Schubert's Die schöne Müllerin for baritone and guitar, in which he collaborated with the Swedish guitarist Mats Bergström, has drawn widespread attention. On the operatic stage he has appeared as Figaro in Rossini's Il barbiere di Siviglia, and as Dandini, Papageno, Guglielmo, Tsar Peter in Zar und Zimmermann and Silvio. He began his career as a member of the Hesse State Theatre in Wiesbaden, and has since appeared at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich, the Deutsche Oper am Rhein in Düsseldorf and other European houses. 2001 brings his American début in the title rôle of Britten's opera Billy Budd at the Seattle Opera.



## Ulrich Eisenlohr

Ulrich Eisenlohr studied at the music academies of Mannheim and Stuttgart (Lied under Konrad Richter), specialising in the areas of Lied-accompaniment and chamber music. His subsequent wide-ranging concert appearances have taken him to Europe, America and Japan, with, among others, Ruth Ziesak, Iris Vermillion, Christoph Prégardien, Matthias Görne, Dietrich Henschel and Roman Trekel. Several of his CD recordings have received well-known awards such as the German Record Critics' Prize and the Grand Prix International given by the Académie du Disque Lyrique in Paris. Ulrich Eisenlohr has worked as assistant and accompanist at master classes given by Hans Hotter, Christa Ludwig, Daniel Ferro (Juilliard School, New York) and Geoffrey Parsons. He also gives numerous courses on Lied-interpretation and chamber music and is responsible for one of the Lied classes at the music academy of Mannheim.



## 1 Der Taucher

*"Wer wagt es, Rittersmann oder Knapp,  
Zu tauchen in diesen Schlund?  
Einen goldenen Becher werf" ich hinab,  
Verschlungen schon hat ihm der schwarze Mund.  
Wer mir den Becher kann wieder zeigen,  
Er mag ihn behalten, er ist sein eigen."*

*Der König spricht es und wirft von der Höh'  
Der Klippe, die schroff und steil  
Hinaus hängt in die unendliche See,  
Den Becher in der Charybde Geheul.  
"Wer ist der Beherzte, ich frage wieder,  
Zu tauchen in diese Tiefe nieder?"*

*Und die Ritter und Knappen um ihn her  
Vernehmen's und schweigen still,  
Seh'n hinab in das wilde Meer,  
Und keiner den Becher gewinnen will.  
Und der König zum drittenmal wieder fraget:  
"Ist keiner, der sich hinunter wagt?"*

*Doch alles noch stumm bleibt wie zuvor.  
Und ein Edelknecht, sanft und keck,  
Tritt aus der Knappen zagendem Chor,  
Und den Gürtel wirft er, den Mantel weg.  
Und alle die Männer umher und Frauen  
Auf den herrlichen Jüngling verwundert schau'n.*

*Und wie er tritt an des Felsen Hang  
Und blickt in den Schlund hinab,  
Die Wasser, die sie hinterschlang,  
Die Charybde jetzt brillend wiedergab,  
Und wie mit des Donners fernem Getöse  
Entstürzen sie schäumend dem finstern Schoße.*

*Und es waltet und siedet und brauset und zischt,  
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,  
Bis zum Himmel sprizet der dampfende Gischt,*

## 1 The Diver

*"Who dares, knight or squire,  
To dive into this chasm?  
I have cast a golden goblet into it,  
That black mouth has swallowed it already.  
He who can show me the goblet again,  
He may keep it; it is his alone."*

*As the king spoke these words he cast  
The goblet from the top of the cliff that hangs,  
Rough and steep, far out over the endless sea,  
Down into howling Charybdis.  
"Who among you is brave enough, I ask again,  
To dive into those depths?"*

*And the knights and squires around him  
Heard his words and were silent.  
They looked down at the wild sea,  
And not one wished to win the goblet.  
And the king asked for the third time:  
"Is there no-one who dares dive for it?"*

*And they all remained as silent as before,  
And a noble page, gentle and bold,  
Stepped out from the chorus of timid squires,  
Cast off his belt, his cloak too,  
And all the men and women around him  
Gazed in surprise at the splendid young man.*

*And they watched as he went to the cliff edge  
And looked down into the chasm.  
The waters that Charybdis had swallowed  
Now came churning, roaring back,  
And with a sound like thunder's distant boom  
They frothed and foamed from its dark womb.*

*And they surged and seethed and pounded and hissed,  
As though water were meeting flames,  
The steaming spray leapt up to the sky,*

*Und Flut auf Flut sich ohn' Ende drängt,  
Und will sich nimmer erschöpfen und leeren,  
Als wollte das Meer noch ein Meer gebären.*

*Doch endlich, da legt sich die wilde Gewalt,  
Und schwarz aus dem weißen Schaum  
Klafft hinunter ein gähnender Spalt,  
Grundlos, als ging's in den Hölle Raum,  
Und reißend sieht man die brandenden Wogen  
Hinab in den strudelnden Trichter gezogen.*

*Jetzt schnell, eh' die Brandung wiederkehret,  
Der Jüngling sich Gott befehlet,  
Und - ein Schrei des Entsetzens wird rings gehört,  
Und schon hat ihn der Wirbel hinwegespült,  
Und geheimnißvoll über dem kühnen Schwimmer  
Schließt sich der Rachen, er zeigt sich nimmer.*

*Und stille wird's über dem Wasserschlund,  
In der Tiefe nur brauset es hohl,  
Und bebend hört man von Mund zu Mund:  
"Hochherziger Jüngling, fahre wohl!"  
Und hohler und hohler hört man's heulen,  
Und es harrt noch mit bangem,  
mit schrecklichen Weilen.*

*Und wärft du die Krone selber hinein,  
Und sprächst: wer mir bringet die Kron',  
Er soll sie tragen und König sein,  
Mich gelüstete nicht nach dem teuren Lohn!  
Was die heulende Tiefe da unten verhehle,  
Das erzählt keine lebende, glückliche Seele.*

*Wohl manches Fahrzeug, vom Strudel gefaßt,  
Schoß gäh in die Tiefe hinab,  
Doch zerschmettert nur rangen sich Kiel und Mast  
Hervor aus dem alles verschlingenden Grab. -  
Und heller und heller, wie Sturmes Sausen,  
Hört man's näher und immer näher brausen.*

*Und es waltet und siedet und brauset und zischt,  
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,*

And wave followed hard upon wave  
And still would not cease, nor exhaust themselves,  
As though the sea would give birth to another.

But at last the wild forces grew calm  
And amid the white foam a black  
Yawning gulf appeared,  
Bottomless, like the entrance to hell,  
And the waves could be seen sucked down  
In a surging torrent into the swirling funnel.

Now quickly, before the heavy breakers return,  
The young man commends his soul to God,  
And - a horrified cry is heard all around -  
The swirling water has obliterated him,  
And above the bold swimmer the maw  
Closes again mysteriously; no sign of him now.

And it grows still above the watery chasm,  
From far below comes the waves' hollow roar,  
And the words pass trembling from mouth to mouth:  
"Courageous youth, fare you well!"  
And hollow and hollow grows the howling sound  
And they wait in fearful,  
in petrified silence.

And were you to throw the crown itself down there  
And to say: "He who brings me the crown,  
He shall wear it and be king" -  
I would not be tempted by the precious reward.  
That which the howling deep does hide,  
That cannot be told by any living, happy soul.

There's been many a vessel, seized by the current,  
Plunged straight into the depths,  
But keel and mast struggled back to the surface,  
Shattered, from that all-devouring grave. -  
And clearer and clearer, like a raging storm,  
The sound of roaring waves comes closer.

And they surge and seethe and roar and hiss,  
As though water were meeting flames,

*Bis zum Himmel spritzet der dampfende Gischt,  
Und Well' auf Well' sich ohn' Ende drängt,  
Und wie mit des fernen Donners Getöse  
Entstürzt es brüllend dem finstern Schoße.*

*Und sieh! aus dem finster flutenden Schoß,  
Da hebet sich's schwanenweiß,  
Und ein Arm und ein glänzender Nacken wird bloß,  
Und es rudert mit Kraft und mit emsigem Fleiß,  
Und er ist's, und hoch in seiner Linken  
Schwingt er den Becher mit freudigem Winken.*

*Und atmete lang und atmete tief -  
Und begrüßte das himmlische Licht.  
Mit Frohlocken es einer dem andern rief:  
"Er lebt! Er ist da! Es behielt ihn nicht!  
Aus dem Grab, aus der strudelnden Wasserhöhle  
Hat der Brave gerettet die lebende Seele."*

*Und er kommt, es unringt ihn die jubelnde Schar,  
Zu des Königs Füßen er sinkt,  
Den Becher reicht er ihm knieend dar;  
Und der König der lieblichen Tochter winkt,  
Die füllt ihn mit funkelndem Wein bis zum Rande,  
Und der Jüngling sich also zum König wandte:*

*"Lange lebe der König! Es freue sich,  
Wer da atmet im rosigen Licht!  
Aber da unten ist's fürchterlich.  
Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht  
Und begehre nimmer und nimmer zu schauen,  
Was sie gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und Grauen.*

*"Es riß mich hinunter blitzesschnell -  
Da stürzt' mir aus felsigtem Schacht  
Entgegen ein reißender Quell:  
Mich packte des Doppelsiroms wütende Macht,  
Und wie einen Kreisels mit schwindelndem Drehen  
Trieb mich's um,  
ich konnte nicht widersteh'n.*

The steaming spray leaps up to the sky  
And wave follows upon wave endlessly,  
And with a sound like the thunder's distant booming  
They erupt bellowing out of the sinister womb.

And behold! Out of the dark floods of that womb  
Something rises, white as a swan,  
And an arm and a gleaming neck are revealed,  
And it moves with strong and persistent strokes  
And it is he, and high in his left hand  
He swings the goblet, waving joyfully.

And he breathed long and he breathed deeply,  
And he greeted the light of the heavens.  
As they rejoiced they called to one another:  
"He is alive! He is here! It did not hold him fast!  
From the grave, from the whirlpool's cave,  
The brave man has saved his living soul."

And he came, the cheering crowd surrounded him,  
He fell at the feet of the king,  
Kneeling offered him the goblet,  
And the king beckoned to his sweet daughter,  
Who filled it to the brim with sparkling wine,  
And the young man then addressed the king:

"Long live the king! Let him rejoice  
Who breathes in the rosy light of day  
But there below it is horrifying,  
Let mankind not tempt the gods,  
And never, never again desire to see  
What they mercifully cover with darkness and terror.

I was sucked under with lightning speed;  
Then, from a deep cleft in the rocks,  
A surging spring came toward me:  
The doubled strength of those seething currents  
took hold of me  
And like a spinning top, in dizzying circles  
I was whirled around, unable to withstand their force.

*"Da zeigte mir Gott, zu dem ich rief,  
In der höchsten schrecklichen Not,  
Emporragend ein Felsewiff,  
Das erfaßt' ich behend und entrann dem Tod -  
Und da hing auch der Becher an spitzen Korallen,  
Sonst wär' er ins Bodenlose gefallen.*

*"Denn unter mir lag's noch, bergetief,  
In purpurner Finsternis da,  
Und ob's hier dem Ohre gleich ewig schlief,  
Das Auge mit Schaudern hinunter sah,  
Wie's von Salamandern und Molchen und Drachen  
Sich regte in dem furchtbaren Höllenrachen.*

*"Schwarz wimmelten da in grausen Gemisch,  
Zu scheußlichen Klumpen geballt,  
Der stachlichte Roche, der Klippenfisch,  
Des Hammers gräuliche Ungestalt,  
Und dräuend wies mir die grimmigen Zähne  
Der entsetzliche Hai, des Meeres Hyäne.*

*"Und da hing ich und war mir's mit Grausen bewußt,  
Von der menschlichen Hilfe so weit,  
Unter Larven die einzige fühlende Brust,  
Allein in der gräßlichen Einsamkeit,  
Tief unter dem Schall der menschlichen Rede  
Bei den Ungeheuern der traurigen Öde.*

*"Und schauernd dacht' ich's, da kroch's heran,  
Regte hundert Gelenke zugleich,  
Will schnappen nach mir - in des Schreckens Wahn  
Laß ich los der Koralle umklammerten Zweig;  
Gleich faßt mich der Strudel mit rasendem Toben,  
Doch es war mir zum Heil, er riß mich nach oben."*

*Der König darob sich verwundert schier  
Und spricht: "Der Becher ist dein,  
Und diesen Ring noch bestimm' ich dir,  
Geschmückt mit dem köstlichsten Edelgestein,  
Versuchst du's noch einmal und bringst mir Kunde,  
Was du sahst auf des Meers tiefunterstem Grunde."*

Then God, to whom I called  
In my greatest, most terrible need, showed me  
A rocky reef that jutted upwards,  
I caught hold of it swiftly and escaped death -  
And there, too, hung the goblet upon sharp coral,  
Else would I have fallen into a bottomless pit.

For beneath plunged mountain-deep  
The dark purple gloom,  
And while it was as though my hearing slept,  
My eyes looked down and shuddering I saw  
Salamanders, newts and dragons  
Moving in that fearsome mouth of hell.

In dark throngs, gruesomely intermingled,  
Forming ghastly heaving masses,  
Swam stingrays and rockfish,  
Hideously formed hammerheads,  
And a shark, the hyena of the seas,  
Bared its fierce teeth threateningly at me.

And I hung there and realised with terror  
How far I was from any human help,  
The only feeling heart amid unfeeling creatures,  
Alone in that fearsome isolation,  
Far below the sound of human speech,  
Amongst the monsters of those melancholy wastes.

And as I shuddered at the thought, it crept closer,  
Moving a hundred limbs all at once,  
Trying to entrap me - in my mindless terror  
I let go the branch of coral I had held fast,  
The whirlpool gripped me at once in its wild swell  
But that saved me, for I was dragged upward."

The king, amazed at this story  
Exclaimed: "The goblet is yours  
And this ring shall be yours, too,  
In which are set the most precious jewels,  
If you will make a second attempt and tell me  
What you have seen at the very bottom of the sea."

*Das hörte die Tochter mit weichem Gefühl,  
Und mit schmeichelndem Munde sie fleht:  
"Laßt, Vater, genug sein das grausame Spiel!  
Er hat Euch bestanden, was keiner besteht,  
Und könnt Ihr des Herzens Gelüsten nicht zähmen,  
So mögen die Ritter den Knappen beschämen."*

*Drauf der König greift nach dem Becher schnell,  
In den Strudel ihm schleudert hinein:  
"Und schaffst du den Becher mir wieder zur Stell',  
So sollst du der trefflichste Ritter mir sein  
Und sollst sie als Ehgemahl heut noch umarmen,  
Die jetzt für dich bittet mit zartem Erbarmen."*

*Da ergreift's ihm die Seele mit Himmelsgewalt,  
Und es blitzt aus den Augen ihm kühn,  
Und er siehet erröten die schöne Gestalt  
Und sieht sie erbleichen und sinken hin -  
Da treibt's ihn, den köstlichen Preis zu erwerben,  
Und stürzt hinunter auf Leben und Sterben.*

*Wohl hört man die Brandung, wohl kehrt sie zurück,  
Sie verkündigt der donnernde Schall -  
Da blickt sich's hinunter mit liebendem Blick -  
Es kommen, es kommen die Wasser all,  
Sie rauschen herauf, sie rauschen nieder,  
Doch den Jüngling bringt keines wieder.*

*Im Originaltext:*

*3,1: Und die Ritter, die Knappen um ihn her  
5,5: Und wie mit des fernern Donners Getöse  
16,3: Da unten aber ist's fürchterlich  
17,3: Wildflutend entgegen ein reißen der Quell  
18,3: Aus der Tiefe ragend ein Felsenriff  
20,1: Schwarz wimmelten da in grausem Gemisch  
21,1: Und da hing ich und war's mir mit Grausen  
bewußt  
24,3: Laßt, Vater, genug sein das grausame Spiel!  
27,6: Den Jüngling bringt keines wieder*

His gentle-hearted daughter, on hearing this,  
Begged him with flattering tones:  
"Father, give up this dangerous game!  
He has stood the test that no-one else could,  
And if you cannot tame your heart's desires,  
Then let the knights put the page to shame".

Thereupon the king reached hastily for the goblet  
And cast it into the waves:  
"And if you bring the goblet back to me here,  
Then you shall become my most excellent knight  
And shall embrace her this day as your wife,  
Who now pleads for you with gentle pity".

His soul was shaken by heavenly powers,  
His eyes flashed with daring,  
And he saw that fair creature blush,  
Saw her turn pale and fall in a swoon -  
So that he felt a deep urge to win the costly prize,  
And dived, though it should cost him his life.

Though the swell could be heard, though it returned,  
Announced by the thundering sound -  
And some-one leaned over with a loving look,  
They are coming, the breakers, they are coming again,  
They rose and they fell with a rushing sound,  
Yet none of them brought the young man back.

In the original text:

3,1: And the knights, the squires around him  
5,5: And with a sound like distant thunder's boom

18,3: A rocky reef that rose up from the depths

27,6: None of them brought the young man back

**2 Punschlied**

*(Im Norden zu singen.)*

*Auf der Berge freien Höhen,  
In der Mittagssonne Schein,  
An des warmen Strahles Kräften  
Zeugt Natur den goldnen Wein.*

*Finkelnd wie ein Sohn der Sonne,  
Wie des Lichtes Feuerquell,  
Springt er perlend aus der Tonne,  
Purpurn und kristallenhell.*

*Und erfreuet alle Simmen,  
Und in jede bange Brust  
Gießt er ein balsamisch Hoffen  
Und des Lebens neue Lust.*

**3 Der Alpenjäger**

*Willst du nicht das Lämmlein hüten?  
Lämmlein ist so fromm und sanft,  
Nährt sich von des Grases Blüten,  
Spielend an des Baches Rausch.  
"Mutter, Mutter, laß mich gehen,  
Jagen nach des Berges Höhen!"  
Willst du nicht die Herde locken  
Mit des Hornes muntern Klang?  
Lieblich tönt der Schall der Glocken  
In des Waldes Lustgesang.  
"Mutter, Mutter, laß mich gehen,  
Schweifen auf den wilden Höhen!"*

*Willst du nicht der Blümlein warten,  
Die im Beete freundlich stehn?  
Draußen ladet dich kein Garten,  
Wild ist's auf den wilden Höhen!  
"Laß die Blümlein, laß sie blühen!  
Mutter, Mutter, laß mich ziehen!"*

**2 Drinking Song**

*(to be sung in the north)*

Upon the hills' unwooded heights,  
Beneath the brilliant midday sun,  
By the power of its warm rays,  
Nature produces the golden wine.

Sparkling like an offspring of the sun,  
Like the fiery source of light,  
It flows gushing from the cask,  
Crimson and as bright as crystal.

And it gives pleasures to every sense,  
And in every fearful breast  
It pours hope's balm  
Rekindling pleasure in life.

**3 The Alpine Hunter**

Will you not guard the little lamb,  
The lamb that is so obedient and gentle?  
It feeds upon the flowering grass,  
As it gambols on the banks of the stream.  
"Mother, mother, let me be on my way,  
To hunt up in the high mountains!"  
Will you not herd the cattle, entice  
Them with your merry horn?  
Sweet is the sound of the bells  
Amid the forest's joyful song.  
"Mother, mother, let me be gone,  
To roam among the wild peaks!"

Will you not take care of the flowers  
That grow in peaceful rows?  
Out there, no friendly garden awaits you,  
It is a wild life among those wild heights.  
"Let the flowers be, leave them to blossom!  
Mother, mother, let me be gone!"

*Und der Knabe ging zu jagen,  
Und es treibt und weißt ihn fort,  
Rastlos fort mit blindem Wagen  
An des Berges finstern Ort;  
Vor ihm her mit Windschnelle  
Fliehet die zitternde Gazelle.*

*Auf der Felsen nackte Rippen  
Klettert sie mit leichtem Schwung,  
Durch den Riß geborstner Klippen  
Trägt sie der gewagte Sprung;  
Aber hinter ihr verwogen  
Folgt er mit dem Todesbogen.*

*Jetzt auf den schroffen Zinken  
Hängt sie, auf dem höchsten Grat,  
Wo die Felsen jäh versinken,  
Und verschwunden ist der Pfad.  
Unter sich die steile Höhe,  
Hinter sich des Feindes Nähe.*

*Mit des Jammers stummen Blicken  
Fleht sie zu dem harten Mann,  
Fleht umsonst, denn loszudrück  
Legt er schon den Bogen an.  
Plötzlich aus der Felsenspalte  
Tritt der Geist, der Bergesalte.*

*Und mit seinen Götterhänden  
Schützt er das gequälte Tier.  
"Mußt du Tod und Jammer senden",  
Ruft er, "bis herauf zu mir?  
Raum für alle hat die Erde -  
Was verfolgst du meine Herde?"*

#### 4 Der Jüngling am Bache

*An der Quelle saß der Knabe,  
Blumen wand er sich zum Kranz,  
Und er sah sie fortgerissen,  
Treiben in der Wellen Tanz: -  
"Und so fliehen meine Tage*

And the youth left to hunt,  
And he was driven ever onward,  
His blind daring gave him no rest  
Till he reached the gloomy mountain heights;  
In front of him, swift as the wind,  
The trembling gazelle fled.

Upon the bare ridges of rock  
She climbed with easy grace,  
Over the gaping chasm  
She is carried by a daring leap;  
But behind her treacherously  
He follows with his bow of death.

And now upon the steep and jagged summit  
She is trapped, on the highest point,  
From here the rockwall falls sheer  
And the path has disappeared,  
Beneath her is the steep descent,  
Behind her follows close her enemy.

With a look of speechless misery  
She implores the heartless man,  
Implores in vain, for he, in readiness,  
Holds the bow and takes his aim.  
All at once from the rocky chasm  
A spirit steps forward; the old man of the mountains.

And with his divine hands  
He shields the tormented animal.  
"Must you bring death and woe?"  
He calls "even up to my realm?  
There is room enough for all upon the earth -  
Why do you persecute my flock?"

#### 4 The Youth by the Stream

Beside the stream sat the youth  
Making himself a garland of flowers,  
And he saw them rush away  
Floating on the dancing waves: -  
"And just so my days are fleeing



*Wie die Quelle rastlos hin!  
Und so bleicht meine Jugend,  
Wie die Kränze schnell verblühen.*

*Fraget nicht, warum ich traure  
In des Lebens Blütenzeit!  
Alles freuet sich und hoffet,  
Wenn der Frühling sich erneut.  
Aber diese tausend Stimmen  
Der erwachenden Natur  
Wecken in dem tiefen Busen  
Mir den schweren Kummer nur.*

*Was soll mir die Freude frommen,  
Die der schöne Lenz mir beut?  
Eine nur ist's, die ich suche,  
Sie ist nah und ewig weit.  
Sehnend breit' ich meine Arme  
Nach dem teuren Schattenbild,  
Ach, ich kann es nicht erreichen,  
Und das Herz bleibt ungestillt!*

*Komm herab, du schöne Holde,  
Und verlaß dein stolzes Schloß!  
Blumen, die der Lenz geboren,  
Streu' ich dir in deinen Schoß.  
Horch, der Hain erschallt von Liedern,  
Und die Quelle rieselt klar!  
Raum ist in der kleinsten Hütte  
Für ein glücklich liebend Paar."*

5 Elysium

*Vorüber die stöhnende Klage!  
Elysiums Freudengelage  
Ersäufen jegliches Ach -  
Elysiums Leben  
Ewige Wonne, ewiges Schweben,  
Durch lachende Fluren ein flötender Bach.*

*Jugendlich milde  
Beschwebt die Gefilde*

*Like the restless, flowing streams!  
And just so my youth is fading,  
Like the flowers that droop so soon.*

*Do not ask why I am sorrowful  
In the flowering time of life.  
Everything is glad and hopeful  
When spring comes back again.  
But a thousand voices  
Of nature awakening  
Waken within my deepest bosom  
Only feelings of heavy grief.*

*What avails me the joy  
That this lovely spring offers me?  
There is but one joy I look for,  
She is close and eternally distant,  
I stretch out my arms in yearning,  
Toward that dear shadowy image,  
Oh, I cannot reach it,  
And my heart cannot find ease.*

*Descend, you lovely child of grace,  
And leave your proud castle,  
The flowers that spring has brought  
I will strew upon your lap.  
Listen, the woods echo with song,  
And the brook flows clear and fresh.  
There is room within the smallest hut  
For a happy, loving couple."*

5 Elysium

*The painful sighs are now past.  
Elysium's joyful banquets  
Drown the slightest moan -  
Elysium's life is  
Eternal rapture, eternal flight;  
Through laughing meadows a brook pipes its tune.*

*Mild, youthful  
Breezes waft through the realm*

*Ewiger Mai;  
Die Stunden entfliehn in goldenen Träumen,  
Die Seele schwillt in unendlichen Räumen,  
Wahrheit reißt hier den Schleier entzwei.*

*Unendliche Freude  
Durchwaltet das Herz.  
Hier mangelt der Name dem trauernden Leide,  
Sanftes Entzücken nur heißt hier Schmerz.*

*Hier strecket der wallende Pilger die matten,  
Bremenden Glieder im säuselnden Schatten,  
Legt die Bürde auf ewig dahin -  
Seine Sichel entfällt hier dem Schmitter,  
Eingesungen von Harfengezitter  
Träumt er, geschnittene Halme zu seh'n.*

*Dessen Fahne Donnerstürme walle,  
Dessen Ohren Mordgebrüll unhalle,  
Berge bebten unter dessen Donnergang,  
Schläft hier lüde bei des Baches Rieseln,  
Der wie Silber spielt über Kieseln;  
Ihm verhallt wilder Speere Klang.*

*Hier umarmen sich getreue Gatten,  
Küssen sich auf grünen sammlen Matten,  
Liebekost vom Balsamwest;  
Ihre Krone findet hier die Liebe,  
Sicher vor des Todes strengem Hiebe  
Feiert sie ein ewig Hochzeitsfest.*

## ⑥ Der Flüchtling

*Frisch atmet des Morgens lebendiger Hauch,  
Purpurisch zuckt durch düstrer Tannen Ritzen  
Das junge Licht und düglet aus dem Strauch,  
In goldnen Flammen blitzen  
Der Berge Wolken spitzen.  
Mit freudig melodisch gewirbeltem Lied  
Begrüßen erwachende Lerchen die Sonne,  
Die schon in lachender Wonne  
Jugendlich schön in Auroras Umarmungen gliht.*

Their eternal May;  
The hours flit past in golden dreams,  
The soul expands in infinite space,  
Here truth tears the veil apart.

Unending joy  
Surges through the heart.  
Here there is no word for mourning or grief,  
Mere gentle delights are known as pain.

Here the wandering pilgrim stretches out  
His weary, burning limbs in the whispering shade,  
Lays down his burden forever -  
Here the sickle falls out of the reaper's hand,  
Lulled to sleep by trembling harp music,  
He dreams that he sees fields of stubble.

He whose banner fluttered in thundering storms,  
In whose ears resounded blood-thirsty yells,  
Mountains shook beneath his thundering step,  
Sleeps here gently beside the murmuring brook  
That plays in silvery tones over the pebbles  
The wild clashing of spears fades away from his mind.

Here faithful couples embrace each other,  
Kiss on the velvet green sward  
As the soothing west wind caresses them;  
Here love is crowned,  
Safe from death's merciless blow  
It celebrates an eternal wedding feast.

## ⑥ The Fugitive

The morning's lively breeze is fresh,  
Richly between the gloomy pine trees flashes  
The early light and peeps out of the bushes,  
The cloudy mountain peaks  
Sparkle with golden flames.  
With a joyfully twirling, tuneful song  
The rising larks greet the sun,  
Which is already laughing with delight,  
Glowing in youthful beauty in Aurora's arms.

*Sei, Licht, mir gesegnet!  
Dein Strahlenguß regnet  
Erwärmend hernieder auf Anger und Au.  
Wie flütern die Wiesen,  
Wie silberfarb zittern  
Tausend Sonnen im perlenden Tau!*

*In säusehder Kühle  
Beginnen die Spiele  
Der jungen Natur,  
Die Zephyre kosen  
Und schneicheln um Rosen,  
Und Düfte beströmen die lachende Flur.*

*Wie hoch aus den Städten die Rauchwolken dampfen!  
Laut wiehern und schnauben und knirschen und strampfen  
Die Rosse, die Farren:  
Die Wagen erknarren  
Ins ächzende Tal.  
Die Waldungen leben,  
Und Adler und Falken und Habichte schweben  
Und wiegen die Flügel im blendenden Strahl.  
Den Frieden zu finden,  
Wohin soll ich wenden  
Am elenden Stab?  
Die lachende Erde  
Mit Jünglingsgebärde -  
Für mich nur ein Grab!*

*Steig empor, o Morgenrot, und röte  
Mit purpurnem Kusse Hain und Feld!  
Säusle nieder, o Abendrot, und flöte  
In sanften Schlummer die tote Welt!  
Morgen - ach! du rötest  
Eine Totenstur,  
Ach! und du, o Abendrot, umflötest  
Meinen langen Schlummer nur.*

*Im Originaltext:  
2,2: Dein Strahlenguß regnet  
2,4: Wie silberfarb flütern  
2,5: Die Wiesen, wie zittern*

Blessings upon you, light!  
Your beams shed their greeting  
Like warm rain upon the fields and pastures.  
How the meadows are spangled,  
How silvery tremble  
A thousand suns in the dew-drops.

In the murmuring coolness  
Budding nature  
Begins to play,  
The zephyrs caress  
And cajole roses  
And perfumes flow over the laughing dale.

How high above the towns the smoky clouds swirl!  
Loudly the horses and bulls  
Whinny and snort and champ and strain.  
The carts creak their way down  
Into the groaning valley.  
The woodlands are alive,  
And eagles and falcons and hawks soar  
And hover on the wing in the bright beams.  
To find peace,  
Which way should I turn,  
With this poor stick in my hand?  
This laughing world  
With its youthful ways -  
For me nothing but a grave!

Arise. O dawn, and redden  
With crimson kisses the copses and fields!  
Sink softly down, O setting sun, and lull  
The dead world gently to sleep.  
Morning- oh, you will redden  
A valley of death,  
Oh, and you, O evening, will play  
our pipe to my long sleep.

In the original text:  
2,2: Your shower of rays rains  
2,4: How silvery sparkle  
2,5: The meadows, how a thousand suns

6,3: *Säusle nieder, Abendrot, und flöte*  
6,4: *Sanft in Schlummer die erstorbne Welt*

7 Laura am Klavier

*Wenn dein Finger durch die Saiten meistert -  
Laura, itzt zu Statue entgeistert,  
Itzt entköpbert steh' ich da.  
Du gebiestest über Tod und Leben,  
Mächtig, wie von tausend Nervgeweben  
Seelen fordert Philadelphia.  
Ehverbietig leiser rauschen  
Dann die Lüfte, dir zu lauschen;  
Hingeschmiedet zum Gesang  
Stehn im ew'gen Wirbelgang,  
Einzuzieh die Wonnesfülle,  
Lauschende Naturen stille.  
Zauberin! mit Tönen, wie  
Mich mit Blicken, zwingst du sie.*

*Seelenvolle Harmonien wimmeln,  
Ein wollüstig Ungestüm,  
Aus ihren Saiten, wie aus ihren Himmeln  
Neugeborne Seraphim;  
Wie, des Chaos Riesenarm entronnen,  
Aufgejagt vom Schöpfungssturm, die Sonnen  
Funkelnd fuhren aus der Nacht,  
Strömt der Töne Zaubermacht.  
Lieblich itzt, wie über glatten Kiesel  
Silberhelle Fluten rieseln, -  
Majestätisch prächtig nun  
Wie des Donners Orgelton,  
Stürmend von himen itzt, wie sich von Felsen  
Rauschende schäumende Gießbäche wälzen,  
Holdes Gesäusel bald,  
Schmeichlerisch linde,  
Wie durch den Espenwald  
Buhlende Winde -*

*Schwerer nun und melancholisch düster,  
Wie durch toter Wiusten Schauernachtgeflüster,*

6,3: Sink softly down, setting sun, and lull  
6,4: The world that has perished softly to sleep

7 Laura at the Piano

*When your fingers' art commands the strings -  
Laura, then I become a mindless statue,  
Then I am a being without a body.  
You hold sway over life and death,  
Mighty as Philadelphia, touching each nerve  
To make it come to life.  
Then, in reverence, the breezes  
Waft by more softly, to listen to you.  
Wrought into a song  
Attentive creatures pause  
In that eternal twirling path  
To gather every rapturous moment.  
Sorceress! You command them with music.  
As you do me with your glances.*

*Soulful harmonies throng  
In a rapturous storm  
From her strings, like new-born  
Seraphim from their heavens;  
Like suns, escaped from the arms of chaos,  
Driven forth by creation's storm,  
Which flew in bright flames through the darkness.  
Thus the powerful magic of her music flows.  
Now sweetly, like silver-bright waves  
Running softly over smooth pebbles;  
Now powerful and majestic  
Like the organ's thundering sound;  
Now storming hence, as waterfalls  
Tumble over rocks, roaring and foaming;  
And then in murmurs full of charm,  
Gently flattering,  
Like a loving wind  
Moving through an aspen wood.*

*More solemn now, dark and melancholy,  
Like whispering in a lifeless desert on a ghostly night,*

*Wo verlorne Heulen schweift,  
Tränenwellen der Cocytus schleift.*

*Mädchen, sprich! Ich frage, gib mir Kunde:  
Stehst mit höhern Geistern du im Bunde?  
Ist's die Sprache, lüg mir nicht,  
Die man in Elysen spricht?*

*Im Originaltext:  
Z.17: Aus den Saiten, wie aus ihren Himmeln*

## **8** Der Kampf

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

*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 entflohn,  
Bewundert still mein heldenmütiges Entsagen,  
Und großmütig beschließt sie meinen Lohn.*

*Mißtraue, 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!*

When the cries of the lost drift about  
And Cocytus heaves in waves of tears.

Tell me, maiden, I beg you, tell me true:  
Are you in league with celestial spirits?  
Is this the language, do not lie to me,  
That is spoken in Elysium?

In the original text:  
L. 17: From the strings, like new-born

## **8** The Struggle

No, I shall struggle in this combat no longer,  
This mighty moral conflict.  
If you cannot douse the heart's flames,  
Then, Virtue, do not demand such a sacrifice.

I have sworn to do it, yes, I have sworn  
To overcome my own self;  
Here is your crown, let it be lost to me forever,  
Take it back and leave me to sin.

Let the pact that we made be broken,  
She loves me, - so I will forfeit the crown.  
Fortunate is he, who, in the depths of drunken delight,  
Recovers from his headlong fall as easily as I.

She sees the worm gnawing at my youth's bloom,  
And my springtime fled,  
Silently she wonders at my heroic self-denial,  
And generously she decides to reward me.

Do not trust, noble soul, such angelic goodness!  
Your compassion arms me to commit a crime.  
Is there in life's immeasurable lands,  
Is there any lovelier prize - than you?

Than that crime I wished forever to avoid?  
O tyrannous fate!  
The only reward that will crown my virtue  
Is my virtue's final hour!

9 Die Entzückung an Laura

*Laura, über diese Welt zu flüchten  
Wähm' ich - mich in Himmelmaieglanz  
zu lichten,  
Wenn dein Blick in meine Blicke flimmt;  
Ätherlüfte träum' ich einzusaugen,  
Wenn mein Bild in deiner sanften Augen  
Himmelblauem Spiegel schwimmt.*

*Lierklang aus Paradieses Fernen,  
Harfenschwing aus angenehmem Sternen  
Ras' ich in mein trunknes Ohr zu ziehn;  
Meine Muse fühlt die Schöferstunde,  
Wenn von deinem wollustheißen Munde  
Silbertöne ungern fliehn.*

*Amoretten seh' ich Flügel schwingen,  
Hinter dir die trunknen Fichten springen,  
Wie von Orpheus' Saitenruf belebt;  
Rascher rollen um mich her die Pole,  
Wenn im Wirbeltanze deine Sohle  
Flüchtig, wie die Welle, schwebt.*

*Deine Blicke - wenn sie Liebe lächeln,  
Könten Leben durch den Marmor fächeln,  
Felsenadern Pulse leihn;  
Träume werden um mich her zu Wesen,  
Kann ich mir in deinen Augen lesen:  
Laura, Laura mein!*

10 Dithyrambe

*Nimmer, das glaubt mir, erscheinen die Götter,  
Nimmer allein.  
Kaum daß ich Bacchus, den Lustigen, habe,  
Kommt auch schon Amor, der lächelnde Knabe,  
Phöbus der Herrliche findet sich ein.  
Sie nahen, sie kommen, die Himmlischen alle,  
Mit Göttern erfüllt sich die irdische Halle.*

9 Enthralled by Laura

Laura, it seems to me I'm escaping  
Far from this world and bask in the light of  
bright May skies  
When I gaze into your sparkling eyes;  
I imagine I am breathing the airs of heaven  
When my portrait is reflected  
In the sky-blue mirror of your mild glance.

The music of lyres from a distant paradise,  
Reverberating chords from stars more pleasant,  
I avidly draw into my drunken ear;  
My muse senses love's delight approaching,  
When from the warmth of your passionate mouth  
Silvery notes are loath to flee.

I see cupids beating their wings,  
The fir trees drunkenly dancing behind you.  
As though brought to life by the call of Orpheus' strings,  
The poles spin more quickly round me  
When in the dizzy dance your slipper,  
Lightly, like a wave, rises and falls.

Your glances, when they smile at me with love,  
Could breathe life into the marble itself,  
Could make the very rock veins pulsate;  
Around me dreams take on substance,  
If only I can read in your eyes:  
Laura, my Laura.

10 Dithyramb

Never, believe me, will the gods appear,  
Never singly.  
Scarcely do I espy Bacchus, the merry one,  
Than Cupid, the smiling youth, will appear,  
Phoebus the glorious joins them, too.  
They approach, they are here, all the deities,  
This earthly hall is filled with gods.

*Sagt, wie bewirt' ich, der Erdegeborne,  
Himmelischen Chor?  
Schenket mir euer unsterbliches Leben,  
Götter! was kann euch der Sterbliche geben?  
Hebet zu eurem Olymp mich empor!  
Die Freude, sie wohnt nur in Jupiters Saale,  
O füllet mit Nektar, o reicht mir die Schale!*

*Reich' ihm die Schale! O schenke dem Dichter,  
Hebe, nur ein!  
Netz' ihm die Augen mit himmlischem Tau,  
Daß er den Styx, den verhaßten, nicht schaue,  
Einer der Unsern sich dünke zu sein.  
Sie rauschet, sie perlet, die himmlische Quelle,  
Der Busen wird ruhig, das Auge wird helle.*

Tell me, how shall I, born of the earth, serve  
This celestial choir?  
Give me your immortal life,  
O gods! – What can a mortal give you?  
Raise me up to the Olympian Heights!  
Joy resides only in Jupiter's halls,  
O give me the bowl brimming with nectar!

Hand him the bowl! O pour for the poet,  
Hebe, just once!  
Sprinkle his eyelids with heavenly dew  
So that he does not see the dreaded Styx;  
Let him think that he is one of our race,  
The holy spring flows glistening and gushing,  
The heart beats calmly, the eye grows bright.

*Michèle Lester*





The Naxos Deutsche Schubert-Lied-Edition: Schubert set the poetry of over 115 writers to music. He selected poems from classical Greece, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, from eighteenth-century German authors, early Romantics, *Biedermeier* poets, and Heine. The Deutsche Schubert-Lied-Edition presents all Schubert's Lieder, over 700 songs, grouped according to the poets who inspired him. Thanks to Bärenreiter's *Neue Schubert-Ausgabe* (New Schubert Edition), Tübingen, which uses primary sources, the performers have been able to benefit from the most recent research of the editorial team. For the first time, the listener and interested reader can follow Schubert's textual alterations and can appreciate the importance the written word had for the composer. The project's Artistic Advisor is the pianist Ulrich Eisenlohr, who has chosen German-speaking singers who represent the élite of today's young German Lieder singers.

Franz Peter  
**SCHUBERT**  
 (1797-1828)

- |    |   |       |
|----|---|-------|
| 1  | Der Taucher (2. Fassung), D 111               | 24:41 |
| 2  | Punschlied, D 253                             | 1:24  |
| 3  | Der Alpenjäger, D588                          | 5:34  |
| 4  | Der Jüngling am Bache (3. Bearbeitung), D 638 | 5:07  |
| 5  | Elysium, D 584                                | 8:21  |
| 6  | Der Flüchtling, D 402                         | 4:44  |
| 7  | Laura am Clavier, D 388                       | 5:34  |
| 8  | Der Kampf, D 594                              | 4:55  |
| 9  | Die Entzückung an Laura, D 390                | 4:23  |
| 10 | Dithyrambe, D 801                             | 3:17  |

Martin Bruns, baritone • Ulrich Eisenlohr, piano

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