

Sylvia Adalman Chamber Series
RANDALL SCARLATA,* BARITONE
GILBERT KALISH, PIANO



Monday, April 4, 2022 · 7:30 pm
Leith Symington Griswold Hall

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Winterreise, D. 911, Op. 89

Gute Nacht
Die Wetterfahne
Gefror'ne Tränen
Erstarrung
Der Lindenbaum
Wasserflut
Auf dem Flusse
Rückblick
Irrlicht
Rast
Frühlingstraum
Einsamkeit
Die Post
Der greise Kopf
Die Krähe
Letzte Hoffnung
Im Dorfe
Der stürmische Morgen
Täuschung
Der Wegweiser
Das Wirtshaus
Mut!
Die Nebensonnen
Der Leiermann

BIOGRAPHIES

Randall Scarlata

Baritone Randall Scarlata has been praised by *The New York Times* as “an intelligent and communicative singer” with a “compelling desire to bring texts to life.” He has also been acclaimed for his “extraordinary vocal range and colour palette” and “ability to traverse so many different singing styles” (MusicWeb International). *The Daily Telegraph* (London) adds, “Randall Scarlata sings with the assurance of one with nothing to prove.”

Known for his versatility and consummate musicianship, Scarlata’s repertoire spans five centuries and 16 languages. A sought-after interpreter of new music, he has given world premieres of works by George Crumb, Paul Moravec, Richard Danielpour, Ned Rorem, Lori Laitman, Thea Musgrave, Samuel Adler, Hilda Paredes, Daron Hagen, Wolfram Wagner, and Christopher Theofanidis. He regularly performs the major German song cycles with pianists such as Cameron Stowe, Gilbert Kalish, Jeremy Denk, Jonathan Biss, Inon Barnatan, Peter Frankl, and Laura Ward. He is a regular guest with Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, the Isabelle Stewart Gardner Museum, Lyric Fest, Chamber Music Northwest, the Seattle Chamber Music Festival, Kneisel Hall Festival, and the Skaneateles Chamber Music Festival, among many others. In addition, Scarlata’s extensive recording catalog appears on the Chandos, Naxos, CRI, Gasparo, Arabesque, Bridge, Albany, and Sono Luminus labels. His recording of Schubert’s *Winterreise* with pianist Gilbert Kalish was recently honored with a Grammy nomination for Best Classical Vocal Solo.

Scarlata has appeared on concert stages throughout Europe, North America, South America, Australia, and Asia. He has been a soloist with the Philadelphia and Minnesota Orchestras, and with the Pittsburgh, San Francisco, American, Sydney, Ulster, Tonkünstler, National, New World, and BBC Symphonies, as well as the early music groups Wiener Akademie, Grand Tour, Tempesta di Mare, and Musica Angelica, among others. Many of the world’s great music festivals have sought him out as a soloist, including the Ravinia, Marlboro, Edinburgh, Norfolk, Vienna, Music at Menlo, Gilmore, Salzburg, Norfolk, Aspen, and Spoleto (Italy) festivals.

Scarlata is co-artistic director of the Alpenkammermusik Chamber Music Festival in Carinthia, Austria, during the summer, and gives master classes throughout the United States and abroad. He joined the faculty of the Tanglewood Music Center in summer 2019. He is an associate professor of voice at the Peabody Conservatory and previously served on the faculties of West Chester University and SUNY Stony Brook.

Randall Scarlata holds degrees from the Eastman School of Music and the Juilliard School and was also a Fulbright scholar in Vienna at the Hochschule für Musik und darstellende Kunst.

Gilbert Kalish

Through his activities as both performer and educator, Gilbert Kalish has become a major figure in American music making. Kalish leads a musical life of unusual variety and breadth. A native New Yorker, Kalish studied with Leonard Shure, Julius Hereford, and Isabelle Vengerova. He is a frequent guest artist with many of the world’s most distinguished chamber ensembles. He was a founding member of the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, a pioneering new music group that flourished during the ’60s and ’70s. He is noted for his partnerships with other artists, including cellists Timothy Eddy and Joel Krosnick, soprano Dawn Upshaw, and, perhaps most memorably, his 30-year collaboration with mezzo-soprano Jan DeGaetani. Kalish’s discography of some 100 recordings encompasses classical repertory, 20th-century masterworks and new compositions. Of special note are his solo recordings of Charles Ives’ *Concord Sonata* and *Sonatas* of Joseph Haydn, an immense discography of vocal music with Jan DeGaetani and landmarks of the 20th century by composers such as Carter, Crumb, Shapey, and Schoenberg. The University of Chicago presented him with the Paul Fromm Award for distinguished service to the music of our time in 1995 and he was awarded the George Peabody Medal in 2006 by the Peabody Conservatory for his outstanding contributions to music in America. As an educator he is leading professor and head of performance activities at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. From 1968 to 1997 he was a faculty member of the Tanglewood Music Center and served as the chairman of the faculty at Tanglewood from 1985 to 1997. He often serves as guest faculty at distinguished music institutions such as the Banff Centre and the Steans Institute at Ravinia, and is renowned for his master class presentations.

PROGRAM NOTE

Standing alone in Schubert's tiny "Death Apartment" in Vienna, it is not hard to imagine the last days of the composer's life. Suffering with the later stages of syphilis, Schubert's doctor recommended he move in with his brother Ferdinand, where his family could better look after him. There are several accounts of the dampness and cold in which the great composer wrote his last songs and chamber works and prepared the second half of *Winterreise* for publication. These last works are shaded with both darkness and light, with despair and the possibility of redemption — and as so often with Schubert, the heartbreaking, momentary shift to major for reflection on what could have been.

Historians frequently discuss the lack of a female lead in Schubert's own story. His adolescent crush on Therese Grob seems to have been only that, and his close relationships with gay men (Johann Mayrhofer and Franz von Schober, for example), whether sexual or not, were often stormy. Standing at just over five feet tall, his portly figure netted him the nickname "Schwammerl," or "little mushroom," and surely the syphilis symptoms of red flush and patchy hair loss did not help his situation. His jovial disposition and talent earned the affection and admiration of his circle of artistic friends, but he otherwise seems to have lived a solitary life on the fringe of society. It is not such a stretch to imagine that Schubert felt a kinship with the unhappy wanderer of *Winterreise*.

Throughout most of his life, Schubert seems to have found refuge in his close friends, literature, a good glass of rosé, and in writing music. Living in the shadow of Beethoven, few could believe there was another titan, albeit a gentler one, living in Vienna at the same time. Schubert scraped by as a composer, at last earning enough money to buy his first proper piano just a few months before he died. His extended forms and surprising modulations did not endear him to some of the Viennese public at the time, but led to a new synergy of words and music, and the development of true art song. His love for literature, and perhaps more importantly, his understanding of which poems would be heightened by music, sustained him. Even in his last days, when he no longer cared to eat, he asked his friend Franz von Schober to bring him book after book.

Schubert found some of his greatest inspiration in the poetry of his contemporary, Johann Ludwig Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827). The poet likewise had dreamed that someday a "kindred spirit" might come along and "hear the tunes behind the words." Unfortunately, the two never met — but what depth and beauty has been passed down from the union of their arts. Müller's poetry has its inspiration in the seemingly polar opposites of byronesque Romanticism and humble folksong. This combination must have resonated with the *gemütlich*, cusp composer, whose writing itself espouses the poise of the Classical period with the chromaticism, passion, and self-reflection of the Romantic era. Schubert worked and reworked the *Winterreise* section of Müller's *Gedichte aus den hinterlassenen Papieren eines reisenden Waldhornisten*, taking license to reorder poems as he saw fit. He presents us with a clear musical and emotional path for the journey.

Schubert guides us through the cycle of songs with a deft, nearly expressionist take on Müller's haunting words. Using an economy of notes that fully express regret, joy, horror, irony, and deepest sadness, the composer allows little room for sentimentality. Schubert's markings and instructions to the performers may be few, but are specific and potent. Rarely has an accent or portato carried such psychological weight.

Winterreise starts in a dark place and quickly seeks out even bleaker regions. A despondent young man chooses to leave town after a breakup with his beloved. The young couple was serious enough to have spoken of love, and marriage had been considered. Originally from another town, the young man ever felt a stranger. And so, he decides to leave at night, when there is less chance for an encounter with the young lady, or for derision from others. As he passes her home, he pauses to write "good night" upon the gate, so that she will know he thought of her as he left.

What follows is a journey through a barren, wintry landscape. As is typical of Romantic poetry, the outer world largely reflects the inner world of the wanderer. We encounter musical depictions of fickle weathervanes, frozen rivers hiding surging currents, a linden tree's whispering branches, mocking predatory birds, as well as hope, as a trembling, withered leaf in the wind. As our wanderer's state deteriorates, a cemetery is perceived as a full, unwelcoming inn, and three suns seem to appear in the frozen, arctic sky. Finally, on the outskirts of a small town, the wanderer meets a lone, destitute musician, the *Leiermann*, or hurdy-gurdy player.

There are many interpretations of the role of the hurdy-gurdy player in *Winterreise*. Even after many years of living with this song cycle, the haunting drone that is the basis of this song can still make one catch their breath. The unkempt hurdy-gurdy player is often seen as representing Death, who has until now eluded the wanderer on his journey. Sometimes, the poor musician is interpreted as a vision the wanderer has of himself — what he has become, living on the edge of society, begging with his music to stay alive. The hurdy-gurdy player is also the first person our wanderer encounters for which he has empathy. Perhaps his reaching out to this strange, old man represents a new beginning, a reaching out to humanity.

The wanderer's journey ends with two questions: "Strange old man, shall I go with you? Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?" The musician does not answer with words, but with an excited swell, followed by a sparse, hushed, minor cadence.

LYRICS AND TRANSLATIONS

Winterreise, D. 911, Op. 89

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Text by Wilhelm Müller

Translations by Randall Scarlata

Gute Nacht

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.

Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh', –
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit,
Muß selbst den Weg mir weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.

Es zieht ein Mondenschatten
Als mein Gefährte mit,
Und auf den weißen Matten
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.

Was soll ich länger weilen,
Daß man mich trieb hinaus?
Laß irre Hunde heulen
Vor ihres Herren Haus;

Die Liebe liebt das Wandern –
Gott hat sie so gemacht –
Von einem zu dem andern.
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht!

Will dich im Traum nicht stören,
Wär schad' um deine Ruh',
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören –
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!

Ich schreibe nur im Gehen
An's Tor noch gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

Good Night

A stranger I came here,
A stranger I depart.
May was kind to me
With many flowers.

The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage –
Now the world is so gloomy,
The road covered in snow.

I cannot choose the time
To begin my journey,
I must find my own way
In this darkness.

A shadow of the moon travels
With me as my companion,
And upon the white fields
I shall seek the deer's tracks.

Why should I stay here longer
So that people can drive me away?
Let stray dogs howl
In front of their master's house;

Love loves to wander –
God made it that way –
From one to the other,
My dear one, good night!

I don't wish to disturb your dreams,
It would be a shame to wake you.
You will not hear my steps,
Softly, softly I will close the door!

As I pass by, I write
Upon your gate: Good night,
So that you may see
That I thought of you.

Die Wetterfahne

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht ich schon in meinem Wahne,
sie pfiß den armen Flüchtling aus.

Er hätt' es ehr bemerken sollen,
des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
so hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen
im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

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

Gefror'ne Tränen

Gefror'ne Tränen fallen
von meinen Wangen ab:
Ob es mir denn entgangen,
daß ich geweinet hab'?

Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,
und seid ihr gar so lau,
daß ihr erstarrt zu Eise
wie kühler Morgentau?

Und dringt doch aus der Quelle
der Brust so glühend heiß,
als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen
des ganzen Winters Eis!

Erstarrung

Ich such' im Schnee vergebens
nach ihrer Tritte Spur,
wo sie an meinem Arme
durchstrich die grüne Flur.

Ich will den Boden küssen,
durchdringen Eis und Schnee
mit meinen heißen Tränen,
bis ich die Erde seh'.

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

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

Mein Herz ist wie erfroren,
kalt starrt ihr Bild darin:
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder
fließt auch das Bild dahin.

The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
Of my lovely darling's house.
I thought, in my delusion,
That it was mocking the poor fugitive.

He should really have noticed sooner
That symbol above the house,
Then he wouldn't have expected
To find a faithful woman within.

The wind plays with the hearts inside
As it does on the roof, only not as loudly.
Why should they think about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

Frozen Tears

Frozen drops fall
Down from my cheeks.
How did I not notice
That I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,
Are you so lukewarm
That you freeze to ice
Like cool morning dew?

Yet you burst from the well
Of my heart so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
All of winter's ice!

Numbness

I search the snow in vain
For a trace of her steps.
Where she, arm and arm with me,
Crossed the green meadow

I want to kiss the ground,
To penetrate ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the earth.

Where will I find a blossom,
Where will I find green grass?
The flowers are all dead,
The grass has become so pale.

Shall I take no memento
With me from this place?
If my pain ceases,
Who will then remind me of her?

My heart is as if dead,
Her image frozen cold within it;
If my heart ever thaws again,
Her image will melt away, too!

Der Lindenbaum

Brunnen vor dem Tore,
da steht ein Lindenbaum:
Ich träumt in seinem Schatten
so manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
so manches liebe Wort;
es zog in Freud' und Leide
zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich muß' auch heute wandern
vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
hier find'st du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
mir grad ins Angesicht;
der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
ich wendete mich nicht.

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

Wasserflut

Manche Trän' aus meinen Augen
ist gefallen in den Schnee;
seine kalten Flocken saugen
durstig ein das heiße Weh.

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

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

Wirst mit ihm die Stadt durchziehen,
munt're Straßen ein und aus;
Fühlst du meine Tränen glühen,
da ist meiner Liebsten Haus.

The Linden Tree

At the well by the gate
There stands a linden tree;
I dreamed in its shadow
Many a sweet dream.

I carved in its bark
Many a word of love;
In joy and in sorrow
I was always drawn to it.

Again today I had to travel
Past it in the depths of night.
Even though it was dark,
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,
As if they called to me:
"Come here to me, friend,
Here you'll find your peace!"

The cold winds blew
Right in my face;
The hat flew off my head,
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours
Away from that place,
And still I hear the whispering:
"Here you would find your peace!"

Flood of Tears

Many a tear from my eyes
Has fallen in the snow;
Its cold flakes absorb
Thirstily my burning pain.

When it's time for the grass to sprout,
A gentle wind blows,
And the ice breaks apart
And the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know about my longing,
Tell me, where does your course lead?
Just follow my tears,
The brook will soon take you up.

You will follow the brook into the town,
In and out of its cheerful streets;
When you feel my tears burning,
You will have reached my sweetheart's house.

Auf dem Flusse

Der du so lustig rauschtest,
du heller, wilder Fluß,
wie still bist du geworden,
gibst keinen Scheidegruß.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde
hast du dich überdeckt,
liegst kalt und unbeweglich
im Sande ausgestreckt.

In deine Decke grab' ich
mit einem spitzen Stein
den Namen meiner Liebsten
und Stund und Tag hinein:

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

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

Rückblick

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

Hab' mich an jeden Stein gestoßen,
so eilt' ich zu der Stadt hinaus;
die Krähen warfen Bäll' und Schloßen
auf meinen Hut von jedem Haus.

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

Die runden Lindenbäume blühten,
die klaren Rinnen rauschten hell,
und ach, zwei Mädchenaugen glühten. –
Da war's gescheh'n um dich, Gesell'!

Kömmt mir der Tag in die Gedanken,
möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts seh'n,
möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
vor ihrem Hause stille steh'n.

At the River

You who rushed along so cheerfully,
You clear, wild river,
How quiet you have become,
You give no parting word.

With a hard, stiff crust
You have covered yourself,
You lie cold and unmoving,
Outstretched in the sand.

In your cover, I carve
With a sharp stone
The name of my sweetheart
And the hour and day.

The day of the first greeting,
The day on which I left;
Around the name and figures winds
A broken ring.

My heart, in this stream
Do you now recognize your image?
And under its crust,
Is there also such a raging torrent?

Looking Back

It feels like burning under both my feet,
Even though I walk on ice and snow;
I do not wish to stop and catch my breath
Until I can no longer see the town's spires.

I tripped on every stone
As I hurried out of the town;
The crows hurled chunks of snow and ice
At my hat from every house.

How differently you received me before,
You town of inconstancy!
At your sparkling windows sang
The lark and nightingale in competition.

The bushy linden trees bloomed,
The clear streams rushed along brightly,
And, ah, two maiden's eyes glowed –
That was when your fate was sealed, friend!

Whenever that day enters my thoughts,
I want to look back once more,
I want to stumble back again
And stand silently before her house.

Irrlicht

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

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
's führt ja jeder Weg zum Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Wehen,
alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

Durch des Bergstroms trock'ne Rinnen
wind' ich ruhig mich hinab,
jeder Strom wird's Meer gewinnen,
jedes Leiden auch ein Grab.

Rast

Nun merk' ich erst, wie müd' ich bin,
da ich zur Ruh' mich lege:
das Wandern hielt mich munter hin
auf unwirtbarem Wege.

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

In eines Köhlers engem Haus
hab' Obdach ich gefunden;
doch meine Glieder ruh'n nicht aus:
So brennen ihre Wunden.

Auch du, mein Herz, in Kampf und Sturm
so wild und so verwegen,
fühlst in der Still' erst deinen Wurm
mit heißem Stich sich regen!

Frühlingstraum

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

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

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

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

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

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

Will O' The Wisp

Into the deepest mountain chasms
A will o' the wisp has lured me;
How I will find a way out
Does not weigh on my thoughts.

I'm used to going astray,
And truly, every way leads to the goal.
Our joys, our sorrows,
Are all a will o' the wisp's game!

Through the mountain stream's dry channel
I wend my way calmly downward.
Every river finds its way to the ocean,
And every sorrow to its grave.

Rest

Only now do I notice how tired I am,
As I lay myself down to rest;
Walking kept me going strong
On the inhospitable road.

My feet didn't ask for rest,
It was too cold to stand still,
My back felt no burden,
The storm helped to blow me onward.

In a charcoal-burner's tiny house
I have found shelter;
But my limbs won't relax,
Their wounds burn so much.

You, too, my heart, in strife and storm
So wild and so bold:
Feel now, in this silence,
The serpent with its burning sting!

Dream of Spring

I dreamed of colorful flowers,
The way they bloom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows,
Of happy bird calls.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eye awakened;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens shrieked on the roof.

But on the windowpanes –
Who painted the leaves there?
Are you laughing at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of love reciprocated,
Of a beautiful girl,
Of hearts and of kissing,
Of joy and bliss.

And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awakened;
Now I sit here alone
And still think of the dream.

I close my eyes again,
Still, my heart beats so warmly.
When will you leaves on the window turn green?
When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
durch heit're Lüfte geht,
wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh ich meine Straße
dahin mit tragem Fuß,
durch helles, frohes Leben,
einsam und ohne Gruß.

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

Die Post

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

Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich.
Was drängst du denn so wunderbarlich,
mein Herz?

Nun ja, die Post kömmt aus der Stadt,
wo ich ein liebes Liebchen hatt',
mein Herz!

Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n
und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
mein Herz?

Der greise Kopf

Der Reif hatt' einen weißen Schein
mir übers Haar gestreuet;
da glaubt' ich schon ein Greis zu sein
Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet.

Doch bald ist er hinweggetaut,
hab' wieder schwarze Haare,
daß mir's vor meiner Jugend graut –
wie weit noch bis zur Bahre!

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

Die Krähe

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen. Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl, bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?
Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n,
Treue bis zum Grabe!

Solitude

As a dreary cloud
Moves through a clear sky,
When in the tops of the fir trees,
A faint breeze blows,

This is how I travel my path,
Onward with heavy step,
Through bright, happy life,
Solitary and without a greeting.

Oh, how still the air is!
Oh, how bright the world is!
When the storms were still raging,
I was not so miserable.

The Post

From the highroad a posthorn sounds.
What is it - why do you leap so high,
My heart?

The post does not bring a letter for you,
Why the strange compulsion,
My heart?

Of course, the post comes from the town,
Where I once had a dear sweetheart,
My heart!

Would you really like to take a look over there,
And ask how things are going,
My heart?

The Old Man's Head

The frost has spread a white sheen
All over my hair;
I thought I had become an old man
And was very pleased about it.

But soon it melted away,
Again, I have black hair,
I am horrified by my youth –
How much further to the grave!

From sunset to dawn
Many a head has turned white.
Who would believe it? Mine has not
Over this whole journey!

The Crow

A crow has accompanied me
Since I left the town,
Until today, back and forth,
It circled over my head.
Crow, you strange creature,
Will you not leave me?
Do you mean to seize me
As your prey?
Well, it won't be much longer
that I wander on this road.
Crow, let me finally see
Loyalty unto the grave!

Letzte Hoffnung

Hie und da ist an den Bäumen
manches bunte Blatt zu seh'n,
und ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
oftmals in Gedanken steh'n.

Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,
hänge meine Hoffnung dran;
spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
zitr' ich, was ich zittern kann.

Ach, und fällt das Blatt zu Boden,
fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab;
fall' ich selber mit zu Boden,
wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.

Im Dorfe

Es bellen die Hunde, es rascheln die Ketten;
es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,
tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben:

Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen.
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen
und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,
doch wieder zu finden auf ihren Kissen.

Bellt mich nur fort, ihr wachen Hunde,
laßt mich nicht ruh'n in der Schlummerstunde!
Ich bin zu Ende mit allen Träumen—
was will ich unter den Schläfern säumen?

Der stürmische Morgen

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen
des Himmels graues Kleid!
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern
umher im matten Streit.

Und rote Feuerflammen
zieh'n zwischen ihnen hin;
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen
so recht nach meinem Sinn!

Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel
gemalt sein eig'nes Bild –
es ist nichts als der Winter,
der Winter, kalt und wild!

Täuschung

Ein Licht tanzt freundlich vor mir her,
ich folg' ihm nach die Kreuz und Quer;
ich folg' ihm gern und seh's ihm an,
daß es verlockt den Wandersmann.
Ach! wer wie ich so elend ist,
gibt gern sich hin der bunten List,
die hinter Eis und Nacht und Graus
ihm weist ein helles, warmes Haus.
und eine liebe Seele drin –
nur Täuschung ist für mich Gewinn!

Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
Are colored leaves to be seen.
And I stop in front of the trees
Often, lost in thought.

I watch a particular leaf
And pin my hopes on it;
If the wind plays with my leaf,
My whole being trembles.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to earth,
My hope falls along with it.
I fall to earth as well,
And weep on the grave of my hope.

In the Village

The dogs bark, the chains rattle,
The people sleep in their beds,
Dreaming of things they don't have,
Refreshing themselves in good and bad.

And in the morning all has vanished.
Then, after they've had their share of pleasure,
They hope they might still be able to find
Something left over on their pillows.

Go on barking at me, vigilant dogs,
Don't let me rest when it's time for slumber.
I am finished with all my dreams.
Why should I linger among the sleepers?

The Stormy Morning

How the storm has torn open
The heavens' grey cover!
The remains of clouds flutter
Around in weary strife.

And fiery red flames
Dart around among them;
That's what I call a morning
That really fits my mood!

My heart sees in the heavens
Its own image painted –
It's nothing but the winter,
Winter, cold and wild!

Illusion

A light dances in a friendly way before me,
I follow it here and there;
I follow it gladly and watch it,
How it entices the wanderer.
Ah, a man as wretched as I am
Happily gives himself over to the trick
That, beyond the ice and night and fear,
A bright, warm house is waiting.
And a loving soul within –
Only illusion lets me win!

Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
wo die ander'n Wand'rer gehn,
suche mir versteckte Stege
durch verschneite Felsenhö'n?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
daß ich Menschen sollte scheu'n, –
welch ein törichtes Verlangen
treibt mich in die Wüstenei'n?

Weiser stehen auf den Strassen,
weisen auf die Städte zu,
und ich wand're sonder Maßen
ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.

Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen
unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
eine Straße muß ich gehen,
die noch keiner ging zurück.

Das Wirtshaus

Auf einen Totenacker
hat mich mein Weg gebracht;
Allhier will ich einkehren,
hab' ich bei mir gedacht.

Ihr grünen Totenkränze
könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
die müde Wand'rer laden
ins kühle Wirtshaus ein.

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

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

Mut!

Fliegt der Schnee mir ins Gesicht,
schüttl' ich ihn herunter.
Wenn mein Herz im Busen spricht,
sing' ich hell und munter.

Höre nicht, was es mir sagt,
habe keine Ohren;
fühle nicht, was es mir klagt,
Klagen ist für Toren.

Lustig in die Welt hinein
gegen Wind und Wetter!
Will kein Gott auf Erden sein,
sind wir selber Götter!

The Sign Post

Why do I avoid the routes
That the other travelers take?
Why search out the hidden pathways
Through the snowy mountain cliffs?

I've done nothing wrong
That I should shy away from mankind –
What is this foolish compulsion
That drives me into desolation?

Sign posts stand along the routes
Pointing to the cities,
And I wander ever further
Without rest and look for rest.

I see a sign post standing there,
Fixed before my gaze.
I must travel a road
From which no one ever returned.

The Inn

My way has led me
To a graveyard;
Here I'll settle in,
I feel as if I am home.

You, green funereal wreaths,
Must be the sign
That invites weary travelers
Into the cool inn.

Tell me, are all the rooms
In this house full?
I'm tired enough to drop,
I feel mortally wounded.

Oh, merciless inn,
You also turn me away?
Well, onward then, still further,
My faithful walking staff!

Courage

If the snow flies in my face,
I shake it off again.
When my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing loudly and cheerfully.

I don't hear what it says to me,
I have no ears to listen;
I don't feel what it laments,
Lamenting is for fools.

Happily into the world I go,
Facing wind and weather!
If there's no God upon the earth,
Then we ourselves are Gods!

Die Nebensonnen

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,
hab' lang und fest sie angesehen;
und sie auch standen da so stier,
als könnten sie nicht weg von mir.

Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!
Schaut Andren doch ins Angesicht!
Ja, neulich hatt' ich auch wohl drei;
nun sind hinab die besten zwei.

Ging nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!
Im Dunkeln wird mir wohler sein.

Der Leiermann

Drüben hinterm Dorfe
steht ein Leiermann
und mit starren Fingern
dreht er, was er kann.

Barfuß auf dem Eise
wankt er hin und her
und sein kleiner Teller
bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,
keiner sieht ihn an,
und die Hunde knurren
um den alten Mann.

Und er läßt es gehen
alles, wie es will,
dreht und seine Leier
steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,
soll ich mit dir geh'n?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
deine Leier dreh'n?

The Three Suns

I saw three suns in the sky,
Stared at them hard for a long time;
And they stayed there so stubbornly,
As if they didn't want to leave me.

Ah, you are not my suns!
Go, look into someone else's face!
Yes, recently I, too, had three;
But now the best two have gone down.

If only the third would also set!
I would feel better in the dark.

The Hurdy-gurdy Player

Over there behind the village
Stands a hurdy-gurdy player,
And with frozen fingers
He plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,
He totters here and there,
And his little plate
Remains always empty.

No one listens to him,
No one notices him,
And the dogs growl
At the old man.

And he just lets it happen
As it will,
Plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
Is never still.

Strange old man,
Shall I go with you?
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy
To my songs?