

Winterreise

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Sung in the
original German

Nathan Lay

baritone

Brian Chapman

pianist

Lucy Chapman

artist

Winter Journey

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Sung in a new
English translation

Nathan Lay

baritone

Brian Chapman

pianist and translator

Lucy Chapman

artist

DISC 1

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Winter Journey

Sung in English by Nathan Lay - baritone

Accompanied by Brian Chapman - piano

Recorded at the studios of
Move Records, Melbourne

April 16-May 9, 2019

Producer: Brian Chapman

Visual Art: Lucy Chapman

Engineer: Martin Wright

Booklet artwork and type setting: reveler.com.au

Total playing time: 79'25"

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1.	Good Night	6'06"
2.	The Weather Vane	2'07"
3.	Frozen Tears	2'37"
4.	Numbness	2'49"
5.	The Linden Tree	4'44"
6.	Flood Water	4'26"
7.	On the River	3'32"
8.	A Look Backward	2'18"
9.	Will o' the Wisp	3'03"
10.	Rest	3'32"
11.	Dream of Spring	4'19"
12.	Solitude	2'44"
13.	The Post	2'38"
14.	The Old Man	3'05"
15.	The Crow	1'59"
16.	Last Hope	2'07"
17.	In the Village	2'53"
18.	The Stormy Morning	0'54"
19.	Illusion	1'23"
20.	The Sign Post	4'39"
21.	The Inn	4'23"
22.	Courage	1'29"
23.	The False Suns	2'55"
24.	The Hurdy-Gurdy Man	4'03"
25.	No.24 ending with alternative dynamics and cadence	4'01"

DISC 2

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Winterreise

Sung in German by Nathan Lay - baritone

Accompanied by Brian Chapman - piano

Recorded at the studios of
Move Records, Melbourne

April 16-May 9, 2019

Producer: Brian Chapman

Visual Art: Lucy Chapman

Recording Engineer: Martin Wright

Booklet artwork and type setting: reveler.com.au

Total playing time: 74'11"

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1.	Gute Nacht	6'09"
2.	Die Wetterfahne	2'02"
3.	Gefror'ne Tränen	2'33"
4.	Erstarrung	2'50"
5.	Der Lindenbaum	4'46"
6.	Wasserflut	4'24"
7.	Auf dem Fluße	3'36"
8.	Rückblick	2'14"
9.	Irrlicht	3'02"
10.	Rast	3'37"
11.	Frühlingstraum	4'16"
12.	Einsamkeit	2'55"
13.	Die Post	2'34"
14.	Der greise Kopf	3'03"
15.	Die Krähe	1'57"
16.	Letzte Hoffnung	2'08"
17.	Im Dorfe	2'55"
18.	Der stürmische Morgen	0'54"
19.	Täuschung	1'24"
20.	Der Wegweiser	4'37"
21.	Das Wirtshaus	4'25"
22.	Mut	1'28"
23.	Die Nebensonnen	3'01"
24.	Der Leiermann	4'11"

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828) – WINTERREISE (WINTER JOURNEY)

NATHAN LAY – baritone

BRIAN CHAPMAN – pianist and translator

LUCY CHAPMAN – artist

Franz Schubert's *Winter Journey* is widely regarded as the greatest of all song cycles for solo voice with piano, being claimed by some to be Schubert's greatest work. The cycle takes around 70 minutes to perform and comprises settings of twenty-four poems by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827) that deal with unrequited love, alienation, atheism and the contemplation of suicide.

Although *Winterreise* is numbered among Schubert's final master-pieces, it remains a *youthful* work in every sense: Müller wrote the poems in his late twenties, Schubert set about composing the music having just turned 30, and the poems' protagonist is a recently jilted youth. This gives the lie to any suggestion that *Winterreise* can only be performed by vocalists who have lived long enough to have suffered several decades' worth of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune - a suggestion which gives very little credit to the power of human intelligence and imagination!

Originally written for tenor voice, *Winterreise* has, since the twentieth century, become at least the equal province of the baritone, for whom, as in the present recording, all the songs are rendered in keys generally lower than those of the original tenor version. For this recording, pianist Brian Chapman has prepared a new English singable translation with the aim of fostering a wider audience for Schubert's masterpiece beyond those who already love the original German version, while his wife, painter Lucy Chapman, has prepared 24 images inspired by the respective poems, following the example of a number of visual artists such as the German soprano-painter Lotte Lehmann (ca. 1940) and the Icelandic photographer Helga Kvam (ca. 2005).

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Translation into English of the rhyming poetry of *Winterreise* is fraught with difficulties, beginning with the common German idiom of verbal compression – the conflation of multiple concepts into a single compound word. Another difficulty derives from the fact that one is setting new words to old music and, as far as possible, the music has to remain unaltered; in the event, there are a few instances where compromise has had to be admitted, but no more significant than that already present in Schubert's score where, in successive verses of a strophic song, the text might be articulated across the same melodic phrase with different numbers of syllables. Alignment of stressed syllables with the music's rhythm has often necessitated a considerable degree of poetic licence in the ordering of words within sentences and phrases. Should this alignment be viewed as compromised in some instances, it should be noted that Schubert did not shrink from using a discordant, wailing three-note phrase in bar 12 of No.6 (*Wasserflut – Flood Water*) to express the word "Weh" (woe) in the first verse and then using the same anguished phrase to express the preposition "auf" (in) in the second verse. The remaining major requirements have been that the general sense and specific imagery of Müller's poems should be faithfully mirrored, while his original rhyming patterns should be matched exactly. In publishing this new translation it is a pleasure for me to acknowledge the commitment and support of Nathan Lay whose helpful observations and suggestions have resulted in substantial improvements to my initial draft. I hope that this new translation might help to widen the audience for this wonderful masterpiece.

Brian Chapman

MUSICAL ANNOTATIONS

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The keys used in these recordings are those found in the Peters Edition for Low Voice (Friedländer, 1884).

1. Good Night – *Mässig (Moderato)* B flat minor. Lasting just over six minutes, this opening song is by far the longest of the cycle. As with all the songs, it opens with a short prelude for piano solo and concludes similarly with a short postlude while each verse is separated from its neighbour by a short piano interlude. Throughout the entire song cycle we are constantly reminded that the protagonist, having been jilted by his lover, is making his sorrowful journey on foot. In some songs the tread is steady and purposeful – as in the present case, where the aim is to get away from the town in which his ex-lover lives – while in others the tread is faltering and weary. Schubert has cast most of the songs in a minor key to reflect the bleakness of both the physical environment and the emotional state of the protagonist. Major keys are used intermittently either to reflect more tender feelings in passing – as in the final verse of this song, which concludes in the minor key nonetheless – or to represent illusion and dreaming.

*Annotations for Songs 2-24 are printed
beneath their respective poems.*



1. Gute Nacht

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Schreib im Vorübergehen
Ans Tor dir: Gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

1. Good Night

A stranger came I hither,
A stranger I depart.
The month of May brought with her
Such bouquets from the heart.

The girl spoke of her love for me,
Her mother, marriage so -
Now is the world so gloomy,
The road all clad in snow.

I cannot for my journey
Choose when's the time to leave,
The way must show itself to me
Lest darkness should deceive.

My shadow in the moonlight
Is my sole consort here,
And search I on the fields so white
For footprints of the deer.

Why should I longer tarry
To let men drive me out?
Let dogs their howling carry
Their master's house without;

Love loves to be a-wandering -
God made it so alright -
A story of philandering.
My sweetheart, so good night!

I shan't disturb your dreaming now,
Your rest to harm no more.
My footstep you'll not hear below
Soft stealing near the door!

I'll write upon your portal
As I am passing through,
'Good Night', so this poor mortal,
You'll know, still thought of you.



2. Die Wetterfahne

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

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

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

2. The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
Upon the house of my sweet love.
And I, deluded, thought my pain -
Poor refugee - thus mocked above.

He should have noticed before this instant,
The fickle symbol swaying about,
And ne'er expected to find a constant
And faithful woman within or without.

The wind plays inside with the hearts
As on the roof, though not so loud.
Why should they care my heart so smarts?
Their child's a bride so rich and proud.

Ziemlich geschwind (Quite quick) F minor. The wind, represented in the piano part, is mostly playful, coquettish, teasing. In the postlude the wind is more angry, matching the bitterness of the poem's closing words.



Nicht zu langsam (Not too slow) D minor. The pianissimo icy staccato of the prelude is transformed into a powerful accompaniment to the emotional climax at the end of the poem.

3. Gefror'ne Tränen

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

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

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

3. Frozen Tears

Now frozen drops are falling
Down from my cheeks unseen.
How could it have escaped me
That I have weeping been?

Ah teardrops, my own teardrops,
So lukewarm then are you,
That you become so icy,
Like frozen morning dew?

And yet you well from deep within
My glowing breast on fire,
As if you want to melt all
The winter's ice entire!



4. 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 erstorben,
Kalt starrt ihr Bild darin;
Schmilzt je das Herz mir wieder,
Fließt auch ihr Bild dahin!

4. Numbness

I search the snow in vain
Her steps to trace once more.
Where, arm in arm we crossed,
The green field's corridor.

I want to kiss that ground,
To sear through ice and snow
With my heart's hottest tears,
To see the ground below.

Where can I find a blossom,
Where can I find green grass?
The flowers are completely dead,
The lawn as pale as glass.

Shall there be no memento
To take with me from here?
If silent stay my pains,
Who'll tell me then of her?

My heart's as dead and frozen,
Her image cold therein;
If my heart thaws once more,
So melts her image then.

Ziemlich schnell (Quite fast) G minor. This song has a breathless, driven quality supported by an unrelenting triplet figure in the accompaniment throughout. While minor and diminished harmonies dominate the piece, the first two lines of the third verse are given a fleeting support of warmer harmony in A flat major on their first appearance.



5. Der Lindenbaum

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

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

Ich mußst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkeln
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!

5. The Linden Tree

Before the gate and fountain
A linden tree there stands;
I dreamed within its shadow
Sweet dreams of many strands.

I carved into its yielding bark
So many a lovesick word;
It called in joy and sorrow,
Its call I always heard.

Today I had to travel
Past there in dead of night.
E'en though all round was darkness
I closed my eyes, shut tight.

Its branches moved and rustled,
As if they called to me:
Come here to me, companion,
Here's peace to find for thee.

The winter winds blew coldly,
My face with ice did burn.
The hat flew from my head,
Around I did not turn.

So many hours removed now,
So distant now from there,
And still I hear its whisper:
Here's peace you'll find so fair.

Mässig (Moderato) - D major. This fifth song has the most elaborate prelude, interludes and postlude of the entire cycle. This first use of a major key for the first two and sixth verses in this poem is associated with the dreamlike vision of the solace afforded in the shade of the lime tree. The rustling - of summer leaves (D major prelude and postlude) and of winter branches (D minor interlude before verse three) - is clearly drawn, while the prelude to verse one and the interlude before verse six both end with a warm 'embrace', repeated *pianissimo* to remind us that it is only a vision. The accompaniment for the stormy fifth verse continues with D minor tonality (using dominant and submediant chords) before concluding with the repeat of the warm 'embrace'.



Langsam (Slow) C minor. A live performance of *Winterreise* by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten in 1963 stimulated a flurry of excited correspondence in London's *Sunday Times* (see a collation published in the September 1963 issue of *Musical Times* vol. 104: pp.626-628) owing to Britten's 'instinctive' synchronisation of the dotted rhythm of the piano part with the triplet quavers of the right hand or vocal part in this song. While Britten's approach is shared by many and strongly defended by pianist Alfred Brendel, the consensus, led by the legendary Gerald Moore and latterly argued at length by tenor Ian Bostridge, prefers a literal 'unassimilated' interpretation of the rhythm. We pay respect to both sides of the controversy, rendering the rhythm synchronised in the English version and unsynchronised in the German version.

6. 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', wohin doch geht dein Lauf?
Folge nach nur meinen Tränen,
Nimmt dich bald das Bächlein auf.

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

6. Flood Water

Many a tear has fallen downward,
From my eyes upon the snow.
Its cold flakes, they melt and roll onward;
Thirsty, they drink the burning woe.

When the grasses start to sprout there,
Blows a milder wind that day,
And the ice will shatter about there
As the snow soft melts away.

Snow, you know of all my longing,
Tell me now, where goes your course?
If my tears you follow, belonging,
Soon you'll find the brook performe.

Thus, now through the town be flowing,
Winding round so many a street;
When you feel my tears a-glowing,
There's the house of my dear sweet.



7. 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 zerbroch'ner Ring.

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

7. On the River

You who so gaily thundered,
You purest, wildest flow,
How still have you become now,
No farewell give you, no.

With hard and rigid mantle
Have you yourself bedecked,
Lie cold and frozen solid,
On sand, outstretched aspect.

I carve upon your mantle
With sharpest rock to tell
The name of my own dearest,
The day and hour as well.

The day of our first greeting,
The day on which I left;
'Round name and numbers winding
A broken ring so cleft.

My heart, in this cold river
See you your picture now?
If underneath its mantle
A torrent swells below?

Langsam (Slow) C minor. As noted in *The New Grove* (edited by Stanley Sadie, 1980), this song is a prime example of how Schubert's vocal settings are "firmly grounded, in idiom and procedure, in the 'Viennese symphonic' period of music" (vol. 16, p.774). The piano accompaniment of this song undergoes a steady growth in weight and complexity as the verses progress. The main theme given out quietly by the vocalist in the first two lines of each of the first two verses becomes a strong counter-melody in the bass of the accompaniment contributing to the two climactic episodes wherein the last two lines of the poem are twice declaimed.



8. 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 jedem 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!

Kommt mir der Tag in die gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal rückwärts seh'n.
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille steh'n.

8. A Look Backward

It's burning under both my soles, yet
I step already on ice and snow;
I do not want to catch my breath yet,
Until those spires no longer show.

I stumbled over ev'ry stone so,
As I did hurry out of town;
The crows threw chunks of ice and snow
On my hat, from ev'ry house cast down.

How diff'rently have you me greeted,
You town of inconsistent tale!
And at your windows bare there tweeted,
In strife, the lark and nightingale.

The leafy linden trees were blooming,
The streams so clear they murmured bright,
And, ah, two maiden's eyes were beaming -
My friend, that sealed your fate alright!

Whene'er that day returns to haunt me,
Again I'd backwards look once more,
I want to waver back, though taunt me,
To stand, all still, her house before.

Nicht zu geschwind (Not too quick) E flat minor. Like the earlier *Numbness*, this song is a 'driven' piece, the agitation being heightened in the outer sections (verses 1, 2 and 5) by constant use of syncopated chords in the right hand of the piano part. For verses 3 and 4 the tonality softens to E flat major while the accompaniment loses its previous agitation apart from a gentler return of syncopated chords in the piano part's right hand to support the last two lines of verse 4 before the return to E flat minor tonality for the final verse.



Langsam (Slow) – G minor. In this song the vocal line is varied somewhat from the first to the second verse as the accompaniment is simply repeated in identical form. The third verse introduces contrasting material, with bold changes of harmony to A flat major via dissonant minor 9th chords involving some highly demanding arpeggiated contortions for the vocalist.

9. 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;
Uns're Freuden, uns're Leiden,
Alles eines Irrlichts Spiel!

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

9. Will o' the Wisp

To the deepest rocky fissure
Has a will o' the wisp lured me;
How to find an exit's answer
No concern for me will be.

I am used to widely straying,
To the goal each path leads same;
All our joys, and our lamenting,
Are all will o' the wisp's fair game!

Through the mountain stream's dry winding,
Wend I calmly my way down,
Ev'ry stream its ocean finding,
Ev'ry woe its grave to own.



Mässig (Moderato) - A minor. This song is very simply set, involving no significant development as the music of the first two verses is repeated with minor variation for the final two verses.

10. Rast

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

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

In eines Köhlers engem Haus
Hab' Obdach ich gefunden.
Doch meine Glieder 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!

10. Rest

How tired am I now first I see,
As down to rest I lay me;
The hiking kept inspiring me
On this uncongenial journey.

My feet, they did not ask for rest,
Too cold it was for standing;
My back felt neither load nor test,
And "On-ward!" the storm commanding.

A charcoal burner's house nearby
Is shelter for me turning.
But my limbs won't rest or lie,
That's how their wounds are burning.

You too, my heart, in strife and storm
So wild and boldly straining,
Feel in the silence first your worm
With sting so burning and raining!



11. Frühlingstraum

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

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrien 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 Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krächten,
Da ward mein Herz 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?

11. Dream of Spring

I dreamed of colourful flowers,
As they would be blooming in May;
I dreamed of greenest meadows,
Of bird calls merry and gay.

And when the cock'rels crowed,
Awakened then was my eye;
Still was all cold and darkness,
The ravens shrieked down from on high.

But on the window panes, there,
Who painted upon them leaves?
You'll laugh about the dreamer
Who flowers in winter believes?

I dreamed of love requited,
From such a beautiful maid,
From hearts entwined and kisses,
Of joy and rapture o'erlaid.

And when the cock'rels crowed,
My heart was wakened then;
So I sit here alone now,
And think on that dream again.

I close my eyes again now,
My heart still beats so warm.
When windows' leaves will be greening?
When I hold my love in my arm?

Etwas bewegt (Poco moto) F major. The dream is beautifully evoked at the outset by a clearly singing melody given to the piano in F major, taken up immediately by the vocalist. The awakening to the roosters' crowing is introduced in the dominant minor and modulates throughout verse two to conclude in F minor. The tonality for verse three hovers uncertainly between B flat major, F major and F minor before resolving ambiguously on bare F octaves. This music is repeated without variation to support the final three verses, ending unequivocally in F minor.



Langsam (Slow) A minor. When experiencing this song, performers and listeners alike should be aware that Schubert composed this twelfth song in the spring of 1827, thinking it was the final poem of the cycle; accordingly, he set it in the same key for tenor voice as that of *No.1 Good Night* (D minor). A few months later (towards October) Schubert discovered the existence of twelve more poems and immediately began setting them as a “Continuation of Wilhelm Müller’s *Winterreise*” as shown heading the autograph of Part 2. Nonetheless, Schubert still proceeded with publication of Part 1 in January 1828 after transposing the key of No.12 down to B minor (the same key as given for *No.24* in the autograph of Part 2) while leaving the musical concept otherwise unaltered. A sense of exhaustion and tragic doom is immediately established by the sluggishness of the protagonist’s tread, evoked at the outset of the prelude. As with the earlier example of *On the River*, there is a steady increase in weight and complexity of the music as the song progresses, building to a strong climactic rendition of verse three that is repeated before the postlude subsides to bring Part 1 of the cycle to a quiet close.

12. 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 trägern 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 nichts.

12. Solitude

As like a cloud so dreary
Goes through a placid sky,
When in the tall fir treetops
A faint breeze blows on high,

So onward do I travel
My road with sluggish tread,
Alone through bright, happy life around,
No greeting lies ahead.

Oh, how the air is so still now!
Oh, how the world is so light!
When were the storms still raging,
My anguish seemed then just slight.



Etwas geschwind (Somewhat quick) B major. Part 2 opens cheerfully with the hopeful mood engendered by the arrival of the mail, signalled by the merry piping of the posthorn in the prelude. The major tonality quickly changes to B minor as reality sinks in (verse 2) but the major tonality returns almost immediately as the protagonist's heart refuses to let go of the illusory hopes. The music, including prelude, is repeated without variation for verses 3 and 4, with a postlude simply reduced to a flippant gesture.

13. Die Post

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

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

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

Willst wohl einmal hinüberseh'n
Und fragen, wie es dort mag geh'n,
Mein Herz?

13. The Post

From the street out there a posthorn sounds.
Why do you race high in leaps and bounds,
My heart?

The post brings not one letter for you
What strange compulsion seizes you,
My heart?

Ah yes, the post comes from that place,
Where once a sweetheart's love did grace
My heart!

Wish you to take a look over there?
And ask how ev'rything does fare,
My heart?



Etwas langsam (Somewhat slow) A minor. The anguish of this song is immediately evident from the four-bar prelude anchored on an A pedal-point with dissonant harmonies, including a descending diminished 7th arpeggio that colours both the piano and vocal parts for the opening and closing lines. Note that the pleasing illusion of old age (lines 3-4) is supported by E major tonality, echoed in the ensuing interlude.

14. 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!

14. The Old Man

The frost had cast a whitish gleam
Upon my hair all scattered;
I thought an old man I did seem,
So pleased that it not mattered.

But soon away it melted,
My hair is black once more,
To me, my youth is now so dread,
How long my grave before!

From sunset to the dawn of day
So many a head turns white to see.
Who credits that my hair's not grey
From this unending journey!



Etwas langsam (Somewhat slow) A minor. The text, tonality and mood of *The Old Man* set up a perfect preparation for the prelude of *The Crow* in which the music depicts the bird hovering high overhead. When the same music returns an octave lower in the postlude we sense that the crow is now down somewhere near eye level, finally settling to the ground in the closing two bars as if ready to claim the 'prey'.

15. Die Krähe

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

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

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n
Treue bis zum Grabe!

15. The Crow

Now a crow consorts with me
Since I parted from the town,
Ev'n today, as ever,
O'er my head it's flown.

Crow, wond'rous is your game.
Want you not to leave me?
I guess that you soon will claim,
As your prey, my body?

Well, it won't much longer be
That I'll walk the roadside.
Crow, let's see your loyalty,
Ev'n unto the graveside!



16. 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,
Zittr' ich, was ich zittern kann.

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

16. Last Hope

Here and there upon the trees
Now many a coloured leaf is seen.
And I stand before the trees.
So often lost in thought I've been.

So I fix upon one leaf,
And on it all my hopes I pin;
If the wind plays on my leaf,
Then I tremble in a spin.

If my leaf thus meets its downfall,
Then collapses there my hope.
I thus also meet my downfall,
Weeping upon the grave of my hope.

Nicht zu geschwind (Not too quick) C major. Again, major tonality is used to support the idea of hope, but this time the hope is so elusive that the tonality is very unsettled. The rhythm is equally unsettled as the music conjures an ingenious image of the hopeless task of trying to catch a falling leaf.



Etwas langsam (Somewhat slow) C major. The prelude gives out repeated chords in the right hand to represent the distant barking of dogs, while the major tonality this time evokes the dreams of the townsfolk. The last three lines of verse two are supported by a contrasting episode in F major.

17. Im Dorfe

Es bellen die Hunde, es rasseln die Ketten;
Es schlafen die Menschen in ihren Betten,
Träumen sich manches, was sie nicht haben,
Tun sich im Guten und Argen erlaben;
Und morgen früh ist alles zerflossen.
Je nun, sie haben ihr Teil genossen
Und hoffen, was sie noch übrig ließen,
Doch wieder zu finden auf ihren 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?

17. In the Village

The dogs, they are barking, their chains they are straining;
As townsfolk abed are asleep remaining,
Dreaming of much that never they had,
Restoring themselves in their dreams good and bad.
And by the morn such dreams will be dying.
Yet now, their pleasures were satisfying,
And hoping that what can't be rewinding
May they on their pillows yet still be finding.
Dogs drive me out, with anxious barking,
Don't let me slumber while time I'm marking.
I'm done with dreaming, now all is weeping,
Why should I linger with townsfolk sleeping?



18. 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!

18. The Stormy Morning

How has the storm asunder
The gloomy heavens torn!
The ragged clouds they flutter
Around in strife forlorn.

And flames all red and fiery
Among them do intrude;
I call this such a morning
As well befits my mood!

My heart sees in the heavens
Its image there profiled -
It's nothing but the winter,
The winter cold and wild.

Ziemlich geschwind, doch kräftig (Quite quick, yet strong) C minor. Lasting just fifty-two seconds, this stormy outburst is the shortest song of the cycle. The tonality changes abruptly to A flat major for verse two while diminished 7th harmony for verse three returns us to C minor for the postlude.



19. Täuschung

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

19. Illusion

A light so friendly dances before me,
 I follow, crisscrossing faithfully;
 I gladly match its perambulation,
 And wand'ring yield to its temptation.

Ah! Who so lovesick, such as I,
 Will gladly embrace the glitt'ring lie -
 Behind the ice and night and fear,
 Awaits a bright warm house so dear.

A loving soul there waits within -
 Illusion only lets me win!

Etwas geschwind (Somewhat quick) G major. The tension left unresolved at the end of the previous song is beautifully released with the sweet G major tonality of the 'illusion' prelude, recalling the mood and rhythm of the earlier *Dream of Spring*.



Mässig (Moderato) E flat minor. In its own way, this song is just as 'driven' as the much faster numbers from Part 1 (*Numbness* and *A Backward Look*) but, in this case, the effect is all the more powerful because of its slower, inexorably measured tread. As with the earlier *Solitude*, the symphonic development of the accompaniment is worked up to support a double climax for the two iterations of the final verse.

20. Der Wegweiser

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die ander'n Wand'rer geh'n,
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 wandre sonder Maßen
Ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.

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

20. The Sign Post

Why then do I shun the highways
Where the other trav'lers go,
Searching out the hidden byways
Through the high rocks clad with snow?

Not a thing did I accomplish
That from others I should hide -
What desire now drives me, foolish,
In such wasteland to abide?

Signposts stand upon the highways,
Routes to cities they attest,
And I wander all the byways
Without rest and seeking rest.

Now a signpost stands before me,
Steadfast there, my way to track.
I must travel now a journey
From which no one e'er came back.



21. Das Wirtshaus

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

Ihr grünen Totenkränze
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,
Die müde 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!

21. The Inn

Unto a dreary graveyard
My journey has me brought;
So here I'll come and linger,
Thus to myself I thought.

Your green funereal wreaths now
Could serve well for a sign,
Inviting weary trav'lers
In this cool inn to dine.

Is there within this hostel
No room to occupy?
I'm tired enough for fainting,
Sore wounded, fit to die.

Oh, inn, have you no mercy,
That 'gainst my need you laugh?
Now onward then, still onward,
My loyal walking staff!

Sehr langsam (Very slow) E flat major. The bitter, black irony of the text is exactly mirrored in a musical setting that seems to ooze with a weary and sentimental religiosity as the protagonist spells out his death wish; Schubert wraps the whole in a sonorous evocation of funereal trombones. Once again, music cast in a major tonality is associated with illusory hopes. The irony is completed with a strong, falsely triumphant postlude.



Ziemlich geschwind, kräftig (Quite quick, strong) F minor. While the prelude of this brief, energetic song is cast in F minor, the lines of the first two verses alternate sequentially between F minor and F major tonality. The bold fantasy of the final verse is set in major tonality (C major and F major) and then repeated (A flat major and F major) before the 'reality' returns in the F minor postlude, being a repeat of the prelude.

22. 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!

22. Courage

If the snow flies on my cheeks,
I just shake it off then.
If my heart in my breast speaks,
Loud and gay I sing then.

I don't hear what it may tell,
I've no ears for hearing;
Its complaint I shut out well,
Only fools are fearing.

Happy through the world go I
'Gainst the wind and weather!
If no God's on earth or nigh,
Gods we are together!



23. Die Nebensonnen

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel steh'n,
Hab' lang und fest sie angesehen;
Und sie auch standen da so stier,
Als wollten sie nicht weg von mir.

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

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

23. The False Suns

Three suns I saw in the sky so fair,
How long and hard I viewed them there;
And they did linger stubbornly
As if they shied from leaving me.

Ah, you are not my suns, not you!
Another's face go look into!
Three suns I lately so did own;
The best two now have sunken down.

If only now the third would set!
In darkness I'd feel better yet.

Nicht zu langsam (Not too slow) F major. The enigmatic reference to three suns may be viewed at one level as describing the atmospheric 'sun dog' phenomenon deriving from the refraction of sunlight by suspended ice crystals. Our protagonist is found interpreting the illusion as the two eyes of the erstwhile beloved (the 'best two') together with the solar disk, the first two of which are now lost and the third of which is no longer desired. Accordingly, Schubert evokes again the funereal sound of a trombone chorale. The prevailing F major tonality for the whole song yields to F minor for verse two, except for its third line which is cast in A flat major.



24. 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?

24. The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

Stands an organ-grinder
There outside the town,
Plays as best he can though
Fingers stiff have grown.

Barefoot on the ice
He totters to and fro,
And his little plate
Stays empty always so.

No one likes to hear him,
No one looks his way,
And around the old man
Dogs do bark and bray.

And he lets it happen,
Always, as it will;
Plays his hurdy-gurdy
And is never still.

Hey, you strange old fellow!
Should I with you go?
Will you play your organ
To my songs also?

Etwas langsam (Somewhat slow) F minor. Every single bar of this entire song is grounded in the ceaseless drone of a bare fifth (F and C) sounding in the bass of the accompaniment, the first two instances involving a brief 'tuning problem' as is often heard from a hurdy-gurdy. In this final song, neither tread nor pulse is detectable. The protagonist has reached the end of his journey and the music has become still, hollow and lifeless – the apotheosis of futility. The accompaniment is scored *pianissimo* almost throughout, punctuated here and there with faint accents and swells. As the vocalist's final note is held softly, a sudden loud entry of the accompaniment signals the protagonist's final convulsion – Schubert thus confirms that the long-awaited, fondly sought end has come at last, so answering the protagonist's two questions; in the English version of this album an alternative response to these question marks is offered.



Nathan Lay

Nathan Lay completed his Bachelor of Music at the Melba Conservatorium of Music in 2008, and has since established a career in the Melbourne opera, oratorio, and concert scene. He has won the National Liederfest, Australian Music Events' Opera Scholar of the Year, the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Aria, and placed 3rd in the Herald Sun Aria. Nathan also won the 2016 Australian International Opera Award. This prestigious prize allowed him the opportunity to study with highly acclaimed international tenor Dennis O'Neill at the Wales International Academy of Voice, whilst undertaking a Master of Arts in Advanced Vocal Studies.

Nathan has performed with Opera Australia, Melbourne Opera, Sydney Chamber Opera, the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic, the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, and extensively with Victorian Opera including completing their Developing Artist Program/Master of Music (Opera Performance) in conjunction with The University of Melbourne.

In March 2017, Nathan was involved in the inaugural release on the new Australian Sony Masterworks label. The album, titled *Remembrance*, features songs and poems in memory of the soldiers that fought in

World War One, with Nathan featuring on ten tracks. Later that year, Nathan made his first appearance with Sydney Chamber Opera as 'Tarquinius' in their production of Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*. This production was performed again in 2018 in Hobart as a part of the Dark Mofo festival.

Back in 2013, Nathan performed the role of Bunyip Bluegum in Victorian Opera's world premiere of *The Magic Pudding - The Opera*. He and the rest of the cast received a Green Room Award for Best Opera Ensemble, and in 2018 he reprised his role in a re-run of this award-winning show. He then worked with Opera Australia touring Victorian schools with their production of *By the Light of the Moon (The Owl and the Pussycat)*.

In late 2018 Nathan joined popular Australian classical crossover group The Ten Tenors, and toured with them for two months around the USA.



Brian Chapman

Born in England, Brian Chapman studied piano in Brisbane with Nora Baird from 1952, and in Melbourne from 1954 with Lindsay Biggins, J.A. Steele and Roy Shepherd. After obtaining his AMusA performing diploma in 1958, he discontinued piano lessons the following year for five years, returning to study with Roy Shepherd in 1964 and obtaining his LMusA performing diploma in the following year and becoming a State finalist in the ABC's Instrumental and Vocal Competition in 1966 and 1968, being made equal State winner in 1968. Brian also appeared nine times on Channel 10's "Showcase" in the years 1968-1970.

His professional performing career began in the United States in the years 1970-1972 where he gave numerous chamber music recitals. After returning to Victoria he developed his career as soloist and chamber musician, performing in Melbourne, Victorian regional centres, interstate and overseas, including the United States, Mexico, Germany and China.

He has made more than one hundred studio recordings and broadcasts for the ABC and has organised large-scale events such as Monash University's 1983 Brahms Chamber Music Festival and 1997 Schubert/Brahms Festival. Brian's musical activities have been complemented by a scientific career as an academic physiologist, including appointments at Monash University's Department of Physiology (1973-89), QED Research Unit (1994-97) and Gippsland Medical School (2008-14).



Lucy Chapman

Lucy Chapman was born in the Netherlands and accompanied her family to Australia in 1950. After raising a family of three children, Lucy completed a Diploma of Visual Arts at Yallourn TAFE, followed by study of botanical art commencing in 2010 at the Royal Botanical Gardens in Melbourne.

Having studied with Mali Moir, Dianne Emery and Jenny Phillips, she then studied at Monash University's Faculty of Art and Design, focusing on nature-surrealism under the supervision of Storm Gold in her final year, graduating with Bachelor of Visual and Media Arts in 2016.

Lucy has exhibited widely, including two solo exhibitions, the first of which was *Poetry in Tone* (2010) featuring a contemporary-abstract style mixed with impressionism and being much inspired by several musical sketches from the late romantic and impressionist piano repertoire by Granados, Albeniz and Debussy.

Her second exhibition was *Botanical Reflections*, featuring botanical art water colour and being the opening event for West Gippsland's 2012 Gardivalia Festival. She has also curated a number of exhibitions, including 'Botanica' at Yarragon Arts Hub in October 2013, and followed by her debut appearance with the Friends of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Melbourne in the following November.

For this *Winter Journey* project Lucy has returned mainly to nature-surrealism, mixed with a dash of contemporary-abstract.

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

My work is divided between Botanical Art, Nature Surrealism and Contemporary-Abstract.

The Winter Journey project, involving paintings taking their inspiration from the twenty-four poems of Schubert's Winterreise song cycle, is ideally suited to the genre of Nature Surrealism.

Realistic images are taken from nature and combined in unexpected, even impossible, juxtapositions. Thus, the varied imagery contained in any given poem can be accommodated through artistic licence into an unlikely whole in which I am able to share with the viewer my responses to the poems.

For this, I form a list of inclusions to make up a collage and then search for photographic images, cutting and pasting them into a collage for transposing into the final painting on canvas.

This transposition presents a further opportunity for creative expression, with some elements of the collage being either expanded, contracted, or even deleted in the context of the finished work.

A recurring motif in several of the poems is the contrast between the immediate wintry surroundings of the lonely protagonist and the warmer, sunlit scenes of his actual memories or of his fevered imagination.

In two of such poems I have simply divided the image diagonally into a juxtaposed winter/summer dichotomy, while in

others I have developed the fantasy in a contemporary-abstract context. The protagonist of *Winter Journey* - the solitary Wanderer, or eternal outsider - is represented only as a shadow in six of the paintings where we sense his alienation and rejection. For the final tragic representation of the hurdy-gurdy man, I have taken the silhouette of this shadow to encapsulate a frozen state of brutal futility; this is, perhaps, a continuing frozen figment of the protagonist's imagination, persisting long after the rest of the world has moved on.

We cannot know the endpoint of this winter journey that entertains suicide and concludes with a question mark. Müller, if not Schubert, leaves the question unanswered.

Lucy Chapman