

Unlike the *Divertimento* the quartet does reflect something of the catastrophic events which were overtaking the composer. The harsh discordant *Burletta* with its quarter tones and glissando effects, the distortions of the *March*, and finally the deep melancholy of the finale—all these are what one might expect from a composer in such a situation.

Each movement is prefaced by a recurring melody marked *mesto*, and this finds its culmination in the finale which seems to be a cry of despair from one who was destined never to return to his homeland. As Bartók's biographer Halsey Stevens has suggested, the movement, as indeed the whole quartet, could fittingly be headed by Dante's inscription above the entrance to the underworld: *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.* K.L.

Next concert: Thursday 23 January

RONALD MORRISON *baritone*

MICHAEL TILMOUTH *piano*

SCHUBERT *Die Winterreise*

Printed by THE SUMMERHALL PRESS LTD
12a West Newington Place, Edinburgh

15

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CONCERTS

1974-75

RONALD MORRISON
baritone

MICHAEL TILMOUTH
piano

Reid Concert Hall, Thursday 23 January 1975

SCHUBERT 1797-1828

Die Winterreise, D. 911

Song cycle on poems by Wilhelm Müller

Gute Nacht - *Die Wetterfahne* - *Gefror'ne Thränen* - *Erstarrung* -
Der Lindenbaum - *Wasserfluth* - *Auf dem Flusse* - *Rückblick* -
Irrlicht - *Rast* - *Frühlingstraum* - *Einsamkeit*

INTERVAL

Die Post - *Der Greise Kopf* - *Die Krähe* - *Letzte Hoffnung* - *Im Dorfe* - *Der Stürmische Morgen* - *Täuschung* - *Der Wegweiser* -
Das Wirthshaus - *Muth* - *Die Nebensonnen* - *Der Leiermann*

'Goodnight!—a bitter night. Maytime welcomed me here. December freezes the farewell.

'The weathervane is the right sign for that house. And there a fool thought to find a loyal heart! The fool has wept, wept burning tears. Does he think to melt the iron world? Freeze, tears; freeze, heart! Winter has killed the happy earth I knew.

'There was a tree where I carved her name. Its branches are creaking in the wind, they whisper like a ghost. An absurd fancy strikes me, of a brook made by the tears I have shed, which will thaw in spring and trickle past her house. To-night my heart is frozen hard like the river. Under the ice there is a mad torrent.

'I hurried from the town, hating its very name. Then the thought of the past pulled me up, and I nearly turned back again. I stumbled on; a will-o'-the-wisp led me off the track. But right ways and wrong ones are the same to me.

'A charcoal-burner gave me shelter. My limbs rested, and my heart started aching more furiously than ever. I dreamt of spring and fields of flowers. I woke: never was winter drearier, and the only flowers were the frost-flowers on the window pane. I dreamt, too, of love.

'A still morning after the storm. I could stand the storm better. There is the postman's horn. It has set my crazy heart thudding. Fool!

'The hoar-frost on my hair made me think for a moment I had grown old. Better old age than this, better the grave! That raven has been keeping me company for hours. If there is constancy among birds he shall have my bones to pick.

'A last leaf is fluttering there on a twig. How like hope! Ah, it falls.

'The watchdogs bark while the village sleeps, each man dreaming he has what he has not. Only I am past dreaming. There is nothing I would have, dreaming or awake.

'Day has broken in a rage. Good for you, winter! The more you howl, the better I like it. A curious gleam is dancing before my eyes, and I follow it, though I know it spells illusion. I have been rambling crazily off the roads where the sign-posts are. Now I see my proper sign-post plain. It leads somewhere whence there is no turning back. There is an inn there that is never full up and that no one ever wants to leave.

'"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" Sing, man, and choke that whimpering in your breast. Take things as they come, and anything you have a mind to. If there're no gods on earth, who's to say we shouldn't take their places? Ha! a curious sight—three suns in the sky. Mock-suns are scientifically known as parhelia, which amounts to the same thing. Mock-suns make me think of Faith, Hope and Charity. They don't last long.

'Poor, wretched old hurdy-gurdy man! I'll make up to him, for I never saw anyone in a worse way. I will sing, and he shall play for me.'

(Richard Capell)

Next concert: Thursday 30 January

THE REID ORCHESTRA

KENNETH LEIGHTON *conductor*

PETER WALLFISCH *piano*

HAYDN Symphony no. 102 in B flat

HANS GAL Symphony no. 4 (First performance)

BRAHMS Piano Concerto no. 1
