UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1957—58

Third Concert

SCHUBERT
"WINTERREISE"

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE :
SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC
THURSDAY, 7TH NOVEMBER, 1957
At 7.30 p.m.

PROGRAMME ONE SHILLING

WINTERREISE

(The Wintry Road)

POEMS by WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)
MUSIC by FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

1.	GUTE NACHT	Farewell.
2.	DIE WETTERFAHNE	The Weathercock.
3.	GEFROR'NE THRÄNEN	Frozen Tears.
4.	ERSTARRUNG	The Frozen Heart.
5.	DER LINDENBAUM	The Old Lime.
6.	WASSERFLUTH	The Torrent.
7.	AÜF DEM FLUSSE	The Ice.
8.	RÜCKBLICK	The Days That Were.
9.	IRRLICHT	The Will O' The Wisp.
10.	RAST	Rest.
11.	FRÜHLINGSTRAUM	A Vision of Spring.
12.	EINSAMKEIT	All Alone.
13.	DIE POST	The Postman.
14.	DER GREISE KOPF	Grey Hairs.
15.	DIE KRÄHE	The Raven.
16.	LETZTE HOFFNUNG	The Last Hope.
17.	IM DORFE	The Village at Night.
18.	DER STÜRMISCHE MORGAN	The Stormy Day.
19.	TÄUSCHUNG	The False Gleam.
20.	DER WEGWEISER	The Signpost.
21.	DAS WIRTHSHAUS	The Inn.
22.	MUTH	Courage.
23.	DIE NEBENSONNEN	The Mock-Suns.
24.	DER LEIERMANN	The Hurdy-Gurdy.

ANALYSIS OF CYCLE

1, 2 All's over then. Why, there's the very weathercock on the house mocking me. I weep hot tears, but the
3, 4 bitter cold freezes them. If it freezes my heart and her image on it, it will be better still, because I shall
5 not then forget her. Here is the tree where I carved her name; I must hurry by. And here the
6 brook filled by the snow my tears melted; it flows by her home. But it is frozen over, and I can send no
7 message except the name I write on the ice; the ice is
8 calm outwardly, but within a torrent, like my heart.
9 I could almost turn back again now. But even a will
10 o' the wisp could not lead me out of the way I have
11 chosen. I am tired out, and will rest in this pitman's cottage. Oh! what a dream I've had of the sights and sounds of May; but I woke, and the sounds were only the cock-crowing, and the sights only the flowers of frost
12 on the window-pane. And now I am all alone; the storm when it was raging was at least a companion.
13 There's the postman, but no letter for me; he comes from the town where she is.

14 The snow has whitened my hair; I half believed, and hoped for a moment, I was an old man. Wherever I
15 go this raven flies with me; raven, are you going to
16 pick my bones when I fall? The last leaf is trembling on the branch; if that one leaf falls my last hope is
17 gone. And now everyone in the village is asleep, dreaming happily; good luck to them; luck is not for
18 me. A blustering morning; a morning to my heart's
19 desire. A light in a cottage, and a face there that will make someone happy; I am happy — that there is no such face for me. And here is the high road; why should I be afraid of mixing with people; and here a
20 signpost — but there is one finger I see wherever I go,
21 marked "Death." I passed a churchyard just now, and half thought of going in and asking Death if he had
22 room for me. The more it snows, the happier I; if there are no gods above, let's be gods ourselves. I have
23 just seen a curious sight, three mock-suns. I once had three suns — Love, Hope, and Life. Two are set; I
24 wish the third were. The old organ grinder; what a picture of misery! I wonder if he would grind out an accompaniment to my songs.

From *Schubert's Songs Translated* (*Oxford Press*)
By A. H. Fox Strangways and Steuart Wilson