

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1960—61

SCHUBERT LIEDER
FESTIVAL

“ WINTERREISE ”

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:
SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC
WEDNESDAY, 10TH MAY, 1961

At 7.30 p.m.

PROGRAMME ONE SHILLING

WINTERREISE

(The Wintry Road)

POEMS by WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)

MUSIC by FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

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|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. GUTE NACHT | Farewell |
| 2. DIE WETTERFAHNE | The Weathercock |
| 3. GEFROREN'NE THRÄNEN | Frozen Tears |
| 4. ERSTARRUNG | The Frozen Heart |
| 5. DER LINDENBAUM | The Old Lime |
| 6. WASSERFLUTH | The Torrent |
| 7. AUF 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 |
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| 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 STURMISCHE MORGEN | 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
12 the cock-crowing, and the sights only the flowers of frost
on the window-pane. And now I am all alone: the
13 storm when it was raging was at least a companion.
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 Stuart Wilson