

Goethe: His Faustian Life*
A.N. Wilson Book Launch

A.N. Wilson speaker
Graham Johnson piano
Sir Stephen Hough piano
Manon Ogwen Parry soprano
Emily Sierra mezzo-soprano
Sebastian Hill tenor
Tomas Kildišius baritone
Professor Judith Wolfe speaker
Neil MacGregor OM AO speaker

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Richard Wagner (1813-1883)
Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924)
Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)
Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Bettina von Arnim (1785-1859)
Franz Schubert
Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752-1814)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Richard Wagner
Franz Schubert
Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Introduction from A.N. Wilson
Chor der Engel D440 (1816)
Lied der Soldaten Op. 5 No. 1 (1831)
Lied des Brander K299 (c.1919)
Song of the Flea (1879)
Le roi de Thulé from *La damnation de Faust* (1845-6)
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Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)
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Gretchen vor dem Andachtsbild der Mater Dolorosa (1878)
Was machst du mir vor Liebchens Tür? Op. 5 No. 5 (1831)
Szene aus *Faust* D126 (1814)
Lynceus, der Türmer, auf Fausts Sternwarte singend Op. 9 (1833)

Interval

Panel discussion with A.N. Wilson, Professor Judith Wolfe and Neil MacGregor OM AO

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Piano Sonata in B minor S178 (1849-53)
Lento assai – Allegro energico – Andante sostenuto – Allegro energico – Lento assai

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For more of A.N. Wilson's writing, please visit: anwilson.substack.com

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Goethe (1749-1832) began to write his Faust drama when he was a young law student in Strasbourg and he did not finish it until after his 80th birthday, as the grand old man of Weimar. By this time, he had poured into the traditional legend – of the Renaissance mage who made a fateful exchange with the Devil – a portrait of modern humanity itself.

Not surprisingly, his *Faust* excited the composers from the first. (There were moments when he considered making it into an opera). The first half of tonight's programme gives us some of the many musical renditions of Goethe Lieder, from Schubert to Berlioz. It contains some of the great operatic uses of Goethe songs – from Gounod's exquisite 'Le Roi de Thule', and the 'Jewel Song', to Berlioz's tempestuous depiction of Faust's damnation. Tellingly, Graham Johnson has included Richard Wagner's 'Lied der Soldaten'. Wagner was soaked in *Faust* and it fed into his development of the *Ring* cycle.

The second half of the concert is devoted to Wagner's father-in-law, Franz Liszt, whose *Faust Symphony* consisted of three 'portraits' of the principal characters in Goethe's drama – Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles. In the B Minor Sonata, one of the most haunting pieces of music ever composed, which Sir Stephen Hough has made his own, Liszt appears to have absorbed the central mysteries of *Faust* itself. Though many composers since, most notably Mahler, have been inspired by *Faust*, it is surely Franz Liszt who has the last word.

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The Composers

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) will always be associated with his great Goethe settings. Goethe's *Faust*, a play which he read in October 1814 (at a time when only Part One had been published) gave him the impetus to imagine and create a new kind of art-song accompaniment which depicts both the whirring of a spinning wheel and the emotional turbulence of a young girl in love. *Szene aus Faust*, composed six weeks later, is a piano-accompanied operatic *scena* without a conventional aria; it mirrors recitative techniques learned from Reichardt and Zumsteeg while raising them to a higher power.

The *Faust* settings of Richard Wagner (1813-1883) were probably written for a staged performance of the play in Leipzig in 1831. There are no signs in this music that the fledgling composer will later become the future master and genius of Bayreuth.

Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924) was one of the great pianist-composers of his time. 'Lied des Brander' is one of five virtuosic Goethe settings from 1919. This is contemporary with Busoni's *Doktor Faust* (1916-1924), an opera that is counted by many to be the most

successful of any of the operatic ventures inspired by Goethe's play.

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881) was perhaps the most original of all Russian composers: his experiments in deriving music from the rhythms of the spoken word were hugely influential and infiltrated French music via Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Musorgsky was well-attuned to German literature: he first set Goethe in 1863 and Heine in 1866. Musorgsky's setting of Mephistopheles's famous flea lyric from *Faust* dates from 1879; it was his last song.

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) had set Goethe's poem *Der Fischer* in 1828 (later incorporated into his *Lélio*) and sent his *8 scènes de Faust* (in Nerval's translation) to the poet in 1829. Goethe was taken by the beauty of the score (in visual terms) and sent the music on to Zelter who was unimpressed; the poet accordingly failed to acknowledge receipt of the music. In 1846, Berlioz expanded this earlier work to make *La damnation de Faust*, a 'légende dramatique' – effectively an oratorio that is sometimes staged and which departs considerably from Goethe's storyline. The lyric for the dying King of Thule about the enduring faithfulness of love is described as a "Chanson gothique"; in setting the lyric some 30 years earlier, Schubert had also created a quasi-medieval style.

Charles Gounod (1818-1893) had long been enthused, like Berlioz, with Gérard de Nerval's translation of *Faust*. After several false starts his own *Faust* (one of the most successful of his many operas) finally appeared in 1859 with a libretto by Barbier and Carré. This owed little to the dramatic shape of Goethe's play – for example, roles for Siebel and Valentin were much enlarged and the soul of Gretchen (here named Marguerite) rises to heaven. In the extravagant and bejewelled Third Empire of Napoleon III the discovery of a casket of jewels by a *prima donna* elicits a response to match the epoch.

Bettina von Arnim, also von Brentano (1785-1859) was a powerful personality and friend of Beethoven. She ingratiated herself with Goethe's mother as a means of gaining access to the great poet himself. Goethe's wife Christiane could not bear Bettina who was exiled from Weimar, but after the death of Christiane in 1816 she returned until Goethe himself became impatient with her intrigues. Connected to famous German poets by both birth and marriage, composition was perhaps the least of Bettina's many skills, but she was a ubiquitous figure in German Romanticism.

Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752-1814), a key member of the Berlin Lieder school, and a great influence on Schubert, was the most prolific of all composers in the setting of Goethe's lyrics, an inveterate traveller, and a gifted and informative

writer of prose. He was a personal friend of the great poet (composing the original fold out versions of the *Wilhelm Meister* lyrics in the book's first edition, 1795) but the two fell out on account of Reichardt's far more radical left-wing politics.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) was one of the greatest of all composers of Goethe's lyrics; his 51 *Goethelieder* composed between 1888 and 1890 are among the crowning glories of 19th-century song. The Gretchen lyric performed tonight does not belong to this set; it was composed in 1878, Wolf's sole Goethe Lied at a time when he was far more enthused by Heine, Eichendorff and Reinick, and his only setting from *Faust*. Gretchen's anguished lyric gives the 18-year-old composer a chance to display his recently acquired Wagnerian harmonic credentials.

Unlike Schubert, **Carl Loewe** (1796-1869) had the chance to get to know Goethe personally – however briefly; their meeting took place on 16 September 1820. By then Loewe had already composed his famous 'Erlkönig' (1818), a work that had been written without any knowledge of Schubert's masterpiece, but which has continued to hold its own on the concert stage. There are over 50 further Loewe settings of Goethe, some of considerable distinction. Schumann and Mahler both set excerpts from the second part of *Faust* with orchestral accompaniment, but when it came to Lieder with piano, it was only Loewe who showed much interest in Part Two of the play. The visionary song of 'Lynceus' dates from 1833.

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Franz Liszt Piano Sonata in B minor S178

Brahms was with Clara Schumann in May 1854 when a parcel arrived from **Liszt** containing a copy of this newly published composition, dedicated to her husband. This could be seen as a friendly return gesture, for Robert Schumann had dedicated his C major Fantasy to Liszt in 1839. However, much had changed since then, in the Schumanns' lives and in their appreciation of their Hungarian contemporary. Robert had recently been admitted to the sanatorium from which he was never to be released, and so we have only Clara's reaction to the music as played by Brahms: 'Merely a blind noise – no healthy ideas anymore, everything confused, one cannot find a

single clear harmonic progression – and yet I must thank him for it. It really is too awful.'

Resistance to the sonata – by no means only from Clara Schumann – was a measure of its daring. Liszt, much taken with the welding of movements in Schubert's 'Wanderer' Fantasy, did the same here, creating a sequence of allegro, slow movement, scherzo, and finale, all based on the same small group of motifs and merged in one bounding whole. The achievement took him, indeed, close to the edges of the possible within traditional harmony.

First come a few muffled bars uncertain in tonality, sounding less like an absolute beginning than a recommencement, a stirring of life again after some catastrophe (which here we might imagine the *Tristan* prelude to have represented, though Wagner's work came later in the 1850s). The ensuing *Allegro energico* introduces a surging theme that will become the sonata's first principle, followed in the bass by a more ominous idea. All the motifs are now in place; what follows is their working-out. The introduction leads into a big opening movement with a splendid middle section, marked *grandioso*, whose melody rises over pulsing chords. By the time this movement is breaking down, through twinkling solo passages, we are more than a third of the way through the piece. Then comes the *Andante sostenuto*, with more gorgeous melody worked out of the material, suggesting the love music of an operatic paraphrase. Through a return to the very opening, the piece moves into a short fugal section serving as scherzo, whereupon it bursts back to recapitulate the 'first movement' and add a coda that serves as finale.

With its irresistible drive, the sonata has inevitably been interpreted as telling some kind of narrative: perhaps the Faust legend, which Liszt treated in a symphony he composed right after the sonata, or some other tale of warring good and evil, or even the composer's own life history of heroic progress achieved despite the naysayers. But the story it tells best is its own, of musical ideas that seem to come alive in their tempestuous movement, transformation and combat, that glow with the all the power of the instrument they are played on and that burn themselves up in fire of their own making.

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Introduction from A.N. Wilson

GOETHE'S *FAUST*

The plot of the play in the context of a selection from the many songs inspired by Goethe's celebrated lyrics.

PART ONE

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN:

God gives his permission to His Adversary, to try to lead the famous scholar Heinrich Faust astray; He believes that Mephistopheles will fail in the attempt.

NIGHT:

The aged and disillusioned Faust resolves to commit suicide by drinking a potion but draws back from this action on hearing Easter bells and a chorus of angels. [lines 737-741]

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Chor der Engel D440 **Choir of angels**
(1816)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Christ ist erstanden! Freude dem Sterblichen, Den die verderblichen, Schleichenden, erblichen Mängel umwanden.	Christ is risen! Joy to the mortal, enmeshed in corrupting, insidious, inherited sins.
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OUTSIDE THE CITY GATE:

Easter celebrations underline Faust's alienation from his fellow citizens. One of the Burghers' daughters claims that a witch with a crystal ball has predicted that her future husband will be a soldier. Soldiers suddenly materialize and sing a chorus. [lines 884-902]

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Lied der Soldaten Op. 5 **Soldiers' song**
No. 1 (1831)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Burgen mit hohen	Castles with high
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Mauern und Zinnen, Mädchen mit stolzen Höhnenden Sinnen Möcht' ich gewinnen! Kühn ist das Mühen, Herrlich der Lohn!	walls and battlements, girls with proud disdainful ways - these would I conquer! Bold the endeavour, glorious the reward!
--	--

Und die Trompete Lassen wir werben, Wie zu der Freude, So zum Verderben. Das ist ein Stürmen! Das ist ein Leben!	Now let the trumpet do our recruiting - as to joy, so to ruin. That's the great tempest - that's the life!
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Mädchen und Burgen Müssen sich geben. Kühn ist das Mühen, Herrlich der Lohn! Und die Soldaten Ziehen davon.	Girls and castles both must surrender; bold the endeavour, glorious the reward! And the soldiers go marching on.
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FAUST'S STUDY:

Mephistopheles, disguised as a black dog, reveals himself to Faust for the first time.

IN AUERBACH'S WINE CELLAR, LEIPZIG:

Faust and his devilish mentor drink and carouse among university students. Brander, the Landlord, sings a cynical song which compares the death of a poisoned rat with the throes of being in love. [lines 2126-2149] Mephistopheles follows this with a song about a flea, a gleeful allegory of nepotism and corruption in high places. [lines 2207-2240]

Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924)

Lied des Brander K299 **Brander's song**
(c.1919)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Es war eine Ratt im Kellernest, Lebte nur von Fett und Butter, Hatte sich ein Ränzlein angemäst't, Als wie der Doktor Luther. Die Köchin hatt' ihr Gift gestellt, Da ward's so eng ihr in der Welt, Als hätt' sie Lieb im Leibe.	Once in a cellar there lived a rat, ate nothing but fat and butter, until its paunch became as fat as that of Doctor Luther. The cook she laid some poison down, then the world closed in about it, as though it had love inside it.
--	--

Sie fuhr herum, sie fuhr heraus, Und soff aus allen Pfüthen, Zernagt', zerkratzt' das ganze Haus, Wollte nichts ihr Wüten nützen; Sie tät gar manchen Ängstesprung, Bald hatte das arme Tier genung, Als hätt' es Lieb im Leibe.	It scurried here, it scurried there, and drank from every puddle, it scratched and gnawed throughout the house, though its fury was in vain; it leapt great leaps in mortal fear, the poor beast soon had had enough, as though it had love inside it.
Sie kam für Angst am hellen Tag Der Küche zugelaufen, Fiel an den Herd und zuckt' und lag, Und tät erbärmlich schnaufen. Da lachte die Vergift'rin noch: „Ha, sie pfeift auf dem letzten Loch, Als hätt' sie Lieb im Leibe“.	In broad daylight, out of fear, it ran towards the kitchen, fell down by the range, quivered and lay and struggled for breath most wretchedly. The cook, who'd poisoned it, now laughed: 'Ha! it's on its last legs, as though it had love inside it.'

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

Song of the Flea (1879)

Alexander Strugovshchikov, after Johann Wolfgang
von Goethe

Zhil byl korol' kogda-to, Pri njom blokha zhila, Blokha ... blokha! Milej rodnogo brata ona jemu byla; Blokha ... kha, kha, kha! blokha? Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha! ... Blokha! Zovjot korol' portnogo: 'Poslushaj ty, churban! Dlja druga dorogogo Sshej barkhatnyj kaftan! Blokhe kaftan? Kha, kha! Blokhe? Kha, kha, kha, kha, kha! Kaftan? Kha, kha, kha! Blokhe kaftan? Vot v zoloto i barkhat	Once upon a time there was a king who kept a pet flea, a flea ... a flea! It was dearer to him than a son; a flea ... ha, ha, ha! a flea? Ha, ha, ha! a flea! The king summoned his tailor: 'Listen, you oaf! Make a velvet robe for this dear friend of mine.' A suit for a flea? Ha, ha! A flea? Ha, ha, ha! A suit? Ha, ha! A suit for a flea? And so the flea was clothed
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Blokha narjazhena, I polnaja svoboda jej pri dvore dana. Kha, kha! Kha, kha! Blokhe! Korol' jej san ministra I s nim zvezdu dajot, Za neju i drugije poshli vse blokhi v khod. Kha, kha! I samoj koroleve, I frejlinam jeja, Ot blokhe ne stalo mochi, Ne stalo i zhit'ja. Kha, kha! I tronut'-to bojatsja, Ne to chtoby ikh bit'. A my, kto stal kusat'sja, Totchas davaj dushit'!	in gold and velvet and was given complete freedom of the whole palace. Ha, ha! Ha, ha! a flea! The king appointed him minister, and awarded him a medal, and all the flea's relatives were treated royally too. Ha, ha! But the queen herself and all her ladies couldn't bear these fleas, that made their lives a misery! They were afraid to touch them, let alone kill them. But as for us, if they bite, we'll squash them right away!
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IN THE WITCH'S KITCHEN:

Faust drinks an elixir that will make him a good-looking young man once again. A deal is struck whereby Faust will be allowed to experience all he could wish; however, if he feels even one moment of true contentment, he will forfeit his soul.

IN A STREET:

Newly emboldened and rejuvenated Faust lusts after the young and beautiful Gretchen. He takes her arm, but she pulls away, embarrassed. He asks Mephistopheles to obtain her for him by whatever means necessary.

EVENING:

In her bedchamber Gretchen is disturbed by her encounter in the street with someone she thinks must be a member of the nobility. When she leaves her room, Faust and Mephistopheles enter with a stolen casket of jewels in an attempt to corrupt the girl with worldly riches. After they have left, Gretchen returns to her room and sings to herself an old ballad with a strange sense of foreboding. [lines 2759-2782]

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Le roi de Thulé from *La damnation de Faust*

(1845-6)

*Gérard de Nerval, after
Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Autrefois un roi de Thulé,
Qui jusqu'au tombeau fut
fidèle,
Reçut, à la mort de
sa belle,
Une coupe d'or ciselé.

Once a king of Thule,
who was faithful unto the
grave,
received, on the death of
his beloved,
a cup of chased gold.

Comme elle ne le quittait
guère,
Dans les festins les plus
joyeux,
Toujours une larme
légère
A sa vue humectait ses yeux.

And he hardly ever put it
down,
at the most joyful
feasts
a tear always moistened
his eye
at the sight of it.

Ce prince, à la fin de
sa vie,
Lègue ses villes et son or.

This prince, at the end of
his life,
bequeaths his cities and
his gold.

Excepté la coupe
chérie
Qu'à la main il conserve
encor.

But not the cherished cup
which he still keeps in his
hand.

Il fait, à sa table royale,
Asseoir ses barons et ses
pairs,
Au milieu de
l'antique salle
D'un château que baignaient
les mers.

At his royal table he seats
his barons and his
peers,
in the centre of the
ancient hall
of a castle washed by
the sea.

Le buveur se lève et s'avance
Après d'un vieux balcon
doré;
Il boit, et soudain
sa main lance

The drinker rises and
advances
towards an old, gilded
balcony;
he drinks, and suddenly
his hand launches

Dans les flots le vase
sacré.

the sacred vessel into the
waves.

Le vase tombe; l'eau
bouillonne,
Puis se calme aussitôt
après.

The vessel falls; the water
roils,
then falls calm a moment
later.

Le vieillard pâlit et
frissonne :
Il ne boira plus désormais.

The old man turns pale
and shudders:
he will never drink again.

*Gretchen then notices the casket and excitedly tries on
the jewels. [lines 2783-2804]*

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Jewel Song from *Faust*

(1856-9)

*Jules Barbier and Michel
Carré, after Johann
Wolfgang von Goethe*

Que vois-je là?
D'où ce riche
coffret peut-il
venir?

What do I see here?
Where can this splendid
casket have come
from?

Je n'ose y toucher et
pourtant...

I don't dare to touch it -
and yet...

Voici la clef je crois!...
Si je l'ouvrais!...ma main
tremble!...Pourquoi?

Here is the key, I think!
If I were to open it!...my
hand trembles!...Why?

Je ne fais, en l'ouvrant, rien
de mal, je suppose!

I wouldn't do any harm in
opening it, I suppose!

O Dieu! Que de
bijoux!
Est-ce un rêve charmant qui
m'éblouit,
Ou si je veille?
Mes yeux n'ont jamais vu

Oh, heavens! So many
jewels!
Is this a wonderful dream
that dazzles me,
or am I awake?
My eyes have never seen

De richesse pareille!
Si j'osais seulement
Me parer un
moment
De ces pendants d'oreilles!...
Ah! Voici justement,
Au fond de la cassette,
Un miroir! Comment n'être
pas coquette?...

riches like these!
If I only dared
adorn myself for a
moment
with these earrings!...
Ah! And here,
at the bottom of the case,
a mirror! How could I not
preen a little?...

Ah! Je ris de me voir
Si belle en ce
miroir...

Ah! I laugh to see myself
so beautiful in this
mirror...

Est-ce toi, Marguerite,
est-ce toi?

Is that you, Marguerite, is
that you?

Réponds-moi... réponds-moi
vite!

Answer me... answer me
quickly!

Non! Non! Ce n'est plus toi!...
non... non

No, no! It's no longer
you...no...no,

Ce n'est plus ton visage;
C'est la fille d'un
roi...

it's no longer your face,
it's the daughter of a
king...

Ce n'est plus toi...
C'est la fille d'un roi
Qu'on salue au
passage!

It's no longer you,
it's a king's daughter
people bow to as she
passes!

Ah! S'il était ici!
S'il me voyait
ainsi!

Ah! If he were here!
If he could see me like
this!

Comme une
demoiselle

He would find me
beautiful

Il me trouverait belle...	as a maiden...
Achevons la métamorphose.	Let's complete the transformation.
Il me tarde encor d'essayer	I still have yet to try
Le bracelet et le collier!	the bracelet and the necklace!
Dieu! c'est comme une main qui sur mon bras se pose!	My god! It's like a hand resting on my arm!

PROMENADE:

Mephistopheles tells Faust that Gretchen's mother, fearing that 'unrighteous wealth will ensnare the soul', had handed the jewels over to a corrupt priest who has promised all sorts of heavenly rewards in return. Faust commands him to acquire another set of jewels for Gretchen.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE:

Perplexed and excited by finding a second, even more splendid, casket of jewels, Gretchen goes for advice to her neighbour, Martha. Mephistopheles appears, pretending to bring news of the death in Italy of Martha's husband. He offers to return in the evening bringing a friend (Faust of course) whom he claims to have been a witness to this falsified tragedy.

IN MARTHA'S GARDEN:

Engaging the stricken Martha in deep conversation, Mephistopheles leaves Faust free to woo Gretchen. He is genuinely falling in love with her. Looking into her eyes, Faust clasps her hands; as Gretchen trembles he reassures her of his love. [lines 3188-3194]

Bettina von Arnim (1785-1859)

O schaudre nicht (1808-10) O do not shudder

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

O schaudre nicht! Lass diesen Blick,	O do not shudder! Let this gaze,
Lass diesen Händedruck dir sagen,	let my hands in yours
Was unaussprechlich ist:	express to you the inexpressible:
Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne	to surrender utterly and to feel a rapture
Zu fühlen, die ewig sein muss!	that must be everlasting!
Ewig! Ihr Ende würde Verzweiflung sein.	Everlasting! - the end would be despair.
Nein! Kein Ende. Kein Ende!	No, no end! No end!

IN MARTHA'S SUMMERHOUSE:

Confused and excited Gretchen takes refuge in Martha's summerhouse. Faust follows her there and, out of sight, they kiss passionately.

FOREST AND CAVE:

On one of their fantastical journeys Faust and Mephistopheles discuss the developing love affair with Gretchen. Faust is revolted by the devil's reptilian attitude to the poor girl but is determined to have her. Mephistopheles, in turn, is worried that Gretchen's influence on Faust may exceed his own.

IN GRETCHEN'S ROOM:

Alone in her room and making herself toil at her spinning wheel (her only source of income) Gretchen agonises over the loss of her equilibrium. Ecstatically in love for the first time, she should be happy. Yet, at the same time, something is terribly amiss. [lines 3374 – 3413]

Franz Schubert

Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Gretchen at the spinning wheel

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
life's like the grave;
the whole world
is turned to gall.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor mind
shattered.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
it's only for him
I leave the house.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Sein hoher Gang, Sein' edle Gestalt, Seines Mundes Lächeln, Seiner Augen Gewalt,	His proud bearing, his noble form, the smile on his lips, the power of his eyes,
---	---

Und seiner Rede Zauberfluss, Sein Händedruck, Und ach, sein Kuss!	And the magic flow of his words, the touch of his hand, and ah, his kiss!
--	--

Meine Ruh ist hin, Mein Herz ist schwer; Ich finde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr.	My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall never ever find peace again.
--	--

Mein Busen drängt Sich nach ihm hin. Ach dürft' ich fassen Und halten ihn,	My bosom yearns for him. Ah! if I could clasp and hold him,
---	--

Und küssen ihn So wie ich wollt', An seinen Küssen Vergehen sollt'!	and kiss him to my heart's content, and in his kisses perish!
--	--

IN MARTHA'S GARDEN:

Faust and Gretchen discuss religion. She affectionately accuses him of lacking Christianity, expressing fears for his soul. He parries with agnostic and pantheistic rationalisations. [lines 3432-3458]

Johann Friedrich Reichardt (1752-1814)

Gott (pub. 1809)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

God

Wer darf ihn nennen? Und wer bekennen: Ich glaub' ihn? Wer empfinden? Und sich unterwinden Zu sagen: ich glaub' ihn nicht? Der Allumfasser, Der Allerhalter, Fasst und erhält er nicht Dich? mich? sich selbst? Wölbt sich der Himmel nicht da droben? Liegt die Erde nicht hier unten fest?	Who may name him? And who profess: I believe in him? Who can feel that? And who can bring themselves to say: I do not believe in him! All-encompassing, all-preserving, does he not encompass and preserve you? me? himself? Does the sky not arch up above us? Does the earth not lie solid beneath us?
--	--

Und steigen freundlich blickend, Ewige Sterne nicht hier auf? Schau' ich nicht Aug' in Auge dir, Und drängt nicht alles Nach Haupt und Herzen dir, Und webt in ewigem Geheimnis Unsichtbar, sichtbar neben dir? Erfüll davon dein Herz so gross es ist, Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle selig bist, Nenn' es dann wie du willst, Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott! Ich habe keinen Namen Dafür! Gefühl ist alles, Name ist Schall und Rauch Umnebelnd Himmelsglut.	And do the eternal stars not rise upwards with kindly gaze? Do I not look you in the eye, and does everything not crowd your head and your heart and weave in eternal mystery invisible and visible around you? Fill your heart, large as it is, from that, and when you are entirely blissful in that feeling, then call it what you will: call it happiness! Heart! Love! God! I have no name for it! Feeling is everything; a name is sound and smoke, clouding heaven's fire.
--	--

Gretchen expresses her revulsion for Faust's companion. But she is so in love that she would be willing to unbolt the door of her house were it not for her mother. Faust supplies the girl with a sleeping draught in a phial to enable a trouble-free romantic assignation.

BY THE CITY RAMPARTS:

The sleeping potion administered at Faust's behest to Gretchen's mother has proved fatal and Gretchen realises she is pregnant. As an unmarried woman she will be punished and ostracised. Gretchen prays desperately to the Virgin whose shrine is erected in an alcove in the city walls. [lines 3587-3619]

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

**Gretchen vor dem
Andachtsbild der
Mater Dolorosa** (1878)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

**Gretchen before the
Mater Dolorosa**

Ach neige, Du Schmer zenreiche, Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!	Ah, incline your face, you who are full of sorrow, to my distress!
---	--

Das Schwert im Herzen, Mit tausend Schmerzen Blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.	With the sword in your heart, and a thousand griefs, you look up at your dying son.
Zum Vater blickst du, Und Seufzer schickst du Hinauf um sein' und deine Not.	You gaze up at the Father and utter sighs for his affliction and your own.
Wer fühlet, Wie wühlet Der Schmerz mir im Gebein? Was mein armes Herz hier banget, Was es zittert, was verlanget, Weisst nur du, nur du allein!	Who can feel how the pain churns in my very bones? What my poor heart dreads, why it quakes, what it craves, only you, only you can know!
Wohin ich immer gehe, Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe	Wherever I go, how it throbs, how it throbs
Wird mir im Busen hier! Ich bin, ach, kaum alleine,	here in my breast! Alas, no sooner am I alone,
Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine, Das Herz zerbricht in mir.	I weep, I weep, I weep, and my heart breaks.
Die Scherben vor meinem Fenster Betaut ich mit Tränen, ach! Als ich am frühen Morgen Dir diese Blumen brach.	The flower-pots outside my window I bedewed, ah! with my tears, when early this morning I picked for you these flowers.
Schien hell in meine Kammer Die Sonne früh herauf, Sass ich in allem Jammer In meinem Bett schon auf.	When the bright sun shone early into my room, I was sitting bolt upright in my bed, in utter distress.
Hilf! rette mich von Schmach und Tod! Ach, neige, Du Schmerzenreiche, Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!	Help! save me from disgrace and death! Ah, incline your face, you who are full of sorrow, to my distress!

NIGHT, IN THE STREET IN FRONT OF GRETCHEN'S HOUSE:

Gretchen's brother Valentin is a professional soldier; once proud of his sister's spotless reputation, he is now mocked for the loss of it. He spots Faust and Mephistopheles approaching Gretchen's house and

hides, intending to confront them. Things are made worse by Mephistopheles singing a provocative and cynical guitar-accompanied ditty that sneers at the loss of Gretchen's virtue. [lines 3682-3697]

Richard Wagner

Was machst du mir vor Liebchens Tür?

Op. 5 No. 5 (1831)

Was machst du mir vor Liebchens Tür? Op. 5 No. 5 (1831)

What are you doing outside your lover's door

Was machst du mir
Vor Liebchens Tür,
Kathrinchen, hier
Bei frühem Tagesblicke?
Lass, lass es sein!
Er lässt dich ein
Als Mädchen ein,
Als Mädchen nicht
zurücke.

What are you doing
outside your lover's door,
little Katherine, here
at the break of day?
Let it be!
He lets you in
as a maiden,
but you will not leave as
one.

Nehmt euch in Acht
Ist es vollbracht,
Dann gute Nacht,
Ihr armen, armen Dinger!
Habt ihr euch lieb,
Tut keinem Dieb
Nur nichts zu lieb,
Als mit dem Ring
am Finger.

Beware -
if it be done,
then good night,
you poor, poor things!
If you care for yourself,
do not give a thief
anything of love,
unless you've a ring on
your finger.

In a rage, Valentin emerges from hiding to break the guitar and to duel with Faust. Mephistopheles freezes Valentin's hand while thrusting and parrying on Faust's behalf, fatally wounding Gretchen's brother. The murderers flee. Valentin, with his dying breath, tells Gretchen that she will be one of the cursed of the earth.

IN THE CATHEDRAL:

In Frankfurt Cathedral, an Evil Spirit, unseen by others, whispers in the praying Gretchen's ear; whether this is Mephistopheles, or her own guilty conscience is not clear. The evil spirit taunts Gretchen about her dead mother and the 'foreboding presence' of her unborn baby. The congregation and choir sing 'Dies Irae', words that reflect Gretchen's torment and plight. Heavily pregnant, Gretchen loses consciousness. [lines 3776 - 3833]

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Franz Schubert

Szene aus *Faust* D126 (1814)

Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Böser Geist

Wie anders, Gretchen, war
dir's,

Als du noch voll
Unschuld

Hier zum Altar
trat'st,

Aus dem vergriffenen
Büchelchen

Gebete
lalltest,

Halb
Kinderspiele,

Halb Gott im Herzen!

Gretchen!

Wo steht dein Kopf?

In deinem Herzen,

Welche Missetat?

Bet'st du für deiner Mutter
Seele, die

Durch dich zur langen,
langen Pein
hinüberschlief?

Auf deiner Schwelle wessen
Blut?

– Und unter deinem
Herzen

Regt sich's nicht quillend
schon,

Und ängstigt dich und sich
Mit ahnungsvoller
Gegenwart?

Gretchen

Weh! Weh!

Wär' ich der
Gedanken los,

Die mir herüber und hinüber
gehen

Wider mich!

Chor

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in
favilla.

(Orgelton)

Böser Geist

Grimm fasst
dich!

Die Posaune tönt!

Die Gräber beben!

Scene from *Goethe's Faust*

Evil Spirit

How differently you felt,
Gretchen,

when you, still full of
innocence,

stepped up to the altar
here,

murmuring
prayers

from your well-thumbed
book,

your heart half full of
children's games,

and half of God!

Gretchen!

What are you thinking of?

What misdeed

is lodged in your heart?

Do you pray for your
mother's soul, who

through your doing,
passed over into long,
long torment?

Whose blood stains your
doorstep?

Does something note stir
and swell

beneath your
heart,

filling you and it
with fear and
foreboding?

Gretchen

Alas! Alas!

Were I but free of
thoughts

that teem in my
mind,

despite myself.

Choir

Day of wrath, on that day
the century shall crumble
to ashes.

(The organ plays)

Evil Spirit

The wrath of God seizes
you!

The trump sounds!

Sepulchres quake!

Und dein Herz, aus
Aschenruh
Zu Flammenqualen
Wieder aufgeschaffen,
Bebt auf!

Gretchen

Wär' ich hier weg!

Mir ist als ob die Orgel mir

Den Athem versetzte,

Gesang mein Herz

Im Tiefsten lös'te.

Chor

Judex ergo cum

sedebit,

Quidquid latet

adparebit,

Nil inultum

remanebit.

Gretchen

Mir wird so eng!

Die Mauernpfeiler

Befangen mich!

Das Gewölbe

Drängt mich! – Luft!

Böser Geist

Verbirg dich! Sünd'
und Schande

Bleibt nicht verborgen.

Luft? Licht?

Wehe dir!

Chor

Quid sum miser tunc
dicturus?

Quem patronum
rogaturus?

Cum vix justus sit

securus.

Böser Geist

Ihr Antlitz wenden

Verklärte von dir ab.

Die Hände dir zu
reichen,

Schauert's den
Reinen.

Weh!

Chor

Quid sum miser tunc
dicturus?

Quem patronum
rogaturus?

And your heart,
fanned
from ashen sleep
to fiery torment,
trembles!

Gretchen

If only I could escape!

The organ seems

to stifle my breath,

the chanting voices

pierce my heart.

Choir

For when the judge shall

hold court,

all that is hidden shall be

revealed,

nothing shall remain

unavenged.

Gretchen

I feel trapped!

The pillars in the walls

crowd in on me!

The vaulted roof

bears down on me! – Air!

Evil Spirit

You think you can hide!
Sin and shame

will not stay hidden.

Air? Light?

Woe to you!

Choir

What am I, wretched one,
to say?

What patron am I to
implore,

When scarcely the just

man is secure?

Evil Spirit

Transfigured souls

recoil from you.

The pure in heart

shudder

at the thought of helping
you.

Woe!

Choir

What am I, wretched one,
to say?

What patron am I to
implore?

After the **WALPURGISNACHT** scene, where the witches celebrate in the Harz mountains, Faust has a vision of Gretchen in prison. She has drowned her newborn baby (who would have been taken from her and subject to a terrible life) and has been condemned to death by beheading. Faust persuades Mephistopheles to devise a plan to save her. They conspire to confuse the jailers, dissolve her chains and fly away on magic horses.

In the **PRISON** scene that ends Part One of Faust, Gretchen refuses this offer of escape. When Mephistopheles sneers that she has been 'gerichtet' (judged) a voice from heaven counters with the word 'gerettet' (saved). In continuing to love Faust despite everything, Gretchen has awoken his better self. This aspect of the eternal feminine ('Das Ewig-Weibliche') contributes to Faust's eventual redemption in Part Two of the Play.

EPILOGUE

There are far fewer musical settings from the later **PART TWO** of Faust which is longer and more allegorical than Part One.

Goethe develops many of his ideas on mythology, statesmanship, war, economics, natural science and religion to the extent that the plot is sometimes lost from view. Faust's several attempts to create an ideal society fail, but he is finally redeemed by a choir of angels on account of his constant striving for improvement ('*Wer immer strebend sich bemüht/Den können wir erlösen*').

The words of Lynkeus, the keeper on the palace watchtower in Act V of the drama [lines 11,288 to 11,303] seem extraordinarily applicable to the great poet himself, writing these lines in the closing stages of his life. Goethe had always exulted in the manifold beauties of the world. Thanks to the breadth of the poet's knowledge and the ineffable depth of his perception, his Faust is counted among the greatest literary works of all time.

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

**Lynceus, der Türmer,
auf Fausts Sternwarte
singend Op. 9 (1833)**
Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Zum Sehen geboren,
Zum Schauen bestellt,
Dem Turme geschworen,
Gefällt mir die Welt.
Ich blick' in die Ferne,
Ich seh' in der Näh',
Den Mond und die Sterne,
Den Wald und das Reh.

**Lynceus the
watchman singing
on Faust's
observatory**

I was born to look,
I am employed to watch,
I am loyal to this tower,
and I love the world.
I look into the distance
and see near by,
the moon and the stars,
the forest and the deer.

So seh' ich in allen
Die ewige Zier,
Und wie mirs
gefallen,
Gefall' ich auch mir.
Ihr glücklichen Augen,
Was je ihr gesehn,
Es sei, wie es wolle,
Es war doch so schön!

And in all of them
I see eternal beauty,
and as the world delights
me,
so I am filled with delight.
Oh, happy eyes,
may all that you've seen
remain as it was
for it was so beautiful!

Interval

Panel discussion with A.N. Wilson,
Professor Judith Wolfe and Neil
MacGregor OM AO

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Piano Sonata in B minor S178 (1849-53)

**Lento assai - Allegro energico - Andante
sostenuto - Allegro energico - Lento assai**

Translation of 'Chor der Engel' by Richard Wigmore. Busoni, 'Gretchen am Spinnrade' and 'Szene aus Faust' by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Musorgsky by Andrew Huth, printed by kind permission. Arnim and Wolf by Richard Stokes.