

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 2 October 2022
3.00pm

Winter Journey

Kieran Carrel tenor
Jonathan Ware piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) From *Winterreise* D911 (1827)
Gute Nacht • Die Wetterfahne • Gefrorene Tränen • Erstarrung •
Der Lindenbaum • Wasserflut • Auf dem Flusse • Rückblick •
Irrlicht • Rast • Frühlingstraum • Einsamkeit

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) *Winter Words* Op. 52 (1953)
*At day-close in November • Midnight on the Great Western •
Wagtail and baby • The little old table •
The Choirmaster's Burial • Proud songsters •
At the railway station, Upway • Before life and after*

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It is no surprise that Schubert's *Winterreise* and Britten's *Winter Words* are often paired in concert. The Schubert-loving Britten surely wouldn't have used 'winter' in the title of a vocal work had he not anticipated listeners' minds wandering to, and drawing connections with, Schubert's monumental cycle. Alongside his composing schedule, Britten was an active and influential song pianist: he performed with many great singers of the 20th Century, but most regularly alongside his partner, the towering tenor Peter Pears. Their insightful Schubert interpretations remain important landmarks in the history of Schubert performance and reception. In touching video footage from 1968, Pears and Britten run through and discuss several songs from *Winterreise*; at one point, Pears remarks that 'it's really a cycle of an old man, an experienced man'. For this reason, the couple had not performed *Winterreise* publicly until 1961, when Pears was in his 50s. But the well-worn copies of the score held in their joint Library are symbols of the long-standing presence of this 'extraordinarily Romantic' music within the context of their private domestic music making, likely throughout their long relationship.

However weighty and worldly-wise its themes, *Winterreise* itself was the product of two young minds. The poet Wilhelm Müller died suddenly in 1827 at 32; **Schubert** set the poems to music that same year, and died in 1828 at 31. The composer was almost certainly aware that suffering lay ahead of him – he had contracted syphilis some years earlier – and his late works are often interpreted as standing in the shadow of death. We know deliberately little about the protagonist of *Winterreise*, but a reference in one song to his 'black hair' suggests that he, too, journeys towards premature death.

When we think of *Winterreise* today, we generally expect to hear 24 songs. A performance of the first 12 alone gives both a snapshot into the early chronology of the eventual longer work, and also a chance to appreciate a group of songs that were initially considered a complete cycle. In late 1826 or early 1827, Schubert encountered a set of poems in the periodical *Urania*, titled *Wanderlieder von Wilhelm Müller. Die Winterreise. In 12 Liedern*. He promptly set them to music and invited his friends to hear the songs in March 1827, but failed to show up to this informal première: it is possible that he had, by then, encountered the additional Müller poems and realised his work was not yet done. Some changes were subsequently made to the first set, including the transposition of the twelfth, 'Einsamkeit', out of D minor – which had provided cyclical unity with the key of the opening 'Gute Nacht'. Joseph von Spaun recalled that when Schubert eventually played the whole cycle to his friends, they were baffled by its sheer gloominess.

Wanderlieder is an appropriate term for the set of 12 – they sit firmly within the Romantic tradition of the soul-searching, nature-filled journey. We witness the protagonist reflecting upon his romantic rejection, reacting to landmarks and details of the world around

him and feeling the sharp effects of the weather and his waning energy. There's no shortage of Schubertian fingerprints, including sleight-of-hand motivic and harmonic transformations within and between songs that alter emotional states in an instant. While 'Einsamkeit' ends the 12 appropriately by reinforcing the bleak loneliness of the continuing journey, we do not quite experience the full psychological breakdown of the protagonist that comes towards the end of the cycle. One effect of ending *Winterreise* at its midpoint is that emotional space is opened up for other musical and poetic visions – and *Winter Words* is an ideal companion piece.

In 1953, when **Britten** composed *Winter Words* for Pears, the couple lived in Crag House on the Aldeburgh seafront. Thomas Hardy knew Aldeburgh Beach well from various sojourns, but while so much of Britten's inspiration came from his native coastal Suffolk, it was the rural West and South of England that permeated Hardy's literary imagination. Perhaps surprisingly, given several shared interests between poet and composer, *Winter Words* was Britten's only sustained engagement with Hardy.

These really are, to borrow Pears's words again, the poems of 'an old man, an experienced man'. Britten selected the eight poems from a collected edition, so each has a different provenance, but the title was adopted from that of Hardy's last volume, which was published posthumously following his death in 1928, at 87. No overarching narrative is imposed by Britten, but the poems are bound loosely by themes of innocence and experience, and of reminiscence both bitter and sweet. Hardy's detailed observations of everyday scenes, from which universal messages can be drawn, give rise to songs akin to miniature operas.

The songs are replete with vivid touches that bring the scenes to life: the piano is responsible for the creaking wood in 'The little old table', the chirruping and fluttering of the young birds, and the virtuosic flourishes and double-stops of the boy with the violin. The convincing train-whistle triads and jolting rhythmic thrust of 'Midnight on the Great Western' remind us that the trains Hardy (and Britten) knew offered greater sonic spectacle than anything pulling out of Paddington today. The piano momentum here calls to mind Schubert's similarly evocative conjuring of coaches and boats in various songs; we may wonder how, if he had lived longer, the railway might have entered into Schubert's musical imagination.

The emotional heart of the cycle is 'The Choirmaster's Burial': the soaring, angelic melismas, the lyrical piano transformation of the hymn-tune mentioned in the poem, and the concise narrative bracketing of the tale are all paradigmatic of Britten's powerful musical storytelling. The philosophical closing song, with its beseeching final question, gives rise to further vocal intensity characteristic of Britten's writing for Pears's voice.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

From *Winterreise* D911 (1827)

Wilhelm Müller

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
An's Tor dir gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.

Good night

A stranger I came,
a stranger I depart.
The month of May
favoured me
with many bouquets of
flowers.
The girl spoke of
love,
her mother of marriage
even –
and now the world's so
bleak,
the road concealed in snow.

I cannot choose the time
for my journey:
I must find my own
way
in this darkness.
A shadow in the moonlight
keeps me company,
and on the white meadows
I see the tracks of deer.

Why should I wait any
longer
for them to drive me out?
Let stray dogs howl
before their master's house!
Love loves to wander –
God has made it so –
from one to another –
my sweetest love, good
night!

I'll not disturb your
dreams,
a shame to spoil your rest!
You shall not hear my
footsteps –
as I softly close the door!
I'll write 'good night' on
your gate,
as I pass,
so that you may see
I've thought of you.

Die Wetterfahne

Der Wind spielt mit der
Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen
Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht' ich schon in
meinem Wahne,
Sie pfiß' 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.

Gefrorne 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.

The weather-vane

The wind plays with the
weather-vane
on my beloved's
house.
In my folly I thought it
mocked
the wretched
fugitive.

He should have noticed it
sooner,
this sign fixed on the
house,
he'd never then have
thought
to find a faithful woman
there.

The wind plays with
hearts inside,
though less loudly than
on the roof.
What is my torment to
them?
Their child's a rich bride.

Frozen tears

Frozen drops fall
from my cheeks:
did I, then, not notice
I've been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,
are you so tepid
that you turn to ice
like cool morning dew?

And yet you spring from
my heart
with such fierce heat,
as if you would melt
all the winter's ice.

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.

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 musst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Numbness

In vain I seek
her steps in the snow,
where we walked arm in
arm
through the green field.

I shall kiss the ground,
pierce ice and snow
with my hot tears,
till I see the earth.

Where shall I find a flower
where shall I find green
grass?
The flowers have withered,
the grass looks so pale.

Is there no keepsake, then,
for me to take from here?
Who, when my grief is
silent,
will speak to me of her?

My heart seems dead,
her cold image numb within:
should my heart ever
thaw,
her image too will melt.

The linden tree

By the well, before the gate,
stands a linden tree:
I used to dream in its
shade
so many a sweet dream.

I used to carve in its bark
so many a word of love;
in joy and in sorrow
I felt ever drawn to it.

I had to pass it again
today at dead of night,
and even in the dark,
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,
as though calling me:
come to me, my friend,
here you shall find rest!

The cold winds blew
full into my face,
my hat flew from my head,
I did not turn back.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

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.

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,

Many hours have passed
since I left that place,
yet still I hear the rustling:
there shall you find rest!

Flood

Many a tear from my eyes
has fallen into the snow;
the cold flakes thirstily drink
my burning anguish.

When grass is ready to
grow,
a warm wind blows,
and the ice breaks into
fragments,
and the soft snow
melts.

Snow, you know of my
longing:
tell me where your path
leads?
You've only to follow my
tears
and the stream will bear
you away.

It will carry you through
the town,
in and out of busy streets:
when you feel my tears
burning,
that will be my loved-
one's house.

On the river

You who murmured so
merrily,
you clear, raging stream,
how silent you've become,
you bid me no farewell.

You've covered yourself
with a hard stiff crust,
you lie cold and motionless,
stretched out in the sand.

With a sharp stone
I carve on your surface
the name of my beloved,
and the hour and the day:

The day of our first greeting,
the day I went away,

Um Nam' und Zahlen windet
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

around the name and figure
is wound a broken ring.

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

My heart, do you now see
your own likeness in this
stream?
Is there such a raging
torrent
beneath its surface too?

Rückblick

A backward glance

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'.

The ground blazes
beneath my feet,
though I walk on ice and
snow.
I shall not pause for
breath again,
till the towers are out of
sight.

Hab' mich an jeden Stein
gestossen,
So eilt' ich zu der Stadt
hinaus;
Die Krähen warfen Bäll' und
Schlossen
Auf meinen Hut von jedem
Haus.

I've stumbled over every
stone
in my haste to leave the
town;
the crows shied snow and
hailstones
onto my hat from every
roof.

Wie anders hast du mich
empfangen,
Du Stadt der Unbeständigkeit!
An deinen blanken Fenstern
sangen
Die Lerch' und Nachtigall im
Streit.

How differently you
welcomed me,
city of inconstancy!
Lark and nightingale vied
in song
at your gleaming
windows.

Die runden Lindenbäume
blühten,
Die klaren Rinnen rauschten
hell,
Und ach, zwei
Mädchenaugen glühten! -
Da war's geschehn um dich,
Gesell!

The rounded linden trees
blossomed,
the clear fountains
murmured brightly,
and ah! the girl's eyes
flashed fire! -
and your fate, my friend,
was sealed!

Kömmt mir der Tag in die
Gedanken,
Möcht' ich noch einmal
rückwärts sehn,
Möcht' ich zurücke wieder
wanken,
Vor ihrem Hause stille
stehn.

When I think of that
day,
I long to look back once
more,
long to stumble back
again,
stand silently before her
house.

Irrlicht

In die tiefsten Felsengründe
Lockte mich ein Irrlicht
hin:
Wie ich einen Ausgang finde,
Liegt nicht schwer mir in
dem Sinn.

A will-o'-the-wisp lured me
into the deepest rocky
chasm:
how to find a way out
does not greatly concern
me.

Bin gewohnt das Irregehen,
'S führt ja jeder Weg zum
Ziel:
Unsre Freuden, unsre Leiden,
Alles eines Irrlichts
Spiel!

I'm used to going astray,
every path leads to one
goal:
our joys, our sorrows
are all a will-o'-the-wisp's
game!

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

Through the dry bed of a
mountain stream
I calmly make my way
down -
every river will reach the
sea,
every sorrow find its
grave.

Rast

Rest

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

Only now as I lie down to
rest,
do I notice how tired I am;
walking had kept me
cheerful
on the desolate road.

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

My feet demanded no
rest,
it was too cold for
standing still,
my back felt no burden,
the storm helped to drive
me on.

In eines Köhlers engem Haus
Hab' Obdach ich
gefunden;
Doch meine Glieder ruhn
nicht aus:
So brennen ihre Wunden.

I have found shelter
in a charcoal-burner's
cramped hut;
but my sores hurt so
much
that my limbs cannot rest.

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!

You too, my heart, in
storm and strife
so audacious and so wild,
you feel stirring in this
stillness
the fierce pangs of
anguish!

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 schriean 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 Herze 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?

Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh' ich meine Strasse
Dahin mit tragem Fuss,
Durch helles, frohes Leben,
Einsam und ohne Gruss.

Dream of Spring

I dreamt of colourful
flowers,
such as might bloom in
May,
I dreamt of green
meadows
and happy singing of birds.

And when the cocks
crowed,
my eyes awoke;
it was dark and cold,
the ravens screamed
from the roof.

But who painted those
leaves
on the window-panes?
Are you mocking the
dreamer
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of loverequited,
dreamt of a beautiful girl,
of caressing and of kissing,
of rapture and of joy.

And when the cocks
crowed,
my heart awoke;
now I sit here alone,
and think about the
dream.

I close my eyes again,
my heart still beats so
warm.
Leaves on my window,
when will you turn green?
When shall I hold my love
in my arms?

Loneliness

Like a dark cloud
drifting across clear skies,
when a faint breeze
blows through the fir-tops:

I go on my way
with dragging steps,
through life's bright joys,
lonely and ignored.

Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, dass die Welt so
licht!
Als noch die Stürme
tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.

Alas, why is the air so calm!
Alas, why is the world so
bright!
While storms were still
raging,
I was not so wretched.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Winter Words Op. 52 (1953)

Thomas Hardy

At day-close in November

The ten hours' light is abating,
And a late bird wings across,
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noontime,
Float past like specks in the eye;
I set every tree in my June time,
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here
Conceive that there never has been
A time when no tall trees grew here,
That none will in time be seen.

Midnight on the Great Western

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,
But are not of?

Wagtail and baby

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through,
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared;
The wagtail, in a winking,
With terror rose and disappeared;
The baby fell a thinking.

The little old table

Creak, little wood thing, creak,
When I touch you with elbow or knee;
That is the way you speak
Of one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought –
Brought me with her own hand,
As she looked at me with a thought
That I did not understand.

Whoever owns it anon,
And hears it, will never know
What a history hangs upon
This creak from long ago.

The Choirmaster's Burial

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave brim
The psalm he liked best –
The one whose sense suits –
'Mount Ephraim' –
And perhaps we should seem
To him, in Death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
'I think', said the vicar,
'A read service quicker
Than viols out of doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old fashioned way
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be.'

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like saints in church glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

Proud songsters

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales in bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand new birds of twelve months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales, nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.

At the railway station, Upway

'There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!
Spoke up the pitying child –
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in.
'But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,
 As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang
 With grimful glee:
 'This life so free
 Is the thing for me!

And the constable smiled, and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in –
The convict, and boy with the violin.

Before life and after

A time there was – as one may guess
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell –
Before the birth of consciousness,
 When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;
None cared whatever crash or cross
 Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,
 No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed
 How long, how long?

*Schubert translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder
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