

Franz Schubert

Orchestrated Songs: “Tränenregen,” D.795, No. 10 (orch. Webern); “Prometheus,” D.674 (orch. Reger); “Der Wegweiser” (D.911, No. 20 (orch. Webern); “Ständchen,” D.957, No. 4 (orch. Offenbach); “Erlkönig,” D.328 (orch. Reger)

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT WAS BORN IN LIECHTENTAL, A SUBURB OF VIENNA, ON JANUARY 31, 1797, AND DIED IN VIENNA ON NOVEMBER 19, 1828.

“TRÄNENREGEN,” D.795, NO. 10, IS THE TENTH SONG OF “DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN,” WHICH SCHUBERT COMPOSED IN OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1823. THE ORCHESTRATION BY ANTON VON WEBERN (1883-1945) DATES FROM 1903 AND CALLS FOR TWO EACH OF FLUTES, OBOES, CLARINETS, AND BASSOONS, TWO HORNS, TWO TRUMPETS, TIMPANI, HARP, AND STRINGS.

“PROMETHEUS,” D.674, WAS COMPOSED IN OCTOBER 1819. THE ORCHESTRATION BY MAX REGER (1873-1916) CALLS FOR TWO EACH OF FLUTES, OBOES, CLARINETS, AND BASSOONS, TWO HORNS, TWO TRUMPETS, TIMPANI, HARP, AND STRINGS.

“DER WEGWEISER,” D.911, NO. 20 (THE TWENTIETH SONG OF SCHUBERT’S “WINTERREISE”), WAS COMPOSED IN LATE 1827; WEBERN’S ORCHESTRATION DATES FROM 1903 AND CALLS FOR TWO EACH OF FLUTES, OBOES, CLARINETS, AND BASSOONS, TWO HORNS, AND STRINGS.

“STÄNDCHEN,” D.957, NO. 4 (THE FOURTH SONG OF SCHUBERT’S “SCHWANENGESANG”), WAS COMPOSED AT SOME POINT BETWEEN AUGUST AND OCTOBER 1828. THE INSTRUMENTATION BY JACQUES OFFENBACH (1819-1880) CALLS FOR ONE FLUTE, ONE OBOE, TWO CLARINETS, ONE BASSOON, TWO HORNS, TWO TRUMPETS, TIMPANI, AND STRINGS.

“ERLKÖNIG,” D.328, WAS COMPOSED IN 1815. REGER’S ORCHESTRATION CALLS FOR TWO EACH OF FLUTES, OBOES, CLARINETS, AND BASSOONS, TWO HORNS, TWO TRUMPETS, TIMPANI, HARP, AND STRINGS.

“There is no song by Schubert that cannot teach us something,” Johannes Brahms once said; and throughout his life he was an ardent champion of his great predecessor’s music. He was among those who assembled the first complete edition of Schubert’s works; he performed, conducted, and arranged them; and he quotes Schubert in his own Lieder. (Though none of Brahms’s arrangements is on the present program, it is worth noting that some of them reflect his friendship with the great baritone Julius Stockhausen, who gave the first complete public performance of Schubert’s *Die schöne Müllerin* in 1856.)

Schubert’s mammoth song repertory (more than 600—the exact tally is all but impossible to determine due to his practice of composing alternative versions) drew other composers to its riches like bees to honey. Arrangements of his songs began appearing not long after his death—one need only recall the role played by Franz Liszt’s solo piano transcriptions in popularizing Schubert’s music. The wealth of musical ideas in Schubert’s songs, the richness of their development, the dramatic nature of certain songs, the many different sound-worlds they suggest—all of these aspects led later composers (Benjamin Britten among them) to devise orchestral garb for Schubert’s piano parts, especially in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when orchestral song had become a staple of concert programs. (Schubert himself provided a point of departure in his own orchestration for the charming, strophic “Romanze” from his 1823 incidental music to the play *Rosemunde, Fürstin von Zypern* by Helmina von Chézy.)

Two of the songs on this program—“Tränenregen” (the tenth song of *Die schöne Müllerin*) and “Der Wegweiser” (No. 20 from *Winterreise*), both on texts by Wilhelm Müller—are heard in arrangements by Anton von Webern, whose orchestrations of five Schubert songs date from 1903, when the twenty-year-old was studying musicology with Guido Adler at the University of Vienna. There is no hint of his later pointillism in the instrumentation, no premonitions of *Klangfarbenmelodie*; these are conventional exercises in orchestration, but nevertheless to lovely effect. One might note, in particular, the division of the postlude of “Tränenregen” into halves, the first for winds only, the second—beautifully wistful—for strings. Somehow one feels that Schubert would have approved.

Besides being a composer, Max Reger was also a prolific editor and arranger of other men's music, including Lieder by Brahms, Wolf, Adolf Jensen, Grieg, Schumann, and Schubert. His orchestral arrangements of fifteen Schubert songs were published in 1914 and, posthumously, in 1926. As one would expect from this late Romantic composer, his instrumentation is lush and rich, his propensity to double the vocal line on various orchestral instruments adding to the general plushness. Both of the Reger arrangements on this program are of songs to texts by Goethe. In the less well-known, recitative-like "Prometheus," the titan Prometheus—"forming men in [his] own image," a race destined, like himself, to suffer, weep, enjoy and rejoice, and (the main point) disregard Zeus—contemptuously admonishes the god to restrict his concerns to heaven, and not meddle with the world below. In Goethe's ballad "Erkönig," the atavistic fear of death is given unforgettable expression; Schubert's setting, with its sound-and-fury, its radical dissonance treatment, its relentless motion, is so inherently dramatic that later composers—also including Liszt and Berlioz—were naturally tempted to heighten the drama still further by orchestral means.

The gentle, much-loved "Ständchen"—published the year after Schubert's death in the song collection known as *Schwanengesang*, D.957—offers a lighter mood in contrast to the other selections on this program. In his orchestration of this song, Jacques Offenbach uses pizzicato strings to mimic the serenader's guitar or lute, and he embellishes and charmingly Frenchifies Schubert's music with additional trills, echo-effects, and frilly figuration.

Susan Youens

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THE MOST RECENT INSTANCE OF ORCHESTRATED SCHUBERT SONGS ON A BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM was at Tanglewood on July 30, 1994, when baritone Hermann Prey, with André Previn conducting, performed "An Schwager Kronos," D.369 (orch. Brahms); "Im Abendrot," D.799 (orch. Reger); "Ständchen," D.957, No. 4 (orch. Felix Mottl); "Ihr Bild," D.957, No. 9 (orch. Webern); "Erkönig," D.328 (orch. Liszt), and, as an encore, "Die Forelle," D.550 (orch. Britten). Prior to that, the BSO performed orchestrated Schubert songs on numerous occasions between 1884 and 1923—a period when songs with piano were also sometimes included on concert programs that were otherwise orchestral in nature.

TRÄNENREGEN ("Rain of Tears"), D.795 (*Die schöne Müllerin*), No. 10

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien,

We sat so cozily together
beneath the cool cover of the alders;
we gazed down so cozily together
into the rippling brook.

The moon had also come out,
the stars following after,
and looked down so cozily together
into the silver mirror.

I had no eyes for the moon,
nor for the shining stars:
I looked only at her,
at her eyes alone.

And I saw them nodding and looking
up from the blessed brook,
those little flowers on the shore, the blue ones,
they nodded and looked up at her.

And within the brook
all heaven seemed absorbed,

Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen
Da rieselte munter der Bach,
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh' nach Haus.

Wilhelm Müller

PROMETHEUS, D.674

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöh'n;
Mußt mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meines Herd,
Um dessen Glut
Du mich beneidest.

Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres
Unter der Sonn', als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.

Da ich ein Kind war
Nicht wußte, wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz wie meins,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Übermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?

and wanted to pull me down
into its depths.

And through the clouds and stars
the brook cheerfully murmured
and called with the sound of its song:
Come friend—good friend—to me!

Then my eyes filled up,
blurring the mirror's image;
she spoke: It's going to rain.
Good-bye, I'm going home.

tr. Marc Mandel

Cover your heaven, Zeus,
with cloudy mists,
and, like a boy
beheading thistles,
practice on oaks and mountaintops!
But my earth must you
leave be, for me;
and also my hut (not built by you)
and my hearth,
the glow of which
makes you envious.

I know nothing more pitiable
under the sun than you gods!
Needfully, you nourish—
by means of forced offerings
and exhaled prayers—
your own majesty.
You would starve,
except that children and beggars
are such hopeful fools.

When I was a child,
not knowing one thing from another,
I turned my confused gaze
to the sun, as if there were, up there,
an ear to hear my plaint,
or a heart like my own
to care about the distressed.

Who was it that helped me
against the Titans' arrogance?
Who was it that saved me
from death and slavery?
Did you not achieve this all yourself,
my own sacred, glowing heart,
while yet—so young, and good—
glowing with thanks (though cast down)
for the one sleeping up there, on high?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Tränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herr und deine?

Wähtest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blüenträume reiften?

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde.
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu genießen und zu freuen sich
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I honor you?! What for?!
Have you ever eased the pains
of the downtrodden?
Have you ever stilled the tears
of the troubled?
Was I not forged into manhood
by all-powerful time
and by eternal fate—
who are my lords *and* yours!

Did you somehow imagine
that I would hate life,
flee into the wilderness,
because my every blossoming dream
did not ripen to fruit?

Here I sit, fashioning men
in my own image:
a race—like myself—able
to suffer, to shed tears,
to nourish and enjoy itself,
and—like me—
pay you no heed!

tr. Marc Mandel

DER WEGWEISER (“The Signpost”), D.911 (*Winterreise*), No. 20

Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege
Wo die andern Wanderer gehn,
Suche mir versteckte Stege
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheun—
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
Treibt mich in die Wüstenein?

Weiser stehen auf den Wegen,
Weisen auf die Städte zu,
Und ich wandre sonder Maßen,
Ohne Ruh', und suche Ruh'.

Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
Eine Straße muß ich gehen,
Die noch Keiner ging zurück.

Wilhelm Müller

Why do I shun the roads
that other travelers take,
and seek a hidden path
over the rocky, snow-covered heights?

Yet I have done no wrong,
that I should shun mankind.
What foolish yearning
drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the roads,
pointing toward the towns;
and I wander on relentlessly,
restless, and yet seeking rest.

I see a signpost standing
immovable before my eyes;
I must travel a road
from which no man has ever returned.

tr. Susan Youens

STÄNDCHEN (“Serenade”), D.957 (*Schwanengesang*), No. 4

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen

Softly my songs plead
to you through the night;
down to the silent grove:
darling, come to me!
Whispering, slender treetops rustle

In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

Ludwig Rellstab

ERLKÖNIG ("The Erlking"), D.328

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

>Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.<

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

>Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.<

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,

in the moon's light:
do not fear the betrayer's
hostile spying, oh fair one.

Do you hear the nightingale's singing?
Ah! they plead with you,
with their tones' sweet lament:
they plead on my behalf.

They understand the heart's longing,
know love's pain;
with their silvery tones they touch
every tender heart.

Let your heart be moved, too;
darling, hear me!
Trembling, I wait for you!
Come, make me happy!

tr. Marc Mandel

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child;
he has the child in his arms,
he holds him secure, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why do you hide your face in fear?"
"Father, don't you see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and train?"
"My son, it is just a wisp of mist."

"You dear child, come, go with me!
I'll play delightful games with you;
there are bright flowers on the shore,
and my mother has golden robes."

"Father, father, don't you hear
what the Erlking is softly promising me?"
"Be calm, stay calm, my child;
it is the wind rustling the dry leaves."

"Do you want to go with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait on you;
my daughters lead a nightly round dance,
and they'll rock and dance and sing you to sleep."

"Father, father, don't you see
the Erlking's daughters in that dark place?"
"My son, my son, I see it clearly;
the old willows are shining gray."

"I love you, your fair form delights me;
and if you're not willing, I'll use force!"
"Father, father! Now he's grabbing me!
Erlking has hurt me!"

The father shudders, swiftly he rides,

Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

he holds in his arms the moaning child,
scarcely manages to reach his home:
in his arms the child was dead.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe *tr. Steven Ledbetter*