

**Winterreise (Op. 89, D 911)****Franz Schubert (1797-1828)**

Texts by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

English Translation by Celia Sgroi

1. Gute Nacht	9. Irrlicht	17. Im Dorfe
2. Die Wetterfahne	10. Rast	18. Der stürmische Morgen
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5. Der Lindenbaum	13. Die Post	21. Das Wirtshaus
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**1. Good Night**

I came here a stranger,  
As a stranger I depart.  
May favored me  
With many a bunch of flowers.

The girl spoke of love,  
Her mother even of marriage -  
Now the world is so gloomy,  
The road shrouded in snow.

I cannot choose the time  
To begin my journey,  
Must find my own way  
In this darkness.

A shadow of the moon travels  
With me as my companion,  
And upon the white fields  
I seek the deer's track.

Why should I stay here any longer  
So that people can drive me away?  
Let stray dogs howl  
In front of their master's house;

Love loves to wander -  
God made it that way -  
From one to the other,  
My dearest, good night!

I don't want to disturb your dreaming,  
It would be a shame to wake you.  
You won't hear my step,  
Softly, softly the door closes!

I write in passing  
On your gate: 'Good night',  
So that you may see  
That I thought of you.

**2. The Weathervane**

The wind plays with the weathervane  
On my lovely darling's house.  
And I thought in my delusion,  
That it mocked the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner  
The symbol displayed on the house,  
So he wouldn't ever have expected  
To find a faithful woman within.

The wind plays with the hearts inside  
As it does on the roof, only not so loudly.  
Why should they care about my grief?  
Their child is a rich bride.

**3. Frozen Tears**

Frozen drops are falling  
Down from my cheeks.  
How could I have not noticed  
That I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,  
And are you so tepid  
That you freeze to ice  
Like cool morning dew?

Yet you burst from the wellspring  
Of my heart so burning hot,  
As if you wanted to melt  
The entire winter's ice!

#### **4. Numbness**

I search the snow in vain  
For the trace of her steps.  
Where she, arm in arm with me,  
Crossed the green meadow.

I want to kiss the ground,  
Penetrate ice and snow  
With my hot tears,  
Until I see the soil.

Where will I find a blossom,  
Where will I find green grass?  
The flowers are all dead,  
The turf is so pale.

Shall then no memento  
Accompany me from here?  
When my pains cease,  
Who will tell me of her then?

My heart is as if dead,  
Her image frozen cold within;  
If my heart ever thaws again,  
Her image will melt away, too!

#### **5. The Linden Tree**

At the well by the gate  
There stands a linden tree;  
I dreamed in its shadow  
Many a sweet dream.

I carved in its bark  
Many a word of love;  
In joy and in sorrow  
I was always drawn to it.

Again today I had to travel  
Past it in the depths of night.  
There even in the darkness  
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,  
As if they called to me:  
Come here to me, friend,  
Here you'll find peace!

The cold winds blew  
Right into my face;  
The hat flew off my head,  
I didn't turn around.

Now I am many hours  
Distant from that place,  
And I still hear it whispering:  
You'd find peace here!

#### **6. Flood Water**

Many a tear from my eyes  
Has fallen in the snow;  
Its cold flakes absorb  
Thirstily the burning woe.

When it's time for the grass to sprout  
There blows a mild wind,  
And the ice will break apart  
And the soft snow melt away.

Snow, you know about my longing,  
Tell me, where does your course lead?  
If you just follow my tears,  
The brook will soon receive you.

You will flow through the town with it,  
In and out of the busy streets;  
When you feel my tears burning,  
There is my sweetheart's house.

### **7. On the River**

You who thundered so cheerfully,  
You clear, untamed river,  
How quiet you have become,  
Give no word of farewell.

With a hard stiff crust  
You have covered yourself,  
Lie cold and unmoving,  
Outstretched in the sand.

In your covering I inscribe  
With a sharp stone  
The name of my sweetheart  
And the hour and day, as well.

The day of the first greeting,  
The day on which I left;  
Around the name and figures winds  
A broken ring.

My heart, in this stream  
Do you now recognize your image?  
And under its crust  
Is there also a raging torrent?

### **8. A Look Backward**

It's burning under both my feet,  
Even though I walk on ice and snow;  
I don't want to catch my breath  
Until I can no longer see the spires.

I tripped on every stone,  
As I hurried out of the town;  
The crows hurled chunks of snow and ice  
On my hat from every house.

How differently you received me,  
You town of inconstancy!  
At your sparkling windows sang  
The lark and nightingale in competition.

The bushy linden trees bloomed,  
The clear streams murmured brightly,  
And, oh, two maiden's eyes glowed -  
Your fate was sealed, my boy!

Whenever that day enters my thoughts,  
I want to look back once more,  
I want to turn back again  
And stand still before her house.

### **9. Will o' the Wisp**

Into the deepest mountain chasms  
A will o' the wisp lured me;  
How to find a way out  
Doesn't worry me much.

I'm used to going astray,  
And every way leads to the goal.  
Our joys, our sorrows,  
Are all a will o' the wisp's game!

Through the mountain stream's dry channel  
I wend my way calmly downward.  
Every river finds its way to the ocean,  
And every sorrow to its grave.

### **10. Rest**

Now I first notice how tired I am  
As I lay myself down to rest;  
Walking kept me going strong  
On the inhospitable road.

My feet didn't ask for rest,  
It was too cold to stand still,  
My back felt no burden,  
The storm helped to blow me onward.

In a charcoal-burner's tiny house  
I have found shelter;  
But my limbs won't relax,  
Their hurts burn so much.

You, too, my heart, in strife and storm  
So wild and so bold,  
Feel first in the silence your serpent  
Stir with burning sting!

### 11. Dream of Spring

I dreamed of many-colored flowers,  
The way they bloom in May;  
I dreamed of green meadows,  
Of merry birdcalls.

And when the roosters crowed,  
My eye awakened;  
It was cold and dark,  
The ravens shrieked on the roof.

But on the window panes -  
Who painted the leaves there?  
I suppose you'll laugh at the dreamer  
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of love reciprocated,  
Of a beautiful maiden,  
Of embracing and kissing,  
Of joy and delight.

And when the roosters crowed,  
My heart awakened;  
Now I sit here alone  
And reflect on the dream.

I close my eyes again,  
My heart still beats so warmly.  
When will you leaves on the window turn  
green?  
When will I hold my love in my arms?

### 12. Solitude

As a dreary cloud  
Moves through the clear sky,  
When in the crown of the fir tree  
A faint breeze blows,

So I travel my road  
Onward with sluggish feet,  
Through bright, happy life,  
Lonely and unrecognized.

Oh, that the air should be so still!  
Oh, that the world should be so light!  
When the storms still raged,  
I was not so miserable.

### 13. The Post

From the highroad a posthorn sounds.  
Why do you leap so high,  
My heart?

The post does not bring a letter for you,  
Why the strange compulsion,  
My heart?

Of course, the post comes from the town,  
Where I once had a dear sweetheart,  
My heart!

Would you like to take a look over there,  
And ask how things are going,  
My heart?

### 14. The Old-Man's Head

The frost has spread a white sheen  
All over my hair;  
I thought I had become an old man  
And was very pleased about it.

But soon it melted away,  
And now I have black hair again  
So that I am horrified by my youth -  
How long still to the grave!

From the sunset to the dawn  
Many a head turns white.  
Who can believe it? And mine  
Has not on this whole journey!

### 15. The Crow

A crow has accompanied me  
Since I left the town,  
Until today, as ever,  
It has circled over my head.

Crow, you strange creature,  
Won't you ever leave me?  
Do you plan soon as booty  
To have my carcass?

Well, I won't be much longer  
Wandering on the road.  
Crow, let me finally see  
Loyalty unto the grave!

### **16. Last Hope**

Here and there on the trees  
There's a colored leaf to be seen.  
And I stop in front of the trees  
Often, lost in thought.

I watch a particular leaf  
And pin my hopes on it;  
If the wind plays with my leaf  
I tremble from head to foot.

Oh, and if the leaf falls to earth,  
My hopes fall along with it.  
I fall to earth as well  
And weep on the grave of my hopes.

### **17. In the Village**

The dogs are barking, the chains are rattling;  
The people are sleeping in their beds,  
Dreaming of things they don't have,  
Refreshing themselves in good and bad.

And in the morning all will have vanished.  
Oh well, they had their share of pleasure  
And hope that what they missed  
Can be found again on their pillows.

Drive me out with your barking, you vigilant  
dogs,  
Don't let me rest when it's time for slumber.  
I am finished with all my dreams.  
Why should I linger among the sleepers?

### **18. The Stormy Morning**

How the storm has torn asunder  
The heavens' grey cover!  
The cloud tatters flutter  
Around in weary strife.

And fiery red flames  
Dart around among them;  
That's what I call a morning  
That really fits my mood!

My heart sees in the heavens  
Its own image painted -  
It's nothing but the winter,  
Winter cold and wild!

### **19. Illusion**

A light does a friendly dance before me,  
I follow it here and there;  
I like to follow it and watch  
The way it lures the wanderer.

Ah, a man as wretched as I am  
Is glad to fall for the merry trick  
That, beyond ice and night and fear,  
Shows him a bright, warm house.

And a loving soul within -  
Only illusion lets me win!

### **20. The Sign Post**

Why then do I avoid the highways  
Where the other travelers go,  
Search out the hidden pathways  
Through the snowy mountaintops?

I've committed no crime  
That I should hide from other men -  
What is the foolish compulsion  
That drives me into desolation?

Signposts stand along the highways  
Pointing to the cities,  
And I wander ever further  
Without rest and look for rest.

Before me I see a signpost standing  
Fixed before my gaze.  
I must travel a road  
From which no one ever returned.

**21. The Inn**

My way has led me  
To a graveyard;  
Here I'll stop,  
I told myself.

You green mourning garlands  
Must be the sign  
That invites weary travelers  
Into the cool inn.

What, all the rooms  
In this house are full?  
I'm tired enough to drop,  
Have taken mortal hurt.

Oh, merciless inn,  
You turn me away?  
Well, onward then, still further,  
My loyal walking staff!

**22. Courage**

If the snow flies in my face,  
I shake it off again.  
When my heart speaks in my breast,  
I sing loudly and gaily.

I don't hear what it says to me,  
I have no ears to listen;  
I don't feel when it laments,  
Complaining is for fools.

Happy through the world along  
Facing wind and weather!  
If there's no God upon the earth,  
Then we ourselves are Gods!

**23. The False Suns**

I saw three suns in the sky,  
Stared at them hard for a long time;  
And they stayed there so stubbornly  
That it seemed they didn't want to leave me.

Ah, you are not my suns!  
Go, look into someone else's face!  
Yes, recently I, too, had three  
But now the best two have gone down.

If only the third would also set!  
I will feel better in the dark.

**24. The Hurdy-Gurdy Man**

Over there beyond the village  
Stands an organ-grinder,  
And with numb fingers  
He plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,  
He totters here and there,  
And his little plate  
Is always empty.

No one listens to him,  
No one notices him,  
And the dogs growl  
Around the old man.

And he just lets it happen,  
As it will,  
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy  
Is never still.

Strange old man,  
Shall I go with you?  
Will you play your organ  
To my songs?