

Franz
Schubert
**Die schöne
Müllerin**

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Paul Plummer

•CONVIVIUM•
RECORDS•V



TRACKLIST

1	Das Wandern	2.58
2	Wohin?	2.27
3	Halt!	1.29
4	Danksagung an den Bach	2.43
5	Am Feierabend.	2.48
6	Der Neugierige.	4.02
7	Ungeduld	2.48
8	Morgengruß	4.22
9	Des Müllers Blumen.	3.52
10	Tränenregen	4.07
11	Mein!	2.38
12	Pause	5.17
13	Mit dem grünen Lautenbande	1.53
14	Der Jäger	1.16
15	Eifersucht und Stolz.	1.43
16	Die liebe Farbe	3.54
17	Die böse Farbe	2.10
18	Trock'ne Blumen	3.43
19	Der Müller und der Bach.	4.09
20	Des Baches Wiegenlied	7.21
Total running time		1.05.52

PROGRAMME NOTES

Wilhelm Müller (1794 – 1827) is chiefly remembered today as the author of Die Schöne Müllerin and Winterreise, in his own time he was better known for his translations of the Norse sagas and the Elizabethan dramatists - his Doctor Faustus was particularly influential. The Schöne Müllerin cycle began life as part of a Liederspiel, a sort of country-house charade in poems and song, which Müller wrote for a social gathering in 1816 with fellow guests taking the roles of the Hunter and Mill-owner's daughter (and with Müller playing the Miller). He refashioned the poems so that everything is seen from the Miller's point of view, and published the cycle in 1821, two years before Schubert decided to set it.

Schubert went even further, removing all the poems that actively involved the other characters, and fashioning from the simple story a highly subjective, dramatic narrative of a kind that had never been attempted before. In this, the earliest of Romantic song cycles the whole story now takes place in the Miller's imagination, cut off from the thoughts and actions of those around him, with the singer becoming the protagonist of a quasi-operatic monodrama. Schubert

issued the sequence of 20 songs in five books in 1824: this divides the tale into 5 parts, each with its own tonal and narrative journey:

[CD 1-4] I: Springtime. Arrival and meeting. A journeyman miller is wandering in the countryside, following the path of a brook: where will it lead him? To a watermill, where he finds work, and also the Miller's beautiful daughter.

[CD 5-9] II: Falling in love. He dare not address his master's daughter: so he seeks to convey his growing love through dialogue with nature - the brook, and then the forget-me-nots he picks for her ("she loves me, she loves me not.")

[CD 10-12] III: Triumph, and then a pause for thought. Sitting with the girl beside the brook, he becomes certain that she returns his love. He experiences bliss and exultation (Mein!). Though they have hardly exchanged a word, his heart overflows, and he can make his music no more (Pause).

[CD 13-17] IV: Autumn: Jealousy and betrayal - the river in torrent. He gives the girl his lute's green ribbon as a token; but now a Huntsman comes out of the

woods, clad in green (the colour of the wilds of nature - the Miller's own colour is the white of the flour on his clothes). Jealousy, anger, hurt pride and disillusionment come upon him, as the Miller's daughter flirts with the Hunter.

[CD 18-20] V: Winter: Towards death. He has lost her. He sings to the withered flowers he gathered for her, hoping against hope to find redemption with the coming of a new spring. And he turns again to the friendly brook, which for the first time speaks to him in words: its cradle-song invites him to forget his troubles in a vision of the infinite, the sleep of death. He becomes one with the stream.

The cycle is seldom if ever performed like this today: singers usually take a well-earned break after the exultant *Mein!* (XII). But in early performances, it came - in total contrast - after Pause, the final song of book 3. Julius Stockhausen (Brahms's baritone of choice) gave the first public performances of the whole work in the late 1850s, with Clara Schumann - or sometimes Brahms himself - accompanying. In these semi-theatrical performances, with an actor declaiming the poems which Schubert had left unset, the

break came after Pause, after which Mme. Schumann would play a Chopin Ballade, or even the Moonlight Sonata.

In creating a unified drama from Müller's poems, Schubert greatly expanded the scope of the song from the simple Lied he inherited from his predecessors: its blend of folk-like ballads, recitative, arioso and narrative foreshadows operatic methods brought to fruition only much later by Wagner. Likewise, Müller's ballad stanzas are broken up, the melody sometimes spanning two stanzas, and strophic and through-composed procedures, rather than being mutually exclusive, actually work together.

In parallel, the piano becomes for the first time the singer's fully equal partner, evoking recurrent patterns of imagery and symbolism in the texts: running water, the mill wheel, the Hunter's horn, the Miller's lute. River symbolism is pervasive, and endlessly varied; what the boy sees in the brook is the reflection of what is going on in his own heart. Only in the crucial central songs of the drama (from Pause to Der Jäger, as his hopes are shattered with the arrival of the Hunter) - is the water silent, returning in full flood, the reflection of his fear and despair.

To call a set of songs a cycle implies return - for the Viennese, a harmonic return. Beethoven's much shorter *An die ferne Geliebte* (Schubert's model) is typically classical in its there-and-back-again harmonic symmetry, but this cycle ends with a cradle-song, in the key most remote from its beginning. Yet as each listener discovers, there is nevertheless an overwhelming sense of homecoming: the music of the opening songs comes back to us, transformed almost beyond recognition in its profound stillness. But the far-away sound of the horn arises out of this stillness, and we come to understand that the Miller's music has all along been coexistent with that of the Hunter. It's fair to say that Schubert owned the rights over such rapt ironies; at any rate, later composers have not been able to repeat them.

Writing of this last song, Charles Rosen observes that, "the modal purity is a consolation. The harmonic structure of the last five songs is defined by the final one... it is cumulative." Schubert achieves this sense of culmination through a far-reaching expansion of the resources of classical harmony in another kind of cycle, major and minor modes being treated as equivalents, along with their relatives.

Rather than replacing, this absorbs the

resources of Mozart and Beethoven, and its direct consequence was a huge amplification of timescale and scope: in performance the cycle is longer than the Choral Symphony. And its influence over the music of the next hundred years was incalculable.

Even allowing for his astonishing productivity, it still comes as a shock to contemplate Schubert's output in 1822-3: this music was written as a diversion between the Unfinished symphony and the 3-act opera Fierrabras. He was 26, and spent much of the year recovering from treatment for the syphilis which was to take his life in 1828 - many of the songs were actually written in hospital. It seems certain that Schubert was aware the diagnosis amounted to a death sentence, and would make intimate relationships impossible. In the face of dejection and fatigue, Schubert's achievement in these five years was to discover a new harmonic universe, exploring with each new work a vision of the future which he was only able to encompass through the act of making (no composer was less "theoretical.") By this stage he was, quite literally, writing for his life. He was quite possibly the most talented artist of his time.

Dr. John Bentley, May 2021
Head of Research, Trinity College London



TEXT & TRANSLATION

Die Schöne Müllerin The Beautiful Mill-Girl

Wilhelm Müller Translation: Paul Plummer

1 DAS WANDERN

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Dass muss ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern!

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser!

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

1 WANDERING

To wander is the miller's delight,

To wander!

It would be no proper miller,
Who never found joy in wandering,
Wandering!

We were taught this by water
By water!

Which never rests by day or night,
Always determined to travel on,
Water!

We also perceive it in the mill-wheels,
The wheels!
They too are reluctant to stand idle,
Turning tirelessly throughout my work-day,
Wheels.

And even the mill-stones, although so heavy,
The stones!
They dance a merry dance,
Wishing they could go ever faster,
Stones.

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Lasst mich in Frieden weiterziehn
Und wandern.

2 WOHIN?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell.
Hinab zum Tale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich musste auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter,
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Oh wandering, wandering, my delight,
Oh wandering!
Dear master and mistress of the mill,
Let me go calmly on my way
And wander.

2 WHITHER?

I heard a little brook babbling
Down from its rocky source.
Down into the valley,
So fresh and marvellously clear.

I cannot say how it came to me,
Or who gave me the idea,
But I too had to head down there,
My staff in hand.

Downward and ever further on,
Always following the brook,
As it babbled ever fresher
And ever clearer.

So is that the path for me?
Oh little brook, tell me the way?
Your babbling has
Utterly bewitched my mind.

TEXT & TRANSLATION

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Lass singen, Gesell, lass rauschen,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

3 HALT!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei, willkommen, ei, willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

So what can I say of this babbling?
That it cannot be babbling:
It must be the song of the water-nymphs
As they dance their round, far below.

Let them sing, my friend, and let the babbling continue,
And cheerfully follow along!
For there are mill-wheels turning
In every clear brook.

3 HALT!

I glimpse a mill gleaming
Through the alders,
And amidst bustle and singing,
The clatter of mill-wheels breaks through.

Oh welcome, welcome,
Sweet song of the mill!
And that house, so welcoming!
And the windows, so sparkly!

And how brightly the sun is shining
Down from the sky!
Ah, little brook, dear little brook,
Was this what you meant?

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

4 DANKSAGUNG AN DEN BACH

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund?
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin.

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab' ich genug
Für die Hände, für's Herze,
Vollauf genug!

4 SONG OF THANKS TO THE BROOK

Was this what you meant,
My babbling companion?
All your singing and tinkling,
Was this the message?

Leading me to the mill-girl!
That seems to have been the intention.
Is that it, have I understood correctly?
To the mill-girl!

Did she send you?
Or have you confused me?
I still wish I knew
Whether she sent you.

Well, whatever may pass,
I will go along with it:
I have found what I was seeking,
However it may be.

I asked for work,
I now have plenty
For the hands but also the heart,
More than enough!

TEXT & TRANSLATION

5 AM FEIERABEND

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Dass die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jede Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

6 DER NEUGIERIGE

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfähr' so gern.

5 THE EVENING REST-HOUR

If only I had a thousand
Arms to work with!
I could drive
The mill-wheels at a pace!
Billow like the wind
Through the woods!
Make every
Mill-stone turn!
Then the beautiful mill-girl
Might notice me and my good character!

But oh, my arms are so weak!
Whatever I lift, carry,
Cut, or beat,
Any apprentice can do easily.
And there I sit in the full circle,
In the cool, still hour when work is done,
As the master says to everyone:
I was pleased with your work today.
And the beautiful girl says
To everybody, "have a good night".

6 THE CURIOUS ONE

I won't ask a flower,
I won't ask a star,
Since none of these can tell me
What I so keenly wish to learn.

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um,

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißtet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtern
Schließen die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderlich!
Will's ja nicht weitersagen,
Sag, Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

7 UNGEDULD

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sän' auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,
Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

I am in any case no gardener,
And the stars are simply too far away;
So I will ask my little brook,
Whether my heart has misled me.

Oh, little brook of my love,
How silent you are today!
I want to know just one thing,
Just one little word or the other,

Yes is one of the little words,
And this is the other - No;
The two words clinch
The whole of my existence.

Oh, little brook of my love,
You are so strange!
I will tell no-one,
Just tell me, little brook, does she love me?

7 IMPATIENCE

I would happily carve it into every tree-bark,
I would happily engrave it on every pebble,
I wish I could sow it into each flower bed
Using cress-seeds, which would soon give away the secret,
I wish I could write it on every scrap of paper:
My heart is yours, and shall be for ever.

TEXT & TRANSLATION

Ich möcht mir ziehen einen jungen Star,
Bis daß er spräch die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie spräch mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißem Drang;
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;
Oh, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!
Ihr Wogen, könnt' ihr nichts als Räder treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint, es müsst in meinen Augen stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müsst man's brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund,
Und sie merkt nichts von all dem bangen Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

8 MORGENGRUSS

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
Als wär dir was geschehen?
Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruss so schwer?
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
So muss ich wieder gehen.

I would like to train a young starling
Until it speaks the message, pure and clear,
Until it speaks with the sound of my voice,
And with the warmth and passion of my heart;
Then it would brightly sing at her window-pane:
My heart is yours, and shall be for ever.

I would whisper it into the morning breezes,
Murmur it throughout the stirring woods;
Oh if only it could shine out from every starry flower!
Their fragrance would carry it to her from far and near!
Can you, waves, move only mill-wheels?
My heart is yours, and shall be for ever.

I felt that it must show in my eyes,
That anyone could see it in the burning of my cheeks,
Or would read it in the silence of my lips;
I surely must have proclaimed it with each exhalation,
Yet she noticed none of all this anxious energy:
My heart is yours, and shall be for ever.

8 MORNING GREETING

Good morning, beautiful girl of the mill!
Why must you immediately turn your head away,
As if something has disturbed you?
Is my greeting so troubling to you?
My gaze so upsetting?
Then I must leave again.

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

O lass mich nur von ferne stehn,
Nach deinem lieben Fernster sehn
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
Hervor aus eurem runden tor,
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunken Äugelein,
Ihr taubetrübten Blümlein,
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
Dass ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
In Gottes hellen Morgen!
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft;
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruff
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

9 DES MÜLLERS BLUMEN

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach, der ist der Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Oh, at least let me stand at a distance,
Looking toward your beloved window,
From far-off, really far away!
Little blonde head, come forth!
And out from that rounded gatehouse
Would come your azure morning-stars!

And you, little eyes dazed by slumber,
And you, little flowers weighed down with dew,
Why shrink from the sun?
Was Night so good to you
That you close yourselves, bow down and weep
For its silent radiance?

Well shake off your veil of dreams,
And raise yourselves up, fresh and free,
Into the brightness of God's own morning!
Larks are trilling in the sky,
While from the depths of the heart
Love proclaims its sorrow and pain.

9 THE MILLER'S FLOWERS

There are many little flowers by the brook,
Gazing up through bright blue eyes;
That brook is this miller's friend,
Whose beloved's eyes also shine bright blue,
Therefore, these are my flowers.

TEXT & TRANSLATION

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein,
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein;
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
Ihr wisst ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh,
Dann lispeilt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: Vergiss, vergiss mein nicht!
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Läden auf,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf;
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

10 TRÄNENREGEN

Wir sassen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselden Bach.

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

There, directly under her little window,
I will plant you, my flowers;
And you should call to her when everything is silent,
When she has laid her head down to sleep,
For you know what I mean to say.

And when she closes her little eyes
To sleep in sweet, sweet repose,
Whisper to her like a voice from a dream:
Forget, forget me not!
For that is what I mean to say.

Then, early in the morning when she opens the shutters,
Look up at her with a gaze of love;
The dew in your little eyes
Will be the tears
Which I will weep onto you.

10 RAIN OF TEARS

We were sitting so intimately side-by-side
Cool under a roof of alder-trees,
Gazing intimately together
Down into the rippling brook.

The moon had joined us,
And little stars in its wake,
They also looked intimately together
Down into the silvery mirror.



George Richford (Producer), Paul Plummer (Pianist), Jamie W. Hall (Baritone), Adaq Khan (Sound engineer)

Recorded 25 & 26 April 2021 at Church of St Paul, Staverton, UK

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF
THE REV'D JAMES PHEMSEY
M.P. AND FRIEND OF THIS
PARISH FOR SEVEN YEARS, CALLED
TO REST ON 21 AUGUST 1957
AGED 71 YEARS. + ERECTED
BY HIS DAUGHTER HEDREN

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

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
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 Klingeln:
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es in Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade! Ich geh nach Haus!

11 MEIN!

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt eu'r Brausen ein!

I was not looking at any moon,
Or glimmer of a star,
I watched only her reflection,
And her eyes.

And I saw them nodding and looking
Up from that joyful brook,
While the little flowers on the bank, the blue ones,
Nodded and looked towards her.

And it seemed as if the entire sky
Was immersed in the brook,
And wished to draw me in too,
Down into its depths.

While, above the clouds and stars,
The brook rippled gaily away,
Calling out its singing and tinkling notes:
Friend, my friend, come with me!

And then my eyes overflowed,
Blurring the surface of the mirror;
She said: The rain's starting,
Farewell! I'm heading home!

11 MINE!

Little brook, give your babbling a rest!
Mill-wheels, take a pause from your roaring!

TEXT & TRANSLATION

All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keine hellern Schein?
Ach, so muss ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

12 PAUSE

Meine Laute hab ich gehängt an die Wand,
Hab sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band -
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz
Durft' ich aushauchen in Liederscherz,
Und wie ich klage so süß und fein,
Glaubt' ich doch, mein Leiden wär nicht klein.
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
Dass kein Klang auf Erden es in sich fasst?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh an dem Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,

All you jolly woodbirds,
big and small,
Finish your songs!
Today throughout the woods,
In all directions,
Just one rhyme will sound out:
The beloved mill-girl is mine!
Mine!
Springtime, do you have no more little flowers?
You, sun, can you not shine brighter?
Ah, then I must remain alone,
Along with that happy word 'mine',
Uncomprehended throughout all creation!

12 PAUSE

I have hung my lute on the wall,
With a green ribbon furled around it -
I cannot sing any more, my heart is overburdened,
I have no idea how to express it in rhyme.
I used to relieve the extreme burning pain of my longing
By breathing it into playful songs,
And as I sang my sweet and refined laments,
I sensed the weight of my sorrows.
Ah, but how great must my burden of joy be,
If no earthly sound can contain it?

Rest now, beloved lute, here on your nail!
Although, if a little breath of air should blow over your strings,

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich!
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

13 MIT DEM GRÜNEN LAUTENBANDE

“Schad um das schöne grüne Band,
Dass es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
Ich hab das grün so gern!”
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut zu mir;
Gleich knüpft ich’s ab und send es dir:
Nun hab das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb ist immergrün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja’s Grün so gern.
Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
Dann hab ich’s Grün erst gern.

Or a bee should stroke you with its wings,
I will become so anxious, shivering all over!
Why did I leave the ribbon hanging there for so long?
It often trails across the strings, making a sighing sound.
Is it an echo of the pain love causes me?
Or could it be a prelude to new songs?

13 REGARDING THE LUTE'S GREEN RIBBON

“What a shame about that lovely green ribbon,
How it is fading there on the wall,
I love green so much!”
You said this to me today, my love;
I am cutting it straight off and sending it to you:
So you can enjoy your green!

While your beloved is entirely pale and white,
Green is certainly sought-after,
And I too am fond of it.
Since our love is evergreen,
And since at a distance, hope blossoms green,
We both like it.

Now enjoy threading
The green ribbon through your locks;
For you are so fond of green.
Then I'll know where hope resides,
Then I'll know, where love rules,
Then only, will I truly love green.

TEXT & TRANSLATION

14 DER JÄGER

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?
Bleib, trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich.
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So lass deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und lass deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und lass auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar;
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.
Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu
Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
Und lass mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt,
So wisst, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zu Nacht aus dem Hain
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld;
Die Eber, die schießt, du Jägerheld!

14 THE HUNTSMAN

What is the hunter after, here by the mill-brook?
You stay on your patch, arrogant hunter!
There's no game for you to hunt here,
Only one tame doe lives here, which is mine.
And if you want to approach this delicate little doe,
Then leave your guns in the wood,
Leave your baying hounds at home,
Stop that rasping and blasting on the hunting horn,
And shave off that straggly beard from your chin;
Or you'll scare off the little doe in her garden.
Even better, you stay deep in the forest
And leave mills and millers alone.
What do green branches have to offer little fish?
What could interest a squirrel in the bluey depths of a pond?
So you stay, arrogant hunter, there in your wood,
Leaving me alone to my three mill-wheels;
But if you wish to please my sweetheart,
You should know what scares her, my friend:
Those wild boars that emerge from the wood at night
And break into her cabbage-patch,
Trampling and rooting up the fields,
You shoot those boars, hunting hero!

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

15 EIFERSUCHT UND STOLZ

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild,
mein lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen
Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.
Sahst du sie gestern Abend nicht am Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der großen Straße sehn?
Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf
zum Fenster 'naus.
Geh, Bächlein, hin und sag ihr das; doch sag ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort von meinem traurigen Gesicht;
Sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine
Pfeif' aus Rohr
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

16 DIE LIEBE FARBE

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
In grüne Tränenweiden:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
Eine Heide von grünen Rosmarein:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!

15 JEALOUSY AND PRIDE

Where are you heading, so frothy and stormy,
my dear brook?
Are you angrily rushing after our insolent
brother huntsman?
First turn back, and scold your mill-girl
For her carefree, light-hearted, petty fickleness.
Did you not see her yesterday evening at her gatehouse,
Craning her neck out to look down the main road?
When the hunter joyfully returns home after the hunt,
A well-mannered girl does not stick her head
out of the window.
So go and say that to her, little brook; but don't tell her -
Do you hear? - anything about my miserable face;
Tell her: he sits on my banks to cut himself a
pipe out of wood,
And plays lovely dances and songs for the children.

16 THE BELOVED COLOUR

I will robe myself in green,
In green weeping willow:
My sweetheart so loves green.
I will seek out a cypress grove,
A heath full of green rosemary:
My sweetheart so loves green.

Off to the jolly hunt!
Off across the heath and meadows!

TEXT & TRANSLATION

Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod;
Die Heide, die heiß ich die Liebesnot:
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
Grün alles, grün so rings und rund:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

17 DIE BÖSE FARBE

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt;
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär,
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

My sweetheart so loves to hunt.
The game that I hunt is Death;
My heath is called Love's Torment:
My sweetheart so loves to hunt.

Dig me a grave in the grass,
And cover me over with green turf:
My sweetheart so loves green.
No little black crosses, no colourful flowers,
Everything in green, green all around:
My sweetheart so loves green.

17 THE HATEFUL COLOUR

I want to head out into the world,
Out into the wider world;
If only it were not so green, so very green
Out there in the woods and fields!

I wish I could pluck
Every green leaf from each branch,
I wish I could weep onto the green grass,
Weeping it to a deathly pale.

Ah green, you hateful colour,
Why do you constantly look at me,
So proud, impudent and happy in my misfortune,
At me, the poor, white, pale man?

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür
In Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen: Ade!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein!
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band;
Ade, ade! Und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

18 TROCK'NE BLUMEN

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blass?

I wish I could lie before her door,
In storm, rain, and snow,
Singing so softly, day and night,
That one little word 'Farewell!'

Listen out, for when a hunting-horn sounds in the forest,
Her little window also makes a sound!
And though she is not looking out for me,
I can see inside.

O unwind that green, green ribbon
From your forehead;
Farewell, farewell! Offer me
Your hand as we part!

18 WITHERED FLOWERS

All you little flowers
That she gave me,
You will be laid
With me in my grave.

You seem to look
At me so sadly,
Can it be that you know
What is happening to me?

All you little flowers,
So withered, so pale?

TEXT & TRANSLATION

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wovon so nass?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
Der meint' es treu!

Dann, Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

All you little flowers,
Why so moist?

Ah, tears cannot create
The green of May
Or make a moribund love
Flourish again.

Spring will come again,
And Winter will pass,
And little flowers
Will appear in the grass.

And little flowers
Will lie on my grave,
All those little flowers,
That she gave me.

And when she wanders past,
There on the hill,
And realises in her heart:
He loved me truly!

Then, every flower,
Out, come out!
May has arrived
And Winter has gone.

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

19 DER MÜLLER UND DER BACH

Der Müller

Wo ein treues Herz
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet;

Da muss in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn;

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zur Ruh.

Der Bach

Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
Am Himmel erblinkt;

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
Aus Dornenreis.

19 THE MILLER AND THE BROOK

The Miller

When an honest heart
Dies for love,
Lilies wilt
In every flower-bed;

The full moon
Must hide in the clouds,
Lest people
See its tears;

Then angels
Cover their eyes
And sob and sigh
The soul to its rest.

The Brook

And whenever love releases itself
From pain's clutches,
A new little star
Gleams in the sky;

And three roses spring up
From a thorny twig,
Half red, half white,
Roses that cannot wither.

TEXT & TRANSLATION

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab.

Der Müller
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut;
Ach Bächlein, aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe tut?

Ach unten, da unten
Die kühle Ruh!
Ach Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

20 DES BACHES WIEGENLIED

Gute Ruh, gute Ruh!
Tu' die Augen zu!
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
Die Treu ist hier,
Sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl
Auf weichem Pfuhl
In dem blauen kristallenen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,

And angels
Clip off their wings,
Descending every morning
To earth.

The Miller
Ah little brook, beloved little brook,
You mean so well;
Ah little brook, do you know though,
What love can do?

Ah down, down below
There is cool repose!
Ah little brook, beloved little brook,
Just sing on.

20 THE BROOK'S LULLABY

Rest well, rest well!
Close your eyes!
Wanderer, tired one, you have come home now.
Here with me you will find loyalty,
You can lie down to rest,
Until the seas swallow up every little brook.

I will give you a place to sleep
With a soft pillow
In my little blue, crystalline chamber.
Come, come,

DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

Was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
Aus dem grünen Wald,
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
Blickt nicht herein,
Bläue Blümlein!
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
Von dem Mühlensteg,
Böses Mägdelein, daß ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!
Wirf mir herein
Dein Tüchlein fein,
Dass ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt.

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
Bis alles wacht,
Schlaf aus deine Freude, schlaf aus dein Leid!
Der Vollmond steigt,
Der Nebel weicht,
Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!

Everything that can cradle,
Billow and rock my son to sleep!

If a hunting-horn should sound
In the green forest,
I will froth and rage all around you.
Do not peep in here,
Little blue flowers!
For you will only trouble my sleeper's dreams.

Keep away from the mill-path,
Unkind girl,
So that your shadow may not wake him!
Throw your delicate
Little handkerchief in here,
So that I can keep his eyes covered.

Good night, good night!
Until all sleepers wake,
Sleep away your joy, and sleep away your pain!
The full moon is rising
And the mist is clearing,
And the sky above, how vast it is.

BIOGRAPHIES

Jamie W. Hall

Jamie W. Hall is a performer who has built up an exciting and varied career in music, from concert soloist and recitalist; to skilled ensemble singer, conductor and even composer with a number of published works to his name. In recent years however, Jamie's focus has been on singing, continuing to perform online to a growing audience during the COVID crisis - a move commended by the RPS in 2020.

Whilst he continues to feed his passion for choral music as a full-time member of the BBC Singers, Jamie is fast gaining recognition as a versatile and engaging performer of Art Song,

and his performances, both live and recorded, have been enjoyed across the world.

Growing up in a Yorkshire mining village in the 1980s, Jamie's route into classical music was somewhat unconventional. With only a few piano lessons and an adolescence spent busking show tunes behind him, he nevertheless followed his heart and found himself studying music at university where he discovered both his voice and a love of classical music.

Jamie has a great fondness for the songs of Franz Schubert, so it is with particular joy that he is able to bring that wonderful music to this, his first CD.



English translation by Paul Plummer, January 2021

Paul Plummer

Formerly organ scholar of New College, Oxford, Paul Plummer trained as a piano accompanist at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. He attended courses at the Tanglewood Music Center and Britten-Pears School, and studied with Malcolm Martineau, Roger Vignoles, Margo Garrett and many others. He has accompanied singers at London's Purcell Room and

Wigmore Hall, the Tonhalle in Zürich and on BBC Radio 3, as well as in recital at The Three Choirs, Presteigne and Canterbury "Sounds New" festivals, among others. He has also worked as music staff for several UK opera companies plus those of Kiel, Innsbruck and Köln, advises and accompanies for the international opera scouting company www.nyop.com, and is highly in demand as a freelance répétiteur and vocal coach.



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A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jamie W Hall".

CREDITS

Franz Schubert Die schöne Müllerin

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Executive Producer, **Adrian Green**.

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