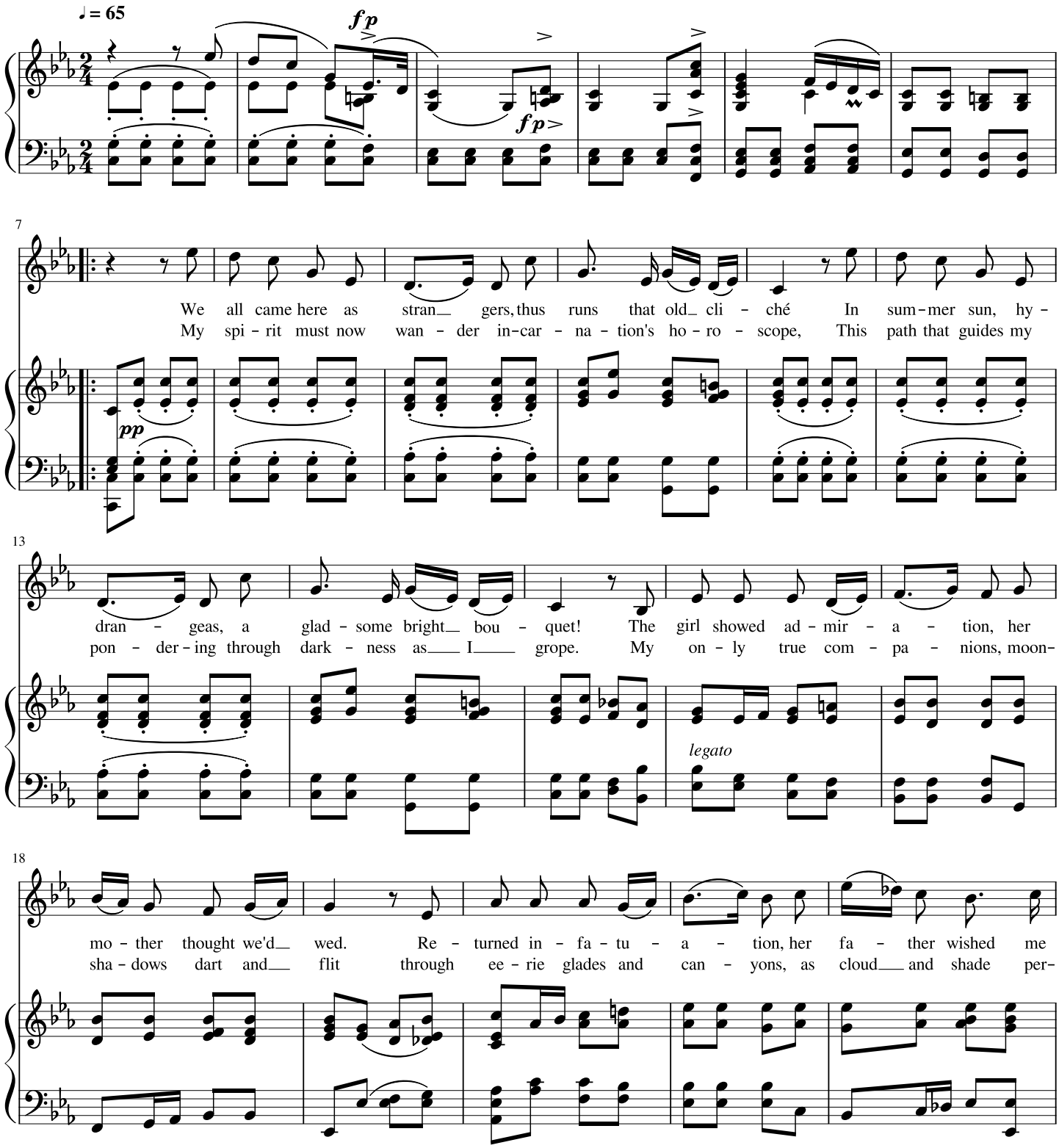
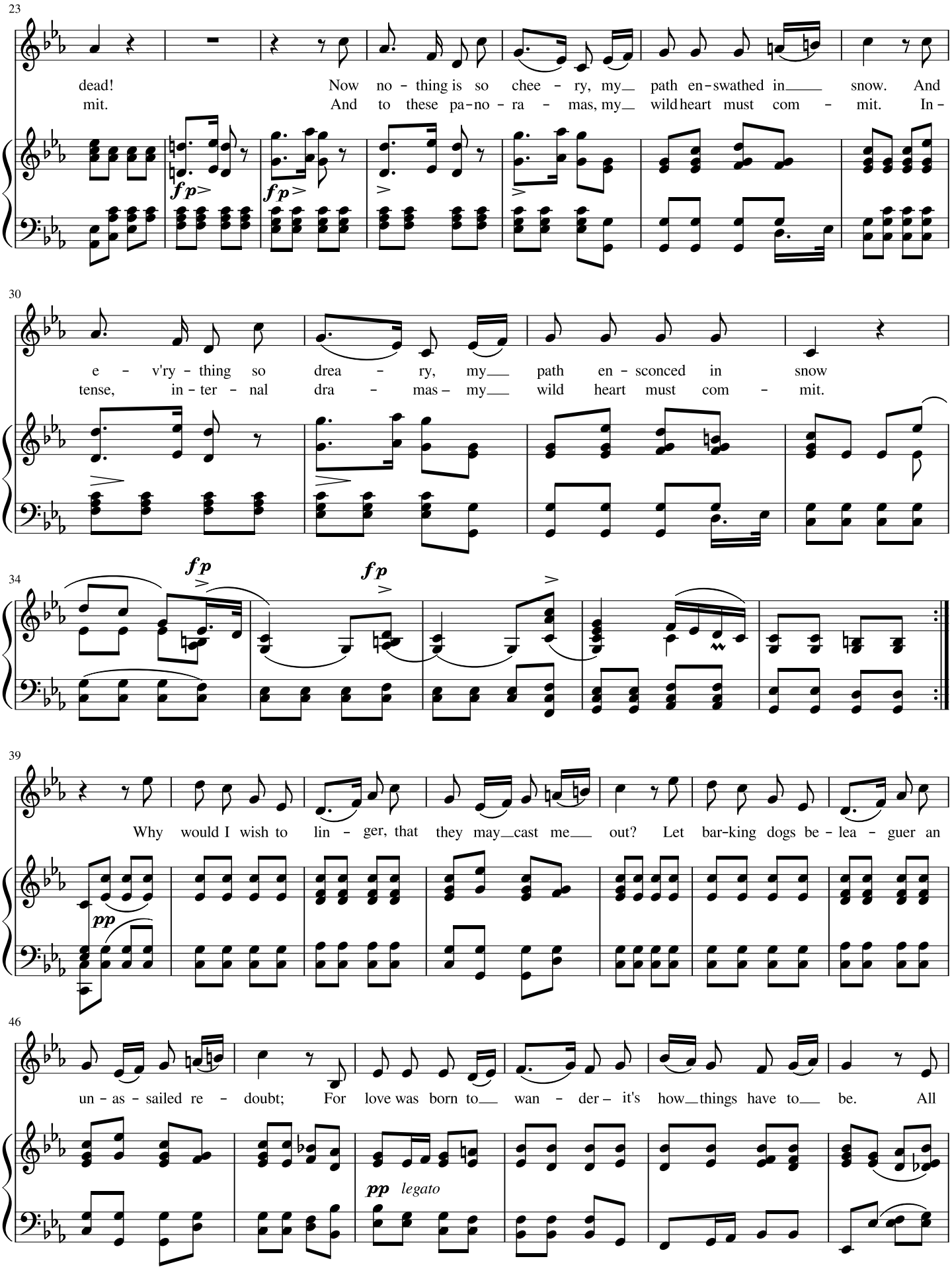
WINTER JOURNEYMAN

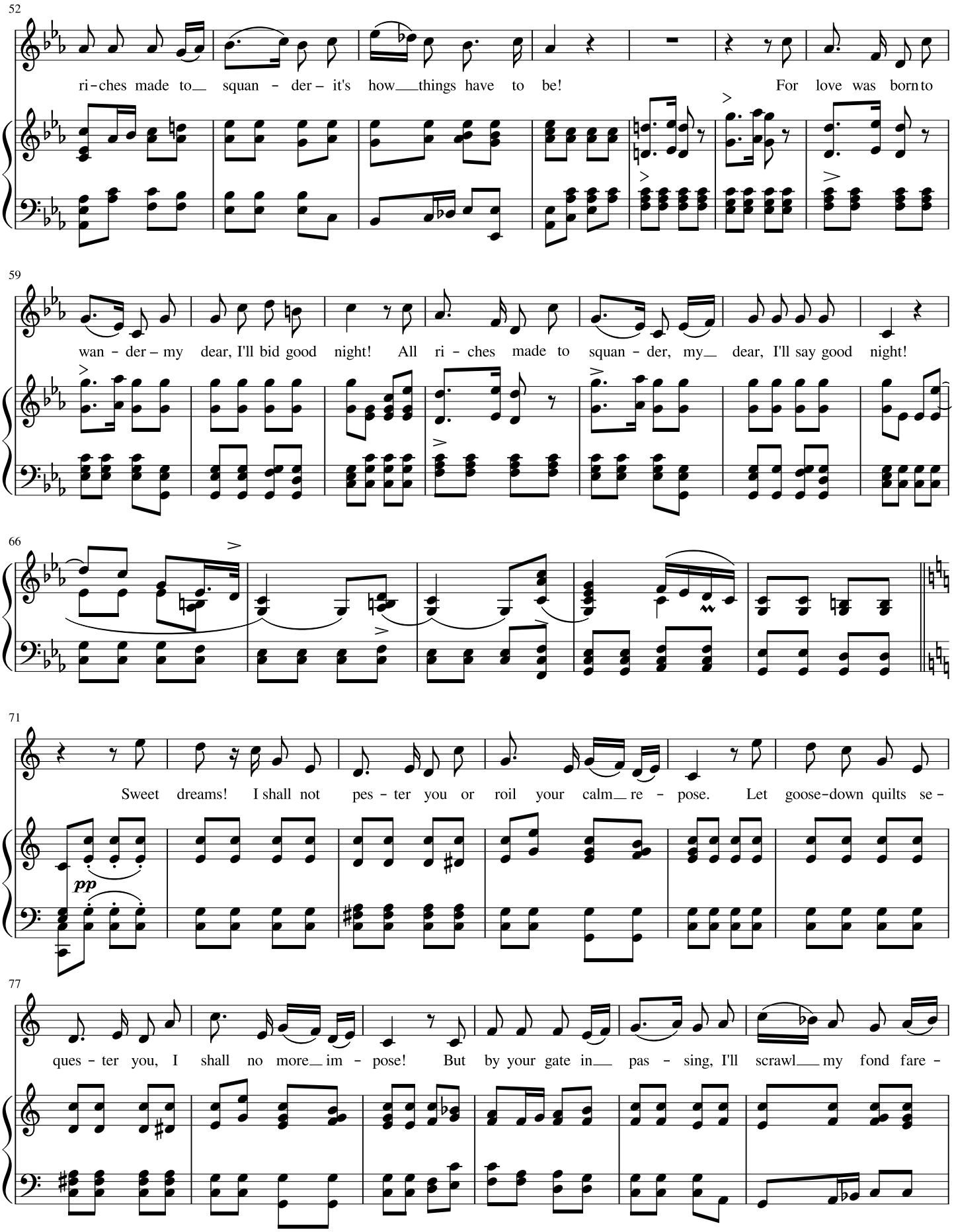
A new, contemporary English translation of Wilhelm Müller's *Winterreise* set to a lightly adapted transcription of Franz Schubert's original piano score

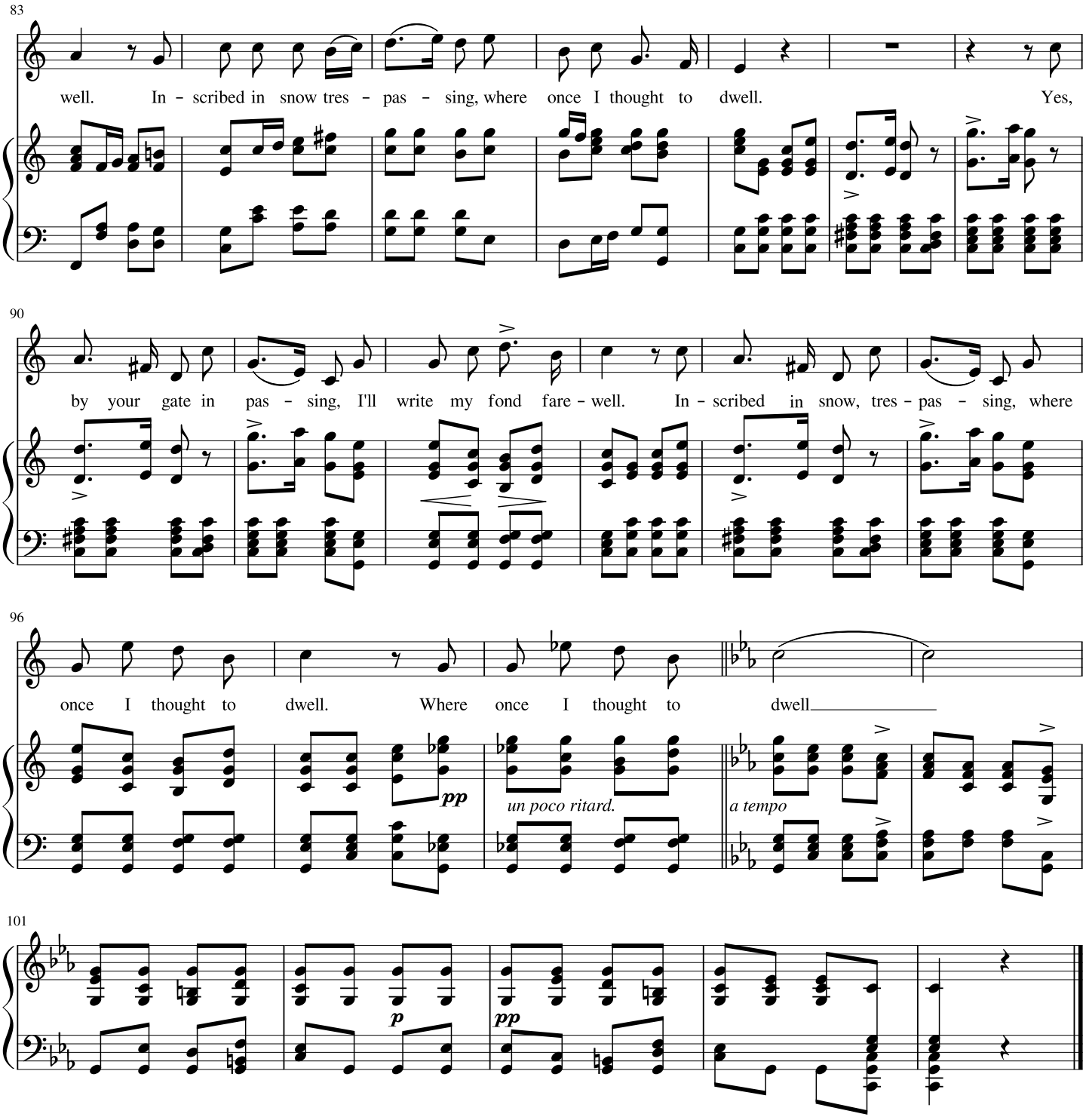
Sweet Dreams!

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Gute Nacht) F. Schubert




23
dead! Now no - thing is so chee - ry, my path en-swathed in snow. And
mit. And to these pa-no - ra - mas, my wild heart must com - mit. In -
fp fp
30
e - v'ry - thing so drea - ry, my path en - sconced in snow
tense, in - ter - nal dra - mas - my wild heart must com - mit.
34
fp fp
39
Why would I wish to lin - ger, that they may cast me out? Let bar-king dogs be - lea - guer an
pp
46
un - as - sailed re - doubt; For love was born to wan - der - it's how things have to be. All
pp legato


52
ri-ches made to squan - der- it's how things have to be! For love was born to
59
wan - der- my dear, I'll bid good night! All ri - ches made to squan - der, my dear, I'll say good night!
66
71
pp
Sweet dreams! I shall not pes - ter you or roil your calm re - pose. Let goose-down quilts se -
77
ques - ter you, I shall no more im - pose! But by your gate in pas - sing, I'll scrawl my fond fare -


83
well. In - scribed in snow tres - pas - sing, where once I thought to dwell. Yes,
90
by your gate in pas - sing, I'll write my fond fare - well. In - scribed in snow, tres - pas - sing, where
96
once I thought to dwell. Where once I thought to dwell
pp
un poco ritard.
a tempo
101
p
pp

The Weathervane

(Die Wetterfahne)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

F. Schubert

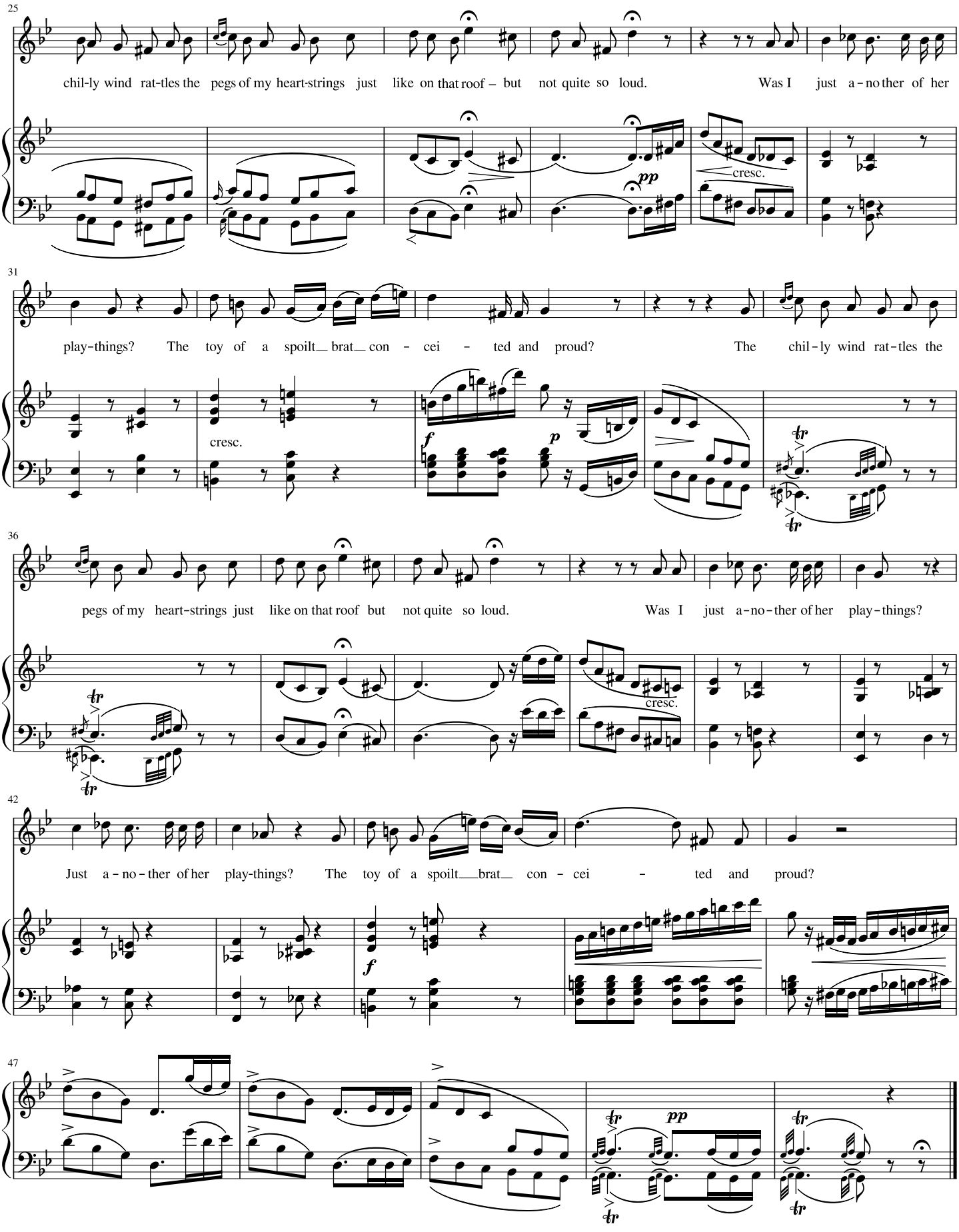
♩ = 100

The chil - ly wind rat - tles the old wea - ther vane on the tur - ret of my for-mer love's dwel - ling place

It sig - nals to my de - lu-sion that all must de - light to per - ceive my dis - grace! You fool not to no-tice be -

fore that the spite - ful e - scut - cheon af - fixed to the tow - er was fake! Then ne - ver the straws that such

fools tend to clutch on, the beau-ti - ful form of a wo-man could take! The

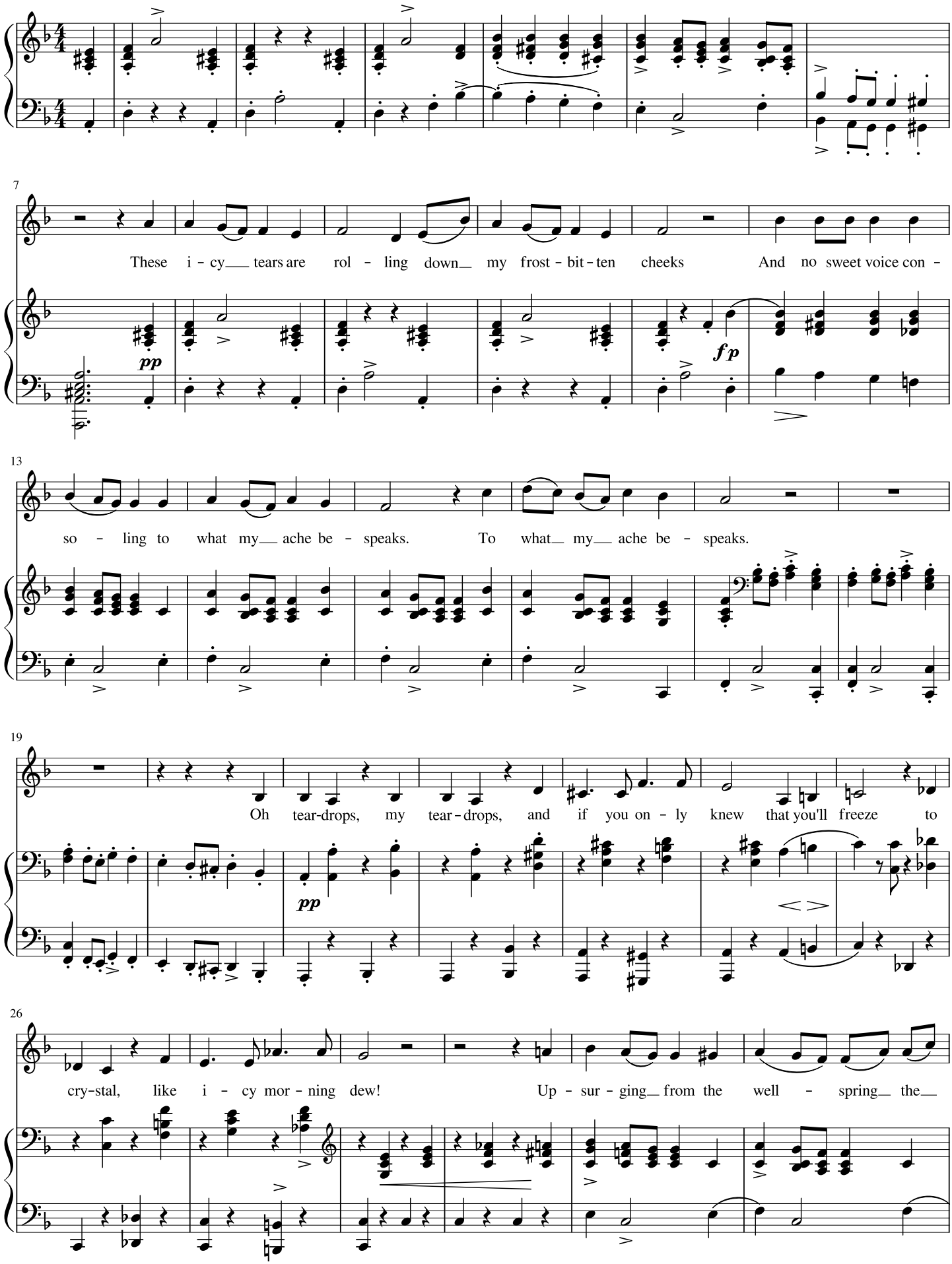

25
chil-ly wind rat-tles the pegs of my heart-strings just like on that roof – but not quite so loud. Was I just a-no ther of her
cresc.
pp
31
play-things? The toy of a spoilt_ brat_ con - cei - ted and proud? The chil-ly wind rat-tles the
cresc.
f
p
36
pegs of my heart-strings just like on that roof but not quite so loud. Was I just a-no-ther of her play-things?
cresc.
42
Just a-no-ther of her play-things? The toy of a spoilt_brat_ con - cei - ted and proud?
f
47
pp

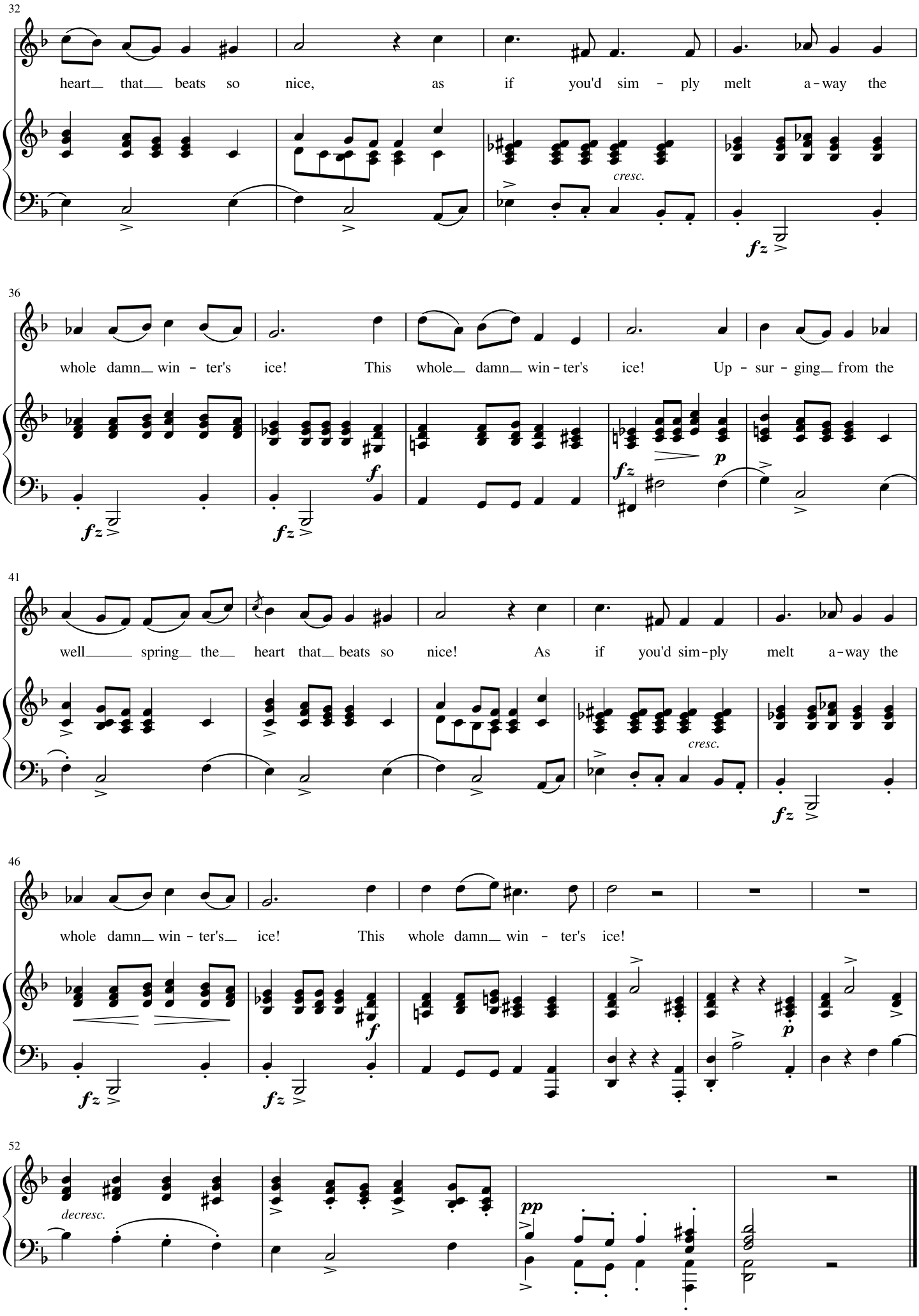
Icy Teardrops

(Gefrorne Tränen)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

F. Schubert




32
heart that beats so nice, as if you'd sim - ply melt a - way the
cresc.
36
whole damn win - ter's ice! This whole damn win - ter's ice! Up - sur - ging from the
41
well spring the heart that beats so nice! As if you'd sim - ply melt a - way the
cresc.
46
whole damn win - ter's ice! This whole damn win - ter's ice!
52
decresc.

Frozen Inside

(Erstarrung)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

F. Schubert

♩ = 160

cresc.

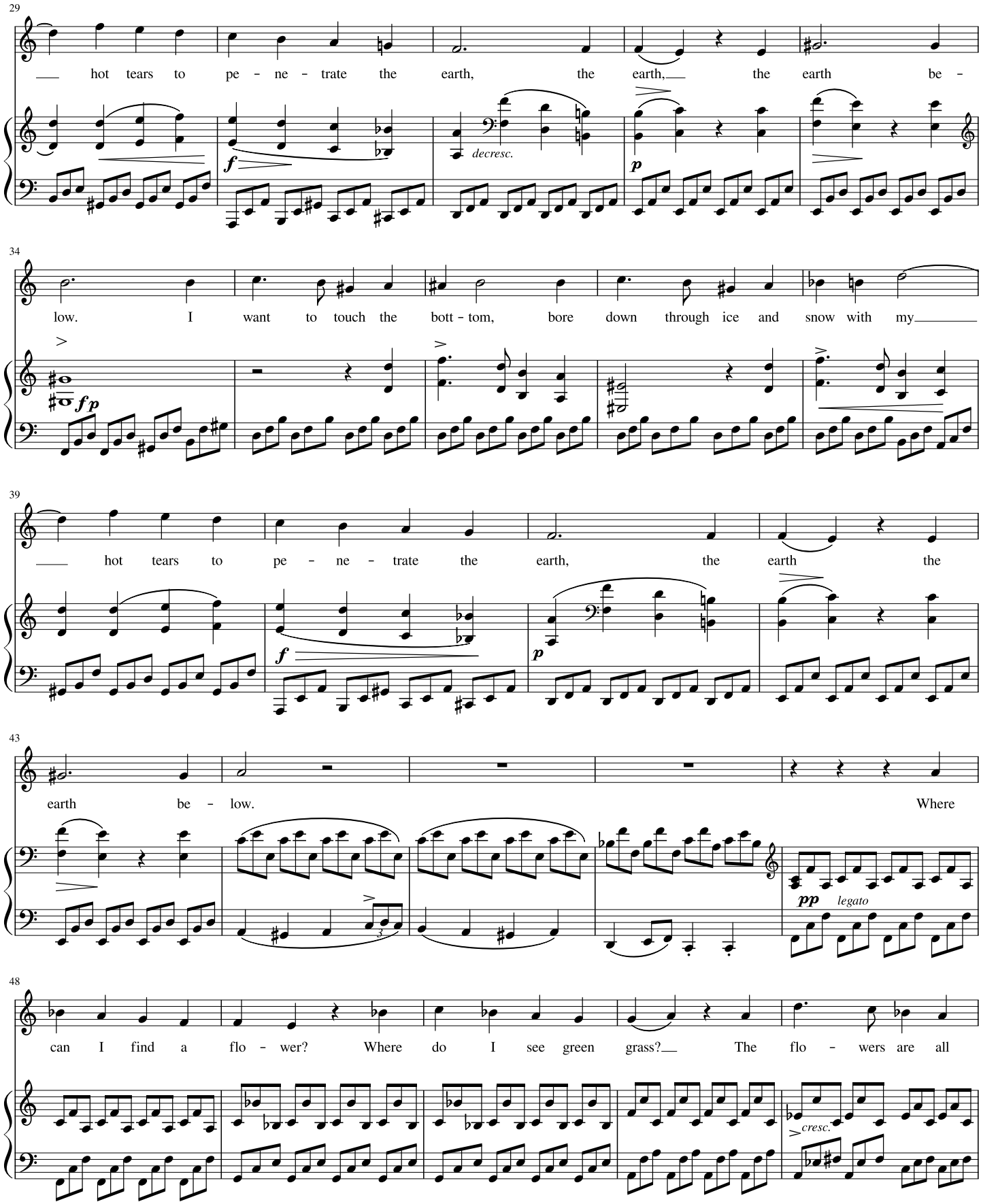
I'm ma - king fu - tile sear - ches in snow for track or

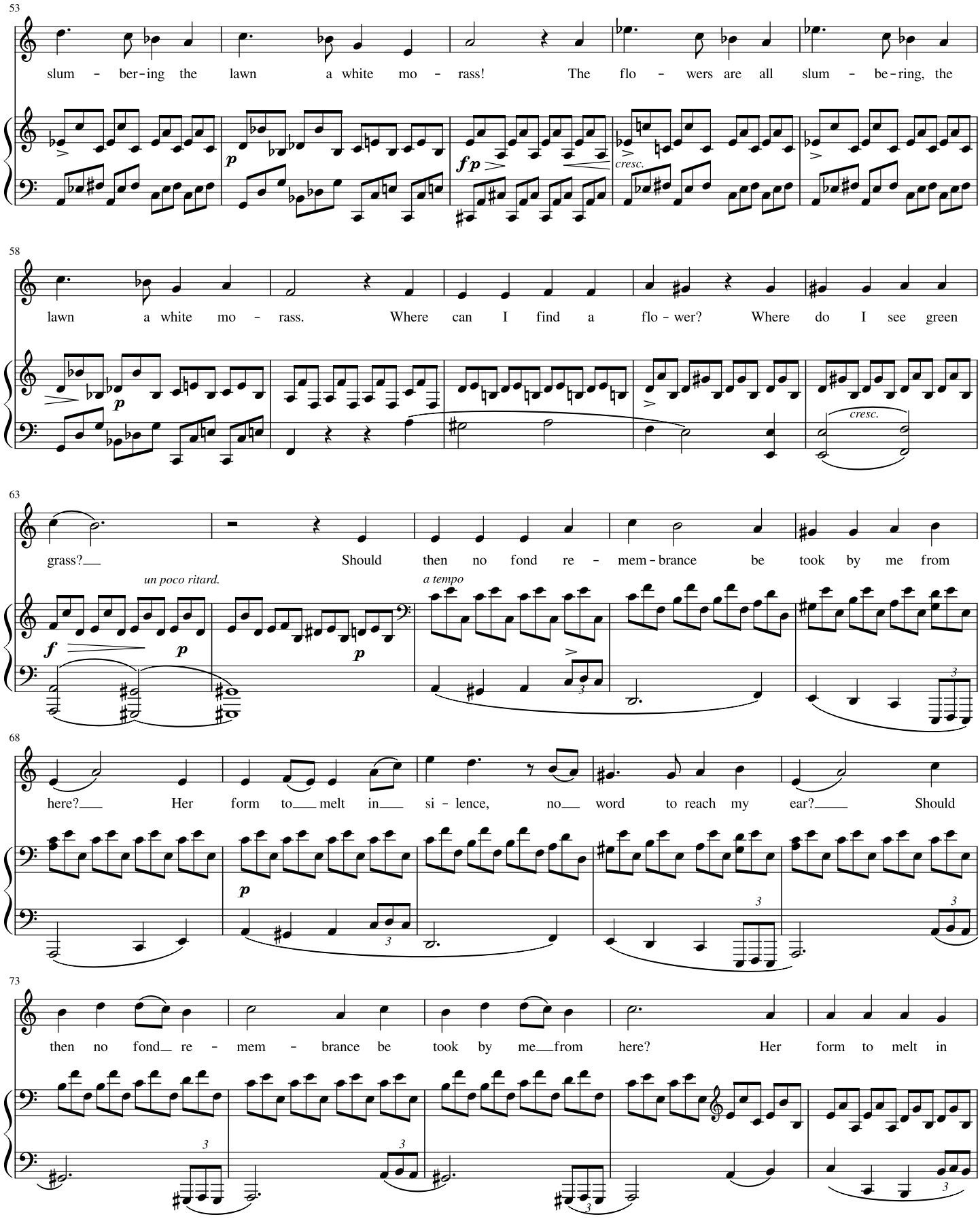
trace, a - mongst the pines and bir - ches where she and I'd em -

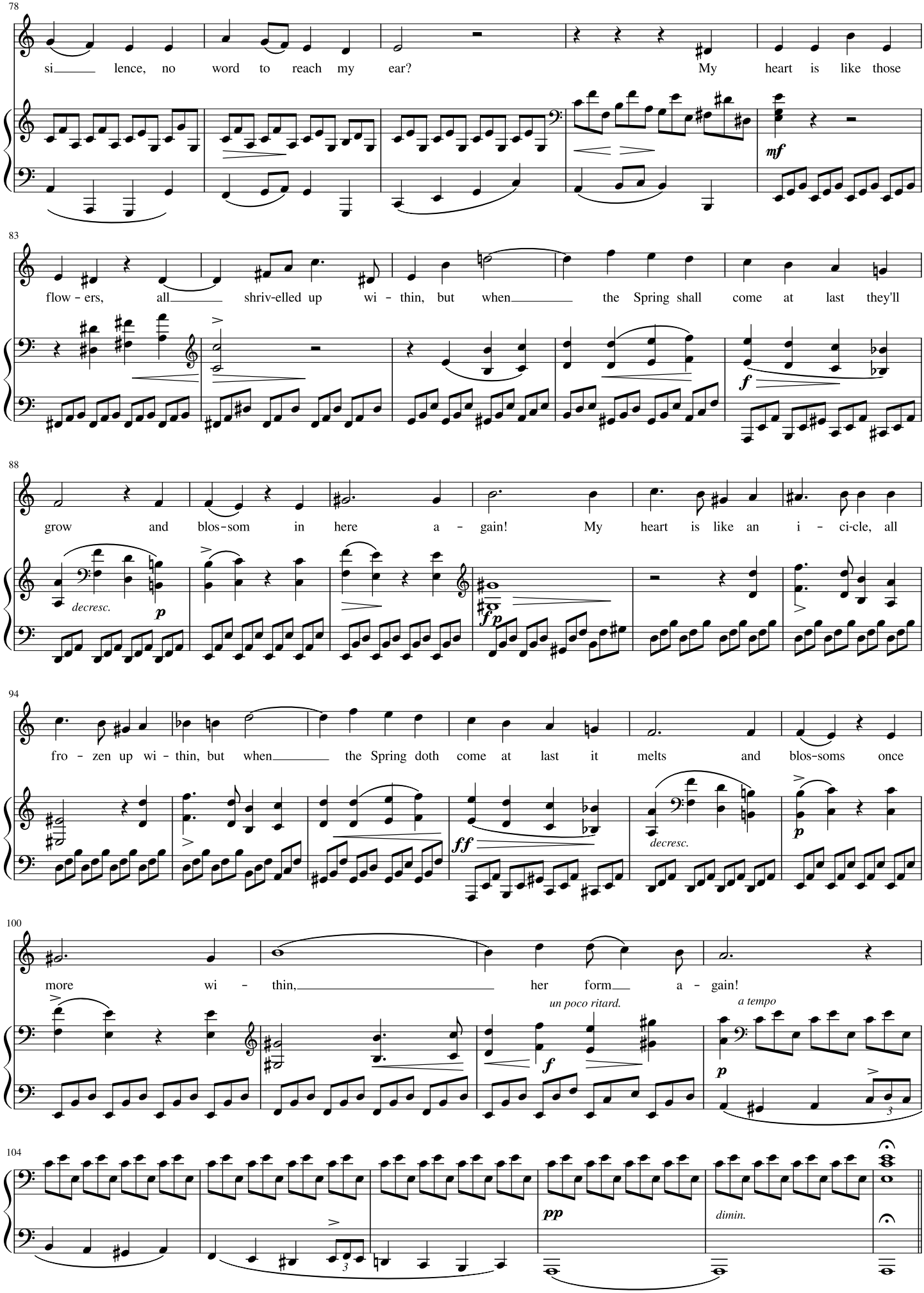
brace. I'm ma - king fu - tile sear - ches in snow for track or

trace, a - mongst the pines and bir - ches where she and I'd em - brace.

I want to touch the bot-tom bore down through ice and snow with my

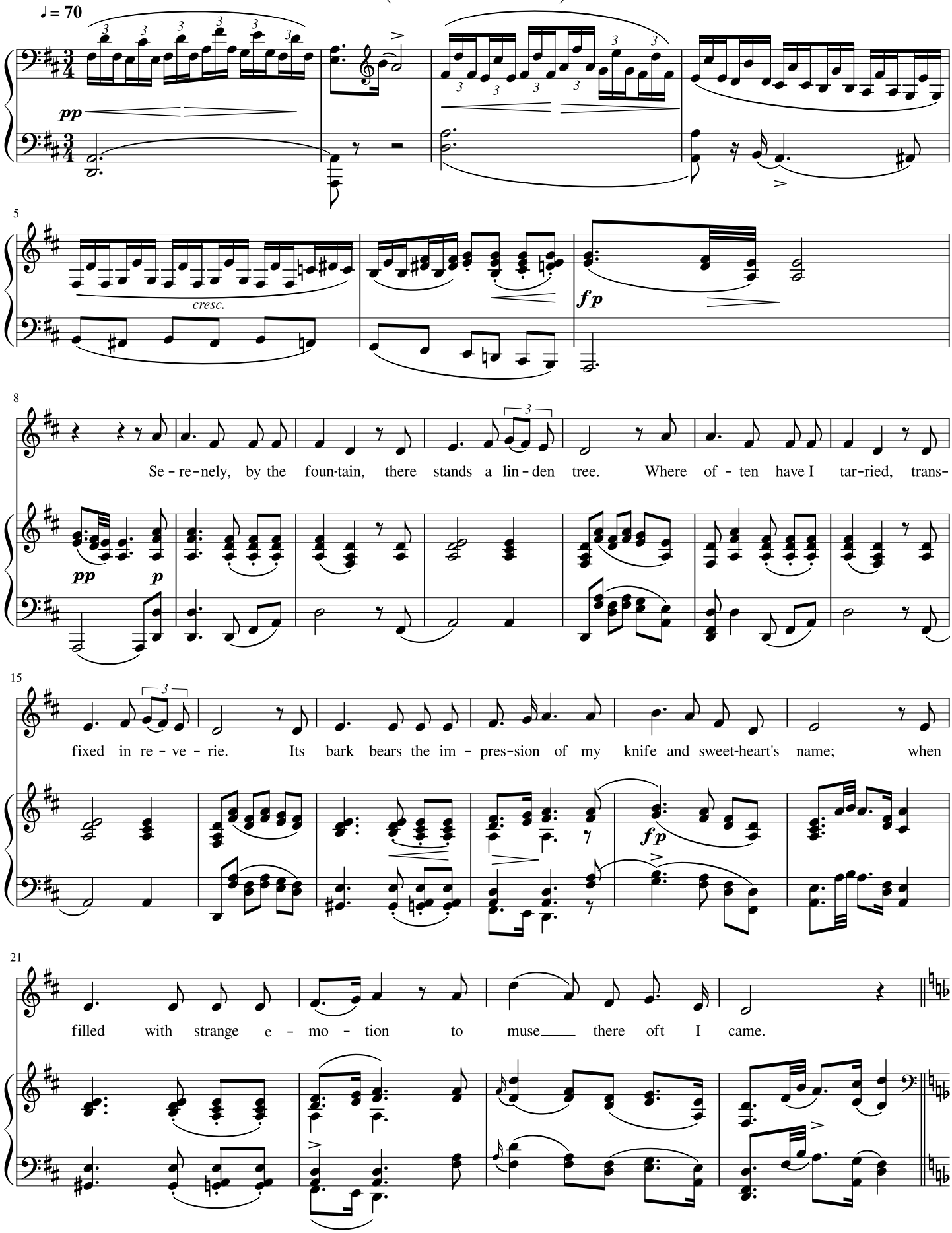

29
hot tears to pe - ne - trate the earth, the earth, the earth be -
decresc.
34
low. I want to touch the bott - tom, bore down through ice and snow with my
39
hot tears to pe - ne - trate the earth, the earth the
43
earth be - low. Where
pp legato
48
can I find a flo - wer? Where do I see green grass? The flo - wers are all
cresc.

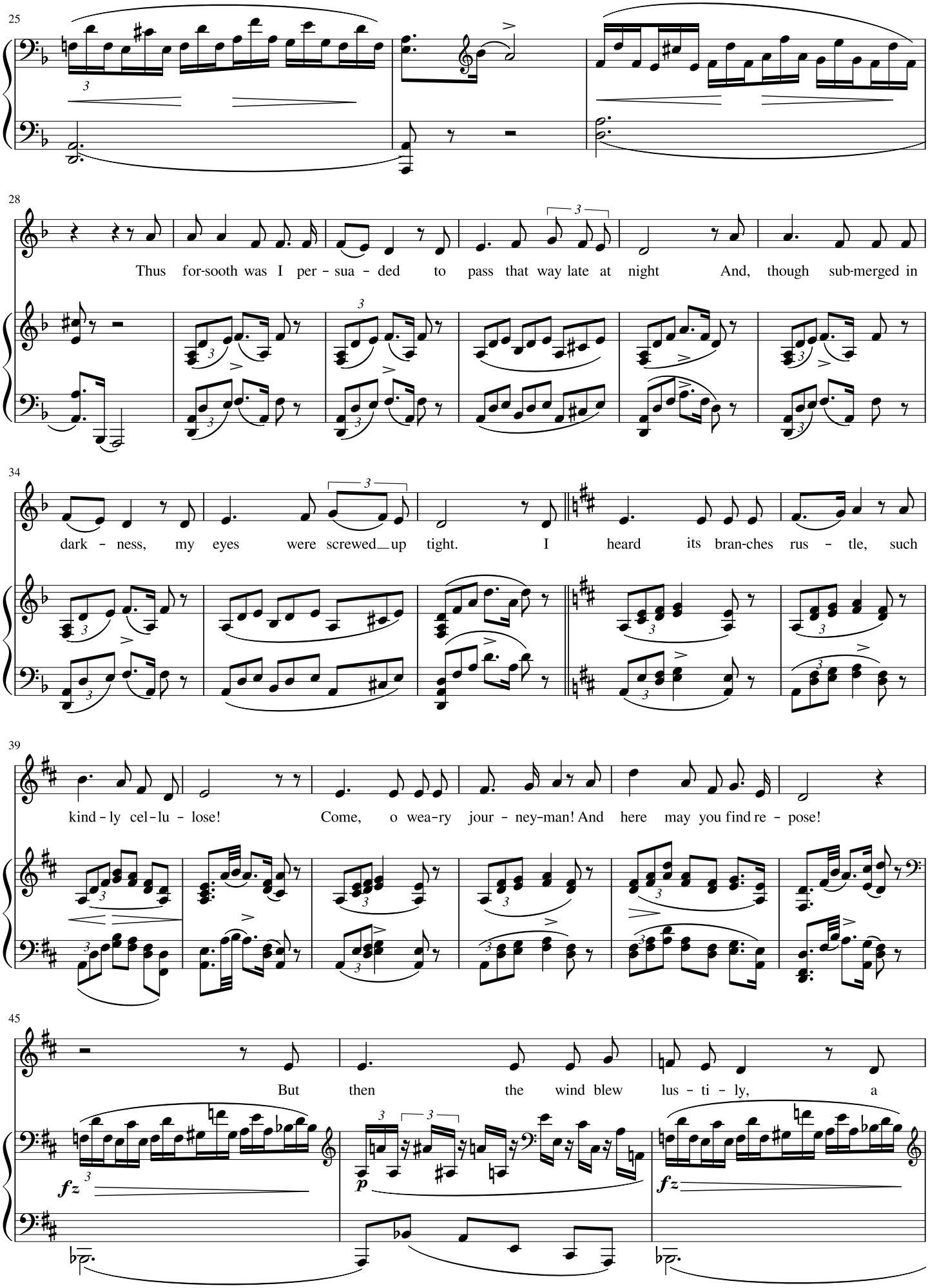

53
slum - ber-ing the lawn a white mo - rass! The flo - wers are all slum - be-ring, the
cresc.
58
lawn a white mo - rass. Where can I find a flo - wer? Where do I see green
cresc.
63
grass? Should then no fond re - mem-brance be took by me from
un poco ritard.
a tempo
68
here? Her form to melt in si - lence, no word to reach my ear? Should
73
then no fond re - mem - brance be took by me from here? Her form to melt in

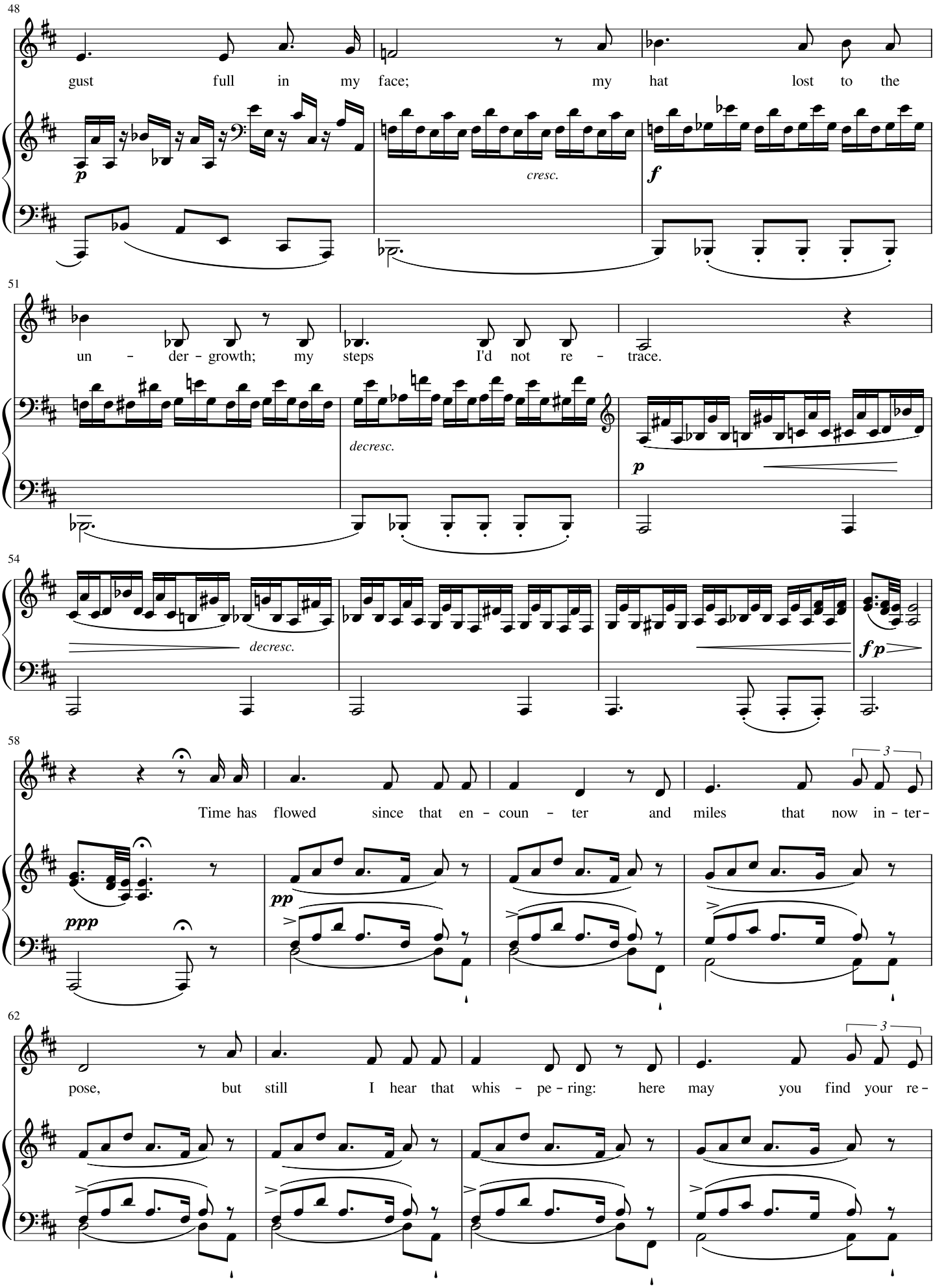

78
si lence, no word to reach my ear? My heart is like those
mf
83
flow - ers, all shriv-elled up wi - thin, but when the Spring shall come at last they'll
f
88
grow and blos-som in here a - gain! My heart is like an i - ci-cle, all
decresc.
p
fp
94
fro - zen up wi - thin, but when the Spring doth come at last it melts and blos-soms once
ff
decresc.
p
100
more wi - thin, her form a - gain!
un poco ritard.
f
a tempo
p
104
pp
dimin.

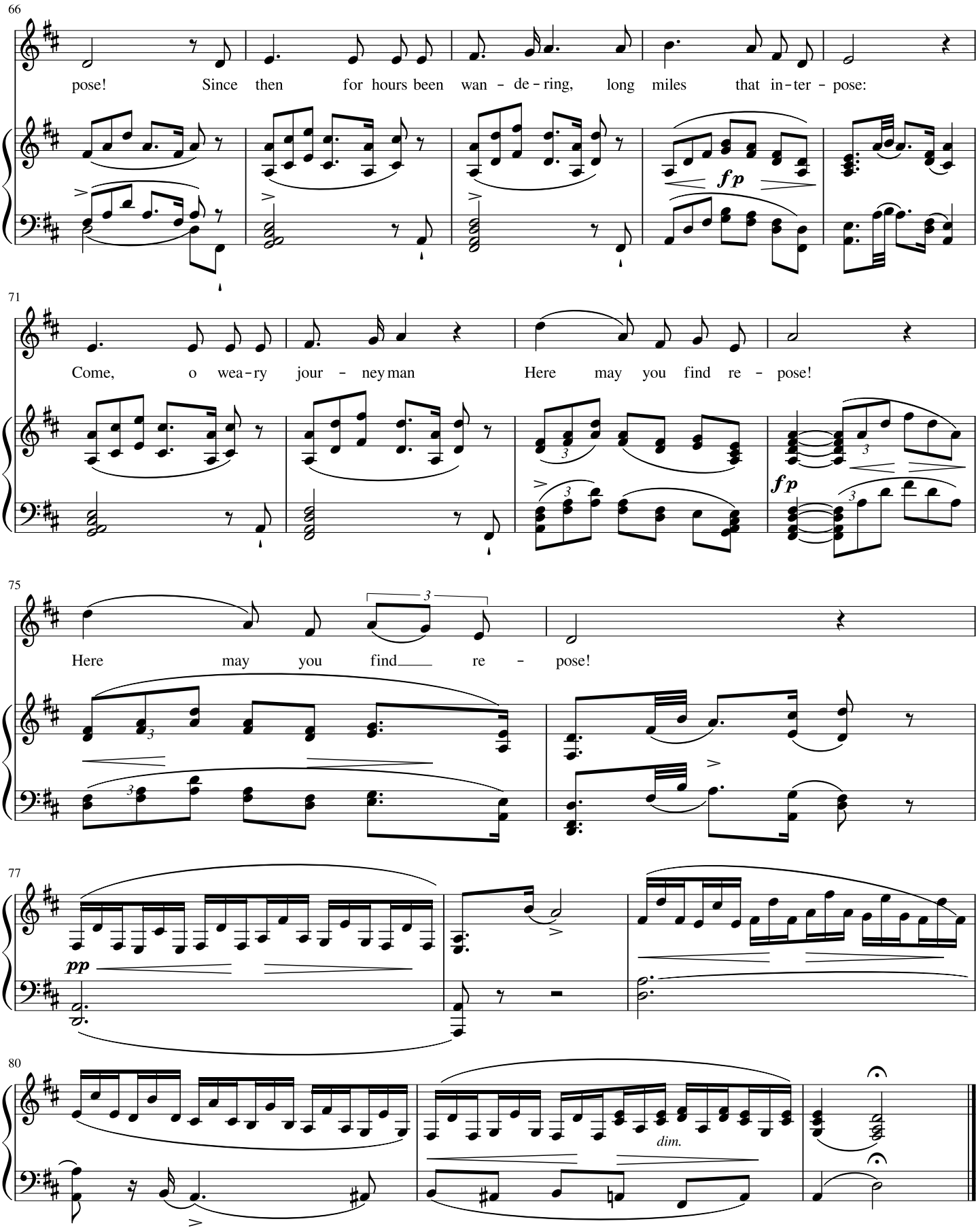
The Linden Tree

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Der Lindenbaum) F. Schubert




25
28
Thus for-sooth was I per - sua - ded to pass that way late at night And, though sub-merged in
34
dark - ness, my eyes were screwed_up tight. I heard its bran-ches rus - tle, such
39
kind - ly cel - lu - lose! Come, o wea-ry jour - ney-man! And here may you find re - pose!
45
But then the wind blew lus - ti - ly, a
fz
p
fz


48
gust full in my face; my hat lost to the
p
cresc.
f
51
un - der - growth; my steps I'd not re - trace.
decresc.
p
54
decresc.
fp
58
Time has flowed since that en - coun - ter and miles that now in - ter -
3
ppp
pp
62
pose, but still I hear that whis - pe - ring: here may you find your re -
3


66
pose! Since then for hours been wan - de - ring, long miles that in - ter - pose:
fp
71
Come, o wea - ry jour - ney man Here may you find re - pose!
fp
75
Here may you find re - pose!
77
pp
80
dim.

Torrent

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Wasserflut) F. Schubert

♩ = 48

p

5

Co - pi - ous tears have si - lent - ly fal - len, see - ping gen - tly in - to the
Snow my friend, who suf - fer this year - ning, tell me, bro - ther, whence must you

pp

8

snow; ma-king the gree - dy snow flakes swol - len, thirs - ting for my dis - con - so - late
go? Join with my tears, while win - ter is tur - ning, in - to the stream and o - cean be -

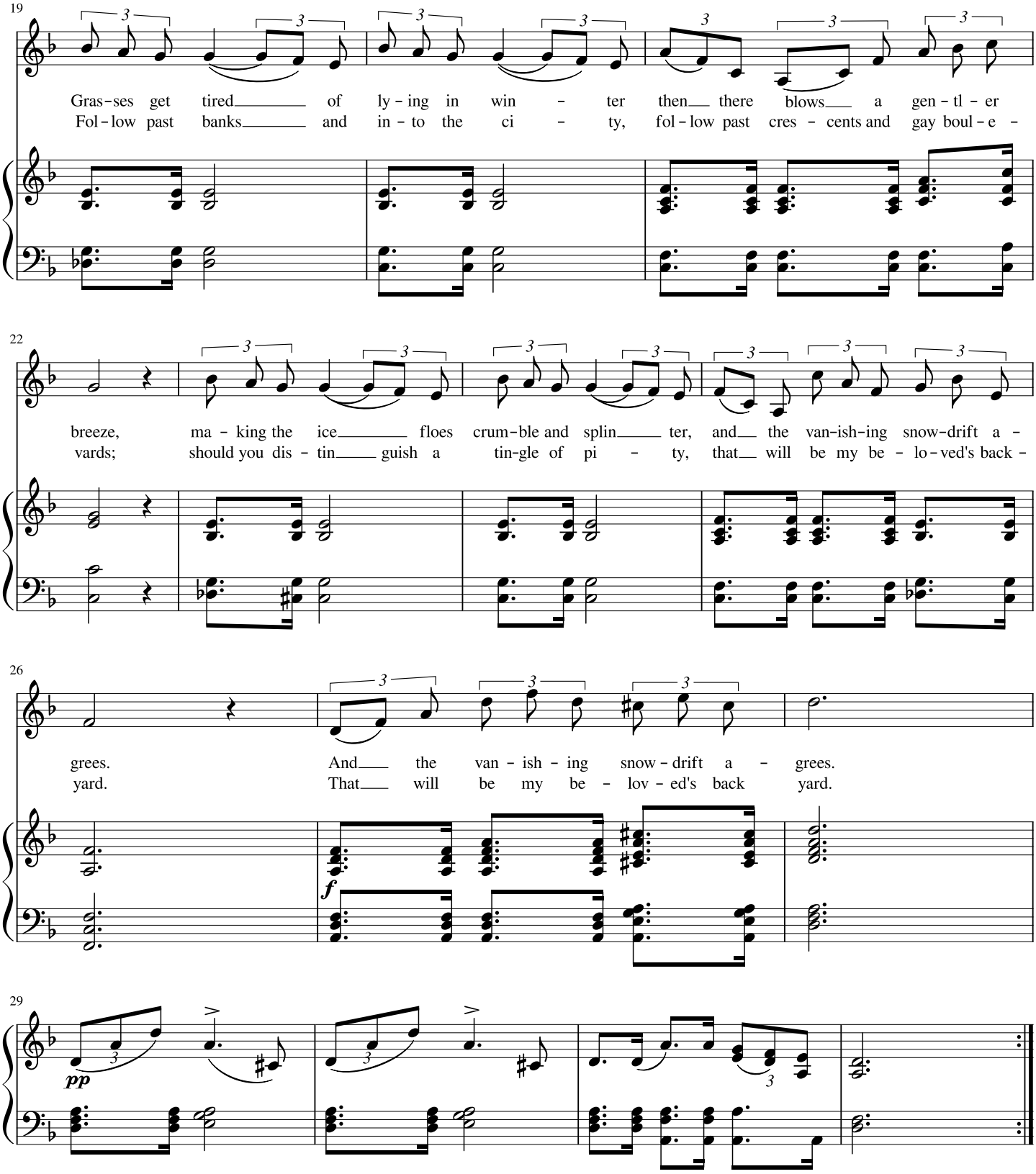
12

woe, thirs - ting for my dis - con - sol - ate woe.
low, in - to the stream and the o - cean be - low.

fp *pp*

15

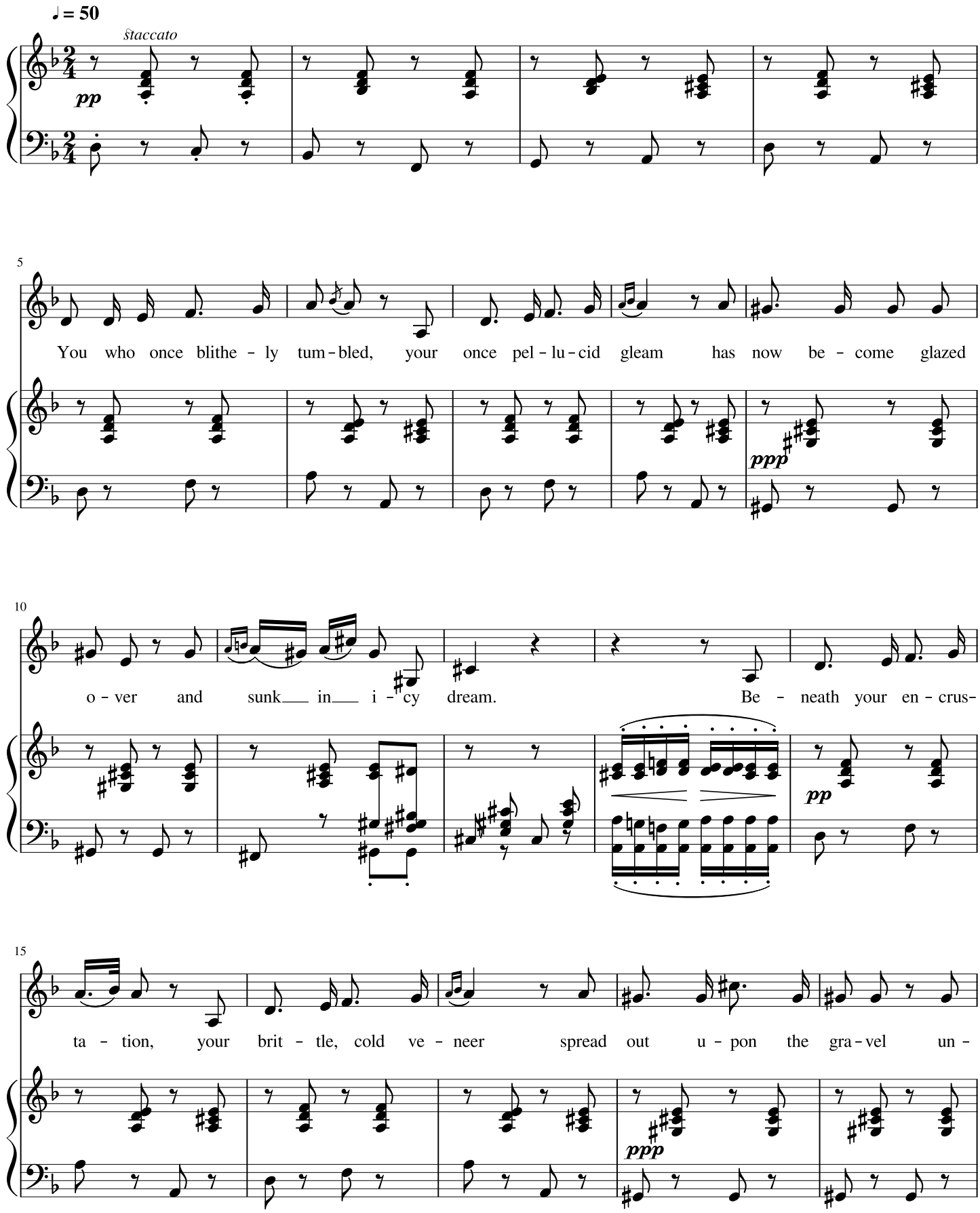
p

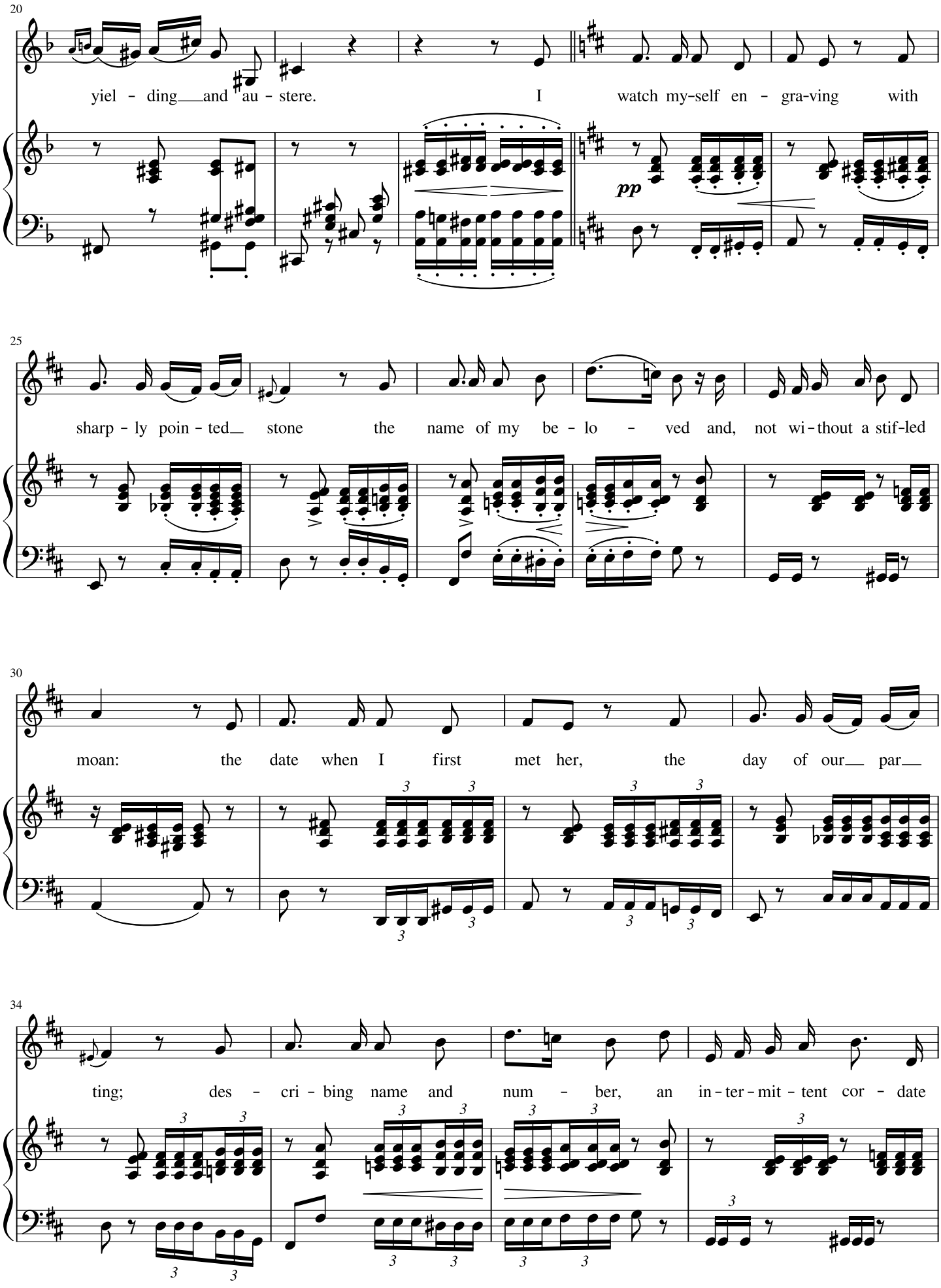

19
Gras-ses get tired of ly-ing in win-ter then there blows a gen-tl-er
Fol-low past banks and in-to the ci-ty, fol-low past cres-cents and gay boul-e-
22
breeze, ma-king the ice floes crum-ble and splin-ter, and the van-ish-ing snow-drift a-
vards; should you dis-tin-guish a tin-gle of pi-ty, that will be my be-lo-ved's back-
26
grees. And the van-ish-ing snow-drift a-grees.
yard. That will be my be-lov-ed's back yard.
f
29
pp

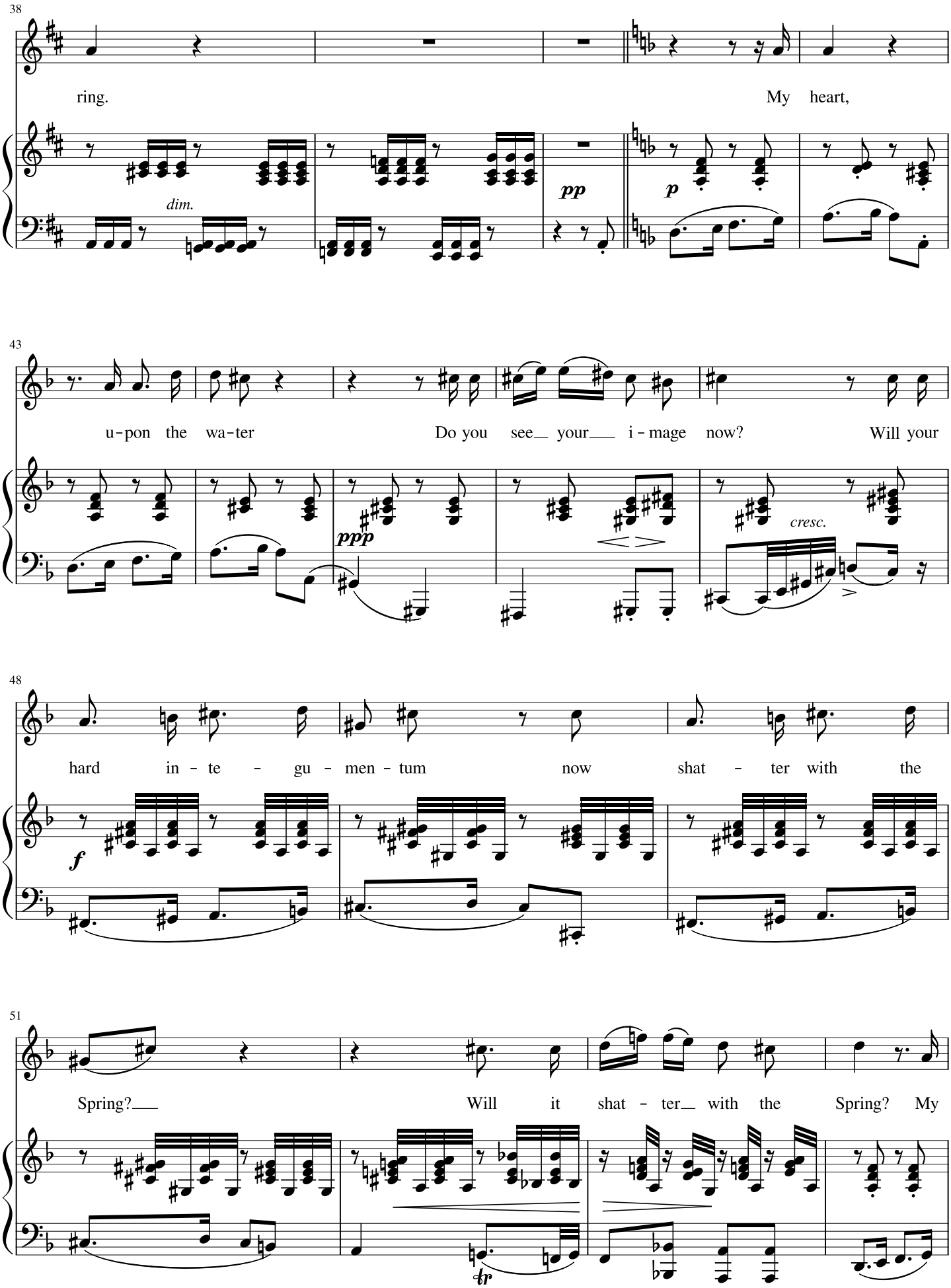
Upon the Water

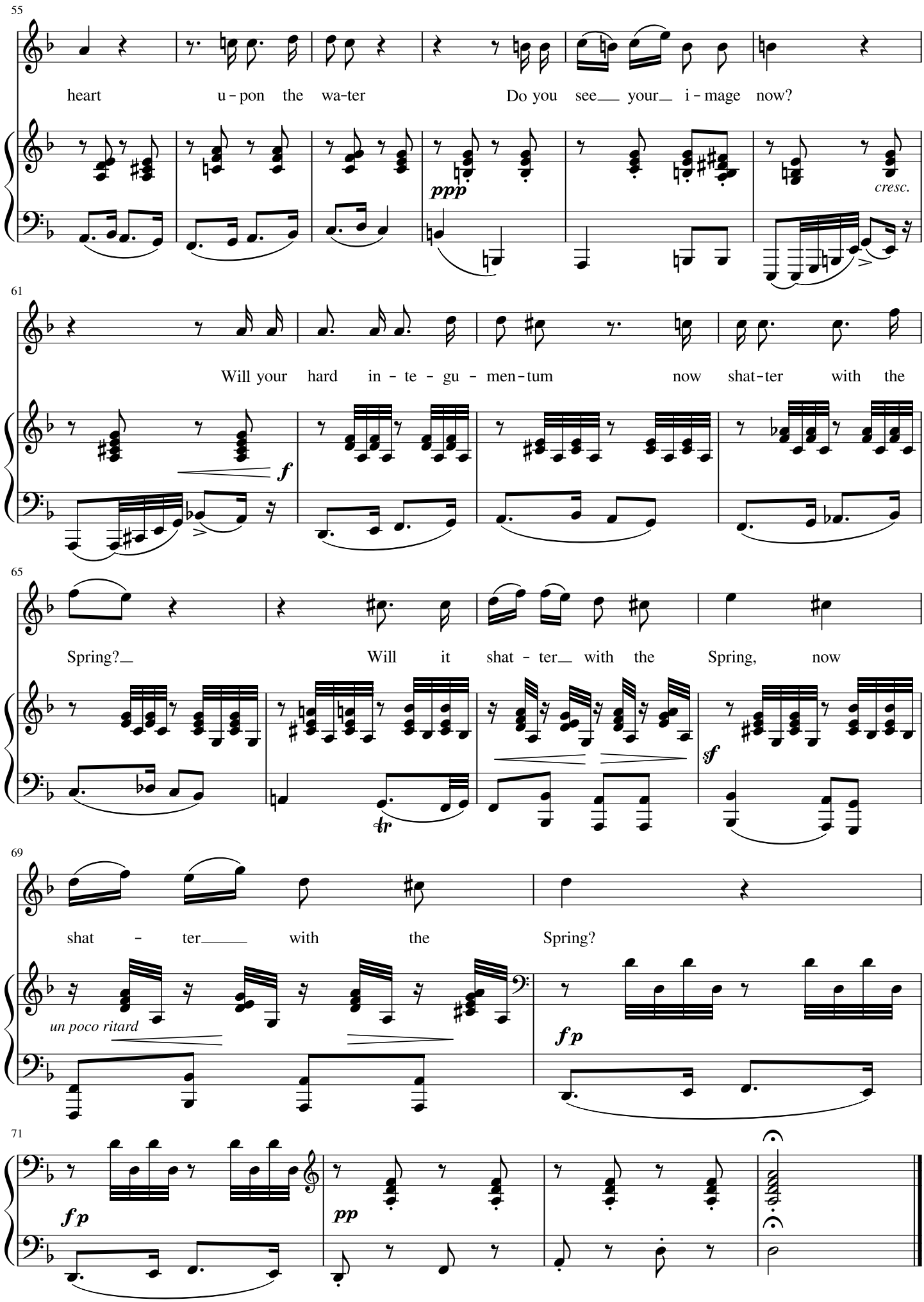
(Auf dem Flusse)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) F. Schubert




20
yiel - ding and au - stere. I watch my-self en - gra-ving with
pp
25
sharp - ly poin - ted stone the name of my be - lo - ved and, not wi - thout a stif-led
30
moan: the date when I first met her, the day of our par
34
ting; des - cri - bing name and num - ber, an in - ter - mit - tent cor - date

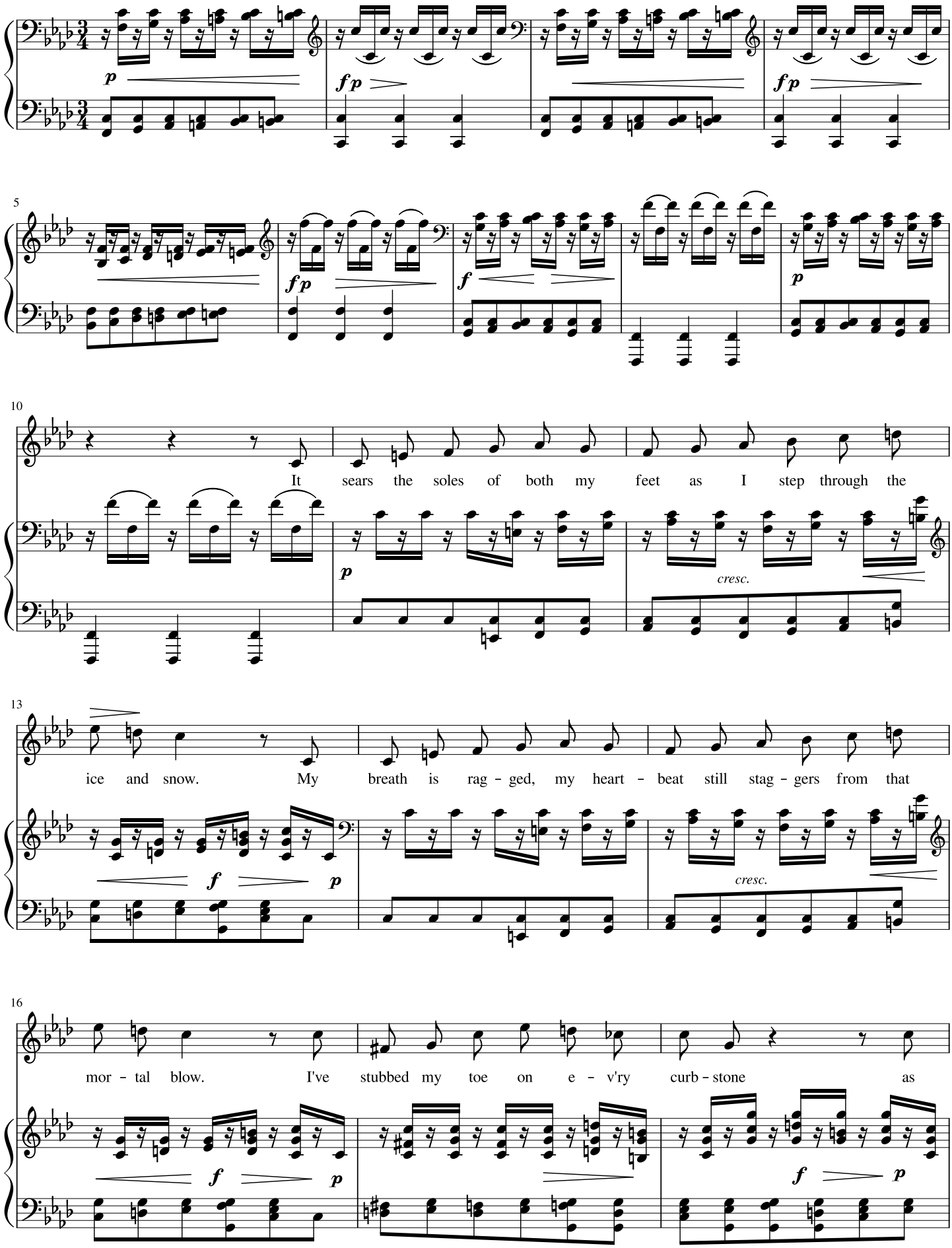

38
ring.
My heart,
dim.
pp
p
43
u-pon the wa-ter
Do you see your i-mage now?
Will your
ppp
cresc.
48
hard in-te-gu-men-tum
now
shat-ter with the
f
51
Spring?
Will it
shat-ter with the
Spring? My
tr

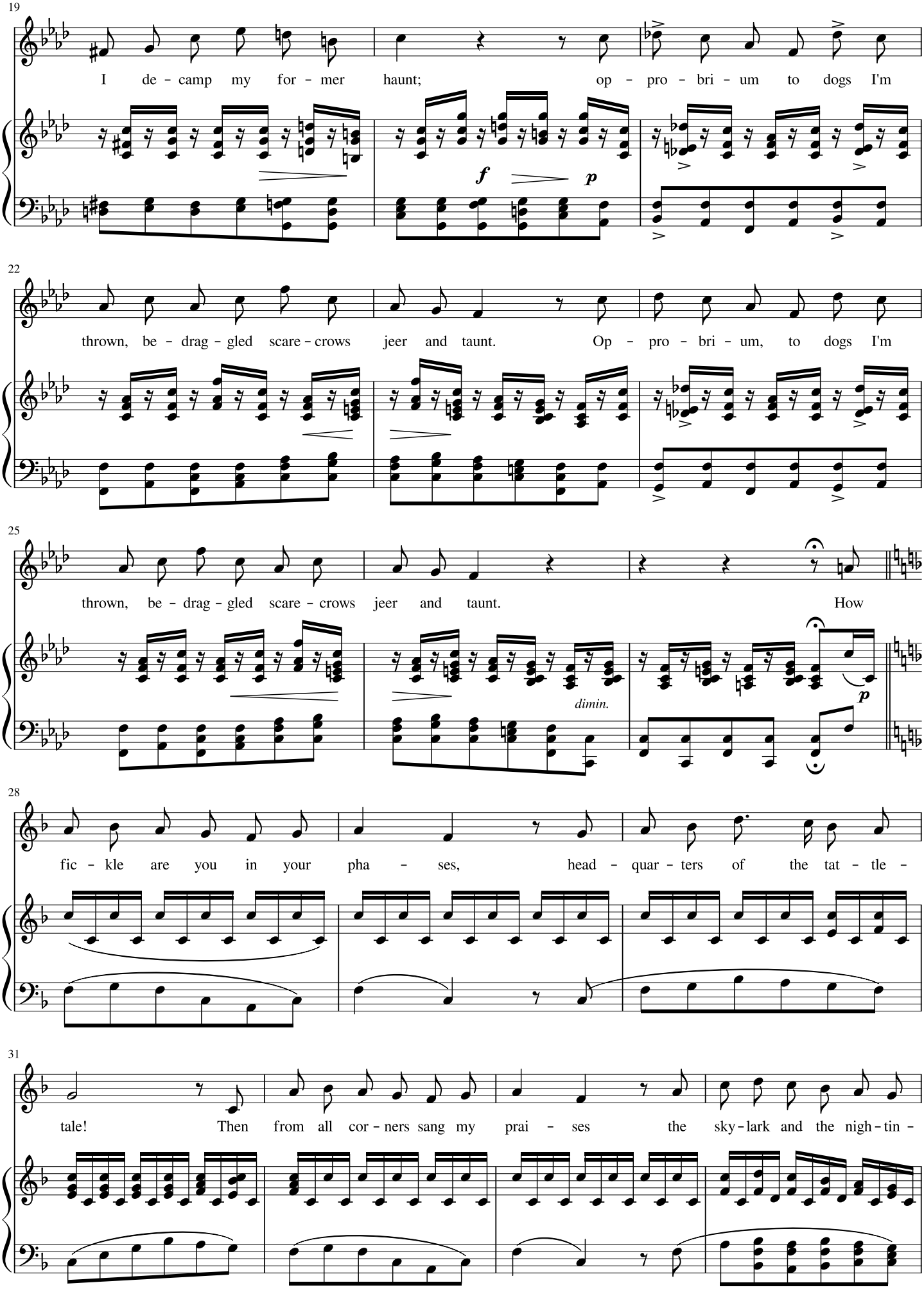

55
heart u - pon the wa-ter Do you see your i - mage now?
ppp
cresc.
61
Will your hard in - te - gu - men-tum now shat-ter with the
f
65
Spring? Will it shat - ter with the Spring, now
tr
sf
69
shat - ter with the Spring?
un poco ritard
fp
71
fp
pp

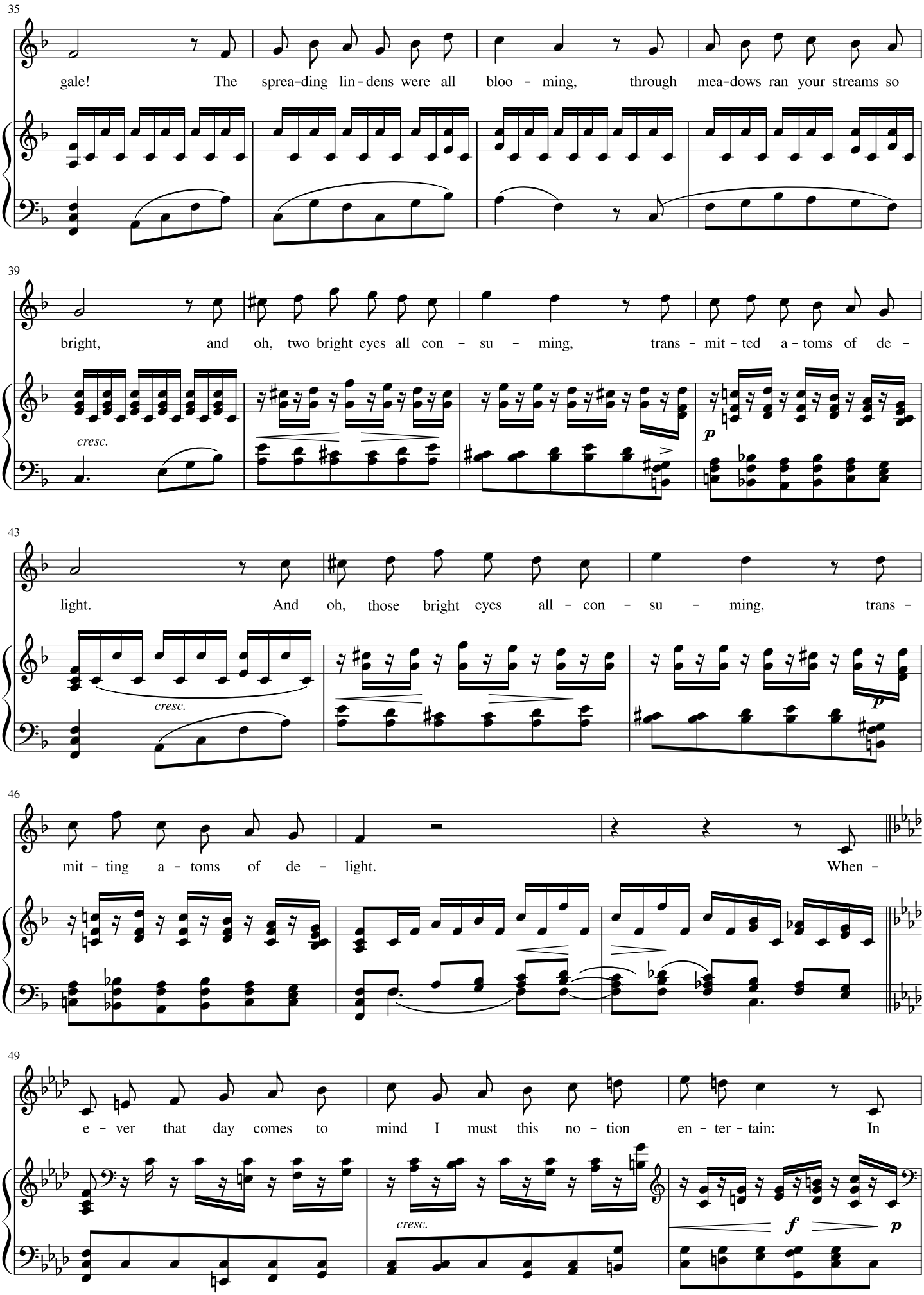
Retrospection

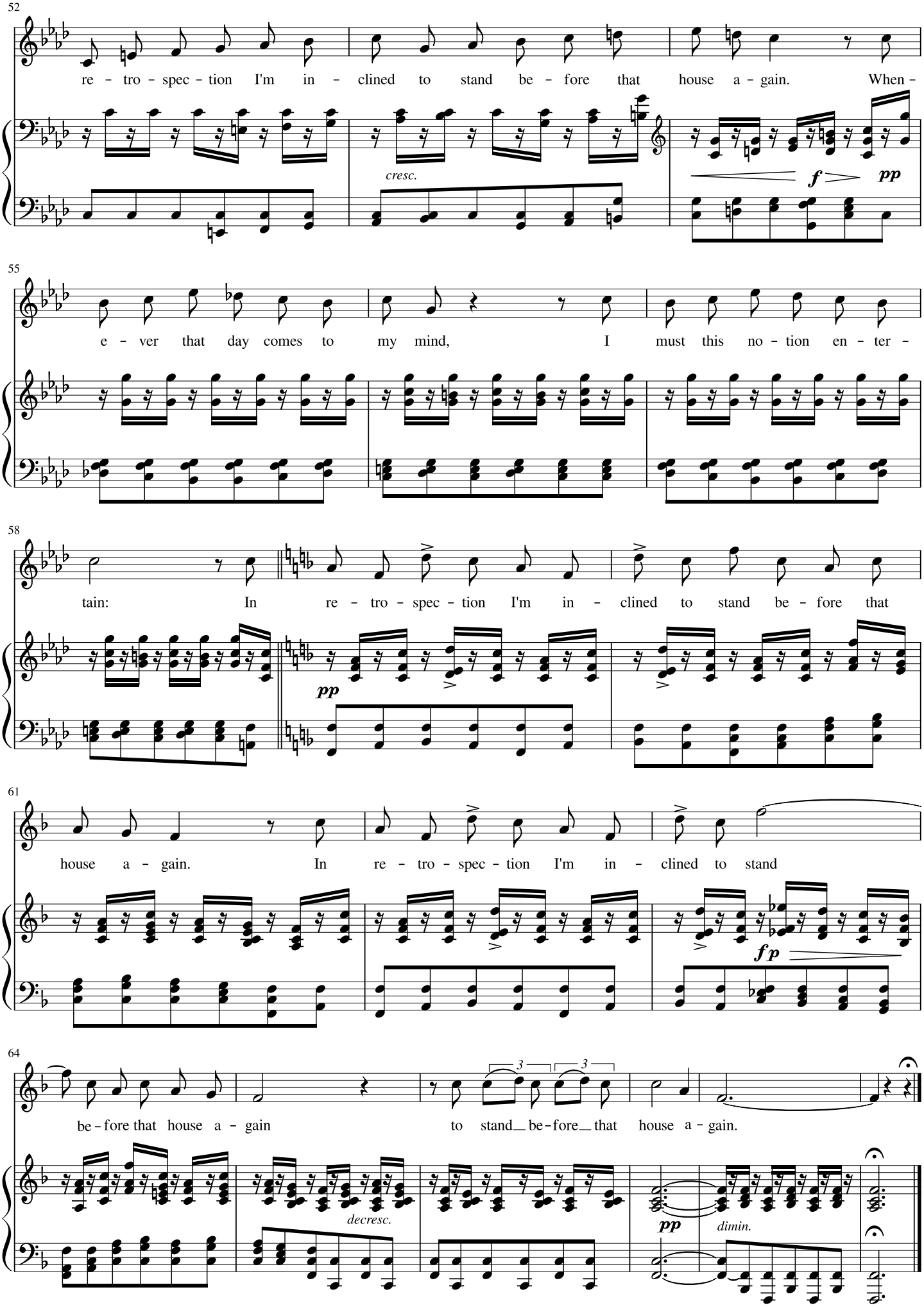
W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Rückblick) F. Schubert

♩ = 120



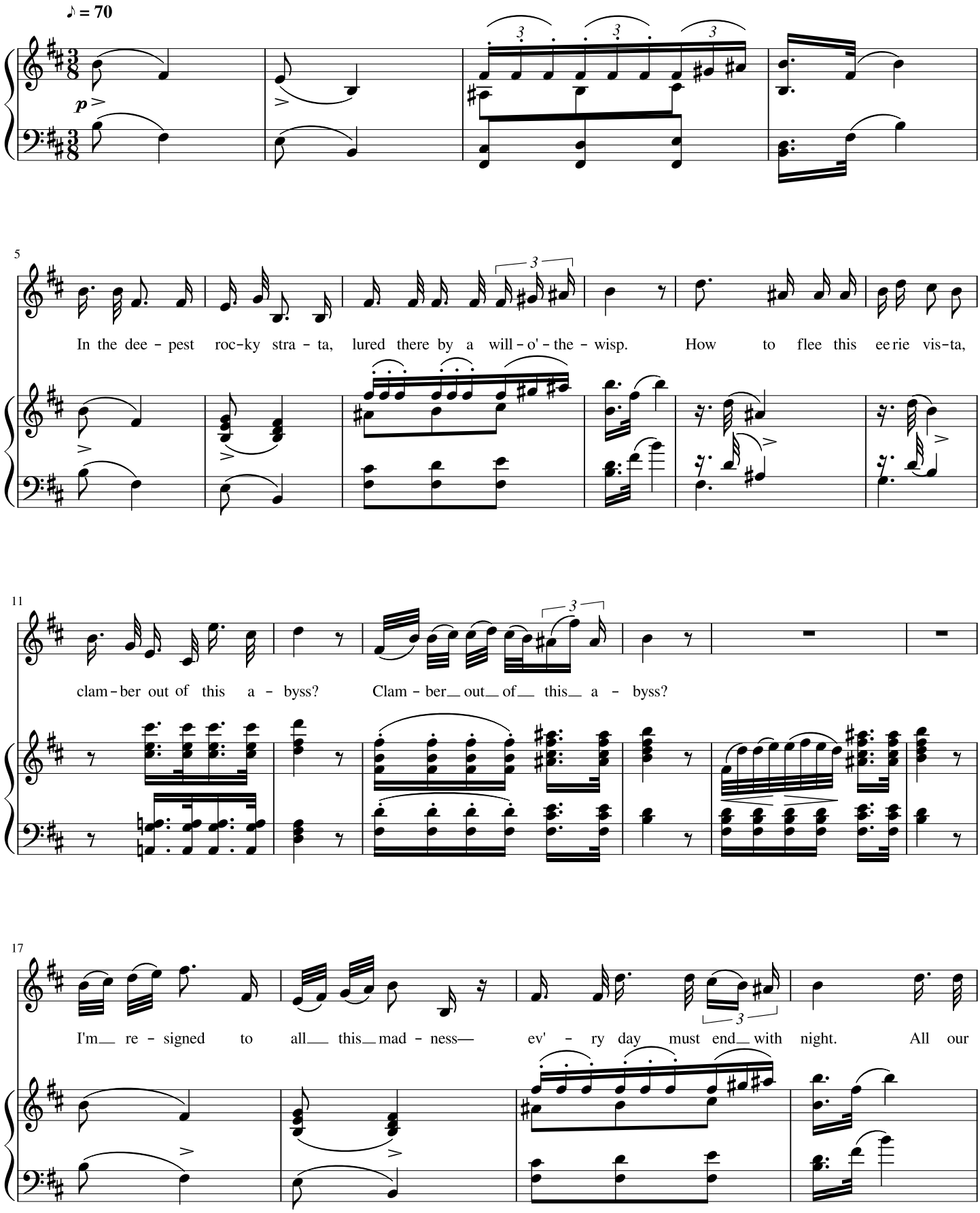

19
I de - camp my for - mer haunt; op - pro - bri - um to dogs I'm
f
p
22
thrown, be - drag - gled scare - crows jeer and taunt. Op - pro - bri - um, to dogs I'm
25
thrown, be - drag - gled scare - crows jeer and taunt. How
dimin.
p
28
fic - kle are you in your pha - ses, head - quar - ters of the tat - tle -
31
tale! Then from all cor - ners sang my prai - ses the sky - lark and the nigh - tin -

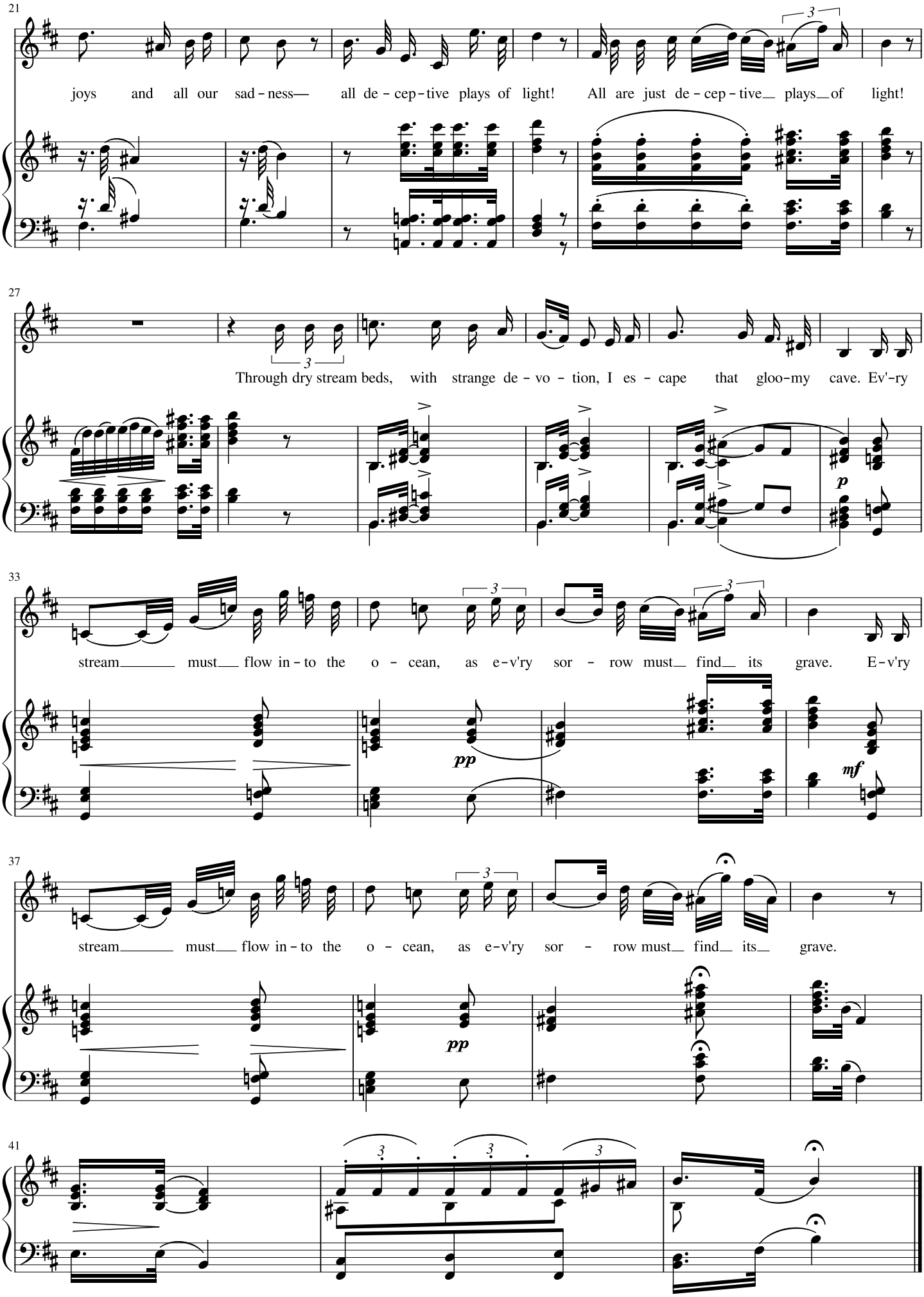

35
gale! The sprea-ding lin-dens were all bloo - ming, through mea-dows ran your streams so
39
bright, and oh, two bright eyes all con - su - ming, trans - mit - ted a - toms of de -
cresc.
p
43
light. And oh, those bright eyes all - con - su - ming, trans -
cresc.
p
46
mit - ting a - toms of de - light. When -
49
e - ver that day comes to mind I must this no - tion en - ter - tain: In
cresc.
f
p


52
re - tro - spec - tion I'm in - clined to stand be - fore that house a - gain. When -
cresc.
f
pp
55
e - ver that day comes to my mind, I must this no - tion en - ter -
58
tain: In re - tro - spec - tion I'm in - clined to stand be - fore that
pp
61
house a - gain. In re - tro - spec - tion I'm in - clined to stand
fp
64
be - fore that house a - gain to stand be - fore that house a - gain.
3
3
decresc.
pp
dimin.

Will-o'-the-wisp

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Irrlicht) F. Schubert




21
joys and all our sad - ness— all de - cep - tive plays of light! All are just de - cep - tive plays of light!
27
Through dry stream beds, with strange de - vo - tion, I es - cape that gloo-my cave. Ev'-ry
p
33
stream must flow in - to the o - cean, as e-v'ry sor - row must find its grave. E-v'ry
pp
mf
37
stream must flow in - to the o - cean, as e-v'ry sor - row must find its grave.
pp
41

Respite

(Rast)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

F. Schubert

♩ = 50

p

dimin.

6

It's on - ly now I feel how tired I am; my flesh at once is crum - bling. Blithe spi - rit with the

13

road con - spired to join in end - less ram - bling. My feet were not in - clined to rest, a - midst that fro - zen

p

20

vast - ness; my shoul-ders by my knap-sack strap were ne - ver o - ver stressed; through

pp

cresc.

24

strug - gle I a - quired stead fast - ness. My shoul - ders by my knap - sack strap are

f

pp

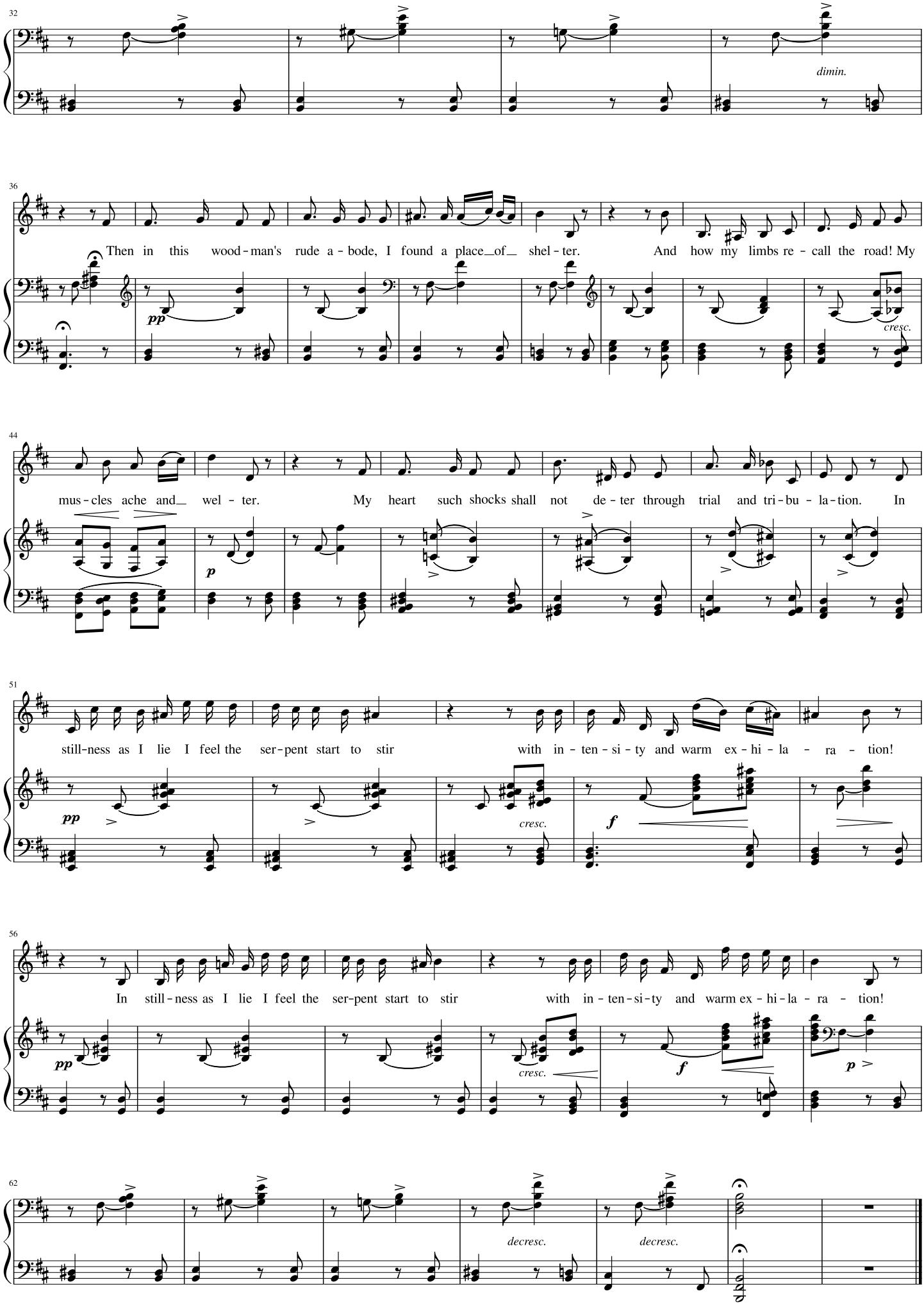
28

ne - ver o - ver - stressed; through strug - gle I a - quire stead fast - ness!

cresc.

f

p


32
dimin.
36
Then in this wood-man's rude a-bode, I found a place of shel-ter. And how my limbs re-call the road! My
pp
cresc.
44
mus-cles ache and wel-ter. My heart such shocks shall not de-ter through trial and tri-bu-la-tion. In
p
51
still-ness as I lie I feel the ser-pent start to stir with in-ten-si-ty and warm ex-hi-la-ra-tion!
pp
cresc.
f
56
In still-ness as I lie I feel the ser-pent start to stir with in-ten-si-ty and warm ex-hi-la-ra-tion!
pp
cresc.
f
p
62
decresc.
decresc.

Dream of Spring

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

(Frühlingstraum)

F. Schubert

♩ = 90

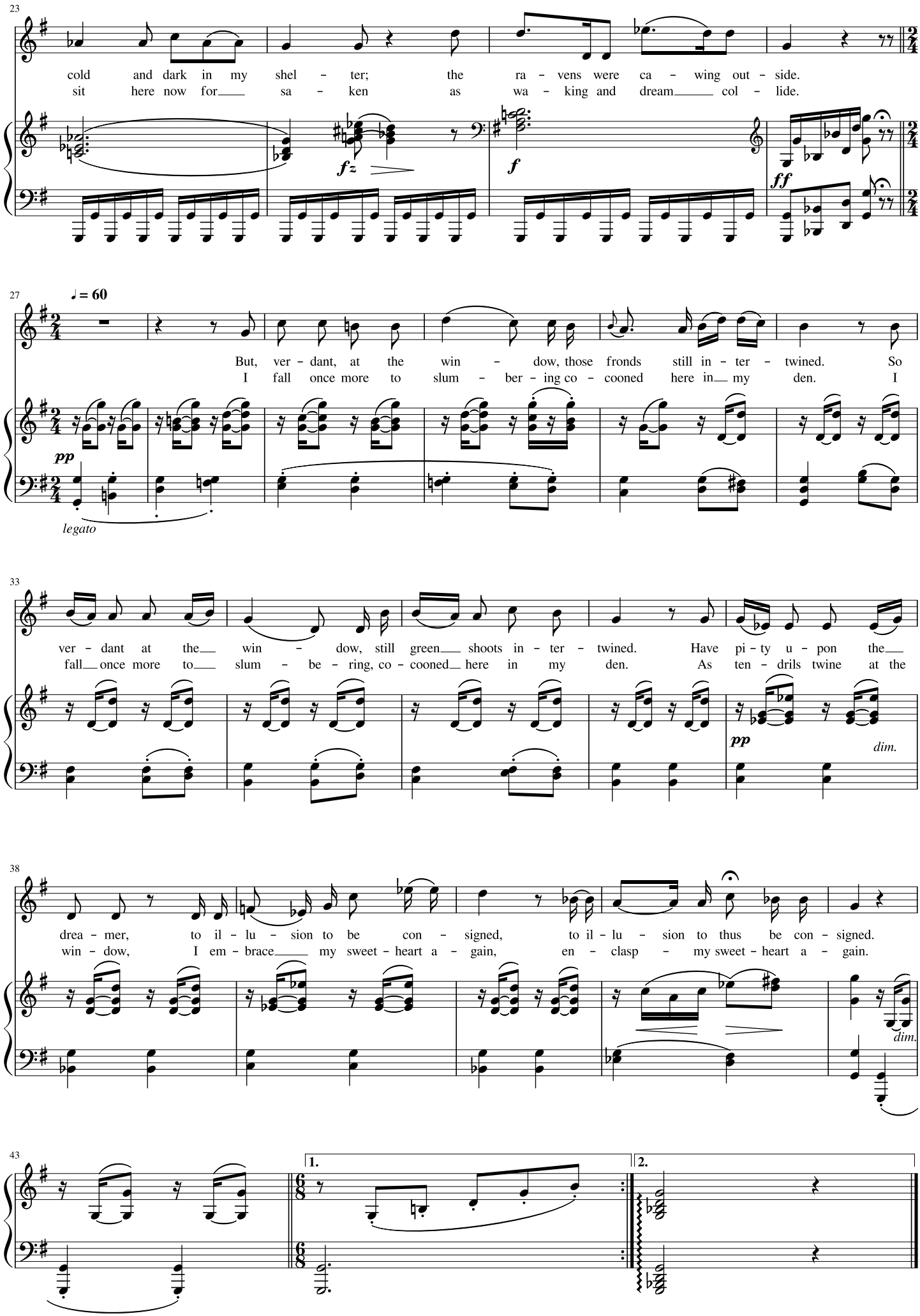
I dreamt a - bout vi - vid flo - wers that blos - som and shim - mer in May; I
I dreamt a - bout sweet de - vo - tion, two eyes that twin - kled so bright; of

dreamt a - bout fo - rests and mea - dows and chat - ter - some bird - song me - lée
kis sing and ca - res sing, and rap - tu - rous care - free de - light

♩ = 120

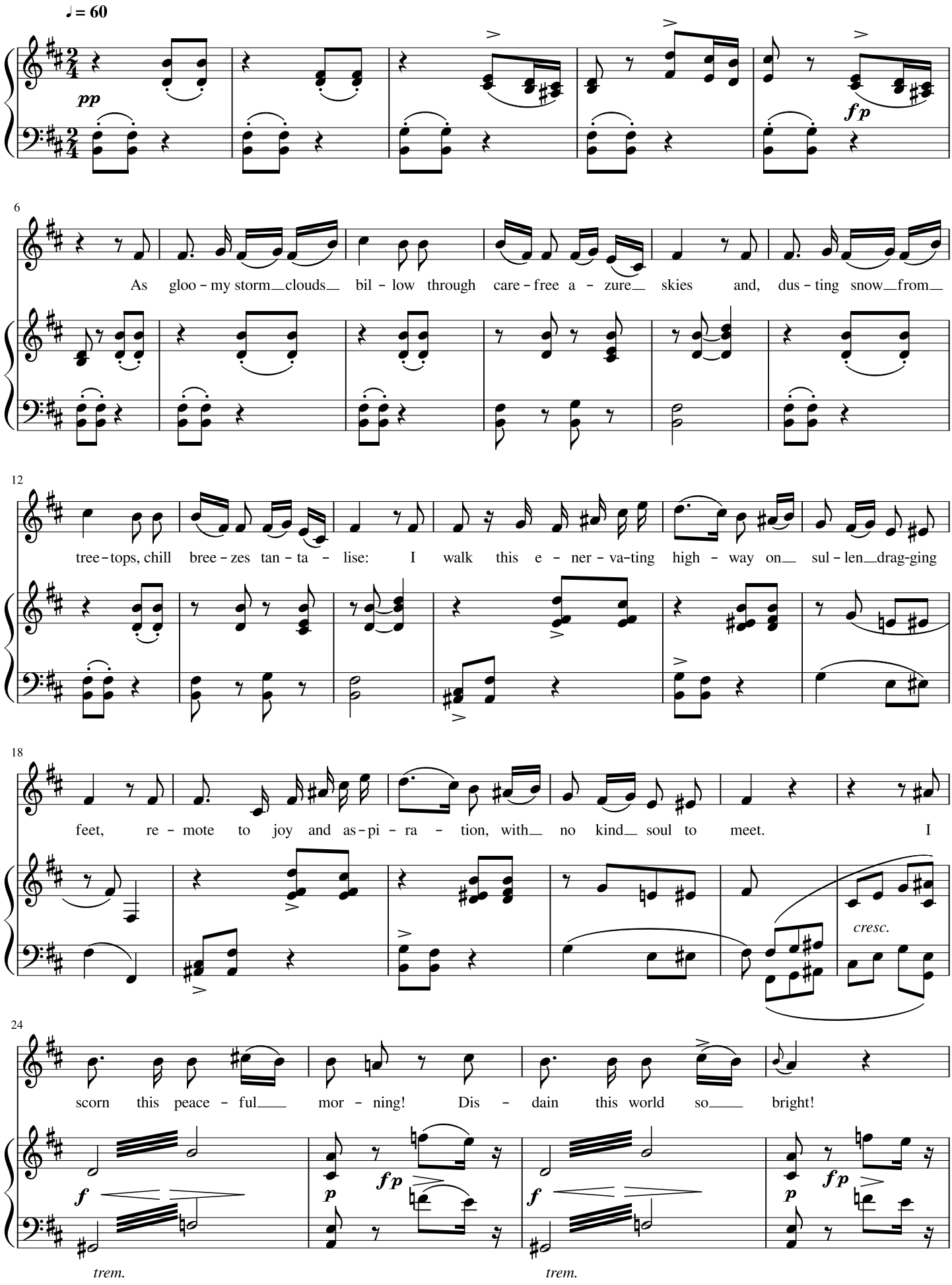
chat - ter - some bird - song me - lée. But as the dawn was brea - king, my eyes were o - pened up
rap - tu - rous care - free de - light. But as the dawn was brea - king, my heart was o - pened up

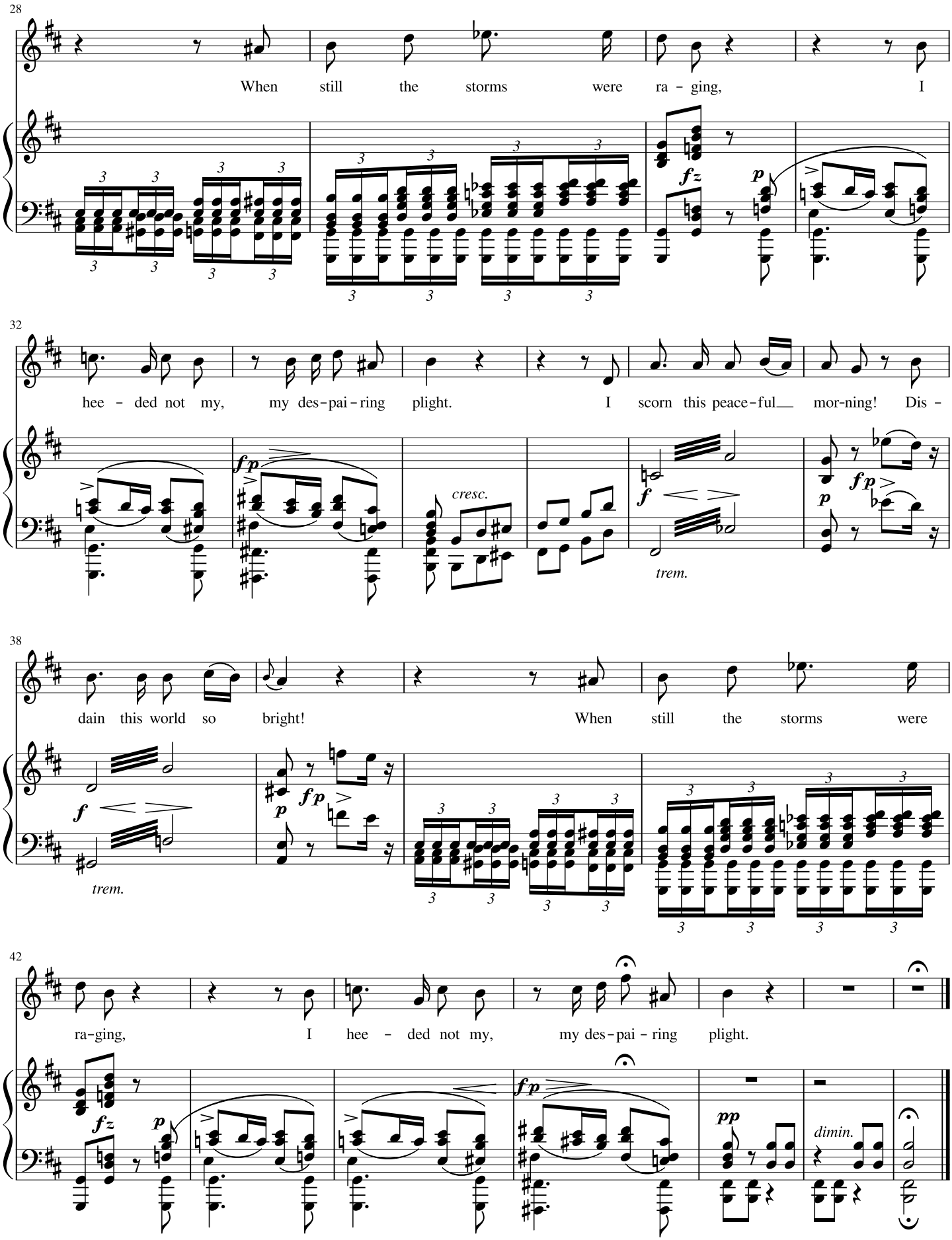
wide, still cold and dark in my shel - ter, but ra - vens were ca - wing out - side. Still
wide; I lie here all for - sa - ken as wa - king and dream col - lide. I


23
cold and dark in my shel - ter; the ra - vens were ca - wing out - side.
sit here now for sa - ken as wa - king and dream col - lide.
fz
f
ff
27
♩ = 60
But, ver - dant, at the win - dow, those fronds still in - ter - twined. So
I fall once more to slum - ber - ing co - cooned here in my den. I
pp
legato
33
ver - dant at the win - dow, still green shoots in - ter - twined. Have pi - ty u - pon the
fall once more to slum - be - ring, co - cooned here in my den. As ten - drils twine at the
pp
dim.
38
drea - mer, to il - lu - sion to be con - signed, to il - lu - sion to thus be con - signed.
win - dow, I em - brace my sweet - heart a - gain, en - clasp - my sweet - heart a - gain.
dim.
43
1.
2.

Solitude

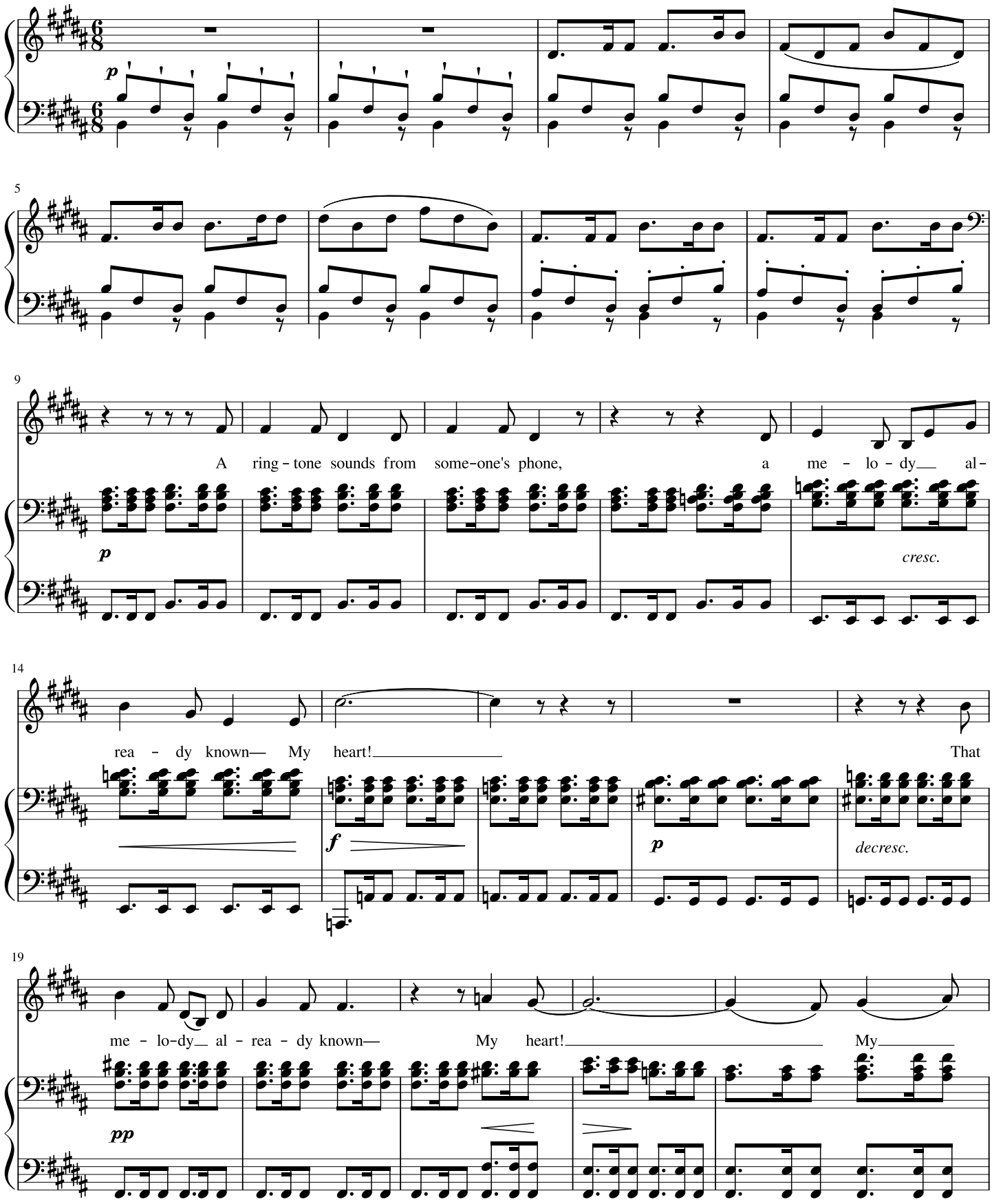
W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Einsamkeit) F. Schubert

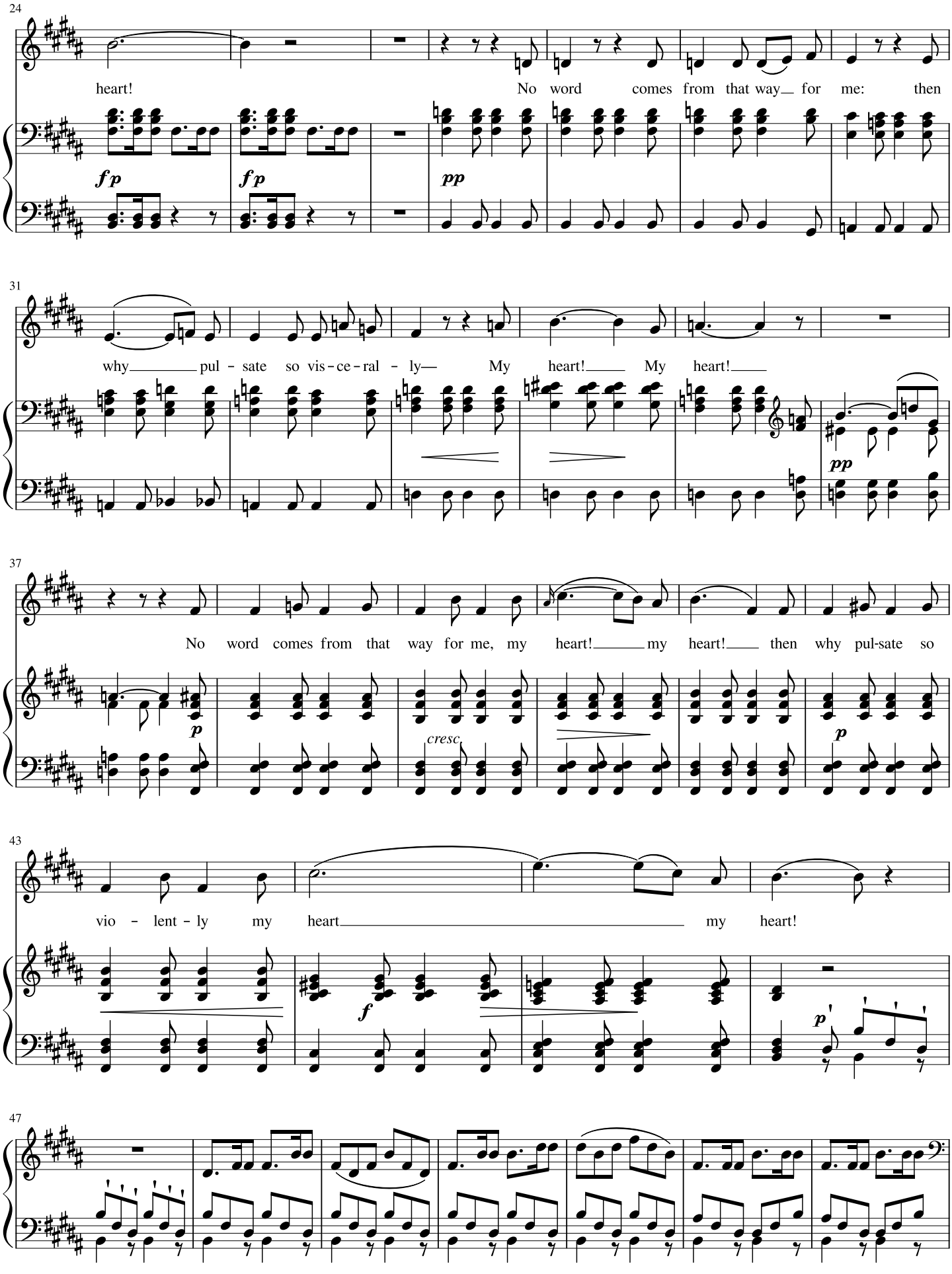


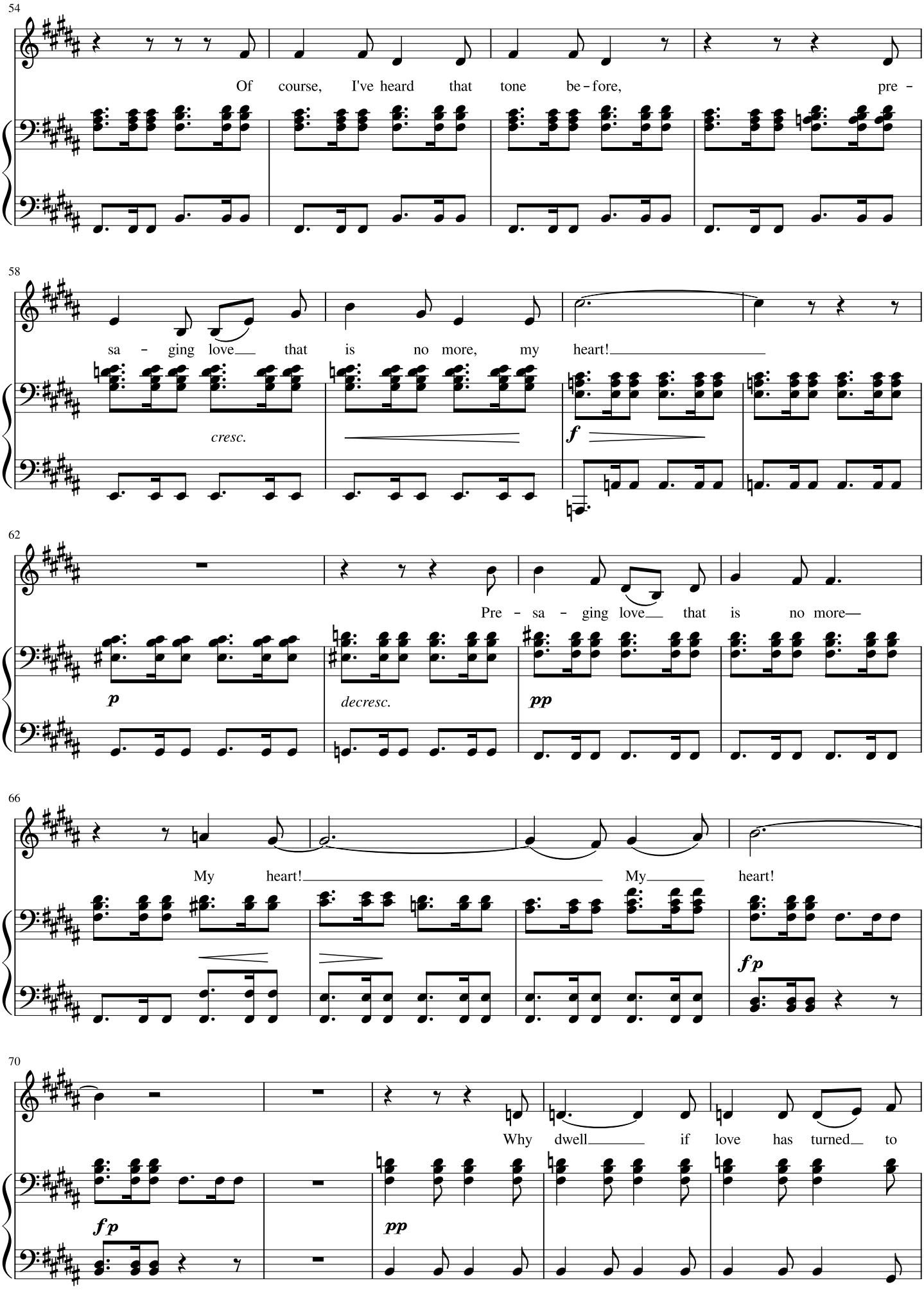

28
When still the storms were ra - ging, I
32
hee - ded not my, my des-pai-ring plight. I scorn this peace-ful mor-ning! Dis -
cresc.
trem.
38
dain this world so bright! When still the storms were
trem.
42
ra-ging, I hee - ded not my, my des-pai-ring plight.
dimin.

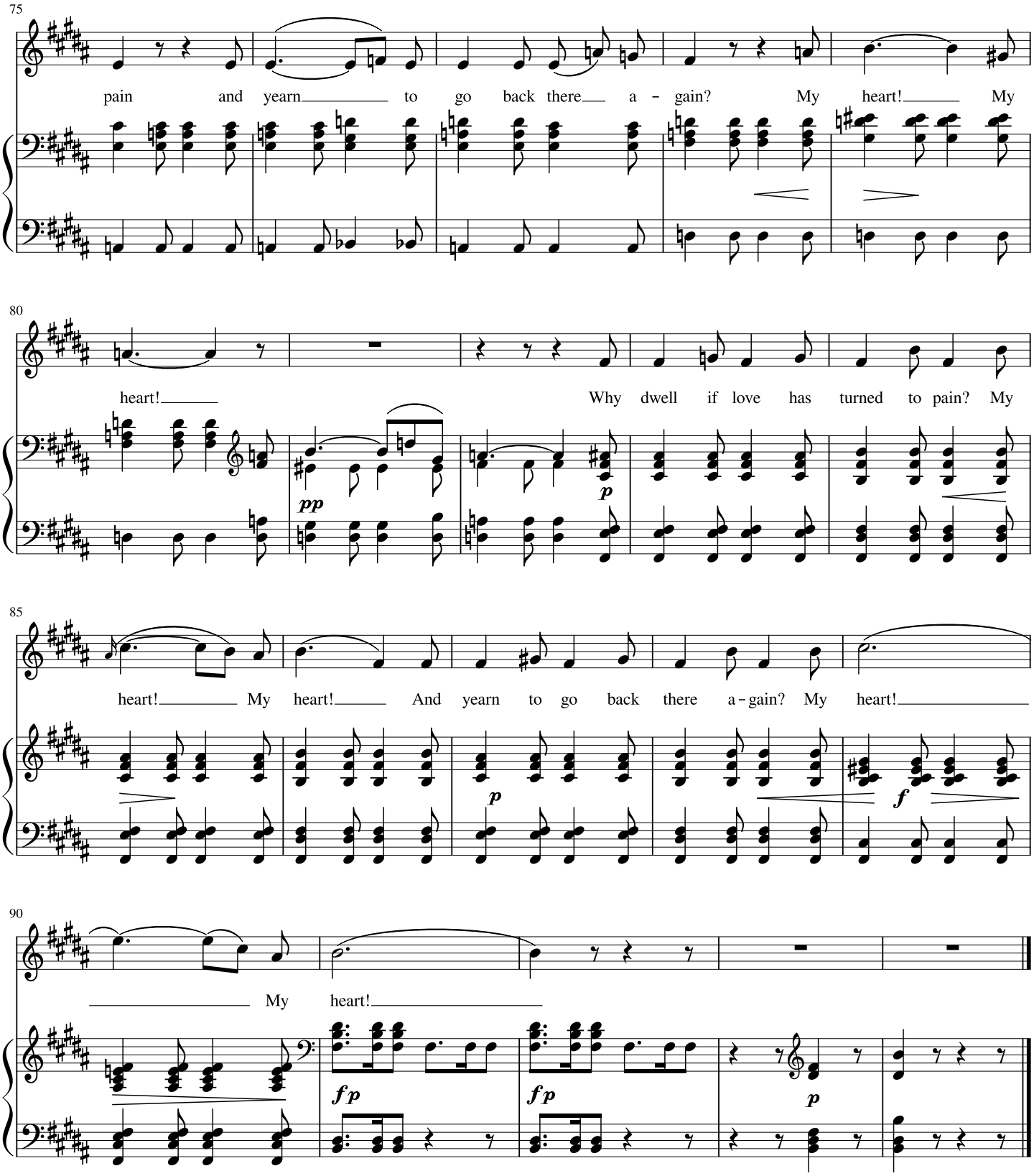
Ringtone

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Die Post) F. Schubert




24
heart!
No word comes from that way for me: then
fp
fp
pp
31
why pul - sate so vis - ce - ral - ly— My heart! My heart!
pp
37
No word comes from that way for me, my heart! my heart! then why pul-sate so
p
cresc.
p
43
vio - lent - ly my heart my heart!
f
p
47

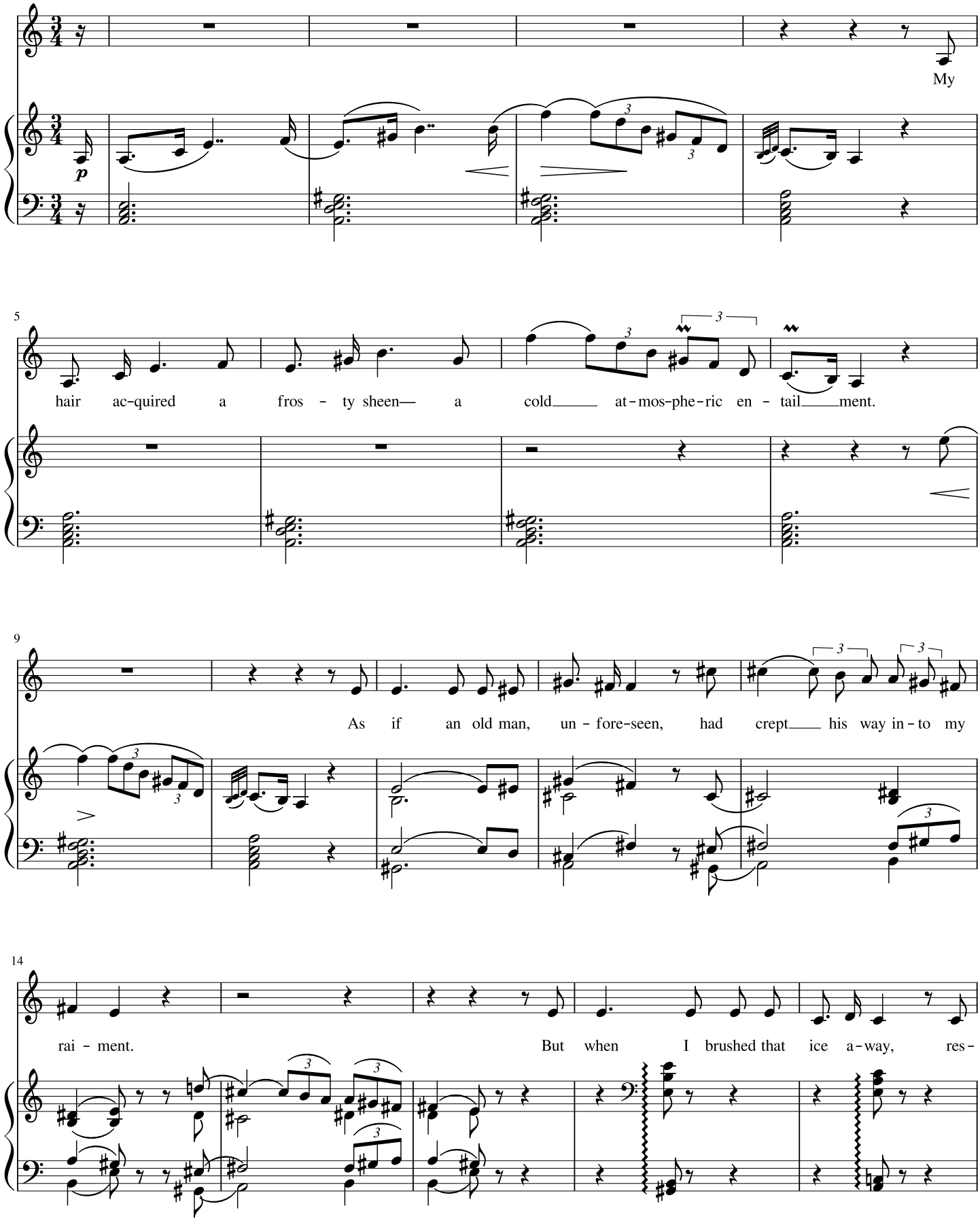

54
Of course, I've heard that tone be - fore, pre -
58
sa - ging love that is no more, my heart!
cresc.
f
62
Pre - sa - ging love that is no more—
p
decresc.
pp
66
My heart! My heart!
fp
70
Why dwell if love has turned to
fp
pp

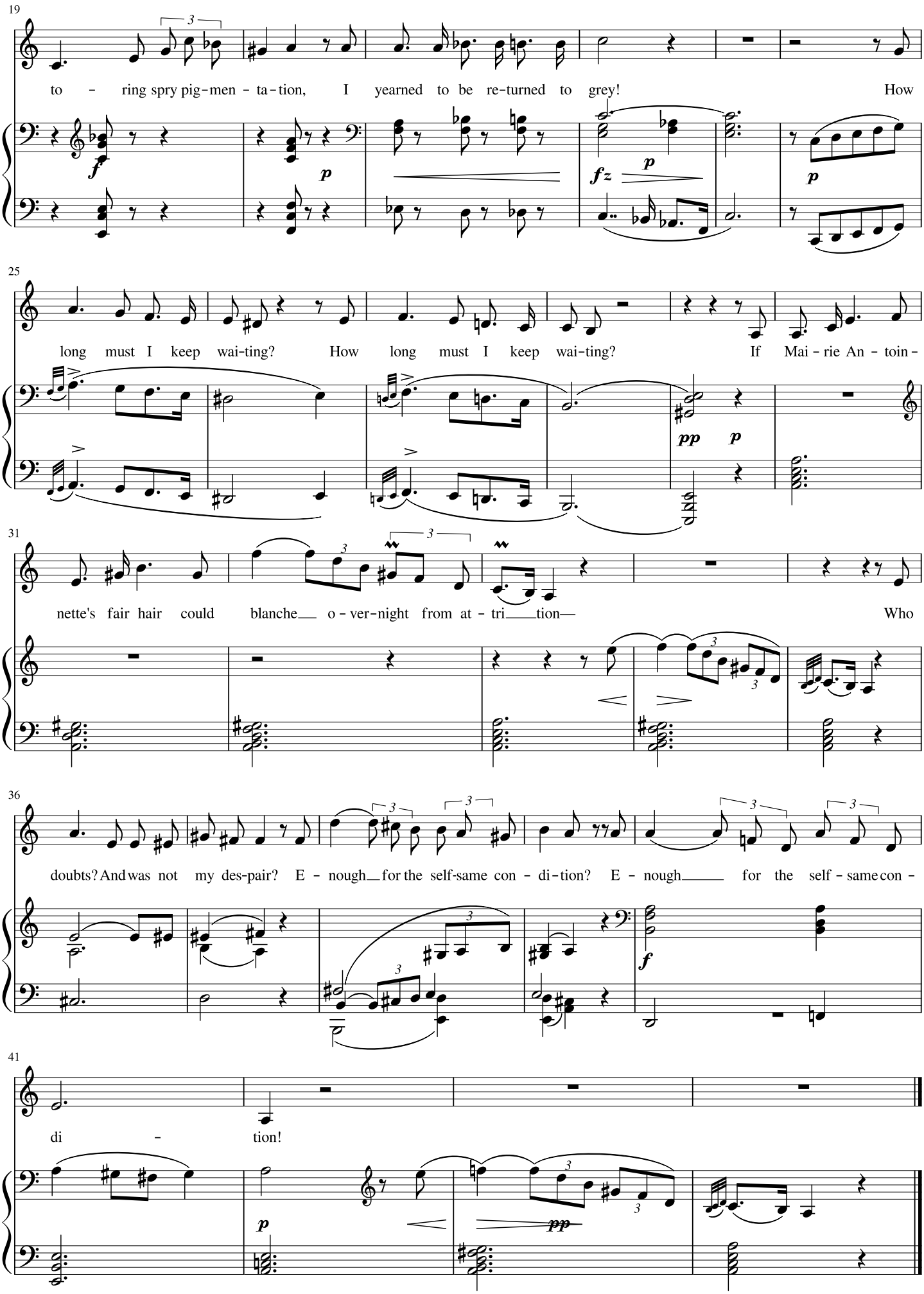

75
pain and yearn to go back there a - gain? My heart! My
80
heart! Why dwell if love has turned to pain? My
pp
p
85
heart! My heart! And yearn to go back there a - gain? My heart!
p
f
90
My heart!
fp
fp
p

A Touch of Frost

W. Müller (T. Beavitt) (Der greise Kopf) F. Schubert

♩ = 60



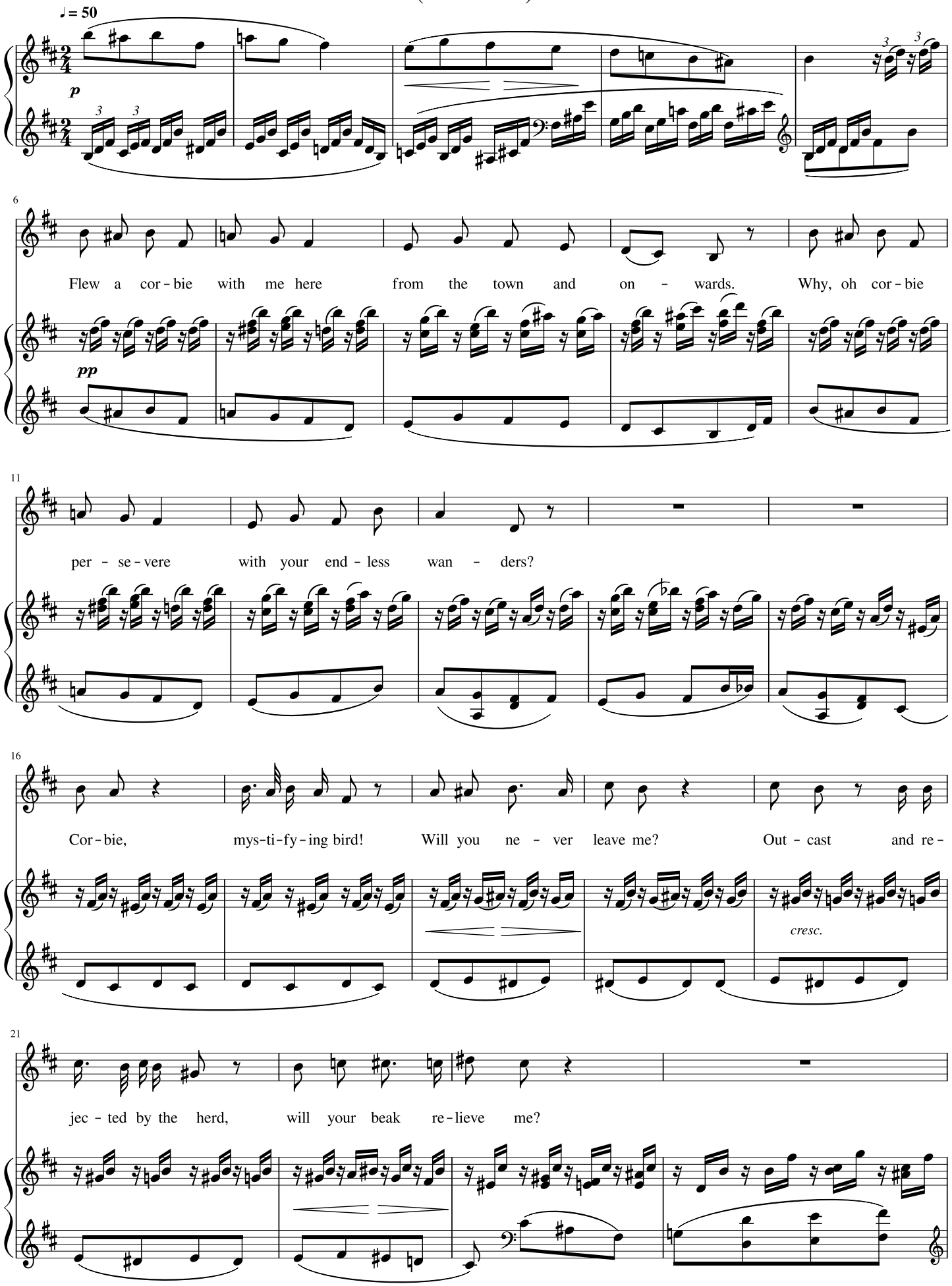

19
to - ring spry pig-men - ta-tion, I yearned to be re-turned to grey! How
25
long must I keep wai-ting? How long must I keep wai-ting? If Mai - rie An - toin -
31
nette's fair hair could blanche o - ver-night from at - tri tion Who
36
doubts? And was not my des-pair? E - nough for the self-same con - di-tion? E - nough for the self - same con -
41
di - tion!

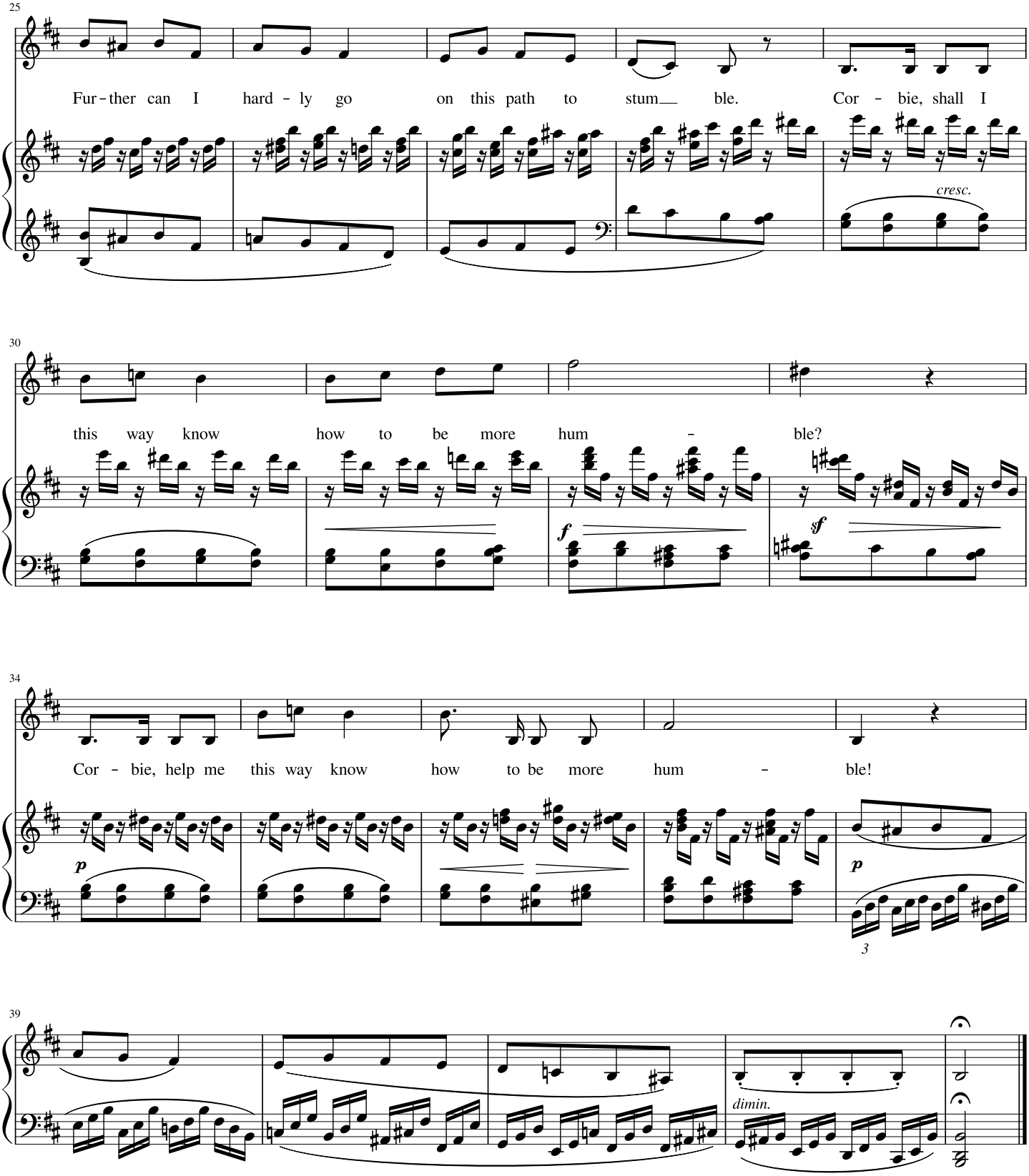
Corbie

(Die Krähe)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

F. Schubert




25
Fur - ther can I hard - ly go on this path to stum__ ble. Cor - bie, shall I
cresc.
30
this way know how to be more hum - ble?
f
sf
34
Cor - bie, help me this way know how to be more hum - ble!
p
p
3
39
dimin.

in.

The Last Hope

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Letzte Hoffnung) F. Schubert

♩ = 90

pp

5

Here and there, to old twigs clin - ging, one or two leaves I can see; and I pause be -

pp

10

fore them, sin - ging in my mind this me - lo - dy. Fixed u - pon one leaf at -

16

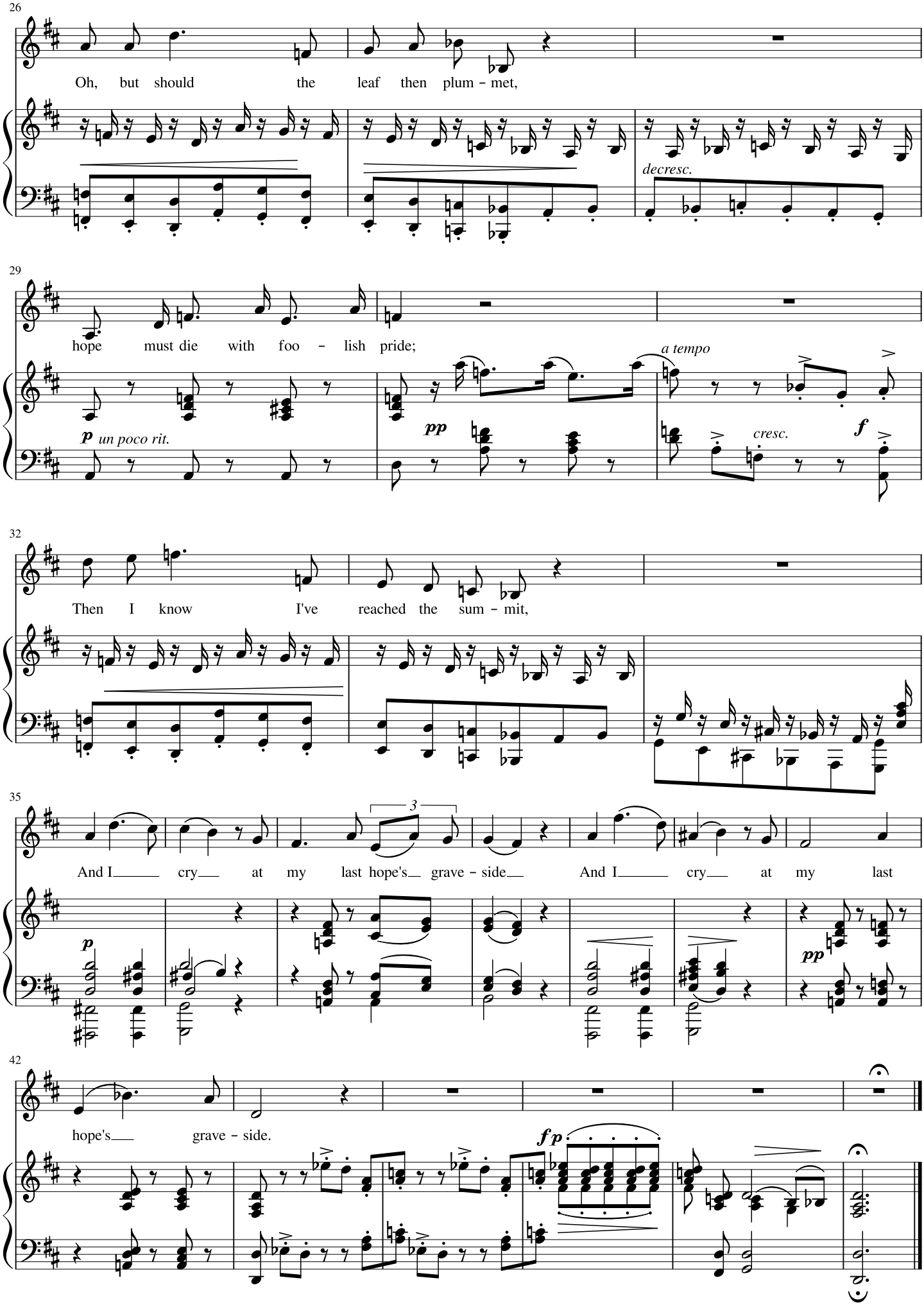
ten - tion, it be - comes my on - ly hope; and the wind, my ap - pre - hen-sion; tremb-les

cresc.

21

then my ho - ro - scope.

cresc. *f*


26
Oh, but should the leaf then plum - met,
decresc.
29
hope must die with foo - lish pride;
p un poco rit.
pp
a tempo
cresc.
f
32
Then I know I've reached the sum - mit,
35
3
And I cry at my last hope's grave - side And I cry at my last
p
pp
42
hope's grave - side.
fp

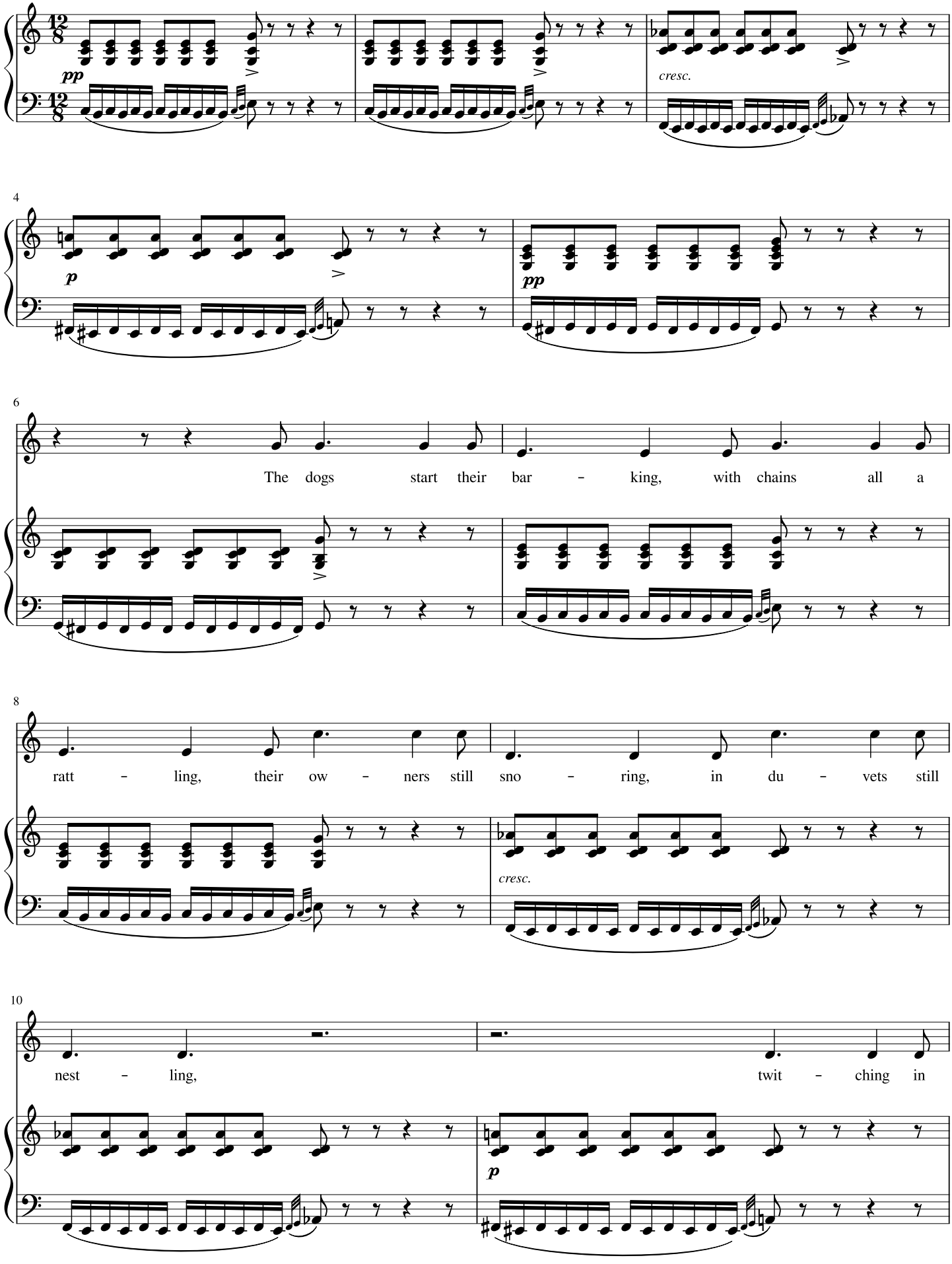
In the Village

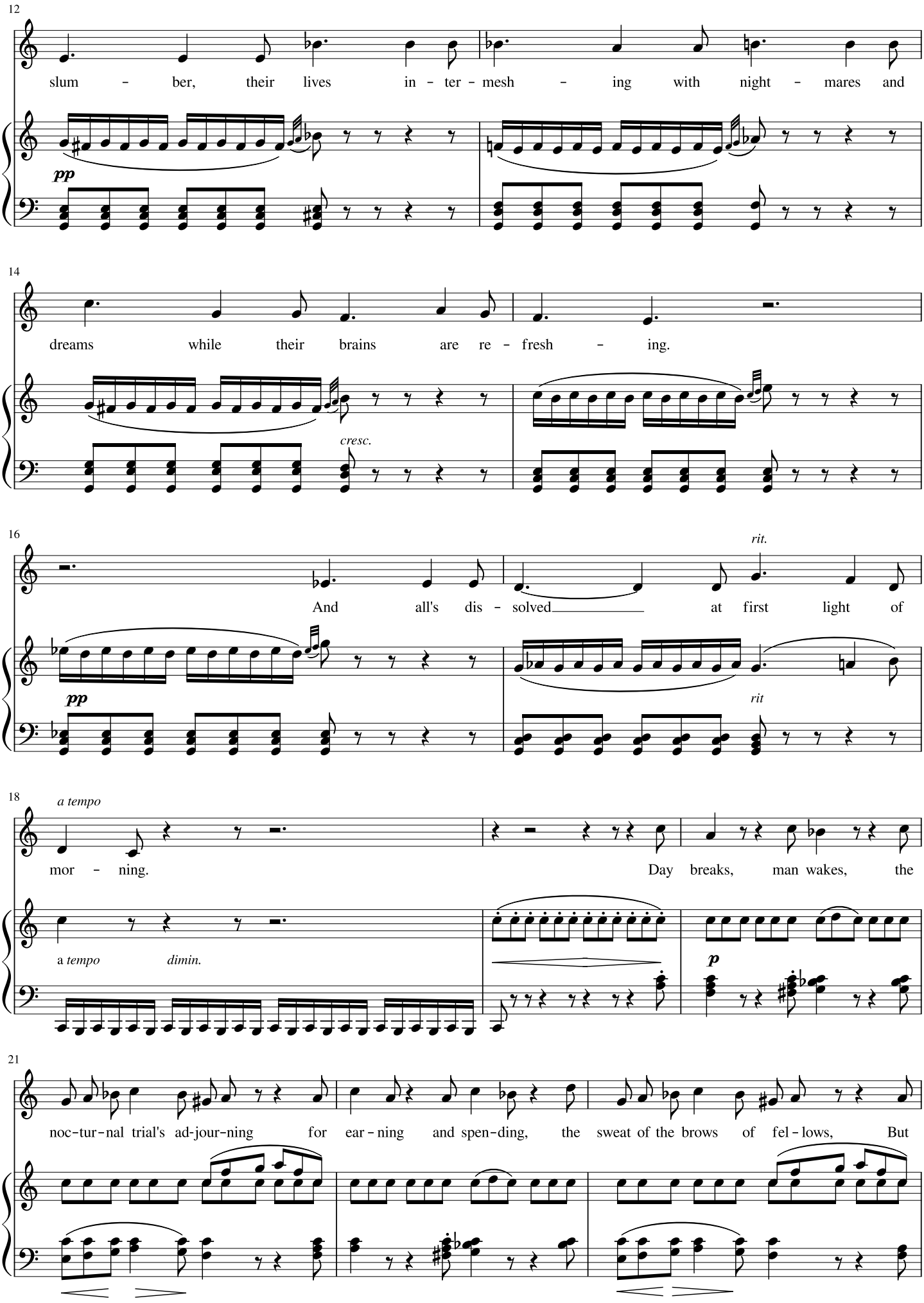
(Im Dorfe)

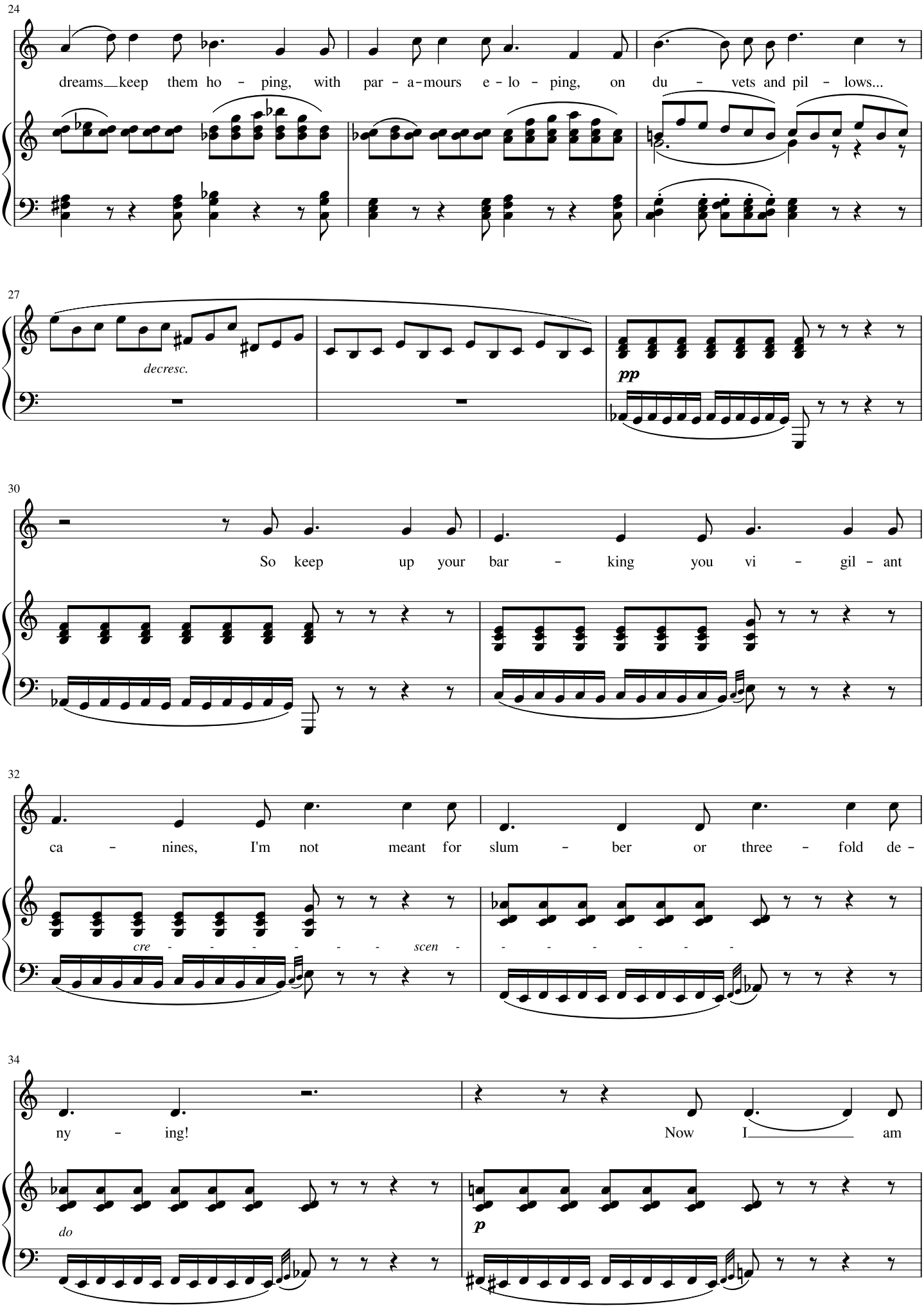
W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

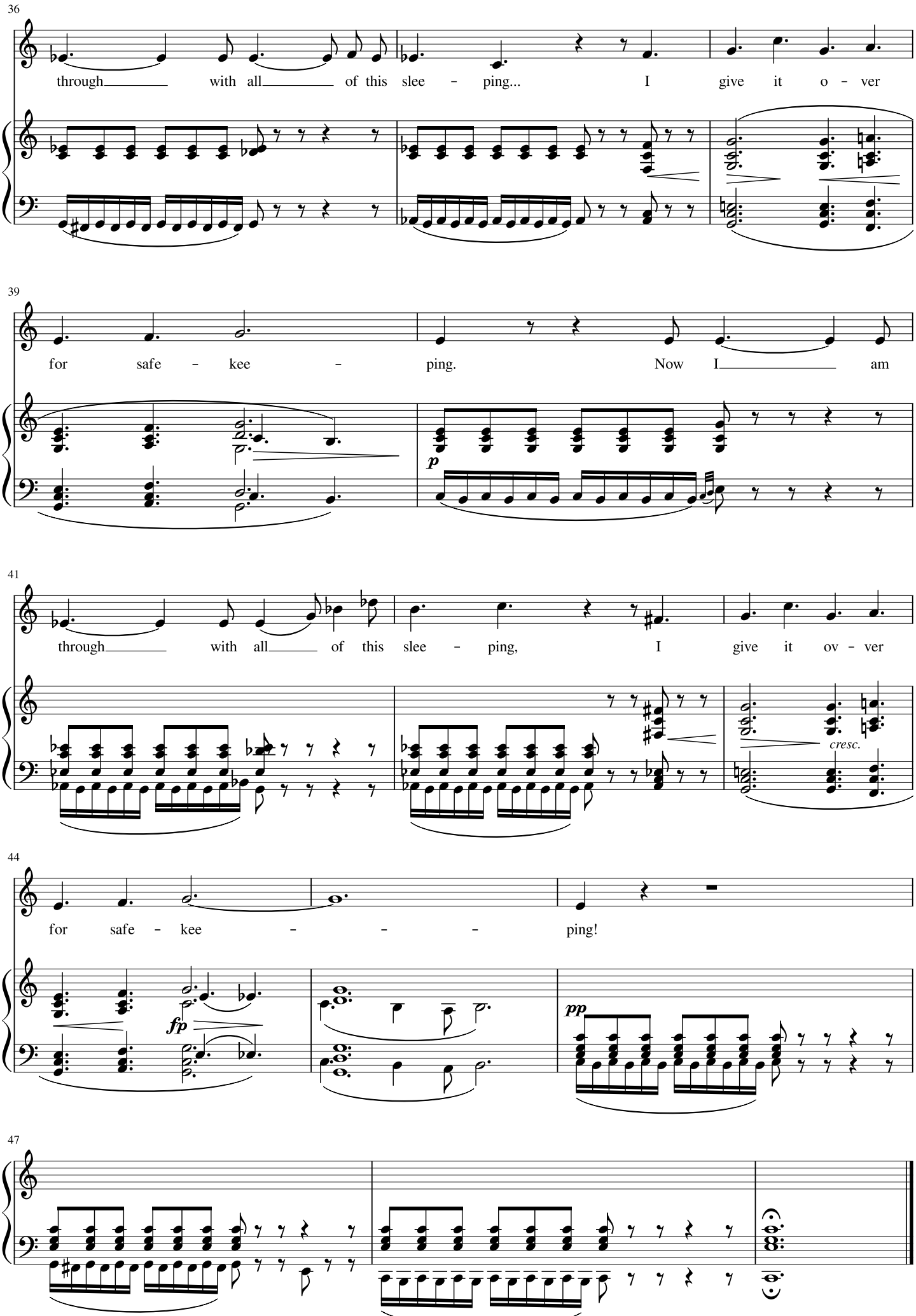
F. Schubert

♩ = 105




12
slum - ber, their lives in - ter - mesh - ing with night - mares and
pp
14
dreams while their brains are re - fresh - ing.
cresc.
16
And all's dis - solved at first light of
rit.
pp
rit
18
a tempo
mor - ning. Day breaks, man wakes, the
a tempo
dimin.
p
21
noc-tur-nal trial's ad-jour-ning for ear - ning and spen-ding, the sweat of the brows of fel - lows, But


24
dreams keep them ho - ping, with par - a-mours e - lo - ping, on du - vets and pil - lows...
27
decresc.
pp
30
So keep up your bar - king you vi - gil - ant
32
ca - nines, I'm not meant for slum - ber or three - fold de -
cre - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - -
34
ny - ing!
Now I am
do
p


36
through with all of this slee - ping... I give it o - ver
39
for safe - kee - ping. Now I am
p
41
through with all of this slee - ping, I give it ov - ver
cresc.
44
for safe - kee - - - ping!
fp
pp
47

Morning Tempest

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Der stürmische Morgen) F. Schubert

♩ = 100

f *fz*

3

What made the tem - pest break so fierce - ly? Oh sym - pho - ny of greys! With

6

shreds of bil - lows crow - ding dense - ly like rest - less ém - i - grés, like rest - less

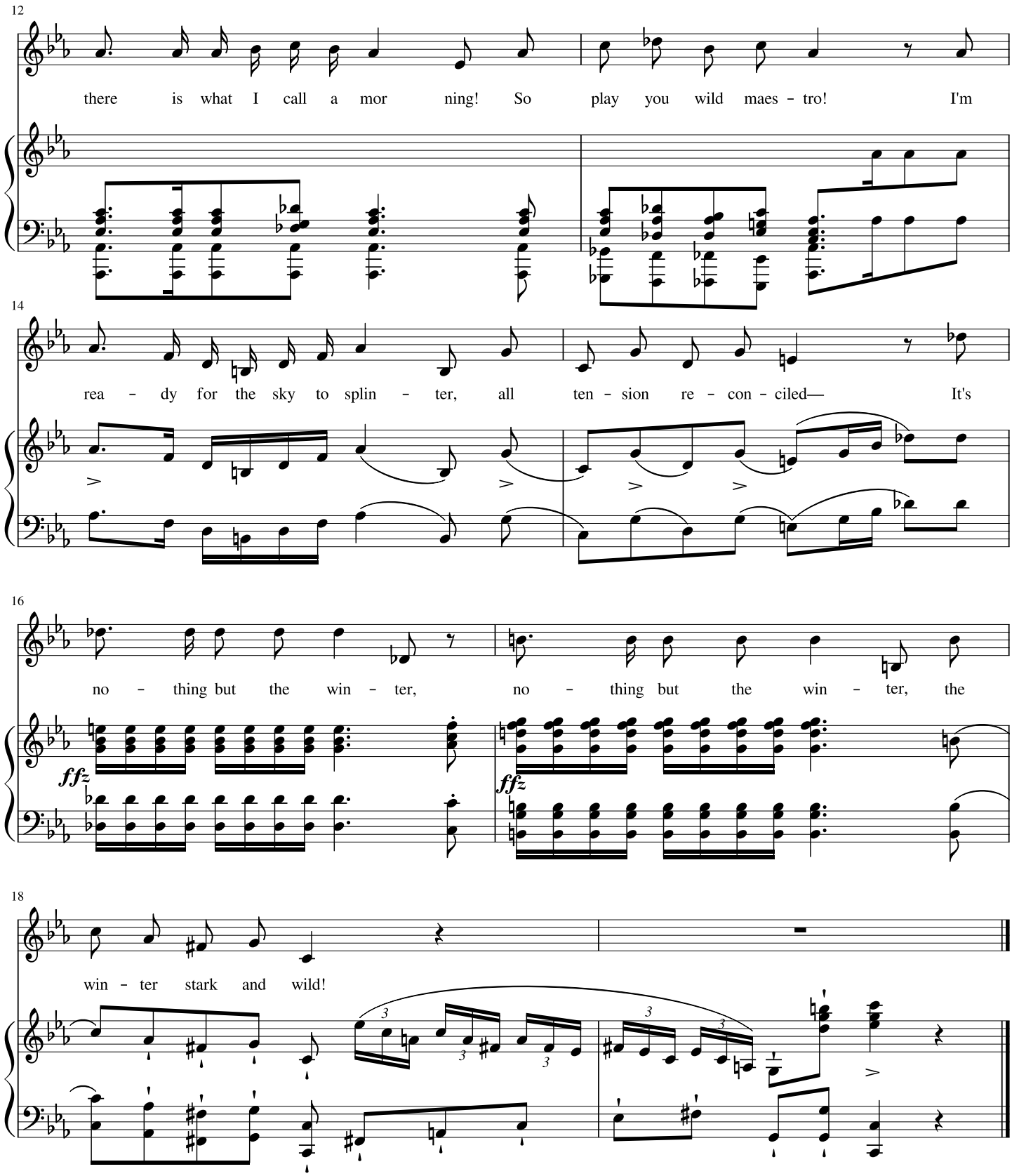
8

é - mi - grés! With

ff

10

Hal - le - lu - jah rays con - ver - ging or dar - ting to and fro; right

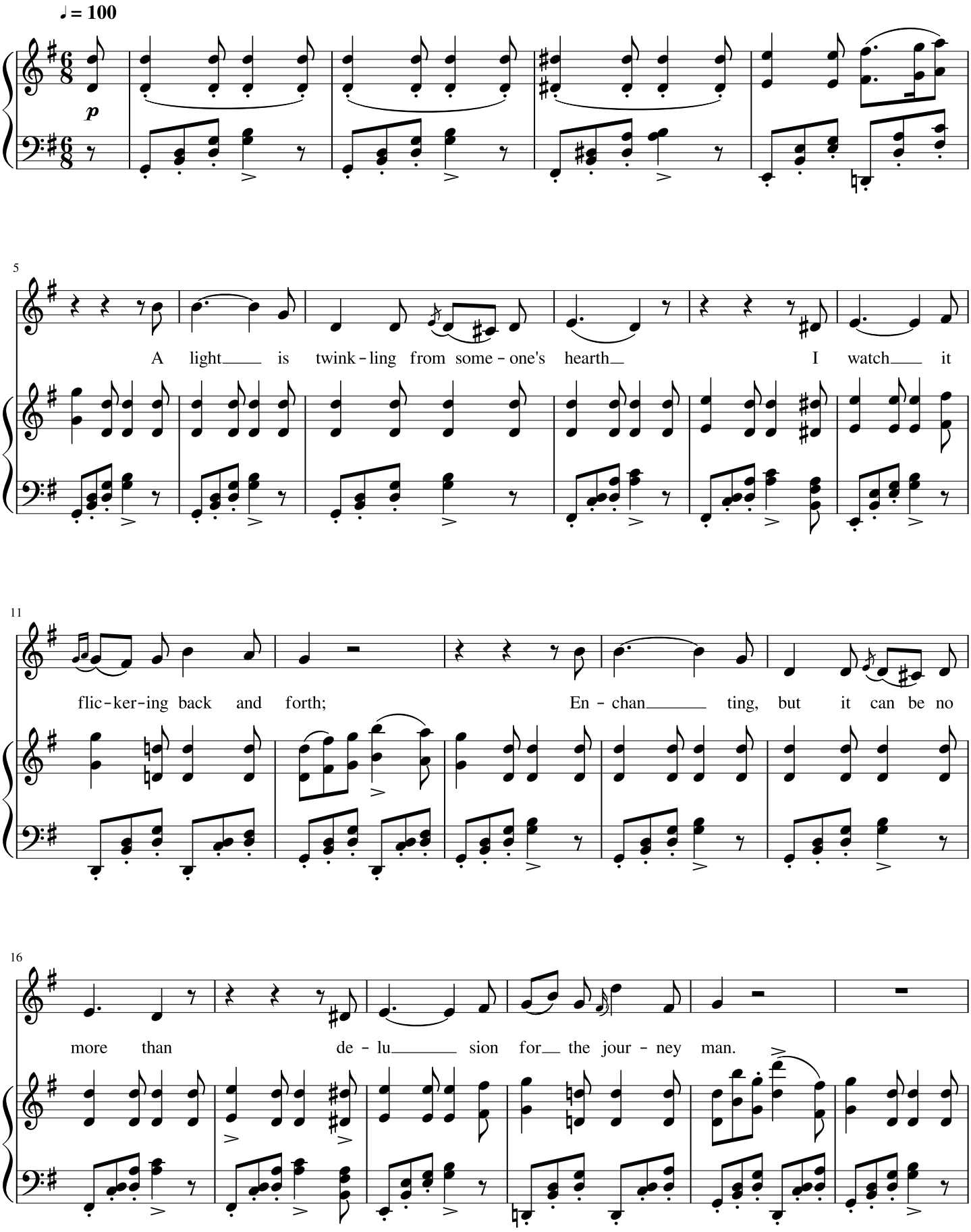

12
there is what I call a mor ning! So play you wild maes - tro! I'm
14
rea - dy for the sky to splin - ter, all ten - sion re - con - ciled— It's
16
no - thing but the win - ter, no - thing but the win - ter, the
ffz
ffz
18
win - ter stark and wild!

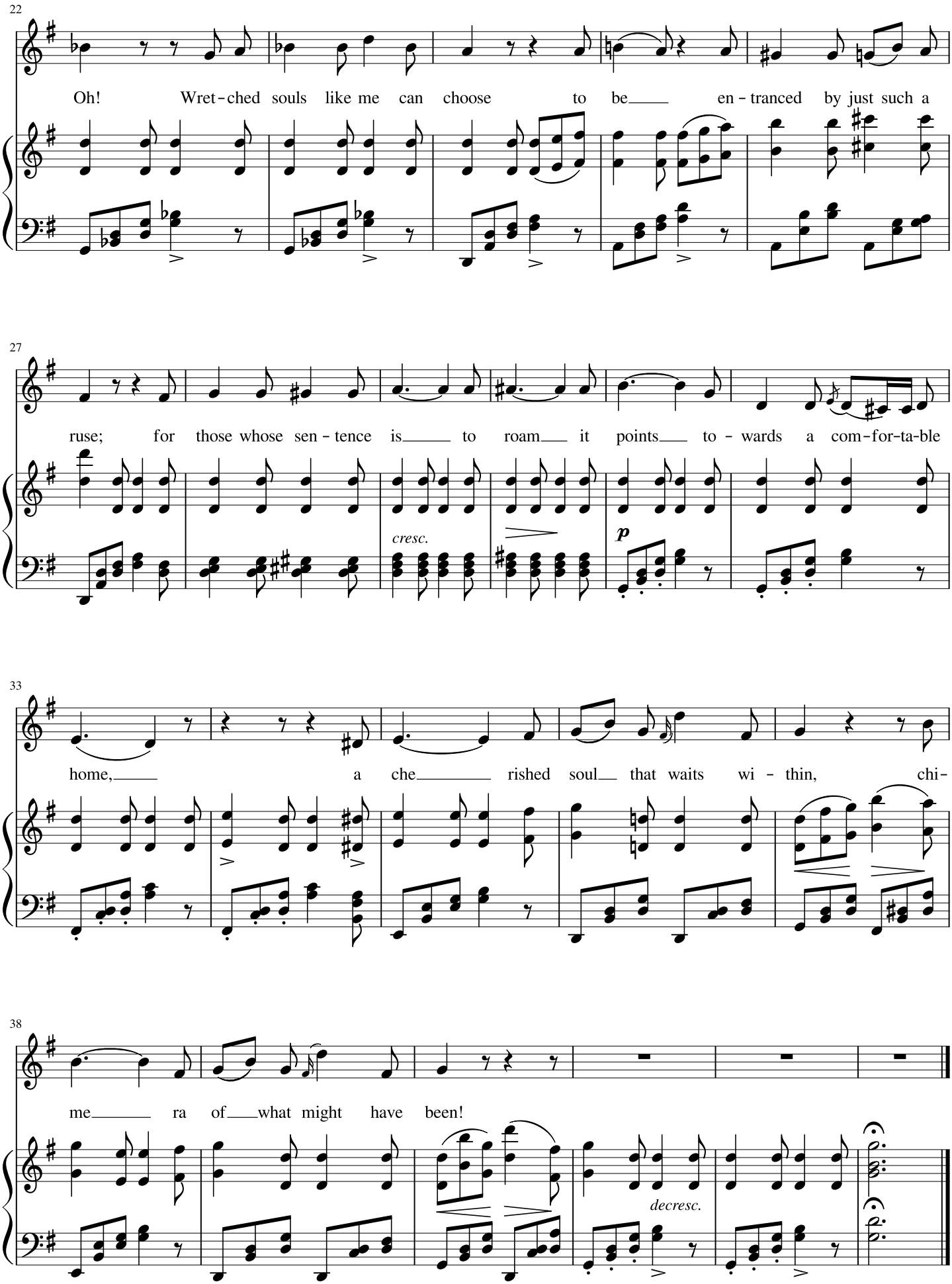
Chimera

(Täuschung)

W. Müller (tr. Thomas Beavitt)

F. Schubert




22
Oh! Wret-ched souls like me can choose to be en-tranced by just such a
27
ruse; for those whose sen-tence is to roam it points to-wards a com-for-ta-ble
cresc.
p
33
home, a che-rished soul that waits wi-thin, chi-
38
me-ra of what might have been!
decresc.

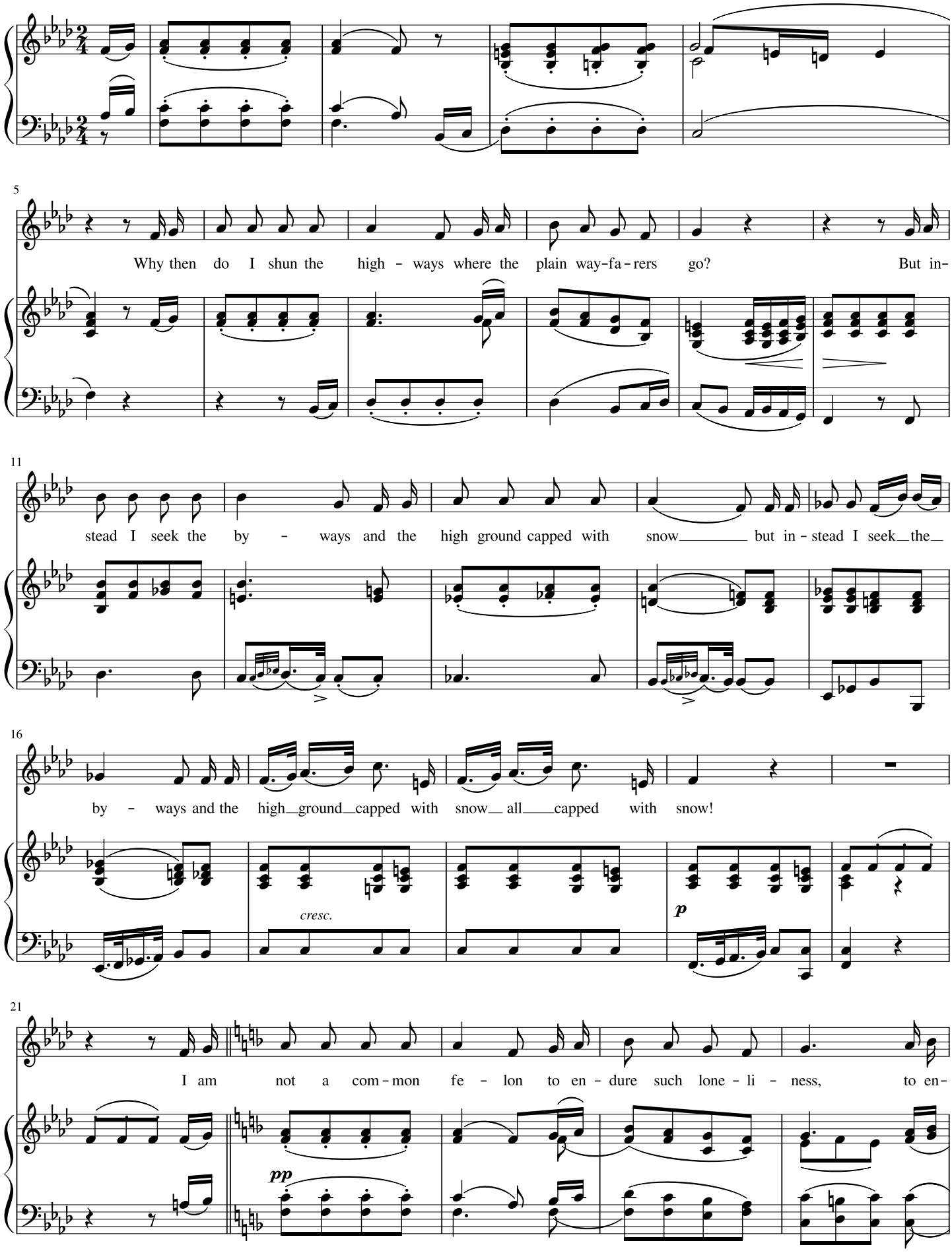
Milestone

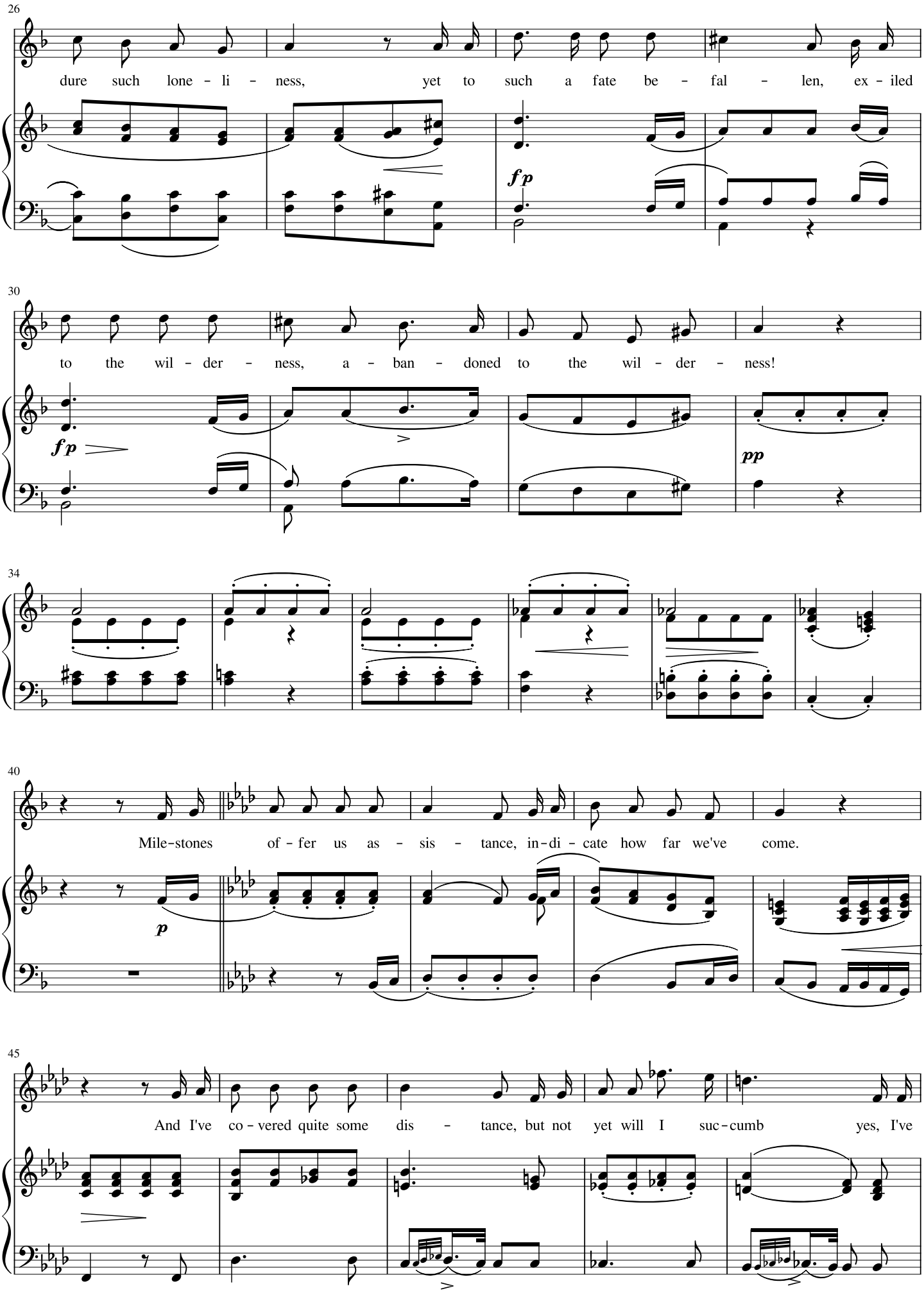
(Der Wegweiser)

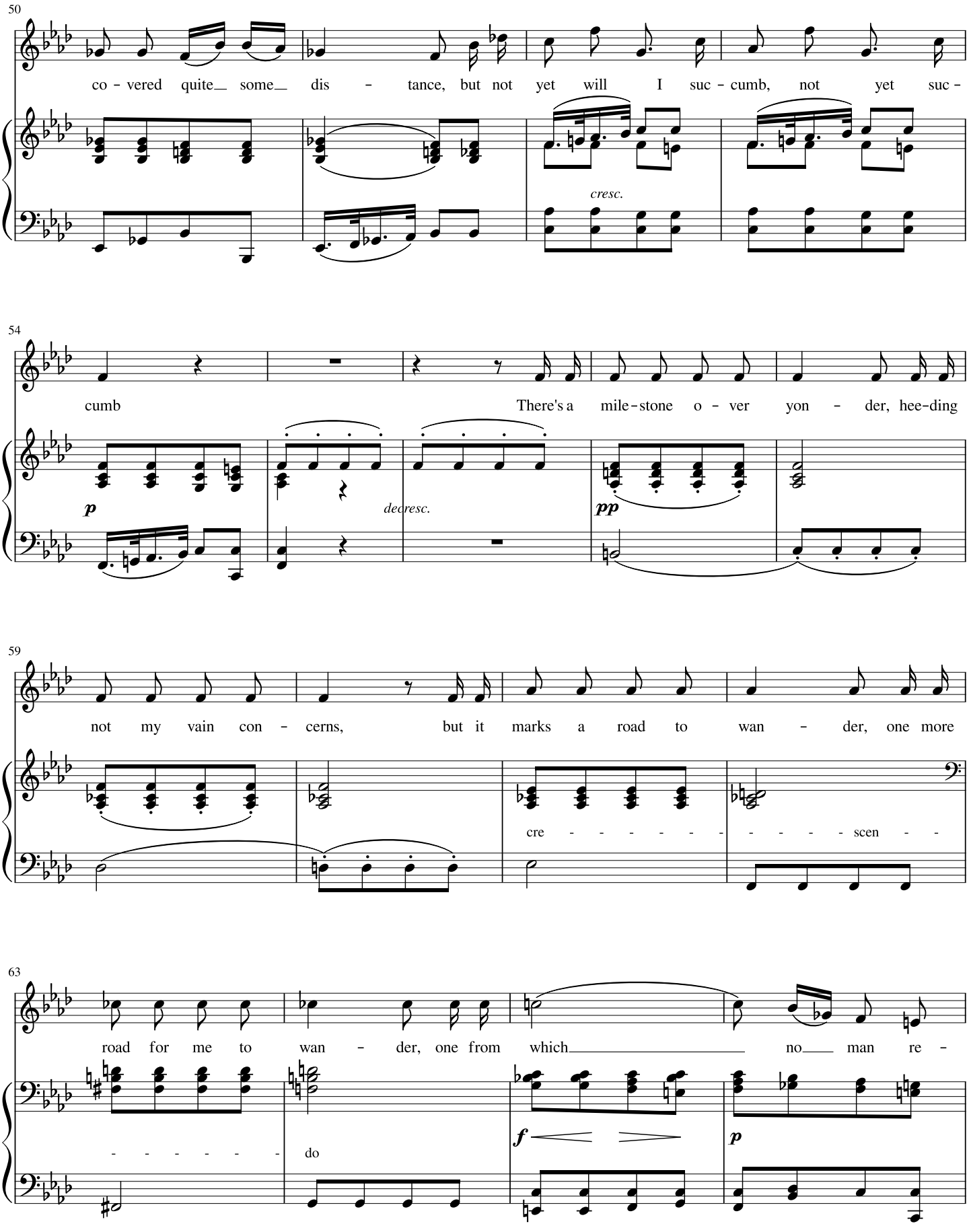
W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

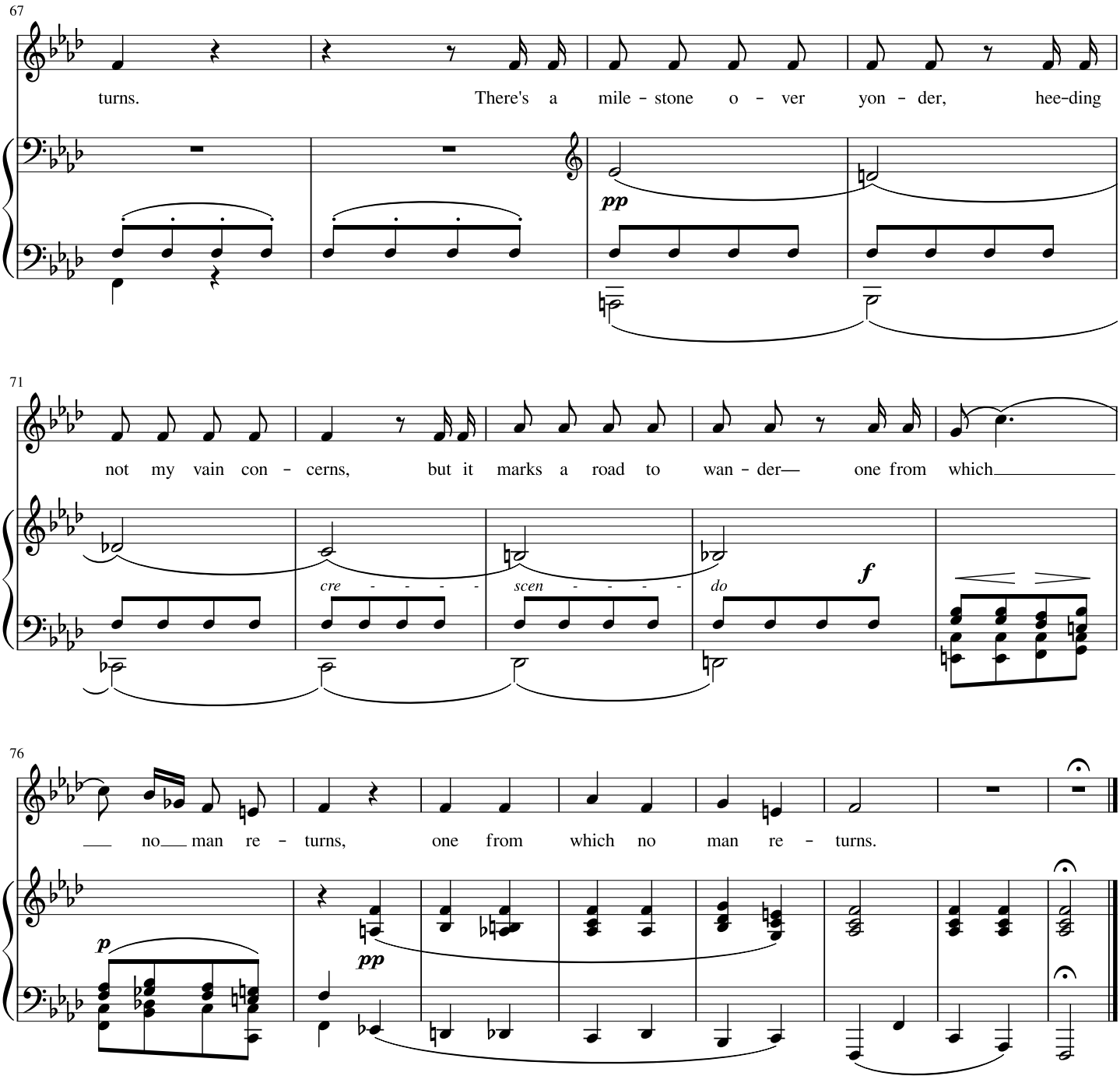
F. Schubert

♩ = 50



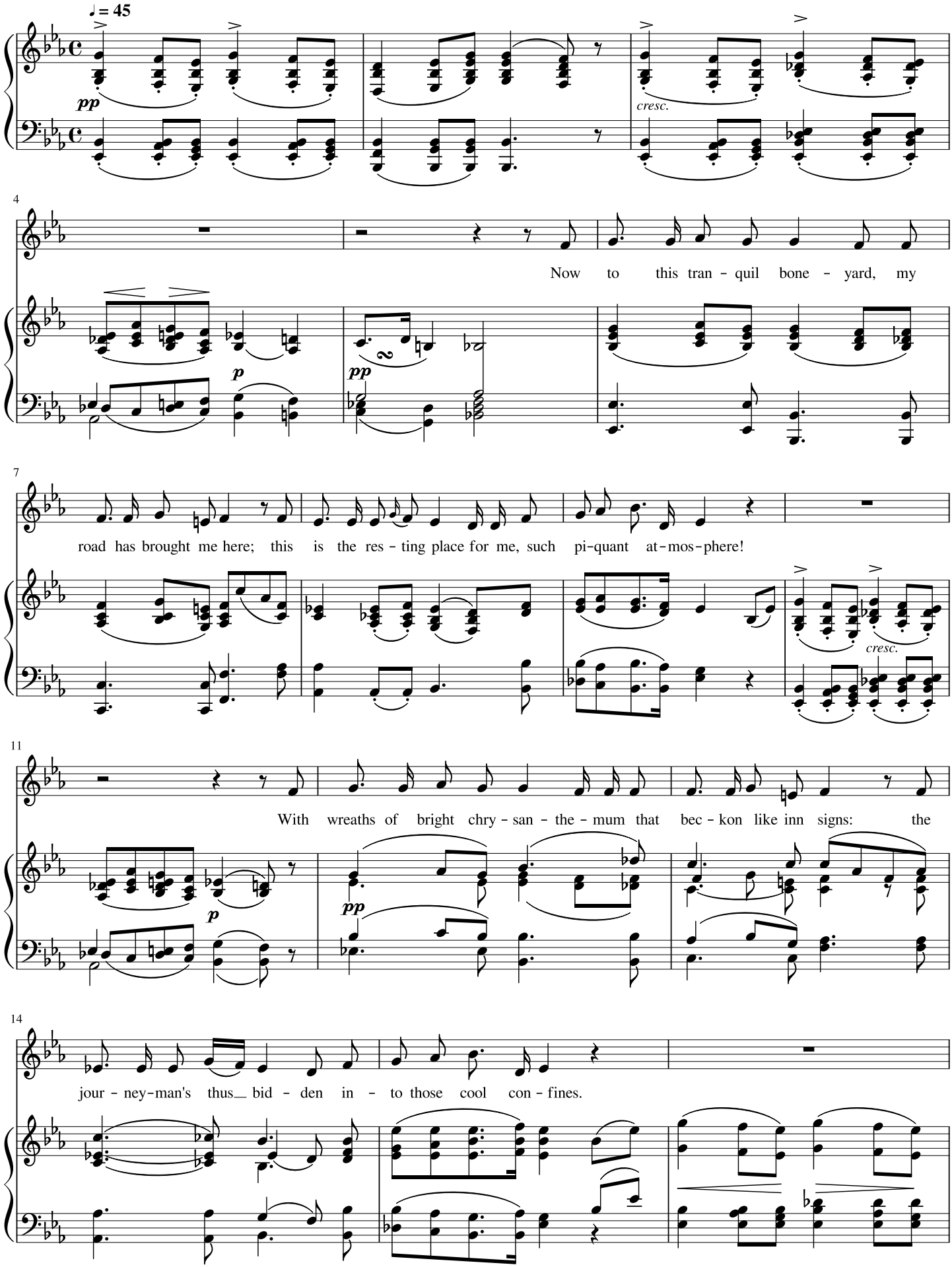

26
dure such lone - li - ness, yet to such a fate be - fal - len, ex - iled
fp
30
to the wil - der - ness, a - ban - doned to the wil - der - ness!
fp
pp
34
40
Mile-stones of - fer us as - sis - tance, in-di - cate how far we've come.
p
45
And I've co - vered quite some dis - tance, but not yet will I suc-cumb yes, I've

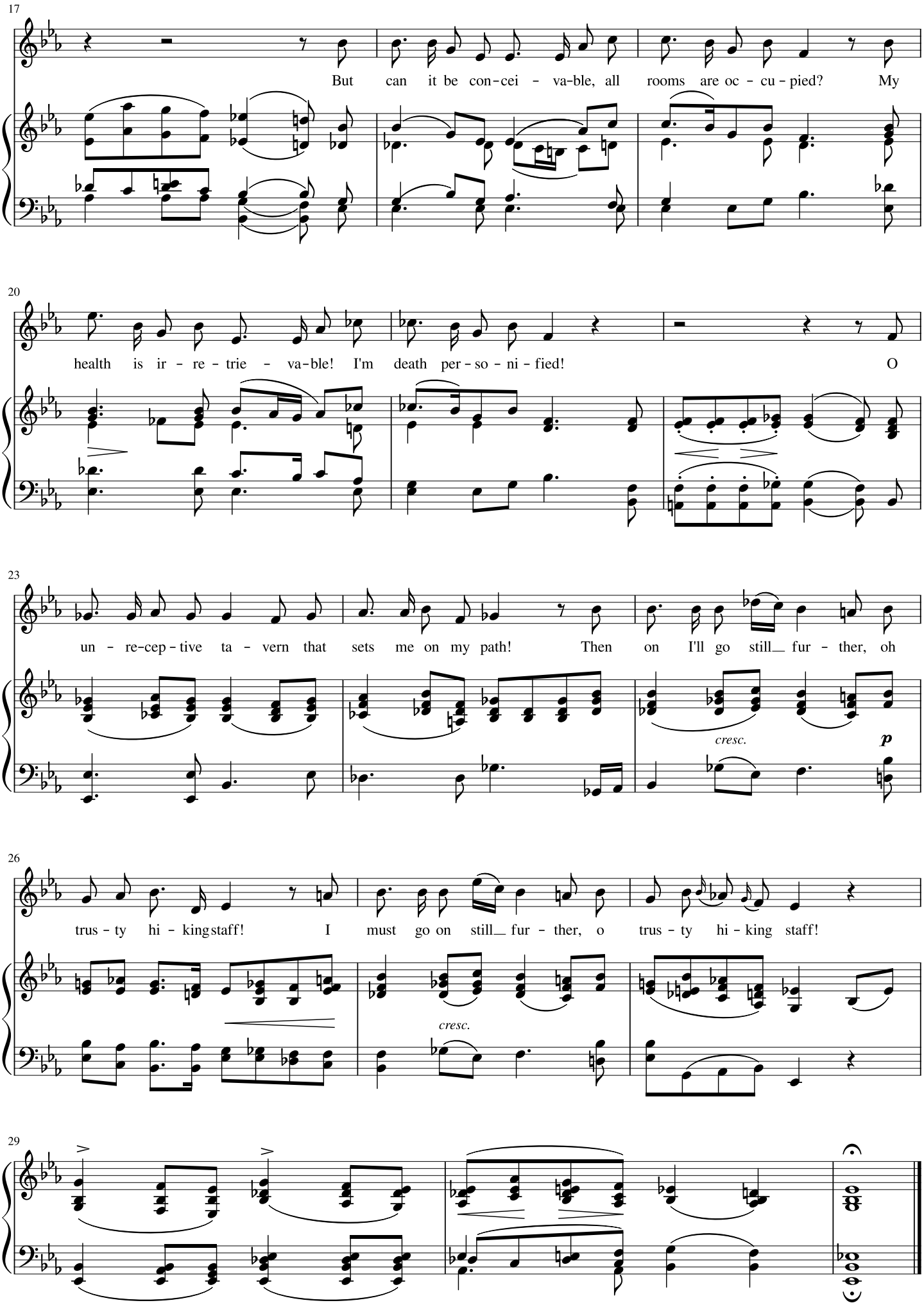

50
co - vered quite some dis - tance, but not yet will I suc - cumb, not yet suc -
cresc.
54
cumb There's a mile-stone o - ver yon - der, hee-ding
p
decresc.
pp
59
not my vain con - cerns, but it marks a road to wan - der, one more
cre - - - - - - - - - - scen - -
63
road for me to wan - der, one from which no man re -
- - - - - - do
f
p


67
turns. There's a mile - stone o - ver yon - der, hee-ding
pp
71
not my vain con - cerns, but it marks a road to wan - der— one from which
cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do
f
76
no man re - turns, one from which no man re - turns.
p
pp

No Vacancies

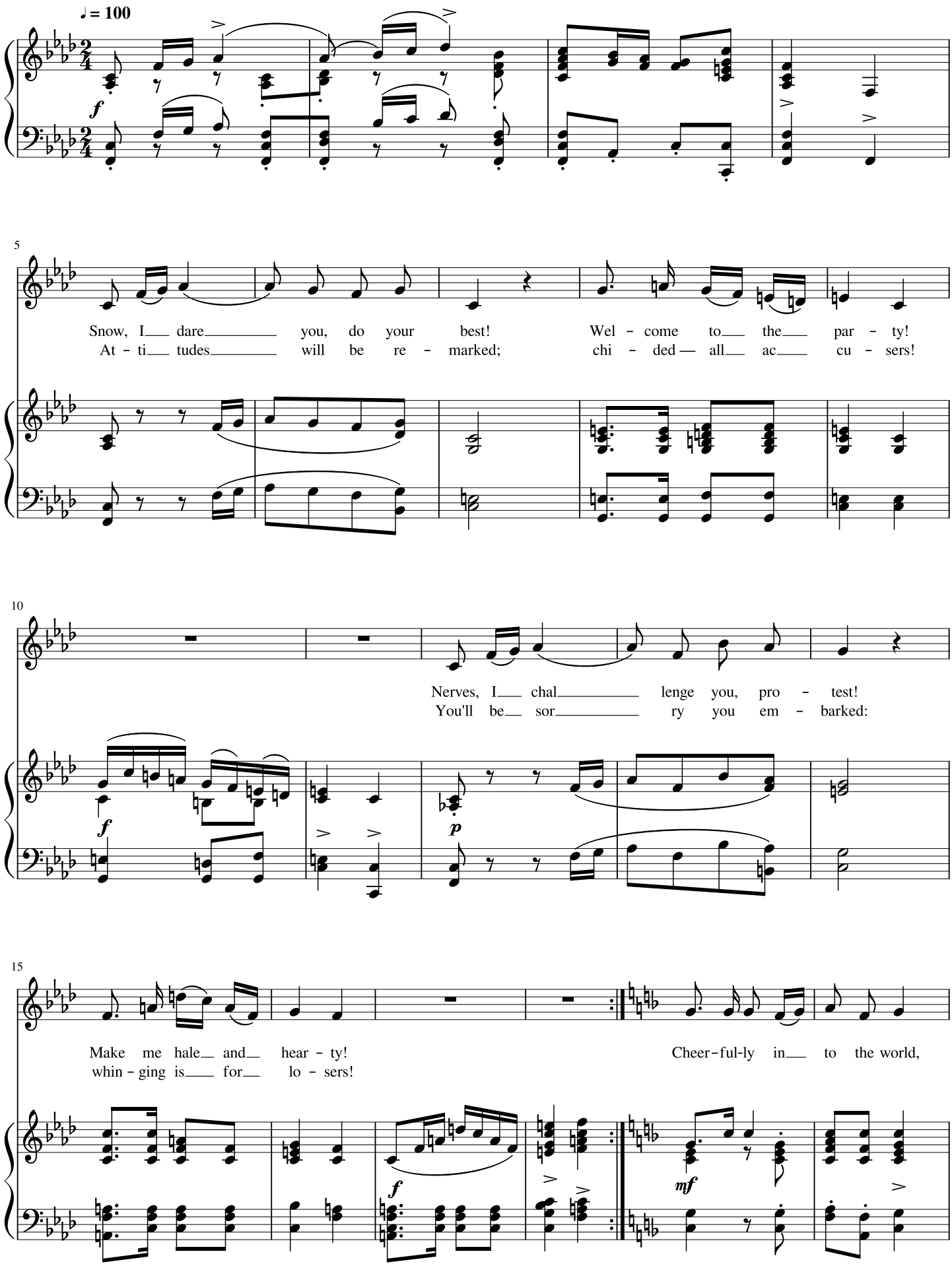
W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Das Wirtshaus) F. Schubert

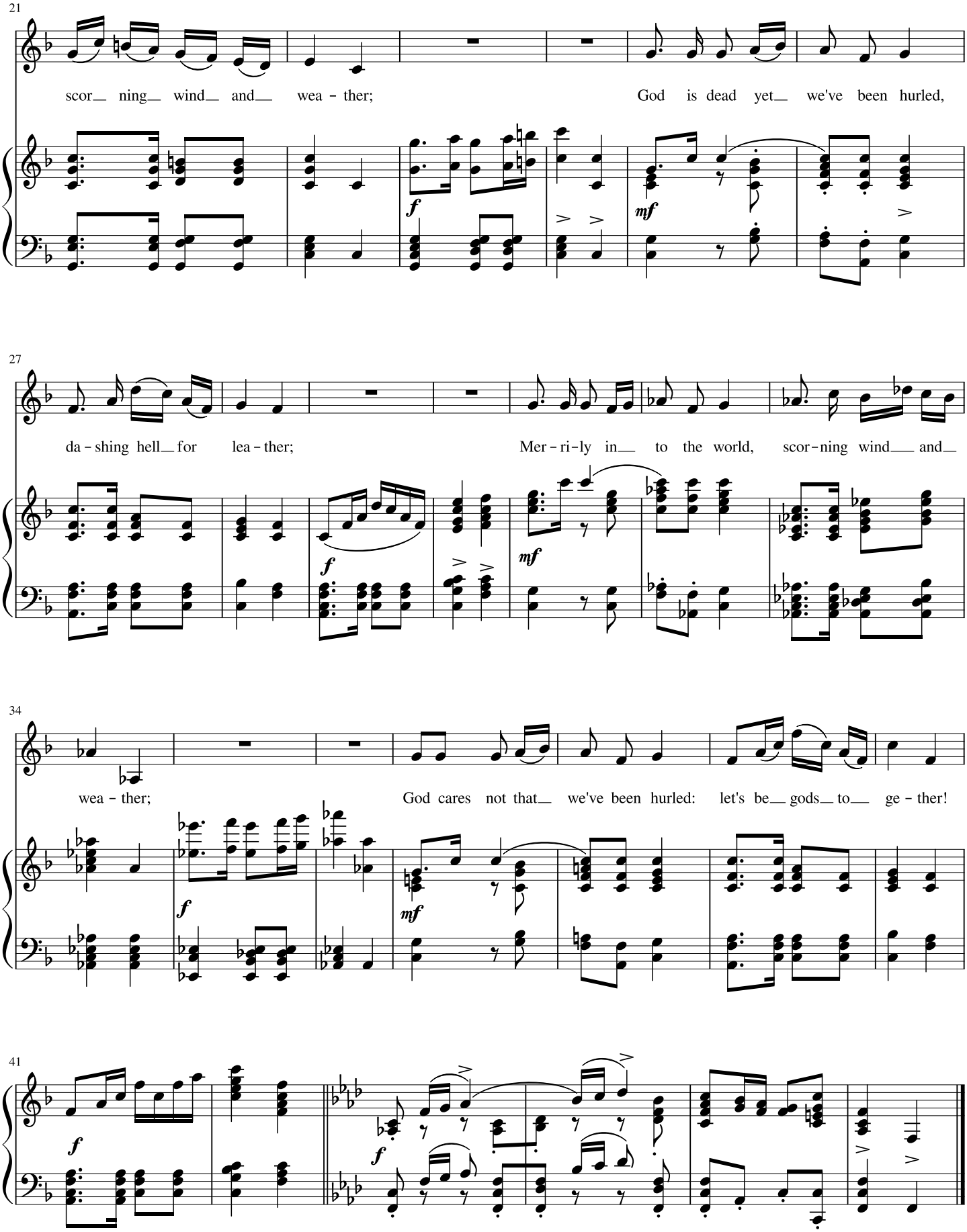



17
But can it be con-cei - va-ble, all rooms are oc - cu - pied? My
20
health is ir - re - trie - va-ble! I'm death per - so - ni - fied! O
23
un - re-cep - tive ta - vern that sets me on my path! Then on I'll go still_ fur - ther, oh
cresc.
p
26
trus - ty hi - king staff! I must go on still_ fur - ther, o trus - ty hi - king staff!
cresc.
29

Bravado

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) (Mut!) F. Schubert

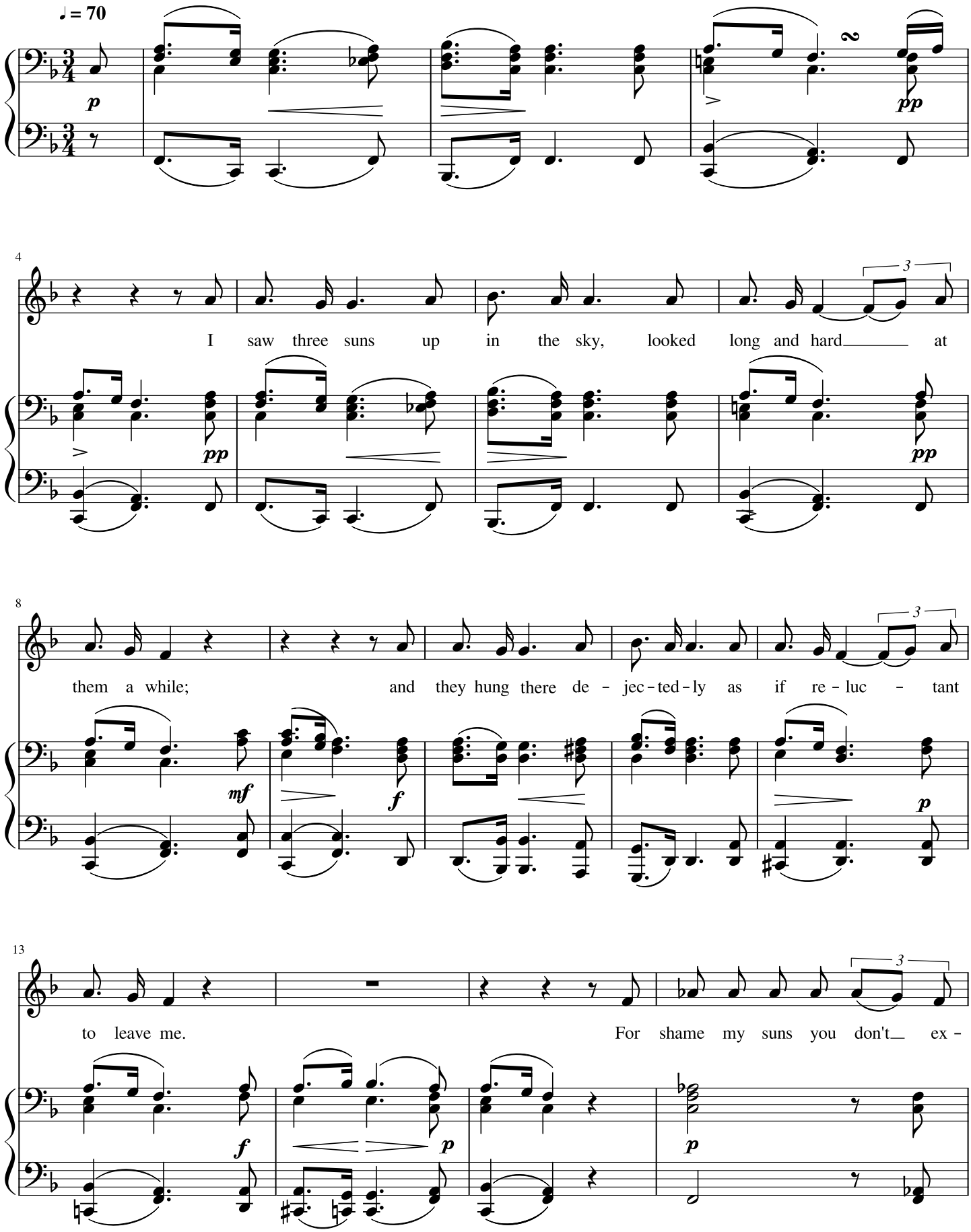


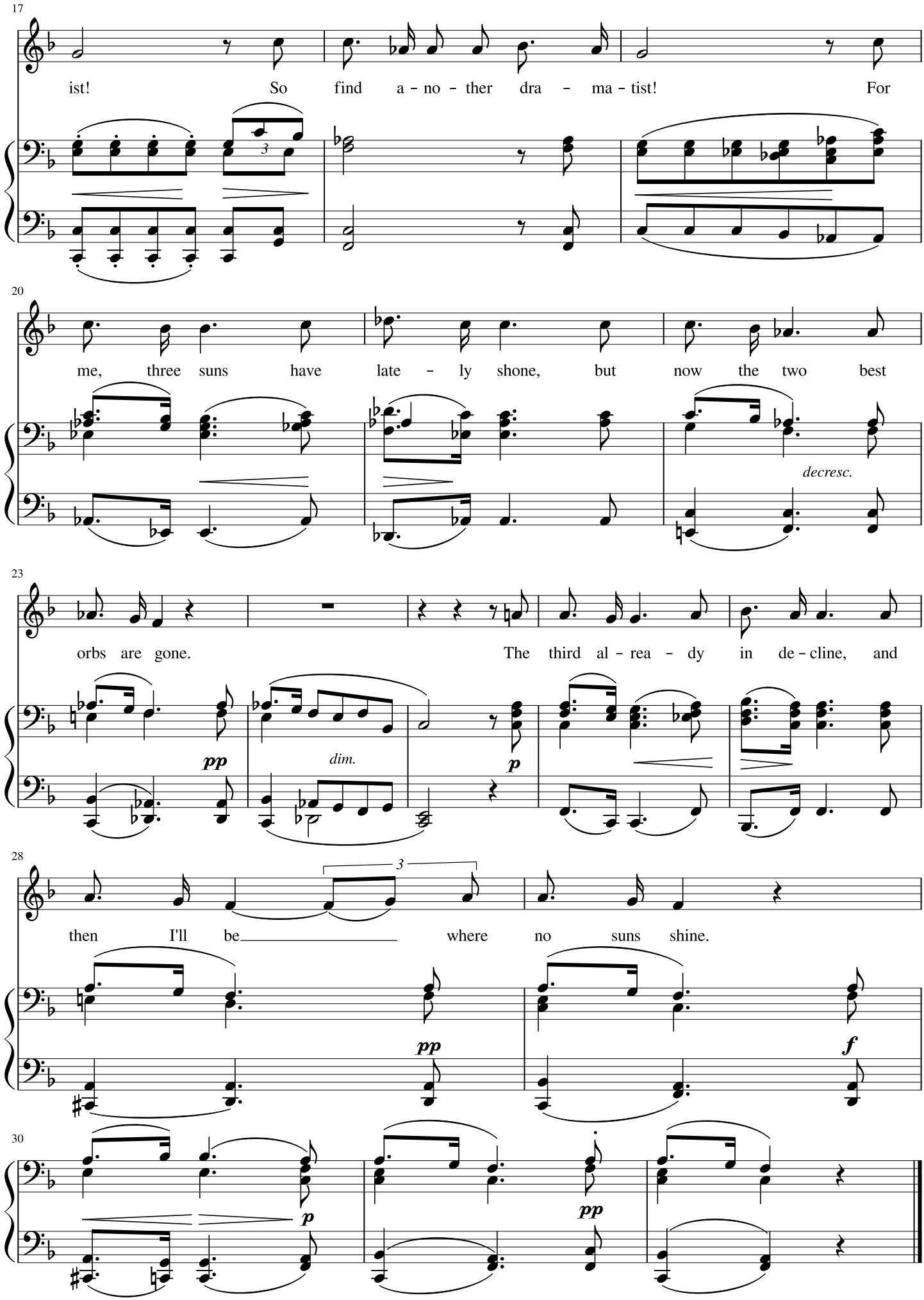

21
scor ning wind and wea - ther;
God is dead yet we've been hurled,
27
da - shing hell for lea - ther;
Mer - ri - ly in to the world, scor - ning wind and
34
wea - ther;
God cares not that we've been hurled: let's be gods to ge - ther!
41

The Mock Suns

(Die Nebensonnen)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt) F. Schubert




17
ist! So find a - no - ther dra - ma - tist! For
20
me, three suns have late - ly shone, but now the two best
decresc.
23
orbs are gone. The third al - rea - dy in de - cline, and
pp
dim.
p
28
3
then I'll be where no suns shine.
pp
f
30
p
pp

Hurdy-Gurdy Girl

(Der Leiermann)

W. Müller (tr. T. Beavitt)

F. Schubert

♩ = 70

pp

pp

9

By the vil - lage plays a hur-dy gur-dy girl Her frost - bit - ten fin - gers on her key - board whirl.

15

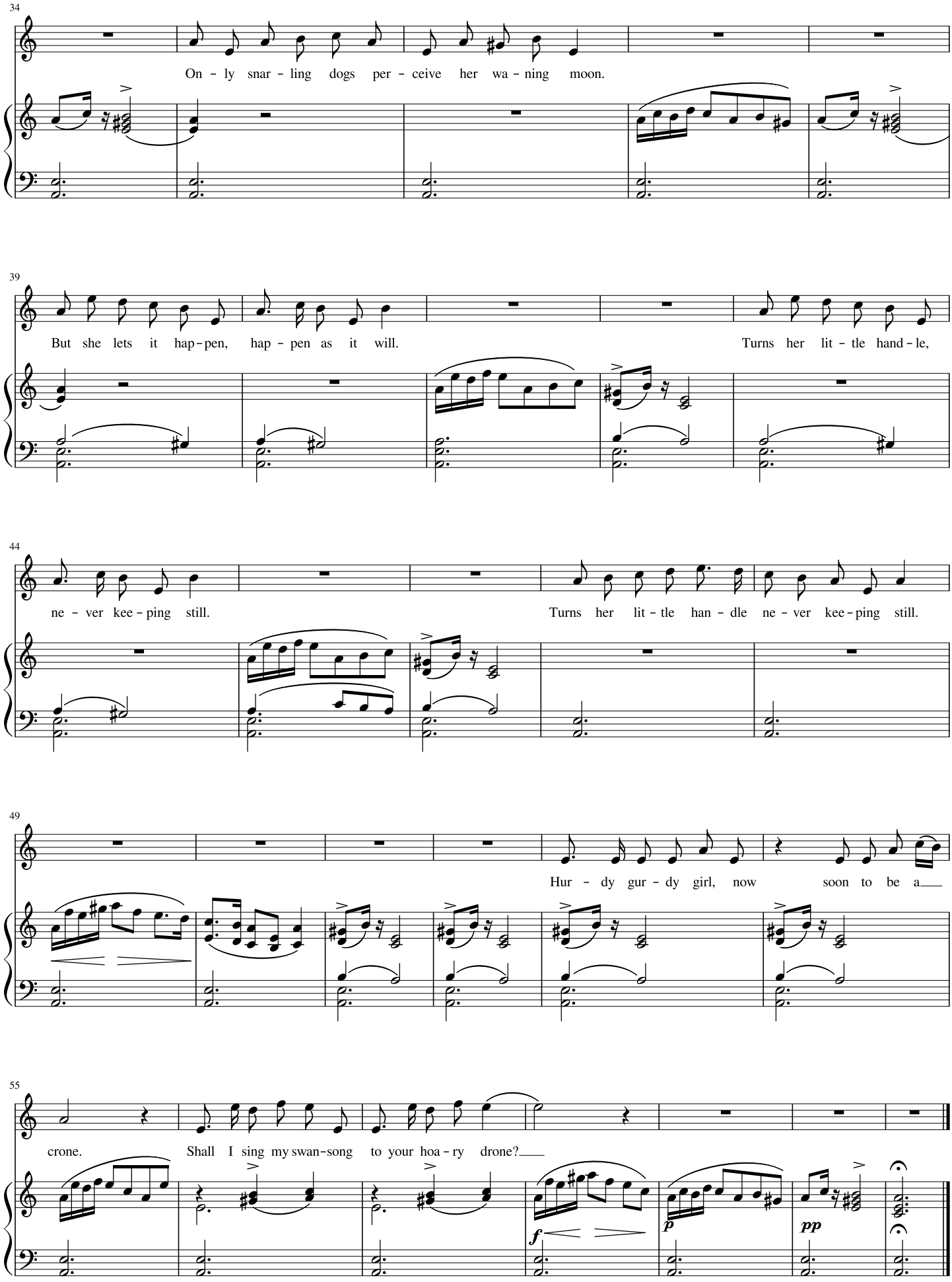
Bare-foot on the ice, she tot-ters to and fro, gi-ving lit-tle thought to

22

coins no one will throw. Gi - ving lit - tle thought to coins no one will throw.

28

No one sees her beau - ty, no one hears her tune.


34
On - ly snar - ling dogs per - ceive her wa - ning moon.
39
But she lets it hap-pen, hap - pen as it will. Turns her lit - tle hand - le,
44
ne - ver kee - ping still. Turns her lit - tle han - dle ne - ver kee-ping still.
49
Hur - dy gur - dy girl, now soon to be a
55
crone. Shall I sing my swan-song to your hoa - ry drone?
f
p
pp