

## FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

### Das Wandern - To Wander



Franz Schubert (1797-1828) lived in Vienna, the capital of Austria, all his life. Although he died at the age of 31, he managed to write an enormous quantity of fine music, including almost 700 songs for a solo voice and piano.

In 1823 Schubert discovered a book of poems by Wilhelm Müller, a poet from North Germany, when he was visiting a friend's house. Apparently he was so excited to discover these poems that he put the book in his pocket and rushed out of the house. Within a couple of days, he had turned the first few poems into songs and took them round to his friend's to show him why he had wanted the book of poems.

This song is the first of a collection of 20 songs, called 'The Miller's beautiful daughter', which tell the story of a young apprentice miller who sets off to learn his trade with a master miller. While he is at the water mill, he falls in love with the miller's daughter, but is too shy to tell her how he feels. Meanwhile, a bold huntsman comes along and the miller's daughter falls for him. The young apprentice is so upset that he throws himself into the little river beside the mill.

In this first song the apprentice has itchy feet and wants to go off and see the world – this is what the Germans call 'Wanderlust'. Like the water which operates the mill wheel, like the great wheel itself, and like the millstones which grind the corn, he cannot keep still and must be off to explore. The music is full of movement. Try to vary the sound in each verse to suggest the enthusiasm of the young apprentice, the flow of running water and the heavy grinding of the stones which crush the corn to make flour.

*Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,  
Das Wandern!  
Das 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 gehn,  
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.*

*O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern!  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,  
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn  
Und wandern.*

*Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)*