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CLASSICS



Franz Schubert
Die schöne Müllerin

A new arrangement for voice and string quartet

**Roderick
Williams**

baritone

**Carducci
Quartet**

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Die schöne Müllerin

Op. 25, D. 795

Arrangement for baritone and string quartet

1	Das Wandern	2.24	11	Mein!	2.09
2	Wohin?	2.28	12	Pause	4.31
3	Halt!	1.36	13	Mit dem grünen Lautenbände	2.16
4	Danksagung an den Bach	2.29	14	Der Jäger	1.14
5	Am Feierabend	2.41	15	Eifersucht und Stolz	1.49
6	Der Neugierige	3.58	16	Die liebe Farbe	4.37
7	Ungeduld	2.30	17	Die böse Farbe	2.01
8	Morgenrüss	4.05	18	Trockne Blumen	4.23
9	Des Müllers Blumen	2.57	19	Der Müller und der Bach	4.20
10	Tränenregen	3.51	20	Des Baches Wiegenlied	7.29

Total timings: 63.51

Roderick Williams *baritone*

Carducci Quartet

Introduction

I have a very strong memory of an A-level music class in my sixth form, when we were presented with a score of Schubert's G Major Quartet, first movement to analyse 'unseen'. The sounds and textures that I attempted to imagine off the page bewildered me; I could not believe how modern the writing was, both in Schubert's use of his instruments and in his harmonic daring.

This memory returned as I began exploring the idea of arranging *Die schöne Müllerin* for string quartet. I hasten to say, the urge to make an arrangement was certainly not prompted by any lack of colour in the playing of my pianist colleagues. Far from it. This is no attempt to improve on or supersede the original. At best, it is an act of homage, an avenue for me as a musician to explore a piece that has gripped my attention for the past ten years that I have been singing it professionally.

It gives me a chance to expand the repertoire for voice and string quartet, a combination I really enjoy, but which tends to result in performances of Barber's *Dover Beach*. Much as I enjoy singing that piece, it's wonderful to have other repertoire

to hand, and why not suggest some of the very best music that art song has to offer?

The transcription process was fairly straightforward, in that Schubert's piano textures contain many hints towards part writing: the cello obviously takes the bass line, and the second violin and viola often share duties in providing the harmony. This sometimes left me with the first violin available for counter melodies. It is here that I most often overstepped the role of transcriber and became a fledgling composer. I created occasional singing lines at the top of the texture, and in retrospect wondered whether this might have afforded an opportunity for the cycle's title character to have more of a voice.

I hope to have remained faithful to the style and spirit of Schubert (no Bartok pizzicatos or micro tunings here) and that this arrangement will attract a new audience, perhaps more versed in string chamber music, to a piece that has beguiled and delighted me and so many others.

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Franz Schubert: Die schöne Müllerin

“I have wept him to death,” said she.
Undine (1811), by Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué

Schubert’s song cycle *Die schöne Müllerin*, composed in 1823, embodies at least two nineteenth-century Romantic preoccupations: water, and an unbearable longing that can only be fulfilled in death. Wagner’s *Tristan und Isolde* (1859) and Schumann’s *Dichterliebe* (1840) make the case for death as a means of assuaging the unbearable pain of love; while in Romantic water narratives, such as Fouqué’s *Undine*, water or its denizens (sprites, mermaids, or other mythical beings) have the power to enact death. Stories of millers and miller-maids were also in vogue at the time, such as Giovanni Paisello’s opera *La molinara* (1788) later known as *Die schöne Müllerin* in Germany, or any number of poems evoking the gushing of water, the churning of wheels, and the alluring figure of the boss’s daughter. The emotional starting point for Wilhelm Müller’s poetry adds a further contextual element to this heady mix, as does Schubert’s own mental and physical state at the time of composition. In his musical settings, Schubert captures both the deeply Romantic yearning of the original verse, but

also its more ‘elemental’ aspect: its eerie, watery depths. In this recording, Roderick Williams’ sensitive arrangement of the piano part for string quartet subtly enhances the cycle’s sophisticated structure and emotional heft. There is much, as they say, to unpack.

One notable element of Schubert’s cycle is its psychologically acute depiction of the Miller, and of the enigmatic presence of the ‘Bächlein’ (brook). The young Miller begins his tale with jolly optimism, a spring in his step, and an embrace of whatever life may offer. By the end, he is broken, disillusioned and suicidal. Yet while he narrates the cycle, and appears to have a poetic eye for detail, we discover he is not exactly reliable, with a somewhat wild imagination and a tendency to misunderstand social cues (to say the least), especially from the ‘Müllerin’ (the maid). His disastrous interpretation of her fondness for the colour green becomes a key element of his decline.

The Miller-maid herself, although nominally the ‘subject’ of the cycle, barely registers as a character. She is principally a projection: an

embodiment of the Miller's fantasies. The burly Hunter, who – in the Miller's mind at least – steals his love away, is largely 'off-stage'. It is the watery Bächlein who is really the co-star of the tale, and who in fact usurps the Miller's narrative role at the end. The brook appears in almost half of the songs as a 'character', and occasionally manifests in musical hints even when its name is not mentioned. It becomes the Miller's spiritual guide – and ultimately takes complete possession of him. Indeed, while *Die schöne Müllerin* sits very comfortably among its nineteenth-century tropes, the portrait of the Miller is curiously modern, with his deluded narcissism, his 'slut-shaming' of the Maid (in no. 15, 'Eifersucht und Stolz'), and his enthrallment to a disembodied confidante, as if the Bächlein is a kind of proto-chatbot.

The quasi-dramatic structure of the song cycle had, in fact, quasi-dramatic origins, as well as a very personal component. Müller's poetry emerged from a literary game: a gathering of friends who enacted the tale of the miller-maid and her suitors, each contributing verses for their own characters. Müller, perhaps naturally enough, played and wrote verses for the 'Müller', while one of the other participants was Luise Hensel (sister-in-law of Fanny Hensel and Felix Mendelssohn) with whom Müller was in love. (A poet herself,

Hensel was almost permanently pursued by ardent young men in the nineteenth century, and eventually decided to take a vow of chastity and devote herself to religion.) Turned down by Hensel, Müller managed his heartbreak in time-honoured fashion by going on a grand tour. On his return, and with the encouragement of friends, he refined his poems into a cycle which was published in 1821. There were twenty-five poems in total, including an authorial prologue and epilogue, and Schubert set twenty, discarding the latter two and three others. His excisions, as Schubert scholar Susan Youens has suggested, reveal the musical Miller to be a slightly more innocent figure than in the original; gone is a poem in which he effectively stalks the maid during her working day, and another where he spies on her, lying entwined with the hunter.

Schubert was only twenty-six years old when he composed the cycle, but was already a veteran of some 300 or so songs (he would go on to write more than 600 in total). While fond of grouping songs together, he had never attempted such an ambitious collection before. Indeed, a narrative sequence of twenty lied was extremely unusual, and *Die schöne Müllerin* was not performed in its entirety until 1856 (in 1827, Schubert would complete *Winterreise*, even longer at twenty-four

songs, and also settings of Müller's verse). *Die schöne Müllerin* was written between May and September 1823 at a time when, according to biographer Robert Winter, Schubert was experiencing the early symptoms of syphilis (Winter suggests that Schubert may have written some of the cycle in hospital). Either the disease, or his susceptibility to some other condition, would cause Schubert's death aged 31 in 1828, only five years later; by sad coincidence, Müller had died in 1827, aged 32. Winter also noted that in May 1823 Schubert wrote a poem which included the lines: 'Scorched by agonizing fire,/ My life's martyr path,/Approaching eternal oblivion'. Without attempting an over-literal mapping of life onto work, there is something both intuitive and profoundly personal about the melancholy Miller's tale.

The Songs

**We've learnt this from the water,
The water!
'Das Wandern', Die schöne Müllerin**

The twenty numbers of *Die schöne Müllerin* range from strophic numbers, where the music of each verse is effectively the same (such as the first and last numbers, and another six in between), to 'through-composed' songs, which break free of repetition (4 and 18 are particularly complex examples). In all cases, Schubert pays attention to the individual moment of the song, and to its place in the wider narrative. An obvious example of this is the contrast between the first song ('Wandern'), bursting with the Miller's jaunty optimism, and his final utterance in no. 19 ('Der Müller und der Bach'), a melancholy lament to the 'sobbing' of his soul. No. 10 ('Tränenregen') sits halfway through the cycle, and depicts the only moment where the Miller and the Maid are in direct contact, as they sit together watching the flow of the brook. While the music is gentle and tender for the first half, it veers into the minor key in the final verse. The Miller is inexplicably encouraged by the Maid's words – which comprise, basically, 'it's starting to rain, I'm going home' – and declares she is

'Mein' in the following number, almost operatic in his fervour. Yet 'Tränenregen's' shift to the minor, the rippling interventions from the brook, as well as his own observation that the brook is trying to pull him underneath the water, should have been sufficient red flags. Throughout the cycle, Schubert depicts the Miller's tendency towards hectic impulsivity, such as in the breathless no. 7 ('Ungeduld') and the furious no. 14 ('Der Jäger'), and injects regular touches of uneasy dissonance, or unexpected chromatic slides, to suggest that all is not well (listen out for the endings of no. 12 ('Pause'), and 16 ('Die liebe Farbe')).

Some of the more disquieting elements of the story are cleverly reinforced in Roderick Williams' arrangements, especially in his subtle variations of the strophic forms. The light-hearted opening song, for example, closes with an insouciant chromatic flourish from the violin under the final 'Wandern'. In verse two of no. 12 ('Pause'), the deep tones of the viola, emerging in a solo spot, beautifully underscore the Miller's 'Sehnsucht' (yearning). Williams' adaptations become even more telling as the mood begins to curdle. Muted strings highlight the Miller's anxiety in no. 8

(‘Morgengrüss’) while the shivering tremolando effect anticipates that in the tragic penultimate number. The Miller’s obsessive nature, manifested in repetitions of the word ‘green’ and the note of D throughout no. 16 (‘Die liebe Farbe’), is given added heft by an octave doubling in the second verse, then is laid devastatingly bare in the sparsely-scored third verse.

The final song is a lullaby (‘Des Baches Wiegenlied’) sung by the brook itself. It is the longest number by far, and indeed is an unusually long lied by any standards, lasting over seven minutes. It is also entirely strophic, both in the original and in Williams’ arrangement, suggestive of the brook’s continuity and its unceasing flow. It is soothing, perhaps, and tragic for sure, but also speaks to the brook’s possessiveness, describing the Maid as an ‘wicked maiden’ (‘Böses Mägdelein’) in verse four. If we recall the possibility in ‘Tränenregen’ that the brook is planning to pull the Miller under, there is a hint of the seductive water-sprite in its language. It is apt, and very nineteenth-century, that this ‘liebes Bächlein’ has the final word.

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Die Schöne Müllerin / The Beautiful Maid Of The Mill D. 795

Poems By Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827) Translation By Richard Stokes © From The Book Of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

[1] Das Wandern

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 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.

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

Journeying

To journey is the miller's joy,
To journey!
A wretched miller he must be
Who never thought of journeying,
Of journeying.

We've learnt this from the water,
The water!
It never rests by day or night,
But always thinks of journeying,
The water.

We've learnt it from the mill-wheels too,
The mill-wheels!
They don't like standing still at all,
And will never, ever tire,
The mill-wheels.

Even the mill-stones, heavy as they are,
The mill-stones!
They join in the merry dance
And long to move even faster,
The mill-stones.

O journeying, journeying, my joy,
O journeying!
Master and mistress,
Let me go my way in peace,
And journey

[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.

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 Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach!

Where to?

I heard a brooklet murmuring
From its rocky source,
Murmuring down into the valley,
So bright and wondrous clear.

I do not know what seized me,
Or what prompted me,
I too had to journey down
With my wanderer's staff,

Down and ever onwards,
Always following the stream,
As it murmured ever brighter
And murmured ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path?
O brooklet, say where it leads?
You have with your murmuring
Quite bemused my mind.

Why do I speak of murmuring?
That's no murmuring I hear:
It must be the water nymphs
Singing and dancing below.

Let them sing, let the stream murmur,
And follow it cheerfully!
For mill-wheels turn
In every clear stream!

[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?

Halt!

I see a mill gleaming
Among the alder trees,
The roar of mill-wheels is heard
Through the murmuring and singing.

Welcome, O welcome,
Sweet song of the mill!
And how inviting the house looks!
And how the windows gleam!

And the sun, how brightly
It shines from the sky!
O brooklet, dear brooklet,
Is this what you meant?

[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 s i e dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob s i e 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!

Thanksgiving to the brook

Is this what you meant,
My murmuring friend,
Your singing, your ringing,
Is this what you meant?

To the maid of the mill!
That is what you wish to say.
Have I understood you?
To the maid of the mill!

Was it she who sent you?
Or have you bewitched me?
I should dearly like to know,
Whether she it was who sent you.

Well, however it may be,
I accept my fate:
What I seek, I've found,
However it may be.

I asked for work,
Now I have enough,
For my hands, for my heart,
More than enough!

[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,
Jeder 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.

When work is over

If only I'd a thousand
Arms to work with!
If only I could keep
The mill-wheels roaring!
If only I could whirl
Through every wood,
If only I could turn
Every mill-stone!
That the beautiful maid of the mill
Might see my faithful love!

But my arm, alas, is so weak!
Whatever I lift, whatever I carry,
Whatever I cut, whatever I hammer,
Any apprentice could do as much.
And there I sit with them in a circle,
When work is over, in the cool and quiet,
And the master says to all of us:
'I am pleased with your work.'
And the sweet girl wishes
Us all a good night.

[6] Der Neugierige

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

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,
E i n Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderbarlich!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

The inquisitive one

I ask no flower,
I ask no star,
None of them can tell me
What I'd so love to hear.

After all, I'm no gardener,
And the stars are too high;
I shall ask my brooklet
If my heart deceived me.

O brooklet of my love,
How silent you are today!
Just one thing I wish to hear,
One word repeatedly.

One little word is 'yes',
The other is 'no',
By these two little words
My whole world is bounded.

O brooklet of my love,
How strange you are!
I'll let it go no further –
Tell me, brooklet, does she love me?

[7] Ungeduld

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sä'n 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.

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;
O, 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!

Impatience

I'd like to carve it on every tree,
Engrave it on every pebble,
Sow it on every fresh plot
With cress-seed that would soon reveal it,
Write it on every scrap of white paper:
My heart is yours, and shall be forever!

I'd like to train a young starling
To say the words pure and plain,
To say them with my voice's sound,
With my heart's full urgent passion;
Then he'd sing brightly through her window:
My heart is yours, and shall be forever.

I'd like to breathe it to the morning breeze,
Murmur it through the quivering trees;
If it could shine from every flower!
If their scent could bring it her from near and far!
O water, are mill-wheels all you can move?
My heart is yours, and shall be forever.

I'd have thought it must show in my eyes,
Could be seen on my burning cheeks,
Could be read on my silent lips,
I'd have thought every breath proclaimed it loud;
And she sees nothing of this anxious pleading:
My heart is yours, and shall be forever!

[8] Morgengrüss

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.

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

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,
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 ruft
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Morning greeting

Good morning, beautiful maid of the mill!
Why do you dart your head back in,
As though something were troubling you?
Does my greeting so displease you?
Does my gaze so disturb you?
Then I must be on my way.

Oh, just let me stand from afar
And watch your dear window
From afar, from afar!
Little blond head, come out!
Gaze out from your round gates,
Blue morning stars!

Little sleep-drunk eyes,
Dew-afflicted little flowers,
Why do you fear the sun?
Was night so good to you
That you close and bow and weep
For its silent bliss?

Shake off now the veil of dreams,
And look up gladly and freely
At God's bright morning!
The lark is warbling in the sky,
And from the heart's depths
Love draws pain and sorrow

[9] Des Müllers Blumen

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

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 lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!
Das ist es, was ich meine.

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

The miller's flowers

Many little flowers grow by the brook,
Gazing out of bright blue eyes;
The brooklet is the miller's friend,
And my sweetheart's eyes are brightest blue,
Therefore they are my flowers.

Close beneath her little window
I shall plant my flowers,
Call up to her when all is silent,
When she lays down her head to sleep,
For you know what I mean to say.

And when she closes her little eyes,
And sleeps in sweet, sweet repose,
Then whisper as a dream:
'Forget, forget me not!'
That is what I mean to say.

And in the morning she opens the shutters,
Gaze up at her with a loving look:
The dew in your little eyes
Shall be my tears,
The tears I'll weep on you.

[10] Tränenregen

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,
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.

Rain of tears

We sat so closely together
Beneath the cool alder roof,
We gazed so closely together
Into the rippling brook.

The moon had also appeared,
Followed by little stars,
And they gazed so closely together
Into the silvery mirror.

I did not look at the moon,
I did not look at the stars,
I gazed only at her reflection,
Only at her eyes.

I saw them nodding and gazing
Up from the blissful brook,
The little blue flowers on the bank
Were nodding and glancing at her.

And the whole sky seemed
Sunk beneath the brook,
And wanted to draw me down
Into its depths.

And over the clouds and stars
The brook rippled merrily on,
And called with singing and ringing:
'Friend, friend, follow me.'

At that my eyes brimmed over,
The brook's surface blurred:
She said: 'it's about to rain,
Goodbye, I'm going home.'

[11] Mein!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!
All' ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut' e i n Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein ,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein.

Mine!

Brooklet, cease your murmuring!
Mill-wheels, stop your roaring!
All you merry woodland birds,
Large and small,
Put an end to your songs!
Throughout the wood,
In and out,
Let one rhyme ring out today:
The maid of the mill I love is mine!
Mine!
Spring, have you no more flowers?
Sun, can't you shine more brightly?
Ah, then I must be all alone
With that blissful word mine,
Understood nowhere in all creation.

[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
Durfst' ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte 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,
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?

Pause

I've hung my lute on the wall,
Have wound a green ribbon round it –
I can sing no more, my heart's too full,
I don't know how to force it to rhyme.
The most ardent pangs of my longing
I could express in playful song,
And as I lamented, so sweetly and tenderly,
I still thought my sorrows heavy enough:
Ah, how my happiness must weigh on me
That no sound on earth can contain it.

Rest now, dear lute, here on this nail!
And if a breeze move across your strings
Or a bee brush you with its wings,
I feel so afraid and shudder.
Why did I let the ribbon hang so low?
Often it trails across the strings with a sighing sound.
Is this the echo of my love's torment?
Or the prelude to new songs?

[13] Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

„Shad' 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 knüpf' 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 blühen,
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.

To accompany the lute's green ribbon

A pity this lovely green ribbon
Should fade here on the wall,
I'm so fond of green!
So, my love, you told me today;
I untie it at once and send it you:
Now be fond of green!

Though he you love be dressed all in white,
Green too deserves praise,
And I too am fond of it.
Because our love is evergreen,
Because distant hope blossoms green,
That's why we're fond of it.

Now twine the green ribbon
Prettily in your hair,
Since you're so fond of green.
Then I'll know where hope dwells,
Then I'll know where love reigns,
Then I'll truly be fond of green.

[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 liebest 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 wisse, 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 schieße, du Jägerheld!

The hunter

What does the hunter want here by the millstream?
Keep, haughty hunter, to your own preserve!
There's no game here for you to hunt,
Only one doe, a tame one, lives here for me.
And if you would see that gentle doe,
Then leave your guns in the forest,
And leave your yapping hounds at home,
And leave off blowing your blaring horn,
And shave that scraggy beard from your chin,
Or the doe will take fright in her garden.
But better by far if you stayed in the forest,
And left both millers and mills in peace.
What good are fish among green branches?
What can the squirrel want in the bluish pond?
So, haughty hunter, keep to the wood,
And leave me alone with my three wheels;
And if you want to win my love's favour,
Then know, my friend, what's troubling her heart:
The wild boar that come by night from the wood
And break into her cabbage patch,
And trample and root about in the field:
Shoot the wild boar, you big bold hunter!

[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,
Er bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

Jealousy and pride

Where are you so bound, dear brook, so fast,
so furrowed, so wild?
Are you dashing angrily after our insolent huntsman friend?
Turn back, turn back, and scold first your
maid of the mill
For her frivolous, wanton and fickle ways.
Didn't you see her last night by the gate,
Craning her neck to watch the wide road?
When a huntsman returns happy from the kill,
Nice girls don't peer from their window.
Go tell her that, my brooklet, but don't say
A word, do you hear, about my unhappy face;
Tell her: he's wit me, cutting reed pipes,
And piping pretty dances and songs for the children.

[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 grünem Rosmarein,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

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

The beloved colour

I'll clothe myself in green,
In green weeping willow,
My love's so fond of green.
I'll seek out a cypress grove,
A heath full of green rosemary,
My love's so fond of green.

Up, away to the merry hunt!
Away over thicket and heath!
My love's so fond of hunting.
The game I hunt is called Death,
I call the heath Love's Anguish,
My love's so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the turf,
Cover me with green grass,
My love's so fond of green.
No black cross, no bright flowers,
Nothing but green all around!
My love's so fond of green.

[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?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,
Im 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

The hateful colour

I'd like to go out into the world,
Into the wide world,
If only it weren't so green
Out there in wood and field!

I'd like to pluck the green leaves
From every single branch,
I'd like to weep the green grass
As pale as death with my tears.

Ah, green, you hateful colour,
Why must you always stare
So proud, so bold, so gloating
At me, a poor white miller?

I'd like to lie outside her door
In storm and rain and snow,
And sing softly all day and night
The single word: Farewell!

When a horn sounds in the wood,
Listen – I hear her window open,
And though it's not for me she looks out,
Yet I can look in at her.

O untie from your forehead
The green green ribbon,
Farewell, farewell! and give me
Your hand in parting!

[18] Trockne 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 wü.tet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle
Wovon so naß?

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

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.

Withered flowers

All you flowers
She gave me,
You shall be laid
With me in my grave.

How sadly
You all gaze at me,
As if you knew
Of my fate!

All you flowers,
Why faded, why pale,
All you flowers,
What makes you so wet?

Ah, tears do not bring back
The green of May,
Nor cause dead love
To bloom again.

And spring will come
And winter will go,
And little flowers
Spring up in the grass,

And little flowers
Will lie in my grave,
All the flowers
She gave me.

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

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

And when she wanders
By the mound
And thinks in her heart:
His feelings were true!

Then, all you flowers,
Spring up, spring up!
May has come,
Winter is past

[19] Der Müller und der Bach The miller and the brook

DER MÜLLER
Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

THE MILLER
Where a true heart
Dies of love,
Then lilies wither
In every bed.

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

The full moon then
Slips behind clouds,
So that mortals
Don't see its tears;

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

Then little angels
Cover their eyes
And sob and sing
The soul to rest.

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

THE BROOK
And whenever love
Breaks free from sorrow,
A tiny new star
Shines in the sky.

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

Then three roses spring up,
Half red and half white,
From branches of thorn,
And wither no more.

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

And the little angels
Clip off
their wings,
And every morning
Descend to earth,

DER MÜLLER
Ach, Bächlein, liebes
Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein,
aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe tut?

THE MILLER
Ah, brooklet,
dear brooklet,
You mean so well:
Ah, brooklet,
but do you know
What love can do?

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

Ah, there, down there,
Is cool repose!
Ah, brooklet,
dear brooklet,
Sing on, sing on.

[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 weichen Pfühl,
In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,
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,
Blaue Blümelein!
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!

The brook's lullaby

Rest well, rest well!
Close your eyes!
Weary wanderer, you are home.
There is constancy here,
You shall lie with me
Till the sea drinks all the brooklets dry.

I shall bed you down
On a cool soft pillow
In my little blue crystal chamber.
Draw near, draw near,
Whoever can rock,
Flow about him and rock my boy to sleep!

When a hunting horn brays
From the green forest,
I shall surge about you and roar.
Do not look in,
Little blue flowers!
You'll give my sleeper such bad dreams.

Away, away
From the mill-bridge,
Wicked maid, lest your shadow wake him!
Throw in to me
Your fine shawl
That I may cover his eyes!

Good night, good night!
Till all the world wakes,
Rest from your joy, rest from your sorrow!
The full moon is rising,
The mists are parting,
And the heavens up there stretch on and on!

Roderick Williams



Roderick Williams is one of the most sought-after baritones of his generation. He performs a wide repertoire from baroque to contemporary music, in the opera house, on the concert platform and is in demand as a recitalist worldwide.

He enjoys relationships with all the major UK opera houses and has sung opera world premieres by David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michael van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel. Recent and future engagements include *The Traveller (Death in Venice)* for Welsh National Opera, the title role in *Eugene Onegin* and *Yeletsky (Pique Dame)* for Garsington, Papageno for Covent Garden, Sharpless (*Madame Butterfly*) for ENO and van de Aa's *Upload* with Cologne Opera, Bregenz Festival and the Dutch National Opera.

Roderick sings regularly with all the BBC orchestras and all the major UK orchestras, as well as the Berlin, London and New York Philharmonic Orchestras, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, Singapore Symphony, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome, Bayerische Rundfunk, London Symphony and Bach Collegium Japan amongst others and will be artist in residence for the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra in 25/26. His many festival appearances include the BBC Proms (including the Last Night in 2014), Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, Aldeburgh and Melbourne Festivals.

He was Artistic Director of Leeds Lieder in April 2016, Artist in Residence for the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra from 2020/21 for two seasons and won the RPS Singer of the Year award in May 2016. He was awarded an OBE in June 2017 and sang at the Coronation Service of King Charles III in May 2023 and also composed an orchestral work for the pre-ceremony.

Carducci Quartet

Matthew Denton *violin*
Michelle Fleming *violin*
Eoin Schmidt-Martin *viola*
Emma Denton *cello*

Described by *The Strad* as presenting “a masterclass in unanimity of musical purpose, in which severity could melt seamlessly into charm, and drama into geniality”, the award-winning Carducci Quartet is internationally acclaimed as one of today’s most accomplished and versatile ensembles.

Founded in 1997, the quartet has won major international competitions including the Concert Artists Guild and Kuhmo International Chamber Music competition in Finland. The quartet is celebrated for authoritative performances of the core repertoire alongside a strong commitment to new works and imaginative, genre-crossing programmes.

The ensemble appears at leading venues worldwide, including Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall and Concertgebouw, and at festivals such as Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and West Cork. They made their BBC Proms debut with VOCES8 in 2023.

Shostakovich’s music has long been central to the quartet’s identity. In 2016 they received a Royal Philharmonic Society Award for Shostakovich15, their global cycle of the complete quartets, culminating in a marathon single-day performance at Shakespeare’s Globe. The project led to a series of acclaimed recordings: Quartets Nos. 4, 8 and 11; Nos. 1, 2 and 7 (2019); and Nos. 9 and 15 (2024) for Signum Records.

Recent and forthcoming highlights include return performances at the Wigmore Hall, an extensive Schubert project with baritone Roderick Williams, collaborations with VOCES8 and clarinetists Emma Johnson and Julian Bliss, and complete Shostakovich cycles at the Barbican and for West Cork Music.

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