

1. Good Night
2. The Weatheryane
3. Frozen Tears
4. Footprints Can't Be Seen
5. The Linden Tree
6. Follow My Teardrops
7. The Numbers And The Dates
8. Backward Glance
9. Ghost Light
10. Rest
11. The Rooster Woke Me
12. Solitude

compositions by Franz Schubert
poems by Wilhelm Müller
arrangements by mathias rüegg

Line up:

Lia Pale - vocals, flute, piano
Ingrid Oberkanins - percussion
Hans Strasser - bass
Fabian Rucker - reeds section
mathias rüegg - piano, melodica

Soloists:

Klaus Dickbauer,
Sabine Hasicka, Roman Jánoška,
Joris Roelofs, Mario Rom,
Fabian Rucker, Harry Sokal

13. The Post
14. The Old Man
15. The Crow
16. Last Hope
17. In The Village
18. The Stormy Morning
19. Illusion
20. Road Of No Return
21. The Tavern
22. Courage
23. The Phantom Suns
24. Der Leiermann

total time: 79:48

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Christoph Burgstaller
& Martin Ruch, 2012-2016

produced by
mathias rüegg (SUISA) © 2017
LR 17046CD



LIA PALE

A WINTER'S JOURNEY op. 89

arranged by mathias rüegg

LR 17046CD

LIA PALE A WINTER'S JOURNEY

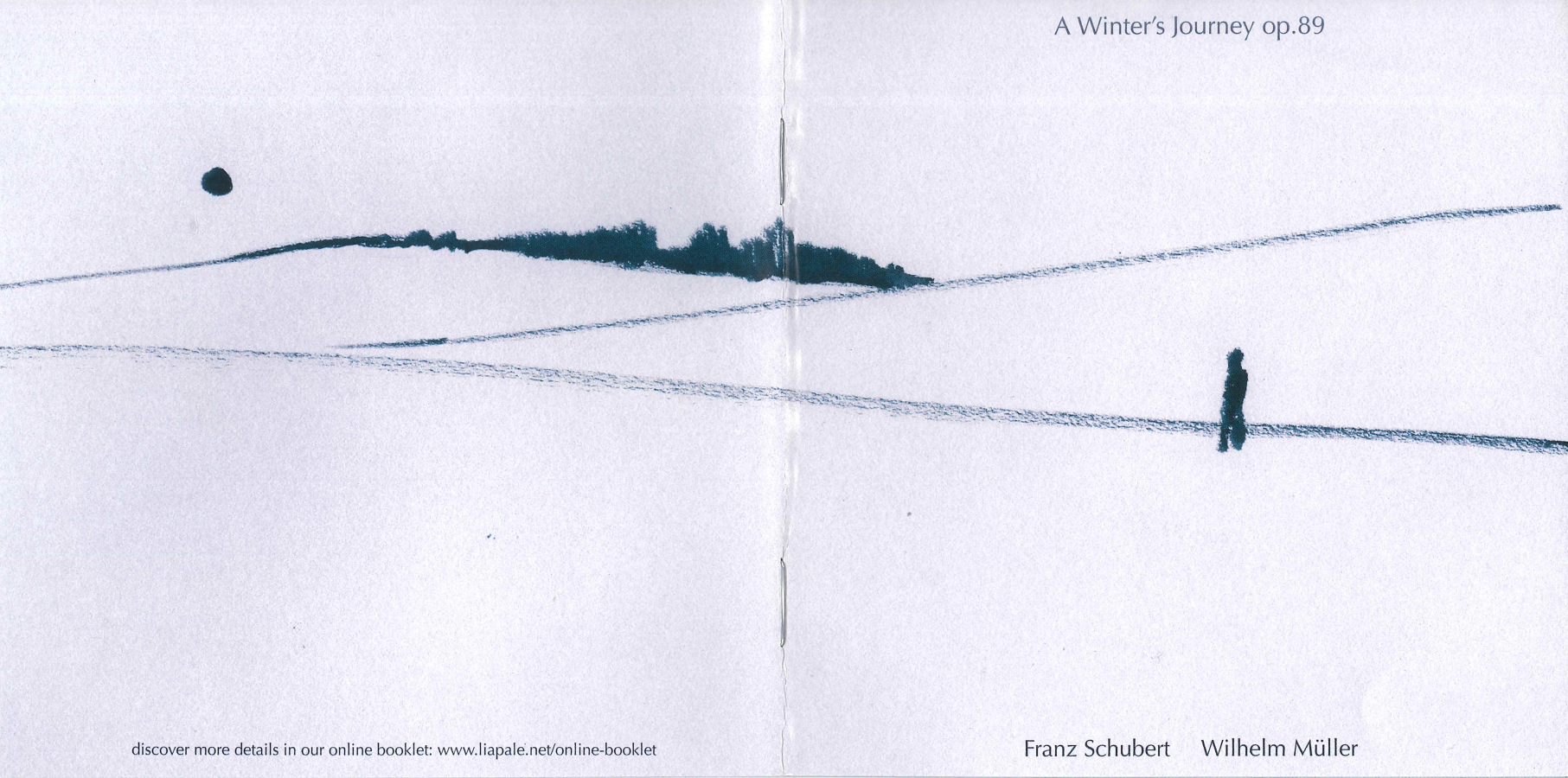


arranged by mathias rüegg



all photos taken by Severin Koller on January 31st 2017 - Schubert's Birthday, at Neusiedlersee, Austria.

A Winter's Journey op.89



discover more details in our online booklet: www.liapale.net/online-booklet

Franz Schubert Wilhelm Müller

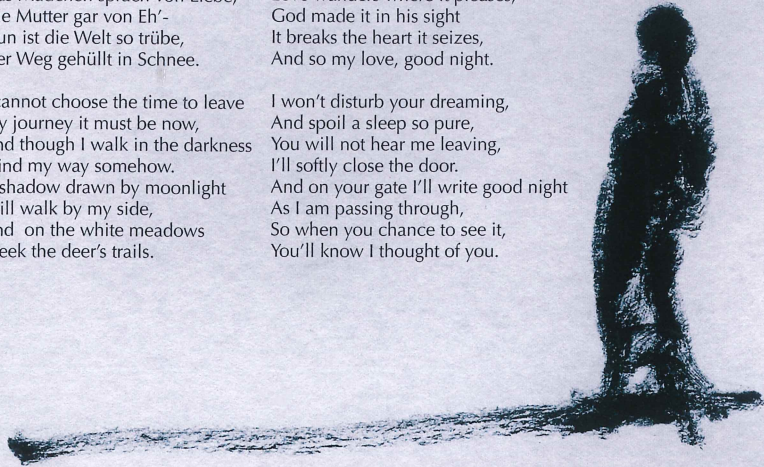
1. Good Night

Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauß.
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh'-
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.

I cannot choose the time to leave
My journey it must be now,
And though I walk in the darkness
I find my way somehow.
A shadow drawn by moonlight
Will walk by my side,
And on the white meadows
I seek the deer's trails.

Why should I stay here longer,
Until they drive me away,
Let stray dogs howl
Outside their master's house.
Love wanders where it pleases,
God made it in his sight
It breaks the heart it seizes,
And so my love, good night.

I won't disturb your dreaming,
And spoil a sleep so pure,
You will not hear me leaving,
I'll softly close the door.
And on your gate I'll write good night
As I am passing through,
So when you chance to see it,
You'll know I thought of you.



2. The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
Atop my lovely darling's house.
In my confusion I thought,
It mocked the fleeing soul away.

If anything he should have noticed beforehand,
The symbol set upon the house,
Then he would have never looked for
A faithful womanhood in this house.

The wind it plays with the hearts inside
As on the roof, but not so loud.
Why would they care about my pain?
Their child is now a wealthy bride.



3. Frozen Tears

These frozen tears are falling
Down from my cheeks:
How could I fail to notice as
My tears streamed down my face?

Oh teardrops, heavy teardrops,
Why are you not that warm,
And so you run cold and turn into ice
Like morning dew?

And from the spring of bosom
You flow glowing hot,
As if you wish to melt away
All of winter's ice.



4. Footprints Can't Be Seen

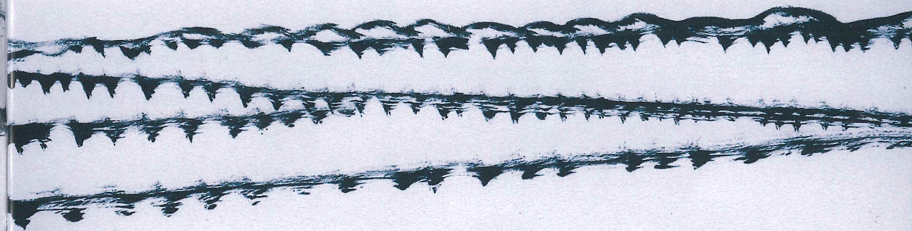
I search the snow in vain
No footprints can be seen,
Where hand in hand we wandered
Through pastures oh so green.

I'll kiss the frozen meadows,
To pierce the ice and snow
With all my burning tears,
Until I finally reach the earth below.

Where can I find one blossom,
Where are the fields of green?
The flowers all have died away,
The pastures only pale.

Why can't I take a keepsake,
to carry away with me?
When all my pains fall silent,
Who tells me then of her?

It seems my heart is frozen,
His image caught within:
If my heart ever melts,
His face will fade away.



5. The Linden Tree

Outside the gate's a fountain,
There stands an old linden tree,
Under shady branches
My dreams were sweet and free.

I carved in its old bark
So many phrases dear;
In times of joy and sadness
It always drew me near.

Now I still must wander
All through the dead of night,
Even in the darkness
I had to close my eyes.

And I heard branches whisper,
As if they'd call to me:
Come to me weary traveller,
You'll find your peace with me.

The cold winds were blowing
Straight in my face they howled,
My hat flew into darkness,
I did not turn to see.

Now I am many hours
Away from this old tree,
And still I hear it whisper:
You'll find your peace with me.

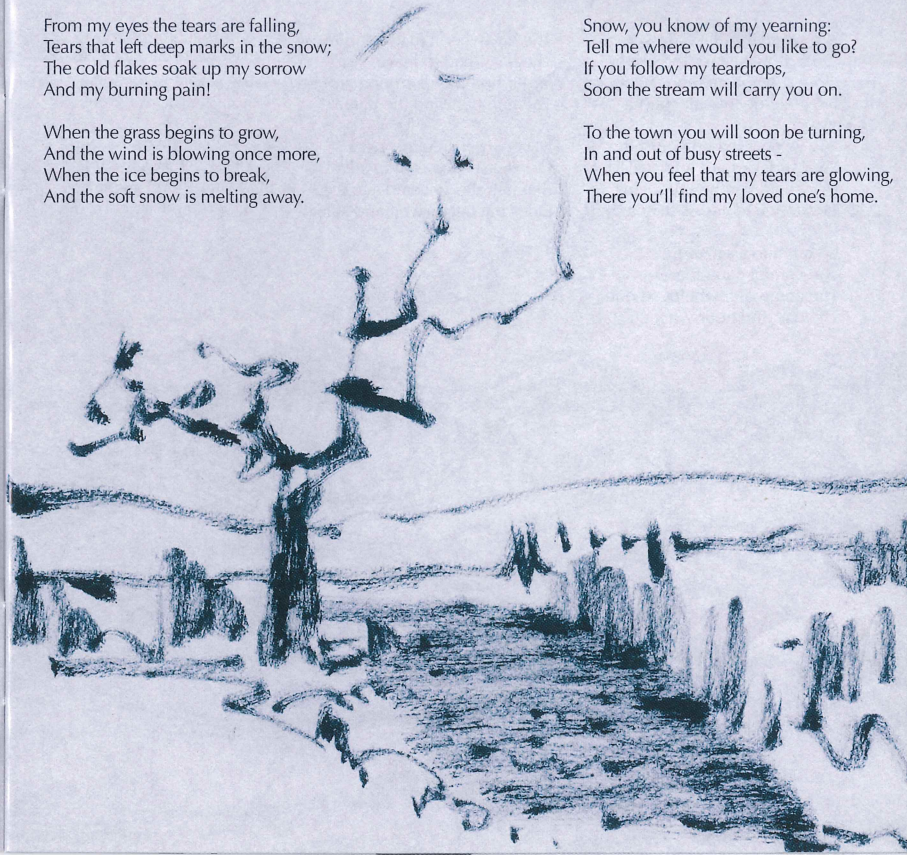
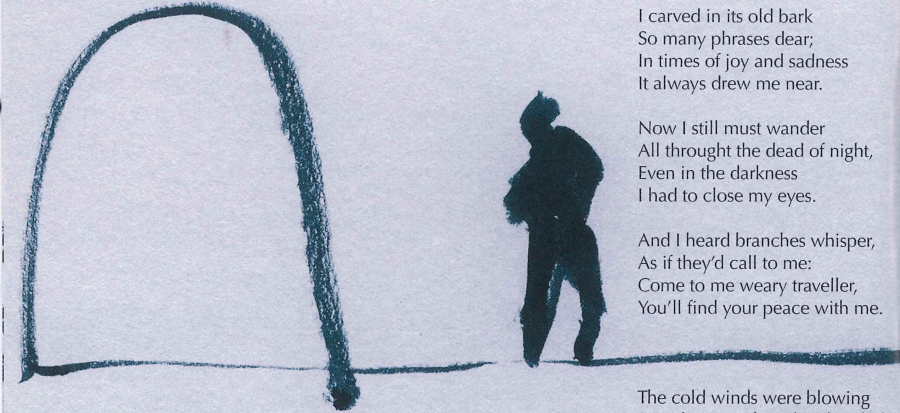
6. Follow My Teardrops

From my eyes the tears are falling,
Tears that left deep marks in the snow;
The cold flakes soak up my sorrow
And my burning pain!

When the grass begins to grow,
And the wind is blowing once more,
When the ice begins to break,
And the soft snow is melting away.

Snow, you know of my yearning:
Tell me where would you like to go?
If you follow my teardrops,
Soon the stream will carry you on.

To the town you will soon be turning,
In and out of busy streets -
When you feel that my tears are glowing,
There you'll find my loved one's home.



7. The Numbers And The Dates

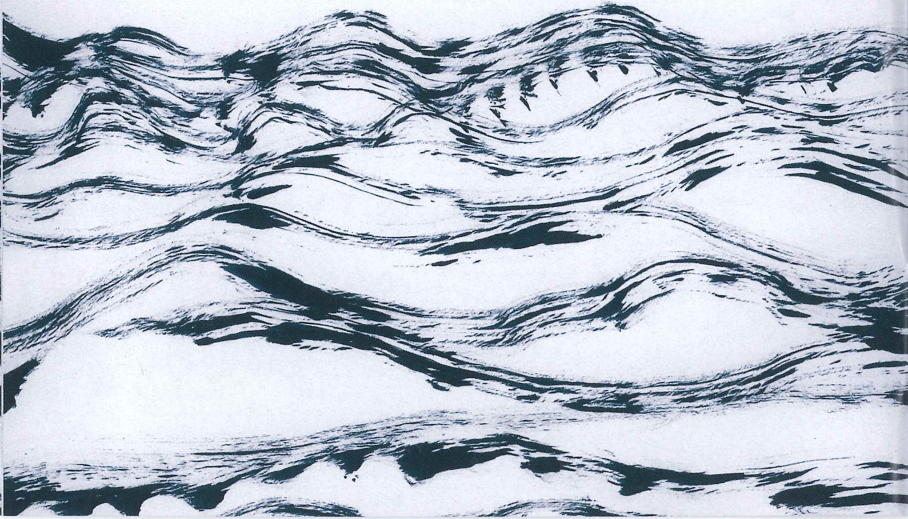
Are you the same old river,
Once flowing fast and bright,
How still you are and silent,
No greeting in your sound!

You've covered up yourself
Your surface hard and sealed,
How cold you lie unmoving
Outstretched across the earth.

I'll cut into your surface
The name I can't forget
The name of my beloved one
The day and hour we met:

The day when I first met him,
The day I had to leave;
You'll find a broken ring around
The numbers and the date.

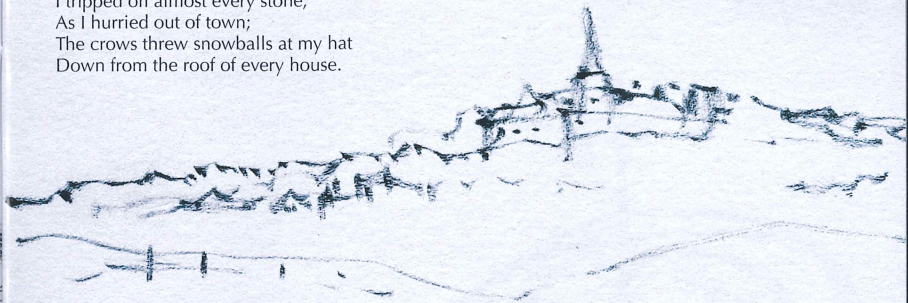
My heart, inside this river
Do you see yourself inside?
Beneath this covered surface
Does my heart swell and shiver?



8. Backward Glance

It's burning under both my feet,
Even though I walk on ice and snow,
Don't want to take a breath until,
I can no longer see the town.

I tripped on almost every stone,
As I hurried out of town;
The crows threw snowballs at my hat
Down from the roof of every house.



How differently you've welcomed me,
You town of inconstancy!
The lark sang at your window
And fought the nightingale in song.

The Linden trees were in full bloom,
The rushing streams were crystal clear,
And when she looked into your eyes. -
A spell was cast upon your heart!

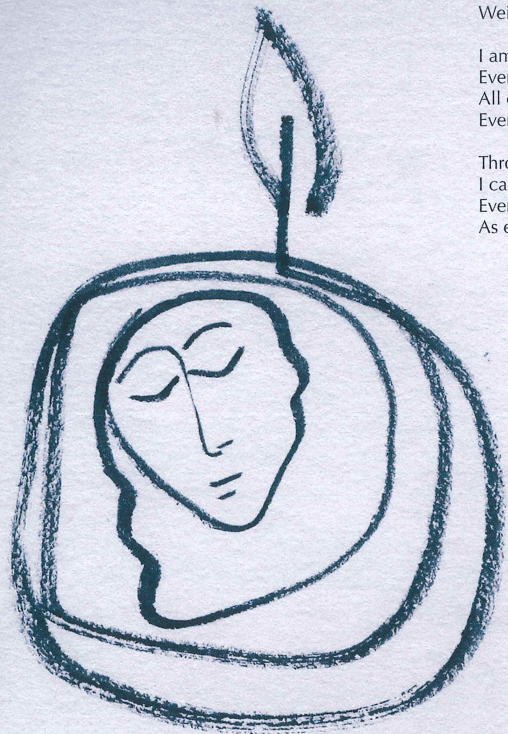
Now when I think back to that day,
I long to look back just once more
I long to stumble back once more,
And stand in silence at your door.

9. Ghost Light

Into deepest rocky grounds
Will O'Wisp has led me:
How I find my way out of here,
Weighs not heavy on my mind.

I am used to going astray,
Every road will lead to a goal:
All our joys, all our sorrows,
Everything a ghost light's game!

Through the mountain stream's dry riverbed
I calmly walk down -
Every stream will find its way to the sea,
As every sorrow find its end.



10. Rest

And now I feel how tired I am,
As I lay down to rest;
The wandering kept me awake
As I follow these paths.

And yet my feet did not get rest,
Too cold to stand still,
My back felt no burden,
The storm drove me further.

I found a charcoal burner's hut
Where I could take shelter;
But still my aching limbs would hurt:
My body is bruised all over.

You too, my heart, in strife and storm
So fierce and so bold,
In stillness then you feel your tears
Engraving pain inside you!



11. The Rooster Woke Me

I dreamt of colourful flowers,
As they would bloom in May,
A fantasy of green pastures,
Of birds cheering loud and clear.

But then the rooster woke me,
My eyes were opened wide;
The world felt dark and empty,
The ravens cried out from above.

But on my darkened windows,
Who painted the falling leaves?
Why would you laugh at a dreamer,
For seeing winter flowers?

I dreamt of love for love's sake,
A handsome man to love,
Of hearts and sweet caresses,
Of joy and happiness.

But then cried out the rooster,
And bid my heart awake;
And now I sit here lonesome
And try to recall my dream.

Once more I close my eyes,
My heart beats fast and strong.
When will green leaves paint my
window?
When will I embrace my love?



12. Solitude

The dark clouds are drifting
Across the bright blue sky,
Soft breeze gently sighs
Through treetops reach up high:

But in moody silence
I walk with stumblin' feet,
Feeling alone and unnoticed,
As I walk in this busy street.

Why is the air so quiet!
Why is the world so bright!
As the storms are raging,
I never felt such great despair.



13. The Post

The posthorn rings throughout the street.
Why does it take a leap so high,
My heart?

Well yes, the post comes from the town,
Where once I had a boy I loved,
My heart!

Brings no letter for you:
Why do you long so excitedly,
My heart?
So would you like to have a look,
And ask what has been going on,
My heart?

The postman brings no letter for you:
Why do you long so excitedly,
My heart?

So would you like to have a look,
And ask what has been going on,
My heart?

14. The Old Man

The frost has spread a whitened sheen
All over my hair.
I thought I was a grey old man,
And I was pleased with it.

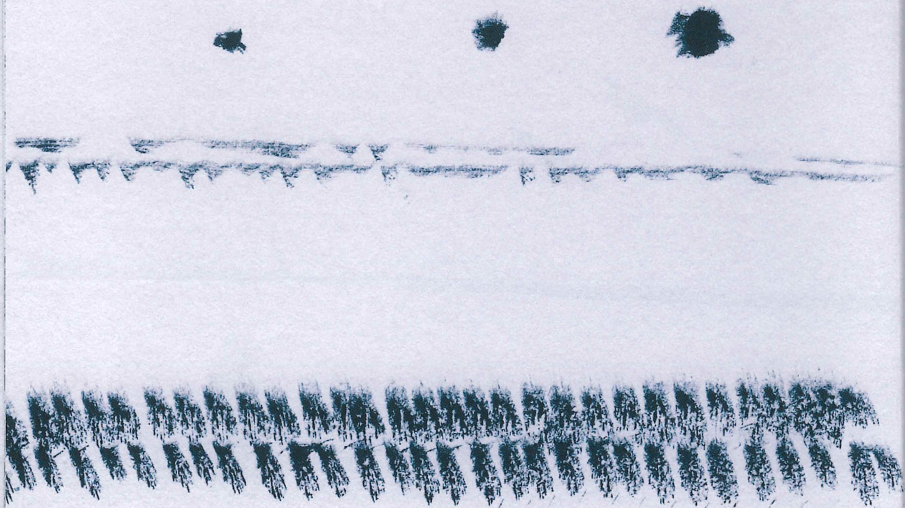
But soon it melted all away,
My hair turned back to black,
And I still dread to feel so young –
How far still to the grave!

From afterglow til morning light,
Many a head has turned to grey.
Who would believe I'd stay the same
Throughout my whole journey!



23. The Phantom Suns

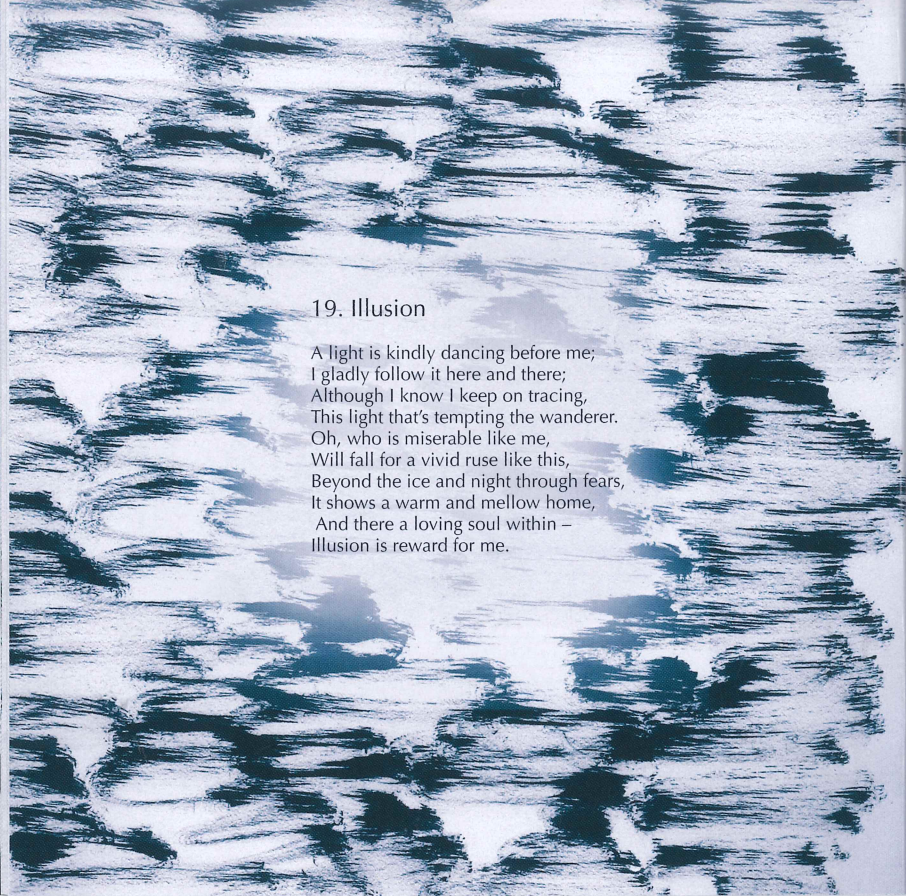
I saw three suns in heaven's haze,
I stared at them with a steady gaze;
They stayed up there as blank and bright,
As if they would never leave my sight.
Ah, my own suns you cannot be!
At others stare but not at me!
For I had three not long ago!
But now the two best ones got lost.
If only now the third would flee!
The darkness would be best for me.



24. Der Leiermann

Drüben hinter'm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er, was er kann.
Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her;
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.
Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an;
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann.
Und er läßt es gehen,
Alles, wie es will,
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.
Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?





19. Illusion

A light is kindly dancing before me;
I gladly follow it here and there;
Although I know I keep on tracing,
This light that's tempting the wanderer.
Oh, who is miserable like me,
Will fall for a vivid ruse like this,
Beyond the ice and night through fears,
It shows a warm and mellow home,
And there a loving soul within –
Illusion is reward for me.

20. Road Of No Return

Why do I avoid the pathways,
Where the other wanderers go,
Why do I take lone trails
Through mountain's heavy snow?

I have done no wrong or evil,
No need to shun mankind -
What a foolish longing drives me
Further towards barren lands?

Signposts on the roads are standing,
To town lead you they will,
And I travel without ending,
Without rest, in search of rest.

There's a signpost ever standing
In my sight unmoved and stern;
There's a road I must be going,
It's the road of no return.



21. The Tavern

Into a silent graveyard
My pathway now has led.
So this is where I stop off:
I'm thinking to myself.

Those crowns of bloom and sadness
Might well be welcome signs,
Inviting weary travelers
Into its cool confines

Have all the rooms been taken
Is there one left for me?
With weariness I'm sinking,
I'm bruised so painfully.

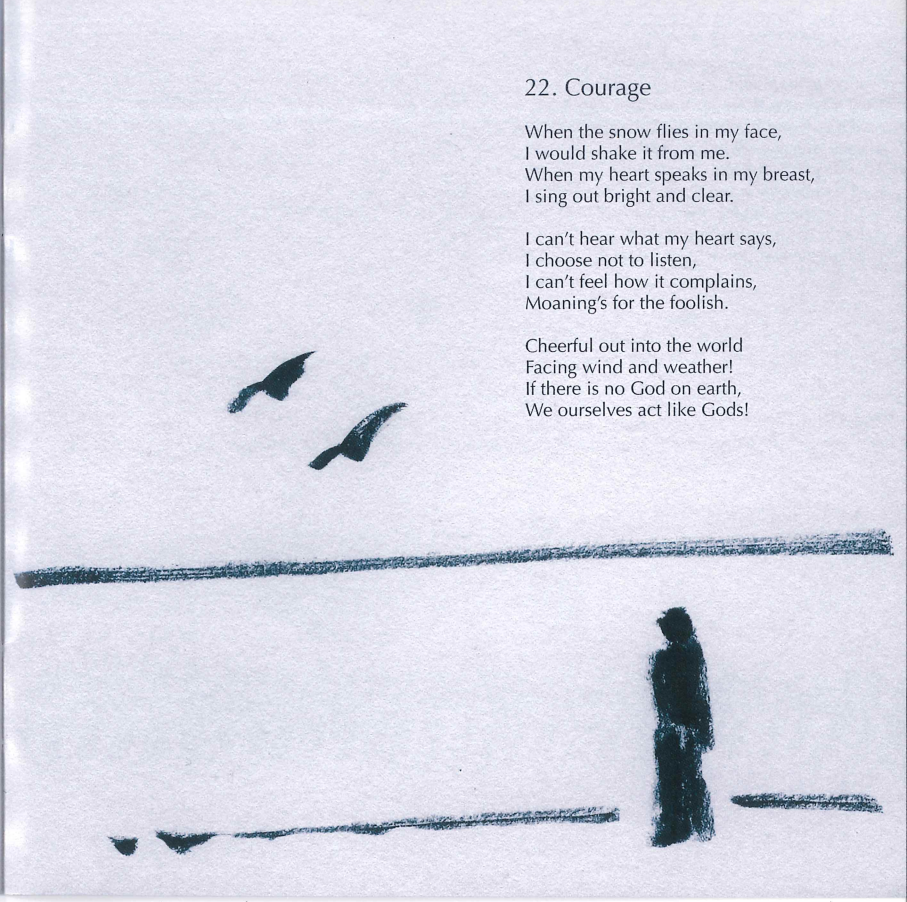
Oh tavern please have mercy,
Why would you turn me away?
Then onward, still further,
My faithful walking staff!

22. Courage

When the snow flies in my face,
I would shake it from me.
When my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing out bright and clear.

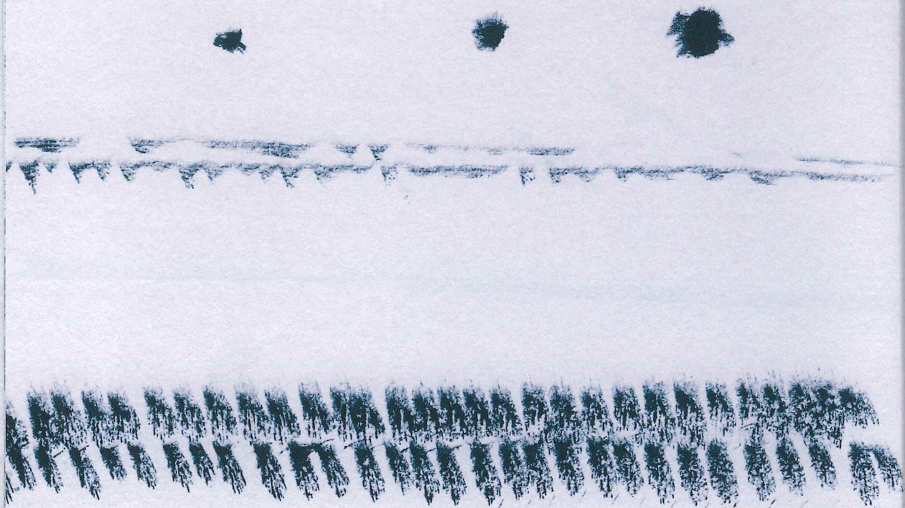
I can't hear what my heart says,
I choose not to listen,
I can't feel how it complains,
Moaning's for the foolish.

Cheerful out into the world
Facing wind and weather!
If there is no God on earth,
We ourselves act like Gods!



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They stayed up there as blank and bright,
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Ah, my own suns you cannot be!
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For I had three not long ago:
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Steht ein Leiermann,
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er, was er kann.
Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her;
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer.
Keiner mag ihn hören,
Keiner sieht ihn an;
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann.
Und er läßt es gehen,
Alles, wie es will,
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still.
Wunderlicher Alter,
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?



compositions by Franz Schubert
poems by Wilhelm Müller
arrangements by mathias rüegg

Line Up:

Lia Pale - voc, piano (21) & flute (2,23,24)
Ingrid Oberkanins - percussion
Hans Strasser - bass
Fabian Rucker - reeds section (2,8,9,13,14,15,16,18)
mathias rüegg - piano, melodica (5,8)

Solo Parts:

Klaus Dickbauer - alto sax (18)
Sabine Hasicka - tap dance (13)
Roman Jánoška - violin (22)
Lia Pale - flute (2, 23)
Joris Roelofs - Bb clarinet (14)
Mario Rom - trumpet (1,10,12)
Fabian Rucker - soprano sax (17)
Harry Sokal - tenor sax (4), soprano sax (6)

Recordings by Christoph Burgstaller & Martin Ruch, 2012-2016

Mastering by Christoph Burgstaller, 2017

Translations by Lia Pale, Karin Kaminker und Lillian Liszkay

Photographs & CD Artwork by Severin Koller

Drawings by Aurelia Roher

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Drawings by Aurelia Roher