UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1956-57

Fifth Concert

SCHUMANN LIEDER RECITAL

FRANCIS LORING

PIANOFORTE :
SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC
THURSDAY, 24TH JANUARY, 1957
At 7.30 p.m.

PROGRAMME ONE SHILLING

PROGRAMME

I. Dichterliebe (Op. 48) *Heinrich Heine*

(1) Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

(2) Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
viel blühende Blumen hervor

(3) Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne

(4) Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
so schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh

(5) Ich will meine Seele tauchen
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein

(6) Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
da spiegelt sich in den Well'n

(7) Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht

(8) Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
wie tief verwundet mein Herz

(9) Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

(10) Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
das einst die Liebste sang

(11) Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

(12) Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
geh' ich im Garten herum

(13) Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

(14) Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

(15) Aus alten Märchen winkt es hervor mit weisser Hand

(16) Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERVAL

II. Der Hidalgo (Op. 30, No. 3) *Geibel*

It is sweet to gamble with songs and with hearts, in facing serious combat !

I'll sing serenades under many a window and mock at many a cavalier. For the ladies I've got my zither —for the rivals I've got my sword.

The sun has sunk beyond the mountains . . . Striving towards new adventures, to-morrow I'll bring back flowers or battle scars.

Der Soldat (Op. 40, No. 3) *Andersen*

A soldier, possibly a deserter, is to be executed by a file of nine.

They draw up with military music, as on parade. They fire with trembling hands and eight shots miss their goal.

" My bullet alone, alas, has pierced his heart ! " . . .

Aus den östlichen Rosen (Op. 25, No. 25) *Rückert*

I send a greeting, soft as scent of roses, to a face sweet as a rose. From the tempests of my soul I send a breath, which may touch you but gently.

If you remember me in my unhappiness—the dark skies of my sufferings will lighten. . . .

Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn (Op. 30, No. 1) *Geibel*

A jolly youth on his steed gallops into life ! He blows a silvery horn and its sound re-echoes from rocks and forests.

. . . I kiss the girls, I drink the wine—Farewell !
I spur my horse to fresh adventure;
Trarah, my horn bids you farewell. . . .

III. Mein schöner Stern ! (Op. 101, No. 4) *Rückert*

Lovely star, I beg of you, continue to shine o'er me despite the clouds arising from my toil.

Lovely star, I beg of you, do not descend to me in my earthly toil, but raise me into your own heaven !

Waldesgespräch (Op. 39, No. 3) *Eichendorff*

A young knight meets at night a beautiful stranger riding through a dark forest. In a gust of passion he presses her to become his love and return with him. She repulses his advances with icy scorn. Suddenly he recognises her to his horror :

" Thou art Lorelei, the fatal witch ! " And he knows he will never leave the forest alive. . . .

MEIN WAGEN ROLLET LANGSAM (Op. 142, No. 4) *Heine*

My carriage lumbers slowly through sparkling meadows and flowery forests. I am lost in thoughts dedicated to my Beloved. Suddenly three shadowy figures appear, peeping into the coach-window, pulling faces at me, at once mocking and shy. . . . Giggling and smirking they dissolve into mist and are gone. . . .

AUFTRÄGE (Op. 77, No. 5) *L'Égru*

Not so hasty, little wavelet,
Let me give you a message for my Beloved.
When you pass her by, pay her my respects.
If I'd had the time, I'd have come myself,
riding on your crest, and have asked for a kiss in exchange!
(The young lover extends similar messages to a dove and to the moon, asking for kisses in return!)

MELANCHOLIE (Op. 74, No. 6) *Geibel*

When, alas, will the morning come
which shall bring freedom from my life of slavery?
Eyes, dimmed by suffering, you have seen only pain
Not love; only wounds, never joy. . . .
Could I but live to see the hour of release,
which, alas, never comes. . . .

WIDMUNG (Op. 25) *Rückert*

You are my heart and my soul,
My pain and my happiness.
You are heaven and earth in which I dwell,
You are the grave in which my sufferings are buried.
You are peace incarnate.
You have been sent to me from heaven,
Your love for me makes me believe in myself;
By loving me you have transformed my life.
You, my guardian conscience, my better self!

(*English synopses of the songs by Dr. Hans Redlich*)