

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1959-60

Sixth Concert

LIEDER RECITAL

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:

SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC
THURSDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY, 1960

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME ONE SHILLING

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(1797-1828)

Settings of Poems by

Johann Mayrhofer

(1787-1836)

1. FRAGMENT AUS DEM AESCHYLUS ("Eumenides") 1816
No unhappy fate awaits the upright blameless man. But to the reckless transgressor the stream of time brings overwhelming doom. Engulfed in the whirlpool, helpless he struggles, his cries unheeded, till he sinks, spurned by the gods and unbemoaned.
2. LIED EINES SCHIFFERS AN DIE DIOSKUREN 1816
Twin stars of the heavens, Castor and Pollux, strong to save! Grant me calm waters and a safe passage, and this my oar shall be a thank-offering laid upon your altar.
3. AM STROME 1817
It seems my life is as thine, O beautiful River—for a while calm and happy, now troubled, in torrent and lashed by storm. I too am passing through further lands to that far-off ocean.
4. DER ALPENJÄGER 1817
The hunter rejoices when he looks from his high mountain. The heart beats freely in the danger lurking on steep perilous paths. Eagerly he goes forward, thinking of a loved one in the home far below.
5. FAHRT ZUM HADES 1817
Charon's boat shudders, the cypresses quiver. Listen!—the whispering of the pale spirits about me. Soon we'll reach the murky shore, far, far from the world above.
No sun, no star to guide; no song, no friend. O distance immense, unutterable. Weep your last tear, tired eyes. I see the pale daughters of Danae, curse-laden Tantalus—and Lethe's murmuring waters of forgetfulness that some call peace.
Forgetfulness—that is to die twice! To lose all that's won by highest endeavour, and then to labour to win it again! When, when shall that torture end?
6. ERLAFSEE 1817
For me there is such joy and pain in the still lake of Erlafsee. Under the blue sky the cloud-shadows cross the dark mirror beneath. But the fresh breeze ruffles the water setting the pallid sunshine twinkling.
7. SCHLUMMERLIED 1817
Woodland and river murmur "Come, lovely boy, come to us!"
Lost in wonder, he is lulled from all care by the voices of myriad leaves and birds and the glory of their colours. In the soft grass he lies asleep and lost in dreams.
8. NACHTSTÜCK 1819
When mists hide the mountains and the moon struggles with cloud, the old man takes up his harp and sings: "O blessed Night, soon all is fulfilled and I shall sleep my sleep, freed from grief." The green trees whisper—"Sleep well, good old man"; the grasses sing—"We will cover your resting place"; and the birds sing—"O let him sleep." The old man listened and heard, and Death gave him rest.

9. HELIOPOLIS II 1822
A land of mountain and flood, of windy crag and cascading torrent—that is the land that challenges the true passions of man to match nature, as grand and beautiful.
10. NACHTVIOLEN 1822
Nachtviole—"dame's violet"—dark eye of velvety blue. O blessed flower, sweet and lovely as thy name.
11. SEHNSUCHT 1824
The lark soars near the clouds to scatter its song to the winds. But for thee, O storm-driven soul, aspire as thou wilt, there is no way but the long journey of the storks seeking the ease of a milder clime.
12. DER SIEG 1824
O life beyond the clouds—pure, deep and clear! The spirit must break the leaden bondage of the flesh to win that freedom. 'Tis I, the Poet, who hold the key, for with my own hand I have slain the serpent of Eden.
13. ABENDSTERN 1824
Why so solitary, star of eve? Why so far from the glittering host of heaven?—"I am the star of true love"—Then you should join their company.—"Not so, for true love must sorrow apart."
14. AUFLOSUNG 1824
Be gone, Sun! for new fires warm my being. Be silent, life, and let spring's beauty vanish. Leave me alone, for a new existence fills and thrills my very being. Let the old world sink below, for there sound about me the harmonies of ethereal song.

INTERVAL

HUGO WOLF

(1860-1903)

aus dem

"Italienisches Liederbuch"

(nach Paul Heyse)

1. DER MOND HAT EINE SCHWERE KLAG ERHOHEN
The moon hath grievously complained before her Maker. She will forsake her place in the heavens above. Two brightest stars of all her retinue are stolen—stolen by you! those eyes that blinded me.
2. HOFÄRTIG SEID IHR
You're a haughty one my pretty girl! Can't you spare a man a civil word? You're not exactly a princess with a kingdom for dowry, so if you despise gold, what about tin? If you don't want love, take my contempt.

3. GESELLE, WOLL'N WIR UNS IN KUTTEN HÜLLEN

Here's an idea, my lad! Let's dress as monks and beg from door to door, "Pity on the poor monk, for Jesu's sake!" "Holy father come back later, for our bread is not baked and my daughter lies ill in bed." "Oh then, she needs me now for her confession. Close doors and windows and leave me with the poor child undisturbed."

4. UND WILLST DU DEINEN LIEBSTEN STERBEN SEHEN.

If you would see your lover die, dear love, let loose the golden tresses of your hair, streaming from your shoulders—threads of pure gold touched by the breeze—threads of gold, of silk, without number. And in all this beauty—you.

5. HEB' AUF DEIN BLONDES HAUPT UND SCHLAFE NICHT.

Sleep not yet, but lift your fair head to hear me—every little word—as I tell you how I love you.

6. EIN STÄNDCHEN EUCH ZU BRINGEN.

I'm here to sing a serenade, Sir, if you've no objection. If your daughter has gone to rest, please give her the message that her true-lover passed this way, who loves her twenty-five hours of the day!

7. STERB' ICH, SO HÜLLT IN BLUMEN MEINE GLIEDER.

Dig no grave, if I die, but let me lie, wrapt in flowers, in sunshine and rain, beside the ruins where we have met so often. Gladly I'll die if it is for you, my love.

8. UND STEHT IHR FRÜH AM MORGEN AUF.

When you rise in early morn the skies at once are clear, the sun comes up, and angels hurry to clothe you in the beauty of the day. So beautiful are you that all stop to gaze as you pass by to Mass. Beauty fills your every movement. God has set the very crown of beauty upon you.

9. BENEDEIT DIE SEL'GE MUTTER.

Blest be the mother that bore so lovely and beautiful a being—that I might worship and treasure thee, sweet love, and bless thee. But when I am parted, oh the pain and anguish of my passion.

10. WIE VIELE ZEIT VERLOREN.

What time I've wasted loving you! Had it been God I'd loved, I'd have won a place in Paradise with a Saint beside me. But as it was you I loved, I've lost my chance of Paradise.

11. WENN DU MICH MIT DEN AUGEN STREIFST.

Help me you must with some restraining sign, or else the passion of my love will tear the heart from my breast.

(Summary translations by S.T.M.N.)