

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1960-61

SCHUBERT LIEDER
FESTIVAL

GOETHE LIEDER

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:

SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC

MONDAY, 8TH MAY, 1961

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME TWO SHILLINGS

PROGRAMME

I. *Songs of 1815*

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN

I think on thee when the sun dances on the sea. I think on thee when the moon glitters on the stream. I see thee when I wander by day or by night. I hear thee in the sounding waves or the still fields where I go to listen when all is quiet. I am with you, and even though you are far from me you are near. The sun sinks, soon the stars will gleam. O that you were here in truth.

MEERESSTILLE

The ocean lies in infinite stillness. No breath of wind; the fearful quietude of death. As far as the eye can see not a wave is moving.

ERSTER VERLUST

Ah! who can bring again
Those first sweet days of love!
Ah! who can bring one hour
Of all Time's treasure back!
In solitude I feed my pain,
Contriving only to empower
More sorrow for the joy I lack.
Ah! who can bring again
Sweet days, Time's treasure, back!

HEIDENRÖSLEIN

Little red rose, little red rose!
A boy has spied you in the hedge.
Young and fresh as summer's day,
Gleefully he runs to see you
For he loves to see you close
On your hedgerow, little rose.

Says the boy "I'll pick you,
Little red rose in the hedge."
Says the rose "I'll prick you.
Then you will remember me,
And you'll have to let me be."
Little red rose in the hedge.

So the little boy picked
His red rose from the hedge.
The little rose valiantly pricked.
But all in vain,
For yours is the pain
O little red rose in the hedge!

RASTLOSE LIEBE

Through snow and rain, against the wind, ever through the abyss, ever without rest. I should rather struggle through sorrow than endure so much of Life's joy. O how this pain attacks this heart. Shall I fly and yield up everything? O Love, you are the crown of this life—Happiness that will not let me rest!

II. Songs of 1815

DER FISCHER

Where tumbling waters rise and fall,
The peaceful fisher minds his line,
When from the rippled deep there swirls
A mermaid close before his eyes.

She speaks to him, she sings to him
"Why usest thou thy mortal skill.
To harm my finny brood? For here
Is bliss no mortal man can tell.

Is not the sea beloved of the sun!
Seest thou not moon-rays in the deep?
Shines not the bluest blue of heaven
Redoubled where the waters sleep?"

The tumbling waters rise and fall.
Deep longing overwhelms him, then
Down sinks he in her beckoning arms
And never more is seen of men.

AN DEN MOND

The silence of the quiet moon
Steals like a cloud o'er stream and vale.
Spreads through the country of my soul
Open as face of friend to friend.

Time's every tinge of joy and sorrow
Is mingled here in solitude.
Flow, gentle stream, flow on! for so
Flow jest and kiss and vows I knew.

Speed on your never-resting way,
Your melody shall fit my song
Though winter's torrent brim your banks
Or dappled petals glide along.

Happy he who turns within him
In no bitterness of heart
To labyrinths of thought unuttered
Wandering silent through the night.

SCHÄFERS KLAGELIED

I often stand on that mountain, leaning on my staff and gaze into the valley below. Then I follow my grazing herd, my little dog guards them for me. I have come down here but I know not how. The flowers are so thick, I pick them without knowing to whom I may give them. When it rains and storms I take shelter under a tree. Still her door remains closed and it all is just a dream. A rainbow stands over that house, but she is not there; perhaps she is far across the water. Move onwards, my sheep, your shepherd is very sad.

WANDRERS NACHTLIED

Thou who art from heaven above,
Who stillest every pain and grief,
Seeing thou my double need,
Of thy balm give double mead.
Ah! I'm weary of life's stir!
What means all this pain or zest?
Peace, sweet Peace!
Come, O come within my breast.

ERLKÖNIG

Who rides there on a night so wild?
A father rides there with his child.
He clasps him closely with his arm
To keep him warm, secure from harm.

"My son, what makes you pale and drear?"
"Do you not see the Erlking there,
The Erlking with his crown and train?"
"My boy, 'tis only mist or rain."

"Come, darling child, come go with me.
We'll play such games, such flowers there'll be
My mother's robes of gold you'll see."

"Father, Father, did you not hear?
The Erlking whispered in my ear."
"Lie still, my child, there's nothing there.
'Twas only leaves that stirred in the air."

"Come, pretty boy, and we'll away.
My lovely daughter shall sing you lullay,
We'll have feasting and singing and dancing all day."

"Father, look to that dark place there.
The Erlking's daughter—I see her clear."
"My son, my son! Yes, I can see.
'Tis the light on an old grey willow tree."

"I love you, sweet boy, come with me on my course,
For if you're unwilling I'll take you by force!"
"Father, Father, he won't let go.
The Erlking now is hurting me so."

The father shuddered and pressed on fast
Clasping his moaning child; at last
He reached his house with toil and dread . . .
But in his arms the child lay dead.

INTERVAL

III. *Songs of 1816-17*

GESÄNGE DES HARFNERS (Aus 'Wilhelm Meister')

1. WER SICH DER EINSAMKEIT ERGIEBT

Who gives himself to solitude, Ah! he is soon alone.
 One has life, another love, and leaves to him his pain.
 So! leave me then my pain!
 Can I but find true solitude, then I am not alone.
 Just as a stealthy lover listens to know if his love's alone,
 So steal about me day and night my pain, my misery.
 When comes the grave's dark solitude, then shall they let me be!

2. WER NIE SEIN BROT MIT TRÄNEN ASS

Who never ate his bread in tears,
 Nor e'er sat weeping on his bed the lone-long night,
 He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.
 You lead us hither into life,
 You leave a wretch to find his guilt,
 Then you abandon him to pain
 And all the rack of guilt on earth.

3. AN DIE TÜREN WILL ICH SCHLEICHEN

At the doorways I will loiter,
 Meek and silent I will stay,
 Take my food from hands of strangers,
 Then I'll go upon my way.
 Everyman betrays some gladness
 As my figure passes by;
 Then a tear will fall unbidden.
 Why he weeps, that know not I.

AN SCHWAGER KRONOS

Hurry up, old Time, gallop faster. The way leads high and this delay irks me. Onward, over the rocky road, over the mountain, far, high and splendid. Refresh yourself from this beauty about you and go faster. See, the sun is sinking. Before it sinks, before I grow old, I want to drink from its last rays ere I stagger through night's dark door. Sound your posthorn so that Orkus will know we are coming and greet us at the door.

GANYMED

O spring, beloved, how you make me glow with your morning light, your eternal warmth and beauty fill my heart. That I could hold you in my arms and press your flowers to my heart. You cool the burning thirst in my breast, lovely morning wind; the nightingale calls me—I come, oh, but where? Upwards, ever upwards. The clouds struggle upwards. Oh, take me up too, all-loving Father, and clasp me to your bosom.

IV. *Songs of 1819-22*

PROMETHEUS

Cover thy Heavens, Zeus, with cloud, and level the oak and mountain peak as a boy cuts a thistle; leave Earth to me, and my home which you built not, and my hearth whose warmth you envy. I know nothing poorer under the sun than you gods. You get miserable nourishment from sacrifices and mumbled prayers to your majesty and would starve were not children and beggars such hopeful fools. When I was a child, knowing naught, I turned my eyes to the sun seeking an ear to hear my cries, a heart like mine ready to have mercy on the oppressed. Who helped against the proud Titans? Who saved me from death, from slavery? Oh my own glowing young heart, you have done it all yourself. Betrayed, why should I thank you sleeping gods above? I honour you! For what? Have you ever helped the heavy-laden, dried the tears of those who weep? Has not Time and Destiny moulded us all? Do you imagine I should hate life and flee to the desert because every dream does not become real? Here I stand, forming men like me, to suffer, to weep, to rejoice, to be happy in themselves, to hurl scorn in thy teeth—like me!

GEHEIMES

What mean my fair lady's glances?
 You can wonder—mine's the secret.
 If love asks questions, who, think you,
 Knows the answer that he asks?

AN DIE ENTFERNTE

And have I really lost you then?
 Are you and all your beauty fled?
 Still in my so familiar ear
 Rings each and every word you've said.

Just as on the hills of summer,
 Blindly staring at the sky
 In vain one looks to find the lark
 Hidden in that vast blue, so I—

With restless eyes roam every way,
 Scan every wood and field and tree,
 While all my songs to you are crying
 "O come, my love, come back to me."

DER MUSENSOHN

I pipe my way gaily through field and wood, from town to town, setting the pace for everyone. I can hardly wait for the first flowers to bloom. They greet my songs even in Winter. I make the young folk dance to my melodies, give wings to their feet and make the lovers follow me. O beloved Muses, when can I stop my piping and rest with you?

(Summary prose translations by BRUCE BOYCE. Verses by SIDNEY NEWMAN)