

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1960—61

SCHUBERT LIEDER
FESTIVAL

“SCHWANENGESANG” etc.

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:
SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC
FRIDAY, 12TH MAY, 1961
At 7.30 p.m.

PROGRAMME TWO SHILLINGS

I. Songs of Youth and Love

DER JÜNGLING AM BACHE

Schiller

A boy sat by the stream weaving a wreath of flowers, but it dropped and was carried away by the waters. Thus go my youthful days. Ask not why I am sad in Springtime. The joyful Spring awakens only sadness in me. I seek one but, alas, cannot reach her and my heart is heavy. Come to me, my beloved, let me give thee flowers. There is room in the tiniest house for a loving pair.

DER FLUG DER ZEIT

Ludwig von Széchenyi

Time flies his whirling flight through life,
Storms over peaks and life's rough ways,
Spins through our childhood, youthful pleasures
And happy vales of sunny days.

Till round the gentle hills of friendship
Time hovers softly; then at last
The whirling of his mighty wings
Is stilled, and they lie folded fast

SPRACHE DER LIEBE

A. W. Schlegel

I'll touch you gently, tender lute.
Whilst dewy night falls, we will whisper.
Now you begin to breathe, to sigh,
Cry out, enflame my loving heart,
Stir every depth of lurking pain.
Love knows the richest, sweetest strain !

DASS SIE HIER GEWESEN

Rückert

May the scented East wind carry my longings to you, may my tears
speak of my love. Should Beauty or Love remain obscure? O let these
odours and these tears convey my longing.

HEIMLICHES LIEBEN

Caroline von Klenke

Love, I were lost in thy embrace
And my whole being vanished quite
Had not lips held us face to face
And heart-beat nailed me to thy side.

II. God and Nature

IM ABENDROTH

Carl Lappe

O how beautiful is thy world,
Father, when it spreads in gold.
Beneath the glory of thine eyes
The very dust to light doth rise
When the red glow of eventide
Falls on my quiet window-side.

Could I for one moment murmur
Word of sorrow, doubt or fear?
No! my heart will e'er remember
This thy Heaven already here.
And my soul before its flight
Drinks this glow, and feeds on light.

AM BACH IM FRÜHLING

Fr. von Schober

Freed from the ice the stream flows fresh and clear
The winds blow soft, fresh green in moss and grass.
Alone, with heavy heart, again I'm here
But all the blossomtide of earth's no help, alas !

There's no hope springs up for me
Because of that blue flower I see—
'Forget-me-not' of memory.

AN EINE QUELLE

Claudius

Oh, lovely stream, where I first found my Daphne, reflected in your still
waters, so beautiful was she. When next she comes, hold her image for
me that I might tell to it my love; for when I am alone with her I
cannot speak my heart.

GOTT IM FRÜHLING

J. P. Uz

In glistening raiment, garlanded with rose,
Comes Thy sweet messenger, the smiling Spring,
Leading the hours about his flowery throne
Touching the buds of life where e'er he goes;
Scattering his coloured light and shade
Through every forest, field and glade,
Silvering the dawn with ecstasy of song.
Father of all, Thy praise I too will sing.
Truly of Thee, Lord, cometh everything.

DIE STERNE

Leitner

How brightly the stars shine in the night, they often awaken me from
slumber. Yet I blame them not for they serve me well in the still hours.
Living with the angels they light the way for Pilgrims. They serve as
messengers for lovers and carry kisses far over the sea. They comfort the
sad ones, delaying their tears, and show the way to the last journey. So I
salute you, you glimmering host, may you long light my way. And when
love comes to me may our union be blest and you serve us as guide
through our life.

DEM UNENDLICHEN

Klopstock

The soul reaches the Almighty, Who has called him out of his night,
and he knows that no joy is sufficient with which to sing the praises of
God. All things in Heaven and Earth praise the Lord.

INTERVAL

III. Lieder aus dem "Schwanengesang"

LIEBESBOTSCHAFT

Reilstab

Lovely murmuring stream, so crystal clear, are you hurrying to my
beloved? Be thou my messenger and bring her my love. Refresh the
garden flowers which she wears on her breast, enrich the crimson glow
of her roses with your cool waters. When she is sunk in dreams by your
banks and thinks of me, comfort her with your glance and tell her
that her beloved will come soon. When the sun sinks, lull her to sleep.
Sing her to sweet rest and give her dreams of love.

STÄNDCHEN

Reilstab

My songs come to you softly through the night; come to me, Love,
through the still meadows. The trees whisper in the moonlight, have no
fear, my beloved. Hear the nightingale, with his sweet tones he is
singing for me. He understands the longing heart, the sorrow of love;

with his silver song he soothes every tender heart. May your breast be stirred, beloved. Hear me, I am waiting for you, come and make me happy.

AUFENTHALT

Reilstab

My home is with rushing streams, mighty rocks and forests. My tears flow as the waves, my heart beats incessantly as the rain surges on the heights, and as the rocks of ageless ore, so eternally my grief remains.

IN DER FERNE

Reilstab

Sad is the fugitive, exiled from home and friends, unblessed and ever to roam. With heavy heart, with tearful eye, eternally longing for home and rest. No star for me, for mine is set. O ye soft winds and waves, ye eager restless sunbeams—take my greetings to her who has broken my heart, the greetings of a lonely exile.

ABSCHIED

Reilstab

Goodbye, my gay and friendly town. As I ride off here's my last greeting. You never saw me glum, nor will you now. Goodbye, you lovely gardens, you'll have no sad songs from me. My charming girls, you blow me kisses—but I'm not turning back. Goodbye! And now friend Sun—bedtime for you. I'll be a star with stars for escort. Ah! that little lighted window there. How often I've ridden over . . . was it only today I said goodbye? So now you've hidden too, my stars. Goodbye then—there's still that light—but I've gone, you know, I've gone. Goodbye.

IHR BILD

Heine

I stood, lost in thought, gazing at your picture, and that beloved face seemed to spring to life. A wonderful smile came to your lips and your eyes gleamed with tears. Then tears fell on my own cheeks and, oh, I cannot believe that I have lost you.

DIE STADT

Heine

On the distant horizon, the towered city appears like a mirage in the evening light. A moist wind stirs the grey mist, and the boatman rows with sad strokes. The sun rises again and shows me the place where I lost my beloved.

AM MEER

Heine

The sea shone afar in the sun's last rays. We sat silent and alone by the lone fisherman's hut. The mist rose, the water stirred, the sea gulls flew to and fro; the tears fell from your eyes. I saw them fall upon your hand and fell upon my knees to drink the tears. From that moment I was dedicated to thee; my body and soul were captured by those tears.

DER DOPPELGANGER

Heine

The night is still, the streets are silent, in this house lived my beloved; she is long gone from the city but the house still stands in the same place. A man is standing there, staring upwards and wringing his hands in a torment of grief. I shudder at seeing his face. The moon shows me my own self. Thou ghostly double, why do you mock the suffering of my love which used to torment me so many nights in this selfsame spot?

DIE TAUBENPOST

Seidl

I have a faithful carrier pigeon who takes thousands of daily messages to my beloved. She goes secretly to my love's window, gives her my greeting and brings me hers. She serves me so well by day or night, never tiring nor wanting anything. I nourish her in my breast and reap such rich rewards. She is called "Longing". Do you know her, this faithful messenger of mine?

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