

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1961-62

Fifth Concert

LIEDER RECITAL

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:

SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC
THURSDAY, 11th JANUARY, 1962

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME ONE SHILLING

PROGRAMME

SCHUBERT

DER EINSAME

Carl Lappe

It is so pleasant when I take my ease before my fire and listen to the cricket's song. A happy hour; one stokes the fire and thinks "Ah, another day." One casts aside care and worry; peace and quiet flood the soul. Oh how happy I am in my quiet little spot; the frenzy of the world gives no pleasure. So sing on, little cricket in your tiny house. You don't disturb me, and when you sing I am not alone.

GLAUBE, HOFFNUNG UND LIEBE

Christoph Kuffner

Faith, Hope and Love—Hold firm to these three and you will never fail. Faith lifts you to Heaven, God is more in your breast than in the stars. Though the world and man deceive, the heart can never fail. Hope for immortality enhances this life. Hope is a light to brighten the way. Yet do not demand and the way will unfold. Wear the dignity of Love. Without it you are as a stone. With it you are raised above all things and its light gladdens your being.

ALINDE

Rochlitz

The sun is sinking, surely she will come. "Oh, Reaper, have you seen my beloved, Alinde?" "My wife and children await me, I cannot search for errant girls." The moon begins her journey, oh, surely she will come. "Oh, Fisherman, have you seen my beloved, Alinde?" "I must look to my pots and have no time for searching. See what a catch I have found." The stars appear, oh, surely she comes now. "Oh, Huntsman, have you seen my Alinde?" "I must hunt the roebuck and have no desire to see maidens. He comes there soft as the evening breeze." I wander alone in the darkness, anxious and afraid. Echo, let me confess my sorrow to thee. Alinde, Alinde! And Echo softly answered, 'Alinde', and lo, she stood by my side. Those who seek in faith shall find.

AN DIE LEIER

von Bruchmann—after Anacreon

I would sing of Kadmus and the sons of Atreus—yet my strings sound only of love. I would change these strings to bring forth the might of Alciden's cry of victory. Yet these strings sing only of love. So farewell, great heroes, your mighty songs I cannot sing, for my strings sound only of love.

SCHUMANN

STILLE LIEBE

Kerner

Could I but extol thee in my song I should never tire of singing. Yet my grief is that I must hold thee silently in my breast's secret place. This sorrow has overcome me, I can only sing a small song filled with sadness and so unworthy.

DER HIMMEL HAT EINE TRÄNE GEWEINT

Rückert

Heaven wept a tear which fell into the sea. The mussel enclosed it saying, "You shall be my pearl, fear not; I shall carry you safely through the waves." Oh thou my sorrow and my joy, thou heavenly tear within my breast. Grant, oh Heaven, that I may guard with a pure spirit thy purest tear.

MEINE ROSE

von Lenan

Thou Rose, most precious of spring jewels, pale and bending beneath the sun's hot rays, I offer thee this water from a deep dark spring. Oh Rose of my heart, pale and bent by sorrow's still rays; I would cast myself at thy feet like this flower's water.

REQUIEM

Anon

Freed from pain and sorrow, he who yearned for salvation has reached his heavenly home. He who lightened his own darkness shines as a star in the night before his Maker. Guide us, Holy Father, let us not fail our trust. Hark! the holy angels sing their songs of praise for him who has gained his heavenly home.

LOEWE

TOM DER REIMER

Scottish Ballad

As Thomas the Rhymer lay by Huntly Brook he saw a fair maid on a white horse. Upon each strand of its braided mane there hung a tiny silver bell. Tom shed his cap, sank to his knee and said "You must be the Queen of Heaven." She stopped her horse and spake "I am not the Queen of Heaven. I am the Queen of the Elves. Take up your harp and sing your best songs, but do not kiss my lips else you must serve me seven years." "To serve thee seven years, O Queen, affrights me not." They kissed while the birds sang above them. "Now you are mine, come go with me." How happy was Tom as they rode through the green woods while the birds sang and the sun shone. And when they pulled lightly on the reins the little bells rang merrily.

PRINZ EUGEN

Freiligrath

It is night in the camp on the Danube bank, the sentries challenge, the horses are tethered, heavy carbines by the saddles. Around the campfire, near the horses, each on his cloak, his feathered shako ruffling, the men are playing dice. By the side the Trumpeter sits alone. "Leave your cards a moment and listen to my song. I have written a saga of our deeds and set it all to music. So listen well and mark my words." The lancers heard him through three times, then broke forth in a mighty chorus, "Prince Eugene, our noble leader!"—the sound thundering far to the Turkish camp. Proudly the Trumpeter twirls his moustache and slips away to his girl.

DES GLOCKENTÜRMERS TOCHTERLEIN

Rückert

My high-born sweetheart, the Bell-ringer's daughter, calls me with the stroke of every bell: "Think of me, I wait for thee." The clock goes fast or slow, for our convenience. Her father was high-born, her mother, definitely!—so my sweetheart is high-born too. Yet she is not haughty. She comes down to me by moonlight and tells me, "The old Tower is falling, you can feel it shivering and I don't want to live waving about in the air. I'll come down to earth and be thine."

ERLKÖNIG

Goethe

INTERVAL

MAHLER

FRÜHLINGSMORGEN

Leander

The blossom-laden branches of the Linden tree are knocking on the window. Get up, get up! Why lie in dreams? The sun is risen, get up! The lark's a-wing, the bees are humming, get up! And your merry sweetheart I have also seen; so get up, sleepy-head!

ERINNERUNG

Leander

My love always awakens my songs and my songs awaken my love. The lips which dream of your warm kisses must sing of you. And when my thoughts would cast off love, my songs come to me with love's own anguish. So am I bound by these two, song awakening love and love's waking song.

ICH GING MIT LUST

Anthology 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn'

I wander through a little green wood listening to the birds singing so sweetly. O, fair Nightingale, sing clearly to my beloved when all is dark; when no one is abroad then come to me and I will let you in. The day gave way to night, he came to my beloved and tapped so lightly—are you asleep or awake, my child? I have waited so long. The moon looked through the window upon my dearly beloved, the nightingale sang the night through. O happy dreaming maiden, beware! What has become of your lover?

STARKE EINBILDUNGSKRAFT

Anthology 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn'

Girl: You promised you would claim me when Summer came. Summer has come and still you haven't. You'll claim me now, won't you? Please say yes!

Boy: How can I take what I already have? When I think of you I am already with you.

WOLF

DER GÄRTNER

Mörke

Upon her little horse as white as snow, a beautiful Princess rides through the garden. The pathway, where the little horse dances so charmingly, I have strewn with sand which glistens like gold. Oh rose-coloured bonnet bobbing up and down, please toss me a stolen feather. And would you but exchange it for one of my flowers, take thousands for one, they all are for you.

AUF EINER WANDERUNG

Mörke

I came to a friendly town with the setting sun caressing its streets. From an open window framed in flowers came sounds as of golden bells and a voice like a chorus of nightingales made the flowers quiver, the air alive and the roses glow with a redder hue. I stood there long, lost in wonder. How I passed through the gates I truly do not know. How bright the world is here! The heavens glow in purple mantles, behind me the town lives in a golden haze. How gaily the brook sings, turning the tunes of the mill wheel! I feel intoxicated with all this loveliness. O Beauty, you have touched my heart with a breath of love.

PEREGRINA I

Mörke

I see in those lovely eyes a deep reflection as though holy gold burned therein. Unknowing child, thyself dost draw me into these depths. Would you consume us both and smilingly hand me Death in a chalice of sin?

PEREGRINA II

Mörke

Oh why, Beloved, does thought of thee bring tears whilst my breast strains to seek vain freedom? Last night, while candles flickered in the children's room, where I sought forgetfulness in gaiety, you entered, a vision of painful beauty; it was your ghost returned to me. We sat together in silent sorrow; finally I burst into loud sobbing and, hand in hand, we left the house.

STORCHENBOTSCHAFT

Mörke

The shepherd's house stands in the heights on two wheels, the envy of many, for a shepherd would not exchange his bed for a king's. At night strange sounds of spirits and goblins knock on his door but he says his prayers and sleeps soundly. Once though, the noise became too much; he lifted the latch and, behold—there stood two storks, Mr. and Mrs. They bowed to him and would speak, ah, if only they could. "What do they want? Has something awful happened? Or is it good news? You've come from home? And left a little present there? The baby cries, the mother still more, and wants me to come with gifts for the christening? Well, tell her I'll come in a couple of days and greet the little one for me. But, wait! Why have two of you come? My goodness—it couldn't be—twins!!!" The storks bowed and curtsied in great glee, took to their wings and flew away.

(Summary translations by Bruce Boyce)