UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1962-63

Fifth Concert

LIEDER RECITAL

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:

SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC

THURSDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1963

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME TWO SHILLINGS

PROGRAMME

I. SCHUBERT

FRÜHLINGSGLAUBE
The lime-laden breezes are bringing a new fragrance, a new note. Now, my heart, cast aside all care. The world is more beautiful every day. Whatever the future holds, the flowers will never fade, so forget thy torment.

IM FRÜHLING
I sit on the hill, the sky is so clear, the breeze blows through the valley where I was once so happy. Where I walked by her side, so close, and saw the bright blue sky reflected in a spring, and her face in the reflection. See how the Spring now looks from every blossom. I like best to pick blossoms from the branch from which she picked. The flowers and fields are as they were, the sun shines just as bright and the reflection in the water is just as friendly. Many things change and alter but love remains—love and sorrow. Oh that I were a bird! then I should perch on this branch and sing of her the whole summer long.

DASS SIE HIER GEWESEN
May the scented east wind carry my longing to you, may my tears speak of my love. Should Beauty or Love remain obscure? Oh let these odours and these tears convey my longing!

SEI MIR GEGRÜSST
O thou who art far from me, whom I reach only with my longing, I send my greetings and my kisses. You gave love to my heart, in spite of fate which keeps us apart I send my kisses. You came to me in the spring of love, and my soul glowed in your love. A breath of love blots out time and space, and I am with you, holding you in my arms.

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?

II. SCHUMANN

LIEDERKREIS. OP. 24. (HEINE)

1. MORGENS STEH' ICH AUF UND FRAGE
Every morning I awake, thinking 'Surely my sweetheart will come to me today'. Every night I go to sleep, thinking 'Alas, alas, she did not come'.

2. ES TREIBT MICH HIN
In a few hours, I shall be with my love again. O you lazy hours, you can never have been in love, or you would have pity on my impatience, and not move so slowly.

3. ICH WANDELTE UNTER DEN BÄUMEN
The lover, wandering sadly amidst the trees, entreats the birds not to sing the sweet songs that they have learnt from his beloved, for they remind him of the happy days now gone for ever.

4. LIEB' LIEBCHEN
Lay your hand on my heart, my love; do you hear a loud knocking and hammering? A carpenter is at work there, making a coffin for me, and he is such a noisy workman that I cannot get to sleep at night. Hurry up, Master Carpenter, and finish your job, so that I can get to sleep for good and all!

5. SCHÖNE WIEGE MEINER LEIDEN
Farewell, beloved town, cradle of all my sorrows, grave of all my peace; town where my love and I used to wander, farewell.

6. WARTE, WARTE, WILDER SCHIFFSMANN
Wait a moment, strange boatman, before I come with you on my last journey; I must first bid farewell to my love. My love, why do you shudder to see the blood running from my body? Long enough you watched my heart's blood flowing for you. With a gift, the serpent brought death into Eden, and Eris brought fire to Troy; you have brought both fire and death to me!

7. BERG UND BURGEN
O gently-flowing Rhine, whose sparkling waves belie your treacherous depths, you are the very image of my love. She too hides a cruel heart behind a smiling face!

8. ANFANGS WOLLT' ICH FAST VERZAGEN
At first I despaired; I said I could never bear it. Yet I *did* bear it. But never ask me 'How?'.

9. MIT MYRTHEN UND ROSEN
With myrtle and roses and with cypress boughs would I deck this book, in which these sad songs of mine are written. Some day, perhaps, my love may see them and they may tell her of my devotion and my sorrow.

INTERVAL

III. SCHUMANN

LIEDERKREIS. OP. 39. (EICHENDORFF)

1. IN DER FREMDE
The wanderer sings of his distant home, where no one knows him now. His parents long dead, he says he, too, will soon rest under the solitude of the forest—remembered by none.

2. INTERMEZZO
He sees the image of his beloved which he holds in his heart and which cheers him every hour. His heart sings an old song which flies to her on the wings of the breeze.

3. WALDESGESPRACH
He encounters a beautiful maid in the forest and offers to see her home. She flirts with him then suddenly changes into the dreaded Lorelei. She mocks and threatens him—that he can never escape this forest.

4. DIE STILLE
In the snowy stillness he reflects that no man knows his inner self—none but One Being. He wishes he were a bird and could fly up to heaven.

5. MONDNACHT
In the moonlight it seems as though the heavens kiss the earth, as though to dream of her shimmering flowers. The forest whispered with the breeze in the crystal clear night. And his soul spread its wings and flew over the earth as it were flying home.

6. SCHÖNE FREMDE
He becomes more resigned to his fate and asks the fantastic night why it troubles his dreams. The rustling of the forest and the stars' friendly eyes seem to tell him of some future happiness.

7. AUF EINER BURG
On the top of a mountain he sees an old statue weathered by the elements for a hundred years. Everything seems so quiet and peaceful. Below on the Rhine a wedding procession passes, music is playing but the bride is weeping.

8. In der Fremde
He hears the nightingale singing over the rippling brook, lonely singing of the old happy days. He sees a castle through the moonbeams, but it is so far away. His beloved must be waiting there—but she is long dead.

9. Wehmut
He says he could sing as though he were happy, yet secretly his heart is weeping. All hearts love to hear the nightingale's song of longing yet none really feel the grief in this song of deep sorrow.

10. Zwielicht
He asks what the foreboding shadows of twilight can mean. He warns that at this dread hour everyone should watch over their friends most carefully for many things are lost in the night.

11. Im Walde
He sees another wedding, the birds sing gaily, he hears the hunting horn and watches the merry hunt. Then suddenly night engulfs everything but the rustling of the forest and he is left to search the depths in his heart.

12. Frühlingsnacht
The first breath of spring brings him flower-perfumed breezes. He hears the returning birds and finds the first blooms. Overjoyed, he knows not whether to weep or shout for joy. And the moon, stars, the forest and the nightingale all tell him that his beloved is waiting for him—" She is thine She is thine."

IV. 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 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 Töchterlein *Rückert*
My high-born sweetheart, the Bell-ringer's daughter, calls me with the stroke of very 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*

Summary Translations by Bruce Boyce