

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1964-65

SCHUBERT LIEDER
FESTIVAL

GOETHE LIEDER
"SCHWANENGESANG" etc.

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:
SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC
FRIDAY, 14TH MAY, 1965

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME TWO SHILLINGS

PROGRAMME

I.

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.

IM FRÜHLING

Schulze

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.

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.

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.

AUFLÖSUNG

Mayrhofer

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.

LITANEI

Jacobi

Rest in peace, all souls in heavy sorrow who leave the world, weary of life, though hardly born. And who has never seen the sun shall see God's face in heavenly light. All who depart from hence, All Souls—Rest in Peace.

II. *Goethe Lieder*

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.

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?

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.

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?

WANDERERS NACHTLIED

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

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.

AN DIE ENTFERNTTE

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."

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. *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

Rellstab

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

Rellstab

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

Rellstab

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 the lonely exile.

ABSCHIED

Rellstab

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 greetings 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)