

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
CHAMBER CONCERTS

SEASON 1968-69

Second Concert

LIEDER RECITAL

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE:

SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC

THURSDAY, 24th OCTOBER, 1968

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME TWO SHILLINGS

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(1797-1828)

SETTINGS OF POEMS BY GOETHE

NAHE 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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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?

NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT (5th setting, Op. 62 No. 4)

The pain I suffer, who can know
But one who's known love's longing.
Alone, bereft of every joy,
I gaze upon an empty world.
One who loves me, and who knows,
Is far away. My mind is dazed,
My body is consumed with fire.
Only one who has loved and longed
Can know the pain I suffer.

LIEBE SCHWÄRMT AUF ALLEN WEGEN (from Claudine von Villa Bella)

(originally scored for oboes, bassoons and strings)

Love roams on every side; Faithfulness lives apart.
Love is easily encountered; Faithfulness must be sought.

ERLKÖNIG (1815)

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

CARL LOEWE

(1796-1869)

TOM DER REIMER

Scottish Ballad

As Thomas the Rhymer lay by Huntley 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.

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."

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.

ERLKÖNIG (1815)

Goethe

HUGO WOLF

(1860-1903)

FROM "GOETHE LIEDER" 1888-89

GESANGE DES HARFNERS (AUS "WILHELM MEISTER")

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!

AN DIE TUREN 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.

WER NIE SEIN BROT MIT TRANEN 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 guile on earth.

ANAKREONS GRAB

Here where the rose still blooms
And vines entwine the laurels,
Where turtle doves are wooing
And crickets making merry,
What grave lies here that all the Gods have planted
With living beauty?—Here Anacreon rests.
Spring, summer and autumn
Gave joy to the happy poet.
Now at the last from winter
He is shielded by this mound.

PHÄNOMEN

When Apollo rose as consort to the rain, there sprang up a glorious arc of colour. In the mist it seemed to twist into a bow of whiteness—yet a Heavenly Arch. Grieve not, dear heart: your hair may whiten, your love will never pale.

ERSCHAFFEN UND BELEBEN

Hans Adam was an earthen clod whom God made Man, yet much was wanting in the making. The best breath of life was breathed into his nostrils—resulting only in making him sneeze. With all his parts he remained half a lump until Noah found what was missing—a bumper. With the first taste he came alive, as yeast makes dough to rise. So, Hafis, sing your sweet song and by your uplifting example and clinking glass lead us to our Paradise.

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