

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

~~ORCHESTRAL~~ CONCERTS  
CHAMBER

SEASON 1953-54

*Seventh Concert*

SCHUBERT  
LEIDER RECITAL

BRUCE BOYCE

PIANOFORTE :

SIDNEY NEWMAN

REID SCHOOL OF MUSIC

THURSDAY, 25<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY, 1954

AT 7.30 P.M.

PROGRAMME ONE SHILLING

# FRANZ SCHUBERT

Born 31st January, 1797. Died 19th November, 1828

KLAGLIED (*Rocklitz*) 1812

My peace and joy is departed and in the song of the wind and water I hear only a sad refrain.

## I.

VERKLÄRUNG (*Alexander Pope, transl. Mayrhofer*) May, 1813

“ Vital spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame.  
. . . Oh Grave, where is thy victory,  
Oh Death, where is thy sting? ”

EMMA (*Schiller*) April, 1814

My happiness is lost in a misty past, it comes to me as the light of a star, and like the star, it appears only at night. Let deathly sleep come, for then you may live in my heart, yet you do not live in my love. Oh Emma, is our love truly past, must this heavenly flame die like some earthly thing!

DAS ROSEN BAND (*Klopstock*) Sept., 1815

I found her in the spring shade and decked her with flowers. She waked not from her slumbers. I gazed on her and with this glance did my life bestow. She felt it not, but slumbered. Then with the flowers I whispered and she did wake. She gazed on me and with her glance did her life bestow. And therewith we entered Elysium.

FRAGMENT AUS DEM AESCHYLUS (*Mayrhofer*) June, 1816

He who stands unswervingly for the right will never founder in misery. The wicked is overcome when swept away in the stream of time. His cries are not heard, his struggles avail not, he is shattered on the rocks of retribution and sinks out of sight—unwept.

## II.

AM SEE (*Bruckmann*) March, 1817

A million stars gleam through the sunlight dancing on the waves. Were man like the sea, the stars would enter into his soul through the gates of heaven.

LITANEI (*Jacobi*) August, 1818

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.

PROMETHEUS (*Goethe*) October, 1819

Cover thy Heavens, Zeus, with cloud, and level the oak and mountain peak as a boy cuts a thistle; leave Earth to me, and my home which you built not, and my hearth whose warmth you envy. I know nothing poorer

under the sun than you gods. You get miserable nourishment from sacrifices and mumbled prayers to your majesty and would starve were not children and beggars such hopeful fools. When I was a child, knowing naught, I turned my eyes to the sun seeking an ear to hear my cries, a heart like mine ready to have mercy on the oppressed. Who helped me against the proud Titans? Who saved me from death, from slavery? Oh my own glowing young heart, you have done it all yourself. Betrayed, why should I thank you sleeping gods above? I honour you! For what? Have you ever helped the heavy-laden, dried the tears of those who weep? Has not Time and Destiny moulded us all? Do you imagine I should hate life and flee to the desert because every dream does not become real? Here I stand, forming men like me, to suffer, to weep, to rejoice, to be happy in themselves, to hurl scorn in thy teeth—like me!

DIE STERNE (*Schlegel*) 1820

O Man, dost marvel at our holy beams? Then follow our light, it dispels earthly care. Then God's love will flow eternally, the purest breath will fill thee as the sea and the stars have their being in God.

## III.

SEI MIR GEGRÜSST (*Rückert*) 1821

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.

HELIOPOLIS (*Mayrhofer*) April, 1822

In the unknown regions of mighty windswept rocks and waterfalls, in a ruined monastery on the lonely heights, let us bury the past and let the soul of the Poet live. Breathe the holy ether and embrace the world, live with the Great Ones. Let the great emotions resound; only when the great storms roar will you find the right word.

DASS SIE HIER GEWESEN (*Rückert*) 1823

May the scented Eastwind carry my longing 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.

SEHNSUCHT (*Mayrhofer*) 1824

The lark's song is resounding at the flight of Winter. The Earth is beginning to stir and buds give promise of fruit. Only thou, my storm-tossed soul are colourless and turned within thyself; in the bright Spring you are clouded by longing. Nothing can withhold this rude strength which awakens the soil, you cannot fight its pregnant strength; so, with the Cranes as companions, go forth into this softer, kinder world.

INTERVAL

#### IV.

LIED DES GEFANGENEN JÄGERS (*Scott*)
*April, 1825*  
 A translation of the Song of the Imprisoned Huntsman from Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

DER WANDERER AN DEN MOND (*Seidl*)
*March, 1826*  
 I upon Earth and you in Heaven, we both wander; I am troubled, you are placid, what causes the difference? I wander, homeless and unknown, never at rest. But you wander through all lands, at home in each, the endless Heaven your beloved homeland. O happy is he who is at home wherever he goes.

DER KREUZZUG (*Leitner*)
*November, 1827*  
 A Monk stands in his cell, watching through the barred window a company of Knights in armour riding by. Their voices are raised in song and above them flies the banner of the Cross. They board a ship which carries them away. The Monk still stands and gazes after them. "I, too, am a Pilgrim though I remain here. A soul journeys through treacherous waves and burning sands. Life itself is a Crusade to the Holy Land."

DIE STERNE (*Leitner*)
*January, 1828*  
 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.

#### V.

AUFENTHALT (*Rellstab*)
*August, 1828*  
 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.

AM MEER (*Heine*)
*August, 1828*  
 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 was captured by those tears.

DIE TAUBENPOST (*Seidl*)
*October, 1828*  
 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 translations by Bruce Boyce)*