

Dec 8 1937?

## German Songs

### I.

Heidenröslein	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Schubert
				M. J. Sheerin				
Heidenröslein	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Werner
				Trio by R. Ives, R. Marcus, and B. Coffin				
Heidenröslein	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Tomascheck
				R. Marcus				

### The Heathrose

(text by Goethe, translated by James Clarence Mangan)

Once a boy beheld a bright  
    Rose in dingle growing;  
Far, far off it pleased his sight;  
Near he viewed it with delight:  
    Soft it seemed and glowing.  
Lo! the rose, the rose so bright,  
    Rose so brightly blowing!

Spake the boy, "I'll pluck thee, grand  
    Rose all wildly blowing."  
Spake the rose, "I'll wound thy hand,  
Thus the scheme thy wit hath planned  
    Deftly overthrowing."  
O! the rose, the rose so grand,  
    Rose so grandly glowing.

But the stripling plucked the red  
    Rose in glory growing,  
And the thorn his flesh hath bled,  
And the rose's pride is fled,  
    And her beauty's going.  
Woe! the rose, the rose once red  
    Rose once redly glowing.

### II.

Freudvoll und Leidvoll	.	.	.	.	.	.	Liszt
				R. Ives			
Freudvoll und Leidvoll	.	.	.	.	.	.	Beethoven
				B. Coffin			

### Clara Sings

(text by Goethe, translated by Edgar A. Bowring)

Gladness  
And sadness

(2)

And pensiveness blending;  
    Yearning  
    And burning  
In torment ne'er ending;  
    Sad unto death,  
Proudly soaring above;  
    Happy alone  
Is the soul that doth love!

III.

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruhe	•	•	•	•	•	Liszt
					R. Ives	
Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruhe	•	•	•	•	•	Schubert
					R. Marcus	
Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruhe	•	•	•	•	•	Loewe
					A. Schwab	

Wanderer's Night Song

(text by Goethe, translated by Longfellow)

Over all the hill-tops  
Is quiet now,  
In all the tree-tops  
Hearest thou  
Hardly a breath;  
The birds are asleep in the trees:  
Wait, soon like these  
Thou too shalt rest.

IV.

Mailed	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Beethoven
					B. Coffin			
Mailed	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Klein
					R. Marcus			

May Song

(text by Goethe, translated by Edgar A. Bowring)

How fair doth Nature  
    Appear again!  
How bright the sunbeams!  
    How smiles the plain!

The flow'rs are bursting  
    From every bough  
And thousand voices  
    Each bush yields now.

Dec 9 1937

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    Each bush yields now.



(3).

And joy and gladness  
Fill ev'yr breast:  
Oh earth!--oh sunlight!  
Oh rapture blest!

Oh love! oh loved one!  
As golden bright,  
As clouds of morning  
On yonder height!

Thou blessest gladly  
The smiling field,  
The world in fragrant  
Vapour conceal'd.

Oh maiden, maiden,  
How I love thee!  
Thine eye, how gleams it!  
How lov'st thou me!

The blithe lark loveth  
Sweet song and air,  
The morning flow'ret  
Heav'n's incense fair,

As I now love thee  
With fond desire,  
For thou dost give me  
Youth, joy, and fire,

For new-born dances  
And minstrelsy.  
Be every happy,  
As thou lov'st me!

V.

Gefunden . . . . .	R. Strauss
B. Coffin	
Die verliebte Schaferin . . . . .	Loewe
R. Ives	

Found

(text by Goethe, translated by Edgar A. Bowring)

Once through the forest  
Alone I went;  
To seek for nothing  
My thoughts were bent.

(4)

I saw it the shadow  
A flower stand there;  
As stars it glisten'd,  
As eyes 'twas fair.

I sought to pluck it,--  
It gently said:  
"Shall I be gather'd  
Only to fade?"

With all its roots  
I dug it with care,  
And took it home  
To my garden fair.

In silent corner  
Soon it was set;  
There grows it ever,  
There blooms it yet.

The Shepherdess In Love

(text by Goethe, translated by Mary Bernor)

I like to wander by the waterfall  
In quiet melancholy,  
While the nightingale lures me  
With sweet melodies.

Still I hear on the echo  
The shepherd piping,  
I long to dance with him,  
To whirl round madly.

Madder and madder will I become,  
Seeing a nose, will tweak it;  
Seeing a wig, will snatch it;  
Seeing a back, will slap it;  
Seeing a cheek, will smack it.

I hear the echo  
And run to dance.  
Madder and madder will I become,  
A moment ago in lonely melancholy  
I wandered by the waterfall  
And the nightingale lured me  
With sweet melodies.

(5)

DUETS

VI.

Begrussung . . . . . Mendelssohn  
R. Marcus and M. Sheerin

Greeting

(text by Eichendorf, translated by G. Linley)

Where'er I go, enchanted by fields, and forests old;  
I look down from lofty mountain, O'er valley, and wood, and fountain,  
Greeting thee thousandfold, Greeting thee thousandfold,  
Greeting thee e'en thousandfold.  
When in my garden, gathering the flow'rs so bright and fair,  
In gayest wreaths I bind them, With Fancy's fair dream I've twin'd them  
And greetings o'er them pour'd, And greetings o'er them pour'd,  
In the sweet and balmy air.  
Yet offer thee I dare not, One flow'r, thou art too fair.  
Too soon they are gone and perish'd! Too soon they are gone and perish'd!  
But in the heart once cherish'd, Doth Love rest forever there,  
Yes, Love rests forever there,  
Love rests forever there, Yes Love rests forever there!

Ich wollt meine Liebe ergösse sich . . . . . Mendelssohn  
A. Schwab and M. Sheerin

Oh that I could capture my Love

(text by Heine, translated by Louis Untermeyer)

Oh, that I could capture my love  
And pour it all into one word;  
The glad-hearted breezes would lift it  
And carry it off, like a bird.  
  
They's bear it to you, oh beloved,  
That word of my passionate care;  
And every hour you'd hear it,  
I'd follow you everywhere.  
  
Yes, when you have scarce closed your eyelids,  
And slumber over them streams,  
That word will arise and pursue you--  
Even into your dreams.

Herbst Lied . . . . . Mendelssohn  
B. Coffin and R. Ives

Autumn Song

(text by Hofmann von Fallersleben, translated by G. Linley)

(6)

Too soon will fade the roses of pleasure,  
Soon autumn yields unto winter drear;  
Too soon, alas, e'en music's gay measure  
Passes away from the list'ning ear:  
Fast, ah! how fast the green leaves are dying,  
Soon, to fresh climes the birds will be flying;  
Soon will no flow'rs be left to bloom,  
Nought to dispel the bosom's gloom;  
Nought to dispel the bosom's gloom,  
Soon will no flow'rs be left to bloom.  
Nought to dispel the bosom's gloom.

Too soon will fade the roses of pleasure,  
Mourn, for the tide of sorrow is near.  
Was it a dream? Thos words fondly spoken?  
Soft, yet as brief as spring's fair birth.  
Soft, yet as brief as spring's fair birth.  
Still doth one fond tie remain unbroken,  
One tender link that yet binds me to earth!  
Too soon will fade the roses of pleasure;  
Too soon will fade the roses of pleasure,  
Too soon, alas, e'en music's gay measure  
Passes away from the list'ning ear;  
Passes away from the list'ning ear,  
Ah, fades too soon; ah, fades too soon  
Ah, fades too soon, fades all too soon.

Abschied der Zugoglein . . . . . Mendelssohn  
B. Coffin and R. Ives

The Passage Bird's Farewell

But late the trees with leaves were green; Ah, now, how chang'd is ev'ry scene:  
No more the summer sun doth glow, Stern winter comes with frost and snow,  
No more the summer sun doth glow, Stern winter comes with frost and snow.

Once shelter'd homes we us'd to share, Nor grief, nor sadness enter'd there  
In joy we pass'd the livelong hours, and caroll'd midst the forest bow'rs,  
In joy we pass'd the livelong hours. And caroll'd midst the forest bow'rs.

Alas! poor birds! our joy has fled. The trees are bare, we have no shed,  
To find a warmer clime and home, Across the sea far hence we roam,  
Across the sea far hence we roam, To find a warmer clime and home,  
O'er ocean vast far hence we roam.

VII.

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges . . . . . Mendelssohn  
M. Sheerin



On the Wings of Song

(text by Heine, translated by L. Untermeyer)

On the wings of Song, my dearest,  
I will carry you off, and go  
To where the Ganges is clearest;  
These is a haven I know.

In the moonlight's glow and glister  
Fair gardens radiate;  
Eager to greet their sister  
The lotus-flowers wait.

Violets tease one another  
And gaze at the stars from the vales;  
Roses are telling each other,  
Secretly, sweet-scented tales.

And lightly, trespassing slowly,  
Come the placid, timid gazelles;  
Far in the distance, the holy  
River rises and swells.

O, that we two were by it!  
Beneath a palm by the stream.  
To drink in love and quiet,  
And dream a peaceful dream.

Du bist wie eine Blume . . . . . Rubinstein

A. Sakuma

You are like a flower

(text by Heine, translated by Louis Untermeyer)

Child, you are like a flower,  
So sweet and pure and fair;  
I look at you and sadness  
Comes on me, like a prayer.

I must lay my hands on your forehead  
And pray God to be sure  
To keep you forever and always  
So sweet and fair--and pure.

(8)

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen . . . . . Franz  
R. Marcus

From my great grief

(text by Heine, translated by L. Untermeyer)

From my great grief, I fashion  
The little songs I utter;  
They lift bright wings and flutter  
Off to her heart with passion.

Over her bosom they hover--  
But soon they fly homeward complaining;  
Complaining but never explaining  
What, in her heart, they discover.

Ich grolle nicht . . . . . Schumann  
R. Ives

I do not mourn

(text by Heine, translated by L. Untermeyer)

Yes, thou art wretched, and I do not mourn;  
Wretched, my love, it seems we both must be!  
Until in death the weary heart is torn,  
Wretched, my love, it seems we both must be!

I see the scorn that on thy lips doth ride,  
I see the courage in thy flashing eye;  
I see thy bosom heave with quenchless pride--  
Yet thou art wretched, wretched even as I.

Thy lips contract with unseen wounds and pain,  
And secret tears bedim the eyes I see;  
Thy haughty bosom bears the hidden bane--  
Wretched, my love, it seems we both must be.

Yolanda Lorenz, Accompanist

Student Lounge  
Wednesday evening, December 8th  
at seven-thirty