

Wiener Konzerthausgesellschaft

IV. INTERNATIONALES MUSIKFEST 1951

M O Z A R T - S A A L

Montag, den 9. April 1951, 20 Uhr

Liederabend

PETER PEARS

Am Klavier: BENJAMIN BRITTEN

JOHN DOWLAND (1597)

Awake sweet love

Awake sweet love, thou art returned!
My heart which long in absence mourned
lives now in perfect joy.

Let love which never absent dies
Now live for ever in her eyes
whence came my first annoy.

Only herself hath seemed fair,
she only I could love,

She only drove me to despair
when she unkind did prove.

Despair did make me wish to die
that I my joys might end;

She only which did make me sigh
my state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth
She will not grieve they love henceforth
which so despair hath proved.

Despair hath proved now in me
That love will not unconstant be
though long in vain I loved.

If she at last reward thy love
and all thy harms repair,

Thy happiness will greater prove
raised up from deep despair.

And if that now thou welcome be
when thou with her dost meet,

She all this while but played with thee
to make thy joys more sweet.

Sorrow, stay

Sorrow, stay! Lend true repentant tears
To a woeful, wretched wight!

Hence, Despair with thy tormenting fears!
O do not my poor heart affright.

Pity, pity, help now or never!

Mark me not to endless pain!

Alas! I am condemned ever;

No hope, no help there doth remain;

But down, down, down I fall,

Down and arise I never shall.

HENRY PURCELL (1690)

Man is for the woman made

Man is for the woman made and the
woman for the man.

As the spur is for the jade

As the scabbard for the blade

As for digging is the spade,

As for liquor is the can,

So man is for the woman made and
the woman for the man.

As the sceptre to be sway'd,

As for nights the serenade,

As for pudding is the pan,

And to cool us is the fan,

So man is for the woman made and
the woman for the man.

Be she widow, be she maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,
Be she well or ill array'd, Princess
or harridan,
So man is for the woman made, and
the woman for the man.

G. F. HANDEL (1735)

Let me wander not unseen

Let me wander not unseen
By hedgerow ehns on hillocks green.
There the ploughman near at hand
whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

(Milton)

T. A. ARNE (1742)

Under the greenwood tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither.

Here shall he see
no enemy

But winter and rough weather.

(Shakespeare)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797—1828)

Auf der Bruck'

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Roß, durch Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald sich tief und dicht,
Doch muß er endlich sich erschließen;
Und freundlich wird ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunklen Tale grüßen.
Wohl könnt' ich über Berg und Feld
Auf deinem schlanken Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern mich vergnügen,
Manch Auge lacht mir treulich zu
Und beut mir Frieden, Lieb und Freude,
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh
Zurück zu meinem Leiden.

Denn schon drei Tage war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig mich gebunden;
Drei Tage waren Sonn' und Stern'
Und Erd' und Himmel mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden, die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen,
Fühlt' ich drei Tage nur den Schmerz,
Und ach! die Freude muß' ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmer'n Flur den Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die dunklen Bahnen:
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich süßes Ahnen!

Ernst Schulze

Nacht und Träume

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust,
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder.

Collin

Im Frühling

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach, so glücklich war;

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging,
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich:
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem Zweig,
Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch:
Die Blumen, das Gefild,
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im
Quell

Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will' und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit;
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und, ach, das Leid.

O wär' ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang,
Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr
Den ganzen Sommer lang!

Ernst Schulze

Am Grabe Anselmo's

Daß ich dich verloren habe,
Daß du nicht mehr bist,
Ach! daß hier in diesem Grabe
Mein Anselmo ist,
Das ist mein Schmerz!
Seht, wie liebten wir uns beide,
Und so lang' ich bin, kommt Freude
Niema's wieder in mein Herz.

Mathias Claudius

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen weg zu pfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort.
Und nach dem Takte reget
Und nach dem Maß beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.
Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.

Sie grüßen meine Lieder
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!

Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höh'n.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.

Der stumpfe Bursche blüht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt durch Tal und Hügel
Den Liebling weit von Haus.

Ihr lieben, holden Musen
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?

Joh. W. Goethe

HENRY PURCELL

Elegy on the death of Queen Mary (1695)

In cassum, Lesbia, in cassum rogas,
Lyra mea, mens est immodulata;
Terrarum orbe lachrymarum pleno,
dolorum pleno, rogitas tu cantilenam?

En Nymphas! en pastores! caput omne
reclinat junctorum instar! admodum fletur;
nec Galatea canit, nec ludit Tityrus agris,
non curant oves, moerore perdit.

Regina, heu! Arca diae regina perit!
O! damnum non exprimendum!
non suspiris, non gemitibus imis,
pectoris aut quernli singultre turbido.

Miseros Arcades! O, quam lugentes!
miseros Arcades! suorum gaudium
oculorum, mirum abiit!
Nunquam reversurum! Stella sua fixa
coelum ultra lucet.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

CANTICLE OP. 40

My beloved is mine, and I am his'
(Song of Solomon II, 16)

Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brooks
That wash the pebbles with their wanton
streams,

And having ranged and searched a
thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted
Thames,

Where in a greater current they conjoin,
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met, and after long pursuit
Ev'n so we joined; we both became entire.
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring monarchs that
command

The servile quarters of this earthly ball
Should tender, in exchange, their shares
of land.

I would not change my fortunes for
them all;
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's
mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor
death can bow

My last desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow;
He's mine by faith, and I am his by love;
He's mine by water, I am his by wine
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he
is mine.

He is my altar, I his holy place;
I am his guest, and he my living food;
I'm his by penitence, he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase, he is mine by blood!
He's my supporting elm, and I his vine
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is
mine.

He gives me wealth, I give him all my
vows;

I give him songs, he gives me length
of days;

With wreaths of grace he crowns my
cong'ring brows,
And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts as an everlasting sign
That I my best beloved's am, that he
is mine.

Franzis Quarles
(1592—1644)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

1. Down by the Sally Gardens (Irish)

Down by the Sally gardens
My love and I did meet,
She passed the Sally gardens
With little snow-withe feet.
She bid me take love easy,
As the leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish
With her did not agree.

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand;
She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish,
And now am full of tears.

2. The Ploughboy (English)

A flaxen-headed cowboy,
As simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy,
I whistled o'er the lea;
But now a saucy foot-man
I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler,
And whey my jolly face.
When steward I'm promoted
I'll snip the tradesmen's bill,
My master's coffers empty,
My pockets for to fill.
When lolling in my chariot
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
Who whistled o'er the lea,
I'll buy votes at elections,
And when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament,
And then vote in myself.
Whatever's good for me, sir,
I never will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off,
Why then I'll sell my noes.
I'll joke, harangue and paragraph,
With speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tired on my legs,
Then I'll sit down a peer.
In court or city honour
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
Who whistled o'er the lea.

3. Ca' the Yowes (Scots)

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang
Ihen a-faulding let us gang
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Cluden side
Thro' the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Fair and lovely as thou art
Thou hast stol'n my very heart
I can die but canna part
My bonnie dearie.

4. Sweet Polly Oliver (English)

As sweet Polly Oliver
Lay musing in bed,
A sudden strange fancy came
Came into her head.
"Nor father nor mother shall
Shall make me false prove,
I'll 'list as a soldier,
And follow my love."
So early next morning she
She softly arose,
And dressed herself up
In her dead brother's clothes.
She cut her hair close
And she stained her face brown
And went for a soldier
To fair London Town.
Then up spoke the sergeant
One day at his drill.
"No who's good for nursing?
A captain, he's ill."

"I'm ready," said Polly
To nurse him she's gone,
And finds it's her true love
All wasted and wan.
The first week the doctor
Kept shaking his head,
"No nursing, young fellow,
Can save him," he said.
But when Polly Oliver
Had nursed him back to life,
He cried, "You have cherished him
As if you were his wife."
O then Polly Oliver,
She burst into tears
And told the good doctor
Her hopes and her fears
And very shortly after,
For better or worse,
The captain took joyfully
His pretty soldier nurse.

Klavier: Bösendorfer