

WIENER KONZERTHAUSGESELLSCHAFT

M O Z A R T - S A A L

Montag, den 3. März 1952, 19.30 Uhr

L I E D E R A B E N D

P E T E R P E A R S
B E N J A M I N B R I T T E N

G. F. HÄNDEL (1685—1759):

Recitativo e Aria

Ah! che pur troppo è vero, che
del nume d'amor son prigioniero;
finchè dolci catene mi stinsero al
mio bene, vissi felice, e non conobbi
affanno; or, che destin crudele
m'invola l'idol mio, provo ch'il cieco
Dio è un Dio tiranno. Quando del
tuò partir, clai adorata, giunse
l'ora fatale, ah! con qual pena la
sofferse il mio core! Clori, pen-
salo tu tel' dica amore.

Col partir la bella Clori
si parti dall' alma mia
ogni gioja, ogni piacer.
Ma che fodo non l'adori
non fara la sorte ria
se mi nega di goder.

HENRY PURCELL (1659—1695)

Ah! How pleasant 'tis to love
Ah! How pleasant 'tis to love
Every moment does improve:
Joys surprising now I meet,
Nothing like love so charming sweet.

Some do make a god of pleasure,
Others worship hoarded treasure:
While the lover's still addressing
To his nymph for ev'ry blessing.

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 can,
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.

CHARLES DIBDIN:

Tom Bowling

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom
Bowling,

The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest
howling,

For death has broached him to.
His form was of the man liest
beauty,

His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true —
hearted;

His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and
jolly,

Ah! Many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

T. A. ARNE (1710—1778)

Where the Bee Sucks

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on
the bough. Shakespeare

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (geb. 1913)
The Holy Sonnets of John Donne
(1945)

1.

O my blacke Soule! now thou art
summoned
By sicknesse, death's herald, and
champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which
abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turne to
whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till death's
doome be read,
Wisheth himselfe deliver'd from
prison;

But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be im-
prisoned.

Yet grace, if thou repent, thou
canst not lacke;

But who shall give thee that grace
to beginne?

Oh make thyselfe with holy mour-
ning blacke,

And red with blushing as thou art
with sinne;

Or wash thee in Christ's blood,
which hath this might

That being red, it dyes red soules
to white.

2.

Batter my heart, three person'd
God; for, you

As yet but knocke, breathe, shine,
and seeke to mend;

That I may rise, and stand,
o'erthrow me, and bend

Your force, to breake, blowe, burn
and make me new.

I, like an usurpt towne, to another
due,

Labour to admit you, but Oh, to
no end,

Reason your viceroy in mee, mee
should defend

But is captiv'd, and proves weake
or untrue

Yet dearely I love you and would
be loved faine,

But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce mee, untie, or breake that

knot againe,

Take mee to you, imprison mee, for
Except you enthrall mee, never shall

be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish
mee.

3.

O might those signes and teares
returne againe

Into my breast and eyes, which
I have spent,

That I might in this holy dis-
content

Mourne with some fruit, as I have
mourn'd in vaine;

In mine Idolatry what show'rs of
rain

Mine eyes did waste? What griefs
my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sinne; now
I repent
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer
paine.
Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night
scouting thiefe,
The itchy lecher and self tickling
proud
Have the remembrance of past
joyes for reliefe
Of comming ills. To poore me is
allow'd
No ease; for, long, yet vehement
griefe hath been
Th'effect and cause, the punishment
and sinne.

4.

Oh, to vex me, contraryes meet in
one:
Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
A constant habit; that when
I would not
I change in vowes, and in devotione.
As humorous is my contritione
As my profane Love and as soon
forgott:
As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and
hott,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as
none.
I durst not view Heav'n yesterday;
and today
In prayers, and flat'ring speaches
I court God:
Tomorrow I quake with true feare
of his rod.
So my devout fitts come and go
away,
Like a fantastique Ague: save that
here
Those are my best dayes, when
I shake with feare.

5.

What if this present were the
world's last night?
Marke in my heart, O Soule, where
thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified,
and tell
Whether that countenance can thee
affright,

Teares in his eyes quench the
amazing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from
his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee
into hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his
foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pittie, foulnesse onely is
A signe of rigoun: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes
assign'd,
This beauteous forme assures
a piteous minde.

6.

Since she whom I lov'd hath payd
her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good
is dead,
And her Soule early into Heaven
ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind
is sett
Here the admyring her my mind did
whett
To seeke thee God; so streams do
shew their head;
But though I have found thee and
thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee
yett,
But why should I begg more love,
when as thou
Dost woove my soul for hers:
off'ring all thine:
And dost not only feare least
I allow
My love to Saints and Angels
things divine,
But in thy tender jealousy dost
doubt
Least the world, Fleshe, yea Devill
putt thee out.

7.

At the round earth's imagin'd
corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise,
arise
From death, you numberless in-
finities
Of soules, and to your scatter'd
bodies goe,

All whom the flood did, and fire
shall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, dearth, age, agues,
tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance hath slaine,
and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste
death's woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord and mee
mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my sinnes
abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy
grace,
When we are there; here on this
lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's
as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon,
with thy blood.

8.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy
work decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end
doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets
me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like
yesterday;
I dare not move my dim eyes
anyway,
Despaire behind, and death before
doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh
doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards Hell
doth weigh,
Only thou art above, and when
t'wards thee

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797—1828):

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise rieselnder Bach!
Ihr wallenden, lispelnden Pappeln,
euer Schlummergeräusch wecket die
Liebe nur auf.
Linderung sucht ich bei euch,
um sie zu vergessen, die Spröde,
ach,
und Blätter und Bach seufzen,
Louise, dir nach.

By thy leave I can looke, I rise
again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth
me,
That not one houre myselfe I can
sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent
his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine
iron heart.

9.

Death be not proud, though some
have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for thou are
not soe,
For those whom thou think's thou
dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst
thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but
thy pictures bee
Much pleasure, then from thee much
more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee
do goe,
Rest of their bones, and souls
deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance,
kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and
sickness dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make
us sleepe as well
And better than thy stroake; why
swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake
eternally,
And death shall be no more; death,
thou shalt die.

Der zürnenden Diana

Ja, spanne nur den Bogen, mich zu
töten,
du himmlisch Weib! Im zürnenden
Erröten
noch reizender. Ich werd es nie
bereuen:
daß ich dich sah am buschigen Ge-
stade
die Nymphen überragen in dem
Bade,
der Schönheit Funken in die Wild-
nis streuen.

Den Sterbenden wird noch dein Bild
erfreuen,
er atmet reiner, er atmet freier,
wem du gestrahlet ohne Schleier.
Dein Pfeil, er traf — doch linder
rinnen
die warmen Wellen aus der Wunde;
noch zittert vor den matten Sinnen
des Schauens süße letzte Stunde.

Vom Mitleiden Mariae

Als bei dem Kreuz Maria stand,
Weh über Weh ihr Herz empfand
und Schmerzen über Schmerzen,
das ganze Leiden Christi stand
gedrückt in ihrem Herzen.

Sie ihren Sohn muß bleich und tot
und überall von Wunden rot
am Kreuze leiden sehen.
Gedenke, wie dieser bittr'ge Tod
zu Herzen ihr muß' gehen.

Oh Christi Haupt durch Bein und
Hirn
durch Augen, Ohren, durch die
Stirn'
viel scharfe Dornen stachen;
dem Sohn die Dornen Haupt und
Hirn,
das Herz der Mutter brachen.

Liebesbotschaft

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern
und hell
eilst zur Geliebten so munter und
schnell;
Ach! trautes Bächlein, mein Bote
sei Du
bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.
All' ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender
Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer in Träume ver-
senkt
meiner gedenkend das Köpfchen
hängt,
tröste die Sinne mit freundlichem
Blick;
denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zu-
rück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem
Schein,
wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer
ein,
rausche sie murmelnd in süßer Ruh,
flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

VIER VOLKSLIEDER:

The water is wide

The water is wide. I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat, that will carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.

O down in the meadows the other
day
A-gathering flowers, both fine and
gay,
A-gathering flowers, both red and
blue
I little thought what love could do.
I leaned my back up against some
oak,
Thought that it was a trusty tree,
But first it bended and then it
broke,
And so did my false love to me.

A ship then is and she sails to sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep, as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is
fine,
Love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold
And fades away like morning dew.

(In der Bearbeitung von Benjamin Britten)

Come you not from Newcastle?

Come you not from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?
O met you not my true love
Riding on a bonny bay?
Why should not I love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
Why should not I speed after her
Since love to all is free?

(In der Bearbeitung von Benjamin Britten)

Six Dukes went a — fishin

Six dukes went a — fishin
Down by the sea — side
One of them spied a dead body
floatin' by the water — side.
The one said to each other
These words I've heard them say:
"Tis the Royal duke of Grantham
wo the tide has washed away."
They took him back to Portsmoth
to the place where he was born
and then up to London
to the place where he was known.
The took out his bowels
and they sketched out his feet
and they balmed his body
with roses so sweet.
He now lies between two
he now lies in cold clay,
when the Royal Queen of Grantham
went weeping away.

(In der Bearbeitung von P. Grainger)

The Jolly Sailor

Down beside the British waterside
as I walked along
I overheard a fair maid, she was
singing a song

She song she did sing and the
words replied she:
"Of all the lads in England is the
sailor lad for me."

"You can tell a British sailor lad
as he walks down the street
He's so neat in his bearing and so
tight on his feet
His teeth are white as ivory and
his eyes black as sloes
You can tell a British sailor lad by
the way he goes."

North Yarmonth is a pretty place,
it shines where it stands.
The more I look upon it, the more
my heart burns;
If I whe at North Yarmonth,
I would think myself at home
For there I have got sweethearts
and here I have none.

I'll go back to you British waterside
and build my love at tower
Where the Lords, Dukes and Squires
may all it admire;
The King can but love the Queen
and I can but do the same,
And you shall be my shepherdess
and I shall be your swain.

(In der Bearbeitung von P. Grainger)

Klavier: Bösendorfer