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Stafford Wing, Tenor

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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University of Richmond

Department of Music

presents

Stafford Wing, Tenor
Thomas Warburton, Pianist

The James L. Camp Memorial Theater

October 27, 1971
8:30 P.M.
Erinnerung .................................................. Gustav Mahler
Ich binder Welt abhanden gekommen ........................... Gustav Mahler
An die Laute (Rochlitz) ..................................... Franz Schubert
Fruhlingsglaube <Uhland) .................................... Franz Schubert
Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Groth) ........................... Johannes Brahms
Schon war, das ich dir weihte <Daumer) ...................... Johannes Brahms
Sonntag (Uhland) ......................................... Johannes Brahms
An die Leier (Bruchmann) ....................... , ........ Franz Schubert
in my song.

Cuckoo has fallen to its death on a green willow! Who then shall beguile the time for us all summer long? Oh, let it be Madam Nightingale! She sings and springs and is always gay when other birds are silent!

Hans und Grethe .................................. Gustav Mahler
Ringel, ringel Reihen! He who is merry, join in. He who has cares, leave them at home. He who kisses a sweetheart is happy! Oh, little Hans you have none. Then go look for one! High-ho! High-ho! Oh, Gretchen, why do you stand so alone peeping over at Hans? The May is so green and the breezes blow. Oh, look at stupid Hans running to the dance. He searched for a sweetheart and found one! High-ho! Ringel, ringel Reihen!

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? ............................ Gustav Mahler
From the house on the high mountain peeps out a dear little maiden. She is the innkeeper's daughter! My heart is sore! Come sweetheart, make it well! Your rosy mouth can make me well, can make the young wise, the dead alive! Who thought up this little song? Three geese brought it over the water. Two gray and one white. And whoever cannot sing this little song, they will whistle it for me! Indeed!

INTERMISSION

Dichterliebe (Heine) ...................................... Robert Schumann
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai: In the wonderful month of May, love awoke in my heart.
Aus meinen Tüchern Spréisem: From my tears many lovely flowers grow, and my sighs become the nightingale’s songs.
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube: The rose, the lily, the dove; I loved them all, but now I love only one.
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh': When I look into thine eyes, my pain and suffering wane. But when I kiss thy lips, I am made whole with perfect bliss.
Ich will meine Seele tauchen: My soul will drink the flower of your love, and the lily shall sweetly breathe it in song.
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome: In the Rhine, our holy river, is reflected the dome of beautiful Cologne. Inside, a painting of our Lady sits above and resembles my dear Love.
Ich große nicht: I will not bear complaints, even if my heart should break, because I saw thee in my dreams. I'll not complain.
Und wüsset's die Blumen: If the flowers knew how deeply my heart hurt, they would mourn with me to ease my pain.
Das ist ein Flötchen und Geigen: There are flutes and trumpets and violins to play at the wedding of my beloved.
Hör' ich aufs Liedchen Klingen: I hear the song once sung by my beloved—my heart will burst from love and pain.
Ein jungling liebt ein Mädchlein: A youth loves a maiden, who has chosen another—the other loves another, his heart is broken in two.
Am leuchtenden Sommernach: On a sunny summer morning, I go about the garden. The flowers whisper and talk, and me in pity they scan.
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet: I wept in my dreams; dreamt you had died. I awoke and found tears still covered my cheeks.
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen: On a sunny summer morning, I go about the gardens. The flowers whisper and talk, and me in pity they scan.
Allnächstlich im Traume: Nightly, I see you in my dreams; dreamt you had died. I awoke and found tears still covered my cheeks.
Aus alten Märchen: The old tales tell of the magic land, but with the morning and awakening, it fades.
Die alten, bösen Lieder: The old ugly songs, the ugly dreams we will bury, and sink into the sea. Why must the coffin be so deep and wide?—I laid my love within it and all my griefs beside.