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Stafford Wing, Tenor

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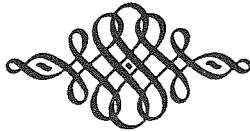
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University of Richmond

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents

STAFFORD WING, Tenor
THOMAS WARBURTON, Pianist



THE JAMES L. CAMP MEMORIAL THEATER

OCTOBER 27, 1971
8:30 P.M.

I

Frühlingsglaube (Uhland) Franz Schubert

Gentle breezes are awakened, murmur and move by day and night. O fresh fragrance, O new sound! Now, poor heart, be not afraid; now everything must change. The world grows more beautiful each day. The furthest, deepest valley blooms. Now, poor heart, forget the pain; now everything must change.

An mein Klavier (Schubert) Franz Schubert

Sweet piano, what delights you create for me! While the fair maidens amuse themselves flirting, I devote myself to you. When the cares of life encompass me, then sound for me, beloved piano!

An die Laute (Rochlitz) Franz Schubert

Softer, softer, little lute, whisper what I confided to you towards that window there! As the gentle breezes' waves, moonlight and the scent of flowers, waft it to my mistress! The neighbor's sons are envious. A lone light flickers at her window. Then, even softer, little lute; let her understand you, but not the neighbors!

An die Leier (Bruchmann) Franz Schubert

I will sing of Atreus' sons and of Cadmus....but my lyre-strings will play only of love. I changed the strings and bade them sound of Hercule's victorious deeds, but again they would play only of love. Farewell, heroes! Instead of threatening with heroic songs, the strings will sound only of love.

II

Wir wandelten (Daumer) Johannes Brahms

We walked together in silence. Would that I knew what you were thinking then. What I thought, let it remain! So beautiful, so heavenly and serene were my thoughts that they rang like golden bells. There is no other sound in the world so marvelously sweet and lovely.

Schön war, das ich dir weihte (Daumer) Johannes Brahms

What I gave you was beautiful, the golden jewels; sweet was the sound of the lute that I had chosen for you. The heart that had offered both of them was worthy of a better reward!

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Groth) Johannes Brahms

The rhyme runs gently in my mind as melodies. It blooms and drifts like fragrance. Should a word appear to define it, like a gray mist it fades and vanishes. Yet there remains in the rhyme a hidden fragrance which softly from the silent bud can be brought forth by tears.

Sonntag (Uhland) Johannes Brahms

All week long I have not seen my sweetheart. I saw her on Sunday standing before the door. All week long I cannot keep from laughing for joy. I saw her on Sunday going to church. The thousand-times-beautiful maiden, the thousand-times-beautiful sweetheart, would to God I were with her now!

III

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen Gustav Mahler

I have become lost to the world on which I have wasted much time. It has not heard from me for so long that it may well believe I have died. Indeed I have died to the world's turmoil and rest alone in a silent domain. I live alone in my love, in my song.

Erinnerung Gustav Mahler

My love wakens the songs anew! My songs waken my love anew! My lips dream of your fervent kisses and chant of you. My thoughts cannot dismiss love, and I am held captive by these two forever. The song will waken love! And love wakens the songs!

Ablosung im Sommer Gustav Mahler

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 dark eyes have wounded me. 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

IV

Dichterliebe (Heine) Robert Schumann

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai: In the wonderful month of May, love awoke in my heart.

Aus meinen Tränen Spriessen: 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, the sun; 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 grolle nicht: I will not bear complaints, even if my heart should break, because I saw thee in my dreams. I'll not complain.

Und wüsten's die Blumen: If the flowers knew how deeply my heart hurt, they would mourn with me to ease my pain.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen: There are flutes and trumpets and violins to play at the wedding of my beloved.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen: I hear the song once sung by my beloved—my heart will burst from love and pain.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen: A youth loves a maiden, who has chosen another—the other loves another, his heart is broken in two.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen: 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.

Allnächtlich im Traume: Nightly, I see you in my dreams, you nod to me fondly, and I bend to kiss your feet.

Aus alten Märcen: The old tales tell of a 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.