

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Old Dominion University Faculty Recital

Dr. Brian Nedvin, tenor

Dr. Bridgid Eversole, soprano

Dr. Stephen Coxe, piano



Diehn Center for the Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Tuesday, September 19, 2017 7:30pm

Program

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée [Morand]

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

Chanson romanesque

Chanson épique

Chanson à boire

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen Op. 13, No. 1

Clara Schumann

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen Op. 12, No. 2

(1818-1896)

Liebst du um Schönheit Op. 12, No. 4

Warum willst du and're fragen Op. 12, No. 11

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage

Winter Words [Hardy]

Benjamin Britten

(1913-1976)

At day-close in November

Midnight on the Great Western

Wagtail and Baby

The little old table

The Choirmaster's Burial

Proud Songsters

At the Railway Station, Upway

Before Life and After

Three Poems of Paul Verlaine

Stephen Coxe

(b. 1966)

En sourdine

Clair de lune

La lune blanche

Vier Duette, op. 78

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Tanzlied [Rückert]

Er und Sie [Kerner]

Ich denke dein [von Goethe]

Wiegenlied [Hebbel]

Leonard Bernstein is quoted as saying; “This will be our reply to violence: to make music more intensely, more beautifully, more devotedly than ever before.” In a time when there is such great uncertainty, when even Mother Nature seems to be more chaotic than before, musicians and their audiences have the opportunity to create something beautiful, to share in this communal event and leave the world of politics, mother nature, and all our other worldly problems behind. But sometimes, even this glorious cathedral – the recital hall – is not enough to cleanse away all the issues. It is often only after music has been chosen, learned, and polished that one sits down to write the program notes. When doing so, I am often surprised by what I learn. In this case, I learned that Paul Morand is not a person with whom I would like to associate, and now knowing this, I find myself in a dilemma. As I have learned, Morand believed in ethnic and anti-Semitic principles, and was an ambassador in Romania and Switzerland during World War II on behalf of the Vichy regime, who willfully collaborated with Nazi Germany. Morand after visiting New York City, wrote: “the Jews own New York, the Irish run it, and the Negroes enjoy it...Italians hardly can be assimilated.”¹ Now knowing the type of man Mr. Morand was, should I refuse to sing his words? If so, do I refuse to sing Wagner as well? What happens when I find other composers, or poets, who created great works of art, but were anti-Semitic, or anti-“fill-in-the-blank”? When I shared this with my friend, and collaborator, Dr. Stephen Coxe, he immediately let me know that he was okay with cutting these songs from the recital. For that, I am grateful, but I have chosen to share these songs with you, and will carefully consider whether to do so in the future.

The three songs portray three different aspects of Don Quichotte: the lover, the holy warrior, and the drinker. Since each song clearly focused on a different facet of the man, Ravel chose a different dance for each of the songs, starting with a quajira, a dance that alternates between 6/8 and 3/4. In this song, Quichotte, in a truly idealized manner, promises to stop the world from turning, remove the stars from the sky, or replace them if any of the aforementioned should offend the woman of his dreams, Dulcinée. The second song, a zortzico, is, as defined by Merriam-Webster, a Basque song or dance in 5/8 time and dotted rhythm. This song is actually written in 5/4, and the holy affect is wonderfully set up with the opening two measures. The accompaniment evokes a church organ, the backdrop to Quichotte singing the holy praises of his lady. According to Merriam-Webster, the jota, the style in which the third song is composed, is a Spanish folk dance in 3/4 time performed by a man and a woman to intricate castanet and heel rhythms. I promise not to dance, but you can imagine the heel rhythms on 1 and 3 throughout the song as Quichotte drinks to joy.

Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

Romanesque Song

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world offended you.
I would send Sancho Panza:
you would see it stopped and silent.

If you told me you were bored by
the number of stars in the sky.
I would tear the heavens apart,
I would expunge the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the now—empty
space doesn't please you,
God's man, with a lance in hand
I would fill the passing wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me
that my blood is more mine than yours.
I would pale under the blame
And I would die while blessing you.

Oh, Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuill mon cœur, mon âme!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai ... lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Ah! Je bois à la joie!...

Dramatic Song

Good Saint Michael, who gives me the chance
to see my Lady and to hear her.
Good Saint Michael who consents to choose me
to please and defend her.
Good Saint Michael you will descend
With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my sword
Which its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who will guard my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle.
Amen.

Drinking Song

Forgo the bastard, illustrious Lady
In whose sweet eyes I lose myself
Tells me that love and old wine
Put into mourning both my heart and soul

Ah! I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal,
To which I go straight...
When I've drunk !

Forgo the jealous, brunette mistress
who moans, who cries, and makes vows
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his intoxication

I drink to pleasure! ...

Clara Wieck Schumann (1818-1896) was known as “The Empress of the Piano” during her lifetime. She married Robert Schumann in 1840 after a long, tumultuous legal battle with her father, over the pending marriage. In 1839, Clara wrote in her diary, “I once felt that I possessed a creative talent, but I have since abandoned this idea. A woman should not want to compose- there still hasn’t been a female composer, why should I be the first? That would be presumptuous, a result of the misconception my father instilled in me in earlier years.” Though overshadowed by her famous husband, Clara was a successful composer in her own right. Although she is better known for her piano music, her Lieder are quite fulfilling. The couple had eight children, which hindered Clara’s performance schedule as well as her compositional output. She was forced to give up composing all together when Robert became ill and was institutionalized in 1854. Robert did encouraged Clara to compose and most of her Lieder were composed for him. After his death Clara devoted her life to editing and performing her late husband’s works. “Ich stand in dunklen Traümen” was composed as a Christmas gift for Robert in 1840. It was later published in 1844 as Number 1 in Opus 13, which was dedicated to the Queen in Copenhagen, Queen Caroline Amalie.

¹Lukacs, John (Autumn 1993) "How Certain Foreigners Saw New York", retrieved August 24, 2012 <https://www.city-journal.org/html/how-certain-foreigners-saw-new-york-12625.html>

“Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen”, “Liebst du um Schönheit” and “Warum willst du and’re fragen” are all from Opus 12. She and Robert used a series of Rückert poems to be set loosely as questions and answers (her Opus 12 and his Opus 37). Twelve Poems from F. Rückert’s Spring of Love for Voice and Piano by Robert and Clara Schumann was published for Clara’s birthday in 1841. “Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage” was originally composed for this as well. However, it was not included in the final collaboration. The reason has nothing to do with its quality, but rather, it did not have an appropriate placement in the dramatic context of the cycle.

**Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)**

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab,
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,

**Er ist gekommen
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)**

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen
Mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
Daß seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen.
Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich seh' es heiter,

**Liebst du um Schönheit
Friedrich Rückert**

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

I stood in darkened dreams

I stood in darkened dreams,
And gazed at her picture,
And the beloved face
Mysteriously came to life.

Over her lips came creeping
A wondrous smile,
And tears of sorrow
Glistened her eyes all the while.

My tears also flowed
Down my cheeks,
And oh! I cannot believe

He came in storm and rain

He came
In storm and rain,
And his anxious heart
Met mine.
How could I foresee
That our paths
Would cross?

He came
In storm and rain,
And he took
My bold heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
They both found each other.

He came
In storm and rain,
Now the blessing of spring
Has come,
My friend goes forth cheerfully,
As I watch him depart,

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
Oh do not love me!
Love the sun,
It has gold hair!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,

**Warum willst du and're fragen
Friedrich Rückert**

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier!

Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,

**Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage
Friedrich Rückert**

Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage,
Freund, hörst du!
Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage
Geht ab und zu.

Er bringt sie dir und hat mir wieder
Den Gruß gebracht:
Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder

If you love for youth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the springtime
It is young each year!

If you love for riches,
Oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me forever;

Why will you question others

Why will you question others,
Who are not faithful to you?
Believe nothing but what
These eyes say!

Believe not unknown people,
Believe not peculiar delusions;
Not my actions should you interpret,
But look in these eyes!

Will lips silence your questions,
Or turn them against me?
Whatever my lips may say,

The good night, which I greet you

The good night, which I greet you,
Friend, may you hear!
An angel, who carries the message,
Goes here and there.

He brings is to you and back to me
The greetings I sent:
The songs your friend sends now are saying

Program notes by Chris Boyes (see footnote): The overall theme of Winter Words seems to be "the loss of innocence through the birth of consciousness." Britten was haunted by this idea for most of his adult life. Other important themes presented in the work are age, growing old, and life and death. The first poem used in the song collection is At day-close in November. This song describes the condition of the earth at the end of a late autumn day. The next song, "Midnight on the Great Western," has drawn many comparisons to Schubert's most famous Lied, Erlkönig. In this Hardy poem, an orphan boy rides a train, alone, to an unknown city and an unknown future. "Wagtail and Baby," a satire, is about a small baby's observation of a dog drinking water. Britten musically conveys the sound of the creaking of The Little Old Table, in the fourth poem. "The Choirmaster's Burial" is an amusing song depicting a church official who bans string-band music, the Choirmaster's favorite, at his funeral. Then, the Choirmaster, upon entering heaven, is welcomed with his most-liked song. The next song is a frantic piece among somber ones, titled "Proud Songsters."

The next-to-last poem is *At the Railway Station, Upway*. Here, we are introduced to a convict, whose heart is overjoyed at the fiddle playing of a small boy at the station. "Before Life and After" is the final song, in which the main theme of "the loss of innocence" is most strongly projected.²

At day-close in November

The ten hours' light is abating,
And a late bird wings across,
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time,
Float past like specks in the eye;
I set every tree in my June time,
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here
Conceive that there never has been
A time when no tall trees grew here,
That none will in time be seen.

Midnight on the Great Western (or The Journeying Boy)

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,

Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,
But are not of?

Wagtail and Baby

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through,
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.

The little old table

Creak, little wood thing, creak,
When I touch you with elbow or knee;
That is the way you speak
Of one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought -
Brought me with her own hand,
As she looked at me with a thought
That I did not understand.

Whoever owns it anon,
And hears it, will never know
What a history hangs upon
This creak from long ago.

The Choirmaster's Burial (or the Thenor man's story)

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best -
The one whose sense suits
"Mount Ephraim" -

And perhaps we should seem
To him, in Death's dream,
Like the seraphim.
As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
"I think," said the vicar,
"A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned way
Requires a fine day,

And it seems to me
It had better not be."

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

Proud Songsters (Thrushes, Finches and Night-ingales)

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud
Nightingales in bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of
twelve-months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.

At the Railway Station, Upway (or The Convict and Boy with the Violin)

"There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!"
Spoke up the pitying child -
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in, -
"But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!"

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,

As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang
With grimful glee:
"This life so free
Is the thing for me!"
And the constable smiled, and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in -
The convict, and boy with the violin.

Before Life and After

A time there was - as one may guess
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell -
Before the birth of consciousness,
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-
burnings;
None cared whatever crash or cross
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,
If something winced and waned, no heart was
wrung;
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed
How long, how long?

The poetry of Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) resisted the move toward realism and held firmly to the romantic poetry of earlier poets. Verlaine's poetry was set to music by Fauré, Debussy, Hahn, and now by Stephen Cox. To get a feel for the world of Verlaine's poetry, William Gaunt translates Verlaine's words in *The Aesthetic Adventure*: "I love this world decadence, all shimmering in purple and gold. It suggests the subtle thoughts of ultimate civilization, a high literary culture, a soul capable of intense pleasures. It throws off bursts of fire and the sparkle of precious stones. It is redolent of the rouge of courtesans, the games of the circus, the painting of the gladiators, the spring of the wild beast, the consuming in flames of races exhausted by their capacity for sensation, as the tramp of an invading army sounds."

²Boyes, Chris. Benjamin Britten, *Winter words*, Retrieved September 11, 2017, from: <http://www.allmusic.com/composition/winter-words-song-cycle-for-tenor-piano-op-52-mc0002368901>

In this poem, the connection between the lovers is captured in muted tones, a calm meeting between two who have, perhaps, reached a stage in their relationship when the shared space is enough, and no words are needed to express their profound love.

In the next selection, the poem “Clair de lune” is taken from Verlaine’s *Fêtes Galantes*, a collection of twenty-two poems published in 1869 under a pseudonym. According to Vernon Philip Underwood – a Professor of French at the University of London, “personal sentiment is masked by delicately clever evocations of scenes and characters from the Italian *commedia dell’arte*, and from the sophisticated pastorals of 18th-century painters, such as Watteau and Nicolas Lancret.”³

En sourdine [Verlaine]

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Clair de lune [Verlaine]

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d’extase les jets d’eau,
Les grands jets d’eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

La lune blanche [Verlaine]

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;

Calm

Calm in the mid-day
That the high branches make,
Let us penetrate well our love
With this profound silence.

Let us melt our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic sense
Among the vague pleasant feeling of being tired
Of the pines and other evergreen trees.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your being
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away, always, all designs.

Let us persuade
To the soothing and sweet breath,
Which comes, riding, to your feet
On the waves of auburn grass.

And when, solemn, the evening
Of the black oaks will fall,
Voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.

Moonlight

Your soul is a choice landscape
Where charming masqueraders sing and dance.
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad under their fantastic disguises.

Singing together in the minor key,
Of love’s conquests and life’s opportunities
They’re unable to believe their good fortune,
And their song mingles with the moonlight.

The sad and beautiful calm moonlight,
That makes the birds in the trees dream,
And the fountains sob with ecstasy,
Their tall slender streams amongst the marble!

The white moon

The white moon
shines in the trees;

De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien-aimée.

L’étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c’est l’heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l’astre irise...

C’est l’heure exquise.

From each branch
Comes a voice
Under the arbor.

O beautiful lover

The pond reflects
Profound mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...
Let us dream. It is the hour.

A vast and tender
Calm
Seems to descend
From the firmament
Made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

Vier Duette für Sopran und Tenor, op.78

These program notes were written by John Palmer (see footnote)The Vier Duetten (Four Duets), Op. 78 employs a triplet pattern in the piano accompaniment, linking the pieces. The only song that does not have the triplet pattern is the first, which is in triple meter.

"Tanzlied" (Dance Song), by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866), is the most cheerful of the four. The text is a conversation in which a woman begs her sweetheart to join her in a dance with other couples, but the man, whose heart is pounding, would rather not. As the man offers his objections, the harmony slips into G minor, conveying his dread of dancing in public. Through-composed, the song develops unity through repeated fragments of melody. It is the most adventurous of the set and was probably too difficult for the average amateur.

"Er und Sie" (He and She), by Justinus Kerner, is another conversation, but in this one the man and woman think along the same lines. Perhaps because of this they sing together more often than in "Tanzlied." In E flat major, the song features unusual passages of contrapuntal writing separated by a refrain, "Tret' ich an mein Fenster," which is always set to the same melody.

In contrast to the first two songs of Op. 78, "Ich denke dein" (I Think of You) contains voice parts that move in exactly the same rhythm, and set the same words, from beginning to end. This is appropriate for Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's (1749-1832) text, in which numerous aspects of the world make each person think of the other. Throughout, contrast between the triplets in the piano part and duplets in the voice parts create forward energy in the varied strophic setting that begins in E minor and closes in G major.

"Wiegenlied" (Lullaby), setting a poem by Friedrich Hebbel (1813-63), is framed by a refrain that juxtaposes the constant triplet motion of the bulk of the song with an eighth-note duplet rhythm in the piano. The refrain, "Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf" (Sleep, little child, sleep), also separates the two, strophically set verses. As in "Ich Denke dein," the voice parts move together and in duplets that contrast with the triplets in the accompaniment. "Wiegenlied" closes the set in G major.⁴

³Underwood, V.P. (12/2016) *Fêtes galantes*, Retrieved August 20, 2017, from <https://www.britannica.com/topic/Fetes-galantes>.

⁴Palmer, John, Duets (4) for soprano, tenor & piano, op.78. Retrieved September 11, 2017, from <http://www.allmusic.com/composition/duets-4-for-soprano-tenor-piano-op-78-mc0002371104>

**Vier Duette
Tanzlied [Rückert]**

Sie:
Eia, wie flattert der Kranz,
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!
Wollen uns schwingen,
Rasch uns erspringen
Mitten im wonnigen Glanz,
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!

Er:
Wehe! wie pocht mir das Herz,
Sage, was soll mir der Scherz?
Laß dich umschließen,
Laß mich zerfließen,
Ruhend im seligen Schmerz;
Sage, was soll mir der Scherz?

Sie:
Eia, der Walzer erklingt,
Pärchen an Pärchen sich schwingt,
Mädchen und Bübchen,
Schelmchen und Liebchen;
Frisch, wo's am dichtesten springt,
Pärchen an Pärchen sich schwingt!

Er:
Wehe! mir sinket der Arm,
Mitten im jauchzenden Schwarm,
Wie sie dich fassen,
Muß ich erblassen,
Möchte vergehen im Harm
Mitten im jauchzenden Schwarm.

Sie:
Eia, wie flattert der Kranz,
Heute für alle im Tanz,
Flatterig heute,
Morgen gescheute,
Morgen, o Trauter, dein ganz
Heute für alle im Tanz!

Er und Sie [Kerner]

Er:
Seh' ich in das stille Tal,
Wo im Sonnenscheine
Blumen prangen ohne Zahl,
Blick' ich nur auf eine.

Ach! es blickt ihr Auge blau
Jetzt auch auf die Auen;
Im Vergeßmeinnicht voll Tau
Kann ich es erschauen.

Dance Song

She:
Eia, look how the ribbons flutter on the wreath -
Come dance with me, my dear!
Let's swing,
Let's leap quickly
Into the middle of this delightful brilliance!
Come dance with me, my dear!

He:
Woe, how my heart pounds!
Tell me, what jest is this?
Let me embrace you,
Let me melt away,
Resting in blissful pain.
Tell me, what jest is this?

She:
Eia, the waltz is starting:
Couple upon couple are swaying,
Maidens and lads,
Rogues and sweethearts!
Quick, let's jump in where the crowd is thick.
Couple upon couple are swaying!

He:
Woe! my arm has dropped
In the middle of the jubilant crowd.
See how they touch each other!
I turn pale...
Perhaps I will be hurt
In the middle of the jubilant crowd.

She:
Eia, how the ribbons flutter on the wreath
Today, for everyone who is dancing:
Swirling about today,
Tomorrow gone;
Tomorrow, o sweetheart, yours completely,
Today, for everyone who is dancing!
-translated by Emily Ezust

He and She

He:
I look into the still valley,
where in the sunshine
flowers without equal are resplendent,
I look only at one.

Ah! her blue eyes are looking
now also at the meadow,
in forget-me-not full of dew
I can see them.

Sie:
Tret' ich an mein Fensterlein,
Wann die Sterne scheinen,
Mögen alle schöner sein,
Blick' ich nur auf einen;

Dort gen Abend blickt er mild
Wohl nach Himmelshöhen,
Denn dort ist ein liebes Bild
In dem Stern zu sehen.

Ich denke dein [von Goethe]

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen mahlt.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf den schmalen Stegen
Der Wanderer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seyst auch noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald
leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärest du da!

Wiegenlied [Hebbel]

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!
Wie Du schläfst, so bist Du brav.

Draußen, roth im Mittagsscheine,
Glüht der schönsten Kirschen eine,
Wenn Du aufwachst, gehen wir,
Und mein Finger pflückt sie Dir.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Wie Du schläfst, so bist Du brav!

Immer süßer kocht die Sonne
Deine Kirsche, Dir zur Wonne,
Schlaf denn, Kindlein, leicht bedeckt,
Bis der Durst nach ihr Dich weckt.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Wie Du schläfst, so bist Du brav!

She:
I come to my little window,
when the stars shine,
well may they all be more beautiful,
I look only at one.

There as evening falls he looks gently
happily towards heaven,
for there is his dear image
in the star to be seen.
-translated by David K. Smythe

I think of you

I think of you when the sunlight shimmers,
beaming from the sea I;
I think of you when the moon's gleam
paints the streams.

I see you when, on distant roads,
the dust rises up;
in deep night, when on the narrow bridge
a traveler quivers.

I hear you when there, with a muffled roar,
the waves rise.
In the still grove I go often to listen,
when everything is silent.

I am with you, even if you are so far away.
You are near me!
The sun sinks, and soon the
stars will shine for me.
O, if only you were here!
-translated by Emily Ezust

Lullaby

Sleep, little child, sleep!
As you sleep, you are so good.

Outside red in the midday sun
There glows one of the finest cherries.
When you awaken, we shall go,
And my finger will pluck it for you.

Sleep, little child, sleep!
As you sleep, you are so good.

Ever sweeter the sun ripens
Your cherry, for your delight;
Sleep, then little child, lightly covered,
Until you awake with an appetite for it.

Sleep, little child, sleep!
As you sleep, you are so good.
-translated by David K. Smythe