

Vincent's present
CELEBRITY CONCERT No. 13

Birmingham Town Hall
Thursday, 19th June at 7.30 p.m.



ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF

with **BRIAN LAMPORT**



Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, the great soprano, is equally famous as a lieder singer, as an operatic prima-donna, and as a recording artiste.

German by birth, Austrian by naturalization, married to an Englishman, she lives in Switzerland and was a pupil of Maria Ivogün.

Von Karajan, Edwin Fischer and Walter Gieseking have all accompanied recitals with her, and, of course, our own Gerald Moore.

She last appeared in this series on October 17th, 1967, when she had an overwhelming reception. Three of the lieder are being repeated in tonight's programme — Mozart's *Warnung*, Wolf's *Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst* and the unforgettable *Kennst du das Land?* From letters of appreciation in my possession many have asked to hear these again.

PROGRAMME

W. A. MOZART (1756-1791)

Abendempfindung. (Thoughts at Evening).

As the sun sinks so do Life's loveliest hours pass, as in a dance. Soon our game is finished and our friend's tears fall on our grave. Soon I shall end this life's pilgrimage and you will weep at my grave. Dedicate a tear to me and do not be ashamed: it will become the most beautiful pearl in my diadem.

Das Veilchen. (The Violet).

A violet grew in a meadow. A young shepherdess came singing. "Ah!" thought the violet, "if only I were the most beautiful flower in Nature, then she would pick me and place me on her bosom". But alas! The girl came and trod on the violet. It sank and died saying, "So I die through her at her feet". Poor Violet! it was a pretty violet.

Sehnsucht nach dem Frühling. (Longing for Spring).

Come, dear month of May, and make the trees green again. I should so like to see a violet again, and go for a walk! Winter has its delights also; we can play in the snow and go for sleigh rides. But when the birds sing and we can jump about on the lawns, that is quite another thing. But most of all I feel sorry for Lotte. The poor girl is waiting for the flowers to appear, and I bring her toys to her in vain. If only it were green outside! Come, dear May, and bring many violets, nightingales and cuckoos.

Warnung. (Warning).

Men are always trying to taste tit-bits if you leave them alone. Girls are easy to catch if you can surprise them. Are you to be surprised at that? Girls have warm blood, and tit-bits taste so nice. But, tit-bits before a meal, take away the appetite. Fathers, let this be a warning to you. Lock up the tit-bits! Lock up the young girls.

F. SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Der Einsame. (The lonely man).

When the crickets are chirping at night, I sit by my hearth and enjoy watching the flame. I like to remain for a cosy, quiet hour and consider, Another day gone! It has brought us something dear or some suffering, but we discard the bad. We prepare ourselves for a happy dream, and surrender to peace of mind. How I enjoy this tranquility in the country! Chirp on, dear cricket, I like your company; you do not disturb me with your song, for I am not alone.

Romanze aus "Rosamunde" (Romance from "Rosamund").

The full moon shines on the mountain-tops—"How I have missed you! It is so lovely when faithful ones kiss! You were my ray of Spring! Light of my night, smile on me once more in the hour of death". She entered by the light of the full moon and looked up to heaven. "In life, apart; in death, yours", and softly two hearts broke.

Heidenröslein. (The little wild rose).

A boy saw a little rose on the heath. He ran up to see it closely. The boy said, "I shall pick you". The rose said, "I shall prick you, so that you will always think of me". And the wild boy plucked the rose, which pricked him. No crying could help him; he had to bear the pain.

An Silvia. (To Silvia).

Translation of the song in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona". IV. 2. Set by Schubert in 1826.

Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And being help'd inhabits there.
Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let us garlands bring.

R. SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

Mondnacht. (Moon-lit night).

It was as if the heavens had quietly kissed the earth, so that she dreamed.
The breeze went over the fields, waving the ears of corn. And my soul
spread her wings, flying through the quiet country as if she were flying
home.

Zwei Venezianische Lieder. (Two Venetian Songs: translations
of poems by Thomas Moore).

Leis' rudern hier. (Row softly here).

Row gently here, my gondolier, softly.
So softly wake the tide, that not an ear on earth may hear, but hers
to whom we glide.
Had heav'n but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh! think what tales 't would have to tell
Of wand'ring youths like me. Hush, hush!
Now rest thee here, my gondolier; rest, here.
For up I go to climb yon balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for heav'n above
But half the pains that we
Take day and night for woman's love,
What angels we should be! Hush. Hush!

Wenn durch die Piazzetta. (When through the Piazzetta).

When through the Piazzetta Night breathes the cool air,
Then dearest Ninetta, I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded, I'll know thee afar,
As love knows, though clouded, its own Evening Star.
In garb then resembling some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling, "Our bark, love, is near".
Now, now, while there hover those clouds near the moon,
'Twill waft thee safe over yon silent lagoon.

J. BRAHMS (1833-1897)

In stiller Nacht. (In the quiet night).

In the silence of the night I heard a voice complain. The night wind softly bore the sound to me. My heart wept tears on the little flowers. The lovely moon has set, out of grief it does not wish to shine. The stars want to weep with me. No sound of joy or birdsong is heard; the wild animals also mourn with me.

Vergebliches Ständchen. (A Serenade in vain).

He: "Good evening, my darling, oh open the door"!

She: "My door is closed, I'll not let you in. Mother advised me that if you got in, I should be done for".

He: "The night is cold, the wind icy, my heart is freezing, open to me, my child".

She: "If your love is being quenched, let it be quenched. Go home to bed, to rest. Good night, my boy"!

INTERVAL

Refreshments are available in the Basement Hall

Licensed Bar until 10.30 p.m.

Patrons are requested to refrain from smoking in the auditorium

R. STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Ruhe, meine Seele. (Rest, my soul).

Not a breath of air is moving, the grove is softly sleeping, a ray of sunshine penetrates the dark mass of leaves. Rest, my soul, your storms were like the big waves. These times are momentous. Rest, my soul, and forget what threatens you!

Das Rosenband. (The chain of roses).

I found her sleeping and bound her with a chain of roses. She did not feel it. I looked at her, and my life hung on her life. I whispered to her and rustled the chain, and she awoke. She looked at me; her life hung on my life and we were in Elysium.

Meinem Kinde. (To my Child).

You are sleeping and softly I bend over your cot and bless you. Every breath you draw is a stray one from Heaven, is a search for a little star which carries you down here on wings and lays you on the little coverlet.

Muttertändelei. (Mother's Prattle).

"Look at my pretty child with her golden locks, blue eyes and rosy cheeks. Have you such a one? No. She is sweeter than a sugar loaf. Have you such a one? No. She is such a good child, not too obstinate, always friendly and gay. Have you such a one? No. Look at my pious child, her mother would not love seven others so much. Would you like such a one? You will not get mine. If a merchant came and offered a hundred thousand crowns, he would certainly not get mine! Let him buy one elsewhere".

Morgen. (To-morrow).

And tomorrow the sun will shine, and on the way, we, the happy ones, shall meet. And we shall descend to the wide beach, and silent, look into one another's eyes, and the silence of happiness will descend on us.

Programme Notes—V. ADAMS

For your diary:—

Celebrity Concert No. 14, Wilhelm Kempff, on November 5th, 1969 at 7.30 p.m., Birmingham Town Hall.

H. WOLF (1860-1903)

Kennst du das Land? (Do you know the country)?

(Mignon's Song, by Goethe).

Do you know the country where lemons grow, where oranges, where myrtles and laurels flourish? I would like to go there with you, my beloved. Do you know the house, the roof supported by pillars, with statues that say to me, "What have they done to you?" I would like to go there, my protector. Do you know the mountain where the mule seeks for a way in the mist? There is our way; O father, let us go.

Wenn du zu den Blumengehst. (Span. Lb).

When you go to the flowers, pick the loveliest to adorn yourself. Ah, when you stand in the garden, you ought to pick yourself. All flowers know you are the nonpareil. Your kisses are lovelier than roses, for the charm of flowers ends where your charm begins.

In den Schatten meiner Locken. (Span. Lb).

My lover fell asleep in the shadow of my tresses. Shall I wake him? Ah, no! Carefully I spread out my locks every morning, but the wind ruffled them. I must hear him complain that my brown cheeks give and take away his life. And he calls me a serpent; but he sleeps by my side. Shall I wake him? Ah no!

Wiegenlied im Sommer. (Cradle Song in Summer).

Evening comes down from the mountain; my child lies in its cradle, the birds in their nests. Only one little bird calls, "Good-night, dear baby". The cradle continues rocking, the clocks tick, the flies buzz. Flies, leave my child in peace! What are you buzzing? "Good-night, dear child". The bird and the stars are so fond of my child, and the angels even more. They cover him with their wings and sing, "Sleep in peace! Good night, dear baby!"

Sagt, seid lhres, feiner Herr. (Span. Lb).

Say, was it you, fine gentleman, who recently jumped and sang so charmingly? Was it you, who stopped anyone else having a word? Yes, by my soul, it was you. Was it you who said he did not understand castanets and song, who had never known love, who fled from the chains of women? Yes, it was you; but I'd like to wager you have embraced some love. Was it you who sat in the corner and did not move his limbs? Yes, it was you, and we were forced to yawn.

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