

Wagner Society Concert 23rd May 2010

Thomas Johnson - Associate Artist

Anna Dowsley (Mezzo Soprano)

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)

Frühlingsmorgen

Hans und Grethe

Erich Korngold (1897-1957)

Glückwunsch

Alt-Spanisch

Liebesbriefchen

Simon Halligan (Baritone)

Erich Korngold (1897-1957)

Mein Sehnen, Mein Wähnen, from Die Tote Stadt

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)

Widmung Op 25 No 1

Emma Moore (Soprano)

Alexander Zemlinsky (1860 - 1948)

Das Rosenband

Wand'ich im Wald des Abends

Liebe und Frühling

Richard Wagner (1813 - 1883)

Träume, from Wesendonck-Lieder

Anna Dowsley (Mezzo Soprano)

Gustav Mahler (1860 - 1911)

Frühlingsmorgen (Spring Morning)

It taps on the window the Linden tree

With its branches blooming:

Get up! Get up!

Why sleep you in dreams?

The sun is awake!

Get up! Get up!

The lark is awake, the bushes sway,

The bees hum and the beetles

Get up! Get up!

And your good-looking lover

Have I seen already up and about...

Get up, lazybones!

Lazybones, get up!

Get up! Get up!

Hans und Grete (Hansel and Gretel)

Ring, ring, dance!

Who happy is, they can join in.

Who has worries, must stay at home!

Who kisses a beloved sweetheart,

Lucky is he!

Ay, Hansel you don't have one,

So go find one!

A beautiful sweetheart,

How great that is!

Hooray!

Ring, ring, dance!

Ay, Gretel, why do you stand all alone?

Look over there at Hansel!

And isn't May so green?

And the breezy wind!

Ay, look at stupid Hansel

As he runs to the dance

He is looking for a sweetheart,

Hooray! He has found her! Hooray!

Ring, ring, dance!

Erich Korngold (18970-1957)

Glückwunsch (Best Wishes)

I wish you luck.

I bring you the sun in my gaze.

I feel your heart in my breast

It wishes you no vain desire.

It feels and wishes: the sun will shine

Even when your at breaking point

It wishes you will be longing nothing

As if the world is already in your lap

It wishes you

As if the earth is made new again

It wishes you full of strength

To make Winter turn into Spring

And daily light though your house

Always a loving flower bouquet.

Alt-Spanisch (Old Spanish Song)

Stands a maiden at a window

In the distance is her gaze

Pale her cheeks, and heavy her heart

She sings of long lost happiness

"My love does not return to me"

The sun is setting

A star yearns for the night

And in the wind, softly rings

A dream music

From the echo which sounds wisely:

"My Love does not return to me"

Liebesbriefchen (Love Letter)

Far from you think I of you, dear child,

Alone am I, but I retain true love

Only you I think, only you, peace of my heart.

I see always lovely and bright your face,

And within in always resound you

You alone, the world for me

I am yours, dearest love, think of me, think of me!

Simon Halligan (Baritone)

Erich Korngold (1897-1957)

**Mein Sehnen, Mein Wähnen
(My Yearning, My Obsession)**

Pierrot's *Tanzlied* from *Die Tote Stadt*

My yearning, my obsession,
they take my back in dreams.
In the dance I once obtained it,
Now I've lost my happiness.
While dancing on the Rhein
in the moonlight,
she confessed to me with a loving
look in her blue eyes,
Confessed to me with her pleading words:
O stay, don't go far away,
preserve the memory of your homeland's
peaceful, flourishing happiness.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.
The magic of things far away
brings a burning of my soul
The magic of the dance lured me,
and I was then Pierrot.
I followed her, my wonderful sweetheart,

and learned from tears to kiss.

Intoxication and misery,

Illusion and happiness:

Ah, this is a clown's destiny.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)

Widmung (Dedication) Op 25 No 1

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, o you my pain,
you the world in which I live;
you my heaven, in which I float,
o you my grave, into which
I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.
That you love me makes me worthy of you;
your gaze transfigures me;
you raise me lovingly above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!

Emma Moore (Soprano)

Alexander Zemlinsky (1860 - 1948)

Das Rosenband (The Rose Ribbon)

In a spring garden I found her,
I bound her there with rose-ribbons:
She did not feel it, and slumbered on.
I looked at her;
My life with that look became a part of hers.
I felt it without a doubt, yet could not
explain it.

Yet I whispered wordlessly to her,
And I rustled with the rose-ribbons:
Then she awoke from her slumber.
She looked at me;
Her life with that look became a part of
mine,
And all around us was paradise.

Wand'ich im Wald des Abends

(I wander in the Woods at Evening)

If I walk in the woods in the evening,
In the dreamy woods,
Always by my side
Walks your tender figure.

Is that not your white veil?
Is that not your gentle face?
Or is it only the moonlight

Breaking through the gloom of the pines?
Are those my own tears,
That I hear softly flowing?
Or is it you, my darling,
Weeping beside me?

Liebe und Frühling (Love and Spring)

I must get out; I must go to you,
I must tell you myself:
You are my springtime, you alone,
In these bright days.
I no longer want to see the roses,
Nor the green meadows,
I no longer want to go to the woods
To seek scents and sounds and shade;

I no longer want the breath of the wind,
Nor the rustle of the stream,
I no longer want to see the birds in flight,
Nor listen to their song.

Richard Wagner (1813 - 1883)

Träume (Dreams)

from Wesendonck-Lieder

Tell me, what kind of wondrous dreams
are embracing my senses,
that have not, like sea-foam,
vanished into desolate Nothingness?

Dreams, that with each passing hour,
each passing day, bloom fairer,
and with their heavenly tidings
roam blissfully through my heart!

Dreams which, like holy rays of light
sink into the soul,
there to paint an eternal image:
forgiving all, thinking of only One.

Dreams which, when the Spring sun
kisses the blossoms from the snow,
so that into unsuspected bliss
they greet the new day,

So that they grow, so that they bloom,
and dreaming, bestow their fragrance,
these dreams gently glow and fade on your
breast,
and then sink into the grave.