

2-13-1929

Faculty Recital: Joseph Lautner, tenor

Joseph Lautner

Lois Wilson Lautner

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Faculty Recitals

Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools

Thirty-seventh Year



A Recital of Songs

By

JOSEPH LAUTNER

Tenor

Lois Wilson Lautner at the piano



LITTLE THEATRE

Wednesday Evening, February Thirteenth

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine

Archives

109a

1929

Program

I

There's not a swain on the plain - - - - - *Purcell*
Total Eclipse (Samson) - - - - - *Handel*
Il mio tesoro (Don Giovanni) - - - - - *Mozart*

II

Die Mainacht }
Ständchen } - - - - - *Brahms*
Wie bist du meine Königin }
Botschaft }

III

Romance }
Grun } - - - - - *Debussy*
Fantoche }
De Fleurs }

IV

Ebb on with me - - - - - *Melville Smith*
In the poppy field - - - - - *Joyce Clark*
A room - - - - - *Lois Wilson Lautner*
To Frieda - - - - - *Lois Wilson Lautner*
I cannot bide - - - - - *Mabel W. Daniels*

Translations

II

Die Mainacht

When the moon silver-bright shines through the tangled trees, and her languorous light shimmers on the clustered leaves, and the nightingale sings, sadly I wander from glade to glade. Hiding there in the shade, I hear the turtle-doves softly cooing of love. Leaving them far behind, I press on to deeper shadows, and I weep for utter loneliness. When, O maid of my heart, fair as the smiling morn, when shall I look upon thy radiant face? See, the tears of my great loneliness pour burning over my cheeks.

Ständchen

The moon hangs over the hilltops just right for those in love. A fountain plays in the garden. No creature there doth move. Next to the wall in the shadow stand the students three with flute and fiddle and zither, and sing and play thereby. The music floats to the maiden, and in a vision fair she sees the face of her lover, and murmurs, "Forget me ne'er".

Wie bist du meine Königin.

How wonderful thou art, my queen, through gentle kindness! Thou dost but smile, then all round sweet Spring doth smile. Thy glance could I compare with fresh blown roses? Nay, above all that blossoms, thy flower-like bloom is wonderful. Through desert ways I wander, and green shadows brighten. Wonderful thou art though fearful heaviness broods o'er without end. Let me perish within thine arms! Death is therein itself, e'en though the sharpest pangs rage through my breast.

Botschaft

Fan, ye breezes, fair and softly, fan the cheek of my beloved. Gently sport ye with her tresses. Hasten not to speed away. If she then perchance should ask, how poor I was faring, say, "Unending was his grief; most doubtful his fate; but once again his hopes restore the joy of living, since his lady thinks of him."

Romance

Soul of mist yet enduring, soul so calm, fragrant as lilies divine which I have gathered in the garden of thy sweet thought! Where now have the winds blown that perfect soul of the lilies? Does there not linger a perfume of that celestial kindness from days when you surrounded me with a radiance more than mortal, heights of hope, of faithful love, of benediction, and of peace?

Grun

Here are some fruits, some flowers, some leaves and some branches—and here my heart which beats only for you! Pray do not destroy them with your pure white hands. May this humble gift be sweet in your eyes! I come still covered with the dew which the morning wind has frosted upon my brow. Pray let my weariness, finding rest at your feet, dream of the precious moments that were there cast off. Upon thy youthful breast let my head rest, still mindful of your last kisses. May it there become calmed from the happy tempest, and may I sleep while you repose,

Fantoches

Scaramouche and Pulcinella, who are putting together a wicked plot, are gesticulating darkly under the moon. But the good doctor Bolonais is slowly gathering some herbs among the brown grass, when his daughter, pleasing child, slyly glides from out the grove in quest of her fine Spanish pirate while a nightingale in love with her proclaims his misery with all his might.

De fleurs

In the wearisome, desolate green of the hot-house of grief, the Flowers entwine my heart with their evil stems. Ah, when will the dear hands encircle my head, disentangling them so tenderly? The tall violet Iris wickedly transgress in seeming to reflect in your eyes those which were the waters of oblivion wherein my dreams plunged so sweetly in the garden of color. And the lilies, their pistils like pale jets of water, have lost their beautiful grace, and are now but poor invalids without sun. O Sun! friend of wicked flowers, destroyer of dreams! Slayer of illusions, that blessed pain of miserable souls! Come, thou healing hands! Break the bonds of error. Destroy the bonds of sorcery. My soul perishes with too much sun. . . . Fantasy! . . . Never again will flourish the joy of my eyes. My hands are weary of praying, and my eyes of weeping! Eternally this maddening sound of the black petals of weariness falling drop by drop on my head in the green of the hot-house of grief!