

7-23-1929

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

Tuesday Evening, July Twenty-Third

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine

Archives
1090
1929

Program

I

Would you gain the tender creature (Acis and Galatea) }
O sleep, why dost thou leave me? (Semele) }*Handel*
Lusinghe più care (Alessandro) }

II

Dichterliebe (Heine).....*Schumann*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
Die Rose, die Lilie
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich grolle nicht
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Ich hab' im Traume geweinet
Aus alten Märchen winkt es

III

Beau Soir (Bourget).....*Debussy*
J'ai peur d'un baiser (Verlaine).....*Szulc*
Chanson Triste (Lahor).....*Duparc*
Fleur jetée (Silvestre).....*Fauré*

IV

This book of hours (Walter Crane).....*Griffes*
Green grow the rashers O! (Robert Burns).....*Bax*
La Fuite de la lune (Oscar Wilde).....*Griffes*
Hugh's Song of the Road (Hugh, the Drover).....*Vaughan-Williams*

TRANSLATIONS

I

Lusinghe più care.....*Handel*

Allurements the dearest,
Love's arrows far glancing,
Sweet glamour or roselips,
Of bright eyes joy dancing.
What havoc ye make
In a man's eager heart.

Suspicion's tormenting, relenting denials,
Keen joy, bitter trials,
Hope's moments entrancing,
These weapons of beauty
They all play their part.

II

Dichterliebe*Schumann*

- a. When May shed loveliness around
And buds their bonds were breaking,
'Twas then that in my bosom
I felt love's dawn awaking.

When May shed loveliness around
And birds' sweet songs were thronging,
'Twas then that first I told her
My love and all my longing.

- b. Where'er my tears have fallen
Sweet flowers o'ercover the dales,
And where my sighs are wafted
Sing choirs of nightingales.

And if thou wilt love me, darling,
All the flowers shall be thine own,
And beside thy window shall murmur
The nightingale's sweet moan.

- c. The rose and the lily, the dove and the dawning,
I once loved them all in my life's young morning.
I love them no more, I love her the peerless,
The rarest, the fairest, the nearest and dearest.
For she, the source of joys unmeasured,
Herself is the rose and the dove then I treasured.
I love her, the rarest, the fairest, the dearest,
The flower of all maidens, the peerless.

- d. Ah, sweet, when in thine eyes I look,
My heart by fear is quite forsook.
And when I kiss thy lips' red flower,
Then I am whole and sound once more.

And when I rest upon thy breast
In heavenly peace I seem to rest,
But when thou sayest "Thou lovest me"
Then I must weep, oh bitterly.

- e. I'll not complain, e'en though my heart should break.
Oh, love forever lost, I'll not complain.
I see thee flame in jewelled splendour dight,
But not a ray falls in thy spirits night,
Love known it long.

I'll not complain e'en though my heart should break.
'Twas in a dream I saw thee, I saw the never-dying serpent
wound thee,
I saw the darkness of thy empty heart.
I saw how wretched, oh my love, thou art.
I'll not complain.

- f. A youth once loved a maiden
But she loved another instead;
That other loved yet another,
With whom he was mated and wed.

The maiden took, in anger,
Without much more ado,
The first man that came unto her,
'Twas hard for the lover true.

This is but an old true story
And happens yet again;
Whose luckless lot so chances,
It breaks his heart in twain.

- g. In sleep my tears were flowing,
I dreamt thou wert laid in the grave
I felt that tears, when I wakened
Still my burning eyelids did lave.

In sleep my tears were flowing,
I dreamt thou wert gone from me.
And still I wept when I wakened,
Ah long and bitterly!

In sleep my tears were flowing,
I dreamt oh my love, thou wert kind.
Since I awoke, without ceasing
Hot tears mine eyelids blind.

h. From legends quaint and olden
Oft waves a beck'ning hand,
And harps shimmering golden
Play songs of fairy land.
The earth is gemed with flowers
In evening's fading light,
And blossoms fall in showers,
The paths are rosy white.

The branches in their swaying
Sing primal melodies,
And breezes softly straying
Make harmonies to these
And pallid in the gloaming,
There looms a ghostly band
Where hov'ring mists are roaming
Along the river's strand.

And purple flames are gleaming
On leaves and grasses tall,
And elfen lights are streaming
Where moonlight shadows fall.
A silv'ry fountain gushes
From out the rock amain,
Its crystal garland flushes
The slumbering water's plain.

Oh! that I might fly yonder
And let my heart have rest,
In those bright fields I'd wander
With joy and freedom blest!
In dreams it floats before me
In colours true and fair,
When morning suns rise o'er me,
It melts away in air.

III

Beau Soir.....*Debussy*

When in the setting sun ev'ry streamlet is gleaming,
When a tremulous glow spreads o'er the fields of grain,
A behest to be glad, that seems from all things streaming,
Doth arise to my heart in pain.

A behest to explore the utmost joy of being,
In this day of my youth, the while the evening's fair;
For we shall all depart as goes yon water fleeing:
That to the sea, but we to the tomb.

J'ai peur d'un baiser.....*Szulc*

I fear a kiss as I fear a bee,
I suffer and am awake without repose,
I fear a kiss.

Yet I love Kate and her pretty eyes
Her glances are so delicate and pale.
Oh! how I adore Kate!

It is Valentine's Day:
On the morrow I should
And yet I dare not tell her
St. Valentine's Day.

She is happily promised to me.
Yet what a situation—
To be a lover near the promised one!

Chanson triste.....*Duparc*

Moonlight fullness thy heart illuming,
Such as floods the fair summer night,
Ah! to flee life's vain importuning,
Would I could drown me in that pure light!

My despair—could I longer fear it,
O my love, when are cradled free from harms
My weary heart and spirit,
Safe within the haven of thine arms.

Thou wilt lay my head, dull with sorrow,
O, some day soon upon thy knee,
Thou from the past fondly wilt borrow
Ballads of oldentime, that seem to sing to you and me.

Then from thine eyes, sweet in their sadness,
From thy loving eyes my tired soul
Draughts so divine shall drink of gladness,
I perchance again shall be whole.

Fleur jetée.....*Fauré*

Carry away my folly
At the will of the wind,
O flower, plucked in song
And discarded in dreams.

As the flower is mowed,
So love perishes.
The hand, having touched thee,
Flees my hand unreturned.

Let the wind that withers thee,
O poor flower now so fresh,
And tomorrow without colour,
Wither also my heart.