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School of Music

Boston University Concert Programs

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1965-02-09

# Faculty recital by Wilma Thompson, February 9, 1965

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1964/65  
No. 14

BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS  
DIVISION OF MUSIC

*presents*

## FACULTY RECITAL

*by*

WILMA THOMPSON, *mezzo-soprano*

*assisted by*

EDITH STEARNS, *piano*

Tuesday, February 9, 1965

8.30 P.M.

CONCERT HALL

855 Commonwealth Avenue

## PROGRAM

### I

#### Six Songs from *Die Winterreise*

Franz Schubert

##### Gefrorne Tränen

Frozen tears fall from my cheeks—does it only now come to me that I have been weeping? Tears—how can you turn to ice like cool morning dew? You gush from my anguished heart as though you would melt all the ice of winter.

##### Erstarrung

Vainly I look for her steps here where we used to wander. With my tears I would melt the ice until the earth is bare. Alas—where will I find a blossom now that the flowers and grass are faded and dead? My heart, too, is frozen, and her image locked within it. Should my heart melt, then will her image vanish.

##### Frühlingstraum

I dreamed of flowers, of birdsong—but when I woke it was cold and dark, and the ravens shrieked from the roof. Still are there flowers upon the window-pane. . . . I dreamed of love and happiness—but with the cocks' hoarse cry, my heart awoke. Alone, I recall my dream. When, beloved, shall I hold you in my arms?

##### Einsamkeit

Like a murky cloud passing across a bright sky, so I go my way amid the happiness of life, alone and friendless. How peaceful the world! When storms raged, I was not so miserable. . . .

##### Der Stürmische Morgen

Tatters of cloud drift about the stormy heavens, and red lightning flashes. My heart sees its own image in the cold and angry skies.

##### Der Wegweiser

Why do I avoid the traveled highways and seek out paths through rocky heights? I shun mankind, and a mad longing drives me into wilderness. Guideposts point towards the towns—but only one guidepost do I see. So must I travel a road from which no traveler returns.

### II

#### Frauenliebe und-Leben

Robert Schumann

##### Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since I have seen him, I am blind to all else: only his image hovers before me.

##### Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Noblest of all, he shines like a radiant star in my heaven. Go your way, beloved; take no notice of my quiet prayer, for only the worthiest shall be chosen by you. Even as my heart breaks, I will rejoice in your happiness.

##### Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

I cannot believe that he said to me, "I am yours forever. . . ." If I still dream, then let me perish in my dream, lulled upon his breast.

##### Du Ring an meinem Finger

Little golden ring, I press you to my lips and heart. I had thought myself lost in endless desert space, but now am I transfigured in his light and love.

##### Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, sisters, to adorn myself for this blessed day. Help me that I may greet my beloved and, with clear and radiant joy, bow before my Lord.

##### Süßer Freund

Dear one, you look with astonishment at these joyful tears? Come, let me tell you my great joy. Soon, now, the dream will waken and, from the cradle, your image will smile at me.

##### An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

Upon my heart is my joy and rapture. Only a mother may know the fullness of love. . . . How you look at me and smile, you dear angel!

##### Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Now have you hurt me for the first time! You sleep—hard, pitiless man—the sleep of death. Now have I done with life and love. Silently I withdraw into myself—there have I you and all my joy.

## INTERMISSION

### III

#### A Charm of Lullabies

Benjamin Britten

##### A Cradle Song

##### The Highland Balou

##### Sephestia's Lullaby

##### A Charm

##### The Nurse's Song

### IV

#### Poèmes Juifs

Darius Milhaud

##### Chant du Norrice

Sleep, my child; while I rock your cradle, I will tell you of your life. First, know that you are a Jew and in that is your nobility. Do not bend before the insults of strangers; say, rather, that you are the son of an eternal people. Do not despair of justice; think, rather, that in your faraway homeland, you will become whatever you desire, and that beneath a just sun, you will live in peace.

### Chant de Sion

It is neither rain nor dew that waters your mountains, O Zion; your fields are wet with our tears; your skies red with the blood of those who long for Jerusalem.

### Chant du Laboureur

Surely, beloved land, beneath your sun will I find the home for which I long. There shall I work and live in peace. Ah, when will the bitterness end? When shall I hear my brothers sing the end of our distress?

### Chante de la Pitié

In the fields of Bethlehem, stands an ancient tomb. At midnight, a silent figure rises and steals toward the Jordan. Her tears of pity fall silently into its sacred waters.

### Chant du Résignation

Make of my soul and the muscles of my heart a lyre to sound my suffering and torment. Let the song of my grief rise to the heavens that the dawn and the twilight will be bathed forever in its melancholy.

### Chant d'Amour

With the swift coming of spring, the heart of my beloved wakes. For joy, I weep at the song of the nightingale and the beauty of my dream. There are many stars in the heavens, but unique is the star that lights my shadows.

### Chant du Forgeron

Near the Jordan stands the house of the blacksmith. He blows upon the eternal flame, and I ask, "why do you work so hard?" He answers, "I make ready to shoe the horse of the Messiah."

### Lamentation

In the heavens, seven cherubims, silent as dreams, circle the throne preparing the candles for the Messiah. All that which is beautiful, pure, noble and good burns for His coming. Alas, their voices rise in anguish—for, unto this day, He is not yet come.