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1967-11-29

Robert Gartside, tenor assisted by
Richard Corbett, pianist, November 29, 1967

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1967-68 # 7

Faculty Recital Series
Music Division
Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts

Robert Gartside, tenor
assisted by Richard Corbett, pianist

Wednesday, November 29, 1967, 8:30 p.m.

Come Again, Sweet Love John Dowland
Sweet Kate Robert Jones
O, Death, Rock Me Asleep attr. Anne Boleyn
Fire, Fire Thomas Campion
Mistress Mine Thomas Morley

Du bist wie eine Blume Op. 25, No. 24 Robert Schumann

As gentle as a flower,
as sweet and pure and fair;
but yet a touch of sadness
comes as I see you there.
In silent reverent blessing
I want to kneel at your feet,
praying to God that He keep you
so fair and pure and sweet.

Heiss' mich nicht reden Op. 98a, No. 5 Robert Schumann

Ask me no questions,
bid me silence!
for silence is my duty now.
Ah! would my heart might tell you all there is there,
but this my fate will not allow.
When comes the time, the sun arises,
ends its nightly rest,
with light and comfort glowing,
the stubborn rock opens its granite breast,
nor grudges earth its wells from deep recesses flowing.
I crave a friend where anguish may be healed,
one who will know my faults and will excuse them;
but no; my oath is sworn, my lips are sealed,
my oath is sworn, my lips are sealed,
and only God can make me now unloose them, only God!
Ask me not questions,
bid me silence!
My oath is sworn, my lips are sealed,
and only God can make me now unloose them.

Abends am Strand Op. 45, No. 3 Robert Schumann

We sat in the sailor's cottage,
beside the shining sea;
the evening mist came drifting,
and climbed along the quay.
And by and by from the lighthouse
there came its steady light;
a ship far in the distance,
was almost out of sight.
Our talk was of storm and shipwreck,
how seafarers live and die,
in joy and then in terror,
between the sea and sky.
We talked of the far off countries
to which the seamen fare,
and strange and curious people,
and wonderful customs there.
In Burma all is in fragrance,
the giant lotus blooms,
with lovely, quiet people,
in pray'r before the tombs.

Whither have the winds driven it,
That adorable soul of the lilies?
Is there no fragrance remaining
Of the heavenly loveliness
Of those days when you enveloped me
In a celestial haze,
Fashioned of hope, of faithful love,
Of blessedness and of peace?

L'Echelonement Des Haies Claude Debussy

The row of hedges
Winds unendingly, a sea
Distinct in the transparent mist,
Fragrant with young bayberries.
Trees and windmills
Pose airily atop the soft green,
Where gaily romp and cavort
The frisky colts.
In this Sunday haze,
There also are playing
The large sheep, as
Soft as their white fleece.
All at once unfurled,
The wave rolls in spirals.
The bells sound like flutes
In the milk-white sky.

Le Jet D'Eau Claude Debussy

Your beautiful eyes are weary, my poor beloved!
Rest a while without opening them,
In this carefree pose
In which pleasure has come upon you.
In the courtyard, the fountain which chatters
And never ceases, day or night,
Sustains sweetly the ecstasy
In which love has engulfed me tonight.
The column of water which rocks
Its thousand flowers,
Which the moon penetrates
With its pale light,
Falls like a shower
Of large tears.
And so your soul, setting aflame
The fiery lightning of desire,
Leaps quickly and fearlessly
Toward the vast, enchanted skies.
Then it diffuses, dying
In a wave of sad languor
Which, by way of an invisible incline,
Descends to the depths of my heart.
Oh, you whom the night makes so beautiful,
I find it sweet, leaning against your bosom,
To listen to the eternal lament
That sobs in the fountain.
Moon, sonorous water, blessed night,
Trees trembling all about, —
Your pure melancholy
Is the reflection of my love.

In Lapland the people are dirty,
flat-headed, big-mouthed and small;
they sprawl round the fire eating blubber
and fishes, and chatter and bawl,
and bicker and brawl.

The girls were all attention,
the stories were quaint and weird;
when all the talk was ended
the vessel had disappeared.

Der Sandmann Op. 79, No. 12 Robert Schumann

A fine new pair of boots I wear,
with soles upon them wondrous white.
A little sack behind I bear,
Hush! I hurry up the stairs!
I slide in, quite unawares,
and hear the children say their prayers.
Two bits of sand of smallest size,
I drop in little sleepy eyes;
the whole long night they sleep and nod,
the angels watching them, and God.
Two tiny little grains of sand,
I gave to each with gentle hand;
and ev'ry child is fast asleep,
and happy, dreams in slumber deep.
With sack and stick and quick and fast
I hurry down the stairs at last;
Thus idle I must never be;
today I've many more to see.

You smile already in your sleep,
When into your room I scarcely peep.

Widmung Op. 25, No. 1 Robert Schumann

You are my all, my heart, my soul,
you are my joy, my life, my goal,
from you my life and breath deriving,
the Heaven, you, of all my striving,
you are the grave in which to lay
forever all my woes away.
You are my peace when cares torment me,
you who from Heav'n above were sent me.
Your loving glance has brightened me
that all the day pervades me still,
your better spirit exalts and raises me
you make me all I hope to be!
You are my all, my heart, my soul,
you are my joy, my life, my goal,
from you my very breath deriving,
the Heaven, you, of all my striving,
you make me all I hope to be.

intermission

Romance Claude Debussy

The fleeting and suffering soul,
The gentle soul, the fragrant soul
Of those divine lilies which I gathered
In the garden of your thoughts,

Whither have the winds driven it,
That adorable soul of the lilies?
Is there no fragrance remaining
Of the heavenly loveliness
Of those days when you enveloped me
In a celestial haze,
Fashioned of hope, of faithful love,
Of blessedness and of peace?

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Trees trembling all about, —
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Is the reflection of my love.

Main Dominée Par Le Coeur Francis Poulenc

Hand ruled by heart
Heart ruled by lion
Lion ruled by bird
Bird in the shadow of a cloud.

Lion overcome by the desert
Heart that death lives in
Hand made fist in vain.

Beyond endurance, I see
Everything disappear. I know
Nothing is left,
And within myself I can scarcely feel

An absence,
Then exile into shadow
Eyes quite clear
Brain stilled.

Sanglots Francis Poulenc

Our love is ordered by the calm stars. But we know that men who came from far away and are as one in our minds, breathe through us. This is the song of dreamers who tore out their heart and wore it on their sleeve. Dear pride, do you keep all those memories still: the sailors singing like conquerors, the whirlpools of Thule, the tender skies of Ophir, the sick cursed by those fleeing from their shadow, the joyous return of the happy emigrants?

Blood flowed from that torn-out heart, and the dreamer thought only of his exquisite wound. My poor heart, broken like that of every man, you will not snap the chain of those motives that are but the effects of other motives. See here our hands made slaves of life . . . here is our heart dead from love, or as though But that's the way things are. Tear out, then, your own heart too, for nothing will be free until the end of time. Let the dead have their way, and let's stifle our sobs.

Montparnasse Francis Poulenc

Hotel with green plants at the door — plants that will never flower — where shall I plant my flowers, my fruits? An angel gives out handbills in front of our door; never has virtue been so well protected. Give me a room by the week — forever.

Blond angel, you are really a lyric poet from Germany who would know Paris well. You know one must not walk on the block-lines in the pavement. And you dream of spending your Sunday at Garches. The weather is sultry, and your hair is so long.

Good poet, slightly stupid and a bit too blond, your eyes look so much like those two great balloons that rise high through clean air toward adventure.

(translated by Laurence Cazale)

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