



School of Music  
University of Missouri

2021-2022 Series | Faculty Recital

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**Steven Tharp, Tenor**  
**Janice Wenger, Fortepiano**

October 10, 2021 • 3:00PM

Whitmore Recital Hall

## Program

Sailor's Song, Hob. XXVIa:31 ..... **Franz Joseph Haydn**  
Piercing Eyes, Hob. XXVIa:35 (1732-1809)  
She Never Told Her Love, Hob. XXVIa:34  
Fidelity, Hob. XXVIa:30

Adelaide, Op. 46 ..... **Ludwig van Beethoven**  
(1770-1827)

Goethe-Lieder, Op. 83  
Wonne der Wehmut  
Sehnsucht  
Mit einem gemalten Band

Aus Goethes Faust, Op. 75, No. 3

## *Intermission*

Auf dem Wasser zu Singen, D.774 ..... **Franz Schubert**  
Am Fenster, D.878 (1797-1828)  
Drang in die Ferne, D.770  
Totengräbers Heimweh, D.842  
Das Zügelglöcklein, D.871  
Der Zwerg, D.771  
Vor meiner Wiege, D.927  
Waldesnacht, D.708

The fortepiano used for this program is a reproduction of a Viennese instrument built by Anton Walter circa 1802. It was created in 2006 by Paul McNulty, an American working in the Czech Republic.

## TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN TEXTS

**ADELAIDE** op. 46 (1795) Friedrich von Matthison  
Your friend wanders lonely in the spring garden,  
Gently bathed in the magical sweet light  
That shimmers through swaying boughs in bloom,  
Adelaide!

In the mirroring waves, in the Alpine snows,  
In the golden clouds of the dying day,  
In the fields of stars your image shines,  
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves,  
The silvery bells of May rustle in the grass,  
Waves murmur and nightingales sing:  
Adelaide!

One day, O miracle! there shall bloom on my grave  
A flower from the ashes of my heart;  
On every purple leaf shall clearly shimmer:  
Adelaide!

**THREE LIEDER** op. 83 (1810) Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

### **WONNE DER WEHMUTH/JOY OF SADNESS**

Do not run dry, do not run dry,  
Tears of eternal love!  
Ah, to eyes that are even half-dry  
How barren, how dead the world appears.  
Do not run dry, do not run dry,  
Tears of eternal love!

### **SEHNSUCHT/LONGING**

What tugs at my heart so?  
What pulls me away?  
Whirling and turning me  
Out of my room and my house?  
Up there where the clouds  
Behind the cliffs disappear,  
I long to be pass over,  
I long to be there!

The ravens sway  
In friendly flight;  
I mingle with them  
And follow their path.  
Above mountain and fortress  
We flap our wings.  
She dwells down there,  
I search for her.

Here she comes walking,  
I hurry at once,  
A soaring bird,  
To the dense forest.  
She stops and listens  
And smiles to herself:  
“He sings so beautifully,  
And only for me.”

The setting sun  
Gilds the mountains;  
The brooding beauty  
Pays no attention.  
She wanders along the stream  
That winds through meadows,  
As the growing darkness  
Embraces her path.

Suddenly I appear,  
A blinking star.  
“What is that shining up there,  
So near yet so far?”  
And as in amazement  
You gaze at the light,  
I appear at your feet,  
Happy at last!

**MIT EINEM GEMALTEN BAND/WITH A PAINTED RIBBON**

Little flowers, little leaves  
Are playfully, lightly scattered  
By the kind young gods of spring  
To decorate this dainty ribbon.

Take it, West Wind, on your wings  
Drape it around my sweetheart's dress.  
Then she will step before the mirror  
In all her gaiety.

She will see herself wreathed in roses,  
Herself, so like a young rose.  
One look, love of my life,  
And I am well rewarded.

Feel what this heart of mine is feeling,  
Freely give me your hand,  
And may the bond that binds us  
Be no frail ribbon of roses!

**FROM GOETHE'S *FAUST* op. 75, no.3 (1809) Goethe**

There once was a King,  
Who had a very large flea,  
Which he loved no less

Than if it were his own son.  
He called his tailor,  
The tailor came;  
“Now, measure the lad for clothes  
And make him trousers!”  
In velvet and silk  
He was now dressed,  
He had ribbons on his suit,  
And a military cross,  
And was also made a minister  
With a big star,  
Thus his siblings, too,  
Became important courtiers.  
And ladies and gentlemen of the court  
Were greatly annoyed,  
The queen and her handmaiden  
Bitten and gnawed,  
And they dared not crush them,  
Or scratch them away.  
But *we* can crush and kill them,  
The moment one bites us.

#### INTERMISSION

**AUF DEM WASSER ZU SINGEN /TO BE SUNG ON THE WATER**  
D.774 (1823) Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves  
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,  
on gently shimmering waves of joy.  
The soul, too, glides like a boat.  
For from the sky the setting sun  
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove  
the red glow beckons kindly to us;  
beneath the branches of the eastern grove  
the reeds whisper in the red glow.  
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,  
the peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.

Alas, with dewy wings  
time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.  
Tomorrow let time again vanish with shimmering  
wings, as it did yesterday and today,  
until, on higher, more radiant wings,  
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

**AM FENSTER/AT THE WINDOW D.878 (March 1826)**

Johann Gabriel Seidl

You dear walls, lovely and familiar,  
That coolly surround me  
And gaze down on me gleaming silver  
When the full moon is above!  
Once you saw me here so sad,  
My head leaning on a listless hand,  
As I looked within and felt alone,  
And that no one understood me.

Now a new light has dawned,  
The time of mourning is past.  
And others keep me company  
On this blessed path of life.  
Chance can never steal them  
From my faithful heart,  
For I carry them in my inmost soul,  
Where chance can never reach.

Wall, you imagine me troubled as before,  
But this is silent joy.  
When you reflect the moonlight  
My heart overflows.  
At every window, I imagine  
A friend is peering down,  
Who then looks upward toward the sky,  
Thinking of me too.

**DRANG IN DIE FERNE/LONGING TO ESCAPE D.770 (1823)**

Karl Gottfried von Leitner

Father, you do not believe  
that my heart quickens  
when I see the clouds,  
or stand beside the stream?

Golden clouds, green waves  
drift along so effortlessly,  
lingering in the sunshine  
but not by the flowers.

They never tarry or rest,  
hastening as if they knew  
of some fairer land,  
distant and undiscovered.  
Ah, from clouds and streams  
my hot blood, too,  
has secretly caught the urge  
to storm through the world.

The rocky valley of my native land

is too narrow and confined,  
for my yearning dreams  
cannot be contained there.

Let me go! I must  
ask for the parting kiss.  
Father and mother,  
you must not be angry!

I love you dearly,  
but a wild urge  
drives me to the forest and beyond,  
far from home.

Do not worry about where  
my lonely, tortuous path may lead;  
there too  
the moon and stars will shine.

Over all the earth  
arches the azure shield  
which the Creator holds  
to protect the whole world.

Ah, and if I never  
return to you, my loved ones,  
then you must think that I have found  
happiness in a fairer land.

**TOTENGRÄBERS HEIMWEH/GRAVEDIGGER'S HOMESICKNESS**  
D.842 (1825) Jacob Nicolaus Craigher

O mankind – O life! –  
To what end – oh what end?!  
Digging out – filling in!  
Day and night no rest! –  
The urgency, the haste –  
Where does it lead! – ah where?! - -  
'Deep down – into the grave!' –

O fate – O sad duty –  
I can bear it no more! - -  
When will you toll for me,  
O hour of peace?! –  
O death! Come  
And close my eyes! - -  
Life, alas, is so oppressive! –  
The grave so peaceful, so cool!  
But ah! Who will lay me there? –  
I stand alone! – so utterly alone!! –

Abandoned by all,  
With death my only kin,  
I linger on the edge –  
Cross in hand,  
And stare longingly  
Down – into the deep grave! –

O homeland of peace,  
Land of the blessed!  
A magic bond  
Binds my soul to you. –  
Eternal light,  
You beckon me from afar: -  
The stars vanish –  
My eyes close in death! - -  
I am sinking – I am sinking! – Loved ones –  
I come! - - -

**DAS ZÜGENGLÖCKLEIN/THE PASSING BELL**

D. 871 (1826) Seidl

Ring, ring the night through,  
Bring sweet peace  
To him for whom you sound!  
Ring out into the distance,  
Thus reconciling  
Pilgrims with the world.

But who would wish to travel  
To those loved ones  
Who have gone on before?  
Did he ring the bell gladly,  
Does he not tremble on the threshold  
When a voice bids him enter?

Is it meant for the wicked son,  
Who curses the sound  
Because it is sacred?  
No, it rings clearer  
When one who trusts in God  
Comes to his journey's end.

But if it is a weary one,  
Deserted by his brothers,  
Whose faith in the world  
Only a faithful animal  
Has kept alive,  
Call him, God, to You!

If it is one of the blessed ones  
Who shares the pure joys  
Of love and friendship,  
Grant him yet more bliss



Beneath this sun,  
Where he happily lingers!

**DER ZWERG/THE DWARF** D. 771 (1822?) Matthäus von Collin

In the dim light the mountains already fade;  
the ship drifts on the sea's smooth swell,  
with the queen and her dwarf on board.

She gazes up at the high arching vault,  
at the blue distance, interwoven with light,  
streaked with the pale milky way.

'Stars, never yet have you lied to me',  
she cries out. 'Soon now I shall be no more.  
You tell me so; yet in truth I shall die gladly.'

Then the dwarf comes up to the queen, begins  
to tie the cord of red silk about her neck,  
and weeps, as if he would soon go blind with grief.

He speaks: 'You are yourself to blame for this  
suffering, because you have forsaken me for the king;  
now your death alone can revive joy within me.

'Though I shall forever hate myself  
for having brought you death by this hand,  
yet now you must grow pale for an early grave.'

She lays her hand on her heart, so full of youthful  
life, and heavy tears flow from her eyes  
which she would raise to heaven in prayer.

'May you reap no sorrow from my death!'  
she says; then the dwarf kisses her pale cheeks,  
whereupon her senses fade.

The dwarf looks upon the lady in the grip of death;  
he lowers her with his own hands deep into the sea.  
His heart burns with such longing for her,  
he will never again land on any shore.

**VOR MEINER WIEGE/BEFORE MY CRADLE**  
D. 927 (1827) Karl Gottfried von Leitner

So this is the narrow chest  
where I once lay as a baby;  
where I lay, frail, helpless and dumb,  
twisting my lips only to cry.

I could grip nothing with my tiny, tender hands,  
yet I was bound like a rogue;  
I possessed little feet, and yet lay as if lame,  
until mother took me to her breast.

Then I laughed up at her as I suckled,  
and she sang to me of roses and angels;  
she sang and with her singing lulled me to sleep,  
and with a kiss lovingly closed my eyes.

She spread a cool tent of dusky green silk  
above me.  
Where shall I find such a peaceful chamber again?  
Perhaps when the green grass is my roof!

O mother, dear mother, stay here a long time yet!  
Who else would sing to me comforting songs of angels?  
Who else would close my eyes lovingly with a kiss  
for the long, last and deepest rest?

**WALDESNACHT/FOREST NIGHT**  
D.708 (1820) Friedrich von Schlegel

The rushing of the wind, God's own wings,  
deep in the cool night of the forest,  
as the hero leaps on to his horse,  
so does the power of thought soar.  
As the old pine-trees rustle,  
so we hear the surging waves of the spirit.

Glorious is the flame's glow  
in the red light of morning,  
or the flashes that light up the fields,  
often pregnant with death.  
Swiftly the flame flickers and blazes,  
as if summoned upward to God.

The eternal murmuring of gentle springs  
conjures flowers from sorrow;  
yet sadness beats alluringly against our hearts  
in gentle waves.  
The spirit is borne far away  
by those waves that allure us.

Life's urge to be free of its fetters,  
the struggle of strong, wild impulses,  
is turned to love's fair fulfilment,  
stilled by the breath of the spirit.  
We feel the creative breath

pervade our souls.

The rushing of the wind, God's own wings,  
deep in the cool night of the forest;  
free from all restraints  
the power of thought soars;  
without fear we hear the song of the spirits  
echoing in the breezes.

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