

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

*presents*

BARBARA BOCK

*(Soprano)*

in a recital of songs

by

RICHARD STRAUSS



WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1939

Anderson Hall

8:30 o'clock

Marjorie Douglass at the piano

## PROGRAM

### I

- Zueignung (Devotion) . . . . . Opus 10, No. 1  
I give thanks to thee who have blest my life and conjured  
away from it all evil until I have been worthy of thee.  
Hermann von Gilm
- Nichts (Nought) . . . . . Opus 10, No. 2  
Should I tell then of my queen in song; but what do I  
know of her? Is the sun not the source of all life and  
light, yet what do we know of these?—Nothing.  
Hermann von Gilm
- Die Nacht (The Night) . . . . . Opus 10, No. 3  
From the woods silently creeps the night; slowly it en-  
folds the world, Come closer to me, lest the night steal  
even thee from me.  
Hermann von Gilm
- Allerseelen (All Souls' Day) . . . . . Opus 10, No. 8  
But one day in the year are the dead free; then come again  
to my heart, as once in May.  
Hermann von Gilm

### II

- Standchen (Serenade) . . . . . Opus 17, No. 2  
Awake and arise so softly that none other awakes. Step  
lightly into the garden so that even the slumbering flowers  
do not awaken; only Love cannot sleep. Sit near me in  
the wondrous beauty of the night.  
Adolf Friedrich von Schack
- Das Geheimniss (The Secret) . . . . . Opus 17, No. 3  
You ask me, maiden, what the west wind confides to  
flowers, why birds call to each other and the waves  
together? Wait patiently, my child, until Love comes.  
I will answer all.  
Adolf Friedrich von Schack
- Schon sind, doch kalt (Beautiful, but cold) . . . . .  
. . . . . Opus 19, No. 3  
The stars are beautiful but cold. I would give them all for  
one of your glances. They lead only to the course of the  
year; but from your eyes spring always the blessings of  
the entire year.  
Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten (Why should we  
keep our love a secret) . . . . . Opus 19, No. 4  
How could we keep our love a secret, when all nature  
blooms anew with our happiness.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

All' mein Gedanken (All my thoughts) Opus 21, No. 1  
All my thoughts, my heart and my mind fly to my Love.  
They knock at her window and call, "Wake up, let us in,  
for we come from your Love to greet you."

Felix Dahn

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden (Ah, Love, I must  
leave thee) . . . . . Opus 21, No. 3  
Ah Love, I must leave thee. The woods, through which  
we waiked so often, are weeping. If they weep to see us  
parted, think how our own hearts must feel.

Felix Dahn

### III

Kornblumen (Cornflower) . . . . . Opus 22, No. 1  
Cornflower name I the creatures—the mild ones with blue  
eyes, who unconsciously show to all their purity of soul.  
To be near them in the evening, the soul is full of their  
divine peace.

Felix Dahn

Morgen (Tomorrow) . . . . . Opus 27, No. 4  
And tomorrow the sun will shine again. Together we will  
descend to the beach where the wide, blue waves flow, and  
on us will sink the mute silence of happiness.

John Henry Mackay

um durch die Dammerung (Dream in the  
twilight) . . . . . Opus 29, No. 1  
Through the blue, soft twilight I go to the lover's land,  
drawn by a soft and velvet band. I go not fast, nor haste  
to leave, in the twilight blue of eve.

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Ich trage meine Minne (I carry my love) Opus 32, No. 1  
In silent ecstasy I will carry my love in my heart for all  
the days of my life. Even if the sky is black and the world  
in sin, all will disappear before her beauty and innocence.

Karl Henckel

Wiegenlied (Cradle Song) . . . . . Opus 41, No. 1

Dream, my sweet life, of the sky which brings the flowers that tremble at thy mother's song. Dream, my little bud, of the day when the flower opened, and thy little soul unfolded. Dream, blossom of my love, of the still holy night, when the flower of his love turned the world into heaven.

Richard Dehmel

IV

Waldseligkeit (Forest Happiness) . . . Opus 49, No. 1

The forest begins to murmur as night touches the trees. I sit under their branches alone with my thoughts of thee.

Richard Dehmel

Wiegenliedchen (Cradle Song) . . . . . Opus 49, No. 3

Little bee, rocking in the sunshine, plays about my baby and buzzes thee to sleep. Little spider, glistening in the sunlight, weaves a dream around thee. Fairies, creeping out of the sunlight, breathe into thee a tiny soul.

Richard Dehmel

Sie wissen's nicht (They know not) . . . Opus 49, No. 5

There lives a little bird high in the green tree. He knows not that he is the beautiful nightingale. There lives a snow white maiden on the fourth floor near heaven. She knows not that she is the most beautiful in the city. And neither know that below is one whose heart is breaking.

Oscar Panizza

Wer lieben will, muss leiden (Who loves, must suffer) . . . . . Opus 49, No. 7

Who loves must suffer; but I am a lonely maiden who has no one. I weep on my Mother's grave and her answer comes to me: Ah, dear daughter, wait only for Time; Death will soon come—and for eternity.

Curt Muir

Die heiligen drei Konige (The three holy kings) . . . . . Opus 56, No. 6

The three holy kings from an Eastern land asked in every town the way to Bethlehem. When no one knew they followed a star unto Joseph's threshold. The oxen lowed, The Christchild cried and the three holy kings sang with joy.

Heinrich Heine