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 enfolds 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; then 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 walked 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 un-
folded. 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 Mun

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 Betlehem. When no one knew they fol-
lowed a star unto Joseph's threshold. The oxen lowed, The
Christchild cried and the three holy kings sang with joy.

Heinrich Heine