

# VOCAL RECITAL



MME.

## SCHUMANN-HEINK

Miss HELEN SCHAUL at the Piano

Management: HENRY WOLFSOHN

### Words of the Songs

#### I

*a—Aria from the Opera "Mitrane" . . . . . Rossi*

Ah! give me back that heart of thine,  
Give me back all that love divine,  
Give me back that heart I cherished,  
Give me back that love that perished,  
By thee awaken'd.

Ever the same were my thoughts and thine.  
Ever the same were thy will and mine.  
Now why so cruel—so cruel?  
Why hast thou from me departed?  
Ever the same were thy thoughts and mine  
Ever the same were my will and thine.

And why, cruel one, and why, cruel one, and  
why,  
Oh, why, hast thou from me departed?  
Left me sad-hearted From me departed  
Give me back that joy,  
Which in loving me thy love imparted;  
Give, ah, give it, give it back.

Give back once more that dear joy of yore;  
Give it back that I might unite  
My being with thine!  
Ah, give it back, that love divine!

*b—Du bist die Ruh . . . . . Schubert*

My sweet repose, my soothing peace,  
Assuage my woes, ah! make them cease;  
Reside with me 'mid joys and sighs.  
Thy home shall be my heart and eyes.

Still all my woes to wake no more;  
Behind thee close the noiseless door;  
Bid grief and pain in haste depart;  
Do thou remain to cheer this heart.  
Shed o'er my sight thy glorious ray.  
Come, heart's delight, come here and stay.

*c—Wohin . . . . . Schubert*

I hear a streamlet gushing  
From out its rocky bed,  
Far down the valley rushing  
So fresh and clear it sped.

I know not why I pondered,  
Nor whence the thought did flow:  
'Een as he hastens downward  
With my staff I too must go.

Still onward, but ever downward  
And ever still by the stream,  
Which with refreshing murmur  
More bright and clear did gleam.

Must this then be my pathway?  
Oh streamlet, tell me where  
my path shall I find.  
Thou hast with thy sweet murmur  
Bewildered quite my mind.

Why speak I of a murmur?  
No murmur can it be—  
The nixies, they are singing  
'Neath thy wave their melody.

Cease singing, my friends, cease murmuring,  
And blithely wander near.  
I hear the sound of mill-wheels  
In every streamlet clear.

*d—Der Wanderer . . . . . Schubert*

I come here from my mountains lone.  
The vale is dim—the sea doth moan.  
I wonder still with pain and care,  
And ever ask while sighing "Where?"

The sun to me seems dim and cold,  
The flow'rs are pale and life seems old;  
Their speech doth seem but empty sound,  
And stranger I on foreign ground.

Where art thou, mine own dearest Land?  
I seek in vain thy far-off strand!

That Land, that Land, so fresh and green  
Where richest roses may be seen.

Where dwell the friends I love to see,  
Where sleep the dead so dear to me;  
That land where they my language speak—  
Oh Land, where art thou?

I wander still in pain and care,  
And ever ask with sighing "Where?"  
A spirit voice doth whisper near,  
There, where thou art not, all joy is there.

II

PIANO SOLO

- a. Liebestraum . . . . . Liszt  
 b. Hochzeitstag auf Iroldhangen . . . . . Grieg

MISS HELEN SCHAUL

III

a—Heimweh . . . . . Hugo Wolf

Wer in die Fremde will wandern,  
 Der muss mit der Liebsten gehn.  
 Es jubeln und lassen die andern  
 Den Fremden alleine stehn.

Was wisset Ihr, dunkle Wipfel,  
 Von der alten schönen Zeit?  
 Ach, die Heimath hinter den Gipfeln,  
 Wie liegt sie von hier so weit!

Am liebsten betracht ich die Sterne,  
 Die schienen, wie ich ging zu ihr.  
 Die Nachtigall hör' ich so gerne,  
 Sie sang vor der Liebsten Thur.

Der Morgen, das ist meine Freude,  
 Da steig' ich in stiller Stund'  
 Auf den höchsten Berg in die Weite,  
 Gruss dich, Deutschland, aus Herzensgrund!

b—Die drei Zigeuner . . . . . Liszt

Gypsies three were lying one day,  
 By a willow reposing,  
 While I trudged on my weary way,  
 Tired, for daylight was closing.  
 One he played for himself alone,  
 Fiddling freely and lithely,  
 Fading light around him shone,  
 Singing his ditty so blithely.  
 Puff'd the second his smoky rings,  
 Saw them vanish in musing,  
 Peaceful as tho' he'd gather'd of things  
 All that were worth the choosing.

And the third one profoundly slept,  
 With his cymbal before him;  
 Over the strings a wind puff swept,  
 Lightly a dream pass'd o'er him.  
 Clad in tatters and shreds all three,  
 Patch'd with a tangle of stitches,  
 Mock'd at their lot, were proud and free,  
 Scorn'd the world and its riches.  
 Threefold rule they gave that day,  
 Wisdom's nothing beside 't;  
 Life is for sleep, for smoke, for play,  
 Nor forget to deride it.

c—Widmung . . . . . Schumann

Thou art my soul, thou art my heart;  
 Thou both my joy and sadness art,  
 Thou art my world, where I am mover,  
 My heav'n art thou, wherein I hover;  
 Thou art my grave, wherein I cast  
 Forever all my sorrow past:  
 Thou art my rest, my peace protecting;

Thou art from Heav'n my life directing.  
 Make me, by worth, thy love to own!  
 Thy glance to me myself hath shown!  
 Thou'rt ever round me hovering by,  
 My guardian sprite, my better I.  
 Thou art my soul, thou art my heart, etc.

IV

a—Sapphische Ode . . . . . Brahms

Roses gathered I in the night by darkling  
 way,  
 Sweeter breathed their fragrance than e'er  
 by day;  
 Moving branches o'er me in fullness strewing,  
 Showers bedewing.

So thy kisses fragrance as naught has charmed  
 Kisses caught by night from thy lips un-  
 harmed;  
 Thou too moved, moved by deepest feeling,  
 Dewy tears revealing.

b—Six Hungarian Gypsy Songs (Cycle) . Brahms

1—Ho there, Gypsy

Ho there, Gypsy! Strike, resounding ev'ry  
 string,  
 And the song of the false and faithless maiden  
 sing!  
 Ho! there, Gypsy! Strike, resounding ev'ry  
 string,  
 And the song of the false and faithless maiden  
 sing!

Let the strings all moan, lamenting, sorrow,  
 weeping,  
 Till the burning tears these cheeks so hot are  
 steeping!

2—High and Towering Stream

High and towering Rima stream,  
 How art thou so drear,  
 On thy shore I mourn aloud,  
 For thee, my dear!

Waves are rushing, waves are flying,  
 Rolling o'er the strand afar to me;  
 On the shore of Rima let me weep  
 For her eternally!

Six Hungarian Gypsy Songs (Cycle)—Continued

3—Know ye, when my lov'd one is fairest of all bliss?

Know ye, when my lov'd one is fairest of all bliss?

If her sweet mouth rosy, jest and laugh and kiss.

Maiden heart, mine thou art,  
Tenderly, I kiss thee,  
Thee a loving heaven made  
Alone and but for me!

Know ye, when my lover the dearest is to me?  
When in his fond arms, he enfolded me lovingly.

Dear, sweet heart, mine thou art,  
Tenderly, I kiss thee,  
Thee a loving heaven made  
Alone and but for me!

4—Loving God, thou knowest how oft I've rued this

Loving God, thou knowst how oft I've rued this;

That I gave my lover once, a little kiss.  
Heart's command to kiss him, how dismiss?  
And long as I live I'll think of that first kiss.  
Heart's command to kiss him, how dismiss?  
And long as I live I'll think of that first kiss.

How in joy and pain, in him my thoughts delight.

Love is sweet, though bitter oft to rue,  
My poor heart will hold him ever, ever true.  
Love is sweet, though bitter oft to rue,  
My poor heart will hold him ever, ever true.

5—Art thou thinking often now, sweetheart?

Art thou thinking often now, sweet heart, my love,

What thou once with holy vow to me hast sworn?

Art thou thinking often now, sweet heart, my love,

What thou once to me with holy vow hast sworn?

Trifle not, forsake me not,  
Thou knowst not how dearly I love thee;

Lov'st thou me as I thee,  
Smile of God shall crown thee graciously.

6—Rosebuds Three

Rosebuds three, all on one tree, ye blossoms so red;

That a lad a lassie woo, is not forbid!

Rosebuds three, all on one tree, ye blossoms so red;

That a lad a lassie woo, is not forbid!

Loving God, if that had been denied,  
All the world, the beauteous world long since had died.

Single life's a sin beside!

Fairest village in Alfeld is Ketschkemete,  
There live many pretty lasses trim and neat!  
Fairest village in Alfeld is Ketschkemete,  
There live many pretty lasses trim and neat!

Comrades seek and choose ye there a bride,  
Sue then for her hand and may your house abide.

Drain the goblet, comrades tried!

V

RHAPSODIE HONGROISE NO. 8

Liszt

MISS HELEN SCHAUL

VI

Prison Scene (Act V) from "Der Prophet" Meyerbeer  
"FIDES," MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

Recitativ.

Ihr Baals Priester ihr! Wohin habt ihr mich gefuhret?

Welche dustre Merkergruft!

Weh! hier begrabt man mich!

Indessen Bertha Tod dem Sohne droht!

Meinem Sohn! Er ist's nicht mehr!

Weh! Er verlaugnet die Mutter!

So falle aus sein Haupt des Himmels Rache-strahl!

Schlag ihn, schlag ihn, du der an Kindes Haupt den Undank straft!

Nein, nein, nein, Gnade, Gnade fur ihn!

Cavatina

O du der mich verlassen.

Mein Herz, mein Herz, entwaffnet ist's, entwaffnet ist's!

Die Mutter kann nicht hassen;

Leb' wohl, leb' wohl, leb' wohl, leb' wohl, mein Kind!

Die Mutter hat Vergebung nur,

Vergbung nur fur dich, und Schmerz!

Ich habe Alles dir, ja Alles hingegeben,

So geb' ich jetzt auch willig dir mein Leben.

Nur glucklich sollst du sein, nur glucklich sein  
Nimm mein Leben hin, ich harre deiner dort  
Ja, dort, jenseit harr' ich dein.

Der du mich verlassen, etc.

Er nahet mir: Ich soll ihn sehn!

Doch ach! Ach, von Schuld schwer beladen!  
Gott! Gott! Gott!

Arie:

Wirf deines Lichts blitzenden Strahl in seine Seele,

Der Wahrheit Glanz lautre sein Herz von Schuld und Fehle!

Wirf deines Lichts blitzenden Strahl in seine Seele,

Ja lautre ihn gleich edlem Erz durch.

Ja! Wirf deines Lichts blitzenden Strahl in seine Seele,

Der Wahrheit Glanz lautre sein Herz von Schuld und Fehle!

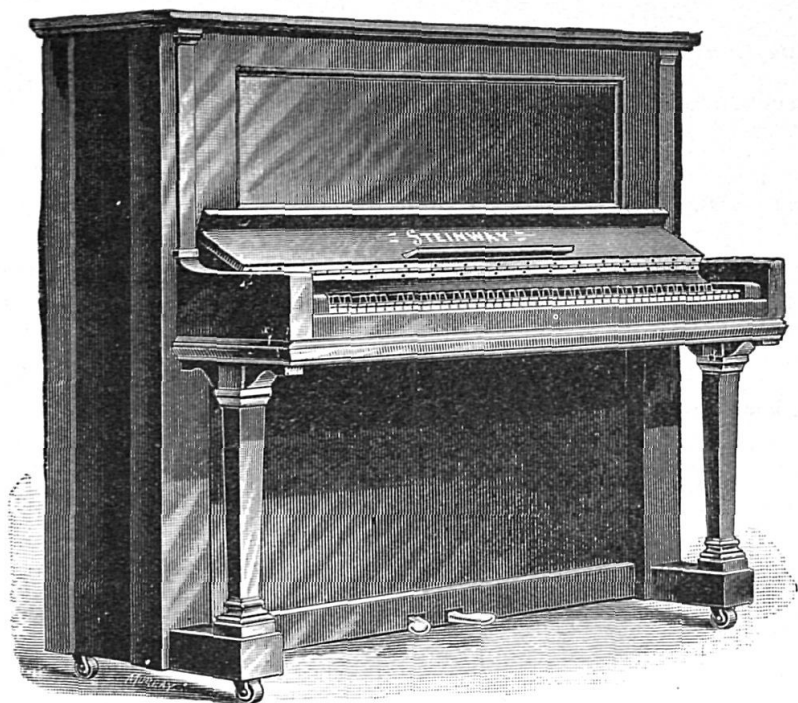
Ja lautre ihn gleich edlem Erz durch Flammen Kraft!

Ja, O Gott! Fuhre ihn in deinen Schoos zuruck!

Ja so fuhre ich mein Kind

In Gottes Retterhand.

In seine Hand, seine Hand zuruck!



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