

ÆOLIAN HALL.

October 30th, at 3.

RECITAL · OF
GRIEG
COMPOSITIONS

MISS

ELLEN BECK

(Court Singer to H.M. The King of Denmark).

MISS

JOHANNE STOCKMARR

(Court Pianist to H.M. The King of Denmark).

MADAME

EDVARD GRIEG

AT THE PIANO.

*Programme and
Words of Songs*
SIXPENCE.

Under the Direction of
Messrs. IBBS & TILLET, T,
19 Hanover Square, W.

Programme



SONGS - - "Your servant, fair ladies"

Two Brown Eyes

A Swan.

Hope.

(Sung in Danish and Norwegian.)

MISS ELLEN BECK.

(Accompanied by MME. EDVARD GRIEG.)

"YOUR SERVANT, FAIR LADIES."

Your servant, fair ladies, before and behind me!
Poor rover, how rash are my hopes!
Where strives my ambition? what object's my mission?

What visions of loveliness blind me!
To drink of the cup that your hands have assigned me,
To hold out my arms for your fetters to bind me,
Say, should it not fill me with fright?

Ye saw me this morning—behold me to-night;
A rover like I should be ever in flight.

Then weave we our web and foregather together;
The great with the small shall be found.
We'll frolic and foot it in highest of feather;
So weave we our web as we gather together,
The shuttle send merrily round.

The music commences, all ready you find me;
Come, ladies, the rover is free!
We'll tread a gay measure and taste every pleasure
If nought of intrigue be designed me.
I'll dance all the night if in toils you'll not wind me;
Remember, to chains none has ever consigned me—
Nay, wild birds endure not the cage.
In vain is your cunning: I'm surely too sage.
Forgive me, but truth will escape at my age.

Then weave we our web and foregather together;
See how like a shuttle I bound!
I'll fly to and fro to the end of my tether.
So weave we our web as we gather together,
The shuttle send merrily round.

TWO BROWN EYES.

I have discovered two sweet brown eyes;
In them my world and my hope now lies.
O glance of maidenly purity,
For ever and ever thou'lt stay with me!

H. C. Andersen.

A SWAN.

My swan, my pale one,
Of silence unbroken,
Of thy voice ne'er a token
Or sound did assail one.
Shyly hiding
From elves that thou drestest,
List'ning, gliding,
Thou timidly fleddest.

Aloft thou sprangest
As death was o'ertaking;
Thy life silence breaking,
At last thou sangest!
That song so cherished
For ever is gone, then?
The singer has perished.
Wert only a swan, then?

Ibsen.

HOPE.

To all the winds I would shout in rapture,
But who would know what a hope is mine!
Nay, rest unspoken the bliss I capture;
My heart alone yet must be its shrine.
Ah, what a trembling and panting and blushing!
That heart is beating with wondrous might;
Like birds in springtime my thoughts are rushing;
With joy unbounded I watch their flight.

What strains of music my pulses sound me!
With angels' songs they my ear regale.
Remotest fancies draw close around me,
And lightly lifts e'en the future's veil.
Can I believe it? Ah, dare I only!
What ray of hope in my soul doth shine!
Upon the darkness of life so lonely
A star has broken, and it is mine!

SOLO PIANOFORTE

Holberg Suite

Prelude.
Sarabande.
Gavotte.
Air.
Rigaudon.

MISS JOHANNE STOCKMARR.

SONGS

Ausfahrt
Zur Rosenzeit
Ein Traum

(Sung in German.)

MISS ELLEN BECK.

(Accompanied by MME. EDVARD GRIEG.)

AUSFAHRT.

Es war eine dämmernde Sommernacht,
Ein Schiff lag dort in der Näh',
Wo dunkle Tannen, der Bäume Pracht,
Sich spiegeln im glänzenden See.
Es wehte erfrischende Morgenluft
Und zog durch die stille Nacht.
Des Sees Hauch und des Grases Duft
Vereint waren früh erwacht.
Das dunkle Schiff lag ruhig und trug
Die Masten zum Himmel empor;
Doch hatte es sich bereitet zum Flug
Und zog schon die Segel hervor.
Wenn das goldene Tageslicht
Die Bergesspitzen beschien,
Dann ruhte es länger im Hafen nicht,
Es sollt' in die Ferne hinzieh'n.
Und sieh! das Deck in dem Sonnengold
Mein junges Weib betrat;
Sie war so lieblich, sie war so hold,
Ein erröthendes Rosenblatt.
Sie hatte die Hand in mein' gelegt,
Und schien in die Ferne zu seh'n;
Ihr Traum ward Wahrheit, den sie gehegt,
Wir sollten zusammen geh'n
Weit über's Meer, mit schnender Brust,
Gen Süd' in's herrliche Land.
Wir sollten wandern in Jugendlust
Am Arno, am Tiberstrand.
Das Leben lag vor ihr so lieblich und zart,
So schönheitreich und so licht;
Sie schwebte hinaus auf die herrliche Fahrt:
Die Königin im Gedicht.
Gott sei gelobet, dass sie nicht sah
So weit in die Zukunft hinein:
Nicht lange, ach, bald lag still sie da
In dem Grabe, so bleich, allein.

Edm. Lobedans.

English Version.

The morn was dawning in summer skies,
A ship at anchor there lay;
Where sombre fir-trees majestic rise,
Reflected upon the bay.
The radiant daylight was near its birth,
And into one fragrance blent,
The ocean's breeze and the breath of earth
Poured out each a stronger scent.
The sombre bark that lay rocking there,
With tapering masts of pride,
To get under weigh 'gan now prepare
And spread all her canvas wide.
When the golden god of day doth rise,
And gleam on yon mountain peak,
Then forth from her harbour away she flies,
Fairer, sunnier waters to seek.
Now lo! where glistens the rising light
My fair young bride I see;
Her form so lovely, her eyes so bright,
Like a rose leaf of summer, she.
Her little white hand in mine is placed,
The future her eyes seem to read,
Her happy dreams fulfilment now to taste,
O'er ocean together we speed—
Far o'er the sea, while hearts hotly beat,
Toward fair Italy's land.
Soon are we pressing with bounding feet
The Arno and Tiber's strand.
Thus life lay before her so sunny and clear,
It beckoned her forth to sail.
She eagerly launched on her smiling career,
The queen of a poet's tale.
Now God be thanked that she had not read
In truth from the future's tome!
Full soon lay she motionless, cold, and dead,
In her grave so far from home.

F. Corâer.

ZUR ROSENZEIT.

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knospchen lauernd,
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte,
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug,
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Goethe.

EIN TRAUM.

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut'.
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch, als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit:
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit;

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut' erscholl vom Dorfe her;
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang,
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum,
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit!
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

Bodenstedt.

English Version.

Ye are fading, tender roses,
And my love has worn ye not!
O'er my hopes the cold grave closes:
Smile not on my lonely lot!

Now, alas! I ponder weeping,
O my angel! on that morn
When I sought each rosebud peeping
That my garden would adorn.

Fruit and flowers, ev'ry treasure
Unto thy feet I gladly bore;
At thy ev'ry flush of pleasure
Hope within my breast did soar.

Ye are fading, etc.

English Version.

I had a wondrous lovely dream:
Methought I wooed a blue-eyed maid;
We stood beneath the greenwood shade
When April shed his sunny beam.

The buds did throng, the brooklet gushed;
Afar we heard the village chime;
Through ev'ry vein the rapture flushed:
We stood entranced in bliss sublime.

But fairer far than was my dream,
The bliss one walking hour displayed:
We stood beneath the greenwood shade
When April shed his sunny beam.

The brooklet gushed, the buds did throng,
And village chimes the breezes bore;
I held thee fast, I held thee long,
For fate shall part us nevermore!

O greenwood lit by April's beam,
Through life thou wilt abide with me!
Here did the truth a vision seem;
Here was my dream made verity!

F. Corder.

SOLO PIANOFORTE

Slåt (*Peasants' Dance*)

At your feet.

The dance.

Berceuse.

The bridal procession.

From the carnival.

Miss JOHANNE STOCKMARR.

- - -
A Mother's Grief
"To Springtime my song I utter"
The First Meeting
Ragnhild
Eros

Miss ELLEN BECK.

(Accompanied by MME. EDVARD GRIEG.)

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

Did you see my bonnie boy,
Oh so bright and eager-eyed?
All day long I gazed with joy,
Yet ne'er was satisfied.
Now how bare, how lone and bare
His little cradle lieth!
And, alas, what black despair
Across my spirit lieth!

Jesu mild, 'twas hard indeed
To resign him to heavenly bliss!
One more angel didst Thou need?
Yet I had none but this!
Hast Thou given him pinions white?
Do shining robes adorn him?
Help me, who am joyless quite;
Oh give me tears to mourn him!

After C. Richardt.

"TO SPRINGTIME MY SONG I UTTER."

To springtime my song I utter,
That back to us he may flutter:
Both laden with fancies sweet,
In friendly affection meet.

They smile, and the sun is brightened,
Old winter is scared and frightened;
To join them the brook comes bubbling,
His spirit the song is troubling;
And chased from their secret bowers,
Light winds bring the breath of flowers.

After Björnson.

THE FIRST MEETING.

The thrill of love's first meeting
Is like the breath of meadows,
Or songs upon the water
In purple evening shadows.

Like distant horns resounding
Across the scented heather,
A music, soul-born, rises
In hearts that beat together.

After Björnson.

RAGNHILD.

Ragnhild was a maiden
Whom on deck we saw;
From that very moment
I obeyed her law.
Ev'rything was singing,
Fiord and mountain ringing,
As we sailed along,
And we joined the song.

When this journey ended
I can scarcely tell:
But not for a long time
Could I say farewell.
And when we had parted,
Birds had hushed their voices,
Vanished had the day,
Sunshine bright and gay.

And now ev'ry maiden—
Be she far or near—
Seems to have the bright eyes
Of my love so dear;
In the lovely woodlands,
On the moonlit-bright sands,
Over the deep, white snow,
Ragnhild I ever saw.

Translated by N. Hatsfeld.

EROS.

Hear me, ye frosty cold hearts of the North,
Who in each joy of renunciation are reminded—
Woe! you are blinded, woe! you are blinded,
Ye who seek roses when past is the day:
Years quickly fleeting, like the wind's greeting,
Take all sweet youth and youth's joyousness way.
Tarry not, go forth to love's happy meeting;
Heed my admonishment, heed my words.

Tightly embrace her who all gives to thee,
Strong as the love of youth can but be;
Tightly embrace her with all the glow
That thy soul consumeth with longing,
That high thy heart in its bliss shall bound.
That is the grandest—nay, more yet than this:
That is the only true, greatest earthly joy to be
found.

Translated by M. Clark.

STEINWAY GRAND PIANOFORTE.

