

1907

Alme. Schumann = Heink

RETURN RECITAL

THE ARMORY

Saturday Evening, January 12, 1907

Miss Helen Schaul, *At the Piano*

Edgar E. Coursen, *Organist*

Harold Bayley, *Violinist*

Direction

Lois Steers—Wynn Coman

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) ICH LIEBE DICH (I Love Thee) *L. von Beethoven*

O I love thee as thou dost me,
 And that is ever dearly;
 There goes not by one day but we
 Share our joy and grief sincerely.

Our troubles were more light to bear
 By fond participation;
 For less and less became each care
 Thro' mutual consolation.

God's blessings on the darling wife
 Who helps my toil to lighten,
 God grant us thro' a happy life
 His grace our bliss to heighten.

c) NEUE LIEBE, NEUES LEBEN (New Love, New Life) . . . *L. von Beethoven*

O my heart, what thus oppressing?
 What emotion stirs thee so?
 Strange, new life my soul possessing!
 I myself no longer know.
 All thou lovedst once is banished,
 What was fear'd has now quite vanish'd.
 Gone thy toil and rest, alas!

How did all this come to pass?
 Does the beautiful Maiden enthral me?
 Her sweet form and lovely face?
 Do her glance and smile recall me,
 Full of truth and pow'r and grace?

If to quit her I endeavor,
 And resolve the bond to sever,
 In an instant I am more strongly fettered than be-
 fore,
 To her, to her bound more and more.

O my heart what thus oppressing?
 What emotion stirs me so?
 Strange new life my soul possessing
 I myself no longer know.
 All thou lovedst once is banished,
 What was fear'd has now quite vanish'd.
 Gone thy toil and rest, alas!

How did all this come to pass?
 Etc., etc., etc.

By a thread of fascination,
 Though much tried unbroken still,
 This dear girl with exultation
 Holds me fast against my will,
 In the magic round encloses,
 I must live as she disposes,
 Great the change that reigns in me,
 Love, O Love, do set me free!

II.

a) LITANEY *Franz Schubert*

Peace be with all souls departed,
 Now they rest, the heavy-hearted,
 Those whose life was joyous boon,
 Those who fainted ere their noon,
 Myriad shad'wy hosts they number;
 Peace on all the souls that slumber!

Soul of every loving maiden,
 Dying lone and sorrow-laden,
 Whom a fickle heart betray'd,
 And the scorn of friends low laid,
 Myriad shad'wy hosts they number;
 Peace on all the souls that slumber!

b) DIE JUNGE NONNE (The Young Nun) *Franz Schubert*

Now roars o'er the housetop the loud, howling wind
 And clatter the rafters, and trembles the house,
 There rolleth the thunder, there red lightnings flash.
 The night is all gloom, like the tomb.
 Well, and good, e'en so tempest-tossed once was I,
 So life raged within me like yon raging storm,
 So trembled my frame, like this frail trembling
 house,
 Love flamed in my heart like yon lightning flash,
 This soul was all gloom, like the tomb.
 Now, rage on thy way, thou wild mighty storm;
 My bosom is tranquil, my heart is at rest.

The bride for the bridegroom will patiently stay,
 Her spirit is cleansing, fire-tried,
 For pardon she trusts to his infinite love.
 I wait still thy coming, with yearning abide,
 Come heavenly bridegroom, save then my bride,
 Her spirit set free from her prison of clay.
 Hark! softly pealing from yonder tow'r sounds the
 bell,
 It calls me with sweetest tone
 And bids me seek in yonder height
 E'en Him, who there reigns in pow'r and might.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

c) RASTLOSE LIEBE *Franz Schubert*

'Gainst snow and tempest,
 Or cliffs' uptow'ring,
 By flood and torrent,
 'Neath skies uptow'ring,
 Speed away, never rest,
 Follow high behest.

Rather tormented,
 Struggle with sorrow,
 Than greet in sameness
 Of pleasures the morrow,
 Tender emotion
 The young spirit swaying.

Where shall I fly, shall I defy
 Vain, dread pow'r to resist thee?
 Life's crowning glory,
 Joy without rest,
 In thee alone, O Love,
 We are blest.

III.

FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN (Woman's Love and Life) Opus 42 *Robt. Schumann*

1

Since mine eyes beheld him,
Blind I seem to be;
Wheresoe'er they wander
Him alone they see.
'Round me glows his image
In a waking dream,
From the darkness rising,
Brighter doth it beam.

All is drear and gloomy
That around me lies,
Now my sisters' pleasures
I no longer prize;
In my chamber rather
Would I weep alone,
Since mine eyes beheld him,
Blind, methinks, I'm grown.

2

He, the best of all, the noblest,
O how gentle! O how kind!
Lips of sweetness, eyes of brightness,
Steadfast courage, lucid mind!

As on high, in Heaven's azure,
Bright and splendid beams yon star,
In my heaven thus he beameth,
Bright and splendid, high and far.

Wander, wander where thou listeth;
I will gaze but on thy beam,
With humility behold it,
In a sad, yet blissful dream.

Hear me not thy bliss imploring
With my heart's mute eloquence!
Know me not, a lowly maiden,
Star of proud magnificence!

May thy choice be render'd happy
By the worthiest alone!
And I'll call a thousand blessings
Down on her exalted throne.

Then I'll weep with tears of gladness,
Happy, happy then my lot!
Tho' my heart be riv'n asunder,
Break, O heart, it matters not!

He, the best of all, the noblest,
O how gentle! O how kind!
Lips of sweetness, eyes of brightness,
Steadfast courage, lucid mind!

3

Is 't true? I cannot believe it,
A dream doth my senses enthral;
Oh can he have made me so happy
Exalted me thus above all?

Me seems as if he had spoken:
"I'm thine, for ever true!"
Me seems, O, still am I dreaming,
It cannot, cannot be true!

O, could I, rock'd on his bosom,
In the sleep of eternity lie,
That death were indeed most blissful,
In rapture of weeping to die.

Is 't true? I cannot believe it,
A dream doth my senses enthral;
Oh, can he have made me so happy,
Exalted me thus above all?

4

Thou ring upon my finger,
My dear little golden ring,
With fondest affection I'll kiss thee,
Fondly unto thee cling,

The peaceful dream of childhood,
Was but as a dream that's past;
Alone and forlorn I wandered,
In th' void so dreary and vast.

Thou ring upon my finger,
Thou gav'st my life new birth,
Unlocked its secret treasures,
And taught me how boundless their worth.

I'll live for him and forever,
None else shall ever be mine,
In glory and splendor then mirror'd,
Alone through him shall I shine.

FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN (Woman's Love and Life) Opus 42—*Continued.*

5

Help me, ye sisters, kindly to deck me,
Me, O the happy one, aid me this morn!
Let the light fingers twine the sweet myrtle's
Blossoming garland my brow to adorn!

As on the bosom of my belov'd one,
Wrapt in the bliss of contentment I lay,
He, with soft longing, in his heart thrilling,
Ever impatiently sigh'd for today.

Aid me, ye sisters, aid me to banish
Foolish anxieties, timid and coy,
That I with sparkling eye may receive him,
Brightest fountain of rapture and joy.

Do I behold thee, thee my belov'd one,
Dost thou, O sun, shed thy beams on me?
Let me devoutly, let me in meekness
Bend to my lord and my master the knee!

Strew, ye fair sisters, flowers before him,
Cast budding roses around his feet.
Joyfully quitting now your bright circle,
Lovely sisters, with sadness I greet.

6

Dearest friend, thou lookest on me with surprise.
Dost thou wonder wherefore tears suffuse mine eyes?
Let the dewy pearl-drops like rare gems appear,
Trembling bright with gladness in their crystal
sphere.

With what anxious raptures doth my bosom swell,
Had, Oh, had I language what I feel to tell!
Come and hide thy face, love, here upon my breast,
In thine ear I'll whisper why I am so blest.

Now the tears thou knowest which my joy confessed,
Thou shalt not behold them, thou my dearest best,
Linger on my bosom, feel its throbbing tide,
Let me press thee firmly, firmly to my side.

Here may rest the cradle close my couch beside,
Where it may in silence my sweet vision hide;
Soon will come the morning when my dream will
wake,
And thy smiling image will to life awake.

7

Here on my bosom, here on my breast,
Thou joy of all joys, my sweetest best!
O bliss, thou art love, O love, thou art bliss,
I've said it, seal it here with a kiss.

I thought no joy could mine exceed,
But I am happy now indeed!
Who to her bosom once hast press'd
The babe who life drinks at her breast.

Only a mother joys can know
Of love and happiness here below;
I pity the man, whose bosom reveals
No joy like that a mother feels!

Thou dear, dear little angel thou!
Thou lookest on me, with a smile on thy brow,
Upon my heart, and upon my breast
Thou joy of joys, my sweetest, best.

8

Ah! thy first wound hast thou inflicted now, but oh!
how deep!

Hard-hearted, cruel man, now sleepest thou death's
long, long sleep.

I gaze upon the void in silent grief, the world is
drear,

I've lived and loved, but now the leaf of life is sere.
I will retire within my soul's recess, the veil shall
fall,

I'll live with thee and my past happiness, O thou,
my all!

IV.

a) BEFREIT *Richard Strauss*

O do not weep, love! Though I shall miss thee,
 Bid me farewell, love, and fondly kiss me,
 And I will return thy gaze and kiss.
 Our sweet home in the woodlands,
 Who but thou didst adorn it?
 It made it our world, our joy to own it. O Bliss!
 Then shall thy soft snow-white hands caress me;
 Thou shalt leave me thy soul and bless me;

Leave me our babes with a mother's kiss.
 Thou gav'st me thy life, thy love so tender;
 Both now unto them I gladly render. O Bliss!
 Life fast is ebbing; death comes tomorrow.
 We both then shall be released from sorrow.
 Take now and give the farewell kiss.
 Then I shall but see thee in dreams asleep, love.
 Thou shalt bless me and with me shalt weep, love.
 O Bliss!

b) HEIMLICHE AUFFORDERUNG *Richard Strauss*

Up, lift now the sparkling gold cup to the lip and
 drink!
 And leave not a drop in the goblet fill'd full to the
 brink;
 And as thou dost pledge me, let thine eyes rest
 on me,
 Then I will respond to thy smile and gaze all silent
 on thee.
 Then let thy eyes bright wander around
 O'er the comrades gay and merry,
 Oh, do not despise them, love;
 Nay, lift up the sparkling gold goblet and join the
 sway,
 Let them rejoice and be happy this festive day.

But when thou hast drunk and eaten, no longer
 stay;
 Rise and turn thine eyes from the drinkers and
 hasten away,
 And wending thy steps to the garden, where blush
 the roses fair,
 Come to the sheltering arbor. I'll meet thee there,
 And soft on thy bosom resting, let me adore
 Thy beauty, drink thy kisses as oft before.
 I'll twine around thy fair forehead the roses white,
 Oh, come, thou wond'rous bliss-bestowing, longed-
 for night!

—John Bernhoff.

V.

THREE SONGS WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.

a) RECITATIVE AND ARIA (From St. Paul) *Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*

b) SEI STILL *J. Raff*

Ah, what has life for him in store,
 Whose dearly loved ones are no more
 But be thou still, for 'tis God's will,
 Be still, be still!

Ah, it is hard in death to sleep
 When those we love most 'round us weep.
 But be thou still, for 'tis God's will,
 Be still, be still!

Ah! living, dying, we might bear
 If our weak hearts but silent were;
 So be thou still, for 'tis God's will;
 Be still, be still!

c) AVE MARIA *Bach-Gounod*



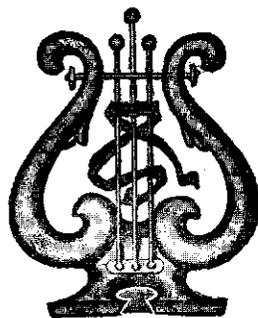
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