

**THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN IOWA
SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

PRESENTS

**Caleb Self, Baritone
Yizhou Lou, piano**

Davis Hall
November 10, 2021
6:00 P.M.

from *Liederkreis*, Op. 39

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

In der Fremde
Waldesgespräch
Mondnacht
Zwielicht
Im Walde

Intermission

Six Songs from a Shropshire Lad

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

I. Loveliest of trees
II. When I was one-and-twenty
III. Look not in my eyes
IV. Think no more, lad
V. The lads in their hundreds
VI. Is my team ploughing

Please refrain from applauding until the completion of each set.

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the General Music degree at
The University of Northern Iowa School of Music. Caleb Self is a voice student of Dr. John
Hines*

Caleb Self, Baritone

General Music
November 10, 2021

Program Translations

In der Fremde

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keener mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Waldesgespräch

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

Mondnacht

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Es war, als hätt der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte

In a Foreign Land

Translation by Richard Stokes

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother are long dead,
Now no one knows me there

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest, and above me
The beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle,
Forgotten here as well.

A Forest Dialogue

Translation by Richard Stokes

It is already late, it is already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.'

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wonderful fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

'You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine
It is already late, It is already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!'

Moonlit Night

Translation by Richard Stokes

It was as though Heaven
had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread

Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Zwielicht

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tückschen Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren—
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

Im Walde

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde;
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde

her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

Twilight

Translation by Richard Stokes

Dusk is about to spread its wings,
The trees now shudder and stir,
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams—
What can this dusk imply?

If you have a fawn you favor,
Do not let her graze alone,
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,
Voices wander to and fro.

If here on earth you have a friend,
Do not trust him at this hour,
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,
In treacherous peace he's sch

That which wearily sets today,
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.
Much can go lost in the night—
Be wary, watchful, on you guard!

In the Forest

Translation by Richard Stokes

A wedding procession wound over the mountain,
I heard the warbling of birds,
Riders flashed by, hunting horns peeled,
That was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had faded,
Darkness covers the land,
Only the forest sights from the mountain,
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

Loveliest of trees

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

When I was one-and-twenty

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.”
But I was one-and-twenty
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
“The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
‘Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.”
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, ’tis true, ’tis true.

Look not in my eyes

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.

Think no more, lad

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

Think no more, lad; laugh be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
and the feather pate of folly
bears the falling sky.

Oh, ’tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around;
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; ’tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

The lads in their hundreds

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There’s men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There’s chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there’s nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Is my team ploughing?

Text by Alfred Edward Housman

“Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?”

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough

“Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?”

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

“Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, She lies down lightly,
She lies down not to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.