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Faculty Recital: George Goldsmith Daland, basso cantante

George Goldsmith Daland
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"Though a heap of gold would like me not ill
Yet dance I neither may nor will."
"Sir Olaf, if thou wilt not grant my desire
They heart shall waste in sickness dire!"
With fairy fingers did she smite his heart,
O ne'er in life had he felt such smart.
She bade them to place him on the steed:
"Ride home unto thy bride with speed!"
And when he gained the castle gate,
There his trembling mother stood to wait:
"O speak, and tell me true, my son,
Why dost thou look so pale and wan?"
"And should I not be blight of blee?
The Elfin kingdom I did see."
"Say on, dear son, and nothing hide.
What shall I tell to thy fair bride?"
"Tell her I ride in the forest bound,
To measure the might of horse and hound."
Betines when day had hardly broke
There came the bride and the wedding folk.
They quaffed the mead and wine full old:
"Where is Sir Olaf, my bridegroom bold?"
"Sir Olaf rides in the forest bound,
To measure the might of horse and hound."
The bride upraised the cloak of red,
There lay Sir Olaf: he was dead.

THE ERLKÜEN. (Goethe).
Who rideth so late through tempest wild?
It is the father, who bears his child,
The boy is nestling close in his arm.
He clasps him safely, he keeps him warm.
"My son, why clingest so closely to me?"
"The wood demon, O father, I see!
The forest demon with crown and train!"
"My son, the mist deceives thy brain."
"O come dear child, away with me:
And we will sport right merrily.
The fairest flowers shall thou behold,
My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
The demon whispering into my ear?"
"'Tis naught my child, be tranquil in mind;
The dead leaves rustle, stirred by the wind."
Say pretty boy, wilt thou go with me?
And my daughters fair shall watch over thee.
For my daughters all night their revelry keep,
And they will rock thee and sing thee to sleep.
"My father, my father, oh look where they dance,
He and his daughters beneath the moon's glance.
"My son, my son, oh be not afraid,
It is but the willow's quivering shade."
I love thee, with rapture thy form I survey.
If thou art unwilling I'll tear thee away."
"My father, my father, he seizes my arm,
The forest demon has wrought me harm."
The father trembles, he rides like the wind,
SONGS:
With Early Horn, - - John Ernest Galliard
[Early 18th century.]
Waft her, angels, through the skies, (Jephtha) Handel
Der Engel, - - - Wagner
Herr Oluf - - - Loewe
Erlkoenig, - - - Loewe
(An account of the last two songs and a translation of the words are given on the other page.)

VIOLONCELLO SOLO:
Andante Cantabile, - - Tschaikowsky

SONGS:
Chanson du Torreador, (Carmen) - Bizet
Schwanenlied, - - - Hartmann
Allerseelen, - - - Richard Strauss
My Queen, - - - Blumenthal

SONGS:
La Belle du Roi, - - - Holmès
The Bloom is on the Rye, - - Bishop
In Autumn, - - - Franz Ries
Rhine Wine Song, - - -

VIOLONCELLO SOLOS:
Romance sans Paroles, - - Van Goens
Aria, (Martha), - - Flotow

SONGS:
Serenade of Mephistopheles. (Damnation of Faust) - - Berlioz
Cavalry Song, - - - Horatio W. Parker
My Snowy Breasted Pearl, An Old Irish Melody
Bedouin Love Song, - - Pinsuti

VIOLONCELLO SOLO:
Valse de Concert, - - Dunkler

SONGS:
The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, Scotch Folk Song
The Ould Plaid Shawl, - - Battison Haynes
Little Mary Cassidy, - - An Old Irish Melody
Father O'Flynn, - - Irish Folk Song

story of Herr Oluf into German. Goethe was inspired by it to produce his most popular ballad, Erlkoenig. Both are legends of the mysterious monarch of the elves of the woods, known as the Erlking, who, with his wife and daughter and train of fairy attendants was supposed to inhabit the forest, luring nocturnal travellers to destruction. Albert B. Bach said of Goethe's Erlkoenig: "The emotions of three distinct persons (the Erlking, the father and the child) are represented ascending to the highest pathos. The poem is at the same time as short as possible. With the swiftness of an arrow it passes on, rising and falling, and resembling in its rhythm the galloping of a horse. The dramatic treatment of the incident discloses at once the minutest details of the landscape—night, fog, storm, withered leaves, venerable willows, long vistas which open before our eyes, showing us the Erlking, with his crown and long robe of mist, reigning in his empire, and approaching to frighten the poor child to death." In his cantata, The Erlking's Daughter, Gade, the Scandinavian composer, has used the legend of Herr Oluf. Loewe has set these two stories to appropriately dramatic ballad music. Wagner regarded Loewe's Herr Oluf as one of the most important works which musical literature possesses, and, concerning his Erlkoenig Wagner once said to his pupils: "My young friends, you think Schubert's Erlking to be the best. Listen! here is one much finer; it is that by Loewe. Schubert's Erlking is not quite true, but Loewe's is true."

SIR OLAFF (Herder.)
Sir Olaf gallops far and wide,
To bid the guests to his wedding-tide.
The wood-elves are dancing upon the green,
There too the Elf-queen beckoning is seen:
"Come hither, Sir Olaf, and foot it with me;
A pair of golden spurs I'll offer to thee."
"I may not, will not dance with thee oh fay;
To-morrow is my wedding day."
"Come hither, Sir Olaf, and foot it with me;
A silken smock I'll offer to thee,
A smock of silk, so fine and white,
That my mother bleached with pure moonlight."
"I cannot, will not dance with thee, oh fay,
To-morrow is my wedding day."
"Come hither, Sir Olaf, and foot it with me;
And a heap of gold I'll give unto thee."