

On time (Milton)

Fly envious Time, till thou art out thy race!
Call on the lazy leaden stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross,
So little is our loss, So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss.
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly devine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him whose happymaking sight alone,
When once our heav'nly guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grossness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall forever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance,
and thee, O Time,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance,
and thee O Time.

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EGON-WELLESZ-FONDS



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Palais Mollard, 1010 Wien, Herrengasse 9

Salon Hoboken

Programm

Egon Wellesz (1885-1974)

On Time, Three Songs for Baritone op.63

- I. Ah! Fading Joy (Dryden)
- II. The Poet and the Day (E.Mackenzie)
- III. On Time (Milton)

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Lieder aus dem Nachlass

- Warte noch (Rodenberg)
- Spielmannslied (Schoenach-Carolath)
- Spätsommerliedchen (Fritsch)
- Winter (Calé)
- Wiegenlied (Falke)
- Wie einst, Studie nach Chopin (Triebnigg)
- Vale carissima (Stieler)
- Über Tag und Nacht (Roquette)

Egon Wellesz

Lieder aus Wien op.82 (Artmann)

- I. gima dei haund
- II. hosd as net kead
- III. en an schbedn heabst
- IV. frog me ned
- V. wos unguaz

Erich Zeisl (1905-1959)

- Altes Reiterlied (Klabund)
- In der Nacht (Eichendorff)
- Morgenlied (Eichendorff)
- Schrei (Eidlitz)

Egon Wellesz

Lieder aus der Fremde op.15 (Nach dem Chinesischen von Bethge)

- I. Die geheimnisvolle Flöte
- II. Einsam
- III. In der Fremde

Mondnacht auf dem Meer (Nach dem Chinesischen von Bethge)

Erich Zeisl

Mondbilder (Morgenstern)

- I. Der Mond steht da
- II. Eine goldene Sichel
- III. Groß über schweigenden Wäldern
- IV. Durch die Abendwolken

Texte zu Egon Wellesz, op.63

Ah! Fading joy (Dryden)

Ah! Fading joy,
How quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste;
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new and follow Fate
Which would too fast pursue.

See how on every bough the birds
Express in their sweet notes their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their care:
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below
Such troubles choose to know as none
Of all his subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

The poet and the day (Elisabeth Mackenzie)

(The Poet)
And are you also Time, dear light and fair day?
Were you in cold cradled will you in darkness die?

(Day)
Night has no claim on you, bright flesh and strong bone:
Sleep, death, is your darkness
Time's end is my tomb.

(The Poet)
I in myself carry all time that man knows
Sweet day must you leave me
When Time to silence goes?

(Day)
Warm in my heart hanging, bright apple burns its sides,
and through my fair body still Ariadne rides.
Poet, you still sing me: I am but your day.
When man, the vessel, smashes, my gold will float away.