

THE POEMS OF Heinrich Heine

READ IN ENGLISH BY CLAIRE LUCE

From the translation by Louis Untermeyer Folkways Records FL 9867



PT
2316
A4
U5
1963

MUSIC LP

SIDE I

- Band 1: My Love: When Two Who Love, Lonely Now;
We Stand Upon a Corner
- Band 2: Death Brings the End; Stars: Did Not My
Faded Face; Too Late
- Band 3: What Drives You Out: I Am Helpless; Why
Does this Lonely Tear-Drop: Don't Send Me Off
- Band 4: When I Lie Down; These Gray Clouds; With
Kisses; He Who for the First Time Loves;
- Band 5: Death: Why Are All the Roses So Pale?
I Face The Greenwood;
I Despaired; So Now: The World is Dull

SIDE II

- Band 1: Autumn Mists; I Will Not Mourn; Here's
May Again; Ah, I Long for Tears: A Star
- Band 2: They Buried Him at the Crossroads; The World
is So Fair; What Lies; Were It Known;
Have You Really Grown to Hate Me? I Wept:
- Band 3: Every Moment; Shadow-Love; In Memory;
Love, When You Sink;
- Band 4: Sweet Desires; Stars With Golden Feet;
The Violets: It Was in July
- Band 5: How Deep: Now the Night; Listen; They're
Having a Party; Heart; My Heart

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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SIDE I

In his introduction to the poems of Heine - Louis Untermeyer, who translated them, says:

"The centenary of Heinrich Heine's death was celebrated on February 17, 1956 with a salvo of unreserved appreciations. For the first time in a hundred years, there were no niggling condescensions, no half-hearted excuses for Heine's trenchant but troublesome vulgarities, no sneers at his ambiguous political alignments. There was, on the other hand, plenty of evidence that Heine was being rediscovered as well as reappraised. His poem had always been familiar as pieces of pure lyricism or as lyrics for other men's music-even those who had never opened Heine's pages, had heard his poignant syllables intensifying the melodies of Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Franz, Jensen and Hugo Wolff. But a new emphasis was placed upon the writer who managed to combine magic and common sense, who in the same stanza carefully created and casually destroyed moonlit fantasies, and with a style like a stiletto, cut through universally accepted shams and sanctified stupidities."

The Poems of Heinrich Heine.

Band 1:

My love, lay your hand on my heart in its gloom
Do you hear that! like tapping inside of a room!
A carpenter lives there. With malice and glee
He's building a coffin, a coffin for me.

He hammers and pounds with such fiendish delight
I never can sleep, neither daytime or night,
O, carpenter, hurry the hours that creep;
Come, finish your labors -- and then I can sleep.

When two who love are parted,
They talk, as friend to friend,
Clasp hands and weep a little
And sigh without an end.

We did not weep my darling,
Nor sigh "Why must this be?"
The tears, the sighs, the anguish
Came later--and to me.

Lonely now, I pour my sadness
In the hidden lap of night,
Far from every human gladness
Far from men and their delight.

All alone, my tears are flowing,
Flowing softly, flowing still;
But the heart's too - fiery glowing
No amount of tears can chill.

We stood upon a corner, where,
For upwards of an hour,
We spoke with soulful tenderness
Of love's transcending power.

Our fervours grew; a hundred times
Impassioned oaths we made there.
We stood upon the corner--and
Alas, my love, we stayed there.

The goddess Opportunity
A maid alert and sprightly,
Came by, observed as standing there,
And passed on, laughing lightly.

Band 2:

Death brings the end; and though I do dread it,
My tight-lipped pride is ended too.
And I can say, "For you, for you,
My heart has beat." There, I've said it.

The grave is dug; prepare the coffin;
And I will slumber without rue,
And you will weep, yes, even you
Will dream of me, remembering often.

Comfort yourself. No use pretending
This doesn't happen everywhere.
Whatever's good and great and fair,
Always will have a shabby ending.

Stars with fair and golden ray,
Greet my loved one far away;
Say that I still wear the rue,
Sick at heart and pale -- and true.

Did not my pallid face betray
The passion that I bore you?
And did you think my haughty lips
Would beggar-like, implore you?

These haughty lips were only made
For kisses, jests, and lying--
They'd form a mocking, scornful word
Even though I were dying!

Too late, your sighs and smiles of promise,
Your little hints of love, too late.
Emotion's dead. The pulse is quiet
That beat at such an anxious rate.

Too late, the thought of mutual passion;
Too late the talk of being brave.
Your ardent look is no more rousing
Than sunlight falling on a grave.

This would I know:
When life is over
Where can tired spirits go?
Where is the fire that we extinguished?
Where is the wind that ceased to blow?

Band 3:

What drives you out in this night of spring
To set the flowers murmuring?
The violets are affrighted;
The roses, flushed with shame, are red;
The lilies, paler than the dead
Bend as though they were blighted.

Oh lovely moon, what second sight
Inspires the flowers, for they are right;
My crime is not forgiven.

How could I know the flowers had heard
The frantic prayers--and the absurd vows
I had made to Heaven!

I am helpless. You defeat me
Everywhere and every hour;
And the more that you mistreat me
All the more I'm in your power.

Cruelty makes me surrender,
So, if you should tire of me,
Give me love; grow kind and tender
That's the way to set me free.

Why does this lonely tear-drop
Disturb my eyes again?
It lingers, a last reminder
Of days too distant for pain.

Once it had shining sisters;
But, with the old delights
And passing griefs, they left me,
Lost in the windy nights.

Lost, like the mist, those blue orbs,
Stars with a smiling dart,
That shot the joys and sorrows
Laughing into my heart.

Even my love has perished,
A breath that I have drawn.

Oh lone, belated tear-drop,
'Tis time you too, were gone!

Don't send me off, now that your thirst
Is quenched, and all seems stale to you;
Keep me a short three months or more,
Then I'll be sated too!

If now you will not be my love
Then try to be my friend;
Friendship is something that may come,
When love comes to an end.

Band 4:

When I lie down for comfort
Upon the pillow of night,
There rises and floats before me
A phantom clothed in light.

As soon as smiling slumber
With soft hands locks my eyes,
Into my dreams the vision.
Creeps with a sweet surprise.

But even with the morning
The dream persists and stays;
The sunlight cannot melt it...
I carry it through the days.

These gray clouds, so thickly strewn,
Rose from golden skies and gay;
Yesterday, I called the tune,
And today, I have to pay.

Ah, the nectar of last night
Turns to wormwood. Such is fate!
And the head that was so light
Cannot even hold its weight!

With kisses my lips were wounded by you,
So kiss them well again;
And if by evening you are not through,
You need not hurry then.

For you still have the whole, long night,
Darling--to comfort me.
And what long kisses--and what delight,
In such a night may be!

He who for the first time loves,
Even vainly, is a god;
But the one who loves again,
And still vainly, is a fool.

Such a fool am I; the second
Time I love, still unrequited.
Sun and moon and stars are laughing
And I laugh with them... and perish.

I pace the greenwood, bitter
With tears, and as I go
A thrush begins to twitter,
"Why are you grieving so?"

Ask of your sisters the swallows.
They know, though none of them tells;
The nest in the eaves and the hollows
Is where my beloved dwells.

Band 5:

Death, it is but the long, cool night,
And Life's a dull and sultry day.
It darkens; I grow drowsy;
I am weary of the light.

Over my bed a strange tree gleams;
There a young nightingale is loud.
He sings of love, love only...
I hear it, even in my dreams.

Oh, why are all the roses so pale?
My love, come tell me why?
Oh, why, in fields that could not fail
Do violets droop and die?

Oh, why, to the sound of so doleful a lute,
Do linnets lift their wings?
Oh, why does there spring from each fragrant root
The odor of dead things?

Oh, why does the sun send so dreary a ray
Over fields where he shone so brave?
Oh, why is all of the earth as gray
And desolate as a grave?

And I, myself, am so troubled and weak;
My love, why should this be?
Answer, my own; my lost darling, speak--
Why have you done this to me?

I despaired at first, declaring
It could not be borne and now--
Now I bear it, still despairing.
Only never ask me how!

So now you have wholly forgotten, wholly,
How once your heart was mine--mine solely;
Your heart had so sweet and so false a glow,
Nothing is sweeter, or falser, I know.

So the love and the pain are forgotten wholly,
That tortured my heart and made it lowly,
But whether the pain was a great as my love,
I know now. I know they were both great enough.

The world is dull, the world is blind.
Each day more of a mad one.
It says, my dear, that to its mind,
Your character's a bad one.

The world is dull, the world is blind.
Its dullness is really distressing;
It does not know that your kisses are kind,
And that they can burn with their blessing.

SIDE II

Band 1:

Autumn mists, cold dreams are filling
Height and valley, while the thinned
Trees, poor ghosts, give their unwilling
Leaves to bait the brutal wind.

One tree there, and one tree only,
Holds its leaves untouched my dread;
There, among the gaunt and lonely
Crowd, it lifts a dauntless head.

The scene's my heart: the same grim capture
Kills the dearest dreams we knew.
Yet where all is stripped and sapped, your
Face appears. The tree is you.

I will not mourn, although my heart is torn,
Oh, love forever lost! I will not mourn.
Although tricked out in white and diamond light,
No single ray falls in thy heart's deep night.

I know this well. I saw thee in a dream
And saw the night within thy heart supreme;
And saw the snake that gnawed upon thy heart.
I saw how wretched, oh my love, thou art!

Here's May again! and with its lifting
Of clouds and voices high;
And rosy clouds are drifting
Across an azure sky.

A nightingale is singing
In every bower and croft;
And little lambs are springing
Where fields are clover-soft.

But I am not singing or springing;
I lie on a grassy plot,
Hear a distant ringing,
And dreaming, of God knows what.

Ah, I long for tears returning
Love and all its tender pain;
And I fear that very yearning
Soon will be fulfilled again.

Love... that unction, never failing,
Love... that torture self-revealed,
Steals once more into an ailing
Bosom, that is barely healed!

A star, a star is falling
Out of the glittering sky.
The star of love! I watch it
Sink in the depths and die.

The leaves and buds are falling
From many an apple tree;
I watch the mirthful breezes
Embrace them wantonly.

A swan, a swan is singing;
I watch it floating by,
As drooping low and lower,
The song and singer die.

It is so dark and silent!
The star that burned so long
Is dust; the leaves are ashes;
Hushed is the swan's last song.

Band 2:

They buried him at the crossroads
Whose own hand wrought his doom.
And over him grow the blue flowers
Called the "poor sinner's bloom".

I stand at the crossroads sighing,
Wrapped in a cloak of gloom,
And watch the moonlight trembling
On the Poor-Sinner's-Bloom.

Ah, the world is so fair and the heaven so blue,
And the breezes so mild that come whispering through
And the flowers arise on the roadside anew
And glisten and gleam in the morning dew,
And mankind is happy, whatever the view--
But still I would lie in the grave uncherished
With only the ghost of a love that has perished.

Oh, what lies there are in kisses!
And their guile so well prepared!
Sweet the snaring is: but this is
Sweeter still, to be ensnared.

Though your protests overwhelm me,
Still I know what you'll allow.
Yet I'll swear by all you tell me;
I'll believe, all you avow!

And were it known to the flowers
How wounded my heart must be,
Their tears would fall in showers
To heal my agony.

If nightingale and linnet
Knew of my sadness and pain,
Their singing would have in it
A far more joyful strain.

If sorrow's tearful traces
The golden stars could see,
They would come down from their places
And try to comfort me.

But they cannot comprehend it...
One, only knows my pain;
And took my heart to rend it
Again, and yet again.

Have you really grown to hate me?
Is the dreaded change completed?
Then the world shall hear my grievance,
Hear how badly I've been treated!

Oh, ungrateful lips, how could you
Utter such a shameful story
Of the one whose kisses thrilled you
In those days of--perished glory?

I wept as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed that you had died.
And when I woke, the tear-drops
Clung to my cheeks undried.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed you were false to me.
I woke, and for many hours,
Lay weeping bitterly.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed that your love was true.
I woke, to an endless weeping,
And the endless thoughts of you.

Band 3:

Every morn I send you violets
Which I found in woods at dawn,
And at evening I bring roses
Which I plucked when day had gone.

Do you know what these two flowers say -
If you can read them right?
Through the day, you shall be faithful,
And shall turn to me at night.

Shadow-love and shadow-kisses,
Shadow-life---you think it strange?
Fool! did you imagine this is
Fixed and constant, free from change?

Everything we love and cherish
Like a dream, goes hurrying past;
While the hearts forget and perish,
And the eyes are closed at last.

In memory many pictures
Arise and reassemble--
What gives your voice the magic
That makes me burn and tremble?

Oh, do not say you love me!
All that may bloom most brightly,
Love, and the fires of April,
You put to shame so lightly.

Oh, do not say you love me!
But kiss in quiet closeness
And laugh when in the morning, I show you
withered roses.

Love, when you sink where darkness lies
Before you and behind you,
I shall go down with all that dies
And seek you out, and find you.

I'll clasp you with kisses, burning and wild,
So pale, unmoved, and so cold there.
Trembling and weeping - rejoicing and mild -
I will grow like a corpse and mold there.

The dead stand up as midnight calls;
They dance through airy spaces.
We two will remain, wrapped in our palls,
Secure in our embraces.

The dead stand up; the Judgement Day
Calls them to pain or pleasure.
But we will dream the hours away,
Together, at our leisure.

Band 4:

The sweet desires blossom
And fade, and receive, and spend,
Their beauty and wither, and blossom--
And so on, without end.

I know this, and it saddens my life
And all its zest,
My heart's so wise and clever--
It bleeds away in my breast.

Stars with golden feet are walking
Through the skies with footsteps light,
Lest they wake the earth below them
Sleeping in the lap of night.

All the silent forests listen,
Every leaf's a small green ear;
And the dreaming mountain stretches
Shadowy arms that reach me here.

Hush! Who called there? My heart trembles
As the dying echoes fail.
Was it my beloved... or was it
Just a lonely nightingale?

The violins are shrilling;
The trumpets blaze and blare;
The wedding-music is thrilling;
My love is dancing there...

With what groaning and droning
The drums and reeds are rent;
While sobbing and bemoaning
The cherubim lament.

When young hearts break with passion
The stars break into laughter,
They laugh and, in their fashion
Gossip a long time after.

"Poor souls, those mortals languish with love--
'Tis all they cherish.
It pays them back with anguish and pain
Until they perish."

"We never can discover
This love, so brief and breathless--
So fatal to each lover--
And hence we stars are deathless!"

It was in July that I lost you!
In December I found you again.
Your warmth had vanished; the ardour had cooled;
The chill was sharp as a pain.

Once more will we part--and when I return
You will neither be hot nor be cold.
And there, at the side of the grave, I will yearn
With a heart that is barren and old.

Band 5:

How deep we were wrapped in each other's life!
How well we behaved (and how bitter the moral)
How often we played at man and wife,
With never a blow or the sign of a quarrel.
We sported together in joy and in jest
And tenderly kissed and sweetly caressed
And finally playing, like children that go
At hide and seek in the woodland together,
We managed to stray and hide ourselves so
That each of us now is lost to the other.

Now the night grows deeper, stronger;
Darkness dense about me lies,
Since the stars died; since no longer
Love, can I behold your eyes.

Dimmed, forgotten is the dawning
Of that great and golden light;
At my feet the pit if yawning.
Take me... stark, eternal Night.

Listen... do not grow impatient,
Though I hear the old note ringing,
And you hear the old heart-sickness
Even in my latest singing.

Only wait... these dying echoes
Soon will cease and with new power,
Lo--a new poetic springtime
In a heart that's healed, will flower.

They're having a party this evening
And the house is gay with light.
Above, at a brilliant window
A shadow trembles in sight.

You see me not; in darkness
I move alone, apart.
How little can you see then
Into my darkened heart!

My darkened heart still loves you,
Loves you and tortures me,
And breaks and lies here bleeding
But you will never see.

Heart, my heart... let naught o'ercome you!
Bear your destiny and pain.
Spring will bring you back again
What the winter's taken from you!
And how much is left! The small things
And the whole of earth is fair!
Heart, you never need despair;
You can love, not one, but all things!

Claire Luce

Miss Claire Luce started her career as a dancer and is now finishing an autobiographical story of that phase of her theatre life. She was a ballerina at the age of 13 and soon after was starring in many Broadway productions—among them the famed 'Ziegfeld Follies' and opposite Fred Astaire in 'The Gay Divorce' in both New York City and London. While she was still in her 'teens she replaced the great French revue star Mistinguett at the Casino de Paris, in Paris. Her last dancing production was the Charles B. Cochran revue 'Follow the Sun' in London in which she danced everything from ballet to tap-dancing...then began a serious acting career in 'Of Mice and Men' (author, Pulitzer prize-winner John Steinbeck) in New York and London. She then rose to important heights as a Shakespearean actress, the first American to play for an entire season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, England where her interpretations of Cleopatra (Antony and Cleopatra) Beatrice (Much Ado About Nothing) and Viola (Twelfth Night) were acclaimed by the London critics as "memorable performances". She will also be remembered for her Katherine, the Shrew in the New York City Center production of 'The Taming of the Shrew'. She has recently completed an extensive tour of the Universities in a one-woman show of the classics of more than a dozen of the great roles of the theatre, among them, Camille-Lady Macbeth-Salome-Maeterlinck's Mary Magdalene-Mary, Queen of Scots (Schiller) and Shaw's Saint Joan.

She has performed in scores of summer theatre productions such as Bell, Book and Candle-The Millionaire and Don Juan in Hell (G.B. Shaw) Anna Christie-The Doll's House- A Streetcar Named Desire-The Heiress—and others too numerous to mention. In fact, she was presented with a "Show Business" award as the actress playing the most diverse roles in the theatre. She is well-known too, to television audiences for her portrayals in 'The Queen Bee'-'Becky Sharp'-'Peer Gynt'-'Reflected Glory-By Candlelight and numerous others. Her first Hollywood film was 'Up the River' in which she co-starred with Spencer Tracy and Humphrey Bogart—and has made several films in England. In the world of art she has been recognized too by the critics for her oil paintings of theatre and the ballet, having had three successful one-man shows at the Arthur Newton Gallery in 57th Street.

At the moment she is participating in a stage adaptation of Virginia Woolf's 'The Waves' and is preparing a television series culled from her "Diary of An Actress".



photo by G. Mailard Kesslère, B. P.

[LUC]	WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE	[LUC]
<p>LUCE, Claire, actress; b. Syracuse, New York, U.S.A.; d. of Frederick Luce and his wife Maud (Hinds); s. Vermont and Rochester; m. Clifford Warren-Smith (dec.); studied dancing at the Denishawn School in New York, with Michel Fokine and Florence Colebrook Powers; made her first appearance in public in the ballet of a Russian opera, "Snow Maiden," managed by Sol Hurok; first appeared on the regular stage at the Longacre Theatre, 15 Aug., 1923, in "Little Jessie James"; appeared at the Times Square Theatre, New York, Sept., 1924, as Clair in "Dear Sir"; at the Music Box, Dec., 1924, appeared in "The Music Box Revue"; for a time a dancer with Texas Guinan's troupe; during 1925 appeared at the Casino de Paris, Paris, in revue; at Palm Beach, 1926, appeared in Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights"; at the Globe, New York, June, 1926, appeared in "No Foolin'" (Ziegfeld's revue); at the New Amsterdam, Aug., 1927, in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1927"; made her first appearance in London, at Golders Green, 26 Nov., 1928, as Bonny in "Burlaque," appearing in the same part at the Queen's, Dec., 1928; after her return to America, appeared at Atlantic City, Aug., 1929, as Nora Mason, in "Scarlet Pages," and appeared in the same part at the Morosco, New York, Sept., 1929; Booth, Dec., 1931, played Judy Gelett in "Society Girl"; Ethel Barrymore, Nov., 1932, Mimi in "Gay Divorce"; and played the same part at the Palace, London, Nov., 1933; at Daly's, May, 1934, played Nina Popinot in "Vintage Fine"; Mar., 1935, Suetta in "Love and Let Love"; Gaiety, May, 1935, Maricousa in "Gay Deceivers"; Adelphi, Feb., 1936, appeared in "Follow the Sun"; Daly's, June, 1937, Nadja von Eckner in "No Sleep for the Wicked"; Music Box, New York, Nov., 1937, Curley's Wife in "Of Mice and Men," which she also played at the Gate, London, Apr., 1936, and subsequently at the Apollo, May, 1939; at the Open Air Theatre, Southwark Park, July, 1941, and at Regent's Park, Aug., 1941, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," and</p>	<p>subsequently Princess Katherine in "King Henry V"; she then toured for E.N.S.A., for eight months, playing Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," Anna Christie, Nora in "A Doll's House," and Sadie Thompson in "Rain"; subsequently toured as Evira in "Blithe Spirit," for the U.S.O.; at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, Apr.-Sept., 1945, appeared with great success as Viola in "Twelfth Night," Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," scoring a memorable success in the last-mentioned part; at the Westminster Theatre, Jan., 1946, played Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in "Golden Eagle"; "Q," May, 1946, and subsequently on tour played Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair," and played this part at the Comedy, Oct., 1946; returned to America, and next appeared at the Booth, New York, as Tanis Talbot in "Portrait in Black"; Lyceum, Apr., 1950, Rose Raymond in "With a Silk Thread"; at Somerset, Mass., July, 1950, played Effie in "The Devil Also Dreams"; New York City Center, Apr., 1951, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"; Music Box, May, 1952, appeared as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"; toured from 1956-9 in a one-woman show called "Fashions in Love"; Theatre '58, Dallas, Jan., 1958, Lucy Greer in "And So, Farewell"; Maidman, New York, Apr., 1960, in a one-woman show called "These Are My Loves"; has made numerous summer stock appearances in "Boston '49," "An Evening of G. B. Shaw," Donna Ana in "Don Juan in Hell," Epifania in "The Millionaire," "Bell, Book and Candle," "Time of the Cuckoo," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "The Heiress," Mrs. Venable in "Suddenly, Last Summer," "Shanghai Gesture," "Tonight at 8.30," "The Fourposter," her own adaptation of "The Lady of the Camellias," Desdemona in "Othello," etc.; first appeared in films, 1930, in "Up the River," and has since appeared in several pictures; has also made numerous television appearances. <i>Recreation:</i> Painting (has had three one-woman exhibitions)</p>	