

1965

Eighty-seventh Season

1966

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Charles A. Sink, President

Gail W. Rector, Executive Director

Lester McCoy, Conductor

Fourth Program

Third Annual Chamber Arts Series

Complete Series 3501

HERMANN PREY

Baritone

PAUL ULANOWSKY, Pianist

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1966, AT 8:30

RACKHAM AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

At the request of the artist, the public is asked to refrain from applause between the individual songs in the groups.

PROGRAM

Twelve Songs from "Körner-Lieder," Op. 35 SCHUMANN

Lust der Sturmnacht (Delight of the Stormy Night)

When through hill and vale out there rain is pouring, storms are raging, sign-board and window loudly rattle, and in night the wanderers stray, one rests so pleasantly in here released in blessed love. All the golden gleam of heaven slips into the silent room:

rich life, have mercy, hold me fast in gentle arms! Flowers of spring strive upwards, little clouds drift and little birds sing. Never end, wild stormy night! Clatter, windows; pitch, signboard! Roar, woods; rage, waves! I am enveloped in the brightness of heaven.

"Stirb, Lieb' und Freud!" ("Die, Love and Joy!")

At Augsburg stands a stately house near the old cathedral; out in the bright morning goes a very pious girl. To the sound of song she goes to the cathedral, the lovely figure. There before the holy picture of Mary she kneels, praying; heaven has filled her heart and all worldly joy leaves her: "O pure Virgin! Let me only be Thine own!" As soon as the bells' hollow sound rouses the worshippers the girl walks along the gallery;

she does not know what she is carrying. On her head, lighted from heaven, a garland of lilies. Astonished, everyone looks at this light garland in her hair. The girl, however, does not walk far; she approaches the high altar: "To be a nun I dedicate myself, poor maid! Die, love and joy!" God grant that this girl may wear her garland in peace! She is my heart's beloved, remains so to the last day. She does not know it; my heart is breaking; Die, love and light!

Wanderlust (Wanderlust)

Come, let us drain the sparkling wine! Farewell, companions, now we must part! Farewell to the mountains, and to my father's house! I feel an irresistible urge to roam! The sun does not stand still in the heavens, but feels the impulse to wander over land and sea. The wave is not fixed on the lonely shore; the storm blusters mightily throughout the land. With the hurrying clouds up there the bird moves and sings in the distance a song of home.

So youth is impelled through forest and field, as is our mother, the moving world. There birds greet him that he has known over seas, they have flown here from the meadows of home; there the fragrance of the flowers around him is familiar; the breezes blow it from his country. The birds know his father's house; the flowers he once planted to make a posy for his love, and the love that follows him and is near at hand; so the most distant land becomes a home to him.

Erstes Grün (First Green)

Young green, fresh grass,
how many hearts you have healed
that the winter's snow had made sick;
O how my heart longs for you!
Already you wake from the earthly night;
how my eye laughs to you!

Here in the silent floor of the forest
I press you, green, to heart and mouth!
How it drives me away from men!
My sorrow utters not a human word;
only young green laid on my heart
makes it beat more quietly.

Sehnsucht nach der Waldgegend (Longing for the Woods)

If I had never left you,
wonderful lofty woods!
You would have held me captive
still so many many years!
Where in your twilight,
bird song and silver spring,
also many songs have burst
fresh and bright from my heart.
Your waves, your halls,
your tireless rustling,

your melodies all wake
a song in my breast.
Here in the broad pastures
everything seems to me deserted and still,
and I look to the blue skies
for cloud pictures.
When you subdue it within yourself,
song seldom springs up,
as the bird only half sings
when parted from trees and leaves.

Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes (To the Drinking Glass of a Departed Friend)

Excellent glass, you now stand empty,
glass that he often raised with joy!
The spider has woven around you
a gloomy veil meanwhile.
Now you must be filled for me,
moon-bright with gold of German vines!
Into your depths' hallowed light
I look down with pious emotion.
What I see in your depths
is not for everyone to name.

But it becomes clear to me at this hour
how nothing can part friend from friend.
To this belief, noble glass,
I drain you with high spirits!
Clear star-gold is reflected,
goblet, in your precious blood!
Silently the moon traverses the valley,
solemnly sounds the midnight hour.
The glass stands empty! The hallowed sound
still rings in the crystal depths.

Wanderung (Wandering)

Come, let's wander
into the unknown land!
Broken! ah! broken
is many a precious bond.
Crosses at home
where I have often lain praying,
trees, ah! hills,
O look after me with blessing!

Still the broad earth sleeps,
no bird wakes in the grove,
but I am not forsaken,
and I am not alone!
For ah! on my heart
I carry her dear pledge.
I feel it, and earth and heaven
for me are intimately connected.

Stille Liebe (Silent Love)

If I could praise you in songs
I would sing the longest song.
Yes, in all melodies I would
never tire singing of you!
But what always troubles me
is ever that I only

can carry you silent, heart's love,
in the sanctuary of my bosom.
This pain has overcome me,
so I sang this little song,
but penetrated by bitter sorrow
so that still nothing reached you.

Frage (Question)

Were it not for you, hallowed evening light!
Were it not for you, bright starry night!
You, garlands of flowers! You, luscious grove,
and you, mountains of solemn splendor!

You, bird song from high heaven!
You, song from the full heart of man!
Were it not for you, ah what then,
in bad times would fill a heart with joy?

Stille Tränen (Silent Tears)

You arise from sleep
and wander through the meadow;
over all the country lies
the wonderful blue of heaven.
As long as, untroubled,
you slept without pain,

Heaven until morning
shed many a tear.
In silent nights
often many weep for pain;
and then in the morning you believe
their hearts are always happy.

Wer machte dich so krank? (Who Made You So Ill?)

That you have become so ill,
who then has caused it?
No cool breeze from the north,
and no starry night.
No shade under the trees,
not the heat of the sun;

not sleep, and no dream
in the flowery bed of the valley.
That I am mortally wounded,
that is the doing of man;
nature would let me recover,
men let me have no rest.

Alte Laute—Dieselbe Weise (Sounds From Long Ago—The Same Melody)

Do you hear the bird singing?
Do you see the blossoming tree?
Heart! Can this not bring you
out of your anxious dream?
What do I hear? Old sounds
of youthful melancholy,

from the time when I trusted
the world and its pleasure.
The days are gone by;
no herb of the meadows cures me.
And out of my troubled dream
only an angel can wake me.

INTERMISSION

Twelve Songs from "Mörrike-Lieder" WOLF
 Auf einer Wanderung (On a Journey)

I come into a friendly little town.
 On its streets lies the red glow of evening.
 From an open window,
 Beyond the richest array of flowers
 And away, one hears the sound of golden bells
 ringing
 And a voice seems a choir of nightingales,
 Telling that the blossoms are quivering,
 That the breezes are alive,
 That the roses are glowing in the height of
 their red.

Heimweh (Longing for Home)

Stranger doth the world with each step grow,
 That I further from my dear love wander;
 Oh heart, thou wilt not onward go.
 Here even the sun seems cold to be,
 And every thing is new to me,
 Even the flowers blooming yonder.
 Forlorn I wonder
 Why all things so different and strange appear.

Jägerlied (Hunter's Song)

Dainty is the bird's print in the snow
 When it wanders on the mountain peak:
 Daintier the writing of a sweetheart's dear hand
 Writing a letter to a foreign land.

Der Gärtner (The Gardener)

On her favorite horse
 As white as snow
 The loveliest of princesses
 Rides along the tree-lined road.
 The trail along which the horse
 Prances so gracefully,
 The gravel that I scattered
 It glitters like gold.

Der Jäger (The Hunter)

Three days the rain went on and on,
 No sunshine even now;
 Three long days and not a kind word
 Out of my sweetheart's mouth!
 She's sulky with me, and I with her—
 That is how she wanted it;
 But it grieves my heart out here,
 This pouting and this crossness.
 Be welcome then, the huntsman's joy,
 You thunderstorm and rain!
 My burning breast tight buttoned-up
 And singing for joy in your teeth.
 She will be sitting at home now, laughing
 And joking with her brothers and sisters;
 In the woodland night I can hear
 The old leaves rustling.
 Perhaps she's sitting and weeping now,
 Sorrowfully in her little room;

Lied vom Winde (Song of the Wind)

Rushing wind, blustering wind, high and low!
 Where thy home is fain I would know!
 "Child mine, forever
 We haste, ceasing never
 Through the great, great wide world,
 But where we do come from,
 That can we never fathom,
 We did question the mountains,
 We did ask of rivers and fountains,
 But nought can they say.
 Art thou wiser than they,
 Then canst thou tell us.
 Off, we go, keep us not now.
 We must haste away,
 There come others,

Long I stood amazed, gasping with delight.
 How I came out through the gate
 I truly do not know myself.
 Ah here, how bright the world is!
 The sky billows in clusters of crimson,
 Behind me the town in a haze of gold;
 How the stream chatters among the alders,
 and the mill too behind it!
 I am like one intoxicated, led astray,
 O muse, you have touched my heart
 With a breath of love!

The brooklet murmurs soft and clear:
 Come to me, there canst thou rest be finding,
 See, forget-me-nots grow here!
 Yes, lovely they, wherever they grow,
 But I fairer know
 On I go,
 And tears my eyes are blinding!

High into the breezes a heron soars,
 Whither neither arrow nor bullet can fly:
 A thousand times as high and as swift
 Are the thoughts of true love.

You rose-colored hat,
 Swaying to and fro,
 Please throw down a feather
 Clandestinely.
 And if, in return,
 You want one of my blossoms
 Take a thousand for one
 Take them all in return.

I am as cosy as any deer,
 Hidden in the darkness.
 Not a stag or a roe anywhere!
 A shot will pass the time!
 That cheerful report and the echo
 Cheers up the marrow in your bones.
 But now as the thunder resounds
 In the valleys round about,
 A sudden pain overwhelms me,
 And my heart sinks into the ground.
 She's sulky with me, and I with her,
 That's the way she wanted it,
 But my heart here is eaten up
 With the pouts and the crossness.
 So up with you! and off to the dear one's house
 And clasp her round the waist!
 "Squeeze my wet hair out for me,
 And kiss and take me back again!"

Ask our brothers."
 For once delay, canst not bide with me?
 Say, where the home of love may be,
 Whence comes it, where goes it?
 "Ah, who can know it!
 Child thou wilt find,
 Love's like the wind,
 Swiftly doth fly past,
 Lives for aye, love will never die,
 But it is not always steadfast.
 Off! we go! keep us not now!
 On, ever on, over woodlands swift fleeting,
 If I thy lover see,
 I'll bring him greeting.
 Child mine, farewell!

Der Tambour (The Drum)

If mother could a sorceress be,
She'd surely have to go with me,
To France, to France and everywhere
And cook for me the royal fare.
At midnight, when the camp's asleep
And only sentries vigil keep,
When all are snoring, horse and men,
Before my drum would I sit then.
The drum a large dish would have to be
With nice warm sauerkraut for me,

The drumsticks would be for cutting,
And my sword a sausage tempting,
My plumed hat would make a bumper fine,
That I would fill with good red wine.
I should not need a candle bright,
The moon would shine with tender light;
Though in French she would shine 'tis true,
It would make me think sweet love of you:
Oh dear! There's no more fun for me!
If my mother could a sorceress be!

Selbstgeständnis (A Personal Confession)

I am mother's only child, you see,
And as no others came after me,
There might have been more, six, even seven,
All that they might have had to me was given;
All her love and her goodness
Were showered upon me,

For a whole half dozen was I thus petted,
Never will I, while I live, forget it.
It would not have hurt me, there's no doubt
whatever,
If I had been whipped
For all six together.

Begegnung (The Meeting)

What a storm there was last night
Right until morning stirred itself!
How the unbidden broom
Swept out the fireplace and alleyways!
Along the streets there comes a girl
Who, half out of shyness, looks about her.
Like roses that the wind has blown,
Her pretty face glows restlessly.
A handsome boy comes up to her,
Full of delight he approaches her:
How happily and confusedly

The green rogues look at one another!
He seems to ask if his darling
Has yet put those pigtails in place
Which, last night in the frankness of the
little room
A storm set in disorder.
The boy still dreams of the kisses
That the sweet child exchanged with him;
He stands, entranced by her loveliness,
While she slips round the corner.

Nimmersatte Liebe (Insatiable Love)

So is love, so is love!
It can't be quenched by kisses;
Who is the fool, that wants to fill a sieve
With nought but water?
And if you'd ladle a thousand years, yes,
If you'd kiss eternally,
You cannot satisfy her.
All love brings every hour
Novel, strange desires;
Our bites brought blood upon our lips,

When today we were kissing,
The maiden is all in stride;
Like a compliant lamb beneath the cleaver.
Her eyes implored: by no means stop,
The more it hurts the better!
So is love and always was as long as love's
existed.
And even Solomon the Wise
Loved in this very fashion.

Auftrag (An Appeal)

In a letter he thought funny
Once burst forth a mortal wight:
Dearest cousin Johnnie,
Wherefore does he never write?
He might know, that he should never,
Though it fill his heart with glee,
With a lover trifle ever,
If a poet he chance to be!
I'm one of those natures dreamy,
Whose head's always full of rhymes;
Though a poet one would not deem me,
I am mad enough at times.

If his task be well performed,
As in honor bound is he,
By his dearest he's informed,
Both shall then rewarded be.
He must wait till his beloved
Through the casement shows her head,
For each single word I covet,
That my darling to her said.
Let him write down all things clearly,
Half a dozen sheets will do,
And an extra sheet to tell me,
Which course I had best pursue.

Abschied (Farewell)

A man walked unannounced into my place
one evening:
"I have the honour to be your critic."
At once he took the lamp in his hand,
And long he scrutinized my shadow on the wall,
Moved closer and further away: "Now, dear
young man
Observe, I beg you, your nose,
Like this in profile!
You will admit that it is an excrescence."
—That? Good gracious, Yes!
Jumping rabbits! I never thought,
Never in all my born days,
That I was carrying such a cosmic nose in
my face!

The man spoke on and on of various matters,
On my honour I can't recall now what they were;
Perhaps he thought I ought to confess to him.
At length he got up; I lit his way.
Then, as we reached the stairs,
I gave him, delighted as I was,
A little push,
From behind, upon his seat—
Great hailstones! was there a rumbling
A tumbling, a fumbling!
I've never seen the like,
All my born days I never saw
A man go downstairs so fast!