

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

No. 85
gary

Present

RICHARD CLARK, *baritone*

assisted by

GARY BUSCH, *piano*

in a

STUDENT RECITAL

85-14
box 5
Phonotype
C538
1976
5-29
(7 reels)

Saturday, May 29, 1976

Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

PROGRAM

SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

Die Winterreise, D. 911

CH 6-27-76.

Tape No. 1-8164
42:45

1. Gute Nacht
2. Die Wetterfahne
3. Gefror'ne Tränen
4. Erstarrung
5. Der Lindenbaum
6. Wasserflut
7. Auf dem Flusse
8. Rückblick
9. Irrlicht
10. Rast
11. Frühlingstraum
12. Einsamkeit

Tape No. 2-8165
31:55

13. Die Post
14. Der greise Kopf
15. Die Krähe
16. Letzte Hoffnung
17. Im Dorfe
18. Der stürmische Morgen
19. Täuschung
20. Der Wegweiser
21. Das Wirtshaus
22. Mut
23. Die Nebensonnen
24. Der Leiermann

Richard Clark is a student of Maurice Stern.
Gary Busch is a student of Randolph Hokanson and Neal O'Doan.

SCHUBERT: Die Winterreise, D. 911

In February of 1827 Schubert set the first twelve of Wilhelm Müller's "Winter Journey" poems, and completed the cycle during the following October. We are told that the composition of Winterreise caused Schubert much emotional suffering and his friends were moved to consternation when Schubert sang the whole cycle to them in October. Schubert was so distressed by his own music that 15 months later his friends began to wonder whether the composition of Winterreise might have precipitated his death.

"Schubert's" Winterreise enshrines the most heartrending, pathetically inspired songs known to music. He draws us with his traveller (a rejected lover) away from his dear one's town, out into the snowy hills, and frosty paths. Time passes and he travels far, but his mood, instead of lightening grows only more desolate: here and there a sprig of comfort seems to promise relief, but it brings greater heartache in its train; sometimes kindly death seems near, but the bitter force of life is stronger. After rages, illusions, miseries, the hopeless dreams of dead departed days, it remains for the organ-grinder, the only living being he has noticed on the wintry pilgrimages, to teach the traveller some small measure of tranquillity; it is he who brings down the final curtain and enables the lone actor in the cycle to make his exit with a new found courage."

1. Good Night

A Stranger I came here
And a stranger once again I go forth,
Maytime was kind to me
With its many bunches of flowers
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage--
Now the world is wretched,
The path veiled in snow

For my journey I cannot
Choose the time:
I must find my own way
In this darkness.
A mooncast shadow
Is my companion
And on the white fields
I search for the footprints of deer.

Why should I stay longer,
Until I am driven away?
Only stray dogs howl
In front of the master's house
Love loves to wander--
God made us so--
From the one to another;
Dear love, good night!

I would not disturb you in your dreams--
That would spoil your rest:
You shall not hear my footsteps--
Soft, softly shut the door!
But as I leave I shall write
Upon the gate "Good Night",
That you may see
I was thinking of you.

2. The Weathercock

The wind plays with the weathercock
On my dear darling's house.
In my distress I thought
It was whistling this poor fugitive away.

He should before now have noticed
The sign set up on the house;
Then he would not have looked
In the house for faithful womanhood.

The wind plays with hearts within--
As on the roof, but not so loudly.
What do they care for my sorrows?
Their child is a rich bride.

3. Frozen Tears

Frozen tears are falling from my cheeks.
Can it be I did not notice that I was
weeping?

O tears, my tears, are you so lukewarm
That you turn to ice like the cold dew
of dawn?

And yet you spring from a heart that
beats with as fierce a glow
As if you wanted to melt the ice of
all winter.

4. Numbness

Vainly I search the snow
For the footprint she left
When arm in arm with me
She passed along the green meadow.

I long to kiss the ground.
Pierce both ice and snow
With my burning tears
Until I see the soil beneath.

Where shall I find a blossom,
Where find green grass?
The flowers are dead,
And the turf has a wan look.

Is there then no memory
That I may take from here?
When my sorrow is stilled,
Who shall tell me of her?

My heart feels dead;
Within it her image gazes coldly.
When my hearth thaws again,
Her image too will flow away.

5. The Lime Tree

By the fountain at the gate
There stands a lime tree:
In its shadow I have dreamed
Many a sweet dream.

On its bark I have carved
Many a loving word.
In joy and sorrow it drew
Me to it always.

Just now my journey took me
Past it at dead of night,
And even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

But the branches rustled
As if they called to me:
"Come to me, friend.
Here you will find your rest"

The chill wind blew
Straight in my face:
My hat flew from my head.
I did not turn back.
Now I am many hours
Away from that place:
Yet still I hear the rustle:
"There you would have found rest."

6. Torrent

Many a tear from my eyes
Has dropped into the snow
Whose chilly flakes absorb,
As if thirsty, my ardent pain.

When the grass begins to shoot
A warm breeze will blow there.
And the ice will melt in torrents,
And the soft snow will dissolve.

You, snow, who know my longing,
Say, whither, will you flow?
Follow only my tears
And the stream will soon carry you away.

You will course the town with it.
In and out of cheery streets.
When you feel my tears burning,
You will be at my darling's house.

7. At the Stream

You who used to rush along so happily,
Bright, savage stream,
How quiet you have become;
You give me no greeting as we part.

With hard, stiff hoar
You have covered yourself;
You lie cold and motionless,
Stretched out in the sand.

On your crust I carve
With a sharp stone
The name of my beloved.
And the hour and the day.

The day that I first met her,
The day that I went away;
Round name and figures winds
A broken ring.

In this stream, my heart.
Do you recognise your likeness?
Under its crust
Is there too a roaring surge?

8. Retrospect

It is burning hot under my two feet,
Although I am walking on ice and snow.
I do not want to breathe again
Until the towers are out of sight.

I have bruised myself on every stone.
So did I hurry to quit the town
The crows threw snowballs and hail
On to my hat from every roof.

9 Will o' the Wisp
Into deepest clefts of rock
A will o' the wisp enticed me.
How I shall find a way out from here
Does not weigh heavily on my mind.

I am used to going astray.
Every path leads to its destination.
And our joys, our sorrows,
All are the toys of a will o' the wisp
Through the mountain stream's dry course
I shall wend quietly down,
Every stream will reach the sea,
Every sorrow too its grave.

10. Rest
Now for the first time I notice how tired I am,
As I lie down to rest.
The journey kept me cheerful
Along an inhospitable road.

My feet asked no rest-
It was too cold to stand still,
My back felt no burden-
The storm was helping to blow me along.

In a charcoal burner's narrow hut
I have found shelter,
But my limbs know no rest,
So fierce their wounds burn.

You too, my heart, in time of struggle and
storm
So savage and so wayward,
Now in the quietness feel the dragon inside
you
Rise up with its red hot dart.

11. A Dream of Springtime
I dreamed of gay flowers
Such as blossom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows,
And the gay calling of birds.

And when the cocks crowed.
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens were croaking on the roof.

But there on the windowpanes,
Who had been painting foliage?
You may well laugh at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in the winter.

I dreamed of love for love
Of a fair maiden,
Of hearts and kisses,
Of bliss and joy.

And when the cocks crowed,
My heart awoke. Now all alone I sit here,
And ponder my dream.

I shut my eyes again;
My heart still beats warmly.
When will you leaves grow green on
the window?
When will I hold my darling in my arms?

12. Loneliness
Like a mournful cloud passing thro
through the clear air
When a gentle breeze blows through
the fir tops.

So I wend my way with halting step
Lonely and ungreeter through
bright, happy life.

Ah, this calm air, ah, this
bright world!

When the tempests were howling,
I was not so wretched.

13. The Post
From the street there a posthorn
is sounding.

What is it that makes you leap
up so.
My heart?

Well, the post is coming from the
town

Where I had a dear darling,
My heart!

Do you want to look over there
And ask how things are going there
My Heart?

14. The Hoary Head
The hoar has strewn a white coat
Over my har,
It made me think I was already old,
And that made me glad.

But soon it thawed away
And left me with black hair again;
And so I grieve for my youth.
How far still to the funeral bier!

Between dusk and dawn
Many a head has turned white.
Who believes it? For my head has
not done so
On this whole journey.

15. The Crow
A crow came with me
Out of the town
And hither and thither until now
Has flown above my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
Will you not forsake me?
Do you hope for prey her soon,
Hope to claim my body?

Well, there is not far to go
On this journey.
You, crow, let me at last see
Constancy to the grave.

16. A Last Hope

Here and there on the trees
A coloured leaf or so can still be seen,
And often I stand in front of the trees
Sunk in thought.

I look at that one leaf.
Hang my hope on it;
If the wind toys with my leaf the trees
Sunk in thought.

I look at that one leaf.
Hang my hope on it;
If the wind toys with my leaf
I tremble until I can tremble no more.

Ah! if the leaf falls to the ground,
My hope falls with it.
I fall to the ground myself,
And weep on the tomb of my hope.

17. In the Village

Dogs are barking, their chains are rattling.
Man are asleep in their beds.
They dream of much that they have not,
Find refreshment in good and bad things.

And tomorrow morning all is vanished.
But then they have enjoyed their share,
And hope that what remains to them
Will still be found on their pillows.

Bark me away, you wakeful dogs!
Let me not find rest in these hours of
slumber.

I am done with all dreaming:
Why should I dally with those that sleep?

18. A Stormy Morning

Look how the storm has torn
The grey mantle of heaven!
The cloud-flecks flutter
About, sparring feebly.

And tongues of red fire
Glow among them.
This is what I call a morning
Really to my taste!

My hearth sees in the sky
Its own painted portrait;
It is nothing but winter,
Winter chill and savage.

19. Deception

A friendly light dances in front of me
I follow it hither and thither.

Follow it gladly and watch its course
As it lures this wanderer onward.

Ah, the fellow that is as wretched as
Yields gladly to such gay illusion.

For, beyond ice and dark and dreariness
It reveals a cheerful, warm house

Where dwells a dear creature.
Deception is my only gain!

20. The Signpost

Why do I pass the highways by
That other travellers take,
To search out hidden tracks
Through snow-capped rocky heights?

I have done no wrong
That I should shun mankind.
What senseless craving
Drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the roads,
Pointing to the towns;
And I wander on and on.
Unresting, in search of rest.

I see a signpost standing there,
Steadfast before my gaze.
There is one road that I must take.
Which no one has ever travelled back.

21. The Inn

My path has brought me to a graveyard:
I thought to myself I would lodge here
These verdant funeral wreaths might
well be the signs
That lure tired travellers into the
cool inn.

But in this house are all the rooms
reserved?

I am tired enough to drop, sick unto
death.

Remorseless landlord, do you turn me
out?

Then further, lead me further away,
my trusty staff!

22. Courage

When the snow flies in my face.
I brush it away;
When my heart cries out in my bosom,
I sing bright and cheery.

I don't hear wht it tells me--
I have no ears;
I don't sense its complaining--
Complaining is for fools.

Stride into the world joyfully,
Against all wind and weather!
If there is no God on earth.
We ourselves are gods.

23. The Phantom Suns

I saw three suns stand in the sky:
I stood and looked long and fixedly at them.
And they would not leave me.

But you, you are not my suns--
Stare then at other faces
Till lately I too had three:
And now the best two have gone down.

If only the third would follow them!
I shall be better in the dark.

24. The Organ Grinder

There beyond the village stands an organ
grinder.
And with numb fingers he grinds as best he can.

He staggers barefoot to and fro on the ice,
And his little plate stays every empty.

No one wants to hear him, no one give him
a glance.
And round the old man the fogs snail.

And he lets it all go by, as it will do.
He grinds, and his organ never stands still.

Strange old fellow, shall I go with you?
Will you grind your organ to my singing?