

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
School of Music and Office of Lectures and Concerts
March 29, 1967

8:30 p.m.

Student Union Auditorium

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L584

LEON LISHNER, *Bass*
ALEXANDER KUCHUNAS, *Piano*
in a
FACULTY RECITAL

for the benefit of the
Scholarship Fund of the School of Music

For Concert Hall
4-4-67. All.

R#1-4537

PURCELL (1659-1695)
CARISSIMI (1605-1674)
ANON (about 1700)
BACH (1685-1750)

I
Anacreon's Defeat (ca.1686-87)
No, no, non si sperì
Down Among the Dead Men
Tritt auf die Glaubensbahn (1715)
from Cantata No.152

II

MOUSSORGSKY (1839-1881)

Without Sunlight
Within Four Walls
Your Eyes Ne'er Perceived Me in the Crowd
The Noisy Holy Days are Ended
Longing
Elegy
On the River
(Sung in Russian)

INTERMISSION

III

MOZART (1756-1791)

Madamina, il catalago è questo (1787)
from Don Giovanni

IV

BRAHMS (1833-1897)

Vier Ernste Gesänge (1896)
Denn es gehet dem Menschen
Ich wandte mich
O Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn Ich mit Menschen

V

DAVID DIAMOND (b.1915)

David Mourns for Absalom (1947)

PAUL TUFTS (b.1924)

The Presence (1966)

PAUL TUFTS (b.1924)

A Citrus Song (1953)

STEFAN WOLPE (b.1902)

Lines from the Prophet Micah (1938)

R#2-4538

ENCORES :

Without Sunlight

Within Four Walls: A small, quiet room - opaque, mute shadows. A sorrowful song is heard ... Anxious gazing on distant joy. Many doubts, much suffering. This is my night ... my lonely night.

Your Eyes Ne'er Perceived Me in the Crowd: Your eyes did not perceive me in the crowd and fear possessed me when I observed it. It was but one brief moment, yet I suffered all old pains - the bitterness of oblivion and tears.

The Noisy Holy Days are Ended: The noisy holidays are over. All is silent. All are asleep in the spring night. But I cannot sleep and old, faded visions, lost hopes seem to return. Alas, it is only a mirage! Then a comforting form appears - the beloved one of my youth, and in a silent teardrop I give my soul to her.

Longing: Longing! You are created for longing. The desolate heart is deceived by false answers to youthful dreams. Longing! Your path is destined - your strength will leave you drop by drop. Then you will die - and God be with you.

Elegy: Night slumbers in a fog. A lonely star peeks through misty clouds. Far below bells of grazing flocks tinkle. Like the clouds, changing thoughts rise within me, recalling cherished hopes long dead. Nothing is left but remorse and weeping. Now the thoughts assume the form of my beloved - now old dreams. Memories haunt and frighten me. Now I hear the sounds of Life, of hostile laughter, of Death's dreadful call ... The morning star hides as though in shame behind the mute clouds and thus my hopes fade in the shadows.

On the River: A melancholy moon and distant stars are mirrored in the waters. I gaze at them silently. What secrets do the murmuring, caressing waters hold? A mysterious voice disturbs my soul. Is it calling me? I would escape! Do you call? Without looking back I would throw myself in.

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Four Serious Songs

Denn es gehet dem Menschen: One thing befalleth the beasts and the sons of men; the beast must die, and man dieth also. Man is not above the beast; for all things are but vanity. Therefore I perceive there is no better thing than for a man to rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion.

Ich wandte mich: I return'd and did consider all the oppressions done beneath the sun. And there was weeping and wailing of those that were oppressed; for with their oppressors there was power, so that no one came to comfort them.

O Tod, wie bitter bist du: O death, how bitter art thou unto him that dwelleth in peace, that hath joy in his possessions and liveth free from trouble. O death, how welcome thy call to him that is in want and whose life is full of cares; who hath nothing to hope for.

Wenn Ich mit Menschen: Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, then am I become as sounding brass. Though I can prophesy and understand all mysteries and have not love, so is my life worthless. Faith, Hope, and Love abide, but the greatest of all is Love.

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