

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
The School of Music and the Retirement Center

and

The Mayor's Office for Senior Citizens

L584

1993

10-10

present

LEON LISHNER, *basso*

with

Lisa Bergman, *piano*

*celebrating his 80th anniversary  
with a performance of*

**DIE WINTERREISE**  
**(*THE WINTER'S JOURNEY*)**

*by Franz Schubert (1797-1828)*

3:00 PM, Meany Theater  
October 10, 1993

**RECEPTION FOLLOWS**



School  
of  
Music  
University  
of  
Washington

DAT #12,223

CASS #12,224

**DIE WINTERREISE (THE WINTER'S JOURNEY)**

DAT 102-Proclamation (3')

**A song cycle to poetry of Wilhelm Müller**

DAT 103

- I. GUTE NACHT
- II. DIE WETTERFAHNE
- III. GEFRORNE TRÄNEN
- IV. ERSTARRUNG
- V. DER LINDENBAUM
- VI. WASSERFLUT
- VII. AUF DEM FLUSSE
- VIII. RÜCKBLICK
- IX. IRRLICHT
- X. RAST
- XI. FRÜHLINGSTRAUM
- XII. EINSAMKEIT

(DAT level raised) 104

(36')

CASS 12,224 A ↑

DAT 105

- XIII. DIE POST
- XIV. DER GREISE KOPF
- XV. DIE KRÄHE
- XVI. LETZIE HOFFNUNG
- XVII. IM DORFE
- XVIII. DER STÜRMISCHE MORGEN
- XIX. TÄUSCHUNG
- XX. DER WEGWEISER
- XXI. DAS WIRTSHAUS
- XXII. MUT
- XXIII. DIE NEBENSONNEN
- XXIV. DER LEIERMANN

(DAT level raised)

(42')

CASS 12,224 B ↓

DAT 106 #Encore -(2'30)

SUNG WITHOUT PAUSE

I. GUTE NACHT (GOOD NIGHT)

A stranger I came,  
a stranger I depart.  
The month of May favored me  
with many a nosegay of flowers.

The girl spoke of love,  
her mother even of marriage;  
now the world is dreary,  
the path covered with snow.

I cannot choose the time  
for my journey,  
I must find my own way  
in this darkness.

My shadow, cast by the moon,  
accompanies me,  
and on the white fields  
I seek the tracks of deer.

Why should I stay longer,  
until I am driven away?  
Let straying dogs howl  
before their master's house.

Love likes to wander  
(for God has made it so)  
from one to another.  
Good night, my sweetheart!

I will not disturb your dreams;  
why should I spoil your rest?  
You shall not hear my footsteps.  
I close the door softly.

As I pass, I write  
'Good night' on your gate,  
so that you should see  
I thought of you.

II. DIE WETTERFAHNE  
(THE WEATHER-VANE)

The wind plays with the weather-vane  
on my sweetheart's house.  
In my distress I thought  
it mocked the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed  
this token on the house before:  
then he would never have sought  
a faithful woman within.

Inside the house the wind plays with hearts,  
though it is less loud than on the roof.  
What do they care for my grief?  
Their child is a wealthy bride.

III. GEFRORNE TRÄNEN (FROZEN TEARS)

Frozen drops fall  
from my cheeks:  
have I been weeping, then,  
without noticing it?

Tears, my tears,  
How tepid you must be  
that you can turn to ice  
like the cool dew of morning!

And yet you spring from my heart  
with as fierce a heat  
as if you would melt  
all the winter's ice.

IV. ERSTARRUNG (FROZEN RIGIDITY)

In vain I seek her footprints  
in the snow, where she walked,  
arm in arm with me,  
over the green fields.

I will kiss the ground  
and pierce ice and snow  
with my scalding tears  
until I see the earth beneath.

Where shall I find a blossom,  
where shall I find green grass?  
The flowers have withered,  
the turf looks wan.

Is there no keepsake, then,  
that I may take from here?  
When my grief is silent,  
who will speak to me of her?

My heart seems dead;  
within it, her image stands rigid and cold;  
if ever my heart should thaw  
her image will melt away.

V. DER LINDENBAUM (THE LIME-TREE)

By the well before the gate  
there stands a lime-tree;  
in its shade I dreamt  
many a sweet dream.

In its bark I carved  
many a word of love;  
in joy as in sorrow  
I felt ever drawn to it.

Today I had to wander  
past it at dead of night,  
and even in the darkness  
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled  
as if they were calling to me  
'Friend, come here to me—  
Here you will find rest.'

The cold winds blew  
straight into my face,  
my hat flew from my head—  
but I did not turn round.

Now I am many hours' journey  
away from that place;  
but I always hear the rustling:  
'There you would find rest.'

#### VI. WASSERFLUT (FLOOD)

Many a tear has fallen  
from my eyes into the snow,  
its cold flakes greedily drink in  
my burning anguish.

When the grass is ready to grow  
a warm wind blows,  
the ice breaks into fragments,  
and the soft snow melts.

Snow, you know of my longing—  
tell me where you go!  
You have only to follow my tears  
And you will soon flow into the brook.

With the brook you will flow through the town,  
in and out of merry streets;  
where you feel the glow of my tears  
there is my love's house.

#### VII. AUF DEM FLUSSE (ON THE RIVER)

You clear wild stream  
that once rippled so gaily—  
How silent you have become!  
You do not bid me farewell.

With a hard, stiff crust  
you have covered yourself,  
and you lie cold and motionless  
stretched out in the sand.

On to your surface I carve  
(with a sharp stone)  
the name of my love,  
and the hour and day:

The day of our first greeting,  
and the day I went away:  
a broken ring twines  
round name and figures.

My heart, do you now see  
your own likeness in this stream?  
Is there a raging torrent  
beneath its surface, too?

#### VIII. RÜCKBLICK (A BACKWARD GLANCE)

The soles of my feet are burning,  
though I tread on ice and snow.  
I do not want to draw breath again  
until the turrets are out of sight.

I bruised myself on every stone  
In my hurry to leave the town;  
the crows threw snow and hailstones  
on to my hat from all the house-tops.

How differently you once received me,  
fickle town!  
Before your bright windows  
lark and nightingale vied in song.

The round lime-trees were in flower,  
the fountains played limpid and clear,  
and two fair eyes flashed fire—  
and then, friend, you lost your heart.

When I think of that day  
I long to look back,  
I long to stumble back  
and stand before her house.

#### IX. IRRLICHT (WILL-O'-THE-WISP)

A will-o'-the-wisp lured me  
deep into the mountains;  
how to find my way out again  
does not worry me greatly.

I am used to going astray,  
every path leads to the goal.  
Our joys, our sorrows  
are all a will-o'-the-wisp's game.

Through the dry bed of the mountain-stream  
I calmly go on my way.  
Every stream will reach the sea,  
every sorrow will reach its grave.

#### X. RAST (REST)

Only now that I lie down to rest  
I notice how tired I am;  
wandering kept up my spirits  
on the inhospitable road.

My feet demanded no rest—  
it was too cold to stand still;  
my back did not feel its burden,  
the storm helped to drive me on.

In a charcoal-burner's narrow hut  
I found shelter;  
but my limbs cannot find rest,  
their wounds burn so.

You too, my heart, so wild and bold  
in battle and storm—  
now, in this quiet time, you feel  
your serpent stir and sting.

#### XI. FRÜHLINGSTRAUM (DREAM OF SPRING)

I dreamt of bright flowers  
that blossom in May;  
I dreamt of green meadows  
and merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed  
my eyes opened;  
it was cold and dark,  
and the ravens croaked from the roof-top.

But who had painted those leaves  
on the window-panes?  
Do you laugh at the dreamer  
who saw flowers in the winter?

I dreamt of love returned,  
and of a beautiful girl,  
of hugging and kissing,  
of joy and delight.

And when the cocks crowed  
my heart awoke;  
now I sit here alone  
and think of my dream.

I close my eyes again;  
my heart still beats so warmly.  
Leaves on my window, when will you grow  
green?  
When will I hold my love in my arms?

#### XII. EINSAMKEIT (LONELINESS)

As a dismal cloud  
drifts across clear skies  
when a feeble breeze  
blows through the fir-tops—

So I go on my way  
with dragging step,  
passing solitary and ungreeted  
through bright, joyful life.

Alas—that the air should be so calm  
and the world so bright!  
When the storms still raged  
I was not as wretched as this.

#### XIII. DIE POST (THE POST)

A posthorn sounds from the road.  
Why do you leap so wildly,  
my heart?

The post brings no letter for you.  
Why then do you strain so strangely,  
my heart?

I know—the post comes from the town  
where I once had a sweetheart I dearly loved,  
my heart!

Do you want to look in  
and ask how things are there,  
my heart?

#### XIV. DER GREISE KOPF (THE HOARY HEAD)

The frost has overspread my hair  
with a hoary sheen;  
I believed I had already grown old  
and was overjoyed.

But soon it melted away,  
my hair turned black again.  
How I shudder at my youth—  
how far off the grave still is!

Many a head has turned white  
between dusk and dawn.  
Who can believe it? mine has not changed  
on all this long journey.

#### XV. DIE KRÄHE (THE CROW)

A crow came with me  
out of the town,  
and has been steadily flying  
above my head until today.

Crow, you strange creature,  
will you not leave me?  
Do you think my body will soon  
fall prey to you?

Well, my journey will not  
take me much farther.  
Crow, let me see—at last!—  
constancy unto death.

#### XVI. LETZTE HOFFNUNG (LAST HOPE)

Here and there on the trees  
a colored leaf may still be seen.  
Often I stand in thought  
before the trees.

I look at the one remaining leaf  
and hang my hope upon it.  
If the wind plays with my leaf  
I tremble.

And should the leaf fall to the ground  
My hope falls with it;  
I too fall on the ground  
and weep on the grave of my hope.

#### XVII. IM DORFE (IN THE VILLAGE)

The dogs are barking and rattling their chains;  
people are asleep in their beds,  
dreaming of things they do not possess,  
refreshing themselves in good ways or bad.

And in the morning all is vanished.  
Well—they have enjoyed their share of life,  
and hope to find in their dreams  
what they have not yet tasted.

Chase me away with your barking, you watchful  
dogs,  
give me no rest in these hours of sleep!  
All my dreams are at an end;  
why should I linger among the slumberers?

XVIII. *DER STÜRMISCHE MORGEN*  
(*STORMY MORNING*)

How the storm has torn  
the grey robe of the sky!  
Ragged clouds flutter  
in feeble conflict,  
and red flames  
flash among them—  
this I call a morning  
after my own heart.

My heart sees its own likeness  
painted on the sky;  
it is nothing but winter,  
cold, savage winter.

XIV. *TÄUSCHUNG (DELUSION)*

A friendly light dances before me,  
and I follow its zigzag course.  
I follow willingly and see  
that it lures me off my path.

A man as wretched as I  
gladly surrenders to such a brightly-hued guile,  
which shows him—beyond ice, darkness, and  
terror—  
a bright, warm house  
and a dear one within.  
Delusion—that is all I would win!

XX. *DER WEGWEISER (THE SIGNPOST)*

Why do I avoid the roads  
used by other travellers,  
and seek hidden paths  
among the snow-bound rocks?

I have committed no crime—  
why should I shun mankind?  
What is this foolish desire  
that drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the roads,  
Pointing towards the towns;  
and I wander ever onwards,  
restless, yet seeking rest.

I see a signpost that stands  
immovably before me;  
I must travel a road  
by which no one has ever returned.

XXI. *DAS WIRTSCHAUS (THE INN)*

My journey has led me  
to a graveyard.  
Here, I thought,  
I will stay the night.

Green funeral wreaths—  
you can be the inn-signs  
that invite weary travellers  
into the cool house.

Are all the rooms in this house  
already taken?

I am weary and ready to sink,  
I am mortally wounded.

Cruel inn,  
will you yet turn me away?  
On then, ever onwards  
my trusty staff!

XXII. *MUT (COURAGE)*

If the snow flies into my face  
I shake it off.

If my heart speaks in my bosom  
I sing brightly and merrily;

I have no ears  
for what it tells me,  
no feeling for its laments.  
Let fools lament!

Gaily on into the world,  
braving wind and weather!  
If there is no God on earth,  
we ourselves are gods!

XXIII. *DIE NEBENSUNNEN (PHANTOM SUNS)*

I saw three suns in the sky.  
I looked at them long and fixedly  
and they stood as firmly  
as if they would never leave me.  
You are not my suns!  
Go, gaze into other faces!  
Not long ago I had three suns—  
now the two best have gone down.  
If only the third would follow them—  
I shall feel better in the dark.

XXIV. *DER LEIERMANN*  
(*THE HURDY-GURDY MAN*)

Over there, beyond the village, a hurdy-gurdy  
man stands,  
grinding away with numbed fingers as best he  
can.

He staggers barefoot on the ice  
and his little plate remains ever empty.  
No one wants to hear him, no one looks at him  
and the dogs snarl about the old man.  
But he lets the world go by,  
he turns the handle, and his hurdy-gurdy is never  
still.

Strange old man—shall I go with you?  
Will you grind your music to my songs?

LEON LISHNER, distinguished basso of national reputation, celebrates his 80th birthday and 55th year of singing this year. Printed accolades include: *MUSICAL AMERICA*, "one of New York City Opera Company's ablest artists, both in versatility of style and dramatic range"; *WASHINGTON, D.C. EVENING STAR*, "The Lishner voice is a bass rich in quality...flexible, superbly controlled"; *SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE*, "Leon Lishner, bass-baritone of a full-colored, expressive voice, made a striking impression"; *THE WASHINGTON POST*, "Lishner held his audience soundless—Lishner reached unusual heights"; and the *CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER*, "His voice is beautiful, clear, true and richly resonant. His voice production is smooth and easy and his singing controlled. His pianissimo singing was breathtaking."

Now Professor Emeritus of the University of Washington, Lishner has sung with most of the opera companies and symphony orchestras in North America, has been featured in many world premieres (including four Menotti operas), has appeared extensively on national television and has recorded 12 albums. Since his retirement from the University of Washington, he has continued to sing with opera companies, and orchestras, and in oratorios and recitals throughout the country.

LISA BERGMAN, piano, (Artist in Residence) joined the University of Washington School of Music faculty in 1988. She made her Carnegie Recital Hall Debut in 1983. With over 60 engagements per season, she has appeared in recitals, festivals and conventions throughout the United States, Europe and Japan collaborating with such esteemed artists as Julius Baker, Marni Nixon and Ransom Wilson. A graduate of Juilliard, State University of New York at Stony Brook, and the University of Washington *cum laude*, she is much in demand as a lecturer on the art of accompanying for universities and teachers' organizations. Bergman and violinist Linda Rosenthal have released two CDs featuring violin/piano favorites and the sonatas of Aaron Copland, Quincy Porter and Walter Piston.

UPCOMING 1993-4 CONCERTS:

To request disability accommodations, contact the Office of the ADA Coordinator at least ten days in advance of the event. 543-6450 (voice); 543-6452 (TDD); 685-3885 (FAX); access@u.washington.edu (E-mail).

- October 12, Carmen Pelton, *soprano*. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- October 17, Randolph Hokanson, *piano*. 3 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- October 18, Voice Division Recital, 7 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- October 29, Littlefield Organ Halloween Concert, 12:30 and 8:00 PM, Walker-Ames Room, Kane Hall.
- November 10, 12 and 13, UW Opera: Gianni Schicchi and Mahagonny Songplay, 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 14, UW Opera: Gianni Schicchi and Mahagonny Songplay, 3 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 11, Keyboard Debut Series. 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- November 16, Third Annual Concerto Competition, 7 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 19, Jazz Studies Concert Series, 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- November 20, Visiting Artists in Ethnomusicology, Shujaat Husain Khan, *sitar*, and Akram Khan, *tabla*. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 22, Contemporary Group. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 29, University Singers. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- November 29, Percussion Ensemble. 8 PM, Meany Studio Theater.
- December 1, Wind Ensemble. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- December 3, Jazz Studies Concert Series, 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- December 4 and 5, Madrigal Singers, Collegium Musicum and Baroque Ensemble, "To Saint Cecelia". 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- December 5, Soni Ventorum Wind Quintet, 3 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- December 6, Studio Jazz Ensemble. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- December 6, Voice Division Recital. 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- December 7, University Chorale. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- December 7, ProConArt. 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.
- December 8, University Symphony with guests Carmen Pelton, *soprano* and Patricia Michaelian, *piano*. 8 PM, Meany Theater.
- December 9, Keyboard Debut Series. 8 PM, Brechemin Auditorium.