

No. 56
Betty

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

LEON LISHNER, *bass*

in a

FACULTY RECITAL

assisted by

ANNELIESE NISSEN, *piano*

Tuesday, April 13, 1976

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1-8094

MONTEVERDI 4:45
(1567-1643)

CALDARA 2:28
(1670-1736)

BACH 2:55
(1685-1750)

RAVEL 6:22
(1875-1937)

IBERT 11:32
(1890-1962)

Tape No. 2-8095

SCHUBERT 18:54
(1797-1828)

BRAHMS 16:27
(1833-1897)

Encores:
1. Schubert 4:28
2. Ravel 2:11

P R O G R A M

Mortal cosa son io

Selve amiche

From Cantata No. 31

Recitative: *Erwünschter Tag!*

Aria: *Fürst des Lebens, starker Streiter*

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Chanson romanesque

Chanson épique

Chanson à boire

Chansons de Don Quichotte

Chanson du départ

Chanson à Dulcinée

Chanson du Duc

Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

INTERMISSION

Selections from Schwanengesang

Kriegers Ahnung

Die Stadt

Aufenthalt

Der Doppelgänger

Abschied

Vier ernste Gesänge

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Ich wandte mich

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit

Engelszungen redete

Lindenbaum

Nicolette

all used
CH 5-2-76.

PROGRAM NOTES

Mortal Cosa Son Io

A mortal being am I--a fragile human at the mercy of love. The slightest thing disturbs me. Time which created me will destroy me.

Selve Amiche

Friendly forest, sheltering trees, faithful home of my heart. Bring me peace in my sorrow!

Fürst Des Lebens, Starker Streiter

King of Glory, strong Defender, God the Father's only Son. Through a cross He has ascended to His everlasting throne. Gone the cruel cords that bound Him, gone the purple robe of shame. Now the crown of thorns that pierced Him is become a diadem.

Chanson Romanesque

If you were to tell me that the rotation of the earth offends you, I would stop it from turning. If the long night bores you, I will banish it from the sky with one blow. If the emptiness of space displeases you I will sow stars around. But if you say my blood is more mine than yours, I would pale at the charge and die blessing you.

Chanson Épique

Good St. Michael, bring my lady to me, let me be her champion. Good St. Michael, come to earth with St. George to the shrine of the Madonna. With a light from heaven bless my sword, bless me with purity and piety. The angel watching over me is my own beloved, so much like you, Madonna in the blue cloak. Amen!

Chanson À Boire

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady, who to defame me in your gentle eyes says that love and old wine bereave my hearth and soul. I drink to joy! A pox on that jealous man, dark lady, who whines, weeps and swears that he is ever that pallid lover who waters down his drunkenness. I drink to joy!

Chanson Du Départ

This new castle, this new edifice, enriched with marble, which Love has built, is a fortress against vice. It is a castle which no one can approach who has not saved his people from great kings.

Chanson À Dulcinée

Each day is a year if I do not see my Dulcinea. But I see her face in every cloud, dawn and flower.

Chanson Du Duc

I wish to sing to the Lady of my dreams, who exalts me above this sordid age. For her I have attempted high adventures and made the world bow down in homage to her. I champion against every rash Knight they unmatched splendour and excellence.

Chanson De La Mort

Do not weep, Sancho. Thy master is not dead. He lives in a happy island where all is pure and free from deceit. The books are burnt; if all the books have killed me, it needs but one that I should live--a shadow in life, and real in death. Such is the string fate of poor Don Quixote.

Kriegers Ahnung

In deep rest lies the circle of my comrades-in-arms. My heart is heavy with longing. How often have I dreamed on her warm bosom, lying by the friendly fire-side. But here the dismal light plays only on weapons. Here I am alone. My darling, good night!

Die Stadt

On the distant horizon the city appears like a misty image veiled in the twilight. The boatman rows with weary strokes. The sun rises, radiant, from the earth and shows me the place where I lost my beloved.

Aufenthalt

Rearing rivers, blowing forests, towering cliffs, my abode. As the waves follow one another, so my tears flow. As the tree tops rustle and sway, so does my heart beat. And like the primeval ores of the cliffs, so my grief remains ever in my heart.

Der Doppelgänger

The night is still, the streets are quiet. My beloved lived in this house, but she had long ago left the town. There stands a man looking at the house, wringing his hands in agony. I shudder when I see his face--the moon reveals my own countenance!

Abschied

Farewell, you happy city, farewell! My horse is ready. You have never seen me sad, nor will you now that we part. Farewell you trees, you gardens, you friendly girls. I may not linger--I must move on.

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 looked about and considered all the oppressions done beneath the sun. There was weeping and wailing of those that were oppressed; for with the oppressors there was power and no one came to comfort the oppressed.

O Tod, Wie Ritter 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 welcom 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 no love, so is my life worthless. Faith, Hope and Love abide, but the greatest of them all is Love.