MR. LISHNER has sung with most of the major symphony orchestras in this country and under many of the world's most distinguished conductors. His versatility is extraordinary for he has been acclaimed for such varied and exacting roles as Osmin in Mozart's "Abduction from the Seraglio", Doniezetti's "Don Pasquale", Arkel in Debussey's "Pelleas and Melisande" as well as in recital and oratorio. On Broadway he has been featured in Menotti's "The Consul" and "The Saint of Bleecker Street."

LISHNER's recent success as Dr. Kolenaty in the San Francisco Opera Company's American premiere of Janacek's "The Makropulos Case" was another of the ground breaking performances for which he is noted. Other such performances include the starring role in the first American production of Richard Strauss' "The Silent Woman " with the N.Y. City Opera Co., and Napoleon in the NBC TV production of Prokofiev's "War and Peace"; the role of Claggert in the NBC TV's production of Britten's "Billy Budd"; four world premieres of the works of Gian-Carlo Menotti, including Death in "Labyrinth" and King Balthazar in "Amahl and the Night Visitors."

With his mastery of art song in many languages, LISHNER reveals a voice of extraordinary beauty, combined with deep human sympathies and the most sensitive artistry. He has recorded for RCA VICTOR, COLUMBIA, DECCA AND VANGUARD.

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FUTURE FACULTY MUSIC SERIES PROGRAMS:

October 5	Denes Zsigmondy, Anneliese Nissen
October 12	Soni Ventorum with Alberto Rafols
October 26	Neal & Nancy O'Doan
~~November 30~~	Randolph Hokanson
December 2	University Sinfonietta & University Chorale Abraham Kaplan, conductor, with Donald McInnes and Bela Siki

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PRESENTS

No. 107
Betty.

LEON LISHNER, bass

with Anneliese Nissen, piano

in honor of the 150th anniversary of the death of Franz Schubert

Thursday, September 28
8:00 PM
MEANY THEATER

DIE WINTERREISE (Winter Journey)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

I. Gute Nacht
II. Die Weterfahne
III. Gefror'ne Tränen
IV. Erstarrung
V. Der Lindenbaum
VI. Wasserflut
VII. Auf dem Flusse
VIII. Rückblick
IX. Irrlicht
X. Rast
XI. Frühlingstraum
XII. Einsamkeit

Tape No. 1-9122
39:55

All used for
CH 10-29-78.

XIII. Die Post
XIV. Der Greise Kopf
XV. Die Krähe
XVI. Letzte Hoffnung
XVII. Im Dorfe
XVIII. Der stürmische Morgen
XIX. Täuschung
XX. Der Wegwiser
XXI. Das Wirtshaus
XXII. Mut
XXIII. Die Nebensonnen
XXIV. Der Leiermann

Tape No. 2-9123
31:43

Der Stürmische Morgen. The storm has ripped the sky's grey robe; tatters of cloud fly about, and red flames gleam between them. That's a morning after my own heart, for it sees itself painted in the heavens--just wild, cold Winter.
Täuschung. A light dances before me; I follow it, and find that it leads me astray. A sufferer readily trusts such colorful deceptions, that seem to offer home and warmth and love; but I am always deceived.
Der Wegweiser. Why do I avoid traveled roads? Seek obscure and snowy paths? I've done no harm; what mad desire drives me into the deserts? Guide-posts point to the city, yet I wander endlessly, seeking rest. But one post, planted before me, I must see: it points to the road from which none return.
Das Wirtshaus. I've come to a graveyard, where I have thought to enter. Ye funeral wreaths, do you bid the weary wanderer into your cool tap-room? Are your beds all taken? I am burdened unto death! Heartless inn-keeper, dost wave [illegible] away? Well, then; on! On! my faithful walking stick!
Mut. When the snow's on my face, I brush it away; when my heart speaks its woe, I sing loud and clear--I hear nothing it says, feel not the complaint; complaining is for fools. Forth into the world! If no God will live on earth, we'll be gods ourselves.
Die Nebensonnen. I saw three suns in the sky; they gave me a glassy stare, as if they'd never leave me. Ah, ye are not my suns. Shine on others. Not long ago, I had all three; now the best two are gone; and if the third sets as well, I shall be better in the dark.
Der Leiermann. Behind the village there's a hurdy-gurdy man, stiff-fingered, playing what he can. Barefoot on the ice, tramping back and forth, his little bowl holds never a penny. No one wants to hear him, no one looks at him; the dogs snarl around him, but he lets everything go on as it will--always turns his handle, and his hurdy-gurdy is never silent. Strange old man, shall I go with you? Will you grind your organ for my singing, too?

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LEON LISHNER's magnificent voice and artistry are known to millions through his numerous national Television appearances as well as performances in opera, concert and with orchestras throughout the country.
MUSICAL AMERICA described him as "one of the ablest artists in the New York City Opera Company" where for many seasons he has [illegible] a leading basso. He has also sung with the San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Philadelphia Opera, NBC TV Opera Havana, Montreal, Central City, Seattle, Vancouver Opera Companies, appearing in some 85 roles.

TRANSLATIONS

Gute Nacht. I came, a stranger, hither; I go, a stranger, hence. In Maytime the maid spoke of love--the mother, of marriage. But now my world is dreary and snow-bound--why should I linger? Love loves to wander. Goodnight, my sweet--I'll not disturb thy slumber, but only write on thy door, Good Night.

Die Wetterfahne. The wind plays with the weathercock on my beloved's house. Had I noticed earlier that coat-of-arms, I should never have sought there a faithful wife. Inside, the wind plays with hearts. They care not, for their child is wedded to wealth.

Gefror'ne Tränen. Frozen tears drop from my cheeks; have I wept, unawares? Ah, my tears, are you so lukewarm that you can freeze like dew? You came from my heart hot enough to melt all the winter's ice.

Erstarrung. Fruitlessly I seek in the snow traces of her steps as she trod the green with me. I'll kiss the snow and melt the ice with my tears until I can see the earth! But the flowers are dead and the grass is brown... When all my sorrow is speechless, who'll speak to me of her? My heart is frozen, and her image within it.

Der Lindenbaum. By the fountain at the gate stands a linden tree. What dreams I dreamt in its shade! What words I cut in its bark! Passing by it, in deepest darkness, I shut my eyes, and its branches rustled as if saying, "Come to me, companion--here thou'lt find rest." Winds blew my hat away, but I did not turn; now I am many miles away, but still I hear it saying, "You would find rest here."

Wasserflut. I have let fall many a tear in the snow; Its cold flakes thirstily absorb my sorrows. The spring, with its warm wind, will melt them. Then, Snow, thou'lt flow with them down the street to the brook; and when you feel the glow of my tears, know that you are passing my beloved's house.

Auf dem Flusse. River, that ran so boisterously, how still thou art, without greeting for me. In thy hard rind I scratch with a stone my beloved's name, and the day of our first meeting; and round them, a broken ring. My heart, do you recognize your likeness rushing and swelling, under thy rind?

Rückblick. My feet burn, although I walk on ice and snow. I do not want to draw another breath until those towers are out of sight! Hasting to leave the town, I stumbled over stones; crows threw hailstones on my hat. --How differently the fickle town had greeted me! Lark and nightingale sang, trees bloomed, brooks sparkled, and two maiden eyes glowed. As I think of it, I wish to go back--to stand before her house in silence.

Irrlicht. A will-o'-the-wisp lured me into a rocky glen. How to find a way out? Ah, I'm used to wrong turnings--every road leads to the goal. All sorrows, all pleasures, are Will-o'-the wisp's games. Every stream runs to the sea--every sorrow to its grave.

Rast. Only now, resting, I see how weary I am. Wandering even on unfriendly roads, my feet asked no rest; my knapsack was not heavy, for the storm drove me on. I find shelter in a charcoal-burner's cabin, but my limbs will not rest, and my heart feels only in the silence the sting that drove it on.

Frühlingstraum. I dreamt of May-flowers, of green meadows, of joyous bird-songs. But when the cock crowed and I awoke, it was cold and dark, and ravens croaked from the house-top. Yet, who drew all these flowers on the window-panes? Must one laugh at him who sees flowers in winter? I dreamt of love; the cock crowed; my heart awoke, and now I sit alone and remember my dream. My heart beats warm. When, yet window-pane flowers, will ye bloom? When shall my arm embrace my beloved?

Einsamkeit. Like a murky cloud crossing the sky; like a gentle breeze in the fir tree, I go my way with dragging feet-pass through happy, care-free life without a greeting. Alas, the quiety air, the shining earth! Even amid howling storms I was not so wretched.

Die Post. Why leap at the sound of the post horn, my heart? The post brings thee no letter... The postman comes from the town where I had a sweetheart. Wilt thou ask him how things are there, my heart?

Der Greise Kopf. Frost had thrown a whitish sheen on my head. I thought I had grown old, and I rejoiced; but soon it thawed, my hair was black, and I, dismayed. How far to the grave? From evening to morning, many a head turns grey; but who can believe that, when on this whole journey mine did not turn?

Die Krähe As I left the town, a crow flew--has flown round my head ever since. Ill-omened bird, wilt not leave me? Thinkest thou my body shall be thy prey? The road is not much longer--be true to me till death.

Letzte Hoffnung. Even yet, colored leaves hang on branches and I stand in thought before the trees. I choose one leaf, hang my hopes on it, and, when the wind stirs it, I tremble. Ah, if that leaf falls, and my hopes with it, I too shall fall to earth and weep upon the grave of my hopes.

Im Dorfe. Watch-dogs are barking, chains are rattling, men are asleep and dreaming of imagined wealth. In the morning, all has vanished. Ah, well, having had their share, they hope to find more on their pillows. Howl, dogs. Let me not sleep, for I am through with dreaming. Then why should I dally with dreamers?