

1967

Eighty-ninth Season

1968

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Charles A. Sink, President

Gail W. Rector, Executive Director

Lester McCoy, Conductor

Fifth Concert

Eighty-ninth Annual Choral Union Series

Complete Series 3593

*Forty-ninth program in the Sesquicentennial Year of The University of Michigan*

# CHRISTA LUDWIG

*Mezzo-Soprano*ERIK WERBA, *Pianist*

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 31, 1967, AT 8:30  
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

## P R O G R A M

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen gruenen Wald . . . . . MAHLER  
Rheinlegendchen . . . . . MAHLER  
Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt . . . . . MAHLER

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42 (Adalbert von Chamisso) . . . . . SCHUMANN

Seit ich ihn gesehen  
Er, der Herrlichste von allen  
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben  
Du Ring an meinem Finger  
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern  
Süsser Freund, du blickest  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust  
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

## INTERMISSION

Sapphische Ode, Op. 94, No. 4 (Hans Schmidt) . . . . . BRAHMS  
Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2 (Ludwig Hoelty) . . . . . BRAHMS  
Maedchenlied, Op. 107, No. 5 (Heyse) . . . . . BRAHMS  
Von ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1 (Josef Wenzig) . . . . . BRAHMS

Three Songs from the "Moerike-Lieder" . . . . . HUGO WOLF

Wo find' ich Trost  
Frage und Antwort  
Nimmersatte Liebe

Du meines Herzens Kroenelein, Op. 21, No. 2 (Dahn) RICHARD STRAUSS  
Schlechtes Wetter, Op. 69, No. 5 (Heine) . . . . . RICHARD STRAUSS  
Caecille, Op. 27, No. 2 (Hart) . . . . . RICHARD STRAUSS

*Records: Angel, Deutsche Grammophon, London, Vox*

A R S                      L O N G A                      V I T A                      B R E V I S

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald . . . . . MAHLER

I wander cheerfully through a green forest  
and hear the birds singing;  
The green forest birds sing with voices  
of youth and of wisdom.  
I love to hear them sing.

Now sing, sing, Lady Nightingale,  
sing your song to my loved one:  
come, when darkness falls  
and no one is in the street  
and then come to me  
and I will let you in.

The day passed, the night began  
he came to his sweetheart  
he knocks lightly:  
"Ah, are you asleep or awake, my child?  
I have been waiting for such a long time."

The moon shines through the little window  
at the sweet, gentle beloved  
The nightingale sings all night long.  
You sleepy maiden, take care.  
Where is your beloved?

I am withdrawn from the world  
with whom I wasted so much time;  
My beloved has not heard from me for a  
long time. She may think I died.

And it does not matter to me at all  
if she thinks I am dead.  
I cannot say anything against this because I  
am truly dead as far as the world is concerned.

I am numb to the worldly strife  
and I rest in a quiet world of my own.  
I live alone in my heaven  
in my loves, in my song.

Rheinlegendchen . . . . . MAHLER

I cut grass on the Neckar now, now on the  
Rhine,  
I have a sweetheart now, now I am alone.  
Why should I cut grass if the sickle's not sharp?  
Why should I have a sweetheart, if she forsakes  
me?

So if I cut grass on the Neckar and on the  
Rhine,  
I'll throw my golden ring into the river.  
It will flow down the Neckar and down the  
Rhine.  
Let it drift out to the deep sea.

And while it drifts, a fish will swallow it.  
The fish will get on the king's table.  
And the king will ask: Whose is the ring?  
And my sweetheart will answer: the ring is  
mine.

My sweetheart will hurry over mountain and  
vale  
To bring back to me my ring of gold.  
You may cut grass on the Neckar and on the  
Rhine  
And safely throw in your little ring.

Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt . . . . . MAHLER

Anthony finds the church empty when he comes  
to preach  
So he goes to the river, to preach to the fishes.  
They shake their tails, glittering in the sunshine.  
The carps, male and female, have all come,  
Flinging wide open their mouths, better to  
listen.  
Never have fishes enjoyed a sermon so much!

Pikes with pointed noses, who always fight  
Have come running to hear the Saint.  
Even those dreamers who always fast,  
The stockfishes, I mean, are attending the  
sermon.  
Never have fishes enjoyed a sermon so much!

The good eels and the sturgeons who love fine  
cuisine  
Even they took the trouble to hear the sermon.

Also the crawfish and turtles, usually slow of  
movement,  
Have hurriedly risen from the depth to listen  
to this voice.  
Never before have stockfishes enjoyed a sermon  
so much.

Fishes little and big, noble and lowly  
Are raising their heads like intelligent beings  
By God's wish to hear the sermon.

The sermon over, each one goes back:  
The pikes remain thieves, the eels go after  
everything.

They loved the sermon, they remain what they  
were.

The crawfish go home, the stockfishes remain  
fat,

The carps gorge themselves, the sermon's  
forgotten.

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42 (Adalbert von Chamisso) . . . . . SCHUMANN

*Seit ich ihn gesehen*

Ah! since first I saw him,  
Sight indeed seems gone!  
For I see around me,  
His dear face alone!  
Like a waking vision,  
Rising to my view,  
Ever through the darkness  
Darting forth anew.

All that once could cheer me,  
Shapeless fades away,  
Oft I sit in silence,  
While my sisters play,  
And they find me weeping  
In my chamber alone!  
Ah! since first I saw him,  
Sight indeed seems gone!

Three Songs from the "Moerike-Lieder" . . . . . WOLF

*Wo find ich Trost*

I know a love which is true  
and has been true since I discovered it  
and with renewing deep sighs  
I tied myself to this love and forgave everything.

One who once with heavenly patience  
drank bitter, bitter drops of death and  
hung on the cross and atoned for my sins  
until they sank into a sea of forgiveness.

And why is it now, that I am so sad  
that I cower on the ground anxiously  
Question: My Protector, will the night be over  
soon?

And what will save me from death and sin?  
Wicked heart, confess you have again  
experienced

malicious longing, pious love, signs of pious  
faith, ah, they are long vanished.

Yes, that is why I am sad  
so that I am cowering on the ground with  
anxiety. Protector, Protector, will night be  
over soon? And what will save me from death  
and sin?

*Frage und Antwort*

Do you ask me from where this love came to  
my heart

and why I did not take out the bitter sting  
a long time ago?  
Tell me why the wind moves the wings with  
such speed  
and where the quiet spring's water leads to.  
Hold up the wind for me!  
Hold back the sweet spring with your magic  
wand!

*Nimmersatte Liebe*

So is love, so is love!  
It can't be quenched by kisses;  
Who is the fool, that wants to fill a sieve  
With nought but water?  
And if you'd ladle a thousand years, yes,  
If you'd kiss eternally,  
You cannot satisfy her.  
All love brings every hour  
Novel, strange desires;  
Our bites brought blood upon our lips,  
When today we were kissing.  
The maiden is all in stride;  
Like a compliant lamb beneath the cleaver.  
Her eyes implored: by no means stop,  
The more it hurts the better!  
So is love and always was as long as love's  
existed.

And even Solomon the Wise  
Loved in this very fashion.

Du meines Herzens Kroenelein, Op. 21, No. 2 (Dahn) . . . . . STRAUSS

You are the crown of my heart,  
you are of pure gold  
if others be around, yet you  
are the loveliest.

The others seem pretentious,  
you are sweet and quiet.

The others seek love and favors  
with a thousand false words.  
You, without tricks of your mouth  
and eyes, are lovable everywhere.  
You are like the rose in the woods,  
it does not know it is blooming,  
Yet, it brings joy to the passerby.

Schlechtes Wetter, Op. 69, No. 5 (Heine) . . . . . STRAUSS

The weather is rough today:  
rain, storm, and sleet!  
I sit at my window and peer  
out into the darkness.

A lone little light glimmers out there,  
wandering slowly on:  
a little old woman with a lantern  
hobbles across the street.

I think she has been shopping,  
buying flour, eggs, and butter  
to bake a cake  
for her grown-up daughter.

The daughter sits at home, in the arm-chair  
winking sleepily into the light;  
her golden curls fall  
about her sweet face.

Caecille, Op. 27, No. 2 (Hart) . . . . . STRAUSS

If you but knew  
what it is to dream  
of burning kisses,  
of roving and resting  
with the one you love,  
eye to eye,  
and caressing and babbling;  
if you but knew it,  
you would incline your heart.

If you but knew  
what it is to fret  
in lonely nights,  
while the rain is pouring  
and no one there to comfort

with soft words  
your weary soul,  
if you only knew it  
you would come to me.

If you but knew  
what it is to live  
inspired by godhood's  
world-creating breath,  
to soar upward  
borne on the light  
to blessed heights—  
if you but knew it,  
you would live with me.



### *Er, der Herrlichste von Allen*

Oh! thou grandest, best of mortals!  
Who with thee can e'er compare?  
Face, the noblest! Eyes, the brightest!  
Mind sublime and courage rare!

Like that star now shining brightly,  
Far in yonder azure sky,  
So dost shine, far, far above me,  
From thy heav'nly sphere on high!

Keep the path that lied before thee!  
Let me only see thy light;  
From afar let me behold thee,  
Happy in my cheerless night!

Hear not thou my fervent praying,  
For thy bliss and thine alone!  
Ne'er shouldst know the lowly maiden!  
Star that moves in loftier zone!

Oh! that one, all pure and worthy,  
Thou may'st choose to be my bride  
I would be the first to bless her,  
In my heartfelt pride!

I'd rejoice amid my weeping,  
Happy, happy I should be,  
Tho' my heart were slowly breaking,  
For the love, the love of thee!

### *Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*

I dare not, cannot believe it!  
'Tis like a dream of the night!  
How could one so poor and lowly,  
Be prized above all in his sight?

And yet it seem'd that he whisper'd:  
"I'm thine, my love, for aye!"  
No, no! I cannot believe it!  
My dream is fading away!

Oh! let me die in my dreaming,  
Still folded unto his heart;  
Then death I would gladly welcome,  
In joy would my spirit depart!

Oh! ring upon my finger,  
Thou dear little golden ring!  
With purest of joy I caress thee  
Like a living thing!

My childhood's dream was over,  
With all its peace and pleasures rare!  
The world seem'd dreary and lonely,  
A desert unpeopled and bare!

### *Du Ring an meinem Finger*

Thou ring upon my finger,  
'Tis thou who hast made me see,  
The world a lovely garden,  
Where sweetest and fairest of flow'rs may be!

What joy to live but to serve him!  
To feel my soul grow bright,  
When-e'er his lov'd eyes gaze upon me,  
Illumin'd with their soft light!

Oh! ring, upon my finger,  
Thou seem'st like a living thing!  
With purest of joy I caress thee,  
My darling little golden ring!

### *Helft mir, ihr Schwestern*

Come, dearest sister,  
Do draw near me,  
In my happiness join me now!  
Let thy deft fingers  
Swiftly adorn me,  
Place the myrtle wreath on my brow!

Ah! how my dear one  
Ardently pleaded,  
When we were dreaming the moment away,  
How, with his dear eyes  
Radiantly beaming,  
Oft he'd entreat me to hasten the day!

Help me, dear sisters,  
Stay my heart's beating,  
Help me to stem these foolish tears!  
So that in gladness  
I may receive him,  
When he, the light of my heart, appears!

Come, my belov'd one,  
Come! I await thee,  
Thou art my sunshine pure and bright!  
Let me in meekness, joy and devotion,  
Kneel at thy shrine, Oh! my fountain of light!

Come then, dear sisters!  
Scatter before him,  
Sweetest of Rosebuds, all sparkling with dew!  
Yet there's a grief  
With my happiness mingled,  
For in my joy I must part from you!

### *Süsser Freund, du blickest*

Ah! my love, thou wond'rest  
Why I weep today;  
What these glitt'ring dewdrops,  
In mine eyes, would say!

Hail these tears, my darling,  
Even as jewels bright!  
For they are but heralds  
Of my pure delight!

Oh! could language tell thee,  
Half the joy I feel!  
Could my throbbing bosom,  
Half its bliss reveal!  
Come, my love, draw nearer!  
Bend thy head to mine,  
Let me softly whisper,  
All my joy divine!

Now you can understand,  
Why these glad tears flow!  
Thou, my own dear husband,  
You should surely, surely know!  
Stay thou near my heart, love,  
Hear its pulse beat high!  
Let me draw thee nearer,  
Feel that thou art nigh!

Place the little cradle  
Here, beside my bed,  
For it holds a vision,  
'Neath its curtained head!  
When the morn is breaking  
From the cot will shine,  
Love, a dream no longer,  
But a face like thine!

*An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*

Here, to my heart, unto my glad breast,  
Oh! let my treasure, fondly be pressed!  
True love is true happiness;  
I my assertion am ready to prove!

I never dreamed of joy like this,  
Far more than mortal seems my bliss!

No one can know, no one can feel  
Such joy as o'er my heart doth steal!

None but a mother! she alone  
The pearl of Love's pure joy doth own!

Man, there's a boon can never be thine,  
Maternal love! that spark divine!

Thou angel child from Heaven sent,  
Thou smilest on me with sweetest content!

Here, to my heart, unto my breast,  
Let my sweet treasure be fondly pressed!

*Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz  
getan*

Now thou hast turned my joy to keenest woe,  
Since thou hast fled!  
Aye, fled for evermore from Earth below;  
My love is dead!

And I in sorrow gaze on all around,  
Yet naught I see!  
For life and joy in love alone I found;  
My world in thee!

I look within my heart to seek thee there;  
A face divine!  
Shines forth like sunshine o'er my dark despair;  
Love! it is thine!

*Sapphische Ode, Op. 94, No. 4 (Hans Schmidt) . . . . . BRAHMS*

Roses I gathered at night in the dark grove  
Their scent was sweeter than ever during the  
day.  
But the moving branches were dripping  
With dew which almost drenched me.

Also, the scent of kisses charmed me as never  
before.  
Kisses I gathered at night from the bush of  
your lips  
But you too, moved just like them,  
Were dewy with tears.

*Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2 (Ludwig Hoelty) . . . . . BRAHMS*

When the silvery moon gleams through the  
bushes  
and casts his sleeping light on the grass,  
when the nightingale calls—  
then I wander sadly from bush to bush.

A pair of turtle-doves, hidden among the  
leaves,

coo down their ecstasy; but I turn away,  
seeking gloomier shadows,  
and tears of loneliness steal into my eyes.

When, O smiling vision that shines  
like the dawn through my soul, shall I find  
you on earth?  
And the lonely tear  
trembles, scalding, down my cheek.

*Maedchenlied, Op. 107, No. 5 (Heyse) . . . . . BRAHMS*

See the girls at their spinning  
The lads coming after,  
All happy and singing  
The wheels hum with laughter.

Each looks at her distaff,  
As she works at her wheel,  
She hears music far off  
Her own wedding bell.

Oh, if I had only  
Some one to laugh with,  
If I were not so lonely,  
Some one to weep with!

The others are singing  
But I want to cry;  
O why am I spinning,  
I don't know why!

*Von ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1 (Josef Wenzig) . . . . . BRAHMS*

Dark, how dark it is in the woods and fields.  
Night is falling, the world is silent.  
Nowhere a light, and nowhere smoke.  
Yes, and the lark too is now silent.

There comes from the village a youth,  
Taking his girl home to her house.  
Leading her past the willows,  
Talking this and that.

"If you suffer disgrace and sorrow  
If you suffer disgrace from others for my sake,  
If love be separated fast,

As fast as we were united  
Let it rain and let it blow  
As fast as we were united."

The girl says:  
"Our love cannot be separated.  
Steel is strong and so is iron too,  
Our love is even stronger.

Iron and steel are reformed  
But who is going to change our love?  
Iron and steel can perish  
Our love is eternal."

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY  
INTERNATIONAL PRESENTATIONS—1967-1968

HILL AUDITORIUM EVENTS NOW ON SALE

YOMIURI JAPANESE ORCHESTRA . . . . . Friday, November 10  
ARTHUR FIEDLER, *Conductor*

*Program:* Overture to "Semiramide" . . . . . ROSSINI  
Piano Concerto No. 2, F minor, Op. 21 . . . . . CHOPIN  
HIRO IMAMURA, *Pianist*  
Symphony, Op. 25 . . . . . PROKOFIEFF  
Selections from "West Side Story" . . . . . BERNSTEIN  
Suite from "Gaiete Parisienne" . . . . . OFFENBACH

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA  
OF LONDON . . . . .

Wednesday, January 17

NATIONAL BALLET from Washington, D.C. . . . . Wednesday, January 24

NATHAN MILSTEIN, *Violinist* . . . . . Monday, January 29

HELSINKI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA . . . . . Saturday, February 24

STOCKHOLM PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA . . . . . Friday, March 8

ANTAL DORATI, *Conductor*

VAN CLIBURN, *Pianist* . . . . . Friday, March 15

TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA . . . . . Thursday, March 28

SEIJI OZAWA, *Conductor*

Tickets: \$6.00—\$5.50—\$5.00—\$4.00—\$3.00—\$2.00

# Messiah

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

December 1 and 2, 8:30; December 3, 2:30

In Hill Auditorium

ELISABETH MOSHER, *Soprano*

WALDIE ANDERSON, *Tenor*

HUGUETTE TOURANGEAU, *Contralto*

ARA BERBERIAN, *Bass*

UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

MEMBERS OF THE INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY ORCHESTRA

MARY MCCALL STUBBINS, *Organist*; CHARLES FISHER, *Harpsichordist*

LESTER MCCOY, *Conductor*

Tickets: \$2.50—\$2.00—\$1.50—\$1.00

*In Rackham Auditorium*

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC OCTET . . . . . Sunday, November 5

BERLINER CAMERATA MUSICALE . . . . . Monday, November 13

Tickets: \$5.00—\$4.00—\$2.00

## Chamber Music Festival

LOEWENGUTH QUARTET . . . . . Friday, February 16

WARSAW CHAMBER ORCHESTRA . . . . . Saturday, February 17

EARLY MUSIC QUARTET . . . . . (2:30) Sunday, February 18

Series Tickets: \$8.00—\$6.00—\$5.00

Single Concerts: \$5.00—\$4.00—\$2.00

On Sale November 6.

NOTE: All programs begin at 8:30 P.M. unless otherwise indicated.

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY, Burton Tower

(Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 to 4:30; Sat., 9 to 12 A.M.)

Telephone: 665-3717