



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Håkan Hagegård

Baritone

THOMAS SCHUBACK, *Pianist*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY, 9, 1983, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR

PROGRAM

Abendempfindung, K. 523
Komm, liebe Zither, K. 351
Ein deutsches Kriegslied, K. 539 } MOZART

Gammal Nederländare STENHAMMAR
Fra Monte Pincio, Op. 39, No. 1 GRIEG
Irmelin Rose NIELSEN
Svarta Rosor, Op. 36, No. 1 SIBELIUS

Extase
La Vague et la cloche } DUPARC
Soupir
Phidylé

INTERMISSION

Ständchen
Aufenthalt
In der Ferne
Abschied } SCHUBERT

Seven Early Songs BERG
Night
Reed Song
The Nightingale
Crowned in Dreams
In the Room
Love's Ode
Summer Days

Fussreise
Der Rattenfänger } WOLF
Abschied

Telarc, EMI, Caprice, Proprius, Bis, & RCA Records.

This evening's recital is dedicated to the memory of Glenn D. McGeoch, who died January 14, 1983 at the age of 79. Mr. McGeoch came to Ann Arbor in 1926 and was Professor of Music at the University for 42 years until his retirement in 1971. He gave generously of his talent and spirit to the Musical Society as program annotator of the May Festival from 1932 to 1974.

Håkan Hagegård has established a brilliant international career devoted to both lieder recitals and opera performances. During his current visit in the United States, the Swedish baritone gives 19 recitals, culminating in a Carnegie Hall debut on February 28, and appears at the Metropolitan Opera as Figaro in The Barber of Seville. He will sing the title role of Don Giovanni at Lyons (April-May); the role of Figaro at the Australian opera (August-September); and Papageno in The Magic Flute at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires (October). His debut at La Scala, also as Papageno, is scheduled in 1985.

Mr. Hågegård and pianist Thomas Schuback return this evening after their Ann Arbor debut in Rackham Auditorium two years ago.

Three Songs WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Abendempfindung (Evening Thoughts) — It is evening. The sun has disappeared, and the moon's silver gleam is beaming. Thus life's finest hours fly by, fly by as though dancing. The colorful drama of life is quickly over and the curtain falls. The play is finished, and friends' tears are pouring over my grave. Soon, perhaps, gently as the west wind, a silent foreboding drifts over me. I am ending this life's pilgrimage. I shall fly to the land of peace. If you weep at my grave, mourning over my ashes, then, oh friends, I will appear to you and waft you to heaven. Shed a little tear for me, and pick a violet for my grave, and with a soulful glance look down gently at me. Dedicate a tear to me, and, oh, don't be ashamed! Oh, it will be the most beautiful pearl in my diadem.

Komm, liebe Zither (Come, Dear Zither) — Come, dear zither, thou companion of my secret love! You shall be my friend too. Come! I confide in you the most secret of my desires. Only to you do I confide my pain. Speak to her in my stead! I may not yet tell her that my heart belongs entirely to her. Speak to her in my stead! I may not yet complain of how my heart is wasting away for her.

Ein deutsches Kriegslied (A German War Song) — I would really like to be the Emperor. I would destroy the Near East. The Mussulmen would tremble with fear. Constantinople would be mine. I would really like to be the Emperor. Athens and Sparta would be, like Rome, Queen of the World. Antiquity would be reborn. I would really like to be the Emperor. I would engage the best poets to sing of heroic deeds. I would usher in a golden age. I would really like to be the Emperor, but since Joseph's reign fulfills my wishes and is celebrated in song, may he be Emperor forever!

Gammal Nederländare WILHELM STENHAMMAR

It is no fun anymore to stand knocking Katinka. The moon shines and the winds blow and the frozen stars blink. My knuckles are red and my nose is blue. Come lift now the lock, open the door and let me have a roof over my head, you trollop. You shall lay a table with small golden cups. Beer and Schnaps and cheese for two, and also a fat and steaming ham.

Fra Monte Pincio EDVARD GRIEG

Evening comes and the red sun beams its endless, gleaming light. The hill is transfigured, like a death mask. The domes are glowing and in the distance dark mists rise and hover above the deep blue fields like age-old veils. This evening, how warm it is. How the swarm of humanity is glowing in the red light — and the band and the flowers and the dark eyes. With this light and music, we seek forgiveness. There is stillness and darker blue as the heavens watch and wait; the dreams of the past and the coming of the future shine dimly in the darkness. But Rome will rise again and shine in the night of Italy. Bells will ring and cannons roar and memory of the past will lighten the blue of the future! Sing to the newlyweds, hope and trust, with zither and flute. Our powerful longing will be put to rest and gentler feelings will wake and smile.

Irmelin Rose CARL NIELSEN

Lo a king with many treasures dwelt amid their golden sheen; and the name of the most precious was the famous Irmaleen. Irmaleen Moonlight, Irmaleen Rose, Irmaleen all that is delightful.

Knightly helmets were resplendent with her colours gorgeous flame; and in ev'ry rhyme and metre was declaimed the precious name. Irmaleen Moonlight, Irmaleen Rose, Irmaleen all that is delightful.

The entire flock of suitors who engulfed the royal hall; made to woo with dainty presents and with flow'ry words enthrall. Irmaleen Moonlight, Irmaleen Rose, Irmaleen all that is delightful.

But the Princess cast them from her, for her heart was cold and proud; and she mocked their gallant bearing at their language aloud. Irmaleen Moonlight, Irmaleen Rose, Irmaleen all that is delightful.

Svarta Rosor JEAN SIBELIUS

Tell me, why are you so sad today, you who are always so happy and gay? I am no sadder today than when I seem happy and gay; and in sorrow, roses are black as night. In the middle of my heart a

rosetree is growing of which I can never get free; its stalks are thorny and cause my sorrow and pain — and in sorrow, roses are black as night. But there is a plenty of roses, some white as death, some red as blood. The roots of the tree in my heart pulse and beat, and grow and grow, and I suffer — and in sorrow, roses are black as night.

Four Songs HENRI DUPARC

Extase (Ecstasy) — On a pale lily, my heart is sleeping a sleep as sweet as death, death perfumed by the breath of my beloved. On your pale breast, my heart is sleeping a sleep as sweet as death.

La Vague et la cloche (The Wave and the Bell) — Once, overcome by a powerful potion, I dreamed that amid the waves and ocean's roar I was rowing without a lantern through the night, a dispirited oarsman no longer hoping to reach the shore. The ocean spat its foam onto my brow, and the wind froze my innards with its horror. The waves crashed down like falling walls in slow rhythm, with silences between. Then everything changed. The sea gave up its dark struggle. Under my feet, the boat's bottom collapsed, and I was alone in an old belfry, astride a furiously swinging bell. I held on to the loud thing stubbornly, convulsively, my eyelids shut with the effort. I quickened the swaying weight so much that the rumbling made the old stones shake. Why did you not tell, dream, where, God is leading us? Why did you not tell, if there will never be an end to the useless toil and the eternal strife of which human life, alas, is made?

Soupir (Sigh) — Never to see her or to hear her, never to name her aloud, but ever to wait faithfully for her; ever to love her. To open my arms and, weary of waiting, to close them on a void, but still, to extend them forever toward her; ever to love her. Oh, to be able just to extend them toward her and to be consumed in tears, but ever to shed these tears; ever to love her. Never to see or to hear her, never to name her aloud, but with a love ever more tender; ever to love her.

Phidylé — The grass is soft to sleep on, under the cool poplars, by the banks of the mossy springs that shoot from a thousand openings in the flowery fields and get lost in the dark thickets. Rest, oh Phidylé! Noon light is shining on the foliage and inviting you to sleep. In the clover and thyme, only the fickle humming bees are out in the sun. A warm perfume travels the winding paths, the red flower of the wheat fields droops, and the birds, wings skimming the hillside, seek the shade of the briar-rose. Rest, Oh Phidylé! But when the sun has slanted downward in its brilliant course, it will see its ardor quenched. May your most beautiful smile and your best kiss then reward me for waiting!

Four Songs from the "Swansong" Collection, D. 957 FRANZ SCHUBERT

Ständchen (Serenade) — Gently, through the night, my songs beg for you. Into the quiet grove down here, beloved, come to me! Whispering, the slender treetops are rustling in the light of the moon. That an unfriendly, untrustworthy eavesdropper may be about, dear one, have no fear! Do you hear the nightingales singing? Ah, they are imploring, with the sounds of sweet sadness, begging for you, for me. They understand the heart's yearning; they know love's sorrow; they stir, with their silver tones, every tender heart. Let your breast, too, be moved. Trembling, I await you. Come, make me happy!

Aufenthalt (My Home) — The roaring river, rustling forest and still mountain are my home. Just as wave follows wave, the flow of my tears renews itself forever. Like the waving of the high treetops, my heart beats on, without stop, and my sorrow is unchanging, like the mountain's ancient core, forever.

In der Ferne (Far Away) — Woe to the fugitives, leaving the world, passing through foreign parts, forgetting their homelands, hating their birthplaces, leaving their friends! Ah, no benediction goes with them on their way! Yearning heart, teary eye, eternal longing, homeward bound! Heaving bosom, fading lament, twinkling evening star, drowning despair! You murmuring breezes, you gently rolling waves, racing sunbeams, lingering nowhere, who, alas, with sorrow, broke this faithful heart: greetings from the fugitive leaving this world!

Abschied (Farewell) — Adieu, lively, happy town, adieu! My little horse is gaily pawing the ground. Now hear my final farewell! You have certainly never seen me sad before and we cannot start now, at parting. Adieu to you trees, you garden so green, adieu! Now I am riding along the silver stream, my song of farewell ringing out afar; never have you heard a sad song, nor will one be offered you at parting. Adieu, friendly maidens there, adieu! What are you watching for from your flower-scented houses, with your arch, alluring looks? As ever, I bow and look around, but I never turn my horse. Adieu, dear sun, now going to rest, adieu! Now the gold of the twinkling stars is gleaming. How fond of you I am, little star in the sky! If we travel the length and breadth of the world, you faithfully keep us company everywhere. Adieu, you stars! Veil yourselves in gray! Adieu! The faint glimmer of light in a little window is something that you countless stars cannot replace for me. I cannot stay. I must get past here. What does it help that you follow me so faithfully?

Seven Early Songs ALBAN BERG

Night — The clouds are darkening over the nocturnal valley; mists float; waters gurgle softly. Now the sudden revelation: Oh, take care! Take care! A wide wonderland is opened up. Mountains of silver soar, big as dreams, and quiet paths, silver lit, lead down the valley, out of the concealed innards; and the lofty world is as pure as a dream. A mute beech tree is standing by the road, black as a shadow. A breath of air is blowing gently out of the distant wood, and from the deep dale's darkness, lights brighten up the silent night. Drink, soul! Drink of solitude! Oh, take care! Take care!

Reed Song — I like to sneak down a hidden forest path in the evening light, to a deserted reedy bank, girl, and think of you. Then when the wood darkens, the canes rustle mysteriously, and wait, and whisper that I should weep. And I think I hear the soft sound of your voice, and, drowning in the pond, your sweet song.

The Nightingale — What happened is that the nightingale sang all night. It is from her sweet song, from its ring resounding, that the roses have sprung up. She used to be such a wildling. Now she is so pensive, carrying her summer hat in her hand and silently enduring the sun's heat, not knowing where to begin. What happened is that the nightingale sang all night. . . .

Crowned in Dreams — It was the day of the white chrysanthemums. I almost feared its glory. And then, then you came and took my soul from me, in the depth of the night. I was so afraid, and you came so sweetly and softly. I had been thinking of you in my dreams and you came, and the night sounded soft as a fairy tale song.

In the Room — Autumn sunshine. The lovely evening comes on quietly. A small red fire is crackling in the open stove, and it blazes up. Just so, with my head in your lap, I feel good, my gaze resting on you as the minutes go quietly by.

Love's Ode — In the arms of love, we happily fell asleep together. At the open window, the summer wind was listening and it carried the message of our peaceful breathing out into the brightly moonlit night. And from the garden the scent of roses timidly groped its way to our bed of love and gave us wonderful dreams, dreams of rapture, so full of desire.

Summer Days — Now the days are passing across the world, sent out from blue eternity. On the summer wind, time is drifting by. At night, the Lord with his glorious hand, is now twining wreaths of stars over the wander-wonderland. Oh, heart, at times like these, what can your best hiking-song express of your profound joy! In the song of the meadow, the heart falls still. Now words are silenced, and one image after another comes to you and brings you complete fulfillment.

Three Songs HUGO WOLF

Fussreise (Hiking) — When with a freshly cut walking stick, in the morning, I go through the woods, up hill and down hill, then, like a little bird in the foliage singing and bestirring itself, or like the golden grape sensing the joy of the morning's first ray of sun, that is how my dear, cold Adam feels and God-given fever of autumn and spring, the never-wasted first joy of paradise. Then you are not as bad, old Adam, as the stern teachers tell. You still sing, as if on ever-new days of creation, the love and praise of your beloved creator and savior. May it be given that my whole life be spent, gently perspiring, on just such a morning's journey!

Der Rattenfänger (The Rat-Catcher) — I am the well known singer, the much-traveled rat-catcher whom this old and famous city, certainly, especially needs. And even if the rats are numerous and if weasels are involved too, I will rid this place of all of them, and they will all run off together. Furthermore, this good-humored singer is occasionally also a child-catcher who can control the unruliest ones when he sings his golden fairy tales. And even if the boys are offensive and if the girls are mixed up, when I pluck my strings they all have to follow me. This versatile singer is occasionally also a girl-catcher. He never gets to any village where he does not captivate many of them. And even if the girls are ever so bashful, and if the women are ever so prudish, they all become lovelorn at the sound of my magic lute and song.

Abschied (Farewell) — Without knocking, a gentleman steps into my place one evening. "I have the honor to be your reviewer," [he says]. He immediately picks up the lamp and for a long time examines my shadow on the wall. He moves back and forth [and says.] "Now, my dear young man, kindly see what your nose looks like from the side! You will agree that it is a great excrescence." "That! Heavens! Really!" Oh, wow! I never thought, in all my livelong days, that my face was preceded by such a world-sized nose. The man said various other things about this and that. On my honor, I no longer remember what. Maybe he thought I had something to confess to him. Finally he stood up. I lit his way out. As we were standing at the stairs, right there, all in fun, I gave him a little kick, from behind, on his seat. Slam! Bang! went a rumbling and a tumbling that I had never experienced before. Never, in all my living days, had I seen anyone get downstairs so fast!"

Please note that the order of tonight's program has changed;
the groupings will be sung as follows:

Schubert
Scandinavian group
Berg
 (Interruption)
Mozart
Duparc
Wolf