

# The University Musical Society

## of The University of Michigan



Presents

### HERMANN PREY

*Baritone*

LEONARD HOKANSON *at the Piano*

A recital of songs by FRANZ SCHUBERT  
Commemorating the 175th anniversary of his birth

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 17, 1972, AT 8:00  
POWER CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS  
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

#### PROGRAM

*Five Lieder on Poems by Johann Gabriel Seidl*

##### *Im Freien*

I stand now in the broad night again.  
Its bright splendor of stars does not allow  
my heart to rest.  
A thousand arms signal to me in sweet longing,  
A thousand voices call: Greetings to you, Beloved.

Oh, I know what draws me and also what calls me,  
What, like a sweetheart's greeting and song,  
lures me through the air.

Do you see there the small hut covered by  
moonlight?  
Through the clear window panes eyes are looking  
tenderly at me.

Do you see the little house by the brook  
in the moonlight?  
Under its roof my dearest love is sleeping.  
Do you see that tree, the one glistening with  
myriad silver flakes?  
So often my bosom did swell with joyful  
feeling there!

Every corner that beckons me is a cherished place.  
And where a ray merely falls, a dear love allures;  
Therefore, all around that beckons is so  
beguiling here  
And all around that calls is like the voice of the  
dearly beloved.

##### *Sehnsucht*

The panes are frosted, the wind blows fiercely,  
The night sky is clear and blue;  
I sit alone in my little room,  
And gaze into that clear blue.

Something is lacking, I know well,  
I lack my love, my own true love:  
And when I gaze upon the stars  
My eyes always fill with tears!

Where do you linger, my love, so far away,  
My beautiful one, the star of mine eyes?

You know that I love you and need you so  
I am near to tears once again.

Many a day I distressed myself  
Because I can achieve no song;  
The muse will not let me capture her  
But, sighing like the west wind, eludes me.

How soft a glow steals through me again!  
Look, 'tis a song already!  
Since fate has parted me from my love,  
I feel at least that I may sing.

### *Der Wanderer an den Mond*

I on earth and you in heaven,  
Both of us travel steadily on.  
I solemn and sad, you calm and clear:  
What can the difference be?

I go a stranger from land to land,  
Homeless and unknown;  
Uphill and down dale, in and out of the forest,  
But I am nowhere, also, at home.

### *Am Fenster*

O dear walls, loved and cherished,  
Which surround me with cool shade,  
And look down on me, silvery bright,  
When the full moon shines above:  
Once you beheld me, looking so sad,  
My head on my limp hand,  
When I was wrapped up in myself,  
And no one understood me.

Now another light has dawned on me,  
My time of sadness is over,  
And many others accompany me on the path  
Through life's sacred domain.

### *Die Taubenpost*

I have a carrier pigeon in my wallet;  
It is very devoted and faithful.  
It never falls short of its goal,  
Nor flies past it.

Many a thousand times a day  
I send it off with messages,  
Past many dear places  
Until it reaches my sweetheart's house.

In at the window there it furtively looks,  
Observes her face and her step,  
Cheerfully gives my greetings  
And brings hers back.

I no longer need to write letters;  
I give it my own tears.

But you travel up and down,  
From western cradle to eastern grave,  
You roam from country to country,  
And yet are at home, wherever you be.

The infinite expanse of heaven  
Is your beloved homeland.  
O happy he who, wherever he goes,  
Still treads his native soil.

No chance will ever rob  
My loyal heart of them.  
Deep in my soul I bear them,  
Where chance cannot reach them.

You wall there, you fancy me as old,  
But I feel quiet joy.  
When you shine with reflected moonlight,  
My bosom swells.  
At every window I fancy a friend's bowed head,  
That also looks towards heaven,  
And also thinks as I do.

O it will certainly never lose them,  
So zealously it serves me.

By day, by night, awake, asleep,  
All that is one;  
If it can simply roam,  
It is utterly content.

It never grows tired nor weary;  
The way is always new.  
It needs no bribe, nor wage,  
The pigeon is so faithful.

And so I cherish it faithfully at my breast,  
Sure of the fairest favours.  
Its name is longing. Do you know it,  
The messenger of a true heart?

## *Six Lieder on Poems by Heinrich Heine*

### *Der Atlas*

Luckless Atlas that I am, I must carry the world,  
The whole world of sorrows.  
I bear the unbearable  
And the heart in my body will break.

Proud heart, you willed it so!  
You wanted to be happy, endlessly happy

Or endlessly wretched, proud heart,  
And now you are wretched.  
Luckless Atlas that I am, I must carry the world,  
The whole world of sorrows.  
I bear the unbearable  
And the heart in my body will break.

### *Ihr Bild*

I stood in dark dreams  
And stared at her likeness,  
And my beloved's face  
Started to secret life.

Upon her lips played  
A wonderful smile

And, as if from tears of melancholy,  
Her two eyes glistened.

My tears too poured  
Down from my cheeks;  
And, ah, I cannot believe  
That I have lost you!

### *Das Fischermädchen*

Lovely fisher girl,  
Drive your boat to shore;  
Come and sit down by me,  
And we will dally hand in hand.

Lay your head on my heart,  
And do not be afraid.

Every day you entrust yourself  
To the wild sea, and have no qualms.

My heart is like the sea;  
It has its storms, its ebb and flow:  
And many a lovely pearl  
Rests in its depths.

### *Die Stadt*

On the distant horizon,  
Like a cloudshape, appears  
The town with its turrets,  
Veiled in twilight.

A humid breeze ruffles  
The grey water,

### *Am Meer*

The sea was glittering far and wide  
In the last rays of evening.  
We sat by a lonely fisherman's hut;  
We sat silent and alone.  
The mist arose, the waters swelled,  
The seamews flew back and forth.  
The tears poured from your loving eyes.

### *Der Doppelgänger*

The night is quiet; the streets are still;  
Here in this house my dear one used to live.  
She has left the town long since,  
But the house still stands in the same square.

Another man stands there too, and stares  
into the sky

With weary strokes  
The sailor rows in my boat.

The sun rises once again,  
Beaming from the earth,  
And shows me that place  
Where I lost my beloved.

I saw them fall on to your hand,  
And fell on my knees,  
And drank the tears,  
From your hand.

From that hour my body wasted away,  
And my spirit is dying of desire.  
The wretched woman has poisoned me  
with her tears.

And wrings his hands with the weight of his grief.  
I am filled with horror when I see his face;  
The moon shows me my own features.

You ghostly double, pale companion!  
Why do you ape the pain of love  
That tortured me in this place,  
Full many a night in time gone by?

## INTERMISSION

### *Seven Lieder on Poems by Ludwig Rellstab*

#### *Liebesbotschaft*

Rushing brook, so silvery bright,  
Are you hurrying so cheerily and quickly  
to my darling?  
Dear stream, be my messenger;  
Bring her a message from afar off.

All the flowers that she tends in the garden  
And so charmingly wears on her bosom,  
And her roses brightly glowing,  
Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling stream.

#### *Kriegers Ahnung*

Fast asleep around me lie  
My brothers in arms  
My heart is so fearful and afraid,  
So hot with longing.

How often I have dreamed sweetly  
On her warm breast!  
How friendly the glow on the hearth seemed,  
As she lay in my arms!

#### *Frühlingssehnsucht*

Whispering breezes bowing so gently,  
Breathing you store of flowery scents!  
You breathe a wonderful greeting to me;  
What have you done to my pounding heart?  
It longs to follow you on your airy track—  
But whither?

Brooklet, gleefully rushing along,  
Take a silvery course down to the valley.  
The gliding current is hurrying there,  
And in it the fields and the sky are clearly  
reflected.

Longing and yearning senses of mine,  
Why do you drag me down yonder?

Glancing gold of the sun that greets me,  
You bring the bliss of hope.  
How your greeting soothes me!

When on the shore she's lost in dreams,  
And hangs her head to think of me,  
Comfort my sweetheart with a friendly glance,  
For her loved one will soon come back.

When the sun sinks down with reddish beams,  
Rock my dearest to sleep.  
Babble her, with murmuring, to sweet rest,  
Whisper dreams of love to her.

Here, where the darkling flicker of flames  
Plays only on our weapons,  
The heart feels quite alone,  
And tears of melancholy spring forth.

Heart, do not let comfort forsake you;  
Many a battle is calling.  
Soon I shall rest well and sleep deeply.  
Love of my heart, good night!

It smiles gently in the deep blue sky,  
And fills my eyes with tears—  
But why?

Woods and summits crowned with green,  
Shimmering brightly with snowy blossom!  
Everything reaches for the bridal light;  
Shoots are swelling, buds are breaking.  
They have found what they lacked—  
But you?

Restless longing, wishful heart,  
Is it always just tears, cries and pain?  
Like them I feel an urge that grows!  
Who in the end will still my urgent longing?  
Only you can free the spring in my heart—  
Only you!

### *Ständchen*

Gently my songs cry to you  
Through the night;  
Come down to me in the quiet grove, Beloved.

Slender treetops rustle  
In whispers by moonlight,  
But do not be afraid, my darling,  
That hostile listeners will betray you.

Do you hear nightingales singing?  
Ah, they are crying to you;

### *Aufenthalt*

Rushing torrent, noisy forest,  
Menacing rock—my resting place.  
As wave rides on wave,  
So my flowing tears are ever renewed.

### *In der Ferne*

Alas for the fugitive, world forsaker!  
Traversing foreign places, forgetting his  
native land,  
Hating his homestead, abandoning his friends,  
No blessing follows him on his way.

The heart yearning, the eyes brimming,  
The longing infinite as it turns homeward;

### *Abschied*

Goodbye! You cheerful, happy town, goodbye!  
My horse is pawing the ground gladly;  
Now take my last farewell greetings.  
You never saw me sad,  
Nor will you, now that we part.  
Goodbye! You cheerful, happy town, goodbye!

Goodbye, you trees, you garden so green, goodbye!  
Now I am riding along the silver stream,  
And my farewell song echoes far and wide.  
You never heard a sad song,  
And at parting I shall not give you one.  
Goodbye, you trees, you garden so green, goodbye!

Goodbye, you friendly girls there, goodbye!  
Why do you gaze from the flowery, fragrant house  
With cheeky, alluring looks?  
I hail you and look about me as always,  
But I never wheel my horse round.  
Goodbye, you friendly girls there, goodbye!

Goodbye, dear sun, now go to your rest, goodbye!  
Gold gleams from the twinkling stars.

With their songs of sweet complaint  
They are weeping for me.  
They know the heart's longing,  
Know the pain of love,  
And with their silver tones  
Touch every tender heart.

Let your heart too be moved,  
Beloved, hear me;  
Trembling I am waiting for you!  
Come, make me happy!

High in the treetops the swaying stirs;  
Just so my heart beats ceaselessly.  
And like ancient ore in the rocks,  
My agony remains ever the same.

Rushing torrent, noisy forest,  
Menacing rock—my resting place.

The breast heaving, the cries growing fainter,  
The evening star glimmering, hopelessly sinking.

Murmurous breezes, gently curling waves,  
You sunbeam, hurrying and never tarrying;  
Bring to her who broke this aching faithful heart  
Greetings from the fugitive, world forsaker!

How dear you are to me, stars in the heavens!  
We travel the world far and wide,  
And you lead us everywhere.  
Goodbye, dear sun, now go to your rest, goodbye!

Goodbye, you bright and gleaming lattice,  
goodbye!  
You beam so prettily in the twilight glow,  
And beckon me so friendly into the little house.  
But I have ridden past you full many a time,  
And shall this be the last time?  
Goodbye, you bright and gleaming lattice,  
goodbye!

Goodbye, stars, veil yourselves in grey, goodbye!  
With all your number you stars cannot replace  
for me  
The sad, shimmering light of that window.  
I may not linger here, I must pass on;  
What help is it if you still follow me so  
faithfully?  
Goodbye, stars, veil yourselves in grey, goodbye!

Mr. Prey previously appeared in the Chamber Arts Series on February 2, 1966.

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