



International  
Presentations of  
Music & Dance

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

## Håkan Hagegård

*Baritone*

THOMAS SCHUBACK, *Pianist*

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 14, 1981, AT 8:30  
RACKHAM AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

### PROGRAM

- An die Leier }  
An den Mond } . . . . . FRANZ SCHUBERT  
An Mignon }  
An den Tod }  
An mein Herz }
- Florez and Blanzeflor . . . . . WILHELM STENHAMMAR
- Don Quichotte à Dulcinée . . . . . MAURICE RAVEL  
Chanson romanesque  
Chanson épique  
Chanson à boire

### INTERMISSION

- King Erik's Songs . . . . . TURE RANGSTRÖM  
When I drank with Welam Welamsson  
A song about me and the Herkules  
A song to Karin when she had danced  
A song to Karin from the prison  
King Erik's last song
- Six monologues from *Jedermann* . . . . . FRANK MARTIN
- Au dem Kirchhofe }  
Verzagen } . . . . . JOHANNES BRAHMS  
Wie bist du meine Königin }

*Meridian, Philips, EMI, and Bis Records.*

## About the Artists

**Håkan Hagegård's** exciting international career encompasses opera, orchestra, and lieder performances. He made his operatic debut in 1968 as Papageno in Mozart's *The Magic Flute* at Stockholm's Royal Opera House, and has been a permanent member of that house ever since. His American debut came in 1977 as soloist with the Seattle and Cincinnati Symphonies. In 1978 he returned to the United States for a highly successful debut with Beverly Sills, as Dr. Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*, at the Metropolitan Opera, where he has since been a frequent guest. A 1980 world concert tour also included the United States as well as Germany, England, Spain, Australia, Japan, and Manila. His United States performances this season include engagements with the Santa Fe, Boston, and San Francisco Operas, several concert appearances in New York, and recitals from coast to coast. During the 1982-83-84 seasons, Mr. Hagegård will return to the Metropolitan for *Les Mamelles*, *The Barber of Seville*, and *Tannhäuser* performances. Audiences in this country have also seen him on film—Ingmar Bergman's production of *The Magic Flute*, and on television—in Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* with André Previn and the Pittsburgh Symphony.

Born in Karlstadt, Sweden, in 1945, Mr. Hagegård began his studies at the Karlstadt Conservatory, and in 1967 joined the Stockholm Royal Academy for three additional years of voice studies. Further work included lieder interpretation with Erik Werba and Gerald Moore in Salzburg and Stockholm.

Born in 1943 in Stockholm, **Thomas Schuback** studied at the Music Academy in Stockholm where he graduated as an organist and music teacher, also obtaining a Diploma as a conductor. In 1975 he became an orchestral conductor at Stockholm's Royal Opera House and has conducted many major works there. At the Edinburgh Festival in 1974, Mr. Schuback conducted Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and his own production of Monteverdi's *Coronation of Poppea* at the Drottningholm Court Theatre. Mr. Schuback has studied with Gerald Moore and Erik Werba as a lieder accompanist and has performed with Sweden's most prominent singers throughout Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Spain, Ireland, and the United States.

Both artists are heard in their Ann Arbor debuts this evening.

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### Ann Arbor May Festival, 1981

Wednesday–Saturday, April 29, 30, May 1, 2, in Hill Auditorium

#### THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor Laureate*      ALDO CECCATO, *Guest Conductor*  
JUDITH BLEGEN, *Soprano*      ANI KAVAFIAN, *Violinist*

GYORGY SANDOR, *Pianist*

#### THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

FAYE ROBINSON, *Soprano*      JOHN GILMORE, *Tenor*  
KATHERINE CIESINSKI, *Mezzo-soprano*      JOHN CHEEK, *Bass*

Wednesday—*Ormandy and Blegen*; Barber: Second Essay; Mozart: Exultate, Jubilate; Rachmaninoff: Vocalise; Stravinsky: Pastorale; Ravel: Habanera; Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5.

Thursday—*Ceccato and Kavafian*: Rossini: Overture to *Semiramide*; Bruch: Violin Concerto in G minor; Dvořák: Symphony No. 8.

Friday—*Ceccato, Choral Union, Robinson, Ciesinski, Gilmore, Cheek*: Mozart: Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter"); Rossini: Stabat Mater.

Saturday—*Ormandy and Sandor*: Harris: Symphony No. 3; Bartók: Third Piano Concerto, Concerto for Orchestra.

Series tickets still available at \$40, \$30, \$20, \$18;  
single concert tickets now on sale, from \$5 to \$15.

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### UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

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## Five Songs of Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

### *An die Leier/To the Lute*

(after Anacreon by Franz von Bruchmann)

Of the sons of Atreus, of Cadmus would I sing! But my lute seems attuned only to songs of love. I changed to other strings, would like to change the lute; Alcide's victorious marches should mightily resound! But also these strings sound only to songs of love! So fare ye well, ye heroes! Because my lute strings will not of heroes threat'ning war cries, but only of love sing.

### *An den Mond/To the Moon* (Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty)

Pour, sweet moon, pour out your silver flimmers down through this beechy grove, where fantastic dreamy creatures forever flow past mind and brain! Unveil yourself, that I can find the site where oft my maiden sat, and oft, in breeze of beech and lime tree, forgot the town of gold! Unveil yourself that I enjoy the bushes which coolness meant for her, and lay a wreath upon that meadow where she had heard the brook. Then take, sweet moon, again your veil around you, and mourn your loyal friend, and shed a tear down through the clouds, as one forsaken weeps!

### *An Mignon/To Mignon* (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Across vale and river borne purely moves the sun's carriage on. Ah, it stirs during its course yours as well as my torments, deep in the hearts, every morning, all afresh. Hardly will the night avail me, for my dreams themselves appear now in sorry shapes, and I feel of these pains still in my heart, secretly reforming strength. For some years, quite few in number, down there I see ships asailing, each one getting to its port: yet, alas, the constant torments, firmly in my heart, will not flow along the river. Ever must I weep in secret, though I can appear quite jovial, even healthy, looking pink; were these pains of mine so lethal to my heart, ah, I'd have died long ago!

### *An den Tod/To Death* (Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart)

Death, you horror of nature, ever moving runs your clock: the scythe, when swung, glistens, and grass and blade and flower fall. Mow not on without distinction, here this little flower just abloom, there that rose, just half red; oh, be merciful, oh, death! Death, when will you come, my joy? Pull the dagger from my breast? Strip the fetters from my hands? When will you bury me in sand? Come, oh, death, when'er you please, fetch the prisoners from this world: come and end this plight of mine; oh, be merciful, oh, death!

### *An mein Herz/To my Heart* (Ernst Schulze)

My heart, at last be silent, why do you beat so wild? It's only at Heaven's bidding that I should leave her now. And though your life of youth did give you only misguided pains, as long as she enjoyed it, let it be lost and gone! And though she never understood your love or suffering pain, you nevertheless stayed faithful, the Lord above took note. We want to bear with courage, as long as tears still flow, and dream of days more beautiful which long ago have passed. When you see blossoms appearing and birds hear singing aloft, then you may shed a furtive tear, but must no more complain. For high the stars eternal move round in golden light, twinkling so kindly from afar, yet spare no thought for us.

## Don Quichotte à Dulcinée by Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) (Paul Morand)

### *Chanson romanesque/Romanesque Song*

If you should tell me that the earth offended you by so much revolving, I would hurry Sancho Panza away; you would see it still and silent. If you should tell me that boredom comes upon you through the too starsown sky, I'd tear God's firmament apart and reap the night with one stroke. If you should tell me that space thus void pleases you not at all, as God's knight, spear in hand, I would star the passing breeze. But if you should say that my blood is more mine than yours, my lady, I would pale at the reproach and I would die, blessing you. O Dulcinea!

### *Chanson épique/Epic Song*

Good St. Michael who gives me leave to see my lady and listen to her, good St. Michael who deigns to choose me to oblige and defend her, good St. Michael, please descend with St. George upon the altar of the blue-mantelled Madonna. With a celestial beam bless my blade and its equal in purity, and its equal in piety as in modesty and chastity: my lady. (O great St. George and St. Michael) the angel who invigilates my vigil, my sweet lady so like you, blue-mantelled Madonna! Amen.

### *Chanson à boire/Drinking Song*

Deuce take the bastard, illustrious lady, who to wean me from your sweet eyes says that love and old wine bring mourning to my heart, my soul. I drink to joy. Joy is the only goal to which I go directly...when I have drunk. Deuce take the jealousy, swarthy mistress, of him who whines, weeps and pledges always to be this pale love, one that waters down his drunkenness. I drink to joy...

## Florez and Blanzeflor by Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927) (Oscar Levertin)

Wilhelm Stenhammar grew up in a period of musical nationalism though he was naturally oriented toward the German late romantic neoclassicism of Brahms, Reger, and their followers. His works include operas, two symphonies, and two piano concertos, as well as chamber music and music for choirs and solo voices, sometimes of a patriotic nature.

*Florez and Blanzeflor* is a Middle English romance in verse dealing with the time of the Crusades and the search by young Prince Flores for his childhood sweetheart, Blanzeflor, who was kidnapped by Saracens and sold to an Egyptian Emir.

## King Erik's Songs by Ture Rangström (1884-1947) (Gustav Fröding)

Ture Rangström was a man of varied talents: a noted conductor, critic, and teacher, as well as a fluent composer. He wrote a large number of songs, some with piano and some with orchestra, and in spite of his early indebtedness to German and French models, he did much to develop an essentially Swedish song tradition. The cycle *Ur Kung Eriks Visor*, to five poems by Gustav Fröding, dates from 1918. Its subject is the sixteenth-century King Erik XIV of Sweden, who was imprisoned by his usurping brother Johan. King Erik was reputed to be mad, largely as a result of his unhappy love for Karin Mansdotter, and the songs express his thoughts in prison.

Six monologues from *Jedermann* . . . . . Frank Martin (1890-1974)  
(Hugo von Hoffmannsthal)

Frank Martin's dramatic oratorio *Le vin herbé*, based on the Tristan legend, was performed for the first time in 1942, and established him, at the age of fifty-two, as a composer of international importance. In the following year, at the request of baritone Max Christmann, one of the singers in *Le vin herbé*, he wrote a cycle of six 'monologues' to excerpts from Hugo von Hoffmannsthal's German adaptation of the medieval morality play *Everyman*. The 'monologues,' in a style that has been likened to Monteverdian recitative, portray the various stages of Everyman's emotions throughout the course of the play, ranging from panic, through self-pity, self-recrimination, bitterness and resignation, to hope of salvation. In the first he calls for his servants and possessions; in the second he expresses his fear of death; in the third his anguished hope it is not his mother whom he hears calling his name; the fourth is his death agony; the fifth his confession; and the sixth his prayer for redemption. Martin originally composed the cycle for baritone and piano, but in 1949 he made an orchestral arrangement of the piano part; also, in response to numerous requests, but against his own inclination, he sanctioned the performance of the cycle by a contralto soloist as an alternative to a baritone.

spent and my senses so bewildered that I can hardly recall who I am: Everyman, Prosperous Everyman, of course. This is my hand, that my cloak, and that which I see before me: that is my gold, my treasure, wherewith I always had the power my wish to fulfill at every hour. It lifts my spirits, seeing that I still have treasure here by me. Can I but remain here, then terror and fright have nothing to win. But alas! I must be on my way - I suddenly do remember, the messenger was here, the summons delivered, I cannot but obey. Not without thee: come with me; on no account will I leave thee here. Thou must now enter another house, so up now and be on thy way.

- (1) Is the banquet now over, have all left my hall? Is there no other help for me, lost and quite alone in the world? Is this my lot? Am I already made quite naked and powerless, as if I lay already in my grave, though I still call warm blood my own, and servants do obey me still, and mine is many a house and treasure? Up! Sound the alarm! Ye knaves, linger not in the house, come here one and all! Without delay I must away, on foot, though, not with coach. My servants all shall come with me, carrying my chests of treasure. This journey will be harsh as a campaign of war and I shall the treasure dearly require.
- (2) O God, how I dread death, cold sweat encompasses me in distress: can he murder the soul in one's body? What has so suddenly happened to me? In dark hours I was always able to find some consolation, was never altogether abandoned, a poor and miserable fool. Some stay was ever to be found, which I did then with force apply. Now all my strength is

- (3) 'Twas as if someone had called, the voice was faint but still quite clear, God help me, may it not have been my mother. She's such an old, frail, sickly soul - I pray, she might be spared this sight. O show me this much mercy: may it not be my mother!
- (4) I should wish to be destroyed, if not every fiber of my being cry out in deep repentance and fierce suffering. Back, back! Impossible! Once more! Come never more, torment and fright, I will not live a second time. Now knoweth the wounded breast as never before, what this word doth say: Lay down and die, this is thy day!
- (5) Yes, I believe! This He hath done: God Father's anger appeased, mankind's eternal salvation bought through His death on the cross. But this I know, thereof partaketh only he, whose soul is good and holy: through good deeds and piety he gains life in eternity. Lo, such is the aspect of my deeds: I have burdened myself with such a mountain of sins that God, the peak of righteousness, could never forgive me.
- (6) Eternal God! O visage divine! O path of righteousness! Celestial light! I cry to Thee in this last hour, my lips utter a deep lament. O Saviour mine, our Maker beseech, that He show me grace in the last hour, when the hellish fiend doth appear, and death the cord of life doth sever. Then may my soul His throne approach. And Thou, my Saviour, speak for me, that I may at His right hand be. That I may walk with Him in glory, to this end hear my humble prayer. Since Thou didst die upon the cross, and all our souls redeemest.

Three Songs of Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

*Auf dem Kirchhofe/In the Churchyard* (Detlov von Liliencron)  
The day was heavy with rain and tempest-tossed; I found myself at many a forgotten grave. Gravestone and cross had crumbled, the wreaths were old, the names overgrown, hardly to be read. The day was tempest-tossed and heavy with rain, on every grave there froze the words: We were. How dead to storms the coffins slumbered. On every grave the thaw silently showed: They are cured.

*Verzagen/Despair* (Karl von Lemcke)  
I sit on the shore of the noisy sea and seek for rest there, I gaze at the bustling of the waves with dull resignation. The waves rush to the shore, they bubble and vanish, the clouds, the winds above, they come and go. You, my unruly heart be still, and yield to rest. You should be consoled by winds and waves, why are you weeping?

*Wie bist du meine Königin/How Blissful, My Queen*  
(Georg Friedrich Daumer)  
My queen, you are so wondrous in your gentle kindness! If you but smile, spring zephyrs blow through my spirits, wondrously. The radiance of new-blown roses, can I compare it to yours? Ah, above all that blooms your blossom is wondrous. Through dead wilderness take your way, and green shadows will spread out, though fearful sultriness be there endlessly brooding - wondrous! Let me expire in your arms! Death itself in them will be, even if the harshest mortal pain rage through the breast - wondrous!