

Department of Music  
Musical Arts Series



Oral Moses, bass-baritone

Rosalyn Floyd, piano

in a

Faculty Artist Recital

“Come to Schober’s house today, and I will sing you a cycle of eerie songs. I am eager to know what you think of them.”

Sunday, February 3, 2002

3:00 p.m.

Music Building Recital Hall

18<sup>th</sup> concert of the 2001/2002 Musical Arts Series season.

## WINTERREISE

**Franz Schubert**

(1797-1828)

Nearly all that there is of the plot of this story occurs before the cycle begins: the young hero and his beloved have shared a wonderful and happy relationship but now another handsome suitor has won the hero's beloved. The cycle opens as the rejected lover departs from his beloved's home on a cold snowy winter night; he bids her an unheard farewell, then slowly takes his leave of the places where he has known and loved her. Leaving town, he wanders in the cold icy landscape of winter, avoiding all humans and plunging ever deeper into his own tormented and demented soul.

1. Gute Nacht (Good night) Wilhelm Müller
2. Die Wetterfahne (The weather-vane)
3. Gefrorene Tränen (Frozen tears)
4. Erstarrung (Numbness)
5. Der Lindenbaum (The lime tree)
6. Wasserflut (Flood)
7. Auf Dem Flusse (On the river)
8. Rückblick (Looking back)
9. Irrlicht (Will-o'-the-wisp)
10. Rast (Rest)
11. Frühlingstraum (Dream of Spring)
12. Einsamkeit (Loneliness)
13. Die Post (The Post)
14. Der Greise Kopf (The white head)
15. Die Krähe (The Crow)
16. Letzte Hoffnung (Last hope)
17. Im Dorfe (In the village)
18. Der Stürmische Morgen (Stormy morning)
19. Täuschung (Delusion)
20. Der Wegweiser (The Signpost)
21. Das Wirthaus (The Inn)
22. Mut (Courage)
23. Die Nebensonnen (Phantom suns)
24. Der Leiermann (The Organ-grinder)

### **1. Good Night**

A stranger I came,  
and a stranger I depart;  
May for me  
was prodigal with flowers.  
The girl spoke of love,  
her mother even of marriage –  
now the world is so gloomy,  
my path covered with snow.

I cannot choose  
the time for my journey;  
I must find my own way  
through this darkness.  
A shadow in the moonlight  
is my companion  
and over the snowy meadows  
I follow the tracks of animals.

Why should I wait  
until they drive me out?  
Let prowling dogs howl  
before their masters' house!  
Love likes to rove –  
God ordered it so –  
from one to another.  
Dear love, good-night!

I will not disturb your dream,  
it would be a shame to break your rest.  
You must not hear my footsteps –  
softly, softly close the door!  
I only write as I leave –  
"good-night" – at your gate,  
so that you may see  
I thought of you.

### **2. The Weather Vane**

The wind plays with the weathervane  
upon my fine sweetheart's house.  
So thought I in my madness  
it flouted the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner  
the emblem of the house;  
then he never would have sought  
a constant woman there.

The wind plays inside with hearts  
just as on the roof, only not so loudly.  
What do they care for my sorrow?  
Their child is a rich bride.

### **3. Frozen Tears**

Frozen drops fall  
from my cheeks,  
and does it only now come to me  
that I have been weeping?

Ah tears, my tears,  
and are you then so lukewarm  
that you turn to ice  
like cool morning dew?

And yet you gush from the well  
of my glowing hot breast  
as though you would melt  
all the ice of winter.

### **4. Numbness**

I look in vain in the snow  
for a trace of her footprints,  
here where we two used to stroll  
across the meadow.

I want to kiss the ground,  
to penetrate the ice and snow  
with my hot tears  
until I see the earth.

Where will I find a blossom  
where will I find green grass?  
The flowers are withered,  
The sod looks so faded.

Shall I then take with me  
no souvenir from here?  
If my sorrows are silent,  
who will speak to me of her?

My hears is as if frozen,  
her cold image fixed within it;  
if my heart should ever thaw,  
her image also would melt.

### 5. The Lime Tree

By the well in front of the gate  
there stands a linden tree;  
I dreamed in its shade  
many a sweet dream.

I carved in its bark  
many a fond word;  
in joy and in sorrow  
I always felt drawn to it.

I had to pass it again just now  
in the deep night,  
and even in the dark  
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled,  
as if they were calling me,  
"Come here, friend,  
here you will find rest!"

The cold winds blew  
right into my face/  
my hat flew off my head,  
yet I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours  
distant from that spot,  
yet I always hear it rustling:  
"You would find rest there!"

### 6. Flood

Many tears from my eyes have  
fallen in the snow;  
its cold flakes  
thirstily drink up my hot misery.

When grass is ready to grow  
a gentle wind blows from thence,  
and the ice breaks into chunks  
and the soft snow melts.

Snow, you know of my longing;  
tell me, where does your course lead?  
Only follow my tears,  
and the stream will carry you away.

It will carry you through the town,  
in and out of the happy streets;  
if you feel my tears burning,  
that will be at my sweetheart's house.

### 7. On the River

You that used to ripple so happily,  
clear, noisy stream,  
how quiet you have become!  
You give me no parting greeting.

With a hard, still crust  
You have covered yourself.  
You lie cold and motionless,  
stretched out in the sand.

In your shell I carve,  
with a sharp stone,  
the name of my sweetheart  
with the day and hour.

The day of our first greeting,  
the day of my departure –  
around the name and the figure  
is wound a broken ring.

My heart, in this brook  
do you now recognize your own image?  
Under its shell  
is it too so painfully swelling?

### 8. Looking Back

The soles of my feet are burning,  
although I walk on ice and snow.  
I don't want to draw another breath  
until I can no longer see the town towers.

I stumbled over every stone,  
so hurriedly did I leave the town;  
The crows threw down snow and hailstones  
on my head from every roof.

How differently you welcomed me,  
fickle town!  
At your shining windows  
the lark and the nightingale  
tried to outshine each other

The rounded linden trees were blooming;  
the clear brooks rippled brightly,  
and ah, two girlish eyes glowed! –  
then it was all over with you, my boy!

If I were to think of that day,  
I would want to go back again.  
I would want to go back  
and stand silent before her house.

### **9. Will-o'-the-wisp**

Into the deepest rocky chasms  
a will-o'-the-wisp has lured me.  
How I shall find a way out  
does not greatly concern me.

I am used to going astray;  
every road leads to its destination:  
our joys, our sorrows,  
all are a will-o'-the-wisp's game.

Through the dry bed of a mountain brook  
I take my way quietly down –  
every stream will reach the sea,  
every sorrow will find a grave.

### **10. Rest**

Now I notice for the first time how tired I  
am,  
as I lie down to rest;  
merely walking sustained me  
along the dreary path.

My feet did not seem tired,  
it was too cold to stop;  
my back felt no burden,  
the storm helped me along.

In a collier's little hut  
I have found shelter,  
but now my limbs will not rest  
because they ache so.

And you, my heart, in struggle and storm  
so fierce and so bold,  
only now, in the silence, feel the worm  
bestir itself with burning pangs!

### **11. Dream of Spring**

I dreamed of colorful flowers  
such as bloom in May;  
I dreamed of green fields  
and the happy cries of birds.

And when the cocks crew  
I opened my eyes;  
it was cold and gloomy,  
and the ravens screamed from the roof.

But on the window panes  
who painted the leaves?  
Are you laughing at the dreamer  
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of happy love,  
of a beautiful girl,  
of fondling and of kissing,  
of joy and bliss.

And when the cocks crew  
my heart awoke;  
now I sit here alone  
and think back over the dream.

I close my eyes again,  
my heart still beats ardently.  
When will the leaves turn green at the  
window?  
When will I hold you, sweetheart, in my  
arms?

### **12. Loneliness**

Like a murky cloud  
passing across the bright sky,  
when in the tops of the fir-trees  
a light breeze is stirring:

So I go on my way  
onward with dragging feet,  
amid the brightness and happiness of  
life,  
lonely and friendless.

If only the air were not so calm!  
If only the world were not so bright!  
While the storms were still raging  
I was not so miserable.

### **13. The Post**

Along the street a post-horn sounds,  
what is it that makes you so excited,  
my heart?

The mail coach brings no letter for you  
why, then, are you so strangely vexed,  
my heart?

Oh, perhaps the coach comes from  
the town  
where I had a sweetheart,  
my heart!

Would you like to have a look over  
there  
and ask how things are going,  
my heart?

#### 14. The White Head

The hoar-frost had given a white luster  
to my hair.  
I thought I was already an old man,  
and it made me very happy.

but soon it thawed away –  
I again have black hair.  
What a horror I have of my youth –  
how far it still is to the grave!

Between sunset and sunrise  
many a head has turned gray.  
Who would believe it? And mine has  
not changed  
during this whole journey!

#### 15. The Crow

A crow followed me  
out of the town;  
until now, ceaselessly,  
he has been flying about my head.

Crow, curious creature,  
won't you leave me alone?  
Do you mean, as prey, soon  
to seize upon my body?

Well, I cannot go much farther  
on my staff.  
Crow, let me show at last  
faithfulness unto the grave!

#### 16. Last Hope

Here and there upon the trees  
there is still a colored leaf to be seen.  
And by the trees  
I often stand musing.

I look at the one leaf  
and hang my hope upon it;  
if the wind plays with my leaf,  
I tremble all over.

Ah, and if the leaf falls to the ground,  
with it falls my hope.  
I myself sink with it to the earth  
and weep upon the grave of my hope.

#### 17. In the Village

The dogs bark; their chains rattle;  
people are snoring in their beds.  
Dreaming of many things they do not  
have,

they refresh themselves both with the  
pleasant  
and the unpleasant.  
And in the morning it is all gone.  
Ah well, they have enjoyed their  
portion,  
and hope to find what is still left over  
another time on their pillows.

Bark me on my way, watchdogs!  
Don't let me rest  
during the hours of sleep!  
I have come to the end of all  
dreaming –  
why should I tarry among the sleepers?

#### 18. The Stormy Morning

How the storm has rent  
the gray mantle of heaven!  
Tatters of cloud drift  
about in weary strife.

And red streaks of lightning  
flash among them.  
This I call a morning  
after my own heart!

My heart sees in the heavens,  
painted, its own image –  
it is nothing but the winter,  
the winter cold and rude!

#### 19. Delusion

A light dances cheerily before me;  
I follow it this way and that.  
I follow it gladly, knowing all the while  
that it leads the wanderer astray.  
Ah, anyone as miserable as I  
gives himself willingly  
to the colorful deception  
that points beyond the ice,  
the night and its horror,  
to bring warm house  
and a loving soul within –  
only delusion is left for me!

**20. The Signpost**

Why do I avoid the highways  
that other wanderers travel  
and seek out hidden paths  
through snowbound rocky heights?

I have done nothing  
to make me avoid people –  
what mad longing is it  
that drives me into the wilderness?

Guideposts stand along the road  
pointing to the towns,  
but I trudge ceaselessly on  
without rest, and seek rest.

One guidepost I see  
ever fixed before my eyes:  
I must travel a road  
by which no one has ever returned.

**21. The Inn**

Into a graveyard  
my way has led me.  
Here will I stop,  
I thought to myself.

The green memorial wreaths  
might well be the signs  
that invite weary travelers  
into the cool inn.

Are then in this house  
all the rooms taken?  
I am so weary I can hardly stand,  
and mortally wounded.

O pitiless inn,  
do you refuse to take me?  
then on, ever on,  
my trusty staff!

**22. Courage!**

If snow flies in my face,  
I brush it off.  
If my hart speaks within me,  
I sing brightly and cheerfully.

I do not hear what it is saying to me;  
I have no ears.  
I do not feel the cause of its complaint –  
complaining is for fools.

Gaily forth into the world,  
in spite of wind and weather!  
If there be no god on earth,  
then we ourselves are gods.

**23. Phantom Suns**

I saw three suns in the sky,  
and long and steadfastly I gazed at  
them.  
They stood there so fixedly,  
as if they could never leave me.

Ah! you are not my suns!  
You are shining into others' faces!  
Recently I too had three,  
but now the best two have set.  
I only wish the third would go down  
too!  
It would be better for me in darkness.

**24. The Organ-grinder**

Over beyond the village  
stands a hurdy-gurdy man,  
and with his numb fingers  
he grinds as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,  
he moves to and fro,  
and his little tray  
is always empty.

Nobody cares to hear him,  
nobody looks at him,  
and the dogs snarl  
around the old man.

And he lets everything go  
as it will;  
he grinds, and his hurdy-gurdy  
is never silent.

Queer old man,  
shall I go with you?  
Will you grind out my songs  
on your hurdy-gurdy?

**Upcoming Events at KSU**  
in  
Music

**Sunday, February 10**

Brooke Morris  
Senior Recital  
3 pm Music Building Recital Hall

**Sunday, February 17**

Faculty Chamber Recital  
3 pm Music Building Recital Hall

**Saturday, February 23**

Sarah Graham  
Senior Recital  
7 pm Mars Hill Presbyterian Church

**Saturday, February 23**

Cobb Symphony Orchestra  
8 pm Cobb County Civic Center

**Wednesday, February 27**

KSU Jazz Ensemble  
8 pm Stillwell Theater

**Thursday, February 28**

KSU Wind Ensemble  
8 pm Stillwell Theater

**Tuesday, March 5**

The Georgia Young Singers  
7 pm Stillwell Theater