School of Music

DOCTORAL RECITAL SERIES

JEFFREY L. JONES
BARITONE

EUN KYOUNG CHAE
PIANO

RECITAL HALL
Friday, April 29, 2005 • 5:00 p.m.
PROGRAM

Winterreise
Music by Franz Schubert (1797-1828),
D. 911, Op. 89 Nos. 1-24 (1827)
Text by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

1. Gute Nacht (Good Night)
2. Die Wetterfahne (The Weather Vane)
3. Gefror'ne Tränen (Frozen Tears)
4. Erstarrung (Numbness)
5. Der Lindenbaum (The Linden Tree)
6. Wasserflut (Floodwaters)
7. Auf dem Flusse (By the Stream)
8. Rückblick (Backward Glance)
9. Irrlicht (Will-o’-the-Wisp)
10. Rast (Rest)
11. Frühlingstraum (Dreams of Spring)
12. Einsamkeit (Loneliness)
13. Die Post (The Mail)
14. Der greise Kopf (The Aging One)
15. Die Krähe (The Crow)
16. Letzte Hoffnung (Last Hope)
17. Im Dorfe (In the Village)
18. Der strürmische Morgen (The Stormy Morning)
19. Täuschung (Delusion)
20. Der Wegweiser (The Signpost)
21. Das Wirtshaus (The Inn)
22. Mut (Courage)
23. Die Nebensonnen (The Phantom Suns)
24. Der Leiermann (The Hurdy-Gurdy Player)

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This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the performance requirements for the degree Doctor of Musical Arts in vocal performance.
Jeffrey L. Jones is a student of Jerry Doan.

In respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones, watches to their silent mode. Thank you.
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Program Notes

Music by Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Poetry by Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Schubert chose to set his second Müller cycle of poems entitled *Die Winterreise* in the late winter of 1827 and did not finish the work until near the next snowfall. Accounts speak of the composer isolating himself during this period and not attending social functions where music was being performed, this behavior being strange for a man who enjoyed sharing his work with others. This period of Schubert’s life could be easily associated with the stress of creating such an emotionally draining subject, when considering the ailing composer was fighting his own battle with illness. However, these were not the last works of his career; instead he was encouraged by these songs as noted by his friend Josef von Spaun:

> One day he said to me: ‘Come to Schrober’s today. I shall sing you a cycle of frightening songs. I am curious to see what you will all say to them. They have taken more out of me than was ever the case with other songs.’ He then sang the whole *Winterreise* with great emotion. We were taken aback at the dark mood of these songs, and Schrober said that he had only liked the one song, *Der Lindenbaum*. To that Schubert said: ‘I like these songs better than all the others and you will like them too.’

The exact time line for when the cycle was conceived is uncertain; Susan Youens traces the documents and concludes that the songs 1-12 were written first, and then Schubert discovered that Müller had written more poems and reordered the entire cycle. As Schubert begins and ends the first set (1-12) in the same key, it appears that he was unaware of the existence of additional poetry. Instead of following Müller’s final ordering, he accommodated the poet’s order as best as possible (with the exception of *Mut* and *Die Nebensonnen* which he reversed for dramatic purposes). “If Müller’s order were followed, the Schubert Edition numbers would become: 1-5, 13-6-8, 14-21, 9-10, 23, 11-12, 22, 24.”

This journey is much different from *Die Schöne Müllerin* in several ways; the story is told by only one character creating a kind of monodrama, there is no accurate timeline that is followed as *Winterreise* is an emotional and psychological trek. Schubert’s effective treatment of these verses also differs from the previous cycle by his limited use of strophic song; relying more on a through-composed style of bringing out the nuances of each verse.
1. Good Night

I came here as a stranger,
And a stranger I go.
May was kind to me,
With many bouquets of flowers.
The daughter spoke of love,
The mother – of marriage even;
And now the world is bleak,
The road deep in snow.

I cannot, for my journey,
Choose the time,
But must find my own way
In this darkness.
A shadow in the moonlight
Will keep me company,
And on white meadows
I’ll watch for animal tracks.

Why linger any longer?
Why wait to be driven out?
Leave errant dogs to howl
At their master’s door.
Love loves to wander –
God has made it so –
Wander from one to another.
My dearest love, good night!

I’ll not disturb your dreams,
A shame to spoil your sleep,
You shall not hear my step –
Soft, softly with the door!
I’ll write, as I go by,
Good night upon the gate,
So that you may see
That I have thought of you.

2. The Weather Vane

The wind plays with the vane
On my fair beloved’s house.
I thought in my delusion
It mocked the wretched fugitive.

Had he but seen it sooner,
That emblem of the house,
Never would he then have looked
To find a true-love there.

The wind plays inside with the heart,
As on the roof, but not so loud.
What is my agony to them?
Their child is a rich match.

3. Frozen Tears

Frozen drops fall
From my cheeks;
Have I, then, not noticed
That I have wept?

Ah, tears, my tears,
Are you so lukewarm
That you freeze to ice
Like chill in the morning dew?

And yet you well
So scalding from my breast
As if to melt
The ice of the whole winter!

4. Numbness

Vainly I scan the snow
For traces of her steps,
Where, on my arm, she
Walked the green meadow.
I want to kiss the ground,
Pierce the ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the earth.

Where to find a flower?
Where to find green grass?
The flowers are dead,
The grass pale.

Am I to take no remembrance
From here, then, as I go?
Who, when my pain is stilled,
Shall speak of me to her?

My heart is as dead,
Her image -- numb within;
If ever again my heart melts,
Even her image will go!

5. The Linden Tree

At the gate, by the fountain,
Stands a linden tree,
In whose shade I dreamt
So many a sweet dream.

In whose bark I carved
So many a word of love;
In joy and sorrow I was drawn
To it again and again.
Today, too, I had to pass it,
At dead of night,
And though it was dark,
I closed my eyes.

And its boughs rustled,
As if calling:
Come, friend, to me,
Here you shall find peace.

Chill blasts blew
Full into my face,
My hate flew from my head,
I did not turn.

Now, many an hour
From that place,
Still I hear rustling:
There would you find peace!

6. Flood Waters

Many a tear my eyes
Have shed into the snow;
Its cold flakes drink
Thirstily my burning grief.

When grass is ready to grow,
A mild wind comes,
The ice breaks up,
The snow melts.

You know, snow of my longing,
Where so you run to, say?
If you but follow my tears,
The brook will soon gather you in.

With it, through the town you'll go
And its lively streets;
When you feel my tears glowing,
That will be my dearest's house.

7. On the Stream

You who chattered so merry,
Bright, wild stream,
How silent you are now;
You bid me no farewell.

A stark, hard crust
You have spread over you;
Still and cold you lie
Stretched in the sand.
Into your surface
With a sharp stone
I carve my dearest's name,
And the day and the hour.

The day we first met,
The day I went away;
Name and numbers entwining
With a broken ring.

My heart, in this brook,
Do you see your own image?
Is, I wonder, under its crust
Just such a swelling torrent?

8. Backward Glance

The ground blazes beneath my feet
Though I walk on ice and snow;
But I'll not pause for breath
Till I see the spires no more.

Over every stone I stumbled,
In my haste to leave the town;
Crows shied hailstones, snowballs
At my hat from every roof.

How different your greeting,
Town of inconstancy!
At your gleaming windows sang
Now lark, now nightingale.

Round lime-trees were in blossom,
Gutters - loud with clear water,
And oh, two fair eyes -
And your fate, friend, was sealed!

Remembering that day,
I'd like once more to look back, like once
more to stumble back,
And stand quietly outside her door.

9. Jack O' Lantern

Into the deepest chasms
Jack O' Lantern has lured me;
How to escape, does not
Greatly concern me.

Well used I am to straying,
Any road leads to the goal;
Our joys, our woes,
Are all a Jack O' Lantern's game!

Down the mountain stream's
Dry gullies I wind my way -
Every stream will find the sea,
Every sorrow - its grave.

10. Rest

My weariness I notice only
As I lie down to rest.
Walking, I keep going
On the desolate road.

My feet asked no halt -
Too cold for standing still;
My back felt no burden,
The storm helped blow me along.

In a charcoal-burner's hovel
I have found lodging
But no repose for my limbs;
Such their burning wounds.

And you, heart, in storm and strife,
So fierce, so bold,
Only now in the lull feel
The fierce pangs stir.
11. Dream of Spring

I dreamt of gay flowers
Such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Merry calling of birds.

And at cock-crow,
My eyes awoke;
Cold as it was, and dark,
Ravens croaked from the roof.

But there, on the windows,
Who painted those leaves?
Are you mocking the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of love requited,
Of a beautiful girl,
Of caressing and kissing,
Joy and rapture.

And at cock-crow,
My heart awoke;
Now I sit here alone,
Recalling my dream.

Again I close my eyes,
My heart still beats so warm.
When, leaves, will you turn green?
When shall I hold my love in my arms?

12. Loneliness

Like a dark cloud
Across clear skies,
When in the fir top
A feeble breeze stirs,

I go my way,
Slow-footed, through
Bright, joyous life,
Lonely, alone.

Oh, the still air . . .
Oh, the bright world
While storms raged,
I was not so wretched.

13. The Post

From the road a post horn sounds.
What causes you to leap so,
My heart?

No post will there be for you.
Why, then, this surging,
My heart?

But oh, the post's from that town
Where I had a true love once,
My heart!

Do you want to look out
And ask how things are there,
My heart?

14. Grey Head

With white sheen the frost
Had sprinkled my hair;
I thought myself an old man,
And rejoiced.

But quickly it's melted and gone,
My hair is black again,
So that I shudder at my youth –
How far still to the grave!

From sunset red to morning light,
Many a head has grown grey,
Yet mine, would you believe,
Has not, in all this journey!
15. The Crow

One crow has come
From the town with me,
Forever, to this day,
Circling my head.

O crow, strange creature,
Do you refuse to leave me?
Do you hope, as prey,
Soon to seize my body?

Not far, then, left to tramp,
Staff in hand;
O crow, let me at last see
Faithfulness unto death!

16. Last Hope

Here and there on trees
Bright leaves may be seen,
And by those trees
I often stop in thought.

For one leaf I look
At attach my hope to;
If the wind toys with it
I tremble in every limb.

Ah, and if it falls to earth,
My hope falls with it;
I, too, fall to the ground,
And weep on my hope’s grave.

17. In the Village

Dogs bark, chains rattle,
Folk are abed and asleep,
Dreaming of much they do not possess,
Refreshing themselves, in good and bad;
By morn, all will have vanished.

Still, they have enjoyed their share,
And what they have left, they hope,
On their pillows to rediscover.

Bark, send me away, watchful dogs,
Let me not rest at slumber’s hour!
I am finished with all dreaming,
Why linger among sleepers?

18. Stormy Morning

How the storm has rent
The grey garment of the sky!
Cloud tatters flit about
In weary strife.

And red flames of fire
Flash among them;
That’s what I call a morning
After my own mind.

In that sky my heart sees
Painted in its own image –
Nothing it is but winter,
Winter cold and wild!

19. Delusion

A kindly light dances ahead;
I follow this way and that –
Follow gladly, and see
It misleads the wanderer.
Oh, any man as wretched as I,
Readily falls for this trickery
That shows, beyond ice, night
And horror, a bright, warm house.
And within it, one sweet soul . . .
Delusion is only what I gain!
20. The Sign Post

Why do I avoid the ways
That other wanderers tread,
And seek out hidden paths
Over snowy rocky heights?

For I have done no wrong
That I should shun men –
What foolish craving
Drives me into desolate places?

On roads stand sign posts
Pointing to towns,
And I wander on and on
Restlessly in search of rest.

One sign post I see standing,
Immovable before my gaze;
One road must I tread, by which
No one has yet returned.

12. The Inn

To a graveyard
My way has brought me;
Here I will lodge,
I thought.

You green wreaths
Must be the signs
Inviting weary travelers
Into the cool inn.

Are, then, at this house
The rooms all taken?
I am tired enough to drop,
Wounded unto death.
Pitiless inn,
Do you turn me away?
Well, on, then, on,
My trusty staff!

22. Courage

If snow drives into my face,
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks within,
Loudly I sing, and gaily.

I don’t hear what it says,
I have no ears;
Nor feel what it laments -
Lamenting is for fools.

Merrily into the world,
In teeth of wind and weather!
If there is no God on earth,
Gods we are ourselves!

23. Mock Suns

Three suns in the sky I saw,
Long and hard I looked;
They also stopped and stared,
As if unwilling to go away.
You are not, alas, my suns!
You look other people in the face!
Lately, yes, I did have three;
But the best two are now down.
Would but the third go too!
In the dark I’d fare better.
24. The Organ Grinder

There, beyond the village
And organ grinder stands,
And with numb fingers
Plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He staggers to and fro,
And his little plate
Stays forever empty.

No one cares to listen,
No one looks at him,
And dogs snarl
Around the old man.

And he lets it happen,
Everything as it will,
And plays on,
His hurdy-gurdy never still.

Strange old man,
Shall I go with you?
Will you, to my songs,
Play your hurdy-gurdy?

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3 Ibid., 258.
5 Fischer-Dieskau, 262.
6 Youens, 64-74.