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10-31-1978

### Gene Kelsay and Robert Campbell in a Guest Artist Recital

Gene Kelsay

*Southern Arkansas University*

Robert Campbell

*Southern Arkansas University*

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# MUSIC

## AT OUACHITA

Tuesday, October 31, 1978, 7:00pm

Recital Hall, Mabee Fine Arts Center

### GUEST ARTIST RECITAL

**GENE KELSAY**      **tenor**

**ROBERT CAMPBELL**      **piano**

**DIE WINTERREISE**  
(Winter Journey)

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797-1828)  
in commemoration of the  
150th anniversary of the  
composer's death

#### PART I \*

Gute Nacht (Good Night)  
Die Wetterfahne (The Weather-Vane)  
Gefror'ne Thränen (Frozen Tears)  
Erstarrung (Numbness)  
Der Lindenbaum (The Linden Tree)  
Wasserfluth (The Deluge)  
Auf dem Flusse (On the River)  
Rückblick (Retrospect)  
Irrlicht (Will-o'-the Wisp)  
Rast (Rest)  
Frühlingstraum (Dream of Spring)  
Einsamkeit (Loneliness)

#### PART II

Die Post (The Mail-Coach)  
Der greise Kopf (The Hoary Head)  
Die Krähe (The Crow)  
Letzte Hoffnung (Last Hope)  
Im Dorfe (In the Village)  
Der sturmische Morgen (Stormy Morning)  
Tauschung (Delusion)  
Der Wegweiser (The Sign-Post)  
Das Wirthshaus (The Inn)  
Muth (Courage)  
Die Nebensonnen (The Phantom Suns)  
Der Leiermann (The Hurdy-Gurdy Man)

### INTERMISSION

\* It is respectfully requested that there be no applause before the end of each Part.

Dr. Kelsay and Dr. Campbell are on the Music Faculty at Southern Arkansas  
University

PROGRAM NOTES

GOOD NIGHT

A stranger I came, a stranger I depart . . .  
The girl spoke of love, but now the world is dreary and covered with snow.  
I cannot choose the time for my journey, I must find my way in the darkness.  
Why should I wait until they drive me out?  
I will write "Good night" on her gate as I pass . . .

THE WEATHER-VANE

The wind plays with the weather-vane on my sweetheart's house.  
If I had noticed this symbol before, I would never have sought a faithful woman in that house.

FROZEN TEARS

Frozen drops fall from my cheeks . . .  
Yet they gush from my hot heart as if they would melt the winter's ice.

NUMBNESS

In vain I seek her footprints in the snow, where we walked in the meadow. . .  
Where will I find a blossom. . . green grass?  
My heart is frozen, and her image within it. . .

THE LINDEN TREE

By the well in front of the gate there stands a linden tree.  
I had many a sweet dream in its shade.  
Today as I passed, its branches rustled and called me to find rest under the tree.  
The cold winds blew straight at me, but I did not turn back.  
Yet I still hear the rustling: "There you would find rest!"

THE DELUGE

Many tears from my eyes have fallen into the snow. . .  
When the snow melts and forms a stream, it will flow through the town. . .  
When the stream feels my tears burning, it will be at my sweetheart's house.

ON THE RIVER

You once rippled so happily, and now have become so silent  
On your hard icy surface I carve memories of my sweetheart  
My heart, do you also have a raging torrent beneath your shell?

RETROSPECT

The soles of my feet are burning though I walk on ice and snow.  
I stumbled over every stone in my haste to leave town. . .  
How differently the town welcomed me, with larks and linden trees, and a maiden's glowing eyes  
If I think of that day, I long to go back and stand before her house again.

WILL-O' THE-WISP

A will-o'-the-wisp has lured me into a deep rocky chasm  
I am not worried about finding my way out.  
I am used to going astray.  
I will follow the dry bed of a mountain brook: Every stream will reach the sea,  
every sorrow will reach a grave.

REST

Only now I notice how tired I am. . .  
I have found shelter in a collier's hut, but I cannot rest  
Now, in this quiet time, my heart feels the serpent stir and sting.

DREAM OF SPRING

I dreamed of the bright flowers of May, and meadows, and bird calls.  
But the cock crow woke me, and the ravens screamed from the roof.  
But what frost painted flowers on the window-panes? Do you laugh at the dreamer?

LONELINESS

I go on my way with dragging feet - like a cloud on a bright day.  
The day is so bright, the air so calm - alas! I was not so miserable while the storms  
were still raging.

THE MAIL-COACH

From the street a posthorn sounds. Why are you so excited, my heart?  
The postman brings no letter for you, my heart. . .

THE HOARY HEAD

The frost has turned my hair white - how happy to be old  
The thaw has made it black again - how far off is the grave!

THE CROW

A crow has followed me, flying ceaselessly above my head  
Why do you not leave me? Do you plan to prey on my body?  
I cannot go much farther - be faithful to the grave!

LAST HOPE

Here and there a colored leaf may still be seen on the trees.  
I hang my hope on one remaining leaf - if the wind shakes it, I tremble.  
And if it falls, my hope falls with it.

IN THE VILLAGE

Dogs bark and rattle their chains; people sleep and dream  
In the morning it is over, but they look forward to the next dream.  
My dreams are at an end. Why should I remain among sleepers?

STORMY MORNING

How the storm has torn the gray mantle of the sky!  
Red streaks of lightning flash - a morning after my own heart!  
My heart sees its likeness in the sky: nothing but cold, savage winter!

DELUSION

I follow a light this way and that, knowing full well that it does not lead to a warm  
house, a loving soul: only delusion is left to me!

THE SIGN-POST

Why do I avoid the main roads and seek out hidden paths?  
Sign-posts point to towns, but I trudge restlessly on.  
One sign-post is always before my eyes - I must travel a road by which no one  
has ever returned.

THE INN

My way has led me into a graveyard. . .  
Funeral wreaths are like inn-signs for the weary traveler.  
Are all these rooms already taken? Do you turn me away?  
Then help me onward, trusty staff!

COURAGE

If snow flies in my face, I shake it off.  
If my heart laments, I ignore it.  
Bravely onward, into the weather!  
We can be like gods!

THE PHANTOM SUNS\*

I saw three suns in the sky, and thought they would never leave me.  
Now two of them have set. I wish the third would go down, too.  
I would be better left in darkness.

\*Alec Robertson feels that the three suns of this poem represent love, hope, and life.

THE HURDY-GURDY MAN

Over there stands a hurdy-gurdy man, grinding as best he can with numb fingers.  
He sways barefoot on the ice; his tray is always empty.  
No one wants to hear him, and the dogs snarl around him.  
Still he grinds, and the hurdy-gurdy is never silent.  
Strange old man - shall I go with you?  
Will you grind out my songs on your hurdy-gurdy?