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5-24-1972

## Guest Artist Recital: Thomas Carey, Baritone; May 24, 1972

Thomas Carey Baritone

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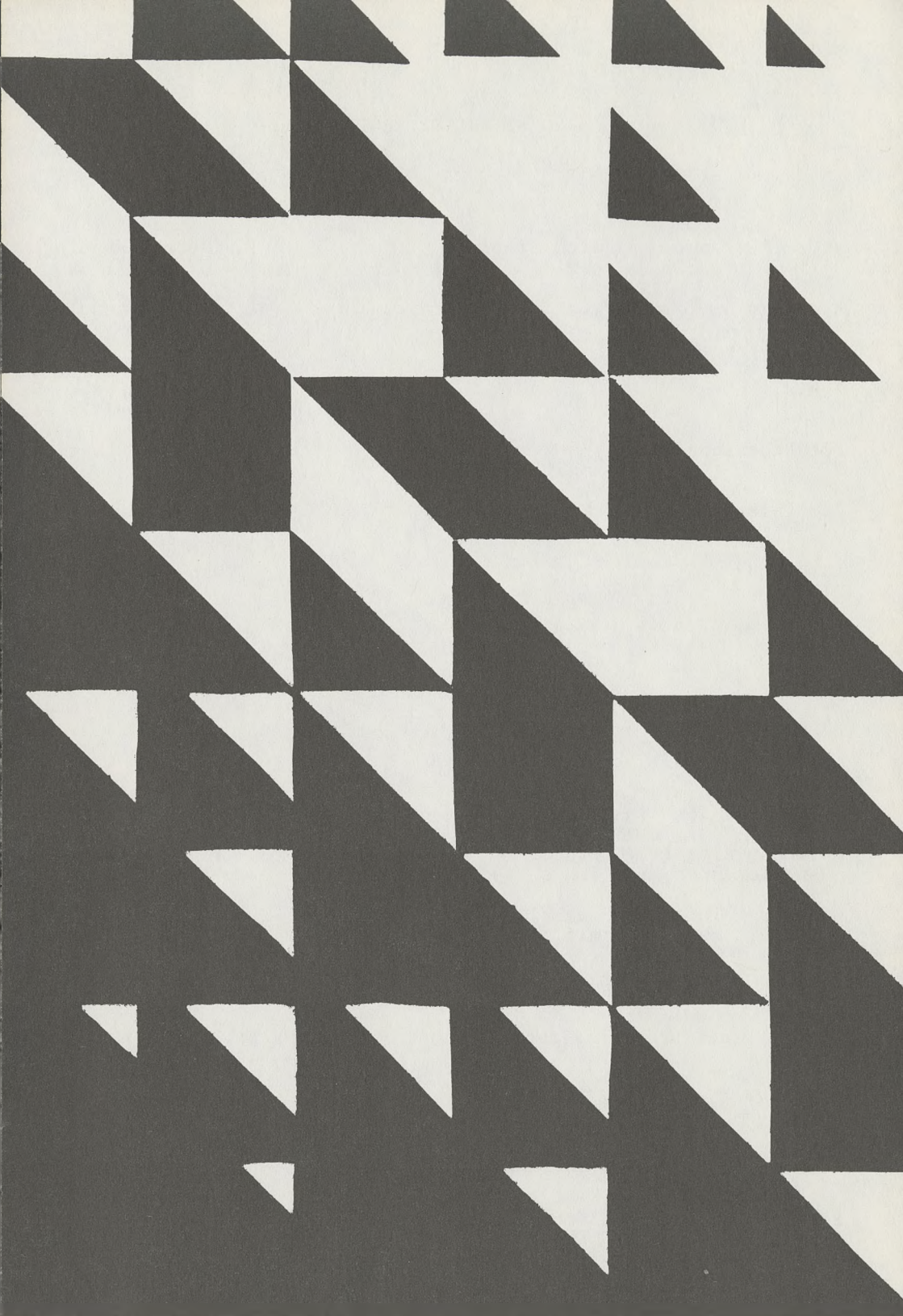
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GUEST ARTIST RECITAL  
THOMAS CAREY, Baritone

Where 'er you walk (from <u>Semele</u> )	Georg Händel 1685-1759
Arm, arm ye brave (from <u>Judas Maccabeus</u> )	Georg Händel
Wohin	Franz Schubert 1797-1828
Die Nebensonnen	Franz Schubert
Der Leiermann	Franz Schubert
Musensohn	Franz Schubert
Nemico della patria (from <u>Andrea Chenier</u> )	Umberto Giordano

Intermission

Harfenspieler I (Goethe) Wer sich der einsamkeit Ergibt	Hugo Wolf 1860-1903
Harfenspieler II (Goethe) An die Türen will ich schleichen	Hugo Wolf
Harfenspieler III (Goethe) Wer nie sein Brot mit tränen ass	Hugo Wolf
Let us break bread together	arr. by William Lawrence
Joshua fit de battle of Jericho	arr. by Burleigh, H.T.
Tonight (from <u>West Side Story</u> )	Leonard Bernstein
Somewhere (from <u>West Side Story</u> )	Leonard Bernstein

DIE NEBENSUNNEN

Drei Sonnen sah ich am Himmel stehn,  
Hab' lang' und fest sie angesehen;  
Und sie auch standen da so stier,  
Als konnten sie nicht weg von mir.  
Ach, meine Sonnen seid ihr nicht!  
Schaut Andren doch in's Angesicht!  
Ja neulich hatt'ich auch wohl drei:  
Nun sind hinab die besten zwei.  
Ging' nur die dritt' erst hinterdrein!  
Im Dunkel wird mir wohler sein.

DER LEIERMANN

Drüben hinter'm Dorfe  
Steht ein Leiermann,  
Und mit starren Fingern  
Dreht er was er kann.

Barfuss auf dem Eise  
Schwankt er hin und her;  
Und sein Kleiner Teller  
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,  
Keiner sieht ihn an;  
Und die Hunde brummen  
Um den alten Mann.

Und er lässt es gehen  
Alles, wie es will,  
Dreht, und seine Leier  
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter,  
Soll ich mit dir gehn?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern  
Deine Leier drehn?

WOHIN -- Franz Schubert

I heard a streamlet rushing from out a rocky bed, downward through the valley so fresh and clear. I know not how it came to me, but I too must hasten as the brook onward with my staff. Is this then my street? Brooklet, speak! You have bewildered me with your rustling.

MUSENSOHN -- Franz Schubert

Through field and forest, I stray from place to place and with my merry song, all else moves on my way.

THE MOCK-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 the  
darkness.

THE HURDY-GURDY MAN

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

Barefoot on the ice,  
he moved 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 frind out my songs  
on your hurdy-gurdy?



Songs of the Harper, from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship --  
Hugo Wolf

1. Who gives himself over to solitude is soon alone;  
everyone lives and loves and leaves him to his pain.  
Yes, leave me to my anguish! Once I can be really by myself  
Then I am not alone.  
A lover walks softly and listens, to find out if his love is alone.  
Just so by day and by night, when I am by myself  
Pain and anguish steal over me.  
When once I shall lie in the grave by myself-  
Then anguish will leave me alone.
2. I will steal to the doors and stand in humble silence;  
charitable hands will give me food, and I will go on my way.  
Everyone who sees me will think his own lot fortunate;  
he will shed a tear-  
and I do not know why he weeps.
3. Who never watered his bread with tears,  
who never sat, through long, miserable nights  
weeping on his bed-  
he does not know you, heavenly powers.  
You lead us into life,  
you let the poor wretch incur guilt  
and then you leave him to his pain-  
for all guilt, on earth, draws vengeance on itself.

NEMICO DELLA PATRIA (from Andrea Chenier) -- Umberto Giordano

Gerard, a former servant of the Countess of Caigny, now an official in the revolutionary movement, is preparing the accusations of the prisoners that are about to be tried by the tribunal. One of these is Andrea Chenier, a poet who has defied the revolutionists by giving aid to the Aristocratic Maddalena de Caigny, which whom he is in love. Gerard also loves Maddalena, and is torn between jealousy and admiration for the poet. With conflicting emotions, he starts to write Chenier's accusation.

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Centennial East Recital Hall  
Wednesday Evening  
May 24, 1972  
8:15 p.m.