



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Elly Ameling

Soprano

DALTON BALDWIN, *Pianist*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1980, AT 8:30

RACKHAM AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Liederkreis, Op. 39	SCHUMANN
In der Fremde	Auf einer Burg
Intermezzo	In der Fremde
Waldesgespräch	Wehmut
Die Stille	Zwielicht
Mondnacht	Im Walde
Schöne Fremde	Frühlingsnacht

Der Mond	}	MENDELSSOHN
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges			
Frühlingsglaube			

INTERMISSION

La Courte Paille	POULENC
Le Sommeil	Les Anges musiciens
Quelle aventure!	Le Carafon
La Reine de coeur	Lune d'Avril
Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu . . .	

Nanny	}	CHAUSSON
Les Papillons			
Le Colibri			

El tra la la y el punteado	GRANADOS
El Majo discreto	GRANADOS

La Rosa y el Sauce	GUASTAVINO
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Cantares	TURINA
Las locas por amor	TURINA

*Columbia, Philips, RCA, London, Angel, Odeon, EMI, Harmonia Mundi, DGG,
Peters International, Donemus, BASF Records.*

About the Artists

Dutch soprano **Elly Ameling** is universally admired as one of today's foremost lieder singers. Since her American debut at Lincoln Center in 1968, she has made annual tours of the United States and Canada. In New York City she has performed at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Hunter College, and Alice Tully Hall. In March 1978 she was presented on Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series, a concert so successful she was invited to give her own set of three concerts in this prestigious series during the 1979-80 season. In addition to North America, Miss Ameling has appeared in recital throughout Europe, South Africa, Japan, Australia, and South America.

While her personal preference lies in the realm of the song recital, Miss Ameling is truly at home in all forms of singing: chamber music, concerts with orchestra, oratorios, and opera. She made her American operatic debut in May 1974 at the Kennedy Center's Mozart Festival singing *Ilia* in *Idomeneo*. On this continent she has sung with the symphony orchestras of Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Rochester, Vancouver, Toronto, and the St. Paul and Los Angeles Chamber Orchestras; and in Europe with the Berlin Philharmonic, Concertgebouw and Philharmonia Orchestras, BBC Symphony, English Chamber Orchestra, and the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields. She opened the Caramoor Festival in both 1974 and 1977 and was soloist with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem during its annual Bach Festival in 1975. In the summer of 1976 she toured Australia and the Far East, making repeat visits during the 1977-78 season, and in June of 1979 made her debut tour of South America.

Miss Ameling's list of recordings is as impressive as it is endless. She has been awarded most of the world's coveted honors, including the Grand Prix du Disque, Edison Prize, and Stereo Review Record of the Year Award. In 1976 she recorded the complete melodies of Gabriel Fauré with baritone Gérard Souzay and pianist Dalton Baldwin. A similar project devoted to the songs of Francis Poulenc was undertaken in the summer of 1978. Recent releases include the complete songs of Mozart, Vivaldi motets, Brahms lieder, and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 with André Previn and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

For her services to music, she has been honored by her native government with knighthood—*Ridder in de Orde van Oranje Nassau*.

Miss Ameling first sang in Ann Arbor in 1976—we welcome this evening's "encore" recital.

In addition to his concerts with Elly Ameling, **Dalton Baldwin** frequently performs with Jessye Norman, William Parker, Marilyn Horne, and Frederica von Stade. His long-time partnership with Gérard Souzay has taken him to all corners of the musical world. Together they have made over fifty recordings, many of which have garnered international prizes. They are presently recording the complete song repertoire of the major French composers—Debussy, Ravel, Fauré, Poulenc, and Duparc.

Mr. Baldwin frequently gives lectures on the art of accompaniment, and serves as artistic director for the Art Song Festivals at Westminster Choir College (Princeton) and Boulder, Colorado. He and Mr. Souzay give masterclasses in Geneva every summer for young professional singers and accompanists from around the world—the first phase in his ultimate goal of establishing an International Academy of Vocal Arts.

Mr. Baldwin was born in the United States where he studied at The Juilliard School and Oberlin Conservatory before going to Europe to work with Nadia Boulanger and Madeleine Lipatti. He now makes his permanent home in France.

This evening marks his fourth appearance in Ann Arbor—first in 1963 with Gérard Souzay, then in 1976 with Elly Ameling and 1979 with Marilyn Horne.

Sherrill Milnes, Baritone

in recital

Monday, April 14 at 8:30, in Hill Auditorium

Arias by Verdi, de Mondonville, Grétry

Songs by Lully, Strauss, Duparc, Finzi, Somervell, Loehr, Jordan

Tickets from \$4 to \$12

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

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Liederkreis, Op. 39, R. SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

(Joseph von Eichendorff)

In der Fremde/In a Foreign Land

From my homeland beyond the lightning red
the clouds come drifting in, but father and mother are
long since dead, now no one remembers me there.
How soon, oh, how soon till that quiet time when
I too shall rest, and above me will rustle the lovely,
lonely wood, and no one will remember me here.

Intermezzo

Your blissful image I have deep in my heart,
gazing so joyously at me always.
My heart sings silently a beautiful song,
that soars to the sky and hastens to you.

Waldesgespräch/Wood Dialogue

It is late, it is cold, why ride you lonely through
the wood? The wood is long, you are alone,
lovely bride! I will lead you home!
'Great are men's deceit and guile, sorrow has broken
my heart; the horn sounds here, sounds there,
oh flee! You know not who I am.'
So richly decked are steed and lady, so young and
fair of figure is she, now -- God preserve me --
I know you! You are the Sorceress Lorelei!
'You know me indeed -- from lofty rock my castle gazes
silent into the Rhine. It is late, it is cold,
nevermore shall you leave this wood.'

Die Stille/Silence

Not a soul knows or guesses how happy, happy I am!
Oh, if only *one* were to know it, then no other should.
The snow outside's not so silent, nor so mute and
silent the stars on high, as are my thoughts.
Would I were a bird and might fly over the sea,
over the sea and on, until I were in heaven!

Mondnacht/Moonlit Night

It was as though the sky had softly kissed the earth,
so that she, in a gleam of blossom, had now to
dream of him.
The breeze ran through the fields, the ears of corn
gently swayed, the woods rustled faintly,
the night was so starry and clear.
And my soul spread wide its wings, flew over the
silent land, as if it were flying home.

Schöne Fremde/Beautiful Foreign Land

The tree-tops murmur and shiver, as though at this
hour the half-sunken walls were paced by gods of old.
Here, beyond the myrtles, in secretly darkening
splendour, what do you murmur, as in a dream to me,
fantastic night?
The stars all sparkle upon me with glowing and loving
gaze, rapturous the distance speaks as of
great happiness to come.

Auf einer Burg/In a Castle

Asleep at his look-out up there, is the old knight;
overhead go rain squalls, through the grill roars
the wood.
Beard and hair grown into one, ruff and breast
turned to stone, for centuries he has sat up there
in his silent cell.
Outside is calm and quiet, all have gone to the valley,
woodbirds sing, lonely, in the empty window arches.
Below, a wedding passes in the sunshine on the Rhine,
minstrels play merrily, and the lovely bride...weeps.

In der Fremde/In a Foreign Land

I hear brooklets murmur through the wood.
Amidst wood and murmur I know not where I am.
Nightingales sing here in the solitude,
as if wishing to tell of fair days now past.
In the darting moonbeams I seem to see below me
in the valley the castle which is so far from here!
It is as if in the garden full of roses white and red,
my beloved were waiting who is so long since dead.

Wehmut/Sadness

Sometimes I can sing as if I were glad,
yet secretly tears well and free my heart.
Nightingales, when, outside, spring breezes play,
let sound their song of longing from their
dungeon's depth.
At which all hearts hearken, and everyone delights,
yet no one feels the pain, the deep sorrow in the song.

Zwielicht/Twilight

Dusk makes to spread its wings, the trees stir
awesome, clouds come like heavy dreams--
what means this dusk and dread?
If you have a fawn your favour, let her not graze alone;
hunters range the forest, bugling, voices flit
here and there.
If on earth you have a friend, do not trust him at this
hour; friendly both in look and speech, in seeming
peace he schemes for war.
What, today, goes weary down, rises new-born on the
morrow. Much in the night goes astray --
be wary, watchful, wide-awake!

Im Walde/In the Wood

Across the hill a wedding went, I heard birds singing,
then--a flash of riders, a sounding horn, a merry hunt!
And before I knew, all had died away, night covers
all around, only from the hills--a forest murmur,
and deep in my heart--a shudder.

Frühlingsnacht/Spring Night

Above the garden across the sky I heard the birds of
passage wing, a sign that spring is in the air,
that blossom time is come.
I could shout for joy, could weep, I feel it cannot be.
Old wonders reappear, with the gleaming moon.
And the moon and the stars say it, and the wood,
dreaming, murmurs it, and the nightingales sing it:
she is yours, she is yours!

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)

Der Mond (Emanuel Geibel)

My heart is like the dark night when all the tree tops
rustle. The moon rises cautiously in full splendor
from the clouds and behold! The forest becomes silent
in deep quietude.
The moon, luminous moon, in its fulfilled love,
throwing a glance towards me from ethereal rest.
And behold! My tempestuous heart becomes calm.

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges/On Wings of Song

(Heinrich Heine)

On wings of song, dearest, will I bear you away, away
to the Ganges meadows, where I know of the nicest place.
A red-blossoming garden lies there in the quiet light
of the moon, the lotus flowers are waiting for their
own sister dear.
The violets titter, talk fondly, and gaze to the stars
above, the roses whisper their scented stories
into each other's ear.
Here come leaping to listen alert and gentle gazelles,
and in the distance splashing, the waves of the
sacred stream.
There let us sink down beneath the palm tree, and
drink in love and peace, and dream a blissful dream.

Frühlingsglaube/Spring Faith

(Ludwig Uhland)

Gentle breezes are awake, murmuring, stirring night
and day, everywhere active, creative. Oh fresh fra-
grance, oh new sounds! Now, poor heart, be not afraid.
Now must all things, all things change.
Daily the world grows fairer, what may yet come, we do
not know, to blooming there is no end; the farthest,
deepest valley blooms: now, poor heart, forget your
torment. Now must all things, all things change.

La Courte Paille... FRANCIS POULENC
The Short Straw (1899-1963)

Le Sommeil/Sleep

Sleep has gone off on a journey, Gracious me!
Where can it have got to? I have rocked my little
one in vain, he is crying in his cot,
he has been crying ever since noon.
Where has sleep put its sand and its gentle dreams?
I have rocked my little one in vain, he tosses and
turns perspiring, he sobs in his bed.
Ah! Come back, come back, sleep, on your fine race-
horse! In the dark sky, the Great Bear has buried
the sun and rekindled his bees.
If baby does not sleep well he will not say good day.
He will have nothing to say to his fingers,
to the milk, to the bread that greet him in the morning.

Quelle Aventure!/What Goings-On!

A flea, in its carriage, was pulling a little elephant
along gazing at the shop windows where diamonds
were sparkling.
--Good gracious! Good gracious! what goings-on!
who will believe me if I tell them?
The little elephant was absent minded sucking a pot of
jam. But the flea took no notice, and went on pulling
with a smile.
--Good gracious! Good gracious! if this goes on
I shall really think I am mad!
Suddenly, along by a fence, the flea disappeared
in the wind and I saw the young elephant make off,
breaking through the walls.
--Good gracious! Good gracious! it is perfectly true.
But how shall I tell Mummy?

La Reine de Coeur/The Queen of Hearts

Gently leaning on her elbow at her moon windows,
the queen waves to you with a flower of the almond tree.
She is the queen of hearts, she can, if she wishes, lead
you in secret to strange dwellings.
Where there are no more doors, no rooms nor towers and
where the young who are dead come to speak of love.
The queen waves to you, hasten to follow her into her
castle of hoar-frost with the lovely moon windows.

Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu...

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, be! The cat has put on his boots,
he goes from door to door playing, dancing, singing.
Pou, chou, genou, hibou. 'You must learn to read,
to count, to write', they cry to him on all sides.
But rikketiketau the cat bursts out laughing, as he
goes back to the castle: he is Puss in Boots!

Les Anges Musiciens/The Angel Musicians

On the threads of the rain the Thursday* angels
play all day upon the harp.
And beneath their fingers, Mozart tinkles deliciously
in drops of blue joy.
For it is always Mozart that is repeated endlessly
by the angel musicians.
Who, all day Thursday, sing on their harps
the sweetness of the rain.

*traditionally the school half-day holiday in France.

Le Carafon/The Baby Carafe

'Why, complained the carafe, should I not have a baby
carafe? At the zoo, Madame the giraffe, has she not
a baby giraffe?' A sorcerer who happened to be passing
by astride a phonograph, recorded the lovely soprano
voice of the carafe and let Merlin hear it.
'Very good,' said he, 'very good.' He clapped his hands
three times and the lady of the house still asks
herself why she found that very morning a pretty little
baby carafe nestling close to the carafe just as in the
zoo, the baby giraffe rests its long fragile neck
against the pale flank of the giraffe.

Lune D'Avril/April Moon

Moon, beautiful moon, April moon, let me see in my sleep
the peach tree with the saffron heart, the fish who
laughs at the sleet, the bird who, distant as a hunting
horn, gently awakens the dead and above all, above all,
the land where there is joy, where there is light,
where sunny with primroses, all the guns have been
destroyed. Beautiful moon, April moon, Moon.

ERNEST CHAUSSON (1855-1899)

Nanny (Leconte de Lisle)

Woods dear to the doves, weep, gentle leaves,
and you flowing spring, and you cool footpaths,
weep, O wild heather, holly bushes and sweet briars.
Springtime, king of the green year adorned with flowers,
O young god, weep! Ripening summer, cut your crowned
tresses, and weep, reddening autumn.
The anguish of loving breaks a faithful heart,
earth and sky, weep! Oh! how I loved her! Dear land,
speak of her no more; Nanny will never return!

Les Papillons/The Butterflies (Theophile Gautier)

The snow-coloured butterflies fly in swarms over the
sea; Beautiful white butterflies, when can I take
the blue path of the air?
Do you know, O fairest of the fair, my dancing girl
with the jet black eyes, if they would lend me their
wings, tell me, do you know where I would go?
Without taking a single kiss from the roses, across
valleys and forests, I would go to your half-closed
lips, flower of my soul, and there I would die.

Le Colibri/The Humming-Bird (Leconte de Lisle)

The green humming-bird, the king of the hills,
seeing the dew and the bright sun shining into his
nest, woven of fine grasses, darts into the air
like a ray of light.
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs, where
bamboos make a sound like the sea, where the red
hibiscus with its divine fragrance unfolds the dewy
brilliance at its heart.
He descends to the golden flower, alights, and drinks
so much love from the rosy cup, that he dies,
not knowing if he had exhausted its nectar!
On your pure lips, O my beloved, likewise my soul
wished to die, of the first kiss which perfumed it.

ENRIQUE GRANADOS (1867-1916)

El tra la la y el punteado --

The tra la la and guitar-strum

It is useless, my majo, for you to persist, for there
are some things which I answer always with a song.
No matter how much you question, you will not distress
me, I will not end my song.

El Majo Discreto/The Discreet Majo

They say that my majo is homely; perhaps it is so,
for love is but a desire that blinds and dazzles.
For a long time I have known that he who loves is blind.
But if my majo is not a man who is noted for being hand-
some, he is, on the other hand, discreet and keeps a
secret which I confided in him knowing that he
is trustworthy.
What then is the secret that the majo kept? It would
be indiscreet for me to tell. No little effort is
needed to discover the secrets a majo has with a
woman. He was born in Lavapies.
Eh! Eh! He's a majo, a majo he is.

CARLOS GUASTAVINO (b. 1912)

La Rosa y el Sauce/The Rose and the Willow
(Francesco Silva)

The rose was awakening in the weeping willow's embrace
The treegod fondly impassioned adored her so!
But a frivolous maiden has stolen her away, the
willow unconsoled is mourning his loved one.

JOAQUÍN TURINA (1882-1949)

Cantares/Songs (Ramon de Campoamor)

I feel you nearest when you are far away for your image
is ever before me, the shadow of my thoughts. Oh, come
back and tell me again what you told me yesterday.
I was so dazzled by your presence I did not hear.

Las Locas por amor/Women Mad with Love
(Ramon de Campoamor)

I shall love thee, divine Venus, if you prefer
That I love thee a long time and with affection.
And the Cytherean goddess answered: "I prefer, as all
women, to be loved for a short time and with madness."