



International
Presentations of
Music & Dance

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Judith Blegen

Soprano

MARTIN KATZ, *Pianist*

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1982, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Excerpts from *Italienisches Liederbuch* WOLF

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken
Mein Liebster ist so klein
Gesegnet sei das Grün
Ihr jungen Leute
Mein Liebster singt
Schweig einmal still
Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen
O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas
Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

An eine Äolsharfe, Op. 19, No. 5 }
Ständchen, Op. 106, No. 1 } BRAHMS
Lerchengesang, Op. 70, No. 2 }
Das Mädchen, Op. 95, No. 1 }

INTERMISSION

Chansons de Ronsard MILHAUD

A une fontaine
A Cupidon
Tais-toi, babillarde
Dieu vous gard'

A Group of Favorites

RCS, CBS Masterworks, EMI, Mercury, Vox Turnabout, Nonesuch, and Philips Records.

Translations

Excerpts from *Italienisches Liederbuch* HUGO WOLF

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken — Even small things may delight us, even small things may be precious. Think how gladly we deck ourselves in pearls; for much they are sold, and are only small. Think how small the olive is, and yet it is sought for its virtue. Think only of the rose, how small it is, yet smells so sweet, as you know.

Mein Liebster ist so klein — My sweetheart's so small, that without bending he sweeps my room with his hair. When he went to the garden to pick jasmine, a snail scared him out of his wits. Then when he came in to recover, a fly knocked him all of a heap; and when he came to my window, a horse-fly stove in his head. A curse on all flies — crane- and horse- and whoever has a sweetheart from Maremma! A curse on all flies, craneflies and midges, and whoever, for his kiss, has so to stoop!

Gesegnet sei das Grün — Blessed be green and all that green do wear! A green dress too the spring-time meadow wears, in green dresses the darling of my eyes. In green is the hunters' way to dress, a green suit too my lover wears; green all things sweetly favours, out of green grows every lovely fruit.

Ihr jungen Leute — You young men who are marching to war, you are to take care of my beloved. See that he keeps brave under fire; he's never been to war in his life. Never let him sleep in the open; he's so delicate, he'd suffer for it. And don't let him sleep out under the moon; he'd die, he's not used to it, you see.

Mein Liebster singt — My dearest's below singing in the moonlight, and I must lie listening here in bed. Away from my mother I turn, and weep; my tears are blood which will not dry. That broad stream by the bed I've wept, for my tears I cannot tell if day is dawning. That bedside stream I've from yearning; blinded I am by my tears of blood.

Schweig einmal still — O you beastly ranter, do be quiet! I find your cursed singing revolting. Even if you kept it up till morning, you'd still not manage a decent song. Do be quiet and get to bed! I'd rather hear a donkey's serenade.

Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei — You say to me that I am no princess; but you are no descendant of the Spanish throne. No, my dear, at cock-crow you get up, and to the fields you go in no state-coach. You mock me for my lowliness, but poverty doesn't hurt the noble soul. You mock me for my lack of crown and crest, but Shanks' mare is all you ride yourself.

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen — My sweetheart invited me to dinner, yet had no house to receive me. No wood, nor stove for cooking and roasting, and the pot had long since broken in two. No wine-cask was there either, and no glasses did he have in use; the table was narrow, the cloth no better, the bread rock hard and the knife — quite blunt.

O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas — Oh, were your house transparent as a glass, my love, whenever I steal past! Then, without cease, I could see you within, and how I'd gaze at you with all my soul! How many looks your heart would send me, more than the river in March has drops! How many the looks I would return, more than the drops that shower down in rain!

Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen — I have one lover living in Penna, another in the plain of Maremma, one in the lovely port of Ancona, for the fourth I've to go to Viterbo; another lives there, in Casentino, the next — where I live, and I've yet another in Magione, four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

Four Songs JOHANNES BRAHMS

An eine Äolsharfe — Leaning against the ivy wall of this old terrace, you, mysterious lyre of an airborne muse; begin, begin again, your melodious lament. You come, you winds from far away, oh, from the youth's who was so dear to me, from a newly blooming mound. And on the way barely touching blossoms of spring, saturated with fragrances, how sweetly; and you murmur in the strings, attracted by melodious melancholy, rising with the ardour of my longing, and dying down again. But of a sudden as the wind blows more strongly, a lovely cry of the harp brings back to me, with a sweet terror, the sudden excitement of my soul; and here the fullblown rose set atremble, scatters all its petals before my feet!

Ständchen — The moon shines above the mountain, just right for people in love; in the garden ripples a fountain, elsewhere silence, far and wide. Beside the wall in the shadow, three students are standing with flute and violin and zither; and they play, and sing while playing. The strains are stealing gently into the fairest maiden's dream; she sees her blond beloved and whispers: "Forget me not!"

Lerchengesang — Ethereal distant voices, the larks' heavenly greetings; how sweetly you move my heart, you lovely voices! Softly I close my eyes, there float remembrances in a gentle twilight filled with the breath of spring.

Das Mädchen — The maiden stood by the mountain slope, and her face was reflected in the mountain. And the maiden said unto her face: truly, countenance, oh you, my concern, if I but knew,

white countenance of mine, that some day an aged man would kiss you, I would go out to the green mountains, I would pluck all wormwood in the mountains, would strain bitter water from the wormwood, I would wash you, countenance, with the water, that you might be bitter for the old man's kiss!

If I but knew, white countenance of mine, that some day a youth would kiss you, I would go into the green garden, I would pluck all the roses in the garden, would strain scented water from the roses; I would wash you, countenance, with the water, that you might be fragrant for the young man's kiss!

Chansons de Ronsard DARIUS MILHAUD

A une fontaine — But listen, lively little fountain, who dost my thirst so oft appease; reclining here beneath the mountain, idle in the refreshing breeze. When frugal summer is reclaiming the fruit of Ceres' bared breast; with ev'ry threshing floor exclaiming beneath the weight of her bequest. O thus may thou remain forever, a sacred place for all those, who, sick with life's eternal fever, share thy discourse, thy repose. And may the moon at midnight, glancing upon the valley, always see the nymphs that rally here for dancing, to leap and bound in revelry.

A Cupidon — The day pursues the night, and evening's shades in turn put day to flight as sunlight fades; so summer yields to fall, no sound of thunder, no rain, nor windy squall bursts calm asunder. But the fever of love torments me still, a thing I can't remove, do what I will. It was not at me, Boy, you should have aimed, some other might enjoy being thus maimed. Pursue some idle beaux whom it amuses, but neither me nor those loved of the muses.

Tais-toi, babillarde — Be still you noisy little thing, or I shall pluck your pretty wing first chance I get, or with one stroke I'll close for good that busy bill that prattles from the window sill, and makes my morning sleep a joke. There in my chimney make your nest, and sing all day without a rest; all evening too, I shall not chide, but in the morning please be fair and let there be no music there to steal Cassandra from my side.

Dieu vous gard' — God keep you, you who never fail to herald spring, lyric nightingale, swallows, cuckoos, happy peewees, you doves, wild birds now northward winging, who with a hundred kinds of singing animate the air and the trees. God keep you in your lovely bowers, pretty roses, all fragrant flowers, and you, new bud, in whose soft vein flows blood of Ajax and Narcissus, and you, thyme, anis and melissa, may you always come back again. God keep you, pretty company of butterflies who in the lea now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant food, and bees invading pretty bowers to steal the fruit of laden flowers and store it safe within the wood. A thousand times I greet anew your lovely, gentle spring debut, what lively thoughts does spring arouse with the sweet discourse of the stream, 'tis worth the winter's sombre dream which kept me shuttered in the house.

About the Artists

The name **Judith Blegen** appears on the rosters of most of the world's greatest opera houses, concert halls, and recital series. At the Metropolitan Opera, where she made her debut in 1970, she has starred in new productions of *Pelleas et Melisande*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Fidelio*, *Werther*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and in the revivals of *Rigoletto*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Romeo et Juliette*, and had the honor of opening the 1980-81 season in a special performance of Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony conducted by James Levine. She has also graced the stages of the San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Vienna State Opera, Paris Opera, as well as the Festival stages of Salzburg, Edinburgh, and Spoleto (Italy), among others. As a much sought-after soloist with major orchestras, she has had the honor of participating in the inaugural concerts in Davies Symphony Hall, the new home of the San Francisco Symphony, and appeared with Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony. Hailed as "a candidate for greatness in the field" by the *New York Times* on the occasion of her New York recital debut in 1974, Miss Blegen has fulfilled that prophecy to become an interpreter of extraordinary gifts on the recital stages of the world, distinguishing herself in concerts devoted to the art song and chamber music repertoire.

Ann Arbor audiences have been privileged to hear Miss Blegen on two previous occasions: in recital in 1979 as part of the Debut & Encore Series, and as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the 1981 May Festival.

Martin Katz is a native of Los Angeles where he attended the University of Southern California and studied accompanying with Gwendolyn Koldofsky, a pioneer teacher in this field. While a student, he had the opportunity to accompany the master classes of such luminaries as Lotte Lehmann, Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky, and Pierre Bernac.

Now living in New York, Mr. Katz is in constant demand as partner for some of the world's most celebrated soloists. In addition to Miss Blegen, with whom he appeared in Ann Arbor in 1979, he performs regularly with Marilyn Horne, Renata Tebaldi, Nicolai Gedda, Evelyn Lear, Shirley Verrett, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Stewart, and Tatiana Troyanos. He also appeared in Ann Arbor in 1976 with basso Justino Diaz. Mr. Katz completes his busy schedule as a faculty member of both Westminster Choir College and the University of Maryland.

Announcing!

Marcel Marceau

The genius of gesture brings new pantomimes direct from his Paris run,
to open his American tour in Ann Arbor:

Three performances in the Power Center
Saturday, Jan. 29 at 8:00; Sunday, Jan. 30 at 3:00 & 8:00

Tickets now on sale: main floor – \$16 & \$14; balcony – \$15 & \$11

A Season to Celebrate!

- ANTHONY ROOLEY, *Lute*, and
EMMA KIRKBY, *Soprano* Thurs. Nov. 4
"The English Orpheus"
- JULIAN BREAM, *Guitar* Sun. Nov. 7
Music of de Visée, Weiss, Bach, Walton, Berkeley, Rodrigo, and Turina
- LYDIA ARTYMIW, *Pianist* Fri. Nov. 12
Clementi: Sonata, Op. 47, No. 2; Schubert: Sonata in G, Op. 78; Brahms:
Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel
- LEIPZIG GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA/KURT MASUR Sun. Nov. 14
Beethoven: Violin Concerto (Karl Suske, soloist); Mahler: Symphony No. 1
- BORODIN TRIO Sat. Nov. 20
Tchaikovsky: Trio in A minor; Schubert: Trio in E-flat, Op. 100
- Handel's "Messiah" Fri.-Sun. Dec. 3-5
- LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC/CARLO MARIA GIULINI Tues. Dec. 7
Schubert: Symphony No. 4; Bruckner: Symphony No. 9
- PITTSBURGH BALLET, Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Fri.-Sun. Dec. 17-19
- GUARNERI STRING QUARTET Sun. Jan. 9
- TAMBURITZANS FOLK ENSEMBLE Sat. Jan. 15
- SANTIAGO RODRIGUEZ, *Pianist* Thurs. Jan. 27
- MARCEL MARCEAU, *Mimist* Sat. & Sun. Jan. 29 & 30
- HÅKAN HAGEGÅRD, *Baritone* Wed. Feb. 9
Songs of Mozart, Busoni, Schubert, Berg, Wolf, and Scandinavian composers
- GUARNERI STRING QUARTET Sun. Feb. 13
- PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE Tues. & Wed. Mar. 1 & 2
- BELGIAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA and
MIHA POGAČNIK, *Violinist* Fri. Mar. 4
Hindemith: Five Pieces; Bach: Violin Concerto in D minor; Haydn: Violin
Concerto in C major; Dvořák: Serenade for Strings
- DRESDEN STAATSKAPELLE/HERBERT BLOMSTEDT Sun. Mar. 6
Zimmerman: Sinfonia; Strauss: Death and Transfiguration; Beethoven: Symphony No. 7
- BALLET FOLCLÓRICO NACIONAL DE MEXICO Tues. Mar. 8
- ALI AKBAR KHAN, *Sarod* Thurs. Mar. 10
- I SOLISTI AQUILANI and
GARY KARR, *Double Bassist* Sat. Mar. 12
Music of Corelli, Pergolesi, Rolla, Dragonetti, Zafred, and Bucchi

New brochure with complete information available upon request.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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