



International
Presentations of
Music & Dance

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Jessye Norman

Soprano

PHILLIP MOLL, *Pianist*

Assisted by YIZHAK SCHOTTEN, Violist

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8, 1986, AT 8:00
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Recitative and Aria of Cleopatra from *Giulio Cesare* HANDEL
E pur così in un giorno; Piangerò la sorte mia

Two Songs, Op. 91 BRAHMS
Gestillte Sehnsucht (Rückert)
Geistliches Wiegenlied (Geibel)

with YIZHAK SCHOTTEN, *Violist*

Rheinlegendchen (from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*) MAHLER
Schliesse mir die Augen beide (Storm, 1907) BERG
Das irdische Leben (from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*) MAHLER
Die Nachtigall BERG
Schliesse mir die Augen beide (Storm, 1925) BERG
Vorüber! (Wisbacher) BERG
Scheiden und Meiden (from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*) MAHLER

INTERMISSION

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques RAVEL
Le Reveil de la Mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant!
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2 (von Schack)
Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32, No. 1 (Henckell)
Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4 (Dehmel)
Ach, Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden, Op. 21, No. 3 (Dahn)
Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten, Op. 19, No. 4 (von Schack)

} STRAUSS

Philips, CBS Masterworks, Angel, EMI, DGG, EuroDisc, Erato, and Orfeo Records.

TRANSLATIONS

Recitative and Aria of Cleopatra from *Julius Caesar* — George Frederick Handel

E pur così in un giorno — Why then, in one day am I deprived of magnificence and glory? Oh, cruel fate! Caesar, my beloved idol, is probably dead, Cornelia and Sextus are defenseless and cannot come to my aid. Oh God, is there no hope?

Piangerò la sorte mia — I shall ever bemoan my unjust and cruel fate as long as life shall last. And after death, my ghost shall haunt the tyrant night and day.

Two Songs, Op. 91 — Johannes Brahms

Gestillte Sehnsucht (Stilled Longing) — Bathed in the golden glow of evening, how solemn the woods stand! Among the gentle voices of the little birds breathes the gentle plaint of the evening wind. What do the winds, the little birds, whisper? They whisper the world to sleep.

You wishes, that constantly bestir yourselves in the heart without rest or peace! You longings, that stir the breast, when will you rest, when will you sleep? At the whisper of the winds, the little birds, you longing wishes, when will you fall asleep?

Ah, when no longer in the golden distance, my soul hastens on the wings of a dream, no longer on ever-distant stars with longing gaze my eyes linger; then the winds, the little birds, will whisper my life, with my longing, to sleep.

Geistliches Wiegenlied (Holy Cradle-song) — (Joseph, my dear Joseph, help me rock my dainty baby, God will reward you, in the kingdom of heaven the Virgin's son, Mary, Mary.)

(Note: This stanza is not sung, but written under the viola part in the introduction.)

You that hover over these palm-trees in the night and the wind, you holy angels, still the tree tops! My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem in the souging wind, how can you roar so angrily today! O do not thunder so! Hush, bow your heads softly and gently; still the tree-tops, still the tree-tops! My child is sleeping.

The son of Heaven endures hardship; ah, how weary he grows from the sorrow of the earth. Ah, now in sleep, gently soothed, His agony melts away. Still the tree-tops, still the tree-tops! My child is sleeping.

A fierce chill wind whistles down; what can I cover my baby's limbs with! O all you angels that on your wings ride on the wind, still the tree-tops, still the tree-tops! My child is sleeping.

Songs of Gustav Mahler and Alban Berg

Mahler: *Rheinlegendchen (Rhine Legend)* — Now I mow by the Neckar, now I mow by the Rhine; now I've a darling, now I'm alone! What use my mowing if the sickle won't cut! What use a darling if she will not stay!

So if I'm to mow by Neckar, by Rhine, then in will I throw my little gold ring. It will flow with the Rhine and go swimming down deep into the sea. As it swims, the ring will be eaten by a fish! That fish shall come to His Majesty's table! The king will inquire: 'Whose ring can this be?' and my darling will say: 'It belongs to me.'

My darling will spring over hill, over dale, and bring back to me my little gold ring! You can mow by the Neckar, you can mow by the Rhine, if always you throw your ring in for me.

Berg: *Schliesse mir die Augen beide (Close both my eyes)* — Close both my eyes with your dear hands! Under your hand all my sufferings are assuaged. And as wave after wave of anguish ebbs away, as the last pang throbs, you fill my whole heart.

Mahler: *Das irdische Leben (Life on Earth)* — 'Mother, oh mother, I am hungry, give me bread or I shall die.' 'Wait a little, darling child, tomorrow we will quickly bring in the corn.'

And when the corn had been brought in the child still went on calling 'Mother, oh mother, I am hungry, give me bread or I shall die!' 'Wait a little, darling child, tomorrow we will quickly thresh the corn.'

And when the corn had been threshed, the child still went on calling 'Mother, oh mother, I am hungry, give me bread or I shall die!' 'Wait a little, darling child, tomorrow we will quickly bake.'

And when the bread had been baked the child lay dead on the bier.

Berg: *Die Nachtigall (The Nightingale)* — It is because the nightingale all night has sung; and from her sweet noise, in echo and re-echo, roses have sprung. Such a wild thing she was once, now she wanders deeply pensive, her summer hat in hand, and bears in silence the glow of the sun and knows not what to do. It is because the nightingale all night has sung; and from her sweet noise, in echo and re-echo, roses have sprung.

Berg: *Schliesse mir die Augen beide (Close both my eyes)* — Close both my eyes with your dear hands! Under your hand all my sufferings are assuaged. And as wave after wave of anguish ebbs away, as the last pang throbs, you fill my whole heart.

Berg: *Vorüber! (Gone)* — The air is cool and dreary, Spring has bid farewell! So too must love depart after a short rapture, alas. It is an age-old sorrow that Spring and Love can fool one. O my Heart, if only we had never believed in them!

Mahler: *Scheiden und Meiden (Farewell and Forgo)* — Three riders rode away from the gate. Adieu! The sweetheart looked down from the window. Adieu! If then we have to part, pass to me your golden ring. Yes, to say farewell and forgo causes pain!

The child in the cradle says already farewell, when will I have my darling? As it won't be tomorrow, I wish it were today! It would make both of us so happy. Yes, to say farewell and forgo causes pain! Adieu!

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques — Maurice Ravel

Le Reveil de la Mariée (The Awakening of the Bride) — Wake up, dear little partridge, open your wings in the morning. Three beauty spots have set my heart aflame. See the golden ribbon that I bring you to tie around your hair. If you wish, my beauty, come let us be married! In our two families all are related.

Là-bas, vers l'église (Yonder, near the church) — Yonder, near the church, near the church Ayio Sidero, the church O Virgin Saint, the church Ayio Constanndino, are gathered together, assembled in infinite numbers, in the world, O Virgin Saint, all the Bravest in the world.

Quel galant! (What gallant!) — What gallant can be compared with me among those who are seen passing by? Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki? Look, hanging on my belt pistols and a sharp sword . . . and it is you whom I love.

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques (Song of the lentisk gatherers) — O joy of my soul, joy of my heart, treasure so dear to me; joy of the soul, and of the heart, you whom I ardently love, you are more beautiful than an angel. O when you appear, angel so sweet, before our eyes, like a lovely, blond angel under the bright sun, alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai! (All gay!) — All gay, ah, all gay; lovely leg, tireli that dances, lovely leg, the crockery dances. Tra-la-la.

Songs of Richard Strauss

Ständchen (Serenade) — Open up, open up, but softly, my child, so as to rouse no one from slumber. The brook scarcely murmurs, the breeze scarcely stirs, a leaf on bush or hedge. So softly, my girl, so nothing shall stir, just lay your hand soft on the latch.

With tread as light as the tread of elves, to hop your way over the flowers, flit out into the moonlit night, and steal to me in the garden. By the rippling brook the flowers slumber, fragrant in sleep; love alone is awake.

Sit . . . here the dark is full of mystery under the linden trees, the nightingale at our heads shall dream of our kisses, and the rose, waking at morn, glow deep from the raptures of this night.

Ich trage meine Minne (I bear my love) — I bear my love, with rapture mute, about with me in heart and thought. Yes, that I have found you, sweet child, will cheer me all my allotted days. And though skies be dim, the night coal-black, bright shines the gold sun's splendor of my love. And though the world may sinfully lie, I'm sorry — the bad world must be blinded by your purity's snow.

Befreit (Freed) — You will now weep. Gently you will smile, and as before a journey I shall return your look and kiss. Our dear four walls, you prepared them, I have widened them for you into a world; O happiness!

Then passionately you will grasp my hands and leave me your soul, leave me behind for our children. You have given me your whole life, I will give it to them again; O happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know; we have freed each other from grief, so I return you to the world! Then you will appear to me only in dreams and bless me and weep with me; O happiness!

Ach, Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden (Ah, Love, I must now leave) — Ah, Love, I must now leave to wander over hill and dale. The trees weep at our farewell. They had often seen us walking together hand in hand; never one without the other. They now cannot understand. Only we can understand the sorrow at our farewell.

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten (How should we keep it secret) — How should we keep it secret, the bliss with which we're filled? No, to their deepest places, let be to all our hearts revealed.

When, in love, two find each other, nature's filled with jubilation, and in longer hours of bliss the day descends on wood and field. Even from the oak's rotted trunk, surviving for a thousand years, the leaves' green flame ascends anew, rustling, thrilling to youth's zest. To heightened scent and gleam, buds burst at the happiness of the two, and brooks murmur more sweetly, and May shines and blossoms more richly.

How should we keep it secret, the bliss with which we're filled? No, to their deepest places, let be to all our hearts revealed.

About the Artists

Jessye Norman has gathered unanimous popular and critical acclaim in a career which spans little more than a decade. She performs regularly with the world's greatest conductors and orchestras and has given recitals and operatic performances around the globe. Her current season's activities include appearances with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, National Symphony Orchestra, and the Houston and Detroit Symphony Orchestras. She is appearing in recital in Chicago and Boston, as well as Ann Arbor, and next month will collaborate with James Levine in a recital from New York's Metropolitan Opera House stage. Two months ago, in November, she made a triumphant concert tour of Japan, giving numerous recitals and performing with Seiji Ozawa and the Japan Philharmonic. She was hailed with 47 minutes of applause after performing in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* at the Bunka Kaikan Concert Hall in Tokyo. In Europe, she is appearing this season at the Vienna Staatsoper.

Born in Augusta, Georgia, Miss Norman has studied with Carolyn Grant at Howard University, with Alice Duschak at the Peabody Conservatory, and with Pierre Bernac and Elizabeth Mannion at The University of Michigan. She made her operatic debut in 1969 as Elisabeth Mannion in *Tannhäuser* at the Deutsche Oper, Berlin, and her United States debut at the Hollywood Bowl in *Aida*. In 1983, Miss Norman made her long-awaited and triumphant debut at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, in the opening of its centenary season, in Berlioz' *The Trojans*. She returned for performances of the title role in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, opening on New Year's Eve, 1984, an event which the *New York Times* called "one of the company's triumphant evenings of the season." On January 21, 1985, she sang at the internationally televised Presidential and Vice-Presidential inaugural ceremonies in Washington, D. C.

Jessye Norman's orchestral and song recital repertoire extends from Monteverdi to twentieth-century composers, and her numerous recordings reflect this. In February 1985 she received a Grammy Award for her "Songs of Maurice Ravel." In April 1984 she was honored by the French government with her investiture as "Commander de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres."

In Ann Arbor Miss Norman is making her fourth appearance under Musical Society auspices. Her prior performances were in the 1973 May Festival, a recital in 1974, and as a featured artist in the 1978 Benefit Concert.

Born in Chicago in 1943, **Phillip Moll** received his first instruction in violin and piano from his father, a violinist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He studied English literature at Harvard University and continued his musical studies with Alexander Tcherepnin, Claude Frank, and Leonard Shure. After serving as a teaching assistant in the opera workshop at the University of Texas, Mr. Moll spent a year in Munich on a German government grant. From 1970 to 1978 he was on the coaching staff of the Deutsche Oper, Berlin, and during this period became increasingly active as an accompanist, chamber music player, and soloist. Since then he has devoted himself exclusively to concert and recording activities.

Among the artists with whom he has collaborated are Kyung-Wha Chung, James Galway, and Oscar Shumsky, and singers Kathleen Battle, Kiri Te Kanawa, and Jessye Norman. Mr. Moll also records and performs regularly as ensemble pianist and harpsichordist with the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan and other conductors. He has toured extensively in Europe, North America, Australia, Africa, and the Far East. His playing is represented on DGG, EMI, Philips, and RCA Records. Phillip Moll has performed in Ann Arbor with Jessye Norman (1978) and James Galway (1981).

Israeli-born **Yizhak Schotten**, a new member of the University School of Music string faculty, was discovered and brought to the United States by William Primrose, who became his teacher and mentor. Mr. Schotten's solo appearances with orchestras in this country and abroad have included performances with Seiji Ozawa, Thomas Schippers, and Sergiu Comissiona, and as a recitalist he has performed in Israel, Japan, Austria, and throughout the United States. Formerly a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Schotten has been principal violist of the Cincinnati and Houston Symphony Orchestras and has participated in the Tanglewood and Aspen Festivals, among others. He has been a featured artist at three International Viola Congresses and will be the artistic director of the Fifteenth International Viola Congress to be held in Ann Arbor in 1987. In the recording field, Yizhak Schotten's CRI disc of the Bloch Suite, with his pianist-wife Katherine Collier, was chosen as "Critic's Choice" in *High Fidelity Magazine*. Mr. Schotten has served on the faculties of Rice University and the University of Washington and gives master classes to young violists; now, as a U-M School of Music faculty member, he will be teaching and performing at the National Music Camp at Interlochen. In addition, Mr. Schotten is founder and music director of the Kapalua Music Festival in Maui, Hawaii.

This evening marks his first Ann Arbor appearance for the University Musical Society.

Special concert this Saturday, Jan. 11, Hill Auditorium, 8 p.m.

Krzysztof Penderecki, *Composer and Conductor*
The Cracow Philharmonic and Yo-Yo Ma, *Cellist*
Penderecki: "The Awakening of Jacob"; Cello Concerto No. 2
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 6 (first Ann Arbor performance)

Tickets available from \$8 to \$16.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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