



*International  
Presentations of  
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

## Elena Obraztsova

*Mezzo-soprano*

JOHN WUSTMAN, *Pianist*

FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1987, AT 8:00  
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

*Songs of Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky*

None but the weary heart, Op. 6, No. 6  
It was in the early spring, Op. 38, No. 2  
Mid the din of the ball, Op. 38, No. 3  
Was I not a little blade of grass? Op. 47, No. 7  
Night, Op. 73, No. 2  
Gypsy's Song, Op. 60, No. 7  
The mild stars shone for us, Op. 60, No. 12  
The sun has set, Op. 73, No. 4  
Again, as before, alone, Op. 73, No. 6  
Does the day reign, Op. 47, No. 6

I N T E R M I S S I O N

*Songs of Sergei Rachmaninoff*

Oh, never sing to me again, Op. 4, No. 4  
The soldier's wife, Op. 8, No. 4  
Oh, do not grieve, Op. 14, No. 8  
Lilacs, Op. 21, No. 5  
Oh stay, my love, Op. 4, No. 1  
The water lily, Op. 8, No. 1  
Beloved, let us fly, Op. 26, No. 5  
Christ is risen, Op. 26, No. 6  
As fair as day, Op. 14, No. 9  
Loneliness, Op. 21, No. 6

*The University Musical Society expresses gratitude to Ford Motor Company Fund for underwriting the production and printing costs of this program.*

Cameras and recording devices are not allowed in the auditorium.

Halls Cough Tablets, courtesy of Warner-Lambert Company, are available in the lobby.

## NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

### *Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)*

As a composer, Tchaikovsky stands apart from the distinctive nationalist movement of his "Mighty Five" contemporaries based in St. Petersburg — Balakirev, Borodin, Cui, Mussorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov. While the Russian element is very strong in his music, and upon occasion he made use of Russian folk songs in his works, Tchaikovsky's national spirit was instinctive rather than consciously cultivated. His music was frankly sentimental, and his supreme gift of melody, which none of his Russian contemporaries could match, secured for him a lasting popularity among performers and audiences. His influence was profound on the Moscow group of musicians, of whom Anton Arensky and Sergei Rachmaninoff were the most talented.

Tchaikovsky wrote in every genre. Besides his stage works, symphonies, chamber music, and piano compositions, he composed a great number of lyric songs that are perhaps the most poignant creations of his genius. In all, Tchaikovsky composed about 100 songs — from the six songs of Opus 6 (1869) — the most famous, opening this evening's program — to the six songs of Opus 73 (1893), written just six months before his death in St. Petersburg (today Leningrad).

#### None but the weary heart, Op. 6, No. 6 (Goethe)

Only one who knows longing can understand what I suffer!  
Alone and bereft of all joy, I look at the sky yonder.  
Ah, he who loves and understands me is far away.  
I faint. Fire burns within me.  
Only one who knows longing can understand what I suffer!

#### It was in the early spring, Op. 38, No. 2 (A. K. Tolstoi)

'Twas when the spring as yet was young, the grass was hardly growing;  
No sultry heats the vale o'er hung, the brooks were gaily flowing.  
The shepherd's flute, at break of day, not yet was sweetly chiding:  
The violets shut themselves away, in modest leaves sun hiding.  
'Twas in the spring's first dewy prime, all in sunny weather;  
Beneath yon birch, the first dear time, we spoke together.  
When I avow'd, My heart is thine! To earth thy glance was falling;  
O world! O wood! O morning shine! So far now past recalling!  
The teardrops on mine eyelids hung, when thus I did behold thee;  
'Twas when the spring as yet was young, my longing love I told thee!  
Shall I your sweetness e'er forgo, O teardrops! O dreaming!  
O wood, O world, O morning glow, O trees with sunshing streaming!

#### Mid the din of the ball, Op. 38, No. 3 (A. K. Tolstoi)

I met you by chance, amid the music and splendor of the ball;  
But your features were shrouded in mystery.  
Your eyes looked so sad, and your voice sounded so wonderful,  
Like the music of reed-pipes or of waves at play.  
I loved your graceful bearing, your pensive expression;  
And your laughter so glad and clear is still ringing in my heart.  
And when I go to rest in the lonely hours of night,  
I see your sad eyes and I hear your gay voice.  
And as I fall asleep, in my dreams I ask myself whether I love you or not;  
And yet it seems to me that I do.

#### Was I not a little blade of grass? Op. 47, No. 7 (I. Z. Surikov)

Was I not a blade of grass in the field? Did I not grow green in the field?  
They cut me down, dried me in the sun.  
Oh you sorrow, my sorrow, such is my fate.  
Was I not a guelder-rose in the field? Did I not grow red in the field?  
They broke the guelder-rose bush and tied me into plaits.  
Oh you sorrow, my sorrow, such is my fate.  
Was I not my father's daughter, growing like my mother's flower?  
They broke me, poor girl, by force, and married to an old unwanted one!  
Oh you sorrow, my sorrow, such is my fate.

Night, Op. 73, No. 2 (D. Rathaus)

The faint light of the candle grows dim, a dreary gloom reigns . . .  
And melancholy chokes the breast, with undefined force.  
Sleep softly descends on the saddened eyes and the soul starts conversing with the past.  
Full of profound sorrow, the soul is weary . . .  
Appear! Even if in a dream, oh my faraway beloved.

Gypsy's song, Op. 60, No. 7 (Polonsky)

My campfire glows in the fog, the sparks die out in the wind . . .  
In the night no one will find us; we will part on the bridge.  
Night will pass and at daybreak, far into the steppe, beloved,  
I will go with the band of Gypsy maidens after the nomad's tent.  
At parting, bind into a knot the two ends of my fringed shawl:  
Like its ends we have become joined in these days.  
Who will foretell my fate? Who will hereafter,  
My falcon, untie that knot, tied by you, on my breast.  
Do not forget me, if another, pleasing her sweetheart, will sing songs, sitting on your knees!  
My campfire glows in the fog, the sparks die out in the wind . . .  
In the night no one will find us; we will part on the bridge.

The mild stars shone for us, Op. 60, No. 12 (A. N. Pleshcheyev)

The mild stars shone for us, the breeze was blowing softly;  
The flowers emitted perfumes and waves murmured sweetly round our feet.  
We were but young, we loved, with hope we gazed afar;  
In us lived iridescent visions, and feared not we the snow-storms of the winter cold.  
Where are those shining nights, with their fragrant beauty and mysterious murmur . . .  
Where is the hope, with its rapturous dreams . . . Where has it all gone? Where has it all gone?  
The stars have grown dark and flowers have sadly withered . . .  
But when, Oh my heart, will you forget all that once was,  
All that the spring had bestowed upon us? Will you forget?

The sun has set, Op. 73, No. 4 (Rathaus)

The sun has set, the colors sparkle with gold in the blueness of the sky . . .  
In the charm of the night, voluptuous caresses . . .  
Forest, falling into a light slumber, softly murmurs inaudibly.  
And the torments of the troubled soul subside,  
The breast can breath freely on a night like this . . .  
Nights of marvelous shadows, nights full of lovely sounds,  
Transport us, my beloved, far away.  
Enveloped by languor of that night seething with passion  
You have lowered your head on my shoulder . . .  
I am enraptured, I am ravished, this night with you!

Again, as before, alone, Op. 73, No. 6 (Rathaus)

Again, as before, alone, again my heart is heavy.  
Silver poplar looks in the window, shimmering under the moonlight.  
Silver poplar looks in the window, leaves are murmuring inaudibly . . .  
The sky is aflame with the stars, where are thou, my beloved?  
That which has come over me I cannot say. Dear friend, pray for me, as I pray for you.

Does the day reign, Op. 47, No. 6 (A. Apukhtin)

Only for thee is my heart's pure devotion, only for thee is the life that I live;  
Love as intense as the soul of the ocean, tenderness softer than music's emotion;  
All that I am, all I can give, only for thee, only for thee.  
Only for thee is the summer-tide bringing gifts of her sweetest of scent or of sound;  
Only for thee are the flowers up springing, loud in thy praise are the merry birds singing;  
Only for thee, love, only for thee, only for thee.  
Listen, my love, to the voice of the river, chanting a song as it flows to the sea;  
List to the sound of the wood-dove a-cooing, all nature's children are up and a-wooing;  
So woo I thee, so woo I thee, take that I give,  
For the heart of the giver beats but for thee, love, for thee!

## Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

The sources of Rachmaninoff's inspiration lie in the Romantic tradition of nineteenth-century Russian music, the link with Tchaikovsky's lyrical art being particularly strong. Rachmaninoff's unmistakable individuality appears in the broad, rhapsodic sweep of his melodic line, and especially in the expanded sonorities, resonant harmonies, and technical resourcefulness of his piano writing.

In 1909, Rachmaninoff made his first American tour, on which he performed his new Third Piano Concerto, composed the previous summer. He declined offers of further American contracts and returned to Moscow where he lived until 1917. After the October Revolution of 1917, he left his native country, never to return. He lived on his small estate on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland and made annual tours in Europe and the United States. In 1939, he and his family returned to New York and later settled in Los Angeles. Rachmaninoff completed his last work in 1940 — the Symphonic Dances — and in the following year revised the Fourth Concerto. He became an American citizen a few weeks before his death in 1943.

Rachmaninoff pursued three careers — pianist, composer, and conductor — with almost equal success, admitting, however, that he found it difficult to concentrate on more than one at any given time. Thus, the demands of his performing career in his later life precluded much composition. His songs total 71, all written before 1916; those performed this evening range from Opus 4 (1890-93) to Opus 26 (1906).

### Oh never sing to me again, Op. 4, No. 4 (Pushkin)

O do not sing, beautiful maiden, the sad songs of Georgia.  
They remind me of another life and of a distant shore.  
Alas, your cruel melodies bring to my memory the steppe,  
And night and by moonlight the features of the poor girl,  
That dear, fatal ghost.

I forget, seeing you, but then you sing;  
And before me my imagination brings her back again.  
O do not sing, beautiful maiden, the sad songs of Georgia.  
They remind me of another life and of a distant shore.

### The soldier's wife, Op. 8, No. 4 (Shevchenko, *trans.* Pleshcheyev)

I fell in love, to my sorrow, with an orphan,  
A luckless one . . . such is my fate.  
We were parted by influential people;  
He was driven away, recruited into the army.  
And as a soldier's wife, a lonely one, in stranger's house,  
I'll grow old . . . such is my fate.

### Oh, do not grieve, Op. 14, No. 8 (Apukhtin)

Oh, do not grieve for me! I am there where ends all sorrow.  
May memories of me be brighter than the spring's first day.  
Oh, do not pine for me! we are not parted.  
I am, as always, close to thee.  
As always, I am troubled by thy torment,  
Opressed by every anguish that is thine.  
Oh, live! Thou must!  
And if, by chance, thou findest here some peace and comfort,  
Then know that I responded from thence to thy sad soul's cry . . .

### Lilacs, Op. 21, No. 5 (E. Beketova)

In the morning, at dawn, on the dew laden grass,  
I will go and breathe in the fresh morn.  
In the sweet fragrant shade that the lilacs command,  
I will search for my true happiness.  
In a lifetime but once fated bliss may be mine,  
In sweet lilacs that joy may abide.  
In their branches so green, fragrant petals supreme,  
My faint happiness quietly dreams.

Oh stay, my love, Op. 4, No. 1 (D. Merezhkovsky)

Oh stay, my love, forsake me not!  
The greatest grief of life is parting,  
Yet would I glory in my sorrow,  
If thou but take me to thy breast, and speak of love.  
I came to thee, still worn and weary, spent with trouble.  
Behold me, piteous mortal, tell me, have I no cause thy love to claim?  
The heavy clouds of present woe, thy soft caress can quickly banish;  
So hear my pleading voice, beloved:  
Oh, stay with me, oh stay with me! Forsake me not, forsake me not!

The water lily, Op. 8, No. 1 (H. Heine, *trans.* Pleshcheyev)

From reeds on the river, the lily looks upward to heaven above;  
The silvery moonlight is gladden'd, and smiles on the blossom for love . . .  
The lily looks down in the waters, full anxious her blushes to hide;  
And sees the pale form of her comrade, reflected, quite close by her side.

Beloved, let us fly, Op. 26, No. 5 (Golenishchev-Kutuzov)

Beloved, let us fly the dusty cities' turmoil,  
And seek the countryside, the shade of woodland green!  
Oh listen to the warming breaking thro' our prison,  
The joyful cry of spring, the note of birds!  
Oh why should we reject the sacred yearning call within us?  
D'ost thou no longer love the wide far-reaching meadow,  
The cool of forest glade, the dark and sombre groves,  
Where, musing once we wander'd lightly at our ease,  
At fall of eve, below the fading vault of Heaven,  
And scann'd with wistful gaze the dream-embraced horizon.

Christ is risen, Op. 26, No. 6 (Merezhkovsky)

"Christ is risen," they sing in the temple;  
But I feel sad . . . my soul is silent.  
The world is full of blood and tears,  
And that hymn before the altars sounds like an insult.  
If He were here among us and should see  
what our brilliant age has accomplished,  
How brother hates brother, how defamed is man,  
And if here, in this bright temple, He should hear "Christ is risen,"  
Oh what bitter tears He would shed before that mob.

As fair as day, Op. 14, No. 9 (N. Minsky)

As fair as day in blaze of noon, as night mysterious she keepeth;  
No tears of grief she ever weepeth, all sorrow yet to her unknown.  
My heart, with world's affliction aching,  
In vain for love of her is fired, Ah!  
As billows ever stronger breaking will woo the shore-land long desired.

Loneliness, Op. 21, No. 6 (Apukhtin)

Oh, how quickly beats my aching heart!  
It pleads and yearns for peace.  
What is it that disturbs and frightens me in the night?  
The door shuts with a moan and a wail and the dimming lamp flashes . . .  
Who's there? I hold my breath . . .  
Someone calls me, whispers dejectedly, someone came in . . .  
My chamber is bare, there is no one . . .  
Midnight struck. Oh, Loneliness! Oh, Misery!

## About the Artists

**Elena Obraztsova**, heard this evening in her Ann Arbor debut, has earned critical acclaim throughout her entire career. She has toured Europe, Canada, Japan, and the United States, and has appeared in every major opera house in the world. This season she is performing in *Carmen* at the Rome Opera with José Carreras, as well as appearing in other major houses in Italy and Europe.

Born in Leningrad, the daughter of an engineer who played the violin, Miss Obraztsova studied voice at the Leningrad Conservatory and made her operatic debut at Moscow's Bolshoi Theater as Marina in *Boris Godunov*. Her prizes include the gold medal at the Festival of Helsinki in 1962, first prize in the Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow in 1970, and the Lenin Prize in 1976. Her first tour of the United States was with the Bolshoi troupe in the summer of 1975. A year later, in October 1976, she made her long-awaited Metropolitan Opera debut as Amneris, a performance which left critics scrambling for superlatives. Later, she performed Dalila in the Metropolitan Opera's *Samson et Dalila*, evoking such comments as "... a thrilling piece of singing in every aspect" from the *New York Times*.

Miss Obraztsova's opera roles include virtually the entire Russian operatic repertoire. She has worked with many distinguished conductors, among them Claudio Abbado, James Levine, Herbert von Karajan, Daniel Barenboim, Lorin Maazel, and Riccardo Muti, and has recorded with several of them the following operas: *Adriana Lecouvreur*, *Aida*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Luisa Miller*, *Samson et Dalila*, and *Il Trovatore*. Her recently-released recording of *Cavalleria Rusticana* has brought even further praise from critics. Miss Obraztsova's artistry is recorded on the following labels: Deutsche Grammophon, Hungaroton, Angel/EMI, Philips, and CBS Records.

**John Wustman**, a graduate of The University of Michigan School of Music and currently Chairman of the Accompanying Division at the University of Illinois, is a prominent coach-accompanist who serves as musical partner to many of the world's most famous artists. They include Birgit Nilsson, Nicolai Gedda, Luciano Pavarotti, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. He is also a teacher of Susan Dunn, one of America's outstanding young sopranos with a burgeoning international career. A decade ago, he appeared with Pavarotti on nationwide television, marking the first live telecast of a recital from the stage of New York's Metropolitan Opera House. His television appearances also include "The Tonight Show," where he has partnered Pavarotti and other artists. This evening, Mr. Wustman makes his eighth appearance under Musical Society auspices.

### Plan your Holiday Calendar now . . . Gift Certificates Available for Holiday Giving

- Vienna Choir Boys . . . . . Sun. Nov. 22  
Johann Schenk: Comic Opera, "Cure for Quacks"; Sacred and Secular Songs; Folksongs
- Handel's "Messiah," Donald Bryant, *conductor* . . . . . Fri.-Sun. Dec. 4-6  
University Choral Union, Soloists, U-M orchestra members
- The Swingle Singers — Holiday Program . . . . . Thurs. Dec. 10
- Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker," Pittsburgh Ballet . . . . . Fri.-Sun. Dec. 11-13  
Over 100 area children will join the Pittsburgh dancers in these concerts.

### Pre-concert Presentations

Complement your concertgoing with these presentations designed to enhance your musical experience via the expertise of the following speakers. The place is the Rackham Building at 7:00, open to the public at \$3, tickets at the door; complimentary admission for *Encore and Cheers!* members and students with valid I.D. For further information, call 764-8489.

Thursday, Dec. 10, preceding The Swingle Singers — *Humor in Music*

Donald Bryant, Choral Union Conductor; Music Director, First Presbyterian Church

Wednesday, Jan. 13, preceding Horacio Gutiérrez — topic to be announced

Louis Nagel, Associate Professor of Piano, U-M

Monday, Jan. 25, preceding Empire Brass Quintet — *A History of Brass Instruments:*

*From the Forest to the Concert Hall* Louis Stout, Professor of Music, U-M

Thursday, Feb. 4, preceding "The Barber of Seville," N.Y.C. Opera National Company

Jay Lesenger, Stage Director, U-M Opera Theater

Saturday, Mar. 12, preceding Hubbard Street Dance Company

Peter Sparling, Assistant Professor of Dance, U-M

Saturday, Apr. 2, preceding André Watts — Paul Boylan, Dean, U-M School of Music

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### UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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PLEASE NOTE THIS CHANGE IN THE SECOND HALF OF TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

"Oh, stay, my love," Op. 4, No. 1, is replaced by:

"I wait for thee," Op. 14, No. 1 -- Rachmaninoff (M. Davidova)

I wait for thee when day is passed  
And evening shadows slowly falling  
The weary world to slumber calling  
Would hold us fast.

I wait for thee. Soft odours fall,  
Fanning the quiet earth asleeping,  
As day her nightly tryst akeeping,  
Obeys the call.

I bear the pain of love's decree,  
In suff'ring hail the moments fleeting  
To speed the precious hour of greeting  
I wait for thee.