



International  
Presentations of  
Music & Dance

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

## Thomas Allen

*Baritone*

WARREN JONES, *Pianist*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 21, 1990, AT 8:00  
RACKHAM AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

### PROGRAM

Per la gloria d'adorarvi, from *Griselda* ..... ANTONIO MARIA BONONCINI  
(1670-1747)

For the glory of worshipping you I want to love you, oh dear eyes. Loving you I will suffer but always, I will always love you. Yes, though I suffer I will always love you. Without any hope of delight, in vain affection I sigh. But the sweet rays of your eyes — who could ever stray from them and not love thee?

Caro mio ben ..... GIUSEPPE GIORDANI  
(1753-1798)

Dear one, your smile can beguile me, yet far from you life has no joy. Dear one, then smile, since far from your life has no joy. Faithful I dwell under your spell, cease then, my love thus harshly to try. Dear one, your smile can beguile me, yet far from you life has no joy.

Già il sole dal Gange ..... ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI  
(1666-1725)

O'er the Ganges the Sun God now launches his splendor; morn's teardrops he staunches with touch warm and tender. His rays dethrone the nightly shadows with golden beaming; while gemming the meadows with stars brightly gleaming.

Music for a while, from *Oedipus* ..... HENRY PURCELL  
(1659-1695)

Music for a while shall all your cares beguile, wond'ring how your pains were eas'd and disdain'd to be pleas'd.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star ..... PURCELL

I'll sail upon the Dog-star and then pursue the morning. I'll chase the moon till it be noon, but I'll make her leave her horning. I'll climb the frosty mountain, and there I'll coin the weather. I'll tear the rainbow from the sky and tie both ends together. The stars pluck from their orbs, too, and crowd them in my budget. And whether I'm a-roaring boy, let all the nations judge it.

Cameras and recording devices are not allowed in the auditorium.

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

She never told her love . . . . . FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN  
(1732-1809)

*From Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, the description which Viola gives the Duke of the mourning Olivia:*

She never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damask cheek. She sat like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief.

Sailor's Song . . . . . HAYDN

High on the giddy bending mast the seaman furls the rending sail. And the fearless of the rushing blast he careless whistles to the gale. Rattling ropes and rolling seas! Hurly burly, hurly burly! War nor death can displease, can him displease. Hurly burly, hurly burly! War nor death can displease, can him displease. The hostile foe his vessel seeks high bounding o'er the raging main. The roaring cannon loudly speaks 'tis Britain's Glory we maintain. Rattling ropes and rolling seas! Hurly burly, hurly burly! War nor death can him displease, can him displease. Hurly burly, hurly burly!

Fischerweise (Schlechta) . . . . . FRANZ SCHUBERT  
(1797-1828)

In the water the fish swim and play, but he who would spread his net must have sharp eyes. On the bridge a young shepherdess is angling. Spare your pains, fisherman, you will catch no fish today!

Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren (Mayrhofer) . . . . . SCHUBERT

Dioscuri, you twin stars, shining bright upon my ship, giving comfort on the ocean by your mild and gentle watch. He who firmly trusts in you, unperturbed will meet the storm, and he feels, while you are shining, doubly fortified and blessed. And this oar that I ply the ocean's waves to part, I shall hang, when I reach shore, on your temple's columns, Dioscuri, you twin stars.

Frühlingsglaube (Uhland) . . . . . SCHUBERT

Gentle breezes are awake, murmuring, stirring night and day, everywhere active, creative. Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sounds! Now, poor heart, be not afraid. Now must 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.

Das Fischermädchen (Heine) . . . . . SCHUBERT

Lovely fishermaid, row the boat to land; come and sit beside me, we'll talk fondly hand in hand. Lay upon my heart your head and be not too afraid; for, fearless, you trust yourself each day to the raging sea! My heart's entirely like the sea, has storm and ebb and flood, and many a beautiful pearl rests deep below.

#### INTERMISSION

Ständchen (Kugler) . . . . . JOHANNES BRAHMS  
(1833-1897)

The moon hangs over the mountain, just right for lovers; in the garden a fountain murmurs and silence is all around. At yonder arch in the shadow, stand three students with flute and fiddle and zither, singing and playing. The strains reach the dear one and steal into her dreams; she sees her fair-haired lover and whispers: "Forget me not!"

Die Kränze (Daumer) . . . . . BRAHMS

Here over the portal will I fasten you, ye garlands, thus bedewed with loving tears which from my eyes in flood of grief have gushed! For tears in plenty flow from weeping lovers' eyes. Let not this tender torrent too soon in fruitless weeping thus descend. Save it, until one shall tell you, that she now will cross this threshold with her dainty footsteps, my dearest one, she who is so unkind. Then of a sudden may my weeping upon the golden glory of her head be showered, and she may feel then, may feel these tears of woe from my eyes in this so sorrow-laden night are flowing.

An die Nachtigall (Hölty) . . . . . BRAHMS

Do not pour so loudly your amorous songs' rich strains down from the blooming bough of the apple tree, O nightingale! With your sweet throat you reawaken my love; for already the depths of my soul are stirred by your melting cry. Then again I would lie sleepless, staring up with tear-filled eyes, and pale as death, and haggard, to heaven above. Flee, nightingale, into the green shadows, into the grove, and in your nest spend your kisses on your faithful wife. Flee, oh flee!

Botschaft (Daumer) . . . . . BRAHMS

Blow, little wind, gently and softly around the cheeks of my beloved, play tenderly in her hair. Don't be in a hurry to flee away! Perhaps, she asks the question, "How is my poor lad?" Say: "Unending in his pain, extremely precarious his position, but now he can hope to be again wonderfully revived, when you, dear one, think of him."

Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad" (Housman) . . . . . GEORGE BUTTERWORTH  
(1885-1916)

George Butterworth was an English composer, teacher, and writer of music criticism. He became an ardent collector of folk songs and was himself an excellent folk dancer. Butterworth enlisted in the British army at the outbreak of World War I and was killed in the battle of Pozières on August 5, 1916. He prepared material for Vaughan Williams' "A London Symphony," which the composer later dedicated to his memory.

*Loveliest of trees* — Loveliest of trees, the cherry now is hung with bloom along the bough, and stands about the woodland side wearing white for Easter tide.

*When I was one-and-twenty* — When I was one-and-twenty I heard a wise man say, "Give crowns and pounds but not your heart away; give pearls away and rubies but keep your fancy free."

*Look not in my eyes* — Look not in my eyes, for fear they mirror true the sight I see, and there you find your face too clear, and love it and be lost like me.

*Think no more lad* — Think no more, lad, laugh, be jolly; why should men make haste to die?

*The lads in their hundreds* — The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair. There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the field.

*Is my team ploughing?* — "Is my team ploughing, that I used to drive and hear the harness jingle, when I was a man alive?"

Deh vieni alla finestra, from *Don Giovanni* . . . . . WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART  
(1756-1791)

Come to the window my treasure, come and comfort my tears. If you deny me comfort, I wish to die before your eyes. You who have lips sweeter than honey; you who carry sugar within your heart, please do not be cruel to me. Let me at least see you, my beautiful loved one!

Onegin's aria, *Se dell'immen la dolce cura*,  
from Act I, *Eugene Onegin* . . . . . PIOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY  
(1840-1893)

If wedlock were a cure and would fill my heart with rapture, then my nature would rebel and yield to the throbs of love. And then you alone would be the only loyal companion of my faith. But the gay sun doth not smile upon me and brings no happiness to me. Love is like an empty tale, that on the morrow it wakes pity. And why look for such a cure? Wedlock for us would mean misfortune, the love of today is all in vain; tomorrow I could no longer love you! Now, you know the delight that the world will render us, and perhaps to eternity!

The happy age has flown by, ah, it has passed! We cannot change our souls, I have been denied of any chance. I shall love with a brotherly love! And perhaps with a more powerful love! If I have spoken thus, so not let hatred fill your heart. For love will always hunt for love! Let my words be a guide to you, for if you should take a false step, alas! You would sink forever into the abyss of suffering!

Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja, from *Die Zauberflöte* . . . . . MOZART

The fowler merry and gay am I, ever happy, heigh ho high! The merry fowler too is known by young and old from zone to zone. Knows how to whistle every sound, knows all the bird-calls all around. Oh, none can be more blithe than I, for mine are all the warblers of the sky.

The fowler merry and gay am I, ever happy, heigh ho high! The merry fowler too is known by young and old from zone to zone. A net for maidens I should like, would catch the pretty dears by dozens. I'd shut them safely up at home and never from me would they roam. Then I would some sugar buy, and to her who loved me, I gladly would the sugar give, and if she kissed me tenderly, man and wife we then would be. At my side she then would like, and I'd sing her a lullaby.

Four Northumbrian Folksongs

Folksong that is handed down through generations is richly influenced by the folklore of the area from which it is derived. With the influences of all that is Northumbria and the Border Country, it is hardly surprising that the area is a rich source of folksong material.

*O I hae seen the roses blaw* — Yet another love-sick swain swears to live alone until his "Mary" agrees to share her life with him.

*Show me the way to Wallington* — The tune has been a favorite of pipers for many, many years; the words, by Mr. Anderson of Wallington. It is said that Mr. Anderson hunted with his landlord, Mr. Blackett, and, in lieu of rent, he would play his pipes on rent day.

*The Water of Tyne* — I sing unaccompanied — without a safety net, folks!

*Billy Boy* — Many versions of this song exist in different parts of Britain, but all deal with the unsuitability of Nancy Grey to charming Billy Boy.

— Thomas Allen

## About the Artists

British baritone **Thomas Allen** is one of the busiest singers on the international circuit today. A leading artist of the world's great opera houses, he appears in roles that range from Don Giovanni and Papageno to Eugene Onegin and Billy Budd. He opened the 1987 La Scala season as Don Giovanni and returned that same season as Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*. His Salzburg Festival debut occurred in 1985 in *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*, and he repeated the role there in 1987. Closely identified with Britten's *Billy Budd*, which he first sang at the Welsh National Opera, Mr. Allen has recently performed the role with great success at Covent Garden, the Metropolitan Opera, and in a new production mounted for him by the English National Opera, the latter telecast by the BBC in 1988. In November 1989, the baritone made his Chicago Lyric Opera debut as Figaro. He also appears frequently at the Vienna Staatsoper, the Bayerische Staatsoper Munich, and the Metropolitan, and has sung Eugene Onegin in San Francisco and Count Almaviva in Houston. His portrayal of Doctor Faust in the British stage premiere of the Busoni opera earned him the prestigious Lawrence Olivier Award for Opera in 1986.

In addition to opera, Thomas Allen is a popular recital artist and a regular concert soloist with the world's great orchestras and conductors. The recording studio also occupies a great deal of his time. His recordings include the Brahms *Requiem*, Britten's *War Requiem*, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Così fan tutte*, *Don Giovanni*, the Grammy Award-winning *Le nozze di Figaro* under Georg Solti, and most recently *Eugene Onegin* under James Levine. His work is found on Angel/EMI, CBS Records, and Philips labels.

After the current United States recital tour, during which he makes his Ann Arbor debut this evening, Mr. Allen returns to London for performances in *Don Pasquale* at Covent Garden, where he will also appear in a new production of Janáček's *The Cunning Little Vixen*. In between, he makes a quick return to the Metropolitan for *Die Fledermaus*, in which he scored a major success last season.

*Thomas Allen is represented by Columbia Artists Management Inc., New York City.*

**Warren Jones** regularly collaborates with many of today's great concert artists, including Kathleen Battle, Marilyn Horne, Roberta Peters, Carol Vaness, Benita Valente, Tatiana Troyanos, Samuel Ramey, Håkan Hagegård, Judith Blegen, Elisabeth Soderstrom, and with Martti Talvela before the bass's untimely death last summer. His musical associations have taken him from Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series to Tanglewood, Ravinia, Caramoor, and the Mostly Mozart Festival in New York. Among other regular commitments, Mr. Jones participates in the Schubertiade Festival each year at the 92nd Street "Y" in New York (a comprehensive performance of the entire works of Franz Schubert stretching over a ten-year period).

Warren Jones served as assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera for ten years; assisted James Levine at the Salzburg Festival for three summers; and has presented master classes and seminars at universities and music conservatories across the country. He is known as a prominent jurist for the Walter Naumberg Foundation Awards, the Metropolitan Opera auditions, and the Artists' Association International Fine Arts Competition. He was born in Washington, D.C. and graduated with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Jones now makes his second Ann Arbor appearance, following his collaboration with Samuel Ramey last November.

## Remaining Concerts

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra	Sun. Mar. 25
David Zinman, <i>conductor</i> ; Isaac Stern, <i>violinist</i>	
Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields / Iona Brown	Sun. Apr. 1
The Feld Ballet	Wed., Thurs. Apr. 4, 5
Jim Cullum Jazz Band	Sat. Apr. 7
William Warfield, <i>narrator</i> ; Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess"	
Murray Perahia, <i>pianist</i>	Sat. Apr. 14
Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia / Marc Mostovoy	Sun. Apr. 22
The King's Singers	Sat. Apr. 28
<i>Underwritten by Parke Davis Research Division of Warner Lambert.</i>	

### 97th Annual May Festival — May 9-12, 1990

#### Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, 8:00 p.m.

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra

André Previn, *Guest Conductor and Pianist*

The Festival Chorus

Hei-Kyung Hong, *Soprano*      Richard Stilwell, *Baritone*



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#### UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1270

Telephones: (313) 764-2538, 763-TKTS