

ELLY AMELING

Soprano

Rudolf Jansen, Pianist

Saturday Evening, April 13, 1991, at 8:00
Rackham Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan



Elly Ameling will be at SKR Classical, 539 E. Liberty, Ann Arbor, at noon tomorrow (Sunday) for a record-signing and to greet her many fans.

The pre-concert carillon recital was performed by Bram van Leer, Professor of Aerospace Engineering and a student of Margo Halsted, University Carillonneur.

The Musical Society expresses thanks to Richard LeSueur for tonight's Philips Pre-concert Presentation.

Elly Ameling is represented by Sheldon Soffer Management Inc., New York City.

PROGRAM

Frauenliebe und -leben (Woman's Love and Life) Schumann
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süßer Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Auf dem Wasser zu singen }
Nachtviolen } Schubert
Die junge Nonne }

INTERMISSION

Fiançailles pour rire (Whimsical Betrothal) Poulenc
La dame d'André
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques Ravel
Le réveil de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant!
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Sixième mélodie: Tripatos

Del cabello más sutil Obradors
La rosa y el sauce Guastavino
El majo discreto Granados

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Frauenliebe und -leben / Woman's Love and Life

Adalbert von Chamisso

1.
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

2.
Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut.
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe
Hell und herrlich jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Seig nur und traurig sein.

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl
Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Viele tausend Mal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, O Herz, was liegt daran?

1.
Since seeing him,
I think I am blind;
wherever I look,
him only I see;
as in a waking dream
he floats before me,
rising out of darkest depths
only more brightly.

For the rest, dark and pale
is all around,
for my sisters' games
I am no longer eager,
I would rather weep
quietly in my room;
since seeing him,
I think I am blind.

2.
He, the most wonderful of all,
so gentle, so good.
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
clear mind and firm resolve.

As there in the blue depths
that star, clear and wonderful,
so is he in my heaven,
clear and wonderful, majestic, remote.

Wander, wander your ways;
just to watch your radiance,
just to watch it in humility,
just to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
for your happiness alone;
me, lowly maid, you must not know
lofty, wonderful star.

Only the most worthy woman of all
may your choice favour
and that exalted one will I bless
many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
be blissful, blissful then;
even if my heart should break,
then break, O heart, what matter?

3.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:

»Ich bin auf ewig Dein«,
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

4.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
An das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz

5.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verschuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;

3.

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
I am in the spell of a dream;
how, from amongst all, has he
raised and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am forever yours,'
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
for it can never be so.

O let me, dreaming, die,
cradled on his breast;
blissful death let me savour,
in tears of endless joy.

4.

Ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
devoutly I press you to my lips,
to my heart.

I had finished dreaming
childhood's tranquil pleasant dream,
alone I found myself, forlorn
in boundless desolation.

Ring on my finger,
you have first taught me,
unlock my eyes
to life's deep, boundless worth.

I will serve him, live for him,
belong wholly to him,
yield to him and find
myself transfigured in his light.

5.

Help me, sisters,
in kindness to adorn myself,
serve me, the happy one, today
eagerly twine
about my brow
the flowering myrtle.

When I, content
with joyous heart,
lay in my beloved's arms,
still would he call
with yearning heart,
impatiently for today.

Help me, sisters,
help me banish
foolish fear;

Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangе,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

6.
Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüssst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht;
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

so that I, clear-eyed,
may receive him,
the source of joy.

You, my beloved
have appeared before me,
will you, sun, give me your radiance?
Let me in reverence,
let me in humility,
let me bow to my lord.

Sisters,
strew flowers for him,
offer budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I salute sadly,
departing, joyous, from your throng.

6.
Sweet friend, you look
at me in wonder,
cannot understand
how I can weep;
these moist pearls let,
as a strange adornment,
tremble joyous bright
in my eyes.

How anxious my heart,
how full of bliss!
If only I knew words
to say it;
come, hide your face
here, against my breast,
for me to whisper you
my full joy.

Now you know the tears
that I can weep,
are you not to see them,
beloved man?
Stay against my heart,
feel its beat,
so that I may press you
ever closer.

Here by my bed
is the cradle's place
where, silent, it shall hide
my sweet dream.
The morning will come
when that dream will awake,
and your image
laugh up at me.

7.
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust.
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.
Das Glück ist die Liebe,
Die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht
zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;
Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.
O wie bedauer' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann.
Du lieber, lieber Engel du,
Du schuast mich an und lächelst dazu.
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

8.
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf,
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger
Mann, den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt,
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still
zurück,
Der Schleier fällt;
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes
Glück, du meine Welt.

7.
At my heart, at my breast,
you my delight, you my joy!
Happiness is love,
love is happiness
I have said and will not take
back.
I thought myself rapturous,
but now I am delirious with joy.
Only she who suckles, only she who loves
the child she nourishes;
only a mother knows
what it means to love and be happy.
Oh, how I pity the man
who cannot feel a mother's bliss.
You dear, dear angel,
you look at me and smile.
At my heart, at my breast,
you my delight, you my joy!

8.
Now you have caused me my first pain,
but it has struck me hard.
You, harsh, pitiless man are sleeping
the sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
the world is void.
Loved have I and lived,
I am living no longer.

Quietly I withdraw into
myself,
the veil falls;
there I have you and my lost
happiness, my world.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Auf dem Wasser zu singen / To Be Sung on the Water

Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden
Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende
Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden
Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Hillel herab auf die
Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den
Kahn.

Amidst the shimmer of mirroring
waves
swan-like glides the wavering
skiff;
ah, on joy's gently shimmering
waves
the soul goes gliding on like the skiff;
for from heaven onto the
waves
the evening glow dances around the
skiff.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen
Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche
Schein,
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen
Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen
Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des
Haines
Atmet die Seel im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem
Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die
Zeit.
Morgen entschwindet mit schimmerndem
Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die
Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem, strahlendem
Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden
Zeit.

Over the tops of the westerly
wood,
friendly beckons the reddish
gleam,
beneath the branches of the easterly
wood
the sweet-flag murmurs in the reddish
gleam;
the joy of heaven, the peace of the
wood
the soul inhales in the reddening gleam.

Alas, away on dewy
wings
from me on the rocking waves flees
time.
Tomorrow away on shimmering
wings
as yesterday, as today, again will flee
time,
until I upon loftier, radiant
wings
myself shall free the changing
time.

Nachtviolen / Dame's Violets

Johann Mayrhofer

Nachtviolen,
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,
Selig ist es, sich versenken
In dem samtnen Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig,
Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;
Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

Dame's violets,
dark-eyed, soulful,
blissful it is to plunge
amongst your velvety blue.

Joyously, green leaves strive
to brighten, adorn you;
but, earnest, silent, you gaze
into the mild spring air.

Shafts of your sublime sadness
have touched my loyal heart,
and now, on silent nights,
our sacred bond blossoms forth.

Die junge Nonne / The Young Nun

J. N. Craigher de Jachelutta

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende
Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

How the gale howls and rages in the
trees!
The rafters rattle, the house shivers!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
the night is black as the tomb!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch
jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland! mit sehndem
Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die
Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom
Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höhn.
Alleluja!

Not long ago, such a storm still
raged in me!
My life raged as now the gale,
my limbs trembled as now the house,
my love flamed as now the lightning,
my breast, within, was black as the tomb!

Now rage, wild and mighty storm!
In my heart is peace, in my heart is repose,
for her groom there waits a loving bride,
purified by testing fire,
wedded to eternal love.

I wait, my saviour, with longing
gaze!
Come, Heavenly Bridegroom, claim
Your bride,
deliver her soul from earthly prison.
Hark, the peaceful bell from the
tower.
That sweet sound calls me
all-powerfully to eternal heights.
Hallelujah!

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Fiançailles pour rire / Whimsical Betrothal

Louise de Vilmorin

La dame d'André

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un cœur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Cuettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

André's Woman Friend

André does not know the woman
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the hay stacks the ring
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
haunted by the ghosts of the past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her colour,
for her Sunday good humour.
Will she fade on the white leaves
of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.
Il est mortinaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant, en m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

Il Vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table

C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles.
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma
raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

In the Grass

I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
he died a beautiful death outside
under the tree of the Law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.
He died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling, calling me.
But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer carried
he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.

He Flies

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished surface
of my table
it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his word
and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because I want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flighty lover
who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyées au creux de mes plaintes
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents
méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes
bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la
cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

My Corpse Is as Limp as a Glove

My corpse is as limp as a glove
limp as a glove of glacé kid
and my two hidden pupils
make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the centre of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains
the last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself
children bear away the memory quickly,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violin

Enamoured couple with the misprized
accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of uneasiness.
In chords on the cords of the hanged
at the hour when the Laws are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in
your arms,
flowers sprung from the parenthesis
of a step,
who brought you these flowers in
winter
powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the
fireplace
a heart beribboned with sighs
burns with its treasured pictures.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Cinq mélodies populaires grécques
Five Popular Greek Melodies
French versions by M. D. Calvocoressi

Le réveil de la mariée

Réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté
Mon cœur en est brûlé.
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous
marier!
Dana nos deux familles tous sont alliés.

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

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église O Vierge Sainte,
L'église Ayio Constanndino
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, O Vierge Sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

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!

Quel galant m'est comparable
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, Dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture
Pistolets et sabre aigu . . .
Et c'est toi que j'aime.

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

O joie de mon âme, joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie do l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais, ange si doux,
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas, tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

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!

Tout gai, ha, tout gai,
Belle jambe, tireli qui danse,
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse.
Tra-la-la.

All Gay!

All gay, ah, all gay;
lovely leg, tireli that dances,
lovely leg, the crockery dances.
Tra-la-la.

Sixième mélodie grécques: Tripatos

Mains qui n'ont pas vu le soleil
Comment les prennent les médecins
Et l'un avec l'autre disent
Comment se fait-il qu'elle
Ne soit pas destinée a vivra.
Tra li la.

Sixth Greek song: Tripatos

Hands that have not seen the sun
How do the doctors take them.
And they say to one another
How does it come about
That she is not destined to live?
Tralilila lalalala lilila la.

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

Del cabello más sutil

Translation copyright Lionel Salter

Del cabello más sutil
que tienes en tu trenzada
he de hacer una cadena
para traerte a mi lado.

Of that softest hair
which you wear in braids
I must make a chain
to draw you to my side.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
chiquilla, quisiera ser
para besarte en la boca,
cuando fueras a besar. Ah!

I should like, my darling,
to be a jug in your house,
to kiss your lips
when you went to drink. Ah!

Carlos Guastavino (b. 1912)

La rosa y el sauce

La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce
El arbolapasionado,
La amba tanto!
Pero una niña coqueta
Se la Harobado,
Y el sauce desconsalado
La es tá llorando.
Ah!

The rose was awakening
In the weeping willow's embrace.
The tree god, fondly impassioned,
Adored her so!
But a frivolous maiden
Has stolen her away;
The willow unconsolated
Is mourning his loved one.
Ah!

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

El majo discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo;
Es posible que si que lo sea,
Que amor es deseo que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no vé.

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.

About the Artists

Elly Ameling is one of the most beloved and acclaimed artists of our time and is admired as the world's foremost lieder singer. Madame Ameling was born in the Netherlands where she currently resides.

Her annual extended tours as a recitalist and her appearances with the leading international orchestras have established her as one of the greatest singers of our age. She has sung with such conductors as Ernest Ansermet, Carlo Maria Giulini, Wolfgang Sawallisch, André Previn, Seiji Ozawa, Edo de Waart, and Raymond Leppard, along with many others. She sings at most of the world's most important music festivals, including Caramoor, Edinburgh, Aix-en-Provence, Sofia, and Bergen, among others, and at Tanglewood, where her recital was the festival's first chamber music concert ever to be recorded on compact disc.

Elly Ameling's repertoire encompasses a great variety of styles and musical spheres. She has sung in opera, notably Mozart, and has made numerous radio and television appearances. In her song recitals, she has a personal preference for the German *lied* and the French *mélodie*, but is at home in all forms of singing, including favorite songs from the world's music halls.

She has recorded virtually her entire repertoire on Philips, Phonogram, CBS, Et-



cetera, EMI, Telarc, Harmonia Mundi Germany, Erato, DGG, Nonesuch, Decca, and Argo. Her very first Schubert recording, with Jörg Demus, has just been reissued on CD by Harmonia Mundi Germany. Mme Ameling has received most of the international recording prizes: the Grand Prix du Disque (three times); the Edison Prize (four times); the Preis der Deutschen Schallplatten Kritik; that of the National Academy of Recording Artists; and, most recently, the Grand Prix Tokyo.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
Que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
En cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto.

Que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.

Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costará saber
Secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapies.
Eh! Eh! Es un majo, un majo es.

But if my majo is not a man
Who is noted for being handsome,
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.

Mme Ameling continues to make new recordings. In the summer of 1990, her recording with the pianist Graham Johnson of lesser-known Schubert works was released by Hyperion. A Brahms recording with her regular accompanist Rudolf Jansen will appear in 1991, and in 1992 she will record songs of Poulenc, Mahler, and Richard Strauss. In addition, Philips is re-issuing on CD most of the many recordings she made with Dalton Baldwin.

During the 1991-92 season, Elly Ameling will present recitals or make concert appearances in London and with the BBC,

Tokyo and Osaka, Amsterdam and The Hague, Glasgow, Warsaw, Madrid and Valencia, Stockholm, Milan, Bologna and Padua, Geneva, Hong Kong, Toronto, Honolulu, Philadelphia, Las Vegas, Princeton, San Francisco, and New York.

Elly Ameling has been awarded four honorary degrees and, for her services to music, was knighted by Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands.

In Ann Arbor, Mme Ameling has given two previous recitals, in 1976 and 1980, both with Dalton Baldwin.

Rudolf Jansen was born in Arnhem, the Netherlands. He completed his studies at the Amsterdam Conservatory in 1966, receiving the Prix d'Excellence and, in the same year, was awarded the silver medal of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw.

Mr. Jansen's special interest is in the art of accompaniment. He has concertized throughout the world with many of today's most distinguished artists, including Elly Ameling, Tom Krause, Evelyn Lear, Thomas Stewart, Birgit Finnila, Ernst Hafliger, John Shirley-Quirk, Peter Schreier, Jean-Pierre Rampal, and Robert Holl.

He devotes a generous amount of his time to giving master classes, both at home and on his international tours, and is a featured artist on many chamber music recordings. His recordings with Elly Ameling include an all-Ravel disc on Erato, a recital of French songs, *Soirée Française*, on the Philips label, a digital recording of Mendelssohn Lieder on CBS Masterworks, Hugo Wolf's Mignon Lieder on Etcetera, and two mixed recitals also on Philips.

Mr. Jansen now makes his first Ann Arbor appearance.



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Christian Funke, violinist

Jürnjakob Timm, cellist

Elisabeth Leonskaja, pianist

Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano

The Festival Chorus

Thomas Hilbish, director



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Programs

Wednesday, May 1

Sibelius: Violin Concerto in D minor (Midori)

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, "Scottish"

Thursday, May 2

Brahms: "Double" Concerto in A minor for Violin,
Cello, and Orchestra (Funke/Timm)

Brahms: Symphony No. 2 in D major

Friday, May 3

Prokofiev: Excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet*

Henze: *Seven Love Songs* for Cello and Orchestra
(Timm)

Strauss: *Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche*

Saturday, May 4

Glinka: *Ruslan and Ludmila* Overture

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 2 in G major
(Leonskaja)

Prokofiev: *Alexander Nevsky*, cantata for
Mezzo-soprano, Mixed Chorus, and Orchestra
(Carlson)

programs subject to change



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