

1964

Eighty-sixth Season

1965

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Charles A. Sink, President

Gail W. Rector, Executive Director

Lester McCoy, Conductor

Second Program

Nineteenth Annual Extra Series

Complete Series 3444

IRINA ARKHIPOVA

Mezzo-Soprano

JOHN WUSTMAN *at the piano*

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9, 1964, AT 8:30

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

P R O G R A M

The Field of Death, from the Cantata

“Alexander Nevsky” SERGE PROKOFIEFF

I shall go into the field of death,
I shall look for brave falcons, my bridegrooms.
Some are lying cut by sword, some are lying wounded by arrows,
They soaked with their red blood the good Russian soil.
I shall kiss dead eyes of those who perished for Russia with honor,
And I shall be a faithful wife to the one who was left alive.
I shall not take for a husband a handsome man; all earthly beauty has an end!
But I shall take for a husband a brave man. Answer me, my falcons!

Lullaby, from the Cantata “On Guard for Peace” SERGE PROKOFIEFF

The Sorcerer SERGE PROKOFIEFF

Once a wizard dwelled alone
(Satan’s intimate was he)
In a castle quite unknown.
So an ancient ballad tells us.

He mistrusted powdered faces; woman’s guile he did despise,
Doubting charms, caresses, graces . . . For he was exceeding wise.
Still, his life seemed somewhat lame, lacking feminine embraces;
Money, honors, worldly fame? Lacking Love? Oh go to Heaven!
Out of magic brews and blends formed our sorcerer his woman
(He and Satan were fast friends). So an ancient ballad tells us.
From his compounds issued forth, sinless, pure, averse to strife,
A woman worthy of the Khan, a lotus blossom brought to life.
And her faithful, tender smile followed him where e’er he went . . .
Patient was she all the while, her eyes upon his face intent.
All his whims she did fulfill, never even asking why;
And her voice was never shrill; never did she tell a lie!

Three weeks passed—exactly three;
Then the sorcerer went out
And hung himself upon a tree . . .
So an ancient ballad tells us.

A Snowball Tree in the Forest SERGE PROKOFIEFF

The Steinway is the official piano of the University Musical Society

A R S L O N G A V I T A B R E V I S

The Chatterbox SERGE PROKOFIEFF

Vovka only dreamed it up, that Lida is a chatterbox . . .
Whenever would I chatter? I have no time to chatter.
Drama circle, photo circle, singing circle—oh, let's sing!
Everyone said, "Oh let's do have a drawing circle too."
Mary Markov said to me, when we were leaving school today,
"Drama circle, photo circle—they just want to talk in circles.
But you'd better choose, my friend, the circle that you will attend!"
Well, I chose the photo one . . . Still, I feel like singing some.
Well, our teacher's quite severe. Today in class he was so clear . . .
He told us all about Japan. "Are there any questions, then?"
I asked, "Oh please tell me do: the Japanese are Asians too?"
Then the teacher told us all about the Chinese Mandarins . . .
Now I am the monitor in our class for evermore.
Oh how I would like to fly in a helicopter high!
Yes, it sounds like so much fun to copy hell and run.
Now it's time to do our work—reading, grammar to prepare.
Out the window do I stare; a little boy is passing there.
He says, "Come here; this pretty iris is for you."
And I say, "We have other work to do, in German and in Russian too."
But Vovka only dreamed it up, that Lida is a chatterbox.
Whenever would I chatter? I have no time to chatter!

Four Songs and Dances of Death MODEST MOUSSORGSKY
Lullaby

A mother is spending a sleepless night over the crib of her sick child. Early in the morning compassionate Death knocks at the door.
"Do not be afraid," he tells the mother. "You are weary. You were unable to quiet your child. I can sing a sweeter song than you."
"Be quiet!" answers the mother. "My child turns and tosses . . ."
"I shall sing him a sweet lullaby," says Death.
"He is turning pale, his breath weakens . . . Oh stop singing, I beg of you!"
"It is a good sign. His suffering will soon cease."
"Go away, you accursed one. Your kindness will kill my joy . . ."
"Oh no. I shall put it to sleep with my lullaby."
"Oh be merciful! Stop, if only for a moment. Stop singing your terrible song!"
"Do you see? He is already asleep because of my lullaby . . ."

Serenade

At night Death sings this serenade to a sick girl. "Your youth is fading away in captivity. I, an unknown knight, shall free thee by my miraculous power. Get up and look at yourself, how beautiful you are with your blue eyes and rosy cheeks. I captured your imagination with my serenade. You were calling a knight with your whisper. Now the knight has come to receive a last reward. Your waist is tender. I shall strain you to my heart. Listen to my love song! Do not speak! You are MINE!"

Trepak (A Russian Folk Dance)

A snowstorm is raging in a forest. It seems it is burying someone at night. Look! In the darkness Death is embracing a drunken peasant. He is dancing the Trepak with him, singing into his ear: "Oh, you poor old peasant, you got yourself drunk and were driven by a blizzard into this thick forest. Do lie down, make yourself comfortable and go to sleep. I shall warm you by soft snow; I shall entertain you with an unusual game. Hey, you blizzard, start singing a long fairy tale which will put the drunkard to sleep! Let me cover the old man with a snow-sheet like a little boy! Do sleep well, my happy one. Spring is here, the sun is shining, pigeons are flying, a song is heard . . ."

The Commander

A battle is raging. Blood is flowing. The battle lasts all day long. At night Death is riding a battle horse, like a commander, surveying the battlefield. Death stops and smiles. His voice is heard: "The battle is over. I have conquered everyone. Now I shall stage a parade of the dead. Arise, you dead soldiers! I would like to count you! After the parade you may deposit your bones into the ground. It is good to rest in the ground! The time will pass. You will be forgotten by everyone but me. I shall come at midnight and celebrate. I shall dance and trample down the ground so that you will never be able to leave it."

CHANGES IN THE PROGRAM

First half revised:

The Field of Death, from the Cantata
 "Alexander Nevsky"Serge Prokofieff
The SorcererSerge Prokofieff
The ChatterboxSerge Prokofieff

Each to His Own (A. K. Tolstoi) Modest Moussorgsky

A youth gets no honor who sits spinning,
Nor does a noble have glory from wearing a veil;
Nor a chief who has others lead him,
Nor a lutinist who sits in the counting house,
And does nothing but look up at the ceiling.

Give the Chief a horse; give the minstrel a lute,
He must go away far thru field or wood,
Find a garden there, sombre and still,
Where the nightingale on the lilac bush
Sings from set of sun 'til the morning comes.

Retrospect Modest Moussorgsky

In my garden by the Don where the waters glisten,
When the sun at evening shone, I would watch and listen.
Just as it was going down one day, Mary came there;
Never could that garden path look to me the same there.
Ah, she sighed and looked at me, kissed the flow'r I brought her;
From her pitcher heedlessly spilled out all the water.

Four Songs and Dances of Death Modest Moussorgsky

INTERMISSION

In the Silence of Night SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Oh, in the silent night I dream that you are near,
With your caressing voice, your loving smile so dear.
Your hair in flowing strands of black . . .
How oft I bid you go—how oft I call you back!
With whispers of thy name, I wake the silent night . . .
But you are gone forever, my love, my life, my light!

Do Not Mourn Me SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Oh, do not mourn me!
I am there, where there is no more suffering.
Forget your sorrows.
May your recollections of me be as bright and as radiant
as the first day of spring!
Oh, do not grieve for me!
We have not parted; I am as near to your soul as ever.
I am oppressed by your sorrow.
Live! You must live!
And if miraculously you should find peace and consolation here,
Know that it was I who had responded to the call of your sick soul.

Do Not Sing Again SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Do not sing again the sad songs of Georgia in my presence!
They remind me of a different life and of distant shores . . .
Your cruel songs remind me of a distant steppe, of a night and of
moonlit features of a maiden . . . On seeing you, I forget this phantom
which is so dear to me, but when you begin to sing, I see it again
before the eyes of my soul.

Was It Long Ago, My Friend SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Was it long ago, my friend,
That I was catching your sad gaze
In the painful moment of parting
And letting it penetrate my heart forever.
Was it long ago, that, wandering alone
Amidst the alien crowds,
I rushed in my troubled dreams
To you, my distant love.
Dying desire, aching heart,
Time at an end, and reason gone . . .
This empty calm wasn't long ago—
We met in storm again.
We are joined again and the tide of life
Is rushing like the powerful course of the sea,
And my brain is whirling, and my heart
Is spinning a song of love to you.

A Dream SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

And I had a native land,	My friends were still alive,
It was beautiful!	From all around I heard
There a fir tree was swaying above me,	The words of love,
But it was a dream.	But it was a dream . . .

Un Fragment d'Alfred De Musset SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Why does my throbbing heart yearn for peace?
What haunts me and troubles me at night?
Did the door creak with a squealing noise?
The dying lamp flickers dimly . . .
O my God! It took my breath away!
Somebody calls me and whispers sadly . . .
Somebody enters . . . My cell is empty,
Nobody is there . . . Midnight struck . . .
O, loneliness, O, misery! . . .

Lilacs SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
 Morning red is aglow,
 And the lilacs ablow,
 On my lips the caress of the wind;
 In the shadowy bush
 Where the dew-drops lie fresh.
 Is it there I shall happiness find?
 Rare is happiness, yea,
 Yet we seek it always
 And my own 'mid yon foliage lies;
 Where in sweet verdant gloom
 Lilacs clustering bloom;
 When they pass—my poor happiness dies.

How Painful For Me SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
 How painful for me, how I want to live . . .
 How fresh and fragrant is the spring!
 No, I can't kill my heart
 In this blue night, the night without sleep.
 O, that old age would come sooner,
 O, that my hair would turn gray,
 O, that nightingales would not sing for me,
 The forest would not murmur,
 The song would not burst from my soul
 Through the lilacs
 O, that I would not miss something
 So painfully.

I Wait For Thee SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
 The day has departed. The night is approaching. I wait for thee.
 I count every moment. I am full of longing, of love, of impatience,
 of torment . . . I wait for thee . . .

Floods of Spring SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
 The snow lies white upon the plains,
 But floods of spring the winter frees,
 They foam and glisten on the shores
 And stir to life the dreaming trees.
 O'er all the land resounds the call:
 The spring is here.
 All hail the messengers of joy,
 They do her coming now proclaim;
 The spring is here!
 So borne upon these rushing tides
 And swaying to their fierce embrace,
 In ecstasy the springtime onward rides.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
 INTERNATIONAL PRESENTATIONS

SPECIAL RECITAL

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, *Pianist* Tuesday, January 26
 Tickets now on sale

NOVEMBER

- 14 RADUGA DANCERS, from six Soviet Republics
 Twenty- five folk and ballet dancers, musicians, and singers.
Program: First half—classic ballet numbers including Pas de Deux from
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 Waters" (Rachmaninoff); Excerpt from "Walpurgis Night."
 Second half—Balalaika Solos; Folk Songs; Moldavian, Georgian,
 Ukranian, Russian and Mountain Folk Dances
- 17 *NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS
- 20 *Die Fledermaus* (Strauss) NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY
- 22 *Merry Widow* (Lehar) NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY (2:30 P.M.)
- 22 *Faust* (Gounod) NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY

For tickets and information, address
 UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY, Burton Tower