

The University Musical Society



Presents

Leontyne Price

Soprano

DAVID GARVEY, *Pianist*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1978, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

- Sono unite a tormentarmi A. SCARLATTI
- Recitative and aria: "Troppo mi spiace . . . Non mi dir"
from *Don Giovanni* MOZART
- Breit über mein Haupt (Schack) }
Heimliche Aufforderung (Mackay) }
Wasserrose (Dahn) } R. STRAUSS
Morgen (Mackay) }
Cäcilie (Hart) }
- Sorrow in Springtime (Galina) }
The Soldier's Wife (Plescheyev) } sung in Russian RACHMANINOFF
The Answer (Mey) }
Daisies (Sjewerjanin) }
Believe it not! (A. Tolstoi) }

INTERMISSION

- Aria: "Pace, pace, mio Dio" from *La Forza del Destino* VERDI
- The River Merchant's Wife: A Letter LEE HOIBY
- Night Song HOWARD SWANSON
- Winter DOMINICK ARGENTO
- The Silver Swan }
Such Beauty as Hurts to Behold } NED ROREM
Alleluia }
- My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord Spiritual
arr. FLORENCE PRICE
- Ride On, Jesus Spiritual
arr. R. NATHANIEL DETT

RCA, London, and Columbia Records

PROGRAM NOTES

Sono unite a tormentarmi ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI
(1661–1725)

Hard destiny and cruel love are united to torment me. With allurements, not with weapons, they make war on my heart.

Recitative and aria: “Troppo mi spiace . . . Non mi dir”
from *Don Giovanni* WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
(1756–1791)

Don Ottavio, has assured his betrothed Donna Anna, that her father's death will be avenged. She is still sad and he accuses her of being cruel and of not loving him. In return, she expresses her lasting love in the aria “Non mi dir.”

“It is difficult for me to delay the happiness which our hearts have been yearning for so long; yet we must think of conventions! Dearest, respect the feelings of a deeply wounded heart! Still, my heart is ever true to you! Say not, oh my dearly beloved, that by delaying I have been cruel to you! Well you know that I love you, that I have devoted my life to you. Dear, cease your tender eagerness that I may not perish of grief. Oh, let me hope, that after the storm the sun will shine. Let me hope that the storm will be followed by clear sunshine.”

Breit über mein Haupt RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864–1949)

Dearest, turn and gaze upon me, covered with thy raven hair, thy dear eyes my heart enkindle with a flaming brightness, rare. Naught for me the gorgeous sun, nor the starlight's silvery dance; give me but thy tresses' night, and thine eyes' enriching glance.

Heimliche Aufforderung STRAUSS

Up, raise the sparkling bowl to your lips, and drink at the feast, that your heart may be healed. And as you lift it up, give me a secret sign, then I shall smile and drink silently as you. And, silent as I, consider around us the crowd of drunken babblers—do not despise them too much; no, raise the glittering bowl filled with wine, and let them at their noisy meal be happy. But when you have had your fill and quenched your thirst, then leave your loud companions to their festive scene. And go out into the garden, to the rosebush, there I will be waiting for you, as I used to do . . . and will sink upon your breast before you expect it, and drink your kisses as I often used to do, and will twine in your hair the splendor of the rose—O come, wondrous, longed-for night!

Wasserrose STRAUSS

The water-lily is the enchantress whose love binds one forever, who brings all the dreams of romance.

Morgen STRAUSS

And tomorrow the sun will shine again, and on the path that I shall follow it will reunite us, the blessed ones, amidst this sun-breathing world . . . And to the shore, broad and blue with waves, we shall go down quietly and slowly. Mute, we shall look into each other's eyes, and upon us will descend the great silence of happiness.

Cäcilie STRAUSS

If you but knew what it is to dream of burning kisses, of wandering, of reposing with the loved one, of gazing into each other's eyes, and caressing and chatting; if you but knew it you would let your heart consent! If you but knew what it is to be afraid through the lonely nights, assailed by storms, when no one soothes with gentle words the strife-weary soul; if you but knew what it is to live surrounded by the world-creating breath of divinity, to soar upwards, raised and carried to sublime heights; if you but knew this, you would live with me.

Sorrow in Springtime SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
(1873–1943)

How my heart aches! And yet I would live, now that spring with its fragrance is here! Nay! I have not the strength to seek death once for all in the sleepless blue night. Would that age could come swiftly to me, would that my brown locks were silvered with time! Were I deaf to the laugh

of the breeze, to the nightingale's passionate voice as he pours out his heart in a song, far away, where the lilac trees bloom! Would to Heaven that the silence and dusk were filled with such pain and despair.

The Soldier's Wife RACHMANINOFF

For a life of pain I have given my love. He, the orphan boy is no longer mine, and my load is heavy and hard to bear. Cruel hands have broken our wedding tie, to the wars he went, and returns no more. As a soldier's wife I am left alone, in a foreign land to wait my end. Ah! my load is heavy and hard to bear. Ah! Ah!

The Answer RACHMANINOFF

They wondered a while: "Shall our vessel so light speed swift o'er the waters like a bird in its flight, to an island abode, safely hidden?" "Row bravely!" came the answer unbidden. They questioned again: "In this valley of grief for sorrowing mortals no comfort, relief, no solace save hope of a Heaven?" "Have patience!" the answer was given. They pondered the way women fair to enthrall, that helpless, to impulse of passion they fall, and freely their beauty surrender. "Love conquers!" came the answer so tender.

Daisies RACHMANINOFF

Behold, my friend, the daisies sweet and tender; wher'er I go they bloom profusely, dazzling in their splendor, so bright their glow. Their dainty petals are as silk, they glisten as radiant wings, and to their songs of summer joy I listen, white host that sings. Be kind, O earth, nurse them with dews and showers that they may grow . . . O daisies white, O starry maiden flowers, I love you so!

Believe it not! RACHMANINOFF

Believe it not when I by grief o'ertaken sometimes complain, do cease for thee to yearn! The lonely strand, by ebbing tide forsaken, will live to hail the waters' fond return. Within my soul I feel new joy upspringing, and lay my freedom in thy hands once more; so tardy waves their homeward message bringing from distant journey speed to greet the shore.

Aria: "Pace, pace, mio Dio" from *La Forza del Destino* . . . GIUSEPPI VERDI
(1813-1901)

Leonora, torn between her love for her father and her love for Alvaro, who was the innocent cause of her father's death, implores Heaven to let her die.

Calm me, calm me, calm me, O Father!
Cruel misfortune my woeful heart still tries:
As on the first day, all these years my portion was only tears and sighs,
I lov'd him well!
Such wondrous grace and valor did Heav'n to him impart,
I love him yet, nor can I bear to banish his image from my heart.
O bitter fate! O bitter fate!
Still divides us on earth transgression sore!
Alvaro, I love thee!
And yon in heav'n 'tis written: I ne'er shall see thee more!
O Heaven, Heaven, now let me perish!
Peace my spirit will find alone in death;
Who is coming? Who is't that dares profane these holy precincts?
Be he accursed, be he accursed!

Since **Leontyne Price** made her Metropolitan Opera debut to an unprecedented 42-minute ovation, she has sung in the great opera houses, with major symphony orchestras, and in recitals in all leading cities of the world. She has received America's highest civilian award, the Medal of Freedom, is the recipient of fifteen Grammy Awards, has been elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, received honorary doctorates from Howard University, Dartmouth College, and Fordham University, and has had a library named for her in her home state of Mississippi. Of historical importance, she premièred the role of Cleopatra in Samuel Barber's **Antony and Cleopatra** on opening night of the new Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center.

Tonight's concert is Miss Price's first recital in Ann Arbor—she has previously performed here with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the May Festivals of 1957, 1960, 1965, and 1971.

COMING EVENTS

- FRENCH STRING TRIO & MICHEL DEBOST, *Flutist* Friday, February 3
Haydn: Quartet in G major, Op. 5, No. 2; Mozart: Divertimento in E-flat, K. 563 (string
trio); Devienne: Trio in G minor, Op. 66, No. 2 (flute, violin, cello); Mozart Quartet in
A major, K. 298
- ELIOT FELD BALLET Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
February 20, 21, 22
- CARLOS MONTOYA, *Guitarist* Thursday, February 23
- ALEKSANDER SLOBODYANIK, *Pianist* Saturday, February 25
- THOVIL, SRI LANKA Wednesday, March 1
- BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA/COMMISSIONA Sunday, March 19
Dvořák: Scherzo Capriccioso; Khachaturian: Violin Concerto (Albert Markov, soloist);
Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite
- NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE Tuesday & Wednesday
March 21 & 22
- KYUNG-WHA CHUNG, *Violinist* Thursday, March 23
- ORPHEUS CHAMBER ENSEMBLE/FESTIVAL CHORUS Saturday, March 25
- OKINAWAN DANCERS Tuesday, March 28
- AMADEUS STRING QUARTET Thursday, April 6
Mozart: Quartet in B-flat, K. 458 ("The Hunt"); Britten: Quartet No. 2; Dvořák: Quartet
in F, Op. 96 ("American")
- BAVARIAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA/KUBELIK Saturday, April 8
Mahler: Symphony No. 9 in D major

Eighty-fifth Annual May Festival

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, April 27, 28, 29, 30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA / EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION / ROBERT SHAW, *Guest Conductor*

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, *Pianist*

ANTHONY GIGLIOTTI, *Clarinetist* WILLIAM STOKKING, *Cellist*

JOHN MCCOLLUM, *Tenor*

Thursday (8:30): Strauss: "Don Juan"; Debussy: "La Mer"; Sibelius: Symphony No. 1 in E minor.

Friday (8:30): Stravinsky: "Fireworks"; Hindemith: Clarinet Concerto; Lalo: Cello Concerto;
Brahms: Symphony No. 4 in E minor.

Saturday (8:30): Berlioz: Requiem Mass, Op. 5.

Sunday (3:00): Beethoven: "Egmont" Overture, Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92; Rach-
maninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3 in D minor.

Inquire for series ticket availability.

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