



International
Presentations of
Music & Dance

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Leontyne Price

Soprano

DAVID GARVEY, *Pianist*

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, 1980, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

P R O G R A M

Bist du bei mir JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
(1685–1750)

If thou be near, go I with gladness to Death and to eternal Peace. Ah, how content were thus my ending, if thy dear hands were laid upon me and gently closed my faithful eyes.

Recitative and Aria: "Piangerò la sorte mia,"
from *Giulio Cesare* GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
(1685–1759)

Cleopatra, sentenced to imprisonment, sings: "Thus in one day I am robbed of all my splendor. Lost is all I treasured. Caesar is drowned, Cornelia and Sextus in prison. No friend is left. Eternal Gods! I am left alone. All hope is fled. But night and day I shall be as a spectre to torment my brother. I must weep at my cruel fate."

Allerseelen (Hermann von Gilm) RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864–1949)

Beside me set the ruddy glowing heather, the last autumnal asters bring today, and let us tell again of love together, as once in May. Give me thy hand, that I may fondly press it. Should others see, I care not what they say; let one fond glance, love, fill my heart and bless it, as once in May. On every grave today sweet flowers are glowing, so every year we give the dead one day; come to my heart, thy love again bestowing, as once in May.

Schlagende Herzen (Otto Julius Bierbaum) STRAUSS

Over mountain and dale goes a youth, a ring on his finger. Cling, clang, loud beats his heart! O meadows, O woodlands, O valleys, so fair! How the sun shines golden. Merrily the youth hastens along with the soft spring breeze, whispering: "My heart is all aglow for thee, sweet maid." In the flowering meadow the maiden stands. Cling, clang, loud beats her heart! She waits for him, thinking: "O that he were here!" Cling, clang, loud beats her heart!

Freundliche Vision (Bierbaum) STRAUSS

Not in slumber did the dream arise, but in day's broad light I saw it all: Just a meadow full of budding daisies, and a sunny house half hid in foliage; forms divine are lurking in the thicket. And I walk with her whose love I cherish; tranquilly we enjoy the coolness of this sheltered cottage, full of beauty, full of peace that waiteth on our coming. And I go with her whom I cherish to the peace and the beauty.

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten (Friedrich von Schack) STRAUSS

Why should we keep our love a secret? No, let it soar in happy flight! Yes, open wide our hearts' recesses, let all men know our deep delight!

"Un bel di," from *Madame Butterfly* GIACOMO PUCCINI
(1858-1924)

In "Un bel di" Butterfly looks forward with misguided trust to the day when she will see the ship appearing, which she believes will restore to her arms her long absent lover, Pinkerton.

INTERMISSION

Four Songs to poems by Paul Eluard FRANCIS POULENC
translated by E. S. Seldon (1899-1963)

(sung without pause)

Rien que ce doux petit visage

Nothing but that gentle little face,
Nothing but that gentle little bird
On the faraway pier where the children get fainter
At winter's exit
When the clouds begin to burn
Like always.
When the fresh air takes color . . .
Nothing but that youth which flees ahead of life.

Main dominée par le coeur

Hand ruled by heart
Heart ruled by lion
Lion ruled by bird
Bird that a cloud effaces
Lion that the wastes make dizzy
Heart that death inhabits
Hand closed again in vain

No help, it all is going.
I see what was disappearing
I understand that I have nothing
And I can just see myself
An absence between walls
And then exile among the shadows
Eyes pure head still.

Tu vois le feu du soir

You see the evening light as it leaves its shell
And you see the forest buried in coolness

You see the bare plain nestling in a staggering sky
Snow as high as the sea
And the sea high up in the blue

Perfect stones and sweet woods veiled relief
You see cities tinged with melancholy
Gilded with pavements full of excuses
A square where solitude has its smiling statue
And love a house alone

You see the animals
Sly doubles of each other, to each other sacrificed—
Immaculate brothers whose shadows merge
In a desert of blood

You see a fine little boy when he plays when he laughs
He is much smaller
Than the smallest bird on the branches' tip

You see a landscape scented with oil and water
From which rock has been excluded where earth abandons
Her greenery to summer who covers it with fruits.

Women stepping down out of their ancient mirror
Bring you their youth and their faith in your own
And one her limpidity the sail that draws you on
Secretly lets you see the world without yourself.

Je nommerai ton front

I will give a name to your effrontery
I will make a flaming pyre of it on top of your sobs
I will call the pain that cuts through you
Like a sword in a silk curtain

I will demolish your secret garden
Full of poppies and precious water
I'll bind you hand and foot with my whip

There was never anything in your heart but subterranean glimmers
There will be nothing in the pupils of your eyes from now on but blood

I will give a name to your mouth and your hands last of all
Your mouth a spoiled echo your hands counterfeit pennies
I will break in pieces the rusty keys they control

If I should some day become profoundly calm again
If I should forget that I did not know how to conquer
At least you will have known the greatness of my hate.

Song Cycle: Despite and Still SAMUEL BARBER
(b. 1910)

A Last Song (Robert Graves)

A last song, and a very last, and yet another
O, when can I give over?
Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails
And my breath fails and I shake with fever,
Or sit well wrapped in a many colored cloak
 where the moon shines new through Castle Crystal?
Shall I never hear her whisper softly:
"But this is truth written by you only,
And for me only?
Therefore, love, have done."

My Lizard (Theodor Roethke)

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
 in the sun, in the sun,
 when I am undone
When I am no one.

In the Wilderness (Robert Graves)

He, of his gentleness, thirsting and hungering
Walked in the wilderness;
Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto the lost desert folk that listened wondering.
He heard the bittern call from ruined palace wall,
Answered him brotherly;—
He held communion with the she pelican of lonely piety
Basilisk, Cockatrice, flocked to his homilies
With nail of dread device,
With monstrous barbed stings,
With eager dragon eyes,
Great bats on leathern wings and old, blind broken things
Mean—in their miseries.
Then ever with him went
Of all his wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat, gaunt ribs, poor innocent
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless young scapegoat:
For forty nights and days followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind him kept,
Tears like a lover wept.

Solitary Hotel (from *Ulysses* by James Joyce)

Solitary hotel in mountain pass.
Autumn,—Twilight,—Firelit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary
She sits.
She goes to window.
She stands.
She sits.
Twilight.
She thinks.
On solitary hotel paper—she writes.
She thinks.

She writes.
She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs.
She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire.
Twilight.
He reads.
Solitary.
What?—In sloping, upright and backhands:
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho- . . .

Despite and Still (Robert Graves)

Have you not read the words in my head
And I made part of your own heart?
We have been such as draw the losing straw
You of your gentleness, I of my rashness,
both of despair
Yet still might share this happy will:
To love despite and still.
Never let us deny the things necessity
But, oh, refuse to choose
When chance may seem to give loves an alternative
To love despite and still.

Round about the Mountain arr. ROLAND HAYES

Ride on King Jesus arr. HALL JOHNSON

RCA Red Seal, London, Angel, and Columbia Records.

About the Artist

Leontyne Price, universally regarded as one of the greatest artists of our time, made her Metropolitan Opera debut in 1961 to an unprecedented 42-minute ovation. Triumphant engagements in starring roles followed at Salzburg, La Scala, Covent Garden, Verona, the Chicago Lyric, Paris Opera, Teatro Colon, and the Metropolitan which presented her in seven different roles during her first year. In addition to singing in the great opera houses of the world, she performs with major symphony orchestras and in recital in leading cities around the globe. Miss Price's honors and awards are numerous. Among them: America's highest civilian award, the Medal of Freedom; a televised recital, "Leontyne Price at the White House," for which she was awarded a TV Emmy from the National Academy of Television and Sciences; an American representative at the Egyptian-Israeli peace signing ceremonies at the White House; included in *Life Magazine's* Bicentennial issue—"Remarkable American Women 1776-1976"; elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; honorary doctorates from Howard University, Dartmouth College, Fordham University, and Columbia University; the recipient of the Republic of Italy's Order of Merit, and the San Francisco Opera's Silver Medal; and a library named for her in her home state of Mississippi. Of historical significance, she premiered the role of Cleopatra in Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* on opening night of the new Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center.

Tonight is Miss Price's sixth appearance in Ann Arbor. She first performed here in the May Festival of 1957, returning for the Festivals of 1960, 1965, and 1971, and most recently appeared in recital on this stage in 1978.

Important Concert Change

The Krasnayarsk Dance Company from Siberia, scheduled for February 29, has cancelled its tour to the United States. We're pleased to announce the following attraction as a *replacement on the same date*:

Massenkoff Russian Folk Festival—Nikolai Massenkoff, bass, and his California-based ensemble of folk dancers and balalaika players, all of Russian heritage, in a program spanning a thousand years of Russian history—ballads, war songs, love songs, and dances—Friday, February 29 at 8:30, in Hill Auditorium.

Krasnayarsk tickets should be used for admission to the Massenkoff Folk Festival. Additional tickets are also available, from \$4 to \$9. Ticket exchanges, if desired, may be made up to two days prior to the performance.