



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Janet Baker

Mezzo-Soprano

MARTIN ISEPP, *Pianist*

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 17, 1982, AT 4:00
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

P R O G R A M

Selve amiche ANTONIO CALDARA
(1671-1763)

Kindly forest, ye shadowy arches, refuge of mine heart confiding,
Here a soul in love that parches, all her sorrow would fain be hiding.

Spesso vibra per suo gioco ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI
(1660-1725)

Of the blindfold boy doth brandish, while in sportive mood he hovers, golden shafts for
lowly lovers, darts of steel for hearts heroic. Then consumed by fire they languish of his
fiercely enkindled arrows, old or young alike their sorrows, none so bold, no, none so cold,
can play the stoic.

Plaisir d'amour JEAN PAUL MARTINI
(1741-1816)

The joys of love e'er swiftly do depart, its sorrows bitter thro' a lifetime prove. I gave
up all for cruel Sylvia's love, too soon I find another owns her heart. Long as this brooklet
shall softly onward flow, the meadow passing on its joyous way, thee will I love ever would
Sylvia say: Still flows the stream, but chang'd is Sylvia now. The joys of love e'er swiftly
do depart, its sorrows bitter thro' a lifetime prove.

Amarilli, mia bella GIULIO CACCINI
(1545-1618)

Amarilli, my fair one, canst thou thine heart to doubt e'er surrender, doubt of my love
true and tender? Do but believe, for should e'er fear assail thee it can never avail thee.
Open thou my bosom, and see thy fears reprov'd; On my heart 'tis writ; Amarilli, my
beloved.

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile FRANCESCO DURANTE
(1684-1755)

Dance, O dance maiden fair, to the song that I sing; lightly and airily fly, while bounding
and turning to the music of the sea! Dost thou hear the low voices of breezes soft blending,
appeal to thy heart with their blandishing tone? They invite to a dance never ending,
Dance, O dance maiden fair, to the song that I sing!

Art thou troubled GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
(1685-1759)

Art thou troubled? Music will calm thee. Art thou weary? Rest shall be thine. Music, source of all gladness, heals thy sadness at her shrine.

When the welcome spring is smiling, all the earth with flowers beguiling after winter's dreary reign; sweetest music doth attend her, heavenly harmonies doth lend her, chanting praises in her train.

Alleluia HENRY PURCELL
(c. 1659-1695)

(realized by RAYMOND LEPPARD)

Tell me, lovely shepherd WILLIAM BOYCE
(1710-1779)

(realized by RAYMOND LEPPARD)

Tell me, lovely shepherd, where thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care. Direct me to the sweet retreat that guards thee from the mid-day heat.

Left by the flocks I lonely stray without a guide and lose my way. Where rest at noon thy bleating care? Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

O had I Jubal's lyre, from *Joshua* HANDEL

O had I Jubal's lyre, or Miriam's tuneful voice! To sounds like his I would aspire, in songs like her's rejoice. My humble strains but faintly show how much to Heaven and Thee I owe.

Ablösung im Sommer GUSTAV MAHLER
(1860-1911)

The cuckoo has fallen to its death in the Willow. Now who shall beguile us all summer long? The nightingale will! The dear little thing is always gay, when other birds are silent. When the cuckoo is heard no more, the nightingale will begin her song.

Frühlingsmorgen MAHLER

The lime tree taps at the window, saying "Get up! Why do you lie there dreaming? The lark is awake, bees are humming, and what's more, I've already seen your sweetheart about. Get up, you lie-a-bed, get up!"

Nicht Wiedersehen MAHLER

A lover bids his sweetheart farewell until next summer. When he at last returns and asks for her, her friends tell him she is already buried in the churchyard, dead from weeping for him. He searches for her grave, calling endlessly, hoping she will answer. But she does not hear, and he must say a last farewell.

Scheiden und Meiden MAHLER

Goodbye, say the three horsemen riding through the gate. Goodbye, says the sweetheart sadly from her window. Give me your ring if we must part. It's always goodbye, to sweethearts and children—if we can't meet today, it must be tomorrow! Partings are so sad. Goodbye, Goodbye!

INTERMISSION

Ce que je suis sans toi CHARLES GOUNOD
(1818-1893)

As droops the ivy, rudely torn from yonder oak where-to 'twas clinging, lowly now, frail and forlorn, with every zephyr idly swinging, so droops my soul, bereft of thee! Oh, my love, go no more from me!

Like some poor bird whom daylight calls to soar with song to heaven's dominion, e'en as he flies, wounded he falls, mourning, alas, his broken pinion, so droops my soul

Borne on a dark and angry tide, with wind and wave in fierce commotion, some lonely bark, no hand to guide, aimlessly drifts upon the ocean, so drifts my soul

Serenade GOUNOD

When the voice of thy lute at the eve charmeth the ear, in the hour of enchantment believe that I murmur near, that the tune can the Age of Gold with its magic, restore. Ah! Play on, play on, my fair one, play on for evermore.

When thy laugh, like the song of the dawn riseth so gay, that the shadows of Night are withdrawn and melt away, I remember my years of care and misgiving no more. Ah! Laugh on for evermore.

When thy sleep, like the moonlight above, lulling the sea, doth enwind thee in visions of love, perchance of me, I can watch as in dreams that enthralled me never before! Ah! Sleep on, sleep on, my fair one, sleep on for evermore.

Prends garde GOUNOD

She is a beautiful girl to behold! Her eyes are blue, but her heart is black! Do not believe her! She lies, alas! Her face seems pure and radiant, but what a glint lies in her eyes! Her beautiful hair is golden, but beware of her heart, false, alas!

Bolero GOUNOD

Ah, how I pity your passion, dear treasure of my heart, when, in the cool of the evening you come under my window to sing of your sweet hopes. Ill may befall you if, in the cool of the evening you come to sit here, beware of the dark night. May your sighing voice reproach my mockery; as I can only laugh, you can keep your love! She who loves you must be enslaved by these mad passions! As for me, I want to remain unfettered to revel in these glorious days!

Let beauty awake RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
(1872-1958)

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams. Beauty awake from rest! Let Beauty awake for Beauty's sake, in the hour when birds awake in the brake and the stars are bright in the West!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day, awake in the crimson eve! In the day's dusk end when the shades ascend, let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend, to render again and receive.

Tired VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper holding you in my arms, glad that you lie so near at last. This sheltering midnight is our meeting place, no passion or despair or hope divide me from your side. I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face, I shall remember shadows growing deeper as the fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

Silent Noon VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, the finger points look through like rosy blooms: your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms 'neath billowing skies that scatter and amass. All round our nest, far as the eye can pass, are golden kingcup fields with silver edge, where the cowparsley skirts the hawthorn hedge. 'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass. Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragonfly hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky: so this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above. O clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower, this close companion'd inarticulate hour, when twofold silence was the song—the song of love.

Linden Lea VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed, by the oak trees' mossy moot; the shining grass blades, timber shaded, now do quiver under foot; and birds do whistle overhead and water's bubbling in its bed; and there for me, the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were aspring, now do fade within the copse, and painted birds do hush their singing up upon the timber tops; and brown leaved fruits aturning red in cloudless sunshine overhead, with fruit for me, the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster, in the air of darkroom'd towns; I don't dread a peevish master, though no man may heed my frowns. I be free to go abroad, or take again my homeward road to where, for me, the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Angel, Deutsche Grammophon, Philips, Turnabout, London, Nonesuch, Vanguard, and RCA Records.

About the Artists

Dame Janet Baker, only the sixth singer to be awarded the title of Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire, was well-known in the United States, through her many recordings, long before her debut here. That auspicious occasion took place in 1966 and she has returned annually for recital appearances in the major music centers of North America, including New York's Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., Chicago's Orchestra Hall, the Los Angeles Music Center, and Boston's Symphony Hall. Although primarily known in this country as a recitalist and soloist with orchestra, Dame Janet Baker has also received great acclaim in Europe as an operatic artist. She has performed roles in Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*, Handel's *Julius Caesar*, Massenet's *Werther*, and Gluck's *Alceste*. In April she will perform the title role in Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* at the London Coliseum, and in July performs one of her greatest roles, Orfeo in Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, at Glyndebourne. Her recent recordings include Verdi's Requiem with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Berlioz's *Beatrice and Benedict*, and Bach's Mass in B minor and St. Matthew Passion.

Born in York and trained in London, Dame Janet Baker has received many honors, among them seven honorary Doctor of Music degrees, including Oxford and London, the Shakespeare Prize in Hamburg, and the Grand Prix des Affaires Culturelles in Paris. In 1979 she was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, and in 1980 she received the Honorary Degree, Doctor of Laws, Aberdeen.

Martin Isepp was born in Vienna and emigrated to England in 1938 where he began his career as accompanist in the London studio of his mother Helen Isepp, the distinguished voice teacher, notably, of Dame Janet Baker. Since then he has accompanied many of the world's leading singers on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Isepp spent five winters in the United States, concertizing and heading the Opera Training Department and Vocal Literature classes at The Juilliard School. He has participated as harpsichordist with the Handel Opera Society and at the Handel Festival at the Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C. He returned to England and has been appointed head of the Opera Centre in London as well as Chief Festival Coach of the Glyndebourne Festival Opera.

Dame Janet Baker returns for her second Ann Arbor recital; Mr. Isepp's appearance this afternoon marks his Ann Arbor debut.

Coming Events

OAKLAND BALLET COMPANY	Mon.-Wed. Jan. 25-27
ANTHONY DI BONAVENTURA, <i>Pianist</i> (free admission)	Fri. Jan. 29
World première—Alberto Ginastera's Piano Sonata No. 2	
SOFIA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA	Thurs. Feb. 4
CARLOS MONTOYA, <i>Guitarist</i>	Sat. Feb. 6
ORPHEUS CHAMBER ENSEMBLE	Sun. Feb. 7
FOUNDERS DAY CONCERT (free admission)	Sun. Feb. 14
VERSAILLES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA	Thurs. Feb. 18
PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY	Tues. & Wed. Mar. 2, 3
DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA	Fri. Mar. 5
ERICH BERGEL, <i>Conductor</i> ; RADU LUPU, <i>Pianist</i>	
HEINZ HOLLIGER, <i>Oboist</i>	Sun. Mar. 7
MARCEL MARCEAU, <i>Mime</i>	Thurs.-Sat. Mar. 11-13
JURY'S IRISH CABARET	Tues. Mar. 16
PETER SERKIN, <i>Pianist</i>	Thurs. Mar. 18
TOKYO STRING QUARTET	Sat. Mar. 20
MAURIZIO POLLINI, <i>Pianist</i>	Wed. Mar. 24
TEDD JOSELSON, <i>Pianist</i>	Thurs. Apr. 1
FACULTY ARTISTS CONCERT (free admission)	Sun. Apr. 4
PENNSYLVANIA BALLET	Mon.-Wed. Apr. 19-21
89TH ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL	Wed.-Sat. Apr. 28-May 1

The Philadelphia Orchestra at all concerts; the University Choral Union; *Conductors*: Eugene Ormandy and Aldo Ceccato; *Soloists*: Sherrill Milnes, Yo-Yo Ma, Bella Davidovich, Susan Starr, Louise Russell, Lorna Myers, and Henry Price.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

Phone: 665-3717, 764-2538