

# UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

## ARLEEN AUGER

Soprano

STEVEN BLIER, Pianist

Sunday Afternoon, October 27, 1991, at 4:00  
Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

- |  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Der Knabe (Friedrich Schlegel), D. 692                     | Franz Schubert |
| Im Frühling (Ernst Schulze), D. 882                        | (1797-1878)    |
| Wehmut (Matthäus von Collin), D. 772                       |                |
| Gretchen am Spinnrade (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe), D. 118 |                |
| Frühlingsglaube (Johann Ludwig Uhland), D. 686             |                |
| Ganymed (Johannes Wolfgang von Goethe), D. 544             |                |
| Four Mignon Songs (Goethe)                                 | Hugo Wolf      |
| Heiss mich nicht reden                                     | (1860-1903)    |
| Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt                                |                |
| So lasst mich scheinen                                     |                |
| Kennst du das Land   |                |

### INTERMISSION

- |   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| Sure on this shining night (James Agee),<br>Op. 13, No. 2 | Samuel Barber<br>(1910-1981) |
| Sleep now (James Joyce), Op. 10, No. 2                    |                              |
| Nocturne (Frederic Prokosch), Op. 13, No. 4               |                              |
| Four Songs on Emily Dickinson texts                       | Aaron Copland                |
| Going to Heaven   | (1900-1990)                  |
| Heart, we will forget him                                 |                              |
| Why do they shut me out of heaven?                        |                              |
| There came a wind like a bugle                            |                              |
| Snake (Theodore Roethke)                                  | Ned Rorem                    |
| The Silver Swan (Orlando Gibbons)                         | (b. 1923)                    |
| The Nightingale (about 1500 A.D.)                         |                              |
| Rain in Spring (Paul Goodman)                             |                              |
| Early in the Morning (Robert Hillyer)                     |                              |
| A Birthday (Christina Rossetti)                           |                              |
| The Serpent (Theodore Roethke)                            | Lee Hoiby<br>(b. 1926)       |

The Musical Society wishes to thank Richard LeSueur for this afternoon's Philips Pre-concert Presentation.  
Arleen Auger is represented by Columbia Artists Management Inc., New York City.  
Steven Blier plays the Steinway piano available through Hammell Music, Inc., Livonia.  
The box office in the outer lobby is open during intermission for tickets to upcoming Musical Society concerts.



FRANZ SCHUBERT

**Der Knabe, D. 692 (Schlegel)**

Wenn ich nur ein Vöglein wäre,  
 Ach, wie wollt ich lustig fliegen,  
 Alle Vögel weit besiegen.  
 Wenn ich so ein Vogel bin  
 Darf ich alles haschen  
 Und die höchsten Kirschen naschen.  
 Fliege dann zur Mutter hin.  
 Ist sie böß in ihrem Sinn,  
 Kann ich lieb mich an sie schmiegen,  
 Ihren Ernst gar bald besiegen.  
 Bunte Federn, leichte Flügel  
 Dürft ich in der Sonne schwingen,  
 Dass die Lüfte laut erklingen,  
 Weiss nichts mehr von Band und Zügel.  
 Wär ich über jene Hügel,  
 Ach, dann wollt ich lustig fliegen,  
 Alle Vögel weit besiegen.

**Im Frühling (Schulze)**

Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,  
 Der Himmell ist so klar,  
 Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,  
 Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsastrahl  
 Einst, ach so glücklich war;  
 Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging  
 So traulich und so nah,  
 Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell  
 Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,  
 Und sie im Himmel sah.  
 Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon  
 Aus Knosp und Blüte blickt!  
 Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,  
 Am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig,  
 Von welchem sie gepflückt!  
 Denn alles ist wie damals noch,  
 Die Blumen, das Gefild;  
 Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,  
 Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell  
 Das blaue Himmelsbild.  
 Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,  
 Es wechseln Lust und Streit;  
 Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,  
 Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,  
 Die Lieb und ach, das Leid!  
 O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur  
 Dort an dem Wiesenhang,  
 Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier,  
 Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,  
 Den ganzen Sommer lang.

**The Boy**

If only I were a bird,  
 Ah, how joyfully I would fly,  
 Far outstripping all other birds.  
 If I were a bird  
 I could get everything  
 And nibble the highest cherries.  
 Then I'd fly back to mother.  
 If she were angry  
 I could nestle sweetly up to her  
 And soon overcome her sternness.  
 Colored feathers, light wings,  
 I could flap them in the sunlight.  
 So that the air resounded loudly,  
 I would no longer be curbed and shackled.  
 If I were beyond those hills,  
 Ah, how joyfully I would fly,  
 Far outstripping all other birds.

**In Spring**

Silently, I sit on the hillside,  
 the heavens are so clear,  
 the breeze plays in the green valley,  
 where, in spring's first gleam,  
 I was once, ah, so happy.  
 Where at her side I walked,  
 so fondly and so close,  
 and, deep in the dark rocky stream,  
 saw the fair heavens blue and bright,  
 and in the heavens her too.  
 See, how gaily-colored spring  
 peeps from bud to blossom!  
 All blossom is not alike to me,  
 most gladly from that branch I'd pick  
 from which she once picked.  
 For all is still as once it was,  
 the flowers and the field;  
 no less brightly shines the sun,  
 and no less kindly in the stream  
 heaven's blue image floats.  
 Will and delusion, they only change,  
 joy alternates with quarrel,  
 happiness of love flies by,  
 and love alone remains,  
 love, and ah, the pain.  
 Oh, if only I were a tiny bird,  
 there on the meadow's bank,  
 then on these branches here I'd stay,  
 and sing a sweet song of her,  
 all the summer through.



**Wehmut, D. 772 (Collin)**

Wenn ich durch Wald und Fluren geh',  
es wird mir dann so wohl und weh  
in unruhvoller Brust.  
So wohl, so weh, wenn ich die Au  
in ihrer Schönheit Fülle schau',  
und all die Frühlingslust.  
Denn was im Winde tönend weht,  
was aufgetürmt gen Himmel steht,  
und auch der Mensch, so hold vertraut  
mit all' der Schönheit, die er schaut,  
entschwindet und vergeht.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe)**

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.  
Wo ich ihn nicht hab,  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.  
Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.  
Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.  
Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.  
Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!  
Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin;  
Ach, dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,  
Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt!

**Frühlingsglaube, D. 686 (Uhland)**

Die linden Lüfte sing erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

**Melancholy**

When I walk through wood and field,  
so happy then I feel and sad  
in my restless heart.  
So happy, so sad, when I see  
the meadow in its full beauty,  
and all the joy of spring.  
For what blows sonorous in the wind,  
what stands towering to heaven,  
and man too, so familiar  
with all the beauty that he sees,  
vanishes and dies.

**Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel**

My peace is gone,  
my heart is sore,  
never shall I find  
peace ever more.  
Where he is not,  
there is my grave,  
all the world  
to me is gall.  
My poor head  
is crazed,  
my poor wits  
destroyed.  
Only for him I gaze  
from the window,  
only for him I go  
from the house.  
His superior walk,  
his noble air,  
his smiling mouth,  
his compelling eyes.  
And his words —  
their magic flow,  
the caress of his hand,  
and ah, his kiss!  
My heart craves  
for him;  
oh, to clasp  
and to hold,  
and kiss him,  
just as I liked,  
and in his kisses  
pass away!

**Spring Faith**

Gentle breezes are awake,  
murmuring, stirring night and day,  
everywhere active, creative.  
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sounds!  
Now, poor heart, be not afraid.  
Now must all things, all things change.



Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden;  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

**Ganymed, D. 544 (Goethe)**

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht  
In diesen Arm!  
Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm, ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach, wohin?  
Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In euerm Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfassen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

Daily the world grows fairer,  
what may yet come, we do not know,  
to blooming there is no end;  
the farthest, deepest valley blooms:  
now, poor heart, forget your torment.  
Now must all things, all things change.

**Ganymede**

How in the morning radiance  
you glow upon me all around,  
Spring, beloved!  
With thousandfold love-bliss  
to my heart presses itself  
your eternal warmth's  
sacred touch,  
unending beauty!  
That I might clasp you  
in these arms!  
Ah, at your bosom  
I lie, languish,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press themselves to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst of my bosom,  
lovely morning wind!  
The nightingale calls me  
lovingly from the valley vale.  
I come, I come!  
Where? Ah, where?  
Upwards! Upwards it strives.  
The clouds float  
downward, the clouds  
bow themselves to longing love.  
To me! To me!  
In your lap,  
Upwards!  
Embracing embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
All-loving Father!

HUGO WOLF

**Four Mignon Songs (von Goethe)**

**Heiss mich nicht reden**

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss' mich  
schweigen  
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;  
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre  
zeigen,  
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.  
Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne  
Lauf  
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich  
erhellen;

**Bid Me not Speak**

Bid me not speak, bid me be  
silent  
for I am bound to secrecy;  
you would I show all that is  
within,  
but fate will not have it so.  
At the due time the sun's career  
banishes  
dark night, and it must grow  
light;



Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,  
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die  
tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes  
Ruh,  
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich  
ergiessen;  
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die  
Lippen zu,  
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie  
aufzuschliessen.

### Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,  
Weiss, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude  
Seh ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,  
Weiss, was ich leide!

### So lasst mich scheinen

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde;  
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!  
Ich eile von der schönen Erde  
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.  
Dort ruh ich eine kleine  
Stille,  
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;  
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,  
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.  
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,  
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,  
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten  
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.  
Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und Mühe,  
Doch fühlt ich tiefen Schmerz genug.  
Vor Kummer altert ich zu frühe —  
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

### Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen  
blühn,  
im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen  
glühn,  
ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel  
weht,  
die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer  
steht?

the unyielding rock unlocks its bosom,  
Grudges not the earth her deep-hid  
springs.

Everyone, in a friend's arms, seeks  
peace,  
there the heart can pour forth its  
complaint;  
but an oath seals tight my  
lips,  
a god alone can open  
them.

### Only One Who Knows Longing

Only one who knows longing  
can understand what I suffer!  
Alone and bereft  
of all joy,  
I look at the sky  
yonder.  
Ah, he who loves and understands me  
is far away.  
I faint. Fire burns  
within me.  
Only one who knows longing  
can understand what I suffer!

### So Let Me Seem

So let me seem, until I become so;  
do not divest me of my white garment!  
I am hastening from the beautiful earth  
down to that impregnable house.  
There I shall rest a little while in  
tranquillity,  
then a fresh vision will open up;  
I shall leave behind then the pure raiment,  
the girdle and the wreath.  
And those heavenly beings do not  
concern themselves with man and woman,  
and no garments, no robes,  
cover the transfigured body.  
True, I have lived without trouble and toil,  
yet I have felt deep pain enough,  
Through sorrow I have aged too early —  
O make me forever young again!

### Do You Know the Land

Do you know the land, where the  
lemons blossom,  
the oranges glow golden amongst dark  
leaves,  
a gentle wind blows from the blue  
sky,  
the myrtle stands silent, the laurel  
tall?



Kennst du es wohl? Dahin, dahin  
möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter,  
ziehn!

Kennst du das Haus, auf Säulen ruht  
sein Dach,  
es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das  
Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn  
mich an:

was hat man dir, du armes Kind,  
getan?

Kennst du es wohl? Dahin, dahin  
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer,  
ziehn!

Kennst du den Berg und seinen  
Wolkensteg?

Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen  
Weg,

In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte  
Brut,

es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die  
Flut:

kennst du ihn wohl? Dahin! dahin  
geht unser Weg; o Vater,  
lass uns ziehn!

Do you know it? There, there  
would I go with you, my  
love!

Do you know the house? On pillars rests  
its roof,  
its hall gleams, its apartment  
shimmers,  
and marble statues stand and gaze at  
me:

What have they done to you, poor  
child?

Do you know it? There, there  
would I go with you, my  
protector!

Do you know the mountain and its  
cloudy path?

The mule seeks its way in the  
mist,

in caves the ancient brood of dragons  
dwells,

the rock falls sheer, and over it,  
the flood;

do you know it? There, there  
lies our way! O father,  
let us go!

## Songs by American Composers

### SAMUEL BARBER

#### **Sure on this shining night** **Op. 13, No. 2 (Agee)**

Sure on this shining night  
Of star-made shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder, wand'ring far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

#### **Sleep now, Op. 10, No. 2 (Joyce)**

Sleep now, O sleep now,  
O you unquiet heart!  
A voice crying "Sleep now"  
Is heard in my heart.  
The voice of the winter  
Is heard at the door.  
O sleep, for the winter,  
Is crying, "Sleep no more,

sleep no more, sleep no more!"  
My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart  
Sleep on in peace now,  
O you unquiet heart!

#### **Nocturne, Op. 13, No. 4 (Prokosch)**

Close my darling both your eyes,  
Let your arms lie still at last.  
Calm the lake of falsehood lies  
And the wind of lust has passed,  
Waves across these hopeless sands  
Fill my heart and end my day,  
Underneath your moving hands  
All my aching flows away.  
Even the human pyramids  
Blaze with such a longing now:  
Close, my love, your trembling lids,  
Let the midnight heal your brow.  
Northward flames Orion's horn,  
Westward th'Egyptian light.  
None to watch us, none to warn  
But the blind eternal night.



AARON COPLAND

Four songs on texts by Emily Dickinson

**Going to Heaven!**

(To Lukas Foss)

*A kind of spiritual that ends in disillusion.  
The poet cannot believe in it but she  
is glad that others did.*

Going to Heaven!

I don't know when

Pray do not ask me how

Indeed I'm too astonished

To think of answering you.

Going to Heaven!

How dim it sounds.

And yet it will be done

As sure as flocks go home at night

Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!

Who knows?

If you should get there first

Save just a little place for me

Close to the two I lost

The smallest "robe" will fit me

And just a bit of "crown"

For you know we do not mind our dress

When we are going home.

Going to Heaven!

I'm glad I don't believe it

For it would stop my breath

And I'd like to look a little more

At such a curious earth.

I'm glad they did believe it

Whom I have never found

Since the mighty autumn afternoon,

I left them in the ground.

**Heart, we will forget him**

(To Marcelle de Manziarly)

*A love song but, as in Old Poem and  
Poet's Song, sad with reminiscences.*

Heart, we will forget him.

You and I, tonight.

You may forget the warmth he gave.

I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,

That I my thoughts may dim

Haste, lest while you're lagging,

I may remember him.

**Why do they shut me out of heaven**

(To Ingolf Dahl)

*A recitative with suggestions of blue notes.*

Why do they shut me out of Heaven,

Did I sing too loud?

But I can say a little minor,

Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me

Just once more.

Just see if I troubled them,

But don't shut the door.

Oh, if I were the gentlemen

In the white robes

And they were the little hand that knocked,

Could I forbid?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven,

Did I sing too loud?

**There came a wind like a bugle**

(To Elliott Carter)

*A stormy scene of terrifying intensity,  
with church bells ringing.*

There came a wind like a bugle

It quivered through the grass,

And a green chill upon the heat

So ominous did pass.

We barred the window and the doors

As from an emerald ghost

The doom's electric moccasin

That very instant passed.

On a strange mob of panting trees

And fences fled away.

And rivers where the houses ran

The living looked that day,

The bell within the steeple wild

The flying tidings whirled.

How much can come

And much can go,

And yet abide the world.



### Snake (Roethke)

I saw a young snake glide  
Out of the mottled shade  
And hang, limp on a stone:  
A thin mouth, and a tongue  
Stayed, in the still air.

It turned; it drew away;  
Its shadow bent in half;  
It quickened and was gone.

I felt my slow blood warm.  
I longed to be that thing,  
The pure, sensuous form.  
And I may be, some time.

### The Silver Swan (Gibbons)

The silver swan, who living had no note,  
When death approached unlocked her  
    silent throat;  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last,  
    and sung no more;  
Farewell, all joys; O death, come close  
    my eyes;  
More geese than swans now live,  
    more fools than wise.

### The Nightingale (about 1500 A.D.)

The little pretty nightingale  
Among the leaves so green  
Would I were with her all the night!  
But ye know not whom I mean,  
But ye know not whom I mean!  
The nightingale sat on a briar  
Among the thorns so keen  
And comforted my heart's desire  
But ye know not whom I mean,  
Ye know not whom I mean.  
It did me good on her to look;  
She was all clothed in green.  
Away from me her heart she took  
But ye know not whom I mean.  
"Lady," I cried with rueful moan,  
Mind ye how true I have been.  
For I loved but you alone  
Yet ye know not whom I mean,  
Yet ye know not whom I mean.

### Rain in Spring (Goodman)

There fell a beautiful clear rain  
With no admixture of fog or snow  
And this was and no other thing  
The very sign of the start of Spring.  
Not the longing for a lover  
Nor the sentiment of starting over,  
But this clear and refreshing rain  
Falling without haste or strain.

### Early in the Morning (Hillyer)

Early in the morning  
Of a lovely summer day,  
As they lowered the bright awning  
At the outdoor cafe,  
I was breakfasting on croissants  
And *café au lait*  
Under greenery like scenery,  
Rue François Premier.  
They were hosing the hot pavement  
With a dash of flashing spray  
And a smell of summer showers  
When the dust is drenched away.  
Under greenery like scenery,  
Rue François Premier.  
I was twenty and a lover  
And in Paradise to stay,  
Very early in the morning  
Of a lovely summer day.

### A Birthday (Rossetti)

My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple-tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.  
Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.



American soprano Arleen Auger is acclaimed worldwide in recital, concert, recordings, and on the operatic stage. She has performed in over 50 major European and American festivals and has made 13 worldwide recital tours. Her collaborations with conductors such as Abbado, Bernstein, Böhm, Chailly, Haitink, Hogwood, Maazel, Masur, Muti, Ozawa, Pinnock, Rattle, Solti, and Tennstedt, composers Ned Rorem and Libby Larsen, and pianists Misha Dichter, Murray Perahia, and Roger Vignoles continue to be lauded, as does the luminous quality of her voice and her superb musicianship.

Like several of America's most distinguished singers, Miss Auger, who was born in Los Angeles, enjoyed her first major successes in Europe. Since her Vienna State Opera Debut as Queen of the Night in a 1967 production of *The Magic Flute*, she has become a familiar figure in the world's most prestigious concert halls and opera houses, including the Metropolitan Opera, La Scala, Vienna State Opera, Carnegie Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, the Concertgebouw, and Royal Festival Hall. In 1986, Miss Auger was seen by over 700 million television viewers as she sang Mozart's *Exsultate, jubilate* at the Royal Wedding of Britain's Prince Andrew and Miss Sarah Ferguson, the Duke and Duchess of York.

Arleen Auger's discography, ranging from Bach to Schoenberg, numbers over 170



recordings on more than ten labels and has been distinguished by awards including the Grand Prix du Disque, the Edison Prize, the Deutscher Schallplattenpreis, the Ovation Award, and Grammy nominations. Included in the discography are 40 albums of Bach cantatas and other sacred music with the renowned Bach specialist, Helmuth Rilling.

Among Miss Auger's recent recording releases are Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* with Hickox and the City of London Sinfonia (Virgin), Mozart's *Mass in C Minor*

## LEE HOIBY

### The Serpent (Roethke)

There was a Serpent who had to sing.  
There was. There was.  
He simply gave up Serpentine.  
Because. Because.  
He didn't like his Kind of Life;  
He couldn't find a proper Wife;  
He was a Serpent with a soul;  
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.  
And so, of course, he had to Sing,  
And Sing he did, like Anything!  
The Birds, they were, they were astounded;  
And various Measures Propounded  
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:

They bought a Drum. He wouldn't  
Whack it.

They sent, — you always send, — to Cuba  
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;  
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,  
But Nothing would suit.  
He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:  
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."  
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note  
That practically split the top of His Throat.  
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,  
"I'm serious about my Singing Career!"  
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek  
As the Birds flew off to the End of Next Week.



with Hogwood and the Academy of Ancient Music (Decca), Mozart's *Don Giovanni* with Oestman and the Drottningholm Opera Orchestra and Chorus (Decca), *The Complete Songs of Franz Schubert Vol IX* with pianist Graham Johnson (Hyperion), and Haydn's *Creation* with Rattle and the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra (EMI). Due to be released are Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* and *Exsultate, jubilate* with Leonard Bernstein and the Bavarian Radio Orchestra (DGG), Handel's *Orlando* with Hogwood and the Academy of Ancient Music (Decca), and Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* with Abbado and the Berlin Philharmonic (Sony).

Arleen Auger began her 1991-92 season performing Mozart's *Requiem* in Philadelphia and Carnegie Hall with The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Riccardo Muti, and next month (November 21, 22, 23), she returns to our area to sing an all-Mozart program with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra conducted by Raymond Leppard. She is featured in an all-Mozart program of chamber music with Murray Perahia at Carnegie Hall and in Chicago, Vienna, Paris, and London, and also performs chamber works with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. The 92nd Street "Y" presents Miss Auger in recital with pianist Warren Jones as she begins a recital tour of the southern United States presenting a program of American music. She then joins Michael Tilson Thomas and the New World Symphony Orchestra in Miami to perform Copland's *Emily Dickinson Songs*.

Also this season, Miss Auger performs with orchestras in Birmingham, London, Hamburg, Salzburg, Vienna, Zürich, Munich, Stuttgart, and Bonn, and gives recitals in Italy, Belgium, Germany, Finland, and Switzerland, among others. On December 5, 1991, Miss Auger sings Mozart's *Requiem* with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Sir Georg Solti in a concert that commemorates the exact 200th anniversary of Mozart's death. Finally, Miss Auger rounds out her season with a tour of the Far East for song recitals and performances in Japan with the NHK Orchestra.



Ann Arbor concertgoers remember Arleen Auger's Ann Arbor debut in 1987, when she sang Mozart's *Exultate, jubilate* and in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with Kurt Masur and the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra. She now gives her first Ann Arbor recital.





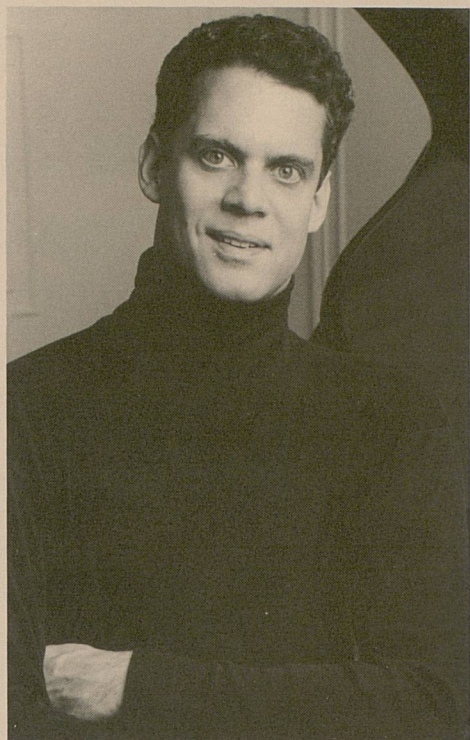
Steven Blier is an eminent accompanist and vocal coach, whose career has taken him to the stages of Carnegie Hall, the Ravinia Festival, Israel's Jerusalem Festival, and Avery Fisher Hall for the Mostly Mozart Festival. Among the many artists he has partnered in recital are Evelyn Lear, Thomas Stewart, Catherine Malfitano, John Cheek, and Roberta Peters. In the current season, he makes his first appearances with Maureen Forrester, Arleen Auger, and June Anderson. He has also assisted such artists as Luciano Pavarotti and Joan Morris in their musical preparation for orchestral engagements.

Mr. Blier is founder and co-artistic director of the New York Festival of Song. The Festival's second season opened in September 1989 with the United States premiere of Leonard Bernstein's last work, *Arias and Barcarolles*, which was broadcast by National Public Radio. Their recording of this work for Koch International Classics won a 1991 Grammy Award. Two of his concerts from the 1990-91 season were also taped by NPR: "Unquiet Peace," featuring songs of Zemlinsky, Eisler, and Weill, with soprano Cyndia Sieden, and "Ticket to Ride," devoted to the songs of Lennon and McCartney, sung by Marsha Hunter and Brian Kent.

One of Mr. Blier's primary musical collaborations has been his long-term partnership with baritone William Sharp. Highlights of their musical teamwork have included taking first prize in the Carnegie Hall American Music Competition in September 1987, their Carnegie Hall recital debut in February 1989, and a 1990 Grammy Award nomination for their debut recital album on New World Records. Their recordings also include discs of songs by Bernstein, Gershwin, and Blitzstein. Mr. Blier's scheduled releases for this year are recordings of Ives, Pfitzner, Schoeck, and Busoni with Mr. Sharp, South American songs with the 1985 Naumberg Award winner Christopher Trakas, and two albums of British songs with Glen Siebert.

Music consultant for this year's Richard Tucker Gala Concert at Avery Fisher Hall, in its first all-American music program, he will also be pianist for Samuel Ramey and Dolora Zajick that evening.

Mr. Blier first came to prominence as accompanist and arranger for the noted cabaret singer Martha Schlamme. His repertoire



extends to a solo program of ragtime, blues, and stride piano pieces by composers ranging from Copland to Eubie Blake. His renditions of William Bolcom's *Ghost Rags* were broadcast by NPR, and the Canadian Broadcasting Company televised his performance of music by James P. Johnson this past summer. A champion of American music, he has premiered works by Aaron Kernis, Bolcom, Lee Hoiby, and John Musto.

Teaching has taken Steven Blier to the Aspen Music Festival and the Chautauqua Festival. He has also given master classes at colleges and music festivals across the country. Just last week, he conducted a master class on American Song Literature at the Manhattan School of Music during faculty member Marlena Kleinman Malas' Third Annual Malas Classes; other master teachers were Warren Jones and Stephen Wadsworth.

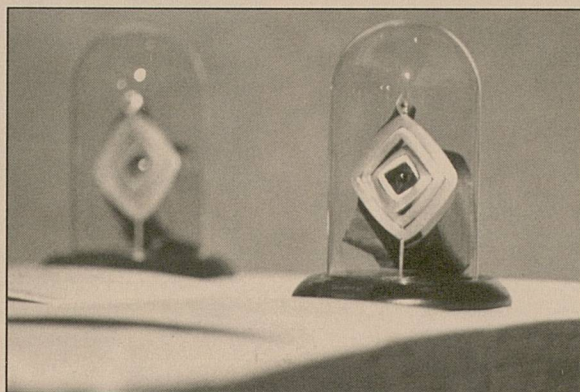
Currently on the faculty of the State University of New York at Purchase, Mr. Blier, a native New Yorker, completed his undergraduate degree at Yale University, where his teacher was Alexander Farkas. After graduating with an Honors Degree in English Literature, he continued his studies at Juilliard with Martin Isepp.

The pianist now makes his Ann Arbor debut in partnership with Arleen Auger.



# The University Musical Society is proud to accept The 1991 Governors' Arts Organization Award

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*The Award — designed by Matthew C. Hoffmann*

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Detroit, Michigan  
Monday, November 4, 1991**