

The University Musical Society

of
The University of Michigan



Presents

BEVERLY SILLS

Soprano

CHARLES WADSWORTH *at the piano*

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1971, AT 8:30

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

P R O G R A M

"Non disperar"
"V'adoro Pupille"
"Da Tempeste" } from *Julius Caesar* HANDEL

Ich schwebe
Breit über mein Haupt
Amor
Als mir dein Lied erklang } RICHARD STRAUSS

Recitative and Gavotte from *Manon* MASSENET

INTERMISSION

Chansons de Ronsard MILHAUD
A une fontaine
A Cupidon
Tais-toi babillards
Dieu vous gard'

"Una voce poco fa" from *The Barber of Seville* ROSSINI

"Eccomi in lieta veste; O quante volte" from *I Capuleti ed I Montecchi* BELLINI

"O luce di quest'anima" from *Linda di Chamounix* DONIZETTI

RCA Victor Records; Westminster Records

PROGRAM NOTES

Three arias from *Julius Caesar* HANDEL

Non desperar: Do not despair. Though this kingdom will not be yours, you will have fortune in love. Gaze upon your beauty and you will find a heart to comfort you.

V'adoro Pupille: I look in your eyes and see love.

Da Tempeste: When broken by the storms, the ship comes safely to harbor; the sailor has no other desire. So the heart, torn with suffering and tears, brings ecstasy to the soul when it is finally comforted.

Ich schwebe (Poem by Karl Henckell) R. STRAUSS

I am walking on air;
my foot scarcely touches the earth.
In my ears I hear ringing sounds
like my sweetheart's goodbye.
It sounds so lovely, gentle and low,
it speaks so shyly, soft and pure;
lightly the echoing melody
lulls me into deep happy dreams.
My glistening eye, while
the sweetest of melodies fills me,
sees plainly and clearly
my smiling love passing by.

Breit über mein Haupt (Poem by A. F. von Schack) R. STRAUSS

Spread your black hair over my head,
Bow your face to me,
The light from your eyes, brilliant and clear,
illumines my soul.

I do not need the splendor of the sun
Nor the wreath of shining stars from the sky,
I need only the night of your dark locks
And the glowing light of your eyes.

Amor (Clemens Brentano Lied) R. STRAUSS

The child Cupid sat by the fire,
And he was blind.
He fans the flames with his little wings and smiles,
Fans and smiles, the sly child!
Ah, the child's wing burns,
Cupid runs quickly,
Oh, how the flame torments him!
Fluttering his wings, he cries loudly;
Crying for help, the sly child escapes into the shepherdess' lap
And the shepherdess comforts the child Cupid,
angry and blind.
Shepherdess, beware, your heart is aflame,
You did not recognize the imp.
Look, the flame is quickly growing.
Beware of the sly child!
Fan, smile, sly child.

Als mir dein Lied erklang (Clemens Brentano Lied) R. STRAUSS

I am drawn to the rose
Since I heard your song.

Your song resounds! The nightingales lament.
Oh the sweet song of peace.
The moon, attentive in the sky,
The stars and the roses,
Wherever I go must hear the plaint
Of him who heard your song.

Your song resounds! No tone was in vain.
The whole springtime, pulsing with love,
Plunged down, as you sang,
Into the yearning stream of my life.
In the setting sun,
Your song rang forth from me!

Recitative and Gavotte from *Manon* JULES MASSENET

Let us enjoy our youth . . . Spring passes fast enough.

Chansons de Ronsard DARIUS MILHAUD

A une fontaine

But listen, lively little fountain, who dost my thirst so oft appease, reclining here beneath the mountain, idle in the refreshing breeze.
When frugal summer is reclaiming the fruit of Ceres' bared breast, with ev'ry threshing floor exclaiming beneath the weight of her bequest.
O thus may thou remain forever, a sacred place for all those who, sick with life's eternal fever, share thy discourse, thy repose.
And may the moon at midnight, glancing upon the valley always see the nymphs that rally here for dancing to leap and bound in revelry.

A Cupidon

The day pursues the night, and evening's shades in turn put day to flight as sunlight fades, so summer yields to fall, no sound of thunder, no rain, nor windy squall bursts calm asunder. But the fever of love torments me still, a thing I can't remove, do what I will.
It was not at me, Boy, you should have aimed, some other might enjoy being thus maimed. Pursue some idle beaux whom it amuses, but neither me nor those loved of the muses.

Tais-toi, babillarde

Be still you noisy little thing, or I shall pluck your pretty wing first chance I get, or with one stroke I'll close for good that busy bill that prattles from the window sill and makes my morning sleep a joke.
There in my chimney make your nest, and sing all day without a rest, all evening too, I shall not chide, but in the morning please be fair, and let there be no music to steal Cassandra from my side.

Dieu vous gard'

God keep you, you who never fail to herald spring, lyric nightingale, swallows, cuckoos, happy peewees, you doves, wild birds now northward winging, who with a hundred kinds of singing animate the air and the trees.
God keep you in your lovely bowers, pretty roses, all fragrant flowers, and you, new bud, in whose soft vein flows blood of Ajax and Narcissus, and you, thyme, anis and melissa, may you always come back again.
God keep you, pretty company of butterflies who in the lea now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant food, and bees invading pretty bowers to steal the fruit of laden flowers and store it safe within the wood.
A thousand times I greet anew, your lovely, gentle spring debut, what lively thoughts does spring arouse with the sweet discourse of the stream, 'tis worth the winter's sombre dream which kept me shuttered in the house.

"Una voce poco fa" from *The Barber of Seville* GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

I hear a voice in the distance . . . it is the voice of my love, Lindoro.

"Eccomi in lieta veste"; "O quante volte"
from *I Capuleti ed I Montecchi* VINCENZO BELLINI

Here I am in happy raiment. Oh how many times, oh how many, I have wept, asking Heaven for you.

"O luce di quest'anima" from *Linda di Chamounix* GAETANO DONIZETTI

Oh light of my soul. I turn to you with delighted love. We'll be united forever on heaven and earth. Come, dearest one, and rest; inside a heart sighs for your love and lives alone for you.

INTERNATIONAL PRESENTATIONS-1971

FESTIVAL WINDS	Tuesday, February 2
ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER	Friday, February 12
Lecture-demonstration Thursday, February 11. Tickets: \$1.00.	
ISAAC STERN, <i>Violinist</i>	2:30, Sunday, February 21
GUARNERI STRING QUARTET	Thursday, February 25
MENUHIN FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA	Wednesday, March 10
YEHUDI MENUHIN, <i>Conductor and soloist</i>	
MUNICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA	Friday, March 12
HANS STADLMAIR, <i>Conductor</i>	
MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH, <i>Cellist</i>	Monday, March 15
SIBERIAN DANCERS AND SINGERS OF OMSK	Saturday, March 27

The ANN ARBOR
May Festival

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA IN ALL CONCERTS

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 8:30 P.M.

EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor; LEONTYNE PRICE, Soprano—"Dove sono" from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart); "Ritorna Vincitor" from *Aida* (Verdi); Four Last Songs (Strauss); "Pace, pace" from *La Forza del Destino* (Verdi). Two Portraits (Bartók); Symphony No. 8 in B minor (Schubert); "Till Eulenspiegel" (Strauss).

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 8:30 P.M.

THOR JOHNSON, Conductor. "Sea Symphony" (Vaughan Williams) with THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION, MARALIN NISKA, Soprano; and DONALD BELL, Bass. BARBARA NISSMAN, Pianist, in Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini (Rachmaninoff).

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 8:30 P.M.

EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor. All orchestral program: Sinfonietta (Janacek); "La Mer" (Debussy); and Symphony No. 5 in B-flat major (Prokofieff).

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 2:30 P.M.

THOR JOHNSON, Conductor. "Great" Mass in F-Minor (Bruckner), with THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION; MARALIN NISKA, Soprano; ELEANOR FELVER, Contralto; JOHN STEWART, Tenor; and DONALD BELL, Bass. CHRISTOPHER PARKENING, Guitarist.

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 8:30 P.M.

EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor. ANDRÉ WATTS, Pianist, in Concerto No. 2 in B-flat (Brahms). Toccata, Adagio and Fugue (Bach); "Enigma" Variations (Elgar).

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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