



100 Years
of Great
Performances

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Marilyn Horne

Soprano

DALTON BALDWIN, *Pianist*

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 12, 1979, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

P R O G R A M

Widmung (Rückert) ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810–1856)

You, my soul, you my heart, you my joy, you my grief; you my world in which I live, my heaven you, into which I soar; O you my grave in which I bury forever my sorrows. You are rest, you are consolation; you are given to me by heaven; that you love me makes me worthy in my own eyes; your glance transfigures me in my own sight; you raise me lovingly above myself—my guardian spirit, my better self.*

Aus den hebräischen Gesängen SCHUMANN

Take your harp, David, and play for me. My heart is so heavy it will surely break unless your music lets the healing tears flow from my eyes.

Die Kartenlegerin (von Chamisso) SCHUMANN

Has mother finally gone to sleep over her book of sermons? Needle, lie still! Sewing, eternal sewing—no! I am going to lay out the cards—well, what have I to look forward to? Well, what will the end be? If my premonition isn't false, the one I have in mind will appear. Fine, there he comes, the one—the Jack of Hearts knew his duty. A rich widow?—Woe! Yes, he woos her, I am undone! O the infamous scoundrel! Heartbreak and trouble! A school and narrow walls—the King of Diamonds, who pities me and at last wants to comfort me. A friendly gift—he abducts me—a journey—gold and pleasure in profusion! This King of Diamonds must be a prince of a king, and there is only a little something lacking for me to be a princess. Here an enemy is trying to make trouble for me with His Grace, and there is a blond fellow standing by. A secret comes to light and I flee just in time. Farewell glories! O that was a hard blow! The one is gone, a crowd gathers around me so thick that I can hardly count them. Does the irritable face, the old one with her coughing, come to blight my love and pleasure while I am still young? Ah! it's mother waking up, and she is opening her mouth to scold me—No, the cards don't lie!*

Auf einer Wanderung (Mörike) HUGO WOLF
(1860-1903)

I come into a friendly town. On its streets lies the red glow of evening; from an open window, above the richest array of flowers and beyond, one hears the sound of golden bells ringing, and a voice seems a choir of nightingales, that sets the blossoms quivering, brings breezes to life, makes the roses glow a brighter red. Long I stood amazed, breathless with delight. How I came out through the gate I myself do not truly know. Ah here, how bright the world is! The sky billows in clusters of crimson, behind me the town is a haze of gold; how the stream chatters among the alders, and the mill below! I am like one intoxicated, led astray. O muse, you have touched my heart with a breath of love!

Auch kleine Dinge (Heyse) WOLF

Even little things can delight us; even little things can be precious. Think with what pleasure we bedeck ourselves with pearls; they are very costly, yet very small. Think how small is the olive, and yet sought after for its excellence. Only think of the rose, how small it is, and yet so fragrant, as you know.*

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen (Heyse) WOLF

My beloved invited me to dinner, but had no house to receive me. There was no wood, no hearth, and the pot was broken. There was no wine and no glasses; the table was small, the tablecloth not better, the bread was hard and the knife blunt.

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung (Mörike) WOLF

The morning greeted me with a hint of death, but I clung to thee, O Hope, until the fight was won. I made an offering to all the gods, but forgot you. Oh forgive! Come forth, so that I may gaze, as a child, on the beauty of your face. Just once, close me in your arms!

“Giovanna d’Arco,” Cantata for Voice and Piano GIOACCHINI ROSSINI
(1792-1868)

This cantata was written for the composer’s favorite singer, Marietta Albone, who was Rossini’s pupil and one of the most famous singers of the 19th century.

Recitative: Night falls and adorns the entire world. Alone I keep watch and wait while a steed passes and a trumpet calls. I listen and hear nothing save the sound of the river and the murmuring of the wind. Everything is silent yet troubled as if it were the hour following combat. Oh country! Oh King! A new hope will come. The Almighty will rouse up this shepherdess from the flock. I will go. O sweet homeland, dear family, oh meadows and woods farewell.

Aria: Meanwhile you, my mother, will search breathless for your daughter, and you will call her, but no one will answer; but soon after the completion of these great deeds, a sound will come to comfort your weeping: every mother, and every Frenchman will be envious of you.

Recitative: And still you weep. Suddenly, a light flashes from the east, it is not the rising sun, it is my vision and I recognize it. Greater than anything impious is the flashing sky. The angel of death gives me a sign: you call me and I come.

Cabaletta A: Ah, the flame that shoots out at me from your glance touches me, fills me, and already makes me burn. At once, we will march fighting with our swords. Long live the King. Victory is with me. This virgin from the countryside will guide the fortresses. Between the lion and the lamb I will hurl myself. There is no refuge from the terror of the Lord. Long live the King, victory is with me.

Cabaletta B: Joy will flow from heart to heart, but quiet and shy will be the one who in amazement will ask: who will save the King? Ah! This virgin who believes in God will triumph. Victory is with me.

Chanson d'Avril (Bouilhet) GEORGES BIZET
(1838-1875)

Arise, arise! Spring is born! The garden trembles and sings, and your window is full of sun. In the lilacs the butterflies chatter, and the wild lily has awakened love from woodland slumber! Since April has bloomed, put off your heavy cloak. Already the birds call and the periwinkles smile. Come, let us go, in the morning before the heat of the day. I want to moisten my feet with dew, and speak to you under the flowering pear trees.

Vieille chanson (Millevoeye) BIZET

In the forest the shepherd, Myrtil, fell in love with a pretty sparrow. "You are to be my shepherdess," he said to her, "and I would give you kisses. If my Lucette would only give me two, I'd have ten for my sparrow." In the valley, the sparrow has left her faithful love. The shepherd is desolate, and returns to his neighboring forest. "Farewell to Lucette's kisses; all joy is flown with them!" By chance, or perhaps by design, the shepherd met Lucette. She was sensitive to his plight, and consoled him, "Take heart, Myrtil. You've only lost a sparrow!"

Adieu de l'hôtesse Arabe (Hugo) BIZET

Since nothing can hold you here, neither the palms nor the luxury, nor even the sensual dance of our women at your command, then farewell, handsome stranger. Alas, were you only one of those dreamers who greet the night seated before their tents—alas! Farewell! If you wanted, one of us could have served you and loved you. But if you shall not return, think once in a while of the desert maids who dance barefoot on the dunes. O handsome white man, passing bird, remember! Farewell stranger . . . remember!

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas MANUEL DE FALLA
(1876-1946)

El paño moruno: That Moorish cloth on the counter, a stain has fallen upon it; I'll sell it for less in the market, for half its value has gone.

Seguidilla murciana: Let all who have glass houses throw no stones at their neighbors' windows! Mule drivers are we and, who knows, we may meet one day on the same road. Such is your arrant faithlessness, 'tis beyond comparing, unless it be a silver sixpence that runs from hand to hand, until 'tis rubbed so smooth that, believing it counterfeit, no man will take it.

Asturiana: Longing for one to console me I lay down at the foot of a green pine tree; and that pine tree whose leaves were so green, when it saw that I wept, it wept too.

Jota: They all say we're no longer in love because we say not a word to each other; let them ask your heart and my heart. Now 'tis time for me to say good-bye to you, though your mother may scold me when she hears me, good-night, until tomorrow, my darling.

Nana: Hushabye, hush, my baby, hushabye, tiny morning star.

Canción: Your eyes are false deceivers, so shall I doom them and bury them. You do not know what pangs it cost me to gaze upon them. All is over between us, yet you did love me once, something I may count as gain, then, something, too, was lost, my love.

Polo: My heart is broken, Ay! My heart is racked with torment, Ay! Not to a soul shall I tell. A curse be on love, Ay! And a curse on the faithless one!

* Translation by Philip L. Miller; reprinted from *The Ring of Words*.

Columbia, Deutsche Grammophon, London, and RCA Records.

This is an *Encore Company Club* night

Special recognition is accorded employees of Shar Products Company who, as members of the *Encore Company Club*, are attending this evening's concert.

About the Artist

Marilyn Horne, one of the most exciting singers in history, possesses a voice of such size, range, color, and virtuosity that critics and audiences the world over have placed her among the greatest performers on the opera and concert stage. Since her debut in *Norma* in 1970 at New York's Metropolitan Opera, she has been a mainstay of that company and has sung with virtually every major opera company in the world. Last season Miss Horne added two great European opera houses to her list of credits: at the Rome Opera in Rossini's *Tancredi*, with an ovation generally reserved for Italy's own, and at the Vienna State Opera as Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, bringing the house to a standing ovation. Last summer she returned to Italy for three gala performances of Vivaldi's *Orlando Furioso*, in honor of the composer's 300th birthday. A major event of this season was her first appearance as Eboli in Verdi's *Don Carlos* in a new production at the Metropolitan, a role Miss Horne will sing again at the Salzburg Festival this summer under Herbert von Karajan. Miss Horne has enjoyed the same success in recital and orchestral appearances all over the world.

Endowed with a voice of unique range "that goes from true contralto to soprano without a break" (Winthrop Sargeant, *New Yorker*), Miss Horne possesses a repertoire of equally unique versatility. Her many noteworthy recordings include two albums of recitals, a Grammy Award-winning album of operatic arias, two albums of "Souvenir of a Golden Era," and many complete operas which include *Il Trovatore*, *Orlando Furioso*, *Le Prophète*, *Norma*, *Semiramide*, and *Carmen*. (*Carmen* was no stranger to Miss Horne's recordings—at the very beginning of her career she was the voice singing for Dorothy Dandridge in the famous motion picture of the Oscar Hammerstein version of the opera.)

Miss Horne was born in Pennsylvania and grew up in Los Angeles. She first studied with her father, then attended the University of Southern California, and participated in master classes conducted by Lotte Lehmann. She was introduced to Igor Stravinsky with whom she often performed in programs ranging from Monteverdi to the moderns. After the then necessary European experience, singing under Paul Hindemith, among others, she returned to the United States for her operatic debut in San Francisco in *Wozzeck*. Appearances across the country, culminating in the memorable concert performance in New York of Rossini's *Semiramide* with Joan Sutherland, pushed Miss Horne into the front rank of American singers and led to her 1970 Metropolitan debut.

The University Musical Society is privileged to present Marilyn Horne in this 100th Choral Union Series—her first recital in Ann Arbor. She has performed twice previously on this stage, with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in the May Festivals of 1972 and 1976.

Remaining Concerts

THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA/LORIN MAAZEL	Tues. April 17
ALICIA DE LARROCHA, <i>Pianist</i> ; and VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES, <i>Soprano</i>	Mon. April 23
MAY FESTIVAL CONCERTS	Wed.-Sat. April 25-28

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