



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sherrill Milnes

Baritone

JON SPONG, *Pianist*

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1980, AT 8:30
HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

P R O G R A M

Eole's Aria from *Titon et l'Aurore* JEAN-JOSEPH CASSANEA DE MONDONVILLE

At these mortals discharge your lurid bolts, Oh! Thunder! (1711-1772)
Arise, angry sea, and at my fierce command
Burst all your bonds asunder!
And destroy, yes, destroy the whole world!
Sweep away, overthrow Earth and her vast foundation;
Yes, destroy the whole world!

Bois Epais (Quinault) JEAN-BAPTISTE LULLY

Sombre woods, glades dark and lonely,
Where midnight gloom enters alone,
Oh! hide my slighted love in your unbounded night.
If now this broken heart nevermore may enfold her,
If no more these eyes may behold her,
Then evermore I hate the light.

"O Richard, O mon Roi" from *Richard Coeur de Lion* ANDRE E. M. GRETRY

O Richard, O my King! All the world forsakes you,
Only one friend is still faithful,
And cares what fate may overtake you.
Of all men, only I, Blondel, would destroy your fetters
While all your other friends forsake you.
O monarchs! Never seek your friends beneath the palms of glory,
But where the bough of myrtle bends,
Where your story is guarded by Memory's daughters.
Life for a troubadour is love, faithfulness, devotion;
He asks no other reward. O Richard, O my King!

Allerseelen (Hermann von Gilm) RICHARD STRAUSS

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters,
And let us speak again of love, as once in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
Ard if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances, as once in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Soul's Day,—
Come to my heart that I may again have you, as once in May.

RCA, Angel, Columbia, DGG, London, Philips, and New World Records.

Heimliche Aufforderung (John Henry Mackay) STRAUSS

Come, lift the sparkling cup to your lips, and drink at the joyous feast to your heart's content. And, as you lift it, throw me a secret glance; then will I smile and then drink as quietly as you. . . . And quietly, as I do, examine the crowd about us of intoxicated drinkers; do not look down upon them; no, lift the sparkling cup filled with wine, and let them enjoy their noisy feast. But after you've gaily dined and quenched your thirst, then leave the festive scene of riotous merrymakers, and stroll into the garden towards the rosebushes; there I will await you after the old custom and will recline against your breast as so often in the past, and drink your kisses, as in former days, and entwine in your hair the splendor of a rose; Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!

Befreit (Richard Dehmel) STRAUSS

You will not weep; you will smile softly and, as before a journey, I will respond with a glance and a kiss. Our lovely four walls, you gave them life; I have made them for you into a whole world; Oh, happiness! Then you will warmly clasp my hand, and surrender to me your soul, will leave me with our children. You gave me all your life; I will give it back to them; Oh, happiness! It will be very soon, we both know it; we have freed each other from pain, and so I give you back to the heavenly world. Henceforth, you will come to me only in dreams, to bless me and to cry with me; Oh, happiness!

Die Nacht (Hermann von Gilm) STRAUSS

Out of the forest comes the night,
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;
She oversees all around, — Beware now!
All the lights of the world,
All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes:
She steals the sheaves from the fields;
She takes everything that is lovely,

Steals the silver from the streams,
From the copper dome of the cathedral
She takes away its gold.
The spray of flowers stands plundered;
Draw closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I am afraid the night will steal
You, too, from me.

Kling! (Karl Henckel) STRAUSS

My soul utters a pure sound, while I imagined the poor one
To be torn by the sorrows of those turbulent times.
Sing, my soul, the song of confession of regained fulfillment!
Lift the veil from your heart!
Hail to thee, resounding, innermost tone!
Sing my soul of your life, sing, arising new image.
New bloom has appeared on the dry plain; sing my soul, sing!

"Per me giunto" and "Io morro" from *Don Carlo* GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813-1901)

It is the time of the Spanish Inquisition. Rodrigo is one of five interesting characters linked by love, passion and friendship in a very complicated emotional pattern. All are caught in a tight web of intrigue between church and state. On their decisions and deeds depend the fate of three nations—France, Spain, Flanders—and beyond them, all the people of King Philip II's vast empire. Don Carlo and his friend Rodrigo vow to help protect the Flemish from religious oppression imposed by the Spanish. In Act III the aged, blind Grand Inquisitor confronts King Philip and demands the death of Rodrigo on grounds of treason. As the story unfolds—in this scene sung by Mr. Milnes—Rodrigo visits Carlo's cell to relate that he has assumed full blame for the revolution in Flanders. He urges Carlo to take heart and lead the cause of freedom ("Per me giunto"). A bullet from the gun of the Grand Inquisitor's assassin mortally wounds Rodrigo and he dies in the arms of his friend ("Io morro").

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Chanson Triste (Jean Lahor) HENRI DUPARC (1848-1933)

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart, and
my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!

You will let my wounded head,
Sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And from your eyes filled with sadness,
I shall drink so many kisses and tender
caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

Lamento (Théophile Gautier) DUPARC

Do you know the white tomb
Where with a plaintive sound floats
The shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew-tree a pale dove,
Sad and alone in the setting sun, sings its
songs.
One would say that the awakened soul
Weeps under the earth in unison with the
song,

And of the misfortunes of having been
forgotten
Complains, cooing very softly.
Oh! never more near the tomb shall I go,
When evening descends with its dark
mantle,
To hear the pale dove sing, on the branch
of the yew-tree,
Its plaintive song!

Le Manoir de Rosemonde (Robert de Bonnierès) DUPARC

With its sudden and voracious teeth,
Like a dog, love has bitten me.
If you follow my blood that was shed,
You could easily find my trail.
Take a horse of good breed,
Go and follow my arduous road,
Through pitfalls and lost trails,

If the chase will not make you weary!
Passing where I have passed,
You will see that alone and wounded
I travelled over this sorrowful world.
And thus I wrought my own death
Far, far away, without discovering
The blue manor of Rosamund.

O Mistress Mine (William Shakespeare) GERALD FINZI
(1901-1956)

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not here after;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

It was a lover and his lass (William Shakespeare) FINZI

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ring a ring a ring:
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Between the acres of the rye, these pretty
county folks would lie,

In spring time . . .
This carol they began that hour, how that
life was but a flower,
In spring time . . .
And therefore take the present time, for
love is crowned with the prime,
In spring time . . .

A Kingdom by the Sea (Edgar Allan Poe) SIR ARTHUR SOMERVELL
(1863-1937)

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden then lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabelle Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child, and she was a child, in this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabelle Lee.
With a love that the winged seraphs in Heaven
Coveted her and me.
And this was the reason that, long ago, in this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud chilling my beautiful Annabelle Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came and bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre, in this kingdom by the sea,
My beautiful Annabelle Lee.
But the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea, in her tomb by the sounding sea.

The Little Irish Girl (Edward Teschemacher) HERMANN FREDERIC LOEHR
(1872-?)

As I went out one evening from Tipperary
Town,
I met a little Colleen among heather brown;
"Ah!" says I, "Perhaps you're lonely."
She tossed her pretty curl, "Well maybe I
prefer it."
Och! the dear little girl!

Says I, "Perhaps you're married?"
Says she, "Perhaps I'm not!"
Says I, "I'll be your loving slave!"
Says she, "I'll not be caught."
"Oh! your eyes are like the ocean,

And your heart is like a pearl."
Says she, "Well then I'll keep it!"
Och! the dear little girl!

Says I, "I've got a cabin, and pigs that
number seven,
And oh! with you, Mavourneen,
Sure the place would be like heav'n!"
Her eyes looked up in mine then,
My heart was in a whirl; the little pigs had
done it!
Och! the dear little girl!

Take Joy Home (adapted from Jean Ingelow) ALICE JORDAN
(b. 1916)

Take joy home, and make a place in your heart for her.
Give her time to grow and cherish her.
Then she will come and often sing to you,
While working in the noonday sun,
Or in the sacred hour of dawn.
Take joy home! Joy is the grace we sing to God.

A New Season of International Presentations 1980-1981

Summer Fare Series

THE BORODIN TRIO	Wed. July 9
JOHN BROWNING, <i>Pianist</i>	Mon. July 14
BYRON JANIS, <i>Pianist</i>	Mon. July 21
GRANT JOHANNESEN, <i>Pianist</i>	Mon. July 28
NORTHWOOD SYMPHONETTE & JUDY MANOS, <i>Vocalist</i>	Mon. Aug. 4

Choral Union Series

TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA / ANDREW DAVIS	Tues. Oct. 21
SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY / EDO DE WAART	Sat. Oct. 25
TOKYO PHILHARMONIC / TADAEIKO ODAKA	Thurs. Nov. 6
MARTTI TALVELA, <i>Basso</i>	Sun. Nov. 16
LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC / CARLO MARIA GIULINI	Sun. Nov. 23
PINCHAS ZUKERMAN, <i>Violinist & Violist</i>	Tues. Jan. 27
OXANA YABLONSKAYA, <i>Pianist</i>	Sat. Feb. 7
PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA / ANDRE PREVIN	Thurs. Mar. 19
LEIPZIG GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA / KURT MAZUR	Sun. Mar. 29
MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH, <i>Cellist</i>	Sun. Apr. 12

Choice Series

GOLDOVSKY OPERA COMPANY	Mon. & Tues. Oct. 6 & 7
Rossini's <i>Barber of Seville</i> (in English)	
BALLET FOLKLORICO MEXICANO	Thurs. Oct. 9
LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY	Tues. & Wed. Oct. 28 & 29
THE FELD BALLET	Mon.-Wed. Nov. 17-19
CARIBBEAN CARNIVAL OF TRINIDAD	Fri. Nov. 21
NEW SWINGLE SINGERS	Fri. Dec. 12
PITTSBURGH BALLET THEATRE	Thurs.-Sat. Dec. 18-20
Tchaikovsky's <i>Nutcracker</i> Ballet	
ROYAL BALLET OF FLANDERS	Wed. & Thurs. Mar. 4 & 5
ALVIN AILEY DANCE THEATER	Mon.-Wed. Mar. 9-11
WESTERN OPERA THEATER	Thurs. Apr. 23
Donizetti's <i>Elixir of Love</i> (in English)	

Chamber Arts Series

SMITHSONIAN CHAMBER ENSEMBLE	Tues. Oct. 14
ACADEMY OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS	Mon. Nov. 3
KENNETH GILBERT, <i>Harpsichordist</i>	Sat. Nov. 15
KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO	Thurs. Nov. 20
MUSIC FROM MARLBORO	Thurs. Jan. 29
GUARNERI STRING QUARTET	Thurs. Feb. 19
NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS	Sun. Mar. 15
GUARNERI STRING QUARTET	Mon. Apr. 20
with David Shifrin, <i>Clarinetist</i> ; Gyorgy Sandor, <i>Pianist</i>	

Debut & Encore Series

ANTHONY DI BONAVENTURA, <i>Pianist</i>	Sat. Oct. 18
MURRAY PERAHIA, <i>Pianist</i>	Thurs. Nov. 13
HORACIO GUTIERREZ, <i>Pianist</i>	Wed. Jan. 14
WALTER BERRY, <i>Baritone</i>	Sat. Mar. 7

*New brochure with complete information available upon request;
series orders now being accepted.*

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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