



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FACULTY ARTISTS CONCERT

Sunday Afternoon, March 13, 1983, at 4:00
Rackham Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

P R O G R A M

Sonata in G (Hamburg) for Flute and Harpsichord C. P. E. Bach

Allegretto
Rondo: presto

KEITH BRYAN, *flute* MARILYN MASON, *harpsichord*

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91, for Mezzo-soprano, Viola, and Piano Brahms

Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

ROSEMARY RUSSELL, *mezzo-soprano* DONALD McINNES, *viola*
WILLIAM ALBRIGHT, *piano*

Sonata for Oboe and Piano (1962) Poulenc
(à la mémoire de Serge Prokofiev)

Élégie
Scherzo
Déploration

HARRY SARGOUS, *oboe* LOUIS NAGEL, *piano*

Quatre Chansons de jeunesse for Soprano and Piano Debussy

Pantomime Pierrot
Clair de lune Apparition

BEVERLEY RINALDI, *soprano* RICHMOND BROWNE, *piano*

INTERMISSION

Sonata in E-flat, Op. 18, for Violin and Piano R. Strauss

Allegro ma non troppo
Andante cantabile
Finale: andante, allegro

JACOB KRACHMALNICK, *violin* BENNING DEXTER, *piano*

The performing artists are all members of the U-M School of Music faculty.

TEXTS

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91, by Johannes Brahms

Gestillte Sehnsucht

In the golden glow of evening the forest stands very solemnly. The gentle voices of birds' breath and the evening breezes softly blow. What do the wind and the birds whisper? They whisper the world in slumber. You thoughts, you continually stir in hearts without rest and peace. You desires that stir in the breast, when will you rest, when will you slumber? In the whispers of the wind and birds, you restless desires, when will you sleep? Ah, if no more in the golden distance my spirit from dreams hasten, no more to ever distant stars my eyes look with longing; then whisper the wind and birds with my longing my life away.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

You Angels, hovering around the palm trees in the night wind--hush the rustling leaves, for my Child is sleeping! You palms of Bethlehem, how can you sway so angrily in the blustering wind on this day. Oh, please do not rustle! Be still, and lean gently, quietly down. Hush the rustling leaves, for my Child is sleeping! The Son of Heaven has such grief to bear. Oh, how weary he is of the sorrowing world. But now this pain is eased in quiet sleep--hush the rustling leaves, for my Child is sleeping! Cold winds blow fiercely--with what can I cover my Child's limbs? O all you winged angels soaring on the wind--hush the rustling leaves, for my Child is sleeping!

Quatre Chansons de jeunesse, by Claude Debussy

Pantomime (Paul Verlaine)

Pierrot who is no Clitandre empties a flask without more ado, and, being a practical fellow, starts on a pie. Cassandra, at the far end of the avenue, sheds an unnoticed tear over her disinherited nephew. That rogue of an Arlequin concocts the elopement of Columbine and whirls around four times on his toes. Colombine is dreaming, amazed to feel a heart in the breeze and to hear voices in her heart.

Moonlight (Paul Verlaine)

Your soul is a chosen landscape bewitched by mummers and maskers who play the lute and dance, almost sad under their crazy fancy-dress. Even as they sing, in the minor mode, of victorious love and opportune life, they do not seem to believe in their own bliss, and their song mingles with the moonlight. With the quiet moonlight, so sad and beautiful, that makes the birds dream in the trees and the fountains weep with ecstasy, the great, slender fountains, among the marble statue with the quiet moonlight, so sad and beautiful.

Pierrot (Théodore de Banville)

Good old Pierrot, target of the crowd's gaze, now being through with Arlequin's wedding, goes dreamily along the boulevard du Temple. A girl in a flowing blouse vainly provokes him with her naughty eyes. And meanwhile, smooth and mysterious, making him her dearest delight, the white moon, with her bull-like horns, bestows a sidelong glance on her friend, Jean-Gaspard Debureau.

Apparition (Stéphane Mallarmé)

The moon was doleful. Weeping seraphims dreaming, bow in hand, among the quiet, misty flowers, drew from dying violets white sobs that glided over the blue corollas. It was the blessed day of your first kiss. My day-dream, eager to torture me, skillfully got drunk on the woeful fragrance that, even without regret or disappointment, the plucking of a dream leaves to the heart that harboured it. I wandered off, with my eyes riveted to the old paving-stones, when, in the street, with the sun in your hair, and in the evening light, you appeared to me, laughing. It was like seeing the fairy with her cap of light, who, in the old days, crossed my lovely spoilt child's slumbers, always letting white bunches of fragrant stars, snow from her half-closed hands.