

# The University Musical Society

## of The University of Michigan



*Presents*

### JANET BAKER

*Mezzo-Soprano*

MARTA LE ROUX *at the Piano*

SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1969, AT 8:30  
RACKHAM AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

#### PROGRAM

Vado, ma dove? (da Ponte) . . . . . W. A. MOZART  
(From Martin's "Il Burbero di buon core")

Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia . . . . . W. A. MOZART  
What is my swain's affliction? Is it jealousy, indifference or suspicion?  
You Gods, who afford protection, look down and fill my aching heart with peace.

Parto, ma tu ben mio, from "La Clemenza di Tito" . . . . . W. A. MOZART  
I go, but you, by love, make peace with me.  
Just look at me and I will forget everything;  
I shall fly to avenge you.  
Oh Gods, what power you have given to beauty!

In der Fremde . . . . . ROBERT SCHUMANN  
I hear the brooks rippling all through the forest;  
amid these forest-murmurs I know not where I am.  
The nightingales are calling through this solitude  
as if they wanted to tell of beautiful times long past.  
The moonbeams flicker as if I saw below me  
the castle in the valley—yet it lies so far from here!  
As though in the garden full of white and red roses  
my love were awaiting me—yet she died long ago.

Intermezzo . . . . . ROBERT SCHUMANN  
I carry your wondrous image in the depths of my heart,  
And every hour it looks up at me so merry and bright.  
My heart sings softly to itself a sweet old song  
Which rises on the wind, and flies swiftly to you.

Im Walde . . . . . ROBERT SCHUMANN  
A wedding-party passed by the hill-side;  
I heard the birds singing;  
many horsemen flashed by, the horn sounded—  
It was a merry hunt.  
And before I realized it, all was gone.  
Night covers all around  
only the forest still sighs from the mountain—  
and my heart shudders within me.

Mondnacht . . . . . ROBERT SCHUMANN  
 It seemed as though serenely  
 By heaven the earth were kissed  
 That she, so bright and queenly  
 Must dream of heavenly rest.  
 The breeze was lightly straying  
 Through corn fields waving light.  
 The forest leaves were sighing  
 And starlit was the night.  
 And my rapt soul her pinions  
 In eager joy out spread  
 And over Earth's dominions  
 As homeward on she sped.

Ave Maria . . . . . FRANZ SCHUBERT

Gretchen am Spinnrade . . . . . FRANZ SCHUBERT  
 My rest is gone, my heart is saddened.  
 I watch only for him from my window.  
 His form is so noble, his bearing so high,  
 his smile so radiant.  
 His words bewitch me, and the touch of his hand is bliss.  
 This heavy heart, now forever without rest,  
 remembers his kiss.

Nacht und Träume . . . . . FRANZ SCHUBERT

Holy night, thou art descending,  
 Bringing with thee sweetest dreaming,  
 Like thy moonlight's silv'ry beaming,  
 Flooding ev'ry aching, longing breast,  
 And the soul finds soothing rest;  
 Calling to the early light,  
 "Come again, O holy night,  
 O bring us dreams that have no ending.

Auflösung . . . . . FRANZ SCHUBERT

Hide yourself, Sun, that the fervor of delight may singe my bones!  
 Be mute, tones, Beautiful Spring, fly away with me.  
 Sweet forces spring from every fiber of my being;  
 they embrace me, with their heavenly singing.  
 Go under, World, and disturb not the sweet ethereal choir.

INTERMISSION

Er Ists . . . . . HUGO WOLF

Spring loosens her colors through air; sweet, well-beloved  
 scents waft longingly throughout the land.  
 Violets dream, soon they will blossom.  
 From afar comes the sound of the Spring itself.

Anakreons Grab . . . . . HUGO WOLF

Here, where the rose blooms and vines twine around laurel,  
 Where the turtle-dove calls and the cricket loves to be—  
 What grave is here, that all the gods have planted and adorned with life?  
 It is Anacreon's resting-place.  
 The happy poet enjoyed spring, summer, and autumn;  
 From the winter, at the last, his mound protected him.

Verborgtheit . . . . . HUGO WOLF

Let me be, O world.  
 Do not tempt me with gifts of love,  
 Let this heart keep to itself its joy and its sorrow.  
 I do not know what I mourn for, it is an unknown grief;  
 only through tears I see the sun's dear light.  
 Often (I am hardly conscious of it) bright joy flashes  
 through the gloom that oppresses me,  
 bringing rapture to my heart.  
 Let me be, O world!  
 Do not tempt me with gifts of love,  
 Let this heart keep to itself its joy and its sorrow.

Mignon—Kennst du das Land? . . . . . HUGO WOLF

Do you know the country where the lemon trees bloom,  
 Where the golden oranges glow, where a breeze wafts from Heaven;  
 Where myrtle tree stands motionless and laurel grows high?  
 Do you know it? There—there would I go with you, beloved.  
 Do you know the house? Its roof rests on columns—

The great hall shines, the rooms glitter, marble statues look at me.  
 "What have they done to you, poor child?" they say.  
 Do you know the house? There—there would I go with you, my protector.  
 Do you know the mountain with its cloudy path?  
 The mule tries to find its way in the mist,  
 In caves live ancient dragons: the cliff is steep, over it flow the torrent.  
 Do you know it? There—there must be our way. O father, let us go.

Die Sproede . . . . . HUGO WOLF

A carefree shepherdess sings and laughs at all of the  
 young men who seek to woo her.

Serenade Toscane . . . . . GABRIEL FAURÉ

Lulled by an enchanted dream  
 Sleeping quietly in your lonely bed,  
 Awake, behold the singer,  
 The slave of your eyes, in the clear night!  
 Awake, my soul, my dream,  
 Hear my voice, borne on the breeze,  
 Singing, sighing through the dew.  
 My voice sinks to silence unheeded.  
 Each night renews my martyrdom,  
 With no shelter but the starry vault  
 The wind scatters my song, and the night is cold.  
 In a climax my song dies away,  
 My trembling lips murmur, "I love you."  
 I can sing no more. Ah, deign to show yourself.  
 If I were sure you would not come  
 I would go away, forget you, beg sleep  
 To lull me till the red dawn,  
 Till I could cease to love you.

Clair de lune . . . . . GABRIEL FAURÉ

Your soul is a rare picture of charming masqueraders playing their lutes and dancing—  
 but beneath their fantastic disguises, they are very sad. Even as they sing, in the minor  
 mode, of conquering love and the opportunities of life, they do not seem to be enjoying  
 their happy hour.  
 Their song mingles with the calm moonlight; it is sad and beautiful and causes great and  
 elegant jets of water amidst the marble columns.

Mai . . . . . GABRIEL FAURÉ

May is all abloom. Come, my beloved. Intermingle thy soul with the woods and their shade.  
 The moonbeams sleep at the edge of the waves. The horizon of the world is like the hem of  
 sky's canopy. Come, let all the beauties of nature light up the beauty of thy brow and the  
 love of thy heart.

Le Voyageur . . . . . GABRIEL FAURÉ

Voyager, where are you going—walking in the golden dust?  
 "I am going towards the setting sun, so that I can sleep in its light.  
 It is in the shroud of his fire that I desire to quit the world."  
 Voyager, hurry your steps, therefore; the star sinks towards the horizon.  
 "What does it matter—I will go lower to wait at the foot of yonder hill.  
 And carrying to him my heart—bleeding with faithful love,  
 I will say to him, "I have suffered too much, O Sun, carry me away."

Serenade . . . . . CHARLES GOUNOD

When you smile, fair love bursts into bloom in your laughter.  
 Jealous fear is gone forever and there is room for trust.  
 When you dream, sleeping sweetly while I guard your repose,  
 I hear you completely disclose your love for me.

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Janet Baker, Yorkshire-born mezzo-soprano, arrived from London yesterday to begin a series of  
 concerts with this Ann Arbor debut. Two years ago she sang her first recital in America at Town  
 Hall, and it was so successful she was presented again one month later in Carnegie Hall. Her reputa-  
 tion as a recording artist and appearances with the Melos Ensemble, and the Handel Society and the  
 American Opera Society preceded these recitals.

Miss Baker, while employed in a London bank, began studying voice seriously in 1952 with  
 Helena Isepp. A Kathleen Ferrier award won four years later led to her appearances at the Edin-  
 burgh Festival. In 1966 she sang thirteen performances of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* at Glyndebourne.  
 Many appearances with leading orchestras in Europe established her international reputation.

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1968—INTERNATIONAL PRESENTATIONS—1969

*Rackham Auditorium*

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO, will be the next concert in the Chamber Arts Series, Saturday, February 1, at 8:30.

*Program:* Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano . . . . . BARTÓK  
Five Songs . . . . . SCHUBERT  
Songs and Dances of Death . . . . . MOUSSORGSKY  
Trio in E-flat for Horn, Violin and Piano, Op. 40 . . . . . BRAHMS

Tickets: \$5.00—\$4.00—\$3.00

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*Hill Auditorium*

**SPECIAL CONCERT**

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, Pianist . . . . . Wednesday, January 22, 8:30

Tickets: \$7.00—\$6.50—\$6.00—\$5.00—\$3.50—\$2.50

On sale tomorrow.

GREGG SMITH SINGERS . . . . . 2:30, Sunday, January 12

*Program:* Carols of Death . . . . . WILLIAM SCHUMAN  
Psalm 90 . . . . . IVES  
Music for Multidimensional Choirs  
Heilig . . . . . MENDELSSOHN  
Nymphes des Bois . . . . . DES PRES  
"Gloria" } from Vespers of 1610 . . . . . MONTEVERDI  
"Lauda Jerusalem" }  
Three Contemporary Pieces for Multiple Choirs  
The Bells of Rhymney . . . . . SEEGER-HENNAGEN  
This is the Word . . . . . GUTHRIE-MARKS  
Election, 1968 . . . . . JERGENSON-NAJERA-SMITH  
A Catch . . . . . ANONYMOUS  
Consonance . . . . . BILLINGS  
Alice in Wonderland, Suite II . . . . . FINE  
Two Philippine Folksongs  
Three Folksongs (Swedish, American and Mexican)

HAGUE PHILHARMONIC . . . . . 8:30, Friday, January 24

WILLEM VAN OTTERLOO, *Conductor*

*Program:* Symphonische Etude . . . . . ANDRIESEN  
Symphony in D major, ("Prague") . . . . . MOZART  
Symphony No. 6 in A major . . . . . BRUCKNER

Tickets: \$6.00—\$5.50—\$5.00—\$4.00—\$3.00—\$2.00

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