

The University Musical Society

of

The University of Michigan

Presents

Jessye Norman, *Soprano*

IRWIN GAGE, *Pianist*

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 5, 1974, AT 8:30

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

PROGRAM

Songs from the "Mörrike-Lieder" by Hugo Wolf

An eine Aeolsharfe

Aeolian harp, leaning on the ivied wall:
Play me your sweet lament again.
The singing winds come flower-filled
From the green grave of him I loved so much,
Blowing into my heart, how sweet, sweet,

And into the harpstrings; quickening
with my yearning and dying away again.
But there comes a sudden gust of wind,
And the harp cries aloud, to my sweet terror;
And the ripe rose, shaken, strews all
its petals at my feet.

Auf ein altes Bild

The meadows are green and lush by the cool lake.
See how happily the Child without sin is
playing on the Virgin's lap.

How blissfully the trees grow in the sunlit wood.
One of them will be the Cross.

Er ist's

The sky is like a flutter of blue ribbon,
There are sweet familiar scents in the air.
Violets are already dreaming of their time to come.

Listen! Do you hear the soft sound of a
distant harp? That is Spring himself.

Songs from the "Spanisches Liederbuch" by Hugo Wolf

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In the shade of my long tresses my sweetheart
has gone to sleep. Shall I wake him?
Ah, no. Early each morning I comb out my flowing
hair; in vain, for the wind blows it about.
Shadowing tresses, sighing breezes,
have sent my sweetheart to sleep.
Shall I wake him? Ah, no.

I shall be told how I have tormented him
by refusing him for so long,
And how his whole life depends on
the touch of my sunbrowned cheek.
He calls me his tormentor, and yet he has gone
to sleep by my side.
Shall I wake him? Ah, no.

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh

All things are at rest, my heart.
All sleep, save you alone.
For hopeless sorrow robs you of rest,

And your thoughts fly in speechless grief
to your love; to your love.

Geh' geliebter, geh' jetzt

You must go now, my love; it is dawn.
Already there are people in the streets
And in the market place; already pale morning
is spreading its white wings.
And I am fearful of the neighbors and the scandal,
For they do not know how truly we love
one another.
So you must go now; it is dawn.

The sun will soon be drying the pearls of dew
from the grass,

And I must weep and lose the pearl that
was my treasure.
Day will seem like night to me, for our parting
darkens my life.
But you must go now my love; it is dawn.

Leave my arms, for if you let the time slip by
We shall pay with long sorrow for our brief joy.
Now we are in purgatory, but one day we shall
behold the radiance of Heaven.
So you must go now, my love; it is dawn.

Songs from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" by Gustav Mahler
(*"The Youth's Magic Horn"*)

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Up there in the mountain, in the tall house,
A dear, pretty girl looks out of the window.
She does not live there;
She is the innkeeper's daughter
and lives in the green meadow.

My heart is sore—
Come, sweetheart, make it whole again!
Your dark brown eyes have wounded me.

Your rosy mouth heals wounded hearts,
Gives wisdom to youth, life to the dead,
health to the sick.

Who thought up this lovely little song?
Three geese brought it over the water,
two grey ones and a white one!
And if you cannot sing this song
they will whistle it to you.

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

Who is out there, who knocks to wake
me so gently?
'It is your own dear love, get up and let me in!
Why should I stay out here?
I see the red glow of dawn, the red dawn
and two bright stars.
I would like to be with my sweetheart,
with my dear love.'

The girl got up and let him in
and made him welcome.
'Welcome, my own dearest boy!
You have stood out there so long.'

She gave him her snow-white hand.
Far off the nightingale sang and the girl
began to weep.

'Do not weep, my dearest!
Within a year you shall be mine.
No one else on earth will be mine as you shall be,
Oh my love on the green earth!
I go to war in green fields, the green fields
stretch so far!
Where the splendid trumpets blow, there is
my home of green turf.'

Rheinlegendchen

I reap by the Neckar, I reap by the Rhine.
One day I've a sweetheart, the next I'm alone.
What good is a sickle that cuts not the corn?
What good is a sweetheart who leaves me forlorn?

If I by the river reaping must go,
Far into the water my ring I will throw.
The tides of the river are flowing and free,
And so my gold ring will drift to the sea.

The ring, as it floats there, is gulped by a fish,
And served to the king as a right royal dish.
"And whose is this trinket, that brightly
doth shine?"

My sweetheart will answer: "My lord, it is mine."

Over hill, over hallow, my sweetheart will ride,
And bring back the ring that I cast in the tide.
By Neckar and Rhine thou reaping may go,
If into their waters thy ring thou wilt throw.

Das irdische Leben

'Mother, oh mother, I am hungry,
Give me bread or I shall die.'
'Wait a little, darling child,
Tomorrow we will quickly bring in the corn.'

And when the corn had been brought in
The child still went on calling
'Mother, oh mother, I am hungry,
Give me bread or I shall die!'

'Wait a little, darling child,
Tomorrow we will quickly thresh the corn.'

And when the corn had been threshed,
The child still went on calling
'Mother, oh mother, I am hungry,
Give me bread or I shall die!'

'Wait a little, darling child,
Tomorrow we will quickly bake.'

And when the bread had been baked,
The child lay dead on the bier.

Schneiden und Meiden

Out of the gate three horsemen rode . . . farewell!
A sweetheart gazed from the window . . . farewell!
Give me your little gold ring if we
must part . . . farewell!
For parting and staying afar is a very
sad thing . . . farewell!
Already the child is leaving the cradle.

When will my sweetheart be mine?
Farewell, farewell.
If only it could be today.
It would bring great joy to both of us!
Yes, parting and staying away is a
very sad thing . . . farewell!

INTERMISSION

Méodies by Erik Satie

La Statue de Bronze

The frog of the game of "tonneau"
Is bored at evening under the arbour;
She has had enough of being a statue
Who prepares to utter an important word,
the Word . . .
She would rather be with the others
Who are blowing music bubbles
With the soap of the moon.
By the edge of the reddish-brown washhouse

That can be seen yonder shining through
the branches.
All day they ceaselessly throw fodder
of metal disks
That pass through her fruitlessly
And rattle down into the compartments
of her numbered pedestal.
And at night the insects go to bed in her mouth.

Daphénéo

Tell me, Daphénéo, what is that tree which
has for fruit birds who weep?
That tree, Chrysaline, is a bird-tree.
Ah! . . . I thought that hazel trees
had hazel nuts, Daphénéo.

Yes, Chrysaline, the hazel trees have hazel nuts,
but the bird-trees have birds who weep.
Ah! . . .

Le Chapelier d'après

The hatter is astonished to find
That his watch is going three days slow,
Although he has always taken care to grease it
With butter of the best quality.

But he has allowed some breadcrumbs
To fall into the works,
And even if he tries dipping his watch in the tea,
It will not make it go any faster.

Je te Veux

I understand your distress, dear love.
And I accede to your desires, make me
your mistress.
Banish sadness and discretion for I await
the precious moment of our happiness.
Yes . . . I desire you.

I have no regrets, nor envy anyone.
Near you I shall live my life.
My heart will be yours and your lips will be mine.
And your body mine. And all my flesh
will be yours.

Songs from the "Italienisches Liederbuch" by Hugo Wolf

Heut Nacht erhob ich mich

I rose at midnight to find that my heart
had secretly fled away.
"Heart," I asked, "where are you going so fast?"
It said it had gone to see you.

Now see how it must be with me;
My heart leaves my breast to be with you,
my love.

Wie soll ich fröhlich sein

How can I be happy and even laugh,
When you spurn me so openly?
You come to see me only about once every
hundred years, and then reluctantly.
Why come at all, if your family resents it?

Give me my heart back and go your ways.
Live at home with your own people in peace;
For whatever Heaven wills shall come to pass.
Live in peace with your own people at home,
For the will of Heaven shall be done.

Verschling der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte

May a chasm engulf my lover's house;
May a sea pour over it.
May a poisonous snake sting him

Who has proved faithless;
May a snake swollen with venom bring death
To him who thought to betray me.

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen

We had long kept silent;
Then in a moment speech returned to us.
Angels flew down and brought peace again
after the war;

God's angels flew down and brought peace
with them;
Love's angels came by night and brought peace
to my heart.

Nun lass uns Frieden Schliessen

Let us make peace now, my dearest, my own.
We have quarrelled too long.
If you will not yield, I shall;
How could we two make war to the death?
Kings and princes make peace,

And shall not lovers?
Princes and soldiers make peace,
And shall two lovers fail?
What these great Lords can achieve,
Shall not two loving hearts?

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

My lover asked me to dinner.
But he had no house, no fuel, no hearth
and no oven;
And the cooking pot was broken in two.

No wine, no glasses; the table was mean,
With a tablecloth to match;
The bread stone-hard and the one knife
quite blunt.

Ich habe in Penna einen Liebsten wohen

I have a lover in Penna, another in Maremma,
Another in Ancona, another in Viterbo,
Another in Casentino, another in my own town;

And yet another in Maggione, and *four* in
La Fratta, and *ten* in Castiglione!

Philips Records

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, Michigan

Phone 665-3717