

About the Artists

Since 1957 the **New York Chamber Soloists** have been performing a rich repertoire of chamber works seldom heard because of their diverse combinations. The Soloists' ensemble of voices, strings, winds, and keyboards, performs in combinations of from three to eleven, allowing enormous flexibility in programming. Their repertoire includes song cycles, classical chamber works, contemporary works written especially for them, and recently expanded to include chamber operas—over 250 works extending from the Renaissance period through contemporary music. The Soloists are frequently re-engaged by most concert series across the country. They have made eight European tours which have included performances in the major capitals of Europe, a private concert for the Prince and Princess of Monaco, and appearances under the Cultural Presentations program of the U.S. Department of State. They have appeared at almost every major European international festival, including those in Eastern Europe such as Prague, Dubrovnik, Bucharest, and Warsaw. The Soloists are an integral part of the Vermont Mozart Festival, founded in 1974 in the Burlington-Shelburne area of northwestern Vermont. There they perform fifteen to twenty programs each summer, as well as conducting chamber music workshops and master classes which are attended by talented students from all over the country. A documentary made by CBS about the Festival and the Soloists' activities was shown on nationwide television in January 1979. On recordings, the Soloists may be heard on the Nonesuch, CRI, Decca, Project Three, and Desto labels.

The New York Chamber Soloists have previously performed in Ann Arbor in 1964 and 1966.

Ann Arbor May Festival, 1981

Wednesday–Saturday, April 29, 30, May 1, 2, in Hill Auditorium

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor Laureate* ALDO CECCATO, *Guest Conductor*
JUDITH BLEGEN, *Soprano* ANI KAVAFIAN, *Violinist*

GYORGY SANDOR, *Pianist*

THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

FAYE ROBINSON, *Soprano* JOHN GILMORE, *Tenor*
KATHERINE CIESINSKI, *Mezzo-soprano* JOHN CHEEK, *Bass*

Wednesday—*Ormandy and Blegen*; Barber: *Second Essay*; Mozart: *Exultate, Jubilate*; Rachmaninoff: *Vocalise*; Stravinsky: *Pastorale*; Ravel: *Habanera*; Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 5*.

Thursday—*Ceccato and Kavafian*: Rossini: *Overture to Semiramide*; Bruch: *Violin Concerto in G minor*; Dvořák: *Symphony No. 8*.

Friday—*Ceccato, Choral Union, Robinson, Ciesinski, Gilmore, Cheek*: Mozart: *Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter")*; Rossini: *Stabat Mater*.

Saturday—*Ormandy and Sandor*: Harris: *Symphony No. 3*; Bartók: *Third Piano Concerto, Concerto for Orchestra*.

Series tickets still available at \$40, \$30, \$20, \$18;
single concert tickets now on sale, from \$5 to \$15.

"100 Years of Great Performances"

This brand-new publication of the University Musical Society is available in the lobby this afternoon for your perusal and purchase. In its 208 pages is a wealth of human interest and information, including: a 100th Season Anniversary Guest Book, handwritten greetings from each artist who performed that season; personal letters from nearly 200 artists who share reminiscences of their Ann Arbor performances over the years; a 100-year history tracing the Musical Society's growth from the small "Messiah Club" in 1879 to its present-day stature; and a roster of performing artists who appeared under our auspices from 1879 through 1979.

This anniversary/souvenir book is also available for purchase (\$10 per copy) in our Burton Tower office, and at the following Ann Arbor locations: Borders Book Shop, Liberty Music Shop, and Little Professor Book Center.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

Phone: 665-3717, 764-2538

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)

Madrigali and Scherzi Musicali texts

Romanesca - Alas, where is my love, my heart? Who has stolen my love and hidden her from me? Only desire of honor could give me cause for such grievous sorrow. My love counted for less with me than did ambitious and frivolous desires. Ah, blind and silly world! Ah, cruel fate, that makes me my own executioner!

Eri già, tutta mia - You were already mine, mine that soul and that heart who takes you away from me? A new tie of love? Oh beauty, treasure, admirable faithfulness, where are you?

You were already mine, Now you are mine no longer. Oh, oh, mine you are no more. Only to me you turned your beautiful laughing eyes, for me your golden hair spread to the winds. Oh fleeting pleasures, oh faithful heart, where are you?

You were already mine... The joy in my face, oh! that you gaze at no longer, my song, my smile is changed to torment. Oh lost sighs, oh vanished pity, where are you?

You were already mine...

Chioma d'oro - Golden tresses, beautiful treasure, you tie me in a thousand knots, if you tie or untie! Sparkling chosen pearls, if the roses, which you be-deck, are taken away, you wound me! Bright stars shimmering so beautifully when you smile, you kill me! Precious, amorous, beloved coral lips, as you speak you bless me! O lovely knot, for which I yearn, O sweet outflow of life, O happy, my wound!

Maledetto sia l'aspetto - Damned be the appearance that burns me, unhappy me, as I feel bitter torment as I die, only for you; does my faith help? Damned be the appearance that burns me, unhappy me. Damned be the arrow that injured me, I will die from it, so desires my sun, so craves she who ceased to love; what shall I do? Damned be the arrow that injured me, I will die from it. Wicked woman, alas, my death! Such is the wish of she who hurt me, plays games with my passion, wants me to suffer, to faint; here I will die, on this cruel day. Wicked woman, alas my death! Such is the wish of she who hurt me.

Zefiro torna - Zephyr returns and with his sweet accents makes the air kind and unbinds the frozen waves, and murmuring through the green leaves makes the flowers dance in the meadows. With garlanded hair Phyllis and Chloris tune their happy songs of love, and from the high hills and deep vales the echoing caves redouble their harmony. Dawn rises more lovely in the sky and the sun pours down more gleaming gold, while Thetis' sky-blue mantle glitters with pure silver. I alone wander through lonely and deserted woods, and, as my fortune commands, now weep, now sing the brightness of two lovely eyes and my torment.

- - - - -

Damigella tutta bella - Beautiful maiden, pour that good wine, let drip the ruby red essence of the grape. In my heart I have bitter suffering caused by the deepest love, whether I throw it or I leave it, I drown within its depth. New flame, the more it inflames me, it lights my heart with a new fire, If my life receives no help, ah, I become a volcano. But fresher grows each hour the burning within me. To consume me and melt me, such is my lot.

Dolci miei sospiri - Sweet are my sighs, sweet my torments. Sweet my desire, and you, sweet songs, and you, sweet tears, remain with God. To the evil one that is gone, wind and sea invite, no longer quarrelsome. Oh, fleeting hours, cruel, hard Love, loves my sorrow. Now my sighs, now my torments; and you, my desire, and you, sweet songs, and you, sweet tears, remain with God.

Dice la mia bellissima Licori - My fair Licoris tells me, when I talk with her of love, that love is a sprite that flies hither and thither and cannot be held nor touched nor seen. And yet if I turn my gaze upon her lovely eyes I see it -- but cannot touch it, except within that lovely mouth.

Lidia spina - Lydia, thorn in my heart, tearing and stinging me with love; at times balm-ing my wound with sweetest nectar and without arti-fice, oh brew of herbs, alleviate my pain. There, where the heart languishes, she extends that soft white hand which takes from me the love and the soul, and gladdens my heart. But if Lydia touches my heart, so sweet a passion fills me that from my eyes a spark escapes me and my strength immediately returns. And in this way both harsh and sweet, Lydia torments and sweetens my heart.

O Rosetta - Oh, little rose, what a rose
amid the bright green of your branches.
Shamefully you hide like a pure young maiden
who is not yet married.
If from the bush that bore you I would pluck
you, do not anger. For it is worth so much
to be with you, so much my thought would
praise you if you had served your purpose.
So valued be your color between the hands of
she who rules my thoughts, who admires my
bosom and my heart but admires not my
faithfulness.

- - - - -

Fugge il verno - The sorrows of winter now
have fled, the spring of Love is back again,
all adorned with pretty little flowers.
But you return no more, ungrateful Phyllis,
pitiless Phyllis, to bring an end to
my sorrows. Listen to Zephrus' whispers,
see love, throwing its darts, inviting us
to a sweet life, a quiet life, a happy life,
and you refuse to listen and to see!
Without zest, without pity, you remain, hard
as a stone. Hear the turtle-dove crying,
almost as an afflicted widow who cannot find
what she longs for, her errant dearest lover.
And you always want to live alone in boredom,
turning away from the pleasures of life?
You know not what a pleasant state to be two
instead of one. See, Phyllis, how Amaryllis,
her happiness cannot sufficiently praise in
being always in Tirsis' arms. How much,
Phyllis, will you miss if you disdain
this tie!

La mia Turca - My Turkish lady, who has no
faith in love, twists her feet if I tell her
of my pain. Thus from my double torment,
languishing I die. Then aloof she remains,
permitting not even the sun to enjoy her
beauty. Thus from my double torment,
languishing I die. To soften the cruel one
is not possible, though I pray with tears
and sighs in my pain. Thus from my double
torment, languishing I die. Of me she laughs,
and the archer spreads poison over all my
thoughts. Thus from my double torment,
languishing I die. Take this bow, for pity's
sake, invincible love, make it not too
rigorous. Thus in view of my double torment
I no longer die, I no longer die.

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto - That disdainful
little look, flowing and threatening; that
poisonous arrow flies to strike my heart.
Beauties after which I crave and from which I
am divided, torment me with a glance, heal me
with a smile. Arm yourself, eyes, with harsh,
harsh severity. Pour upon my heart a rain of
sparks. But let not the lip delay to revive
me from death. Let those glances hurt me,
but heal me with that smile. Beautiful eyes,
to arms, to arms, to arms. Rejoice, rejoice,
for you I prepare my bosom. Plague me, until
I faint. And if by your arrows I remain con-
quered, let those glances hurt me, but heal
me with that smile.

Balletto: Della bellezza - Let us sing
beauty's praises, let us celebrate with happy
songs. And you, goddess of love, in the mean-
while, your virtues proudly enjoy. Enjoy them,
as a great triumph, for your virtues are in
store. So nobly today will you shine among
us with new glory. Beauty is a ray of heavenly
light, almost like a May sun that brings a
temperate warmth. Thus in our hearts bloom
the flowers of love. He who of this light
does not glow, in vain presumes to call
himself blessed. What base treasures are gems
and gold; and their value falls when compared
to beauty. Well knows this, Alcides the
strong, himself overcome by two lovely eyes.
Although bound by them, he caught the watchdog
at Hell's gates. The god of battle, of wrath
and fury, well knows when the goddess of love
orders him to surrender. Thus his attitude
changes, becoming meek and humble. Gazing
at her lovely face, he forgets the sword in
the welcome of her lovely arms. To honor the
goddess whose beauty represents beauty's
pride and worth, these noble and lofty souls
harmoniously join in our song and, in her
honor, conduct in these valleys these dances
of love.