



International
Presentations of
Music & Dance

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Judith Blegen

Soprano

Håkan Hagegård

Baritone

MARTIN KATZ, *Pianist*

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17, 1984, AT 8:30

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Twenty songs from *The Italian Songbook* WOLF

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken
Schon streckt ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder
Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei
Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf
Mein Liebster ist so klein
Wie viele Zeit verlor ich
Ihr jungen Leute
Sterb ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Gleider
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen
Lass sie nur gehn

Mein Liebster singt
Heut nacht erhob ich mich
Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst
O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas
Benedeit die selge Mutter
Gesegnet sei das Grün
Nicht länger kann ich singen
Schweig einmal still
O wüsstest du, wie viel ich deinetwegen
Ich hab in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

INTERMISSION

Puisqu'ici bas (duet) FAURÉ

Romance DEBUSSY

Pastorale (duet) SAINT-SAËNS

Phidylé DUPARC

D'un coeur qui t'aime (duet) GOUNOD

Duet for Norina and Malatesta from *Don Pasquale*, Act I DONIZETTI

Excerpts from *The Merry Widow* LEHAR
Maxim's Vilia Waltz

SONG TEXTS

Twenty songs from *The Italian Songbook*, by HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Texts by Paul Heyse after Leopardi, Giusti, Carducci, and Ada Negri

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken — Even small things may delight us, even small things may be precious. Think how gladly we deck ourselves in pearls; for much they are sold, and are only small. Think how small the olive is, and yet it is sought for its virtue. Think only of the rose, how small it is, yet smells so sweet, as you know.

Schon streckt ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder — I stretched out in bed my weary limbs, when you appeared to me, my love. Straight up I jump, slip on my shoes again and wander through the town with my lute. I sing and play and make the street resound; so many women listen — I'm quickly by. So many girls are moved by what I sing, while song and sound are borne off on the wind.

Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei — You say to me that I am no princess; but you are no descendant of the Spanish throne. No, my dear, at cock-crow you get up, and to the fields you go in no state-coach. You mock me for my lowliness, but poverty doesn't hurt the noble soul. You mock me for my lack of crown and crest, but Shanks' mare is all you ride yourself.

Und steht ihr früh am Morgen auf — And when you rise early from your bed, you banish every cloud from the sky, you lure the sun on to those hills, and cherubs compete to come and bring at once your shoes and clothes. Then, when you go out to Holy Mass, you draw everyone along with you, and when you near the blessed place, your gaze lights up the lamps. Holy water you take, cross yourself, moistening your white brow, and bow and genuflect — oh, how beautifully it all becomes you! How sweetly, blessedly has God endowed you, who have received the crown of beauty. How sweetly, blessedly you walk through life; the palm of beauty was bestowed on you.

Mein Liebster ist so klein — My sweetheart's so small, that without bending he sweeps my room with his hair. When he went to the garden to pick jasmine, a snail scared him out of his wits. Then when he came in to recover, a fly knocked him all of a heap; and when he came to my window, a horse-fly stove in his head. A curse on all flies — crane- and horse- and whoever has a sweetheart from Maremma! A curse on all flies, craneflies and midges and whoever, for his kiss, has so to stoop!

Wie viele Zeit verlor ich — How much time I lost in loving you! Had I but adored God in all that time, a place in Paradise would now be mine, a saint would then be seated at my side. And because I loved you, face fresh and fair, I forfeited the light of Paradise, and because I loved you, fair violet, I never now shall enter Paradise.

Ihr jungen Leute — You young men who are marching to war, you are to take care of my beloved. See that he keeps brave under fire; he's never been to war in his life. Never let him sleep in the open; he's so delicate, he'd suffer for it. And don't let him sleep out under the moon; he'd die, he's not used to it, you see.

Sterb ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder — If I should die, then shroud my limbs in flowers; I do not wish that you should dig a grave. Lay me down by yonder walls, where so often you have seen me. There lay me down, in rain or wind; gladly I die, if it is for you, dear child. There lay me down in sunshine and in rain; sweetly I die, if for the sake of you.

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische — My sweetheart invited me to dinner, yet had no house to receive me. No wood, nor stove for cooking and roasting, and the pot had long since broken in two. No wine-cask was there either, and no glasses did he have in use; the table was narrow, the cloth no better, the bread rock-hard and the knife — quite blunt.

Lass sie nur gehn — She who plays the haughty one, let her go, the magic herb of the flowery field. It's clear what her bright eyes are after, as day after day she likes a different man. She carries on just like Tuscany's river, which all mountain streams must follow. And like the Arno, I'm inclined to think: now wooed by many, now by none.

Mein Liebster singt — My dearest's below singing in the moonlight, and I must lie listening here in bed. Away from my mother I turn, and weep, my tears are blood which will not dry. That broad stream by the bed I've wept, for my tears I cannot tell if day is dawning. That bedside stream I've wept from yearning; blinded I am by my tears of blood.

Heut nacht erhob ich mich — Last night I rose at midnight, my heart had slipped away. I asked: heart, where do you hasten so? Only to see you had it escaped, it said. See now how my love must be: my heart slips from my body to see you!

Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst — When you turn your eyes to me and laugh, then lower them and bow your chin to breast, I beg you first to give me sign, that I may then subdue my heart, that I may tame and quiet my heart when it for its great love would leap; that I may keep my heart within my breast, when it would break forth for its great joy.

O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas — Oh, were your house transparent as a glass, my love, whenever I steal past! Then, without cease, I could see you within, and how I'd gaze at you with all my soul! How many looks your heart would send me, more than the river in March has drops! How many the looks I would return, more than the drops that shower down in rain!

Benedeit die selge Mutter — Blessed your mother, now with God, who bore you to be so sweet, so chosen for beauty, to you my longing flies! You so sweet of gesture, you the fairest on earth, you my jewel, my bliss, my sweet, blessed are you!

When from afar I languish considering your beauty, see how I groan and quiver more than I can conceal! And powerfully within my breast I feel flames leap, which destroy my peace, ah, madness seizes me!

Gesegnet sei das Grün — Blessed be green and all that green do wear! A green dress will I have made. A green dress too the spring-time meadow wears, in green dresses the darling of my eyes. In green is the hunters' way to dress, a green suit too my lover wears; green all things sweetly favours, out of green grows every lovely fruit.

Nicht länger kann ich singen — No longer can I sing, for the wind blows hard and keeps me short of breath. Also I fear the time does fly in vain, were I but sure, I'd go not now to bed. Did I but know, I'd not go walking home and lose this lovely time in loneliness.

Schweig einmal still — O you beastly ranter, do be quiet! I find your cursed singing revolting. Even if you kept it up till morning, you'd still not manage a decent song. Do be quiet and get to bed! I'd rather hear a donkey's serenade.

O wüsstest du, wie viel ich deinetwegen — Oh, if you knew how much for you, false renegade, I've suffered in the night, while you have lain locked up indoors, and I have spent the time outside. My rose-water has been the rain, the lightning has brought me messages of love; dice with the storm I've played while keeping watch beneath your eaves. Beneath your eaves was laid my bed, spread with the sky as blanket, my pillow the step outside your door — poor wretch that I am, how I've suffered!

Ich hab in Penna einen Leibsten wohnen — I have one lover living in Penna, another in the plain of Maremma, one in the lovely port of Ancona, for the fourth I've to go to Viterbo: another lives there, in Casentino, the next — where I live, and I've yet another in Magione, four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

Puisqu'ici bas (Hugo), by GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

Since here on earth every soul gives its music, its flame, or its perfume to someone; since everything here gives its thorn, its rose; since April gives its charming sound to the oaks; since Night gives sleeping oblivion to all pain; since, scarcely arrived, the salty wave gives a kiss to the shore; so I give you in this moment the very best in myself.

Receive then my sad thoughts which come in dewlike tears; receive my innumerable vows, O my love, the fire or shadow of all my days; receive my intoxicated ravings, and all the caresses of my songs; receive my spirit, embarking into danger with no sail, and only your glance for a star; receive my heavenly goodness, my beautiful one, and my heart, empty of all save love!

Romance (Bourget), by CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

The evanescent and suffering soul, the gentle soul, the fragrant soul of the divine lilies that I have gathered in the garden of your thought, whither have the winds driven this adorable soul of the lilies?

Is there no perfume remaining of the celestial sweetness, from the days when you surrounded me with a sublime atmosphere of hope, of faithful love, of beatitude and of peace?

Pastorale (Destouches), by CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS (1835-1921)

The tender birds enjoy a hundred secret delights here, and one hears the hills teaching their little songs to the echoes. On the grass, the waves murmur their sweet nothings, and one sees the young elm branches bend down to embrace the flowers!

Phidylé (Leconte de Lisle), by HENRI DUPARC (1848-1933)

The grass is soft for sleeping under the fresh poplars, on the slopes by the mossy springs, which in the flowery meadows arise in a thousand rills, to be lost under dark thickets. Rest, O Phidylé! The midday sun on the leaves is shining and invites you to sleep! In the clover and the thyme, alone, in full sunlight the hovering bees are humming. A warm fragrance haunts the winding paths, the red poppy of the cornfield droops, and the birds, skimming the hill on the wing, seek the shade of the sweet briar. But when the sun, sinking lower on its resplendent orbit, finds its fire abated, let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss reward me for my waiting!

D'un coeur qui t'aime (Racine), by CHARLES GOUNOD (1818-1893)

What can disturb the peace of any heart which loves you? It looks everywhere for your supreme desire, but never into itself! On earth, even in heaven, does any other joy exist save the tranquility of the heart which loves you?

Duet for Norina and Malatesta from *Don Pasquale*, Act I

by GAETANO DONIZETTI (1797-1848)

Don Pasquale, a rich and crusty old bachelor, has enlisted the help of his friend Doctor Malatesta in finding a wife, thereby disinheriting his nephew Ernesto, who has refused to marry the woman the Don has chosen for him because he, Ernesto, is passionately in love with the beautiful young widow Norina. Malatesta visits the Don, declaring that he has found the perfect wife for him — a beautiful, virtuous girl who also happens to be Malatesta's young sister. Unbeknownst to Don Pasquale, however, Malatesta and Ernesto have concocted an elaborate scheme to thwart the Don's marriage plans.

In the second scene, Malatesta discloses his plan to disguise Norina as his sister and have an imposter perform the "marriage" to Don Pasquale. Norina happily agrees to the plan to make this "marriage" so miserable for Pasquale that he begs to be released, thus allowing her and Ernesto to marry. The duet heard this evening is rich in mimicry as Malatesta instructs Norina how to play the "sweet, simple young girl" in Pasquale's presence. The two then rehearse the farce and Act I comes to a close.

About the Artists

Judith Blegen's expertise in all realms of the soprano literature is acknowledged throughout the world. She is equally in demand as opera star, recitalist, soloist with orchestras, and chamber music performer. Since her opera debut in 1970 at the Metropolitan Opera, she has appeared on the stages of the Royal Opera and Covent Garden in London, the Vienna State Opera, Paris Opera, Hamburg State Opera, San Francisco Opera, and Chicago Lyric Opera. At the Metropolitan alone, she has starred in new productions of *Pelleas et Melisande*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Fidelio*, *Werther*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and in revivals of *Rigoletto*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, and *Romeo et Juliette*. Millions have enjoyed her starring roles in PBS's "Live from the Met" telecasts, which have included *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Hansel and Gretel*, and *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Miss Blegen continues to perform as soloist with major American orchestras, such as those of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Cleveland. In 1980 she was a major artist in the inaugural concerts of Davies Symphony Hall, the new home of the San Francisco Symphony, and she opened the Metropolitan Opera's 1980-81 season in a special performance of Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony. She later performed in Mahler's Eighth Symphony with Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony Orchestra during that orchestra's 100th birthday celebration. Her festival appearances include those of Salzburg, Edinburgh, Spoleto (Italy) and Bergen, Norway, and in this country at the Ravinia, Tanglewood, and Chautauqua Festivals.

Hailed as "a candidate for greatness in the field" by the *New York Times* on the occasion of her New York recital debut in 1974, Miss Blegen has distinguished herself on the recital stages of the world. During the 1979-80 season she was presented in a series of concerts devoted to the art song and chamber music repertoire, and her recital debut in Vienna and appearances with the Vienna Philharmonic followed her Hamburg State Opera debut. In Ann Arbor, Miss Blegen has given two recitals prior to this evening, in 1979 and 1982, and sang with Eugene Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra in the 1981 May Festival.

Born in Montana of Norwegian descendants, Judith Blegen received her musical education at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. Her wide-ranging accomplishments are well documented through recordings on RCA, CBS, Angel, Philips, Tel-Arc, Mercury, and Nonesuch Records.

Swedish baritone **Håkan Hagegård**, renowned for his appearances in opera, recital, and with orchestras, is one of today's most applauded performers. His first introduction to the international public was in the role of Papageno in Ingmar Bergman's film version of *The Magic Flute*. Mr. Hagegård has subsequently enthralled audiences worldwide with his interpretive insight and musical sensitivity. A leading member of the Stockholm Royal Opera since 1968, he made his Metropolitan Opera debut in 1978 as Dr. Malatesta in the new production of *Don Pasquale*, and returned in the fall of 1982 in the title role of *The Barber of Seville*. The Metropolitan has subsequently engaged him as Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*, and Eisenstein in the new 1986 production of *Die Fledermaus*. Other operatic appearances in this country include the San Francisco Opera as Danilo in *The Merry Widow* and Rossini's Figaro for the Santa Fe Opera. Also in this country, he has appeared with the symphony orchestras of Boston, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, exhibiting a wide-ranging repertoire from Mozart concert arias to Mahler songs to the most contemporary works of Dallapiccola and Ligeti.

On the recital stage Mr. Hagegård's star continues to rise. After his New York recital debut last year, the *New York Times* critic hailed him as "one of the world's finest lieder singers." The same tour included recitals in Washington's Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and in the cities of Boston, Toronto, St. Paul, and a second Ann Arbor recital (his first was in 1981).

On disc, Mr. Hagegård has captured definitive renditions of many of the great song cycles, including Schumann's "Dichterliebe" and Schubert's "Winterreise." His recordings are available on RCA, Bis, Caprice, and Proprius labels.

Martin Katz is a native of Los Angeles where he attended the University of Southern California and studied accompanying with Gwendolyn Koldofsky, a pioneer teacher in this field. While a student, he had the opportunity to accompany the master classes of such luminaries as Lotte Lehmann, Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky, and Pierre Bernac.

Mr. Katz is in constant demand as partner for some of the world's most celebrated soloists. In addition to Miss Blegen, with whom he appeared in Ann Arbor in 1979 and 1982, he has performed with Marilyn Horne, Renata Tebaldi, Nicolai Gedda, Evelyn Lear, Shirley Verrett, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Stewart, and Tatiana Troyanos. He also appeared in Ann Arbor in 1976 with basso Justino Diaz. In addition, Mr. Katz now serves as Professor of Music on the faculty of the University of Michigan School of Music, and in that capacity performed in the Musical Society's Faculty Artists Concert last season.

Ann Arbor May Festival, May 1-4, 1985

with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra

Guest artists and programs to be announced Monday, December 3;
series ticket orders accepted then.

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