

San Francisco Opera
Terence A. McEwen, General Director
presents

Frederica von Stade

Mezzo-soprano

with

Warren Jones

Piano

Wednesday, March 20, 1985, 8:30 p.m.
War Memorial Opera House



PROGRAM

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Gabriel Fauré (1845-1914) | Les roses d'Ispahan
Mandoline
Au cimetière
La rose |
| Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868) | Assisa a piè d'un salice (Willow Song and Prayer)
from <i>Otello</i> |
| Richard Strauss (1864-1949) | Three Liebeslieder
Rote Rosen
Die erwachte Rose
Begegnung |

INTERMISSION

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| Aaron Copland (1900-) | Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven? |
| Virgil Thomson (1896-) | St. Catherine of Siena |
| Charles Ives (1874-1954) | Serenity |
| Richard Hundley (1931-) | Come Ready and See Me |
| Thomas Pasatieri (1945-) | Vocal Modesty |
| Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957) | Four Songs from <i>Chants d'Auvergne</i>
L'Aïo dè rotso
Lo Fiolaire
Brezairola
Malourous qu'o uno fenno |
| Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951) | From the <i>Brettel-Lieder</i> (Cabaret Songs)
Galathea
Gigerlette
Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien |

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Fauré**Four Songs**

Les roses d'Ispahan, Op. 39, No. 4
(The Roses of Ispahan)

The roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheath,
The jasmines of Mossul, the orange blossoms,
Have a fragrance less fresh,
Have a scent less sweet,
Oh pale Leilah, than your soft breath!
Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Sounds lovelier than the rippling water.

Lovelier than the gay wind that rocks the
orange tree,
Lovelier than the bird singing on the rim
of its mossy nest.
Oh Leilah! Ever since on light wings
All kisses have fled from your lips so sweet,
There is no more fragrance in the pale
orange tree,
Nor celestial aroma in the roses in their moss.
Oh! That your young love, this light butterfly
Would come back to my heart, on wings quick
and gentle,
And that it would again perfume the orange
blossoms,
And the roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheath.
—Leconte de Lisle

Mandoline, Op. 58, No. 1
(Mandolin)

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tender verses.
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.
—Paul Verlaine

Au cimetière, Op. 51, No. 2
(At the Cemetery)

Happy he who dies here,
Like the birds of the fields!
His body, beside his friends,
Is laid in the grass amidst the songs.
He sleeps a good and rosy sleep,
Under the radiant sky.
All those he has known come
To bid him a long good-bye.
At his cross his relatives, weeping,
Remain on their knees;
And his bones, under the flowers, with tears

Are gently moistened.
On the black headstone everyone
Can see if he was young or not,
And can, with true regret,
Call him by his name.
How much more unfortunate are they
Who die upon the seas,
And under the deep wave
Go far from the beloved land!
Oh! Poor ones! Who for their only shroud
Have the green seaweeds,
Where they roll, unknown, unclothed,
And with eyes wide open!
—Jean Richepin

La rose, Op. 51, No. 4
(The Rose)

I shall speak of the rose, a creature of
graceful folds,
The rose is the perfumed breath of the gods,
The darling of the divine Muses.
I shall speak of your glory, oh delight of
the eyes,
Oh flower of Cyprus, queen of the hills!
You peep from between the lovely fingers
Of the dawn as it puts to flight the
gloomy shadows.
The blue sky turns rosy and rosy the woods;
Like the lips and bosom of virgins!
Happy the round-armed virgin
Who plucks you in the damp thicket!
Happy the young temple you adorn!
Happy the cup in which your petal floats!
When Aphrodite, streaming still with the waves
that gave her birth,
Emerged from the blue sea
And sparkled bare in the clarities of the sky,
The jealous earth put forth the rose
And all Olympus, transported with love,
Hailed the flower and beauty together.
—Leconte de Lisle

Rossini

Assisa a piè d'un salice (Willow Song and Prayer)
from *Otello*

Seated at the foot of a willow tree,
Sunk in sorrow,
Isaura moaned,
Wounded by cruelest love—
The breeze in the trees
Faintly echoed the sound.

The limpid streamlets,
With her burning sighs,
Mingled the murmur
Of their varying eddies.
The breeze in the trees
Faintly echoed the sound.

Willow, delight of love,
Prepare compassionate shade,
Forgetful of my misfortunes,
For my dismal grave,

And let the breeze repeat no more
The sound of my lamenting.

What did I say? . . . Oh, I was mistaken . . .
This is not the unhappy ending to my song.
Listen . . .

Ah, heavens!
What noise is that
Like an omen of death?

But weary at last
Of dropping sad sighs and tears
The unhappy girl died,
Alas, beside that willow.
But weary at last of scattering them,
The unhappy girl died . . .
She dies . . . what unhappiness, the false man . . .

Alas the tears prevent me going on . . .
Go, take the last kiss
From your friend's lips.

Assuage, oh heaven, for a while
In sleep my sufferings,
Make my precious beloved
Come to comfort me.
Yet should my prayers prove vain,
Within the womb of my cold grave
May he come at least
To bathe my ashes with tears.
—F. Berio de Salsa, after Shakespeare

Strauss**Three Liebeslieder** (Love Songs)

Rote Rosen (1883)
(Red Roses)

Do you remember the red rose you gave me?
The timid violet's proud impassioned sister;
From your own breast carrying still the fragrance
I breathe it deep into me, ever deeper.
I see you stand here, brow and temples glowing,
Your neck defiant, hands so white and yielding,
Your glance is spring, yet in your body
ripeness glows,
As the field blooms at summer solstice.
I feel the night, the night so cool and cloudless
But day and night have merged in one together.
And your red rose suffuses all my dreaming
Of the fair garden where I found it blossoming.
—Karl Stieler

Die erwachte Rose (1880)
(The Awakened Rose)

The rosebud was dreaming of sunshine bright,
Of whispering leaves in the fresh green grove,
Of the wood-spring's melodious waterfall,
The sweetest tones of the nightingale,
Of the breezes caressing, caressing
and cradling,
Of the odors beguiling and charming.
And when the rosebud awoke

In bloom it gently smiled through tears of joy
and eagerly looked and wondered
At sunlight and sound, at life's fragrant
spell.
When all its dreaming had now come true,
It suddenly trembled with sweet shock and pause
And whispered softly, and whispered softly:
Can it be true that all of this wonder
Already I've seen?
—F. von Sallet

Begegnung (1880)
(Meeting)

I dash down the staircase in my breathless haste,
Knowing that he is there
And up the staircase springing fast,
He puts arms round me,
And where the stairs are very dark
We often lingered kissing long,
Yet no one saw us there.
I enter the living room
So crowded with brilliant guests,
And still my cheeks are glowing,
Perhaps my mouth glows too,
It seems that all must see from me
What we were doing there in the dark,
Yet no one saw us there.
I had to rush out to the garden
And wanted to see my flowers,
I could not linger longer,
To my garden I had to go.
The roses were blooming everywhere,
The singing of birds filled the quivering air,
As if they had seen.
—O.E. Gruppe

Arr. Canteloube
Four Songs from Chants d'Auvergne

L'Aïo dè Rotso (Spring Water)

This spring water will be your death, little one.
Don't drink clear water, little one. Take a gulp
of good wine! When a girl gets married, little
one, she should not be given clear water, she
can make love much better after a gulp of good
wine.

Lo Fiolairé (The Spinner)
When I was a young girl, I tended my sheep. Ti
lirou la la diri tou tou la lara!
I had a spindle, and got a shepherd (Ti lirou...)
to watch my flock. He wants one kiss (Ti
lirou...) but I am not ungrateful, and instead I
give him two kisses. Ti lirou...

Brezairola (Lullaby)
Sleep, come to us, sleep, come to us, sleep, come
now. Sleep, come to us, sleep, come down.
Sleep, come from wherever you are. Sleep does
not come, O poor little one. The baby does not
slumber. Sleep, come to us, sleep, come now.
The child does not want to sleep. Sleep, sleep,
come, come, come to the child. Oh! Sleep, come

to us, sleep, come now. Here it is, here it comes,
and the child is falling asleep. Ah!

Malourous qu'ò uno fenno
(Unfortunate Is He Who Has a Wife)

Unfortunate is he who has a wife, unfortunate
is he who doesn't have one. He who hasn't one,
wants one; he who has one, doesn't want one.
Happy is the woman who has the man she needs!
But happier still is she who's managed
to stay free!

Schönberg
Three Brettli-Lieder (Cabaret Songs)

Galathea

Ah, I'm burning with desire,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your cheeks of fire,
For they're so alluring, wild.

How I yearn for those caresses,
Galathea, lovely child,
Now to kiss your flowing tresses,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Evermore my heart demands,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your graceful hands,
For they're so alluring, wild.

Ah, just see I burn, I freeze,
Galathea, lovely child,
Now to kiss your pretty knees,
For they're so alluring, wild.

And what wouldn't I do my sweet,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your dainty feet,
For they're so alluring, wild.

But to my kisses, darling maiden,
Revealed your lips should never be,
For the fullness of their charms,
Are only found in fantasy.
— Frank Wedekind

Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.
Her attire
Matched the snow's purity.
Just like Pierrette
Was she all decked out.
Even a monk, I'd bet,
Would covet Gigerlette
Never having a doubt.

'Twas a wine-red chamber
Where she welcomed me,
Candlelight of amber
Around her I could see.

And she was as ever
Young life and esprit.
I'll not forget it, never:
Wine-red was the chamber,
Blossom-white was she!

And in trot with fourspan,
We rode off, we two,
To a land called Pleasure,
Ah, what joy we knew!
That we'd not be losing
Goal and course and lane,
Sitting as a coachman
Above our fiery fourspan
Cupid held the rein.
—O. Bierbaum

Der Spiegel von Arkadien
(The Mirror of Arcady)

Since I have seen sweet womankind,
My heart beats to my knees,
It hums and buzzes to and fro
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if, like mine, her flame's full heat,
Her eyes aglow, yet clear,
So striking like a hammer's beat,
My pounding heart I hear.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I'd wish for thousands of women for me,
And hope the gods were pleased,
I'd dance around, far off the ground,
Up, down, in all degrees.

What life I'd live, what mirth, what song,
Then I'd have joy and fun.
I'd hop, and like a hare I'd run,
My heart would skip along.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

The man who does not women prize,
Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies around, a block of ice,
On some young maiden's arm.

But I am quite a different sort,
I'd jump around the room,
My heart pressed close to hers in sport,
Would pound out boom, boom, boom, etc.
—Emanuel Schikaneder

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FREDERICA VON STADE, described by *The New York Times* as "one of America's finest artists and singers," now stands at the pinnacle of a career that has taken her to the stages of the world's great opera houses, as well as concert and recital platforms throughout this country and abroad.

Renowned as a bel canto specialist, Miss von Stade was last heard with the San Francisco Opera during the 1984 Fall Season in the title role of Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, a part she had undertaken for the first time in her career.

Her operatic life began with a contract she won in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, which led to her subsequent debut with the Met in *Die Zauberflöte*. She has since returned to sing many of her most famous roles with the Met, including Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, Adalgisa in *Norma*, Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* and Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the vehicle of her 1972 debut with San Francisco Opera. The previous year she had scored a great personal triumph as Sesto in Spring Opera Theater's production of Mozart's *Titus*. Her subsequent San Francisco Opera credits include Dorabella in *Così fan tutte* (1973), Rosina (1976) and the title role of *La Cenerentola* (1974), which she sang in the same Jean-Pierre Ponnelle production for a film televised nationally last January. In 1973 she appeared in the Paris Opera production of *Le Nozze* that inaugurated the regime of Rolf Liebermann and she has returned to that company frequently, being the only American artist to appear with them on their

1976 visit to the United States. She made her debut at La Scala in Milan during the 1975-76 season, singing Marguerite in a concert performance of Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*, returning in later seasons as Cherubino, Rosina and Cenerentola. During La Scala's 1976-77 tour to the United States, Miss von Stade was once again the only American artist on the roster. She has appeared in the world's major houses, including Covent Garden, the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires and with the companies of Hamburg, Munich and Brussels. Her American credits include performances with Houston Grand Opera (including the world premiere of Rossini's *La Donna del Lago*), Santa Fe Opera and Washington Opera, with whom she appeared in the American premiere of Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse* at the Kennedy Center. She is well known to the audiences of such music festivals as Salzburg, Edinburgh, Glyndebourne and Holland, and she has been acclaimed as a recitalist and concert artist throughout the world. She has made over two dozen recordings on a number of record labels, and she had been seen on "Live from the Met" telecasts of *Idomeneo* and *Hansel and Gretel*. Some of her recent recordings include *La Damnation de Faust* conducted by Sir Georg Solti, *Les Nuits d'Été* with Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony, *The Songs of the Auvergne*, Vol. 1, with Antonio de Almeida, and two albums of Fauré songs. She is the first vocalist to become a performing member of the prestigious Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and in 1983 she

was honored with an award presented at the White House by President Reagan in recognition of her contributions to the arts.

WARREN JONES is in his seventh season as Assistant Conductor of the Metropolitan Opera in New York City. In addition to the annual Metropolitan Opera tour and his regular duties at the Opera House, he maintains a busy concert schedule throughout the United States. In the past he has appeared with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler, the Chataqua Festival and the San Antonio Chamber Players and on concert series in Chicago, New York, Palm Beach, San Francisco and North Carolina. In 1982, Jones was harpsichordist for the Metropolitan Opera international telecast of Mozart's *Idomeneo*. Since 1983 he has worked at the Salzburg Music Festival in Austria as musical assistant to James Levine; from 1975-77 he was affiliated with the San Francisco Opera as Assistant Conductor.

Jones is a native of North Carolina and is an Honors graduate of New England Conservatory of Music. He holds a Master of Music degree from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where he studied with Milton Salkind. A gifted teacher as well as performer, Jones has served on the faculties of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and Newton College in Newton, Massachusetts. In New York City he works as private vocal coach with singers such as Luciano Pavarotti, Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto and Benita Valente.

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War Memorial Opera House

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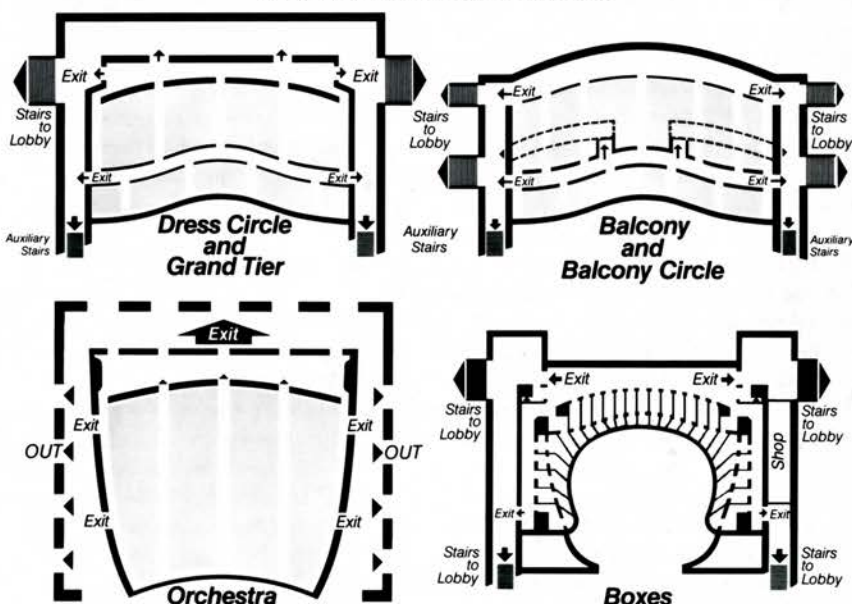
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