

San Francisco Opera

Terence A. McEwen
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Sir John Pritchard
Music Director

presents

JAMES MORRIS

Basso

with

RICHARD FOSTER

Pianist

Wednesday, May 13, 1987, at 8:30 p.m.
War Memorial Opera House, San Francisco

PROGRAM

Two Arias

Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves, from *Scipio*
Del minacciar del vento, from *Ottone*

HANDEL
(1685-1759)

Two Arias

Un bacio di mano, K. 541
Mentre ti lascio, o figlia, K. 513

MOZART
(1756-1791)

Five Songs

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1
Traum durch die Dämmerung, Op. 29, No. 1
Heimliche Aufforderung, Op. 27, No. 3
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
Cäcilie, Op. 27, No. 2

R. STRAUSS
(1864-1949)

Come dal ciel precipita, from *Macbeth*

VERDI
(1813-1901)

INTERMISSION

Ella giammai m'amò, from *Don Carlo*

VERDI

Chansons de Don Quichotte

Chanson du départ
Chanson à Dulcinée
Chanson du Duc
Chanson de la mort

IBERT
(1890-1962)

Three Songs

Richard Cory
Miniver Cheevy
Luke Havergall

DUKE
(1899-)

Angel, London, RCA records

Bechstein piano provided by R. Kassman

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Two Arias

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves, from Scipio

Del minacciar del vento, from Ottone

Del minacciar del vento,
si ride quercia annosa,
che cento volte e cento,
le scosse ne provò.
Tal, di fortuna all'onte,
lo soglio alzan la fronte,
che sò che l'orgogliosa,
abbattermi non può. No, no!
Abbattermi non può!

The threats of the wind,
cause an old tree to smile,
as it has experienced in the past,
uncounted tremors and swaysings.
In similar fashion,
a king meets fortune and adversity,
thus I know that the haughty one,
cannot defeat me. No, no!
He cannot defeat me!

Two Arias

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Un bacio di mano, K. 541

Un bacio di mano vi fa meraviglia;
e poi bella figlia volete sposar.
Voi siete un po' tondo, mio caro
Pompeo,
l'usanze del mondo andate
a studiar,
andate, andate, ecc.
andate a studiar, ecc.
Un uom che si sposa con giovin
vezzosa,
a certi capricci dee pria
rinunciar;
dee libere voglie lasciar alla moglie,
dee sempre le porte aperte
lasciar.
Dee chiudere gli occhi, gli orecchi,
la bocca,
se il re degli sciocchi non vuole
sembrar.
Voi siete un po' tondo, mio caro
Pompeo, ecc.

A hand kiss seems shocking to you,
and yet you would marry a lovely girl.
You are rather foolish, my dear
Pompeo,
go out and learn the ways of the
world,
go out, go out, etc.
go out and learn, etc.
A man when he marries a beautiful
maiden,
will have to renounce some caprices
at first;
and liberties he must grant to his wife,
and always permit that the doors be
left open.
He must shut his eyes, his ears,
his mouth,
if he does not want to appear king
of fools.
You are rather foolish, my dear
Pompeo, etc.

Mentre ti lascio, o figlia, K. 513 (Morbili)

Mentre ti lascio, o figlia, o figlia,
in sen mi trema il core,
in sen mi trema, mi trema il core.
Ahi, che partenza amara,
ahi, che partenza,
che partenza amara!
Provo nel mio dolore
le smanie ed il terror.
Mentre ti lascio, o figlia, ecc.
Parto. Tu piangi,
tu piangi! Oh Dio!
Ti chiedo un sol momento,
un sol momento.
Mentre ti lascio, o figlia,
in sen mi trema il core.
Ahi, che partenza amara!
Figlia, ti lascio.
Oh Dio, che fier tormento!
Ti chiedo un sol momento,
un sol momento.
Figlia, ti lascio.
Ahi, che partenza amara!
Oh, Dio, che fier tormento!
Ah, mi si spezza il cor,
ah, mi si spezza, si spezza il cor.
Parto. Addio. Tu piangi!
Ahi, che partenza amara!
Oh, Dio, ecc.
Figlia, io parto,
ti lascio,
addio. Ahi, che partenza amara, ecc.

As I leave you, my dear daughter,
my heart aches in my bosom,
my heart aches, aches in my bosom.
Oh, what a painful departure,
Oh, what cruel,
what painful departure!
I feel in my grief
anxiety and fear.
As I leave you, my dear daughter, etc.
I am going. And you weep,
you weep! Oh God!
all I ask of Thee is one moment,
only one moment.
As I leave you, my dear daughter,
my heart aches in my bosom.
Oh, what a painful departure!
My daughter, I am leaving you.
Oh God, what bitter sorrow!
All I ask of Thee is one moment,
only one moment.
My daughter, I am leaving you.
Oh, what a painful departure!
Oh, God, what bitter sorrow!
Oh, my heart is breaking,
my heart, my heart is breaking.
I am going. Farewell. You weep!
Oh, what a painful departure!
Oh, God, etc.
My daughter, I am going, I am
leaving you,
farewell. Oh, what a cruel departure,
etc.

Five Songs

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 (H. von Gilm)

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethystenbecher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig an das Herz
dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache,
To you my thanks.
Once, drinking to freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,
To you my thanks.
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your
breast,
To you my thanks.

Traum durch die Dämmerung, Op. 29, No. 1 (O.J. Bierbaum)

Weite Wiesen im Dämmergrau;
Die Sonne verglom, die Sterne ziehn;
Nun geh ich hin zu der schönsten
Frau,
Weit über Wiesen im
Dämmergrau,
Tief in den Busch von Jasmin.
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe
Land;
Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht;
Mich zieht ein weiches, samtenes
Band
Durch Dämmergrau in der Liebe
Land,
In ein mildes, blaues Licht.

Wide meadows in the gray of twilight;
The sun has set, the stars appear,
Now I go to the most beautiful
of women,
Far through the meadows in the gray
twilight,
Deep into the bushes of jasmine,
Through the gray twilight of love's
land,
I go, slowly, without haste;
I am being drawn by a soft velvet
band,
Through the gray twilight of love's
land,
Into the gentler, blue light.

Heimliche Aufforderung, Op. 27, No. 3 (J.H. MacKay)

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor
zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein
Herze gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir
heimlich zu;
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich
still wie du...
Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns
das Heer
Der trunkenen Zecher—verachte sie
nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie
glücklich sein.
Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
dein Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach
alten Brauch,
Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh
du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der
Rosen Pracht.
O komm', du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

Up, raise the sparkling bowl to
your lips,
And drink at the feast, that your heart
may be healed
And as you lift it up, give me a
secret sign;
Then I shall smile and drink silently
as you.
And, silent as I, consider around us
the crowd
Of drunken babblers—do not despise
them too much.
No, raise the glittering bowl, filled
with wine,
And let them at their noisy meal
be happy.
But when you have had your fill
and quenched your thirst,
Then leave your loud companions to
their festive scene,
And go out into the garden, to the
rosebush,
There I will be waiting for you, as I
used to do,
And will sink upon your breast before
you expect it,
And drink your kisses as I often used
to do,
And will twine in your hair the
splendor of the rose.
O come, wondrous,
longed-for night!

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8 (H. von Gilm)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden, Wie einst im Mai. Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich drücke, Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei. Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke, Wie einst im Mai. Es blüht und funkelt heut auf jedem Grabe, Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei. Komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder habe, Wie einst im Mai.	Place on the table the fragrant mignonette Bring in the last red asters, And let us speak again of love, As once in May. Give me your hand, that I may secretly press it, And if anyone sees, that matters not to me. Give me only one of your sweet glances, As once in May. Every grave blooms and glows tonight, One day in the year belongs to the dead. Come to my heart, that I may once more hold you, As once in May.
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Cäcilie, Op. 27, No. 2 (H. Hart)

Wenn du es wüsstest, Was träumen heisst Von brennenden Küssen, Von Wandern und Ruhen Mit der Geliebten, Aug' in Auge Und kosend und plaudernd, Wenn du es wüsstest, Du neigtest dein Herz. Wenn du es wüsstest, Was bangen heisst In einsamen Nächten, Umschauert vom Sturm, Da niemand tröstet Milden Mundes Die kampfmüde Seele, Wenn du es wüsstest Du kämest zu mir. Wenn du es wüsstest, Was leben heisst, Umhaucht von der Gottheit Weltschaffendem Atem, Zu schweben empor, Lichtgetragen Zu seligen Höh'n— Wenn du es wüsstest, Du lebstest mit mir.	If you but knew What it is to dream Of burning kisses, Of roving and resting With the one you love, Eye to eye, And caressing and babbling, If you but knew it, You would incline your heart. If you but knew What it is to fret In lonely nights, While the rain is pouring, And no one there to comfort With soft words Your weary soul, If you only knew it You would come to me. If you but knew What it is to live Inspired by godhood's World-creating breath, To soar upward Borne on the light To blessed heights— If you but knew it, You would live with me.
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Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Come dal ciel precipita, from Macbeth

A few months before being assassinated by Macbeth's men, Banquo describes to his son Fleance a strange feeling of foreboding.

INTERMISSION

Giuseppe Verdi

Ella giammai m'amò, from Don Carlo

King Philip II of Spain, in his famous soliloquy, considers the fact that his wife, Elisabeth, probably never loved him.

Chansons de Don Quichotte (A. Arnoux)

Jacques Ibert
(1890-1962)

Chanson du départ

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel edifice Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre... Qu' amour bâtit château de son empire Ou tout le ciel a mis son artifice Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice Ou la vertu maîtresse se retire	This new castle, this new edifice, All enriched in marble... Which love built as a castle for its empire Where all heaven has contributed its skill Is a rampart, a fort against vice Where virtue, as mistress, presides
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Que l'oeil regarde et que l'esprit
admire
Forçant les coeurs a lui faire service.
C'est un château, fait de telle sorte
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé la race
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

Chanson à Dulcinée

Ah... Un an, me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.
Mais, l'amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langage,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.
An... Un an me dure, etc.
Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Etoile de mes longs chemins,
Le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.
An... Un an me dure, etc.

Chanson du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de
mes songes
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle
de boue
Son coeur de diamant est vierge
de mensonges
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de
sa joue.
Pour elle, j'ai tenté les hautes
aventures
Mon bras a délivré la Princesse en
servage
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu
les parjures
Et ployé l'univers a lui rendre
l'hommage.
Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus
cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse
apparence
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier
téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre
précellence.

Chanson de la Mort

Ne pleure pas, Sancho, ne pleure
pas, mon bon.
Ton maître n'est pas mort,
il n'est pas loin de toi.
Il vit dans une île heureuse
ou tout est pur et sans mensonges.
Dans l'île enfin trouvée
ou tu viendras un jour
Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho
Les livres sont brûlés
et font un tas de cendres.
Si tout les livres m'ont tué
il suffit d'un pour que je vive.
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel
dans la mort
Tel est l'étrange sort
de pauvre Don Quichotte.
Ah

Which the eye beholds and the spirit
admires
Forcing all hearts to serve it.
It is a castle, made in such a way
That none may approach the door
If he has not served the race of kings
Victorious, valiant, and in love.
No knight, as daring as he may be,
Without being such may gain entry.

A day seems a year to me
When I do not see my Dulcinea.
But to console me
Love has painted her image
In the fountain and the cloud,
In each dawn and in every flower.
A day seems a year, etc.
Always close and always far,
Star of my long roads,
The breeze carries her breath to me,
When it passes through the jasmine.
A day seems a year, etc.

I would sing here, Lady of my
reveries
Who exalts me above this century
of mud
Her diamond heart is virgin
to lies
The rose hides at the sight of
her cheek.
For her, I have dared great
adventures
I have delivered the imprisoned
princess
I have conquered the
Enchanter,
And forced the universe to pay
her homage
Lady, thanks to whom I alone
on this earth
Am not prisoner of false
values
I will defend against any rash
knight
Your unequalled brilliance and
supremacy.

Do not weep, Sancho, do
not weep.
Your master is not dead,
he is not far from you.
He lives on a happy island,
where all is pure and free of lies.
On the island, found at last,
where you will one day come
That longed-for island, O my friend,
The books are burned
and leave a heap of ashes.
If all the books have slain me
it needs but one for me to live.
A phantom in life and real
in death
That is the strange fate
of poor Don Quixote.
Ah

Three Songs

Richard Cory
Miniver Cheevy
Like Haverdell

John Duke
(1899-)



James Morris, one of the most sought-after singers of the day, is no stranger to San Francisco Opera audiences. He made his 1981 Company debut as Assur in *Semiramide* and during the 1985 Ring Festival won international acclaim as Wotan in *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, the first time he had ever sung the *Rheingold* role. He returned here in 1985 for another career "first": Scarpia in *Tosca*, as well as his well-known Claggart in *Billy Budd*. Following his first Ring excursion here, he became very much in demand for the same role around the world, and has just taken part in two complete new German Ring cycles: at Munich and Berlin. He is also taking part in the Metropolitan Opera new staging of the tetralogy. This fall, he returns to the S.F. Opera stage as the four villains in *The Tales of Hoffmann*.

Morris became the youngest male singer on the Metropolitan Opera roster when he was 23. Four years later, a last-minute cancellation put him on the Met stage as Don Giovanni, a role he has sung in numerous Met seasons since, as well as those of the four villains in *The Tales of Hoffmann*, Claggart in *Billy Budd*, and leading roles in *Macbeth*, *La Forza del Destino*, *Don Carlo*, *Otello*, *Carmen*, *Peter Grimes*, and *The Barber of Seville*, among others. In recent seasons Morris sang his first Dutchman in *Der Fliegende Holländer* at Houston Grand Opera, and was heard in other leading roles at Chicago, Miami, Toronto, Detroit and Philadelphia. He has appeared several times at the Salzburg and Edinburgh Festivals, as well as at Glyndebourne, where he sang Banquo in *Macbeth*.

In addition to opera engagements, Morris has appeared in concert with a number of prominent orchestras, such as the New York Philharmonic (*St. Matthew Passion*), St. Louis Symphony (Concert version of *Tosca*), Chicago Symphony, National Symphony at Wolf Trap, Montreal Symphony, San Francisco Symphony (Verdi Requiem), and the Atlanta Symphony.

A native of Baltimore, James Morris studied with the famed Rosa Ponselle, and, more recently, with the great German basso Hans Hotter.

Among his recordings are Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* and Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, both with Joan Sutherland, Haydn's *Creation* with the Chicago Symphony under Sir Georg Solti, Gay's *Beggar's Opera* with Joan Sutherland and Angela Lansbury, Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani* with the Metropolitan Opera soloists and Mozart's *Così fan tutte* in the Salzburg Festival production, conducted by Riccardo Muti.

Richard Foster, coach and accompanist for many singers from the New York City and Metropolitan Opera companies, has appeared in recital with, among others, Licia Albanese, Eleanor Steber, Sherrill Milnes, Adriana Maliponte, Giuseppe Giacomini, Giuliano Ciannella, Samuel Ramey, Shirley Verrett, Cornell MacNeil, Renata Scotto and, for the past fifteen years, James Morris.

In addition to vocal coaching in his New York studio, he is currently visiting lecturer in voice and opera at the University of Hartford and has served as assistant conductor of the Central City and Saint Paul Operas.

Born in Bangor, Maine, Richard Foster attended the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, where he studied with Lucille Monaghan and Felix Wolfes. Then, while serving with the United States Army in Europe, he studied with Nadia Boulanger and later studied the song repertoire with Jennie Tourel, Povla Frijsh and Pierre Bernac. For two seasons he was music director of the seminar "The Singer and the Song" at the Lincoln Center Bruno Walter Auditorium.

Richard Foster has toured throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, India, Pakistan and the United Arab Emirates, and most recently the Philippines and the People's Republic of China.

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