

San Francisco Opera

Terence A. McEwen, *General Director*

Sir John Pritchard, *Music Director*

presents

MARILYN HORNE

Mezzo-soprano



CAHEN

with the

San Francisco Opera Orchestra

BRUCE FERDEN

Conductor

War Memorial Opera House, San Francisco
Sunday, December 6, 1987, at 8:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

Ottone (1723)—Overture

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL
(1685-1759)

Agrippina (1709)—*Bel piacere*

Semele (1744)—*Iris, hence away*

Concerto alla rustica in G major
Presto—Andante—allegro

ANTONIO VIVALDI
(1678-1741)

Orlando Furioso (1727)—*Sorge l'irato nembo*

Orfeo ed Euridice (1762)—Overture

Addio o miei sospiri
Dance of the Furies and the Blessed Spirits
Che puro ciel
Reprise, Dance of the Blessed Spirits
Recitative: *Ahimè! Dove trascorsi?*
Aria: *Che farò senza Euridice?*

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK
(1714-1787)

INTERMISSION

La Donna del Lago (1819)—*Mura felici*

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI
(1792-1868)

Mignon (1866)—Overture

Connais-tu le pays?

AMBROISE THOMAS
(1811-1896)

Les Huguenots (1836)—*Non, non, non!*

GIACOMO MEYERBEER
(1791-1864)

Samson et Dalila (1877)—Bacchanale

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
(1835-1921)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Handel, **Agrippina**—*Bel piacere*

Bel piacere e godere fido amor!
Questo fa contento il cor.
Di bellezza non s'apprezza lo
splendor,
se non vien d'un fido cor.

What beautiful happiness to enjoy a
faithful love!
It contents the heart.
Beauty is not valued as is a faithful
heart.

Handel, **Semele**—*Iris, hence away*

Hence, hence, Iris, hence away,
Far from the realms of day.
O'er Scythian hills to the Maeotian lake,
A speedy flight we'll take!
There Somnus I'll compel
His downy bed to leave, and silent cell.
With noise and light
I will his peace molest,
Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest,
Till to my vow'd revenge
He grants supplies,
And seals with sleep the wakeful dragons' eyes.

Vivaldi, **Orlando Furioso**—*Sorge l'irato nembo*

Sorge l'irato nembo
e la fatal tempesta
col sussurrar dell'onde
ed agita e confonde e
cielo e mar.

The angry squall appears
and the deadly storm with
restless waves troubles and
confounds both sea and sky.

Ma fugge in un baleno l'orrida
nube infesta e il placido
sereno in cielo appar.

But the frightening and
hostile cloud quickly
vanishes and a tranquil
sky appears.

Gluck, **Orfeo ed Euridice**—*Addio, addio, o miei sospiri*

Addio, addio, o miei sospiri,	Farewell my sighs, now I am
Han speme i miei desiri;	hopeful.
Per lei soffrir vo' tutto, ed ogni duolo	For her I will bear every pain.
sfidar!	Farewell my sighs, etc.
Per lei vo' tutto osare,	I will cross the river Styx and
Ed ogni duolo e periglio sfidar!	overcome
Addio, addio, ecc.	the Furies of horrid Tartarus.
Io vo' dall'altre sponde varcar	I will risk everything, and I will win!
di Stige l'onde,	Farewell my sighs, etc.
E del orrendo Tartaro le Furie	
superar!	
Addio, addio, ecc.	

(This aria, part of most Gluck *Orfeo* scores, is actually by
Ferdinando Bertoni.)

Gluck, **Orfeo ed Euridice**—*Che puro ciel*

Che puro ciel! Che chiaro sol!	How pure the skies! How clear the
Che nuova luce è questa mai!	sun!
Che dolci lusinghieri suoni	What lovely light is this!
dei bei cantori alati	What gentle sounds of wafted song
s'odon qui in questa vall!	are heard in this valley!
Dell'aure il sussurrar,	The softly sighing breezes,
il mormorar de' rivi	the murmuring brooks
al riposar eterno tutto invita qui!	invite eternal rest!
Ma la quiete che qui tanto regna,	But this all-pervading quiet
non mi dà la felicità!	gives me no happiness.
Soltanto tu, Euridice, puoi far sparir	Only you, Euridice, can banish
dal tristo cuore mio l'affanno!	the desolation from my heart.
I tuoi soavi accenti,	Your sweet voice,
gli amorosi tuoi sguardi,	your loving glances,
un tuo sorriso sono il sommo ben	one smile from you,
che chieder vogliò.	these are all that I wish for.

Gluck, *Orfeo ed Euridice*—*Ahimè! Dove trascorsi?*

Ahimè! Dove trascorsi?
ove mi spinse un delirio d'amor!
Sposa!
Euridice! Euridice! Consorte!
Ah, più non m'ode,
ella è morta per me!
Ed io, io fui
che morte a lei recava!
Oh! legge spietata!
E qual martir al mio somiglia!
In quest'ora funesta
sol di morir con te,
lasso mi resta!

I have broken my vows! Alas, to
what lengths has my love forced me!
My bride! Euridice! My wife!
Ah, she hears me no longer,
She is lost to me!
And I, I have been
the cause of her death!
Oh! Merciless law!
Must I again suffer such torture?
In this dreadful moment
to die with you
is all that is left for me.

Gluck, *Orfeo ed Euridice*—*Che farò senza Euridice?*

Che farò senza Euridice?
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Euridice! Euridice!
O Dio! Rispondi! Rispondi!
Io son pure il tuo fedele!
Che farò senza Euridice?
Ah! Non m'avanza più soccorso,
più speranza,
nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel!
Che farò senza Euridice?

What will I do without Euridice?
How can I live without my love?
Euridice! Euridice!
O God! Answer me! Answer me!
I am ever faithful!
What will I do without Euridice?
Ah! Nothing can help me.
There is no hope left
on earth or in heaven!
What will I do without Euridice?

Rossini, *La Donna del Lago*—*Mura felici*

Mura felici, ove il mio ben s'aggira,
dopo più lune io vi riveggo.
Ah! Voi più al guardo mio non siete
come
lo foste un dì, ridenti e liete!
Qui nacque, fra voi crebbe
l'innocente mio ardor.
Quanto soave fra voi scorrea mia
vita al fianco di colei,
là risponde pietosa a voti miei!
Nemico nembo o vi rattrista e
agghiaccia il povero mio cor!
Mano crudele a voi toglie,
oh rio martoro, la vostra abitatrice,
il mio tesoro.

Oh! Happy city walls wherein my
love walks, at last I see you again.
Ah! No longer do you seem the same
to me as you once were,
happy and smiling.
Here in your midst was born and
grew our innocent desire.
How happy was my life by her side.
Here she responded with compassion
to my desire.
In the shadow of the enemy, how
sad you are, how cold is my poor heart.
A cruel hand is taking
away my beloved who lives within you.

Elena! oh tu ch'io chiamo, oh tu che
chiamo!
Vola a me un istante!
Tornami a dir "io t'amo," serbami
tua fè!
E allor di te sicuro, anima mia, lo
giuro,
ti toglierò al più forte o morirò per
te.
Grata a me fia la morte s'Elena mia
non è.

Elena, you whom I am calling,
fly to me for a moment,
tell me again that you love me,
keep faith with me.
And then, sure of you, my beloved,
I swear I will take you from the
strongest or I will die for you.
Death would be welcome to me
without Elena.
Oh, how many tears have I shed, full
of sorrow, to be so far from you;
everything else makes me feel sad,
everything is imperfect, abhorrent;
the sun no longer shines in the sky,
the stars no longer glitter for me.
Dearest, you alone can bring me peace,
ah! bring gentle grace to my spirit.

Oh quante lacrime finor versai,
lungi languendo da tuoi bei rai!
Ogn'altro oggetto è a me funesto,
Tutto è imperfetto, tutto detesto.
Di luce il cielo, no, più non brilla,
più non sfavilla astro per me.
Cara! Tu sola mi dai la calma, deh
rendi all'alma
grata mercè.

Thomas, *Mignon*—*Connais-tu le pays?*

Connais-tu le pays où fleurit
l'oranger?
Le pays des fruits d'or et des roses
vermeilles,
où la brise est plus douce et l'oiseau
plus léger
où en toute saison butinent les
abeilles,
où rayonne et sourit comme un
bienfait de Dieu

Do you know the land where the
orange tree blooms?
The land of golden fruit and red
roses,
where the breeze is gentle and the
bird lighter,
where in every season the bees
forage,
where shines and smiles like a gift
from God

un éternel printemps sous un ciel
toujours bleu!
Hélas! que ne puis-je te suivre
vers ce rivage heureux d'où le sort
m'exila!
C'est là, c'est là que je voudrais
vivre,
aimer, aimer et mourir!
Oui, c'est là!
Connais-tu la maison où l'on
m'attend là-bas?
La salle aux lambris d'or, où des
hommes de marbre
m'appellent dans la nuit en me
tendant les bras!
Et la cour où l'on danse à l'ombre
d'un grand arbre?
Et le lac transparent où glissent sur
les eaux
mille bateaux légers, pareils à des
oiseaux!
Hélas! que ne puis-je te suivre
vers ce pays lointain d'où le sort
m'exila!
C'est là, c'est là que je voudrais vivre,
aimer, aimer et mourir!
Oui, c'est là!

an eternal spring under an ever blue
sky!
Alas, that I may not follow you
toward that happy land from which
Fate drove me.
It is there! It is there! that I wish to
live,
to love, to love and to die!
Yes, it is there!
Do you know the house which
awaits me there?
The hall with golden furnishings,
where marble statues
call me in the night and hold out
their arms to me!
And the courtyard where one dances
in the shade of a great tree,
and the clear lake on whose waters
glide
a thousand light boats just like birds.
Alas, that I may not follow you
toward that happy land from which
Fate drove me.
It is there! It is there! that I wish to
live, to love and to die!
Yes, it is there!

Meyerbeer, *Les Huguenots*—*Non, non, non!*

Non, non, non, non, non, non,
Vous n'avez jamais, je gage
Non, rien' appris de tel
Par la voix du jeune page,
Ah! non—et les filles du village
jamais n'oublieront ce trait!
Entouré de gens sans nombre,
Sur les yeux un voile sombre,
Un beau cavalier paraît,
Glissant comme une ombre il passe
Et d'un pied léger franchit l'espace.
Et jeunes et vieux
Le suivant des yeux
Disent: Qui est-il?
Et puis, où va-t-il?
Et que cherche-t-il?
C'est un grand babil!
Non, non, non, non, non, non, etc.
Le cavalier n'y voit goutte.
Il cherche à tâtons sa route
Le cou tendu; les enfants mutins
L'agacent des mains,
Leurs rieuses souers
Lui jettent des fleurs!
Non, non, non, non, non, non, etc.
C'est un cortège riant et beau
Le cavalier sous son bandeau,
Suivi pressé des jeunes filles du
hameau,
S'avance, approche du château.
Ah, quelle fête pour le château.

No, no, no, no, no, no, I wager you
have never, never heard
anything like this from the voice
of a young page.
Oh! No! And the girls of the
village will never forget this event.
Surrounded by crowds of people, a
blindfold over his eyes,
a handsome cavalier appears,
slipping like a shadow,
he pauses and cautiously crosses
the yard.
Young and old gaze after him,
saying: "What is he?"
and then: "Where is he going, and
what is he seeking?"
They produce a great gabble of
sound.
No, you have never heard anything
like this!
The cavalier cannot see anything.
He seeks, groping his way,
his neck stretched out, and the
other children distract him
with their mischievous hands,
while their laughing sisters
throw flowers at him.

Oh! What a festival for the château!

Saint-Saëns, *Samson et Dalila*—*Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix*

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix, comme
s'ouvrent les fleurs
Aux baisers de l'aurore!
Mais, ô mon bien-aimé, pour mieux
sécher mes pleurs,
Que ta voix parle encore!
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila tu reviens pour
jamais;
Redis à ma tendresse
Les serments d'autrefois, ces
serments que j'aimais!
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi l'ivresse!
Réponds à ma tendresse!

My heart at thy sweet voice
Opens wide like the flower
Which the morning kisses wake!
But, that I may rejoice,
That my tears no more flow,
Tell thy love still unshaken!
O, say you will not
Leave Dalila again!
Repeat your tender words,
Ev'ry passionate vow,
React to my tenderness!

Internationally celebrated mezzo-soprano **Marilyn Horne** last appeared with the San Francisco Opera during the Company's 1985 Fall Season, which saw her performing the title role of Handel's *Orlando* and adding the role of Mistress Quickly in Verdi's *Falstaff* to her impressive repertoire. The Pennsylvania native, who in 1982 became the first recipient of the Rossini Foundation's Golden Plaque honoring her as "the greatest singer in the world," was also seen here as Dalila in the 1983 production of *Samson et Dalila* and the previous year in the title role of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* and as Adalgisa opposite Joan Sutherland's Norma. It was as Adalgisa that Miss Horne made her stunning Metropolitan Opera debut in 1970, since which time she has triumphed in all of the world's major houses. San Francisco Opera is honored to be the company with which she made her first major operatic appearance, singing Marie in *Wozzeck* (1960). Her subsequent Company credits include Marzelline in *Fidelio*, Hermia in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Marina in *Boris Godunov* (1961); Musetta in *La Bohème*, Marie in *Daughter of the Regiment* and Nedda in *Pagliacci* (1962); Eboli in *Don Carlo* (1966); and the title role of *Tancredi* (1979), the vehicle of her sensational 1977 debut at the Rome Opera. She is perhaps Spring Opera Theater's most illustrious alumna, having portrayed Carmen (1961), Rosina (1962) and the title role of *L'Italiana in Algeri* (1964), three roles she has recorded complete and performed to critical plaudits at the Met and elsewhere. Her incredibly varied repertoire ranges from Thomas's *Mignon* and Massenet's *La Navarraise* to the "trouser roles" in which she is considered to have no peer today: Gluck's *Orfeo*, Vivaldi's *Orlando*, Bellini's *Romeo*, Handel's *Rinaldo*, Neocle in Rossini's *Siege of Corinth* and Arsace in *Semiramide*, a role in which she scored a major triumph at the 1980 Aix-en-Provence Festival and repeated for Opening Night of San Francisco Opera's 1981 Fall Season. She sang Arsace at Carnegie Hall in 1983, as part of a series of three Rossini operas presented as a showcase for Miss Horne, including *Tancredi* and *La Donna del Lago*, an opera she also performed at Covent Garden. In 1985, she returned to Carnegie Hall to appear in *Orlando* and *Semele*. A busy concert artist with some 1,000 recitals to her credit, she was heard in two nationally televised "Live from Lincoln Center" concerts with Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti, and again with Leontyne Price (a program that resulted in a Grammy-winning disc). Another televised recital titled "Marilyn Horne's Great American Song Book" has resulted in a recording issued by London Records. She was also seen on a live PBS telecast of Metropolitan Opera's *L'Italiana in Algeri*. Her lengthy discography includes recordings for London, Deutsche Grammophon, RCA and CBS, including an album of Handel opera arias for RCA and several solo records. Her autobiography, entitled *My Life, Marilyn Horne*, has been published by Atheneum. Among her numerous awards are the Handel Medallion, New York City's highest cultural award, and the "Commendatore al merito della Repubblica Italiana" awarded to her by President Pertini of Italy in 1983.

Conductor **Bruce Ferden**, whose activities encompass most musical forms and periods, is now in his third season as music director of the Spokane Symphony. He also continues as music director of the Nebraska Chamber Orchestra, a post he has held since 1982. Highlights of his 1987/88 season include a concert with Montserrat Caballé and the Pacific Symphony in Costa Mesa, California, and a series of performances of *Rigoletto* at the Seattle Opera. During the past season, Ferden led the New York premiere of the Rome portion of the *CIVIL war5* (sic) by Philip Glass at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Next Wave Festival. He also completed a four-city European tour with the Brabants Orchestra, led the White Plains Symphony in two concerts, returned for the fifth time to the Netherlands Opera for *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Turn of the Screw*, and conducted *Madama Butterfly* for Utah Opera. On July 4th, he led the opening concert of the Charles Ives Center for the Arts at Western Connecticut State University. Highlights of recent seasons have included a subscription week with the St. Louis Symphony as well as engagements with the San Francisco Symphony, the Detroit and Dallas Symphonies, the St. Paul Chamber

Orchestra and the Pasadena Symphony. In Europe, Ferden has been on the podium for the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and the Netherlands Ballet Orchestra. He also conducted the Utrecht Symphony on a tour that included performances at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. The maestro has conducted productions, including several world premieres, at the Netherlands Opera, Utah Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Minnesota Opera and other prominent companies in the United States and Europe. He has appeared frequently with the New York City Opera and the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, and led the latter in a special gala concert in which they became the first American opera company ever to appear at the Edinburgh Festival. Born in Minnesota of Norwegian parentage, Ferden began piano lessons at the age of five, took formal studies at Moorhead State College and the University of Miami, with graduate work at the University of Southern California and the Juilliard School of Music. His studies also include work with Peter Herman Adler at the American Opera Center and, at age 25, the post of assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

SAN FRANCISCO WAR MEMORIAL PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

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