

San Francisco Opera

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presents

KIRI TE KANAWA
soprano

with

Members of the San Francisco Opera Orchestra

conducted by

JOHN MAUCERI

War Memorial Opera House, San Francisco
Wednesday, March 4, 1987, at 8:30 p.m.

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PROGRAM

Suite from *Der Rosenkavalier*

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Vier letzte Lieder (Four Last Songs)

Frühling
September
Beim Schlafengehen
Im Abendrot

Richard Strauss

INTERMISSION

La Forza del Destino—Overture

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Otello

Canzone del Salice (Willow Song)
Ave Maria

Giuseppe Verdi

Madama Butterfly—Intermezzo

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Manon Lescaut

In quelle trine morbide

Giacomo Puccini

La Bohème

Donde lieta uscì

Giacomo Puccini

Adriana Lecouvreur

Io son l'umile ancella

Francesco Cilea
(1866-1950)

* * *

Metropolitan Musical Bureau, Inc., New York
Personal Direction: Samuel M. Niefeld

PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Suite from *Der Rosenkavalier*

Several compilations of music from *Der Rosenkavalier* mushroomed after the opera's 1911 premiere, the most popular and enduring being the one performed tonight, thought by many to have been put together by Richard Strauss himself. In Norman Del Mar's *Richard Strauss* (Cornell, 1962), a minor mystery emerges regarding the authorship of the Suite's arranger. Strauss himself thought one Otto Singer did it shortly after the premiere; Norman Del Mar found some evidence of Artur Rodzinski's participation, but nobody was ever able to pin down the arranger with any certainty. Towards the end of World War II, Strauss put together a *Waltz Sequence from Der Rosenkavalier*, in order to put out of circulation the widely performed Suite, which "had irritated me for the last forty [!] years." The preceding quote is from letters to Karl Böhm and Clemens Krauss. In 1945, however, Strauss—somewhat cynically—sanctioned and published the Suite as his own work, in spite of the fact that he never did any of the arranging. Be that as it may, the Suite lives on, whoever put it together, since its music is, after all, — by Strauss.

Vier letzte Lieder (Four Last Songs)

One of the most prolific authors of Lieder of them all, Strauss only sporadically wrote in that form towards the end of his life. About a year before his death, however, he produced the *Four Last Songs*, an overwhelmingly poignant group that has come to be regarded as his farewell to life. Apparently, he did not originally set out to compose the four as a group. *Im Abendrot* was written first (May 1948), after which he became attracted to four poems by Hermann Hesse and decided to set them to music, but only managed three (*Frühling* in July, *Beim Schlafengehen* in August and *September* in September of 1948). This autumnal group was never heard in performance by the composer himself, and he did not leave behind any instructions as to the order in which they should be performed. At the first performance, in May of 1950, *Beim Schlafengehen* was sung first, followed by *September*, *Frühling* and *Im Abendrot*. Kirsten Flagstad was the soloist, and the Philharmonia Orchestra was conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler in London's Royal Albert Hall. The order in which we are hearing the songs tonight was established later that same year, becoming instantly standard.

Vier letzte Lieder (Four Last Songs)

Frühling (Hermann Hesse)

In dämmrigen Grüften
träumte ich lang
von deinen Bäumen und blauen
Lüften,
von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.

Nun liegst du erschlossen
in Gleiss und Zier
von Licht übergossen
wie ein Wunder vor mir.

Du kennst mich wieder,
du lockest mich zart,
es zittert durch all meine Glieder
deine selige Gegenwart!

Spring

In dusky hollows
I long dreamed
of your trees and blue skies,
of your fragrance and bird song.

Now you stand revealed
in glitter and glory,
flooded with light,
like a miracle.

You recognize me,
and gently beckon;
my whole body trembles
with your holy presence!

September (Hermann Hesse)

Der Garten trauert,
kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.
Der Sommer schauert
still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt
in den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen
bleibt er stehn, sehnt sich nach Ruh,
langsam tut er
die müdgeword'nen Augen zu

September

The garden is in mourning;
the rain falls cool among the flowers.
Summer shivers quietly
on its way toward its end.

Golden leaf after leaf
falls from the tall acacia.
Summer smiles, astonished, feeble,
in this dying dream of a garden.

For a long while, yet, in the roses,
she will linger on, yearning for peace,
and slowly
close her weary eyes.

Beim Schlafengehen (Hermann Hesse) Going to Sleep

Nun der Tag mich müd' gemacht,
soll mein sehnliches Verlangen
freundlich die gestirnte Nacht
wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, lasst von allem Tun,
Stirn, vergiss du alles Denken,
alle meine Sinne nun
wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht
will in freien Flügen schweben,
um im Zauberkreis der Nacht
tief und tausendfach zu leben.

Now that day wearies me,
my yearning desire
will receive more kindly,
like a tired child, the starry night.

Hands, leave off your deeds,
mind, forget all thoughts;
all of my forces
yearn only to sink into sleep.

And my soul, unguarded,
would soar on widespread wings,
to live in night's magical sphere
more profoundly, more variously.

Im Abendrot (Joseph von Eichendorff) In the Glow of Evening

Wir sind durch Not und Freude
gegangen Hand in Hand,
vom Wandern ruhen wir
nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Täler neigen,
es dunkelt schon die Luft,
zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen
nachträumend in den Duft.

Tritt her und lass sie schwirren,
bald ist es Schlafenszeit,
dass wir uns nicht verirren
in dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter, stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot.
Wie sind wir wandermüde—
ist dies etwa der Tod?

Through sorrow and joy
we have walked hand in hand;
let us rest now from wandering
in this quiet country.

Mountains slope all around us,
and the sky already darkens;
only two larks climb in the sky,
dreaming in the night.

Come in; let them flutter,
for it is already time to sleep;
let us not lose our way
in this loneliness.

Come nearer, gentle peace,
profound in the glow of evening!
How weary we are of wandering;
is this perhaps—death?

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La Forza del Destino—Overture

When Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* opened in St. Petersburg in 1862, audiences attending the premiere did not hear the now-familiar Overture: the work was introduced by a much shorter prelude. In 1869, *Forza* was given at Milan's La Scala, after the composer made several changes in the opera proper, and added a whole new expanded overture, which included several of the opera's themes. In addition to providing a splendid beginning to the action of the opera, this overture has taken on an independent life of its own, providing many a concert hall opening selection.

Otello—Willow Song and Ave Maria

At the beginning of Act IV, Desdemona, attended by Emilia, prepares for bed. The Willow Song and the ensuing Ave Maria, two of the most beautiful pieces ever written for the soprano voice, express the heroine's sense of foreboding.

[EMILIA
Era più calmo?]

DESDEMONA
Mia pareva. M'ingiunse
di coricarmi e d'attenderlo. Emilia,
te ne prego, distendi sul mio letto
la mia candida veste nuziale.
Senti. Se pria di te morir dovessi,
mi seppellisci con un di quei veli.

[EMILIA
Scacciate queste idee.]

DESDEMONA
Son mesta tanto, tanto.
Mia madre avea una povera ancella,
innamorate e bella;
era il suo nome
Barbara. Amava
un uom che poi l'abbandonò; cantava
una canzone; la canzon del salice.

[EMILIA
Was he calmer?]

DESDEMONA
So he seemed. He asked me
to go to bed and wait for him. Emilia,
Please, lay on my bed
my white bridal gown.
Listen, if I should die before you,
bury me in one of those veils.

[EMILIA
Dismiss such ideas.]

DESDEMONA
I am so very sad.
My mother had a poor maid,
she was in love, pretty girl;
her name was
Barbara. She loved
a man who then deserted her; she
used to sing
a song; the willow song.

(to Emilia)

Mi disciogli le chiome;
io questa sera ho la memoria piena
di quella cantilena;

Unpin my hair;
tonight my mind is haunted
by that song:

"Piangea cantando
nell'erma landa,
piangea la mesta.
O Salce! Salce! Salce!
Sedeo chinando
sul sen la testa.
O Salce! Salce! Salce!
Cantiamo, cantiamo! Il salce funebre
sarà la mia ghirlanda."

"She wept, singing
on the lonely hearth,
the poor soul wept!
Oh, willow, willow, willow!
She sat, her head
bowed on her breast!
Oh, willow, willow, willow!
Sing all! The weeping willow
shall be my garland."

(to Emilia)

Affrettati; fra poco giunge Otello. Hurry; Othello will be here soon.

(resuming the song)

"Scorreano i rivi fra le zolle in fior;
gemea quel core affranto,
e dalle ciglia le sgorgava il cor
l'amara onda del pianto.
Salce! Salce! Salce!
Cantiamo, cantiamo! Il salce funebre
sarà la mia ghirlanda.
Scendean gli augelli a vol dai
rami cupi
Verso quel dolce canto.

E gli occhi suoi piangean tanto,
da impietosir le rupi."

"The streams ran by between the
flowery meadows;
her broken heart lamented,
and from her eyes welled up
the bitter wave of tears.
Willow! Willow! Willow!
Sing all! The weeping willow
shall be my garland.
The birds came flying down
from the dark branches towards that
sweet song.
And she wept such tears
that the stones were moved to pity."

(to Emilia, taking a ring from her finger)

Riponi questo anello.
Povera Barbara! Solea la storia
con questo semplice suono finir:
"Egli era nato per la sua gloria,
io per amar ..."
Ascolta ... Odo un lamento.
Taci. Chi batte a quella porta?

[EMILIA
È il vento.]

DESDEMONA
"Io per amarlo e per morir...
Cantiamo, cantiamo!
Salce! Salce! Salce!"
Emilia, addio. Come m'ardono le ciglia.
È presagio di pianto. Buona notte.

Put this ring away.
Poor Barbara! The story
thus simply used to end:
"He was born for his glory,
and I to love ..."
Hark ... I hear a moaning
Hush. Who is knocking at that door?

[EMILIA
'Tis the wind.]

DESDEMONA
"I to love him and to die ...
Come sing, come sing!
Willow! Willow! Willow!"
Emilia, farewell. How my eyes burn.
It bodes tears. Good night.

(Emilia turns to leave)

Ah, Emilia, addio, Emilia, addio! Emilia, farewell!

(Emilia embraces her and goes out. Desdemona kneels
before the picture of the Madonna.)

Ave Maria, piena di grazia, eletta
fra le spose e le vergini sei tu;
sia benedetto il frutto, o benedetta,
di tue materne viscere, Gesù
Prega per chi adorando a te si prostra,
prega pel peccator, per l'innocente
e pel debole oppresso e pel possente,

misero anch'esso, tua pietà dimostra.
Prega per chi sotto l'oltraggio piega
la fronte e sotto la malvagia sorte;
per noi, per noi tu prega, prega
sempre e nell'ora della morte nostra,
prega per noi, prega per noi, prega.
Ave Maria! ... Nell'ora della morte,
Ave! ... Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace, elect
among matrons and virgins art thou;
blessed be the fruit, o blessed one,
of thy womb, Jesus.
Pray for those who kneel before thee
in adoration,
pray for the sinner, for the innocent,
and for the weak and oppressed, and
for the mighty—
also wretched—show thy pity.
Pray for those who bow their heads
beneath outrage and calamity.
Pray for us, pray for us
always and in the hour of death,
pray for us, pray for us.
Hail Mary! ... In the hour of death,
Hail! ... Amen

Madama Butterfly - Intermezzo

This extended Introduction to Act III of *Madama Butterfly* is almost like a two-part tone poem. The first part reflects Cio-Cio-San's state of mind, her reminiscences and the imagined return of Pinkerton across the sea. Distant sailors' calls are heard, followed by the second part -- a description of the dawn and sunrise.

Manon Lescaut - In quelle trine morbide

In Act II of *Manon Lescaut*, the opera that brought Puccini his first large-scale success, the title character finds herself in the middle of luxuries she so eagerly strived to obtain. And yet ...

In quelle trine morbide,
nell'alcova dorata
v'è un silenzio gelido, mortal,
v'è un silenzio
un freddo che m'agghiaccia!
Ed io che m'ero avvezza
a una carezza voluttuosa
di labbra ardenti
e d'influocate braccia ...
or ho ... tutt'altra cosa!
O mia dimora umile,
tu mi ritorni innanzi
gaia, isolata, bianca
come un sogno gentile
e di pace e d'amor!

In those soft silken curtains,
in that golden alcove,
there's a silence,
there's a chill
that freezes me.
I who once knew
the fervor of fond caresses,
and from dear lips to taste
love's ardent and most perfect kisses—
and now—all that is over!
My little humble dwelling,
I see you there before me
secluded and enchanting,
like a vision so gentle
of peace and love!

La Bohème - Donde lieta uscì

"Donde lieta uscì" is one of the emotional peaks of the third act of Puccini's *La Bohème*. In the dead of winter, Mimì and Rodolfo are making attempts at a separation. Following Mimì's thoughts on the subject, however, they decide to stay together until spring.

Donde lieta uscì al tuo grido

d'amore, torna sola

Mimì al solitario nido.

Ritorna un'altra volta

a intesser finti fior!

Addio, senza rancor.

Ascolta, ascolta.

Le poche robe aduna che lasciai
sparse.

Nel mio cassetto stan chiusi

quel cerchietto d'or,

e il libro di preghiere.

Involgi tutto quanto in un grembiale,

manderò il portiere.

Bada, sotto il guanciale

c'è la cuffietta rosa.

se vuoi...serbarla a ricordo d'amor!

Addio, addio senza rancor.

To the solitary nest

which so happily I left,

following your call of love,

I shall return once more

to embroider artificial flowers.

Goodbye; there is no bitterness.

Listen.

Gather up the few things I left behind.

In my drawer

is that little golden ring,

and my prayer book.

Tie everything in a bundle

and I'll send the concierge.

Look, under the pillow

you will find the pink bonnet.

If you care to, keep it as a souvenir of
love!

Goodbye, goodbye—no bitterness!

Adriana Lecouvreur —Io son l'umile ancella

The heroine of Cilea's opera is an actual historical character, Adrienne Lecouvreur, a celebrated 18th-century French actress. In the opera, she is seen backstage at the Comédie Française, where she is being congratulated on her success. She modestly explains her views on the matter to her assembled colleagues.

Ecco. Respiro appena.

Io son l'umile ancella

del genio creator:

Ei m'offre la favella,

io la diffondo ai cor.

Del verso io son l'accento,

l'eco del dramma uman,

il fragile strumento

vassallo della man.

Mite, gioconda, atroce,

mi chiamo Fedeltà:

Un soffio è la mia voce,

che al novo di morrà.

See: I barely breathe.

I am the humble servant

of the creator:

He gives me speech,

which I impart to the heart of man.

I am the accent of the verse,

the echo of human drama,

the fragile instrument,

servant to the hand.

Gentle, happy, cruel by turn,

I am called fidelity:


My voice is a mere whisper,

that tomorrow will die.



KIRI TE KANAWA

Internationally celebrated soprano Kiri Te Kanawa's most recent appearance with the San Francisco Opera was as the Countess in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, performed during the Company's 1986 Fall Season. The same role was also the vehicle of her San Francisco Opera debut in 1972, followed by Amelia in *Simon Boccanegra* and Pamina in *The Magic Flute* (1975), the title role of *Arabella* (1980) and, during the 1985 Fall Season, the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*. Born in New Zealand, she became a member of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden in 1970, making her debut as Xenia in *Boris Godunov*. She made a triumphant debut at the Metropolitan Opera in 1974 as Desdemona in *Otello* and returned the following season as Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, a role she sang in Joseph Losey's film version of that work and for her 1975 debut at the Paris Opera. She appeared with the Australian Opera during the 1976-1977 season, singing in *La Bohème* and *Simon Boccanegra*. In the autumn of 1977 she made a tour of major European music festivals with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Claudio Abbado in Strauss' *Four Last Songs* and Mahler's Fourth Symphony, a program she repeated at La Scala in Milan. She made her first European and North American recital tour in 1978-79, including a Covent Garden performance that was filmed and recorded. She was invited to sing "Let the Bright Seraphim" from Handel's *Samson* at the wedding of HRH The Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer, and that same year was created a Dame Commander of the British Empire. Highly acclaimed as a concert and recital artist, she performed to a standing-room-only crowd last May in the War Memorial Opera House as part of the "Royal Family of Opera" series. Her numerous television credits include an internationally televised production of *Die Fledermaus* from Covent Garden, several BBC specials and, in this country, national telecasts of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Die Fledermaus* in the "Live from Lincoln Center"



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JOHN MAUCERI

First music director of the American Symphony Orchestra since Leopold Stokowski, **John Mauceri** also becomes music director of the Scottish Opera at the beginning of the 1987/88 season. His operatic engagements have taken him to London's Covent Garden and Milan's La Scala; the symphonic part of his career, to podiums of the world's great orchestras. An active member of the Broadway music theater community, he was musical supervisor of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Song and Dance*, and has won several awards for *On Your Toes*, which he co-produced. Locally, he led the outstanding 1975 Spring Opera performances of Britten's *Death in Venice*, and San Francisco Opera's world premiere performances of Imbrie's *Angle of Repose*. This season, Mauceri made his Chicago Lyric Opera debut with *La Bohème* and conducted a new production of *Carmen* at the Scottish Opera, where he will also shortly lead performances of *Billy Budd*. His current symphonic schedule includes engagements with the National Symphony and the London Symphony Orchestra. A New York native, John Mauceri studied and taught at Yale and made his professional conducting debut at Wolf Trap in 1973 with Menotti's *The Saint of Bleeker Street*. Engagements at Santa Fe (Berg's *Lulu*) and Spoleto, Italy (Menotti's *Tamu-Tamu*) were followed by his 1974 symphonic debut with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Since then he has conducted the San Francisco Symphony, the

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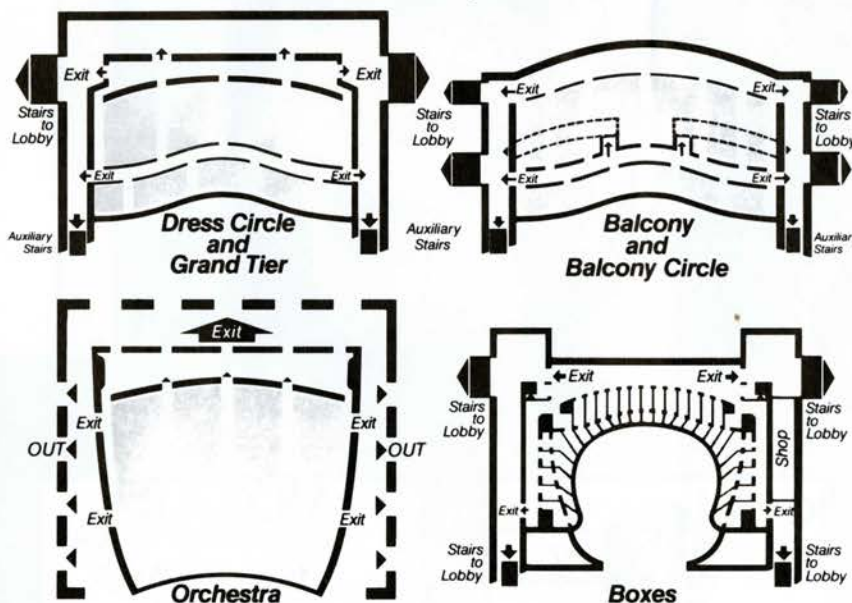
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Philadelphia Orchestra, the French National Orchestra, the Royal Philharmonic, and the London Symphony, among others. In opera, Mauceri has appeared at the Metropolitan Opera, Covent Garden and La Scala, as well as with the English, Welsh and Scottish National Operas. Former music director of Washington Opera, the maestro has also led many performances at the New York City Opera, ranging from Monteverdi to Janáček. He has a long list of

important premieres to his credit, including the first American performances of Debussy's *Khamma*, the European premiere of Bernstein's *Mass* (Vienna, 1973), and the world premiere of David del Tredici massive *Child Alice*. Mauceri has recorded for four major record labels, and has just won a Grammy award for his recording of *Candide*. Current recording plans include *My Fair Lady* with Kiri Te Kanawa and the London Symphony Orchestra.

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KIRI TE KANAWA

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