

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

Lotfi Mansouri, General Director

presents

JOSÉ CARRERAS

Tenor

LORENZO BAVAJ

Piano

WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO
FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1992, AT 8 P.M.

PROGRAM

Già il sole dal Gange

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659-1725)

Already the sun from the Ganges river is shining more brightly, drying away each tear that the dawn will weep.
With golden rays, it bejewels each star and it paints heavenly stars in the meadow.

Per la gloria d'adorarvi from *Griselda*

Giovanni Battista Bononcini
(1672-1748)

For the glory of adoring you, I want to love you, o dear lights, o dear eyes. Loving you, I may suffer, yes,
but who could look into your eyes and not love you?

Pietà Signore (Have mercy, o Lord)

Alessandro Stradella
(1644-1682)

Have mercy, o Lord, of my suffering. If my prayer reaches you, do not punish me too severely. Always clement, do
turn your glance upon me. No, do not allow that I be condemned to hell in eternal fire because of your severity. Great
God, may I never be condemned to eternal fire because of your severity.

Apri (Open)

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1969)

Raise the blond head, still wrapped up in dreams, and listen to my voice, o dear and gentle beauty. No branch is
moving, no voice is heard. The white moon is in the sky, looking like a lamp. Your mother sleeps. The hour which we
dreamed about has arrived. Open the door, my love, like you opened your heart to me. The hour of our dreams has
arrived. Open the door, my darling... He lives down there, surrounded by laurels; stars are his torches, flowers are his
bed. Your mother sleeps. The hour of our dreams has arrived.

Vorrei morire (I would like to die)

Tosti

I would like to die at that time of the year when the air is warm and the sky is clear. When the swallows make their
nests, when new flowers adorn the ground. I would like to die... I would like to die during a sunset, when violets
sleep in the valley, then I would gladly return my soul to God. At springtime and at the end of the day, that's when I
would like to die... But when a tempest rages, and the air turns dark, when no leaves remain on the branches, then I
would be afraid to die. I would like to die (etc.)...

Non t'amo più (I don't love you any more)

Tosti

Do you remember the day we met? Do you still remember your promises? Mad with love I followed you, we were in
love, and at your side I dreamed, mad with love. Happily, I dreamed of caresses and kisses melting into the bliss of
heaven; but your words were false, because your heart is made of ice. Do you still remember? Now my trust, my
great desire, my dream of love is you no longer. I do not seek your kisses, I do not think of you. I dream of another
ideal; I love you no more! In the precious days we spent together, I covered your path with flowers; you were the sole
hope of my heart; you were the only thought in my mind. You have seen me beseech you, turn pale, you have seen
me weep. Just to gratify your slightest desire, I would have given my blood and my faith. Do you still remember...

L'Ultima canzone (The Last Song)

Tosti

They told me that tomorrow, Nina, you are getting married, and I still serenade you! There, in the barren plains, there,
in the shady valley, oh how many times did I sing to you! "O rose leaf, o amaranth flower, if you get married, I'll
always stay beside you." Tomorrow, you will be surrounded with festivities and flowers, never thinking of our old
love. But always, day and night, full of passion, my sad song will come to you: "O mint leaf, o pomegranate flower,
Nina, remember the kisses I have given you!"

L'Esule (The Exile)

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Look! The white moon shines on the hills; the night breeze glides lightly and ripples the lap of the quiet lake. Why,
why in this quietest and sweetest of hours do I remain silent and pensive? Here all is joy; the sky, the land, all nature
smiles at the wonderment. The exiled one is alone and condemned to tears. And I am among familiar images, but
trembling from mysterious pleasures. Oh, the memories of happy times still live in my warm thoughts... Meadows,
deserts, forests, I see places fragrant with flowers, but pain is always my companion! Now what remains for me?
Remove from my life that force that makes me miserable. Oh come, death, to one who invites you, and the soul will
return to its first joys. Oh, when my fatherland's shores will no longer be forbidden to me; in those breezes, on those
waves, my bare spirit will soar. I will kiss the beloved cheeks of the dear mother and the tears of the unfortunate one
will be wiped away!

INTERMISSION

Élégie

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

O sweet spring of times gone by; green season, you have gone forever! I no longer see the blue sky, I no longer hear the happy song of the birds. You have gone away, my love, taking with you all my happiness. It's useless for spring to return. Yes, the joyful sun and happy days have gone with you, never to return. How sad and cold is everything within my heart! Everything has withered, forever.

Ouvre tes yeux bleus (Open your blue eyes)

Massenet

Open your blue eyes now, my darling; the dawn has come. On the branch, a starling trills his amorous song. The rosy dawn colors the skies, the lovely daisy blossoms. My love, arise! My love, arise! Open your blue eyes.... Why look at nature's face which glows with radiance? No summer day bestows such joy as love's delight. From my breast the sweetest songs are soaring, with conquering art, and the sun's rays are coming from my heart!

Canción el árbol del olvido (Song to the tree of oblivion)

Alberto Ginastera
(1916-1983)

On my land there is a tree, called the tree of oblivion, to which (ay, my beloved) people go for comfort; those whose soul is near to death. So as not to think of you, I lay down one night under the tree of oblivion (ay, my beloved) and fell fast asleep. On awaking from that sleep, I was again thinking of you, since (ay, my beloved) I forgot to forget you as I lay down.

La rosa y el sauce (The Rose and the Willow)

Carlos Guastavino
(Born in 1912)

The rose was opening, embraced by the willow. The impassioned tree loved her so much! But a coquettish girl picked it, and the disconsolate willow is left weeping.

Tengo nostalgia de ti (I long for you)

Tata Nacho
(1894-1968)

I long for you, my beloved. My soul is sad and there are red tears in my restless heart. Do you know why, beloved? Because without you, without your tenderness, I don't know how to live.

Intima (Intimate)

Nacho

Yours, all yours, as the pearls of the sea, inside you, I am love, and the will to live. Yours, all yours, no one else's! Mine, all mine, as the light of the sun, inside me, you are the flower and the rustle of songs. Mine, all mine, no one else's!

Sole e amore (Sun and love)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

The sun beats down happily at your glass windows. Love beats ever so softly on the hearts— one, as well as the other—but the sun says: O sleeping girl, show me how beautiful you are. And love says: Sister, in your very first thought, think of him who loves you! Think of him who loves you! Think!

Terra e mare (Earth and sea)

Puccini

The poplars, bent by the wind, echo in their long rows. In the darkness, while I slumber, I hear them and I dream of the voice of the sea. I dream of the deep voice with the powerful calm rhythms; and they look at me, reflected on the waves, the stars gleaming in the sky. But the wind blows with greater force upon the poplars in their long rows. I am awakened from my slumber...far away is the voice of the sea!

Menti all'avviso (Ignore the warning)

Puccini

Ignore the warning. And yet, this is the narrow valley, and this the fatal dwelling that was announced to me by the secret voice that has disturbed my sleep for many a night. You, whose name I dare not speak, you! Deadly woman, risen from the tomb to torment me one more time. You promised to see me at the fatal moment. Oh! Who moans? I am mistaken, it's the sea and the wind. It is the night that gives me its shades, its fears, that makes me hear the punishing voice of remorse. It is the night that forces me to hear the remorse...

* * *

Bösendorfer piano provided by G. Leuenberger, San Francisco

In returning to San Francisco for this special recital, **José Carreras** returns to the stage where he appeared as Rodolfo in *La Bohème* (1973), Lt. Pinkerton in *Madama Butterfly* (1974), Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore* (1975), Riccardo in *Un Ballo in Maschera* (1977) and in the title role of *Werther* (1978). A native of Barcelona, he received his musical education there and made his professional debut at the Gran Teatre del Liceu at the age of 11. In 1970, his second debut took place on the same stage, this time opposite Montserrat Caballé in *Lucrezia Borgia*. A whirlwind string of competitions and debuts followed, and by the end of 1974 he had made debuts in most major opera centers around the world, including the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, London's Covent Garden, New York's Metropolitan Opera, and the Vienna State Opera.

A long association with Milan's La Scala began in 1975 with *Un Ballo in Maschera* and included a celebrated gala performance of *Don Carlos* that commemorated the Scala bicentennial. Over the next 12 years, Carreras became a regular at the Salzburg Festival, where he performed with Herbert von Karajan, and also started appearing at the festivals of Vienna, Lucerne and Berlin. The tenor made his American recital debut at New York's Carnegie Hall in 1980, returned in 1983 for Metropolitan Opera's 100th Anniversary Gala, and starred in nationally telecast productions of *La Bohème* and *Carmen*. In 1984, Leonard Bernstein invited him to sing the role of Tony in *West Side Story*, and the resulting recording sold over a million copies. He subsequently took part in a recording of *South Pacific*, which has likewise enjoyed tremendous popularity.

A battle with leukemia brought the Carreras career to an abrupt halt in the summer of 1987, but in July of 1988, fully recovered, he made a triumphant return to the stage, appearing in recital before a crowd of 150,000 in his native Barcelona. Since that time, he has given numerous concerts in Europe and the United States and in July of 1989 appeared with Montserrat Caballé in Cherubini's *Medea* in Merida, Spain. The following September, he sang the title role in the premiere of *Cristobal Colón* (Christopher Columbus), a new opera written expressly for him by

Leonardo Balada, and he has since appeared at the Vienna Staatsoper in *Carmen* and *Pagliacci*. In February of 1991 he returned to Covent Garden in *Samson et Dalila*, and he is currently preparing Verdi's *Stiffelio* for Covent Garden, and Giordano's *Fedora* for Vienna, London and Zurich.

The Carreras discography includes over 50 complete operas, more than a dozen recital discs and numerous albums of popular songs. His current projects include an album of duets with Agnes Baltsa, conducted by Plácido Domingo, a complete *Traviata* with Kiri Te Kanawa, led by Zubin Mehta, and Massenet's *Hérodiade* under the baton of Colin Davis.

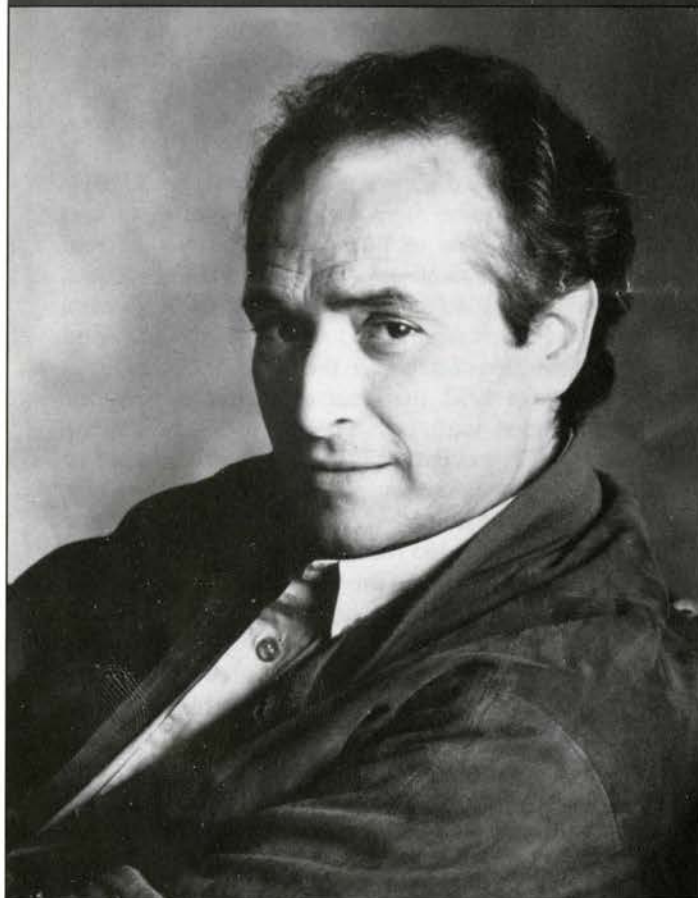
In July of 1990, the tenor appeared in a historic Rome concert with Luciano Pavarotti and Plácido Domingo. The event was televised worldwide to an audience estimated at over a hundred million people, the subsequent album was on most countries' pop charts, and the video recording of the same became the best-selling video in the U.S. for 1991, also the first classical music video ever to go triple platinum.

This summer, Carreras returns to the Salzburg Festival and acts as Music Director for the opening and closing ceremonies at the 1992 Barcelona Olympic Games.

In 1988, the José Carreras International Leukemia Foundation was established in Barcelona, an organization that the artist serves as its president.

Lorenzo Bavaj was born in Macerata, Italy, and is a graduate in harpsichord and piano of the Gioachino Rossini Conservatory of Pesaro. He studied with Stanislav Neuhaus at the Vienna Conservatory and with Tatyana Nikolayeva at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. He has given recitals in some of the most important music centers of Europe and his extensive tours have taken him to Kenya, Ethiopia, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Poland and the Soviet Union, both as a recitalist and as soloist in piano concertos. Bavaj has recorded musical rarities by Rossini, as well as selections by Mendelssohn, Hummel, Casella and others, for several recording companies. He is a member of the Accademia dei Catenati and currently teaches piano at the Rossini Conservatory in Pesaro.

JOSE CARRERAS



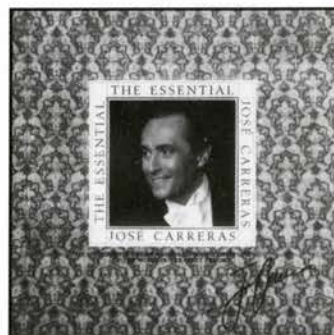
"Carreras has a blend of passion and reserve that wins respect and admiration...a beauty of timbre, strength and evenness and a flowing pianissimo...thrilling to hear."

— *New York
Newsday*

432 889-2



432 692-2



San Francisco War Memorial Performing Arts Center
War Memorial Opera House

Owned and operated by the City and County
of San Francisco through the Board of
Trustees of the War Memorial

The Honorable Frank Jordan
Mayor, City and County of San Francisco

TRUSTEES

Mrs. Melvin M. Swig, *President*
Thomas E. Horn, *Vice President*

Marie Acosta-Colon, Alan D. Becker, Mrs. Joseph D. Cuneo, Mrs. Mitchell V. Davies,
Dr. Zuretti L. Goosby, Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Jr., Mrs. Anthony J. Leones, Mrs. George R. Moscone, Francesca P. Naify

Thelma Shelley
Managing Director

Elizabeth Murray
Assistant Managing Director

