

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

LOTFI MANSOURI, *General Director*

presents

# Leontyne Price

Soprano



David Garvey

Pianist

WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO  
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1992, AT 8 P.M.

# PROGRAM

## I

**Se pietà di me non senti**, from *Giulio Cesare*

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

If you do not feel mercy for me, just heaven, I shall die.  
Give peace to my torment, or this soul will die.

**O smania! O Furie!...D'Oreste, d'Ajace**  
Recitative and aria from *Idomeneo*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

O madness! O Furies! O desperate Electra! Shall I see Idamante in the arms of another? Ah, no! I will follow my kinsman Orestes into the dark abysses, and be his companion in a hell of eternal woe and endless tears.

## II

**Waldseligkeit** (Richard Dehmel)

Joseph Marx  
(1882-1964)

The forest begins to rustle;  
The night approaches the trees  
As though, happily listening,  
They touch each other tenderly

And under the branches  
There I am entirely alone.  
There I am entirely by myself.  
I am entirely yours.

**Marienlied** (Novalis)

Marx

I see you in a thousand pictures, Maria,  
Delightfully expressed.  
But none can describe you as my soul sees you.  
I only know that the world's tumult

Has since blown away like a dream  
And an indescribably sweet heaven  
Eternally stays in my thoughts.

**Herr Lenz** (Emanuel von Bodman)

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Spring bursts through the town today in blue  
trousers.  
Anybody with two good legs feels the sap rise  
And leaps gladly in the sun to buy raffle tickets  
from him.  
There he goes past the gabled house with his pockets  
full of presents

And everybody holds out his hands to get a bouquet  
to give to his girl.  
I'll find myself a pretty one and fetch her away from  
her chores.  
Hat's on! We race across the square:  
"Mr. Spring," what about a dainty blossom for her  
bodice?

**Befreit** (Dehmel)

R. Strauss

You will not weep, softly, softly,  
You will smile and, as if before a journey,  
I will respond with a glance and a kiss.  
Our lovely four walls, you gave them life,  
I have made them for you into a whole world.  
Oh, happiness!  
Then you will warmly clasp my hand,  
And surrender to me your soul,  
Will leave me with our children.  
You gave me all your life,

I will give it back to them,  
Oh, happiness!  
It will be very soon,  
We both know it;  
We have freed each other from pain,  
And so I gave you back to the world.  
Henceforth, you will come to me only in dreams,  
To bless me and to cry with me,  
Oh, happiness!

**Ich liebe dich** (Detlev von Liliencron)

R. Strauss

Four noble horses before our carriage,  
We live in the castle in proud content.  
Waves of morning light and presently lightning -  
Everything it lights is our possession.  
And should you wander, forsaken, outcast through  
the land;  
With you through the alleys in poverty and shame!

Your hands bleeding, your feet sore,  
In four cheerless walls here no dog knows us.  
If in beaten silver your coffin stands near the altar,  
Let them bring me to you on the bier,  
And far away on the heath should you die  
in affliction,  
My knife from my sheath! I am near you in death!

### III

**Pace, pace mio Dio, from *La Forza del Destino***

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

Peace, O mighty Father, give me peace!  
Bitter misfortune has brought me low.  
I suffer now as I did the very day  
I entered these long years of hardship.  
Peace, O mighty Father, give me peace!  
I loved him, it is true!  
But heaven had given him such beauty and courage  
That I cannot help loving him still,  
Nor erase his image from my heart.  
A tragedy! A tragedy!  
That a fatal accident should have driven us apart in  
this world!

Alvaro, I love you,  
But it is the decree of heaven  
That I shall never see you again!  
O Father everlasting, let me die;  
For only in death shall I ever find peace.  
In vain this soul of mine seeks rest  
But is a prey to long and bitter woe.  
Pitiable food; you are here only  
To prolong a life of wretchedness.  
But I hear someone approaching -  
Who dares to profane this sacred place?  
May they be cursed!

### INTERMISSION

### IV

**Bleuet (Guillaume Apollinaire)**

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Young man of twenty years,  
You who have seen such terrible things,  
What do you think of the men of your childhood?  
You have seen bravery and cunning;  
You have seen death face to face over a hundred  
times;  
You do not know what life is.  
Hand on your fearlessness to those who will come  
after you.  
Young man, you are full of joy -  
Your memory is steeped in blood;

Your soul, too, is red with joy.  
You have absorbed the life of those who fell beside  
you.  
You have resolve.  
It is five o'clock and you would know how to die  
If not better than your elders,  
At least with more piety,  
For you know death better than life.  
O sweetness of former days,  
Slow moving beyond all memory.

**Villanelle (Théophile Gautier)**

Hector Berlioz  
(1803-1869)

When the new season comes, when the cold has  
vanished,  
We shall go together, my fair one,  
To gather the lilies of the valley in the woods.  
Our feet scattering the pearls of dew  
That are seen trembling in the morning.  
We shall go to hear the blackbirds warble.  
The spring has come, my fair one,  
It is the month blessed by lovers,  
And the bird preening its wing  
Sings a refrain on the edge of the nest.

Oh! Come then to this mossy bank  
To talk of the delights of our love,  
And say to me in your sweet voice: Forever!  
Far, very far, straying from our paths,  
Let us put to flight the hidden rabbit.  
And the deer, in the mirror of the springs,  
Admiring its great bending antlers;  
Then towards home, quite happy, quite contented,  
With interlaced fingers for baskets,  
Let us return bringing strawberries from the woods.

**Extase (Jean Lahor)**

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

On a pale blossom my heart sleeps a slumber sweet as death.  
Blissful death perfumed by the breath of the beloved.  
On your pale bosom my heart sleeps a slumber sweet as death.

**Le Printemps (Théodore de Banville)**

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

There you are, smile of Spring:  
The lilacs are in full bloom.  
The lovers, whom you cherish,  
Release their cascades of hair!  
Beneath the rays of brilliant gold  
The ancient ivy withers.

There you are, smile of Spring;  
The lilacs are in full bloom.  
We recline by the pond,  
That our bitter ills may be healed!  
A thousand fabulous hopes are nourished;  
Our hearts move and throb.  
There you are, smile of Spring!



**Wild Nights (Emily Dickinson)**Lee Hoiby  
(b. 1926)

Wild nights, wild nights  
Were I with thee.  
Wild nights  
Should be our luxury.  
Futile the winds to a heart in port.  
Done with the compass;

Done with the chart!  
Rowing in Eden  
Ah, the sea!  
Might I but moor tonight  
In thee!

**Goodby, Goodby World (Thornton Wilder, from *Our Town*)**

Hoiby

Goodby, goodby world.  
Goodby, Grover's Corners,  
Mama and Papa.  
Goodby to clocks ticking  
And Mama's sunflowers  
And food and coffee

And new-ironed dresses and hot baths  
And sleeping and waking up.  
Oh, Earth  
You're too wonderful for anyone to realize you.  
Do any human beings ever realize life while they  
live it?  
Every, every minute?

**Always It's Spring (e.e. cummings)**

Hoiby

Who knows if the moon's a balloon  
Coming out of a keen city in the sky  
Filled with pretty people?  
And if you and I should get into it,  
If they should take me and take you  
Into their balloon,  
Why then we'd go up higher,

With all the pretty people  
Than houses and steeples and clouds  
Go sailing away and away,  
Sailing into a keen city which nobody's ever visited,  
Where always it's Spring  
And ev'ryone's in love  
And flowers pick themselves!

**There Came a Wind Like a Bugle (Emily Dickinson)**

Hoiby

There came a wind like a bugle.  
It quivered through the grass  
And a green chill upon the heat  
So ominous did pass.  
We barred the windows and the doors  
As from an emerald ghost;  
The doom's electric moccasin  
That very instant passed.

On a strange mob of panting trees  
And fences fled away  
And rivers where the houses ran  
Those looked that lived that day.  
The bell within the steeple wild  
The flying tidings told.  
How much can come and much can go  
And yet abide the world.

**Ride On King Jesus**Arr. Hall Johnson  
(1888-1970)

Ride on, King Jesus  
No man can-a hinder me  
For He is King of kings,  
He is Lord of lords.  
Jesus Christ the first and last  
No man works like Him.  
King Jesus rides a milk-white horse  
No man works like Him.

The river of Jordan, He did cross  
No man works like Him.  
King Jesus rides in the middle of the air;  
He calls the saints from everywhere.  
Ride on, King Jesus  
No man can-a hinder me.  
He is the Lord, He is the King!  
Ride on, ride on Jesus!

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"Wild Nights" and "There Came a Wind Like a Bugle" © 1988 by Southern Music Publishing Co. Inc., New York

## ARTIST PROFILES

**Leontyne Price**, regarded as one of the greatest artists of our time, has had a long and fruitful association with the San Francisco Opera. In fact, she performed several of her signature roles for the first time on our stage. The year of her professional debut here, 1957, also marked the year of her first *Aida* anywhere, and during the next seasons, she essayed the following roles here for the first time in her career: Madame Lidoine in the American premiere of Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* (1957), the title role in the U.S. premiere of Orff's *The Wise Maiden* (1958), Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni* (1959), Amelia in *Un Ballo in Maschera* (1965), Giorgetta in *Il Tabarro* (1971), the title roles of *Manon Lescaut* (1974) and *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1977), and two parts that, along with *Aida*, have become her signature roles: the Leonoras of *La Forza del Destino* (1963, repeated in 1965 and 1979) and *Il Trovatore* (1958, repeated in 1971 and 1981). Other roles with the Company include the title roles of *Madama Butterfly* and *Tosca*, Liù in *Turandot*, Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* and Elvira in *Ernani*.

Her list of debuts and roles with most major opera houses of the world is as long as it is impressive, and, throughout her career, she was also in constant demand as a concert soloist with major symphony orchestras around the globe in performances that featured the most prominent conductors.

One of the most highly honored artists of our time, Miss Price was chosen to open the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center in the 1966 world premiere of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Her debut role at the Metropolitan Opera had been Leonora in *Il Trovatore* in 1961.

Leontyne Price's long list of recordings includes two complete versions each of *Tosca*, *Aida*, *La Forza del Destino* and the Verdi Requiem, and an unprecedented three recordings of *Il Trovatore*. Renowned as a recitalist, she made her recital debut at New York's Town Hall in 1954 singing the world premiere of Barber's *Hermit Songs* with the composer at the piano. Her previous S.F. Opera sold-out recital took place at the Opera House in 1982.

Among her honors is America's highest civilian award, the Presidential Medal of Freedom, conferred on her in 1965 by President Johnson; New York's highest civil and cultural honor, the Handel Medallion (1985); and the title of Commandeur of the French Order of Arts and Letters, extended to her by the Government of France in 1986. She was the recipient of the San Francisco Opera Medal in 1977, and has by now garnered three Emmy and nineteen Grammy Awards. She also holds thirteen honorary doctorates from several U.S. universities and colleges, including ones from the Juilliard and Mannes School of Mu-

sic, as well as Harvard, Columbia and Yale.

The soprano has performed at the White House for several U.S. Presidents. The native of Laurel, Mississippi is chairman of the National Institute for Music Theatre, a life member of the NAACP, a member of the Metropolitan Opera Association, and the board of directors of the Dance Theatre of Harlem. In 1990, she received the Essence Award and her first book, a children's book on *Aida*, was published in October of 1990.

**David Garvey** has been the exclusive partner of Leontyne Price since 1955. Together, they have performed four times at the White House, and were appointed artistic representatives of the United States at the signing of the peace treaty between Israel and Egypt. With Miss Price, he has also appeared at the Salzburg Festival (five times) and at the Vienna June Music Festival. In addition to his concert hall activities, Garvey is busy with giving master classes in song repertoire and accompanying at Drake University, University of Illinois, North Carolina School of the Arts, and Wheaton College. He has joined the faculty of the University of Texas at Austin as professor, coaching singers on the graduate level and giving master classes. The pianist is especially recognized for his championing of American music.

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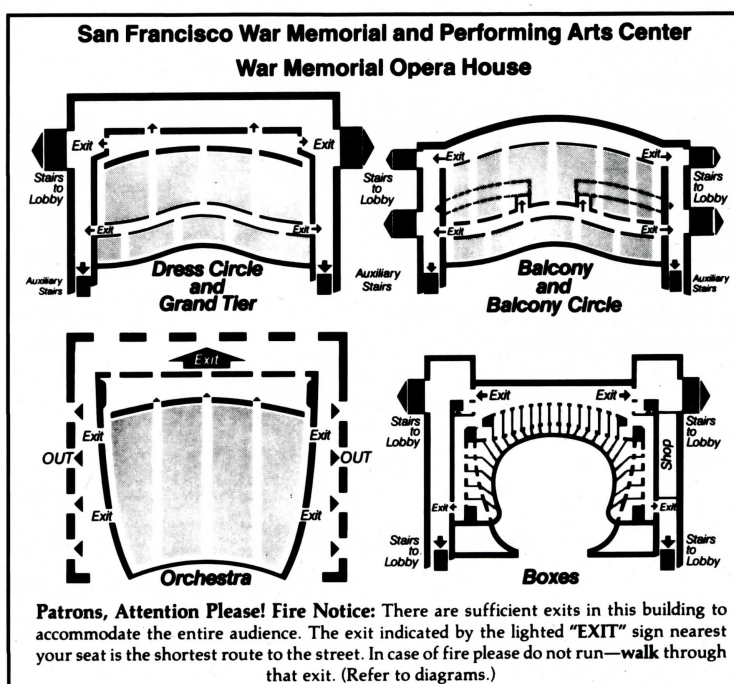
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## 5 Encores

- Madame Butterfly
- Summer time
- Ariadne auf Naxos
- Spiritual
- La Rondine