

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
CONCERTS
2011.2012 SEASON

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

MUSIC

CELEBRATING 118 YEARS

Quartet
Emerson String Quartet
Pavlov String Quartet
Law Horszowski
Rose Elisabeth Kneisel
Myra Hess
Ashkenazy Emanuel Ax
Schwarzkopf
Pablo Casals
Jacqueline du Pré
Zino
David Daniels
Joan Sutherland
Daniel Barenboim
Yehudi Menuhin
Andres Segovia
Nathan
Trio
Nash Ensemble
Juilliard String
George
String Quartet
Cleveland String Quartet
Alicia de Larrocha
Trevor
on Janos

Thursday, May 3, 2012 at 8:00PM
Pre-Concert Talk between Professor Wendy Heller & Choreographer Mark Morris at 7:00PM
Richardson Auditorium in Alexander Hall

DAVID DANIELS, *Countertenor*
MARTIN KATZ, *Piano*
MARK MORRIS, *Choreographer*
with members of the Mark Morris Dance Group
Rita Donahue, Brian Lawson, Stacy Martorana,
Dallas McMurray, Maile Okamura, Noah Vinson

JACOPO PERI	Gioite al canto mio from <i>Euridice</i>
FRANCESCO DURANTE	Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile
GIULIO CACCINI	Amarilli, mia bella
GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI	Così mi disprezzate
REYNALDO HAHN	À Chloris Quand je fus pris au pavillon Chanson au bord de la fontaine Paysage
JOHANNES BRAHMS	Auf dem See, Op. 59, No. 2 Ständchen, Op. 106, No. 1 Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen, Op. 32, No. 2 Mein Mädél hat einen Rosenmund Heimweh II, Op. 63, No. 8 <i>with choreography by Mark Morris</i>

— INTERMISSION —

HECTOR BERLIOZ	Selections from <i>Les nuits d'été</i> Villanelle Le Spectre de la rose L'Île inconnue <i>with choreography by Mark Morris</i>
Arr. STEVEN MARK KOHN	Selections from American Folk Songs Ten Thousand Miles Away On the Other Shore Wander-in' The Farmer's Curs't Wife

ABOUT DAVID DANIELS

David Daniels has appeared with the world's major opera companies and on its main concert and recital stages. He made history as the first countertenor to give a solo recital in the main auditorium of Carnegie Hall. The *Chicago Tribune* has called Daniels "today's gold standard among countertenors." *Gramophone* magazine acknowledged his contribution to recorded excellence as well as his expansion of the repertoire for his voice type by naming him one of the "Top Ten Trailblazers" in classical music today.

This season, David Daniels returned to the San Francisco Opera in Handel's *Xerxes* as Arsamenes in Nicholas Hytner's production, conducted by Patrick Summers. He was featured as Prospero in the Metropolitan Opera's Baroque pastiche *The Enchanted Island*, a new production designed and directed by Phelim McDermott and Julian Crouch, conducted by William Christie, which will appear in theatres around the country as part of the Live in HD series. Mr. Daniels rounds out his season by returning to the Lyric Opera of Chicago as the title role in Handel's *Rinaldo*, a new production

directed by Francisco Negrin and conducted by Harry Bicket.

Highly sought after for the works of Handel, Monteverdi, Glück, Mozart and Britten, David Daniels has been featured on the great operatic stages of the world to overwhelming critical acclaim. Highlights of recent seasons include a reprisal of his portrayal of Bertarido in Handel's *Rodelinda* at the San Francisco Opera; at the Metropolitan Opera where he appeared in the title role of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* in a new production marking Mark Morris' debut at the Met as a stage director and conducted by music director James Levine. He debuted this same role in the Robert Carsen production at Lyric Opera of Chicago, which he then reprised at Covent Garden. Mr. Daniels also gave his first performances in the title role of Handel's *Orlando* at the Bayerische Staatsoper in Munich, and he portrayed Didymus in Peter Sellars' renowned production of *Theodora* at the Glyndebourne Festival (available on DVD). Mr. Daniels has also performed opposite Plácido Domingo in the title role in Washington National Opera's production of Handel's *Tamerlano*, which he also sang at the Bayerische Staatsoper.

Please join us to celebrate the end of our season at a reception with the artists in the Richardson Lounge following the performance.

As much at home in recital as on the opera stage, David Daniels has won admiration for his performances of extensive concert and art song repertoire, including song literature of the 19th and 20th centuries not usually associated with his voice type. Following his Carnegie Hall recital debut in 2002, the *New York Times* reported, “There was a sense of occasion in the air, and he didn’t disappoint. This was a compelling, even exhilarating recital, covering a wide range of bases in six distinctive sets.” Daniels has given recitals at London’s Wigmore Hall, New York’s Avery Fisher Hall, Alice Tully Hall and Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center, at Munich’s Prinzregententheater and Vienna’s Konzerthaus, in Barcelona’s Teatre del Liceu, at the Edinburgh, Tanglewood and Ravinia Festivals, as well as in Ann Arbor, Atlanta, Chicago, Lisbon, Toronto, Vancouver and Washington. His French recital debut was a sold-out performance at the Salle Gaveau in Paris.

In concert, Mr. Daniels recently made his debut with the Berlin Philharmonic in Bach’s B-Minor Mass, conducted by Sir Roger Norrington and has toured Europe with the Basel Chamber Orchestra and mezzo-soprano Magdalena Kožená. Also in Europe, Daniels performed works by Bach and Vivaldi with Fabio Biondi and the Stavanger Symphony Orchestra. He has toured extensively with long-time collaborator

Harry Bicket and The English Concert. He made his Philadelphia Orchestra debut under conductor Bernard Labadie, and has sung with the New York Philharmonic and St. Louis and Seattle Symphonies. He has also sung with the San Francisco Symphony with Sir Andrew Davis.

An exclusive Virgin Classics recording artist with several critically-acclaimed and best-selling solo albums to his credit, David Daniels’s latest release was a collection of Bach’s Sacred Arias and Cantatas conducted by Harry Bicket with The English Concert. He has also released a recording of Pergolesi’s *Stabat Mater* as well as solo works by the composer in a disc with soprano Dorothea Röschmann and conductor Fabio Biondi. Showing his diverse musical personality, another release featured Berlioz’s song cycle *Les nuits d’été*, and also included songs by Ravel and Fauré conducted by John Nelson. His debut disc was Handel: Opera Arias conducted by Sir Roger Norrington, followed by *Sento Amor*, with arias by Mozart, Glück and Handel, and *Serenade*, a recital of songs by Beethoven, Gounod, Poulenc, Schubert and others with his frequent piano partner Martin Katz.

Honored by the music world for his unique achievements, David Daniels has been the recipient of two of classical music’s most significant awards: Musical America’s

Vocalist of the Year and the Richard Tucker Award.

Mr. Daniels was born in Spartanburg, South Carolina, the son of two singing teachers. He began to sing as a boy soprano, moving to tenor as his voice matured, and earned an undergraduate degree from the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. David Daniels made the daring switch to the countertenor range during graduate studies at the University of Michigan with tenor George Shirley. Further information about David Daniels can be found at www.danielsings.com. This concert marks David Daniels' Princeton University Concerts debut.

ABOUT MARTIN KATZ

“**M**artin Katz must surely be considered the dean of collaborative pianists,” said the *Los Angeles Times*, and *Musical America* magazine created an award expressly for him: “Accompanist of the Year.” One of the world’s busiest collaborators, he has been in constant demand by the world’s most celebrated vocal soloists for more than three decades. In addition to Mr. Daniels, he has appeared and recorded regularly with Marilyn Horne, Frederica von Stade, Karita Mattila, Lawrence Brownlee, José Carreras, Cecilia Bartoli, Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen

Battle, Joseph Calleja and Sylvia McNair, to name a few. Season after season the world’s musical capitals figure prominently in his schedule. Throughout his long career he has been fortunate to partner some of the world’s most esteemed voices: Renata Tebaldi, Cesare Siepi, Katia Ricciarelli, Tatiana Troyanos, Victoria de los Angeles, Teresa Berganza, Nicolai Gedda, Regine Crespin, Grace Bumbry, Monserrat Caballe and many others have invited him to share the stage in recitals on five continents.

Mr. Katz is a native of Los Angeles, where he began piano studies at the age of five. He attended the University of Southern California as a scholarship student and studied the specialized field of accompanying with its pioneer teacher, Gwendolyn Koldofsky. While yet a student, he was given the unique opportunity of accompanying the master classes and lessons of such luminaries as Lotte Lehmann, Jascha Heifetz, Pierre Bernac, and Gregor Piatigorsky. Following his formal education, he held the position of pianist for the U.S. Army Chorus in Washington, D.C. for three years, before moving to New York where his busy international career began in earnest in 1969.

In recent years, invitations to conduct orchestras have come with increasing frequency. Mr. Katz has partnered several

of his soloists on the podium for orchestras of the B.B.C., Houston, Washington, D.C., Tokyo, New Haven and Miami. His editions of works by Handel and Rossini have been presented by the Metropolitan, Houston Grand Opera and the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. He has also been pleased to conduct several staged productions for the University of Michigan's Opera Theatre, the Music Academy of the West, and San Francisco Opera's prestigious Merola program.

Finally, the professional profile of Martin Katz is completed with his commitment to teaching. For more than two decades, Michigan has been his home, where he has been happy to chair the School of Music's program in collaborative piano, and play an active part in operatic productions. He has been a pivotal figure in the training of countless young artists, both singers and pianists, who are working all over the world. The University of Michigan has recognized this important work, making him the first Arthur Schnabel Professor of Music. In addition to his work at his home school, he is a regular guest teacher at Santa Fe Opera, Songfest, Chicago College of Performing Arts, Canadian Operatic Arts Academy, and the New National Theatre of Tokyo. Mr. Katz's comprehensive guide, "The Complete Collaborator," published by Oxford University Press, is widely seen as the

standard for textbooks on this subject.

ABOUT MARK MORRIS

Mark Morris was born on August 29, 1956, in Seattle, Washington, where he studied with Verla Flowers and Perry Brunson. In the early years of his career, he performed with the Koleda Balkan Dance Ensemble, and later the dance companies of Lar Lubovitch, Hannah Kahn, Laura Dean, and Eliot Feld. He formed the Mark Morris Dance Group in 1980, and has since created more than 130 works for the company. From 1988-1991, he was Director of Dance at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, the national opera house of Belgium. Among the works created during his time there were three evening-length dances: *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*; *Dido and Aeneas*; and *The Hard Nut*. In 1990, he founded the White Oak Dance Project with Mikhail Baryshnikov. Morris is also a ballet choreographer and has created eight works for the San Francisco Ballet since 1994 and received commissions from many others. His work is also in the repertory of the Pacific Northwest Ballet, Boston Ballet, Dutch National Ballet, New Zealand Ballet, Houston Ballet, English National Ballet, and The Royal Ballet. Morris is noted for his musicality and has been described as "undeviating in his devotion to music." He has worked extensively in opera, directing

and choreographing productions for The Metropolitan Opera, New York City Opera, Gotham Chamber Opera, English National Opera, and The Royal Opera, Covent Garden. In 1991, he was named a Fellow of the MacArthur Foundation. He has received eleven honorary doctorates to date. In 2006, Morris received the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs Mayor's Award for Arts & Culture and a WQXR Gramophone Special Recognition Award "for being an American ambassador for classical music at home and abroad." He is the subject of a biography, *Mark Morris*, by Joan Acocella (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and Marlowe & Company published a volume of photographs and critical essays entitled *Mark Morris' L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato: A Celebration*. Morris is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Philosophical Society. In 2007, he received the Samuel H. Scripps/ American Dance Festival lifetime achievement award. In 2010, he received the prestigious Leonard Bernstein Lifetime Achievement Award for the "Elevation of Music in Society." He will serve as music director for the 2013 Ojai Festival.

ABOUT THE MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP

The Mark Morris Dance Group was formed in 1980 and gave its first concert

that year in New York City. The company's touring schedule steadily expanded to include cities both in the U.S. and in Europe, and in 1986 it made its first national television program for the PBS series *Dance in America*. In 1988, MMDG was invited to become the national dance company of Belgium, and spent three years in residence at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels. The company returned to the United States in 1991 as one of the world's leading dance companies, performing across the U.S. and at major international festivals. Based in Brooklyn, NY, the company has maintained and strengthened its ties to several cities around the world, most notably its West Coast home, Cal Performances in Berkeley, CA, and its Midwest home, the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign. MMDG also appears regularly in New York, NY; Boston, MA; Fairfax, VA; and Seattle, WA. MMDG made its debut at the Mostly Mozart Festival in 2002 and at the Tanglewood Music Festival in 2003 and has since been invited to both festivals annually. From the company's many London seasons, it has also garnered two Laurence Olivier Awards. MMDG is noted for its commitment to live music, a feature of every performance on its international touring schedule since 1996. MMDG collaborates with leading orchestras, opera companies, and musicians including cellist Yo-Yo Ma in

the Emmy Award-winning film *Falling Down Stairs* (1997); percussionist and composer Zakir Hussain, Mr. Ma and jazz pianist Ethan Iverson in *Kolam* (2002); The Bad Plus in *Violet Cavern* (2004); pianists Emanuel Ax, Garrick Ohlsson and Yoko Nozaki for *Mozart Dances* (2006); and with the English National Opera in *Four Saints in Three Acts* (2000) and *King Arthur* (2006), among others. MMDG's film and television projects also include *Dido and Aeneas*, *The Hard Nut*, two documentaries for the U.K.'s *South Bank Show*, and PBS' *Live From Lincoln Center*. In September of 2001, the Mark Morris Dance Center opened in Brooklyn, NY, to provide a home for the company, rehearsal space for the dance community, outreach programs for local children, and a school offering dance classes to students of all ages. More information can be found at www.mmdg.org.

RITA DONAHUE was born and raised in Fairfax, Virginia, and attended George Mason University. She graduated with high distinction in 2002, receiving a B.A. in English and a B.F.A. in dance. She danced with bopi's black sheep/dances by kraig patterson and joined MMDG in 2003.

BRIAN LAWSON began his dance training in Toronto at Canadian Children's Dance Theatre. There he worked with choreographers such as David Earle, Carol Anderson, and Michael Trent. Lawson

spent a year studying at the Rotterdamse Dansacademie in The Netherlands and graduated *summa cum laude* in 2010 from Purchase College, where he was also granted the President's Award for his contributions to the dance program. Lawson has had the pleasure of performing with Pam Tanowitz Dance, John Heginbotham, and Nelly van Bommel's NOA Dance among others. He joined MMDG as an apprentice in 2011.

STACY MARTORANA began her dance training in Baltimore, Maryland at the Peabody Conservatory. In 2006 she graduated from the University of North Carolina School of the Arts, with a B.F.A. in contemporary dance. Since then, she has danced for the Amy Marshall Dance Company, the Neta Dance Company, Helen Simoneau Dance, Daniel Gwirtzman Dance Company, and Rashaun Mitchell. She was a member of the Repertory Understudy Group for the Merce Cunningham Dance Company from 2009 through 2011. She joined MMDG as an apprentice in January 2012.

DALLAS McMURRAY, from El Cerrito, California, began dancing at age four, studying jazz, tap, and acrobatics with Katie Maltsberger, and ballet with Yukiko Sakakura. He received a B.F.A. in dance from the California Institute of the Arts. He performed with the Limón Dance Company in addition to works by Jiri Kylian, Alonzo

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
C O N C E R T S



Thursday, May 3, 2012 at 8pm

DAVID DANIELS, *Countertenor*

MARTIN KATZ, *Piano*

MARK MORRIS, *Choreographer*

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Gioite al canto mio from *Euridice*

Text: Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Gioite al canto mio, selve frondose!

Gioite amati colli e d'ogni
intorno

Ecco rimbombi dalle
valli ascose.

Risorto é il mio bel sol, di raggi adorno

E coi begli occhi onde fa scorno a Delo

Raddoppia foco all'alme e luce
al giorno

E fa servi d'Amor la terra
e il cielo.

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile

Text: Anonymous

Danza, danza, fanciulla,
al mio cantar;

danza, danza fanciulla gentile,
al mio cantar.

Gira leggera, sottile al suono,
al suono dell'onde del mar.

Senti il vago rumore
dell'aura scherzosa

che parla al core
con languido suon,

e che invita a danzar
senza posa, senza posa,
che invita a danzar.

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile,
al mio cantar.

Amarilli, mia bella

Text: Anonymous

Amarilli, mia bella,

Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,

D'esser tu l'amor mio?

Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
Dubitar non ti vale.

Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:

Rejoice at my song

Rejoice at my song, leafy woods
Rejoice, beloved hills, and from
all around

Rebound echo, from the
hidden valleys.

My beautiful sun adorned with rays
has come back,

And with her beautiful eyes which
shame Delos,

She redoubles the fire in souls and
the light in day,

And makes Heaven and Earth the
servants of love.

Dance, Dance, gentle young girl

Translation: Loretta Casalaina

Dance, dance, young girl
to my song;

Dance, dance, gentle young girl
to my song;

Twirl lightly and softly to the sound,
to the sound of the waves of the sea.

Hear the vague rustle
of the playful breeze

that speaks to the heart
with its languid sound,

and invites you to dance without
stopping, without stopping
that invites you to dance.

Dance, dance, gentle young girl
to my song.

Amaryllis, my lovely one

Translation by Katherine McGuire

Amaryllis, my lovely one,
do you not believe, o my
heart's sweet desire,

That you are my love?

Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Doubt not its truth.

Open my breast and see written

Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

Così mi disprezzate?

Text: Anonymous

Così mi disprezzate,
Così voi mi burlate?
Tempo verrà, ch'amore
Farà di vostro core
Quel che fate del mio;
Non più parole, addio.

Datemi pur martiri,
Burlate i miei sospiri,
Negatemi mercede,
Oltraggiate mia fede,
Ch'in vol vedrete poi
Quel che mi fate voi.

Beltà sempre non regna,
E s'ella pur v'insegna
A dispregiar mia fé,
Credete pur a me,
Che s'oggi m'ancidete,
Doman vi pentirete.

Non nega già, ch'in voi
Amor ha i pregi suoi,
Ma so, ch'il tempo cassa
Beltà, che fugge e passa.
Se non volete amare,
Io non voglio penare.

Il vostro biondo crine,
Le guance purpure
Veloci più che Maggio
Tosto saran passaggio.
Prezzategli pur voi,
Ch'io riderò ben poi.

on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
is my beloved.

Do you scorn me like this?

Do you scorn me like this,
do you make fun of me like this?
The time will come when love
will do to your heart
what you are doing to mine;
no more words, farewell.

Go on then, give me torments,
make fun of my sighs,
deny me mercy,
insult my constancy,
and then all at once you'll see
what you are doing to me.

Beauty will not hold sway for ever,
and if it nonetheless teaches you
to disdain my devotion,
then, believe you me,
though you're killing me today,
tomorrow you'll be sorry.

Now I don't deny that in you
love has its merits,
but I know that time will destroy
beauty, which is fleeting and fades.
If you don't want to love,
I don't want to suffer.

Your blonde tresses,
your rosy cheeks
swifter than May
will soon be gone;
so you'd better treasure them now,
as I'll have a good laugh then.

please turn the page quietly

À Chloris

Text by Théophile de Viau (1590-1626)

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,

Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!

Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

Quand je fus pris au pavillon

Text by Charles d'Orléans (1394-1465)

Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame très gente et belle,
Je me brûlai à la chandelle
Ainsi que fait le pavillon.

Le rougis comme vermillon,
À la clarté d'une étincelle,
Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame très gente et belle.

Si j'eusse été émerillon
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile,
Je me fusse gardé de celle
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon
Quand je fus pris au pavillon.

Chanson au bord de la fontaine

Text: Maurice Magre (1877-1941)

O blanches colombes du soir,
Quand je viendrai m'asseoir sur la pierre
de la fontaine,
A l'heure où tout est noir,
Je vous dirai ma grande peine et
mon espoir.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lovest me,
And I understand that thou
dost love me well,

I do not believe that even kings
Could know such happiness as mine.
How unwelcome death would be,
If it came to exchange my fortune
With the joy of heaven!

All that they say of ambrosia
Does not fire my imagination
Like the favour of thine eyes.

When I Was Lured to Her Love Nest

When I was lured to her love nest
By my lady so gentle and fair,
I was singed by a burning heat,
A butterfly caught in a flame.

I glowed a fiery, crimson red
At the gleam of a single spark,
When I was lured to her love nest
By my lady so gentle and fair.

If I had only been a falcon
Or had the wings to fly away
I'd have saved myself from her,
Who enticed me with her charms,
When I was lured to her love nest.

Song on the edge of the fountain

O pale evening doves,
When I come to sit on the stone
of the fountain,
At the hour when all is dark,
I will tell you of my great sorrow and
my hope.

O blanches colombes du soir,
Envoyez alors votre reine sur le lavoir;
Je lui dirai pourquoi je traîne
ce désespoir;
Je lui dirai ma grande peine et
mon espoir.

Paysage

Text by André Theuriot (1833-1907)

A deux pas de la mer qu'on entend
bourdonner
Je sais un coin perdu de la terre bretonne
Où j'aurais tant aimé, pendant
les jours d'automne,
Chère, à vous emmener!

Des chênes faisant cercle
autour d'une fontaine,
Quelques hêtres épars, un
vieux moulin désert,
Une source dont l'eau claire
a le reflet vert
De vos yeux de sirène

La mésange, au matin, sous
la feuille jaunie,
Viendrait chanter pour nous
Et la mer, nuit et jour,
Viendrait accompagner nos
caresses d'amour
De sa basse infinie!

O pale evening doves,
Send your queen to the basin;
I will tell her why I am oppressed
with desperation.
I will tell her of my great sorrow
and my hope.

A Landscape

Close by the booming
sea,
In Brittany I know a sequestered spot
Where in autumn I would so
have wished,
My love, to go with you!

Oaks encircling
a fountain,
Scattered beech, an old
abandoned mill,
A well whose clear
waters reflected
The green of your Siren's eyes

The bluetit, each morning,
among yellowed leaves
Would come to sing for us.
And the sea, night and day,
Accompany our
loving caresses
With its boundless bass!

please turn the page quietly

Auf dem See

Text: Karl Joseph Simrock (1802-1876)

Blauer Himmel, blaue Wogen,
Rebenhügel um den See,
Drüber blauer Berge Bogen
Schimmernd weiß im reinen Schnee.

Wie der Kahn uns hebt und wieget,
Leichter Nebel steigt und fällt,
Süßer Himmelsfriede lieget
Über der beglänzten Welt.

Stürmend Herz, tu auf die Augen,
Sieh umher und werde mild:
Glück und Friede magst du saugen
Aus des Doppelhimmels Bild.

Spiegelnd sieh die Flut erwidern
Turm und Hügel, Busch und Stadt,
Also spiegle du in Liedern,
Was die Erde Schönstes hat.

Ständchen

**Text: Franz Theodor Kugler
(1808-1858)**

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: "Vergiß nicht mein!"

At the Lake

Translation: Emily Ezust

Blue sky, blue waves;
Hills of vines around the lake;
Over there, the blue mountain's arches
Shimmer white in the pure snow.

As the boat lifts and rocks us,
A light mist rises and falls;
The sweet peace of Heaven lies
Over the radiant world.

Stormy heart, open your eyes,
Look around and become mild:
Draw happiness and peace
From the doubled image of Heaven.

Look how the reflecting water answers
Every tower and hill, bush and town;
Thus you reflect in song,
That which the earth holds
most beautiful.

Serenade

The moon is over the mountain,
so right for people in love;
in the garden purls a fountain;
otherwise - silence far and wide.

By the wall, in shadow,
there three students stand,
with flute and fiddle and zither,
and sing and play.

The music steals softly into
the loveliest lady's dreams;
at her blond lover she gazes,
and whispers, "Remember me!"

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen

**Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer
(1800-1875)**

Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen
Beschloß ich und beschwor ich,
Und gehe jeden Abend,
Denn jede Kraft und jeden
Halt verlor ich.

Ich möchte nicht mehr leben,
Möcht' augenblicks verderben,
Und möchte doch auch leben
Für dich, mit dir, und nimmer,
nimmer sterben.

Ach, rede, sprich ein Wort nur,
Ein einziges, ein klares;
Gib Leben oder Tod mir,
Nur dein Gefühl enthülle mir, dein
wahres!

Mein Mädels hat einen Rosenmund

Mein Mädels hat einen Rosenmund,
Und wer ihn küßt, der wird gesund;
O du! o du! o du!
O du schwarzbraunes Mädelein,
Du la la la la!
Du läßt mir keine Ruh!

Dein Augen sind wie die Nacht
so schwarz,
Wenn nur zwei Sternlein funkeln drin;
O du! o du! o du!
O du schwarzbraunes Mädelein,
Du la la la la!
Du läßt mir keine Ruh!

Du Mädels bist wie der Himmel gut,
Wenn er über uns blau sich wölben tut;
O du! o du! o du!
O du schwarzbraunes Mädelein,
Du la la la la!
Du läßt mir keine Ruh!

To visit you no longer

Translation: Emily Ezust

To visit you no longer
Did I resolve and swear.
Yet I go to you each evening,
For all strength and resolve
have I lost.

I long to live no longer,
I long to perish instantly
And yet I also long to live
For you, with you, and never,
never die.

Ah, speak, say only one word,
A single word, a clear one;
Give me life or death,
Only reveal your feelings to me -
your true feelings!

My lassie's mouth is like a rosebud

My lassie's mouth is like a rosebud
and he who kisses it will thrive on it.
Oh you, oh you, oh you!
Oh you my darkbrown lassie
You lalalala
I can't stop thinking about you.

Your eyes are as black as
the night,
with two stars sparkling in them.
Oh you, oh you, oh you!
Oh you my darkbrown lassie
You lalalala
I can't stop thinking about you.

My lass you are as pure as heaven
arching blue above us.
Oh you, oh you, oh you!
Oh you my darkbrown lassie
You lalalala
I can't stop thinking about you.

Heimweh II

Text: Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht' ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen,
nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach
dem Glück,
Ringsum is öder Strand!

Excerpts from *Les nuits d'été*

**Texts by Théophile Gautier
(1811-1872)**

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons,
ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois.

Sous nos pieds égrénant
les perles
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter
les merles Siffler.
Le printemps est venu, ma belle;

Homesickness II

Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And leave my mother's hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for,
nothing to beware of,
Only dreams, sweet and mild;
Not to notice the changes of time,
To be once more a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood's land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me naught but deserted
beach and sand!

The Nights of Summer

**with singable English translation by
Samuel Byrne (from the Lavigne score)**

Villanelle

When verdant spring again approaches,
When winter's chills have disappeared,
Through the woods we shall stroll,
my darling,
The fair primrose to cull at will.

The trembling bright pearls
that are shining,
Each morning we shall brush aside;
We shall go to hear the
gay thrushes Singing.
The flowers are abloom, my darling,

C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.

Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim, au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;

Puis chez nous, tout heureux,
tout aises,
En paniers, en lançant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises,
Des bois.

Of happy lovers 'tis the month;
And the bird his soft wing englossing,
Sings carols sweet within his nest.

Come with me on the mossy bank,
Where we'll talk of nothing else but love,
And whisper with thy voice so tender:
Always!

Far, far off let our footsteps wander,
Fright'ning the hiding hare away,
While the deer at the spring is gazing,
Admiring his reflected horns.

Then back home, with our hearts
rejoicing,
And fondly our fingers entwined,
Let's return, let's return bringing fresh
wild berries Wood-grown.

please turn the page quietly

La spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal!
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.

Tu me pris encore
emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et, parmi la fête étoilée,
Tu me promenais tout le soir.

O toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits
mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser;

Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De Profundis.
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie,
Et pour avoir un sort si beau
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie;
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,

Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: "Cigit une rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalouser."

L'Île Inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler.
L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,

The ghost of the rose

Open your closed eyelid
Which is gently brushed by
a virginal dream!
I am the ghost of the rose
That you wore last night at the ball.

You took me when I was still
sprinkled with pearls
Of silvery tears from the watering-can,
And, among the sparkling festivities,
You carried me the entire night.

O you, who caused my death:
Without the power to chase it away,
You will be visited every
night by my ghost,
Which will dance at your bedside.

But fear nothing; I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This mild perfume is my soul,
And I've come from Paradise.

My destiny is worthy of envy;
And to have a fate so fine,
More than one would give his life'
For on your breast I have my tomb,

And on the alabaster where I rest,
A poet with a kiss
Wrote: "Here lies a rose,
Of which all kings may be jealous."

The Unknown Isle

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells itself,
The breeze will blow.
The oar is made of ivory,
The flag is of silk,
The helm is of fine gold;
I have for ballast an orange,

Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
La brise va souffler.

Est-ce dans la Baltique?
Dans la mer Pacifique?
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?
Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours!
Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

For a sail the wing of an angel,
For foam a seraph.

Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
The sail swells itself,
The breeze will blow.

Is it to the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or is it well to Norway,
To gather the flower of the snow,
Or the flower of Angsoka?
Say, young beauty,
Where do you wish to go?
Lead me, says the beauty,
To the faithful shore
Where one loves always!
This shore, my darling,
We hardly know at all
In the land of Love.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
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INON BARNATAN, piano

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Thursday, February 16, 2012 8 pm

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MILANA CHERNYAVSKA, piano

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Thursday, April 5, 2012 8 pm*

JONATHAN BISS, piano

Thursday, May 3, 2012 8 pm*

DAVID DANIELS, countertenor
MARTIN KATZ, piano
MARK MORRIS, choreographer

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