



Deborah Voigt, *soprano*

Brian Zeger, *piano*

Sunday, November 20, 2005, 3 pm
Zellerbach Hall

*Columbia Artists Management, Inc.
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And Michael Benchetrit
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PROGRAM

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| Amy Beach | The Year's at the Spring
I Send My Heart Up to Thee
Ah, Love, But a Day |
| Richard Strauss | Ich trage meine Minne
Nichts
Befreit |
| Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky | Ya li v pole da ne travushka byla?
Den' li tsarit? |

INTERMISSION

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| Charles Ives | Down East
The Side Show
The Children's Hour
Memories (A– Very Pleasant, B– Rather Sad)
The Circus Band |
| Ben Moore | This Heart that Flutters
To the Virgins to Make Much of Time
I Am in Need of Music
Bright Cap and Streamers |
| William Bolcom | Never More Will the Wind
Toothbrush Time, from <i>Cabaret Songs</i>
George, from <i>Cabaret Songs</i> |
| Stephen Sondheim | Losing My Mind, from <i>Follies</i>
I Never Do Anything Twice, from <i>The Seven
Percent Solution</i> |

Deborah Voigt is hailed by the world's critics and audiences as today's foremost dramatic soprano. A recent *New York Times* article stated: "Deborah Voigt, arguably the leading dramatic soprano singing today, has a gleaming voice that easily soars over the largest Wagnerian orchestra."

Voigt is often described as unequalled in her repertoire of operas by Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss, and she excels in Verdi and Puccini roles as well. Voigt has performed in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Walküre*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* and *Der fliegende Holländer*. She has sung starring roles the world over in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Elektra*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Salome*, *Die Aegyptische Helena* and *Friedenstag*, and in early 2005 performances in Berlin added *Der Rosenkavalier's* radiant Marschallin to her extensive repertoire. At the world's major opera houses, Voigt has earned accolades as Verdi's Aida, Lady Macbeth, Amelia in *Un ballo in maschera* and Leonora in both *La forza del destino* and *Il trovatore* as Puccini's Tosca and as Casandre in Berlioz's *Les Troyens*.

An exclusive EMI Classics artist, Voigt opens her 2005/06 season with the release of her second solo CD, *All My Heart: Deborah Voigt Sings American Songs*, a recital of American songs with pianist Brian Zeger. In October she added a signal new Italian role to her repertoire with her debut performances in Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* at Barcelona's Teatro del Liceu. In the spring she sings her first Metropolitan Opera *Toscas*, as well as Leonore in Verdi's *La forza del destino*. With tenor Ben Heppner, Voigt will give concerts in New York's Avery Fisher Hall and at Berlin's Deutsche Oper, as well as concerts with orchestras in Moscow and Puerto Rico. Recitals in Boston, Berkeley, Dresden and Valencia will also be an important part of her season. An exciting first will be Voigt's January debut with "Jazz at Lincoln Center," when she appears at the stunning new Allen Hall in New York's Time-Warner Center.

Deborah Voigt's summer 2005 appearances took her from Tanglewood to Hollywood. As well as participating in Tanglewood's opening-night Mahler Symphony No. 8, she gave a solo recital with Brian Zeger, and sang Brünnhilde's "Immolation" for the first time in a concert version of Act III of *Götterdämmerung*, with James Levine conducting. She joined Barbara Cook and Dianne Reeves

at the Hollywood Bowl for three concerts at the end of July.

Voigt's Metropolitan Opera roles in 2004/05 were *Tannhäuser's* Elisabeth—her first appearance at the house in this role—and Amelia in Verdi's *Un ballo in maschera*. She also sang Senta in Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer* in concert with James Levine and the Boston Symphony and Beethoven's Leonore in *Fidelio* at Carnegie Hall. Voigt also starred in a Richard Strauss Festival at the Deutsche Oper Berlin in January, singing her first *Rosenkavalier* as well as *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and the *Four Last Songs*. In May she sang Act II of *Tristan und Isolde* with Ben Heppner in Cincinnati, with James Conlon conducting.

Concert engagements last season included Arnold Schoenberg's haunting monodrama, *Erwartung*, with Daniel Barenboim and the Chicago Symphony; an appearance with the bevy of stars celebrating Lyric Opera of Chicago's 50th anniversary; Wagner's "Liebestod" and Strauss's *Four Last Songs* in both Berlin and Toulouse; Alban Berg's evocative *Seven Early Songs* with Lorin Maazel and the New York Philharmonic; the final scene from *Salome* and *Four Last Songs* with Kurt Masur in Paris; a concert of arias and duets with Belgian baritone José van Dam in Brussels; and the world premiere of *Erotic Spirits*, a new work by Stephen Paulus for the Augusta Symphony's 50th anniversary. She will reprise the work at Carnegie Hall in May 2006.

Ms. Voigt made her long-awaited Carnegie Hall solo recital debut in April 2004 to enthusiastic acclaim. One of many representative comments on that significant occasion was: "Ms. Voigt proved yet again that she has one of the world's most thrilling voices, a sun-drenched soprano" (*New York Sun*).

Voigt's first solo CD, *Obsessions*, featuring scenes and arias from operas by Wagner and Strauss, was released in April 2004. The Billboard top-five bestseller earned superlative reviews such as this in *Opera News*: "She sings a stupendous recital by identifying with each passionate, fierce or possessed woman, inhabiting the character fully. . . . Of course Voigt's opulent voice—in waves of glorious, lustrous sound—is perfect in these, her signature roles." Deutsche Grammophon released a live recording of the 2003 Vienna State Opera's *Tristan und Isolde* in which Voigt made her headlining role debut. Her

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

discography includes many other complete opera recordings.

A devotee of Broadway and American song, Voigt has given several acclaimed performances of popular fare, including benefit concerts for Broadway Cares / Equity Fights AIDS and New York Theater Workshop. “Voigt ... comes to pop singing naturally,” raved *Opera News*. “She creates each musical mood so perfectly and demonstrates such show-biz savvy that it makes me wish she had more opportunities to perform this kind of material. If this were 1970, she would probably be given her own network variety show.” Millions of viewers heard Voigt sing “America the Beautiful” on NBC’s nationwide broadcast of Macy’s Independence Day fireworks show in 2004, and later witnessed her majestic ride down Broadway in Macy’s Thanksgiving Day parade.

After studying at the California State University at Fullerton and in San Francisco Opera’s Merola Program, Voigt won First Prize at Philadelphia’s Luciano Pavarotti Vocal Competition and the Gold Medal in Moscow’s Tchaikovsky Competition. Voigt holds France’s prestigious title *Chevalier de l’Ordre des Arts et des Lettres*, and was named *Musical America’s* Vocalist of the Year 2003.

Pianist **Brian Zeger** has built an important career as a pianist, an ensemble performer par excellence, artistic administrator and educator. Zeger devotes a great deal of attention to the chamber and song repertoire, collaborating with such artists as violinist Itzhak Perlman, flutist James Galway, actress Claire Bloom, and song recitalists Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle and Arleen Auger. In addition to his distinguished concert career, he has also just completed his first season as Artistic Director of the Vocal Arts Department at The Juilliard School.

Highlights of the 2005/06 season include recitals in the US and Europe with soprano Deborah Voigt, the celebration of the Juilliard Centennial and the release of *All My Heart*, a recital disc of American songs with Voigt. Engagements in recent seasons have included recitals in the US and abroad with Voigt, mezzo-sopranos Susan Graham, Denyce Graves, Katarina Karneus and Joyce DiDonato, baritone Thomas Hampson, and bass-baritone Bryn Terfel. Other season highlights have

included the Marilyn Horne Foundation Gala with bass René Pape, Metropolitan Opera patron events with Thomas Hampson, Anna Netrebko, Susan Graham and Samuel Ramey, a concerto appearance with the Boston Pops in Boston’s Symphony Hall, a White House appearance with Susan Graham and a concert with the New York Philharmonic Chamber Ensembles.

From 1993–2000 Zeger was the Artistic Director of the Cape and Islands Chamber Music Festival, headquartered on Cape Cod. His performances at the festival have included collaborations with the Borromeo and Brentano Quartets as well as with Bernard Greenhouse, Glenn Dicterow, Eugene Drucker and Paula Robison. He has also been a regular guest at many other summer festivals including Aspen, Ravinia, Caramoor, Aldeburgh, and Santa Fe. He has been on the faculty of the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, the Chautauqua Institute and the Steans Institute at the Ravinia Festival.

Zeger holds a bachelor’s degree in English Literature from Harvard College, a master’s degree from The Juilliard School and a doctorate from the Manhattan School of Music. He serves as the Artistic Director of the Vocal Arts Department at The Juilliard School and is on the faculty of the Collaborative Piano Department. Other teaching assignments have included the Mannes College of Music, the Peabody Conservatory and The Guildhall School of Music in London. His own teachers have included Morris Borenstein, Sascha Gorodnitzki and Nina Svetlanova.

Some of his critical essays and other writings have appeared in *Opera News*, *The Yale Review* and *Chamber Music* magazine. He has appeared frequently on Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts, and has the distinction of creating, narrating and performing in four intermission features devoted to art song, a first in the history of the Met broadcasts. He has adjudicated the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, the Concert Artists Guild auditions and the Walter W. Naumberg Vocal Competition. His recordings may be heard on the EMI Classics, New World, Naxos and Koch record labels.

For more information about Mr. Zeger’s activities, please visit his website, www.brianzeger.com.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

AMY BEACH (Mrs. H. H. A.)
(1867–1944)

The Year's at the Spring, Op. 44, No. 1
[Robert Browning]

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven--
All's right with the world!

I Send My Heart Up to Thee, Op. 44, No. 3
[Robert Browning]

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea,
and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice's streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee,
to thee its dwelling place.

Ah, Love, But a Day, Op. 44, No. 2
[Robert Browning]

Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.
Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?
Ah, Love, look in my eyes,
Wilt thou change too?

RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864–1949)

Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32, No. 1
[Karl Friedrich Henckell]

Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage, die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe, kohlschwarz die
Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden, so tut mir's
weh,
Die arge muß erblinden vor deiner Unschuld
Schnee.

Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2
[Hermann von Gilm]

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich?
Thoren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,

ach, und was weiß ich davon!

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
alles Lebens, alles Lichts?

Und was wissen von derselben
ich und ihr und alle?—nichts.

Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4
[Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel]

Du wirst nicht weinen.
Leise wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise
Geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Uns're lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,
Ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;

O Glück!

I bear my love

I bear my love, with rapture mute,
about with me in heart and thought.
Yes, that I have found you, sweet child,
will cheer me all my allotted days.

And though skies be dim, the night coal-black,
bright shines the gold sun's splendor of my love.
And though the world may sinfully lie, I am
sorry—
the bad world must be blinded by your purity's
snow.

Nothing

You say I should name my
queen in the realm of song?
Fools that you are, I know
her the least of all of you.

You ask me about the color of her eyes,
you ask me about the sound of her voice,
you ask about about her step and dance and
carriage,
oh, and what do I know about it!

Is not the sun the source
of all life, all light?
And what do we know of these things,
I and you and everybody?—nothing.

Translation by Janet Gillespie, 1999

Freed

You will not weep.
Gently you will smile, and as before a journey,
I will return your gaze and your kiss.
Our dear four walls you have helped build;
and I have now widened them for you into the
world.

O joy!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
Läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wieder geben;
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
Wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,
So gab ich dich der Welt zurück!
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum
erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit mir weinen;
O Glück!

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–93)

Ya li v pole da ne travushka byla?, Op. 47, No. 7

[Ivan Zakharovich Surikov]

Ya li v pole da ne travushka byla,
ya li v pole ne zilonaya rasla;
vzali minya travushku, skasili,
na solnīshki v poli isushili.
Akh, ty, gori mayo, garushka!
Znat takaya maya dalushka!

Ya li v pole ne kalinushka byla,
Ya li v pole da ne krasnaya rosła;
Vzjali kalinushku, slamali,
Da v zhgutiki menya pasvyazali!
Akh, ty, gori mayo, garushka!
Znat takaya maya dalushka!

Ya l' u batyushki ne dachen'ka byla,
U radimoy ne tsvetochik ya rasla;
Nevoley menya, bednyuyu, vzjali,
Da s nemilym, sedym pavenchali!
Akh, ty, gori mayo, garushka!
Znat takaya maya dalushka!

Then you will warmly seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leaving me behind for our children.
You gave me your entire life,
so I will give it again to them.
O joy!

It will be very soon, as we both know –
but we have freed each other from sorrow.
And so I return you to the world!
You will then appear to me only in dreams,

and bless me and weep with me.
O joy!

Was I not a little blade of grass?

Was I not a little blade of grass in a field,
was I not growing green in the field;
They mowed me down, a little blade of grass,
and left me there to wither in the sun.
O you, my grief, my grief!
This must be my fate!

Was I not a little wild rosebush in the field,
was I not growing red in the field;
They took the bush, uprooted it,
and tied it in a bundle!
O you, my grief, my grief!
This must be my fate!

Was I not my sweet father's little girl?
Was I not my mother's pretty flower?
Yet they took me against my will
and married me to an old man I do not love!
O you, my grief, my grief!
This must be my fate!

Den' li tsarit, Op. 47, No. 6

[Alexei Nikolayevich Apukhtin]

Den' li tsarit, tishina li nochnaya,

F snakh li bessvyaznykh, v zhiteyskoy bor'be,
Fsyudu so mnoy, moyu zhizn' napolnyaya,
Duma vse ta zhe, odna rokovaya,
Fsyo a tebe!

S neyu ne strashin mne prizrak bylova,
Sertse vaspranula snova lyubya . . .
Vera, mechty, vdokhnavennaya slova,
Fsyo, shto v dushe daragova, svyatova,
Fsyo at tebya!

Budut li dni mayi yasny, unyly,
Skora li zginu ya, zhizn' zagubya!
Znayu adno, shto da samoy magily
Pomysly, chuvstva i pesni, i sily,
Fsyo dlya tebya!

CHARLES IVES

(1874–1954)

Down East

[Charles Ives]

Songs!

Visions of my homeland,
come with strains of childhood,
Come with tunes we sang in school days
and with songs from mother's heart;
Way down east in a village by the sea,
stands an old, red farm house
that watches o'er the lea;
All that is best in me, lying deep in memory,
draws my heart where I would be
nearer to thee.
Every Sunday morning,
when the chores are almost done,
from that little parlor sounds the melodeon,
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee;"
With those strains a stronger hope comes
nearer to me.

Whether day dawns

Whether day dawns, or in the stillness of the
night,
whether in a dream or awake,
everywhere I go, I am filled entirely
with one thought alone,
only of you!

No longer do shadows of the past frighten me,
my heart is renewed in love . . .
Faith, dreams, and inspiring words,
everything that is dear to my soul, that is sacred,
it is all because of you!

Whether my days will be bright or dismal,
whether my life ends soon or late!
One thing I know, that to the end
my thoughts, feelings and songs, and strengths,
all is for you!

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Side Show

[Charles Ives, after P. Rooney]

“Is that Mister Riley, who keeps the hotel?”
is the tune that accomp’nies the trotting track
bell;

An old horse unsound, turns the merry-go-round,
making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a
Russian dance,
Some speak of so highly, as they do of Riley!

The Children’s Hour

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow]

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day’s occupation,
That is known as Childrens’ Hour.
I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened
And voices soft and sweet.
From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair.

Memories (A— Very Pleasant, B— Very Sad)

[Charles Ives]

A.

We’re sitting in the opera house,
the opera house, the opera house;
We’re waiting for the curtain to a-rise
with wonders for our eyes;
We’re feeling pretty gay,
and well we may,
“O, Jimmy, look!” I say,
“The band is tuning up
and soon will start to play.”

We whistle and we hum,
beat time with the drum.

We’re sitting in the opera house,
the opera house, the opera house;
awaiting for the curtain to rise
with wonders for our eyes,
a feeling of expectancy,
a certain kind of ecstasy,

expectancy and ecstasy,
expectancy and ecstasy,
Sh’..s’..s’..s’.

B.

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,
a tune as threadbare as that “old red shawl,”
it is tattered, it is torn,
it shows signs of being worn,
it’s the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn,
’twas a common little thing and kind ‘a sweet,
but ‘twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down to the barn to the
town,
a-humming.

The Circus Band

[Charles Ives]

All summer long, we boys dreamed ‘bout big
circus joys!
Down Main street, comes the band,
Oh! “Ain’t it a grand and glorious noise!”
Horses are prancing,
Knights advancing;
Helmets gleaming,
Pennants streaming,
Cleopatra’s on her throne!
That golden hair is all her own.
Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think,
Can she had died? Can! that! rot!
She is passing but she sees me not.

BEN MOORE

(b. 1960)

This Heart that Flutters

[James Joyce]

This heart that flutters near my heart
My hope and all my riches is,
Unhappy when we draw apart
And happy between kiss and kiss;
My hope and all my riches—yes!—
And all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest
The wrens will divers treasures keep,
I laid those treasures I possessed
Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.
Shall we not be as wise as they
Though love live but a day?

To the Virgins to Make Much of Time
[Robert Herrick]

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry:
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

I Am in Need of Music
[Elizabeth Bishop]

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips
Over my bitter tainted trembling lips
With melody deep clear and liquid slow.
Oh for the healing swaying, old and low
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest and quiet breath and cool
Heart, that sinks through the fading colors deep
To the sub-aqueous stillness of sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

Bright Cap and Streamers
[James Joyce]

Bright cap and streamers,
He sings in the hollow:
Come follow, come follow,
All you that love.
Leave dreams to the dreamers
That will not after,
That song and laughter
Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming
He sings the bolder;
In troop at his shoulder
The wild bees hum.
And the time of dreaming
Dreams is over —
As lover to lover,
Sweetheart, I come.

WILLIAM BOLCOM
(b. 1938)

Never More Will the Wind
[Hilda Doolittle]

Never more will the wind
Cherish you again,
Never more will the rain.

Never more shall we find you bright
In the snow and wind.

The snow is melted,
The snow is gone,
And you are flown:

Like a bird out of our hand,
Like a light out of our heart,
You are gone.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Toothbrush Time [Arnold Weinstein]

Text not printed at the artist's request

George [Arnold Weinstein]

Text not printed at the artist's request

STEPHEN SONDHEIM (b. 1930)

Losing My Mind [Stephen Sondheim]

The sun comes up — I think about you.
The coffee cup — I think about you.
I want you so, it's like I'm losing my mind.
The morning ends — I think about you.
I talk to friends, I think about you.
And do they know it's like I'm losing my mind?
All afternoon, doing every little chore
The thought of you stays bright.
Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor
Not going left, not going right.
I dim the lights and think about you.
Spend sleepless nights to think about you.
You said you loved me
Or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?

I Never Do Anything Twice [Stephen Sondheim]

Text not printed at the artist's request