

Sunday, February 11, 2007, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Dawn Upshaw, *soprano* Molly Morkoski, *piano*

PROGRAM

I.

Stephen Collins Foster (1826–1864) Beautiful Child of Song (1860)
If You've Only Got a Moustache (1864)
Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway! (1850)

II.

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) From *Lieder-Album für die Jugend*, Op. 79
(1849)
23. Er ist's
28. Mignon

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) From *Goethe-Lieder* (1889)
26. Die Spröde
27. Die Bekehrte

Alban Berg (1885–1935) From *Sieben frühe Lieder* (1907)
3. Die Nachtigall

III.

Modest Petrovich Musorgsky (1839–1881) From *Detskaja (The Nursery)*
2. V uglu (1870)
4. S kukloj (1870)
5. Na son grjadushchij (1870)
7. Pojekhal na palochke (1872)

INTERMISSION

IV.

- Serge Rachmaninoff (1873–1943) Veter pereljotnyj, Op. 34, No. 4 (1910)
Schumann From *Myrthen*, Op. 25 (1840)
7. Die Lotosblume
Berg From *Sieben frühe Lieder* (1907)
5. Im Zimmer
Osvaldo Golijov (b.1960) Lúa Descolorida (2002)
Ruth Crawford Seeger (1901–1953) From *Five Songs* (1929)
4. White Moon
Jean Sibelius (1865–1957) Illalle, Op. 17, No. 6 (1898)

V.

- Kurt Weill (1900–1950) From *One Touch of Venus* (1943)
I'm a Stranger Here Myself
Je ne t'aime pas (1934)
William Bolcom (b.1938) From *Cabaret Songs* (1977–1985)
Song of Black Max
Waitin'
Amor

*Dawn Upshaw appears by arrangement with IMG Artists,
152 West 57th Street, Fifth Floor, New York, New York 10019.*

*Dawn Upshaw has recorded extensively for the Nonesuch label. She may also be heard on
Angell/EMI, BMG, Deutsche Grammophon, London, Sony Classical, Telarc, and on
Erato and Teldec in the Warner Classics Family of labels.*

Recital Series B is sponsored by Annette Campbell-White and Dr. Ruediger Naumann-Etienne.

Cal Performances' 2006–2007 Season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.

Texts and Translations

Foster: Beautiful Child of Song

Come, I am longing to hear thee,
Beautiful child of song,
Come though the hearts that are near thee,
Around the devotedly throng.

Come, I am longing to hear thee,
Beautiful child of song,
Beautiful child of song,
I'm longing to hear thee
Carol thy lay, sweet child of song.

Come, for the spell of a fairy
Dwells in thy magical voice,
And at thy step, light and airy,
E'en cold hearts enraptured rejoice.

Come, I am longing to hear thee,
Beautiful child of song,
Beautiful child of song,
I'm longing to hear thee
Carol thy lay, sweet child of song

Foster: If You've Only Got a Moustache

Oh! all of you poor single men,
Don't ever give up in despair,
For there's always a chance while there's life
To capture the hearts of the fair,
No matter what may be your age,
You always may cut a fine dash,
You will suit all the girls to a hair
If you've only got a moustache,
A moustache, a moustache,
If you've only got a moustache.

No matter for manners or style,
No matter for birth or for fame,
All these used to have something to do
With young ladies changing their name,
There's no reason now to despond,
Or go and do any thing rash,
For you'll do though you can't raise a cent,
If you'll only raise a moustache!
A moustache, a moustache,
If you'll only raise a moustache.

Your head may be thick as a block,
And empty as any football,
Oh! your eyes may be green as the grass
Your heart just as hard as a wall.
Yet take the advice that I give,

Texts and Translations

You'll soon gain affection and cash,
And will be all the rage with the girls,
If you'll only get a moustache,
A moustache, a moustache,
If you'll only get a moustache.

I once was in sorrow and tears
Because I was jilted you know,
So right down to the river I ran
To quickly dispose of my woe,
A good friend he gave me advice
And timely prevented the splash,
Now at home I've a wife and ten heirs,
And all through a handsome moustache,
A moustache, a moustache,
And all through a handsome moustache.

Foster: Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway!

Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
Why should the beautiful die?
Lending a charm to ev'ry ray
That falls on her cheeks of light,
Giving the zephyr kiss for kiss,
And nursing the dewdrop bright
Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
Why should the beautiful die?

Long may the daisies dance the field,
Frolicking far and near!
Why should the innocent hide their heads?
Why should the innocent fear?
Spreading their petals in mute delight
When morn in its radiance breaks,
Keeping a floral festival
Till the night-loving primrose wakes
Long may the daisies dance the field,
Frolicking far and near!
Why should the innocent hide their heads?
Why should the innocent fear?

Lulled be the dirge in the cypress bough,
That tells of departed flowers!
Ah! that the butterfly's gilded wing
Fluttered in evergreen bowers!
Sad in my heart for the blighted plants
Its pleasures are aye as brief
They bloom at the young year's joyful call,
And fade with the autumn leaf:

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Ah! may the red rose live alway,
To smile upon earth and sky!
Why should the beautiful ever weep?
Why should the beautiful die?

Schumann: Er ist's

Text by Eduard Mörike (1804–1875)

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Stüße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

Schumann: Mignon

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen glühn,
ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!

Dennst du das Haus, auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn!

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut:
kennst du ihn wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
geht unser Weg; o Vater, laß uns siehn!

Wolf: Die Spröde

Text by Goethe

An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,

Spring It Is

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter once more in the breeze;
sweet, familiar fragrance
drifts portentous through the land.
Violets are dreaming,
soon will be here.
Hark, softly, from afar, a harp!
Yes, Spring, it is you!
I have caught your sound!

—*Translation* © 1976 *George Bird and Richard Stokes*

Mignon

Do you know the land, where the lemons blossom,
the oranges glow golden amongst dark leaves,
a gentle wind blows from the blue sky,
the myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,
do you know it?

There, there
would I go with you, my love!

Do you know the house? On pillars rests its roof,
its hall gleams, its apartment shimmers,
and marble statues stand and gaze at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it?

There, there
would I go with you, my protector!

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way in the mist,
in caves the ancient brood of dragons dwells,
the rock falls sheer, and over it, the flood:
do you know it?

There, there
lies our way! O father, let us go!

The Coy Shepherdess

On the clearest of spring mornings
the shepherdess went walking and singing,

Texts and Translations

Jung und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Daß es durch die Felder klang,
So lala! Lerallala!
Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
Zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte fort:
So lala! Lerallala!

Und ein Andrer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der Dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz,
Nur lala! Lerallala!

Wolf: Die Bekehrte

Text by Goethe

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la!...

Und er zog mich an sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold und süß.
Und ich sagte: Blase wieder!
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la!...

Meine Ruhe ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich höre vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla!...

Berg: Die Nachtigall

Text by Theodor Storm (1817–1888)

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

young and fair and carefree,
so that it resounded through the fields,
So lala! Lerallala!
Thyrsis offered her, just for one kiss,
two lambkins, three, on the spot.
She looked at him roguishly for a while,
but then went on singing and laughing:
So lala! Lerallala!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third his heart;
but she jested with heart and ribbons
as with the lambs:
So lala! Lerallala!

—*Translation © Eric Sams*

The Repentant Shepherdess

In the red glow of sunset
I walked silently through the wood.
Damon sat and blew his flute
so that the rocks resounded:
So la la!...

And he drew me down to him
and kissed me so gently, so sweetly,
and I said “blow again”
and the good-heated lad blew:
So la la!...

My peace of mind is now lost,
my joy has flown away,
and I hear in my ears
only the old tones of
So la la, le ralla!...

—*Translation © Eric Sams*

The Nightingale

It happened because the nightingale
sang the whole night long;
from her sweet call,
from the echo and re-echo,
roses have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom,
and now she walks, deep in thought;
she carries her summer hat in her hand,
enduring quietly the heat of the sun,
knowing not what to begin.

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Musorgsky: V uglu

„Akh ty prakaznik!
Klubok razmatal, prutki rasterjal,
Akh ty! fse petli spustil!
Chulok ves' zabryzgal chernilami!
V ugal! V ugal!
Pashol v ugal! Prakaznik!“
„Ya nichevo ne zdelal, njanjushka,
Ya chulochek ne trogal, njanjushka!
Kluboček razmatal katjonachek,
I prutočki razbrasal katjonachek,
A Mishen'ka byl pain'ka,
Mishen'ka byl umnitsa.
A njanja zlaya, staraya,
U njani nosik ta zapachkannyi.
Misha chisten'ki, prichosannyi,
A u njani chepchik na baku.
Njanja Mishen'ku abidela,
Naprasna v ugal pastavila
Misha bol'she ne budet ljubit' svayu
Njanjushku, vot shto!“

Musorgsky: S kukloj

Tjapa, baj, baj, Tjapa, spi, usni,
Ugomon tebja voz'mi! Tjapa! Spat' nado!
Tjapa, spi, usni, Tjapu buka s"jest,
seryj volk voz'mjot,
tjomnyj les snesjot.
Tjapa, spi, usni!
Chto vo sne uvidish', mne pro to rasskazhesh':
Pro ostrov chudnyj, gde ni zhnut ni sejut,
Gde cvetut i zrejut grushi nalivnyje,
Den' i noch' pojut ptichki zolotyje!
Baj, baj, baju baj, baj, baj, Tjapa!

Musorgsky: Na son grjadushchij

Gospodi pomiluj papu i mamu
i spasi ikh, Gospodi!
Gospodi pomiluj bratca Vasen'ku
i bratca Mishen'ku!
Gospodi pomiluj babushku staren'kuju,
Poshli ty jej dobroje zdorov'jice,
Babushke dobren'koj,
babushke staren'koj, Gospodi!
I spasi, Bozhe nash, tjtju Katju,
tjtju Natashu, tjtju Mashu, tjtju Parashu,
Tjotej Ljubu, Varju, i Sashu,
i Olju, i Tanju, i Nadju,

In the Corner

“My, but you're naughty!
You unrolled the yarn!
The needles are lost! Naughty!
All the loops are undone!
And ink is all over the stockings
Go now! Stand there!
In the corner! Bad Michael!”
“But did I really not do anything!
I did not touch the stockings or the yarn,
The kitten did it all, the kitty cat,
Lost the needles, spilled ink and everything.
Your little boy has not been a naughty boy,
No, not at all.
But Nanna is a mean old thing;
And Nanna has a nasty dirty nose.
Michael's hair is brushed and clean and neat:
Nanna's bonnet isn't neat at all!
Nanna was not fair to punish him,
And make him stand in the corner here.
So now Michael does not love his
Nannie nurse anymore. So there!”

With the Doll

Dolly lullaby, Dolly lullaby.
Go to sleep and close your eyes.
Dolly! sleep, Dolly.
Dolly, go to sleep, if you are not good,
soon the wolf will come, take you to the wood.
Dolly go to sleep, when you wake you'll tell me
all that you were dreaming:
the magic island, where the sun is beaming
where is neither sowing, reaping, toil or moving,
and the juicy pears, ripen golden gleaming.
Dolly, lullaby by-o-by, Dolly.

Evening Prayer

God, protect and bless them.
Father and mother.
God protect and bless them all.
Guard them Lord and bless them:
Brother Vassinka, brother Mishenka
God protect and bless her,
grandmother, well-beloved.
Long may she live, keep her well and care for her,
good little grandmother, old little grandmother
bless them all!
Bless my aunts, all of them,
Aunty Kitty, Aunty Natalie, Aunty Mary,

Texts and Translations

Djadej Petju i Kolju, djadej Volodju
i Grishu, i Sashu, i vsekj ikh,
Gospodi, spasi i pomiluj,
i Filju, i Vanju, i Mitju, i Petju,
i Dashu, Pashu, Sonju, Dunjushku. . .
Njanja! a, njanja! Kak dal'she, njanja?
„Vish' ty, prokaznica kakaja!
Uzh skol'ko raz uchila:
Gospodi pomiluj i menja greshnuju!“
Gospodi pomiluj i menja greshnuju!
Tak, njanjushka?

Musorgsky: Pojekhhal na palochke

Gei! Gop, gop! Gei, padi! Gei! Gei!
Ta,..., ta, gei! Ta,..., ta, padi!
Tpru!...stoi! Vasja, a Vasja!
Slushai, prikhadi igrat' sevodnja!
Tol'ka ne pozna!
Nu ty, gop! Gop! Prashjai, Vasja!
Ya v Yukki payekhal...
Tol'ka k vecheru nepremenna budu,
My vet' rana, ochen' rana spat' lazhymsja...
Prikhadi, smatri!
Ta,...,ta, gei! Ta,..., ta, padi!
Gop! Gei, padi! Gei, gei padi! Gei, gei!
Razdavljju!

Oi, bol'na! Oi, nogu! Oi, bol'na! Oi, nogu...
„Milyi moi, moi mal'chik, shto za gore?
Nu, polna plakat'!
Praidjot, moi druk!
Pastoi-ka, fstan' na noshki prjama:
Vot tak, ditja! Pasmatri, kakaya prelest'!
Vidish?
F kustakh naleva! Akh, shto za prichka divnaya!
Shto za pjoryshki!
Vidish?...Nu shto? Prashlo?“

„Prashlo! Ya v Yukki syezdzil, mama!
Teper' damoi tarapitsa nada...
Gop! Gop! Gosti budut...Gop!
Tarapitsa nada!...“

INTERMISSION

CAL PERFORMANCES

Aunty Parasha, Aunty Luba,
Barbara, Sasha, and Olga and Tanya and Nadia;
Uncles Peter and Nicky, uncles Vladimir
and Grisha and Sasha. O bless them!
God protect my aunts and my uncles and
Philip and Johnny and Mitya and Peter
and Dasha, Pasha, Sophie, Duniushka,
Nannie, O Nannie, what is the ending?
“You naughty girl to have forgotten!
How often have I told you:
and to me a sinner, be, O Lord, merciful!”
and to me a sinner, be, O Lord, merciful.
So Nannie dear?

On the Hobbyhorse

Hey! Hop, hop, hop! Hop, hop!
Gee, go on, Hey! Hey! Gee go on!
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Hop, hop, hop!
hop, hop, hey, hey, hey, hey, ta, ta, etc.
Hey, ta, ta, etc. Get up! Whoa, stop! Basil, O Basil!
Listen! Come and play with me this evening.
Do not be too late! Get up there! Hop!
Good-bye, Basil, I am off to Jukki,
I'll be back tonight, long before your bedtime.
Very early, I'll come back again to Basil,
sharp at six o'clock. Ta, ta, etc.
Hey! Get up, hop, Hey, get up,
hey, hey, get up, hey, hey.
Oh look out! Ouch!
Oh how my foot hurts me.

“Darling boy, and does it really hurt so?
Now stop your crying, 'twill soon be well.
Stand up and see if still it hurts you.
All well again?
Can you see the pretty birdie?
See there behind the bushes?
Ah, what a pretty bird it is.
O how beautiful!
See it? And now, all well? all well!”

“I have gone off to Jukki.
And now for home.
I am in a hurry! Hop, hop!
Guests are coming...hop! In an awful hurry!...”

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Rachmaninoff: Veter pereljotnyj

Text by Konstantin Dmitrevich Bal'mont (1867–1942)

Veter pereljotnyj
oblaskal menja
I shepnul pechal'no:
„Noch' sil'neje dnja.“

I zakat pomerknul.
Tuchi pocherneli.
Drognuli, smutilis'ya
pasmurnyja jeli.

I nad temnym morem,
gde krutilsja val,
Veter pereljotnyj
zyb'ju probezhal.

Noch' carila v mire.
A mezh tem daljoko
Za morem zazhglosja
ognennoje oko.

Novyj raspustilsja
v nebesakh cvetok,
Svetom vozrozhdennym
zablistal vostok.

Veter izmenilsja
i pakhnul mne v ochi,
I shepnul s usmeshkoj:
„Den' silneje nochi!“

Day to Night

A passing breeze
caressed my cheeks,
whispering sadly
“Night is more powerful than day.”

The sun was fading
storm clouds were gathering;
the gloomy fir trees
trembled in dismay.

And over the dark ocean,
where the waves roll by,
the passing breeze
surged ever on.

Night ruled the earth,
yet far away across the ocean,
the glow of dawn
lit up the sky.

Flowers blossomed
once more in the heavens,
the East was bathed
in a new born light.

The breeze changed direction
and blew into my face,
whispering with a smile
“Day is more powerful than night.”

Schumann: Die Lotosblume

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor liebe und Liebesweh.

The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower fears
the splendour of the sun,
and with bowed head,
dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,
and wakes her with his light,
and to him she gladly unveils
her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
gazing dumbly toward the sky;
she is fragrant and weeps and trembles
with love and the pain of love.
—*Translated by Robert Franz*

Texts and Translations

Berg: Im Zimmer

Text by Johannes Schlaf (1862–1941)

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knien,
So ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn.

Golijov: Lúa Descolorida

Poem by Rosalía de Castro (1837–1885)

Lúa descolorida
Como cor de ouro pálido,
vesme i eu non quixera
me vises de tan alto.
Ó espazo que recorres,
lévame, caladiña, nun teu raio.

Astro das almas orfas,
lúa descolorida,
eu ben sei que n'álmias
tristeza cal a miña.
Vai contalo ó teu dono,
e dille que me leve adonde habita.

Mais non lle contes nada,
descolorida lúa,
pois nin neste nin noutros
mundos teréis fortuna.
Se sabe onde a morte
ten a morada escura,
dille que corpo e alma xuntamente
me leve adonde non recorden nunca,
Nin no mundo en que estáo nin nas alturas.

Crawford Seeger: White Moon

Text by Carl Sandburg (1878–1967)

White Moon comes in a baby face.
The shafts across her bed are flimmiting.

Out on the land White Moon shines,
Shines and glimmers against gnarled shadows,
All silver to slow twisted shadows
Falling across the long road that runs from the house.

Keep a little of your beauty
And some of your flimmiting silver

In the Chamber

Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.
A little red fire
crackles in the stove and flares up.
And with my head upon your knee,
I am contented.
When my eyes rest in yours,
how gently do the minutes pass!

Colorless Moon

Moon, colorless
like the color of pale gold:
You see me here and I wouldn't like you
to see me from the heights above.
Take me, silently, in your ray
to the space of your journey.

Star of the orphan souls,
Moon, colorless:
I know that you do not shed light on
sadness as sad as mine.
Go and tell it to your master
and tell him to take me to his place.

But don't tell him anything,
Moon, colorless,
because my fate won't change
here or in other worlds.
If you know where Death
has its dark mansion,
Tell her to take my body and soul together
To a place where I won't be remembered,
Not in this world, not in the heights above.

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

For her by the window tonight
Where you come in, White Moon.

Silbelius: Illale

Text by A. V. Forsman-Koskimies

Oi, terve! tumma,
vieno tähti-ilta,
Sun haaveellista
hartauttas lemmin
Ja suortuvaisi yötä
sorjaa hemmin,
Mi hulmuuapi
kulmais kuulamilta.

Kun oisit, ilta,
oi, se tenhosilta,
Mi sielun multa
siirtäis lentoisammin
Pois aatteen maille
itse kun ma emmin,
Ja siip' ei kannaa aineen kahlehilta!

Ja itse oisin miekkoinen
se päivä,
Mi uupuneena saisin
luokses liittää,
Kun tauonnut on yö
ja puuha räivä,

Kun mustasiipi yö jo silmään siittää
Ja laaksot, vuoret
verhoo harmaa häivä—
Oi, ilta armas,
silloin luokses kiittää!

Weill: I'm a Stranger Here Myself

Lyrics by Ogden Nash

Tell me, is love still a popular suggestion,
Or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking this simple question,
I'm unfamiliar with his heart,
I'm a stranger here myself.
Why is it wrong to murmur I adore him
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue,
I'm a stranger here myself.

To Evening

Come, gentle evening,
Come in starlit splendor!
Your fragrant hair so soft
And darkly gleaming!
Oh, let me feel it round
My forehead streaming!
Let me be wrapped in silence,
Warm and tender!

Across your bridge of magic,
Smooth and slender,
My soul would travel towards
A land of dreaming.
No longer burdened,
Sad or heaving seeming.
The cares of life I'd willingly surrender!

The light itself whose bonds
You daily sever,
Would flee, exhausted,
Seeking out those places
Where your soft hand all toil
And strain erases.

And, weary of life's clamor
And endeavor
I too have greatly yearned
For your embraces,
Oh, quiet evening, let me rest forever.

Texts and Translations

I dream of a day, a gay warm day,
With my face between his hands;
Have I missed the path, have I gone astray?
I ask, and no one understands.

Love me or leave me, that seems to be the question,
I don't know the tactics to use,
But if he should offer a personal suggestion,
How could I possibly refuse,
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me, tell a stranger,
By curiosity goaded,
Is there really any danger
That love is now outmoded?
I'm interested especially
in knowing why you waste it,
True romance is so fleshly—
With what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foible?
Is gin rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoy'ble?
For heaven's sake, what is it?

I can't believe that love has lost its glamour,
That passion is really passé;
If gender is just a word in grammar
How can I ever find my way,
When I'm a stranger here myself?

How can he ignore my available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you a woman with a mission,
I must discover the key to his ignition,
Then if he should make a diplomatic proposition,
How could I possibly refuse,
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Weill: Je ne t'aime pas

Text by Maurice Maugre (1877–1941)

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas,
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'un ami.
Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir,
Trop intimement, à voix basse même,
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aime.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas,
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant'.

I Don't Love You

Take away your hand, I don't love you.
As you wished, you're only a friend.
Others have felt your embrace,
Your dear kiss, your sleeping head.

Don't talk to me in the evening,
Too intimately, in that low voice.
Above all don't give me your handkerchief,
It holds too much of the perfume I adore.

Tell me of your loves, I don't love you.
What was your most ecstatic moment,

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Je ne t'aime pas...
Et s'elle t'aimait bien, et si elle fut ingrat'...
En me le disant, ne sais pas charmant;
Je ne t'aime pas...

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert,
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,
Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie.

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur,
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire'.
Conte-moi comment-il a pris ton cœur
Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dir'...

Non, tais-toi plutôt... Je suis à genoux...
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée...
Je ne t'aime pas.
Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est tout.
Je ne t'aime pas,
Je ne t'aime pas, ô mon bien-aimé.
Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas...

Je ne t'aime pas...

I don't love you...
And if she loved you well, or if she was ungrateful.
When you tell me don't be kind—
I don't love you.

I haven't cried, I haven't suffered,
It was but a dream, madness.
It's enough to see your eyes are clear,
Neither evening regret nor sadness.

It's enough to see your happiness,
It's enough to see your smile.
Tell me how he stole your heart,
Even tell me what shouldn't be told.

No, rather be silent... I'm on my knees.
The fire has gone out, the door is closed,
I don't love you.
Ask nothing, I'm crying... that's all.
I don't love you,
I don't love you, oh my darling!
Take back your hand, I don't love you.

I don't love you...

Bolcom: Song of Black Max

(As told by the De Kooning Boys)

He was always dressed in black,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat
to the big-shots of the town
who raised their hats right back,
never knew they were bowing to
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
when the right night people of all the town
would find what they could
in the night neighborhood of
Black Max.

There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails.
When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs,

Texts and Translations

who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale,
the art of the smile—
(only certain people walked that mystery mile:
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians).
There was knitting-needle music
from a lady organ-grinder
with all her sons behind her,
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! Though he walked like a woman)
and Carlo, who was five.
He must be still alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
you didn't take the terrible cure those days
you went crazy and died
and he did.
And at the coffin
before they closed the lid,
who raised his lid?
Black Max!

I was climbing on the train
one day going far away
to the good old U.S.A.
when I heard some music
underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
playing the harmonica, one hand free
to lift that hat to me:
Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

Bolcom: Waitin'

Waitin' waitin'
I've been waitin' waitin' waitin'
all my life.
That light keeps on
hiding from me,
but it someday
just might
bless my sight.
Waitin'
Waitin'
Waitin'

please turn page quietly

Texts and Translations

Bolcom: Amor

Text by Arnold Weinstein (1927–2005)

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
instead of shouting halt
when he saw me he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man
(free ice creams by the score)
instead of shouting Butter Pecan
one look at me
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way
everybody took off the day
even philosophers understood
how good was The Good because I looked so good.
The poor stopped taking less
the rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes
both looking at me shouted Amor Amor.

My stay in town was cut short
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
and the jury gave him what for!
The judge raised his hand
and instead of Desist and Cease
Judgie came to the stand
took my hand
and whispered Amor Amor Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away,
never see that town again.
But as I passed the church-house door
instead of singing Amen
the choir was singing Amor
Amor Amor Amor Amor.

About the Artists



Joining a rare natural warmth with a fierce commitment to the transforming communicative power of music, **Dawn Upshaw** has achieved worldwide celebrity as a singer of opera and concert repertoire ranging from the sacred works of Bach to the freshest sounds of today. Her ability to reach to the heart of music and text has earned her both the devotion of an exceptionally diverse audience, and the awards and distinctions accorded to only the most distinguished of artists.

Her acclaimed performances on the opera stage comprise the great Mozart roles (Pamina, Ilia, Susanna, Despina) as well as modern works by Stravinsky, Poulenc and Messiaen. From Salzburg, Paris and Glyndebourne to the Metropolitan Opera, where she began her career in 1984 and has since made nearly 300 appearances, Dawn Upshaw has also championed numerous new works created for her, including *The Great Gatsby* by John Harbison; the Grawemeyer Award-winning opera, *L'Amour de Loin*, by Kaija Saariaho; John Adams's nativity oratorio, *El Niño*; and Osvaldo Golijov's chamber opera, *Ainadamar*, and song cycle, *Ayre*, both newly recorded on Deutsche Grammophon.

Ms. Upshaw reprised her celebrated Santa Fe Opera portrayal of Margarita Xirgu in

Ainadamar at the Ojai and Ravinia festivals, followed by performances of Lukas Foss's *Time Cycle* with the San Francisco Symphony and Henri Dutilleux's *Correspondances* with the Philadelphia Orchestra that began the 2006–2007 concert year. Other season highlights include a European tour of Golijov's *Ayre*; a US recital tour with pianists Gilbert Kalish and Molly Morkoski; and orchestral performances with David Robertson and the St. Louis Symphony at Carnegie Hall and with Esa-Pekka Salonen and the Los Angeles Philharmonic at Disney Hall. Ms. Upshaw is an Artistic Partner of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, with whom she is performing and curating an innovative vocal series beginning this fall.

It says much about Dawn Upshaw's sensibilities as an artist and colleague that she is a favored partner of many leading musicians, including Richard Goode, the Kronos Quartet, James Levine, Sir Simon Rattle and Esa-Pekka Salonen. In her work as a recitalist, and particularly in her work with composers, Ms. Upshaw has become a generative force in concert music, having premiered more than 25 works in the past decade. From Carnegie Hall to large and small venues throughout the world, she regularly presents specially designed programs composed of lieder, unusual contemporary works in many languages, and folk and popular music. She furthers this work in master classes and workshops with young singers at major music festivals, conservatories and liberal arts colleges. She is a member of the faculty at the Tanglewood Music Center, and is Artistic Director of the Vocal Arts Program at Bard College Conservatory of Music.

A three-time Grammy Award-winner, Dawn Upshaw is featured on more than 50 recordings, including the million-selling Symphony No. 3 by Henryk Górecki. Her discography also includes full-length opera recordings of Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, Messiaen's *Saint François d'Assise*, Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, John Adams's *El Niño*, two volumes of Canteloube's *Songs of the Auvergne* and a dozen recital recordings. Upshaw has also recorded several beloved Nonesuch discs of music the

About the Artists

ater repertoire, which she has offered with the Chicago Symphony and the Cleveland and Philadelphia orchestras, as well as at London's Proms Festival and on radio and television. She was the subject of a one-hour profile on Bravo, *Intimate Collaborations*, and has been featured on numerous PBS and NPR programs.

Dawn Upshaw holds honorary doctorate degrees from Yale University, the Manhattan School of Music, Allegheny College and Illinois Wesleyan University. She began her career as a winner of the Young Concert Artists Auditions and the Walter W. Naumburg Competition, and was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Young Artists Development Program.



Hailed as “strong, profiled, nuanced and beautifully etched” (*The New York Times*) and “outstanding” (*The Boston Globe*), pianist **Molly Morkoski** has performed as soloist and collaborative artist throughout the United States, Europe and Japan. A pianist of great sensitivity and intelligence, she is comfortable in diverse styles that span the traditional repertoire and include numerous recent works and premieres of composer contemporaries.

She regularly receives invitations to perform at Carnegie Hall, including her appearance in the inaugural concert of Zankel Hall in 2003 under the direction of John Adams. Ms. Morkoski has been a featured soloist on the Making Music Series at Carnegie Hall, and the Tanglewood, Bang on a Can and Pacific Rim festivals, and has appeared as soloist with the Raleigh and Asheville symphony orchestras. An avid chamber musician, she has performed at the Aspen, Norfolk and Tanglewood festivals and has collaborated with the New York Philharmonic Chamber Players, St. Louis Symphony Chamber Players, New World Symphony, Speculum Musicae and the Brooklyn Chamber Music Society, as well as some of today's leading composers, conductors and solo artists. Continually being recognized for her insights into new music, she has worked with John Adams, Louis Andriessen, David Del Tredici, Lukas Foss, John Harbison, Aaron Jay Kernis, David Lang, Oliver Knussen, George Perle, Steve Reich and Charles Wuorinen. This past fall, she was invited to work in Vienna with Peter Sellars on John Adams's newest opera, *A Flowering Tree*, as part of the New Crowned Hope Festival. Her performances have been broadcast internationally, and she has recorded on the Bridge and Indiana University record labels. Her recent releases include George Perle's *Inventions* for solo piano and an album of lullabies for the disaster relief effort, *Sleep Is Behind the Door*, which will benefit children affected by the tsunami disaster of 2004.

Awarded a Fulbright Scholarship to Paris, Ms. Morkoski was apprentice with the Ensemble Intercontemporain in 1999 and 2000. She is also a recent recipient of the Teresa Sterne Career Grant. She holds degrees from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Indiana University in Bloomington, and a doctoral degree from SUNY Stony Brook. Her principal teachers include Michael Zenge, Leonard Hokanson and Gilbert Kalish. Ms. Morkoski lives in New York City.