



*A Rochester Civic Music Association
Presentation*

**BIRGIT
NILSSON**

Monday, November 17
Eastman Theatre

A ROCHESTER CIVIC MUSIC ASSOCIATION PRESENTATION

next Artists Series attraction

FRULA



YUGOSLAV FOLK ENSEMBLE

Whether the company's beautiful girls are executing an intricate folk dance or its handsome men are airborne in exuberant leaps of a gay shepherd's dance, the net effect is one of stunning visual excitement—all enhanced by the production's rich costumes and lush lighting.

"Frula" provides a colorful and graphic link with our European heritage through imaginative evocations of mankind's most basic emotional and intellectual concepts: love, war, death, courtship and religion. You'll find yourself shouting "bravo" throughout the performance. But as one Chicago critic noted, "Frula is clearly something worth yelling about."

"Their dances brim with vitality!" —San Francisco Chronicle

"If Santa Fe is any indication, FRULA's first North American tour will end in an unqualified smash!" —Santa Fe (N.M.) News

"Not since Moiseyev has there been a folk ensemble in town with this vigor and flamboyance!" —The Chicago Sun-Times

"Everything about them is professional and calculated for pleasing effect!" —The Chicago Tribune

"The ensemble was obliged to repeat most of the finale, so demanding was the applause!" —The Covington Virginian

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28 at 8:15 P.M.

\$5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50

EASTMAN THEATRE

BIRGIT NILSSON

Soprano

Metropolitan Opera Association

Brooks Smith at the piano

I

Aria—Dich Theure Halle, from *Tannhäuser* Richard Wagner

II

Träume Wagner
Schmerzen Wagner

III

Anakreons Grab Hugo Wolf
Nimmersatte Liebe Wolf
Kennst du das Land Wolf

IV

Befreit Richard Strauss
Wiegenlied Strauss
Zueignung Strauss

INTERMISSION

V

Var det en dröm Jean Sibelius
Våren flyktar Sibelius
Svarta rosor Sibelius

VI

Det förste möde Edvard Grieg
En Svane Grieg
En Dröm Grieg

VII

Aria—Pace, pace, mio Dio, from *La Forza del Destino* Giuseppe Verdi
Aria—Vissi d'arte, from *Tosca* Giacomo Puccini

COLUMBIA ARTISTS MANAGEMENT INC.

Personal Direction: WEINHOLD and THOMPSON

Associate: Samuel M. Niefeld

165 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 10019

Aria—Dich Theure Halle, from "Tannhäuser" Richard Wagner

The scene is the Hall of Song in the Wartburg. Elisabeth enters, joyous because of Tannhäuser's forthcoming return and sings a greeting to the Hall:

*Oh, hall of song, I give thee
greeting.
All hail to thee, thou hallow'd
place!
'Twas here that dream, so sweet
and fleeting,
Upon my heart his song did trace.
But since by him forsaken,
A desert thou dost seem!
Thy echos only waken
Remembrance of a dream!*

*But now the flame of hope is
lighted,
Thy vault shall ring with glorious
war,*

*For he, whose strains my soul
delighted,
No longer roams afar!
Yes, now the flame of hope is
lighted,
Thy vault shall ring with glorious
war,
For he, whose strains my soul
delighted,
From me no longer roams afar!
All hail to thee!
All hail to thee!
Thou hall of glory, dear to my
heart!*

Träume

Wagner

This beautiful song was a preparatory sketch of the love-music of Wagner's great music-drama, Tristan and Isolde. Its melody can be clearly recognized in the sensuous duet of the second act. Here, however, the mood is of a philosophical introspection, covering all the day dreams and aspirations of the world. The music is quiet, except for a single climax, and the atmosphere is established in a long introduction and an almost equally sustained postlude.

*Dreams of mystical enchantment
Hold my spirit fast in bondage,
Dreams that from the void
emerging
Sink no more into the twilight;
Visions, that with ev'ry hour
To greater wonder grow
And ever with heav'nly magic
draw
The soul to higher ecstasy.
Visions, that in radiant beams
Upon the heart descending paint*

*Thereon a fair eternal image,
Never fading, still remembered.
Visions, yea, more lasting than
Those crimson roses that the sun
Calls with fervent kisses from the
darkness
Into glorious morning,
Where they blossom, where they
brighten,
Gleam, then gathered in their
pride,
Glow an hour upon thy bosom,
And then faded fall to dust.*

Schmerzen

Wagner

Every evening, Oh Sun, you die, merging with the ocean, but each morning you awake anew, in radiance. How could I complain when even the sun must obey the eternal law? I understand: From death new life is born, from suffering comes joy. Oh, Nature, I thank you for my pain.

Anakreons Grab

Hugo Wolf

*Where these roses still bloom
With laurel and vine interlacing,
Where the turtle dove calls,
Where chanting crickets rejoice,
Say what grave is here.
With living green by the gods
 themselves*

*Thus planted and adorned.
'Tis here Anacreon sleeps.
Springtime, summer and autumn
Crowned the poet with gladness
From the winter this green hillside
Has guarded his rest.*

Nimmersatte Liebe

Wolf

*Love is like that. Its thirst cannot be quenched. It has strange moods.
Tonight we kissed until our lips were bleeding, but we seemed never to
have enough. Love is like that—even the wise king Solomon loved in
this way.*

Kennst du das Land

Wolf

*Knowest thou the land where the citrons bloom? Where from azure skies
the breezes gently blow. Dost thou knowest it well? Dost thou know the
house . . . and marble statues? Knowest thou the mount? . . . here lies
the way. O Father! Let us go.*

Befreit

Richard Strauss

*A man's farewell to his dying wife. He comforts her and tells her she
will be with him in his dreams.*

*Oh, do not weep, love . . . Bid me farewell and fondly kiss me and I will
return thy gaze and kiss. Leave me our babes with a mother's caress.
Thou gav'st me life, thy love so tender, which now to them I gladly
render. Life is fast ebbing; tomorrow we both shall be released from
sorrow. Oh, bliss!*

Wiegenlied

Strauss

*Dream, dear; dream, dear, for the
earth is darkening;
Dream of heaven and the flowers
it brings.
Blossoms quiver there while
harkening
To the song thy tender mother
sings.
Dream, dear; dream, dear: Ever
since the dawning
Of the day that brought my
blossom here—*

*Since that brightest, happy
morning,
Thy dear care is all my joy and
fear.
Dream, dear; dream, dear, flower
of my devotion,
Of that happy, of that holy night
When the bud of his devotion
Made my world as heaven through
its light.*

Zueignung

Strauss

*Dear, thou knowest sorrows grieve
me,*

*When sad fate doth bid me leave
thee.*

Love but maketh sick the heart:

Thanks, dear heart!

Once when I, with ardor glowing,

*Drank from freedom's chalice
flowing,*

*Thou didst bless, and joy impart:
Thanks, dear heart!*

Thou didst quell my evil spirit,

Till I, thro' thy shining merit,

Sank transfigured upon thy heart:

Thanks, dear heart!

Var det en dröm

Jean Sibelius

*Was it a dream that once I was thy heart's most welcome guest? 'Tis
like a silenced melody, that in the mind doth rest.*

*There was a thorn rose plucked
by thee,*

Thine eyes with love did gleam;

A tear at parting glistened bright,

Was all, was all a dream?

The lily lives its little hour,

In the meadows green and gay,

*Its snow white fairness soon is
spent,*

The dream, too, fades away.

The livelong night I here a voice,

While salt tears bitter stream,

Hide deep its memory in thy heart,

It was thy sweetest dream!

Varen flyktar

Sibelius

*Spring, summer quickly fly by, while Autumn drags on, never to bloom
again.*

Svarta rosor

Sibelius

*Tell me what is't makes thee
mournful today,*

*For thou art ever so joyful and
glad?*

*Alas! There's nothing makes me
sadder today,*

*Than that thou thinkest me
joyful and glad.*

*For sorrow has black-petalled
roses.*

*In my heart is a rose laurel, rosy is
she,*

*Would that the night were at hand
to set me free!*

*There's a thorn with the bud,
there's a thorn with the leaf,*

*And the bitter day passes in aching
and grief,*

*For sorrow has black-petalled
roses.*

*Soon the roses in handfuls will
blossom and bud,*

*More snow white than death, yet
more crimson than blood!*

*The laurel is growing, 'tis nearing
the end:*

*My heart strings are yielding, they
quiver, and rend;*

*For sorrow has black-petalled
roses.*

Det förste möde

Edvard Grieg

*The thrill of Love's first eye-glance
Is like the breath of meadows,
Or songs upon the water
In purple evening shadows:*

*Like distant horns resounding
Across the scented heather
A music, soulborn, rises
In hearts that beat together.*

En Svane

Grieg

*My swan, my treasure,
With snowy-white feather,
Of his songs sang me never
A single measure.*

*And yet when death came
And parting alarmed me,
With sweet song he charmed me
And song with death came!*

*Shyly, fearing
The elves in the bushes
Glided he, list'ning
There 'mid the rushes.*

*And with its ringing,
His spirit passed on, then.
He died while singing.
Was he only a swan, then?*

En Dröm

Grieg

*I had a wondrous lovely dream;
Methought I wooed a blue-eyed
maid;
We stood beneath the greenwood
shade
When April shed his sunny beam;
The buds did throng, the brooklet
gushed,
Afar we heard the village chime;
Through ev'ry vein the rapture
flushed,
We stood entranced in bliss sub-
lime.
But fairer far than was my dream,
The bliss one waking hour
displayed.*

*We stood beneath the greenwood
shade
When April shed its sunny beam.
The brooklet gushed, the buds did
throng,
And village chimes the breezes
bore:
I held thee fast, I held thee long,
For fate shall part us never more!
O greenwood lit my April's beam,
Through life thou wilt abide with
me!
Here did the truth a vision seem,
Here was my dream made verity!*

Aria—Pace, pace, mio Dio, from "La Forza del Destino"

Giuseppe Verdi

*Leonora, torn between her love for her father and her love for Alvaro,
who was the innocent cause of her father's death, implores Heaven to
let her die:*

*Calm me, calm me, calm me,
calm me,
O Father! Calm me. O Father!
Cruel misfortune
My woeful heart still tries:*

*As on the first day, all these years
my portion
Was only tears and sighs.
Calm me, calm me, calm me,
O Father, calm me, O Father!*

*I lov'd him well!
 Such wondrous grace and valor
 Did Heav'n to him impart,
 I love him yet, nor can I bear to
 banish
 His image from my heart.
 O bitter fate! O bitter fate! O
 bitter fate!
 Still divides us
 On earth transgression sore!
 Alvaro, I love thee! And yon in
 heav'n 'tis written
 I ne'er shall see thee more!
 O Heaven, Heaven, now let me
 perish!
 Peace my spirit will find alone in
 death;*

*For 'tis in vain I pray my anguish
 May cease on earth till fails my
 breath!
 For 'tis in vain I pray,
 'Tis all in vain I pray my anguish
 may cease on earth till fails
 my breath!
 Food, how I loathe thee, that are
 but set before me
 This wretched life to lengthen!
 Who is coming?
 Who is't that dares profane these
 holy precincts?
 Be he accursed, be he accursed,
 be he accursed, be he
 accursed!*

Aria—Vissi d'arte, from "Tosca"

Giacomo Puccini

This famous aria occurs in Puccini's tragic masterpiece as practically an interpolation and gives the heroine her best opportunity for sustained lyric and dramatic expression. Floria Tosca, finding herself in the power of the villainous Baron Scarpia, and ready to do anything to save the life of her lover, Cavaradossi, sings this soliloquy, which is almost a prayer, asking why she, whose life has been dedicated to art and to love, should have to undergo such suffering.

*Love and music, these have I lived
 for,
 nor ever have harmed a living
 being!
 The poor and distressful times
 without number, by stealth
 have I aided.
 Ever a fervent believer, my humble
 pray'rs have been
 Offer'd up sincerely to the saints;
 Ever a fervent believer, on the altar,
 flow'rs I've laid.*

*In this my hour of sorrow and
 bitter tribulation,
 O heav'nly Father, why dost thou
 forsake me?
 Jewels I gave to bedeck our Lady's
 mantle,
 I gave my songs to the starry host
 in tribute to their brightness
 In my hour of grief and bitter tri-
 bulation, why, oh!
 Why, Heavenly Father, hast thou
 forsaken me?*