University of Florida Performing Arts
presents

Dame Kiri Te Kanawa

with

Warren Jones

Sunday, January 27, 2008, 7:30 p.m.

Sponsored by

Shands HealthCare

THE Alan and Carol Squitieri PERFORMING ARTS ENDOWMENT

PROGRAM IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Dame Kiri Te Kanawa appears by arrangement with IMG Artists, LLC
Carnegie Hall Tower, 152 West 57th Street, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10019
www.imgartists.com
PROGRAM

Ridente la calma (K 152)                                   Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
An Chloë (K 524)
Abendempfindung (K 523)
Un moto di gioia (K 579)

Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2                                      Richard Strauss
Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3
All mein Gedanken, Op. 21, No. 1
Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1

Voyage à Paris                                            Francis Poulenc
Hôtel
Les chemins de l’amour (Valse Chantée)

Intermission

Scarborough Fair                                      Traditional
O, Waly Waly                                      Benjamin Britten

Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?                   Aaron Copland

La rosa y el sauce                           Carlos Guastavino
Qué linda la madreselva
El clavel del aire blanco

Canción al arbol del Olvido                      Alberto Ginastera

Sole e amore  (Mattinata)                  Giacomo Puccini
Morire?

Lo son l’umile ancella                        Francesco Cilea

Encores to be announced.
PROGRAM NOTES

Ridente la calma (K 152)
An Chloë (K 524)
Abendempfindung (K 523)
Un moto di gioia (K 579)
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Stories about the genius of Austrian composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart abound. He was touring as a keyboard virtuoso at an age when most kids are still figuring out how to tie their shoes. He was writing symphonies and concertos before he was a teenager. By the time he died at age 35, Mozart had written some of the most brilliant operas and memorable vocal music in the entire classical repertory.

Ridente la calma (K 152, 1775?) is not among his vocal works, however. It has long been attributed to him, though it is now known to be the work of Czech composer Josef Myslivecek (1737-1781), a friend of Mozart’s who many believe was quite influential on the young composer. It is a tuneful and thoroughly enjoyable song, arranged by Mozart, thus contributing to the mix-up. An Chloë (K 524) and Abendempfindung (K 523), both from 1787, are Mozart masterpieces and are among the composer’s most memorable and most popular songs. Many have suggested that Abendempfindung somehow portends the composer’s own untimely demise. Un moto di gioia (K 579) was written in 1789 for the character of Susanna in the revival of Mozart’s opera, The Marriage of Figaro. Mozart’s own arrangement for piano and soprano has since become a favorite in vocal recitals.

Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2
Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3
All mein Gedanken, Op. 21, No. 1
Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Like Mozart, many of German composer Richard Strauss’ most memorable works were for the stage. Operas such as Salome, Elektra, Der Rosenkavalier and Ariadne auf Naxos have joined the standard repertory. Strauss also made his mark with the “tone poem,” a purely instrumental work, usually for large orchestral forces. Indeed, Strauss was accustomed to painting on a big canvas.

Strauss’ songs are another matter: all are remarkable and, by comparison, “miniatures.” The Strauss works on this program — on the theme of love and lovers — were written mostly before he became consumed with his operas and tone poems. Singing these songs requires a wide range, both vocally and emotionally.

Ständchen, composed in 1885-86, refers to a nighttime rendezvous between two lovers. Note how the agitated piano accompaniment is in opposition to the opening lines (“the brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly rustles”), anticipating the lovers’ passionate embrace. Die Nacht was one of Strauss’ first songs, from 1882-83. A song of longing and desire, this plaintive tune is remarkable from a composer in his teens. The jaunty All mein Gedanken (1887-88) continues the theme of love and lovers. On the words “Sinn” (“spirit”) or “Liebste” (“my beloved”), notice as the voice soars above it all. Morgen (1893-94) was composed as a wedding gift for his soon-to-be bride, soprano Pauline de Ahna. The gentle introduction, and the calming melody of the soprano, portrays the perfection of two lovers in quiet repose. Zueignung (1882-83) captures the ups (last stanza) and downs (first stanza) of one lover’s heart.
Francis Poulenc was part of a group of composers known as “Les Sixes,” who wished to create a new sound in the post-WW I music scene in Paris. The break from tradition included embracing the surreal, in particular the poetry of Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918). In his lifetime, Poulenc set dozens of texts by the poet who is said to have coined the word “surrealism.”

All three songs on this program are from about 1940, while Poulenc was on hiatus from military service in World War II. *Voyage à Paris* and *Hôtel* are both texts by Apollinaire in a song cycle that Poulenc called *Banalités* (Banalities). The first is a love letter to the city of lights, no doubt a welcome sight for a returning soldier, whereas the latter captures the absurdist spirit of post-war Paris in all its existential glory. Note, especially in *Hôtel*, how the harmony moves languidly, unhurriedly, like the rising smoke described in its text. *Les chemins de l’amour* (*Paths of Love*), a Parisian torch song of surviving lost love, evokes the spirit of the Parisian cabaret chanteuse for whom it was written, Yvonne Printemps.

**Scarborough Fair** — Traditional

**O, Waly Waly** — Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

**Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?** — Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

The next three songs, all in English, show the rich tradition of old world and new. Most listeners probably won’t know that the tune *Scarborough Fair* has been around in one form or another since at least the late 1600s. Most will recognize the version by Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel for the Oscar-winning film *The Graduate* (1967). *O, Waly Waly* is a Scottish traditional folk song also known since the 1600s. Benjamin Britten’s 1948 arrangement for piano and voice is one of the more popular performance versions. American composer Aaron Copland was drawn to American folk music for many of his most celebrated works. Here, in *Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?* from 12 *Poems of Emily Dickinson*, No. 3, a sometimes angular, sometimes folk-inspired melody is set against a sparse yet persistent accompaniment.

**La rosa y el sauce**

**Qué linda la madreselva**

**El clavel del aire blanco**

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

**Cancion al arbol del olvido**

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

Argentinean countrymen Carlos Guastavino and Alberto Ginastera contributed the next set of songs. Guastavino was the more traditional of the two, with an interest in Argentinean folk music and a deep respect for the 19th century tradition. *La rosa y el sauce* clearly evokes both. *Qué linda la madreselva* and *El clavel del aire blanco* are from a group of 12 songs set to the poetry of León Benarós called *Flores Argentinas* (Argentinean Flowers). *Qué linda* is a chirpy waltz, while *El clavel* is an expansive and nostalgic lament. By contrast, Ginastera’s *Cancion al arbol del olvido* is dancelike and simmering, evoking the feeling of the Argentine national dance, the Tango.
Sole e amore (Mattinata)
Morire?
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Mosco Carner, biographer of Italian composer Giacomo Puccini wrote: “The supreme test of an opera composer... lies in his power to compel us — even against our will — to identify ourselves with his characters, to make us feel as they feel while we are spectators... while we are spectators we are held by [their] spell.”

The same can be said of Puccini’s songs. We are held in his spell by his sense of timing, his sense of drama, and his uncanny ability to make something just the right length for the emotion he wants to portray. The sun, the main character of Sole e amore (1888, text probably by the composer himself, according to another Puccini biographer, Conrad Wilson), tells us “Think of who loves you, Think! (Pensa!)” The enigmatic ending is perfect to leave us doing just that. Morire? (1917) is based on a text by Giuseppe Adami, a frequent collaborator (Turandot, La rondine). It was written for the Italian Red Cross to support soldiers’ families, soldiers who were casualties in World War I.

Lo son l’umile ancella
Francesco Cilea (1866-1950)

Italian composer Francesco Cilea did not become a household name like Puccini or Mozart, but he did write a handful of operas and some great tunes. This gem, Lo son l’umile ancella, is from Act I of his only opera that is still performed with any regularity, Adriana Lecouvreur, text by Arturo Colautti. The title character, Adriana, is based on a French actress and this is her first big song in the work, an homage to the creative spirit. The opera (and this work) probably survives because it unmistakably showcases the emotional range of the soprano voice.
Ridente la calma (K 152)

Ridente la calma nell’ alma si desti;
Ne resti più segno di sdegno e timor
Tu vieni frattanto a stringer mio bene,
Le dolce catene si grate al mio cor.

Calm, Smiling, Awakens

Calm, smiling, awakens in my soul;
no trace of disdain, of fear, remains.
Meanwhile, my love, you come to tauten
those sweet bonds so dear to my heart

An Chloë (K 524)

Wenn die Lieb aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offnen Augen sieht,
und vor Lust hineinzuschauen
mir’s im Herzen klopft und glüht;
und ich halte dich und küße
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zitternd dich in meinem Arm!
Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblick
sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;
den berauschten Blick umschattet
eine düstere Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

To Chloë

When love gazes from your blue,
Bright, open eyes,
And with joy of gazing into them
My heart throbs and glows;
When I hold you and kiss
ardently your rosy cheeks,
Dear maiden, and clasp
You trembling in my arms,
Maiden, maiden, and press
You firmly to my breast
Which at the very last,
Only at death, will you go —
Then is my enraptured gaze
Overshadowed by a somber cloud,
And I sit, then, weary,
But blissful, beside you.

Abendempfindung (K 523)

Abend ist’s, die Sonne ist verschwunden
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie Tanz.
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Flieset schon auf unser Grab.
Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu),
Schlies ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.
Werdet ihr an meinen Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.

Evening Thoughts

Evening is here, the sun has vanished.
The moon pours down her silvery rays;
Thus life’s loveliest hours pass by,
They pass us by as in a dance.
Soon life’s varied stage is darkened.
And the curtain now descends;
Our play is done, the tears of friendship
Already flow upon our grave.
Maybe soon (a dark foreboding
Like a zephyr wafts toward me),
My life’s journey will be over
And I’ll fly to realms of peace.
When you are weeping by my graveside,
Mourning to behold my ashes,
Then, my friends, again you’ll see me
And I’ll waft the breath of heaven.
Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

And you too may shed a tear,
Pluck a violet for my grave,
And with a glance full of feeling,
Gently you’ll look down upon me.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme
Dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Shed a tear for me and be
Not ashamed to weep for me;
For this tear shall be the loveliest
Pearl with my diadem!

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

*Text by Lorenzo Da Ponte*

**Un moto di gioia (K 579)**

*Text by Adolf Friedrich*

**Serenade**

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l’affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.

Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.

An Emotion of Joy

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l’affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

**Richard Strauss**

*Text by Adolf Friedrich*

**Ständchen**

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.

Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Fliegt leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.

Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert’s geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

With tread as light as the tread of elves,
to hop your way over the flowers,
flit out into the moonlit night,
and steal to me in the garden.

By the rippling brook the flowers slumber,
fragrant in sleep; love alone is awake.

Sit — here the dark is full of mystery,
under the linden trees,
the nightingale at our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, waking at morn,
glow deep from the raptures of this night.
Richard Strauss
Op. 10, No. 3
Text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Die Nacht
Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.
Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night
Night steps from the wood,
slips softly from the trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc,
now beware.
All this world’s lights,
all flowers, all colors
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
from the field.
All that is fair she takes,
the silver from the stream,
from the cathedral’s copper roof
the gold.
Plundered stands the bush,
draw closer, soul to soul;
oh, the night, I fear, will steal
you, too, from me.

Richard Strauss
Op. 21, No. 1
Text by Felix Ludwig Julius Dahn

All mein Gedanken
All mein’ Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,
da, wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.
Gehn ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,
da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor,
gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,
brauchen kein’ Brücken über Wasser und Kluft,
finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,
finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus.
Und klopfen und rufen: Mach auf, laß uns ein,
ir kommen vom Liebsten und grüßen dich
fein.

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind,
wander there, to where my sweetheart is.
They follow their path despite wall and gate;
they are held up by no bars and no ditches.
They travel like the birds high in the sky,
requiring no bridge over water and chasm;
they find the town and find the house,
find her window out of all the others.
And they knock and call: Open, let us in!
we come from your sweetheart and greet you
kindly.

Richard Strauss
Op. 27, No. 4
Text by John Henry Mackay

Morgen
Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

Tomorrow
And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones, again
upon this sun-breathing earth...
and to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silent, into each other's eyes we’ll
gaze, and on us will fall joy's speechless
silence...
Richard Strauss
Op. 10, No. 1
Text by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Zueignung
Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
und du segnetest den Trank,
habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
habe Dank!

Francis Poulenc
Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Voyage à Paris
Ah! la charmante chose
Quitte un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu’un jour dût créer l’Amour.

Francis Poulenc
Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Hôtel
Ma chambre a la forme d’une cage,
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J’allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler — je veux fumer.

Francis Poulenc
Text by Jean Anouilh

Les chemins de l’amour (Valse Chantée)
Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées
Et l’écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs
Hélas! des jours de bonheur
Radièuses joies envoûtées
Je vais sans retrouver traces
Dans mon coeur.

Dedication
Yes, dear soul, you know,
away from you I’m in torment,
love makes hearts sick,
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held
high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught,
have thanks.

And you drove out from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
have thanks!

Going to Paris
Ah, how delightful it is
to leave a dismal place
and head for Paris!
Beautiful Paris,
which one day Love had to create!

Hotel
My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the
window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the
air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun’s fire.
I don’t want to work, I want to smoke.

The paths of love
The paths that lead to the sea
have kept of our passage
the petals of plucked flowers
and the echo beneath their trees
of our sparkling laughter.
Alas! of those happy days,
radiant joys that flew away,
no trace I find
in my heart.
Chemins de mon amour.
Je vous cherche toujours.
Chemins perdus vous n’êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds.
Chemins du désespoir.
Chemins du souvenir.
Chemins du premier jour.
Divins chemins d’amour.

Si je dois l’oublier un jour.
La vie effaçant toute chose.
Je veux dans mon coeur qu’un souvenir repose
Plus fort que l’autre amour.
Le souvenir du chemin.
Où tremblante et toute éperdue.
Un jour j’ai senti sur moi
Brûler tes mains.

Chemins de mon amour, etc.

Paths of love,
I seek forever,
lost paths, you are no more
and your echoes are dead.
Paths of despair.
Paths of memory.
Paths of the first day.
Divine paths of love.

If I must one day forget it,
life effacing everything,
I would that one memory rest in my heart,
stronger than that other love,
the memory of the path,
where trembling and bewildered,
one day I felt upon me
your burning hand.

Paths of love, etc.

**Traditional**

**Scarborough Fair**

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without no seams nor needle work.
Then she’ll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the salt water and the sea strands.
Then she’ll be a true love of mine.

Ah.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
And gather it all in a bunch of heather.
Then she’ll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.
Benjamin Britten  
**Traditional Song**  

**O, Waly Waly**  

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.  

O, down in the meadows the other day,  
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,  
A-gathering flowers both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.  

I leaned my back up against some oak  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended, and then he broke;  
And so did my false love to me.  

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in:  
I know not if I sink or swim.  

O! love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new;  
But when it is old, it groweth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.  

---  

Aaron Copland  

**12 Poems of Emily Dickinson, No. 3**  

**Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?**  

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing too loud?  
But I can sing a little minor,  
Timid as a bird.  

Wouldn't the angels try me just once more,  
Just see if I troubled them, but don't shut the door.  
Oh if I were the gentlemen in the white robes,  
And they were the little hand that knocked,  
Could I forbid, could I forbid, could I forbid?  

---  

Carlos Guastavino  

**Text by Francisco Silva y Valdés**  

**La rosa y el sauce**  

La rosa se iba abriendo,  
Abrazada al sauce.  
El árbol apasionado la amaba tanto!  
Pero una niña coqueta se la ha robado  
Y el sauce deconsolado le está llorando.  

---  

**The Rose and the Willow**  

The rose opened,  
Entwined with the willow.  
How in love the tree was with her!  

But she was stolen by a vain girl  
And the disconsolate willow weeps for her there.
Carlos Guastavino  
Flores Argentinas  
Text by Léon Benarós

¡Qué Linda la Madreselva!
¡Qué linda la matreselva!
Parece un labio que besa.
Pregona, con sus dulzores,
la primavera que empieza.

¡Ay, madreselva! No creas
promesas del picaflor,
que ya olvidó tus amores,
que se llevó tus dulzores...

¡Qué lindo, cuando en las tardes,
difunde tanta dulzura!
Aroma de verde cerco
de la madreselva pura...

The White Carnation
El clavel del aire blanco
es suspiro detenido
que en el aire se hace flor
con el perfume más fino.

¡Ay, amor!
La flor en la niña,
la niña en la flor...

Del clavel del aire blanco
nadie ofenda su blancura,
porque tiene el parecer
de la inocencia más pura.

How Beautiful is the Honeysuckle!
The honeysuckle is as sweet
as lips that steal a kiss,
announcing with its sweetness
the beginning of spring.

Oh, honeysuckle, don’t rely
on the promises of the hummingbird,
that has already forgotten your lovemaking,
that has had its fill of your sweetness.

How beautiful it is in the afternoons
when it spreads its sweetness,
the scent from the pure green girdle of
honeysuckle,
the scent from the pure green girdle of
honeysuckle.

Oh, honeysuckle, don’t rely
on the promises of the hummingbird,
that has already forgotten your lovemaking,
that has had its fill of your sweetness.
Alberto Ginastera
Text by Francisco Silva y Valdés

Canción al arbol del olvido

En mis pagos hay un arbol
Que del olvido se llama,
Al que van a despenarse,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Los moribundos del alma.

Para no pensar en vos
Bajo el arbol del olvido
Me acosté una nochecita,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Y me quedé bien dormido.

Al despertar de aquel sueño
Pensaba en vos otra vez,
Pues me olvidé de olvidarte,
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,
Encuantito me acosté.

Giacomo Puccini

Sole e amore (Mattinata)

Il sole allegramente batte ai tuoi vetri;
Amor pian pian batte al tuo cuore,
E l’uno e l’altro chiama.
Il sole dice:
“O dormente mostrato che sei bella!”

Dice l’amor:
“Sorella, col tuo primo pensier
Pensa a chi t’ama!
Pensa a chi t’ama!
Pensa!”

Giacomo Puccini
Text by Giuseppe Adami

Morire?

Morire?...e chi lo sa qual’è la vita!
Questa che s’apre luminosa e schietta ai fascini,
agli amori, alla speranze.
O quella che in rinuncie s’è assopita?
È la semplicità timida equeta
Che si tramanda come ammonimento
Come un segreto di virtú segreta
Perchè ognuno ragginga la sua mèta.

O non piuttosto il vivo balenare
Di sogni nuovi sovra sogni stanchi,
E la pace travolta a l’inesausta fede
d’overe per desiderare?
Ecco io non lo so,
ma voi che siete all’altra sponda  
Sulla riva immensa ove fiorisce il fiore  
ella vita  
Son certo lo saprete.

Francesco Cilea  
Text by Arturo Colautti  
Lo son l’umile ancella  
Ecco respiro appena  
Io son l’umile ancella  
del Genio creator;  
ei m’offre la favella,  
io la diffondo ai cor.  
Del verso io son l’accento,  
l’eco del dramma uman,  
il fragile strumento  
vassallo della man  
Mite, gioconda, atroce,  
mi chiamo Fedeltà:  
um soffio è la mia voce,  
che al novo di morrà.

Adriana  
See, I can scarcely breathe..  
I am the humble maidservant  
of the creative spirit;  
he offers me the words  
and I make them known to people’s hearts.  
I give the verses their stress  
and echo the human drama,  
I am the delicate instrument  
that serves the hand.  
Quiet, happy, terrible;  
my name is Fidelity.  
My voice is but a breath.
BIOGRAPHIES

DAME KIRI TE KANAWA

Dame Kiri Te Kanawa gained legendary status almost overnight after her sensational debut as the Countess in Le Nozze di Figaro at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in 1971. From then, she moved rapidly into the front rank of international opera, and has become one of the most famous sopranos in the world.

At the time of her operatic debut she was already an experienced concert and recording artist, and equally at home in front of the cameras as on stage. Continuing to develop as a recitalist, she is now a much sought-after singer in a wide variety of musical contexts.

In the genre of opera, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa is a familiar figure in the leading opera houses of the world — Covent Garden, the Metropolitan, the Chicago Lyric Opera, Paris Opera, Sydney Opera House, the Vienna State, La Scala, San Francisco, Munich and Cologne. Her lyric soprano heroines include the three major leading roles by Richard Strauss (Arabella, The Marschallin, and the Countess in Capriccio); Mozart’s Fiordiligi, Donna Elvira, Pamina and, of course, the Countess Almaviva; Verdi’s Violetta, Amelia Boccanegra, and Desdemona; Puccini’s Tosca, Mimi and Manon Lescaut; Johann Strauss’ Rosalinde; Tchaikovsky’s Tatiana; Bizet’s Micaela (or Carmen); and Gounod’s Marguerite.

On the concert stage, her natural serenity and vocal beauty have joined with the world’s major orchestral ensembles — Chicago Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, London Symphony and the Boston Symphony under the batons of such conductors as Claudio Abbado, Sir Colin Davis, Charles Dutoit, James Levine, Zubin Mehta, Seiji Ozawa and Sir Georg Solti.

She has appeared at venues both vast and specialized including Glyndebourne, Tanglewood, Ravinia, the arena at Verona, the Hollywood Bowl, the festivals of Aix-en-Provence and Salzburg, and the desert outback of Australia.

Dame Kiri has released a number of distinguished recordings including the complete Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro, Cosí fan Tutte, Die Zauberflöte and Tosca, La Rondine and Manon Lescaut, plus Simon Boccanegra, Arabella, Otello, La Traviata, Der Rosenkavalier, Faust, Eugene Onegin, Carmen, Capriccio and La Bohème, along with selections of arias from French, Italian and German operas.

Outside the operatic field, her recordings are equally extensive and include: Mozart concert arias; the Strauss Four Last Songs; and the notably successful Songs of the Auvergne (top of the bestseller charts in Britain); Berlioz’s Nuits d’été; Brahms’ German Requiem; Handel’s Messiah, and the Beethoven ninth and Mahler fourth Symphonies.

With versatility and poise, she joined Nelson Riddle for Blue Skies, an album of American popular songs; followed by albums of Gershwin, Porter and Kern songs and three classics of the light music stage: My Fair Lady, South Pacific, and Bernstein’s only recording of West Side Story.
As well as being heard, she can also be seen on videos of Don Giovanni (dir: Joseph Losey), Le Nozze di Figaro (dir: Ponelle), Tosca (Paris Opera), Der Rosenkavalier, Die Fledermaus and Manon Lescaut (from Covent Garden), and Otello (from Covent Garden, and live from Verona), Capriccio (from San Francisco Opera) and a concert performance of My Fair Lady from the Royal Albert Hall, London.

Kiri Te Kanawa was born in New Zealand, and carries the exotic blood of native Maori aristocracy. By the time she was 20 she had won the major vocal prizes available in the South Pacific, and had also started her recording career — unusual for a prima donna in any era. After moving to London and studying at the London Opera Centre, she was engaged to sing a Flower Maiden at Covent Garden. Sir Colin Davis’ attention was caught, and the young Kiri Te Kanawa was marked for Mozart’s Countess, after first appearing as Carmen in Britain and New Zealand. Since that memorable Figaro, she has mastered a large repertoire from the classics of opera to the art songs of French, German and British composers, and a great treasury of contemporary popular music.

Created a Dame Commander of the British Empire in 1982, Kiri Te Kanawa has been conferred with honorary degrees from the Universities in Cambridge, Oxford, Dundee, Durham, Nottingham, Sunderland, Warwick, Auckland, Waikato and Chicago. She is also an honorary fellow of Somerville College, Oxford, and Wolfson College, Cambridge, and was invested with the Order of Australia in 1990. In the 1995 Queen’s Birthday Honours List, she was awarded the prestigious Order of New Zealand. Dame Kiri is an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music.

As a soloist at the wedding of HRH Prince Charles in St. Paul’s Cathedral, she faced one of the largest direct telecast audiences of any singer in history (estimated to be over 600 million people). 1990 saw another record when, during a tour of Australia and New Zealand, her outdoor concert in the city of Auckland attracted a crowd of 140,000.

After 25 years at the forefront of musical life, in 1994 Dame Kiri celebrated her 50th birthday, culminating in a spectacular Birthday Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, London.

Dame Kiri released a new album, Maori Songs (EMI Label), a tribute to her background and homeland, and also performed in Gisborne, New Zealand, to welcome the first dawn of the new Millennium. Dame Kiri was the single most featured artist throughout the 2000 TODAY live global telecast — the longest ever continuously live program, broadcast to over 80 countries and an estimated audience of over one billion people.

2002 saw her performing at the gala concert on June 1, at Buckingham Palace, in celebration of the Queen’s Jubilee, and playing the title role in Vanessa at The Washington Opera (a role she subsequently reprised at Los Angeles Opera). A gala concert was given in February 2004 in Auckland, to launch The Kiri Te Kanawa Foundation, a charity which aims to give support and financial aid to dedicated New Zealand singers and musicians. Dame Kiri continues to devote her experience and expertise to organizing and appearing at further concerts and galas to raise funds for this Foundation and the UK-based Friends of the Kiri Te Kanawa Foundation.

In March 2006 Dame Kiri sang a tribute to the Queen at the Opening Ceremony of the 18th Commonwealth Games in Melbourne and in October 2006 released an exciting new album (EMI label) in collaboration with composer Karl Jenkins, titled Kiri Sings Karl. In April 2007 she was honored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild at their 72nd annual tribute luncheon. Dame Kiri continues to perform in concert halls and arenas throughout the world, with performances for 2007 in New Zealand, Japan, Korea, England, Brazil, Turkey, Jersey, the United States, Canada, Hungary, Spain, Hong Kong and China.

www.kiritekanawa.org
Warren Jones

Warren Jones frequently performs with many of today’s best-known artists, including Barbara Bonney, Ruth Ann Swenson, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Denyce Graves, Stephanie Blythe, Håkan Hagegård, Bo Skovhus, Samuel Ramey, James Morris, John Relyea, and Joseph Alessi. In the past he has partnered such great singers as Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Carol Vaness, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos and Martti Talvela. His collaborations have earned consistently high praise from many publications: The Boston Globe termed him “flawless” and “utterly ravishing;” The New York Times, “exquisite;” and The San Francisco Chronicle said simply, “He is the single finest accompanist now working.”

Mr. Jones has been featured in an interview with Eugenia Zuckerman on CBS Sunday Morning in which his work as a performer and teacher was explored, and he has appeared on television across the United States with Luciano Pavarotti. He has often been a guest artist at Carnegie Hall and in Lincoln Center’s Great Performers Series, as well as the festivals of Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Caramoor. His international travels have taken him to recitals at the Salzburg Festival, Milan’s Teatro alla Scala, the Maggio Musicale Festival in Florence, the Teatro Fenice in Venice, Paris’ Théâtre des Champs-Elysées and Opéra Bastille, Wigmore Hall and Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, the Konzerthaus in Vienna, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, the Cultural Centre in Hong Kong and theaters throughout Scandinavia and Korea. Mr. Jones has been invited three times to the White House by American presidents to perform at concerts honoring the President of Russia, and Prime Ministers of Italy and Canada — and three times he has appeared at the U.S. Supreme Court as a specially invited performer for the Justices and their guests. As a guest at the Library of Congress, Mr. Jones has appeared with the Juilliard Quartet in performances of the Schumann Piano Quintet. He was featured in the United Nations memorial concert and tribute to Miss Audrey Hepburn, an event which was telecast worldwide following Miss Hepburn’s death.

Recent seasons have included his debut with the New York Philharmonic at Avery Fisher Hall (performing the Sextet of Ernst von Dohnanyi), performances with the Brentano Quartet (Schubert Trout Quintet), and an invitation to teach a master class at The Juilliard School under the auspices of the Marilyn Horne Foundation.

Several recordings with Mr. Jones have caught the public’s ear: on BMG/RCA Red Seal, he is featured with Håkan Hagegård in songs of Brahms, Sibelius and Stenhammar in a recording which was nominated for a Grammy Award in 1999; on the Samsung Classics label, with Korean soprano Youngok Shin in A Dream, her first recital disc with piano; and for NPR Classics, a recital of spirituals with Denyce Graves, entitled Angels Watching Over Me. Other compact discs featuring Mr. Jones include: I carry your heart, with Ruth Ann Swenson on EMI; Every Time We Say Goodbye, with Samuel Ramey on SONY Classics; and Fauré Songs with Barbara Bonney and Håkan Hagegård on RCA Red Seal. A critically-acclaimed survey of the songs of Edward Grieg with Mr. Hagegård has also been issued by BMG/RCA Victor. Mr. Jones’ recording of Copland and Ives songs with Mr. Ramey for Decca/Argo was also nominated for a Grammy Award; and he can be seen on the best-selling Deutsche Grammophon video/laser disc of his memorable Metropolitan Museum of Art concert with Kathleen Battle.

Mr. Jones is a member of the faculty at the Manhattan School of Music in New York City, where highly gifted young artists work with him in a unique graduate degree program in
collaborative piano. Each summer he teaches and performs at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, California. For 10 years he was Assistant Conductor at the Metropolitan Opera and for three seasons served in the same capacity at San Francisco Opera.

Mr. Jones is also a prominent musical jurist, having been a judge for the Walter Naumberg Foundation Awards, the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, Artists’ Association International Fine Arts Competition, and the American Council for the Arts. In the Spring of 1997 he joined the jury of the Van Cliburn International Piano Competition in Fort Worth, Texas, at Mr. Cliburn’s special invitation.

Born in Washington, D.C., Mr. Jones grew up in North Carolina and graduated with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, Massachusetts — where he was recently honored with the Conservatory’s Outstanding Alumni Award.

A resident of New York City, Mr. Jones enjoys cooking, exercise, historical novels, and lively political discussion.