

SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1981 AT 7:30 P.M.
PREVIEW AT 6:30 P.M.
DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION

THE LOS ANGELES MASTER CHORALE AND SINFONIA ORCHESTRA ROGER WAGNER, MUSIC DIRECTOR

GREAT OPERA CHORUSES

KURT HERBERT ADLER, *Guest Conductor*
JEANNINE WAGNER, *Assistant Conductor*
DOROTHY WADE, *Concertmaster*
MARVELLEE CARIAGA, *Mezzo-soprano*
JONATHAN MACK, *Tenor*
GREGORY STAPP, *Bass*

IDOMENEO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Nettuno s'onori • Placido e il mar • O voto tremendo • Scenda Amor

FIDELIO Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
O welche Lust

MERRY MOUNT Howard Hanson (1896-1981)
Prelude • It is the house of gay carouse • Praise we the Lord

IRIS Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945)
Inno del sole

CARMEN Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
La cloche a sonné • Habañera • Écoute, écoute, compagnon
Quant au douanier • Les voici! Les voici!

Intermission

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
She looks like sleep

PETER GRIMES Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Old Joe has gone fishing • Interlude • Final Scene

LA FORZA DEL DESTINO Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Il santo nome di Dio • La Vergine degli Angeli

DIE MEISTERSINGER Richard Wagner (1813-1883)
Sankt Krispin, lobet ihn! • Wach 'auf • Ehrt eu're deutschen Meister

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PROGRAM NOTES

by

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Mozart commenced *Idomeneo* on January 27, 1780, his twenty-fourth birthday. After many modifications of Veresco's wretched libretto, it was produced sometime in February, 1781, the date of the first performance being unknown. A mixture of the Italian and French type *opera seria*, it is the French influence which accounts for the great choruses, the instrumental marches and interludes, and the nobly accompanied recitatives, closely modeled on the *Alceste* of Gluck.

Idomeneo, King of Crete, returning from Troy, lands with his Cretan soldiers who give praise to Neptune in the chorus *Nettuno s'onori*. They believe that they have been saved through the god's beneficence, when in truth Idomeneo had saved himself from the engulfing storm by a vow to sacrifice to the gods the first person he sees, unexpectedly his son Idamantes. To extricate himself from his obligation he determines to send Idamantes away from the island. Electra is to accompany him. As the people sing *Placido è il mar* (The sea is calm) Electra emerges with an aria expressing her joy at this good fortune. Idomeneo then reveals his promise and his people express their horror and dismay in the great and powerfully scored chorus *O voto tremendo* (O terrible vow).

In the final chorus of the opera, the people celebrate the accession as king of Idamantes, saved from the wrath of the gods through the abdication of Idomeneo.

Beethoven encountered numerous problems in working out the dramatic exigencies of *Fidelio*, for although he was a great dramatic musician, he was not endowed with the musical dramatist's instincts for the stage. *Fidelio* received its initial performance on November 20, 1805 in the Theater-an-der-Wien.

Leonore learns that the villanous Castellan Pizarro intends to murder her husband, Florestan, who is in prison. Hoping to see her husband, she persuades Rocco, the chief jailer, to permit his prisoners to leave their cells briefly. Beethoven poignantly depicts the hesitant groping prisoners as they emerge from cruel confinement into overwhelming daylight. They voice their joy, *O welche Lust* even if but for this brief moment of freedom.

Howard Hanson was one of several American composers commissioned to compose works for the Metropolitan opera in the early 1930's by the then General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza. Two other composers who benefitted from this man's encouragement were Deems Taylor, with *Peter Ibbetsen* and *The King's Henchmen*, and Louis Gruenberg with *The Emperor Jones*.

Hanson's contribution was *Merry Mount*,

loosely based on Hawthorne's short story "The Maypole of Merry Mount," with some rather elaborate expansion of the plot. The opera deals generally with the confrontation between the Puritans and the Roundheads in colonial New England, and specifically with the character Wrestling Bradford and his inner struggles with the Devil. He succumbs to passion, and at the close of the opera he carries his loved one, Lady Marigold, into the burning fortress to their deaths.

The chorus in *Merry Mount* figures importantly in the drama, much as it does in *Boris Godunov*, and the composer acknowledged his debt to Mussorgsky. Hanson's musical powers came to the fore in his choral writing, nowhere so evident as in *Merry Mount*.

After his triumph with *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Mascagni never in any of his subsequent operas matched this masterpiece. He lamented once "I was crowned before I became King."

Composed in 1898, the tragic opera *Iris* is set in Japan. It deals with a story completely Japanese in character and content. The opera was first produced in the year of its composition in the Teatro Costanzi, Rome. As the opera commences, the Sun at dawn proclaims *Inno del Sole*, "I am I, I am Life."

Carmen saw its premier at the Opera Comique, Paris, March 3, 1875. From Prosper Merimee's story *Carmen*, Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy fashioned the libretto Bizet scored so skillfully and dramatically.

In the square of Seville, about noon just as the guard has been changed and Don José has entered the scene, a group of workmen announce the noon break of the girls in the cigarette factory with the chorus *La cloche a sonné*. Carmen, flirting with Don José sings the mocking *Habeñera* echoed and commented on by the gathered crowd.

In Act III a wild mountain setting depicts gathered smugglers together with a sextet of principals including Carmen and Don José. They sing *Écoute, écoute, compagnon* about the vigilance and caution their occupation imposes on them. Fate separates Carmen and Don José who do not meet again until, at the opera's dénouement, Escamillo enters the bullring at Seville to the clamorous welcome of the populous in *Les voici*.

Samuel Barber composed *Anthony and Cleopatra* to a libretto Franco Zeffirelli derived from the Shakespeare play. Commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera to open the new house at Lincoln Center on September 16, 1966, this opera's musical values, including its use of large choruses, appear to have been quite overwhelmed by the cumbersome and excessively opulent production. The chorus sung this evening is the final one of Barber's revised score.

Peter Grimes established Benjamin Britten's reputation as a front rank contemporary composer. Montagu Slater elaborated the libretto from George Crabbe's poem *The Borough*. Aldeburgh, the site of so much of Britten's activities, actually was his model for the opera's fishing village setting. Commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, *Peter Grimes* premiered at the Sadler Wells Theater, London, June 7, 1945.

In Act I, as the storm-sodden fishermen enter a pub, their raucous conduct leads to a spontaneous round of *Old Joe Has Gone Fishing*.

The final scene finds the misfit Peter Grimes pursued continually by ill fate and the hostility of the town's inhabitants. He is at last driven to commit suicide by putting out to sea and scuttling his boat. The villagers believe he is but another victim of the sea, as they calmly prepare to begin a new day.

Verdi composed *La Forza Del Destino* to a libretto of Francesco Piave after a play *Don Alvaro* by the Duke of Rivas, Angel de Saavedra, with an added scene from Schiller's *Wallensteins Lager*. This version, first performed in the Bolshoi Theater, St. Petersburg, November 10, 1862, underwent revision because of additions by the librettist Antonio Ghislanzoni. It was then premiered at La Scala, Milan, February 27, 1869.

After Leonora has been cursed by her wounded dying father, and later flees unrecognized from her vengeful brother Don Carlo, who has sworn to kill her and her lover Don Alvaro, she, disguised as a man, encounters the Abbot of a mountain monastery, who offers her sanctuary. She and the monks pray to the Virgin Mary *La Vergine degli angeli*. Later, clothed in a monk's habit, Leonora leaves to seek solitude in a mountain cave. The Abbot and monks in the chorus *Il santo nome di Dio* then intone their blessing on her as they threaten anyone molesting her with heavenly wrath.

Wagner's glorification of the German nation's inventive musical genius in *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* appeared first on the stage of the National Theater of Munich, June 28, 1868.

After all the twisting humorous maneuverings throughout the drama designed to determine who among the contestant Meistersingers would ultimately triumph with his Prize Song and win Eva's hand, the great day of the contest arrives. The Nürnbergers begin to assemble around the podium on the banks of the Pegnitz. The scene presents the festive procession of all the represented apprentices and guildsmen beginning with the chorus *Sankt Krispin, Sankt Krispin lobet ihn!* Hans Sachs receives the acclaim of the people in the chorus *Wach' auf, es nahet gen den Tag*. Then later, after Walther's triumph, the music drama concludes with the male chorus initiating the final paean of praise for the German Meistersinger and his sacred art, in *Ehrt eure deutschen Meister*.

IDOMENEO

Nettuno s'onori!

Miss Cariaga

Tutti

*Nettuno s'onori!
Quel nome risuoni,
Quel Nume s'adori,
Sovrano del mar;
Con danze e con suoni
Convien festeggiar.*

Solo

*Da lunge ei mira
Di Giove l'ira
E in un baleno
Và all' Eghe in seno.
Da regal sede
Tosto prevede,
Fa i generosi
Destrier squammosi,
Ratto accoppiar.
Dall' onde fuore
Suonan sonore
Tritoni araldi
Robusti e baldi
Buccine intorno.
Già riede il giorno
Che il gran tridente
Il mar furente
Seppe domar.*

Tutti

*Nettuno s'onori!
Quel nome risuoni,
Quel Nume s'adori,
Sovrano del mar;*

*Con danze e con suoni
Convien festeggiar.*

Solo

*Su conca d'oro,
Regio decoro
Spira Nettuno.
Scherza Portuno
Ancor bambino
Col suo delfino,
Con Anfitrite;
Or noi di Dite
Fè trionfar.
Nereide amabili,
Ninfe adorabili,
Che alla gran Dea,
Con Galatea
Corteggio fate,
Deh ringraziate
Per noi quei Numi,
Che i nostri lumi
Fero asciugar.*

Tutti

*Nettuno s'onori!
Quel nome risuoni,
Quel Nume s'adori,
Sovrano del mar;
Con danze e con suoni,
Convien festeggiar.
Or suonin le trombe,
Solenne ecatombe
Andiam preparar.*

All Honor to Neptune!

All

*All honour to Neptune!
Let his name resound,
let us worship the god,
ruler of the sea;
we must celebrate
with dancing and music.*

Solo

From afar he observes

*Jupiter's wrath,
and in a flash
vanishes into the bosom of the ocean.
From his regal seat
he promptly prepares,
has his sturdy,
scaly steeds
swiftly yoked.
From out of the waves
the Triton heralds,
strong and bold,
make the trumpets
ring forth all around.
Now the day has returned
when the great trident*
successfully tamed
the raging sea.*

All

*All honour to Neptune!
Let his name resound,
let us worship the god,
ruler of the sea;
we must celebrate
with dancing and music.*

Solo

*On a golden conch
Neptune breathes forth
in royal pomp.
Portunus dallies,
still a child,
with his dolphin,
with Amphitrite;
now he has brought
us victory over Dis.
Lovely Nereids,
adorable nymphs,
who with Galatea
attend at court on
the great goddess,
pray thank on
our behalf those gods
who helped to dry
our tears.*

All

*All honour to Neptune!
Let his name resound,
let us worship the god,
ruler of the sea;
we must celebrate
with dancing and music.
Now let the trumpets sound,
let us away to prepare
solemn hecatombs.*

Placido e il mar

Miss Cariaga

Tutti

*Placido è il mar, andiamo,
Tutto ci rassicura,
Felice avrem ventura,
Sù, sù! partiamo or'or.*

Elettra

*Soavi Zeffiri
Soli spirate,
Del freddo borea
L'ira calmate,
D'aura piacevole
Cortesi siate,
Se da voi spargesi
Per tutto amor.*

Tutti

*Placido è il mar, andiamo,
Tutto ci rassicura,
Felice avrem ventura,
Sù, sù! partiamo oror'.*

All

*Calm is the sea, let us go,
all is reassuring,
we shall have good fortune.*

Come, away, let us leave now.

Electra

*Blow, soft zephyrs
alone,
calm the wrath
of the cold north wind,
be kind with
pleasant breezes,
if love spreads
everywhere from you.*

Chorus

*Calm is the sea, let us go.
All is reassuring,
we shall have good fortune.
Come, away, let us leave now.*

O voto tremendo

Coro

*O voto tremendo!
Spettacolo orrendo!
Già regna la morte,
D'abbisso le porte
Spalanca crudel.*

O, Terrible Vow

Chorus

*O terrible vow!
Horrible spectacle!*

Scenda amor

Coro

*Scenda Amor, scenda Imeneo,
E Giunone ai regi sposi;
D'alma pace omai li posi
La Dea pronuba nel sen.*

Descend Love

Chorus

*Descend, Love, descend, Hymen,
and let Juno join the royal couple;
and may the nuptial goddess
implant the spirit of peace in their hearts.*

FIDELIO

O welche Lust!

Mr. Mack and Mr. Stapp

Gefangene

*O welche Lust! In freier Luft
Den Athem leicht zu heben, nur hier, nur
hier ist Leben,
Der Kerker eine Gruft.*

Einer

*Wir wollen mit Vertrauen auf Gottes
Hilfe bauen,
Die Hoffnung flüstert sanft mir zu:
Wir werden frei, – wir finden Ruh'.*

Alle

*O Hoffnung! Rettung! welch ein
Glück!*

O Freiheit, o Freiheit, kehrest du zurück?

Einer

*Sprecht leise, haltet euch zurück,
Wir sind belauscht mit Ohr und Blick.*

Alle

Sprecht leise etc.

Oh, Happy Sight!

Prisoners

*Oh, happy sight! How pure and bright
The air and light around us!
Here life again has found us;
Our prison is a grave.*

A Prisoner

*The mercy everlasting of God
Will comfort all who trust Him.
There speaks the voice of hope in me,
God's help is nigh, and we may yet go free.*

Prisoners
Oh, freedom, freedom! Heavenly powers!
Oh, freedom! Will it yet be ours?
Another
Be silent, never speak that word;
Prisoner
Here we are watch'd and overheard.
Prisoners
Remember, one forbidden word
On our lips never may be heard.

MERRY MOUNT
It is the House of Gay Carouse

Mr. Stapp
Puritans
It is the house of gay carouse
The wicked feast in pride;
'Mid doleful damp of untrimmed lamps
The Foolish Virgins bide.

When lo, aglare, red lightnings flare
The Foolish Virgins bide
Ah, heavens roll away;
With dreadful thump of brazen trump,
There dawns the Judgement Day!

The ocean bed gives up its dead,
And Hell its teeming horde,
For mortals all, both great and small,
Must stand before the Lord.

With tongues agnaw
In fire the damned shall groan;
O horrid pain! But all in vain
The sinner maketh moan!

But godly men shall enter in
The gates of pearly gem.
For aye to rest amid the Blest
Of New Jerusalem!

Tewke
Now hath God sanctified the wilderness
Unto His chosen people.
Such be the fate of idle merry makers
Throughout this land forever!

Amen, saith Praise-God Tewke.

Praise We the Lord!

Puritans
Praise we the Lord!
His name shall be exalted
When Lucifer, abhorr'd
By flame doth lie o'er-vaulted!
Doth lie o'er-vaulted

Full loud the Fiend shall roar
When "Thy time shall be no more!"
Doth swear in mighty thunders!

Praise we the Lord!
To Christ resound the glory!
Ye mountains, in accord,
And waters shout the story!
Shout the story!
Shout! Praise!

Praise we the Lord!
For naught His love can sever!
We rest upon His Word, forever!
Forever and forever!
Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!

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IRIS

Inno del sole

Son lo! Son lo la Vita!
Son la Beltà infinita, la Luce
Ed il Calor.

L—12

Amate, o Cose!
Dico: Sono il Dio novo e antico,
Son l'Amor! Son l'Amor!

Per me gli augeli han canti,
L'albe il color di rose.
E palpiti le cose.

Ugualo lo scendo ai Re,
Sì come a te, Mousmè!
Come a te! Pietà è l'essenza mia,
Eterna Poesia, Amor!

Dei Mondi lo Cagione;
Calore, Luce, Calore, Luce, Amor!

Hymn of the Sun

I am I! I am Life!
I am infinite beauty, light
And heat.
How I love these things of earth!
I say: I am God old and new,
I am Love! I am Love!

For me the birds first began their
Sweet song and the rosy dawn appeared.
For me all living things first throbbed
With life.

My authority is brought to bear on
All earthly kings, as it does on
You, Mousmè!
I am made of mercy and that eternal
poetry,
Love!

I am the one Cause!

CARMEN

La Cloche a Sonne

Jeunes Hommes
*La cloche a sonne; nous, des ouvrières,
nous venons ici guetter le retour;
et nous vous suivrons,
brunes cigarières,
en vous murmurant des propos d'amour!*

Soldats
*Voyez-les! Regards impudents,
mines coquettes,
fumant toutes du bout des dents
la cigarette.*

Filles
*Dans l'air, nous suivons des yeux
la fumée, la fumée
qui vers les cieus monte,
monte parfumée.
Cela monte gentiment
à la tête, à la tête
tout doucement,
cela vous met l'âme en fête!
Le doux parler des amants,
c'est fumée!
Leurs transports et leurs serments,
c'est fumée!
Dans l'air nous suivons des yeux, etc.*

Soldats
Mais nous ne voyons pas la Carmencita!

Filles et Jeunes Hommes
*La voilà, la voilà,
voilà la Carmencita!*

The Bell has Rung

Young Men
The bell has rung; we have come

to watch the factory girls come out.
And we will follow you,
black-haired cigarette girls
and whisper love words to you!

Soldiers
See them! Impudent glances,
flirtatious looks,
all of them with cigarettes
between their teeth.

Cigarette Girls
In the air, we follow with our eyes
the smoke, the smoke
that rises toward the sky,
sweet-smelling smoke.
How pleasantly it goes
to your head, to your head
so sweetly
and fills your soul with joy!
The sweet talk of lovers —
that is smoke.
Their transports and their vows —
all that is smoke.
In the air, we follow with our eyes, etc.

Soldiers
But we don't see Carmencita!

Cigarette Girls and Young Men
Here she is, here she is,
here is Carmencita!

Habañera

Miss Cariaga

Carmen

*L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
s'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière,
l'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;
et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
il n'a rien dit mais il me plaît.
L'amour! l'amour! l'amour! l'amour!*

Filles et Jeunes Hommes
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle, etc.

Carmen

*L'amour est enfant de Bohème,
il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi;
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!* etc.

Filles et Jeunes Hommes
*Prends garde à toi!
L'amour est enfant de Bohème, etc.*

Habañera

Miss Cariaga

Carmen

Love, love is a rebel bird
that nobody can ever tame,
and you call him quite in vain
if it suits him not to come.
Nothing helps, nor threat nor prayer.
One man talks well, the other's mum;
it's the other one that I prefer.
He's silent but I like his looks.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Girls and Young Men
Love, love is a rebel bird, etc.

Carmen

Love, love is a gypsy child,
it has never, never known a law;
love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware! etc.

Girls and Young Men
Beware!
Love, love is a gypsy child, etc.

Écoute, Écoute, Compagnon

Miss Cariaga, Mr. Mack and Mr. Stapp

The Men

Écoute, écoute, compagnon, écoute,
la fortune est là-bas, là-bas,
mais prends garde pendant la route,
prends garde de faire un faux pas!

Notre métier, notre métier est bon;
mais pour le faire il faut
avoir, avoir une âme forte!
Et le péril, le péril est en haut,
il est en bas, il est en haut,
il est partout, qu'importe!
Nous allons devant nous
sans souci du torrent,
sans souci de l'orage!
Sans souci du soldat

Listen, listen, friend

Listen, listen, friend, listen,
a fortune awaits us over there, over there,
but take care on the way,
beware of making a misstep!

Our calling, our calling is a good one;
but it requires,
it requires a stout heart!
And peril, peril lurks just above us,
just below us, just above us,
it is everywhere — what of it!
We push straight ahead,
careless of the torrent,
careless of the storm!
Careless of the soldier

Quant Au Douanier

All

Quant au douanier, c'est notre affaire,
tout comme un autre il aime à plaire,
il aime à faire le galant;
ah! Laissez-nous passer en avant!

Quant au douanier, c'est notre affaire! etc

Il aime à plaire!

Le douanier sera clément!

Il est galant!

Le douanier sera charmant!

Il aime à plaire!

Le douanier sera galant!

Oui, le douanier sera même entreprenant!

Oui, le douanier c'est notre affaire!, etc.

Il ne s'agit plus de bataille,
non, il s'agit tout simplement
de se laisser prendre la taille
et d'écouter un compliment.
S'il faut aller jusqu'au sourire,
que voulez-vous, on sourira!

Et d'avance, je puis le dire,
la contrebande passera!
En avant! marchons! allons! en avant!

Le douanier, c'est notre affaire!, etc.
Marchons en avant!
Ah! Marchons, marchons! en avant!

As for the Customs Guard

The customs guard, he's up to us,
like everyone else he likes to be liked,
he likes to play the gallant;
ah! We'll go first!

The customs guard, he's up to us! etc.

He likes to be liked!

The customs guard will be merciful!

He plays the gallant!

The customs guard will be charming!

He likes to be liked!

The customs guard will be gallant!

Yes, the customs guard will even be bold!

Yes, the customs guard, he's up to us! etc.

No more question of battles,
no, it's simply a question
of letting his arm go around your waist
and listening to a compliment.
If we have to go so far as to smile,
so what — we'll smile!

And I can tell you in advance
the contraband will get through!
Forward march! Let's go! March!

The customs guard, he's up to us! etc.
Forward march!

Ah! Forward march! Let's go!

Les Voici! Les Voici!

Tout

Les voici! les voici!
Voici la quadrille!

Les voici! Oui, les voici!
Voici la quadrille!
Les voici! voici la quadrille,
la quadrille des Toreros!
Sur les lances, le soleil brille!
En l'air, en l'air toques et sombreros!
Les voici! voici la quadrille, etc.

Voici, debouchant sur la place,
voici d'abord marchant au pas,
l'alguazil à vilaine face!
A bas! à bas! à bas! à bas!

À bas l'alguazil! à bas!
Oui! à bas! à bas! à bas!
Et puis saluons au passage,
saluons les hardis Chulos!
Bravo! viva! gloire au courage!
Voici les hardis Chulos!
Voyez, les Banderilleros,
voyez quel air de crânerie!
Voyez! Voyez! Voyez!
Voyez! quels regards,
et de quel éclat étincelle la broderie
de leur costume de combat!
Voici les Banderilleros!
Une autre quadrille s'avance!
Voyez les Picadors!
Ah! comme ils sont beaux!
Comme ils vont du fer de leur lance,
harceler le flanc des taureaux!
L'Espada! L'Espada! Escamillo! Escamillo!

C'est l'Espada, la fine lame,
celui qui vient terminer tout,
qui paraît à la fin du drame

et qui frappe le dernier coup!
Vive Escamillo! Ah! bravo!
Les voici! voici la quadrille, etc.

Here They Are!

The Crowd

Here they are! Here they are!
Here is the cuadrilla!

Here they are! Yes, here they are!
Here is the cuadrilla!
Here they are! Here is the cuadrilla,
the cuadrilla of the Toreros!
On the lances, the sun glitters!
In the air, caps and sombreros!
Here they are! here is the cuadrilla, etc.

Here, coming into the square,
here, first of all, keeping step,
the bailiff with his nasty face!
Down! Down! Down! Down!

Down with the bailiff! Down with him!
Yes! Down! Down! Down!
And then, let us salute as they pass,
let us salute the bold Chulos!*
Bravo! Viva! Hail to their courage!
Here are the bold Chulos!
See, the Banderilleros,
see them swagger!
Look! Look! Look!
See their proud glances,
and see the bright sparkle
of their embroidered fighting costumes!
Here are the Banderilleros!
Another cuadrilla is coming!
See the Picadors!
Ah! How handsome!
With the tips of their lances
they're going to prick the flanks of the
bulls!

L'Espada! L'Espada! Escamillo! Escamillo!

That's l'Espada, with his fine blade,
the one who will end it all,
who appears at the end of the drama
and strikes the last blow!
Viva Escamillo! Ah bravo!
Here they are! here is the cuadrilla, etc.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA She Looks Like Sleep

Populace

She looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace,
Take up her bed

No grave on earth shall clasp,
Shall clasp in it
A pair so famous.
No grave on earth shall clasp in it
A pair so famous

Soldiers

Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
Take up her bed,
She looks like sleep

She shall be buried by her Antony,
By her Antony.
No grave shall clasp in it
A pair so famous.
Our array shall attend
Solemn show this funeral
And then to Rome.

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PETER GRIMES
Old Joe Has Gone Fishing

All
Old Joe has gone fishing and
Young Joe has gone fishing and
You Know has gone fishing and found
them a shoal . . . etc.

Repeat
Pull them in in han'fuls and in can-fuls and
in pan-fuls
Bring them in sweetly,
Cut them completely,
Pack them up neatly,
Sell them discreetly . . . etc.

Repeat
O haul away! O haul away!
Bring them in, o haul away! Etc.

Old Joe, young Joe, You Know,
I know, He know, They all know,
They found them a shoal!

Final Scene
Mr. Mack and Miss Cariaga

Chorus
Peter Grimes! Etc.
Peter
Steady! There you are! Nearly home!
What is home?
Calm as deep water.
Where's my home?
Deep in calm water.
Water will drink my sorrows dry,
And the tide will turn. . .

Steady! There you are! Nearly home!
The first one died, just died.
The other slipped, and died. . .
and the third will. . .
"Accidental circumstances."
Water will drink his sorrows . . . my
sorrows dry,
and the tide will turn. . .

Peter Grimes!
Here you are! Here I am!
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry!
Now is gossip put on trial,
Bring the branding iron and knife
For what's done now is done for life!
Come on! Land me! "Turn the skies back
and begin again!"

"Old Joe has gone fishing and
Young Joe has gone fishing" and
You'll know who's gone fishing
When you land the next shoal!

Ellen! Ellen! Give me your hand, your
hand.
There now . . . my hope is held by you.
If you leave me alone, if you
Take away your hand!
The argument's finished, friendship lost,
Gossip is shouting, ev'rything's said.
To hell with all your mercy!
To hell with your revenge, and
God have mercy upon you!

Do you hear them all shouting my name?
Old Davy Jones shall answer:
Come home! Come home Come home!
Come home!
Peter Grimes! Etc.

Ellen
Peter, we've come to take you home.
O come home out of this dreadful night!
See, here's Balstrode.
Peter, don't you hear me?

Peter
What harbor shelters peace,
Away from tidal waves, away from storms!
What harbor can embrace terrors and
tragedies.
Her breast is harbor too,
Where night is turned to day, to day.

Chorus
To those who pass, the borough sounds
betray
The cold beginning of another day.
And houses sleeping by the waterside
wake
to the measured ripple of the tide. . .

Swallow
There's a boat sinking out at sea,
Coastguard reports.

A Fisherman
Within reach?
Swallow
Fisherman
Let's have a look thro' the glasses.

Chorus
. . . or measured cadence of the lads who
tow
Some entered hoy to fix her in her row.
Or hollow sound that from the passing bell
To some departed spirit bids farewell.

All
Auntie
What is it?
Boles
Nothing I can see.

Auntie
One of these rumors!
All
In ceaseless motion comes and
Goes the tide
Flowing it fills the channel
Broad and wide,
Then back to sea with strong majestic
Sweep it rolls in ebb yet terrible,
Terrible and deep.

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LA FORZA DEL DESTINO
Il Santo Nome di Dio

Mr. Stapp
Guardiano
Il santo nome - di Dio Signore
Sia benedetto -
Tutti
Sia benedetto.

Guardiano
Un' alma a piangere - viene l'errore,
In queste balze - chiede ricetto. . . .
Il santo speco - noi le schiudiamo. . . .
V' è noto il loco?

Tutti
Lo conosciamo.
Guardiano
A quell' asilo - sacro involato
Nessun si appressi. -
Tutti

Obbediremo.
Guardiano
Il cinto umile - non sia varcato
Che nel divide. -
Tutti

Nol varcheremo.
Guardiano
A chi il divieto - frangere osasse,
O di quest' anima - scoprir tentasse
Nome o mistero, - Maledizione!
Tutti

Maledizione - Maledizione.
Il cielo fulmini - incenerisca
L'empio mortale - se tanto ardisca;
Su lui scatenisi - ogni elemento. . . .
L'immonda cenere - ne sperda il vento.

Guardiano
A Leo.) Alzatevi, e partite. Alcun vivente
Piu non vedrete. Dello speco il bronzo
Ne avverta se periglio vi sovrasti,
O per voi giunto sia l'estremo giorno. . . .
A confortarvi l'alma
Volerein, pria ch' a Dio faccia ritorno.
La Vergine degli Angeli
Vi copra del suo manto,
E voi protegga vigile
Di Dio l'Angelo santo.

Abbott
Blessed be the name of God.
Chorus

So be it.
Abbott
A soul comes here to repent of his errors,
Chorus
And ask shelter in these mountains;
Let us open the holy cave for him.
You know the place. . . .
We know it.

Abbott
Nobody should approach that holy place.
Chorus
We will obey.
Abbott
Nobody should pass its humble threshold.
Chorus

We will not cross it.
Abbott
Whoever dares to break his word,
Or attempts to find out the name,
And mystery of this soul, will be cursed.

Chorus
Let him be cursed, and may heaven
Strike him with a thunderbolt!
Let also the elements be against him,
And his ashes scattered to the winds.
Abbott
(To Leonora). Arise and depart. You shall
see
No longer any mortal man!
The bell of the cave shall be a signal of
danger.

And we will bring you consolation
In your last moments, before your soul
Be called to its Maker.
Let the Holy Virgin
Cover you with her mantle,
And the angels of God
Watch over you.

La Vergine Degli Angeli
Miss Cariaga

Leonora
La Vergine degli Angeli
Mi copra del suo manto,
E me protegga vigile
Di Dio l'Angelo santo.
(ripeta)
E me protegga
l'Angiol di Dio,
Me protegga
E me protegga.

Tutti
La Vergine degli Angeli
Vi copra del suo manto,
E voi protegga vigile
Di Dio l'Angelo santo.
(ripeta)
E vi protegga
l'Angiol di Dio
Voi protegga
E voi protegga

Let the Holy Virgin
Miss Cariaga

Leonora

Let the Holy Virgin
Cover me with her mantle.
the angels of God
Watch over me.

Chorus

Let the Holy Virgin
Cover you with her mantle
the angels of God
Watch over you.

DIE MEISTERSINGER
Sankt Krispin, Lobet Ihn!

Die Schuster

Sankt Krispin, lobet ihn!
War gar ein heilig Mann,
Zeigt' was ein Schuster kann.
Die Armen hatten gute Zeit,
Macht' ihnen warme Schuh';
Und wenn ihm keiner's Leder leiht,
So stahl er sich's dazu.
Der Schuster hat ein weit Gewissen,
Macht Schuhe selbst mit Hindernissen;
Und ist von Gerber das Fell erst weg,
Dann streck', streck', streck'!
Leder taugt nur am rechten Fleck.
Und ist von Gerber das Fell erst weg,
Dann streck', streck', streck'!
Leder taugt nur am rechten Fleck.

Die Schneider

Als Nuremberg belagert war,
Und Hungersnot sich fand,
War Stadt und Land verdorben gar,
War nicht ein Schneider, ein
Schneider, ein Schneider zur Hand,
Der viel Mut hatt' und Verstand.
Hat sich in ein Bocksfell eingnäht,
Auf dem Stadtwall da spazieren geht,
Und macht wohl seine Sprünge
Gar lustig guter Dinge.
Der Feind, der sieht's und zieht vom Fleck:
Der Teufel hol' die Stadt sich weg,
Hat's d'rin noch so lustige Meck, meck,
meck!
Wer glaubt's, dass ein Schneider, ein
Schneider, ein Schneider
Im Bocke steck'!

Die Bäcker

Hungersnot! Hungersnot!
Das ist ein gräulich' Leiden:
Gäb' euch der Bäcker nicht täglich Brot,
Musst' alle Welt verscheiden.
Back'! Back'! Back'!
Täglich auf dem Fleck,
Nimm uns den Hunger weg!

Die Schuster

Streck'! Streck'! Streck'!
Leder taugt nur am rechten Fleck!

Die Schneider

Meck! Meck! Meck!
Wer meint, dass ein Schneider im Bocke
steck'!

Lehrbuben

Herr Je! Mäd'el von Fürt!
Stadtpeifer spielt!
Dass's lustig wird.

David

Ihr tanzt? Was werden die Meister sagen?
Lehrbuben
Hört nicht? Lass' ich mir's auch behagen.

Lehrbuben

David! Die Lene sieht zu!

David

Ach! lasst mich euren Possen in Ruh'!

Lehrbuben

Die Meistersinger!
Die Meistersinger!

David

Herr Gott!
Ade ihr hübschen Dinger!
Lehrbuben
Silentium! Silentium!
Macht kein Reden und kein Gesumm'
Volk
Ha! Sachs! 'Sist Sachs!
Seht Meister Sachs! Meister Sachs!
Stimmt an!

DIE MEISTERSINGER
Praise to St. Crispin!

Cobblers

Praise to St. Crispin!
He was a holy man
And showed what a cobbler can do.
'Twas a good time for the poor,
He made them all warm shoes.
And when none would lend him leather,
Then he'd go and steal it.
The cobbler has a broad conscience,
Makes shoes 'spite all obstacles,
And once the leather's left the tanners,
Then it's stretch, stretch, stretch!
Leather's use is in the right place.
And once the leather's left the tanners,
Then it's stretch, stretch, stretch!
Leather's use is in the right place.

Tailors

When Nuremberg did lie besieged,
And famine there befell,
Town and country would have perished,
Were not a Tailor, a Tailor, a Tailor there,
Who had both courage and wit.
He sewed himself up in a goat's-skin
And wandered 'long the city wall, Skipping
And merrily tripping.
The enemy beheld and left at once.
"The devil take the town,
Wherein there's such a merry me-e-h,
me-e-h, me-e-h!
Who'd think a Tailor, a Tailor, a Tailor
Was in the goat!

Bakers

Famine! Famine!
A terrible torture.
If Bakers gave you not your daily bread,
The whole world would pass away.
Bake! Bake! Bake!
Daily on the dot,
"Our hunger take away!"

Cobblers

Stretch! Stretch! Stretch!
Leather's use is in the right place!

Tailors

Me-e-h! Me-e-h! Me-e-h!
Who'd think a Tailor was in the goat!

Apprentices

Hurrah! Girls from Fürt!
Town-piper, play!
And make it merry!

David

Dancing? What will the Masters say?

Apprentices

D'you hear me? Then I'll have some fun as
well.

David! Lena's watching!

David

Leave me alone with your silly tricks!

Apprentices

The Mastersingers!
The Mastersingers!
David

Good heavens!
Adieu you pretty little things!
Apprentices
Silence! Silence!
No talking nor any sound!

People

Ha, Sachs! 'Tis Sachs!
Look, Master Sachs! Master Sachs!
Sing all!

Wach' Auf!

Volk

„Wach' auf! es nahet gen den Tag;
Ich hör' singen im grünen Hag
Ein' wonnigliche Nachtigal,
Ihr' Stimm' durchdringet Berg und Tal;
Die Nacht neigt sich zum Occident,
Der Tag geht auf von Orient,
Die rotbrünstige Morgenröt'
Her durch die trüben Wolken geht.“
Heil! Heil! Heil,
Nürnberg's teu'rem Sachs!
Heil dir, Sachs! etc.,
Heil! Heil!

Awake, The Day Draws Nigh!

People

"Awake! The day draws nigh,
I hear singing in the verdant hedge
A lovely little nightingale,
Its voice resounds o'er hill and dale.

Night is sinking in the west,
Day arises in the east,
The fiery morning glow
Pierces the melancholy clouds."

Hail! Hail! Hail!
To Nuremberg's Sachs!
Hail Sachs! etc.,
Hail! Hail!

Ehrt Eu're Deutschen Meister

Volk

Ehrt eu're deutschen Meister,
Dann bannt ihr gute Geister;

Und gebt ihr ihrem Wirken Gunst,
Zerging' in Dunst
Das heil'ge röm'sche Reich,
Uns bliebe gleich
Die heil'ge deutsche Kunst!

Heil! Sachs!
Nürnberg's teu'rem Sachs!

Honor Your German Masters!

People

Honour your German Masters!
Thus you will conserve the powers of
good,
And if you nourish these powers,
Though the Holy Roman Empire
Dissolve in mist,
For us there would remain
The Holy German Art!

Hail Sachs!
Nuremberg's dear Sachs!

Music Director of both the Roger Wagner Chorale and the Los Angeles Master Chorale and Sinfonia Orchestra, **ROGER WAGNER** is known the world over as a symbol of the highest achievements in choral art. Dedicated to choral music since early childhood, his international reputation in that area has been enhanced by his work as a composer, arranger, and symphonic conductor, and he is a highly regarded authority on the religious music of the medieval and renaissance periods. He has been knighted twice for his contributions to sacred music. Radio, television, motion pictures, and recordings have all played an important part in his long and illustrious career. He has recorded over 60 albums and received the Grammy Award for his album, *Virtuoso*. In addition to directing the Los Angeles Master Chorale and Sinfonia Orchestra, Roger Wagner has been guest conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and has appeared with leading orchestras all over the world.



KURT HERBERT ADLER, general director of the San Francisco Opera, celebrated both his Silver (25 years of leadership of the San Francisco Opera) and Golden (50th year of his opera career) jubilees at an Anniversary Gala in November, 1978.

Maestro Adler's career as a conductor began in 1925 at age 20 at the Max Reinhardt Theatres in his native Vienna. He was assistant to Arturo Toscanini at the Salzburg Festival in 1936. Two years later he came to the United States, having conducted at the Vienna Volksoper and throughout Germany, Italy and Czechoslovakia. After five years with the Chicago Opera, Adler came to San Francisco in 1943 as chorus director and conductor, making his podium debut with *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which featured Dusolina Giannini and Charles Kullman. He held the post of assistant to San Francisco Opera general director Gaetano Merola from 1949 to Merola's death in 1953.

As general director of the San Francisco Opera, Adler launched the San Francisco Opera Auditions in 1954, the Merola Opera Program in 1957, Spring Opera Theatre in 1961, Western Opera Theater in 1966 and Brown Bag Opera in 1974. In 1977 he conceived the San Francisco Opera/Affiliate Artists-Opera Program, in conjunction with Affiliate Artists, Inc., a model program to provide talented young artists with year-round employment for two to three years and a wide range of professional experience with the San Francisco Opera and its affiliates. In August, 1979, Adler inaugurated a new affiliate program, the American Opera Project, an innovative approach in identifying and previewing new works by

American composers for presentation by major opera companies. All of these organizations are under the aegis of the San Francisco Opera and benefit from Maestro Adler's continuous supervision and guidance.

The **LOS ANGELES MASTER CHORALE** and **SINFONIA ORCHESTRA**, founded by Roger Wagner and the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, became a resident company of the Music Center in 1964. Dr. Wagner has been Music Director of the organization since its formation. Now embarking on its 17th season, the 125-voice ensemble is one of the finest in the United States and includes in its select membership the outstanding professional talent in the Southland.

The Master Chorale presented its first concert season at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in 1965, receiving significant critical acclaim. Under the leadership of Dr. Wagner, the Chorale has continued to present concert seasons of the world's choral masterworks at the Music Center, giving Los Angeles a unique reputation as the only city in the country supporting its own professional resident chorus in an annual series of choral programs.

Two seasons ago the Master Chorale joined the Los Angeles Philharmonic for the inaugural concert of Music Director Carlo Maria Giulini, in Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*. The performance was carried live on public television and transmitted via satellite throughout the United States, Canada, Europe and Mexico.



Mezzo-soprano **MARVELLEE CARIAGA's** performances bring her critical praise wherever she goes: for her acting ability as well as for her superb voice.

She portrayed Magda Sorel in *The Consul* by Menotti at the Spoleto Festival USA (1977) with the Netherlands Opera in her European debut in 1979, Portland, Oregon in 1976, and Atlanta in 1980, with the composer staging all four productions.

In December, 1977 she made her Carnegie Hall debut when Eugene Ormandy chose her to sing the Verdi *Requiem* with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

She has met with great acclaim as Amneris in *Aida*; in *Norma*; and as Lady Macbeth in Seattle; and as Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana* in San Diego. Her Wagner performances in five consecutive summer *Ring* cycles in Seattle (1975-79) were praised unanimously in the international press.

Returning to the San Francisco Opera for its new summer festival performances this coming July, Miss Cariaga will sing a new Wagner role — that of Magdalena in *Die Meistersinger*.



Lyric tenor **JONATHAN MACK** earned a Bachelor of Music degree in French horn from the University of Southern California in 1971, where he also received the School of Music Alumni Award as Outstanding Undergraduate. As a singer (he completed his Master of Music Degree in voice at USC in 1974), his vast experience includes appearances with the orchestras of Los Angeles and Minnesota, with both the Western Opera Theatre and the Merola Program of the San Francisco Opera, Opera Midwest, the Los Angeles Opera Repertory Theatre, the Ojai Festival, the Carmel Bach Festival, Monday Evening Concerts, and the Roger Wagner Chorale. His recordings as soloist include *La Dafne*, Brahms and Schumann choral lieder, and the Brahms *Liebeslieder Waltzes*.



GREGORY STAPP, bass, was born and raised in Denver, Colorado. A graduate of Loretto Heights College and the Academy of Vocal Arts, he studied voice with George Lynn, Margaret Harshaw and Dorothy DiScala. The young bass has appeared with the San Francisco Opera, Philadelphia Orchestra, Opera Company of Philadelphia, and Pennsylvania Opera Theater, among others, and was the bass soloist for the United States Air Force Academy's Annual Festival "Messiah" performances in 1974 & 1975. He was chosen to sing the roles of Vladeck in Laderman's *Shadows Among Us* and the Duke of Buckingham in Turok's *Richard III* when they received their premiere concert readings in 1979 & 1980 respectively, and also performed the role of Charlemagne in the American premiere of Schubert's *Fierrabras* with the AVA Opera Theatre in May 1980. Stapp is a prize winner in the 1979 & 1980 Baltimore Opera National Vocal Competitions, the 1979 Sullivan Musical Foundation Auditions and the 1980 Metropolitan Opera Rocky Mountain Regional Auditions, and San Francisco/Affiliate Artists-Opera Program. Last season he performed three roles in his debut season with Spring Opera Theater: Pluto in *Il ballo delle ingrate*, Friar Lawrence in *Romeo & Juliette* and Ajax in *The Cry of Clytaemnestra*.