

HARRIMAN-JEWELL SERIES

with assistance from

MRS. ESTHER LOEB

presents

DEBORAH VOIGT

soprano

BRIAN ZEGER

pianist

This *Great Masters: the Ingram Events* performance marks
Ms. Voigt's second recital on the Harriman-Jewell Series.
The soprano's first appearance on the Series was on October 27, 2000.

8 P.M. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2009
FOLLY THEATER, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Deborah Voigt – soprano

DEBORAH VOIGT
SOPRANO

BRIAN ZEGER
PIANIST

The Year's at the Spring, Op. 44, No. 1
Ah, Love, But a Day, Op. 44, No. 2
I Send My Heart Up to Thee, Op. 44, No. 3

AMY BEACH
(1867–1944)

Contrasto
Nebbie
Notte

OTTORINO RESPIGHI
(1879–1936)

Dich, teure Halle from *Tannhäuser*

RICHARD WAGNER
(1813–1883)

Vissi d'arte from *Tosca*

GIACOMO PUCCINI
(1858–1924)

Du bist der Lenz from *Die Walküre*

WAGNER

INTERMISSION

Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32, No. 1
Schlechtes Wetter
Lob des Leidens, Op. 15, No. 3
Ach, Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden, Op. 21, No. 3
Frühlingsfeier Op. 56, No. 5

RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864–1949)

I Am in Need of Music
This Heart That Flutters
To the Virgins to Make Much of Time
Bright Cap and Streamers

BENJAMIN MOORE
(b. 1960)

Piccola Serenata
So Pretty
Greeting
Another Love
It's Gotta Be Bad to Be Good
Somewhere

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
(1918–1990)

Immediately following tonight's performance, Ms. Voigt will talk with the audience from the stage.
You are welcome to move to open seats closer to the stage for this conversation.

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

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Texts and Translations

■ AMY BEACH (Mrs. H.H.A.)

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

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

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

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

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new

In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?

Thou art a man,
But I am thy love.
For the lake, its swan;
For the dell, its dove;
And for thee — (oh, haste!)
Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

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

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea,
And the sea bears part;

The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice's streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee,
To thee its dwelling place.

■ OTTORINO RESPIGHI

Contrasto

[Text: Carlo Zangarini]

Piange lenta la luna
 Su rugiade gemmanti ...
 Or lieto all'aria bruna
 Sia l'oblio de li amanti
 Però che dolce è il riso
 Tra il pianto de le cose!

Ben la luna compose
 A mestizia il viso.
 O amica, a quando a quando
 Giova l'oblio: scordare
 Le altrui doglianze amare.
 Intorno andar cantando,
 Mentre piange la luna.

Nebbie

[Text: Ada Negri]

Soffro, lontan lontano
 Le nebbie sonnolente
 Salgono dal tacente
 Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
 Fidati all'ali nere,
 Traversan le brughiere
 Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
 Gli addolorati tronchi
 Offron, pregando, i brochi nudi.
 Come ho freddo!

Son sola;
 Pel grigio ciel sospinto
 Un gemito destinto
 Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;
 È buia la vallata.
 O triste, o disamata
 Vieni! Vieni!

Contrast

The moon weeps slowly
 On the glistening dew ...
 Yet content in the darkness
 Lovers, in their oblivion
 Smile so sweetly
 Through tears!

How the moon shines
 Upon your melancholy face.
 Oh friend, once in a while
 Welcome this oblivion: to forget
 The other hardships of love.
 Sing as you make your way,
 While the moon weeps.

Mists

I suffer. Far, far away
 The sleeping mists
 Rise from the plain
 Quietly.

With a shrill call, the crows,
 Trusting their black wings,
 Fly over the moors
 Grimly.

In the air's raw bite
 The sorrowful tree trunks
 Offer their bare branches as if in prayer.
 I am so cold!

I am alone;
 Through the grey sky
 A groan of the dead
 Rises;

And says again to me: come;
 The valley is dark.
 Oh sad one, oh unloved one
 Come! Come!

Notte

[Text: Ada Negri]

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
Posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
Trema.

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
Smorte?

Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
Entro socchiusi petali
Cade,

Su l'ascose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute.

Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
Piange.

Night

In an extraordinary garden
Perfumed with the scent of roses
The caress of shadows
Lies.

With a thought and a throbbing
In supreme stillness,
The air, like a shiver
Shudders.

Does the mournful darkness
Tell a story of death
To the gardenias
So pallid?

Perhaps, because a drop
Of gentle dew
Into the half-closed petals
Falls,

For hidden miseries
And for lost ardour,
For unspoken dreams and anxieties
Mute.

For fleeting joys
Shattered by deception
The tears of the night
Weep.

■ RICHARD WAGNER

Dich, teure Halle from *Tannhäuser*

Dich, teure Halle, grüss'ich wieder,
 Froh grüss' ich dich, geliebter Raum!
 In dir erwachen seine Lieder
 Und wecken mich aus düstrem Traum.
 Da er aus dir geschieden,
 Wie öd' erschienst du mir!
 Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,
 Die Freude zog aus dir.
 Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,
 So scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr.
 Der mich und dich so neu belebet,
 Nicht länger weilt er ferne mehr,
 Sei mir gegrüsst! Sei mir gegrüsst!
 Du teure Halle, sei mir gegrüsst!

Oh, Hall of Song, I greet thee.
 All hail to thee, thou hallowed place!
 'Twas here that dream, fleeting and so sweet,
 Did trace his song upon my heart.
 But since he has forsaken me,
 Thou seems like a desert to me!
 Thy echoes only waken
 Remembrance of a dream!
 But now the flame of hope shines,
 Thy vault shall ring with glorious war,
 For he, whose strains my soul delighted,
 No longer roams afar!
 I greet thee! I greet thee!
 Oh, Hall of Song, I greet thee!

■ GIACOMO PUCCINI

Vissi d'arte, from *Tosca*

[Text: Illica, Giacosa, after Sardou]

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
 Non feci mai male ad anima viva.
 Con man furtiva
 Quante miserie conobbi, aiutai.
 Sempre con fè sincera
 La mia preghiera ai santi tabernacoli sali.
 Sempre con fè sincera
 Diedi fiori agli altar.
 Nell'ora del dolore
 Perchè, perchè Signore,
 Perchè me ne rimunerai così?
 Diedi gioielli della Madonna al manto,
 E diedi il canto agli astri, al ciel,
 Che ne ridean più belli.
 Nell'ora del dolore
 Perchè, perchè Signore,
 Perchè me ne rimunerai così?

I have lived for art, I have lived for love.
 I have never harmed a living soul.
 In secret I have helped
 Any unfortunate people I have known.
 With sincere faith
 My prayers have always risen to the holy tabernacles.
 With sincere faith
 I have always given flowers for the altars.
 In my hour of grief
 Why, why my Lord,
 Why do you repay me like this?
 I gave jewels for the cloak of Our Lady,
 And offered my song to the stars, and to heaven,
 And made them more beautiful.
 In my hour of grief
 Why, why Lord,
 Why do you repay me like this?

■ WAGNER

Du bist der Lenz from *Die Walküre*

Du bist der Lenz, nach dem ich verlangte
 In frostigen Winters Frist.
 Dich grüßte mein Herz mit heiligem Grau'n,
 Als dein Blick zuerst mir erblühte.
 Fremdes nur sah ich von je,
 Freudlos war mir das Nahe.
 Als hätt' ich nie es gekannt, war, was immer
 Mir kam.
 Doch dich kannt' ich deutlich und klar:
 Als mein Auge dich sah,
 Warst du mein Eigen;
 Was im Busen ich barg, was ich bin,
 Hell wie der Tag taucht' es mir auf,
 O wie tönender Schall schlug's an mein Ohr,
 Als in frostig öder Fremde
 Zuerst ich den Freund ersah.

You are the spring, I have longed for you
 In the frosty winter time.
 You greet my heart with heavenly daybreak,
 When you first glanced at me.
 Everything seemed foreign to me until now,
 I had no close friends.
 As if I would never known it, what always came
 Near me.
 But now I know you simply and clear:
 When my eyes saw you,
 You were my own;
 What I saved in my bosom,
 What I am, is bright like the light of day,
 Like a melodious sound to my ear,
 When in the winter's frosty wilderness
 I first saw my friend.

INTERMISSION

■ RICHARD STRAUSS

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

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

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

I bear my love

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

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

STRAUSS

Schlechtes Wetter
[Text: Heinrich Heine]

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.

Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,
Das wandelt langsam fort:
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen
Wankt über die Strasse dort.

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;
Sie will einen Kuchen backen
Fürs grosse Töchterlein.

Die liegt zu Haus im Lehnstuhl,
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;
Die goldnen Locken wallen
Über das süsse Gesicht.

Lob des Leidens, Op. 15, No. 3
[Text: Adolf Friedrich von Schack]

O, schmäh't des Lebens Leiden nicht!
Seht ihr die Blätter, wenn sie sterben,
sich in des Herbstes goldenem Licht
nicht reicher, als im Frühling färben?

Was gleicht der Blüte des Vergehens
im Hauche des Oktoberwehens?
Krystallner als die klarste Flut
erglänzt des Auges Tränenquelle,

Tief dunkler flammt die Abendglut,
als hoch am Tag die Sonnenhelle,
und keiner kußt so heissen Kuß,
als wer für ewig scheiden muß.

Bad Weather

The weather is bad,
It is raining and storming and snowing;
I sit by the window and look out
Into the darkness.

A lonely little light is glowing out there,
It is moving slowly away:
A young mother with her little lantern
Stumbles along the street.

I believe she's buying
Flour and eggs and butter;
She wants to bake a cake
For her fat little daughter.

Her daughter is at home, lying in an armchair,
Blinking sleepily at the light;
Her golden locks fall
Over her sweet face.

In Praise of Sorrow

O, do not revile the sorrows of life!
Look at the leaves: when they die,
Is not the golden light of autumn
Richer than when tinged by Spring?

What can compare to the blossom of forgiveness
In the October breeze?
More crystalline than the clearest waters
Are eyes with glistening, streaming tears,

Twilight glows with a profounder, darker gleam,
Than the sun does when it is high and bright in the sky,
And no one kisses with such ardent kisses,
As when one must depart forever.

Ach, Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden, Op. 21, No. 3
[Text: Felix Ludwig Julius Dahn]

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden,
Gehn über Berg und Tal,
Die Erlen und die Weiden,
Die weinen allzumal.

Sie sahn so oft uns wandern
Zusammen an Baches Rand,
Das eine ohn' den andern
Geht über ihren Verstand.

Die Erlen und die Weiden
Vor Schmerz in Tränen stehn,
Nun denket, wie's uns beiden
Erst muss zu Herzen gehn.

Frühlingsfeier Op. 56, No. 5
[Text: Heinrich Heine; from *Sechs Lieder*]

Das ist des Frühlings traurige Lust!
Die blühenden Mädchen, die wilde Schar,
Sie stürmen dahin mit flatterndem Haar
Und Jammergeheul und entblößter Brust:
»Adonis! Adonis!«

Es sinkt die Nacht. Bei Fackelschein
Sie suchen hin und her im Wald,
Der angstverwirret widerhallt
Vom Weinen und Lachen und Schluchzen und
Schreien:
»Adonis! Adonis!«

Das wunderschöne Jünglingsbild,
Es liegt am Boden blaß und tot.
Das Blut färbt alle Blumen rot,
Und Klagelaut die Luft erfüllt:
»Adonis! Adonis!«

Ah love, I must now depart

Ah love, I must now depart,
Going over mountain and valley,
The alders and the willows,
They all weep together.

They saw us walk together so often
Along the brook,
When they see one of us without the other,
They just cannot understand.

The alders and the willows
Stand weeping in pain and tears,
Now think how it is for both of us
In our hearts.

Spring ceremony

This is the sad pleasure of spring!
The wild band of girls, in the bloom of the youth,
Rushes away with streaming hair
With cries of woe and bare breasts:
“Adonis! Adonis!”

Night falls. By the light of their torches
They seek here and there in the woods,
Which echo with the confused terror
Of weeping and laughing and sobbing and
Screaming:
“Adonis! Adonis!”

The lovely picture of youth,
Lies pale and dead on the ground.
The blood stains all the flowers red,
And a plaintive sound fills the air:
“Adonis! Adonis!”

■ BENJAMIN MOORE

I Am in Need of Music

[Text: Elizabeth Bishop]

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

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

This Heart That Flutters

[Text: James Joyce]

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

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

To the Virgins to Make Much of Time

[Text: Robert Herrick]

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

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

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

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

Bright Cap and Streamers

[Text: James Joyce]

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

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

■ LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Piccola Serenata

patter lyric

Da-ga-da-ga-dum-da-lai-la-lo, etc.

So Pretty

[Text: Betty Comden & Adolph Green]

We were learning in our school today
All about a country far away,
Full of lovely temples painted gold,
Modern cities, jungles ages old.

And the people are so pretty there,
Shining smiles, and shiny eyes and hair ...

Then I had to ask my teacher why
War was making all those people die.
They're so pretty, so pretty.

Then my teacher said, and took my hand,
"They must die for peace, you understand."
But they're so pretty, so pretty.

I don't understand.

Greeting

[Text: Leonard Bernstein]

When a boy is born,
the world is born again,
And takes its first breath with him.

When a girl is born,
the world stops turning 'round,
And keeps a moment's hushed wonder.

Every time a child is born,
for the space of that brief instant,
The world is pure.

Another Love

[Text: Betty Comden & Adolph Green]

Another love
And so I've had another love,
Another spring, another spell.
I thought that this time it was love,
The diamond ring, the wedding bell.

So we spent a few days in a magical haze;
You said, at the time,
It was wonderful, sweet, terrific, sublime!
And then you found it all a bore,
And here am I just like before.
And so I've had another love.

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BERNSTEIN

It's Gotta Be Bad to Be Good

[Text: Betty Comden & Adolph Green
from *On the Town*]

You don't talk to me tender,
Or treat me easy,
The way that a good lover should.
It's not very gay,
But love is that way.
It's gotta be bad to be good.

Since the first day we started
You played me evil;
Don't know how I've stood what I've stood,
But I'll stay around
'Cause, baby, I've found
It's gotta be bad to be good.

You say that I'll leave you,
Bad penny, bye-bye,
That I'll go and deceive you
With some sweeter guy.

Somewhere

[Text: Stephen Sondheim from *West Side Story*]

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us,
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to look, time to care.

The spell that you weave,
You know I'll never fly.
Is it fair? I don't care.

It's a strange kind of love
If it keeps you cryin',
But I wouldn't change it if I could.
I'm in for a ride,
But I'm satisfied,
'Cause it's gotta be bad to be good.
'Cause it's gotta be bad,
'Cause if love isn't bad it ain't good.

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Some day! Somewhere!
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere —

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there,
Hold my hand and I'll take you there,
Somehow,
Some day,
Somewhere.

DEBORAH VOIGT

Deborah Voigt is one of the world's leading dramatic sopranos, internationally revered in the operas of Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss. She is also noted for her portrayals of such popular Italian operatic parts as Tosca, Aida, Amelia in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Leonora in *La Forza del Destino*. An active recitalist and performer of Broadway standards, Voigt has an extensive discography, and has given many enthusiastically-received master classes. Through her performances and television appearances, she is known for the singular power and beauty of her voice, as well as for her winning personality and stage presence.

Voigt's 2009–2010 season begins and ends with Puccini. She opened the Lyric Opera of Chicago season in the title role of Tosca, and gives her role debut as Minnie in *La Fanciulla del West* (*The Girl of the Golden West*) in her long-awaited return to San Francisco Opera in June. The early autumn saw Voigt in Munich singing the daunting soprano role in Arnold Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra under its music director, Mariss Jansons. Between her two big Puccini engagements, Deborah Voigt returns to her home company, the Metropolitan Opera, in two of her signature roles—as Chrysothemis in Strauss's *Elektra* and Senta in Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* (*The Flying Dutchman*)—and to Barcelona's Gran Teatre del Liceu in another, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. Next summer, she repeats her highly regarded *Salome* first at Switzerland's Verbier Festival under conductor Valery Gergiev, and then at Japan's Saito Kinen Festival with Seiji Ozawa, who conducted her *Salome* concert debut with the Boston Symphony at Tanglewood.

Last season, Voigt added Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* to the long list of operas she has performed at the Met, and she sang her first Chicago *Isolde* at Lyric Opera under Sir Andrew Davis. She also sang Amelia in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* at the Opéra National de Paris, and—after their huge success together at an earlier Hollywood Bowl appearance—in a joint concert with Barbara Cook at California's Orange County Performing Arts Center. Three seasons ago Voigt gave her role debut as Maddalena

in Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chénier* in Barcelona; the following season she returned to Lyric Opera of Chicago as the Empress in a new production of *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. Also in the 2007–2008 season she added *Isolde* to her Met repertoire, with one performance transmitted live in HD to cinemas worldwide. The *New York Times* wrote: "She set the tone for the performance with her clear, incisive, and intelligent singing." She also hosted another of the hugely popular international transmissions in "The Met: Live in HD" series, and returned to the Royal Opera House Covent Garden as the Prima Donna in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

Voigt's wide-ranging repertoire also includes starring roles (several of which she has recorded) in Strauss's *Egyptian Helen*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, and *Friedenstag*; Wagner's *Lobengrin*, *Tannhäuser* and *Die Walküre*; and Berlioz's *Les Troyens*.



credit: Dario Acosta

Deborah Voigt's two popular solo recordings for EMI Classics are both critical successes. The *Washington Post* praised the "discerning eye" behind the adventurous choice of repertoire for *All My Heart*, with pianist Brian Zeger, and noted that it was "performed by a voice outstanding not only for tone and power but for interpretive subtlety and emotional nuance." Voigt's earlier disc, *Obsessions*, presents scenes and arias from operas by Wagner and Strauss. *Gramophone's* review of the *Billboard* top-five bestseller states: "The arias highlight Voigt's extraordinary ability to soar effortlessly and luminously above the orchestra with her trademark rich, lustrous, never hard or brittle voice." Her recording of Strauss's *Egyptian Helen* was also a *Billboard* bestseller, and was named one of the best CDs of the year by *Opera News*. A live recording of the 2003 Vienna State Opera *Tristan und Isolde*, in which Voigt made her headlining role debut, was released by Deutsche Grammophon.

A devotee of Broadway and American song, Deborah Voigt has given acclaimed performances of popular fare, including benefit concerts for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS and New York Theatre Workshop. "Voigt ... comes to pop-singing naturally....

(continued on next page)

If this were 1970, she would probably be given her own network variety show,” raved *Opera News*. She sang three concerts with Barbara Cook and Dianne Reeves at the Hollywood Bowl and made an exciting debut in Lincoln Center’s long-running “American Songbook” series, singing Broadway and popular standards. *Variety* reported: “Deborah Voigt, perhaps the foremost dramatic operatic soprano of the day... [is] profoundly aware that each song has a story to tell; her delivery is expressively honest and her voice lustrous and creamy... Voigt crosses the opera-Broadway boundary with grace and elegance, harboring a strength reserved for special moments. She is also in the possession of a devilish sense of humor, which was delightfully used to frame a lyric with a naughty smile.”

Millions of viewers heard Voigt sing “America the Beautiful” on NBC’s nationwide broadcast of Macy’s Independence Day fireworks show in 2004, and later that year they witnessed her majestic ride down Broadway in Macy’s Thanksgiving Day parade.

Deborah Voigt studied at California State University at Fullerton. She was a member of San Francisco Opera’s Merola Program, and won both the Gold Medal in Moscow’s Tchaikovsky Competition and First Prize at Philadelphia’s Luciano Pavarotti Vocal Competition. Voigt is a Chevalier dans l’Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, and was *Musical America’s* Vocalist of the Year 2003. In 2007 she won an Opera News Award for distinguished achievement, and in 2009 she received an Honorary Doctorate from the University of South Carolina.

Please visit her website, www.deborahvoigt.com.

BRIAN ZEGER

Pianist Brian Zeger has built an important career not only as a pianist, appearing in distinguished concert venues throughout the United States and Europe, but also as an ensemble performer par excellence, radio broadcaster, artistic administrator and educator.

In a career spanning more than two decades, Mr. Zeger has enjoyed collaborations with many of the world’s top artists including Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Arleen

Auger, Bryn Terfel, Thomas Hampson, Adrienne Pieczonka, Hei-Kyung Hong, Juliane Banse and Joyce DiDonato. Recent and upcoming engagements include recitals with Deborah Voigt, Dame Kiri te Kanawa, Frederica von Stade, Susan Graham, Denyce Graves and René Pape.

In addition to his distinguished concert career, he also serves as Artistic Director of the Vocal Arts Department at The Juilliard School, the director of the vocal program at the Steans Institute at the Ravinia Festival and has recently taken on the role of Executive Director of the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artists Development Program. He has been on the faculties of the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, the Chautauqua Institute, the Mannes College of Music and the Peabody Conservatory and has given master classes for numerous institutions, including The Guildhall School of Music in London, Cincinnati College—Conservatory of Music, Tanglewood Music Center, and the Marilyn Horne Foundation.

Some of his critical essays and other writings have appeared in *Opera News*, *The Yale Review* and *Chamber Music* magazine. He has appeared frequently on the Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts both on the opera quiz and as intermission host and performer. He has the distinction of creating, narrating and performing in five intermission features devoted to art song, a first in the long history of the Met broadcasts. He has adjudicated the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, the Concert Artists Guild auditions and the Walter W. Naumberg Vocal Competition. His recordings may be heard on the EMI Classics, New World, Naxos and Koch record labels, his most recent recording being *All My Heart*, a recital of American songs with soprano Deborah Voigt.

Born in upstate New York, Mr. Zeger is now a resident of Manhattan. He holds a bachelor’s degree in English Literature from Harvard College, a master’s degree from The Juilliard School and a doctorate from the Manhattan School of Music. His important teachers have included Morris Borenstein, Sascha Gorodnitzki and Nina Svetlanova.

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



credit: Jared Slater

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For information about William Jewell College, please see the inside-back cover of this program.