

Opera Performance:

2020-12-04 – The Aria Experience



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IOWA

School of Music



The University of Iowa Martha-Ellen Tye Opera Theatre Program Presents

The Aria Experience

Bill Theisen, *director of opera*

Wayne Wyman, *vocal coach*

Minji Kwon, *pianist*

Friday, December 4, 2020 at 7:30pm
Voxman Music Building Stark Opera Studio

The Aria Experience

PROGRAM

Prologue: It Is A Curious Story – Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
The Turn of the Screw

The Prologue - Taylor Mayne

Lullaby – *The Consul* Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007)
Mother - Courtney Mayes

The Ballad of El Dorado – *Candide* Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)
Candide - Nathan Brown

Quando men vo – *La bohème* Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)
Musetta - Xingyu Huo

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön – Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756–1791)
Die Zauberflöte
Tamino - Colin Wilson

Lascia chío pianga – *Rinaldo* George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
Almirena - Lydia Kasap

Lonely House – *Street Scene* Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
Sam - Kelby Yoder

In Uomini – *Così fan tutte* Mozart
Katie Reha

Mein Sehnen, Mein Wähnen – *Die tote Stadt* Erich Korngold (1897–1957)
Fritz - Jack Simpson

Seguidilla – *Carmen* Georges Bizet (1838–1875)
Carmen - Kelly Hill

Ride On, King Jesus - Cantata – *Son of Man* Traditional Spiritual
Andrew René

Prologue: "It Is A Curious Story"

The Turn of the Screw (Benjamin Britten)

Sung by Taylor Mayne

It is a curious story.
I have it written in faded ink – a woman's hand,
Governess to two children – long ago.

Untried, innocent,
she had gone first to see their guardian in London;
a young man, bold, offhand and gay,
the children's only relative.

The children were in the country with an old housekeeper.
There had been a governess, but she had gone.
The boy, of course, was at school,
but there was the girl,
and the holidays, now begun.

This then would be her task.
But there was one condition:
he was so much engaged;
affairs, travel, friends, visits, always something,
no time at all for the poor little things –

She was to do everything,
be responsible for everything,
not to worry him at all,
no, not to write, but to be silent,
and do her best.

She was full of doubts.
But she was carried away:
that he, so gallant and handsome,
so deep in the busy world,
should need her help.

At last "I will," she said...

"Lullaby"

The Consul (Gian Carlo Menotti)

Sung by Courtney Mayes

I shall find for you shells and stars.
I shall swim for you river and sea.
Sleep my love, sleep for me.
My sleep is old.

I shall feed for you lamb and dove.
I shall buy for you sugar and bread.
Sleep my love, sleep for me.
My sleep is dead.

Rain will fall but Baby won't know.
He laughs alone in orchards of gold.
Tears will fall but Baby won't know.
His laughter is blind.
Sleep, my love, for sleep is kind.
Sleep is kind when sleep is young.
Sleep for me, sleep for me.

I shall build for you planes and boats.
I shall catch for you cricket and bee.
Let the old ones watch your sleep.
Only death will watch the old. Sleep, sleep...

"Ballad of Eldorado"

Candide (Leonard Bernstein)

Sung by Nathan Brown

Up on a seashell mountain,
across a primrose sea,
to a jungle fountain
high up in a tree;
Then down the primrose mountain,
across a seashell sea,
to a land of happy people,
just and kind and bold and free.

They bathe each dawn in a golden lake,
emeralds hang upon the vine
All is there for all to take,
food and God and books and wine.
They have no words for fear and greed,
for lies and war, revenge and rage.
They sing and dance and think and read.
They live in peace and die of age.

They gave me home, they called me friend,
they taught me how to live in grace.
Seasons passed without an end
in that sweet and blessed place.
But I grew sad and could not stay;
without my love my heart grew cold.
So they sadly sent me on my way
with gracious gifts of gems and gold.

"Goodbye," they said,
"We pray you may safely cross the sea."
"Go," they said,
"And may you find your bride to be."
Then past the jungle fountain,
along a silver shore,
I've come by sea and mountain,
to be with my love once more.
To be with my love once more.

“Quando men vo”

La Bohème' (Giacomo Puccini)

Sung by Xingyu Huo

*Quando men vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a piè...*

*Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!*

*E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:
le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!*

When I walk all alone in the street,
The people stop and look at me
And study all my beauty
From head to toe...

And I then revel in the subtle yearning
which from their eyes transpires
and which from their clear simpering
aspires to the most mystic beauties.
Thus the scent of desire
surrounds me,
it makes me happy!

And you who knows, who remembers and pines,
You cower away from me so?
I know it very well:
You do not want to reveal your distress,
but you feel as if you are dying!

“Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön”

Die Zauberflöte (Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart)

Sung by Colin Wilson

*Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,
Wie noch kein Auge je geseh'n!
Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild
Mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.*

*Diess Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen!
Doch fühl' ichs hier wie Feuer brennen.
Soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?
Ja, ja! die Liebe ist's allein.*

*O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!
O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stände!
Ich würde - würde - warm und rein -
Was würde ich! - Sie voll Entzücken
An diesen heissen Busen drücken,
Und ewig wäre sie dann mein.*

This portrait is enchantingly beautiful,
such as no eye has ever yet seen.
I feel the way this divine image
fills my heart with new emotion.

Though I cannot name what this is,
yet I feel it burning here like fire.
Might this sensation be love?
Yes, yes! It can only be love!

Oh, if only I could find her!
Oh, if she but stood before me now!
I should ... should ... warmly and virtuously ...
What should I do? ... Rapturously I should
press her to this ardent breast,
and then she would be mine forever.

"Lascia ch'io pianga"

Rinaldo (George Frideric Handel)

Sung by Lydia Kasap

*Lascia ch'io pianga
mia cruda sorte,
e che sospiri
la libert .*

Let me mourn
my cruel fate,
and let me long for
liberty.

*Il duolo infranga
queste ritorte,
de' miei martiri
sol per pieta*

May sorrow shatter
these chains,
for my torments
just out of pity.

"Lonely House"

Street Scene (Kurt Weill)

Sung by Kelby Yoder

At night, when ev'rything is quiet,
this old house seems to breathe a sigh.
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring,
sometimes I can hear a baby cry.

Sometimes I can hear a staircase creaking,
sometimes a distant telephone.
Oh, and when the night settles down again
This old house and I are all alone.

Lonely house, lonely me!
Funny... with so many neighbors,
how lonely it can be!
Oh lonely street! lonely town!
Funny... you can be so lonely
with all these folks around.

I guess there must be something
I don't comprehend...
Sparrows have companions,
even stray dogs have a friend.

The night for me is not romantic.
Unhook the stars and take them down.
I'm lonely in this lonely house...
in this lonely town.

"In uomini"

Così fan tutte (Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart)

Sung by Katie Reha

*In uomini, in soldati
Sperare fedeltà?
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!*

*Di pasta simile
Son tutti quanti:
Le fronde mobili,
L'aure incostanti
Han più degli uomini
Stabilità.*

*Mentite lagrime,
Fallaci sguardi,
Voci ingannevoli,
Vezzi bugiardi,
Son le primarie
Lor qualità.*

*In noi non amano
Che il lor diletto;
Poi ci dispregiano,
Neganci affetto,
Né val da' barbari
Chieder pietà.*

*Paghiam, o femmine,
D'ugual moneta
Questa malefica
Razza indiscreta;
Amiam per comodo,
Per vanità!*

You look for fidelity
In men, in soldiers?
Don't tell me that, for pity's sake!

All of them
Are made of the same stuff;
The quivering leaves,
The inconstant breezes
Have more stability
Than men.

Crocodile tears,
Lying looks,
Deceiving words,
False endearments
Are the basis
Of their tricks.

In us they only prize
Their own pleasure;
Then they despise us,
Deny us affection,
And from such tyrants
There's no mercy to be had.

We woman should pay out
This hurtful,
Impudent breed
In their own coin;
Let's love them
To suit our convenience and our vanity!

"Mein Sehnen, Mein Wähnen"
Die tote Stadt (Erich Korngold)
Sung by Jack Simpson

*Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück...
Im Tanze gewann ich,
verlor ich mein Glück.
Im Tanze am Rhein,
bei Mondenschein,
gestand mirs aus Blau-
aug ein inniger Blick,
Gestand mirs ihr bittend Wort:
o bleib, o geh mir nicht fort,
bewahre der Heimat
still blühendes Glück.*

*Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück...
Zauber der Ferne
warf in die Seele den Brand,
Zauber des Tanzes lockte,
ward Komödiant.
Folgt ihr, der Wundersüssen,
lernt unter Tränen küssen.
Rausch und Not,
Wahn und Glück:
Ach, das ist Gauklers Geschick.*

*Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück...*

My longing, my foolishness,
It takes me far back...
In the dance I gained,
And I lost my happiness.
In the dance on the Rhein
in the moonlight,
she confessed to me with a loving
look in her blue eyes,
Confessed to me with her pleading words:
O stay, don't go far away,
preserve the memory of your homeland's
peaceful, flourishing happiness.

My longing, my foolishness,
It takes me far back...
The magic of the distant countries
kindled a fire in my soul
The magic of the dance lured me,
I became an actor.
Follow the miraculous sweetness,
and learn to kiss from tears.
Intoxication and misery,
Illusion and happiness:
Ah, this is an actor's fate.

My longing, my foolishness,
It takes me far back...

"Seguidilla"

Carmen (Georges Bizet)

Sung by Kelly Hill

*Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
J'irai danser la séguedille
Et boire du Manzanilla!
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.*

*Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux .
Donc pour me tenir compagnie,
J'emmènerai mon amoureux*

*Mon amoureux! ... Il est au diable
Je l'ai mis à la porte hier .
Mon pauvre coeur très consolable,
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air .*

*J'ai des galants à la douzaine,
Mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré;
Voici la fin de la semaine,
Qui veut m'aimer je l'aimerai.*

*Qui veut mon âme ... elle est à prendre.
Vous arrivez au bon moment,
Je n'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
Car avec mon nouvel amant...*

*Près des remparts de Séville.
Chez mon ami Lillas Pastia,
J'irai danser la séguedille
Et boire du Manzanilla.
Oui, j'irai chez mon ami
Lillas Pastia!*

Near the ramparts of Seville,
At my friend Lillas Pastia's,
I will dance the seguidilla
And drink some Manzanilla!
I'll go to my friend Lillas Pastia's house.

Yes, but being all alone is boring,
And true pleasures are for two.
So to keep me company,
I will take my love.

My lover! ... he is at odds
I kicked him out yesterday.
My poor heart very consolable,
My heart is free like the air.

I have gallants by the dozen,
But they are not to my liking;
It is the end of the week, and
Whoever wants to love me I will love him.

Whoever wants my heart ... it is for taking.
You arrive at the right moment,
I barely have time to wait,
Because with my new lover...

Near the walls of Seville.
At my friend Lillas Pastia's,
I will dance the seguidilla
And drink some Manzanilla.
Yes, I will go to my friend's house
Lillas Pastia!

"Ride On, King Jesus" Cantata
Son of Man (Traditional Spiritual)
Sung by Andrew René

Ride on, King Jesus!
No man can-a hinder me.
Ride on, King Jesus!
No man can-a hinder me.

For He is King of kings,
He is Lord of lords,
Jesus Christ, de first an' las',
No man works like him.

For He is King of kings,
He is Lord of lords,
Jesus Christ, de first an' las',
No man works like Him.

King Jesus rides a milk-white horse,
No man works like Him.
De river of Jerdin He did cross,
No man works like Him.

For He is King of kings,
He is Lord of lords, oh,
Jesus Christ, de first an' las', oh!

King Jesus rides in the middle o' de air, oh!
He calls de saints from everywhere, ah!

Ride on, King Jesus!
No man can-a hinder me.
Ride on, King Jesus!
No man can-a hinder me.

He is de King,
He is de Lord, Ha!
He is de King,
He is de Lord, Ha!

Jesus Christ the first an' las',
No man works like Him!

Ride on, ride on,
Ride on, ride on, Jesus!

UPCOMING EVENTS

For the most up to date listing of concerts and recitals please visit arts.uiowa.edu
All events are FREE unless otherwise indicated.

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DECEMBER	2020
05 1:30 p.m.	DMA Recital: Anthony Capparelli, <i>piano</i> Livestream
05 3:30 p.m.	Senior Recital: Guillermo Najarro, <i>violin</i> Livestream
05 7:30 p.m.	UI Choirs Livestream
07 7:30 p.m.	UI Bands Livestream
09 7:30 p.m.	UI Chamber Orchestra Livestream
10 7:30 p.m.	UI Bands Livestream
11 12:30 p.m.	Holidays with the Hawkeyes feat. Holiday Tubas Livestream
11 7:30 p.m.	DMA Recital: Jichen Zhang, <i>saxophone</i> Livestream
13 7:30 p.m.	Electronic Music Studio Concert 1 Livestream
13 11:30 a.m.	DMA Recital: Dennis Kwok, <i>saxophone</i> Livestream