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 – *The Turn of the Screw*  
Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)  
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 (1712–1781)  
Musetta - Xingyu Huo

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

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

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

In Uomini – *Cosi fan tutte*  
Mozart  
Katie Reha

Mein Sehren, 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

Programs supported by the Elizabeth M. Stanley Fund for the Performing Arts.
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...
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

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

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*

Let me mourn

*mia cruda sorte,*

my cruel fate,

*e che sospiri*

and let me long for

*la libertà.*

liberty.

*Il duolo infranga*

May sorrow shatter

*queste ritorte,*

these chains,

*de’ miei martiri*

for my torments

*sol per pieta*

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”

_Cosi 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 dispreziano,_
_Neganci affetto,_
_Né val da' barbari_
_Chiuder 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 Wählen”
_Die tote Stadt_ (Erich Korngold)
Sung by Jack Simpson

_Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,
es träumt sich zurück…_
_In Tanze gewann ich,_
_veilor ich mein Glück._
_In 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._
_Folg 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._

_Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,_
es träumt sich zurück…
_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._

_Mein Sehnen, mein Wähnen,_
es träumt sich zurück…
_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.

View livestreamed concerts at https://music.uiowa.edu/about/live-stream-concert-schedule

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