

Del Mar College Cultural Programs Series Recital
David Portillo tenor and Kristin Roach, piano
Monday December 6, 2021

Wolfe Recital Hall, Fine Arts Center Music Building, Heritage Campus, 7:30

Where'er you walk
from *Semele*, HWV 58

GF Handel
(1685-1759)

Se all'impero
from *Clemenza di Tito*, K. 621

WA Mozart
(1756-1791)

Songs for Voice and Piano
E l'Uccellino
Sole e amore
Terra e mare
Avanti Urania

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Goodness, what powers you possess
from *Breaking the Waves*

Missy Mazzoli
(1980 -)

Deux Poemes de Guillaume Apollinaire
Montparnasse
Hyde Park

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Poema en Forma de Canciones
i. Dedicatoria
ii. Nunca olvida
iii. Cantares
iv. Los dos miedos
v. Las locas por amor

Joaquin Turina
(1882-1949)

Kuda, kuda vī udalilis
from *Eugene Onegin*

Peter Illyich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

Where'er you walk from *Semele*, HWV 58

GF Handel (1685-1759)

Semele is one of Handel's most performed English-language operas with popular arias like "Hence, Iris, hence away" and "Endless pleasure, endless love," but this second act tune brings the opera to a beautiful pause. From Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the story follows the mortal Semele who has fallen in love with Jupiter, the King of Gods, but his wife Juno creates havoc which leads to Semele's downfall. This aria comes after Semele pleads to make her immortal in order to fully experience a relationship with the god. Jupiter wants to calm her, so he sings an incantation aria, turning her earthly dwelling into a celestial creation.

Recitative:

Now all this scene shall to Arcadia turn the seat of happy nymphs and swains.

There without the rage of jealousy they burn, And taste the sweets of love without its pains.

Aria:

Where ere you walk cool gales shall fan the glade

Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade

Where ere you tread the blushing flowers shall rise

And all things flourish where ere you turn your eyes.

Se all'impero from *Clemenza di Tito*, K. 621

WA Mozart (1756-1791)

In the first act of *Clemenza di Tito*, Sesto has attempted to kill the beloved emperor Tito under supervision of the jealous Vitellia; when this assassination attempt is revealed to be a failure, the kind ruler has a choice to make. He can sentence his conspirators to death or offer clemency. This concert aria comes in his moment of decision and shows the truest, most loyal example of leadership and love.

If a hard heart is necessary to a ruler, ye benevolent gods,

either take the empire from me or give me another heart.

If I cannot assure the loyalty of my realms by love,

I care not for a loyalty that is born of fear.

Songs for Voice and Piano

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

E l'uccellino, text by Renato Fucini (1843 - 1921)

And the little bird sings on the branch: "Sleep calmly, little mouth my love.

Rest your little, blonde head on your mother's heart."

And the little bird sings on that branch: "You will learn so many beautiful things,

But if you want to know how much I love you, no one in the world can ever tell you!"

And the bird sings to the serene sky:

"Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast."

Sole e amore, text by Anon.

The sun happily taps at your windows. Love softly taps at your heart, both call to you.

The sun says: Oh sleeper, show yourself, since you're so beautiful.

Love says: Sister, with your first thought, think of him who loves you!

Terra e mare, text by Enrico Panzacchi (1840 - 1904)

*The poplar trees, bent by the wind, roar again in long rows.
In the dark, half asleep, I hear them and dream of the voice of the sea.*

*And I dream of the deep voice with its calm and mighty rhythms,
the stars in the sparkling firmament, gaze at me reflected in the waves.*

*But the wind rages louder through the long row of poplars
and wakes me from my joyful sleep.
Distant now is the voice of the sea.*

Avanti Urania, text by Renato Fucini (1843 - 1921)

*I don't have wings, yet when from the pier I launch the ship's prow to the sea,
The happy birds hover to guard the vigorous flight.*

*I don't have fins, and yet when the dangerous waves challenge, no ship dares to attack,
Anxious & trembling, the bold, fearless sharks beware to pass!*

*Similar to my lord, mild of appearance, but powerful she is in her heart!
I have these flames in my heart, I also have expanse!
I too long for glory - I have restless, raging desire.*

Forward, Urania!

'Goodness, what powers you possess' from *Breaking the Waves*

Missy Mazzoli (1980-)

Libretto by Royce Vavrek (1982-)

Act 2 of *Breaking the Waves* begins the scene titled, "Mental Health," and sees a conversation between Dr. Richardson and his patient Bess McNeil, a devout Scottish wife of oil-rig worker named Jan. In the previous act, we've seen the newlywed Jan leave Bess for work on the oil rig for over a month, and Bess prays that God find a way to send him home. While gone, there's been an accident that paralyzes Jan, what seems like, for good. Dr. Richardson has been requested to treat Bess by friends and family, and in this scene, Bess describes her incredible guilt for Jan's horrific fate citing her prayers to God.

*I'm not like your old doctor, Bess. Sadness is not a disease. A heavy heart is a full heart.
Goodness, what powers you possess. What a deal you've struck with God.
Is he rewarding Bess for cleaning the church? Is Bess his wee pet? You pray with all your
might, folded hands clenched so piously. What powers you possess.
You pray to send Jan home, and God obliges by smiting him with a drill? Is that what you think
Bess? God is playing a game, twisting the intention of your prayer to teach a lesson?
I know you people believe a lot about yourselves, but God wouldn't punish you for missing Jan.
God wouldn't punish Jan for your devotion.
I need to know you understand this, Bess. Have fun. Go Dancing. Dodo says you love to dance.
Just do a little grieving for yourself. It's a lot to endure alone.
Goodness. What powers you possess. What goodness, what goodness you possess.*

Deux Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire, FP 127

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Guillaume Apollinaire already had a storied past in 1917 when Poulenc met him at a bookshop in Paris - he had been jailed for attempt at stealing the Mona Lisa from the Louvre museum, he had just return from World War 1 with a fresh headwound, and he had been lauded as France's symbol of Cubism and Surrealism in his writing. He composed poems, stories and plays with irony, melancholy, wit, and pathos like no other writer of the time, and Poulenc was smitten; he would eventually compose over 35 songs with texts by Apollinaire. These two poems are merely observations of Paris life, two diverse neighborhoods, two very different love stories.

Montparnasse

*O hotel door with two green plants with greenery which never bears any flowers
Where are my fruits? Where did I plant myself?
O hotel door an angel stands before you distributing leaflets
Virtue has never been so well defended.
Give me forever a room by the week.
Bearded angel you are in reality a lyric poet from Germany ho wants to get to know Paris
You know its pavements' cracks, where you must not step
And you dream of spending your Sunday at Garches
It is somewhat sultry, and your hair is long
O good little poet, rather stupid and too blonde
Your eyes so resemble those two big balloons which float away in the pure air randomly*

Hyde Park

*The religion-mongers were preaching in the fog
The shadows that we passed by were playing blind man's buff
Seventy years old, cheeks as fresh as a baby's
Come along, Eleonore, come along.
And what more besides, look at the Cyclops looming up
Their pipes flying by but be off stubborn gazes
And Europe, Europe!
Worshipping gazes, Hands in love
And the lovers made love
As long as the preachers preached*

Poema en Forma de Canciones

Joaquin Turina (1840-1893)

- i. Dedicatoria (piano)
- ii. Nunca Olvido
*Now that I abandon this world, before rendering account to God,
I will tell you my confession here, face-to-face.
I pardon with all my soul even those people I have always hated.
As for you, whom I have loved so much, I will never forgive you!*
- iii. Cantares
*I feel closer to you the more I run from you
For your image haunts the very shadow of my thoughts*

- iv. Los dos miedos
*At the beginning of the evening, she said to me from afar:
 'Why are you moving so close to me? I am afraid of you.'
 And after the night had passed, she said close to me:
 'Why are you going away from my side? I am afraid without you?'*
- v. Las locas por amor
*'I shall love you, goddess Venus, if you wish
 For me to love you for a long time and with good sense.'
 And the goddess of Cythera responded,
 'I prefer, as all women do,
 For you to love me for a short time and with madness.'*

Kuda, kuda vī udalilis from *Eugene Onegin*

Peter Illyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

The character of Lensky is the total opposite of the selfish Eugene Onegin – he's bookish, compassionate, and very loyal. In the first scene of the second act of Tchaikovsky's beautiful score, we have seen Onegin make advances on Olga, Lensky's long-time beloved at a ball. This crushes the spirit of Tatiana, who has her heart set Onegin, and incites Lensky to challenge him to a duel. This aria takes place just before the duel, as Lensky contemplates his life without Olga and her response to his possible grave.

Where have you gone, o golden days of my spring?

*What does the future have in store for me?
 It escapes my eyes, it hides in the darkness. And it has me searching.
 No need. Destiny will find justice.
 Shall I fall to the deadly bullet, or will it pass by?
 All the better. There is a pre-determined time for life and for sleep.
 Blessed is a day of simple tasks. Blessed is the day of troubles.*

*Will the sun's ray shine in the morning?
 And will the bright day reign?
 Will I, perhaps, will I descend into the mysterious darkness of my fatal tomb?
 The memory of a strange poet will fall into the abyss, and the world shall forget me.
 But you, you, Olga!*

*Tell me, will you, the maiden of beauty, come to shed a tear
 Over the early urn and think "he loved me,
 He devoted to me the gloomy dawn of a troubled life!"
 Ah Olga, I did love you.
 To you alone I devoted the gloomy dawn of my troubled life
 Yes Olga, I did love you!*

*My wonderful friend, my dear friend,
 Come for me, I am your husband. Come.
 Where have you gone, o golden days of my spring?*