



Saturday, October 5, 2019, 8pm
Zellerbach Hall

Renée Fleming, *soprano*
Richard Bado, *piano*

Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828) Suleika I, D. 720
Lied der Mignon: Nur wer die Sehnsucht
kennt, D. 877, No. 4
Die Vögel, D. 691
Rastlose Liebe, D. 138

Reynaldo HAHN (1874–1947) Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Léo DELIBES (1836–1891) Les filles de Cadix

Franz LISZT (1811–1886) S'il est un charmant gazon, S. 284
Oh! quand je dors, S. 282

INTERMISSION

Kevin PUTS (b. 1972) Selections from *Letters from Georgia*
Introduction and Taos
Canyon

Bernard HERRMANN (1911–1975) “I Have Dreamt” from *Wuthering Heights*
Franz LEHÁR (1870–1948) “Warum hast du mich wachgeküsst”
from *Friederike*
LEHAR “Ich bin verliebt” from *Schön ist die Welt*

André PREVIN (1929–2019) “I Want Magic” from
A Streetcar Named Desire

Richard RODGERS (1902–1979) “The Sound of Music” from
and Oscar HAMMERSTEIN II (1895–1960) *The Sound of Music*

Adam GUETTEL (b. 1964) “Fable” from *The Light in the Piazza*

Cal Performances' 2019–20 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.



Decca — Timothy White

Renée Fleming (*soprano*) is one of the most highly acclaimed singers of our time, performing on the stages of the world's greatest opera houses and concert halls. Winner of four Grammy awards, and presented with the US National Medal of Arts by President Obama, Fleming has sung for momentous occasions ranging from the Nobel Peace Prize ceremony to the Diamond Jubilee Concert for HM Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace. In 2014, Fleming brought her voice to a vast new audience as the first classical artist ever to sing the US National Anthem at the Super Bowl. In 2008, Fleming was the first woman in the 125-year history of the Metropolitan Opera to solo headline an opening night gala.

Fleming's schedule this season includes concerts in New York, Boston, Vienna, Paris, Tokyo, and Beijing. This past summer, she performed the world premieres of André Previn's *Penelope* and Kevin Puts' *The Brightness of Light* at Tanglewood. Last April, Fleming appeared opposite Ben Whishaw in *Norma Jean Baker of*

Troy to open The Shed in New York City. In June, she made her London musical theater debut as Margaret Johnson in *The Light in the Piazza*, and she will bring her acclaimed portrayal to Los Angeles and Chicago this fall. Fleming earned a Tony Award nomination for her performance in the 2018 Broadway production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel*. Her new album, *Lieder: Brahms, Schumann, and Mahler*, was released by Decca in June. She is heard on the soundtracks of the 2018 Best Picture Oscar winner *The Shape of Water* and *Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri*, and she provided the singing voice of Roxane, played by Julianne Moore, in the film of Ann Patchett's bestselling novel *Bel Canto*.

Fleming has recorded everything from complete operas and song recitals to indie rock and jazz; and her album *Signatures* was selected by the US Library of Congress for the National Recording Registry as an "aural treasure worthy of preservation as part of America's patrimony." Known for bringing new audiences to classical music and opera, Fleming has sung not only with Plácido Domingo and Andrea Bocelli, but also with Elton John, Sting, Josh Groban, and Joan Baez. She has hosted an array of television and radio broadcasts, including the Metropolitan Opera's *Live in HD* series and *Live from Lincoln Center*.

In her role as Artistic Advisor to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Fleming launched a collaboration with the US National Institutes of Health, with participation by the National Endowment of the Arts, focused on the science connecting music, health, and the brain. Over the past year, she has given more than 20 presentations with scientists and practitioners across North America on this subject.

In 2010, Fleming was named the first-ever Creative Consultant at Lyric Opera of Chicago. She is a member of the board of trustees of Carnegie Hall, the board of Sing for Hope, and the artistic advisory board of the Polyphony Foundation. She is also a spokesperson for the American Musical Therapy Association. Fleming's memoir *The Inner Voice*, published in 2004, is currently in its 16th printing. Among her

awards are the Fulbright Lifetime Achievement Medal, Germany's Cross of the Order of Merit, France's Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and honorary membership in the Royal Academy of Music. www.reneefleming.com.



Richard Bado (*piano*) is a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and made his professional conducting debut in 1989, leading the Houston Grand Opera's acclaimed production of *Show Boat* at the newly restored Cairo Opera House in Egypt. Since then, he has conducted at Teatro alla Scala, Opéra National de Paris, Houston Grand Opera, New York City Opera, the Aspen Music Festival, Tulsa Opera, the Russian National Orchestra, the Florida Philharmonic, the Montreal Symphony, and Wolf Trap Opera; he has also

conducted the Robert Wilson production of Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* at the Edinburgh Festival. This season Bado returns to the Houston Ballet to conduct performances of *The Nutcracker*. An accomplished pianist, Bado appears regularly with Renée Fleming in recital. He has also played for Cecilia Bartoli, Frederica von Stade, Susan Graham, Denyce Graves, Marcello Giordani, Ramon Vargas, Samuel Ramey, Jamie Barton, Ryan McKinney, and Nathan Gunn. Bado, who holds music degrees from the Eastman School of Music, where he received the 2000 Alumni Achievement Award, and West Virginia University, has studied advanced choral conducting with Robert Shaw.

Bado is the director of artistic operations and chorus master for the Houston Grand Opera, where he received the Silver Rose Award in 2013. He has also appeared on *A Prairie Home Companion* with Garrison Keillor. For 12 years, he was the director of the opera studies program at Rice University's Shepherd School of Music. Bado has been on the faculty of the Aspen Music Festival and School, the Dolora Zajick Institute for Young Dramatic Voices, the International Vocal School in Moscow, and the Texas Music Festival, and has served on the music staff of the Metropolitan Opera, Seattle Opera, Bolshoi Opera Young Artist Program, Opera Australia, Opera Theater of St. Louis, Utah Opera, Chautauqua Opera, and Wolf Trap Opera. He regularly judges for the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions.



FRANZ SCHUBERT

Suleika 1, D. 720

[Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
 Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
 Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
 Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.
 Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
 Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
 Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
 Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.
 Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
 Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,
 Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
 Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.
 Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
 Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
 Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
 Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.
 Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
 Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
 Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
 Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.
 Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
 Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
 Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
 Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.

What does this stirring mean?
 Does the east wind bring me happy tidings?
 The rejuvenating movement of its wings
 cools my heart's deep wound.
 It plays sweetly with the dust,
 throwing it up in light clouds,
 and sends a happy swarm of insects
 to their safety in the vine-leaves.
 It gently softens the sun's burning heat
 and cools my warm cheeks;
 even as it blows it kisses the vines
 that decorate the fields and hillsides.
 And its soft whispering brings me
 a thousand greetings from my beloved;
 before the hills get dark
 I will be met with a thousand kisses.
 Now you might move on,
 and serve the happy and the sad;
 there, where high walls glow,
 I will soon find my beloved.
 Ah, the real message of the heart,
 breath of love, life renewed
 will come to me from only his lips,
 can be given to me by his breath only.

Lied der Mignon:

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
 From 4 *Gesänge aus 'Wilhelm Meister'*, D. 877

[Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
 Weiss, was ich leide!

Allein und abgetrennt
 Von aller Freude,
 Seh' ich an's Firmament
 Nach jener Seite.
 Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
 Ist in der Weite.
 Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
 Mein Eingeweide.

Only one who knows longing

Only one who knows longing
 Knows what I suffer!

Alone and cut off
 From all joys,
 I gaze across the firmament
 Toward the other side.
 Ah! he who loves and knows me
 Is far away.
 I am reeling,
 I am burning deep inside.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
 Weiss, was ich leide!

Only one who knows longing
 Knows what I suffer!

Die Vögel D. 691

[Friedrich von Schlegel]

Wie lieblich und fröhlich,
Zu schweben, zu singen,
Von glänzender Höhe
Zur Erde zu blicken!

Die Menschen sind thöricht,
Sie können nicht fliegen
Sie jammern in Nöthen,
Wir flattern gen Himmel.

Der Jäger will tödten,
Dem Früchte wir pickten;
Wir müssen ihn höhnen,
Und Beute gewinnen.

Rastlose Liebe

[Johann Wolfgang von Goethe]

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!
Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!
Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

Birds

How lovely and delightful
To float, to sing,
From the dazzling heights
To look down at the earth!

Men are foolish:
They don't know how to fly.
They bemoan their fate;
We soar to the heavens.

The hunter wants to kill us,
Whose fruit we picked,
But we scoff at him
And collect the bounty.

Into the snow, the rain,
and the wind,
through humid cliffs,
through the mist,
forward, always forward!
Without rest!
I would rather fight
through pain
than survive so much
of life's joy.
This love
of one heart for another,
ah, how strangely
it causes pain!
How shall I escape?
Into the forest?
It is all for nothing!
Crown of life,
happiness without peace—
this, is you!

REYNALDO HAHN

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

[Victor Hugo]

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frères,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour!

LÉO DELIBES

Les filles de Cadix

[Alfred de Musset]

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes:

Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?

Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela

Et nous dansions un boléro,
Au pied de la colline.
Sur le chemin passait Diégo,
Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un manteau

Et qu'une mandoline:
La belle aux doux yeux,
Veux-tu qu'à l'église
Demain te conduise
Un amant jaloux?

Jaloux! jaloux! quelle sottise!
Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix craignent ce défaut là!

If my verses had wing

My verses would run, sweet and frail,
Towards your beautiful garden,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, and spark,
To your happy home,
If my verses had wings,
Like a spirit.

Near you, pure and faithful,
They would come, night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love

The girls of Cadiz

We were coming from seeing the bull,
Three boys, three girls,
On the grass the weather was fair,
And we were dancing a bolero
To the sound of castanets;

Tell me, neighbor,
If I look well
And if my skirt
Looks good on me, this morning,
Do you find my waist slender?

Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz rather like that.

And we were dancing a bolero,
At the foot of the hill.
On the road passed by Diego,
Who for worldly goods has only a coat

And a mandolin:
Beautiful one with sweet eyes,
Do you want to the church
Tomorrow to be conducted
By a jealous lover?

Jealous! Jealous! What stupidity!
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz fear that fault!

FRANZ LISZT

S'il est un charmant gazon

[Victor Hugo]

S'il est un charmant gazon
 Que le ciel arrose,
 Où brille en toute saison
 Quelque fleur éclose,
 Où l'on cueille à pleine main
 Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
 J'en veux faire le chemin
 Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
 Parfumé de rose,
 Où l'on trouve chaque jour
 Quelque douce chose,
 Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
 Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
 Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
 Où ton cœur se pose!

Oh! Quand je dors

[Victor Hugo]

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,
 Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
 Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ...
 Soudain ma bouche
 S'entr'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
 Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
 Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ...
 Et soudain mon rêve
 Rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
 Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
 Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ...

Soudain mon âme
 S'éveillera!

If it is a charming lawn

If it is a charming lawn
 May the sky water it,
 Where it shines in all seasons
 Some flowers bloom,
 Where we pick handfuls of
 Lillies, honeysuckle and jasmine,
 I want to go
 Where your foot lands!

If it is a dream of love,
 Scented with rose,
 Where we find each day
 Something sweet,
 A dream that God blesses,
 Where souls unite,
 Oh! I want to make a home
 Where your heart is!

Oh! When I sleep

Oh, when I sleep, come close to me,
 As Laura once approached Petrarch,
 And let your breath touch me in passing ...
 Suddenly, my lips
 Will open!

On my sad brow, where a somber dream
 That lasted too long ends,
 Let your look rise like a star ...
 Suddenly, my dream
 Will shine!

Then on my lips, where a flame lingers—
 A flash of love that God himself purifies—
 Place a kiss and transform from angel into
 woman ...
 Suddenly, my soul
 Will wake!

KEVIN PUTS

Letters from Georgia

Text by Georgia O’Keeffe (1887–1986)

Introduction

My first memory is of the brightness of light—
light all around.

I. Taos

In this sun
one just feels suspended in heat—
expecting to disappear
at any moment.

It was a really beautiful afternoon—
The simple Pueblo village—
all of mud—
and the dancing—everyone in colors of such
rich saturated pigment—
the brilliant sun and blue sky.

It went on and on—
the brilliancy of color—the live eyes—
it is terribly exciting—and at the same time
quieting like the ocean.

I want to wear a sheet
and ride like the Indian men
that came tearing through the Pueblo
gate in a body—all riding like mad.

I just feel so like expanding here—
way out to the horizon—
and up into the sunshine—
and out into the night.

V. Canyon

Tonight I walked into the sunset.
The whole sky—was just blazing—
and grey blue clouds were riding
all through the holiness of it—
and the whole thing lit up
with flashes of lightning.

I walked out past the last house—
past the locust tree—
and sat on a fence for a long time—
looking—
you see there was nothing
but sky and flat prairie land—
land that seems more like ocean
than anything else I know.

It is absurd the way I love this country.

And the SKY—Anita you have never
seen SKY—

It is wonderful.

BERNARD HERMANN

“I have dreamt” from *Wuthering Heights*

[Lucille Fletcher]

I have dreamt in my life
dreams that have stayed with me forever,
and have gone through and through me,
like wine through water,
and have altered the color of my mind.

I dreamt once that I was in heaven,
And that heav’n did not seem to be my home.
And I broke my heart with weeping
to see the heath again.

And the angels flung me back to earth,
and Wuthering Heights,
Where I awoke, sobbing, sobbing,
for joy.

FRANZ LEHÁR

“Warum hast du mich wachgeküsst”

from *Friederike*

Warum hast du mich wach geküsst?
Hab' nicht gewusst, was Liebe ist.
Mein Herz war leicht
wie Laub im Wind.
Ich war kein Weib,
ich war ein Kind.

Hab' nicht gewusst, was Herzleid ist.
Warum hast Du mich wach geküsst?

Why did you kiss me awake?
I did not know what love is.
My heart was light
like leaves in the wind.
I was not a woman
I was a child.

I did not know what heartache is.
Why did you kiss me awake?

LEHAR

“Ich bin verliebt” from *Schön ist die Welt*

Ich bin verliebt, ach ich bin verliebt.
Ich bin so verliebt,
bin verliebt, bin so verliebt
masslos verliebt
so wie ein kleines Mädel!

Nie hätt' ich gedacht,
dass uns die Lieb so selig macht.
Ich möcht' lachen und jubeln und tanzen
durch die singende, klingende Welt.
Ich bin so verliebt, so verliebt, so verliebt.

Warum bin ich so froh?
Die ganze Welt hüllt Sonnenschein heute ein.
Ach, wie schön ist doch die Liebe!
Warum freu' ich mich so?
Ich fühl' nur eins ganz tief in Herzen drin,
dass ich glücklich bin.

Bin verliebt, bin so verliebt, masslos verliebt
so wie ein kleines Mädel.
Nie hätt' ich gedacht,
dass uns die Lieb so selig macht.
Ich möcht' lachen und jubeln und tanzen
durch die singende, klingende Welt.

Ich bin so verliebt, so verliebt, so verliebt.
Ja, ich bin so verliebt, so verliebt!

I'm in love, ah, I'm in love.
I'm so in love,
I'm in love, so in love
Rapturously in love
like a little girl!

I never would have thought
that love could make one so happy.
I want to laugh and cheer and dance
through the singing, ringing world.
I'm so in love, so in love, so in love.

How am I so happy?
The whole world is wrapped in sunshine today.
Oh, how beautiful is love!
Why am I so happy?
I feel only one thing deep in my heart,
that I am happy.

I'm in love, I'm so in love, I'm completely in love
like a little girl.
I never would have thought
that love could make one so happy.
I want to laugh and cheer and dance
through the singing, ringing world.

I'm so in love, so in love, so in love.
Yes, I'm so in love, so in love!

ANDRÉ PREVIN

“I Want Magic” from

A Streetcar Named Desire

Real! Who wants real?

I know I don't want it. I want magic!

Magic! Yes! That's what I want!

That's what I try to give to people.

I do misrepresent things.

I don't tell the truth.

But I tell what ought to be the truth.

What it ought to be.

Yes, magic. Magic's what I try to give to people.

If that's a sin,

If that is such a sin, then let me be...

damned for it!

Don't turn on that light!

It'll all look so ugly in that light.

Why not see by candlelight...

or moonlight, or by starlight?

They are bright enough to see by.

Sometimes too bright.

RICHARD RODGERS

AND OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

“The Sound of Music” from

The Sound of Music

My day in the hills

Has come to an end, I know.

A star has come out

To tell me it's time to go.

But deep in the dark green shadows,

Are voices that urge me to stay.

So I pause and I wait and I listen,

For one more sound,

For one more lovely thing

That the hills might say!

The hills are alive with the sound of music

With songs they have sung for a thousand years

The hills fill my heart with the sound of music

My heart wants to sing every song it hears

My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds
that rise from the lake to the trees

My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies
from a church on a breeze

To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls
over stones on its way

To sing through the night like a lark who is
learning to pray

I go to the hills when my heart is lonely

I know I will hear what I've heard before

My heart will be blessed with the sound
of music

And I'll sing once more

ADAM GUETTEL

“Fable” from *The Light in the Piazza*

You can look in the forest
For a secret field
For a golden arrow
For a prince to appear
For a fable of love that will last forever

You can look in the ruins
For a wishing well
For a magic apple
For a charioteer
For a fable of love that will carry you

To a moon on a hill
To a hidden stream
A lagoon and a red horizon dream
Silhouette set away from time forever

To a valley beyond the setting sun
Where waters shine and horses run
Where there's a man who looks for you

But while you look you are changing, turning
You're a well of wishes
You're a fallen apple

No!
No!
Love's a fake
Love's a fable

Just a painting
On a ceiling
Just a children's fairy tale
Still you have to look
And look, and look, and look...

For the eyes
On a bridge in a pouring rain
Not the eyes but the part you can't explain
For the arms you could fall into forever

For the joy that you thought you'd never know
For here at last away you go
To a man who looks for you

If you find in the world
In the wide, wide world
That someone sees
That someone knows you

Love
Love
Love if you can, Oh, my Clara
Love if you can
And be loved

May it last forever, Clara
The light in the piazza