

CAL PERFORMANCES
AT HOME



Allison Michael Orenstein

Streaming Premiere – Thursday, January 14, 2021, 7pm

Julia Bullock, *classical singer*
Laura Poe, *piano*

Filmed exclusively for Cal Performances
at the Konzerthaus Blaibach, Blaibach, Germany,
on December 10, 2020.

Major support provided by The Bernard Osher Foundation.

*Note: following its premiere, the video recording of this concert
will be available on demand through April 14, 2021.*

PROGRAM

- Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) from *Italienisches Liederbuch*
Auch kleine Dinge
- from *Spanisches Liederbuch*
In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen
- Robert Schumann (1810–1856) from *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- Kurt Weill (1900–1950) "Speak Low" from *One Touch of Venus*
"Denn wie man sich bettet, so liegt man"
from *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*
Wie lange noch?
"Lost in the Stars" from *Lost in the Stars*
- William Grant Still (1905–1978) The Breath of a Rose
- Margaret Bonds (1913–1972) The Negro Speaks of Rivers
Winter Moon
(music prepared by Louise Toppin)
- John Adams (b. 1947)
(arr. by Laura Poe and Julia Bullock) Three Women:
Josefa, Ah Sing, and Dame Shirley
from *Girls of the Golden West*
Ven esta noche, amado (Josefa)
The Ship Has Reached America (Ah Sing)
Sometimes, I Lounge Forlornly (Dame Shirley)
- Richard Rodgers (1902–1979) from *The Sound of Music*
The Sound of Music
The Lonely Goatherd
Something Good
Climb Every Mountain
Edelweiss

JULIA BULLOCK, *classical singer*

American classical singer Julia Bullock, “a musician who delights in making her own rules” (*The New Yorker*), combines versatile artistry with a probing intellect and commanding stage presence. Only in her early 30s, she has already headlined productions and concerts at some of the world’s preeminent arts institutions. An innovative programmer whose artistic curation is in high demand, Bullock’s curatorial positions include collaborative partner of Esa-Pekka Salonen in 2020–21, the conductor’s inaugural season as music director of the San Francisco Symphony; 2019–20 artist-in-residence of the same orchestra; artist-in-residence of London’s Guildhall School for the 2020–22 seasons; opera-programming host of the new broadcast channel All Arts; founding core member of the American Modern Opera Company (AMOC); and 2018–19 artist-in-residence of New York’s Metropolitan Museum of Art. Chosen as a 2021 “Artist of the Year” by *Musical America*, which hailed her as an “agent of change,” Bullock is also a prominent voice of social consciousness. As *Vanity Fair* notes, she is “young, highly successful, [and] politically engaged,” with the “ability to inject each note she sings with a sense of grace and urgency, lending her performances the feel of being both of the moment and incredibly timeless.”

Bullock has made key operatic debuts at San Francisco Opera in the world premiere of John Adams’ *Girls of the Golden West*; Santa Fe Opera in Adams’ *Doctor Atomic*; Festival d’Aix-en-Provence and Dutch National Opera in Stravinsky’s *The Rake’s Progress*; and the English National Opera, Spain’s Teatro Real, and Russia’s Bolshoi Theatre in the title role in Purcell’s *The Indian Queen*. In concert, she has collaborated with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and Gustavo Dudamel, the San Francisco Symphony and both Salonen and Michael Tilson Thomas, the New York Philharmonic and Alan Gilbert, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Andris Nelsons, Japan’s NHK Symphony and Paavo Järvi, and both the Berlin Philharmonic and London Symphony Orchestra with Sir Simon Rattle. Her recital highlights include appearances at Cal Performances, New York’s

Carnegie Hall, the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, Boston’s Celebrity Series, Washington’s Kennedy Center, and the Mostly Mozart and Ojai Music festivals, where she joined Roomful of Teeth and the International Contemporary Ensemble for the world premiere of *Josephine Baker: A Portrait* (the original prototype for *Perle Noire: Meditations for Joséphine*, a work conceived by Bullock in collaboration with Peter Sellars, and written for her by Tyshawn Sorey and Claudia Rankine).

Bullock’s growing discography includes *Doctor Atomic*, recorded with the composer conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra, and *West Side Story*, captured live with Tilson Thomas and the San Francisco Symphony, both of which were nominated for Grammy Awards.

Bullock was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and holds degrees from the Eastman School of Music, Bard College’s Graduate Vocal Arts Program, and New York’s Juilliard School. She lives with her husband, conductor Christian Reif, in Munich.

LAURA POE, *piano*

Korean American pianist Laura Poe is a highly sought-after artist and collaborator who enjoys a career as a pianist, opera coach, and educator. Based in Düsseldorf, Germany, Poe is a member of the music staff at the Deutsche Oper am Rhein. Since the 2015–16 season, she has also been a member of the music staff at San Francisco Opera.

Poe has also worked as a répétiteur and vocal coach at De Nationale Opera in Amsterdam, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Semperoper Dresden, where she made her professional conducting debut with 19 performances of Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*. The production was later invited to the Lucerne Music Festival for an additional two performances. Poe was also an associate vocal coach at the Juilliard School, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, Aspen Music Festival and School, AIMS in Graz, CoOperative, and *Si parla, si canta* in Urbania, Italy.

A graduate of the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Development Program, Poe has trained under the tutelage of world-class musicians, conductors, and directors in-



cluding Sir Thomas Allen, Marco Armiliato, Reri Grist, Thomas Hampson, James Levine, Malcolm Martineau, Ken Noda, Felicity Palmer, Renata Scotto, Diane Soviero, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, José van Dam, and Stephen Wadsworth.

Poe has collaborated with some of today's greatest singers, including sopranos Lisette Oropesa and Deborah Voigt, the latter with whom Poe performed a live broadcast on New York's classical radio station WQXR. Poe was also featured in the BBC2 documentary *What Makes a Great Soprano* with Dame Kiri Te Kanawa. In 2009, she was a third prize winner at the Wigmore Hall International Song Competition in London.

As an experienced violinist, flutist, and horn player, Poe is a frequent performer with instrumentalists and singers. She is an official accompanist to several instrumental and vocal

competitions, and is also an experienced soloist and chamber musician.

Poe has been heard in concert at numerous festivals throughout the United States, including the Music Academy of the West, Ravinia's Steans Institute, Bard Summerscape, Glimmerglass Opera, in New York's Alice Tully Hall and the Museum of Modern Art, as well as in Europe and Trinidad and Tobago.

Poe's academic accomplishments include a graduate diploma in collaborative piano from the Juilliard School in New York City and a master's degree in accompanying and chamber music from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, where in 2015 she received the first-ever Distinguished Alumni Award in Performance. A dedicated teacher, Poe holds a bachelor's degree in instrumental music education from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Niccolò Tommaseo, Venezia, G. Tasso
*Canti popolari toscani, corsi, illirici,
greco, raccolti ed illustrati* (pub. 1841)

Paul Heyse (1830–1914)
Italienisches Liederbuch (pub. 1860)

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Italienisches Liederbuch (pub. 1892)

Auch kleine Dinge

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen
schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.

Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wißt.

Small things, too, can please us,
Small things, too, can be valuable,
Think, how gladly we adorn ourselves
with pearls,
They are heavily paid for, and are only small.

Think how small the olive fruit is,
And yet its goodness is sought after.
Think only of the rose, how small it is,
And yet it smells so lovely, as you all know.

—Translation by Julia Bullock

Pedro Arias Pérez
Original Spanish Text

Paul Heyse (1830–1914)
Spanisches Liederbuch, Weltliche Lieder
(pub. 1852)

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Spanisches Liederbuch (pub. 1891)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlaf mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? — Ach nein!

Sorglich strählt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
weil die Winde sie zerzausen.

Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? — Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck ich ihn nun auf? — Ach nein!

In the shadow of my curly hair,
My beloved has fallen asleep.
Should I wake him now? — Ah, no!

Carefully, I comb my frizzy
curls, early each day;
But my efforts are in vain,
because the winds dishevel them.

Shadow-casting curls, rustling wind,
Have lulled my darling to sleep.
Should I wake him now? — Ah, no!

I must listen to him complain
That he has pined for me so long,
That life is given and taken away from him
By my brown cheeks,
And he calls me his snake,
And yet he fell asleep by me.
Should I awaken him now? — Ah, no!

— Translation by Julia Bullock

María Doceo
Original Spanish Text

Emanuel von Geibel (1815–1884)
Spanisches Liederbuch, Weltliche Lieder
(pub. 1852)

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Spanisches Liederbuch (pub. 1891)

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen, ich sterbe vor Liebe.
Daß die Luft mit leisem Wehen
nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe,
bedeckt mich!
Ist ja alles doch dasselbe,
Liebesodem oder Düfte von Blumen.
Von Jasmin und weißen Lilien
sollt ihr hier mein Grab bereiten, ich sterbe.
Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen vor Liebe.

Cover me with flowers, I die of love.
So that the air with gentle wafting
Doesn't take from me the sweet smell,
cover me!
Yet, all is the same,
Breath of love or scent of flowers.
With jasmine and white lilies
Here you shall my grave prepare, I die.
And if you all ask me: Why?
I say: Under the sweet torments of love.

—*Translation by Julia Bullock*

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)
von *Buch der Lieder* (1822–23)

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
from *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48 (1840)

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine,
sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun.
I once blissfully loved them all,
But I don't anymore, I only love
the small, the fine, the pure, the one;
she herself—all of love's delight—
is the rose and lily and dove and sun.

—*Translation by Julia Bullock*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
so schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh;
doch wenn ich küße deinen Mund,
so werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich,
so muß ich weinen bitterlich.

Ich grolle nicht

I'm not angry, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
ewig verlor'nes Lieb, ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,
das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,

wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
sie würden mit mir weinen,
zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
wie ich so traurig und krank,
sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
die goldenen Sternelein,
sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
zerrissen mir das Herz.

When I look into your eyes,
all my suffering and sorrows vanish,
yet when I kiss your lips,
I become wholly and entirely healed.

When I lean against your breast
heavenly pleasure comes over me,
yet when you say: I love you,
I have to weep bitterly.

—*Translation by Julia Bullock*

I'm not angry, and even if my heart breaks,
my eternal lost love, I'm not angry.
Even though you shine like diamonds,
no ray falls into the darkness of your heart,
I've known that for a long time.

I'm not angry, and if my heart also breaks,
I saw you in my dreams,
and saw the darkness in your heart,
and saw the snake that feeds on it;
I saw, my Love, how truly miserable you are.

—*Translation by Julia Bullock*

And if the flowers—the small ones—
would know
how deeply wounded my heart is,
they'd weep with me
to heal my pain.

And if the nightingales would know
how sad and sick I am,
they'd joyfully resound
a rejuvenating song.

And if they would know my pain—
the little golden stars—
they would come down from their heights
and console me.

All of them could not know,
only the One knows my sorrow;
she herself is the one who ripped—
ripped up my heart.

—*Translation by Julia Bullock*

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
das einst die Liebste sang,
so will mir die Brust zerspringen
von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
dort löst sich auf in Tränen
mein übergroßes Weh.

When I hear the little song
that my beloved once sang,
my chest wants to explode
from wild impulses of pain.

A dark longing drives me
up into the heights of the woods
where my extreme grief
dissolves in tears.

—*Translation by Julia Bullock*

Frederic Ogden Nash (1902–1971)

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Speak Low
Speak low when you speak, love,
Our summer day withers away
Too soon, too soon.
Speak low when you speak, love,
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift,
We're swept apart too soon.

Speak low, darling speak low,
Our love is a spark lost in the dark,
Too soon, too soon,
I feel wherever I go
That tomorrow is near, tomorrow is here
And always too soon.

Time is so old and love so brief,
Love is pure gold and time a thief.

We're late, darling, we're late,
The curtain descends, ev'rything ends
Too soon, too soon.
I wait darling, I wait
Will you speak low to me,
Speak love to me and soon.

Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956)

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

from *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*

Denn wie man sich bettet, so liegt man
Meine Herren, meine Mutter prägte
auf mich einst ein schlimmes Wort:
ich würde enden im Schauhaus,
oder an einem noch schlimmern Ort.
Ja so ein Wort, das ist leicht gesagt,
aber ich sage euch, daraus wird nichts!
Das könnt ihr nicht machen mit mir!
Was aus mir noch wird, das werdet ihr
schon sehen!
Ein Mensch ist kein Tier!

Denn wie man sich bettet, so liegt man,
es deckt einen doch keiner zu.
Und wenn einer tritt, dann bin ich es,
Und wird einer getreten, dann bist's du.

Meine Herren, mein Freund der sagte
mir damals ins Gesicht:
“das Höchste auf Erden ist Liebe”
Und “an morgen denkt man da nicht.”
Ja Liebe, das ist leicht gesagt,
doch so lang man täglich älter wird,
da wird nicht nach liebe gefragt,
Da muß man seine kurze Zeit benützen.
Ein Mensch ist kein Tier!

How you put yourself to bed, is how you lie
Gentlemen, my mother once marked
me with a nasty word:
I would end up in a ‘house of display’
or in an even worse place.
Yes, such a word is easily said,
but I tell you, that won't happen!
You cannot do this to me!
What becomes of me, that you will see!

A human being is no animal!

How you put yourself to bed, is how you lie,
no one is there to cover you up.
And if someone kicks, then that's me,
and when someone gets kicked, then that's you.

Gentlemen, my friend said
at one time to my face:
“the highest thing on earth is love”
and “you won't think of tomorrow.”
Yes, love, that is easily said,
but as long as you grow older daily,
no one asks about love,
one must utilize his short time.
A human being is no animal!

—Translation by
Julia Bullock & Christian Reif

Walter Mehring (1896–1981)

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

Wie lange noch? (1944)

Ich wills dir gestehen es war eine Nacht
da hab ich mich willig dir hingegeben,
du hast mich gehabt, mich von Sinnen
gebracht,
Ich glaubte ich könnte nicht ohne dich leben.

Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel
versprochen
und ich habe dich wie 'nen Vater gepflegt.
Du hast mich gemartert, hast mich zerbrochen.
Ich hätt dir die Erde zu Füßen gelegt.

Sieh mich doch an! Sieh mich doch an!
Wann kommt der Tag an dem ich dir sage:
es ist vorbei!
Wann kommt der Tag, ach der tag nach dem
ich bange.
Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch?
Wie lange?

Ich hab' dir geglaubt, ich war wie im Wahn
von all deinen Reden, von deinen Schwüren.
Was immer du wolltest, das hab ich getan.
Wohin du auch wolltest, da ließ ich mich
führen.

Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel
versprochen,
und ich! Ach ich hab nicht zu weinen gewagt.
Doch du hast dein Wort, deine Schwüre
gebrochen.
Ich habe geschwiegen, und hab mich geplagt.

Sieh mich doch an! Sieh mich doch an!
Wann kommt der Tag an dem ich dir sage:
es ist vorbei!
Wann kommt der Tag, ach der tag nach
dem ich bange.
Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch?
Wie lange?

How Much Longer?

I want to confess to you, it was a night
when I willingly gave myself to you,
you've had me, you took my senses,
I believed that I could not live without you.

You've promised me the blue of the heavens
and I've cared for you as I would for a father.
You've tortured me, you've torn me apart.
I would have placed the earth at your feet.

Look at me! Look at me!
When comes the day when I tell you: it is over!
When comes the day, ah, the day that I fear.
How much longer? How much longer?
How long?

I believed you, I was in a delusion
from all your talk, from all your vows.
Whatever you wanted, I did.
Wherever you wanted to go, I let myself
be led.

You've promised me the blue of the heavens,
and I! Ah, I have not dared to cry.
But you have broken your word, your vows.
I've been silent, and tormented myself.

Look at me! Look at me!
When comes the day when I tell you: it is over!
When comes the day, ah the day that I fear.
How much longer? How much longer?
How long?

—Translation by
Julia Bullock & Christian Reif

Maxwell Anderson (1888–1959)

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
from *Lost in the Stars* (1949)

Lost in the Stars

Before Lord God made the sea and the land,
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand,
And they ran through his fingers like grains of
sand,
And one little star fell alone.

Then the Lord God hunted through
the wide night air,
For the little dark star on the wind down there,
And he stated and promised, he'd take
special care,
So it wouldn't get lost again.

Now, a man don't mind if the stars grow dim,
And the clouds blow over and darken him,
So long as the Lord God's watching over them,
Keeping track how it all goes on.

But I've been walking through the night
and the day
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray,
And sometimes it seems maybe God's
gone away,
Forgetting the promise and that we heard
him say.

And we're lost out here in the stars,
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,
And we're lost out here in the stars,
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,
And we're lost out here in the stars.

Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

*(first published in Hughes' autobiography,
The Big Sea, 1940, but written after his
relationship with Anne Marie Coussey
ended in 1927)*

William Grant Still (1895–1978)

The Breath of a Rose

Love is like dew
On lilacs at dawn:
Comes the swift sun
And the dew is gone.
Love is like star-light
In the sky at morn:
Star-light that dies
When day is born.
Love is like perfume
In the heart of a rose:
The flower withers,
The perfume goes—
Love is no more
Than the breath of a rose,
No more
Than the breath of a rose.

Langston Hughes (1901–1967)
 (first published in *The Crisis*, 1921)

Margaret Bonds (1913–1972)

Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:
 I've known rivers ancient as the world and
 older than the flow of human blood in
 human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were
 young.
 I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me
 to sleep.
 I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyra-
 mids above it.
 I heard the singing of the Mississippi when
 Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans,
 and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all
 golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
 Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Langston Hughes (1901–1967)
 (first published in *The Crisis*, 1923)

Margaret Bonds (1913–1972)

Winter Moon

How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!
 How thin and sharp and ghostly white
 Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

John Adams (b. 1947)

Texts selected by Peter Sellars

Three Women: Josefa, Ah Sing, and
Dame Shirley from *Girls of the Golden West*

Josefa:

Ven... (1957)

Ven esta noche, amado [querido];
tengo el mundo sobre mi corazón...
la vida estalla...

... tengo miedo de mi alma

[¡O] No puedo llorar!

Dame tus manos

y verás cómo el alma se resbala tranquilamente,

y verás cómo el alma se resbala en una

lágrima...

Come ...

Come tonight, beloved,
I have the world over my heart...
life explodes...

... I am afraid of my soul

[Oh,] I cannot cry!

Give me your hands

and you will see how the soul slips tranquilly,

and you will see how the soul slips in a
teardrop...

—Translation by Julia Bullock

Ah Sing:

Translated by Marlon K. Hom (b. 1947)
*Songs of Gold Mountain: Cantonese Rhymes
 from San Francisco's Chinatown* *

[For this performance, the aria and the accompanying chorus from *Girls of the Golden West* have been arranged for piano by Laura Poe. However, printed below is the sung text and original source material.]

John "Old Put" Stone (d. 1864)
 from the miner's song "You Who Don't Believe It"

*To one and all, both young and old,
 You're welcome to the land of gold.*

As soon as it's announced
 the ship has reached America:
 I burst out cheering.
 I have found precious pearls
 since I came to San Francisco.

A traveler on this shore
 since coming to this frontier land,
 I bear all kinds of abuse.
 But I've found precious pearls;
 wealth will come so very naturally.

*To one and all, both young and old,
 You're welcome to the land of gold.*

The air of wealth will soar,
 arrive without the slightest toil.
 My mother said so.
 All we need is profit and money.
 All is wide open road...

* *Hom selected and translated 220 rhymes
 from two collections of Chinatown songs
 published in 1911 and 1915.*

Dame Shirley:

Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe
 (1819–1906)

excerpt from *Letter Twenty-Third*

*From our Log Cabin, Indian Bar –
 November 21, 1852*

Sometimes I lounge forlornly to the window
 and try to take a bird's-eye view of outdoors.
 First, a large pile of gravel prevents my seeing
 anything else; but by dint of standing on
 tiptoe, I catch sight of a hundred other heaps
 of gigantic stones, excavations of fearful deep-
 ness, calico hovels, innumerable tents, shingle
 palaces, *ramadas* (pretty arbor-like places,
 composed of green boughs, and baptized with
 that sweet name), half a dozen miners in
 garments of the airiest description, reclining
 gracefully at the entrance of the Humboldt in
 that transcendental state of intoxication when
 a man is compelled to hold on to the earth for
 fear of falling off. The whole Bar is thickly
 peppered with empty bottles, oyster-cans,
 sardine-boxes, broken jars, all manner of
 debris, the harsher outlines of which are
 softened off by the thinnest possible coating
 of radiant snow. The river, freed from its
 wooden-flume prison, rolls gradually by.
 The green and purple beauty of these majestic
 old mountains looks lovelier than ever, while,
 like an immense concave of pure sapphire
 without spot or speck, the wonderful and
 never-enough-to-be-talked-about sky of
 California drops down upon the whole its
 fathomless splendor.

Oscar Hammerstein II (1895–1960)

Richard Charles Rodgers (1902–1979)

from *The Sound of Music*

The Sound of Music

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 be 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 since once more.

The Lonely Goatherd

High on a hill was a lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Loud was the voice of the lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Folks in a town that was quite remote heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
Lusty and clear from the goatherd's throat
heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

O ho lay dee odl lee o, o ho lay dee odl ay
O ho lay dee odl lee o, lay dee odl lee o lay.

One little girl in a pale pink coat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo.

Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat heard
Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo
What a duet for a girl and goatherd
Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo

Odl lay ee, odl lay ee...
O ho lay dee odl lee o, lay dee odl dee odl
lay ee odl lay.

Happy are they—lay ee o lay lee o Soon the
duet will become a trio... Odl lay ee,
old lay ee. HOO!

Something Good

(written by Richard Rodgers for the 1965 film version)

Perhaps I had a wicked childhood,
 Perhaps I had a miserable youth,
 But somewhere in my wicked, miserable past
 There must have been a moment of truth.

For here you are, standing there, loving me,
 Whether or not you should,
 So somewhere in my youth or childhood
 I must have done something good.

Nothing comes from nothing,
 Nothing ever could,
 So somewhere in my youth or childhood
 I must have done something good.

Climb Every Mountain

Climb every mountain,
 Search high and low,
 Follow every byway,
 Every path you know.

Climb every mountain,
 Ford every stream,
 Follow every rainbow,
 "Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need
 All the love you can give,
 Every day of your life
 For as long as you live

Climb every mountain,
 Ford every stream,
 Follow every rainbow,
 "Till you find your dream.

Edelweiss

Edelweiss, Edelweiss
 Every morning you greet me,
 Small and white, clean and bright,
 You look happy to meet me.

Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow,
 Bloom and grow forever,
 Edelweiss, Edelweiss
 Bless my homeland forever.

IN GERMANY

Bernhard Fleischer, *producer and director*
Oliver Becker, *line producer for OTB Medien*
Thomas Frischhut, *camera*
Marcus Jäger, *camera*
Nao A. Loo, *camera*
Jupp Wegner, *sound*
Bruno Hartl, *lighting*
Wolfgang Herein, *lighting*
Andreas Plötz, *lighting*
Aloisia Aschenbrenner, *location*
Michael Hartl, *editing*
Michaela Noa and Michaela Knopf,
production office

A BFMI Production for Cal Performances

• • •

For Cal Performances at Home

Tiffani Snow, *Producer*
Jeremy Little, *Technical Director*

For Ibis Productions, Inc.

Jeremy Robins, *Video Director*
Zach Herchen, *Audio Engineer*

For Future Tense Media

Jesse Yang, *Creative Director*

For Cal Performances

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Jo Parks, *Video Engineer*
Tiffani Snow, *Event Manager*
Ginarose Perino, *Rental Business Manager*
Rob Bean, *Event Operations Manager*

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David Ambrose, Senior Scene Technician
Jacob Heule, Senior Scene Technician
Jorg Peter “Winter” Sichelschmidt,
Senior Scene Technician
Joseph Swails, Senior Scene Technician
Mark Mensch, Senior Scene Technician
Mathison Ott, Senior Scene Technician
Mike Bragg , Senior Scene Technician
Ricky Artis, Senior Scene Technician
Robert Haycock, Senior Scene Technician

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Bill Ganz, Associate Director,
UC Choral Ensembles
Matthew Sadowski, Director, Cal Marching Band
Ted Moore, Director, UC Jazz Ensembles
Brittney Nguyen, SMA Coordinator

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Gordon Young, Assistant Ticket Office Manager
Sherice Jones, Assistant Ticket Office Manager
Jeffrey Mason, Patron Services Associate

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